

PRINTERS' "DEVILS" Who Are Now NATIONAL FIGURES

FAMOUS AMERICANS WHO "STUCK" TYPE LONG BEFORE THE DAYS OF LINOTYPE MACHINES



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

BY JOHN S. HARWOOD.
HERE you look into a remote country newspaper office and behold the boy of the shop smeared with not a little printer's ink from head to foot and half hid behind an apron as grimy as his hands, you would probably set him down as a hopeless entry in the race for fame and fortune. And yet this country today boasts of a nationally known band of men who, in the days of their youth, served time as printers' "devils," and before they went to higher callings, learned the printer's trade thoroughly. In that dead past when it was a trade and not a matter of guiding a type-setting machine by pressing down a button here and pulling a lever there, without doubt the most famous of all the graduate printers' "devils" of fame are the dean of American literature and the dean of the world's living humorists, William Dean Howells and Mark Twain, respectively. William Dean Howells, who began his printing apprenticeship in his father's Ohio newspaper shop before he was in his teens, a few years later could do in half a day what it took a journeyman printer to accomplish in a full working day. Mark Twain never tires of telling to willing listeners the experiences that were his portion when he was learning the printer's trade in Hannibal, and he takes especial delight in recounting how, one week when the editor was away, he edited the paper and made not a few of his fellow-townsmen wroth by the personal things he wrote about them.



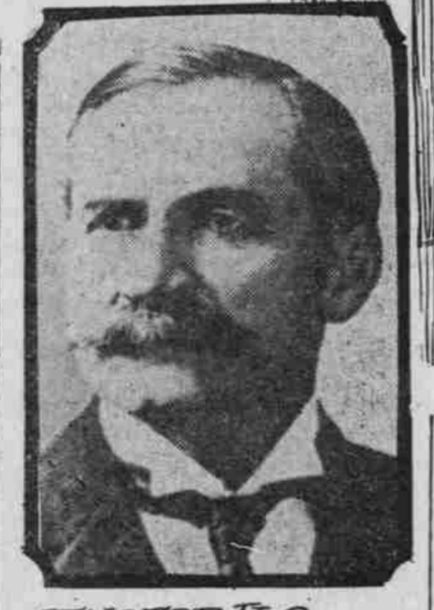
GEORGE J. VAN BUREN RICHARD BARTHOLDI OF MISSOURI

Then there is William Allen White, who got his secure hold on National fame by asking his now famous query, "What's the matter with Kansas?" and then proceeding to answer it, according to his lights. By this time, however, William had long since graduated from the printing shop, where he worked while going to college, into the editorial chair of the Emporia Gazette. He, however, like all the old-time printers who are more or less well known the country over, looks back with delight to the time when he "stuck" type, and could probably take his place at the "case" and do a creditable day's work for all the time that he has been away from it.

George F. Baer, too, of Reading Railroad and anthracite coal fame, who is on record as believing that Providence puts great wealth into certain hands for the good of mankind, is a former expert of the old-fashioned printing office. He, like White, eventually became an editor of a country weekly, and then, like several other of our famous old-time printers, left the small of printer's ink far behind for the small of powder in the Civil War. Leaving college, General Daniel E. Sickles first became a journeyman printer, then a lawyer, then a diplomat, then a member of Congress, then a valiant General in the Civil War. Today, despite his age and the pain that is his because of injury that befell him at Gettysburg, he is busily engaged in the work of publishing forward the plans for New York City's centenary celebration of Lincoln's birthday. Lincoln and Sickles became firm friends while the latter was fighting for his life in a Washington hospital, after being removed from the battlefield at Gettysburg.

Though now he gives all his attention to the creation of new explosives, there was a time when Hudson Maxim was all wrapped up in becoming a journeyman printer, which he did; and then he developed into a successful publisher, giving up this field of endeavor to devote himself to explosives, a subject over which his father had dreamed when Hudson and Sir Hiram Maxim were barefooted and otherwise poverty suffering youngsters down in Maine. It is a fact that the Maxims boys were so innocent of shoes for several years that when they went to school in frosty weather they ran all the way in their effort to keep warm and supplemented this exercise by frequently perching on fences and rubbing warmth into their feet and legs before taking up again their swift journey for the district schoolhouse.

