FREDERICK COOPER, OF M'MINNVILLE, ONE OF WORLD'S BEST CARTOONISTS

Lad, Who in Earliest 'Teens Drew His First Pictures for Oregonian, Is Now Commanding Princely Income From Leading Magazines of United States—Art Attained Without Technical Education—Worthless Life Predicted.

Frederick G. Cooper As He Appears Today

One of Mr Cooper's Most Successful Cartoons

"These Are Times That Try Men's Souls"

The Cooper Home McMinnville, Where Frederick G. Cooper Was Born

"Save Us From The Blues"

BY HENRY O. MILLER.

M'MINNVILLE, Or., May 2.—(Special.)—Frederick Goss Cooper, one of the best caricature artists in the country, now staff cartoonist for several leading National magazines, among which are "Collier's," "Life" and "Edison's Monthly," and recently touring Europe, was born, reared and schooled in McMinnville, stated his father, J. C. Cooper, today.

In the quaint old house at what is now known as No. 610 Grant street, lives Cooper's parents, and in this same house he was born, December 29, 1883. He therefore is less than 31 years of age. It was here that he brought his talents to his parents' attention by drawing a train of cars crossing a bridge. He was then only three years of age and sitting in his little high chair. Today, though only 30, he is commanding a very handsome salary.

As a boy he attended the public schools here and many of his classmates are residents here. One of them is now working as a carpenter on the new house being erected by Cooper's father. Many of them recall how Frederick, at school or at home, pursuing his daily studies, would suddenly find himself "drawing" the curves of a graceful swan or a stately ship. Frequently his mother would plead with him to attend to his school work, but he always drifted back to his drawings. He eventually succeeded in completing his eighth grade work. He did not enter college, but at 17 attended Mark Hopkins Institute two nights a week for six weeks.

When Frederick was in his earliest teens some of his drawings were published in The Oregonian. He was very proud of this achievement. The files of The Oregonian will bear out this fact.

Go to New York Is Advice.

When he was about 16 years old he offered to work for The Oregonian as their cartoonist for $10 per week. The Sunday editor, N. J. Levinson, told him:

"Young man, you should go to New York and get on the staff of the big magazines. Your work is worth $50 per week."

Instead, Frederick went to San Francisco, securing employment running an elevator in a hotel. He made sketches of its patrons as a pastime.

He stood second in the contest for the designs for the Lewis & Clark Exposition. This was in 1903. In fact he was the only real contender the winner had. He also prepared a 1200-page catalogue for the Pacific Hardware Company, of San Francisco. The well-known "Stiletto" design, used by the hardware people, is a sample of his work as an advertiser.

His father visited him recently in his study in New York and saw him prepare the cover design for the "Saturday Evening Post," showing Benjamin Franklin, its founder, standing with his cane, and gazing at the great building occupied by the Post. This piece of work brought him $50 and it took about three hours to make it.

His present salary is not known, but before he obtained a position with Collier's he informed his parents that Collier's paid from $25,000 annually and upwards. What he had offered to do for $50 a week three years later he refused to do for $90.

Frederick's father was a Government surveyor in this part of the state in 1882 and 1883, and is now the head of the Government's walnut experiment station, to which he devotes most of his time. Cooper has a brother in Yakima, Paul B. Cooper, a well-known physician, and Arthur Cooper, a dentist, living in Los Angeles. Another brother, Wells C. Cooper, is president of a Seattle commercial agency. One sister is the wife of Professor Doane, of Leland Stanford University, California. Mrs. B. O. Loverman and Miss Nellie Cooper, both of San Francisco, are also his sisters.

Cooper married Miss Josephine Normand, of San Francisco, February 17, 1906. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper have a girl 6 years old and a boy 2 years old.

Professor W. J. Spillman, an uncle, is in charge of the bureau of farm management in the United States Department of Agriculture. Professor Spillman is a relative on the mother's side.

Artist Linked With Best.

