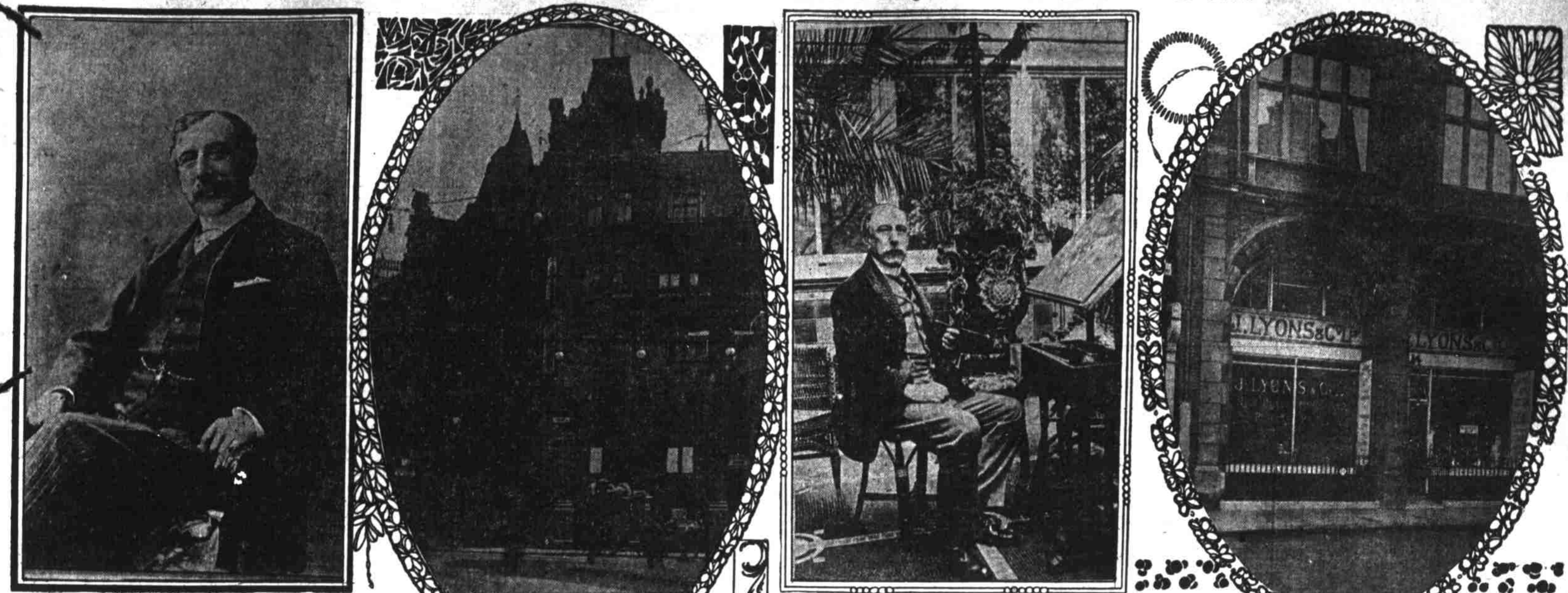


# CAN AMERICA MATCH THIS BRITISH HUSTLER? Remarkable Londoner and Poor of the World's Greatest City and Finds Time for Art and Literature—A Colossal Catering Business and the Man Who Runs It.

and Poor of the World's Greatest City and Finds Time for Art and Literature—A Colossal Catering Business and the Man Who Runs It.



JOSEPH LYONS.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CATERER AS AN ARTIST. JOSEPH LYONS AT WORK PAINTING

WHERE JOSEPH LYONS FEEDS THE RICH

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**L**ONDON—Americans are prone to imagine that they possess a monopoly of all the biggest businesses in the world. They do in most lines, but there are some notable exceptions, and for the chaste of their pride it is well that they should hear of them occasionally. Therefore, I propose to devote this article to one of them, and the remarkable man who has made such a prodigious success of it.

Joseph Lyons runs in London what is by long odds the most colossal catering concern in the world. There are no aggregations of restaurants under one management in America that come anywhere near feeding such a vast multitude daily. He makes it pay, too, handsomely. Many companies in the land of millionaires which can show such profits as that. From the rank of a small public provider at provincial exhibitions to the forefront of the restaurant and catering world and today the ramifications of his business extend throughout the whole of Great Britain.

