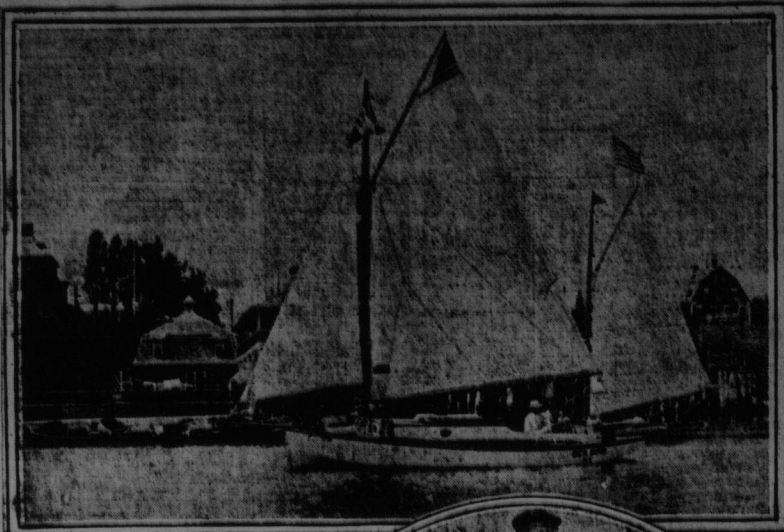


The Sea Bird and Her Crew



THE AUXILIARY YAWL. SEA BIRD

Providence, R. I., June 19.—A regatta crowd saw the yawl Sea Bird start at two o'clock on June 10 on the long ocean voyage to Rome, with a crew consisting of her owner, Thomas Fleming Day, at the tiller, and two Providence amateur yachtsmen, Mr. Frederic B. Thurber and Mr. Theodore R. Goodwin, on the sheets. Quite a flotilla accompanied the daring voyagers down the bay.

The Sea Bird has been thoroughly equipped for the trip during the last month, with supplies enough to last three months, though it is hoped that she may reach her destination in forty days.

Her overall length is 25 feet 6 inches, extreme width 8 feet 4 inches, extreme draught 3 feet 8 inches; area of working sails, 400 square feet, and area of square sail, 120 square feet.



CREW OF SEA BIRD. Left to right: FRED B. THURBER, THEODORE R. GOODWIN AND THOMAS F. DAY.

For Idle Moments

The Cronyville Fountain Question

(BY EDGAR NICOLE.)

"Ladies and Gentlemen, there's only about one thing wanted in this town to make it a real model place, and that's a fountain. I say."

Great applause followed these memorable words, spoken with due impressiveness by that prominent resident of Cronyville, Marmaduke Mixer, as a preliminary effort in an evening address to the good people of that place on the project of providing a drinking fountain for man and beast—a worthy undertaking in any community.

Resuming, the orator said: "Yes, ladies and gentlemen, we ought to have one of them fountains. Who can live without drinking pure water? Yes, pure water, gentlemen and ladies, we can't do without it. Some people drink all kinds of liquids, but for my own tobercoolness, give me pure water."

There was further applause after this second outburst of eloquence which gave Mixer a welcome respite; for although he had, as yet, said very little, he had used up most of the masterful language that had been stored in his memory as a result of much study. Yes, dear reader, he had even been obliged to appropriate already, that long word "tobercoolness" that he had hoped to reserve as a starter towards the end of his alleged address. He had determined to wedge it in somewhere. "It's a better word than 'consumption,'" he soliloquized. "It'll fetch 'em all right to talk to 'em about tobercoolness of water."

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen," continued Marmaduke. "we must have that fountain, and the chairman, our dear fellow man, I mean citizen, will tell you the same, like any man or beast, won't you Mr. Wriggleson?"

The sentence was cut short in a most alarming way; for Mixer, in addressing his remark to the chairman, had unfortunately trodden on a big toe of the latter gentleman.

"Clumsy blockhead, take that!" shouted Wriggleson, as he landed a half-speed backhander on Mixer's right shoulder.

"That's a ungentlemanlike thing to do; you just wait till my Angellina comes!" said Mixer as he hastily fled from the platform and incidentally placed a foot on the toes of another man.

