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MARCH 16 1910



*Life*



THE BUTTERFLY CHASE

WALTER PHILLIPS

# A Shower Bath

Is the only Bath in which you use Flowing, Fresh, Clean Water. A Tub Bath does leave foreign matter on the body and in the pores.

TO FRESHEN your daily energy and good spirits up to youthful pitch—

TO KEEP YOU comfortable in Summer and free from colds in Winter—

TO BE SURE of ONLY fresh, clean water touching the skin—securing a healthful and sanitary bath—

TO BRING YOUR bath room up to the standard of the rest of your home—a room you can point to with pride—

Purchase now *The Brasscrafters* Shower Bath.

**The Brasscrafters** TRADE MARK

No. 5004, \$10.75.

10 MINUTES and A SCREW-DRIVER WILL MAKE THE BRASSCRAFTERS SHOWER BATH READY FOR USE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

Delivered, transportation prepaid, to your home, through your dealer, East of the Mississippi and North of the Mason & Dixon Line; proportionate charges to other sections of the United States.

Use it for ten days. If not satisfactory return it at our expense and your money will be refunded.

THE BRASSCRAFTERS Bath Room Necessities (Mirrors, Towel Bars, Soap Dishes, Glass Shelves, Medicine Cabinets, etc.) are made to "serve your children's children" and

## MAKE YOU PROUD OF YOUR BATH ROOM.

They all carry a Green Guarantee Tag and THE BRASSCRAFTERS is stamped on every piece.

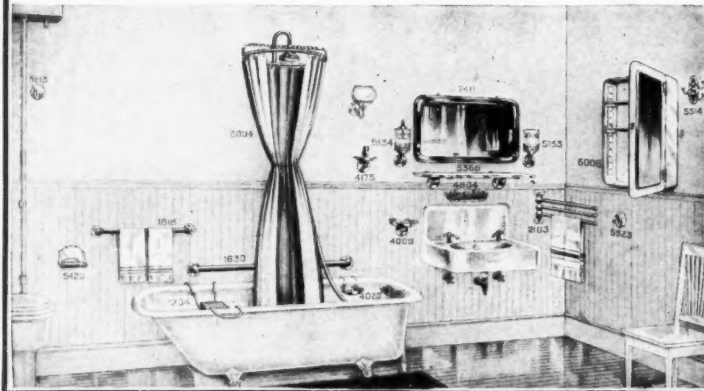
To impress our trade mark on your memory we should like to give you a good tooth-brush holder to hold five brushes. It is handsome and valuable, and the only cost to you is to ask us for it and send us your dealer's name. Our book, "Successful Suggestions for Your Bath Room," describing among others the outfit shown in the picture below, goes with it. As a good housekeeper you will be glad to have it.

As this offer is limited, write NOW to

**The Brasscrafters** TRADE MARK

J. P. EUSTIS MFG. CO.

Dept. M, 92-100 North St., Boston, Mass.



# Boston Garter

*Velvet Grip*

☑ Boston Garters are made of best materials in a clean factory, by well-paid help.

☑ Every pair warranted—penalty, a new pair or your money back.

## Boston Garters

Are Recognized the Standard, and Worn the World Over by Well Dressed Men.

Sample Pair, Cotton, 25c.; Silk, 50c.  
Mailed on Receipt of Price.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

☞ See that BOSTON GARTER is stamped on the clasp.



Lady: DO YOU KEEP STATIONERY?

Floorwalker: NO, MADAM, WE CONTINUALLY WALK ABOUT.

*From Our Readers*

Bravo!

DEAR LIFE:

Having noted your oft-repeated assertion that "LIFE is, with one exception, the only free and independent journal in America," and being the possessor of a gambling spirit I'll play Henry Watterson's *Courier-Journal* for the place. When do I cash in?

J. J. W.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 12, 1910.

Very Likely

"LIFE is, with one exception," etc., etc. So you, too, have gone in for the great American superlative full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

This statement means nothing until you tell what you mean by "free" and by "independent." Certainly it falls completely to pieces unless you tell what you mean by "journal."

You not only are not the "only . . . journal," but you are hardly the forty-leventh in importance.

Yours,  
Doc SAM'L.

Hot Shot

DEAR LIFE:

In Heaven's name how long, O Catiline (or LIFE)! will you continue to abuse the public patience and intelligence by distortion of fact and truth regarding vivisection and vaccination

(Continued on page 429)



## "It's a Stearns!"

Wherever the big cars of class are to be found, there you meet people who admiringly speak of the Stearns—the Ultimate Car. In crowded streets, on the country roads, the Stearns is recognized as the sturdy car—the car that is honorably built. The Stearns is furnished in two sizes. The town and country type—15-30 h. p., shaft drive—which is illustrated above—and the 30-60 h. p., either shaft or chain drive—which meets all requirements of the higher power, higher speed automobiles. These cars are furnished with Touring, Toy Tonneau, Landaulet and Limousine bodies.

### The Sturdiest Car

The Stearns does not wear out in one year. The yearly depreciation, as compared with other cars, is extremely small. Stearns Limousines and Landaulets, after five years of service, are in good order and in steady daily use.

No car of like rating has more reserve power than the Stearns. The Stearns is a quiet motor of great power and flexibility. Stearns construction throughout is the best that engineering skill can furnish. That is why the Stearns costs more and that is why it endures. All Stearns are equipped with Continental Demountable Rims.

### It Is the Ultimate

No car is more aristocratic, luxurious—more beautiful in line and finish.

It is mechanically perfect. The sturdiest made, and therefore the ultimate car.

Most Stearns owners have owned other makes. It has seemed natural for them to progress gradually through varying grades of quality until they reached the Stearns—the ultimate of excellence. But once Stearns owners, they have settled down into a contented pride of ownership.

Licensed under the Selden patent.  
Member A. L. A. M.

**THE F. B. STEARNS CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO**

"The White Line Radiator belongs to the Stearns"

(47)

It's coming.

DEAR LIFE:—  
Enclosed is \$5<sup>00</sup>.  
Send LIFE for a year to

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_



cut out along the dotted line.



follow that psychic suggestion  
as to the five, send it in to  
17 West Thirty-first St., New York

*and*

RECEIVE TO BEGIN WITH

LIFE'S GREAT

# Petticoat Number

OUT NEXT TUESDAY

Ladies, this extraordinary and absorbing  
number of LIFE is devoted to you.

It is full of your foibles, and your inter-  
esting peculiarities are revealed in a  
pleasant and convincing manner. You  
need not believe it all—it's only our  
little joke.

COMING!

March 24. Hotel Number.      March 31. A Regular.  
April 7. Great Fashion Number.  
A masterpiece of Fun and Fundamentals.



\$5.52 Canadian  
\$6.04 Foreign

WHAT the dog said—"Never has she smiled or spoken. Never has she talked out loud. But, by Gum, my nose is broken—Two's company, but three's a crowd." This quaint little plaster group will be sent prepaid for \$2. Address, for circular No. 1, Hub-State Sales Co., P. O. Box 1758, Boston, Mass.

### From Our Readers

(Continued from page 427)

and the public dispensation of misinformation regarding the above subjects.

Clearly it is obvious that you do these things—namely, to teach by cartoon and printed word the general public to disbelieve the value of vaccination and vivisection—either through ignorance and a lack of appreciation of the harm you do, or you do them for a bad purpose, such as to make people think you are smart and funny.

I have twice before this invited you to consult books and men for your enlightenment.

I again do this and cite to you the Board of Health of Wakefield, Mass., in which town there is now an epidemic of smallpox. You will find that with the exception of two or three patients the unfortunate victims are French people from Canada, where vaccination is seldom done.

If you persist in being dishonest in printed word and cartoon regarding one or two subjects, the public (including myself) is likely to disbelieve you even when you attempt to champion a worthy cause. Remember the boy that many times called wolf when there was no wolf.

Very truly yours,

EBEN C. NORTON.

NORWOOD, MASS., February 9, 1910.

DEAR LIFE:

I notice in LIFE a reference to Patrick, the condemned murderer. Now, you seem to like crusading, so why don't you take up that case and see if you can find any well credited physician who will swear that there can be any evidence after the fact that chloroform did or did not cause death. As I understand it, he was convicted largely on the testimony of experts (?) in reference to such effect of chloroform.

If I am right I venture to say that in so much as he was convicted on such testimony he was wronged. He may or may not be a murderer, but I doubt if it was ever proven. Even if guilty of that



## Hear Gadski on the Victor

A voice that not only pleases with its charm and beauty, but that reaches the heart of the listener. Brought to you true to life on the new Victor Records.

Go to any Victor dealer's and hear Gadski's superb "Aida" solo (88137), and the beautiful "Tristan" number (88165), and you'll realize the wonderful progress recently made in the art of Victor recording.

# And be sure to hear the Victrola



To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records. New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

## Resources and Opportunities

There is more doing in the West to-day in the way of progress and development than in any other section of the United States. If you are interested and want further information about opportunities and resources of a vast new empire, use the coupon.

The Pacific Monthly Company,  
Portland, Oregon.

Find enclosed 25 cents, for which please send me three recent numbers containing articles about resources and opportunities in the West.

Name.....  
Address.....

murder he ought not to be condemned on testimony which, used as a precedent, might in the future condemn an absolutely innocent man.

As I may not be right about the legal conditions and as the facts about chloroform can be obtained from better men than I, I am doing that obnoxious thing, signing myself ANON.

BOSTON, February 18, 1910.



BLERIOT IN HIS MONOPLANE GOING FROM ORLEANS TO AUGERVILLE, FRANCE

## To the Public: A Personal Statement of General Interest

Until within the last year or two I have had but one enthusiasm—the manufacture of a perfect speed indicator. Now I have two—the speed indicator and the development of aerial navigation to its utmost possibilities, commercial and from the sporting standpoint. I drive an aeroplane myself.

The Warner Auto-Meter is so widely known and so generally acknowledged as the aristocrat of speed indicators—the one perfect instrument of its kind—that it does not seem to be any longer necessary to use a quantity of printers' ink in telling about it in detail. It is as well and favorably known among automobile owners as any other article of almost universal use in a given line.

So I feel that I can afford to devote some time and some money to the development of my other enthusiasm, the navigation

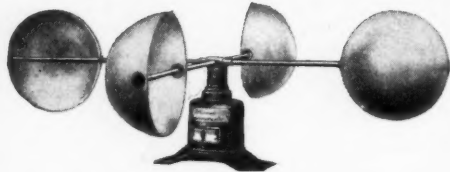
of the air. And while we also manufacture the Warner Aero-Meter—the first aeroplane accessory—I am not actuated by any idea of direct financial return. I feel now that, while making of the Warner Auto-Meter is still my vocation, I can afford to make an avocation of the aeroplane. So here is what I purpose:

### For a Wider Knowledge of Aeronautics

I have always been a user of fairly large space in the magazines and newspapers and automobile journals. Inasmuch as the Warner Auto-Meter is so well known I can very profitably say all that is necessary to say about it in half the space I have been in the habit of using. So—except when lack of material may forbid—a portion of the space in the advertising of the Warner Instrument Company from now on will be devoted exclusively to the pictorial history of the development of the aeroplane.

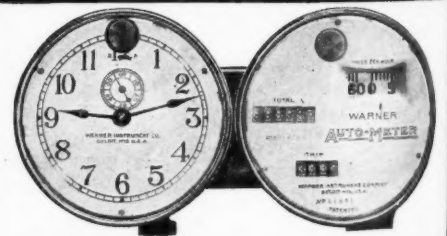
You may call this a fad—a whim—or what you will. The fact remains that I am sincere; and if it is a whim it is at least one which will be productive of general interest. And I will say here that Mr. C. H. Warner, my brother, to whose inventive genius so much of the success of the Auto-Meter is due, agrees with me and takes as keen an interest in the development of aerial navigation as I do.