Here is what the Curtis Publishing Company says:

"Mr. F. G. Cooper is unquestionably one of the three or four best caricature artists in the country. In fact, in his particular style of work, he is the best. Readers of Life and Collier's Weekly feel that the Cooper pictures are the strongest features of those publications.

"For about 60 pictures drawn by Cooper for the Curtis Publishing Company's book, 'How to Sell 100 Copies Weekly,' we paid him $1000. Why the pictures and why such a big price? you ask. Well, having prepared the text for the best book that could be written and put together for our agents, we wanted the best artist we could get to illustrate that book. Hence we engaged Cooper and consequently we are paying $1000 for the pictures."

This was the boy of whom his grandmother said:

"If you don't break that boy of his constantly drawing pictures he will never amount to anything," and a few months ago he declined an offer of $13,000 per year. He has at all times kept clear of any contracts that tie him to any company or magazine for a long term.

J. P. Morgan Sketched.

Some of his original drawings were exhibited here at the county school fair. An interesting "sketch from life" of J. P. Morgan, drawn while Mr. Morgan was before the Senate committee in the money trust investigation, Cooper was the only cartoonist admitted, and although Mr. Morgan did not look with favor upon the prospect of being reproduced in a sketch, Cooper secured it. This he sent to his mother, who showed it to the writer. It has not been published.

Some time ago the largest electric company in Germany sought the exclusive privilege of using Cooper's drawings, which had been used by the Edison Company for advertising purposes. So far as known, the request was not granted.

The range of his work is considered fairly broad for a man so young. It includes posters, magazine covers, full-page cartoons and thumbnail caricatures and good lettering. His lettering has met the approval of many critics. Though he does all these things, and others not mentioned, he is, above all, the cartoonist and caricaturist.

SHYSTER LAWYER VULTURE

(Continued From First Page.)

scored the attorney for demanding so large a fee and scored the court official for "steering" his legal brother to the case. But it did not rap the procedure of scaring a client to extract his money from him, or the implied necessity of "fixing" public officials which "Shorty" thought was the occasion for part of the large fee.

"Fixing" is the largest part of the bluff with which the shyster invegles his client. If there is a protest at the size of the fee, the plea is made that Judge, jury, public prosecutor and the newspapers must be "fixed." Deputy District Attorney Deich, who handles the Police Court business on the more serious charges, has this to say of the shyster and his methods in "fixing":

Shysters Demand "Fixing" Money.

"It often happens that some unfortunate is arrested over night and booked on a more serious charge than the facts warrant. Pending investigation by the proper officers, some shyster puts himself in the way of meeting the victim, tells him of the seriousness of the charge against him, and how the Judge, officers, prosecutors and the newspapers are prejudiced against him. But it is an easy thing, he says, with a little money to fix things. So he induces the victim to raise as much money as he can, pretending that, if a good round sum is secured, he will undoubtedly be able to escape lightly and with little publicity. Especially is this true in cases of degenerate crimes of which, from motives of public policy, no newspaper will print the details, a fact the lawyer well knows.

"In the meantime the prosecuting officers have made a fuller investigation and the charge is reduced somewhat or it is discovered that the facts will not warrant the charge. Then the victim is discharged, or is allowed to go with a warning from the court. Perhaps a light fine or punishment is imposed. All of these situations the shyster takes to his own credit, and leads his client to believe that it cost a great part of the fee to fix the officials to return such a decision. Thus it reflects upon honest and conscientious officials."

Police, "trusty" prisoners in the jails, and hangers-on about the police station are the principal "tipsters" to these shyster lawyers, when an arrest is made of a prisoner who has money in his possession or is able to get some to put up a defense. Instances have been proved and policemen punished in which the officer who arrested a violator was the one who called a lawyer and even gave the victim a card with the attorney's name. The fee paid to the attorney was split with the policeman.

