

TREASURE



SCRAP BOOK

CARTOONS

CARTOON

COINS



- BUT A REAL TRIUMPH WAS THE TIME EDWIN BOOTH WAS SICK AND I WENT ON AS HAMLET. THAT OLD GRAND OPERA HOUSE WAS JAMMED TO THE DOORS. YOU COULD HAVE HEARD A PIN FALL THE MINUTE I STEPPED ON THE STAGE. THEY SEEN IT WAS A

WARDS-
ZED.
COME
FOUR
ELRY,
BUT
D ME
TELLING
HE.



NEW HOW TO IDENTIFY HIM.

Romeo Montague—An actor, a me miser of the own profession, dropped dead yesterday, and we do not know his name.
Worldly Manager—Did you look on his pawn tickets?



ON AND OFF.

Professor Svengalbygolly (on the stage—2.30 P. M.)—"You notice, ladies and gentlemen, that with a few passes of my hands before the eyes of the subject, I have induced a hypnotic slumber from which he cannot be awakened until I so will."



Professor S. (off—2.30 A. M.)—"Confound it, Jane, you'll have to get up and put this kid to sleep—I've walked with him for two mortal hours, by thunder!"

Bert Levy

CLOSED!—The manager has just sent a note as
dressing room to say that our friend's act is aw and that he had better quit

A GRAND CHORUS



Artists and models mingle in the most democratic manner at the

TURN
DOWN
THE
GAS
WHEN YOU
GO
OUT

Nobody but Baseball

THEIR BATTING FORM

LOST—ONE PAIR OF BATTING LAMPS. Liberal reward for return of same to—

THE name doesn't matter, for reference is had to no particular ball player. They all lose 'em, one time or another. The players who don't hit "in streaks," but maintain a steady walloping of the pellet all the season round without slumping, can be counted on the fingers of the armless wonder. Even Willie Keeler "goes off" in batting form. The hunched-up Stone, of the St. Louis Browns, has weeks when he can't make any of that rataplan music with his shillelah.

"There are weeks," said Stone recently, "when the ball, as it advances toward the plate, looks as big to me as a toy balloon, no matter who's pitching. Then, right on top of such a period comes a week when the ball looks like a grain of mustard seed in a howling gale, even when some flogger who hasn't got a thing is lobbing them along. Explain it? You might as well ask me to explain an earthquake."

"I couldn't hit a bunk if I was too sleepy to stand up," disgustedly remarked the great "Larry" Lajoie, one of the greatest hitters the game has ever produced, one day when he was walking back to the bench after whiffing most ingloriously.

His fellow players laughed. They knew that their boss was slandering himself and that he was taking his little batting slump too much to heart.

That night, at the hotel, Lajoie was asked how he was feeling. "Never felt better in my life," he replied. "If I felt any better I'd have to go to a hospital and get the radium treatment or try the X-ray bag or start something else. Feeling immense."

Then he was asked what he had meant by making that crack about his hitting. The writer wanted to get at the point as to whether a man's physical condition necessarily had anything to do with his hitting.

"I see what you mean," said "Larry." "But I'll have to pass along that question. It's been too deep for me for a good many years. Speaking not only for myself, but for the other fellows who've picked up a sort of a name for hitting, I can say that the way a fellow feels don't have much to do with his walloping ability. Of course, if a player is run down in health and weak, he's not there with the clouts. But there's a difference between being actually sick and weak, and being just doped and sort of out of form. Now, some of the best hitting I ever did in my life was done when I felt dopy, languid and sick of the game; when I didn't feel any more like playing ball than hitching up with a chain gang. When in that shape, especially along toward the middle or end of the season, when tired of traveling and sort of harness-sore from the whole business, I've trudged up to the rock and slapped the ball time and again, taking everything the flogger poked at me, and mauling it infallibly, no matter where I caught it. Then, to show the other way of this baffling business, there are times—like the present, for example—when I feel like pulling the tusks out of catamounts with my naked hands, appetite great, sleep fine, wind bully and all keyed up and on edge like a fighting dog, when every time I nudge up to the plate they get me; can't hit a persimmon tree with a two-pound pebble standing right under it. I was fed all kinds of good ones to-day, right over, and just the kind that I'd like to catch between my teeth and spit 'em out if I was there with the licks, and I couldn't have pasted one of 'em with a Japanese screen."

"Well, what's the dope on the thing?" Larry was asked. "There must be an answer."

"If there an answer it's one that's got to be read in the stars, and I'm not there at that kind of work," was Lajoie's reply. "I've been trying to get at the bottom meaning of batting slumps ever since I broke into the game, without ever getting any further than the fact that such batting slumps do snake along and that they hit every batsman practically the same way. I only wish I could find out the meaning of the slump and the cause of it. When a fellow knows what's the matter with him he can rig up something in the way of a cure. But when he's in the dark as to what ails him the only thing he can do is to wait till he gets back to himself."

Sam Crawford, the fine hitter of the Detroit club, has about the same way of putting it.

"How are your lamps?" "All to the film," was with a pair of field glasses. "Hitting any?" "Couldn't hit the top and offhand reply."

It should be remembered that the prowess have a habit of running in private conversation, as he stated it. He had merely to constitute a mild whack. Since then he has been honored club has visited and his searchlights.

"Well, how do you expect asked."

"Life is too short to thing as a batting slump," like somebody hobbled up problem. The only way of the middle of a batting slump like a little man, never mind and just let the squeegee holes in a fellow's grand it's particularly aggravating leaders or tied with some of

Charlie Hickman, of the about these batting slumps off-hitting business, but, of slump than any of the of mite clumsy, Hickman is how scandalously he performed day last season. Then, right been mingling doubles and make the scorers perspire, ability to make a noise like Hickman's batting slump warning, and he is a vict his very best. When Hick saw an example of this, war correspondent for a batting doldrums when the a thing, although the rest their sticks.

On the last day in Philadelphia, and the Tigers Connie Mack sat on the bench took a paste at the Heintz see one of 'em with a bit every time he rolled up to the plate.

The next day the Tiger who by that time was going the Collins troupe. (By had the Tigers tie of the seance—all of them Young like a wildcat hopped He splattered showers of garden where there wasn't folk were panting around to find the Hickman-plant Tigers that day, and nary station but Hick. Hick's like hoecakes shot out of his club. The next day, Tannehill—all except Hick Boston holiday. The next presence of about 25,000 showing Bill Dineen up, a of Hickman's team mates Tigers with his little tooth other towns where Charlie if his life had depended on

Hickman perfectly agreed batting slumps in express counted for.

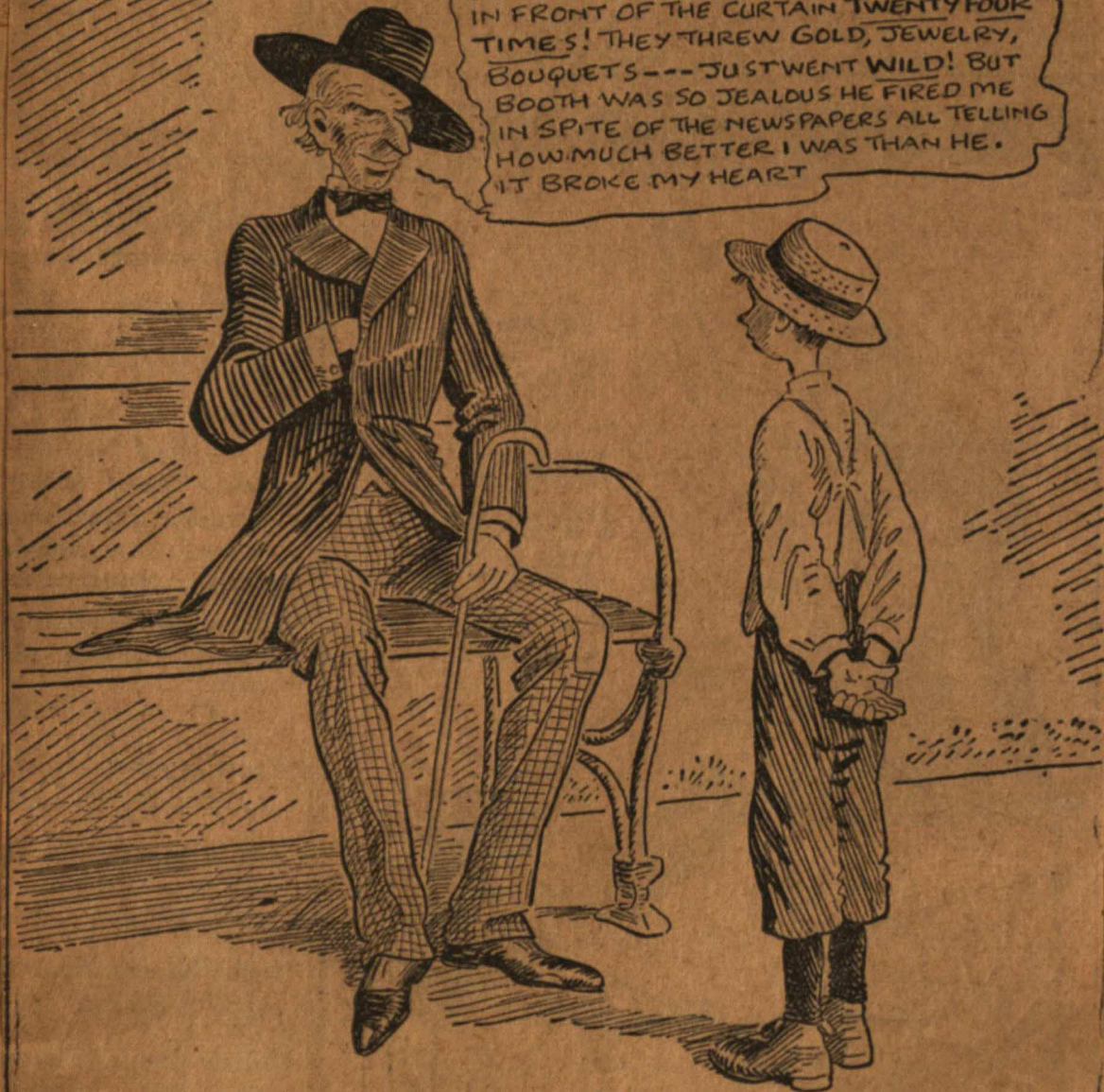
In view of all of which and howl at a hitter who's slump he finds himself in manfully walks up to the is a bit ungenerous, doesn't



Bert Levy

CLOSED!—The manager

- BUT A REAL TRIUMPH WAS THE TIME EDWIN BOOTH WAS SICK AND I WENT ON AS HAMLET, THAT OLD GRAND OPERA HOUSE WAS JAMMED TO THE DOORS, YOU COULD HAVE HEARD A PIN FALL THE MINUTE I STEPPED ON THE STAGE. THEY SEEN IT WAS A NEW ACTOR BUT FROM MY FIRST WORDS THEY SAT LIKE THEY WAS HYPNOTIZED. WHEN IT WAS OVER THEY MADE ME COME IN FRONT OF THE CURTAIN TWENTY FOUR TIMES! THEY THREW GOLD, JEWELRY, BOUQUETS --- JUST WENT WILD! BUT BOOTH WAS SO JEALOUS HE FIRED ME IN SPITE OF THE NEWSPAPERS ALL TELLING HOW MUCH BETTER I WAS THAN HE. IT BROKE MY HEART



THE DAYS WHEN YOU BELIEVED EVERYTHING

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Webster



Romeo Montague—An actor, a member of the own profession, dropped dead yesterday, and we do not know his name.
Worldly Manager—Did you look on his pawn tickets?



Professor Svengalbygolly (on the stage—8.30 P. M.)—"You notice, ladies and gentlemen, that with a few passes of my hands before the eyes of the subject, I have induced a hypnotic slumber from which he cannot be awakened until I so will."



Professor S. (off—2.30 A. M.)—"Confound it, Jane, you'll have to get up and put this kid to sleep—I've walked with him for two mortal hours, by thunder!"

I WONDER IF CHARLIE IS IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT?



A GRAND CHORUS



"I think Shakespeare was a broker."
 "Why so?"
 "He uses so many quotations."



"Tragedicus is a very obliging actor."
 "Why?"
 "I saw him play Brutus once, and he killed himself three times in response to encores."



ME THINKS
 IT IS BECAUSE
 THE SHOW BELONGS
 TO SHAKESPEARE

WHY DO YOU
 CARRY A
 SPEAR?

NO SMOKING

SCENE III
 ACT I

DAT GUY'S TOO
 OLD TO PLAY
 WID TOYS.

DROP
 WING
 + HI.

A BIRD ON THE WING



BEAUTY OF THE ROMANTIC.



TESTING HIS SPRINTING POWERS.

First Actor: We had a good run at our last place.
 Second Actor: How far did they chase you?

THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.

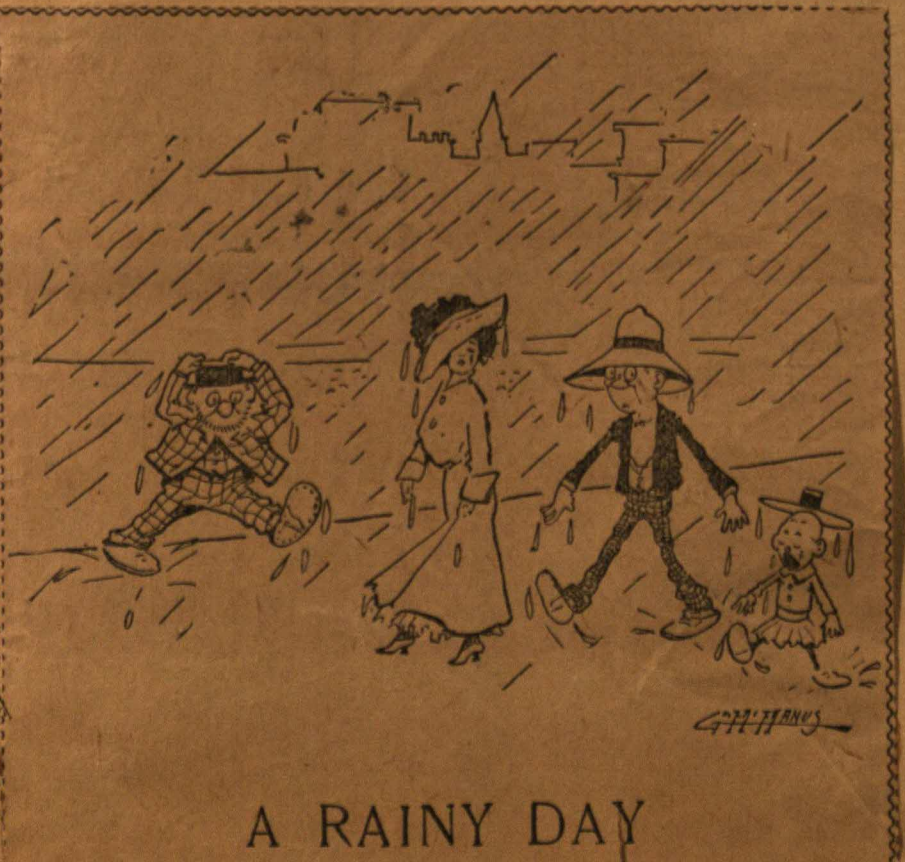
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K. Opper

"We now call your attention to another of our 'Thrilling Scenes in Many Lands,' showing a crew of Buccaneers making a captive walk the plank. During this realistic spectacle the entire gang will sing the following Pirates' Chorus:

"Yo yo, my lads! likewise, Belay!—and also, Blow me tight!
We've got the Common People, and his finish is in sight.
Come, lads, divide his money up, and give a hearty cheer
For the pleasant, healthful, active life of a Trusty Buccaneer!"



A RAINY DAY



A CAPITAL IDEA

THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.

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"Ever mindful of the nation's love of sport, we take pleasure in announcing a grand Gracco-Roman Wrestling Match between Mr. Asphalt Trust and the Venezuelan Midget. During the bout the Strong Men in the background will warble the following blithesome roundelay:

"We're a band of Husky Brothers, and, as you perhaps have guessed,
Wrestling with the Common People is the game we love the best.
First we get the 'Strangle Hold,' and then we get the Gross Proceeds,
And the Common People get it where the Lady wore the Beads."



TRIFLES



QUICK ANSWERS

THE MCKINLEY MINSTRELS.

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"Uncle Mark, I see dat Theodore has been getting mountain lions, an' wolves, an' foxes, an' wild boars an' grizzlies out West. What does you think he'll get next?"

"Well, William, between ourselves, I think if the book is properly handled, he ought to get about 15 per cent royalty on every copy."

"Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller will give their great broadsword combat, and the Clan will do a Scotch Reel and sing a Highland air, entitled:

"If a body meet a Trust a-comin' through the rye;
If that 'Trust don't get his dust he'll be a lucky guy."



HARMONY



THE DIFFERENCE

THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.

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"We now beg to present our realistic Chinese Tableau, in which Mr. \$300,000,000 Railroad Trust will introduce his prospective manager, Georgie Gould. Our trained pig, 'Trusty,' will impersonate a Dragon, while the brilliant assemblage of Mandarins in the background will recite the following noble lines from Confucius:

"'Hi, yah! Allee samee this velly fine country for Trusts. We makee the laws, makee combinations, makee money, makee everyth'ing! Pretty quick we makee the Common People gettee off thearth! Hi, yah!'"

CAPTURED AND SHACKLED.



J. Pierpont Morgan tests the Steel Trusts' Big Sheet Rollers.

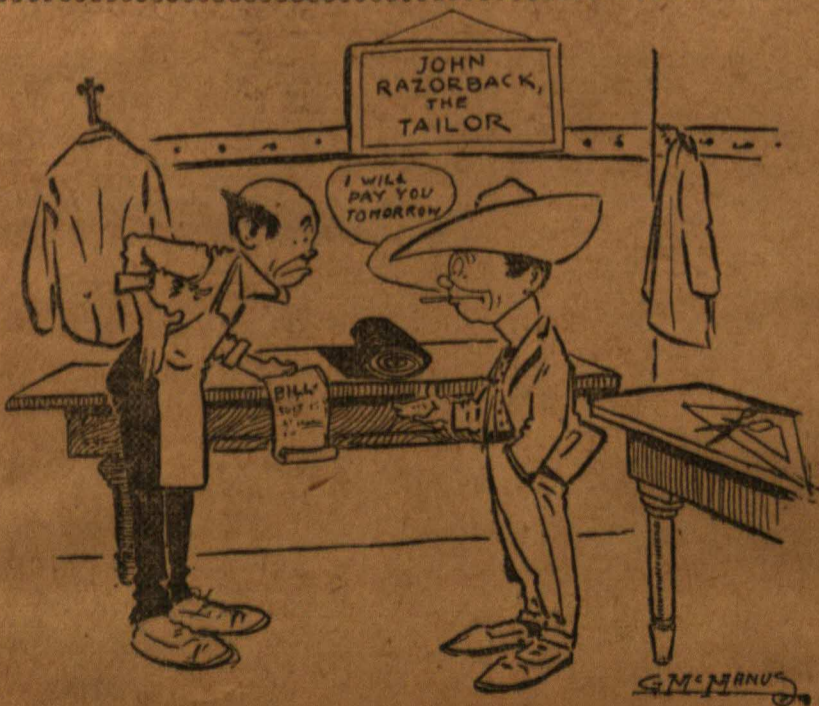
THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.

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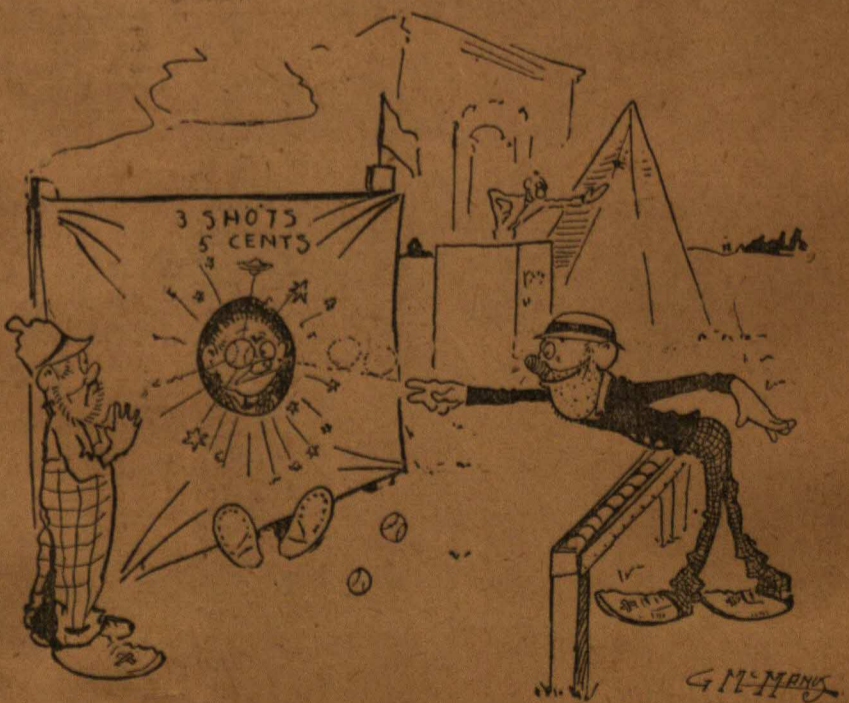


"We will now give our great Inauguration Parade, headed by our talented End Men, William and Theodore, and our Genial Interlocutor, while the Aggregation of Stars will sing the following Vociferous Marching Song:—

"Oh, listen to the Band!
Oh, how we love to hark
To his moaning and his groaning,
'Cause he's such an easy mark!"



A PROMISING YOUNG MAN



HIT

THE MCKINLEY MINSTRELS.



"Uncle Mark, has you an' de Trusts got any bets on me?"
 "No, William; but we've got a mortgage on you."
 "Owing to the recent death of our lamented brother, The Brass Trust, the company will sing a dirge, entitled 'There's All the More for Us To Grab, Since Poor Old Brassy's Gone.'"



DANCING



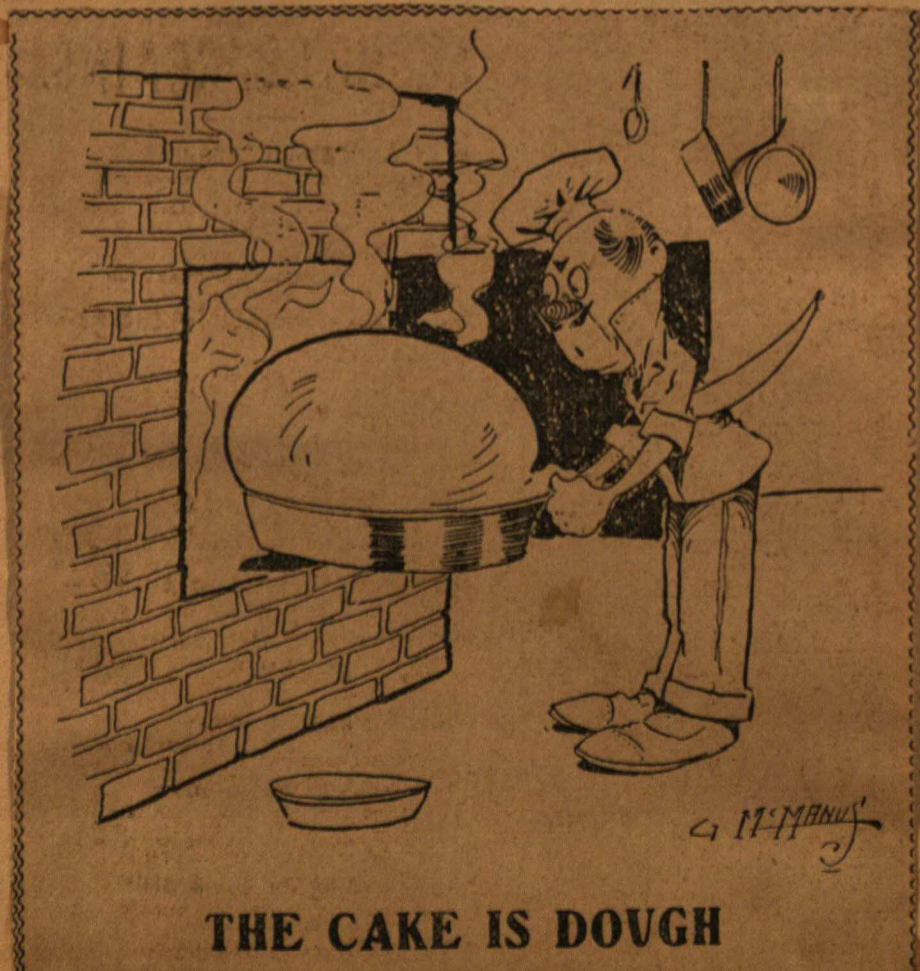
THE PIPE OF PEACE

THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.

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"We beg to present the latest accession to our company, the Champion Strong Man, Mr. Billion Dollar Steel Trust, who will give his impressive Pyramid and Club Swinging Act, while the Athletic Aggregation sings a chorus, entitled: "We are never out of training, and we never need a rest; And to "lift" the people's money is the feat we like the best."



THE CAKE IS DOUGH

THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.



"Uncle Mark, what am de difference between man and de trusts?"
 "I can't say, Theodore. What is the difference between man and the trusts?"

"Man wants but little here below
 Nor wants that little long.
 De trusts wants all de people's dough
 Till Gabriel bangs his gong."

"Our genial interlocutor will now give his side splitting stump speech entitled 'There Are No Trusts.'—New York Journal.

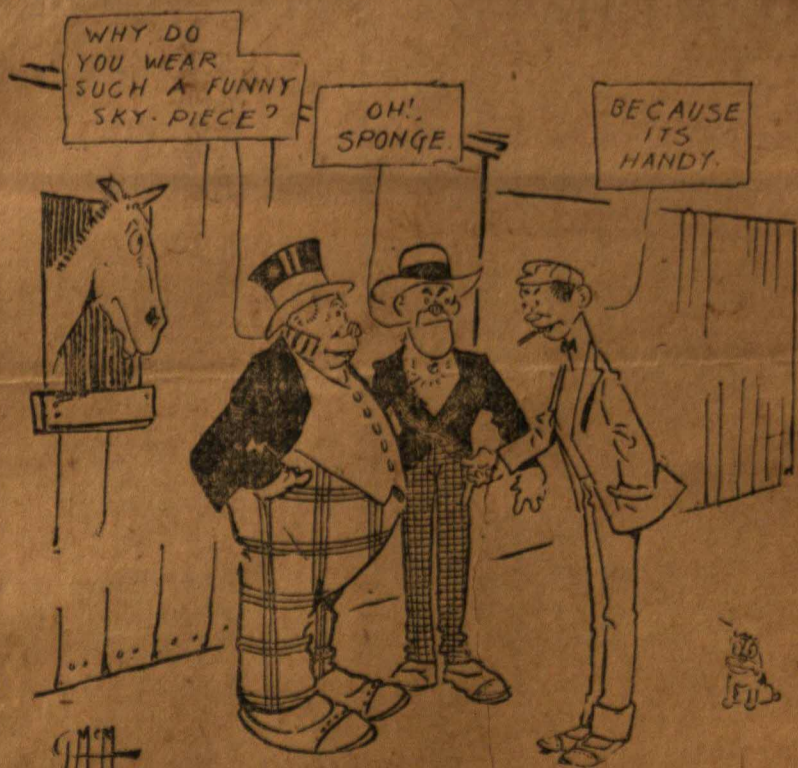
THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.



Uncle Mark, when I was out on my ranch I was chased by a bear.
 Chased by a bear, Theodore!--how exciting!
 Yassir--but he couldn't catch me.
 What a pity, Theodore!
 The Hardware Brothers, Messrs. Iron Trust, Steel Trust and Copper Trust,
 will give their inimitable knock-about act, introducing their celebrated song:
 "When We Get a Grip We Never Let Go."



TIME WAITS

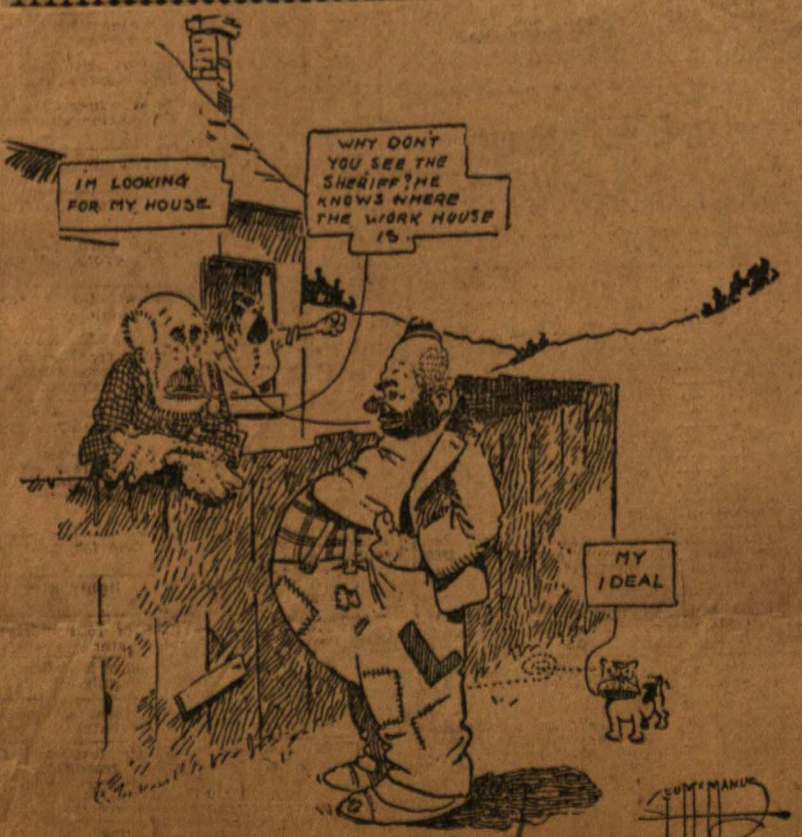


A HANDICAP

THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.



"Uncle Mark, I was attacked by a mob de odder day, and hit on de cheek by a rock weighin' more'n forty pounds!"
 "How exciting, Theodore! Was the rock badly damaged?"
 "The marvellous infant phenomenon, little Cotton Oil Trust, will now give the thrilling recitation:
 "Sprinkle, sprinkle, little Trust,
 If Bryan wins we'll have to bust."



LOOKING FOR A HOUSE



TURNING THE TABLES.

THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.



"Uncle Mark, I'se gwine to have a new electric vehicle sent to de White House."

"Indeed, William! Is it a moving van?"

"The Lunch Brothers, Messrs. Beef Trust and Cracker Trust, will favor us with their melodious yodeling duet, entitled: "We Shall Miss You, Willie, Miss You, if You Don't Get In."



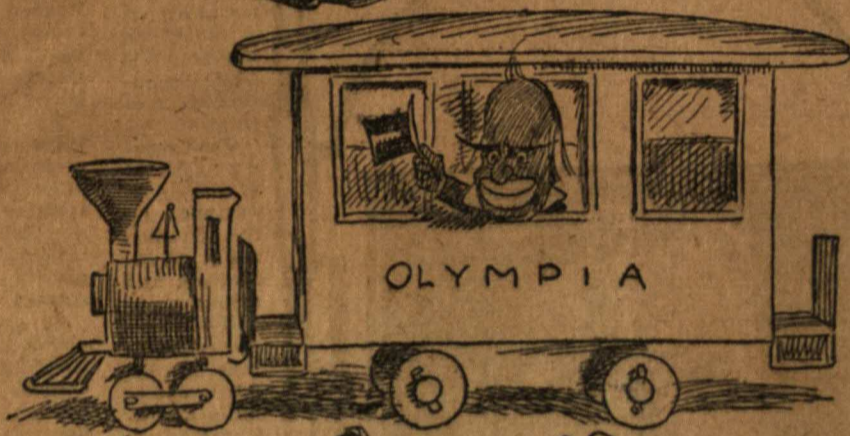
A FLOURISHING CONDITION



THE WAY TO START

The McKinley Minstrels.

(COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. R. HEARST.)



F. Oppen

"We now present the second of our 'Thrilling Scenes in Many Lands,' showing Railroad Life in America. Our talented end man, William, will impersonate a tourist, while the porters in the middle distance will sing the following rousing chorus:

"We're the toughest lot of porters known to any road on earth,
 Though we never blacked a shoe and likewise never made a berth.
 Ha! here comes the Common People with his baggage in his hand!
 Grab him, Brothers, by the leg, and pull the same to beat the band!"



CLEVER AGENTS



Fast Driving

THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.

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F. Oppen

We now offer for your entertainment the first of our great tableaux entitled, "Thrilling Scenes in Many Lands," representing life in the African jungles. Mr. Billion Dollar Steel Trust will impersonate a Gorilla carrying off a White Man, while the Simians in the back ground will give the following incantation in their own language:—

"We're a lot of happy Monkeys, sporting in the jungle dark,
Laying for the Common People (known as Mr. Easy Mark);
When we see him coming toward us, we are on him like a shot,
With ferocious outcries, grabbing every blessed cent he's got."



A SOCIABLE MAN



THE PRINCIPAL REASON

THE MCKINLEY MINSTRELS.

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JULY 14, 1901.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we regret to announce a trifling disagreement between Mr. Steel Trust and Mr. Oil Trust, and we will request the audience to refrain from throwing things until the trouble is smoothed over; after which the whole band will sing the following Song of Peace:

"All good Trusts should stick together in a union close and tight,
 And with high and noble purpose gobble everything in sight.
 Great big Trusts and little Trusts should march together hand in hand,
 Grab the Common People's leg and pull the same to beat the band."



DIVIDENDS



THEY'RE DANDIES

THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.

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"We take pleasure in announcing the great good fortune of Mr. Billion-And-A-Half-Dollar Steel Trust, who has just found his twin brother, Mr. Billion-Dollar Copper Trust. During this moving scene the Troubadours in the background will warble the following Spring madrigal:

"Strike up the band, and make a joyful sound;
 Another long-lost Brother Trust is found;
 Oh, glorious day; with loud triumphant shout
 We'll turn the People's pockets inside out."



DREAMS



EASY-GOING

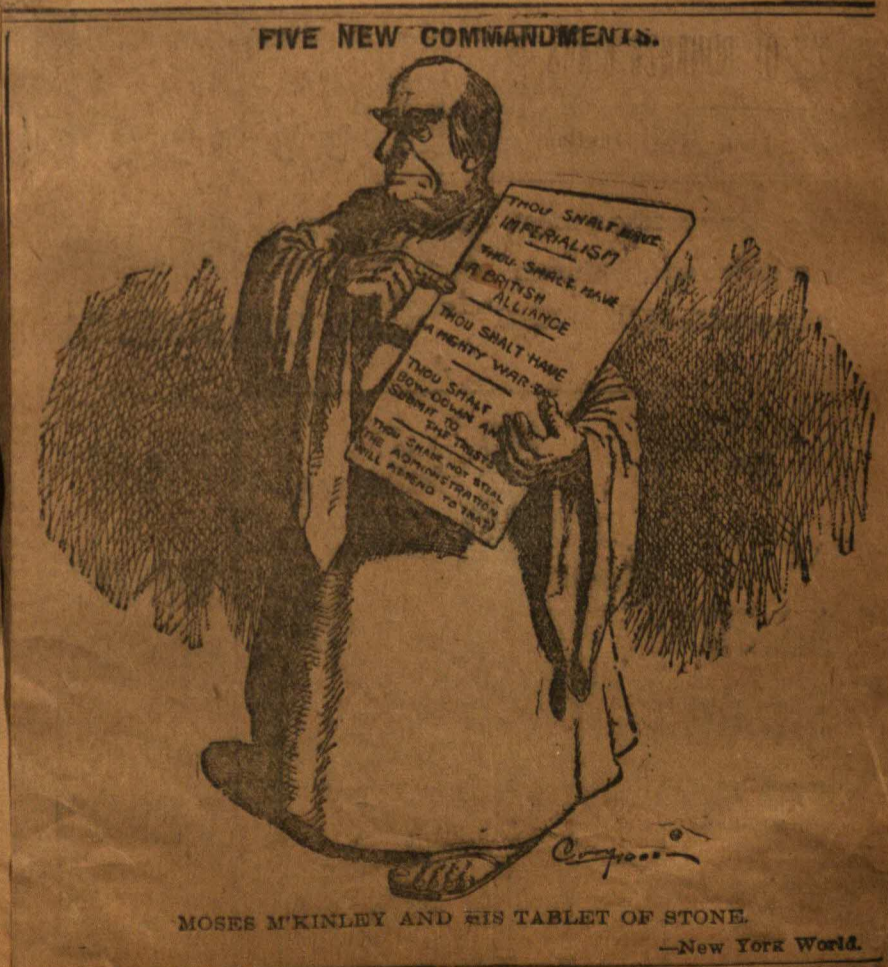
THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.

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The next number on our programme will be the thrillingly realistic Wild East Show, in which our gifted end man, Theodore, will give his great Cyclone Equestrian act, and our mascot, "Trusty" will impersonate a Grizzly up a Tree, while the Hostiles will do their exciting Attack on the Stage Coach, and sing the following war chant:

"Common people, good thing, push him along!
The life of the Trusts is One Grand Sweet Song!
Wow, wow! Big Injuns! Whoop!"



MOSES M'KINLEY AND HIS TABLET OF STONE. —New York World.

THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.



N. Y. Journal

"Say, Uncle Mark, I've been thinking"—
 "Never think, William. I'll do all your thinking for you!"
 The Cake Quartette, composed of Messrs. Flour Trust, Sugar Trust, Milk Trust and Baking Powder Trust, will sing the great comic song:
 "When We Get Through a-Squeezing 'Em, You're Welcome To What's Left."

THE M'KINLEY MINSTRELS.



N. Y. Journal

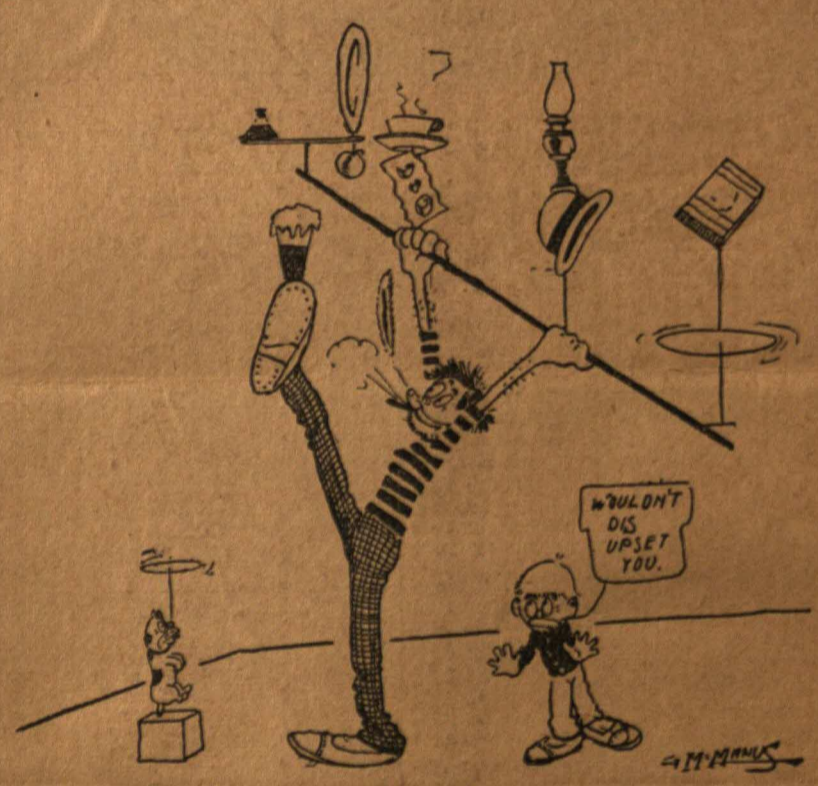
F. O'NEILL

Uncle Mark, did you know dat de republican party am like a steamboat?
 Why, no, Theodore; explain yourself.
 Yassir; you am de captain, de trusts am de passengers, de president am de figurehead an' I'm de foghorn.
 That sweet vocalist, Mr. Sugar Trust, will sing his favorite ditty, "We've Got a Lot of Money, But We Want to Get Some More."



G. M. MANUS

SHE'S ALL THE MONEY



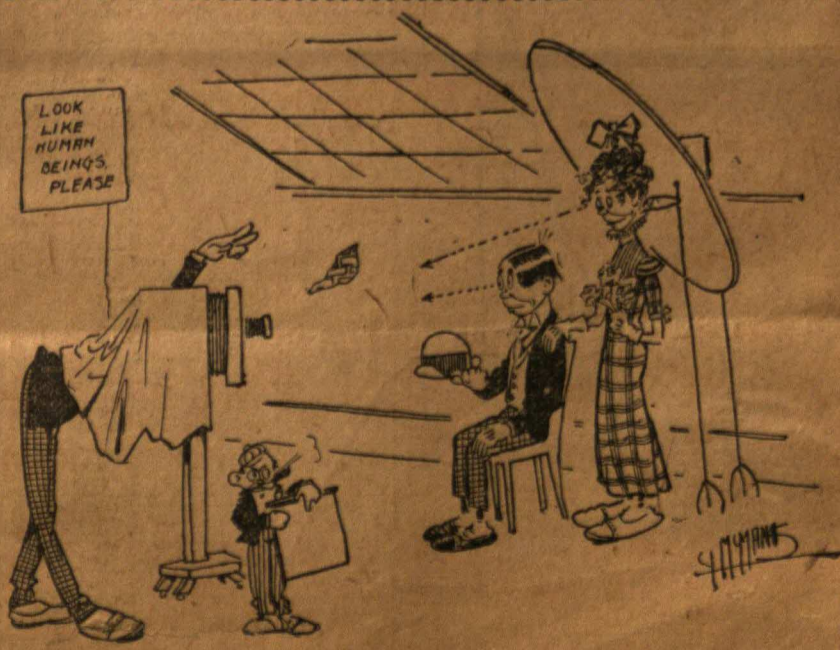
G. M. MANUS

EXERCISE



G. M. MANUS

FEAR OF WORK



G. M. MANUS

A GOOD POSITION

NO WONDER ENGLAND WANTS TO SEE MORE OF M'KINLEY



D. ...

POOR OLD JOHN BULL.

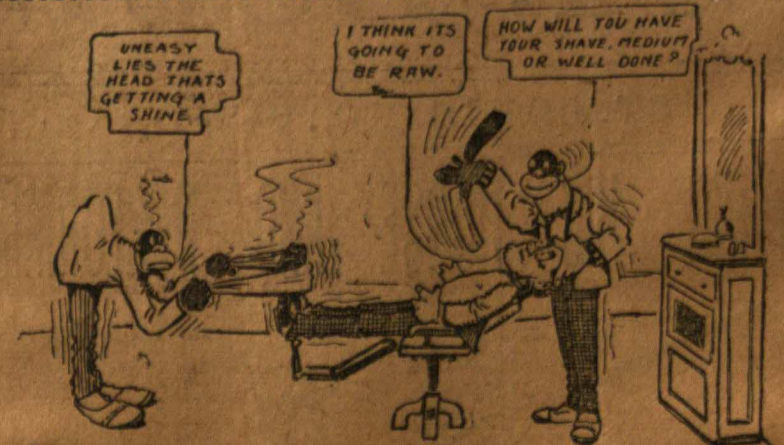
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He is glad to hear the American hay crop is good. They may not take away his last suit.



A LITTLE GRIT



UNEASY

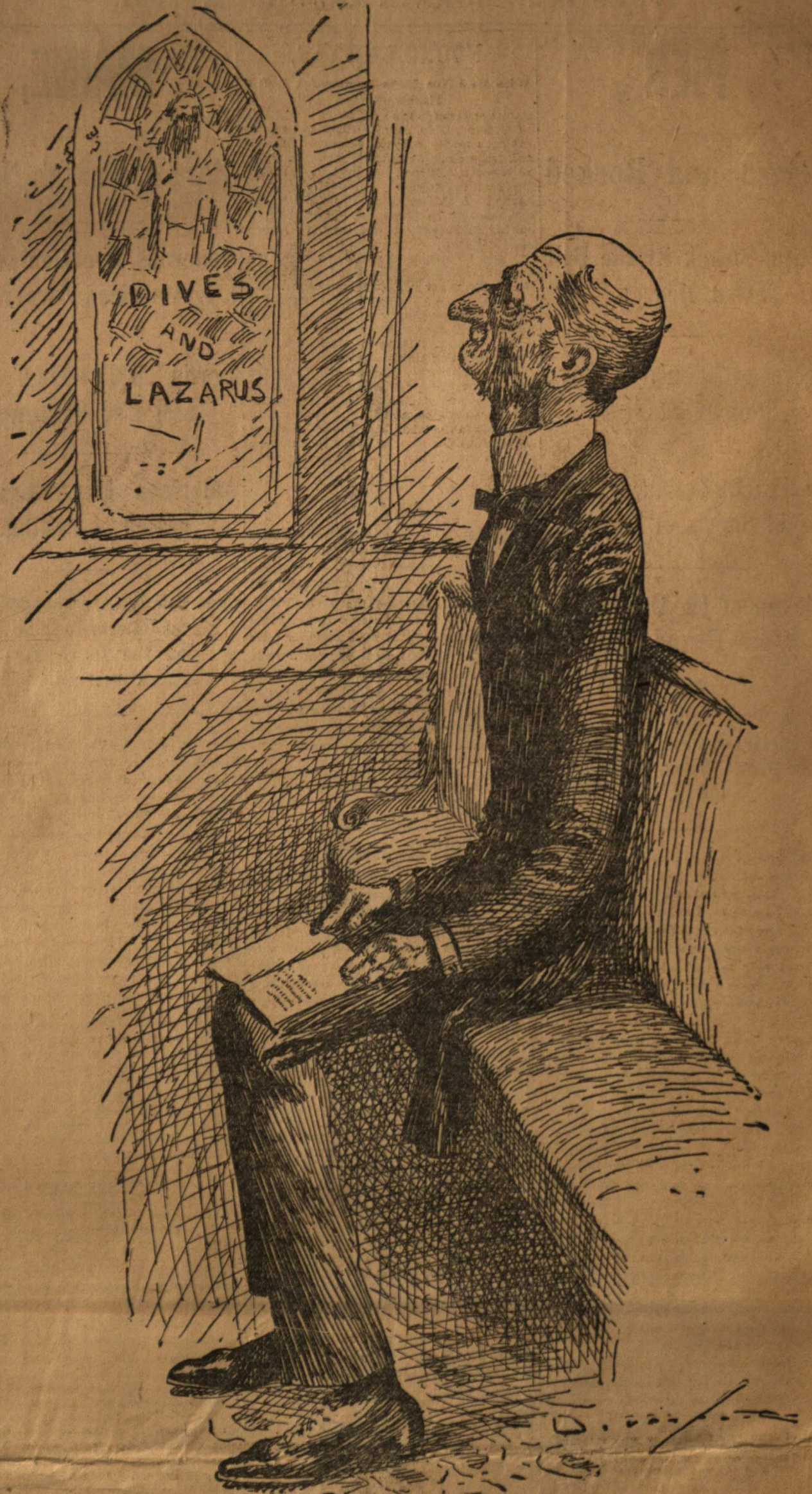


Davenport.