A. P. WARNER, Beloit, Wis.



The Warner Aero-Meter

The First Aeroplane Accessory



The Warner Auto-Meter

The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators  
Model O—Price, \$145.00

# LIFE



THE GOLDEN MIEN

## Future News Nctes

**I**N view of the tendency toward corporations we may reasonably expect to see the following one of these days:

The wife of the Steel Trust was the host at a delightful reception yesterday at her palatial mansion in Pittsburg. Among those in the receiving line were the wives of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Brass Trust, the Ice Trust and the Lemon Trust. It was a very costly affair and entirely exclusive.

The Beef Trust has gone to New York for a few days on business.

The son of the New York Central Railroad has just purchased the Dominion of Canada. He expects to convert it into a modest little summer camp.

The Oil Trust has finally secured complete control of the District of Columbia

for the location of its new office structures. The public buildings will immediately be removed to the Hackensack meadows. Several Senators who opposed this change will not be re-elected.

The beautiful daughter of the Ham Trust is rejoicing over the safe return of her pet poodle Naughty. The doctor had prescribed a short sea trip for Naughty, and so, with its nurse, it had been sent away for a week on the *Mau-retainia*, which the Ham Trust has recently acquired for its exclusive use. The recent storms made the little vessel two days late in returning to port.

The University Trust will graduate only six students this year, as against nine last year. This is hailed as quite a gain in the progress not only toward exclusiveness but toward race suicide as well.

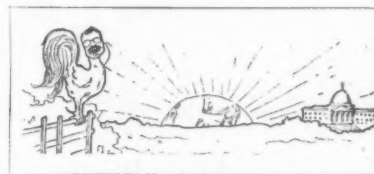
*Ellis O. Jones.*

## A Believer

**"H**ERE'S a rule of psychology: No matter whether you feel cheerful or not, try to seem so, even if it's put on."

"That's right. I always laugh when I go to a comic opera."

**T**HE three P's of politics: Promises, procrastination and prevarication.



PORTRAIT OF A SUNSET IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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



WE have read with attention and not without concern the representations

of Mrs. Bellamy Storer in the *North American Review* to the effect that France is headed for the demnition bow-wows, and making very rapid progress on her course. Mrs. Storer is a Roman Catholic (of more or less painful memory) and doubtless amply persuaded of the efficiency and sufficiency of that church as an instrument to regulate human society, and it is not to be expected that she should have gay anticipations of the issue of the current effort in France to provide for shaping the political future of that country with the minimum of assistance from the great Roman Catholic machine. She dwells especially in her piece on the efforts to secularize the public schools of France, efforts that go so far as to exclude everything relating to religion from the text-books and school exercises.

Some of the exclusions and eliminations, of which she gives many examples, are pitiful enough, and only comprehensible in the light of their purpose to provide public instruction

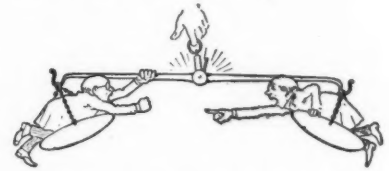
which shall be absolutely neutral in the matter of religion. Religion and justice, named by Balzac as "those great pillars without which no social order can be upheld," Mrs. Storer finds to be failing in France. She finds the law ill-enforced, many crimes unpunished, property ill-protected. She feels that the prospects of France are mighty critical, and those of radical England scarcely less so. Germany, "under a strong rule and a devout Christian ruler," looks very much safer and more hopeful to her.

No doubt, Ma'am; no doubt. Germany has been, in the main, a Protestant country ever since the Reformation. The Protestant stock was never driven out of it or killed off to the extent that happened in France and Spain. Education is very well looked after there—is secularized sufficiently, it would seem. Very irreligious professors disclose from time to time very irreligious opinions. One announced the other day (to the derision of most students of history) that Christ was a mythical person and had never existed. There seems to be no country where the irreligionists have a fairer show or more rope than in Germany. And has the Roman Catholic Church gone to pot in Germany?

We don't hear that it has. We hear that it is doing fine there, and growing so fast as to excite the apprehensions of the timid.

The Roman Catholic Church, so far as we can observe, is doing well in every Christian country where it has not been the controlling religion, and is in straits and trouble in every country where it has had its own way. It seems not able to thrive in this generation where it occupies too much of the field. The schoolmaster is so much abroad that it is impossible to avoid him. The fear of hell has dwindled and every apparatus for using or allying it gets closer scrutiny than it used to. Religious persecution is unpopular, and the elimination of heresy by the help of the secular arm is pretty much out of date. It is too much to expect of the Roman Catholic Church that it should admit that there is authentic and efficacious religion outside of its own fold, or that its control of a religious monopoly that would dominate all nations would not be the best

and most millennial thing that could happen to the world. But it is not inconceivable that it might realize that it is feared as an organization hostile to liberty, truth and the freedom of the mind; that there are minds everywhere which it does not and never will satisfy, and that it no longer holds its own except in countries where an opposition favorable to religious liberty defends it, or co-operates with it in defense of all religion.



IT looks to us as though, in these times, the Protestant churches were carrying the Catholic Church on their backs, and that if true is an astonishing sight, and in a way a considerably blessed one. The Protestants have come, in the last generation especially, to be pretty much immune to knowledge. They have little to fear from anything that can be put into a book or left out of it. Their organization is so weak that nobody is afraid of it; their strength is in their laity rather than their clergy; they naturally incline toward individual liberty, while the Roman Catholic Church inclines to rely on authority.

If there were more Protestants in France the Catholic Church in that country would, as it seems to us, be far better off. It would be better off as it is, we suppose, if the French Church would have been left to manage its own negotiations with its government. But, anyhow, we don't believe the case of France is quite so dismal as Mrs. Bellamy fears, or that either justice or religion is going to perish there. The complete separation of church and state seems to be down in the order books of all live and progressive countries. It has been accomplished in France at much cost of hardship and distress. The same process must come some time in Russia, and we suppose something like it is due in England, too, where, to be sure, the need of it seems much less imperative. France is, as usual, the experiment station of Europe. That's all.



**The Final Reckoning**

**T**HAT marriages are made in Heaven  
Devoutly we're taught to say—  
Yet, strange!—ere a divorce be given  
There is always the devil to pay!

**Put Heyburn In**

**A** STATUE of Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, would look nice in Statuary Hall.

Senator Heyburn is the impassioned orator who lately waved the bloody shirt in the Senate with such vehemence over the proposal to lend some tents to a Confederate veterans' organization, without getting any response, and without turning any vote except his own against the proposal.

He deserves to be known and handed down to posterity as the Great Reconciler.



"CAN(N)ONS OF GOOD GOVERNMENT"

**Chairs**

**I** KNOW a chair in a certain house that has the thinnest kind of spindle legs, a golden and white enamel affair scarcely able to maintain itself on its four ends, and yet which is almost constantly occupied by fat men.

Fat men seem impelled to this chair by a sort of fate. If the room be crowded, and there be among the company only one fat man, all the rest of the people will seat themselves, and this chair will inevitably remain as the only refuge of this fat man. The reason

seems to be that, in his fear, he waits to make a safe selection, and while in this timorous state all the other chairs are gone.

Strange to say, the largest chair in the room will almost surely be occupied by the thinnest person. Thus does the spirit of injustice permeate even inanimate objects.

These two kinds of chairs—representing the opposite poles of chair society—are in reality object lessons in sociology. The larger, cumbersome, strong chair holds invariably the dangling legs of some infant or the emaciated body of

some spinster, while the delicate chair constantly struggles under its unequal burden and finally dies a premature death from overstrain.

Almost every stratum of society is represented by the chairs of a household. The more primitive virtues reside in the kitchen chairs, whose stiff bodies and backs and wooden seats suggest the old Puritan days, when there was a rugged character in men as well as in chairs.

On the other hand, what a cheap, blatant and artificial air does the chair with mahogany finish wear, with its glued joints and its machine-made limbs.

A motley collection! What comedies and tragedies they witness, and what burdens they bear! No wonder at times they sigh and groan to themselves.

Mr. Whitridge, Dear Sir—

**M**R. RECEIVER WHITRIDGE, who has done so much to make the Third Avenue Railroad comfort-

able and pleasant, will add to the debt the city owes him if he will wash his passengers a little more frequently. They should all be washed this spring, and as early in the season, please, Mr. Whitridge, as you can make it convenient. After the windows begin to be opened it doesn't matter so much.

**Uncle Joe's Reliance**

**T**HESE are the days when the heart of the Hon. Joseph Cannon reaches out to the Power "that maketh men to be of one mind in an house . . . but letteth the runagates continue in scarceness."

## Popular Birthdays

LILLIAN EVANS BLAUVELT  
Born March 16, 1873

This lady has had many deserved honors. She has been fêted at home and abroad. At Rome she received the decoration of the Order of St. Cecilia, being the only woman who has ever been thus honored. Although she has never appeared in grand opera in this country, her concert work has been a joy to thousands. In London



her Marguerite is even now a wonderful memory.

Madam, our respects. May your voice never grow faint.

### "Life's" Telegram Contest

SO many thousands of answers have been received in this contest, which closes with the date of this issue of LIFE, that the clerical labor and the reading of the manuscripts will necessarily take some time. But LIFE begs to assure its readers that the announcement of the prize winner will be made at the earliest possible date. We hope to make the announcement in the great Fashion Number, dated April 7.

In the meantime we publish herewith a selection from the first week's installment of answers received:

OSCAR L. OLDMAN, Erie, Pa.  
Married famous Salome dancer. Meet me at station Wednesday.

HAROLD.

SIMON H. GOTROCKS,  
3442 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Your first wife's divorce not legal. She will bring suit.

A. HAMMEL.

JUDGE JOHN STONE,  
Cincinnati, O.

In jail; wire bail; took four coppers; rah for Yale!

PERCY.

Arrive for vacation to-night with party of ninety-nine men.

JACK.

Republicans and us out. Your daughter governor. Curses and congratulations.

L. G. S.

Mr. Roosevelt has unexpectedly sailed for home.

JOB UNDERCRUST.

Four babies arrived this morning. Come and select one.

CHARLES.

Mr. I. M. BONDSSENSTOCKS,  
711 44th St., New York, N. Y.

Can't marry your daughter. My wife won't let me.

COUNT DEBROKESKY.



The Optimist: WELL, ANYWAY, I almost CAUGHT IT.

### The Easiest Way

SHE was a charmingly pretty and engaging American girl. He was an equally handsome and dull American man. Each of them was in easy circumstances, so that it was not a question of money.

"I can't see," he said, "why you should prefer a foreigner. They are notoriously bad."

She smiled lightly.

"They are interesting," she replied, "because they have devoted themselves to their outward manners. They know how to make love and do it in the most fascinating way."

"You know they don't mean it."

"That isn't so important as how they do it. Besides, they are different; and just that difference is what draws one toward them."

"How about myself?"

"Oh, I know all about you! I know how and when you were born and the circumstances. I know all the commonplace details of your life—how you went to school, then to college, rowed on the crew, went into business, made a success, and are now anxious to make me a perfectly commonplace, uninteresting and successful husband. I wouldn't marry you for the world."

He laughed rather proudly.

"No one asked you to," he replied. "As for myself, I am now on the track of a delightful little Bohemian actress—one whose father used to turn a hand-organ, so I am told, but who has all of the mysterious qualities in a woman that you demand in a man."