One lawyer, who has since by request ceased to practice in Judge Stevenson's court, was so unfortunate as to have a client who received a 60-day sentence in jail. The prisoner was made a "trusty."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," should have been the motto of the lawyer, for he took full advantage of the situation. He gave his unlucky client a sheaf of his business cards, and at intervals thereafter kept him supplied with the little pasteboards. Trade flourished for the shyster, until the jailer's suspicions were aroused, and the prisoner was sent to the Linnton rockpile for the rest of his term.

The police have a full knowledge of the practice and many a joke is played on the shyster. One notorious attorney, whose Police Court cases have been of a shady character, was summoned out of bed shortly after midnight by a telephone call. A whispering, mysterious voice came over the wire to him.

"This is a friend of yours. There's a man just come into the police station and he wants to get out as fast as he can. He's got $300 on him and you might as well get it as anyone. He's charged with larceny, and he's too swell to sleep in jail."

Shyster Agreed to "Cut."

"Now I want my share of this," the voice continued, "but I'm a copper and I don't want to get in bad. I won't say anything to you when you come into the station, but when you're going out I'll follow you, and I want some of the coin."

The lawyer assented, hired a taxicab and hurried to the police station. He asked by name for his prospective client. The station crew were all "wise" to the affair, and they gathered around when the lawyer made his inquiry.

"No man by that name booked," answered a laconic desk sergeant.

"But I tell you he's my client. He just called me up and said he was under arrest," protested the shyster.

"No such person here," retorted the officer, beginning to smile. The attorney frothed and stammered, but failed to raise his imaginary client. After he went home disgusted, another telephone call came, and a voice inquired about "cut in that money." "Bang" went the telephone, and the attorney stepped into bed, indulging, no doubt, in some profanity.

Legal ethics are not the only boundaries trespassed upon by the shyster lawyer. In many cases the law is violated when the client is willing and able to pay well for the "extra-legal" service. The most glaring instance of such an action came two years ago, when John Doe, alias Charles F. Adams, escaped from the city jail by a subterfuge arranged by his lawyer.

After his escape the detectives learned why his absence from the jail was so much desired. They found in his room a number of circulars which proved him to be a fake oculist who had worked in Spokane, Wash. They also found evidence that led them to believe he was the advance agent of a mob of clever yeggmen.

Adams was selling pencils at Sixth and Washington streets when Patrolman Helms noticed that his apparent blindness was only a sham.

He spoke to him, and Adams, realizing that his bluff was "called," sprang to his feet and began to fight the officer to get away. Helms is about as small as the police regulations allow, and Adams is a six foot, 230 pound man, but the little officer put up a winning fight, and, assisted by a bystander, took his prisoner to the police station.

Adams refused to give his name and insisted that he was "John Doe." He was sentenced for vagrancy, so that the detectives could get more information regarding him. Because he was a strong, able man, he was made a "trusty."

Adams was anxious to get out of town, and money was necessary. He told his lawyer where $300 could be got from some of his friends, who were probably equally as anxious for him to get away before his past was uncovered. The lawyer got the money. Hollowing out the bottom of a pie, it is said, he sent the money to his client in the crust. A hasty inspection of the pie by a jailer did not reveal the cache, and the money and pie were passed in to Adams.

Another prisoner saw Adams open the pie, but as proof that "there is honor among thieves," he did not report to the police. When Adams went out to sweep the sidewalk in front of the police station, at Second and Oak streets, next morning, he ran off up the street and disappeared. No one connected with the police has seen or heard of him since.

The next day the other prisoner told of seeing the pie and its contents, but the lawyer's alleged connection with the affair was too difficult to trace for action to be taken. An outside party was used to hand in the pie. Later, in a confidential moment, he is said to have boasted of the affair, but by that time the only corroborator had served his time and had been discharged, so nothing further was done.

There is a remedy for the shyster, in the opinion of Judge Stevenson and Mr. Deich. It is nothing less than a salaried Public Defender, whose business it would be to defend the poor in court, and to protect the rights of persons who have no money to hire an attorney.

