

SOME FAMOUS IDEAS

HOW THE IDEAS FOR THEM WERE BORN IN THEIR AUTHORS.

The Man Who Gave Stevenson the Inspiration For "Jekyll and Hyde." How Dickens Discovered "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby."

Among weird fiction there are few novels to compete with "The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and the story of its inception is almost as strange as the work itself, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Stevenson, it appears, had dealings with a man named Samuel Creggan and did not like him. "He's a man who trades on the Samuel," averred the novelist. "He receives you with Samuel's smile on his face, but every now and then you catch a glimpse of the Creggan peeping out like a white ferret. Creggan's the real man; Samuel's only superficial."

This was what gave Stevenson the first idea for the dual personality of Jekyll and Hyde, but he did not begin to write.

One night, however, Mrs. Stevenson, awakened by cries of horror from her husband, and thinking that he had a nightmare, aroused him. He was quite angry.

"Why did you wake me?" he asked. "I was dreaming a fine boggy tale. He got up at once and began writing in a sort of fever. His biographer, Mr. Osbourne, says that it is doubtful whether the first draft took him as long as three days.

"Treasure Island," by the same author, had a beginning almost equally strange.

One day Robert Louis Stevenson was playing with a box of water colors belonging to his stepson, and idly drew and colored a map of an imaginary island. To quote his own words:

"It was elaborately and, I thought, beautifully colored; the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression; it contained harbors that pleased me like sonnets, and with the unconsciousness of the prestidigitator, I ticketed it 'Treasure Island.' The next thing I knew I had some paper before me and was writing out a list of chapters."

The upshot was that for the next fifteen days Stevenson wrote like one possessed, turning out a chapter a day. Then he lost hold, and it was weeks before the inspiration came again, but when it did "Treasure Island" flowed from him "like small talk," and ran serially in a children's paper.

To go back a good many years, stories attach to almost every one of Charles Dickens' novels.

Soon after the "Pickwick Papers" had made their amazing success, Dickens happened to visit the studio of George Cruikshank, and there was shown some drawings of the career of a London thief.

Among these was a sketch of Fagin's den and a picture of Bill Sikes, Dickens was at the time engaged upon the idea of a workhouse story, and the result of this chance visit was "Oliver Twist," as it was soon afterward published.

As for "Nicholas Nickleby," there does not seem much doubt that the great novelist conceived the idea of Dotheboys Hall from the advertisement of Mr. Simpson's academy, Wooden Croft Lodge, Yorkshire, which he saw in an old copy of the Times.

The famous Captain Kettle, the most popular creation of Cutcliffe Hyne, was originally a character in a comparatively little known story by the tall Yorkshireman.

Mr. Hyne, who at the time had hardly got his foot on the ladder of fame, took the story to a well known London editor and publisher. After criticising the yarn in rather merciless fashion, the editor said:

"All the same, the little sea captain is your best character, and you ought to be able to do something with him. Why not make him the hero of a series of short stories?"

Fergus Hume has told the story of how he came to write "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab." He was in Melbourne at the time, and in financial straits, for he had entirely failed to dispose of a play to which he had given much time.

He thought he might do better with a book, but the question was, "What sort of book?" After some consideration he went to the leading Melbourne librarian and asked this question, "What books do you find sell best?"

"Detective stories," was the prompt reply, "especially those of Gaborian." Mr. Hume had not then read any Gaborian, but he wasted no time in completing the omission and bought a complete edition of his works.

The result was the story which made his reputation and the seventy novels which succeeded it. Fergus Hume, it may be mentioned, is credited with having turned out a 60,000 word book in a week.

Critical Logic Failed. Sherlock Holmes had a favorite dictum—"Eliminate the impossible, and what is left, however improbable, must be the truth." This was not at all in accordance with the saying of Victor Hugo: "Nothing is so imminent as the impossible. What must be always foreseen is the unforeseen." Most of us will agree, from experience, with Hugo rather than with Holmes. The impossible does happen. When "Merry Philbrick's Choice" was published in the "No Name" series the critics were agreed that it seemed to be written by Helen Hunt Jackson. But, as those who knew her love for flowers and acquaintance with nature also pointed out, she could not be the author, for there were several glaring mistakes in the naming and placing of blossoms in the story. Yet, as was afterward disclosed, she did write it. So all the theorizing went for nothing.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Sarah Bernhardt's American tour begins in New York in November.

