

# Millionaire's Monument a Fine

## Hotel James Oliver's Plan to Benefit Town Where He Made His Money.

James Oliver and The Oliver Hotel.



Dining Room Tapestry Panel.

By Leigh Mitchell Hodges

**S**OUTH BEND, IND., is the place where street-car conductors get off their cars to help ladies down! When you hear the name South Bend you instinctively think of plows, wagons and sewing machines. One-sixth of the 60,000 persons composing the population of this agreeable place puts its mind and muscle into the construction of these three commodities.

But South Bend has something besides these things. It has a hotel. So has every other town and city in the land, but not a hotel like this one. There are few hotels in the country like The Oliver. In one way, at least, there is not another like it in this country or any other.

For The Oliver is not only a beautiful, comfortable, gastronomically tempting hotel, but it is also a monument and a gift. It is a million-dollar expression of the love of an old man for his home town and the only hotel in existence that is not run solely for the purpose of making money. It is the pride of South Bend and the joy of every man and woman who hasn't a home handy.

...shings completed the prescription, and in 1899 James Oliver and his son, James D., were the hosts at a house-warming attended by 3000 guests.

The 3000 stood aghast. Even those who had come from New York, Chicago, Louisville and Cleveland couldn't quite grasp it all.

Not that it was overpowering—far from it. But just that it was in every way so exactly what a hotel should be to serve the purpose for which hotels are theoretically intended. And the wonder of it was that there, in a little city on the sandy prairies of Indiana, should rise a hostelry that would do credit to any city anywhere.

The South Benders didn't know what to say. So instead of trying to talk, they raised a purse of \$3500 and had made a solid gold loving cup more than a foot tall. On it are likenesses of James Oliver and his wife and a picture of the hotel, also an inscription that tells how it is just their way of saying thank you for the latter. This

**F**IFTY-ONE years ago James Oliver arrived at South Bend with a good Scotch burr on his tongue, \$100.10 in his pocket and a few blacksmith's tools. He invested the \$100 in a little foundry and repair shop and kept the 10 cents.

Today his foundries cover sixty-three acres, and it takes 3000 strong men to help him do his work.

They say he is worth \$50,000,000. At any rate, he is one of the simplest, most genial, democratic men in the land. There isn't the slightest smell of money about him, and, although he is 64, he drives seven miles every morning, rain or shine, and never misses a day at the works.

About eight years ago James Oliver set to thinking what he might do for the town where he had made his fortune. One by one he discarded thoughts of a library, a hospital, a park, a fountain and finally decided on a hotel.

It would be a hotel; a hotel better than any possessed by any town of the size in the nation; a hotel as good as money could build and run.

So he hired one of the ablest architects in the country and told him to make it fine and fireproof. The best builder to be had was hired, too, and a full corps of the most skilled workmen.

The choicest of woods, marbles, bronzes and fur-



Promenade Parlor Floor.



Decorative Scheme, Office Lobby

they gave to the old plow-maker on Decoration Day six years ago, and it now stands in the centre of the office of the show-place of the town—The Oliver.

Most men who give things to cities stop with the giving and let some one else do the keeping up. Not so with James Oliver. The finishing and furnishing of the six-story building, with its 250 rooms, was just the beginning of his giving.

When he saw it had been built as well as men know how to build, and likewise furnished, he sought a manager. Having found one, he shook hands with him and said, "Make it a little better than the best."

Imagine the expression on that manager's face when these words floated to him like a message from realms celestial!

He followed orders as well as he could, but he couldn't lose enough money to suit James Oliver. That is one way of saying it wasn't as much better than the best as the Scotch-American thought it should be. Several managers went down under this trying ordeal. It is hard

to work grown-up men into new ways. But now he's got one that suits him.

The first thing Manager Guillaume did was in order a whole new set of china from France and some new linens from Belfast and bring in a really first artist from New York to spend a year painting pictures specially for The Oliver.

All this makes the two Olivers happy. They have always gone down into their pockets at the end of each hotel year, but now they can go down good and deep.

"There are so many little details to be attended to," said the fine old man, in talking of his hobby. "But in time we will have a good hotel."

