

Advertiser News Pictures Right Out of the Camera

MONEY NO OBJECT TO "C. F." WHO DIED PRACTICALLY POOR

Gave Millions Away Without Scratch of a Pen, Says Alf. Hayman, Frohman's Business Manager.

New York, May 13.—"C. F. died a comparatively poor man," said Mr. Hayman, who knew Charles Frohman, an intimate friend of Mr. Frohman's for thirty-seven years. Mr. Hayman has been for several years his business manager. The remarks he made last night derived their strength from the daily association of the two men.

"He never cared for money," said Mr. Hayman. "When upbraided on this subject, he would say: 'If I can die with the love and respect of all my stars, employees and creditors, I will not have lived in vain.'"

"It is doubtful if any man in the theatrical business ever lived who gave away as much money to charity as C. F. When he had an application of any kind from a professional who said he or she was in want, he would always give something, and he would never let anyone know, not even his own secretary."

"I said to him one day: 'Do you know you are not doing right in sending all the people money who write

and tell you they are in hard luck, because they may be imposing on you?' His reply was: 'There may be some that are imposing, but I know there are others in want, so I can't afford to make a mistake.'"

"C. F. knew absolutely nothing about the value of money, and cared nothing for it. No baser slander was ever written about a man than the articles by certain writers who accused C. F. of commercialism."

"Authors, actors and actresses have lost one of the greatest friends they ever had. He did more for them than any other manager. He was the first to pay big salaries, and the first to allow 'his children,' as he loved to call them, unlimited amounts for stage gowns and permit them to have them made wherever they pleased."

"He was the first to inaugurate big sliding scale royalties for authors, and had the same terms for all, claiming if any author could write a play that could earn big money he was entitled to his share of the receipts, and the more the play earned the more the author was entitled to."

"He never would make a contract with any of his stars. If I would remonstrate he would say to me: 'No, I won't do it. I want them to be in a position so that if they ever become dissatisfied they know they are free to leave me.'"

"He has paid millions of dollars to authors without the scratch of a pen, and never had a dispute or a lawsuit with them or with anybody over a business transaction."

"His greatest delight was the telephone. He would receive each morning on his arrival at the office from his stars. He never failed to have daily communication with them."

"Two of the worst penmen I think I've ever known were C. F. and James M. Barrie. They always corresponded in long hand. C. F. would send for me and ask me if I could make out what Barrie was writing him, and Barrie would write me to ask if I couldn't get C. F. to use a typewriter, as no man being could read his writing."

Secretary of State Bryan Being Interviewed in Capitol Grounds



Advertiser Illustrations.

The Washington newspaper correspondents stopping Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan on his way to the White House. Just as the photograph was made the Secretary of State was posed with his hand on his chin, momentarily considering his answer to the question which has just been asked by the interviewers. He is in the center of the group, his back to the camera, wearing a large black hat and cutaway coat.

Preparing for Old Age and Death

(BY ELBERT HUBBARD.)

Socrates was once asked by a pupil this question: "What kind of people shall we be when we reach Elysium?" And the answer was this: "We shall be the same kind of people that we were here."

What kind of a man shall I be tomorrow? Oh, about the same kind of a man that I am now. The kind of a man that shall be next month depends upon the kind of a man that I have been this month.

If I am miserable today it is not within the round of probabilities that I shall be supremely happy tomorrow. Heaven is a habit. And if we are going to Heaven we would better be getting used to it.

Life is a preparation for the future; and the best preparation for the future is to live well now and here.

We are preparing all the time for old age. The two things that make old age beautiful are resignation and a just consideration of the rights of others.

In the play of "Ivan the Terrible" the interest centres around one man, the Tsar Ivan. In this play we get a glimpse into the life of a tyrant who has run the full gamut of goadedness, grumpiness and grouch.

Incidentally this man had the power to put other men to death, and this he does, and has done, as his whim and temper might dictate.

