

L I F E

THE HOPE SPRINGS CLUB
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING

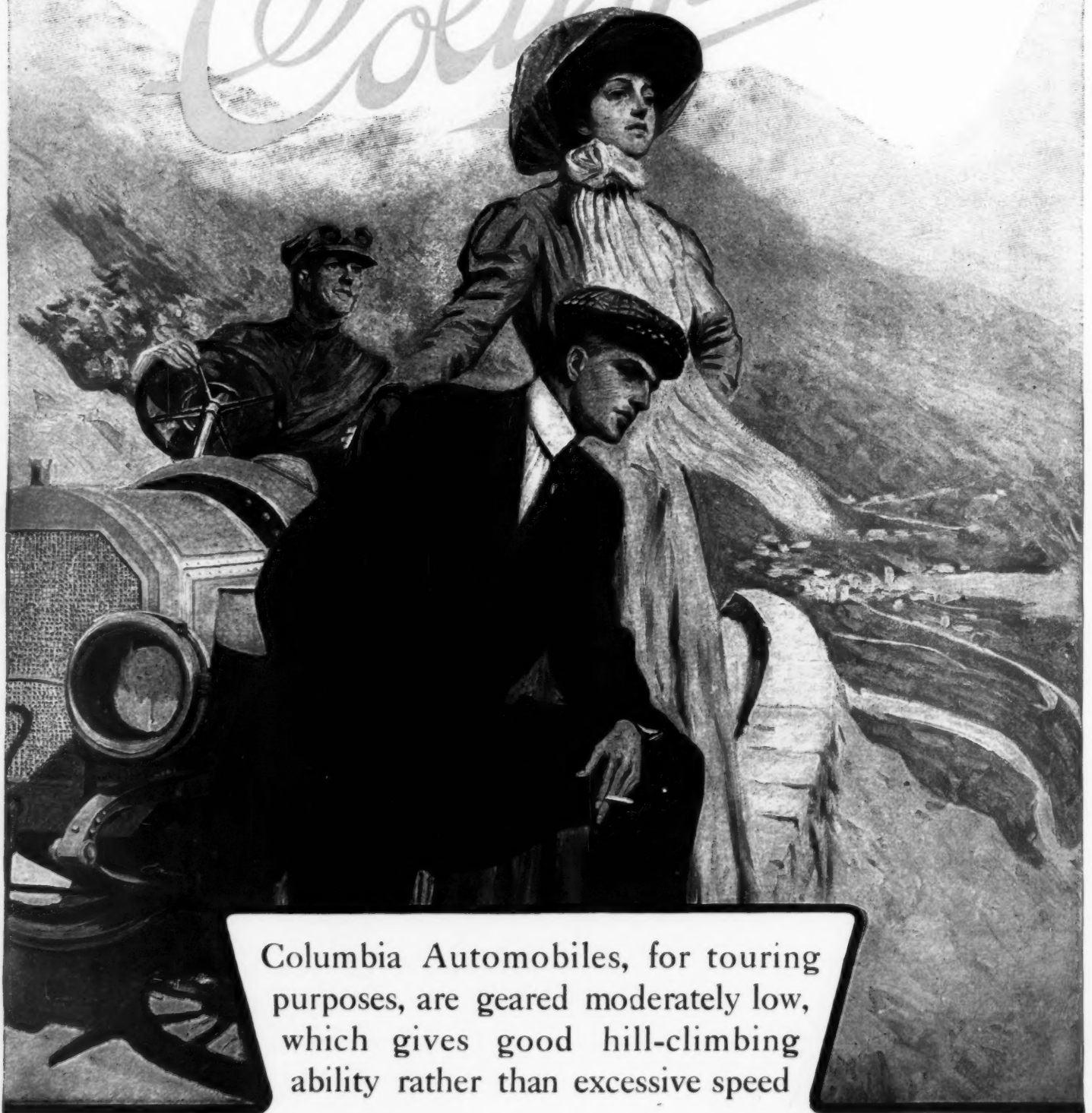


ROBERT J

WILDHACK



Columbia



Columbia Automobiles, for touring purposes, are geared moderately low, which gives good hill-climbing ability rather than excessive speed

Painted by Geo. Glous

THE COLUMBIA MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Station 106-A, Hartford, Connecticut

LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILES are built in three chassis sizes, four- and six-cylinder, with bodies covering the whole range of touring cars, runabouts, close-coupled cars, limousines, landaulets and town cars.

The features which distinguish the Franklin automobile are light weight, air cooling, full-elliptic springs, large wheels, large tires, wood chassis frame. These features give the Franklin its superiority in comfort, reliability and economy—the prime qualities on which the merit of every automobile is finally determined.

You settle the tire question when you select your automobile.

If the automobile you buy is hard on tires or the tires are too small you will have tire trouble. Having trouble or no trouble is a result of both tire equipment and automobile construction.

With a rigid automobile or one with excessive weight in the axles the tires are bound to give out sooner than they ought to, no matter how large tires are used. The Franklin, light and resilient, is easy on tires, and the tires used are so large that heavy loads and fast driving do not weaken them. They give four times the mileage of the ordinary tire equipment on the average automobile. The Franklin is the only automobile in which tire trouble is not a factor.

Reliable tire equipment does more than save tire expense. It saves on the whole automobile; it adds to the pleasure of motoring. You are not hindered or annoyed.

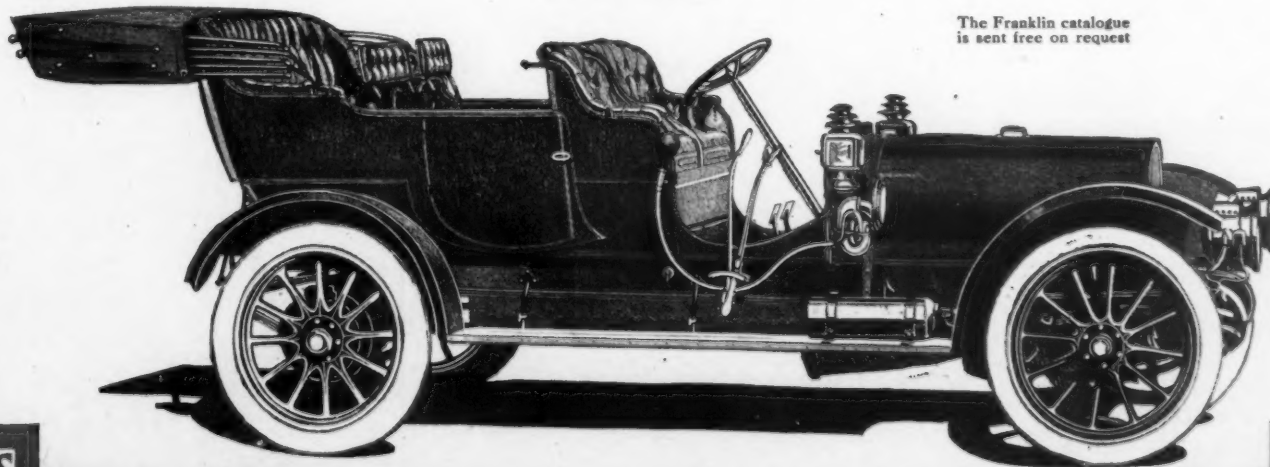
Comfort the greatest essential.

In the foremost requirement of all, that of comfort, the Franklin is the leader. Every detail also meets the most exacting requirements. It is the easiest riding of all automobiles; you go farthest in a day and make the fastest time.

The charm of rapid motion, the delight of winding roads, the fascination of graceful speed on hills, the exhilaration of responsive power, the joys of long trips—all of this finds highest expression in the Franklin. There are ease and security with no thought of tire or other trouble.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

Licensed under Selden Patent



The Franklin catalogue is sent free on request

Its full-elliptic springs and laminated-wood chassis frame absorb instead of transmitting vibration. The Franklin is easy for its passengers and easy on itself.

The Franklin owner does not have to pay any attention to cooling.

Water cooling requires constant attention, but the Franklin owner can forget, and does, that there is such a thing as a cooling system. It is so simple and effective that it causes no concern whatever.

Franklin air cooling, with no mechanism at all, is superior to water cooling because it produces as good results without the mechanism and without the liability of the water system to get out of order or overheat.

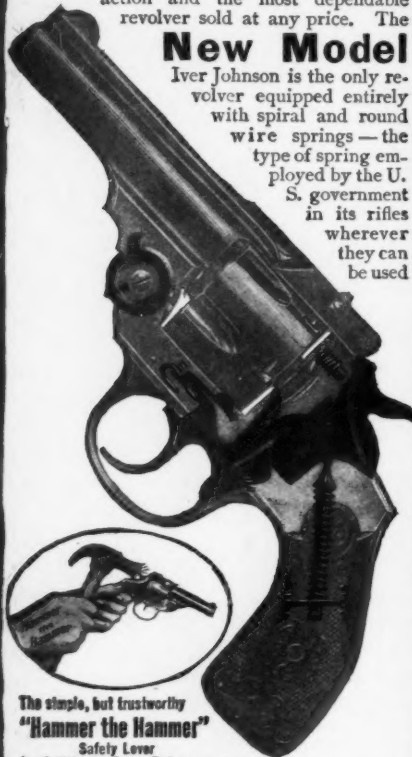
The Franklin touring cars.

Three in number, they meet all requirements. They are powerful and able, light but strong. Model H, 42 horse power, seating seven passengers, is the leader of all six-cylinder automobiles. Model D, 28 horse power, seating five passengers, is the ideal city and family touring car. Model G, 18 horse power, is the only high-grade small touring car made in America. For business or pleasure it is the handiest vehicle imaginable.

IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC
REVOLVER

The equipment throughout with wire springs makes the New Iver Johnson the most durable, the smoothest and sharpest in action and the most dependable revolver sold at any price. The



New Model

Iver Johnson is the only revolver equipped entirely with spiral and round wire springs—the type of spring employed by the U. S. government in its rifles wherever they can be used

The simple, but trustworthy
"Hammer the Hammer"

Safety Lever

In 2,000,000 Iver Johnson revolvers sold during the past 16 years, has proved that the only way an Iver Johnson revolver can be discharged is to pull the trigger.

Our new Catalogue tells all about these exclusive features.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire cartridge, 32 or 38 center-fire cartridge, . . . \$6.00

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32 or 38 center-fire cartridge, . . . \$7.00

Where unobtainable locally, we ship direct on receipt of price.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
186 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

NEW YORK—99 Chambers St. HAMBURG, GERMANY—Pickhuben 4. PACIFIC COAST—717 Market St. San Francisco.

LONDON ENGLAND—40 Queen St., Cheapside, E. C.

Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles.



"GEE WHIZ! I HAVE A PREMONITION THAT SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN UNLESS BILL CATCHES THAT FIREFLY!"



One Who Obeyed That Impulse

DEAR LIFE:

Here I am "obeying that impulse" by mailing you the small sum of five dollars, in the form of a New York draft, to the end that I may have LIFE on my library table weekly for a year. The impulse is in part due to my approbation of your fearlessness. It is also due to an unmistakable desire on my part to see "the things you left out of that 'Improper Number.'" Please hurry them along in an early issue. What you published first was promising. I for one want the rest of the bunch. How any one could object does not seem possible. Yet such is life!

LIFE, you are sound in purpose. You are true to your convictions. And you fear not. Reverting to the early Western vernacular: LIFE, you are "all right!" "Put her there!"

Cordially,
C. L. W.

FULLERTON, NEB., March 22, 1910.

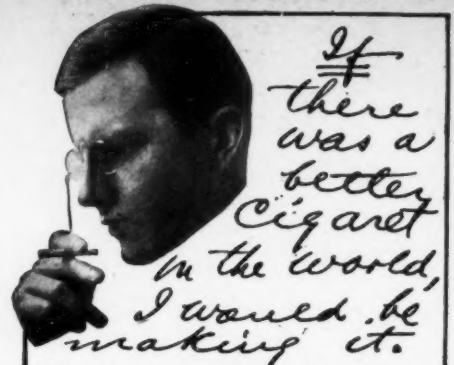
Pernicious Tipping System

DEAR LIFE:

You recently published a correspondent's communication anent the growing "tipping" evil, which I hoped might bring responses and lead to your cudgeling the said evil as effectually as you do vivisection, for instance, or the theatre ticket swindlers. It has at least assumed the proportions of a nuisance, and the shame of it is that at the swell hotels, etc., it is the "men higher up" that promote it. The average American cannot, or will not, do his tipping in moderation, like the average European. He must generously emulate his richer brother, whether he can afford it or not, or he must meekly take the near insults of the serving classes.

At one of the swellest New York hotels recently I happened to have just the change for my breakfast, and should have had nerve to kick the insolent waiter to whom I paid it. If you offer five dollars to pay for a dollar lunch, or one dollar for a fifty-cent lunch—say in a Pullman diner—did you ever have sizable even change returned? Never! You get plentiful small or large change, to suggestively fit your inclination or ability. And you get a snort or sneer of contempt if your tip does not meet the views of your serving man, who is aided and abetted by his employer in extorting from you extra payment for what you are rightly entitled to. That is, in addition to remunerative and prevailing high prices, they use every device to compel you also to pay their servants.

The prodigal or spendthrift fool may buy the obsequious service of lackeys who will neglect or snub others to give the service for which they are bribed—but to the average man it is becoming



That's my peculiarity—what's yours?

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

15 cents and a quarter
AT YOUR DEALER'S

Nearly everybody smokes them now

Makaroff - Boston

Mail address—95 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

intolerable. His satchel is grabbed, his hat jerked off to brush, he is helped on or off with his coat, or hammered with a whiskbroom, and may disburse or add fifty per cent. or more to his legitimate bill by tipping somebody at every turn, or he is an undesirable guest and called a mean cuss by the whole crowd of leeches. If he can refuse the extortion, as any man should, he is qualified to hunt lions in Africa. The evil has become well nigh as universal as it is abominable, and the chief blame does not rest with the tip-takers.

(Continued on page 665)



"Good" Old Overholt

is the expression used by many men who know what whiskey quality means.

By calling for Old Overholt Rye they get a ripe, mellow whiskey of rare bouquet and flavor.

Ask for

Old Overholt Rye

and you will realize the significance of that word "Good."

A. Overholt & Co.
Distillers Pittsburg, Pa.

10 Minutes from B'way

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

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 664)

Batteries as effective as yours could render the public great service that I believe it would appreciate, and help to abate a nuisance by pitching into it.

Yours truly,

W. P. KELLOGG.

DENVER, COLO., March 25, 1910.

For Both Sides

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
17 West 31st Street,
New York City.

Gentlemen:—Your number for February 17 contains a communication from Mr. Harrison W. Smith and your answer thereto, relative to questions on vaccination, antitoxins and the Pasteur treatment.

I regret that LIFE did not give a more extended discussion of the questions put by Mr. Smith, as they are particularly salient in their bearing on the whole history and development of the study into the causation and prevention of zymotic diseases. In speaking of these subjects let us not forget we are dealing with a department of science which has had the earnest attention of eminent men since the exploitation of vaccination by the English physician Jenner in 1776—a period of 134 years, the last thirty years of which have been rich in the development and application of bacteriology.

It seems reasonable to me to expect that a publication so widely read and well known as LIFE should, at least for the benefit of doctors, sanitarians, sanitary engineers, or other professional men who make a scientific study of matters concerning the health of the individual and the community make a more definite exposition of the stand it has taken on these questions which are of great importance to the welfare of mankind.

It is perhaps almost unnecessary to point out that any mere statement of opinion either advocating or condemning vivisection, vaccination or the theory of antitoxins, while being useful to influence or prejudice the public carries little weight with scientific men. Any opinions, therefore, such as those ex-



The opera season closes, but the opera continues on the Victor

Though the opera season is over, and the stars of the Metropolitan and Manhattan have gone abroad, you can still hear them sing their greatest triumphs on the Victor.

