

An Author - Publisher

By ANDREW C. EWING

Leslie Robinson was the son of a publisher. His father said to him one day when the boy was much elated at being made editor of the high school paper: "My boy, don't get the literary fever. A great many catch it, and only those recover in whom the literary parasites find nothing to feed on. I fear you have just enough talent for writing to make you uncomfortable all your life."

And the young are not so constituted as to take the advice of the old. Perhaps this is best as it is. It is not success that brings happiness, it is striving for success. But in literary work for all but one in a million there are constant disappointments.

Young Robinson was so unfortunate, according to his father's den, when he went to college as to be made editor of the university magazine. His essays received the highest marks. He was unconscious of the fact that the reason they took high rank was because those with which they compared were of no value as literary productions.

Mr. Robinson, Sr., died while his son was in college. The publishing business, by the late owner's intention, was to be carried on, till Leslie was graduated by the junior partner, after which the son was to manage the interests he had inherited. He proved to have business capacity and soon became the brains of the establishment.

Perhaps if Leslie Robinson had appreciated his business talents he might have lost his desire for literary empyre. He considered himself either born to literature or to business. Having time to manage a publishing house and scribble at the same time he and both. He sent articles to the magazines, and they were always accepted. They were good articles so that it was not necessary for Mr. Robinson to ask how much their acceptance was due to their merit and how much to their having been offered by the head of the publishing house of Robinson & Co.

After awhile Mr. Robinson brought out a novel. It was accepted by the first publisher to whom it was offered. Robinson seemed to publish it himself. He said that the test of a good book is that a business man will risk his money on it. It cost several thousand dollars to get out an additional book, and unless the article was of sufficient merit to insure a return it would not find a publisher. He was still young in the business or he would have known that the higher the type the less the profit. The poet Browning would have started had he been asked to live on the income he derived from his poems.

Robinson published several books one after another. He did not succeed in becoming well known as an author but had no difficulty in securing publishers for that he wrote. By and by the publishers began to ask him to give them one book for publication. This was a long step to the front. Leslie was very proud of himself. Those associated with him in business asked him why if his books were valuable to other publishers they were not valuable to him. He replied that to publish his own works would make it appear that he could not get any other house to take the risk of doing so.

Robinson married a girl with a good deal of sense. It did not require a long time for her to see that her husband was an excellent business man. She knew that persons are apt not to value what they are born to and are easily pulled up with a little success at what they do indifferently. One day she had the temerity to tell her husband that he was naturally fitted for business indeed, it was his natural vocation.

A dispute arose between them which ended in an agreement that the next novel offered by him should be under an assumed name. Robinson agreed at this suggestion made by his wife for he knew the value of a name, but he admitted that if his novel had not sufficient merit to find a publisher without his name it could not be a literary gem. At any rate, he was willing to abide by the test.

His work was sent first to the publisher who had thus far put out all his books. Within a week it was returned with a printed "unavailable" card. This was a great fall for his literary pride. For the next six months he continued to send his work to his brother publishers. Most of them kept it a long while. He thought this meant that they were making up their minds. It was not this, but that they were too busy to examine it. At the end of the six months it had gone the rounds.

The day it came back from the last publisher Robinson saw a novel advertised by one of his brother publishers, the author of which had stood trial for murder. It appalled him that

this man could find a publisher and he could not. As a last resort he tried his own pen. Sending his manuscript to himself on its arrival he turned it over to his chief reader, who sent it back to him with the following report.

The author says not he has to say remarkably well. But he has nothing to say.

No one knows why Leslie Robinson stopped writing except his wife. Friends tell him that a genius was strangled when he went into business, but he shrugs his shoulders and says that authorship does not pay much.

Mrs. Robinson looks solemn and says nothing.

OUR FIRST TRUST COMPANY.

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It was in Italy that the art of banking as known in our times was first introduced. The earliest bank established in modern Europe was that of Venice, which was founded in 1157. It originated in a loan which the state raised during the great war of the republic with the Greek empire, 1156-1171.

The bank of Genoa was founded about 140 years after the bank of Venice, Macaulay in his "History of England" has a partial description of the operations of this bank, which existed from 1320 to 1798.

Precious to the year 1694 there were only four considerable banks in Europe, but on the 27th of July of that year a charter was granted by William and Mary for establishing the Bank of England, which for splendour and extent of circulation has for many years been the greatest in the world.

The first bank established in the United States is known in financial history as the Pennsylvania bank. It began operating on July 17, 1780, and since that time Pennsylvania has figured conspicuously in the banking affairs of the country. Besides being the home of the first bank in the United States, Pennsylvania has the distinction of having the first bank incorporated under the national banking act, Charter No. 1 was given to the First National bank of Philadelphia. That state is also the home of the first trust company. In 1829 the Pennsylvania company, a corporation to write insurance on lives and grant annuities, was organized in Philadelphia. In 1836 this institution was authorized to execute trusts. Not until 1853, however, was it empowered to act as executor and administrator. W. C. Jenkins in National Magazine.

Black and White Pepper.

"It has always amused me," remarked a botanical expert, "to hear people talking of their preference for black pepper over white and the various explanations they give for the same. Little do they know that both black and white pepper grows upon the same shrub. Over the pepper seed grows a black covering. The seed itself is white, or nearly so. To make black pepper the seed and its external covering are ground up, while the white pepper is the seed alone ground up. White pepper is milder than black, the greater part of the pungency being in the covering. A pepper made of the covering alone would be such, to use a slang term, hot stuff that it would burn the mouth. The black covering of the pepper seed contains the oil."

From Personal Experience.