"Ah, indeed! And where did you hear of her?"

"Why, that charming little count that I understand you are thinking of marrying gave me a letter of introduction to her."



— Otto Cushman

1912

A WEEK-END AT OYSTER BAY

### Current Conditions of Domestic Service

**M**ORE might be done to check divorce by regulating domestic service than by much overhauling of divorce laws. Continuity of marriage is to a considerable extent a domestic habit. Whatever gives stability to domestic habits helps it; whatever makes domestic conditions unstable works against it. The people who stay married year after year without change are people who like things as they are—like to have the same people about them year after year; hate partings and readjustments.

The procession of new maids through a household is extremely prejudicial to stability in domestic conditions. A mistress who is constantly considering the qualities of new applicants for the wages she pays, and constantly considering whether to let the cook go at the end of the month, may naturally come to an attitude of critical inspection toward every one she lives with. What is more natural than with a mind employed in calculation whether, on the whole, she can do better than keep the cook, she should look across the table and begin like ruminations about her husband, look around her and speculate involuntarily whether her children are worth their keep?

The constant shifting of servants such as goes on nowadays in most households in New York is a fool business, bad for the employers, wasteful, demoralizing and bad for the employed. Of course it is worse in some households than in others, and of course it is minimized where servants are fairly competent and mistresses are able, sagacious, sym-

pathetic and endowed with administrative gifts. But the system is bad. Hiring ought to be for definite terms—by the year or by the season. Maids should be sure of their places for a definite period, and mistresses should be sure of their maids. They manage better in Germany, where the government takes a hand in housekeeping. Probably we would not stand that in this country, but it seems as if it might be feasible to get even American households on a more stable basis than they rest on now. Engagements might surely be for definite terms, during which the cook should not feel at liberty to quarrel with the housemaid and flounce out, or the waitress to find the chambermaid unbearably unsympathetic, or the mistress to dismiss her staff, close her house and go to Europe.

It is very hard on American housekeeping women to have to maintain a perpetual school of instruction for hired girls who move into another place as soon as they have learned enough to make their services acceptable.

**W**ALL-MOTTO observed in the office of the Sugar Trust:

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

\$ "Where There's a Will There's a Weigh." \$

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

## A Lenten Sale

ONE afternoon in Lent, when Satan was moving about briskly stationing his sentries and looking after his entrenchments and barricades, he saw what appeared to be an enormous muff, topped by a fur hat and collar, walking down the steps of a church.

Conquering his natural alarm, he looked more closely and observed that the furs were borne by what now appeared to be a walking stick, and this in turn presently resolved itself into a little sister of fashion dressed in the very height of the mode. Her skirt was so narrow that she could barely step in it; her hat came down to her shoulders and over the bridge of her nose. Her fur collar, with heads and tails and claws dangling down from it, was of huge dimensions and resembled a thatched roof, while her muff, several feet across, reached from her waist to the hem of her skirt.

Satan drew near, assuming the guise of a bishop.

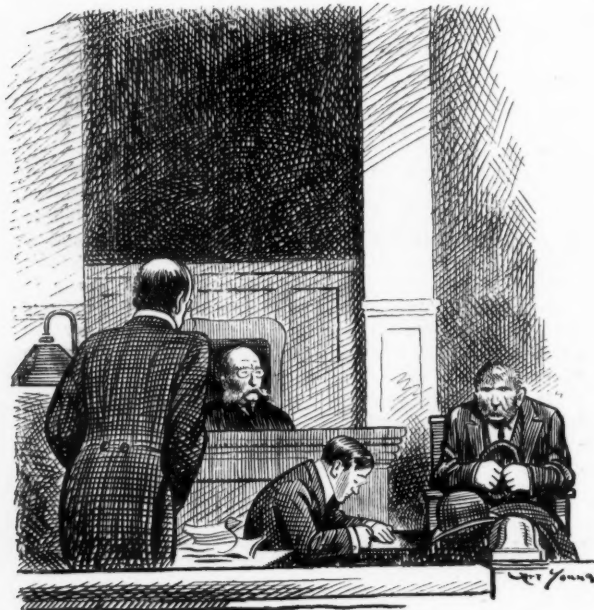
"My daughter," he said in resonant, unctuous, authoritative tones, "we have met before."

"I am sure that we must have done so," she replied cordially, "but to-day I should not be able to recognize the Devil if I were to meet him, my hat—"

"Then may I walk with you a short distance? There is a matter of importance I wish to discuss with you."

"I shall be delighted," she answered sincerely. "Your voice arouses so many pleasant and familiar associations. You are Bishop ———?"

"Merely a sheep in wolf's clothing, my child, who is deeply interested in your welfare and desires to see you adorning your proper niche. To speak frankly, I represent an organization which is endeavoring to break up this soul trust which the church has created and maintains. What, may I ask, are they offering this year as premiums?"



*Attorney for the Defense:* HAVE YOU READ ABOUT THIS CASE IN THE PAPERS?

"NO, SIR; I CAN'T READ."

"ALL RIGHT. ACCEPTED BY THE DEFENSE."



"WANTA BUY A PEARL PIN, SPORT? IT'S WORT' EIGHT HUNNERD, BUT YOU KIN HAVE IT FER A HUNNERD."

"SHOW ME THE PIN."

"SEE THAT OLD GUY BACK THERE? IT'S IN HIS TIE."

"The same old thing," said the young woman discontentedly; "an endowment policy on the future, for which we pay enormous rates of goodness and the cold consolation that virtue is its own reward."

"We do better than that," replied Satan cheerfully. "Owing to the circulation of malicious rumors, our company inspires a certain amount of fear and distrust in the public mind. In order to offset this we are making vast concessions. For the remaining days of Lent we are permitting desirable persons like yourself, with souls to sell, to name their own price."

The young woman skipped as joyously as her skirt, twelve inches in diameter, permitted. "I will close with your offer at once," she said; "that is, if you will guarantee me in writing an airship, some new motors, a prince—or at least a duke—for a husband, credit at all the great Paris and New York modistes, and—"

"Hold!" cried Satan nonplussed. "I had thought of a gold vanity bag, or at most a string of pearls."

She laughed derisively and began to argue the question with him. Satan was anxious to close the bargain, for the wind was bitter cold, and he was used to a much warmer



MANIA ELEPHANTICIDIA

climate. Then so cleverly did she present her case that he gradually conceded every point.

"And now," said the girl as they reached her home, "if you will wait in the drawing room I will get the articles you have just purchased."

"Have you not got it with you?" asked Satan in surprise.

"Oh, dear me, no. There's no place for them. Our corsetières wouldn't hear of having a growing soul about. It would be so lumpy. Anyway, they're as obsolete as pockets. Excuse me one moment while I get it."

She left the room and returned presently with a book which she held out to him. "I pinned it between the leaves of this before I went to church this afternoon," she said.

Satan drew back a little. He feared that it was a holy volume and might freeze his fingers.

"Oh, do not be afraid," she urged encouragingly. "It is a tremendously *risqué* French novel."

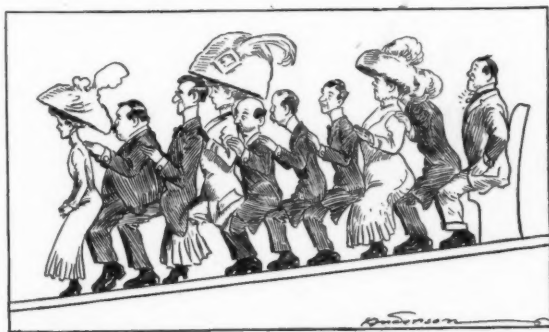
"Sold!" cried Satan bitterly. "I've been fooled by a chit of a girl as young as a spring chicken and apparently as innocent as the first wildflower, and have paid an exorbitant price for what was clearly already my own."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

### Our Limitations

THIS is an anticipative age. We eat, or rather munch, pre-digested foods; read the night editions of our papers at noon; propose babies in the cradle for membership in our clubs; have our life insurance policies mature while we are alive and hearty. We devise methods of pre-natal culture that should people our land with prodigies; by an improved system of wills we control the destinies of many generations yet to be; and we decide for all time what shall be classic in literature and art. We put into type the obituary notices of men and women still in their prime; we buy and sell crops before they are planted, and pay dividends on mines that have not yet yielded enough metal for an assay. By psychotherapy we cure people before they have ailments; and with the aid of devoted mediums peep behind screens and through trap doors into eternity. We have developed so much wisdom, such fatigical foresight, that we have come to speak almost patronizingly of posterity.

Yet our failures have been as pronounced as our triumphs. Our utter and unaccountable successlessness in predicting next year's styles in either fiction, warships, psychology or women's headgear, and our hopeless inability to forecast to-morrow's meteorological performances should certainly modify our blustering. Nor should we forget the ideal tariff that we promised ourselves and the Brobdingnagian lemon that was handed us.



A SUGGESTION TO THE THEATRICAL TRUST  
HOW TO ECONOMIZE SPACE

# A Startling Secret Revealed

Wonderful and Silent Change Now Going On in Our National Affairs



LIFE is enabled to furnish its readers with some remarkable news. A secret of vast importance has just been revealed. We cannot give all the particulars now, but hope to furnish details later.

The main fact, so far as can be at present learned, is that our form of government is being changed from a republic to a monarchy.

Naturally no paper has published anything about the affair, as they are all owned by the new form of government. One of the most prominent editors said to our representative yesterday:

"This is not a thing in which the people of this country need be interested. Government, after all, is purely incidental. Everybody will be taken care of. Besides, the change is not so radical as it seems on its face. Financial interests are in a few strong hands and all will be well."



THE MAIN FACT

It is understood that President Taft sent in his resignation yesterday. Joseph Cannon is writing a new constitution. It ought to be ready by the end of the week.

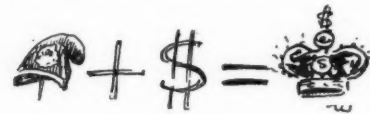
John D. Rockefeller was seen yesterday on his golf links. Mr. Rockefeller said:

"It had to come, of course. We couldn't go on as we have been going, with all sorts of difficulties constantly brought up by the mass of the people. Will there be trouble when it is known? Certainly not. The main body of the people of this country are staunch and true. They have submitted without a murmur to the present rise in prices, which was brought on, I may say, as a test to see how much they would stand. But I mustn't say any more. They'll take to it, however."



"IT HAD TO COME, OF COURSE"

He snapped his jaws significantly. "They'll have to!" he added. "or we'll take away all their money from them." "And who is going to be the new king?" he was asked. Mr. Rockefeller looked very wise. "That I cannot say." All signs now point to one man. Next week LIFE hopes to give his name. In the meantime we ask every one to be patient. All will yet be well.



## Advice

THE method with which we bestow advice is really a test of character. To give it freely and ostentatiously is the mark of an ill-ordered mind.

Advice may be given for two reasons: To gratify our own vanity or to belittle the other fellow; it may be given even to help him, but this sort of advice is so rare that it hardly counts. With many people the giving of advice has become a necessity. It concerns intimately their happiness. When they are unable to give it they are utterly miserable.

They ought to be made to pay for this privilege. The following schedule of rates is offered, not necessarily as final but as a foundation to begin upon:

For giving advice about one's business affairs, - - - - -	One dollar a minute. (Paid to the man advised.)
For advice on the building of a house, - - - - -	Two dollars a minute.
For advice connected with the purchase of an automobile, - - - - -	Five dollars a minute.
For advising one with regard to one's health, a cold, dyspepsia, etc. - - - - -	From ten dollars up.

