

ments from prehistoric times, so that books in one form or another are among the most ancient possessions of the human race. Hammurabi published his wonderful code, which has been preserved to us these thousands of years to be discovered again only in the present generation, by means of baking it in bricks. The commandments were graven on stone; many ancient records have been discovered graven on stone. Books were written on papyrus, on tablets of wood or ivory, and later, writing on parchment until the discovery of printing was the only method generally practised for producing books in the European civilizations.

The parties involved in the production of the book are the author, the publisher, the printer or manufacturer, and the buyer or public. These different parties to the transaction are generally all different individuals. A few large publishers are also printers or manufacturers, and occasionally an author undertakes to be his own publisher.

Authors often have the feeling that their work is not given careful consideration by publishers. They should remember that the publisher has no other way of making his living except by selling books and that he can't sell books unless he gets saleable books on his list. The foundation of every publishing house is the securing of good books, and it must continue to secure a constant stream of such good books or it will fail. Mistakes of judgment are made, of course. "Ben Hur" sought a publisher for some ten years, and "David Harum" was rejected by most of the great publishing houses in the United States before one editor saw its possibilities and opened the way to its enormous sales. On the other hand, great sums of money have been lost on books which never returned the cost of their printing. Most people can hide a fair share of their mistakes, and generally do. The publisher must flaunt his mistakes in the eyes of all the world. When he has cooked his intellectual dinner he invites every one to partake of it and he is seldom so fortunate as to please all of his guests. He often has the experience of being commended and condemned for precisely the same thing and occasionally in the same mail.

WHEN David Warfield was a youngster nothing could rid him of the happy habit of making other folk laugh nor could parental opposition stay his ambition to become an actor. In the telling of his own story in McClure's magazine, he explains this irrepressible urge to make mirth which marked him as "the bad boy" of his class when he was attending public school as being nothing less than the waking of those instincts which later made him an actor. "I got a lot of fun out of upsetting things," he says, "anything I could reach that could be tipped over I tipped over, with a pretext or without one. It made my schoolmates laugh. I found I could make them laugh still more by asking the teacher absurd questions, and if I could manage to upset her by making her forget her dignity and laugh, too, I thought I had scored a triumph."

At fourteen he was selling programmes. It was the first step towards the goal he had set for himself when, as a small boy, he first felt the fascination of everything connected with the theatre. His father ridiculed his ambition to become an actor and her

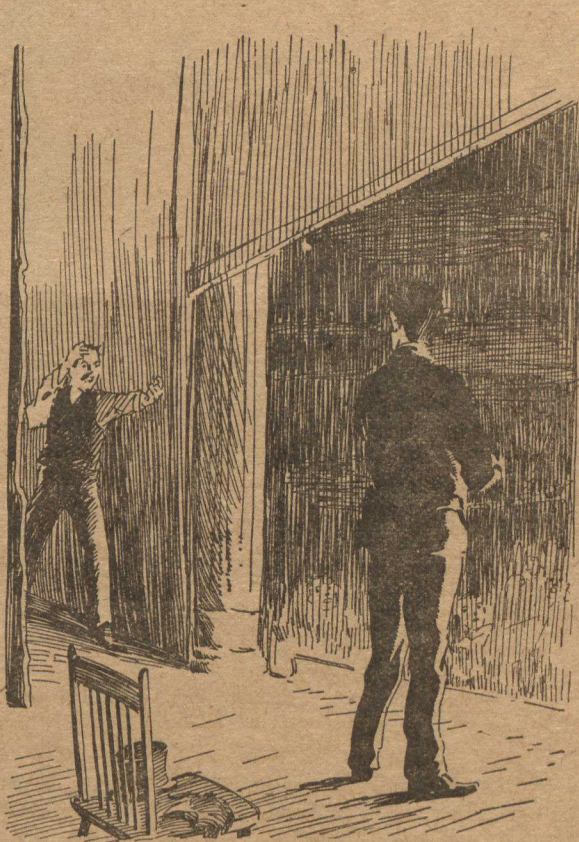
boy's hankering for the stage sorely distressed his mother, who could see nothing behind the footlights more enticing than a tilted trail to vagabondage.

"This opposition at home taught me one

thing," he remarks, "and I want to say right here that if I had a boy he could try being what he wanted to be without my trying to dissuade him, even if he picked out being a street-car conductor or a locomotive engineer. He might turn out in the end to be a great transportation king! I had my lesson when I was a boy—I wanted to be an actor, though there may not have been any particular manifestation of talent in me to justify it. But it was my ambition, and my experience has convinced me that any normal ambition that a child has should be encouraged, instead of opposed, by his parents"

It is characteristic of Mr. Warfield that he should recount only the funny side of his first two failures. His mimicry of dialects made a place for him as Melter Moss, a Jew in "The Ticket of Leave Man," in a repertory company playing on a tour of the smaller California towns. He knew absolutely nothing of the business of make-up and made an awful mess of the false nose with which he attempted to change his nationality for the part. "I knew false noses were made of putty," he says, "but never having heard of theatrical putty, I went to a glazier's and bought some of the ordinary kind. I made up for the performance with it, after a lot of trouble, and borrowed some grease paint from one of the actors. Then I put on my beard. The string of it stuck out, but that was the least of my worries. As soon as the stage began to get warm in the course of the first act my nose began to slip. I kept trying to push it back into place, but the putty kept melting and touching it only smeared up my face. Altogether my first professional appearance was like nothing in the world so much as a child playing at acting in a cellar."