ONE YEAR AGO, BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THE MAINE!

THE TROUBLES OF THE RICH

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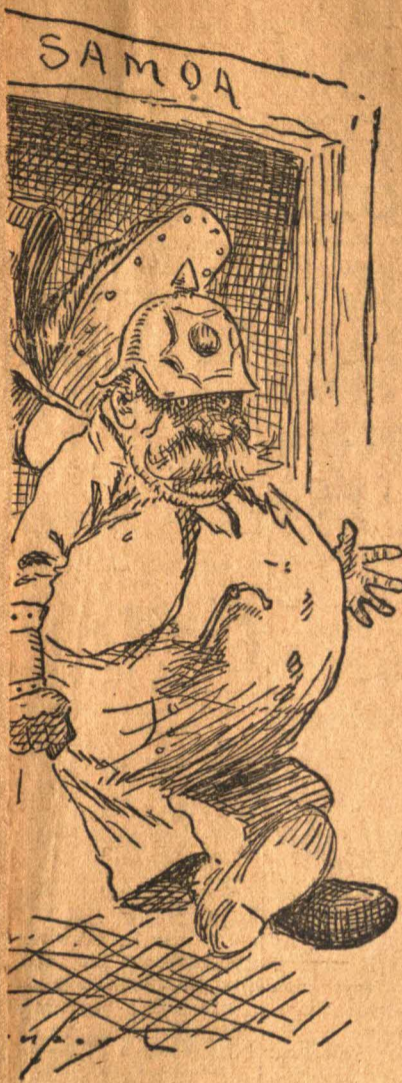
The Rich Man Story MAY Be True.

BILL SIKES'S TERRIER.

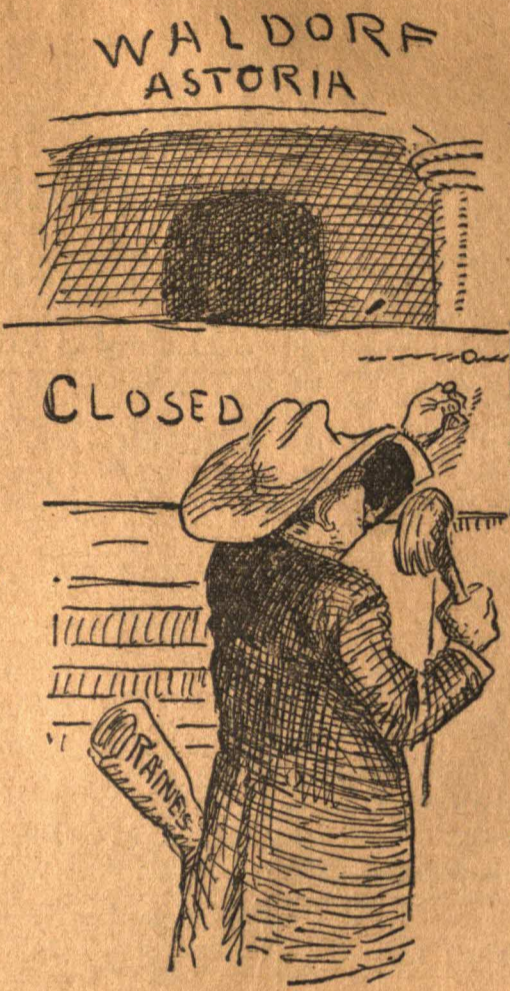
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This truly represents the condition of affairs that disgraces Pennsylvania. The great city of Philadelphia cowers at the mercy of a political thug.



D FIST MEETS THE IRONCLAD FOOT."



"RAINES AT IT AGAIN."



"KEELY CURED."

THE TROUBLES OF THE RICH.

[COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. R. HEARST.]



HIS MONEY CAN'T BUY DIGESTION.



HE NEVER MISSED A MEAL.

Andrew Carnegie said to T. P. O'Connor, the Irish Member of Parliament, that he would give all of his money if he could have youth, or even health and good digestion—money cannot buy everything—it cannot buy the best things.

THE BATTLE OF THE FUTURE.

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FIGHTING OF GIANTS MERE CHILD'S PLAY IN COMPARISON.

The old-time fights were fights between men. The fight of the future is to be a fight between mountains of money.

Long ago in this column it was predicted that THE feature of trust formations would be trust fights. Already the fights are beginning. In far-off Russia there is a fight between Standard Oil and Steel—two American trusts. The Standard Oil, using the little Sugar Trust as a cat's-paw, stirred up tariff war with Russia.

Russian petroleum threatened the Standard Oil Trust—a tariff war was good. But Russia now shuts out American steel, and the Steel Trust yells.

The giants of money will do the fighting of the future. When their fighting gets to be too much of a nuisance—after they have brought on a few panics and ruined a few hundred thousand men—the Government will take possession of the trusts, their career will end, and they will have done good by compelling men to act intelligently.

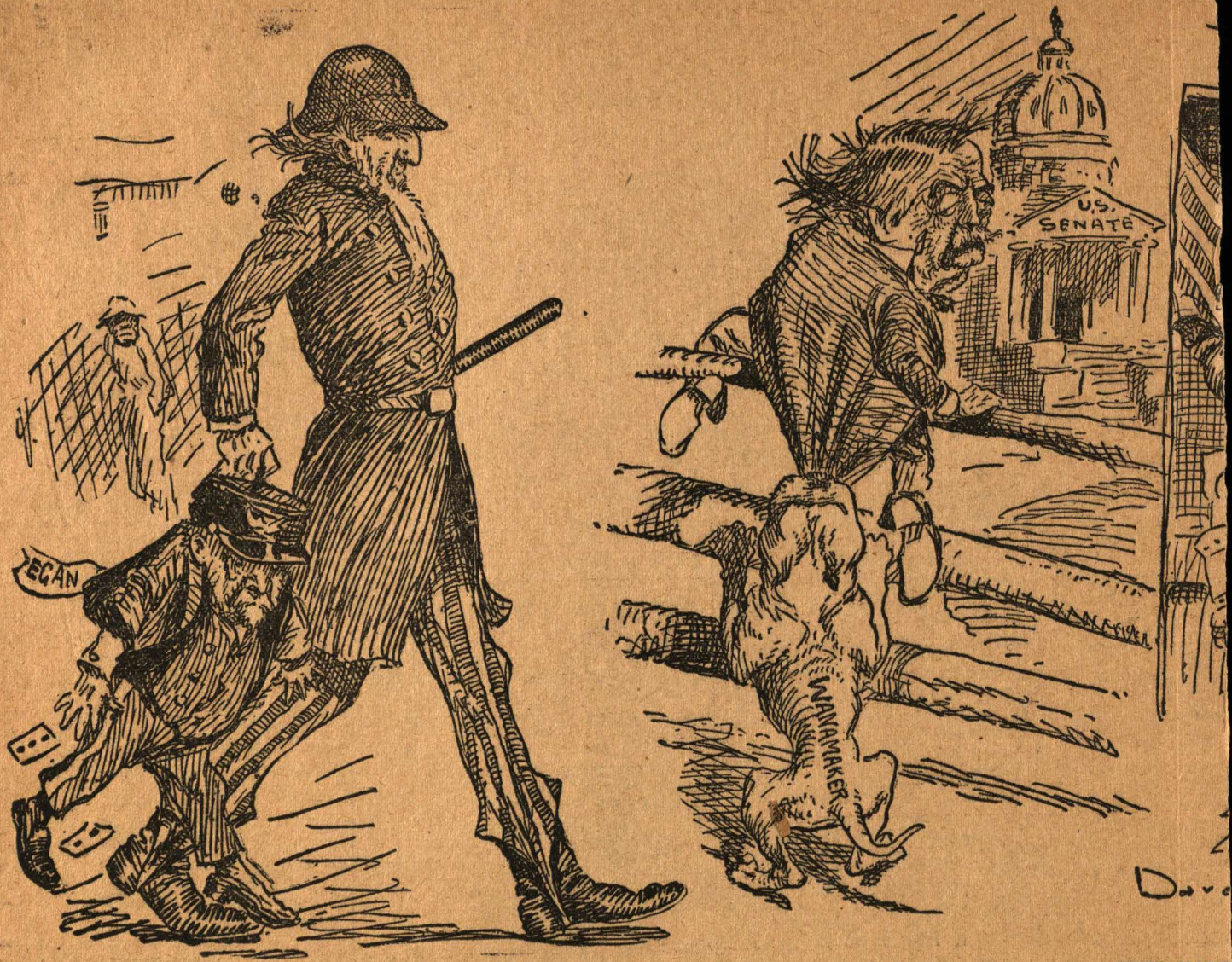


SHORTHAND WORKERS



HIGH RENTS

A CARTOONIST'S DAIRY—ON THE EVENTS OF THE PA



"PINCHED."

"HELD BY THE ENEMY."

"THE MAILE

CARTOONS

dwig Englander.
 ary 30th,
 Opera Co.
 MANCE,
 y B. Smith's Latest
 DRAGOONS.
 row,
 Received by Mail.
 C.
 14th st. & Irving pl.
 skins, Props. & Mgrs.
 Hear
 Mack's
 New
 Songs.
 TEST TRIUMPH,
 GGED EARL."
 e Largest,
 nd Most Expensive
 ion Ever Given
 rish Drama.
 and 12 Horses.
 S—
 AY, 2. EV'G, 8:15.
 B'way & 28th st.
 NOWLES—Manager.
 at 8:10. Matinee at 2.
 184th Times.
 WAY GIRL.
 ical Company.
 nd Saturday.
 NUE
 Bal., 20c.; Orch., 30c.
 AYMASTER.
 nestra Seats for 10c.
 TO-NIGHT.
 her Star Acts.
 23d st. Begins 8:30.
 hrs. and Sat. at 2.
 reatest Comedy,
 IE WELLS.
 St. & 3D AVE. Ev'gs.
 1 Mats. Wed. & Sat.
 RD FAUNTLEROY.
 Bowery and Spring st.
 KELLY in
 OW DETECTIVE.
 City Life.
 5 Benefit—60 Artists.


With Full Strength of All-Star Stock Company.
 Press opinions of the Burlesque on "Catherine."
 "If you can't laugh at it, you can be sure it is
 your fault and nobody else's."—Alan Dale, Journal.
 "Carried laughter all the way through."—T. W.
 White, Herald.
 "Enthusiastic demonstration at the end."—Frank-
 lin Fyles, Sun.
 "A hit of the most positive kind."—E. Fales
 Coward, World.
 "Were all amusing."—W. H. Frost, Tribune.
 "Surpasses anything attempted there before."—
 Chas. W. Boyd, Press.
 "Plenty of real fun."—E. A. Dithmar, Times.
 "This 'Catherine' is a thousand times better
 than the original article."—Acton Davies, Eve. Sun.
 "It is a laugh sixty times a minute."—W. W.
 Anlick, Eve. Telegram.
 "Another hit."—R. A. Lane, Eve. World.
 "Best burlesque since the 'Con-Curers.'"—Fred-
 erick Edward McKay, Mail and Express.
 "Does not drag for a minute."—Chas. P. Sawyer,
 Eve. Post.
 "A large audience laughed continuously."—J. R.
 Stevenson, News.

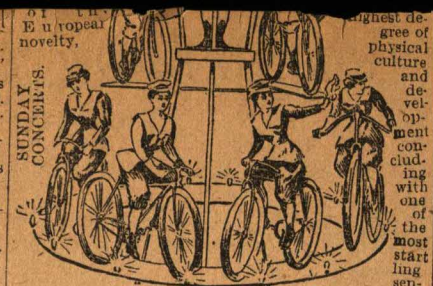
TO-NIGHT | SUNDAY CONCERT | TO-NIGHT
 TO-NIGHT | TO-NIGHT
CISSIE LOFTUS,
 E. M. ROYLE, SELINA FETTER AND CO.
 SMITH AND CAMPBELL,
 DILLON BROS., JOHN E. CAMP,
 HOWARD and EMERSON, JOE LEE
 and
LOTTIE GILSON.

DEWEY
 Theatre
 14th St.
 Between
 3d & 4th Aves.
TO-NIGHT,
 Another Grand Show.
 LILLIAN BURKHARDT & CO.
 SMITH & CAMPBELL,
 4 EMPERORS OF MUSIC.
 A. O. DUNCAN.
 { ALICE SHAW AND HER }
 { TWIN DAUGHTERS }
 BROWN, HARRISON & BROWN
 GOTHAM CITY QUARTET.
 AMERICAN VITAGRAPH.

Com. To-morrow, Monday, Mat. and all week.
EUROPEAN SENSATION BURLESQUERS.
 Sie Hassen, Ben Ali's Troupe of Arabs; Crane
 Bros., Great Novelties; 30 Frisky Girls,
 Big Sensations.

KOSTER & BIAL'S.
 SPLENDID AN
 BILL AFFAIR
 FOREIGN OF
 VAUDEVILLE. HONOR.
 American Debut
JOHN HIGGINS,
 Champion Jumper of the World.


SAM T. JACK'S THEATRE,
 B'way and 29th st. Tel. 3,676 38th.
THE HOME OF BURLESQUE.
 2 Big Shows Every Day, 2 and 8.
 Fun, Women and Song.
A HOT TIME IN ALASKA.



SUNDAY CONCERTS.
 tions on record. **LIFTING THE CYCLE TOWER,**
 containing six pretty girls on wheels, while all are
 in motion. All done **WITHOUT HARNESS.**
 Great success and re-engagement of **FATTY**
LANGTRY, 350 pound bag puncher. 20 others,
 including the **DEXTERS,** mind readers; **TOLO,**
 glass dancer; **MELLA VAINÉ,** tattooed man and
 dog; **W. J. COOK,** musical wonder; **LOTTIE,**
 educated orang-outang.
THEATRE 2 Co's, continuous show. Lottie
 fords, Williams and Melbourne, Bartel and Morris,
 Fred Wyckof, Berton and Boyce, Rose Carliss,
 Olive, contortionist, Prof. Wallace's Wargraph, and
 others.

MURRAY HILL THEATRE, Mat. Every Day
 424 & Lex. ave.
 Entire house, matinees, 25c.; evenings 25c. & 50c.
HENRY V. DONNELLY STOCK CO.

THIS
 WEEK. | A SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN.
 GRAND POPULAR **TO-NIGHT** ALL
 CONCERT. STAR
 M'Avoy & May, Lillian Green and Wm. Friend,
 Daly & De Vere, The 3 Murray Bros.,
 Lynn Welcher, Lester & Jernon,
 Gilbert Sarony, Emma Carus.
 PRICES 25C. AND 50C.

Brooklyn Amusements.
MUSIC HALL
 (BROOKLYN)
 FULTON STREET AND BROADWAY.
 TO-DAY (SUNDAY), RICE & BARTON'S BIG
 COMPANY.
 WEEK **JAN. 23.**
 Commencing
 FIRST APPEARANCE IN VAUDEVILLE,
THOS. T. HAYDEN,
 THE BLIND ACTOR.
 Supported by His Own Company.
 MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR SIDMAN,
 McAVOY & MAY,
 EMMA CARUS,
 THE 3 NAVAROS,
 LAURA BENNETT,
 LESTER & JERMAN,
 PRINCE SATSUMA,
 HALL AND CAINE.
 Mats. Monday, Thursday and Saturday, 2:30 p. m.

THE FORTY-SEVEN
 FAREWELL PERFORMANCES NEXT SAT.
TUESDAY, JAN. 31,
 Brady & Ziegfeld's new production.
MILLE FIFI.
 Leo Ditrichstein's comedy from the French of
 MM. Dumanoir and Carre.
 Rose Coghlan, Grace George,
 Aubrey Boucicault, Thos. H. Burns,
 Louise Beaudet, E. Lovel Fraser,
 John T. Sullivan, Kate Charles.

STAR. Augustus Pitou's Production. Gal. 15c.
 "CUMBERLAND '61." Bal., 25c.
 By FRANKLIN FYLES. Orch., 50c.
 A Thrilling Romance of the Civil War.
 FOR THAT TIRED FEELING GO TO

E. J. Nugent's Concert
 ★
 TO
 NIGHT
CORINNE,
FRANK BUSH.
JOHN KERNELL.
MONROE & MACK.
THE SIDMANS.
FALK & SEAMON.
 Flatow & Dunn. The Wargraph.

Brooklyn Amusements.
COL. MONTAUK THE ELITE
SINN'S MONTAUK THEATRE.
 One Week. MONDAY, JAN. 23.
 Beginning.
 MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
MODJESKA.
 MON. AND FRI. EVES., MARY STUART.
 Tues. and Thurs. Evs. and Sat. Mat.
 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
 WEDNESDAY MATINEE ONLY, CAMILLE.
 WEDNESDAY AND SAT. EVES., MACBETH.
 Special Scenic Effects and Accessories.
 Next week—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

COLUMBIA THIS
WEEK.
 WEDNESDAY — MATINEES — SATURDAY.
 CHARLES FROHMAN'S \$30,000 PRODUCTION
THE WHITE HEATHER.
 With Its Great Cast, Including
ROSE COGHLAN 200
 others.
 SEE THE IMMENSE STAGE PICTURES.
 The Famous Costume Ball, London Stock Ex-
 change, Battersea Park, London; Boulter's Lock,
 River Thames, The Waters Under the Earth,
 Thrilling Divers' Battle.
 The Madison Square Theatre Hit.
Jan 30, ON AND OFF.

10 LBS 89¢
 KRAFT'S
 MIRACLE WHIP BOTTLE 59¢
 KRAFT
 DINNER 2 BOXES FOR 25¢



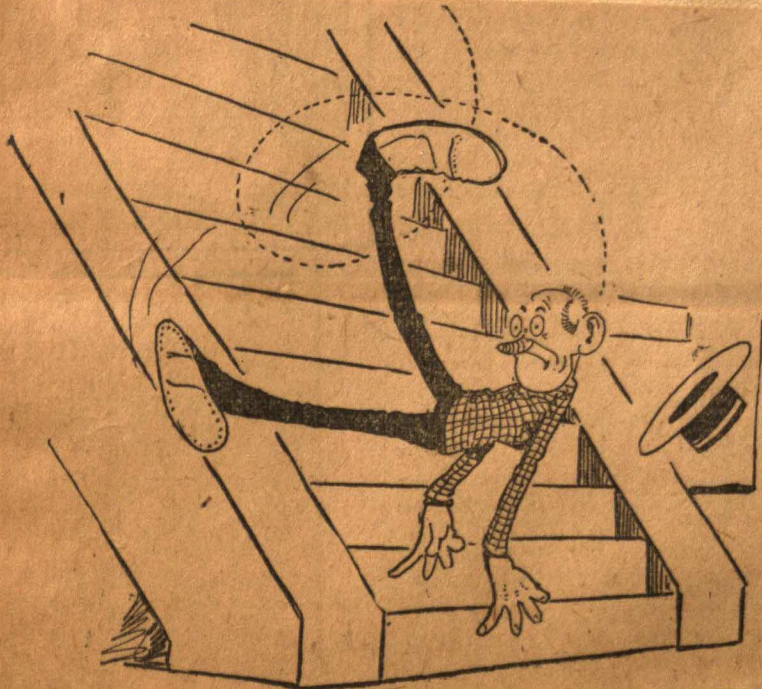
POVERTY'S INHERITANCE.

HIS PROUD BOAST.

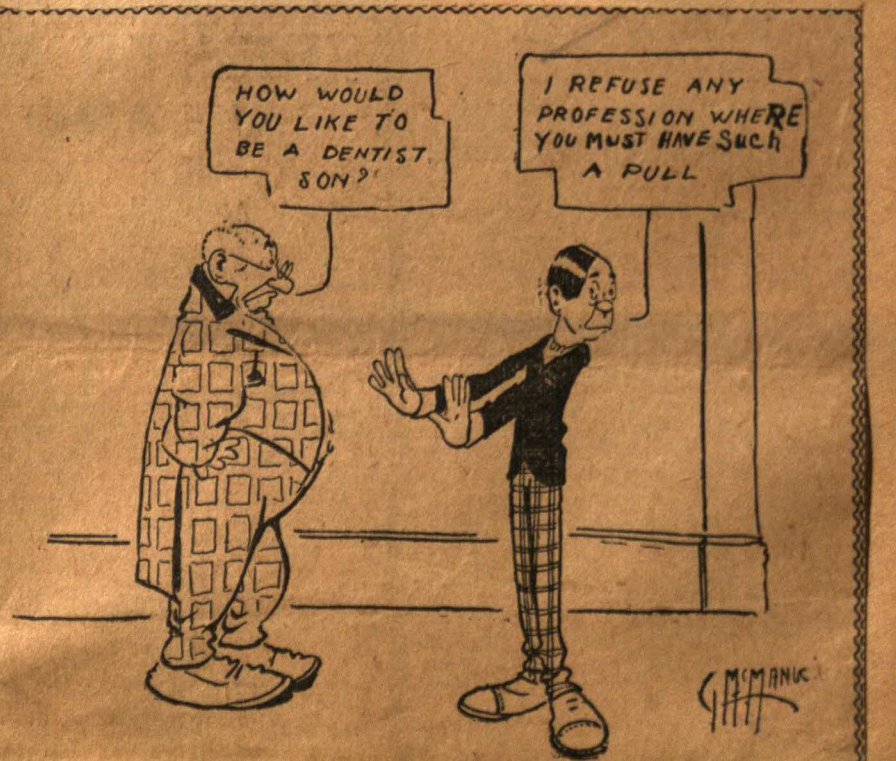
[COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. R. HEARST.]



"I made it possible for this little man to get work."
Thousands of small children work in mills North and South.



TAKING A TUMBLE



AN HONEST YOUNG MAN

THE TROUBLES OF THE RICH.

[COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. R. HEARST.]



They Are Never Able To Dodge ALL Their Taxes.



LANDING ON TOP



NINE TAILORS

THE HANNA FOUR HUNDRED.

[COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. R. HEARST.]



"The Bathing Season at Exclusive Trust Beach Is in Full Blast."



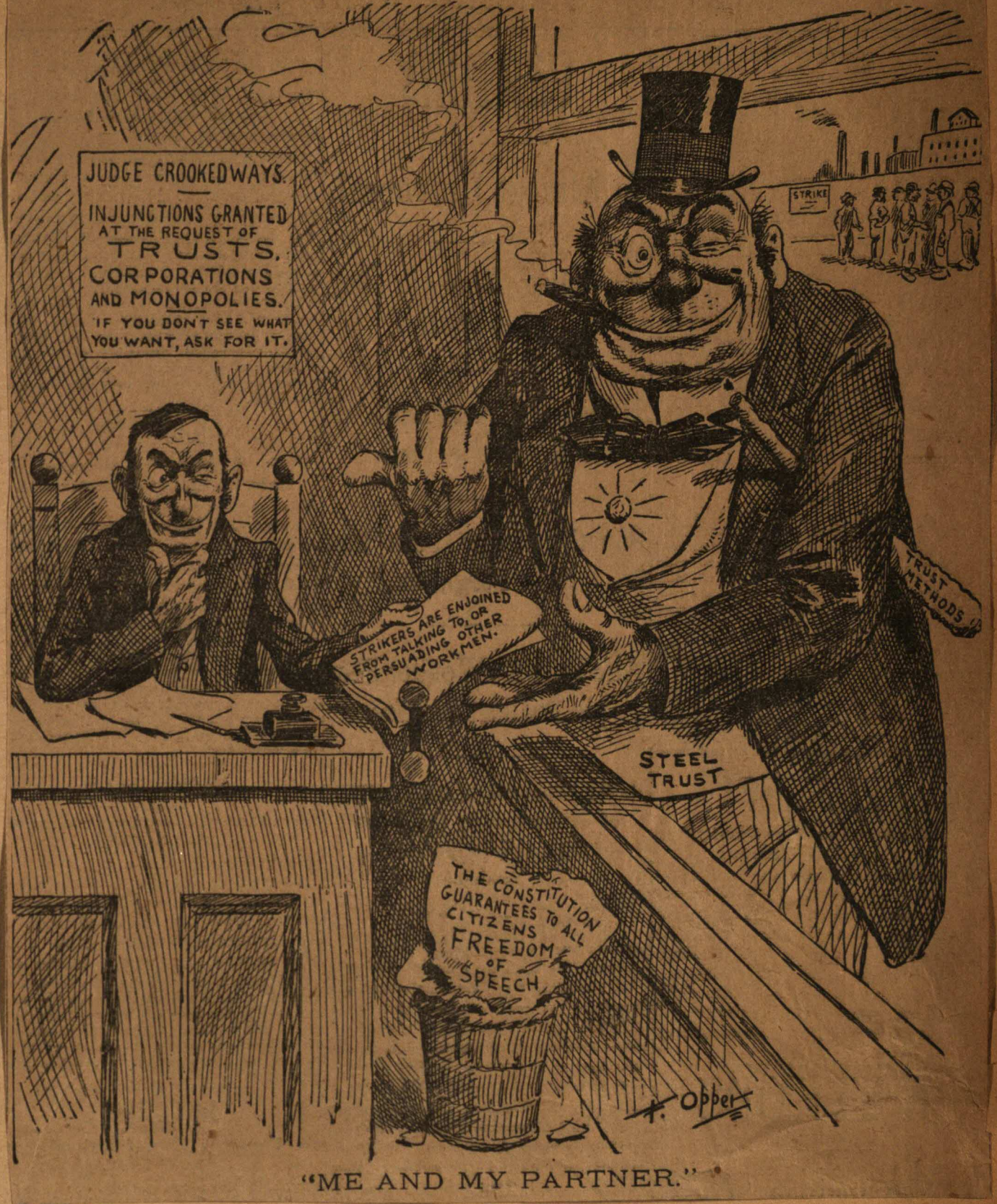
OH! JOY!



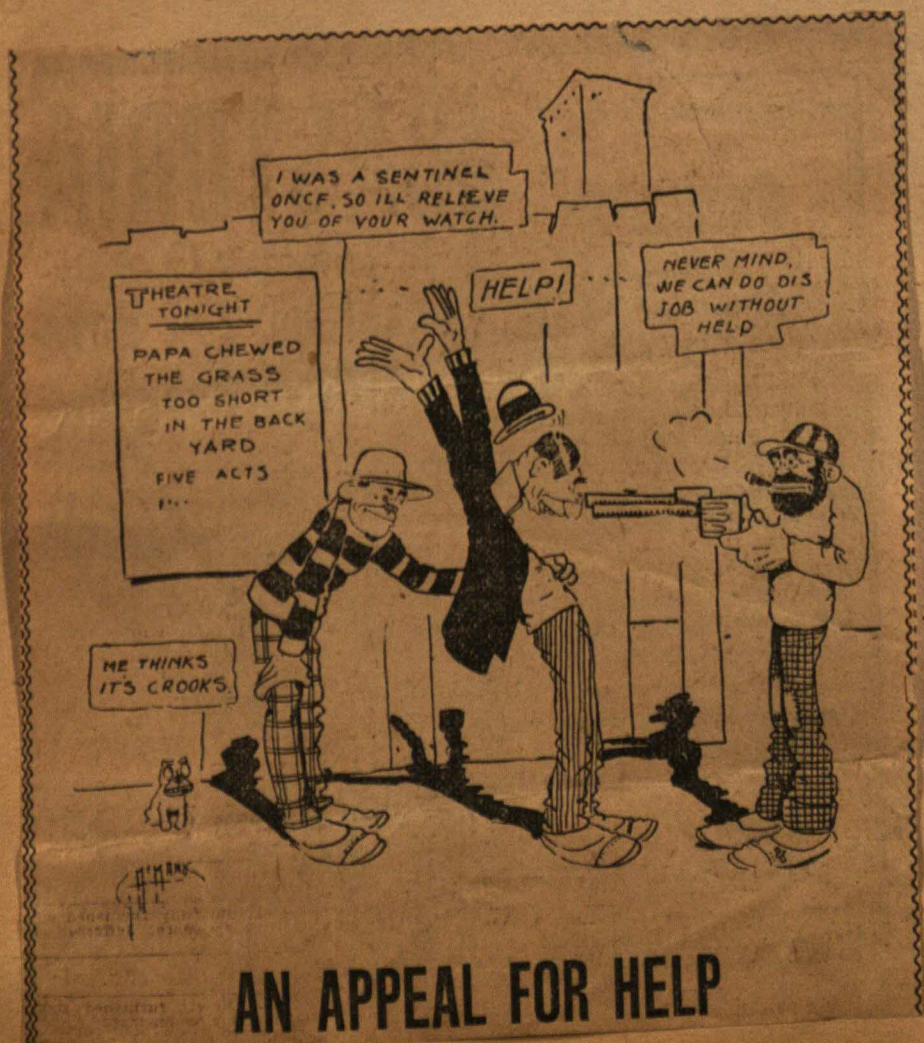
IT'S A WISE MAN

A FRIEND AT COURT.

[COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. R. HEARST.]



"ME AND MY PARTNER."



AN APPEAL FOR HELP



HOUSE CLEANING

HIS FAVORITE PUPIL.

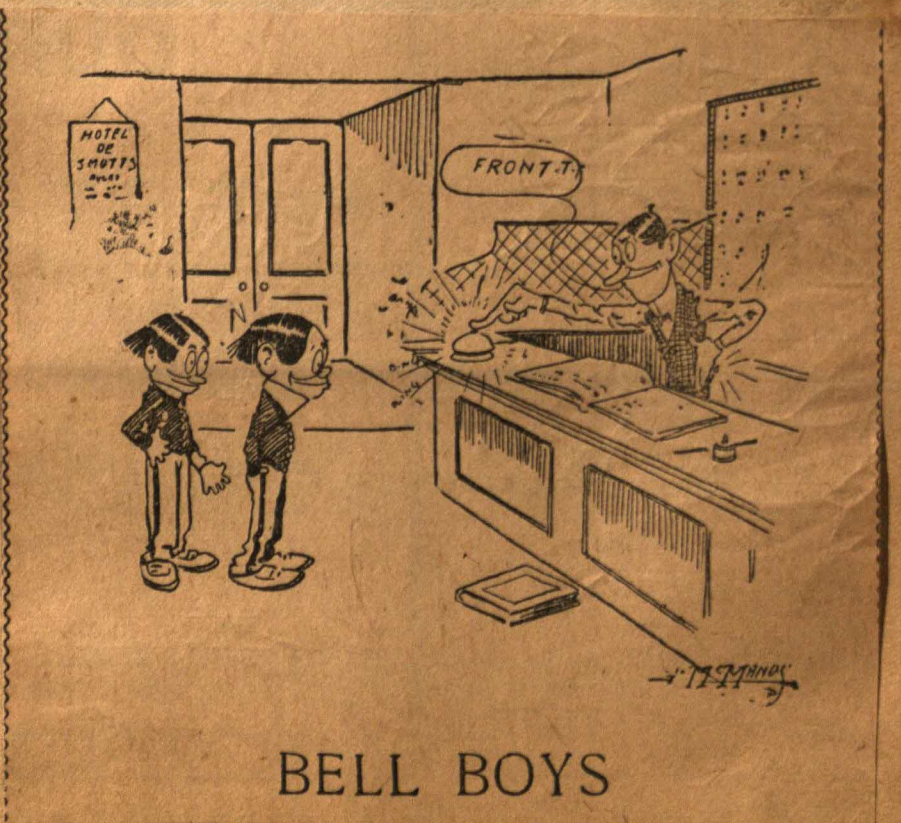
[COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. R. HEARST.]



SCHOOLMASTER PLATT—I'm proud of you, Benny; you'll be President one of these days.



VARIOUS MAKES



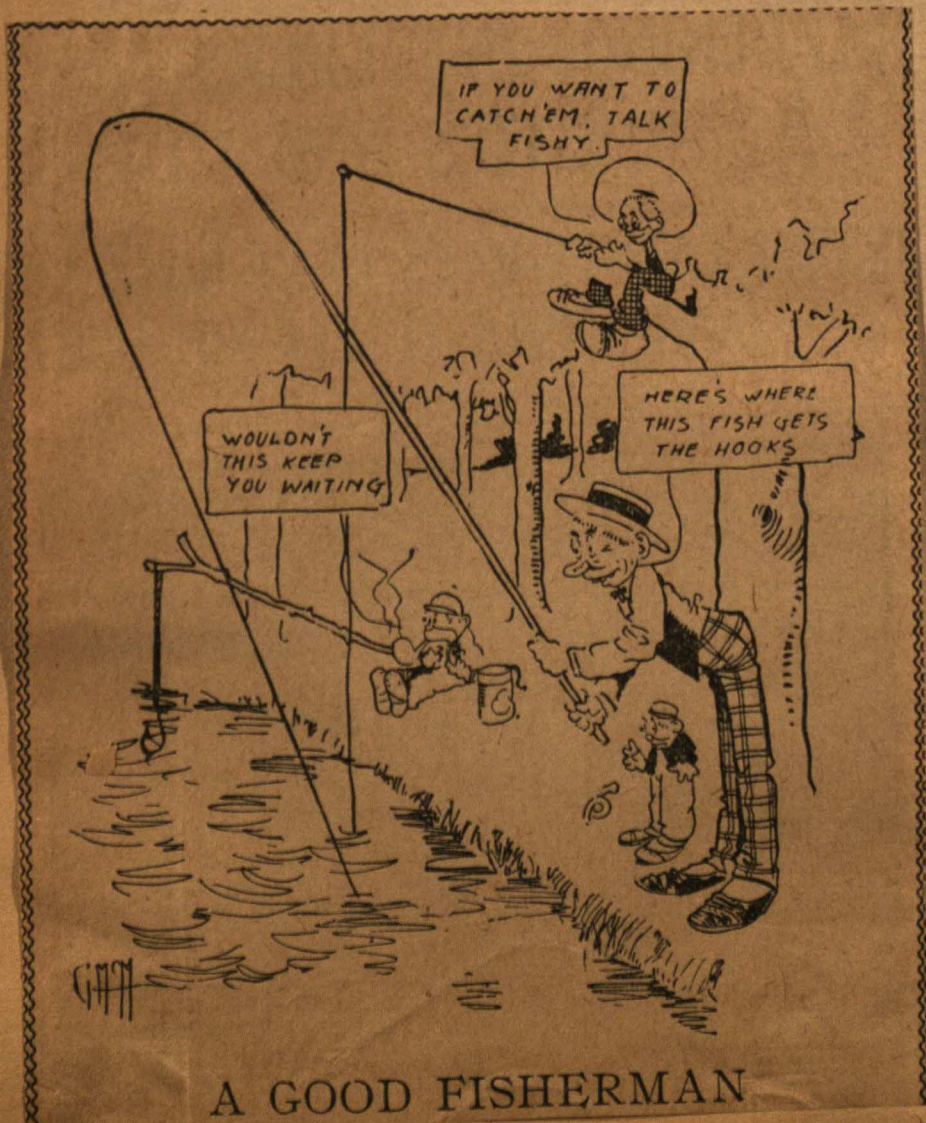
BELL BOYS

WILLIE AND HIS PAPA.

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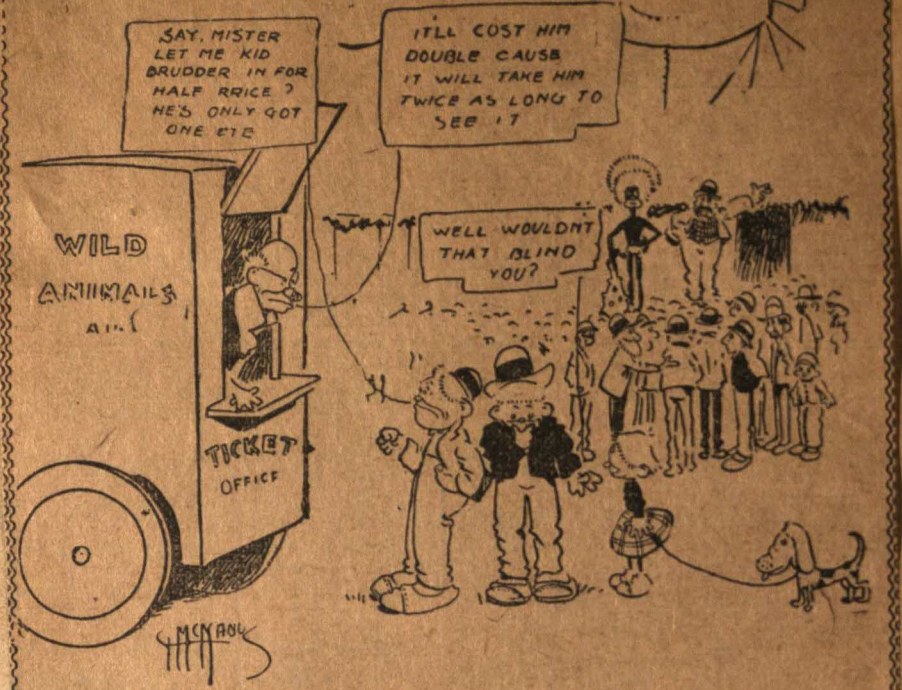


"Now, Willie, we will come out in our new shirt waists. They are embroidered in appropriate designs. Papa's has the autographs of some of his friends, Nursie's is covered with Presidential bees, Teddy's has guns, pistols, mountain lions and other bric-a-brac, and yours, Willie, shows that dear little vine-clad cottage in Canton, Ohio, that you will retire to in 1904."

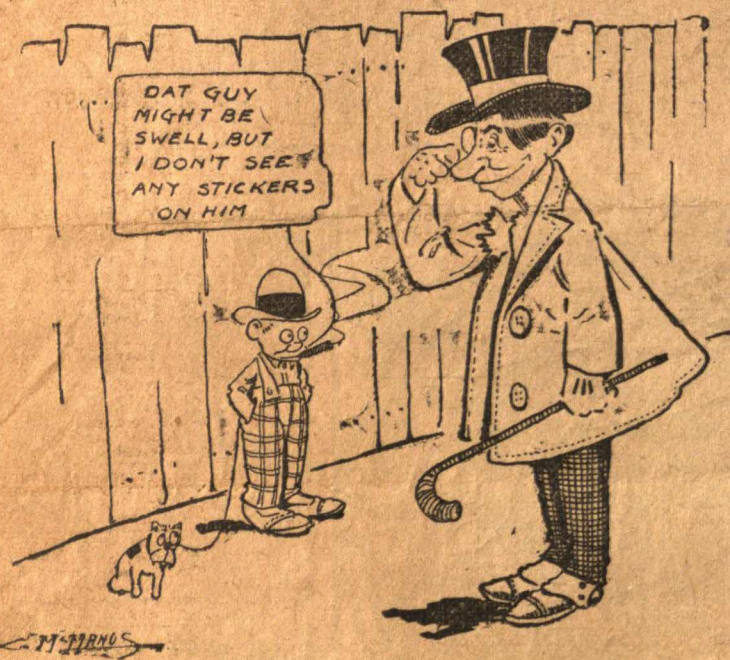




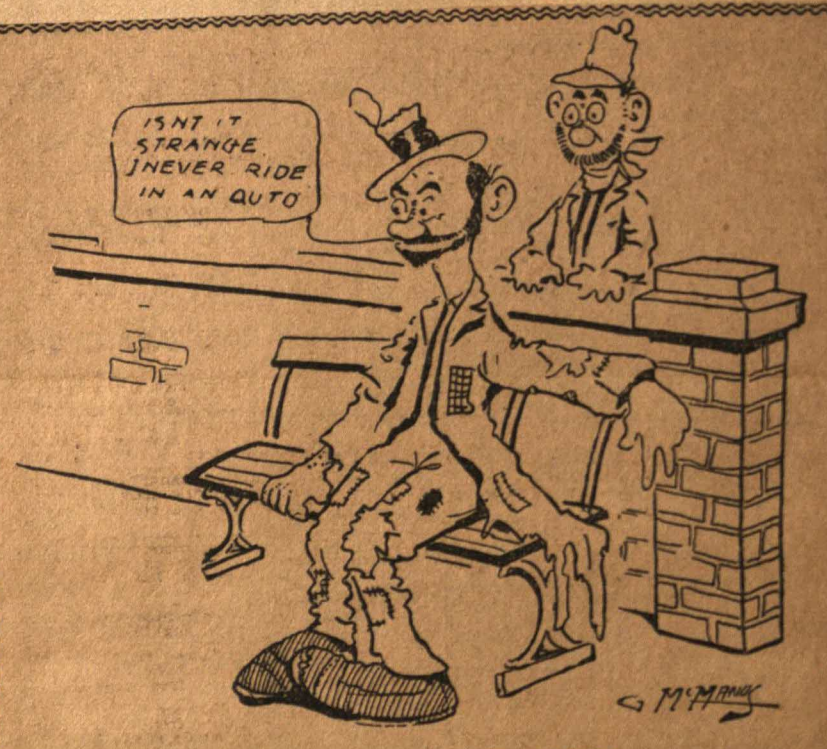
A RUSHING BUSINESS



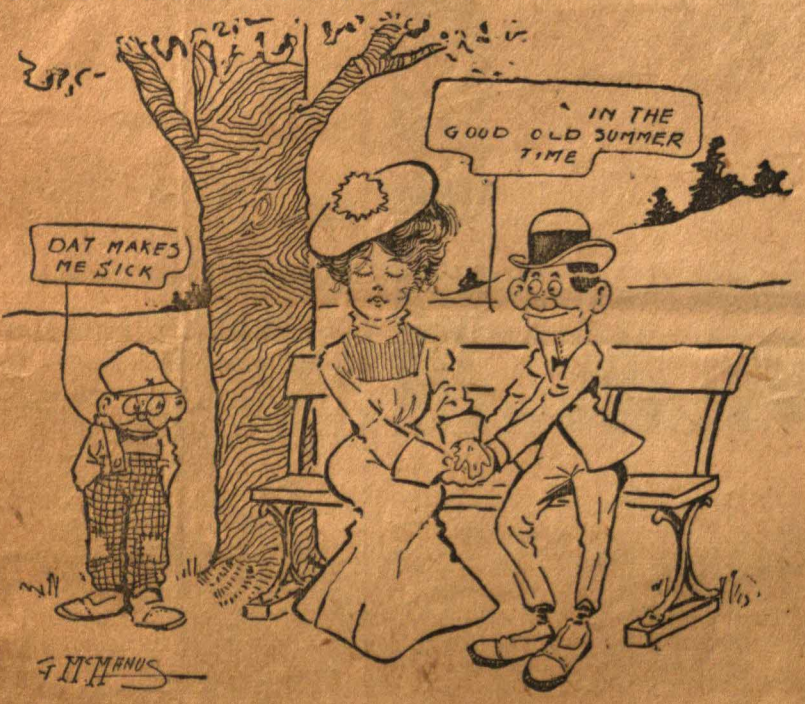
A GOOD STRING



SWELL



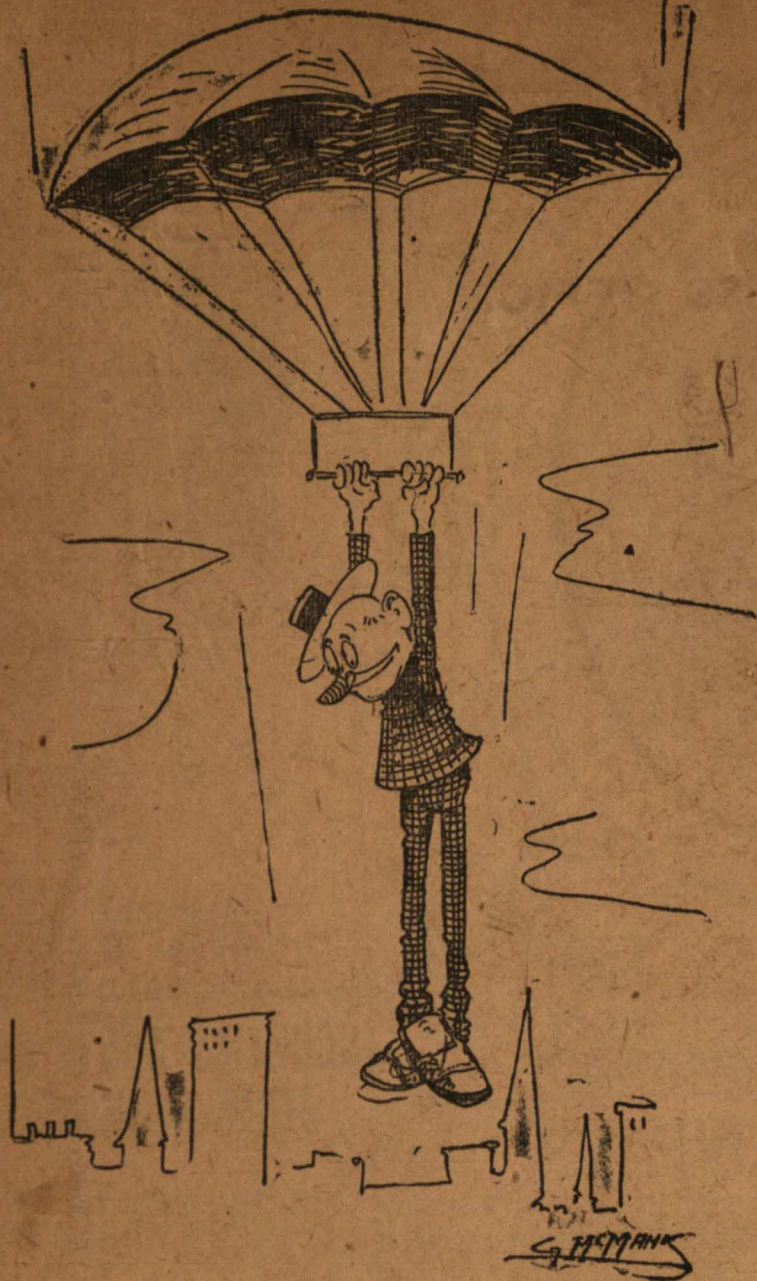
WORN OUT MEN



BENCH HANDS



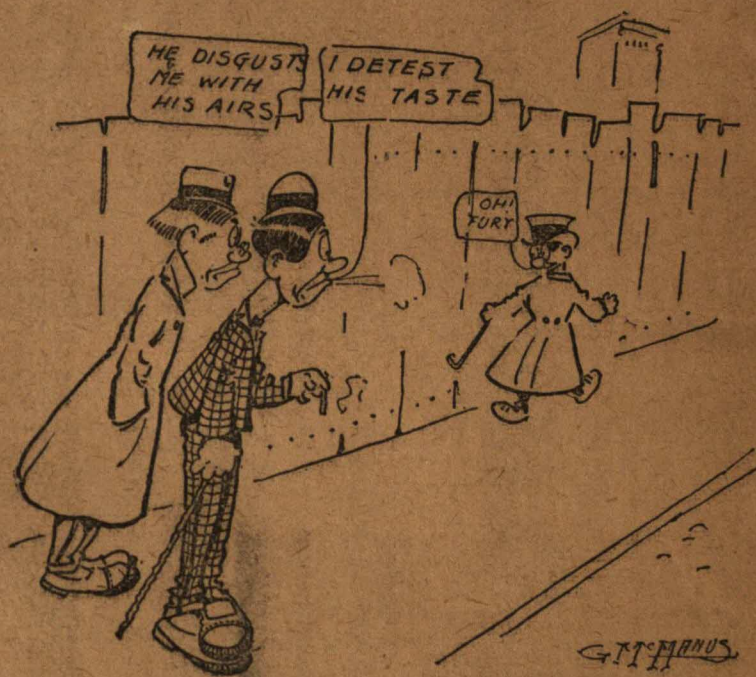
A STRIKING



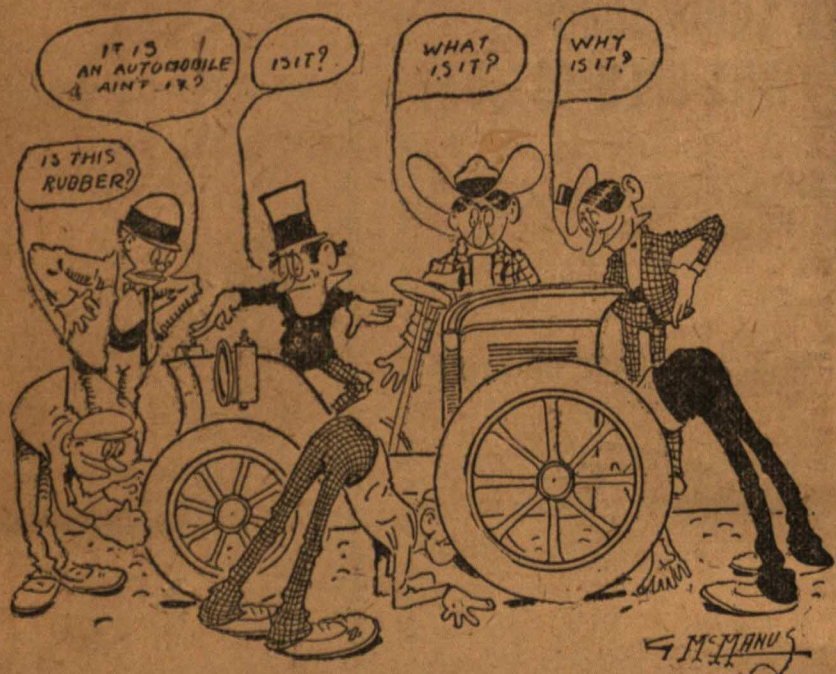
COMING DOWN



A TOUGH JOB.