There was, instantly, much commotion in the village hall where the meeting was being held. Nearly everybody was talking and gesticulating; some very earnestly, particularly one Jeff Bullhead, who was a great admirer of Marmaduke Mixer. At one time it seemed as though a sort of impromptu boxing tournament, on a wholesale and novel scale, was imminent. Suddenly, however, the row all but ceased. Mrs. Angellina Mixer had entered the hall, smiling in ever so fetching a way and looking about the while in an evident desire



Vice President James S. Sherman cast the vote in the United States Senate which substituted the Bribery amendment for the Borah resolution amending the constitution so as to elect Senators by direct vote of the people. Senator Reed, of Missouri, protested against the Vice President's vote.

to locate her dearest Marmaduke. She found him very soon. He was sitting on the wreck of a stove pipe behind the door.

"What's the matter Marmy?" she asked him anxiously, feeling sure there was something wrong.

"Oh, it's nothing, my dear,—only Wriggleson got angry with me and it—"

That was enough. There was no need for Marmy to complete the explanation. In record time Mrs. Mixer had reached the platform and had confronted the unfortunate Wriggleson. He had always been a fidgety man, but now he fidgeted more than ever. Something akin to a St. Vitus' dance seemed suddenly to have fallen to his lot. He was clearly much perturbed—for he knew Mrs. Mixer.

"Wretch! Scoundrel! What do you mean by hitting my Marmy?" she cried, as she raised a business-like umbrella and brought it down with a will on the bald head of the miserable Wriggleson.

The chairman seemed quite distinguished to give any sort of answer to Mrs. Mixer's query, or to retaliate in any way, but remained on the platform with commendable placid alibi, looking quite unlike a real chairman.

For he had lost his dignity on the platform and had found an embryonic bump on his head.

"I think the chairman ought to apologize to Mixer," said one of the audience, as Mrs. Mixer left the platform, flushed with victory, to rejoin her husband. "Praps 'e oughter, but gin't no use square the deal!"

observed another. But Jeff Bullhead, whose voice was easily distinguishable from the rest, shouted: "Mixer sit on the boards along o' me, an' make it up with old Wriggles!"

This butt-in of the brusque, burly Bullhead, seemed to please the audience as being a nice gentlemanly way of restoring equanimity amongst those present, particularly to Mixer, who hated any unpleasantness. So the two mounted the platform amid the cheers of the audience.

"Now, Wriggles, say you're sorry," demanded Bullhead, with a glare that had induced almost anybody to say, "of course I will," or something like it.

"I'll shake hands, Bullhead, I'd do anything for you, of course I would," said Wriggleson. Which, concluding statement those present fully believed, for all knew that Jeff was very persuasive at times.

The reconciliation having been effected, there were cries of: "Let Mixer finish his speech!"

Marmy tried to finish, accordingly, but his effort was, indeed, a sorry one. He was obviously very much at sea, but the audience seemed delighted, and roars of laughter greeted his utterances. It is possible that he thought the popular outburst was in commendation of his eloquence, for he continued to hold forth notwithstanding the many jubilant interruptions. What he said was something like this:

"Oh yes, ladies and gentlemen, I was talking about that fountain, of course I was—I didn't think she would 'im so 'ard—yes, of course we ought to 'ave a fountain, to be sure we ought—yes, she did give 'im a whack and no mistake—the fountain is wanted, we all know that—I wonder whether 'is bump will git any bigger (screaming)—I laughter!—I don't know where the fountain ought to be put, but I suppose it ought to be put somewhere—I 'ope 'e won't be getting after me agin—yes, as I said, ladies and gentlemen, the fountain, that is to say—dear me my shoulder's quite warm where 'e 'e me—I say, ladies and gentlemen that that there fountain ought to be—she ain't gone yet (shrieking merriment)—I was going to say—"

But he didn't say anything more, at all events on the platform, for (the dreadful news must out) in his excitement, or confusion, or whatever it was, he got quite close to the chairman, and in waving his arms wildly, though majestically, presumably with the idea of emphasizing his

incoherent remarks, he accidentally (it really was an accident, gentle reader) administered a slap on the good ear (one was only an ornament) of the quaking chairman.

It would be quite improper to record exactly what Mr. Wriggleson said. But what he did was enough, and caused great excitement, for, with a mighty push, he hurled the orator from the platform, putting him unceremoniously on the floor.

This was the signal for general uproar. Mrs. Mixer being most in evidence—this time armed with two umbrellas, for she had appropriated the formidable one of her husband which she had found near the stove pipe to which reference has already been made. Like a tigress, (or something equally fierce) she made for the platform, and goodness knows what would have happened had not some resourceful person turned off the gas at the right moment. There was a little screaming amongst the women present, and some well-commented amongst the men, but it is pleasant to be able to say that there was no accident. The hall was speedily cleared in the darkness; Mrs. Mixer being the last to leave. She was heard to exclaim, whilst going home alone (Marmaduke had preceded her at a double): "If it wasn't that I'm a lover of peace and quietness, and dislike any sort of violence, I'd go after Wriggleson this very moment and give him a piece of my mind!"

