

Old Stories Revised--Robin Hood

The Original Robin Hood Was Nothing More Than a Cheap Imitation. The Present Day Article Knows How to Get His Without Bringing the Authorities Down on Him.

Robin Hood was a local Gaffer. He lived a good many Centuries ago and knew only the A B C of Crooked Work. Still he managed to make himself very Popular.

Robin Hood's idea of being a Good Fellow was to take it away from the Rich and slip it to the Poor, although we have no report from the Auditing Committee that the Poor always came in for their 50 per cent.

Robin Hood, like most of the successful Hold-up Men of history, was born far away from the Wicked Influences of the City. It is a remarkable fact that nearly all of the spectacular Strong-Arm operations in the history of the English-speaking People were put through by rugged, self-made men, who were born out on the Farm.

Robin Hood has been featured in song and story for nearly one thousand years. Why so? Because he got away with the Goods.

He made a great Rep for himself because he happened to live at a time when Competition was very slack and the gentle Art of shaking down the well-to-do was still in its Short clothes.

If Robin Hood were with us today he would either have to trim his wick or go out. He would be a Laugh.

Here is a Celebrity that we have been putting into Books and Cinemas and bragging about for many generations, all because he was supposed to be a nifty Footpad, who was smooth enough to give the sarcastic Breat to the State's Attorney and the Grand Jury.

Theoretically we are all on the Square, but just the same we do like to read about the Hero who can put a piece of Blue Hardware in his Back Pocket and go out and get a Good Living without working for it.

Robin Hood is still one of the idols of Innocent Childhood, although lately he has been shown up more or less by Raffles and Bill Dalton.

The best we can say for Robin Hood is that he got on by following roguery and primitive methods. If he could sneak out into the Preserves and get a Jack Rabbit or a Deer and then reach home without being shot full of holes by the King's Foresters, he thought he was doing a very tidy Piece of Work.

He never tackled any real Financing, except when he met some Lonely Traveler on the Road, when he would strip him down to his Jaegers and send him up the road with an arrow sticking in his Shoulder-Blade, just as a Reminder.

He had a lot to learn. For instance, he was always scrapping with the Sheriff of Nottingham, instead of declaring himself in with the Sheriff's Machine and getting all of the Privileges for Sherwood Forest.

We have every reason to believe that if Robin Hood could land in among us today he would take advantage of our advanced and improved Methods and show himself a real Artist. He would abandon the Kindergarten class of work—cut out the crude Pett Larceny and get in line with the real high-class Con Men and Short Card Experts of the Present Day.

Of all the antiquated and weather-beaten Stories, probably there is none more thoroughly in need of revising than that of Robin Hood.

Let us suppose that Robin Hood is now on deck. He is a bright and enterprising Young Man living in one of the remote Townships. He has a natural aversion to Manual Labor and possesses the rudiments of an Education, and is somewhat good-looking, and it is a toss-up whether he turns out to be a successful Barber or lets his Mother take in Washing to support him.

Robin Hood looks about him and he sees that the World is full of Injustice.

He learns that the Rich have more Money than the Poor, whereas the Poor should have twice as much as the Rich and also Annual Passes on all the Roads.

Being a lover of Mankind, he longs to take a piece of Lead Pipe and go out and adjust Matters. He discovers also that the only cinch rule for becoming a Popular Character is to attack the Money Power, so he decides to make a single-handed effort to separate the pampered Aristocrats from their Surplus.

The original Robin Hood was a crude Amateur. He got his Easy Coin by tucking the Law and had to keep un-Good Fishing and the Home Cooking.

After he has fearfully denounced Rockefeller and burned Wall Street to a cinder, the returns from the Back Townships show that Victory has perched upon his Banners.

In a short time he goes down to the State Capital with an American Flag in his Hat and a Jimmy in his Telescope.

He begins introducing Bills calculated to drive out the State every Scoundrel who has more than \$1,800 put away. Whenever he gets the Floor, he tosses his Collar and pulls the Hair down over his Eyes and hollers at the terrified visitors in the Gallery.