The announcement made by Charles Frohman that he was going to produce this season an unusually large number of American plays was a welcome one.

Marie Booth Russell, Harry Leighton, Emily Dodd and Giles Shine have been engaged by William A. Brady as principals in support of Robert B. Mantell this season.

Victor Herbert has sent to Miss Lulu Glaser a new waltz, which he wants made an added number to the score he finished some time ago for the musical comedy "Miss Dolly Dollars."

Joseph Sheehan, the well known tenor of the English Grand Opera company, was signed recently to continue with that organization. Mr. Sheehan will alternate the leading tenor roles with Francis McLenahan.

Richard Golden has been engaged by Henry W. Savage to play the leading role in the new George Ade comedy, "The Bad Samaritan," which will be given an early fall production at the Garden theater, New York.

The Shuberts have purchased from Agnes and Egerton Castle the dramatic rights to their novel, "The Secret Orchard." Channing Pollard, whose stage version of "In the Bishop's Carriage" was produced at Hartford, will make the adaptation.

GERMAN GLEANINGS.

The Berlin municipality has decided to establish public sun and light baths, at which first, second and third class fees will be charged.

Pet dogs in sunbonnets and blue glass spectacles are to be seen following their owners through the streets of Berlin in hot weather.

A lion and a lioness in the zoo at Frankfurt, Germany, roared in terror and tremblingly crouched in a corner of their cage because a ferret had accidentally entered it.

Franz Krause, who plunged the blade of a penknife into an elephant's trunk at the Ethelberg menagerie, Hamburg, was seized by the infuriated animal and hurled with terrific force against a brick wall. Krause had his legs broken, and he died the same evening.

The municipal authorities of Hammerstein, Germany, have prohibited motor cars from approaching to within twenty miles of the town on the ground that the "speed fever" has an "infectious influence" upon cab and tram car drivers and causes them to drive to the public danger.

EDITORIAL FLINGS.

The prediction of a shortage of 10,000,000 pounds in the California prune crop will be comforting to some.—Boston Globe.

The man who hurries along the street is likely to be overcome by the heat, and if he goes slow an automobile may run over him.—Toledo Bee.

The ice-men are candidly at a commercial disadvantage, seeing they are unable to adulterate what they sell to the public. Glass, the only thing that looks like ice, costs more.—Kansas City Times.

Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte rejected Nestor and Orestes as names for coilliers. He points out that one suggests antiquity and the other insanity. Another one of "them literary fellows" in office.—Syracuse Herald.

A New York man who received \$4 per week has been arrested for bigamously maintaining two wives and domestic establishments. The law should spare the man for purposes of sociological inquiry in the department of economics.—Atlanta Constitution.

ENGLISH ETCHINGS.

In London out of a hundred widowers who marry again twelve marry their housekeepers.

In a London theater, at which a musical play is having a long run, the members of the orchestra play chess on miniature boards during the waits between acts.

The English clergy are protesting that more than 600 tons of rice are annually wasted at weddings by being thrown after the happy pairs. More than \$20,000 is yearly spent for rice.

A parrot which can talk in two languages and which has seventeen phrases has been added to the London zoological gardens. It is a native of northern India, and three of its phrases are in an Indian dialect, the rest being English.

A secret chamber, furnished in old oak, was unexpectedly discovered during the demolition of the Plow Inn, Little Ealing, England. The inn was 500 years old. The grandmother of Dick Turpin, the highwayman, once kept it.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

You can't afford to accept some presents. Some mighty worthless people have "good dispositions."

A sickness will attack you some day and the doctor can't do you any good. A man who is engaged in living it down finds there is something besides the cat that has nine lives.

You may think that you have found something original in the trouble line, but you haven't. No one ever did.

When the older children are gladly and cheerfully taking care of the baby, it is a sign their mother is making a cake.

