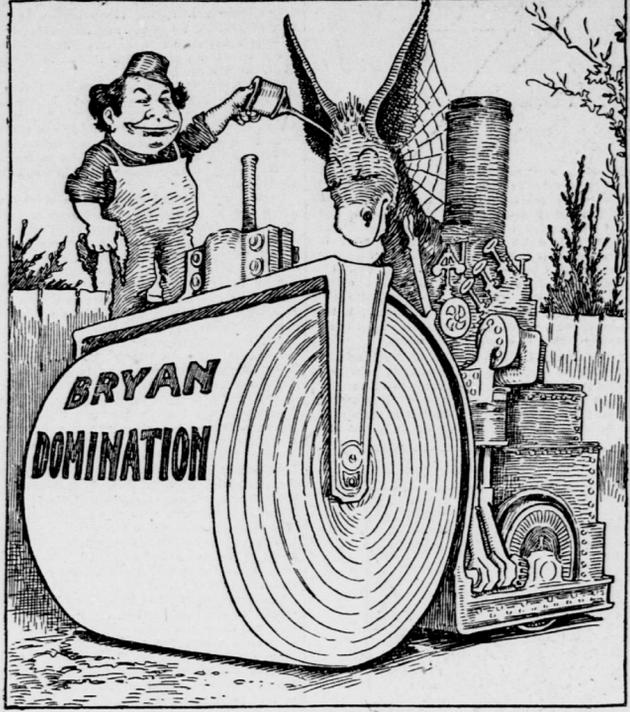


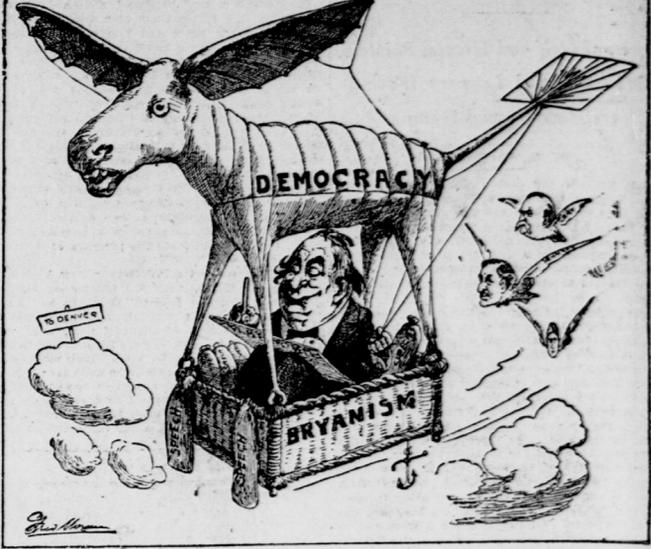
WIT HUMOR AND SARCASM FROM THE CARTOONISTS AND FUNNY MEN



HE'D RATHER WALK. —Des Moines Register and Leader.



CAN HE MAKE IT WORK? —Minneapolis Journal.



LIGHTER THAN AIR. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

WIT FLEES BEFORE THE GUEST BOOK

When Torture Volume Confronts One, Originality Wilts.

Life is full of surprises, few of which are more disconcerting than the sudden presentation of a "guest book" to one who has been pleasantly entertained, with the request that he inscribe in it a sentiment before his departure. Those hostesses who employ this form of torture—and, thank Heaven! they are not as numerous as they used to be—take the big, leather-bound book before the victim, as though conferring upon him a favor. To make it worse, the hostess often confidently intimates that the lines the guest will pen will fairly scintillate with brilliancy and originality. In the face of such pleading and expectation that is a cruel fate which suggests nothing better than:

I think and think, in vain!
At last I think I'll write my name!
Or that other sentimental standby:

The rose is red, the violet blue,
Sugar's sweet, and so are you.

After a hearty dinner guests have been known to take refuge in lines more true and trite than eloquent, and write in the guest book.

Too full for utterance.

THE EUROPEAN HOTEL GUEST BOOK.

Somewhat, few mind inscribing their sentiments in the hotel guest book so familiar to European travelers. We have spent such pleasant hours on a rainy day poring over the illustrations which these books often contain, sketched with reference to local happenings; the skits and rhymes with which former hotel guests have filled its pages, and their contributions have proven so provocative of laughter and good comradeship that few have felt unwilling to add their effusions, however weak, for the amusement of those who will follow.

