



AFFINITIES

The Slater Shoe

In its present state it most nearly approaches the highest degree of perfection in boot and shoe construction.

Original Spring and Summer Styles for Dress and Sport.

The exclusiveness of the Slater Shoe does not mean exorbitance in price—style 46, seven dollars and a half to nine dollars.

The Slater Shoe for children—built to preserve the correct formation and development of the foot—embodying all the exclusive features of style for dress and for play.



46

Mail Order Service

A record in detail is kept here of every pair of shoes sold, the style, size, etc., with name and address of purchaser and date of purchase, so no matter where you live, ordering Slater Shoes by mail is made simple and sure.

You can have the latest New York style as easily as if buying in your home city. Visitors to New York, becoming customers, created this Mail Order Service, which is now an important department of the business. Write for catalogue and book of instructions with measurement blank.



28

J. & J. Slater

For 50 years New York's most fashionable bootmaker
Broadway, at 25th Street, New York

Usher in the New Year well!

India South Africa England Scotland Canada Australasia

Should old acquaintance be forgot?
Usher's Whisky

Andrew Usher & Co.,
Distillers,
Edinburgh.

G. S. Nicholas & Co.,
New York,
Sole Agents.

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Ready-Made Sporting and General Outfits.
Tropical and Light Weight Suits and Furnishings.
Riding Suits, Flannels, Blazers, Hats and Shoes.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

BROADWAY, Cor. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK
Newport Branch, 262 Bellevue Avenue, after June 10th.

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

The most comfortable garter to wear with either knee or full length drawers is the NEEDDRAW. You cannot feel it. Insist on having the

Soft, non-elastic, Knit Leg Band with adjustable Pendant

Well-dressed men wear the NEEDDRAW all the Year Round

Needdraw

Conforms to contour of leg perfectly.
No metal touches the flesh.

George Frost Co. Makers
BOSTON, U. S. A.

Cotton, Nickel-Plate, 25c.
Silk Pendant,
Gold Plate, 50c.
Mailed on Receipt of Price.

THE NEW NOVEL

"NATHAN BURKE"

By MARY S. WATTS. Cloth, \$1.50.

Don't be discouraged by the length of "Nathan Burke." You will read and re-read many times every one of its 628 pages. What is more, your children and grandchildren will also read them, and this can be said truly of few current popular novels.

It is unfortunate that you should have been misled into buying many worthless novels by unscrupulous advertisements and still more unscrupulous so-called reviews. "Nathan Burke" is different. You will be glad that this advertisement induced you to buy it,

and

"Nathan Burke" is published by The Macmillan Company, and our recommendation to you to buy it and read it means something, even in these days, when so many poor novels are widely advertised and exploited.

"NATHAN BURKE." WHAT THE BEST CRITICS SAY.

"The longer we abide with her friendly group the more interesting they become and the more sorry are we to find the volume in our hand growing thicker on its left. However, one may always read again, and the reading again and yet again brings out subtle revelations, delicate nuances, at first unperceived."

—The New York Times

"Only once in a decade," says the *Boston Transcript*, "comes a new novel 'destined to endure.' In the enthusiasm aroused by the first reading of 'Nathan Burke' one is inclined to extravagance of praise. For here is a novel so sound, so filled with much that has inspired the great novels, that it is hard to maintain moderate standards of comparison."

"NATHAN BURKE" is

"The best Novel that has appeared for years."

"The most fascinating new book of the Spring."

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers

"Life's" College Contest

To All College Students:

LIFE will give one hundred dollars for the cleverest article, suited to LIFE'S uses, on each college and its life.

Every college student is eligible to compete. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE.

For all manuscripts which do not receive the prize, but which are deemed worthy of publication, LIFE will pay at its regular rates.

CONDITIONS.

Manuscripts should not be more than fifteen hundred words in length and should be typewritten when possible or written in a legible hand.

Manuscripts should be written only on one side of the paper.

The contest will close on June 1, 1910, no contributions received after that date being considered.

The name and address of the sender and his class year should be written on the upper left hand corner of each manuscript.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by return postage.

No individual inquiries can be answered, but where an inquiry is of a general nature a reply covering the point at issue will be published in LIFE.

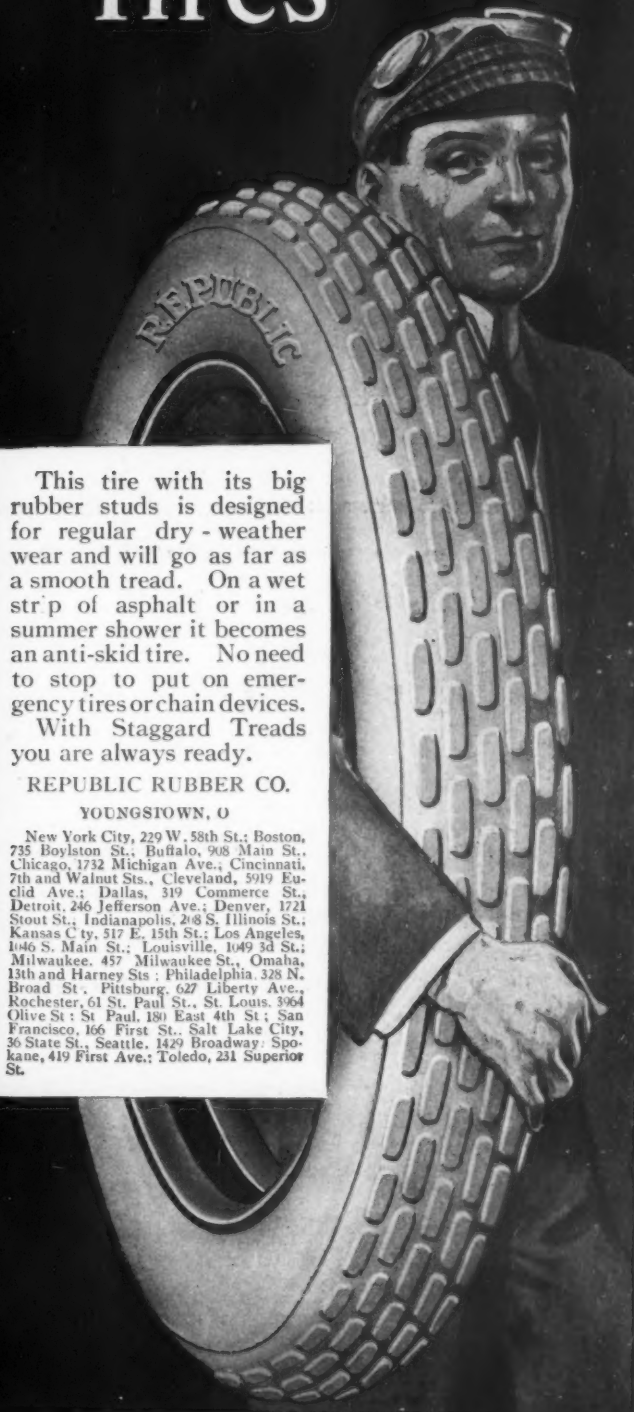
The competition is open also to girls' colleges.

All communications will be treated confidentially, and the author's name will not be published unless so desired.

Address

COLLEGE CONTEST,
LIFE,
17 West Thirty-first Street.

**Republic
Staggard Tread
Tires**



This tire with its big rubber studs is designed for regular dry - weather wear and will go as far as a smooth tread. On a wet strip of asphalt or in a summer shower it becomes an anti-skid tire. No need to stop to put on emergency tires or chain devices. With Staggard Treads you are always ready.

REPUBLIC RUBBER CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, O

New York City, 229 W. 58th St.; Boston, 735 Boylston St.; Buffalo, 908 Main St.; Chicago, 1732 Michigan Ave.; Cincinnati, 7th and Walnut Sts.; Cleveland, 5919 Euclid Ave.; Dallas, 319 Commerce St.; Detroit, 246 Jefferson Ave.; Denver, 1721 Stout St.; Indianapolis, 208 S. Illinois St.; Kansas City, 517 E. 15th St.; Los Angeles, 1046 S. Main St.; Louisville, 1049 3d St.; Milwaukee, 457 Milwaukee St.; Omaha, 13th and Harney Sts.; Philadelphia, 328 N. Broad St.; Pittsburg, 627 Liberty Ave.; Rochester, 61 St. Paul St.; St. Louis, 3964 Olive St.; St. Paul, 180 East 4th St.; San Francisco, 166 First St.; Salt Lake City, 36 State St.; Seattle, 1429 Broadway; Spokane, 419 First Ave.; Toledo, 231 Superior St.

Staggard Tread Pat. Sept. 15, 22, 1908.

From Our Readers



The Right to Military Titles

DEAR LIFE:

The article in the LIFE of May 12 on "American Titles," page 873, would indicate that you are under the impression that no ex-officer has a right to use a military title. Sec. 34, Act of July 28, 1866, reads as follows:

"All officers who have served during the rebellion as volunteers in the armies of the United States, and who have been or may hereafter be honorably mustered out of the volunteer service shall be entitled to bear the official title, and upon occasions of ceremony to wear the uniform of the highest grade they have held by brevet or other commissions in the volunteer service. In case of officers of the regular army the volunteer rank shall be entered upon the official Army Register. Provided, That these privileges shall not entitle any officer to command, pay or emoluments."

Very truly yours,

WM. C. CHURCH.

"The Colonel (Roosevelt) has no sound legal claim on any title," etc., etc.—LIFE, May 12, 1910.

We thank Colonel Church for his correction of the above misstatement. The act he quotes seems to apply only to officers who served in the Civil War, but we presume it does, as it should, cover all cases.—EDITOR OF LIFE.

From Havana



SI ES BUENO PARA UN CABALLO ¿POR QUÉ NO ES BUENO PARA UN HOMBRE?

DEAR LIFE:

I think the picture on the inclosed postal card has done more to gain better treatment for the horses in Havana than any other influence that has been brought to bear on the drivers and owners of horses of this city.

Sincerely and in appreciation,
I am yours,

JEANNETTE RYDER.

To Let-- A Vacant Heart

Occupied for three years by last tenant, who moved away in order to open up a hotel.

Contains only one room, but has all the modern improvements, including running water, steam heat, electric light, a cosy corner and a weekly salary-cheque.

Well Recommended by Former Tenants

"Sunny, cheerful and warm," says Miss L—.

"I found it a very pleasant home," says R—, "although I only spent a week there." "All that is claimed for it," says May —. And she knows, for she has moved around quite a bit. "A fine place to live," says O—. "But there wasn't room for my hat, so I had to leave." "I peeped in," says M—, "and it looks very comfortable, though I haven't actually tried it yet."

A Good Landlord

Kind, thoughtful, impulsive and sometimes attentive. Smokes only tobacco, never drinks, except when he feels like it, and occasionally stays home nights. Acts as his own janitor and guarantees to keep the furnace going. Has a Graduate Certificate from the United Correspondence

College of "Hook-me-up-Bob," as well as a scholarship to the school of Midnight-Baby-Trotters, to be used when necessary.

Only A Permanent Tenant Desired

One who will take a Lifetime lease, and not break it even under trying conditions. One who will be as true through the hardships of Winter as in the buoyant days of Spring—and who will always be willing to lend a helping hand with the furnace.

These Are the Specifications of The Lease

One and a quarter carats, Tiffany setting, and guaranteed to fit *You*. Don't hesitate a *moment* longer, for this is the opportunity of a lifetime. You may never get another chance, and it's 18 months to Leap Year. So

Tear Off The Coupon and Mail It To-day

30-DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON

D. CUPID, Agent, or
R. F. BALDWIN, Principal,
Care of "LIFE," New York.

Send me full particulars in regard to property advertised

Name

Address

Last Landlord

We Stand Corrected

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Gentlemen:—In your issue of 12th inst. you published an article marked "By an Anonymous Author"—"How Ruby Played." The article in question was published a number of years ago, and under the name of my personal friend, Dr. Bagby, of Richmond, Va., at that time editor and chief manager of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. In justice to an old friend and by one who always recognized the literary merit of

George W. Bagby I think you should mark—not anonymous—but his full name.

Yours, with every respect,

ANTHONY C. CAMPBELL.

WILKES-BARRE, PA., May 10, 1910.

Merely a Suggestion

DEAR LIFE:

The writer makes bold to offer the

(Continued on page 1049)

VENETIAN AWNINGS

for outside and inside of town and country houses: very durable, convenient and artistic.

Special Outside Venetians for porches and piazzas; exclude the sun; admit the breeze; equal to an outdoor room. Mention *Life* for free pamphlet.

Orders should be placed now for early summer.

JAMES G. WILSON MFG. COMPANY

3 and 5 West 29th Street, New York
Patentee and Manufacturer of Venetian Blinds, Rolling Partitions, Rolling Steel Shutters, Burglar and Fireproof Steel Curtains, Wood Block Floors.

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 1048)

following suggestion for the "Goody-Goody Number":

Dedicated to all who were so shocked by the "Improper Number" that they just simply wouldn't read it (when any one was looking).

Candidly yours,

C. C. W.

JEFFERSON, N. H., April 13, 1910.

More Legislation

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Political doctors and organized medical societies that have been working for the past fifty years in the State legislatures to secure monopoly legislation that would take away from the individual the right to select the practitioner of his choice in the hour of sickness have now invaded Congress. There are, at the present time, six bills before the National legislature, all aiming to secure legislation that will eventually enable the regular medical school, through a department or bureau, to become the conservator of the people's health. These bills are Senate Bill 6049 and House Bills 24549, 24827, 24828, 24875, 24876. Of these bills the Senate bill introduced by Senator Owen is the most vicious, but all the measures look toward establishing a central medical bureau which would soon expand into a sinister despotic power under the domination of a school that, for fifty years, has been trying to drive out rivals and establish a medical trust or monopoly. The establishment of the proposed bureau or department or any legislation that would lead to the placing of the health of the people in the hands of special interests or a class would be inimical to scientific progress, as it would be an infringement on one of the most sacred rights of the citizen.

Uric Acid Eliminated Within 3 or 4 Days

Persist in Drinking all you can Absorb
—Morning, Noon and Night—of

MAN-A-CEA WATER

Usually within 48 hours the Uric Acid will Disappear and Good Digestion will be Restored.