Then the Attorney with the Prince Albert, who belongs to the same Lodge, comes around to the Hotel to see him. Can he intimidate or bunco Our Hero? Not for a minute. The best he can do is to induce the Member to go all out on the Ground with him, and then accept five or six Amendments.

The Hon. Robin Hood is a sensible Statesman, and he discovers that he cannot trim the Cohorts of Centralized Wealth unless he gets real close to them. So he begins sleeping with the Octopus in order to study the habits of the Monster and know just how to deliver the Death Blow.

He investigates the Large Industries of the State, the amount of Stock issued, the time for paying Dividends, the amount of the Dividends and how to collect Dividends without having any Check go through the Bank. All this comes under the head of Committee Work.

One morning while he is lying in bed meditating on the affairs of State he suddenly puts his hand to his Head and shudders, for he realizes that he cannot strike a Blow at any large Business Corporation without injuring thousands of Innocent Employees.

He decides that the wise course is to regulate Corporations without causing them any inconvenience.

When it comes time to elect a Senator, he comes in in his demand that the Caucus Nominee shall be a Member of our National Wealth, fall for his Game and come out to enjoy a rollicking Vacation in the Country, he orders a dozen Cots and one gross of Tinned Goods and begins to charge about the same as the old Holland House.

Does his Conscience ever smite him? Answer—Never a Smile. All the adjoining Yokels admire Mister Hood for being cute enough to hornswoggle the Smarties that go around wearing Flannel Pants just to show off.

He is what is known out in Cisco Township as a Hot Potato, and very popular because he is so dead-set against the Corporations.

He learns in time that any one who wishes to be a Friend to the Telling Masses cannot afford to waste his own time in mere Tolly. He must bound in to the Arena and give the Octopus a Kick on the Shin.

He lies awake nights asking himself these Questions: "How can I cripple

So he taps the Owner for all that he will stand without taking an appeal, and then he and Constable Hood go in to the back room and split it up, after which the vigilant Official goes back to the Thoroughfare and gets behind a Tree and waits for another chance to nail some Commercial Baron who looks as if he would be able to Cough.

By thus laboring to protect the Peace and Dignity of the Commonwealth every Sunday, Robin Hood pads the Bank Account until he is enabled to add an L to the House and buy a side-bar Buggy with yellow Running Gears.

Encouraged by these early Efforts at the equalizing of Wealth, he branches out and begins casting for Summer Boarders. This is where he makes the original Robin Hood look like a weak-minded Wait.

He sends an Ad up to the City Papers and tells about the Pure Air and the un-Good Fishing and the Home Cooking.



JUST A REMINDER

making it so strong that he almost believes it himself.

When the purse-proud denizens of the wicked Metropolis, who are working night and day to rob the Agricultural Regions of their just Portion of our National Wealth, fall for his Game and come out to enjoy a rollicking Vacation in the Country, he orders a dozen Cots and one gross of Tinned Goods and begins to charge about the same as the old Holland House.

Does his Conscience ever smite him? Answer—Never a Smile. All the adjoining Yokels admire Mister Hood for being cute enough to hornswoggle the Smarties that go around wearing Flannel Pants just to show off.

He is what is known out in Cisco Township as a Hot Potato, and very popular because he is so dead-set against the Corporations.

He learns in time that any one who wishes to be a Friend to the Telling Masses cannot afford to waste his own time in mere Tolly. He must bound in to the Arena and give the Octopus a Kick on the Shin.

He lies awake nights asking himself these Questions: "How can I cripple

Organized Wealth? What are the chances for wresting the Unearned Increment from the insolent Magnates and bringing it right back here to the Soil?

Finally a Great Light breaks in upon him and the Voice of Duty calls to him through a Megaphone. It says: "Break into the Legislature, you Lobster, for behold the Harvest is whitening, and if you don't get a giggle on yourself the other Reformers will have all of the Pies divided before you move up to the Table."