Thus, when we receive advice from our friends, we need not feel that there is no benefit in it; but its value will be expressed in hard cash.



Little Chats With Vivisectors

**G**ENTLEMEN: I fully appreciate the honor of addressing such a peculiar body of—

*Such a what?*

Such a peculiarly indispensable body of men. Your persistence in your unusual line of work is admitted even by your enemies.

*Hear! Hear!*

You certainly display rare qualities. Those men are exceptional who, for the gratification of a morbid curiosity, subject unoffending animals to the agonies of hell.

*You know nothing about it!*

That a civilized community should actively resent these useless cruelties is—

*Oh, shut up!*

—inevitable. That you have discovered nothing of any real value—

*“Get out! Go home!”*

—is not surprising. Nobody ever expected that you would. It is not the way to do it. But you yourselves care little for results. You are so—

*Liar! Idiot!*

—keen for these delights, so dependent on the excitement, that your lives would be—

*Go to the devil!*

—dull without them. You do them in secret because you know they will not bear the light. You know that Public Opinion, already awakening, would send you—

*Hit him again! Put him out!*

—either to jail or to the asylum.

But, gentlemen, keep on with your orgies, your symposia of blood and suffering. For a time, perhaps, you can continue to—

*Imbecile! Lying ass!*

—fool your own families and the New York Times. But the day is coming, and it is coming soon, when—

*Oh, shut up! Put him out! Not another word! Kill him!*

Gentlemen, I thank you for your kind attention.

A Description

**S**MITH was a fine-looking man. He was hatchet-faced and beetle-browed and gimlet-eyed and lantern-jawed and apple-checked, with mutton-chop whiskers and a square chin.

**S**HE: Our host appears to be quite an impossible sort of person.

HE: I should consider him highly improbable, to say the least.

Greatness

**W**HAT time I con the verse of Pope  
And find a faulty rhymeless line,  
I murmur softly: “Alec’s dope  
Is much like mine.”

I scan the lines of Avon’s Bard;  
Frequent the grammar faults I strike;  
Whereat I swell, and say: “Old pard,  
We’re much alike.”

I read that Irving couldn’t add,  
That two plus two would floor him flat,  
And then I think “I’m not so bad;  
I’m just like that.”

Lately I read *The Life of Poe*—  
A drink, it says, he never missed . . .  
I’m not what you would call a Pro-  
Hibitionist.

Of Burns’s conquests I have read;  
Byron’s affairs were multiplex;  
Of me it never can be said  
I hate the sex.

In me these many traits combined—  
Such qualities—should mean a lot.  
And yet, you know, I’ve come to find  
That they do not.

*Franklin P. Adams.*

Another Definition

**“P**A.P.A. what is Faith?”  
“Well, my boy, they say your  
brother sleeps, but I’ve never seen him  
do it. Yet if I believe he does, that’s  
faith.”



TAKEN LITERALLY

*He: WHEN I AM RICH I’LL WEAR NOTHING BUT SILK SOCKS!*

*She: HOW SHOCKING!*



### Quite a Few Samples of Viciousness



**P**RODUCING a play with a company of outside actors may have been necessary under the obligations of the New Theatre to its subscribing patrons. The result may justify the management from a business point of view, but it must have hurt the artistic consciences of the directors both in its accomplishment and its departure from the process of developing the permanent company.

The only justification for the production of so brutally frank a play as "A Son of the People" is that it should be so powerfully acted that its grossness should be minimized by its emotional power. In this performance the acting was so little impressive that the suggestiveness—even more than suggestiveness—of the situations was more obvious than the art needed to cloak them. When the years roll along and bring the New Theatre to the perfection of achievement its friends hope for it, it is to be believed that its then directors will look back and wonder how such a play so performed could ever have found a place on its boards.

"A Son of the People" is brought to us through a German translation from the Danish of Sophus Michaelis. If the play has had the great European vogue claimed for it certainly something fatal must have happened in its processes of transformation. Every little while its action is arrested by wordy passages commonplace to the extreme. Even cutting these out it is hard to understand the play's claim to greatness. There have been other plays where love has inspired the heroine to sacrifice her honor to save another's life. Those plays have always made that love credible and big. That *Alaire*, in the present instance, could have had that feeling for such an arrant coward as *Des Tressailles* is preposterous—to make her sacrifice the result of a suddenly conceived animal passion for *Marc Arron* is to make her a mere wanton and rob the play of any pretension to greatness.

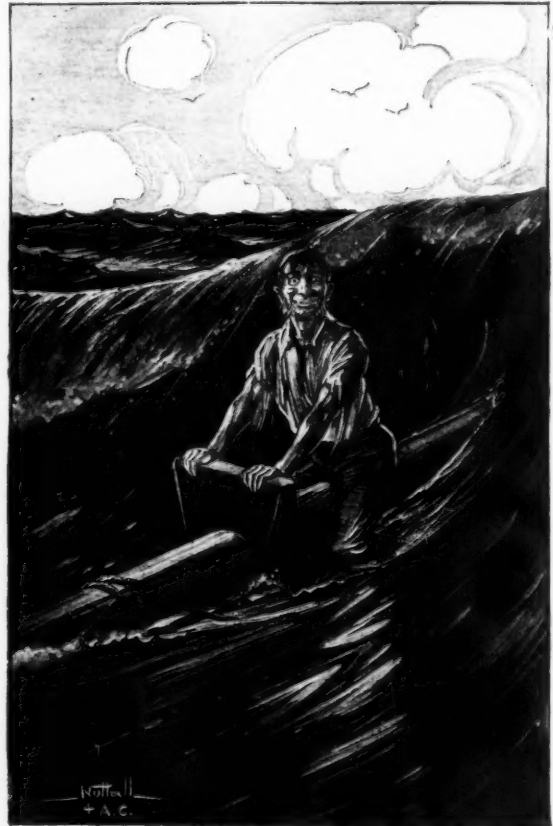
Even if the story of "A Son of the People" could be brought into the realm of probable or possible fiction the manner of its interpretation at the New Theatre would have robbed it of all impressiveness. Its aristocrats were entirely lacking in distinction and its revolutionists, with the exception of Mr. George Fawcett as *Montaloup*, the saturnine revolutionary commissioner, were devoid of force. Mr. John Mason, as *Marc Arron*, was far more aldermanic in speech and appearance than romantic or heroic. Granting any claim which may be made that the French Revolutionists were rough representatives of the lower classes, such a character as this might, for stage purposes at least, have been invested with enough personal charm to account for even the material love with which he inspired a young woman of the aristocracy. Mate Mr. Mason's lack of charm in this part with Miss Katherine Kaelred's wooden and mechanical portrayal of emotions and

we have the revolting episodes of the plot made doubly animal. Mr. Walter Hale was intrusted with the role of the cowardly young husband who had not the philosophy to forget his impending death in the joys of matrimony. He was not in any way an imposing aristocrat, but he was certainly a thorough coward. The other members of the company had small parts and did nothing to make them even interesting.

It is to be hoped that the New Theatre will not frequently be compelled to resort to a stop-gap like this production of "A Son of the People."



**F** course there's no law preventing a manager trying to force a bad play to a run or trying to make the public believe that it's a good one. In these days theatrical management is simply a business, and if a manager has put his money into a bad investment it is not a State's prison offense if he tries to get his money out. "Children of Destiny," though, is more than a bad play. Its appeal is frankly based on a scene intended to border on the indecent, and which, in fact, is either ludicrous or stupid, depending on the spectator's point of view. When a hitherto reputable manager bases his claim to patronage on the broad



OPTIMISM

"BY JOVE! THIS IS FINE FOR THE APPETITE"



advertising that his attraction is "The Most Daring Play of the Century," he admits that his attraction cannot win legitimately.

It may be possible to find a public for Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld's "Children of Destiny" by these methods. Unfortunately for the claims of this play there's an indecent farce further down town fighting for this same kind of patronage, and as the people who are looking for entertainment of the kind are mostly of limited intelligence the laughing show is likely to get the money as against the dreary and talky one. Besides that, risky plots and scenes are not the attraction that they used to be when they were more exceptional. The best—or worst—that Mr. Rosenfeld could do in this line could hardly expect to compete with Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's "Mid-Channel" at the Empire, or the New Theatre play noticed above.

THE late Oscar Wilde had troubles enough in his lifetime to be spared the posthumous discredit of having foisted upon his name such a dull play as "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," which had a run of four nights and a matinee at the Hackett. This was even worse than the charge made in the daily press that some of his best epigrams have been boldly filched from "The Importance of Being Ernest" and included in "The Turning Point" by Mr. Preston Gibson. This latter play is produced in New York too late for review in this issue, so we cannot vouch for the truth or falsity of the charge until next week.

UNDER what planet could Mr. Marc Klaw have been born that there could be combined in one man an amount of effrontery so entirely out of proportion to his veracity? In a recent article in the *Green Book Album*, over his signature, Mr. Klaw says:

As for our attitude toward the critics, some newspapers seem to regard it as one of armed neutrality (*sic*). It is nothing of the kind. And this might be as good an opportunity as any to disperse some false impressions which have gone out for many years about Klaw and Erlanger's attitude on this much discussed question. We have never yet had a serious difference of opinion with any newspaper or newspaper writer because of an unfavorable review of any of our stage productions. We never in our lives objected or expressed disapproba-

tion, directly or indirectly, of anything Mr. Winter said, did or wrote; nor did either of us, directly or indirectly, ever have any communication with him.

It is to be believed implicitly that Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, "either of us," never had any direct communication with Mr. Winter. Mr. Winter has been notably choice in those with whom he came in contact. But there are forty-seven other ways of accomplishing certain purposes than by choking them to death with butter. And probably Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have no intimate acquaintance with Mr. Walter P. Eaton, formerly of the *New York Sun*. Nor with certain other New York critics whose comments have inspired the removal of the Klaw and Erlanger advertising from the journals they represented. And perhaps Mr. Klaw has forgotten the attempted disciplining of certain Chicago newspapers and critics because they did not agree with his estimate of the abilities and charms of Miss Fannie Ward.

Perhaps Mr. Klaw will next state that neither he nor "either of us" has ever had any communication, "directly or indirectly," with *LIFE* and its dramatic representative.

Metcalf.



*Academy of Music*—"The Merry Widow." The Viennese comic opera at popular prices.  
*Astor*—"Seven Days." Farcical cure for a fit of depression.  
*Belasco*—"Just a Wife." Contemporary drama by Mr. Eugene Walter. Well acted and fairly interesting.  
*Bijou*—"The Loitering Man." A laughable cheer-up.  
*Broadway*—"The Jolly Bachelors." Musical farce elaborately staged.  
*Casino*—"The Chocolate Soldier." Agreeable music with libretto founded on "Arms and the Man."  
*Comedy*—Mary Mannerling and good company in "A Man's World." Interesting dramatic discussion of moral problem.  
*Criterion*—"The Bachelor's Baby." Mr. Francis Wilson in his own diverting comedy.  
*Daly's*—Maxine Elliott in "The Inferior Sex." Miss Elliott doing good work in a little comedy well designed to display her beauty and ability.  
*Empire*—"Mid-Channel." Ethel Barrymore in unpleasant drama by Pinero.  
*Garrick*—Hattie Williams in "The Girl He Couldn't Leave Behind Him." Notice later.  
*Globe*—"The Old Town." Montgomery and Stone as the comedians in musical farce of the usual kind.  
*Herald Square*—"The Yankee Girl." Miss Blanche Ring and large company in tuneful musical comedy.  
*Hippodrome*—Brilliant water spectacle, ballet and circus.  
*Hudson*—"A Lucky Star." Light comedy with Mr. William Collier's fun-making as the main feature.  
*Lyceum*—Miss Billie Burke in "Mrs. Dot." Polite comedy charmingly acted.

