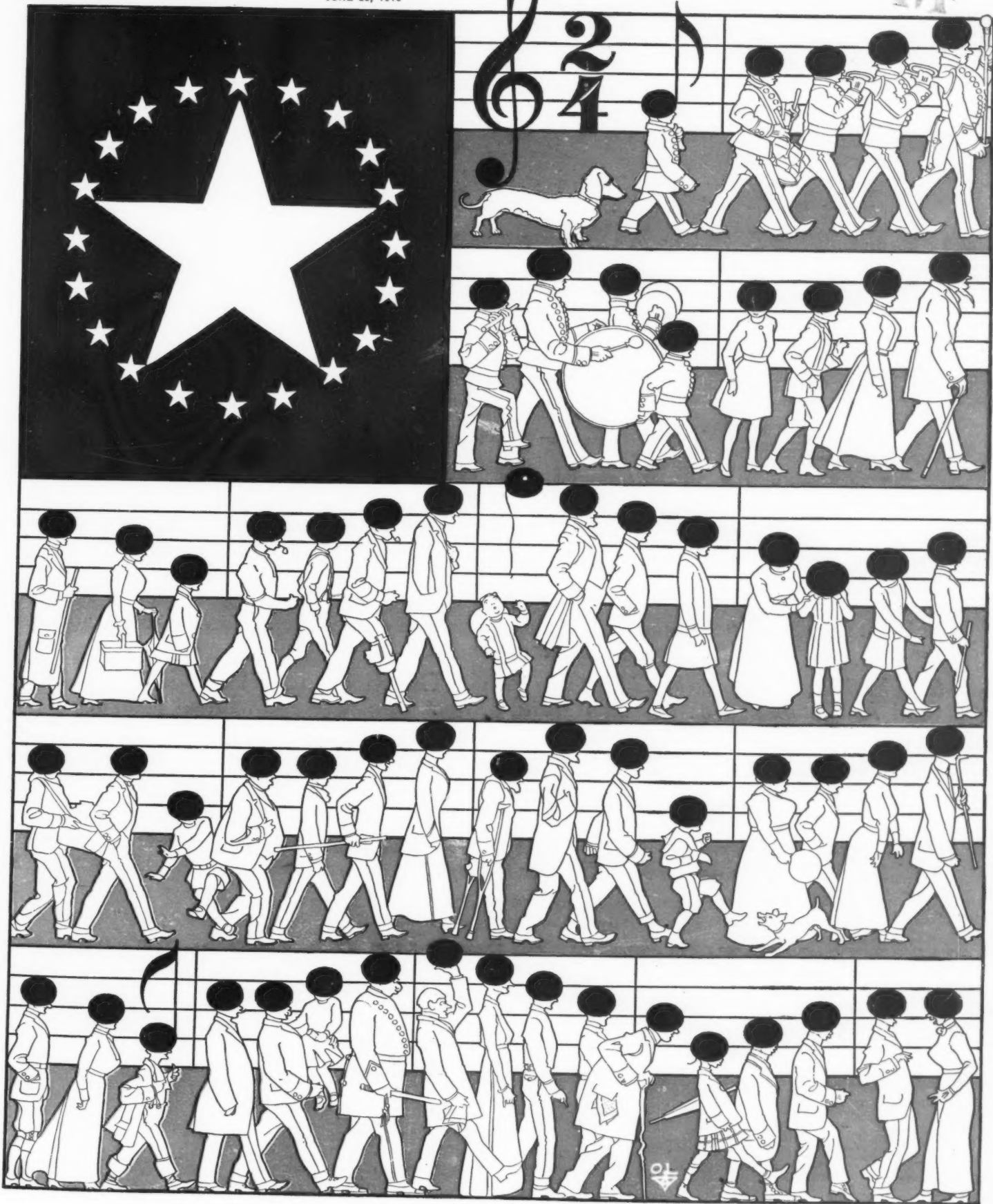


Rather fast



YANKEE DOODLE NUMBER



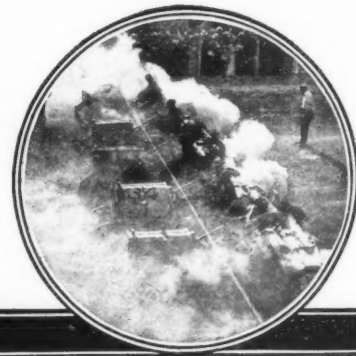
1891

Detachable bicycle tires were
first produced by
Michelin "As Usual"



1895

Pneumatic Automobile Tires were
first produced by
Michelin "As Usual"



1910

All important speed and endur-
ance contests are invariably won on
Michelins "As Usual"

MICHELIN TIRES

Michelin invented the pneumatic automobile tire away back in 1895 and to-day produces more than 50% of all the tires made in the world.

Michelin invented Anti-Skid Tires in 1905. The Michelin Steel Studded Leather Tread Anti-Skid prevents skidding and protects the envelope without destroying its resiliency.

Michelin invented Demountable Rims in 1906. In the essentials of simplicity, ease of operation, light weight and security Michelin Demountables have never been equalled.

The superior quality and dependability of all Michelin products have created a standard that has endured for seventy-eight years.

MICHELIN TIRES HAVE WON 95% OF ALL THE WORLD'S IMPORTANT
SPEED AND ENDURANCE CONTESTS SINCE MOTORING BEGAN.

IN STOCK THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES

and in every country in the world where cars are used.

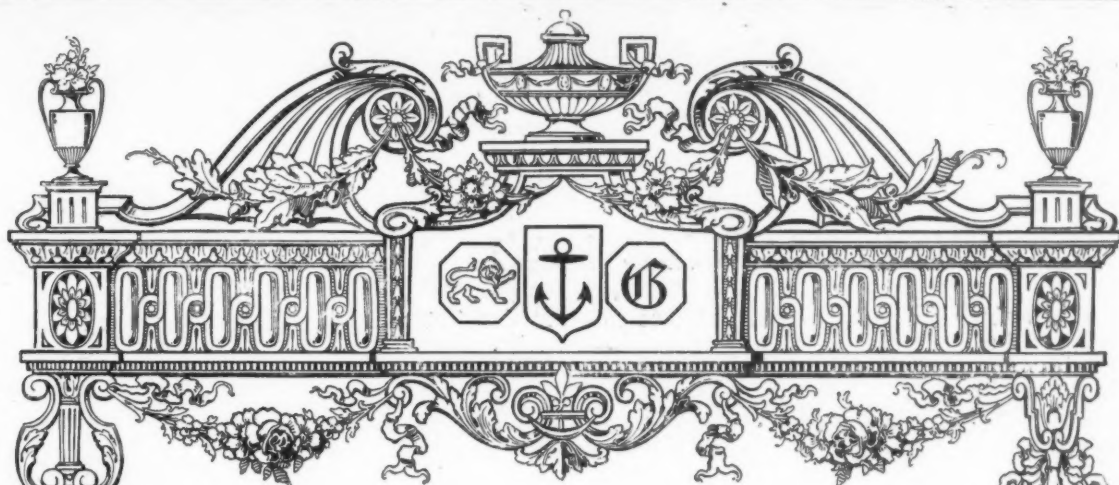
Michelin Tire Company,

Milltown, New Jersey

FACTORIES FOUNDED IN


CLERMONT-FERRAND, FRANCE, 1832—LONDON, ENGLAND, 1904—TURIN, ITALY, 1906—MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY, 1907





Wedding Silver

Gorham Silverware of today will be even more appreciated by future generations than the heirlooms of the past are by the present generation.

No investment that can be made will produce greater dividends in immediate pleasure and future satisfaction than a piece of silver handicraft bearing the Gorham mark .

Aside from its intrinsic value Gorham Silverware, offered by leading jewelers, has the distinction of representing the perfection of the Silversmiths' Art at this period of American History.

The ownership of a piece of Gorham Silverware will mean as much to future generations as the ownership of an "old master" means to the Art lover of today.



The Gorham Co.

Silversmiths
New York

GORHAM SILVER POLISH - THE BEST FOR CLEANING SILVER.

STILL COMING IN

OUR MENTAL SUBSCRIPTION LIST GROWING TO IMMENSE PROPORTIONS.

Over a million new subscribers this week. The total list is now 4,188,346—and still growing.

We should like to have one thing definitely understood, however. This department can have no connection with any other department of this paper. There seems to be a misconception on this point. For example, an old subscriber sends us the following (real) letter:

"Just send me back my real five dollars, and I will become a mental subscriber at once. I have read your new mental offer, and it impresses me very much. What's the use of spending real money when you can get something for nothing?"

Our friend is laboring under a very natural illusion. He doesn't understand, but we shall endeavor to make it clear to him. It's a subtle thought, but very interesting and important, and we hope that he and all others who are in doubt will have the patience to see the real idea back of it.

Which is simply this: Every human being lives two lives, namely, a materialistic, physical life, and a deep, far-reaching mental life.

What we shall do eventually is to merge these two lives into each other.

But not yet—not quite yet. In time, everything will be mental. Our printer's bills will be mental, and when one of our best artists comes in—or rather, vibrates—a fine, dramatic picture, he will be paid mentally.

But not yet—not quite yet. Unfortunately, they still demand payment in base materialistic coin of the realm.

At present, then, we have no immediate connection with other departments of this paper.

And so to our friend who has written us, we say that, if he is going to reason that way, we might just as well ask all of our mental subscribers to send in a plain, every day check to the other department. It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways.

We don't have to run this department at all. It's only a concession to base materialism. Our *Real* (by "real" we mean, of course, the mental) department is bigger than almost anything you can possibly imagine. It is only bounded by the confines of the imagination.

We are just running this faint physical reflection of it in our coarse materialistic columns in hopes that our materialistic friends may eventually work up to the true mental plane.

In the meantime, we are somewhat shorthanded, and we issue the following call:

TO NEW THOUGHTISTS OR MENTICULTURISTS EVERYWHERE!

LIFE wants mental agents to work up imaginary subscriptions. Easy mental money.

You can sit in your own home and do the work. Any mother can do it, between times.

You can make an imaginary fortune at it in no time.

Young women will be gladly welcomed at this office. You don't have to come—just send in your thought application to our Mental Subscription Department, and we will detail your duties.

Don't start out on your own hook, without first com-

municating with us. Everybody must be assigned a territory. Two of our mental Plainfield agents got into a lot of vibratory trouble last week because they went ahead and concentrated on the same territory.

Young and vigorous minds wanted everywhere. No broken down intellects need apply.

We can use a few able-minded Christian Scientists.

The work is simple and easy, and *not* a tax on the subliminal self. Our office cat brought in nearly a hundred subscribers last week by sitting on the last bound volume of LIFE and concentrating in space. Purely unconscious on her part, but it only illustrates the Great Fact.

Every application to be a subscription agent should have the applicant's name and address plainly written (mentally) in the upper left hand corner. Otherwise great confusion may result, especially as we have thousands an hour to sort out.

Remember that every mental act you commit is more real than any coarse materialistic act. Therefore, if you mentally put your name on the right hand corner, it cannot be erased. Our mental filing system is a great success, but it has its limitations.

LIFE offers to its mental agents opportunities that no other periodical in this country can approach. Our circulation is unlimited, and we have got such a good start that no one can catch us.

Before mentally subscribing—if you would rather do it that way—you can request us to vibrate a list of our coming special numbers, and we will gladly do so. Then, after you have looked them over in your mind, you can send in your subscription.

Remember, in sending in a mental subscription, always to use our regular form. These are furnished on thought application.

We have just received the following vibration, which, for the benefit of our materialistic readers, we translate into ordinary base words:

Dear Sirs:

Last week I subscribed mentally to Life, and find it all that you claim, with one exception, and that is, that there are no advertisements in it.

Half the fun of reading Life is in its ads. Just because we lead a mental existence, why do you omit such an important part of the paper?

We beg to inform our friend that he is mistaken. On looking up his subscription, we find that at the moment he concentrated to send it in he had just been reading some fake ads in a religious weekly, and had an unconscious mental impulse against all forms of advertising. The result was that his order was filled without our great advertising mental supplement. We have remedied the matter, and sent him on by special mental delivery all the back advertising supplements.

This teaches us that, even in our thought, we should never permit hasty impulses against any form of advertising, no matter how bad it is.

Don't delay. Your whole mental existence may depend upon your subscribing to LIFE mentally.

Lead the imaginary five dollar life. It pays.

Position Unrivalled in LONDON.
THE LANGHAM HOTEL
 Portland Place and Regent St., W.
FAMILY HOTEL of the HIGHEST ORDER
 In Fashionable and Healthy Locality.
Reduced Inclusive Terms
during August and September.



COURTSHIP
 SHE ROSE IN SILENCE

RAD-BRIDGE
 Registered at Pat. Office LONDON · WASHINGTON · OTTAWA

INDEPENDENCE DAY
59 How silly to shoot off the cracker
 That comes from the land of the lacquer;
 Just give me the shade
 With a "Rad-Bridge" maid
 And the time between deals to smacker.

