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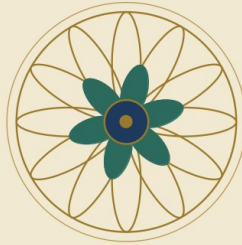


THE GRAPHIC

Poetry & Its Criticism



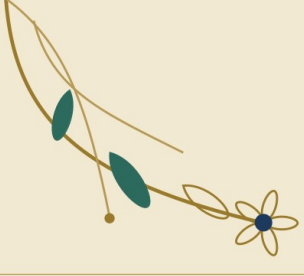
THE VERSE OF AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF LOS ANGELES
AND HOW POETRY WAS REGARDED THERE



1904 – 1908



LOS ANGELES



How Poetry Was Regarded in The Graphic

The Graphic was not a literary magazine. It was a weekly illustrated paper of a booming Western city — pages of society portraits and civic quarrels, theatre notes and automobile columns, bank advertisements and photographs of the fleet at anchor. Yet week after week, tucked among the club gossip and the racing cards, it printed poems; and now and then it stopped to argue about poetry itself. This volume gathers, out of the paper's first years, that scattered evidence — the verse it chose to print and the talk it kept up about verse — in order to ask a single question: how did a young Los Angeles, still inventing its own cultural image, imagine poetry and the figure of the poet?

Two kinds of verse sit side by side in these pages, and the distance between them is the paper's own portrait of its literary world. On one side stands the borrowed eminence of the East and of England: Walt Whitman and Lord Byron reprinted as classics safely dead, Tennyson and Longfellow quoted for authority, and among the living the reassuring names of Edwin Markham, Bliss Carman, Katharine Tynan, Henry Newbolt, and Richard Watson Gilder — poets whose work the paper lifted from the metropolitan magazines as a provincial editor borrows a gentleman's manners. On the other side stands the home-grown ambition of the Coast: Carrie Reynolds, who appears more often than any other single hand, writing her sea-pieces and her elegies; Pauline Barrington and Edith Jamison Lowe; the occasional society versifier and the anonymous local hand. The Graphic's poetry is, in this sense, a record of aspiration — of a city measuring its own singers against the imported article.

Just as revealing is the manner in which the verse was framed. Poetry in The Graphic was rarely given the dignity of a department of its own. It surfaced as filler at the foot of a column, as ornament to a society letter, as the sentimental climax of a book review. In the paper's later years it migrated, tellingly, into the humor of the motor pages, where a columnist signing himself Jack Densham turned out weekly comic jingles on tires and touring — verse as joke, poetry as the by-product of a mechanical age. That the same paper could print an anonymous elegy on one page and a rhymed advertisement for a motor-car on the next is not a contradiction to be tidied away; it is the very texture of how poetry lived in a commercial weekly, and both are kept here.

The prose gathered in Part Two shows the paper in its more deliberate, critical mood. Here The Graphic surveyed the field: an early overview of the California poets; appreciations and obituaries of figures near and far — Francis Thompson newly dead, Joaquin Miller writing

pot-boilers for the newspapers, the aged Tasso reconsidered. Here too is the paper's most famous literary occasion, Henry James's 1905 lecture before the Friday Morning Club, which the anonymous columnist reported with a mixture of civic pride and barely concealed mockery — the great man mumbling into his manuscript while the ladies applauded. And here is the sharp local wit of the 'Local Stylists' parodies, which burlesqued the styles of the town's own writers, and the running essays on humor and letters by Major Ben C. Truman. What these pieces share is a provincial city's double posture toward literature: eager to claim the great names, quick to cut them down to its own size.

A word on what has been left out, and why. This is a gathering about poetry, and so the paper's abundant fiction — its serials and sketches and comic tales — has been set aside, as have the routine book-notice columns ('Leaves to Cut,' 'In the Literary World') in which a dozen new titles were dispatched in a sentence apiece. The reader will find the substantial essays, the appreciations of poets, and the notices that pause over a major figure; the mere trade-notice has been let go. What remains is meant to be read as a single, uneven, revealing document: the poetic life of one Western newspaper across four years, from the crowded literary pages of 1904 to the thinning columns of 1908, when the verse dwindled to a jingle and a paragraph and the paper's attention turned elsewhere.

The arrangement is simple. Part One, The Verse, gives the poems in the order they appeared, each cited to its number and date, with a note on the author where one can be identified. Part Two, The Talk about Verse, gives the essays and notices in the same chronological order. A table of contents and an index of authors follow this note; in the electronic edition their entries are linked to the pages themselves. Every text has been transcribed afresh from the original page-images of the California Revealed scans; editorial matter is set in a distinct colour and is never part of the original.

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Part I

The Verse

245 poems, in order of appearance.



The Kansas Man

by **ROBERT J. BURDETTE**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 27, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 4

The verses that follow — the number's single literary item — were written by Robert J. Burdette, "the Burlington Hawkeye," before he became a preacher; they are printed in the political "By the Way" column and signed "—Hawkeye."

One sweltering day in hot July
A beer saloon he wandered by.

And finding that he was not seen,
He entered at the swinging screen.

And to rebuke the drinking men,
Whom he observed around him then,

He ordered, as he knew he'd ought ter,
A glass of pure, clear, crystal water.

He sat it down, "Ah, ha," said he,
"Cold water is the drink for me."

And so to make it cold and nice,
He pounded in a little ice.

Healthful and good, sliced very thin,
He dropped a little lemon in.

And then he said, "sweets to the sweet,"
And stirred some sugar in the treat.

To kind of brace the mixture up,
He dashed some bitters in the cup,

Then just a lee-tle whisky—well,
Say twenty lines of nonpareil.

And while he stirred it with a spoon
He sang in gleeful tones, this tune:

“Water, cold water, pure and free,
Water is the drink for me.”

He raised his head, and loud he laughed,
And to the dregs the goblet quaffed.

“This is the new amendment plan,”
Remarked the temperate Kansas man.

Then set his course, and held the day,
Due west, his calm, imperial way.

—Hawkeye.

Robert J. Burdette (1844–1914). American humorist, lecturer, and Baptist minister known as ‘The Burlington Hawkeye Man.’ He settled in Pasadena, California, and became pastor of Temple Baptist Church in Los Angeles.

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Esopus

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 3, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

“Don’t you think fiction is deteriorating?” “I guess you haven’t read the two platforms.”—Life. “What do you think of ‘Sartor Resartus?’” asked Mrs. Oldcastle, as she turned away with a sigh from the splendid set of Carlyle’s works. “Well, I don’t know as I ever heard of him,” replied her hostess. “He ain’t that man that balances things on his nose at the Orpheum, is he?”

Esopus is a pretty town;
They say it is a healthful one;
And, what is more, some one will find
It’s a long, long way from Washington.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Chicago Chronicle.

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The Man Behind the Man

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 6

ANONYMOUS

We've had the Man Behind the Gun,
The Man Behind the Plow,
The Man Behind the this and that
All come to make their bow.

But since there's one who makes no stir
We recommend this plan:
With candidates, 'tis well to hunt
The Man Behind the Man.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the New York Sun.

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“I dropped a seed in a cold, cold heart”

by **E. S. MARTIN**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 6

I dropped a seed in a cold, cold heart
Far back in the early spring;
I've tried and tried to make it start,
Oh, I've tried like anything.

The garden flowers that the sun has freed
With bloom are all areek.
Ah, when shall a bud from that little seed
Blush pink in my true love's cheek?

E. S. Martin (1856–1939). Edward Sandford Martin, American essayist and editor, a founder of the Harvard Lampoon who became the first literary editor of Life magazine and wrote the long-running 'Editor's Easy Chair'-style essays.

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Fall Styles in People

by **WALLACE IRWIN**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 17, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 7

The styles in people for the fall
 Will be both trim and neat,
With no important change at all
 In hands or eyes or feet.
There'll be a smaller size in brains,
 So's not to discommode
In dodging autos, trucks and trains,
 Says Madame de la Mode.

Though morals are in vogue this year,
 They'll wear them rather low,
And many scandals will appear
 In swell whole-cloth, you know.
New fads in fashionable disease
 Will soon come in, no doubt,
For vermiform appendices
 Have gone entirely out.

Some Russian princes home from war
 Have set the styles just now
And caused a perfect furore for
 The new "retreating brow."
For Presidential goods the type
 Will make the chappie glad—
The very quiet Parker stripe
 Or the noisy Roosevelt plaid.

Stripes will be worn by boodlers who
 Last year were fond of checks;
Reformers will be proper too,
 With somewhat stiffer necks;
Brides will be trimmed with dollar signs,
 The kind that won't corrode.

Thus all will fall in graceful lines,
Says Madame de la Mode.

Wallace Irwin (1875–1959). American humorist, poet, and novelist who began his career in San Francisco, editing the Overland Monthly and writing comic verse. Best known for his 'Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy.'

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“Mixed Bathing” in England

by **ADRIAN ROSS**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 24, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 8

One touch of buttons or of braid
 Upon a bathing dress
May leave the man that loves a maid
 In rapture or distress—
May make him at her shrine bow down
Or take an early train to town.

One header from a diving board
 (According as it ends)
May make a man his maiden's lord
 Or herd him with her friends;
The latter if, by fate's decree,
He comes on his petite Marie.

One lacking of supervising care
 And regulating wit
May make a scene that might be fair
 Unbearably unfit;
And bathing where no rules are fixed
Is like to get extremely “mixed.”

Adrian Ross (1859–1933). Pen name of Arthur Reed Ropes, English lyricist and academic who wrote the words for dozens of Edwardian musical comedies and the English lyrics for 'The Merry Widow.' Same man as 'A. R. Ropes.'

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In Nippon

by **R. C. E. MILNE**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 24, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 8

Beneath the cherry tree that blooms so fair
Without the temple, by Inari's shrine,
A maiden stood, herself a flower most rare—
Like almonds were her eyes, her lips like wine.

In kimono she stood, with air sedate,
This dainty maid of far-away Japan—
Methought I'd seen her on some lacquered plate,
Or quaintly pictured on some painted fan.

E'en as I gazed, her little feet
With envious swiftness reft her from mine eyes—
With gait demure went clicking down the street—
Soft blew the breeze—and softer still my sighs.

“Ah, that my image on some jar,” I cried,
“Might ever follow you with steadfast glance;
Or 'neath the trees by Nishni Gama's tide
Might watch you in the Maikodori dance.”

E'en the Dai Butsu, solemn and sedate,
Sitting forever calm, without surprise,
Would smile to see you at his temple gate,
And Love would waken in his lifeless eyes.

With you I'd sit forever and a day
With tight crossed knees and fixed and burning stare;
My painted hand would surely stretch away
To stroke the blossoms in your painted hair.

Beneath a painted tree we'd always lie,
And on us twain the painted sun above
Would softly smile, and from a painted sky
Would watch the dawning of our endless love.

R. C. E. Milne. A writer whose work appeared in The Graphic; little else about this author is recorded.

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from “I Dream’d in a Dream”

by **WALT WHITMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 24, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 8

I dream’d in a dream, I saw a city invincible to the attacks of
the whole of the rest of the earth;
I dream’d that was the new City of Friends;
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love—it
led to rest;
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words.

*Walt Whitman (1819–1892). American poet, essayist, and journalist whose *Leaves of Grass* (1855) transformed verse with sprawling free lines and a democratic vision celebrating the individual, the body, and the nation. A defining figure of nineteenth-century American literature, he died in Camden, New Jersey, in 1892. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.*

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The Primal Lesson

by **BLISS CARMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 1, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 9

Back to the fair sweet way
Our mother Nature taught us long ago—
The large primeval mood,
Leisure and amplitude,
The dignity of Patience strong and slow.

Bliss Carman (1861–1929). Canadian-born poet who spent much of his career in the United States and became one of the most popular English-language poets of his day. Known for lyrical nature verse and the Songs from Vagabondia series written with Richard Hovey, he was later hailed as Canada's unofficial poet laureate.

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The Children

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 1, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 9

ANONYMOUS

The children live in heaven all day,
And if we watch them as they play
Perhaps we may some hint surprise
Of secret dealings with the skies.

They dance, they run, they leap, they shout,
They fling the torch of joy about:
Gay prodigals of golden mirth,
They lavish laughter on the earth.

Beneath his shrining carriage-hood,
The baby, small benignant Buddh—
Undoubted Deity awhile—
Regards us with mysterious smile.

Their fancy touches common things,
The very dust takes fairy wings:
The earth is all a box of toys
For lucky little girls and boys.

They share our table, use our chairs
With quaint proprietary airs.
The world is theirs: if we behave,
They'll give us part of what we gave.

The sun drops low; the day is done—
Their day of laughter, light, and fun;
With stumbling feet and nodding head,
Divinity goes up to bed.

And then in little snowy gown
The tired tiny fold lie down,
And piping voices, drowsed with sleep,
Chirp softly from the pillows deep:—

“Ich bin klein,

Mein Herz ist rein,
Niemand als Jesus allein,
Soll wohnen drein.”

The children sleep in heaven all night,
Then meet the morning with delight,
And scamper out upon their way
To love and live in heaven all day.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the M. A., in “The Spectator”.

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Ode to Tobacco

by **CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 1, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 9

Thou who, when fears attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and back
Care, at the horseman's back
 Perching, unseatest;
Sweet when the morn is grey;
Sweet when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
 Possibly sweetest.

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
 Not to thy credit;
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless, except to roast—
 Doctors have said it.

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
 Meagre as lizards;
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
 Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
 Still with their neighbours;
Jones (who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)

Daily absorbs a clay
After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco juice;
Still, why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are.
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to thee, Bacon!

Charles Stuart Calverley (1831–1884). English poet and wit, the acknowledged master of Victorian light verse and parody, whose collections 'Verses and Translations' and 'Fly Leaves' were much admired and imitated. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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The Last Straw

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 1, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 9

ANONYMOUS

I saw my lady lose a bit
 At bridge the other night,
And I reluctantly admit
 It was a painful sight.

I heard my lady, to my woe,
 When foozling at the tee,
She spoke not many words, but oh!
 The difference to me.

But these small lapses I forgave,
 To cherish her I swore;
But now poor love is in his grave,
 We are engaged no more.

I worshipped her all things above,
 Nor thought this day would dawn,
But ah! I've seen the girl I love
 Upon the croquet lawn.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the The Tatler.

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Fulfillment

by **EDITH JAMISON LOWE**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 8, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 10

She stood in a reception room
 Crowded with Wealth and Fashion,
And every eye was glued upon
 The Poetess of Passion;
She stood for many hours long
 That just one little finger
Of that famed hand might in her own
 A fleeting moment linger:
She gazed and gazed with greedy eyes,
With yearning, craving, envying eyes.
She thought, "Ah me! how nice to be
A feted, fine Celebrity!"

She stood in a reception room
 The center of attraction,
And she had reached Fame's Pinnacle
 By paths fraught with distraction;
From north to south, from east to west,
 She fled, reporters trailing.
Society and Women's Clubs
 Her advent wildly hailing:
She smiled, with satisfied eyes,
With dreary, weary, tired eyes.
She thought, "Ah me, who'd wish to be
A pestered, bored Celebrity?"

—Edith Jamison Lowe.

Los Angeles, October, 1904.

Edith Jamison Lowe. A poet published in The Graphic; little else about her is recorded.

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“The girl that blistered on the beach”

by **WEX JONES**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 8, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 10

The girl that blistered on the beach
To add a tan to Nature's charms,
Now suffers in her toil to bleach
The self-same tan from neck and arms.

Wex Jones. A writer of light and comic verse published in The Graphic; little else is recorded, and the name may be a pseudonym.

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The Kilkenny Cats

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 8, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 10

ANONYMOUS

There wanst was two cats in Kilkenny,
Aitch thought there was one cat too many;
So they quarrelled and bit,
They scratched and they fit,
Till excepting their nails
And the tips of their tails
Instead of two cats, there wasn't any.

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The Song of the Greek Poet

by **LORD BYRON**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 15, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 11

Must we but weep for days more blest?
Must we but blush?—our fathers bled.
Earth! Render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylae!

What! Silent still? And silent all?
Ah no! The voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head
But one, arise—we come! we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain, in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes
And shed the blood of Scio's vine.
Hark! Rising to the ignoble call
How answers each bold bacchanal.

Lord Byron (1788–1824). English Romantic poet, author of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' and 'Don Juan.' A celebrated and scandalous figure, he died at Missolonghi while aiding the Greek war of independence. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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Hans: A Horse Prodigy

by **WALLACE IRWIN**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 22, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 12

In far Berlin's Germanic clans
They have a thoughtful horse named Hans
Of human cerebrations,
Who answers questions neat and quick
In calculus, arithmetic,
In fractions or equations.

He acts a nobler, higher part
Than daily working a la cart
Upon the broiling cobbles;
Through every thought-deductive hour
Descartes or Kant or Schopenhauer
Nutritiously he gobbles.

Oh, what a stimulus to thought,
If Hans were by some horseman brought
To pass a Newport season
Among the merry gentlefolk
Who look on logic as a joke
And give no place to reason!

When in some gilded, grand menage,
After an evening's persiflage
Around a dinner table,
Oh, what relief, profound, intense,
To go and talk a little sense
With Hans—out in the stable!

Wallace Irwin (1875–1959). American humorist, poet, and novelist who began his career in San Francisco, editing the Overland Monthly and writing comic verse. Best known for his 'Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy.'

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“He wants no verses”

by **WASHINGTON STAR**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 22, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 12

He wants no verses
Underneath the bough;
A good-sized bank book
Is the fashion now.

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To Idleness

by **A. T. QUILLER-COUCH**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 5, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 14

Ah, dear Idleness, how shall I beckon thee?
Dear tired playmate, dreaming in the shade!
Soon upon the pool where the water lily closes
Split will be the moon with the planets in a braid.

Faithful my comfort! Long, far, I haunted,
Following my days from a dream into a dream,
Where a-flake with emerald the mazy circle floated,
Swirled upon the eddy, swept adown the stream.

Brave men, my comrades, sought with me the jewel,
Each for his own to bear, bound upon his crest;
Some of them be dead; a-many have wandered;
But a few ride forthright, following the quest.

I alone renounced, and by renouncing won it;
I alone handselled it, and in the winning lost.
If at length it come to a tired hand captive,
Wear it of right—but mine remains the cost.

Ah, longer thou than any shadow faithful!
Thou mayst not hear their summons, nor divine!
Only take back thy little hand—it kills me—
Thy dreaming hand, that trustful feels for mine!

A. T. Quiller-Couch (1863–1944). English writer, critic, and anthologist known as 'Q.' He edited the hugely influential Oxford Book of English Verse (1900), wrote Cornish novels and tales, and later became a celebrated Cambridge professor of English literature whose lectures shaped a generation of readers and writers.

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Massage of the Eye

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 12, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 15

ANONYMOUS

[The latest treatment for defective sight is massage of the eyeball.]

The treatment is by no means new
By which they set such store,
For I, and doubtless also you,
Have practised it before;
For when ere yet the dawn is red
I'm called upon to rise,
Half-blind I struggle out of bed
And just massage my eyes.

When argument is waxing warm,
Though Brown may be a fool,
I think it only decent form
To keep extremely cool.
But when he says that he believes
I'm simply telling lies,
Off comes my coat, up go my sleeves,
And I massage his eyes.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the The Tatler.

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A Negligent Nurse

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 12, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 15

ANONYMOUS

Wut is you atter? Does you want
Dat chile to ketch 'es deaf?
'F you lets dat cat sleep in de bed
He'll steal de baby's breaf!

Ole miss 'll run you off fum hyuh
'F you don't do better 'n dat—
Lett'n' de baby's breaf be stole
Er-sleepin' wid de cat!

Sc'cat!—No, I een't gwine a tell on you;
I'll keep hit to myself;
But min' dat cat fum de baby's bed,
Er 'e sho will ketch es breaf!

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Charlotte Observer.

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“He goes to college”

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 12, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 15

ANONYMOUS

He goes to college bound to make
A name with fame replete,
And then on history's golden page
He writes it with his feet.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Judge.

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“Knock, and the world knocks with you”

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 12, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 15

ANONYMOUS

Knock, and the world knocks with you;
Boost, and you boost alone!
When you roast good and loud
You will find that the crowd
Has a hammer as big as your own!

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Troy Times.

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A Song of the Plains

by **H. H. BASHFORD**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 3, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 18

No harp have I for the singing, nor fingers fashioned for skill,
Nor ever shall words express it, the song that is in my heart,
A saga, swept from the distance, horizons beyond the hill,
Singing of life and endurance, and bidding me bear my part.

For this is Song, as I sing it, the song that I love the best,
The steady tramp in the furrow, the grind of the gleaming steel,
An anthem sung to the noonday, a chant of the open West,
Echoing deep, in my spirit, to gladden and help and heal.

And this is Life, as I read it, and Life, in its fairest form,
To breathe the wind on the ranges, the scent of the upturned sod,
To stride, and strive, and be thankful, to weather the shine and storm,
Pencilling, over the prairies, the destiny planned by God.

And no reward do I ask for, save only to work and wait,
To praise the God of my fathers, to labour beneath His sky,
To dwell alone in His greatness, to strike and to follow straight,
Silent, and strong, and contented—the limitless plains and I.

H. H. Bashford (1880–1961). Henry Howarth Bashford, English physician and author (later Honorary Physician to King George VI), best remembered for the comic novel 'Augustus Carp, Esq., by Himself.'

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The Gentle Critic

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 19

ANONYMOUS

[One of the causes why today the earth is covered knee-deep in bad books is the namby-pamby spirit of criticism that prevails.—Blackwood's Magazine.]

Oh critic, gird you on your sword,
Nor from your obvious duty shrink;
Impartial blame and praise award
And say just what you think.

Had you for no one's feeling cared
And told our authors what was what,
We should, I doubt not, have been spared
No end of hopeless rot.

But no; you simper, smirk, and bow
To all who think that they can write;
Our critics, so miscalled, are now
So horribly polite.

Ah for a heart that will not melt,
A giant of the long ago
With blood-smeared hands and at his belt
Ten gory scalps a-row.

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The City's Voice

by **LOUIS J. STELLMANN**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 19

A mighty undertone of mingled sound—
The cadent tumult, rising from a throng
Of urban workers—blending in a song
Of larger life that makes the pulses bound.

Hark to the city's voice! It tells a tale
Of triumphs and defeats; of joy and woe;
The lover's troth; the challenge of a foe;
A dying gasp; a new-born infant's wail.

The whirr of turning wheels; the hammers' ring;
The hum of traffic and the tread of men;
A viol's sigh; the scratching of a pen;—
All to a vibrant whole their echoes fling.

The pulse-beats of a million hearts, combined;
Reverberating in a rhythmic thrill;—
A vital message that is never still;—
A sweeping, cosmic chorus, unconfined.

Louis J. Stellmann (1877–1961). American writer, journalist, and photographer of San Francisco, chronicler of the city and its 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition in books such as 'Vanished Ruin Era' and 'Port o' Gold.'

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untitled

by **CHARLES KINGSLEY**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 24, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 21

O blessed day which giv'st the eternal lie
To self, and sense, and all the brute within;
O, come to us amid this war of life;
To hall and hovel come! to all who toil
In senate, shop, or study! and, to those
Ill-warned and sorely tempted—
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day!
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
The kneeling shepherds, and the Babe Divine;
And keep them men, indeed, fair Christmas Day!

Charles Kingsley (1819–1875). English clergyman, historian, and novelist, author of 'Westward Ho!' and the children's classic 'The Water-Babies.' A Christian Socialist and canon of Westminster, he also wrote poetry. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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blank verse (quoted in "Personal Rhythm")

by **ALFRED TENNYSON**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 31, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 22

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea

Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892). English poet, Poet Laureate from 1850 until his death and the dominant lyric voice of the Victorian age, known for 'In Memoriam,' 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' and 'Idylls of the King.' The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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trochees (quoted in "Personal Rhythm")

by **ALFRED TENNYSON**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 31, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 22

"and you will at once perceive how settled and prosperous and conservative it is, quite autocratic and assumed. On the other hand, to quote again from Tennyson, there is the line of excellent trochees:

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892). English poet, Poet Laureate from 1850 until his death and the dominant lyric voice of the Victorian age, known for 'In Memoriam,' 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' and 'Idylls of the King.' The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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hexameter (quoted in "Personal Rhythm")

by **HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 31, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 22

"How different from the iambs! How sprightly, tripping gay and emotional! The rhythm of a soubrette rather than a savant. Then, again, there is the slow, uncertain, meandering rhythm of some large people who move like a hexameter:

This is the forest primeval, the murpins and the hemlocks.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882). American poet, the most popular of his century, known for 'The Song of Hiawatha,' 'Evangeline,' and 'Paul Revere's Ride.' A Harvard professor, he helped bring European literature to American readers. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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Where There is no Telephone

by **ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 7, 1905 · VOL. XXI, NO. 23

A business man was dying in a closed and darkened room,
And he knew that just before him oped the portal of the tomb,
Yet a smile shone o'er his features, o'er his features pinched and gray,
As he turned unto a watcher, low and broken words to say.
"I am going," so he whispered, "to the land beyond our ken
Where the phantoms meet the phantoms in the shadow-haunted glen,
Yet, although the darkness deepen, I am glad, and glad alone,
For I'm going—yes, I'm going—where there is no telephone;
Where no telephone I'll find
Of the ceaseless-tinkling kind,
Of the tinkling-tankling-tinkling,
Till it sets your hair to crinkling—
Of the never quiet, never!
Of the whoop-'er-up forever—
Of the answer-every-minute till you all but lose your mind—
Answer men who want to know,
Answer women with a woe,
Answer, answer, answer, answer, while your business has to go;
Answer chaps with naught to say,
Answer, answer all the day,
While the bell keeps on a-tinkling in its telephonic way.
I am going—'twill be Heaven—" Then he sank back with a moan.
He had reached his place of resting, where there is no telephone.
—Alfred J. Waterhouse in *Sunset Magazine* for January.

Alfred J. Waterhouse. A California poet and newspaper writer of the period, listed among California authors in Ella Sterling Mighels' 'Literary California' (1918). Little else is recorded.

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from the ode to Cromwell (on the death of Charles I)

by **ANDREW MARVELL**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 14, 1905 · VOL. XXI, NO. 24

He nothing common did nor mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try:
Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

Andrew Marvell (1621–1678). English metaphysical poet and Member of Parliament, remembered for 'To His Coy Mistress' and 'The Garden.' Much of his political and lyric verse was published only after his death. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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untitled (a temperance satire)

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 14, 1905 · VOL. XXI, No. 24

ANONYMOUS

*Finally, if the prohibitory "temperance" people generally will read this bit of verse it
will be found to contain much food for reflection:*

He's an advocate of temperance,
But at one meal he takes
At least four cups of coffee and
A score of buckwheat cakes,

These and two pounds of sausage, soaked
And soused in grease galore,
And four full-grown potatoes, with
Six gems and then some more,

Make up the main part of a meal,
And often he complains
Of dizziness and lack of glee—
But he from drink refrains!

The ones who guzzle rum he thinks
Are fools who challenge Fate,
And lack in sense and moral force—
He thinks he's temperate.

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To the Men of Port Arthur

by **LAURENCE HOUSMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 28, 1905 · VOL. XXI, NO. 26

Holders of harbor and hill,
 You, the heroes that fell,
Now when the guns are still
 Hark to the world's farewell!

Fair be your fame who fought
 A fight men knew to be vain!
Right or wrong means naught
 Here where the brave lie slain.

Just?—was the cause not just?
 How could you know? Let be!
Here is true Russian dust
 Laid by the Eastern sea.

Now in your shattered hold,
 Where the pit like a shambles reeks,
Wide upon wings of gold
 Hear how the silence speaks!

Long by harbor and hill
 Men of your deeds shall tell,—
Men that have wished you ill,
 And men that have wished you well.

Laurence Housman (1865–1959). English playwright, illustrator, and writer, and younger brother of the poet A. E. Housman. He produced fantasy fiction, illustrated books, socialist and pacifist essays, and popular plays such as the long-censored Victoria Regina, and was an active campaigner for women's suffrage.

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Two Optimists

by **RICHARD WATSON GILDER**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 4, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 1

Joseph Jefferson has long been a friend of the blind genius, Helen Keller. He sent to Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century Magazine, a copy of her essay on optimism. In acknowledgment Mr. Gilder published a poem in the Century entitled "Two Optimists." Having paid tribute to the wonderful blind girl, Mr. Gilder followed with these words to the veteran player:

If faith in man and woman that still lasts,
Though chilled by seventy winters' bitter blasts;
If seeing, as you see, the good in evil.
And even something Christian in the devil;
If power to take misfortune as a friend
And to be cheerful to the very end;
Not to be spoiled by praise, nor deeply stung
By the detractor's sharp and envious tongue;
If living in fairyland as really now
As when heaven's dew was fresh on childhood's brow:
If seeing, in fine, this world as through a prism
Of lovely colors is true optimism,
Then Joseph is true optimist no less,
And Heaven sent both this troubled world to bless.

Richard Watson Gilder (1844–1909). American poet and influential editor of The Century Magazine, which he led from 1881 until his death. A civic reformer active in housing and the arts, he shaped late-nineteenth-century American letters, championing new writers while publishing his own polished, genteel verse.

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"Omar Cayenne"

by **GELETT BURGESS**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 11, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 2

We are no other than a passing Show
Of clumsy mountebanks that come and go
 To please the General Public; now who gave
To IT the right to judge, I'd like to know?

Impotent Writers bound to feed ITS taste
For Literature and Poetry debased;
 Hither and thither pandering we strive,
And one by one our Talents are disgraced.

The Scribe no question makes of Verse or Prose,
But what the Editor demands he shows;
 And he who buys three thousand words of Drule,
He knows what People want—you bet he knows!

Gelett Burgess (1866–1951). American humorist, artist, and writer active in San Francisco, where he founded the little magazine 'The Lark.' He wrote the famous quatrain 'The Purple Cow' and coined the word 'blurb.'

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The Editor's Regrets

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 25, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 4

ANONYMOUS

Into the office, ink-begrimed,
 A fairy vision flew;
She left a poem to be read,
 Tied up with ribbon blue.

'Twas sprinkled well with "o'er" and "e'en,"
 And such poetic pets,
And so he put a slip within—
 The Editor Regrets.

Yet she herself a poem was
 Of perfect workmanship.
And simply perfect were the feet
 He heard so lightly trip.

His wealth is small. That poem fair
 His peace of mind upsets;
It was not offered to him, still—
 The Editor Regrets.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the unknown (New York Sun).

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Converted

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 4, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

[A vegetarian paper remarks that "it is unnatural to bury the dead in our stomachs."]

It fills my heart with thoughts of gloom
To think I am a living tomb,
For how can any man be merry
That is a walking cemetery?

And since this awful truth I see
My very teeth appear to me
(Alas! I am so tender-hearted)
Like tombstones of the dear departed.

The new frock coat upon my back
Now justifies its hue of black,
Since yet my grief is unabated
For those I have assimilated.

Some wreaths of lettuce every day
And vegetables I will lap
Upon their grave in hope such diet
May keep their restless spirits quiet.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the The Tatler.

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The Sailor's Wedding

by **BLISS CARMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 11, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 6

The whitecaps froth and freshen,
In squadrons of white surge
They thunder on to ruin,
And smoke along the verge.

They comb and seethe and founder,
They mount and glimmer and flee,
Amid the awful sobbing
And quailing of the sea.

Bliss Carman (1861–1929). Canadian-born poet who spent much of his career in the United States and became one of the most popular English-language poets of his day. Known for lyrical nature verse and the Songs from Vagabondia series written with Richard Hovey, he was later hailed as Canada's unofficial poet laureate.

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Stanford's Epitaph

by **AMBROSE BIERCE**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 11, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 6

I believe it was Ambrose Bierce who wrote Stanford's epitaph before Stanford's death, in this wise:

Here lies Stanford who thought it odd
That he should go to meet his God.
He waited till his eyes grew dim
For God to hasten to meet him.

Ambrose Bierce (1842–1914). American journalist, satirist, and short-story writer, long based in San Francisco, known for 'The Devil's Dictionary' and Civil War tales like 'An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge.' He vanished in Mexico around 1913-1914.

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A Fly and a Flea in a Flue

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 11, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 6

ANONYMOUS

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned. Now, what could they do?
Said the fly: "Let us flee!"
"Let us fly," said the flea—
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.
—Exchange

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The Right to Labor in Joy

by **EDWIN MARKHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 18, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 7

Out on the road they have gathered, a hundred thousand men,
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf's hold in his den.
Their need lies close to the quick of life as the earth lies close to the stone;
It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.

They ask but the leave to labor, to toil in the endless night,
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses water-tight.
They ask but the right to labor and to live by the strength of their hands—
They who have bodies like knotted oaks, and patience like sea-sands.

And the right of a man to labor and his right to labor in joy—
Not all your laws can strangle that right, nor the gates of hell destroy.
For it came with the making of man and was kneaded into his bones,
And it will stand at the last of things on the dust of crumbled thrones.

Edwin Markham (1852–1940). American poet raised and long resident in California, where he taught school before writing his famous protest poem 'The Man with the Hoe' (1899), inspired by Millet's painting. Its worldwide success made him a celebrated public literary figure before he settled in the East.

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Contrasts

by **E. S. MARTIN**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 25, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 8

Always the shadow of war, but on go the works of peace;
Always the shadow of death, but of joy life feels no lack.
The battleship plunges along, a fortress a-swim in the seas,
But over the selfsame waves the wind drives the fisherman's smack.

What rules the world? Is it might? What rules the world? Is it love?
Is it hunger that drives? Is it wit that thrives? Shall subt'ety triumph, or
right?

Hunger drives, and gumption thrives, and subtlety's envy's glove,
But knowledge and truth shall drive out ruth, and love, in the end, is might.

E. S. Martin (1856–1939). Edward Sandford Martin, American essayist and editor, a founder of the Harvard Lampoon who became the first literary editor of Life magazine and wrote the long-running 'Editor's Easy Chair'-style essays.

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A Turk with nine wives in his harem

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 25, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 8

ANONYMOUS

A Turk with nine wives in his harem
Turned a mouse loose one day, just to scare 'em;
But the ladies "stood pat,"
They were moved not by that
To lift up their skirts. They don't wear 'em.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Town Topics.

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A young theologian named Fiddle

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 25, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 8

ANONYMOUS

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree;
"For," said he, "'tis enough to be Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle, D. D."

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Puck.

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The Sin of David (interlude between Lisle and Miriam)

by **STEPHEN PHILLIPS**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 1, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

Miriam— Oh, I would be to thee
As gentle as the grass above the dead;
And have I been but darkness and a sword?
Lisle—No! for a revelation breaks from thee.
Thou hast unlocked the loveliness of earth,
Leading me through thy beauty to all beauty.
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Thou shattering storm, thou eve of after-blue,
Thou deluge, and thou world from deluge risen,
Thou sudden death, and thou life after death!
You speak not. Give me but a human word.
Miriam—O, all my life has listened for thy step!
Lisle—How have I walked in glory unaware!
O, let your dear soul forth; stay it not now!
Miriam—For thee alone came I into this world,
For thee this very hair grew glorious,
My eyes are of this color for thy sake.
This moment is a deep inheriting,
And as the solemn coming to a kingdom.
Lisle—Apart we two did wander inland; now,
Listen, the ocean of infinity!
Life hath no more in it.

Stephen Phillips (1864–1915). English poet and dramatist briefly hailed as a new Tennyson, celebrated for verse plays such as 'Paolo and Francesca' and 'Herod' and for his 'Poems' of 1897.

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The Last of the Roses

by **GERTRUDE HILL**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 1, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

When the flowers droop and fade
And sweet Summer closes
Comes a Fay and bears away
The last of all the Roses!

Bears it to some distant clime
There to set it growing
With companions fair and gay
In the sunbeams glowing.

But when summer comes again
And black Winter closes
There she brings on hurrying wings
The first of all the Roses!

Gertrude Hill. A poet published in The Graphic; little else about her is recorded.

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The devil put his stock of sins

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 8, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

ANONYMOUS

The devil put his stock of sins
Securely on his shelves.
"'Tis Lent," he said, with oily grins,
"And when that sober time begins
Folks think of things themselves."

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Life.

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To My Mother

by **PAUL ENGLAND (FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE)**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 8, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

In one mad hour I left my home and thee;
I said: "Now will I roam this wide world over,
To see if I this Love may yet discover;
Then Love and I will live full lovingly."
I sought for Love in vain o'er land and sea,
At every portal stretching empty palms,
To beg, for pity's sake, Love's poorest alms—
And scorn and hate were all men gave to me.

So every day I maddened more and more
For Love, yet found not Love at any door:
Heartsick and weary, home again I past.
Then camest thou, my mother, forth to meet me,
And there, within thine eyes, lit up to greet me,
There shone the sweet, the long-sought Love, at last.

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John D. Rockefeller (verse squib)

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 12

ANONYMOUS

John D
Rockefeller, he
Is getting roasted from A to Z,
Until he thinks
In the hot turmoil
That hell is heated
With Standard Oil.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Town Topics.

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Pastoral

by **KATHARINE TYNAN**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 12

When a little farm I keep,
I shall tend my kine and sheep,
And my pretty lambs shall fold
In deep pastures starred with gold.

On green carpets they shall tread,
Gold and purple be their bed,
Honeyed clover make their food
In a watered solitude.

Garden places I shall tend.
For a welcome to a friend
Make for him a roomy seat
By the box and privet sweet.

And my kitchen garden shall
Grow me fruits on tree and wall,
Give me blossoms in the spring
And an autumn gathering.

An old dial and a cote
Where the pigeons fly and float,
And a well so green and dim
Where the little fishes swim.

Hives of honey I shall own,
Bees with drowsy monotone
Toil all day to bring me home
Heather-honey at the gloam.

'Twixt the mountains and the sea
There my little farm will be.
In a heart-remembered spot
I shall have my happy lot.

In the heart-remembered place,

Where the mountains lift their face,
I shall tend my sheep and kine,
And a thankful heart be mine.

When a little farm I keep
I shall sleep the happiest sleep,
To my simple meals invite
Thanksgiving and appetite.

In the heart-remembered place
I shall wear a shining face,
And my quiet nights be praise,
And a prayer my innocent days.

Katharine Tynan (1859–1931). Irish poet and novelist, a prolific figure in the Celtic literary revival and an early friend of W. B. Yeats. She published scores of novels and many volumes of devotional and nature-inspired verse, becoming one of Ireland's most widely read writers of her era.

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A New Easter

by **LOUISE A. STERRY**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 12

"Wrapped in the rays of mythology,"
And buried deep in gloom,
With the hard, cold stone of bigotry
Closing the mouth of the tomb.

But Jesus, the Christ, is risen,
And walks abroad in the day,
For Thought, Time's great archangel,
Has rolled the stone away.

The garments of fear and doubting
Lie empty within the tomb,
And the glorifying spirit eternal
Walks beyond the realm of gloom.

LOUISE A. STERRY.

Los Angeles, April 18.

Louise A. Sterry. A poet published in The Graphic; little else about her is recorded.

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A woman from Sault Ste. Marie

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 12

ANONYMOUS

A woman from Sault Ste. Marie
Said: "Painters who dault pte the sie
Don't tint the waves blue,
As I think they should do;
They use green, or they seem tault tault mie."

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Exchange.

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What changes in a pair we see

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 12

ANONYMOUS

What changes in a pair we see
When they are wed, alas!
For what has once been "repartee"
Degenerates to "sass."

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Louisville Courier-Journal.

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A lhassie was lhost down in Lhassa

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 12

ANONYMOUS

A lhassie was lhost down in Lhassa,
A cowboy just tried to walk phassa,
She snatched all his cash
And was off with a dash
But he lhassoed the lhass lhost in Lhassa.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the New York Evening Sun.

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Epigram on the D.D. Degree

by **DEAN MANSEL**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 29, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 13

At a dreary conference of professors of Oxford University concerning the qualifications of aspirants for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, it was proposed that the claimant should be required to produce two original essays on some moot point in Divinity. Thereupon Dean Mansel summed up the debate in the following epigram:

"The degree of D. D. we propose to convey
To an A-double-S for a double S. A."

Dean Mansel (1820–1871). Henry Longueville Mansel, English philosopher and theologian, Dean of St Paul's Cathedral, known for his work on logic and metaphysics and, lightly, for witty occasional verse. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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The Winter Is Over and Gone

by **BLISS CARMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 29, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 13

Once more in every tree
I hear the hollow wind
A-blowing the last remnants
Of winter from the land.

Far down the April morning,
With battle clang and glee,
The Boreal intruders
Are driven to the sea.

Then softly, buds of scarlet,
Warm rain, and purple wing—
The tattered, glad, uncumbered
Camp-followers of spring!

Bliss Carman (1861–1929). Canadian-born poet who spent much of his career in the United States and became one of the most popular English-language poets of his day. Known for lyrical nature verse and the Songs from Vagabondia series written with Richard Hovey, he was later hailed as Canada's unofficial poet laureate.

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Anthem

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 29, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 13

ANONYMOUS

Soprano—Behold my new hat.
Quartet—Her new hat, her new hat, her new hat.
Alto—It is a fright, a fright, a fright!
Soprano—It is a joy unto the sight.
Basso—You are a peach in your new hat.
Tenor—I've got my own thoughts as to that.
Alto—O thank you, thank you, thank you.
Soprano—It cost me more than any here.
Alto—That's very queer; that's very queer.
Quartet—O hear, O hear, O hear!
Alto—I priced it myself
 When it lay on the shelf,
 And I know, and I know
 That the price was quite low—
 Much lower than mine, indeed.
Soprano—Indeed! INDEED!
Alto—Yes, yes, indeed!
Soprano—You hateful old thing!
Alto—It's the style of last spring.
Basso—Hush, hush.
Tenor—Tush, tush!
Soprano—O very well, then I'll resign
 If her hat is as nice as mine.
Alto—Alas, I grieve to see you go—
 But my hat was the highest, though.
Quartet—Now all is joy; now all is peace!
 Ring out ye bells and glad the air!
Alto—Such hats as yours are five apiece!
Soprano—It's no such thing at all. So there!
Basso—Hush, hush.
Tenor—Tush, tush.

Quartet—And now let stillness soothe the air
While silver bells in gladness ring;
Our hearts are free from hate or care—
Soprano and Alto—I think you are a hateful thing!
Quartet—(Crescendo)
As it was in the beginning,
Is now and ever shall be,
World without end!
—Life

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You and I

by **GEORGE RUSSELL (AE)**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 6, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 14

You and I have found the secret way,
None can bar our love or say it nay;
All the world may stare and never know,
You and I are twined together so.

You and I, for all his vaunted width,
Know the giant Space is just a myth,
Over miles and miles of pure deceit
You and I have found our lips can meet.

You and I have laughed the leagues apart
In the soft delight of heart to heart,
If there's a gulf to meet or limit set,
You and I have never found it yet.

You and I have found the joy had birth
In the angel childhood of the earth
Hid within the heart of man and maid,
You and I of time are not afraid.

George Russell (AE) (1867–1935). Irish poet, painter, and mystic who wrote under the pseudonym 'Æ,' a central figure of the Irish Literary Revival alongside Yeats and an editor and agricultural reformer.

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[Verse filler: darned with silk]

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 6, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 14

ANONYMOUS

She always darned her hose with silk—
The holes were quite extensive—
The price of silk was very high;
Which made them darned expensive.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Anonymous (Grand Rapids Herald).

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Untitled ("How doth the little grizzly bear")

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 13, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 15

ANONYMOUS

How doth the little grizzly bear
Shudder at his own shadow,
For, soothly, these be parlous times
Out there in Colorado.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the New York Mail.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Untitled ("He used to think her 'long and lean'")

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 13, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 15

ANONYMOUS

He used to think her "long and lean,"
But, though she has not changed at all,
Since they're engaged he hath not seen
A creature "so divinely tall."

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Philadelphia Press.

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Breaking in Pegasus

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 13, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 15

ANONYMOUS

[President Roosevelt will shortly publish a volume of poems translated from
the Gaelic.]

Say, Pegasus, you must confess
You've met your match at last;
Oh festive hoss, I rather guess
Your buckin' days are past.

Though many on your back have been
Completely at a loss,
When Roosevelt came upon the scene
He showed you who was boss.

He kept the coolest sort of head
In that unequal strife,
For like Bellerophon he's led
A pretty strenuous life.

Up, then, step lively if you can,
And show you've mettle still;
Parnassian slopes won't scare the man
Who charged up San Juan Hill.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the The Tatler.

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When Little Bo Peep

by **STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 20, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 16

When Little Bo Peep
Has lost her sheep,
Wall Street is where to find 'em.
If she leaves 'em alone
They may come home,
But they'll leave their wool behind 'em.

Strickland W. Gillilan (1869–1954). American humorist, poet, and lecturer, remembered for the comic verse 'Finnigin to Flannigan' and the couplet 'The Reading Mother' ('Richer than I you can never be—').

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Memorial Day

by **JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 3, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 18

Draw aside the drapery of gloom,
And let the sunshine chase the clouds away
And gild with brighter glory every tomb
We decorate today:

And in the holy silence reigning round,
While prayers of perfume bless the atmosphere,
Where loyal souls of love and faith are found,
Thank God that peace is here!

And let each angry impulse that may start,
Be smothered out of every loyal breast;
And, rocked within the cradle of the heart,
Let every sorrow rest.

James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916). American poet from Indiana, the 'Hoosier Poet,' hugely popular for dialect verse such as 'Little Orphant Annie' and 'The Raggedy Man,' celebrating rural Midwestern childhood.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Jessie Bartlett Davis (In Memoriam)

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 3, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 18

ANONYMOUS

The Choir Invisible shall gain
A voice so wondrous sweet and rare
That it must feel it had been fain
Long time to have that sweetness there.

O voice now stilled in hush of death,
The earthly choir remembers thee,
As ling'ring Memory whispereth
The cadence of "O Promise Me!"

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Anonymous (New York Mail).

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Peace

by **A. C. BENSON**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 10, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 19

Not here nor there is peace to be achieved,
The mind must change, and not the earthly scene;
And how shall he who once hath truly grieved
Gain hope and strength to be secure, serene?

Not by forgetting shall such rest be earned,
Nor with closed eyes that dare not see the light,
But facing loss and death, and having learned
What hope remains, what heritage of might—
Then on the fearful heart dawns the unhopèd-for light.

And not in youth can this be inly seen,
Not till the years have dimmed the dinted shield;
Not till the stern thought of what might have been
Hath pierced the spirit, and the wound is healed.

Youth dreams of love and conquest, generous dreams,
Nought is too high but he shall dare to climb;
Then, when in mid ascent the summit seems
More steep than Heaven itself, more old than Time,
Then dawns the light and makes the broken life sublime.

A. C. Benson (1862–1925). English essayist, poet, and academic, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. He wrote the words to 'Land of Hope and Glory' and many popular volumes of reflective essays.

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Vacation Time

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 24, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 21

ANONYMOUS

Hey for the out-of-town summer resort!
Hey for the place where the lucky disport!
Hey for the mountain and hey for the lake!
Hey for the earwig, the ant, and the snake!
Hey for the beds that are lumpy and rough!
Hey for the beefsteak so horribly tough!
Hey for the 'skeeters, the chiggers, and flies!
Hey for the joys that the country supplies!

Think of the bliss that we shortly shall know!
Think of the blisters we'll get when we row!
Think of the blooms in the woodlands so gay!
Think of the hours we'll find in a day!
Think how at dawn rise the cackles and crows!
Think of the skin that will peel from our nose!
Think of all this while beginning to pack!
Think how blamed glad we shall be to get back!

Sad is their lot who in town here must stay,
Getting their eggs and milk fresh each day,
Getting fresh fruits, also fresh garden sass,
Going to shows their dull hours to pass.
Blighted with bath-tubs, tormented with ice,
Cursed with all comforts not barred by the price.
It is sad to reflect that they're missing the sport
That we lucky ones get at the summer resort.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Chicago News.

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The Best Hour

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 15, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 24

ANONYMOUS

"Get down on the floor here, daddy,
Get down on the floor and play."
And that is the song my baby
Sings to me at close of day.
"Get down on the floor and tumble,
Get down with me, daddy, do;
Get down on the floor now, daddy,
Me 'ants to sit down on you."

Then overboard goes the paper,
And down on the floor goes dad;
And onto him clammers baby,
And baby is more than glad;
And daddy's a horse and wagon,
Or daddy's a ship at sea.
And rolls with a little baby
As happy as she can be.

Yea, rolls with the babe and tumbles,
And grumbles, and haws, and gees,
And always a dimpled baby
With rounded and dimpled knees
Sits perched aloft unfearing,
And laughing with childish glee
As the daddy ship goes tossing
And tumbling across the sea.

Oh, good is the hour of gloaming,
When labor is put aside
And daddy becomes a horsey
A wee little girl may ride:
Or daddy becomes a plunging
Big ship on the stormy seas,

And is guided and captained onward
By a baby with dimpled knees.

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[I drove a golf-ball in the air]

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 15, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 24

ANONYMOUS

I drove a golf-ball in the air,
It fell to earth—I know not where:
To lose that ball I was so loth
I breathed a fervent, ample oath.

A caddie found the ball I lost—
I bought it back for half its cost;
As for my oath, it made a hit:
My friends are now all using it.

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The longest day in June

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 22, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 1

ANONYMOUS

The longest day in June, they say—
The shortest in December.
They did not come to me that way;
The shortest I remember,
You came and spent the day with me
And filled my heart with laughter.
The longest day? You went away—
It was the next day after.

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The Eternal Prospect

by **HANDLEY DUNELM**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 22, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 1

And dost thou shrink, in prospect of that clime
Where immortality takes place of time,
Asking thy doubtful spirit oft, in pain,
How her frail vessel shall such weight sustain,
Where aeons out of aeons rise unroll'd
In volume all unmeasur'd and untold?
There soon (as soon shall time be understood)
To cease to be will seem the perfect good;
To crumble into rest; to let the soul
Loose from within, to mingle with the whole;
Poor prostrate Atlas buried, to be free,
Beneath the orb of his eternity.

Nay, dreamer, cast away such views forlorn;
Thou shalt not be a bearer there, but borne.
Not from thyself the life-springs shall ascend
Which no beginning knew and fear no end;
God in thy all shall there be all at length;
Thy strength shall rest for ever on His strength.
Who asks the boat the upheaving tide to fill?
Who asks the flower to prop its native hill?
Do wheeling eagles for the skies take care
Or with their wings create the ambient air?
For that long morrow think no thought beside
This thought, that He shall then Himself provide;
He, mother-like, shall fold thee to His kiss,
And feed, and bear thee on in timeless bliss.

Handley Dunelm (1841–1920). The episcopal signature of Handley Carr Glyn Moule, Anglican Bishop of Durham (1901-1920), evangelical theologian, hymn-writer, and poet. Bishops of Durham sign with the see-name 'Dunelm.'

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The Island of St. Nicholas

by **HAZEL PATTERSON**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 29, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 2

Afar, where the light in the west is repining,
Away where the gull flies at night to her nest,
In the lap of the sea is an island reclining,
And courting each last golden ray as its quest.

On the sunset horizon an island Elysian,
Like the blue of a sapphire in gold of the sky,
Watching eastward and westward with infinite vision,
Sees the night that is born and the day that must die.

The limitless water inrolling, backswelling,
Bubbles and foams in its quartz-ribboned caves,
Purple with shadows, and back to my dwelling,
Comes with a message of peace in its waves.

If the sapphire would dull into brown upon nearing,
If the hush in the roar of the waves would be gone,
Let us stay in the distance and cling without fearing
To the peace of our dreams—let us stay and dream on.

Hazel Patterson. A poet published in The Graphic; little else about her is recorded.

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A Wee Little Home

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 29, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 2

ANONYMOUS

A wee little home when the day is done,
A wee little wife to greet me,
Some wee little feet that pattering, run
As far as the gate to meet me;
A wee little corner with peace to spare,
As the day sinks down to its even',
A wee little nook with a cozy chair—
And this is a good enough heaven.
And the world may rush or the world may stop,
Go mad in its long endeavor
To gather the baubles it soon must drop—
But I am at peace forever.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Oh, the Rift

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 29, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 2

ANONYMOUS

Oh, the rift
In the cloud
And the rift
In the lute
Can't compare
With the rift
In the swift
Bathing suit.

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A Mother's Soliloquy

by **CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 5, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 3

You soft, pink, moving thing!
Young limbs that crave
Motion as free as zephyr-lifted wave;
Uneasy with the push of unlearned powers!
Exploring slowly through half-conscious hours;
With what rich new surprise and joy you feel
Your own will move yourself from head to heel!
So, let me swaddle you in bandage tight,
Dress you in wide, confining folds of white,
Cover you warmly, hold you close, and so
A mother's instinct-guided love I'll show!

Mysterious little frame!
Each organ new
And learning swiftly what it has to do!
Thy life's bright stream—as yet so newly thine—
Refreshed by heaven's sunlit air divine;
With what delight you breathe in rosy ease
The strengthening, restful, blossom-scented breeze!
So, let me wrap you in a blanket shawl,
And veil your face in woolen, when at all
You meet the air. Here in my arms is best
The curtained bedroom where your elders rest;
So shall I guard you from draught, and so
A mother's instinct-guided love I'll show.

Young earnest mind at work!
Each sense attends
To teach you life's approaching foes and friends;
Eye, ear, nose, tongue, and ever ready hand,
Eager to help you learn and understand
What floods of happiness the day insures,
While each new knowledge is becoming yours!

So, let me firmly take away from you
The things you so persistently would view;
And when you stretch the hand that tells so much,
Rap your soft knuckles and exclaim, "Don't touch!"
I'll tell you what you ought to learn, and so,
A mother's instinct-guided love I'll show.

An ordinary child at best,
So neighbors tell;
Not very large and strong, not very well;
A victim to the measles and the croup,
Fever that flush and chill, and coughs that whoop;
To unknown naughtiness and well-known pain,
No racial progress here—no special gain!
But I, your mother, see with other eyes;
I hold you second to none under skies,
This estimate, unbased on any fact,
Shall teach you how to feel and how to act,
Shall make you wise, and true, and strong, and so,
A mother's instinct-guided love I'll show.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1860–1935). American feminist writer, lecturer, and social reformer, best known for the story 'The Yellow Wall-Paper' (1892) and the treatise Women and Economics (1898). She spent formative years in California, in Pasadena and Oakland, where much of her early writing and activism took shape.

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Mother to Child

by **CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 5, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 3

How best can I serve thee, my child! my child!
Flesh of my flesh and dear heart of my heart!
Once thou wast within me—I held thee—I fed thee—
By the force of my loving and longing I led thee—
Now we are apart!

I may blind thee with kisses and crush with embracing,
Thy warm mouth in my neck and our arms interlacing;
But here in my body my soul lives alone,
And thou answerest me from a house of thine own,—
That house which I builded!

Which we builded together, thy father and I;
In which thou must live, O my darling, and die;
Not one stone can I alter, one atom relay,—
Not to save or defend thee or help thee to stay—
That gift is completed!

How best can I serve thee? O child, if they knew
How my heart aches with loving! How deep and how true,
How brave and enduring, how patient, how strong,
How longing for good and how fearful of wrong,
Is the love of thy mother!

Could I crown thee with riches! Surround, overflow thee
With fame and with power till the whole world should know thee;
With wisdom and genius to hold the world still,
To bring laughter and tears, joy and pain, at thy will.
Still—thou mightst not be happy!

Such have lived—and in sorrow. The greater the mind,
The wider and deeper the grief it can find,
The richer, the gladder, the more thou canst feel
The keen things that a lifetime is sure to reveal.
O my child! must thou suffer?

Is there no way my life can save thine from a pain?
Is the love of a mother no possible gain?
No labor of Hercules—search for the Grail—
No way for this wonderful love to avail?
God in Heaven—O teach me!

My prayer has been answered. The pain thou must bear
Is the pain of the world's life which thy life must share,
Thou art one with the world—though I love thee the best;
And to save thee from pain I must save all the rest.—
Well—with God's help I'll do it!

Thou art one with the rest, I must love thee in them.
Thou wilt sin with the rest; and thy mother must stem
The world's sin. Thou wilt weep; and thy mother must dry
The tears of the world lest her darling should cry,
I will do it—God helping!

And I stand not alone, I will gather a band
Of all loving mothers from land unto land,
Our children are part of the world! do ye hear?
They are one with the world—we must hold them all dear!
Love all for the child's sake!

For the sake of my child I must hasten to save
All the children on earth from the jail and the grave,
For so, and so only, I lighten the share
Of the pain of the world that my darling must bear—
Even so, and so only!

Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1860–1935). American feminist writer, lecturer, and social reformer, best known for the story 'The Yellow Wall-Paper' (1892) and the treatise Women and Economics (1898). She spent formative years in California, in Pasadena and Oakland, where much of her early writing and activism took shape.

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Automobilia of Punbad, the Railer

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 12, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 4

ANONYMOUS

Judge not an auto by its smell; all comparisons are odorous.
A tack in the tire is as a thorn in the flesh; both are tiresome.
It is a short ride that hath no mending.
All does not go that glitters.
An auto is not without odor save in its own front seat.
Say not, "We shall return at five"; ye may return at sixes and sevens.
Oils well that ends well.
Approach railroads warily, lest they lead thee to heaven.
Though thou swear by thine auto seven times, the eighth thou wilt swear at
it: that is Kismet.
The horse goeth not ten parasangs an hour, neither doth he explode.
To speed is human; to be caught is—fine!
—The Century.

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Science Baffled

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 19, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 5

ANONYMOUS

I've been to the Arctic with Peary,
I've sailed o'er the Southern seas,
I've fought off mosquitoes in Jersey
And in Florida battled with fleas.
With Fremont I crossed o'er the Rockies,
At Manila with Dewey I fought.
In conjunction with Schiaparelli
To commune with fair Mars I have sought.
But all theories, thoughts and inventions
Dispel, as a new coming scheme
(Yet in embryo) enters my fancy,
And I hope 'tis no midsummer's dream.
It's to find some wonderful genius,
Somewhere in old Manhattan town,
Who can tell me in this roasting weather
How to keep a man's undershirt down.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Anon. (New York Sun).

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The New Version

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 19, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 5

ANONYMOUS

Mary had a little lamb;
 Its fleece was slightly soiled;
It followed her to Washington
And she got the darned beast
 Whitewashed!

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Anon. (St. Louis Globe-Democrat).

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Behind the Bars

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 19, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 5

ANONYMOUS

He once was making money,
 Much more than he could use.
Detectives caught him at it
 And now he's making shoes.
—Ex.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Anon. (Ex.).

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The Chaperon Speaks

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 19, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

Very limp and damp my gown and the sun is beating down
And my hat's askew above my blistered face,
But at least it's consolation and a bit of compensation
To know my lambs are gathered in one place.
For Dolly, Amaryllis, and the most imprudent Phyllis
Are seldom found together in one spot,
And the only relaxation in a chaperon's vacation
Is to get them all together on a yacht.

Hence I sit here glad, though paling, for I never cared for sailing
And I always had a horror of the sea,
But at least the satisfaction of a little forced inaction
Is a thing to be accepted thankfully.
And Dolly, Amaryllis, and the most imprudent Phyllis
For once they bear my glance and murmur not,
And content is o'er me stealing (though I'm sure my nose is peeling)
For I know they can't escape me on a yacht.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Theodosia Garrison (in Life).

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Maritime Melodies

by **EUGENE FIELD**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 19, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 5

Swing high and swing low while the breezes they blow,
It's off for a sailor thy father would go;
And it's here in the harbor in sight of the sea
He hath left his wee babe with my song and with me;
Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow.

Swing high and swing low while the breezes they blow!
It's oh for the waiting as weary days go!
And it's oh for the heartache that smiteth me when
I sing my song over and over again;
"Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow!"

"Swing high and swing low," the sea singeth so,
And it waileth anon in its ebb and its flow;
And a sleeper sleeps on to that song of the sea;
Nor reckoneth he ever of mine or of me!
"Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow,
'Twas off for a sailor thy father would go."

Eugene Field (1850–1895). American writer and journalist known as 'the poet of childhood' for sentimental verse such as 'Wynken, Blynken, and Nod' and 'Little Boy Blue.' A popular Chicago newspaper columnist, he also wrote humorous and bibliophilic prose before his early death in 1895. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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Recipe for Social Success

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 26, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 6

ANONYMOUS

A few smart frocks,
A lot of cash,
Good hands at bridge,
A little dash,
Une cause célèbre,
A motor car,
A whitewash brush,
And there you are.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Madame.

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Never Mind the Lady

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 26, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 6

ANONYMOUS

If you chance to upset your canoe,
Turn it over, and paddle astride;
Though, of course, if the lady's inside,
She will probably miss all the view.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Life.

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From the Cynic

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 26, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 6

ANONYMOUS

Three women may a secret keep
If, as it has been said,
There's one of the lot has heard it not
And the other two are dead.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Saturday Evening Post.

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(untitled epigraph)

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 2, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 7

ANONYMOUS

"When do I love you best, sweet books of mine?
In strenuous morns, when o'er your leaves I pore,
Austerely bent to win austerest love,
Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine;
Or afternoons, when honeysuckles twine
About the seat, and to some dreamy shore
Of old Romance, where lovers evermore
Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?

"Yea! ye are precious then, but most to me
Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire
To whispering twilight in my little room,
And eyes read not, but silently
I feel your great hearts throbbing deep in quire,
And hear you breathing round me in the gloom."

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You and I

by **A. G. B.**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 9, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 8

When first we wandered, you and I,
Oh! you and I, o'er fell and field,
There seemed a contest—Earth and sky,
Which should the greater glory yield?

Earth showed so fair, her thousand things
Of beauty born, of loveliest hue:
While little clouds, like angel-wings,
Came flitting o'er the boundless blue.

Then, as we gazed, the Picture moved
Toward us; and the perfect grew
To yet more perfect; and it loved,
The Picture loved us, me and you.

Now all is altered; faded, dim,
The carmine tints are turned to grey;
While winter, like a gaoler grim,
With iron hand shuts in the day.

Yet still we wander, you and I,
With spirits free, not winter-bound;
To us the sun is still on high,
And garlands blossom underground.

Earth is but sleeping; all is there,
Her fruit, her flowers, in long array;
Her robe of state, and jewels rare,
To wait her coronation-day.

For suns may rise, and suns may set,
And summer-leaves lie tempest-strown;
But you and I can ne'er forget
The glories we have loved and known.

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The Song I Never Sing

by **JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 10

"As when in dreams I sometimes hear
A melody so faint and fine
And musically sweet and clear
It flavors all the atmosphere
With harmony divine,
So, often in my waking dreams
I hear a melody that seems
Like angel voices, whispering
To me the song I never sing."

James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916). American poet from Indiana, the 'Hoosier Poet,' hugely popular for dialect verse such as 'Little Orphant Annie' and 'The Raggedy Man,' celebrating rural Midwestern childhood.

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(Away)

by **JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 10

Passing by "The Old Swimmin' Hole," "Old Aunt Mary's," "When the frost is on the pumpkin' and the corn is in the shock," and others of the homely pastorals that tug gently at the heart strings, there are poems of Riley's that strike a higher note:

"I cannot say and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away!

"With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

"And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there."

James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916). American poet from Indiana, the 'Hoosier Poet,' hugely popular for dialect verse such as 'Little Orphant Annie' and 'The Raggedy Man,' celebrating rural Midwestern childhood.

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(untitled fragment)

by **MISS CARY**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 10

Miss Cary voiced a similar thought when she wrote:

"That golden head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea."

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Just Be Glad

by **JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 10

Getting back to Riley there is his "Just be Glad," of which the following are the first and last verses:

"Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we have missed of calm we couldn't have,
You know.
What we met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain
We can better meet again
If it blow.

"For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad."

James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916). American poet from Indiana, the 'Hoosier Poet,' hugely popular for dialect verse such as 'Little Orphant Annie' and 'The Raggedy Man,' celebrating rural Midwestern childhood.

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Knee-deep in June

by **JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 10

"Knee-deep in June" in a different vein:

"Tell you what I like the best—
Long about knee-deep in June,
Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vines—some afternoon
Like to 'jes git out and rest,
And not work at nothing else."

James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916). American poet from Indiana, the 'Hoosier Poet,' hugely popular for dialect verse such as 'Little Orphant Annie' and 'The Raggedy Man,' celebrating rural Midwestern childhood.

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Desperation

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 10

ANONYMOUS

There ain't no nothing no more
And nothing ain't no use to me;
In vain I pace the lonely shore,
For I have saw the last of thee,
I seen a ship upon the deep,
"I haven't did a thing but weep
Since thou hast went!"
And signalled this here fond lament:

Reprinted in The Graphic from the New York Globe.

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Fate

by **MISS SPAULDING**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 10

In reviewing the Belasco production of Edward Milton Royle's play "Friends," the theatre column noted that Juliet Crosby's reading of Miss Spaulding's pretty poem "Fate" "has such intrinsic value that I append it:"

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side that, should one turn
Ever so little space to right or left,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and that is Fate!

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The Song of McAleer

by **ELWYN HOFFMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 30, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 11

Behold me—I am McAleer
And I have read my title clear
To rule the roost and boss the show
And make the whole creation go.
My judgment may amount to nil,
My justice may be nix, but still
I'm McAleer, and that is quite
Enough to make my follies right.

If I could hold the Council down
I'd be the king-pin of the town;
But somehow, 'spite of all my toil,
My every little scheme they spoil.
Each man of them, (it makes me blink,)
Insists that he's a right to think.
A right to think! It brings my tears—
That right is only McAleer's!

Why can't they knuckle down and say:
"Sweet McAleer, just have your way;
We and the People are but fools,
You, you alone, the city rules.
You are so wise, so high and pure
Naught but your judgment should endure;
We are but dunces to be steered—
O let us all be McAleered!"

Elwyn Hoffman. Elwyn Irving Hoffman, a California writer, poet, and journalist of the early twentieth century, a correspondent of Jack and Charmian London. Little else is firmly recorded.

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Limerick — There was a young fellow named Neal

by **A YOUNG MAID OF ALHAMBRA**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 30, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 11

More Limericks not entered in the Express's competition this week are: Certainly the Express has stirred a muse that were better, perhaps, to leave alone. However, the following lines which were written by a young maid of Alhambra are as good as any of the Express prize-winners and deserve the test of cold type:

There was a young fellow named Neal
Who met with an automobile
Said the chauffeur, How mean!
To spoil my machine
As he wiped the remains off the wheel.

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Crankidoxology (Being a Mental Attitude from Bernard Pshaw)

by **WALLACE IRWIN**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 7, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 12

It's wrong to be thoroughly human,
It's stupid alone to be good,
And why should the "virtuous" woman
Continue to do as she should?
(It's stupid to do as you should!)

For I'd rather be famous than pleasant,
I'd rather be rude than polite;
It's easy to sneer
When you're witty and queer,
And I'd rather be Clever than Right.

I'm bored by mere Shakespeare and Milton,
Though Hubbard compels me to rave;
If I should lay laurels to wilt on
That foggy Shakespearean grave,
How William would squirm in his grave!

For I'd rather be Pshaw than be Shakespeare,
I'd rather be candid than wise;
And the way I amuse
Is to roundly abuse
The Public I feign to despise.

I'm a Socialist, loving my brother
In quite an original way,
With my maxim, "Detest One Another"—
Though, faith, I don't mean what I say.
(It's beastly to mean what you say!)

For I'm fonder of talk than of Husbands,
And I'm fonder of fads than of Wives,
So I say unto you

If you don't as you do
You will do as you don't all your lives.

My "Candida's" ruddy as coral
With thoughts quite too awfully plain—
If folks would just call me Immoral
I'd feel that I'd lived not in vain.
(It's nasty, this living in vain!)

For I'd rather be Martyred than Married,
I'd rather be tempted than tamed,
And if I had my way
(At least, so I say)
All Babes would be labeled "Unclaimed."

I'm an epigrammatical Moses,
Whose humorous tablets of stone
Condemn affectations and poses—
Excepting a few of my own.
(I dote on a few of my own.)

For my method of booming the market
When Managers ask for a play
Is to say on a bluff,
"I'm so fond of my stuff
That I don't want it acted—go 'way!'"

I'm the club-ladies' Topic of Topics
Where solemn discussions are spent
In struggles as hot as the tropics,
Attempting to find what I meant.
(I Never Can Tell what I Meant!)

For it's fun to make bosh of the Gospel,
And it's sport to make gospel of Bosh,
While divorcees hurrah
For the Sayings of Pshaw
And his sub-psychological Josh.
—Collier's.

Wallace Irwin (1875–1959). American humorist, poet, and novelist who began his career in San Francisco, editing the Overland Monthly and writing comic verse. Best known for his 'Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy.'

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Hot Weather Lore

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 7, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 12

ANONYMOUS

Papers I find now are flooded
Daily with precept and rule,
And I have carefully studied
How to keep perfectly cool.

Notes I have read upon feeding,
I have surrendered my meat,
Yet I discover I'm needing
Something substantial to eat.

Drinks are extremely restricted.
Alcohol's totally barred,
Ice is by all interdicted —
Isn't it awfully hard?

Dress, though it's all I desire, is
Fruitful of trouble I find;
I am put back for inquiries
Into the state of my mind.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the The Tatler.

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The Fallen Idol

by **STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 7, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 12

(Brought out by D. W. Fieldwin's dissertation on the naughtiness of the Ladies' Home Journal in Sept. 23 issue of the Graphic.)

I have had some disillusionments that left me rather cold;
I have found that all that glitters isn't 18-karat gold.
I have learned that some complexions closely mimicking the peach
May be found at any drug store at a price the poor can reach.
I have found that office-seekers do not always tell the truth,
And that chorus-maidens giddy are not all in freshest youth.
Still another cherished idol I have found with feet of clay—
They are printing naughty stories in the

Ell

Aich

Jay!

Just to think! It is the paper run by Mistress Edna Bok,
Whose disciples must be leaving by the bevy and the flock.
'Tis the sheet for which Ruth Ashmore wrote her sidling talks with girls,
And advised them how much quince-juice would preserve their pretty curls.
'Tis the sheet of prunes and prisms, 'tis the organ of the prude,
And you never would suspect it of a yarn risqué or rude.
But they've got Town Topics faded in the most undoubted way—
They are printing shady stories in the

Ell

Aich

Jay!

Strickland W. Gillilan (1869–1954). American humorist, poet, and lecturer, remembered for the comic verse 'Finnigin to Flannigan' and the couplet 'The Reading Mother' ('Richer than I you can never be—').

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[Untitled quatrain]

by **HENRY VAN DYKE**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 7, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 12

Who seeks for Heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal,
While he who walks in love may wander far
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are.

Henry van Dyke (1852–1933). American author, Presbyterian clergyman, and Princeton professor, known for the Christmas story 'The Other Wise Man' and the hymn 'Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee.' He later served as U.S. minister to the Netherlands.

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The American Flag (quoted as "Flag of the Free")

by **JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 14, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 13

Forever float that standard sheet
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us.

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795–1820). American Romantic poet of New York who died of tuberculosis at twenty-five, known for the fairy poem 'The Culprit Fay' and the patriotic 'The American Flag.' The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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Richard II (quoted by Mayor M. P. Snyder)

by **WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 14, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 13

Was he thinking of the Times as the "Standard Sheet", and dreaming of the sweet hour when all his foes would fall before him? Mayor M. P. Snyder offers this delicate testimonial to his shrinking sensitiveness to public criticism:

The purest treasure mortal lives afford
Is spotless reputation; that away
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

William Shakespeare (1564–1616). English playwright and poet, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language, author of some 38 plays and 154 sonnets, from 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' to the comedies and histories. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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The Puppets

by **EDITH JAMISON LOWE**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 21, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 14

If man had not a soul, this world below
And all its wonders were a mockery,
Our smiles and tears the ruthless cruelty
Of some vain thing that put us here to go
Forever through an endless puppet show.
The noble lives, high deeds we daily see,
The toil for learning and best life would be
But fools' futility; t'were best to go
Through fleeting years with laughter and with song
On wanton lips; to eat and drink nor give
One thought to aught but pleasure our life long—
How best to grasp gold things while yet we live.
Ah, life were bitter with dark death its goal,
A senseless thing, if man had not a soul.

Edith Jamison Lowe. A poet published in The Graphic; little else about her is recorded.

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The Summer Girl

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 28, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 15

ANONYMOUS

I met her by the sandy shore,
 I set her pretty head awlirl,
For I had flirted oft before,
 Not so, I thought, my summer girl.

I sat with her upon the sand
 And charmingly she smiled on me,
And once or twice I pressed her hand
 When there was nobody to see.

And when at last the parting came
 I thought her tears began to flow,
And feeling I had been to blame,
 Rather rashly told her so.

"Yet now your love will make me blest,"
 I said, and paused for her reply,
"Oh come," said she, "I did but jest;
 You're just the fifth since last July."

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Naughty, Naughty (first stanza)

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 4, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

She said that she couldn't climb fences,
But that was a city girl's yarn;
When she met the old cow she just hollered "Wow!"
And they found her astride of the barn.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Houston Post.

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Naughty, Naughty (reply)

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 4, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

Astride of a barn? Now what was her plan?
We can't form the slightest conjecture.
We wish you'd enlighten us, please, if you can,
On the style of that girl's architecture.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Milwaukee Sentinel.

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Naughty, Naughty (reply)

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 4, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

Hold your horses, you fellows may hit the wrong trail,
Just welting at one solar plexus;
Cut out the question of that young female—
What's the size of the barns down in Texas?

Reprinted in The Graphic from the New York Telegram.

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Variable Adverbs (verse filler)

by **S-M T. CL-V-R (PARODY)**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 11, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 17

To use the adverb with discretion
Denotes the scholar and the gent,
Sure mark it is of erudition
To write your English as it's meant.

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An Auto Lullaby

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 2, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 20

ANONYMOUS

"Hush-a-by baby, let sleep softly steal,
Mother is driving her automobile,
 Sleep as the autocar jiggles and joggles,
 Baby is wearing her cute little goggles,
Wrapped in her little warm, pretty warm rug,
List to the autocar: "Chug-a-chug, chug."

 Sleep, pretty babykins,
 Wrapped in a rug,
 Dear little babykins,
 Snug as a bug,
 Hush, deary babykins,
 Chug-a-chug, chug.

"Hush, little baby, and rest in the car,
Mother is driving her auto afar,
 Over the roadways like birds we are flying,
 Swift as the winds, and with winds we are vieing,
Nothing can harm us and nothing molest,
Drive we away to the country of rest.

 Sleep, pretty babykins
 Wrapped in a rug,
 Dear little babykins,
 Snug as a bug,
 Hush, deary babykins,
 Chug-a-chug, chug.

"Hark, little baby, we swim like a breeze
Under the branches of sheltering trees,
 Over the turnpikes and over the prairies,
 Floating along like fleet-footed fairies,
Up on the hill-top, and then we rush down
Far from the rush and the roar of the town.
 Sleep, pretty babykins,

Wrapped in a rug,
Dear little babykins
Snug as a bug.
Hush, deary babykins
Chug-a-chug, chug."