The first book that Hudson ever owned was a geography. He worked three days for a farmer to earn the necessary 75 cents to purchase it. Then, with the money in his possession at last, he ran three miles to the village store, secured the coveted book, ran all the way back home, secreted himself in a field, that he might not be disturbed, and, with pathless eagerness, hunted out the map of France, that he might see where his boyhood hero—Napoleon—had made a world name for himself.



SENATOR H. C. HANSON BORN IN NORTH DAKOTA

later the first dream of his life was realized—he was a journeyman printer, with a job on a country weekly that paid him his board and a cool one hundred dollars a year in addition. A printer he remained for the next three years, and then he threw down his "stick" for the musket. Besides being a gallant soldier he was a prisoner of war for nearly a year, and in making his escape from the Confederates he nearly lost his life; and when he did manage to reach the Union lines the first thing that his comrades did with him was to rush him off to the hospital.

When the war was over Scofield, like Peck, did not go back to the "case." Instead, he became a civil engineer for a Pennsylvania railroad, graduated from that work into a lumber camp as foreman, and today is at the head of one of the largest lumber businesses in the country. He is two years younger than Governor Peck, being 64, and, like Peck, he was somewhat of a novelty in the gubernatorial chair, Peck gaining wide attention as the author of "Peck's Bad Boy" and his immediate successor by putting the state on a sound business basis. Both Peck and Scofield are to be numbered among that large company of men mentioned from time to time as possible Vice-Presidential timber.



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE



former counting at the printer's case—Carter Glass, of Virginia; Victor Murdock, of Kansas; "Pete" Hepburn, of Iowa, and Richard Bartholdi, of Missouri. Two ex-members of the House who also are ex-printers are J. Adam Bede, the humorist from Minnesota, and R. T. Van Horn, who has been a Representative from Missouri at three different periods since the Civil War, his last service ending the year before the Spanish-American War broke out.

Born in Illinois, Hansbrough, when 19 years old, became a printer's apprentice out on the Pacific Coast, in San Jose. Being ambitious, in course of time he graduated from the "case" to an editorial desk, and before he left San Francisco for the Dakotas he had become managing editor of one of that city's leading newspapers. The first thing he did on reaching his new field of labor was to start a daily newspaper. By means of it he gained wide influence through the territory, was instrumental in getting steeplechase for the Dakotas, and for his reward was sent to Congress as a Representative, going into the Senate on expiration of his term in the House, and after he had been turned down for a second nomination to that body.

Though he is not so well known to the general public as many Senators who have done less, still Mr. Hansbrough will go down in our legislative history as the author of the National Irrigation law, the Army anticanteen bill, which has raised such a general commotion ever since its passage, and the bill excluding liquor from the Capitol, which raised a tempest in many a Congressional breast. But the subject on which he is most enthusiastic, and on which he will discourse at any hour of the day or night, as any time or place, and under any and all circumstances, is North Dakota. And yet he is one of the most popular men in either branch of Congress, numbering his friends by the score at either end of the Capitol.

Turning printer when he was 15, and living meanwhile with an Iowa Judge, Representative Hepburn, of Iowa, read law when he was not sorting out the "hell" box and doing other odd jobs that a printer's apprentice is set to, and six years later he attained his majority and his license to practice law. For seven years he held by his law books and then, Lincoln's first call for volunteers stirring his fighting blood, he organized a company of farmers' sons, and mounting them on their own horses, led them to the enrollment station and the front, getting into the

scrimmage with Sheridan in his first fight of the war. He went back to civil life as a Lieutenant-Colonel, and since the middle '70s he has been a political factor in the state that proudly boasts it contains no large city within its borders.

Like a good many other printers, Representative Bartholdi, who has gained considerable prominence in late years as one of this country's leading universal peace advocates, went from the printing shop to an editorial room after he had thoroughly learned his trade; and since then he has devoted his time to journalism and politics, becoming a member of Congress from Missouri while editing a paper in St. Louis.

Representative Bartholdi is to be numbered among those men who are favored with President Roosevelt's intimate friendship. They got to liking each other when Mr. Roosevelt was a member of the New York Legislature and Bartholdi legislative reporter for a Brooklyn newspaper. The reporter volunteered to teach the aspiring young legislator German, his offer was accepted, and a few months later the pupil was apt in the German tongue. The lessons were given and studied while the two men walked about the streets and parks of New York's capital city.