The latest addition is a whole new section on the west end of the original building. In this is a bridal suite that ought to make even a Bernard Shaw husband happy; there is, too, a private banquet room with walls of gold in which South Bend society dines and talks sweet nothings; there is a European restaurant, for no hotel would be complete without both plus nowadays, and The Oliver was wholly American once. It is largely American still. When one can get such a room and three such meals for \$2 a day, one doesn't hanker after "furrin' fashions" so much.

The rates begin at \$5 and end at \$10. And for the latter sum one gets the equivalent of \$12 or \$15 in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago. Indeed, there is no any-where plus of such mahogany at that rate anywhere. And the meals!

**REAL Dainties SERVED**

Of course you can get fairly good roast beef most anywhere, but the same is not true of eggs Bechamel, or spaghetti Italiane or creamed chicken on toast—a very simple concoction, but a bit rare in hotels—or sour-milk biscuit or fried chicken or such PIE.

Pie—yes, pie that makes you wish it was cut square. The Irishman always was such a wasteful shape! And eggs and milk and butter from a farm started specially for the hotel by Mr. Oliver. And, in the season, vegetables grown in a fifteen-acre garden planted in the same good cause.

All these affairs of that longing which lies below the heart only as to location, are set before you in the daintiest possible manner in a dining-room whose walls are covered with tapestries whereon the belles and gallants of the Louis days sport themselves. And the service is in keeping with the dainty ways of those excellent times.

From the ceiling, nymphs and goddesses gaze down at you, enviously, perhaps. And strains of music come in through the doors, nor is it half an hour between tunes. In most hotels the orchestra plays just to let you know it has not gone home or to sleep. Not so here. Like everything else, the music is unstinted.

In its physical equipment, The Oliver is complete from a Turkish bath, where you can be rejuvenated by steam, electricity or vibration, to a grand ballroom, with all the inbetweens, even to a manure-shop.

Just ask any automobilist who has made the cross-country run between Chicago and New York about The Oliver. In summer autoists own the place. South Bend is on the good highway between the Windy City and the seashore, and to the dusty autoist The Oliver looks like a glimpse of some hereafter. In summer the house is always full of honk-honkers. At times as many as a hundred machines will unload in front of it during the day.

**ELECTRICITY RUNS EVERYTHING**

And when some of the effete Easterners get inside the place or get some of the product of the place inside of them, they ask if South Bend is in Massachusetts.

The electrical plant that runs every wheel and furnace in The Oliver foundries lights the hotel; the water for its use is drawn from an artesian well 300 feet deep, and Morgan, the gentleman of color who has charge of the hat-rack, is the most elegantly dressed person of the male persuasion between Cleveland and Chicago.

In the rooms not a detail is lacking, even to an electric candle you can turn down like one of Mr. Rockefeller's lamps. No modern convenience is missing. The decorations, mural and otherwise, are superior to most of those in hotels larger as to size and reputation. Everywhere is evidenced the moderation of the true artist.

There is a gratifying lack of gaudy paste ornaments. In their place are wall-paintings of genuine merit, representing allegorical scenes, and charming combinations of color. The office, with its dome of stained glass, is as pleasing a room of its size as there is in this country.

The Turkish smoking and lounging room is just as attractive as a far more famous one in New York, and in The Oliver the money was not all put in the front yard, either. The care as to detail extends to the smallest room on the top floor. The furniture is just as good there as in the bridal suite.

Judging by all signs, it appears that in his departure from the beaten track of gift-giving and monument-building, James Oliver has been as eminently successful as in his other business, save as to the matter of profit.

But then, monuments are not erected for profit!

**Some Remarkable Schools**

**A** PERSON wishing an education will find little trouble in finding any kind of school he may wish to enter. The various schools of learning, ranging from schools for Judges to schools for cashboys, are indeed hopeful signs of the times.

One of the most remarkable educational establishments is a school for Judges which was opened recently in Paris. Under the supervision of attorneys, mock trials are held from the time of serving the warrant to the Judge's verdict, and the young lawyers study seriously.

One of the most ghastly places of education, one would imagine, would be the school for grave-diggers in Belgium. This was founded by the directors of the Great Evers Cemetery.

That a school for drooping shoulders be possible is not an encouraging sign. During the six summer months such a school is held in the Casino building at Monte Carlo. There are usually forty to fifty pupils, who calculate and pay out winning stakes to men who personate players.

Training schools for housewives and nursemaids were opened recently in London. At the one young wives can learn how to run a kitchen, while at the latter girls over 16 are taught how to nurse infants.