There has been a Public Defender in the Municipal Court for the past month. The last one, Elmon Geneste, was reprimanded by the Bar Association investigating committee for "steering" a case to his law partner. But this affair, while it throws some discredit on the man, is not a slap at the institution, says Judge Stevenson. It merely points out that the Public Defender should be a hired public official, with no attachment to a law firm.

The shyster lives off the misfortunes of the poor. The Municipal (police) Court is the poor man's tribunal of justice. It costs too much money for a poor man to take his case to the higher courts, so what justice he gets must be dealt out to him in police court.

Judge Stevenson, who is the father of the "Public Defender" system in Portland, a new departure which has met with widespread comment and bids fair to give a new interpretation of the legal saw of "every man has his day in court," believes that the establishment of the office of a salaried Public Defender is one method of solving the shyster problem.

"The law gives every man his day in court," said Judge Stevenson. "But let us see what a day in court means to the man who has no money. He is one of 75 to 100 defendants who come up before a Municipal Judge in a seven-hour session. At best he has but a few minutes to present his side of the case. He knows nothing of the law; he has no money to hire a lawyer. The result many times is that much less than justice is given him, and that offenses, which might be palliated, if all the facts were known, wax black because only the prosecution, represented by attorneys, is adequately heard."

"I would not have the Public Defender in any way responsible to the police department or to the District or City Attorney's office. His only superior, I should think, would be the Judge. In this way the Public Defender, a salaried official of the court, would be able to represent fully the defense of the poor and needy. Those who have money to hire attorneys would not expect or receive any aid from the Public Defender, because I believe an attorney is entitled to a fair deal in such cases and his ability to make a living should not be curtailed by a philanthropy. Only those who otherwise would have no counsel would be allowed to consult the Public Defender."

CORBETT, RING PROGRESSIVE, FIRST TO USE SHADOW BOXING IN TRAINING

Sparring Partners, Wrestlers and Specialists Hired by Scientific Fighter, Who Wanted to Know All Tricks of the Trade, so He Could Defeat John L. Sullivan—All "Hot Air" Boys Barred From Camp, Says Brady.

CHAPTER VIII.

(Copyright, 1914, by William A. Brady.)

IN our trip through the country previous to the meeting with John L. Sullivan in September, 1892, Corbett and I realized about $35,000. The training for the big Sullivan event cost us $10,000 of it. The rest of it went in different ways. As Corbett was quite certain that he was going to beat John L. money did not count. That kind of money never sticks to your fingers; there are so many ways to spend it. You have to keep up your end, live at the best hotels—buy everything! None of the hangers-on must be allowed to spend a cent. Sullivan had set a so-called scale of liberality that the other fellow had to live up to.

The Olympic Athletic Club, of New Orleans had been the highest bidder for the fight—$28,000—and the match had been arranged to take place in that city on September 9—the $25,000 to go to the winner.

At the same time they had arranged a pugilistic carnival for three days. On the first night George Dixon was to fight Jack Skelly for the bantam championship and on the second night Jack McAuliffe was to fight Billy Myer, who was known as the Streator Cyclone, for the lightweight championship. On the final night of the contest Corbett was to fight Sullivan. The largest purse offered up to that time was for the third bout. McAuliffe, who had never been beaten by any lightweight, was almost as popular in his way as Sullivan.

We started to train about the middle of May at Lock Arbor, N. J., just on the edge of Asbury Park. Corbett had new ideas about training, as well as about other things pertaining to pugilism. The usual custom had been for the pugilist to go out somewhere to a roadhouse with a convenient bar and innumerable spongers and hangers-on. But our man took a cottage and associated with none but decent people. William Delaney was principal trainer.

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Also there were sparring partners, wrestling partners—men with specialties—for Corbett had determined to learn every trick of the trade. He wanted these specialists by their unusual work to bring out everything that was in him, prepare him for every emergency. You see, you never can tell exactly how your opponent is training. He may have something up his sleeve with which to surprise you.

