



How I Made a
Fortune
on the Pan-
American
Stamps



Frederick Willis Davis

How I Made a Fortune
ON
The Pan-American Stamps

A TALE OF LUCK
AND OTHER SKETCHES

BY
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Author of "Oliver Cromwell and His Time," "Dorothy,"
"St. Patrick," "History of the Beecher Literary
and Debating Society," and other works



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HOW I MADE A FORTUNE ON THE PAN-AMERICAN STAMPS

A TALE OF LUCK

By FREDERICK WILLIS DAVIS

For many years I have been a stamp collector, and it was, therefore, natural that when the new Pan-American stamps were issued I should desire a set for my collection. I asked the postman on Saturday morning, May 4, 1901, to get me a set, and also a dollar's worth of the new two-cent stamps with the picture of the Empire State Express thereon. On Monday morning he brought a sheet of fifty two's into the office. Lincoln, the typewriter, spoke up and said:

"Let me see that sheet of stamps," at the same time taking it from me and holding it out at arm's length.

"Why, the lobsters!" he exclaimed; "they have printed these stamps upside down."

Being a collector, and knowing that mistakes made in the printing of stamps often made them valuable, I examined them closely myself, and discovered that it was the engine which had been printed upside down, or "inverted."

"Ha!" I cried, "these stamps will become valuable in time." And I put the sheet away—not, however, before Lincoln had made me sell him five of them at two cents apiece for discovering the mistake, and the postman had also secured one at the same price for bringing them up. Mr. Richard, the head of the assembling department, also begged me very urgently to sell him five to give away to friends of his who were collectors, and they went at two cents each.

For the rest of that day and the next nothing more was thought of the stamps, and they were laid away in an envelope in a drawer of my desk and marked "Rare Stamps," and shown to a few of the curious boys in the office occasionally. The postman also desired another one for a friend of his, and it went at the rate of two cents.

On Wednesday morning, the 8th, two days after this occurrence, I was told by the timekeeper that a gentleman wished to see me in the waiting room,

and I went out to find a bearded, somewhat cadaverous individual awaiting me, who handed me a circular which stated that Mr. C. Mallard was president of the United States Postage Stamp Collecting Company, capitalized at \$50,000.

"Is this Mr. Davis?" he asked.

I informed him that it was.

"Well, Mr. Davis, I am told that you have some of those inverted Pan-American stamps. Now, what will you take for them?"

Of course, I was on my guard at once, and so replied, Yankee fashion:

"Well, what will you give for them?"

"H'm," he said, "how many have you got?" at the same time producing a well filled pocketbook.

"I have got twenty," I said. (I did not mention the fact that I also had twenty more.)

"Well," he said, "what will you take for them?"

"Now, Mr. Mallard," I said, "you know these stamps will become very valuable in time."

"Oh, that's all a lottery and a speculation," he said. "There may be a million of these stamps out at this time; only we are not sure of it; just like the internal revenue stamps which were printed with the 'I. R.' inverted, and which dealers bought in large quantities for \$1 each, and which they now can secure in any quantity at twelve and a half cents each. I will give you \$1 each for your stamps," he said at last.

There was the \$20 bill staring me in the face, to be handed over for what I had paid forty cents for, and I said to myself, \$20 in the hand is worth ten million dollars in the stock market—and so I let him have the twenty two-cent stamps for \$20, a transaction which I have since somewhat regretted.

"Do you know where there are any more of these stamps?" he asked.

I said I thought I could get hold of a few more.

"Now," he said, "you try and get hold

of all you can and do not be afraid to pay as high as \$2 apiece for them and I will buy them from you. I will hold them," he said, "and will divide up the profits with you." And I, being innocent and green, believed him.

I came back into the office and Mr. Mallard went to his Nassau street establishment. I said to Lincoln, the type-writer:

"Lincoln, old man, I will give you 10 cents each for those two-cent stamps I sold you." He bristled up at once and said:

"You can't have them—you can't have them for less than a quarter apiece."

"I will give you \$1 for the five," I said, for I was afraid he would raise his price if I was too eager for them.

"All right," he said, "I get \$1 for what I paid 10 cents for; that's enough profit for me, that's easy."

"Hey, Sumner," he said, turning to the assistant stenographer, "how's that? One dollar for five of those two-cent Pan-American stamps."

I smiled in my sleeve, and let him enjoy his ill-gotten gains.

I then went upstairs to see Mr. Richard, but Mr. Richard scented danger from afar and refused to give up his five stamps at any price. I therefore, cautioned him not to let them go without seeing me first, which he promised to do. Then I sat down and wrote ten postal cards to ten of the largest foreign stamp dealers in New York City, as follows:

"Dear Sir—I have a few of the 'inverted' two-cent Pan-American stamps. There is a great demand for them, and they will become very valuable in time. If you are interested, please ring me up on the telephone at 1966A Williamsburgh before 5:30 P. M. to-day or before 9 A. M. to-morrow morning."