Caruso, Calvé, Dalmores, Eames, Farrar, Gadski, Gerville-Réache, Homer, Journet, McCormack, Melba, Plançon, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, Sembrich, Tetrassini and Zerola are among the world's greatest artists who make records exclusively for the Victor.

They not only sing solos and duets for you, but such famous concerted numbers as the Sextet from Lucia, the Quintet from the Meistersinger, the Quartets from Rigoletto and Bohème, and the Trio from Faust.

Hear this beautiful Victor music at the nearest Victor dealer's. Ask specially to hear the great Trio from Faust (95203) sung by Farrar, Caruso, and Journet—a wonderful record made by the new Victor process of recording.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

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.

And be sure to hear the Victrola



THE MATCHLESS SMOKE

AUTOLITE 25c. Self-Lighting MONOLITE 15c. CIGARETTES

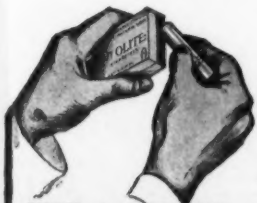
They strike and light on the box
in sunshine, wind or storm

"My Lady Nicotine" in her most fantastic reveries never conceived a cigarette which would light without a match. No fumbling for matches when Walking, Riding, Driving, or "on the go." "Once used, always used"—that's the story on every side. Its very novelty arouses interest; its real merit holds your affection. Made only of imported selected Turkish tobacco, carefully blended to produce a mellow flavor and fragrant aroma.

The self-lighting disc is guaranteed absolutely harmless and tasteless.

At all SMOKE SHOPS, or we will send, express prepaid, four boxes of Autolites or seven boxes of Monolites for a dollar bill.

AUTOLITE MFG. CO., Newark, N. J.



JUST A SCRATCH
WITHOUT A MATCH

pressed by LIFE, which are so at variance with the judgment of sanitarians the world over, are, to say the least, presuming, unless accompanied by premises for their tenure.

There are brought to our attention from time to time hysterical and mystical allusions—pictorial, editorial and even exhibitionary—of the supposed evils of vaccination and vivisection. Of all these I have not yet seen one which gave any broad, truthful argument in favor of anti-vivisection and anti-vaccination.

(Continued on page 667)



No. 267
PATENTED
All important features covered
by our patents.

This is both a Table and a Writing Desk

A "Cadillac" Desk-Table is an ingenious combination of a table and a desk.

With the drawer closed, it is a handsome, finely proportioned, well-built table.

But you can change it in an instant to a writing desk—with ink-well and pen-tray—by simply pulling the drawer open. Underneath the writing desk lid is a compartment for stationery and letters.

It is the simplest sort of mechanism—just an easy-sliding drawer, counter balanced in such a way as to keep the table steady, no matter how far the drawer is pulled out.

Cadillac "Desk-Table"

This Desk-Table is a time saving and space-saving device. The idea of convenience stands out so strongly in its construction that you can appreciate it from a bare written description.

But you must see a Cadillac Desk-Table to realize the grace and beauty of its lines. It is the work of the most thoroughly skilled cabinet makers in the world, who have an honest workman's pride in their product.

THE CADILLAC CABINET CO., - Detroit, Michigan

Every good feature discovered during our many years experience in Furniture making is incorporated in the "Cadillac"—it represents the latest thought in Desk-Tables.

75 Different Styles to Choose From

The "Cadillac" is equally valuable for either the city or the country home.

The better class of dealers everywhere sell Cadillac Desk-Tables. In buying, be sure to ask for "Cadillac" and see that the Cadillac brand is on the under side of the lid of the drawer.

Write For Free Booklet C

We will mail Booklet C to you on receipt of your name and address.

If your dealer does not carry it we will see that you are supplied.

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.



TIRES dictate, QUALITY dispenses racing success and motoring enjoyment. Track and road strains differ only in degree. Quality tires bring victory and a safe journey home.

FISK TIRES

are
Quality Tires

THE FISK RUBBER CO.
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

BRANCHES IN SEVENTEEN CITIES

Write Department S for Catalogue



"OH, MR. JENKINS! WHAT CAN YOU SEE IN ME TO LOVE?"
"MY DEAR CHILD, I'VE WATCHED YOU WITH YOUR LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER, AND I FEEL SURE YOU WOULD MAKE AN EXCELLENT MOTHER FOR MY CHILDREN."

Mrs. Cassin
RENTING SPECIALISTS
45 W. 34th St.

Why fatigue yourself looking for furnished or unfurnished apartments and houses? Let me do it for you. No charge.

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 665)

Scientific men would, I feel, welcome and the public would benefit by a definite, impassioned discussion of the views held by anti-vivisectionists and anti-vaccinationists. It seems as though the time was ripe for the "Anti's" to either add to our store of knowledge by an elucidation of their views or be looked upon as a sect suffering from a species of insanity called anti-science.

Sincerely yours,
A. O. TRUE.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 26, 1910.

Brutal Customs Men

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, at a dinner in New York, defended the customs officials of the port.

"These intelligent young men," he said, "in a difficult position conduct themselves adroitly. The stories are false that make them out to be brutal and indelicate. If it were Turkey now!

"In the days before Batoum fell to Russia," he resumed, "a sailor on an English ship lying in Batoum harbor went ashore and bought himself a pair of trousers. He put the trousers on. His old ones were quite worn out, and he told the dealer to throw them away. Then he started forth into the street proudly.

"Soon he met a group of customs officials. They stopped him, and their chief said:

"Those are new trousers you've got on?"

"Yes," said the sailor. 'I just bought them.'

Something more than luxurious volumes

MEN, WOMEN AND MIRTH

The Third in LIFE'S Collection of its
Best Pictures.

Like "The Comedy of Life," and "The Social Comedy," "Men, Women and Mirth" is a careful selection from the very best of LIFE's larger drawings printed during the last three or four years. Reprinted on heavy coated paper, with good margins and a specially designed binding, these books are in themselves worthy of a place in any library.

But taken as a series the three volumes are a sort of pictorial history of customs, costumes and manners, each one covering a period of American life. They are uniform in size, general appearance and price.

Price of each volume \$2, delivered, or the three volumes will be delivered to any address in the United States on receipt of \$5.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

17 West Thirty-first Street NEW YORK CITY

Cadillac again breaks all records for low cost of upkeep

FIFTY CARS AVERAGE CENT A MONTH

The fifty owners in Dayton, Ohio, territory drive aggregate of 168,580 miles at total cost for repairs of \$5.70, averaging 3371 miles per car and 12 cents each for repairs.

Statistics were recently published in New York showing that 75 Cadillac "Thirty" owners had driven their cars 398,884 miles at the amazingly low repair cost of \$53.21.

It was said at the time that they constituted the most remarkable record of the kind in the history of transportation.

Hard on the heels of the New York achievement comes the claim of a second city, showing a still lower cost of upkeep than has ever been recorded.

The 75 Cadillac owners in New York city expended an average for the year of 71 cents per car, while the 50 owners in Dayton, O., and vicinity show a total cost for repairs of \$5.70, or the insignificant average per car of 12 cents for the entire year, or 1 cent per month per car.

The 75 New York owners were not aware that their travels and their expenses were to be made a matter of record, and the 50 Dayton owners were likewise unconscious of the fact that they were rolling up a world-breaking record.

In both instances the cars were simply driven at the will of the owners—anywhere and everywhere. There was no particular striving for economy, no more than any user would naturally give his car.

Of the 75 Cadillac owners in New York, 46 had no repairs at all—and Dayton shows a more remarkable achievement than this.

Of the 50 Cadillac owners in Dayton territory, 45 had no repairs and only five had any expense whatever.

Of these five, the highest expenditure was that of A. G. Rundle, of Piqua, O., whose car cost him \$2.60 during the year, and was driven a distance of 20,000 miles. The next highest expenditure was that of C. F. Kettering, of Dayton, who spent \$1.50; the next was that of W. H. Nye, of Ironton, O., who spent 75 cents; the next, G. W. Rahn, of Greenville, O., who spent 50 cents, and the

fifth and last was Matt Marr, of Miamisburg, O., whose car cost the enormous expenditure for the entire season of 35 cents.

The New York cars traveled a distance approximate to 16 trips around the world, and the 50 Dayton Cadillacs traveled a distance equivalent to nearly seven trips around the globe.

Dayton comes to the front with some figures on gasoline consumption which are almost equally interesting, as the amazingly low cost of upkeep. For instance, the average of fuel consumption for the 50 Dayton cars shows 17 miles to the gallon of gasoline for the touring car, and 20 miles for the demi-tonneau. One owner particularly writes that he averaged, for 4,000 miles, 2 1/2 miles per gallon of gasoline, and over 300 miles on a quart of oil.

Coming one on the heels of the other, these two statements have been among the principal topics of discussion in the motoring world.

While it is possible that there may be other makes of cars which can show cases of low upkeep cost in occasional instances, yet it is safe to say that the records here cited, taking one type of car as a whole, have never been even approached in motor car history.

The manufacturers of the Cadillac, while naturally gratified, take the stand that the experience of New York and Dayton owners is probably duplicated in every locality in the United States where a considerable number of Cadillacs are driven.

They point to uniformly low cost of upkeep as proof of the well-known policy which the Cadillac company has held from its inception; that the perfect car and the car of greatest economy must, of necessity, be the result of complete standardization.

They contend that New York and Dayton have simply confirmed what has been known to the builders of the Cadillac and to hundreds of users in past years, to wit: That the Cadillac is an exemplification of scientific design and accurate workmanship which has no parallel in the industry.

"Then," said the customs chief, 'you must pay duty on them.'

"But I've got no money left," said the sailor. And this was true. His last copper had gone to pay the shopman's bill.

"No money?" cried the chief. 'That's very bad for you, then. You'll have to leave the trousers with us in that case.'

"But I've got nothing under them," objected the sailor.

"Never mind; we won't look," and the chief and his men all repeated that

there was no fear—they would none of them look.

"But other people may look!" shouted the desperate sailor.

"The officials shrugged their shoulders.

"That," they said, 'is no concern of ours.'

"And so the poor sailor was forced, willy nilly, to leave his new purchase behind and to gallop to his ship as best he could, making up in speed what he lacked in drapery."—Tribune.



Perish the Thought!



"Never!"

So many friends have written in urgent requests for us to issue another Improper Number that, much against our will and inclination, we feel obliged to make a final statement.

Some think that the next Improper Number should contain all of the things that were rejected from the last one. Others think that the Improper Number should be a regular feature, on the ground that it holds impropriety up to ridicule, and is therefore teaching a great moral lesson.

Pressure is being brought to bear on us from all quarters. And the most insidious part of the whole thing is that so many good and improperly improper things are coming in. It seems as if there were a conspiracy abroad to make us issue another Improper Number.

It's a good thing we have courage and can resist. It's a great temptation, but we are equal to it.

Never again! We are sure we couldn't. It is, of course, possible that we may be driven into it after all, but we hardly think so. One is enough.

All of our friends who wish to

Obey That Impulse

now and become regular subscribers are perfectly safe, so far as Improper Number Two is concerned. In case we **should** decide to issue it (which we will not) we will arrange to deduct it from their subscription price.

In sending in your subscription therefore please specify whether you wish the Improper Number Two left off your subscription, and (in case we issue it) let us return you 10 cents of the year's subscription.

Every other number of LIFE will be as properly proper as proper people profess to prefer. The only possible danger would come from another Improper Number, and, as we have indicated, this will be guarded against in advance.

In sending in your subscription specify With or Without.

To all of our contributors who are sitting up nights trying to think of things for Improper Number Two we say, Don't! It only makes it harder for us and doesn't do any good.



"With."



'Nuff sed!



"He'll never Obey that Impulse."

Subscription, \$5.

Canadian, \$5.52.

Foreign, \$6.04.

THE KEWANEE SYSTEM OF WATER SUPPLY



Water for Your Country Home

No matter how far you live from the city, you can have all the sanitary conveniences of the best city water works system—an abundance of water, under strong pressure, for your bathroom, kitchen, laundry, lawn, garden—anywhere. Good fire protection too.

This splendid water supply service assured, if you install the

Kewanee System of Water Supply

The Kewanee Tank is located in the *cellar* or buried in the *ground* and the water is delivered by *air pressure*. No elevated or attic tank to leak, freeze, overflow or collapse. The tank is made of steel plates and will last almost indefinitely.

We build the finest line of pumping machinery—the result of over ten years experimenting and practical experience. Kewanee pumps are operated by hand, gasoline engines, electric motors, etc. Kewanee Systems are complete. They are easy to install. Every plant sent out under a positive guarantee. **Over 10,000 Kewanee Systems in successful operation.** No charge for engineering service. Ask for complete Kewanee catalog No. 13.

Kewanee Water Supply Co., Kewanee, Illinois

50 Church St., New York City
1212 Marquette Bldg., Chicago
305 Diamond Bank Building
Pittsburg, Pa.



KEWANEE



Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Clothing and Furnishing Goods
Ready-Made and to Measure.

Hats, Shoes, Sporting and Travelling
Kits.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

BROADWAY, Cor. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK



"I SAW YOU KISS SISTER LAST NIGHT."
"DID YOU, BOBBY? HERE'S A QUARTER FOR YOU."
"THANKS. AND THEN I SAW YOU KISS THE MAID IN THE HALL."
"GREAT SCOTT! HERE'S FIVE DOLLARS!"

For Automobile Tops

GENUINE
Pantasote
LEATHER

Caution to Purchasers of Tops

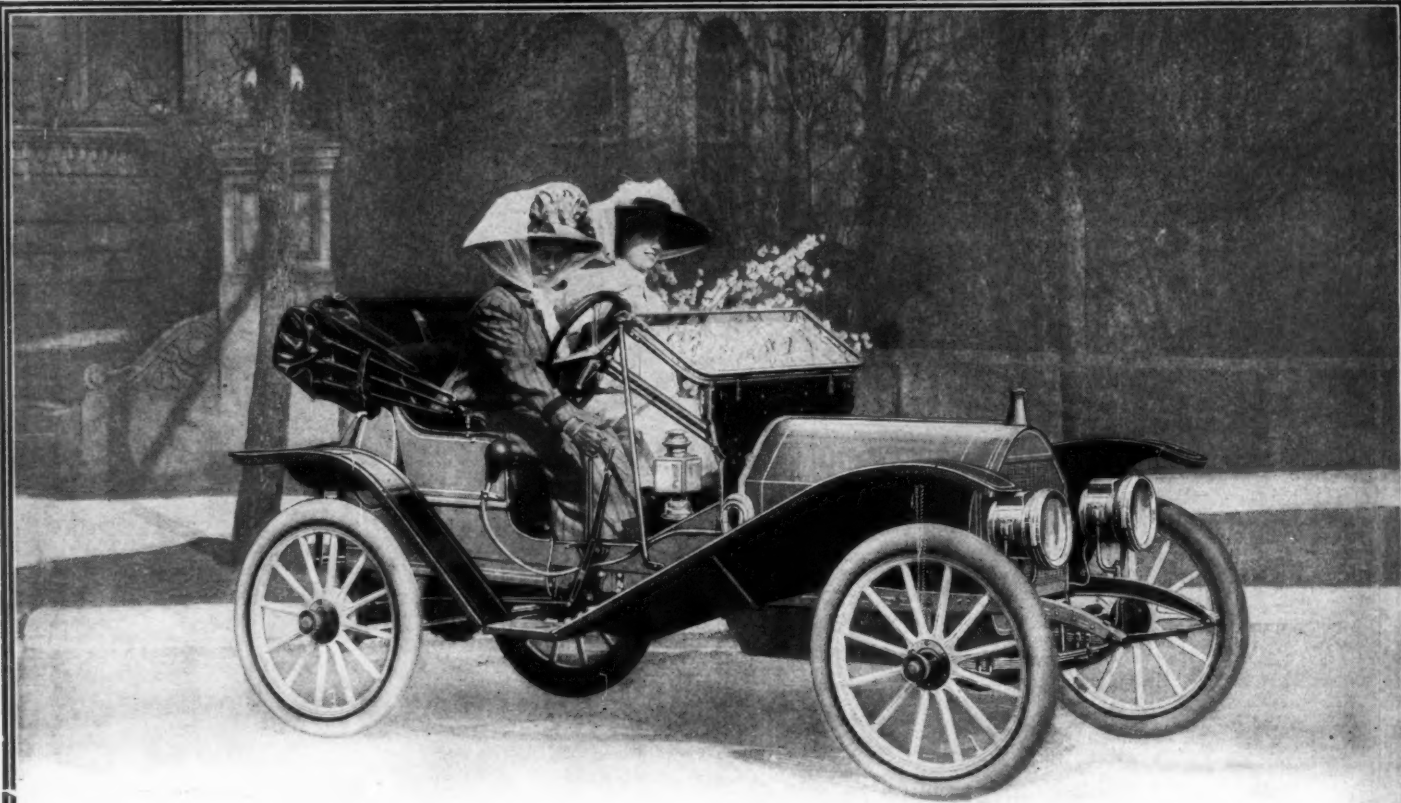
A number of cases of substitution have come to our notice of late. This substitution is not entirely confined to unscrupulous top makers and over zealous automobile salesmen. Surprising as it may seem, the manufacturers of a certain high priced car, through their agents, are offering tops represented as covered with

Pantasote

which are not. Pantasote is a product made only by us. Its surface coating will not burn, is odorless, and contains no rubber. To be on the safe side send postal for booklet on top materials and samples with which to compare the material offered.

