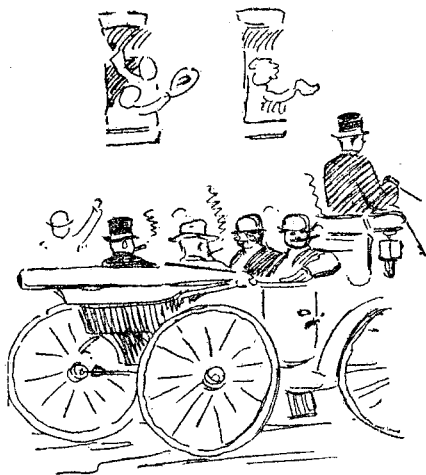


garb than that which described the vehicle into which the home-coming William Allen White was loaded at Emporia that joyous day. There must be plenty of low-necked hacks in New York, where THE BOOKMAN can see them, for they are carriages of the kind that aldermen ride in in civic and patriotic and St. Patrick's Day parades. Everywhere in this proud land, and all other lands wherein plug hats are worn upon grave and glorious occasions, they are the vehicles signifying especial merits in their occupants. When kings show themselves to their people, when celebrities proceed to the unveiling of monuments, when distinguished visitors go forth to gratify the



THE "LOW-NECKED" HACK

populace, it is in low-necked hacks that they ride;" and, lest the identification be still incomplete, the *Star* has printed for our benefit the accompanying sketch of a "low-necked" hack in the act of fulfilling its high public service." While on the subject of the low-necked hack we take occasion to call the attention of readers to the fact that Mr. White's *A Certain Rich Man* is a book very much worth while reading.

The paragraph regarding the forthcoming volume upon American Indian Songs prompted the author to write a brief note of acknowledgment which he mailed as he left his office on the afternoon of September 30th.

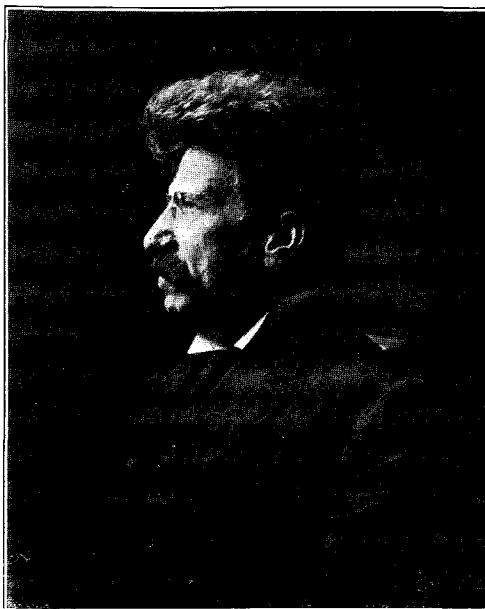
F. R.
Burton

Twenty-four hours later, the letter by a strange coincidence reached the writer of the paragraph in question simultaneously with a copy of the *Evening Sun* containing the announcement of Mr. Burton's death. He had returned the night before to his summer home at Lake Hopatcong, apparently in his usual condition of health; but certain organic weaknesses, left by a severe attack of pneumonia during the previous winter, served to explain the death which came to him suddenly and unforeseen during the night.

Although forty-nine years of age, Mr. Burton was just beginning to achieve the recognition for which he had been striving. An indefatigable worker, he had from necessity, through many years of his life, put aside the work for which he was best fitted and which he was ambitious to achieve and spent his vitality in a cheaper order of fiction which his fertile, inventive power and ease of production enabled him to put forth with surprising rapidity. Readers of THE BOOKMAN are more or less familiar with the various surprising records that have been made by just a few men in the field of the dime novel, and will therefore not question the possibility of Mr. Burton's achievement of writing, under contract, a series of stories of adventure of the average novel length with clock-work regularity at the rate of twelve a year.

In this connection, a curious bit of inside history regarding an unpublished detective story and the reason for its failure of publication is worth recording. Ten years or more ago, a series of prizes for the best detective story were offered by a certain well-known Western newspaper, and Mr. Burton, in collaboration with a fellow-craftsman, entered the competition. Their story, the theme of which involved an ingenious method of robbing a safe in spite of the protection afforded by a time-lock, was one of the five which won prizes, and the authors' portraits were duly published in the issue of the paper which announced the result of the competition. The prize money, constituting a considerable sum, was promptly paid over; but to the author's surprise, although the other four winning stories

were published, that of the time-lock failed to appear. After a few weeks a representative of the paper called upon Mr. Burton, explaining that the editor was anxious to know what authority he had for his story, and whether it would really be possible to rob a bank after the fashion that he had set forth. With the help of a pencil and a few diagrams, Mr. Burton easily proved the accuracy of the method to the apparent satisfaction of his interviewer, and thereafter looked forward to a prompt appearance of the story. But a few days later the secret of the delay was revealed. A special envoy of the paper waited upon him, full of consternation and apology, and prepared to make any amends within reason, but was emphatic in announcing that it was abso-



FREDERICK R. BURTON



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

FRANK HIRD

This portrait shows Mr. Frank Hird, the author of *The Deeper Stain*, as Waller in *A Masque of Penshurst Place*, an historical pageant commemorating domestic life and vicissitudes of the owners of Penshurst Place from the time of Edward I to the reign of George II. The present owner is Lord De L'Isle and Dudley. Mr. Hird was the author of the *Masque*.

lutely impossible to publish the story because, after expert investigation, they had become convinced that if it should appear in print, it would destroy the protective power of every time-lock safe in the country. And the representative of the newspaper did not take his leave until he had obtained what Mr. Burton under the circumstances readily granted a signed agreement releasing the paper from its obligation to publish the story and solemnly pledging himself not to attempt to publish it elsewhere. Accordingly, the curiosity piqued by this bit of inside history is likely never to be gratified.

If Mr. Carnegie, who has a keen eye for the recognition of merit everywhere, should offer a million dollars or so as a prize for the best cartoon published within the past twelve months, and if he were to make us the judge regarding such an award, we should promptly hand the money over to Mr. Walter Tittle for the extremely clever drawing that appeared in our contemporary, *Life* of October 7th. The North Pole chaser, *The Roosevelt*, is seen dashing homeward amid ice floes. Its