So he puts a card in the Home Weekly to the effect that his Friends have urged him to permit the Use of his Name and therefore he is willing to sacrifice his Private Interests and be a Servant of the People.

Think of the original Robin Hood crawling through the underbrush to plant an arrow into a Wild Boar! The modern Specimen loads his Gun with Slugs and goes after Railway Presidents.

After he has fearfully denounced Rockefeller and burned Wall Street to a cinder, the returns from the Back Townships show that Victory has perched upon his Banners.

In a short time he goes down to the State Capital with an American Flag in his Hat and a Jimmy in his Telescope.

He begins introducing Bills calculated to drive out the State every Scoundrel who has more than \$1,800 put away. Whenever he gets the Floor, he tosses his Collar and pulls the Hair down over his Eyes and hollers at the terrified visitors in the Gallery.

Then the Attorney with the Prince Albert, who belongs to the same Lodge, comes around to the Hotel to see him. Can he intimidate or bunco Our Hero? Not for a minute. The best he can do is to induce the Member to go all out on the Ground with him, and then accept five or six Amendments.

The Hon. Robin Hood is a sensible Statesman, and he discovers that he cannot trim the Cohorts of Centralized Wealth unless he gets real close to them. So he begins sleeping with the Octopus in order to study the habits of the Monster and know just how to deliver the Death Blow.

He investigates the Large Industries of the State, the amount of Stock issued, the time for paying Dividends, the amount of the Dividends and how to collect Dividends without having any Check go through the Bank. All this comes under the head of Committee Work.

One morning while he is lying in bed meditating on the affairs of State he suddenly puts his hand to his Head and shudders, for he realizes that he cannot strike a Blow at any large Business Corporation without injuring thousands of Innocent Employees.

He decides that the wise course is to regulate Corporations without causing them any inconvenience.

When it comes time to elect a Senator, he comes in in his demand that the Caucus Nominee shall be a Member of our National Wealth, fall for his Game and come out to enjoy a rollicking Vacation in the Country, he orders a dozen Cots and one gross of Tinned Goods and begins to charge about the same as the old Holland House.

Does his Conscience ever smite him? Answer—Never a Smile. All the adjoining Yokels admire Mister Hood for being cute enough to hornswoggle the Smarties that go around wearing Flannel Pants just to show off.

He is what is known out in Cisco Township as a Hot Potato, and very popular because he is so dead-set against the Corporations.

He learns in time that any one who wishes to be a Friend to the Telling Masses cannot afford to waste his own time in mere Tolly. He must bound in to the Arena and give the Octopus a Kick on the Shin.

He lies awake nights asking himself these Questions: "How can I cripple

ridden on a camel you don't know how you feel. You have an idea that you are going to fall off; also that you are going to collide with every vehicle you meet, for you are not yet accustomed to the foreign habit of turning to the left hand of the right, and, naturally, you feel called upon to intimate to your neighbor that the driver, maybe, is full of whisky.—Four-Track News.

THE CRUELTY OF BOYS

"For genuine cruelty, the average 5-year-old boy has got a Hottentot cannibal licked to a frazzle," said the proud father of a young hopeful the other day. "The latest trick of my kid is a winner, but was sort of rough on the victim, which was our pet cat. About three weeks ago we noticed that pussy suddenly stopped eating and drinking. All the choice bits of meat and dishes of milk were left untouched. For several days we explained it by supposing that the cat was getting more than the ordinary number of mice, but the theory of the exclusion of our offerings, but we soon noticed that she was becoming thin and gaunt and did not seem inclined to move about and purr as she used to. One day, about two weeks of this, I picked up the poor skeleton cat and began to stroke its neck. What do you think I found? A thick rubber band stretched

tightly around the throat, concealed by removed it, and now she is getting along all right. When I asked the boy to breathe, but she could not eat. I the long fur. It just permitted the cat about it he said he just wanted to see if kitty would strangle. If it had been anything else but a cat, it would have been dead in no time."—Philadelphia Record.

"A WISE CHOICE."