Consider the impossibility of cleaning "mohairs," the ruination of their interlining gum of very impure rubber, just as are tires by exposure to grease or sunlight, and disregard arguments in favor of this cheaper style of material which increases the profits on a top.

THE PANTASOTE CO.
55 BOWLING GREEN BLDG. NEW YORK.



4 Cylinders
20 H. P.
Sliding Gears
Bosch Magneto

Hupmobile

\$750

(F. O. B. Detroit)
Including Three Oil
Lamps, Horn and Tools

The car that brings sunshine to five thousand families

Five thousand families use the Hupmobile every day for every sort of purpose. They find the universality of its use one of its chief charms. It is the immediate and obedient servant of every member of the family.

Unlike more cumbersome cars, it is ready at a moment's notice to go anywhere and do anything that can be asked, in reason, of any automobile.

The feminine members of the family, who would not think of attempting to operate a heavy touring car, take delight in the Hupmobile.

Its lightness and freedom from mechanical preliminary fuss and bother in starting give it almost the convenience of the electric carriage for them.

It is equally prompt to render service to the business man, to and from his office, or traveling about town without delay or loss of time for the transaction of his affairs.

He prefers it, quite frequently, to his larger and costlier car; it is "nimble on its feet" and the responsiveness of its flexible power plant makes it easy to handle in crowded traffic.

Here, there and everywhere you see the Hupmobile. It brings sunshine to thousands of prosperous homes.

It is valued not more for the pleasure it brings than for its graceful beauty and the sturdy staunchness of its construction.

In its structural and mechanical makeup it ranks with the costliest cars; and because of this unusual virtue—hitherto unknown in a car of moderate price, and which makes for a minimum maintenance cost—the Hupmobile has been eagerly welcomed.

Its welcome, however, has not been confined to any one class; owners of cars of three to four times its cost—men who hitherto had felt that they must forego the joys of motoring—have flocked to the Hupmobile.

When you have read the literature—including the story of three Hupmobiles' run from Detroit to New York when the past winter was at its worst—you will begin to understand why this is so.

And when you have had a demonstration you will understand fully, and have appreciation for the Hupmobile's sterling qualities as deep as that entertained by thousands of enthusiastic owners.

Hupp Motor Car Company

Department J.

Licensed under Selden Patent.

Detroit, Michigan

LIFE



How to Know the Wild Grafters

BY OUR NATURE EXPERT

GRAFTERS were at one time highly domestic, many of them of the hot-house variety, carefully nurtured and protected by the government. Now, on account of the hard times, they are all wild. Many of them, under strict investigation, have been confined, but the best specimens are still to be seen in the open.

A grafter may be known in three ways—by his nerve, which is seen in all the colors of the rainbow, frequently dazzling in its brilliancy; by his money, which is openly displayed and is shown in many unusual and striking forms, and by the odor of gasoline, which is always present where there are grafters.

The grafter as a rule flourishes best in a soil of franchises, politics and government control, where the irrigation is plentiful.

He has no special season for bearing fruit but blossoms continuously.

The grafter flourishes in all countries and climes, but the city offers the best soil. He requires little cultivation and is very hardy. Shoots from Wall Street grafters have been planted in the remotest country districts and have never failed to take root.

For Amateurs

NOW is the time to plant your sunflowers, verbenas and chickweed. Put the sunflowers on the front lawn and the chickweed and verbenas near the garage. Sprinkle freely with gasoline.

Put geraniums around the cellar windows, where they will get the spring glow from the furnace fire.

A pleasant occupation is to secure from the government a package of holly-hock seeds and see whether they will be lettuce or morning glories when they come up.

Don't forget your corn. Plant the ears in the rear under the clothesline; sprinkle freely with pepper and salt.

Wistaria, sumac and wild carrots look best in groups. Plant them about six inches apart to allow for sunlight.

Save your bulbs. The electric light season will come later.

We Should Like to See

ALL the headline writers put under bonds to make their headlines faithfully reflect the sense of the text that follows them.

All intentional purveyors of false stories to newspapers sent to suitable jails for suitable terms.

Tempted

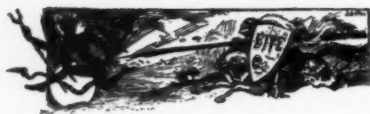
SHE saw it in the window,
She went inside the door,
She stood before the mirror
And liked it more and more.
She asked the price—was staggered—
Looked at her watch, then lied:
"I'm late for my appointment,"
And quickly got outside.

All night she saw the vision
A-dance before her eyes,
Herself there in the mirror
And on her puffs the prize.
"What matters scarf, or jabot,
Or gloves, or this or that?
'Twill take my bottom dollar,
But *that's* my Easter hat." *J. de F. S.*

A MAN in love is a man of mystery,
even to himself.



THE FIRST BEAN



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LV. APRIL 14, 1910 No. 1433

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THE awful hold philanthropy may get on a person was illustrated last month in the case of Sidney Adams (alias Sidney Smith), who was sentenced in New York to five years in

prison for forgery. It appears he was incorrigibly interested in church work and charities. Mr. Gardiner, of Boston, who had known him, wrote that he was an expert accountant and had received an income for charitable work which he spent among the outcast and needy; but that while he was thus helping the poor he was swindling every one else that he came across. Adams had served two previous terms in State prison. The combination of guilefulness with altruistic tastes in his case is very interesting.

And yet, why not? You get more for your surplus money by giving it away judiciously than by buying such things as folks mostly buy. Altruistic disbursement is, for those who can afford it, one of the best bargains there is around. It always has been, and judicious observers have always proclaimed that it was. As a rule this great and interesting truth has been most obvious to persons who have had no great pecuniary resources to spend in demonstrating it, but in our time and country it seems to be coming home more and more to the competent investors. Adams, the forger, evidently had good sense in expenditures. Where he slipped up was in having such loose ideas about acquisition. Of course that will happen sometimes, but the opposite combination is the more usual one. The case of the man who has immense shrewdness in getting

money, and no talent at all for using it, has been so common that it seldom excites remark. Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie aspire to be shrewd at both ends of the game, and their example and discussion of their methods as wholesalers in philanthropy are likely enough to bring the merits of philanthropic disbursement to the attention of a good many minds that might otherwise overlook a good thing.



MR. ROCKEFELLER'S great talent has been in the organization of great machines for doing business. His instinct and practiced skill in that direction appear in his larger schemes for distribution. He wants to create machines for that purpose—machines that will not only do it well but that will keep on doing it indefinitely. The idea of breaking up his accumulations and getting them back into the hands of mankind seems not to appeal to him.

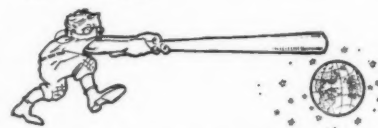
The rills run into the rivers and the rivers into the sea. The sun sucks up the sea water and it rains down on the land again and waters everything, and some of it raises crops and some turns mill wheels, and all of it finally gets back into the sea again, having done much work meanwhile. Mr. Rockefeller's money is like water in a reservoir. Having got it there with some pains, he is willing to have it work for the common good, but seems averse to the notion that the reservoir shall ever be emptied.

Mr. Carnegie was also a maker of great machines, and he, too, inclines to the creation of machines for distribution; but he seems to have less sentiment than Mr. Rockefeller about the perpetuation of his reservoir. He says frankly that he means to try to empty it while he lives, and that if he leaves it too full the Government would do well to draw half of it off.

Mr. Morgan is very different from both of these gentlemen. He has lots of fun with his reservoir; fills it with prodigious industry and then pulls out the plug and gives freely and buys and

buys. He buys very interesting things, and puts most of them in museums for people to look at, thereby adding considerably to the interest in life in our American world, and storing suitable patterns for the embellishment of our ambitious civilization.

Every year the incomes of the considerable accumulations of money have to be earned by people who work with their hands or heads. Huge incomes come out of the sum of the earnings of all the working people. That is one reason why there is so much popular interest in the way they are spent, and why no doubt there is reluctance to grant perpetuity to enormous endowments such as Mr. Rockefeller is understood to propose, no matter how excellent the purposes of them may seem. It makes people tired to think of earning the income on four or five hundred million dollars for indefinite generations to come, no matter how carefully and wisely its expenditure is planned. Wealth is power, power to direct the labor and determine in large measure the destinies of men. People are justified in being jealous of the retention of too much of it too long in too few hands.



IT is to laugh at the reports of the effects of our home-bound Colonel's frank and energetic discourse in Cairo. Congratulations to the Egyptians on having their way made plain!

Very interesting difficulties await our traveler's healing touch in Europe, the Abruzzi-Elkins sorrow in Italy, sore trials of church and state in France and the worst tangle for a generation in England. The whole army of scoffers invite him with hospitable cries to settle all these difficulties, and bid the nations have patience, since relief is at hand.

But Africa is one continent and Europe another, and Egypt is in Africa. We foresee a great accession of prudence in the Colonel's deportment as he hits the shores of Europe. Africa is a missionary field, but Europe is a parlor and expects reticences even from the bold.

The Vegetable Tragedy

A GARDEN I planted, and lo! on my word,
There sprang up some romances rather absurd.

A soft mashed Potato
Of extra large size
Loved Rosy Tomato
And made such fierce eyes
That frightened to death
Was Miss Rose from the first,
And when she refused him
He boiled 'til he burst.

Miss Lettuce came next
With her bright crinkly head.
Now way until noon
Would she lie in her bed.
Quite hard was her heart—
Perhaps 'twas a blessing—
And none of her family
Was served without dressing.

Young Mr. Q. Cumber
Was wont, so they say,
To gaze at Miss Lettuce
Throughout the whole day.
And times without number
In fact she was seen
To nod at Q. Cumber,
Her head crimped and green.

A cook minus soul
Prepared to make salad.
She tossed in a bowl
Miss Lettuce so pallid.
Quite cut up and seedy
Lay Q. Cumber near her,
Avowing his love
Nor seeming to fear her.

With chilly French dressing!
With hearts torn asunder
They welcomed at length
A friend—young Miss Onion—
Who gave them new strength.
“What next?” was their query.
While busily guessing,
Behold, they were silenced
Irene Elliott Benson.

A Formality

“**H**OW'S your birthday party coming on, Tommie?”
“Finely. I've asked all the boys and girls and they've all promised to come. All I've got to do now is to ask mamma if I can have it.”

THE early bird catches the worm; but how about the early worm that is caught by the bird?



PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA

TO BE PUT ON IN JUNE AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE

Inconsiderate

BY the Rev. Dr. MacArthur:

God has given Mr. Rockefeller the talent for making money as truly as God has given to other men the genius which manifests itself in literature and the arts and sciences.

By the Rev. Dr. Aked:

We are to-day rejoicing in the great light of the consecration of a great wealth to the advancement of the race. This vast wealth has been so consecrated by a man who all through life has walked in accord with the word, “The love of Christ constraineth me.”

We beg to offer to Brother Rockefeller our sympathy in any feelings he may have about the indiscreet exuberances of his clergy. The acoustic properties behind our barn are bad and we are glad to offer him the use of them at any time

he feels the need of giving vent to oral sentiments. Our own poor abilities of expression will also be at his service.

Brother Aked must be excused. He only lately came here.

Salvage Claims

The hookworm saved the Union.—*Courier-Journal.*

GLAD to know. At last previous accounts it was General Lee who saved the Union by delaying Virginia's acceptance of secession. That is Mr. C. F. Adams's claim.

“**I**DA gets every prize in our bridge club.”

“The best player, is she?”

“No, the worst adder.”



THE MRS. DECIDES THAT WHILE BUSINESS IS SO BAD AND GAYBEAU HAS TO WORK SO HARD (FREQUENTLY FAR INTO THE EVENING) SHE WILL HELP SAVE MONEY BY AGAIN BECOMING HIS AMANUENSIS.



"THINK OF IT! I JUST PLANTED ONE CAN OF PEAS AND ONE OF TOMATOES."

Sonnets of the Farm

I

TO A BULLDOG

SWEET dog, art dead or dost thou know my love
 Where thou dost frolic as thou didst of old
 In sportive mood? Or in the realms above
 Do earthly cravings still thy being hold?
 If so, call honor quickly to thy aid
 Nor seek to stay thy hunger with a fowl
 Plumped for celestial beings; nor to raid
 Celestial coops where only seraphs prowl.
 Be prudent; thou hast gained the goal
 Of canines blessed; of food enough and more
 Dispensed by angel hands. Long not for gore
 Lest thou shouldst peril thy immortal soul.
 At sound of wings dash not with speed too fleet;
 Beware, for angels were not made to eat.

TO THE TURKEY

BRAVE in thy plumage struttest thou about,
 Tempting the fate not long to be deferred.
 A dish full toothsome thou'lt make, no doubt,
 Shorn of those feathers, thou delicious bird!
 Across thy roasted breast the father's voice
 Will ask with patience great: "What shall you eat?"
 And every child will straightway 'gin rejoice,
 And answer him in shrilly tones: "White meat!"
 The father carves; there comes a sudden lull
 In sprightly conversation; nerves are tense
 And laughter ceases, for the knife is dull.
 Now all are served. The talk doth recommence.
 Gone is thy beauty, fowl, thy haughty mien,
 Yet nightingales taste not so sweet, I ween.

TO THE COW

THOU happy cow! The long, bright summer through
 Hast thou on clover fed and calmly gazed
 O'er witching landscape; now cold winter's due
 And yet thou art as placid. Man has raised
 Good food for thee; within his ample store
 Sweet fodder, corn and hay do thee await.
 These doth he give, and, if thou needst it, more.
 Fortunate beast! Thou hast been blessed of fate.
 When thou dost chew they cud dost ponder, say,
 How many steaks at ninety cents thou'lt make?
 Canst see some mother call her babes from play
 And each of them a fraction of thee take?
 Be brave of heart, may it be many a year
 Before the beef trust gets three, Bonnie, dear.

