

# The Legend of Donn Byrne

BY WALTER MILLIS.

In the summer of 1925 Donn Byrne and his wife came back for a brief visit to New York. That was after "Messer Marco Polo," "Blind Raftery" fame and the secure pinnacles of "The Saturday Evening Post"; Don Byrne was received by ship news reporters and special interviewers, and he looked them in the eye without quailing.

He told them—sketchily—about his earlier career. "Some called us soldiers of fortune," he said, and admitted that perhaps he had been. He was a student with a master's degree from Dublin and a few other scholastic trifles picked up at the Sorbonne and in Leipzig. He was an Irish sportsman and a hard rider. There was something rather vaguer about great adventure in South America and a mighty game of poker in the ship coming home. And then something about knocking around newspaper offices in New York and being fired from "The Sun" because "The Sun" thought he used poor English. And something about working in a garage in Harlem, where the fact that he held a master's degree was "not counted against" him; and something about losing a job as editorial writer on "The Globe" because of a "political blunder." And some more.

And when it was over his wife (according to the reporter) remarked: "I tell him he came from the other side of the mountain. A mountain has two sides, one you can see and one you can't." Brian came from the other side.

And that seems about all any one knows of Brian Oswald Donn-Byrne, except his prose and a handful of legends. Jerked suddenly from the world in a strange automobile wreck, he leaves behind him a name implanted in the mind with all the deadly iteration of periodical literature, and a mist of singular impenetrable romance. Every one knows the name; it is difficult to discover any one event among his friends, who will admit that they knew Donn-Byrne. He never seems to have said much about his background which is essential to one of his characters' remarks, "to the understanding of a man. What he said about himself trails behind it the intangible but unmistakable aura of his unquenchable imagination." Tall, muscular, obstinate, fluent, and with some elements of the child about him, he may have been the type of the Irish adventurer. He was, unquestionably, the Irish romantic.

It is useless to inquire too closely after facts. On the authority of "Who's Who" he was born in New York City on November 20, 1889. On his own authority, he was taken back to Ireland by his parents at the age of two or three months. "Who's Who" educates him "privately," at University College, Dublin, and at Paris and Leizur, but omits to mention any degree save an honorary B.A. in 1909. It was in 1911 that he returned to New York—the year of his marriage—and tried his luck upon the newspapers. The diplomatic service and the South American adventure should have come about that time, but on "The Brooklyn Eagle," where he worked for a year or so as a copywriter, no one seems to remember him saying anything about it.

The legends, however, proliferated. There is a story that he hired a room opposite the office, installed a stenographer, and rushed there, sandwich in hand, to dictate romantic prose during his lunch hour. His connection with "The Eagle" is supposed to have been severed when he was one day carried away by the beauty of the prose and arrived back at the copy desk fifteen minutes late. This incident appears to have been forgotten on "The Eagle"—but, then, on "The Sun" they remember that he was dropped not because he used "poor English," as he said, but because he used English rather too good, and much too extensive, for police reporting.

After that there were the magazines; one finds a poem of his in "Harper's" in 1912 and a short story in "The Century" in 1914, and then a rising flood of sound "magazine fiction." In 1917 he was living in Clark Street, Brooklyn, and when the papers printed a paragraph about him they had to identify him as "a writer of short stories." And then one day Glenn Frank (at the time editing the "Century") was discovered in a paroxysm of enthusiasm over a "great book and a great man." Donn Byrne had brought him the manuscript of "Messer Marco Polo" and told him that he was tired of pot-boiling and wished to write now as he wanted to.

The book succeeded, and the legend grew. Donn Byrne, the Irish adventurer and sportsman; the student, the philosopher, difficult at times and moody, but a magnificent talker, with a glowing invention—"the last traditional Irish novelist." He said so himself. He dressed with the elaborate care of Mayor Walker and with something of the effect. He bought himself, it is said, a "pink coat," but omitted to wear it when some one told him that in American hunts it is only the master and whips who wear pink coats and that he must have made a mistake.

Of course one made mistakes. There is a story of a Sunday afternoon when he strolled in upon Arthur Somers Roche with the brave announcement that he had been following rounds and had just used up three horses. He thought it would be a good idea to get a "plaque of

harriders" and ride behind them in Connecticut. He was taken aside and warned that no one hunts on Sunday, that no one but a brute would ever use up three horses in a hunt and that a "plaque of harriders" was not a sporting term in common use. He admitted he had only read it somewhere—but how could an Irish poet possibly pass up so iridescent a phrase? Mrs. Byrne was heard to add that he had never been on a horse before that morning.

