

like a glad father in the presence of his first-born, stood smiling and stroking his beard, in silent, self-satisfied content as he gazed at the creation of his brain. It was Summerlee who first broke the silence.

"You don't mean us to go up in that thing, Challenger?" said he in an acrid voice.

"I mean, my dear Summerlee, to give you such a demonstration of its powers that after seeing it you will, I am sure, have no hesitation in trusting yourself to it."

"You can put it right out of your head now at once," said Summerlee with decision. "Nothing on earth would induce me to commit such a folly. Lord Roxton, I trust that you will not countenance such madness."

"Dooed ingenious, I call it," said our hero. "I'd like to see how it works."

"So you shall," said Challenger. "For some days I have exerted my whole brain upon the problem of how we shall descend from these cliffs. We have satisfied ourselves that we cannot climb down, and that there is no tunnel. We are also unable to construct any kind of bridge which may take us back to the pinnacle from which we came. How then shall I find a means to come down? Some little time ago I had remarked to our young friend here that free hydrogen gas evolved from the geyser. The idea of a balloon naturally followed. I was, I will admit, somewhat baffled by the difficulty of procuring an envelope to contain the gas; but the contemplation of the immense contents of these reptiles suggested me with a solution to the problem. Behold the result!"

He put one hand in the front of his ragged jacket and pointed proudly with the other. By this time the profane had swollen to a goodly rotundity and was jerking strongly upon its lashings.

"Midsummer madness!" snorted Summerlee.

Lord Roxton was delighted with the whole idea. "Clever old devil, ain't he?" whispered he to me, and then louder to Challenger, "What about a car?"

"The car will be my next care. I have already planned how it is to be made and attached. Meanwhile I will simply show you how capable my apparatus is of supporting the weight of each of us."

"All of us, surely?"

"No, it is part of my plan that each in turn shall descend, as from a parachute, and the balloon be drawn back by means which I shall have no difficulty in perfecting. If it

will support the weight of one and let him gently down, it will have done all that is required of it. I will now show you its capacity in that direction."

He brought out a lump of basalt of considerable size, constructed in the middle so that a cord could be easily attached to it. This cord was the one which we had brought with us onto the plateau after we had used it for climbing the pinnacle. It was over a hundred feet long, and though it was thin it was very strong. He had prepared a sort of collar of leather with many straps depending from it. This collar was placed over the dome of the balloon, and the hanging thongs were gathered together below so that the pressure of any weight would be diffused over a considerable surface. Then the lump of basalt was fastened to the thongs and the rope was allowed to hang from the end of it, being passed three times round the professor's arm.

"I will now," said Challenger, with a smile of pleased anticipation, "demonstrate the carrying power of my balloon." As he said so he cut the various lashings which held it.

NEVER was our expedition in more imminent danger of complete annihilation. The inflated membrane shot up with frightful velocity into the air. In an instant Challenger was pulled off his feet and dragged after it. I had just time to throw my arms round his ascending waist when I was myself whipped up into the air. Lord Roxton had me with a rat trap grip round the legs; but I felt that he also was coming off the ground. For a moment I had a vision of four adventurers floating like a string of sausages over the land they had explored.

But happily there were limits to the strain the rope would stand; though none apparently to the lifting powers of this infernal machine. There was a sharp crack, and we were in a heap upon the ground with coils of rope all over us. When we were able to stagger to our feet we saw far off in the deep blue sky one dark spot where the lump of basalt was speeding upon its way.

"Splendid!" cried the undaunted Challenger, rubbing his injured arm. "A most thorough and satisfactory demonstration! I could not have anticipated such a success. Within a week, gentlemen, I promise that a second balloon will be prepared and that you can count upon taking in safety and comfort the first stage of our homeward journey."

To be continued next Sunday

he'll be able to execute a mighty elegant guess; he might show the grouch how the use of a typewriter would hustle his afternoon correspondence so he could get away from the office half an hour earlier and see a much more of the ball games—and so on. A somewhat exaggerated case, to be sure; but the point of an argument may be discovered in it, all the same.