THE HIRED MAN

AND now the hiring to the milking goes
 And rubs from out his drowsy eyes the sleep
 That lingers there, for he was out with Rose,
 A neighbor's daughter, till the night grew deep.
 His tie of red he's folded in the drawer
 And heel to toe his boots beneath the bed
 He's shoved; eke lies his best suit on the floor
 In wrinkled state. Full heavy was his head
 When he got home last night. The morning air
 Arouses him; he softly whistles while
 He milks; he's laid his precious wage away
 To buy a phonograph. Gee! won't she smile
 When she hears all the tunes the thing can play!
 She said last night that farmin's pretty slow,
 And this will be like going to a show.

Bertha E. Cassidy.



The Victim: DEAR ME! HOW FORTUNATE THAT YOU FOUND THAT LETTER. MY WIFE GAVE IT TO ME YESTERDAY TO POST.



Life's College Contest

To All College Students:

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

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

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

CONDITIONS.

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

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

The contest will close on June 1,

1910, no contributions received after that date being considered.

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

Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by return postage.

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

The competition is open also to girls' colleges.

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

Address

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

Dignity

DIGNITY is the cosmetic with which the inane hide their true complexion. It is composed of three parts bluff, one part self-deception, one part dramatics and two parts dulness. Omit all sense of humor.

It is the colored glass from which plain water is drunk to fool the audience. After all, a useful crutch for the decrepit.

English as It Is Taught

WHY is the method of teaching English in our public schools so bad? Because it is built on the principle that mental discipline can be effective only when it is uninteresting.

The terms used to describe words and their relationships are purely arbitrary. A noun or an adjective by any other name would mean as much or as little.

The terms used in grammar are merely symbols, more or less mathematical, which are used for the convenience of scholars or philologists to indicate their various positions in the scheme of language. They are, in this respect, very much like the arbitrary names that have been given to the stars and constellation of astronomers. They are necessary to experts but have nothing special to do with the art of expression, which is the principal use of language.

To any one who has spent a great deal of time in learning a language and is familiar with its idioms no doubt the terms used in grammar and rhetoric may be very interesting, in just the same way that working over a set of logarithms may be interesting to a mathematician.

But why in the world our public school teachers should endeavor to make a child learn a lot of terms and thus take up the time which ought to be given to training his ear and his tongue to listen and speak correctly has long been a mystery.

A man who has a call to be a poet, for example, doesn't begin by perfecting himself in the technicality of poetry. He may learn as much as he pleases about dactyls or spondees, but it will do him not a particle of good if he has no ear for poetry or no imagination.

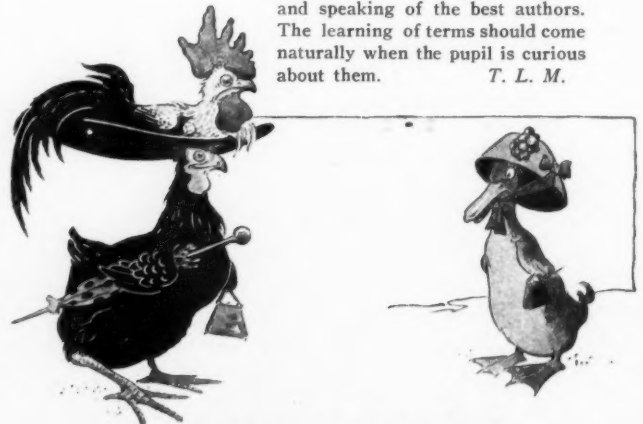
All that is comprehended in what is termed *technique* will come to him later, as a natural result of his practice in writing poetry.

But in our public schools the pupils are taught *technique* before anything else. The result is that the most of them understand the use of language not at all, and usually come to hate it heartily before they have finished the second year high school.

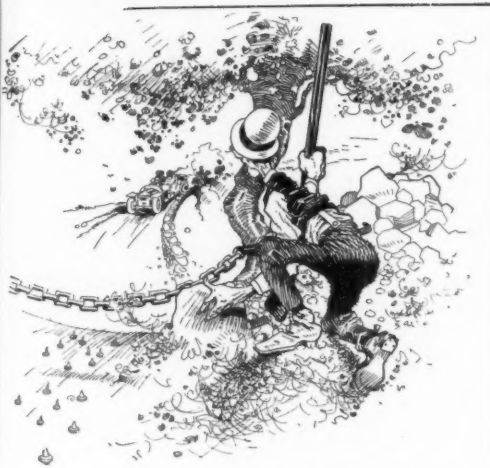
Occasionally some pupil does well at it and is held up as a shining example. But this is only because he happens to have a mathematical mind, which is able to interest itself in formalities. The best writers, those who have come afterward to make their mark in the world, have almost invariably shown their contempt for the ordinary method of teaching grammar in schools, and might few of them have stood well in their class. Walter Scott is one example.

Suppose that Shelley, before writing his *Ode to a Skylark*, had been obliged to learn by heart the uses of metonymy, synecdoche, metalepsis, hypocatastasis, antithesis or epantiosis, what would have been the result?

English ought to be taught in our public schools by constant reading and speaking of the best authors. The learning of terms should come naturally when the pupil is curious about them. T. L. M.



THE CHANTECLER HAT IN THE BARNYARD
Miss Duck: OH, THE HEARTLESS CREATURE!



THE PRESENT OPPORTUNITY

upon reflection, is plain. It is due to the attitude of servants themselves. They refuse to deal with men.

No self-respecting cook will now permit herself to be engaged by a mere man. She insists upon dealing with the principals.

Modern Municipal Problems

EVENTS in Philadelphia have added to the multitude of problems with which we are already burdened. The following few may be mentioned:

To what extent may a public service corporation have the exclusive right to transport passengers and, at the same time, the exclusive right not to transport passengers?

To what extent can a Mayor be a director in a public service corporation and a public servant at the same time?

To what extent are policemen justified in clubbing citizens in the interest

of non-resident stockholders of public service corporations?

To what extent are citizens justified in rioting when that is the only way they have of showing their disapproval of the acts of their representatives?

To what extent are citizens justified in giving a corporation a franchise to rob them and then in paying policemen and other politicians to see that the robbery is protected?

To what extent does a perpetual franchise to the public streets imply a perpetual franchise to the government machinery?

How much better would the police of Philadelphia have succeeded in their avowed object of peace if they had not assisted in the importation of strike-breaking thugs?

To what extent is a public service corporation justified in upsetting the peace of a community in order to show its love for non-union men?

Ellis O. Jones.



"YOU'VE GOT US NOW—"

The New Servant

A RECENT examination of some of our most prominent servant girls' agencies has brought out the interesting fact that men are not seen there so much now in the act of engaging servants as they were. A few years ago it was no uncommon sight in almost any servants' agency in the city to see one or two men timidly and nervously answering the questions put to them by the prospective applicants.

On its face this is an astounding fact. It would seem that if the progress of woman is really a fact, men would now be doing more and more the work that woman once did. And yet the reason,



BUT WAIT!"



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS HERE'S HOW

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN
Born April 17, 1837

Every nation entitled to consideration has its destiny, and every destiny that knows its business places itself under the protection of one man, to save it from being tampered with by the common people.

As you are at present conservator of our destiny, we therefore greet you, sir, in appropriate felicitations. A silent man, you have wrought mightily, and every financial center in the country trembles at your power. Not being a financial center we do not tremble as we should. But we do take off our hat to you. As a panic averter and a guardian of governments you have no equal.

Mr. Morgan, your abilities are preponderating. We are delighted with the opportunity to express our admiration for your gifts.

May you continue to keep the wolf from our doors.

HENRY JAMES
Born April 15, 1843

With what mingled feelings of awe and emotion have we written the distinguished name that graces this humble paragraph! Nothing is more astounding and absorbing than mystery, and the mystery of style, when we cannot grasp it, must ever be accompanied by a strange sinking of the heart.



We are inadequate to express in any fit terms our admiration of you, sir! You are an artist of no mean proportions. Your sentences have long, like impossible bunkers to a tyro golfer, stared us in the face. May their shadows never grow less.

Your subtle delineations of character, we confess, are not for us. Nevertheless, we have a boundless admiration for you. We don't know why, but we have.

And we extend our congratulations in weak words.

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME
Born April 18, 1859

To have added one word to the American branch of the English language is an achievement denied to most human beings. To Mr. Jerome belongs this distinction, if for nothing else. *Heckling* is now a distinct form of Americanitis. To be heckled is to be arraigned for what you have not done.

Mr. Jerome, you have many qualities of heart and mind which appeal to us. For one thing you have courage and inconsistency. These alone ought to insure any man's success.

Have you been successful?

Certainly, for are we not now congratulating you and wishing you many happy returns of the day?



WHY STOP HERE?



A CONSERVATIVE

"WALL, WHEN FOLKS TOL' ME 'BOUT THAT I SAID THEY WUZ LIARS. I DIDDEN' BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEEN IT IN THE NOOS-PAPERS. AN'-AN', BY HECK! I AIN'T WHAT YE CUD CALL C'NVINCED YIT."

BLISS CARMAN
Born April 15, 1861

Have we any poets?

Not long ago Professor Griggs, of the Chicago University, declared Mr. Rockefeller to be a poet, and that he wrought his poetry in a vast system representing the Epic of Oil.

Personally we prefer the poetry of Mr. Carman to that of Mr. Rockefeller. There is nothing mean or pious about Mr. Carman. He has a splendid gift of song and a contempt for high finance. We know him, we love him, and we esteem it a privilege to wish him many happy birthdays.

Sir, here is a bumper of ambrosia! May you live long and musically, as becomes your high talent!



Something Wrong

"POST committed suicide because he was overworked."
"Pooh! He couldn't have been so very busy or he wouldn't have found time to do it in."



TROUBLE IN CENTRAL AMERICA

Hard Liquor and Saloons

Dr. Lyman Abbott . . . advocates temperance rather than abstinence in an article upon the ethical teachings of Jesus Christ.—*The Courier-Journal*.

SO he does, and rightly; but oh, Marse Henry, in a later number of *The Outlook* Dr. Abbott sets his face against drinking even beer and light wines, except in connection with meals, and says that distilled liquors should never be used except under the advice of a physician! What succor is there for beset Kentucky in so frail a vessel as that?

What do you think, sir—what does Kentucky think—of this propensity to discriminate against distilled liquors in reckoning with the beverages? It is circulating a good deal among the ethical classes. Brother Brisbane, for example, in the *Evening Journal*, extenuates beer and wine but denounces whiskey and prohibition.

Brother Abbott is on record as to another detail. He does not find himself able to give conscientious backing to the great American saloon industry. He is not arbitrary about it, but he complains that the saloons promote the drinking of alcoholic liquors not really as a beverage but as a stimulant, and not as an accompaniment to meals but apart from them. So they do, sad to say, so they do. Such is the perversity of man, and his ignorance and dare-deviltry especially in early life, that he is about as ready to drink with conversation as with food.

Dr. Abbott has strong backing from thoughtful observers in both his posi-

tions. The American saloon is a very vulnerable institution, and the American man seems rather too vulnerable to spirits. That we Americans drink 114,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits a year must be good for the distilling business and good for the saloon business, but hardly any one can be found to maintain nowadays that it is good for us.

The liquor interests and the saloon interests have a pretty hard nut to crack. What is good for them seems too apt to be bad for us. Their problem is to make their prosperity more compatible with ours. If they can do that there is a fairly comfortable future ahead of them. Otherwise they must calculate on finding their profit, as heretofore, in human ignorance and foolishness. That those great resources should ever fail them seems incredible, but the schoolmaster is much abroad in these days.

A Much Misrepresented Pair

SHE was a young, beautiful and intelligent girl. He was a strong, handsome man.

She lived in a house filled with furniture, hot air and servants.

He lived in a bachelor apartment filled with a folding bed, a miniature sideboard and a set of poker chips.

She had been to a private and a finishing school; also on the Continent; had spent two seasons at summer resorts, had been to the opera and taken a course of bridge.

He had been to college, had spent a month in Paris and London, worked in an office eight hours a day and had read parts of Bernard Shaw.

She had some money in her own right and more coming. He had an interest in the business and a father who had retired.

They met. He called. She asked him to call again. He did. He said that he loved her and she replied that she loved him. They told about it to others. They were congratulated—and married. Seven hundred invitations; four hundred presents; one column of reading matter.

They bought a house. They lived in it. A baby came. And one more.

He was a prosperous business man. She was a prosperous society woman. She had her picture painted. It was called "a lady." He had his picture published. It was called "a prominent citizen."

The two people who appear



"WHY DON'T YOU PUT UP A SCAREMAN TO KEEP THE AERO CROWS AWAY?"

in the aforementioned history desire to say that these are the facts in their lives. Every novelist who has written about them has misrepresented these facts, distorted the truth.

They are getting tired of it. They want to have every one know that they are not the sort of people that (here fill in a list of popular novelists) have written about them. They never did anything extraordinary. They never expect to. An injustice has been done them. We therefore take pleasure in letting the facts about them be known.



STILL HARD
Gardener: NOT RIPE YET, MY DEAR.



Ibsen at His Very Best



MRS. FISKE has a way of doing interesting things. It would have been quite possible for her to have delved into certain unexploited territory of Ibsen and produced a novelty to our stage. The New Theatre did this and the result was that capsule, containing the double-distilled essence of gloom and called the fourth act of "Brand." Mrs. Fiske, with a canniness all her own, produced "Pillars of Society," an example of Ibsen which has had its bloom brushed off by a few prior and sporadic performances in America, but which is for all practical purposes of the stage an Ibsen novelty. Better than this, it is an actable and inter-

esting play, with a timely application owing to the fact that just now quite a few of our own pillars of society are having their cracks and flaws laid bare to the vision of all who care to look.

Consul Bernick, the hero or villain of the play, at all events its leading and most interesting character, is duplicated in all times and in every community. He is one of the many descendants of that commercially successful gentleman, pictured in the early chapters of the Old Testament, who managed to get away with the heritage of the hairy Esau. "Pillars of Society" is a dramatic essay on the wrong of corporation officers using inside information to get the better of their stockholders and other fellow-citizens. Which suggests that it might not be a bad idea in the way of uplift for Mrs. Fiske to take her company downtown and give a special performance of "Pillars of Society" somewhere in the neighborhood of Wall Street, so that the gentlemen who conduct the corporation affairs of America from the high office buildings in that vicinity might have a chance to study Mr. Ibsen's analysis of their kind of doings.



Rabid Ibsenites will insist on digging beneath the surface to find hidden meanings and intent in everything the Norwegian wrote. In the case of "Pillars of Society" this seems a work of supererogation. The play is a micro-photographic picture of life in a small town, with all the meanesses that life in a small circle begets and brings to surface. We have humanity bared to the bone. Into this comes a ray

of the broader life concentrated on the small great man of the community. This in connection with other influences changes his vision of his own nature and brings reform.

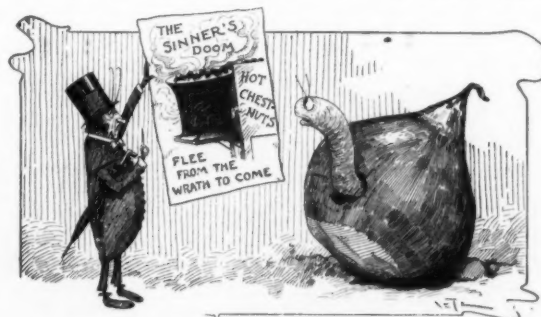
Mr. Blinn's *Bernick* is not likely to please all observers, but Mr. Blinn is too intelligent an artist not to have thought out his type carefully. To any one not tied down to some preconceived ideal of the character this rendering should prove entirely satisfactory. He is the progressive man of the place and presumably has mixed to some extent with the outside world, acquiring some of its veneer. Even in America there are community leaders in small towns who have departed from the notion that they must act and dress like rusties to keep the confidence of their neighbors. Even in some of our own rural districts a man may be carefully dressed and tidy in person without therefore being considered a villain. In the older Scandinavian civilization *Bernick* could well be what Mr. Blinn makes him instead of the primitive character of the village type beloved of the usual Ibsen production.