He has been vindictive, cruel, quarrelsome, tyrannical and terrible. Now that he feels the approach of death he would make his peace with God. But he has delayed the matter too long. He didn't realize in youth and middle life that he was then preparing for old age.

Man is the result of cause and effect, and the causes are to a degree in our hands. Life is fluid, and well has it been called the stream of life—we are going, flowing somewhere.

Strip Ivan of his robes and crown, and he might be an old Yankee farmer. Every town and village has its Ivan. To be an Ivan just turn your temper loose and practice cruelty on any person or thing within your reach, and the result will be a sure preparation for a quarrelsome, quarrelsome, picky, snippy, fussy and foolish old age, accentuated with outbursts of wrath that are terrible in their futility and ineffectiveness.

The characters of King Lear and Ivan the Terrible have much in common. One might almost believe that the writer of Ivan had felt the incompleteness of Lear, and had seen the absurdity of making a melodramatic bid for sympathy in behalf of this old man thrust out by his daughters.

Lear, the troublesome Lear, to whose limber tongue there were constantly leaping words unprintable and names of tar, deserves no soft pity at our hands. All his life he had been training his three daughters for exactly the treatment he was to receive. All his life Lear had been lubricating the chute that was to give him a quick ride out into that black midnight story.

"Oh, how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" he cries.

There is something quite as bad as a thankless child, and that is a thankless parent.

The false note in Lear lies in giving to him a daughter like Cordelia. Ivan is terrible. The Tsar is not old in years—not over seventy—but you can see that death is sniffing close upon his track. Ivan has lost the power of repose. He cannot listen, weigh and decide—he has no thought of consideration for any man or thing—this is his habit of life. His bony hands are never still—the fingers open and shut, and pick at things eternally.

He fumbles the cross on his breast, adjusts his jewels, plays the devil's tattoo, gets up nervously and looks behind the throne, holds his breath to listen. When people address him he damns them savagely if they kneel, and if they stand upright he accuses them of lack of respect.

He asks that he be relieved from the cares of state, and then trembles for fear his people will take him at his word. When asked to remain ruler of Russia he proceeds to curse his councilors, and accuses them of leading him with burdens that they themselves would not endeavor to bear.

He is a victim of amor senilis. This tottering, doddering, slobbering, sniffling old man is in love—he is about to wed a young, beautiful girl. He

MARRIED LAST FALL; FELL AT LANGEMARCK



Advertiser Illustrations.

PTE. E. B. BOSWELL, Toronto, a member of the 2nd Battalion, 1st Brigade, who was killed in the battle north of Ypres. The night before leaving for the front he married. Pte. Boswell was a grand-nephew of Commodore Boswell.

selects jewels for her—he makes remarks about what would become of her beauty, jeers and laughs in crooked disarray, to take their lives or let them go free. They laugh when he laughs, cry when he does, and watch his fleeting moods with champing hearts.

He is intensely religious, and affects the robe and cowl of a priest. Around his neck hangs the crucifix. His fear is that he will die with no opportunity of confession and absolution. He prays to high heaven every moment, kisses the cross, and his toothless old mouth interjects prayers to God and curses to man in the same breath.

If anyone is talking to him he looks the other way, slips down until his shoulders occupy the throne, scratches his leg, and keeps up a running comment of insult—"Aye, Oh, Oh, 'Of course, certainly.' 'Ugh.' 'Listen to him now!'" There is a comedy side to all this which relieves the tragedy and keeps the play from becoming disgusting.

Glimpses of Ivan's past are given in his jerky confessions. He is the most miserable and unhappy of men, and he knows that he is reaping as he has sown.

All his life he has been preparing for this. Each day he has been preparing for this. Each day he has been preparing for this. Each day he has been preparing for this.

Now that he feels the approach of death he would make his peace with God. But he has delayed the matter too long. He didn't realize in youth and middle life that he was then preparing for old age.

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Londoners Cold Towards Men Training Here

Do Not Open Their Homes To Volunteers As They Should—Soldiers Feel Situation Keenly.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

Dear Sir,—A story in your paper yesterday was pointed out to me and after reading it I feel bound to express my sentiments which I know are held to by others in this city although the great majority of Londoners apparently do not feel at all.

