

Shortly after his marriage, the genial humorist in partnership with a brother of the quill, began the publication of an evening paper, entitled the *Peoria Review*.

"It was a comfort for nearly two years," says Burdette, "as it brought me few cares and no uncertainty. I knew every Monday morning that on the next Saturday night, I would not have money enough to pay the hands. During my career as editor of that wretched sheet, it never disappointed me in that particular—not once. Finally the sheriff took us into partnership and there was a glorious increase of activity. He was an enterprising man—very. He realized more in an hour than I had done in two years. Presently that partnership dissolved, and I, naturally, looked around for something to do."

Of late the *Brooklyn Eagle* has plumed itself upon the fact that its luminous wings bear to the world that laughs, most of the comical originalities of Mr. Burdette. His facility and gracefulness of expression seem unimpaired. His keen sense of the ludicrous undimmed. According to one critic, his humor is always sparkling and in good taste. It has not the whimsical elegance of Charles Dudley Warner, or the cynical undertone of Mark Twain; but his fun is always kindly, tender and considerate.

Three books, four lectures and many volumes of uncollected newspaper merri-ment, have made the American public familiar with Robert J. Burdette, and attest his great industry as a writer. Up and down the land he has gone for the past dozen years sowing fruitful seed in genial soil. The following from his pen appeared during the war upon the liquor traffic, which resulted in Kansas becoming a prohibition State:

"So the supreme court decides that a State has a right to destroy a distiller's business without compensation therefor. Well, maybe that is not right. As a rabid prohibitionist I am personally in favor of paying for every distillery, brewery and saloon that is closed up and forced out of business by prohibition—every dollar of its highest market value

at a time its business was good. That is only fair and just and right. Then, I am in favor of compelling the distillery, brewery and saloon to pay one hundred cents on the dollar for every business that is ever closed up and ruined. That is only right and just and fair too. Let us strike a balance with the distillery, square up the account on both sides, and the fellow who comes out in debt must agree to pay up like a man, no matter what the Supreme Court says. My word for it, the Kansas prohibitionists are ready and willing to waive the decision and settle on this basis if the distillery is. What is sauce for the goose of the pond, is sauce for the worm of the still. Walk up to the counter worm, and settle."

Here are a few of his thoughts on our sex:

"'Woman,' says Ouida 'is the enemy of freedom.' True, most true. She is apt to marry as soon as she comes of age. She is the dependent of parents and nurses in her cradle, in bondage to her teachers all her school days, a slave of fashion from the day she graduates until her wedding-day; after that she is ruled over by her husband, or tyrannized over by her servants. Then she is a servant unto her children until they are all married, after which she is "bossed" by her sons and daughters-in-law; and at last she lives and dies in loving and gentle bondage to the grand-children who cluster about her."

I will conclude with the prettiest thing Mr. Burdette ever wrote:

THE TIME OF THE GOLDEN ROD.

Whispering winds kiss the hills of September,
Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn;
Red grows the ivy, like ghostlighted ember,
Shrouded in mists breaks the slow-coming dawn;
Sunlighted vistas the woodland discloses,
Sleeping in shadow the still lake reposes,
Gone is the summer, its sweets and its roses—
Harvest is past and the summer is gone.