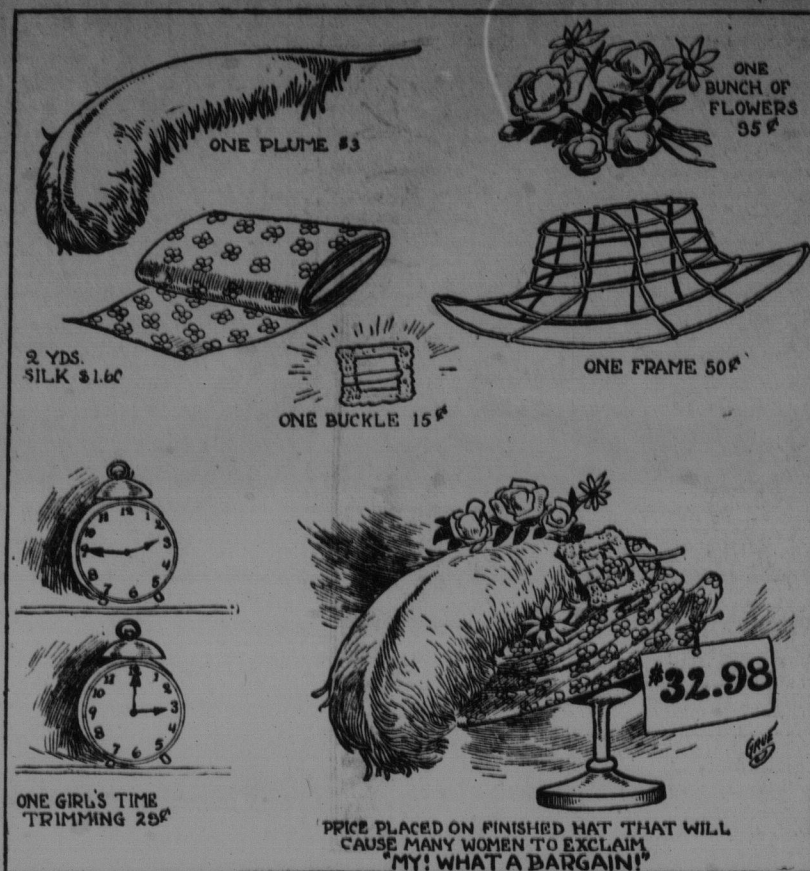


## An Easter Problem

THE KING OF  
CARTOONISTS

Sir John Tenniel Interviewed—Interesting Sidelights Into History of Noted Figure in Journalistic World.

London, March 18.—Sir John Tenniel, the king of cartoonists, the man who related the political story of half of the nineteenth century in his pages of Punch, has entered his ninety-first year.

Visited by a newspaper reporter the other day, Sir John sat in his pleasant little study hoping to be able to celebrate his birthday by taking a morning stroll round the quiet squares of West Kensington, where he lives with his sister. He is only slightly bent under the burden of years, his step still firm, his voice a little tremulous, but he hardly ever misses smoking his two or three cigars a day with those of his intimate associates who are permitted to see him. He has one great sorrow—he is blind.

Two of Sir John's associates on the staff of Punch—Sir F. Burnand and Mr. Henry Silver—recently visited him. Mr. Silver and Sir John are now the sole survivors of Punch as it appeared weekly in the days of its heyday. There are the signatures of those who used to sit round "The Table" every Wednesday evening. There are the autographs of John Tenniel, Mark Lemon, W. M. Thackeray, Tom Taylor, John Leech, William Bradbury, Fred Evans, Percival Leigh, and Henry Silver.

"Sir John and I only remain, the others have all passed to the land of the dead," Mr. Silver observed to me yesterday. Mr. Silver was a constant contributor to Punch, and at one time wrote three or four columns a week for its pages.

"We had a chat about old times not long ago," he said. "I remember the first time we met. It was at 'The Table,' in August, 1857, and from that day to this I have had the greatest reverence for Sir John. I have never met anybody who did not make friends with him, and who did not admire him."

"Sir John, as you know, was a good oarsman in his day, and we recalled how four of the Punch men used to make a river trip every year from Oxford to the lower reaches near London. It was done every year from 1857 to 1866, and the first year we rowed all the way to London, leaving our boat at Lambeth. Charles Dickens the younger usually rowed stroke."

"Was No. 2, Sir John No. 3, and another member of Punch rowed bow. Sometimes it was Fred Evans and once it was Du Maurier. The trip took us about three days. It was a very enjoyable occasion, and one of our rules was that we should take no refreshment between boats."