### Cultivated Talents.

But the most amazing thing about Mr. Lyons is that while building up this stupendous business he has found both time and inclination to cultivate his talents in directions remote from trade and commerce. He has solved the problem which stumps so many American business men of how to make a big pile without becoming a money-making machine. As an artist he ranks so far above the average amateur that his pictures are accepted at the best exhibitions in competition with the works of professionals. And now he has announced that in collaboration with Cecil Raleigh, the famous dramatic author, he has just completed a novel and expects to turn out three novels a year in the same way. Truly his claims to distinction are unique. But it is as a

business man he should first be considered.

To feed every person of London's 6,000,000 who is able and willing to pay for it, is his modest ambition, to quote his own words.

### Elite Waits Turn.

But while the appeal of these tea shops is directed mainly to people of limited means, Joseph Lyons has not neglected the higher fields of the culinary art. Every day sees the elite of London gathered in the lobbies of his swaggy restaurants, waiting their turn to book seats for luncheon, for tea, for dinner. For the Trocadero, probably the most famous of the "Bohemian" restaurants of London, the Throgmorton, the Delmonico's of the financial district, the Poplar Cafe, the gathering place of Mayfair's "550" on shopping bent, the Birkbeck, the Blandford, the Victoria Mansions and Chalfonts hotel are some of the big restaurants under the thumb of this wonderful little man.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Lyons sees nothing incompatible in his dual role—this catering for rich and poor at the same time. For instance, upon several occasions Mr. Lyons has catered for the king and the Prince of Wales, but yet so well does he understand the comparative poor that he is by general choice the caterer to a large part of hangering London. He contends that the same principle underlies catering for all stations of life and that success in one means success in all. But to an outsider such a state of affairs is hard to understand. Imagine if you can, the same man running the Dennets and Childs string of restaurants and the Regis, Cafe Majestic and Sherry's in New York, and you will be able to form some idea of the peculiar position occupied by Mr. Lyons.

The idea is almost absurd to the average man, yet this little man delights in trying the "absurd" and the "impossible."

### Is General Caterer.

But his restaurants form only part of his immense business. He is, besides, a general caterer and no contract is too large for him to tackle with a serene confidence which is perhaps one of his most interesting characteristics. A friend of his recently told me he believed that if some one went to Lyons and said "Feed the world," he would take the contract. That is but one way of expressing the general confidence in the almost unlimited possibilities of his organization.

He is, for all the world, like the juggler who keeps half a dozen balls in the air at the same time, for while he is feeding 300,000 Londoners, he is providing for the visitors to the Irish international exhibition at Dublin to the number of many thousands, he is dispatching at corps of waiters and provisions to a remote corner of Scotland or Wales for some public or private function, his assistants to the number of several hundred are dispensing tea and sandwiches and cakes to the 80,000 spectators of a football match at Crystal Palace and he is feeding the passengers at all the stations of the London, Chatham & Dover railway.

### Some Unique Contracts.

Mr. Lyons' well known willingness to undertake anything in the catering line has brought him some unique contracts. Lord Strathcona, high commissioner for Canada, came to him recently and said: "I am entertaining 2,500 guests in Aberdeen, can you provide a dinner for them?" "Certainly," replied Mr. Lyons, quietly. "But," said Lord Strathcona, "we have

no facilities at Aberdeen for cooking such a dinner, and London is 600 miles away."

"Leave that to me," answered Mr. Lyons with a smile. "Do not ask me if I can do it," he says. "Give me your order and leave the rest to me."

### Will Write Fiction.

His most surprising characteristic is his many-sidedness. Here is a man apparently steeped in the routine and detail of extraordinary business activity, who declares his intention of devoting himself to fiction to the extent of turning out three romantic stories a year. Even with the aid of an able collaborator that would be a task in itself worthy the whole time of a man who gives his days unreservedly to literature. Nor is that all, for during all these years of organization and direction, Mr. Lyons has kept steadily at a youthful bent for painting to such good purpose that several of his landscapes have found their way to the walls of the Royal Academy, an honor denied to all but a few of the most distinguished painters of men and women who make art their life work. Poetry has also occupied the mind of this versatile man and tucked away in one of the drawers of his desk at home is an unpublished play which may yet grace the censorious ink of the English critics and make its bow to a London audience.

With such a multiplicity of contracts and the duties which they must entail, one would imagine that Mr. Lyons would be rushed to death, yet despite the fact that he is probably one of the busiest

men in London, he never gets excited and never gives one the impression that he is "hustling," as that is understood in the United States. I saw an illustration of this side of his character when he visited him yesterday. "I will take just 15 minutes of your time, no more," I said. In 10 minutes I was standing in the street outside the Trocadero with all my questions answered, and Mr. Lyons, with equal speed and thoroughness, was disposing of another visitor.

