



JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

A New Yorker who, living abroad, exerts a constant and powerful influence in American journalism—A sketch of the personality of the owner and editor of the New York Herald.

IF the proprietor of the New York *Herald* should die at what a newspaper man calls an inconvenient hour—that is, between one and two A. M., New York time—in all probability his paper would be compelled to go to press without a comprehensive obituary notice of its owner.

There is no "envelope" in the *Herald*

archives labeled James Gordon Bennett, though there are fifty thousand or more containing notes and clippings on the life and achievements of nobodies known only to a limited circle of friends. In the great newspaper's biographical department one may examine into the history of almost any man who ever attracted his fellow citi-

zens' attention for a day or an hour. In its reference repositories some of the most obscure subjects are written up and treated from many points of view, beside all those that have at one time or another agitated the public mind, or may stir it in the future. The *Herald* commands the services of the best known special writers in the world; and yet in spite of all this there is not a pen, facile or otherwise, in New York or elsewhere, which at a moment's notice, and in an emergency, could dash off a thousand words or so on James Gordon Bennett without drawing on the writer's imagination and more or less vague memories.

The merging of his personality into the newspaper he controls may be eccentric, it may denote a striving for originality on Mr. Bennett's part; but whether it is a proof of modesty or of vanity, it is certainly unique and an example. One of the guiding rules of the *Herald* office says to the employee, "You are nothing, the paper is everything." *Herald* men and women—for this progressive journal employs a number of female writers—talk a good deal of Mr. Bennett's likes and dislikes among themselves, but in doing so they are conscious of referring to the *Herald's* policy.

But the *Herald*, you say, has no policy. Very well, let us call it the *Herald's* tendency to be with the masses, to do the right thing, to stir up popular sentiment. The fact remains that everybody engaged in the making of the paper, from Mr. Bennett himself down to the "buttons" who takes in your card or your manuscript, is imbued with the spirit of devotion to a single purpose—to contribute the best of his powers to the great machine of which he is an individual part.

Much has been said, in the gossip of New York journalism, of Mr. Bennett's arbitrary habits, of sudden changes and peremptory dismissals in the *Herald* office. The truth is that he is a strict disciplinarian; that he is the editor of his paper in all the term implies, though he may be ten thousand or twenty thousand miles away, and there are people who have refused to recognize that fact at times. If you take a stroll through the *Herald* building, from basement to roof, you will be surprised at the host of graybeards to be seen at work there. Employees with a record of twenty or thirty years of service, and men and women who have worked up from the lowest ranks to the headship of their departments, are not exceptional. Even in the reporters' room you will run across them, and there is not one among these veterans who does not re-

count some act or acts of generosity on Mr. Bennett's part of which he or she was the recipient. Not infrequently a writer finds a crisp fifty dollar bill added to his "space account" on Friday noon, with Mr. Bennett's compliments for this or that story printed during the past fortnight. Perhaps the author never dreamed that he had done more than his duty, that he had surpassed his average efforts; but the watchful eye of the editor, studying the columns of the *Herald* in his Paris library, with a determination to detect the good points as well as the errors of judgment, noted the good work and cabled an order for a suitable reward. The heads of departments in the *Herald* office constantly receive large money donations in addition to high salaries.

A generous appreciation of his assistants' endeavors is one of Mr. Bennett's characteristics; it is also one of the elements of his continued success. Another is an unselfish tendency to obey the journalistic principles established by his father. He is satisfied that the elder Bennett was the greatest and ablest newspaper man ever born, and follows religiously in his footsteps wherever it is possible to do so under the changed conditions of today. It was a rule with the founder of the *Herald* to buy up ideas from any one who offered them; ideas for present and for future use; ideas, too, that might benefit the enemy—that is, the *Herald's* rivals, if they fell into other hands. When the younger Bennett entered upon his father's inheritance he found his paper's intellectual larder filled with good things—schemes and thoughts, impressions and opinions from a thousand and one sources; every one feasible, calculated to enhance the *Herald's* chances for popularity, or at least to forestall a successful *coup* by a competitor. A good many of these ideas have been put into execution, and others are marked for use at an early opportunity, but the stock has not been allowed to diminish. It is augmented and amended daily, and neither hard times nor extraordinary expenses—such as the building of the new *Herald* palace—have been allowed to interfere with this department. If by any cause Mr. Bennett should be deprived of the services of his ablest lieutenants today, the New York *Herald* would never lag in interest for a moment. Its continuous attractiveness is insured for years to come by a system that is probably unique in journalism.

Many New Yorkers who are not regular readers of the *Herald* never fail to buy that journal during the brief periods which

the proprietor spends at his home office, for they are sure that "something extraordinary will turn up." The late Wilbur F. Storey, who made the *Chicago Times* one of the most conspicuous papers on this continent, used to characterize his own "occasional shake ups" in the *Times* office as being analogous to "stirring up the animals in a menagerie." Mr. Bennett's visits in Herald Square are usually attended by the weeding out of dead wood; but what makes them memorable in the paper's history is the consummation of a number of schemes that have lain latent in the editor's fertile brain, or in the *Herald's* idea repository, for some time, often for years.