Recommended and sold by—NEW YORK, Park & Tilford—Acker, Merrill & Coadit Co.—Charles & Co.—Hegeman—Riker; PHILADELPHIA, Evans—Mitchell, Fletcher & Co.—Acker; BOSTON, S. S. Pierce Co.; BALTIMORE, Jordan Stabler Co.; PITTSBURG, Geo. K. Stevenson & Co.; BUFFALO, Faxon, Williams & Faxon; CLEVELAND, Chandler & Rudd Co.; DETROIT, O'Brien & Company; CHICAGO, C. Jevne & Co.; ST. LOUIS, David Nicholson Grocer Co.; CINCINNATI, Jos. R. Peebles' Sons Co.; MEMPHIS, White Wilson Drug Co.; ATLANTA, Jacobs' Pharmacy; WASHINGTON, Thompsons' Pharmacy; LOS ANGELES, H. Jevne & Co.
Send for Booklet.

MAN-A-CEA WATER CO., 13 Stone St., New York.

FISK

Quality

SERVICE DEPARTMENT

THE *QUALITY* SERVICE DEPARTMENT of the Fisk Rubber Company commands the admiration of customers and competitors alike. It is unique in the tire industry—a natural outcome of the Fisk policy of honest manufacture and solicitation, even after the tires have reached the hands of the consumer.

THIS SERVICE DEPARTMENT IS A GREAT CLEARING HOUSE for tire ills, where cases are reviewed and honest recommendations made. In each Fisk branch is found a station of this service—a factory in miniature, fitted with every modern convenience for repairing *any make of tire*. Expert workmen are retained the year round regardless of trade conditions, so that the quality of the service may always be up to the Fisk standard.

THIS SERVICE DEPARTMENT is in general charge of a Fisk factory expert, who gravitates from one station to the other, giving advice as to the latest and most approved methods of tire handling. It has brought many a recruit to the compact army of Fisk followers. Courteous and intelligent treatment and expert workmanship have reflected the character of the entire organization, of which the service is a part. The result has been another satisfied user of Fisk products.

We give the branch addresses below. Visit the one nearest to you. Ask to see the Service Department and judge for yourself.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

DEPARTMENT S, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

BRANCHES:

East

Boston, 239 Columbus Ave.
Springfield, Mass., 135 Bridge St.
New York, 1725 Broadway.
Philadelphia, 258 No. Broad St.
Buffalo, 718 Main St.

Middle West and South

Cleveland, 1942 Euclid Ave.
Detroit, 262 Jefferson Ave.
Chicago, 1440 Michigan Blvd.
St. Louis, 3917 Olive St.
Minneapolis, 820 Hennepin Ave.
St. Paul, 162 West Sixth St.

West

San Francisco, 418 Golden Gate Ave.
Denver, 1534 Glenarm St.
Seattle, 910-14 East Pike St.
Los Angeles, 722 So. Olive St.

Kansas City, Mo., 1604 Grand Ave.

Atlanta, 103 No. Pryor St.

Owing to the fact that your publication has taken such a brave stand against medical usurpation, I most earnestly hope and trust that your influence will be thrown on the side of medical freedom and against this radical step to establish a bureau which, according to Professor Fisher of the Committee of One Hundred, in a letter sent out on December the 23d last, would expand within a decade so that "millions upon millions of Gov-

ernment money" would be annually disbursed by it.

Cordially yours,

B. O. FLOWER.

May 5, 1910.

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office London—Washington—OTTAWA

CLUB LINEN PLAYING CARDS

"An Ideal Bridge Card." Design of back, hemstitched linen, pat. Sept. 24, '07. Colors: Red, Blue, Brown, Green. 25 cents per pack; gold edge 35 cents. Dealers everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Illustrated catalog of Bridge accessories free. Address Dept. L, Radcliffe & Co., New York, 144 Pearl St., & London, E. C.

With one lever and two pedals you drive the *Hupmobile*

That is the reason you see so many women handling this car.

Doubtless you have noted, too, that they guide it in and out of city traffic and over the open boulevard or road as easily and readily as they would drive an electric carriage or the family horse.

As a matter of actual fact, it requires no more effort or technical knowledge to manage the Hupmobile than to drive a horse or guide an electric.

You control the car absolutely through one hand lever and two foot pedals.

Sounds simple and easy, doesn't it?

Well, it's as simple and easy as it sounds.

The lever, operating the transmission, governs your speeds.

Pulled back, it causes the car to travel on low speed; pushed forward, the speed changes to high; half way, it releases the transmission gears so that the engine can run while the car stands at the curb.

The left-foot pedal, pushed forward, disengages the clutch; released, it engages the clutch and you are off and away.

You use the right-foot pedal only to slacken speed and to stop—it operates the brakes.

You begin to see now why we said that the driving of a Hupmobile is simple and easy.

But Hupmobile simplicity is not confined to the handling of the car. In fact, that could not be so uncomplicated if the car, mechanically, were not almost elementally simple.

Usually a motor car carries both magneto and batteries.

The Hupmobile carries no batteries, and eliminates, with them, a coil, a commutator, and a mass of extra wiring.

And the engine starts every time on the magneto spark.

The cooling is by thermo-syphon—the water naturally circulating itself when warmed.

So the complication of a water pump is done away with; and fan blades in the flywheel render an air fan unnecessary.

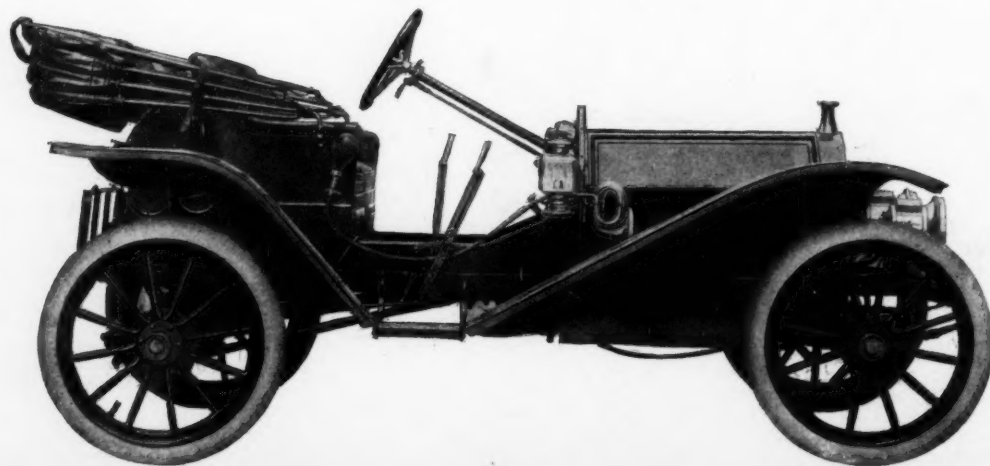
That's the way all through—simplicity and the strength and long life you find in the costlier cars.

When you see the Hupmobile—or the detailed parts illustration in the catalog—you will understand more thoroughly the significance of Hupmobile construction to the operation and usefulness of the car.

Hupp Motor Car Company, Dept. J. Detroit, Mich.

Licensed Under Selden Patent

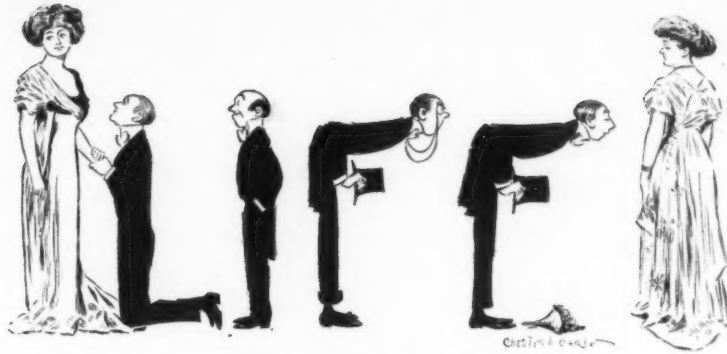
4 cylinders.
20 H. P.
Sliding gears.
Bosch magneto.



\$750

(F. O. B. Detroit)

Including three
oil lamps, tools
and horn.



The Fifth of July

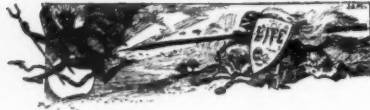
'T'WAS the fifth of July, and the children were swathed
 In bandages up to their eyes freshly bathed
 In lotions aseptic; each lay in his bed,
 And visions of firecrackers danced thro' his head.
 In soft-padded slippers the nurses moved round,
 And father and mother scarce uttered a sound
 For fear lest their darlings should wake to the fact
 That Willie was legless and four fingers lacked
 On Mabel's right hand, while the poll of poor Joe
 Was as bald as an egg but as black as a crow;
 The others had lost only fingers or toes,
 A trifle compared to an eye or a nose.
 And so they all waited in silence and fear,
 In hopes that the doctors would soon reappear.

'Twas the fifth of July, and in ashes there lay
 The barn and the stable, the oats and the hay;
 Three fine carriage horses had gone up in smoke,
 With father's new auto—and that was no joke.
 But boys must be boys, tho' their life pay the cost,
 And girls must be girls, tho' their beauty be lost;
 And "patriotism" can only be shown
 By crackers and lockjaw, and by these alone.
 And so in their bandages, groaning with pain,
 The children live over the Fourth once again,
 While father and mother recall with a sigh
 Their offspring whose beauty *once* gladdened the eye.
 And all wait in silence and trembling and fear
 In hopes that the doctors will soon reappear.

William Wallace Whitelock.



"TO BE CONCLUDED"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LV. JUNE 9, 1910 No. 1441

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



THIS being June, the colleges will proceed to occupy for the next three weeks as much of the stage as our returning Colonel, and Congress, and the prize-fight, the comet, and the beleaguered administration can spare. They come to commencement this year in a hopeful state of importance and prosperity. There is a great deal of new life stirring in them. They have been much discussed and complained of for two or three years past, and heartily exhorted to recognize their faults and correct them, and try to be better worth their keep. They all seem to be trying. Princeton, the one that this year has caused its friends the most acute anxieties, fell heir last month to a huge bequest that will either cure her pains or intensify them so much as to constrain effectual treatment. The surgeons of football have operated upon that game and hopes are entertained by the sanguine that they have chopped into it deep enough to make it ride a little lighter on the college back. All the big colleges are working for the improvement of human relations among their young men and the toleration of study. They are very bold in their advocacy of increased indulgence in the pleasures of scholarship. What would happen to them if the rage for knowledge got hard hold on the mass of their students nobody can foretell. Certainly a large part of their present apparatus of public advertisement would run at much diminished speed.

In support of Uncle Joe Cannon's opinion that a college is a place which an extra clever boy may go

through and still amount to something there are the facts that he and Mr. Aldrich learned what they know out of school, and that the President and every man in his Cabinet, and nearly all the leading Insurgents, are more or less college taught. Nearly all of them are college graduates. The nest in which the first Insurgent eggs were hatched was the University of Wisconsin. The greatest nurse of muckrakers was Knox College in Illinois. Wherever you see an enthusiastic person running nowadays with a torch to commit arson on the Temple of Privilege go back on his trail, and, ten to one, you come up against a college. No wonder Uncle Joe was comminatory in his words about the colleges. They used to have some standing as depositories of conservatism, but nowadays they are the great breeding places of defiant innovation. Old or new, rich or poor, they seem all to have caught more or less of the prevailing epidemic. Through Harvard, which has all kinds, slipped Roosevelt and Norman Hapgood, and, through its law school, Brandeis; Princeton trembles more or less to see a son in Wilson; Pinchot hails from Yale. It only means that a very large proportion of the likely youth of the country enter life in these times through the college gate. What they get there depends upon what is in them and what is in the air.



ON the whole the college influence tends to temper materialism; to substitute other means of enjoyment for the pleasures that depend entirely upon money, and to modify the great and necessary interest in money-getting by concern for various other things. If there are any prizes that the college-taught men are apt to miss they are the very greatest money-prizes. That makes it the more interesting to remark the willingness of so many of the men who win those prizes to devote their superfluous millions to college needs and the diffusion of knowledge. No great money-maker seems to be interested in providing for the training of great money-makers outside of his own family, but

many of them are eagerly concerned to train useful men. They would like to provide for the training of great men if they could, because a great man is the biggest thing in our show. But that can't well be done by exact provision. The most that is possible is to provide the means of training and let the great human family furnish the material to be trained.



THE most interesting depositories of current knowledge about the colleges are the reports of the Carnegie Foundation, which provides retiring funds and pensions for professors. These reports give histories of the colleges which are admitted to the benefits of the Foundation and recount the circumstances of the admission of each new one let in. The Foundation requires of every college admitted that it shall have at least \$200,000 of endowment, that its scholastic requirements shall reach a certain standard, and that it shall be entirely free from denominational control. The money the Foundation dispenses is very useful to the colleges, and so also to most of them is the endorsement of their standing as educational institutions which comes of their admission to the Foundation's list. But because churches and church people were the pioneers in college education in this country, and founded, sustained and endowed most of the colleges, and often bound them with denominational obligations, a good many of them which would otherwise be accepted find it hard to meet the Carnegie rule against denominational control. Some of them have to stay out; others have had to give up old and honored bequests; many have changed their rules to get in. The influence of the Foundation is extraordinarily strong and widespread in this particular. But it is a good influence. Denominational control is neither necessary nor wholesome nowadays for colleges, and most of the Protestant denominations recognize it and are willing enough to see the institutions that they started cut loose from their control. Religion is a branch of knowledge, and, like the other branches, it flourishes better in an atmosphere of freedom.



- AID WALKER -

COURTING

THE MODERN WAY HAS ITS DRAWBACKS

Courtship and Marriage

COURTSHIP is a highly inflammable by-product of love; another even more dangerous distillation being Marriage. Courtship is the beautiful period of supposed safety just before the explosion. Marriage is the blackened, burned and charred remains after the holocaust.

Courtship is to a woman a more or less lengthy period of moonlight, hammocks, diamonds, dinners, dances, theatres, flowers and Huyler's best in five-pound boxes. Realizing that this cannot go on forever, no matter how much of a good thing he may be, she veers it around to marriage just before it begins to wane.

The same period to a man means constant uneasiness as to her constancy, sleepless nights, undue extravagance with her, the practice of personal economies and a general appearance of asininity.