When an important matter comes up wherein every one should help, don't expect to sneak out of your share of the work. You will feel better to help cheerfully.—Acheson Globe.

CHILDREN, AFTER ALL

(Original.)

I am one of those women who think. To be tied up to a moral code inherited from remote ancestors has always been irksome to me. Though work has not been necessary to me, I have worked. From the first I wanted a career. I chose literature for a profession, and living a literary life made me a reader of many books. Great social questions interested me especially, and I studied the different methods that from the earliest ages have pertained to the relations of the sexes. I came out of those studies impressed with the belief that marriage is a civil, not necessarily a moral, law.

I had reached this conclusion some time before I met Arthur Tracy. He was the manager of a magazine to which I sold articles and by admiring them first won my grateful attention, afterward my love. He was mated with a woman who had no sympathy whatever with his fine, appreciative and discriminating mind. He found in me one who could sympathize with him on every point, and it was not long before he told me that I could turn his unmarried life into one of inexpressible happiness.

Unfortunately for us both, there was no ground on which he could get a divorce. Mrs. Tracy was a good wife and mother, the only reason why she could not make her husband happy being her intellectual inferiority. But why was a divorce necessary? Had I not reached a conclusion that marriage was not necessary to morality? Had not one of the greatest of Englishwomen novelists lived with a man who could not get a divorce from his wife? Why should I, holding these views, stoop to encourage the man I loved to secure his liberty by fraudulent means? Would it not be a far better part to make him happy in defiance of a world that had received its opinions from antiquity? I made up my mind to rise above an antiquated custom. My love and I would pledge ourselves to each other for life.

I had never seen Mrs. Tracy, nor did I wish to see her. There was no blame attached to her that she was not sufficiently intellectual to be a fit companion for a very superior man. I would not permit myself to consider that she was standing in the way of two people whom God had especially intended for each other. I was not so human as that. One day I went to the office of the magazine to consult about the method of printing an article of mine, and from the suit of editorial rooms a little girl about three years old came creeping along, a straw hat hung to her back and ringlets flying. She was such a merry madcap that I took her into my heart at once, and, stooping, literally took her into my arms. She struggled to be free, laughing the while, and when I set her down jumped again into my arms.

"You little humbug!" I exclaimed. "You're like most of your sex—when you can have what you want you don't want it. What's your name?" "Helen Tracy."

I looked into her heaven blue eyes, and for the first time since I had met her father the still small voice of conscience spoke to me. I was about to bring sorrow into the life of this innocent child.

"Come and see mamma," she said, grasping one of my fingers. "She's in papa's office waiting till he comes in."

I dragged me to the office door. I had no intention of going in, but suddenly it opened and some one came out, leaving it open. Within sat a woman with a face as sweet and innocent as the child's. My confusion enabled the little one to drag me to the threshold.

"Come in," said the lady, rising. "I wish to speak to you." She shut the door behind me and stood facing me. All my philosophy could not save me from feeling that I was in the presence of an accusing angel.

"I know you from the picture Arthur has. He has told me much about you and your ideas—ideas that I have neither the learning nor the mind to appreciate. It has come to me—no matter how—that his heart has followed his intellect. He do not blame either of you. I am deficient in what he requires; you possess it. I love him too well either to stand in the way of his happiness or to give him reason to act unworthily. Whatever steps he may see fit to take to break the bonds binding him to me and the children I shall accede to. They of course must remain with me."

During my philosophical studies a favorite expression with me was "the cobwebs of the past." While I was listening to these words, involving a far greater wisdom, a far higher conception than I had ever dreamed of, it seemed that with a feather the speaker was brushing away the cobwebs of the present. She had shown me the yawning gulf on which I stood. In a twinkling she had dissolved the air castle I had built up about her husband, for it had flashed upon me that he was greatly her inferior. Before I could reply the door was opened and he walked into the room. While he stood the picture of abashed astonishment, I answered her through him.

"Arthur Tracy, I can't understand why you should waste your regard on me when you have one so much more worthy of you. Your wife has taught me more in one minute than I have learned from all the books I have ever read. I leave you with her and your child, to whom you belong."