Mrs. Fiske permits the same tone to run through the whole play. The characters are made real instead of grotesque and frumpy. Several of them are eccentric in make-up, but it is the eccentricity that can be found in all communities and not a futile effort to give local coloring. In this line of plays Ibsen was a realist to the extreme, and Mrs. Fiske does well not to strive for an unusual or foreign atmosphere. "Pillars of Society" is a mosaic of not extraordinary types, with no one—unless we except *Bernick*—unduly emphasized, and the present company realizes the composition admirably. As an influence, *Lona Hessel* is, of course, a ruling factor, but as an acting part it stands out not pronouncedly against the others. It is to Mrs. Fiske's credit that she is willing to stage a play in which as the star she has so little prominence. To *Lona* she gives the vivacity, the incisiveness and the strength of conviction which make her, through her understanding of him, dominate *Bernick*, who has so long dominated others.

The play calls for a large cast and abounds in minor parts giving opportunities for characterization. Badly done these would be bores, but in the present instance unusual good judgment has been shown in the selection of the company, and they have been stage-managed into delightful smoothness of performance. None stands out through special effort as against the others, although the *Martha* of Alice John, the *Aune* of Mr. Sheldon Lewis, the *Dr. Rorlund* of Mr. Henry Stephenson and the *Hilmar Tonnesen* of Mr. Chadwick are conspicuous in the general excellence of the acting.

"Pillars of Society" has touches of humor which,



Mrs. Chestnut Worm: GO AWAY, YOU GLOOMY PARSON, FRIGHTENING ME WITH THOSE DREADFUL PICTURES OF FUTURE PUNISHMENTS.

with the universality of its types and its clear exposition of motives, make it a more possibly popular play for the American public than others in which Ibsen shows more complexity and Scandinavian grimness.



HERE may be a necessity in New York for at least one theatre which shall be frankly salacious in the kind of entertainment it offers. Men with common sense know that it is well to segregate other vice in particular localities instead of scattering it all over town after the manner originated and put in successful practice by Dr. Parkhurst's methods. It might be sensible on this theory to segregate stage dirtiness in one or two theatres and let them have a monopoly of it. Then the persons who patronized those houses would do it with their eyes opened in advance and could not put up the excuse that they didn't know what they were going to see.

Weber's Theatre is evidently an early candidate for a monopoly of this kind of business. Of course the Klaw-Erlanger-Ziegfeld-Annaheld institution, further up Broadway, has established itself fairly well on similar lines, but the Weber theatre, once the home of clean and excellent musical farce, has picked out for itself a new career in the way of indecency. LIFE is not afraid to tell its readers that the latest offering at this house, delightfully christened "The Lady from Lobster Square," is simply dirty. It has a few clumsily laughable situations of farcical construction, but its appeal is based on the baldest kind of worse than vulgarity. No woman of decent instincts can sit through the performance, and men who would patronize it simply advertise the calibre of their minds and the quality of their taste. This may be advertisement, but by the readers of LIFE it will be taken for what it is intended to be—a warning not only against filth but also against stupidity.



WITH the curtain down at both opera houses, the circus in full swing at the Garden, and only the last fortnight left at the New Theatre, the end of the regular dramatic season looms into view. There are still a number of important productions, but they are for the most part of the kind that, in case of success, is good for a run through the sum-



WRITING A PLAY AROUND HER

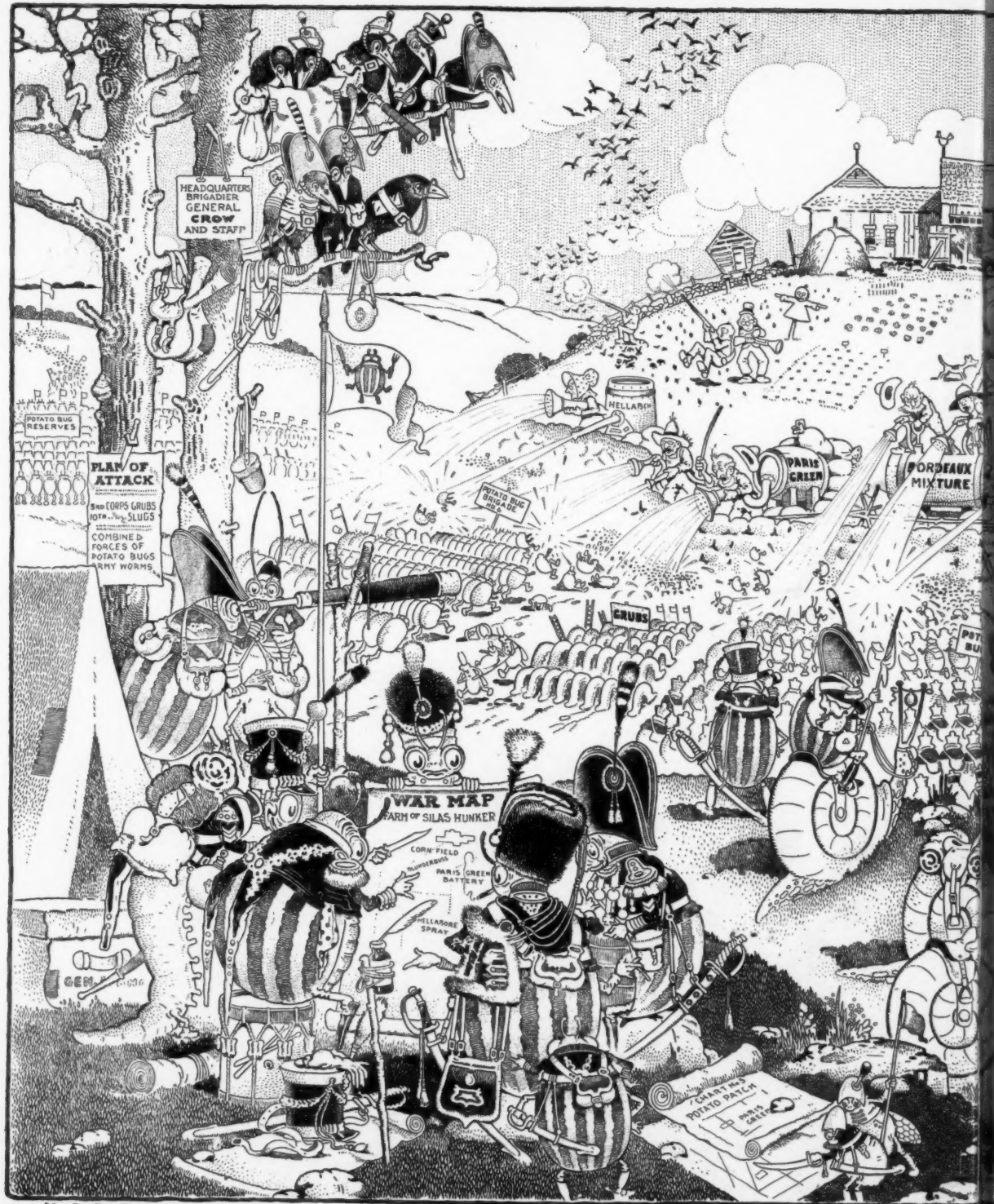
mer season. With the drying up of the country roads many houses will close prematurely, while their managers regretfully see large quantities of good theatre money going into the tills of road-houses and to pay fines for automobile speeding.

PHILADELPHIA correspondent writes in great indignation to ask why Mayor Gaynor, who appointed a large number of reputable citizens as a reception committee to meet Colonel Roosevelt on his return from Africa, included Mr. Abraham Lincoln Erlanger in his list. Not being in the Mayor's confidence, LIFE's only explanation of this remarkable fact is that the Mayor probably wanted to include all kinds of people.



Academy of Music—"The Traveling Salesman." Comedy of contemporary fun.
Astor—"Seven Days." Farce. Not highly instructive but very laughable.
Bijou—"The Lottery Man." Also farce. Also very laughable.

Broadway—"The Jolly Bachelors." Elaborately produced and diverting musical farce.
Casino—"The Chocolate Soldier." Tuneful and agreeable comic opera based on "Arms and the Man."
Comedy—Mr. Laurence Irving and Mabel Hackney in Brieux's "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont." Notice later.
Criterion—"A Bachelor's Baby." Mr. Francis Wilson in his own amusing light comedy.
Daly's—"The Whirlwind." with Marietta O'ly. An interesting emotional artist in an interesting emotional drama.
Empire—"Mid-Channel." Ethel Barrymore as the star in Pinero's unpleasant play of domestic infelicity.
Garrick—Mr. William H. Crane in Mr. George Ade's laughable play, "Father and the Boys."
Globe—"The Old Town." Musical farce, with Fred Stone's athletic fun as the principal feature.
Hackett—Miss Grace La Rue in "Molly May." Notice later.
Herald Square—"The Yankee Girl." Elaborately staged musical farce, with Miss Blanche Ring as the star.
Hippodrome—Spectacle, ballet and the midget circus.
Hudson—"The Spendthrift." Notice later.
Lyceum—Mrs. Fiske. See above.
Lyric—"The City." Clyde Fitch's thrilling drama of New York life.
Madison Square Garden—The Barnum and Bailey circus. On the same big lines as ever.
Maurine Elliott's—"Lulu's Husbands." by Mr. Thompson Buchanan. Notice later.
New Theatre—Last fortnight of the season.
Plaza—Vaudeville.
Stuyvesant—"The Lily." French spinsterhood made dramatic.
Wallack's—"Alias Jimmy Valentine." Melodramatic treatment of the difficulties that beset the reformed criminal.



HARRISON CADY

The Battle of Hunker's

BOOKISHNESS

Minor Tragedy in Modern Fiction



ONE of the characters in Winston Churchill's new novel says of a woman of his acquaintance that she "regards nothing as immoral except novels with unhappy endings." And this epigram (with its distinctively Chestertonian flavor) seems to me to sum up very wittily the indiscriminating enthusiasms bred by new artistic departures in general and by modern fiction's discovery of the interpretative possibilities of the so-called "unhappy ending" in particular. The habit—quite common, I believe, among children in ancient Greece—of mistaking lame blacksmiths for the husband of Venus is not without analogies in our own day.

Now the "unhappy ending" is not only in a sense a discovery of modern fiction, but it is, in one sense, the discovery of modern fiction, since it is the doorway through which that art has entered untrodden rooms in the house of life. But, like Vulcan's limp, it is not in itself a thing of beauty or an outward sign of divine origin. Indeed, there is no more unlovely and at the same time futile thing on earth than a superficial novel with an "unhappy ending." A shallow novel that ends, as we say, "happily" can at least, like the shawl around a canary's cage, comfort the naïve



THE colloquially current caption of "novels with unhappy endings," then, includes to-day some of the works of fiction most worthy of our thoughtful attention and many of those upon which one does not care to waste words even of dismissal. Yet if one praises the good and ignores the bad (according to one's lights), is it not probable that one's attitude may appear to be, quite badly, that epitomized by Mr. Churchill? *Absit omen!* I choose the third horn of the dilemma and, taking Mrs. E. L. Voynich's *An Interrupted Friendship* (Macmillan, \$1.50) as an opportune occasion, ask the readers of this column to trace with me briefly the genealogy of this modern form of minor tragedy, so that, if we needs must, we may at least disagree intelligently.



IF we search for the root value of fiction, for the simplest possible explanation of the satisfaction that resides in it for us, we find this to lie in its ability to invest such phases or fragments of life as it presents for our imaginative consideration with an artificial but satisfying sense of completeness. Its basic intellectual appeal inheres in the word *finis* on the last page. It follows, therefore, that fiction, from its earliest beginnings, has unconsciously sought as its one indispensable requirement some pause in the series of events it portrayed that its audience would accept as a point beyond which there was no incentive to press the inquiry. And this pause it found ready to its hand in the imagined fulfillment of a hope. The reason is not far to seek. Hope, we are told, is the one perennial crop of the human heart, and Harvest Home is a recognized pause the world over. What one may do with the proceeds of the harvest is, acceptedly, another story. That fiction for so many generations left its lovers on the steps of the altar was no mere convention—it was a psychological instinct. On the other hand, fiction soon—that is to say, after a few thousand years—recognized that all hopes are not fulfilled. But, groping for a pause sufficiently convincing in its denial of hope to satisfy an emotionally responsive but unanalytical audience, it found but one that would serve—the pause of death. And thus classic tragedy was born. And on these two commandments for two thousand years hung all of fiction laws and its prophets.



Confidential Book Guide



- A Certain Rich Man*, by William Allen White. A type specimen of the American millionaire. A leisurely story of the Middle West.
- An Interrupted Friendship*, by E. L. Voynich. See above.
- A Mine of Faults*, by F. W. Bain. A literary pearl from the Orient in the shape of a beautiful translation of a Hindu legend.
- A Modern Chronicle*, by Winston Churchill. A matrimonial round trip from St. Louis to St. Louis via New York, Newport and Reno. Long, lymphatic and ladylike.
- Bella Donna*, by Robert Hichens. Made in Egypt. Artificially colored. Not guaranteed under the pure food act.
- Camera Adventures in the Wilds of Africa*, by A. R. Dugmore. Remarkable photographs of lions, rhinoceros and other beasts, with descriptions of their taking.
- The Blue Bird*, by Maurice Maeterlinck. A charming dramatized fairy tale symbolizing the search for happiness.
- In After Days*, by W. D. Howells and others. Nine essays on immortality that, taken together, make an interesting psychological study.
- It Never Can Happen Again*, by William De Morgan. A story that doesn't matter much except as a valid excuse for a delightful intimacy with a fascinating writer.
- The Land of the Lion*, by W. S. Rainsford. A readable and enlightening book of sport and travel.
- Lost Face*, by Jack London. A reversion to type. Seven stories of Alaska in the author's earlier manner.
- The New Word*, by Allen Upward. A remarkable critique of the foundations of knowledge and the sanctions of hope.
- Old Harbor*, by William John Hopkins, author of *The Clammer*. The Indian summer of a New England seaport. A love story with a sachel.
- The Old Wives' Tale*, by Arnold Bennett. Three generations of English middle class life. Probably the best all-around novel of the year.
- On the Branch*, by Pierre de Coulevain. Interesting self-analysis by a woman of sixty. Clever but saccharine.
- Open Country*, by Maurice Hewlett. A contemporary idyl that is a thing of beauty and a joy for considerably more time than it takes to read it.
- The Song of Songs*, by Hermann Sudermann. A cynical demonstration by a moral surgeon showing the death-in-life of a woman's soul.
- Tremendous Trifles*, by G. K. Chesterton. A comprehensive collection of casual papers by a many-sided writer.
- Tower of Ivory*, by Gertrude Atherton. The story of a tempestuous friendship, with the friends once and a half life size.

AND then a strange thing happened. An unassuming English gentleman named Darwin innocently asked the world to look at life from a familiar but disregarded viewpoint, and the world, "protesting it would ne'er consent, consented." It began in fact to look backward as well as forward, and in as well as out. And in the process it discovered a new heaven and a new earth, which fiction, very much bewildered at times, is busy exploring.