He made a second attempt to catch public favour a year later. This time with a specialty which included German, Irish and Italian dialect stories with burlesque imitations of Bernhardt, Irving and Salvini. "It was an exhibition without any question at all," he says. Stifling an impulse to run and act some other day he got onto the stage somehow. "I put on a smile and tried to speak, but there was something the matter with my voice. I began a story, but the thread of it got lost—my Italian was speaking German and my Irishman was trying to



talk with an Italian accent. People in the audience began to look at each other and grin.

"Try a song!" someone shouted, and there were other suggestions from the audience—less pleasant ones. I began my story all over again.

"I had good material to work with if I could get it over—I knew that. But I didn't know how to get it over. I didn't even know how to make myself heard. There was a lot of noise in the theatre at best, and as I struggled on with my story it increased to an uproar. The stage manager beckoned to me from the wings. The curtain was coming down, but not soon enough for the audience. I heard a hissing as if ten thousand steam pipes had suddenly burst. I bowed, tried to smile, and walked off—a failure. The manager, disgusted, told me to wash up and go home."

After that he decided to leave San Francisco and come back again only as a star—a resolution made in a spirit of youthful bravado mixed with disappointment. "And, just as it might happen in a story, that is the way I did return," says Mr. Warfield. "I did not go back to San Francisco till thirteen years later, when I was playing in 'The Auctioneer,'

My mother had never seen me act till then, and she sat through the first act of the play amazed, unable to realize it all. She could see only a great big house where the people almost hung on the rafters. She did not really enjoy the play till she had seen it about six times."

NO one can give an inclusive and entirely accurate picture of Russia to-day, says Gregory Mason, in The Outlook; the country is too large and too varied for that. A good deal of evidence can be found to support either a pessimistic or an optimistic view of Russia's future.

There is much that is amusingly childish in the present conduct of the Russian people—and here I

use the word people as it is used in Russia, not as we use it in America. When an educated and well-to-do American refers to "the American people," he includes himself. But when an educated and well-to-do

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Russian speaks of "the Russian people," he does not mean himself. He is a member of the *obshestva*—of society, as we might say. By "the people"—that is, *narod*—he means persons far less fortunate than himself in the possession of education, culture, rank, and wealth. Such is the vast gulf between the upper and the lower classes in Russia. But to-day it is the *narod* which has come into its own. The phrase "the people" is approaching the meaning which it has in America.

Naturally the *narod* is sometimes amusing in its determination to extend democracy. The red flag flies everywhere in Russian cities—on buildings which never flew any flag before and on the front of every street car in Petrograd. The great stone figure of Catherine the Great, who looks out onto the Nevsky Prospect from a park near the centre of that long avenue of commerce and society, holds an absurd little red flag in her massive hand. The Imperial eagles have been ripped off the facades of all Government buildings in Russia, and in one city the American eagle before the American Consulate was draped in red to save him from the zealous *narod*, to whom all eagles look alike just now.

Russia is filled with *tavarischi* in uniform who are rambling through the country on a grand national picnic. They seem to have a passion for travel, and the trains, street cars, and river steamers are so monopolized by these *tavarischi* that civilians travel now only under the most extreme necessity. The soldiers never pay any fare, even when riding first class. The cabman, who now charges tremendous prices to civilians, drives his soldier *tavarisch* about town for a pittance.

The train on which I came through Siberia was stopped frequently by soldiers, who insisted that the famous weekly Trans-Siberian express be held while the troop trains on which they were going—not to the front, but home—went ahead. They were also constantly trying to board our train and ride there. But mark this, for it throws an important light on Russian character: each time that the soldiers tried to come aboard, one of the trainmen would stand at each platform entrance and hold the *tavarischi* in argument until the train was ready to start. After it had begun to move he would leap aboard, and by that time it would be going so fast that only five or six soldiers would manage to reach each platform. Apparently it never occurred to the big bearded *muzhiks* to brush the trainmen aside and force their way onto the train. Now I venture to say that if to-day there were in France, England, America, or almost any country but Russia, such a situation as exists in Russia, the soldiers would not argue about riding on the trains, they would simply take possession of them. And, what is more, they would ride in the sleeping and dining cars, instead of meekly remaining on the platforms, as these Russians did. A very happy and a very tame anarchy is this Russian variety—as usually exemplified thus far.

Nevertheless, the whole recent tendency in Russia has been a movement towards a social revolution. Every one can call himself a *tavarisch*, but not every one can be regarded as such by the real elect.

Warfield's First Appearance on the Stage