The training quarters of the pubilist are managed diplomatically—managed so as to throw the other fellow off his guard, if possible. Everything is done to give him the idea that you are training along simple, accepted lines. When a big event is to be pulled off, each camp has trusted scouts hanging around the headquarters of the enemy, frequenting the bars of the neighborhood, picking up bits of gossip that may prove available.

The lightest word dropped by a half drunken trainer is carefully reported and weighed in the councils of the camp for what it is worth. Needless to say, money is freely paid for reliable information, but this practice is apt to prove a boomerang in instigating hangers-on to add to or change what they hear before reporting it.

All this comes under what might be called the diplomacy of the ring and is quite as ethical as the methods used in Wall street or in the cabinets of nations.

We did things decently in our camp. We discouraged the presence of thugs who usually infest the training quarters of prize fighters on Sunday—the "Jimmies" and the "Mickies" and the "Billies"—the blatant, hot-air boys. This is the same class of men that infest the racing stables. They are always looking for points and never getting the real thing in inside information, since only the pugilist's most loyal adherents are permitted to know what is going on.

The hanger-on is the foolish Johnny. He may be very rich or very poor, but he's always a nuisance. The pathetic thing about him is that he doesn't aspire to be known as the friend of Corbett or of Sullivan, but is amply satisfied with being pointed out as a friend of Jeffries' trainer and the like.

The very poor hanger-on is not so much of a nuisance as the very rich one. You can make use of him, possibly as a messenger or a helper or dismiss him with a few drinks. But the other fellow always wants to treat you or do you favors. We were guyed for our swell way of doing things, but we didn't mind. We were determined to treat the whole thing as a business proposition, and we did it.

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Corbett was a true progressive. He introduced numerous things that had never been heard of before. Shadow boxing—or boxing with your shadow—was his invention, and he used it now. All the old fighters used to do was to punch the bag and walk. Corbett introduced pulley weights, the medicine ball, and all the things we are having now. He was not a strong man. In fact, his strength was all manufactured. Nor was he a hard hitter. But he was scientific, and as quick as a cat. He always tripped about on his toes—ready to get away. The other fellow used to fight with all the strength he could get, but Corbett introduced jabbing. He used his left hand. Up to that time no pugilist ever had the free use of his left arm that Corbett had. This of itself was of immense value.

Money is freely paid for reliable information

Corbett's backers frequently visited his training quarters. Phil Dwyer, the famous horseman, was one of these, and he seemed to be worried that the fighter was reducing his weight too much. As a matter of fact he was, but we had to reassure Dwyer. So we put some bits of railroad iron in Corbett's pockets just before he was weighed, which brought his avoirdupois up to the required mark. A few pounds one way or the other really didn't matter, but we had to keep up Dwyer's courage.

The better class of people took a gerat interest in Corbett because he brought a certain spirit, a cleanness into the whole game that they had never seen before. They say he was like John C. Heenan in this respect. He even carried his new methods into the transportation end of it. Instead of the usual trainload of brawling rowdies and cringing sycophants we had a train of our own with a special baggage car for the whole distance from Asbury Park to New Orleans.

Corbett refused to make the trip at one continuous run. He claimed that besides practicing in his car it was necessary to get out once in a while and stretch his legs and limber up. So we stopped two or three times en route and he indulged in a cross-country run.

* * *

When we reached New Orleans they were betting 5 to 1 against Corbett. In fact, some persons were wagering that Sullivan would make our man jump out of the ring. I had $3000 which I had brought down to bet on Sullivan. You see, if Corbett won we would have everything. But there was always the gambler's chance of his not winning, which was why I sought to hedge on Sullivan. I hung around the town for 24 hours trying to land a bet at more favorable odds. I didn't feel like putting up $3000 in order to win $600 or $700.

