

TEN-MINUTE CULTURE COURSES OF FAMOUS MEN

Ambassador Bryce among the prominent living men who read for culture's sake even fewer books than President Eliot of Harvard proposes to put upon his five-foot book-shelf—President Garfield used his bureau as a book-shelf, reading while he dressed for the day.

Roosevelt was buried in a classic while he was the center of the tumult of the Republican National Convention of 1900—The dress suit case library that Beef Baron Valentine took with him to Argentine when he went there to corner the cattle market—Pocket libraries of other famous men.

A SHELF of three, or at most of five feet, which President Eliot, of Harvard, contemplates making, upon which may be placed all the books any one needs to read, no one of them more than 10 minutes a day, in order to gain a place among men and women of cultivation, is a much larger shelf than many men have found necessary to attain cultivation.

James Bryce, Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States, recently said that he had found it easier to memorize Homer in the original Greek than to commit the English of John Milton to memory. In that brief confession is to be discovered one of Mr. Bryce's habits with respect to books. His various publications, and especially his profound work on the American Republic, must have involved exhaustive reading of books. But that reading was professional. To memorize Homer, seizing a few leisure moments each day for that purpose, or to master Milton, constituted apparently much the greater part of the reading done by Ambassador Bryce chiefly with the intent to obtain a higher cultivation, and as a mental recreation.

Many American men of affairs thus seize a few moments of the day to read some one of the classics or to follow some favorite author, and ten minutes a day, the time set apart by President Eliot, will in the course of a month or a year make it possible to do what in the aggregate seems an amazing amount of reading. Americans who have gained triumphs at the bar and in public life or in finance, and two at least who have served as President of the United States, have made choice of daily companionship with books as Ambassador Bryce confesses he has done.

The great lawyer, Rufus Choate, who was a cousin of Joseph H. Choate, read enormously. He submitted to the monumental labor of reading every case decided by the highest court of Massachusetts, and then prepared a brief, first for one side and then for the other, so that he might master every case, and this was done while still engaged in professional practice unsurpassed by any member of the New England bar. Choate, however, had an impromptu bookshelf, much smaller than the one President Eliot is to make. The spare place on the top of his dressing table was that bookshelf. Joseph H. Choate said recently to one of the foremost lawyers of New York that Rufus Choate once said to him, "Remember, Joseph, that these are the four great Englishmen—Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon and Edmund Burke. Read these in your spare moments, and when you have mastered them you have mastered all that is worth while that has been written by Englishmen."

These, and a copy of Homer brushing covers with Virgil, Horace and Lucan, were upon Choate's dressing table. The book was opened, and Choate was in communion with Greece or Rome while dressing. In the course of this mental entertainment a quarter of an hour upon rising and no more than that upon retiring, Choate committed to memory much of Homer and of Virgil, and nearly all of Horace.

One of the Nation's great Secretaries of State, William L. Marcy, who, when in the Senate, coined the epigram, "To the victors belong the spoils," by which the use of patronage for partisan purpose was defended, was of rugged, stern quality of mind. He seemed phlegmatic, serious and events in cold photographic accuracy, and it was a surprise to many to learn that he snatched a few moments each day from occupations that were engrossing to read the Greek poets, turning to them, as the Musselman turns to Mecca, for consolation and for rest.