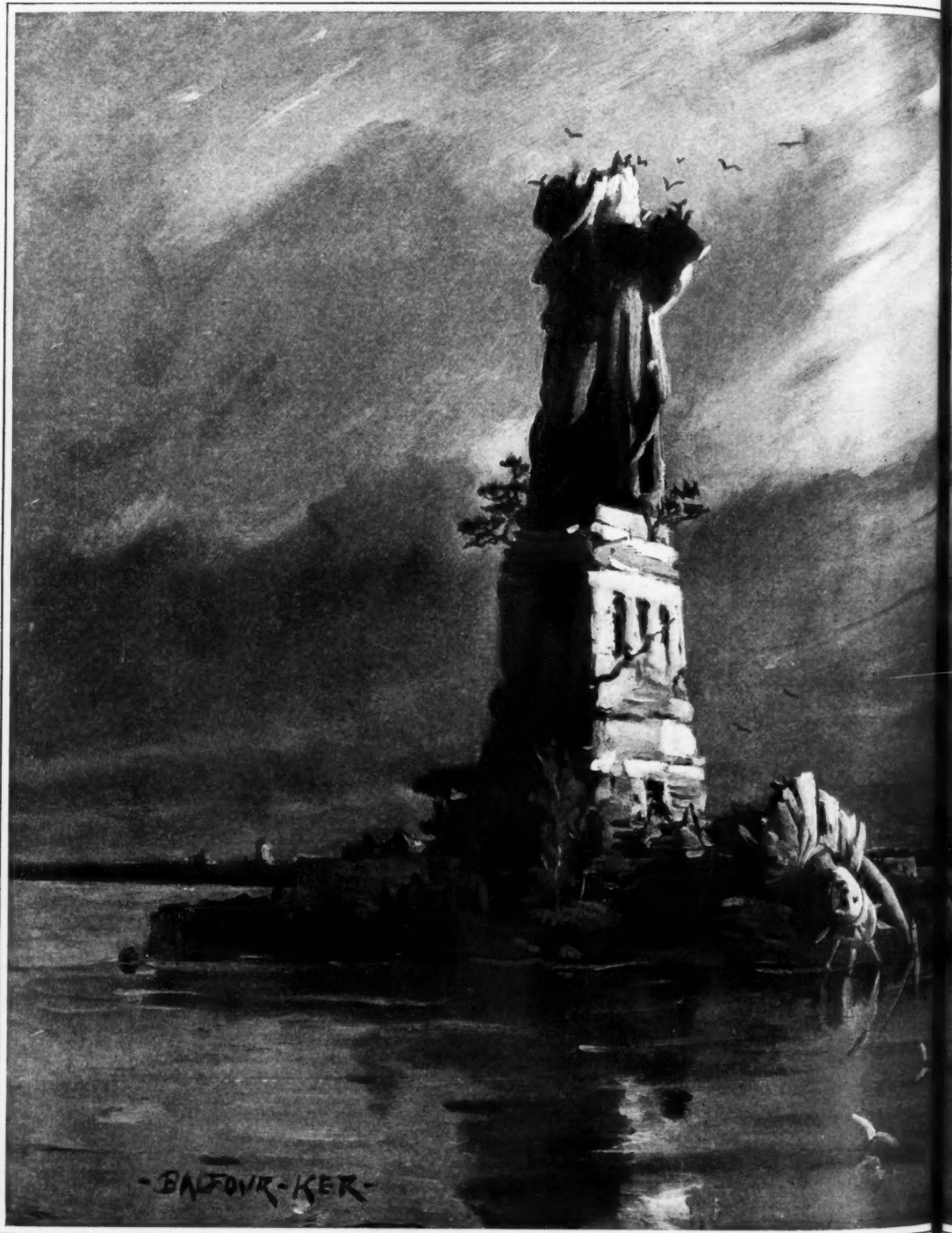


Agent: THIS IS THE ODDDEST BUNGALOW I'VE SEEN. WONDER IF ANYBODY'S HOME. METHINKS I'LL RING.

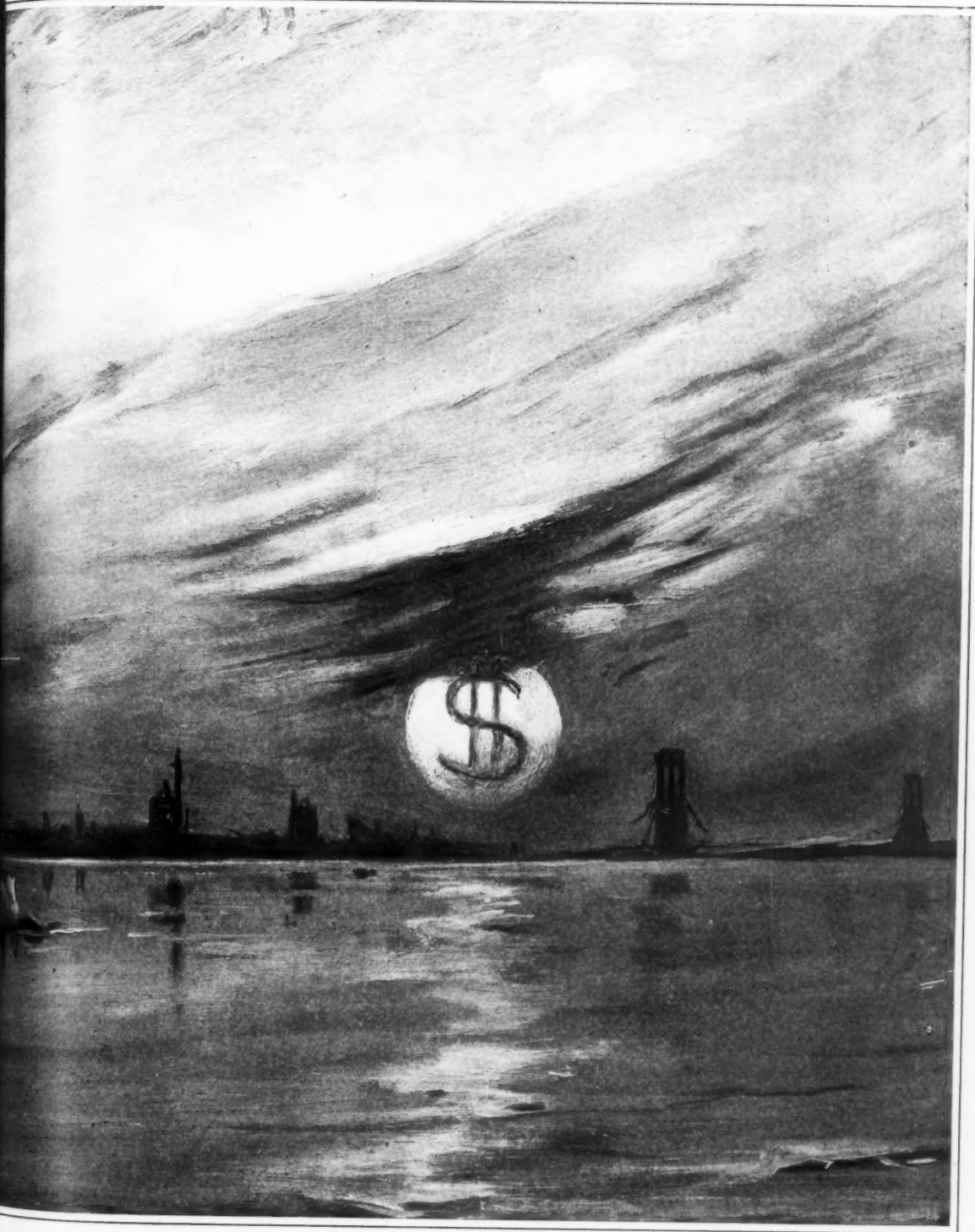


Mr. Giraffe: HELLO, SON.

*Lyric*—"The City." Mr. Clyde Fitch's powerful drama of contemporary American life.  
*Maxine Elliott's*—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Mr. Jerome's interesting mystical play admirably interpreted by Mr. Forbes-Robertson and excellent company.  
*New Theatre*—Repertory of dramas and minor opera.  
*Plaza*—Vaudeville.  
*Savoy*—"Children of Destiny." See above.  
*Stuyvesant*—"The Lily." The spinster question in interesting French drama.  
*Wallack's*—"Alias Jimmy Valentine." Absorbing melodrama with an ex-convict as hero.



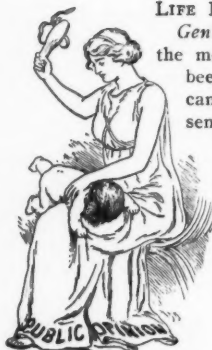
The Sun of Ba Nineve



of Ba Nineveh and Tyre

## We Are Congratulated

*As many of these letters were perhaps not intended for publication we omit all signatures*



LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Gentlemen:—Your last issue is the most vulgar thing it has ever been my misfortune to see. I cannot imagine how you dare send from your press such an indecent issue. It is an insult to your subscribers and I hope you will reap your due reward. I would as soon place a rattlesnake on our table as that.

FAIRFIELD, CONN.,  
February 23, 1910.

EDITOR LIFE:

A few weeks ago I subscribed for your paper to be mailed to above address. I do not wish your paper to again come to my house. Please therefore stop mailing it and consider subscription as ended and oblige, Yours truly,

LLEWELLYN PARK,  
ORANGE, N. J., Feb. 23, 1910.

LIFE.

Dear Sir:—Please discontinue the subscription of \_\_\_\_\_ to your magazine. I think nothing can excuse your "Improper Number." Yours truly,

CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA,  
February 22, 1910.

EDITOR, LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Dear Sir:—Will you permit me a word of criticism? I believe that another issue of LIFE as vulgar and generally unfit for appearance in respectable libraries as your issue of February 24 (Vol. LV., No. 1426) will cost you more good friends than you can recover in a two years' return to your former good record. I am, to my knowledge, only one of many who think so. Truly yours,

BOSTON, February 23, 1910.

EDITOR LIFE:

Have looked at it on a news stand. Happily refrained from buying it. A great disappointment. Yet, on later reflection, it occurs to me that you have unconsciously performed a unique public service. Perhaps this will turn out to be important beyond any conceptions possible at this hour of agitation and confused emotions. Is it so that there are

no improprieties, save those that relate to women and rum? Is the world so barren and civilization so futile of invention? It is high time some others were evolved, created, or in some manner made available to the service of the people. A niggardly and musty catalogue—only two; and the relish has long gone out of them. It is ridiculous for LIFE to fetch them from cold storage in this pretentious fashion, as if the pitiful specimens could perennially be counted upon to create fresh sensations. LIFE is not to blame; but the revelation is, nevertheless, disheartening. Where is the genius who will provide us with new improprieties?

P. S.—Guess I will run out and buy a copy, after all. Perhaps it marks an epoch, a starting point for a social regeneration. Contemplation of it is bound to stir thousands to address themselves to the production of something new in improprieties. It is a reminder of approaching decadence, an inspiration to diligent efforts for recovery.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

EDITORS OF LIFE,  
New York City.

Once Respected Sirs:—I have read your "Improper Number" in shocked silence, but now I must speak.

Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? And at your age, too!

Kindly send two expurgated copies for use of mother-in-law and children. Inclosed find an expurgated check for same. Yours for LIFE,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEAR LIFE:

At last you have done it. I have read every issue for over twenty-five years, longing for the "Improper Number," and, say! it is the "best ever."