I then went over to Nassau street during the noon hour, and showed some of the stamps to about a dozen dealers. They were all very much interested, but none of them would give more than \$2 apiece for them, and I therefore did not attempt to sell them at that price. Returning to work at 2 o'clock, nothing more was heard of the matter until 5:15 P. M., when the telephone bell rang, and a voice at the other end said:

"Is this Mr. Davis?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is L. Mergenthaler & Co., of Nassau street. I have just got your card. What will you take for those Pan-American stamps?"

"Five dollars apiece," I said, on the spur of the moment.

"All right, I will take ten of them. I will send you a check to-night for \$50, and you can mail them to me in the morning by special delivery mail."

"Very well," I said, although I was a little shaky about taking a strange man's check, not knowing his standing. Five minutes later the telephone bell rang again.

"Is this Mr. Davis?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Green, of Ann street. I have just received your postal. What will you take for those stamps?"

"Ten dollars apiece," I said.

"All right," he said, "I will take all you have got at that price."

Then I became excited.

"Ha!" I said to myself, "I will see Mr. Mallard and have a talk with him at once."

I left the office at 5:30 P. M. and went over to Nassau street, only to find that Mr. Mallard had left to go home to some remote suburb in the wilds of Brooklyn but five minutes before. No one knew his home address, and the superintendent of the building, the one man who could have told me, had gone to his home a short time before.

The janitor said that Mr. Cuttle of the Morton Building on Nassau street, and president of the Philately Society, might be able to tell, as he was a friend of Mr. Mallard's.

I rushed over to Cuttle's and found him reading a paper in his office on the eighth floor, preparatory to leaving for the night.

"Do you know Mr. Mallard's house address?" I asked.

He said he did not.

"That's too bad; I wanted to see him on important business this afternoon. Have you seen the inverted two-cent Pan-American stamps?"

"I have heard of them," he said, "but I have not seen them. I should like to see them."

I showed him four in an envelope. "They are worth \$15 apiece," I said. "I want to see Mr. Mallard, to whom I sold a quantity this morning."

"What will you take for these four?" asked Mr. Cuttle.

"They are worth \$15 apiece now," I said.

"I could not give that," he said. "I might give \$10 or \$12, but I could not give \$15."

I told him I had been offered \$10 each for all I had.

"I will give you \$12 apiece for these four," he said.

"Make it \$50 and you can have them," said I.

He said "All right," and opening his safe took out a package of five and ten-dollar bills, and I went away with \$70 more cash in my pocket that night than I expected to take home when I left in the morning.

That evening I went to one of the Plymouth League meetings after inserting an ad in the New York Herald, stating that a premium would be paid for all inverted two-cent Pan-American stamps sent to a certain address. At the League meeting, which was up to its usual high-class social standing, I met two certain young lady friends of mine on whom I could rely to keep a secret, and told them the romance of the day. They declared it to be better than N. P. stock as an investment, and each accepted an invitation to hear grand opera at the Montauk Theater.

The next morning on opening the mail at the office, out dropped Mergenthaler's fifty-dollar check for ten of the stamps. It made me feel sorrowful to think that I should have to keep my agreement and sell ten of the stamps for the same price at which I had sold four the night before, but verbal and telephone contracts I had been told were considered binding with the Stock Exchange people, and although I probably could not have been legally forced to keep the agreement, I decided that it was a reasonable profit on an expenditure of 20 cents. Other letters were received from prominent stamp dealers. One wrote: "I have received telegraphic advices that there is another sheet of these Pan-American stamps in Iowa, but it has not been offered to me yet." Another wrote, "I will take the stamps at the price you telephoned me yesterday." (But the price had risen during the twenty-four hours.) Others wrote requesting me to call on them, etc. While opening the balance of the mail, word was received from the timekeeper that a gentleman desired to see me in the waiting room.

Going out, I found Mr. Mallard there in a very indignant mood.

"Mr. Davis," he said, "you have spoiled everything."

"How is that?" said I.

"By going to the different dealers and offering those stamps for sale. If you had only kept still and left it to me we

might have marketed all those stamps at good prices and divided the profits."

"Well," I said, "I have got ten more left. Will you give me \$10 apiece for them?"

He said: "Oh, no, not now. The report has got around among all the dealers and they have spread the news that there are thousands of the stamps out, and they cannot be marketed at present. They can only be held for the future until it becomes known just how many are out."

"Supposing," I said, "that it is found that there are only a hundred or two out and those twenty stamps for which you paid me \$1 each should bring you in \$100 each, or \$2,000, will you be willing to divide the profits?"

"Oh, no," he said, "you could hardly expect that. You sold those stamps to me outright at the time, not knowing their value, and it was as much a lottery for me as for you. Of course that was a cash transaction and the stamps belonged to me after you had once sold them. If you had let me have them *all* then I would have been willing to divide."

"H'm," I said, "if you are not willing to divide on the twenty which you bought and are now holding, I am quite sure you would not 'divvy' on the fifty if you had them all."

He did not seem to be able to get around this argument in a satisfactory manner, and as he could not get the balance of the stamps for less than \$10 each and did not care to pay the price, he left me in a somewhat disgruntled mood. I thought to myself, "I may have spoiled the whole thing for you, my foxy friend, but I am not so sure that I have spoiled it for myself."