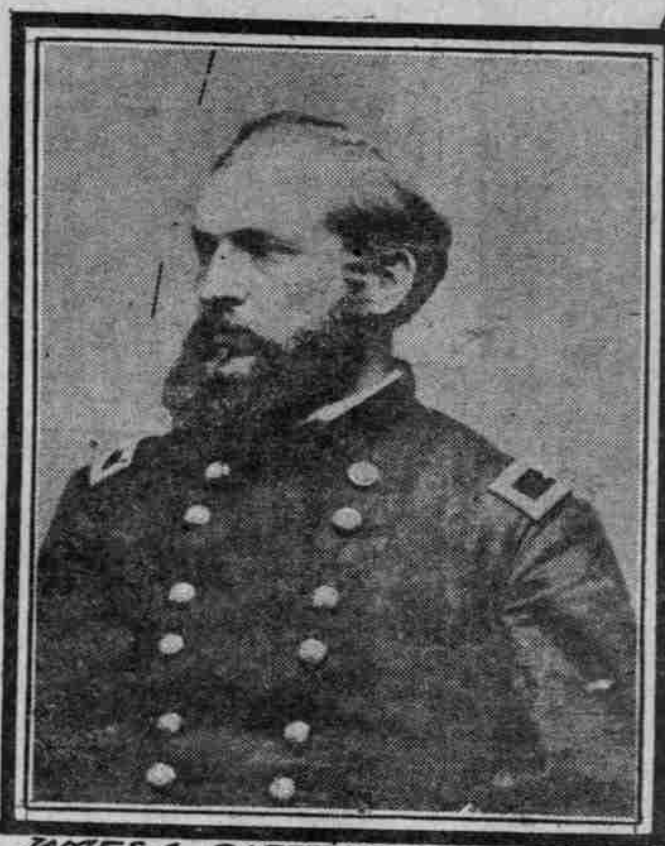
One warm Summer afternoon Governor Marcy went to his room in Ballston Spa, N. Y., to take, as was his custom, a nap of an hour. Late in the afternoon they went to call him. They found him lying upon the bed with an open Plato upon his breast, and they thought he was peacefully sleeping, but they could not awaken him, for he had passed away with Plato in his hands.

Culture Reading of Two Presidents. James A. Garfield chose some of the classics for the reading that gives mental entertainment and rest. His temperament was buoyant, and life for him was opportunity. His reading was very wide, but he reserved the classics for his leisure moments, 15 or 30 minutes being taken during the course of the day for that purpose. Like Rufus Choate, Garfield kept these captured voices of antiquity upon his dressing table.

One of his cabinet officers, who called early one morning upon business of sudden emergency, was summoned by the President to his dressing-room. Upon the table lay a copy of Virgil opened at one of the Eclogues. The President, observing that the eyes of his cabinet officer wandered curiously to the open book said:

"You are looking at my Virgil. I read a few lines from him almost every day. Sometimes my mind turns to Horace, and I find great delight in reading a little of Caesar. What a wonderful writer he was! I have one or the other of these books open on my dressing table, so that as soon as I arise I can say good morning to Virgil or to Horace. I have done this for many years."

No President, not even Garfield, who was probably the most widely read man who had been elected President up to his day, had as vast and comprehensive range of reading as Theodore Roosevelt. And Roosevelt differs from most readers in the possession of an faculty which is phenomenal and almost unique.



JAMES A. GARFIELD AS A CIVIL WAR GENERAL. HE DID HIS CULTURE READING WHILE DRESSING FOR THE DAY.



THE COAT POCKET IN THE 'CULTURE' LIBRARY OF MANY MEN OF PROMINENCE.



PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT OF HARVARD WHO BELIEVES THOROUGHLY IN THE TEN-MINUTE-A-DAY CULTURE COURSE OF READING.



ANDREW CARNEGIE IN HIS PRIVATE LIBRARY AN ENTHUSIASTIC READER OF THE CLASSICS.



AMBASSADOR BRYCE AND VICE PRESIDENT GARFIELD COMMITTED CLASSICS TO MEMORY FOR MENTAL RECREATION.



A FAMOUS CULTURE "AUTHOR OF FAMOUS MEN, VIRGIL." FROM AN ANCIENT BUST SAID TO REPRESENT THE AUTHOR OF THE AENEID.

A sort of sixth sense, that of perception, made it easy for him to thread his way along a crowded London pavement, without jostling or being jostled, still reading from an open book. As he read he assimilated and remembered. That is a power which Theodore Roosevelt possesses. By a single intention of his eye, he masters in an instant a printed page. It is not superficial reading with him. It is a gift of vision, which but few have possessed. He knows the printed words by some all comprehending communication instantly made between the eyes and the mind, and what he thus reads he remembers.