"When I saw Sir John the last time I said to him, 'We've had many a row together, but never a row,' and he laughed in his lovable way."

Mr. Silver met the famous cartoonist a fortnight after he drew his "British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger," which, with "Dropping the Pilot," ranks among his best pictures. In his fifty years' connection with Punch, Sir John turned out 25,000 cartoons.

"It is wonderful to think that he did such magnificent work with the sight of his right eye gone," said Mr. Silver, "and it is not generally known outside his circle of friends that he lost the sight of his left eye in a friendly fencing-out with his brother. Neither of them on that occasion wore a mask."

Both Sour.

"I thought you and Jane were engaged."

"We were, once. But our dream is over."

"Too bad! What happened?"

"We went on an excursion and were smothered together."—Cleveland Leader.

THE PARISIAN  
LAW OF DRESS

Every Woman to Wear What Becomes Her Best—Individualism a Fashion—Some Contrasting Types.

New York, March 18.—"Tell me what to wear this season," a woman demanded of a dressmaker just back from two months in Paris.

"Anything that is particularly becoming to you," the dressmaker answered promptly.

And there you are! Of course there are ideas upon which special stress will be laid upon the dictators who put forth authoritative spring models, but there is no truly revolutionary spirit in the dress-making world of Paris now, though there is talent enough. The study of present day conditions in that fashion centre would be interesting for one with a serious interest in the history and philosophy of clothes.

As a matter of fact the day of the great and independent genius seems to have passed. A number of houses are turning out charming models. Cherit has forged well toward the front, Callot Soeurs create ravishing frocks, Rochas has gleams of inspiration, Drecoille is an artist, various new names are assuming prominence but commercialism is rampant.

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Men no longer go into seclusion with a fastidious and devotee's regard to the commercial value of the thing devoted to it. Worth the grandson is not worth the grandfather. The French color sense, there is still the tradition, there is still the understanding in the Parisian work folk.

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Women are becoming more independent of the set modes, are going in more for individualism in their clothes, and that is why one finds models of many contrasting types among the latest offerings. Don't throw aside your short waisted frocks if short waisted lines are particularly becoming to you. A majority of the new models have the normal waist line, but short waisted frocks will be worn by many a fashion leader who feels that they suit her style, and the greatest designers in concession to this fact have included at least a few short waisted frocks among their spring models.

Where Shortening Spoils. And if you have a long coat costume which is really lovely and was remarkably becoming to you last winter, don't ruthlessly chop off the coat. Shortening so often spoils the lines of a good long coat, and there is nothing so likely to ruin a model as a distinctly unbecoming. Better keep the long coat as it is if you forfeit the beautiful and becoming by changing it and after all many independent women are ordering long coats.

Sleeves are o. all lengths. To be sure, the long close sleeve is a trifle out of fashion, but there are many ways of attaining fondness for it and though the long sleeve is now considered appropriate chiefly for morning frocks and simple street frocks, while the dresier models usually have the shortened sleeve, this rule is not ironclad and may be disregarded.

KEEPS FISH  
WITHOUT WATER

Device Of A Woman Who Has A Private Hatchery—Mrs. Frank M. Johnson The Successful Experimenter.

New York, March 18.—Mrs. Frank M. Johnson, wife of a Boston surgeon, has devised a method of keeping fish alive without water.

Both Mrs. Johnson and her husband are deeply interested in fish culture and have at Springfield, N. H., a private fishery of their own. Mrs. Johnson, who is now staying in New York, gives this account of her device:

"I always was a lover of outdoor life, and after my husband became wrapped up in his fish hatcheries I was soon so enthralled by his experiments that I took it up with him. After a time we naturally fell to experimenting with all manner of fish life, not only together but in a sort of rivalry. I was in some of these experiments that I perfected my device that enables fish to live without water. I was not at our hatchery at the time I made the discovery, but in my house in Boston, and when I actually proved that my theory was right I stepped to the phone and called up my husband at his office and told him of it. 'No,' he replied, 'Yes,' I said. Then he came home to see it."

"I first took a large glass jar, much like a fish tank, and in the bottom of it I placed a thick pad of dampened felt. Then near the top of the jar I put in an intake tube on one end. Midway in the jar I put a little screen shelf on which I laid the fish. After moistening its gills with water I closed the top of the jar and started oxygen to work, simply pumping it in the jar in the ordinary way. I not only kept the first fish alive, but experimented on others and they thrived for days and weeks."

"But what keeps the fish from flopping about on the screen in the manner of fish when out of water?"