Mr. Bennett entered the newspaper business at the age of seventeen. He is now fifty one or fifty two years old, a well preserved man, elastic of step, impulsive, hard working, and enjoying life hugely at the same time. He is a bachelor, a sportsman, and very fond of travel. Although at the *Herald* office little is known of the proprietor's private life, it is as open and unreserved as that of any gentleman who minds his own business and desires to be left alone. Mr. Bennett keeps a hospitable table, a well appointed yacht, an extensive stable, which

latter has been curtailed in consequence of the coaching accident that came near ending his life two summers ago.

Visiting Americans see little of the owner of the New York *Herald* in Paris or on the Riviera, but among the French and English he is very popular. One of Mr. Bennett's distinguished friends in Europe is Count Herbert Bismarck, and several of the Russian grand dukes are on the most intimate terms with him. The Berlin court attributes to this latter fact the especial attention paid by his paper to French affairs. In late years Mr. Bennett has offered several prizes for American college scholarships, although for his own part he does not believe in college bred men and women—at least he does not prefer them to other workers of intellect and natural talents. Neither of his chief lieutenants has had a college education.

Some people find fault with Mr. Bennett because he uses his paper to advance the interests of writers and artists of whom he is personally fond, and declare that he has thrust mediocrities upon the American Parnassus; but if this be true it may be pleaded that the *Herald* has no axes to grind, and that its columns are singularly free from obnoxious personalities.

Henry Fish.



ON THE BORDERLAND.

THE hours of youth are past ; and here today,
Comrade, we stand, and, looking backward, cheat
Ourselves to prove time rideth not so fleet,
Or sadly musing to ourselves we say :
" Can lightsome hours so run themselves away,
And sunshine glide unmarked with magic feet,
Nor note the marge where light and shadow meet,
Nor heed the cycles that the suns obey ?"
So have they fled, the fund of life and jest,
The holiday of waving trees and flowers,
And every fancy that we claimed as ours
Of streams and birds and varying beauties, wound
About the boyish romance that we found ;
Yet who can say the past is always best ?

Archibald Douglas.

UNTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION.*

By Hall Caine,

AUTHOR OF "THE MANXMAN," "THE DEEMSTER," "THE SCAPEGOAT," ETC.

VIII.

LA MOTHE was enraptured with his success.

"We have taken only one step yet," he said. "We have staved off a single attack of the drink crave. But we must put the lady under the hypnotic sleep again and again, until the chain of the periodic crave is broken. And if that will not suffice to cure her, we must have recourse to therapeutic suggestion. While she is under influence we must impress it upon her that drink is a sickening poison, which she ought never to touch."

But I could not nerve myself to go on. To allow Lucy to slip back again and again to the world of silence and darkness was more than I dare think of. Then my feeling of repulsion against the occult powers, and against the hypnotist's method of using them, was now stronger than ever, notwithstanding the good results obtained. And I began to foresee a new and hideous danger.

"Dr. La Mothe," I said, "has it been your experience that a subject is easier to magnetize at a second than at the first attempt, and easier still at a third, and that the difficulty grows less and less at each successive effort?"

"Certainly," said La Mothe, with eagerness. "We should have no such scene again as we went through on Wednesday morning."

"And has it been your experience, also, that the subjects of the magnetizer become more and more attached to him, as though drawn and held by the fascination of his own personality?"

"That was Mesmer's chief difficulty," said La Mothe. "His subjects were mainly women, and it is told of them that they were constantly following him about the house with the eyes of devoted dogs."

"Ah!"

It must be just as I foresaw. When I thought of the scene of the magnetizing, the prospect of a fascination based on such

forces as were there brought into play terrified and revolted me. La Mothe seemed to surmise the nature of my objection, for he began to argue the claims of hypnotism as a substitute for mesmerism.

"In hypnotism," he said, "the operator's personality is not an active force. Your English doctor, Braid, saw this clearly, at a moment when the very mention of mesmerism would have deprived him of his practice and ruined him. Hypnotism requires no commerce between the body of the operator and the body of the subject."

"But it requires, instead," I urged, "the acquiescence of the subject's will."

"In the first instance, certainly," said La Mothe.

"Only in the first instance?"

"Well, the first few instances."

"That is to say," I said, "that the subject who has once or twice or thrice submitted her will to the will of the hypnotist slackens her hold of it little by little."

"I think that may be allowed."

"And in the long run, if the experiment were carried so far, there might come the complete subjugation of the will of the subject and the complete domination of the will of the operator."

"Opinions among authorities," said La Mothe, "are divided on that point. The schools of Salpêtrière and of Nancy part company on the question—among others—whether the free will remains unbroken or the hypnotized subject is a mere automaton."

"But what is your own opinion?"

"My own opinion is that the will of the subject does in the long run, and after many operations, assimilate itself to the will of the operator."

"That means," I said, "that if the operator is a good man the influence he exercises will be for good."

"Most certainly," said La Mothe.

I did not urge the opposing fact that if the operator is an evil man his influence must be for evil. My mind was already made

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