SILK VELOUR PLAYING CARDS
 Latest, same quality, size, colors and price as our famous hem-
 stitched linen card, only difference design of back. "It's a beauty."
 Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) secures our handsome sample wallet
 of Bridge Whist accessories with new illustrated catalog. Address Dept. L,
Radcliffe & Co., 144 Pearl St., New York, and London, E.C.

Americans
 Ready to
 March un-
 Yieldingly

Against
 Nations
 Designing

Naughtiness
 Against these
 Valiant
 Youths.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



Bulletin.

TOUR TO YELLOWSTONE PARK AND THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

In the heart of the Rocky Mountains lies one of nature's richest treasure-houses—the Yellowstone National Park. It is America's greatest show ground. To visit this Park is to see nature in a variety of rare and majestic moods.

The Canadian Rockies, glorious in scenery, displaying new wonders in every mile as one penetrates the great canyons through which the railroad runs, combine the beauty of the Alps and the grandeur of the Himalayas.

On August 15, a personally-conducted tour through the Yellowstone Park; to Portland and Seattle, and returning through the Canadian Rockies, will leave the East by special train over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Five and one-half days will be spent in the Park, one day in Portland, one day in Seattle, one day on Puget Sound, going by steamer from Seattle to Vancouver, part of a day at Vancouver, one day at Laggan, one day at Banff, and sight-seeing trips will be made in St. Paul and Chicago. The tour will cover a period of twenty-one days.

The rate will cover all necessary expenses.

Persons desiring to utilize this exceptional opportunity to visit the Yellowstone Park and the Canadian Rockies should apply for Pullman space early, as the party will be limited. Address C. Studds, D. P. A., 263 Fifth Avenue, New York, or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

History Repeats Itself

GOVERNOR FORT, in refusing to help the New Jersey Medical Society drive out the osteopaths, said to one of the doctors: "The gentleman who has just spoken has himself told me that he has had patients whom he sent to osteopaths for treatment. His own wife is one of them. I am another. When I had a broken rib last year Dr. Schaufler himself advised me to consult an osteopath."

This recalls Senator Platt's reply to

the New York doctors when his aid was implored to prevent the osteopaths from practicing in this State:

"Why, gentlemen, as osteopathy cured me when everything else failed and I still depend on it, I might seem ungrateful if I drove them out of business."

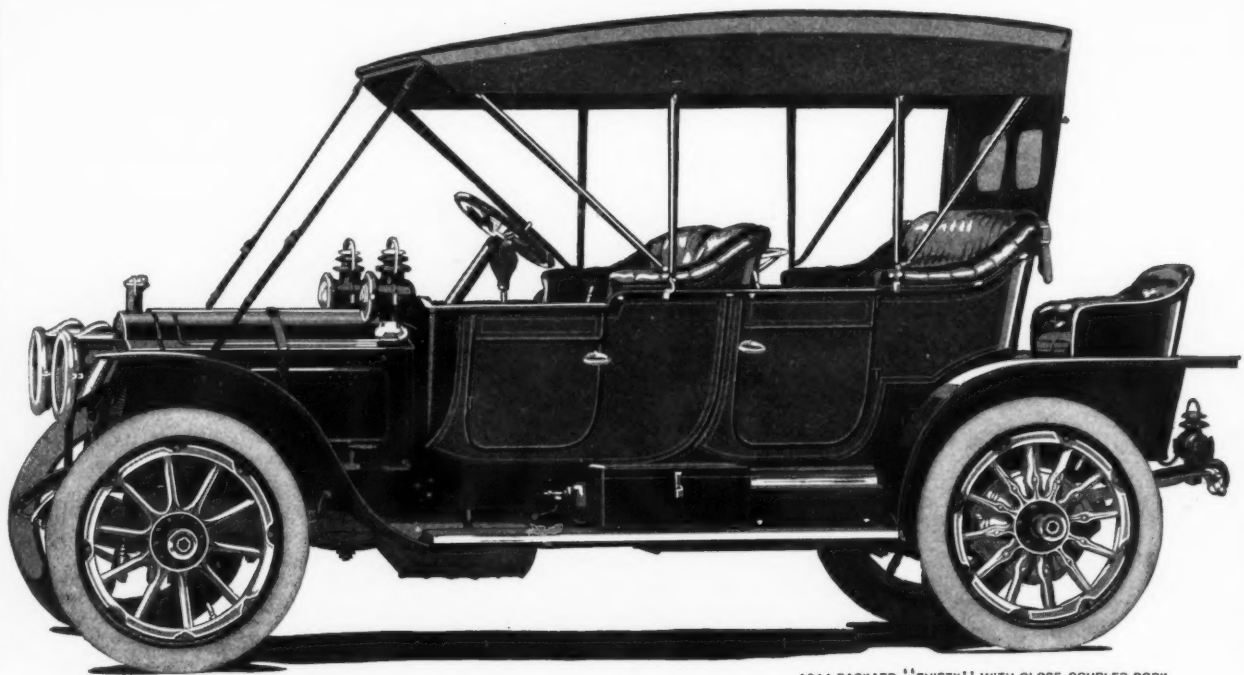
Cut Low in the Neck

WAITER: Did you order beef a la mode, sir?

DINER (impatiently): I did. What's the matter? Waiting for the styles to change?—*Boston Transcript.*

Sterling Tires are only as good as the best, but Sterling Blue

Tubes have no equal. There are mechanical as well as chemical reasons for this superiority, which is apparent to the naked eye. Somewhat higher in price than most other tubes, but much cheaper per mile. Dealers everywhere. Booklet. *Sterling Rubber Works, Rutherford, N. J.*



1911 PACKARD "THIRTY" WITH CLOSE-COUPLED BODY
STANDARD EQUIPMENT INCLUDES TOP

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LV. JUNE 30, 1910 No. 1444

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



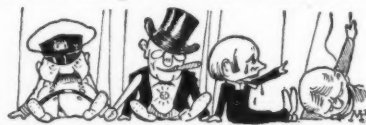
A DEAR old friend writes to LIFE:

Of late I have been surrounded by people who are anti and again anti T. R. Constant scoffs and jeers have made the air thick and exhausting. In comes the editorial page of LIFE, June 16. It clears the air; is a perfect tonic. I thank you for it with all my heart!

Dear friend, we would rather have your letter than a Carnegie medal. To do anybody good is a great joy and a great privilege, and to do good in the particular line that you speak of is particularly grateful to us, because so many tiresome people are so persistent and incurable in doing bad in that line. There is much of the root of the matter in our friend T. R., but the world abounds in people who don't know the root of the matter when they see it, and, of course, they can't see it in the Colonel. We are always interested in him not so much because he is Roosevelt as because we are extremely interested in life. Contemporary folks who are not interested in him can be only imperfectly interested in life, because he is the whooping manifestation of the most life that goes about anywhere under one hat.

Between the writing and the reading of LIFE's discourses there is always an interval of about ten days, and there are hazards about making expositions of current events that must be as long as that in getting to their market. It is more hazardous than ever now that the Colonel has got back. Will he still be the topic of the hour when this issue of LIFE comes out? Probably he will, for the papers will be telling

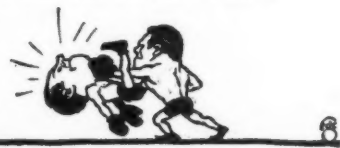
how he went to the Harvard Commencement and what he said there. He is too bright a speck for us all to keep our eyes fixed on permanently without danger of being hypnotized, but if we take our eyes off of him, what may he not do? It will take us a little while to get used to him again and take him easy. He said when he came ashore that he was ready to help solve the country's problems in so far as he could. No doubt he can help, though the most troublesome of them, the railroad problem, got a good lift forward the day the Colonel landed, when the President signed the new railroad bill.



THEY are quite serious—those problems. A lot of worthy men are very doleful about the state of the country and the prospects of business. Nobody seems to want to buy bonds—that is, nobody who has the necessary money. It is really horrible to hear the complainers complain; brokers, for example, who haven't made any money for months and who say that the future of all business, and of the railroads especially, is so uncertain, and that everybody is so much in the dark about what the Government and the courts and the Legislatures and the commissions are going to do with property that no one wants to buy more of anything than enough to carry him through the week. They say that the business men of the country have been driven into the pen and that a lot of wild-eyed enthusiasts have got engagements as shepherds. They curse out Roosevelt on general principles, and if you say: "But Taft"—they curse Taft out a great deal worse. It is really astonishing with what heartiness and with what epithets various orders of men disparage our President and pretty much all his official family. To our mind that is very indecent and unprofitable. We got married to the Judge a spell ago, more by our desire than his, and the first stop for divorce does not come for nearly three years. While the bonds hold we owe him respect and support, and he is well worth both. If he seems at times to give a flickering light, it's merely that

he hasn't got good wicks. Certainly there's lots of illuminant about him, and that's the main thing. There are awful complaints about his cabinet, but cabinets are relative. They should not rise above their source. They must be chosen as Fingy Conners chose 'longshoremen. "If there is anny body in this gang who thinks he can lick me, I'd like to have him step out!" One steps out. "You're fired! I'll have nobody wor-rk for me that says I can't lick him." When Mr. Ballinger's talents have found another field and Mr. Hitchcock has been promoted to some place more worthy of his activities, Mr. Taft's cabinet ought to do. There are excellent men in it. There has been much complaint about Mr. Klix, but he is an able and honorable man, and ought to make good where he is.

So far as the Federal government is concerned, the railroads are going to get their fair dues and more. It is necessary to the prosperity of the country that the railroads that deserve to prosper should prosper. Very soon Mr. Morgan will come home and presently he will begin to bet on the future of the country, just as usual, and in due time will win just as usual.

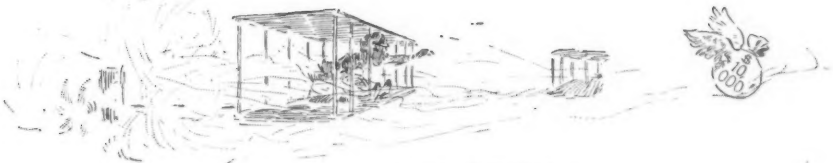


THE fight against the prizefight has been enough to make a horse laugh. The thing that finally stirred the Governor of California to take action to drive the fight out of San Francisco appears to have been a telegram from Representative Bennett, of New York, saying that "the moral sentiment of the House would probably be against designating a prizefight city as the place for holding the Panama Exposition of 1915."

The heart of the virtuous city is still true to Sport, but the other lover has a longer purse.

Wasn't that a bluff—that message of Representative Bennett? Perhaps not. Congress is probably the most cowardly body of its size in the world. It abolished the canteen.

But prizefights are out of date, anyhow.



NOT A WILL O' THE WISP.

June



F.T. RICHARDS

HAS ANY BODY HERE SEEN TEDDY?



A LITTLE SUIT FOR PEARY.



QUEEN MARY DISLIKES FRENCH COOKING.



UNCLE SAM SEIZES SOME PANAMA HATS.



PRESIDENT TAFT SHOCKS THE PRESBYTERY.



A STRIKE FOR HIGHER WAGES.



AT "LIFE'S" FARM
THE DAILY PIP

"Life's" Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged	\$2,617.77
Anonymous	5.00
Anonymous	25.00
Anna J. Valentine.....	5.31
A. M. Davis.....	25.00
K. T.	10.00
G. D. E.	5.00
"Frances"	10.00
Franklin Lindley Couch.....	25.00
C. U. Dolan.....	50.00
Mrs. Burr Porter.....	10.00
K. E. T.	20.00
G. B. D., Jr.....	5.50
	<hr/>
	\$2,813.58

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

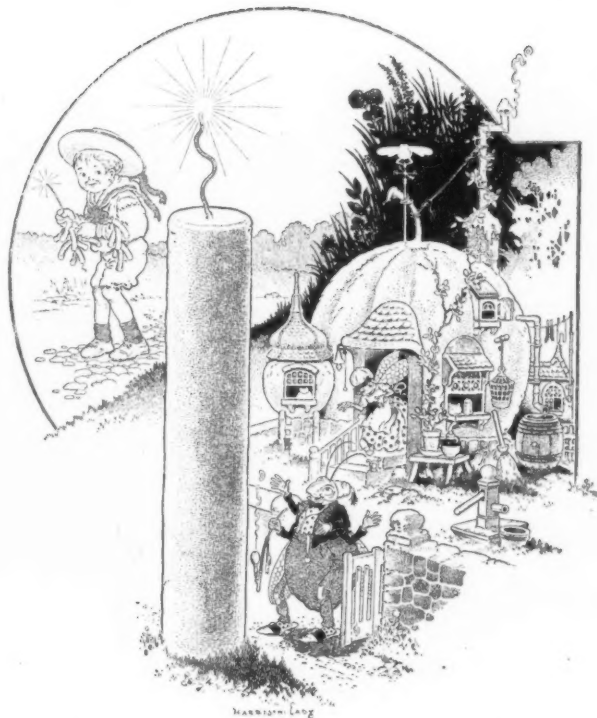
- A. G. Spalding & Bros., New York, one dozen (additional shipment) baseballs.
- The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y., two cases shredded wheat.
- Fifty pounds maple syrup and two cans "Soothene," from A. B. Pratt, Lyndon, Vt.
- One dozen Sweetheart games, from the Sweetheart Company, Columbus, Ohio.
- Twenty-four thousand violet and peppermint chips of chewing gum, from the Culgan Gum Company, Louisville, Ky.