Or there was the moment when he came in two hours late to an appointment and explained with gravity that he had been luncheoning at the Lambs with a millionaire who was to back his new play. It had made him late, because he had been obliged to outline the play, and as he outlined it the millionaire had fallen more and more under the spell of its marvelous, its irresistible, possibilities. There was never such a play, nor such a millionaire, nor such a luncheon. And he catalogued the extraordinary menu, ending actually with Devonshire cream. It was objected that Devonshire cream cannot well be transported even by the fastest steamers. He did not falter. "The millionaire has imported his own herd of Devonshire cows."

"To make Devonshire cream here for himself?"

"No," said Brian Oswald Donn-Byrne steadily, "for this luncheon!" It was the romance that had illuminated the copy desk on "The Brooklyn Eagle," the back work and the struggle. And perhaps in the end he realized it. "My people," he warns his readers, "for all their romance are a practical nation." Donn Byrne went home successful, to be an Irish gentleman and poet; "Who's Who" describes him as "patron of sport and former international athlete," and the people who once heard him describe how he witnessed Captain Webb's fatal attempt to swim Niagara (which happened, oddly enough, six years before Donn Byrne was born) or win hunt cups or range the pampas saw little more of him.

From Ireland there is another story. One is allowed a glimpse of Brian Donn Byrne in his little place in Surrey, or in his great castle—with its numerous rooms heated solely by two fireplaces—looking out from County Cork into the great Atlantic. A country gentleman—he was to have begun "breeding" horses—shortly a great rider, an unerring shot, a strong swimmer, a lover of romance, a hater of modernity. So he said; and perhaps it was true, because modernity went to the trouble of killing him in the end, in much the same strange way (one cannot help recalling it) as it killed Isadora Duncan.

In his castle in Cork the romance had come true, and there seems small use in inquiring how true it had been in the beginning. He saw himself as an Irish hero (which is perhaps one requisite of being an Irish hero), and he had the obstinacy, the strength and the imagination to make others see himself in that light also. It was a light as jeweled as his Marco Polo, and what difference can the matter of its absolute veracity make to the understanding? At his castle in Cork he sat himself down in the mornings in a gorgeous dressing gown to continue "the school of Goldsmith and Sterne" (which he feared would pass with himself), and the pros was flowing out of him when he died.

There is the new book about the Napoleonic days already completed, and after that (says a private letter): "The title of my next book is 'The Case Is Altered,' from the name of a public house in Surrey. It has taken a great deal of form and vitality since we spoke of it. I have also in mind the novel after that, if I am spared to write it. . . . I told you I had bought Coolmain Castle. I am putting in electric lights, a telephone and the largest white bathroom in Ireland." He was keeping himself, he added, "as fit as the other literary gent—Gene Tunney."

It was the fantasy come true. And then an automobile and his own obstinacy put an end to it.—N.Y. Herald Tribune.



WAS NOT HER OWN  
"She gave me an ugly look."  
"Well, it couldn't have been her own, as she still has it."

Recently published anecdotes of George III. of England assert that the first public intimation of his derangement came when he opened Parliament with the words: "My Lords and Turkeycocks."

The employer who underpays men ought to be compelled to share the punishment of those who are driven to steal to avoid starvation.—Judge Taylor of Kings County.



SCORED 102 NOT OUT

T. McVeigh, Irish left-hander, contributed largely to the win of the Ireland team over the touring West Indies cricketers at Dublin.

## Unusual Dishes for Warm Weather

Summer is the time of high color, and for that reason summer menus should avail themselves of all the bright fruits and vegetables of the season.

But fruits and vegetables alone do not, to my mind, constitute an entirely satisfactory list of necessary summer foods. Salads, fresh vegetables and raw fruits may gratify the more delicate appetites, but how about the meat? After all, the test of a meal is in its ability to satisfy the hungry male. They work just as hard and require just as much nourishment in Summer as they do in winter. After all, dinner to them is dinner the year round.

The distinctive quality of hot weather dinners should be in their fresh appeal. Expand your variety of dishes, just as nature grows lavish in her variety. Give your family new menus, substantial yet different meals, in which the necessary color and verve are supplied by the abundance of the summer markets.

The recipes are planned to feed four persons generously. Recipes are given only for dishes not likely to be found in the average cookbook.

### Sweetbreads en Casserole

Cover four small sweetbreads with ice water to which has been added a pinch of baking soda. Soak for two hours. Drain, rinse well in hot water and then place sweetbreads in a saucepan. Add boiling water to cover, a teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of mixed spice and the following vegetables:

Six carrots quartered, three stalks of celery, one large onion quartered and half a clove of garlic chopped fine. Simmer for two hours. Remove sweetbreads and quartered carrots, strain one and a half cups of the broth.

