

of protective tariffs, he pictures Taft neat and dapper, daintily sawing off a few dead branches from a tree whose fruits are supposed to be United States industries; as one would say the fruits of the weevil is wheat, the fruits of the potato bug are potatoes, the fruits of the cabbage worm is cabbage. Then of course there was angry Bryan, with an ax in hand cutting down at the root of the tree when all those nice "U. S. industries" would fall to the ground. . . .

Never did subsidized charcoal have a harder time of it. At the last gasp, begging a reprieve, he is told to rehabilitate one of the old cartoons of 1900 or 1896. There we have Uncle Sam behind a general merchandise counter, saying to the commercial traveler just arrived, grip in hand, "Yep, trade's pretty fair, but we ain't buying much till after election. If Taft is elected come around and I'll stock up; if it's Bryan—well, I don't know what." The difference between this and the original cartoons of the two previous Bryan campaigns, is this: The general merchandise store would very likely have been a big factory; instead of Uncle Sam there would have been the boss; instead of the drummer there would have been the gaunt factory hand; instead of Taft, McKinley; instead of "Well, I don't know what," would have been, "We shut down for good," or "Don't come near us," or "You may go to h—l."

This note of doubt just marks the difference between the former campaigns and the one now on. But it shows to what straits the "Jo-Uncle Cannon" party is put, that it must revive their old scare, that of shutting down work if Bryan were elected. The threat was intended principally for timid, ignorant or foreign voters, and deceived no one of judgment, for it was evident that the same old dollar-trapping would go on the day after election as before, no matter who was President. And nothing but a trust makes money by closing down. So it is the trusts, not Uncle Sam, that makes the threat. And that is where the partisan Republican of to-day finds himself: bound to defend the trusts. He did it eight and twelve years ago, because he thought they were good things and made supplies cheap; if he was in a small business he thought their success was his success. Now he knows better, and still must defend them though he knows they are eating him up.

But Mr. Cartoonist, you are too late to fool your traveling man. Too many business concerns have been swallowing up smaller ones and throwing out traveling men, they have got wise. So have the independent small capitalists. They know they have much to fear, from what the Standard Oil Party has already done; and all they can see to fear from Bryan is solely on the authority of that same party, and they have

passed the "don't know what" stage. They are at the "I'm going to try him" stage.

But meanwhile what a pity it is that so many of our brightest editors and cartoon artists will have to take hospital treatment for nervous prostration, brain fag, etc., for this tremendous strain devolving upon them the next two months. We can withhold our pity for the spell-binders, they merely go out and amuse the crowd as an excuse to deal the joker.

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## THE DOMESTIC INFELICITIES OF THE HORNBILL.

(With No Apologies to Professor Herrick.)

For The Public.

The female [Indian Hornbill] having entered her breeding place in one of the natural cavities of the mopane tree, the male plasters up the entrance, leaving only a narrow slit by which to feed his mate, and which exactly suits the form of his bill. The female makes a nest of her own feathers, lays her eggs and hatches them, and remains with the young until they are fully fledged. During all this time, which is some two or three months, the male continues to feed her and the young family. The prisoner generally becomes very fat, and is esteemed a very dainty morsel by the natives; while the poor slave of a husband gets so lean and weak that on the sudden lowering of the temperature, which sometimes happens after a fall of rain, he is benumbed, falls down and dies.

—Hartwig, "Winged Life in the Tropics."

Continuing the above interesting bit of natural history, it may be narrated that at last it happened that the female Hornbills, having grown accustomed to the domestic atmosphere, remained contentedly, and for the greater part contentedly incarcerated during the entire season. One of these secluded birds, in talking over the situation, was heard to argue in this wise:

"Look at that shameless Mrs. Robin, flying about out there and helping to get worms for the young family, exactly as though her sphere were not the nest. Horrid thing! the violent, unladylike way she can go after supplies for their larder is nothing short of disgusting, I really have to say. Mrs. Ostrich, too, my dear, has no sense of propriety. I assure you I am most credibly informed she is in the habit of going to the club at night, leaving the future hope of their family to be destroyed by any passing enemy, if Mr. O. did not take upon himself the duties neglected by his undomestic wife. As for Mrs. Hawk up yonder, she positively is larger than her mate, and they do say that that poor male also assists in hatching out the eggs. Never heard anything so scandalous in my life. Look at her swooping about in the air up there. I honestly believe her wings are as long and strong as those of any male. How do you suppose she happened to be so de-

sexed? Must be very unpleasant to be called 'strong-winged,' don't you think? Thank goodness, my wings have always been kept properly folded; one does not need them in a nest."