And that is the way you have to handle the grouch—or the grouch multiplied, the "cold house"—in the theater. If you perceive that the grouch audience likes a joke about Roosevelt, give it two more on the same subject, show your teeth in the cartoon manner, strike an attitude like San Juan Hill; in short, play its weak point, whatever it is, to the limit. And you will get that audience! Find out quickly what the grouch audience likes, and give it to the grouch audience. A comedian can't please himself and succeed. He must please the man—no matter what sort of odd soul that man is—who paid to see him. Normal human nature of the kind we have analyzed so far as humor is concerned is present in the grouch (the "cold house") too; but you have got to get it going, you have got to root it out, you have got to start the small snowball rolling down hill, in the way we mention. At least, that is what we believe, and that is the campaign doctrine on which we work and always have worked.

THERE is no money in smiles in the American theater; in the case of comedians, especially. A comedian must make an audience laugh. Otherwise he will not have success of any considerable sort. A smile won't do. As we argue it out, an audience that goes to see a comedian act says to itself, if the comedian only makes it smile, "H'm, we've been bamboozled! We went to laugh, and he didn't make us laugh. We smiled a lot; but he should have turned the smiles into laughs—and he didn't. It's easy to make a person smile." The comedian must turn every smile into a laugh. This is one phase of the science (if you want to call it that) of the comedian business.

And, really, while it is a curious method, a curious bag of tricks that changes smiles into laughs, it is fundamentally, childishly simple. But the lay public, as in every previous case, would probably never suspect it. A smile must be worked into a giggle, and thence into a guffaw. That's the only thing that counts in the boxoffice. We could write a dozen articles detailing the long table of secrets in smile-laugh maneuvers; but a couple of illustrations will indicate how we have worked out the problem so far as it concerns us.

Take two stage characters, like us, for instance. Neither is supposed to be deaf; yet in a certain scene one yells at the other at the top of his lungs. Suppose the audience only smiles at this. If the man yelled at will then quickly take hold of the lobe of his ear with two fingers of one of his hands and pull it down as if to hear better, the audience as a whole will shout with laughter. Why? For the very simple reason that the smile has been multiplied by another smile and has thus been turned into a laugh. That, dear reader, is theatrical arithmetic.

In the first place, the audience smiled at the man because he yelled at another man who could have heard him perfectly well if he had spoken in a whisper. Then the audience saw the second man turn the tables on the first man by pretending that he didn't hear, although the first man knew perfectly well that he did. In other words, the first smile was topped by another smile, and no human being can smile twice in quick succession. It's impossible! The man who tries to smile twice in quick succession will fail. He will laugh, even if he doesn't want to. This trick, therefore, of topping one smile with another smile is a most valuable one in the comedy trade.

Take another trick. Suppose an audience smiles at a comedian who is indulging in a loud exhibition of braggadocio. Try as he may, the comedian is not able to make his audience laugh at what he is saying. The audience smiles, but it won't laugh. What does the comedian do to succeed that smile into a guffaw? He suddenly trips himself, just for the fraction of a second, as he is walking across the stage in the scene and bragging about his prowess in this or that line. And the audience yells with glee. Why? Because a smile is mental and a laugh is physical. A laugh is usually born somewhere in the stomach. So, while the audience merely smiled at the idea of the fellow's blustering, it laughed at the physical sensation and gratification it received when he tripped and fractured his dignity a bit. If an audience smiles at a man, a lot of physical play—"business," it is called, you know—will almost invariably shoot that smile into the audience's tummy and make it laugh right out loud.



# Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

## The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

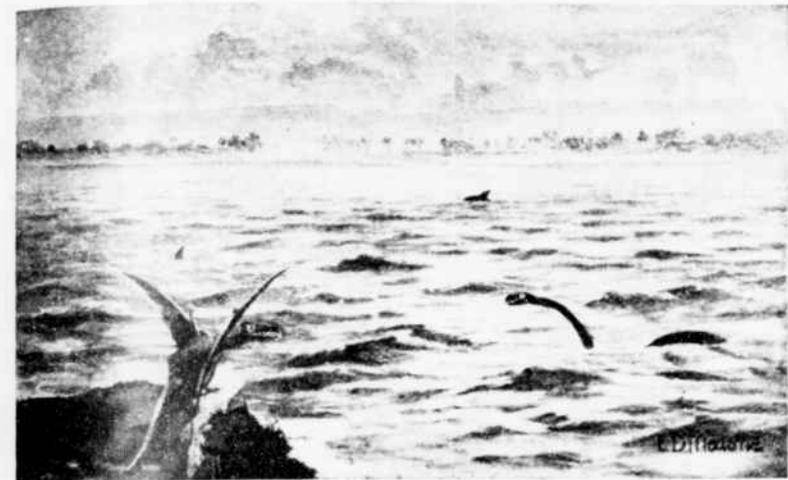
Look for the Bird Cards in the packets. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album FREE.

Half a million folks of all kinds—including grown-ups, children, teachers, etc., are collecting our wonderful Bird Studies—faithful reproductions of American birds in full colors, with description of the birds' plumage, habits, and how to know them on sight. You will find one beautiful bird picture in each packet of Chiclets. Send us any fifty of these pictures with ten cents in stamps and we will send you—free—our splendid Bird Album.

The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the true mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores 5c, the Ounce and in 5c, 10c, and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY  
Metropolitan Tower  
New York



The Monsters in Lake Gladys.

## ADVENTURES IN HUMAN NATURE

Continued from page 16

stage verminous. Instead of relying on light humor, as we might before, we will play our scene on grimaces. If a lot of horses get the first laugh, then we play up the comedy, and so on. Once you figure out that a man will laugh at, you have him in your power. But you must find out what he will laugh at—if he is a grouch! And a "cold case" is a grouch case. Human nature is not on the surface, as a "cold house" is in the audience. It is harder to get at.

THINGS are the same outside the theater. Ask any salesman, no matter what his line, he will have a little business with a grouch as decidedly difficult task than he will with normally pleasant average, good-natured men. Say he is seeking typewriters. All he has to do with the normal man, in normal circumstances, is to propose to that man that a typewriter will save him trouble and money, will facilitate his correspondence, letters, and the man, if he hasn't a typewriter already and has the ready money,

will buy. In the same way, you sell humor to the average audience.

But with the grouch things are different. It isn't enough for the salesman to outline the same things to him as he did in the case of the normal business man. He has to find out the grouch's weakest point and play on that. All the good, sound, unanswerable arguments he puts up to the normal man satisfactorily—satisfactory to himself and to the normal man—fall on deaf ears in the instance of the grouch. The salesman, if he sees the picture of six baseball players on the wall of the grouch's office, let us suppose, must be quick to grasp the fact that baseball is probably the weakest spot in the grouch's armor, and must proceed to sell the grouch the machine from the baseball angle.

Ridiculous! you say. Not so very, at that. The salesman might point out how typewriters facilitate the league's business in this or that curious way (if he's a good salesman, he will know what those curious ways are, or

# LABLACHE

## FACE POWDER

WHEN ROSES BLOOM—

When nature is glorious with the first blush of summer—then is the charm of beauty most appreciated. LABLACHE suggests that touch of delicate refinement to the complexion which assists Nature in retaining its bloom.

Refuse Substitutes. This is not a dangerous Poison. White, Pink or Cream. It is a box of drug goods or is sold by the dozen for a fancy box.

BEN LEVY CO.,  
French Perfumers  
Dept. Y, 125 Kingston St.  
BOSTON, MASS.



## GRAY MOTORS FOR BOATS

Best in the World. 3 H.P. with Complete. \$55.00. Guaranteed by a big power-plant concern. Write for big catalogue and show you all about these high grade motors and how they are made.

GRAY MOTOR COMPANY, 2125 U. S. Motors Bldg., DETROIT, MICH.

## Scotch Style Calabash Pipes

Who will you buy by smoking a strong pipe? You can get a Scotch Calabash made of imported Calabash that absorbs moisture and prevents an untimely cough. Sweet smoke. Money back if you are not satisfied.



THE ROYAL PIPE CO., 224 Bond St., Nashville, Tenn.