Senator Beveridge now and then tells a good story, and this one is repeated by the Chicago Inter-Ocean as illustrating the ways of a plausible corrupt capitalist who prompted much and performed little. An old German father had nearly lost his daughter by drowning, but the girl was saved by a noble youth, who was asked by the grateful father whether his reward should be 100,000 marks or the daughter's hand. With shrewd foresight that both girl and money would eventually come to him, the youth, with apparent scorn of wealth, replied:

"I choose your daughter." "A wise choice," said the father. "I could not have given you the 100,000 marks, for I am only a poor cobbler; but you shall have the girl, and that gladly. Join hands, dear children, and receive my blessing."—Boston Herald.

FAMOUS PASSAGES FROM THE BEST PROSE AND ORATORY

TIME AND MANNER OF ARRIVAL OF DEATH.

Death is called, in scripture, the land without any order; and, without any order, the king of terrors makes his approaches in the world. The commission given from on high, was, "Go in to the world; Strike! Strike! so that the dead may alarm the living." Hence it is, that we seldom see men running the full career of life; growing old among their children's children, and then falling asleep in the arms of nature, as in the embraces of a kind mother—coming to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe, like flowers that shut up at the close of the day. Death walks through the world without any order. He delights to surprise, to give a shock to mankind. Hence, he leaves the wretched to prolong the line of their sorrows, and cuts off the fortunate in the midst of their career; he suffers the aged to survive himself, to outlive life, to stalk about the globe at the heart of the young, who puts the evil day far from him. He delights to see the feeble carrying the vigorous to the grave, and the father building the tomb of his children. Often, when his approaches are least expected, he bursts at once upon the world, like an earthquake in the dead of night, or thunder in the serene sky. All ages and conditions he sweeps away without distinction; the young man just entering into life, high in hope, elated with joy, and promising to himself a length of years; the father of a family, from the embraces of his wife and children; the man of the world, when his designs are ripening to execution, and the long-expected crisis of enjoyment seems to approach. These, and all others, are hurried promiscuously off the stage, and laid, without order, in the common grave. Every path in the world leads to the tomb, and every hour in life hath been to some the last hour of life.

Without order, too, is the manner of death's approach. The king of terrors wears a thousand forms; pains and diseases—a numerous and a direful train—compose his host. Marking out unhappy men for their prey, they attack the seat of life, or the power of understanding; hurry him off the stage in an instant, or make him pine by slow degrees. Blasting the bloom of life, or waiting till the decline, according to the pathetic picture of Solomon, "they make the strong men bow themselves, and the keepers of the house tremble; make the grinders cease; bring the daughters of music low; darken the sun, and the moon, and the stars; scatter the bones in the way, and make desire itself to fail; until the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken; when the dust returns to the dust as it was, and the spirit ascends to God who gave it."—Logan.

SAM DAVIS IN NEW YORK CITY.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Ring in the New Year on the "Great White Way"—2 a.m. as Light and Lively as 2 p.m.

New York, Jan. 2.—New York city goes New Year's mad; I took in the New Year's Eve celebration, or, pandemonium, night before last. I mean yesterday morning, because it was 4 o'clock before a fellow felt like going home without missing any of the fun. Will old 1906 ever forget the send-off she got into eternity? Will 1907 ever forget her welcome into the world?