Boston has always been a hard place for a good newspaper to take root and thrive, and as time passes it grows no better in that respect.—*Frank Sanborn.*

THERE are reasons. One of them doubtless is that Boston has the *Transcript*. We should hate to start a paper in Boston to do anything that is now done by the *Transcript*.



ARMS OF THE SERVICE



Mr. Bug: HURRY OUT, HESPY, AND SEE THE FINE NEW STREET LAMP A KIND GENTLEMAN HAS PLACED BEFORE OUR DOOR.

Opportunities for Employment Offered to a Distinguished Traveler About to Be at Liberty

OFFICES OF THE EXCELSIOR PHONOGRAPH CO.
RECORD DEPARTMENT, June 18, 1910.

DEAR SIR:—Being aware of your abilities as a continuous talker we would be glad to enter into negotiations with you. In our business no one is criticised for talking too much, and we think you would find the employment thoroughly congenial.

Yours very truly,
THE EXCELSIOR PHONOGRAPH COMPANY.

JUNTA DELLA INSURREZIONE PERPETUALE,
REPUBLIC OF BOGADOR, SOUTH AMERICA.

VALIANT SIR:—We are much in need of fire-eaters. Our late commander, General Bombastes Furioso, is now serving a ninety-day sentence in the county jail for disturbing the peace. We are in need of a brave commander for the revolutionary army. The regular monthly revolution is set for July 17, and we would be obliged if you could report for duty before that date.

Your brother in arms,
DON TABASCO DE VOLCANO, *Secretario*.

P. S. In case of success we can provide fat places in the Bogador Custom House for yourself and as many Rough Riders as you care to bring with you.

(Telegram)
SAN FRANCISCO, June 20, 1910.

What are your terms to referee the fight? Answer prepaid.
JEFFRIES AND JOHNSON.

SLAUGHTER HOUSES OF
THE PIGSTICKER PACKING COMPANY,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR SIR:—We are in need of a boss killer in our slaughtering department. What pay do you want? Think you would like the job.

Yours truly,
THE PIGSTICKER PACKING COMPANY.

EDITORIAL ROOMS OF
THE YELLOW BAZOO,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, ETC.

DEAR COLONEL:—How would you like to be our Washington correspondent? Salary fifty thousand dollars a year and space rate of twenty dollars a word. You are just the man we want. We do not insist on veracity.

Yours fraternally,
WILLIE WURST, *Editor*.

SUCKER VALLEY, ROTTENTIE & PACIFIC R. R. Co.,
OFFICE OF THE DIRECTORS.

June 28, 1910.

DEAR SIR:—My fellow-directors and I having gone largely short of the securities of this company would like to do something to knock the price on the Stock Exchange. If you will accept the presidency of the road we will divide profits with you. Particulars on receipt of your acceptance.

Yours sincerely,
HIRAM CHEATAM,
Chairman of the Board.

COURTESY CLUB,
June 25, 1910.

MY DEAR SIR:—I regret that I have been instructed to recall the open invitation extended to you to be a guest at the annual dinner of this club. So many of the members have expressed a fear that you might criticise the management of the club, or the character of the members, or the quality of



IN FAVOR OF A QUIET FOURTH

the food and wines, that it was deemed best to cancel the invitation. Some of the members have suggested that you could secure a number of engagements if you would prepare and deliver a lecture on "Faults, Mistakes and Faux Pas of Those Whose Hospitality I Have Accepted."

Yours respectfully,
IAN VAN WINTHROP,
Chairman Dinner Committee.

JINGLING BROTHERS' FOUR-RING CIRCUS.
ON THE ROAD, June 29.

DEAR SIR:—Please wire, care New York *Clipper*, our expense, lowest terms, balance season, to deliver five-minute speech in ring at each performance and double with the steam calliope in the parade.

Yours truly,
JINGLING BROS

ASBURY METHODIST CAMP MEETING,
FRESH LAKE, ILL.

DEAR BROTHER:—We are doing much to spread Christian principles and further the doctrine of good will among men. Could you not do us the great favor of coming here early in July and address our gathering on the subject of "How I Knocked Out the Pope"? It might mean the saving of many souls. Peace be with you.

Yours faithfully,
JEREMIAH FOWLER, D.D.,
Bishop of Kankakee

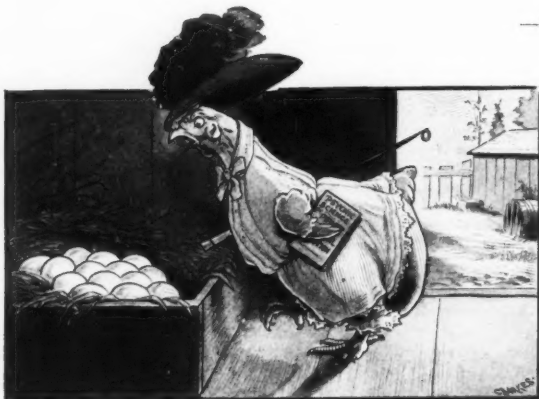
THERE is a suspicion that President Taft was designed to be a reticent man, but was changed at birth and somehow missed his natural destiny.



THE BEGINNING OF EUROPEAN HISTORY

THE LANDING OF EUROPA

—From the painting by Titian in the Sala Olla-Podrida.



"STRANGE! I'VE GIVEN THOSE EGGS ABSENT TREATMENT FOR OVER A MONTH AND NOT ONE OF THEM HAS HATCHED YET."

Tints in Education

ISABEL WALL, of Washington, seven-years-old, with between one-eighth and one-sixteenth of negro blood in her, has been adjudged by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia to be a negro, and may not go to any of the schools for white children in Washington.

That's absurd, isn't it! Not but that the court may be right at law (the case is to be appealed), but a child that is seven-eighths white is not a negro.

The rule in most cities with large negro populations that the white and black children shall go to separate schools is a wise provision, but its application to children of mixed blood seems still primitive and very imperfect. Even a mulatto is not a negro; much less are quadroons, octoroons and other fractions. Why shouldn't Washington have separate, object-lesson schools for quadroons and octoroons, and, if necessary, make Congress pay the bill?



ARMY MANŒUVRES

Lieutenant Dubbs: I BEG YOUR PARDON—ER—CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE FIELD OF BATTLE?

Independence Day Lockjaw

DO you know how the Board of Health of the State of New York gets ready for the celebration of the glorious Fourth? This is how: It lays in a large supply of lockjaw medicine. The board announced some weeks ago that its preparations were complete and that it was well stocked up with tetanus antitoxin to be distributed where needed. In New York State alone the annual grist of deaths from Fourth of July lockjaw is about one hundred. The State board by its timely preparations hopes doubtless to reduce this mortality.

The board is of course to be commended for doing what it can, but was ever anything more absurd than the course it has to adopt toward a preventable disease? The way to treat Independence Day lockjaw is to remove the cause of it. The things that do this killing are the infernal toy pistols, the dynamite bombs and the giant fire-

crackers. The old-fashioned torpedoes and Chinese firecrackers seldom hurt anybody. Firecrackers small and big and fireworks cause fires, and fireworks blow up a good deal and hurt people, but what makes lockjaw is cannon crackers, bombs and toy pistols.

It is criminal nonsense to put these things in the hands of children. Fourth of July is suffering just as football has suffered—from its improvements. There must be restrictions on the noise-making apparatus that is sold for Fourth of July use. If the States can't attend to it every community must look out for itself. The brains of government ought to be equal to discrimination between what celebration material is permissible and what is murderous. For that matter, the brains of parents ought to be equal to it, but they are not.

PROCRASTINATION is one of the most expensive forms of happiness



FIT GUARANTEED

Her Inspiration

MRS. VON PATER was a greatly troubled woman. Along with the possession of many millions left to her by her late husband had come certain responsibilities. Just at the present moment she was going to Europe.

She spoke to a friend about it one day, or, to be quite fair, it was the friend who first spoke to her.

"I suppose," said the friend, "that you are going to Europe this year?"

"Oh, certainly."

The idea of not going to Europe was something that had never remotely occurred to Mrs. Von Pater. She had always been to Europe. She would always go.

"When do you start for Europe?" asked another friend.

"Just as soon as I can get ready. I have bookings—"

Thus it was with every one she met. They wanted to know just when she was going, and how long she would be over there. In the meantime Mrs. Von Pater waxed thinner and more anxious.

She hated the thought of Europe. She was tired and longed with an infinite longing to pass a summer in one of her own homes. Besides, all the usual preparations, which once were matters of high enthusiasm, no longer interested her.

She worried about it—night and day she had it on her mind. It was always Europe staring her in the face—the same old Paris, same old Rhine, same old



CHAPERONING ON A BATTLESHIP



Riviera, same old Alps. Distressing thought!

And then suddenly one night, as she tossed on a sleepless couch, a brilliant idea came to her. It came like an inspiration. It was one of those rare thoughts that come only once in a lifetime.

It suddenly occurred to her that, after all, she did not have to go to Europe. The more she thought of this the more she was convinced that she was right.

"Strange," said Mrs. Von Pater, "that I never thought of this before."

And she stayed at home and was happy ever after.

"THE personification of wit," said the Genial Gentile, "is an intoxicated Hebrew; thus he becomes a *Jeu d'esprit*."

Foolish fuss.
Objectionable observance.
Unseemly uselessness.
Raucous riot.
Tremendous trial.
Huge hubbub.

Offensive ordeal.
Frightful fracas.

Jeopardous jangle.
Unspeakable usage.
Light-headed ludicrousity.
Youthful yelping.

The First Raw Deal

A DAM blamed Eve; Eve blamed the serpent; and the serpent hadn't a leg to stand on.

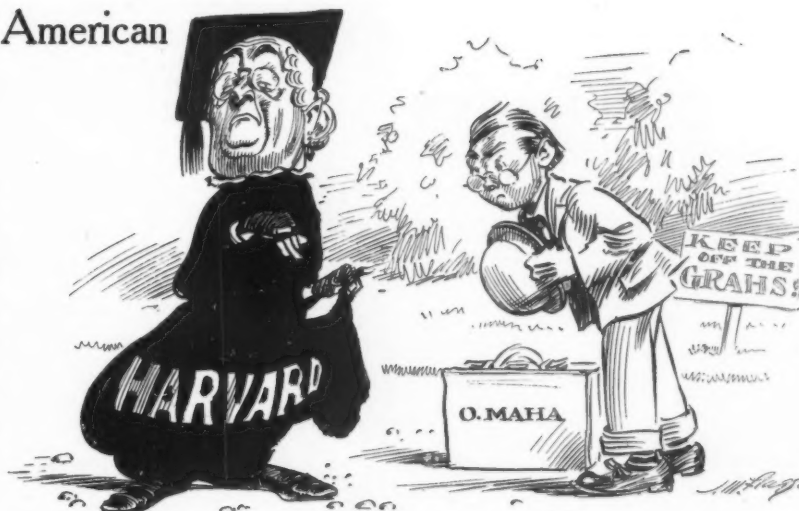
A Bird's-eye View of American Literature

(Concluded from last week)

Chapter IV.

W. Irving (from "Who's Who"), America's first professional humorist. Born in Providence, he went to sleep in the Catskills and holds the early career of our Literature in the Sleepy Hollow of his hands. First to advertise New York and made it famous as the nearest place to the home of Rip Van Winkle. Favorite occupation, being humorous, and succeeding. Address, care of Hall of Fame.

It can be truthfully said that our real Literary history begins with Washington Irving. He counteracted almost everything that had gone before.



"WHEN A NEW STUDENT PRESENTS HIMSELF FROM BEYOND OMAHA"



THE COOPER PERIOD

The Fenimore Cooper Period. Fenimore Cooper, it is said, wrote "rapidly and carelessly, seldom correcting his first manuscript." He was thus the founder of the modern school, which, however, has the advantage of him, being enabled to write from forty to fifty words a minute on the typewriter, and getting paid a dollar a word.

Cooper was extremely fond of Indians, and used them as end men. He

is supposed to have started the idea of Tammany Hall. His deep-sea stories, for excitement and feverish interest, are not equalled to-day by the Wall Street Romances of Thomas W. Lawson.

More Poetry. After the close of the War of 1812 poetry began to look up, until we reached William Cullen Bryant, who translated Homer and the editorial page of the *Evening Post* into simple English. Bryant's style was as cold as an afternoon reception at Boston.

