



# HUMANS

BY THREE MEMBERS OF THE RACE  
Illustrations by a Fourth.



## THE WEEK IN RHYME

By DANA BURNET.

THE German nation now exists  
On chemicals and rancor.  
Von Tirpitz keeps an even Kiel  
But fiercely champs his anchor.  
A dash of climate was incurred  
By Gottham's leading borough.  
Sir Hughes said: "Don't!  
"I really won't—"  
And Thompson's probe is thorough.

The Colonel sailed for tepid climes.  
We hope he won't be captured.  
A bomb was dropped on Britain's coast—



The Germans exist on chemicals.

The Kaiser is enraptured,  
King Albert spurned the dove of peace,  
Poor bird! It seems so homeless!  
But Bryan's trill  
Is friendly still,  
And Munch's beer is foamless.

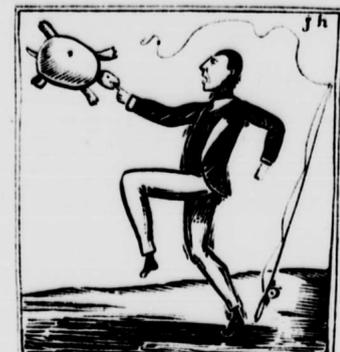
'Tis certain that Lord Kitchener  
Will either leave or linger.  
An angler caught a turtle on  
The apex of his finger.



King Albert spurned the dove of peace.

The Lusitania debate  
Now hinges on a comma,  
The Pluffragettes  
Have changed their pets  
From lap dogs to the llama.

A poet said that writing rhymes  
Was quite a simple matter.  
We feel that we must deprecate  
Such superficial chatter.  
The House of Silence still pursues



An angler caught a turtle on the apex of his finger.

His strange and secret orbit,  
The style this week  
Is ancient Greek;  
We beg you to absorb it!



A bill to lengthen ladies' skirts.

A thousand Venuses were found  
Within a single college.  
And yet they say the gentle sex  
Is undermined by knowledge!  
A bill to lengthen ladies' skirts  
Confronts the Legislature;  
It also frowns  
On low neck gowns—  
They leave so much to nature!

A scientist has sailed away  
To snare the wily wombat.  
Sir Garrison resigned because  
His schemes were hors de combat.  
The barefoot fad is going out.  
According to a shoeman—  
Who was it said  
She would not wed?  
But there! We're all so human!

## THE THOUGHTS AND ACTIVITIES OF HERMIONE

A Very Modern Young Woman

By DON MARQUIS.

I'VE been frightfully rushed this week; frightfully!

Besides my Curling Club and my City Beautiful movement, and my Current Events Club, and my Psychic Circle, I'm getting up a Pagan Masque, if you get what I mean.

Every one will attend dressed as a god or goddess, you know. I expect it will be a great spiritual success, if you follow me.

Paganism is all the thing this winter. Paganism is coming in again. Some of the Best People are taking it up. Isn't it odd how things come and go like that—serious things, you know, as well as merely trivial things.

There's the Atomic Theory, for instance. At one time it was all the rage. But it has been dropped completely. I would no more take up the Atomic Theory now than I would wear—well, er—bustles, if you know what I mean.

One owes it not only to one's self, but to the masses, to keep up with the latest in Thought, if one is a Modern Thinker.

It is a sacrifice we Leaders owe to the Lower Orders. And if we have a Social Consciousness we will make the sacrifice no matter what it costs us. Don't you think the Social Consciousness is perfectly wonderful?

I'm going to the Pagan Masque as Psycho. I'm very Psycho, you know, and the character seemed to fit me more than any other.

And the queer thing about it is that many people with whom I come into contact become Psycho also—I develop in them their latent possibilities, if you get what I mean.

Not long ago I borrowed one of the stenographers from Papa's office—had her sent to the house, you know, to take some dictation for me. I was dreadfully busy with some of my committee meetings.

And this girl became Psycho just simply through contact with me. The most wonderful thing happened!

Some power stronger than herself seized her one day and dictated to her! It was what the

spiritualists call Automatic Writing, if you get what I mean.