As soon as the marriage has been accomplished both breathe sighs of relief and begin to see things—said things being made up of defects hitherto kept carefully guarded, such as snoring, temper, physical imperfections, laziness, selfishness, etc.

The long courtship is pitiful; it is the hope deferred that makes the heart sick. A short courtship is equally pitiful if it be a case of elope preferred, for it will make the heart still sicker.

Interested Them

"I HAVE here," says the inventor to the capitalists, "two plans for radical changes in sleeping cars."

"Yes?" murmur the capitalists.

"This plan increases the space given to each passenger and makes the

berth much more comfortable by—"

"Can't consider it."

"Well, the second plan makes the car uncomfortable, but it enables it to carry half as many more passengers, and—"

"Give us the complete details, with estimates of cost."

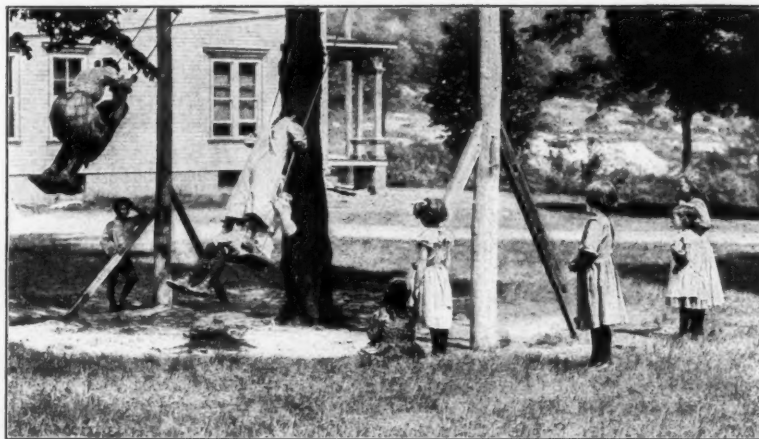


THE CHAPERON

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,204.72
Valeda Johnson.....	5.31
E. B. G.....	6.31
T. Sharp.....	3.00
William Bayard Blackwell, Junior..	10.00
Gertrude A. Root.....	5.50
John D. Crimmins.....	5.31
Samuel S. White, Jr.....	10.00
C. Birdsall.....	5.31
D. Schnakenberg.....	10.00
W. O. M.....	5.00
Fanny Haven Wickes.....	10.00
Marian Forsyth Wickes.....	10.00
H. E. O.....	10.00
L. B. G.....	10.62
Samuel H. Ordway.....	10.00
Horace D. Lyon.....	10.00
M. H. F.....	10.00
Coswell W. Stoddard.....	10.00
L. E. G.....	5.00
Mrs. Margaret S. Fowler.....	10.00
Grace Palmer Melcer.....	10.00
Joaquin E. Camara Ch.....	2.00

\$2,378.08



AT LIFE'S FARM

THE ALWAYS BUSY SWINGS



"SIR! HOW DARE YOU PUT YOUR NECK AROUND MY WAIST ON A FIRST ACQUAINTANCE!"

Current Kings

THIS is the era of democracy; nevertheless it is not a bad time for kings. They show up well, and doubtless the fact that it is the era of democracy and kings are much more on trial than they used to be has much to do with the showing they make.

Observe the monarchs of Europe. The one who has just died is almost universally commended as having been an exceedingly useful public servant, "the peacemaker of Europe," a hard-working man, devotedly faithful to his official duties and remarkably successful in the discharge of them.

It would be a hardy critic who would assert that the German Emperor is not worth his imperial salt. He is respectable, dutiful, diligent, a great German—one of the most remarkable men in Europe.

The old Emperor of Austria has long lived for his peoples. A fine old man he is, whom Austria-Hungary doesn't know how to spare.

The King of Spain is better than his job; the King of Italy gives excellent satisfaction. There is no complaint about the Kings of Greece, Norway, Sweden or Denmark. Leopold used to be criticised, but he has gone out of business. The only considerable European monarch who seems to be in the ways of progress and his country's welfare is the Czar.

The stronger the competition of democracy the better the kings behave and the harder they work. They know that nowadays they hold their jobs only during good behavior.

Competition is a grand thing. Times are much changed. Kings are now a respectable and very hard-working class. We may live to see the monarchs of Europe form a union and strike for the eight-hour day and higher wages.

The Boodler's Version

UNITED we stand; divided they put us on the stand.

THE trouble with President Taft seems to be his incorrigible propensity to let the case go to the jury. President Roosevelt never did that.



DON'T GET DOWN UNLESS YOU'RE REASONABLY SURE OF ACCEPTANCE. IN CASE OF A FROST THE GETTING UP IS THE AWKWARDEST PART

San Francisco Needs That Fight

WHY are some of the reverend clergy in the Eastern and Middle States so opposed to the Jim Jeffries-Johnson fight planned for July 4 at San Francisco?

Is San Francisco too pure and good to be the scene of a prize-fight? Not at all. It is an ideal place for one. An honest prize-fight in San Francisco will raise the ethical tone of the town and improve its reputation. It will bring there an improving company of visitors who may exercise a civilizing influence upon its institutions.

Much pains has been taken with San Francisco. It was noticed that it was a bad town, and it was thought that it

needed a jolt. It got the most thorough jolt that any American city ever got. A large part of it fell down, and then nearly all of it burnt up. Reform measures that had already been started took new courage then, Ruff and Schmitz were convicted and some decent men got into office. But San Francisco likes to wallow, and just as soon as her streets were cleared and lined with new buildings she began to wallow again and beat her reformers at the polls. Francis

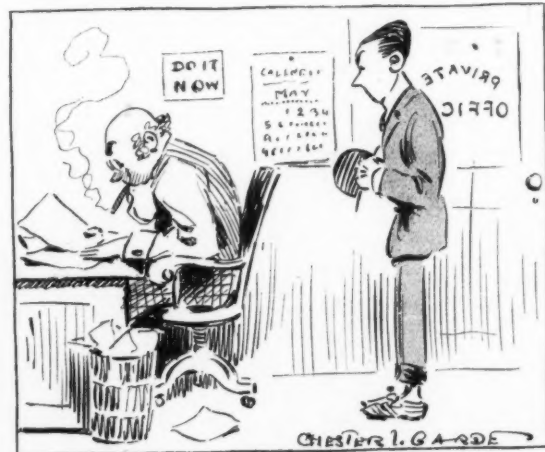
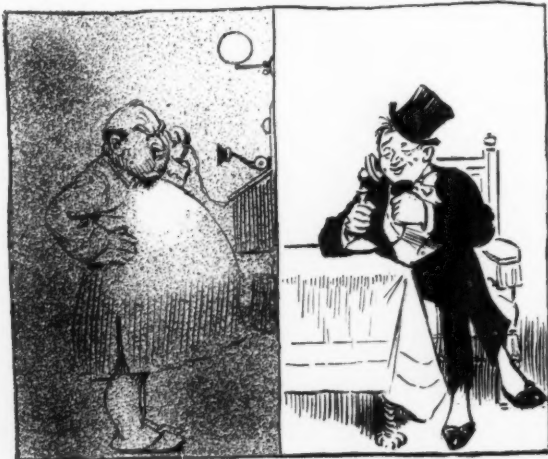
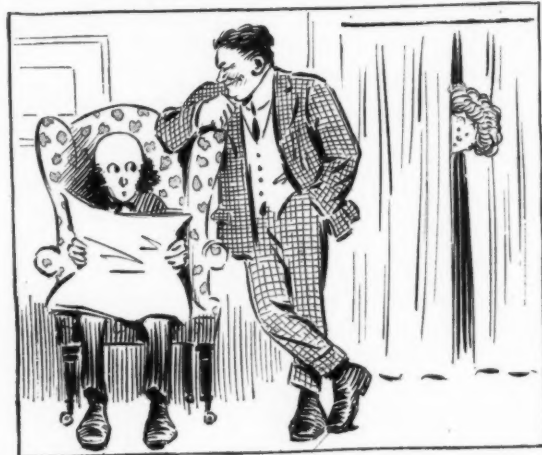
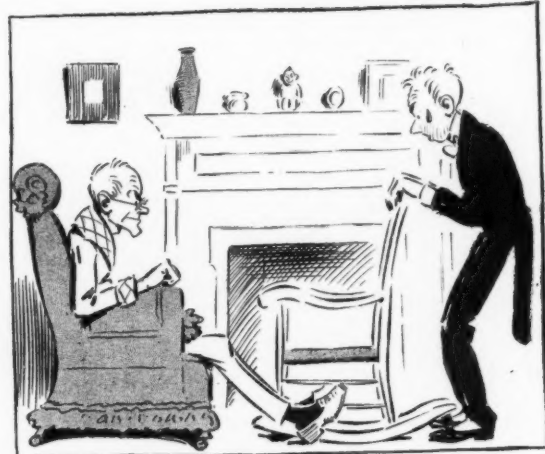
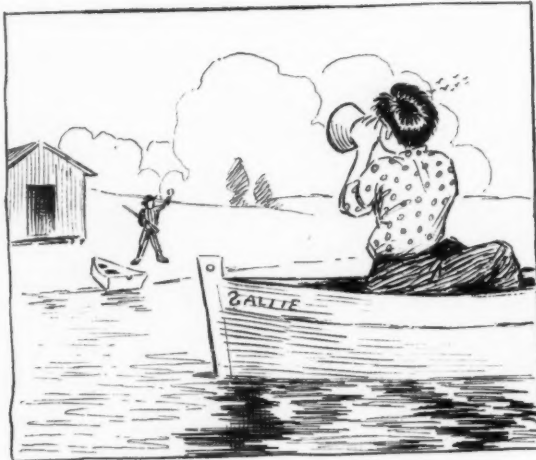
Hency pulled out then and came to New York, where the reform industry was more promising.

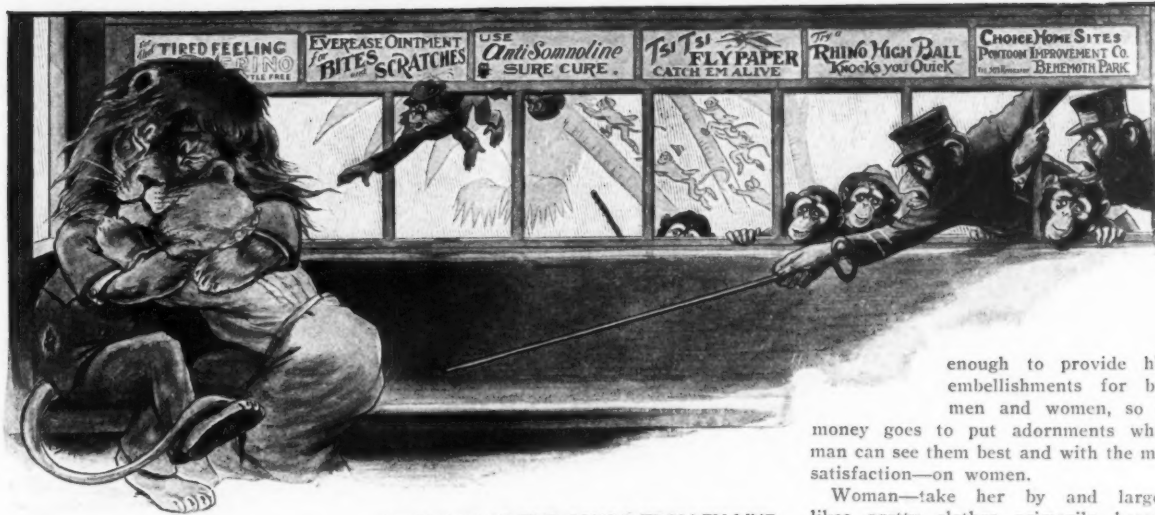
The Jeffries-Johnson mill is merely a new bit of treatment for San Francisco. Another earthquake would not do. Her system could not stand it. The fight will be just a mild jar adapted to wake her up a little. Don't meddle with it, please, Messrs. Ministers. You don't know San Francisco, and how can you judge of her needs!

HOWARD: When Dr. Incision operated on me he left a pair of surgical scissors in my anatomy. Can I sue him for damages?

LAWYER: Better just send him a large bill for storage.

Various Ways of Asking Her Father





TERMINUS OF THE CONGO TROLLEY LINE
"LAST STOP! ALL OUT!"

Some Points for Professor Baff

SPEAKING of the propensity of women for personal adornment by bird feathers, earrings, bracelets, necklaces, arrangements of the hair and such things, Professor Baff, of Clark University, Worcester, says:

My lady can't shake off the habits originating with savages, whereas man has put these fads and fancies behind him.

Oh, no, Professor; not behind him, but simply to one side where he can see them better. You say the suffrage agitation is a form of emotional insanity.

but you fall into the same error that the suffragists do in separating woman and man into different classes. They belong together. What one is the other is bound to be, saving only the distinctions of sex.

Man still loves adornment, and that is the main reason why women deck themselves out. Man has deputed to them the greater part of the duty of embellishment. Woman has accepted the duty and made it part of her job. Man loves to see it done. He has not time to pay due attention to it, nor is there money

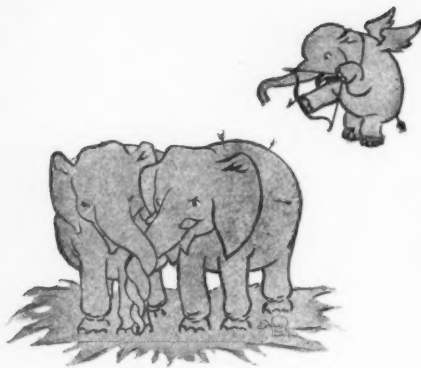
enough to provide high embellishments for both men and women, so the money goes to put adornments where man can see them best and with the most satisfaction—on women.

Woman—take her by and large—likes pretty clothes primarily because they help her please man. That is one of her natural jobs—always was, always will be. Secondly she likes them for their own sake and because they are pretty; and being more or less in competition with other women, she likes to look as well, or better than they do, and so she dresses with considerable regard for the effect of her efforts on her competitors. That is why we hear it said that women dress for women. So they do, but the primary motive is to please and impress men.

