

"THE TRANSIT OF VENUS"

A Novel

By John Philip Sousa.

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"The Humor of the narrative is persistent and contains some surprises which the reader will enjoy"-----

Rochester Herald.

"There are some delicious pages devoted to analyzing the reasons why some marriages are failures. Sousa introduces a really patentable improvement on the ancient devices of rescuing somebody from deadly peril and thus inciting a wedding".---

Pittsburgh Express

"Mr. Sousa reveals as he writes along, unsuspected qualities of humor and whimsicality. "The Transit of Venus" offers indeed a curious and pleasantly informal hour in the company of a great bandmaster's lightly straying thoughts". -----

New York World.

"Metaphorically, the 'Transit of Venus' describes the sweep across the hearts of the "Alimony Club" members during a voyage which they set upon to evade women for a stated period"-----

Springfield Republican.

"The Transit of Venus", which, for real wit and shrewd observation, offers much of interest to its readers as well as carrying a romance of a somewhat unusual nature. Summing up the book, as a whole, affords the reader a measure of satisfaction and agreeable reminiscence as he turns and completes the last page, not alone because of its having furnished an interesting tale for a few hours of reading, but also because of the manner in which the author has given his readers something to think about".-----

Springfield Union.

Rochester, N. Y.

FEB 15 1920

A Social Satire.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS. A Novel
By John Philip Sousa. 12mo, cloth.
Illustrated; \$1.60, net. Boston: Small,
Maynard & Co.

Mr. Sousa's last novel is delightfully satirical, based as it is on the grouchiness of a quintette who appear proud of their membership in the "Alimony Club," nine divorces being to the credit of the five. A sixth member of the party is a young man who had never been in love and who resolved never to fall victim to woman's wiles. The ship they were on was on its way to the antipodes to witness a transit of Venus. After getting to sea the captain announced that there was a woman on board—his niece. She it was to whom had been assigned the work of photographing the transit. But when he discovered the morbid disdain in which his passengers held the sex, he announced that she would be replaced at Plymouth by an English scientist. And there is where the fun starts. The members of the Alimony Club, after a meeting with Miranda were each smitten with a desire to marry her, and so positive were they that the expedition must be all American that the captain was persuaded to abandon his purpose to replace her with an Englishman. The humor of the narrative is persistent, and contains some surprises which the reader will enjoy.

Incidentally Mr. Sousa makes known to his readers the romantic Kerguelen Island, that little known land in the Indian Ocean midway between Australia and Africa, which when first discovered in 1772 was thought to be the great Southern Continent. Captain Cook named it the Land of Desolation, which deterred later voyagers from visiting it for more than a century. It is now a valuable center for whale fisheries and raising sheep as well as for the sport of shooting the sea elephant, a diversion that plays an important part in Mr. Sousa's novel.

Morning Telegraph

Address New York City

FEB 20 1920

Other books received are "The Transit of Venus," by John Philip Sousa (Small, Maynard and Co.); "In the Shadow of Lantern Street," by Herbert G. Woodworth (Small, Maynard and Co.); "The Book of the Damned" by Charles Fort (Boni and Liveright); "Outland" by Mary Austin (Boni and Liveright); "Happily Married" by Corra Harris (Doran); "Snake-Bite and Other Stories" by Robert Hichens (Doran); "Celia and Her Friends" by Ethel Brunner (Macmillan).

EVENING MAIL,

New York City

MAR 13 1920

INTRODUCING JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, NOVELIST.

OF the two John Philip Sousas, the one the writer of novels and the other the writer of marches, we prefer the latter. Plowing through "The Transit of Venus" by Mr. Sousa (Small, Maynard & Co.) was very much like reading in novelized form "Oratory Made Easy" or "One Hundred Excerpts from Famous After-Dinner Talks." It was a surprise to us, as it must be to others, that John Philip Sousa, whose band has raged through neighbors' victrolas for many years gone, wrote novels, on the side. "The Transit of Venus" is not his first. It is his fourth.

For those who like to browse amid well-put sophistries, proverbs, anecdotes, jokes and millionaire mathematics, we recommend "The Transit of Venus" by John Philip Sousa.

Address: Pittsburg, Pa.

FEB 29 1920

The misogynists bravely resolve to put ashore at the first port reached, but succumb severally to her charms and by specious plea forget their ruthless plan. Edward Stoneman, wealthy broker, is aboard seeking rest after the wrecking of his system by stock speculation. Around the table all manner of discussions take place, full of quotations and wisdom about the fair sex, in which Miranda Bradley, the astronomer, joins with scientific views.

Each tells, like Scheherazade of the 1001 Nights, his own marital annals, and each clandestinely seeks to woo the fair star gazer. Of course, Stoneman is an easy winner, but not until Sousa introduces a really patentable improvement on the ancient devices of rescuing somebody from deadly peril and thus inciting a wedding. The ship arrives at the island, between Africa and Australia in the Indian Ocean, known as Desolation, but first discovered by Yves Kerguelin, the Frenchman, and named for him. Sea elephants are indigenous. Miranda and Stoneman start to photograph a herd of the animals. He falls from a cliff. Miranda, with unerring aim, brings down the ferocious bull with her rifle and grabs Stoneman to her bosom. Surely a patentable novelty. There are some delicious pages devoted to analyzing the reasons why some marriages are failures. Vivacious as El Capitan.