While I was dictating to her I was interrupted by callers, and when I came back to the library an hour later to resume dictation she was asleep over her typewriter, and she seemed to be asleep.

But she had written over and over again, dozens of times, this message from the Other World white waiting for me: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party"—over and over nearly a hundred times like that.

I waked her and asked her what the strange words meant.

"I don't know that they mean anything," she said.

"Then why do you write them?" I asked her.

"I don't know," she said. "I always write them when I have nothing else to do."

"How long has this been going on?" I asked her.

"For years," she said.

"What do you think of when you write them?"

"Nothing at all—I just write them. They just come to me."

"Out of the Silences?" I said.

"Yes, ma'am," she said.

"Do you feel queer afterward?" I asked her.

"No, ma'am," she said. "I don't feel any way at all. I just write them."



Pothie and Hermione being photographed for her Pagan Masque.

It was perfectly plain to me that some spirit

doesn't harmonize with my Psychic Aura. And I must have my surroundings in harmony with my Personality, otherwise I feel that I am not in Time with the Cosmos.

So I'm having the costume I will wear at the Pagan Masque especially designed to suit my Astral Body.

I'm thinking seriously of having the Pagan Masque on Skates. Skating is all the rage, you know, as well as Paganism, this winter, and I think it would be just wonderful to have the gods and goddesses on skates.

Skating can be so swanlike, don't you think? The basement is very large and could be flooded. Or if Papa doesn't like to do that, of course he can hire a rink for me.

Poor dear Papa isn't always sympathetic about my Causes, but I can always depend on him for a cheque. He always comes around when I ask him if he wants to see me marry a nice, rich, poor and starve to death.

But I do miss Sympathy in a Home. Money is not everything, though Papa seems to think it is. I often tell him: "Papa, it is Understanding that I crave more than ought else!"

### FI! FI! MR. SHAW.

FROM time to time during the past few years various inducements have been extended to a man named Bernard Shaw to visit this country. He appears to be the first Irishman who ever held back. Last year there was a rumor that he had landed here incognito, but it proved to be born out of time.

Mr. Shaw now declares that he will not come unless the German Kaiser comes with him. We have always had a good opinion of Bernard Shaw, but is this not a piece of selfishness on his part?

Little French pigs say, "Out! Out!"

The woman who is guided by her husband's opinions usually makes them.

Mexican currency has depreciated until it takes ten dollars to buy a shampoo for a half-cent dog.

## TALES OF A JEALOUS WIFE

III...The Escape

By TOM MASSON.

HAROLD PEASELY'S preoccupation came from a motive which if he had been forced to analyze it he would have declared to be one of the purest motives dwelling within the heart of a reverent man, and presumed nowadays to be quite extinct.

It was the same motive that inspired Damon and Pythias, Romulus and Remus, David and Jonathan, and other well known sentimentalists, namely, the motive of friendship.

He loved his friend Tom Pitt and Tom Pitt loved him, and it was his intense desire to commune with the said Tom Pitt later in the evening which upon this particular afternoon led him to his preoccupation.

He was interrupted by a sob from his wife, who he had supposed, or hoped, was sitting calmly upon the divanport knitting a health band for a Serbian soldier, assuming of course that there are any more of those sufferers left upon the face of the earth.

Startled by the sob Harold turned his eyes from the window through which he was gazing with the pathetic earnestness of a pet dog who has been shut up in the house in a three days blizzard.

He turned his eyes toward his wife, whose sobs shook the room and rattled the blinds outside.

"What is the matter now?" he began, inwardly furious at being interrupted in the details of his escape from his prison home.

"You were thinking—of—some one—else!"

"Oh, Expression! Expression! What would we do without Expression?"

Only one must be careful to express one's True Self, must one not? Often I say to myself, before retiring for the night—I find these little spiritual examinations a psychic necessity, if you get what I mean—often I say to myself: "Have I expressed my True Self today? Or have I failed?"

But for a long time I was against Suffrage. I conducted here the idea of those yellow sashes and badges.

Yellow is not my color at all, you know. It

Whenever you have that faraway look in your eyes you are not thinking of ME!"

"Can't I think of any one else if I want to?"

"No, I think only of you."