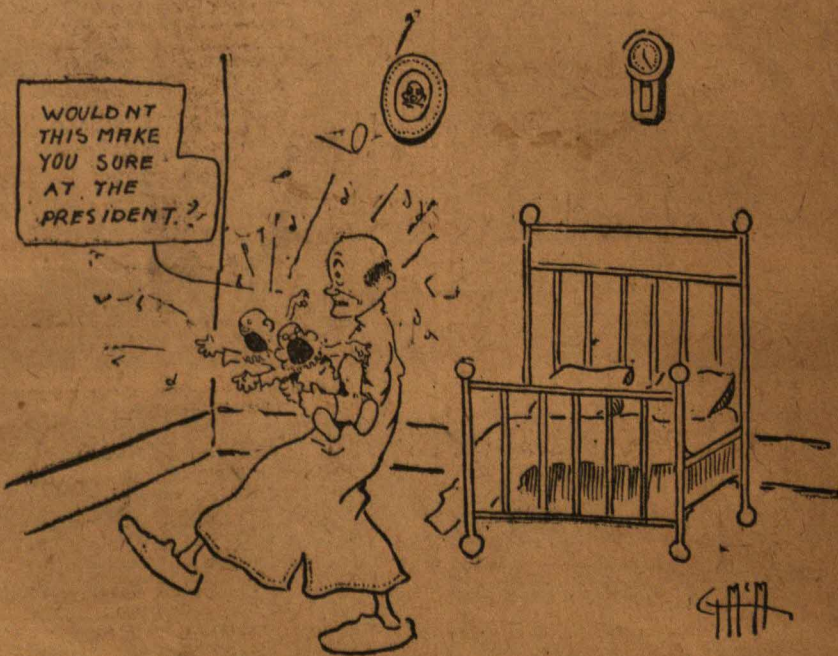
DISGUSTED



CURIOUS PEOPLE



AN ACTIVE BOY



FLOOR WALKERS

WILLIE AND HIS PAPA.

[COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. R. HEARST.]



F. Oppel

THE LITTLE BOY AND They Play a Realistic

"Now, Willie, we're off. But what is that awful howling back there?"
"It's Johnny Hay. He's afraid his portable bawth tub will be left behind, and he's lonesome without that Pauncefote boy."

(Copyright, 1901, by W. R. Hearst.)



F. Oppel

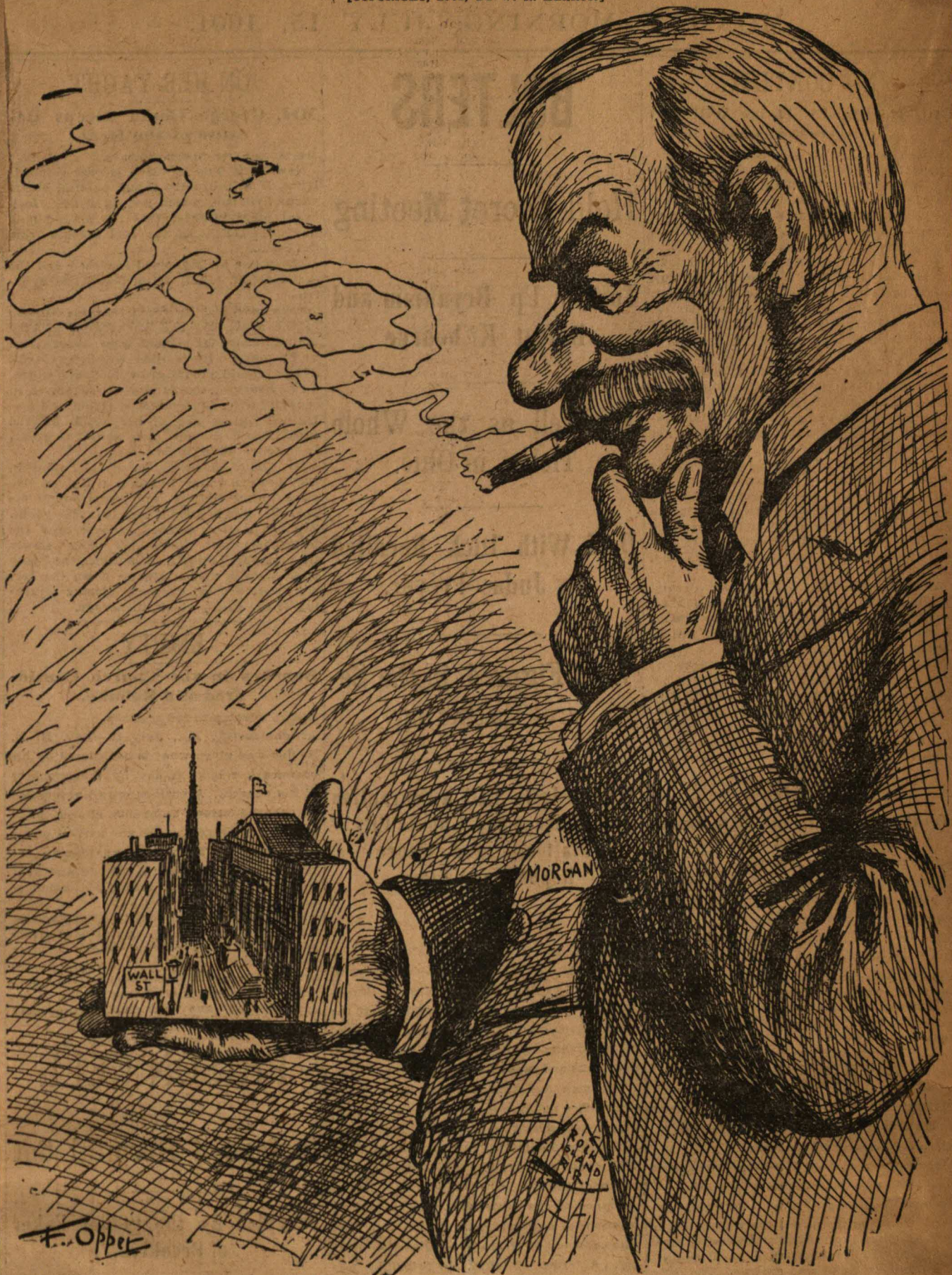
THE LITTLE BOY—They said they'd all be Ringmasters and I could be the Clown, 'cause it's the most important position.

"EASY STREET."

[COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. R. HEARST.]



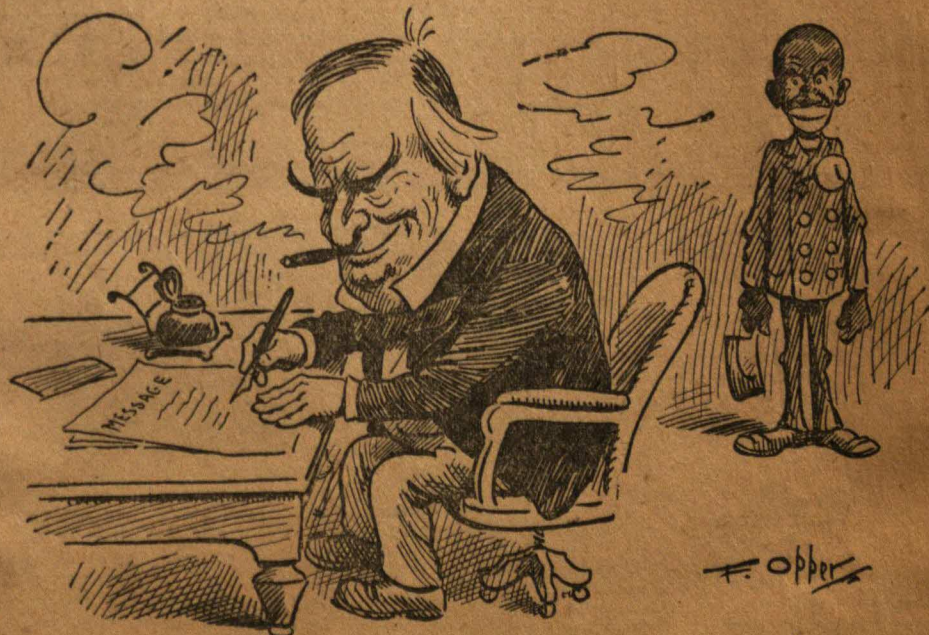
"'Tis Tiddy alone that's r-runnin', an' he ain't r-runnin', he's gallopin'."



"Let's See: What'll I Do With It Next?"



"'Th' meetin' was called f'r eight o'clock,' says th' pa-aper. . . . Gov'nor Rosenfelt spoke as follows: 'Scoundhrels, cow'rd's, hired ruffians, . . . an' fellow republicans: This is th' happiest moment in me life. (A voice: 'Kill him!')."



"So No More fr'm ye'ers thruly, Willum McKinley."

OUR ANTEDILUVIAN ANCESTORS.

(COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. R. HEARST.)



"What's going on there?"

"Oh, Stonesling has just sunk some of the enemy's war canoes, and now that crowd there is accusing him of cowardice and insubordination, and they're getting little Chiphammer to write what he calls a 'Naval History' of it."



A SCARCITY OF BOYS



FORELADIES

THE GLORIOUS REFORM IN RUSSIA

ON THE AMERICAN PLAN

(Copyright, 1901, by W. R. Hearst.)

ST. PETERSBURG, March 31, 1901.

At last the cause of liberty has triumphed! At last, after centuries of tyranny and oppression, a Russian Czar has been forced to accede to the demands of the people. Tonight all Russia is in a ferment of excitement, while St. Petersburg and Moscow have been literally shaken to their foundations with heated discussions of the bewildering news of the hour. All day long crowds of patriots have hung about the street corners reading, re-reading and even then scarcely believing the testimony of their own eyes, the ukase that was sent out from the Winter Palace at dawn this morning—a proclamation that marks the beginning of a new and wonderful era in the history of Russia and bids fair to unsettle the social conditions of the entire world.

This morning the ukase, which has been distributed from one end of the empire to the other, was issued, couched in the following words:

"Yielding to the wishes of a vast number of our loyal subjects, we, Nicholas II, Czar of all the Russias, hereby announce that on and after April 1st, 1901, our dominions in Europe and Asia will be conducted strictly on the American plan.

"Given this day under our hand and seal.
NICHOLAS II, Imp."

Since issuing this ukase, His Majesty has made known to his subjects the fact that the step which he has just taken was determined upon long ago, and that for several months past his diplomatic representatives in America have been engaging officers, or "bosses," as they are termed in that favored land, and these will be assigned to duty to-night, so that, beginning with the 1st of April, all Russia may enjoy to the full the blessings of liberal government.

The society that formerly clustered about the throne will be completely reorganized under the supervision of

NEVA BRIDGESKY



The Czar Introduces American Motor Cars.

a member of New York's "Four Hundred," as the most exclusive social body in the American metropolis is termed.

Hereafter such commodities as corn, oil, meat, caviar and vodka, which were formerly distributed through the shops of small merchants, will pass into the possession of a body of philanthropists constituting what is called a "trust," their intention being, we are told, to hold these necessaries of life in trust for the common good.

In St. Petersburg the most radical changes will be effected, as the entire town is to be turned over to Captain Fatwadd, a police official who acquired fame through his administration of a metropolitan district known as the "Tenderloin," and of whom it has been truthfully said that no one ever applied to him in vain for protection, provided he applied in the right way. Captain Fatwadd arrived here a fortnight ago, accompanied by a hundred men chosen from his old force. Although invited to visit the homes of many of the most distinguished members of our nobility, he declined all invitations and entered at once upon the duties of his calling. His first official act was for a complete list of all the liquor shops, gambling houses and disorderly resorts within the city limits, and he has already sent word to the proprietors of some of the largest of these establishments, asking them to call at his office for purpose of conference.

In future the droskies that play on the Nevski Prospekt will be driven by former Brooklyn motormen, and not one of these has been engaged for this duty who does not possess what is called in that city "a record."

I shall cable you from time to time accounts of our progress toward liberty under the new order of things.

MICHAEL STROGOFF.

Transcribed by James L. Ford.



WILLING WORKERS



THE RISING SON

THE GLORIOUS REFORM IN RUSSIA ON THE AMERICAN PLAN.

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LOBBY SYSTEM IS INTRODUCED.

St. Petersburg, April 26, 1901.—Step by step we are advancing toward an ideal freedom, and now the seat of Municipal Government has been removed from Petersburg to the rural hamlet of Albanivitch, situated about 200 versts further north. In making this change the authorities are merely following the long-established New York custom of placing its civic affairs in the hands of mujiks or farmers.

Dr. Samovar, who has investigated the subject as fully as the resources of his library will permit, declares that this system has proved one of incalculable value to the mujiks or farmers, while Captain Fatwadd asserts that a great many of our leading citizens are certain to profit by it as soon as its opportunities become known.

The mujiks who are to administer the city government are chosen by ballot from the neighboring villages, and all peasants are eligible to office save those who are disqualified by education or superior intelligence. In this, as in other respects, the American plan is closely followed. The

laws are made in a hall to which none but duly accredited mujiks are admitted, but their deliberations are carried on in a larger outer chamber, where they enjoy frequent consultation with the leading men of the country.

Some of the wealthiest of our merchants have been regular frequenters of this outer chamber ever since it was opened, and the mujiks declare that from these progressive and public-spirited gentlemen have sprung some of the very best of the recent legislative enactments. "In fact," says one of the most active of our peasant law-makers, "if it were not for the outer chamber of lobbovitch, government of mujiks, by mujiks, and for mujiks, would soon perish from off the face of the earth."

A most admirable bill is now under discussion in the lobbovitch, and, according to one of the legislators, is certain to become a law, provided a few more reasons—not more than a thousand for each mujik—can be advanced in its favor.

This bill was suggested by Baron Graft, a well-known banker and speculator, and receives the cordial support of General Grabitaloff, who formerly stood high in imperial favor. It provides for a splendid structure of granite and steel to be erected on land owned by the city of St. Petersburg on the banks of the Neva. This structure will be used for such beneficent purposes as the storage of goods owned by General Grabitaloff and as a depot for the railroad and steamboat companies, in which Baron Graft is heavily interested. In return for the water front property—which is at present absolutely useless, except for purpose of rental—Baron Graft and his associate agree to pay several hundred rubles every once in a while and will also convert its roof into a "breathing place for the poor." Both these capitalists take a deep interest in the poor of the capital and are so anxious to provide them with a park that they are willing to sell the city their own land as a site for it.

Transcribed by JAMES L. FORD.



AN ACTIVE DRUMMER

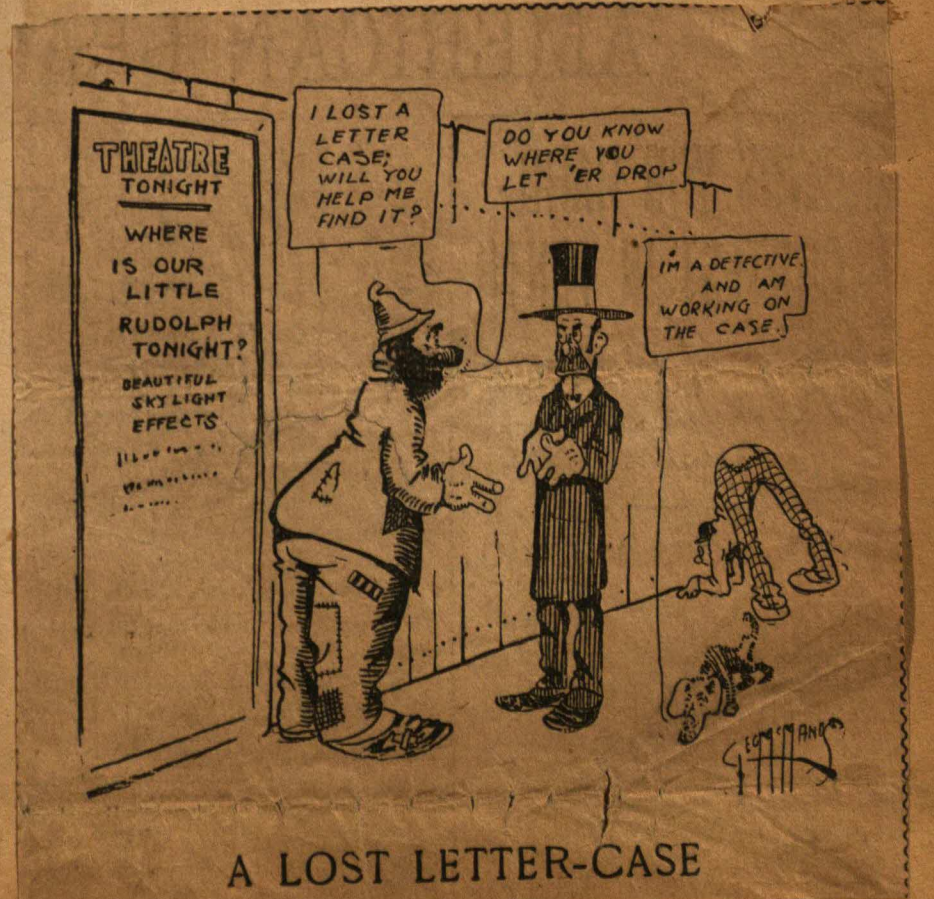


A MAN WHO EMBRACES

GATHERING TO THE APPROACHING FEAST.



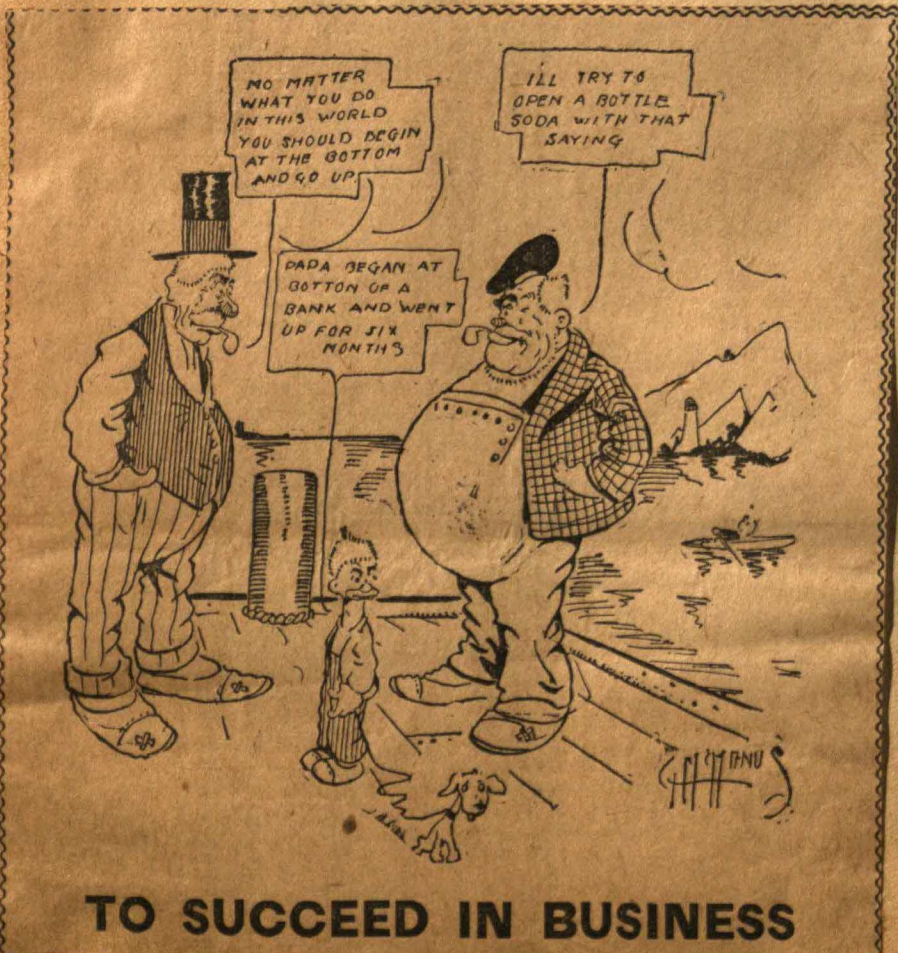
MANY OPPORTUNITIES



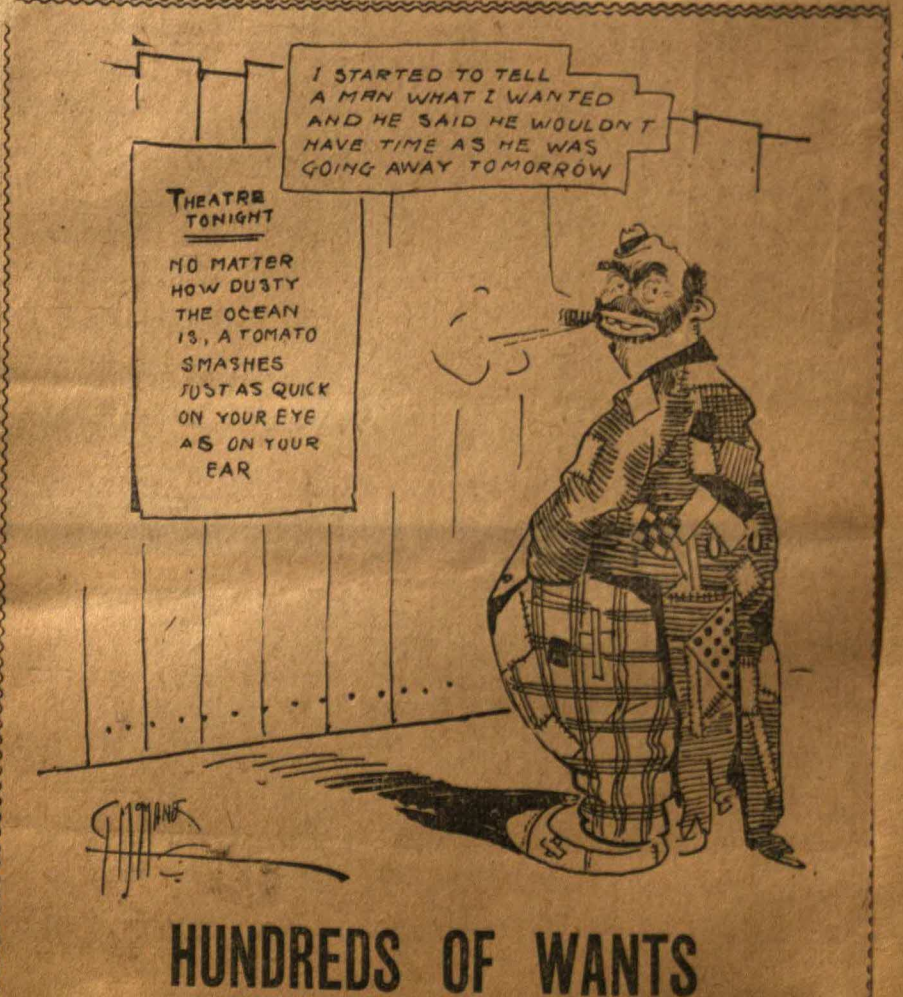
A LOST LETTER-CASE



The laborer with meagre income pays the taxes, while the trusts with their millions hold the sack.



TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS



HUNDREDS OF WANTS



The Flag That Suits Uncle Sam Suits the Democracy.

CRIMINAL AGGRESSION?—OF COURSE NOT.

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All We Want Is "Close Friendship"—That Makes the Scarecrow Look a Lot Better.



A JOINT EFFORT

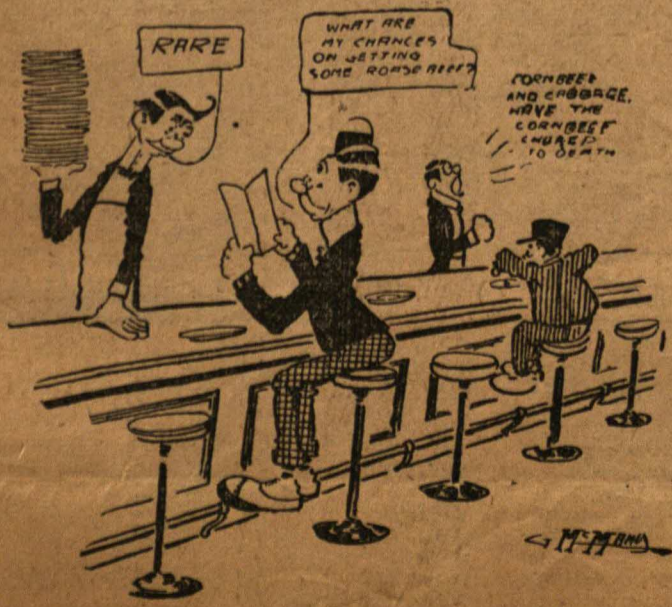


LOST

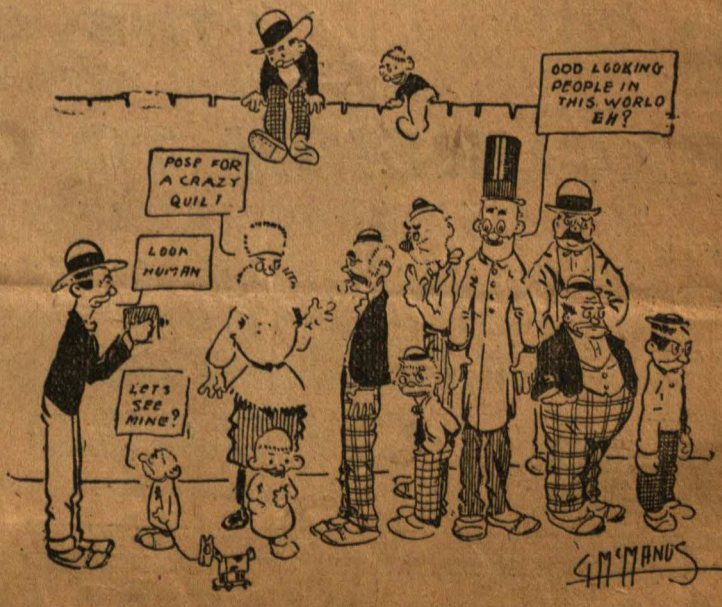
WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS AWAY



Then We Will All Know Who Is Really McKinley's Running Mate.
 Through the haze looms up at all times the prominent features of Governor Roosevelt, and, show his teeth as he may, that awful smile of Platt never changes, while Hanna keeps his emotions carefully concealed as he works out in his own way the perplexing problem. Behind that cloud lie the hopes and ambitions of many men. Until the convention dispels it the chances of all depend upon the two leaders, who calmly blow their smoke into the public's eyes.



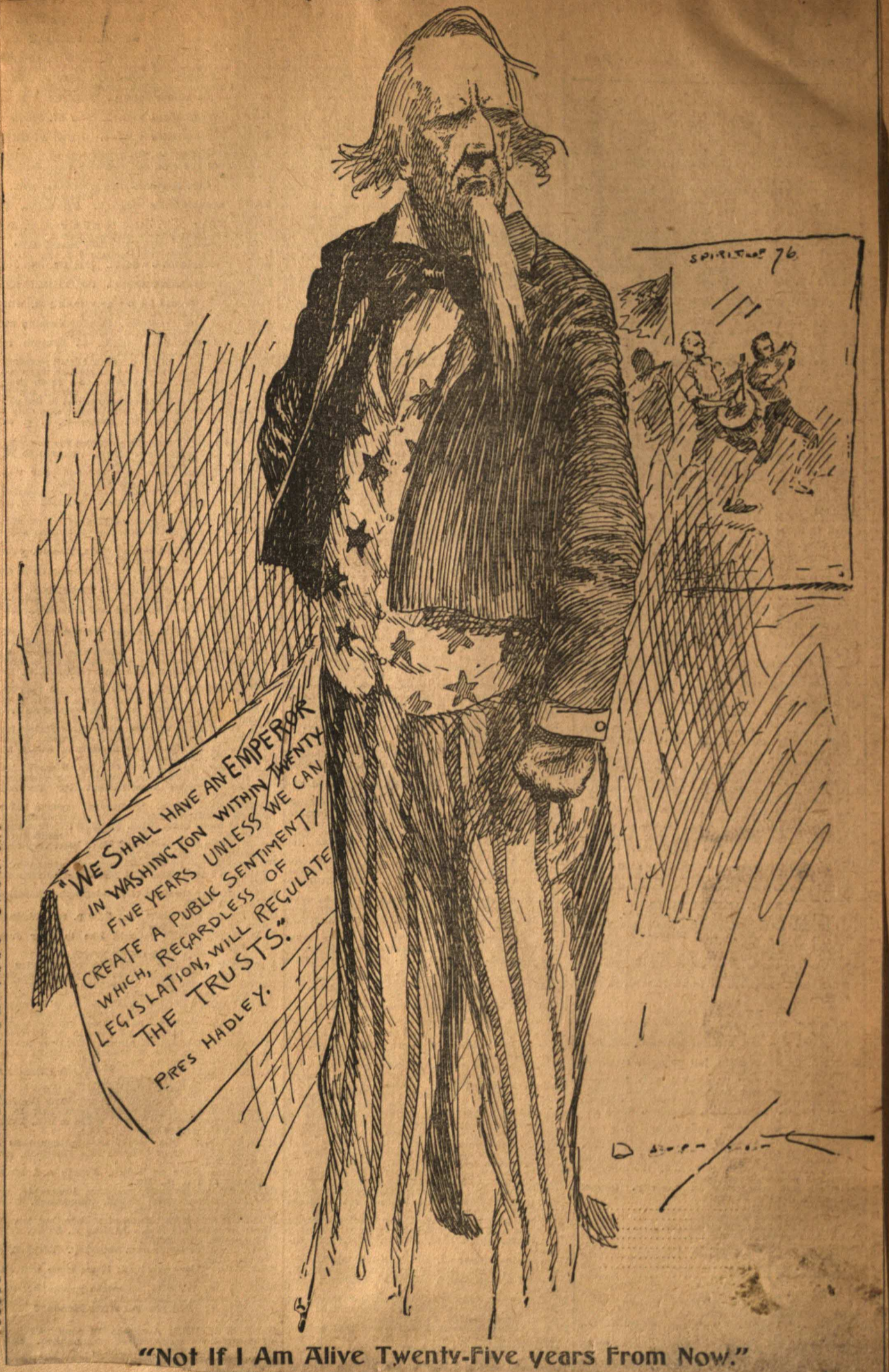
A RARE CHANCE



MISCELLANEOUS



MONEY ENTHRONED.



SPRINGER 76

"WE SHALL HAVE AN EMPEROR
IN WASHINGTON WITHIN TWENTY
FIVE YEARS UNLESS WE CAN
CREATE A PUBLIC SENTIMENT
WHICH, REGARDLESS OF
LEGISLATION, WILL REGULATE
THE TRUSTS."
PRES HADLEY.

"Not If I Am Alive Twenty-Five years From Now."



GOING BACK



IT'S AN ACCIDENT



A PLAIN COOK



A CALL



SEVERE CHECKS



SWEEPING CHARGES

TERRIBLE TEDDY, THE GRIZZLY KING

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CHAPTER IX.

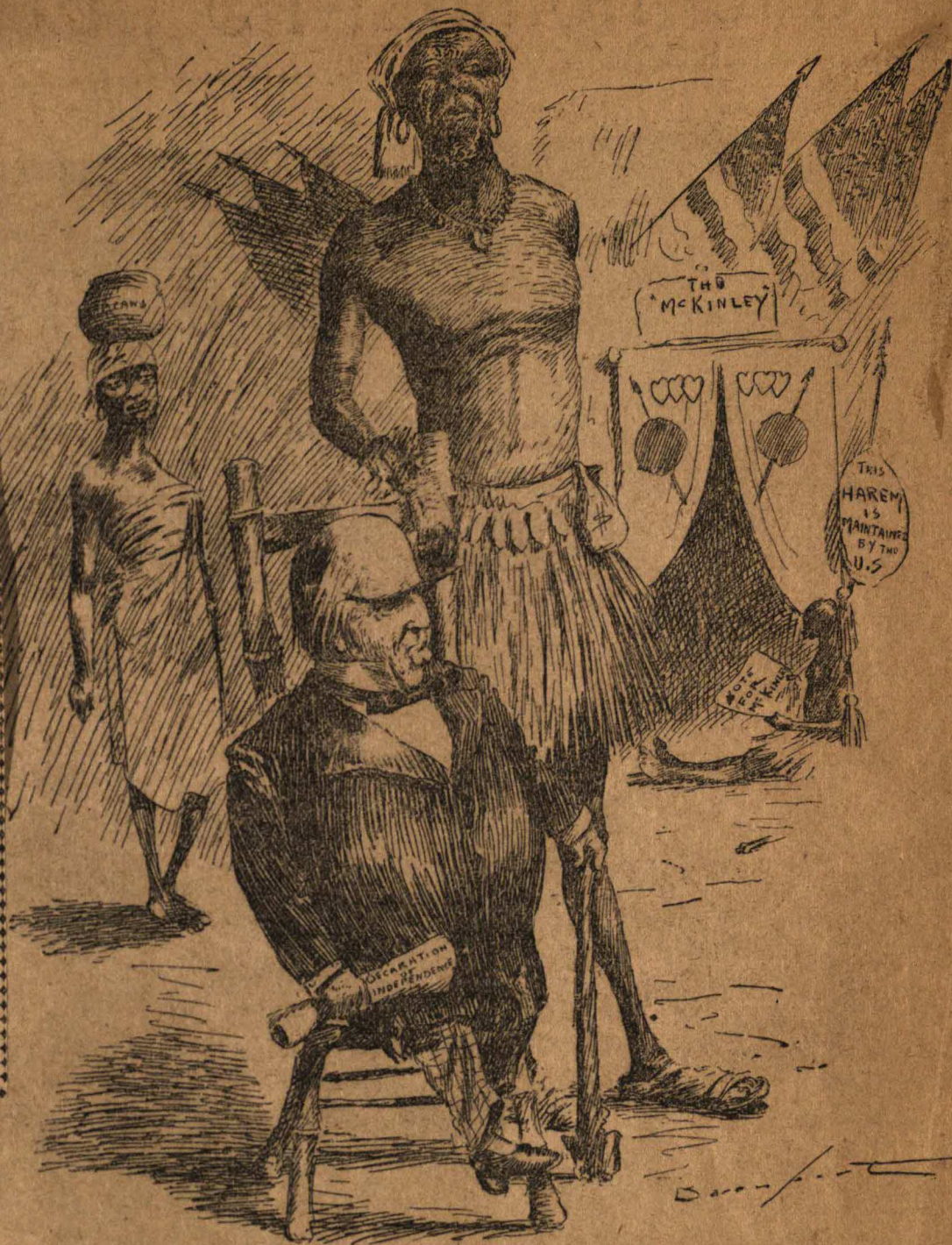


TIME KEEPERS

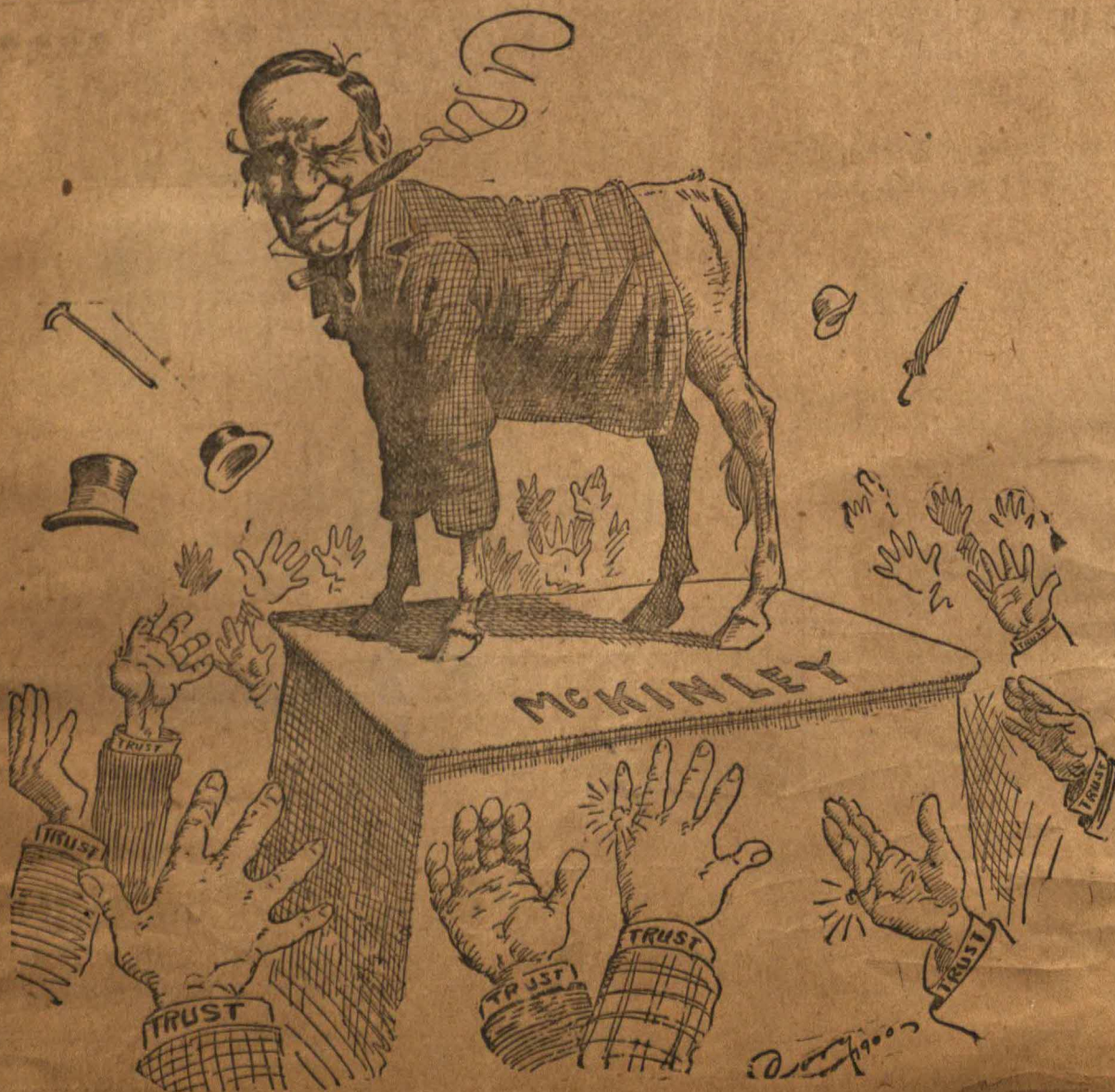


IF YOU'RE AFRAID

OUR FIRMEST ALLY.



The Sultan of Sulu, Whose Harem and Slaves Are Maintained by Taxes on the American People.





MILITARISM.

Uncle Sam—'Durned if I'm a-goin ter stand this monkey business much longer, b'gosh!'

GET ME OUT! GET ME OUT! HELP!

[New York Journal.]

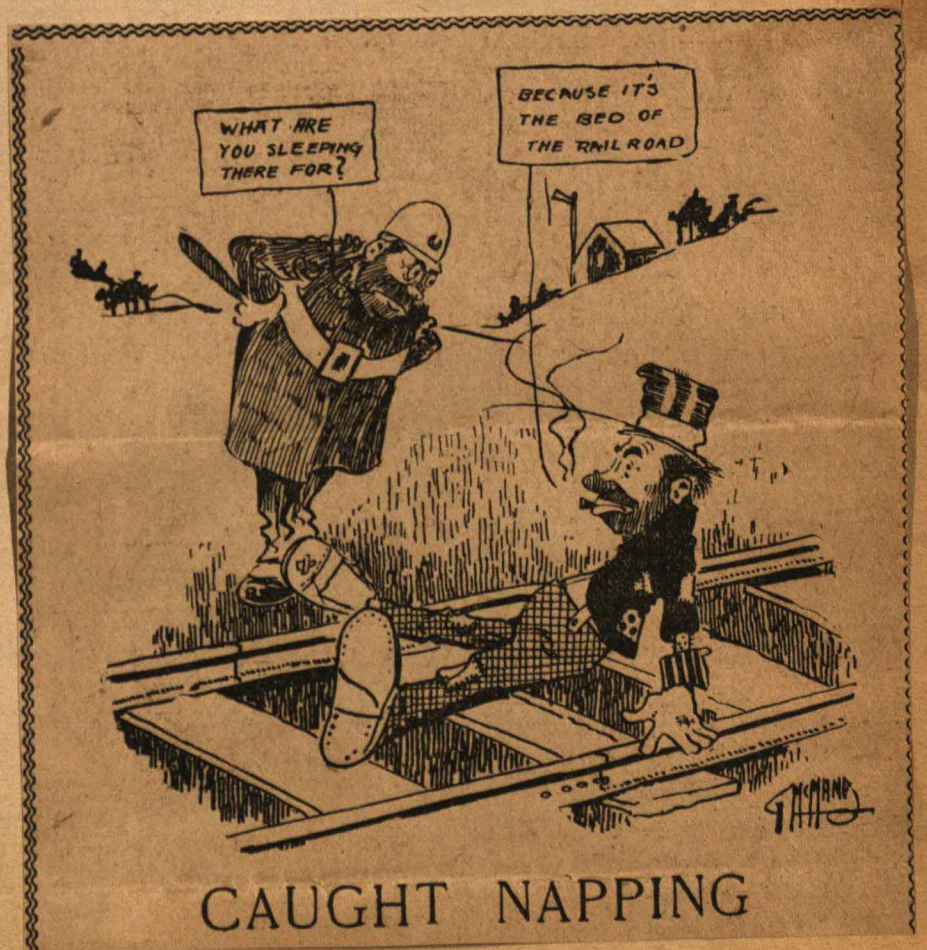




Hanna (Reassuringly)—“Don't Worry, Mack! Just Leave it all to Uncle Mark!”