While our conversation was going on, I noticed my friend Mr. Richard was standing in the timekeeper's box keeping a sharp eye out on the stamp man, and as soon as Mr. Mallard left me, Mr. Richard promptly buttonholed him, and said:

"Are you looking for some of those Pan-American stamps?"

Instantly the stamp man's face assumed a bright and genial look. He said:

"Yes, I am; have you got any?"

"I've got five that Mr. Davis let me have," said Richard.

"Well, what do you want for 'em?" said the stamp man.

"I'm not anxious to sell," said Richard, "what will you give?"

"I will give you \$2 apiece," said the stamp man.

"Can't have 'em at that figure," said Richard.

"What do you want for 'em?" said the stamp man.

"Twenty-five dollars apiece," said Richard, "and the price is likely to go up at any moment." (As soon as I found out that I could not get back the stamps from Richard, I had told him he had better not let them go for less than \$25 apiece. I may add that Mr. Richard afterward disposed of his five stamps for the sum of \$125.) He appeared to have forgotten all about his friends, the collectors.

"Now," said the stamp man, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I am in a position to sell those stamps at much better advantage than you are. Now I will hold the stamps for you in my safe and sell them at good prices and divide the proceeds with you."

"That's all right," said Richard, "I can hold 'em just as well as you can. You get hold of the party who wants to buy them, and then we will talk about dividing the profits."

The stamp man's face fell once more and he looked as though he had lost his last friend. He apparently thought we were an unfeeling and mercenary crowd.

That evening I went over to Nassau street once more, and when Mr. Cuttle offered me \$50 in cash for six more of the stamps I thought I had better let them go as there were rumors around that there were several sheets out, although I put no faith in the rumors myself. However, the language of the favorite Irish song which Mr. David Bispham sings so well, "My Gal Nell," came to mind, and I unconsciously hummed:

"One bird in the hand, do youse understand—

Is worth tirty tousand million on the tree"

This rule I have found to be a pretty good one to follow in most of the affairs of life, and 500 per cent. profit, more or less, ought to satisfy any reasonable being.

The next day was Friday, the tenth of May, and at about 4 P. M. the time-keeper sent in word that a gentleman wished to see me. I went out to the waiting room and found a tall, rawboned looking youth, apparently about 25 years of age, standing there. He resembled somewhat the type of man which Sumner, the assistant stenographer, was wont

to designate as "second-story men." He said:

"I am a reporter for the New York Herald. I called to see you about an advertisement which appeared in yesterday morning's paper. I should like to see one of those stamps."

I showed him one.

"Now," he said, "I want you to give me all the facts as to how you got these stamps, how many you have got of them, what you are asking for them, how many there are out, what is your name, where do you live, how old are you, and I want to get one of those stamps to be used in illustrating the article; we want to photograph it."

"Hold on, young man," I said, "not so fast. If you want to illustrate one of those stamps with the engine upside down I can draw a picture of it for you, but I do not care to let the stamp go out of my possession. If you will leave a ten-dollar bill in place of it you can take this one along."

As the buttonholes of his overcoat looked very much frayed, and there was a suspicious fringe on the bottom of his trousers legs, I was not surprised when he suddenly seemed to lose interest in the photographing project and did not appear to want to get further facts for his article. I am afraid his errand was somewhat fruitless.

I had asked a beautiful young friend of mine who lives on the Park Slope to go to the Germania Club on Schermerhorn street with me that evening and see the Adelphi Dramatic Association enact "The Private Secretary"—(the vocation of private secretary happening to be my own walk in life)—to be followed by an "informal dance," a function at which everyone was supposed to appear in their most elegant ball gowns and spotless dress suits. It was raining pitchforks at 5 P. M., with a fair prospect of continuing in the same way through the night. After telephoning a dozen livery stables, it seemed as though every carriage in town had been bought up for that evening, but I finally got Gibney of Fifth avenue to promise to have a waterproof rig meet me at the foot of the Union street station of the Fifth avenue L at 7:30 P. M.

Just as I had finished talking to Gibney at 6 o'clock, the telephone bell rang again for me:

"Hello, is this Mr. Davis? This is Gregory of New York. What are you asking for your Pan-American stamps?"

"You can have them at \$10 apiece," I said. He whistled.

"I want three for a customer," he said, "but I can't pay that price for them."

"I have only got two to spare," I said. (I had three left, but I did not care to part with the last one, which was for my collection and stood as a souvenir of the stamp episode.)

"Can you let me have two of them for \$5 each?" he said.

I thought a moment—I was getting a little weary of the continued excitement—it was raining furiously outside—there was the cabman's fee. I said:

"If you will send over a ten-dollar bill and get it to my house in Lafayette avenue within an hour I will let you have the two stamps at that price—but you must not be later as I am going out."

He was there on time, and although I hated to see them go at the figure named, there was no alternative. The recital of the events of the day made a fairly interesting narrative for my fair companion in the carriage.

The next morning was Saturday, the 11th, and the following article appeared in the columns of the New York Times:

"FREAK PAN-AMERICAN STAMPS.
Printed by Accident with the Engine
Upside Down—Commanding
Fancy Prices.