We had both agreed what we wanted and we didn't want it. After all, we were but as children.

WINIFRED ROBERTS.

THE CAB IN LONDON.

It Had a Hard Time and Many Changes Before It Was a Success.

In the early part of the last century English travelers returning from the cities of Europe felt so disgusted with the stuffy, slow traveling hackney coaches of London that it was urged that an attempt be made to introduce the "cabriolet de place" used in Paris. In 1805 Mr. Rotch, acting with Mr. Bradshaw as joint proprietor, obtained licenses for nine cabriolets. This new vehicle was similar in appearance to the modern gig, carrying only one passenger inside and at the side of the driver. It was a financial failure. But in 1823 fuller licenses were given to twelve new vehicles, the driver having an outside seat and the vehicle carrying two passengers. The name cabriolet was soon reduced to "cab." In 1831 there were only 130 cabs in all London. These were known as the "coffin" cabs. In 1832 was invented the "back door" cab. In 1833 Joseph Aloysius Hansom drove into London on a quaint cab, designed by himself. This was the original "hansom" cab.

Its body was almost square, and the wheels were seven feet six inches in height, a trifle taller than the vehicle itself. The driver sat on the roof at the front, with two doors beneath him, one on either side of his feet. This extraordinary cab began to ply for hire, much to the amusement of the drivers of the hackney coaches, "outrigger" and back door cabs. A few months later Hansom, who was financed by the inventor of the back door cab, reduced the size of the wheels of his vehicle and made several other alterations, with the result that it lost its cattle shed appearance.

Hansom's cab was a financial failure, but John Chapman put the driver's seat behind and generally improved the design until it became indistinguishable from the present hansom. His invention was patented in 1836, about the time that the first four wheeler was introduced.

South Sea Offerterias.

Odds and ends, and as queer a collection as one could hope to see, are found among the offertory contributions of the natives of Bugota, in the British Solomon islands. It is no rare thing there for the minister to draw from the collection box a string of red beads, which, providing it measures the length of the arms outstretched, is coin of the realm equaling a florin, but strings of white beads of the same length are but as the insignificant three penny bit. Other articles among the collection on the last Bible Sunday in connection with the Melanesian Mission church were white armlets, each equal in value to a shilling; pieces of tortoise shell, a bamboo box, such as is used to carry lime for betel chewing; a fine string bag, and a piece of the native cloth in which the Bugota women wrap their babies to protect them from the Melanesian insects.

A Night Shift Bee.

The old joke about the man who crossed his bees with lightning bugs, that they might see to work at night, appears to have been realized in India, where an unusually large species gather honey only in the nighttime.

There are many night blooming flowers in that country, and this bee apparently finds no difficulty in gathering his store, for it is recorded that the combs frequently reach a height of six feet.

It is not stated that the honey is of food value, and its use for human consumption is to be questioned, since many of the night flowering plants possess strongly narcotic properties.

Wouldn't Use Slang.

"I think it is shameful the way that girl spits slang," said a pretty girl to a friend. "My, if I twirled my talker the way she does my blooming old dad would dust my duds till dust was thicker than flies in fly time!"

"You betcher brass and serve you right!" replied the other young lady. "My parents are sunflowers of the same hue, and if I should make a raw crack in my conversation they would thrash the rosy cussidness out of my angelic anatomy quicker than chained lightning!" And they proceeded to suck the juice out of a lemon through a stick of candy.—Kansas City Independent.

His Degree.

"Is young Binkley going to take a degree when he leaves college?" asked the man with the eagle eye.

"Yes, I hear they're going to give him the thirty-second degree, Fahrenheit," said the man with the incandescent whiskers.

"Thirty-second degree, Fahrenheit? I never heard of that honor—"

"Yes, he played freeze out so much that he failed in his exams."—Chicago Tribune.

LINCOLN'S TACT.

How the President Won a Handshake From an Antagonist.

