"THE TRANSIT OF VENUS"

A Novel

By John Philip Sousa.

"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.
A Social Satire.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS. A Novel
By John Philip Sousa. 12mo, cloth; illustrated; $1.50, net. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Mr. Sousa’s last novel is delightfully satirical, based as it is on the roughness of a quintette who appear proud of their membership in the “Alimony Club.” Nine divorces belong 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 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 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 was first discovered in 1772. It 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.

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 diversions take place, full of quotations and wisdom about the fair sex, in which Miranda Bradley, the astronomer, joins with scientific views. Each tells, like Scherazade of the 1001 Nights, his own mental annals, and this latest work is fittingly of wit and humor with no little criticism of mathematics, we recommend “The Transit of Venus” by John Philip Sousa.

Mr. Sousa is 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 ranged through neighbors’ victrolas for many years gone, wrote novels. On the basis of “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 anecdotes, it is a real treat. For those who like to sit and read they will find in Mr. Sousa’s novel a love story of unique type, unique setting, and unique characters, it is a real treat. For those who like to sit and read they will find in Mr. Sousa’s novel a love story of unique type, unique setting, and unique characters, it is a real treat.
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. At least, as it were, just around the corner of each chapter, an example in patient waiting, while its author takes a tour of reflection and 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 oneiman woman-hater sail away from new York, in Mr. Sousa's book, bound for the Kerguelen Islands, where a transit of Venus is to be observed, as the plans go, by an American scientist. The place is inhabited by a scientist, fails ill. In place of a scientist 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 alimony blithely 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.

Alimony Club Plays Part.

John Philip Sousa's name 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 novel. His new book, "The Transit of Venus," is possibly a trifle better than "The Fifth String.

It is Julian Edward Stenman, a young man who made himself a millionaire almost over night. In order to recuperate from his financial cares he sailed for the South Sea in company with a group of widows of the Alimony Club and a beautiful girl who is a trained astronomer at the age of 22. The young woman is not only beautiful and witty but wins the hearts of the seasoned grass-widowers, as well as the young bachelor, at her feet. The ending is not unexpected.

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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 sealing ships, as well as for the sport of shooting the sea-elephant, a divinon that plays an important part Mr. Sousa's novel.
To the public in general the name of John Philip Sousa suggests music, especially rattleing 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 in 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 Allimony 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 hear best if pinned back, eyes like gimlet-holes and yells like a Comanche. . . . Baby doesn't give a continental about his progenitors: Papa and Mamma wanted Baby; Papa and Mamma Own Baby; Papa and Mamma blow about Baby; Baby isn't blowing about Papa and Mamma." 

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 weight 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, atransvestite brother, a piano-thumping daughter, to say nothing of an hysterical and nagging wife."

"The husband must assume the entire weight 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 transvestite brother, a piano-thumping daughter, to say nothing of an hysterical and nagging wife." 

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

"One may be disturbed at the midnight hour by the convivial din of an all-appearing party voicing 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 sentiments, or, horror of horrors, one may shake and shudder at the spectacle of the very slow 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?" "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, too; the club, to console, to elevate, to consult, to agree. Hence the popularity of clubs. No member owns the club and no member financially profiteers through his membership, . . . The banner of brotherhood waves over every club-house."

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

"The hyphen is the marriage license of punctuation. Without it, sentences and 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 'tother dear charmer away,' an imitable 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 mutton as the Emperor who asks for a second helping of mutton, as a function, it brings congenial souls and in the distributing cent. of one half of all the stories of the world, besides exercising the inventie 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 so ran from New York to Boston, the destination of all would be Union Station, 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 reminiscences as it turns and completes the last page, not alone because of its humor, but also because of the manner in which the author gives his readers something to think about."

"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.

FREE PRESS

Detroit, Mich.

The latest opus of this composer—the third, we believe—is a very 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 revisiting 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 Mr. Sousa's novel.