"Because of the intake tube. That fish is simply drunk with oxygen and lies there infatigably its gills as regularly as when in water."

"A car built on the oxygen plan, which I have now proved to be practical, will keep the fish quiet and the oxygen will keep them alive until they reach their destination, when they can be returned to the water."

"Fish are experimented upon, you understand, by governments in order to bring fish life up to its highest standard as a food."

And there beauty or comfort distaste. Fancies and draperies are highly favored, and yet word comes from some of the best French houses that long unbroken lines will rule and the tunics have seen its best days. And so we say with the dressmaker already quoted: "Wear whatever is particularly becoming to you."

But there are so many pretty things from which to choose. Perhaps for some reason or other a wide spreading optimism may be coloring the outlook this spring but certainly more elaborate models, and more material are all more attractive than usual. Even now, when the imported model display is not yet here, temptations lurk on every side.

There are models ornate to the last degree. There are models of a knowing simplicity which appeals to every woman of taste. These simple frocks are not always cheap, but if cheapness is comparative then they are cheap by comparison with the more elaborate models, and best of all, many of them can be copied very cheaply with considerable success.

NEGRO NEEDS  
EDUCATION

President Taft Declares That This Will Be The Chief Factor In The Uplift of the Race

Washington, March 18.—Higher education for the negro was urged by President Taft the other night at a big meeting of colored men and women at the Metropolitan African Methodist Episcopal church, under the auspices of the Wilberforce University Club of Washington. The President did not stand alone as a champion of the education of the Negro. Justice John M. Harlan of the United States Supreme Court eloquently pleaded for aid for the Negro, and Senator Chas. Dick of Ohio also delivered an address in his behalf. The purpose of the meeting was to arouse interest in Wilberforce University, which is situated in Green County, Ohio. The great need of the university, said President W. S. Scarborough of Wilberforce, is a new dormitory to house the girl students. Andrew Carnegie has promised to contribute half of the \$35,000 necessary to erect this dormitory if the friends of the university are willing to give the other half. There also is great need for a \$250,000 endowment fund for the university and a strong effort will be made to raise that amount. President Taft pledged himself for a contribution to the dormitory fund before he left the meeting. His brother, Charles F. Taft, already has contributed \$1000 to Wilberforce.

President Taft said in part: "What I am anxious to do is to testify by my presence to the deep interest I take in the progress of that institution of learning which for fifty years has been in my native State, and which is full of usefulness for the race and for the country."

Primary Education. "Confession is good for the soul—and I have to say that I reached my interest in the education of the Negro through the responsibilities that have thrust on me with reference to the education of another race, the Philippines. Of course the first feeling that one has with reference to the education of the Negro is that education which it is possible to bring to all, and women—as, indeed, the only education that we have to offer to all white men and women—is primary education, with industrial education added. As you study the problem, and as you are engaged in industrial education forces itself on you, you forget for the time that any significance is to be given to secondary education. You are going to the university education is wasted; that the Negroes who are educated at universities, who are engaged in studying Greek and Latin, and who are preparing themselves in an academic way, are making an error."

The Negro race is a great and growing race—4,000,000 today—the war closed; 10,000,000 today—a race with whose history the United States has been and with whose progress it is bound to be connected. The Negro race is a great and growing race—4,000,000 today—the war closed; 10,000,000 today—a race with whose history the United States has been and with whose progress it is bound to be connected. The Negro race is a great and growing race—4,000,000 today—the war closed; 10,000,000 today—a race with whose history the United States has been and with whose progress it is bound to be connected.

Another path along which the Negro race is moving is upward and the guarding against the ravages of disease, which has brought about race all over the country. And that can be accomplished only by having among the Negroes competent physicians, competent surgeons, competent nurses and competent leaders of the people in this regard. To teach them how to live. And those physicians have got to receive the highest medical, scientific, academically and medically if they are to serve their highest purpose.

Not Enough. "Now, I am entirely agreed that it is wise to teach those who farm as well as those who are in the city. It is to that the amount of money that is devoted to the higher education of the Negro, as compared with the 10,000,000 Negroes in this country, is not enough, you are dividing it up among that 10,000,000 to make an amount per capita. President Scarborough can tell you I went over the figures once or twice, and instead of being enough to indicate waste there is an indication that there is not near enough money to even educate the leaders of the race that the race must have if it is going on to progress as it is. Therefore, whenever I hear of a movement toward Negro education, whether it be primary, secondary, industrial or university, I am in favor of it from the ground up."