But Corbett's confidence inspired me. I never saw a man who was so sure of himself. He knew his man, morally, mentally, physically, and psychologically. He literally astounded me with his talk about Sullivan, and I found out afterward that he was correct in every detal. In fact, I was so braced up by this that I walked into the St. Charles hotel and placed my money at 4 to 1 on Corbett. That was about two hours before the fight.

There never was such an audience assembled. New Orleans was packed with famous politicians, actors and business men. Priests and other clergymen were there, disguised as laymen, to see the match. Corbett spent the day before the great fight in the gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association, while Sullivan went to the Athletic club.

(To be continued.)

Zeppelins to Be Noiseless.

BERLIN, May 2.—It is announced that Count Zeppelin's engineers have now solved the problem of making his airships "noiseless." The new military Zeppelin Z5 cruised over Berlin this week. It was not entirely noiseless, but the noise was less than usual. Hitherto a Zeppelin could be heard miles away.

SARDINE FIGHT HEATED

Preservers Threaten to Abandon French Plants on Coast.

PARIS, April 28. — (Special.) — The discussion as to "what is a sardine" has revealed the extent to which the French sardine preservers have suffered from the competition of the larger Spanish and Portuguese fish and the small smoked Norwegian variety of sardine. Last year it became evident that the French industry along the north and northwest coast was threatened with extinction. The fishermen, under the influence of syndicalist agitators, have refused to adopt modern methods of catching sardines on the ground that increased catches would result in their obtaining a much lower price than now for their day's work.

Throughout the past year the French government has endeavored to patch up the differences between the fishermen and the preservers, but without success. Arbitration committees were instituted to settle any disputes, but their action has been completely without result. The sardine preservers have now decided that unless they are authorized to use more efficient nets, to fit the fishing smacks with motors, and to use improved ground bait they will close their factories and abandon the industry. Already several important firms have started establishments in Spain and Portugal.

"TA-TAO" NEWEST DANCE

Successor to Tango Is Officially Approved by Masters.

PARIS, April 30. — (Special.) — The real successor to the tango has at last been found and officially approved. It hails from the most unexpected quarter.

The Paris Academy of Dancing Masters announce that the new dance is already being taught. They prophesy for it a great success, for it is stated to be everything that the tango was not. The new dance is the ta-tao, which has been popular in China since the year 2450 B. C.

"It is essentially a harmonious and dignified measure," M. Lefort, of the Paris Academy of Dancing Masters, said. "The feet move in a one-two measure and many of the graceful steps seen in the tango—the balancing on one foot, the slide and dip, with one knee almost touching the ground—are included in this old Chinese measure."

NEW MUSHROOM EVOLVED

French Botanist Produces Delicious Viand From Wild Fungi.

PARIS, May 2.—Professor Matruchot, the eminent French botanist, has succeeded in evolving a new and delicious edible mushroom. It has been cultivated from the wild fungi which grow in the woods and only appear in the late Autumn months.

A number were planted in the vast cellars of the Paris observatory and by careful treatment a mushroom was created which grows all the year round. The stem is eight inches high and the head four to six inches in diameter.

The new variety has been given the name of "tricholoma nudum." Its flavor is most delicate and captivating, and the color of the stems of the first specimens obtained was a purplish blue, but this is gradually disappearing under extended cultivation. The head is of a silky white, the inside a delicate cream.

COWARDICE CHARGE DENIED

South Germany Is Indignant Over Attack on Bavarian Troops.

BERLIN, April 30. — (Special.)—A storm of indignation has been aroused in South Germany, and, indeed, throughout the empire by the foolish attack on Bavarian courage made at the meeting of the Prussian League. The indignation will, of course, react strongly on the Zabern debate in the Reichstag because the indiscretion comes from the very party which by its extreme attitude over the Zabern incidents has already excited the wrath of the majority of Germans.

It was a certain retired General von Kracht who accused the Bavarian troops of cowardice in the Franco-German War, comparing them very much to their disadvantage to the Prussians. The newspapers hotly resented the charge.