She flashed the bullseye on the wall!

Harold's mind immediately went out after the beloved things which his wife's words were rapidly chasing from his vision: the bohemian restaurant, the gay company, the lively play, the rounds of good fellowship, the surreptitious midnight game of cards—he saw them all vanishing and it made him desperate, made him forget himself.

"Well, it might be a good thing if you did think of some one else," he said with a touch of irony, savagery which fingers yet within the degenere to bosoms of even our most good humored and popular thoroughbreds.

Mrs. Peaseley sprung to her feet, her face like a novel heroine, suffused with agony.

"Who is the viper you are thinking about?" she cried.

"Tom Pitt!"



Convoyed home by Myrtle and the pet policeman.

It did not mean what you just said. It is not like you. I must sweep away this creature's insidious influence, which is robbing me even of your thoughts.

She took a strange hold on his braided curls—the one he liked to wear in bohemian style to show the natives that he belonged in the residential ward where the income tax collector sleeps in his kennel nights.

"Harold," she said, spiking him as if he were a policeman and she a traitor. "I cannot let you go from me like that. No, it cannot be. Say you will not do this—viper! Say you will come back to all your thoughts to your own Myrtle!"

Harold said that he was, in the distant notion of Sir Robert Laing, up against it. He forthwith kissed away the tears and ironed out the wrinkles of the dear little brow and swore upon his honor as a bromologist that he would not see of Tom Pitt from his heart of hearts as if he were nothing better than a suburban woman's club candidate for president.

For the next two hours he had the god of consolation stymied at the ninth hole, and there was no term of endearment in Webster, Worcester, the Century, the Standard and Hooper's "The Standard" that he indulged in to Myrtle. But even by working overtime it took him three hours and ten minutes all told, by Myrtle's wrist chronometer, to restore her to a semblance of normal

consciousness, where her respiration was no more than thirty laps to the mile and she was able to sit up and believe a little.

As a result she was sound asleep and Harold making his escape from the second story had a cork look in the wall, where Myrtle could not see an electric bulb on it in the night if she was up, and had in its place a just as good one.

"I will keep my plighted troth with dear old Tom Pitt through all my life," said Harold as he turned on the gas and entered the quiet streets for the Birds' Nest, when Tom was to wait until he thought it was his law, and then some more.

Reader, had you ever seen the meeting of two old cronies who have flown into each other's arms in a pathos way? Like the coming together of two eagles in the sky after some long night of like two playful boys at night, resolved with an accord to beat the jungle, so drew high to each other these two noble spirits.

"Whither and away shall we frolic upon the glassless eve, with my tired little Myrtle sleeping, the sweetest sleep of three months?" said Harold Peaseley, unwinding about eighteen inches of Havana cheroot, which he intended during the full hours which were to follow to use up, and thus save matches.

"As thou wilt, good comrade," quoth Tom Pitt, nearly opening and shutting a friendly eye. "What suggest thou to a dinner of five herbs at my friend Shillivare's, with proper excursions to Tom Tom's between courses? After that, methinks, the third act of the delectable play 'The Bite of the Serpent,' with Mistress Peaseley making a noise like a tin beat, which I am advised be most excellent fooling, and then to the Dagon, where I doubt not we shall discover a goodly company."

"That seems good to me."

Myrtle did not inherit the sluggish temperament of the sound sleeper. It was 12 o'clock in the town hall timer when she murmured "Darling" and getting no return, out from the next room flashed the bullseye on the wall, the same looking hatch key swinging in the wind, but Myrtle was no Dardanelles commander, taking everything for granted. Something about the

"I just missed him," she replied.

airy grace with which the key swung against her eye. She sprang up and took it down, but the faintly against the wall for support before she got her strength back.

"Be that as it may," she said, "I shall not be thrown out of my home by a man who has thrown on her clothes and take up the end of the rope which was the top of the penis bag of the rear patch.

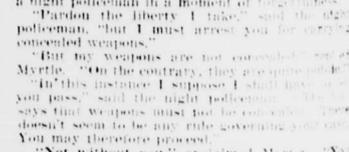
Blinking on a couple of six shades and looking up at the she had conspired in the mind of the eyes, dear, they have them now! she was off down the road.