Herald
Boston, Mass.

FEB 28 1920

"The Transit of Venus," by John Philip Sousa—in addition to his ability as a musician and composer the great band leader has written several books and this latest work is his best. It is a love story of unique type, unique setting and unique characters. It is full of wit and humor with no little criticism of life though the criticism is made with kindly humor. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

N.Y. World Jan 15/20

"The Transit of Venus."

by John Philip Sousa.

We discover indications in "The Transit of Venus" (Small, Maynard & Co.) that before writing this book John Philip Sousa, as novelist, neglected to seek aid, counsel and tempo from John Philip Sousa as "March King." For truly, "The Transit of Venus" as a story does not march. It loiters, as it were, just around the corner of each chapter, an example in patient waiting, while its author takes a tour of reflection among such topics as marriage, divorce and alimony. Nevertheless, by the time the last chapter is reached, the story has arrived and we find happily in its conclusion a rebuttal in full of what seems in the earlier portions of the book to be an argument favoring the proposition that marriage is a menace to a man with a way to make.

Five payers of alimony and one ostensible young woman-hater sail away from New York, in Mr. Sousa's book, bound for the Kueguelen Islands, where a transit of Venus is to be observed, as the plans go, by an American scientist. The plans miscarry. The scientist falls ill. In his place appears Miranda Bradley, aged about twenty-two, who also knows something about transits and observations. The expedition thereupon becomes a floating charm school and every devotee to alimomial bliss is converted from the error of his notion. For the woman-hater, the voyage becomes an idyll.

There are, of course, trimmings to this story. Mr. Sousa reveals, as he writes along, unsuspected qualities of humor and whimsicality. "The Transit of Venus" offers indeed a curious and pleasantly informal hour in the company of a great bandmaster's lightly straying thoughts.

ENQUIRER,

Cincinnati, OHIO, MAR 6 - 1920

Alimony Club Plays Part.

John Philip Sousa's fame will rest upon his musical compositions, not

upon his literary ones. Indeed, if it were not for the popularity of his marches it is doubtful if a publisher could be found for his novels. His new book, "The Transit of Venus," is possibly a trifle better than "The Fifth String."

It concerns Edward Stoneman, a young man who made himself a millionaire almost over night.

In order to recuperate from his financial cares he sailed for the South seas in company with a group of members of the Alimony Club and a beautiful girl who is a trained astronomer at the age of 22. The young woman is not only wise but witty, and soon has the seasoned grass widowers, as well as the young bachelor, at her feet. The ending is not unexpected.

Small, Maynard & Company, Bos-

from Republican

Springfield, Mas.

FEB 19 1920

SOUSA AS NOVELIST

A Cargo of Woman-Haters "Converted" in "The Transit of Venus"

John Philip Sousa in his novel, "The Transit of Venus" (Small, Maynard & Co, Boston), uses the time-worn theme of the rich and idle son who makes good because his father's purse-strings are drawn taut, but gives them a twist often that is new and entertaining. The bandmaster digresses often during the story to inject into situations some of his own philosophy of life, and treats with ungloved hands the woman-haters who are prone to recite to any interested audience their abhorrence of all womankind, simply because they have been placed in the alimony-paying category of the sterner sex. Wit and apt quotations help to make the book.

The principal love affair moves listlessly on to an abrupt but usual ending, while the transit of Venus, if taken literally, plays but small part in the story. Metaphorically, the transit of Venus describes the sweep across the hearts of the "Alimony club" members during a voyage

which they set upon to evade women for a stated period. Venus, in the person of a young woman scientist, who smuggles herself aboard the ship carrying the woman-haters, proves irresistible to these men and their ideas undergo a marked change. The rich son, the only nonmember of the club, finally wins the Venus and, having violated his father's mandate, cuts the purse-strings.

EVENING NEWS,

Buffalo, N. Y.

Friendly Chats About Worth While Things in World of Books

Sousa's New Book.

John Philip Sousa is represented on the Spring list of Small, Maynard & Company, by his third novel, "The Transit of Venus," which is described by the publishers as "a social satire." Incidentally, he makes known to his readers the romantic Kerguelen Island, that little known land in the Indian Ocean, midway between Australia and Africa, which when first discovered in 1772, was thought to be the great southern continent. Captain Cook named it the Land of Desolation which deterred later voyagers from visiting it for more than a century. It is now a valuable center for whale fisheries and raising sheep as well as for the sport of shooting the sea elephant, a diversion that plays an important part in Mr. Sousa's novel.