If the love of clothes in women is a survival of a savage instinct, then the savage instinct is a love of beauty—as, like enough, it is. Let us hope it will keep on surviving. Women who lose it lose one of the indispensable things. It by no means betokens superiority in a woman that she has ceased to care how



THE RIGHT PRESCRIPTION



Cupid: BY COOKY! THIS IS HARD WORK.

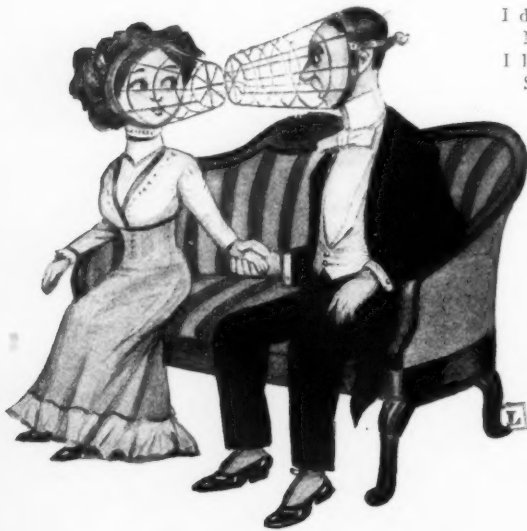
she looks. Sometimes it means deterioration, sometimes despair, and sometimes merely that she has got a little off her job.

That the love of dress may run away with women is of course matter of constant observation. But that only signifies the faultiness of folks.

Located Him—That's All

The muckrakers have at last succeeded in doing what they have been trying to do for a long time. They have pulled the President of the United States down into the mire.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THEY haven't pulled him an inch. The most they have done to him has been to discover where he was. Whoever put him there, it wasn't the muckrakers.



A SAFE, SANE AND SANITARY COURTSHIP



The Widow: WHAT, AGAIN?

The Comedian's Soliloquy

I LOVED the graveyard's quiet gloom
When but a tiny tad;
And even now I love a tomb—
I'm happiest when I'm sad.

Beethoven's lovely funeral march
With pleasure makes me mad.
In trees I much prefer the larch
It's desolate and sad.

In boyhood's days when I was whaled
By my dear, loving dad,
To make me shed a tear he failed,
I was happy then though sad.

A part I'd dearly love to act,
Although I'd have to pad,
Is dreary Hamlet, since, in fact,
He's happiest when he's sad.

J. Shakespeare Metcalfe.

In books I skipped the pleasant parts
And death-scenes made me glad;
I liked to read of broken hearts,
So happy yet so sad.

I do not care for jest nor joke
Nor pun, however bad;
I love the bullfrog's mournful croak
So resonant and sad.

Bright colors never please my eye;
In black I'm always clad,
In sombre black of deepest dye,
Becoming, although sad.

Gay plumaged birds I never view,
The raven is my fad.
I like his coat of ebon hue
And croak so harsh and sad.

In sweets I feast on licorice drops
And chocolates sometimes add;
I use black pepper on my chops
Of lamb whose fate was sad.

Lying beneath a weeping-willow
In far off Trinidad,
I joyed to hear the billow
So murmurous and sad.



COURT PLASTER



"MABEL."
 "YES, DEAR."
 "PLEASE SLAP THAT MOSQUITO ON MY ANKLE."

An Old Saying Disproved



WE have been having an engaged couple staying at our house for the past week, and I would like to

have it go down on the records that for all practical purposes I constitute an exception to that time-honored saying: "All the world loves a lover."

This may be quite true in an abstract sense. All the world may love a lover if all the world has set its mind on doing it, but I beg to be excused.

This engaged couple begin to stir about the house in the early hours of morning, and by the time breakfast



THE ENGAGEMENT RING

is served the silence around them has grown so intense that you can hear a pin drop in the basement kitchen, where the park policeman is taking his seventhirty coffee and rolls.

The principal objection I have to this engaged couple is that they appear to be keeping something from me. As a matter of fact I am perfectly aware of what is in their minds, and, indeed, the thing which they appear to believe is such a profound secret has been a matter of common talk for some centuries.

They never forget themselves, however. This, indeed, is their principal occupation.

Engaged couples, like a mill in prosperous times, with six months' orders ahead, are constantly working over time and never catching up. They do not even speak when they are spoken to.

There is only one known cure. And that is to call in a minister and apply a marriage ceremony. It's expensive, but it always works.

THERE are two stages in the career of every successful writer; during the first he is surprised when the editor returns his manuscript and during the second he is surprised when the editor does not.

AGNES: Unable to attract men, is she?

GLADYS: Yes, indeed. She says she's sure that if her house is ever burgled it will be done by a woman.

A Great Thought

THAT idea of a National Board of Health was more than clever. It was an inspiration—such an inspiration as on the field of battle turns defeat to victory. Called by its proper name, however, a Doctors' Trust, it becomes less inspiring—at least to the intended victims. And the intended victims are numerous—about ninety millions.

This Board of Health would be controlled, of course, by the old school doctors. And the old school doctors in recent years have been losing patients. But this Board of Health, if only it would materialize, would restore these patients. For what would be easier than a rival's ruin?

Their most dreaded rival is, perhaps, the osteopath. By curing diseases heretofore incurable, and without drugs or surgery, he has converted countless sufferers to his faith. It is needless to explain why the Man of Medicine loves him not. The homeopath, the Christian Scientist, the mental scientist—all the "rank outsiders"—would be speedily crucified or banished.

Moreover, with its absolute power, the Doctors' Trust could easily repress this rising revolt against vaccination. Things we especially abhor would become compulsory. Other people's diseases would be pumped, by law, into unwilling bodies; all dogs would be vivisected and our children inoculated with hydrophobia. Orphan asylums furnish perfect "material" for experiment, and we should enter upon a joyous era of unlimited serum, of gory science and more liberal fees.

THE apparel oft proclaims the monkey.



PREPARING FOR THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS HERE'S HOW

CAROLINE HAZARD (President of Wellesley College)
Born June 10, 1856

The president of a girl's college we have ever contemplated with awe. We delight to honor Miss Hazard, but with palpitating heart we beg humbly to confess our incompetence for such a large undertaking. We note with trepidation that she is very learned. She has studied abroad. She is a Master of Arts and a Doctor of Literature. She knows languages and history and philosophy and has even been an editor. Nothing within the range of human wisdom has escaped her.

What can we say, therefore, to add to her felicity and satisfaction over such world-wide achievements? Madam, pray accept our faltering compliments on this eventful day with that charity that magnanimous wisdom must ever accord to humble admiration. From our heart of hearts we desire that your light may so shine that all men may know your worth and esteem you as highly as we ourselves do.



ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE
Born June 14, 1855

Wisconsin is a great State, and growing in might every day. Among its claims is the habit it has of nourishing statesmen. We may expect soon to see it rival Ohio as an incubator for Presidents.

Among others it has fostered the distinguished gentleman we are now congratulating in weak words. He was born in Primrose and has ever walked the primrose path; he helped to frame the McKinley bill and his oratory has resounded in the halls of Congress for many a year. He has done other things—but why particularize?

Senator, we are in no mood to be over-critical. We want everybody happy. We congratulate you on everything that we can think of, and if we have omitted anything from this list we will do it all over again. Best wishes for a happy and prosperous career. Your country is still here. Much can be done with a country like this if taken in time.

Your health!



A LEMON SQUEEZER



She: OH, BLISS! I COULD STAY THIS WAY FOREVER.

The Right Combination

THE young bachelor paused irresolutely before the window of the matrimonial establishment. At the sign "No Trouble to Show Goods" he brightened up and went inside. The manager came forward.

"Good morning, sir. Something in our line?"

"Well, I thought—"

"Would you like to look at some of our regulars?"

"Regulars?"

"Yes. Plain, ordinary wife; stays home and mends clothes, always lives within income, never cares to go out, devoted to children, domestic. Have some fine specimens."

"N—no, thank you."

"Possibly something a trifle gayer—dashing figure, plays bridge, loves automobiles and is—er—at the same time—well, you know—all right in every respect; capable of great love and affection."

"No, thank you."

"How would a nice roly-poly strike you? We have some exceptional values in adipose tissue. You know they are capable of a world of affection and are always good natured. Many prefer them in spite of weight. Not necessarily more expensive to clothe than the thinner varieties. Move slower and cost less."

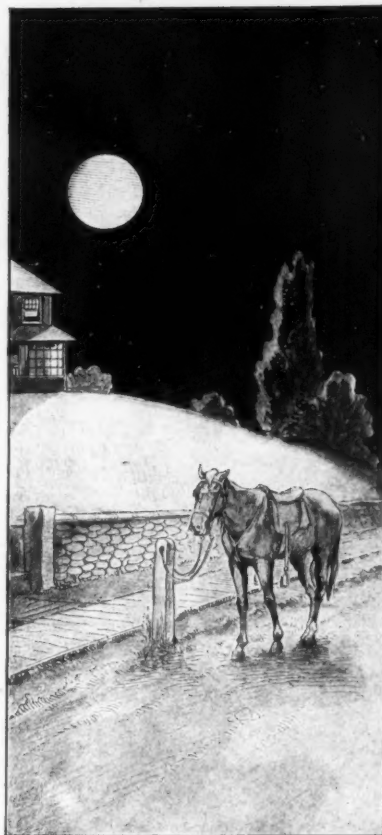
"I guess not."

"Something quite gay and exciting? Lead you a life of continuous hysteria, distract you with love and jealousy, leading to probable divorce? Some prefer this sort, as they like to be amused."

"Not for me."

"Maybe you'd like an intellectual lady—several lovely specimens, speaking of course allegorically. Cultured to finger tips. High brows. Blue blood. Cold as marble, but very uplifting."

"No, sir."



Courtship

PAST

"Possibly a soul-mate might interest you. Have some remarkable offerings. Best line of blond affinities, all shapes and sizes, ever put on the market; also some odd brunettes, with depth of love guaranteed for one year; or I can give you a combination offer—a regular, steadygoing matrimonial side partner and a soul-mate thrown in at a slight extra cost."

"I think not."

The manager paused somewhat impatiently. He was beginning to wonder.

"Maybe you can suggest something," he said.

"Yes. Can't you let me have some one who combines *all* of the good points that you have mentioned?"

"You want *all* of them in one woman?"

"That's it."

"I think I could manage it, on one condition."

"What's that?"

PRESENT

"That you agree to fall genuinely in love with her."

The bachelor smiled.

"What's that got to do with it?" he asked.

"Only this," replied the manager, "that then it wouldn't make much difference. If you really loved her you would think she had all of those qualities anyway."

SECRETARY BALLINGER has taken St. Patrick for his model and proposes to make a record as an expeller of snakes.

But St. Patrick did not make his own snakes, and in that particular was different from Secretary Ballinger.

Mr. Ballinger does not seem to inspire confidence or fidelity in his subordinates, which is awkward for him.

Not all who auto, ought to.

FUTURE



Mr. Cochin: I WANT TO ASK YOUR PERMISSION TO PAY MY ADDRESS TO YOUR DAUGHTERS. I LOVE THEM DEVOTEDLY AND WILL DO MY BEST TO MAKE THEM HAPPY.

To Temptation

HERE'S to temptation! Give us strength and grace
Against her witching smile to set our face



The Last Gasp of the Dying Season



WHEN LIFE was very, ve,y young—a mere journalistic babe in arms, as it were—"The Mikado" was also a new aspirant for public favor. After more than a quarter of a century of existence LIFE is glad to greet this old friend once more and be able honestly to assure him that age has not impaired his charm.

In fact, to quote his own words, he's still "as welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring." Particularly is he welcome by reason of the refreshing contrast his finished art in book and score sets forth against the countless "shows" which have come since then to appeal to the public with combinations of music and fun. It cannot be very far from the mark to say that "The Mikado" is the best comic opera ever written for the English-speaking public. Musically it has not a dull moment. Its book is insular and its satire is directed at British institutions, but the faults ridiculed are those of every government and few of the points escape even the stupidity of those who have the keenest appreciation of Broadway slang, indecency and horse-play. Its sound music and the unusual appeal of its clean wit and humor justify its continued popularity in what is extreme old age for a comic opera.

There have been better all-round performances of the classic in New York than the one given by the "all-star" cast at the Casino. It has also been better sung in spite of the aggregation of well-advertised notabilities who justify the "all-star" appellation. In the solos of Mmes. Scheff and Jacoby the almost complete obliteration of the words was a notable offence against the Gilbert and Sullivan standard, and Mr. Mack's resort to the falsetto was a jolt to the memories of those who have heard other *Nanki-Poos*. Mr. De Angelis as *Ko-Ko* could not help being funny, but it was not fun in the most refined vein. Mr. Pruette sang *Pooh Bah* well and was sufficiently dignified, Christie MacDonald was a charming *Pitti Sing*, Mr. Cunningham an excellent *Pish Tush* and Mr. William Danforth as *The Mikado* sang the "Punishment Fit the Crime" song admirably. The chorus was large, well-trained, and the young women evidently selected with a view to good looks and Japanese stature. But the performance in its entirety demonstrated that the best results are not always obtained in uniting for a particular purpose the energies of those who have gained prominence in other fields. That is, the trade-mark "all-star" is not a guarantee of star quality.

The older generation who wish to renew their recollections will find the revival an agreeable performance. The younger should see and hear it, as a means to acquiring a better standard by which to measure the prevailing things in the way of comic opera and other light musical entertainments.



NEWS ITEM

AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE YESTERDAY BY SUFFRAGETTES TO DESTROY ONE OF THE WINDOWS IN THE COURT HOUSE.



THE season now closing will be notable for two accomplishments—the opening of the New Theatre and the destruction of the wretched monopoly known as the Theatrical Trust. For both of these ends LIFE has long contended. The temptation was to speak of the establishment of the New Theatre, but of course it would be an error to speak of the institution as established at the end of one experimental season. It is in existence, however, which is a great deal, and it has shown that there is a public for such an institution, which is a great deal more. It is too soon to judge either its plan or its management. It has made its mistakes, and it is creditable, considering the vastness of the undertaking, that it did not make more. The first test will come in the ability its sponsors show to profit by those mistakes. The more conclusive and longer delayed test will be the development of the company as an organization. In this particular the approach to what is expected of the New Theatre is bound

to be gradual, and as yet there seems to be hardly a beginning. With the rectifying of the physical faults of the house accomplished, the company's work will have a better chance to be noted and it will also follow that the audiences will be more critical. At all events the start has been made.