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The Mushroom Gatherer

by **WILFRID WILSON GIBSON**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 2, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 20

We rose an hour before the blink of day,
And with brown osier baskets took our way
O'er pastureland and paddock, glinting grey
With twilit dews that plashed about our feet.
Before me through the fleecy mist she went,
And ever and anon her body bent
To gather milk-white mushrooms, dew-besprent,
That huddled close to wait the noonday heat.
She plucked the brittle domes with fingers deft,
And tenderly the nestling buttons reft
From their green, cosy beds; and right and left
She strayed to glean the meadows' snowy spoil.
By drowsy sheep and dewy-breathing beast
She moved; nor from her aching labour ceased
Till dawn's pale glory shivered up the East,
When, laden with the harvest of her toil.
Her brown hands resting on her lissom hips
She stood a moment, where the meadow dips,
Breathing the dawn with silent, parted lips
That with their dewy drinking glowed more red.
As o'er the bleak wold's edge the young sun leapt
And waked a world that hapt in vapour slept,
Into the dawn with eager foot she stepped,
Her basket poised upon her lifted head.
And as she homeward went my heart kept pace
With her; and never more, in any place,
Since I have seen the dawnlight on her face,
Shall her heart lack my heart's companioning.
For us, while bright against the dusky wood,
With morn-flushed brow and kindling hair she stood,
God made the day and saw that it was good;
And love first taught the labouring heart to sing.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (1878–1962). English poet associated with the Georgian movement and the Dymock Poets, and a friend of Rupert Brooke. He wrote accessible verse about the hardships of ordinary working people and, later, the First World War, achieving wide popularity in the early twentieth century.

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Integer Vitae

by **ARTHUR MUNBY**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 16, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 22

Left to himself, the laggard lingers long:
He soothes his life with somnolence or song
Or anything that helps him to forget;
He will not do the deed—not yet, not yet!

But, if an impulse come, a new wave sweep
Across the sordid shallows of his sleep,
Fulfilling him with desperate desire,
Then, he o'erflows; his ignominious ire

Foams into action, and with froth and fume
He hurries to the irrevocable doom
That shall make known his honor or his shame
And give him all he cares to have—a name.

Not so the man who labors in his lot
With strenuous endeavor, thinking not
Of name or fame or fortune, toward some goal
Meet for a manly and a resolute soul.

Because it is not selfish: him, no fears
Of men's disdain or women's wily tears
Can sever from his seeking of the right,
Though it be far, though it be out of sight.

Found or not found, he knows the goal is there—
Firm in its place, accessible and fair:
He may not reach it, but his faithful feet
At least have made a path for others to complete.

Arthur Munby (1828–1910). English poet, civil servant, and diarist, remembered chiefly for his extensive diaries documenting Victorian working women and for his secret marriage to a servant, Hannah Cullwick.

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Risky and Frisky Trips

by **ADRIAN ROSS**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 16, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 22

[Without reference to "Vivian's Papa's".]

When ribald authors pen a play
That jests at things unfit,
The people laugh and go away,
Remembering but the wit.
All this is very wrong, I know,
But still, it happens to be so.

When well intentioned men have tried
On vices to dissert,
The people let the purpose slide
And only keep the dirt.
That this is right no voice avers,
But almost always it occurs.

Adrian Ross (1859–1933). Pen name of Arthur Reed Ropes, English lyricist and academic who wrote the words for dozens of Edwardian musical comedies and the English lyrics for 'The Merry Widow.' Same man as 'A. R. Ropes.'

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Spirit of Beauty

by **ARTHUR DETMERS**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 27, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 4

I
O splendor of the far-off days
Forever gone!
Still through the darkened maze
Of years we wander on,
Haunted by visions of the elder time
When glory crowned the orient hills.
Then great Apollo laughed,
As the purple sea he quaffed,
And the nymphs by hidden rills
Leaped and danced,
And the silver arrows glanced
From the Huntress' bow sublime;
While from storied heights, far shining
With Olympian repose,
Human thought, God's thought divining,
In perfect temples rose,
O deathless splendor of the Attic prime!
Spirit of Beauty, free of old,
Eternal youth is thine! No prison-hold
Hath ever fast confined thee,
No earthly chain can bind thee.
Lo, thou wilt bring again the age of gold!

II
Slowly, slowly through the night,
Led by Death, the host moves on;
Endless tumult, toil and fight,
Hopeless yearning for the light,
Loss the prize in triumphs won,
Endless sleep when all is done
O the bitter waste and pain!

To Death only comes the gain.

Nay, not so, 'tis only seeming!
Even now behold the gleaming!
Even now thy garments trail,
Spirit, on the shrouded mountains!
From the everlasting fountains
Light is streaming o'er the vale.

III

By all the discords harsh of life
The music of the world is never hushed.
Upon the maddened strife
Of souls pain-scarred and crushed
The sweet, calm face of Nature smiles.
O beckoning hands,
O voices in the wilderness,
Ye heavenly bands
That cheer and bless,
Spirit of Beauty, near us yet,
Though we like aliens wandering in far lands,
(O'er wasted miles)
Thy loveliness too oft forget!

From age to age thy mountains call us,
Thy radiant dawns and sunset lights enthrall us,
Thy steadfast stars attend us,
Thy trees and flowers befriend us,
Thy mighty waters will not let us be,
Thy errant winds still set our spirits free!

VI

Not unto us, not unto us the praise,
O Spirit Guide!
Who from the waste of years dost raise
What shall abide.
Here amid the transitory
Sway and stress of man's estate;
In thy great name we dedicate
Our offering to thy glory!
May it lift the souls of men

Out of lethal marsh and fen
To that eternal height
Crowned with light,
Immune from time,
Where nearer God the soul may learn
The beauty and the joy sublime
For which man ne'er shall cease to yearn!

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To Old Baldy

by **WALTER M. PATRICK**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 3, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 5

Stern veteran! uplifting to the sky
Thy massive crags, thy buttressed peaks so high,
Thy barren slopes, where, like some spectral queen,
Grim Solitude sits brooding o'er the scene,
While over all, upon thy lordly brow
There rests a diadem of sparkling snow—
Know that I wonder what the thoughts may be
Thou'rt ever pondering inscrutably.
Men come and go, and empires rise and fall,
Unnumbered aeons glide beyond recall,
And still unshaken thou! Time leaves no trace
Upon thy stern, impassive, changeless face.

Walter M. Patrick. A poet published in The Graphic; little else about him is recorded.

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The Belle and the Bell

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 10, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 6

ANONYMOUS

[Bell-ringing is recommended as an exercise for athletic girls]
Once the church bells made me mad,
Reckless, and despairing,
Even set me—it is sad
To admit it—swearing.
Now listen to their song,
Such my iron nerve is;
And what's more I'll be along
To next Sunday's service.
What has wrought this sudden change
In my constitution?
What has made that passion strange
Why, 'twas Phyllis rang each chime;
Hence the quick correction.
What in others was a crime
Is in her perfection.

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Epigraph to "The Christian Idea"

by **BURT ESTES HOWARD**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 10, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 6

For Truth's worst foe is he who claims
To act as God's avenger,
And deems beyond his sentry-beat
The crystal walls in danger;
Who sets his trap for heresy
With verbal quirk and quibble,
And weeds the garden of the Lord
With Satan's borrowed dibble!

Burt Estes Howard (1863–1913). American clergyman and political-science professor who pastored churches in Los Angeles (First Presbyterian, later First Unitarian) before teaching at Stanford. He also wrote verse.

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Rule of Three

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 17, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 7

Chorus.—

We're waiting patiently,
Nor making any fuss;
This sum in Rule of Three
Looks simple quite to us;
And yet, despite the fact
That he's an engineer,
A simple little sum in Rule of Three
Has stumped our McAleer.

Enter the Mayor. (Recitative.)

Kind people all and fellow-citizens, good morning,
It is my keen regret that I must give you warning
The problem has not yet been solved;
To give it up I'm now resolved.

Enter Mars. (All uncover and bow low.)

Ho! Ho! I say what's all this crowd and clatter?
Will some one tell me what's the matter?
Why at this time, are all these people here?
Perhaps you can inform me, Mr. McAleer?

The Mayor.

Great God of War, before Thee, I bow low,
And pray Thee listen to my tale of woe,
Three men it is my duty to select,
But when I name them, the Council all object;
'Tis nothing but a sum in Rule of Three,
This Board of Public Works, and yet you see
I cannot do this sum and satisfy
These Councilmen, no matter how I try.

[Enter "X." (Dressed in a long motley cloak, covered with algebraic signs.)]
Here's one selection,

Made to Perfection;
There's never rejection
For good old "X."

Chorus.

"X" equals Perkins,
Perkins equals "X;"
No one else can equal him
Of either sex.

"X."

Long I've worked for Uncle Sam,
Measuring his land;
Uncle Sam has paid me, too,
With a liberal hand.
Many problems I have solved,
Problems made to vex;
But now I am in politics,
And stand for "X."

Chorus.

"X" equals Perkins, etc.

Enter Agricola Cacti.

Stand aside! Make room for me;
A-ha! whom have we here?
Otis, my bitterest enemy,
And his varlet, McAleer.

Mars.

Peace, peace, thou verbose spook!
Pray, cease these personalities.
We need advice, and look
For something better than banalities.

Agricola.

That's right, dear General,
For really, after all,
My heart is just as large
As yours is small.
So shake my hand, good General;
We'll get to work and see

If we two men can name three more
All satisfactory.

Enter Spirit of Sport. (Attired in jockey cap, baseball shirt, football pants, golf stockings and running shoes; a boxing glove on one hand and a chauffeur's gauntlet on the other.)

I am the Spirit of Sport, Ha! Ha!
And a genuine sportsman I,
For I know the game from A to Z,
And never let good go by, Tra La!
And never let good go by.
So tell me your troubles, gentlemen,
And I'll try to put you right;
Though, to see the old General shake hands with the spook
Is surely a wonderful sight, Ha! Ha!
Is surely a wonderful sight.

Mayor. (With mournful mien, walking center.)
There really is no more to say,
This matter can't be settled;
No matter now what names I choose,
The Council has me nettled.
(Breaks down and sobs. Orchestra plays "Auld Reekie Wha" very softly.)

Spirit of Sport. (Tripping lightly to center, where he executes several pirouettes, at the same time producing a patent collapsible dice box from his hip pocket.)

I have a bright idea,
Suppose we shake the dice,
And settle it right here.
(Kneels down and throws the dice out several times on the stage, then rising.)
No use, I've shaken twice
For each and ever name,
But "X" is now the only one
That's left in the game.

Enter Council. (All march slowly to center, while Sport trippingly and Mayor slowly make room for them.)

It is not necessary to tell us what to do.
Everything we do is right,
We think so, don't you?

No matter how the Mayor may work,
And three good men select,
Except for "X" we'll turn them down;
In fact, we'll just OBJECT.

Mars. (Striding to center and waving Council to one side.)
Silence, varlets, list to me,
One man is named, we need but three,
Only one thing's left to do,
I will name the other two.
(Council shout "No, No!" and run center, but the chorus hustle them off the
stage. Then all group, with Mars center.)

Chorus.
Hurray, Hurrah for our mighty Mars!
The noble editor.
His breast is covered with medals and stars,
And, at home, he has hundreds more.
His pen is mightier than his sword,
For it reaches far and near;
He's a jolly old fire-eating son-of-a-gun;
Let's give him a hearty cheer.
(All cheer.)
(CURTAIN.)

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Miner's Vision

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 24, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 8

Shallow water, weeds and drift-wood
From Timm's point to Craw-fish bight,
Make full half San Pedro harbor
Useless as a burned-out light;
Useless too to try and dredge it,
Trying that has made it plain
That the tides and tireless currents
Swiftly fill it up again.

Comes then good Lieutenant Miner
With his brain and steady hand,
And he figures how to level
All these shallows with the land.

Good for you, Lieutenant Miner,
Sailors sing your praises loud,
Deep sea captains, harbor pilots
Name you, praise you and are proud.

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Mr. Miner, ere you leave us

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 3, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 9

ANONYMOUS

Mr. Miner, ere you leave us,--
Really we're not making game,--
Answer, please, this question grievous,
How pronounce your lawyer's name?
Some say Dennis, some say Denny,
Some would make it rhyme with knee,
Tell us then, Lieutenant, truly
Is it Dennis or De-Nee?

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On the Death of a Noble Lady

by **HENRY NEWBOLT**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 3, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 9

Time, when thou shalt bring again
Pallas from the Trojan plain,
Portia from the Roman's hall,
Brynhild from the fiery wall,
Eleanor, whose fearless breath
Drew the venom'd fangs of Death,
And Philippa doubly brave
Or to conquer or to save--
When thou shalt on one bestow
All their grace and all their glow,
All their strength and all their state,
All their passion pure and great,
Some far age may honour then
Such another queen of men.

Henry Newbolt (1862–1938). English poet, novelist, and man of letters, famous for patriotic and naval ballads such as 'Vitali Lampada' and 'Drake's Drum.' Knighted in 1915, he became an establishment literary figure and wartime propagandist who embodied late-Victorian and Edwardian imperial sentiment.

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Editorial Mudlarkers

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 10, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 10

(Scene represents the Throne Room in the Times building. Stage bare except for Throne, back center, and portraits of the "Hero of Caloocan." The walls are draped with heavy, padlocked and armored curtains which for the nonce are withdrawn for entries left and right. Stage darkened. Enter Seneschal.)

Sen.—Ah, yonder stands that throne in solemn state
Which I might hope, right soon, to occupy
If, by some lucky stroke of smiling Fate,
My noble Monarch would retire or die.
Gayly, each day, his weakening gait I watch
And, when in state, before him I bow low
I note, with quite a pardonable snatch,
His walrus whiskers daily whiter grow.
(Enter King Cole. Up lights.)

Sen.—Oh, Sire it is with lively joy
I see you younger every day.
You're looking almost like a boy
Indeed, your hair is hardly grey.
K. C.—Peace, flattering fool
Cease thus to wag your tongue.
(Looks at his face in hand-mirror dependent from his waist.)

(Aside)—Still, it is rather nice
To be told you're looking young.
(Aloud)—Fetch us now our pipe and bowl.

Sen.—Aye, Sire, what will you smoke?
K. C.—We think we'll smoke a little coal,
Mixed with our blighted hopes—
Perchance a little Charity
If you find any here at all.
Put in our bowl some Labor Union gore,
And fill it up with Gall;
And send to us our fiddlers three.

We want these men to know
They are not playing loud enough;
They fiddle loud—or GO.

(Enter Printer's Devil.)

Sen.—Hence, imp, and tell the fiddlers three
His Majesty requests their presence here,
And tell the keeper of the Bowl and Pipe
To bring them and be sure the stem is clear.

[Enter Fiddlers Three and a varlet bearing Bowl and Pipe. Seneschal fills pipe
and bowl then presents them to the King.]

K. C.—(After drinking.) Ah, we feel better now.
'Tis good as goat lymph.

Now, mind you, my Seneschal,
Good stock of blood upon your shelves.
(Seneschal bows, then turns to Fiddlers.)

Sen.—His Majesty is not well pleased
With your poor fiddling up to date;
Do better, or to lose your jobs
Methinks will be your sorry fate.
Tune up, and do your best to charm
The Royal ear, while I
Will introduce my latest stunt
To please the Royal eye.

(The Fiddlers take their fiddles from their cases. The fiddles are dummies
made of solid wood, and, instead of bows, they each have two little
hammers. Fiddlers sit cross-legged on the ground, and hammer furiously
on their instruments. The curtains are raised left, displaying life-sized
portraits of about two hundred and twenty prominent Los Angeles
citizens, who grace K. C.'s Index Expurgatorius. Two Printer's Devils
appear bearing a large bowl filled with printer's ink. Seneschal dips his
hand in bowl and throws the ink at the pictures. Every time he hits one of
the portraits in the face King Cole roars with delight. Back of the stage
the Anvil Chorus beats loudly on their anvils.)

K. C.—Bravo, our jolly fiddlers,
Keep up this merry race;
Ha, Ha! our noble Seneschal,
Hit Houghton in the face.

(The fiddlers and Seneschal keep up the mud-lark for some time, while King
Cole shouts with glee. The fiddlers then show signs of getting tired, while

the anvil chorus plays diminuendo. King Cole stops shouting and his head sinks down till his chin rests upon his breast. The fiddlers stop playing and sneak from the stage. King Cole sleeps. Seneschal, tired of his game, wipes his hands on his trousers and turns to the throne. Seeing King Cole asleep, he coughs loudly. The King opens his eyes.)

K. C.—Ah, my Seneschal, methinks I slept,
Into my sleep a quaint dream crept;
Me-thought I was an angel bright;
I had no sword, my garb was white,
No fierce-browed warrior was I;
And, as I passed Saint Peter by,
"When you were on the Earth," quoth he,
"You always were right good to me;
You published Sunday sermons, and
You gave the Church a Helping hand,
With Harry Andrews as your priest;
You made a quite big bluff, at least.
But, General, did you ever think
Of all the smut within the Times's sink?
The fetid tales your columns bore,
Outrivaling Police Gazettes galore.
It is the man who, like you, lies,
Who knocks and hammers, when he dies
The ghosts of those he's helped to break—
All hover round him, and they shake
Their ghostly fingers beneath his nose.
How many you will find—God knows!"
And then you woke me, Seneschal—
I wish I had not slept at all.

(King Cole puts his hand on Seneschal's shoulder, preparatory to rising, but,
on the instant, voices are heard outside, singing in Unison. Chorus
outside.)

We are the anvil chorus,
We echo our master's voice,
And loud and long we hammer,
But certainly not from choice.
We are the understrappers,
The rank and file of the staff,
We have to do what we are told,

But our work is not "to laugh."
We gain our bread and butter,
But lose our self respect,
For we work for General Otis,
What else can we expect?
(King Cole, with the help of Seneschal, steps down from the throne and
hobbles towards exit.)

K. C.—Alas, my Seneschal, I'm getting old;
To meet my end I'm not too bold.
And yet, to die I have no fear,
Saint Peter will but simply say—"Why here
We have a really noble man—
The hero of Caloocan."

(Exit K. C.)

(Seneschal walks from center.)

Sen.—He's gone at last, the durned old pest;
To "jolly" him I do my best,
Yet how I wish he would retire,
And liar-like I'd tune my lyre.
He's not like me; a churchman I,
I'll go to heaven when I die,
Unless, indeed, I am too good to lie
Beneath the turf, but spring to the sky.
Each week I teach in Sunday-school,
And in finance I prove myself no fool.
I save my money, know my place,
And wear a saint's expression on my face.
I'm such a jollier, don't you know,
My meanness I conceal below.
(Curtain.)

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Let Erin Remember the Days of Old

by **THOMAS MOORE**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 17, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 11

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852). Irish poet, singer, and songwriter, best known for his 'Irish Melodies' (including 'The Last Rose of Summer'). A friend of Byron, he was one of the most celebrated literary figures of his day. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls

by **THOMAS MOORE**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 17, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 11

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852). Irish poet, singer, and songwriter, best known for his 'Irish Melodies' (including 'The Last Rose of Summer'). A friend of Byron, he was one of the most celebrated literary figures of his day. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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Bacchus at the Palace

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 17, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 11

ANONYMOUS

Had Bacchus been an athlete
 In modern clothes attired
His kindly face and genial smile,
 To-day, would be admired.
Yet anyone, who looks around,
 Can see this god of wine
Though modern he is debonnair,
 Though portly he is fine.
To see him you would never think
 He'd lately made a fast,
Attention, then, wine-lovers all!
 Three cheers for General Last.

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Success

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 24, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 12

A white-winged boat on Life's sea afloat
Sailed out past the gray sand bar;
At the helm was a Soul who steered for the goal
Of Success and Love's glistening star.

The waves dashed high: from the darkening sky
The wind of sweet Hope blew:
Fierce swept the blast, the ship sped fast,
But the helmsman steered her through.

And the star of Love in the heavens above
Shone down with a tender light,
Near the far-off shore of the Evermore
Glimmered the harbor bright.

From the cool green bank where the grass grew rank,
Temptation breathed a song,
But the helmsman true steered the brave craft through
Ne'er faltering to the wrong.

Like a babe at rest on its mother's breast,
The ship at length lay still,
The sea was crossed, the bark, storm-tossed,
Must rest at Success's hill.

Not daunted long, his purpose strong,
The helmsman cheerily turned,
And climbed the hill, at the top stood still,
And the heart within him burned,

For the star of Love in the heavens above
Had hidden itself from sight,
And the silent shore of the Evermore
Lay lonely in the night.

And out of place in the awful space,

Like a mortal on God's throne,
The Soul was left of all things bereft,
Successful, but alone.

*Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06;
little else about her life is reliably recorded.*

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When It Rains in Los Angeles

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 31, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 13

When the sky grows dull and cloudy
And the rain begins to pour,
Angelenos all are happy,
Wet, but smiling, wish for more.

But the tourist sad and gloomy
Gazes on the muddy street,
From his snug hotel apartment,—
Going out might wet his feet.

Sometimes with a large umbrella
He will venture for a walk,
Interesting it is to listen
To the grumbling tourist talk.

"Say," quoth he, "in California,
I was told it never rained,
That the sun was always shining"
And his look is very pained.

Hear the nimble native answer,
Fearing not the tourist's wrath,
"This ain't rain, it's just a patent
Owen's River shower bath."

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Where Is He?

by **A. R. ROPES**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 7, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 14

From Atlantic to Pacific
Goes the people's cry terrific,
From Pacific to Atlantic
Echoes back the query frantic—
And America is yearning
For the answer unreturning,
Yearning for a voice to tell her
Where is John D. Rockefeller?

He, the mighty moneyed magnate,
He whose billions do not stagnate,
But in pipe lines circulating
Earn a million while you're waiting—
He, the lord of oil and dollars,
Like the least of truant scholars,
Hides in garret or in cellar—
Where is John D. Rockefeller?

Follow after him and find him.
Like a pack of hounds behind him
Let some journalist aspirant
Run to earth the Standard tyrant.
By his luxury that pleases
To import his special cheeses,
Find the scent, some gifted smeller,
Track the cheese and Rockefeller.

A. R. Ropes (1859–1933). Arthur Reed Ropes, English academic, historian, and lyricist who wrote for the musical stage under the pen name 'Adrian Ross.' The two names denote the same man.

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Dreams

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 21, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 16

Last night I had a curious dream,
Aye, and 'twas pleasant too,
Oh, how I wished, when I awoke,
That dream would just come true.

Methought I walked along the street
And, though a strong wind blew,
The street was nicely sprinkled—so
No dust in thick clouds blew.

Then, when I went to take a car,
I suffered quite a shock,
I found they stopped at corners, not
The middle of the block.

Full many automobiles ran
Around our Angel town
But none of them was going fast
And no one got knocked down.

I went into the City Hall
And listened for awhile
To business in the council room,
It really made me smile,

For every council-man was there
And every one polite;
They were not scrapping with the Mayor
It was a charming sight.

And, when a man got up to speak
I found he could begin
And finish all his speech, without
Doc. Houghton butting in.

Then to Belasco's in my dream,

'Twas pleasant, by my faith,
To find the actors knew their parts
Yea, even, Joe Galbraith.

Next, in this pleasant dream of mine,
Methought I took a ride
In a big sight-seeing auto,
I viewed the town with pride,

The glaring bill-boards all were gone
There was no single sign
For advertising real estate,
My Word, the town looked fine.

I dreamed I sat at breakfast and
The maid gave me a shock,
She said the Times was always there
By half past seven o'clock.

A voice that said, "Time to get up"
Was loudly calling me
From dainty Dreamland I returned
To sad reality.

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[Battling Nelson Sells Papers — a "Danny Deever" parody]

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 28, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 17

A tale such is told by a man but once in a lifetime—a tale of impetuous emotion, of brute strength and courage, of swift and passionate love and hate—vigorous, forceful, mighty. There is a certain strength and rugged beauty about "The Spoilers" which will appeal greatly to the American novel reader. Price \$1.35. The Big Book Store, 252 South Spring Street.

"Who is that human Megaphone?"

The deafened listener cried.

"It's Mr. Cook, the talking man,"

The weary one replied

"Who is that little sun-burned man,

Who takes in so much dough?"

"It's Battling Nelson," he replied—

"At least they told me so."

For they're selling evening papers,

And they're going by the score,

They're not giving any change back,

But it don't make people sore,

It's to help the great relief fund,

They've a Hundred now and more

And it's Bat.

That's selling papers by the million.

Did you see the automobiles

Bearing each its load of fame,

Husky fighters, big and little

All the champions of the game?

First came Jeff the "Burbank Farmer"—

Say, old Jim sure looked the part,

With his temporary Reubens,

Holding down his orange cart.

"Oranges, come on there, buy some,

Here's the champion selling out!"
Little, plump, rotund Al. Levy
Yelling like a race-track tout.

Next there came a big band-wagon,
Services, of course, were free
So they played about four minutes
Then they rested thirty-three.

Then came Nelson, gay Beau Brummel,
Keen for any kind of sport,
With his useful ear to starboard
And his tin one down to port.

Every thoroughfare was crowded,
When the great parade went by,
All the ladies stared delighted
Making big old Jeff feel shy.

Did you see the entertainment
That they gave on Tuesday night?
Ladies were, for once, admitted—
They could see the champions fight.

Loudly all the ladies clamored
"Take me to the boxing bout!
Oh! I want to see Jim Jeffries
Knock some other fellow out!"

What a lovely time the Darlings
Had for Charity's sweet sake
Now we all can go to prize-fights
No more bad excuses make.

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San Francisco, April 18, 1906

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 28, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 17

At evening the city lay wrapped in its glory,
As fair as the white-pillared Athens of old;
With wide stretching bay, and sturdy green foothills,
And the sunset rays lighting its streets with gold.

Slowly came Night o'er the darkening ocean;
With bony hand grasping her sickle too keen
Came Death in her robes of heart-lowering blackness,
Close stalking to Night, but by mortal unseen.

The sky lighted up with the star gleam of evening,
The city streets brightened with song and good cheer,
But only the moan of the wide-weeping ocean
Gave sign that the reign of dread Death was so near.

* * *

Chased by the sunlight Night, scattered in silence,
When Death with derision and damnable glee
Stood forth in wild triumph, outstretching her talons,
And crying, "Ye mortals, heed ye unto me."

But the city, unmindful, slept peaceful and careless
While Death's cruel purpose in savage curse fell
Her cry was unheeded, and she in her anger
Screamed loud for her servants, the demons of Hell.

They echoed her laughter, they answered her bidding,
They shook all the beautiful, God-given world
Till its very heart sickened and quivered, was broken;
And into the darkness of Death's arms was hurled.

* * *

At evening the city lay wrapped in a mantle
Of horror, of anguish, of flame and of Death,

Of plague and of famine, of thirst and of darkness,
Till the very wind shuddered, and held its hot breath;
With wild shrieking cry Death stalked through the ruins,
And laughed at her horrible work as she ran,
"Man buildeth, Man planneth, but Man is a weakling,
And Death holds all power, and cares not for Man."

*Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06;
little else about her life is reliably recorded.*

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True to "Life."

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 5, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 18

In olden times a damsel made
Methinks, no extra fuss
If you should try to kiss the jade
'Twas nothing but a Buss.

But, hark ye now, 'tis very plain
We use that word to-day
For, if you were to kiss again,
Just "Rebus" you would say.

Then, if perchance, you were quite bold
And many were to kiss,
Then "Pluribus" so I've been told
Would be the word for this.

Let us suppose that you should see
And kiss a homely dame,
A "Syllabus" 'twould surely be
A most appropriate name.

If the wrong person you should kiss
'Twould be a "blunderbuss"
If everybody after this
Why, that's an "omnibus."

But here's the favorite kiss of all
You must agree with us,
It's kissing in the dark we call
The ancient "Erebus."

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The Flower-Gatherers

by **HENRY NEWBOLT**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 12, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 19

The Girl in Waiting. Archibald Eyer's Best Novel. A jolly and unconventional society girl in an English bun shop is the means of weaving "an unusual tale." A stolen diamond tiara makes mystery, and strange characters rare humor. Price \$1.35. The Big Book Store, 252 South Spring Street.

I left behind the ways of care,
The crowded hurrying hours,
I breathed again the woodland air,
I plucked the woodland flowers:

Bluebells as yet but half awake,
Primroses pale and cool,
Anemones like stars that shake
In a green twilight pool—

On these still lay the enchanted shade,
The magic April sun;
With my own child a child I strayed
And thought the years were one.

As through the copse she went and came
My senses lost their truth;
I called her by the dear dead name
That sweetened all my youth.

Henry Newbolt (1862–1938). English poet, novelist, and man of letters, famous for patriotic and naval ballads such as 'Vitaï Lampada' and 'Drake's Drum.' Knighted in 1915, he became an establishment literary figure and wartime propagandist who embodied late-Victorian and Edwardian imperial sentiment.

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Cruise of the Lurline

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 19, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 20

ANONYMOUS

Farewell, farewell, the anchor's up,
The yachts are under way,
They're off to Honolulu, lads,
Two thousand miles away.

Before they go let's give one cheer,
For crews and captains bold,
The Lurline has a stock of beer
Secreted in her hold.

Observe her captain taut and trim,
He bravely walks the poop,
He cons his ship with zealous vim
To work he would not stoop.

So he has shanghaied all his friends,
That is, the ones he thinks
He can make work with halyard ends,
And do not ask for drinks.

Poor Louie Vetter, see him there
So innocent is he,
He does not know that Sinclair is
A bucko man at sea.

For when they get outside the heads
He'll hear the skipper shout
"Oh, bo'sun, pipe the call 'All hands'
And turn those lubbers out."

Then, when they reach the after deck,
The commodore will say
"I'm captain of this blessed ship
My word you must obey;

You thought you'd come along o' me

To have a pleasant trip,
I'll make a pleasant trip for you—
You've got to man the ship.

Now douse those dudish duds, you swabs,
Put on some dungaree,
And anyone who has complaints
Has got to deal with me.

Fritz Overton, you're cabin boy,
And Louie cook will be,
The crew can live on junk and tack,
The very best for me.

Now Charlie Clark, get up aloft,
And hide that homely face,
Splice all the rigging you can find
Except the big main brace.

I'll make you work, you lively dudes,
I'll make you earn your pay
And that will be your bunk and board
That's all I have to say."

But, when at length they win the race
And get to Hawaii first,
Just think what joyous times they'll have
A'quenching of their thirst.

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Song of Spring

by **STELLA GRAHAM SINGLETON**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 26, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 21

Just a little sunshine
 Shimmering through the trees
Strains of dainty warbling
 From throats that always please
Fill the world with music
 Of cadence sweet and low
Fill the heart with pleasure
 Conquering every foe.
Let us then be happy
 Fill the world with cheer
Be not like the winter
 Make things not so sere;
Welcome forth the Springtime
 With song and laughter gay
Drink from Life's sweet goblet
 The glistening pearls of May.

Stella Graham Singleton. A poet whose verse appeared in The Graphic; little else about her is recorded.

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The Day

by **MAY DONEY**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 26, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 21

Wonderful, silent, doth it rise,—
 A white fact casting off red dreams,—
With clear, unfathomable eyes
 Where time, unconquered, gleams.

Fools, lacking time to love or pray,
 Against the body of its hours
Press hurriedly, or ever stay
 To question of its powers.

"This hast thou done," it writes, "and this;
 And these shall prove that we have met;"
And still we mould, and mar, and miss,
 And think we shall forget.

We wake, nor think immortal youth
 From darkness evermore is drawn
In this sweet, awful shape of truth
 That comes with every dawn.

We babble of eternal things,
 And, lo! Eternity is here,
Inscribing God's imaginings
 Upon the gradual year.

Morn after morn unveils its face,
 Where on our path of life it stands,
Heaven or Hell, grey doom and grace,
 Within its open hands.

And when we pass the bounds of time,
 In fear or rapture we shall say,
In that unhoured, supernal clime:
 "This was, this is, our Day!"

May Doney. An English poet of the early twentieth century, author of the collection 'Songs of the Real' (1912). Firm biographical dates are not recorded.

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Our Fire Brigade (excerpt)

by **MRS. LUCY LONG**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 2, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 22

You may boast of your glittering swell attire,
Fast automobiles, the wrong style to admire,
And the saddle "The Lady" should ride sideways,
Or the horsewoman decked in evening amaze;
The Goddess that only like statue should ride
In procession of art becoming her pride.

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Our Fire Brigade (excerpt)

by **MRS. LUCY LONG**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 2, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 22

Then, after a really redolent "refrain," the poetess warms to her subject with the line: "The band 'spired their horses of beauty to prance" but the lady omits to tell us how the band "'spired." Was it perspiration, inspiration, suspiration or what? After this effort Mrs. Lucy Long becomes mystic, if not cryptic, for thus she lilts her lay, or lays her lilt—I'm not sure which.

The nation's proud Eagle—her stately brown bear,
And smart Pasadena with pretty belles fair;
Collegion of scholars impressively bright,
Were clapped in profusion throughout the gay sight.
The chief with some forces were mounted I saw
In chariots of splendor sat students at law.

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Our Fire Brigade (excerpt)

by **MRS. LUCY LONG**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 2, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 22

Luxurious pleasure surrounding the boats,
Were driven with fashion equipped on the floats.

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The Early Stars

by **ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 16, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 24

The slender alders by the stream
Are veiled in leafage faint and fine,
Frail as the fabric of a dream,
And all about the grasses gleam
The gilt stars of the celandine.

Once on a day—how long ago!—
Deep in the grass we saw them shine,
Beside this selfsame streamlet's flow,
While sweet birds fluted high and low,
The gilt stars of the celandine.

Beneath the trees, beside the stream,
Fair as of old we see them shine—
Dear, might we dream the selfsame dream,
Were youth once more but yours and mine!—
Evangelists from the past they seem,
The gilt stars of the celandine.

Rosamund Marriott Watson (1860–1911). English poet and essayist who published her early work under the male pseudonym 'Graham R. Tomson.' Admired in the 1890s for elegant, aesthetically refined lyric verse, she also wrote on art and design and moved in fashionable literary circles before her death in 1911.

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The Street Violinist

by **C. R.**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 23, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 25

Like a bird that sings of the beautiful things on the boundless earth and sea,
A throbbing note from the violin's throat comes murmuring soft to me;
And the roar of the street, where the weary feet of a nation's people tread
Like a turbulent stream, gives way to a dream of years that have long been
dead:—

Of the rippling rill at the foot of the hill where the pine trees whispered low,
Of the sobbing breeze that stirred the trees; of the days of long ago:
Of the pattering rain 'gainst the window pane of the cheery, firelit room,
When the nights were long and an old sweet song oft lightened the gathering
gloom:

Of a storm at sea when the waves rose free of God's encircling hand,
And shrieked and howled and mocked and growled as they crunched at the
shrinking land;

Of the dreary wrecks with their battened decks, and their sails drooping low
in the sun,

That floated by with a grating cry, like phantoms, one by one:

Like a voice from the dead a slender thread of music soars on high,
Till I quiver and thrill and shiver and chill, and dread for the song to die;
But soft and faint, with a weary plaint, it breaks in a sobbing moan,
And the noise of the street and the tramping of feet resume their weary drone.

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Maid o' Mine

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 23, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 25

Laughing, roseleaf, dimpled face,
Mocks from 'neath her golden hair,
Eyes as deep and shadowy
As forest pools, coquettishly
Droop 'neath lashes doubtfully,
And red lips pucker poutingly
Like blossoms sweet and rare.

Dainty mistress of my heart,
How she rules with wilful way,
Smiling—lo! the world grows light,
Frowning—lo! 'tis dark as night;
Winsome little maid o' mine,
Ever shall my heart be thine,
Till my body lies as clay.

In your eyes the mysteries
Of life in dusky shadows lie,
As yet you care not for the hours
That swiftly fly—they are but flowers
You pick and throw away to die;
We laugh at time, dear, you and I,
My laughing baby girl and I.

But when your sweet eyes drowsy grow,
And when your dimpled fingers twine
About my own, and soft lips seek
My lips, and dainty, roseleaf cheek
Droops low into my sheltering arm
That waits to shield you from all harm—
'Tis then I know you're maid o' mine.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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The Irish Pipes

by **KATHARINE TYNAN**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 7, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 1

Hilaire Belloc is another of the new members of the present British Parliament who is distinguished primarily for his literary work. His story, "Emanuel Burden, Merchant," which was published in this country not long ago, is one of the most brilliantly satirical books of our day.

I heard the piper playing,
The piper old and blind,
And knew its secret saying--
The voice of the summer wind.

I heard clear waters falling,
Lapping from stone to stone,
The wood-dove crying and calling,
Ever alone, alone.

I heard the bells of the heather
Ring in the summer breeze,
Soft stir of fur and feather
And quiet hum of bees.

The piper drew me yearning
Into the dim grey lands,
Where there is no returning
Although I wring my hands.

There to the piper's crooning
I saw my dead again,
All in a happy nooning
Of golden sun and rain.

You piper, kind and hoary,
Your pipes upon your knee,
If I should tell my story,
The things you piped for me,
The folk would leave their selling,

And bid their buying go,
If I could but be telling
The things you let me know.

Katharine Tynan (1859–1931). Irish poet and novelist, a prolific figure in the Celtic literary revival and an early friend of W. B. Yeats. She published scores of novels and many volumes of devotional and nature-inspired verse, becoming one of Ireland's most widely read writers of her era.

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The Spoken Language

by **CHICAGO TRIBUNE**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 7, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 1

[It is announced that the Japanese, who have shown their admiration for American methods in many ways, will now adopt our language also.]

We gottem comin' rightalong.

No matter wher ut is.

You bet theysee ut goodanstrong;

They gotta stick to biz.

They gotta have the dope to hand

The same as yoursanmine--

The kind 'at folks canunderstand;

They gottagitinline.

No usatalkin'! It's the stuff!

Some langwidges may be

Framedup tuh rattle plain enough.

But not fer youanme.

They gottahave our tellagraph,

Our can' goods an' machines,

An' talk that cuts the time in half

But tells just wottitmeans.

Well, wotchago'n'todo? These days

You gotta watchyer curves,

Urrelse some feller's foxyways

'Ll gittonto yer nerves.

Those Japs is' Johnnyonthespot;

An' theye'n use the'r eyes

An' learn the game. I tellyuwot,

Those Japs is gittinwise!

You betchuh! 'Sposen you er me

Has got some speech tuh shed--

W'y, wennysezzit, can't yuh see

Yuh know just wotty said?

Those Japs is next tuh wottisright,
They gottit doped out fine;
They gotta talk as well as fight--
They gottagitinline!

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The Song of the Buoy

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 14, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 2

Up and down on the dimpling waves, hither and yon toss I,
Loving the sunlight glowing warm, soft'ning my mournful cry,
Looking down through the rippling waves to the shadowy green sea-bed,
Where countless treasures lie in mounds, heaped with the ghastly dead.
Tossing slow in the evening light, bathed in the moon's soft glow,
Dreaming my dreams of the years gone by, sending my warning low;
Softly the wind of the southland sings, bringing the gray rain cloud,
And the moonlight fades in the depths of the sea, and the rain drops patter
loud.

Ever I cry of my loneliness, I and the sobbing sea;
"Steer clear, ye ships, for the rocks stand high, and Death lurks near unto
me."

Old and gray and sea-moss grown, hither and yon toss I,
Breasting high the green wave's top, sinking with hoarse, shrill cry,
Up and down through the countless days, all alone with the sea,
Save when a ship goes sailing by and dips its helm to me,
Save when the gale screams overhead, and I hear an echoing cry,
And see a battered, somber wreck sink 'neath the waves and die;
Frowning, stern, with gaping mouths, the great rocks dimly rise
And scan the white-capped, tossing waves with eager, greedy eyes,
And loud I scream in the darkening night, "Ye ships, keep watch, take care,
For Death lurks near to my biding place, beware, oh ships, beware!"

*Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06;
little else about her life is reliably recorded.*

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Lay of the Long Lee Shore

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 21, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 3

ANONYMOUS

Ahoy my lads, the anchor's weighed
 We're off to Ocean Park
A'sailing out across the bay,
 Two hours after dark.
However calm it chance to be
 We need no wind to blow
Our craft speeds o'er the moonlit sea
 Because we are in tow.

Larboard, Starboard
 Don't forget your lights
"Red to red, go straight ahead,"
 The proper rule o' nights.
But, when Jack starts his glowing pipe,
 Don't think that you have seen
A light to port of any sort
 Or starboard light of green.

Before we start the race, my lads,
 I'll give you some advice—
Be sure the lunch is put aboard
 And don't forget the ice.
The main-brace must be spliced at once
 And that requires all hands,
A most important job and close
 Attention it demands.

First gun, second gun
 Now, at last, we start,
Get to wind'ard every man
 And do it mighty smart.
Duck your heads down out of the wind,
 About there, Hard a lee,

You'll have to play the game all day
If you're going to sail with me.

The race is lost and won, at last
So now we'll go ashore;
But, yachtsmen, when you've had enough
Please do not ask for more.

Good ballast is most useful when
'Tis only used as such
But yet you may capsize a craft
By putting in too much.

Left foot, right foot
All adown the wharf,
Careful, Mr. Sailorman
And please don't tumble off.
Jump in the small boat carefully—
Of course we won the race
And Ocean Park, by day or dark,
Is a bird of a jolly good place.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Anonymous (the Graphic's "jingle").

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Consolidation Mormonesque

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 28, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 4

Dramatis Personae.

Los Angeles. A handsome young nobleman, bravely attired,

Who, struck by the little god's dart,

By each of these maidens is truly admired,

Though none of them gives him her heart.

Pasadena. A virtuous but vineg'ry maiden and one

Who longs to be wooed by this boy,

But cannot quite make up her mind to be won,

She is so exceedingly coy.

Long Beach. A plump little girlie, a young one at that,

But, oh, we are sorry to say

She swells up so fast that she has a new hat

To fit on her head every day.

San Pedro. A dignified damsel, whose sweet winning ways

Make her welcome wherever she goes.

No censure for her, but the fairest of praise

For her beauty and maidenly pose.

Monrovia. The Queen of the foot-hills, a maiden so fair,

Admiration we cannot express.

Though lively, we find, that she seems not to care

For the joys of a new wedding dress.

Mercury. The gods' nimble messenger, swiftly he flies,

To our hero assistance he'll bring.

Perhaps not assistance, still no one denies

That advice is a very good thing.

A chorus of cupids who do not appear

Their costume prevents it, you know.

A parson, whose cloth won't protect him, we fear,

From being buffooned in the show.

Scene. The mystic Grotto of Hymen. Time, Sunset. Los Angeles is discovered center.

Los Angeles. Far from the Pantiles' noisy throng,
Free from the madding crowd,
Here I can list to Love's sweet song
And speak my thoughts aloud.
Though I may have a comely form,
Aye, and a handsome face,
Though I have large and rich estates,
Yet hold I not first place
In any maiden's heart to-day;
And fain to wed am I
With some fair neighbor, one whose lands
To my estate are nigh.
Then could I buy those distant wells
Whence water springs right free,
In aqueducts I'd bring it down
To quicken land for me
And all my tenants. But alas,
The usurers demand,
Before they give me gold enough,
That I must own more land.
(Mercury flies onto stage.)
Mercury. Fair youth, from the distant Olympian heights
We have looked on your troubles with pity.
So I am commissioned to set things to rights,
I'm the Consolidation Committee.
I know what your needs are, and marriage, in sooth,
Is the very first thing you require,
If one girl's not rich enough, then, nimble youth,
Wed as many as you may desire.
I have quite a bevy of beauties at call,
Inspect them all, each in her turn,
If you take my advice, Sir, you'll marry them all,
And then you'll have money to burn.
Los Angeles. I thank you, good sir, for your kindly advice
In presenting your girls don't delay,
And if, as you say, they are all of them nice,
I'll marry them all as you say.

(Mercury skips off stage and returns immediately followed by Pasadena, Long Beach, Monrovia and San Pedro. Long Beach is closely accompanied by Parson. They stand at back of stage in a semi-circle.)

Mercury. Dear ladies, permit me to introduce
This charming and handsome young man,
(All curtsey.)

He wishes to marry you all, if you please,
And I trust you approve of the plan.

All. What! All of us?

Mercury. Yes, all of you.

Fair Pasadena, what think you?

Pasadena. Oh, sir, this is so sudden, I
Don't know, indeed, how to reply.

I am so virtuous that I fear

To start on married life's career.

This handsome youth well pleases me,

I'd like to wed, sir, but you see

I fear, if married life I'd choose,

My independence I would lose.

Mercury. Miss Long Beach, pray answer and tell us the truth,

Don't you want to join hands with this well-favored youth?

(Long Beach indicates Parson who steps forward.)

Parson (with great unction, addressing Los Angeles.)

Dear Brother, I trust that you well understand,

The position I take in this case,

Our sister here owns a large area of land,

She is comely and has a sweet face.

Her devotion to me is so very well known,

Her actions I govern with care,

Your proposal, however, good sir, I must own,

Does not strike me as being quite fair.

If you will agree to divide up the land

With the revenue, taxes and rent,

It is possible then she would give you her hand,

But young sir, you must also repent

Of all your late wickedness, every saloon

On your land must be closed, for you see

If anyone wishes a drink they must go

To a little blind pig—just like me.

Mercury. Oh, ho! my good Parson, your head, like your paunch,
Is swelled in a terrible way.
Monrovia and dainty San Pedro, we wish
To hear what you both have to say.
Monrovia. I do not know, I do not care,
I have a stock of fine hot air
It's kept me going up till now,
I do not care to change, I trow.
San Pedro. If, as you say, good Mercury, 'tis best
For me to change my lone estate,
Then am I willing and I have no fear
To leave my future in the hands of Fate.
Mercury (to Los Angeles.)
I've done what I could, noble youth, I must leave.
Don't be too disheartened, I pray.
Though three of them would not accept you, don't grieve,
For Rome was not built in a day.
In the future these maidens will see it is best
To wed with you, mark what I tell;
In the end they will do what to-day you request.
My work here is finished. Farewell.
(Flies off stage..)
Curtain.

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The Preacher and the Preached-at

by **ADRIAN ROSS**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 28, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 4

The set that people call the smart
Has notoriety at heart;
It runs the round of garish vice
With ardor very far from nice.
It makes unsavory divorce
A matter very much of course;
It plays at twenty cents a point,
Its wedded pairs are out of joint,
With empty cradles quite content.
All this is for advertisement.

The preacher, scorning etiquette,
Comes down upon the smartest set.
With torrent words that none can stem
He tells them what he thinks of them.
He shows their vices in a glass
Before the proper middle class,
He hints at deadly vengeance which
Is threatened by the wicked rich.
No doubt he has the best intent,
But—it's a fine advertisement.

Adrian Ross (1859–1933). Pen name of Arthur Reed Ropes, English lyricist and academic who wrote the words for dozens of Edwardian musical comedies and the English lyrics for 'The Merry Widow.' Same man as 'A. R. Ropes.'

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The Spirit of San Francisco

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 4, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

Put me somewhere west of East street, where there's nothing left but dust,
Where the lads are all a hustlin' and where everything's gone bust,
Where the buildings that are standing sort of blink and blindly stare
At the d—dest ruins ever gazed on anywhere.

Bully ruins—bricks and wall—through the night I've heard you call
Sort of sorry for each other 'cause you had to burn and fall,
From the Ferries to Van Ness you're a God-forsaken mess,
But the d—dest finest ruins—nothing more nor less.

The strangers who come rubberin' and a huntin' souvenirs,
The fools they try to tell us it will take a million years
Before we can get started, so why don't we come to live
And build our homes and factories upon land they've got to give.

"Got to give," why, on my soul, I would rather bore a hole
And live right in the ashes than even move to Oakland's mole,
If they'd all give me my pick of their buildings proud and slick,
In the d—dest finest ruins still I'd rather be a brick.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the E. Avery McCarthy (attributed; printed anonymously).

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In Bohemia

by **JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY (PRINTED AS "JAMES BOYLE O'REILLY")**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 4, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 5

*From an appreciation of William Rennick's "B & L" cafe by Harry Stuart, closing
with the late John Boyle O'Reilly's stirring "In Bohemia," which follows:*

I'd rather live in Bohemia than any other land,
For only there are the values true
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The price of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness or force or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.

Here pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of that dear Bohemia land.

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The Blood Feud

by **ADRIAN ROSS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 11, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 6

In this tale Mrs. Margaret Deland gives us the same delightful Old Chester people.

It is the story of the awakening of Helena Richie's nobler self—through the unconscious influence of a little boy whom she has adopted. Price \$1.35. The Big Book Store, 252 South Spring Street.

Harry Thaw shot Stanford White;
Public Verdict—Served him right!
White (the son) may murder Thaw;
He need hardly fear the law.
Some one else may kill the son,
Some one else that other one,
Till the Thaws and Whites are done.
But this method well-devised
May be harshly criticised
As a bit uncivilized.

Adrian Ross (1859–1933). Pen name of Arthur Reed Ropes, English lyricist and academic who wrote the words for dozens of Edwardian musical comedies and the English lyrics for 'The Merry Widow.' Same man as 'A. R. Ropes.'

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The Unspeakable Russian

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 1, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 9

ANONYMOUS

Each day on mutiny is bent
Some famous Russian regiment
Of title wonderfully hard—
The Unpronounceablenski Guard.

Champions of freedom! surely fame
Would trumpet to the world your name
If she could only read your card—
The Unpronounceablenski Guard.

But when I strive your name to speak,
It leaves my voice all faint and weak,
My jaws unhinged, my larynx scarred—
Oh Unpronounceablenski Guard!

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Yesterday

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 1, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 9

Another baffling detective story by this popular author—more bewildering even than was "The Millionaire Baby." "The Woman," while present at a fashionable function, is murdered in an alcove not three feet from the assembled guests. One of the party is looked upon as the murderer, but the final disclosure is a thrilling surprise. Price \$1.35. The Big Book Store, 252 South Spring Street.

Without, the fickle South Wind roams as in a drowsy maze,
Within, the yellow sunlight falls in dancing, mote-filled rays;
The music of the mating birds, the lilt of saucy brook
Come through my open casement and invade my quiet nook:
But leave me to my idle dreams, my dreams both sad and gay
For Summer ne'er is half so sweet as it was Yesterday.

Without, the North Wind ruthless reigns and drifts the ermine snow
Within, the firelight's shadows fall, the candles' light burns low;
The music of an old, old song, with cadence sad and deep,
Breathes farewell to the dying day and bids the world to sleep:—
It leaves me to my idle dreams, my dreams both sad and gay,
While Memory paints indelibly the joys of Yesterday.

And so whatever blow the wind, and let there come what may,
There ne'er can be so sweet a time as in the Yesterday,
No love can be as true as mine breathed in the golden May,
No hearts can beat as did beat mine in that sweet Yesterday;
So let me dream my idle dreams, my dreams both sad and gay;
Yet even dreams are not so sweet as dreams were Yesterday.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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The Solitary Way

by **WILFRED CAMPBELL**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 1, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 9

That lonely road up which all self-reliant,
Strong souls must go;
That stony path not worn by footsteps pliant
In dales below;

That rare track made by great ones, lone and beaten
Through solitary hours,
Climbing past fear and fate and sin, iron-eaten,
To godlier powers;

This stern, dark highway, alien, trodden only
By earth's rare few,
Who, holding the high, austere, aloof and lonely,
The sensual slew;

Who walked through grim, dread seasons holding ever
Hearts patient, dumb;
Where father, mother, sister, friend or lover,
Might never come.

A road of lonely morn and midnight, sloping
O'er earth's dim bars;
Where out at last the soul, life's pinnacles topping,
Stands with the stars.

That pathway Dante trod, and Cromwell, doubting,
Questioning, seeking, followed in prayer alone;
That mighty stairway trod Napoleon, routing
Europe o'erthrown.

Nought weak, ignoble, trod its stairways splendid,
Isolate, austere;
Only earth's great its solitudes have wended,
Of vasty mere,

Of desolate heights to genius dedicated,

O'er earth's poor moan;
Where spirits, proud, to the stern eagle mated,
View life alone.

Wilfred Campbell (1860–1918). Canadian poet, one of the 'Confederation Poets,' celebrated for nature lyrics of the Great Lakes region where he grew up. Also a dramatist, novelist, and Ottawa civil servant, he wrote increasingly patriotic and imperialist verse that made him a prominent Canadian literary voice.

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The Gallant Fisher's Life

by **IZAACK WALTON**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 15, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 11

Oh, the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
It is full of pleasure, void of strife,
And is beloved by many;
Other joys
Are but toys
Only this
Lawful is:
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

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Mountain Vision

by **PAULINE B. BARRINGTON**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 15, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 11

I stood between two mountains in their might,
(A sparkling glory was that clear, clear day,)
I stood, alone, upon a narrow way
That joined the two still peaks, a band of light.
The peopled valleys far below, hid from my sight,
Shrouded deep in silent mystery lay,
From out their depths rose mountains cold and gray,
Range after range they rose to sumptuous height—
Until we seemed surrounded by God's Hosts,
And through the heat waves of the golden sun
The Glory of the Lord appeared to me.
I fell upon my face, as Sinai's priest had done
O'ercome with fear and former foolish boasts,
When darkness came I crept back to the vale.

Pauline B. Barrington (1876–1956). American poet who settled in California after marrying in Pasadena in 1901, publishing widely in the Los Angeles Graphic and Los Angeles Times. She is remembered chiefly for her 1916 antiwar poem 'Education' ('Toy Guns'), later anthologized among women's First World War verse.

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Barriers Burned (A Rhyme of the San Francisco Breadline)

by **CHARLES K. FIELD**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 6, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 14

It ain't such a terrible long time ago
That Mrs. Van Bergen and me
Though livin' near by to each other, y' know,
Was strangers, for all ye could see,
For she had a grand house an' horses to drive,
An' a wee rented cottage was mine,
But now we need rations to keep us alive
An' we're standin' together in line.

An' Mrs. Van Bergen she greets me these days
With a smile an' a nod of the head;
"Ah, Mrs. McGinnis, how are you?" she says,
"An' do you like Government bread?"
She fetches a bag made of crockydile skin
An' I've got a sack when we meet,
But the same kind of coffee an' crackers goes in,
An' it's all of it cooked in the street.

Sure, Mrs. Van Bergen is takin' it fine,
Ye'd think she was used to the food;
We're gettin' acquainted, a-standin' in line,
An' it's doin' the both of us good.
An' Mr. Van Bergen and Michael, my man,
(They've always been friendly, the men)
They're gettin' together an' layin' a plan
For buildin' the city again!

Charles K. Field (1873–1948). American poet and editor, a member of Stanford's pioneer class, long associated with the Western magazine Sunset, which he edited from about 1914 to 1920. A Californian man of letters and later a popular NBC radio host, he wrote light verse celebrating the Pacific West.

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Evenfall

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 13, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 15

A 'down the glen the red light shakes and shimmers on the river,
The lazy wind steals to and fro and sets the leaves a-quiver;
A 'top the hill a grey-cloaked haze like sea-born mist is lying,
And slipping softly down the slope steals color in its flying.
The sun seeks rest across the hill, the scarlet clouds go streaming
Far down the West to wake the Night that lies there idly dreaming;
The shadows creep from Twilight's grasp and settle on the heather,
And up the vale the dark-robed Night and Silence glide together.

*Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06;
little else about her life is reliably recorded.*

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The Last Act

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 3, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 18

The stage is dark, so dark it seems
As if the figures are but dreams
Or shadows on the wall;
The one last act, when eyes must tell
The sorrow of that last farewell
That comes once to us all.

With notes that thrill, so sweet, so deep
They wrench the heart and wake from sleep
The days that once were dead;
With notes that break in sobbing breath,
Piped mockingly by grewsome Death,
The orchestra is led.

A tattered mask of face once fair
Lies near—with eyes that vacant stare
Into the vista of the days;
Across the stage the candle light
Goes dancing, and the gathering night
Seems darker for the ghastly rays.

A silence now—deep fraught with pain;
The play is done—the dreary rain
Gives answer to the broken calls;
The candle flickers, flares, goes out,
The shadows gather deep about—
The curtain falls.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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The Player's Death

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 17, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 20

At rest! Else why upon your lips that strange sweet smile?
At rest! Else why that peaceful brow, those folded hands?
The very silence seems to halt beneath Death's wile,
 As from the hour-glass slowly run the sands.
The mocking laurels rest against your hollow cheek,
The grinning masks slip low beside your somber bier,
Strange shadows of your masterpieces seem to speak
 Each in the voice we nevermore shall hear.
The dying echo of a mad applause still falls;
The candle burns serene and breaks the darkness deep;
And low from out the shadows Memory calls
 In vain—for none can wake you from your sleep.
Why say for you the lights are out, the curtain down,
Why say for you the great and glorious play is done?
For you no shadow e'er again shall sunshine drown,
For you the master play has but begun.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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Young Love: A Retrospect

by **CYRIL H. BRETHERTON**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 8, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, No. 1

Profoundly steeped while still a lusty chick
In what is loosely known as "Love's young Dream,"
I worshipped almost ere I learned to kick
And scream.

To me the primal springs of pure Romance,
And lore of lovers, culled from Nature's tap,
Offered a more alluring sustenance
Than pap.

The passion gripped me as the months flew by
Anterior to the ripeish age of one;
Girl babies simply looked at me and I
Was done!

And when with ampler trouserings a rude
Athletic sense inspired me I would court
Young women who displayed an aptitude
For sport.

Some shone at skating, others took the prize
At putting: several proved extremely fleet
At tennis; many took an extra size
In feet.

But one and all to my infatuate eye
Displayed the lithe but generous physique
That lives in classic art as fostered by
The Greek.

All by their easy prowess in the field
Loomed on my gaze as goddesses apart;
"To such alone," I said, "a man should yield
His heart."

Then waxing whiskers fanned the vapid flame,

And dealt the torpid breast a livelier jog;
To put the thing succinctly I became
A dog.

For tepid loves I ceased to care a blow;
"A girl," I said, "should know her way about."
"Give me the wench whose mother doesn't know
She's out."

I leaned to widows; such as knew a lot,
Nor strove to show a too exclusive tone;
Widows with pasts whose hair was often not
Their own.

Still later sated with the vagrant oat,
The needs of intellect, too lightly balked,
Drove me for solace to the girls who wrote
And talked!

Some brandished Ruskin, several found the floor
With Christian Science; others took the bit,
And plumped for Omar K. (of Nishapur)
As "It."

Entwined in close communion we'd divulge
Our souls' Platonic yearnings: on the whole
We usually got the proper bulge
On "Soul."

But later, as the telling lustres flew
Into the ewigkeit of dreams, I said
"Alphonso, it is time, my buck, that you
Got wed."

A thirst for domesticity began
To oust the finer flutterings of the heart;
One longed for solid comfort rather than
For art.

But when I sought the pretty things again,
Meaning to wed, it pained me to detect
How every charmer saw in me some plain
Defect.

Some, deaf to the superior claims of mind,
 Required a fuller complement of looks;
Some stated frankly that they weren't designed
 For cooks.

Some wished to keep their liberty: a few
 Felt an immediate call to wed for pelf,
Which constituted an objection to
 Myself.

Some broke it to me in a pleasant way,
 Others preferred to call a spade a spade,
And said they wouldn't have me, not if they
 Were paid.

But all preferred a negative reply,
 Deeming the task too much to undertake.
They rather thought, they added, it was my
 Mistake.

I'm single still, a grim misogynist,
 Haunting my club I shun the fickle sex;
And as for soulful females, I could wring
 Their necks!

Los Angeles, December 1, 1906.

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The Cobbler Captain

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 8, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, No. 1

ANONYMOUS

Said the cobbler to the Kaiser,
"Though perhaps you may be wiser
 Than I am,
Yet I ruled my few civilians
As you rule your sixty millions
 From Potsdam.

"It's the coat that one is wrapped in
Makes a Kaiser or a captain;
 That's the trick,
By the suit in which you figure—
You command your rather bigger
 Kopenick.

"So you' better grant a pardon,
For if you should be too hard on
 My offense,
I am much afraid that it'll
Teach our citizens a little
 Common sense.

"They will see that a vagary
Of the mighty military
 May be wrong;
They may question its expedience,
And from that to disobedience
 Won't be long.

"Should you ever give them orders
For invading France's borders
 They may kick,
And continue as at present
To enjoy themselves at pleasant
 Kopenick."

Reprinted in The Graphic from the The Tatler.

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The Rain

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 15, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 2

Slipping on through field and by-way,
Stealing soft down street and high-way,
 Tapping, tapping on the window, seeking entrance through the pane;
Driving gray before the night breeze,
Dripping black beneath the pine trees,
 Tapping, tapping on the window, comes the patter of the rain.

Through the graveyard in the gloaming,
Standing spectral, it goes roaming,
 Whispering to the dead, deep lying 'neath the grasses brown and dead
"'Tis not yet the time for reaping,
Rest ye well nor break your sleeping,
 None save God shall e'er disturb you, raise you from your earthly bed."

Down the trail of night it follows,
Beating fast on hills, through hollows,
 Answering to the rising night-wind, sobbing with an endless woe,
With the voice of dead years calling,
On the graves of dead hopes falling,
 Touching chords with master fingers, soothing aching hearts bowed low.

Los Angeles, Dec. 11.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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Untitled

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 15, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, No. 2

ANONYMOUS

My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest broken by,
With a dislocated steering gear and tonneau all awry,
Fret not to skid upon the road, a record new to make;
Ask not to exceed the limit speed, nor Auto law to break.

Fret not to treat the poor pedestrian to scorn,
Nor sigh to rend the ambient air with thy most awful horn.
Thy dear Chauffeur hath been discharged, thine owner had his joke.
High geared and priced, Farewell! Farewell! thou art broke, my steed, thou
art broke,

Farewell! those tired wheels again full many a mile may roam.
But not with me to leave me strapped some twenty miles from home.
Some other hand more skilled than mine must take you to repair;
Some person with a larger purse can have thee for thy care.

Away, away with oily speeches with airy persiflage;
Farewell! So long! my mobile steed, thou art in the garage!
What time I bought thee I was young, thou hast made me grey and old;
When I can find a purchaser, thou art sold, my steed; thou art sold.

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The Children's Christmas

by **MRS. JOHN HANCOCK**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 22, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 3

Yes, Christmas is coming,
There's humming and drumming,
And shouting and clapping of hands.
There's wondering and guessing,
And baby doll dressing,
And buying of tables and stands.

There's tricks of eavesdropping,
And ominous stopping
Of talks when the youngsters come in
With questions o'erflowing,
And winking and showing,
"We know what the topic has been."

Mamma she looks heartless,
And sister quite artless,
When little folks bother and tease;
But they only get pushes,
And kisses and hushes,
Though they whisper and coax, "Won't you please?"

Dick lies by the fender,
The better to render
His wishes to old Santa Claus;
A drum is the hobby
Of curly-pate Bobby;
What cares he for order or laws?

Nell, all in a twitter,
Wants sister to fit her
The darlingest cloak for Flo's doll.
The silk is of cherry,
As bright as cranberry,
"And you never must tell her at all."

Tom walking with father
Suggests he would rather
His gift were a bicycle bright;
While rosy-cheeked Kitty
Thinks nothing so pretty
As eardrops of pearl worn at night.

Both father and mother,
Each sister and brother,
Is trying to work with a will,
Some gift, some surprise
For eager young eyes,
Some earnest young longing to fill.

We're glad it is coming,
(We'll try to bear drumming),
Yes, coming a week from today,
May the day dawn in gladness,
And close without sadness,
And bring you all gifts that will stay.

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Married by Motor

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 29, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, No. 4

ANONYMOUS

When Reginald asked me to drive in his car
I knew what it meant for us both,
For peril to love-making offers no bar
But fosters the plighting of troth.
To the tender occasion I hasten to rise,
So bought a new frock on the strength of it,
Some china-blue chiffon—to go with my eyes—
And wrapped up my head with the length of it.
"Get in", said my lover, "as quick as you can!"
He wore a black smear on his face,
And held out the hand of a rough artisan
To pilot me into my place.
Like the engine, my frock somehow seemed to miss fire,
For Reginald's manner was querulous,
But after some fuss with the near hind-wheel tire
We were off at a pace that was perilous.
"There is Brown just behind, on his second-hand brute,
He thinks it can move, silly ass!"
Said Reggie with venom, "Ha! Ha! let him hoot,
I'll give him some trouble to pass."
My service thenceforth was by Reggie confined
(He showed small compunction in suing it)
To turning to see how far Brown was behind,
But not to let Brown see him doing it.

Brown passed us. We dined off his dust for a league—
It really was very poor fun—
Till our car showing symptoms of heat and fatigue,
Reggie had to admit he was done.
To my soft consolation scant heed did he pay,
But with taps continually juggling,
And his words, "Will you keep your dress further away?"

Put a stop to incipient snuggling.
He'd never have passed me alone," Reggie sighed,
"The car is extra heavy with you."
"Why ask me to come"? I remarked. He replied,
"I thought she'd go better with two".
When I touched other topics forbearingly meek,
From his goggles the lightning came scattering,
"What chance do you give me of placing this squeak",
He hissed, "when you keep up that chattering"?

At that I insisted on being set down,
And returning to London by train,
And I vowed fifty times on my way back to town
That I never would see him again.
Next week he appeared and implored me to wed,
With a fondly adoring humility,
"The car stands between us" I rigidly said,
"I've sold it!" he cried with agility.
His temples were sunken, enfeebled his frame,
There was white in the curls on his crest;
When he spoke of our ride in a whisper of shame,
I flew to my home on his breast.
By running sedately I am certain that Love
To such passion would never have carried us,
It settles the truth of the legend above—
It was really the motor car married us.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Anonymous (Punch).

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Ballade of Holiday Books

by **CAROLYN WELLS**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 29, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 4

Again we're in holiday times,
The season of snowballs and sleighs,
The season of carols and chimes,
Of holly and mistletoe sprays;
When good-will in message and phrase
Resounds o'er the earth, far and near,
But my song of tribute I raise
To the Holiday Books of the Year.

While counting my dollars and dimes
In tempting shop-windows I gaze;
I see dainty volumes of rhymes,
I see new editions of plays.
With gilding and color ablaze,
The bindings all gorgeous appear,
Oh! how they delight and amaze,
The Holiday Books of the Year.

There are books about mummers and mimes,
And books about fables and fays;
Books of travel in far-away climes,
Books of customs of long-ago days;
They are pictured in all sorts of ways,
Some beautiful—some rather queer;
In bewildered delight one surveys
The Holiday Books of the Year.

L'ENVOI:

Kriss Kringle, this suppliant prays,
As a token of true Christmas cheer,
For some volumes of stories or lays
From the Holiday Books of the Year.

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"Automobilitis"

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 5, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

"There can be no possible doubt that the speed mania may develop into a clearly definite disease, which, in the absence of a better or more explicit term, may be called automobilitis."—*Pittsburg physician.*

When it happens at last that our blood runs fast,
While deep in our hearts we feel
A strange unrest—with our longings cast
Toward a high-powered automobile;
When we long for the plunging, headlong speed
And the throb of the great machine—
When like sweet perfume, to us indeed,
Is the smell of the gasoline—
When "Speed," "More speed" is our constant cry,
Till the wind itself can't beat us,
We may know that we
In a serious way
Have caught the disease
That the doctors say
Is the "automobilitis."

When we flirt with death and feel no fear,
When the fastest speed's too slow—
When the touch of our hands on the steering gear
Says "Go," and "Faster go";
When we find fierce joy in a wondrous toy
Of a good fivescore horse-power
That outstrips the wind, and can leave behind
A hundred miles an hour,
While the road ahead seems a dusty thread
As it rushes back to meet us,
It is plain as day,
And is very sad—
We have the disease

And have caught it bad—
The "automobilitis."

When we hold no thought for the aftermath,
But plunge full speed ahead—
While those whom Fate throws in our path
We leave them maimed or dead,
When human life seems a worthless thing
Compared with the joys of speed,
Then Bloomingdale or stern Sing Sing
Is the treatment that we need.
There we may outgrow our affliction so
That our friends again will greet us.
In any case
They may be sure
That the proper measures
Will find a cure
For the "automobilitis."

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From the Heart

by **C. M. YOUNG**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 5, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 5

A fool there was and he went to the play

(Even as you and I).

And he bought his seat for a matinee day;

He sat there surrounded by damsels gay,

And for buying that seat he felt like a jay

(Even as you and I).

Oh! the coin that we waste and the time that we waste

And the swear words we cannot say!

And all on account of the matinee girl;

The gum-chewing, giggly matinee girl,

When we go to witness a play.

A fool there was who was fond of a show

(Even as you and I),

But about matinee girls he did not know.

One wept on his coat, all plunged in woe,

Because Clarice would turn down her beau

(Even as you and I).

Oh, the gush that he heard and the slush that he heard

When the hero came in on the scene,

And the gulp! gulp! glup! of the gum-chewing fiend,

And the wise one who told all the play—little fiend,

And rattled on like a machine.

Oh! the caramels they munched and the fudges they crunched

To sweeten the love scenes sublime,

And the programs they crackled, the laughs that they cackled,

In just the wrong place every time!

And it isn't just this or it isn't all that

That makes a play weary and flat;

It's just as the heroine falls in Dick's arms

That they pull out their hair and stick out their arms,

And deliberately pin on a hat.

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Sleepless

by **WARD MUIR**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 12, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 6

The unseen barriers that hold me tight—
(No door, no window is there to the cells
Within the awful prison-house of Night!)—
Are penetrated only by the bells,
Which from the city's thousand wakeful towers
Count and recount their tale of lagging hours . . .
My mind is like the bells. It finds a way
Through the dark wall which Night builds round
 my bed;
It roams once more the realm of Yesterday,
Or to those grim To-morrows that I dread
It wings afar its furtive, weary flight
Sleep! Sleep, have pity: hear me when I pray!
Sleep, oh come swiftly! With thy gentle might
Release the captive of relentless Night!

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The Fall Books

by **F. L. STANTON**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 12, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 6

The fall books—the fall books—

Genius in a blaze!

Ten thousand pilgrims crowding

The lit-er-a-ry ways.

Comedy and tragedy—

Trouble by the yard:

The fall books—the fall books

Hope they won't fall hard!

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Untitled

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 26, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 8

ANONYMOUS

Who is the perfect chauffeur, who is he
That every motorman should wish to be?
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends.
'Tis he who wisely regulates his speed:
"The Road for All," the first word of his creed.
'Tis he who feels it is not sport or just
To smother others in a cloud of dust.
But when a straight, clear road before him lies,
Opens his throttle and along he flies,
Through peopled places goes a sober pace
And drives with courtesy in every case.

This, his plain duty, yet when this is done,
His serious work is only just begun.

A chauffeur needs must be a man of parts,
Versed in bucolic and domestic arts,
Cows he must know to drive, and flocks of sheep,
Carters awaken from their slumbers deep,
Horses convince what folly 'tis to shy,
Chickens restrain, 'neath motor wheels that fly,
Be to each goose philosopher and guide,
Prevent dull dogs committing suicide!
Make yokels comprehend the rule of road—
That left is right—so runs the English code.
To daring schoolboys, babes that stray alone,
Needs give the care that he would give his own.

With him it rests to make the deaf man hear,
Albeit deafen not the churchman's ear!
Impress on all this truth profound and deep,
The public road is not the place to sleep!

All this his country asks of this one man.
He does his duty, does the best he can;
Conscious the while that if, despite his care,
Aught should go wrong—all blame will be his share!
So he drives on, alert throughout the day—
Nurse, guardian, shepherd of the King's highway!
This is the perfect chauffeur, this is he
That every motorman should strive to be!

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Love's Vagrant

by **CLINTON SCOLLARD**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 2, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 9

North and South and East and West

I have roamed a weary while,
But have found no restful bourn
Like the garden of thy smile.

North and South and East and West

I have strayed in errant wise,
But have seen no guiding star
Like the lovelight of thine eyes

North and South and East and West

I have watched the day's eclipse,
But have won no precious meed
Like the Guerdon of thy lips.

North and South and East and West

Vagrant still I roam and roam,
Hearkening through the lonely night
For thy voice to call me home.

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Shadows

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 16, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 11

Ever the shades go brushing past, flitting on silent wing;
Wavering shadows of life and death, the shadows of hopes that sing
 Low to my heart with a wondrous ring:
Ever the shades come close about; shades of a yearning dream;
Bitter the cry of my empty heart, a cry that those shades might seem
 More than a mist in the sunlight's beam:
Ever the shades creep here and there, filling the fire-lit room;
Quivering back to my wistful sob, till even the drowsing gloom
 Calls to my dreams from their Grief-sealed tomb:
Ever the shades, the mocking shades, tearing my soul apart;
Shadows of Friendship and shades of Love, a-throb in my aching heart,
 Wounded and torn with their poisoned dart:
Fate must it be that naught but shades drift with the errant breeze,
Fate must it be that the cup I crave—the cup that I ne'er may seize—
 Yields but the dregs and the bitter lees.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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Blue Moonshine

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 9, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 14

ANONYMOUS

(The Latest Thing in Anaesthetics.)

So chloroform has had its day,
Ether and gas lie sunk in night;
Henceforth a patient's sense away
They'll take with blue electric light.

Nor on the operating board,
Nor in the dentist's chair you'll blanch
But, pain of severed limb ignored,
Unfelt the pang of molar's wrench,

You'll lie, as in a peaceful sleep,
Enraptured by celestial dreams,
The while your steadfast gaze you keep
Upon those pure cerulean beams.

Or, so they *say*. They may be right;
No certain means have I to tell.
But why use artificial light?
Why not make nature serve as well?

If *that* they'll do, I'll let them prove
On *me* their novel theory true,
And any part of me remove
By light—for preference *moonlight*—blue.
—*Truth*.

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Not a Song Bird

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 23, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

Here's to the stork,
A most valuable bird,
That inhabits the residence districts;
He doesn't sing tunes,
Nor yield any plumes,
But he helps out the vital statistics.

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Farewell (To George W. Barnum.)

by **JOHN S. MCGROARTY**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 23, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 16

We will not say good-bye, for good-bye is long to say,
'Tis a dim road to travel and 'tis very far away,
'Tis a road that has no end and dusty with the feet
Of old friends that parted no more again to meet.

So, when the curtain falls and rings the prompter's bell.
We will not say good-bye, but 'tis we'll say farewell—
Farewell to him that's going in sunshine or in rain,
And well may he fare when he turns home again.

Here are his trinkets, his quips, his jests,
And jewels made of tears when he loved us the best,
His keepsakes of memory to mind us still of him
When we sit with our dreams and the lights are dim.

And we will bring him roses with morning dewy deep
And poppies when night comes to drowse him to sleep
The roses for remembrance and the poppies to hold
The love that we gave him in their goblets of gold.

A clasp of the hand and a word from lips that smile
And we'll say that he's going for just a little while,
'Round the bend of the road and not too far away
But he can wander back again some homesick day.

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Dreams

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 6, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 18

A winding stream that murmurs in its dreams,
The whisper of the brush flowers to the breeze,
A low-hung hedge that sweeps the leafy turf,
The gentle rain of blossoms from the trees:

The fragrance of the night, the roses' breath,
The clamorous sweetness of the river's call,
The wistful sobbing of the waving pines,
The quiet peace of night-fall over all.