In the spring of 1861 George D. Wise of Virginia and two other young southerners, one of whom stood six feet four, were attending school in Washington. The morning the news of the firing on Fort Sumter reached them they decided that it was their duty to return at once to Richmond, their home, and enlist in the southern cause. As Mr. Lincoln was to give a public reception that night, young Wise proposed that they attend, to see what sort of man the president really was.

"No," said the tall fellow. "I for one won't go near the rascal."

"But," urged the third youth, who at once fell in with the suggestion, "there is going to be war, and Mr. Lincoln will undoubtedly rise to great prominence. We really owe it to ourselves to know something about the man."

More abuse followed from the tall fellow. "Now look here," broke in young Wise, after the argument had gone on for a spell, "Fred and I here are going to that reception tonight, and you are going with us."

The upshot of the matter was that the three young men went to the reception and lined up with several hundred others to greet President Lincoln. Of the three friends the tall fellow stood first in line, with his hands held resolutely behind his back.

"I'll go," he had finally said, "but I'll never shake hands with him."

Slowly the three southerners passed up with the line until the tall fellow stood opposite the president. His two friends waited breathlessly for the expected or the unexpected, they scarcely knew which.

The president reached out his hand. The tall fellow, with his hands still behind him, looked the president straight in the eye and with a proud toss of the head passed on without taking the outstretched hand.

Across the sad face of the president flashed a look of surprise and inquiry, and then a merry twinkle leaped to his eyes, as he had divined the cause of the slight.

"Just a moment, young man," he said, as the tall fellow was passing on. "How tall are you?"

"I—I'm six feet four," stammered the youth, utterly astonished at the question.

"I believe I can match you," returned the president. And then and there, before the assembled throng, he turned back to back with the southerner to determine which of the two was the taller. The southerner outmatched the president.

"Young man, I can't match you," the president was forced to admit, "but," he added, putting out his hand again and smiling kindly into the eyes of the young fellow, "I never let anybody taller than I am get by me without shaking hands."

And the southerner, completely overcome, took the extended hand. Nor did he ever again speak ill of Mr. Lincoln.

The Great City.

It never misses; it can never miss any one. It loves nobody; it needs nobody; it tolerates all the types of mankind. It has palaces for the great of the earth; it has crannies for all the earth's yermies. Palace and cranny vacated for a moment find new tenants as equally as the hole one makes in a stream—for as a critic London is wonderfully open minded. On successive days it welcomes its king going to be crowned, its general who has given it a province, its enemies who have fought against it for years, its potentate guest from Teheran—it will welcome each with identically rapturous cheers. This is not so much because of a fickle mindedness as because, since it is so vast, it has audiences for all players. It forgets very soon, because it knows so well that in the scale of things any human achievement bulks very small.—Huepfer's "Soul of London."

The Chevron.

"Did you ever notice," inquired an old veteran, "that the sergeants and corporals of the army now wear their chevrons with the point up? It's only been in late years that they've done so. The marines always did, but the army for years had the points down. It's only lately that the chevron has been understood. The chevron is inherited from the feudal days and meant a roof. A man who had rank enough to be a noncommissioned officer was required to be a freeholder, a man who owned the roof over his head. The chevrons represented a gabled roof. The privates owned no home. The increase in rank for different grades of noncommissioned officers was measured by additional roofs, the sergeant, for instance, having three chevrons against one for the lance corporal. You'll find that nearly all of these military devices have some origin of historical interest."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Rings From Shishaldin.

What a queer old earth it is! Down in Martinique we have a safety valve in wicker old Mont Pelee, which belches out death to thousands as the spirit moves her, and away up in Alaska there is another on Unimak island, called Shishaldin, striving with might and main to melt some of the ice of St. Elias and warm the gold hunters of the Klondike and Nome. Shishaldin is the most remarkable volcano in the world. In addition to a continuous emission of dense white smoke or steam, circular rings apparently several hundred feet in diameter and of wonderful symmetry and whiteness emerge in puffs at short intervals from the very top of the mountain. It causes one to think of the possibility of old Pluto of Pandemonium smoking a cigarette.—New York Press.

MORGAN'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

A New Story About the Famous Confederate General.