Now, please let us have what you rejected. Yours,

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1910.

"HELLO!! THIS LIFE?"

"Yes, this is LIFE."

"Well, you little imp, I'm surprised, and considerably surprised at you. Looks from here as if you had entered the gold-brick game."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"After waiting with anxious expectancy for that much-heralded and over-boasted so-called 'Improper Number' I found it so sedate and terribly insipid that it might well be used in a young ladies' seminary. Did the pupils of a Sunday-school prepare the copy for this week's number?"

"I am surprised. We put in a lot of careful work and study in that number and until the last moment we felt somewhat dubious about sending it to press."

"I should think you would have felt dubious. There was no danger of overheating any press bearings with the dope in the disappointing 'great' number. Why, even our own little Bingville Clarion is more improper every week than this week's LIFE. If you can't do better than that you might try to issue a real comic number just once."

"Sorry you feel that way about it, but we'll improve with our next attempt. Good-by."

"Good-by. But say, LIFE, that cover wasn't so bad."

Have just read your so-called "Improper Number." The moral uplift is great. Please quote lowest price per 100 copies of each weekly issue, as we would like to adopt LIFE in our Sunday-school in place of the paper we are now taking. Very truly,

FRANKLIN, PA., Feb. 22, 1910.

DEAR LIFE:

We enjoyed your "Improper Number" very much. It is very pleasing but not vulgar. We wish you would send on the things you rejected. Yours truly,

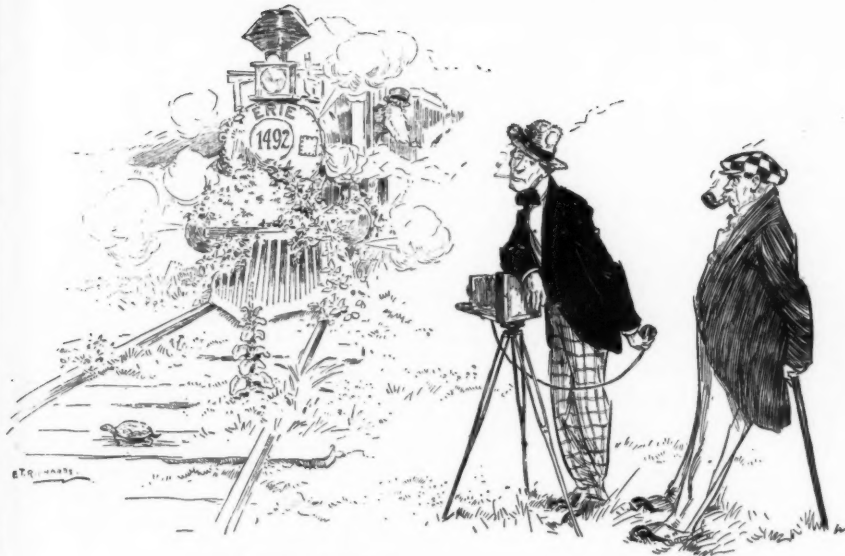
BROCKTON, MASS., February 24.

DARLING LIFE:

I have just finished reading the long-heralded "Improper Number," and am now wondering how you dared brave our dear Anthony's wrath. It is really the best ever, and anything but a "simple LIFE." Surely "Impropriety is the spice of Life."

Believe me one of the thousands of Improper Readers. Sincerely,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.,  
Wednesday, Feb. 23, 1910.



"WHAT YOU DOIN'?"  
"TAKING A TIME EXPOSURE OF AN ERIE TRAIN IN MOTION."

### Cherchez la Femme

THAT cheerful farce known to the public as an "inquiry into the causes of the cost of living" assumes more amazing proportions day by day. Somebody or something is to blame for the prohibitive prices which mock our indigence, and under no circumstances may the sensitive feelings of the protectionists be hurt. Consequently political economists who are not calm enough to share the frank indifference of Congress offer us strange and artless solutions of a problem which has grown too formidable for play.

The most original of all these suggestions comes from an instructor in economics in the Wharton School of Finance, at the University of Pennsylvania, who holds that food is dear be-

cause women buy it, and women "have no basis for estimating the value of what they spend." Money to a man represents so many hours or days of labor. Money to a woman stands for no economic effort. The price of all commodities is unreasonably dear because of the "extravagant willingness of women to pay for them."

If this be true, all that is needed to reduce the cost of living is that men shall shop and market. The poulterer will not venture to ask two dollars and a half for a pair of chickens, the dairyman will blush at the mere thought of demanding fifty cents a dozen for eggs, when confronted by the wage-earner of the family. Hogs were quoted last week at a figure calculated to make these lordly animals swagger in their sties; but they will soon be reduced to humility and moderation if the father of the family buys the morning sausage. Even the cook will cheerfully accept four dollars a week instead of seven when her master pays her wages, espe-



Little Miss Caterpillar: BOO, HOO! I DON'T LOOK A BIT LIKE MAMMA.

LIFE is, with one exception, the only free and independent journal in America. It is not controlled by trust, creed, advertiser, political party, millionaire or anybody or anything except its own conscience.

cially if she can be brought to understand that he is philosophically indifferent to his food, and that it was only the "extravagant willingness" of her mistress to pay her seven dollars which made her ask so much.

There was a rhyme familiar to our nurseries (the nurseries of long ago) which told what happened to a man—an early student of domestic science:

"Who said he could do more work in a day

Than his wife could do in three."  
Let his successor

"Who believes he would spend less cash in a day

Than his wife would spend in three,"  
step forward and try it. The world waits breathless for the result.

Agnes Repplier.

### A Variation

"SIR," says the anxious suitor, "your daughter has referred me to you. I—er—that is—you know—I have proposed to her."

"Proposed to her, have you?" dryly observes the father. "Well, I thought she had learned something by this time. And you ought to hesitate a good deal before engaging yourself to marry her. You know she has been divorced four times."

"Yes, sir. But I—I can assure you, sir, that I can provide her with the alimony she has been accustomed to in case our marriage should be a failure."



WHERE IT ORIGINATED

Socrates: GOSH ALL HEMLOCK!



I HAPPENED last week to be dining with a friend who is a publisher during business hours and a commuter and an excellent chap during the remainder of the twenty-four; and as we sat chatting after dinner, during a pause in the talk, we heard, apparently from overhead, a faint honk-honking that sounded for all the world like a high-flying covey of \$500 run-arounds. And when we had rushed to the front lawn we saw, or thought we saw, far to the north, a broad-spread wedge of moving shadows, dim against the sky. "Great Heavens!" I exclaimed. "Those can't be geese so early!" And my friend, shaking his head sadly, as though reluctant to disabuse the young of their illusions, answered, "No. That's the first flight of spring novels."

THE leader of the flock, the first harbinger of the new season, is a bird of powerful pinion, with a voice of an authoritative although metallic timbre—Gertrude Atherton's *Tower of Ivory*. This is the story, brilliantly detailed, if somewhat grandiloquently conceived, of a young English attaché and a Wagnerian prima donna; of an interesting friendship and a cyclonic passion. It transports one, with no suspicion of personal conduction, to social and artistic Munich; to the castle of mad Ludwig of Bavaria; to the internationally refurbished country seats of England; and holds us musically and histrionically enthralled, through glowingly described presentations of the operas of the Ring. But it dismisses one with the conviction of having watched upon the screen of the author's imagination the projection of figures magnified beyond the stature of humanity. In short, the book is typically Athertonian. In so far as it is critical, commentative and descriptive it is keen, vastly entertaining and vividly persuasive. But conceptually and creatively it is grandiose, megalomaniac, enamored of the epic emotions of colossal pigmies. One has neither the right nor the desire to complain of either of these manifestations of the artistic impulse; but one is conscious of the discordance of their conjunction.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON'S *The Biography of a Boy* (Harper, \$1.50) is an engaging and amusing history. It is by no means a novelty, perhaps, to be admitted behind the scenes of the domestic comedy—to follow a migration to the suburbs, assist at the initiation of a spotted cow, share in the discomfiture of financial miscalculations and watch, from the vantage point of a family confidant, the disconcerting efflorescence of the old Adam in the heir of the house. But these privileges have for the most part been extended to us by the literary fathers of the migrating families, or by mothers who, in their dreams at least, aspired to new womanhood. The present history differs from these others in that it contains the confidences of an unreconstructed mother—or would one be more accurate in saying the unreconstructed confidences of a mother whose sense of humor is supple enough to embrace her own psychology? Rose O'Neil's illustrations, by the way, deserve a word of surprised acknowledgment. The illustrators these days seem to be so constantly employed in drawing languorous ladies in furs, lissom ladies in svelte gowns and unconscious ladies in—I believe lingerie is the proper euphemism—for the advertising pages of the leading periodicals that



"IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS"

when they are called away to interpret other works of fiction they have time to change neither their methods nor their models. It is a surprise to come across a book whose illustrations seem to have been made for it. It is an event to find one where the pictures poke one's imagination in the ribs instead of clubbing it over the head.

THE SHADOW BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES is the long title of a short story by Joel Chandler Harris (Small, Maynard). It is a story—or rather a decorative arrangement in local color—told in almost-dialect by a Confederate veteran given to reminiscence and shirt-sleeved comfort in a tilted chair; and while to have read it can scarcely be said to constitute a mental asset, the act of reading it is attended by a pleasant sense of hallucination. One does not, to be frank, take so much cognizance of what Mr. Harris says as of how he says it; and, like the small boy at the window of the hare-lipped ticket agent, one "certainly likes to hear him talk."  
J. B. Kerfoot.



*A Certain Rich Man*, by William Allen White. The story of public opinion and the millionaire in the last half century. Rambling but interesting.  
*Aunt Veronica*, by H. G. Wells. A half-hearted study of a social rebel in which a successful writer scores a failure.  
*The Ball and the Cross*, by G. K. Chesterton. An allegorical extravaganza, bright in its allegory but confused in its extravagance.  
*Bella Donna*, by Robert Hichens. The adventures of an adventuress on the Nile. Literary hashish.



THEY HAD THE NEW CHAUFFEUR ABOUT NINE DAYS WHEN OLD PINCHPENNY'S YOUNG WIFE ELOPED WITH HIM. IT IS NOT KNOWN WHAT CAUSED THE DELAY

*The Blue Bird*, by Maurice Maeterlinck. A dramatized fairy tale, written in prose by a poet, for children and others.

*The Bride of the Mistletoe*, by James Lane Allen. Pedantic pessimism by a scared optimist.

*George Bernard Shaw*, by G. K. Chesterton. Illuminative analytical criticism.

*The Haven*, by Eden Phillpotts. Another story of Devon; of technical finish and human interest.

*The Hungry Heart*, by David Graham Phillips. Sentiment versus sex. A plain tale from the West.

*It Never Can Happen Again*, by William De Morgan. An ample opportunity of most enjoyably hobnobbing with a delightful writer over a negligible story.

*John Marvel, Assistant*, by Thomas Nelson Page. A story of today from the standpoint of day-before-yesterday.

*Margarita's Soul*, by Josephine Daskam Bacon. A romance of distinct charm.

*Martin Eden*, by Jack London. A graphic bit of intellectual autobiography introduced into a crude fiction.

*The New World*, by Allen Upward. The ablest dialectic work of recent years. Notice later.

*The Old Wives' Tale*, by Arnold Bennett. A novel of exceptional poise, quality and interest.

*Open Country*, by Maurice Hewlett. The hero of *Half Way House* in an earlier adventure. A captivating story.