From the smouldering ruins of the Theatrical Trust a stench still arises, but the atmosphere is clearing. There seems to be a disposition to put the theatrical business on a better basis by giving both owners of theatres and producers of attractions the opportunity to do business with each other without the intervention of a middleman who insisted on grabbing the profits of both. It remains to be seen whether the men in the theatrical business have the backbone to hang on to their freedom.

LOOKING backward, the season shows no pronounced tendency in any particular artistic way. If there has been anything notable it is the continued, apparently increasing, taste of patrons of the better-class theatres for what is light, frivolous and inconsequential as against plays of substantial quality. The farces have had better patronage than the dramas, and the girl-and-music shows have been as popular as ever. On the other hand, the standard plays at the New Theatre have attracted a class of theatregoers who had largely abandoned the commercial houses, and the revivals of the classics at the Academy have proved successful attractions at popular prices.

No one, no matter what his amusement tastes, from Hippodrome to Ibsen, can say that he has been entirely neglected. Nor is the choice likely to be any more restricted in the future. New theatres are going up so rapidly that it is difficult to keep tally of



The Count: AH! DO NOT REFUSE ME, SWEET ANGEL OF MY DREAMS, FOR I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT YOU.

The Heiress (reflectively): THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF.

them. These will all have to be supplied with material of some kind. Of variety of entertainment there will be no stint. Whether this wholesale development on the business side will tend to improvement in quality remains to be seen. Certainly a freer field and more open competition mean opportunity for authors and artists. The danger of the future seems to be that commercial and practical America cannot supply these sufficiently competent and in sufficient number.

It would not be difficult to draw from the past season arguments showing that we are in a period of artistic decadence. Art moves in cycles and, if

this is true, we may be on the eve of a revival. America may not be able to supply it directly, but it may be one of the products from the "melting pot" idea exploited in Mr. Zangwill's play of that name. At all events, the time has come to say farewell to the old season and look forward with hope to the new one.

Metcalf.



"HEY, YOU WHITE CUPID, IF YOU-ALL DON'T STOP SHOOTIN' DARK COMPLECTED PUSSENS I'SE GWINE TO HAVE THE LAW ON YOU."

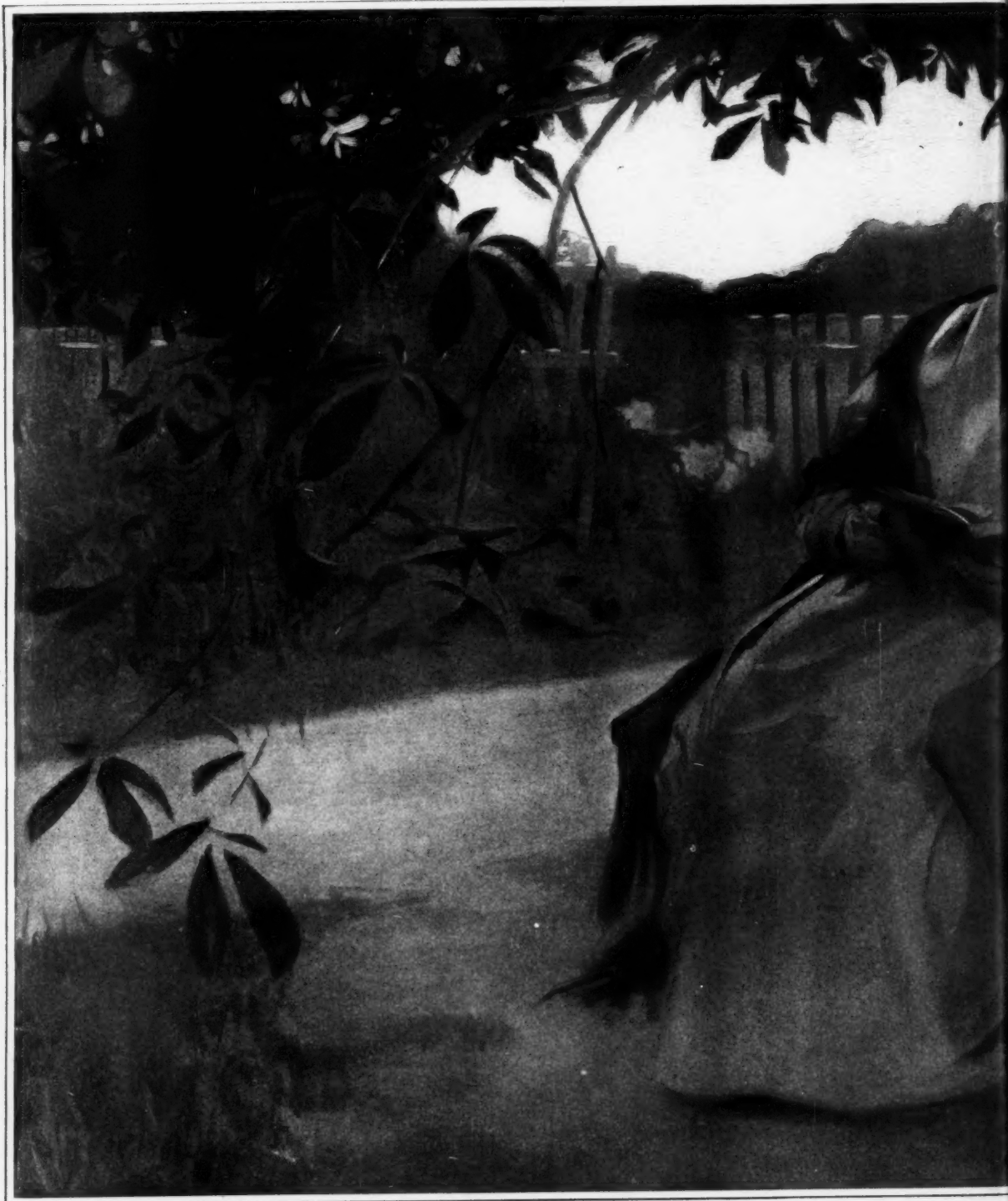
The Inevitable

BRIGGS: I don't think much of Underblossom. He's a scoundrel. He lies in his teeth.

GRIGGS: Why shouldn't he? His teeth are false.



GOING TO THE POLLS



The Closing Chapter of Lor

LIE.



Chapter of Long Love Story



JAMES HUNEKER'S latest volume of papers and essays, *The Promenades of an Impressionist* (Scribners, \$1.50), in the very act of affording its readers a pleasurable opportunity of marveling that one head (irrespective of size) can contain such stores of names and knowledge, brings somewhat markedly to their attention the results of a gradual transformation that has been taking place in the critical and literary attitude of its author. Mr. Huneker's earlier writings represented a co-partnership between a highly sensitive responsiveness to esthetic stimuli and an amazingly supple and refulgent vocabulary. Art in any form went easily, so to put it, to his head, and he was verbally both lucid and lurid in his emotional cups. No one, for instance, who recalls his papers upon the tone poems of Richard Strauss can fail to have been conscious of reading *The Confessions of a Music Eater*; and while his example may occasionally have led the impressionable into excesses of esthetic intemperance, his object lessons in inviting his soul and enjoying the party undoubtedly benefited a community little practiced in that form of entertainment. But Mr. Huneker, what with an increasing resistance to esthetic stimulation and a consequent search for



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



A Modern Chronicle, by Winston Churchill. The entertaining history of an American girl's pursuit of happiness, with an inconclusive account of how she caught it.

The Diamond Master, by Jacques Futrelle. An inventor's financial campaign on Fifth Avenue. A story that "takes hold"—and lets go.

The Fascinating Mrs. Halton, by E. F. Benson. How Daisy's aunt coquetted her out of trouble. A sort of comet's tale; too thin to know you've been through it.

Essays on Modern Novelists, by William Lyon Phelps. Live comment on living writers by a Yale professor.

The History of Mr. Polly, by H. G. Wells. A highly original mixture of humor and human nature.

The Master Girl, by Ashton Hilliers. A paleontological romance. An attractive but flattered picture of a "new woman" of the Stone Age.

My Friend the Indian, by James McLaughlin. See above.

Nathan Burke, by Mary S. Watts. An excellent, leisurely story of social development in Ohio in the '40s and '50s.

Old Harbor, by William John Hopkins. A neighborhood tale with a New England setting, literary quality and a sachet of sentiment.

Predetermined, by Stephen French Whitman. A tragedy by inheritance. A piece of brilliant "pathological" fiction by a young American who is a pupil of De Maupassant's, a disciple of Sudermann's and a student of New York life.

Promenades of an Impressionist, by James Huneker. See above.

Recollections of a Varied Life, by George Cary Eggleston. An interesting and unaffected volume of literary reminiscence.

Sally Bishop, by E. Temple Thurston. Still another tragedy. Yet a sympathetic and understanding study of a real man and a real woman.

The Taming of Red Butte Western, by Francis Lynde. A crisp tale (somewhat over-villained) of a timid superintendent's reform of a Nevada railroad.

The Thief of Virtue, by Eden Phillpotts. Another characteristic story of how the mills of the gods grind on Dartmoor.

new esthetic stimulants, has accumulated an amazing stock of fermented facts and distilled information, and in his later work has tended more and more to substitute a dazzling display of these gatherings for a critical exegesis of his own emotions. The present volume, for example, is made up of biographical and commentative papers upon artists living and dead—upon Cézanne and Monticelli and Rodin and Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec and Botticelli and a sheaf of others—that are strikingly phrased and the garnered contents of which are locally needed; yet it contains many pages that are chiefly calculated to impress the reader with the author's esoteric erudition, and, taken as a whole and as compared with Mr. Huneker's earlier books, it may be said that what it gains in encyclopedic value it more than loses in personal and critical spontaneity.

PERSONAL adventure which is also history and intelligent observation, the recording of which has historical significance, combines to make James McLaughlin's *My Friend the Indian* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50) an extrinsically interesting as well as an intrinsically valuable work. It contains an unassuming and straightforward account of his thirty-eight years' experience as Indian agent, inspector and treaty maker; of his official dealings with Sitting Bull; of his gradually established friendship with the war chiefs of the Sioux; of their accounts of the Custer fight; of Chief Joseph's description of his famous retreat with the Nez Percés before Howard; of his recollections of the frontier, his observations of Indian customs and his estimates of Indian character. It seems probable that if any literary debating society should elect just now to discuss the proposition: "Resolved, That the 'novel of adventure' has run to seed," the negative side of the argument would be difficult to maintain. I do not pretend to have read all the tales of this ilk that have appeared lately (saints and ministers of grace defend the unwary from the attempt!), but either I have been most unfortunate in my selections or the type has cut loose not only from all regard to probability but from allegiance to the homely fundamentals of life itself. For the most part these yarns, or pipe-dreams, or whatever one may elect to call them, represent extravagance developed into extravaganza; as though the "story of adventure," having lost its head, was behaving like a chicken in like circumstances. Yet the vicarious experience supplied by the legiti-



DOES PRACTICE ALWAYS MAKE PERFECT?



IN LOVE

mate, which is to say the human, story of adventure was never more craved and needed than by our commuting and paternally governed generation. It is therefore because *My Friend the Indian* offers us this sense of participation in meaningful action that one is tempted to lay the major stress of comment upon this side of its usefulness, although, as first-hand testimony from a qualified witness in regard to important events and a vanishing type of humanity, it deserves more serious consideration.

J. B. Kerfoot.

THE goose that saved Rome just quacked.

Misinformed

IN the interesting biography of the late King Edward that the *World* printed at the time of his death, it was set forth among other things that for many years the King and Queen Alexandra had not lived on terms of domestic amity; had had indeed no relations but public ones, and met only on necessary public occasions.

This was interesting gossip, but according to accounts that seem much more credible than the *World's*, it was not only untrue but the reverse of the truth.

It is a pleasure to believe that the *World's* information in this instance was mistaken, and to make this tardy correction of our neighbor's error. (No charge.)

TRUTH is the shortest distance between two arguments.

Morganatic

WHEN King George recently succeeded to the throne of England the papers had something to say about a marriage of his that once took place long ago, before he contracted the alliance with the present Princess of Wales.

Some of the papers denied it, and others while admitting it had little to say about it.

The truth is that many years ago the present King of England married an estimable lady and by her had several children. This lady is now living quietly in Canada.

When the King married his present wife, by the law of royalty his former marriage was annulled and his children are morganatic children.

Could anything better reveal the hypocrisy of the Anglo-Saxon? So far as the law is concerned the present King is no less than a bigamist. Yet high functionaries of the church celebrated his royal marriage and prayers are offered daily for his health and conduct.

Even the idea of mentioning the fact that he is the father of two sets of children, one of whom has never had the privilege of calling him father after twelve years of his parentage over them, is now considered indecorous.

The truth is that the Turk, the Mormon and the Anglo-Saxon are brothers under the skin. They all do the same things and call them by different names.

No man is a hero to his stenographer.—Ballinger.



Historic Fun



Scarce Articles

George the First, on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and while the horses were getting ready he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and charged two hundred florins. "How is this?" said his majesty. "Eggs must be very scarce in this place." "Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plenty enough,

but kings are scarce." The king smiled and ordered the money to be paid.

—From "The World's Jest Book," 1826.

The Proof of the Pudding

Anaxarchus used to laugh at Alexander the Great for calling himself a god. One day he was ill and the physician ordered him a pudding. "All

hopes of our god," said Anaxarchus, "lie in this pudding!" —Aelian.

Quoth gallant Fritz, "I ran away To fight again another day." The meaning of his speech is plain: He only fled to fly again.

—From the German of Ephraim Lessing.



TURBAN OF 1780.



THE HEIGHT OF FASHION IN 1796.

—From Thomas Wright's "History of the Georges."



HINTS TO LADIES TO TAKE CARE OF THEIR HEADS.
—From a caricature published in 1776.



TWO DANDIES OF 1795, SHOWING USE OF PARASOLS.
—From a print by Humphrey.



AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF SEEING THE PLAY.

—From a caricature of the seventeenth century.