The matter takes on quite another appearance, however, when one is brought face to face with the proposition of recording in a private guest book the best that is in one in poetry or prose, where it will be subject to the critical examinations of friends who know us and of people whom we want to know and who, perhaps, might have wanted to know us before they read that index to our minds or dispositions in the fateful guest book of a private house.

This kind of guest book, like the human nature which it represents, has its good and bad qualities. For one thing it incites in many a desire to write legibly, for there are those who do not hesitate to carry on their correspondence in characters not always known to the world and which will require a Rosetta stone to make intelligible to the next generation, who nevertheless think so highly of the matter to be inscribed in the guest book that they want to write it so that "all who run may read."

On the other hand may be found persons who

take a mischievous delight in so insulting their wit and wisdom as to make it undecipherable to the uninitiated.

RECALLS FORGOTTEN EPISODE.

Besides encouraging the almost lost art of a cultivated handwriting, the guest book, while inviting the outpouring of soul and flight of sentimental fancy, really acts as a monitor, inculcating reticence and prudence.

"Have you ever," asked a young matron the other day, "turned the leaves of a guest book with your good man, John, and come suddenly upon a love affair of your own, factiously set forth and illustrated by a certain gay Charles of your acquaintance? Do you recall how John glowered as he read the text below a sketch of two lovers in a buggy, oblivious to the fact that their vehicle is stuck fast in a muddy road, which ran thus:

The mud was soft, and so was Beas,
And that was why Tom squeezed her;
He didn't dust to let her go,
For fear that he might lose her.

"There is more of the dogged, for Charles goes on to say—and to illustrate—how the hapless and happy lovers were discovered, to the vast enjoyment of everybody except the parties most concerned. You berate the abominable misuse of English and good taste on the part of certain persons, and John agrees with you; but he doesn't do it pleasantly, nor does he treat the matter as one too trivial to deserve attention.

"The guest book has taught many a man the folly of wooing where wedding was not within immediate contemplation, or, perhaps, not within the cardiac horizon at all. Not until Arthur has inspired his Maud with interest in a merry picnic party, of which he formed one the previous summer, does he come upon a forgotten page in his hostess's guest book wherein a being very like himself is depicted kneeling before a goddess who does not bear the least resemblance to Maud. His discomfiture is complete when Maud remarks blithely: "No wonder you treasure such fond recollections of that picnic!"

STIRS PLEASANT MEMORIES.

On the other hand, the guest book is full of pleasant memories, even though these sometimes turn up, like Tennyson's "crown of sorrows," to remind of "happier things." It is delightful to come unexpectedly upon characteristic sayings of dear and distant friends—to be brought, as it were, face to face with their smiles, within sound of their laughter. It is sweet to read a sentiment clothed in a handwriting once dear, and remembered only with woe and rue. Between its covers the guest book holds the epitome of life, but most of all it aims to hold the light of laughter and the lilt of song.

To many, however, the guest book is an enemy to peace. It becomes an obligation not to be avoided. Inspiration is a tricky jade and willfully evades the man who would wrest from her sentiments of proper appreciation of the hospitality he has enjoyed. Pointedly and charmingly to epitom-

ize the delights of a visit and the delightfulness of those who have engineered its enjoyment requires a readiness of wit and facility in the art of expression which few possess. Curiously enough, those who do possess these qualities complain that they are deserted by them at the very moment a guest book appears.

This fateful volume assumes the place of the old-fashioned autograph album, but it is more terrifying because it demands more. The beau of twenty years ago could copy any bit of sentimental verse in an album, or even escape by merely writing his signature. He has no such pleasant task to-day. He must be original, even if the only original possession he has been born to is original sin. If he assures his hostess of this fact she smilingly assents that she knows it, but that she feels sure he can think of something nice to say. He tries to remember all the nice things he thought of before the guest book appeared and fails.

GUEST BOOK STILL PURSUES.

He wonders miserably whether another invitation to this delightful house depends upon his success in properly expressing enjoyment of the visit just terminating. His hostess appears satisfied with anything at all in the way of a sentiment, but all the way home he thinks of things that he might have written and wonders how he could ever have been foolish enough to write what he did.

There are men who evade this manifest duty and who even have confessed to hiding the volume they dreaded. Success has not rewarded their efforts. Scarcely has such a man reached his home when a flat pack accompanied by a note from his hostess, who laments that the guest book was unaccountably missing at the time of his departure, and assures him that she has had her book made with detachable leaves especially for the convenience of guests.

His fate has overtaken him. He resigns himself to it with a groan and realizes that the guest book is an affliction of Providence which he can no more easily evade than he can avoid paying his dinner bills.