I refer to the article concerning the military escort which took the body of Pte. Patterson to Watford Monday afternoon for burial. The soldier who evidently told you the details left unsaid many things he might have made mention of, but he was apparently a gentleman, as the greater number of volunteers in London are. He said that while in Watford Colonel Kelly took the men out to lunch, that the aldermen treated them to a drink, and that the mayor gave them the entire freedom of the place. The soldier speaks in glowing terms of the royal manner in which they were all used, and leaves in the mind of the reader the feeling that such procedure on the part of London officials and citizens has not been.

Cold-Blooded Lot.

My personal feeling in this regard is as this soldier intimates. I don't think it would be possible to find a more cold-blooded lot of people in any community than we have here in London. The feeling seems to be uppermost in the minds of men and women that the volunteer is some kind of pariah. Something to be looked at askance, to be avoided as one would an alien. The young girls are told by their mothers to keep away from these privates. That intercourse with them will sully their good names. Many young women would like to be friendly, but conventional, as stippled in the minds of the majority of our mothers and fathers, declares categorically that the private is a scoundrel. He serves his purpose as the defender of our homes, of our nation, yet he must be held at arm's length so far as social intercourse with him is concerned.

This seems mighty strange to me. There are many of the best boys this town has produced serving as privates right now on the battlefronts in France and some of them have died and more have at least shed their blood in our righteous cause. One would think that the mothers and relatives of these lads would at least open their homes and hearts to the other men who are in training here.

Writing To Purpose.

You may think I am merely writing to no purpose, but I will give you a case in point which clearly shows to my mind at least the volunteers in this city are discriminated against and unjustly. Recently there was a dance held at a public institution in London where dances are often held and where some of the so-called best people go. I was there. Several soldiers were present and by invitation. There were many pretty girls, and nice, present and their attitude towards these men in uniform was disgraceful. They would not dance with them and when a mutual friend would make a movement as if to introduce them the girls would draw away. The volunteers felt their position keenly and I felt for them from the bottom of my heart.

Why cannot the people of this city realize that our men in training here are not blackguards; are not per-

LUSITANIA'S \$80,000,000 WIDOW



Advertiser Illustrations.

The wife of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the New York millionaire sportsman, who went down on the Lusitania. Before their marriage Mrs. Vanderbilt was the wife of Dr. Smith Hollins-McKim, of Baltimore. She divorced him late in 1910, and on Dec. 11, 1911, married Vanderbilt. The son of the railroad millionaire was reputed to be worth between \$70,000,000 and \$80,000,000.

CANUCKS SPECIAL OBJECT OF GERMAN PERSISTENCE

BRANTFORD, May 13.—Pte. Albert Hamilton, who was wounded in an attack upon the Germans on Friday, April 23, writing to a friend in the city, tells of the persistence with which the Germans fought. At that time, according to the letter, the Germans were making the Canadians the special object of their hate, and not content with shelling them out of their trenches, they forced them back until they came to a dressing station, containing doctors and medical service. This was shelled, too, and the patients, including Pte. Hamilton, were hastily removed, as the place felt, piece by piece, about their heads. Hamilton, who has seen some service in various campaigns, says he never saw such furious or blind fighting. "They pour like an avalanche, after trying annihilation by hailstorms of lead. They lose all sense of humanity and all fear of death." Thus does Pte. Hamilton, who left with the Brantford first contingent, describe their warfare. He now lies in Rouen Hospital.

Men Circulated Petition.