Match King Makes Words March

To the public in general the name of John Philip Sousa suggests music, especially rattling good marches and other band music, yet the well-known bandmaster is far from being unknown in the literary world, having written a number of worth-while novels to which he now has added another, "The Transit of Venus," which, for real wit and shrewd observation, offers much of interest to its readers as well as carrying a romance of a somewhat unusual nature. Starting with a typical "rich man's son" and weaving into his story a would-be prima-donna in the person of a music student, a group of divorced husbands who constitute the five remaining charter members of an Alimony Club, an expedition to eastern waters for observation of a really astronomical transit of Venus in which a woman astronomer takes the place of the expected male astronomical expert, the author creates amusing and interesting situations affording opportunity for wide range of comment, sarcasm, epigrammatic expression and philosophy which make his tale one of literary merit as well as of sustained interest. It would be impossible, in brief compass, to cite more than a few instances of the author's commentary on some phases of modern life, but a few afford an insight into his keen perception and method of treatment of certain up-to-date conditions.

For instance, in a discussion of responsibilities between the rich father and spendthrift son, the young man outlines something of his point of view in the following:

"I am your son because you wanted me, but you are not my father because I wanted you. . . . You are responsible for my being on earth—I didn't ask you to be my father. Had I been consulted, I would have remained unborn.

"The little stranger comes, indifferent to its surroundings; has ears that look best if pinned back, eyes like gimlet-holes and yells like a Comanche. . . . Baby doesn't give a continental about his progenitors; Papa and Mama wanted Baby; Papa and Mama Own Baby; Papa and Mama blow about Baby; Baby isn't blowing about Papa and Mama."

Then again, in a digression upon what the poet terms "Home, Sweet Home," the author considers some of the possible disadvantages, not alone of the home, but of the inn or hotel and also of the club. Treating of home as it might be, he says:

"The husband must assume the entire cost of keeping it on the map, though it may be shared by an obnoxious mother in law, an asthmatic aunt, a garrulous sister in law, a trombone-blowing son, a piano-thumping daughter, to say nothing of an hysterical and nagging wife."

Turning then to the seamy side of life in the inn, he writes:

"One may be disturbed at the midnight hour by the convivial dissonance of an all-agreeing party vociferating that 'we won't go home until morning,' or, being fastidious, one might be made unhappy on noticing one's opposite at the breakfast table drawing breath and coffee from a saucer, or one may lose his love for pure melody by hearing from the next table its occupant vocalizing his consommé, or, horror of horrors, one may shake and shudder at the spectacle of

the very stout man who wears his napkin as a lung protector, picking his teeth with a fork while waiting for the third helping of plum pudding."

With these disagreeable possibilities in evidence the author turns to the club as a possible haven of comfort with the query, "Where, Oh, where can man turn?" and replies "To a club, of course," and reasons thus:

"A home is at the best a penalty of marriage; an inn the penalty of not having a home; a club man's offering to man. . . . A community of interest brings men together to discuss, to console, to elevate, to consult, to agree. Hence the popularity of clubs. No member owns the club and no member financially profits through his membership. . . . The banner of brotherhood waves over every clubhouse."

Everybody is more or less interested, because of the recent war, in the hyphen and hyphenate and the author finds occasion to soliloquize, in the person of one of his characters, on this subject, a portion of the treatment of this subject being as follows:

"The hyphen is the marriage license of punctuation. Without it, names, titles and conditions lose grandeur. . . . The hyphen gradually outlived its use in the Old World, but has become much in evidence in our land of the free and home of the brave. . . . We have German-Americans, Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans, and so on ad infinitum. Of course, we know the term is a figment of the imagination. It suggests, 'One could be happy with either were t'other dear charmer away,' an impracticable dual patriotism, a hide-bound grouping, a fable."

Dinners, or banquets, also come in for a touch of philosophy, and the author perpetrates a really satisfactory analysis of them when he writes:

"We speak of institutions, events and functions, but how completely a dinner can be listed under these three heads. A diplomatic dinner may change the destiny of a nation—that is an event. As an institution it is as necessary for the cannibal who asks for a second helping of missionary as for the Emperor who asks for a second helping of mutton; as a function, it brings congenial souls together and is the distributing center of one half of all the stories of the world, besides exercising the inventive skill of the chef."

Here and there throughout the text appear sentences of an epigrammatic type, but none, perhaps, is more comprehensive than the following embodied in a discussion on religious and sectarian matters:

"Churches are the trolley lines—if 50 ran from New York to Boston, the destination of all would be Boston; so it is with the churches. Their terminal is Heaven."

Summing up, the book, as a whole, afford the reader a measure of satisfaction and agreeable reminiscence as he turns and completes the last page, not alone because of its having furnished an interesting tale for a few hours of reading, but also because of the manner in which the author has given his readers something to think about.

M.

"THE TRANSIT OF VENUS." By John Philip Sousa; Small, Maynard & Co. Boston.

rom Post

Boston, Mass.

FEB 7- 1920

"The Transit of Venus" (Small, Maynard), by John Philip Sousa, was evidently written because the musician-novelist wanted to say a good many things about a good many subjects. There are enough platitudes in it about love, patriotism, education and scores of other subjects to make an anthology. Now and then the conversation languishes and one comes across the plot, which takes the talkers as far south as barren Kerguelen Island, where the sea elephants waddle about on the beach.