She hadn't gone far when she was observed by a night policeman in a moment of forgetfulness.

"Pardon the liberty I take," said the policeman, "but I must arrest you for carrying concealed weapons."

"But my weapons are not concealed, and you pass," said the night policeman, who says that weapons must not be concealed, but doesn't seem to be any rule governing what you may therefore proceed.

"You must without you?" exclaimed Myrtle. "You may come with me and see me in all the most terrible places in town. Where shall I be most likely to find my husband?"



"I just missed him," she replied.

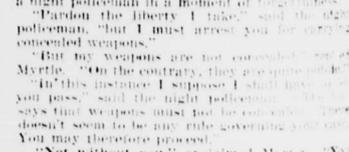
They arrived at the Dagon at 12:15, and Myrtle was explaining to two drunken boys, Harold Peaseley and the supposed general, that the British flag did not have a red cross on it, and Harold was offering to be a general in the milk for the crowd that it did when Myrtle's pet policeman made their grand entrance.

Tom Pitt, with Prussian speed, immediately submerged through a trapdoor, just as a shell from one of Myrtle's low guns burst in the top of his periscope. Harold, knowing that he was being her husband, was muttering to himself, death, and sorry about it, got up on a table, assisted by willing workers. Myrtle, who was now that you could almost hear her next table.

"You're right," said Harold, to the good woman has driven me from here, and caused me of Friendship. After that, I think of anybody accusing any man of being of Friendship. Does any one blame me for that?"

"He wouldn't have done it if he had been Myrtle's one," said Harold, to the good woman has driven me from here, and caused me of Friendship. After that, I think of anybody accusing any man of being of Friendship. Does any one blame me for that?"

"At home, where he was conveyed by Myrtle and the pet policeman, Harold reached Myrtle and put his hatch key in the old-fashioned place.



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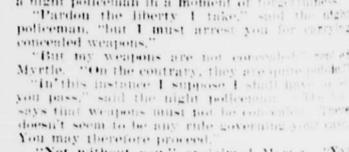
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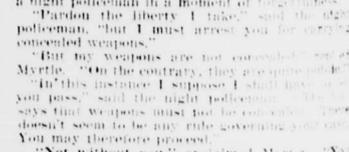
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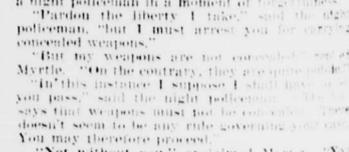
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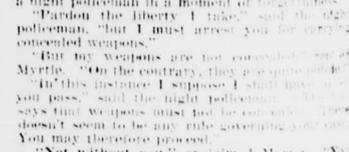
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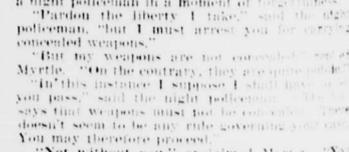
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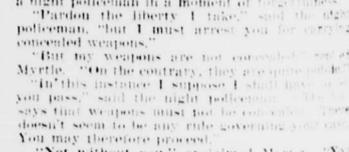
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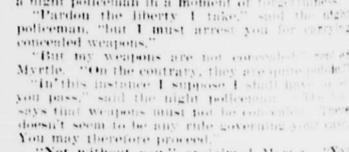
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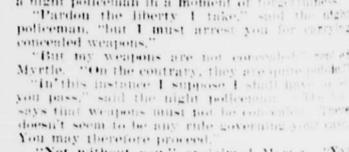
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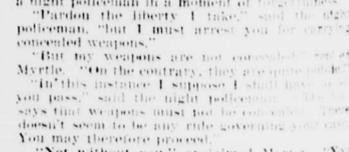
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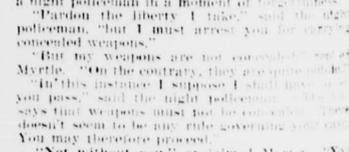
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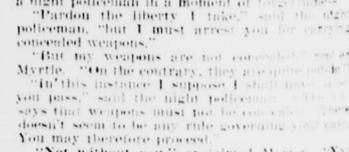
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