### Office Is Cubbyhole.

Just a word about the office in which he received me. It is but a cubby hole on the ground floor of the big Trocadero restaurant. In point of size it cannot be more than six feet long and five feet wide. It contains a flat-top desk at one end, two chairs, an umbrella rack, and a constantly ringing telephone. In the 10 minutes I was with him Mr. Lyons made three appointments over this little instrument, and I wondered if that was a fair average every 10 minutes in the day. From this room, bare of show and ostentation and elaboration, this wonderful man conducts his great business.

Mr. Lyons belongs to that race which, given a fair field, pushes its way to the front everywhere. He is a Jew, slightly bald and wears jewelry. On the little finger of his right hand two rings with diamonds of bewildering size and color attract one's attention; from the folds of a black tie a diamond pin of equal brilliance vies with them for the notice of the visitor. He is affable, immensely affable, and, waving me to the better of the two chairs in the room, announced his willingness to do anything I asked him to do, and his knowledge of the details of his business.

### Visited United States.

"I was born in London," he said. "As a boy I drifted about Europe, and even paid a visit to the United States, but so common a thing then as it is today. All this time I was studying art with

the intention of devoting my life to it, but 20 years ago, after looking the field over, I decided that the restaurant business needed me vastly more than did art. It needed a revolutionary spirit, and in me it found the fulfillment of that need. I saw, among other things, that the visitors to expositions and places of that character were being fleeced by the men who were running the restaurants. The proprietors of these places seem to think that after people had paid their admission fee at the gate they were legitimate prey and could be charged anything. When I came into the field I changed all that, and the principle I established then I have followed all through my business career. A large part of my success can be traced directly to it. I have tried to give the best quality and the largest quantity consistent with a small price."

### Fed Barnum's Visitors.

"Barnum was a far-seeing man," he said, in speaking of his relations with the show man. "When he came to London I went to him and proved to him that I could give and was giving the best value for the money hereabouts. He saw the ultimate advantage to his show and gave me the contract for the feeding of his visitors."

"Fifteen years ago I started these tea shops about London. Today I have upwards of 120, employ more than 10,000 people in connection with them and feed 300,000 Londoners daily. At the same time I have been gradually acquiring my big restaurants like the Trocadero and the Poplar until today I have almost a dozen."

I asked Mr. Lyons if he contemplated extending his chain of tea shops and restaurants to other cities of England. "I have no objection," he said, "to the most ambitious of men," he answered with a laugh. "There are 6,000,000 people here. When I am feeding all who call on me for when I will be satisfied. At one time Mr. Lyons was threatened

with American competition. J. Herman Wymans, whose quick lunch restaurants were highly successful in Boston, came here a few years ago to start restaurants on similar lines in London.

"I have looked the field over," he said to me a few weeks before he began operations, "and America offers nothing equal to it. There are barrels of money to be made in the catering business in London, and I'm going to pull my barrel out of it. Look what Joe Lyons has done. He's a decent chap, too. I have had several talks with him, and he doesn't mind my taking a hand in the game. In fact, he was good enough to give me some information about conditions here. Of course he has his ideas, and I have mine, but London is big enough for both of us. American fare and American cooking are better than English fare and English cooking, as English stomachs will be quick to acknowledge when they get the chance I'll give them. I shall start with one restaurant, but it won't be long before I'll have several going."

Alas, poor Wymans! He spoke with Napoleonic confidence, but in London he met his Waterloo. His first restaurant failed, and then he tried another and that had a still shorter life. Then the poor fellow went to Paris and died.

### Customers Are Different.

"Such places are bound to fail here," he said. "The Englishman is a very different person from the American in the matter of his meals. The latter spends five minutes in eating his meal and 20 minutes in picking his teeth on the front steps. The Englishman spends 20 minutes in eating his meal and five minutes in picking his teeth. We do not like to eat quickly here, and the so-called quick lunch has no attractions to the average man. We eat sparingly in the middle of the day, read in the paper or a book the while. We eat very much less than the Americans, and the portions served in the American restaurants, if placed before our customers would sicken them by their size."