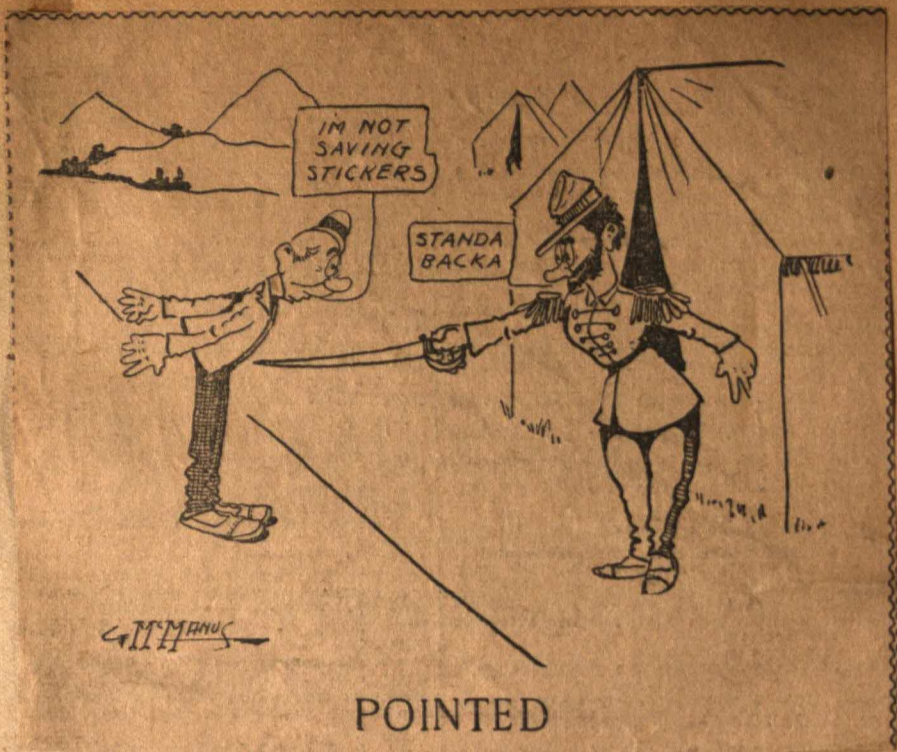
A QUIET TIP



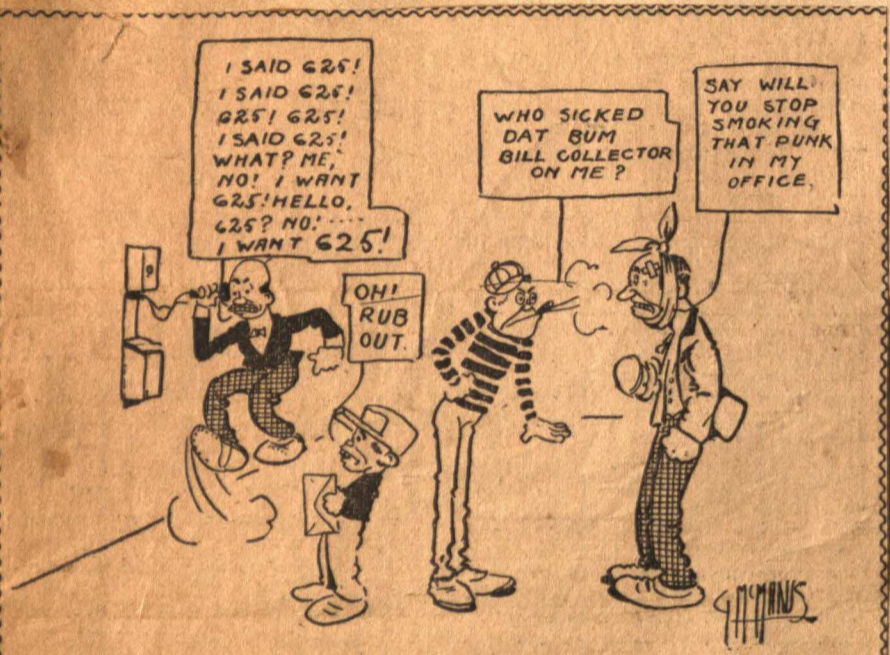
CAUGHT NAPPING



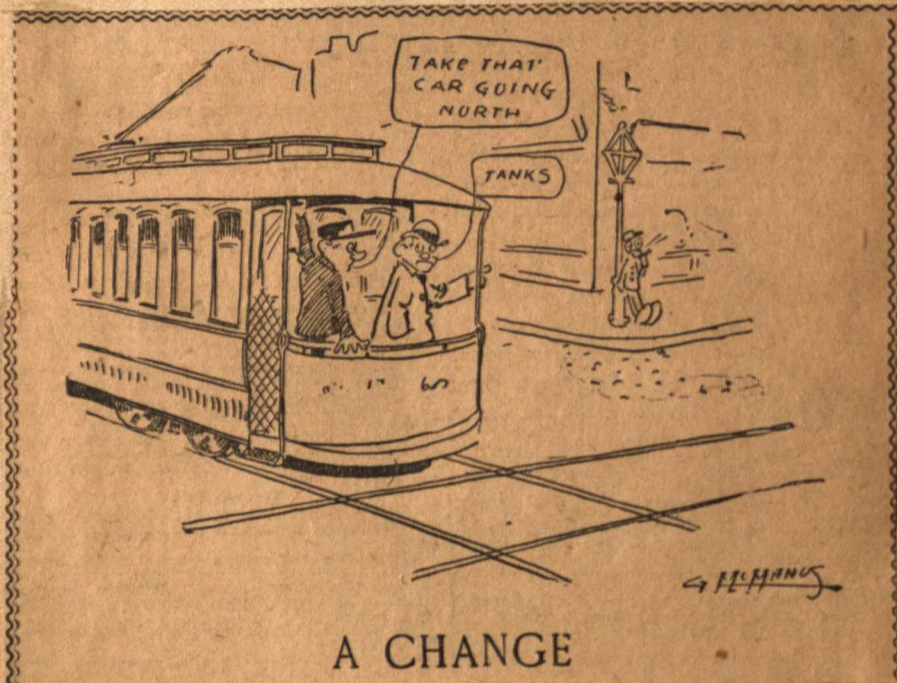
A GOOD MEASURE



POINTED



COMPLAINTS



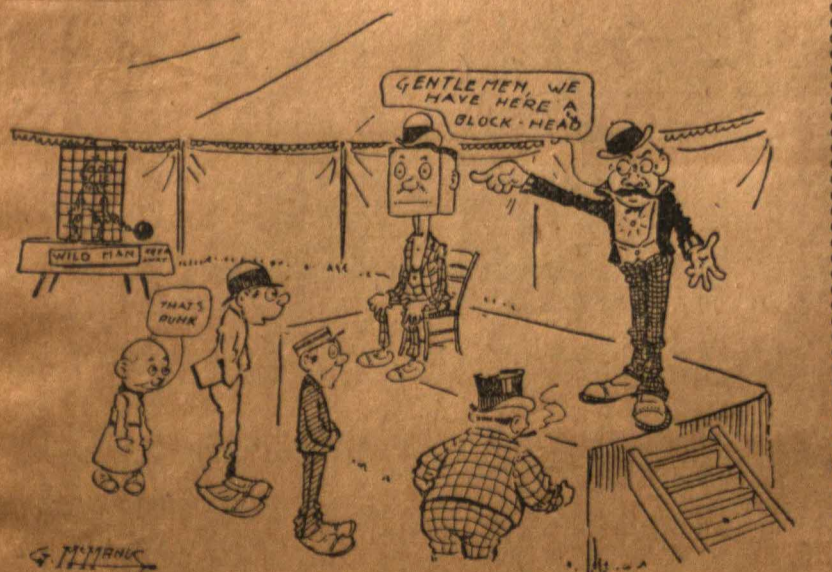
A CHANGE



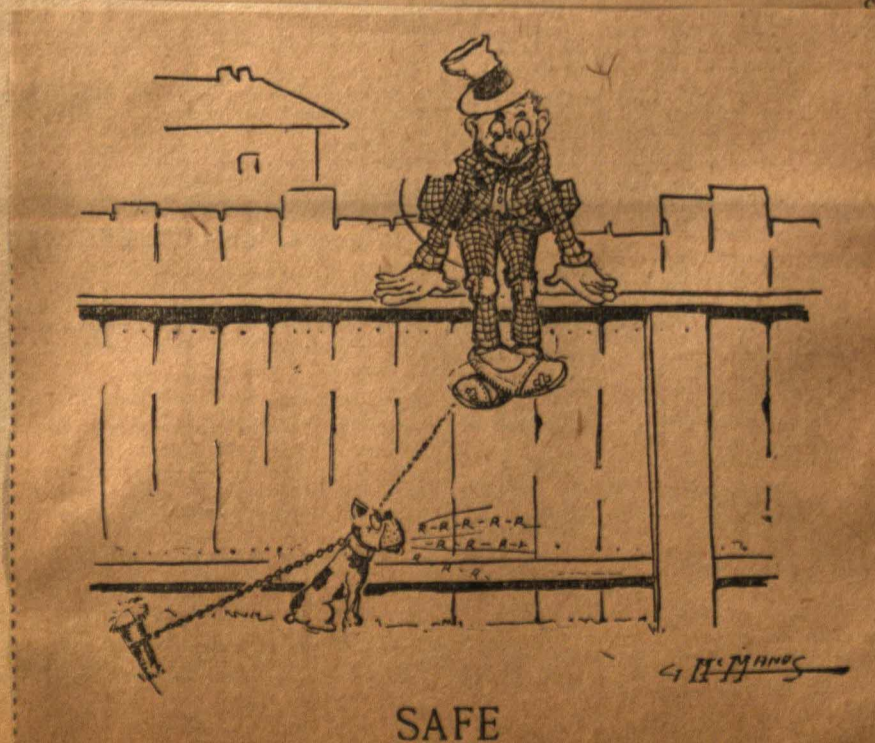
MISGUIDED



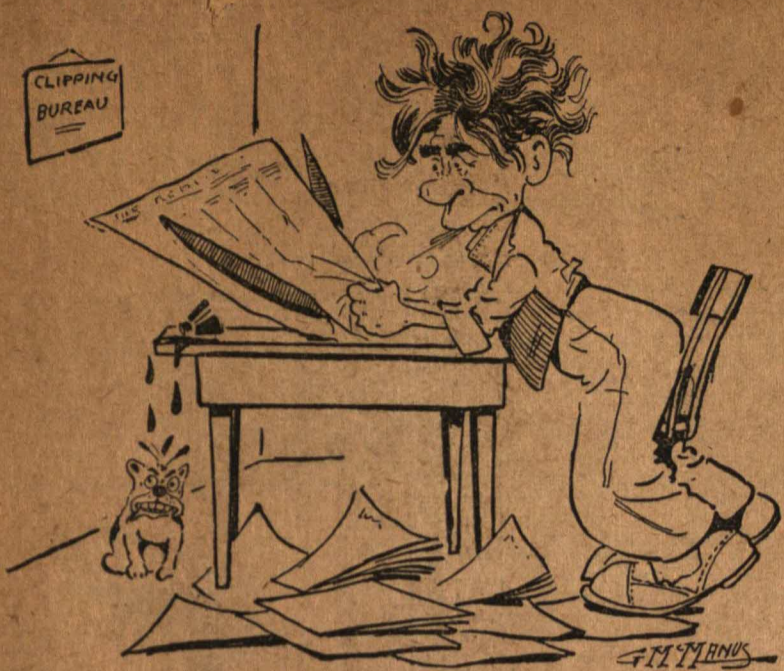
CALLERS



HARDWOOD



SAFE



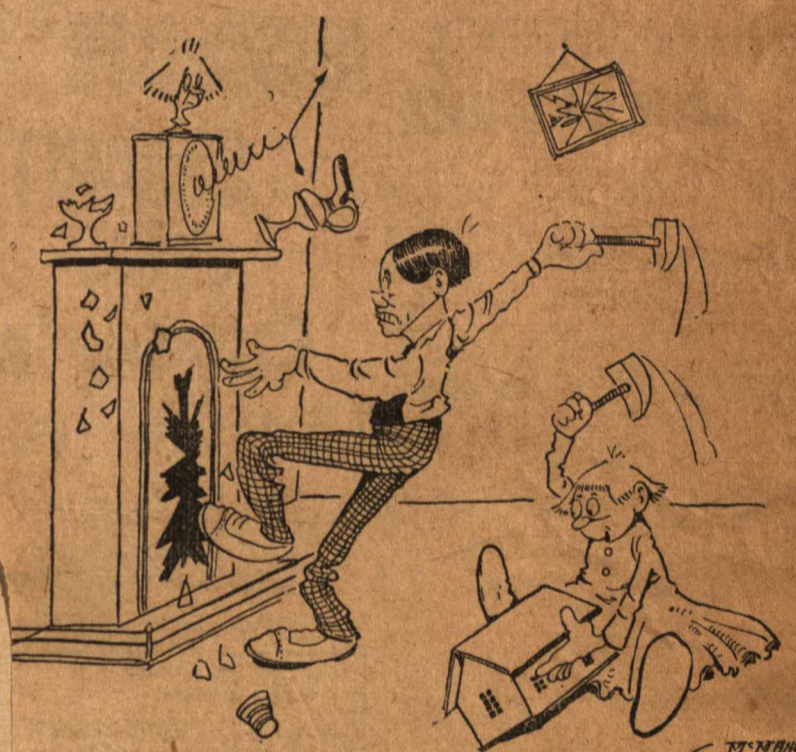
CUTTING REMARKS



SO MANY



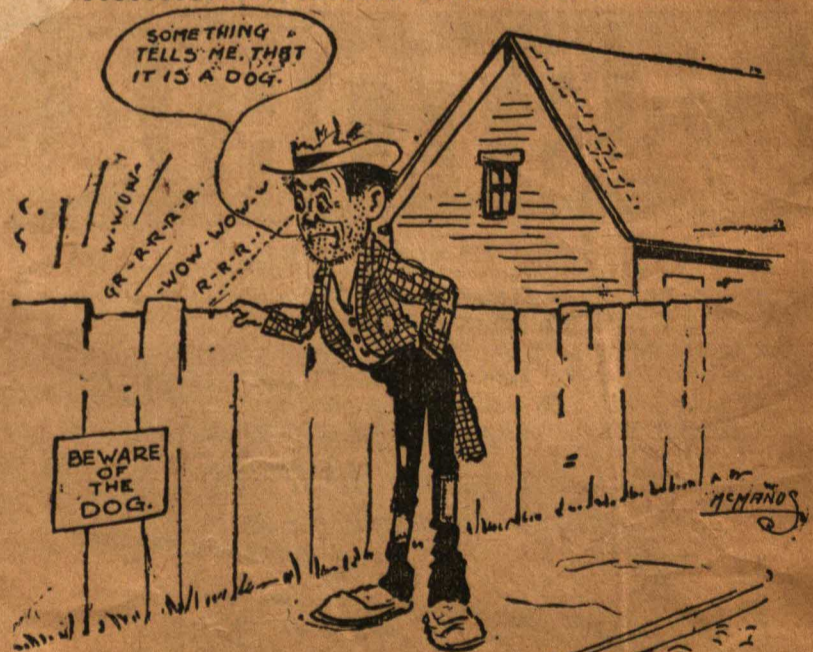
THE STRONG ARM



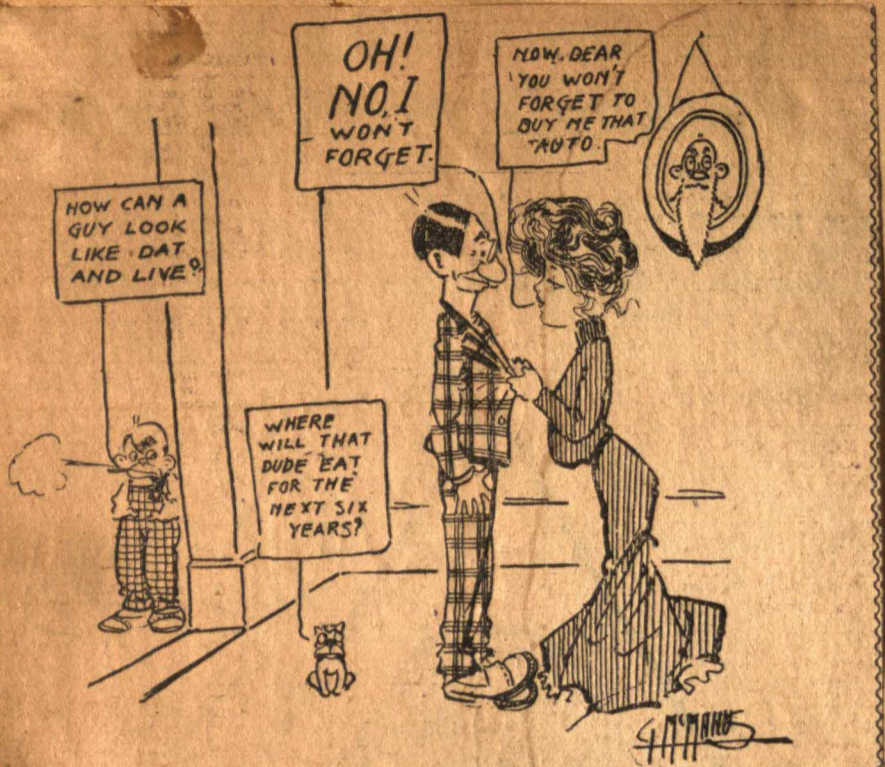
BREAKING UP HOUSE



KNOWING HOW



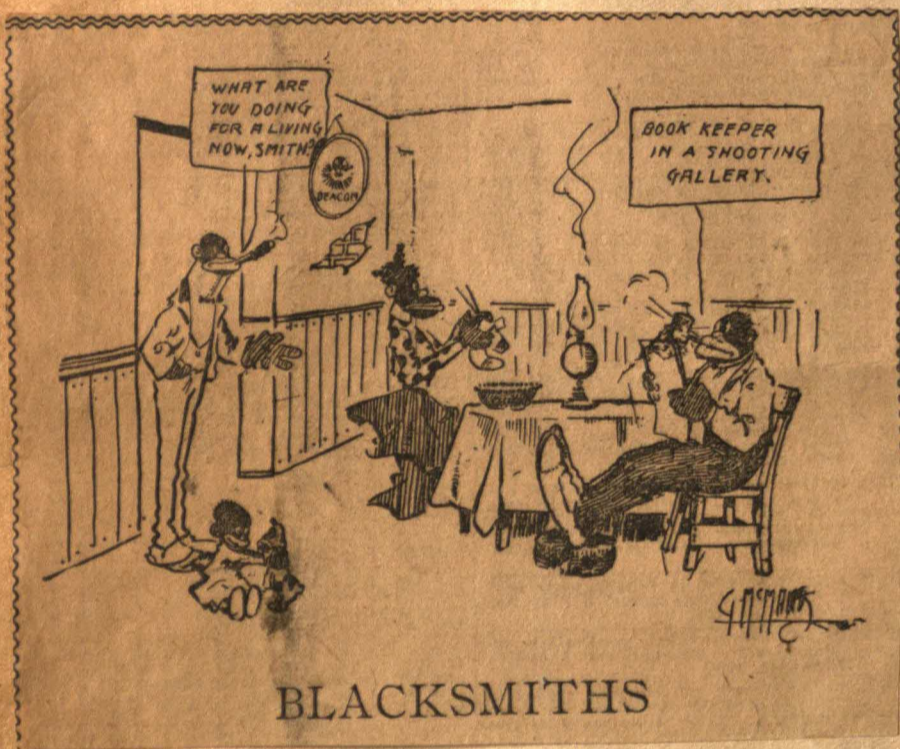
LOOKING



A YOUNG GIRL WHO IS DOING HER BEST



IT'S SATISFACTION



BLACKSMITHS



AN EXPERT MUSICIAN



QUICK RELIEF



UP AGAINST IT



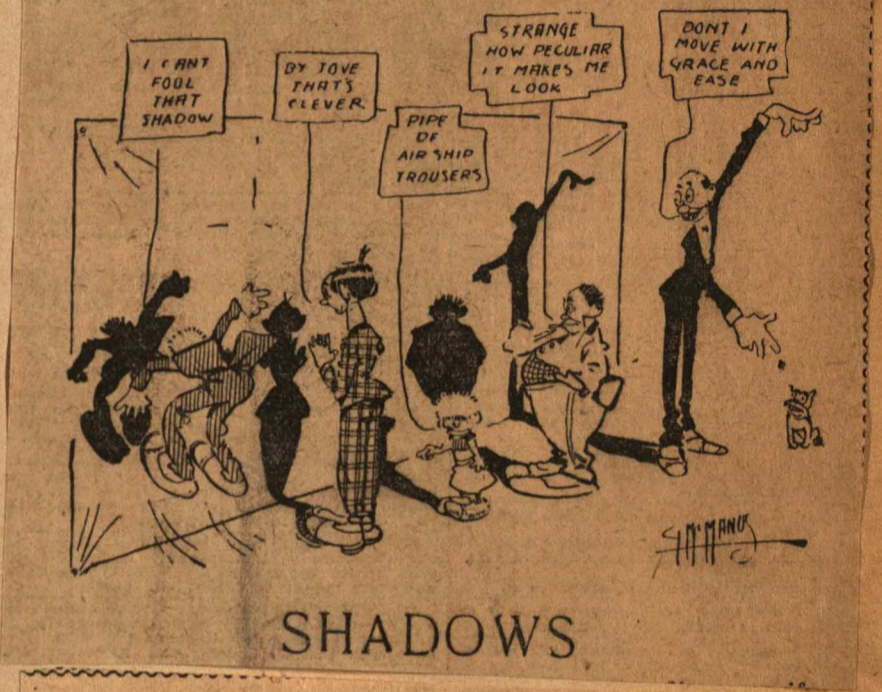
A BLESSING



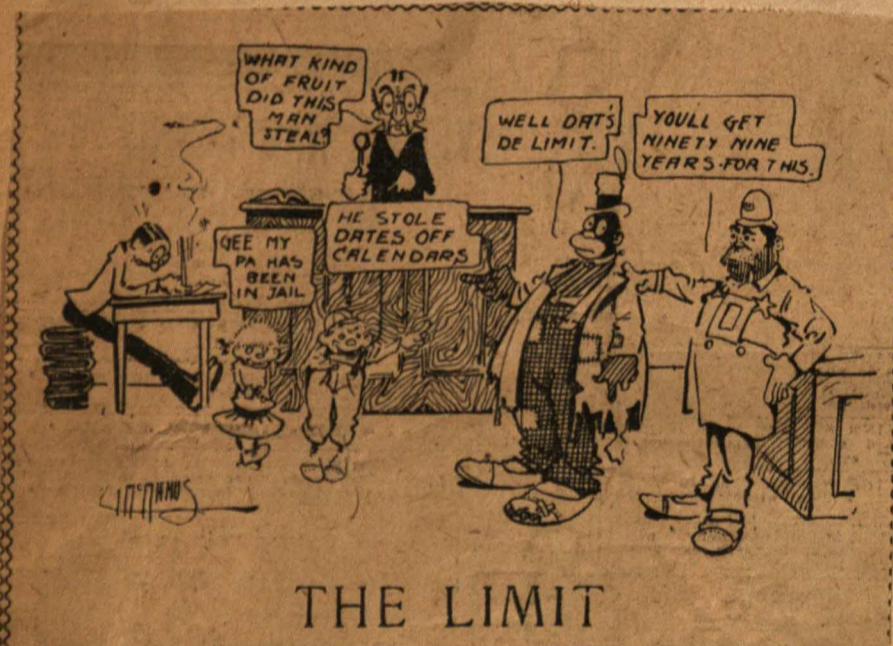
A Big Falling Off



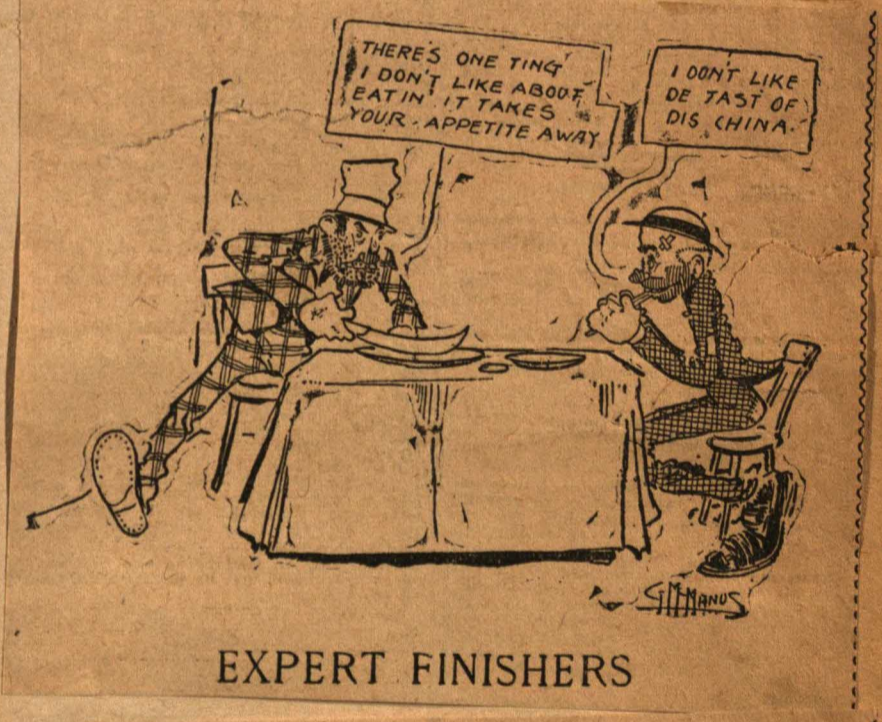
GREAT CARES



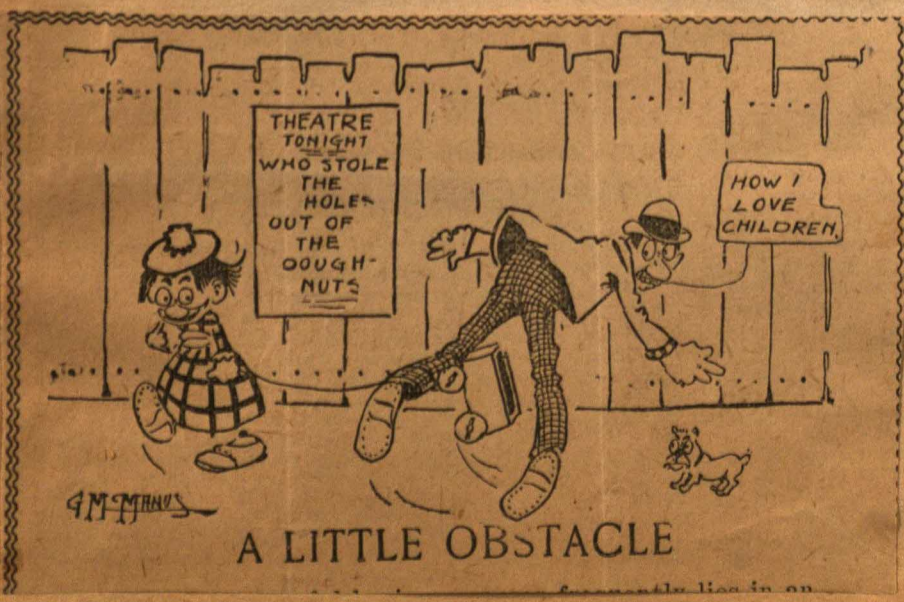
SHADOWS



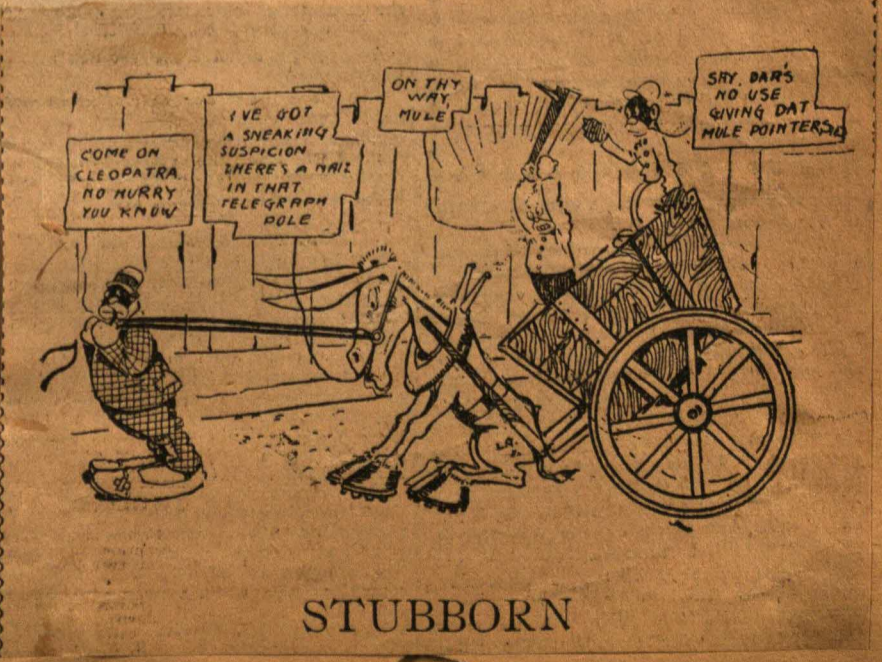
THE LIMIT



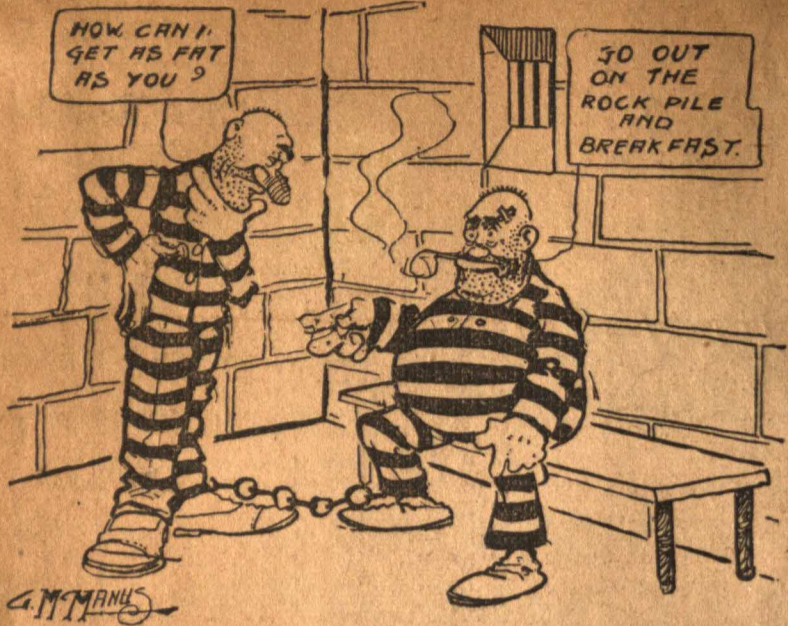
EXPERT FINISHERS



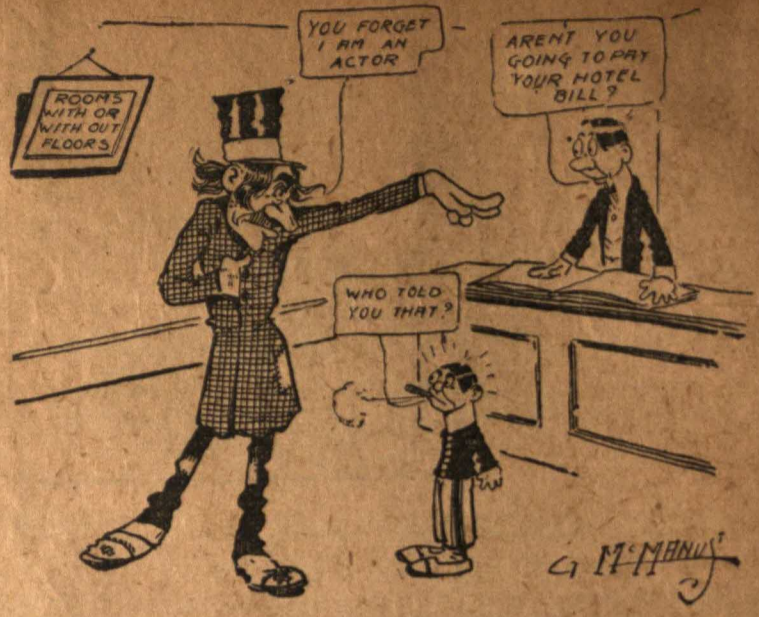
A LITTLE OBSTACLE



STUBBORN



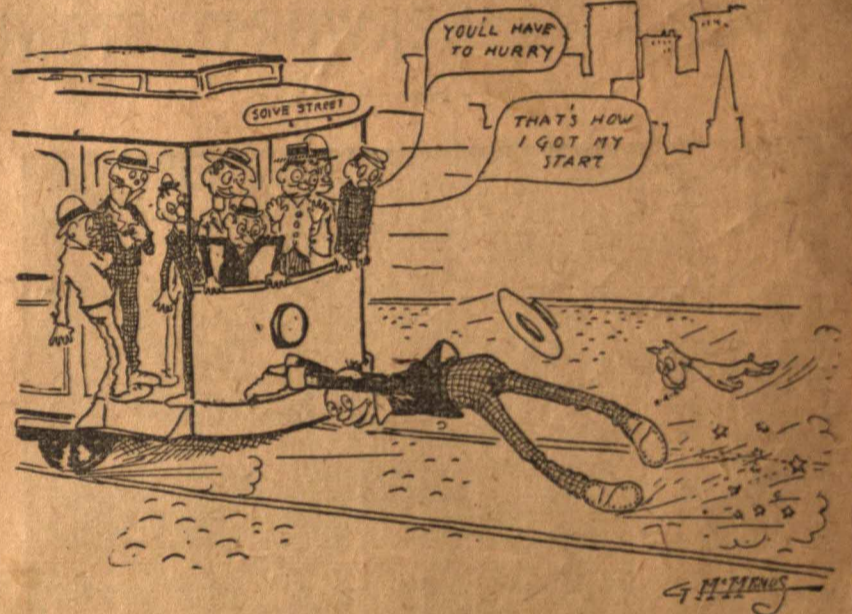
ROOM MATES



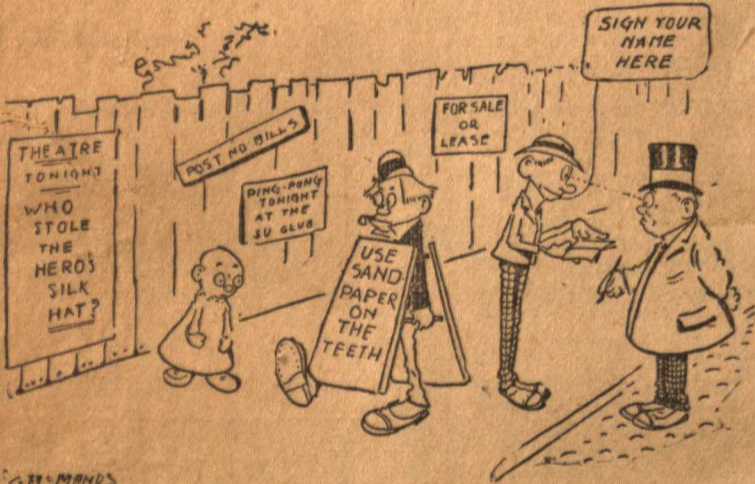
WELL DONE



BUSINESS VICISSITUDES



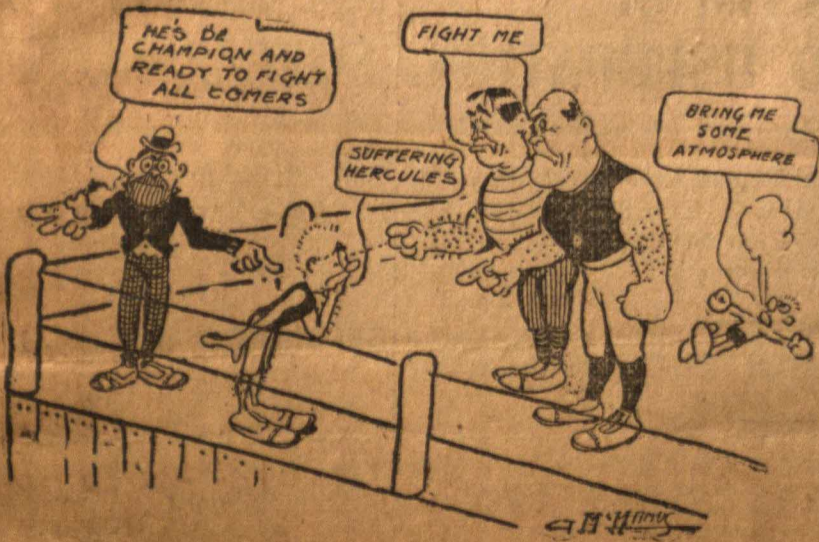
HANGING ON



ALL SIGNS



A FAIR WAY



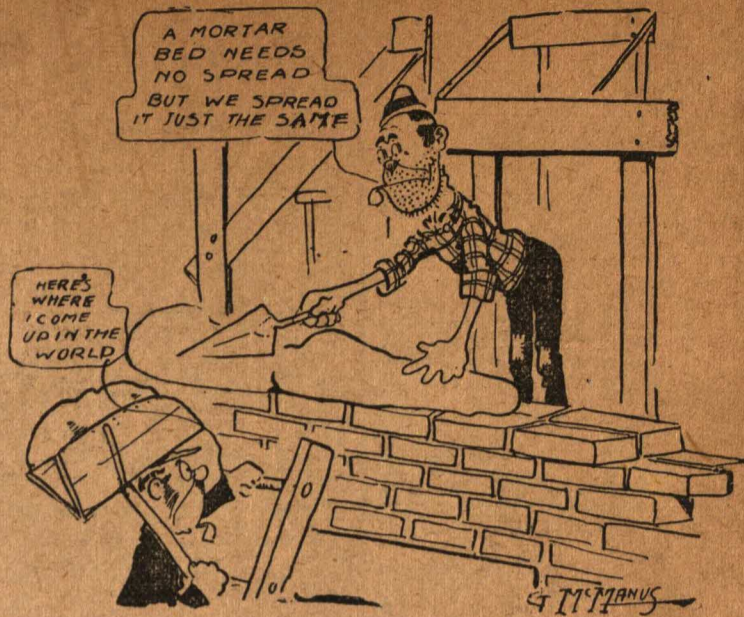
BIG SURPRISES



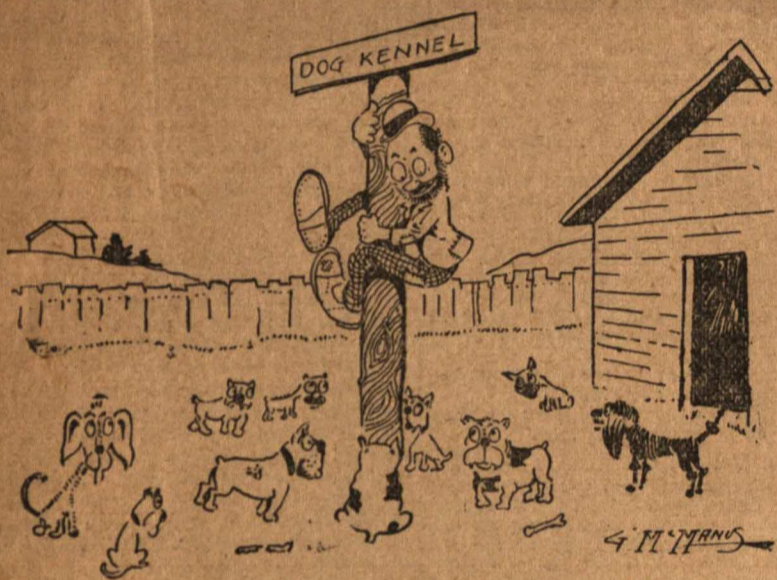
"CROAKERS"



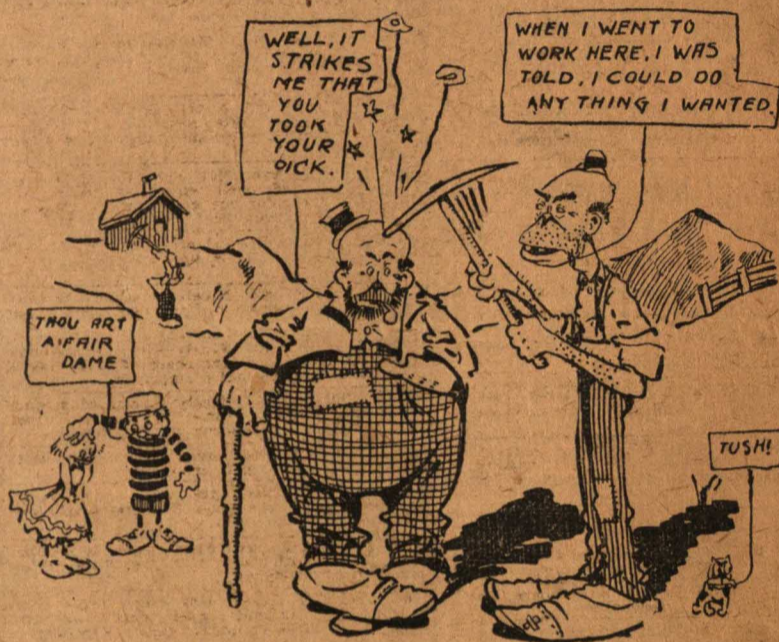
A SCATTERING



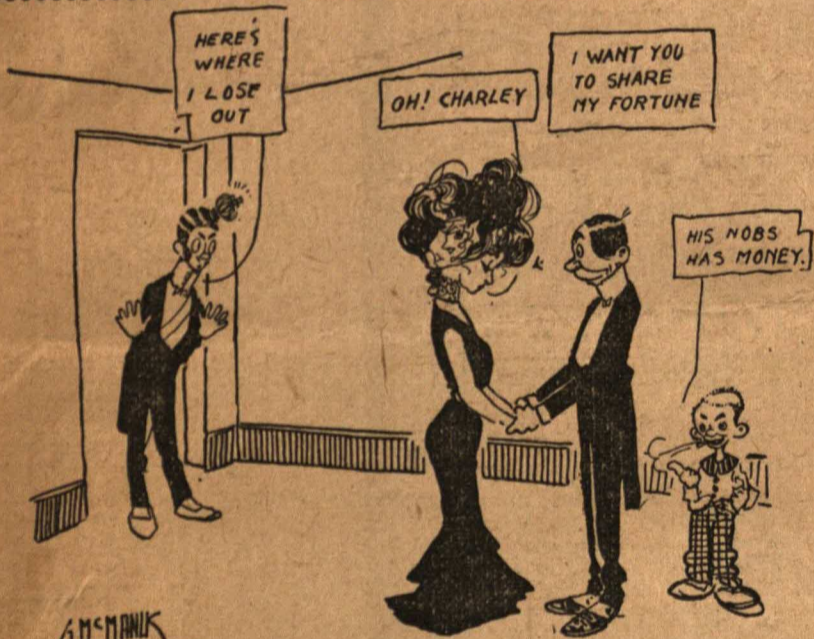
One Way to Spread



A WELL-POSTED MAN



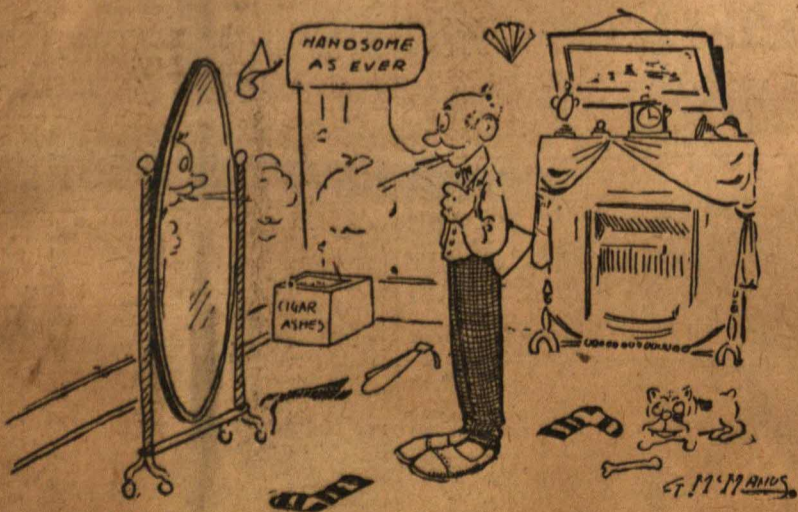
A STRONG IMPRESSION



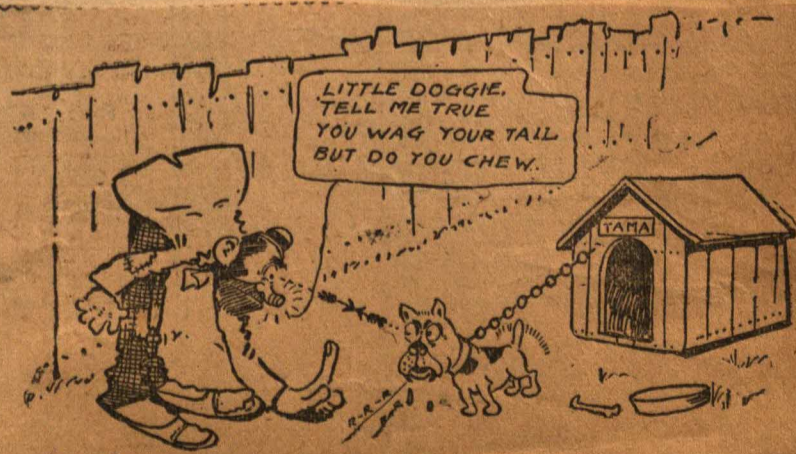
A SENSIBLE GIRL



A BUSY HOUSEKEEPER



The Reflections
Of a Bachelor



YOU CAN'T TELL



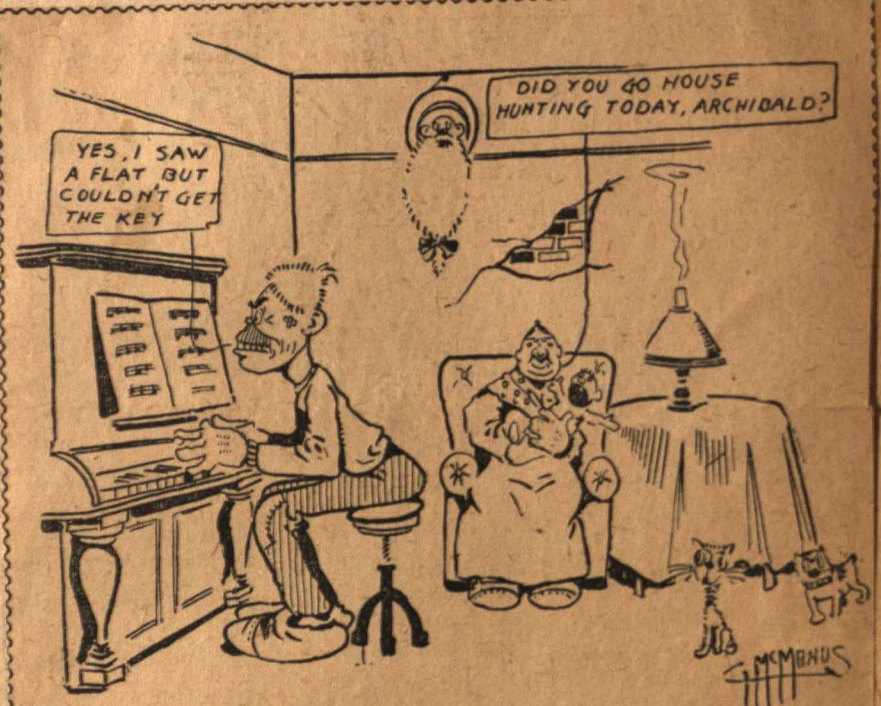
OVERCOME



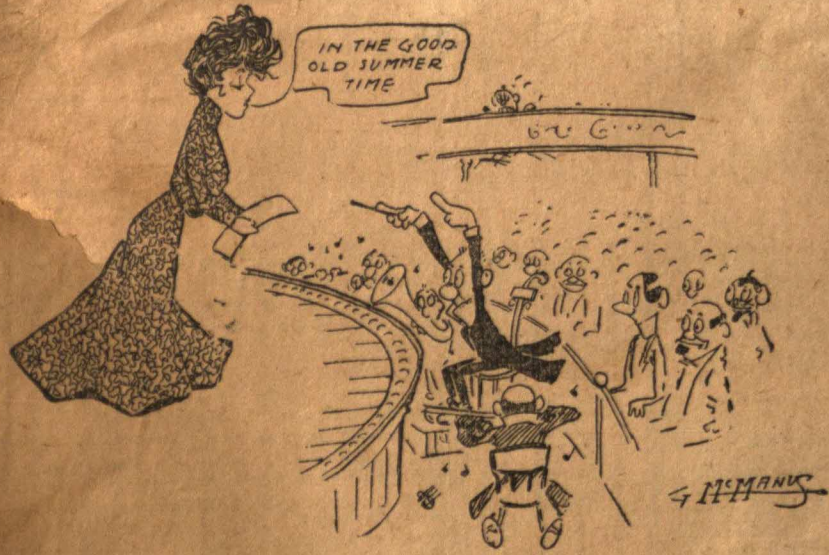
CALL UP



TOO MANY FRIENDS



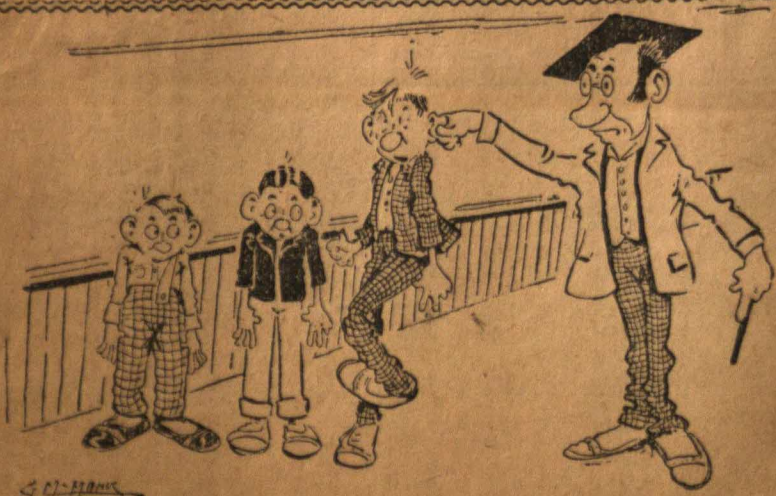
SEARCHING FOR A FLAT



A GIRL WITH COURAGE



AN UNFORTUNATE CHAIN



THE TOPMOST RUNG



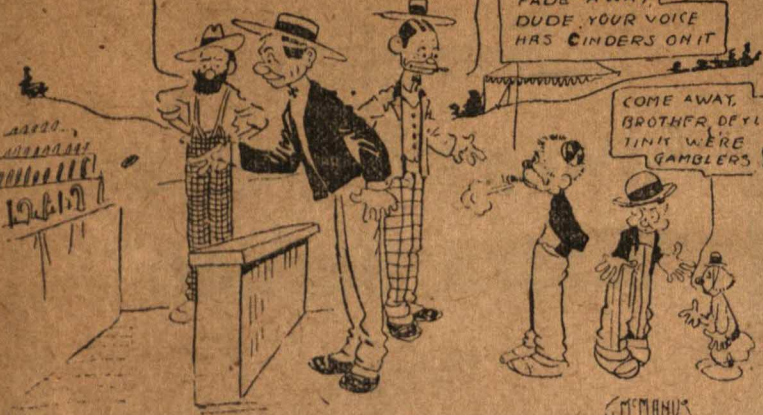
A TRAIN OF THOUGHT

EVERY TIME YOU RING A CANE YOU GET AN EMPTY CUP OF TEA.

