

OLD STORIES REVISED

Maud Muller Who Raked the Hay

BY GEORGE ADE
Illustrations by Albert Levering

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The story of Maud Muller was a corker in the whole country. President Eliot of Harvard would call it a lemon. If it were larger it would be called a lemon.

Soma forty summers ago every fundamentalist in the whole country kept in her room a Gift-Book containing the verses about Maud in the hay-field and the Judge riding by on his chestnut horse. It was a simple yarn, but sadly read with a little stronger play for the Judge.

When a belle of the sixties returned to her happy little Boudoir with the cardboard Mauds, the kerosene lamp and the handwork. Shams, she always had been before she could sink back into the feathers.

First she would remove the stings from her usually had one worn over the right eye.

Then she would loosen up the Net, and the Chignon and the Waterfall, and carefully put away the Cameo Brooch, weighing one-half pound.

Then she would back out of the Velvet Basque and climb over the Hoops and divest herself of various ornaments made famous by Goddard's Magazine, after which she would be ready for her evening dose of Maud Muller.

If a war time Belle made up in the freak costume that was in vogue when Pa and Ma were young, should walk along Alimony Alley in the Waldorf-Astoria they would sick the House Detective on to her.

And by the same rule, when you try to hand a Maud Muller poem to Mabelle, of the class of '07, who has a Track Record of 1:56 1-2, she simply chirps a couple of times and says, "Twice ten plus three for you and beat the barrier."

The Maud Muller kind of poem has gone into the Discard with the Melodrama, the Lap-Supper and the Kissing Game.

What the Fly Public wants nowadays is Plot and Something Doing.

What is there in the whole Maud Muller business when you come to sift it right down and analyze it according to the methods of Modern Criticism?

It seems that Maud Muller was out in the field trying to be a full hand

in the papers. Sometimes he wondered why he hadn't played a few return dates with the greatest looker that brought him the water.

As for Maud, she married a poor man, but what the couple lacked in Furniture they made up in Family.

Very often she would sit around the long, lonesome evenings, with nothing to read but the agricultural papers, and try to imagine what might have been if she had made a little stronger play for the Judge.

This is the end of this story. There is nothing more to it.

Suppose that some Whittier of today should write this kind of a story and send it to the editor of a brisk little magazine that guarantees you many a tingle for your ten-cent piece.

Would the wise man in charge of the dime-thrasher, who knows just what the flat-headed child is looking for, accept any such childish and pointless narrative as this? Not on your 300,000 circulation!

He would return the Ms. to the Author and suggest a few changes in order to make the story more snappy and give the Artist a chance at some cracking good Pictures. By the time he got through doctoring up the Romance it would run about as follows:

It would start with an "e," as a type of the Progressive New Woman, in the hay-field directing the operations of a large gang of workmen, when the Judge comes by in a 60 H. P. motor car.

The Judge has become immensely wealthy while acting as a tool of the Corporate Interests that are slowly but surely sucking the life blood of the Republic. The Judge is the embodiment of the pernicious System, whatever that is.

Inasmuch as he is exceeding the speed limit, Maud, when she sees him coming, goes into her colonial cottage that cost a half million and gets a shotgun, and as he comes by she shoots him in the knee. The purpose of introducing this incident is to give the artist an opening for a wash-drawing that will be full of Action.

The Judge falls out of the machine and Maud Muller has him carried into the house, whereupon he calls



They would like the House Detective onto her.

somebody else. She does the same, necessarily. Then both of them sit around reflecting on the old couplet.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen The saddest are these, it might have been." Only they shift it around after awhile to read as follows:—"Of all glad words now set to verse"

"The gladdest are these, it might have been worse." A half century ago, when married people got in wrong and found that they were up against it, their only relief was to sit around and gaze into the re and dream of what "might have been."

They were simply Stung and that settled it.

Nowadays when Folks find that they have misused the matrimonial venture they turn their troubles over to a lawyer.

In the revised version Maud goes into court and proves that her husband invariably wears a red necktie, thereby giving her many hours of acute suffering, and that she can no longer remain under the same roof.

So the Court sets her free and enters an order that she shall not be permitted to marry again for two weeks.

In the meantime, the Judge proves that his wife has been excessively cruel in that she does not always agree with him, and of course he gets his decree.

Then the Judge and Maud get together and take the tall Hurdle hand in hand.

In the antiquated romance when Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth was the Real Thing, the marriage of the two would be the Final Chapter.

It will be recalled that the Hero, after four-flushing and backing up and walking sideways through 300 pages of long conversations and weather report finally came to Law.

He found her in the Conservatory or else at the rustic bench beneath the holding hands, there was nothing more to be told. But the Modern problem novel usually begins with the wedding march.