The Birds

In the year 1846 Mr. J. R. Planché mystified the London playgoers by putting on the stage, at the Haymarket Theatre, a free version of "The Birds" of Aristophanes, which he himself described as "a dramatic experiment, being a humble attempt to adapt the said 'Birds' to this climate by giving them new names, new feathers, new songs and new tales." The London public—nay, even the London critics—did not understand it. They insisted upon looking at it as a burlesque—fancy a burlesque of Aristophanes!—though, as Mr. Planché pointed out, the play had never been advertised or officially entitled a burlesque. Adopting the motto of Shakespeare that

A jest's propriety lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it,

Mr. Planché endeavored to imitate or paraphrase (but not burlesque or travesty) such parts of the comedy of "The Birds" as were capable of such treatment—in his own words, "to new set the teeth of the old saws and make them cut through 'modern instances.'" The playbill, moreover, characterized the experiment as one which had for its object the ascertaining how far the theatrical public would be willing to receive a higher class of entertainment than the modern extravaganza of the English stage or the revue of the French. Presumably the verdict, even if not unfavorable, was the reverse of enthusiastic; for since then Aristophanes has lain on the shelf and extravaganza reigns triumphant.

The plot of the original is simply that two Athenians, disgusted with the state of things in their native city, form the idea of building not exactly a Hygeiopolis, but a city where the birds shall regain their traditional supremacy. The proposal is favorably received by the birds, and the city of Nephelococgygia, or Cloud-cuckoo-town, is the result. It was simply a burlesque on the proneness of the Athenians for building (as we will say) castles in the air. The way in which Mr. Planché introduces the project to the assembly of birds is perhaps one of the happiest instances of transplantation of old ideas into modern phraseology which could possibly be selected.

JACKANOXIDES. Most potent, grave, and reverend owls and widgeons,

My very noble and approved good pigeons,
Gulls, peacocks, parrots, pelicans and plovers,
Whom I would fain call countrymen and lovers,
Though very little of an ornithologist,
It seems I am to be my own apologist
For this intrusion. Hear me, kites and daws;
Hear me, ye rooks, for I espouse your cause.
"Arms and the man" to sing I deem absurd,
A nobler theme is mine—"Wings and the bird"—
The bird, a being before man created
And in the world far higher elevated.

PARROT: Hear, hear!

The honorable bird may cheer,
But I will make my case as moonday clear.
Born before man, I say 'tis my opinion
By eldership you claim o'er him dominion.
Still shall the plumeless biped crow o'er you,
Cock of the walk?

Hear!

Cock-a-doddle-doo!

But perhaps a happier version still of the comedy (for reading, not for dramatic representation) is that which is embodied in the "Paradise of Birds," by Mr. W. J. Court-hope, author of "Ludibria Lunæ." In this clever little adaptation the two adventurous Athenians are represented by Maresnest, a philosopher of the "development" per-

suation, and Windbag, a poet of the romantic school. The former thus dilates on the origin of things:

In the outset of things,
Which the clergy creation miscall,
There was naught to perplex by shape, species, or sex;
Indeed, there was nothing at all
But a motion most comic of dust-motes atomic,
A chaos of decimal fractions,

It is not generally known that some of the best of the dialogues furnished to *Punch* by George Du Maurier were the creation of an American—namely, Mr. Henry Walker, of Worcester. "It had been for many years his practice," says Mr. Spielman in his "History of *Punch*," "whenever inspired with a good idea for a humorous drawing to make a sketch of it in his album." Both Keene and Du Maurier used his ideas, but never signed the drawings. Below are two examples in point.



"MUSICAL"

Eminent Musician: "YOU PLAY, I BELIEVE?"

Swell Amateur: "YA-AS!"

Eminent Musician: "THE CONCERTINA?"

Swell Amateur: "NO—THE COMB!"

—From the original sketch by Harry Walker.



Eminent Musician: "YOU PLAY, I BELIEVE?"

Swell Amateur: "YA-AS!"

Eminent Musician: "CONCERTINA?"

Swell Amateur: "NO—COMB!"

—From the drawing by Du Maurier, as printed in *Punch*, June 20, 1868.

Of which each, under Fate, was impelled to his mate
By love of the law of Attractions.

* * * * *

Soon desiring to pair, Fire, Water, Earth, Air
To monogamous custom unused,
All joined by collusion in fortunate fusion,
And so the Sponge-puzzle produced.
Now the Sponge had of yore many attributes more
Than the power to imbibe or expunge,
And his leisure beguiled with the hope of a child—

CHORUS.

O philoprogenitive Sponge!

MAR.

Then him let us call the first parent of all,
Though the clergy desire to hoodwink us;
For he gave to the earth the first animal birth
And conceived the Ornithorhynchus.

From this hybrid animal we were all elaborated:
Eggs were laid as before, but each time more and more
Varieties struggled and bred,
Till one end of the scale dropped its ancestor's tail
And the other got rid of his head.
From the bill, in brief words, we developed the birds,
Unless our tame pigeons and ducks lie;
From the tail and hind legs, in the second-laid eggs,
The Apes, and—Professor Huxley.

So, too, Windbag, the poet sings, in the true style of the
spasmodic school, the praises of Limbo:

If this my song its theme should wrong,
The theme itself is sweet;
Let others rhyme the unborn time—
I sing the obsolete.

And first I praise the nobler traits
Of birds preceding Noah,
The giant clan whose meat was man—
Dinornis, Apteryx, Moa.

These, by the hints we get from prints
Of feathers and of feet,
Excelled in wits the later tits,
And so are obsolete.

* * * * *

The astrolabe of every babe
Reads in its fatal sky:
"Man's longest room is the low tomb—
Ye all are born to die."

Therefore this theme, O Birds, I
deem

The noblest we may treat;
The final cause of Nature's laws
Is to grow obsolete.

The inhabitants of Cyme, in Aeolis,
had raised a sum of money by mort-
gaging one of their public piazzas.
But as the loan was not repaid the
mortgagees took possession of the
property, good naturedly allowing peo-
ple to shelter there when it rained.
As this was announced by a crier call-
ing out, "Come under shelter!" a
story rose that the people were so
stupid that they did not know when to
seek shelter unless they were told.

—Strabo.

A talkative man was trimming the
beard of King Archelaus and asked:
"How shall I cut it?" "In silence,"
replied the king.

—Plutarch.

In the Vegetable Garden

(From the Turkish of Nasir-ed-din)

Straying into a vegetable garden one day the master
saw that the vegetables were good and plucked one here
and there, dropping them into his wallet. The gardener,
perceiving the master thus occupied, addressed himself to
him, and the following talk ensued:

GARDENER: Who are you?

MASTER: That is known to me but evidently not to you.

GARDENER: Then why are you here?

MASTER: By chance.

GARDENER: I mean, how came you here?

MASTER: By accident.

GARDENER: Say now, without further ado, what
brought you here?

MASTER: The will of Allah.

GARDENER: How so?

MASTER: It must have been the will of Allah, since
Allah is the governor of all nature, and nature is the cause
of my presence in this garden. Could I resist the forces
of nature?

GARDENER: Bandy no words with me, but explain what
force of nature it was that brought you hither to pluck
my vegetables.

MASTER: The wind came and blowing mightily carried
me into this garden.

GARDENER: And did the wind tear up my vegetables?

MASTER: Nay, friend; but the wind blew me about so
that to save myself I clutched at every stalk which came
near my hand, and thus, with each fresh gust of wind that
bore me off, a vegetables remained in my grasp.

GARDENER: A fine story, forsooth!

MASTER: Yes, a truly fine story, friend.

GARDENER: And now, tell me how the vegetables got
into your wallet.

MASTER: Ah, that is really the chief question! Let us
both spend the rest of the day in surmising how the vege-
tables might have got into my wallet.



NAST'S CARTOON ON TAMMANY

WHO STOLE THE PEOPLE'S MONEY? DO TELL!

—New York Times.

—"From 'Th. Nast,' by Albert Bigelow Paine. Copy-
right 1904 by Albert Bigelow Paine." Published in
Harper's Weekly, August, 1871.

The Hare and Hedgehog

(This charming little story, by the brothers Grimm, is full of the most delicate humor, so good because it is constrained. Note the subtle satire on the marriage relationships and the triumph, not of virtue over vice, but of brains over egotism.)

It was a beautiful morning about harvest time; the buckwheat was in flower, the sun shining in the heavens and the morning breeze waving the golden corn, while the lark sang blithely in the clear blue sky and the bees were buzzing about the flowers. The villagers seemed all alive; many of them were dressed in their best clothes hastening to the fair.

It was a lovely day and all nature seemed happy, even to the little hedgehog, who stood in his own door. He had his arms folded and was singing merrily as little hedgehogs can do on a pleasant morning.

While he thus stood amusing himself his little wife was washing and dressing the children and he thought he might as well go and see how the field of turnips was getting on.

He had not gone farther than the little hedge bordering the turnip field when he saw a hare who was on his way to inspect the cabbages which he also considered belonged to him. When the hedgehog saw the hare he wished him "Good-morning" very pleasantly.

But the hare, who was a grand gentleman in his way, and not very good tempered, took no notice of the hedgehog's greeting, but said in a most impertinent manner, "How is it that you are running about the fields so early this morning?"

"I am taking a walk," said the hedgehog.

"Taking a walk!" cried the hare, with a laugh. "I don't think your legs are much suited for walking."

The answer made the hedgehog very angry. He could bear anything but a reference to his legs, so he said:

"You consider your legs are better than mine, I suppose?"

"Well, I rather think they are," said the hare.

"I should like to prove it," said the hedgehog. "I'll wager anything that if we should run a race I should win."

"That is a capital joke!" cried the hare. "To think you could beat me with your bandy legs! However, if you wish it, I have no objections to trying. What will you bet?"

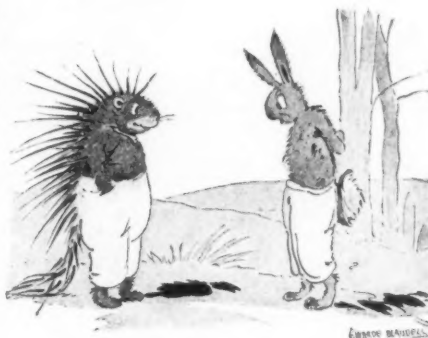
"A golden guinea and a bottle of wine."

"Agreed," said the hare, "and we may as well begin at once."

"No, no," said the hedgehog, "not in such a hurry as that. I must go home first and get something to eat. In half an hour I will be here again."

The hare agreed to wait, and away went the hedgehog thinking to himself, "The hare trusts in his long legs but I will conquer him. He thinks himself a very grand gentleman, but he is only a stupid fellow after all and he will have to pay for his pride."

On arriving home the hedgehog said to his wife, "Wife, dress yourself as quickly as possible; you must go to the field with me."



"TAKING A WALK!" SAID THE HARE.

"What for?" she asked.

"Well, I have made a bet with the hare of a guinea and a bottle of wine that I will beat him in a race that we are going to run."

"Why, husband!" cried Mrs. Hedgehog with a scream, "what are you thinking of? Have you lost your senses?"

"Stop your noise, ma'am," said the hedgehog, "and don't interfere with my affairs. What do you know about a man's business? Get ready and come with me."

What could Mrs. Hedgehog say after this? She could only obey and follow her husband whether she liked it or not. As they walked along together he said to her: "Now, pay attention to what I say. You see that large field? Well, we are going to race across it. The hare will run in one furrow and I in another. All you have to do is to hide yourself in the furrow at the opposite end of the field from which we start, and when the hare comes up to you pop up your head and say, 'Here I am.'"

As they talked the hedgehog and his wife reached the place in the field where he wished her to stop and then went back and found the hare at the starting place ready to receive him.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," replied the hedgehog. "I am quite ready."

"Then let us start at once," and each placed himself in the furrow as the hare spoke. The hare counted, "One, two, three!" and started like a whirlwind across the field. The hedgehog, however, only ran a few

steps and then popped down in the furrow and remained still.

When the hare, after running at full speed reached the end of the field, the hedgehog's wife raised her head and cried out, "Here I am!"

The hare stood still in wonder, for the wife was so like her husband that he thought it must be he. "There is something wrong about this," he thought. "However, we'll have another try." So he turned and flew across the field at such a pace that his ears floated behind him.

The hedgehog's wife, however, did not move, and when the hare reached the other end the husband was there and cried, "Here I am!"

The hare was beside himself with vexation, and he cried, "One more try, one more!"

"I don't mind," said the hedgehog. "I will go as long as you like."

Upon this the hare set off running, and actually crossed the field seventy-three times, and at one end the husband said, "Here I am!" and at the other the wife said the same. But at the seventy-fourth time the hare's strength came to an end and he fell to the ground and owned himself beaten.

The hedgehog won the guinea and the bottle of wine, and after calling his wife out of the furrow they went home together in very good spirits. And if they are not dead they are living still.

The lesson to be learned from this story is that, however grand a person may think himself, he should never laugh at others whom he considers inferior until he knows what they can do; and, secondly, that when a man chooses a wife he should take her from the class to which he himself belongs; and if he is a hedgehog she should be one also.

Intoxication

(Li Po, a Chinese poet, dilates on the pleasures of being drunk.)

What is life, after all, but a dream,
And why should such pother be made?

Better far to be tipsy, I deem,
And doze all day long in the shade.

When I wake and look out into the lawn,
I hear 'mid the flowers a bird sing:
I ask, "Is it evening or dawn?"
The mango-bird whistles, "'Tis spring!"

O'erpower'd with the beautiful sight,
Another full goblet I pour,
And would sing till the moon rises bright—
But soon I'm drunk as before.

The secret of wearying your reader is to tell him everything.—Voltaire.



Notable Tributes

Now, many men, beyond a doubt,
In songs and books
Have written glowing words about
Their worthy cooks.

"She was a phantom of delight,"
So Wordsworth said
Of one who pleased his appetite—
Made lovely bread.

"She was a blessed damosel,"
Rosetti wrote
About some gifted kitchen belle
Of real note.

It was about some cook, I wot,
Who tarried long,
That Gounod wrote, as like as not,
His jewel song.

—Washington Herald.

HOBBS: I guess the elevator is out of
order. What is that sign on the door?

DOBBS: The elevator man must be a
bit of a wag. It says, "Please pardon
me for not rising."—Boston Transcript.



THERE ARE SUCH MEN

They All Serve

George C. Boldt, well-known hotel man, was talking in Philadelphia about the hotels in Switzerland.