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FREE PRESS

ss: Detroit, Mich.

FEB 21 1920

"The Transit of Venus."—John Philip Sousa.

The latest opus of this composer—the third, we believe—is a very light satirical novel. An interesting bit is told of Kerguelen Island in the Indian ocean, midway between Australia and Africa, which, when first discovered in 1772, was thought by the discoverer to be the Southern Continent, but upon his re-visiting the land in 1774 was named by him Desolation Land on account of the barrenness of the island. It is now a center for whale fisheries and the sport of shooting the sea elephant, a diversion that plays an important part in the story. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.)

EXPRESS

ss: Buffalo, N. Y.

FEB 15 1920

pany.)

A mildly entertaining story will be found in John Philip Sousa's "The Transit of Venus," published by Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston. It is a bit cynical and a bit satirical—a love story with a farcical setting.

rom North American

Philadelphia, Pa.

JAN 24 1920

Small, Maynard & Co. are reissuing this month "A Message to the Middle Class," by Seymour Deming. This firm will print the third novel of John Philip Sousa in the spring, "The Transit of Venus," a social satire.

Romance by the **March King.**

John Philip Sousa is represented on the spring fiction list by his third novel, "The Transit of Venus" (Small, Maynard & Co.), which is described by the publishers as "a social satire." Incidentally he makes known to his readers the romantic Kerguelen Island, that little known land in the Indian Ocean midway between Australia and Africa, which when first discovered in 1772 was thought to be the great southern continent. Capt. Cook named it the Land of Desolation, which deterred later voyagers from visiting it for more than a century. It is now a valuable centre for whale fisheries and raising sheep as well as for the sport of shooting the sea elephant, a diversion that plays an important part in Mr. Sousa's novel.



John Philip Sousa, author of "The Transit of Venus" (Small, Maynard & Co.).

The Cure for the Nagging Wife Or the "Lordful" Husband Is To Practise Auricular Fatigue

Says John Philip Sousa.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

HAVE you married man's auricular fatigue?

It is the latest method of procuring painless matrimony. Or perhaps it is only a new name—John Philip Sousa's name—for an ancient disease more widespread than the "flu." In "The Transit of Venus," the last of a series of widely popular novels which America's greatest band conductor dashes off in the odd moments when he is not composing or leading patriotic melodies, Mr. Sousa diagnoses married man's auricular fatigue and explains its advantages.



"It is," he says, "a common ailment with married men after the first, fifth and tenth years of married life. In the first stage the husband's ear grows weary while his wife is talking. Then that symptom disappears and he loses his ability to hear his wife. Such expressions common to her, as 'Brute!' 'I won't stand

for it!' 'Why did I ever marry you?' make a fainter and fainter impression upon the tympanum and finally become quite inaudible. Knowing what to expect from the resources of an emphatic but comparatively limited vocabulary, the married man doesn't allow his mind to concentrate on his ears while his wife is talking, just as the boiler-maker becomes oblivious to the sound of his riveter and the dweller next to an elevated railroad comes to ignore it. Lack of concentration is the analgesic which eliminates all the noises of the world—including a nagging woman."

"Of course I believe in marriage!" warmly exclaims Mr. Sousa, with a twinkle in his shrewd little eyes and a decisive nod of the head set so squarely on his broad shoulders. "I believe in early marriages—I believe in 'em so much that I was married when I was twenty-three and my wife was a school girl, and I've been exceedingly happy. Yet is there anything which smooths out life more

the woman whose husband makes a business of censoring her dress, of warning her, conscientiously, when her skirt is too short or her evening gown too décolleté."

"Men," Mr. Sousa agreed with refreshing candor, "are such hypocrites in these matters. Any man with red blood in his veins likes to see a trim ankle under a short skirt. Yet the very get-up he will admire on a woman he passes in the street will be criticised by him if he goes home and finds his wife wearing a similar style."

"Also," I pointed out, "every wife gets a strongly developed case of auricular fatigue when her husband attempts to tell her how much better he could manage the servants if he were running things."

Again Mr. Sousa grinned—and confessed.

"I tried that once," he said. "It was in the case of a maid who never had breakfast on time. 'You talk to her too much,' I told my wife. 'What she needs is a brief but firm ultimatum.' 'Try it,' my wife answered. So the next morning I came downstairs to find breakfast late again, and I said, 'Mary, either you will have breakfast ready to serve at 8 or the next time it isn't ready you will leave. If you don't like it, you may leave now.'"

"I will leave now," she said. "If you'll give me my money. We owed her only a few dollars, but when I put my hand in my pocket I found



WIZARD OF TONES BOOSTS DEAFNESS

Sousa Suggests Cultivation of Auricular Fatigue by Husbands.

SAYS HE'S NOT CYNIC.

Declares His Married Life Has Been Happy, but Still He Has Theories.

By MARGUERITE MOERS MARSHALL.