The Judge, following the example of the average Central Character in the absorbing Story of To-day, permits his lust for gold and powers to lead him into the sinuous byways of financial crookedness. In other words he becomes the Director of an Industrial Corporation, and about the same time both of the great political parties begin building a gallows for

him. Maud is tempted by the glitter of High Life. She learns to dally with Bridge Whist at ten dollars a throw. She gets in with the Set that plays tag with the Ten Commandments and eats a light breakfast, consisting of grape fruit and a couple of Martinis about three o'clock in the afternoon.

In fact, Maud begins hitting the most elevated spots.

There is no reason why she shouldn't calm down and behave herself, but for some reason the plain \$14 a week mortals who live in suburban flats like to have their Fiction served with paprika dressing.

Things go on from bad to worse until Maud, fooling with the Hypo one day gets an overdose and the Judge, threatened with Exposure, jumps off of Brooklyn Bridge.

The moral of the whole complicated story of Maud and the Judge is that all self-representing souls should remain Poor and keep away from Drawing Rooms where the Best Families are wont to congregate.

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picking grapes and watching the Northern Lights.

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CA SHERMAN MARKET FAVORABLE AND THE NORTH, BOWMAN



THE MUD-SPINNING

and save her father some money. We find accurate pictures of her in the old Gift-Book. She was bare-footed and her hair was out to dry. Evidently she had been washing it.

She had a round, shiny face and the fine, large bell-shaped nose of the Anna Held variety.

She sang as she worked until she happened to glance at the far off town, when she experienced a vague longing to discontinue manual labor and move into the city. This same symptom, prevailing to the present day, accounts for the large supply of Manicures.

At this point the Judge comes by on horseback. He is supposed to be a very rich man. At the time the poem was written Judges were getting as high as twelve hundred dollars a year, and the query immediately suggests itself to the reader of the present day—did he have some side line of graft?

Any rate he was rich—therefore disreputable.

He pulled up in the shade of the old apple tree and asked the girl to bring him a drink of water. It might occur to some that a strong, husky man who had been riding all morning would get a drink for himself instead of asking some poor working girl to do it for him.

The story has it that she filled the cup from the spring and brought it to him, and as he took it she blushed, for she realized that she was not rich enough to receive swell company.

The Judge thanked her and remarked that "a sweeter draught from a fairer hand was never quaffed."

"This was good as the head of the reel. He went on to talk about the flowers and the birds and the bees and finally got around to the weather. A man dealing in this line of conversation could not stay in the game for any great length of time at the present, but nevertheless it seems that the Judge made a ten-strike with Maud.

After he rode away she watched him and said to herself, as nearly as her remarks can be translated into the sweet Vernacular of the twentieth century:—"Oh, if I could only have some man like that! But family would certainly put a crimp in his Bank Account. He could buy all father's clothes and lend money to brother and pay mother's traveling expenses."

It was evident that Maud really loved the Judge.

As for the Judge, he looked back from a hill and said to her still sitting there and raising at him and said:—"She looks all right to me. If I could get some girl like that, I'd be for a quiet place in the country. But I don't think my family would stand for it."

So the Judge rode on into the town and back to the Court House, while Maud stood around, thinking of him, until she was caught in the rain.

He married a rich wife who traveled with the high-rollers, and often at night when he was waiting for her to come home he would gaze into the fire and wish that he could see out of it without having his picture

for a drink. The Maud Muller of 1905 knows better than to offer a Judge anything that comes out of a spring. She brings him a Scotch. When he arouses himself to the fact that she is a Raving Beauty and furthermore is highly cultivated, the same as all the girls living in the country, he forgets his resentment and they spend many happy hours together discussing the problem of Labor and Capital while he is being nursed back to health.

At last the Judge returns to town, leaving Maud very lonely. The wires get crossed and he marries

and so the poor Society Leader has to govern herself accordingly.

Maud gets to be an Awful Thing. She is a night owl, and becomes well acquainted with nearly all of the club rovels in the world except her own husband.

At last, in order to keep up with the Pace, she begins to flirt with the Pope. Whenever anything happens to worry her, she simply gets out her Light Artillery and gives herself a Shot that blows the ribbons out of her hair. Then in a few minutes she

in the Supreme Court of South Carolina a decision was handed down affirming the decision of the lower court, which gave a verdict of \$16,000 against the Glenn-Lowery City Mills to the widow of M. W. McCarter, for allowing a heavy weight to fall upon him and killing him, while he was at work in the company's ginney. The weight was alleged to have been held by a rope, which was sawed to rot. The suit was for \$25,000.