AND one of the bewildering phenomena in this new cosmos is that optimism and pessimism seem to have changed places. Under the old order the optimist said: "This world is a vale of tears; be kind enough to speak of pleasant things while we journey toward the next." Under the new dispensation it is the pessimist who says this. The optimist says: "This world is a vale of cause and effect; let us be hopeful enough to study both the causes of failure and the effects of success. We'll take the next world



"ART IS LONG AND TIME IS FLEETING"

next." And as soon as fiction began to understand this saying it saw that it had found a new pause ready to its hand, the imagined consummation of a failure; a point at which its audience, still emotionally responsive but no longer unanalytical, could, instead of drawing a long breath and saying "How nice!" draw a long breath and say "I understand." For failure had also turned out to be a Harvest Home.

IN a way Mrs. Voynich's story is an extreme example of this type, for in form it is a picturesque and delectable romance—the sort of history that fiction has conscientiously brought to a successful issue even if it had to lie outrageously to do so. And at its very end for want, one might say, of one white fib by the author the butterflies of her creating are broken upon a wheel of their own turning. So used are we to the euphemisms of fiction that I doubt if we would have detected the lie had she told it. Yet her refusal changes her story from a pessimist's well-intentioned falsehood to an optimist's clear-sighted explanation.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Slandered

STOCK brokers a slandered set?

Yes, to be sure they are; grossly slandered.

Is it wrong to buy and sell stocks?

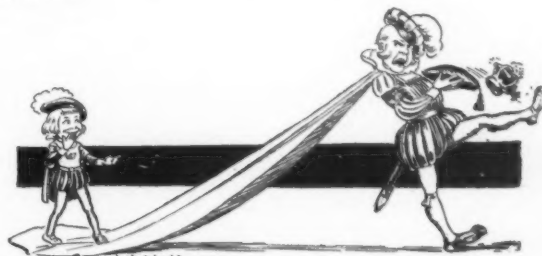
Not a bit. That's all the brokers do, and it isn't wrong. The whole trouble and disrepute of the business comes along of the nasty lambs who will butt into the brokers' offices and play there, and leave tufts of their miserable little wool all over everything.

Too Many Inventions

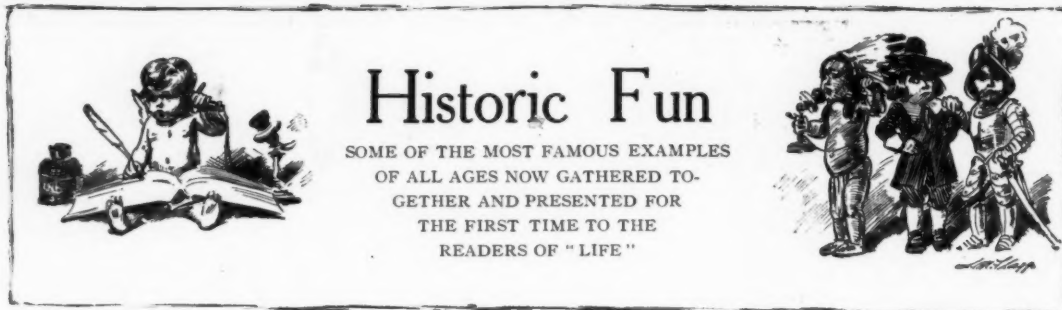
It may be said upon the best of authority that all the interviews with President Eliot on the Rockefeller Foundation have been inventions.—*Boston Transcript*.

OTHER recent inventions were the tale of the twenty-four-thousand-dollar-a-year private telephone wire between Brother Charles Taft's house in Cincinnati and the White House; the tale that Colonel Roosevelt had summoned Forester Pinchot by cable to Europe; the tale that President Taft declined to dine with the Syracuse Alumni because of something Chancellor Day had said.

None of these fibs of last month was important, but they all wasted time and thought. They are merely samples of the day-by-day tales that are not so. One reads them and thinks, and presently reads a denial and has to unthink what he thought. The harm done is mainly to the machinery of the newspaper reader's mind, which suffers from being reversed so much.

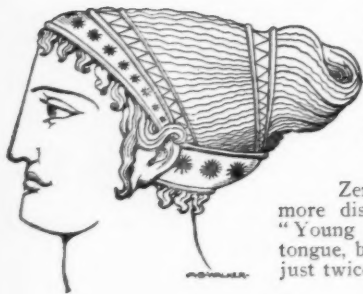


STANDING ON CEREMONY



(To the Reader: Many years ago the editor of this series became interested in the question as to what is the funniest thing ever written. In the course of his search he rambled through most of the literatures of the world, and wherever he found a humorous thought or a story that had fun in it he made a note of the fact. In the material here presented it is quite possible that many old friends will be recognized. The classics have not been largely drawn upon because of their remoteness and length. But no age is exempt. The material is not presented in any chronological order, a leisurely negligence in its preparation having been thought to be more interesting for the general reader.)

Anecdotes from the Greek



Aristotle, being unwell, was treated by his physician. On some prescription that was given him he remarked: "Don't treat me as you would a country bumpkin. Give me a reason for your treatment, and I will comply."
—Aelian.

Zeno said to a youth who was more disposed to talk than to listen: "Young man, nature gave us one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear just twice as much as we speak."
—Stobaeus.

The Codfish

BY BILL NYE

A correspondent of the *New York Post* says that the codfish frequents "the table lands of the sea." The codfish no doubt does this to secure as nearly as possible a dry, bracing atmosphere. This pure air of the submarine table lands gives to the codfish that breadth of chest and depth of lungs that we have often noticed.

The glad, free smile of the codfish is largely attributed to the exhilaration of this oceanic altitoodleum.

The correspondent further says that the "codfish subsists largely on the sea cherry." Those who have not had the pleasure of seeing the codfish climb the cherry tree in search of food, or clubbing the fruit from the heavily laden branches with chunks of coral, have missed a very fine sight.

The codfish, when at home rambling through the submarine forests, does not wear his vest unbuttoned, as he does while loafing around the grocery stores of the United States.

Mary and Her Little Lamb

BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR

Oh, Mary had a little lamb, regarding whose cuticular
The fluff exterior was white and kinked in each particular.
On each occasion when the lass was seen perambulating,
The little quadruped likewise was there a gallavating.

One day it did accompany her to the knowledge dispensary,
Which to every rule and precedent was recklessly contrary.
Immediately whereupon the pedagog superior,
Exasperated, did eject the lamb from the interior.

Then Mary, on beholding such performance arbitrary,
Suffused her eyes with saline drops from glands called
lachrymary,
And all the pupils grew thereat tumultuously hilarious,
And speculated on the case with wild conjectures various.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?" the scholars asked
the teacher.

He paused a moment, then he tried to diagnose the creature.

"Oh pecus amorum Mary habit omnia temporum."
"Thanks, teacher dear," the scholars cried, and awe crept
darkly o'er 'em.



THIS IS THE OLDEST HUMOROUS DRAWING KNOWN IN ENGLAND, AND IS PRESERVED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. IT DATES FROM 1320. TWO DEVILS ARE TOSSING A MONK OVERBOARD.



APRIL

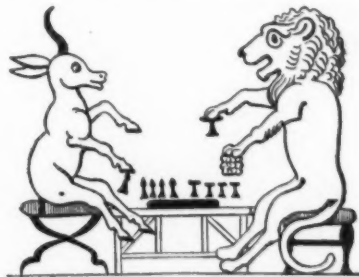
A PICTURE BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, FIRST PUBLISHED IN HIS COMIC ALMANAC FOR APRIL, 1835.

Classes of Society

BY SYDNEY SMITH,

One of England's Most Famous Humorists

I have divided mankind into classes. There is the Noddle—very numerous, but well known. The Affliccion-woman—a valuable member of society, generally an ancient spinster or distant relation of the family, in small circumstances—the moment she hears of any accident or distress in the family she sets off, packs up her little bag and is immediately established there, to comfort, flatter, fetch and carry. The Uptakers—a class of people who only see through their fingers' ends and go through a room taking up and touching everything—however visible and however tender. The Cleaners—



THEY PLAYED CHECKERS IN EGYPT

THIS PICTURE IS FROM AN EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM. THE LION IS APPARENTLY WINNER. WITNESS THE EXPRESSION OF JOY ON HIS FACE.

who begin at the dish before them, and go on picking or tasting till it is cleared—however large the company, small the supply and rare the contents. The Sleep-walkers—those who never deviate from the beaten track, who think as their fathers have thought since the flood, who start from a new idea as they would from quilt. The Lemon-squeezers of society—people who act on you as a wet blanket, who see a cloud in the sunshine, the nails of the coffin in the ribbands of the bride, predictors of evil, extinguishers of hope; who, where there are two sides, see only the worst—people whose very look curdles the milk and sets your teeth on edge. The Let-well-aloners—Cousins-German to the Noodle, yet a variety—people who have begun to think and to act, but are timid and afraid to try their wings, and tremble at the sound of their own footsteps as they advance, and think it safer to stand still. Then the Washerwomen—very numerous, who exclaim: "Well! as sure as ever I put on my best bonnet, it is certain to rain," etc. There are many more, but I forget them.

Anecdote of Dr. Johnson

A gentleman once observed to Dr. Johnson that there were fewer vagrant poor in Scotland than in England, and adduced as a proof of it that there was no instance of a beggar dying in the street there. "I believe you are very right there, sir," cried Johnson, "but that does not arise from the want of beggars but from the difficulty of starving a Scotchman to death."

The Hen

(From the German)

Was once a hen of wit not small
(In fact, 't was not amazing),
And apt at laying eggs withal,
Who, when she'd done, would scream
and bawl,
As if the house were blazing;
A turkey-cock, of age mature,
Felt thereat indignation;
'T was quite improper, he was sure,
He would no more the thing endure;
So after cogitation
He to the lady straight repaired,
And thus his business he declared:
"Madam, pray what's the matter
That always when you've laid an egg
You make so great a clatter?
I wish you'd do the thing in quiet;
Do be advised by me, and try it!"
"Advised by you?" the lady cried,
And tossed her head with proper pride,
"And what do you know, now I pray,
Of the fashions of the present day,
You creature, ignorant and low?
However, if you want to know,
This is the reason why I do it:
I lay my egg and then review it."
—Matt. Claudius.

An Old Joe Miller

(From Joe Miller's Jest Book)

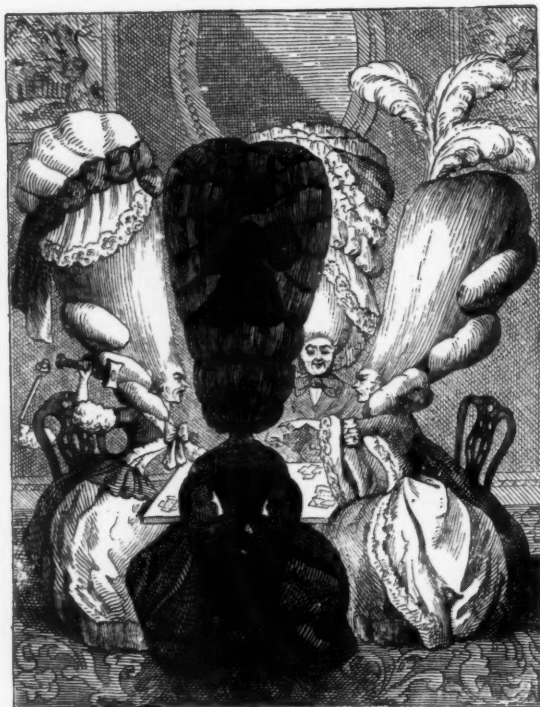
There were two very fat noblemen at the court of Louis the XV., the Duke de L— and the Duke de N—. They were both one day at the levee, when the King began to rally the former on his corpulence. "You take no exercise, I suppose?" said the King. "Pardon me, sire," said de L—, "I walk twice a day around my Cousin de N—."



A ROMAN TOMFOOL

THIS REPRESENTS THE ROMAN MIMUS, A CLASS OF PERFORMERS WHO TOLD WITH MIMICRY AND ACTION SCENES TAKEN FROM COMMON LIFE. THE MIMUS WEARS WHAT IS INTENDED AS A CARICATURE OF A PHRYGIAN BONNET.

—Wright's History of Caricature.



WHIST WAS RAMPANT IN ENGLAND IN 1778, AS WELL AS HEAD-DRESSES. THIS CARICATURE IS REPRODUCED FROM WRIGHT'S HISTORY. THE TITLE IS "SETTLING THE ODD TRICK."

A Catalectic Monody!

A cat I sing, of famous memory,
 Though catachrestical my song may be;
 In a small garden catacomb she lies,
 And cataclysms fill her comrades' eyes;
 Borne on the air, the catacoustic song
 Swells with her virtues' catalogue along;
 No cataplasm should lengthen out her years,
 Though mourning friends shed cataracts of tears.
 Once loud and strong, her catechist-like voice
 It dwindled to a catcall's squeaking noise;
 Most categorical her virtues shown,
 By catenation join'd each one to one;
 But a vile catchpoll dog, with cruel bite
 Like catling's cut, her strength disabled quite;
 Her caterwauling pierced the heavy air,
 As cataphracts their arms through legions bear;
 'Tis vain! as caterpillars drag away
 Their lengths, like cattle after busy day,
 She ling'ring died, nor left in kit-kat the
 Embodiment of this catastrophe.

—George Cruikshank's Omnibus.

The Story of a Dog and Empty Hole

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER

(Henry Ward Beecher's fame as a minister has overshadowed his fame as a humorist; and yet as a humorist he is in the first rank. The following little sketch is told with an exquisite sense of quiet fun.)

The first summer which we spent at Lenox we had along a very intelligent dog named Noble. He was learned

in many things and by his dog lore excited the undying admiration of all the children. But there were some things which Noble could never learn. Having on one occasion seen a red squirrel run into a hole in a stone wall, he could not be persuaded that he was not there for evermore.

Several red squirrels lived close to the house and had become familiar, but not tame. They kept up a regular romp with Noble. They would come down from the maple tree with provoking coolness; they would run along the fence almost within reach; they would cock their tails and sail across the road to the barn, and yet there was such a well timed calculation under this apparent rashness that Noble invariably arrived at the critical spot just as the squirrel left it.

On one occasion Noble was so close upon his red backed friend that, unable to get up the maple tree, he dodged into a hole in the wall, ran through the chinks, emerged at a little distance and sprung into the tree. The intense enthusiasm of the dog at that hole can hardly be described. He filled it full of barking. He pawed and scratched as if undermining a bastion. Standing off at a little distance, he would pierce the hole with a gaze as intense and fixed as if he were trying magnetism upon it. Then, with tail extended, and every hair thereon electrified, he would rush at the hole with prodigious onslaught.

The imaginary squirrel haunted Noble night and day. The very squirrel himself would run up before his face into the tree, and, crouched in a crotch, would sit silently watching the whole process of bombarding the empty hole with great sobriety and relish. But Noble would allow of no doubts. His conviction that that hole had a squirrel in it continued unshaken for six weeks. When all other occupations failed, the hole remained for him. When there were no more chickens to harry, no pigs to bite, no cattle to chase, no children to romp with, no expeditions to make with the grown folks, and when he had slept all that his dog skin would hold, he would walk out of the yard, yawn and stretch himself, and then look wistfully at the hole, as if thinking to himself, "Well, as there is nothing else to do, I may as well try that hole again!"

Epigrams From the French

Paradise, as described by the theologians, seems to me too musical. I confess that I should be incapable of listening to a cantata that would last ten thousand years.

—T. Gautier.

All bow to virtue—and then walk away.

—Unidentified.

Love makes us thin. If a codfish were a widow, she would become fat.

—Provençal Proverb.

The change of fashions is the tax that the industry of the poor levies on the vanity of the rich.

—Chamfort.

A widow is like a frigate of which the first-captain has been shipwrecked.

—A. Karr.