Uncle Eli felt he knew the metropolis pretty well. Had he not been there three times in four years? So when he brought Aunt Susan with him (on the fourth trip) he naturally assumed the role of guide.

She marveled at everything until they sat down for luncheon. They had gone into the Hotel Astor for that meal, but all its other marvels seemed lost on the visiting country hostess as she looked open eyed at the crowds that filled not only the corridors, but the restaurants. Scarcely had they found seats when this amazement took definite shape.

"Eli," said she in a stage whisper, "I can't set here an' eat peacefully. I jes' must go downstairs an' help pore Mrs. Astor with the cookin' and dishes."

A Housewife in the Making.

Miss Emery had given little Tim a simple problem in addition that he failed to work out. "Numbers are dry," she reasoned with herself and determined to make the lesson more interesting.

"Suppose," she began engagingly, "your mamma sent you to the store

to buy three pounds of lamb, two pounds of potatoes, half a pound each of carrots and turnips and one pound of tomatoes. What would you have then?"

Tim shook his head, but Marybell, only a year older, raised an eager hand.

"Well, Marybell?" said the teacher, with a sorrowful glance at little Tim.

"Stew!" said Marybell sweetly.—Youth's Companion.

THE MINUTE ELECTRON.

It Is Billions of Times Smaller Than the Smallest Atom.

We know that the big telescopes, aided by the photographic plate, reveal stars to the number of at least 100,000,000 lying utterly beyond the confines of unaided vision. Now it appears that a pinch of salt which one could hold on the point of a penknife is made up of atoms numbering not hundreds of millions merely, but billions of billions.

The population of atoms in the smallest particle of matter visible under the microscope is greater by far than the total human population of the globe since the race developed. And a little instrument composed of two fragments of gold leaf makes it possible to perform the miracle of counting these denizens of the realm of infinite littleness.

Within the smallest atom there is something almost 2,000 times smaller than the atom itself—a something that is detachable from the atom and susceptible of being measured as to its mass and tested as to its electric charge with the aid of apparatus actually in use in the laboratory. This ultimate particle of matter is called the electric corpuscle or electron. We owe our knowledge of it chiefly to Sir Joseph Thomson. It is the smallest thing in the world, and it is probably the basal substance out of which all matter of whatever character is built.

As regards bulk, the electron is, according to the French physicist Jean Becquerel, billions of billions of times smaller than the atom. To make the comparison vivid Becquerel likens the electrons in an atom to a swarm of gnats gravitating about in the dome of a cathedral.

As we penetrate thus far and farther into the realm of the infinitely little, seeing in imagination the smallest visible particle of matter resolved into myriads of molecules, each molecule into sundry atoms and each atom into its teeming swarms of electrons, the question naturally arises, What lies beyond?—Dr. Henry Smith Williams in Harper's Magazine.

Cementing Antiques.

Old stone monuments, statues and building fronts that are crumbling from long exposure to the weather can now be patched up cheaply, the patches not being noticeable, by means of one of the latest adaptations of concrete. With proper selection of materials and coloring, most building stone, it has been discovered, can now be imitated. The crumbling stone is chipped away until sound stone is reached and the original shape is restored in concrete. By following the lines of the original stone blocks the effect is as good as if the entire blocks had been replaced at heavy construction cost. The crumbling pillars of a German city hall and some badly broken statues on another German public building have been effectively restored in this way.—Exchange.

Famdy Pride.

Luke, the butler, had an endearing affection for long words. Also he had a relative, Aunt Lindy, who was eighty-six years of age, and a great aunt, Sally, who claimed more than ninety years. An octogenarian and a nonagenarian Luke had heard the folks "at de big house" call them. He was telling a visitor about his family.

"Yas'm, ma'am; Aunt Lindy's eighty-six years ol'."

"That is very old indeed, Luke," the visitor commented. "And Sally's?"

"Sally's mo'n dat, ma'am," Luke interrupted. "She's a nonentity, ma'am."—New York Post.

His Desperate Mission.

An American had arranged to spend six weeks in an English country house, and for five it rained steadily. On the first day of the

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sixth week he said to his man, "Get me my shooting clothes and my double barreled gun!"

His hostess looked at him in surprise. There was no shooting to be had near. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going out—out into the rain," said the visitor, "to try to find the man who called this country 'Merrie England!'"

Proving His Trade.

Magistrate (to burglar)—What is your trade?

The Handy One—Locksmith, yer worship.

Magistrate—What were you doing when the police entered?

The Handy One—Making a bolt for the door.—John Bull.

Mail Arrives as Follows:	
7:15 A. M.	From Portland, Newberg and Corvallis train.
8:55 A. M.	Arrive from Salem and Portland.
9:05 A. M.	From Airlie train
11:15 A. M.	From Portland and Corvallis train.
11:15 A. M.	From Independence
1:25 P. M.	From Dallas
2:40 P. M.	From Portland and Corvallis train.
2:40 P. M.	From Independence
5:35 P. M.	From Airlie
7:30 P. M.	From Portland, Newberg and Corvallis.
7:30 P. M.	From Independence

Mail Dispatched as Follows:	
6:35 A. M.	To Salem
6:35 A. M.	To Portland and Corvallis.
7:15 A. M.	To Airlie
8:55 A. M.	Portland and Corvallis train.
8:55 A. M.	To Independence
11:15 A. M.	To Dallas
1:25 P. M.	To Portland and Corvallis train.
1:25 P. M.	To Independence
4:30 P. M.	To Airlie
5:35 P. M.	To Portland, Newberg and Corvallis.
7:15 P. M.	To Portland, Newberg and Corvallis.
7:15 P. M.	To Independence

WALTER G. BROWN

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