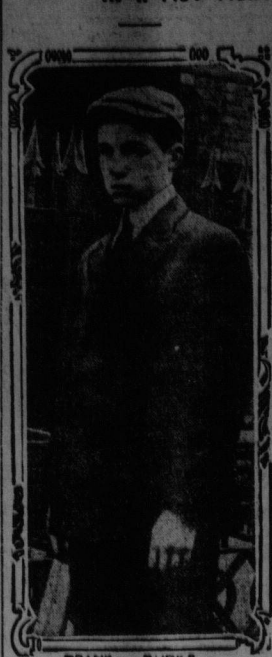
The Cronyville fountain was duly erected, but Mixer did not attend any more meetings in connection with the undertaking. But he contributed liberally towards its cost, by borrowing the required sum from his beloved Angellina. The latter, also, gave freely by means of the permanent loan of a sum that happened at the right time to be repaying in a pocket of a bifurcated garment belonging to her dear Marmy, with nobody to take care of it.

Double Hat As It's Worn In Paris



This creation walked into the shop of a Parisian photographer the other day to have its picture taken. When the camera clicked it caught a good view of the enormous hat, tilted to expose the cap below, which stays on when the wearer takes off the hat at the theatre or elsewhere. When Mademoiselle came to settle for her picture the photographer discovered that his customer was none other than our little friend Gaby Deslys, ex-kissin' Manuel's "lady friend."

KILLED HIS CHUM IN A FIST FIGHT



FRANK BURKE

Frank Burke, a 16 year old New York boy is accused of killing his playmate, James Wesley Smith, with a blow on the jaw, following a charge of unfairness in a game of "cat." He was arraigned before Coroner Feinberg and held in \$1,000 bail to await the result of the inquest.

WHITE RAT, HER CONSTANT COMPANION



MRS. MORTIMER HANCOCK

New York, N. Y., June 19.—With a large, live rat perched on her shoulder, Mrs. Mortimer Hancock, wife of Major Hancock, of the Royal British Fusiliers, attracted considerable attention in the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria just before she departed for Asheville, N. C., where she is to pass the summer with her father, Dr. Wesley Battle.

Mrs. Hancock arrived from India a few days ago and after visiting San Francisco and Chicago, came here to renew old friendships. During her long journey from the Far East, the white rat has been her constant companion. Attached to the pet's jeweled collar is a gold chain which Mrs. Hancock uses as a necklace. "Burple," the rat, curls his long tail around Mrs. Hancock's neck and rests comfortably upon her father, Dr. Wesley Battle, every appearance of contentment.

The Girls in the Stokes Case



MISS LILLIAN GRAHAM

Miss Lillian Graham and Miss Ethel Conrad. The upper panel shows the young women weeping in court. Neither Miss Lillian Graham nor Miss Ethel Conrad, who are charged with shooting W. E. Stokes in New York, was able to give the required \$25,000 each. After their arraignment when Magistrate Freschi, in the West Side Court fixed their bail at the jail.

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WIT AND HUMOR OF THE LATE W. S. GILBERT

The sudden death of Sir W. S. Gilbert has recalled many stories of him, some of which have reached the classic stage and are told with necessary alterations of various men in various countries.

One such story concerns his return to a neighbor of his, either Mr. Crosse or Mr. Blackwell, who had made a fortune by the manufacture of jams. This gentleman had occasion to complain of a servant of Sir William's trespassing upon his land on peaching notes. Gilbert replied with the following note: "Dear Sir: I am sorry you have been put to any inconvenience by the presence of my servant on your preserves. With apologies for the use of the word preserves, I am, yours faithfully, W. S. Gilbert."

At a supper party shortly before the production at the Duke of York's Theatre of Henry Arthur Jones's play "The Princess's Nose," some one said to Gilbert across the table: "What do you think of Jones's new title, Gilbert?"

"Don't know what it is," growled Sir William.

"It is quaint to say the least," was the reply. "He calls his piece 'The Princess's Nose.'"

"H—m," granted Gilbert meditatively. "I hope I won't run."

"It must be twelve years ago," says one writer, "when I first met Gilbert. The first impression of a public man is always more or less of a shock. It was in Sir Arthur Sullivan's flat in Victoria street. The blinds were drawn, the faint scent of lilacs filled the air and in the music room under a tree of forget-me-nots Sullivan lay dead."