Melt one and a half tablespoons of butter in saucepan and blend in one and a half tablespoons of flour. Slowly stir in one and a half cups of sweetbread broth. Season with two tablespoons of prepared cooking sherry or lemon juice, salt and pepper.

Remove all membranes from the four cooked sweetbreads and place them in a casserole on four rounds of toast. Lay a piece of bacon on top of each sweetbread and garnish with carrots and cooked peas. Pour the cream sauce over the sweetbreads and bake in hot oven for half an hour.

### Tomatoes With Watercress

Dip tomatoes in boiling water to break the skin, peel carefully and chill thoroughly. Slice and lay on glass dish, and garnish with chilled watercress.

### Raspberry Mousse

Mash one pint of carefully picked raspberries through a fine sieve. Stir into one pint of heavy cream stiffly beaten. Add powdered sugar to taste, remembering that when frozen this dessert will lose a little of its sweetness. Pour into mold, lay wax paper over top and cover tightly. Pack in

salt and ice for three hours or let freeze in ice cube drawer of a mechanical refrigerator.

### Stuffed Cucumbers

Peel four large cucumbers, cut lengthwise in half, remove seeds and soft part. Soak in salted water for half an hour then rinse in cold water to remove salt. Parboil five minutes and drain.

Stuffing Mixture—Melt one tablespoon of butter in a frying pan and brown one chopped onion and half of a clove of garlic chopped. Blend in one tablespoon of flour and stir in half a cup of milk. Then add one cup of flaked whitefish, a little chopped parsley and green pepper, one-third of a cup of chopped celery and two chopped hard-boiled eggs. Season with salt and pepper. Stuff the cucumbers with this mixture, lay them on strips of bacon in a pan and bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Serve with a good tomato sauce, to which has been added a little sugar.

### Long Beans

Do not break the beans, but boil or steam them whole, drain, butter, salt and pepper and lay in rows on a over cream. Serve junket with small pitcher of caramel sauce.

### Caramel Junket

Brown granulated sugar over fire in aluminum pan. Add water to make syrup. Use this caramel syrup to sweeten junket prepared in regular way. Mold junket in individual glasses. Chill and cover with stiffly beaten cream. Place walnut meats over cream. Place cmfwy enu nenn pitcher of caramel sauce.

### Veal and Pepper Aspic

Remove bones from one and a half pounds of veal. Cover the veal with water. Add one tablespoon of mixed spices and boil until tender. Strain the broth and shred the meat.

Soak one package gelatin in one cup cold water for five minutes. Add three cups of the strained hot veal broth. Season well and cool. Slice fine two green peppers and line a large mold with them. Pour in a little broth and gelatin mixture. Let it cool, then add a layer of shredded veal. Then more mixture. Continue this alternation of veal and mixture until mold is filled, ending with broth. Set on ice for several hours.

### Chicken and Spinach Pudding

To one cup of cooked, chopped spinach add two cups of cooked, chopped chicken and one beaten egg. Make a white sauce of one-third cup of milk, one tablespoon butter and one tablespoon flour and season well with salt and pepper. Add to the spinach mixture, blend thoroughly, put into a well-buttered baking dish, cover the top with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Serve with either a brown or a tomato sauce.

### Fresh Vegetable Salad

A salad of raw vegetables which may be rated excellent both because of vitamin content and taste requires two cups of finely shredded cabbage, one cup of celery cut in small pieces,

## British Experimenter Designs Unique Radio Photo Equipment

Captain Otho Fulton's "Fultograph," Built for "Still" Picture Reception, Is Demonstrated Privately London; Will Be Sold in Fall

London—British radio fans are looking forward to two new developments in the autumn. Baird television sets are promised for September 1 at a price around \$150, and Captain Otho Fulton, inventor of the "Fultograph," announces that his device for receiving "still" pictures, as broadcast from a central station, will be ready in October at about \$125 a set.

Captain Fulton recently demonstrated his invention at Selfridge's, in London, before an audience of engineers and newspapermen. His device is not itself a receiving set, but is designed to be attached to any ordinary wireless receiver, or even to a telephone.

### DEMONSTRATES APPARATUS

For the purpose of his demonstration, he transmitted the pictures merely from one end of a long room to the other, so that the audience could see both sending and receiving apparatus in operation, but similar tests have been successfully made between Paris and Vienna. Also, the demonstration showed transmission over wire, instead of by wireless as in the Paris-Vienna tests.