Two-cent stamps (Buffalo Exposition series), worth considerably more than their face value, may be the sequel to a blunder said to have been made by the Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Washington. These stamps are in two colors, being the first of that kind issued since 1869, and, according to philatelists, anything odd about them immediately enhances their value. It is said that one sheet, containing 100 stamps, was reversed before being run off, thus causing the Empire State Express to be printed inverted within the red border. They are likely to become known as the "train upside down" stamps, and as there are but 100 of them in existence, collectors are already looking out for them.

The sheet was not noticed by the authorities at Washington, and the story goes that it was sent in the ordinary course of business to Brooklyn, where it was placed on sale. A manufacturing firm bought ten of the stamps, and instead of recognizing their value, wrote to the department at Washington complaining of them, using one of the very stamps in transmitting its letter of protest.

Thus the fact came out and an enter-

prising philatelist at the capital at once set about trying to secure as many of them as possible. He secured four by paying a Brooklyn man \$20 each for them. The Scott Stamp and Coin Company is also said to have secured two of the stamps.

It is said that there are a few stamps in colors, in which the same blunder was made, of the issue of 1869, and that they now command fancy prices. They are of the twenty, twenty-four, and thirty-cent denominations."

I enjoyed showing this article to a few of my male friends to whom I had told the story and who were inclined to be somewhat skeptical, intimating that there had been a tendency on my part toward the drawing of the long bow. Others declared that I had sold the stamps for \$50 apiece and made all kinds of money, and that I had another sheet left which was being held for future offers, etc., etc. I know I had the satisfaction of depositing \$100 in the "Thrift" and another \$100 in the "Wallabout" for safe keeping, and it was with considerable satisfaction that I was enabled to pick out a highly polished oak dining table at Loeser's (recently marked down from \$15 to \$10.50), and four beautiful oak dining chairs to match, at Abraham & Straus', one with side arms, and all made by Sykes of Buffalo, for the round sum of \$13 (regular price \$15). Also a beautiful eight-drawer roll-top desk for \$18 (sold elsewhere for \$25), and a birds-eye maple music cabinet (reduced from \$13 to \$8.50), thus making \$68 worth of goods for \$50—or four two-cent Pan-American stamps—8 cents!

(This paragraph is put in for the amusement of bargain hunters!)

On Sunday, May 26, an article nearly half a column long appeared in the columns of the New York Sun headed: "Stamps to Look Out For," from which I extract a paragraph, requesting the gentle reader to bear in mind the motto which this well known paper has seen fit to adopt as its own, viz., "If you see it in the Sun it's so."

"It is understood that the Washington man who paid \$20 each for the stamps has refused an offer of double that amount. Just what price will ultimately be received for the *six copies known to be in existence* cannot be foretold. That is dependent upon several contingencies. If there should never be more than these six copies, the holders would be able to get their own price, as there are men of great wealth following the pursuit of

stamp collecting as a pastime who would not hesitate to pay \$1,000 to secure a copy." (!)

The postal clerk who sold the stamps at the window of the Brooklyn Post Office has been tearing his hair, I have been told, since he has learned the value of what slipped through his fingers—and good natured Tom Martin, the postman who brought the stamps to me has seemed to be a little serious of late.

They tell the story of a Hebrew who came over to the Brooklyn Post Office all the way from Harlem with \$8 in his pocket, and said to the clerk at the window:

"Gif me four sheets of dem stamps mit the engine upsidt down alreadyt yet."

The clerk politely informed him that he had no such stamps on sale.

"Sure and I heard all aboutt yer sellin' them stamps to a man in Brooklyn and I don't see vhy I can't puy them too, aind't it?" And he went away in high dudgeon.

Lincoln, the stenographer, after some of the truth had leaked out, went around and told the boys in the office that he wished that one of them would kick him around the factory a few times, for letting his five talents escape, but I told him that a wise Providence was watching over him and that he would receive his reward in due time. He said he wanted the reward there and then.

"Well, what will you have?" I asked him.

"I want a good dinner at the Cafe Boulevard, where the Hungarian band sends forth its mellifluous strains," he said. (Lincoln's stomach and the regular replenishing of the same are this stenographer's chief worries in life—he weighing a little over 200 pounds.)

"All right; name your night," I said.

"We'll go Friday night of *this* week," he said, "and that dinner will cost you high." (And he was as good as his word.)

He is a short, stout man, with the look of a retired banker, inclining rapidly to baldness and with a thirst that is insatiable. After starting in with a Manhattan cocktail, and following it up with a choice bottle of Monteferrond (his favorite brand), the elegant course dinner which disappeared between us amid the strains of Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies, warmed the cockles of his heart. As for me, being strictly temperance and blue ribbon except on certain extraordinary occasions, one of the Boulevard's claret

punches, with its cracked ice, its lemon and orange sections, its bouquet on top daintily powdered with pulverized sugar and its two long straws, was a genteel sufficiency. When the Flora de Fumas were passed around with the demi tasse he was in a state of ecstatic bliss and at peace with all the world. He insisted that I should go around to one of his favorite German garden resorts, the Saus Souci, on Third avenue, listen to the female orchestra and witness the harmless vaudeville performance there going on from a private box (at his expense).