And the soft moonlight sends its pale dream-warp
In fairy cobwebs stretching like a screen
Adown the glen, and stealing here and there
Like shadow-fairies dancing on the green.

The siren of the wild—the blood's hot leap,
The longing for primeval life again,
The magic of the woods, the things unborn
That stir my soul with thrill half sweet, half pain.

Then, steals the moonlight back before the dawn,
The grim hills soften in the rosy light,
The first warm rays of sunlight waken life—
And yearning dreams must vanish with the night.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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To My Pastor (By A Black Sheep)

by **CYRIL H. BRETHERTON**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 20, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 20

Theophilus, whose guiding hand
Aches for my soul's exclusive cure,
To whom the credit will inure
When I attain the better land.

Whose manner, unctuously bland,
Is calculated to entice
Out of the easy paths of vice
Pleasure's disreputable band.

You would curtail my Sunday rest,
And prey upon the casual pelf,
(Urging the need to conquer self)
Of me, a Sybarite confessed.

You would restrain the fleshly fling
Of those profoundly errant sheep
Who hold the virtuous turnip cheap,
Deeming wild oats a better thing.

Who browse on berries sown of old
In pleasure's meretricious brake,
And only when their stomachs ache
Run, bleating loudly, to the fold.

Theo, myself, I freely own,
Too early probed the haunts of sin,
Sloughed innocence's irksome skin,
And came out evil to the bone.

Deep dyed myself, I learned to mock,
The whiteness due in woolly lambs,
Nor cared a brace of anxious dams
About the feelings of the flock.

The loosest thing in sheep by far,

Oft gambolling from beaten track,
When you, the shepherd, called me back,
I heaved a rude, derisive baa!

Astray, a blackleg I remain,
Cropping the juicy weeds of vice,
I wouldn't—not at any price—
Re-seek the tedious fold again.

It's not that an existence rife
With evil may not sometimes pall;
Not that there isn't after all
Some pleasure in a virtuous life.

I, too, might do as others use;
Assume a smug Sabbatic smile,
And poised on someone's else tile
Snore fitfully in private pews.

I could re-seek the fold anew
And bow to virtue's frigid laws.
There's only one thing gives me pause,
Theophilus, and that is you.

I scarce know why; your obvious sway
In metaphysical affairs;
The perfectly delicious way
You patronize the Lord at prayers.

Your nicely nourished mien, your locks
Ambrosial as Apollo's own;
Your views on life, a trifle blown,
But beautifully orthodox.

The easy guile with which you win
Chaste plaudits from the female breast;
The eloquence with which you wrest
Already spotless souls from sin.

These things amuse, but do not irk,
They're not the things that keep me dumb,
When something moves me to become
A shining member of the kirk.

It is a feeling you invoke,
That how so great the church's cause
With you pronouncing Heaven's laws,
It cannot help but be a joke.

Los Angeles, April, 1907.

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The Word of the Water

by **BLISS CARMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 4, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 22

God made me simple from the first,
And good to quench the body's thirst.
Think you He has no ministers
To glad that way-worn soul of yours?

Here by the thronging Golden Gate,
For thousands and for you I wait,
Seeing adverturers' sails unfurled
For the four corners of the world.

Here passed one day, nor came again,
A prince among the tribes of men.
(For man like he is from his birth
A vagabond upon this earth.)

Be thankful, friend, as you pass on,
And pray for Louis Stevenson,
That by whatever trail he fare,
He be refreshed in God's great care.

Bliss Carman (1861–1929). Canadian-born poet who spent much of his career in the United States and became one of the most popular English-language poets of his day. Known for lyrical nature verse and the Songs from Vagabondia series written with Richard Hovey, he was later hailed as Canada's unofficial poet laureate.

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Requiem

by **ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 4, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 22

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Gladly did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

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Ain't It Awful, Mabel? (The Chorus Girl's Lament)

by **JOHN EDWARD HAZZARD**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 4, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 22

It worries me to beat the band
To hear folks say our lives is grand;
Wish they'd try some one night stand,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Nothin' ever seems to suit—
The manager's an awful brute;
Spend our lives jest lookin' cute,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Met a boy last Tuesday night,
Was spending money left and right—
Me? Gee! I couldn't eat a bite!
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Then I met another guy—
Hungry? Well I thought I'd die!
But I couldn't make him buy,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Lots of men has called me dear,
Said without me life was drear;
But men is all so insincere!
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

I tell you life is mighty hard;
I've had proposals by the yard—
Some of 'em would 'a had me starved,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Remember that sealskin sacque of mine?
When I got it, looked awful fine—
I found out it was a shine,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Prima donna's sore on me,

My roses had her up a tree—
I jest told her "twenty-three,"
Ain't I awful, Mabel?

My dear, she went right out and wired
The New York office to have me "fired";
But say, 'twas the author had me hired,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

The way folks talk about us too;
For the smallest thing that we can do—
'Nuff to make a girl feel blue,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

My Gawd! is that the overture?
I never will be on I'm sure—
The things us actresses endure,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

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They've Given Pa a Raise

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 18, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 24

ANONYMOUS

Say, you ought to hear ma singin'—she's as happy as a lark,
And her smile stays on from mornin' till a long time after dark;
She's been buyin' rugs and gettin' a new, costly switch to wear,
And she takes a cab whenever she goes a callin' anywhere;
She has bought herself a dimund, and you ought to see it blaze;
Ma's as cheerful as a robin—they have given pa a raise.

Sister's busy gettin' dresses that'll cost an awful pile
And the hats that she's been buyin' are the very latest style;
She's to go abroad this summer with some people named the Cooks;
Is she happy? Well, I guess so! You can see it by her looks;
She goes hummin' songs and dancin' and in forty thousand ways
Lets us know that she is cheerful since they've given pa a raise.

Pa still works the same as ever, and he's smokin' stogies yet;
Wears the suit he got last summer, and I guess he's still in debt;
Anyway, he starts off early and comes home fagged out at night,
And his forehead's gettin' wrinkled and his hair is turnin' white;
Can't, somehow, help feelin' sorry as I sit and watch him gaze
With a vacant look at nothin'. Yes, they've given pa a raise.
—Record-Herald (Chicago.)

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Eventide

by **FRANCIS MARSHAL**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 18, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 24

What peace of calm repose in glorious eventide!
The lowering sun's farewell sets day nor night aside.
In one are blended both to charm the heart and sight;
So soothing is the peace that broods 'twixt day and night.

Calm peace be thine, my love, at dawning eventide,
When sailed thy voyage of life and near to haven ride.
Thy cable paid and true; to Rock of Ages fast.
In eventide sweet peace, as gate of day sail'st past.

Point Loma—May, 1907.

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The Fourteenth Man

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 25, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 25

Our Harrison sat at his desk one day
And he sighed, as he said in a weary way,
"I've hustled and bustled, but do what I can,
I cannot get hold of that fourteenth man."

"Now who is this fourteenth man?" quoth I
"Cheer up H. O., it's no use to sigh,"
But he only uttered a gruesome sound
And whispered, "That fourteenth man. He must be found."

And this is the story he sadly told,
"In thirteen days, thirteen cars have I sold,
Thirteen is my hoodoo and so I feel
I must sell that fourteenth Oldsmobile."

Then, just as he spake, the telephone rang,
He answered, then put up the phone with a bang,
And he shouted with glee as away he ran,
"Eureka! I've captured that fourteenth man."

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Musical Spring Limericks

by **WILSON G. SMITH**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 1, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 1

There once was a pupil of Liszt,
Who in rhapsodie two sprained his wriszt;
So he grabbed up his chair
And he thumped out the air,
Saying, "This is as good as my fiszt."

There once was a young I-tal-i-an
Who thought he could play the pian'
But he pedaled so bad
That his hearers got mad;
Now he peddles the luscious banan'.

There once was a critic-musician
Who aspired to social position;
He gave a pink tea
To the powers that be,
And then wrote them up on commission.

(To the spring poet laureate.)
Now the vernal molly-coddle
'Gins to bore us with his twaddle
On the blooming blooms,
And the gentle breath of spring;
What he needs is a new noddle,
And an urgent prayer that God'll
Give him brains enough
To work some other thing.
—Musical Courier.

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For The Fred Finch Orphanage And Their Friends

by **JOAQUIN MILLER**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 1, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 1

Last Sunday, near San Francisco, Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," took part in the dedication of the Upper M. E. Church at Fruitvale. He read a poem which calls impressive attention to the achievements of "unknown babies" since the discovery of Moses in the bulrushes. In presenting his verses the picturesque poet said:

Not charity, not dole of bread,
Not doubtful raiment, rude roof tree
We ask for those of whom 'twas said,
"Let little ones come unto me."

But we invoke respect, dear loves,
For those He gives us here to keep—
What lowly, lonely, tuneless doves!
What mute harps hung where willows weep!

Beg sweet loves blended with respect,
Beg room to rise, to reach abroad,
Beg room to stand, to walk erect,
To house with God, to worship God.

Lo, orphaned Lincoln, Garfield, yea,
The orphan surely is God's own.
Aye, blot the orphan's deeds away,
And glory were a page unknown.

Thrice orphaned Remus, Romulus,
Thrust naked forth from mother, home—
The she wolf's dugs, and suckled thus!
And yet they reared mighty Rome.

The baby Moses in the reeds;
Nude orphan hidden from the sword—
And yet what deeds, what mighty deeds,
A chosen orphan of the Lord!

Think, think! the Christian world today,
The decalogue, all laws all creeds,
Bank where that baby orphan lay
Low hidden in the lotus reeds!
Diamond, Cal., May 25, 1907.

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Jack.

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 1, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 1

ANONYMOUS

Though he isn't much to look at
And he has no pedigree,
Though I never saw his father,
He is good enough for me;
Though his two front legs are crooked
And he has no well-marked back,
I know that I shall see a friend
Whenever I call, "Jack!"

You don't have to know your parents
When you're going in a fight;
All you need is chest and muscle
And the feeling that you're right.
He won't fight unless I tell him,
And I sometimes hold him back,
Just to see the way he'll jump 'em
When I say, "Sic 'em, Jack!"

He has fought just eighty battles
And, you bet, he always won;
And he just enjoys that fighting,
Why, to him, it's only fun.
He runs off and leaves me sometimes,
But, say! when he comes back,
You should just see his expression,
As I say, "Why, hello, Jack!"

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The Yosemite

by **MARTHA CALHOUN**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 6, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 6

When earth was not but dreams to be,
The Gods divided lands from sea
And made this wondrous world of ours,
And men, and beasts and blooming flowers.
To adorn its glorious breast,
Jove took from out his treasure chest,
A jewel, which, it seems to me,
Thou art fairest—Yosemite!
With waterfalls where rainbows lie,
Stone cliffs that kiss an azure sky
Whose beauty is reflected where
A sleeping lake lies still and fair,
With woods whose fragrant pine trees grow,
And islands where blue shadows glow,
What worthier subject is than thee,
For song or verse—Yosemite!

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The Rattlesnake

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 6, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 6

ANONYMOUS

No craven, thou, all silently to strike
When man goes by;
Thou biddest all whose mein thou doest not like
To come not nigh.
Thy pulsing rattles sound a hard alarm
That all may heed:
War's not thy choice—to do no mortal harm
Is all thy creed.
And yet how swift, when battle must be done,
Those white fangs flash;
And, striking home, how soon your vict'ry's won
From foeman rash.
And so move on, thou hero of the plain!
Thou art secure.
For I am short—confession gives me pain—
Of snakebite cure.
(Written at 5 a. m.; *before the bellboy appeared with the pitcher of ice-
water.*)

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Anonymous (from the Denver Republican).

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The Sprinter

by **J. N. MERRILL**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 20, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 8

"On your marks!—set!" I crouched with muscles strained;
Steady, my heart! I must not fail today.
Crack! and the pistol sends us on our way
Where long-sought honor must be lost or gained.
A rush of feet behind me and beside,
And one white flying form a yard ahead
That I must pass. *I must. I will.* Like lead
My heart. Happy the Greek who died,
Yet knew in dying that his goal was won!
Break, heart, if need be! All my strength I throw
In one last effort. Then a roar of cheers
Sounds strange and far away, upon my ears,
Shouting my name—*my* name—not his! I know
The triumph of winning a race well run.

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Midnight and Dawn

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 20, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 8

The night without is still; no breath of wind;
No light to break the darkness lying deep;
The old clock slowly ticks the hours away
And echoes mockingly my cry for sleep.

The seconds burn into my brain like fire,
The ghosts of long-dead dreams glide slowly by,
My mask at last has dropped, my naked soul
Lies grim and bleeding 'neath my shrinking eye.

The vain desires of years, the "might-have-beens,"
The castles, dream-bricked, that I built in Spain,
The bitter uselessness of war for life—
The strife that in the end brings naught but pain.

Is there no rest? To lie down and forget—
Forget the bitter fruits that once were sweet,
Forget the haunting eyes of loved ones gone,
The gentle souls I nevermore shall greet?

Forget the aching void within my heart,
Forget the mem'ries that unbidden leap,
Forget it all, the joys, the surging pain,
The past, the yet-to-be—God send me sleep.

* * *

Across the sky the fingers of the dawn
Go creeping down to snare the loitering day,
And paint with skillful touch the drifting clouds
That ceaseless go their solitary way.

Above me swing the branches in the wind
And bend to brush the daisies on the lea;
Below the steel-grey waters of the brook
Go rippling out to meet the siren sea.

The long light shakes across the nestling hills,
A timid sunbeam scurries down the vale,
The white clouds burn with tender hue of rose,
From nodding cornfield calls the lonely quail.

The sunlight wavers into frightened nooks
Where dim and cool the cloistering shadows lie:
The mask again, the smile, the steady eyes—
The night is o'er; God speed the welcome day.

*Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06;
little else about her life is reliably recorded.*

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Infinitude

by **RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 3, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 10

Let Conscience demand that Reason then accept,
What Hope has raised;
With certitude and love we fix our thoughts on Him,
Whose name be praised.
And let the glory of eternal faith
In word, and deed, and strife,
Be reflected in all our thoughts, our hearts,
And every act of life.

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Some Day

by **RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 3, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 10

*Take again the verses *Some Day*, among the best in the collection. This closes—*

Some day we'll see through gates ajar
The radiant light that shines afar,
A guiding star that leads us there;
Revealing then the golden stair
On which we set our weary feet
To reach with joy those realms so sweet—
Some Day.

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Nuestras Senioritas

by **RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 3, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 10

*Again in *Resurgam* the same strain. But Mr. Waters has not neglected the lighter vein. What could be more joyous than *Nuestras Senioritas*—*

The swish and swirl of petticoats
Is heard on every side,
In laughing chorus they are here
At spring and summer tide—
Our Girls.

With sparkling eyes and lightsome step
And merry voices sounding,
Through room and hall in mirthful glee,
Their dancing feet are bounding—
Our Girls.

Oh, Time and Tide stay now your hand
And leave our present thus,
That we may keep in youthful hope
These beings dear to us—
Our Girls.

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[Strike while the iron's hot]

by **RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 3, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 10

Not long ago Mr. Frederick Stevenson, the well-known composer said: "I wish I could find something new for a chorus of men's voices. I want something with action, with movement, with manliness; something that will wake every fibre in a man." Mr. Waters has supplied this need. Here are the words—

Strike now, while the iron's hot
Be your motto as it may,
Do it now, or do it not
In the safe and surest way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Let the idler and the drone
Dally with the thief of time;
But let you, if you alone,
Do the work that's in your line.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Old Procrastination stands
To prevent your sawing wood,
But his fish he seldom lands
And his work is never good.
Strike while the iron's hot.

State occasions seldom come
In this grim old world of ours;
Fortune's luck will wait for none
For this life's no bed of flowers.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Make your way with push and zest,
Doing manly work today;
What is done is the true test
Of your power on your way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Nature's work goes on apace,

In her sphere there's no delay.
Time is "essence" in the race
With no faltering by the way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Wait not for the morrow's sun;
Do the work that's due today,
Having both your work and fun—
Neither one will brook delay.
Strike while the iron's hot.

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Monition

by **CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 3, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 10

A faint wind, blowing from World's End,
Made strange the city street.
A strange sound mingled in the fall
Of the familiar feet.

Something unseen whirled with the leaves
To tap on door and sill.
Something unknown went whispering by
Even when the wind was still.

And men looked up with startled eyes,
And hurried on their way,
As if they had been called, and told
How brief their day.

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Sonnet

by **E. R. TAYLOR**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 10, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 11

Say that his bosom nursed black pools of mire,
Where venom'd snakes their lustful poison bred,
On which in bestial mood he weakly fed
Until Law smote him with relentless ire;
Yet in his soul still flamed celestial fire;
And beauty's lovely legions wide outspread
Her conquering banner there, as raptured sped
The songs that shook his music breathing lyre.
His dungeon's foulness leaves no speck nor stain
Upon the white refulgence of his strain,
Nor bars its way along the loving years;
Nor takes the least from his all priceless gain,
That at the last he calmed his spirit's fears,
And died embathed in his repentant tears.

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I shall make a brave death

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 10, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 11

ANONYMOUS

I shall make a brave death,
 Spite of hell and all;
I shall with my parting breath
 Hold pale fate in thrall.

I shall make a brave death,
 Stand thou by and see,
How old comrade life and I
 Can part company.

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Shut Up!

by **J. ADAIR STRAWSON**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 24, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 13

Sing a song of shirt-waists,
White, or blue, or black;
Four and twenty hooks and eyes
That fasten up the back.
And the language father uses,
When clumsily he tries
To fasten mother's hooks,
Only opens mother's eyes.

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When a Man Marries

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 14, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

When a man marries,
Trouble begins;
Buttoning waists,
And putting in pins.
Looking at bonnets
To see if they're straight;
Ready to start,
Then having to wait.
Hunting for robbers,
Under each bed;
Roused in the night,
For a blanket to spread.
When the rain comes,
Though you're wrapped in repose,
Roused with a shout,
The windows to close.
Summoned at morn
To start up the fire;
Get in the milk
In your scanty attire.
Run to the store
For the food you would eat,
Get in the ice
'Ere it melts in the street.
Hurry to work,
Hurry back with your pay—
When a man marries,
So passes a day.

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Nanette (A Love Song)

by **CHARLEY EYTON**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 14, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 16

Through life's sad tangled wilderness
Belov'd I looked for thee!
My heart was bleak and flowerless,
Till thou gav'st thy love to me;
And when I clasp thee to my heart,
And look into thine eyes,
I know Earth holds no greater bliss;
For this is Paradise!

O, Sweetheart! O, Fond Heart!
O, Light of Life to me!
The brightness of thy love is like
The sunlight on the sea.
O, dear heart! O, true heart!
O, blessing from above!
We'll wander forth forever
Through the starlit fields of love.

I dreamed of thee, my heart of gold,
Long years before we met.
For love is all that Life can hold;
I wanted thine Nanette!
And, if the fates should so decide,
That thou and I must part,
Beyond the grave I'd wander
With thine image in my heart!

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[untitled — on Joaquin Miller]

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 14, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

When our good Joaquin Miller dies,
When at the pearly doors he'll knock,
To call Saint Peter with the keys
That can the wicket gate unlock,
So he must answer straight and true,
Each question that the saint may ask,
And if Saint Peter touch on sports,
I do not envy him his task.

"Who are you, sir?" Saint Peter says;
"I'm Joaquin Miller," his reply;
"In California I have lived,
A writer and a poet I."
"What did you hap to write about?"
Saint Peter asks with lowering brow,
"I wrote about a prize fight once,
It was a merry bout I trow."

"And you were hired by William Hearst,
And yet admission here you crave?
Good sir, you must have lost your sense
When you were lowered in the grave.
Down, down below, the place for you,
And, when in agony you groan,
Take comfort in the company
Of Billy Naughton and Van Loan."

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THE ABSENT MEMBER

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 5, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 19

ANONYMOUS

Perhaps beneath a Scotch cap he is sauntering down the Strand,
A meerschaum pipe is in his mouth, a stick is in his hand;
Perhaps he is walking down Pall Mall, a-weary of the day,
Perhaps upon the screw steamboat—the Dover and Calais;
Perhaps he's on the mighty deep, and looking for a sail,
Or by the steward's cabin, and searching for a pail.
He may be in the family circle, near the baby's yell,
Wrapped like a living oyster, in his own peculiar shell;
Or he may be in the graveyard, with white and upturned face,
Having run his little journey, and served the human race.
Sharp's casket may enclose him, and give increasing room,
Until the coffin's empty, about the crack of doom.

Peace to this absent brother—still may his ashes rest—
He left the boys all working, they did for him the best.
Here's to the absent member, wherever he may be,
Whether journeying on the land or on the sunset sea;
Take up the feather duster, and dust away the flies,
Then raise your glasses gently, boys, and gently sympathize
With the brother who is not here to celebrate our fame,
To glorify fraternity, with its illustrious name.
Old friends shall never be forgot, by Englishmen at least,
While celebrating Royal Oak in glorious wine and feast.

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Child Labor

by **HARRY MURPHY**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 5, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 19

Behold! they march, the childish host, their ranks two millions strong,
 To whirr of loom
 They go to doom,
A cramped and crippled throng.
Before them rides their Captain, Death, grim Greed comes on behind,
Their ragged ranks are headed for a bourne they're soon to find.

They swarm from cellar, garret, street, where want and hunger dwell,
 In morn ere night
 Gives way to light,
Their puny lives to sell.
In heat and chill, mid noxious air, with brains that throb and reel,
These little souls are wearing out for lords who never feel.

From dawn to dark they toil and moil, through hours as long as years,
 With bodies worn,
 With fingers torn,
With hearts too dry for tears.
In mill and mine, of God forgot, shut out from light of day,
Never to know the joys of youth, the laughter and the play.

They have no time for song of bird, for field or summer sky,
 For they, wee slaves,
 Are digging graves,
Themselves will occupy.
That a few may vie with storied pomp of King and chief of old,
Our children's blood is turned to dust, their lives are coined to gold.

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In Nature's Aisles

by **JOHN KENDRICK BANGS**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 12, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 20

The woods and dales,
And the hills and vales,
 These are the church for me.
The chorus sweet
That the birds repeat,
 And the paeans of the bee;

The rustling prayer
On the still sweet air
 Of the leaves on the kindly trees;
The light divine
Of the soft sunshine,
 And the woodland harmonies;

The sturdy strength
Of the mountain length
 As it stretches athwart the sky;
The fresh clean thrill
Of the mountain rill
 As it runs a-whispering by;

The perfumed scent
Of the meadows blent
 With the pine of the balsam boughs;
And the sweet wild rose,
And the elder-blows,
 And the grain in the brimming mows;

All speak to me
Of the majesty
 And glory of God above.
Who made the hills,
And the dales and rills,
 And taught them to sing His Love!

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Lyra Elegantiarum

by **STUFFY DAVIS**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 19, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 21

Of all the ladies in the land,
There's none so sweet as Lottie,
She has the other ladies canned,
And I on her are dotty.

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Quail

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 2, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 23

ANONYMOUS

Up in the foothills
Quails are fluttering,
Shotguns are spluttering,
Hunters are muttering;
 Swift run the rills.

Down in the city
There waits the steaming pot,
But he's a woeful shot,
And he brings quail Not;
 Oh, what a pity!

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Dan the Blow-Hard; or, Lusty Pips and Leathery Lungs

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 9, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 24

'Twas in a Panhard car, one day,
The sun was shining bright,
That Doc and Dan both started out,
Their hearts were very light.
They had a victim, so they smiled,
It was a pleasant sight.

Now Hulett Merritt sat behind,
He thought to buy the car
If Dan could demonstrate to him
It's stock was up to par.
They did not think to fill the tank
They were not going far.

To Pasadena Daniel steered
At length they reached a hill,
The gasoline, low in the tank
They had forgot to fill,
Would not o'er top the outlet pipe
And so the car stood still.

Then Daniel threw the bonnet up
And laid the engine bare,
He tried the carburettor, but
No gasoline was there.
"There's just one way to get the juice,"
Said he, "and that's with air."

He took the stopper from the tank,
And to it placed his lips.
He blew until his cheeks bulged out,
His eyes like orange pips,
He blew until the gasoline
Came through the pipe in drips.

And thus the Panhard reached the top
To Merritt's great surprise
And thus he bought the car. Today,
For any curious eyes,
The Panhard proves the adage true
That "Hot air never lies."

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The Cynic's Christmas

by **HARVEY PEAKE**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 21, 1907 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 3

Same old Christmas

As of yore,

Same old nuisance,

Same old bore.

Same old friends

Same exchange,

Christmas giving's

Very strange.

Same old holly,

Same old cheer,

Same old presents

As last year.

Same old slippers

Much too small,

Same cigars

No good at all.

Same old Omar,

Same old ties,

Nothing novel

Meets my eyes.

Same old greetings,

Same old ills,

Same old sameness

Even bills.

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Los Angeles

by **HENRY F. GILHOFFER**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 8

Gee, but this is a cheerful place,
A welcome smile on every face,
A hand that stretches out half way
To help to pass the time of day.

A hello, stranger, howdy do,
Oh, I'm well, thank you, how're you?
Think you're going to stay a while?
I'll stay the limit, I should smile.

Somehow this place has got a charm
That makes we want to sell the farm
Back East, and settle down right here,
Where things is full of warmth and cheer.

To hear them birds sing in the trees,
And flower smells on every breeze,
It makes me feel like heaven's here,
With things back home so cold and drear.

To think the snow is four feet high
In my cow lot, it makes me sigh
To think I've been so awful slow,
As not to come ten years ago.

I guess I'll write to sell that farm,
Including mortgage, house and barn,
And stay right here, and settle down,
'Cause, my, but this is a cheerful town!

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Destiny

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 1, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 9

I am the deep-hidden chord, whose throbbing may not be stilled;
I am the master of Fate, whose life-beats may not be killed;
I am the being that slumbers deep in the hearts of men;
I am the wonderful thing that passes all earthly ken.

I am the warp and the woof, the mystical web of life,
Weaving with shuttle and loom, and waiting with upheld knife,
Watching the quivering thread from cradle to somber grave,
Cutting it where I may choose, nor tarry twixt knight and knave.

I am the will-o'-the-wisp, the siren to lure the bold,
I am the call of the blood, and I am the rainbow's gold;
No man may swerve from his fate, nor stay me for good or worse;
I am the Almighty Power, god of the Universe.

*Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06;
little else about her life is reliably recorded.*

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In the Waltz

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 8, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 10

ANONYMOUS

At last in my arms I held my queen,
As, whirling and circling to and fro,
We heard, as we treaded the waltzers between,
The glorious music ebb and flow.

I could feel her heart, like a bird imprisoned,
Against my breast through her corsage beat,
As I held her close in the waltz and listened
To the maddening music and pattering feet.

As we whirled and circled about the room,
My senses swooned with the joy and bliss;
My soul seemed drunk with her breath's perfume,
And I pressed on a vagrant tress a kiss.

I saw a flash in my rival's eye
As I kissed the tress as it fanned my cheek,
And I said to myself, as I heard her sigh,
"Now or never—this moment speak."

I bent my head till it touched the glory
Of golden hair that crowned her head,
And there in the waltz I told the story
That yet shall be new when the world is dead.

There in the waltz I won my treasure,
Full in the ball-room's glare and heat,
Whirling swift through the waltz's measure,
Keeping time to the music's beat.

As I looked in her eyes, brimming o'er like a river,
I clasped her close, for I knew I had won;
And then with a blare and a crash and shiver,
The music ended—the waltz was done.

Reprinted in The Graphic from the Author Unknown.

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The Wail of the Doll — The Triumph of the Doll

by **E. J. G. ("CHATTERBOX")**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 22, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 12

THE WAIL OF THE DOLL.

(Yesterday.)

Neglected, I sit in the showcase,

Beside me my Teddy Bears;

There is no one can see me—

What's worse is that nobody cares;

There was when one heard the sweet pleading,

"Oh, mother, please buy me a Doll!"

But now 'tis, "A Teddy Bear, mother,

Please get me the biggest of all."

They say 'tis a rule of stern Nature,

That what becomes useless, at last,

Must die and give place to some other,

And be reckoned a thing of the past—

But after these ages of service,

In various countries and climes,

Is the Doll to be banished forever?

If so, these are serious times.

Still, if the style now is for grown-ups

To prefer woolly dogs to caress,

Instead of dear, cooing babies,

Why, then, it's no wonder, I guess,

That wee little girls—to be "modern"—

Must give up their Doll-babies, too,

And take up the fad of the Teddy—

As one should expect them to do.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE DOLL.

(Today.)

I'm brought forward again in the showcase,

The bright group of soft Teddy Bears

Are stretching their paws out in pleading,
But somehow, there's nobody cares.
"Please buy me a Doll, won't you, mother?"
Yes, that is the cry of today,
And the fad of the soft, furry Teddy,
Has, like a flash, vanished away.

For little girls will have their Dollies;
Their mother-hearts will not be crushed,
Nor the longing to pet what's their "baby,"
By any new fad, be quite hushed.
And may be the style of caressing,
With puppies, for babies, will stay—
Like that of the Teddy Bear furry—
For only the space of a day.

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The Height of the Ridiculous

by **OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 14, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 15

*By Frederick Stevenson. Let me see, how run those closing lines of Oliver Wendell
Holmes in his "queer, so very queer?"*

"He read the next, the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third, a chuckling noise
I now begin to hear.

The fourth, he broke into a roar;
The fifth, his waistband split;
The sixth, he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can."

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Mr. Batchelder's Socks

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 21, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 16

They are not clocks on the radiant socks
That cover our Batchelder's feet,
But a pattern rare, designed with care,
Occasionally shows itself to the air,
And, oh, the effect is sweet!

Two Trilbies wee disport in glee,
A cov'ring of rainbow hue,
And we gazed in awe at the sight we saw,
And wildly we rushed to the office door;
"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

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Bill Bush's Opening

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 28, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 17

The ragged Muse has just flown in through a crack in the window-sash. Her inspiration is on a very distressing subject. Please forgive me, Bill, and blame it on the Muse:

Oh, where is Bill Bush's opening
He promised to hold in the Spring?
Oh, where is that jollification?
Alas! it is now on the wing.

Bill promised a splendid reception
With music and coffee and tea.
He said, "Don't await invitations
Just come, boys, and charge it to me."

But now, though the doorway is open
The jollification is dead;
And I think that it perished a-borning
And that was in Bill Bush's head.

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Hail to the Fleet

by **EDMUND MITCHELL**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 11, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 19

Through the Golden Gate there sweep
Wardens of the mighty deep,
Battleships designed for war,
But with peace their guiding star.
Hark, from every crowded height
Gladsome welcomes ringing,
Hand grips hand, and eyes gleam bright,
With joy the West is singing:

CHORUS:

Oh, hurrah for the battle fleet
Afloat on the Western main,
All ready for war should war drums beat,
To fight again and again.
Though we fling defiance to none,
We will keep up the gallant story,
And defend the shores which our fathers won,
We vow it by dear Old Glory!

Wild the seas th' Armada plowed,
Dark the nights of fog and cloud,
Long the way, but clear the call—
"Guard the gates, guard one and all."
Now at last 'neath sunny sky,
Balmy winds caressing
Safe the ships at anchor lie.
All's well, by Heaven's own blessing.

CHORUS:

Oh, hurrah for the battle fleet,
etc., etc.

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Radiant Robin

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 11, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 19

ANONYMOUS

*But the vest! Oh that vest! Words fail me, but here comes the Muse; perhaps she can
do it justice:*

Adown the White garage he walks
A radiant sight is he;
From dainty feet to headgear neat
He's perfect as can be.

Although his coat of Norfolk shape
Is brilliant, yet beware—
Your eyes 'twill test to view his vest
Oh! glorious George Adair!

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Sailing Around the Horn

by **MELVIN BARTLETT**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 18, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 20

In every port the world around,
 A starry banner flies;
The sailor knows and fears no foes
 Where'er that flag he spies;
The hearty lads who fly the flag
 And work the guns for you—
On every coast they back our boast—
 The jolly lads in blue.

Chorus.
Sailing, sailing, sailing around the Horn—
Here's to the men of the U. S. N.,
 The bravest ever born.
Here's to the flag they serve so well,
Here's to each captain true,
Here's to the foes they've sent below,
And again to the boys in blue.

No foe have we at home to fear,
 And none across the sea;
We trust to you, our boys in blue,
 For our tranquility.
For on the seas that wash our shores,
 Your floating bulwarks roam,
When you're at sea, we know that we
 Can sleep in peace at home.

With pride we count our ships and guns,
 And tell their victories;
In honor hold our admirals bold,
 Who rule the rolling seas.
Now cheer the lads who sail the ships,
 The lads whose aim is true;

What use were boats or gold-laced coats;
Without the boys in blue?

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The Old Fir Tree

by **H. C. DODGE**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

Some twenty-six years ago H. C. Dodge contributed a lot of such stuff to the Milwaukee Sun, Burlington Hawkeye and to other first-class humorous papers, a number of which are presented.

As I sat beneath an old fir tree, the wind
went whispering by. It waved its boughs
and softly breathed the following sad sigh: "I
have stood here many a year
and seen the summer come and
go, the spring time with its flowers
and rare, the autumn with its fruit
and grain. But winter, with its chilling
blast, snow, wind and ice, the skies
are overcast. In summer time beneath my
shade have children often played, and oh
how oft beneath my boughs have lovers re-
hearsed their plighted vows, and many a time the
old and feeble have sought my shade to smoke
their pipe or ply their needle; and thus it's
them, with better and glad faces, I have watched
their coming and going threescore years,
and none but I could tell of
what to that one befell.
But age is creeping o'er my
head and I feel my roots
are getting
dead;
and
soon
I'll wi-
ther
and
decay

like
those
who sought
my shade each day."

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A Newspaper Puff

by **H. C. DODGE**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

This
is a type
of my old
pipe.
I fill
it with
tobacco
then li-
ght the
stuff—now (puff,
puff, puff),
of comfort
there's no la-
ck, O! (Puff)
'tis, indeed,
a friend in
need, that
(puff) drives
away trouble
Like (puff) a
wife it cheers
our life and
(puff) makes
pleasures
double. One
who is sad it
(puff) makes
glad & (puff)
makes life
worth living.
All strife it
heals and

friendships
seals and (puff) makes hearts for-
giving. When I'm "dead broke" my
pipe I smoke nor care a continental.
For (puff) my woes soon (puff) transpose
to splendors oriental. I watch ascend the
rings which blend with atmosphere so ha-
zy, and (puff) I dream of bliss supreme.
(puff, puff) though old and lazy. No cab-
bage leaf brings me to grief nor cigar-
ette so nasty. My pipe so sweet, though
not so neat, gives (puff) a joy more
vasty. My pipe's my yoke. It's fra-
grant smoke in solitude I'm
snuffing. Tho' I decry all
else, yet my dear pipe
I'm ever puffing.

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The Good Little Boy

by **H. C. DODGE**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

I love to go to
Sunday school
And put my pennies in the plate;
I love to learn the
Golden Rule and
save the heathen
from their fate. I
wouldn't break the
Sabbath. No! For
that is awful
wicked
Oh! I
wouldn't swear. To steal
a pin would be a very
dreadful sin. I give my
playmates tracts and tell them
all about the burning hell where
the bad boys go who like to play
upon the blessed Sabbath day. I
pull off legs and wings from flies;
and I put out our kitten's eyes;
Such fun! It made me laugh to see
her, blinded, crawl away from me.
I find birds' nests and smash the
eggs, and I break the little chick-
ens' legs, and once I put
some Paris green in mam-
ma's tea. You should
have seen her fight. it was
so jolly that I
gave a little to
the cat. It died.

Some time
I mean to try
to stick a pin in
baby's eye.
The dear
bells ring
Now I must
go, for I'm a
little lamb you know,
and if you're not a Christian, too
dear sinner, let me pray for you.

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The Pretty Girl

by **H. C. DODGE**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

Here
hangs my bangs
o'er eyes that dream.
And nose and rose-
but lips for cream.
And here's my
chin with dim-
ples in,
This is my
neck with-
out a speck,
which doth these snowy should-
ers deck; and here is—see, on
double T-O-N, which girls all
wear like me; and here's a
heart from Cupid's dart
safe shielded by this
corset's art. This is
my waist, too tight-
ly laced, on which
a bustle big is
placed.
This is my
dress. It's cost,
I guess, did my
poor papa much dis-
tress, because he sighed
when mamma tried it on,
and scolded so I cried; but
mamma said I would wed and
buy papa's clothes for him in-
stead. It's trimmed with lace just

in this place. neath which two an-
kles show, with grace, in silken hose to
catch the beaux what think they're lovely.
I suppose. These are
my feet, In slippers
neat, and now if we
should chance to meet we'll
flirt a little on the street. How sweet

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Interlude I ("It's very annoying to find you have lost")

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

Here follows the first interlude which attempts to describe our mingled emotions:

It's very annoying to find you have lost
The nickel you saved for a fare.
When your girl makes a date and you wait for an hour
Of course you are tempted to swear;
But imagine our feelings when, out on the bluff,
We found that no launch was in sight.
Now, would you have said things, or silently smiled?
I think you'd have sworn. Am I right?

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Interlude II ("She lies at her landing, so dainty her lines")

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

Second interlude, attempting to portray the average small launch:

She lies at her landing, so dainty her lines,
Designed by her builder for speed;
Her engine is one of the kind that will work,
Oh, she is a wonder indeed.
But, alas! in a sea when your mooring line parts
And you anxiously yell for a tow,
Or you want to go somewhere in very great haste,
Of course that d—d engine won't go.

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Interlude III ("It isn't the cut of the clothes that they wear")

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

*Let us have a third interlude attempting to describe the "Je ne sais quoi" of the
naval officer:*

It isn't the cut of the clothes that they wear,
Combined with the way that they all part their hair;
It's something, methinks, in the manner they bear
That marks them as naval officers.
No matter what duties they have to perform,
From splicing the main brace because it is warm
To showing a stranger the ship, they're GOOD FORM,
And I think that describes them exactly.

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The Navy Cocktail

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

To do justice to that cocktail we must have another interlude:

"Come in, come in, ye yachtsmen bold,
We'll give ye a drink to keep out the cold;
There's plenty of ice cracked, clean and nice,
Whiskey and bitters, of lemon a slice,
And the man not in mufti will fix in a trice
A beautiful Navy Cocktail."

With skillful hand—a practiced hand—
He makes the mixture. At his command
The bitters drop from his finger stop
And the whiskey bubbles in plop, plop, plop,
And he sets out a drink that will make you
hop,
That grand old Navy Cocktail.

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Spring Song

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 16, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 24

A-down the vale the elfish Pan is piping rondelays,
A song of youth and joy and love; a lilt of sunlit days,
And deep the murmur of the sea moans through the leafing trees;
A call of Spring, the gypsy Spring that rides the balmy breeze.

And over hills and over dales the witching gypsy goes,
The sunlight tangled in her locks where rests a new-blown rose;
Her dusky eyes like forest pools where sips the thirsty deer;
Her wine-red lips that laugh or pout, and mock old Pan's weird leer.

And where she treads the flowers bloom and lush green grasses grow,
And when she laughs 'tis like the winds that through the lilies blow,
And when she weeps 'tis like the rain that drips in shadowed pall
Across the mist-hung pasture fields a-dream at evenfall.

And over dales and over hills and o'er the rim of day
Into the gray of twilight hours the gypsy goes her way;
And Life is Youth and Youth is Love, and Love is all in all,
When sweet above the Pipes of Pan there rings the gypsy's call.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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The Mirror of Fashion

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 16, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 24

Right loudly we sang of his wonderful socks,
We thought them perfection enough;
But now he comes out in a fashion quite new,
With a radiant, double-decked cuff.

Its pattern and color are equally fine,
A mixture of crimson and blue;
The moment you see it you'll ardently pine
For a cuff of a similar hue.

So well groomed and handsome Bill Batchelder stands,
His hair neatly curled at the nape;
But the finishing touch you will find on his hands,
'Tis that cuff and its wonderful shape.

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Untitled

by **MARMION**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 23, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 25

Oh woman in our hours of ease,
 etc., etc.
When pain and anguish wring the brow
 (of councilmen)
An administering angel thou.

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The Rain-proof Beau Brummel

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 23, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 25

But imagine what effect the arrival of Bill Batchelder will have on the web-footed inhabitants of the city by the Willamette. Can we jingle on the subject? Let us try.

Although in the south he is wonderfully clad,
To mention we cannot refrain,
The opposite costume Bill Batchelder has
To wear in the Oregon rain.

His hat will be covered with waterproof gloss,
While his collar and double-deck cuff
Will have an addition of beautiful white
And indelible waterproof stuff.

His feet will be cased in two well-fitting shoes,
Designed to defy all the wet,
And the Portlanders all will say "he's a
dude,
And a waterproof dude, you may bet."

But under the waterproof clothing you'll find
The body and heart of a sport,
And when he has left the Willamette behind,
They will name him a jolly good sort.

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To a New Found Comrade

by **HENRY CHRISTEEN WARNACK**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 30, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 26

About me is a great throng, yet out of the multitude I single you alone,
knowing full well that you, of all beneath my gaze, will perfectly
understand me. When I salute you I am not surprised that the pressure of
your hand equals that of my own.

I demand no avowal from your lips; your glance is more to me than the spoken
word of any other woman; your thought tallies my own. Your eye meets
mine unafraid, yet you tremble. You are my wild flower of the hills, my
pure laurel of the high hills, and very sweet.

I long to lead you apart from the rest that together we may enjoy the
rapturous silence of the vast and undisturbed night. Oh, I am sure that
the tender passion of the white moon is entirely for you, and that the
stars of evening are pale for love of you.

An hour ago, for all my dream and hope, I did not certainly know that you
were. Now I am filled with a rage of joy merely to think that you ARE.
When I look upon you my heart doubles and trebles its beating until I am
hurt with its call to you.

I am curious to know what you have been about all these days you have
passed me unquestioned: I would demand a definite account of you, and
would, in turn, spread my own past before you that you may read it as a
book of love. When you have read it I think you will see just where I have
missed you, dreamed of you, cried out for you at every crisis. I think you
are as eager to confess to me your own insufficiency until this hour of our
divine appointment.

Now that I have found you, I will not lightly let you go. Until the light shall no
longer lave the rose, until each star is blotted out in hopeless night and
God himself be laid in Beauty's grave, I shall refuse to relinquish you.

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The Gaelic Gear Replacer

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 30, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 26

I found the oil-begrimed Scotchman lying on his back emitting sounds of Gaelic profanity.

Extended at length he lies on the floor,
His back on the chilly cement,
And, while he is trying to fix the machine
He utters this Gaelic lament:

Hoot man, the dommed thing's fey,
She canna fix it noo,
She's but a fechtless lad the day,
Thol' dhreel, Roderick Dhu.

I spoke very kindly in accents quite mild,
I bade him arise from the floor;
And, when I recited the following lines,
He made a quick rush for the door:

Hoot mon, the dommed thing's fey,
But I can cure it too;
For I've a basket hid outside—
It holds some Roderick Dhu.

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Untitled

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 6, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, No. 1

ANONYMOUS

Sitting after dinner, smoking our cigar,
 We think of what we might have been,
We think of what we are;
 We think of many chances lost,
Of more that offer fair:
 We smoke our big cheroots and build
Our castles in the air.

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The Race of Resourceful Ralph

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 6, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 1

With its barreled hood o'er whirring fan
And its engine sprung to life,
Purring a low-toned melody
A song with power rife,
There stands that dainty Franklin car
All eager for the strife.

A-down the stretch eleven cars
Strung in a perfect line,
Come slowly to the starting point;
The flag, in swift decline,
Drops and the roar of engines sounds
Like an exploding mine.

Resourceful Ralph spurts out ahead
Five laps he holds the lead,
But Danny follows close behind
With ever-gaining speed,
The Stoddard-Dayton on his heels,
It is a race indeed.

Then craftily Ralph slackens speed,
"One hundred miles to go,
I'll let them wear their tires out
While resting mine, and so
I think it would be wise," quoth he,
"To go a trifle slow."

Thus Fiery Dan takes on the lead
Not fearing chance mishap,
He takes the turns at awful speed
Until he gains a lap,
But Ralph serenely buzzes on,
Resourcefulness on tap.

The Stearns has covered thirty miles,
But now its extra weight,
In skidding round those awful turns,
Has done the work of fate;
Its tires are gone, Ralph still rolls on,
He packs no extra freight.

Once, only once, in all that race
Ralph Hamlin has to stay.
Just one new tire, then on again
He flashes on his way;
And now he's seven laps ahead,
"A cinch," the people say.

Ralph wins the race, and Fiery Dan
Produces quite a mess
By swiftly crashing through the fence.
I think we must confess
That Hamlin won the race because
He had resourcefulness.

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Obscuria

by G.L.W.

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 13, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 2

Raw and roaming, through the gloaming,
 O'er Elysian fields above,
With the shimmer and the glimmer
 Of eternalizing love;
Fraught the mind with its upheaving,
 Dumb the will with seamless might,
Numb the fancy dead with grieving,
 Thoughtless soul, with darkness dight.
Listen to the sheep-bell's tinkle
 Through the meadow loud and clear,
Where the shepherd lad doth sprinkle
 Blades of grass with mugs of beer.
Catacombs and cold convulsions,
 Kisses burning brimstone bright,
Agonizing, dank emulsions,
 Through the stillness of the night—
Fogs and earthquakes, lightning, thirsting,
 Roars, and rocks, and wrecks unheard;
Bubbles, baggies, boilers bursting.
 Of the future not a word.
Gruesome scorpions, fearsome, tragic,
 Dance infernal bacchanals;
Maledictions, hoemorrhagic,
 Such is life, my rorty pals!

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My Prayer

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 13, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 2

Not in my vain assumption or my pride, but in my
 woe and weakness do I pray,
Just as the mendicant of Nazareth, just as a pil-
 grim weary of the way.

Give to me, Lord, the gladsome day of Faith. Hope-
 less am I when lost in Doubt's black night.
Ever my aimless hands outstretched for aid, ever
 my being yearning for the Light.

There is a Light, I know. I saw its glow lighting
 the calm, sweet faces of my dead;
Gone were the lines of care and grief and woe;
 wondrous, the peace of Death shone in their
 stead.

There is a Soul, I know. For deep within faints
 it for sustenance to bear its cross.
Body is but a husk that hides the spark burning
 divinely midst the flesh's dross.

Just as a beggar will I humbly wait. Grant to my
 wistful eyes the power of sight;
Teach me the creed of Love and Faith—not Fear.
 Lead me to find the glory of the Light.

*Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06;
little else about her life is reliably recorded.*

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Untitled

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 13, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 2

ANONYMOUS

*Tell me, that I may steer clear of it and fly to the divine destruction of whiskey and
celery bitters rather than maunder with such blitherers as yourself.*

Great Morpheus, sleepy silent god,
To thee we raise our troubled cry,
And beg the solace of thy gift—
The closing of a weary eye.

Yet, Morpheus, on our knees tonight,
Not only for sweet sleep we pray;
But, when you've doped that Bolchey up,
For heaven's sake keep him away.

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The Rubber Victim

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 13, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 2

ANONYMOUS

*He rested from his arduous task long enough to tell me that Guy is suffering from
appendicitis, for which I am sincerely sorry and that the doctors threaten him with
an operation, for which I am also sincerely sorry.*

Poor Guy has a pain, but we must not deride.
He went to the Doctor, who pummeled his side.
"O Doctor, you hurt!" right loudly he cried,
"Cut it out, Doc, cut it out."

The Doctor remarked with an unctuous smile,
"My boy, your inside is reeking with bile;
I'll take your advice in good medical style
And I will, my dear Guy, CUT IT OUT."

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Untitled

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 13, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 2

ANONYMOUS

*I understand that a customer he left hurriedly to run away to the fishing grounds
was heard lamenting in the following sad jingles:*

He always was so good to me,
He gave me discounts recklessly;
Three minutes since he stood right there
But now he's vanished into air.

He spoke of fish in accents gay;
I wonder why he did not stay?
My head will ne'er be right again,
For I, alas! have lost my Brain.

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[Untitled: "The lady would remind you"]

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 20, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, No. 3

ANONYMOUS

*There seems to be no reasonable reason why we shouldn't get together and establish
a decent pronunciation of a name which has every claim to our love and respect.*

The lady would remind you, please,
Her name is not
LOST ANGIE LEES,
Nor Angie anything whatever.
She hopes her friends will be so clever
To share her fit historic pride,
The G shall not be jellified.
O long, G hard, and rhyme with "yes,"
And all about
LOCE ANG-EL-ESS.

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Aria from *Rinaldo*

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 27, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 4

ANONYMOUS

*Mrs. Porterfield is first of all a ballad singer, but in the aria from *Rinaldo*, these verses were splendidly rendered:*

Here let my tears flow,
Let hope my soul know,
My heart is longing
For liberty.

Assuage the sorrow
To charms belonging;
O grant, tomorrow
That I may be free.

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Chorus of Spirits and Hours (from *Prometheus Unbound*)

by **PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 27, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 4

*By all means the most satisfying number was Dudley Buck's "Chorus of Spirits and Hours," the words taken from Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*.*

Then weave the web of mystic measure,
From the depths of the sky and the ends of the earth,
Come, swift spirits of might and of pleasure,
Fill the dance and the music of mirth!
As the waves of a thousand streams rush by,
To the Ocean of Splendor and Harmony!
Come, ye Spirits!
All unite!

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The Moan of the Weary Gasengeer

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 27, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 4

Here is where I get even with that engine by means of a profane jingle.

"A two-cycle engine" right blithely I cried,
"Of course I can make the thing go.
It's simple enough when you know how it works,
Let me in there and give me a show."

So I jumped in the launch and I cranked with a vim,
And fussily fussed with the gear,
But just one explosion was all I could get—
It sounded to me like a sneer.

"Oh, who was the man who invented this thing?
I'm an Englishman, am I to blame?"
I cried in my wrath as I nursed my poor thumb—
I think that "Hellmore" was his name.

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Part II

The Talk about Verse

171 essays, appreciations, and notices bearing on poetry.



From “Character Sketches. IV.—Jonathan Sayre Slauson” (signed Junius)

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 6, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 1

The single genuinely literary passage in this earliest number is a “flight of poetic imagery” that the columnist quotes from a birthday tribute Henry O’Melveny paid to the pioneer Jonathan Sayre Slauson. The columnist introduces it thus: “It was, however, in a flight of poetic imagery that Henry O’Melveny, painting the picture of the dying year and nature’s laws, best reflected the impressions that all who know and love him have of this G. O. M. I wish I had space to reproduce the whole of that stately and true peroration, but a brief quotation must suffice:”

“But December is upon us. The midnight of the year is nigh. The days grow shorter, with an added touch of cold to the air, and now and again a storm adds to the impulse to withdraw ourselves indoor. You draw near the hearth upon which fire is kindled and throw on the oak logs. You watch the flying of the sparks as they hit the coals. You see the flames leap up spitefully to the attack. You note how long and actively the OLD OAK withstands the onset. It is a titanic fight between Nature’s forces; the toughened sinews of the oak, knit and strengthened by years of struggle against the wind, yield not to the subtler stirrings of the heat without much explosion and rending of fiber. Then it seems to enter into the spirit of the game and the fiber burns with fiercer intensity, more than accomplishing what it was intended for. Gradually the flame dies out and there is left our oak intact, transformed into a glowing ember, quickly and gently dispensing the garnered sunshine of a century to the well-being and comfort of us all.”

“So it is with the life of our friend. In him the fires of youth have died out. His soul, like the glowing embers of the rugged oak, looks out through his kindly eyes and he dispenses naught but comfort and good cheer to all who come within his presence.”

“Character Sketches” was a recurring Graphic series profiling local figures.

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From “Character Sketches. V. Henry W. O’Melveny” (signed Junius) — a meditation on poetry

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 20, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 3

The fact that he is a master of logic does not despoil his birthright, which is that of a free man and a poet. It is his love of nature and his poetic fancy—the wealth of imagination that he has won by devout study of nature and a long friendship with the best minds in books—that most endear him to his friends. In the busy press of twentieth-century life, in this, the commercial age when we are all chasing the Ignis Fatuus of success, measured only in our modern market by the Almighty Dollar, such is a rare combination of head and heart.

When I call him a “poet,” I do not mean that he writes verses. He may have done so—I hope he has—but he has been too modest to expose such secrets of his soul to the scrutiny of his friends. I mean by “poetry” the gift of imagination—the true inspiration that gave us the Book of Job, Ecclesiasticus and Ruskin’s “Crown of Wild Olive.” Very little verse is true poetry; much more prose has been written to merit the true distinction of poetry, for if I am not wandering too far up the peaks of Parnassus or of San Gabriel, I may remind you that the word poetry owes itself to the Greek verb, “poiein,” which means to “create.” The man who begets a new thought or—if there are no new thoughts—who clothes an old thought with a new garment is a poet. I digress thus far to prove to Henry O’Melveny that in truth he is a poet.

“Character Sketches” was a recurring Graphic series profiling local figures.

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How Smith Lost His Mind

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 20, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 3

There is a place on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, about half way, say, between Sacramento and the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, called Auburn, in Placer county, California; it is one of the most entrancing mountain spots in the world so far as atmosphere, healthfulness of situation and majesty of woods are concerned.

Some forty odd years ago there lived at Auburn two partners, John Smith and John Jones. These men had reached the “diggings” in ’49—the former from Maine and the latter from Rhode Island. They had mined, milled, merchandised, farmed, saved and banked together; and they at last concluded to go into the Angora goat business. Now, Smith was

liberal and hospitable, warm-hearted and kind. But Jones was quite the reverse. These partners had a fine band of Angoras—as pretty as could be found anywhere on the Pacific slope.

The winter rains had commenced to descend, in 1859, and the Angoras would huddle together and wish—if they knew how to wish—that they were shorn lambs. And it moved Smith’s heart to pity, and he proposed to Jones that they build a shed, so that the poor animals might have some shelter from the coming pitiless storms. Jones laughed at his partner and said:

“Smith, you’re a fool. Pardon me, now, old man; but if I were asked to name the biggest old idiot in Placer I should answer, ‘My particular friend, John Smith, from Maine!’”

“Do I understand by that shameful and uncalled-for innuendo that you decline to join me in building a shed for the protection of our fine goats?”

“That’s the long and short of it, pard. In other words, you have called the turn.”

“Well, I shall build it out of my own private funds, then,” said the sturdy old man from Maine.

“And I have no objection to you doing so,” responded the brusque Rhode Islander.

“They are as much God’s creatures as we are, Mr. Jones.”

“Except that we eat the contents of tomato cans and they masticate the cans, Mr. Smith.”

“You’re a ruffian!” “And you’re a fool!” “I know it.” “Yes; and everybody knows it.”

But Smith went on with the shed, which was built big and strong and cost nearly \$700. And upon the very night of its completion there came an ideal Sierra storm. So severe was it, indeed, that Jones, before he retired, had made up his mind to share with Smith the expense of the construction of the shed. “Providence prompted me to erect that cover for our Angoras,” said Smith to his wife just as he put out the light. All that night it blew furiously and the rain descended in torrents, and there also came sleet, snow and hail. Still, every human being in Auburn was happy, including Jones. Smith, however, was the happiest person of all.

But when he looked out of his window the next morning his happiness was immediately turned to grief; and there came a fearful headache to him. “What is the matter?” cried the wife, as her husband once seemed to swoon. “Matter enough. And now mind you, Sarah, don’t you dare let that man Jones into this house today under any consideration. If he comes, tell him I’m too sick to see anyone. Tell him I’m out of my head. Confound his old soul, tell him I’m dead—as dead as——”

“Why, what is the matter?” “Matter! Great Caesar’s immaculate ghost! Matter? Everything is the matter. Jones says I’m the biggest fool in Placer, and that I’m a dog-goned old idiot, and Jones is right. Ha-ha-ha! Jones never lies.” “Heavens! you are mad. You are a

fool, and no mistake!” “Right you are. Ha-ha-ha! Right you are, you dear old ninny! But look out of the window! Ha-ha-ha! Look at the other fools!”

Mrs. Smith took in the whole thing at a glance. The beautiful Angoras were all huddled, wet and shivering, together on the roof of the new shed which had been built for their protection.

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Twentieth Century Frivolity — an essay on current literature

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 3, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 5

Many of you know Dr. Henry Van Dyke by his books, by his love of nature and of the piscatorial art, and by his sincere, broad Christianity. Dr. Van Dyke has been attending the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance Convention in England, and his address on “Christianity and Current Literature,” according to a London paper, touched “the oratorical high-water mark.” The eminent Presbyterian spoke of the three “mischievous and perilous tendencies” of the twentieth century, branding them thus: the idolatry of glory and conquest; the idolatry of wealth; the growing spirit of frivolity.

“A sane and virile and lovable literature” is the antidote that Dr. Van Dyke propounds. Frivolity is eagerly seized upon by men and women as a relief from the cares and pressure of the stress of modern life. They infinitely prefer a musical comedy to Shakespeare, or the latest copy of “The Smart Set” to one of Addison’s essays, or even Van Dyke’s latest book. They have been “thinking” all day: they do not want to “think,”—except at Bridge—during their evening’s recreation.

What people read and their avenues of amusement supply the truest test of national taste. The question asked by Mrs. Atherton in the North American Review, “Is American Literature Bourgeois?” has not yet been answered satisfactorily. We are very strenuous in our business but very frivolous in our mental recreation.

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Books and Authors

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 3, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 5

W. Davenport Adams, who died recently, left the “Dictionary of the Drama,” on which he had been engaged a long time, in such a state that its early completion is assured. One volume is already in type, and will be published in the autumn.

THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

Georgette Leblanc, the brilliant actress, who two years ago became the wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, has just published a book, "The Choice of Life." It is in the form of a story, and is described as remarkable for its poetical sentiment. Love of beauty and harmony and a demand for freedom of thought for women are the main characteristics of the book.

Arnold Daly, telling of his desire to produce Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," says: "It is a wonderful play. As it is written, it would take two evenings to give it. There are some situations, however, which would be rather trying. For instance, Ibsen has Peer Gynt leave the stage at the end of one act with a girl who is riding a pig. When he conceived the situation, Ibsen didn't worry about finding the actress who could ride a pig, or the pig which would be ridden. Mere trifles like that never entered his head, but I imagine that the producer might find some trouble."

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All Same Melican Lovesclape

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 3, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 5

Every city on the Pacific Coast containing six or seven thousand people and upward has its Chinatown, and every Chinatown has its romance; for there are Armand Duvals and Claude Melnottes and there are Camilles and Paulines in all these Mongolian communities. Many a highbinder lurks around the dark places seeking the life of some rival merchant or Adonis, and many a disconsolate lover has taken a short cut to hades by the strychnine route.

There was once a Chinaboy who had set his affections on a girl—the property of an avaricious old pagan—who was prepossessing and “velly nice,” according to Hop Lee, the Chinaboy aforesaid. Hop had saved enough money to go into the business of raising garden truck on the sewer-skirts of Los Angeles, and in an unfortunate hour his tender affections had been led captive by this new importation from the Flowery Kingdom.

But it was necessary to their unalloyed happiness that Hop should redeem this second-hand fairy from the clutches of the ogre who claimed her as his property. So the chivalrous hero toiled and saved and put the biggest strawberries on the tops of his boxes, until, by incessant industry and great economy, he had accumulated \$300 toward her ransom. But the owner wanted just twice that insignificant sum.

Just one ray of sunshine came from the dark clouds. In the labyrinths of “De Ate” there lived a terrible beast, whose conquest would result in wealth and glory to the successful antagonist. Animated by the maxims that “None but the brave deserve the fair” and “Fortune favors the brave,” our audacious lover sallied out toward the lair of the beast with fifteen twenties in his pockets. The Melican owner of the tiger was awfully polite to the

heathen Chinees upon all such occasions, and quickly shoved him a stack of dollar chips and took his first twenty in out of the wet.

The rest is briefly told. John lost all but his honor, and he would have lost that could he have hypothecated it for another score of composition ivories. He then acquainted his dulcinea with his unsuccessful attack upon the beast, and quickly afterward hung himself in a cellar of the ogre; and simultaneously the poor girl tolled the knell of her woe by a cup of cold poison that laid her out as stiff in death as if she had been an understudy of Mrs. Leslie Carter.

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The Good Gray Critic

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 6

William Winter was to be the honored guest of the University Club at its monthly dinner Thursday evening. The “good gray critic” has been in poor health lately. Mr. Winter is sixty-eight years of age and is the only survivor of the “Greeley gang” on the Tribune, having been forty years in the harness. He is the greatest living authority on Shakespearean drama and his name should find a niche in the hall of fame with David Garrick, Edwin Booth and Henry Irving as one of the preservers of the “immortal bard.” Mr. Winter has written much and has written wisely. He has never sacrificed play or actor to the glory of his own signature, but has striven for the truth.

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The Good Gray Critic (a profile of William Winter, signed R. H. C.)

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 17, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 7

It was my proud privilege to sit at William Winter’s right hand during the University Club’s banquet in his honor last week, and to enjoy two of the most delightful hours of conversation that I have ever known, and his erudite and charming dissertation concerning the American stage. For over forty years Mr. Winter has been the valiant champion of truth and purity in dramatic art. He is the dean of American critics, and has always set a high standard, which, alas, is too seldom followed by the smart young men and women who write for the daily press, and who vainly imagine that Mr. Winter’s methods are antediluvian.

THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

Mr. Winter counsels actors and actresses not to read criticism of their work. “For,” says he, “if favorable, it only inflates the man’s vanity; if unfavorable, it makes the heart ache, breaks the spirit and saddens the mind. It rarely serves the purpose of good instruction. I have not for many and many a year read a review of one of my books. Why should I? I know I have done my best and I am too old to mend my ways.” Again he said, “We should criticize plays only where they touch the public welfare, and then from a large, vital point of view. When we do criticize, favorably or otherwise, we ought to give a reason. Then your enemies will not fight you, they will fight facts.”

William Winter has been the friend of all the great people of the stage for nearly half a century. He has been Irving’s confidant, Edwin Booth’s intimate, Joseph Jefferson’s biographer and Mary Anderson’s dramatic god-father. He showed me a wonderful snuff-box, the other night, that was given to him by Henry Irving, and which had belonged to Lord Byron. “And on this snuff-box,” said he, “there are engraved the arms of Byron and the initials of Sir Henry and myself. Within it rests a lock of the hair of Mrs. Sarah Siddons, of Miss Charlotte Cushman and of my dear, dead friend, Adelaide Neilson.” Mr. Winter should be prevailed upon to publish that address he read to the University Club; it is too precious to conceal in a closet. — R. H. C.

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Byron’s Poetry.

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 15, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 11

A brief essay on Byron by “John ’O London,” in T. P.’s Weekly, declares that Byron lives and will continue to live by the vigor of his writing. “Today,” says he, “I think we turn to Byron rather as a safety valve. Byron meets a thousand needs because in him we see the individual man in the height of intelligent and emotional action among the forces of life.” There is much that is bad in Byron’s poetry but there is very little of his poetry that is bad. Separate that splendid and immortal bit of verse, “The Song of the Greek Poet,” from the Byron of misspent years, and there is little left to wish for.

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Gwendolen Overton’s New Book: “Captains of the World.”

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 5, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 14

By approaching a problem of universal interest—the conflict between Labor and Capital—Gwendolen Overton has vested her latest novel, “Captains of the World,” with a dignity

beyond that of ordinary fiction. The value of the book is enhanced by the fact that Miss Overton deals with this soul-vexing and body-gnawing subject in a spirit entirely free from personal prejudice. While Miss Overton herself does not attempt to find a verdict, the testimony of her characters and the deductions they draw are well worth study. The entire tendency of the story is towards exposing the futility of the arrayment of the Employer against the Employee and advocating arbitration as the only bridge of the chasm between them.

“Well,” says Durran, one of the ironmasters in “Captains of the World,” “it seems to me to be worth while for those in our position to try to advance civilization for a change, instead of continuing on with the method of frantic, outraged, insane denunciation and condemnation, which has been the not very respect-inspiring attitude of the aristocracy and plutocracy these several thousand years. And, I think it presents attractions—the notion of inaugurating in our class a capacity for arguing with the labor class, and allowing ourselves to be argued with, instead of losing our heads with consternation and spluttering out invectives.”

The central figure of the story is Neil Manning, at first a melter in Tennant’s works, then discharged because he has joined a union, and gradually developing into an important and prudent figure in the organization of labor—almost a John Mitchell. Manning has loved the steel magnate’s daughter from childhood, and Beatrice Tennant, after discarding an Italian prince and other lovers, finds her heart is bound to Manning. But that is the “story” of Miss Overton’s book, too delightfully told to intrude upon here. Manning’s final formulation of his theories, how capital and labor may restore peace, is given in a speech before the conference of delegates representing the two federations.

Then, briefly, he proposed the attempting of an arbitration board, composed of permanent, well-paid members, representatives of both sides, and of a hitherto sadly neglected public. “And the man,” he finished, “who is not willing to subordinate what may seem his personal interests to the interests of his country, of the world as a whole—that man is unworthy the protection, the benefits, which the country gives him—is morally an outlaw of the world.” These extracts show sufficiently the trend of Miss Overton’s argument, which is undoubtedly in the right direction and forms an important contribution in an attractive form to the most vital question of the twentieth century.

Miss Overton’s purity and directness of style in former books have attracted so much praise that it is grievous to detect not a few examples of careless writing and ambiguous sentences in “Captains of the World.” There are sentences that are as awkward as they are difficult, as for instance the following: “To permit this being contrary to the definite policy, it was proposed to nip any such tendency in the bud.” R. H. C.

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"Prosit."

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 26, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 17

The same being obviously a book of toasts. Compiled by Clotho, whoever he may be. The Spinners' (I had almost written it Sinners') Club of San Francisco is somewhat responsible for some of the sentiments. There are others, "from Will Irwin down to Will Shakespeare," and from Anacreon up to Gelett Burgess. But why should such a common quotation as the following be perpetuated: "Age cannot wither nor custom stale / Her infinite variety"? But this is only one defect and a minor one.

Prosit. A book of toasts. Compiled by Clotho. Cloth, 134 pages. Price, \$1.25 net. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

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Character Sketches. XX. Charles F. Lummis

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 3, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 18

There can be no doubt that the most picturesque personality in Southern California is that of Charles F. Lummis. And it is not merely because he has eccentric ideas of raiment, preferring to clad himself in the unconventional corduroy to donning the regulation habiliments of his fellows. Even in a tall silk hat and a frock coat, although the picture requires a stretch of the imagination, Lummis would still possess the most picturesque personality. Mr. Lummis prefers the clothes he wears because he feels more comfortable in them, and would resent with righteous indignation the insinuation that he needs any unusual sartorial distinction to emphasize his personality. His cowboy hat and corduroys simply reflect his individuality, which is more pronounced even in his clothes than that of his fellows, and his corduroys are not necessarily the insignia of egoism. Far be it from me, however, to suggest that Lummis is not an egoist. Most great men are egoists—that is, they have an abiding faith and confidence in their own power and personality. It is a trite saying, but one worthy of all acceptance, that unless you believe in yourself no one else will believe in you.

Lummis is a curious and valuable blending of the past and the future. He is historian and prophet. He wages a keen crusade against the evils and the follies of the present. He believes in the simplicity and truth of generations that have passed away and hopes for a reformation from unnatural life. Furthermore, he has a firm veneration for the past, which in these days of utilitarianism and thought of the morrow is not a popular trend of thought. Lummis knows the value of traditions, knows that a generation that is thoughtless of its forbears and would carelessly allow historic relics to crumble is shallow-pated and insincere. But for

Lummis's energetic work and discourse many of the landmarks of Southern California would have been obliterated; the beauty and the courage of the Missions would not have remained to read their lessons to the great grandchildren of pioneers.

His intense sympathy for a dying race has been the inspiration of much of his best work. He knows the Indian, has lived in his tepees, talks his tongue and is ever ready to hold out the hand of a brother to help him. Only last week he made a stirring appeal for the neglected wards of the nation who have been scavenging the earth for food within a hundred miles of this well-fed and prosperous community. Today he is on his way to Washington to speak his mind to the President, who has a warm regard for "the Lion," and to roar his complaint against the Indian Commissioners. It is not improbable that the President may appoint Mr. Lummis himself an Indian Commissioner. If so, I do not envy the other commissioners, for Lummis has a way with him, and it is all his own. He is chairman of the executive committee of the Sequoya League, whose text is "to make better Indians." Lummis is blazing the trail for that purpose.

"The Lion," which is his nom de plume in his characteristic magazine, first known as "The Land of Sunshine," and now as "Out West," is a wiry person, a bunch of nerves, and can whip his weight in wildcats either with pen or paw. His head travels slightly in front of his chest, due to long hours and long years under the lamp, but his muscles are firmly knit and well disposed. Once he told me that he worked for twenty hours a day and found four hours of sleep sufficient. This was possible and profitable to body and soul, he believed, because he divided his toil into equal measures, muscular and mental. With his own hands he has built, or is still building—for his castle in the Arroyo is of illimitable dimensions and designs—his own home, and he would rather take his pleasure in putting in 1,600 tons of masonry, as he has done, than in two million motions with a golf club or the oar—because "it leaves a mark." Not only that, but he declares he can have more fun as his own builder than in any other diversive sport. And his home is as unique as its builder.

"The Lion's" literary style is also all his own. Epigrams with him are not light conceits. He uses rocks, not pebbles. If his sentences are sometimes jerky, they are shot out with the jerk, the force and effect of a Gatling gun. He gives words their true value and is not afraid of capital letters. His writing is irresistible because he does not shun but courts Truth, and every Thought is stamped with his own private mark.

Lummis as a speaker is by no means as irresistible, although he talks just as he thinks, but his spoken word is not put through the same refining process as that which is written. In speech he is apt to amble. Instead of the crisp rifle shots exploded by his pen, he reveals all the preliminary processes. But when he has made up his mind just what he wants to say and his nerves are strung to the subject then no listener will tire.

He hates Humbug; likewise loathes "our civilized adoration of the 'Four Hundred,' the Golmighty Dollar." Superstition and Stereotypes. The motto, indeed, of the "Lion's Den" is "To Love what is True; to Hate Shams; to Fear Nothing Without; and to Think a Little." In

these days of false gods and veneer, such apostles are sore needed. Satire is a saving grace, and the nation will not be allowed to forget itself without rebuke as long as we have seers like Lummis or Mr. Dooley.

Lummis was born in Lynn, Mass., forty-five years ago. He was educated at Harvard. After a youthful experience in editing a country newspaper in Ohio, he took a long and characteristic holiday. He walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles and chose a circuitous route of 3507 miles, which occupied 143 days. Arriving here he settled into harness again and became city editor of the Times, filling that position with vigor and requisite ruthlessness for two years from '85 to '87. After the confinement of the office he again pined for the open. The next five years he spent living with Indians, chiefly in the Indian pueblo of Isleta, New Mexico. He has ridden all over the Southwest and has also spent much time and travel in Old Mexico and South America. No living man, indeed, has so thoroughly explored the continent from Canada to Chile.

His literary industry has been immense and some dozen volumes depict his travels and observations, from "The Man Who Married the Moon" to "The Enchanted Burro." JUNIUS.

"Character Sketches" was a recurring Graphic series profiling local figures.

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Los Angeles Magazine Writers.

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 19

Two Angelenos figure prominently in the current number of the "Review of Reviews," Dr. Albert Shaw's eclectic magazine. Lewis R. Freeman, the former tennis champion, who is spending this winter in Japan instead of Pasadena, contributes a valuable article on the Hawaiian Sugar Product. Among the many interesting facts that Lew Freeman purveys for us is that irrigation and intense cultivation have brought natural fertility to a degree of productiveness not approached by the record yields of other countries. A crop average of ten and one-quarter tons of sugar to each of four thousand acres is the record of one plantation on the island of Oahu whose mill is but a few miles from the city of Honolulu. Irrigation, he says, has been the most potent single element operating to bring about these great yields and extend the available area of cane land. Freeman was formerly an occasional but valued contributor to the local press. I look to see him returning from Japan with portfolios full of good "stuff." The other Los Angeles contributor to the December number of the Review is Adachi Kinnosuke, who writes on "What Port Arthur Means to Japan." "With its possession," concludes Adachi, "we shall have everything for which we went to war with Russia."

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A Unique Collection.

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 19

One of the most eccentric and unique collections ever made is that of Louis J. Stellmann, a local newspaper man with literary aspirations. For years he has carefully preserved all the printed slips which came to him from the different magazines which returned manuscripts submitted to them and his collection is now almost complete in that it embraces a sample from every magazine of consequence in the United States as well as a number from English publications. These are neatly pasted in a scrap-book especially adapted for their display and the collector is very proud of them.

"Not because I'm the first person who ever thought of such a thing," he explains, whimsically, "I dare say the idea occurred to plenty of people—but I'm probably the only one that was foolish enough to carry it out."

Mr. Stellman is the author of a book of humorous sketches, entitled, "Said the Observer," which is having quite a run on the coast. His first deviation from the paths of strictly newspaper work were these outbursts of humorous philosophy which originally appeared in the Herald. Some years ago Stellman went to San Francisco where he became identified with the Press Club coterie of literary free lances and gained some recognition as a writer of verse and fiction, incidentally finding a publisher for his book in the Whitaker and Ray Company there. He returned to Los Angeles several months ago and is now associated with the Examiner. His most notable poetic effort is "The City's Voice," which originally appeared in a San Francisco publication and is as follows:

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A Unique Collection.

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 19

This—by the way—is the third poem that Stellman wrote. He considers it his only one, though he has turned out a great deal of good work during the past two years. He has prepared manuscript for a book of verse and essays, some of which appeared in the Los Angeles Capital. Another book, as yet uncompleted and which should prove interesting is a novel entitled, "Little Girl," consisting of dialogues between a man and a picture—the latter representing to the former an ideal which the woman whom the picture represents has shattered in herself.

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On the Stage and Off

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 17, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 20

"I have cut hell out of it." Such was the rather startling admission accompanying the revised manuscript of "Man and Superman," which arrived in this country last week from George Bernard Shaw.

The English dramatist was truthful, literally and figuratively. Hell as an entity had disappeared from the four-act play, and the hell which the actors would have experienced in playing the eliminated third act has also been postponed to a future date.

As originally written, the third act showed a section of the nether world, wherein the characters were represented as statues. For dramatic purposes the figures were permitted to speak, but upon due deliberation the author concluded the brilliant dialogue might as well be saved for use in an earthly setting.

In forwarding the manuscript Mr. Shaw also took occasion to comment on the undue haste of American producers.

"Whatever you do with this," he cautioned, "don't hurry. Americans are so prone to push everything to a result, regardless of what the result may be. This should be carefully done, or not at all. Especially in regard to the cast must great care be exercised. Until you have found players exactly suited to the roles do not dream of going ahead."

Since this letter was addressed, not to Arnold Daly, but to quite another actor, the bubble of Daly's exclusive rights in the Shaw plays would seem to have suffered a puncture. This is especially significant when you recall that about the time "Man and Superman" is to be produced, Daly and his "You Never Can Tell" will be a counter attraction in the metropolis.

