

**Riley's Manner With Children.**

James Whitcomb Riley, whose love for children is so great, and who is almost invariably successful in making himself popular with them, has one unflinching method of winning their confidence (remarks a Chicago paper). According to Riley, anyone who employs it cannot fail, unless he is a most unnaturally disagreeable person indeed, of winning the shy interest of a child.

"Often," he says, "I have been sitting in a room which a child would enter while I was in conversation with some of its elders. My impulse would be to leave the elders incontinentally, and to turn to the child, but that never accomplishes anything. Instead, I would go on talking and pay no attention in the world to the little intruder. There is enough human nature in a child to make him unconsciously resent this, perhaps be piqued by it. Gradually the child has come nearer, watching and listening, and wondering what manner of person this may be who pays it no deference. And at last I have known children to venture quite to my knee. Then I have put out a hand in a casual and absent-minded manner, perhaps absent-mindedly I have patted the hand, and at last, still talking with an assumption of absorbed interest to the grown people, I have even lifted the child to my knee, and known it to sit there in content and confidence without my ever having addressed it.

"Anyone can do this. Instead, people usually frighten a child away by demonstrativeness and unreserve. A child is like a grown person, only more so. It wants the privilege of making some of the advances of friendship itself. And the confidence is so well worth winning, I wonder that everyone doesn't make it a study."

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**And She Kept on Smoking.**

"Aunt Chloe, do you think you are a Christian?" asked a preacher of an old negro woman who was smoking a pipe. "Yes, brudder, I 'spects I is." "Do you believe in the Bible?" "Yes, brudder." "Do you know there is a passage in the Scripture that declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven?" "Yes, I'se heard of it." "Well, you smoke, and there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. So what do you say to that?" "Well, when I go dere I 'spects to leave my breff behind me."

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**Byron the Athlete.**

One of Lord Byron's athletic feats is recalled to memory by the institution of a swimming prize, bearing his name, to be competed for at Venice. During his residence in the City of the Doges, Byron challenged all comers to swim against him from the Lido to the Bridge of the Rialto. Two competitors presented themselves, but when the Grand Canal was won the headmost swimmer swam alone. Nor did the poet leave the water when he had won his race. He continued in triumph as far as Santa Chiara, which he reached with ease, after swimming for four hours and ten minutes.

Probably (says the "Academy") Byron was the best all-round athlete among the poets of any country and any age. He was a boxer as well as a swimmer; while as a cricketer he was good enough to play for Harrow against Eton, at Lord's. In his favourite sport of natation, his most formidable literary competitor would probably have been Guy de Maupassant.

What is curious is that Byron (and not Byron alone among poets) was more proud of his athletic than of his poetical achievements. The gallery is more immediately responsive to the former class of feat. The poet, whatever he may achieve, may never have the satisfaction of feeling that he has made or broken a "record." But it is noticeable that the athletes of whom the poets are jealous do not pay them the compliment of reciprocating the jealousy. Soldiers have sometimes done so. "Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec," is the classical example. But can anyone picture Mr. Montagu Holbein saying, as he strips for his dive: "Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than swim the Channel"? He would provide excellent "copy" for the newspapers if he

would do so, but he has not done so yet. Any number of people, he probably respects, have written poems, but the Channel swim has, up to the present, only been accomplished once.

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**What a Woman Cannot Do.**

The way a woman doesn't throw a ball has made her famous. The theory of medical men that she is anatomically not constructed for ball-throwing should make her exempt from all blame. Her brother's arm is put on at the shoulder differently, and with an entirely different muscular arrangement. The overhead method of throwing a ball, which has brought so much contempt on the fair sex, is not capable of ejecting the ball with great force, and it is quite an impossibility to get a correct aim. The whiplash movement adopted by a man when throwing a ball is quite impossible to a woman.

Strength is not a consideration in the fact that women cannot run and jump as well as men, but their hips are too large. This does not interfere with their climbing well, however.

The rare instances where girls have learned to whistle properly are cited as cases of freaks of nature. It is supposed that the habit of whistling was cultivated by primitive men as a signal while hunting, and that it was introduced into certain religious ceremonies of the early days in which women were not allowed to take part.

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**The Business Side of Literature.**

Professor Harry Thurston Peck, who contributes to "Munsey's Magazine" an article on "Books Which Publishers Rejected," tells the strange stories of such famous works as "Robinson Crusoe," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Jane Eyre," and many other well-known books of fiction, history, etc.

Usually it is due to the mistakes of the publisher or the publisher's reader that world-famous books have been rejected, but in more recent times publishers have for excellent reasons frequently declined books which they knew would sell well. An author, already popular, may demand too high terms, or the publisher may object to the nature of the book, or there may be some other special circumstance which militates against the publisher's acceptance of the book.

As his first example of a rejected manuscript, Professor Peck cites the case of "Robinson Crusoe." Defoe's book was refused by publisher after publisher, and was finally undertaken by a man doing business in a very small way. The price paid for it was no doubt very small, but "Robinson Crusoe" sprang at once into fame. An almost parallel case in America is that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "the most popular book ever written by an American." The publisher hesitated a good deal, but when he finally issued the book ten thousand copies were sold within three days, and it has been stated that this book found more readers than any other book except the Bible.

Charlotte Bronte, Sir Conan Doyle, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Maarten Maartens and many another writer of fiction had similar experiences with their first or early books. But the disappointment is not confined to novelists alone. Prescott and Motley both shared a like fate. Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" was rejected by Longmans and Murray before it was accepted by Bentley, and Motley's "History of the Dutch Republic," after being declined by almost every London publisher, was at last published by John Chapman at the author's expense.