Thus ended our celebration of the stamp adventure. Perhaps I have been short-sighted and foolish to let them go so quickly and at the prices named in the foregoing pages, but there was considerable fun all through the transactions and I learned a good deal more than I had previously known on the interesting subject of "Human Nature." Besides, there is a little left of the \$180 yet, for cab hire on rainy nights to the Montauk to hearken to the sweet strains of the Castle Square Opera Company, and one two-cent "inverted" Pan-American stamp, which, if we may rely on the New York Sun, may some day be worth \$1,000.

AFTERMATH.

The foregoing article, after being liberally cut, slashed, blue-pencilled and generally "edited" by City Editor Brainerd of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, finally appeared in the Annual Summer Resort Number of that paper on Sunday, June 16, 1901, where it may be found by the future antiquarian looking for stamp lore. I received a check from the Eagle for the article sufficient in size to take me to the Pan-American Exposition and back on the famous Heffley excursion, which took place in July, 1901, 115 jolly people participating and traveling in five special vestibuled cars on the Erie.

A few weeks ago, in January, 1902, I was offered \$75 in cash for my last two-cent "inverted" stamp by a well known and reputable physician of this town but I am going to hold it for a while longer. At the present writing I think it may be safely said that, taking into consideration the present market value of my remaining stamp and the proceeds of the Eagle article, I have made \$300 out of an investment of \$1.

(Printed for private distribution by the Eagle Press, through the courtesy of my friend, Robert F. Clark, Esq., Superintendent. Brooklyn, N. Y., February, 1902.)

(The two following articles appeared in the columns of the "Staten Islander," published at St. George, Staten Island, N. Y., in the issues of August 22, 1896, and August 26, 1896, respectively.)

"BIKING" BY MOONLIGHT.

Run of the Richmond County Wheelmen to Annadale.

The first moonlight run of the Richmond County Wheelmen took place on Monday evening last. About sixty wheelmen started in the "push" amid the red glare of rockets and bombs bursting in air, to say nothing of red and green fire. Each member of the club carried a Japanese lantern in addition to his lamp, and the effect was very pretty as the line wound its tortuous way toward Annadale.

There were ten members from the Staten Island "Turners" and four from the Staten Island Cyclers, and a representative of the Brooklyn "Central" Club, to say nothing of two beautiful young ladies who finished in very good style. The party left Stapleton at 8:05 o'clock and reached Annadale about 9:30. Here the genial Smith was relieved of a small cargo of refreshments. The club started homeward at 10 and reached the club rooms at 11:15. Most of the members were hoarse from continued cheering.

At the club house in Stapleton the members had a spread, and after some singing by the Staten Island Turners and a speech by President August De Jonge, in which he thanked the club and its guests for turning out so well and making so enjoyable an occasion, the company dispersed at about midnight. The evening was a perfect one, and the moon smiled serenely down on the most successful run of the season.

There were no accidents worth mentioning. Herr Hahn, the "official tumbler" of the club, had his customary spill a short distance this side of New Dorp, and lost the remaining half of his blonde mustache.

John Killian, the "official repair shop on wheels," who stands 6 feet 6 inches in his bicycle hose, was directly behind Hahn when the latter fell and barely averted a catastrophe by leaping gracefully from his wheel and catching it in his arms. Those who heard John whistle "Paradise Alley" with bicycle bell accompaniment are not likely to forget it.

Another catastrophe was averted a short distance this side of New Dorp. Two horses attached to a coach or barge containing a dozen or more country excursionists armed with blatant tin horns, took fright at the wonderful array of Japanese lanterns, dashed into the gutter and nearly overturned the vehicle. The girls screamed, and the driver of the coach jumped off and threatened to whip the entire array of the Richmond County Wheelmen in words scarcely acceptable

to polite ears. But, to recall the words of the Prophet Elijah, seeing "that they that be for us were less than they that be for them," he rapidly repented, when the broad shoulders of F. Tiedemann, Jr., hove in sight. No damage was done. Officer Britton effectively cleared the way after this by the constant ringing of his trolley gong.

The roads were particularly hard after the recent rain, and the air was perfumed with the odors of Araby, which only a recent rain can give, mixed with the smell of a tallow candle.

The following is a list of the names of the participants:

Richmond County Wheelmen—President August DeJonge, C. E. DeJonge, J. DeJonge, Captain August Quack, First Lieutenant R. H. Britton, Second Lieutenant W. Graef, Color Bearer Fred. Tiedemann, Jr., E. Zentgraf, A. Thompson, A. S. Watson, R. Van Donnenberg, Oscar Garbe, J. Howard Hitchcock, F. Roettger, J. D. Killian, Theodore Hahn, G. Schwab, G. A. Lempke, C. Lempke, P. Egbert, C. Schultz, W. Clawson, J. Guion, O. Lindermann, P. H. Cleveland, R. Koch, Captain A. Anderson, A. Turner, C. E. Hoyer, Joseph Nelson, Jr., J. Stake and Oscar Loeffler.