GO OVER TO THE RACE TRACK AND GET ME A RINGER.

FADE AWAY, DUDE, YOUR VOICE HAS CINDERS ON IT.

COME AWAY, BROTHER, DE'LL TINK WERE GAMBLERS.



RINGING

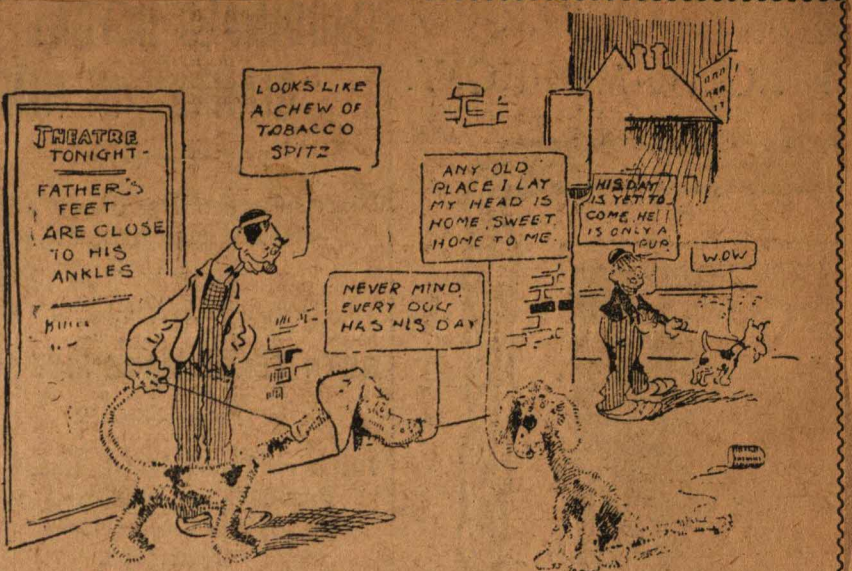
THEATRE TONIGHT - FATHER'S FEET ARE CLOSE TO HIS ANKLES

LOOKS LIKE A CHEW OF TOBACCO SPITZ

ANY OLD PLACE I LAY MY HEAD IS HOME, SWEET HOME TO ME

HIS DAY IS YET TO COME, HE! IS ONLY A HOUR

NEVER MIND, EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY



A STRAY DOG

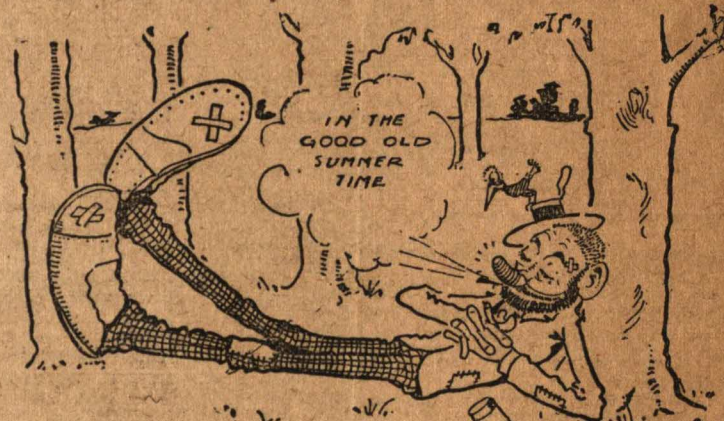
I'LL BE BACK IN A WEEK TO SEE THE FINISH OF THIS GAME

THIS FAST LIFE IS KILLING ME

FIRST GAME STARTED JAN 1.

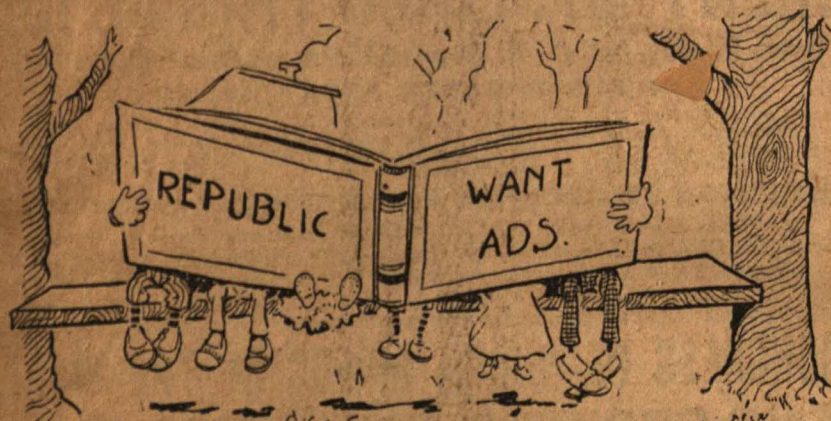


CHECKERS



A LONG TRAMP

REPUBLIC WANT ADS.



A SHORT STUDY

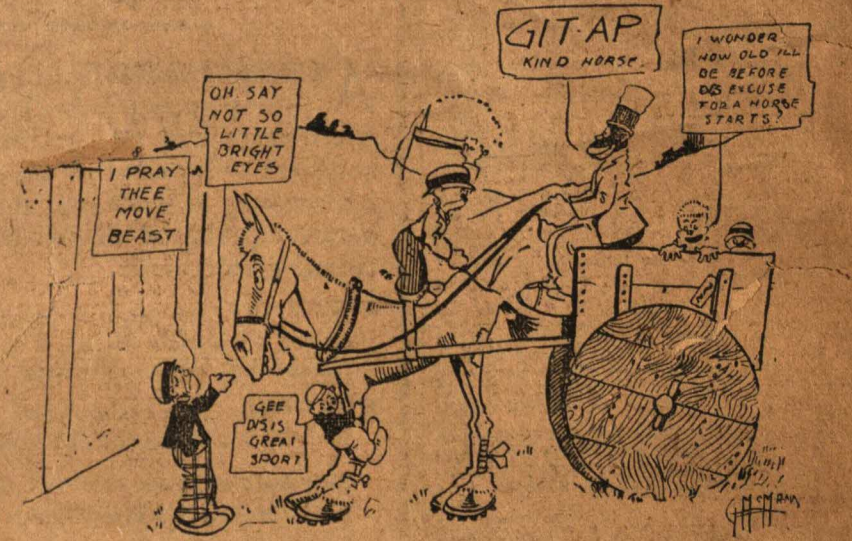
I PRAY THEE MOVE BEAST

OH, SAY NOT SO LITTLE BRIGHT EYES

GIT AP KIND HORSE

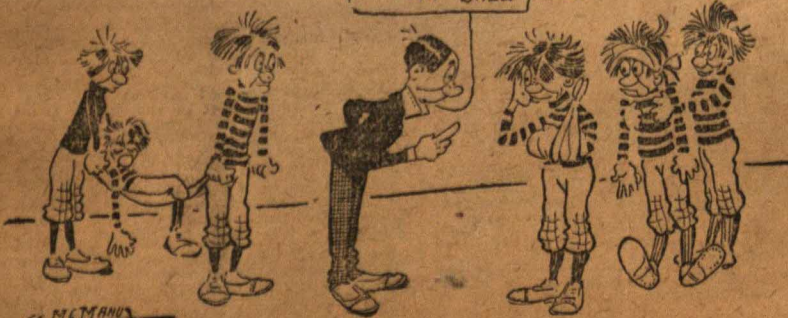
I WONDER HOW OLD I'LL BE BEFORE DES EXCUSE FOR A HORSE STARTS?

GEE, D'S IS GREAT SPORT

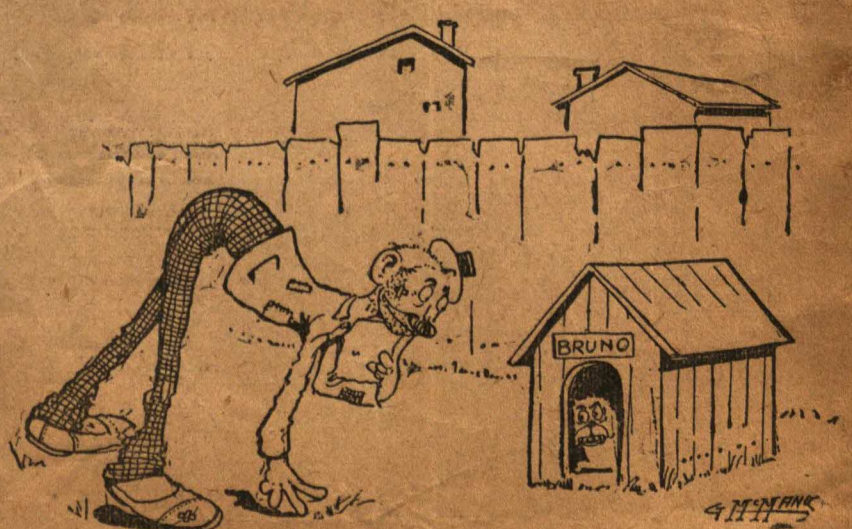


A GENTLE HORSE

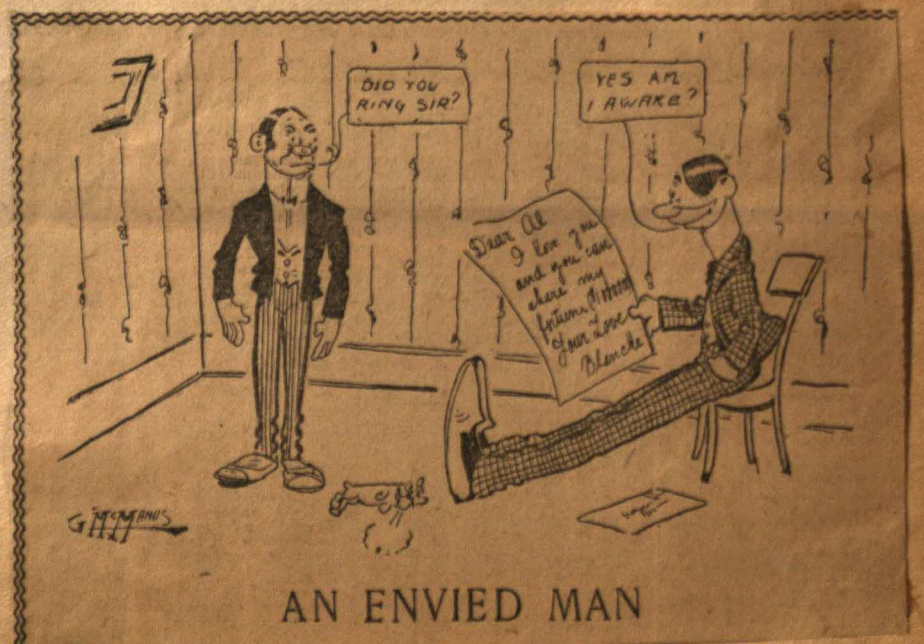
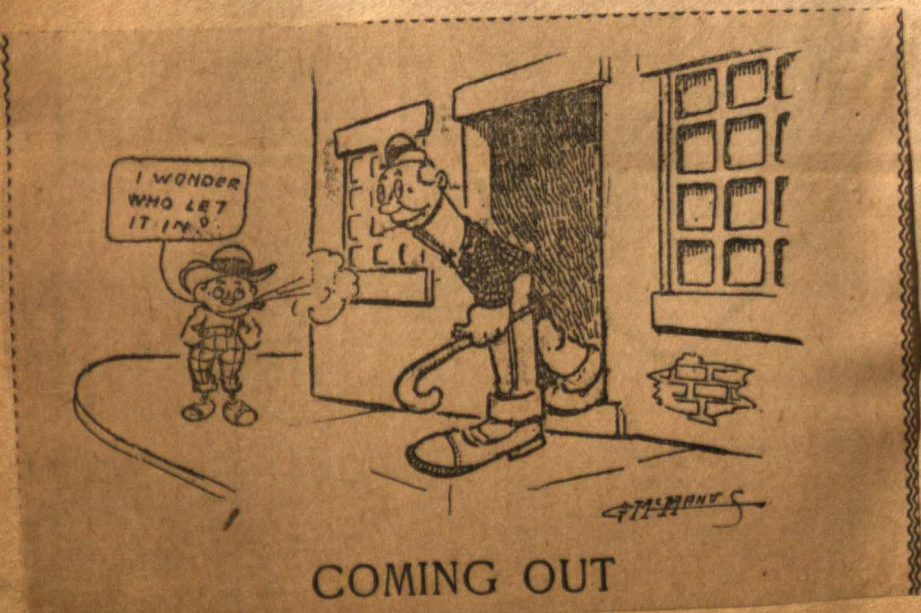
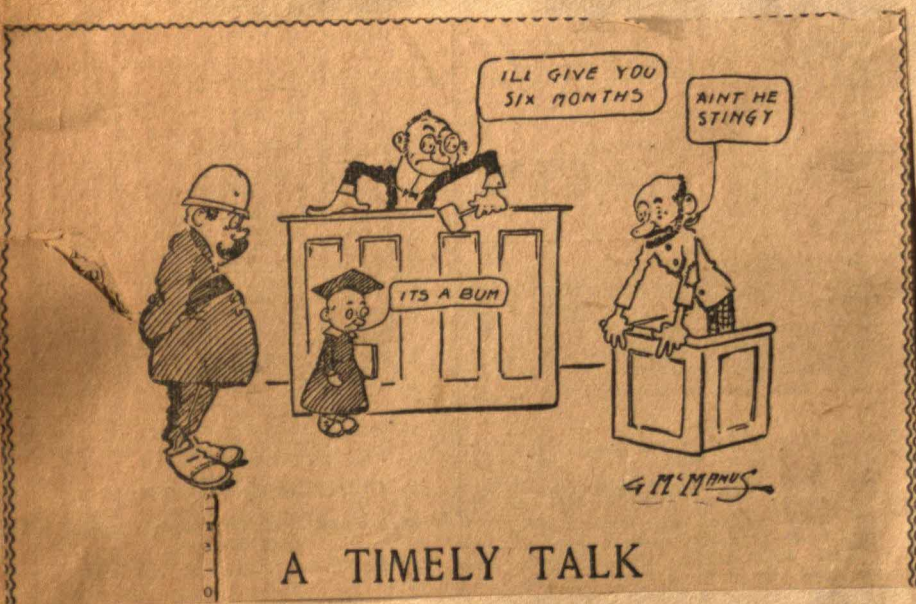
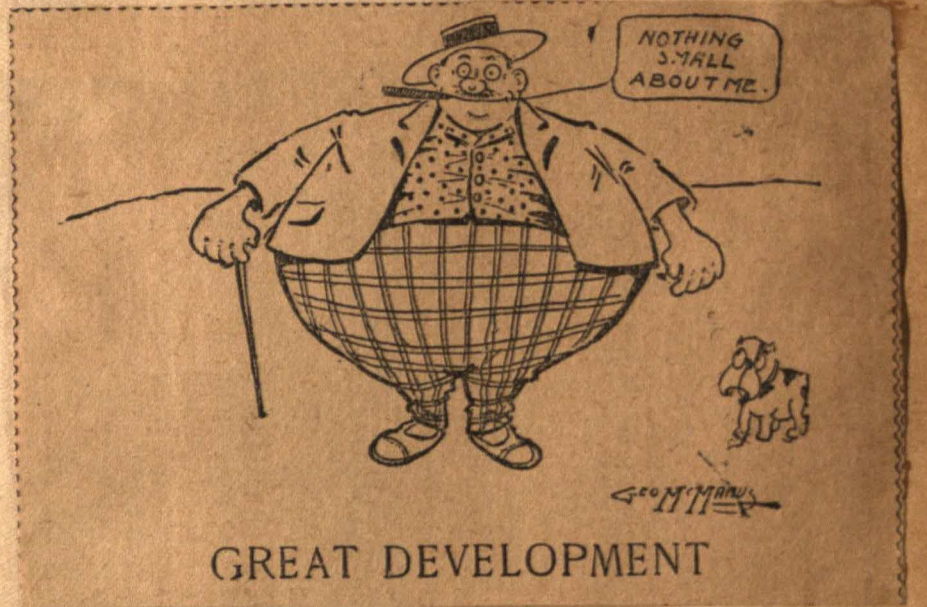
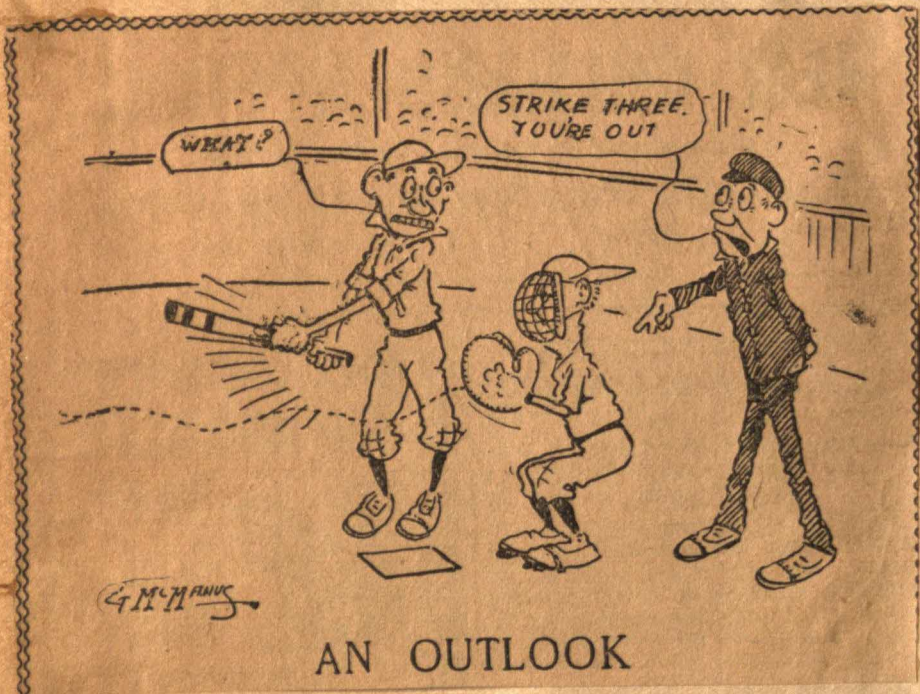
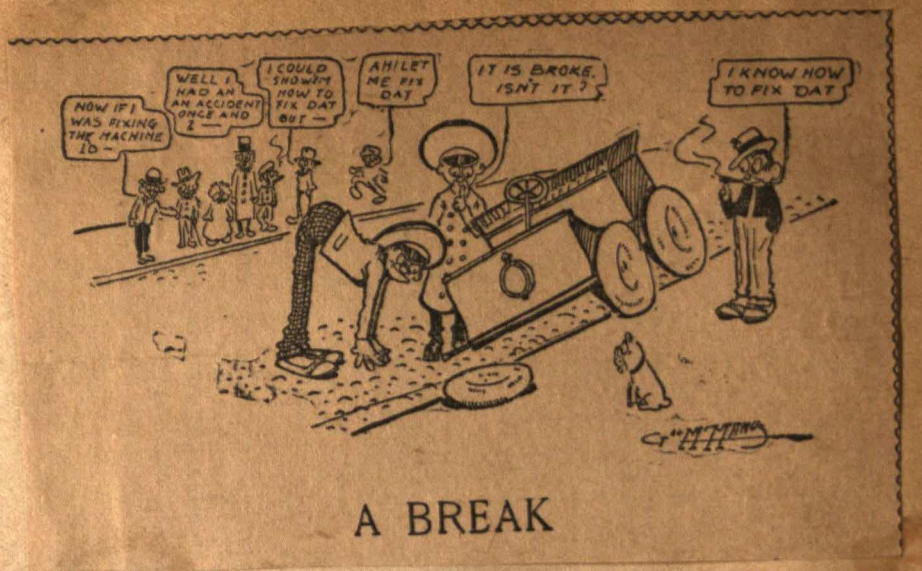
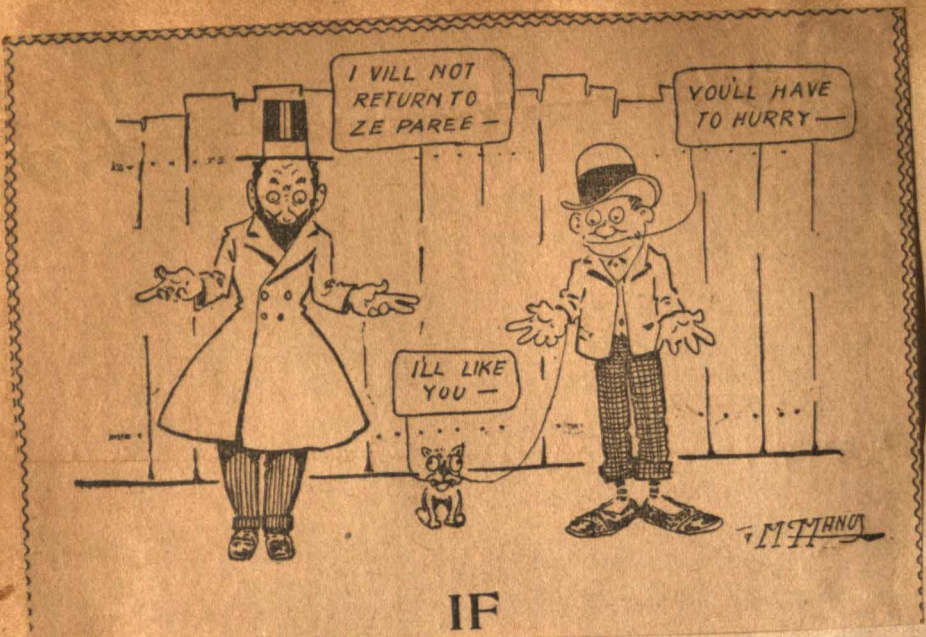
YOU BOYS HAVE BEEN PLAYING FOOT BALL.