At the Philadelphia National convention of the Republican party which placed Roosevelt in nomination for Vice-President, he was the center of the tumultuous excitement and suspense of the occasion. McKinley's renomination was assured. Roosevelt's nomination for Vice-President would be made by acclamation if he were willing to permit it to be done. When the excitement was at fever heat, an intimate friend of Roosevelt found him seated with composure and at perfect peace in the inner room of his apartment. To a stranger he would have appeared as a leisurely guest, passing the time with a book. He was reading one of the classics. He turned the leaves with the swiftness with which the shuttle flies in the loom. One glance and the whole page was absorbed, and then the next was in like manner encountered and mastered. If he led a strenuous life in the White House, there were still many peaceful and happy moments with the books that took him far away into communion with the great minds of the past.

The late Charles A. Dana was gifted with the power of absorbing a printed page with something like the instant imprisonment of an object by a flash of light upon the sensitive of a camera. And, in fact, the perfect optical adjustment to the columns of a newspaper and the transmission of the printed words to the retina occurred with photographic accuracy. So, also, he would master the page of a book. Mr. Dana's reading was varied. But it was sometimes thought that the few moments that he snatched from his editorial work to turn to Gray's Botany were the chief comforts of his busy hours. He read those pages not as a textbook or handbook, but for companionship. His face would beam with the pleasure he found in this

communion with the work of Professor Gray.

Cattle Baron's Coat Pocket Library.

But reading of this kind is by no means confined to men of professional life. There are many men absorbed, apparently, in vast business undertakings who have learned how to cultivate for a few moments each day companionship with the immortals who have written.

A gentleman who was traveling upon a railway train between Chicago and New York observed Patrick A. Valentine, one of the foremost business intellects of Chicago and New York, much occupied with a pocket volume, one of those little and conveniently bound books that are the delight of readers who are fond of carrying a book in the pocket. The common understanding of Mr. Valentine is that he is a man who thinks beef, and breathes beef, and that he watches with mental vision the cattle on a thousand hills, or browsing upon the ocean-like pampas of South America—in other words, a beef baron. It would be presumed that if Mr. Valentine read anything but statistics, and the reports telling of the world's markets, he would be studying the dry figures of the financial columns of the newspapers. But instead of that he had discovered that the men who wrote for Greece or Rome might have written only yesterday, so near and immediate is their thought.

Mr. Valentine, on that railway journey, was reading from a Latin classic that had been well thumbed, and apparently was a familiar pocket piece. And this gentleman reported that when Mr. Valentine made his prolonged excursion to the Argentine to make vast negotiations for the cattle that feed on the luxuriant grasses there, he took for companions some of the Latin classic pocket editions with flexible covers, well bound and of good print. With them, this man of great business achievements passed his leisure moments. He read and re-read them as boys do Robinson Crusoe or Monte Cristo, and they were his joy and perfect mental refreshment. Mr. Valentine does not need a shelf three feet or five in length, for the classics he studies can be conveniently carried in his pocket. The Summer of 1899 was in New York City and its vicinity unbearably hot because of the humidity. But for six

weeks when the Dog Star reigns the late Frederick D. Tappan, who was chairman of the Clearing-house Association in New York City, went exactly upon the hour of one o'clock to the Clearing-house building to count and weigh the gold which, one hundred great volumes from Europe, was coming in millions in all. And it was discovered one day, when Mr. Tappan was on his way from the bank of which he was president to the Clearing-house, that he carried, so to speak, his bookshelf in the pocket of his Summer coat. In that the pocket of Mr. Tappan's friends for the first time learned what books he read for recreation and cultivation.

In the right hand pocket of his business coat Mr. Tappan was accustomed to carry each day certificates, usually in denominations of \$10,000, and never less than a million in all, with which the Clearing House paid for the gold deposited with it. These certificates were, in fact, warehouse receipts for this gold, and when properly indorsed they were received in the Clearing House at each day's exchange. A friend met Mr. Tappan almost exactly under the shadow of the heroic statue of Washington, in front of the Subtreasury, and said to the banker that he would like to look at the certificates, for he had heard that they were beautiful specimens of engraving.

Mr. Tappan thrust his hand into his coat pocket, and withdrew from it, not the bundle of certificates, but a French novel. Instead, it was a paper-covered novel, and within a day or two had been received by a bookseller whose specialty is the importation of the better class of French and German fiction. The volume was of about the thickness and shape of the bunch of Clearing House certificates, which, when properly indorsed, were good for a million in gold. By some chance Mr. Tappan had put the bunch of certificates in the left hand pocket, and so it happened that plunging his hand into the pocket in which he customarily carried the certificates, he withdrew the French novel.