Staten Island Turner Wheelmen—Captain M. Welter, Second Lieutenant H. Schlueter, Jr., Treasurer F. Heywang, Secretary A. G. Schenck, Color Bearer F. Mulligan, Fred Kline, Frank Kline, George Ruempler, A. Roll and F. Pfisterer.

Staten Island Cyclers—J. D. McKenzie, Fred. Swartz, George Hall and E. Bergher.

Central Wheelmen, Brooklyn—Frederick W. Davis.

The two young ladies in line were Miss Kittie Seguire and Miss Carrie Flohr.

ROYAL ARCANUMITES TROLLEY IT

Members of George William Curtis Council at Silver Lake.

The members of George William Curtis Council No. 1,554, Royal Arcanum, with their families and friends, had a very successful trolley outing on Thursday evening.

Three cars, brilliantly illuminated, left Tompkinsville at 7:30 for West Brighton, from thence to South Beach, and from there to Silver Lake, where dancing was indulged in and a good supper served.

Among the prominent members attending were Albert W. Jones, regent; William J. Shields, vice regent; John J. Hayes, secretary; James Burke, Jr., orator; Captain H. P. Sherman, treasurer and organist; D. I. Aspinwall, chaplain; Edward M. Bradford, guide; Patrick McKay, sentry; Honest John Moran, trustee; Charles S. Stridron, late of Washington, D. C., and Frederick W. Davis of Brooklyn, N. Y.

No evening could have been selected

which would have proved more conducive to the enjoyment of the excursionists. The air was not too cool for those who wore ulsters, and every one was in good humor coming home. At West Brighton, Regent Jones captured an armful of tin horns, which were distributed, and with the band (one fife and four drums) and plenty of red fire burning, the trolley party was the observed of all observers. The path of the excursionists was illuminated at intervals with the skyrocket and Roman candles of enthusiastic friends. Even the Tompkinsville steam roller and watering cart carried red lights in honor of the occasion, and the firemen in West Brighton rang their bells as the party passed their doors.

The party reached Silver Lake at about 10 P. M., and after a short time spent in dancing, adjourned to a fine supper. More dancing followed, and the party started on its homeward journey at 12:30.

Thus ended the first trolley excursion of this council. There were no hitches in the programme.

The following letter appeared in the Brooklyn Standard-Union of December 15, 1898; the Brooklyn Citizen of the same date, and was set up by the Brooklyn Eagle and only at the last moment crowded out to "make room for more interesting matter!"

CANNOT REMAIN.

A TIMELY LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

Frederick W. Davis, Who Was Asked to Meet With the Younger Element in the Congregation To-night, Accepts Dr. Abbott's Resignation as a Foregone Conclusion and Writes a Letter to That Effect.

With reference to the meeting called for to-night by the younger element in Plymouth Church to take action upon the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Abbott, the following letter addressed to the committee, written by Frederick Willis Davis of 363 Lafayette avenue is of especial interest at this time:

December 14, 1898.

Messrs. Robert Van Iderstine, Henry Sanger Snow, Edward Everett Cady and Darwin J. Meserole:

Gentlemen—I am just in receipt of your invitation of the 13th inst., to meet with the younger men of Plymouth Church and congregation at the church parlors, on the 15th inst., for the purpose

of discussing the advisability of presenting to Dr. Abbott and to the church the earnest desire, expressed by so many of the young men of the congregation individually, that he should remain to continue his ministrations in Plymouth pulpit.

I regret that a previous engagement will prevent my attendance at this meeting, but wish this letter to be regarded as representing my views on the subject under discussion.

I wish to say first, personally, I yield to no one in my respect, admiration, love and reverence for Dr. Abbott. More than ten years ago, when he first assumed the duties of the pastorate of Plymouth Church, he saw fit to employ me in some slight secretarial duties at his home, and it was then and there I first learned to know and love his "home" side, and to appreciate his kindness, goodness of heart and "sweet reasonableness." Since that time he has been the wisest and best of friends to me, and I feel that when he leaves the pulpit of Plymouth Church a great light and source of inspiration will go out of my life.

I have seen, however, from my seat in the choir gallery during the past nine years (as some of the regular attendants of the church cannot fail to have noticed) how rapidly he has aged and how perceptible have been the marks of time upon him—particularly in these latter two or three years. I, for one, am convinced that it is a mistake on the part of either the younger element or the older element of Plymouth Church to attempt to change Dr. Abbott's determination as regards his resignation.

We know he has just recovered from a serious illness, a warning which he says scarcely needed the doctor's interpretation that he was using up vital energies faster than nature supplied them. We all feel this to be the truth; and, supposing for a moment we should prevail upon him to withdraw his letter of resignation (which is not at all likely, as he is not a man to "reconsider" a question of this kind), and he should fall by the wayside in a short time—how would we feel? We would feel as though his blood had been upon our hands.