"I verily believe that in the South, where the large proportion of our Negro population lives, there is coming to those people the feeling that in education is the future of that country. Now the education that is lacking there is not alone among the Negroes—the education lacking is both among the Negroes and whites, and it is to the credit of the Negro race and to the credit of the white race that those who have done so much for the education of the Negro race, that the white race is learning the lesson with the necessary education for both races from the advanced teaching of the colored race."

"It is in Tuskegee and Hampton, and like institutions that the whole Southern people are learning the secret and the value of industrial education. I heard President Elliot, the foremost educator of this country, say at Hampton that it was General Armstrong and the men who gathered about him, Booker Washington and others, who had solved the problem of education that up to that time had never been met."

Chantecler Crows  
In Vaudville Now

The "chantecler" has arrived in America. Of course, Rostand's play hasn't come over from Paris, but the fame of it has moved Gertie Hoffman, one-time Salome dancer, to don the chicken feathers. In the "chantecler" dance in which she is now appearing in the new play, she has the assistance of a dozen little hen pheasants as a chorus. She herself plays the part of the rooster. To add a touch of realism to the dance, Miss Hoffman introduced a live rooster at the climax of the scene, and the audience is thrilled by a cock fight in which the "chantecler" rooster—Miss Hoffman—routs the poultry yard entry.

HARMONY CLUB  
THE LATEST  
VERY NEAR  
THE LIMIT

How to be Happy on 25 Cents a Year—An Offshoot of the Emmanuel Movement.

A club is peculiarly an Anglo-Saxon institution. The race has been making clubs for generations; but it has remained for a group of New Yorkers to establish the best club of all. It is called the "Harmony Club," and its aim is to make everybody happy. Never before was a club founded with such a noble purpose; never was a club so sorely needed. The prospective membership embraces all humanity, for we suppose that nowhere on earth outside of an asylum is there to be found a man or woman whose happiness can be taught their patients to bear their misery; which, perhaps, is the next best thing.

Out of Emmanuelism. The founder of the Harmony Club is Mr. Edward H. Fallows, whose office is in the Terminal Building, New York. He is the son of Bishop Samuel Fallows, of Chicago, a churchman prominent in the Emmanuel movement. The idea of the Harmony Club to Mr. Fallows, and naturally there is a good strong flavoring of New Emmanuelism in the treatment prescribed by the Harmony diagnosticians.

Happiness Taught by Mail. It is recognized by Mr. Fallows and the other doctors of unhappiness who are co-operating with him that the printed word can do little to the work of the spoken word, backed by the personality of a courageous, cheerful disposition. At the same time, most of the work of the club is carried on by correspondence. Though it has been in existence only a few months, its daily mail bag brings letters from many parts of the world. Some idea of the questions the headquarters staff is expected to answer may be gleaned from the following extracts, which Mr. Fallows read at haphazard from the morning mail to a reporter of the New York Sun who called to interview him the other day:

The Cry Of The Unhappy. "How can I be happy when my wife is a drug fiend?" demands one. "I am ambitious without opportunity," says another. "I am employed by a firm and the men above me I know are crooked in their dealings with the public," confesses a third. "I am faced by the alternative of losing my position or in my office as auditor covering up their nefarious doings." "I am paralyzed, with a wife and child dependent upon me." "I am a rich woman alone in the world. I take no interest in charitable work at first hands. I am morbid and find nothing to amuse, entertain, or stimulate in the social set in which I was born and where I must remain. What can you suggest?" "I am a young man about to be married to a girl I have ceased to love 'who loves me.'"

Some of these inquiries, of course, need a specific answer; many of them are merely a consequence of morbid brooding. In nearly every case an unhappiness is caused by a lack of harmony within the writer himself. That is to say, other persons and external circumstances do not make us unhappy. Once the unhappy person can be convinced of the truth, half of the cure is effected. If one of the "unhappy disposition" the base of the

HUMAN RACE  
DETERIORATING

Economic And Industrial Conditions Producing Steady Decline—Chronic

There can be no doubt that present economic and industrial conditions are tending to rapid deterioration of the race throughout the world. A young vigorous, undeveloped nation ourselves, whose life-blood is constantly refreshed by a sturdy class of immigrants, such tendency is not yet as apparent with us as with the older nations, where greater congestion and fiercer competition are rapidly bringing about decadence. Yet if existing conditions in this country are to be allowed to prevail such deterioration is undeniably inevitable for us, even if delayed, and it behooves us to look ahead and take preventive measures for the future accordingly. Nor does the situation admit of delay. Great Britain is today being overtaken by a not only name really great but steadily increasing class of physical, mental and moral defectives of her own producing, who live in turn created problems in sociology, criminology and public health which threaten her very national existence.