THE INCIDENT IS TO GIVE THE ARTIST AN OPENING

FROM CRADLE OF WHITE RACE

BY A. W. GHEELEY

An ethnological tragedy is to old in the prosaic figures of the annual report of the Federal Bureau of Immigration. Hidden away in scried ranks of statistics is the story of the exodus from Lithuania to the United States, a tangible evidence of the hopelessness and despair that has disheathered Europe's oldest race in the very birthplace of the blond Aryan type whose descendants have forged a cliche of conquering civilization around the world. It is a significant fact that this lineal remnant of the original Aryan blond type should, after a struggle of countless centuries for the realization of racial ideals, turn to the youngest of its descendants for asylum and refuge upon the collapse of the old-starred and shored liver Baltic Republic, whose brief page in history drips with blood.

The records of the Immigration Bureau show that among the thousands of Lithuanians who for the past have been flocking to the United States a large number are flocking to the farms and ranches of the West and Northwest, for the Lithuanian has been a tiller of the soil and a hewer of wood from times immemorial. But not a few of them go to increase the struggling colonies of Lithuanians in the big cities of the United States where competition drives them in gaunt want to the sweat shops. Chicago has a large colony of Lettish, Lithuanians, and Esths, from which place they have spread over Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, the States which show the largest proportion of the new immigration.

CAUSED NAPOLEON'S DOWNFALL. Lithuania, the home of the Letts, Lithuanians, and Esthians, is one of the most primitive and least known regions in Europe. Until quite recently it was practically terra incognita, a harsh, inhospitable savage sheltering an almost uncivilized people, the marshy shores of the gale-swept Baltic. It has for centuries been darkest Europe. Only now and then at great historical intervals has it emerged out of its gloom, as, for instance, when it gave Napoleon his coup de grace in the fateful march from burning Moscow. It was in the swampy forests of Lithuania that Bonaparte's grip on the destinies of Europe was wrenched loose by savage, revengeful, blood-lusting Letts.

Politically, Lithuania is included within the boundaries of the Russian governments of Livonia, Vlna, Kovno, Grodno, Vitebsk, Minsk, Mohalev, and Suwalki, and in Prussia it includes the provinces of East and West Prussia. Long years ago it was an independent kingdom with its own prince and nobility, a dim tradition which, however, has kept alive the national spirit through centuries of political servitude. Crowded in between conquering Germans on the one side and aggressive Russians on the other, Lithuania has been a constant battleground of powerful forces and sullenly accepted foreign suzerains.

A SCIENTIFIC TREASURE HOUSE. It is within only the past ten years or so that Lithuania has been recognized as the scientific treasure house of Europe, a region which holds the answers to the most perplexing anthropological and archeological problems, discoveries which have cast a flood of light upon race origins and forced the abandonment of time-honored theories. As the result of patient investigation and long delving a considerable school, probably the most authoritative, declares that the birthplace of the Aryan race was not on the high planes of Asia, where Muller sought to fix it, but that the point of dispersion, the cradle of the Aryan race, was on the shores of the Baltic in the home of the Letts and the Lithuanians. Scholars for many years held the theory that Sanskrit was the oldest tongue, the one nearest the original Aryan speech, but investigation has proved to the most primitive of Aryan tongues. The testimony of philology is held to support the theory that Lithuania is the home of the primitive Aryan. The Lithuanian language forms a family Slavie and Teutonic, but far more primitive than either and with peculiarities of its own that show close kinship with both the Celtic and Latin. It is the common speech of the 3,000,000 Lithuanians and gives evidence of little changes through the centuries.

There is more evidence that the Lithuanians are the remnant of the original Aryan stock. It is a country that still bears the marks of the conquering hordes of the more progressive militant Aryan tribes swept upon invading, leaving the Letts, Esths, and the Slavies, who were the more fertile valleys and plains into this refuge, to develop without the spur of competition, the struggle for existence being simply one with the elements. ("Civilization" spreads slowly north from the shores of the Mediterranean and as a result, the Lithuanian tongue has remained practically unchanged down to the present time, long after its old-time relatives in the family of languages, Sanskrit, Latin, and Gothic, had died out, giving place to the more advanced Hindustanee, Romance tongues, and German.

REMOVED FROM CIVILIZATION. So remote from civilization was Lithuania that Christian missionaries did not reach its borders until about 1450, just forty-two years before Columbus discovered the new world. At this time Lithuania was sunk in the deepest paganism. Human sacrifice, beastly orgies, and the worship of oak groves were features of the religion here centuries after the suppression of the Druids in Western Europe and the annals of mythology in Rome and Greece. Here in Lithuania survived the ancient Aryan belief in the supreme God, which became Zeus for the Greeks, Odin for the Teutons, and Jupiter for the Romans. He remained in primitive vigor the human sacrifice to the wheat spirit. Cut off from the rest of the world, they lived as had their prehistoric ancestors and followed closely the savage religious beliefs of the original Aryans.

But in appearance also the Lithuanians justify the belief that they are the most primitive type of the ancient Aryan. Very tall and straight, they are the blondes of Europe. Compared with them the flax-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavian appears most as a brunette, in many localities, especially in the neighborhood of Pinsk, the blondness of the Lithuanians approaches almost to Albinoism.