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**Actor and Audience.**

Those taking part in the interesting symposium in the "Grand Magazine" on the Psychology of the Audience (Mrs. Kendall, Mr. Edmund Payne, Mr. Cyril Maude, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Mr. Martin Harvey, Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. James Welch) seem entirely agreed as to the extraordinary variability of audiences and the curious way the audience affects the actor and the actor the audience while with hardly an exception they all agree that a Monday night audience is dull and a Saturday night one the liveliest in the week. Most of them also agree that actors vary in the qual-

ity of their acting, as audiences do in their appreciativeness and sympathy. But they can no more give "the reason why" than could the famous disliker of Dr. Fell. They mostly agree with Mrs. Kendall that pathos produces a greater and more lasting effect than humour. Moreover, different kinds of humour appeal to different publics. The humour of drunkenness, Mr. Martin Harvey tells us, falls painfully flat in America. One thing, he says, never fails to appeal to every audience, London, provincial or American, and that is heroism. Mr. Cyril Maude wishes he knew what could be relied on to affect the audience. The only thing he knows is the unexpected appearance of the theatre cat! He remarks: "I am convinced that if you give the finest comedian in the world the finest lines that ever were written, and he were acting his best, he will not move an audience to the same extent as the theatre cat will if you can get it to go and sit by the footlights and wash its face demurely with its paws during a serious scene, and then let the actors, when they become aware of its presence, attempt to drive it off."

The same actor says a bank holiday night audience is bad, but that which assembles when the King and Queen go to a theatre is worst of all, for they pay extreme attention to Their Majesties and next to none to the play. An ideal audience you do not meet more than once a month.

Mr. James Welch thinks the most difficult thing to get an audience to respond to is wit, real wit, "for that appeals to the brain and nothing else," which perhaps explains why the B.P. has been so long in appreciating Mr. Bernard Shaw. One or two remarks made as to "obfuscated" after dinner unintentionally reinforce the "Pro" side of the "Do we eat too much?" controversy.

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**The Tale of a Hand.**

"Now what shall the limit be?" I said, when she had gone away. "You're doing the calling"—she bent her head— "So you are the one to say." "No limit," I cried, "if you'll stay in." She answered, "I will, you say." "I don't see she added, "I hope I win, O, tell me, what did you get?" "Just one more I need to make a pair." "A queen for mine," said I, and there a royal flush she gave. "I'll open," said I, "if you don't mind." She lifted her lips and cried, "I raise you one!" I had three of a kind, so we laid the cards aside. "Were you bluffing?" she asked. "You were so abrupt." "Said I, "don't you understand that I feared a full house might interrupt. And I wanted to win a hand?" —Harvard Lampoon.

**What the Motor Car Has Done for France.**

In the "World's Work" this subject is discussed by Mr John Joseph Conway. He reminds us that France is the cradle of the automobile, whose birth took place in 1769, when Cugnot invented a crude sort of steam carriage, not so crude, however, but that the Minister of War, with a view to possibilities, ordered him to build one the next year. Now France is easily first in everything pertaining to the motor-car. In 1898 1850 cars were turned out, worth £332,000; and in 1904 these figures were respectively 22,000 and £7,940,000—a more than twenty-one-fold increase in seven years. These figures are based upon the tax list.

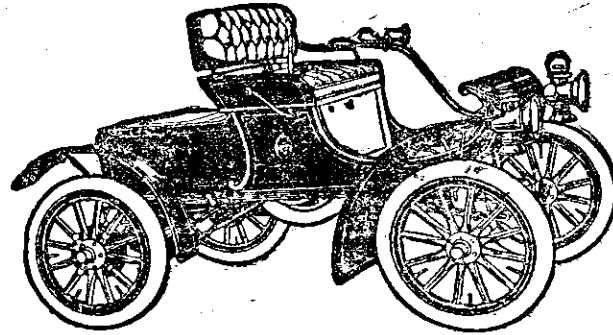
Coming to exported auto-cars, we have in 1897 £70,000 worth sold; in 1903, £2,080,000; and in 1904, £2,060,000 worth, figures which are rather under than over the mark, being based on the net weight multiplied by 10frs. per kilo., whereas machines weighing 1000 kilos. often sell for £600 and even £800, according to the maker. He says:

"It is estimated that over 300,000 people are directly interested in the development of the automobile industry of France. Last year it gave employment to 55,000 workmen at a wage varying from 4/3 to 8/ per day. During the same period 20,000 drivers were drawing salaries, varying from £8 to £20 a month, and 25,000 others had lucrative occupations. Refiners of petroleum, hotel-keepers, iron, steel, and copper merchants, compositors of the trade journals, etc., all bring up the number of the interested to a very high figure."

Most of the auto-cars imported into the States come from France. The "Annuaire du Cycle et de l'Automobile" gives France as having 172 automobile manufacturers, Great Britain 114, and Germany only 60; all the other Powers being far behind. In making automobile woodwork France again leads the way, with 104 manufacturers and merchants, Belgium being next with 29. French tyre-manufacturers number 143, as against those of the next country, Germany, which has only 39. She has 3357 automobile dealers, while all the other European countries, including the United Kingdom, have only 1076. In round numbers, about 20,000 auto-cars are in use in the French Republic.

The writer pays the highest compliments to the French roads, and to French courtesy and goodwill, which two excellences combine to make France the favourite land of the motorist. Switzerland loses a fortune every year because of the narrow-minded hostility of her people to the auto-car, but the most bigoted nation against automobiles are probably the Dutch.

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