The banker's secret was out. He confessed to having devoted some leisure time every day to the reading of the French masters of fiction, past and present. That was his literary recreation. And he was self-taught in French. He began by reading the easiest French with no other aid than a

French and English dictionary and so economized his time as to be able to spend never less than half an hour a day upon this study. At last he mastered reading French, although he never spoke it fluently. And he was a frequent visitor at the shops in New York City, where the modern and the classic literature of France was sold, so that in the course of a very busy life as president of one of the oldest of New York banks, and for many years chairman of the Chicago Clearing House Association, he nevertheless distinguished him in this way. He usually carried a French book in his pocket and had one conveniently at hand on his table at home, and a shelf much less than five feet in length would contain the French classics that he collected.

Within a few months what was for many years the most famous of New York City hotels, the Fifth Avenue, was torn down, and in place of it a colossal business structure has been erected. With the Fifth Avenue Hotel the name of Amos R. Eno is associated. He built it years ago, and it was only one of many real estate ventures in New York which brought to Mr. Eno one of the very great fortunes possessed by New York men. He was an aggressive and yet eminently just business man, very busy, but still giving that peculiar atmosphere of cultivation which is commonly associated with men whose life is among books. He gained that polish by a course of reading which would have involved a bookshelf not over five feet long, although he collected many rare books.

Mr. Eno began many years ago the study of French without reason. He took 10 or 15 minutes each day to study, with the grammar and lexicon, the French language. At last he was able to read Fenelon's Telemachus, and was happy to discover that he could read that once or twice to the lexicon. And so he went on, still self-taught, until at last he read French with facility. The French literature was the entertainment of the leisure moments of each day, and he found his mind stimulated, and a fine reaction from the excessive cares of business life in his study.

What a Master of English Read. On a recent railway trip from Wash-

ington to New York, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States traveled in company with a distinguished citizen of Utica, N. Y. Chief Justice Fuller, within a few moments after the train was out of the Washington station, asked his traveling companion if he had known Roscoe Conkling, whose home was in Utica. And when in reply it was said that he had had acquaintance with Conkling for many years, the Chief Justice asked all manner of questions bearing upon Conkling's political life, his professional work, and particularly his reading. For it seemed to Chief Justice Fuller that any one who commanded so admirable an English style as Conkling possessed must have pursued a course of reading, particularly of the English poets; although there was something in Conkling's style that reminded him of Hooker, the English clergyman, who was so constantly studied by the late Senator George F. Riddle Hoar.

The Chief Justice learned that Conkling was not a wide reader, but that no day passed when he did not turn to a page at least of some one of the great English prose writers, and now and then to Milton. His library of the classics, representing the books which he cultivated, could have been placed upon a little shelf. He was also fond of fiction, and especially that in which a tale of action is told. In September of 1889 James A. Garfield, then candidate for President, visited New York to hold an important consultation with the Republican leaders. Maine had been lost to the Republicans at the state election, and the anxiety was great. It was especially desirable that Senator Conkling should take part in this conference. But when the leaders met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel Conkling was not there. They searched everywhere for him, but could not find him, and the conference began and was finished without him, so that it was said, "Conkling is still sulking." Whether he was sulking or not, he was having a good time. In the house of his brother, the late Frederick A. Conkling, near lower Fifth avenue, the great Senator remained three days as a guest, not going out excepting in the evening. His sole companion, except his brother's family, was a copy of Ouida's "Under Two Flags." He read that novel through while in that seclusion and he praised this work of fiction highly. He was very fond of the play Richelieu, either when acted or as a reading play. But it was

known only to his intimates that he also found pleasure in novels of adventure.

So also the late Thomas B. Reed found leisure each day for reading a few lines from some of the greater English prose writers. And when a friend once asked him what he esteemed the finest piece in English fiction, he replied that part of the chapter in Vanity Fair which describes Rawdon Crawley as he wrapped the banknote Lord Steyne gave to Becky Sharp around the bullet with which he intended to load the pistol that was to be used in his expected duel with Steyne.