"They are good," said Mr. Boldt. "At the price they are remarkably good. The Swiss are a nation of hotel-keepers."

"The Alps, you know, draw all the world to Switzerland, and the Switzer who wants to become a millionaire goes into the hotel business, as an American would go into steel or sugar. He begins at the bottom. He is a waiter."

"It is said that once in Berne, at a historic public meeting, all the leading men of Switzerland were gathered together. A vote had been taken and in the intense silence preceding the epoch-making verdict of the tellers a wag shouted, 'Waiter!'

"Instantly the whole assembly rose as one man and answered, 'Yes, sir!'"

—Detroit Free Press.

Good Reason

"Look here, Ben, what did you shoot at me fer? I ain't got no quarrel with you."

"You had a feud with Jim Wombat, didn't ye?"

"I did; but Jim's dead."

"I'm his executor."—Kansas City Journal.

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The Little Girl at Home

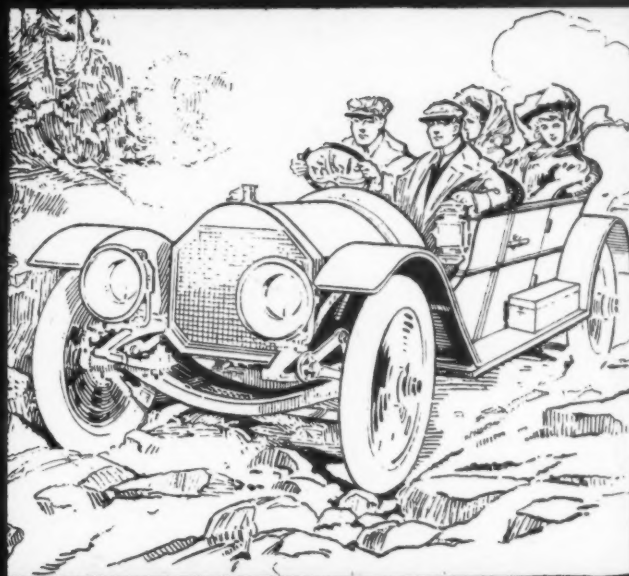
I have courted damsels Spanish,
Dutch, Norwegian, Irish, Danish,
I have faced in warmer climates
All the wiles of eye and fan;
I have seen the dainty Geisha
Do her stunts in distant Asia,
And the girl with jeweled anklets
Twirl in dusky Hindoostan:
I have flirted with Castilian,
German, Greek, and dark Brazilian,
I have played the game of Cupid
Clear from Simla up to Nome—
But, for witcheries seductive,
Cooing, fetching, deft, instructive—
There is nothing in the picture
With the little girl at home.

I have wooed in Rome and Paris
Sprites whose manners would embar-
rass;

I have "jollied" haughty Russians,
Poles and humble-born grisettes;
I have learned to speak Le Gallienne
In melodious Italian,
And to relish gales of garlic
And Egyptian cigarettes;
I have courted maids dramatic,
Tragic, comic, acrobatic;
I have followed circus-riders
Clear from London town to Rome—
But for graces that enrapture,
Dazzle, captivate, and capture
There is nothing on the sky-line
Fit to match the girl at home.

Be her station e'er so lowly,
There's an incense sweet and holy
In the spell her memory summons
From the dim and distant past;
There's a fragrance as of clover
In the dreams that round her hover,
And a nameless something whisp'ring
That the bond will always last;
Other eyes may sue discreetly,
Scarlet lips cajole so sweetly
That the senses swoon and falter
And the fancies idly roam;
But, when all is said and noted,
There's no loving so devoted
As the subtle spell that calls one
To the little girl at home!

Irving Dillon.



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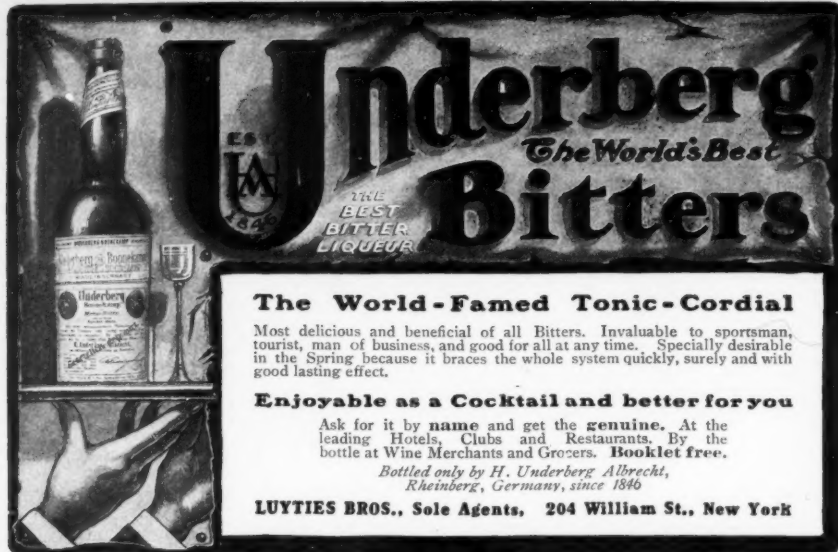
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SAPLEIGH: Ah, speaking of electricity, that makes me think—

MISS KEEN: Really, Mr. Sapleigh? Isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Received in Court Circles

In a speech in the Senate on Hawaiian affairs, Senator Depew, of New York, told this story:

When Queen Liliuokalani was in England during the English Queen's jubilee she was received at Buckingham Palace. In the course of the remarks that passed

between the two Queens, the one from the Sandwich Islands said that she had English blood in her veins.

"How so?" inquired Victoria.

"My ancestors ate Captain Cook."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

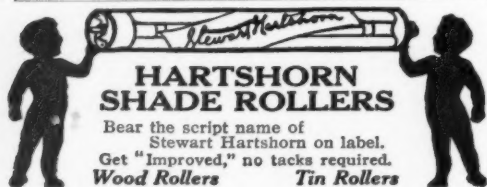
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THE MAN: That's nothing. I know a man who was a profound scholar at forty. Then he met a woman, and for her sake he made a fool of himself in two days.—*Cleveland Leader.*

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Practical

An English friend, who contends that we Americans have no true sense of historic value or artistic verity, cites the following to prove her point. She was at Holyrood last spring, and the custodian was showing her, together with several American tourists, the old rooms of the famous castle. Darnley's dressing-room especially charmed her—the rare mellow panels, marvelously rich with intricate carving, and the exquisite narrow windows of quaint design.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

One of the Americans, evidently a middle-aged man of business, poked his nose in the room and out again.

"Whose did you say? Darnley's? Dressing-room? Hump! Very poor light for shaving."—*Harper's Magazine.*

"ARE cannibals vegetarians?"

"No, dear; humanitarians."—*Yale Record.*

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He put his arm around her waist
And placed upon her lips a kiss.
"I've sipped," he said, "from many a cup,
But never from a mug like this."

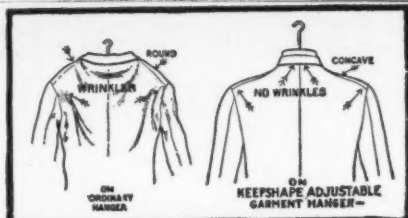
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Mud

MUD is found at the bottom of lakes, on roads, and in political assemblies and newspapers. It is also used to bathe in and to make pies of.

It is composed of the same materials that human beings are made of, viz.: dust and water.

Mud is at its best in the spring of the year. At this period it is largely used by automobiles. It is good for rheumatism and turtles. In Pittsburg and St. Louis it is taken with meals.

Mud is a counter-irritant for armies. Hannibal encountered it and Napoleon was delayed by it, but Roosevelt didn't mind it. It has often been mixed with the best thought.

The earth has been trying to get rid of its mud ever since it began, but it still sticks, in spite of countless revolutions. Besides, if it fell off there would be no place for it elsewhere. Some men have been named after it.

Mud is used by plebeian clams, who live in it in flats. It is also used by rivers to make deltas of. A respectable delta can be made by any hard-working river in about a thousand years, working night and day.

Mud is a great traveler. New Jersey mud can be frequently seen sauntering up and down Broadway.

When dust gets uneasy and wishes to be made into mud, it prays for rain. Then it lies in the sun and becomes dust again. This gives it that variety which, as we all know, is the spice of life.

Mud is no respecter of persons.

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Rhymed Reviews

Cavanagh: Forest Ranger

(By Hamlin Garland, Harper & Brothers)

Though Garland's fiction may be strange,
His facts on spooks are even stranger;
Then let him ride the Western range
Again, to yarn about a ranger—

A ranger of the Pinchot school,
One Cavanagh, an old Rough Rider
Who loves the forest deep and cool,
But doesn't seem a good provider.

The cattle lords, who long to steal
The lands he guards from desecration,
Do not approve his simple zeal
And sermonettes on conservation.

But when these caittiff cattle knights
Exterminate some harmless herders,
Our ranger gets 'em dead to rights
Because he learns who did the murders.

And thus (though how, 'tis hard to see)
He saves the woods and earns promotion,
And condescends to marry Lee—
A girl who gave him pure devotion.

A note from Gifford Pinchot's pen
This rambling story introduces;
It says he likes the Western men
Who've helped reform the old abuses.

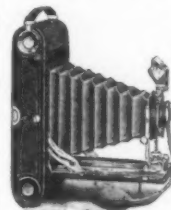
So I am reading *Collier's*, filled
With hope therein to see it stated
That when those herder lads were killed
One Ballinger was implicated.

Arthur Guiterman.

O N LAKE GEORGE
The Sagamore Hotel
June-October
"Emphatically Unique"
T. E. Krumbholz, Sagamore, N. Y.

Vacation Suggestions
from the

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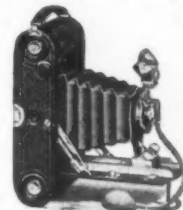
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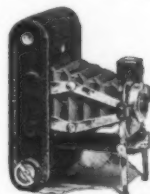


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The
Literary
Zoo.

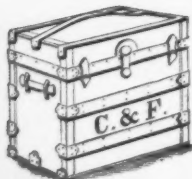
A Purist on the Warpath

Once more—yet assuredly not for the last time—Kansas. Once more—and often again, let us hope—William Allen White. In his *Emporia Gazette*—emporium and epitome of all things indigenous to Letters and the Long Grass—he lately harped this hymn:

"Oh, say, have you seen by the dawn's early light

The backbone of winter that hung in the well?"

Everywhere it set the muses in a flutter. Minerva—or whoever it is the



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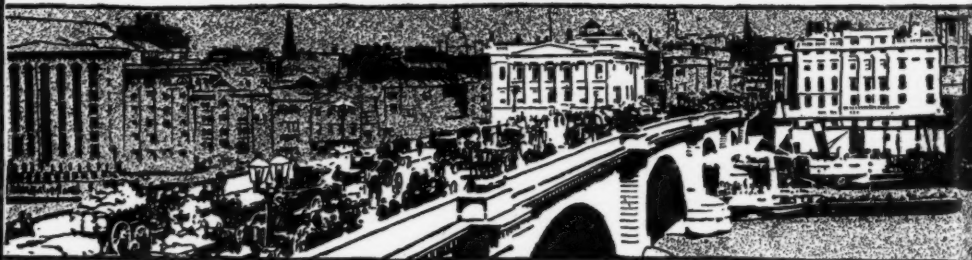
minor poets pray to—held a housewarming. T. A. Daly, Philadelphia's Petrarch, immediately put the pot on to boil, with a resultant flavor of macaronic verse which Market Street pronounced to be "just the cheese." Bert Lester Taylor, justly celebrated for his breakfast-food verses in the *Chicago Tribune*, contributed a crazy-quilt in cunningly assorted quatrains. McLandburgh Wilson did a drop-stitch

effect with the art that conceals the art of rhyming at easy intervals. Rudnyansky, the Hungarian Heine of Hester Street, contributed a lovely lyric in goulash medley. Even W. J. Lampton was prompted to write poetry, but was induced to write a letter to the *Sun* instead.

Mr. White, of course, might easily have rested on his laurels for a while.

(Continued on page 1077)

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE GUIDE



L O N D O N

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They have brought the luxury of the Old World to the New
Cork Tips or Plain

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 1076)

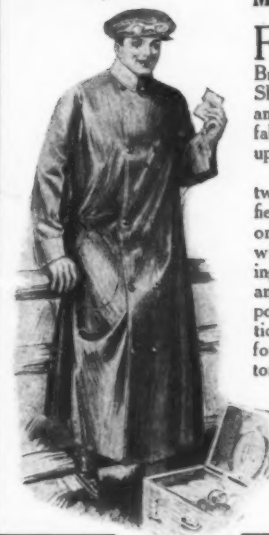
(He stuffs his pillows with them, we are told, as common mortals stuff theirs with the needles of the balsam pine.) But he neither lives nor has his being in bowers of ease. Emporia, with a jealous eye on Atchison, is ever up and doing. Has not E. W. Howe abjured the novel for the paragraph?—no longer the Howells, but the Joubert of the Middle West. Is not Ironquill—office-holder *emeritus*—to be

reckoned with? In Emporia, as elsewhere, eternal vigils are the price of celebrity. Behold, therefore, the editor of the *Gazette* hitting the new Santa Fé trail, his 40-Pegasus-power machine threshing the macadam as he goes. Whoopee! Zip-zip! The bullets from the new-fangled magazine "gun" whiz about the head, not of "Ed" Howe—who uses an old-style hair-trigger that never misses fire—but perforate the phantom of a *Globe* reporter, "canned," says Mr. White, in the pure Kansan tongue, because "he always sauntered; never walked, or ran, or skipped."

Even in our most admiring moments we had not suspected that Kansas—making possible, as it does, through its country subscribers the elevated tone of the Chicago press—never had we supposed that Kansas would fight at the drop of the hat for the preservation of the English language in all its pristine purity. (Mem. and query: Look up "pristine." What does it mean, anyway? And why is only

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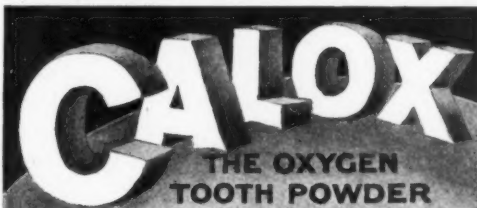


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he not consult the "Words and Their Uses" of that other and more obscure White, and learn that "aggravate" always irritated that gentle soul when employed in the sense of "irritate." If not, why not? With Soule and Bartlett in arm's reach of every pristine Emporian, why not also the lesser White?

