

Further, it shatters nerves, disquiets one's brain, ruffles the temper, ruins the digestion and has a paralyzing effect on the liver. And the agony of it all is that you never know what's the matter with you.

"When Music, heavenly Maid, was young," who could have supposed that she would turn out to be such a nuisance in her old age? Farewell—a long farewell to all thy charms. But Congreve sings:

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast

To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."

Don't you believe a word of it. If music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, how comes it that so many ferocious crimes are committed in the very lanes and alleys where the organ-grinders are grinding and the ballad-singers bleating all the day long?

If music hath charms to soften rocks and bend the knotted oaks, how comes it that the rocks in Scotland, where the bag-pipes are eternally droning, are still as hard as adamant.

Let the poets say what they may, Music has to me an infuriating effect.

+ Robert J. Burdette. +

* THE oldest and best known journal in Iowa is the *Hawkeye*; and one of its recent editors, a little man with a big heart and active brain, is the best known and most dearly beloved of American humorists.

Robert Jones Burdette, now in his fifty-sixth year is a native of Pennsylvania. He is below the medium height, very easy in manner, and free and affable in conversation. His forehead is rather low yet broad and massive. He has a black mustache and dark bright eyes. His father was of French descent, his mother German.

At Peoria, Illinois this future soldier, journalist and fun-maker, graduated at

the high-school; and this, he once said was all the education he ever got, and more than he deserved. A few months later we find him at the impetuous age of eighteen a private in a regiment of Illinois volunteers. He served through the war, being present at the siege of Vicksburg.

The humorist's newspaper career dates from a certain visit to New York. From there he wrote several racy letters which clearly showed his aptitude for literary work, and he was made night editor of the *Peoria Transcript*. This promotion made him very proud, and he admits he immediately began to wear gloves and ordered dress shirts that buttoned behind.

When he was twenty-six, he married, to use his own phrases, "The best and sweetest little woman in the wide wide world. The Lord did His best when He made Carrie Garrett, and its a mystery why he did not make her a husband to match." "Her little Serene Highness," as he affectionately calls her, lived fifteen years to be his comfort and guide. The "Prince," their son, is now a handsome, sturdy, intelligent boy of twelve, and his father's inseparable companion.

Pen pictures innumerable have glowingly depicted the devotion of Robert Burdette to the wife he so unselfishly loved and tenderly nursed. A lady living in Rochester at a time when they were visiting there, thus admiringly wrote of the man so universally esteemed:

"I have learned that he who touches as with a fairy's wand, the fountain of mirth and laughter and cheer for others, bears in his own heart the constant pain—hardest of all pain to bear—of seeing his nearest and dearest a helpless invalid; and with a devotion such as few men are capable of, his brave young strength is given to her whom he has promised through life to protect. It is said that he dashes off his humorous sketches first to gladden her heart and relieve her lonely invalidism, then gives them to the public, setting the whole literary world in smiling mood. Let us reverently uncover our heads to him who has so proven himself a hero."