That he evidently foresaw with what grief and pain his withdrawal from the pulpit would be accepted is plain to any one who will carefully read his thoughtful letter of resignation as printed in the "Outlook" of December 3. In conversation with him on Monday night last, he told me that it was not necessary for him to resign in order to learn how much his people thought of him. He knew it before, and we who are trying to find some way by which he may remain with us, either as a pastor emeritus or by his supplying the pulpit to the extent of one sermon each Sabbath, with no pastoral work, etc., are only making it the harder for him. No deeper, truer words have been spoken in this crisis than those quoted from St. Paul recent-

ly: "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?" We must not forget Professor Jacobson's words, spoken last Friday night, that "we do not own Dr. Abbott." We must not be selfish and look only to our own personal spiritual welfare. It is going contrary to all of Dr. Abbott's own teachings which we have imbibed in the past decade, of liberty—absolute freedom of action when one has once conscientiously determined to follow the path he believes to be right. And who can know and judge Dr. Abbott—his physical condition, his mental powers and his capabilities of endurance—as well as Dr. Abbott himself, with his physician's aid and advice? Listen to this passage from the letter:

"I can never resume the labors of a pastorate, but I hope, in occasional ministries, to carry the gospel of God's love in Jesus Christ our Lord to other congregations who perhaps need it more than you, because it is less familiar to them. Even inspired by this hope, the decision to retire from Plymouth pulpit would be for me very difficult were it not that duty is never difficult when it is clear, and this duty is very clear. But, though not difficult, it is as painful to me as I believe it will be to you."

I believe it has been *more* painful to him than even to us. The few who gathered in the church the stormy Sunday morning of November 27, and heard the remarks which preceded the reading of his resignation will bear me out in this. It was with the demands of his own conscience that he had to reckon.

Plymouth Church, with all that it has stood for, has lived and flourished for fifty years, and we believe it will live and be the great power that it now is for another half century. With such men as Dr. Raymond and Mr. Shearman, Mr. Griswold and Dr. Backus, the distinguished body of laymen who comprise the board of deacons, with the officers of the various branches, the Bethel, the Mayflower, this church is in no danger of disruption or decay. I think I can promise from what I know, that the younger members will stand by it as steadfastly as the older members—for it is not a question of age. As Mr. White well said last Sunday: "Plymouth Church does not surrender under fire."

It must not be forgotten that Dr. Abbott is occupying two places, either one of which requires the abilities and talents of an extraordinary man. There is only one practical way open for him to remain as pastor of Plymouth Church, and that is for him to give up his editorship of the "Outlook," and on this point read his own utterance:

"The obligations involved in the editorial office have increased even more. (Than those of the pulpit.) The growing difficulty and complexity of the problems of our time—industrial, political, ethical and spiritual—the changed character of the paper, changed to adapt its

ministry to the larger life, and its increasing constituency, have all combined to add to the responsibilities involved in the duty of directing the utterances and controlling the policies of such a journal in such a time as ours."

The "Outlook" has now reached a circulation of 100,000 weekly copies—it is impossible to tell the number of its readers. Plymouth Church numbers roundly 2,000 souls. Which is the more important work? We in Plymouth Church will be in no danger of losing touch with Dr. Abbott. "We will keep up with him in the 'Outlook,'" even as Lincoln said on his first meeting with Dr. Cuyler: "I keep up with you in the 'Independent.'"

Gentlemen, while this letter may not meet with your views, we must bow our heads and accept the inevitable, and I for one have faith that He who raised up a Washington and a Lincoln in the time of this country's greatest need, and who raised up a Beecher and an Abbott for this church, will find some one to be its leader, who will lead it on to victory and to glory, and the name of Plymouth Church will remain in the future to be as great a power for righteousness as it has been in the past.

Sincerely yours,

FREDERICK WILLIS DAVIS.

The following chronicle can be found in the columns of the Berkshire Courier of October 10, 1901, published at Great Barrington, Mass.:

A STRENUOUSLY SPENT VACATION

Mr. Frederick Willis Davis, a Brooklyn Man, Makes His Annual Visit to the Berkshires and Wastes No Time.

Mr. F. W. Davis of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company of Brooklyn and New York arrived in town ten days ago on his annual visit to the Berkshires and stopped for a while at Mrs. C. K. Brown's hospitable dwelling, on Church street.

He did not remain idle after his arrival, judging by the story he tells of the manner in which he occupied his time.

On Saturday evening he attended a card party which lasted well into the night. On Sunday morning he assisted in the music at St. James' Church. In the afternoon he was taken on a long tramp by three crack pedestrians of this town to the summit of Monument Mountain. This was accomplished in the record-breaking time of 180 minutes. In the evening he sang a solo in the Congregational Church and later on participated in a sacred musicale. Monday morning was spent in recovering from the effects of the previous day, and Monday afternoon Mr. Davis met half a dozen of the tennis experts of the town on the

courts. Tuesday he spent on the golf links, playing 36 holes with three well known members of the club and losing a large number of golf balls. In the evening, just before tea, he took what he thought to be his customary tonic, but discovered he had swallowed a quantity of arnica instead, which he has been in the habit of using as a liniment. Thinking he was poisoned, he rushed to a drug store, but was informed that there was no immediate danger. On returning home he got hold of the right bottle and took his iron and quinine, ate a hearty supper, participated in a round of duplicate whist and assisted in an impromptu song recital. Wednesday being an uncertain and disagreeable day, it was spent at home and at the Berkshire Inn with friends, and at a whist party in the evening. On Thursday morning, it opened for a beautiful day and Mr. Davis started for Stockbridge at 9:15 with his golf clubs and bicycle, via Monument Mountain road, to try the Stockbridge links. He reached the Stockbridge station at 10 A. M., having made the eight miles in 45 minutes. He found, he says, the links rather swampy, as a whole considerably superior as a course to our own links, but not to be compared with the Lenox and Pittsfield greens or others in the vicinity of New York.