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"It is," he says, "a common ailment with married men after the first, fifth and tenth years of married life. In the first stage the husband's ears grow weary while his wife is talking. Then that symptom disappears and he loses his ability to hear his wife. Such expressions common to her, as 'Brute!' 'I won't stand for it!' 'Why did I ever marry you?' make a fainter and fainter impression upon the tympanum and finally become quite inaudible. Knowing what to expect from the resources of an emphatic but comparatively limited vocabulary, the married man doesn't allow his mind to concentrate on his ears while his wife is talking, just as the boiler-maker becomes oblivious to the sound of his riveter and the dweller next to an elevated railroad comes to ignore it. Lack of concentration is the analgesic which eliminates all the noises of the world—including a nagging woman."

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thing which would set life more for the average husband or wife than a well-developed case of auricular fatigue?

"Most people talk too much, you know. Parents talk too much at their children, and the youngsters in self-defense cultivate their auricular fatigue before they're grown. Politicians talk too much, and so do uplifters and anybody with a bee in his silk hat or her bonnet. The only defense of the listeners—I'm one of the best little listeners in the world, by the way—is amiable, tolerant, auricular fatigue.

"The first time a man and his wife have a little difficulty and she exclaims, 'Why did I ever marry you? I can't stand it another moment'—the man gets excited and nervous and fighting mad himself. But do you think he is affected in the same way the tenth time he hears those words? Of course not—and it's lucky he isn't! His nerves could never stand the strain.

"Self-preservation also demands that he should cultivate auricular fatigue as regards certain expenditures. When he has heard just so often the request for a new car, or for a place on Long Island, he learns to concentrate on something else besides his ears, while his wife is talking on these topics."

"But you mustn't think," I interrupted Mr. Sousa at this point, "that all the auricular fatigue of matrimony is monopolized by men. There is no other refuge, I assure you, for the woman whose husband makes a business of censoring her dress, of warning her, conscientiously, when her skirt is too short or her evening gown too décolleté."

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"I will leave now," she said, "if you'll give me my money." We owed her only a few dollars, but when I put my hand in my pocket I found nothing smaller than a \$20-bill. 'Take that out and get it changed,' I said. And that's the last I ever saw of the bill or Mary. So I stopped telling my wife how to treat the servants.

"No man," Mr. Sousa answered another question which the numerous epigrams in his book had suggested to me, "is in his heart of hearts a cynic about women. Or else the most critical and savage divorced man is a letter for punishment for

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
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HERALD

Chicago, Ill. MAR 14 1920

"The Transit of Venus," by John Phillip Sousa (Small-Maynard), is a sample of how much a famous man can get away with. It's about a sweet young feminine astronomer of 22 being wooed by five masculine remnants of divorce. That's the theme, and as for the matter—if any secretary ever wrote as poorly, she deserves shooting at moonrise.

Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

date JUN - 5 1920 D

SOUSA'S NEW STORY

John Phillip Sousa's publishers say he has written more than one novel, but we do not remember having read any of them, until this one, "The Transit of Venus" (Small, Maynard & Company), came within our ken, and then we realized that he marched himself resolutely into fiction with that same elan that he has shown in his popular musical composition. "The Transit of Venus" is a quick-stepping display of wit. Man has long since insisted on the manner in which he must indulge in soup, or eat peas and that he must not engage in conversation when his mouth is full of food, but no one, neither him nor some Olympian god for him, has ever illuminated any particular way a lover should propose to a girl. He usually goes at it the best way he can, and on the spur of the moment. That is precisely what this novel tries to illustrate. It is satirical enough to be called a treatise on truth, and sufficiently bright to be characterized as the soul of wit. Miranda plays the deuce with the riviving emaciated hearts of the strange quintet.

From COURANT

Hartford, Conn.

MAY 16 1920

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS" by John Phillip Sousa (Small, Maynard & Co.)

The famous musician and composer and band-leader has written a novel, not his first either, which strikes us as rather stilted, tedious and dull, with here and there a few interesting bits that are, however, more in the nature of interludes than an integral part of the story. The dialogue is often unnatural and artificial, while the plot does not flow along easily. Reflecting the musician are many paragraphs of peculiar interest, one of which is as follows:—

"I didn't know you knew anything about music and musicians."

"I don't know much, but I do happen to remember from a course I took on the history of music in college that Beethoven's father was a drunken tenor singer, whose name appeared oftener on the police blotter than on musical programs. Berlioz's father was a physician; Chopin's, a captain of the national guard; Gluck's, a gun-bearer to the Prince of Savoy; Gounods, a painter; Handel's, a barber; Haydn's, a wheelwright; Mendelssohn's, a banker, and also Meyerbeer's; Mozart's, a lawyer; Rossini's, an inspector of slaughter-houses; Schubert's, a schoolmaster; Schumann's, a bookseller; Verdi's, a grocer; Wagner's a government clerk. The only exception in the array of musical geniuses are the Bachs and Webers. Their families were musical, but lots of them lived in the reflected glory of the one great genius of the name."