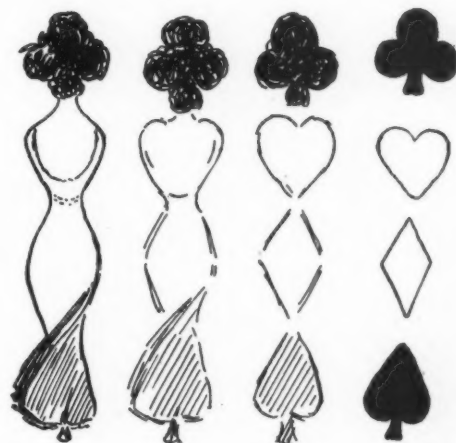
*Penguin Island*, by Anatole France. A witty and satirical parody on the history of France.

*The Song of Songs*, by Hermann Sudermann. Symbolic realism. A terrible and unflinching study of a well-meaning weakling.

*The Tower of Ivory*, by Gertrude Atherton. See above.

*True Tilda*, by A. C. Quiller Couch. The amusing adventures of an imaginative waif.

FOOLS rush in (to the stock market) where wise men want them to tread.



CC. 204

APOTHEOSIS OF THE BRIDGE FIEND

THERE are two kinds of people who are content to live without working—beggars and those who can't realize that doing the same thing on a large scale puts them in the same class.



**Asking Too Much**

The mother of little six-year-old Mary had told her a number of times not to hitch her sled to passing sleighs, feeling that it was a dangerous practice. It was such a fascinating sport, however, that Mary could not resist it, and one day her mother saw her go skimming past the house behind a farmer's "bob."

When she came in from play she was taken to task, her mother saying severely, "Mary, haven't I told you that you must not hitch onto bobs? Besides, you know it is against the law."

Mary tossed her head. "Oh," she said, "don't talk to me about the law. It's all I can do to keep the Ten Commandments!"—*Woman's Home Companion.*

**Forearmed**

"With all your wealth are you not afraid of the proletariat?" asked the delver in sociological problems.

"No, I ain't," snapped Mrs. Newrich. "We boil all our drinkin' water."—*Philadelphia Record.*



WELL, THERE ARE OTHERS LOOKING FOR THE SAME

**A Choice**

If you must sit and sigh  
And have the blues,  
Why don't you try  
To realize  
That there are sighs and sighs,  
And blues and blues  
From which to choocae?  
There 're heavenly blues, and blues of  
tranquil seas,  
Both pleasant—if you have them, pray  
have these;  
And when you sigh, be like the turtle-  
dove,  
Who knows not grief, and merely sighs  
for love.

—*Blakeney Grey, in Success.*

**An Anti-Noise Opinion**

"Are you familiar with Dickens' Christmas Carol?"

"Not exactly familiar with it," replied Mr. Growcher. "But I heartily approve of it. One of the best things Dickens did was to invent a Christmas carol that people could read quietly instead of trying to sing it."—*Washington Evening Star.*

**BLOBS:** The suffragettes believe in the equality of woman, don't they?

**SLOBBS:** Not at all; they believe in the superiority of woman.—*Philadelphia Record.*

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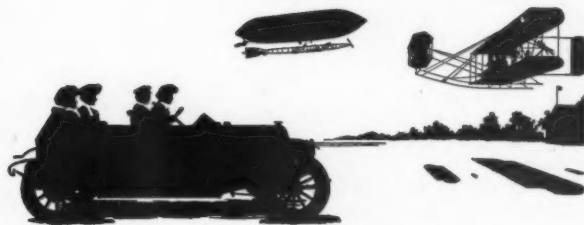
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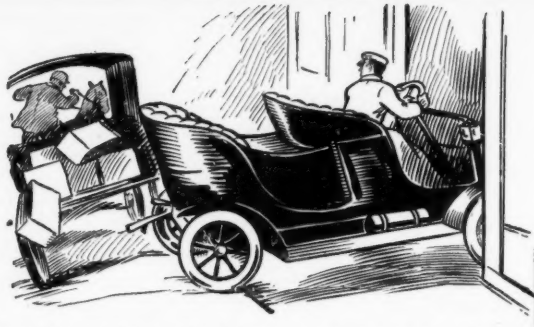
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Saves your time and prevents accidents. Upon reaching the garage, you drive in, turn car around on turntable, and then you are ready to drive out—not back out.

"Just drive right in, turn around and drive right out again." Any woman or boy can turn the heaviest car on a Lansing Automobile Turntable. All garages should have drainage—wash your machine on the turntable and the water will quickly run into turntable pit.

Write us for our **L-A-T Booklet**. It tells all about our turntables and gives names of prominent men who have installed them. A postal will bring it.

Lansing Wheelbarrow Company, - 83 Cedar Street, Lansing, Mich.

There's a manhole 3 feet square in the turntable, which permits chauffeur to get beneath the car to adjust or examine the machinery.

All-steel construction—sold with a lifetime guarantee. Blue print and instructions furnished. Anybody can set up a turntable. The regular size is 12 ft. 6 in. diameter, but we build any desired size. Some people use them just outside the door of the garage. We are building a special portable turntable for private and public garages where concrete floor is already laid.

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### No Slouch

The men in the Pullman smoker were arguing as to who was the greatest inventor. One said Stephenson, who invented the locomotive, and made fast travel possible. Another declared it was the man who invented the compass, which enabled men to navigate the seas. Another contended for Edison. Still another for the Wrights.

Finally one of them turned to a little man who had remained silent:

"Who do you think?"

"Well," he said, with a hopeful smile, "the man who invented interest was no slouch."—Lippincott's.



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—Larcom.

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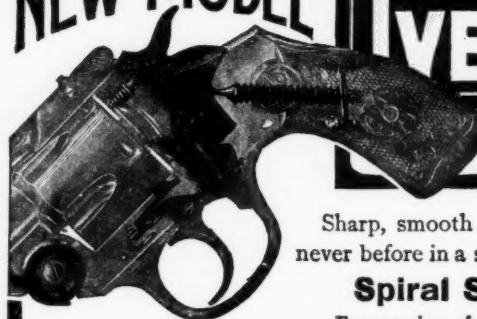
### ARISTOCRACY AMONG GOATS.

51

This poor goat had had nothing to eat  
And with hunger had grown indiscreet,  
So he ate printed scores  
Which digestion abhors  
Till with ingrowing whiskers he's beat.  
This poor goat had had nothing to eat  
But his taste was extremely elite,  
So he ate "Rad-Bridge" scores  
And stuffed without pause,  
Till his whiskers grew down to his feet.

"Rad-Bridge" grows whiskers and we can prove it.  
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### SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

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### Beef and—

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean,  
So in the happy days of yore  
They licked the platter clean.

But now for neither fat nor lean  
Can poor Jack find the means;  
They neither eat a bit of meat  
But both go in for beans.

—Brooklyn Life.

### At the Railway Station

"Has the two-thirty train gone?"  
"Yes, ma'am; five minutes ago."  
"When's the next train?"  
"Four-fifteen, ma'am."  
"Thank goodness, I'm in time!"—

Lippincott's.

### A Bible Name

The late Bishop Gallier was once asked to baptize a negro baby boy.

"Name this child," he said, addressing Mrs. Jackson, the mother of the black mite.

"Hallud."

"That's a strange name, Mrs. Jackson," remarked the bishop hesitatingly.

"Scripter name," rejoined the happy mother, with a confident grin.

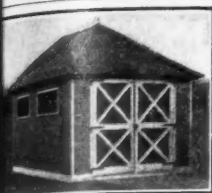
"I never saw it in the Bible."

"Why, Bishop, how kin yuh stan' up dar kiddin' a ole ignorant niggah laik I is? Yuh says dat name whenever yuh says de Lawd's prayer—'Hallud be Thy name!'"—Success.

### A Friend in Need

"Here's the doctor again, miss. Don't you think he comes more often than he needs to?"

"It all depends; he may be very poor, Marie!"—Frou-Frou.



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**The Fellow in Love.**

PRUE: Do you think he was sincere when he said he loved you?

DOLLY: I'm sure of it. He looked too foolish to be making believe.—*Lippincott's*.

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Ernest Thompson Seton

Excuse these tears; they needs must flow

For many passed Beyond the Veil—  
Brave Krag the Ram, and Spot the Crow,  
And pretty Molly Cottontail.

With Raggylug and Vixen, too,  
And Lobo, wolf beyond compare,  
Swift Ollygosh the Caribou,  
And fuzzy, winsome Johnny Bear!

Alas! my gentle wildwood friends!  
By Nature's grim, relentless law  
Their Lives are Tragedies; their ends  
Are ruled by Rifle, Tooth or Claw;

That is, they meet their finish when  
Some hungry tyrant snaps them off;  
They never die in peace, like men,  
Of Measles, Croup and Whooping-cough!

I loved an Oyster once; he came  
To cheer me from his ocean grot;  
But ere he learned to know his name  
He perished in a chowder-pot.

And that sweet Quail I cherished most  
One evening laid her tender side  
Upon a piece of buttered toast  
And, steeped in onion sauce, she died!

Yet, though my heart is so intense,  
I do not live on milk and rice;  
Nay, more, I've killed, in self-defence,  
A Dove or Rabbit once or twice;

But when it flipped its final flop  
I did not rudely cheer or laugh,  
But dripped a Sentimental Drop  
And wrote (and sold) its Epitaph!  
*Arthur Guiterman.*

**London Weather**

"Yes, this is bad weather," said Senator Tillman on a day of rain and sleet. "It is nothing to London, though."

"Once, on a dripping water day in London, a sulphur-brown or pea-soup fog in the air, and everybody drenched to the skin, I sat on a bus top beside a Parsee in a red fez.

"When the Parsee got off, the driver of the bus, touching his hat with his whip, said to me:

"Would you mind tellin' me, sir, what sort o' chap that is?"

"He's a Parsee," said I. "An Indian, you know; a sun worshipper."

"Worships the sun, does he, sir?" said the wet and shivering driver. "I suppose he's come 'ere to 'ave a rest?'"—*Providence Journal.*



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—*W. B. Johnstone, Los Angeles, Cal.*

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—*Chas. Clemme, Chicago, Ill.*

"The first Duntley Cleaner received has earned us \$900, and we have only put in about half the time."

—*C. H. Towlslee, Portland, Ore.*

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You can use the machine for ten days to prove it will do what I claim—

To prove that you can make \$10 a day.

I'll take all the risk.

You simply fill out and mail me the coupon below—but do it now—to-day.

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*The  
Literary  
Zoo.*

Parody

"That easiest of literary amusements," remarks *The Bookman*, alluding to the art of parody. Yet *The Bookman* really knows better; the inaccuracy of its characterization is, in fact, revealed in the very paragraph from which we lift it. George Meredith, we learn, was the object of much adverse contemporary criticism. "He was an irresistible subject to the very people from whom he was hopelessly shut off by nature." Yet, "parodists, however, seem not to have been very busy with him. Mr. Hamer-ton"—whose extracts from contemporary criticism are copious—"has found only four worth quoting." These four are Owen Seaman, Max Beerbohm, F. Anstey and R. C. Lehmann.

That is to say, parody is easy, Meredith was the easiest of marks—yet only four writers employing this form of criticism produced anything worth quoting.

Yes, *The Bookman* really knows better. It knows that true parody, far from being the "easiest form of literary amusements," is an art so exacting that its masters, in the metrical form at least, are less numerous than critics of the first class. It knows that parody, as Fuzelier put it, "is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition"; that Sir Theodore Martin, in his memoir of Aytoun, warned the metrical parodist that he must first be penetrated by the poet's spirit and have steeped his ear in the music of his verse "before he can reflect these under a humorous aspect with success."