CONVINCING EVIDENCE

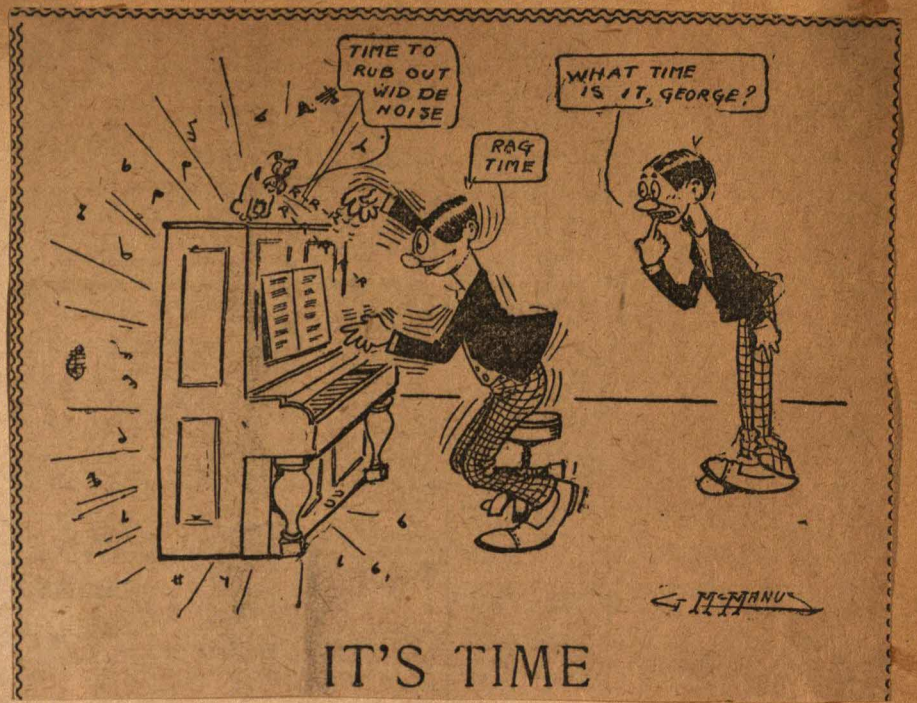


AN UNCERTAIN OPENING

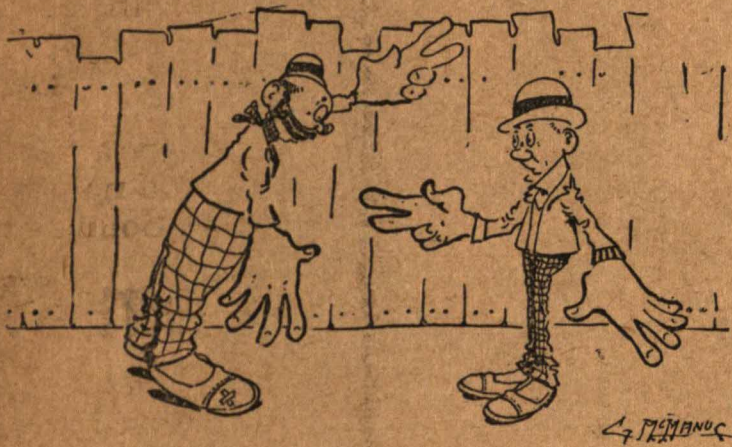




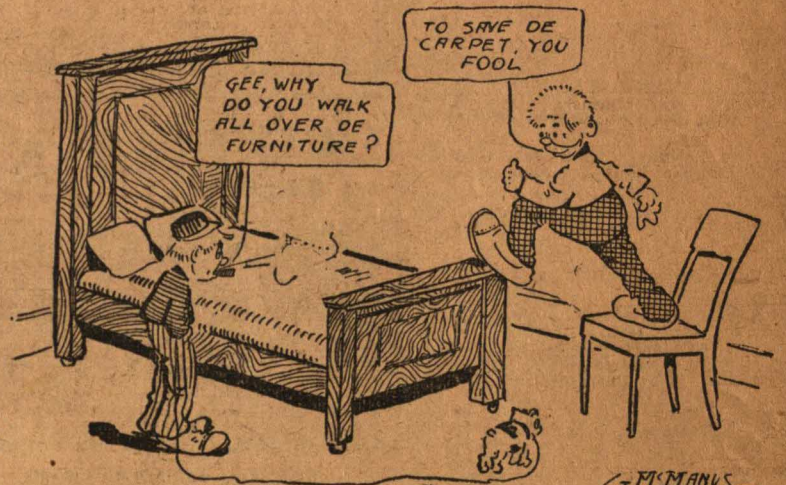
A FULL STOCKING



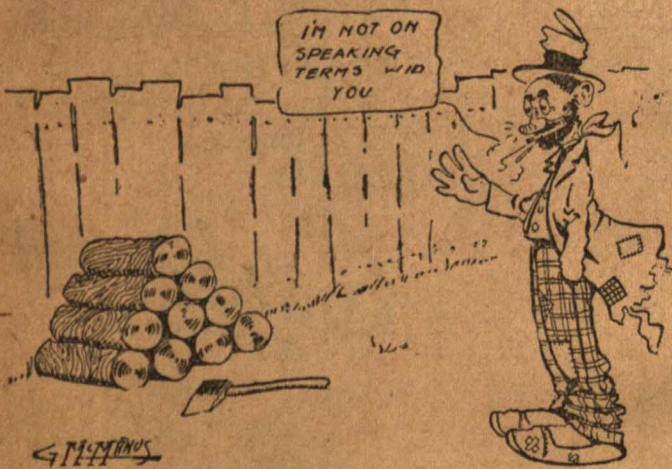
IT'S TIME



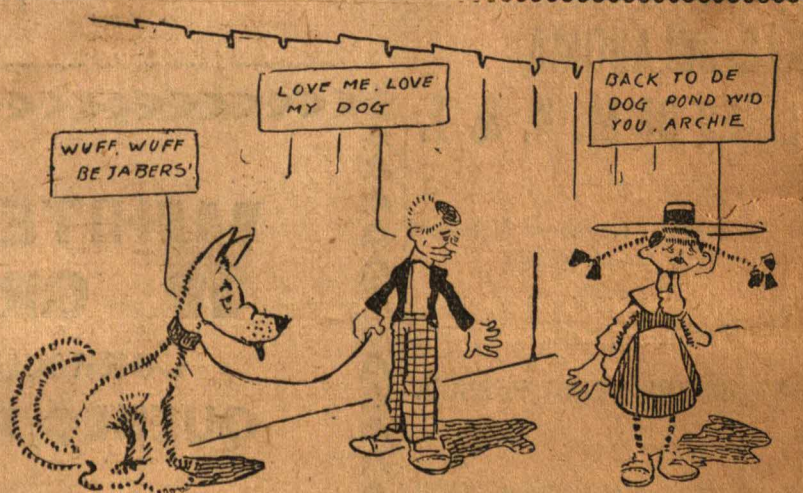
HANDY MEN



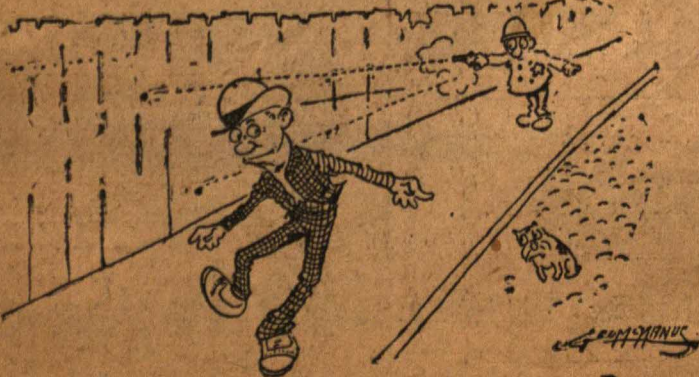
FOOLISH ECONOMY



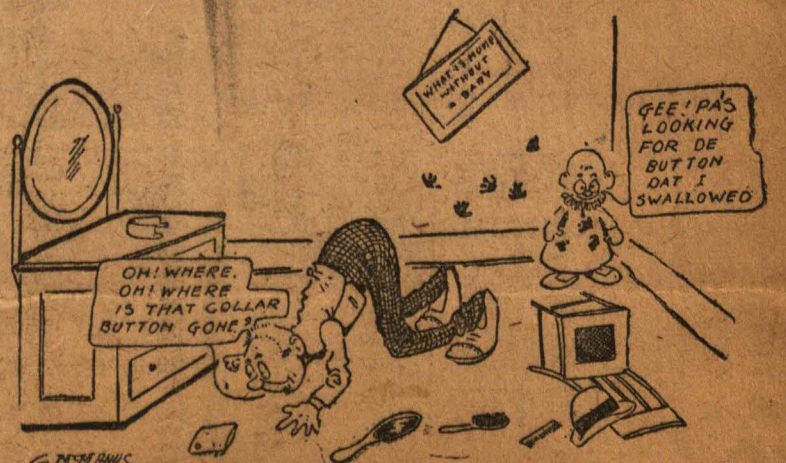
STRANGERS



COMPANIONS



THE DODGER



SEARCH

A
LAZY
LAD
MINUS
A
JOB



IF
YOU
ARE
SHORT



A
Good
Way
To
Check



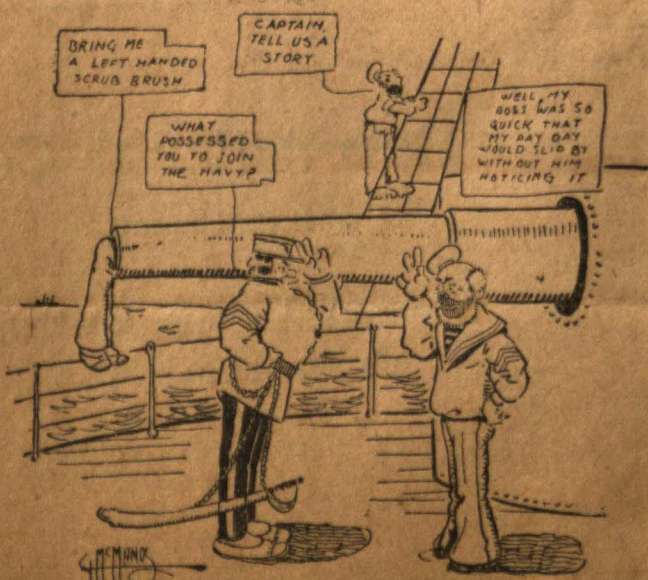
When
You've
Got
To
Leave
Home



IF
THE
MEAL
IS
LATE



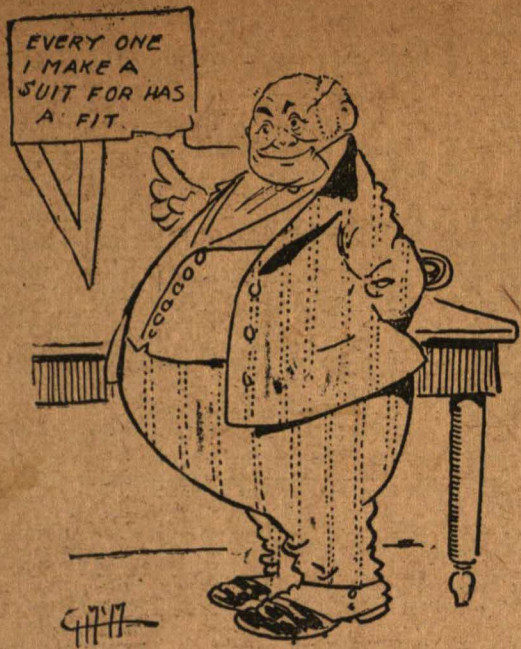
The
Pace
Set
By
The
Boss



When
An
Error
Is
Made



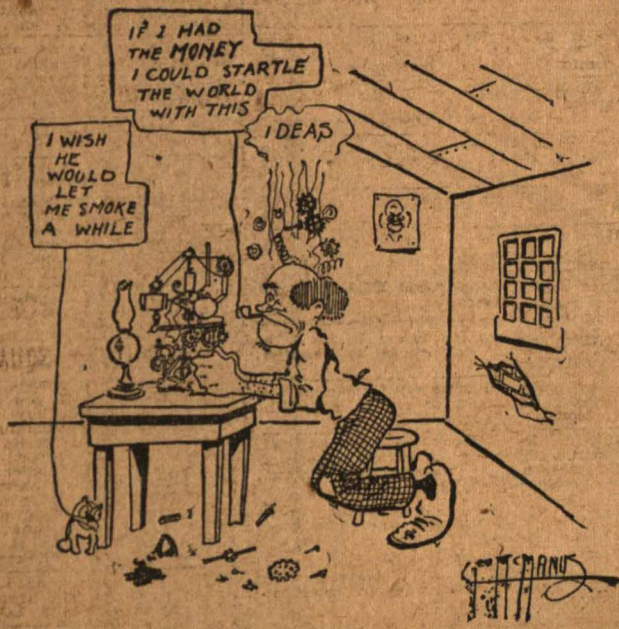
An
All-
Round
Good
Tailor



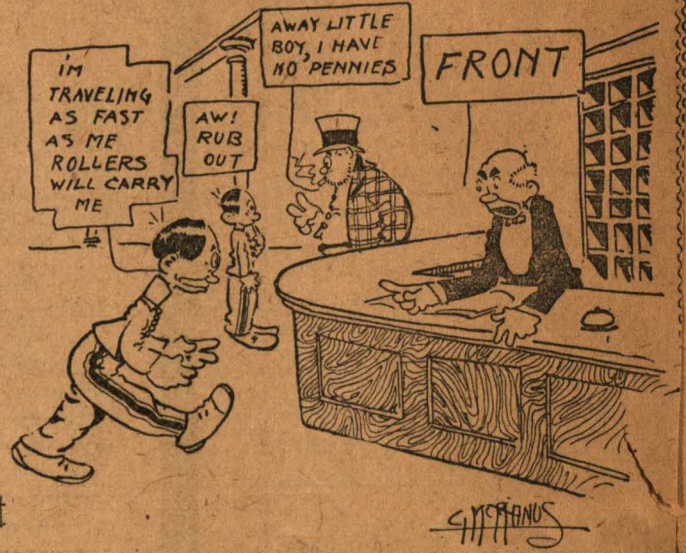
When
A Man
Makes
Up
His
Mind



A
Man
With
a
Patent



The
Boy
Who
Is
Coming
To
The Front



A
DE-
JECTED
YOUNG
MAN



A
Little
Pluck
and
More
Patience



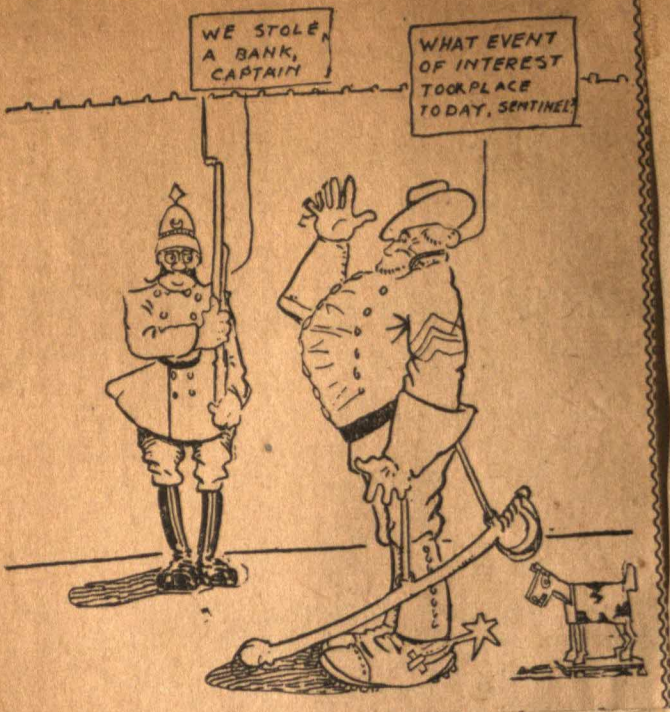
A
GIRL
WHO
KNOWS



When
A
Man
Comes
And
Knocks



WHEN
GREAT
INTEREST
IS
TAKEN



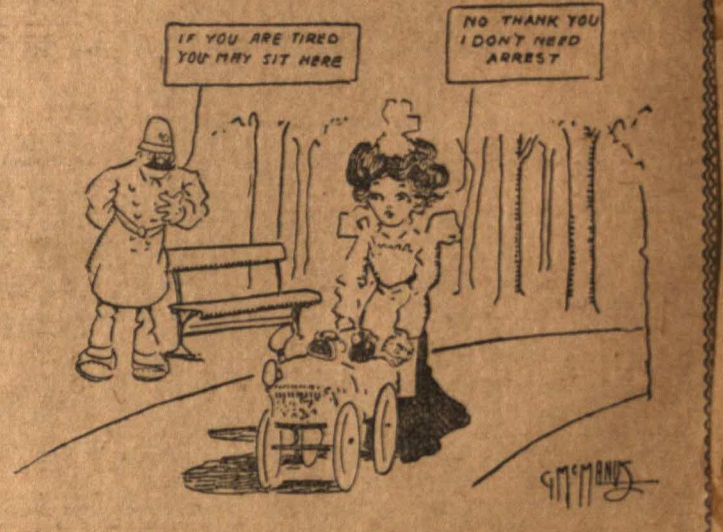
It's
A
Case
Of
Doing



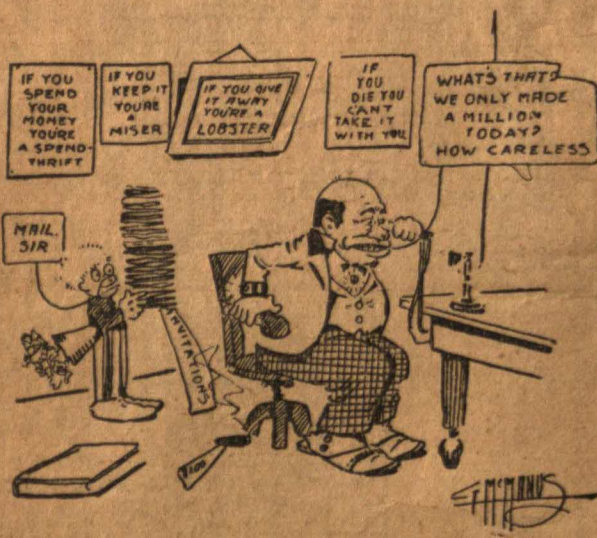
A
MAN
WHO
HAS
A SNAP



A
Clever
Little
Nurse



A Man
Who Is
Not Satisfied



A
BUSY
YOUNG
MAN



When
in
Need
of
Board



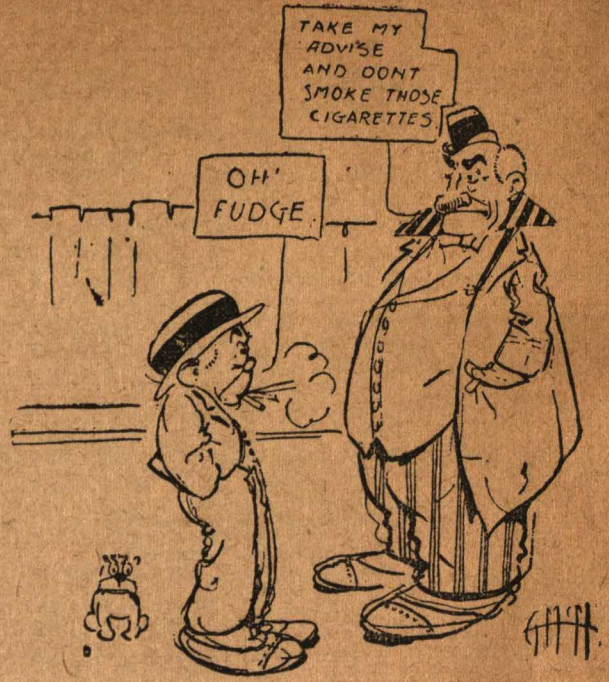
A
PRECISE
LITTLE
LADY



A
Man
Who
Wants
an
Elevator



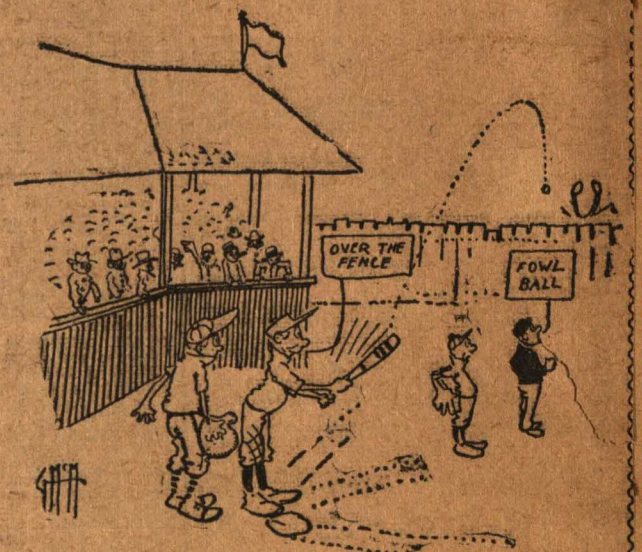
A
WORD
TO
THE
WISE



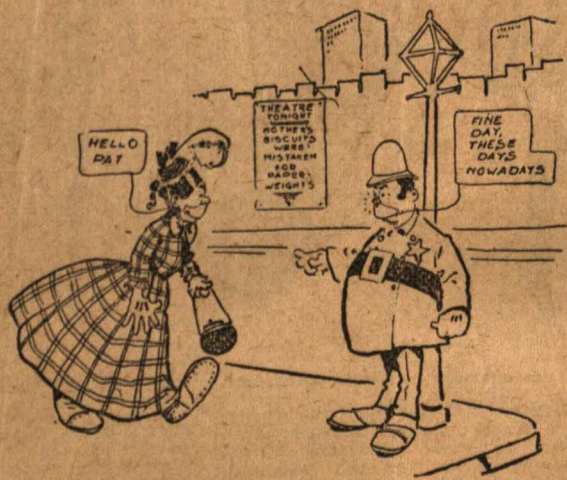
A
MAN
WITH
EXTRA
ROOM



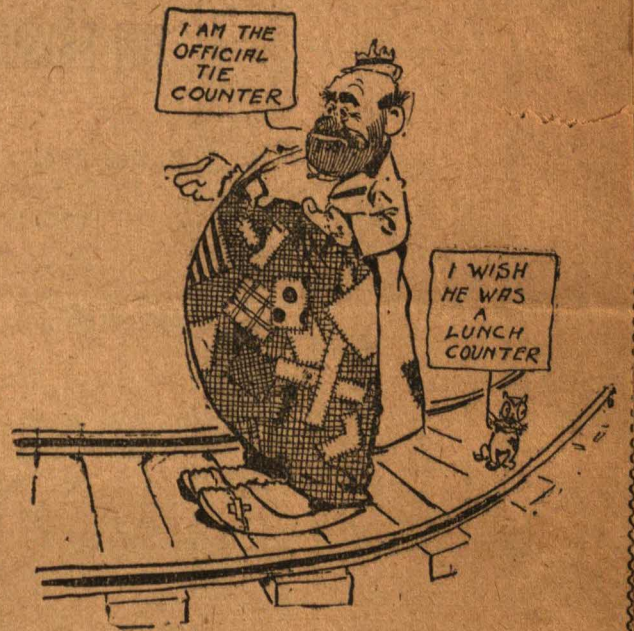
When
You
Lose
A
Fowl



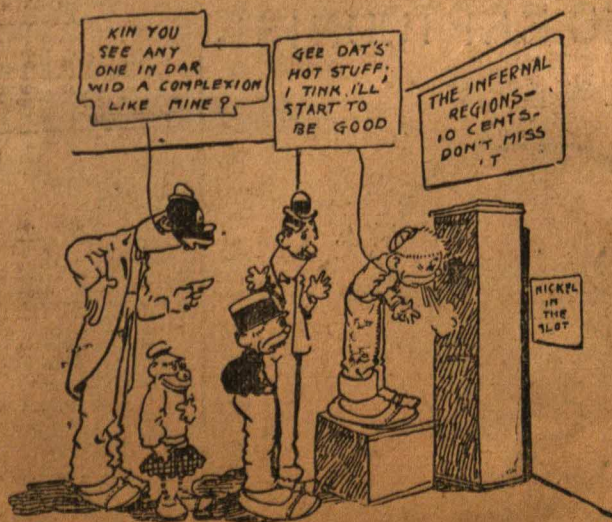
WHEN
YOUR
GIRL
GOES
OUT



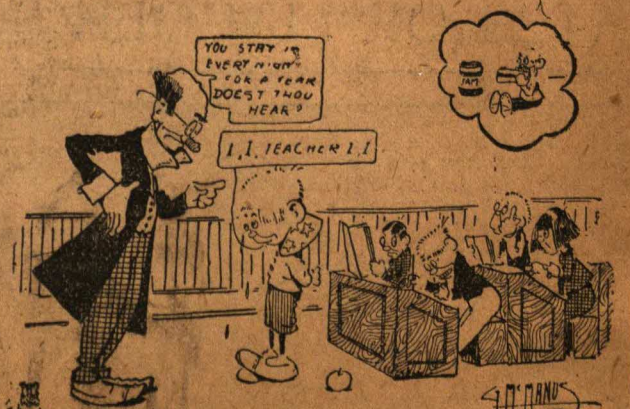
THE
MAN
WHO
COUNTS



Taking
A Peep
Into
The
Future

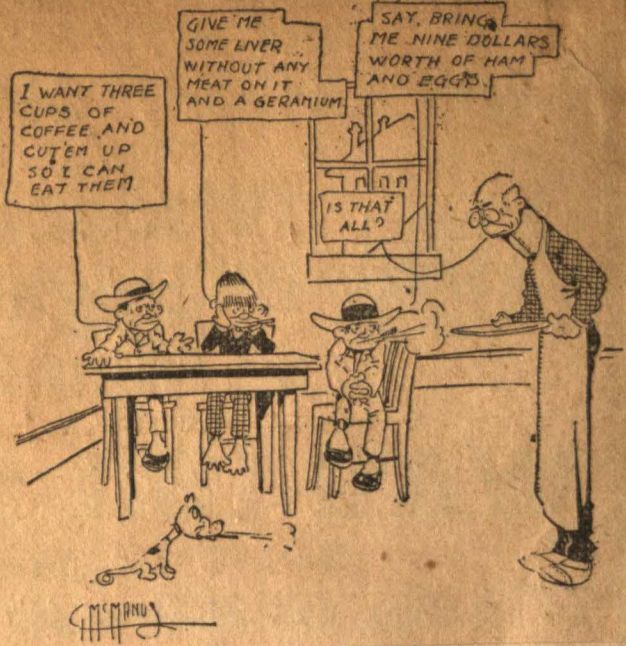


WHEN
I
WAS
A
LAD



I SERVED A TERM

BOYS
WHO
KNOW
HOW
TO
FEED



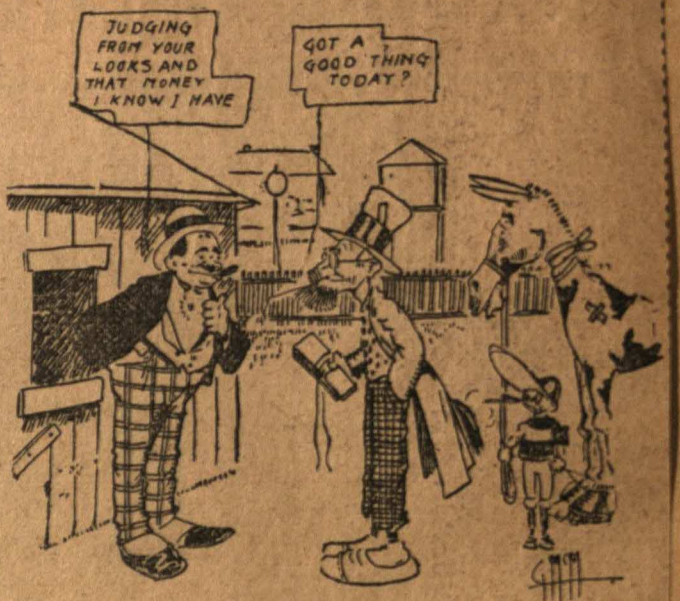
THE
WAY
TO
GET
ALONG



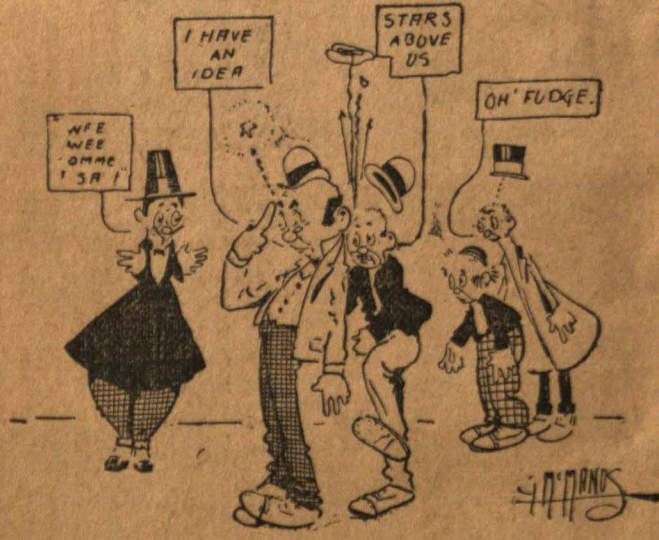
IT'S
AN
EASY
THING
TO
DO



THE
BEST
THING
IN THE
FIELD



IF
YOU
STOP
TO
THINK



A
GOOD
MAN
AT
CLUB
WORK



A
BIG
FOL-
LOWING



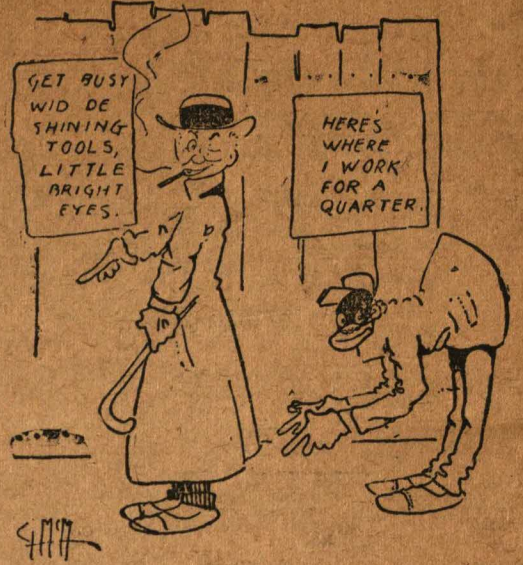
A
Smart
Young
Girl



A
Man
Who
Has
A
Nice
Lot



A
Porter
Who
Works
Hard

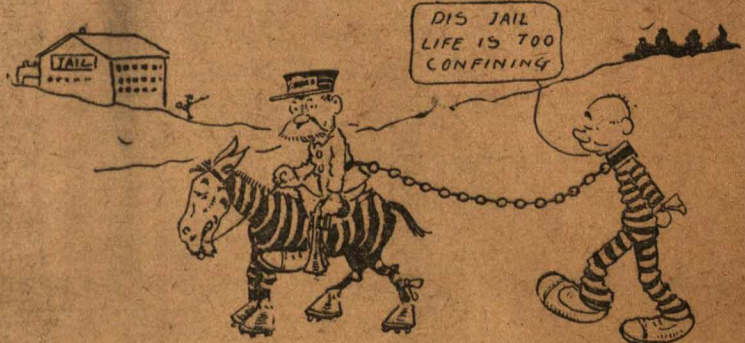


A
Glance
Back-
ward

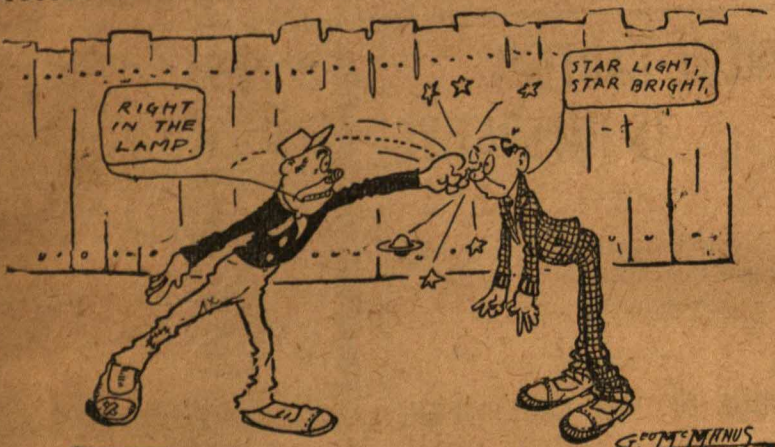
A
PLODDER
PLODS
ALONG



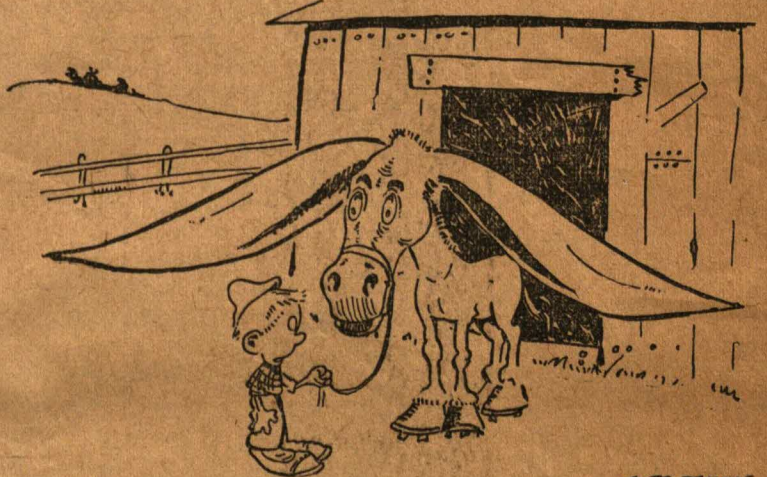
COVERING GROUND



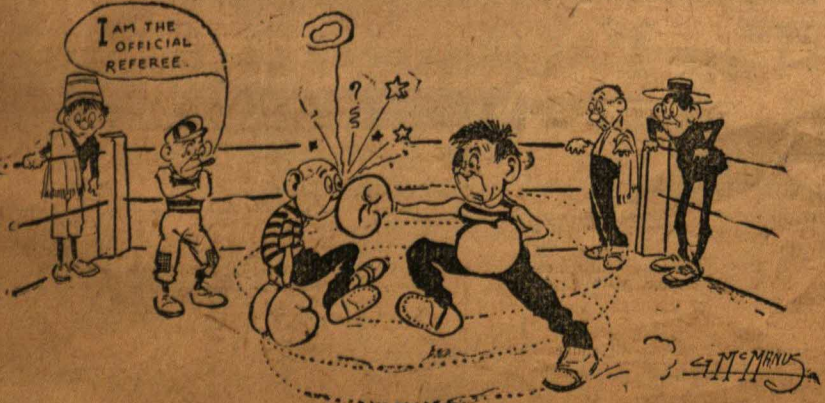
OVER THE ROAD



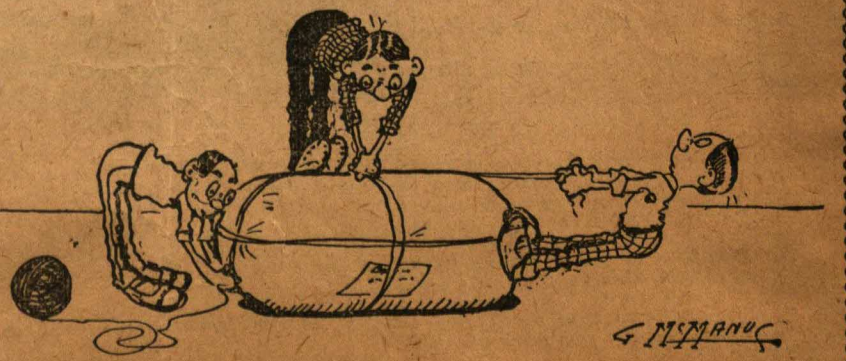
A BOX



ALL EARS



GOING A-ROUND



BUNDLE WRAPPERS

A

Power-

fully

Big

Merger



Boys

Who

Work

Hard

And

Draw

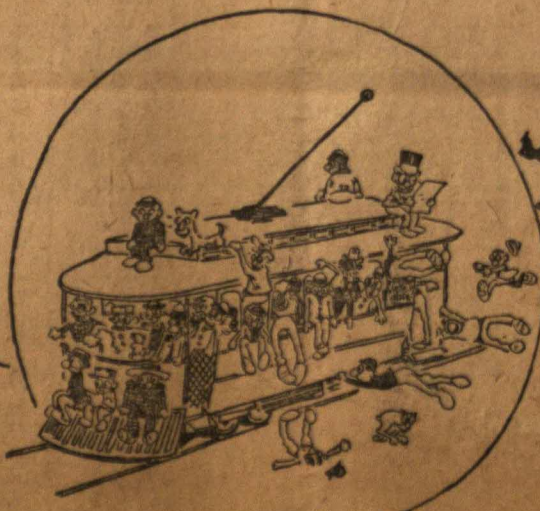


WHEN

A

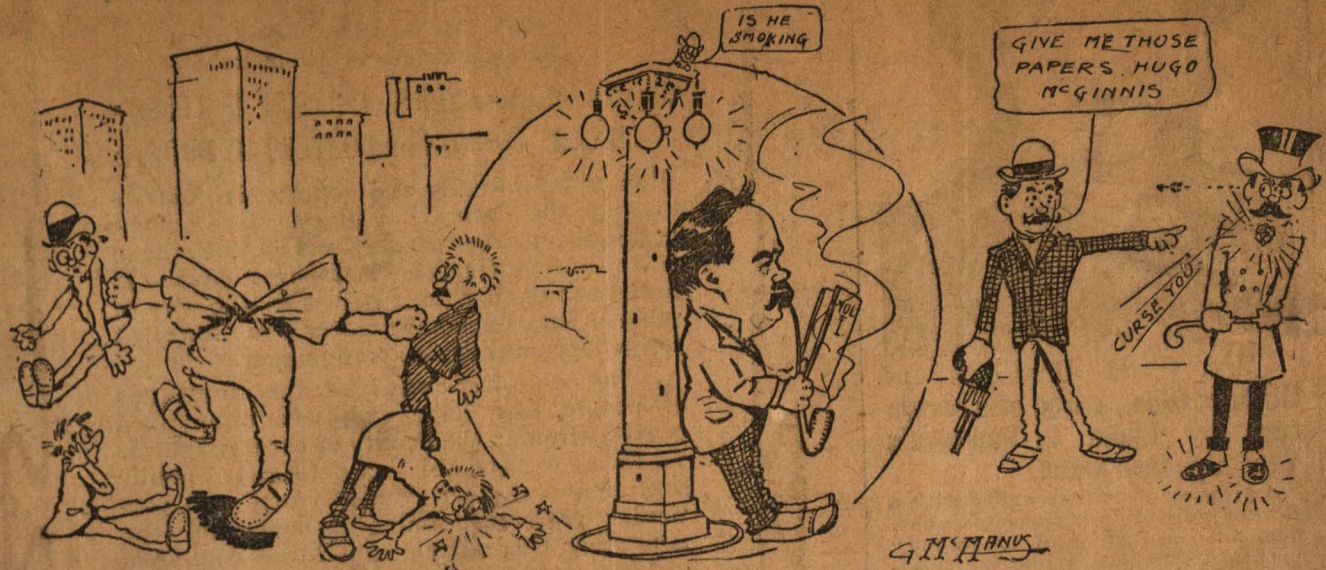
SHAKE-UP

OCCURS



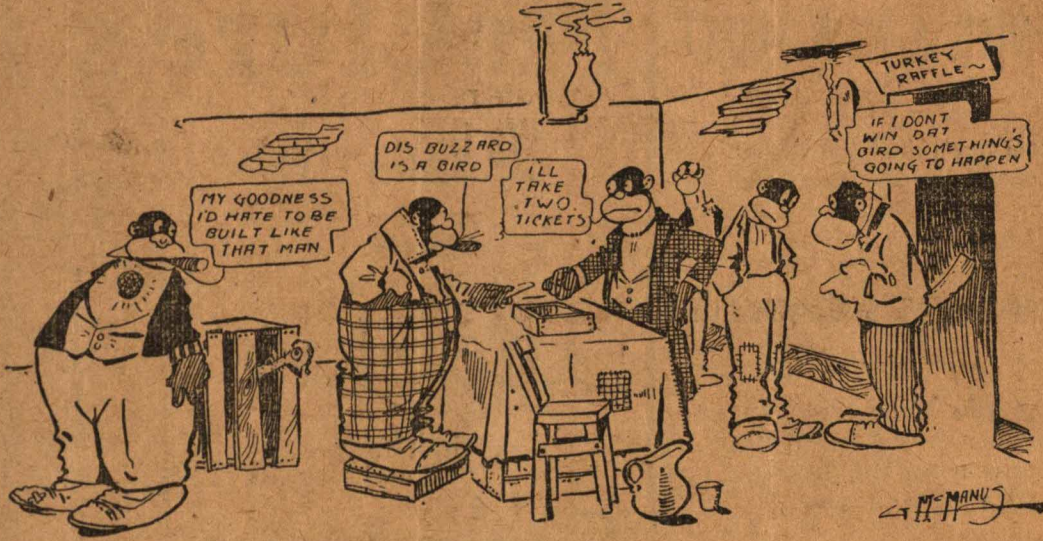
A HEAVY LOAD

ADVANCE THOUGHTS FROM JULIUS LEHMAN'S BOOK ON BOODLING.

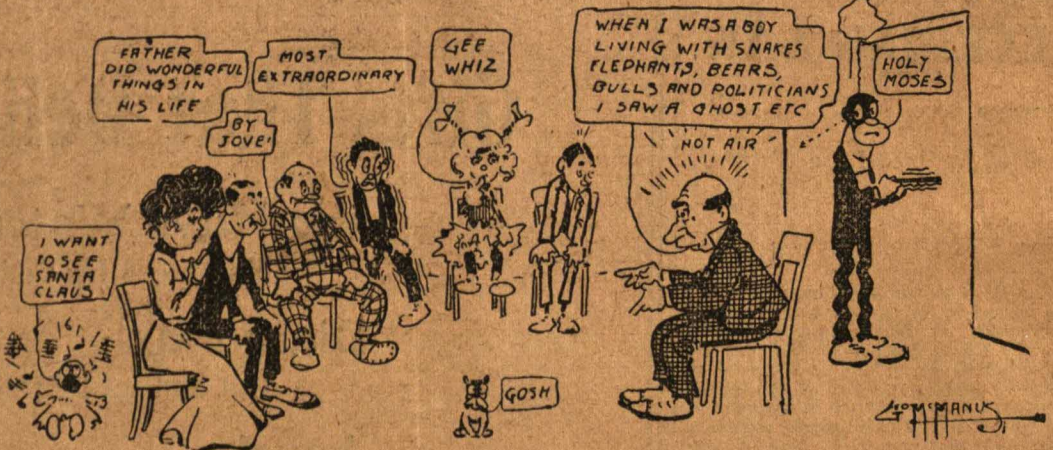


"I expect to strike right and left." "I will tell how I put the lights on the water tower." "There'll be no hero."

If
You
Are
Willing
To
Take
Chances

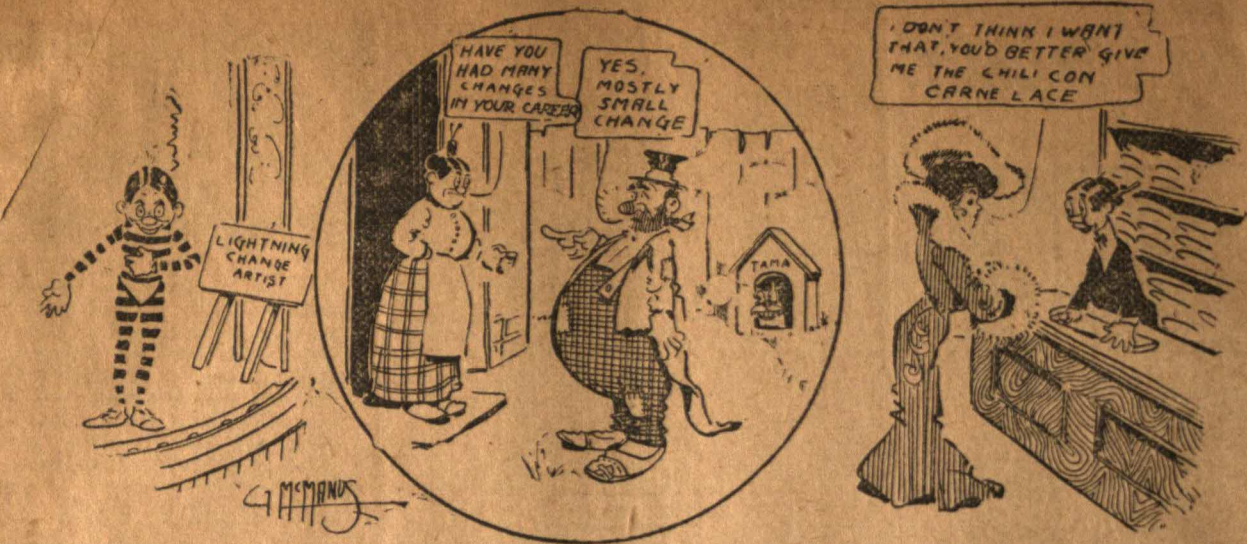


When
You
Tell a
Good
Story

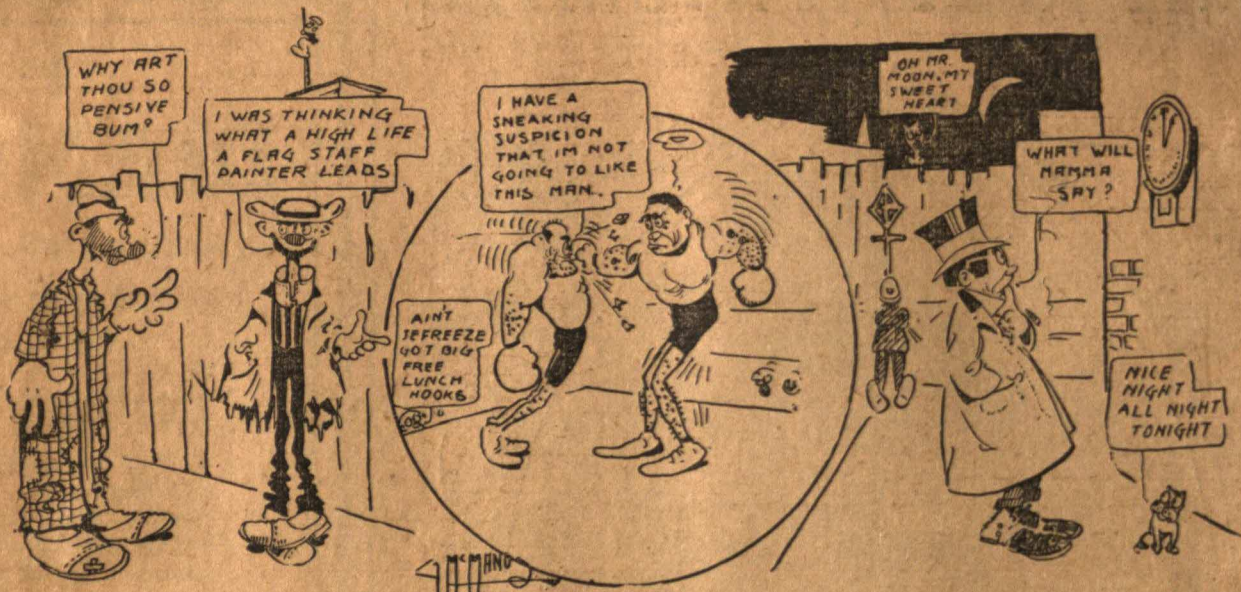


If
You
Are
Unlucky
And
LOSE

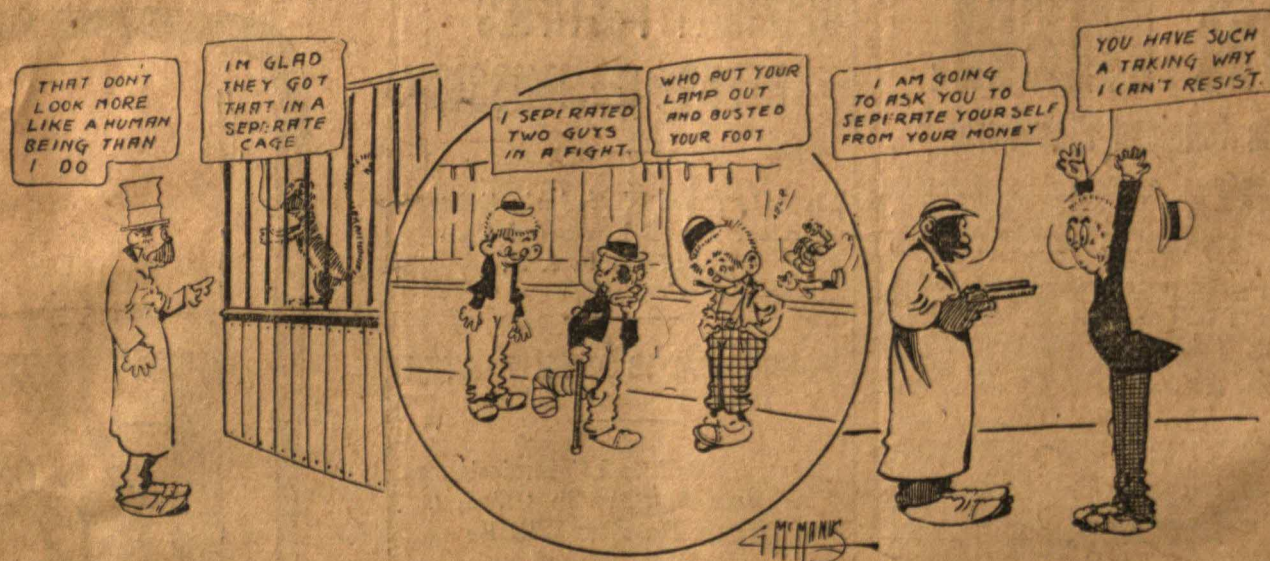




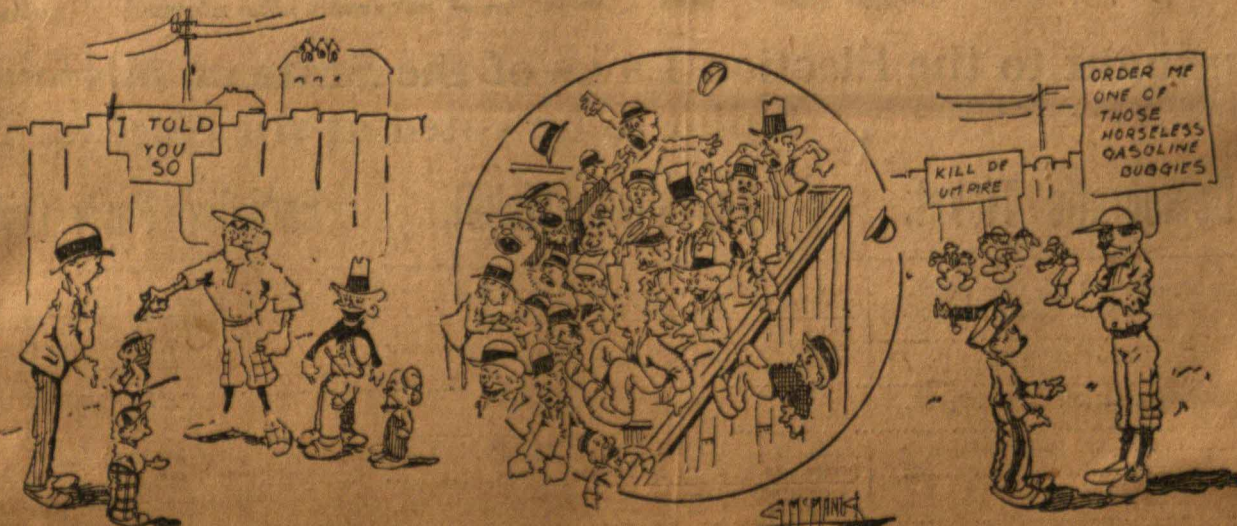
CHANGES



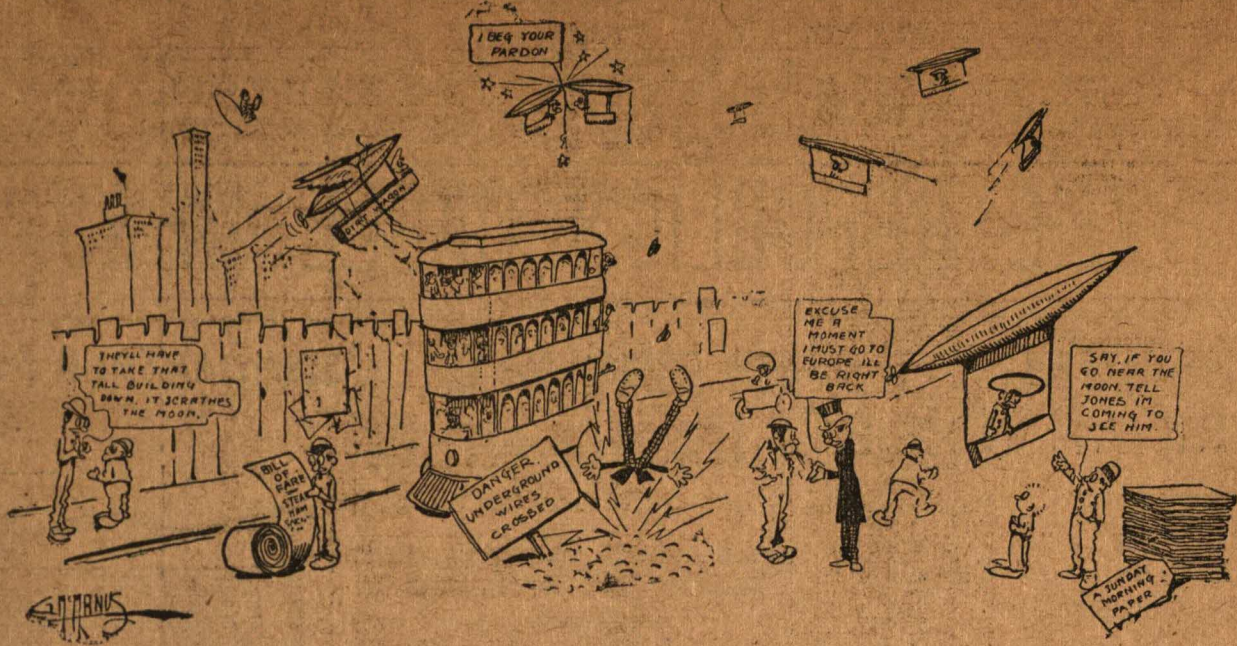
A STRENUOUS LIFE



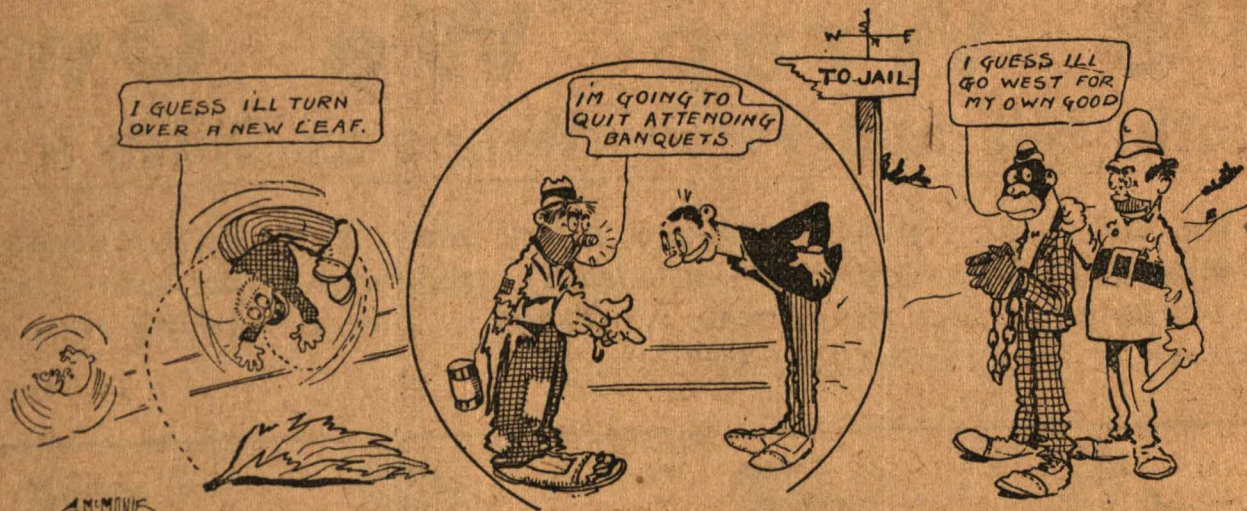
SEPARATION



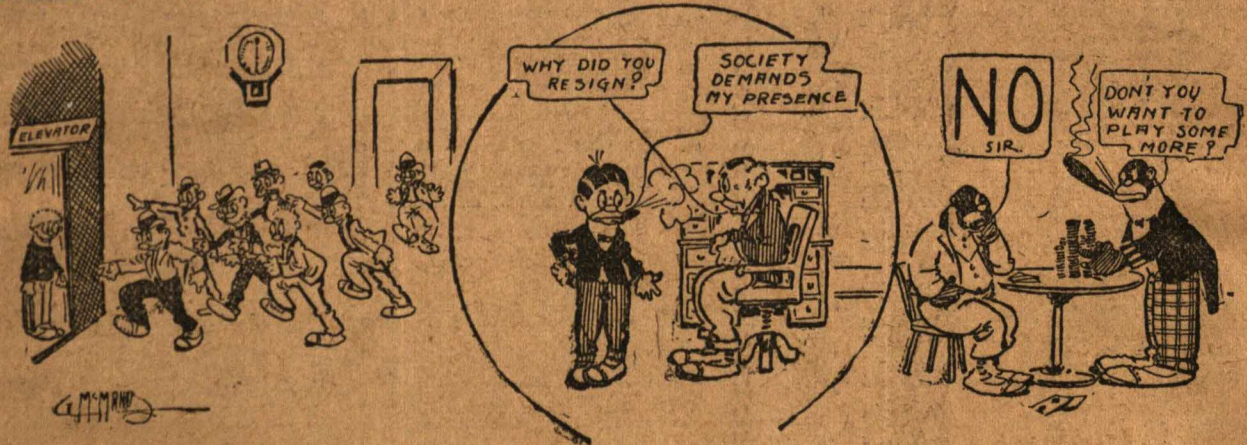
THE HOME TEAM WINS



A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE



IF YOU TURN OVER A NEW LEAF



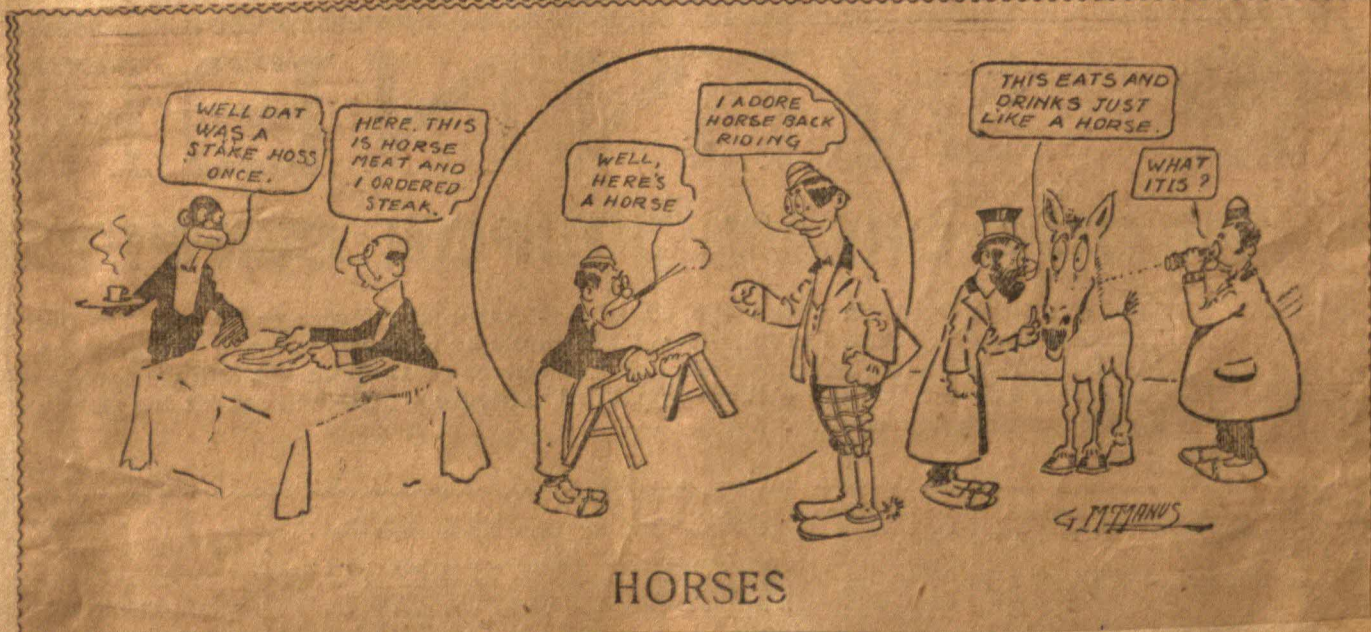
QUITTING



WHEN YOU'RE PINCHED FOR MONEY



Examining Surgeon: "Officer, your chest measurement seems a trifle abnormal."



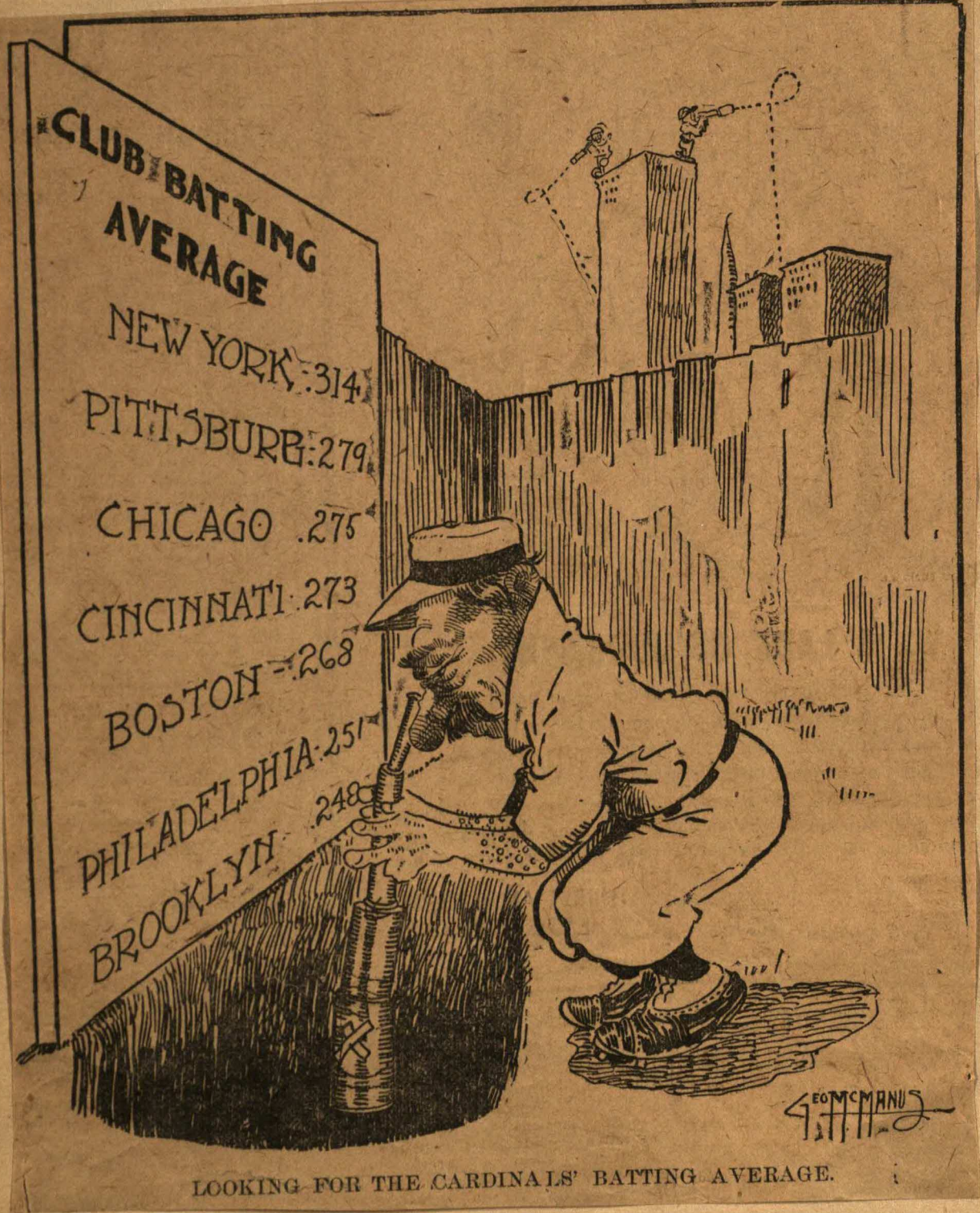
HORSES



PROBLEMS



LITTLE SLIPS



LOOKING FOR THE CARDINALS' BATTING AVERAGE.



THE
BEST
WAY
TO
SPREAD

THEATRE
TONIGHT
THE
MOTORMAN'S
CAPTURE
OR WHO
PUT THE
CAR ON
THE
TRACK
THE CARS IN
THIS SHOW
WILL RUN ON
TIME
BECAUSE
THEY HAVE
CLOCKWORKS

THE BEST WAY
TO SPREAD
ANYTHING, GET
A REDUCING PEN
AND WRITE IT.