When there was a possibility that London should lose the camp citizens scurried and hurried about in a mad endeavor to save the camp to the city, and this was only right and proper. But how many citizens know that a petition was circulated and signed by almost all of the privates in this city asking that the camp be sent to another city and just because the citizens had extended this cold front to them. The men who are in training in this city are real men. They are red-blooded fellows who have obeyed their country's call. They have not hidden behind petty excuses that they are needed at home, and so forth, but have donned a uniform and are training hard to make their bodies and minds go in perfect accord that when the enemy is met he will be vanquished. London people owe it to their own self-respect if to nothing else to see that from now on volunteers stationed at Queen's Park and Carling's Heights have no further reason to interest London citizens for lack of interest in their welfare. There may be an odd soldier who is impossible, but so are there many civilians. It's up to London people to "make good" in this respect. The men in training are. Yours truly, CITIZEN.

DOVER LADY DIES.

CHATHAM, May 13.—Mrs. W. H. Stacey, of Dover, passed away yesterday as a result of heart disease. She was 71 years of age and is survived by her husband, four daughters and three sons. The funeral will take place tomorrow.

"I EARNESTLY ASK THAT GOD IN HIS MERCY MAY DEAL LIGHTLY WITH THOSE WHO HAVE ERRED AGAINST ME!"



LEO M. FRANK.

If this latter obtains, then taking of such life is not justice. It is but murder legalized. Oh, what a terrible thing this is to contemplate!

Your honor is about to pronounce words that will thrust me over the abyss that separates our earthly existence from the higher life, the life eternal. I may shortly stand before the tribunal of the Higher Judge, of whom human minds have but the slightest connection. Before the tribunal I will be adjudged, as I now am, innocent, and will receive the reward of those who suffer wrongfully on this earth!

Your honor, an astounding and outrageous state of affairs obtained previous to and during my trial. On the streets rumor

LEO FRANK'S SPEECH TO THE JUDGE WHO SENTENCED HIM TO DIE

May it please your honor, I trust your honor will understand that I speak impersonally, addressing my words more to the bench as representing the majesty of the law of Georgia than to the gentleman now on the bench. I well know that your honor has naught to do with the various vicissitudes of my case.

In your honor's presence, representing human law, and in the presence of the Supreme Judge, who at this very moment is casting the light of his omnipotent and omnipresent eye upon me from his throne on high, I assert I am innocent of little Mary Phagan's death and have no knowledge of how it occurred!

Law, as we know it, your honor, is but the expression of man's legal experience. It is but relative. It tries to approximate justice. But, being man-made, is fallible! In the name of the law many grievous errors have been committed—errors that were colossal and irretrievable! I declare to your honor now that the state of Georgia is about to make such an error!

The law says that when one has lost his life through violence of another, the perpetrator of the deed must answer with his own. Let me be just. But the law does not say that where one is killed a blood sacrifice shall be made of the next convenient individual, and gossip-carried vile, vicious, the unspeakable things took its