A contemporary of William Cullen Bryant was Edgar Allan Poe, whose claim upon immortality is assured by his having been declined with thanks by the Hall of Fame. Poe had both writer's and elbow cramp, and first brought the Raven into prominence by writing about it and then painting it red, thus inventing the Red Raven Splits. He started Bohemian life in America, gave to murder an air of refinement and still furnishes the plots for our principal short story writers. His motto was "Nevermore—until the next time."

The Transcendentalists. Our Literature was now beginning to form. *Harper's Magazine* started its humorous department, and it was generally felt that as a nation we had a serious mission in life. Hence the transcendentalists.

The idea of transcendentalism is very simple. It is founded on one of Heller's tricks.

This table is not a table. This blade of grass is not a blade of grass. You only think they are. That is why Harvard College, when a new student presents himself from beyond Omaha,

doesn't know him for about four years, unless he comes in sitting on a movable tank of gasoline.

Among the leaders of transcendentalism were Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry D. Thoreau, Amos Alcott and George Ripley.

Emerson lived in Concord, N. H., since then made prominent by Mary Baker Eddy, who started a trust out of the idea that Emerson imported from Germany.

Emerson and Thoreau were neighbors. Emerson wrote lectures which, after being read a few times, could be understood by the most educated person, and occasionally he supplied Thoreau with a square meal. Thoreau usually needed it, for he was leading a complicated life in the woods. His books are now making him a fair living, and if he were alive he could easily return some of those Emerson meals.

George Ripley started the Brook Farm, where some of the most eminent minds of the age were set out to pasture.

Chapter V.

Hawthorne. The name of Nathaniel Hawthorne will ever be revered in the publishers' catalogues. Succeeding Captain John Smith as a historical novelist he paved the way to some of our best sellers. It might be said, indeed, that he originated a new school of fiction, local color heretofore having been confined to wigwams and wave crests. Many Americans, also, were it not for him, would know nothing more of Rome than one can learn by visiting it for a week.

Hawthorne was practically the only

good thing that ever came out of an American Customs House.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. Doctor Holmes, our second professional humorist, did not have the advantage of the Sunday papers to write for, and had to depend upon Harvard class dinners. He possessed a light and agreeable pen.

We now come to the period of the Civil War and *The New Era*.

James Russell Lowell at one time was the chief literary light of America. His books are still sold at auction.

We now come to

The Present Day. What tendencies are discernible in our Literature (if any)? We can only say that we believe firmly in its future.

Typewriters are constantly improving. Carbon paper is better than ever. Stenographers are getting so they can spell words of more than one syllable. Authors are welcome in every department store. And as long as our supply of paper lasts, why should we despair?

Nothing would please us better than to give a detailed description of the writers of the present age, but our space is limited. We therefore refer the reader to any city directory.

QUESTIONS FOR THE STUDENT.

What is the difference between Literature and Horse Racing (if any)?

What is Renaissance?

Describe various kinds of Renaissances.

What part of Boston is the United States?

How much of the New England Conscience is left?

Locate it (if possible).

Where are we now at?

Thomas L. Masson.

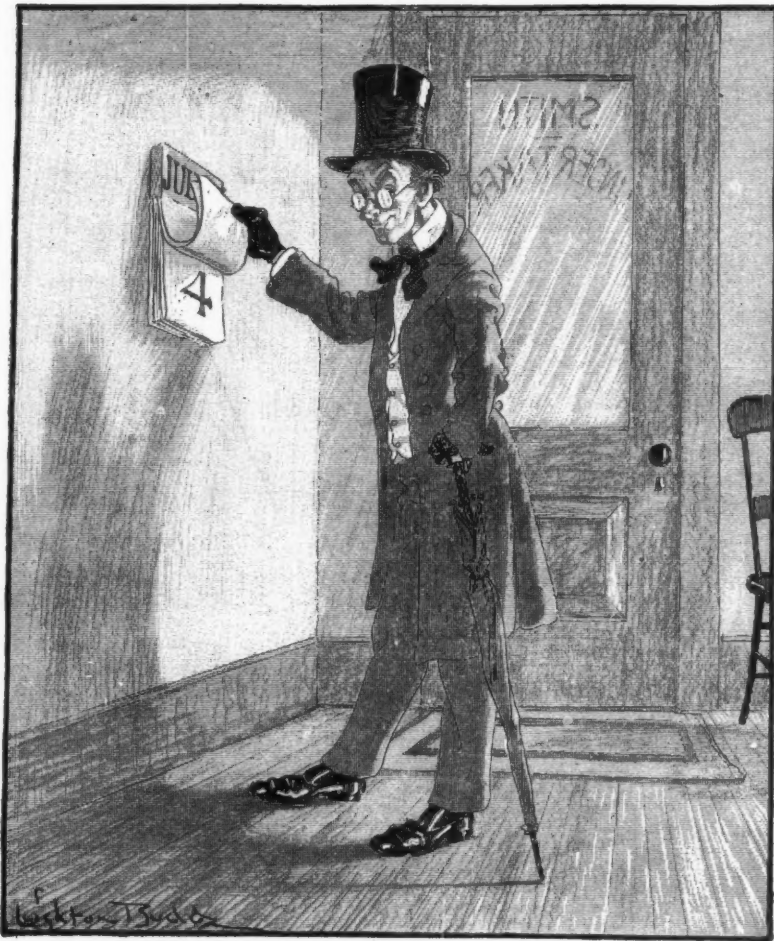
Just the Right Size

"**J**ACK dear, mamma has invited us to spend your vacation with her, and you know we haven't a trunk."

"We might ask our landlord to let us take this flat with us."



Grandmother Duck: SCANDALOUS! IN MY DAY CHILDREN OF THAT AGE WERE AT HOME IN THE NEST.



THE UNDERTAKER SMILES

A Declaration of Independence

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary to dissolve the domestic bands which have connected a particular cook with the culinary department and to assume within the household that blessed condition of peace, quietude and self-government to which the laws of the Lares and Penates entitle us, a decent respect for the opinions of the neighbors and of the employment agencies with which we do business requires us to declare the causes which lead us to such a rash step.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all cooks are created unequal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain bizarre and intolerable faults incompatible with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that

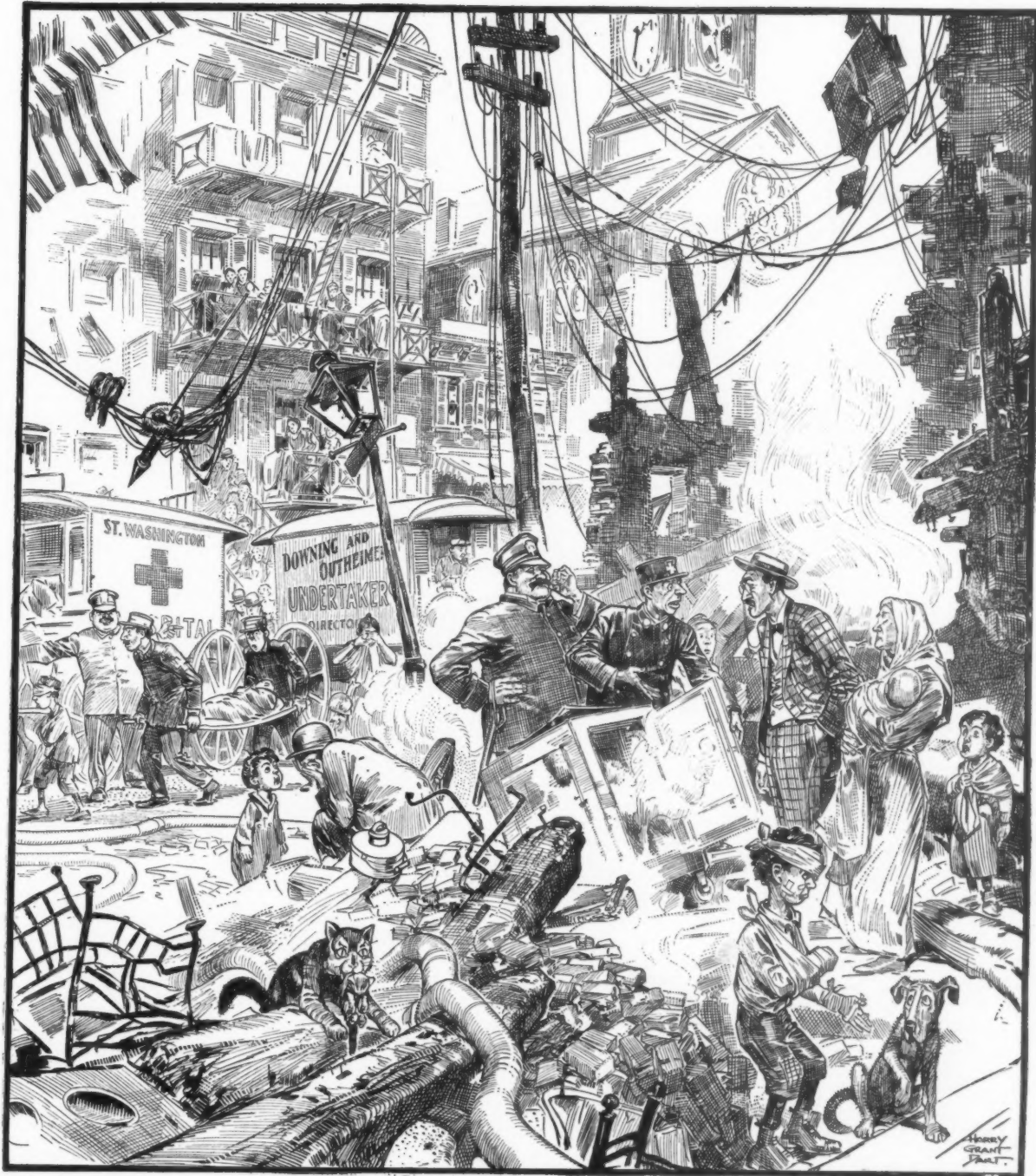
to rid them of these faults is a task exceeded in onerousness only by the task of doing one's own work, and that when the conviction is once firmly established that a particular cook is no better than the many who have preceded her, it is the bounden duty, sacred right and inalienable privilege of the householder to abolish her and to struggle along somehow until another one turns up.

Ellis O. Jones.

Mr. Taft not long ago introduced Mrs. Taft as "the real President of the United States," and his new secretary is being now referred to as "the assistant President." Where does Mr. Taft come in?—*Springfield Republican.*

As ballast, maybe.

WATERED STOCK covers a multitude of sins.



THE GLORIOUS FIFTH



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER

Born July 5, 1846

Mr. Foraker is a graduate of Cornell. He enlisted as a private in the Civil War. He was admitted to the bar and afterward to the Republican party. He was a judge, a governor, and we understand that recently he was a politician.

We congratulate him upon his ability.



HENRY AUGUSTIN BEERS

Born July 2, 1847

Mr. Beers has long been professor of English Literature in Yale University, or, to be exact, since 1880. During this period he has written a number of books on his special subject, notably *A Century of American Literature* and a *History of English Romanticism in Two Centuries*. He has also written some stirring articles for magazines, which have had the effect of making a good many of us sit up and take notice.

Professor, we regard you as an important man. Any one who makes a business of trying to improve the English language and bringing its traditions within the reach of all (to borrow a phrase from our advertising friends) is doing an important work.

We wish that we knew as much about English literature as you do, along with our other gifts. But we don't, which on this occasion makes our congratulatory remarks about you take on an added awe. We look up to you, and we wish you many happy returns.



The Marvel

"WHAT great wandering body," asks the teacher, "which is largely composed of gas, and which travels at terrific speed and puzzles the scientists while amazing and alarming nearly all its beholders, is now attracting the attention of the entire world?"

"Teddy Roosevelt," yawns the fat boy at the end of the row.

Advice

"FATHER," queried Bob, just home from college, "you've worked for me pretty hard nearly all my life, haven't you?"

"Quite right, quite right, son," mused father retrospectively.

"Just so," resumed Bob briskly. "Now you had better get busy and work for yourself a bit—eh, dad?"

No Temptation

"JAMES, can I trust you with the key to the wine cellar?"

THE NEW BUTLER (*stiffly*): Certainly, sir. I have seen all the labels.



"FROM THE FACTORY TO YOUR HOME"

"Life's" College Contest

What Is the Matter With Our College Students?

IN the issue of April 7 LIFE published its first announcement of a college contest, offering a prize of one hundred dollars for the best article on any college written by an undergraduate of that particular college. The contest was open for girls' colleges as well as boys'.

Since that date we have repeated the announcement from week to week, and a large number of manuscripts has been received. Yet, strange to say, a careful reading of these manuscripts reveals the fact that in our humble opinion they are practically all too poor for publication in this paper. Most of them are devoid of humor, commonplace in execution and without any literary merit. We are not sticklers for literary merit ourselves, if the material is interesting. But none of the contributions received for admission in LIFE'S College Contest is interesting.