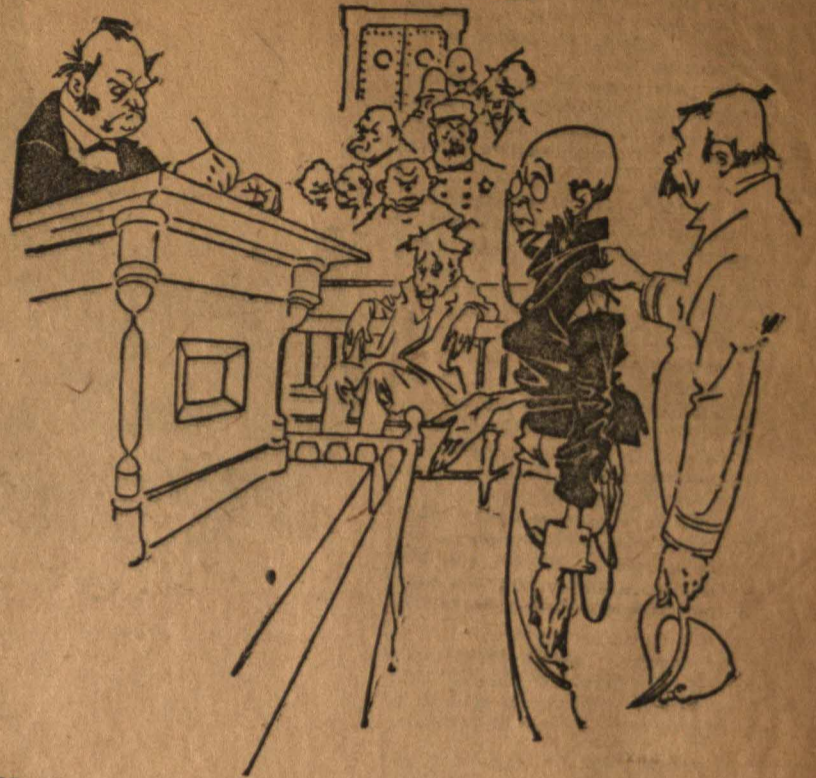
THAT'S
THE WAY WE
MILK WEEDS.

GEO MCMANUS

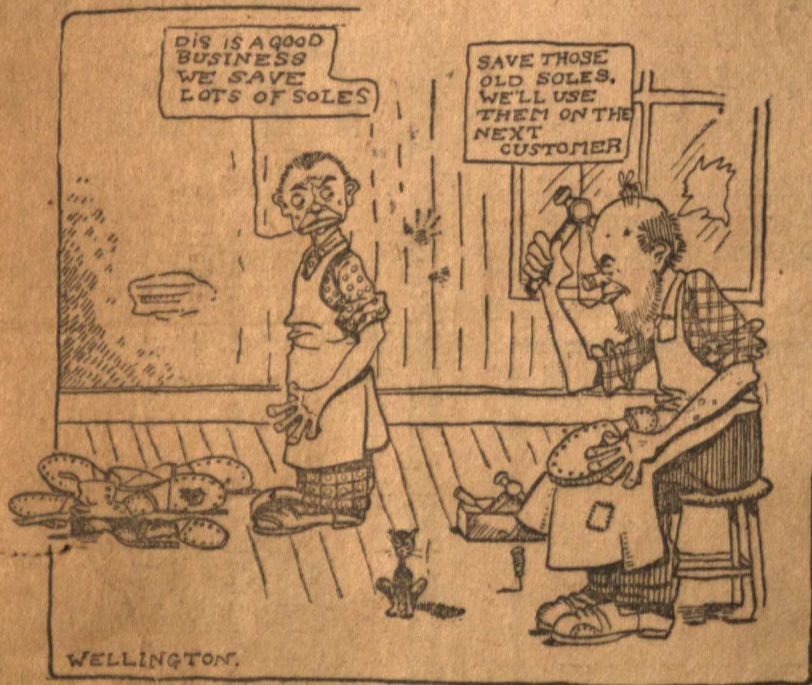


Willie Sonnet—In what magazine would you advise me to publish my poems to give them the highest position?
 Editor—The powder magazine.

GOOD REASONS.



Magistrate—Why did you assault this man?
 Prisoner—Well, Your Honor, he first inquired if it "was hot enough for me," and then he asked me "how would I like to be the iceman?"
 Magistrate—Discharged.



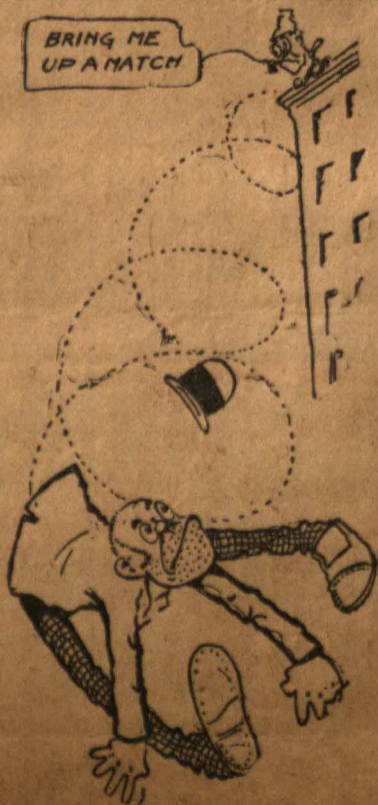
WELLINGTON.

GOOD BUSINESS



"Wie gehtski?" says der Roosian dipplemat to der French dipplemat.
 "Vell, simlich," says der French dipplemat.

A
 DOWN-
 WARD
 TEN-
 DENCY



A man in pollytics has got to be marrid. If he ain't marrid, where'll he go f'r another kind iv trouble?

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

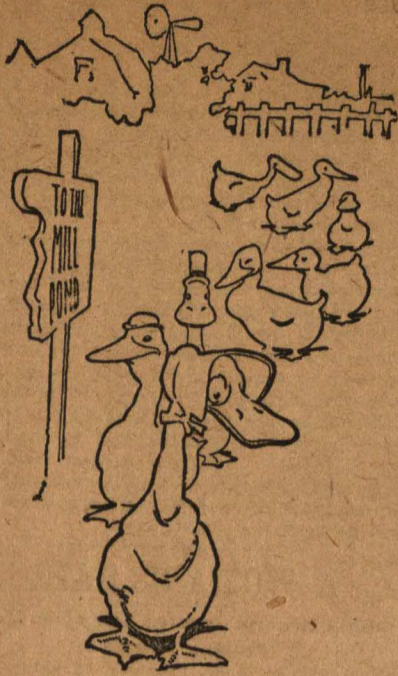
What the market report seemed to mean.



Corn took an early dip.



Rye was hard to move.



Ducks were slow.



Old Fowls were weak.

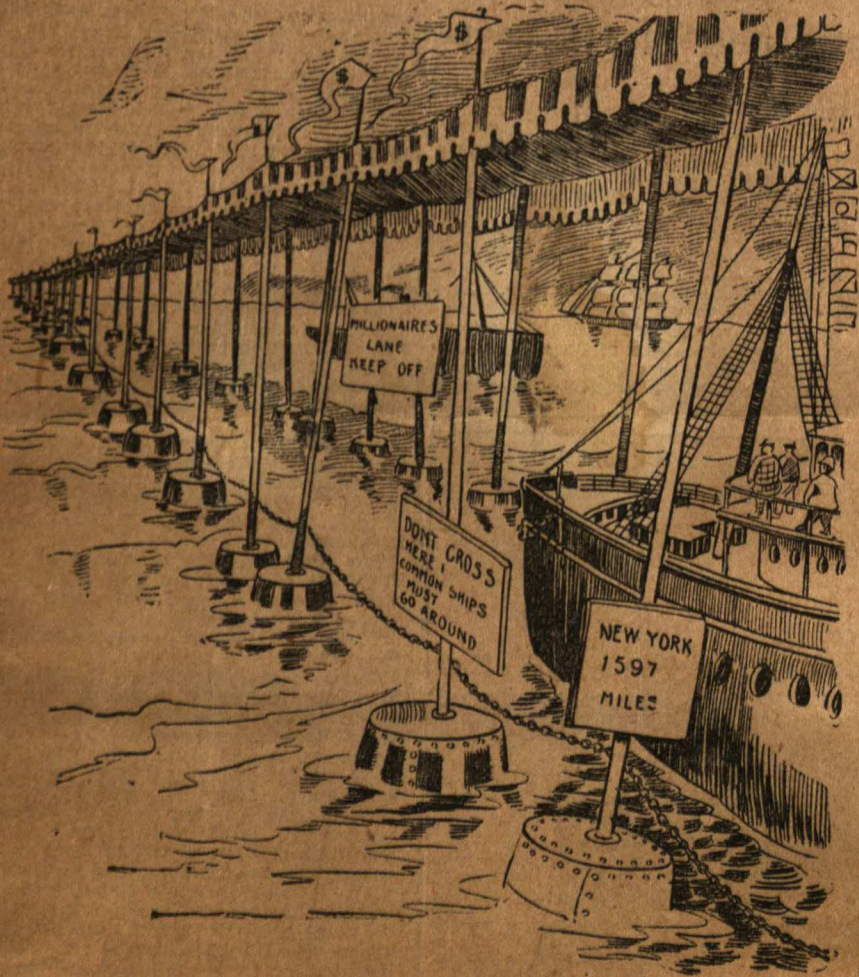


Cucumbers were easy.

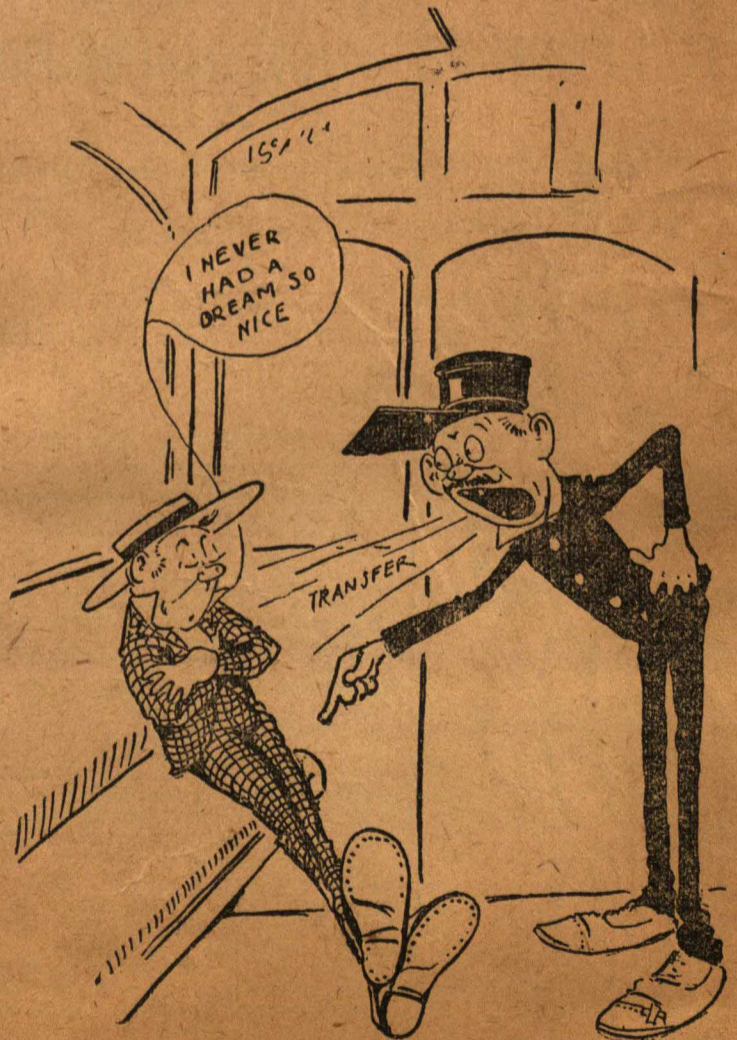


Crabs were active.

FUTURE OCEAN SCENE.

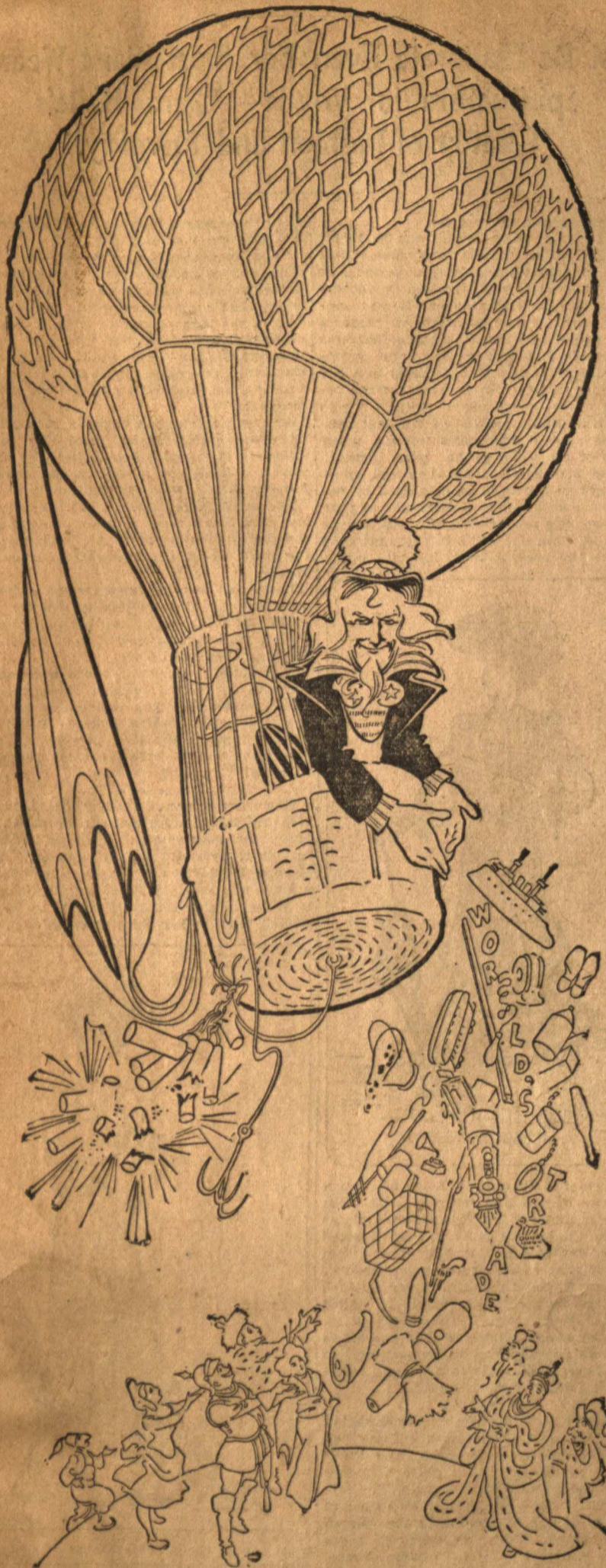


When the trust multimillionaires have their own private trans-Atlantic route.

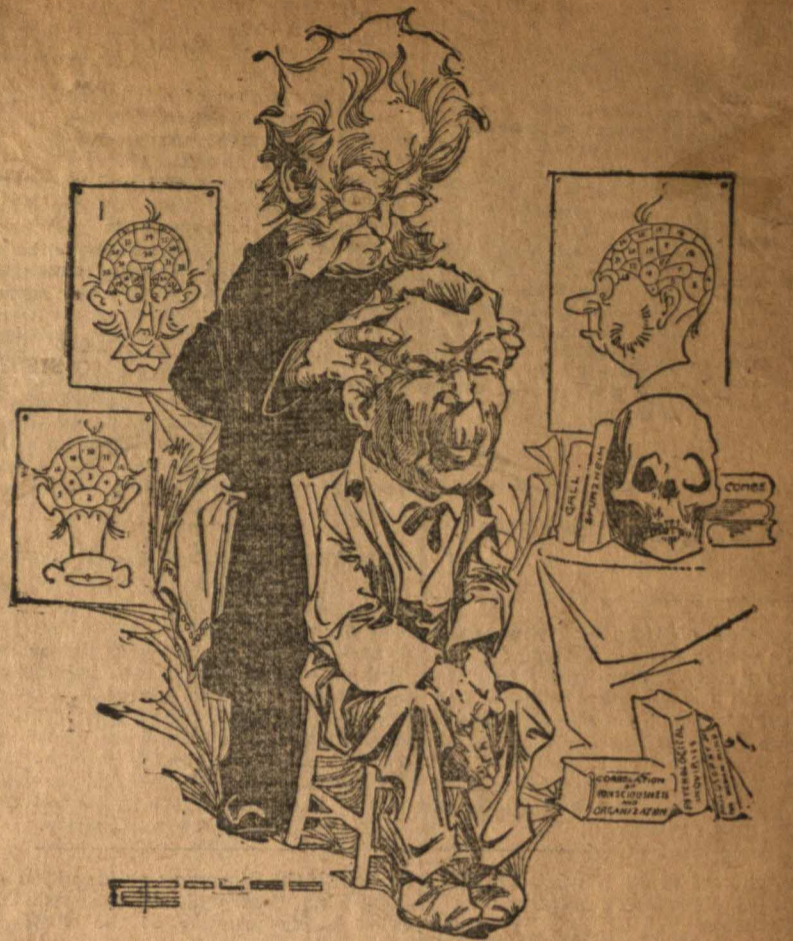


TRANSFER

BALLAST.



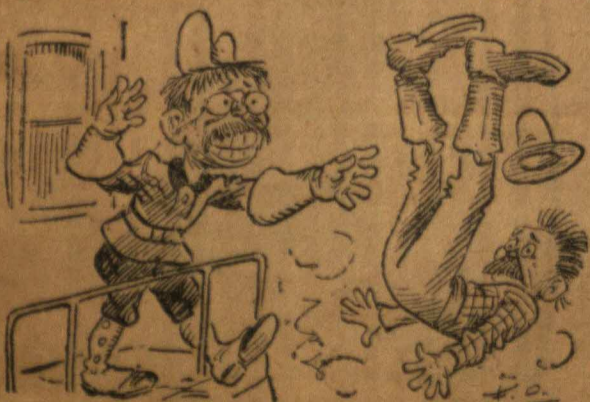
UNCLE SAM'S FOURTH OF JULY ASCENSION.



ABNORMAL DESTRUCTIVENESS.
Phrenologist—"Your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier
or a pugilist?"
Subject—"Neither. I'm a furniture mover."



"What are you doing old chap?"
"Writing a poem on spring."
"But it isn't spring yet."
"No; but it will be before I sell it."

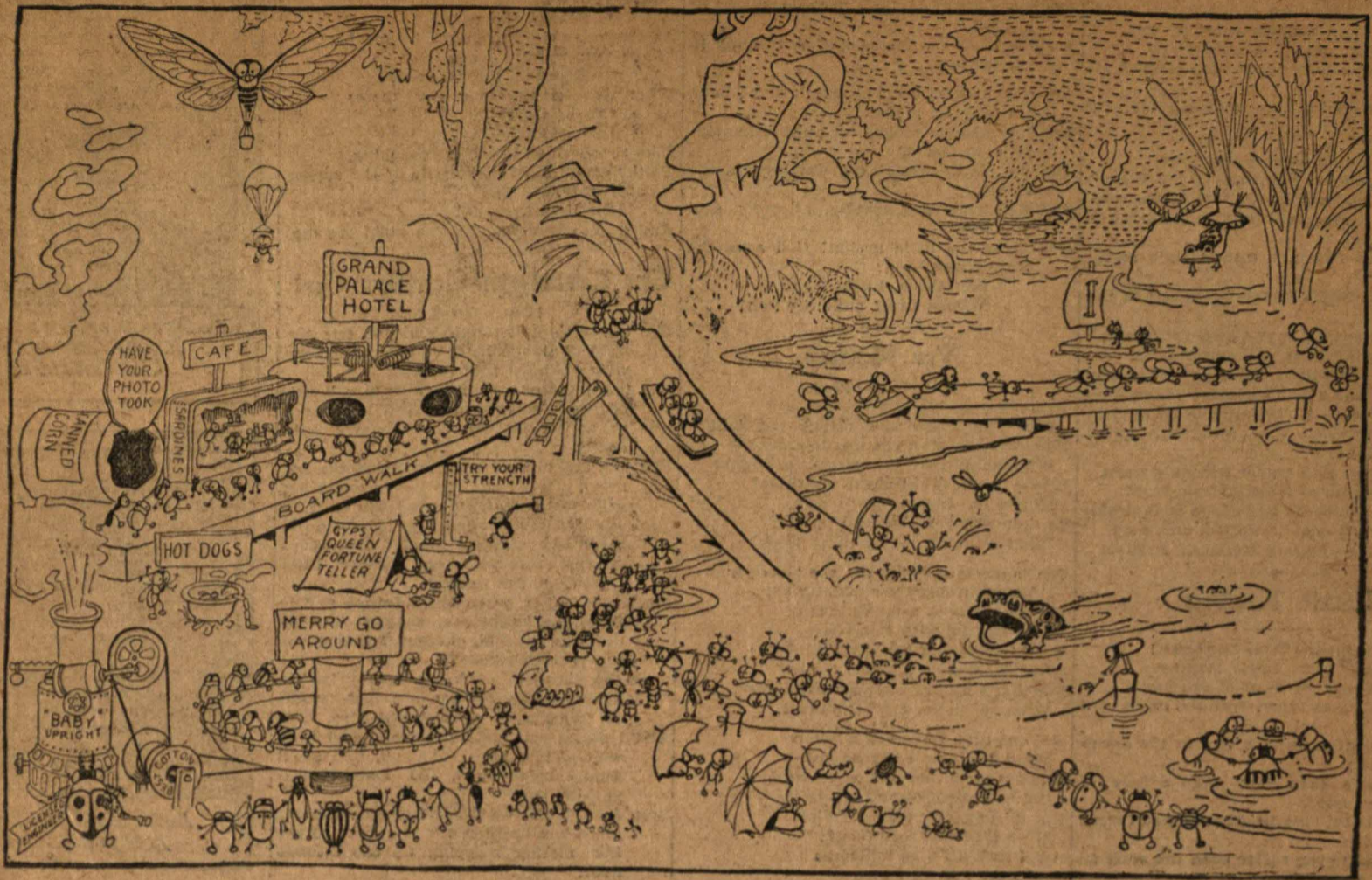


"Th' gallant leader hurlin' fr'm th' thrain Mike
O'Leary, in shaft eight, amid th' good-natured laughter
in th' crowd.



"Vell, Mike," I set, "I dink der shirt-vaist has come to stay."

ANTIC CITY.



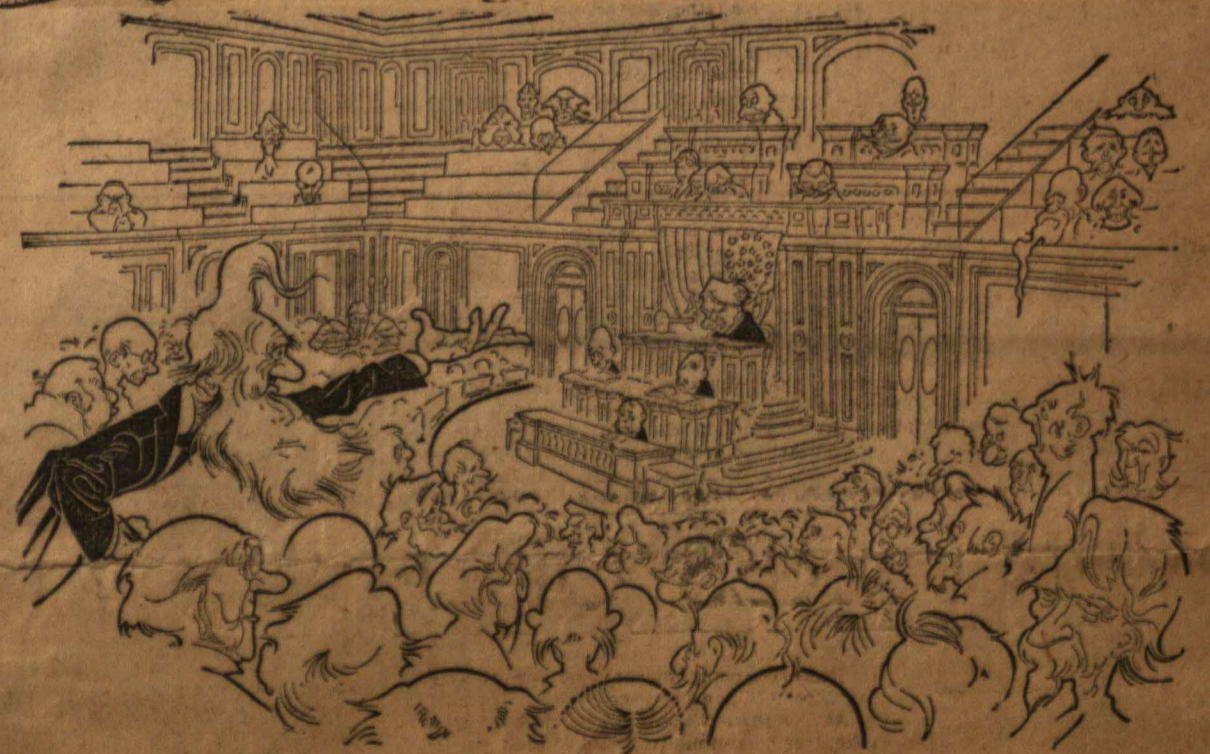
The Summer Resort of the Bug Elite.



Schoolmaster—Now, Muggins minor, what were the thoughts that passed through Sir Isaac Newton's mind when the apple fell on his head?
Muggins—I 'xpects he wuz awful glad it warn't a brick.



NOTED
HUMORISTS
No. 1
MARK
TWAIN



Congressman Wood B. Upright—Gentlemen, I have been offered five thousand dollars to vote for this resolution.
A Colleague—Well, great Scott, how much more do you want?



At Easter Time

Mondeau

At Eastertime, with radiance rare,
In all her glory, faultless, fair,
On promenade the maid appears
No traces left of lenten tears,
An object gay and debonaire.

He knows how much this whole affair
Makes doubly sure the subtle snare;
He is not jealous, has no fear
That he will lose her love, the dear,
The bills are what makes Papa swear,
At Eastertime.

His heart is dizzy with despair,
That stylish hat, those violets dare
To nod their heads and domineer,
At Eastertime.

Herbert Mayes.

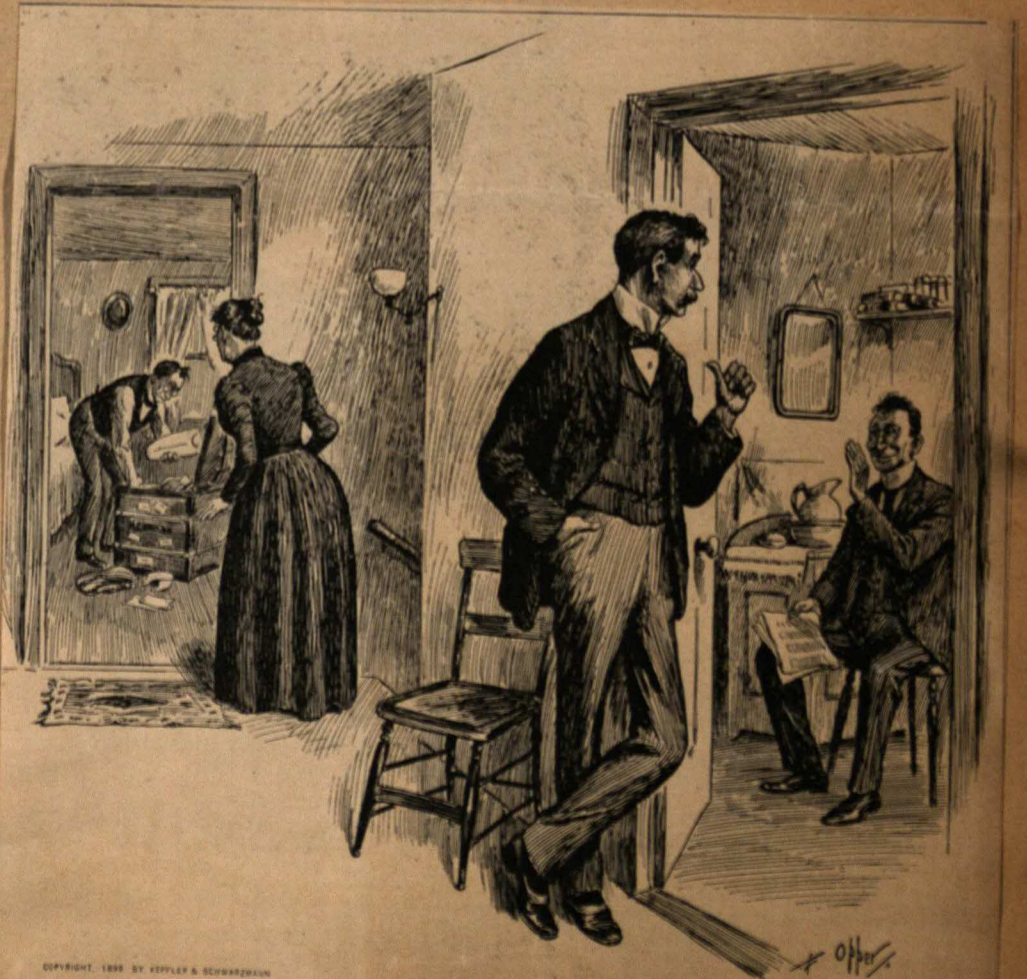


GETTING IN EARLY

WILLIE AND HIS PAPA.



"Yes, Willie, nurse has to suppress Teddy when his rich uncle is visiting us. He says too many foolish things."—New York Evening Journal.



IN OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

WAYBACK.—What is Slopay packing up his trunk for? Is he going to leave?
FASTERGROUND.—Oh! no; he's only trying to bluff the landlady into thinking that he's got money enough to leave if he wanted to.



SPORTS OF THE WEEK AS VIEWED BY CARTOONIST BRIGGS.

RECOGNITION IN
THE HOME TOWN

© 1938 N.Y. TRIBUNE, INC.



NON-SUITED TO EACH OTHER.

LAWYER.— Upon what grounds do you wish to sue for divorce?

CLIENT.— Incompatibility of temperament! He writes poetry, and I like to eat occasionally.



LOOKING FORWARD.

GRANDMA JACKSON.— Does de bible say dat dar will be no marry-in' in heaven, Pahson?

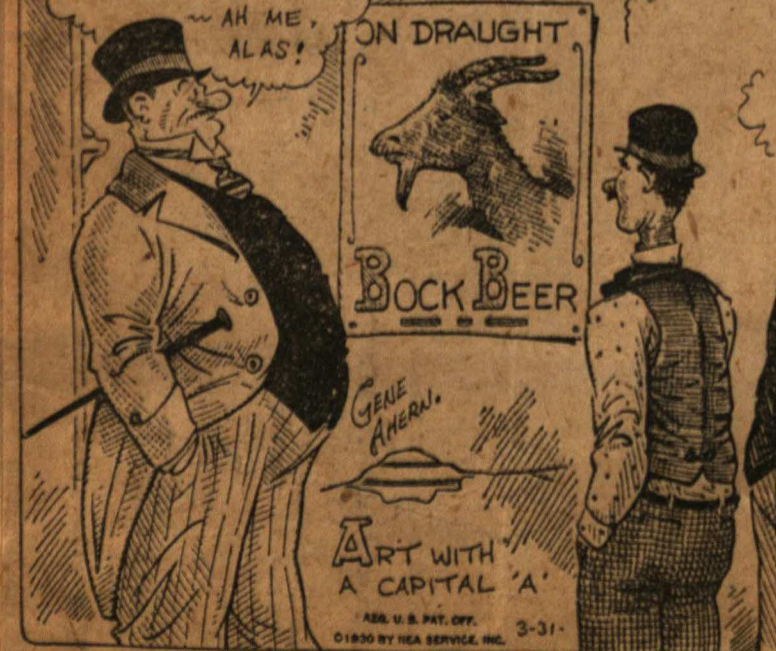
PARSON JOHNSON.— It suttinly does, sistah Jackson!

GRANDMA JACKSON.— Den, Pahson, I must seriously doubt de authenticity ob de bible; fo' a fortune teller done tole me on'y las' week dat I'd hab foah husbands. I 'se on'y had free, so far, an' I suttinly don't see how I 'se gwine t' gait de foah 'less I gait him in heaven!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

EGAD, BOYS— I'AM DONATING THAT MASTERPIECE TO OUR DEAR OWL'S CLUB FOR PERMANENT EXHIBITION!— WE WILL TAKE UP A COLLECTION TO HAVE IT FRAMED IN DIGNIFIED GOLD!— VERILY, IT RANKS WITH THE CANVASES OF THE OLD MASTERS, AS A WORK OF ART!

I'LL HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO LOOK AT IT AND NOT THINK!— IT MAKES MY THROAT FEEL LIKE TH' EXHAUST PIPE OF A MOTORCYCLE!





"I ain't saying prohibition's here to stay, but the saloon will never come back."



"That makes twice I've been pinched this year—once speeding and this time for parking in a driveway."

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN




onder What a Candidate for the Third Degree Thinks About?

-By Briggs

<p>WELL THIS TIME TOMORROW IT'LL BE OVER. WONDER WHAT THEY'LL DO TO ME - GOSH HOW I DREAD IT</p> 	<p>I SUPPOSE THEY'LL GIVE ME THE WHOLE WORKS OF COURSE THEY DAREN'T KILL ME. BUT</p> 	<p>I'VE HEARD WHERE FELLOWS HAVE BEEN INJURED. I HOPE THEY DON'T DROP ME DOWN SOME HOLE</p> 	<p>GOSH HOW I DO DREAD IT. I WISH IT WAS OVER. I CAN'T GET MY MIND ON MY WORK</p> 
<p>AW - THEY WOULDN'T DARE DO ANYTHING THAT WOULD HURT A FELLOW. WHAT'S THE USE WORRYING</p> 	<p>I'VE GOT A LOT OF STUFF TO MEMORIZE TOO - GEE I HOPE I DON'T FORGET IT WOULDN'T IT BE TERRIBLE IF I DID?</p> 	<p>WONDER WHAT THEY'LL DO TO ME!! OH WELL OTHERS HAVE BEEN THROUGH IT AND LIVED - THEY TRY TO MAKE YOU THINK IT'S WORSE THAN IT REALLY IS</p> 	<p>GOSH I WISH IT WAS OVER WITH.</p> 

RESPECT FOR LAW




© 1938 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"No, sir, I reckon no people in history ever moved along as fast as we have in the last 30 years."

Picture of a Man Taking Home a Loud Speaker-Webster



The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime By Webster

Copyright 1926 (N. Y. World) Press Pub. Co.

Boys' and Girls' and Women's Mod.

1000 Shot Repeating Air Rifle

1 Tube of Shot Included

Lever Action Repeating Air Rifle

Lever action repeating air rifle. Will shoot 1000 times without reloading. Blows steel barrel and walnut stock. It is very strong, constructed and nicely finished. The opening in barrel for loading is hinged so as to prevent any overheat that being used which would jam the mechanism. Also has improved shot valve and inner barrel. It includes a tube of shot with every air rifle. Shipping weight 4 1/2 pounds. \$1.45

\$1.45



\$22.45

Boys' and Girls' Models.

Our Boys' and Girls' Model ELGIN Bicycles have the same type of construction as our adults' model ELGIN Bicycles, but are furnished in a smaller size. These bicycles are made with a 14-inch combination frame with 24-inch wheels. A dip in the top frame permits adjusting the seat post for comfortable riding on the part of any boy who will include the measurements from crotch to heel of 18 to 26 inches. These bicycles are equipped with adjustable reversible handlebars fitted with the popular revised leather grip. Our celebrated JUSTICE Auto-Bike Tires, road and white sides, both for



Important Electric Lamp... \$2.95



Small lamp... \$2.95



Mechanical device... \$5.95



Pocket Knives

Pocket knife... \$1.15



Toy Steam Engine

Toy steam engine... \$3.95



Winged Sewing Foot

Winged sewing foot... \$2.45

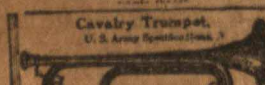


Best All Leather Bag

Best all leather bag... \$1.15

A-D-um for Professionals

A-D-um for Professionals... \$19.95



Cavalry Trumpet

Cavalry trumpet... \$2.75

Boy of C with 7... \$2.75

Boy of C with 7... \$2.75

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Butterfly... \$1.15

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Butterfly... \$1.15

"Noname's" Latest and Best Stories are Published in This Library

FRANK READE LIBRARY

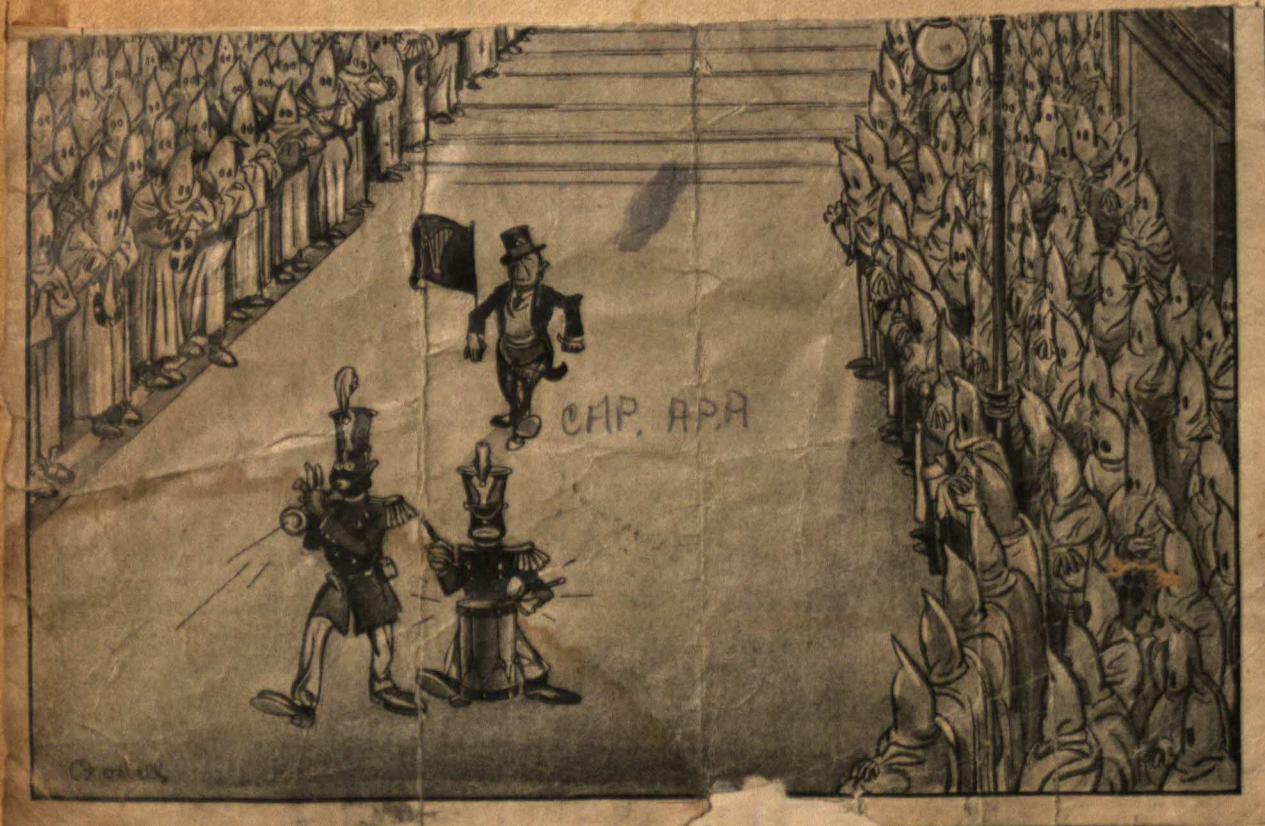
No. 75. [COMPASS] FRANK READE... Vol. III

Frank Reade, Jr., And His Flying Ice Ship; or, DRIVEN ADRIFT IN THE FROZEN SKY.

By "NONAME."



POPULAR LITERATURE OF THE NINETIES
A five-cent thriller which predicted many of the scientific inventions of today which were fabulous tales in the nineties.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN A



HULLO SWEETIE!
WHERE YA GOIN'
WITH TH' LILY?
OH, DOODNESS
DRACIOUS!
(FALSETTO
VOICE)

TEACHER
AN' MAMA
ARE AWFUL
PROUD OF
LIL ANGEL-
FACE I BET!

DON'TCHA
DROP IT NOW,
DARLING!
OH, MERCY!

DELEGATED BY THE
TEACHER TO CARRY A
DAINTY LITTLE PLANT
FROM THE SCHOOL HOUSE
TO THE OPERA HOUSE WHERE
THE COMMENCEMENT
EXERCISES ARE TO BE HELD

Copyright Press Publishing Co. (New York World) 1927.

The Refining Influence of the Radio

—By Webster



DEAREST, WON'T
YOU PLEASE—

OH, SHUT UP! I'M
GOIN' IN AN' WORK
TH' RADIO! NOT A-NOTHER
WORD OUTA YOU!
GET ME?

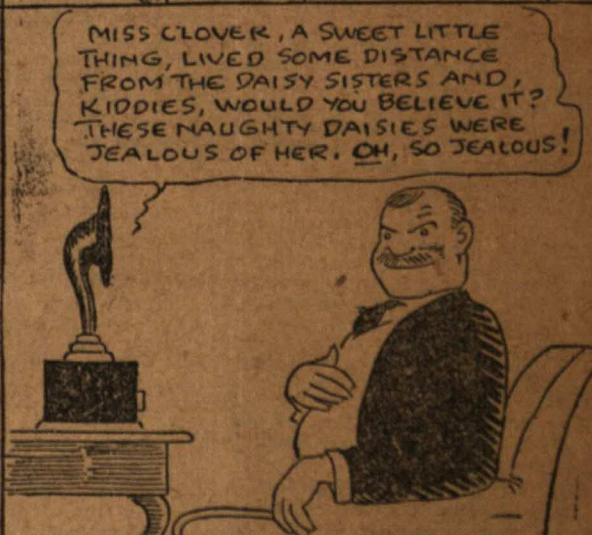
SMACK!



TONIGHT, KIDDIES, AUNT KUTIE
WILL TELL YOU THE STORY OF THE
THREE DARLING LITTLE DAISIES
THAT LIVED IN THE GREEN, GREEN
MEADOW



OUR LITTLE DAISIES HAD FOR
NEIGHBORS MR. JACK-IN-THE-
PULPIT, MRS. BLUE BELL AND
MISS BUTTERCUP, THE DEAREST,
CUNNINGEST LITTLE FLOWER IN
THE GREEN, GREEN MEADOW



MISS CLOVER, A SWEET LITTLE
THING, LIVED SOME DISTANCE
FROM THE DAISY SISTERS AND,
KIDDIES, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?
THESE NAUGHTY DAISIES WERE
JEALOUS OF HER. OH, SO JEALOUS!



ONE DAY MR. HONEY BEE CAME HURRYING
INTO THE GREEN, GREEN MEADOW AS
FAST AS HIS LITTLE WINGS WOULD
CARRY HIM, THE DAISY SISTERS WERE
OH SO EXCITED. THEY WERE SURE MR.
BEE HAD COME TO SEE THEM.

"BUZZ! BUZZ!
BUZZ!" SAID MR.
BEE TO THE
DAISIES. "WHERE
DOES MISS CLOVER
LIVE?"



GUS!
WH-WH-
WHAT
HAS HA-
MY G-!

MY DEAR! I'VE JUST HEARD THE
DARLINGEST STORY OVER THE
RADIO! IT WAS ABOUT THREE
PRECIOUS LITTLE DAISIES AND
A PERFECT LOVE OF A HONEY BEE.
MERCY! I GOT SO VERY, VERY

EXCITED I
ALMOST
SCREAMED!



"Boys, I want you to meet the man who is building this skyscraper."

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PUZZLE - FIND THE LOSER WHO HAS TO PAY BY CHECK

EVER SINCE PARSONS GAVE ME A RUBBER CHECK I TAKE NOTHING BUT CASH WHEN I WIN. PARSONS SEEMED LIKE AN HONEST GUY TOO BUT YOU NEVER CAN JUDGE BY OUTWARD APPEARANCES

THAT GOES FOR ME TOO! I WOULDN'T TAKE A CHECK FROM HENRY FORD OR ANDY MELLON IN A POKER GAME!

I'VE GOT ENOUGH PHONY CHECKS AND I.O.U.'S TO PAPER A ROOM - A BIG ROOM

WELL, LET'S SETTLE UP AN' GO HOME! I WANT 35 BUCKS AN' I DON'T CARE WHETHER I'M PAID IN ONES OR FIVES



From Soup to Nuts!



POKER PORTRAITS

PUZZLE-
LOSER W
PAY BY C

EVER SINCE PARSONS
GAVE ME A RUBBER
CHECK I TAKE NOTHING
BUT CASH WHEN I WIN.
PARSONS SEEMED LIKE
AN HONEST GUY TOO
BUT YOU NEVER CAN
JUDGE BY OUTWARD
APPEARANCES

THAT GOES
FOR ME TOO!
I WOULDN'T
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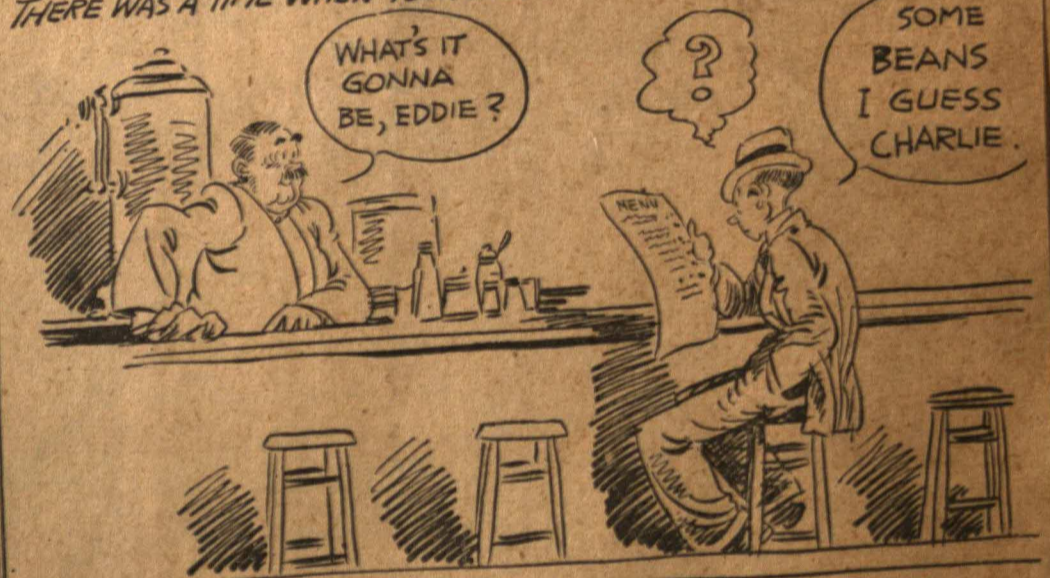
From Soup to Nuts!