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The Child's Feast

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 17, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 20

We are on the lip of Christmas and find candy there. Christmas is forgotten in sweet things. Fourth of July only upset a King; Christmas capsized everybody for a little child. When mankind took the step to recognize weakness, as in babies, foundlings and deserted women, as more availing on the heart and world than strength, morality, and even law, the era we live in was launched. Children-age is the meaning of Kriss Kringle or Kriss Kinder, the child Christ. Therefore Jew, as well as Gentile, can look with love on a day symbolizing

the upsetting of everything in favor of helplessness. It was in the Jewish world that the happy idea began. You see why it could have been so in the artistic nature of so many subsequent Jews, from Moses Mendelssohn to Heine. Art is the expression of the child nature in educated men—the rising of sympathy, harmony, melody, ecstasy, from the well of first nature into the crust of experience. As the littlest springs crack mountains open, overflow lofty lakes and move the glaciers onward to scoop out valleys and paradises for human habitation, so does the marvel-welling nature of the child retained in maturity produce the contrasts and effects called genius.

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Zelda Dameron.

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 24, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 21

The author of "The Main Chance" has taken another chance with the goddess of fiction. His second novel is in some respects superior to his first, which was very successful in the scale of popularity, and yet unqualified praise cannot be given it. Mr. Nicholson is better equipped for the painting of pen portraits and to sculpture character than he is for creating a strong plot and sustaining it to an equally strong climax.

When this is said we may relax for an hour of real pleasure in the reading of *Zelda Dameron*. Rodney Merriam is an especially fine character, and this is to be said even though the hero and heroine are temporarily passed over. *Zelda Dameron* is a very fine young woman and Morris Leighton is well worthy of her, but their love-making halts at times.

The scene of the story is laid in a small Indiana city in an atmosphere that is especially favorable for the creation of characters that stand out strongly and with the essential individuality. As in "The Main Chance" club life figures so prominently as to cause some amusement; the club is evidently one of the Great Institutions of Marion.

Zelda, as a real heroine, could do no less than to decline the offer of her uncle and aunt to provide her with a home, even though her own father was a miser, and as it was eventually proved, a scoundrel. Balcomb, the promoter, dashing, cheeky, unscrupulous, is a particularly busy specimen of the "get-rich-quick" sort; but he overreaches himself in the end.

Some day Mr. Nicholson will write another novel. It may not be more interesting than "*Zelda Dameron*" and "*The Main Chance*," but it will be a more finished, better proportioned production that shall be as strong in plot and execution as it is in the portrayal of its characters.

ZELDA DAMERON. By Meredith Nicholson. Cloth \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. For sale by Fowler Brothers.



The Business Career.

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 31, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 22

In this little book we have a lecture delivered by Albert Shaw, Ph. D., editor of the Review of Reviews, as an address in the Barbara Weinstock lectureship, University of California. Dr. Shaw is an authority to whom all listen with respect, and he lays down principles and business laws that cannot be ignored if honest success is to be attained. Moreover, it is cheering to note that the founder of the lectureship, H. Weinstock, sounds the note of optimism, declaring at the very outset that "we are nearer a high commercial standard than ever before in the world's history!" And this is the age of commercialism!

To the present reviewer it seems that the keynote of Dr. Shaw's address is Responsibility—the setting up of the doctrine that no man, whatever his occupation may be, cannot, as a good citizen, live to and for that occupation alone. The professions are no longer hedged about; medicine, the law and the ministry are no longer the only recognized professions. "The architect, the engineer, the chemist, the professional teacher, the trained librarian, or the journalist who carries on his work with due sense of its almost unequaled public duties and responsibilities, all these are now admitted by the dicta of our foremost authorities to a place equal with the law, medicine and the ministry in the list of the professions." And the lecturer proceeds to enlarge even this list.

But Business has crept into our professions. The successful professional man must be a man of affairs. He must apply business rules in his work. "The distinctions which have hitherto set apart the professional classes have become obsolete for all practical purposes in many branches and departments of the business world." Again: "It is for the modern business world to recognize the conditions that have in the fullness of time given it so great a power and so dominant a position; and it must not shirk the responsibilities that belong to it as fully and truly as they belong to any of the professions."

So we have business occupations and the professions placed fairly and squarely together on the same basis.

Space will not permit further extended review of Dr. Shaw's admirable address, which, direct, forceful and practical in its applications, constitutes a trumpet call for the maintenance of a high and constantly improving standard in the business career. We hope the address in its book form will be given the widest possible circulation.

THE BUSINESS CAREER. By Albert Shaw. Cloth, price \$1 net. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.



The Friendship of Art.

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 31, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 22

Here we have a collection of essays from the easy, prolific pen of Bliss Carman, dedicated to "Moonshine," a house of wood in a green forest, within whose hospitable walls many of the essays were written.

It must be confessed that Mr. Carman's prose style is not as strong nor so attractive as his verse. He says some beautiful things and some that are so true as to be fundamental, but as a rule they are said in a commonplace way; and because of this the text lacks a certain essential interest.

When this is said there is little further to criticise. One of the most ingenious of the essays is that on "Personal Rhythm."

"There is a rhythm of poetry and there is a rhythm of people. * Dons and dowagers and policemen are always iambic in their rhythm. Recall the rhythm of blank verse in the lines

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The Friendship of Art.

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 31, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 22

"Undecided people are usually of this dactyllic measure; and it is a very dangerous one to handle. Again, persons are like poems in this, that it is possible to have a bad rhythm though every rhythm is good in itself. * If we are naturally iambic we must be careful how we break into trochees, and if we are trochaic we must beware of lapsing into iambs," and so on.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF ART. Essays by Bliss Carman. Cloth, gilt top, price \$1.50. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. For sale by C. C. Parker.

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What is a Gentleman?

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 14, 1905 · VOL. XXI, NO. 24

In American civilization the word "gentleman" has graduated from a mere determination of racial descent to an expression covering the vital traits of the ideal American citizen. The

term "gentle" originally described men who could trace their ancestry at least several generations, who belonged to a responsible family or clan. Of such aristocrats all that is implied in the comprehensive adjective "gentle" was expected. But such qualities were monopolized neither by the patricians of Rome nor by the aristocrats of European civilization: on the contrary, they were frequently abused and "gentlemen," born and bred, have too often frequently been untrue to the traditions of their "gens."

The discussion of the term "gentleman" is frequent, but neither essayist nor philosopher has as yet succeeded in providing an exact or entirely satisfactory definition of the term. Perhaps the most complete ideal of a gentleman ever set forth was from the pen of the great scholar and divine, Cardinal Newman, who said:

"It is almost the definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. . . . He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no care for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out."

It was but natural that the great churchman should emphasize that the Christian virtue of consideration for others is the paramount trait of the gentleman, but the definition is not entirely comprehensive—because it is more objective than subjective. It has been pointed out that the standard of a gentleman is more in the regard of what is due to himself—to be faithful to his own ideals and traditions—than in the regard of what is due to others. But after all it is a distinction without a difference, because if a man is true to himself—to his highest instincts—he will be true to his fellows. The London Spectator points out that in regard to some of the deepest instincts of gentlemanliness "the thought of others does not come into consideration at all," and quotes Marvell, who, in his ode to Cromwell, noted with satisfaction that Charles I died "like a gentleman":

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The Harvard Dinner.

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 21, 1905 · VOL. XXI, NO. 25

The Harvard Club of Southern California holds its annual dinner at the Angelus Hotel next Friday. Mark Sibley Severance is president of the club this year, and with his bonhomie

should make an ideal toastmaster. By the way, did you ever know that Sibley Severance in his earlier youth—for despite the date of his graduation he is still young—was the author of a capital story of college days called "Hammersmith." The book is redolent of Harvard traditions and the college spirit, and some of the latter chapters are devoted to graphic descriptions of early days in the gringo's settlement of Southern California. I recall a thrilling story of the abduction of a beautiful bride and the breakneck chase after her as an impressive feature of the latter part of the book. But in latter days Severance is shy about his novel, regarding it as a youthful indiscretion. This will be the fifth annual dinner of the club and the secretary, Holdridge Ozro Collins, has issued an invitation that is a unique model of classical erudition. The invitation reads like a Horatian ode and the concluding paragraph is a deliciously veiled suggestion as to fees and cost, as follows:

Be it also known that the Augur of our Sodality sends Greetings and proclaims that he NOW attends with his waxen Tablets and Stylus to record the Names of those who shall pay unto the Thesaurus their annual Tribute of two golden Denarii, and their voluntary contribution of two golden Denarii and fifty silver Sestertii for the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries. Vale!

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Popular Books and Editions.

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 21, 1905 · VOL. XXI, No. 25

Some time ago attention was called to the fact that an astonishingly large proportion of the readers of the Youth's Companion were adults; and it was explained that many of these were persons who had taken the paper from childhood, and who had clung to the literary love of their salad days. Whereupon a certain reviewer, on the staff of the New York Evening Post, I believe, declared that these individuals read the Youth's Companion because it was written down to them; because its "solid stuff" was written in a simple style which they could easily follow and understand; in short, he declared that the average American intellect was not equal to anything of a higher grade. One does not often see the New York Evening Post and the Hearst papers occupying common ground; but the style of the average Hearstian editorial conveys the same inference put forth by the Post reviewer. Many of the Hearst editorials would be termed "rot" by reading people of average intelligence; yet they are written by educated men in accordance with a theory which is clearly defined and persistently carried out; and it cannot be denied that there is a field for them. The reverse of this condition is seen in the annual symposiums of the Argonaut alluded to in last week's Graphic; the custom of asking prominent people to mention and discuss the best two books they have read during the year. On the whole, the list is a formidable one indeed, and our "Prominent Citizens" are to be congratulated upon the high stand of their literary tastes. The

shadow of incredulity may be politely invited to retire to the rear in face of such evidence, however hard it may be to conjure up pictures of our great men pouring over the classics and the standard poets as a regular diversion. But the New York Post Reviewer and the esteemed prominent citizen to the contrary notwithstanding, there are educated, intelligent men and women who enjoy really good children's stories as much now as they did thirty, forty and fifty years ago; and that such is the fact is no stigma upon their intelligence and breadth of mind.

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Kentucky Hospitality

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 4, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 1

John Fox, Jr., the Kentucky novelist, tells some good stories of Southern hospitality in his introduction to "The Blue Grass Cook Book," compiled by Minnie C. Fox (Fox, Duffield & Co). "I have heard," he says, "of a man stopping to spend the night on a Georgia plantation and staying for twenty years. I have heard of an old major in Virginia, the guest of the father of a friend of mine, who every spring had his horse saddled and brought to the fence, when the following annual colloquy took place:

" 'Oh, you'd better stay a while longer, major,' the host would say. " 'No,' the major would say, 'I reckon I'd better be goin'.' " After every mint julep this interchange would take place. At the end of the third the major invariably weakened. " 'Well,' he would say, 'reckon I'll stay a little longer.' And he would stay—another year. This went on for a decade.

"These things I have heard—what follows I know. There was a famous place near Lexington once, which I will call Silver Springs, and there was a guest there of twenty years' standing. One morning he went over to the home of his host's son, liked it over there and stayed ten years until he died. But there is yet a better story of Silver Springs. So many guests actually died there that the host provided them with a graveyard. Some fifteen years ago the church near by was torn down, the graveyard was sold, and all the bodies had to be removed. The son of the master of Silver Springs wrote to what relatives of the dead guests he could find. No answer came, and the daughter of the son, who has been a lifelong friend of mine, took the seven guests, sang 'Nearer My God to Thee' over them, and buried them in the family plot. There the seven rest to-day."

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"The True Napoleon."

THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

Charles Josselyn, of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, about fifty-five, but looking ten years less, has long been known as a nimrod, an Izaak Walton, a bon vivant, a skilful entertainer, and a jolly good fellow. It has always been known by some of his chosen comrades that Josselyn was an authority on new books, as well as old ones; and that his opinion on the new novels of the day was a thoroughly expert one. But few Bohemians were aware of the fact that the rotund Charley had long made a study of the character—the true inwardness, one might say—of Napoleon Bonaparte, and that he had visited Corsica, St. Helena, Waterloo and other battlefields—not for incidents, which have been so profusely drawn upon by all other contributors to Napoleonic literature—but for psychological and other features that might enrich his mind while preparing a volume about the "Little Corporal" which should trespass on no other author's diagnosis or production. It is not, therefore, saying too much to state that Mr. Josselyn's "The True Napoleon" is one of the best books of the day, being not only exceedingly interesting but highly instructive and historically accurate. Mr. Josselyn's other volume, "My Favorite Bookshelf," betrays the same spirit of perusal, investigation and consideration that prompted the clever Bohemian author in the pursuit of his more pretentious, more arduous and more responsible work. As an eclectic offering, "My Favorite Bookshelf" ranks with the best of that class that may be read fully and carefully or at random. In other words, the volume may be taken up just as "Prue and I," "Pickwick," "Noctes Ambrosianae," and Irving's Sketches at any time, year in and year out.

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A Prosperous Poet.

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 25, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 4

Poetry and impecuniosity are popularly supposed to be almost synonymous, while the poverty of newspapermen is frequently made the subject of pained humor by newspapermen themselves. Los Angeles newspapermen and poets are different. It is not so long ago that I mentioned the retirement of a city hall reporter with a substantial balance to his credit at his bank. Now I notice the fervid and graceful poem-maker of the Times, John S. McGroarty, blossoming forth as a financier. While details are scant, the outlook, I hope, is very promising. Mr. McGroarty, who has stirred us with patriotic verse and whose editorials are always marked with an unmistakeable individuality—quite an unusual trait in the Times, unless, indeed, marked by "Huhs" and "Quien Sabes"—is now president of the Princess Land and Water Company. I hope the new company won't interfere with Mr. McGroarty's muse, but that its dividends will inspire him to land and water paeans.

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Power.

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 25, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 4

The only remnant of outward sentimentality about Ella Wheeler Wilcox is her famous thumb ring. It is, I think, a topaz or a very yellow diamond. Mrs. Wilcox in a conversation I had with her recently seemed to hope that people would some day forget the literary and poetical sins of her early youth and come to judge her by her admirable and sincere products of later years. Despite all the fun we have been wont to poke at her, I know of few writers who cheer and encourage the hearts of the masses as much as does Mrs. Wilcox. She writes down to the hearts of "the plain people", and as a result she is widely loved,—nay almost revered by her readers.

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Gorky's Last Play.

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 4, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 5

Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist and reformer, is still in durance vile, despite the cablegrams addressed to the Czar by litterateurs of New York. His novels "Foma Gordyeeff" and "Orloff and His Wife" in Miss Hapgood's translations, are now having a widespread vogue, but are horrible to read. Gorky was the center of a dramatic scene on the occasion of the premiere in St. Petersburg of a new play by him, "The Rustics," shortly before the bloody Sunday in January. The Journal de St. Petersburg described the scene as follows: "The piece came to an end in a scene of uproar. After the third act some of the public began to hiss, whereupon the Gorky enthusiasts, mostly young people, began to applaud vociferously, and called for the author. The curtain was raised, and Gorky appeared alone, his head thrown back, a look of contempt on his countenance, his fists clenched, and his face lividly pale, as if he wished to fling in the face of the people a deadly insult. Fortunately, he had enough strength to control himself, and, appearing twice, maintained his attitude and expression of defiance and supreme contempt."

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Bliss Carman Here

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 11, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 6

How could a man with a name like Bliss Carman escape being a poet? The majority of people imagine it to be a nom de plume, but it is his very own in baptism. Carman is a Canadian by birth but an American by adoption. He was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, nearly forty-four years ago, and has written a great deal of verse that will survive. His great love of nature, and particularly of the sea, has been the inspiration of his best work. You can almost hear the beating of the waves upon the shore in his verse. Take these lines for instance from his "Sailor's Wedding":

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Bliss Carman Here

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 11, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 6

Bliss Carman is a guest at the California Club and expects to tarry in Southern California until the spirit moves him, which, I sincerely hope, will not be for some time. He has already fallen in love with the climate, and the climate should lure him to song. Some kind people are anxious to "lionize" him, but he obstinately refuses to "roar." The fact that he is both shortsighted and silent interferes with the process. Dr. Bert Ellis, who was an undergraduate with Carman at the University of New Brunswick, and Sam Clover, the editor of the Express, were his hosts at a quiet dinner at the California Club Thursday evening.

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Faith and Flocks

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 11, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 6

How these poets love one another! That was a cruel but very clever critique of Sam Clover's in the Express the other evening reviewing Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Fellowship hymn. The hymn, written for B. Fay Mills's flock, was certainly a very tame performance, both in form and feeling, in comparison with Mrs. Wilcox's erotic verse laid by its side by the editor of the Express. Mr. Mills made a very promising start on his Inaugural day, last Saturday, the Fellowship being enrolled with 800 members.

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The Case of the Well-Dressed Woman

THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

The usual "trenchant and fearless" exposure of the smart set had appeared. It was in a daily paper this time. The accusations were the dear old accusations with which we are all familiar. The evils of bridge, cocaine, and the restaurant habit were fully illustrated. But the little sweep who wrote the article was particularly impressive on the subject of women. He dealt with the folly of their fashions and with their extravagance in dress. Thinking this as good a way to make oneself as unpleasant as any other, I cut out the dress section and showed it to a woman whom I had some hopes it would annoy.

But she was not annoyed at all. She was very patient and resigned. "It's rather silly, isn't it?" she said, "especially when you come to think of all that dress has done for us."

"Let me see now," I said, "dress, if taken in sufficient quantities, keeps us warm and decent. Occasionally a woman's dress looks nice. That's about all, isn't it?"

"All? You haven't begun to speak. Dress is the medicine of the soul."

"That ought to be more widely known."

"You always think that everything you do not know is not known. Every woman who dresses and thinks about it knows that it is the medicine of the soul and uses it accordingly."

"Would you describe its action?"

"Certainly. It takes the place of stimulants. Where a man takes a whisky and soda it is enough for a woman to buy a new hat."

"Yes; where a man spends a shilling a woman spends six guineas."

"That's quite untrue; and, besides, you can get very good hats for four. It would be true to say that where a man seeks a rather coarse and unpleasant form of consolation a woman chooses something that is prettier, more refined, more spiritual."

"Well, when you come to think about it the whisky and soda is also spiritual."

"You'll be sorry you said that afterwards. When a woman's had a great disappointment or has lost a great deal of money or is not feeling at all pleased with herself, she can recover her equanimity and her temper and her pleasure in herself simply by buying a few clothes. The other day a pig of a dressmaker was county-courting a woman, and I read much the same sort of nonsense which you've just shown me on the subject of the wickedness of women's extravagance in dress. Tell me now, what is more valuable than a human life?"

"Two human lives. No; I give it up. How does the question of human life come in?"

"Because time after time dress has stood between a woman and suicide. But for the West-end shops there would be a terrible mortality among women. Any number of them would kill themselves today but for the fact that they have got a new dress and must needs go and wear it. And it is not merely a question of vanity. A very dear friend of mine suffered a terrible

bereavement, and she confessed to me long afterwards that almost the only consolation she had at that time was a black dress which was all wrong in the back. She could not help thinking it was all wrong in the back and that took her mind off. Certainly I wouldn't have that practice of wearing mourning neglected. It is a great thing that at such times women simply have to think about clothes whether they like it or not. I will tell you another thing which has escaped you. Women have much more power in moulding their characters than men ever have. The dress of men is commonplace and the male temperament is also commonplace. A woman really is the part which she dresses. No woman, for instance, is the same in the morning that she is in the evening. I have made experiments on myself. I can feel like a governess, and a remarkably unsuccessful governess, or I can feel like a murderess, or I can feel like a poetess, or I can feel like the Queen of Sheba. It all depends on what clothes I have on."

"I see," I said. "So dress is a substitute for alcohol, sermons, suicide, and education, and when a poor devil of a man grumbles at his wife's extravagance he is really starving her soul."

"That is exactly what it comes to."

"Well," I said, "these are interesting statements. You tell me that dress has these mysterious powers, but you don't explain how it comes to have them." She tore up the newspaper cutting which I had given her into very small pieces and snowed them gently on to the fire.

"People," she said, "who cut rude and stupid things out of newspapers and carry them round in their pocket books don't deserve any explanation. Besides," she added, "I can't explain. I only know it's the truth. That's all one wants."—Barry Pain in "The Tatler."

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Mrs. Wilcox Influence

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 18, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 7

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has provided a fruitful topic of conversation here during the past two or three weeks. Mrs. Wilcox has turned out a prodigious amount of literary work during the last quarter of a century, much of it good and much of it bad. The most demoralizing task that can be imposed upon a poet is the daily demand upon him to fill so much space. For some years Mrs. Wilcox has been under contract with W. R. Hearst to supply so much grist to his mill, and, naturally it is uneven. It is the fashion among "literary fellers" to sneer or jeer at much of Mrs. Wilcox's work, but I have no hesitation in saying that there is not a woman in the world who wields a wider influence, for she addresses each day an enormous audience. Mrs. Wilcox was the guest of honor at the big reception and entertainment given for the

benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Temple Auditorium last night. So charged with enthusiasm for Mrs. Wilcox is the atmosphere around the Examiner office that a typesetter in printing the musical program for the entertainment made "Elsa's Dream," "Ella's."

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Why She Couldn't

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 18, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 7

Ella Wheeler Wilcox was an interested spectator of her play, "Mizpah," at the Burbank Monday evening. I asked her how she was surviving the performance and she assured me she was quite well. Between the acts, Charlie Eyton, who during Mr. Morosco's illness has been acting manager of the house, asked Mrs. Wilcox if she wouldn't like to "go behind." The authoress under Eyton's guidance "went back" and said a few gracious things to the principals. On returning to her box, Mrs. Wilcox told Eyton that she would like to have about two hours with the company the following morning. "There are a few things I should like to show some of them," she confided into the acting manager's ear. "I'm sorry," replied Eyton, "I'm afraid it will be quite impossible to rehearse 'Mizpah' any more." "Why so?" asked Mrs. Wilcox in distress. "Well," explained Charlie, "tomorrow morning the company will be hard at work over 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room.'"

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The Argonaut and Miss Overton

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 18, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 7

I shall be interested to see if the Argonaut succeeds in "drawing" Gwendolen Overton, the clever novelist that Los Angeles is proud to call her own. Miss Overton is developing as a controversialist. In her last book, "Captains of the World," the labor question is discussed with a free hand. Now Miss Overton has come to the defense of the assassin of Grand Duke Sergius, or, rather, she has striven to show the Argonaut the fallacy of its judgment that "the slayer Sergius (by deduction any assassin) is a murderer—no more." The Argonaut admits that Miss Overton's "defense of assassination" is well-reasoned and thoughtful, but is anxious to know "if we are mistaken in supposing that Miss Gwendolen Overton is a Socialist?" This is what aroused my interest—will Miss Overton consent "to be drawn" and to declare herself? As a matter of fact, there is nothing whatever in Miss Overton's apology for a political avenger to justify the inference that she is a Socialist. Nor does Socialism advocate

or attempt to justify any form of violence. But the Argonaut seems to regard the very word with almost as much repulsion as does the Los Angeles Times, which is in the habit of confounding Socialism with its antithesis Anarchy. The gist of Miss Overton's well reasoned argument was that "to brand the assassin a murderer, it would seem needful to bring fairly convincing argument in favor of malicious motive. Without that motive he is no more a murderer than the soldier who kills in battle." Furthermore, "all questions of reason aside, that man who gives over his body to probable torture, and his life to the certain executioner, that he may help save his fellows who are suffering wrongs and cruelties" cannot be justly branded as "a murderer—no more." You do not have to be a Socialist to concur with this eminently sound and generally accepted view, advanced by Miss Overton.

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Socialist Novelists

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 18, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 7

It is, however, a remarkable fact that several of the novelists who today are most impressing the public mind are pronounced advocates of Socialism. No writer in the English language has been more widely read during the last two years than Jack London. Both of his last novels, "The Call of the Wild" and "The Sea Wolf," have a strong, if indirect, tendency towards Socialism. His personal preference is to write sociological treatises rather than novels. His new book, the manuscript of which he has just forwarded to the Macmillan Company is entitled "The War of the Classes." As a diversion, he is running as the Socialist candidate for the mayoralty of Oakland. H. G. Wells, the brilliant commingler of science and imagination, the author of "The Martians" and "The Food of the Gods," is an ardent convert of Socialism. The playwright who has at last won the ear of London as well as New York and who within the last twelve months has achieved the most talked of successes on the stage is George Bernard Shaw, one of the most active of Socialist propagandists. There is food for thought in these examples.

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"Raffles" et al.

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 18, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 7

E. W. Hornung, the author of "Raffles" and "The Amateur Cracksman," will no doubt be gratified to hear of the handsome free advertising his scientific burglary stories have been receiving in Los Angeles and elsewhere. Only a week or so ago, the W. C. T. U. of

Washington, D. C., protested against the performance of the play "Raffles," which makes one of the most interesting melodramas of late years. Kyrle Bellew, E. M. Holland and "Raffles" did not need much advertising, but the good ladies of the W. C. T. U. helped to pack the theater at every performance. Last week some newspaper sleuth discovered that the "Raffles" biographies had been suppressed in the public library, and thereupon there was a newspaper "agitation" concerning the books, which promptly increased the demand for them tenfold at the book stores. Poor Miss Jones, the most worthy librarian, exclaims in grief. "I am sorry that this story reached the papers. Publicity will bring about exactly the result I was seeking to avoid—a general circulation of the book." Miss Jones need not worry. At least, let those who want to read "Raffles"—and I can cordially recommend it as a most entertaining piece of fiction—read it at their own expense. But I never could understand why you or I should be taxed so that our neighbors may indulge in the luxury of reading fiction any more than that the public should be supplied with cigarettes or candies by the city treasury. My objection to "Raffles" in the public library is not that I believe it will incite the youthful mind to burglary, but because I believe that precious little fiction of any kind has any place at all in a public library. The reading of fiction is a luxury, that very few of us have time to indulge in. I doubt if 5 per cent of contemporary fiction will improve the mind, youthful or adult. Why in Heaven's name, then, should a supply of fiction be provided out of the public funds? I hope in time to see "Raffles" followed on his expulsion from the public library shelves by all novels that have not an established literary value.

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The Religious Novel

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 25, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 8

The novel of the future "will be religious in the highest and best sense just in the degree in which it is permeated by the sense of life." Thus Hall Caine thinks (in an article in the *World's Work and Play*) we shall have more and more religious novels, and that novelists will tend more and more to those endowed with the best minds, the richest natures, the strongest souls. Nevertheless, Hall Caine does not think that a good novel can ever be "a conscious amalgam of fiction and religion, or that the novelist who has any sense of art can at any time allow himself to 'mount the pulpit.'" * If the writer of fiction, while in the act of writing, is not wholly occupied by the human story he is telling--the joys and sorrows, the loves and hates, of his characters--the result will be a bad novel." Once, the novelist confesses, he projected and partly wrote a story based on that of Mary Magdalene, but that novel will never see the light. The religious novel, as Hall Caine conceives it, which is to dominate future fiction, deals neither with the scenes nor characters of the religious world, nor yet with religious dogmas, "but with the religious sense in man, the feeling for the supernatural,

the consciousness of God's governance of the universe, and that deepest of all questions--the meaning of life." He continues: "And in order to write a religious novel of this broadest character it is first of all necessary that the novelist should be a man who has lived much, felt much, read much, and thought much, and with that equipment has set about to use his own vehicle in its only legitimate way, not as a sermon or philosophical treatise."

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A Kipling Letter

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 25, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 8

Rudyard Kipling is still the critic laureate of England. He feels the shortcomings of his countrymen as keenly as he did when he stirred up their indignation by referring to "the flannelled fools at the wicket, the muddled oafs at the goal." In a breezy letter, written by way of introduction to the English edition of Vicomte d'Humiere's book on "The Island and the Empire," Mr. Kipling says, among other things:

"From the point of view of an inhabitant, I am specially delighted with your tributes to the energy of the race, a thing which some of us at times today begin to doubt. There exists--I am glad you did not see it--an England, which, ruined by excess of comfort, has gone to sleep, and, because it snores loudly, believes that it is thinking.

"Your comments on the army seem to me very just. Above all, you have put your finger upon one vital point of our training when you speak of men who 'understand that they must not understand.' I think that is at the bottom of many of our successes and our failures. It is the first thing which we teach our boys.

"If I could see you, I could discuss more at ease than here a thousand interesting matters in your book. Notably what you have observed of the national coolness of temperament. No, our 'chastity' is not all cant. It is an administrative necessity forced upon us by the density of the population. Imagine a land with 400 people to the square mile--if they were penetrated with a refined and enduring sensuality! It would be an orgy! It would impede traffic. Consequently, we are brief and businesslike in such matters. Also it is a meat fed people, of whom 6,000,000 (or more than one-seventh) live in a city which, for five months of the year, swims in semi-obscurity alternating with profound darkness. We realize that this is exciting to certain nerve centers and we--the land--take exercise to counteract the stimulus. 'We understand that we must not understand.' To understand everything may be to pardon everything, but it also means to commit everything.

"I have only one complaint to make, but it is a serious one. In your book you said that I adore Offenbach! I am not a musician, but even I have some dim knowledge of pleasing

sounds and I fear you must have misunderstood me. No, not Offenbach, never Offenbach. Except on a barrel organ as a relief to the songs of the music halls, my own perhaps!

"I would sooner be the 'aggressive Imperialist' of fiction than an adorer of Offenbach.

"RUDYARD KIPLING."

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Stephen Phillips and "The Sin of David"

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 1, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

Stephen Phillips occupies a unique position in the world of English letters. The twentieth century audience cares little for poetry in its drama. Incident is far more important than dialogue; spectacle more attractive than poetry. Even Shakespeare is only tolerated by the masses when served with gorgeous scenic embellishments that dwarf the actual drama and impoverish the poetry. It remains for a band or two of strolling players, like Ben Greet and his little company, to give us classic drama for its intrinsic worth alone. Stephen Phillips is first a poet and, therefore, cannot compete for favor on the modern stage with your Pineros or Clyde Fitches. His "Herod," "Paolo and Francesca" and "Ulysses" have been produced with moderate success, but the manager intrepid enough to stage "The Sin of David" has yet to be announced.

The reading of "The Sin of David," given by Mrs. George Dobinson before the Friday Morning Club a few weeks ago, was repeated at the Dobinson Auditorium last Thursday evening. Thursday unfortunately happened to produce the most frigid wind in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and the unwonted weather undoubtedly affected the size of the audience. It is doubly difficult to act or read before a half-filled auditorium, and this was Mrs. Dobinson's handicap on this occasion. But, nevertheless, the reader gave a most illuminating interpretation of the poem. The four principal characters of Mr. Phillips's poem are Sir Herbert Lisle, Colonel Mardyke, Miriam, wife of Mardyke and afterward wife of Lisle, and Martha, sister of Mardyke. There are eight minor speaking parts. The first fruit of the effectiveness of Mrs. Dobinson's reading was found in the fact that she was able to give to each of the main, and to several of the minor, characters an individuality of voice and expression that was so distinct and intelligible that it was unnecessary to preface their dialogue by naming them. This individual distinction of characters, so clear as to avoid any chance of confusion, is in itself no easy task. And it is only happily accomplished when, as in Mrs. Dobinson's case, such characterization is done without strain—naturally and without the jarring suggestion of affectation.

Mrs. Dobinson's great virtue is the total absence of "declamation"; there is no forcing of the voice to unnatural pitch, noise to express passion, nor attempt at histrionic effects,

where, in such reading, they would be superfluous and distressing. The reading instead of the acting of a play may be compared to the violin solo in place of an orchestra. It is obviously incomplete, but the consciousness of limitations and the discretion not to transgress such limitations may crown the work of both reader and violinist as artistic and illuminating.

For the reason Mrs. Dobinson's reading of "The Sin of David" emphasizes its poetry more than its dramatic force. And Mr. Phillips's lines lose none of their beauty in this reader's custody. Only occasionally was the reader tempted towards too rapid a delivery, which last Thursday might have been prompted by the frigidity of the auditorium.

The note of tragedy struck by "The Sin of David" is not a loud one; it is, almost throughout, in the minor key. The passion of Lisle for Miriam is never riotous, but always bears the conscious burden of the initial sin. The irony of fate—the judgment of God—does not have to be demonstrated in loud alarms, in thunder and lightning, but achieves its climax by the death of the little child, who had apparently blessed the union of Lisle and Miriam, but becomes the instrument for punishing the sin of five years before. This sustained chord of sadness and foreboding evil predominates throughout the play, and in Mrs. Dobinson's rendition it is fittingly maintained.

Stephen Phillips pays more attention to the great life motives that control and agitate humanity than to incident or characterization; in these respects his poems resemble the old Greek tragedies. "My object," he has said, "is to eliminate everything but the essentials of character, action and passion—to admit nothing that shall not help on the action. I strive after compression, not expansion."

Thus the effect upon reading "The Sin of David" or hearing it read is not so much the experiences of the individual characters as the impression of the great human tragedy—sin and its punishment. The story is as old as that of Uriah the Hittite, and as new as the latest records of the divorce court.

What Edmund Gosse has called the "marveious lyrical movement of unrhymed iambics which is the particular glory of Mr. Phillips" is profusely found in his latest poem. Listen to the interlude between Lisle and Miriam after the first avowal of their love:

By one of The Graphic's regular book critics, otherwise unidentified. The subject, Stephen Phillips (1864–1915), was a much-praised English poet-dramatist of the day.

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Stephen Phillips and "The Sin of David"

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 1, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

Stephen Phillips, still a young man, has already done more for a real revival of dramatic poetry than anyone in this generation. If the stage is to return to pure literature, his name will be writ large in the record.

In the meantime, until theatergoers are satiated with musical comedies and realize that the stage has a higher mission than the titillation of the ear and the dazzling of the eye, we may be grateful indeed to such readers as Mrs. Dobinson for introducing us to the beauties and worth of such work as "The Sin of David." — R. H. C.

By one of The Graphic's regular book critics, otherwise unidentified. The subject, Stephen Phillips (1864–1915), was a much-praised English poet-dramatist of the day.

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Henry James's Mission

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 1, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

Henry James has promised to address the Friday Morning Club today and the ladies are to be greatly congratulated on the capture of such a prize. I am sure Mr. James will impress the ladies and I hope the ladies will impress Mr. James. This is important, because, although the object of his present stay in Southern California has not hitherto been divulged, he has a very definite mission. I am told on reliable authority that Mr. James is not here simply in quest of material and to absorb local color for a new novel, but that he has been commissioned by the Harper Brothers to "write up" Southern California. The value of the record of Henry James's impressions of this Land of Sunshine and Promise cannot be overestimated. In the current issue of the North American Review Mr. James writes on "New England: An Autumn Impression." Under these circumstances, if for no other consideration, we cannot be too good to Mr. James. The Santa Fe, which has a commendable fondness for men of letters, has been looking after this distinguished author and commissioned Ed Chambers to take care of him around the kite-shaped track. I wonder if Henry James knows all about freight rates now and if Mr. Chambers will try to infuse a literary style into his next schedule.

By one of The Graphic's regular book critics, otherwise unidentified. The subject, Stephen Phillips (1864–1915), was a much-praised English poet-dramatist of the day.

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Haggard and James

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 8, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

Every year Los Angeles is becoming more and more the Mecca of interesting people. The rich, of course, we have with us every winter, but they do not interest us until their millions are past numbering. During the past week Rider Haggard was sojourning at the Westminster, while Henry James was across the way at the Van Nuys. Both men belong to the same club in London—the Savile, whose president for many years was Arthur Balfour and whose distinction is mainly literary. No two novelists of the day are more dissimilar in mind and method. Rider Haggard has been a most prolific producer and relies more on fancy than on form, while Henry James is considered by many critics the master stylist of the day. Haggard has a beautiful estate in Norfolk, England, which he farms himself and in which he finds complete diversion. Henry James has become a thorough Londoner, attached even to its fog. Haggard reels off his books by dictation to a typewriter; James painfully elaborates every sentence. In Colby's "Imaginary Obligations" the human effect of Mr. James's thought is thus described: "It is a land where the vices have no bodies and the passions no blood, where nobody sins because nobody has anything to sin with. Why should we worry when a spook goes wrong? . . . His love affairs, illicit though they are, are so stripped to their motives that they seem no more enticing than a diagram." The Friday Morning Club has scored a veritable triumph in surprising Henry James into a promise to talk to them at their next meeting.

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Henry James and His Method

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 15, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 11

I am told that Henry James did not make a hit before the Friday Morning Club last week, although the gracious ladies applauded him vigorously at the end of his long and very abstruse discourse. "Bless the man," writes my club correspondent, "what did he do but bring a bunch of manuscript that seemed exhaustless to the few who could hear him, while he read and dived into the bunch for more. I don't believe that two-thirds of the audience heard what he had to say. I looked at the faces of the other third and most of them were a curiosity. Understand it? Most of them did not. Mr. James read very indistinctly and when at last he turned the final sheet it was a real relief, although he received the usual hand. Well I have heard the lion roar anyhow and have seen his mane. What did he say? Oh he gave us a milk-and-water, transcendentalized Balzac; a sort of grown-up-good-boy of the Sunday school books. I'll venture that Mr. James hasn't read the 'Contes Drolatiques' for many a year. Mr. James doesn't believe in real flesh and blood in his own stories. His idea of Balzac's productions are sublimated and etherialized."

An unsigned instalment of The Graphic's weekly "By the Way" column — literary and social gossip conducted by the paper's editor. It reports Henry James's 1905 lecture before the Los Angeles Friday Morning Club.

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"The Master's" Style

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 15, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 11

The truth of the matter is that you require a course of special study before you can appreciate Henry James sufficiently to dub him "The Master" as Gertrude Atherton does in the dedication of her latest book, "The Bell in The Fog," which, by the way, is a collection of well written but most gruesome short stories. "Daisy Miller" contributes to the New York Times her idea of how Henry James would tell in his later manner the story of Mary and her little lamb—as follows: "It would, perhaps, be superfluous to assume that she, upon long reflection and much introspection, concluded that the impatient pedagogue was perhaps a trifle too precipitate in dealing with the devoted Southdown. However, be that as it may, the pampered minion was incontinently, or so it seemed to Mary, excluded from the privileges of the institution. There seemed upon a closer analysis of the case to be a proneness, an inclination to unseemly mirth and boisterousness on the part of the pupils to whom the novelty of a lamb at the seat of learning was something unheard of, or, to be more explicit, had never in their experience been seen before. The tendency, I might say the predilection, of the timid creature was to pursue, its—or have you had enough?"

An unsigned instalment of The Graphic's weekly "By the Way" column — literary and social gossip conducted by the paper's editor. It reports Henry James's 1905 lecture before the Los Angeles Friday Morning Club.

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James and Lummis

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 15, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 11

At the close of Mr. James's dissertation he was the hero of an impromptu reception and many ladies now have the valuable recollection that they shook hands with the great man. Among the men who were brought forward to be introduced to Mr. James was Charlie Lummis, resplendent as usual in his characteristic clothes, for which, by the way, he makes a spirited defense in this month's Out West, or rather which are made the pretext for a severe chastisement of the New York Evening Post which had ventured to criticise them. After the two distinguished men had shaken hands there was a pause which Henry James broke by

innocently murmuring "Have you been in California long, Mr. Lummis?" The Lion did not roar, but responded very meekly. Then the literary cryptogramist remarked that "frontier life must be interesting." I would not be surprised if the Lion has since chewed up a few caustic epigrams on Henry J.

An unsigned instalment of The Graphic's weekly "By the Way" column — literary and social gossip conducted by the paper's editor. It reports Henry James's 1905 lecture before the Los Angeles Friday Morning Club.

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"De Profundis."

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 12

My friend, the Bookseller, tells me that he sold out his supply of Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" in ten days, and that he had doubled his original order. He also informs me that the interest in Wilde's prison philosophy has caused a demand for other of his works. In England, several of his plays have been revived, and a one-act play, "The Flower o' the Rose," has been produced for the first time. It is only a few years ago that Wilde's name was tabu in all decent society, and when a Wilde play was revived it was "By the author of 'Lady Windermere's Fan.'" Thus may Time expiate the vilest sin. "De Profundis" is a most remarkable book, if only for the rare beauty of its English. Wilde was a consummate poser and it is difficult to get away from the fear that his penitence was a pose. He came to regard his punishment as a revelation and to accept the gospel of sorrow, for he says:

I now see that sorrow, being the supreme emotion of which man is capable, is at once the type and best of all great art.

I have, after terrible difficulties and struggles, been able to comprehend some of the lessons hidden in the heart of pain. Clergymen and people who use phrases without wisdom, sometimes talk of suffering as a mystery. It is really a revelation.

There are times when sorrow seems to me to be the only truth. Other things may be illusions of the eye or the appetite made to blind the one and cloy the other, but out of sorrow have the worlds been built, and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain.

Pleasure for the beautiful body, but pain for the beautiful soul.

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The Lost Discovery

THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

by **BARRY PAIN**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 6, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 14

If A is a friend of B's, and B is a friend of C's, it not infrequently happens that B expects that A and C will also be friends. In this case the engineer was a friend of the schoolmaster's, and the schoolmaster was a friend of the poet's. Now between an engineer and a poet there is by nature a great gulf fixed. The two met and disliked one another slightly without taking any particular interest in it.

Then one day in a careless moment the engineer happened to mention that his business was taking him down to a certain seaside town on the south coast. At this the schoolmaster was in ecstasies, for he said that the poet was also staying there and that it would be a most fortunate coincidence. He wrote to the poet to say that the engineer was coming. He did everything which that accursed thing, a mutual friend, is accustomed to do in such circumstances.

I mention all this because at the beginning of my story my engineer has walked two miles along the cliffs to see a poet. If I had put that down without explanation it would not have sounded probable. The poet gave him luncheon and conversation, and was particularly careful not to say a single word about poetry. This made the engineer angry. It was an insult. It was as much as to say that engineers could not understand anything about poetry. If the poet had talked about poetry the engineer would have been more angry because it would have been so very uninteresting for him. As it was the engineer could only meet him half-way, and abstained from any remark in the remotest way connected with engineering. So they both talked about racing, of which they were both as deeply innocent as the lilies of the field.

It was just as the engineer was leaving that the poet did so far forget himself as to say that something or other was as difficult to find as a correct rhyme to "silver."

"There must be hundreds of correct rhymes to 'silver,'" said the engineer boldly. "There isn't one," snapped the poet. "'Pilfer,'" suggested the engineer furiously. "Wrong," snorted the poet. "'Reculver,'" said the engineer, growing desperate. The poet stamped with rage. "You might as well try to rhyme it with 'squirrel-fur.'"

The engineer with great presence of mind changed the subject of the conversation and said something about cantilevers which no poet could by any possibility understand, thus regaining his self-respect. He then started to walk home.

It was open to him on his lonely walk to devote his attention entirely to the beauties of nature; as an alternative course he might have reflected upon the problems of engineering, making abstruse calculations in his head. As it happened he did neither of these things. There seemed to be only one thing that he wanted to do; this was to find the correct rhyme to "silver" and to spend sixpence in telegraphing it to the poet as soon as he had reached his hotel.

At the end of a quarter of a mile he had not thought of any word which could by a conscientious person be said to rhyme with "silver," and he was very much surprised. At the end of a mile his mind was still occupied with the same subject, and he was now very much annoyed. If he tore himself away from it for one moment it was but to curse the schoolmaster for ever having introduced him to the poet and himself for ever having lunched with the poet and the poet for having said there was no rhyme to "silver."

He was so wrapped up in his subject that he did not pay that close attention to what he was doing which one would reasonably expect to find in an engineer. His mind was too concentrated on a point which really did not concern him in the least for him to mark the direction of his steps, and for this reason he walked over the edge of the cliff. He fell for a considerable distance and then was caught in a tree. The bough from which he was suspended by his clothes was not of sufficient strength to support him. One would have expected an engineer in such circumstances to calculate the breaking strain of that bough and, having done that, to compose his mind with pious resignation and meditate upon the instant and inevitable death that awaited him.

The engineer did his utmost to do both these things in their proper succession. His brain had now definitely caught the "silver" habit and would go on with it at all costs and in all circumstances. The bough cracked loudly.

Just as the bough broke the only correct rhyme to "silver" which exists in the English language flashed into the engineer's brain. He died, of course, but he died very happily.

The only trouble is that as he is dead his discovery is lost, and the world is still waiting for that rhyme. —The Tatler.

Barry Pain (1864–1928). English journalist, humorist, and writer, known for comic sketches, parodies, and the popular 'Eliza' stories of lower-middle-class London life. He also wrote ghost and supernatural tales and contributed prolifically to periodicals, a familiar figure in late-Victorian and Edwardian letters.

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Japanese Character

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 13, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 15

Of the making of books about Japan there is, just now, no end, but none has interested me more than "Following the Sun-Flag," by John Fox, Jr., the author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Some of the contents of Mr. Fox's book has already appeared in Scribner's Magazine, as "A Vain Pursuit Through Manchuria." One finds a remarkable change in Mr. Fox's attitude toward the Japanese from the first chapter to the last. In his introduction Mr. Fox says: "No more enthusiastic pro-Japanese than I ever touched foot on the shores of the

little island; but no Japanese, however much he might, if only for that reason, value my good opinion, can regret more than I any change that took place within me when I came face to face with a land and a people which I had longed since childhood to see." This right-about-face was caused by the constant prevarication and deception which Mr. Fox believes was used to all the correspondents by the officials in delaying them from their attempts to get to the front. In conclusion he says: "I wondered, too, if in shedding the wrinkled skin of Orientalism Japan might not have found it even better than winning a battle—to shed with it polite duplicity and bring in the blunt telling of the truth; for if the arch on which a civilization rests be character, the keystone of that arch I suppose must be honesty—simple honesty."

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Jack London's Latest Work

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 20, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 16

Jack London's pen is sufficiently versatile to be busy about Socialism one hour and a prize fight the next. His latest book, "The War of the Classes," is attracting wide attention, and his story, "The Game" which is appearing in an English periodical, is declared to be "the greatest story of the prize ring ever written." I have read three instalments of the latter and it is certainly thrilling reading. His hero seems to have been drawn from Jimmy Britt, and a considerable portion of the story describes the sensations of a young pugilist's sweetheart while she watches, through a peephole, one of his famous "battles." I can cordially recommend "The Game" to any lady who has a burning desire to know what a prize fight looks like. It is as vivid as anything Mr. London has ever written. In "War of the Classes" the central idea from which Mr. London argues the end of the capitalistic or "bourgeois" reign is that the time is at hand when "predatory capital wandering the world over seeking where it may establish itself" will have no more continents or provinces to conquer—save they be conquered from capital already in possession. When "the maximum of commercial development" is attained, then one of two things must happen. Either it will be a benevolent capitalistic despotism—capital warring no more with itself but regulating production to demand, putting the surplus which can no longer find investment in public works, art, literature, panem et circenses—or it will be Socialism. "Either the functions of private corporations will increase till they absorb the central government, or the functions of government will increase till it absorbs the corporations."

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Dick Barry's Book

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 10, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 19

"The old war correspondents must look to their laurels when young Richard Barry is about," said the New York Sun some time ago. The young Angeleno's energy, enthusiasm and industry were so unlimited that at the end of the first year of the Russo-Japanese war he had outstripped all his colleagues, young and old, save only Frederick Villiers, the veteran English correspondent, who stayed with Barry through the siege of Port Arthur and who has devoted a number of pages in his book to a description of Barry's personality, point of view and methods of work. Barry's own book, "Port Arthur, a Monster Heroism" has just been published by Moffat, Yard & Company and is already commanding a wide sale. Barry's extraordinary industry and wonderful store of material were immediately evidenced on his return from the Orient in the pages of more than a score of publications in all parts of the world—from the Century, Collier's, Everybody's and the Saturday Evening Post, in this country, to the Fortnightly Review, the Westminster Gazette, and the Illustrated News in England, to L'Illustration and Le Monde Illustré in Paris, to the Berlin Tageblatt, the St. Petersburg Novoi Vremya and the Tokio Graphic—an unprecedented record. His book, while giving an accurate historical and tactical outline of the most remarkable siege in the history of the world, nevertheless concerns itself far more with the human side of this unparalleled conflict than with its merely technical and military activities.

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Mr. Henry James on American Speech

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 24, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 21

I do not know whether or no Mr. Henry James included the subjoined exceedingly pungent remarks in his two-hundred and fifty dollar talk before the Friday Morning Club; but, be that as it may, there is certainly too much of serious truth to pass it lightly by.

"There are millions upon millions of homes in America in which the people call themselves educated and yet they talk about "vaniller eyes cream," that other "feller," "porter ricor," "dorgs" and use similar slovenly expressions.

The newspapers and common schools are woefully to blame. Unconsciousness is only beautiful when perfection in speech has become second nature. What you young ladies should do is imitate. Don't be afraid to imitate. Whenever among the awful discords of the speech of those around you there comes to your ears the music of some one who has the proper tone and enunciation, imitate that."

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The Lion, the Hen and the Jackal

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 1, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 22

The noblest, most majestic and strongest of Beasts had exhausted the joys and the tests of the Forest. He had roamed the Jungle from one end to the other, and his authority along his own Line was unquestioned. No longer did he have to hunt for Game. Gladly the Subdued Ones brought their tribute to his feet. They fetched him not only Food, but Curious Stores, relics of their various races, for the Lion grew interested in their quaint ways and determined to establish a Museum.

But, at last, growing weary of the homage paid him by the Wild Ones, the Lion determined to make an excursion beyond the Bad Lands. His Peculiar Appearance attracted attention whithersoever he roamed. Curiously enough, some of his own sex did not recognize that he was a Lion, although he proclaimed himself as such, and his mane was long and his Roar made a great Noise. But the Other Sex at once recognized that he was a Lion, and they all love Lions.

In the neighborhood that the Lion selected for a Lair, there was a large, beautiful and very refined Hen Yard. The hens were the wisest and most aggressive of their species. Their most envied peculiarity was that they needed no Cock to crow for them. They could make sufficient Noise of their own accord, but occasionally they asked a Distinguished Rooster to address them. When they learned that a real, live Lion might be induced to roar for them, a Lion that was almost tame and could be admitted into the society even of hens without serious results, they fell over each other in their keenness to invite him to the Hennery. He came, he roared and he conquered. He convinced the hens that he was a Lion. They asked him again and yet again to the Hennery and always made much of him.

One day the Lion noticed that a dear little Hen had always in front of her a specially prepared Dish, the smell of which was exceedingly savory and attractive. Whenever the Lion was near the dish his nostrils extended. One of the Lion's greatest admirers was a Jackal. The Jackal did not like the little Hen. She had once lit on his tail, mistaking it for a roost. The Jackal determined to punish the Little Hen for such an impertinence. And the Jackal knew that the Lion would look very fine with the Little Hen's dish set in front of him. But the Lion was so magnanimous and independent that he would not go after the Dish himself. So, one day, when the Little Hen and her Sisters were off their guard, the Jackal stole the Dish, and setting it on a silver platter, put it in front of the Lion. But before the Lion could take it, the rest of the Hens started such a cackling that even the Lion's roar could not be heard and the Entire Neighborhood was disturbed. The Little Hen's Sisters insisted that there should be an inquiry as to how, when and where the Little Hen had injured the Jackal's tail

feathers. Now, even the ordinary Rooster is in doubt whether the Lion will, after all, get away with the Little Hen's daily dish.

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By The Way (verse fillers)

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 8, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 23

The following light verse fillers appeared embedded in the weekly "By The Way" gossip column. The issue otherwise contains no book reviews, literary notices, or essays on literature; its contents are overwhelmingly society, politics, theatre, music, financial, and advertising matter, which are excluded.

"By the Way" was the paper's weekly column of literary and social gossip, conducted unsigned by the editor.

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Verse Filler ("A wee little home")

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 29, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 2

Signed "—Unidentified." Verse filler at the foot of the "Matters of Moment" editorial column, page 3.

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Verse Filler ("Oh, the rift")

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 29, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 2

Unsigned comic verse filler at the foot of the first column of page 21 (following "Lucille's Letter").

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Verse Filler (parody of "A Psalm of Life")

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 29, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 2

Unsigned four-line verse filler (a burlesque of Longfellow's "A Psalm of Life") set in the "By The Way" column, page 8, under the caption "Better Late Than Never?" Its subject is political; included only because it is a verse filler.

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Literary Gossip: W. B. Yeats

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 29, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 2

The first anniversary of the Lyceum Club, a woman's organization of London, was held the other day. The excluded sex was admitted in generous numbers to the program, one of the male speakers being W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, who visited this country a year or so ago. Mr. Yeats expressed his complete sympathy with the objects of such women's clubs as the Lyceum, for they aimed at abolishing an institution which did more than anything else to degrade British art, British literature, and British music. "I need hardly add," continued Mr. Yeats, "that I allude to—the home." Mr. Yeats might compare notes with Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Paragraph in the "Over The Teacups" society column, page 23.

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Literary Gossip: Gertrude Atherton

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 29, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 2

"Why doesn't Gertrude Atherton write a play?" asks Acton Davies in the New York Evening Sun. "Certainly, of all the women writers of the day, she has the surest, truest touch in portraying both American and English types. She has the dramatic instinct, too, and in the matter of dialogue very few playwrights of the day can make their stage puppets talk as naturally as Mrs. Atherton does her characters in her novels. When it comes to touching human nature on the raw, or giving a touch of humor or light spirit to many ordinary, everyday occurrences, it seems to us that Gertrude Atherton is about as wide-awake and artistic a writer as there is in either American letter or American drama today."

Reprinted in the "On the Stage and Off" column, page 26.

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In Defense of Her Friend

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 5, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 3

The Editor of the Graphic:—

I value your opinion, your courage and your ability so much, that I beg to be allowed to do my small share toward setting you right in regard to my brilliant and philosophic friend, Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

I know that your journal is a personal tribune, which, when there is a "person who counts," gives it a certain spinal power and opportunity. So that I do not expect admission to its columns except in one way, which way would, it seems to me, be a sufficient reply to your comments in your last issue. And that way is: to ask you to read honestly and critically the enclosed copies of Mrs. Gilman's remarkably powerful verses, the first of which, in my view, stands well beside Mrs. Browning's "Mother and Son"—verses which no woman could have written—no intensely earnest and honest woman, such as Mrs. Gilman is, except from the true mother-heart and brain—the mother who loves her child so wisely as to long and strive for its welfare after it leaves her sheltering care, and for all other children's sake and all other mothers' sake, even if it be by novel and untried ways.

Read also, please, as a father and a man of trained intellect, her other verses, both of which I have copied from her book, "In This Our World," and recall that William Dean Howells and other competent critics at home and abroad, have paid high tributes to her work in this line, as putting high moral ideas into powerful poetic form. This second set of verses shows why Mrs. Gilman seeks for the child something besides and more than the blind "mother-guided instinct" which is shared by the creatures below man—which instinct, as the closing of each stanza shows, does not, in the case of humans as in the other cases, tend to the welfare of the individual or of the race or its perpetuation.

Besides this effort to enlist your sympathy and increase your knowledge of my friend, I beg leave to put before you some facts, very briefly, which have been grossly misunderstood, or wilfully misrepresented by the press of California—which mistakes, and the pressure of a most arduous campaign of lecturing abroad, (at the rate of 18 lectures in 14 days), until she was prostrated for weeks after her return—both these facts led, without doubt, to the summary dismissal of the Times's reporter at 10 o'clock, after the close of her vigorous talk in the Lankershim parlors, and to his unmanly revenge in the next issue of the paper.

These facts are: that married at an early age, her New England conscience was aroused later to the conviction that her love for the husband was not what would meet the ideal, or the just demands of the sacred relation; and that the husband and a near and dear friend did bear this genuine love for each other. Knowing this, she braved the world's scorn, and withdrew, leaving Mr. Stetson to get a release on the ground of her desertion; and winning thus a tender public tribute from Mr. Stetson for the honest bearing in this matter, for her

life as wife and mother. And, still noble through it all, she recognized fully the father's claim upon the child, and that her friend would be a true second mother; and it was mutually arranged that the young child should divide its time equally between the two families; and the young woman of nearly twenty years, is now with the Stetsons in Italy for study. The separation and the later marriage were matters of mutual agreement, you see, in which the world, which so persistently winks at gross immoralities in its fast sets, has no legitimate cause for interference or for censure—and are a credit to Mrs. Gilman, as I hold. Some years later she married her cousin, Mr. Gilman, a lawyer, a scholar and most helpfully sympathetic and devoted, and she has, we hope, many happy, because useful, years before her.

Recognizing her work and her worth justly, we do not need to endorse or accept in detail her personal conclusions. But we should, I think, do justice to her ability, her high purpose and her unflagging zeal for human welfare and betterment, and not lower our own standards of judgment by taking up hastily the public rumor and careless verdict, founded on unverified "facts."

806 West Adams Street, July 31, 1905.

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The Lion (Charles F. Lummis and the Public Library)

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 19, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 5

The Lion's Apology.—I have been reading Mr. Lummis's apology in the current issue of "Out West." Mr. Lummis says: "In undertaking this new public duty, the Lion has no apologies to make—nor disposition to hasten the apologies which already come from the other side." Nevertheless the Lion does apologize, if his much vaunted scholarship lends him sufficient knowledge of the meaning of the word "apology"—and to the extent of over three pages of "In the Lion's Den." I do not know anything about "the apologies which already come from the other side," for this is the first I have heard of any. Mr. Lummis's main contention in his apology is that a man and not a woman should be in charge of the Public Library. But Mr. Lummis himself has for years insisted that he is not a man but a Lion. We are inclined to agree with him at last, especially since absorbing President Roosevelt's recent discovery that the American Lion (the Puma), the species which Mr. Lummis has personified, is a coward. The most definite apology, however, that Mr. Lummis has made has been physical; he has yielded to convention sufficiently to permit his barbaric appearance to be ameliorated by submitting to the hands and shears of the barber. In other words, he has had a hair cut. Other cessions to convention may be expected. At the very first meeting of the directors, with Lummis librarian, one of the important orders promulgated, and duly reported by the daily press, was that the directors' room should be provided with a set of spittoons.

The Lion's Scholarship.—I have no desire to twist the Lion's tail. At the outset of this unfortunate Library dishevelment I was anxious to exclude Mr. Lummis's personality from the discussion. The question was not what Mr. Lummis could or could not do, but what Miss Jones had done or had left undone. But Mr. Lummis has himself insisted that his personality should be a grave factor in the question. His abnormal egoism could not have contrived otherwise. "The Los Angeles library," he allows, "has a magnificent reputation for clerical efficiency. For scholarship it has none." And inferentially, but with quite unmistakable distinctness, Mr. Lummis informs us that he is a scholar and is going to supply the scholarship of which the Los Angeles Library has none. The true scholar, according to Emerson, is the person who can receive the severest criticism of his own views with charity and entertain them hospitably. No man is a scholar who cannot do that. If I were to say that, in my humble estimation but based on Emerson's definition, Charles F. Lummis is the most provincial person as to books and learning, it might excite some surprise. Nevertheless Mr. Lummis's lack of scholarship should be a conceded fact not only in the light of his colossal conceit but by reason of the cowardly insinuations he has made since he became Librarian. With all gravity he told a reporter the other day as an evidence of how much he was needed and as a reflection upon his predecessor's lack of scholarship that he had found a volume wrongly labeled, with the name of the principal character of the book given as the author. What a Pumaesque discovery! That the Lion, let loose among 120,000 books, should have stumbled upon one mistake. Ah! my dear lion, that was an unfortunate stumble, because, while it displays most palpably your own narrow vision—otherwise lack of scholarship—it is no reflection on your predecessor—to Those who Know.

The Lion's Achievements.—The Lion reviews his achievements in Los Angeles during the last twenty years—in a characteristically modest way. "In the same spirit," he says, "he has undertaken now a larger usefulness—even at the risk of a nominal recompense (a monthly salary of the amount he gets for one story)." How very noble of the Lion! What philanthropy, what patriotism! His books fetch \$250 apiece, according to this, his own, modest computation, but he certainly does not turn out "one story" each month, for the amount of his monthly salary—\$250. Most of us like the Lion's stories. Even his unparalleled egoism "In the Lion's Den" is entertaining, and as an observer, when his ego is temporarily in the shade, he has frequently seen things clearly and shed a white light. But the public could much better afford to pay the Lion \$250 for one story than to pay him \$250 a month in a position for which he has absolutely no qualifications either of training or of scholarship. "He isn't a 'trained librarian'—and is glad." Verbum sap.

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The Broken Idol (By Barry Pain)

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 26, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 6

THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

Dora Virginia Brook was a good girl as a rule and as pretty as she had any need to be. But she was of a romantic disposition. Therefore it was a great pity that being in the book department of the stores with her dear mamma her eye should have lighted upon a little vellum-bound volume entitled "Flames of Passion." She picked it up, looked at the frontispiece, read a verse or two, and said, "I will take this."

"What for?" said her dear mamma.

"I don't know," said the girl—which was quite untrue.

She had bought it because she was greatly interested in the portrait of the author which formed the frontispiece. He was depicted on horseback, a singularly handsome type—tall, clean-shaven, muscular, with magnificent eyes. Consequently when Dora Virginia Brook came to read those poems she found that they were very good and lovely.

As a matter of fact the verses were about of the usual badness, as most verses are. They were full of passion, somewhat of the cat-on-the-tiles order, calculated to strain the upper register of the thermometer, and they would have been quite unsuited to Miss Brook if Miss Brook had realized what they meant. But she did not, which was good for her; and women adore most that which they do not completely understand, which was good for the author.

There was a little preface which Dora examined with greatest care. It suggested a dark past and other interesting things, and it gave the author's private address. This was a house with a Japanese name which I am quite unable to spell, but that matters less, as even if I could spell it you would be quite unable to pronounce it. The house was situated in Croydon, which seemed to Dora to be all wrong. On the other hand, Croydon has the advantage, as anybody who lives there will tell you, of being very handy.

There could be no harm in writing to tell an author how much one appreciated his work. Dora had almost decided upon the step when the almost excessive handiness of Croydon made a frantic and successful appeal to her. She went to Croydon in the afternoon, which was quite wrong of her, and I deeply regret to add that she told her mother that she was going down there to see her old governess, being fully aware at the time that her old governess had been called to her eternal rest some three months previously.

It was really a most extraordinary thing. Nobody at the station had ever heard of Hector Leroy or of the house with the Japanese name. The policeman did not know it, even postmen disclaimed all knowledge. Dora began to think that culture in Croydon was in a bad way. She lost herself in a tangle of back streets; rows of mean little houses depressed her. In desperation she stopped a baker's boy, showed him the name of the house written down, and asked if he could direct her.

"Why, there it is bitin' yer," he said.

It was indeed, as he had intended to imply, the dirty little pig of a house before which she was standing. The name was painted on the fanlight and some of the paint had come off. The

front door was open and an elderly gentleman in a frock coat, without collar, tie, or waistcoat, was engaged in the simple act of taking in the milk. Him Dora approached.

"Is Mr. Hector Leroy at home?" she asked.

"Great Scott!" said the man. "Yes," he added. "Won't you walk in?"

They entered a dirty room with a littered writing table.

"You see," said the elderly man, "I'm not often called by that name. My real name's Peter Bunn. You can't stick that on a title-page, you know."

Dora sat down abruptly and said faintly that she saw.

"The same thing with the photo," went on Mr. Bunn cheerfully. "The one I've got in the book is a fair knock-out. It's really the photo of a chap who got lynched for horse-stealing in Texas. But it struck me that he looked just the kind of man to write that kind of thing. Not a bad idea, was it?"

Dora murmured that it was very clever and looked at her watch.

"It's made the book go," said the old man. "We've done 300 copies actually sold. Of course I don't do that sort of thing for a living. I'm employed in some chemical manure works. But you were wanting to see me about something, I suppose?"

"Nothing whatever," said Dora with sudden energy, and ran as if it had been for her life.

The old man looked puzzled, observed to himself that it was a funny game, and resumed his preparations for tea.

Dora had a bad accident with her copy of "Flames of Passion" when she returned. It got a good deal burnt; in fact, it was all burnt.—The Tatler.

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Women Artists and Love

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 26, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 6

Messrs. Appleton are withholding until the early fall the third volume of the reminiscences of that brilliant French lady, Mme. Juliet Adam.

But some idea of the character of its contents may be gained from the following anecdote which has crept into English print:

One day at a famous bohemian restaurant in Paris, where George Sands, Flaubert, Sainte-Beuve, the younger Dumas, the Goncourts, and others were wont to dine, the conversation turned upon the question:

"Ought a woman novelist to be a grande amoureuse?"

"So far," said George Sand, "the only reproach that one can bring against women writers is that they have loved too much. The proof of that? I find it in my own heart."

"You?" exclaimed Dumas; "why, you have only loved the dummies who were to serve as the future heroes of your books—marionettes that you dressed up and made rehearse their parts. Is that to love?"

"Look at us," interposed Flaubert; "we are four male writers of some account. Are we great lovers?"

"I don't know and I don't care," George Sand retorted; "but it is foolish to say that—to quote only the four last—Mme. de Staël, Mme. d'Agoult, Mme. de Girardin, and I have not been four grandes amoureuses. It still remains, I think, to be proved that it is possible for a pretty woman who writes and has a great talent to be content to be a mere wife, simple and affectionate."

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Agnes Tobin's New Book

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 26, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 6

Agnes Tobin's second book of translations from Petrarch, entitled "The Flying Lesson," is being well reviewed in English literary journals. The English World's Work says of it: "Now she gives us another dainty book of renderings of the immortal love-poems of the master whose white flowers of passion she understands so well. These pages are a string of gems alike of the exquisite sentiment of the poet and the wonderfully happy language of the translator." The Athenæum—perhaps the most distinguished strictly literary journal printed in the English language, certainly the one whose opinion is worth most, carries the greatest weight—says: "These translations are of great poetical merit." This is indeed high praise. Miss Tobin is a sister of Mrs. Charlie Clark, the Montana senator's daughter-in-law.

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A Stroke of Diplomacy (By O. S.)

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 26, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 6

Dear Wylbe: I have found my dear Tom a good place with Mr. Ducates, the rich Los Angeles financier, and we are settled down here I hope for the rest of our days. You know that Tom brought a letter to Mr. Ducates from Margine, our old Wall street friend, but when

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Tom presented it Ducates said he really could do nothing for him except invite us to his house to dinner. I met Mrs. Ducates, a pretty little woman, who belongs to one of the first families here, so first was it, that her father had a saloon on a dear old street in the foreign quarter, but fortunately bought a farm on Hill street which is now worth as much as, or more, than Sixth avenue lots.

Tom was blue and wanted to go right back to New York, but I felt that something might happen if we stayed, and it did. Mrs. Ducates took a fancy to me, I taught her to play bridge, and showed her where to put a squash court back of her pergola—these ridiculous people have just heard of pergolas and have one of their houses always with a portage. Tom made up his best to Ducates, but it was not much use; the old man liked to have us come to his house, and listen to Tom's stories of Wall street, and of the way western millionaires behaved at the Waldorf, using the wrong forks for the wrong course, and watching the ticker just as if they knew what it said, but I kept making myself friendly with the Missus, with the result that one day last week she asked me to go to Santa Barbara and stay with her at the Potter for some days.

I noticed that Ducates when he heard us make the plan look interested, and when he advised his wife to stay for "a good long rest," I began to think. Then Mrs. Ducates suggested that we take Mrs. Highrolle with us. Ducates said no! Mrs. Highrolle was not the sort of woman he liked to associate with his wife. He would not say anything against her, but he had heard this and that, and he would much prefer that our good experienced friend Mrs. Wyse-Sandkeen should not be brought in contact with any such person through any act of his. My dear, I thought again.

We did not go to Santa Barbara; I had a violent migraine in the morning after Mr. Ducates had gone to his office, and begged off for a day. In an hour I was well and something led me to propose a lark to Mrs. Ducates: "Let's go down town and have lunch at the Brismonte all by ourselves," I suggested. The poor little woman wanted to, but was afraid. "We'll stop at the office and get Mr. Ducates to take us," she added. That suited your sister, whose ideas were not settled, but who had a feeling that something would happen, for she knows something about men, not that Tom—no never.

We walked into the office shortly after noon, and a wretched little office boy with an eye like a weasel, told us that Mr. Ducates had gone to lunch; no he did not know where. I was looking at the desk with a little brass sign over it saying "Cashier," and thinking how nice Tom would look there, when the little simple looking man came out of the cage and wiping his hands one in the other told Mrs. Ducates he was so sorry that Mr. Ducates was out at lunch. Where was he lunching? Why he had left word that if anything happened he could be called up at the Brismonte. I saw that saucy smart looking office boy give the cashier a kick in the shins but the little man did not realize what he had done. I guess he had not read Mr. Ducates' face as well as I had. Mrs. Ducates wanted to call him up at once and say we were coming. "Oh, no! let's surprise him," I suggested and rushed her off for I saw that office boy

making for the telephone, so I asked him to show us the way and gave him a dollar. He hesitated which meant that I won—he took the dollar.

When we got to the Brismonte, that nice looking head waiter when we asked for Mr. Ducates stuttered at us that Mr. Ducates was not there. The office boy had fled. Mrs. Ducates and I insisted that he must be in one of the rooms when I looked up the stairway, and there I saw Ducates and Mrs. Highrolle at the upper turn. He wore one of those smiles that men have when they feel a button giving way, or someone tells them their house is on fire. Mrs. Highrolle? She looked more entertained than she usually does when at the Orpheum.

A waiter came along before Mrs. Ducates had a chance to look away from the face of the head waiter who I must say never lost his senses but kept trying to steer us back in the hallway; the waiter had a huge tray full of dishes so that he would not see me, and I stuck out my foot—it is very small you know, but it was enough. Down went the waiter, and by a little twist of my hand I sent the tray full against Mrs. Ducates, where it ornamented her dress with pats of butter, some chops, and a broiled barracuda. The waiter swore, fortunately in Italian, Mrs. Ducates shrieked, the head waiter thanked me out of the corner of his eye, and Ducates and that woman had gone before we rescued Mrs. Ducates.

That evening Mr. Ducates casually mentioned that his cashier had decided to resign. Mrs. Ducates suggested that he give the position to dear Mr. Wyse-Sandkeene. Mr. Ducates demurred; he did not think Tom had enough experience.

As we were going out to dinner I got Ducates alone a minute and said. "I know Tom can fill that position perfectly. What is the salary?"

"Why it pays quite well," he answered, for Los Angeles, \$250 a month."

"That's not enough," I said with my best smile. "Tom is worth \$350 and you'll be glad to start him at that. He's had experience enough; more than you in some things. For instance, if he went to lunch with a lady—"

"Well, Well! I fancy you are right," said Ducates, with a different sort of smile from the one I had last seen on his face. "Tom had better report at the office in the morning."

P. S. I forgot to say that I knew something about Mrs. Highrolle, for Tom had told me. He had taken her to lunch himself.

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"Dead—Not Delivered"

by **JESSIE L. EDMUNDSON**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 2, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 7

THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

Meeting the letter-carriers as they leave the postoffice with their bulky sacks crowded with letters, one must wonder how they can distribute each and every one to its proper owner; but, bless you! they go further than that. After they have been on a route for a while they can tell much more about a family than they ever do. They know if one of the children is away, if visitors are coming, if any of the relatives are dead and many other things hardly known to the nearest neighbor. An envelope is nothing but an envelope to you. You may criticise the handwriting and the orthography, but beyond that you care nothing. To the letter carrier it is a book. He knows when father and mother are coming—where a truant boy is—whether the family is respected or not—and Sarah's boy can not blind the carrier by getting some one else to direct the envelope. One day one of the oldest carriers had a letter left over after he had gone his usual round. It was directed to a woman living in a little old house standing back from the street, and as he studied the address he said to himself that he had never had an epistle for her before in all the six or seven years he had been on that route. The postmark was that of an office in the East, and the carrier mused to himself:

"This is from her son, and she will be crying before I am out of sight."

He delivered the letter to a white-faced woman of sixty, who seemed to be living there all alone, and she looked surprised as he placed it in her hands.

"A letter for me—I haven't a relative on earth!" she gasped. But he left it for her.

In about three weeks a second letter came, and the old lady opened the door before the carrier was inside the gate. She did not say it was from her son, but the carrier knew for all that, and he hoped that the truant boy had settled down for life, and was writing cheerful words and sending aid to his poor old mother. Regularly every three weeks, for half a year or more, there came a fat-looking letter for the old woman in the little cabin; and if the letter was a day late her white face at the window reproached the carrier more than words could have done. If it was a day earlier she was at the door to meet him, knowing his step from all others which passed that way.

The other day, when the carrier found the buff envelope, directed in the old, familiar, cramped hand, he said to himself:

"I will hurry around today, for the last time I saw her she seemed ill and weak, and the letter will give her new strength."

He opened the gate with a bang to give her warning, but no white face appeared at the window, and no hand raised the door-latch. The carrier knocked on the door for the first time, and after a moment a woman opened the door and said:

"She is dead, and hasn't a relative in the city."

Among the letters to go to the Dead-Letter Office next week will be one across whose face is written whole chapters in three words: "Dead—Not Delivered." An old woman has passed

away—a cottage is deserted—a letter returned. The world will see nothing in these simple facts, but yet in them is contained all the sentiment God has ever given to any human heart.

Jessie L. Edmundson. A minor contributor to The Graphic in this period; no reliable biographical information about her has been found.

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Bridge and the Immortals

by **PAULINE B. BARRINGTON**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 9, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 8

Jupiter thoughtfully looked down on his Gods and Goddesses. He saw that the Spirit of Ennui rested heavily upon them. For eons they had been traveling over the clouds of Time but being immortal, there appeared no end in view.

Venus yawned at Apollo's half-hearted attempts at making love. Minerva propped her head on her hand as she wearily searched for wisdom. Cassandra crossly refused to prophesy. Even the Sirens ceased their singing when they found the harp of Orpheus mute. The Immortals were bored to extinction.

Suddenly, Mercury came bursting through the clouds, winged sandals all aflutter and went straight to the throne of Jupiter.

"Jupiter, thou all powerful one," he exclaimed, "Thy messenger hath been to visit the Earth, and there found a royal game, worthy of immortals. Thy messenger made bold to purchase the two volumes of Elwellus on Bridgeolus and these packs of mortal cards." Mercury bowed to the ground.

Jupiter who knoweth all things saith, "We will thank thee to show the game to our little children," and he waved his thunderbolt toward the Gods and Goddesses, who by now had roused themselves at the thought of something new.

In less time than it takes me to write it, the Gods and Goddesses had mastered both the beginners' and advanced volumes of Elwellus, and were deep in the game.

Then Jupiter, being too high and grand to play himself, looked down and saw groups of four, here and there, all over the clouds, busily playing with oblong cards covered with black and red markings and with lovely gold edges.

