

The Pinehurst Outlook

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The Funniest Valentines by the Funniest People.

There was a young fellow named
Allen Tyne
Who proposed to the lovely Miss
Ballantyne;
When the lady said "Yes,"
He said "Well I guess!
Miss Ballantyne's Allen Tyne's
Valentine!"

Carolyn Wells.

"I'll send her a present," said he,
"On the 14th of February!"
And—but, no; it is best
To leave out the rest,
For that valentine came C. O. D.!

Walter Pulitzer.

A Scotchman whose name was Iabister
Had a maiden giraffe he called "Sister";
When she said "Oh, be mine,
Be my sweet Valentine!"
He just shinned up her long neck and kissed
her.

Ellis Parker Butler.

"Dear Lady, I cannot," he said,
"Make valentines out of my head,
So I've licked and stamped good
On my rival, who could;
He's mail, and I send him, though dead!"

Burges Johnson.

Oh, you would I fondly purloin,
That our hands and our hearts we might join;
Oh, maiden of grace,
Whose most beautiful face
Smiles so tender and sweet on the coin.

R. K. Munkittrick.

Said a Celt to his colleen so fine,
"Begorry, I'm your Valentine."
But she said, "You're a liar—
"You're Dywer McGuire,
"D'ye think, me dear sir, that I'm blin'?"

Charles Battell Loomis.

There once was a lovable Saint,
Who answered each amorous plaint;
And I thought, till today,
When your smile came my way,
The old fellow was dead—but he ain't!

Gelett Burgess.

A hip-po-po-ta-mus named Amos
Was loved by a chorus girl famous;
All the other girls sighed
As they looked on, and cried,
"Please tame us a hip-po-po-ta-mus."

Tom Masson.

A Defeated Project.

De lazy man, he say he bet
His comfort he is gwine to guard.
An' den, nex' t'bing he lan's in debt
An' hab' to work mos' scatt'ous hard.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS



AMONG the elaborate of the new books is "Famous Actor Families of America" (T. Y. Crowell Co.) Mr. Montrose J. Moses has traced the family trees of the Booths, the Jeffersons, the Sothens, the Boucicaults, the Hacketts, the Drews and the Barrymores, the Wallacks, the Davenports, the Hollands, and the Powers, and in so doing he has given us what is almost a biographical dictionary of the stage in the nineteenth century. It is a curious fact that actors like to marry in their own calling, and that their children like to "carry on the business at the old stand," a fact which has no parallel in biographical history of any other art. Is it because histrionic talent is more likely to be directly transmitted from sire to son than pictorial or poetic talent? Is it because acting seems to be easier than the other arts, although it is at least as difficult? Is it because the stage door stands invitingly open to those whose parents are in the habit of passing through it?

In dealing with the Booths as a family Mr. Moses had been anticipated by Mrs. Clarke in the slight volume she prepared for Laurence Hutton's "American Actor Series," as he had been preceded in dealing with the Jeffersons by Mr. Winter. But he has the field to himself when he sets before us the Sothern family, the Boucicaults, and the Wallacks. The elder Sothern put forth "Birds of a Feather," and his life has been outlined by a British biographer. Lester Wallack talked his "Memories" to Laurence Hutton, who put them into printable form, but no one before Mr. Moses had undertaken to deal with the two histrionic families as they deserved. The material is abundant, and for the most part it has here been judiciously used. The perspective of praise is not always preserved, and the reader might infer that the living had often proved themselves equal to the dead; but the book is welcome, and it will be useful. In addition to the genealogical tables it contains a variety of portraits. And there is also a valuable bibliography, likely to be of service to every student of the American stage. The list of Dion Boucicault's magazine articles suggests that it would be worth while to collect these into a little book by themselves, filling out the autobiographic sketch. The list of Boucicault's plays is incomplete and confused, and in the account of his career there is no proper distinction between his numberless adaptations from the French, mere pot-boilers, most of them, and the more or less original plays in which he was himself and not the ghost of some foreigner. These more or less original plays fall into two groups, each of which would reward investigation. The first contains "London Assurance," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and his other attempts to keep alive the methods of old comedy. The second consists of his Irish plays, of which "Arrah-na-Pogue" is perhaps the best, and into which he put the best of himself.

A Bachelor's Cupboard.

"A Bachelor's Cupboard," containing "crumbs culled from the cupboards from the great unwedded," by A. Lyman Phillips, (John W. Luce & Co.), will be a welcome visitor in the homes of those unfortunates who are suffering the pangs of single blessedness. The author at the outset paints a picture of the life of the bachelor, which is most beautiful in its coloring and faultless in its drawing, but it is to be feared that it is only an attempt to cover up the death's head underneath. But for those who willingly or unwillingly are condemned to such a life, the little book offers suggestions for making their lot tolerable, which are not to be despised.

The volume appeals to no one class of bachelors, for the dishes he is taught to concoct are of all kinds and suited to all depths of purse. The fifteen dollar a week bachelor is told how to make a really attractive cupboard from a tall shoebox and to furnish it with the necessities suited for his position in life, while for the wealthy bachelor whose home is not a hall bedroom but a studio, the other necessities and luxuries are fully catalogued.

When it comes to recipes, we go from Boston baked beans to deviled duck, and from the plain Swiss cheese sandwich to *fromage a la florian Robert*. Evidently the bachelor is not eligible for the white ribbon, for three chapters are devoted to a dissertation on drinks; what to pay for wines and how to choose them, and correct wines for all occasions, from the christening up to the wedding, and back again to the wake.

White Fang.

No one can read Jack London's stories of the Wild without feeling intense interest in his animal heroes, and White Fang (The Macmillan Company), with illustrations by Charles Livingstone Bull, is no exception. While those who have read "The Call of The Wild" may feel that they have faced about and are following the dog hero of that weird tale back to civilization, there can be no doubt of the pleasure with which that path is followed.

The wild wolf nature of White Fang, in whom the strain of the domesticated dog seems almost lost, is first cowed by the severest treatment, by which he learns submission to the Gods above him, in which character he views man. The story of how he is driven by brutality to develop the wildest traits of his wolf nature and finally becomes the worshipful slave of a love master, is told as only London can tell it.

The illustrator has caught the true spirit of the story, and his pictures bring us into closest sympathy with the grim reality of life in the frozen north.

Terrible Example.

Knicker—Is he a victim of alcohol?
Bocker—Yes, his wife has the chafing dish habit.

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