Three men were telling war stories the other day, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, when one of them related an incident of General John Morgan's career that had probably never been in print before. "Morgan was regarded by the Union soldiers as a holy terror," said one of the famous cavalry leaders, "and stories had been spread among them reciting how he shot down his captives and gave mercy to none. On the contrary, he was kind hearted. He was fond of a joke, though. On one of our raids we captured about twenty-five Union men near Murfreesboro, Tenn. They expected nothing else than to be shot down after the general had first eaten a good meal. They began to talk about it so excitedly that some one reported the matter to General Morgan. Walking from his tent, he ordered the prisoners to be drawn up in line. Then, mounting his horse, he rode to the center of the small column and said to them that they must be acquainted with his methods of getting rid of prisoners, and he personally regretted that such a fine looking body of men had fallen into the hands of a man who, it was known to them all, sacrificed human life as though he were shooting down a fatted calf.

"One little Dutchman at the head of the column was weaker and weaker as the general's eyes wore on until he fell. The general's eyes, exclaiming:

"Oh, for Gott's sake, vot vill mine family do?"

"The general's heart was touched. Riding up to the little Dutchman, he placed his hand on his head and said:

"Why, God bless you, my man, I would not harm a hair of your head for my life. You were all so scared on account of the bad repute in which you held me that I thought I would play a practical joke on you."

A HISTORIC INTERVIEW.

General Locke's Favorite Story of General George G. Meade.

The late General Fred T. Locke, says the New York Herald, was an involuntary listener to the remarkable interview between General Meade, Zachary Chandler and Ben Wade at the same camp when Meade replied to the objections the senators had offered against his appointment as brigadier general. It was born, they said, south of Mason and Dixon's line, and they would not trust the chicken hatched from an egg laid in that region.

"Gentlemen," said the soldier, "had I known that in time I might find my progress impeded by statesmen so eminent as Wade of Ohio and Chandler of Michigan I should have selected other parents. As to the place of my birth let me say I was born under the American flag. I have lived and fought under it and I shall die under it."

The senators were not aware of the fact that George G. Meade was born in Madrid, Spain, and that the stars and stripes floated over the house at the time he was ushered into the world. Locke took great pleasure in telling this story and much pride, too, in giving voice to his opinion that George G. Meade was one of the grandest soldiers that ever smelted powder.

SALUTE AT APPOMATTOX.

An Odd Incident in the Closing Scene of the War.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat tells of a curious incident of which no mention is made in the books which have treated of the closing scenes at Appomattox. The muskets of the Confederates were allowed to remain stacked on the field. The grass caught fire in some way and was allowed to burn. So suddenly had the fighting ceased on the morning of the 9th that thousands of the pieces were left loaded. As the flames of the grass crept along the line of stacked muskets the guns were heated to the firing heat, and soon the war was incessant popping. The balls were sent up into the air almost straight until the force of the discharge was spent and then dropped down. To this day the field of surrender is strewn with these bullets, so little has Appomattox been visited that the balls are easily found.

This firing of the muskets by the burning grass was the only salute that accompanied the surrender. When Lee had received Grant's terms, and accepted them the firing of a hundred guns in token of victory was begun, but Grant quickly stopped it.

Last Shots of the Old Sixth Corps.

The last shots of the famous old Sixth Corps were fired by the Second Vermont, most infantry. At least that is the claim made by its men. This regiment participated in all the battles of the unit, whose insignia was a Greek cross, serving from first to last in the Second brigade of the Second division. Its fighting was during the skirmish with the rear guard of the vanishing Johnnies at Sallor's creek. The regiment had 700 men engaged at the battle of the Wilderness, where General Newton Stone fell dead from his horse, and where Lieutenant Colonel John Tyler, who succeeded him, received a mortal wound. Out of a total complement of 1,811 the regiment lost 223 men killed and mortally wounded.—Washington Post.

Foreign Federal Soldiers.

According to a detailed statistical report published some time after the war, the number of Irishmen in the Union army was 144,221. According to the same statement, the number of Germans was 176,767. The total number of foreign born soldiers of all nationalities was about 500,000. Of colored people furnished 186,017, of whom a maximum of 125,000 served at one time in the army.