Howbeit, not all the Mesdames Hornbill, so it seems, were equally satisfied with their lot in life; and some of them, having discovered that the purpose of their imprisonment was to secure proper care of the Hornbill juniors, announced that they would rear no families at all. Certain of these females accordingly made their way out into the wide world and began scratching for their own provender—to the great disgust of a number of the males, who set up a loud clamor to the effect that if each bird foraged for itself, instead of the male securing enough for two, there would not be sufficient edibles to go around. Therefore they all closed in about the choicest worms, leaving the energetic females the poorest specimens as a reward for really energetic work. "Sorry, my dears, but it would de-sex you to get fat worms for yourselves, and if you know when you are well off, you'll go back home and take such sustenance as we may choose to bring to you!"

Observing that the industrious lady Hornbills worked hard for small returns, a number of the broodless feminines continued to report at their nests at feeding time, and the Hornbill husbands brought home provisions for these mates who did no work at all. Whereupon a pessimistic male took a great book and wrote down, not without exhibiting symptoms of hysteria, his opinion of the case. "Shameless female creatures, extraordinarily free and hopelessly enslaved," said he, "how does it happen that you have no families and yet do not go after your own food?"

A plump, astute appearing Madam Hornbill looked at him in some surprise. "Do you not know," quoth she, "that not all female Hornbills like to remain forever in the nest; but that under the present arrangement of our domestic affairs, they are compelled to do so if they once have broods? As for scratching for one's self, why should I work as hard as any male, and get worms that are not worthy the consideration of the discriminating bird? Pray hold your tongue; do you see those fat masculine Hornbills over there, who live in clubs, are awarded the very best of the feeding ground, and never dream of scratching for any others than themselves? What would you think of me if I were rude enough to say that because they had no families, they had degenerated to the level of *mere male creatures*? An abusive tongue comes as naturally to a male Hornbill as the very feathers on his back."

LOUISA DANA HARDING.

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There is no nature which is inferior to art, for the arts imitate the natures of things.—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

## BOOKS

### RED RUSSIA.

**Red Russia.** By John Foster Fraser. New York: John Lane Co. Price, \$1.75. Postage, 15c.

With the first tragic chapter of "Red Russia" the reader who has no appetite for bloody horrors may feel inclined to pause. But surviving the shocking barbarities visited on Anna Smirnoff and Marie Spiridonoff, one finds the vivid graphic picturing of scenes with which Mr. Fraser has made himself familiar, an exceedingly interesting study.

Of course in striving to get at the "true inwardness" of the Russian situation the author sees things more or less from the English standpoint, though, as he says, "the Russians are not Britons." One must, in a way, enter into the life and habits of a nation to find any effectual method of helping it out of its difficulties.

It is possible to discover points of resemblance—such as an American, even, might recognize,—say like this:

Nine out of ten Russians are fiery with wrath at the corruption of their land. But I have noticed that however much a Russian may denounce corruption, most Russians are anxious to get into public service, and when they succeed and opportunity comes their way, they are just as willing to take bribes and squeeze blackmail as any of the others.

It is not certain that we can cast stones here.

"Red Russia" abounds in quotable passages vividly illustrative of the truth which Mr. Fraser is seeking to give the public, but space can be granted for only a few.

There are nearly 40,000,000 peasants in Russia insufficiently provided with land. . . . Some 180,000,000 would be required to satisfy the need. . . . How is that land to be obtained? Such is the mighty problem which faces all statesmen in Russia. . . . If all the available State lands not under timber were to be secured there would be only one-fourteenth of the amount needed. The solution of the problem arrived at by the majority of the late Duma [the first] came to this: There must be the expropriation of private ownership of land. The Government absolutely refused to recognize such a principle on the ground that it was confiscatory. . . . That is the situation to-day.

If there had been only the Russian people to deal with the Government might have succeeded in crushing them. But there were and are alien races in the empire, the people of the Baltic Provinces, Germans speaking the German language, the Poles a cultured people, and the Jews certainly intellectual, and all superior to the Russian in mental capacity. These are antagonistic to the Government and have been zealous in the advocacy of liberal principles.

These are only haphazard quotations that in-