The picture or photograph to be sent is first reproduced by photographing it through a finely ruled screen upon a thin plate of chemically treated copper. The copper is then placed upon a revolving metallic cylinder. The needle, following the finely ruled lines like a graphophone needle, produces a low, uneven humming sound, which is transmitted either by wire or wireless to the receiving apparatus.

### USES SYNCHRONIZED CYLINDER

At the receiving end a similar cylinder revolves in perfect synchronization with the sending cylinder. The synchronization is rectified (every second) upon each revolution of the cylinder. This rectification operates automatically (electromagnetically, as Captain Fulton says) and is one of the most important features of the invention.

Upon the receiving cylinder is placed a piece of paper wet with a potassium bromide solution, and upon this paper the receiving needle traces (the process taking three and a half minutes) the image transmitted. In the London demonstration the reproductions were remarkably clear and good. The sending and receiving sets are each about the size of a small portable graphophone.

### FORECASTS USES.

Captain Fulton sees his invention not only as an interesting device for the radio fan, but as likely to be enormously valuable for commercial utility. The Vienna police have declared it invaluable for quick transmission of finger prints and broadcasting photographs of missing persons and escaped criminals. He foresees its use also for sending pictures to ships at sea; for sending weather charts, etc., to aeroplanes in flight; for broadcasting x-ray photographs in medicine and surgery; and for transmitting cheques, letters of credit, and constructional drawings.



EXPERT CHESS PLAYER.  
Stella Gaunt, daughter of Vice-Admiral Gaunt, is the champion woman chess player of England.

one cup of thinly sliced raw carrots and one medium sized onion, chopped. Soak the cabbage, carrots and celery in cold water for half an hour to crisp them. Drain, add the onion and moisten with French dressing. Arrange the salad mixture on lettuce leaves and serve with or without mayonnaise. If the mayonnaise is used, garnish with a dash of paprika.

### Spinach Timbales

Beat two eggs, add one and one-fourth cups of milk, two tablespoons melted butter, two-thirds teaspoon salt, one teaspoon onion juice and one cup chopped cooked spinach. Blend very thoroughly, turn into buttered molds and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes. Garnish with parsley and serve with a tomato sauce.

Berlin now economizes police by regulating nearly all its street traffic automatically with lamps suspended from wires at the main street intersections. Colors change at intervals of about a minute; thus drivers know precisely how long they will have to wait. Toronto is following this plan, too, on a 30-second basis.

## Princes Propose Transafrican Tour

Kenya Expected to Be Main Object of Royal Trip to the Tropics

London—The Prince of Wales, according to information in Anglo-African official circles, expects to leave London in August on his journey to East Africa and to return about February. He will visit northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda, and probably return home through the Sudan. A larger time will, however, be devoted to Kenya, if possible. The Prince, it is expected, will be accompanied by his younger brother, the Duke of Gloucester. It is rumored also that the latter is very desirous of visiting the northern frontiers of Kenya where Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson have done so much filming. This region still swarms with game of all kinds. It is the most uncivilized part of Kenya.

Kenya's contact with civilization, though at present very slight is extending British security in the northern territory, while the well-born is attracting large bodies of tribesmen from Abyssinia who refuse to return to their own country on account of the misgovernment which they allege to exist. Many of them are enlisting in the colony's armed police forces and are proving very good material. On the Governor's recent tour in this region he was impressed not only by the immense and plentiful variety of game but, in many places, by its tameness. Giraffes raced along beside his car for miles.

Taking advantage of the presence in South Africa of Carnegie trustees, the Kenya libraries committee have invited them to visit that colony and investigate their movement. A concrete scheme is being drafted to place before them.