THOUGHTS ON AIRNOTS

And Also on the High Passenger Rates for Balloon Travel.

Hashimura Togo, in Collier's Weekly.

I am given to understand by newspaper information that Right Bros, famous airnots, has solved problem of air navigation again by very delicious wreckage. Them Right Bros fly-tests is always shot off with entire secrecy, so that Japanese navy won't be there to represent itself. This time them sky-boat passengers, mostly reporters, inventors & foreign powers, who seen very nicely from bushes twenty-five miles away where they was hid out of range of Hon. Right's shoot-gun.

New airship of Right Bros is called Mud Hen II, because them crafts should all be named after some bird what they act like. Hon. Bell's airboat are called "White Wings" because they never grow weary of trying to. That Mud Hen II are a 6-cylinder, runabout type of airship built on model of 3 pancakes and worked with strings which Hon. Right have attached to thumbs & toes. To start them ship Hon. Right lays himself on stummock and runs the engine with his teeth. When he wish to go up he raise elbows & depresses toes. When he wish to come down he stand on his head.

On this trip Right Bros start navigating from Killed Devil Hill, which is in Southern States. After considerable scientific prepare them ship were seen to make following emotion:

1—It went up.
2—It came down.
After successful flight Orville Right were found comfortably setting on his airship in middle of Elkins swamp. Except for 2 wings fractured, engine twisted off, propeller gone & framework on fire, them machinery landed without a mishap. Hon. Right were congratulating himself by shaking his broken hand.

I am more pleased that aerial navigation will be very cheap sport for poor mans. Hickory wood are cheap, canvas are cheap, nails are cheap & life are cheap. All them is necessary for one good airship. You can borrow 1 gas engine from another automobile. Next choose some bird what look safe & intelligent & built your fly-machine to resemble it. If you admire for pigeons, then built one pigeon-toe airship. If you think hawks is most pleasant fliers, all well, then make a hawkish air-boat. Nail all them airship together with considerable canvas & light hickory corners, fasten on them gas engine what you have borrowed, carry such machinery to vacant plains & teach it to fly like the bird what you admire most much.

All airships can fly, but some of them is very hard to teach.

Last yesterday I was taking a feetwalk by lonesome hill of Berkeley. Among daisy-cup grassy of steep slope I seen some machinery in attitude of mechanical expectation. It were a very cross-looking machinery like a bicycle whose mother was a sailboat. Several Hon. Professors was standing around to encourage Hon. Airnot with statistic about dying for science. Hon. Airnot speak of relatives in Kansas City and regret sinful youth with considerable paleness.

of going down what give me them quaker feeling at elbow."

More excitable preparation then. One Professor arrive with text-book entitle, "How Do It to Fly"; yet some other bring telescope for see him long off. One medical Doctor was also present with muck-rakes, etc., so as to scrape them Airnot off trees in case of. Nervous tense enjoyed by all.

So Hon. Airnot say farewell speak to persons present, including Hon. Wife who was in Chicago. He also mention several technical terms with considerable emotion & all Scientists present weep with eyes. Next he place self carefully to seat with assistants of one Irish man what was there merely to labor. Silence for pulses.

"Are you ready?" inquire Hon. Professor with voice.

"Are!" response them birdy hero.

"Then go it!" suggest Hon. Professor. Awful breathlessness. Hon. Airnot with brave grasp of wrist throw handle-crank to start engine. Nothing happen. Surprise from all. Hon. Airnot then speak automobile language & pull more crank-wheel with thumbs. Complete indifference from them engine.

"Charles energy are hypnotized," say one Scientist who supposed he knew.

"You have forgot-it to put in gasoline," corrode Irish man what was there to labor.

"So have!" say Airnot. So Hon. Gasoline was poured to engines with can.

Once more prepare to start. Hon. Airnot take seat. Quick jerk to crank-handle. O banza! Whirl of angry rages from engine. Entire fly-machine get palpitation to resemble rooster severed from its brains. Irish man give shove & entire bird-boat move along ground on bicycle wheels. More fast & more faster it go, kicking up pebbles in frantic enjoyment, some time rising to astonish height of 4 inch, now & yet bumping to large stone and appearing anxious to fly, but not sure how, till of suddenly it make very restful flop against fence-post & stop desiring to continue.

Loud shouting from all Aero Clubs present.

"I ask to know," I require, "for why does all make such pagan noise of gladness?"

"For following reason," decry one Professor, "because aerial navigation are solved."