Despite the progress made during the century past, the Lithuanians remain probably the most primitive people of Europe. They have no literature worthy of the name, and with the exception of one or two scientists, Yakowenko, the birthplace of the Aryan race has not produced a single great statesman, warrior, poet, philosopher, or artist. The Lithuanians are a race of peasants, pure and simple. Their literature consists almost exclusively of bible and religious works translated from other languages. The tongue survived in unwritten form down to modern times. In 1647 German missionaries translated Luther's catechism into Lithuanian, and this was the first book published in that language. So unprogressive was this remnant of the old Aryans that they never evolved an alphabet of their own, and to-day part of them read books printed in Roman characters and those living near the borders of White Russia employ the Slavie-Greek character in writing and reading.

FOUND ON FUNERAL PYRE. Under such barbarous conditions Christianity made but slow progress, and as late as the fifteenth century one of the grand dukes of Lithuania was burned in the old pagan fashion on an immense funeral pyre on which a number of horses and captive Germans and Russians were also sacrificed.

The history of Lithuania is a brief page during its period of autonomy. One score of traitors remained in Lithuania to reconstruct it, and according to tradition the only real government under Lithuanian rule was established in the thirteenth century by Grand Duke Ryngold, a conqueror by Grand Duke Ryngold, a conqueror by Gediman who waged victorious war against the Russians, carrying his conquests to the very door of Kiev and Moscow. In the fourteenth century Lithuania and Poland were united through the marriage of the ruling houses of the two countries, and ever since that time Lithuania's autonomy has been a historical memory.

It was in the fourteenth century, about 1340, that Lithuania was aroused from its lethargy of centuries and saw the first act of a tragedy upon which the curtain has just fallen with a collapse of the Baltic Republic. It was at this time that the German hordes of freerooters remanded Lithuania to an easy but not bloodless conquest. They carried fire and sword, enslaved the native Letts and Lithuanians, set themselves up as noble and held the country in subjugation with a heavy hand, establishing a German dynasty with the aid of Polish and Russian adventurers. His conquests to the very door of Kiev and Moscow. In the fourteenth century Lithuania and Poland were united through the marriage of the ruling houses of the two countries, and ever since that time Lithuania's autonomy has been a historical memory.

APPLIED TORCH TO CASTLE. Powerless to revolt, the natives remained in servitude under the changing governments for centuries, sullenly slaving for their masters, but keeping alive the traditions of their time when they were their own masters, and had quaffed mead out of the skulls of the hated Germans, who were now their rulers and task masters. When Napoleon and his great army passed through Lithuania on his way to Moscow, there was an awakening and the sluggish peasants believed that the millennium had finally arrived with the opportunity to shake their hatred to the dogs. Napoleon's proclamation of emancipation establishing a new government was greeted as a boon to loot, burn, and slaughter. They refused to work, gave themselves up to drunken orgies and in ravaging bands, as in the recent days of the Baltic Republic, scourged the country, killing the German nobles and applying the torch to their castles. When the French troops restored law and order with bullet, sword, and gibbet, every Lithuanian was Napoleon's bitter foe. When the Emperor and his army swept back in retreat over the old Bialobrak road, Lithuania was in the grip of famine and the supplies he depended upon for food and army were not exist and in addition to the bitter winter, he was forced to fight starvation and the revengeful Letts and Cosacks, who hung on the flanks of the straggling columns like hungry wolves. In the tangle of swamps and dense woods Napoleon's great army melted away.

SUNK BACK INTO SLAVERY. Again for almost a century the Lett and Lithuanian sunk back into the slavery that seemed their inevitable heritage. Then came the upheaval in Russia following the war with Japan. Again the peasant tided to strike off the fetters and realize the dream of national independence, but the story of tragic failure is too recent to need retelling. In despair of ever escaping the clutches of the Russian bear while in their ancient home, the Lithuanians fled across the Atlantic to their only land of promise.

Not only is Lithuania the last refuge in Europe of the most primitive of the drifting masses of the people, but also by reason of its great swamps and forests it is to this day the final refuge of the big game that once roamed over Europe. The giant wild bear, the ursus, which was seen in the Hircanian forest, became extinct in Lithuania less than two centuries ago. Wolves and bears, the elk and the red deer, lynxes, gnuks, and beavers are still common in its forests, and in the great forest of Bialowicza, once the hunting grounds of the grand dukes of Lithuania, later the property of the Kings of Poland, and to-day the Imperial preserve of the Czar of Russia, is preserved one of the two last herds of the European bison or aurochs, which in days gone by roamed from the Tiber to the sunny Tamas just as our own bison, not so many years ago, grazed from the Saskatchewan to the Rio Grande.