Mr. Gilbert Chesterton knows better, but—he finds "vulgar misunderstanding" in "all American parody," yet is evidently unacquainted with Bunner and Bayard Taylor—our only two metrical masters of the art. He does not except Bret Harte, whose humor "was sympathetic and analytical": hence Harte "was not an American humorist."

Of course Mr. Chesterton cannot know everything. In preparing his series of papers touching upon such varied types as Savonarola, Rostand, Queen Victoria and Tolstoy, it is pardonable that some things in American humor escaped his roving eye. It seems to us, too, that he has erred in his estimate of Harte as a metrical parodist. The prose parodies of Bret Harte are unexcelled, but as a



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*Makaroff - Boston*

mimic of the poets he failed to observe the rules. He is only one of many skillful writers beguiled to their own undoing by the "easy amusement" of critical parody in verse. Lord Byron made a bungle of it; Dr. Johnson missed the mark altogether. Odd, is it not, that while Swinburne (a capital mocker), Coleridge, Burns, Pope, Keats and others have essayed the art, none has approached the masterpiece of one woman—Catherine Maria Fanshawe. And no

(Continued on page 453)

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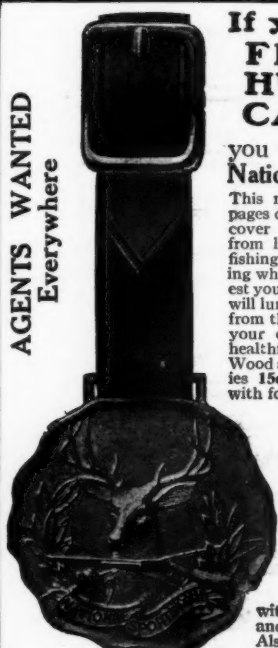
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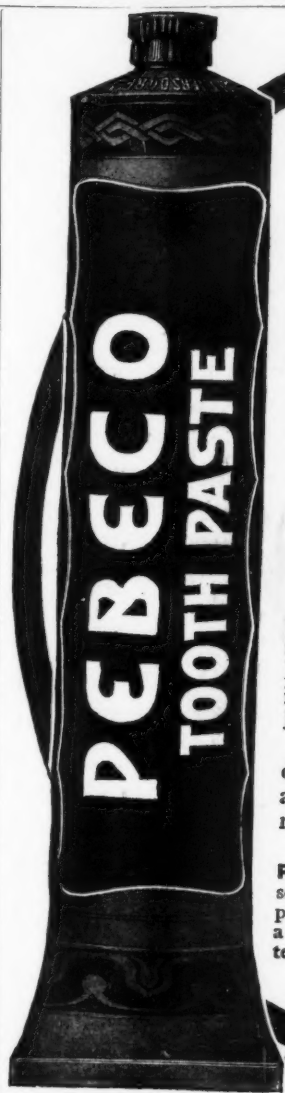
## The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 452)

one—no one at all—has ever succeeded in turning out a true parody, of a high order, on Shakespeare.

One more bone to pick and we are done. There was a time when we might have surmised that Miss Carolyn Wells—*jongleuse* of joyous jingles—knew better, too; but we begin to have our doubts. Some time ago the Scribners published a volume of metrical parodies collected by Miss Wells, to which she contributed an original preface. This collection was neither so comprehensive nor discriminating as one which had already issued from the press of Henry Holt, prefaced with a truly critical and sympathetic account of metrical mimicry. Miss Wells' compilation is doubtless better known, yet we could wish she had taken more pains with the introduction, and had omitted some parodies of her own, which have no place in a book of reference worth owning.

The truth seems to be that few American editors or publishers are intimately acquainted with the delicate art practised by Calverley and Taylor. Or, since the appreciation of that art calls for a fastidious literary sense on the part of the reader, it may be that the editors and publishers know their *clientèle* and are content with a provision of artificial pearls. However this may be, we have newly come upon certain parodies of the common sort—in that venerable repository of humor, *Harper's Drawer*, and



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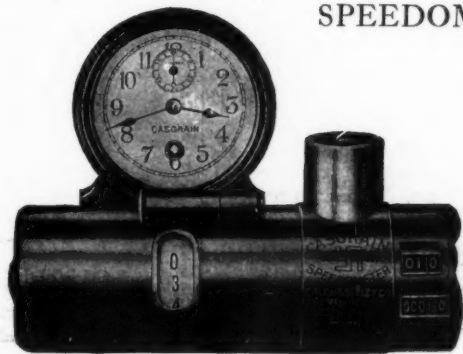
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elsewhere—signed by Miss Wells, and—shade of Bayard Taylor!—entitled "Divisions of the Re-Echo Club." We even find the author of these wholly unliterary jingles calmly remarking: "A recent discovery has brought to light the long-hidden papers of the Re-Echo Club . . . doubtless a successor of the famous Echo Club of Boston memory." The excuse is Yuletide. One specimen suffices:

BY MR. MOORE

'Twas ever thus, from childhood's bawl,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay.  
Whatever I want most of all,

I do not get it Christmas Day!  
Finally, we have it on the authority of *The Bookman's* editor, in a contribution to a woman's magazine, that "perhaps Miss Wells' really best bit of work was her poster girl parody on 'The Blessed Damozel,'" beginning:

The blessed Poster Girl leaned out  
From pinky-purple heaven:

(Continued on page 454)

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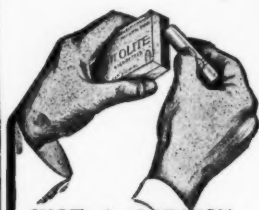
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### The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 453)

One eye was red and one was green;  
Her bang was cut uneven;  
She had three fingers on her hand,  
And the hairs on her head were seven.

O parody, what rimes are submitted  
in thy name! *W. T. Larned.*

#### Stimulants

"Statistics show"—what do they not show?—that stimulants "in most cases" are taken "because of the lack of the right kind of food." Attest: Dr. Smalley, of the University of Michigan.

As stimulants "in cases" are obviously beyond the beck of impecunious genius, Dr. Smalley's generalization sheds no light on the impulses governing the bibulous school of poetry. This leaves to the literary statistician a field still fallow—but we forbear.

It may be objected, moreover, that in relying on the sterile data of statistics, Dr. Smalley does not sufficiently take into account the personal potato. In our own casual observations of the phenomena underlying thirst we have been led to hold, tentatively, the opinion that it may be variously excited or subdued, according to the special individual impulse by the mere perusal of poetry. Thus on some persons—Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, for example—Omar's advertisement of wine operates deterrently, as a temperance tract; others—possibly including Mr. G. B. Shaw—find in this adulation of the grape a constant and irresistible reminder that it is time to take another Persian highball. Lyric celebration of alcoholic beverages may appease a latent thirst or fling wide to it the side-door of imagination. To palates susceptible to the more refined titillations of song, insidious and compelling invitation lurks in the luscious lines of Keats:

O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,

And purple-stained mouth.

Sing again, sing again, Nightingale!  
Few of us come to man's estate would lightly part with such a heaven-stirring. Lucullus, had he known it, and its source, would straightway have joined the Audubon society.

Bacchanal songs may moisten the glands of the sons of Belial, easily seen.  
(Continued on page 455)

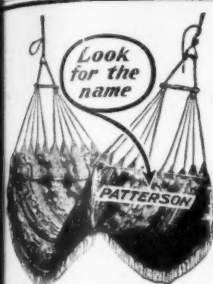
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## The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 454)

duced to indulgence. But we who are flown neither with insolence nor wine succumb not to such fumes. Only the heady vapors of a Hovey are recognized by sober nostrils. In a certain season, with certain surroundings, who can see with indifferent eye his "stein upon the table"? A test, Dr. Smalley. In the fellowship of spring fetch us a richly-nourished, milk-fed Michigander with ear attuned to poetry, and we shall sing or say to him the verses: "Give a Rouse." You in a sober, statistical, spirit may then proceed to note the exception or prove the rule.

\* \* \*

But the subject is much too rich and complex to pursue it here. Besides, what is the right and the wrong kind of food—and drink? Let Dr. Smalley settle that first. Battle Creek and Mr. Upton Sinclair are close at hand to help him. Incidentally we should like to know what Balzac might have done had he stuck to cereal coffee. As to stimulants—in bottles, cases, demijohns, or demi-tasses—it really may be, as Dr. Smalley says, that improper food is to blame. Yet thirst, too, says the

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W. T. L.

### The Case of Mr. Smith

The habit of stilted speech still prevails in the provinces. Metaphor may flourish on the prairie and in the novels of the cowcamp. Obsolete Anglo-Saxon is not infrequently the familiar language of the backwoods farmer, to whom "fry" is still a noun and "poke" a sufficient word for sack. But the citizen of our smaller urban communities speaks the language of advanced civilization unshorn of its cumbrous formalities. The grammar is his Bible; he fights shy of slang. So erect does he stand

(Continued on page 456)



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## The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 455)

that sometimes he falls backward; one hears him say, "Between you and I."

Surely this must be so. Otherwise the ignorance of one Charles E. Smith cannot be accounted for. Mr. Smith, a railway clerk from the Southwest, visiting New York, gave an order to a restaurant waiter. Evidently the waiter understood him. The order was promptly translated into: "Brown one in the pan, draw one." Intelli-

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gible, monosyllabic speech, clipped of all circumlocution. Yet Mr. Smith, explaining why he threw a plate, subsequently told the court that his elaborate request for coffee and browned hash had been conveyed in terms strange to his ear.

Mr. Smith is an exotic. No doubt he devotes twenty minutes to "luncheon" in his native town. He lives west of the Missouri, and would accordingly be classified by the *Herald* as occidental. But when he comes to New York he might at least take the trouble to learn our language.

W. T. L.

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The Czar's arm is long; but it cannot reach to heaven.

The hand of the Czar also has only five fingers.

It is not more difficult for death to carry a fat Czar than to carry a lean beggar.

The voice of the Czar has an echo even when there are no mountains near.

What the Czar cannot accomplish time can do.—*Sunday Magazine.*

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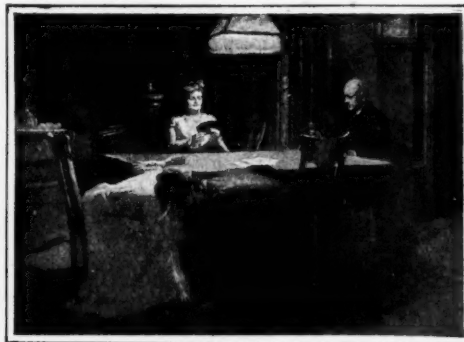
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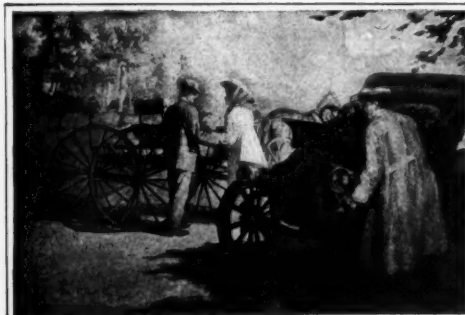
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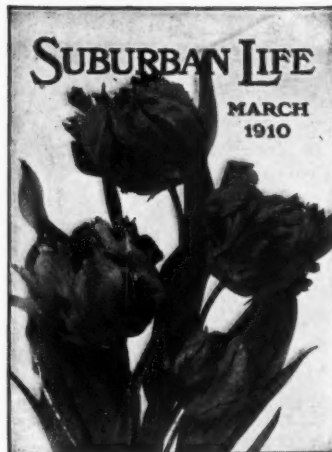
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