Degenerate Population.

It is stated, says the Medical Record for the Crimean War, when England contained a large class of well-fed, sturdy yeomanry, was nearly three inches taller and nearly thirty pounds heavier than the average recruit for the Boer War, two generations later, when an undernourished, degenerate population, four out of five of which lived in cities, was found to have developed. And before the end of the latter war, in which only about 250,000 soldiers out of a population of some 35,000,000 were required, the average soldier had to accept as soldiers adult males only five feet tall, in spite of the fact that such undersized racial degenerates were fully recognized as lacking not only in physical strength but also in constitutional stamina and mental balance. Statistics for the year 1906 show that the height of the average British infantry recruit for that year was 64.1-2 inches, his weight was 133 pounds, and his chest measure was 33 inches. When we compare this stunted development with Sargent's actual average for a few days ago, which was 5 feet 10 inches, 139 pounds weight and 36.3 inches chest measure, we can appreciate that the days of the sturdy English "beefsteak" are gone, and that Kipling's reference to the "thin red line of heroes" has more applications than one.

Even the German Government, which requires thorough physical training in schools and gives great attention to the maintenance of a high standard of living in the industrial classes, finds a steadily decreasing percentage of German conscripts able to conform to German physical standards. Investigations have demonstrated the fact that the larger the town the greater the proportion of male inhabitants unfit for military service, and that this unfitness materially increases with the second generation.

30 Per Cent.

On our part, we must not forget that in 1800 only 4 per cent. of American citizens lived in towns, while in 1900 the proportion of city dwellers was 30 per cent. Under the then conditions the conditions of life, at least an abundance of nourishment, was within reach of all; but at present the cost of living has forced the large cities to a more and more expensive nutritious foods. Even organized labor, with its more present wages has largely joined the commentary on existing conditions, which it will take more than political sophistry to explain, that a large part of the population is yet deprived of an essential article of nourishment in order to struggle more effectively against economic conditions rapidly becoming intolerable. If it cannot justly be claimed that the American population is yet free from chronic malnutrition—as is the case with the British masses—it can be safely asserted that our poorer classes are already practically on its verge. It can also be asserted that if present conditions are allowed to persist, the cost of living must continue to rise and the financial extreme of society become more widely separated. And as medical men we cannot afford to remain blind to all but the practice of medicine and surgery, the remediable causes are allowed to create in a country a "submerged tenth." In whom want, misery and insanitation will foster the breed of degenerates from the physical, mental and moral standpoints alike. No one appreciates like the physician how the incidence of disease and recovery therefrom are largely dependent on ability to secure the reasonable comforts of life. Our hospitals, asylums and penal institutions are chiefly filled from the class of the impoverished, which by its very helplessness and degeneracy retards upon society at large for permitting conditions under which such human derelicts are largely produced.

To the medical profession as a whole public opinion intrusts the welfare of the race, and through this welfare the destiny of the nation, not only for the present but for the future. Let us not overlook the fact that many of its undoubted physical ills—causes of disease and death—find their origin in deep-seated economic, industrial and political conditions quite beyond the reach of drug or knife. Proper attention by us to such present conditions will have a profound effect in reducing the gravity of the problems which the physician, sociologist and statesman of the future will be called upon to solve. The reasonable well-being of all classes of citizens is a matter of fundamental medical importance which cannot be eliminated from any consideration of the physical future of the race. Such general welfare is favored by conditions which bring the greatest good to the greatest number; not by those which pile up excessive wealth for the few and the difficulties of actual existence for many.

Bill Montgomery. "The bear rested his elbows on the fence and looked at the pig, seemingly with great satisfaction, as near as I could tell, as I was distant some eight or ten rods. The bear was fattening that pig. I was so impressed by the evident intelligence of the bear and so much astonished that I had not the heart to blaze away at him with the musket, though I had it pointed his way, so that in case he heard me I could shoot, for I felt sure that if I was discovered I was lost."

"Yours, BILL MONTGOMERY." "That there are laws of happiness just as there are laws of music is perhaps not a new discovery, but most unhappy people forget it. If, indeed, they ever learned it. Mr. Fallows showed a grasp of eternal truth when he said that the modern masters, instead of seeking to find meliorous use any instrument that comes to hand, note, and from these dissonant harvests produce the strong harmonious music of the future." The modest sum of 25 cents will make anyone a member of the Harmony Club, and will entitle him to the club literature, many.