Chauncey M. Depew once said to the writer that he had not read a novel in thirty years. He saw plenty of life, and in all its phases, without seeking for it in the pages of fiction. On the other hand, a long-time associate of Depew's, one of the great intellects concentrated upon railway development, William D. Bishop, who began the novelers which have now developed into the great systems known as the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, found time almost every day to read some chapter of a novel.

Stern of face, quiet but with the suggestion of iron determination in his manner, he would not be judged at first sight as a man who would have the slightest inclination for fiction. Yet he round such cultivation as he had in reading of this kind. And in the days of his Summer vacation at Saratoga, he spent many hours on the veranda of the hotel, absorbing the latest works of fiction.

In that respect Mr. Bishop resembled a college mate of his, who afterwards became president of Yale, Timothy Dwight. For when Dr. Dwight went to his vacation outing in the Berkshire Hills, he carried a store of novels, and he read them with a curious fondness of the now almost forgotten novels of the late Dr. J. G. Holland. Fiction furnished him much of his mental recreation, but the fiction he preserved would not do more than fill a shelf five feet long.

The Newspapers His Library.

Jeremiah S. Black, a citizen of Pennsylvania, who held the office of Secretary of State, there being no other from that state to hold that office until the present Secretary, Mr. Knox, was named by President Taft, was a prodigious reader. And yet he found his chief fascination in recreative reading in a newspaper. Profound lawyer as he was, able judge, a real statesman, he was happy if he had leisure enough to read a newspaper, beginning with the first line of the first column and reading every word, including the advertisements.

Judge Black once said to the writer that in reading a newspaper, he pictured the narratives or accidents, wars and rumors of wars, of politics, of births and deaths until at last the newspaper that he thus read fashioned for him a cosmogony that he thought better than any told by history. With his heavy eyebrows fringing the rims of his big spectacles, his Roman nose pointing like a guiding finger at each line, his rugged face bent over the sheet, that grand old man pictured American life and the American citizen. He said he found as good as Homer in many newspaper reports, and he discovered the energy of American enterprise not only in the news columns but in the advertisements. His coat pocket was a sufficient shelf for him.

Chauncey M. Depew tells of a conversation he had with Joseph Chamberlain that furnishes a sidelight upon the reading of Gladstone. There was a very great Cabinet crisis. The existence of the Cabinet was suddenly imperilled. An immediate meeting was necessary, but they could not find Gladstone. At last some one suggested that they call at a house occupied by some literary people. A Cabinet officer went there, and Gladstone intensely absorbed in a conversation with some literary Italians over a recent translation of Watt's Hymns into Italian.

Governor Hughes and the Classics.

The speech delivered by Governor Hughes at Youngstown, O., in the Presidential campaign of last year is regarded as the most important address made by any Republican in that campaign. It sounded well when delivered and it read, as do Governor Hughes' vetoes, like the composition of a master of literary style. Probably an explanation for this command of English and for the real cultivation which is one of the characteristics of Governor Hughes, is to be found in the convenient little library, no larger than can be well accommodated in the pocket of a Summer coat, which is his companion when he travels and in his leisure moments. When he enters a railway car for a journey of some length he is prepared for an hour's association with the classics.

The reading of these authors not only is mental entertainment for him, but he finds in it mental stimulus and a perfect reaction from the cares of political life and executive administration. By this companionship he has been able to keep himself fresh and vigorous mentally. Scholarly men of New York City made it a point to read Governor Hughes' vetoes, of which there were a number in his first administration, finding in the style and treatment good proof that the Governor keeps himself familiar with the classics.

Andrew Carnegie is a voracious reader. He is fond of the literature of music, and has made himself familiar with the biographies of the great composers. He reads Burns and Shakespeare, and Shakespeare, and in addition to that makes it a point to keep himself well informed upon all of the advances of science, of finance, of invention and of business. He reads rapidly and understandingly, absorbing and assimilating what is of value upon every page. (Copyright, 1909, by the Associated Literary Press.)

Then and Now. Detroit (Mich.) Journal. A prince espoused a beggar maid in days when princes were supreme. For was it not by some never faded. His love is every poet's theme. Yet we should cease the deed to praise. For things have altered strangely since. This is the vision now-a-days. "A maiden wed a beggar prince."