Snatches of surprising conversation were brought to the godlike ears of Jupiter by the soft zephyrs. "Atlanta, thou revoked!" "Juno, I didn't, so there!" "Apollo, son of a thunderbolt, give me that trick, it belongs not to thee!" "Minerva, thou who art so smart, why didst thou not

establish thy long suit before leading forth thy aces!" "Hebe, my angel goddess, thou didst trump my trick!" "Well, I don't care, Bacchus, I remembered not thy long suit!"

Jupiter heard no more, for he became so interested in watching the game. Of course knowing everything he understood the game of Bridgeolus perfectly.

"O Jupiter, my husband," called Juno from the foot of the throne, where Venus and Apollo were playing against Mercury and herself. "Please, lend me thy golden eagle to put up on this game?" "What?" thundered the God, more surprised than angry. Stepping majestically from his throne he said, "Come, Juno, my dear, let me take thy place, and show Thee how the all powerful Jupiter can play this little game."

And Jupiter was so entranced with the little game, that to add interest to it, he put up his golden eagle against Mercury's sandals, the sea pearls from the lustrous hair of Venus and Apollo's bow and arrows.

How the game came out I have not heard, but Bridgeolus forced Ennui from the field and helped the Immortals across the clouds of Time.

Pauline B. Barrington (1876–1956). American poet who settled in California after marrying in Pasadena in 1901, publishing widely in the Los Angeles Graphic and Los Angeles Times. She is remembered chiefly for her 1916 antiwar poem 'Education' ('Toy Guns'), later anthologized among women's First World War verse.

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Madame Severance's Reminiscences

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I alluded the other day to the fact that Madame Caroline M. Severance was writing her Reminiscences and I prophesied that it would be a most interesting volume. I find I was mistaken, at least, in the first part of this announcement. Madame Severance, though a hard worker at eighty-five years of age, hardly felt herself equal to such a task, which is being performed for her by Mrs. George Drake Ruddy, who has the pen of a ready writer and who has for some time been sitting at Madame Severance's feet (figuratively) and absorbing this charming gentlewoman's reminiscences. Mrs. Ruddy has, I am told, almost completed her task, and the book will readily find a publisher. Mrs. Ruddy, it will be recalled, recently gave to the press an interesting brochure that dealt with the early days of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She also has been the author of several other books.

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A Literary Find

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 9, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 8

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Harry Andrews, the Mean Man From Maine, and city editor of the Times, wheeling about in his large chair in the Times office, "we have some remarkable brains in the editorial department of the Times. We have one of the most brilliant writers in this or in any other land."

Mr. Andrews was at peace with himself. He had just delivered an impressive lecture on the "Ethics of Journalism" as practiced in Snauk-a-Pogue, Maine, and in Pasadena where he imbibed all his ideas of running a newspaper. He had had the pleasure of frowning on a lady who protested at the ill-treatment of her friends at the hands of the Times. He lazily contemplated his own greatness and went on:

"This latest find of mine is a marvel. He would not paraphrase or crib anything for love or money. He has just written something about the sale of Abraham Lincoln's birthplace, and I am going to see that it is published. Listen while I read."

Mr. Andrews read as follows:

The little Kentucky farm that cradled America's and best beloved President cannot be taken from or added to in real value by act of any living man. It gave first footplace to a life as noble as any that ever shed its unwavering light on the shadowed stream of a nation's destiny. It gave beginning to a martyrdom so brave and tender, so stately and so sweet that its influence vibrates today through every fiber of the republic, and shall abide for fairness and fearlessness until peoples and governments shall perish from the earth.

Conscious pride could be discerned in the beaming countenance and expanding embonpoint of Harry E. Andrews. He had unearthed a new celebrity. He was elated with the originality of expression of his literary find. I wonder if Harry E. Andrews ever read Lincoln's Dedicatory Address at the field of Gettysburg. I wonder if he knows that Abraham Lincoln ever delivered such an address.

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In Morgan's Library

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 9, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 8

J. Pierpont Morgan, besides possessing one of the greatest art collections in the world, including such trifles as the Fragonard panels which were painted for Madame Pompadour and cost him \$1,250,000, is also a bibliophile. He owns one of the most superb volumes in the world—"The Golden Gospels," presented by the Pope to Henry VIII on the publication of the

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latter's reply to Martin Luther, for which he received the title of "Defender of the Faith." The manuscript was written in the year 750 in gold letters upon 144 purple vellum leaves. It is emblazoned by Holbein with the royal arms in gold and the binding is jewelled. In the library are the manuscripts of "Paradise Lost" and Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," which cost \$25,000 each, and \$4,000 was given for the manuscript of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." There is a set of Dickens worth \$50,000 and an Old Testament illustrated by Tissot which cost \$5,000. William Morris's library, consisting of 700 books, was purchased at the rate of \$1,250 per volume. Among them were thirty-two of the best examples of Caxton's printing. Amongst other valuable works is the "Psalmorum Codex," which has been called the grandest book ever printed; it was certainly one of the most expensive, for it cost nearly \$30,000.

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The Worst Book of the Year

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 9, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 8

French novels have a more or less shocking reputation, and it is interesting news to hear that the most shocking book published this year is written by a woman and the owner of one of the oldest titles in France. The Countess de Noailles has already acquired some reputation both as a novelist and as a poet. "Le Visage Emerveille," a story dealing with the love adventures of a young nun which she published last year, caused no end of scandal not only in the world to which the countess belongs but in all literary circles in the French capital. Her latest production goes much further, and for sheer impropriety "Domination" is said to break even the Parisian record. It is a story showing all the passions of which man's "heart" is capable.

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Notes On Bridge

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 9, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 8

Of the making of bridge books there is no end. The latest addition to bridge literature has the somewhat comprehensive title "Correct Bridge; or, How to Play to the Best Advantage." The sub-title at any rate accurately describes what many of us have been attempting to do with indifferent success since we first learned the fascinating game. Seriously, I have no doubt at all that notwithstanding the multiplicity of works on bridge there is plenty of room for "Correct Bridge." The writers of even the most elementary bridge primers have hitherto, I

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think, assumed too much. Mr. Agacy in "Correct Bridge" takes nothing for granted in his readers, not even a knowledge of some of the simplest principles of whist. He assumes, in fact, that a large percentage of bridge-players are lacking in the "card instinct" and require to have their "i's" very plainly dotted for them. In his opening chapter, for instance, he explains at some length the difference between leading away from a tenace and having your tenace led up to. Only he carefully avoids the word "tenace," and makes his meaning clear by concrete examples. Mr. Agacy has had a wide and varied experience of bridge and bridge-players, and he has evidently closely observed the kind of blunders made by beginners. His advice on "forcing" the strong hand ought to be marked, learned, and inwardly digested by that somewhat numerous class of players to whom it is perfect torture to see their best cards trumped.

In my opinion the least convincing chapter in the book is that dealing with discards. As a distinguished whist-player Mr. Agacy thinks that the discard ought to be a matter of common sense. He does not advise his readers to discard either from strength or weakness but on a principle which though perfectly intelligible to anybody who has ever played good whist will, I am afraid, be somewhat puzzling to those players for whom his book is intended. The inflexible discard, whether from strength or weakness, will often lead to disaster, but in advising unimaginative players—those, in fact, who are void of the "card instinct"—I am sure it is wiser to lay down a definite rule. Of course I admit that with intelligent players common sense must largely direct their discards, but even among such players it is undoubtedly helpful to know whether one's partner makes a rule to discard from weakness or strength. I have no room here to discuss at length the vexed question of the discard, but it is certainly worth noting that the best bridge-players are all "strong" discarders to a man.—M. R. R. in *The Tatler*.

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Another Idol Falls

by **D. W. FIELDWIN**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 10

Years ago I was a regular reader of one portion of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Mr. Bok, in his wisdom, permitted the existence of a department known as "Side Talks With Girls." It was conducted by Ruth Ashmore, who in life also wrote in an entirely different vein under the pen name of "Bab." "Side Talks With Girls" was a paragon of priggish sissiness. The column contained nugget after nugget of pure joy. You were told that "a girl of sixteen was not expected to have cards;" you were assured that "a young lady of seventeen should not receive company except in the presence of a chaperon, and 'twere better if she spent her time with books instead of men at this budding time of life." There were cords and cords of stuff of

the same sort that made the average man rise above the depths of business despondency and worry. No professional humorist ever ran a more humorous column than "Side Talks With Girls."

Then Ruth Ashmore—otherwise the brilliant and sparkling "Bab"—died. Her column died with her, and I lost interest in the Home Journal. I read a statement somewhere that Mr. Bok had attempted to get Kipling to substitute some other word for "sherry" in a story that Kipling had sold the Home Journal. I read, too, that Kipling suggested that "Mellin's Food" be substituted for "sherry;" for you know that Mr. Bok is a perfect lady and does not want the name of any liquor to appear in the columns of the Home Journal. I quit reading the Journal—and in disgust.

But I am going to start in once more. I saw a copy of the September Home Journal the other night. Chance directed my hand to a department devoted to short stories. Chance directed my eye to this story:

A very pretty young woman slipped and fell on the stone steps in front of her father's house, spraining her knee. She disliked doctors, but the knee finally grew so bad that she was persuaded to call in medical advice. She wouldn't have this doctor or that one, but finally said she would consent to have called a certain spruce-looking young man, carrying a homeopathic medicine case, who passed the house every day. The family kept a sharp lookout, and when he came along, called him in. The young lady modestly raised her skirts and showed the disabled member. The young man looked at it and said: "That certainly is quite serious." "Well," said the young lady, "what shall I do?" "If I were you," he said, "I would send for a physician." "But can not you attend to it?" asked the girl. "Not very well," answered the young man. "I am a piano tuner."

Don't you think that will prove a shocker for the dear readers of the Ladies' Home Journal? Imagine Edward W. Bok, who is a perfect lady, letting that sort of a story get through the columns of his perfectly proper periodical.

That is nothing to the one that follows. Read this:

A ten year old girl, fresh from her first skating on the lake, dashed into a room where her sister was sitting "holding converse" with her most particular young man acquaintance. "Sis, you ought to have seen me," she breathlessly cried; "the first time I stood up my feet went right up in the air and I came down plump on my ——" "Minnie," interrupted the sister, getting uneasy. "Well, what?" asked Minnie. "My legs just scooted from under me and I came down plump on my ——" "Minnie," screamed her sister, "leave the room instantly!" "But he's hurt," said Minnie. "Hurt?" asked the sister, "who's hurt?" "Why, brother. I came down on him, only you wouldn't let me tell you."

I would that I were a poet. Only a poet could do justice to this awful fall of Bok. Another idol, carefully cherished, has fallen to the earth with a wailful ker-chug. Mr. Bok must be out of his senses and have taken to wearing short skirts.



The Woman in Love

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 7, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 12

Some little time ago I happened to read in a newspaper that a woman had shot a man in the back. There was nothing very surprising in the fact as baldly stated; there are probably a great many men who ought to be shot in the back if only women had the time for it. But the woman's explanation in this case perplexed me for a moment. She said in answer to kind inquiries that she shot the man in the back because she loved him so. A moment's thought showed me that it was all quite simple. The man may have loved another woman or he may have neglected to notice which suit she discarded; jealousy or rage may by love be made stronger than love. It is easy enough to understand that if a woman loves a man she may find it salutary or convenient to shoot him in the back; the great difficulty is to discover how she manages to fall in love with him in the first instance. No man can understand how any woman can possibly fall in love with any man. We have to accept the evidence of newspapers and other authorities that the thing is sometimes done and to ask no questions. The only possible problem is one of reverential silence. Let us talk about it a little, shall we?

In order to get a little light on this dark subject it seems to me that it might be a good thing to take a course of novels written by average women. I could study their ideals and the way that the hero of their fiction satisfies them. I was careful to avoid very good novels because very good novels, whether by men or women, are never written by normal people, and it was at the tastes and reason of the normal woman that I wished to arrive. I took that course of novels, and in many ways I can feel that I am the better for it. I am more patient than I used to be and things do not seem to matter so much, but so far as the great mystery is concerned I am more at sea than ever, for on an examination of the heroes of all these novels I find that they all belong to one or other of two types—the baby and the bully. No other is genuine. Young man, if you are neither a baby nor a bully go back to your solitary bachelor chambers and give up hope. You are outside. You will never have a wife to love you, to honor you, and to write letters to the public press about your failings during the silly season.

The baby man in these novels is a wistful, silky-haired beast; they mostly call him Percy, or Archie, or Cyril, or some such jujube of a name. He has got a lovely character and yet you hate him. When he smiles sadly and says there is nothing to forgive, you wish to lift him by his sunny curls and pulp his face against a wall. That would be something of a solecism on your part, but even in the novel he gets badly treated. He is a perfect glutton for suffering and runs after it. Having, as I said, a lovely character he becomes a clergyman and does a lot

of good among the poor. I was going to have said that the poor misunderstand him, but I prefer to put it that the poor dislike him; taste is happily not a matter of income. Whatever else happens he is bound to address a hostile meeting. He looks at the angry, upturned faces, but he never wavers. Consequently he is a good stead mark for the moiety of a brick, and he gets it too—it is a terrible blow on the temple. I have noticed that these Archies always get hit on the temple and never anywhere else. She bathes the temple and nurses him. Once when she thinks he is unconscious she kisses him. (This, by the way, is the only passage in the book that leads us to suppose that he knows anything.) The line is now clear for orange blossoms, but in the meantime the meeting is very sorry, and the tide of popularity has turned; the man whose hand dealt the dastardly blow calls round in an agony of remorse and implores pardon. "There is nothing to forgive," says the hero with his well-worn sad smile.

The bully is of many varieties. His name is Jack, or Dick, or George. Jack is a sunny-hearted boy with a merry twinkle in his eye. He chaffs people in his playful way. His chaff, of which the author gives specimens, is as light as a municipal steam-roller but not, as a rule, in such good taste. George is in the army; that is to say, he gets the V. C. The V. C. is as much a certainty for George as the brick on his pallid temple is for Archie. Dick is an artist and a wonderfully gifted young man too; it need not be added that his picture at the Academy is the success of the year. Can men so different resemble one another in anything? They can, and they do. All of them are reckless, all of them brag, all of them make love indiscriminately, and not one of them ever speaks to a man in the way that one man speaks to another. Their physical development is fine, their courage great, their egotism gigantic, and their manners infernal. They never miss one single chance of proving that they are bounders right away from the word, jump. What are we to think? Are the novelists wrong or is this a type to attract?

The only explanation I can think of is that when the woman novelist constructs her hero she takes him from real life. This would account for his being quite unlike real life and for several other things. But, as I have said before, our only possible attitude is one of reverential silence. We will try it.—The Tatler.

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Local Stylists

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 14, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 13

I. Police Court idyll as reported in the Los Angeles Times by H-rry C. C-rr.

Riotously red in the face and with a breath redolent of that brand of alcohol that rots the gizzard she faced Justice Ch-mb-rs and the mob of onlookers that find daily diversion in such sorry spectacles.

She faced the judge with utter nonchalance and a sang froid that only her rufescent cheeks belied.

She even smiled when the judge told her to stand up.

Stripped of all her mysteries and her sealskin cloak, her story might be true, tho' it had a very pale, thin sound.

Her eyes snapped, and then she smiled again, this time, a smile of cheery confidence.

"What!" exclaimed the prosecuting attorney excitedly, exchanging a glance of horror with his star witness, "Do you dare ——

But she still held her head perched like a bird's to one side with a queer unconvincing smile, full of cruel curves.

Only once she winced.

But when the judge pronounced his sentence, she bowed haughtily.

Daubed in tears her friends watched her. Once as the driven snow, today as scarlet as the flaming poinsettia, she had lost the sense of shame.

Then they led her back to her cell.

II. A Tale of the Noonday Club related in the Los Angeles Club by Ch-rl-s V-n L-an.

The Ham Fatter and the Meal Ticket Man hadn't met for a month, and the Ham Fatter hadn't the price when his one skinned optic—the other has been on the bum since Kid Solomon treated it—caught the Meal Ticket Man on the fly.

Ewell Duvall Moore had to butt into the game. "When I was on the Silvertown ——" but, as usual, he was not allowed to deliver the merchandise. The Ham Fatter was hungry and had heard the call of the hash. He can pass out the great warm wind of con-talk in waves that would make Dana Burks or Pierpont Morgan shrivel to thirty cents.

But the Meal Ticket Man is wise and then some. He didn't have to look at the Ham Fatter's piazza twice before he was on to his aliment. "You chase yourself down to John Brink's and fill up your outlines. As long as you won't reel off Hamlet's soliloguy near my listening machine, you can draw on me for one bran mash per diem."

"From high Olympus" commenced the Ham Fatter in the tone that makes the chewing-gum girl swallow her wad——

But the Meal Ticket Man turned on his number 12 fighting shoe, while Ewell Duvall Moore again began to murmur "Silvertown," casting a wistful eye towards a tray of steins that was in Scotty transit in an opposite direction to Ewell Duvall.

The lean guy whistled "All right, all right!" and then began to cuss something awful.

Meanwhile the Ham Fatter fed his face and the Meal Ticket Man laid wagers with himself as to how many mouthfuls the Ham Fatter would take in getting outside the T-bone steak.

III. Musical "criticism" in a great religious daily by J-li-n J-hns-n.

Radiant in all her shimmering similitude, and breathing the very spirit of ecstatic ebullition, Miss M—d R—s. D-v—s entwined her irresistible self around the pulsating hearts of the swaying and surging multitude—even as the fragrant honeysuckle entwines itself around the gnarled and tempest-tossed oak. Now in minors, now in majors (and, it must be confessed, sometimes in primos and secondos), like unto one of the beauteous constellations of the starry firmament, she beshowered the iridescence of her brilliant technic upon the silvery groups of legato semitones which dipped their headless sharps and tailless flats in mute obedience to the magic of her golden pianissimo accellerandos.

Not so far removed in glory was the pulsating pulchritude of Signor R-ss-, the lingering lentos of whose amatos appassionatas clutched hungrily at the cordes con calore of all the doux sisterhood hanging limply on his crescendos molto assai pateticos. Ah, Signor, beware! Beauty like thine hath its powers. True. But it hath its dangers, too. Rallentando!

On an entirely different plane—that of regrettable concession to commonplace curiosity—was the simultaneous apparition of the famous "Baker's Dozen" choral and orchestral directors. Each of these displayed his special idiosyncracies and demonstrated, as already predicted in these columns, his positive right to be looked upon as the one and only. Reckless rubatos raged round piu moto meno mosso with andante amorosos; Venetian Wrightsonatas lapped the velvet clarinetto banks of Elleryland; and the very elysium of Eroica ensemble was finally reached by "Professors" B-rnh-rt, J-hn, L-tt and P—l-n in their quartetto glissando ed postum cerealando, "Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity!"

And, if we fail to animadvert upon either the scherzando trippissimos of Miss M-ry L. O'D-n—gh-e, the portando pronunciamentos of M-x H-inr-ch, or the grandioso passionnes of J-s-ph D-p-y, it is only because the linotypo tremolos of our vocabulaire musicano have become inextricably strettoed with our vibratos con emotionnes, poco a poco, R. S. V. P. ed P. P. C.

Editorial by Gen. H. G. Ot-s in the Los Angeles Times.

Double-fanged serpents in a three ring circus are those twin infamies, the recall and referendum, socialistic, anarchistic, revolutionary, diabolical and altogether damnable innovations, inimical to the body politic of this our great Republic, for which our ancestors and we ourselves have shed our life-blood on the battlefields of illustrious memory. Selah!

Whence sprang these abortions? From the bloody womb of Dissension. Conceived in vicious error and begotten by yellow bile, they are offsprings whose head and feet should be amputated muy pronto, if not by the pen, then by the sword.

Whither are we drifting? Quien sabe?

But as long as there is a bludgeon of rectitude and infallibility so long shall this great religious journal thrust defiance in the teeth of its vicious enemies. Let the heathen rage! The Outpost and the Bivouac are ever vigilant. Lay on Macduff, John R. Haynes and C. D. Willard. Huh.

"Local Stylists" was a recurring Graphic parody column that burlesqued the prose styles of well-known Los Angeles writers, printing each name with its letters struck out so the target stayed recognisable yet unnamed — a common period device. The four figures parodied here are Harry C. Carr, a Los Angeles Times reporter (the police-court idyll); Charles Van Loan, sportswriter and later a noted magazine short-story writer (the Noonday Club tale); Julian Johnson, a newspaper music critic (the musical "criticism"); and General Harrison Gray Otis, the powerful editor of the Los Angeles Times (the closing editorial).

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Out of the Dust

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 14, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 13

Recently, while clearing out an old unused desk, I came upon a small pamphlet bound in crinkly brown paper, published in 1898 by some church society, for sale at a charity fair, entitled, "A Book of Favorite Quotations from Los Angeles People". About one hundred of the best known people of that time—some of whom have been quite forgotten in the intervening seven years—were called upon to say what were their favorite quotations, and the result is a very pleasing little book. Some of these quotations make very interesting reading in connection with the career and the known characteristics of those contributing them. Frank Flint, who at that time was about to lose his job as United States District Attorney, gravely announces his motto: "Experience is the best teacher", a sentiment which ex-Senator Bard might profitably consider. The Rev. Burt Estes Howard offers this from Montaigne: "The Mariner of old said to Neptune in a great tempest, 'O God, thou mayst save us if thou wilt, and thou mayst destroy us if thou wilt, but whether or no, I will steer my rudder true'". Tempests indeed have beset Dr. Howard in these years, and he has held firmly to this rudder—only he seems to have been a little uncertain at times what he was steering by. G. J. Griffith offers as his favorite quotation his own utterance on the occasion when he presented the Park to the city—a magnificent example of egotism: "I wish to make this gift while I am still in the full vigor of life, that I may enjoy with my neighbors its beauties and pleasures, etc." And he is now in jail—what a tragedy! General Otis, with the flamboyant patriotism of the man who has spent about half of his life on the pay-roll of the national government, gives us eight lines from Francis Rodman Drake's "Flag of the Free". Two of them seem to have a special application.

"Local Stylists" was a recurring Graphic parody column that burlesqued the prose styles of well-known Los Angeles writers, printing each name with its letters struck out so the target stayed recognisable yet unnamed — a common period device. The four figures parodied here are Harry C. Carr, a Los Angeles Times reporter (the police-court idyll); Charles Van Loan, sportswriter and later a noted magazine short-story writer (the Noonday Club tale); Julian Johnson, a newspaper music critic (the musical "criticism"); and General Harrison Gray Otis, the powerful editor of the Los Angeles Times (the closing editorial).

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Burglars and Their Accessories — by D. W. Fieldwin

by **D. W. FIELDWIN**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 28, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 15

Surmounted by a picture of a slouch-hatted masked man, the Times on Wednesday publishes this advertisement spread over three columns wide and eight inches deep.

"A House Burglar Talks About His Own Business and Tells Housewives What are the Only Real Protective Measures. See the November Number of The Ladies Home Journal. 15 cents a Copy at Dealers. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa."

For many years, the Ladies Home Journal has inveighed against sensationalism in journalism. It has thrown fourteen sorts of fits—and with justice—at the yellow press. It has denominated the Hearst publications as breeders of crime and suggesters of infamy. It has lost no occasion to tell how high moral motives actuate Mistress Edward W. Bok and his (or her or its) collaborators. In decrying the "yellows" the Times has never been one whit behind the Ladies Home Journal, although the Times has on more than one occasion been guilty of violating every consideration of moral decency. And now I find the Ladies Home Journal doing precisely what it has always deprecated—that is, telling how crime is committed and what a burglar says. If there is any more certain way to inculcate a desire to be a burglar in the thousands and tens of thousands of young people who have read the Ladies Home Journal, I am at a loss to suggest it. And the Times is particeps criminis by publishing such an advertisement. The Ladies Home Journal has heretofore been guilty of publishing short stories that would bring a blush to any innocent cheek. It continues its maudlin career by fostering crime. Of course all crimes of the Times are condoned by the management's thrift.

Many years ago in Northern California there was a criminal by the name of Majors. If I remember right, he was "hanged by the neck until he was dead," as the courts have the habit of phrasing it. Well this Majors left a son, perhaps nine or ten years of age at the time the elder Majors fell down a trap at the suggestion of the sheriff. The manner of the taking off of the father abided with the boy. As he grew and developed, he read all of the Dick Turpin exploits that his boyish mind could discover. He had only to read the old San Francisco

Examiner to feast his mind to what would have been satiety for ten ordinary boys. The Examiner one day glorified the deeds of some boy burglars in Oakland. The pictures of the young scoundrels were printed; their deeds were recounted as only a Hearst paper can tell such stories; each youngster, who ought to have been interviewed vigorously with a black-snake whip, was instead interviewed by some of Mr. Hearst's "Bright Young Men."

What was this to young Majors? With the shadow of the gallows following his father, he himself took to the criminal life in consequence of this glorification of the boy burglars. The last I heard of him he was in Utah sentenced to be shot for committing murder. If he was not shot, it was because his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. I never had enough interest in the boy's fate to know what finally did become of him.

But the point I want to make, is that any newspaper that engages in this sort of thing, is morally, if not legally, responsible for crimes that were caused by suggestion. Just as guilty, my lords and ladies, as if they had helped to equip the perpetrators with burglars' tools and revolvers.

A pretty business for the Ladies Home Journal and the Los Angeles Times.

D. W. Fieldwin. An otherwise unidentified contributor to The Graphic.

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Local Stylists — No. V: The Art of Dramatic Criticism — by Constance Skinner

by **CONSTANCE SKINNER**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 28, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 15

Why am I a dramatic critic? Because I just dote on actors, and I have a talent for epigrams; besides I have a soul for art, and can distinguish between the lightness of intelligence of a pretender like E. H. Sothorn and the thickness of neck of an actor like Melbourne Macdowell. My mission in life is to encourage youthful genius. If I cannot always induce managers to accept my proteges I can at least roast them when they don't and boost my proteges anyway. To be smart is to attract attention. My *raison d'être* is to keep myself, if not in the limelight, at least in the headlines. I have a penchant for hats and headlines; likewise for exerting an influence upon dissipated actors and for curing ambitious actorines. I like "the show"; I am somewhat of a show myself. I keep in my beauty box a pepper-pot full of personal pronouns (they are invaluable in establishing a dramatic critic's reputation), but I sign my stuff with a rubber stamp.

I have just returned from a transcendent holiday in the backwoods of Canada, where I learned the secret of dramatic criticism. It is, don't you know, a land of maple sugar and the icy mitt. I need them both in my business. Naturally, hereditarily and temperamentally, I am exceedingly susceptible; so I have enshrined my emotions in classic marble. My method of interviewing actors and actresses is to make myself say smart things at the poor player's expense. In this, perhaps, I am not as entirely original as in everything else, for the noble standard of Allan Dale and Ashton Stevens is ever before me. I complete the strange but terrible trinity of Mr. Hearst's great critics. So the Rialto thought I had gone "for good"? Not I. I am I, and I may say without conceit that I am all that I crack myself up to be. Otheman? But, on the other hand, oh the woman! Mr. Stevens, Otheman not Ashton, has warmed my seat in my absence. Voila tout! Here I am once more, and as I said before, I am I.

"Local Stylists" was a recurring Graphic parody column burlesquing the prose styles of well-known local writers, their names printed with letters struck out.

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"The Human Boy" (a precis of Eden Phillpotts) — by Frederick Stevenson

by **FREDERICK STEVENSON**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 28, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 15

We are indebted to the London Musical Standard for the following capital precis of certain episodes in the life and career of three characteristic creations of Mr. Eden Phillpotts in "The Human Boy." The Abnormal Boy, the Angel Child and the Devilish Kid have been so much in evidence of late that it is positively refreshing to come across the Ordinary Lad who, meeting with the same trials and tribulations as his elders (for example, in finding his inamorata "jolly difficult to please") rolls up his sleeves and turns in to tackle them sturdily as any manly lad will.

To the fine little fellows of St. Paul's and St. John's chorus "The Human Boy" would be a perfect mine of healthy joy; and, indeed, the work may be commended heartily to frank, honest boyishness of all ages, sorts and conditions.

Nubby, Mathers and Another, being chums, are all in love with Milly, the daughter of the principal. She is twelve and a half years old, is described as "jolly difficult to please," and it might be added is fickle to the last extent. The trio are seated by a fire roasting chestnuts. Nubby, the vocalist, has a cold, and is prone to take a very gloomy view of life; he considers his constitution frail, and declares that to be made to go out walking in all weathers as at that school is simply murder; he knows what will be the end of it,— "I shall get bacilluses or

microbes into some important part of me and die." He then alludes to the books that the doctor reads to the "kids" on Sundays, with choir boys in them. "The little brutes sing like angels, and their voices go echoing to the tops of cathedrals, and make people blub in their pews." Then they get "microbes on the chest and kick." With intense pathos, Nubby points out to his companions that singing is the only thing that he can do, finally adding: "I shall die, as sure as mud."

The depressed one is described as a "corker at singing." He had all the solos in the chapel, and people came miles to hear him. Mathers essays to cheer him up. "You won't die; you don't give away your money to the poor, or help blind people across roads, and all that; your voice 'll crack, and you'll live." Nubby wishes that it would; he would feel a lot safer. "Mine," continued Mathers, "cracked when my moustache came." They looked at him as he patted it; he was going next term. He had more moustache than at least two of the under masters, and once he let Nubby stroke it, and it could be felt distinctly under his hand. The conversation shortly afterward terminates, the three coming to the conclusion that if Nubby's voice does go he will be out of the running as regards Milly, and that the momentous issue will lie between the other two.

Frederick Stevenson. An otherwise unidentified contributor to The Graphic.

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William Winter and Today's Stage

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 4, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 16

I publish with pleasure the subjoined letter which reached me too late for last week's issue. As I have said before, I have profound reverence for Mr. William Winter, not only as the foremost living critic of the drama but also as a true prophet of its destiny. I gladly stand corrected by Mr. Winter and regret exceedingly that I should have done him an injustice. Mr. Winter's letter is as follows:

Mentone, San Bernardino County, California, October 25, 1905. To the Editor of The Graphic:

I have received a copy of your paper, containing your remarks as to my lecture on "The Theatre and the Public," delivered in Los Angeles, October 13 and 18.

I am too old a man to care for either praise or censure, but I do care for justice; and your remarks are unjust.

You designate my discourse "a panegyric of the Past, with scant justice meted out to the Present"; and you say: "Ada Rehan, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, and Blanche Bates are the

only actresses of today he can commend, and Richard Mansfield stands alone in his favor among our living actors. Of latter-day playwrights he will have none at all."

My lecture contains these words: "It is essential to disclaim all purpose of disparaging the Present, in order to glorify the Past—of unjustly dispraising the contemporary theatre, in order to extol the theatre of earlier times. There never has been warrant, and there is not warrant now, for proclamation of hopeless theatrical decline."

The following is a list of those actors, of the Present, whose names are mentioned in my address, and, in each case, mentioned with respect and warm commendation: Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe, Blanche Bates, Mrs. Carter, Viola Allen, Charles Wyndham, Richard Mansfield, Frank Worthing, John Mason, Frederic Kerr, David Warfield (to whom I referred as "that rising and brilliant star of eccentric comedy"), John Hare, Edward S. Willard, and Edward Terry; and a special tribute was paid to Henry Irving, who died (October 13), almost at the hour when my lecture was delivered before the Friday Morning Club. Commendatory mention was also made of the independence, courage, and energy of David Belasco, Harrison Grey Fiske, and Lee Shubert, as theatrical managers.

My address, delivered with the greatest rapidity that public speaking will allow, occupies one hour and forty minutes. It is impossible to include in it a complete history of the drama and a complete catalogue of meritorious plays and players. I have, in the proper place, been at pains to recognize and celebrate the excellence not only of Augustus Thomas's play "Arizona" (which you say I ought to praise), but of his more important play, "Alabama," and of his dramatization of "The Bonnie Brier Bush"; my review of the latter was considered by the late Kirke La Shelle, who produced the "Brier Bush," so important that he bought an entire 5000 copy edition of "The New York Tribune," in which it appeared, for special circulation. I have also cordially commended Captain Marshall's "Second In Command," and his "Killecrankie," as well as his "Royal Family"; and David Belasco's recent tragedies, "The Darling of the Gods," and "Adrea." In expressing his thanks for my recognition of those contemporary plays, Mr. Belasco took occasion to thank me, also, for the encouragement received from me, years ago, in the time of his "May Blossom." As there is no one more diligent than I am, in seeking for achievement worthy of praise, in the present time, I occasionally grow weary of being called a worshipper of the Past.

There are many "latter-day playwrights", as you call them, more important than those mentioned by you, who have received full recognition and support from me; for example, Henry Arthur Jones, author of "The Middleman", "The Silver King", "Judah", "Joseph Entangled", etc.; A. W. Pinero, who while degrading his talents with "Tanqueray", "Iris", and "Quex", has yet written,—in "The Magistrate", "The Cabinet Minister", "Sweet Lavender", and "Trelawny",—plays which it is a joy to remember and to praise; C. M. S. McClellan, whose "Leah Kleschna" is a fine example of construction; Sidney Grundy, author of "The Pair of Spectacles", and "A Fool's Paradise"; Comyns Carr, author of "King Arthur"; Wills, author

of those great plays, "Faust", "Charles I.", and "Olivia"; and, above all, the most accomplished of living English dramatists, W. S. Gilbert.

As to Mr. Ibsen, I have not said that he "is all clinics and obstetrics". I have analyzed his representative plays, and have recognized his constructive ability,—such as it is,—while condemning his influence as pernicious, and his best known and most frequently acted plays as not only unclean, but dull. To that fourth-rate imitator of W. S. Gilbert, Mr. G. B. Shaw, I have given all the attention justified by the only two plays of any merit that he has written, "Arms and the Man", and "The Devil's Disciple".

You have designated my remarks on the Theatrical Trust as "a partially deserved arraignment" of that iniquitous monopoly. I live in New York. I have closely observed that combination, since it was formed. I know the character and conduct of the group of theatrical shop-keepers who compose that syndicate. I know that their organization has done great evil, and no good; and it would interest and instruct me to learn in what particular any of my statements as to the Trust are incorrect or undeserved.

Yours truly, WILLIAM WINTER.

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VI. Hygiene of the Feet — From the "C-re of the B-dy," By H-rry Br--k.

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 11, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 17

The editor is frequently asked by correspondents to suggest a cure for malodorous pedal extremities. Individual cases differ of course, and possibly the warm climate of Southern California may aggravate the difficulty. In most cases a careful hygienic diet will effect a cure. A pint of eucalyptus oil taken at noon—we assume that our correspondents are converts to the no-breakfast plan—followed by a quart of pure olive oil just before dinner will afford great relief if systematically adhered to.

An occasional use of water as hot as the patient can bear with soap ad-lib is also beneficial; but this is not essential provided a careful dietary is followed. We cannot condemn too strongly the stand taken by the medical profession that amputation is the only means of effecting a certain cure. It is a fact that nowadays the regular M. D.'s are willing to cut up their helpless patients on the slightest pretext. If they would adopt the axiom, "Hygiene in time saves knife," the world—the sick part of it, at any rate—would be a great deal better off. Most doctors are well meaning enough, but the manner in which the great truths inculcated in these columns are neglected by them is little short of criminal. Cases have frequently been cited in these columns where persons have saved their own lives and perhaps others by

pursuing natural methods in the cure of disease and refusing to submit to the carving propensities of the surgical profession.

The editor will relate a chapter from his own experience. A few weeks ago he had a severe boil on one of his legs. Whether the cause was the lack of hygienic diet or not is immaterial. It is a notorious fact that doctors do not themselves take their own medicine. At any rate, the editor instead of having his leg amputated at once, took a dose of olive oil and allowed nature to take its course. The boil is gone and the editor is still served by the normal amount of underpinning. Some friends have advocated a new school of medicine, to be based upon the editor's experience, but the latter is not hunting fame of that sort.

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VIII. The Colonel and the Dramatic Editor — By Oth-m-n St-v-ns.

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 11, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 17

The Colonel with his left hand took a sprig of mint from the bottom of the glass as he deposited it on the bar and after brushing it lightly across his protuberant moustachios asked the Dramatic Critic if he would have another.

The Dramatic Critic was depressed, his right glad hand dangling dilettantly in a sling, but he averred that he did not mind if he did.

"Politics, after all," mused the Colonel, "is a more interesting game than the stage; only strange to say it entails more work. You have to dig to discover the latest dope, whether it flies at an angle from the cigar in Leo Youngworth's handsome Cupidesque lips or is accidentally, on purpose, brewed by the Jovian Parker. To know all about the theater you have only to sit in a stall so many hours a week and occasionally exchange confidences with actors at the Midnight Club. On the whole as Voltaire says this is the best of all possible worlds and I mean to be an optimist even if I never cross the threshold of the Star Theater again."

"The point of view," replied the Dramatic Critic, removing his right glad hand from the sling to lift the second julep facewards and then to shake with the Colonel's left, "is that we should shake glad hands with all men and with ourselves. If I am divorced from the stage and must once more be reincarnated into 'The Colonel' then will the Colonel get busy, forget the stage, and cry with D'artagnan 'Vive la guerre.' Only I am sorry for the actors and more than sorry for the actorines. The latter knew how soft was my heart and how kind my words. The Rialto is in mourning at my release and at the resurrection of the lady who doth

Constantly Skin 'em. But, malgré nous, the stage can survive while our presence is essential to the course and gayety of politics."

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Jim Blagge—His Book

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 18, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 18

Of course at one time or another during your life history, gentle reader, you have been besieged—maybe many times—by life insurance men. You have been persuaded, argued with, beseeched, and covered with explanations. You have speculated over the evolution of the successful life insurance solicitor; you have wondered how on earth you could get away from that plausible tongue—that hypnotic eye. Occasionally you have surrendered. At all times you have marvelled at the skill of the besieger.

Well the secret is out. James H. Blagge, of the Conservative Life, one of the most successful life insurance men on the Coast—otherwise Sunny Jim Blagge—has written a book telling all about it. His book is called "Suggestions to the Beginner in Life Insurance Field Work." I have that book. It ought to be called "A Study of Human Nature, or How to Reach Men of Varied Moods, Dispositions and Tempers." Every man who has life insurance ought to read that book. Every man who solicits business in any line should have it. It is as clever a bit of human nature study as has been published in years and every one of the 114 pages is alive with keen, cheery, clear cut sentences showing a deep insight into human character.

For instance you will learn that you are technically a "prospect" in the parlance of the life insurance world. Mr. Blagge doesn't place much reliance in literature in canvassing, "Since the public is so void of good taste as to regard all printed matter as fit only for the waste basket, an early resort to short communications which resemble personal letters, is a necessity. These reminders should always be enclosed in a plain envelope, addressed to the place which seems best suited for a courteous consideration of the contents."

Here is a nugget on the value of acquaintance.

The unacquainted beginner should immediately endeavor to gain a social and business acquaintance which he can use to advantage. The easiest way to do this is through the clubs and social organizations. He should never refuse an invitation which is likely to include people he does not know.

Then Mr. Blagge has something to say about the "glad hand" which is original and naive. Read this:

The solicitor need not anticipate extraordinary success unless he cultivates a sunny disposition and propensity for the "glad hand." No one cares to waste even a moment on the gloomy and pessimistic individual who cannot see the silver lining behind the darkest cloud, while nearly everyone is ready to tarry with the cheery optimist who tells them how well they are looking and how bright the general outlook appears to be. . . . The "glad hand" should be the real article, given with firmness which leaves no doubt of its quality. The solicitor should also strive to be known as a "good fellow" without being a bar room lounge or foolishly generous with his money. The idea that a man cannot be a good fellow in every sense of the term without inviting every man he meets to have a drink, is absurd to the last degree and should not be tolerated by any man with an ounce of gray matter in his head. The solicitor should also scatter his patronage among the trades people; confer favors in as many directions as possible; and "boost" for all. An acquaintance is extended with difficulty, however, if a solicitor is careless of his personal appearance. He need not be extravagant or flashy in his dress, but he will find it extremely profitable to appear always well dressed and well groomed.

Naturally in the space which I have in this article, I cannot give more than a faint conception of the clever things that Blagge has reduced to print. Here is something on how to approach people which is good:

In the first case he (the solicitor) should ascertain as far as possible the best time and place for the interview, because it frequently happens that a prospect may be approached under some circumstances and utterly unapproachable under other conditions. Some cases require the solicitor to go gunning or fishing or golfing, etc., with a prospect long before life insurance is mentioned by either party. He (the solicitor who calls at an office) should always be too busy to "wait" for an interview beyond a few moments, unless particularly requested to by the prospect. Kicking one's heels in an ante room for an indefinite time is neither profitable nor dignified. Moreover people like to do business with a successful man, and they know that a man cannot be very successful unless he keeps busy.

There is an exceptionally smart chapter on overcoming objections such as you and I and the other fellow have made times out of mind. Among these objections are: "I cannot pay for it now," "I need the money in my business," "Cannot take it until I get my home paid for," "My wife objects," "I will carry my own risk," "Costs too much," "I had to hustle; let my family do the same," "Times are too hard," "I will see you tomorrow," "Companies get rich too fast," "It is a gamble and I am no gambler," "Will see my wife," etc., etc. How the insurance man wiggles around these objections is clever—no end.

Finally Blagge writes crisply and sharply on the necessity of forming a habit for work. Listen now:

Fortunate is the solicitor who can grasp the full significance of the fact that lives of individuals are shaped by habit. Let us see how true this is. One forms in excess the habit of smoking or drinking whiskey or coffee; and has great difficulty in abstaining from this form

of self indulgence. Another never contracts such habits and finds it difficult to commence them. A person gets into the habit of going to theaters and evening entertainments and finds an evening at home almost unbearable. Another forms the habit of staying home and can scarcely be dragged out of an evening. A man gets into the habit of doing wrong because it promises most in immediate results and soon thinks it is too late to do right. Another does right from the beginning because he is convinced it will pay best in the long run and afterward has a holy horror of doing wrong. . . . So it is with all our actions; habit governs them in tremendous measure. . . . Let him (the solicitor) form the habit of steady and persistent soliciting and he finds it difficult to stop—a well earned vacation seems the hardest kind of work to him.

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Madame Reclamier

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 25, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 19

One of the most-talk-about ladies in fashionable Paris today is Countess Mathieu de Noailles, the charming authoress of that widely discussed poetic novel, *Domination*. Her personality is just as interesting as are her writings. She is the daughter of Prince de Brancovan of Roumania. She has reception days at Paris and at Versailles which the fashionable and the artistic attend. She has children whom she educates herself. She finds the time to write poems and stories, to read everything, and to be where the intelligent critics of life and art have to be. One of her admirers nicknamed her "Madame Recamier." A witty, wicked writer changed that into "Madame Reclamier." To appreciate the malicious wit of this one has to know that a "reclame" is the Parisian equivalent of a newspaper puff. It is true the newspapers notice her a great deal, but their inclination to notice her is everybody's. She writes exquisitely. She says things which only a woman of refined mind knows how to say, with tact, with vivid intelligence, with precise shades of expression.

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Los Angeles Women at Home: Idah Meacham Strobridge

by CATHERINE ROBERTSON HAMLIN

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 9, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 21

No woman in all Southern California has had better opportunity to judge of the diversified merits of work and play than has Mrs. Idah Meacham Strobridge, writer and bookbinder, who makes her home and shop in a great rambling bungalow out on Forty-first

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avenue. In the way that one who is given to painting mental pictures will, I had created a slender, willowy Mrs. Strobridge, her pale face lit by deep blue eyes and shaded with ebony locks. All the way out to the Arroyo Seco, where she has established her Lares and Penates, I tried to reconcile my imaginary craftswoman with the jolly voice that had talked with me over the telephone, but, incongruous as the two were, not once did it occur to me to reconstruct the being of my own brain. As I sauntered over a thick carpet of brown and yellow autumn leaves that was spread upon the woodland pathway leading to "Artemisia" I absorbed something of the charm of this bit of nature that lies hid within the gates of the bustling city and knew why, with other artists and writers, Mrs. Strobridge has cast her lot there. Like other creatures who love the wild, this woman who goes to nature for her inspiration has made her house as near the color of the falling leaves as paint can follow the tints of the Master Artist. No other shade could fit the surroundings as does this soft, dull brown, copied from Mother Earth.

As I rang the electric bell at the front door, or, rather, at one of the front doors, for each entrance faces one of the approaches, a matronly figure appeared at the end of the wide veranda and invited me to enter. Although I recognized the voice, I asked for Mrs. Strobridge, still harboring a fancy that I might be right even while acknowledging to myself how entirely out of place the vision of my idle fantasy would be in the substantial workshop upon the threshold of which I stood.

Work for Work's Sake. "I am Mrs. Strobridge; and you are the lady who asked for a chat with me," said the chatelaine, in courteous introduction. She was dressed for her work—there was no mistaking that fact. A long apron of a cheerful pink and white stripe covered her from neck to ankles; the sleeves were of the style that modistes call "demi-toilette," ending in a fashionable loose cuff several inches above the elbows. No words could have given the impression of earnest work that this garb did. As for the "shop," it is satisfying. What more or what better can be said? Evidently the craftswoman holds with William Morris that "nothing is beautiful that is not useful" and, carrying out his principles she has made tools of her daily toil a pleasure alike to eye and mind. Just within the door is a tall desk, its top holding a register that, except for the excellence of its workmanship, is the counterpart of that in any public institution. If Mrs. Strobridge should ever feel the fang of the wolf, this book might easily be the wizard to turn hunger aside, so many are the famous and priceless autographs inscribed there by those who are proud to show that they are friends of the woman who by her faith in the nobility of toil has invested it with dignity. The pens that tempt the visitor to enroll his name among those of earth's great ones lie in a wooden shoe that brings a vision of a land of dykes and picturesque peasant women. On its side in quaint characters is the couplet: "O, the clang of the wooden shoon / It rings in my heart for aye!"

Mrs. Strobridge told me that the sabot was carved from a bit of cottonwood by a homesick European peasant who bestowed it upon her before he turned his back on the new world whither he had been drawn by the lure of gold. Two business-like presses occupy the center

of the room; bookcases take up the spare space at the ends and every inch on the sides is used for the different tools of the trade. "When did you learn book-binding, and where?" I asked, my interest too keen to be repressed. "In Nevada, on the desert. I spent many years there and the woman who has no occupation in that solitude is apt to grow rusty," was the ready reply. "Then you are not a stranger to the gentle art of book-making?" I hazarded, my fingers eager to reach some of the volumes on the shelves above my head that drew the eye with a promise of a rare treat. Mrs. Strobridge, following my straying glance, laughed a rippling laugh. "Those books are of double interest to me. They are my own stories that I have bound and—" "Your stories?" "Do you think that there should be a distinct line drawn between writing a book and putting it in covers?" she asked, point blank. "Well, it is not what I expected," was my frank rejoinder.

Then we fell to a discussion of how one woman has come into a two-fold heritage and Mrs. Strobridge told me of her happy girlhood days when, the only child and idol of wealthy parents, she had known no unfulfilled wish. She spoke feelingly of the sorrow that came to darken her life in the loss of the husband of her youth and of the broadening experience brought to her through the sweeping away in a few days of a vast fortune. "I really never knew what the earnestness of life was until I went to Nevada with my husband," she said. "There were days that we spent in the saddle and, oh," with a deep breath, "that was the very fulness of existence. Sweeping on through the splendid stretches of country, never sleeping twice in the same camp, always learning something of what God meant His creatures to know. Once we took our horses and rode for weeks through the desert places of Nevada, far from where any railroad touched and far also from a stage route. Never do I expect to have such another experience. That was when I got my material for the book that I have on the shelf, 'In Miners' Mirage-Land.' We carried our own camp furniture, to the minutest detail, frying-pans as well as cameras and notebooks. Only twice did we cook our own food, however. We were the guests of cow-boys at the various camps. There are wonderful sights on the wide desert! Once we found a series of caves. One in particular was composed of vast chambers, their sides and roof of chalcedony. The roof was of a faint amber darkening in the walls to pale green, which gradually changed to deep violet. It was superb!" "The Government should preserve such places," I interpolated. "Yes," agreed Mrs. Strobridge, "but it does not, and I hear that sheep herders have taken possession of that magnificent natural castle and that its sides and walls are smoked black. It was during the days and nights in the desert that I heard the stories that are incorporated in the book. There are many prospectors there. None of them is young; many of them are very old but all have some tale to tell of fabulous mines that are awaiting re-discovery. If you could listen to one of those old fellows and not imbibe something of his faith, why you are a stronger minded woman than I, that is all. Even a night of sleep, sound desert sleep, often failed to take the phantoms completely from my brain. That is why I gave my book the name it bears. Most of the stories have already been published though."

When, with one of the coveted books really in my hands, after I had feasted my eyes upon the perfect workmanship of the binding and had enjoyed the soft coloring of the text, I caught sight of the illuminated capitals, a note of wonder broke from me: "You are a witch," I said, "and it is not fair that one woman should have so many gifts." "Isn't that illuminating beautiful?" Mrs. Strobridge said, enthusiastically. "That is all done by my father and he is an old man. He came around the Horn and was one of the earliest settlers in California. Oh, I can tell you, I am proud of my father." "But you surely do not spend all of your time at the press, Mrs. Strobridge? I suppose though, that women are crazy for your work." "Vanity, that is the leading passion," was the enigmatical response. "I recognize that and see how I am meeting the demand. I have created a bag of leather and hide mosaic," handing me a brown ooze bag, inlaid on the sides with a geometrical design formed of horse hide, the soft brown hair out. A cord of the same shade outlined the inlaid portion. The bag was lined with watered silk of a dull green and leather strings, the ends laced in what cow-boys call, "rattlesnake pattern," drew it up. "It is to be a genuine edition de luxe," said the maker.

From the workshop we wandered to the darkroom, where Mrs. Strobridge develops her desert pictures, for she adds photography to her arts and crafts. Then, as one leaves a rare gem to gladden the eyes to the last, she led me to her den, which is hidden in the center of the house, unsuspected by all but those who know the secret of the sliding panel-door. It is a rarely beautiful room, filled with costly oil paintings, each one of which was a gift from a great artist. Each article of furniture, each objet d'art means something more than an intrinsically valuable possession. We chatted until the deepening shadows warned me that I must run for my car if I was to dine at home. But before I left I had learned how a woman, busy with household tasks, may gather the plot for a story and jotting it down place it in an envelope for future reference. Mrs. Strobridge has six books formulated and material for two hundred and eighty short stories—and she does the housework for her mother, father and herself: "Method," she says, "is the secret of what I accomplish." Think of that, you idlers who would attain if you "could find time."

Catherine Robertson Hamlin. An otherwise unidentified contributor to The Graphic.

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A Dancer's Revenge

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 23

The night was warm, and the drinks were cool to our dusty mouths. Waiters passed noiselessly to and fro, bearing trays laden with tall glasses, the electric fans buzzed overhead, and there was a dancer on the stage who was good to look upon. Altogether Martin's was a much more pleasant place to be than the sultry atmosphere outside, and we were a congenial party, good friends and Bohemians.

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"That girl," said Brown slowly, eyeing the dancer through curling clouds of smoke, as she snapped her castanets, and twisted her lithe figure to the rhythmic measures of a Spanish air, "reminds me of a woman I knew in Cuba."

"Is it a story, Brown?" questioned Leslie.

"Well rather," our friend replied emphatically. "It was one of the most peculiar incidents I ever ran across. Like to hear it?"

We assented eagerly, for Brown's stories were always worth listening to.

"As I said," he began, "It was in Cuba. I was there as you know, for the paper just before the war broke out, and saw it through. I was all over the island, wherever the fighting was, but at first was quartered at Havana, and it was there that I knew Antonina.

"She had come through from Paris by the way of Mexico, and was dancing at the Tacon Theater. The town was mad over her, after the fashion of the Latin race; and, in fact, she made even my phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon blood run quicker than its wont. She was hardly beautiful, though I have never seen such eyes before or since. She had a small, wicked face, was slender to thinness, and not very tall. But to see her dance! Himmel! I am sure she never had her peer. Every motion was daring, poetical—the essence of grace. She was absolutely mistress of her art, and of her audiences.

"I don't know what she was, but mostly Spanish, I guess. Some said she had a strain of French blood, some Arabian, and some even hinted at a tinge of African, but, whatever her nationality, her magnetism was something marvelous.

"All the gallants of the city were at her feet, and her life was the wildest ever. She was looked upon with horror by the padres. She tantalized all of her lovers, laughed at them, jilted them, yet chained them to her. In a word she was—heartless.

"Among her most devoted cavaliers was Gen. Ruiz of the Spanish army. For a time he seemed to be the favorite, but he was also insanely jealous.

"Politics were very much strained about this time, the feeling between Spaniards and the native Cubans being at the boiling point. Not a day passed without a duel, a brawl or an arrest. And Antonina was dancing every night before a crowded house; while the pleasure loving city, although honeycombed by feuds and intrigues, forgot for the moment all save the hour's enjoyment.

"The man most dreaded by the Spanish officials was Juan Sanchez, an insurgent leader. He was the son of a wealthy planter, who had figured prominently in a former outbreak and been exiled to Ceuta, Spain's penal colony in Africa. The son, growing to manhood and finding himself an outcast, had embraced the rebel cause and made himself very troublesome. He had gathered his recruits from the neighboring provinces, and lived in the mountains, evading every effort of the Government to capture him, and was held in dread as a man of reckless courage.

"I do not know how it came about, but while in Havana in disguise, on some secret mission, he saw Antonina dance and fell under the spell like all the rest. To a man of his character no half way measure was possible. He contrived to meet the woman, and soon afterward, she dismissed all of her admirers. It was whispered that Sanchez rode in every night and visited her at her house.

"It was not long before this reached the ears of Ruiz, who, maddened by jealousy, saw a chance at once to wreak his personal revenge and serve the Government. One night Antonina's house was surrounded, and Sanchez was taken prisoner. He was of course, thrown into Morro Castle, and sentenced to be shot.

"Antonina did not, apparently, take her lover's doom much to heart. She appeared at the theater as usual, on the following evening, and had never been more charming. She declared openly, that she had purposely allowed Sanchez to be taken, as she was a loyal Spaniard, and hated all rebels. She restored Ruiz to favor, winding her toils around him until he was helpless in her hands—so completely infatuated that he could deny her nothing.

"On the day that Sanchez was to be executed, Antonina demanded of Ruiz that she should see her former lover alone. What took place at the interview was never disclosed. Immediately after it was over, Sanchez was marched into the court yard, placed with his face to the wall, and shot to death by a file of soldiers. He made no complaint or appeal, but met his fate with gallant indifference.

"Antonina watched him die from one of the windows, without a sign of emotion, save a narrowing of the eyelids, and compression of the lips, when his body fell back in the hot glare of the noon sun. She danced that night as usual, but cancelled her engagement for the following week, and disappeared from the city for a time, ostensibly for a rest.

"A few days later, I was called to Cardenas on business and while there met a woman, whose resemblance to the dancer was so striking that I turned and looked after her as she passed. She went into a miserable looking hut, on one of the poorer streets, and, as I loitered near, hoping to solve the mystery, she came out again, and walked swiftly by me. This time I was convinced that it was Antonina herself, and much puzzled at her appearance in such a place, I followed her a short distance. She stopped at a small hotel, and I did not see her again, though I watched closely for the next few days.

"When I returned to Havana, I found the social world in a state of expectation, over a grand reception to be given in honor of some of the American officers, then quartered in the city, by Gen. Ruiz. The chief attraction of the affair was the announcement that Antonina had been engaged for a fabulous sum to dance once for the entertainment of the guests. I knew then that she had returned. I determined to accept my invitation, as the woman possessed a great attraction for me as an unsolvable riddle; consequently, I was present at the reception and an eye-witness of the events which took place.

"The salas were crowded with a brilliant assembly. Scores of beautiful women, and the handsome Spanish officers in their showy uniforms, gave a most picturesque effect to the scene. It was nearly midnight when the dancer arrived. She had driven directly from the theater, and was attired in her most magnificent costume, and glittering with jewels. She paused for a moment on the threshold, and responded with a faint half mocking smile. Then slowly raising her arms above her head, she stepped forward. Instantly the orchestra struck up with the passionate music of El Sol, and the guests withdrew from the center of the room, leaving her standing, a blaze of color and jewels, alone on the polished floor.

"Her dancing that night baffles description. It was fire, music, poetry, all in one. We watched her with deep drawn breaths and dizzy brains, as she whirled herself from the lazy languor of the beginning to the mad abandon of the end. Ruiz, unable to control his emotions, caught up a flower that dropped from her hair, and unmindful of observers kissed it passionately. She saw the action, and with a sidelong glance, tore the scarlet scarf from her waist, and, still dancing, threw it over his neck. Something gleamed in her hand, and some instinct warning me of mischief I stepped to Ruiz's side. Antonina stretched out her arm, and held me back, and if ever I saw the devil look out from a woman's eyes, I saw it shining then, between her half closed lids.

"'For one life that was dear,' she said in ringing tones, 'A curse on all of you! Adios companeros, I go to wait for you in hell.'

"With a swift motion, she buried the dagger, which had been concealed in her hand, in her heart, and as the last strains of the music died away, fell to the floor stone dead, the wicked smile frozen on her mouth.

"Three weeks later Gen. Ruiz and every one of his subordinate officers died horribly of malignant smallpox. Antonina had searched until she found a case in Cardenas, and had, as we afterwards discovered, exposed Sanchez's scarlet sword sash to the infection, and thus carried it to Ruiz, wreaking her devilish vengeance."

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The Spirit of Christmas

by **BURT ESTES HOWARD**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 23

Men differ widely about the theological significance of Christmas, but the spirit of the Yule-tide lays hold on the roots of our common humanity. Whatever we may think about the babe, born ages ago in the Bethlehem manger, the day that commemorates his birth has come to stand for something far larger than a dogmatic proposition. It is the day when the

fountains of love are unsealed, the day when friendship seeks a tangible utterance, the day when all that is purest and truest in us spells itself out in visible form. At Christmas time men of all creeds and men of no creeds join together in one mighty sacrament of kindness, and our commonplace lives grow beautiful with unselfishness.

If Christmas did nothing more than to turn our thoughts for a little from the eternal striving to get and to have, and led us to give and to love, that in itself were worth keeping the day for. It is a fine thing to pause in the midst of our rushing, concentrated life, and face outward; to let the fever of the market die out for a season, while the heart, defrauded too often of its due, comes to its own.

The wave of altruism that sweeps over the world at Christmas-time cleanses our life of much that the sordid grind of every-day experience has left there. We go back to the day's work a little less selfish, our sympathies lie nearer the surface, old friends have grown a bit dearer, and life smiles, because we have taken time just to love and be loved for a while.

Burt Estes Howard (1863–1913). American clergyman and political-science professor who pastored churches in Los Angeles (First Presbyterian, later First Unitarian) before teaching at Stanford. He also wrote verse.

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Diary of a Hard-Working Mayor

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 13, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 2

January 1: From the racket on the streets, I take it that this must be the first of the year, and to you, dear diary, I now propose to empty the secrets of a muchly troubled heart. No sooner was I inducted into office and got accustomed to sliding around in "Pinky's" old office chair than I was immediately beset with temptations which, dear diary, I must confess I had the hardihood to resent—this, I attribute to my unfailing and well known code of moral ethics. Of course, you must remember that we all have our temptations, and the survival of the fittest proposition fits as well in this particular office as anywhere else in the city hall. General Otis and Harry Chandler summoned me to the Presence this morning. The General was in a particularly happy frame of mind over the thought that Hearst was not mayor of New York at this very moment. The General prodigally offered me a copy of the Times for a month, delivered free at my residence with a piece of handsomely cut glassware thrown in if I would add, when extending the compliments of the day to my friends, "Ah, by the way, have you seen The Times midwinter Mush and Slush edition?" At the mention of the month's subscription without any financial return on my part, a cloud swept over Harry Chandler's brow and I quickly changed the subject to the matter of supplying a few of the city's detectives for the General's private use in case he wanted to keep track of any of his friends. That offer of a free subscription to The Times for a whole month was dangerously near a

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bribe, according to my way of looking at it, and goodness knows, I don't want to commence the year with anything that might give Fredericks a chance to camp on my trail.

January 2: Young society man who said his name was Billy Nevin came in and said he had been arrested so often for fast automobiling that it would be worth someone's while to give him a permit to cut loose whenever he wanted to—added that it cost him fifteen thousand dollars a month at the rate he was being pinched now and someone else might be able to get a little slice of money out of it if he were given the right sort of a permit. Young man looked suspicious; evidently was no society man, for he didn't wear a dress suit. I got cold feet as quickly as I could—that righteous indignation act of mine seems to be the real thing. Wonder if that young man actually was in earnest and if he could get hold of fifteen thousand dollars.

January 3: Fred Eaton is terribly jealous of me. Of this, I'm now more certain than ever. Simply dead sore on me because he imagines the people will say twenty-five years hence that Owen's River was named after the greatest mayor this city ever had. Fred ventured the opinion that he could do better work if the name of the creek were changed—said it would be worth a heap of coin to him. "See here, Fred, don't try any bribing on me," I told him. Then he shut up fast and hard as a clam. Doggone it! Fred never mentioned how much it would be worth to him. How can I tell how much I'm being bribed if they don't give me figures?

January 4: Doc Houghton just in. Doc makes me excessively weary. Complained because his name was not in the papers oftener than four times yesterday afternoon. Offered me a bum looking cigar if I would hint to the newspaper boys that he was the financial backer of the Gothenburg system. Doc Houghton or anyone else can't reach me with a phony colorado maduro, and the sooner they understand this the better for them.

January 5: Eddie Earl dropped in to see me today. Great fight Eddie's putting up on those race track fellers. Never liked that racing game much, anyway; never been around to see me with anything except a lot of passes—oh! ho! wonder if those passes were meant to bribe me in my famous honest administration of the affairs of the people! By hookey, if I thought they were, I'd send for Fredericks at once and have the photographer make some pictures of me spurning a bunch of race tickets a la Harry Andrews that'd look fine in the papers. No use talking, got to do something soon or people will think that Doc Houghton is really the mayor of the town (Lie down there, General, how dare you bark like that! Drat that dog, anyway; got a beastly temper.)

January 6: Not a sign of a bribe. Guess I'll have to take another of those No. 80,000 pills again. No use talking, they make you feel fine.

January 7: Well, well! dear diary, at last I've been up a really truly blown-in-the-glass bribe! Hank Lowenthal, who is Hearst's head hired man, came in to see me this morning and said William Randolph had a strong hankering for municipal ownership; said it was the real Scotch thing, that Glasgow was the finest city in the world, to which I heartily agreed, and

that Glasgow was enjoying the immense benefits of municipal ownership of public utilities. Lowenthal said it would be worth—whisper, dear diary, I'm afraid to confide even in thee, so fearful am I that "Pinky," or Fred or some of those other naughty, naughty boys will hear me—well, more than a month's subscription to The Times if I would come out flat-footed in favor of municipal ownership, a la Glasgow, in my annual message. Anyway, I'm sure to have a big picture of myself in The Examiner, together with a regular Pads and Panties notice of myself and my wonderful record as chief executive of this beautiful city. Guess I'll have to think this matter over. It won't do anyone any harm except the dear, good, old General and he won't do anything worse than throw a couple of fits. Well, my little diary, we'll see what we'll see. Just you wait and see what I have to say about municipal ownership. Here, right along I've been thinking this thing was some new-fangled invention of Hearst, while it's Scotch and been Scotch all the time. Curious some one hasn't put me wise before this!

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"The Earl of Distress"

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 13, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 2

Scene: Editorial rooms of The Evening Distress. Time: Any old time of the day. Take your choice.

Discovered: Eddie Earl, reformed poker devotee, wearing a second-hand nickel-plated halo; Managing Editor armed with a new stub pen and one of Eddie's Thou Shalt Not surcingles doing duty as a pair of gallusses. Numerous reporters—innocent reporters who do not look as if they would know a game of crap if they discovered it in the Police Headquarters or in The Distress cellar.

The Earl of Distress—Here, you, I hire you to sing Mergenthaler psalms for me, not to do any cussing; I'm able to do the swearing for this office, and God knows I have to do enough on account of it.

Managing Editor—My special representative who occupies a point of vantage in a tree top across the entrance to the track says he has indisputable evidence that the place is doing business as usual. He reports that over four thousand misguided wretches are seeking everlasting damnation and the enmity of The Distress by digging up a dollar each to see the horses run around the track this afternoon.

The Earl of Distress—Any new developments?

Managing Editor—Lots of first page copy with which to attack the scourge of our lovely city. A young man was attacked by a severe case of indigestion last night and was taken to the emergency hospital. Find that he had eaten one of the ham sandwiches they sell at Ascot

Park. Great opportunity to show that, not content with debauching the flower of our young manhood by betting, they now seek to ruin his health by selling him indigestible ham sandwiches. A man reports that a lady was knocked down by a street car near Watts while carrying a bundle wrapped up in an Examiner, with the racing form right under her eyes. Terrible evidence of the depravity of Los Angeles's women, when mothers and sisters become so badly inoculated with this dreaded Ascot virus that they must continually have it under their very eyes. I also have reporters at work to prove that the investigation of Chief Lips was instigated by the race track people, who aver that if the firemen would work faster at fires they would have more time to peruse what they call the "dope" sheets.

The Earl of Distress—That's immense; just the very thing we want. I'll have my rector mention the grand and noble work of The Distress during his discourse next morning. Funny, though, the circulation keeps on dropping; simply cannot understand it.

Managing Editor—We've got to expect that, sire. Very well do I remember eleven years ago when I conducted a campaign against——

The Earl of Distress—Yes, yes, I know all about that, but you want to keep the fact right before your optics that The Distress is not a philanthropic institution, and while I retain you as editor, I'm the real editor of this sheet, and even if I say it who shouldn't, I am a pretty good sort of an editor, too. How does the public in general regard my editorship?

Managing Editor—How do they regard it? Just wait a minute. Hey, ther, you reporters, who's the greatest editor since Charles A. Dana?

Chorus of Reporters—"Earl, Earl, Eddie Earl."

The Earl of Distress (giving a faithful impersonation of a pouter pigeon)—Thanks, my men, it gratifies me beyond expression to realize that you all recognize greatness even when it is found in our own select, devoted little band of reformers. You are preparing those essays of mine on "The Sin of Quarter Points at Bridge, and the Saintliness of Stock Speculation?" And don't forget to give the Espee hell. Say, what's this thing of some ragamuffins being arrested for playing craps in The Distress basement?

Managing Editor—A most disgraceful outrage and one that I shall look into as soon as we close Ascot Park. Merely some of our young men engaged in the harmless recreation of rolling diminutive cubes of ivory on which are imprinted different numbers of dots—and guessing the right numbers—a mere childish pastime—a Southern diversion, I assure you, and the arrest of the boys was a dastardly outrage on the fair name of The Distress, evidently perpetrated by some of the racing thugs. I have indisputable evidence right at hand that the alleged policemen were none others than disguised bookmakers seeking to muss the beautiful record of The Distress.

The Earl of Distress—Is there anything wrong in this game of craps?

Managing Editor—Not the slightest in the world, so long as you keep guessing the right numbers. What ho! What have we here? (Distress reporter rushes in hatless and minus his usual number of breaths to the minute. Reporter slams bundle of copy on Editor's desk, and falls in a faint on the floor.)

Managing Editor (hastily glancing over copy)—Ascot's Doom is sealed! Rev. Thomas Tuntum grants a special interview to my representative in which he says he has never attended the races, never patronized a bucket shop and never permits his wife to bet on the ponies. Tuntum says all such things are wrong and have not his sanction. If this doesn't close up the wretched Ascot, I want to know! Whoopee! Stop the real news on the linotypes, put this stuff on as MUST copy and to hell with everything and everyone but Eddie Earl and the Reverend Thomas Tuntum! Wow! Wow!

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Sam Clover's Play

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 13, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 2

During Mr. Richard Mansfield's late visit there was at least one play offered to his consideration—at his own request. The distinguished actor, who is wont to unbend after the performance, and at the head of his own table, is the most charming companion imaginable, was chatting of the ever present difficulty of securing dramas that are worth while. He spoke of the sheaf of manuscripts that come to him in almost every mail, and of their obvious hopelessness. I happened to mention to him that my friend, Mr. Sam T. Clover, the editor of the Evening News, had written a historical drama dealing with the life and misfortune of Katherine Howard, which, while not suited to Mr. Mansfield himself, was, I believed, of very real merit. Mr. Mansfield at once expressed his great interest, which was enhanced by the fact that he had known Mr. Clover intimately when the latter was editor of the Chicago Post. In a letter received from Mr. Mansfield last week he says: "I have read Mr. Clover's play, and found it most interesting—in fact, I did not put it down until I had finished it, about 3 a.m., but, alas, it is not for me . . . for, of course, Katharine Howard is 'it.' I wonder if Sara Bernhardt would not like it? It seems to me that it would be a splendid character for her, or nearer home, for Miss Marlowe." The only men of letters who make money nowadays are those who write successful novels or popular plays. I hope that some day, and in the near future, my friend S. T. C. will be reaping fat royalties from "Katharine Howard."

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The Hammer Thrower

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 27, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 4

Scene: Bristol Cafe. Time: Look at us, We've been to the Theater and now We're the Whole Show O'clock.

"Pretty, pretty creatures, see them walk down the marble steps as if in their early youth they did not have to climb down ladders when they went downstairs in their paternal mansions. But they are all right, a 'watch us grow' human sign of the times, so 'don't worry.'

"Yes, that's Willie Childs, the oldish looking man with three chins and a fourth sprouting. Yes, I know some people think he is the best dressed man in town, but I happen to know that he gets all his clothes from Harris & Frank. Bullock & Jones don't know him. Did you ever notice that Willie never takes off his coat? No matter how warm the day, he always hangs onto that garment. Says he thinks it is bad form for a man to be seen in his shirt sleeves under any condition. But it is really the label inside of the collar. He's afraid it will be seen. It requires great dexterity and presence of mind for a man who wears 'ready to wear' clothes from Harris & Frank's or Jacoby's to maintain a position in real society—the kind that you and I and Willie are in.

"Here comes Houghton! Hallo, doctor, I don't want to make you feel badly, and I never say anything disagreeable or carry bad news, but did you read the editorial in Wednesday's Examiner? Did you? Yes? Well, which are you really, a crank or a knave? Why certainly not. I had no such intention. Certainly I will apologize if you wish, really I had no idea you were so sensitive; but I would like to know. But Doctor, as a friend, I would advise you to consult your attorney, W. E. Dunn, and see if you can not secure damages.

"Niles Pease for Mayor? Why don't you say you want Felix Zeehandelaar and be frank about it?

"How de do, Bernard, you look bilious; what's the matter—has Billy Desmond got a new suit of clothes, or has the price of lilies of the valley gone up?

"Who is that rich, shining-looking man? Why, dear boy, that is Seeley, the Sunset telephone man. He is attired very quietly this evening, I don't believe he has over a million dollars worth of diamonds. Yes, that's a messenger boy he is sending out. Why don't he telephone? Why, you stupid, his business is always important, and he cannot take time to telephone.

"That man? That fellow who would be rather good-looking if his face did not look as if he had just swallowed a paper of tacks and a hammer? That's General Manager Wells of the Salt Lake railway. I never knew a man to be so warmly loved by his subordinates as he is. Why, I have actually known the clerks in the general offices spend much of their time inventing new pet names for him. What are they? Oh! You really must excuse me, for if I

repeated them I would be arrested. Yes, he's a good fellow, but he has hard work in keeping his good nature from overcoming his judgment. I'm that way myself.

"Yes, that fellow with Wells is Platt, the new Southern Pacific division superintendent. There's a man who is really patriotic and devoted to building up Los Angeles. He is bringing every railway man he ever knew in Salt Lake, down here to take positions under him. Yes, of course this displaces a lot of old time employes of the company, but such large immigration means prosperity for the city, though Salt Lake has to suffer.

"Yes, that's McAleer; but we won't talk about him. What's the use? This is not the age of miracles, and the dead stay dead. He's no Lazarus.

"How are you, Charlie Edson? Sit down with us. Waiter, bring Mr. Edson a seidel of malted milk, and a teething-ring sandwich. Yes, we'll be glad to have you sit down a while, Edson, if you don't try to read us any erotic poetry. Remember that the police commission draws the line somewhere.

"Do you see that pleasant-faced, benevolent looking man at that table in the corner, yes, the corn-er, for he's always unobtrusive, that's E. T. Earl, the reformer. Now, if you want to see a man with the courage of his convictions, watch him say grace, before he begins that rarebit, or it attacks him—he doesn't care which begins the scrap, for he's always thankful and corrective. No, sir! The story that he accepts rebates from the reporters on the Express is absolutely false. I know it on the testimony of the reporters themselves, for they have told me that if they paid any rebates there would be no salary. It won't divide.

"Well, fellows, having made you all feel comfortable, and aroused your kindly feelings toward every one, I've got to leave you. Harry Wyatt is going to give a party for John Blackwood and Ollie Morosco next week, and he has asked me to look after the supply of arms and ammunition."

THE KNOCKER.

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Terrence O'Toole Discusses Gothenburg

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 3, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 5

"A felley was in t' see me this mornin' t' get me t' sign th' Gootenberg ijea," said Michael Rafferty, an employé of the city street department, as he leaned against the brass railing in front of the bar in Terrence O'Toole's Gold Dollar Emporium.

"What was it y' said t' him?" asked O'Toole.

"Says I, what's th' Gootenberg ijea, is it somethin' good t' eat?"

"Naw," says he, "it's not a breakfast food; it's t' do with drinkin'."

"I'm with y'," I says, "come on now t' O'Toole's."

"Naw, nothin' doing," says he, "it's th' new scheme t' do away with th' curse iv whiskey."

"Th' hell y' say," says I.

Thin he tol' me "It's th' rich man's ijea t' do away with th' dhrunkards."

"On y'er way," says I "or I'll push ye'r face around t' ye'r collar button." Then he wint down th' street. "Was he in here?"

"He was" said O'Toole.

"Did y' sign?"

'Sign nawthin'; I handed him three slugs iv th' finest mountain dew that iver y' tasted an' listened t' his talk. Poor felley, he's a wife an' four starvin' an' sick childer t' home, an' it was up t' him t' go out an' get names fr th' petition fr th' Gootenberg la-ads or else go t' worruk, an' he prefer-r-ed th' easy money. He tol' me all about th' Gootenberg ijea and, Rafferty, it's th' fines' thing y' ivver listened t'. Ye see it's this way: They's a hull lot of millionaire bankers what's got ashamed iv their jobs since Jawn Rockefeller and Henny Rawgers give th' dinky dink t' Tawmy Lawson an' afther readin' th' way th' frinzied fininc'rs throw th' hooks into th' la-aborin' people they're ontuh th' fact that they're in th' same class with th' gum shoe min an' th' second sthory worrurkers an' they're hustlin' t' beat th' band t' get intuh somethin' elevatin' an' decent that'll let th'er childer an' wives intuh good soci'ty agin. They've thried bein' bill posthers an' whin they got their nice little han's sthuck oop with th' paste they side-stepped th' game an' gold bricked two young felleys fr'm 'Frisco with th' hull bill posthin' plant an' now they want t' thry their han's at bein' ba-ar tinders. Billy Mead, th' intimit an' confidential frind o' th' har-rd worrurkin' man says t' Billy Garland, "Billy, th' graft's not in runnin' banks fr th' safeguar'din' o' th' people's money or doin' bill posthin' but in th' booze game, fr God knows that annywan with th' coin can shtart a bank an' anyway, they's not s'much money in th' bankin' business as they was before Shy Hellman got intuh th' game so sthrong. I'll tell what let's us do; we'll get some iv th' real boys togeth'r an' cop out all th' saloons."