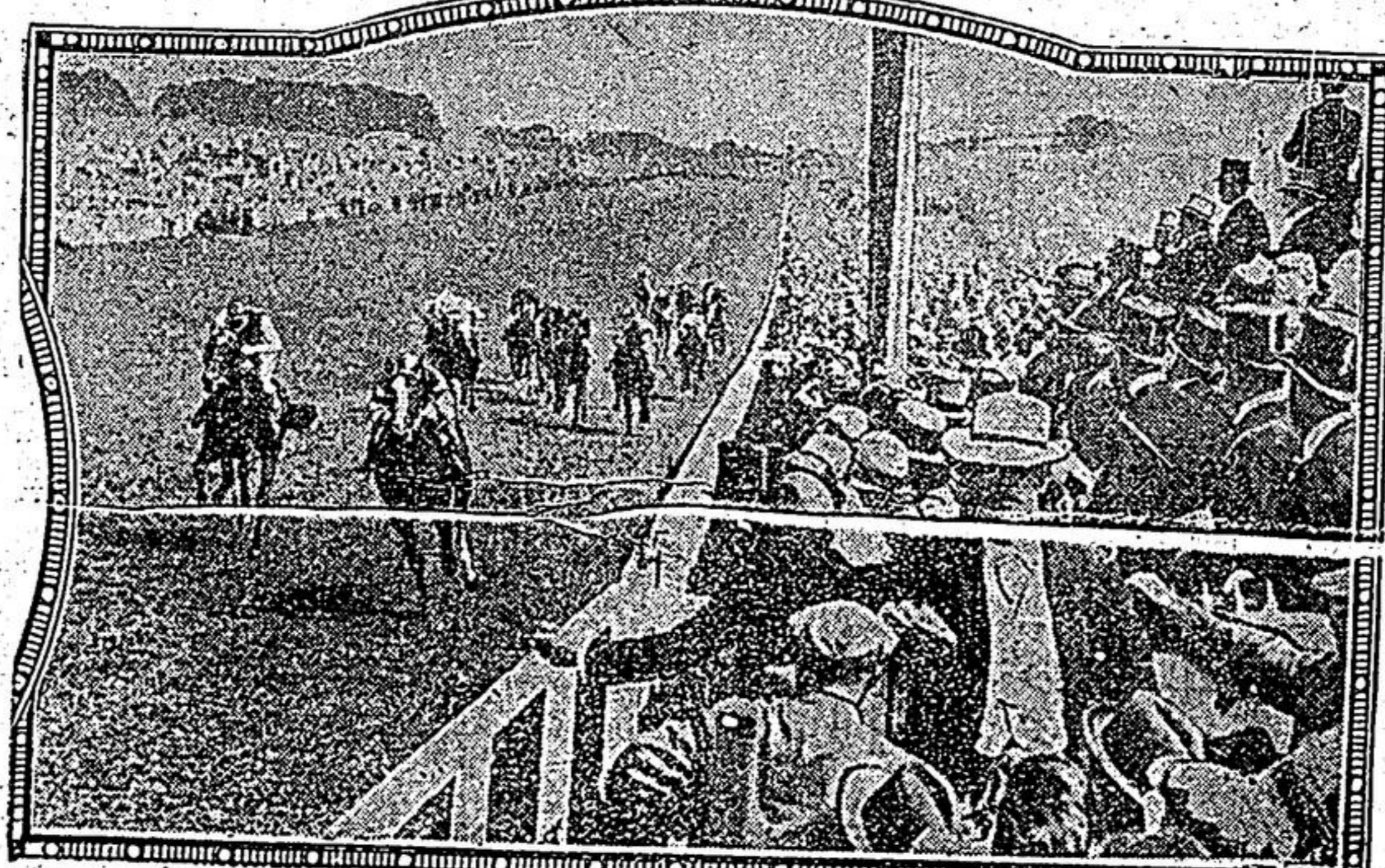
### A Matter of Taste

J. C. Squire in the London Observer (Ind.): (In "The Open Conspiracy" H. G. Wells describes a newer and more "Modern Utopia.") One man's Utopia is another man's poison. I do want the poor to be richer; I do object to the wasteful use of the world's immeasurable resources; I am curious about scientific discovery. But I do not want a world of mixed races, of breeding supervised by experts, and of universal rush. For that is what Mr. Wells seems to want; a posterity interested in posterity, and that interested in another posterity; each generation laboring to discover more and leave more to another generation of slaves of the future. The future; is it not Mr. Wells's own scientists who tell us that the world will one day go cold—if a collision with a comet hasn't previously occurred?

### Hot-house Fruits

London Morning Post (Cons.): (Bananas are ripening under glass in England.) The world-wide extent of the British Empire has enabled the first fruits of all the earth to be brought to the metropolis. The science of Rome also was provided in the days of the Empire with exotic dishes of every description. In this matter the main distinction between the British and the Roman Empire seems to be that in Rome the supporters of a simple life from time to time brought in laws prohibiting the import of foreign luxuries, while in our own case the cries of "Eat more fruit" and "Consume more Colonial produce" have bestowed upon them the approval of even the Little Englander.

## A View of Epsom Downs Giving a Good Idea of the Crowds



ENTHUSIASTIC RACE LOVERS THRONG EPSOM DOWNS FOR DERBY

Favored by a clear day and a shining sun, the classic Derby was run at Epsom Downs, England, before a record crowd. Felstead, owned by Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen, with Jockey H. Wragg up, won the famous race.