Copyright, 1935, by Chicago
Tribune & News Syndicate Inc.
2-27-35
EAT
BEER
SOFT DRINKS
STOP AND EAT

Wotta Life! Wotta Life!

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN YOUR DIET WAS LIMITED BY CASH.



AND LATER SOME DOCTOR FIXES TH' LIMIT



Copyright, 1935, by Chicago
Tribune & News Syndicate Inc.



THE NATIONAL VAUDEVILLE SHOW.

HOLD! I AM JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, THE POOR MANS FRIEND STAND ASIDE! SHERIFF MORGAN, YOU SHALL NOT FORECLOSE THE MORTGAGE ON MY SCHOOL MATE'S FARM WHILE I HAVE A DOLLAR OF MY MEAGRE FORTUNE LEFT!

CURSE THE CARDS! T'IS HIS WEALTHY SCHOOL MATE WHO HAS COME TO PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE

EVEN AT SCHOOL HE WAS ALWAYS GIVING AWAY HIS MONEY



HOOT! JOHN THIS IS MY PLAY

SEE! HE IS GIVING MONEY AWAY



BET A MILLION JOHN D. IS SWINDLING CARNEGIE'S BUSINESS

TA-RA!



BOOM

CARNEGIE WILL STOP THIS SHOW

HE'S GIVING AWAY STAGE MONEY



I'LL SEE JOHN D. AFTER THE SHOW

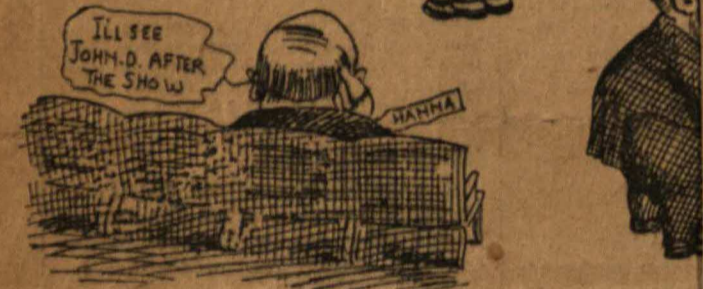


HAHHA

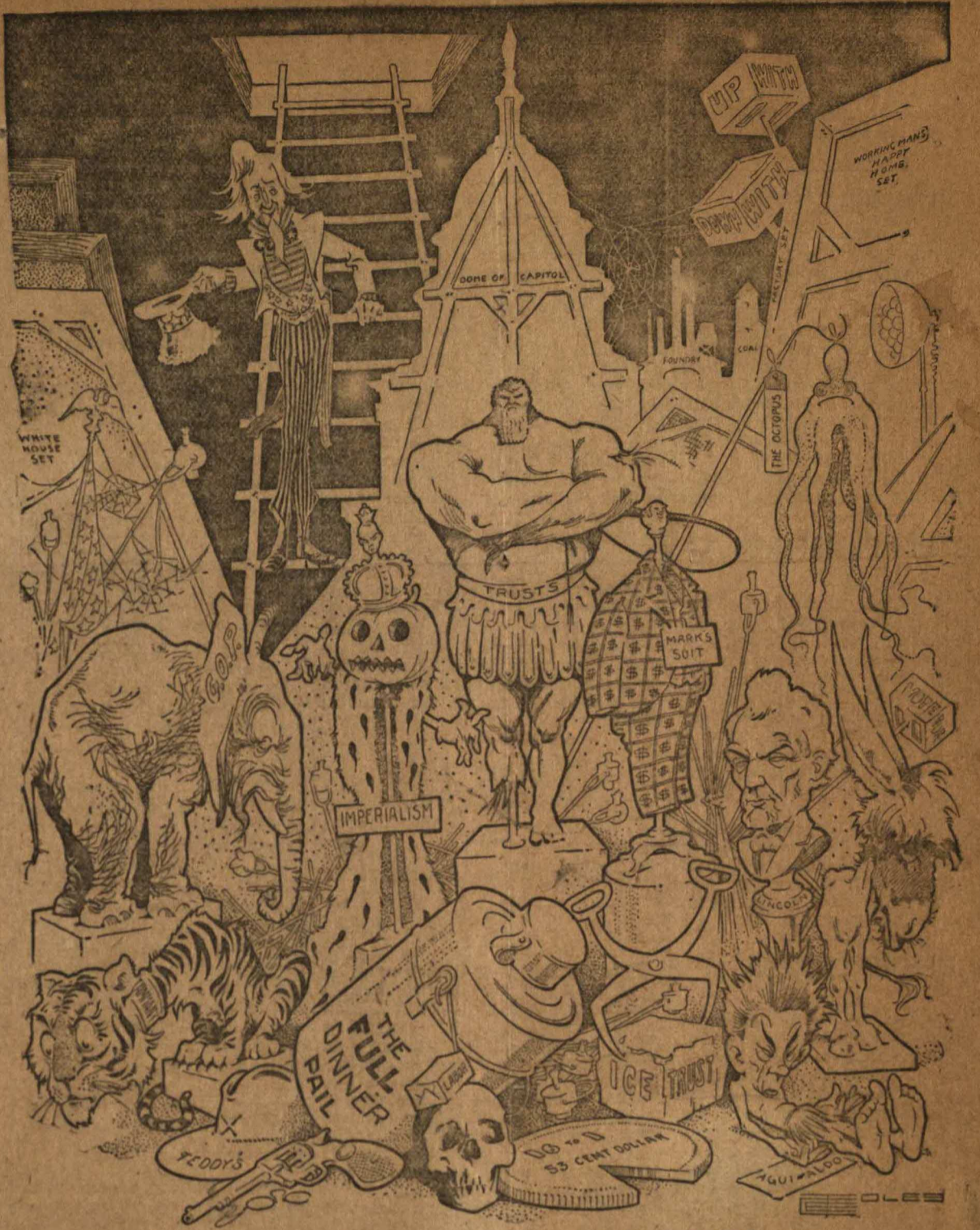
John D. Rockefeller, the people's tragedian, in his celebrated drama, "Paying Off the Mortgage," or "Giving Away Stage Money to an Old College Chum." Andrew Carnegie, the Scotch Comedian, says in court that John D.'s play, "Paying Off the Mortgage," is a dead steal from his play "Burning Money," or "Never Die Rich," as John D. gives away eight dollars in his play to pay off the mortgage, which he has no right to do.

HOLD! I AM JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, THE POOR MANS FRIEND STAND ASIDE! SHERIFF MORGAN, YOU SHALL NOT FORECLOSE THE MORTGAGE ON MY SCHOOL MATE'S FARM WHILE I HAVE A DOLLAR OF MY MEAGRE FORTUNE LEFT!

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IN THE PROPERTY ROOM OF THE POLITICAL THEATRE. UNCLE SAM—"THANK GOODNESS, THE RUN OF THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL COMIC OPERA IS CLOSED! I'LL STORE ALL THIS TRUCK AWAY DOWN HERE. I MAY NEED SOME OF IT FOR OUR NEXT GRAND SPEC-TACULAR PRODUCTION IN 1904."

THE AMERICAN FLAG IS NEVER RAISED TO HALF-MAST

GLORIA LESLIE WAS BORN WITH LONG HAIR Springfield Mass.

winners
31.40
16.90
10.20
11.30
18.40
18.70
10.75
10.05
10.65
18.30
27.90
11.20
24.80
16.50
13.70

41.95
32.10
18.35
11.20
35.80
13.25

S.R. KING of New York PICKED 21 STRAIGHT WINNERS A \$2 PARLAY WOULD HAVE PAID ?

Answer in Monday's paper.

Here Lies CALCULATOR HE MADE BETTER DOGS OF US ALL

THE GRAVE OF A DOG AT FORT BENNING, GA



THE
**AMERICAN
 FLAG**
 IS NEVER
 RAISED
 TO HALF-MAST

Winners	
31.40	
16.90	
10.20	
11.30	
18.40	
18.70	
10.75	41.95
10.05	32.10
10.65	18.35
18.30	11.20
27.90	35.80
11.20	13.25
24.80	
16.50	
13.70	



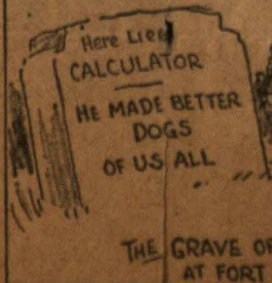
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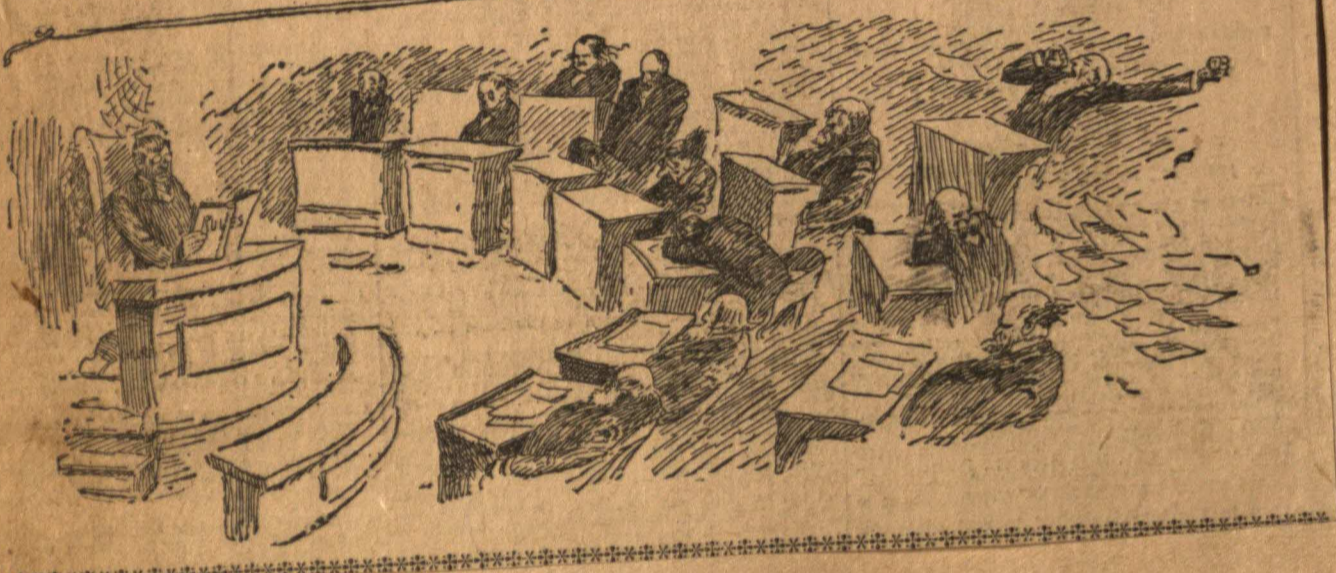
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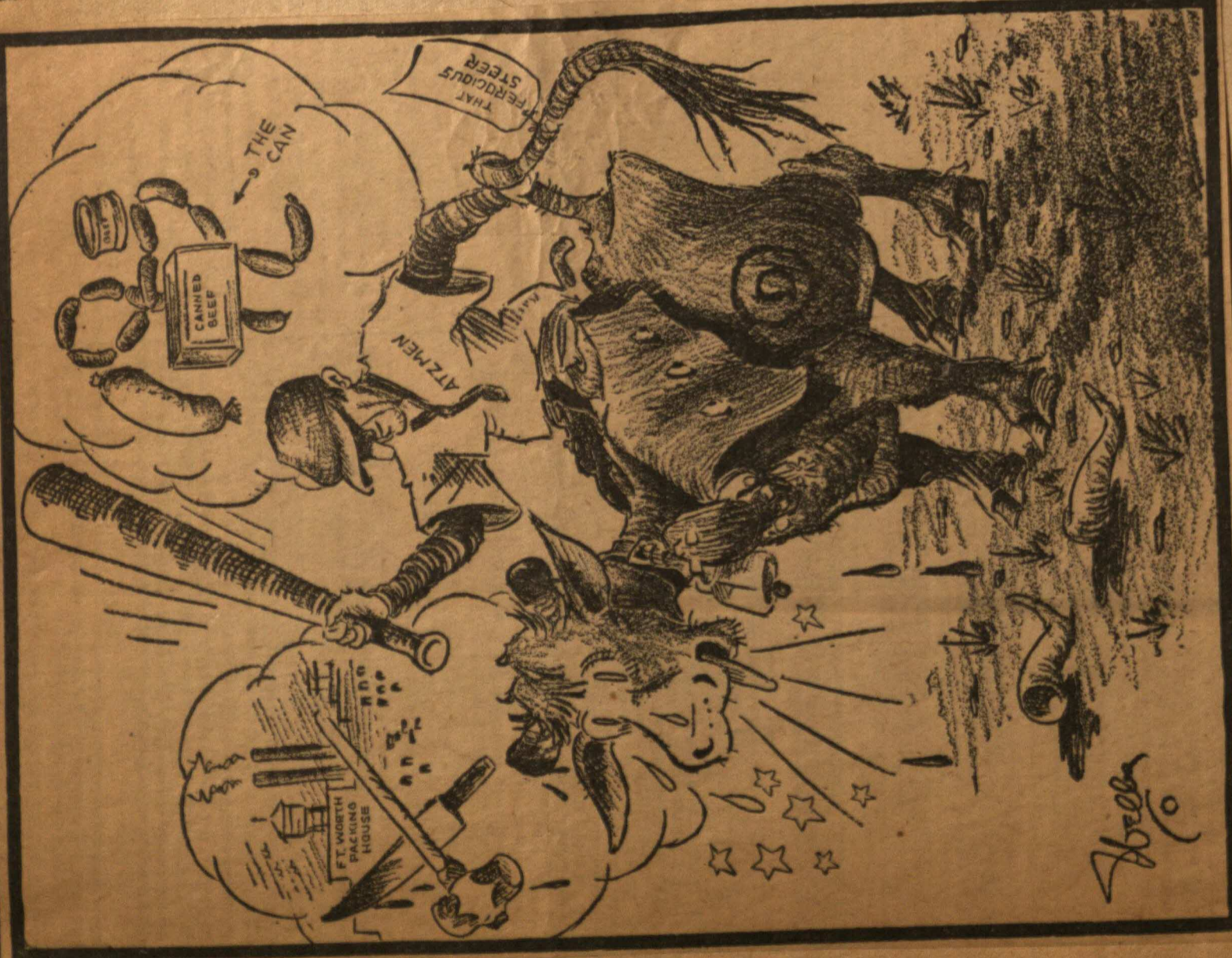


Here Lies
CALCULATOR
 HE MADE BETTER
 DOGS
 OF US ALL

THE GRAVE OF A DOG
 AT FORT BENNING, GA



Livestock Report: Car of 'Canner' Steers From Dallas



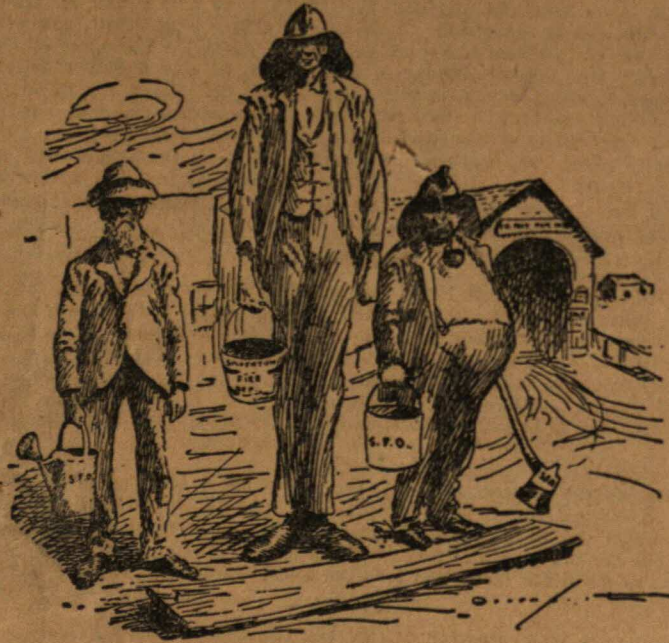
Whiskers That Have Set Fire to My Birthplace.

By Homer Davenport.

Copyright, 1901, by W. R. Hearst.

WEEK before last the Silverton Appeal (in vain) brought news of another destructive fire in Silverton, Ore., and this news recalled to my mind other fires that have caused great excitement in Chicago and other great cities of the world. A few years ago they formed a fire brigade in Silverton and thought their troubles were over; but

The Silverton Fire Department.



evidently they were mistaken, according to the following story, which ran at full length here and there around the patent medicine ads. of the Silverton Appeal:

At three-thirty last Friday morning Dr. P. A. Davis heard a noise and got out of bed. He thought it was some one coughing, so quickly dressed and began to prepare some pills, but it turned out to be the popping of a fire, which seemed to be burning in the old brick stores across the street. The doctor yelled himself hoarse giving the alarm, that being the only method available, as the rope which had hung from the bell tower for many years had been long since cut down, and was probably then being worn by horses in various stalls around the country.

The city fire department promptly responded to the alarm, but without the hose. They carried water in their hats till enough buckets that would hold water could be found, but the flames spread rapidly and it was feared that the other three houses across the street would go. So realizing that an opportunity at last had come to use the telephone, the Mayor was persuaded to ring up Portland, fifty-four miles away, and ask for help. This was at 5 o'clock, and the fire had spread to the front of the stores, where it was burning among the gents' overalls and raisins.

The Portland fire department responded willingly. They had never been to Silverton and were anxious to come. They came with an engine and a coil of hose on a flat car, arriving at eight-thirty. In the meantime the town cows were hurried away from danger, the chickens were rudely rushed from their roosts and driven into the open lots, and the few residents who had bought sugar by the barrel were rolling it out into the streets, where it would be safe in the mud.

The Portland boys readily found the scene of the conflagration, and with one stream from the engine on the quiet ashes of boots and calico and cedar shingles they even put out the smoke. But before checking the stream they badly lacerated the only good building left in Silverton, namely, the bank, that stood across the street, near a barn.

Now, what has become of the fire department they had in Silverton long before I strayed from its city limits? Silverton had purchased six buckets, with the letters "S. F. D." painted in red on their sides; also an axe with a spike in the back of the blade, which

was gilded, and a reel of hose which stood in the shed they called the fire engine house. According to the account of this last fire, not even the bucket purchased by the city could be found in the fire engine house. Various residents had borrowed the hose, which was an ordinary lawn hose, to water their gardens, and some one had forgotten to bring it back. Some farmer had borrowed the axe to split kindling wood. The leather buckets with the red letters on the side that had hung in this old shed for years, waiting for a fire, had been taken and hung in parlors, where artificial moss and flowers filled them, so that when the fire alarm was turned in and the department reached the shed the only tools for fighting fire they found were some second-hand leather fire helmets, which served to keep off the heat while they waited for the Portland engine.

As long back as I can remember no fire insurance company of any note would insure much in Silverton, owing to the large beards the residents wore; and, strange but true, all of its fires so far have been caused by beards igniting and the flames spreading from them.

Nearly twenty years ago Alick Ross, while dressing a show window in his rug store at night, allowed the candle blaze to run up alongside of his heavy beard, and as a result the angry flames leaped from his whiskers into some overshirts, and in a moment the blaze ran to the cotton goods, thence into some tobacco and kerosene, and—well, they rebuilt the city the following Summer.

Since then almost annually some great fire is narrowly averted, all seemingly started by the same reckless use of whiskers. For a time an ordinance limited the dimensions of beards to five and one-half inches by ten, but that law was hard to enforce, as freeborn Americans love free speech and also free beards. The barber tried in vain to invent a chin wash that would not burn, but several public tests showed this to be a failure.

Something should be done. Silverton is handicapped enough without being compelled to rebuild every ten years owing to the dry season in whiskers. No city can compete in this great struggle, no country town can expect to have paved streets and enjoy the privileges of a larger place without first having protection from fire. Silverton once had this, but it rested on its oars, evidently watching the race of other villages, while in the meantime its citizens were sitting around the post office store whittling the fire hose; and when the flames came they couldn't even save the fire engine house.

But this will act as a warning, as did the fire of twenty years back. After that ruin Silverton boomed for six months. Men shaved clean, and every day looked like Sunday then; but they soon fell back into the old rut, and men who held candles or smoked short-stemmed pipes without grates forgot about the dry beard that hung at the end of their faces, and, alas! another great fire in Silverton.

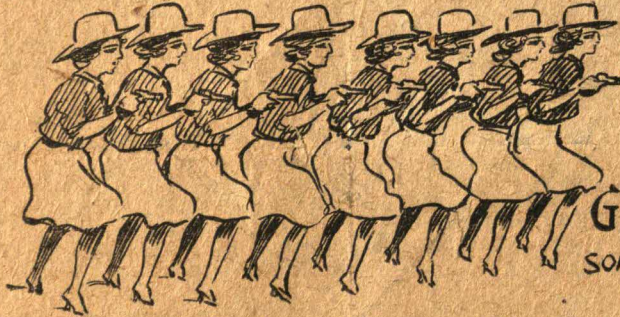
How the Fire Starts.



WITH CARTOONIST BREWERTON AT THE FORSYTH



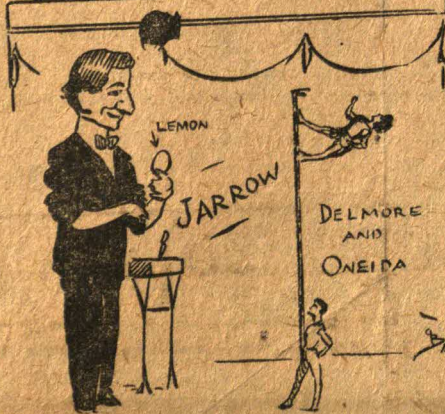
CUDDLES



FROM GUS EDWARDS
SONG REVIEW



4 SOLIS BROS.



LEMON

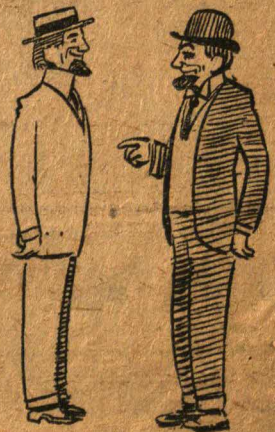
JARROW

DELMORE
AND
ONEIDA

BREWERTON



LIDA McMILLIAN
AND COMPANY



CARLIN
AND
JENN



LE BRINSON, OF WRIGHTSVILLE.
ett and Dr. Robert Earle Brinson took
rs. F. A. Singsfield Wednesday, the 19th.
ide is the youngest daughter of Mrs. E.
aduate of LaGrange Female college.
T. W. Brinson and comes from one of the

BAD SEASONS SPELL POOR CROPS FOR 1912

Agricultural Dept. Estimate of
72 Per Cent Must Be Re-
duced, It Is Said

Officials of the agricultural department continue to view the state's crop outlook as very gloomy, indeed. Between the continuous and heavy rains and the ravages of many species of insects, including the dreaded army worm, the yield, embracing cotton, corn and other staple crops, will, it is believed, be less than 65 per cent of normal.

Discussing the matter Tuesday morning J. J. Brown, assistant commissioner of agriculture, stated that from reports being received at the department it was

nam will leave the first of July for New York to spend a week or two before joining Mrs. Louis Stevens at Magnolia beach, Mass., where she is spending the summer. Mrs. Wortham will sail the latter part of July for Europe, there joining her two sisters, Mrs. Ashton Clarke, of Richmond, Va., and Mrs. John Little, of Atlanta, for a delightful tour.—Macon News.

—As announced in last week's Lookout, the engagement of Mrs. J. B. Whitehead to Mr. Carlyle Boyd is "indefinitely postponed" and Mrs. Whitehead is sailing with her sons, J. B. and Conkey, for Europe. They will motor through southern Europe, returning to America here in the fall. No definite reasons have been given for the indefinite postponement.—The Lookout.

—Miss Harriet Calhoun, Miss Martha Phinizy, of Athens; Miss Sarah Lawson, Miss Marjorie Brown, Mr. Stuart Witham, Mr. Floyd McRae, Jr., and Mrs. Hilda Nesbitt, left Tuesday for Flat Rock, N. C., where they will be the members of a house party to be entertained by Mr. Edward King at the summer home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander King.

—Monday afternoon Mrs. John DuPree entertained at a matinee party in honor of Miss Mildred Fort, the other guests being Miss Estelle Fort, Miss Helen Thorn, Miss Martha Francis, Miss Kate Felder, Miss Mary Traylor, Miss Elizabeth Nunnally, Miss Edith Piper, of St. Louis; Mrs. Shirley Brooks, Mrs. Marshall McKenzie, Mrs. Max Wright.

—Mr. Robert S. Raiford has returned from Athens, where he has been a student at the university for the past three years. He has been elected secretary and treasurer of the athletic association and also secretary and treasurer of the German club. He is a member of the Sigma Nu fraternity and one of the most popular men in college.

—Mrs. Montgomery M. Folsom and her daughters, Miss Jessie Folsom and Mrs. Julia Folsom Patton, also little granddaughter, Miss Julia Frances Patton, will leave Saturday for Dallas, Tex., where they will visit Mrs. F. A. Wynne. They will also visit Mr. E. V. Folsom in Orange, Tex.

—Misses Montine and Sarah Lee Alfred, of Hartwell, and Miss Emma Bartlow, of Greenwood, S. C., who spent several days with Miss Willie Kate Travis, left Sunday with Miss Travis

tha Frances, left today for Norfolk and Ocean View, Va., and will return about August 1.

—Miss Rebie Wilkins has returned from Athens, where she was one of the visiting girls at the commencement dances.

—Miss Gladys Glover has returned from New York, where she has been at school at the Sacred Heart Convent

—Master Henry Miles Goldsmith, of Decatur, is spending the week with Mrs. P. E. Bruce, 12 Baltimore Place

—Dr. George S. Tigner returned this morning from the Isle of Palms, S. C., where he spent the past week.

—Mrs. James Gaines gave a bridge party Tuesday afternoon at her home, Loughaven, near Buckhead.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Inman have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Inman Bell, of Greenville, S. C.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Johnson, of Clarkston, left Tuesday for a ten days' visit in New York.

—Mrs. Eugene Heard, of Rosehill Middleton, is at the Piedmont hotel for a few days' stay.

—Miss Rosa Belle Stocks left Saturday for Rome, to be the guest of Miss Ella Hough.

—Miss Mainer Hardin left this afternoon for a ten days' visit to friends in Palmetto.

—Mr. Jim Overby was operated on for appendicitis Monday at the Atlanta hospital.

—Misses Margaret and Florence Stokes are spending ten days at Wrightsville Beach.

—Dr. J. E. Sommerfield has recovered from an illness of several weeks.

—Miss Mary Lee Wilhelm is the guest of relatives in North Kirkwood.

—Miss Mary Carter Griffin is ill at her home on Washington street.

—Miss Bertha Moore is visiting in Newnan.

For a Quarter of a Century—
THE Vanilla.
The highest awards and gold medals
SAUER'S VANILLA.

Mr. Dooley on the Progress of the Campaign.

(Copyrighted, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.)



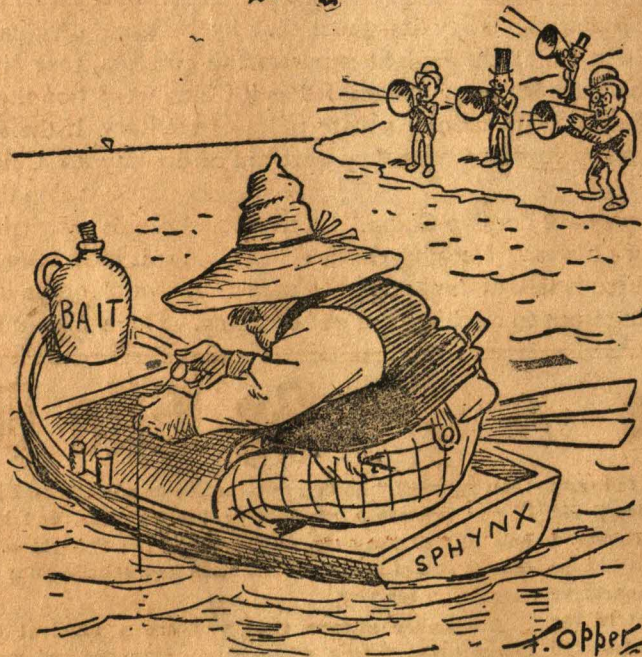
"W'S th' bettin' on th' illiction?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"'Tis goin' on splendidly," said Mr. Dooley, "an' before long they'll be some money put up. At th' prisint time th' parties is on-able f'r to agree. Richard Croker offers to bet th' north wind again th' fill iv Lincoln Park with ozone

that Bryan's th' man, but he wants too much odds. On th' Stock Exchange yesterday a well-known broker that's supposed to be actin' f'r James R. Keene offered to wager th' contints iv a baloon again a lung full iv smoke that Mack 'll carry loway. Th' other party to th' wager rayfused th' offer an' th' two spoorts compromised on a bet iv th' dhrinks that Shakespeare wrote 'To Have an' to Hold.' I was comin' up in th' ca-ar to-night an' there was two la-ads discussin' th' situation. 'I bet ye a millyun dollars,' says 'wan iv them, that McKinley carries Kansas.' 'What odds 'll ye give?' says th' other. 'Two to wan,' says th' la-ad. 'I take ye,' says th' other. 'By th' way, d ye buy that sewin' machine f'r ye'er wife?'"

"'Tis a quare campaign, Hinnessy. In th' first place there ain't anny issues. Ye can usually scare an issue in a campaign, but in this wan, no an is goin' to vote th' way he believes. Says me and Benjamin Harrison: 'Th' conduct iv th' administration has been little short iv hellish. Th' ee that this gover'mint shud sind out throops to rder an' pillage an' elope with th' sthrugglin' as iv th' boochos Ph'lippeens, makes me blood

bile almost to th' dew pint. I endorse ivrything Willum J. Bryan says on th' subject, an' though it goes hard f'r me to say it, life long Raypublican that I am, I exhort ivry follower iv mine to put



"Th' shore iv Boozard's Bay is crowded twinty deep with men whoopin' through megaphones. They'se a stout man settin' out on th' wather in a little boat, with a jug in front to balance. An' 'tis me ol' frind, S. Grover Cleveland."

inmities aside, f'rget his prejudices an' cast his vote f'r Willum McKinley."

"Says me frind Olney, th' wan that thranslated th' Monroe docthrine into English: 'No crime cud be worse thin th' demoneytization an' digradation

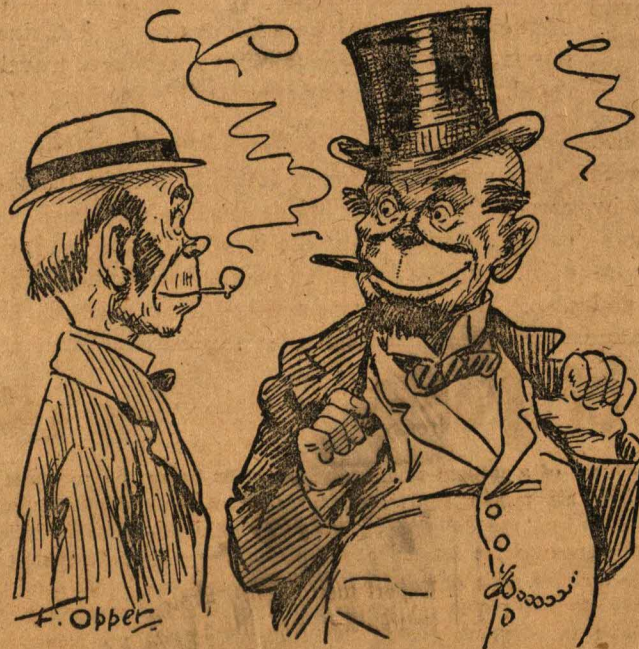
By
F. P. Dunne.

iv th' dough we all wurruk so hard f'r, unless it wud be th' intherference iv polluted army-chists with thim thrusts that has dayviloped th' resources iv th' profission iv which I am a de-sarvin' mumber. But f'r these vast combinations iv capital an' industry they wud be no security in this country that th' banks wudden't take. An' with th' growth iv th' thrusts our country expands an' increases an' gets larger till they'se hardly a corner iv th' wurrudd where th' inhabitants ain't afraid we're comin' in. I hope f'r to to live to see th' day whin th' glories iv our civilization an' thrusts an' syndicates an' sound money an' little iv that, will pinethrate th' disolate places iv th' earth, an' th' Stars an' Sthripes will wave over a wurrudd

ayether,' he says, 'free,' he says, 'or dead,' he says. 'Thin rally r-round our banner, put ye'er should-ers to th' wheel an' give a long pull, a sthrong pull an', he says, 'a pull altogether f'r commercial combinations, expansion, th' subjygation iv sub-

jygatiabile races, goold money an' th' peerless Will-um J. Bryan.'

"Lord bless me, 'tis enough to make a man dizzy, Hinnessy. They'se me frind Grover, I



"How's th' bettin' on th' illiction?" Mr. Hennessy asked. "'Tis goin' on splendidly," said Mr. Dooley, "an' before long they'll be some money put up."

thought, be hivins, we'd heerd th' last iv him but f'r an occasional groan fr'm th' wilds iv Noo Jar-sey. A year ago 'twas: 'Where's Cleveland?' 'Th' Lord on'y knows or cares. Prob'ly dhrivin' a milk wagon!' An' how is it to-day? Th' shore iv Boo-

zard's Bay is crowded twinty deep with men whoopin' through megaphones. They'se a stout man settin' out on th' wather in a little boat with a jug in front to balance. An' 'tis me ol' frind, th' lost, th' defeated, th' hated an' despised thraitor an' tyrant, S. Grover Cleveland.

"'Grover,' says a man with a horn. 'What is it?' says th' la-ad in th' boat. 'Ar-re ye in favor iv goold money?' 'I dinnow, I've got a whale on th' line.' 'Grover,' says another. 'What d'ye want—scarin' th' fish?' says Grover. 'Ain't ye again expansion?' 'I can't hear ye,' says Grover. 'Get back a little—about a mile—an' speak more slow.' 'Won't ye come out f'r Bryan?' 'I wudden't come out f'r annything but fish.' 'Ar-re ye a pathrite or a thraitor?' 'I'm nayether; I'm busy.' 'Won't ye tell th' people to vote f'r sound money?' 'Tell thim to take anny kind they can get f'r their votes.' 'Will ye abandon Mark Hanna?' 'He was an abandoned man before.' 'Won't ye say a wurrudd f'r Bryan?' 'He needs no more wurrudds thin he has said f'r himsilf.' 'Ye'er country is bein' rooned.' 'Th' fishin' is bein' rooned be ye'er noise,' says Grover. 'Leander, row me off a mile or two where I can dhrop a hook in peace. Manewhile I'll take a pull at th' bait an' pondher on how much pleas-anter it is to be catchin' finny monsthera thn dodgin' bricks. Gawd help th' land,' he says, 'to lingrin' ills a prey,' he says, 'where statesmen multiply,' he says, 'and fishermen decay,' he says 'Annyhow,' he says, 'they didn't know a good thing whin they had wan, which,' he says, 'was me.'

"An' so it goes—Croker an' Carl Schoortz, Alt-geld an' Olney, Rosenfelt an' Quay, Carlisle an' Stewart. What's a plain, foolish an' thoughtless man like mesilf to do? Sure, they ought to have wan place f'r a citizen to vote f'r his principles an' another to vote f'r his candydate."

"I," said Mr. Hennessy, "will vote as I sho."

"With ye'er eyes shut?" said Mr. Dooley, "th' on'y way."

directing the national affairs were surprised by the
of the European States.

Opening Useless Ports.

These forced the opening of one port after their first war
with China, of eleven ports after their second war, of nine
ports since 1876, after an intermission of twelve years.
The nineteen new ports are not necessary to the commerce
of the world. If they did not exist imports and exports would
pass through the old ports, opened before 1876, that retain
the events eight times as much of the business of the world
as the new ones acquired.

Not content with opening useless ports, the European
powers demanded that they should be under their separate
police, troops, and that they should be surrounded by
hostile territory. Insatiably the Europeans exacted conces-
sions. The more conciliatory were the Chinese the more in-
demanded the Europeans. In fine, it was a project talked of and

Babylonians, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Greeks and
the Romans. It counted in the seventeenth century only 65,-
000,000 souls. Troubles, dissensions, revolution in it were
expected after the war with Japan. This made hardly a ripple.

Homogeneous China reinforced its arsenals, permitted the
construction of railways with a military afterthought, built
canals where rivers were lacking. We are vain of the Suez
Canal. What should we say of the Yun-Ho, from Peking to
Shanghai, built in the twelfth century? A Chinese boatman's
pay is \$2.40 for his four or five weeks of travel through the
canal. Half of the pay supports his family.

No Unoccupied Soil.

His wants are few; he loves his people, his ancestors. The
cry of "The White Man's Burden" makes him reply, "Asia
is the Asiatics!" We are in peril of hearing it from the Ton-
quin, from the English India and from the confines of Siberia
also. Why have we provoked it? To search for advantages

had no ports there; England's business with China has de-
creased. China's prices for its products could not be lower
if all China were under control of Europeans having no other
aim than to make China's prices for its products lower.

Nothing Can Develop China.

European diplomats know these statistics. What, then,
impels them? Nothing impels them except the morbid rage
of the time for numbers. They imagined that by building
miles of railways in China they might suppress the customs
of its people. The European diplomats acted as if China were
an America, a Russia, with infinite square miles of territory
that had not been developed because they were out of the way
of steamers.

Railway lines may not develop China. Its rivers and canals
have the value of railways. Nothing can develop China; it is
overpeopled. There is talk of exploiting the mines. It would
be immensely dangerous to workingmen out of China. There

Chinomania.
Chinomania is not justified by any economical rea-
son. It is contrary to all the interests of
Europe. The result of the poli-
tics that protect at great ex-
pense an insignificant commerce
will be a union of China with
Japan against the world. If in-
dividuals rise in China as they
rose in France at the Revolu-
tion the "Yellow Peril" impends.
If the sums spent in expeditions
to China were applied to de-
velop the resources of European
countries our benefit would be a
hundredfold larger than the con-
quest of China—if it were possi-
ble—might ever yield.



JEAN DE BLOCH.

Our Population of Fools



By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

An American woman in London has one dress
which cost her eleven thousand dollars.
Enormously wealthy, her wealth came
through a happy accident of fortunate in-
vestments, and is without blood stains. In
the woman is not in the least to blame for
her wealth. It is much to her credit that she
did not hoard her money and pride herself upon
old gowns and living in cheap apartments.
The only harm which can result from the lady's
possession of this gown is the standard it sets for less
and less sensible women. If such harm re-
sults will not be her fault, but that of silly imita-
tors. The world is cursed with silly imitators.
The system each star keeps to its orbit, and
the life. Occasionally a foolish meteor or a
comet makes a passing disturbance, but

has a fortune of a million or two dollars. His home
is beautiful, his family charming. A Summer resi-
dence affords him the delights of nature and the fa-
cilities to entertain his friends pleasantly.
But he and his wife are restless and unhappy be-
cause they do not reside on upper Fifth avenue in
Winter and in Newport during the Summer. They
want to be reckoned among the ultra fashionables of
the land, and so all their many blessings fail to give
them pleasure. Should they be foolish enough to pur-
chase a home in either of the desired localities, they
would only succeed in bringing their chagrin in closer
range, or at best in being barely tolerated by people
upon whom they could bestow nothing for what they
might imagine they received. What absolute idiocy
to waste the opportunities offered by even a compe-
tence for happiness on such false ideals.

be a quart bowl as for one comfortably fed and
clothed human being to despise his life because it did
not compare in luxury with some other. Of course, I
realize that this quality has existed in human nature
ever since civilization introduced its comparative
standards. I cannot say that it did not exist in the
pre-Adamite man. But I doubt if it ever so dominated
a world or an epoch as it does modern America.
The purpose of this article is not to attempt a re-
form of the world. But it is written in the hope that
some young woman or man may be influenced by its
words to realize the folly of trying to be other in this
life than her or his own best self.
To each I would say: Live your own life in your own
way. Make the most of your abilities and advan-
tages, but do not constantly compare your situation
with that of a multi-millionaire, and think you are a

than yourself," has an automobile or a coach and four,
If you possess a rowboat in the Summer, and know
how to pull the oars, do not allow the thought of an-
other's steam launch to cheapen and belittle your own
possession for you.
Remember always that you are a resident of a
democratic country, where mind, manners and morals
constitute good society, no matter what the society
correspondent of some newspaper may say to the
contrary.
In England we are told by one who should know
that unless you are seen to receive the nod of the head
of a Prince or a Princess you are hopelessly out of
society.
Be not one of those who attempt to make America
a poor imitation of a kingdom. Be an American.
Cultivate the very best of your qualities, dress as well,

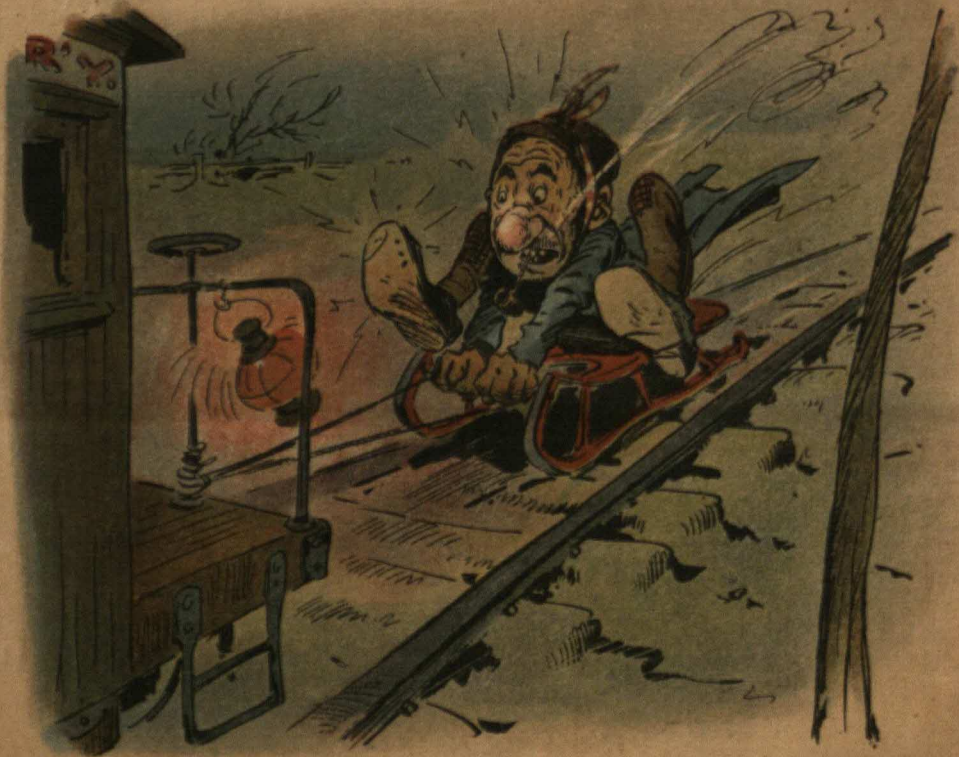
Do not allow the eleven thousand dollar dress
of the millionaire's wife to be your standard of ele-
gant living. Be one of the best of your own kind.
Sensible, worth-while, genuine American; not
a cad, a fool or an imitator. There are
of all these in our "land of
the brave and our home of
the free" without you, and
they are the ones who grind
their employes down to the
wheel of labor, and pay star-
vation wages to those who
help them accumulate for-
tunes in order that they may
attempt to emulate those who
buy thousand dollar gowns





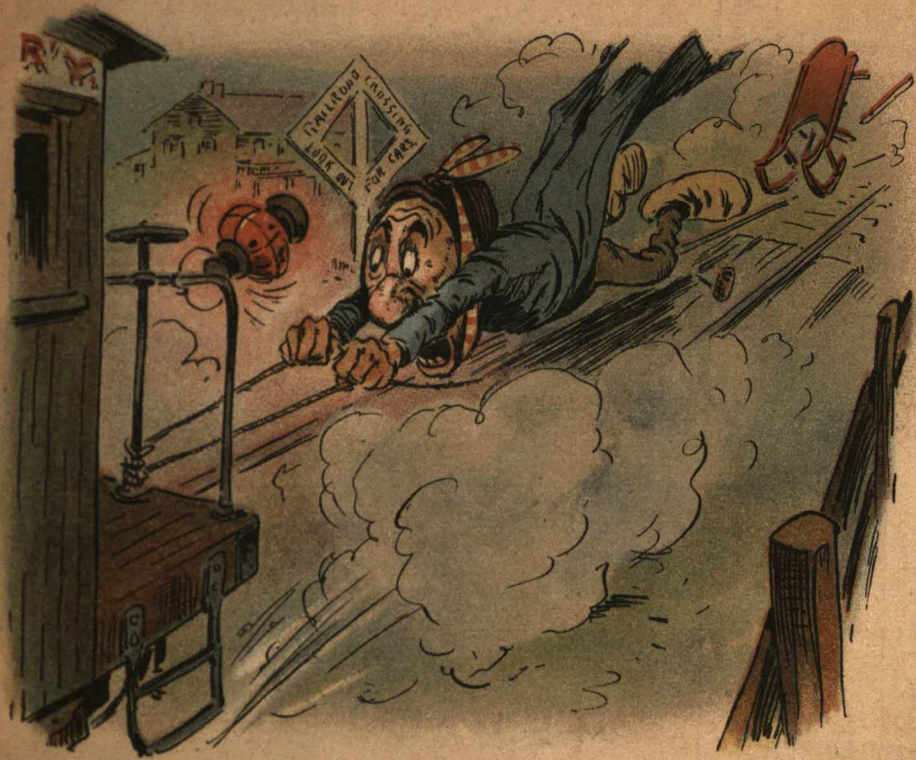
1

LONELY RIDER (*with a chuckle*)—"Dis is w'ot I call an excellent idee of mine—to 'pinch' dis sled. It jest takes me over de snow-covered railroad tracks like lightnin'—"



2

—Holy Grail! Things are gettin' pretty warm. I wish I cud drop off—



3
—Rider, me boy, I can see your finish. (Bang!) There goes me sled (as the train strikes a curve)→



4
—Gosh! I guess we must have struck a cyclone. Well, it only shows anodder poor outcast that the way of the crooked ain't straight."

TREASURE



SCRAP BOOK