We shall, however, award the prize. But if our readers wonder why we print no more of the essays, this explanation may be enlightening.

Did Dr. Eliot Say So?

Progress is measured by happiness, not by dollars and cents. Neither social prestige nor riches can promote happiness or retard it.—Charles W. Eliot, as quoted in the *Wall Street Journal*.

MRS. SAGE looked very happy the last time we saw her picture in the paper. She had been giving one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Princeton. Mr. Rockefeller is very cheerful these days; so is Mr. Carnegie. Social prestige and riches are both instruments, and handy to help in promoting happiness when generously and wisely used.



A YOUNG LADY WRITES TO THE GOOD FORM DEPARTMENT OF A NEWSPAPER TO KNOW IF SHE SHOULD "PRECEDE OR FOLLOW HER ESCORT INTO A SUBWAY CAR."



THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

A Truism

THIS brief deduction here of mine
Experience defends:
As many reputations has
A man as he has friends.

Innumerable individuals injured
Ninnies numerically numerous
Deafening detonations disturbing
Enthusiasm extravagantly expressed
Pistols playfully pointed.
Explosives enjoyed eagerly
National nervousness noted.
Digits dangerously disfigured
Everything eaten easily.
Night necessarily nightmaric.
Customary careless conflagrations
Emblematic ensign encored

Declaration duly delivered.
Apparel adhering affectionately.
Yearling youngsters yelling

The Fight

THE great event planned for the Fourth is the black and tan fistic competition at San Francisco. That, if it comes off, will be the event of the day, and hold the front pages of all the newspapers.

But there are signs that our world is passing the phase of civilization when even heavyweight championship prize-fights can really stir its foundations. All along, this projected meeting has been full of "ifs." There is to be a great fight if the law allows, if Jeffries can get into first-class condition, if Johnson is as good a pug as he is thought to be, if the backers and trainers and grafters don't fall out beforehand over a division of the profits.

There may be as many as ten thousand persons in the country—or two or three or five times that number—who are really interested in this fight. The in-

terest of the rest of us is due to advertisement. We don't really care whether there is a fight or not, or who wins. It is not important, and nothing can make it so. There is nothing like the interest in these contestants that there used to be in John Sullivan, or Pompadour Jim Corbett, or the maculate Fitzsimmons. The whole show tastes of exploitation. The important end of it seems to be the business end.

Perhaps our world has outgrown this form of national entertainment. We have better shows. The Ballinger battle beat this one. Our Colonel's continuous performance in Europe far outclassed it as a spectacle of national interest. They say the Colonel likes prize-fights and would like to see this one, but he is no true friend to the business. No Jeffries-Johnson combination can stay in the national ring with him and live.



ANGUS MAC DONNELL - A.C. 10



Turned Up
By the Plow





HERE are two kinds of *quiver*-edness to which the statement that Mr. or Mrs. or Miss So-and-so has published a new book may rouse us. The first kind—the kind induced, for instance, by the announcement of a new novel by W. J. Locke—is made of a healthy, Oliver Twistish desire for more of what we have already had and a comfortable confidence, born of experience, that we are about to get it. The other kind—the kind fostered, for example, by news of a new story by J. C. Snaith—is compounded of curiosity as to which way a totally unpredictable cat is going to jump and a lively belief, also based on experience, that it will land on all fours. The simultaneous appearance of Mr. Locke's *Simon the Jester* (John Lane, \$1.50) and of Mr. Snaith's *Fortune* (Moffat, Yard, \$1.50) offer us our pick of these literary gambits, and it will perhaps prove to be the part of wisdom to choose both.

Simon the Jester is easily the least hefty of Mr. Locke's later fictions. Compared to its immediate predecessors its plane is nearer by many units of measurement to the surface of those waters of unconventional individualism in which Mr. Locke angled for that odd fish, Marcus Ordeyne, from the depths of which he drew his *Beloved Vagabond* and in the shallower reaches of which he caught his *Septimus*. It might indeed be argued from the appearance of his string that this particular pond was by the way of being fished out. But, as every fisherman knows, that would be a brash argument. His very next cast may raise a whopper. And meanwhile *Simon* is a pan-fish by no means to be sniffed at. He is a young Member of Parliament with political prospects, social position and a comfortable bank account, who, being condemned to an early death by the medical profession, determines upon a six months' orgy of altruism, and ends by upsetting not only the calculations of his physicians but his own

order of existence. In the process he makes, and we enjoy, some queer acquaintances; and over all the semi-serious working out of the not unobvious plot shines the oblique humor of the author's appreciative observation. In short, *Simon the Jester* is that much sought for but seldom come upon thing, an ephemeral story of quality—the product of a kindly talent's relaxation and not the strenuous achievement of unrelaxing industry.



M. R. J. C. SNAITH, whose *Broke of Covenanten* made, rightly or wrongly, so persuasive a picture of Puritan England, and whose more recent *Araminta*, executing a complete and startling *volte face*, landed us laughing and innocently cynical in a shrewdly distorted modern London, has transported us, in *Fortune*, into regions of pure romance—regions in which he is very much at home and with the spirit of which he is sympathetically enamored, but where he yet manages to confront us with a twinkle in his eye and with an allusive finger now and then laid hintingly alongside his nose. The story is the partial autobiography of Miguel Jesus Maria de Sarda y Boegas, a naive sprig of Spanish chivalry who, during a not too minutely specified crisis in his country's history,

sets out in search of ennobling adventure. To him are gathered Sir Richard Pendragon, a gargantuan English gentleman of fortune, and the Marquis de Nullepart, a French knight errant, with the heart to appreciate and the wit to laugh at both of them; and together they incredibly make good the cause of a spitfire heroine against the arms and sovereignty of Castile. In its sly mimicry of archaic pompousness, in its smooth blend of rodomontade and romance, in its mixing of satire and sincerity and its rollicking conceptions of character, the book is constantly and refreshingly enjoyable. The publishers assert that it "will undoubtedly live in English literature." Much better things have died there—yet one never knows. What, at the moment, seems more closely to concern us is that it will make a pleasant incident in the current literature of 1910.



It is only fair to state at the forefront of this paragraph that it is addressed to lovers of dogs, not to lovers of books. Also that there be many who profess and call themselves dog lovers who, except in their own ignorance, have scant claim to the title. "Do you," I once heard one of the latter ask a friend of mine—"do you keep a dog?" "Well," said my friend, "Hobo and I live together, if that is what you mean." If you are this kind of a dog lover get Henry C. Merwin's *Dogs and Men* (Houghton Mifflin, 60 cents) and read it. It is only an essay (reprinted from the *Atlantic*) on the humanizing influence that the two animals have on each other, but the author knows dogs and loves them, and, as they say in the country, "you two ought to know each other."

J. B. Kerfoot.



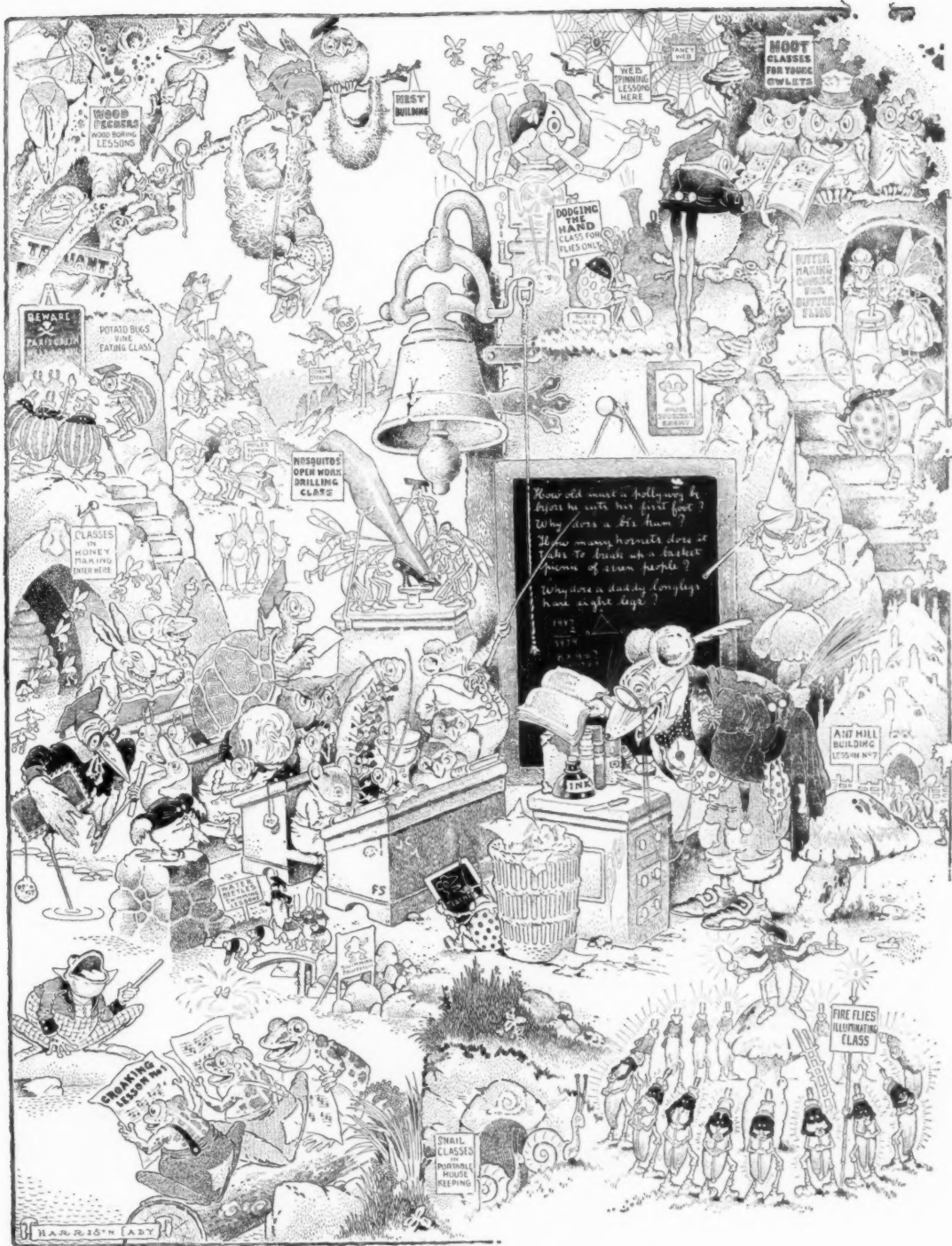
Confidential Book Guide



- The Book of Daniel Drew*, edited by Bouk White from fragments of an original diary. The crude oil of American finance.
- The Diamond Master*, by Jacques Futrelle. A thrilling story of a flurry in the jewel market written for the silly season.
- The Fascinating Mrs. Halton*, by E. F. Benson. Homeopathic society fiction. A sugar-pellet plot moistened with dialogue.
- Fortune*, by J. C. Snaith. See above.
- Essays on Modern Novelists*, by William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University. Interesting critical papers from the point of view of a liberal and progressive Puritanism.
- The History of Mr. Polly*, by H. G. Wells. How a round peg escaped from a square hole. A delightful bit of serious fun.
- The Isle of Whispers*, by E. Lawrence Dudley. A wild-eyed tale of adventitious adventure.
- Lady Merton, Colonist*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. The romantic souvenir of a visit to Canada.
- The Master Girl*, by Ashton Hilliers. A new woman of the Stone Age. A highly entertaining yarn.
- Men and Dogs*, by Henry C. Merwin. See above.
- My Friend the Indian*, by James McLaughlin. The interesting recollections of the one-time head of the Standing Rock Agency of the Sioux.
- Nathan Burke*, by Mary S. Watts. A long, leisurely and attractive tale of the '40s and '50s in Ohio.
- Predestined*, by Stephen French Whitman. The biography of a down-and-outer. An excellent realistic novel of the seamy side of New York life.
- Recollections of a Varied Life*, by George Cary Eggleston. Interesting literary reminiscences.
- Sally Bishop*, by E. Temple Thurston. The inside history of an unconsidered tragedy. Mr. Thurston's best work.
- Simon the Jester*, by W. J. Locke. See above.
- The Taming of Red Butte Western*, by Francis Lynde. A mixture of railroad realism and polite melodrama.
- The Thief of Virtue*, by Eden Phillpotts. A study in heredity and human nature in Mr. Phillpott's Dartmoor laboratory.



ORIGIN OF WOMAN
"A SPARE RIB"



THE SUMMER SCHOOL OPENS IN BEETLEBURGH



Historic Fun



Cicero on Laughter



Concerning laughter, there are five things which are subjects of consideration: One, 'What it is'; another, 'Whence it originates'; a third, 'Whether it becomes the orator to wish to excite laughter'; a fourth, 'To what degree'; a fifth, 'What are the several kinds of the ridiculous'? As to the first, 'What laughter itself is,' by what means it is excited, where it lies, how it arises and bursts forth so suddenly that we are unable, though we desire to restrain it, and how it affects at once the sides, the face, the veins, the countenance, the eyes, let Democritus consider; for all this has nothing to do with my remarks, and if it had to do with them I should not be ashamed to say that I am ignorant of which not even they understand who profess to explain it. But the seat and as it were province of what is laughed at (for that is the next point of inquiry) lies in a certain offensiveness and deformity; for those sayings are laughed at solely or chiefly which point out and designate something offensive in an offensive manner.