NOTHING WAS SACRED TO THE EGYPTIAN ARTISTS, NOT EVEN DRUNKENNESS. THIS PICTURE IS REPRODUCED FROM AN OLD EGYPTIAN ORIGINAL, AND SHOWS THE SERVANTS CARRYING HOME THEIR MASTERS FROM A DINNER.

The Scholar's Wife

To a deep scholar said his wife:
 "Would that I were a book, my life!
 On me, then, you would sometimes look.
 But I should wish to be the book
 That you would mostly wish to see.
 Then say, what volume should I be?"
 "An Almanac," my dear;
 "You know we change them every year."
 —John Dryden.

The Simpleton and the Sharper

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

(The Arabian Nights, in the original version, contains some of the greatest humorous stories in the world. Indeed, many of them, in modern form, are constantly reappearing. Most of them are too long for reproduction in these pages. Here is a short one, translated by Sir Richard Burton.)



A certain simpleton was once walking along, hauling his ass after him by the halter, when a pair of sharpers saw him and one said to his fellow:

"I will take that ass from yonder wight."
 Asked the other: "How wilt thou do that?"

"Follow me and I will show thee how," answered the first. So the cony-catcher went up to the ass, and, loosening it from the halter, gave the beast to his fellow; then he haltered his own head and followed Tom Fool till he knew the other had got clean off with the ass, when he stood still.

The oaf hauled at the halter, but the rascal stirred not; so he turned, and, seeing the halter on a man's neck, said to him:

"What art thou?"
 Quoth the sharper: "I am thine ass, and my story is a wondrous one, and 'tis this. Know that I have a pious old mother and came into her one day, drunk; and she said to me, 'Oh, my son, repent to the Almighty of these, thy transgressions.' But I took my staff and beat her, whereupon she cursed me, and Allah changed me into an ass and caused me to fall into thy hands, where I have remained until this moment. However, to-day my mother called me to mind and her heart yearned toward me; so she prayed for me and the Lord restored me to my former shape amongst the sons of Adam."

Cried the silly one: "There is no majesty and there is no might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great. Allah, upon thee, O my brother, acquit me of what I have done with thee in the way of riding and so forth." Then he let the cony-catcher go and returned home, as drunken with chagrin and concern as with wine.

His wife asked him, "What aileth thee, and where is the donkey?" And he answered:

"Thou knowest not what was this ass, but I will tell thee." So he told her the story, and she exclaimed: "Alack and alas for the punishment we shall receive from Almighty Allah! How could we have used a man as a beast of burden all this while?" And she gave alms by way of atonement and prayed pardon of Heaven.

Then the man abode at home a while, idle, till she said to him:

"How long wilt thou sit at home doing naught? Go to the market and buy us an ass and ply thy work with it."

Accordingly, he went to the market and stopped at the ass-stand, where behold, he saw his own ass for sale

So he went up to it and, clapping his mouth to its ear, said to it:

"Woe to thee, thou ne'er do well! Thou hast been getting drunk again and beating thy mother! But, by Allah, I will never buy thee more!"

To Make an Amblongus Pie

A Receipt by Edgar Lear

(Note: Edgar Lear was a celebrated writer of nonsense humor. Born in London 1812, died at San Remo 1888.)

Take 4 pounds (say, 4½ pounds) of fresh Amblongusses and put them in a small pipkin.

Cover them with water, and boil them for 8 hours incessantly; after which add 2 pints of new milk and proceed to boil for 4 hours more.

When you have ascertained that the Amblongusses are quite soft, take them out and place them in a wide pan, taking care to shake them well previously.

Grate some nutmeg over the surface and cover them carefully with powdered gingerbread, curry powder and a sufficient quantity of cayenne pepper.

Remove the pan into the next room and place it on the floor. Bring it back again and let it simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Shake the pan violently till all the Amblongusses have become a pale purple color.

Then, having prepared the paste, insert the whole carefully, adding at the same time a small pigeon, 2 slices of beef, 4 cauliflowers and a number of oysters.

Watch patiently until the crust begins to rise and add a pinch of salt from time to time.

Serve up in a clean dish and throw the whole out of the window as fast as possible.

My idea of a wife at forty is that a man should be able to change her, like a bank note, for two twenties.

—Douglas Jerrold.



A POULTICE FOR TWO—SYMPATHY AND ECONOMY

—From *Impressions de Menage*, by the Famous French Artist Gavarni (B. 1804, d. 1866).



The Fine Distinction

BLACK: I buy all of my wife's dresses.
BROWN: So do I, but I never pick them out.—*St. Louis Star.*

FRIEND: So yours was a case of love at first sight?

MRS. GETTHERE: Yes, indeed. I fell desperately in love with my dear husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the beach at Long Branch, when suddenly papa stopped, and, pointing him out, said: "There, my dear, is a man worth ten millions."—*New York Weekly.*

"Who is the gentleman seated in the large touring car?"

"That is the poet laureate of a well-known biscuit factory."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*



SOCIETY (ISLAND) NOTE

"THE GROOM WORE THE CONVENTIONAL BLACK."

The Troubled Menagerie

Hey, Diddle, Diddle,
The Sphinx and the Riddle,
The lion jumped over the moon;
The whole world was stirred
At a dollar a word,
And our Teddy is coming home soon.
—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Honor

"Some men," said Andrew Carnegie at a dinner, "have very queer ideas of honor."

"I was once riding from Pittsburg to Philadelphia in the smoking compartment of a Pullman. There were perhaps six of us in the compartment, smoking and reading. All of a sudden a door banged and the conductor's voice cried:

"All tickets, please!"

"Then one of the men in the compartment leaped to his feet, scanned the faces of the rest of us and said slowly and impressively:

"Gentlemen, I trust to your honor."

"And he dived under the seat and remained there in a small, silent knot till the conductor was safely gone."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

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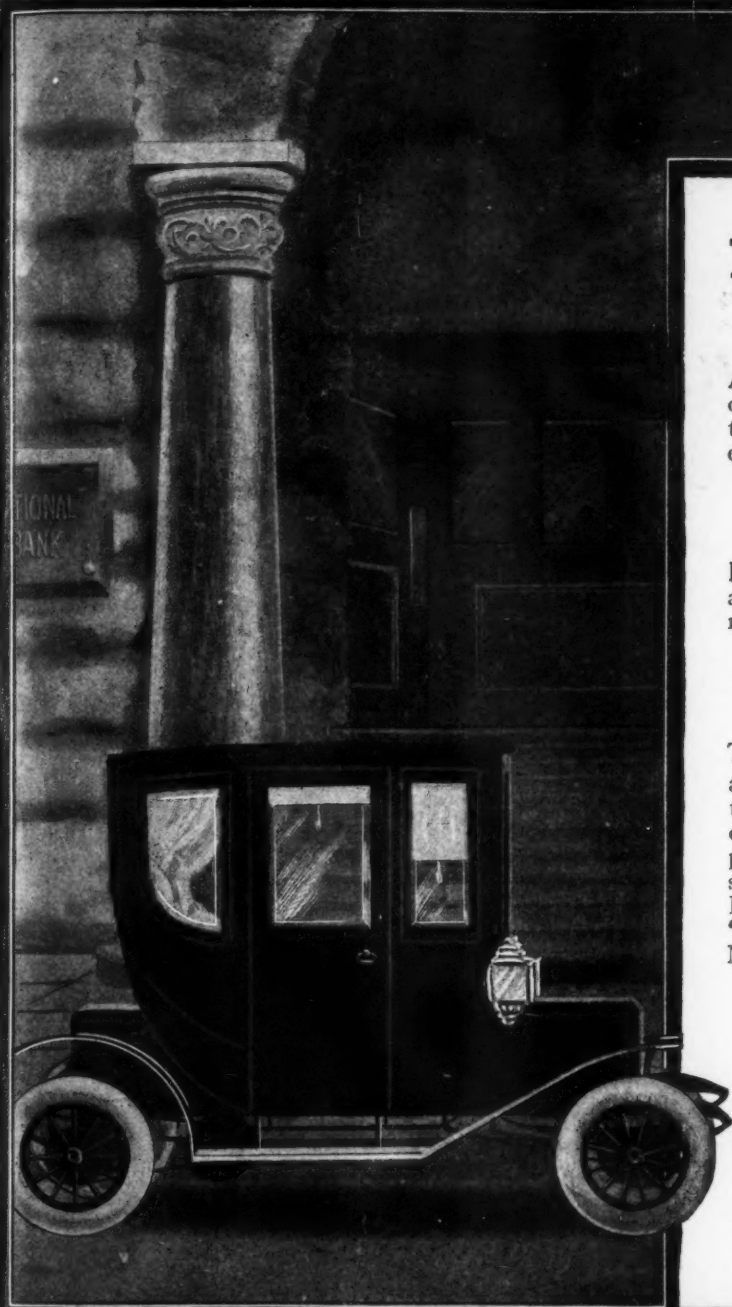
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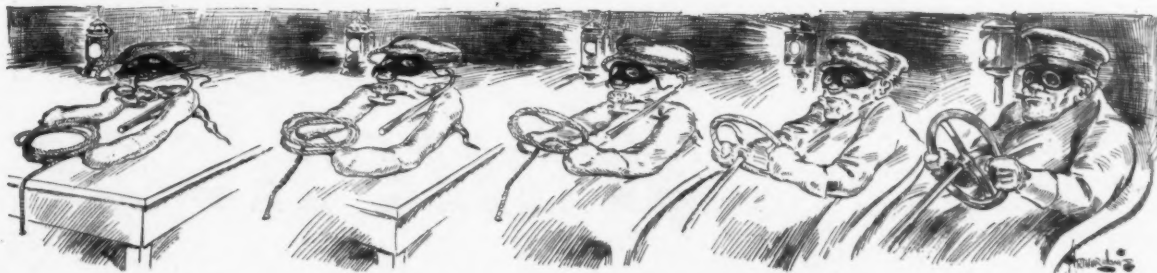
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ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

A NEW YORK boy brought home with him from college a friend who had not visited the metropolis for ten years. After a day of sightseeing the two were walking down Broadway near Twelfth street. "Oh, Jack," said the guide, suddenly, "you remember Grace Church, don't you?"

"Let's see," replied the other with signs of interest, "what company was she in?"—*Argonaut*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT EASE.

That Would Be Something

BENHAM: You women want the ballot. What would you do with it if you had it?

MRS. BENHAM: We'd change fashions once in a while; we wouldn't go on voting for Bryan forever.—*Judge*.

A Plausible Deduction

A Baltimore school teacher had encountered such a degree of ignorance on the part of one of her boys in relation to the recorded acts of the Father of his Country that she grew sarcastic, with a result which *Shipping Illustrated* records.

"I wonder," she began, "if you could tell me whether George Washington was a sailor or a soldier?"

The boy grinned. "He was a soldier, all right," he said.

"How do you know?" the teacher challenged.

"Because I saw a picture of him crossing the Delaware. Any sailor would know enough not to stand up in the boat."



Not Catching

A lady called at a real estate office to engage a store for a rummage sale. The agent in charge told her he could not give her a positive answer, as there was sickness in the rooms over the store. After leaving, it occurred to her that the illness might be scarlet fever or something contagious. Going back, she put the question, "Is it a contagious disease?"

The reply came quickly, "No, it's a boy!"—*Lippincott's*.

"NICE car."

"Yes."

"Is it the latest thing in cars?"

"I guess so; it has never gotten me anywhere on time yet."—*Houston Post*.



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Rhymed Reviews

African Game Trails

(By Theodore Roosevelt. Scribner's Magazine)

"A Railroad Through the Pleistocene"
(A Scientist's extravaganza)

Conveyed us half the route between
The Eastern coast and Lake Nyanza.

Thence far and wide our roadways
ran,

But Fear and I were ever strangers;
My Rabbit's Foot, a talisman
From Big John L., defied all dangers.

Received with great civility,
Well-armed, with tent and shooting-
permit,

Upon my horse "Tranquillity"
I rode a Faunal Quest with Kermit.

And first I trained my Gatling gun
Upon a wise Predaceous Lion,
Who did not vainly try to run,
But dusted off a place to die on.

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"Tranquillity" began to lope—
His change of gait disturbed my
shooting,

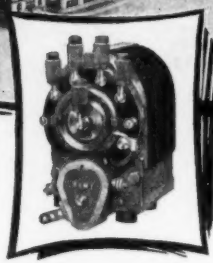
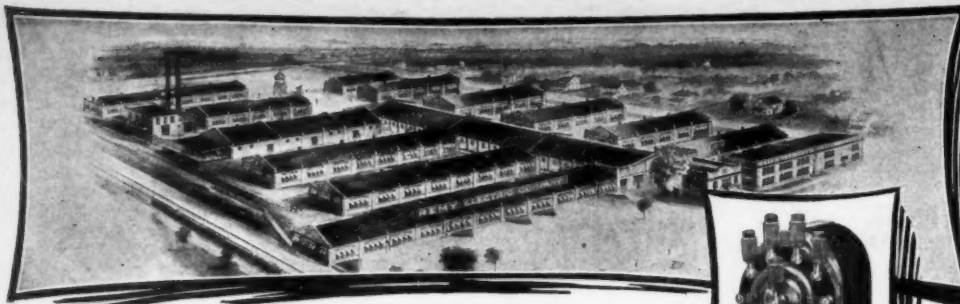
But still I dropped an Antelope,
A Crane in flight, a Wart-hog, root-
ing.

Upon a lake we launched a raft
A Hippopotamus to finish;

He weighed a trifle more than Taft,
Whose shade, I hope, will ne'er
diminish.

At noon upon a rocky fell
We built a hunter's cheery fire,
And cooked and ate a fond Gazelle,
Because his horns were like a lyre.

(Continued on page 694)



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- Japanese—Watakusi wasuki masu.
- Cambodgese—Khumom sreiland.
- Danish—Jeg elsker.
- Swedish—Jag alskar.
- Polish—Kocham.
- Basque—Maitatzendent.
- Hungarian—Varok.
- French—J'aime.
- Turkish—Serejorum.
- Algerian Arabic—Nehabb.
- Egyptian Arabic—Nef'al.
- Persian—Doust darem.
- Armenian—Gesirem.
- Hindustani—Main bolta.
- Annamite—Toi thu on'g.
- Chinese—Oui hi bouan.
- Malayan—Sahyasuka.
- Volapuk—Lofob.

—The Scrap Book.

Rhymed Reviews

(Continued from page 693)

A rude Hyena dared to laugh—
I plugged him where I saw his grin
show,
While Kermit took his photograph
To send, with love, to Gifford
Pinchot.

I read the Nibelungenlied,
Euripides and scraps of Pickwick,
Bestrode again my gallant steed
And slew a melancholy Dik-wik.

How slow and tame a life! Methinks
No more the Elephant I'll mangle.
I guess I'll go and ask the Sphinx
About this Conservation wrangle.

Arthur Guiterman.

Why She Stayed at the Foot

Being upbraided by her mother for being the lowest in her class, little Mabel exclaimed in tones of injured innocence: "It ain't my fault. The girl who has always been at the foot left school."—
Delineator.

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The Literary Zoo -

The Language of Politics

Our interest in the libel suit brought by Representative Hamilton Fish against Editor Hinkley, of the Poughkeepsie *News-Press*, and now happily withdrawn, was purely academic. A word among millions uttered and heard above the "sterile din of politics" is commonly of passing concern to us. Hinkley haled to court because an impulsive pen had written "welcher" against the honored name of Fish would not at first sight seem to be a spectacle to detain us. Bets, whether off or on again, may concern the political Finnigans who frank their freight, but possess for us at the most only a mild sociological interest. Nevertheless, in the curious case of Fish



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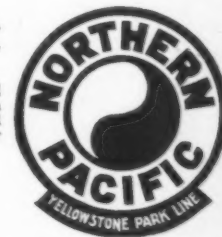
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vs. Hinkley there was a literary issue at stake, and we should like to have seen it thrashed out by the infallible flail of the law.