It is said of Bartholdi, who came to this country from Germany when a boy, that he knows personally every voter in his district. In his home town he is famous, for one thing, as the man who introduced in Congress the bill which first urged the holding of the exposition that made St. Louis the Mecca of the world and his children some four years ago.

Fourteen when he became a printer's apprentice, Representative Carter Glass was 22 before he quit "sticking type" and took up the traditional calling of his family, newspaper editing and publishing. Today he is the owner of two influential Virginia dailies, besides being one of the big men of the Dominion State's delegation in the lower branch of the National Legislature. He became widely known in his native state some years since when he nominated Hogo Tyler for Governor in this fashion: "He was born a Democrat, and," pausing perceptibly, "he will stay a Democrat."

applied to him in a spirit of levity and making a telling campaign slogan out of it. Though now an ex-Congressman, the intense sorrow of the humor-loving members of the lower body, J. Adam Bede belongs to the coterie of men in the public eye who know how to set "ade" of the kind that please the country-store proprietor. He left the handiwork of the farm to taste the delights that are the printer's "devil," and he did not turn schoolteacher until he has mastered all the tricks of the printer's trade.

Bede got used to meeting all sorts of emergencies when he was a printer, and many of the time he has made a W out of an M, and battered a G to look like a C, when the call on the regular stocks of Ws and Cs had become too great to be met. But the stiffest emergency he has ever called upon to conquer resulted from his startling facial resemblance to a Swede, which he isn't. According to Bede's own account of the incident, during the course of a political speaking tour in Ohio he found himself facing an audience made up entirely of Swedes; the campaign manager had taken him

for a Swede and assigned him offhand to address the audience in question. For a moment Bede was nonplussed; then the training he received as a printer came to the fore. Stepping calmly to the front of the stage, he asked in a natural voice, though inwardly he was a raging tempest: "How many of you men were born in this country?"

Just two hands were shot upward into space. Bede swallowed the lump that rose in his throat, and managed to question: "How many of you speak English?" "This time every man raised a hand." "Well," said Bede, almost exploding with delight, "I am a Swede, but tonight I will break my rule and make my speech in English."

Still another trans-Mississippi celebrity who is an ex-printer is Governor Hoch, of Kansas. A newspaper editor in Kentucky, his native state, he became a farmer in Kansas only to drift into a country newspaper office out on the prairie, and there "stick type" until fate made him proprietor of the paper, which he has owned ever since. Copyright, 1908, by the Associated Literary Press.



EX-GOV. GEORGE W. PECK OF WISCONSIN

reading everything he could lay his hands on, Hudson Maxim "white" still a mere youngster, turned school teacher. From the schoolroom he went into a printing shop, and a printer and publisher he remained until 1888, when he took up the business of ordnance and explosives. Not many months thereafter he was recognized as one of the world's leading experts in matters of ordnance and explosives.

Two Governors Who Were Devils. Two men who did their first serious work as printers have sat in the Governor's chair of the Badger state—George W. Peck, of "Peck's Bad Boy" fame, Democratic Governor from 1881 to 1886, and Edward Scofield, Republican executive from 1896 to 1900. And both quit "sticking type" to go to the defense of the Union, enlisting as privates and coming out of the fray commissioned officers. Peck as a lieutenant and Scofield as a captain for gallant conduct at the battle of Fredericksburg.

While Scofield went to the front with a Pennsylvania regiment at the outbreak of hostilities, Peck remained at the printer's case until two years later. Then, one day, after gazing hard at the ceiling for a long time, the while he held his "stick" idly in his hands, he said to the foreman of the shop, "John, I must go." "Go where?" was the query.

"To the war," said Peck, adding, "and I am going to enlist now." That same day he was enrolled as a private in the Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry, serving with it until peace came. When Peck returned to civil life it was not as a printer, primarily—though he still "stuck type" occasionally—but as a country newspaper owner; and a journalist and an author he has remained ever since, not even barring the half-dozen years when he was in office first as mayor of Milwaukee and then as Governor of the state.