Roadway was one long canyon of light, with all the automatic tricks of electricity and her latest living letters. Good old Broadway—the street in all America, the busiest, dizziest street in all America, was awake, aglow, ablaze, agleam! I want to tell my readers how New York ushers in the new year, and how the din of horns and whistles, thousands and thousands of them, the peal of chimes, the clanging of bells, the shouts; never were the millions of people so good-natured. It was a noisy heartiness so characteristic of Manhattan; they celebrate with an enthusiasm and without conventionality, working girls and society women. Everybody was out to yell at everybody else, the spirit of good-fellowship prevailed. It was a howling success and a success at howling! All New York was waiting for the midnight signal. All the afternoon it was like the calm before the storm, as if the people were accumulating strength for the night, cars, cabs and autos could move only at snail's pace, over a thousand fakirs lined Broadway alone, selling big and little horns, clappers, squares, rattles, feather dusters, confetti and comic cards. When New York celebrates she forgets herself in the hilarity, and who to him or her who takes too seriously the jokes, the jabs and jabs of the passers-by; they will soon find themselves out of place. Here comes a pretty girl opening wide her mouth in laughter—wow! Somebody throws a handful of that fine cut-out paper at her; it isn't wrong, just New Year's eve, that is why you can jab that fat fellow in the ribs with your tin horn, or tickle his wife with a feather duster. Look out! Here comes a string of colored boys, extending a block long, in lock-step fashion, making a flying wedge through the crowd; hang on to your friend or you will get lost in the shu e. It takes one acquainted with a football rush or a shopping crush to withstand the onslaught. Hear them sing: "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way." Perhaps, down to old Trinity Church where, since Manhattan was a burgh, the old bell in her lofty steeple looked down upon just such a part of the people every year and pealed forth her "good bye" to the new. Perhaps they were surging up to Herald Square, at Thirty-fourth

street, or Times Square at Forty-second street, it was the same story—jams, noise, light and life. "Where do all the people come from." It's a common question. It was difficult to walk and not easy to talk, but such fun, yes—and such a harvest for the pickpockets. No wonder there was an extra force of 600 policemen detailed to watch for crooked work. New Year's eve on Broadway is Mardi Gras, Coney Island at midnight, night and holiday shopping, rolled into one. You are instantly impressed with the awe inspiring immensity of the occasion. Go down to City Hall (if you can reach it, or the old Trinity, and you would think that all Broadway was in the building, and you would think that all New York had emptied its houses at Madison Square; but no, there is a couple of hundred thousand happy faces at Herald Square and past the tenderloin district—people, people everywhere.

It is now 12 o'clock, the last minute of the year, and 1906 will be but a memory. She goes down the path of the Past. The lights in all the restaurants, cafes, and hotels have been put out for just a minute, then what happens? No such noise will be heard again; you put your hands to your ears, you close your eyes to bring in the events. Up on the table jump some of the younger folks to wave their sparkling eyes and their coats; well wishes travel fast and kisses are exchanged with the freedom of a real game of "postoffice."

This scene is for those wise and fortunate enough to have engaged their seats in advance. After 12 o'clock, no one is admitted without a card. I was told that in some places tables were engaged three and four months ahead, and a few of the larger places do not reserve a table for any party who cannot guarantee to spend \$20 or more. A deposit of \$5 to \$25 is made weeks ahead. Not a chair could be had at the beautiful new Knickerbocker Hotel or the big Belmont or Astor hotels, nor would any more be admitted at the exclusive Waldorf and St. Regis as early as 11:30. It was the same story at Murray's and the Marlborough, Rathskeller, Shanley's, Sherry's, Rector's, and Martins. "Wine, women and song" had their day, their night and their morning, real Bohemia for the modest as well as at all the eating places and hotels like the Savoy, the Netherlands, the Manhattan, the Holland, the Hoffman, Churchill's, Pabst's and Delmonico's. It was all gaily, beautiful gowns, music, flowers and feasting. You may see similar sights, but in a much less

celebrates with more gusto—longer, degree in only one or two other cities, but this great bee-hive of humanity, louder and lovelier than all combined.

"Take it in" sometime, reader, then go right back to your good old home and remember New Year's in New York when the humble distributor of the milk trust's product on his 5 a.m. rounds meets thousands of tired, thankful revelers rolling homeward.

Interesting Gossip About Notable People

Continued from Page Seventeen.

accession, caused the palace to be surveyed, with a view of its occasional use as a royal residence, it was reported to him that any such idea would be out of the question as long as the Duke of Hamilton retained the best rooms. Thereupon the King set to work to ascertain what rights the Duke of Hamilton had to the apartments in question, and found that they had no warrant; and that their occupation thereof was pure usurpation. Accordingly, the duke was asked to surrender the rooms, which he promptly proceeded to do. He had never occupied them, nor had they been occupied by his predecessors. Indeed, until King Edward took the palace in hand the drainage and sanitary arrangements of the palace were so abominable as to render it altogether uninhabitable.