—'Oratory and Orators.'

Epigrams from the French

An indiscreet man is an unsealed letter; every one can read it.

—Chamfort.

God created the coquette as soon as He had made the fool.

—Anonymous.

If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the face of the whole world would have been changed.

—Pascal.

Women live only in the emotion that love gives. An old lady confessed that she loved much when young. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "the exquisite pain of those days!"

—A. Houssaye.

To discuss an opinion with a fool is like carrying a lantern before a blind man.

—E. de Gizardin.

The Little Star

(This famous little bit of verse was written many years ago. It is supposed to be the Boston child's version of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." The author is anonymous.)

Scintillate, scintillate, globulæ ovivivie,
Fain would I fathom thy nature's specific.

Loftily posed in ether capacious
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

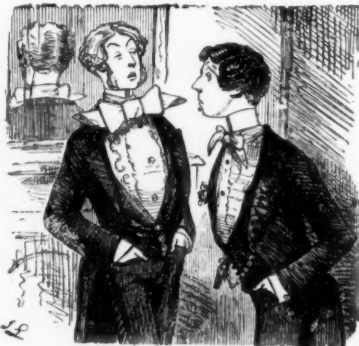
When torrid Phœbus refuses his presence
And ceases to lamp with fierce incandescence,

Then you illumine the regions supernal—
Scintillate, scintillate, semper nocturnal.

Then the victim of hospiceless peregrination
Gratefully hails your minute coruscation.

He could not determine his journey's direction
But for your bright scintillating protection.

This is one of the famous John Leech pictures, published in *Punch* in the middle of the last century. The joke is equally famous, and has been appearing in American papers periodically in modified forms.



First Cock Sparrow: WHAT A MIWACKULOUS TYE, FRANK! HOW THE DOOSE DO YOU MANAGE IT?

Second Cock Sparrow: YAS. I FANCY IT IS RATHER GRAND; BUT THEN, YOU SEE, I GIVE THE WHOLE OF MY MIND TO IT.



Sentinel: WHO GOES THERE? HALT! (MAJOR NOT REGARDING THE SUMMONS, THE SOLDIER FIRES AND MISSES).

Major: THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE FOR YOUR BAD SHOOTING.

—This is from the German of the middle period of the last century. It is satire on army discipline.—From Parton's "History of Caricature."—Harper & Brothers.

No Argument There

Diogenes once asked alms of a sour tempered man, who said:

"Try to convince me that I ought to give?"

"Had I thought you amenable to reason," said Diogenes, "I should have recommended you to go and hang yourself."

—From the Greek.

A Bon-Mot of Quin

In a summer when the month of July was extremely wet and cold, some person asked Quin whether he ever remembered such a summer? "Yes," replied the wag, very seriously, "last winter."—*World's Jest Book*, 1826.

No man has yet discovered the means of giving successfully friendly advice to women—nct even to his own.

—Balzac.



Mrs. Caudle Lectures Her Husband

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD

"What I am grumbling about, now? It's very well for you to ask that! I'm sure I'd better be out of the world than—there now, Mr. Caudle; there you are again! I shall speak, sir. It isn't often I open my mouth, Heaven knows! But you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. You ought to have married a negro slave and not any respectable woman.

"You're to go about the house looking like thunder all the day and I'm not to say a word. Where do you think puddings to come from every day? You show a nice example to your children, you do; complaining and turning your nose up at a sweet piece of cold mutton because there's no pudding! You go a nice way to make 'em extravagant—teach 'em nice lessons to begin the world with. Do you know what puddings cost; or do you think they fly in at the window?

"You hate cold mutton. The more shame for you, Mr. Caudle. I'm sure you've the stomach of a lord, you have. No, sir; I didn't choose to hash the mutton. It's very easy for you to say hash it, but I know what a joint loses in hashing. It's a day's dinner the less, if it's a bit. Yes, I dare say, other people may have puddings with cold mutton. No doubt of it; and other people become bankrupts. But if ever you get into the *Gazette*, it sha'n't be my fault—no, I'll do my duty as a wife to you, Mr. Caudle; you shall never have it to say that it was my house-keeping that brought you to beggary. No; you may sulk at the cold meat—ha! I hope you'll never live to want such a piece of cold mutton as we had to-day! And you may threaten to go to a tavern to dine; but with your present means not a crumb of pudding do you get from me. You shall have nothing but the cold joint—nothing, as I'm a Christian sinner.

"Yes, there you are, throwing those fowls in my face again! I know you once brought me a pair of fowls; I know it; but—you were mean enough

to want to stop 'em out of my week's money! Oh, the selfishness—the shabbiness of men! They can go out and throw away pounds upon pounds with a pack of people, who laugh at 'em afterward; but if it's anything wanted for their own homes their poor wives may hunt for it. I wonder you don't blush to name those fowls again! I wouldn't be so little for the world, Mr. Caudle.

"What are you going to do? Going to get up? Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Caudle. I can't say a word to you like any other wife but you must threaten to get up. Do be ashamed of yourself.

"Puddings, indeed! Do you think I'm made of puddings? Didn't you have some boiled rice three weeks ago? Besides, is this the time of year for puddings? It's all very well if I had money enough allowed me like any other wife to keep the house with; then, indeed, I might have preserves like any other woman; now, it's impossible; and it's cruel—yes, Mr. Caudle, cruel—of you to expect it.

"Apples aren't so dear, are they? I know what apples are, Mr. Caudle, without your telling me. But I suppose you want something more than apples for dumplings? I suppose sugar costs something, doesn't it? And that's how it is. That's how one expense brings another and that's how people go to ruin.

"Pancakes, indeed! Pray, Mr.

Caudle—no, it's no use your saying fine words to me to let you go to sleep; I sha'n't pray; do you know the price of eggs just now? There's not an egg you can trust to under seven and eight a shilling; well, you've only just to reckon up how many eggs—don't lie there swearing at the eggs in that manner, Mr. Caudle, unless you expect the bed to let you fall through. You call yourself a respectable tradesman, I suppose? Ha! I only wish people knew you as well as I do! Swearing at eggs, indeed! But I'm tired of this usage, Mr. Caudle; quite tired of it; and I don't care how soon it is ended.

"I'm sure I do nothing but work and labor, and think how to make the most of everything, and this is how I am rewarded."—*Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.*

An Epitaph

A lovely young lady I mourn in my rhymes:

She was pleasant, good-natured and civil sometimes.

Her figure was good: she had very fine eyes,

And her talk was a mixture of foolish and wise.

Her adorers were many, and one of them said:

"She waltzed rather well! It's a pity she's dead."

—*George John Cayley.*



A CARICATURE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, SHOWING AN "ASSEMBLY OF THE NOTABLES AT PARIS, FEBRUARY 22, 1787," FROM CHAMPFLEURY'S "HISTOIRE DE LA CARICATURE SOUS LA REPUBLIQUE." FOLLOWING IS THE CONVERSATION:

"DEAR OBJECTS OF MY CARE, I HAVE ASSEMBLED YOU TO ASCERTAIN WITH WHAT SAUCE YOU ARE TO BE EATEN."

"BUT WE DON'T WANT TO BE EATEN AT ALL."

"YOU ARE DEPARTING FROM THE QUESTION."

Aesop's Fable of the Larks

AS RELATED BY AULUS GELLIUS

(Aulus Gellius was a Roman, who visited in Athens, and seeing much of interest there he made a scrapbook, which he called Attic Nights, for the pleasure of his children. In this book is found the following fable. Gellius remarks, in commenting upon it, that "Aesop the fabulist has justly been reckoned a wise man. . . . His fable teaches with the most agreeable humor that hope and confidence, with respect to those things which a man may accomplish, should be placed not in another but in himself.")

There is a little bird called a lark. It lives and builds its nest among the corn, and its young are generally fledged about the time of the approach of the harvest. A lark happened to build among some early corn, which therefore was growing ripe when the young ones were unable to fly. When the mother went abroad to seek food for her young, she charged them to take notice if any unusual thing should happen or be said, and to inform her when she returned. The master of the corn calls his son, a youth, and says: "You see that this corn has grown ripe and requires our labor; to-morrow, therefore, as soon as it shall be light, go to our friends, desire them to come and assist us in getting our harvest." When he had said this he departed. When the lark returned the trembling young ones began to make a noise around their mother and to entreat her to hasten away and remove them to some other place, "for the master," said they, "has sent to ask his friends to come to-morrow morning and reap."

The mother desires them to be at ease. "For if the master," says she, "refers the reaping to his friends, it will not take place to-morrow, nor is it necessary for me to remove you to-day."

The next day the mother flies away for food; the master waits for his friends, and nothing is done; no friends came.

Then he says a second time to his son: "These friends," says he, "are very tardy indeed. Let us rather go and invite our relations and neighbors and desire them to come early to-morrow to reap." The affrighted young tell this to their mother; she again desires them not to be at all anxious or alarmed. "There are no relations so obsequious as to comply instantly with such requests and undertake labor without hesitation. But do you observe if anything shall be said again."

The next morning comes, and the bird goes to seek food. The relations and neighbors omit to give the assistance required of them. At length the master says to the son: "Farewell to our friends and relations; bring two sickles at the dawn of day. I will take one and you the other, and to-morrow we will reap the corn with our own hands." When the mother heard from her young ones that the master had said this, "The time has now come," says she, "for us to go away; now what he says will undoubtedly be done; for he rests upon himself, whose business it is, and not on another, who is requested to do it."

A Homily on Women

(From the Japanese of Murasaki Shikib)

"It is unquestionable that though at the first glance many women appear to be without defects, yet when we come to the actual selection of any one of them we should seriously hesitate in our choice. . . .

Beware, however, lest among these women you chance to encounter some astute actress, who under a surface that is smooth conceals a current that is deep. This sort of lady, it is true, generally appears quite modest; but often proves, when we come closer, to be of a very different temperament from what we anticipated. Here is one drawback to be guarded against."



A HUMOROUS PICTURE BY THACKERAY

(Showing portraits of Thackeray and Jerrold.) It is entitled:

AUTHORS' MISERIES, NO. VI.

OLD GENTLEMAN. MISS WIGGETS. TWO AUTHORS.

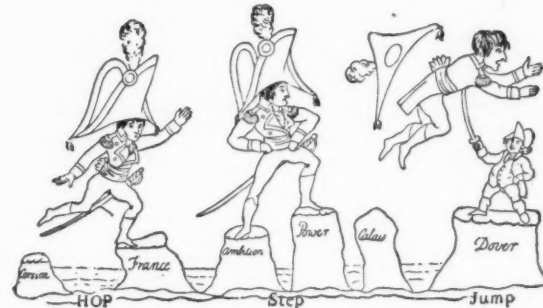
Old Gentleman: I AM SORRY TO SEE YOU OCCUPIED, MY DEAR MISS WIGGETS, WITH THAT TRIVIAL PAPER *Punch*. A RAILWAY IS NOT A PLACE, IN MY OPINION, FOR JOKES. I NEVER JOKE—NEVER!

Miss W.: SO I SHOULD THINK, SIR.

Old Gentleman: AND, BESIDES, ARE YOU AWARE WHO ARE THE CONDUCTORS OF THAT PAPER, AND THAT THEY ARE CHAR-TISTS, DEISTS, ATHEISTS, ANARCHISTS AND SOCIALISTS TO A MAN? . . . THE PRINCIPAL WRITER IS A RETURNED CONVICT. TWO HAVE BEEN TRIED AT THE OLD BAILEY; AND THEIR ARTIST—AS FOR THEIR ARTIST.

Guard: SWIN-DUN! STATION!

—Punch, 1848.



CARICATURE OF NAPOLEON

HOP.

STEP.

JUMP.

From indigence in Corsica to affluence in France.

From aspiring ambition to the summit of power.

From Calais to Dover, where little John Bull does the Corsican over.

The Drencher

Voltaire said of an apothecary that his employment was to pour drugs of which he knew little into a body of which he knew less.

Chinese Wit and Humor

A needle never pricks with both ends.—From the Chinese.

Trust nature rather than a bad doctor.—From the Chinese.

Don Quixote and the Wind Mills

(Of the good success which the valorous Don Quixote had in the most terrifying and never-to-be-imagined adventure of the windmills, with other transactions worthy to be transmitted to posterity.)

As they were discoursing they discovered some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight has spied them, "Fortune," he cried, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished; look yonder, friend Sancho; there are at least thirty outrageous giants whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils: for they are lawful prize, and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long, extended arms. Some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho; "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills; and the arms you fancy are their sails, which, being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."