## TOLSTOI PREDICTS FALL OF AMERICA---Famous Russian Says Decadence of United States Is More Rapid Than That of Rome--Douma a Failure

**I**N A REMARKABLE interview with Stephen Bonsai, in the New York Times, Count Leo Tolstoy predicts that America will soon fall "far more rapidly than Rome fell." He is opposed to the duma, on the ground of the "failure of representative government in the United States."

"I have no hope in any form of parliamentary government. Parliamentarism means simply politicking over one's party. I am against the duma because parliamentarism is not an instinct of the Russian people. And then, why should we try to do our institutions something which is a well-known and acknowledged failure in all countries? Look at your own government and state legislatures. What an evil work they have wrought! In their midst thrive envy and party hatreds, and among your people they have sown the dragon's teeth of malice and all uncharitableness. You Americans had a beautiful and beautiful ideal, and your fathers sought to realize a heaven upon earth, and how has it ended? In no part of the world is class so arrayed against class. You have reproduced European conditions in their most exaggerated forms, thanks principally to what you call representative government and the national selfishness you call patriotism."

### Abuse of Patriotism.

"Oh, how I hate that word! You Americans use it and misuse it all the time. I really believe that this idea which the subtle men who rule you for their own purposes call patriotism has done more to retard the growth of the individual than has our church in Russia with all its shackles and chains, mental as well as physical. You have tried popular development of the individual! The state cannot be stronger than its weakest link. You must build up the individual before you build up the state, and if you do this, why then the state is unnecessary. How do you take an interest in the duma? And you say the people in America take interest in it, too? This little group a legislative assembly like ours might do under any circumstances is as nothing to the evil it is sure to do at present. One can say, and I surely will say, but little that is good of our present government in Russia; but certainly it is more favorable to the development of the perfect man than any government that has ever existed. And yet under their rule he has to fight his way through a host of obstacles and millions of individuals have tried to follow in his footsteps, but no one has ever attained his perfect manhood. So we seek to alter conditions rather than ourselves. I suppose because we find it easier."

### Prosperity Plea Shameful.

"Great and strong! Great and strong!" Tolstoy pounced upon my comment.

monplace almost before it was uttered. "Who besides your silly, futile politicians says you are great and strong? I grant you were great and strong in the days of Emerson and Thoreau, but today you place your trust in armies and in the treasure that is in your vaults. Great and strong! Oh! I think not. A nation, like an individual, is only strong by the faith that is in it, and today I fear the faith of America is in the almighty dollar. A man's work is the reflection of a man's soul. A man's soul is his conception of his mission, the supreme being. Of course I do not know, but I think that the rude images of the Indians, which you speak more gratefully to deity than your rushing railroads and your never-resting factories, which have enslaved the freest people. At least the Indians had some vague idea of eternity and of a God, and with rude, trembling fingers tried to incorporate it, but you think only of time, and of big men."

In his earnestness the count now rose, and forgetting his well-known fourcore years, walked up and down late before the idea of eternity and of a God, and with rude, trembling fingers tried to incorporate it, but you think only of time, and of big men."

"Prosperity, prosperity," he repeated. "What a shameful plea that is which your American platform makers address to the voters. They do not say, 'We will give you an honest, righteous government if you vote for us.' We'll make you all fat and sleek. If you vote for me you will have a double chin!" And no one arises to say, 'What will your full dinner pails profit you if while gorging your bellies you lose your immortal souls?' Then the count stopped and gazed at the photograph which adorned his study, speaking likeliness to Emerson, Thoreau, Channing, Bryan, Henry George and the late Ernest Howard Crosby.

### Grateful for Bryan.

"Oh! I thank you for what your country has given for the world in the lives of these men. I thank you for what you have given us in the past. But for the future I have my fears. I see no one to follow in their footsteps." There were tears in the count's eyes as he spoke of his love and affection for these great Americans. Of Mr. Bryan's visit to the farm, he spoke with gratitude. But for the rest of our statesmen he made it quite clear that they are outside the Tolstoyan pale.

"The fall of America," he continued. "When I see the deserted shrines of your forefathers, I think it will come more swiftly than came the fall of Rome. I see the wealth of our neighbors, but with what mercy and tenderness we were punished! I cannot but think that the great Judge knew that at heart the Russian people were not guilty of covetousness. That they, blinded and bound, were led on by a score of misguided or wicked men.

and so it seemed right that our punishment should be tempered with mercy. But you stole the Philippines, or at the best paid another robber to give up his claim, and your people at the polls have time and again sanctioned the theft. I hope there are extenuating

### Hopelessly Misguided.

circumstances that will speak for you, but I confess I see none."