EXpress

Buffalo, N. Y.

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.

from North American


Small, Maynard & Co. are releasing this month "A Message to the Middle Classes" by Seymour Dunham. This firm will print the latest novel of John Philip Sousa in the spring, "The Transit of Venus," a social satire.
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 anaesthetic 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 than 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 decollete."

"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 the g深耕 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 little 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..."
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In 'em so much that I was married
a decisive nod of the head set so
warmly exclaims Mr. Sousa, with a

"Of course I believe in marriage!

"Self-preservation also demands
the woman whose husband makes a

"The first time a man and his wife

"Also," I pointed out, "every wife

"But you mustn't think," I inter-

"No man," Mr. Sousa answered an-

"Most people talk too much, you

"The first time a man and his wife

"Of course not—and it's lucky he Isn't

"And that's the last I over saw of

"Just so often the roqueat for a new

"That he should cultivate auricular

"The man gets exited and nervous and

"I can't stand it another moment'—

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"That out and get it changed,' I said.

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

Address: Brooklyn, N.Y.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA'S NEW STORY

John Philip 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 raspberries, or 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 ravishing emaciated hearts of the strange quintet.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

"The Transit of Venus," by John Philip Sousa. Illustrated by Helen Beil. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. John Philip 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, colored with brilliant, penetrating criticism of life in a private setting.

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 Kenyan 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 Curdilp. After Miranda saves Stoneman's life and he in turn saves her papers and photographs of the transit from being stolen, he writes his father that his views of heredity are wrong.

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.)
GENIUS FROM LOWLY ORIGIN

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 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 progenitors."

Great Musical Genius May Come from Lowly Origin

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Musical Leader, Chicago, III.

New Postmaster Appointed.

Indianola, Miss., Aug. 23—W. Heslep received his appointment today as postmaster at this place.
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 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 decolleté."

"Men," Mr. Sousa arged 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 all women he passes in the street will be criticised by him 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."

"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 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 ready to serve at 8 or the next time it isn't, 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."
The Transit of Venus," by John Philip Sousa

Lieutenant Sousa, bandmaster, composer of well-known marches, comic operas, also sportman, 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-shot-survives has brought out a new novel, which has to do with six men, five of them players 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. It forms a difficult problem for the father to realize why father and mother should live apart in the middle age of their existence, so that their daughter may make a show of her vocalizing her consomme. The clubs all have their raison-d'etre; the "Double Bass Violin Club" is subject to such nagging wife. At an inn, however, one may lose his love of Venus. The author makes observations of his own recent stay for pure melody by hearing the man at the next table singing his verses, and 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 fires at the animal, and Miranda stands almost paralyzed. They shot enranges the monster, who got after and wound Stoneman, when Miranda manages to end the beast with rifle shot. She takes care of the wounded man. Various conversations ensue. "We are much like the preacher who sent his hat around the congregations for contributions, and when it came back empty he offered a prayer of thanksgiving for its safe return. They all along, having duly observed the transit, take on coal, Stoneman recovers, and they arrive at Cairo, where they hear "The 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 always gets the valuable negatives, with pictures of the transit 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. We are in the middle of the year of affairs Miss Miranda's daily diary is informing. . . . This girl was deep chested and ample of hip, excellent qualifications for a singer or dancer. . . . From the family that her gifts may be cultivated in Europe. . . . She belongs to the Battle of Bunker Hill, emites a rhythmic procession of squawks that would make a pea-cock die of envy. This young spender gives up his do-nothing life and attempts to "be," but he probably did so because the name attracted him. Soon they are in the laid 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." Stoneman adds that a man may die without his wife.

Pleases, or the bouquet if the wine press, but withdraw the brewery." She withdraws nothing, and there was divorce. One of the men told of his great-grandfather's fighting in the "Battle of Blandwine," 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 purge, 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 whiskies: 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." Stoneman adds that a man may die without his wife.