Nevertheless let Wichita take warning. Let "our own correspondent" in Larned (Kans.) awake from his false security acquired at the time his town ceased to be an army post. For Wil-

(Continued on page 1078)

"OLD OVERHOLT RYE-please"

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Mild and mellow and of exquisite flavor.

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purely pristine?) Yet: "There are certain words," concludes Mr. White, in a passionate plea for a suppressed etymology, "which aggravate us beyond endurance; one of them is 'saunter.'"

So? Yet what sayeth the pundit? "It is better to walk than to run. It is better to saunter than to walk. It is better to sit than to saunter. It is better to lie down than to sit."

Kansas of course has escaped the enervating influence of the Orient. We never saw a Sufi who really hustled. And, like as not, he reads the Bhagavadgita with his breakfast, preferring it even to the *Emporia Gazette*. The East, too—our East—has lost its influence over Kansas. But did William Allen White ever hear tell of Richard Grant White? He, too, was a purist in his way. If Richard was really known to William, why did not W. A. W., when he dipped that old oaken bucket into the Emporia well of English undefiled—why, we ask, did

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Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 1077)

liam Allen White is on the war-path, armed with the most terrible of all weapons—words; weapons, at that, which he wields indifferently with either hand, and without benefit of dictionary to them who would stay the torrent of his wrath.

W. T. L.

Bed-Time Books

The London *Outlook* devotes some of its spare space to a catalogue of "insomnia remedies." It omits, we are glad to observe, the favorite humorous prescription, "letting the other fellow walk the floor." A list of bed-time books is also judiciously left out. Why offend the publishers, when it is so much easier, and more charitable, to dwell only on the good points of an



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Get a Copy of this Invaluable Book Before You Go

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uninteresting book or author? Only the other day we restrained an intolerant art critic who was rolling up his sleeves for an assault upon Ruskin. "At least," we cautioned him—taking a leaf from the dramatic editor's ethics—"at least you must remember that he was good to his mother." "And to Millais," savagely remarked the critic, as if to anticipate us. But we had put him in a good humor, anyway; and that to an art critic means a great deal.

Bed-time books! How can any man, unless he be a specialist in nervous disorders, prepare such a list for any other man? What amuses us may bore you cruelly. (We have had some confidential chats with the editor on this very subject.) But if you will, for a few moments, keep your mind open—and your eyelids—we shall take our pen in both hands to assure you that what is hay to one man may be manna to another. This is true both of books and breakfast foods. A very bright young gentleman of our acquaintance, whose one fault is his passionate frivolity, has shamelessly confessed, in public, that "Don Quixote"

(Continued on page 1079)

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 1078)

is his "one best dope." We dislike slang, but them's his sentiments. It's all very strange. Some persons lie awake at night thinking of posterity, while others grow lean with worry when they read of the dreadful things that happened to the Byzantine Empire. It's all in the personal equation, as Professor Peck says—some of the *Bookman's* regular bed-time readers becoming preposterously excited over

40 Minutes from B'way

THE MONTCLAIR "ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP" MONTCLAIR, N. J.

"Trimalchio's Dinner," while others claim that Horace can't hold a candle to Helen Green. That is why the *Bookman* must cater to all cultured persons—those who idly dream over the latest kodak of Mr. Le Gallienne in his new French flannels and those who threaten to stop their magazine if Professor Peck doesn't write more of those snappy paragraphs.

There is no use in trying to fight insomnia. When sore pressed we have vainly tried Mr. Roosevelt's essays and other remedies equally as good on the lower shelf of the Tabard Inn case in our drug store. As a last resort we let our imagination play leapfrog with *l'ère majesté*, and conceived ourselves pacing the Kaiser and T. R. in a heel-and-toe walking and talking match. Net result: A nightmare, in which we seemed to be the earth—a somewhat frayed globular mass with which a four-eyed Atlas in khaki and a super-Siegfried with military mustaches were playing pitch and toss. We awoke somewhat abruptly, to find—"the sun streaming in our window," of course (what do you expect for ten cents, in addition to all the pictures?); also, luckily, a copy of the *New York Outlook*. Let London invent its own opium substitutes, advertising such insomnia remedies as may seem good to it. Our *Outlook* is an insomnia remedy—one that even the tired business man may take without contracting the habit.

W. T. Larned.

She Explains

HUSBAND: Say, Lottie! What have you been copying Blankem's catalogue for?

WIFE: I haven't been copying Blankem's catalogue at all—that's just my shopping list.—*Harper's Bazar*.

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Pears
Answers For All

HOME, SWEET HOME NUMBER



NEXT TUESDAY



LIFE is nothing if not original. One day in a moment of high inspiration it suddenly occurred to us that we ought to have something to say about the return of Mr. Roosevelt to his flock. It seemed to us that this event, so slightly noticed by our backward brothers of the press, ought to be commemorated in some manner so that the people would know about it. We cabled Mr. Roosevelt, asking permission to refer to him occasionally in this number and received this characteristic reply:

"Modesty prevents."

This, however, seems to be a case where patriotism is a loftier duty than consideration for the feelings of one who shrinks so absurdly (and to us mistakenly) from publicity. And so next week this great number of LIFE will be on sale in all the Roosevelt States of the Union (46). Harvard papers please copy.

Coming Numbers:

June 30

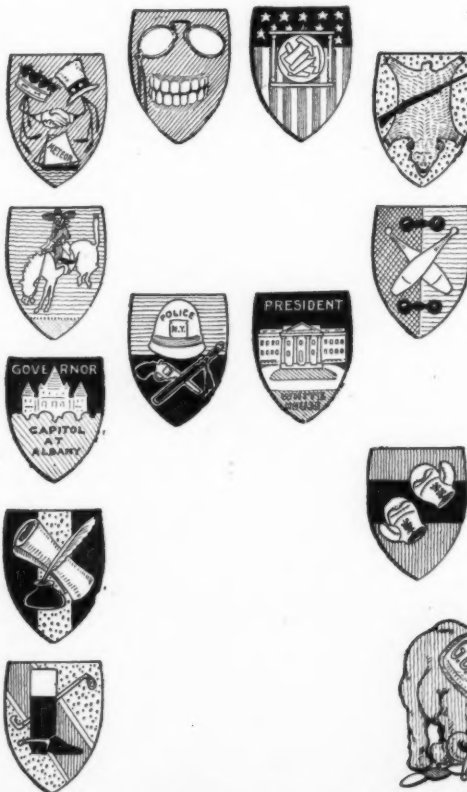
Yankee Doodle (formerly Army and Navy), with cover by Orson Lowell, and replete with patriotic persiflage.

July 7

The Great Wild Oats Number. Cover by Squires showing a thrilling midnight elopement. This is the first announcement of this number. We have been keeping it up our sleeve for the psychological moment. It reeks with wickedness. Don't get it. We will withhold it by request from any reader or subscriber and refund the ten cents, if notified at once. Otherwise we don't answer for consequences.

July 21

Dyspeptics' Number. Cover by Kilvert. This is an exceedingly painful number. Full to bursting. A gastronomic galaxy of glorious gyrations. Warranted to give everybody palpitation of the diaphragm.



*They wondered still, and still the wonder grew,
That one small tongue could utter
all he knew.*

All Explained in Next Week's LIFE.



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· LIFE ·

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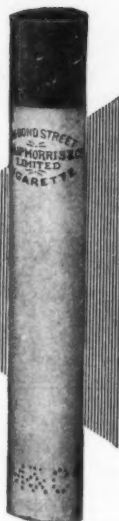


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"The Little Brown Box"



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Cortez CIGARS
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Three Cheers

Lysander, hail! Immortal man,
Bright light of by-gone times,
To you I wabble this paean,
Or, better, pen these rhymes.
To you I doff my head-gear, sir,
Thou celebrated male.
(I can't remember who you were,
But, still, Lysander, hail!)

Hail, D'Alembert! Your honored name
Has often staggered me;
For laurels cluster round the same
With such luxuriency.
To fellow-men you gave your all,
A gift of value rare.
(Its nature I cannot recall,
But—hail to D'Alembert!)

Hail, Amru! Famous man until
Men praise no longer give;
The deeds that gave you glory will,
I feel quite certain, live.
The tooth of time, in quest of sham,
Will never worry thee.
(I simply cannot place you, Am,
But—have a "Hail!" on me.)
—Thomas R. Ybarra, in the Century.



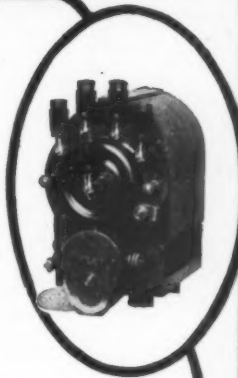
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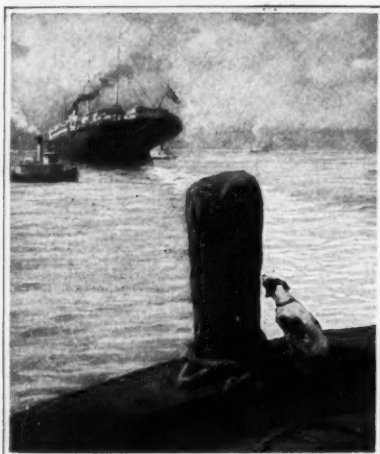
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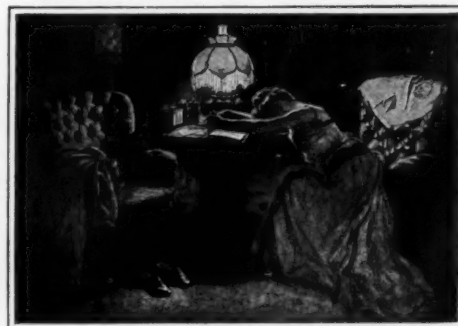
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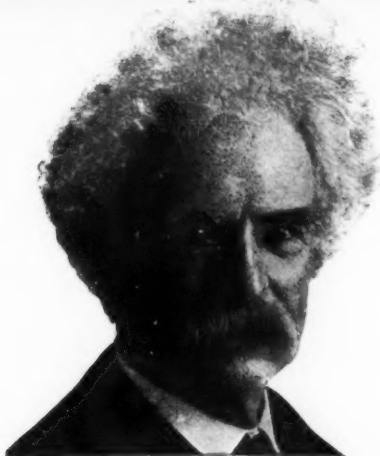
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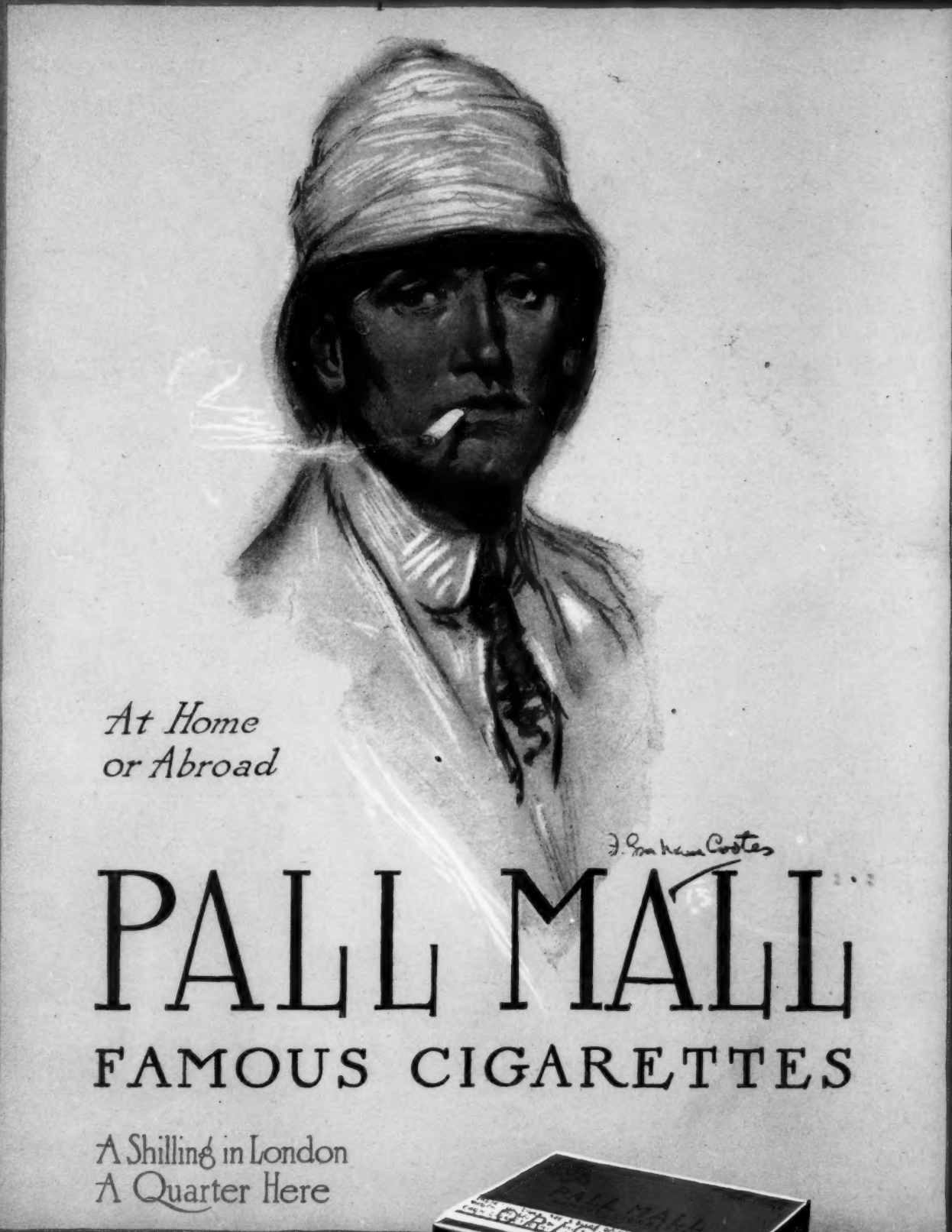
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