After the surrender had been made, some time last summer, and the Hamilton rooms were examined, all these superb Flemish tapestries were discovered hidden away there, rolled up and forgotten. The duke had the audacity to put forward a claim to the tapestries, on the ground that they had been found in his apartments, and would not be satisfied until the matter had been submitted to arbitration. This, of course, has been decided against him, and now the tapestries are to be used in draping the walls of the great picture gallery of the palace, in lieu of the array of mythical royal portraits, which from an artistic point of view seriously mar the beauty of that magnificent and historic hall.

Room will be found elsewhere for these hundred and ten paintings of alleged predecessors of King Charles II. on the throne of Scotland. True, they have hung in their present place since his reign, that is to say, for about 250 years. But they are "counterfeit presentations" in every sense of the words, and far from being copies of authentic originals, these crowned copies of effigies of fabulous Picts and Scots may be described as a job lot effort of a seventeenth century Dutch painter's imagination.

Lady Louise Loder, who has just arrived in America, and who after spending some time with her uncle the Governor-General of Canada, at Ottawa, will travel extensively in the United States for the purpose of studying the women's rights movement, of which she is one of the leaders in England, is a sister of the present Duke of St. Albans, and a very pretty and clever woman.

There is nothing but what one might expect in a lineal descendant of King Charles II. and Nell Gwynne, the lovely but frail ancestress of the dual house of Beauclerk. Lady Louise was brought up by her stepmother, the now widowed Duchess of St. Albans, her own mother a sister of Lord Grey, having died in her infancy. She is married to Gerald Loder, member of parliament for Brighton, and brother of Major Eustace Loder, who won the decoration with the Victoria Cross, and his brothers are the sons of Sir Robert Loder, whose father and mother were both members of the English mercantile colony at St. Petersburg. Sir Robert's father, Giles Loder, amassing a colossal fortune in Russian tallow. There are some who insist that the Loders are of Russian-Jewish origin. But Lady Louise, for herself, and her family, claim that their family originated in Dorsetshire several hundred years ago.

The present head of the family is Sir Edmund Loder, eldest brother of Gerald, one of the champion sportsmen of the day in England, and who at Leeds, his place in Sussex, one of the most beautiful and largest parks in the south of England, has acclimated all sorts of foreign animals. There kangaroos, emus, Patagonian hares, Chinese deer, and prairie dogs roam at large in a portion of the huge park devoted to their existence, and which is known as Paradise. A feature of it is the large and thriving colony of North American beavers, whose clever engineering works are a source of never ending interest.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE WOUNDED.

How does it feel to be wounded? Sir Evelyn Wood tells this of the Zulu war in the seventies: "I was paring the thick bush with my hands, when Arthur Eyre, pulling me by the skirt of my Norfolk jacket, protested, 'It is really not your place,' and pushed in before me. Two or three volleys cleared that part of the bush, but between 9 and 10 o'clock as I turned round to speak to a staff officer who was bringing me an order from the general, an Ashanti lying close to me shot the head of a nail into my chest immediately over the region of the heart. Sticks were flying freely all the morning, and when I recovered from the stunning effect of the blow I asked Arthur Eyre, who was bending over me, 'Who hit me on the head?' 'No one hit you, sir.' 'Yes, somebody did, and knocked me down.' 'No; I'm afraid you are wounded.' 'Nonsense! It is only my head is buzzing; I think, from a blow.' He pointed to my shirt, through which trickled some blood, and said, 'No, you have been wounded there.' Col. Wood was very badly wounded, but recovered."—Chicago News.

Major John S. Horlbeck, of Charleston, S. C., is said to own the largest bearing pecan orchard in the world. He has more than 60 acres in bearing trees and his main grove consists of 550 acres.



THEN HE GETS OUT ON THE MAIN PIKE.