FROM

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

"The Transit of Venus." By John Phillip Sousa. Illustrated by Helen Bell. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

John Phillip Sousa, in addition to his success as a composer of music and leader of an orchestra, has written a number of novels, distinguished for real wit and shrewd observation. In "The Transit of Venus" he has given us a charming love story of unusual flavor, combined with brilliant, penetrating criticisms of life in a strange setting.

GAZETTE TIMES

Address: Pittsburgh, Pa.

5 APR 5 - 1920

The Transit of Venus, by John Philip Sousa, (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston).

A charming love story of unusual flavor, combined with brilliant and penetrating criticism of life, in a strange setting. The book is distinguished for its real wit and shrewd observation. Edward Stoneman, because of his mode of extravagant living, is taken to task by his father, who convinces him that he has no right to spend his father's money unless he shares with him his views and should not perpetuate certain tendencies in the future generation. The son decides never to marry and becomes successful in business. After several years young Stoneman with five members of the Alimony Club engage passage on the Southern Cross, which is fitted out for an expedition to the Kerguelan Islands to

study the transit of Venus. At the last minute the captain's niece, Miranda Bradley, comes aboard the boat and all the men fall in love with her. The race for her hand finally dwindles to Stoneman and Curlip. After Miranda saves Stoneman's life and he in turn saves her papers and photographs of the transit from being stolen he wires his father that his views of heredity are wrong.

GLOBE DEMOCRAT

Address: St. Louis, Mo.

MAR 2

"The Transit of Venus," by John Philip Sousa.

Friends of the well-known musician may not know that he has several novels to his credit and this one has a delightfully original plot. Five members of the Alimony Club were on their way to see the transit of Venus, having an understanding with the master of the ship that no woman was to be allowed on board. The first day out a woman appeared, who had to take a scientist's place at the last moment. Of course, they all fall in love with her, including a young man not eligible to the club, who was not married and had intended never to marry. He changed his mind after the "transit of Venus." The actual transit "of the little black disc we call Venus" was dismissed in a couple of sentences. One way in which the hero was a little different from other heroes was that he paid his father every cent he had spent upon him by check in the letter, in which he announced his engagement and coming marriage, to which he invited the old man. The story is full of amusing situations and is clever and entertaining.

(Small, Maynard & Co.)

FROM AUG 2 1920 A

Kansas City Mo

GENIUS FROM LOWLY ORIGIN.

Fathers of Great Composers Were Not Distinguished.

In his recent novel, "The Transit of Venus" (Small, Maynard & Co.), John Philip Sousa puts into the mouth of his hero, Edward Stoneman, what we may assume is the musician's own opinion of the transmission of genius from generation to generation.

"Nature does not transmit genius from father to son," Stoneman declares. "Dryden gives it in this manner: 'Genius is the gift of Nature.' It depends on the influence of the stars," says the astrologer. "On the organs of the body," says the naturalist. "It is the particular gift of heaven," says the divine."

Citing examples among great musicians, Stoneman continues: "Beethoven's father was a drunken tenor singer, whose name appeared oftener on the police blotter than on musical programs. Berlioz's father was a physician; Chopin's, a captain of the national guard; Gluck's, a gun bearer to the prince of Savoy; Gounod's, a painter; Handel's, a barber; Haydn's, a wheelwright; Mendelssohn's, a banker, and also Meyerbeer's; Mozart's, a lawyer; Rossini's, an inspector of slaughter houses; Schubert's, a schoolmaster; Schumann's, a bookseller; Verdi's, a grocer; Wagner's, a government clerk.

"The only exception in the array of musical geniuses are the Bachs and the Webers. Their families were musical but lots of them lived in the reflected glory of the one great genius of the name.

"In the case of these great men, who in turn became fathers, their progeny showed no greater sign of musical greatness than their progenitor's."

From Musical Leader - 9 1920 Chicago, Ill.

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Address: New Orleans, La.

AUG 24

Great Musical Genius May Come from Lowly Origin

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New Postmaster Appointed.
Indianola, Miss., Aug. 23.—W. Heslip received his appointment today as postmaster at this place.

from
Musical Leader
Chicago, Ill.

SOUSA ON AURICULAR FATIGUE

Have you married man's auricular fatigue? It is the latest method of procuring painless matrimony, Marguerite Mooers Marshall writes in the Seattle "Post-Intelligencer." Or perhaps it is only a new name—John Philip Sousa's name—for an ancient disease more widespread than the "flu." In "The Transit of Venus," the last of a series of widely popular novels which America's greatest band conductor dashes off in the odd moments when he is not composing or leading patriotic melodies, Mr. Sousa diagnoses married man's auricular fatigue and explains its advantages.

"It is," he says, "a common ailment with married men after the first, fifth and tenth years of married life. In the first stage the husband's ears grow weary while his wife is talking. Then that symptom disappears and he loses his ability to hear his wife. Such expressions common to her as 'Brute!' 'I won't stand for it!' 'Why did I ever marry you?' make a fainter and fainter impression upon the tympanum and finally become quite inaudible. Knowing what to expect from the resources of an emphatic but comparatively limited vocabulary, the married man doesn't allow his mind to concentrate on his ears while his wife is talking, just as the boiler-maker becomes oblivious to the sound of his riveter and the dweller next to an elevated railroad comes to ignore it. Lack of concentration is the analgesic which eliminates all the noises of the world—including a nagging woman."