In a number of departments stores in this country schools for cash boys have been opened. They are taught arithmetic, penmanship and quick accounting.

# HOW BEARS ARE TRAINED AT THREE YEARS OLD TO BE ACTORS

**O**NE of the strangest schools in the world is being conducted in Paris by a remarkable French professor. His pupils are nine bears, from America, Russia, Norway, Asia and Japan; bears black and gray, big and little, bright and stupid, but all doing their best to learn.

They are being trained for museum work.

"TO GET the confidence of a bear," said the professor to a visitor, "one must use great tact, just as my wife and I do. They instantly become suspicious when approached by a stranger, and to extract this is by far the most difficult task in training them."

"Their original fierceness," he went on, "is the result of fear. The bear does not kill for the sake of killing. He has a dread that a stranger intends him some harm. This fear should be quieted by giving him dainties and treating him gently. There is no other secret in successfully managing a bear school."

It is an interesting and comical sight, these nine bears chained to wooden seats, each wearing a collar of red-colored paper. You imagine that you can detect on their faces the same look of discontent that little boys and girls sometimes assume when they have to go to school instead of fishing or picking chestnuts.

But few human scholars are so fond of their teachers as are these four-footed ones. At a sign from the professor, one bear will clamber upon a great wooden ball and propel it rapidly, backward, forward and sideways, keeping his place upon it with the skill of a practiced equilibrist.

Other tricks, such as the American sideshow has made familiar, are gone through with. But it is in the teaching of arithmetic that this Frenchman shows his bear school off to best advantage.

When the meal is ready, up to a wooden table the wooden benches are drawn, and each four-footed banqueter sits up with admirable decorum. The bears submit, with better grace than many a well-brought-up child, to having napkins tucked under their chins.

Trained bears are common enough. Many men possess the faculty of teaching the young ursine idea how to shoot, but the ordinary trained bear will "shoot" only under his trainer's direction.

This is the first time it has been undertaken to make Bruin such a perfect gentleman that he will be polite and kind to any one, not alone to the man who instructs him.

And what do you suppose the waiter is? A dog! Yes, a Great Dane is so happy at being privileged to be a member of the boarding school that he gladly distributes the bottles of wine and stands in at-your-service attitude while each diner toasts the bottle to his mouth and drains it. Is it real wine? The professor only smiles.

Anyway, the bears gradually take on evidences of intoxication, and finally roll under the table in true convivial fashion.

The professor says the training is all done by kindness.

"Do you ever strike them?"

"Never, unless they become very disobedient. If one should try to strike me with his paw during an exercise, I would give him a sharp, effective slap on the leg or snout. This must be done at the moment of the offense, so that the pupil—as well as the others looking on—may know the reason for the punishment."

"Make a bear understand that he will be rewarded with some dainty after he has performed a difficult trick, and he will repeat it several times. Thus, obedience grows into a habit."

"The nature of the bear makes little difference; I find the American grizzly, notorious for his wildness, just as tractable, under intelligent instruction, as the tamer Japanese bear, and these from Asia, Norway and Russia are equally easy to handle."

"Generally, after two days' acquaintance I can tell what can be done with a young bear and what sort of training he is best fitted for."

"The best time to begin training is when they are 2 or 3 years old. Before that they are too clumsy and too dumb to train."

"That bears differ in disposition, aptitude for study and in natural attributes, just as children do, has been



Training Begins at Three Years



An Early Lesson, — Shaking Hands.



Dressing for Dinner.

forced upon this queerest of school teachers by his novel experience.

Still, he does not discard a pupil just because he happens to be a bit dull; he coaxes and encourages him until his latent qualities are brought to the surface. With patience, even the least promising learns in time to do

remarkable feats.

"My first task," said the master, "is to get them to wear a collar. This is no matter than it is to get a child to keep his collar clean and to refrain from crumpling his tie as soon as he leaves his home on the way to school."

"A bear becomes so violent at times that if I did not remove his collar at night he might commit suicide by choking himself. I have known this to occur."

"After the bear grows used to his collar and that he must devote some time to learning his name. This is very important. Probably, the same should be done with such names as Jack, Tom and John, and some children are apparently taught out-of-hand the names of the days of the week. When this happens it is the teacher's duty to