"'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "that thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore, if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful combat against them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him and assured him that they were windmills and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them: far from that. "Stand, cowards!" cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight who dares encounter all." At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants!" cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance."

He must devoutly recommend himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come



FROM THE ORIGINAL OF GUSTAV DORE'S PICTURE ILLUSTRATING DON QUIXOTE'S ATTEMPT ON THE WINDMILLS.

at, and running his lance into the sail the wind whirled it about with such swiftness that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers and whirled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow he and Rozinante had received. "Mercy o' me!" cried Sancho, "did not I give your worship fair warning? Did not I tell you they were windmills and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded that cursed necromancer Freston, who carried away

my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills to deprive me of the honor of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me, but in the end all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword."

"Amen, I say," replied Sancho. And so, heaving him again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half-shoulder slipped with his fall.

When Lord Dudley was in Vienna, an Austrian lady said to him, rather insolently: "What wretchedly bad French you all speak in London!" "It is true, madam," he replied, "but you must remember that we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital."



Fashion's Ways

Here's a toast to fashion
 And her furbelows!
 Changing hats and turbans,
 Changing shoes and hose.
 Changing straight-front corsets
 For the other kind,
 Taking curves from forward,
 Putting curves behind,
 Throwing Psyche knots off,
 Calling out for rats,
 Moulding roly-polys
 Into merely slats,
 Moving waist lines upward,
 Moving waist lines down!
 Yesterday your dictum
 Was the empire gown.
 Now you are uncertain;
 Probably next week
 You'll prescribe a garment
 Which is purely Greek.
 Fashion, you're a wonder,
 Changing walk and pose,
 And a very juggler
 When it comes to clothes!
 Here is to you, fashion,

In a halting rhyme,
 For you leave sweet woman
 Woman all the time.
 —Chicago News.



"HOLY SMOKE! GET ON TO DICK, FISHING WITH A LUMP OF SUGAR 'STEAD OF CATCHIN 'EM."

Exasperating

BEGINNER (*wrathfully*): Look here, I'm tired of your laughing at my game. If I hear any more impudence from you I'll crack you over the head.

CADDIE: All right; but I'll bet yer don't know what's the right club to do it with.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Something Happened

A train on one of the transcontinental lines that runs through Kansas City and is usually late was reported on time a few days ago.

The young man who writes the particulars concerning the trains at that station put down his statistics about this train: "Number 616—from the West—on time."

Then he wrote underneath: "Cause unknown."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"We must go to some quiet, inexpensive place next summer," said the man who worries.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed his wife. "Don't talk so gruesomely. You know that there are no longer any quiet or inexpensive places except cemeteries."

—*Washington Star*.

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Boats equipped with Standard Marine Engines have won tests for speed—power—reliability and economy of operation and they will perform the same feats again—and always—because Standard Engines are

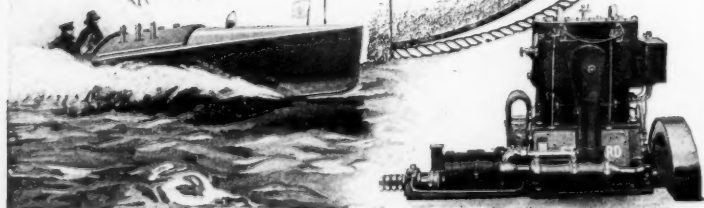
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JINKS, THE BROKER'S CLERK, RECOGNIZES IN THE WAITER HE HAS JUST TIPPED ONE OF THE FIRM'S MOST SUCCESSFUL CUSTOMERS.



Welch's Grape Juice

is all that our advertising claims—and more. Better grape juice cannot be made. As to whether grape juice can be made as good by some one else, we can only say it is not being done. Better than others think necessary is the rule that applies to the grapes for Welch's and to every step in the process. We guarantee the purity and uniform quality of every bottle.

MANY who have just discovered the goodness of Welch's Grape Juice, as compared with others, tell us that our advertising does not place enough emphasis on the superiority of Welch's, and therefore the average buyer does not always order by name—and if they get another make they are often prejudiced against grape juice.

There is hardly a dealer you would trade with that does not have Welch's Grape Juice. A larger profit may cause him to push some other kind—he may be obliged to push the other brand to close it out because the makers did not make good on their claims to him.

It is worth your while to specify Welch's, to insist on getting it, and avoid disappointment. A substitute is never offered for your benefit.



The uses of Welch's are many, and particularly now you should not be without it in your home. Take some with you if you are not sure it can be obtained where you will spend your vacation. As found in the bottle, Welch's is just the juice of the grape, and many prefer it plain—a small glassful, served cold. Others prefer the addition of water, preferably charged water, which gives it snap and sparkle. If you wish a sweeter drink add sugar or syrup. Try it in lemonade and punch, use it for sherbet and ice cream—these are a few suggestions—many more may be found in our booklet "The Social Side of Welch's Grape Juice," which is sent for the asking.

If unable to secure Welch's through your dealer, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha.

FOR A SANE FOURTH

Here is the Punch that will enable you to sanely celebrate the Fourth of July.

The juice of three lemons and one orange, one pint Welch's, one quart water and one cup sugar. It's good any day in the year and for most any occasion

Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N. Y.

NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO

to rest or recreate, Good Cheer, Comfort,
Health and Hospitality are yours
to command with

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

as your intermediary. ABSOLUTE
PURITY and wholesomeness guaranteed.

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very durable, convenient and artistic.

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

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Patentee and Manufacturer of Venetian Blinds, Rolling Partitions, Rolling
Steel Shutters, Burglar and Fireproof Steel Curtains, Wood Block Factors.

A Play Appreciated

Fred Thompson, the theatrical manager, read the manuscript of a play by an amateur author. He sent it back with this note:

"My Dear Sir: I have read your play. Oh, my dear sir. Yours, Fred Thompson."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

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

A Hard Moment

"Well, Jim," said Bingleton, as he proudly showed off his first-born, "what do you think of that for a kid?"

"He's some kid, all right, all right," returned Jim unemotionally.

"Think he looks like me, old man?" persisted Bingleton.

"H-m! Well—cr—ah—hum—well, Bill, I—well, old pal, to tell you the truth, I'm afraid he does!" replied the embarrassed Jim.—*Harper's Weekly*.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Puss Cafay

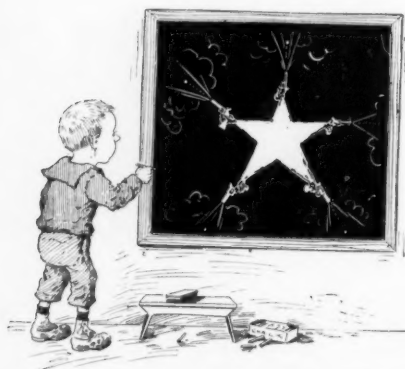
A miner in a Western mining camp decided to open a saloon and restaurant. He wanted a high-toned name. So he called a conference of friends and well-wishers. They deliberated for a long time.

Finally when the name was decided upon it was painted on a box cover and nailed up over the front door.

The sign read: "Puss Cafay."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"Your novel is evidently the result of inspiration."

"Yes; I didn't start it until after reading the advertising notices my publishers got up."—*Washington Herald*.



LITTLE BOBBY'S IDEA OF A SHOOTING STAR

Not His Fault

"Oratory is a gift, not an acquirement," said the proud politician, as he sat down after an hour's harangue.

"I understand," said the matter-of-fact chairman. "We're not blamin' you. You done the best you could."

—*Detroit Evening Press*.

PESSIMIST JONES: How is it, Smith, that you look so hale and happy and well?

OPTIMIST SMITH: Every time I sit down to worry I fall asleep.—*Wasp*.

\$1000.00 in Prizes Silk Embroidery Contest

To promote skill in fine stitchery and artistic color blending Harper's Bazar offers 164 Prizes, including large Cash Sums, Handsome Sets of Books, etc., for the best specimens of hand embroidery from the 18 official Prize Contest Designs published in the July Number (at all news-stands).

Special Notice

The contest is open to all alike. All pieces must be embroidered in pure silk. On account of the extraordinary demand for these special patterns and to make it easy to enter the Contest we have made arrangements whereby the official Harper's Prize Contest Copyright Designs stamped ready to embroider will be found on sale at the leading dry goods stores. A sheet giving the Conditions and Rules of the Contest will be sent free on request by

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SHE: But why is it that you get engaged so often, Mr. Jones?

HE: Because I haven't the courage to marry.—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

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PRIZES for patents. Patents secured through us advertised without charge. New lists of inventions needed and possible buyers. "Hints to inventors." "Why some inventors fail." Book on Patents. Send us rough sketch or model for search of Patent Office records and report on patentability. Special agents in 500 cities and towns. Mr. Greeley while Acting Commissioner of Patents had full charge of U. S. Patent Office. GREELEY & McINTIRE, Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Rhymed Reviews

Nathan Burke

(By Mary S. Watts. The Macmillan Company.)

Dear friends, a mastodonic work
Your best attention now engages;
The name thereof is "Nathan Burke,"
The length above six hundred pages.

Nat Burke, who gets this overdraft
Upon the banking-house of Clio,
Is born, like William Howard Taft,
Among the streams of fair Ohio.

The child of hardy pioneers,
Though lacking early education,
He masters law, and soon appears
Improved in purse and conversation.

Now, hark! the warlike trumpets blow!
Within the ranks of death you'll find
him.

He marches off to Mexico
And leaves a faithless girl behind
him.

He follows Rough-and-Ready's beck
To conquests greater far than
Caesar's,
Undaunted, storms Chapultepec
And subjugates the haughty Greasers.

In triumph, Colonel Burke returns
Brevetted brigadier-commander
The light coquette for whom he yearns
Is false—his name is smirched with
slander.

Tut! tut! The jilt is hardly worth
A gallant hero's fleeting fancy;
He weds the dearest maid on earth,
His faithful baby sweetheart, Fran-
cie.

(Continued on page 1200)



\$65.00

3^A Special KODAK

A new camera having every refinement that can be put into a pocket instrument, but *no complications*.

The 3A Special makes pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, using Kodak Film Cartridges. The optical equipment consists of the famous Zeiss-Kodak Anastigmat Lens (speed *f. 6.3*) and the Compound Shutter, which has an extreme speed of $\frac{1}{200}$ of a second, working accurately on the instantaneous action from that speed down to one second, and giving also "time" exposures. With this equipment, speed pictures far beyond the ordinary range and snap shots on moderately cloudy days are readily made.

And the camera itself is fully in keeping with its superb optical equipment. It has a rack and pinion for focusing, rising and sliding front, brilliant reversible finder, spirit level, two tripod sockets and focusing scale. The bellows is of soft black leather, and the camera is covered with the finest Persian Morocco. A simple, serviceable instrument, built with the accuracy of a watch and tested with painstaking care. A high-priced camera—but worth the price.

Kodak Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City.*

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The antiseptic powder to Shake into your Shoes, for Tired, Aching Feet. Makes walking easy. Always use it for Breaking in New shoes. "In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease." Sold everywhere, 25c. Do not accept a substitute.

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on every box.

Learn for yourself why over 30,000 people have written praises of Allen's FOOT-EASE. For FREE Trial Package, address ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

"Willie, we are going to have the Bishop to dinner on Sunday."

WILLIE: And have we got to go to church also?—*Town and Country.*



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the dealer
who offers
you

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

He's looking at *your* side of
the smoking proposition.

15 cents and a quarter

At cigar stores, hotels, cafes,
and on the best dining cars,

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Rhymed Reviews

(Continued from page 1199)

An honest book is this, that shames
The fakery of historic fiction
Who dig the dust of mighty names,
Deserving Shakespeare's maledic-
tion.

The author knows her Thackeray
(And that's no crime) in all his
phases,

And loves the harmless quackery
Of quoting half-baked Latin phrases.

The story's good, and fairly told;
The hero's brave, but not too clever,
And richly earns a harp of gold.
The villain's quite the meanest ever.

Arthur Guiterman.

"Quaint Cape Cod"

Send for this Book

Cape Cod's the place where you would enjoy
yourself this summer.

We've a beautifully illustrated book that tells
about the summer pleasures that await *you* on Cape
Cod—the yachting, the bathing, the fishing, and the
social life.

Before you decide where to go this summer, send
for "Quaint Cape Cod."

It's Free.

Write A. B. SMITH, G.P.A.,
Room 185, New Haven, Conn.
New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

A Quaint Indorsement

J. Pierpont Morgan, at a recent diocesan convention in New York, amused a group of clergymen with a story of a minister.

"He was as ignorant, this good man, of financial matters," said Mr. Morgan, "as the average financier is ignorant of matters ecclesiastical.

"He once received a check—the first he had ever got in his life—and took it to the bank for payment.

"But you must indorse the check," said the paying teller, returning it through his little window.

"Indorse it?" said the old minister in a puzzled tone.