"A mighty tall man, apple checked, fiercely whiskered and with ferocious eyes glinting under even more ferocious eyebrows, strode in. He looked for all the world like a Devonshire farmer in a Sunday suit. He seemed to be very angry about something. He was storming under his breath. He stepped through several rooms and then out into the vestibule, where he seized a servant and cried more angrily than ever: "George, have you seen my umbrella?"

"And tears were trickling down his rosy cheeks all the time. He may have been a poet and a philosopher, but at dissembling he was an amateur."

The same writer retells the following story, long well known in Fleet street: "He was absolutely fearless; he could cross the Strand or punch a head with any man. He once collared a burglar in his own house and trussed him splendidly for the subsequent policeman. Next day a reporter from Fleet street called to interview him. The butler came to the door and carried the journalist's message in to Sir William, who roared out across the hall: "Tell the Daily—man to go to hell!"

"The butler came back with a grave face, unconscious that Sir William's outburst had been overheard, and said: "Sir William is extremely sorry, but he wishes me to state that extreme pressure of work precludes him from the pleasure of seeing you this morning."

Gilbert's wit and humor were always ready. He was a fine raconteur and a good after dinner speaker. Rutland Barrington, the old Savoyard, said recently that "Staying in Gilbert's house was like living in a literary fireworks factory."

Barrington played the Captain in "Pinafore." At rehearsal one day Gilbert, who was an autocrat and magnificent stage manager, told him to cross the stage, which represented the deck of H. M. S. Pinafore, and sit on a skifflet "in a penitive attitude."

Barrington obeyed orders, but unfortunately the skifflet had only been placed on temporarily, and the portly Barrington crashed through it.

"That's an e-nervative attitude," said Gilbert in a flash.

Sitting at dinner next to a former editor of Punch, Gilbert remarked to him: "I suppose you often have funny things sent in from outside."

"Then who—don't you put them in?" asked Gilbert.

This sounds rather like a preserved

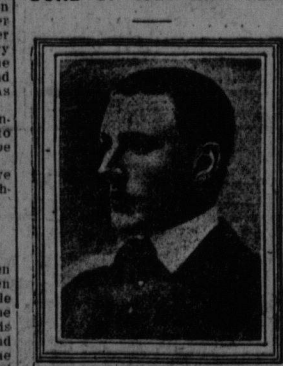
ENGLISH ACTRESS NOW IN NEW YORK



MISS MADGE LESSING

The famous English actress, but who claims America as her home, arrived a few days ago in New York for a three weeks' visit. It is her first visit to the big city since 1904. Her present engagement is for leading parts in The Revues at the Metropolitan Theatre, Berlin.

DUKE OF WESTMINSTER



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER

He was seriously injured while playing polo at Richmond, England. The duke suffered a broken collarbone and other minor injuries.

A WONDERFUL COLD CURE.

Just think of it, a cold cured in ten minutes—that's what happens when you use "Catarrozone." You inhale its soothing balsams and out goes the cold—croup, cough, headache, cold—symptoms of catarrh and grippe disappear at once. It's the healing pine essences and powerful antiseptics in Catarrozone that enable it to act so quickly. In disease of the nose, for irritable throat, bronchitis, coughs and catarrh it's a marvel. Safe even for children. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes at all dealers.

M. BEAUMONT FLYING TO ROME



M. BEAUMONT ON HIS WAY TO ROME

The above picture shows Lieutenant Mons. Beaumont, Herr Frey, the German Conneau, who has entered the race from Paris to Turin, under the favorable weather conditions before starting on the last leg of their journey country road on his way to Rome, Italy.

Mr. Frank L. Dispo

A colossal... tion at the Cry... Within a space... of the British... sent by hundre... ery, and exhibi... pre, as the gre... will be opened... has been called... effort which has... demonstrate to... possibilities of ou... In addition there... goant, in which... take part, illustra... tory and develop... earliest down to... colonies have sub... pounds towards... thousands of men... on a patriotic pr... worthy of the Co... Majesty King Ge... "The public,"... colles, Master of... famed all the wor... influence of the... ganized—to Tit-B... "have little idea... which has been i... this great. Posti... colonies have bee... and for many mo... been co-operatin... colonial Governme... the Festival thro... in every way. A... prising how peopl... entered into the... enthusiasts. Tak... performers, for i... take part in the... only are they bu... and paying for the... ing the run of th...

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PRECAUTION AG

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