"Of course I believe in marriage!" warmly exclaims Mr. Sousa, with a twinkle in his shrewd little eyes and a decisive nod of the head set so squarely on his broad shoulders. "I believe in early marriages—I believe in 'em so much that I was married when I was twenty-three and my wife was a school girl, and I've been exceedingly happy. Yet is there anything which smooths out life more for the average husband or wife than a well-developed case of auricular fatigue? Most people talk too much, you know. Parents talk too much at their children, and the youngsters in self-defense cultivate their auricular fatigue before they're grown. Politicians talk too much, and so do uplifters

and anybody with a bee in his silk hat or her bonnet. The only defense of the listeners—I'm one of the best little listeners in the world, by the way—is amiable, tolerant, auricular fatigue.

"The first time a man and his wife have a little difficulty and she exclaims, 'Why did I ever marry you?' the man gets excited and nervous and fighting mad himself. But do you think he is affected in the same way the tenth time he hears those words? Of course not—and it's lucky he isn't. His nerves could never stand the strain. Self-preservation also demands that he should cultivate auricular fatigue as regards certain expenditures. When he has heard just so often the request for a new car or for a place on Long Island, he learns to concentrate on something else besides his ears while his wife is talking on these topics."

"But you mustn't think," I interrupted Mr. Sousa at this point, "that all the auricular fatigue of matrimony is monopolized by men. There is no other refuge, I assure you, for the woman whose husband makes a business of censoring her dress, of warning her, conscientiously, when her skirt is too short or her evening gown too décolleté."

"Men," Mr. Sousa argeed with refreshing candor, "are such hypocrites in these matters. Any man with red blood in his veins likes to see a trim ankle under a short skirt. Yet the very get-up he will admire on a woman he passes in the street will be criticised by him if he goes home and finds his wife wearing a similar style."

"Also," I pointed out, "every wife gets a strongly developed case of auricular fatigue when her husband attempts to tell her how much better he could manage the servants if he were running things."

Again Mr. Sousa grinned—and confessed. "I tried that once," he said. "It was in the case of a maid who never had breakfast on time. 'You talk to her too much,' I told my wife. 'What she needs is a brief but firm ultimatum.' 'Try it,' my wife answered. So the next morning I came downstairs to find break-

fast late again, and I said, 'Mary, either you will have breakfast ready to serve at 8 or the next time it isn't ready you will leave. If you don't like it, you may leave now.' 'I will leave now,' she said, 'if you'll give me my money.' We owed her only a few dollars, but when I put my hand in my pocket I found nothing smaller than a \$20 bill. 'Take that out and get it changed,' I said. And that's the last I ever saw of the bill or Mary. So I stopped telling my wife how to treat the servants.

"No man," Mr. Sousa answered another question which the numerous epigrams in his book had suggested to me, "is in his heart of hearts a cynic about women. Or else the most critical and savage divorced man is a regular glutton for punishment, for he invariably marries again. As my heroine observes, far from being a woman-hater, he must have an unlimited reservoir of love in his makeup and a faith in womankind overwhelming in its simplicity."

REVIEWS AND NEW MUSIC

BOOKS

SMALL, MAYNARD &
COMPANY, BOSTON

"The Transit of Venus," by John Philip Sousa

Lieutenant Sousa, bandmaster, composer of world famous marches, comic operas, also sportsman, as well as author of "The Fifth String," "Pipetown Sandy" and "Through the Year with Sousa," seems to find additional time to pursue literary paths. The genial composer-bandmaster-dead-shoot has surely been mingling with the Alimony Club, to judge by this novel, which has to do with six men, five of them payers of alimony, and a girl.