* * *

From a casual inspection of the newspapers we had been led to think that "privileged," by common consent, applied to the unparliamentary language one gentleman not infrequently addresses to another in the heat of a political campaign. To the innocent bystander, looking on at the

give-and-take of forensic fisticuffs, the capacity and willingness of the participants to take punishment and shake hands upon it has been explicable only on the theory that words heal or hurt according to intention, and with little reference to accepted meanings. "When you call me that, smile," remarked Owen Wister's Virginian to the truculent Trampas. In the West, be it observed, the "Pickwickian sense" of words is not unknown, enforced

(Continued on page 698)

Milo

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 697)

though it be at the muzzle of a six-shooter. In the overcultured East Dickens is unread—or is it that Pickwickian is implied? We had supposed so. Had we not seen the branded liar counter courteously on the paunch of his opponent, turning his cheek to the uppercut of epithet? When the fearless editor of the *Evening Ochre* gouged the moral character of the People's Friend, had we not observed that patient servant of the proletariat content himself by calling him "another"? Indeed we had. Sometimes marveling at these things, yet, as a connoisseur, bored a bit by a certain sameness in the figures of speech employed, we have wondered why political opponents—fat and scant of breath—could not summarize their retort in the synthetic speech of the diminutive African: "All them things you says I is you is."

Yet here comes Hamilton Fish, harking back to *ante-bellum* ideas of what a gentleman may or may not tolerate at the hands of the Fourth Estate.

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"You're a libeler," says deponent, looking the editor squarely in the "we." Behold Hinkley fingering nervously the hair-trigger of retort, scanning the code of Webster the while—repudiating at last the office dictionary, resting his case upon his own original definition of "welcher," softening the impeachment, diluting the asperities of defined speech with the milk and water of private interpretation.

* * *

The thing has been done before. We note the precedent: *In re* George Milne vs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy. Torts and Retorts, Chap. 59, Sec. 3; McClure, Judge. Case on appeal. In this action deponent affirms that Mrs. Eddy

employed the improper name "adulteress" to describe a certain pseudo-Christian Scientist. In protest, defendant did not deny that she had used the language quoted, and alleging in justification that "adulteress" was one who adulterated the truth.

Thus by a kind of Chautauqua extension the true Christian Science would apply the "right of private judgment" to the dictionary. It is, we believe, a dangerous precedent to establish, and Editor Hinkley's attempt is on all fours with it. True, we are not conversant with the ethics and the etymology of political sparring. We know little of bouts or bets. In the

(Continued on page 699)

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By Hamlin Garland

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 698)

bright lexicon of our youth there was no such word as "welcher." But we have consulted the Marquis of Lounsbury rules, and can say with a certain assurance that a foul word is not a fair one. Mr. Fish was determined to thrash it out in court. That would have proved something, whereas the abandoned style of thrashing an editor proves nothing. Still, we are glad that Mr. Hinkley threw up the sponge, apologized and withdrew the wanton word. It is so much simpler than saying, when you come to, that your trainer was incompetent or the gloves didn't fit.

The whole unfortunate affair may at least serve as a warning to all editors who have never taken a college course in journalism. Politics are important; no less is literature. Had Mr. Hinkley read "The Virginian" he would have smiled when he said it. Better still, had he known his Artemus Ward he would, when he came to write it, have hedged his wild words with a brace of brackets, to wit: "(This is a joak)." *W. T. Larned.*



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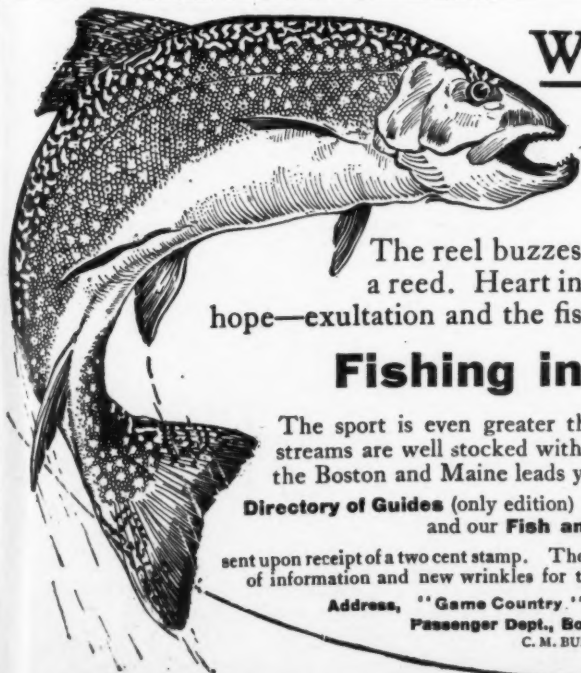
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"Putnam's" Passes

It is not without a pang that we note the passing of *Putnam's Magazine*. In the announcement of its purchase by the *Atlantic Monthly* it is called a "merger," which, though virtually a process of demise, is at least attended by the mitigating circumstance that surviving subscribers and advertisers are permitted to send flowers. It is not always so when a literary periodical passes. We have attended many funerals of the sort—generally those of infants—and the interments, though always decent, have invariably been "devoid of public interest." It commonly happens that the only sincere mourners are the contributors—sad in the assurance that "he who dies pays all debts." Once we walked bareheaded while some one played a funeral march on the cash register of *The Reader*, and subsequently the administrator rewarded our fortitude with a check; but generally speaking a live cashier is better than a dead editor.

If there is anything more virulent than *cacoethes scribendi*, it is the itch for publishing a literary magazine. Theoretically there is always a "field";

(Continued on page 700)

FOR THE HAIR

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 699)

actually it is a Potter's field, in which the infant corpses outnumber the adult. At the outset the new enterprise seems promising. A staff of brilliant writers is easily rallied from the literary bread-line ever patiently waiting for its laurel and rolls. The essayists of Easy Street glibly respond to the call. An appreciation of no-matter-whom from the pen of Mr. Mabie, a depreciation by Professor Peck, a filler sequence by Mr. Clinton Scollard, a topical verse or two dashed off by Miss Carolyn Wells' dependable typewriter, a little excursion in psychology to make the women's clubs sit up and pass the fudge—and the thing is done. It looks as easy as log-rolling—dead easy, in fact. And it generally is. Who's to blame? Neither Grub nor Easy Street. Not the authors who have posed their best for the photographs indispensable to all real literary magazines. Who then and what then? An embarrassing interrogation. We sympathize with the bishop who was asked: "Why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder if they had wings?" To which he shrewdly rejoined: "Is there any little girl in the class who would like to answer that question?"

Seriously and sincerely, we are sorry

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to see the Lounger of *The Critic* and *Putnam's* lay down her pen. (We feel sure it was a pen and not a type machine.) And we are glad that *Putnam's* is not passing without benefit of Perry. Finally, we extend our compliments to the *Bookman*—legal descendant of Lowell, sole survivor in a field on which the yellow leaves of frost-nipped literature are forever falling.

W. T. Larned.

A Law-Abiding Child.

A health officer recently received the following note from one of the residents of his district:

"Dear sir: I beg to inform you that my child, aged eight months, is suffering from measles as required by act of Parliament."—*Tit-Bits*.



A SUMMER NIGHT.

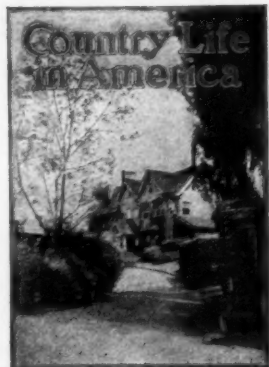


VENICE.

BY J. M. W. TURNER.



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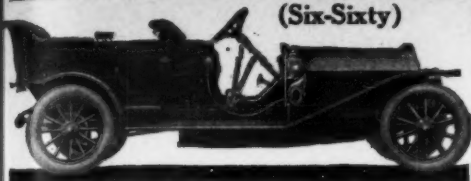
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Triumphs of Vivisection

(Extracts from "The Story of the Germ and Its Doings" in the London Abolitionist)

BY WALTER R. HADWEN, M.D.

According to one of our daily newspapers, a leading medical official of a large London hospital has been unbosoming himself to a ubiquitous reporter, and in the course of his marvelous narration he informed him that drugs were becoming a thing of the past; an entirely new and scientific process was now adopted by the up-to-date physician. It runs as follows: A patient is taken ill, the doctor pricks his skin and draws a drop of blood, puts it under the microscope and sees what germs he can find; having found the germ which he has probably made up his mind beforehand is the germ he ought to find, he drops as many as he can get together into a test tube of some cultivating medium, where the germs are permitted to thrive in luxuriant millions. They are then periodically injected into a horse; finally the horse's blood is drawn off, and when it has coagulated, the clear fluid which rises to the surface is pumped into the patient, and he is left to take his chance whether he gets better or worse.

"It is all so wonderfully simple," this medical official remarked, "and, of course, absolutely scientific." If the patient gets well, the injection gets the credit; if the patient gets worse, it is the cussedness of the individual that hinders the recovery; everything has been done that science can prescribe, and there is nothing more to be said upon the subject.

FURTHER DISCOVERIES

Then there is the cholera bacillus; a very interesting bacillus is this. It is found just where it ought not to be found, in the bodies of persons who are quite healthy, and who decline to take on cholera simply because the cholera bacillus takes it into its microscopic head to choose one of the human workshops for its lodging; and when Professor Koch looks grave as he gingerly handles a test tube full of these deadly germs, Professor Klein smiles significantly and swallows the contents without being any the worse for it; but for all that, the comma bacillus must be the cause of cholera, because the infallible "expert" has come to the conclusion that only a germ could cause the cholera, and this

(Continued on page 702)



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Triumphs of Vivisection

(Continued from page 701)

is the only germ that appears to suit the expert's fancy.

* * *

Then there is the marvelous diphtheria bacillus. Patients may have diphtheria without the bacillus; they may have the bacillus without the diphtheria; the bacillus may be squirted into a guinea pig and yet produce a different kind of "diphtheria" altogether from what it is expected to do, but still the expert says it is the true cause of diphtheria, and you are called upon to accept the word of the expert as if it had been supported by the unimpeachable evidence of a law court.

DIFFICULTIES EASILY SOLVED

When the various patients who happen to suffer from one of these definite diseases recovers—in consumption, for instance—the tubercle bacilli frequently gradually disappear, and the scientific expert concludes that they have been killed or swallowed up, or that something mysterious has happened to them; he doesn't know exactly what, for it is contrary to science to suppose that they could be alive and active and yet the patient get well! There is no proof that the micro-organisms have been killed or that they are even dead; but that doesn't matter. It is a "scientific fact"!

The question naturally arises, "Who killed Cock Robin?"

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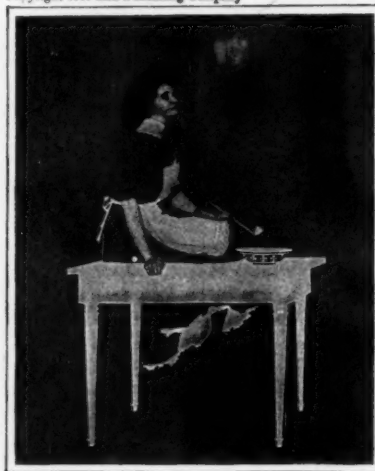
That's the private graft of the Express Trust. Are you on? In order to ship that eleven-pound parcel by Uncle Sam's channels, you'd have to split it into three parcels of four pounds or less and pay 16 cents a pound.

I've come to the conclusion that the best way to settle the P. O. deficit is to abolish the express companies, and then get rid of some of the 'eads in the postal service. Now hear them squeal! So long as there is an Express Trust, just so long will there be a postal deficit. It's the fool rules and regulations that are in force, benefiting nobody but the private graft of the Express Trust, and the wonder is that the people haven't tumbled to it long before this.

—Beach's Magazine.

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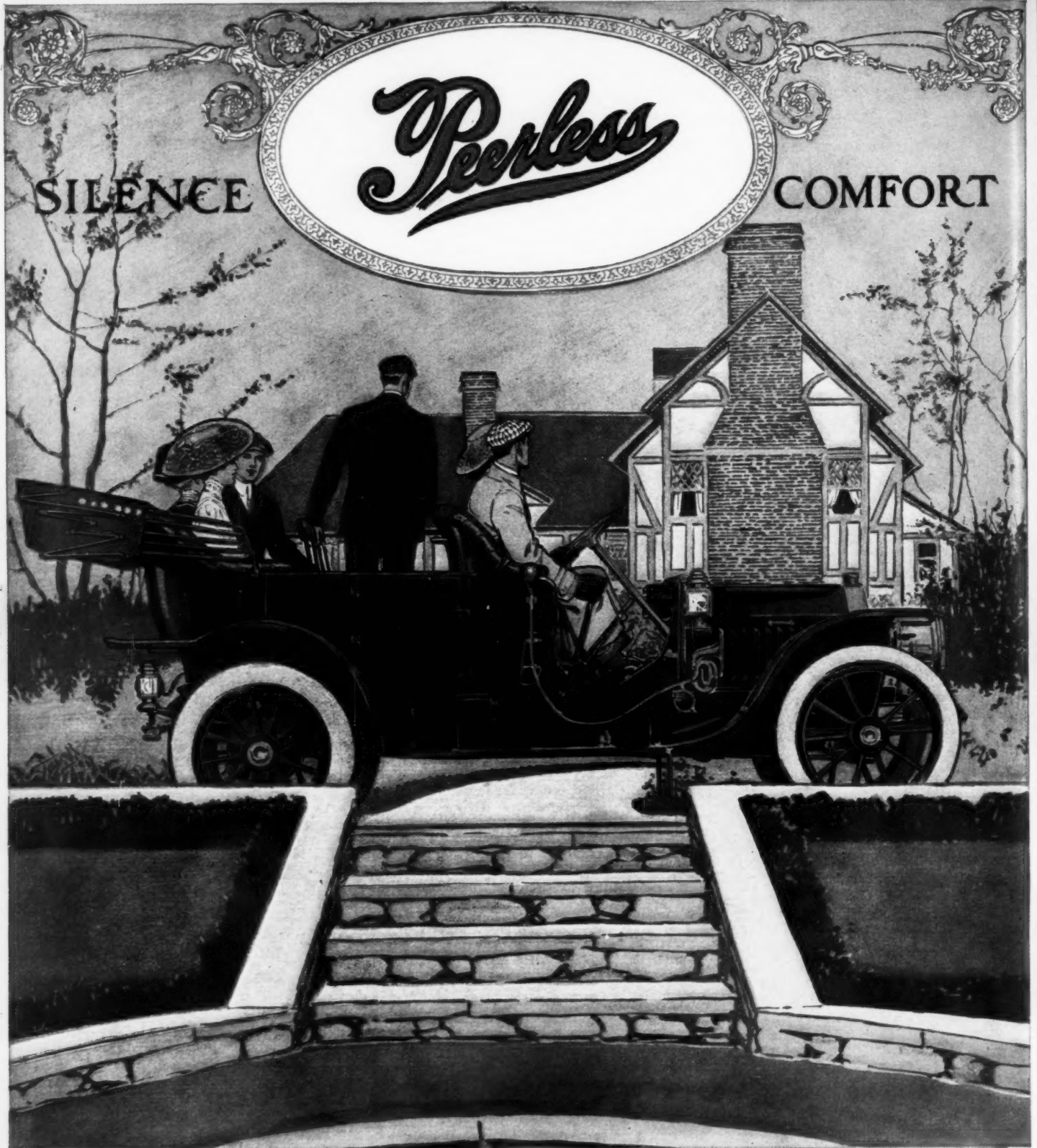


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