"Yes, of course. It must be indorsed on the back."

"I see," said the minister, and, turning the check over, he wrote across the back of it:

"I heartily indorse this check."—*Tribune.*

ON a basis of counting Colonel Roosevelt as one, the census bureau unofficially estimates the population of the United States at 91,424,423.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Hunyadi János

Natural Laxative Water

Quickly Relieves—
Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
Stomach Disorders
and

CONSTIPATION

At all Druggists.



Out of the Picture

When the late E. H. Harriman completed that wonderful engineering and railroad feat known as the Salt Lake cut-off there was a celebration and Harriman took a large party of big railroad men out to it.

They had their pictures taken at the right spot scenically. Mr. Harriman stood at one end of the group. When the pictures were printed and the photographer brought them around the railroad men examined them.

"Why," shouted one of the guests, "where's Mr. Harriman?"

"Do you mean that little chap that stood at the end?" asked the photographer. "Why, I cut him off."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Club Cocktails

Mixed to measure—
and measures up to
your idea of what a
real Cocktail should be.

Simply strain through
cracked ice and serve.



Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London



The Latest Books

The Man Higher Up, by Henry Russell Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.50.)

Dead Letters, by Maurice Baring. (Houghton Mifflin Company, 4 Park Street, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

Dogs and Men, by Henry C. Merwin. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. 60 cents.)

Letters to My Son. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

The Russian Road to China, by Lindon Bates, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. \$3.00.)

The Health of the City, by Hollis Godfrey. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

Morning Star, by H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans Green & Co.)

The Humming Bird, by Owen Johnson. (Baker & Taylor Company. 50 cents.)

Camp and Camping in Lower California, by Arthur W. North. (Baker Taylor Company. \$3.00.)

At the Sign of the Burning Bush, by M. Little. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)

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Culture is the "Only Way" to make Big Money on Little Capital. One acre is worth \$25,000, and yields more Revenue than a 100-acre farm with ten times less work and worry. Light, pleasant work and does not interfere with any other vocation. Sells for \$6 to \$7.50 per lb. If you'll write me I'll show you how to become a successful grower and increase your annual income \$500 to \$5,000. You can take life Easy and live in Comfort on the large returns from a Small garden.

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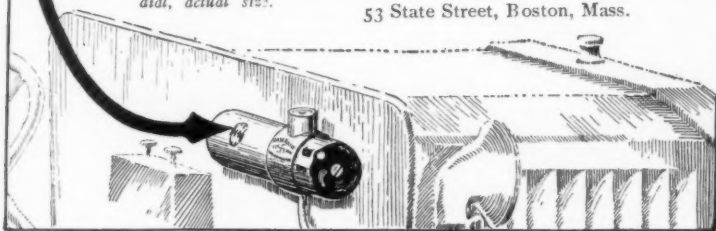


We offer you the chance to prove it. We'll send any automobile owner a Casgrain Speedometer (or an order on our nearest dealer for one) **on thirty days' trial**. Try it out thoroughly. Give it every conceivable kind of a test. At the end of a month we know you will be satisfied it is **the speedometer you want on your car**. Send your check in payment then.

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This is the Casgrain Speedometer dial, actual size.



OVER ROADS LIKE THESE, WITHOUT DISCOMFORT IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, ORDINARILY IT WOULD BE, BUT THIS CAR IS FITTED WITH THE TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER, THE DEVICE THAT MAKES ALL ROADS SMOOTH ROADS

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FINE OLD
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 BRANDIES MADE
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 DISTRICT

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 New York





Phew!

The hot, bad-smelling, unventilated telephone booth is a public danger. The installation of a

Sturtevant

Ready-to-run

Ventilating Set

on every booth (as shown in the picture below) diffuses a steady supply of pure, cool air.

The **Sturtevant Set** does not disturb the users of the telephone at all; our patented device prevents the escape of sound into the room or into neighboring booths. The ventilator supplies air for one or more booths, completely changing the air every few minutes, thus keeping the booths cool and doing away with the conditions most favoring germ-life. It runs from any electric fixture at a very low cost for operation. Complete equipment, delivered anywhere in United States, ready for installing, one booth \$50. When booths are together, two booths, \$80; three booths, \$100; four booths, \$125.

The **Sturtevant set** is a perfect device for ventilating and cooling offices, kitchens, closets, smoking-rooms, boat-cabins, lodge-rooms, laboratories, toilet-rooms, etc.

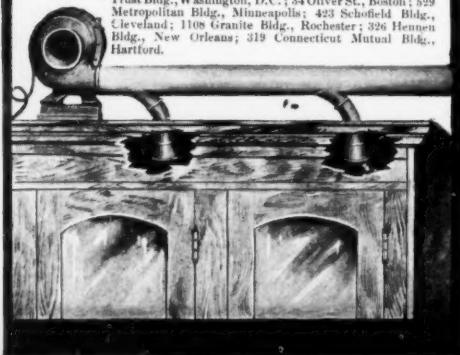


Size A, \$35; B, \$45; C, \$55; delivered in U. S. For facts about ventilation and further details write for booklet L-45.

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The Literary Zoo



A Promenading Impressionist

Now that the *Bookman* is our only picture paper for the literary masses we love more than ever to turn the pages and learn the latest gossip about our best salesmen. Of these Mr. James Huneker—whose portrait adorns the May number—is not. He belongs to that small and brilliant band of worst sellers—the essayists and critics—whom newspaper hospitality enables to discourse with a frequency and a selection of subject impossible to our journalistic magazines. Luckily his anonymous contributions to the press—all too hastily read by the average tired business man of letters—are eventually collected by the Scribners, put between book covers, and thus transformed into literature for persons who do not recognize the thing unless it is put up in familiar packages. One shudders (it may be that even two or three will share our emotion) in imagining what might or might not become of the great mass of contemporary critical comment were it not for one or two of our daily newspapers. On the weeping willow tree would hang the harp of Apollo's reporter, at least. Right glad we are, too, that the Scribners are doing for Mr. Huneker what other discerning publishers long ago did for Sainte-Beuve, in brushing up the crumbs of his "Causeries" in the *Moniteur* and *Constitutionnel*, along with the debris of coffee and rolls, and making them a repast for posterity.

Whether the *Bookman* is grateful for "Promenades of an Impressionist" we are unable to decide. Its motto from the mouth of Lowell—"I am a bookman"—has not appeared on the title page since Professor Peck completed his Encyclopedia and went to work for Mr. Munsey on the *Scrapbook*. Has it ceased to be academic?



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In the May number we find a paper on "Some Figures in the New Humor"—otherwise the work of our comic contortionists on the illustrated dailies. Turning hastily back to the "Chronicle and Comment," we find an editorial contributor with a decorative vocabulary endeavoring to characterize our Promenading Impressionist. "Mr. Huneker is not a teacher," we are told—"still less is he a philosopher. He is a large, bright-colored, acquisitive and restless bumblebee of all the arts."

Bumblebee, indeed! *Bombus Pennsylvanicus*, we suppose. Mr. Huneker may be hymenopterous; that is thinkable. But surely he belongs to the higher order of Apidae; than his no purer honey comes out of Hybla. We feel sure that M. Maeterlinck will agree with us, and for good cause.

It is true that in his promenades from flower to flower our critic occasionally lingers with certain flora more lovingly than we ourselves would do. Thus he recently remarked of "the woman of exotic beauty" who looks at us from Mr. Steichen's painting, "The Lotus Screen":

(Continued on page 1206)

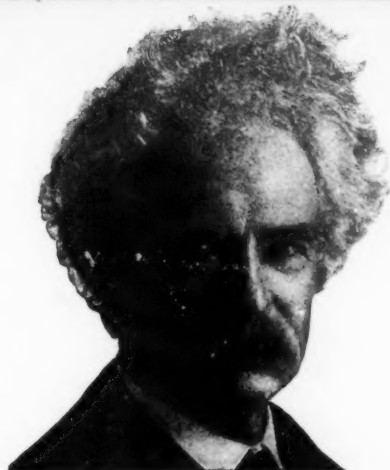


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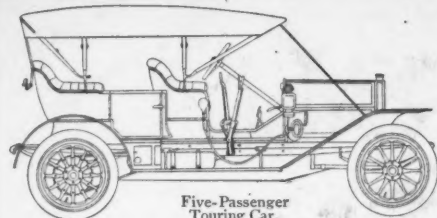
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STRAWS SHOW WHICH WAY THE WIND
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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 1202)

She has disquieting eyes. She must invite jeweled prose-poems or play the greater Chopin or love to listen to the ululating Debussy. Perhaps Ferdinand Sinzig dripped on the keyboard Ravel's "Mirroirs" as she posed for Steichen!

Perhaps Sinzig did drip. It is not for us to say, since even with Mr. Huneker it is mere surmise. But while we do not pretend to ape Paris, and have never even attended a beauty show, we do know what we like, and—well, tastes in "exotic beauty," as in humor and other things, continue to differ. Homer liked 'em ox-eyed. There is quite an unaccountable rage for the Christy girl. The French—connoisseurs in all things feminine—admire *la nuque*, where tendrils curls do cluster. (So, often, have we—until the girl turned around, and we realized it was neck or nothing.) So, with all respect to the lady of "The Lotus Screen," if the truth must be told, we took her for a gentleman—in fact, for a certain self-made poet whose capacity for giving us infinite pains is exceeded by no other industrious genius.

However, we take off our hats to Mr. Huneker, the most amiable, as he is the most versatile, of critics. May he long continue to take the air, recording his impressions as he goes. His chief offense lies in his never being dull; for that is incompatible with the solemnity which enwraps our recognized literary Solons with all the dignity and formal embrace of a wet blanket.

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ton's "own idea and work," as Mr. Owen Wister has pointed out and John Jay had already testified.

LIFE had occasion once before to set aright this misapprehension concerning Washington's literary ability, which, as the Letters show, was of a high order. We recommend their perusal to the *Springfield Republican*, which, apropos of Mr. Taft, remarks somewhat obscurely: "Alexander Hamilton wrote President George Washington's farewell address, but that fact makes it no less George Washington's."

Some day—if Prof. Charles William Wallace's industry in grubbing for old documents does not slacken—it may develop that Shakespeare's clerk "wrote" the plays, the poet merely providing the scenario, at second-hand, from certain French and Italian novels. But while breath remains we shall protest against the theory that the sonnets were "dashed off," and then carefully revised by the sonneteer's secretary, or *vice versa*. As well suppose that Mr. Roosevelt's remarks at the Sorbonne were—but let your own imagination work.

W. T. L.

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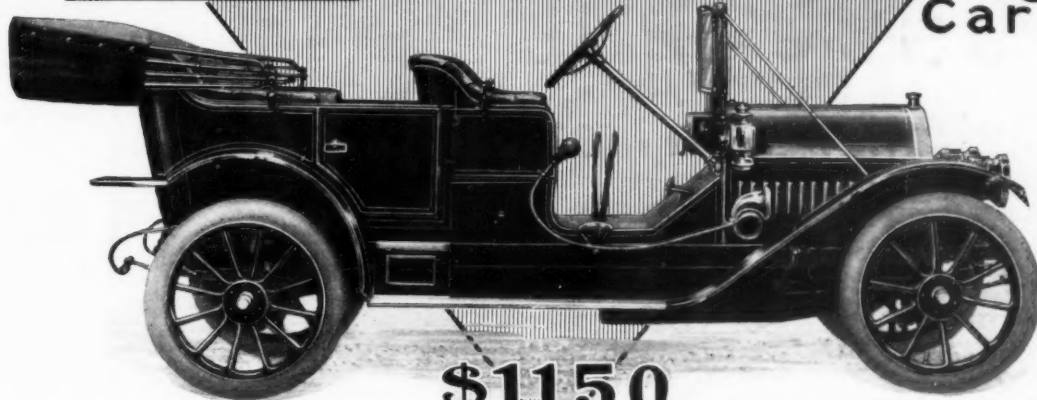
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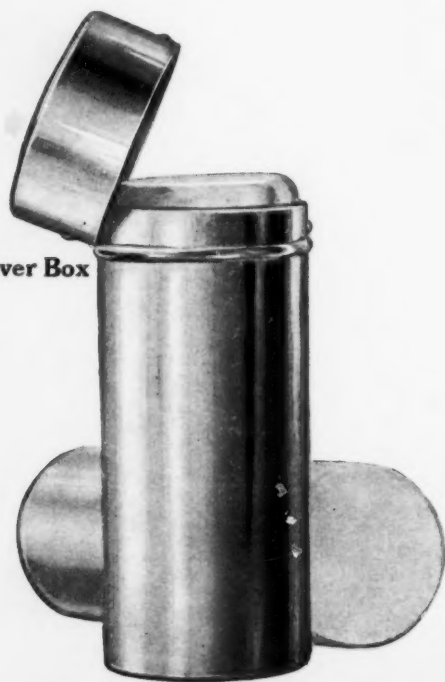
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