"C'n y' do it?" asked Misther Gar-rland.

"It's a pipe" said Billy. "They's a ijea called th' Gootenberg System—not Tawm Lawson's System, y' know,—that th' Dootch dischovered iver s' manny years ago an' it's th' limit. Th' city runs all th' saloons an' get a rake off afther th' promoters get their share. Th' beautiful par-rt iv the scheme, y' see, is that th' city doesn't sit intuh th' game until th' aces and pitchure car-rds is all dealt t' th' promoters, who ar-re oursilves, an' afther th' expinsis is all deducted. I'v a date fr dinner t'night with th' Ginerall an' Jawn Haynes an' we'll go over th' deta-ails thin. Y' hustle around an' see Abbot Kinney, Char-rley Silent, Jarge Ar-nott an' anny iv th' other real live wires y' c'n think iv in th' promotin' line an' we'll soon commence t'

do things t' th' min that deal in th' cursed traffic in booze that's ruinin' th' flower iv our young manhood."

"An' did th' Ginerall sthand f'r th' game?" asked Rafferty.

"Hold now," replied O'Toole. "Sthand f'r it; th' Ginerall liked th' scheme so much that he forgot t' knock Doc Houghton f'r three days an' passed up Ar-rthur Hay an' Jamesey Lynch in 'silent contimpt' as Milligin would put it. Th' gang got togeth'r in th' back room iv Billy Mead's bank wan afthernoon whin th' kings and princis iv finance was through relievin' th' widdies an' th' har-rd worrurkin' la-ads iv th'r exthra cash. Billy immejitly thried t' sthart a rough house by introjoocin' a motion t' th' effect that all bar tindars be an' ar-re hereby abolished an' bar maids be put in place iv th' union boys with th' blue button in th' lift lappel iv th'er white coats. 'It's th' real thing in London,' Billy tol' thim, but whin it was suggisted that if th' motion was passed it would incur th' ha-atred iv Th' Wimmins Christian Timprince Association, Th' La-adies Auxiliary t' th' Bar Tindars Coterie, Th' Young Min's League for the Redimption iv Thradin' Sthamps, Th' Civic Society F'r th' Suppression Iv Rag Chewers, Th' Newsboys Alliance F'r th' Aid Iv Poor Newspa-aper Owners, Th' Voters League F'r th' Support Iv the Mayor's Policy, Th' Amalgamated Union F'r Th' Abolition Iv Th' Fire Chief an' th' manny other societies which th' city's got t' support t' keep peace in th' ranks iv th' la-adies clubs, Billy immejitly dischovered his gr-reat an' turrible misthake an' wint over t' th' windy an' commenced t' keep tabs on th' soaks goin' intuh Hooligan's Palace iv That's Enough Whiskey and Dootch Gin.

Th'er was a ginerall dischussion about th' number iv saloons th' Gootenberg la-ads would run. Billy Gar-rland an' Char-rlie Silent was in favor iv increasin' th' number t' two hundred an' eighty. They said they had some frinds in th' rintin' business an' they wanted t' take care iv th' inthrests iv the'er frinds."

"Sit down, ye'r out iv ordher" yelled th' prisident iv th' meetin', Jarge Ar-nott. "Let's get down t' th' business before th' meetin'."

"What's th' business?" asked Billy Mead, "I've been so busy countin' th' money that's gettin' away from us across th' sthreet that I've lost track iv th' doin's iv th' meetin'. What's th' business?"

"Th' business iv th' meetin'," th' prisident said, "is t' take th' business iv ivery whiskey and rum seller in th' city away fr'm him an' run th' game oursilves."

"Hurroo," shouted Kinney, "now th' down throddin' saloon keeper c'n come down Vinnis an' invist his ill gotten ga-ains. Hurroo f'r th' saloon keeper with th' coin!"

"Shut up" a felley yelled at me frind Abbot an' f'r a miunit ivverything was in fine shape f'r th' stharrtin' iv a lower county wake.

"Th' business iv th' meetin' is t' make th' number iv th' saloons in th' city sivinty insthead iv two hundhred" said th' prisident.

"God pity th' poor gir-rurls iv th' Salvation a-army an' Th' Volunteers," cried Char-rlie Stimson whin he hear-rd th' motion. Char-rlie always has a kind worrurd fr th' lassies iv th' life savin' corps. "They have har-rd enough times iv it now," he said, "without cuttin' down th' number iv saloons on the'er routes. I've a presintmint that some iv th' poor gir-rurls'll be off th'er jobs th' moment th' saloons is cut down. Poor little gir-rurls, y'er my sympathy in th' sad affliction that's come on yer through th' divvilish curse iv th' brewers' league.

"Cheer up, Char-rlie, th' worst's yet t' come," said Abbot Kinney. "I'll hire th' hull lot iv thim down t' th' good an' throe schooner Gabrielle as pretty waitthresses. Now don't y' feel better?"

"Abbot, I nivver thought it iv y'. Y'er the throe frind iv th' oprist an' downthroddin' workin' gir-rurl," answered Misther Stimson.

"Will y' come t' order?" shouted Prisidint Arnott. "Is it th' sinse iv this rprisinitive body of pathrites that we dhrive th' Irish an' th' Dootch fr'm th' vicious an' degradin' saloons an' elevate th' booze business t' th' tinth sthory by tindin' ba-ar oursilves an' playin' Home Sweet Home an' Ivery Little Bit Helps on th' cash rejister? Is it th' sinse iv th' meetin' that we do this?"

"It is th' sinse," shouted th' gallant an' silf sacrificin' heroes iv th' "Society fr Gittin' th' Coin, No Matther How Y' Get It."

"What's th' nex thing t' be done?" asked Abbot Kinney.

"Tilliphone t' th' Ginerall" said th' Prisidint, "So's he c'n publish a list iv th' society's offishal bar-ar tindens in th' paper in th' mornin'. Th' poor ol' man'll be glad t' learn that th' saloon evil is t' be pursued an' chased fr'm th' face iv our beautiful city by th' boys that have a club iv th'er own t' go t' whinivver they want a pussey caffey an' don't have t' pay thribute t' a coarse Irishman or a Dootchman whinivver they want t' buy a glass iv beer an' bite intuh th' cheese on th' free lunch counter. I sa-ay God pity th' families iv th' prisint saloon keepers fr th' life iv shame an' degrad-ation they've had t' lead. They c'n now git down on th'er knees ivvery night an' thank us fr makin' it possible fr th'er childer t' throw out th'er chists an' p'int with pride to' th' fact that th'er fa-athers used t' be saloon keepers. We're goin' t' be th' greatest binnyfacthors iv th' human ra-ace since Doc Houghton sthopped makin' speeches in th' council. Let's us all go t' th' club an' have a dhrink."

"Well," said Rafferty, "c'n they put th' thing through so's th' city'll get anny iv th' rake off?"

"They can, if th' Irish an' th' Dootch votes fr it, an' th' city keeps th' combination t' th' cash rejisters," answered Mr. O'Toole.

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Rule of Three

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 17, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 7

Unmusical Comedy in One Act. A satirical verse playlet, signed "Norman," burlesquing the deadlock over appointing the Los Angeles Board of Public Works. Dramatis Personae: The Mayor (Owen McAleer); Agricola Cacti (Dr. Houghton); Mars, God of War (Gen. Otis); Spirit of Sport (C. E. Van Loan); "X" (E. T. Perkins); The Council (Themselves). Chorus of newspaper men, library trustees, interested citizens and angry contractors. Scene: A roomy apartment in the city hall.

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The Journalist in Fiction

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 24, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 8

Current fiction reflects the estimate that a nation places upon its leaders in thought and action, and fiction today is beginning to recognize the splendid material in the person of the many-sided journalist. For some time past both American and British writers have produced interesting short stories in which the newspaper-man figures prominently, and occasionally this new type of hero has been selected as the central figure for novels, as in Comfort's "The Fortress."

But newspaper hustle is the side of a journalist's life usually selected for exploitation by fiction-writers in general. Now comes Jennette Lee with an effective reverse picture in her novelette "One Way of Love," which appears in February Lippincott's. Here is a portrayal of that phase of the newspaper man's character—the tender human part—which only his dear ones know when he is off duty. The picture is drawn with a sure hand and does honor to a class of men who possess in a markedly typical sense the sincerest qualities of American manhood.

The recognition of this intimate side of the newspaper man's character harmonizes with the well known fact that a large number of our successful American authors received their training in the journalistic school—from which many have not been content to graduate, but have gone back to its fascinations again and again, until, bowed by years, as famous authors they have actually died in the editorial harness.

Mrs. Lee has added a psychological element to her tale "One Way of Love" which greatly accents the artistic form, and which will be greatly appreciated by all who know or are in sympathy with the life of the journalist whose search for news leads through strange byways. When "the man" in the novel meets with a disappointment at the outset of his career, the scales, weighted by his grief, dip so far that it seems as if he must go under. But an older

man's experience and advice save him. As the title indicates, "One Way of Love" is at last found to assure his soul's peace.

The lucid directness of Mrs. Lee's story fits well its sincere characterization of New England people whose inheritance is that of brains, not money. The author—the wife of Gerald Stanley Lee—is herself a New England woman and a Smith College girl. After receiving her diploma she taught at both Smith and Vassar, and is now living at Northampton, Mass., where she absorbs the atmosphere which breathes through her lives of New England characters. The real action of the story, however, is placed in Chicago, where the hero adopts newspaper work and finds the woman who becomes his inspiration.

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A Dramatic Dialogue: Babie and the Booby -- A Picture in Two Panels (Adapted from Frank Richardson in "The Tatler")

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 3, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 9

SCENE: Levy's at supper time. At one of Al's best tables is seated Babie Beano, the eminent non-actress. She is much sought after in musical places because she can say "Hurrah" in the first act and "Hurray" in the second with such verve and vivacity that it is very hard to tell which is which. She it was who introduced the practice of dyeing hair which had originally been dyed golden a luxurious blue-black. For three months she found great favor in the sight of Mr. Otto Sheeniman, who signified his approval in the usual way. All her diamonds are real and she always wears them all; it is one of her unfailing rules of life. There are few chorus girls who do not envy Babie. It is rumored that when she can spare money from repairing her various automobiles she will take a fifty dollar course of lessons in elocution. Her host is "Archie" Muggins, a man with the maximum of clothes and the minimum of intellect. It is his proud privilege to address choristers as equals. He can call them Gertie and Nellie and Babs and Trotters. And he does. And he seems to enjoy doing it. They are allowed to call him Archie; in fact, he compels them to, and they charge him commission which he enjoys paying. In three years time he will be either insolvent or in Nevada (Goldfield.) They love one another so much that they find conversation unnecessary. Ward McFadden behaves as though it were a proud privilege to wait upon them.

Archie (who oddly enough does not wear an eyeglass): I say, dear heart, "Popple" is simply ripping. I thoroughly enjoyed the piece.

Babie (wearily): Yes, I've heard it's pretty good. But it's not so good as our show.

Archie (loyally): Of course not, dear. Your show is the show of shows. And you can say I said it--to any of the girls.

Babie (haughtily): There aren't any girls at our theater now that I care to speak to--a common lot of girls I call 'em.

Archie: Flossy is rather pretty, I think.

Babie (with tip-tilted nose): I'm surprised to hear you say that! Very common, I call her.

Archie (retreating from the subject): I was talking to a friend of mine, a very clever fellow he is too. A great polo player. But he won't play at Riverside any more as he says he doesn't want to spend the rest of his life as a witness in the Divorce Court. My pal--I must ask him to ask us to come and stay at his place some day--said he couldn't make out from the play whether Popple comes from Ocean Park or Long Beach. Now, a clever chap the author ought to make that clear.

Babie: I don't see why he should worry about it. Besides, I don't think it's very important.

Archie (firmly): I think it's very important indeed. On the program I should like to see a map of Venice. I should like to see on the program the actual house where Mr. Popple lives. I tell you what, I'm awfully fond of Popple but I wish the author----

Babie (airily): The author didn't write the piece, you cuckoo. Van Loan wrote the piece.

Archie (with a ray of intelligence): Now I understand. I knew there was something wrong. I saw at once that what that piece wanted was "additional lyrics" by Van Loan. And, of course, if he wrote it himself he can't write "additional lyrics." I suppose in theatrical circles that would be considered bad taste?

Babie (with great superiority): Don't come to me to find out what is bad taste in theatrical circles. By the by, who's that common-looking woman who is staring at you over there?

Archie (turning round): Great Scott! that's my mother. (During the rest of supper conversation is not so bright as it was.)

SCENE: Babie's boudoir in her flat. Babie with a tousled head is lying on an Empire sofa. The room is furnished chiefly with vulgarity, golden Cupids hanging from the ceiling and an alcove. A bell boy announces Lady Horton.

Mrs. Muggins (an undistinguished and adipose woman, somewhat nervously to Babie Beano): You really must excuse me for troubling you.

Babie (with ultra refinement): Oh not at all. Pray be seated.

Mrs. Muggins: I will only keep you a minute or two.

Babie (throwing herself back on the sofa): You don't mind if I lie down, do you? I always rest for an hour or two before going to the theater. It does take such a lot out of you.

Mrs. Muggins (kindly): I suppose it does. (After some hesitation) I have come to see you--to speak to you about Archie.

Babie (with a puzzled frown): Archie? Oh yes, Archie Muggins. Quite a naice boy. I always have liked Archie.

Mrs. Muggins (a little icily): We are at one on that point (wearily assuming an anxious smile). I want to ask you a great favour. You know Archibald is my only son. I'm a widow. And Archibald's future (with tears in her eyes) is the only thing I live for.

Babie (with a note of patronage in her voice): That's a very natural feeling--in a mother. Besides, Archie is a really naice boy. Mind you, Mrs. Muggins, I know all the naicest boys both at the Bisbee and the Fanzinetto.

Mrs. Muggins (not quite understanding): The Fanzinetti?

Babie (condescending just a little): It's a club--a very swift club. All the swiftest boys belong to it and a few of the best majors, the sort of really select majors who could sit down to a game of cards with --well, with anybody.

Mrs. Muggins (making conversation and making it uncomfortably): The club is--eh--strong in military men?

Babie (impressively): I have sat down to supper with as many as three colonels.

Mrs. Muggins (unimpressed): Indeed.

Babie (putting in good work): And mind you, Mrs. Muggins, they were members, not star guests.

Mrs. Muggins (doing her best): I see.

Babie (firmly): I give you my word, it's a swift club. All the best people there are friends of Archie's. And all the best people are really what you and I would call naice.

Mrs. Muggins (in agony): I should love to call all Archie's friends nice.

Babie (confidently and loyally): Well, you needn't make any bones about doing it.

Mrs. Muggins (with tense nerves): His friends are--his friends. Unhappily they are not mine. But I trust that his wife will be--well, the sort of girl that I should like to be his wife. I know, or rather I gather, that you've been very kind to him, and he's devoted to you. Still, I'm sure you understand.

Babie (rising frigidly): I understand.

Mrs. Muggins: And you see, if he were to marry an actress, even a great actress, it would interfere very much with his future.

Babie (with tight lips): Archie is rich, isn't he?

Mrs. Muggins: Not very. And that's one of the reasons----

Babie (with extreme hauteur): We don't marry beneath millionaires. Whatever could have put such an idea into your head?

Mrs. Muggins (with tears of gratitude in her eyes): Oh thank you; thank you so, so much.

Babie (airily): Don't mention it. Come and see me again some time. Always pleased to see you for a chat.

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An Epic of the Prize Ring

by **HARRY STUART**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 3, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 9

"Wirra Wirra, shipmates!" piped the sedate prize ring patriarch, in response to an earnest invitation by the party of prominent horsemen that were stabled a night or two ago in the luxurious settees that embellish the "Cafe d'Art" of the sumptuous Alexandria. "And here we are," soliloquized the snowy-topped sportsman, who first saw daylight in His Majesty's domains, "in the same plight as my long-humbled fistic champion famished Britannia. Yes, mates, 'tis in sorrow I admit that I was down to the counterfeit soiree of Messrs. Marvin Hart and Tommy Burns. And with Jeff on the retired list, they're your best, eh? Well, I must say that your heavy division is all to the cucumber, very green, and very, very raw. Why, old man, Fitzsimmons, a few years ago could lick them both in the same ring, and that without turning a hair. Ah! lads, there was one grand fighter, and to think that his light is now completely snuffed, and all for the arched dimpled switch of the frilly frou soubrette."

"Do you know," continued the sage of tilts arenic, "I have always thought that the blond gent from Cornwall and 'Nonpareil Dempsey' are entitled to the same liberal meed of praise for their classy essays with the gloves that Tom Sayers was accorded by all the knuckle knights some fifty years ago. Yes, to my mind, Fitz's heroic wrest of the championship up Carson way and later savage mix with our giant townsman 'Jeff,' unquestionably stamp him, notwithstanding his late defeat, the peer of all of modern times, while the masterful Dempsey's triumphs in the light, welter and middle divisions--till the fluke win of Pivot La Blanche got in its final work--easily entitle him to the most prominent niche on fame's pedestal."

"Your pardon, but what a great setting it would have been for the championship melees, if Fitz had always upheld his British birth and glorified the Mother land when jolting out a victory? My, my, what added interest would have surged around the frays had they been staged with the international interest all thrown in?"

"This brings up in all its naked vividness the famous April day, away back in 1860, when John C. Heenan of New York--better known as the 'Benicia Boy'--crossed the pond, and with Tom Sayers for a foeman electrified the world by his stubborn--brutal, if you will--bare-hand tourney."

"Yes!" to a query from Jack Adkins, "I was over at home then and took it in, and what a grand display, outside of the wrangling termination! It was pulled off in the open, on the grass of a meadow filled with buttercups and daisies, down at Farnborough, Kent, one of the beauty spots of England. King Edward, then a roystering blade, with the old Marquis of Queensberry, the Duke of Somerset, and other scions of royalty and notable, "incog."--of course--made wagers at the ringside. We hear quite a lot of twaddle nowadays of the lads in the 'game' and their relative superiority, but I have not seen any that have had it on either 'Tom' or 'John'. Why it's positively amusing to watch the present century's 'cull' wind a yard or two of tape around their tender hands ere they don a boxing glove to fashion out a victory. The knuckles in massage of brine that went with the combats of 'ye olden time now seem a lost art that is worthy of an awakening. But to return to your American champion and the plucky Sayers. Comrades, there was never a more spirited contest waged. Heenan, as perhaps you have heard, stood 6 feet 2 inches and stripped a perfect Adonis around the 210 figure, while Sayers only tipped the beam within the middle limit. His stunted height of 5 feet 8 inches and short reach of course proved a tremendous handicap. But what Tom lacked in physique was more than offset by his skill and great knowledge of the game, his Spartan lion-hearted grit, and doughty stamina. The grim determination of both to be first to wrest the world's championship, coupled with the stakes that totaled some \$2,000--modest enough purse today but it loomed large for 'the quality' then--resulted in an exhibition that thrilled all manhood. Thirty-seven rounds were reeled off, consuming two hours and twenty minutes, and candor compels me to admit that the gallant Sayers was virtually whipped, the referee leaving the ring fearful of his life in the hostile demonstration. And then--six more rounds were battered through, when some cool heads, not wishing to see a brave man killed, cut the ropes in a dozen places to save poor Tom from sure defeat, although the act left quite a lurid stain on British chivalry."

"Well, Pop, you'll allow," reflected the genial Henry Berry, "that we manage our fistic duels on quite a higher plane. Now for instance, take the late *tete-a-tete* for the lightweight championship that has been so much discussed. You're on? I refer to the great debate that is being fought all over again between the dark-skinned Joseph Gans and San Francisco's pride, the redoubtable Jimmy Britt--eh, what? Great heavens, help, catch him fellows! Hey, there! waiter, water, ice and water!"

Harry Stuart. An otherwise unidentified contributor to The Graphic.

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Deborah's Diary (literary passages)

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 3, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 9

Whew! The whirl is over, and we all thank the Church for the rest of the next forty days and nights. Few of us will go to the wilderness, but I, at least, have an old kimono and a pair of sandals, and after consulting with Uncle Josephus, I have marked out my Lenten regime. You know, dear diary, that my religious beliefs are somewhat vague. If I could only surrender the very finite intelligence that God and my ancestors have given me, gladly would I rest on Faith and Hope, and you know that, for consolation to which church I would turn, but, in the meantime, it seems to my agnostic little noddle that creed has little to do with true religion. I have resolved, this Lent, to forget Voltaire and this "best of all possible worlds" as much as possible, and live in my garden with my flowers and my books beside me. My violet bed is very beautiful this Spring, and every morning before breakfast there will be at least one nosegay for some sick friend. Then after my breakfast I shall resume the study of the "Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach," popularly known--but not very popularly at that--as Ecclesiasticus. Other books that I have selected for re-reading are that splendid gospel of optimism, Maeterlinck's "Wisdom and Destiny," Lecky's "History of Morals," Oscar Wilde's essays "Intentions," and as the sternest literary discipline I know, Carlyle's "French Revolution." For lighter diet I will have by me Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," Renan's "Vie de Jesu," and Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth." I had almost forgotten to write that I will try to memorize once more those Psalms of David which Uncle Josephus used to make me repeat morning by morning.

Among the many delightful visitors with us just now are the Tullys', Richard Walton, to whom we look as our coming,--if, indeed, he has not arrived,--California playwright, and his no less accomplished wife, known to the literary world as Eleanor Gates. Two of Mr. Tully's plays, a farce at the Belasco and a California drama at the Burbank, have been enormously successful here, and I hope I may be in New York next September when the latter, "Juanita," is to be produced by one of the most famous managers in the country. The Tullys provide a notable example of the pluck and enterprise of young California. After they had both graduated from the University of California some six years ago, they determined to combine their very slender means and to storm New York with their energies and enthusiasm. It was an intrepid undertaking, but success has crowned their efforts. Mr. Tully's income from the royalties on his plays is already large, and Mrs. Tully's revenue from her most successful book, "The Biography of a Prairie Girl," and her many excellent magazine articles, long ago put to perpetual rout the fearful wolf. She is very sanguine of her latest book, "The Ploughwoman." I fear that Mrs. Tully has not been in the best of health of late, and I understand that she has been recommended to retire for a while back to her prairie, where fresh air and pure food, both so hard to obtain in New York, are to be had in glorious plenty.

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Woes of a Press Agent

by **RANDOLPH BARTLETT**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 17, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 11

Some day as you are going along the street you may notice snooping quietly along the very edge of the sidewalk a young man, evidently fairly prosperous, but manifestly dejected and forsaken. He will be edging his way gingerly along the curb, dodging even the pariah dogs and the peanut vendors, trying to occupy as little space as does the mental machinery of a leading man, and attract as little attention as the first violin in a brass band.

And then perhaps by some conglomeration of circumstances two brisk, natty young men will approach, cast a sidelong glance at the timorous one, heave a deep sigh of pity like a Long Beach car blowing its air brakes, and pass by on the other side, saying: "We know him not; he is not one of us."

Or maybe, if in their breasts there still exists, notwithstanding their exalted positions, some little spark of kindly sympathy, one may whisper to the other: "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well, Horatio."

Then you will know that Otheman Stevens, or Frederic (nix the k) Pabst, or some of the others of "the bunch" have taken cognizance of Randolph Bartlett -- how he has fallen; for once he was almost a newspaper man, and might have risen to their proud estate, but now he is Press Agent for the Orpheum.

Alas and alack!

If you are sufficiently interested in the fate of this erring human being (or rather this Press Agent, who once had in him the embryonic possibilities of a human being), to follow him for a few moments, you will find that he will finally arrive, after much hesitation and many turnings back, at the desk of the City Editor of the Examiner. But not too near the throne, lest his boldness be rebuked, and the head office boy deputize one of his underlings to eject the forward wretch.

After many hours the City Editor will notice very casually that the Press Agent is near. He will then lift his left eyebrow one-seventeenth of an inch, thereby summoning the third assistant office boy, and will say: "Who is this fellow who lingers within my domain?"

And the third assistant office boy will go and inquire of the janitor, and the janitor will ask the policeman on the beat, and the policeman on the beat will telephone to headquarters, and finally the information will be transmitted to the City Editor by the reverse order of officials that this is Randolph Bartlett, Press Agent of the Orpheum, and while there is no definite charge lodged against him, he would better be watched and guarded closely.

Then will the City Editor take his life in one hand and a .44 revolver in the other and say unto the Press Agent, in thunder tones, "Approach and be searched."

Then, after three reporters have gone through his clothing to see that he does not carry any theater passes or other deadly weapons, the Press Agent will kneel on the first step of the dais, kiss the second, and prostrate himself, face to the floor, beside the Great Throne itself.

When the City Editor steps on his left ear three times (the Press Agent's ear, not his own), it will be a sign to rise. He will do so slowly, and with eyes downcast. Not yet has he dared to look directly at the City Editor for fear of dreadful punishment, and swift.

At length after much ceremony the Press Agent is allowed to speak, if indeed his tongue has not by this long period of silence lost its power. Deprecatingly and in trembling tones he outlines the cause of his visit.

"Mr. Clarence Drown told me to tell you," he commences, for he dare not take the responsibility himself, "that Tootsie Dimples, a dancer who is at the Orpheum, has just busted the head of the property man because he told the electrician that one of her dimples was bored in with a gimlet, and Mr. Drown wants to know, please, if you want a story about it, sir."

"H-m-m-m-m-m-m, er-r-r-r-r? Gotapicture?"

The Press Agent swiftly reaches into the bosom of his coat and produces a photograph of Tootsie.

"Grmph, umptehf, fichvzl! She ain't much to look at."

This does not seem to call for any comment on the part of the Press Agent.

"Can'tuseit," says the City Editor, finally, and the Press Agent turns away with a sinking heart.

He dares not go back and face the manager to admit that the story has been turned down; he dares not turn homeward and look his large and confiding family in the face with this sorrow gripping at his vitals; so he seeks relief as he has sought it too often, imbibing recklessly of orange phosphate and ginger ale until he doesn't give a hang what happens to him.

Such is the life of the Press Agent.

Perhaps your picture was different; mine was before I became one. I pictured a Press Agent as a lordly being, with the newspaper world at his feet, an individual with infinite patronage and inexhaustible supplies of cigars, one who spoke with authority and not as other scribes.

I became Press Agent of the Orpheum first in a spirit of revenge, and that is probably why I have been so severely punished. But I had for so long been subject to the caprices of City

Editors that I wanted to be in a position to go to them condescendingly, and, leaning lightly and carelessly on the desks, which had hitherto typified all the world contained of authority, say, "Here, fellow, is a story. It is not a very good story, but it will advertise the Orpheum, so put it in the paper, and some day I will give you a pass to a matinee."

And I, in my simple innocence, fancied that even as I said, so would it be done. But so it was not. I only tried that method once, and the result discouraged any further experiments.

It is not so very strange that you and I should have entertained this picture of a Press Agent, for, after all, so many wonderful things are credited to this individual that it would almost seem that he must have great power and influence to accomplish them. And at the same time they will tell you that you can never believe what a Press Agent says.

Now, "Truth is mighty and must prevail," and if a Press Agent can always lie and yet accomplish the things he does in the way of manufacturing theatrical stars and advertising his employers' business, he must have found a secret more eternal than eternity. It looks logical, but there must be a leak somewhere in the argument.

The leak must be in the statement that the Press Agent never tells the truth. I guess I ought to know, for this picture I have tried to draw of a real Press Agent is the first untrue thing I have written since I became a Press Agent.

Randolph Bartlett. An otherwise unidentified contributor to The Graphic.

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The Blonde and the Brunette

by **MERCUTIO**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 17, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 11

After much careful and diversified study along certain lines for half a century I am constrained to believe and affirm that as between the perfect American blonde and the perfect American brunette the former is much more beautiful and attractive, although a statuesque brunette of perfection of form and feature is accounted by man as one of the most showy and magnificent of all living things. Up to a quarter of a century ago the proportion of blondes and other "light" people to brunettes and other "dark" people throughout the United States, except in Maryland, Florida, Louisiana, Texas and California, were as five to three. This could be partly accounted for from the fact that the early amalgamation of foreign blood with our English-American was of light Irish and light German stock, which has lately been lessened by the introduction of much more dark than light immigration, conspicuously from Italy, Austria, Turkey, Arabia, Egypt, France, Mexico, Greece and Spain, and the greater willingness of these latter than the former to "multiply and replenish the earth". So that, in

another quarter of a century, the "darks" will have caught up and passed the "lights," and especially as five-sixths of our Jews are dark; and, as is well known, are generous breeders.

One reason why the average blonde is finer looking than the average brunette is because she has whiter skin, whiter teeth and whiter hands than the brunette, which put her far in advance of her darker sister in real prettiness and real or seeming cleanness. On the other hand, the eyes and lashes of the brunette are more attractive than those of the blonde, but not the eyebrows, which are generally too heavy or too bushy, and too irregularly near each other. The teeth of the brunette are longer and thus homelier than those of the blonde, and her ears and feet and hands are larger. The lips, cheeks and nails are redder and more attractive in the blonde than in the brunette; while as regards hair and neck and shoulder blades neither has the better of the other. Nearly the same may be said of forehead and space between the eyes, except that the brunette is slightly in second place. The coming of the unspeakable mustache to the lip of the brunette seldom intrudes upon that of the blonde, while the embonpoint that frequently overtakes both is lesser and less vexatious with the latter than with the former. In fine, the commanding blonde is serener, of better temper and of sweeter expression than the commanding brunette, although she worries much more over little things than the latter.

The sweetly-faced woman -- at the opera, say, or on any swell occasion -- with pretty eyes and eyebrows; cherry lips and rosy cheeks; peach-and-cream complexion and immaculate teeth; medium little ears, with tint of sea-shell; and with a moderately long white neck without mole or other blemish, and of commanding stature, and she is full blonde, or nearly so, and the incarnation of perfect female beauty; -- and in the majority. If she have magnificent hair, brilliant eyes, sweeping lashes, handsome bust, glorious shoulder-blades, and superb haughtiness of manner, she is a brunette; and with so fetching a way as to bewilder you momentarily regarding your first choice of the sweetly-faced one with the pretty eyes, the lovely lips, the rosy cheeks and perfect complexion, and other attributes of supreme loveliness and charm. And between! The mezzo; the "brown"; an human arabesque; with golden hair of silken softness and luxuriance; great brown orbs and sweeping lashes and incomparable brows that were never vexed by pencil or dye to match; dimpled cheeks of a rich russet tone, and cherry lips that curve like a Cupid's bow. The beauty of Hebe, the goddess of youth, could not have been more extraordinary.

The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" declared that the eye of the true blonde is clearer and more brilliant than that of the brunette -- thus: "There are two kinds of poets, just as there are two kinds of blondes. Why, there are blondes who are such simply by deficiency of coloring matter, -- negative or washed blondes, arrested by Nature on the way to become albinos. There are others that are shot through with golden light, with tawny or fulvous tinges in various degree, -- positive or stained blondes, dipped in yellow sunbeams, and as unlike in their mode of being to the others as an orange is unlike a snowball. The albino-style carries with it a wide pupil and a sensitive retina. The other, or the leonine blonde, has an

opaline fire in her clear eye, which the brunette can hardly match with her quick, glittering glances."

So far as can be guessed the average proportions of the statuesque brunette is not quite equal to those of her imposing sister. The height of a perfect brunette is exactly equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers of either hand, when the arms are fully extended; ten times the length of her hand, or seven and one-half times the length of her foot, or five times the diameter of the chest, from one armpit to the other, should correspond with the height of the whole body; the distance from the junction of the thighs to the ground should be exactly the same as from that point to the crown of the head, and the knee should be exactly midway between the first-named point and the ground at the heel; the distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle line of the breast; from the top of the head to the level of the chin should be the same as from the level of the chin to that of the armpits, and from the heel to the toe. It is a noteworthy fact that the hand and foot of the brunette is larger than those of the blonde -- that the one requires larger gloves, much larger shoes, and somewhat more capacious hosiery than the other. It is also noteworthy that the blonde requires larger shoes and gloves than she did thirty years ago.

I have said that the blonde worries more than the brunette -- I should have said that she worries more grievously; for so far as asylum statistics go the totals in sixty-eight asylums in Canada and the United States show that the percentage of those regarded as hopelessly insane are 81 blondes to 53 of brunettes. But the figures from these sixty-eight asylums also show that out of 16,512 patients 703 have light hair and only 66 red or auburn locks -- in other words, 96 per cent. of the female inmates are brunettes, with black or brown hair, the latter in varying shades, while only 2 per cent. have blue eyes. The penitentiaries of the United States show that brunettes and others with dark hair or dark eyes, or both, rate 78 per cent., not including negroes. To some extent this is accounted for by the great number of dark foreigners imprisoned -- especially in New York, Illinois, Missouri, Louisiana and California -- for all kinds of atrocious crimes. The brunette drinks to excess much more than the blonde, as drunken women before police judges average about seven of the former to three of the latter.

While husbands, as a general thing, are more brutal than wives, and much more promiscuous in their disregard for the eighth commandment, more small internecine disturbances have resulted from what is termed "nagging", by men's so-called better halves, than by all the other engenderments of serious conjugal infelicities. And this is where the brunette can give the blonde many points and win out always in this married woman's only exclusive game. The blonde is a more constant nagger of children, perhaps, than the brunette; but when it comes to the "old man" the latter absorbs nearly all the gateau in the boulangerie. This is where raven hair, flashing black eyes, high temper and nervous-muscular temperament can administer to the one with flaxen-hair, blue eyes, sweet-

disposition and sanguine-lymphatic temperament, a solar plexus appulse that agitates the eponge.

And while men, especially of the Latin race, are more cowardly amid impending dangers at sea and howl louder over extreme bodily pains than women, so the brunette may be placed in the same category alongside the blonde.

Pursuing this subject farther, the brunette is more rapid at love-making than the blonde and less sympathetic and tender; she also displays more celerity in marrying, and also of unmarrying -- for she is more frequently the heroine in a divorce court; but she is more responsive to the tocsin of love than her more ethereal sister, and less inclined to "race suicide". The brunette is quicker-tempered and more quarrelsome than the blonde, more jealous of her husband, more hateful and more vindictive, with or without cause; the blonde, in contradistinction, sometimes ekes out a miserable life rather than confess or even rebuke publicly the husband whose brutalities should have sent him to the whipping post or to some such place as our own orthodox hell.

There might be still greater scope given this most agreeable topic. But the writer recalls that most felicitous declaration of the urbane Kentuckian, who said that "all whiskey is good, but some kinds are better than others"; and cheerfully admits, along the same generous course of reasoning, that all women of standard acceptableness are precious, beautiful and lovely; but that some are more lovely, more beautiful and more precious than others. And asks: "Are they not more frequently the blondes?"

Mercutio. An otherwise unidentified contributor to The Graphic.

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"Professor of Slang" (George Ade)

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 17, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 11

Mr. George Ade, whose research and study of the language known as "modern American" have made him the greatest authority on American slang, gave an English newspaperman the other day some interesting extracts from his book of "fables," translated from the Chicago dialect into everyday English. Mr. Ade is in London on his way to Cairo from Chicago, where he has been studying the patois of the middle West. In Cairo he will investigate early Egyptian and other dead languages by way of re "slang," which, in America, is quite distinct from Bostonese, Baltimoreisms and the rugged local speech of Pittsburg rolling mill workmen -- three distinct dialects requiring separate translations. The author chose a semi-political fable for contrasting specimens of modern "American" and everyday English. The title and the extracts are as follows:

AMERICAN. The Fable of the Statesman Who Couldn't Make Good. Once there was a Bluff, whose Long Suit was Glittering Generalities. He Hated to Work, and it Hurt his Eyes to Read Law, but on a Clear Day he could be heard a Mile, so he became a Statesman. Whenever the Foresters Had a Picnic they Invited him to make the Principal Address, because he was the only Orator who could beat the Merry-go round.

ENGLISH. The Fable of the Pseudo Statesman Whose Ultimate Attempt to Deceive was Unsuccessful. Once there was a man whose real abilities were not commensurate with his vainglorious pretenses. He had an aversion to any kind of labor, but, possessing a voice of large volume, he decided to employ his talents in the field of Politics. He attended many outdoor social functions, and addressed his fellow men in loud tones, being especially popular because he could be heard above the din of the steam roundabouts. In due time the orator marries a "widow of the Bantam Division." In other words, he formed a matrimonial alliance with a widow of diminutive proportions.

Mr. Ade says he has given up slang. He is now a serious (save the mark!) playwright. "The 'college widow,'" explained Mr. Ade, in his English interview, "is an institution at all American universities. She is a pretty girl, who begins to flirt violently at the age of 15 with undergraduates. Then she engages a second and third year man, and so on, but at the end of each year she is still unmarried, hence a 'college widow.'"

Incidentally, according to Mr. Ade, the very latest "slang" for champagne in American college circles is "conversation water."

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Measurement of Beauty

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 31, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 13

I have seen in a Sunday paper a picture of "the most beautifully proportioned woman," whose height is "exactly seven and one-half times the length of her face." Well, this may be all right for those who like those dimensions, but I am sure that such is not for all. I am sure that she whose face it was "that launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Illium" was never pictured in tights in a Sunday paper, and that her measurements were of no moment to those who died for her in the hosts before Troy or within its walls. Was that mighty She just as tall as seven and one-half times her face length of whom the poet sang:

Her beauty might outface the jealous hours, / Turn pain to love and shame to tender sleep, / And the strong nerve of hate to sloth and tears; / Make spring rebellious in the side of frost, / Thrust out lank winter with hot August growths, / Compel sweet blood into the husks of death, / And from strange beasts enforce harsh courtesy.

Did Anthony see her that time his strength became "the bellows and the fan to cool a gypsy's lust?" Did Rizzio see Queen Mary's charm so reduced to terms of mensuration? *Ventre san gris!* Did Henry of Navarre thus reckon on the dimensions of his Gabrielle, or Louis XIV cast such reflections on Louise de la Valliere? I trow not.

Huh! there are girls whose height is not five times their face length for who men have cast their hopes and lives away: roly-poly women with waddles that seemed divine above all lure of lissomeness. Measuring beauty with a tape-line! Why it is sillier than trying to take Leviathan with a hook or to bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades. The most beautifully formed woman! She is as multitudinous as the hearts that thrill for any she who is kind to the beholder. The most beautifully formed woman is not measured by any weight or scale except affection of the man who holds her dear. Wise old gazabo, that poet who sang, "What care I how fair she be, if she be not fair to me." "The most beautifully formed woman" is, doubtless, beautifully formed. Miss Maxine Elliott is also advertised as beautifully formed, but Miss Elliott's charm is not in her form, but in her face, in those glorious eyes most particularly, which darkly light and soften it—a face that is sweet because it is suggestively and underlyingly sad in its expression.

Who cares that Julia Marlowe is growing portly, or that Maud Adams is almost esuriently gaunt in her tout ensemble—they are both heart-captivators.

Measure me no mensurations as to the female form divine. They've proved, these diabolical scientists, that the Venus de Milo is deformed, and they have seen in Mona Lisa's smile a disfigurement.

The most beautiful woman as to form and feature is the woman who interests you or me.

All this may not prove anything, but I have registered my kick. I have spoken.

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Are Women's Clubs Worth While? (II. What the Clubs Haven't Done)

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 7, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 14

By The Club Woman

Is there anything the clubs have not done? Looking over the calendars one feels convinced that there is no subject in the encyclopedia, or out of it, that the leading organizations of Los Angeles have not explored, more or less superficially.

It makes me have a queer, confused feeling in the back part of my head when I think of what I have heard since the club season began. First, there is literature—ancient classical,

modern classical, and "six-best-seller" classical. Personally, I like the last sort of literature because it is no tax on the higher attributes of the mind I hear so much about nowadays. I confess that the new novels are just wicked enough to make one able to endure wearing the dreary mask of absolute goodness one has to assume as a club member. Of course, I am "good" in the sense that I try to be as near the high and lofty standard of American womanhood as possible, but I should be quite discouraged by the knowledge of my shortcomings if it were not for the contemplation of the latest heroines of fiction. They make me feel as free from human frailties as I try to appear when I go among other women and with them pursue culture. And there is something exciting in the chance of becoming acquainted with women, who are not what the heroine in Marion Crawford's last novel calls "technically virtuous." It is strange how keen we women are to know these declassé persons on the printed page. We despise them in real life—at a distance—but in books we weep over their troubles.

It always astonishes me when the severest spinster in our club chooses as her subject a topic that one would suppose would let in an unholy red light upon the gray cloisters of her soul. I have listened to essays about the reprehensible loves of the poets and musicians that made me feel that I had wasted my life in not being able to find a congenial soul for whom I could sacrifice my spotless reputation. I remember how our club felt about Juliette Drouet and Victor Hugo. As I sat in my chair and tried to look as if my heart were a perfectly proper ball-bearing piece of mechanism, warranted to throb with conventional regularity, I was for the half hour enamored of romance of the left handed sort. Infidelity and immorality appeared grand and noble when viewed through a literary haze and, as an organization, our club almost approved of it, for we have all ceased to blush since we finished our course of Bernard Shaw plays. After I had come back to the real world and found myself drinking tea with the air of one who had just finished the last international Sunday School lesson leaf, I wondered whether our club is not sometimes spiritually immoral even while it is always so "technically virtuous." I am sure I felt ashamed of myself. But enough of literature.

Without mentioning in detail our art programs, which have followed the esthetic development of each country in succession, or our music outlines, which have reviewed the work of the composers from Palestrina to Arthur Farwell, naturally I skip to our miscellaneous subjects ranging from pure food to poor persons. We have lecturers and, one pure food day, a woman brought a whole laboratory with her for the purpose of showing us how to make tests to see whether the coffee was five-sixths chicory or only one-tenth adulterated. She also taught us how to find the formaldehyde in milk. After she had advised us to ascertain how often the cows that supply the dairies we patronize have carbolic acid baths, she said all the club women ought to make a fight for pure milk, as the lives of hundreds of infants were at stake. One or two members wanted us to agitate a campaign for the benefit of bottle babies, but our president was shocked. "We are not directly interested in babies," she declared. "Why should we waste time we need for the study of the Igorrotes?" No

one could give a satisfactory answer and the campaign in the interest of bottle babies is one of the things the clubs haven't done.

There, I digressed from our miscellaneous subjects. Well, we have had programs on "Cruelty to Animals," "The Independent Volition of Flowers as Indicated by the Wild Cucumber Vine," "The Spread of Fletcherism, or Chewing as a Fine Art," "The Cremation of Garbage," and "Have Physicians a Right to Extend their Prerogative So That They Can Take Life More Frequently?" We have discussed vegetarian diet, Oslerism, California laws for women, forestry, irrigation, new theories of the alienists, public baths and college settlements.

But now that I have our season's work I see that the clubs haven't done—they've only talked. Between talking and doing there is as great a difference as there is between Northern California and Southern California. There, I must be fair and I have overlooked the fact that the clubs tried to celebrate Arbor day, but Providence interfered. They have aided the school children to improve school grounds. They have awakened interest in an art gallery, but their efforts have been scattered.

But I often think what a tremendous force we would all become if we could all unite on some great public reform. We have a potential power great enough to regulate the saloon evil, to compel the city to be kept clean and to prevent many frightful offenses against public decency, but we do not wish to do anything that would not be conventional.

Often I ask myself why our clubs do nothing for shop girls and other self-supporting women. I don't mean in the line of sweat shop and child labor agitation. I am not concerned in the patronizing sort of philanthropy that we now and then extend. Have we ever begun a new year with the pledge that each club member would take one unprotected girl, or one struggling woman under her protection? Suppose each of the 600,000 women represented by the General Federation watched over a girl who is in the wage struggle. Couldn't we prevent a lot of real-life plots for modern problem novels and plays from being acted to a tragic finish? I am not blaming the clubs more than I blame myself, but it is strange that, even though we are increasing in our knowledge of art and books and music, we do not add to our stock of practical altruism. Have we ever shared our club houses with the women who are part of the big problems we discuss? Have we ever done anything to improve the spiritual and intellectual lives of the women less lucky than ourselves? We have made spasmodic efforts, but they have amounted to little because we are so conscious of class distinctions that we act as if we were missionary societies when we attempt to carry out the universal sisterhood idea.

We haven't done anything that really counts for women—that is what we haven't done. And it seems a great deal! I am depressed by the idea. Therefore I shall do as all the other club members do. I shall forget about the Other Women. The easiest way is to go to my dressmaker. After all, may I not smother my conscience by reflecting that it would not be well to have our programs repeated, evenings, for the benefit of the toilers? The subject we

might discuss might be bad for minds not educated up to the calm contemplation of wickedness in the masterpieces of genius. No, club life might not help the wage earners and the girls that will become the prey of the worst forces in city life. I shall put this serious thought about Duty out of my mind. Shall I have my new Rajah silk made in empire or princess style—that is a question I can decide.

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Books and Their Reading

by **R. H. HAY CHAPMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 7, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 14

The Sunset Club, composed of some seventy men who care for the best things in life, devoted their last evening's symposium to a discussion on what is certainly one of the highest boons of existence—Books. The pleasure of reading is only surpassed by the joy of playing with little children, but, in either event, it is futile, indeed impossible, to lay down hard and fast rules of course or conduct. Some years ago Sir John Lubbock in reply to a popular demand made a selection of the "Hundred Best Books." No doubt, this selection, which of course included masterpieces, was helpful to many young students, but no man, however learned and however catholic in his tastes, can prescribe for you or me what we should or should not read. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," is as true of books as of diet. Therefore to assume an attitude of dictation such as is done by some librarians is impertinent. Even a child's taste should not be forced. If an infant's system needs sugar, he will cry for sugar, and his own instinctive demand is, in the majority of cases, wiser than all the counsel of physicians. Much, of course, can be done in training the young idea "how to shoot" or how to read by the power of simple suggestion. The child wandering through a well selected library can only choose good books, but when a father puts certain volumes behind glass, under lock and key, the curiosity of a boy can never be satisfied by any other volume than those prohibited. To condemn a book to an index expurgatorius or to label it unfit is at once to provide an incitement to the young, and even to the mature, mind to devour it at the first clandestine opportunity.

An interesting feature of the Sunset Club's discussion was brought out by the apparently prevalent conviction that while this is an age of more universal "education" and general intelligence than that of any previous era, yet the popular literary taste is deplorable. One speaker had the sagacity to point out that such a view was fallacious in that a thousand people read today where one used books a hundred years ago. The colossal output of hundreds of thousands of presses accounts for the flood of unworthy publications—not literature—which engulfs and pollutes public taste, and there can be no viler and surer corrupting avenue of literary taste than that paved by the omnivorous reading of newspapers

and periodicals. The penny newspaper and the ten-cent magazine, while the majority of them are well written,—indeed far better written than most of the output of all the printing presses of a hundred years ago,—are calculated to vitiate, and often to destroy, the natural capacity for the enjoyment of good books. In my own personal experience, I know this to be true. For many years, by force of circumstances and not by choice, I was wont to scan—not even to peruse—scores of newspapers every day of my life. Gradually my taste, once strong for "belles lettres," grew weaker. The very physical effort of reading many newspapers so exhausts the eye that when the day's work is done one cannot concentrate the optic nerve on consistent reading, but finds one's hands spasmodically turning the pages of magazines or other current literature, the eye refreshed by the pictures, but the brain seizing only an occasional sentence or paragraph of the text. For many years I used to discipline myself,—and in a measure succeeded,—by insisting on reading, for at least half an hour before going to sleep, certain books that seemed to me worth while—Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," odd volumes of "The Spectator," in the days of Addison and Steele, Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," a volume of Tennyson, and a few old friends from my shelves of Balzac, Thackeray, Dickens, Stevenson, Kipling, and my favorite novel of all, George Borrow's "Lavengro." This half hour's exercise, which was by no means always easy or pleasant, was in a measure a saving grace.

Newspaper and periodical reading beget the perilous habit, aye, the deadly sin, of "skipping,"—imperative if one must absorb and digest the news and thought of the day, but desperately inimical to the true pleasures of reading. Indeed this perilous practice, if persistent, brings forth in time the Dead Sea fruit of literary disgust. The once most interesting essay, the poem, each line of which one loved in fresh and unspoiled youth, fails to command and hold earnest attention. The eye hops from paragraph to paragraph, from verse to verse, no longer letting the mind enjoy the fragrance of each sentence, the beauty of each bud of thought, and before you realize it, you may have lost one of the dearest joys of living, the peace and pleasure of a good book.

"There is," wrote Sir John Herschell, "a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet: 'Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.' It civilizes the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous."

Therefore, my son, if you would preserve this precious taste, abjure the debauching appetite of consuming newspapers. Certain journals you must read, of course, but select carefully the daily newspaper that suits you best, and read no more of it than you must do to keep yourself informed, as should every good citizen of the world, of the State and of the City.

There are many fads, fashions and fancies among those who pose as "well read," and the most offensive person one can meet in a long day's march is he who waxes didactic over what the rest of the world should read. The literary sermonizers who themselves learned to read many decades ago may lash themselves into ferocious wrath because this generation will not read Scott, Thackeray and Dickens, but their fury will only satisfy themselves and excite derision elsewhere. The massive circumlocution, the prodigious paragraphs, that so frequently characterize the work of any of this illustrious trio form stumbling blocks to the boy or girl whose taste has been nourished on the terse, crisp "stories" of the modern newspaper, from which, when carefully edited, every redundant word and every superfluous sentence have been scrupulously expunged, and whose criterion is found in the short, simple, but essentially strong word-painting of Kipling. The truth is that our forefathers were blessed enough to enjoy so much more leisure than ourselves. A whole week's journey of a hundred years ago is consumed today in less than twenty-four hours. Electricity, which has revolutionized travel and message, and hence has so quickened the pace of life, has also had its tremendous influence upon literature. The story that Scott or Thackeray took ten pages to tell is told today by Kipling in a single page, and the latter suits the mood and tense of the present generation much better. Furthermore, it is much more difficult to tell a story in one hundred words than in one thousand, and those who lament an alleged deterioration in literature seldom are themselves masters of the art of writing. The man who exalts himself above his fellows, who quotes himself as "laudator temporis acti," the glorifier of the day that is gone, rarely reads the best contemporary literature, and when he does, it is with a prejudicial sneer.

It were futile to point out to the elderly gentleman, who still revels in Scott and other ponderous classics, that the pages of Maeterlinck, of Oscar Wilde, and of Edith Wharton, reveal new beauties of style never dreamed of by the old masters. But if a man find peace and consolation, happiness and rest in books, what matter it whether they be volumes of the "classics," or the last assortment of "penny dreadfuls," or "best sellers?" No one is foolish or insolent enough to quarrel with or correct his friend because their tastes differ in flowers, and the one prefers the humble violet, and the other the gorgeous rose. The note of the age, in religion, in science and in all the arts is tolerance. Please Heaven and the Muses, our librarians will be less didactic and more tolerant.

R. H. Hay Chapman. An otherwise unidentified contributor to The Graphic.

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Dum Vivimus Vivamus

by **JOHN KNICKERBOCKER**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 7, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 14

THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

Hustle, bustle, rustle, tussle! In his mind's eye the stranger sees these verbal representatives of the strenuous life sticking up like pickets on every square rod of the area of Los Angeles.

All American cities, in the estimation of traveled Europeans, are driven with full pressure of steam. Los Angeles conveys the distinct impression, however, that the safety-valve is screwed down. In no other city on earth is there such an everlasting business scramble as is seen throughout the length and breadth of this City of the Angels.

The idea is conveyed to the newcomer that every man in Los Angeles is engaged in a chase in which his very life depends. And it is a real chase. The object is in sight; it bears the stamp of the United States Government, and long ago it was designated as "the almighty dollar."

It is safe to say, probably, that nine-tenths of the men of Los Angeles live almost entirely in the future. They have no time for the present enjoyment, no appreciation of that glorious sentiment, "As we journey through life let us live by the way."

Catch the almighty dollar, even at the risk of breaking your neck in the chase. Toss it upon the already accumulated pile and rush around for the next one in sight, without even stopping to take breath. That is the stranger's conception of business life in Los Angeles, based upon what he sees and hears.

But instead of this intense and perpetual strain of business activity, the men of Los Angeles have exceptional opportunities for "living by the way" as they "journey through life." The road to fortune is comparatively short in this city. For evidence on that point note the scores of men who, a very few years ago, started in business with empty pockets and apparently dubious prospects. Today they note their accumulated dollars with six figures, some of them with seven.

And, cui bono? For what or for whom is this ceaseless, nerve-racking, mind-harrowing, body-destroying chase and scramble for the almighty dollar? To enjoy a fortune in old age and to leave an independent competence for wife and children. A laudable ambition per se. But that ambition does not carry with it a necessity for such personal sacrifice as most Los Angeles business men seem to be making.

An independent competence for a child is not the most precious legacy. Many fathers—Los Angeles fathers—have cause for such sad reflection in old age as wise old Solomon describes: "Therefore, I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous to me; for all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Yea, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun, because I should leave it unto the man that should be after me; and who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool?"

Ah, "there's the rub." Will the heir to that stack of dollars—the beneficiary of a parental life of worry, struggle and self-denial—prove to be a "wise man or a fool?"

This sad reflection in the closing period of a strenuous business life is not especially fitting, of course, to the dollar chasers of Los Angeles. The doleful sentiment of Solomon is impressed upon the minds of men today in every nook and corner of the habitable earth. To the widely traveled stranger, however, it seems that the dollar chasing habit is more conspicuous and more nearly universal in Los Angeles than in any other large city.

But go beyond the presentiment that haunted Solomon in his old age and note the outcome, as gloriously manifested in many instances here in Los Angeles. What percentage of the heirs and beneficiaries of fortunes acquired in this city can be pointed to as worthy sons of their sires? True, there are bright examples here of the fact that Solomon's foreboding is not always realized. It is an adage, nevertheless, that "the exception proves the rule," and the question is an open one whether the average Los Angeles heir is not amenable to the wise man's expression of misgiving.

The comparative quickness with which fortunes are acquired in this city may account, in large measure, for the eagerness of the dollar chase and for the comparative neglect of everything else. A man whose mind is wholly occupied with that chase, who follows the glitter of gold as if he were under its hypnotic influence, is practically a stranger in his own home. His mind is so absorbed with thoughts of money-making, even within the domestic circle, that he gives but little or no time to family cares, particularly the proper rearing of his children. And it is this dereliction of home duty that lays the foundation for such sorrowful ultimate reflection as Solomon voices in his lamentation.

But why should not the average business man of Los Angeles build his fortune and at the same time enjoy life to the rational limit? Why should he not also contribute to his home life a fair share of the energy, tact and judgment that make him successful in business affairs? And, concerning "the man who shall be after him," train up the youngster "in the way he should go."

The business men of Los Angeles should enjoy life more fully than men of their class in any other city of the world. They have close to 365 days in the year that are available either for active business pursuits or for pleasure. In all other large cities of the United States there are many days in the year when climatic conditions preclude either business or pleasure, at least to a great extent.

A modification of that perennial dollar chasing habit is a glaring need in Los Angeles, according to the view of the discerning stranger. "Enough is as good as a feast,"—a great deal better, in fact. The pursuit of wealth is all right, within reasonable limitations, but it should stop short of jeopardizing the life of home and family, without which there can be no true happiness.

Hurry, scurry and worry are natural enemies of contentment, the fundamental element of happiness. They are more to be dreaded than the disease germs that science persistently parades before our eyes at every turn. There is neither need nor excuse for exceptional hurry

or worry in Los Angeles, and both should be cast out, or at least reduced to minimum proportions.

"Life is but a span" at best—the kind of span defined as "the extent between the thumb and little finger when stretched out." It is not a bridge span. Then why not enjoy life while it lasts.

"Dum vivimus, vivamus,"—while we live, let us live. Or, as more picturesquely expressed in the equivalent quoted before,—"While we journey through life let us live by the way."

John Knickerbocker. An otherwise unidentified contributor to The Graphic.

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Shakespeare's Birthday (from "On the Stage and Off")

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 7, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 14

Shakespeare's birthday, an event that happened three hundred and forty-two years ago, will be remembered on the twenty-third day of the present month of April, and wherever the English language is spoken there will no doubt be kindly souls and faithful students who will feel grateful for his inspiring and imperishable works. The Shakespeare cult shows no sign of diminishing in importance as the years roll by. On the contrary the plays maintain their pre-eminence upon the stage, badly as they are, for the most part, acted. Even the "stars" with a few notable exceptions, coruscate with but a sickly light and their "support" is of the feeblest kind. The old fashioned training for the stage was rough and unscientific, but it often developed good material and it was at any rate better than the self-satisfied and conceited ignorance of today, which assumes a knowledge though it has it not. Shakespearean plays require not one or two, but a company of competent actors. But the popularity of the Bard is fostered by other means than those of stage production. New editions of his works are constantly coming out. The arts of painting, drawing, illustration and sculpture all find encouragement in exploiting the scenes and celebrated characters of the plays.

It has been the custom to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday for many years past, but not until comparatively recently have the plays been given on such occasions. Of late years Mr. Benson and his wife have given annual "festivals" at Stratford-upon-Avon, which have elicited much praise for the acting and mounting of the plays presented. In former years the festivals at the poet's birthplace were certainly unique of their kind, having little or nothing of Shakespeare's work in remembrance, but a great deal of eating and drinking. The following is copied from a poster printed in 1769 and giving the quaint particulars of the celebration that was attempted in that year at Stratford in Shakespeare's honor. The placard reads: First Day. Wednesday, the 6th of September.

"Shakespeare's Jubilee. The Steward of the Jubilee begs leave to inform the Company that at Nine o'clock will be a Public Breakfast at the Town Hall. Thence to proceed to the Church to hear the Oratorio of Judith which will begin exactly at eleven. From Church will be a full chorus of Vocal and Instrumental Music to the Amphitheatre where at Three o'clock will be an Ordinary for Gentlemen and Ladies. About Five o'clock a Collection of New Songs, Ballads, Roundelays, Catches, Glees, etc., will be performed in the Amphitheatre after which the Company is desired to prepare for the Ball which will begin exactly at Nine with New Minuets (composed for the Occasion) and played by the whole Band. The Second Day's Entertainments will be published Tomorrow.—N. B. As the Public Breakfasts and Ordinaries are intended for those Ladies and Gentlemen who have taken the Guinea Tickets no Person can be admitted without first showing such Ticket. Should there be room for more than the Proprietors of those Tickets Ladies and Gentlemen will be admitted to the Oratorio and Fireworks at Five Shillings each and to the Dedication, Ode and Ball at Half a Guinea each. The Steward hopes that the Admirers of Shakespeare will, upon this Occasion wear the Favors which are called the Shakespeare Favors. As many Ladies have complained of the Fatigue they shall undergo, if the Ball and Masquerade are on two successive nights, there will be only the Fireworks on Thursday night and the Masquerade on Friday night the 8th. Inst, which will conclude the Entertainments of the Jubilee.—Stratford. Printed by Fielk Weale, next door to the Coffee House."

The most remarkable characteristic of this document is the modesty of the people organizing the affair. Not a name appears excepting that of the printer. Modern methods require the names of all participants in bold type and a program is not considered complete if it does not contain the name of attache and employes of the management. Another announcement of later date gives the information that on the twenty-third of April, 1827, a three-day festival or "Gala" was begun at Stratford-on-Avon "in honor of the natal day of the immortal Shakespeare" at which the entertainments consisted of a "Pageant of Shakespeare's characters preceded by St. George on Horseback in full armour and his Esquire," followed by a dinner at three o'clock. On the second day there was an eleven o'clock breakfast at the White Lion Hotel, succeeded by recitations and music and in the evening a fireworks display, Mr. Ryan's equestrian amusements and a masquerade. On the closing day a concert was given at eleven o'clock and in the evening a Ball at Shakespeare's Hall.

Shakespeare's birthday will receive local celebration in the presentation by Constance Crawley of several of the most famous of the great characters in specially arranged scenes designed to give an esthetic and intelligent rendering of the most interesting episodes in the plays, such as Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet and Macbeth. The performances will continue for the week beginning on the famous birthday.

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The Spirit of Easter

by **BURT ESTES HOWARD**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 14, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 15

This is the day, of all the year, when the Mystery of Life and Death strives to take shape in the world's thought, and when we seek some answer to the dark Enigma of Existence that shall still our foolish doubt and stop our querulous guessing. It is the day when the heart, full of the memories of its vanished Loves, brings its sacrifice to the altar of Hope, and begs a sign, some gleam from out the darkness, that shall steady our faltering Faith.

In the awakening of Spring, when the brown earth seems born again into newness of life, and the scent of flowers is heavy in the air, Hope brings her answer to the soul's quest. In the boundless Life of the universe, there are no dead. She enters the Valley of the Shadow, and gilds the tombs of our Beloved with an undying glory. She breaks the dusty seal, and calls to them, rolling away the stone from the mouth of the Sepulchre, and the slumberers come forth, with the old light in their eyes. In the silence of night, when sleep is come, the soul goes down to meet them on the Elysian fields, and they walk with us through the Garden of Dreams. Love folds about them the seamless robe of Remembrance, and they pass on,—but cannot die. There are no dead.

Burt Estes Howard (1863–1913). American clergyman and political-science professor who pastored churches in Los Angeles (First Presbyterian, later First Unitarian) before teaching at Stanford. He also wrote verse.

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Criticism of the Absent

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 14, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 15

From The Spectator

Ought we to criticise our friends behind their backs? This is the subject which the delightful essayist who looks upon life "from a college window" discussed last month in the "Cornhill." The first part of his paper consists of a dialogue. He was staying, he tells us, not long ago, "in the house of an old friend, a public man, who is a deeply interesting character, energetic, able, vigorous, with very definite limitations." There was only one other guest in the house, also, as it happened, an old friend, "a serious man." One night all three were together in the smoking-room, when the host "rose, excused himself, saying he had some letters to write," and left his guests alone. As soon as he was gone the writer of the article said to his "serious" companion: "What an interesting fellow our host is! He is almost more interesting because of the qualities that he does not possess, than because of the qualities

that he does possess." An innocent remark, which elicited the following crushing reply: "If you propose to discuss our host, you must find someone else to conduct the argument. He is my friend, whom I esteem and love, and I am not in a position to criticise him." In vain the writer pleaded that he too had a great regard for the man upon whose character he had just been commenting—that that, indeed, was the reason why he would like to discuss him. The serious man would not listen to his arguments. All criticism of the absent was in his eyes disloyal. He regretted that his friend should make a habit of it. We ought not, he thought, "to be afraid, if necessary, of telling our friends about their faults; but that is quite a different thing from amusing oneself by discussing their faults with others." The reader is relieved to hear that soon after this they went to bed, as the discussion evidently threatened to become acrimonious.

Next day the upholder of the right of criticism returned to his "College window" and thought over the argument, telling his reader his thoughts with his usual genial frankness. Not to talk about one's friends would be, he reflects, "deplorably dull," and "dullness, whether natural or acquired," is "responsible for a large amount of human error and misery." For his own part, he confesses to feeling most minute and detailed interest in the smallest matters connected with other people's lives and idiosyncrasies. He hates biographies of the dignified order, which do not condescend to give what are called personal details. He is certain that "of all the shifting pageant of life, by far the most interesting and exquisite part is our relations with other souls who are bound on the same pilgrimage." Finally, he decides that the "serious" man was altogether wrong; that those who "do not desire to discuss others, or who disapprove of doing it, may be pronounced to be, as a rule, either stupid, or egotistical, or pharisaical; and sometimes they are all three. We all have, he maintains, a clear right to discuss our friends, provided we do not do so "ill-naturedly," or "malevolently," or in a spirit of cynicism—in fact, "the only principle to bear in mind is the principle of justice."

Of course the "serious man" was "a man of straw," and one dressed up in ludicrously old-fashioned clothes. Surely there could not be found any one at the present time to assert that we should say nothing behind the back of a friend which we could not say to his face. Such advice belongs to a day of rougher manners. For all that, we cannot altogether accept the judgment of the essayist, and we think he might have put a few more reasonable arguments into the mouth of his opponent, and made him a little more worthy of his steel. To say that in the discussion of our friends we should be regulated and limited by the sense of justice alone is surely to allow too great a latitude. It places our friends upon an equal footing with our enemies. Is it possible, ought it to be possible, to be only just in talking of a friend? "It does not help on the world if we go about everywhere slobbering with forgiveness and affection," we read, and "it is the most mawkish sentimentality to love people in such a way that we condone grave faults in them." Certainly; but all the same, there is a sense in which a man should be always his friend's advocate and never his friend's judge; and there are cases in which, if he feels himself too stupid to play the part, or circumstances render such a part impossible, he ought in loyalty to decline the discussion. Every man knows, or imagines he

knows, which comes to the same thing, his friend's character. He knows his inner nature—that nature which lies below the surface and cannot be permanently altered for the worse by the diverse storms of circumstances. It is precisely because he approves this inner nature that likes him, that he decides in his favor and regards him as his friend; and this decision he ought, in talking of him, never to forget. Justice must deal more or less exclusively with a man as he expresses himself in his words and actions, and must acquit or condemn him on the evidence of these. It is essential to justice that it should not be influenced by any predisposition in favor of the person under discussion; it is essential to friendship that such a predisposition should never be forgotten. Again, it is easy to be too hard on those who do not desire to discuss others. It does show a certain want of human interest, but at least it has nothing to do with egotism. The man with a strong desire to talk of his friends' characters has, as a rule, a strong desire to talk of his own. How much good manners may restrain him in this matter is a question of upbringing and will-power.

The wish to define in words the characters with whom we come in contact is connected with the literary sense. A man who has not got it can very seldom put his thoughts on paper. Many people do not discuss their friends because they do not know him; but that does not mean that they are stupid, or priggish, or indifferent to them. Many a man who cannot describe, or draw, or say anything worth hearing about a natural scene, who does not care to look at a painting or listen to an analysis of natural beauty, has none the less a great feeling for Nature. The want in him is not intellectual, but artistic. He does not know how to express his impressions. The man who does not want to criticise his friend is in the same case. To hear some one else do it gives him no pleasure, and sometimes it strikes him as rather profane. No doubt the most important part in the life of most men and all women belongs to their relationship to those about them; but some people do not like to discuss that relationship any more than they like to discuss their health. They argue that as much dulness has been the result of personal conversation as can ever be created by its absence; indeed, it is a subject which pursued exclusively, and for its own sake, leads more quickly than any other to a desert of dulness. It is only in its larger bearings that personal talk can continue entertaining—only, indeed, when it is indulged in by those whose chief topic it is not. Small details about other people's lives are only of interest if we know the great ones. It is of no intrinsic interest that Carlyle had indigestion, and Mrs. Carlyle was jealous. Some people like to hear about the jealousy and the indigestion, because these little facts add life to their mental picture of a man and woman of genius. But there are many by no means pharisaical men and women who do not think these personal items add to the truth of the picture, but merely serve to confuse the relative values. They feel that very often when we are studying a character we should know better if we knew less.

It is very difficult to refute the writer in the "Cornhill." Logic and common-sense are both on his side; nonsense, conventionality, and want of frankness are all on the other. Yet throughout his paper we feel that he ignores a sentiment which does, and does rightly, restrain the ordinary man when he talks about the absent whom he likes. It is the same

strong sentiment which makes us hesitate to speak with complete frankness of the dead. Dryden trusted to it when at the end of his life, believing that he had exhausted his power, and lamenting that, "Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense, I live a rent-charge on his Providence," he wrote to Congreve and commended to him both his manuscripts and his reputation:— "Be kind to my remains, and oh, defend, Against your judgment, your departed friend."

Again, does not our author ignore a somewhat analogous sentiment too entirely when he says that "we have a perfect right—nay, we do well—to condemn in others faults which we frankly condemn in ourselves?" Do we do well? If our sole purpose in writing or speaking is one of edification, if we are preaching a sermon or writing a moral disquisition, we are certainly not bound to allow our defects of character to spoil the symmetry or effectiveness of our work. But if we are discussing a friend, do we still do well? Logically, perhaps we do. But surely there is something morally unsound about an action which produces in ninety-nine ordinary men out of a hundred a very disagreeable twinge of conscience.

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Big Trees Brochure

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 14, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 15

Bruce M. Leitch, who has been sojourning in Los Angeles during the past four months, but who left here for Wawona on Wednesday last, has just published a brochure entitled "Mariposa Grove of Big Trees," which, though only containing sixteen pages, presents much information that cannot be found in any of the larger and more pretentious books on the same subject, conspicuously the names of all the trees in both groves, a truly interesting matter in itself. Mr. Leitch is the guardian of the Mariposa Grove, which is four miles only from the regular fast stage line between Raymond and Wawona and is the only Grove reached between the Southern Pacific railroad and the Yosemite without a long and expensive detour. In this connection it may be appropriately stated that Galen Clark, who celebrated his 92nd birthday in San Francisco a few weeks ago, is at work on a history of the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, which will be issued next fall. Mr. Clark discovered this grove in 1857 and was one of the first Yosemite Commissioners, and afterward the guardian of the Valley for several years. Last year Mr. Clark visited the General Grant Grove in Kings county in one week traveled 600 miles by rail, 44 miles afoot, 60 miles in the saddle and 280 miles by stage. He is still in the possession of all his senses, and sleeps, eats and writes well—his penmanship being as clear and as beautiful as copperplate. He is, as the Argonaut lately said of him, one of the most noted men of our State, and one of the most extraordinary men living.

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Willard's Text Book

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 21, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 16

The MacMillan Company has published "City Government for Young People," a neat volume of 170 pages which I predict will be adopted generally as a valuable text book for the study of this vital subject. The book is the work of Charles Dwight Willard, the secretary of the Municipal League. Its style is simple and comprehensive, and its purpose is "to assist pupils in public schools or academies to become better acquainted with the city in which they dwell." Mr. Willard has enjoyed unusual experience in the study of municipal government, and by personal observation has acquired a mastery of the conditions obtaining in most of the principal cities of the United States. Most flattering reviews of his book have already appeared in many of the leading papers of the country.

An editorial in the New York Sun, headed, "A Stimulating Book," thus refers in part to the work: "It is a very unusual thing in these days of an overwhelming number of books to come across one on a practically new subject. That it is a textbook adds rather than detracts from its interest and value, inasmuch as it is a promise of a new branch of learning, opening another field of inquiry. A high school student's mastery of the text would give him an excellent understanding of the legitimate machinery of the modern American municipality. This book should appeal to a greater than a public school audience. Its careful perusal would repay any citizen's hour or two of time. For the book as a whole does far more than instruct; it stimulates the reader to a wider and deeper consideration of the subject—high praise for a work primarily indited for the sake of imparting information." The Bookman says: "As a guide, this little volume is serviceable in its information, suggestive in its comment, practical in its point of view." Excellent reviews have also appeared in the New Haven Register, Louisville Courier-Journal, Cincinnati Enquirer, Boston Herald, Cleveland Plaindealer, Denver News-Times, and many others.

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Music at Dinner

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 21, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 16

A valued admirer of the Graphic writes: "I read a felicitous paragraph in your last week's paper concerning music at dinner, and some funny suggestions supposed to have been made to Al Levy by a connoisseur. Now, more seriously than otherwise, I would suggest that such speculations as presented last week disclose a wide field for esthetic debate. Should dinner be accompanied by music? Isn't dining itself a fine art? Is not music rather detrimental than an

aid to the consummate achievements of the culinary artist? Is the combination fair either to the cook or the composer? A dinner—that is, a truly first-class civilized dinner—is a gastronomic symphony; it has its theme, its change of movement, its appeal to a certain set of emotions in the eater. Is it not, then, enough in itself? Does it require any additions? It occurs to me that 'good wine needs no bush,' and that the supreme masters in any art can stand alone. It is said that the ancients employed music at their banquets; and therefore, why not we moderns? Whether or not this is true I am not prepared to either confirm or contradict. I am of the opinion, however, that no music could add to the charm of a feast prepared by Francatelli; and I am also of the opinion that no appreciative musician would wish to eat during the performance of a symphony by Beethoven. Still, there may be plenty of cooks who need the aid of music, and there are plenty of composers who need the aid of cooking. To be sure, there are dinners and dinners; and is there not music and music? It is at least plausible, I am constrained to admit, that some dinners may be appropriately accompanied by some kinds of music. Still, as the author of *Lucille* pointed out in lines too often quoted, 'we can live better without any other.'"

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One of Col. Tom's

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 21, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 16

Col. Tom Lewis, my good friend and neighbor, occasionally earns my eternal gratitude by relieving the tedium of a long day's work in spinning one of his inimitable yarns. I cannot reproduce his rich Kentucky drawl, but a story he told me the other day runs something like this: "During the Civil War, General Hobson and his staff officers—a jolly good set of youngsters—were stationed at Munfordsville, Ky. The founder of the village of Munfordsville was Col. Bob Munford, a garrulous old chap of about the vintage of 1812. The old Colonel used to come over to headquarters every night and enter into animated description of his war record. Night after night this went on, until it was necessary to drop dead, or get Col. Bob off the firing line. A dare-devil named Holbrook, who had seen a bit of war with the Indians, concluded he would take a hand in settling old Bob. The Colonel came into the marquee that night and squared himself—pinching off about three ounces of twist tobacco—and opened up, "Say, boys—" Then Holbrook interrupted with, 'Wait a minute, Colonel Bob, before you commence your story. I want to tell you a true story of my own experiences on the plains. It was after the Mountain Meadow massacre in Utah, and every home was uneasy and troubled, and the Wahsatch mountains were full of lurking red devils; when every man's heart was sick and sore and crying out for vengeance. Just at daylight one cold, crisp morning, the clear, loud scream of the bugle sounded for 'boots and saddles.' Out over the mountains we went at double quick, after the Indians. We struck the trail, and turned into a

beautiful wooded grove. There was a blood-curdling warwhoop, and it seemed that forty Indians sprang from behind every tree. Then the darndest fight I ever saw was pulled off then and there. I was at the head of my company on a jet-black horse which became unruly and rushed at least forty yards ahead of my men. Just then a big buck came from behind a cotton-wood and leveled his gun at me—not more than ten feet away from my breast. Then he let go! I pulled my navy six, sent the spurs into my already crazy horse, and rushed on top of that red devil, and with my pistol against his head I let go.' The Colonel, who stood open-mouthed, open-eared and very much excited, exclaimed, 'And you killed him?' Holbrook's face grew sad and he said wearily, 'No, by heaven, he killed me.' The Colonel looked him over from head to foot. At last he saw a great light, and turned out into the darkness. The boys never saw him again."