"All airships is modelled to resemble some kind of birds," I say for interview. "Some to resemble sparrows, some to resemble hawk—what species of birdy are this fly-boat modelled to resemble?"

"It are modelled to resemble a ostrich," say Hon. Airnot, picking up some fingers he lost.

"But a ostrich are not able to fly," I suggest.

"Neither are this airship," say Hon. Airnot in whispering voice so as U. S. Govt might not overheard.

All return to Aero Club banquet with exception of Hashimura Togo & Hon. Irish which was not invited. We set together on grassy hill for slight conversation about human progress.

"Of surely, Mike," say Irish with smoke-pipe of dangerous shortness, "airshipping are a grand sporty."

"It are still a low-down science," I mangle.

"Why a package of foolis should do it, I am willing to be searched," he dit. "They spend 100's of dollar to make such a mechanical rooster what we seen this afternoon. They work for 2 year to nail it together, they hire famous Airnot, from Kansas City, they get names in paper & all Science must stop thinking about serious things because they are so excited. Then great day arrive. All ready—whoo! \$6,000 airboat make popping emotion and go bust by fence-post. Everybody happy to go home & construct more air-boat."

"Great things of World are built in them way," I corrode for dignity.

"Southern Pacific Railway were not built in them way, you can bet it," say Irish.

"It will be a cheap way to travel in future," I nudge.

"It are not cheap way to travel in present," decry that Hon. Irish. "By counting up all accidents, break-ups, refusals to go, unwillingness to stay up when start there, etc., it are computed by Scientists that airships has cost \$1,000 for every yard they has flew through air."

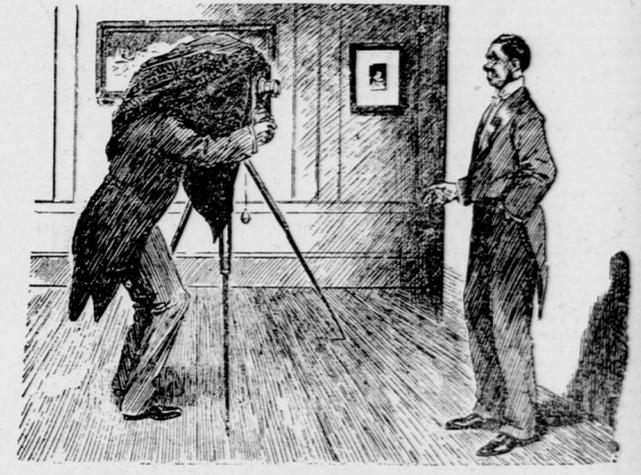
"Such an expensive car-fare!" I derange.

"Rates like them should be regulated by Congress," negotiate Hon. Irish, collecting together fractional pieces of airship what was strewed apart over hillside.

ITALY IN NEW YORK.



NOT AN EXACTING GIRL. "Your love," he cried, "would give me the strength to lift mountains!" "Dearest!" she murmured, "it will only be necessary for you to raise the 'dust.'" —Illustrated Bits.



CAUTIOUS. Amateur Photographer—Look cheerful, old chap. Subject—Can't; this is for my wife, who's out of town. If I looked cheerful she'd be back to-morrow. —The Tattler.



EXACTLY. She—I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed have just joined the church. He—Well, turn about is fair play. Didn't the church join them? —Illustrated Bits.



AN EXPEDIENT.

Mrs. Exe—Goodby. I'm sorry my husband isn't in. I wish I knew some way of keeping him at home a little more.
Mrs. Exe—Why, he'd be out more than ever then.
Mrs. Exe—Oh, dear, no! Mrs. Dasher tells me her husband bought a motor a few days ago, and the doctor says he won't be out for six weeks. —Illustrated Bits.

that excellent mandolin music is furnished for entertainments by the dwellers within. The shops along the street contain principally articles in demand among Italians, and the fruit sellers standing beside their little carts freighted with golden oranges, lemons and bananas call their wares in their own tongue. And if the day be sunny and warm, whatever the season, the street will be full of an apparently leisure class. For, although the Italian seldom falls to improve his worldly condition in the New World, he seems also always to have time to enjoy a bit of sunshine. Black Hand associations may exist and personal vendetta may add zest to life and even death, but the American who lives and enigmatically enough in the neighborhood of those chattering emigrants from that land of dreams must be a harsh and non-beauty loving soul if he does not enjoy the sight of them even if their theories of hygiene are imperfectly developed. Next time they are happy and beautiful. What more does one ask for one's neighbor?—The Craftsman