But though Governor Peck has not been a printer for many years, he still has the old-time printer's love for the smell of ink; and he says that the years he spent as a printer's apprentice were the happiest of his life. When Governor he demonstrated the hold that his initial calling has on him to this day. He was scheduled to speak at a Fourth of July celebration in a little Wisconsin town. Arriving there several hours ahead of the time of the meeting, he went sightseeing, got a whiff of printer's ink, followed the delicious scent to a miserable little country newspaper office, where an inexperienced fellow was trying to get out his paper, and spent the next hour helping the owner setting things right. In the meantime the entertainment committee, almost frantic over the sudden disappearance of the Governor, hunted up Mrs. Peck and asked her help in locating the distinguished guest. Taken for one, the committee made post haste for the newspaper office, discovered the Governor with ink smeared all over his hands, and in that condition rushed him off and introduced him as the big speaker of the day.

Kipling's Tribute to Doctors

It is the custom in the London medical schools to open the year's work with a ceremony in which oratory is the principal feature. Rudyard Kipling was the layman selected to address the students at the Middlesex Hospital, and he made a delightful address which was spoken for the more trained men there as well as the lay audience. He said: "It may not have escaped your professional observation that there are only two classes of mankind in the world—doctors and patients. I have had some speaking for me as a patient. I should say that the patient class ever since a doctor told me that all the patients were phenomenal liars where their own symptoms were concerned. "If I dared to take advantage of this magnificent opportunity which now is before me I should like to talk to you all about my own symptoms. However, I have been ordered—on medical advice—not to talk about patients, but doctors. Phenomenal liars where their own symptoms were concerned, it is a little unfortunate that Death, as the senior practitioner, is bound to win in the long run, but we non-combatants, we patients, console ourselves with the idea that it will be your business to make the best terms you can with Death on our behalf; to see how his attack can be larded on driving the attack home, to see that he does it according to the rules of civilized warfare. "Every sane human being is agreed that this long-drawn fight for time that we call life is one of the most important things in the world. It follows, therefore, that you, who control and oversee this fight, and who will re-enforce it, must be among the most important people in the world. "Certainly the world will treat you on that basis. It has long ago decided that you have no working hours that anybody is bound to respect, and nothing except your extreme bodily illness will excuse you in its eyes from refusing to help a man who thinks he may need your help at any hour of the day or night. "Nobody will care whether you are in your bed, or in your bath, or on your holiday, or at the theater, or if you are in him you will be summoned. And, as you know, what little vitality you may have accumulated in your leisure will be dragged out of you again. "In all times of flood, fire, famine, plague, pestilence, battle, murder and sudden death, it will be required of you that you report for duty at once, that you go on duty at once and that you stay on duty until your strength fails you or your conscience relieves you, whichever will be the longer period. This is your position. These are some of your obligations, and I do not think that they will give any lighter. "Have you heard of any legislation to limit your output? Have you heard of any bill for an eight-hour day for doctors? Do you know of any change in public opinion which will allow you not to attend a patient when you know that the man never means to pay you? "Have you heard any outcry against those people who can really afford surgical appliances and yet edge around the hospitals for free advice, a cork leg or a silver eye? I am afraid you have not. "It seems to be required of you that you must save others. It is nowhere laid down that you need save yourselves. "You have been and always will be exposed to the contempt of the gifted amateur—the gentleman who knows by intuition everything that it has taken you years to learn. You have been exposed, you always will be exposed to the attacks of those persons who consider their own undisciplined emotions more important than the world's most bitter agonies—the people who would flit and cripple and hamper research because they fear research may be accompanied by a little pain and suffering. "But you have heard this afternoon a little of the history of your profession. "You will find that such people have been with you—or, rather, against you—from the very beginning, ever since, I should say, the earliest Egyptians erected images in honor of cats—and dogs—on the banks of the Nile. Yet your work goes on, and will go on. "You remain now, perhaps, the only class that dares to tell the world that we can get no more out of a machine than we put into it; that if the fathers have eaten forbidden fruit, the children's teeth are very liable to be afflicted. "Your training shows you that things are what they are, and will be what they will be, and that we deceive no one except ourselves when we pretend otherwise. "Better still, you can prove what you have learned. If a patient chooses to disregard your warnings, you have not to wait a generation to convince him. You know you will be called in in a few days or weeks, and you will find your careless friend with a pain in his inside or a sore place on his body, precisely as you warned him would be the case. "Realizing these things, I do not think I need stretch your patience by talking to you about the high ideals and the lofty ethics of a profession which exacts from its followers the largest responsibility and the highest death rate—for its practitioners—of any profession in the world. If you will let me, I will wish you in your future what all men desire—enough work to do and strength enough to do the work."