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[Beethoven and the Modern "Composer"]

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 21, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 16

There once was a man named Beethoven. This Beethoven spent his early years at a town named Bonn, on the Rhine. Two hundred years ago this Bonn was under the rule of certain "Electors"; sometimes they ruled, sometimes they were in banishment. When Elector Joseph Clement was undergoing the latter process he wrote a letter from Paris to his court councillor in which there is a passage which aptly describes a certain class which would pose as composers in this modern day.

I came across this quotation the other night about the witching hour of twelve. It is taken from Thayer's monumental life of Beethoven, that repository of all Beethovenian facts. Behold the mixture of sense and capacity in this excerpt. Wrote the excellent Joseph: "It may appear preposterous that an ignoramus who knows nothing of music should venture to compose."—Not at all my Elector, there are others.—"But this has happened to me; for herewith I send you eleven compositions which I have set, myself, in a very curious manner."—Yes, we have seen that same "very curious manner" exemplified in a later day.

To continue, "For, not knowing notes or music in the least, I am compelled to hum whatever comes into my head to a musical composer, who then commits it to paper."—A "musical composer" is good. Evidently there was a choice in those days, as now, this plan of "humming whatever comes into my head" and having another fellow "commit it to paper" has come down even to the present time, only all the "ignoramuses," among whom Elector Joseph correctly styles himself, have not his honesty to give the "musical composer" credit for his work.

One can pick up elaborately titled decompositions every day, perhaps even with the picture of the perpetrator on them, tunes that have been hummed, or whistled or strummed by one-finger piano-jacks, and then set to a piano accompaniment by some impecunious or sordid musical pander who accepts a few dollars to write a driveling accompaniment to an inane melody and is ashamed to sign his name to it, even were this permitted by the successor to this Court Elector, the "ignoramus who ventures to compose."

But notice the naive statements that follow: "I must, however, have a good ear and taste, for the public have always approved my music when they have heard it." Doubtless true. When was aught but flattery permitted to reach the ear of a ruler—save in America? What courtier would dare express disapprobation of the music of Emperor William, for instance, and Germany is much more open to the expression of criticism today than it was two hundred years ago? And notice, he says, "approved my music when they have heard it." Can this imply that there were times when the public foresaw what was to happen and designedly escaped when the music of the good Joseph was known to be on the program? For evidently there were times when the public did not hear it.

And here is the final statement. How honest it is and how much to be commended to the modern "composer". "My method has always been that of the bees which suck honey from the sweetest flowers and collect it: even so, all I have composed is taken from the good masters whose music pleases me." Certainly this is a confession devoutly to be recommended to all with good memories or given to unconscious cerebration.

This statement voices that calm assumption of other people's artistic property which in high circles was put into notable operation by that magnificent thief, Handel, and by thousands who followed in his footsteps,—at a long distance, to be sure. Still, it is better to "take from the good masters" than to inflict one's own inane lucubrations on a vincible world, if one be "an ignoramus, not knowing notes or music in the least." —A Sharp

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Who's Who in Los Angeles XXXVI: Willis George Emerson (author notice)

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 5, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 18

Before Mr. Emerson came to Los Angeles he was well known in the East as a lawyer, platform orator, and author, his novel, "Buell Hampton," published some three years ago proving one of the most popular books of the year and running over the hundred thousand mark.

Mr. Emerson has also found time to write another novel, which he has named "The Builders," and it is now being published by Forbes & Co., of Boston. Those who have been permitted to see the advance proof sheets tell me that this new work of fiction is brimming over with charming entertainment and dramatic interest. Of course, its theme is the discovery of a gold mine. Ben Hilliard, a Southern gentleman of the old school from one of the best families in Virginia, went into the Northwest, staked out a claim and called it the "Shonbar." A dozen years go by, and level after level is reached, while the vein is as often cross-cut. Ruth Hilliard, the heroine, is the old man's daughter, and about her is woven a beautiful story of love's conquest. Mr. Emerson left the "gold diggin's" of Nevada and is now living quietly in his Los Angeles bungalow home, and I understand is already at work on another story.

Mr. Emerson is the author of "Winning Winds," "The Fall of Jason," "My Partner and I," and "Buell Hampton." He has written over 100 short stories of travel and mining sketches and mountain scenery.

In a recent conversation with a representative of the Graphic, Mr. Emerson said: "I regard 'The Builders' in some particulars as the strongest story that I have yet written. It is alive with human interest and the scenes are laid along the shoreline of 'the wild'—the line of demarcation between civilization, so to speak, and the unreclaimed frontier of the Northwest, where the path of the trail-blazers cease and the echoes begin sounding from canyon and cliff a call of mystery from the hills."

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The New York Hall of Fame (By The Censor)

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 12, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 19

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb / The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!"

Poetry and art have ever pictured fame's temple not only at great height, but veiled in mist, elusive as well as illusive, hard to define even in outline, much less to approach and find secure foothold whereby it could be finally reached and occupied. Seriously to essay the making of a fit temple for immortals and to assign them places within it must surely be accounted a bold undertaking, and when the New York University attempted to do this with the hundred thousand dollars given for the purpose by Miss Helen Gould, it took upon itself a very serious task.

I thought I knew the city of New York tolerably well when, a few months ago, I sought to find this temple; but I was a long time baffled. Not one person in ten thousand of the city's population can tell the seeker its site, or tell him how to reach it. Several hotels were applied

to in vain, for from head clerks to porters all professed equal lack of knowledge and interest. Only a few individuals applied to had ever heard of it.

But at length some one risked a guess that it must be on Morris Heights, and thither, by the wrong way, the writer went. The University has been long scattered, as if dismembered by some cruel fate, and the erecting of this odd structure on the beautiful heights overlooking the Harlem, flowing close to the base, and the grand and more distant Hudson, would seem to have been an attempt to tole the scattered buildings together, and assemble them upon this commanding site. How far it will ever contribute to this exceedingly worthy but ambitious purpose one can hardly say, but of the structure itself one cannot seriously speak words of praise.

At the time of this visit the library was the first and main building in sight, and the Hall of Fame, a half circle colonnade in its rear, marked the outer edge of the steep hill. I met a stray student in this colonnade and asked him to direct me to the hall. He promptly answered, "You are in it now." I looked around and found it true, for on either hand, or rather on either knee—for they are scarcely more than knee-high—I saw bronze tablets bearing the names of the crowned ones. How tall are the pillars, how wide the roof above them, how high the tablets from the floor, I cannot fix in feet, but the height of the tablet wall is to the whole height about what the wainscoting of the old colonial house is to the whole height of the rooms. It seems a thing out of place that these great names should literally be looked down on: but it is, after all, in curious keeping with the utter inadequacy of the whole affair. Not only may some irreverent person come along some day and declare that this feeble colonnade, shrinking behind other buildings, reminds him of the long shed in the rear of the old country meeting house: but the solemn enrolling of names there by a majority vote of a hundred men, and calling it making them famous, is oddest of all.

The Hall was opened five years ago and twenty-nine tablets were then unveiled. It is said that an extension of the present structure is contemplated, but one questions whether the undertaking will not be cheapened thereby. It takes fifty-one votes to "get in." At the last election Dr. Holmes received only forty-seven votes and Poe forty-three; Bryant, Motley and Bancroft were also left out, as were Patrick Henry, Andrew Jackson, Calhoun, James Monroe, Samuel Adams and Charles Sumner. Maria Mitchell was given a tablet, although, it is reported, that eight refused to vote for any woman!

Aside, however, from the basis upon which choices are made, and the sad lack of the structure as a public record and memorial of the nation's great characters, otherwise is equally apparent. It is ill placed in that it can never be a familiar object, even if it were commanding and beautiful. For publicity it reminds one of an advertising project of a score or more years ago, when it was proposed to place business cards and announcements in the frames of the furniture in hotel offices and reading rooms. But it soon occurred to advertisers that purchasers of merchandise or seekers after lawyers, dentists, or chiropodists, would not hunt mirror frames or backs of settees; and the project soon began to languish.

But granting all favoring conditions, is any Hall of Fame worth while, or even desirable? Whom does it help? and whom does it satisfy? Indeed, whom does it really and deeply interest? The world has learned, and all men know that, no structure of workmen's hands, and no choice of individuals can make or unmake, as to the measure of glory accorded to greatness. "Fame comes only when deserved, and is as inevitable as destiny—indeed is destiny."

"Fame is the shade of immortality, / And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught / Contemned; and shrinks to nothing in the grasp."

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The Borrowed Book (By Barry Pain)

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 12, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 19

My cousin Elsa interrupted me in my work to ask if I really thought that books really mattered. I bade her to go away and to stop there, but she ignored this.

"But, speaking sensibly," she said, "do you think that books really matter?"

"No," I replied firmly.

"Then why do you write them?" she asked spitefully.

"I was suiting my conversation to the person who happens to be wasting my time at the moment."

"You needn't be rude," she said icily.

"I wish that were true. To me some books do matter; to you no book ever has mattered or ever will matter. Nothing ever matters to you except your last lot of clothes, your last flirtation, and the money which you have lost at bridge—a game which you will never be able to play if you live to be a hundred and four."

"I have heard much nicer men than you are say that I played rather well, but I quite agree with you that it is a monstrous thing to make a lot of fuss about a silly copy of a six-shilling novel which you can get at a discount shop for almost nothing, especially as I never asked her to lend it to me."

"Try," I said, "to cultivate the habit of beginning at the beginning. I know it's not ladylike, but it's useful. What's all the trouble about?"

"There was a nice book called 'The Gates of Hell.' Do you know it?"

"No; and I never shall."

"Well, I was at Adeline's and I saw that book lying there. Somebody had told me that it was not quite nice, and mamma had said she would rather I didn't read it."

"So you borrowed it from Adeline?"

"Yes. How did you know? At least, I didn't borrow it exactly, and that is rather important considering what has happened. All I said was that I would take that book if she didn't mind, and then she said that I could. Now, doesn't that look as if she had given it to me?"

"Not in the least. And you never thought so."

"Just at the time perhaps I didn't. At least, I didn't thank her much. Then when I had got it home and began to read it and found it was just an ordinary, dull, nice book. So naturally I didn't go on with it."

"Well, you run along and finish it now. Perhaps it will get worse before the end. They do sometimes, and I've got a good deal of work that I want to——"

Elsa stamped her foot. "Don't you see that I want your advice? And you can't give it to me till you know the facts. It's not my fault in the least bit this time. Do you know the middle one of the three Brockwells? Of course you don't. You never know anybody. Her name's Jane, and I've seen her play from the wrong hand on purpose, but she isn't a bad sort really. She asked me to lend her 'The Gates of Hell,' and I was particularly careful to say that I should want it back again. So I was all right there, wasn't I?"

"All wrong, as usual. It was not your book to lend."

"What nonsense! A trashy novel isn't like a diamond necklace. Anybody lends any book always, whether it's a borrowed book or not."

"I know," I said. "That's why I never lend mine."

"Well, I don't think Jane ought to have lent the book to Mrs Jordan in the way she did. It wasn't right. Mrs Jordan's got heaps of money and can buy any book or anything else she wants. Besides, I particularly told Jane that I wanted it back. If you want to blame anybody blame Jane."

"I blame the whole of your crowd. You are a set of thieves, all of you, and ought to be locked up. Well, what happened next?"

"There is no excuse whatever for Mrs Jordan except that she's so rich that she thinks nothing matters that you can buy. At any rate she lent the book to Ada, who is the meanest cat on earth, and when Ada told her that she would probably forget to return it Mrs Jordan had the cheek to say that it wouldn't matter, my dear child, and all that sort of thing. That was quite enough for Ada. Whenever she's stopping at a house she steals all the stamps out of the box on the writing table. I've seen her at sales, too. Once she——"

"Look here," I said, "if you indulge yourself in this particular kind of jabber one of these days you will be picking oakum, and it will take your manicurist all her time to get your

hands right again when you come out. Don't go on with wild and probably unfounded charges against Ada. Just tell me about the book which Mrs Jordan lent her."

"Well, by bad luck Ada happened to meet Adeline. They went in for a sudden friendship, and Ada supposed that she ought to give Adeline something. She knew that Mrs Jordan would never worry about 'The Gates of Hell.'"

"I'm not so sure about that."

"Please don't be amusing. It does depress one so, and all I want is your advice. Ada gave Adeline the book, and Adeline knew it was her own copy because of the pencil marks and of a dress pattern which she had put in as a marker. So Adeline has written me a letter. If she had ever begun to think about being a lady she couldn't possibly have written that letter. I know all about her. Her mother was simply——"

"No you don't. Stick to the facts. You want to know what you ought to do?"

"Of course."

"Tell Mrs what you have told me and apologise."

"That would be silly. I have written to say that I left the book in a cab and that I had been meaning to send her a new copy but that it had slipped my memory. Then I said I was a little surprised at the tone that she took about such a trifle. I only wanted to see if you couldn't have thought of some better lie. But you've got no imagination."

Then I told her what I thought about her, and she said she should never speak to me again. She always makes promises she is not prepared to perform. —The Tatler.

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"Madame Momentum"

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 26, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 21

The editor of this volume is Mrs. Ella Giles Ruddy, who has enjoyed the privilege of personal acquaintance of "The Mother of Clubs" for nearly thirty years. In her "foreword" Mrs. Ruddy well says, "The Mother of Clubs should be no shadowy figure; historical significance attaches to her personality. She is not a mere fiction, but a solid fact in American history. She is generally recognized by the best authorities on the subject, as the primal force in a movement that has become a stupendous factor in our civilization. 'Madame Momentum' would be a fitting name for Madame Severance. She has within her what one of her friends aptly terms the 'divine urge.'" No man or woman who has come under the spell of Madame Severance's presence, who has been inspired to truer life and better work by her grace and strength, can fail to recognize the felicity and truth of that "divine urge." And, again, writes

Mrs. Ruddy: "In her eighty-seventh year, with mind still active, eager and alert, Madame Severance is a center of light for those who are in sympathy with the broadest humanitarian impulses, who love the loftiest literature and who believe in the highest life." Well did Charles Ferguson write of "St. Caroline"—"of the widest horizons and the most venturesome faith."

The serial "In Bungalowland" ran anonymously under the by-line "The Club Woman." Over a dozen weekly chapters in 1906 it satirised the cultural pretensions of Southern California's leisured set.

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The Lay of Lucy Long

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 2, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 22

Nowhere on earth can the elusive muses be subjected to more distress than in the columns of the daily press. Gen. Otis's standard of verse for many years has been unique, and in the old days of the Times any ambitious capitalist with yearnings to scale Parnasus could get his "pome" printed by sandwiching twixt his strophes a five-dollar bill—provided, of course, the capitalist did not adorn the pages of his Black Book. The Examiner frequently prints some excellent verse, ranging from Ella Wheeler Wilcox's fantastic flights to Jimmy Montague's delirious ditties. But these are sent on from New York. When it depends on Uncle Heine Lowenthal's selection of local verse then it is that the muses shed bitter tears and the Examiner readers are put to rout. I rubbed my eyes the other day when I came across a "pome" on the Examiner's editorial page "by Mrs. Lucy Long." At last Uncle Heine had met a congenial and sympathetic spirit, one who would listen devoutly to his exuberant verbosity and whose violet verses might be laid tenderly at his feet in return. But listen to the lay of Lucy Long. Here is a subject worthy of an epic: "Our Fire Brigade," Los Angeles Floral Fiesta, May 22, 1906. If you can overcome the metric difficulties and the sense stumbling-blocks of the first verse, you are entitled to a prize from Uncle Heine. Tackle it!

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The Lay of Lucy Long

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 2, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 22

It is, however, in the last verse that Uncle Heine's poetess leads us to new realms of fancy, for in her Floral Fiesta apocalypse she saw "The sweet little dove as she cantered along!" I would almost as much like to see a dove cantering along as to hear Mrs. Lucy Long reciting her "pome" to Uncle Heine. But this was not all the little dove did. For she was

"endearing to all through the midst of the throng; escorting her banner entwined with the flowers, and the wild clustered foliage that grew in her bowers." Poor little dove! What a picnic she had and all that growing in her bowers—right and left, I suppose. But Lucy winds up with two more lines, the meaning of which if you attempt to fathom, is guaranteed to give you a headache:

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Col. Flash's Poems

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 2, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 22

"Fighting Joe" Wheeler, writing to his former staff officer, Col. Harry Lynden Flash of Los Angeles, in the summer of 1905, said: "I can say with truth that I have had much pleasure in reading your verse in all periods of your career. By education and travel you have greatly expanded natural advantages of a high order and temperament distinctly poetical, thus insuring a polish to your verse which is one of its most pleasing characteristics. Melodious and flexible, your lines are brightened with various and attractive excellence, amongst which sensibility and wit hold high places. * The book, I trust, will find favor with the general public, and especially with the 'Confederate Veterans' and the 'Daughters and Sons of the Confederacy.' Your poem on the 'Confederate Cross of Honor' cannot fail to touch a responsive chord in the hearts of those who wore the gray, and be read with tears by their descendants." This delightful letter, frank in its comradeship and appreciation, very appropriately forms the introduction to this volume of Colonel Flash's collected poems, which has just been published by the Neale Co. of New York.

General Wheeler is right; the reading of these poems does give pleasure. It is excellent verse and, more than that, it is enjoyable verse. Such poems as "My Friend," "Crazed," "A Duke of the Old Regime," "At Paris," "Murder Done,"—one almost takes them at random, so many are fine,—deserve the highest praise. Here is deep feeling, insight, imagination, restraint, melody, candor—poetic virtues manifold.

The themes are varied, but for the most part the poems have to do with human life. Flowers and nature are well and good, but they are significant only as they touch the lives of men and women, men and women who love and sin and strive and die, men and women who, though they fail and fall, are yet the noblest and ultimate theme of poet and artist. This is not the indefinite, meandering sort of verse, "idle singing of a summer's day." The human note makes these poems worth while and gives a vitality that will live.

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Mission of the Jungle

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 9, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 23

It is interesting to note how closely the report of Commissioners Reynolds and Neill on the horrors of Chicago's packing houses corresponds to the tale told of "Packingtown" in Upton Sinclair's book, "The Jungle." Sinclair's book, which undoubtedly inspired the present investigation, would never have been published if it had not been for the energies and subscriptions of prominent Socialists. The publishers were afraid both of prosecution for libel and also that the book would be a poor seller. Before they would undertake its publication, a large number of subscriptions had to be guaranteed, and an appeal was made to Socialists throughout the country, which was readily responded to. Among local subscribers was Dr. John R. Haynes, who is now congratulating himself on the important mission that Upton Sinclair's book has fulfilled.

An unsigned Graphic review of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" (1906). Sinclair (1878–1968), who later settled in Southern California, made the Chicago stockyards the sensation of the literary year.

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An English Review

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 9, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 23

Mr. Sinclair's book is attracting attention all over the world. An English reviewer says of it: "The rapid growth of practical Socialism in the United States has of late engaged the attention of serious publicists, and there is a very general feeling abroad that it is largely inspired by the unscrupulous methods pursued by competitors in the race for wealth. Of these methods no more appalling indictment can be imagined than the terrible picture of the submerged proletariat given in Mr. Upton Sinclair's novel, *The Jungle*. This is not a book to be read for pleasure or recreation. It deals with the elementary problems of life so frankly that it can only be recommended with a grave caution, since there are scenes in it so horrible as to leave an indelible impression on the mind of the reader. The principle involved in Tacitus's canon, 'abscondi debent flagitia, puniri scelera,' is one that is constantly being raised by modern novels, and not a few critics will still be found to maintain that it is a sound principle to apply to fiction. Its rigid application would certainly condemn such a book as *The Jungle*. Yet, on the other hand, Mr. Sinclair must be acquitted of the desire to exploit human misery for merely literary ends. There is no reason to doubt the honesty of his motive. The horrors of his narrative are implicit in the materials of the story, and, if he succeeds only too often in exciting repulsion and disgust, those emotions are never unattended by pity and compassion. The mass of squalid details obscures, but does not obliterate, the essentially tragic quality of the recital. It is open to question whether a more

convincing effect might not have been produced if the facts on which the story is based had been treated in the manner of Charles Booth's investigations. But there can be no doubt that, as now presented, they are sure of appealing to a wider audience. The novel with a purpose may not carry the same weight as the pamphlet of an expert, but for ourselves we are inclined to believe that more enlightenment is to be gained from *The Jungle* than from Mr. Lawson's *Frenzied Finance*."

An unsigned Graphic review of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" (1906). Sinclair (1878–1968), who later settled in Southern California, made the Chicago stockyards the sensation of the literary year.

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"Bob" Burdette on San Francisco

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 9, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 23

Years ago the Rev. Robert J. Burdette, pastor of Temple Church, then and even now, elsewhere, better known as "Bob," wrote the following entertaining description of "the city" we all knew and loved so well: "As you sail across the bay San Francisco is a gray town. The town may be painted red sometimes, but the prevailing tone of the city is quiet; the houses show you in general the quiet drab of a Quaker town. Don't misunderstand me. I say that as you approach it San Francisco looks like a Quaker town. But it is not a Quaker town. Oh, no; it is an earthquaker, but that is something very different. Oh, quite. In fact, altogether. Nothing serious about San Francisco except its color. Frame houses go up quicker, which is a great point in a growing city; don't come down so easily, which is a great point in an earthquake country. Earthquakes don't amount to much. Not nearly so common as cyclones and blizzards back East. Had only one earthquake since we came here. I was walking at the time, so didn't feel it. Told me I would have noticed it had I been sitting down. Fellow can't sit around all the time, waiting to feel earthquakes. Nobody had to sit down to feel Charleston earthquake. However, nothing wooden about San Francisco except its houses. Houses built of redwood. Fences also. And coal sheds. Looks awfully extravagant to see ornamental woods used so lavishly. Redwood as common in San Francisco as white marble in Philadelphia. All houses here are vaccinated for bay windows. If man is too poor to put up entire structure at once he erects bay-window or two and builds the house on to one of them when he is able. Bay window is fireplace of San Francisco home. Family gathers around and basks in the sunlight. Family on shady side of street shudders and shivers through breakfast, then goes across street to get warm. San Francisco in sunshine is bliss; in the shade it's blister; cold blister. With exception of fur cap, gloves and arctics, you dress in San Francisco as you do in Minnesota in winter. Only you keep these winter flannels and heavy raiment on all the year round in San Francisco. That would kill you in Minnesota. It is the evenings of the climate out here that charm you. The whole year is related to itself. There is

a family resemblance between Fourth of July and Christmas that makes you feel they are blood relations, and didn't marry into the family of months just to make things hot or create a coldness in the circle. The man who doesn't like California climate should stay where he can alternate his chilblains and sunstroke, frost bites and mosquito bites, in the proportion of a slight tonic or mild aperient."

An unsigned Graphic review of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" (1906). Sinclair (1878–1968), who later settled in Southern California, made the Chicago stockyards the sensation of the literary year.

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The Jungle: A Novel of Chicago, by Upton Sinclair (booksellers' notice)

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 16, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 24

"The Jungle" is the book that precipitated the present agitation against the great meat packers of Chicago. A terrible exposure of filth and revolting practices, from the pen of a man who saw them in those places, from where the greater part of the country's meat supply is shipped—it is a blazing indictment of existing conditions, which should be read by all. Price \$1.35. The Big Book Store, 252 South Spring Street.

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On Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth" (from Deborah's Diary)

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 23, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 25

I have been reading a masterly article on "Social Ideals" by Dr. Charles Waldstein in the North American Review. The essay was suggested by the reading of Mrs. Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth" which in my humble judgment is the greatest American novel yet written. "It is," says Dr. Waldstein, "a tragedy; not only because it ends with the death of the heroine, but because the heroine loses life's greatest prizes—the true love of a lover and her own self-esteem. She loses what every human soul more or less consciously strives for, a deep and at once concentrated and reciprocated affection of a kindred human being, free from, and above, all worldly and conventional considerations; and she loses this because of conditions which are ephemeral and fortuitous. She also loses the all-pervading moral sense of the harmonious relation between her actual life and the ideal of that life which dominates the

soul of every human being with greater or less clearness and consciousness. It is upon this harmony of our moral sense that our self-esteem depends. It is a soul's tragedy. But the essential element in a tragedy as a work of art is that it should force the reader or spectator into sympathy with the fate which is developed before his eyes. This is the true poetic justice in literature; not so much that the guilty should be punished, as that our sympathy and our emotions should be justified by the artistic presentation, the artistic form."

But it is particularly Dr. Waldstein's analysis of a "society"—"set" created—and Society, the co-ordination of "lasting general human laws" that interests one. Lily Bart's struggle and tragedy lay "between the ideals, the standards or, at least, the aspirations of a narrow society or set and those of human society as a whole." "The disease," writes Dr. Waldstein, who is an American by birth, a doctor of philosophy of a German university, a professor in classical archaeology in Cambridge university, England, and one of the most thorough citizens of the world I have ever met, "the disease which leads to tragic issues is often to be found in the fact that this wide conception of society has degenerated in the minds and hearts of shallow and vulgar-minded people, until its big meaning and purport are entirely lost, and it merely comes to mean the outer tinsel and glittering attributes of a group of wealthy people, who stand prominently before the eyes of the public on a pinnacle of newspaper publicity, in which their trivial acts and the articles of their apparel are heralded to a gaping and envious crowd. These are the people who then set the 'tone' for a whole nation, a tone which reverberates through the streets and slums of cities into the very country lanes, penetrating into the homes of every class, intruding into the harmony of their existence, and often ending in its distant echo with a discord which turns life into low comedy and sometimes into tragedy."

"Now, this 'society', this beau monde, which has replaced the deep conception of society in setting the standards and laws of civilized communities, as Mrs. Wharton describes it in New York, exists everywhere. It is no longer beautiful with the background of chivalry; it is essentially vulgar in its taste and in its influences. The tone is illiterate and uninteresting; there is only the brilliancy of wealth and the glitter of jewels. What there is of ingenuity is to be found in devising new and splendid forms of entertainment; and herein the native inventiveness manifests itself in ministering to the pampered palates of those who have an insatiable hunger for entertainment. But this entertainment is always 'mouvementé', never reposeful, never calculated for people when they are alone or in smaller groups. There is manifest in the life of these people the hypertrophy of the gregarious instinct; there is no time allowed in the program of such house parties for restful seclusion with a book or a lonely walk or ride; only, perhaps, in the hours of the morning, when the women rise late and the men rush off to Wall Street, is there seclusion and peace. The presence of Wall Street is felt permeating the whole,—the most brilliant of fêtes champêtres, a cruise on the wide expanse of sea, a ride through country lanes. Though Mrs. Wharton has with delicacy shrunk from obtruding it grossly, she has made use of it in the fate of her heroine in a complicated and dramatic situation."



Twenty Cents for "The Rosary"

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 30, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 26

It is only rarely nowadays that one hears of instances of the commercial shortsightedness of authors. Even poets have absorbed enough of the twentieth century money wisdom to make close terms with their publishers. Occasionally, however, one is caught tripping. I do not suppose there has been a more lucrative song in the last ten years than Nevin's "Rosary." Yet the author of the words, which are quite as beautiful as the music, received the sum of twenty cents only for his verses. Mr. R. Cameron Rogers of Santa Barbara, who in Southern California is perhaps better known as a polo player than a poet, wrote "The Rosary," and it was originally published, I believe, in the Santa Barbara Press, of which Mr. Rogers is the chief proprietor. The verses were brought to Nevin's attention, and Mrs. Nevin wrote to Mr. Rogers, asking his permission for her husband to set his verses to music. Mr. Rogers gladly complied without any other thought than that of satisfaction that his verses had attracted the attention of the promising young composer. He had forgotten all about the matter, and returning from spending the summer in Europe, heard in Chicago that a song called "The Rosary" was attracting wide attention. He went into Schirmer's and asked for a copy. He was told the price was sixty cents. He explained that he was the author of the verses. "Twenty cents discount," said the salesman, and this reduction on the price of a single copy of his own song was the sum total of his receipts. It seems curious that Mr. Rogers's work is not better known in California. He has already published two volumes of verses, and a third is about to be issued from the press of John Lane.



Monterey's Philosopher (notice of Julia Scott Vroman's Century article on Robert Louis Stevenson)

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 14, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 2

"The Strange Case of Robert Louis Stevenson and Jules Simoneau," told by Julia Scott Vroman in the Century, is of unusual interest. Simoneau, an old Frenchman, is the keeper of a Bohemian restaurant in Monterey, where Stevenson, in his vagabond days, got to know him and love him. Letters passed between the two later, when Stevenson returned to Scotland, for the most part written in French, and to-day Simoneau has a package of these in

an iron box, which he would not sell for all the wealth of the States. One can see from the picture of the old man and from his conversation what it was attracted Stevenson. "Shall I tell you," he said to his interlocutor, "what is a definition of Monterey? It is one very old town, where lives one very old philosophe, who is named Jules Simoneau."

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"The Builders" Proves a Winner — Stirring Novel of Luck and Love in the West

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 28, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 4

As predicted some weeks ago by the Graphic, the latest product of Willis George Emerson's virile pen, "The Builders" has scored a great success. Although it is barely a month since the novel left the press of Forbes & Co., Boston and Chicago, it has been received with enthusiasm by critics East and West; and the first edition of one hundred thousand copies is already nearly exhausted.

Many of those who know Mr. Emerson only as an exceedingly active operator in Los Angeles real estate and desert mines may imagine that all his energies are expended in his business, but, perhaps as a complete diversion, he has made time to prove his devotion to literature by writing another novel, the fame of which promises to eclipse that of "Buell Hampton," popular as the former effort has been.

"The Builders" is a virile and vivid picture of Western life, love and adventure—freedom and courage. It is romantic, but it is the romance that every Westerner knows is to be found in the West—a story that could only have been drawn by one who knew the West well and had tasted its waters, bitter and sweet.

The book must appeal not only to lovers of national adventure, but to lovers of adventurous nature. From the brown expanse of the plains, through canyons and gorges and into the very heart of the hills, the trail, the green pines and the cool streams the author leads us with the hand of a delightful guide. And his studies of humanity are as true and as attractive. Among the many reviews that have paid high tribute to "The Builders" is the following from the New York American, with its million readers:

"Strong, virile phases of Western life are strikingly depicted by Mr. Emerson in his new book although the hero is an Eastern youth. The author has a deep and understanding love and appreciation for the wonders of nature so bountifully spread in Idaho, where are the principal scenes of the story. And as he is attracted and moved by grandeur of scenic effect, so does nobility of character in men and women appeal most strongly to him.

"Sincerity being a leading trait in his make-up, Mr. Emerson shows in his characters both men and women of sterling merit, in sharp contrast to the hypocritical, the sycophantic, the vulgar and the grasping. There is never any doubt where the reader's sympathies are or where the author expected them to be, so sharply defined are the evil and good personages who compose the group with which the story in 'The Builders' is concerned.

"Not that there is a 'goody-goody,' sanctimonious air to the book. Quite the contrary. It unfolds a vivid study of human nature, and a truthful portrayal of the passions and motives of real people is not apt to smack of the Sunday school library sort of literature.

"Fred Rockwell is a newspaperman of New York, who goes West to write up conditions in boom towns and to describe the methods of real estate sharks and mining corporations, and, incidentally to look after a gold mine in which his father has left him an interest. The life and ways of both real estate men and miners are admirably set forth as Fred comes in contact with a town in the making and mines being worked. He sees the types of big men of large views of life, of optimistic nature and indomitable courage, who have made and are making waste lands grow into prosperous communities. He meets these men, sees their works, and he grows rapidly into an appreciation of what they have meant to the country.

"Of course he meets the girl and quickly learns to love her as much as he admires the perseverance of her father; the old miner, who for years has kept pegging away at his claim on the mountain side, sustained by an unfaltering faith that it would eventually yield ample reward for his toil. Fred puts all his money in the mine to develop it, and having severed his original connections, makes a precarious living as the editor of a country newspaper, until—well, until the end of the story finds him rewarded for his love and loyalty to Ruth; her father's faith in his own ability as a prospector amply justified and the sneaking enemy of them all given his just deserts.

""The Builders' is a broad, powerful book, then, dealing with the large-hearted men of the plains and mountains."

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Upton Sinclair's Next Book

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 28, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 4

The Socialist weekly, "The Appeal to Reason," is the owner of Upton Sinclair's next book, the title of which has not yet been announced. "The Appeal" declares that it is the equal of "The Jungle." "It portrays," says the Appeal, "the other side of the social picture, and with a master hand, with the same vivid realism that characterizes 'The Jungle'. Sinclair tears the mask from smug New York and shows what becomes of the profits piled up by Packingtown slaves." Evidently, the new Sinclair story is to be exceedingly sensational. "The story," writes

the editor of *The Appeal*, "will doubtless be pronounced immoral and indecent by polite society. Frankly, I must admit that it is. It could not be a truthful picture of the Thaw-White-Armour-Belmont-Gould-Schwab-Corey gang of plutes without being indecent. But it is not vulgar—it merely swings along with the stroke of the artist and paints the hideous picture for you. It's interesting and absorbing, and will be a fit sequel to that now famous book, and will make the social picture complete."

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Seventy Year Young

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 4, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 5

William Winter, the distinguished dramatic critic, poet and essayist, is spending the summer peacefully at Mentone, preparing for another campaign, his forty-second on Broadway. Many expressions of good will and appreciation reached him lately when he celebrated his seventieth birthday—"not without a certain comfort," he writes me, "to an old man who is passing from the scene." On his birthday, July 15, the *Washington Post* said: "Since 1865, or forty-one years, he has been reviewing plays in the columns of the *New York Tribune*, but great as is his reputation as a critic, he is no less distinguished as an author, a poet, and a Shakespearean editor. His books about the stage and his descriptions of Shakespeare's England are classics, and his poems breathe a lyric beauty and joyousness and contentment that make them stimulating and sustaining to the spirit.

His pen has always been on the side of what is best on the stage. He has never been swept away by the current of vulgar tawdriness that took the place of art, and for some years his personality loomed up like a lone gray rock above the surges that assailed the true artistic dignity of the art of the actor. He is surviving his assailants, and under the inspiration of his fidelity to truth other critics have sprung up around him to uphold the cause of a purer criticism.

Even at seventy no other writer for the American press can surpass him in lucidity of thought, the power of analysis, and the force of the English language, when he has a subject that appeals to his enthusiasm and art sense. He is one of the ablest American literateurs, and his name will be known long after his familiar 'W. W.' has ceased to appear at the foot of a criticism in the columns of the *Tribune*. Long may he live!"

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The Charm of Sand

THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

The love of sand is universal, felt by all, and at all ages. The child finds in it a ready and a plentiful material for giving something of definiteness to the world of his childish imagination; and when experience shall have proved the real world to be less pleasant, and not expressible in sand, he, nevertheless, as a grown man, tacitly admits the attraction of the old-time medium, and spends his holidays upon it. No watering-place need trouble as to its prosperity if it has a broad forefront of sand.

Probably so general and ingrained a love is only to be accounted for as the result of a sympathetic and unconscious "harking back" to the feel of the life on the dry sandy soils of the East, upon which man first wandered and in which he first delved. He can sit or lie with greater comfort and ease—as he originally sat, without a chair, or lay, without a couch—upon sand than upon any other kind of earth; and upon sand he reverts readily, and without fear of convention, to primeval barefootedness. Possibly even the charm of the "sanded floor"—in the concrete to our forefathers; to us in the abstract of happy description of the comfort and cosiness of cheery inn parlors and kitchens, warm with the ruddy heat of glowing logs, on snowy nights—may also be due to vaguely assertive instinct. In proof, it may be readily concluded that far-distant man would not have been long in finding out the advantages of a dry cave as a dwelling-place. It would be found most readily in soft, friable rocks. The natural and further easy expansion of the cave to meet growing demands for house-room, by scraping down of roofs and sides, would result in a sanded floor. Litter of rude cave living and housekeeping could be more easily swept out, with the leafy bough or bunch of sedges acting as the original broom, when mixed with sand than without its aid. The savage family which swept its cave out oftenest and most thoroughly would certainly be the healthiest and strongest. Other families and tribes would not have been long in noting the effective value of sand as contributing to the superior power of competitors and opponents, and in taking to using it.

Sand may thus very conceivably even merit ethical honors in having originated human cleanliness. And if an adverse critic should come along and speak of the instability of a theory, as of "a house built upon sand," our reply must be that it depends entirely upon the treatment of the sand; for, mixed with a proportion of fitting cement, it forms, as concrete, as stable a foundation as any, and more so than many a rock.

From its loose nature, sand cannot form part of those larger masses the configuration of which in mountain, crag, or deep-cut ravine arouses the higher emotions of majesty and awe. But compensation is to be found in its inducements to a restful, placid frame of mind, and the readiness with which it lends itself to those low, gentle lines of contour that by their unobtrusiveness allow either the imagination itself to work untrammelled, or give encouragement to that type of thought which from its breadth needs something of aid from the imagination. Walking on sand aids such thinking. It must be slow to be comfortable. The sinking of the foot forbids haste. The quality lurks even in the individual handful. Loosely

grasped, and allowed to trickle out slowly between the slackened fingers, it leads the mind gently into the warm and spacious land of afternoon.

The best way of getting into complete touch with such sands is to camp out for a week or two on their margin, preferably under the shadow of a low cliff, and within easy reach of fresh water and a village. There should be one old friend as companion, and he gifted with the blessing of infrequent speech. Books must be regarded as a necessity. The modifications which they have produced in the character of enjoyment since the first distant life on the sand, which we seek to feel the spirit of, is so marked as to make them indispensable to complete pleasure. Newspapers, both from being newer and blunter evolutionary tools, are unnecessary. The trimming which they have produced so far has been less marked, and can be ignored without danger. But the books should be few, and of the right kind: sufficiently strong to sustain interest, and not heavy enough to tempt into deeper grooves of thought. Books of fiction without a "problem" to solve or an "ism" to illustrate, of history treated broadly, and of travel well permeated with the personal element are, perhaps, as satisfactory as any. Robert Louis Stevenson reads well lying at ease on warm sand after tea on a summer's evening, the book propped against an easily made and readjusted pillow of sand. So do Kingslake—in "Eothen" at least—Scott, Dumas, and Froude. Philosophical books we need not. Their more fitting place is on the bookshelf, within easy reach of the low, deep-seated chair at the winter fireside. Sand has a philosophy of its own, fully satisfying, although inexpressible from its breadth and airiness. It is Turner compared with the Preraphaelite Brotherhood. No one knows what attracts him in a Turner painting, and no one knows what attracts him to sand. It is nothing that can be confined within the bounds of a canon. Facts and figures form no part of the attraction. The hopeless innumerability of the grains of sand—dust of past worlds broken down by the weight of ages—lessens the orthodox worth of figures. Two and two certainly make four, on the sands as on the rocks, but it rises sometimes to so esoteric a height as to permit of the pleasure of a vague suggestion that in some other world two and two may not make four, or even parallel lines may meet, without making very much difference, after all, to anybody.

The life of the tent—the tent is instinctively associated with sand—means sand at its best; at grey dawn, in midday heat and soft evening calm. Why generally, should not the important education to appreciate fresh air and plain food not be carried out in tents and simple bungalows erected upon the common boundaries of sandy spaces and heathery moorland around our coasts? Thoughtful and experienced physicians believe and say that it is better to offer the bulwark of such an education, with full combative life-energy in hand, to the great national enemy of Consumption, than delay the fight until he shall have gained the advantage of the first blow and wound. The essentials are so very simple and cheap,—fresh air, suitable food, and a few sanitary precautions. The safety of an open window can never be thoroughly learnt from books in the town; it can be learnt without them, under canvas or in a bungalow, on the sands or moor.

But, be the camper-out whom he may, one glory of the sands, if facing west, will be preeminently his: the colors of the Almighty in the Western heavens when the sun shall have been quenched in the sea. The glories of the sunsets of the homely English sands of the West are not to be equalled in any part of the world. Those reared upon their edges feel an attraction for sand as strong as the Arab's. If such a one shall have wandered into distant lands, it is not the vivid glory of the tropical scene that he sees through tired, half-closed eyes, but the afterglow of sunset on his native sands, and the faint gleam from the light-house on the distant rocky "sker." The cloying scent of tropical plants is not in his nostril, but the pungent twang of seaweed on wet sand; and in his ears is not the rustle of palms, but the murmur of the shallow home-tide. Sand is woven into his soul-fibre. That fibre is, however, a loose-textured one, as is befitting to retain sand. It must be admitted that it requires hard earth to breed hard men, possessing those sterner and firmer qualities which bring success in the struggles for precedence and leadership along the stony ways of life. Still, the readiness to be led must for the well-being of the world at large be a necessary quality in incomparably the greater number, and in generating this readiness the highest formative function of sand is seen. Life, too, has breadths as well as heights, and the fierce but short-lived joy of the climber at rising above lower peaks, laboriously surmounted, may, looking upon life as a whole, be perhaps well counter-balanced by the lower-keyed, but steadier and more uniform, pleasures of him who elects for the broader and easier spaces of the lower world. And when, indifferently, the treader of the hard and the sandy ways of life thinks of the world he hopes next to tread in, as "Heaven" to both, it would not be complete without its "golden sands." In this quality it is a heaven by contrast to him of the rocky heights, but simply as a continuation of the earth he loved best to him whose earth was sand. Can there be higher proof of the worth of sand?—The Spectator.

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Some Authors I Have Known

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 18, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 7

In a series of reminiscences "Some Authors I Have Known," W. L. Alden, an American journalist now living in London, writes: "I was for some time sub-editor of a weekly New York paper, which was owned and edited by Robert B. Roosevelt, the uncle of President Roosevelt. When I read of Mr. Roosevelt's death the other day at the age of 79 I could hardly realise that the vigorous athletic man whom I knew in my youth had nearly reached his eightieth year. He was a short, stout man, a clever and forcible writer of leading articles, many of which he furnished to the New York Herald, an enthusiastic fisherman, a bon vivant. I remember telling him one morning that a friend of mine who had lived by rule all his life, and had never indulged in a single vice or irregularity of living, had suddenly died of

a stroke of apoplexy. 'What a terrible warning against leading a regular life!' said Roosevelt. While Roosevelt never indulged in dissipation of any sort he was certainly what most people regarded as a free liver, and the fact that he lived to be nearly eighty certainly seemed to justify his disapproval of a regular life. He was a genuine humorist, and he wrote a book entitled 'Five Acres Too Much,' a burlesque of a book that was popular at the time, and undertook to show people how to grow rich by cultivating ten acres of land. Roosevelt's book was immensely funny, but it is nearly forty years since it was published, and it was long ago forgotten."

"Mr. Roosevelt wrote a number of other books, chiefly books dealing with fishing and kindred sports. He could throw a fly further than any other man in the United States, and proved it in various contests. He was a good yachtsman, although he never went in for racing. He had a curious boat, rigged in a way unknown on this side of the Atlantic, and he was very fond of making long coasting voyages in her. In politics he was a Democrat, and at one time was the leader of a faction of the Democratic party in New York City which revolted against the rule of Tammany Hall. However, he ultimately made his peace with the Tammany ring, and was nominated and elected by Tammany to Congress. Late in life he was the United States Minister to the Hague, and I met him in Rome during one of his temporary absences from his post in Holland, and, at his request, ordered a dinner for him at the Falcone, one of the old-time Roman restaurants that has now disappeared. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, the United States Minister to Italy, and myself made what a lady novelist, whose book I was reading the other day, called a 'partie carée,' and they all professed themselves delighted with the roast boar and the artichokes 'all Ebreia,' which is the especial Roman manner of cooking that vegetable. And now of that little party I am the only one who still survives to eat my annual artichokes in Rome."

"I notice that several papers have spoken of Mr. Roosevelt as one of the destroyers of the Tammany ring. That is a mistake, for, as I have said, he made his peace with Tammany. The real destroyer of the ring was Mr. Louis Jennings, late Member for Stockport, and at one time the political mentor of Lord Randolph Churchill. Jennings was for some years the editor of the New York Times, and his attacks on the Tweed ring were begun without the help of anyone, and at the cost of no little peril to himself. One day two truculent Irish Tammany 'heelers' came to the Times Office and demanded to see Jennings, announcing that they had come to cut his heart out. Just at that moment Jennings passed through the ante-room where the fellows were waiting, and heard what they said. 'I am the editor,' he said. 'If you mean to cut my heart out now is your time. You will never have a better opportunity.' Jennings was unarmed and was by no means a fighting man in appearance, but the two scoundrels assumed that he must be ready to shoot them down if they made the slightest movement towards him, and they thereupon ignominiously retreated, leaving Jennings's stout heart uncarved."

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The Literary Matinee Infection

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 25, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 8

As a husband of one of the sixty-five patronesses of the Belasco literary matinees, I have recently obtained a few sidelights on the drama that are exceedingly illuminating to an everyday business man. Of course we men are not given to the sort of gossip that appears to entertain women, but now and then we have a temptation to tell our experiences and we yield to it. I feel that it is only fair to share what I have learned about the drama and dramatic criticism with the public.

Two months ago, when Mrs. Westlake said she was on the list of patronesses for the Chester Place pastoral, I did not pay much attention to her remark, for I was engrossed in a big mining scheme. Since real estate has been rather overdone by rival firms John Wesley Westlake & Company have been interested in ground floor propositions on promising gold, silver and copper properties. To tell the truth, I did not take time to think what a pastoral might be when given a Chester Place background and I need not say that I was surprised when I went to see "Romeo and Juliet" by moonlight. Afterward, when there was some trouble about the small amount of money realized from the big audience, Mrs. Westlake said she thought the players ought to be satisfied with the knowledge that they had enjoyed an artistic triumph. She explained that the expenses were too heavy for only one performance and that there was more or less vagueness about the returns from tickets.

So far as she was concerned she had put all the money she collected in the Japanese idol in my den and after the pastoral she had counted the dollars and sent her check. She was shocked when I told her that I had borrowed from the idol once or twice when I forgot to have a gold piece changed and she sent a supplementary check that was far more than double the amount I had embezzled while under the impression that I was helping myself from the household laundry fund.

It was a pleasure to lend the Westlake name to the literary matinee project a few weeks later, for Miss Constance Crawley is an artist whom I admire. Mrs. Westlake missed her clubs, during vacation time, and she felt that the matinees ought to mean more to the earnest student of modern drama than several seasons of clubs. I am free to say that I have no use for the problem play and I was secretly glad that business would prevent me from attending the Ibsen and d'Annunzio performances.

Mr. John H. Blackwood, manager of the Belasco Theater, sent out little booklets announcing the literary matinees. The booklets were most attractive typographically and Mrs. Westlake said they were in keeping with the aristocratic character of the matinees. Her name under the W's was most conspicuous. There was something laudatory concerning Miss

Crawley, Mr. Harry Mestayer and Mr. Hobart Bosworth, but that did not interest her so much as the beauty of the paper and printing.

All the newspapers except one gave kindly notice to the important theatrical venture but the list of patronesses did not please the one or there was some other trouble, for we had to buy the Examiner and the News whenever Mrs. Westlake wanted to find out what the next play would be.

The day of the "Gioconda" matinee a lot of our friends came in from the beaches and we lunched at the club where there was a lot of talk about d'Annunzio and Duse. If the conversation had not been avowedly literary I should have called it a dissertation on scandal, but then I am merely a man who is a materialist. I believe in drawing the line somewhere, but nowadays I notice that women can speak of any subject if they do so in the name of art and literature. It was evident that a thrilling performance was expected and judging from what I heard at dinner that night the audience was not disappointed.

Mrs. Westlake said that she came away from "Gioconda" feeling dreadfully sad and "teary," even though she was horrified by the scene in which one large actress was carried away in a frenzy of denunciation. She thought Harry Mestayer was especially good in his delineation of what a weak man will come to if he is not watched. I could not find out much about his acting, but she mentioned his iron gray hair, his despondent stoop and his velvet dressing gown. He was stage manager as well as one of the stars and she thought that he gasped now and then as if he were tired from bossing the stage hands. Miss Crawley and Mr. Bosworth apparently were quite above reason for fault-finding from the ordinary point of view, but the criticism of the one antagonistic newspaper next day proved how little persons who have been around the world and have heard Duse in the original production know about d'Annunzio. Mrs. Westlake made the grand tour after I sold my famous subdivision and she passed a whole year in Italy, but, although she is said to be one of the best read of Los Angeles club women, she was all wrong in her estimate of the large actress, but so was the entire audience. I pointed out this fact to Mrs. Westlake and she answered that a man, whose acquaintance with journalistic methods was confined to paying for half pages in Sunday newspapers, was not qualified to jest on a subject so vital to the growth of culture on the coast. To punish me, she took me to the next matinee. I liked it, for Harry Mestayer as Romeo surprised me. He was handsome, youthful and impassioned. Mrs. Westlake whispered that he was not Italian enough. She thought he lacked the divine fire. "Dago fire," you mean?" I answered, and she did not speak to me again for a whole act.

I thought the play was different from any previous performance of the great Shakespearean love story and Mrs. Westlake was pained because I did not know instantly that it was the Colley Cibber or some such version, of which she did not approve. I liked it, however, and I mentioned it on the stock exchange because Miss Crawley's Juliet and Mr. Bosworth's Mercutio were worth seeing by any one who appreciates the best in the actor's profession. There would have been a crowd at the second performance but Mr. Mestayer

retired from the combination of stars in which he was the only local orb. Some one told Mrs. Westlake that he decided that the literary drama was too much of an intellectual strain. I joined the "white squadron," the other night. I took special pains to ask him why he did not continue to interpret heroes who ought to be in sanitariums or madhouses. He made no direct reply, but shook his head as if he had sad, sad memories of his brief experiment as star and manager of literary matinees. He looked like a man who needed a vacation far from the reach of the antagonistic or any other newspaper which declines to recognize an artistic effort because of some petty prejudice. I tried to encourage him to give up his ambition to show matinee girls and club women what a wicked world this is, but he assumed a forbidding manner and ordered another stein of beer.

Because one Mestayer does not make a literary matinee the Belasco theater opened its doors for two performances of "Pelleas and Melisande." This step appeared to Mrs. Westlake a foolish one because she said that the Maeterlinck play would not "act." I asked whether it had a wicked theme and she said it was not exactly wicked--no, it merely treated of love which was not right. "Then it will hold attention," I prophesied. I went to the performance out of curiosity and was amazed to see what was one of the most remarkable plays I ever attended. It seemed to me it was perfectly acted and that the scenery was good, but the antagonistic newspaper found fault next day. But I don't blame the critic because it is the custom for dramatic editors to enjoy performances by lounging in the lobby when they are napping in a box, and it would not do at all to write cheering, pleasant things about the poor, hard working actors. I have never known many dramatic critics, but those I have known I have met at cigar stands during the second and third acts of plays.

Mrs. Westlake read each adverse criticism with indignation, but one morning when she discovered an editorial insinuating that all the patronesses were "literary prigs," she was speechless for a moment. Then she said she thought I ought to take my Sunday advertisements out of a newspaper that referred so disrespectfully to a member of the Westlake family, but I made her understand that a business man had to take the larger view and hope that country journalism would not last forever in Los Angeles. Mrs. Westlake thought I might be right, but she insisted that it seemed unjust an actress like Miss Crawley should be the victim of local feuds. I agreed with her and took occasion to remind her how much better the domestic life is than the professional life. We gave a dinner party in honor of Miss Crawley, who is going north for an engagement that will make her forget all her Los Angeles experiences, and while we all agreed that though literary matinees were most successful from an artistic point of view, they were invaluable as a means of discovering facts, that, like Mr. Dooley's famous theories, had to be undiscovered again.

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The Saving of Bret Harte

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 25, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 8

I had some correspondence with Bret Harte while he lived in San Francisco, but I did not meet him until he came to New York, writes W. L. Alden in M. A. P. He had by that time written half a dozen stories, including the "Luck of Roaring Camp," and his fellow-countrymen had decided that he was a greater genius than Dickens. His journey overland from San Francisco was a triumphal procession--if the term may be applied to a railway trip. Every day the newspapers reported his progress, and when he reached the East he was received with dinners and speeches, and treated as if he were the most distinguished guest that the United States had ever entertained. Soon after, with the curious fickleness of the American people, it was generally agreed that he had "written himself out," and that he could no longer write stories that were worth reading. He could not write after he had been informed by the Press that "he was played out," and for a time it looked as if he were about to justify the charge. There were, however, some who still believed in him, and among these was Dana, the editor of the New York Sun. He bought Harte's stories, and he procured for him the appointment of Consul somewhere in Scotland. On this side of the Atlantic Harte found that the public still believed in him, and, cheered by this, he did, if anything, better work than he had ever done in his California days. Had it not been for Dana, and the Consulate, it is very possible that Harte's career as an author would virtually have ended within the year after he came to New York. Without any reason, except, perhaps, the feeling that an excess of praise had been lavished on him, the New York press, with the exception of the Sun, treated him with sheer brutality. The man's genius was too fine and delicate to meet unscathed the cruel treatment that was given to him. Mr. Charles Dana, the man who made the New York Sun a power, and came to be recognized as one of the foremost of American newspaper editors, was a firm believer in the theory that a newspaper can exercise no influence except by iteration.

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Animal Heroes

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 8, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 10

"A hero," Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton writes in his new book, "Animal Heroes," "is an individual of unusual gifts and achievements. Whether it be man or animal, this definition applies; and it is the histories of such that appeal to the imagination and to the hearts of those who hear them." And so he has taken the lives of a number of wild and captive or pet animals, and out of the typical incidents and accidents of their careers has evolved half-a-dozen heroes—creatures who do and suffer rather more than their fellows. The lives of the

heroes, thus, are "composite," but are founded mainly on one particular life, and the result, as is usual with Mr. Seton's stories, is wonderfully interesting. How far the stories can be regarded as scientific natural history is, of course, another matter.

There can be no doubt as to the success of the "appeal to the imagination." Few writers excel Mr. Seton in the modern school which began with Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book," in enlisting the sympathy of the reader on the side of individual animals in the struggle to live; and the fascination of the personalities of Little Jack Warhorse, the Slum Cat, Snap, the bulldog terrier, and Arnaux, the homing pigeon, is as strong as that of any of Mr. Seton's animals, even though it is in some ways less convincing than the fascination of Bagheera or Baloo. Occasionally, it would appear, Mr. Seton is rewriting history. Little Jack Warhorse, for instance, is the name of a rabbit who actually existed: he was a jack-rabbit caught up in a big rabbit-drive in the West, and kept for coursing. The course was from the starting-pen on one side of a large park, across the open ground in front of the grand stand, to the Haven, or home-pen, on the other; and the Warhorse was faster than any greyhound that was ever slipped after him. He was promised his liberty if he covered the course thirteen times without giving his pursuers a turn—that is, if he could run straight from the starting-pen to the Haven; and his last run, Mr. Seton tells us, is still talked about by Kaskadoans, besides having already been made immortal in the daily papers. The story of Arnaux, the homing pigeon, again, is largely a matter of fact. Arnaux was a pigeon who was sent up from a steamer in distress, and who actually flew two hundred and ten miles home, in a fog, in four hours and forty minutes, and so, perhaps, saved the lives of the passengers and crew of the drifting steamer. He had a brother, Arnolf, also a pigeon with three fine records, and nothing is more moving in the book than the reproach of Arnolf's owner to the brute who had shot his pigeon flying home. "There were tears in the wrath of the pigeon-man: 'My bird, my beautiful Arnolf, twenty times has he brought vital messages, three times has he made records, twice has he saved human lives, and you'd shoot him for a pot-pie. I could punish you under the law, but I have no heart for such a poor revenge. I only ask you this, if ever again you have a sick neighbor who wants a pigeon-pie, come, we'll freely supply him with pie-breed squabs; but if you have a trace of manhood about you, you will never, never again shoot, or allow others to shoot, our noble and priceless messengers.'"

That is sound enough work, even for those who refuse to be so sentimental as to allow that animals possess a consciousness in any degree similar to man's; but Mr. Seton is hardly on such safe ground in his description of the death of Arnaux himself, shot at on his last homeward journey by another brutal gunner, and so failing a victim to a pair of peregrine hawks. "A dark stain appeared on his bosom, but Arnaux kept on, homeward bound . . . under the pirates' castle where the great grim peregrines sat; peering like black-masked highwaymen, they marked the on-coming pigeon. Arnaux knew them of old. Many a message was lying undelivered in that nest, many a record-bearing plume had fluttered away from its fastness. But Arnaux had faced them before, and now he came as before—on, onward, swift, but not as he had been; the deadly gun had sapped his force, had lowered his speed. On, on:

and the peregrines, biding their time, went forth like two bow-bolts; strong and lightning-swift they went against one weak and wearied. Why tell of the race that followed? Why paint the despair of a brave little heart in sight of the home he had craved in vain? In a minute all was over. The peregrines screeched in their triumph." Now, that is surely not a transcript, but a translation. It is the transference into the mind of a pigeon of the emotions which would be felt by a human being who, having been exiled from his home for years, realized that he was about to be struck down by a violent death. To assert that a pigeon is capable of suffering such intense agony of thought as such a situation would produce in the mind of a human being, is to imbue the whole scheme of Nature with a cruelty that is unthinkable. It must be admitted that Mr. Seton seldom allows himself such latitude of emotion. Nothing, for instance, could be more restrained or more successful than the narrative of the Slum Cat. The contrast between the dignity, the grace, and the comfortable habits of a well-fed cat, and the shifts to which hunger drives the guttersnipes of catdom, would be unhappy enough, if treated on certain lines, to conjure into maiden ladies' wills any number of codicils endowing cats' homes. But the hero-cat in this book is regarded more wisely. She of the Slums is not happy when, well-fed and fat, she wins the gold medal at the cat show, and, purchased with falsely royal pedigree, is asked to live on cream and lie on velvet. She prefers an unfettered life among the chimney-tops and the chance of finding an occasional fish head in a rubbish-heap. The story is one of the most successful in the collection because of the absence of a maudlin insistence, into which the author might so easily have fallen, on the miseries afflicting cats which cannot depend on regular meals and linen baskets to sleep in.

Yet the author of "Animal Heroes" does somehow contrive to strike a main note of unhappiness, not the less impressive because cold reasoning about the possibilities of pain in the scheme of Nature is not always readily listened to, however logical may be the syllogism. Now and then, of course, the existence of avoidable suffering on the part of animals is unquestionable, and a book may be written with unhappiness as the keynote, and be perfectly in accordance with ascertained facts. Take, for instance, such a book as "Black Beauty," which is, perhaps, still read in some nurseries. The avowed object of the writer of the book is to bring to the knowledge of the reader the cruelties which may result from the improper use of the bearing-rein. But the misery which she describes is due to the conditions of an artificial existence. The pain inflicted is inflicted by man, and the insistence upon the necessity for its removal is not legitimate, but right. But when the pain described is inflicted by animals upon animals, under perfectly natural conditions of existence, it is surely logical to argue that unhappiness does not enter into the scheme of things at all. The scheme must be wise, or it would not be the Scheme; and it would not be wise if animals felt the unhappiness in contemplating the violent endings of lives all round them which human beings would feel if they were similarly tortured and preyed upon and destroyed. So far, then, as the author of any collection of animal-stories contrives to convey the impression that his animal heroes are consciously unhappy in the same sense and to the same degree as men and women can be consciously unhappy, he is translating, not transcribing. He is writing, in

reality, not about animals, but about men. But, of course, that line of argument brings you to the equally sound contention that if animals cannot be unhappy as men are unhappy, neither can they be happy as men understand happiness. That is incontestable; but where, then, it may be asked, is there any opportunity for an animal to become a "hero?" The deliberate acceptance of danger or pain in obedience to the dictates of what is known to be right is of the essence of heroism: how can that, for animals, be a possibility?

It is, of course, impossible. But Mr. Seton would be justified in urging that he has already defined and limited the word "hero." An animal hero is "an individual of unusual gifts and achievements." That may, perhaps, be put in another way, which would be that an animal hero is the animal who survives. He is perpetually proving himself fitter than others. Little Jack Warhorse gets the opportunity of becoming a "hero" because he happens to run faster than the others in the rabbit-drive, and so gets caught up in the traps towards which rabbits are driven before the others, who are slower and weaker, arrive. Yet it must be owned that in certain senses the definition of an animal hero as merely an animal who proves his fitness to survive is not wholly satisfying. That is particularly the case when the "heroic" action is performed in relation to man—in pursuance, for instance, of such a duty as guarding a child from harm. There is room, no doubt, in the contemplation of such actions for a good deal of confusion of thought. We seem to discern, perhaps very dimly, something akin in the uplifting of the being of an animal into a plane near our own. But that may lead to dangerous argument. One point, at least, stands out clearly enough. It is man who makes the animal the hero. He does not know that he is a hero himself. No other animal admires him as heroic, nor, most certainly, would understand how it could be possible for so commonplace a creature as Dash, the collie, or Peter, the tom-cat, to provide material for books over which wonderful and powerful human beings can laugh, or weep, or philosophize.—The Spectator.

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The Recrudescence of Izaak

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 15, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 11

I was giving a final overhauling to my fishing tackle the other morning just before cockcrow, preparatory to a day with the croaker and yellowfin in the Bay, when there came a gentle knocking at the front door.

"Why doesn't he ring the bell?" thought I. But Neighbor Jones is a man wise in his day and generation, and a genuine Brother of the Angle; moreover the good housewife sees no sense in arousing the household at all hours of the night merely to go a fishing.

It was not Jones, however. I opened the door, and there stood a quaint figure of a man that looked as if it might have stepped out of a seventeenth century picture book. He wore

small clothes, high leather boots, and conical high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat of sober color.

"I am right glad I am not too early, Friend Dingbat," quoth my caller, as he stepped into the hall, "but you must know that a Brother of the Angle never allows the sun to get the first glimpse of the morning."

I was greatly mystified over my strange guest but hospitality forbade inquisitiveness. "Plenty of time to catch the first car," I answered, "and Jones will be along soon."

"Jones? I know him not. But Venator hath promised to meet us at the Thatched-House, and I promise you pleasure of his company. And what mean you by the 'first car?' I should account myself no true fisherman could I not walk a league for the pleasure of angling."

So it was Izaak Walton! Well, the old fellow had given me more than one pleasureable hour in the perusal of his "Complete Angler," and it would indeed be a sorry return not to reciprocate.

"Why, man," I replied, "it is a matter of twenty miles or more to the bay, and we should waste precious hours in walking it; Mr. Huntington's cars will take us there in three-quarters of an hour. Come, we must be going or we will miss it."

"But Venator—" Izaak stopped short with a puzzled look on his face, but said no more. So we held forth on our way to the Sixth street station.

Presently he halted. "I have forgotten my rod at your house," he said, and soon came back with a pole at least 12 feet long. "They won't let you take that on the car," I explained; "leave it at the house and I will loan you one of my jointed rods." The good man sighed but acquiesced.

"I have ample supply of lobworms and maggots and dugworms," continued Walton, "and I warrant you that with the unguents we shall use upon them, no chub or perch or dace shall be able to resist our lure."

"Oh, bugs and worms are useless where we are going. There's nothing so good as the soft part of a clam well laid on. I have plenty for both of us."

Again the good man looked puzzled, but he shrewdly kept the mantle of silence wrapped around his lack of understanding. He was no fool, this Izaak.

The San Pedro car was just pulling into the station and we ran for it. Mr. Walton had no time to comment on the apparent strangeness of his surroundings.

"I think you said it was twenty miles," he said. "I trust we shall find a comfortable inn for the refreshment of our inner man when we stop to change horses."

"Change horses? why we will reach our destination in forty-five minutes." Once more the puzzled look; but just then the car pulled out of the station. Mr. Walton clung to the seat in front and ejaculated in alarm, "The diligence is running away."

I had some difficulty in accustoming the ancient fisherman to the, to him, novel and terrifying conditions; but we reached San Pedro without mishap. Duffy's launch was at the ferry landing, and we entered it comfortably, but as the boat started for mid-stream, there was more trouble.

"What invention of the evil one is this?" gasped Mr. Walton; "surely some creature of Satan hath us in its grasp." But before I could explain its mechanism the boat reached the East San Pedro side. Some fishermen were taking barracuda from a fishing sloop.

"I see you have here the mighty Luce or Pike," quoth Walton, "which is indeed the tyrant of the fresh waters, as the salmon is the king; and which fish is bred with the help of the sun's rays from pickerel weed."

I explained the matter as best I could, and we went on to the cannery, where I hoped to initiate my ancient Brother of the Angle into the mysteries of croaker-catching. I rigged up rod and leader and showed him how to cast out into the bay; but truly the old gentleman needed no lesson in casting except that the reel and heavy sinker were at first awkward in his unaccustomed hands. In a few minutes he was quite content.

"I love angling," he said; "it is a rest to the mind, a cheerer of spirits, a diverter of sadness, a moderator of passion, a procurer of contentedness; it doth beyond peradventure beget habits of peace and patience in those that profess and practice the gentle art."

Just about this time Izaak had a bite. I had observed some uplifting nibbles at his line and suspected croakers.

"Come now," I heard him mutter to himself, "I shall catch me a fish that shall fill six reasonable bellies of men."

And with that "Zip- Zip!" went his reel and the line started in the direction of Deadman's Island. And "Zee! Zee!" went the line, while the angler held to his rod in stupid astonishment.

The reel was whirling like a mad Dervish and I thought it time to go to his assistance. "So, you shall play him and I will become your pupil," said he.

As a matter of fact it was a leopard shark of some 60 pounds weight. In fifteen minutes I had brought the monster to the surface, when it broke the leader and disappeared.

"Marry an' I am glad of it," ejaculated Walton; "in such case you are like to have an untoward scholar of me. May we not rather fish for the chub, or perch, or e'en the grayling?"

I quieted the angler's fears as best I could, and presently had him fishing again. Soon he had a bite, and this time it was a croaker indeed. Izaak played him in beautiful style and finally brought the fish to gaff in ten minutes or so. It weighed over six pounds.

"Now Belus (the first inventor of angling) be praised; in sooth it is a goodly fish;" and with that he broke into song:

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The Mandarin's Courtship [From the Russian.]

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 29, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 13

Half past 6. It was the hour she had appointed. My overcoat flapped wildly about my legs, the plaything of an icy wind whose keen breath I did not feel. I held my head proudly erect and looked at the men who passed by with the protecting glance of a conqueror, while for each woman who crossed my path I felt a sudden thrill of tenderness, a reflection of the wild love that had absorbed me, body and soul, for four days.

At a quarter to 7 I ceased to look at the men about me. I watched only the women, and them with anger. There was only one who could interest me. What did the others matter, save to render the moments of waiting still more unendurable.

At half past 8 I was convinced that she would not come. My overcoat was tightly buttoned then, the collar was turned up and I felt that my nose was blue. I shivered painfully and my teeth chattered.

At the sight of my dragging step and bowed shoulders the police must have taken me for an old man seeking a night's shelter beneath the doorway.

It was for her sake that I was so cold. Oh, the heartless.....But then, perhaps, she was ill! Who could tell? And I who wished all the evils of wrath to fall upon her head!

"Eugenie Nicolaivna will be there!" said my comrade, never dreaming that I had waited for her in the cold and the bitter wind from 6 o'clock until half past 8.

"Ah," I replied, with a look of utter indifference. There was to be a bal masque at the Folozoff's. Usually I hated such things, but tonight I determined to make an exception to my rule.

"Come on, it's Christmas Eve, and all the world is gay," said my friend, persuasively. "Let us be gay, too. Let's disguise ourselves and go to every ball in the city!"

The faces of my fellow students grew bright with anticipated pleasure.

"Good," they all exclaimed.

Our company was presently made larger by the addition of twelve other students, reckless as ourselves, and together we swept like a whirlwind into the shop of a cheap costumer.

I wanted something at once sad and beautiful, a costume that would reflect and portray the sorrow in my heart.

"Give me the dress of a Spanish nobleman of olden times," I said to the man.

But the old hidalgo for whom my costume was made must have been a veritable Goliath. I was lost in his garments and as lonely as if I had been in an immense deserted hall.

"Will your excellency try a bandit's dress?" suggested the owner of the shop. "See what a fine hat, and the dagger, too. Look!"

A dagger! Not such a bad idea! It suited my mood. But, unfortunately, I had my doubts as to the famous bandit.

His dress betrayed the fact that he could not have been more than twelve years old. His hat scarcely covered the back of my head, and I had to be forcibly extracted from his trousers.

Nor did the page's costume tempt me. It was as striped as a tiger's skin, and the monk's robe was eaten with holes.

"Hurry up, there, it is late!" cried my companions, as I stood undecided.

All that remained for me then was the quilted dress of a Chinaman of rank.

"Give me the Chinese," I exclaimed, in disgust.

It was worse than I could have imagined. I will pass in silence over the ridiculous slippers into which I could pass only one-half of my foot. Nor will I describe the pink skull cap attached by threads to my ears, which thus distended, resembled those of a bat.

But the mask! It was, if I may express it so, an abstract physiognomy. The nose, the ears, the mouth and the eyes, though all in their proper places, were like nothing human.

The mask expressed neither sorrow, merriment nor surprise. It gazed forth with a placid calm which instantly provoked a burst of wild laughter. My comrades leaned weakly against the wall, holding their sides.

"Yours will be the best costume there!" they cried.

And, when I looked in the glass, while my heart was ready to break and the tears smarted behind my eyelids, I, too, could not keep from laughing, as they had done.

"Remember, we have sworn not to take off our masks under any circumstances!"

"Agreed! Agreed!"

My mask was, indeed, the most original at the ball. Several groups followed me at once, twisting me and turning me like a top from one side to another. And when, with threatening gestures, I turned sharply about to escape my tormentors, there was a general shout of wild laughter.

The circling crowd kept in my path so that I could not move and at last the contagion of their folly caught me and I laughed and screamed and sang.

How far away that gay world seemed and how lonely I was under my mask!

At last I saw her.

"It is I," I whispered, eagerly.

She raised her white eyelids slowly. A silvery laugh answered me.

"Yes, it is I! Why did you not come?"

She only laughed, laughed always.

"What is the matter?" I cried, pleadingly.

"Is it really you?" she replied, between two peals of merriment. "Oh, how funny you are, and how grotesque!"

My head fell heavily upon my breast, my whole attitude betrayed real suffering. She watched the dancers whirling by.

"Ah, but you are cruel to laugh in this way. Can you not guess, can you not see beneath this horrible mask the sorrow that fills my heart? Why did you lead me on to hope only to awaken me so cruelly?"

She turned toward me, a protest on her lips. But, as she lifted her eyes to mine, a cruel laugh shook her body. Breathless, her eyes wet with tears, her face buried in the lace of her handkerchief, she said weakly:

"Oh, in pity—look at yourself in the mirror there—Heavens, but you are——"

Grinding my teeth in agony, I looked over into the mirror; a placid, indifferent physiognomy met my gaze; a physiognomy unnaturally immovable. I, too, God help me, I, too, laughed loudly!

But before her laughter died away upon her lips I cried in a voice that trembled in despair and anger: "No, no! you have no right to laugh so!"

She was quiet from utter weariness. Then, softly, I told her of my love. Never had I been so eloquent for never had I loved so deeply as that hour. I related all my tortures during the long ages of waiting. I told her of the wild jealousy that made my life a hell.

She blushed. Then, with utter abandon, her slender body swayed toward me. Dressed as goddess of the night, the folds of black lace sown with stars, she was beautiful and mysterious as a dream of far away childhood.

A smile crept about the corners of her red lips; slowly, with infinite confidence, she turned her head toward me, and——

No! never have I heard such laughter!

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot!"

Her head thrown back, she trembled with merriment.

What would I not have given then, if only for an instant, for a human face! The blood trickled from my bitten lips, tears bathed my fevered cheeks. And the mask! Oh, that idiotic

physiognomy, where all was regular and lifeless; that face looked back at me with its changeless air of indifference, frightful, horrible, in its imbecile fixity.

As I fled madly from the room, still her silvery laughter followed me, like a mountain stream running merrily downward and dashing with joyous music against a sorrowful stone!

Scattered in the sleepy and deserted street, my comrades started to regain the costumer's shop, filling the quiet night air with their cries and excited voices.

"Do you know that you were the success of the evening? I never dreamed that people could laugh so! But what are you doing? Are you taking off your costume? Comrades, he is crazy—look at him—he is tearing his mask to pieces! What! —yes, he is sobbing."

An unsigned translation, credited only "from the Russian"; neither the translator nor the original author is named in The Graphic.

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Who's Who in Los Angeles LIX: Charles E. Van Loan

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 6, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 14

Mr. Van Loan of the Examiner has been writing long enough into people's personalities without getting anything back. Here goes a paving stone through the glass house. It is a candid estimate of "Van," and Los Angeles has a peculiar interest in him because he grew here.

I knew "Van" first when he was counting money or something for Rockefeller in the Standard Oil Company here. He was a big, overgrown, tow-headed kid who played the mandolin and used to snoop around Chinatown getting acquainted with queer, smelly people and learning strange things.

Frankly, I didn't see anything in "Van" at first although it was known that his soul had yearnings outside Rockefeller's ledgers. One day a girl told me about a story of Chinatown that Van Loan wrote. It was called the "Alley of the Whispering Shadows" or something of the sort. After that many of us knew that the tow-headed boy in the Standard Oil Company would "break through." His story had the touch of a fresh live genius.

There are about a dozen men who claim to have really discovered Van Loan. The credit really belongs to "Van." He claims himself that he had stage fright at his first newspaper assignment and that his wife cried when he abandoned the pay roll of Mr. Rockefeller. But, of course, this is not so.

His was a new touch. "Van's" progress is an astonishing record among newspaper men. But this is a "knock"—not an obituary.

Van Loan is still a big boy in many ways. When he comes to your house, the family pets are afraid to crawl out of the cellar for a week. He pours beer down the cat's ear and throws the dog off the porch. At banquets he sticks spoons in the toastmaster's pocket.

One of the funniest things I ever saw was "Van" weeping into his napkin at a dinner when a lady with a tremolo voice recited a sad poem written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Everyone else was sitting in silent disgust when "Van" suddenly boo-hoed his grief at the top of his voice. The elocutionist would have slain anyone else; she only smiled indulgently at "Van."

It is impossible to be angry with "Van." Some one said, when it was programmed that "Van" should go to Washington for the Hearst service, that he would slap senators on the back and knock the heads of cabinet officers together and they would all be charmed with him. It's true; they surely would. He says himself that anyone who cannot walk down the street with a prize-fighter on one hand and a bank president on the other and jolly both isn't a "mixer."

When Van Loan first started, some of his stuff was pretty bad; yet always interesting. He used to strive too much after weird slang. "Old Pop suddenly skinned out for first base, bounding along like a kangaroo with a thorn in its foot" was a sample of some of his early offenses. Yet there was always a swing and verve that made you read it.

"Van's" stories now are told in sweet, crisp, unforced English. The rest of us patch stories up painfully, brick by brick. "Van" writes the first thing that comes into his head at top speed of a very speedy typewriter.

He has the true gift of narrative—the animal exuberance of story-telling coupled with a delicate art of repression. "Van" knows when to be funny and when not. His stories are always in good taste. His strong point is his compelling interest. Personally, prizefighters weary me. Nevertheless, I read "Van's" prizefight "dope" by the column.