Young Stoneman is the son of a New York millionaire who pays devoted attention to a young woman whose "heavenly endowed" voice causes the separation of the father from the family that her gifts may be cultivated in Europe. Says the observing Sousa: "It is difficult to realize why father and mother should live apart in the middle age of their existence so that their daughter may make a success as a singer. Father butchered to make a prima-donnica star, hermitized in the complexities of solitaire—an offering on the Altar of Art!" This girl was deep chested and ample of hip, excellent qualifications for a singer or swimmer. Stoneman gives a grand party in her honor, and Dad Stoneman arrives next day, is horrified at the size of the bill, \$7,080, and refuses to pay it. Argument ensues between them, in which the father convinces the son that the only way to avoid the mistakes brought about by matrimony is not to marry. . . . Stoneman says: "My father, when he vocalizes 'The Battle of Bunker Hill,' emits a rhythmic procession of squawks that would make a peacock die of envy." This young spender gives up his do-nothing life and attends to "biz," until in four years he has as many millions, and is "arrested" by Father Nature, who commands him to cease work, so he secures passage on his former yacht, the Southern Cross, now being fitted out for an astronomical expedition, to observe the transit of Venus. The author makes observations of his own regarding a home, saying the husband assumes the entire cast of keeping it on the map, although it may be shared by an obnoxious mother-in-law, an asthmatic aunt, a garrulous sister-in-law, a trombone-playing son, a piano-thumping daughter, to say nothing of an hysterical and nagging wife. At an inn, however, one may lose his love for pure melody by hearing the man at the next table "vocalizing" his consommé. The clubs all have their raison-d'être; the "Double Bass Violin Club" is subject to such sallies as "See de man wid de dog house." So that five men, all alimonists, got up a club, with this motto: "Woman, Nature's blunder. She could be heaven, but elects to be hell." They go to sea, with Barstairs, a member of the club, "who, if he had been wounded, would probably have trailed more sawdust than blood." They all pretend to hate women, and are horrified when the captain tells them there is a woman on board, something strictly forbidden in the articles of shipping. This woman is the captain's niece, who has smuggled herself aboard to take the place of a relative who died suddenly, and who was to have been the astronomical scientist. It is voted, however, that she may remain until their arrival on the other side, when a man is to be engaged. The captain assures the five alimonists that she is a quiet, well behaved woman, engrossed in her studies and work, and she is duly introduced. . . . There stood a girl, not over twenty-two, beautiful in the poise of her head, the set of her shoulders, in the chestnut glint of her hair and the quiet gray of her eyes, in the loveliness of her complexion, her nose, her mouth, slender figure, dainty hands and feet . . . the six men stood popeyed. Silence at the dinner. . . . Tales of women's faults are heard. Miranda, the young woman, mentions the ear-piercing quack-quack of the female decoy calling down from the air the food hunting duck, contrasting it with the almost inaudible quick-quick of the drake. (Observations showing Sousa the duck hunter!) The various men duly fall in love with Miranda, beg her company for walks on the deck, . . . all but Stoneman, who keeps shy. He observes: "You fellows make me tired; you rant and roar about a woman, but I'll bet every kiss you ever got you had to steal or buy." The men tell her of their experiences. One of the alimonists says his wife was, as her lawyer explained at the trial, "inefficiently equipped to perceive the various odoriferous effluvia." Coming home at 4 a. m., his wife told him he smelled like a brewery, which vastly insulted him. "Charge me with the odors of the distillery, if it

pleases, or the bouquet of the wine press, but withdraw the brewery." She withdrew nothing, and there was divorce. One of the men told of his great-grandfather's fighting in the "Battle of Brandwine," whereupon the lady retorted he probably did so because the name attracted him. Soon the captain reports he has engaged a male scientist by wireless, whereupon there is general rebellion among the men. They remind him that this expedition was to be absolutely American, that no European should handle the scientific end, and raise such a howl, and such a purse, as makes possible the cancellation of the new arrangement. At this stage of affairs Miss Miranda's daily diary is informing. . . . He is a shrewd man, and like men of fifty, combines the emotions of youth with the experience of age." . . . One of the men tells her "women are like Kentucky whiskeys: some are better than others, but all are good." One of the men proposed to her, but she will have none of him. Soon they are in the land of the Southern Cross, and young Stoneman is alone on deck when she faces him. They talk of all manner of things. "Even song writers know the value of mother. Love and mother are perennial subjects; the publishers with an eye on the commercial side do all they can to boost love and boost mother." "An atheist; he invites a starving man to leave his dinner, and come out and starve with him." Soon they reach the equator, have a grand party to celebrate the event; hilarity prevails, and Miranda as Amphitrite won all hearts. There was gift-giving, and Cape Town was reached. Curlip, one of the six, talks with our heroine. "How one remembers one's first kiss; it might be the poorest kiss one ever received, but you remember it, because it was the first." They all go out to hunt the sea elephant, and an accident causes Stoneman to fall within ten feet of a monster. Barstairs fire at the animal, and Miranda stands almost paralyzed. The shot enrages the monster, who got after and wounded Stoneman, when Miranda manages to end the beast with rifle shot. She takes care of the wounded Stoneman. Various conversations ensue. Miranda says: "We are much like the preacher who sent his hat around the congregation for contributions, and when it came back empty he offered a prayer of thanksgiving for its safe return." They sail along, having duly observed the transit, take on coal, Stoneman recovers, and they arrive at Cairo, where they hear "Aida." Nancy Burroughs, Stoneman's girl at the beginning of this tale, turns out to be the Aida. They ask if she sings the following day, when she replies, "No, that is day off. I have days off just like any other hired girl. She tells of her life. . . . A would-be sneak thief almost gets the valuable negatives, with pictures of the transit of Venus, from Miranda's room, but Stoneman arrests him. . . . Now what happens? Here is Miranda, the beautiful, the savior of his life, and Nancy, the opera singer about to appear at the Metropolitan Opera House. Will does Stoneman marry? Get Sousa's book, so full of colorful incidents, up to date in language of the modern sort, find out!
F. W.