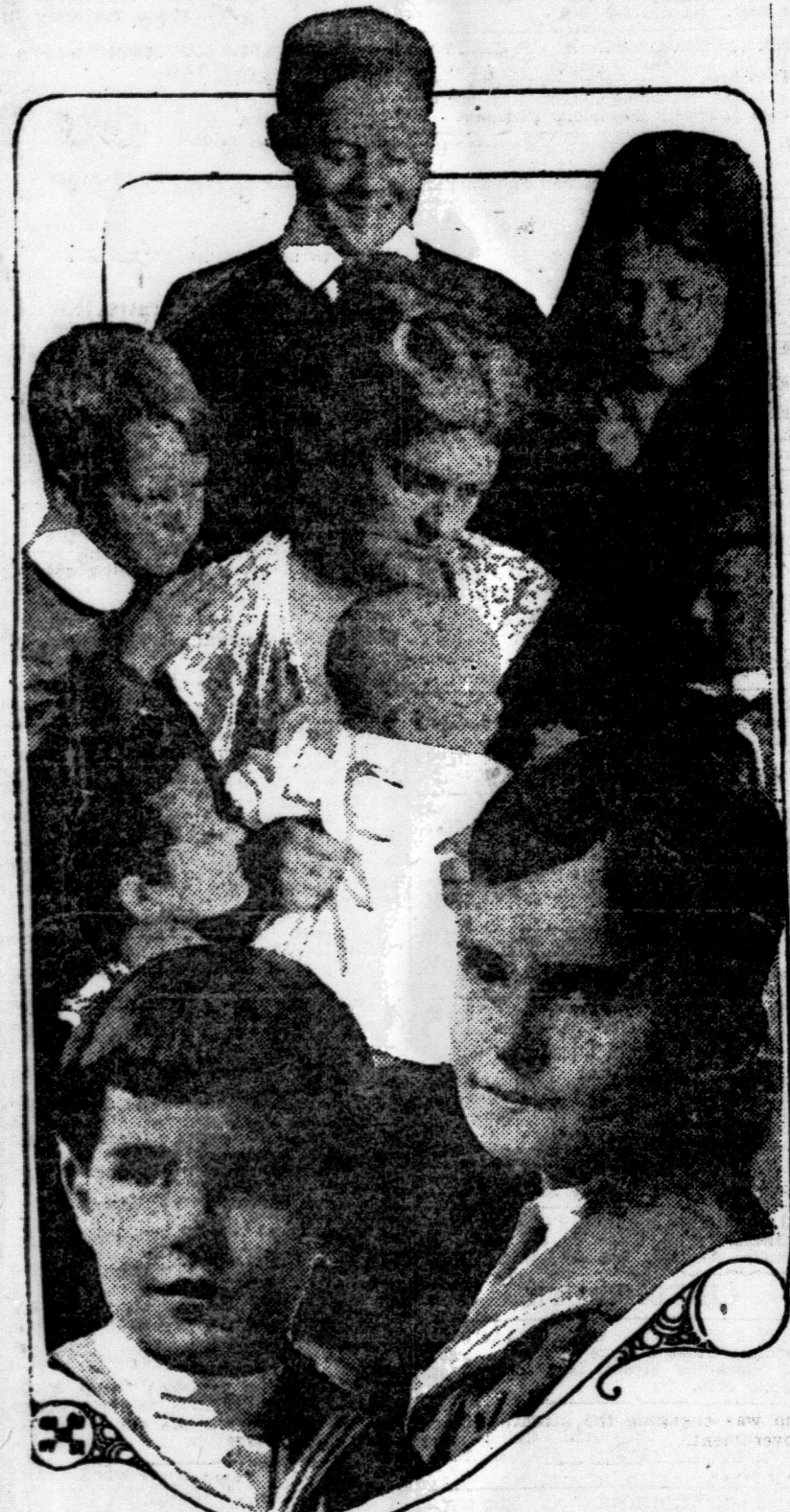
and damning stories concerning place. Your honor, in this presence, and before God, I earnestly ask that God in his mercy may deal lightly with those who, unwittingly I trust, have erred against me, and will deal with them according to his divine judgment!

If the state and the law will that my life be taken as a blood atonement for the poor little child who was ruthlessly killed by another, then it remains for me only to die with whatever fortitude my manhood may allow.

But I am innocent of this crime. And the future will prove it.

I am now ready for your honor's sentence.

BABY VICTIMS OF SUBMARINE!



Advertiser Illustrations.

Above, Mrs. Paul Crompton, of Philadelphia, and her six little children, all of whom, together with both parents, were lost on the torpedoed Lusitania. Below, Dean and William, Jun., the two young sons of William S. Hodges, of Philadelphia, who, with their parents, also went down on the liner.

Where Italy Has Mobilized 600,000 Men



Advertiser Illustrations.

According to latest dispatches Italy has massed an army of 600,000 men at Verona, near the Austrian border. The broken line indicates the border line between the two countries and the solid line the railroad along which the fighting will be if Italy goes to war. Trent and Trieste are the two supposed goals of the Italians.

Blinded Soldiers Who Were Visited by Queen Alexandra



Advertiser Illustrations.

For the brave fellows who have been blinded in the war a beautiful house in Regent's Park has been loaned by an American banker, and here in the dark they relate their experiences to each other.