Of course Charley Van Loan is not long for the Hearst service where they print goo-goo stories about dimpled babies that sat cooing on the street car track unconscious of danger until the courageous teamster rushes out at the risk of life and saves the aforesaid infant while "Not a dry eye was seen anywhere."

Neither is he long for the society of the sporting world. Van Loan is not to be thought of seriously as a fellow craftsman of "Bill" Naughton, the prizefight reporter.

There's something big for him waiting. Will it be fiction? Perhaps he is to be a Richard Harding Davis. "Van" has done a few little fiction stories that are gems. Perhaps you remember the story of "Coughing Jimmy" at Ascot. It was told for true but, of course, was pure fake. It was a pitiful little sketch told to the Queen's taste—not too pitiful, you know. No dimpled baby effort.

His story of the wreck of the Bennington was a notable work of journalism. The best of it, to my notion, was the death of the boy officer and the boy apprentice in their hospital beds side by side. I have read accounts of bull fights in a dozen novels; but, on my word, I never read one that equalled "Van's" first story of a Tia Juana bull fight—how the puzzled look came into the eyes of the dying bull.

The charm of "Van," personally, is his apparent lack of conceit and unaffected, bluff, frank ways. What hurts his friends most seriously is his eagerness to run after strange gods and new friends. I said this was a "knock."

The newest celebrity in town is always the king pin with Van Loan. While not ignoring his old friends, he regards them with a certain calmness of affection when a newer one arrives.

Added to this, I believe that Van Loan is thoroughly conscious of his size in this community. One, C. E. Van Loan, is the particular feature to which he is attentive. They say that genius always is selfish.

Having spanked this youthful celebrity I want to mention one thing that warms the heart of every woman toward him and makes him respected even by the rough scuff of the prize ring. A cleaner, more decent man in his private life and habits I have never known. Naturally, his wife is a very happy thankful woman, and they have a little daughter, about one year old, who is the apple of their eye and the spirit of the household.

An unsigned Graphic leader on slang and the wearing-down of English — the kind of light belletristic essay the paper ran most weeks.

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Impoverishing the Language

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 6, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 14

A correspondent in the London Spectator points out that there is one aspect of the published "spelling reform" emanating from the White House which is somewhat overlooked, and that is the impoverishment of the language. Even in a short extract from the list of three hundred spellings issued by the Simplified Spelling Board he finds three instances. "Barque" is in future to be spelled "bark,"—"a bark of bark" is in future to be the written description of the rude vessel fashioned by the primitive dwellers in South Sea Islands! "Rhyme" is to be spelled "rime,"—a shivering poet will have to write to his impatient publisher: "It is hard to rime when rime is on the trees." "Cheque" is to be spelled "check,"—"What checks have you on the checks issued from the office?" is to be the written inquiry from a merchant to his manager; and so on. Surely there is here a notable abstraction from the wealth of words which constitutes a perfection in a language.

*An unsigned Graphic leader on slang and the wearing-down of English — the kind of light
belles-tristic essay the paper ran most weeks.*

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The Charm of Accessibility

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 20, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 16

Those who know the dark races say that the first thing they desire in their rulers is that they should be accessible. The man in authority should be ready, they think, to hear the grievance of his humblest subordinate. If he will listen patiently, he will never be hated, even by the man against whom he may have given a harsh decision. Justice may miscarry, but the Judge may be forgiven for not being impartial so long only as he is not impersonal. The feeling to which these facts testify is implanted very deep in human nature, wherein lies the instinct of appeal and reply. The thought of an angry deity is far less discouraging than that of a relentless fate. The possibility of anger implies the possibility of sympathy. A man can keep his sanity in the midst of mortal enemies, but a lengthened period of solitary and silent confinement will unhinge the mind of the most stolid and brutish of men. It is speech which chiefly divides us from the animals, and we all desire with special intensity to have speech with those upon whom our fate hangs. If surgery should ever come to be done by machinery, it will add to the terrors of the operating theater.

But it is not only to those in power that human nature desires access. We all hate to be kept at a distance, and wish to know the real mind of the men and women with whom we are thrown, and we as a rule like those best who will let us know most. There is something in accessibility which of itself charms. There are people whose attitude towards the whole world is confidential. Whatever their political opinions or their social station, they are the real democrats and the only true Socialists. Their ideas are at every man's service, and they are not concerned to protect common property. If any one wants their sympathy, he can have it. If any one would like to know their views, he can know them—such as they are. The windows of their minds give upon the open road of life. They erect no barrier between themselves and others. The meaning which has been given to the word "touching" illustrates what we are trying to say. They are not always the best people, but they are always the most popular. Few men and few women lacking this quality have anything which can rightly be called charm. Without it they may inspire the terror which seems at times to exercise a kind of fascination upon inferior natures, and they may awake curiosity or command admiration in superior ones. They may constrain regard, obtain ascendancy, gain credit, but they get little affection and no forgiveness. On the other hand, it is difficult to dislike or to condemn the accessible person. If we want to do so, we must keep away from him. Many a rogue disarms his critic by offering him the hospitality of his mind. "It was a dreadful thing to do, but I

know how he came to do it," says the man who would have cursed the rogue altogether had he not fallen beneath his spell. There are, of course, certain faults which accessibility precludes and certain virtues which it proclaims. The accessible man cannot well be essentially false, though he may be wanting in integrity; he cannot be affected; he cannot be capricious; and he cannot, in the bad sense of a loosely used word, be proud. On the other hand, he is sure to have some moral courage and some mental independence. Why affectation is so repellent a quality it is difficult to say, for often it is closely allied, especially upon the lower rungs of the social ladder, with a certain ideality, and ought never to be confounded even with the milder manifestations of hypocrisy. The man who is trying hard after better manners than are usual in the class from which he springs, and the woman who not only desires to appear as refined as she can but would really like to be as refined as she appears, generally end by being affected. But even where affectation partakes more of the nature of virtue than of vice, it is still a barrier to sympathy and a medium in which no charm can work.

If there is a quality which more than any other proscribes accessibility, it is caprice. The door of the capricious man's mind is defended by a two-edged sword. The more we watch him the less we know him, and to "get into touch" with him is impossible. The foolhardy are sure of a serious wound. If there is any vital principle within upon which his being turns, it must be arrived at by intuition; it cannot be found out from observation. Experience in his case can but increase ignorance. But, it may be objected, in the case of a woman caprice surely often serves to augment charm? We are inclined to doubt this widely believed proposition. Many a seemingly capricious woman is, of course, charming, but we fancy the quality is often mistakenly diagnosed from the symptoms. Simulation and surprise play a large part in the art of flirtation, and, except as a measure of flirtation, no one admires caprice, even in the fairer sex. No woman has ever praised it in another woman, and no man likes it in his wife or can tolerate it in his sister. How many women, on the other hand, get credit for far more intelligence, far more sympathy, and far more unselfishness than they possess merely because they are accessible. The diffident stranger is charmed because he is frankly received, because he can see the face of his interlocutor and judge of her thoughts, and knows that he is in company with a human being and is not listening to a voice behind a mask. Not infrequently, however, the want of confidence, which is almost always harshly interpreted, and must in the nature of things repel, ought rather to be pitied than resented, for it comes of nothing whatever but a sense of insecurity, social or otherwise. Those who fly behind their fortifications the very instant that they see a stranger may be moved by a real pleasure in being disagreeable—the most civilized and attenuated form taken in the most sophisticated circles by the love of cruelty—but more often they are simply actuated by fear. They are afraid lest they should condescend or should presume too far, afraid to assert that kinship which a touch of nature proclaims, afraid of being contradicted, of making themselves ridiculous, of admitting that their opinions are not of the fashionable shade, or that their

mental equipment is poor. Sometimes they are simply shy, but anyhow, while their fear or their shyness lasts, they are not charming.

Poor people are sometimes curiously inaccessible. They are often so very proud, and even suspicious. The more respectable they are, the less easy it often is to get at them. It is quite natural. They have none of the privacy which money produces, no large houses, no possibility of avoiding outward contact with their neighbors, no conventional method of marking a difference between themselves and those below them in civilization. Small wonder if they shut themselves up in themselves in order that they may be in some sense alone. Now and then one is tempted to think that they begin every fresh acquaintanceship by reflecting upon the words of the constables in the police reports: "What you say may be used against you." Then, again, even where they are not suspicious they feel a great disparity between their thoughts and their capacity of expression, and do not like to send forth their cherished notions in an unworthy form. Consequently they keep them within. Want of education of itself tends to inaccessibility. Cultivation opens the mind as much as it enlarges it. But natural or not, the peculiarity which certain of the poor owe to unfortunate circumstances is a repellent one, and they have no charm. This fact is thrown into strong relief when we consider what good company an old laborer and cottage woman can be if they will but allow their interlocutor to cross the threshold of their hearts. There are ways in which they know so much more than the educated man or woman—no money and no traditional illusions have stood between them and the realities of life—who can but listen spellbound, if they can really tell him how this strange world, with its hardships and its pleasures, its generosity and its injustice, strikes them, and what sort of shelter of philosophy they have built for themselves out of the collected items of their experience.

Of course, an accessible person must not be confounded with an aggressive one. The difference between the two types of mind is as great as that between a hospitable house and a prison. There is no such bore as the man who drags us into the innermost dungeon of his soul and insists that we should stay there till we have heard all that he has to say. Accessibility is a passive virtue, while such a tyrannous craving for sympathy is at best a lamentable weakness, and sometimes degenerates into an active vice. The accessible man will force no one to enter the precincts of his mind, but when some one claims admittance his instinct is to say, not "Who is there?" but "Come in!"—The Spectator.

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Studies in Singers, No. 2

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 20, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 16

"No, John," said the sweet maid, sadly, "I really do care a great deal for you, and I hate to hurt your feelings, but it would never do. We don't match in any way. Our tastes differ, your language is, well, anything but what it should be, and I simply dote on music, while you——"

"Music! Why, music's my long suit. Ain't I the boss banjoist of our set? Ain't I got the whole phonograph crowd scraped to a horseradish finish? And as for singing, why——"

"Now there it is! Why will you insist on forcing the truth from me?"

"Truth! By sox, that's just the correct medicine! You put me up to the proper caper and I'll waltz you up the aisle in short order."

"Well, then, John, it is this way. Some of the girls say your voice is just like the whirr of a street scraper, while others say it is wicked to flatter you by any such comparison. But, personally, I don't think that's quite accurate, even while I admit that the tone quality is somewhat searching. But here is the point, you choose such horribly wretched songs—mournful, lugubrious, nerve-snapping things that give me the heart-ache for hours after."

"But there's my special forte, my dear. I'm built for 'em, revel in 'em, don't know anything else, don't care for any other sort."

"I know, John, and that's just it. You're a good boy, dear, and I like you, really I do, but I cannot love a hearse and head a funeral procession day in, day out, the year round."

"So that's it. Is there anything else you want patched up?"

"No, John, that's all—except, perhaps, the way you talk."

"Don't you worry about my talk—I'm having that fixed up by a swell elocution fellow out on——"

"Now, John, you be careful. Those men are dreadful tempters. They'll have you on the stage first thing you know."

"Never you fear, though he does say I'd sure to make a hit. But about this singing business, I'll tell you what I'll do. Just for your sake I'll knock the whole darned bottom out o' this dirge business, and we'll lick 'em up for cheerfulness to beat the band!"

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Industrial Efficiency

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 3, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 18

One of the leading problems of our time is to discover what makes industrial communities prosperous, and what keeps them so. Such real value as can be found in the "fiscal campaign" of the past three years in England consists in its economical contributions to the study of this

problem as it is affected by the fiscal policy of a nation. Dr. Shadwell, who is already known as one of England's most scientific and impartial investigators of social questions, has attacked it from the other side, and in these delightful volumes ("Industrial Efficiency,") makes one of the most valuable of modern contributions to its solution. We say "delightful" of set purpose, because the application of this unusual adjective to a work on an economic subject rather happily indicates the first and most obvious of Dr. Shadwell's qualifications—the broad human aspect in which he sets the problem that he has studied so carefully. He has undertaken "to examine the conditions under which industries are carried on in the three leading industrial countries"—England, Germany, and the United States—and he has made the resultant book as readable as a novel, and considerably more interesting than the average novel, because it is literally a transcript of life. In closing these volumes, what lingers most forcibly in the memory is a series of little vignettes in which Dr. Shadwell has incisively etched various contrasting communities,—Lancashire working people in Bolton, the Krupp establishment at Essen, the "hell with the hatches" on from which the Pittsburg millionaires have extracted their great wealth, and the like. And these vignettes are not mere purple patches sewn on the general fabric; they bear directly on the main subject, and help us to understand the conditions of industry in the three countries better than any collection of statistics.

The first volume is composed of descriptions of typical centers of industry in England, Germany, and America; whilst the second contains Dr. Shadwell's generalizations, arranged in a series of chapters, on factory laws and conditions, hours, wages, housing, social and physical life, Trade-Unions, and education. Every page is luminous, and no one can profess to speak or write of the great industrial problem henceforward without showing that he has read and digested this truly admirable book, for which all who desire to understand the real meaning of "that blessed word efficiency" are deeply indebted to Dr. Shadwell.

In an introductory chapter of "General Comparisons and National Qualities," and in his concluding summary, Dr. Shadwell has crystallized the result of his conscientious labors. Those who have not leisure to grapple with the whole eight hundred pages will find that these two chapters throw an immensity of light on the subject; and it is very probable that by the time they have read them they will find themselves determined to read every word that Dr. Shadwell has written. We need not apologise for making a somewhat lengthy quotation at this point, as Dr. Shadwell's own summary of his case is better than any paraphrase which we could offer. The essential feature of the modern industrial battle, from our point of view, is that England, which for so long held an unquestioned supremacy in nearly all departments of industry, has of late years been run close, if not indeed, outstripped, by her younger rivals, Germany and the United States. It behooves England to find out how this has happened, as a precedent condition towards holding her own, if not resuming her old pride of place. That was partly due to the physical advantages consisting in the great adjacent deposits of coal and iron, which were first developed in England. But there is also a human element involved, and this is how Dr. Shadwell sums it up:

"The American method of work in the industrial sphere is distinguished by the following features: enterprise, audacity, push, restlessness, eagerness for novelty, inventiveness, emulation and cupidity. Employers and employed have exhibited the same in their degree. The manufacturer aims at extending his business, he takes up novelties, encourages invention, studies the market, tries devices to increase output and diminish cost. Hence, for instance, the standardization of products, the organization of the workshops, the demand for highly educated officers, and the alert control exercised by large combinations, which enable a central authority to check the management of each component by the results of the rest, and to screw up any that are growing slack. The employed are eager to earn as much as possible and to better themselves. Both are absorbed in their occupation, and bend all their energies to it. I do not mean to say that all these qualities are invariably present; I have shown that in some trades and centers they have been conspicuously absent. But they are the distinctive qualities and methods that have won success; and broadly speaking, they have been exercised without either help, save the tariff, or hindrance from outside. The industrial expansion of Germany presents another picture. It has been achieved by equally hard work, but the adventurous audacity and restless search for novelty of America have been replaced by steady and watchful effort. The circumstances of the country, not less than the national character, have imposed this difference. But there is another, not less striking, to which every subject handled in this book bears witness. The industrial population has not been left to carve out its own destiny, but has been guided and helped at every step. All sections of the community, from the throne to the workhouse, have contributed something. 'Laissez faire,' or 'Manchesterthum,' as they say in Germany, is dead; ordered regulation is accepted and applied with infinite pains by the legislature, Government departments, municipalities, and private citizens. It is seen not only in the scientific tariff but in the careful and judicious factory code, the state system of insurance, the organization of traffic and transport by railway and canal, the fostering of the mercantile marine, the educational provision, municipal action and poor-law administration. So the edifice has been built up four-square and buttressed about on either side. It is a wonderful achievement in which every unit has played a part, and the spirit which has brought it about is the spirit of duty and work.

. . . England is like a composite photograph, in which two likenesses are blurred into one. It shows traces of American enterprise and of German order; but the enterprise is faded and the order muddled. They combine to a curious travesty in which activity and perseverance assume the expression of ease and indolence. The once enterprising manufacturer has grown slack; he has let the business take care of itself, while he is shooting grouse or yachting in the Mediterranean. That is his business. The once unequalled workman has adopted the motto, 'Get as much and do as little as possible;' his business is football or betting. Each blames the other. . . . Then the manufacturer complains of being handicapped in various ways; and what do all these mean but carelessness and neglect on some one's part? Legislators who pass laws without taking the trouble to ascertain the facts, or understand

what they are doing, or who fail to alter obsolete and detrimental ones, such as the patent laws and the tax on industrial alcohol; Government Departments too indolent to watch events and adapt regulations to changing conditions; local authorities applying by-laws without discretion, piling up rates without thought and administering the poor law without care; everybody bent on pleasure and amusement. That is the universal business. No one is in a position to abuse the rest; they are all in the picture, and wear the same expression from top to bottom of the social scale. Not every individual, of course, but every class. We are a nation at play. Work is a nuisance, an evil necessity to be shirked and hurried over as quickly and easily as possible in order that we may get away to the real business of life—the golf course, the bridge table, the cricket and football field, or some other of the thousand amusements which occupy our minds, and for which no trouble is too great."

In this terribly instructive passage Dr. Shadwell lays his finger on the dangers which threaten England in the world of industry: it is "a nation at play." Call it slackness or the effects of fat prosperity, or what you will: the cause is there, only too perceptible. We cannot recall our monopoly of coal and iron, but we can reform our attitude to work; and unless we do that as a nation, our industrial supremacy—perhaps even our industrial existence—is doomed. This is the moral that Dr. Shadwell impresses on us, and it is to be hoped that his scientific method may call attention to a truth which has too often been reiterated of late by voices crying in the wilderness of fiscal controversy.—The Spectator.

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Jim

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 10, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 19

This is Jim, and Jim is only a dog; but he is loyal and true, patient and loving, faithful alike in shadow or sunshine, weal or woe. From his honest heart come no useless reproaches in adversity, no fawning flatteries in success. So long as he can hear the familiar tones of his master's voice and feel the caress of his kindly hand his life is filled and he is satisfied.

In a cosy home nestling among flowers and grassy lawns on Fraser Avenue, Ocean Park, dwells Jim, an Adonis in the dog world with his coat of glossy, satiny black and snowy white, graceful as he is beautiful, haughty as he is handsome, and no prince of royal lineage ever trod his ancestral halls with a lordlier mien, nor accepted showered attentions with a graver dignity.

The one hour this dignity is cast to the winds is the evening home coming of his master. Such a riotous welcome of barks, jumps and expectant looks! There are many pockets for an inquiring nose to explore for mysterious packages from the city. Nuts, raisins and other dainties all taste good to Jim and he knows they are there.

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What gloriously happy hours Jim has on Sundays and holidays when, with his master, he roams the country for miles around! Long vigils on the mountain top in the chill grey of morning, snuggling close to his master for warmth and companionship as they watch for the first glimpse of the wary deer; hot dusty tramps over hill and dale with gun and bag; the noonday lunch shared under the oaks, the drink of comradeship "from the same canteen"; and the camp fire at night with its glowing coals and its mysterious lights and shadows and pictures, watched and wondered at in silence by master and dog. Poor indeed that man whose heart has never known the unselfish, unquestioning love of a noble dog. Sad the lot of that splendid animal whose lines are cast with a human who cannot understand the look of his eye and lick of his tongue.

Dear old Jim, with your bright face and honest brown eyes, may your days be many and when the curtain falls, may you be waiting and watching for your master on the other side, ready to welcome him even as you greet his home coming now!

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A Gastronomer Among the Ruins

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 17, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 20

To one who has been a resident of the Occidental or the Palace, the Lick or the Grand, permanently or transiently, during the past forty years and who is now a wanderer among the ruins, there comes a spirit of sadness that cannot be shaken off. I lived at the Occidental, as a young man, from December, 1866 to December, 1869, and at the Palace from 1878 to 1890, with my family. The Occidental was at that time kept by Jerome Leland of the famous family of hotel keepers, and its table was pronounced the finest in the world by all travelers and others competent to judge. It was in the heart of the city at the time. Its guests included a large number of well-to-do merchants like Henry Wetherbee, Charles Main, and W. W. Dodge, and their families; Judge Southard, Henry Edgerton and General Barnes, and other distinguished lawyers, and their families; many politicians of account, such as the Attorney-General of the State at the time, McCullough, Drury Melone, John P. Jones, Charlie Felton, and others, with at least a dozen army officers on duty in San Francisco; and it was the stopping place for the superintendents of the high-paying mines of Virginia City, such as General Avery, General Winters, Charlie Forman and Charlie Strong, and for ten years of all the lyric and other stars who came to San Francisco. The eating hours were from 6 a. m. until midnight, with just an intermission between 3 and 6 p. m., seemingly so that the cooks and waiters should have three hours out of eighteen to catch their breaths and not expire from sheer exhaustion.

The barroom lunches at the Occidental were wonderful and famous. All drinks were 25 cents each, which included a goblet of Krug or Mumm if champagne were preferred to beer or

whiskey. Now, Mr. Marco Hellman took me up to the windowless floor of the Trust building and pointed out to me many of the terrible features of those awful days in April and as I followed his index finger I asked: "Where is the Occidental?" "There is no Occidental," he replied; "but there is where it once stood," he added, pointing to the half block where used to be this splendid house of public entertainment.

And then the young banker pointed to what remained of the Lick, where only a ghastly facade stands forth, with the words: "Lick House." All else was brick or other debris; and its sacred and humane neighbor, the Masonic Temple, lies also in a ruin that impresses the reasoning faculty distressingly.

Now we fix our gaze just across Market street, where once stood the Grand, built and thrown open to the public in 1870; here again, were only mounds of mortared bricks, with only a broken two-storied part of the southeastern corner standing which seemed to be possessed of grim life just because it towered a few feet above its prostrate surroundings.

And now we turn to the Palace; undoubtedly the best known and best kept and the largest and most cosmopolitan hotel hitherto in the world. "I am going to make this hotel the finest and best in any land and I am going to make it earthquake proof as well," said Mr. Ralston, many times, in 1874 as the noble edifice went graciously skyward. Well, the most dreadful earthquake ever known in San Francisco never knocked a brick out of place in Ralston's masterpiece nor dislocated a joist from its superb setting; from the famous courts of tropical plants and gastronomic revelations to the matchless arcades of the sixth story the noble structure rocked as if in "the cradle of the deep," but no serious damage resulted even on the upper floor other than the fall of plaster and paper in a few places and the breakage of some glass of windows and chandeliers here and there. But that devouring flame that swept all things in its path, melting iron and stone as well as consuming all things combustible, came in an enveloping sheet and took away all that was perishable by fire, and mocked hideously at the impotence of the other element. Still, neither fire nor temblor weakened those magnificent earthquake proof walls set up by the daring little cashier of the California Bank, who afterwards went off in grief because he had trusted "not wisely, but too well" and flung himself away in the cruel waters of the Golden Gate, just as greater personages have done in the Hellespont. There are more sickening, more picturesque and more spectacular ruins than presented by the Palace, but none so saddening. No hotel in the world has housed so many varied and distinguished characters, for a majority of the most eminent poets, statesmen, singers, authors, preachers, warriors and high craftsmen have had their precious legs under its mahogany. I see the noble ruin now in my mind's eye as I also see the ruins of the temples at Luxor, Thebes and Karnac. Apropos, while riding up Geary I saw a man point toward a two-story wooden building—oblong, unpainted and plain, with little windows—looking more like an old-fashioned but overgrown New Orleans sugar box than anything else, and say: "That's the Palace. It will be opened tomorrow and has forty rooms." "My God," ejaculated the other. "Can such things be? It nearly makes me weep. My eyes are dim. And,

so, that is the Palace. Thank God, old man, that neither Ralston nor Sharon lived to see this. Can such things be and overcome us like a summer's cloud and not excite our special wonder?" And then the two little old chaps, who looked like dwarfs preserved in vinegar, much resembling many of those little old copyists I have often seen at the Louvre, entered into a discussion, the tenor of which was to the effect that there would never be a Palace Hotel again; that the present site is no longer a hotel district; that the Fairmount and the St. Francis will be in such excellent running condition by the time the real Palace is completed that there will be no chance for it alongside of the other two and possibly three or four more that are talked of.

A most forlorn and stately ruin is the Fairmount. Situated on a commanding eminence, overlooking the heart of the busy part of one of the most rapturous and charming cities on earth, and also overlooking a bay that is to that of Naples as diamond to pearl and that vast panorama embracing all the islands between Black Point and the Carquinez Straits, it is actually viewed with no particular interest nor emotional bewilderment. It possesses none of the fine old California flavors of the Occidental and the Lick, the Palace and the Grand. It has no enticing history nor legend; no musty age nor reminiscent desideratum. It is almost a whited sepulcher, though adjacent to a prodigious area of (once) rich and regal mansions wiped off the map of the City forever, for no such homes as those of Stanford, Crocker, Hopkins, Flood and Colton will ever again embellish what Frank Pixley nicknamed "Nob Hill."

A pitying gaze is directed to the St. Francis, which is the most beautifully located hotel in the city, and which was the heroic work of three noble orphans, and which for three or four years has divided the select patronage of the Pacific coast with that of the dear, good old Palace. Like the Palace, however, the St. Francis was strongly and conscientiously built, and only for the conflagration would have never closed its doors. The temblor left it as firm as a rock; so much so that some of its inmates after concluding that elemental matinee of April 18 was not such a dreadful racket after all, were seriously inclined to return to their beds even when flames were seen rising from various points in the southern residence districts. The reconstruction plans carry with them a third larger hotel, so that, as the work is progressing rapidly the day is not far distant when the St. Francis will be open once again and more resplendent than ever. In the meantime, right across the way a goodly number of guests are being taken excellent care of daily, and there are nice rooms and all the accessories of a first-class hotel, all on one floor, an agreeable lobby and a restaurant in the basement of the main hotel.

There was a hotel on the corner of Montgomery and Bush streets that had an excellent reputation for forty-five years. It was a "second class hotel," in contradistinction to the Occidental and Palace; and, although its rates per diem were from fifty cents to one dollar less than at what were known as first-class hotels, it was claimed that the table of the Russ was fully as good and as abundant as at that of its neighbor (the Occidental) diagonally

across. A majority of its transient guests were well-to-do country merchants, and farmers, miners and manufacturers; but they were of the kind who wore their hair and whiskers long and unbrushed, dressed in "store clothes" and "marked down" shoes and hats, and would have found the patrons of the higher class of hotels not congenial to them, or at least they would have felt embarrassed in their company in the dining room; and, besides, they had never been used to having their courses cooked to order. At any rate, the Russ, though second-class, had a good class custom, and a farmer and his wife, or a country merchant or banker could order corned beef and cabbage without setting the younger members of their families into fits. Well, where the "old Russ House" stood so long, all is gone except the bricks and stones that were used in its construction, and these are all in uninviting heaps.

The earthquake knocked a big piece of wall out of the California which killed Fire Chief Sullivan while he was sleeping in the engine house next door, and the fire swept away the rest of this hotel the following day. The Cecil lost a wall by the temblor and fire finished it the next morning. The Colonnade stood the shock but succumbed to the fiery breaths that followed. The same may be said regarding the Majestic and all the other hotels and family boarding houses—a good hundred in all—east of Van Ness avenue. At present there are eight or nine hotels on Van Ness avenue and localities adjacent.

But, worse and more of it: Those famous French restaurants—Marchand's and the Poodle Dog—whose cuisine actually surpassed that of Paillard's, Frederic's or Voisin's of Paris; the Cecil of London, Young's of Boston, the Cafe de Paris at Monte Carlo, or even Delmonico's of New York, were all dashed to death by that dreadful tongue of flame. From a gastronomic standpoint this was the most "unkindest" of all. But away they went, ill-assorted table and culinary implements, imperfect linen, Nottingham lace curtains and all. The New Zealander on the London bridge is not in it with the wanderer among these latter ruins surcharged with gustatory reminiscence. I was grieved over the news of Pierre's pathetic demise a few months ago. But when I gazed upon the ruins of that palace of gastronomic art, where the incomparable caterer had presided for so many years, I unconsciously murmured "God bless you, Pierre, I'm glad you were dead!"

But the bon vivant, par excellence, was not the only gourmet whose stomach was put out of action, for there were endless chains of excellent French and Italian cafes on Bush and Pine, California and Clay streets which were destroyed, all of which served a superior dinner of from eight to nine courses, with wine or beer, at 75 cents, that drew thousands daily. Forty years ago, I must say, parenthetically, there was a very fine French restaurant known as the California, and another, between Montgomery and Kearney, running through from Sacramento to Clay, known as Martin's, where such fellows as Eugene Dewey, Charlie Le Gay, George Ensign and their kind used to dine a la carte. Then there was the Maison Doree, on Kearney near Sutter, that did a good business in the '70's and '80's. Then came the Cafe Riche and the Delmonico—the former following the methods of the California—Marchand's and the Poodle Dog, so closely as to draw from them some of their custom.

Then there were hundreds of American eating-houses, on what was known as the "three-plates-for-25-cents" plan; the market annexes, where thousands ate from two to three times daily, at from 75 cents to a dollar for three meals. There was Swain's, and there were some Swain imitators, where a better course of Boston baked pork-and-beans could be procured than in Boston; dozens of "Vienna bakeries," where for 10 cents a person could obtain a good big cup of coffee or tea and all the bread and butter he or she could eat; and there were the lunch bars where a man could get all he wanted to eat and a whiskey punch or other alcoholic beverage or any drink that he preferred for 15 cents; and, lastly, there were the beer places where a hungry pair could for a nickel get a glass of refreshing lager and all the black bread he could eat and stuff himself with bologna until he could grunt not unlike the animal it had been made from. These were all wiped out of existence in forty-eight hours, with not a single culinary appurtenance nor table implement left as a souvenir or object for illustration. More than 180,000 stomachs were looked after in these unequaled restaurants daily, and in forty-eight hours not a man could have been served with a single dish or cup of coffee for a hatful of coin. From an automobile I looked in vain toward where many of these places of entertainment stood, and also for Hacquette's Temple of Art, the Crystal Palace, Reception, and others of their inviting kind; but they were all gone, and only debris appears mockingly where but a short time ago there were hundreds of shrines for the hungered and athirst and often a revelry as delicious as that at Brussels on the evening before Waterloo.

Six months have passed and even now it is somewhat uncertain where the stranger may get his sustenance. What are known as the cheap eating-houses—and there are few or no others—are all on Fillmore street and blocks intersecting from Market to California streets. But, to judge from the windows, all these, or nearly all, are tough and nasty joints. There is one French restaurant on Post, near Fillmore, that serves an acceptable dinner with wine for 75 cents. Marchand's help have a restaurant on Post between Pierce and Scott where a good dinner is served for from \$1 to 1.25. But this is a mile from Van Ness avenue, and a man is in danger of being thugged in leaving it or even before reaching it. Besides, it is only a few blocks away from the cemeteries and one might hear poor Pierre turning over in his grave. There are some few other restaurants, besides those attached to the Jefferson, Baltimore and other hotels, which are fairly well spoken of. But much the best in the city at present is Tait's, on the corner of Bush and Van Ness; this is first-class in all respects, and equal to the Palace in its best days. It is easily reached by the Bush or Geary street car, and is fairer and better in every way than the St. Francis grill, which has put up its prices and hands you over to poor, nasty and diabolically mercenary waiters.

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The Pleasures of Being Out of Work

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 17, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 20

THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

Jones was out of work. For many years he had plodded along in the steady grind of newspaper employment, with an occasional feeble imitation of a vacation to vary the monotony. He had worked on a morning paper. Only the tall buildings prevented him from seeing the sun rise as he took the first car home; and the clanging of the bell and the dull grind of the carwheels was a poor substitute for the matutinal song of birds, to a tired and sleepy man.

Jones saw his children almost every day. They were off to school in the morning, hours before he left his bed. They did not come home to luncheon, which was Jones's breakfast hour; but he usually had the pleasure of their company at dinner. They were very nice children, Jones thought, but he could not help feeling a little vexed that they should always have an air of being afraid of waking papa. He was in the habit of taking a nap after dinner before going to the office; and as he kissed his wife goodbye, the children were on the point of going to bed, if, indeed, they were not already in the land of dreams.

It was fortunate, doubtless, that Mrs. Jones cared little for society. She scarcely ever went out in the evening, because her husband could not accompany her; and the evenings together at home were rare enough to be treasured. So far as the neighbors were concerned, Jones somehow conceived the idea that he was regarded with suspicion; indeed, he once overheard himself set down as a gambler of long sittings and high play, because he came home at such an unearthly hour in the morning; and it was hardly worth while to take the trouble to correct the impression.

And now Jones was out of work. The newspaper on which he was employed had changed owners and his position was wanted for another. His everyday world was turned topsy-turvy in a setting of the sun. It was not that the gaunt wolf of famine stared him in the face, for Mrs. Jones was a good manager; but Jones's mind had moved in a rut for a long time, and he felt that a day without work was lost indeed.

Jones was a trifle uneasy when the time came for going to the office in the afternoon. How often he had said with a sigh: "Wish I didn't have to go to the office today." And, now, when the blessed privilege of remaining at home was his, he scorned the tendered smile of fortune.

Next morning the unaccustomed idler rose at the unholy hour of seven, red-eyed and weary; but he saw the children in their shining morning faces and ate breakfast with them. As Mrs. Jones remarked, it seemed like a family reunion. Later, Jones went downtown and wondered aimlessly about the streets. He did not care to inflict himself upon his friends. The newsboys ran by, shouting their war extras, and he felt a slight degree of resentment that the news should be "on the street" without his previous knowledge. He stopped at a congested street corner and watched the surging crowds go by. Everybody seemed to be busy but himself. The feeling that he was the one drone among all the thousands of his fellow humans was not a pleasant one.

This program was repeated for several days, and then Jones felt as if something must be done. He had "rested" a whole week and could not, in justice to himself and his family, remain in idleness any longer. But it so happened that the newspapers were experiencing a passionate desire for retrenchment, and no urgent invitations extending star positions were dropped in the family mailbox. All the managing editors were glad to see Jones, but there didn't seem to be anything open just then. Some of them had the nerve to congratulate him on his good fortune in not having to work. It was exasperating.

Well, it didn't matter much. He had made a good living as a free lance before and could do it again. There were several good ideas for stories that had come to him in times past when he was too busy to act on them. He would work them up now. But about this time something happened; or rather, something did not happen. Jones's brain went on strike and refused to work. He could not conjure back the ideas that once came so easily. If he tried to write, the words would not come. For several days he sat idle in his home, the picture of misery and despair. Were his days of usefulness ended?

Then suddenly, Jones became aware of a change. His addled brain began to sit up and take notice. Ideas came and ambition once more vaulted into the saddle of doing. He wrote several good news stories, worked up a magazine idea, and scored a mild-mannered scoop for one of his former contemporaries. He had simply been tired and was now getting rested.

Strangely enough, with the capacity and the opportunity to work Jones grew more and more disinclined toward hard labor. It was pleasant to choose one's own time for getting up and for going to work, to stop work when one felt like it while others were slaves to the clock. It was pleasant to be able to go to the ball game or the park in the afternoon, and put off the bit of writing until night if one choose to do so. And Jones had wasted reams of paper in writing of politics and politicians, but in all the years he had lived in the city he had never yet attended a political convention. Now he was free to go and he made the best of the opportunity to see the Boss in action. Jones liked to go fishing, too, and the feeling of resentment came again when he called up his piscatorially inclined friends one after another, only to hear them declare they could not possibly get away.

There were frayed spots in the lawn, too, and weedy places in the garden which needed attention; and Jones was fond of putting on an old suit and pottering around out of doors. Then there were books which he had laid aside to read "when he should have time." Jones was learning the pleasures of being out of work and it kept him busy. The problem of how to live when expenditures exceeded income worried him less and less. He grew brown and fat, and it pleased him when his friends remarked that he was looking better than ever before.

Matters went on in this way for three or four months. Then the blow fell. A good position with a correspondingly fat salary was offered Jones, and he could not in justice to his family refuse it. So he accepted the place and went home to break the news. Jones's nose was on the grindstone once more.

An English Estimate of H. G. Wells's Latest Work

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 1, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 22

Mr. Wells, who has hitherto concerned himself with imaginary commonwealths, has brought his mind back to the present and the tangible, and has written a study of the American people. Another brilliant writer has already performed the same task, but between the works of Professor Munsterberg and Mr. Wells there is a profound difference of aim. The former analyses the American mind as a finished product, and speculates not at all on the future; the latter looks for signs of change, motive forces, a national ideal—in his own words, his is a "search after realities." The one book is the work of a dispassionate scientific observer, the other is the expression of an original temperament, filled with dreams of a World-State, a Utopia of Pure Reason, a Socialism so divorced from the current creed that he might rightly claim it as a private cult. Mr. Wells sets out on his inquiry in the mood of happy wonder. The marvelous is perpetually in his eyes, but it is not what the world so labels. "The pomp and splendor of established order, the braying triumphs, ceremonies, consummations, one sees these glittering shows for what they are—through their threadbare grandeur shine the little significant things that will make the future." For all his science, he is not scientific. "Insight is of more account than induction, and the perception of fine tones than the counting of heads." Hence the things in America which impress the common observer go with him for little. He is not dazzled by mercantile bigness or by superfine culture. He asks, not what the nation has done, but what it will do, what is the quality of its will, the form of its purpose. His hero, as he confesses, "in the confused drama of human life is intelligence; intelligence inspired by constructive passion." And he is undeniably right. A study of a national life which takes the present as the ultimate achievement is doomed to barrenness. The business of the student is to disentangle the lines of development, and, if he be bold, to forecast their issue. Again, in the study of a nation it is the civic qualities that matter, not irrelevant triumphs in art or letters or social amenities. But, if we may suggest a criticism, it is possible to interpret such civic qualities too narrowly. Mr. Wells is occasionally as blatantly utilitarian as the mercantile community he condemns. Why, for example, should it be necessary, in urging the need for rational and broad-minded education, to sneer at Greek because it is a dead tongue? But such small defects scarcely detract from the interest of a most remarkable book. No bird's-eye view of a nation that we know has a keener imaginative insight. The Socialism which Mr. Wells uses as his touchstone is no abstract dogma, but merely the antithesis of his "State-blindness," the sense of a supreme corporate duty. We should call it "patriotism" for clearness' sake, but any man is free to make his own definitions. The book is illuminating in the fullest sense, a criticism not only of America, but of all civilized society, and it is written in a style which is always attractive and rises now and then to uncommon beauty and power. For Mr. Wells is as much poet as sociologist. He

sees his data not greyly set out on a laboratory table, but touched with the eternal mystery of human hopes and fears.

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On the Stage and Off (Shakespeare-authorship essay) — by George A. Dobinson

by **GEORGE A. DOBINSON**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 22, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 3

Who wrote the works commonly attributed to Shakespeare? Was it the ponderous and unimaginative Francis Bacon, as pretended by the ingenious and notoriety-loving Ignatius Donnelly; or was it Roger, Earl of Rutland, as maintained by the latest claimant to literary discovery, Dr. Karl Bleibtreu of Berlin? And finally, what does it matter if we are to accept the recent dictum of Leo, Count Tolstoi, who asserts that the Shakespearean plays are of no account, the writer of them "not entitled to recognition as a great genius, nor even as an average author?" Tolstoi is a man of great estimation in the literary world, and he has a sympathiser in another distinguished man of letters, George Bernard Shaw, whose modesty does not prevent him saying that he can write far better plays than those of Shakespeare.

Putting the Great Cryptogram out of the question, as being founded upon an exploded theory and as a farcical attempt to obtain notoriety on the part of its inventor, it may seem to the iconoclastic mind that the combined recent assaults of Tolstoi, Shaw and Bleibtreu are destined to shake the foundations of our long cherished beliefs in the integrity of the immortal bard. The next think in order is for some other writer to prove that Shakespeare never lived at all. Archbishop Whately once wrote a satirical pamphlet in which he adduced strong arguments to disprove the fact that Napoleon Bonaparte had ever existed, and surely it ought to be comparatively easy to erase, on paper, the memory of a man who was born three hundred and forty-two years ago.

It is evidently the intention of the German critics to stir up a new and great discussion upon the so-called discoveries of their eminent confrère. German writers have always devoted more space and time to analysis and comment upon the Shakespearean plays than have the critics of the English speaking countries. The respect and veneration of these foreign writers has been most marked, and will be undiminished even if some of them should become converts to the latest theory as to the authorship. Neither the gloomy opinions of the pessimistic Tolstoi, nor the vain braggadocio of the paradoxical Shaw will, however, avail to change the long settled lofty public estimate of the value of the plays. This valuation is based not only upon their literary worth, but upon the service they have rendered as influences

upon human life and character, upon the benefit they have been to the student in the pursuit of high ideals, and to the playgoer, illiterate or otherwise, who is for the time taken into the realms of imagination and made to appreciate the poetry of life, its beautiful possibilities and its depths of tragic despair.

The argument that Shakespeare would not have visited Italy and other countries in which he locates the action of some of his plays is made by those who ignore the fact that the author borrowed most of his plots from foreign sources, which enabled him to give a local coloring with ease to each particular story. Artistic verisimilitude is not necessarily to be obtained only by investigation at first hand. Shakespeare's marvelous mind was shown in his knowledge of the springs of human action, his development of character, and his ability to portray the whole range of emotive feelings in language of surpassing beauty. Dr. Bleibtreu's work entitled "The True Shakespeare," just published in Berlin, will shortly appear in a translated form, and will no doubt be widely read, when its arguments will receive due consideration. So far, however, as the advance announcements indicate, the book is simply an ingenious piece of special pleading, and its guesses are unsupported by any evidence, documentary or otherwise. The Earl of Rutland, who is set up as the new idol, died in 1612 at the age of thirty-six. Shakespeare died four years later, but as no plays under his name were published later than 1612 when Rutland died, that fact is to be taken as a convincing proof, with other "evidence," of Rutland's authorship. Such reasoning deserves to rank with the Donnelley cryptogram in its absurdity. Also, we are told that Rutland visited Denmark and went to Italy and therefore could have written "Hamlet" and the Italian plays. But as he did not go to Italy until after the publication of "Romeo and Juliet," that argument goes for nothing; if the learned doctor has no better evidence to offer to support his theory than a series of coincidences, it is probable that it will share the fate of similar attempts to draw public attention, and incidentally to sell books.

The desire to pose as a "literary Columbus" in the case of any of these doubting Thomases is usually founded upon an assumption that it was absolutely impossible for a man of Shakespeare's education and experience to have written the works attributed to him. Then the natural inquiry begins "Who was it?"—Perhaps the next discovery will be that the plays were the work of a syndicate of the Elizabethan nobility whose members all had mysterious reasons, like those of Lord Rutland, for remaining unknown. The desire for notoriety is at the bottom of the attempts to make converts to many of the alleged new discoveries in letters, in religion and in research. It is a noteworthy fact that the leading English speaking authorities on Shakespearean literature take no stock in Dr. Bleibtreu's claims. The student of today will be still satisfied with the life of Shakespeare and the estimate of his genius as contained in the monumental work of George Brandes, and in the less extensive but also appreciative volume of Sidney Lee. After all, such disputes are of little benefit. For three hundred years the world has enjoyed the splendid legacy of the plays, the crowning glory of the most brilliant epoch in English literature, and we may well be content to accept the testimony of Shakespeare's friends and co-workers, rare Ben Jonson and the rest, as to their authorship.

Let the injunction contained in the famous epitaph against disturbing the writer's bones be extended to apply to the periodical disturbance of his well earned reputation.

George A. Dobinson. An otherwise unidentified contributor to The Graphic.

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I. — The Last Roistering of Prince Iliaster Before He Marries

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 30, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 17

Prince Iliaster was twenty-four years of age. His father was old and infirm. The king wished to see his son married before he died. He sent word to all of his ambassadors to look out for a princess fit to be the future queen of Rudgia—a woman of high lineage and wise deportment. After much hesitation the king asked for the hand of the Princess Azar of the little mountain principality of Cahuenga, about twelve miles from the sea and to the west of Rudgia.

The title of W. E. Norris's latest novel *Harry and Ursula* most accurately describes the scope of the plot. The story is concerned with a misunderstanding between two foolish young people who will not acknowledge the affection they have for each other. From the reader's point of view the weak point of the whole affair is the beginning of this misunderstanding. It is difficult to believe that two young people who are very much in love with other could really be kept apart by being a little shy on first meeting after a temporary separation. Mr. Norris's novels all have the same good points and the same failings. They are written in pure and cultivated English, and the people are very obviously ladies and gentlemen.

A nice taste in humor distinguishes the work of Molly Elliot Seawell, so that in the case of her new story, *The Secret of Toni*, we are willing to appreciate it as just what it is, pleasant, amiable froth with a Gallic coloring to it. A double-barrel love-story, of the loves of two little boys for two little girls, and how the boys grew up, one becoming an officer, the other first a circus-rider, then a private in the officer's regiment, and how the elders lived and loved in the French garrison towns where the action takes place, and how the title-character was a curious combination of strength and cowardice; it is all told charmingly and daintily, and we never really shiver at the threat of tragedy, for we know the author is only bringing it in as artistic relief from the placid happiness that blows through her story.

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Popular Trio

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 20, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 20

THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

The three "best sellers" at Parker's this week are *The Beloved Vagabond*, by William J. Locke, the author of *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*, (John Lane); *Christian Science* by Mark Twain, (Harper Brothers) and *The Lady of the Decoration*, a short story of Japan, by Francis Little.

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Alignment for Patriotism

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 20, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 20

"The West is always being discovered by Easterners who size it up according to their intelligence and celebrate it according to their ability," writes "An Idle Reader," in *Putnam's*. "They all seem to like it but most of them find it 'different'. One notes with pleasure that Montgomery Schuyler, in *Westward the Course of Empire*, firmly declines this sectional point of view. It is all God's Country, and it all looks good to him. If anything, it looks better than the effete East. The homes of Pasadena with their ample grounds, are superior in distinction to 'that absurd and vulgar huddle on the cliffs of Newport'; the women of San Francisco 'outlook and out-dress' the New York product, and the sight of what American Man has wrought in the West when turned loose and left to follow his own sense of his own interest, distinctly increases Mr. Schuyler's respect for the American Man. It is all, as he happily says, alignment for patriotism.

When Mark Twain discusses a subject, be it a new religion or an old historic myth, he always illuminates it and makes it vivid in all its phases. In his recent volume on *Christian Science* (Harper's) he has given us the result of years of careful study and investigation of Mrs. Eddy's cult and writings and of the church which she has founded. In this book Mr. Clemens has endeavored "earnestly to answer impartially those questions which the public generally have been asking about Christian Science." Much of the material was written five or six years ago, but the whole, he informs us, has been revised thoroughly, and the few original "errors of judgment and of fact," corrected "to the best of my ability and later knowledge." It has been "my honest purpose," says Mr. Clemens, "to present a character portrait of Mrs Eddy, drawn from her own acts and words solely, not from hearsay and rumor; and to explain the nature and scope of her monarchy, as revealed in the laws by which she governs it, and which she wrote herself." The book is thoroughly worth reading, either by the devotee of Christian Science or by the skeptic. Local booksellers report an unprecedented demand for it.

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Familiar Quotations

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 27, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 21

A considerable responsibility attaches to the compilation of a new Encyclopedia of Familiar Quotations. Too much zeal of individuality in any such enterprise as this, where decision must be reached not only as to what has actually become familiar but as to what deserves to stay familiar, would be as dangerous as futile, says *Town Topics*. The two questions to be settled are these: Can a more adequate encyclopedia of this sort be prepared than those already in use? And, in preparing such new work shall the writings of authors still living be used as well as the confirmed classics? Of *Stokes's Encyclopedia*, it can at least be said that the effort at modernity has been bravely made. The authors drawn from far exceed in number those that other, older, handy encyclopedias have used; the number of quotations, on the other hand, is smaller, In other words, you will find on an average, a given subject more fully covered from more varying points of view in the older works of reference; while in this new volume you will find quoted such writers as Bliss Carman, Richard Watson Gilder and Grover Cleveland. The point made by the compilers is that such matter from earlier writers as has passed out of actual familiar use has been omitted in this book, in favor of such quotations as cover the field of more recent and even contemporary literature. About this endeavor there is, of course, the identical danger that clouds the whole field of modern critical labor, namely, that posterity may flout all our present judgments. However pleasant it may be to find Mr. Carman's lines, for instance, in this book, they belong, after all, properly in a book of toasts; this is not a collection of toasts, but an Encyclopedia of Familiar Quotations, and those two stanzas are far from being familiar. I take this as merely an instance; the point is a wider one, and is to be noted all through this book; the compilers have often made the mistake of labeling as familiar something that they would wish familiar, or that they think good enough to be familiar.

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Markers

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 27, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 21

Henry James considers Mary E. Wilkins Freeman the greatest American woman novelist.

Mrs. Deland, author of *The Awakening of Helena Richie*, and the *Old Chester Stories*, not only loves to describe old-fashioned gardens in her fiction, but loves them in fact as well. At her summer home, in Maine, she has a remarkably beautiful garden, and cultivates rare and beautiful jonquils as her special joy, and in her Boston house she is careful to keep flowers blooming throughout the winter.



Shakespeare: Then and Now. In Memoriam April 23, 1564

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 4, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 22



III.

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 8, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 2

While as an irrepressibly funny writer Bill Nye ranks next to Artemus Ward in general estimation the most famous of all is "Mark Twain"; for go where you will in Europe, Asia, Africa or America, the name of Mark Twain is generally better known than even that of General Grant. In Palestine, at the Pyramids, and away up the Nile, the dragomen and donkeyboys all talk of Mark Twain and donkeys are named after him all over Egypt, Algeria and the Holy Land. Samuel Clemens (for this was his original name) was born at Florida, Missouri, on the 20th of November, 1835. When thirteen years of age he was placed as apprentice with a printer at Hannibal, and in due time worked at his trade in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and New York City. In 1855 he assumed the position of pilot on a Mississippi steamboat. Six years later he acted as private secretary to his brother, Secretary of the (then) Territory of Nevada. After this he tried mining for awhile and in 1862 became city editor of a paper published at Virginia City, Nevada. His next move was to San Francisco where he acted as a reporter on the *Call*. His well-known visit to the Hawaiian Islands was made in 1866. After spending a few months there he returned to San Francisco and began to lecture in public. With the summer of 1867 came his trip to Egypt and the Holy Land, which he made in company with a large party starting on the *Quaker City*. These countries of the eastern Mediterranean presented food for humorous observation of which he made abundant use in his *The Innocents Abroad*, which had a tremendous sale but which would not have been permitted in 100 families in America had it been written twenty-five years before.

Much of Mark Twain's writings is exceedingly original and funny but the most of his latter-day productions are either forced or is old stuff worked over. His *Jumping Frog of Calaveras*, which added greatly to his early reputation as a humorist, was a clear case of larceny; it was written years before Mark Twain was born, and under its original name, *The Jumping Frog of Arkansas*, was doing service as a flatboat and steamboat deck yarn nearly half a century before this humorist took his first lesson as a "cub pilot" on the Mississippi

River; and *Colonel Sellers*, the central figure of his *Gilded Age* was from an English comedy. But he has told many a side-splitting story, although most of his productions for the past twenty-five years are chestnutty and tiresome. Personally, since his success in *Innocents Abroad* he has never been popular with those who knew him when as some humorist has expressed it, "he did not have to use a shoehorn to get on his hat." At his best, however, he possessed none of the genial companionable ways of Ward, Nye, Field, Locke, Billings, Sweet, Harris, Smalls, Roberts, Bailey, Burdette and others.

There was an ease and facility of expression about Bill Nye that made him the favorite humorist of his day. There was the true western smack, too, that was everywhere acceptable, and less of what I would term the "formula" unmistakably betrayed by Clemens, Huntley and Burdette. This genius was born in Maine, but when an infant, his parents moved to the west, and he never got east of the Mississippi for thirty years. He was raised at River Falls, Wis. He studied law and then moved further west, stopping at Laramie, where he hung out his sign. His business not consuming all his time, he occupied a part of it in writing for the local papers. His articles, by their originality and humor, so pleased the editor of the *Denver Tribune* that he engaged Nye to write a weekly letter upon any subject he chose. This was Nye's formal entry into journalism. In March, 1881, he founded the *Daily Boomerang*, named after a favorite mule which had died in his service. Both the paper and its editor soon became famous, and the paper became so universally popular that it was soon sent to all parts of the civilized world. In politics he was a thorough-dyed Republican. Though not an office-seeker, he was somehow always an office-holder; having been a member of the Territorial Legislature, Justice of the Peace, and postmaster of Laramie.

Nye turned out hundreds of columns of such stuff as follows, which was "syndicated" or copied very largely throughout the United States:

"Laramie has a seal-brown goat with iron-grey chin whiskers and a breath like new-mown hay.

As a sample of Nye's highly mirthful manner, the autumn thoughts on the solemn hush of nature entitled, *The Dying Year*, is presented. In all the humorous writings of Nye, Twain, Ward, Kerr and Ten Eyck White, no more exquisite delineation of "from the sublime to the ridiculous" has ever been approached:

"There can be nothing sadder than the solemn hush of nature that precedes the death of the year. The golden glory of Autumn, with the billowy bronze and velvet azure of the skies above the royal robes of oak and maple, bespeak the closing hour of nature's teeming life and the silent farewell to humanity's gauze underwear.

(To be continued.)

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A Note on Poetry

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 29, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 5

While the series of articles entitled *Our American Humorists* now running in the *Graphic* reflects the unbiased opinions of a generous critic and genial observer and have elicited outspoken admiration from thousands of our readers, there is not an uninterrupted acclaim over Major Truman's portraiture of Mark Twain whose weak personnel as well as weak literary points were (not unkindly) delineated by our valuable contributor. Indeed, Major Truman and the editor of the *Graphic* have received numerous letters from a number of steadfast admirers of Twain, one of which, from Mr. J. A. Ball, a well-known writer of Mexico, to Major Truman, we are constrained to produce, as follows:

My Dear Major Truman:— I received something yesterday that I believe I had rather not have had. It was your third article in the *Graphic* on *American Humorists*, and in it you pound mercilessly at the pedestal of my chief god, Mark Twain.

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Furious Satire

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 29, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 5

"Some there may be who will object to the healthy but brutal frankness of the language used. The cult of kid gloves and rosewater is not the cult of Mark Twain."

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Elizabeth's Latest

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 29, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 5

The "gnadige Frau" who wrote *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, is a philosopher, a poet, a woman of the world, and an Anglo-German Hausfrau all in one. Her latest little book, *Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther*, is a veritable gem.

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Young Field

THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

Edward Salisbury Field. Do you know him? Probably not, although only a few years ago he was a Los Angeles High school senior. Now—well just take a few hours and read a motor story that has been running through several numbers of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Edward Salisbury Field is the author. Young Field is the son of E. S. Field, a former Los Angeles county supervisor. He displayed qualities as an artist when a youngster. Upon that showing Guy Barham sent him to William R. Hearst in San Francisco, who gave Field a job to draw things. Field sketched a Childe Harold, with an attachment of poetry that was good, bad and indifferent. Very soon his pay check was three figures a week and he was transferred to the Hearst service in New York. Now he is writing summer fiction for that real delicious summer consumption that has no superior in the ordinary hot weather publications. I predict for young Field something that will make us of Los Angeles proud of him—at least, as proud as we are of James J. Jeffries, and then some.

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Our American Humorists

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 13, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 7

Charles B. Lewis (M. Quad), for nearly forty years an author and journalist (much of that time attached to the Detroit *Free Press*) who, in his reports of the "meetings" of the Limekiln Club, so effectively took off the moral obliquities of the negro of ante-bellum times, was a soldier during the Rebellion and was a writer of intensely realistic sketches as well as of excellent humorous matter. Indeed the pen of Mr. Lewis has been so busy for nearly half a century in book, newspaper, magazine and syndicate work, such as "Mr. Bowzer," the "Arizona Kicker," etc., that it is known that he has written more thousands of words than any four of the other great humorists, including Mark Twain and Bill Nye. Before his time there was a man named Griswold, (the Fat Contributor) of the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*, whose "Arizona Kicker" was so cleverly masked as to deceive hundreds of thousands of highly intelligent people and actually did do incalculable harm for a year or more to the Territory. Following are a few items from the "Kicker":

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Steps Toward Democracy

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 13, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 7

The latest contribution to *The Citizens' Library of Economics, Politics and Sociology*, edited by Professor Richard T. Ely, is *The Spirit of American Government*, a study of the Constitution, its origin, influence and relation to democracy, by Professor J. Allen Smith, of the chair of political science in the University of Washington. (The Macmillan Company.) The book consists largely of a dispassionate review of historical facts, but following these are interesting chapters on municipal government, liberty and the Constitution, individual liberty and the economic system, influence of democracy upon the Constitution, and the democracy of the future. In the latter chapter Dr. Smith holds that we have not yet reached, but are merely traveling toward, democracy. To the student of political science, the spirit and temper, the aims and ideals of the new social order now coming into existence, are a matter of supreme importance. That our industrial system will be profoundly modified, he concedes. Other consequences more difficult to foresee because less direct and immediate, may be regarded as not unlikely. The spirit of democracy demands control of the state to the end that products of industry may be equitably distributed. As the uncompromising enemy of monopoly in every form, it demands first of all, equality of opportunity. Democracy, however, is not a mere scheme for the redistribution of wealth; it is fundamentally a theory of social progress. It would raise government to the rank and dignity of a science by making it appeal to the reason instead of the fear and superstition of the people. The problem which democracy has to solve is the problem of so organizing the environment as to assure progress through the success and survival of the best.

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Russell Judson Waters—Poet

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 3, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 10

From time to time there have appeared in various Southern California publications, verses signed "Russell Judson Waters." Few of the people who have read and admired these bits of verse have identified the author with R. J. Waters, the president of the Citizens National Bank, it being doubtful if many of the men who know R. J. Waters as a banker are familiar with what "R. J." stand for. Yet, truth to tell, "Russell Judson Waters" and R. J. Waters are one and the same. Mr. Waters, like many another man active in business or finance, has a diversion. Where one man hunts, another fishes, or another drives a high powered automobile, or another spends his leisure at the club, Mr. Walters coquettes with the Muse.

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Russell Judson Waters—Poet

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 3, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 10

The book in every way is ideal for the purpose which animated Mr. Waters in publishing it—as a gift and a remembrance to those whom he esteems as friends. Typographically it is a work of art. Every page is splendidly illustrated. The artists have been in close sympathy with the writer and the margin engravings are unusually fine. Throughout the work are other illustrations that add to the artistic effect. This book, *Lyric Echoes*, is not on sale and those who get one may be sure that it will carry with it the good wishes of Mr. Waters.

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American Humorists—X

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 17, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 12

One of the most brilliant writers of all is Frank Gassaway, for many years the "Derrick Dodd" of the San Francisco Evening Post. Indeed, his humor covered a more varied field than many of the more prominent humorists, and his writings were pirated and changed to fit local conditions more than those of any of the more renowned. Were all of Mr. Dodd's articles duly credited when undergoing the process of reproduction it would be no exaggeration to state that it would show for itself that he was copied about twice as much as any other humorous writer in the country, except Bailey, Burdette and Nye. Puck, the greatest cartoon paper in the United States, if not in the world, for a long time made a specialty of copying Derrick Dodd. Out of its limited space of two columns given for clippings from its numerous exchanges it devoted one column to his articles, and recently it made a serial of one of his longer stories which ran through five numbers. This, in view of the fact that it has a staff of humorous writers like its artists—i. e., A No. 1—is very complimentary to Dodd. Another Pacific Coast humorist who has also been badly treated by the vampires of the country press is "Dan de Quille," for many years connected with Nevada and California papers.

The Evening News, in recording the death of Finch, the author of "The Blue and the Gray," seeks to prove that Finch's fame rests on his miscellaneous works as well as his immortal poem. Yet who remembers anything that he wrote except this poem? Most men will concede that his claim to immortality rests on this single poem—that he is a single poem poet, if one may be allowed the term. Who remembers Gray but for his "Elegy in a Country Church Yard;" or Poe as a poet but for "The Raven," "The Bells" and "Annabel Lee;" or Smith but by "America;" or Francis Scott Key but by "The Star Spangled Banner;" or John Howard Payne but by "Home, Sweet Home;" or even Bryant but by "Thanatopsis?"

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Literary

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 21, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 17

There is a prospect that America will render a measure of justice to Edgar Allen Poe, and that puritanic sentiment will give way to wider knowledge and more tolerant sympathy. We are within two years of the centenary of Poe's birth, and some strong voices have been raised in reproof of a national neglect that is due rather to self-righteousness than to virtue. Dr. William Howard, in the *Arena*, and William Aspinwall Bradley in the *Book News Monthly*—to mention only two out of many—have bestirred themselves to defend the memory of Poe. They have done it trenchantly and with much evidence of dual personality and the like that will no doubt appeal to those who are ready to reconsider a verdict that should never have been passed. It is indeed strange that we have been willing for all these years to lay so heavy a censure upon the greatest of American poets and for sins that were of the flesh only and that wounded no one so deeply as himself. We are tolerant enough of those greater sins of cupidity and greed that involve thousands in misery, but it has seemed as though there could be no forgiveness for the physical aberrations depending upon psychic laws that we do not understand. In the eyes of the whole world Poe was one of the great geniuses of the race and the chief ornament to American literature. We alone have been content to label him as a dipsomaniac.—Argonaut.

The third volume of *The Writings of Samuel Adams*, collected and edited by Harry Alonzo Cushing (Putnam's), covers the eventful period from March, 1773, to December, 1777. Within this period took place the battle of Bunker Hill, the expeditions under Montgomery and Arnold against Canada, the Declaration of Independence, the evacuation of Boston, the occupation of New York by the British troops under Howe, the New Jersey campaign, including the American victories at Trenton and Princeton, and the Northern campaign that culminated in the surrender of Burgoyne, which was to be followed by the treaty of alliance with France. The letters printed set forth the comments on these epoch making events, made at the time by a patriot who more than any other man had shaped the attitude of the colony of Massachusetts toward the mother country; a man who borrowed his opinions from nobody, but who for a quarter of a century exercised a preponderant influence in New England.

Since 1859, when the late G. J. Holyoake brought out a pamphlet on the life of Robert Owen, who had died in the preceding year, there have been no fewer than six biographies of the founder of socialism in England, four in English, one in German and one in French. All these books will be superseded henceforth by two volumes collectively entitled *Robert Owen, a Biography*, by Frank Podmore (Appletons), because these are based to a large extent on a collection of letters (some three thousand in all) written to or by Owen, which were found recently and transmitted for safe keeping to the Co-operative Union at Manchester. The letters date from the year 1823, and as they begin just where the unfinished autobiography

leaves off, it seems probable that they formed part of the material collected by Owen in his lifetime for the completion of that work.

The acquaintance with Russian literature possessed by educated English men and Americans is for the most part limited to the writings of Russian novelists from Turgenieff or Leo Tolstoi to Maxim Gorky. About Russian poetry relatively little is popularly known, owing doubtless to the paucity of good English translations. An attempt to remedy the lack is made in a volume of essays, supplemented with English versions of notable passages from Russian poets by Rosa Newmarch (the John Lane Company). The author does not profess to offer an exhaustive conspectus of Russian achievements in verse. The individual singers whom she has chosen for discussion as specially exemplifying certain phases of Russian culture are the romantic poets, Pushkin and Lermontov; the popular poets, Koltsov and Nikitin; Nekrassov, who was filled with bitter resentment, aggravated by the iron-handed regime of Nicholas I; Khomiakov, the poet of Slavophilism, and Nadson, a poet of the Decadence. In order to explain, however, the evolution of Russian poetry, the author devotes some thirty pages to the precursors of Pushkin, giving some examples of their merits in translations. Almost all of the translations are the author's own. She acknowledges, however, obligations to Prof. Merfill and to Miss Helena Frank for permission to include several of their transcriptions in this volume. In an introductory chapter the author points out that Russian literature does not lend itself to precise classification. The tendencies of particular periods overlap and arbitrary distinctions, borrowed from western Europe, are often misleading. The author deems it not surprising that upon those interested in the subject should be pressed the questions: Does Russian literature consist simply of a series of superb but disorganized efforts to express the spirit of the nation? Is it only a maze of intricate ramifications, leading back to no point of departure? Has there been no continuous literary development, carried out under traditions which have a definite origin? Our author holds that the answers to such questions depend upon our convictions as to Pushkin. Is he, or is he not, a central point at which are focused the brightest rays of Russian sentiment and intellect?

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Literary

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 28, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 18

A sale of rare manuscripts and books was recently held in London. At the Van Antwerp sale of last spring the former record price for a Shakespeare first folio was nearly doubled, one copy being bought by Mr. Quaritch for \$18,000 and another for \$12,000 at the Buckley sale. In a similar manner a third folio put all its predecessors into the shade by a tempting bid of \$7,750. Shakespeare quartos, too climbed to a point which with one exception they had

never reached before. The record price of \$10,000 was paid by an American purchaser a few years ago for "Titus Andronicus," and this tremendous sum was almost equalled in June, when \$9,550 was given for the very rare first edition of the foundation play of "Henry VI," Part 2; while immediately following this the hammer fell on \$2,850 for the "Merchant of Venice." The only copy existing as far as known of "The Lamentable and True Tragedie of M. Arden of Feversham in Kent," which some scholars attribute to Shakespeare, brought \$6,050. The bard's record for the past year cannot be closed without mentioning the sum brought by the first edition of the Sonnets, namely, \$4,000. Izaak Walton, too, reached his greatest height. One of the best things in the Van Antwerp catalogue was the finest known copy of the "Compleat Angler" in the original sheepskin, which sold for \$6,450. Three American purchases which attracted attention were Thomas Churchyard's "Sir Martin Frobisher's Voyage to Meta Incognia, first voyage, 1578"; Thomas Ellis's "Third and Last Voyage by Capte M. Frobisher," and Settle's "Last Voyage into the North and Northwest." The first sold for \$5,000, the second for \$4,600 and the third for \$3,800.

A good deal of light is thrown on the political and social condition of France during the last quarter of the fifteenth and the first quarter of the sixteenth centuries, the period when the Italian Renaissance began to penetrate beyond the Alps, in a book entitled "A Twice Crowned Queen," by the Countess De La Warr, (Appletons.) The twice crowned Queen is Anne of Brittany, who was married successively to Charles VIII. and Louis XII., Kings of France: the princes through whom the duchy, whose semi-independence had so long been a thorn in the side of the Capetian monarchy, was incorporated definitely therewith. It had been a severe struggle for the Bretons to prevent their fatherland from falling into the hands either of France or England, but though beaten on several occasions they had again and again freed themselves from their invaders, and except for the duty of vassalage which their ruler owed to the French Crown they were independent when Duke Francis II., of whom Anne, the subject of this biography, was the heiress, died in 1488. As Anne at this time was but 12 years old, Charles VIII. of France, or rather his advisers, felt that so good an opportunity of acquiring Brittany should not be lost. Accordingly he proclaimed himself guardian of the young Duchess, and subsequently persuaded her to marry him by the assurance that she should remain sole ruler of her country, and that its union with France would be only a nominal transaction. As a matter of fact, Brittany thenceforth became virtually a French province, although to this day its inhabitants retain a strongly marked character and an independent spirit.

The appearance of a series of articles in the "Revue Politique," by M. Marcel Peschaud, on "Railroads of the Belgian State" has suggested to Mr. Edwin A. Pratt, a more comprehensive treatment of State ownership, which is presented in a volume named "State Railways: Object Lessons from Other Lands" (London: P. S. King & Son.) The author is known to students of the question by previous works, entitled "Railways and Their Rates" and "German vs. British Railways," &c. His personal conclusions are supplemented with a translation of those reached by M. Peschaud in the articles just mentioned. The book is timely and interesting in

view of recent attempts at rate making for railways by our Federal and State Governments and in view of President Roosevelt's assertion that if State regulation fails State ownership must come. We may say at once that the author's opinions, based on the facts recorded by him, are unfavorable to State ownership. He has evidently reserved for separate treatment the experience of Germany and some other countries and has confined himself for the most part to the working of the system in Belgium, Denmark, Italy, Australia and New Zealand. The work is not less useful to Americans because it is intended primarily for Englishmen, among whom State ownership of railways is advocated not only by Socialists and by a party in Ireland, but also by some English traders, who regard nationalization of the steam roads as the great remedy for all the transport disadvantages from which they consider that they suffer.

The "Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson" will be brought out this Fall in a new and cheaper edition by Scribners. The book will be uniform in size, shape and appearance, with the very successful Biographical Edition of Stevenson, which was brought out about a year ago. They will make the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh volumes of the complete edition, but the two volumes will be sold separately from the rest of the edition, bound in leather, at \$2.50 net, and in cloth at \$2.00.

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"Ned" Field Home

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 9, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 24

"Ned" Field, one of those rare graduates from the grind of newspaperdom to the realm of letters, is shedding the light of his countenance upon his friends this week. It can not be more than five or six years ago that Guy Barham, recognizing young Field's unusual talents, recommended him to Dent Robert of the San Francisco "Examiner." Field speedily "caught on," and became the father of a feature that for some time enlivened the editorial pages of the Hearst paper. He wrote frivolous verse and illustrated it, descriptive of the lively adventures of "Childe Harold." His work attracted attention elsewhere, and he found himself the happy recipient of as many orders from eastern editors as he cared to fill. Field has just returned from a year's sojourn in Europe—the most important part of his education, he declares. He came back with the manuscript for a book in his pocket, and he was lucky enough to find a willing publisher. This winter he hopes to devote his energies to that most remunerative form of modern literature—play writing.

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THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM

"Reminiscences of a Soldier's Wife."

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 23, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 26

If you have ever spent more than a day or two at the Potter in Santa Barbara, you are fairly certain to know who Mrs. General Biddle is. For this delightful lady will be pointed out to you as one of the most attractive figures of life at the hotel. It is your very good fortune if it has been your privilege to meet her personally. The corridors of the Potter have been graced for several years by General and Mrs. Biddle, who, except for brief visits to their children's homes in the East, remain at Santa Barbara all the year round. The General, though his campaigns now-a-days are confined to the hotel and the club, is still every inch a soldier. Both are great favorites in Santa Barbara and Montecito society. Mrs. Biddle, when Ellen McGowan, joined the army very young, and is the mother of soldiers as well as the wife of a gallant general. Though the latter retired from the service several years ago, Mrs. Biddle's keen interest in the army has never waned—she lives in the army style. Naturally gifted with the rare talent of the raconteur, Mrs. Biddle has charmed and absorbed many an audience with tales of army life. So universal was the admiration for her "stories" that Mrs. Biddle was persuaded by her friends to "write them out." Thereafter it was a fortunate hostess who, for the entertainment of her guests, could persuade Mrs. Biddle to read a few chapters from her manuscript. Gradually these reminiscences grew to the size and scope of a book. Then her friends besought her to turn the manuscript over to a publisher. A handsome volume, recently issued by the J. B. Lippencott Company, of Philadelphia, is the result. "Reminiscences of a Soldier's Wife" was originally designed to be published by private subscription only, but the demand for the book has been so general that Mrs. Biddle, despite the fact that it is a personal narrative and was written only for the entertainment of her friends, has permitted the publishers to put it on the market. These reminiscences take the reader through fifty years of active army life, describing in vivid and intimate fashion the vicissitudes of an army family—their everyday fortunes and misfortunes under every kind of roof in a great variety of conditions, pleasures and hardships. There are lively pictures of army life on the frontier during the Indian troubles and before the days of the railway and other Twentieth Century accommodations in the West. The life of the army officer in the South, during the Reconstruction period, supplies material for several interesting and instructive chapters. Mrs. Biddle's "Reminiscences" form, indeed, an unpretentious but all the more valuable contribution of history, which not only serves to give the reader an excellent insight into conditions of life not readily understood by civilians, but also throws useful side-lights on critical periods of history. The volume, which is attractively printed and bound, contains a number of portraits and other illustrations, and will shortly be for sale at the local book stores. Mrs. Biddle is at present visiting in Los Angeles, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter, at the Van Nuys Hotel.

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Two Dramas of Despair

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 11, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 6

One no longer feels inclined to inveigh against the vapidness of much that obtains popularity on the contemporary stage—in the form of inane but glittering "musical comedy" and witless farce—as one examines the descent of the drama into the depths of pathological research. Plays dealing with sex problems, which practically monopolized the energies of serious authors a few years ago, have made room to large extent for dramatic treatises on individual melancholy, permeated with pessimism. Their vogue, however, is likely to be exceedingly short-lived. Disciples of the school of Ibsen, the pioneer of the modern pathological drama, will receive far more attention at the hands of critics than from the public. Happily it is only a very small portion of the great army of theater-goers who deliberately spend an evening and find their money's worth in watching the dissection of mental disease. The average theater-goer is pronouncedly a pleasure-seeker, and the search for pleasure is an infinitely more healthy pastime than the exploration of pain.

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Mrs. Strobridge.

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 11, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 6

Mrs. Strobridge is known throughout the country for her book-binding. As a craftswoman she has no superior. In describing her personality and her work, in the "Graphic" of December 9, 1905, I published a short interview with her, in which, speaking of her life in Nevada she said: "There were days that we spent in the saddle, and oh, that was the very fullness of existence sweeping through splendid stretches of country, never sleeping twice in the same camp, always learning something of what God meant his creatures to know. Once we took our horses and rode for weeks through the desert places of Nevada, far from where any railroad touched, and far also from a stage route. . . . Only twice did we cook our own food, however. We were the guests of cowboys at the various camps. There are wonderful sights on the wide deserts. . . . It was during the days and the nights in the deserts that I heard the story. . . . There are many prospectors there. None of them are young; many of them are very old; but all have some tale to tell of fabulous mines that are awaiting rediscovery. If you could listen to one of those old fellows and not imbibe something of his faith, why you are a stronger-minded person than I—that is all. Even a night of sleep, sound desert sleep, often failed to take the phantoms completely from my brain."

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THE GRAPHIC · LOS ANGELES · POETRY & ITS CRITICISM



Miller and Barry

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 18, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 20

It seems almost pathetic for Joaquin Miller to come out from his mountain retreat and write "pot boilers" for the "Examiner." And "pot boilers" they must be for it cannot be for fame that he is writing columns of long drawn out copy about Southern California. The "Poet of the Sierras" has had more fame than is meted out to most men and doesn't care for it any way. He has been here awaiting the arrival of the fleet and this week was writing from San Diego about Uncle Sam's floating persuaders. The poet, by the way, has a son-in-law in Los Angeles, Arthur Loring Mackaye, one of the "Times" editors. Mackaye married one of Miller's daughters but she has been dead for several years.

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Lines to the Fleet

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 18, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 20

If there are any embryo poets in this part of the State who haven't written "lines," stanzas and even columns on "The Fleet," it's because they didn't know the way to a newspaper office. From the stuff printed in all of the papers the last week I don't think any poetry on the subject was refused. It has varied in rottenness from

to others not quite so bad but still having but a slight semblance of poetry.

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COLOPHON

*The poetry of The Graphic (Los Angeles), and the paper's criticism of poetry.
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