Returning on the train, a very pleasant musicale was participated in at the home of Mrs. Brown of Church street, about forty guests being present. On Friday Mr. Davis rode from this town to Lenox on his wheel and attended the horse show at Highlawn farm, a function at which he was present last year. He found practically the same people, turn-outs and horses assembled and the show up to its customary high standard. The band played coon songs as of yore and everyone stood or sat around wrapped in furs and overcoats in a vain endeavor to keep warm, for the autumn winds blow briskly on the top of Highlawn Farm. W. D. Sloane was present clad in a long light buff overcoat over gray trousers, wearing a brown Fedora hat and a red necktie with a large scintillating diamond in it. Last year he was much in evidence in a pair of white duck trousers stuffed into high riding boots, a gray riding jacket, fancy vest and a Panama hat, but Mr. Sloane is handsome in any garb he chooses to assume! Many inviting hampers of provender were to be seen, interspersed with plenty of cold bottles. Mr. Davis says, that, if not stepping out of his province, he would recom-

mend that the committee set the date for the next show in September, as no doubt many colds were caught on last Thursday.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Davis returned to town by train, partook of the usual hearty meal, played a friendly rubber of whist and then, to quote the immortal Kipling, "Wailed o'er the grand pianoforte." Saturday being a cool, breezy, sunny day, Mr. Davis took the 8 A. M. train for Pittsfield, and, after meeting some old friends, started for the Country Club, where he played golf for the rest of the day. He says the new club house is much finer than the old one. As everyone knows, it is an old colonial house, built in Revolutionary days by a British Tory by the name of Van Schaick, was afterwards owned by the Morewoods. For artistic appointments it is doubtful if it is excelled by any in the state. As usual, on Saturday afternoon a delightful tea was served by the ladies of the club. Mr. Davis had the pleasure of meeting Willie Anderson, the champion golfer of America, and last year had the honor of playing around the links with Judge Gaynor of Brooklyn. At 5:15 he took the train for Great Barrington in time for supper and indulged in the extravagance of a twelve-hour sleep. Sunday morning he sang another solo in the Congregational church and in the afternoon he inspected the works of the Stauley Instrument Company. For a plant of its size he believes it will compare very favorably with some of the New York shops of a like character.

He spent the rest of the day very quietly, writing, reading and preparing for his departure on the 8 o'clock Monday morning express for New York. Before train time he called at the Courier office and left some artistic catalogues descriptive of the Linotype for the editor. As the machine does the work of four men, he thinks we need one in our composing room!

Arriving in New York at noon he spent the rest of the day playing over the Van Cortlandt Park links and rounded out his vacation with one of the Cafe Boulevard's table d'hote dinners, amidst the sensuous strains of the Hungarian orchestra.

Mr. Davis said he wanted to say a word about the genial hospitality of the Great Barrington people. He had found the stiffness and reserve which is found on the whole among the Pittsfield, Lenox and Stockbridge residents not so apparent here.

THE HEIGHTS GIRL

On Sunday, February 16, 1902, the Brooklyn Daily Eagle published a striking picture of "The Heights Girl," drawn by the well known artist, Mr. Harrison Cady. In order to afford some lucky one among its readers an opportunity to obtain the charming original drawing, handsomely framed, it offered to receive and examine essays of less than 250 words in length on the characteristics of "The Heights Girl."

The following essay, signed "Bachelor," which appeared in the issue of February 23, 1902, won the first prize over a large number of competitors:

"There is a subtle something about 'The Heights Girl' which distinguishes her from the rest of femininity in Brooklyn. It may be that atmosphere of reserve she carries with her which makes her appear somewhat cool until you get to know the warm and generous heart which beats within. She is fond of the daintiest of toilets and dresses with exquisite taste. She frequently joins in the society of the smart set across the river and is al-

ways a welcome addition. She is handsome, witty, vivacious, a critic of literature and art and of the opera, concert and theater. She is often an accomplished vocalist and pianiste, and dances most gracefully. She is athletic and revels in golf, tennis, riding and driving, bathing and yachting.

The typical Heights girl is the flower of a long line of aristocratic ancestors. In thinking of her the mind instantly recalls the names of the Pierrepoints, Lows, Clafins, Litchfields, Richardsons, Bowens, Chittendens, Ogdens, Beechers, Howards, Kings and many others. The Heights girl has been instructed by private tutors or is a graduate of Packer and later of Vassar or Wellesley. She has traveled extensively in Europe and her own country, and is the finished product of our most advanced modern civilization. The man who wins her must be an American of noble birth and character and have a fair share of this world's goods.

Long may she live to reign over us!"

BACHELOR.



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