### Then with an acrobatic mental jump

the count returned to the Russian situation. Here his criticism of the leading men of all parties was quite as sweeping and much less courteous than had been his characterization of our political leaders in America. Then for a moment his iron mood relaxed and relenting, he said: "No, no, forget that I had the temerity to say that. They are not all bad men; I pray not; but hopelessly misguided. Of course, as you must know, the vital phase of our situation in Russia is the land question. Yet for a man, much as I pity not those who say 'yes to confiscation any more than those that say 'no, dare I approach the subject with any certainty. There is but one solution of the land question in Russia as well as elsewhere which can be regarded as just and equitable, and that is, of course, the land laws as they are in their modern form by Henry George."

### Shadows Lengthening.

Then, with impressive earnestness, "Forgive me if my judgments have been harsh or have seemed so. Only remember you live in a lighthouse set upon a hill and that in the last few years it has seemed to many watchers that the light which was once the joy and hope of the world, whose rays penetrated into the uttermost parts of the earth, was about to be overwhelmed in shadow. I pray that young Americans will see to that light and tend it day and night. It is the flame that their fathers lit, and has become the light of the world as well as yours. It would be a dark world without it."

### PECULIAR CANNON

#### Only Double-Barreled One Is at Athens, Georgia.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The only double-barreled cannon in the world is one of the historic curiosities of Athens, Georgia.

There is a history of unique interest attached to this old cannon. Besides being the only double-barreled "shooting iron" of its kind ever invented, it was conceived with a peculiar idea in mind. It was the work of a member of the Mitchell Thunderbolts, a local military company during the war. The Mitchell Thunderbolts was a company composed of men too old for active service in the field and was organized purely for home defense.

The inventor, however, believed that with a cannon of the double-barreled pattern he could mow down Yankees by the hundreds. He had his cannon cast at the Athens foundry, and when finished it was hauled out to the outskirts of the city, where a test was made. One test was entirely sufficient to demonstrate that the cannon was a rank failure. A 50-foot chain with the ends attached to two cannon balls was the charge. These balls were rammed into the cannon good and hard. It was the inventor's idea that when the cannon was fired the chain would stretch taut and cut down everything within its

## STORIES OF NOTED OUTLAWS---Two Have Earned Fame on Account of Their Spectacular Deaths, and Another Because of the Skill With Which He Has So Far Baffled the Police Officers

**R**OMANTIC stories have been appearing in the continental newspapers during the past month concerning three notorious brigands; two of them have earned fame on account of their spectacular deaths, and the third because of the skill with which he has so far baffled the police. One of the three was a Magyar named Savanyu Sorka, and his field of operations long ago was the Carpathian mountain district with its vague, lonely roads and inaccessible retreats. Twenty-five years ago he was the scourge of the country. He became such a nuisance at last that a small army was sent out to hunt him. He fell into their hands and was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for life. In prison he became softened in spirit. He was released after 25 years' confinement, and returned to his native village, where he was started to make his livelihood as a herdsman for his brother. His wild career had been a subject of a whole library of stories and memoirs in German and Hungarian.

He at once made a collection of these and read them over and over with avidity, commenting on their literary merits. One of the balls killed a man named Salomone, and his field of operations long ago was the Carpathian mountain district with its vague, lonely roads and inaccessible retreats. Twenty-five years ago he was the scourge of the country. He became such a nuisance at last that a small army was sent out to hunt him. He fell into their hands and was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for life. In prison he became softened in spirit. He was released after 25 years' confinement, and returned to his native village, where he was started to make his livelihood as a herdsman for his brother. His wild career had been a subject of a whole library of stories and memoirs in German and Hungarian.

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## Women Librarians in British Colonies

From the London Standard. Lady librarians are not such a novelty in London, but they have a considerable majority over men in the colonies.

The municipal library in nearly every Australian country town is in charge of a lady. In Sydney there are 11 ladies employed as government librarians, all with one exception, university graduates. The government lady librarians start at £12 and rises by annual increments to £150.

One of them was recently asked for an indication of the present reading tastes of the Australian public, and her reply was couched in commercial language. "George Meredith is most in demand. Dickens and Thackeray are also asked for, and Scott is particularly popular."

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## Count Leo Tolstoy.

Count Leo Tolstoy, the famous Russian, is shown in a portrait. He is an elderly man with a full white beard and hair, wearing a dark suit and a white shirt with a high collar. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression.

Count Leo Tolstoy.