



A SAD CASE

"There he is, he won't see no one; he lives the excluded and sanitary life of an old-time philosopher, an' all 'cause he was jilted by a girl with Asia eyes an' Albany hair!"

MR. WOOLF AND HIS WAIFS

By Mrs. Hamilton Mott

NO man has ever portrayed with such humor and pathos the sunlight and shadows which play through the lives of the children of the slums as has Mr. M. Woolf. From week to week he has pictured his little waifs in a New York humorous weekly, "Life," and in other papers. Now, the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will know his children. Mr. Woolf will hereafter be a regular contributor to this magazine, and the first five pictures which he has drawn for the JOURNAL are given on this page.

Mr. Woolf draws his little people with a feeling that shows the sure touch of the artist, and of the man in sympathy with his subject. He knows the waifs of the street, their thoughts, hopes and ambitions, as no other man knows them. For years he has talked with them, and lived among them.

That it is but an easy transition from the humorous to the pathetic in this world is apparent in these pictures; but many artists who have attempted to depict sorrow have succeeded in evoking only a smile. Mr. Woolf's ability to infuse that certain something into his drawings, which strikes unerringly a responsive chord in our natures, has seldom been equaled by any delineator of human character. And this great gift, taken in conjunction with his technical skill, places him in the foremost rank of modern illustrators. The drawings for the coming issues of the JOURNAL are, perhaps, of greater range in the selection of types than any of Mr. Woolf's previous compositions.

In comment upon Mr. Woolf's pictures given on this page, "A Moment of Triumph" calls to mind, perhaps, some personal experiences in every one's life when the selfish gratification of vanity has caused one to inflict needless pain upon others. It matters not whether the scene be enacted in rags or whether the actors be clothed in ermine, human suffering is just as poignant, and human victories quite as profitless.



A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH

He—"Do not, oh, do not blast my young life with a refusal!"
She—(Aside gleefully) "Ah, proud Montessor Saint Alban Duffy, have I brought you to my feet at last?"



THE ONLY ELIGIBLE MAN IN THE WARD
(A leap-year sketch)

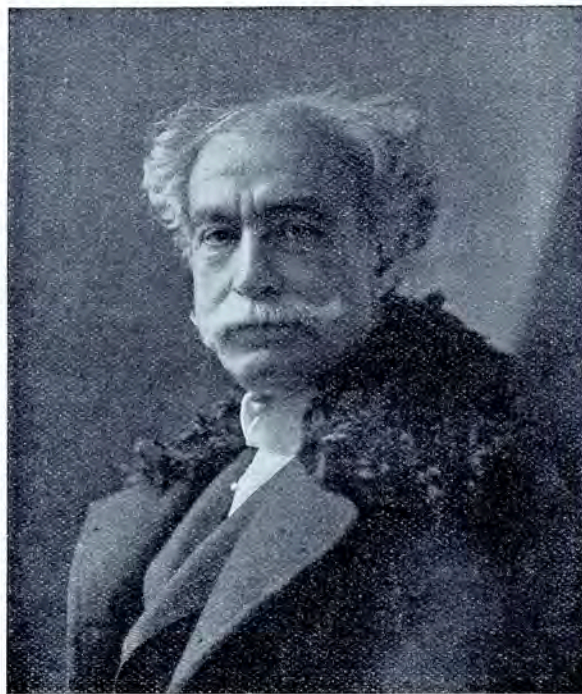
"A Sad Case," while unlikely in its situation, has touched upon a human foible with incisive sarcasm. How many people one meets in life who parade before the eyes of their fellow-beings mental or physical affliction, craving sympathy for themselves, and posing as the victims of undeserved punishment!

"The Only Eligible Man" reminds one of the precocity of the rising generation, and of the hot-house development of the pernicious habits which spring from the environments of the street arab.

The clever interpreter of these children of the streets is an Englishman, who was born in London in 1837. He was brought to America when he was six months old. He early showed his love of art, and studied wood-engraving for seven years. Then he became an illustrator for "Yankee Notions," a paper in vogue some forty years ago. But the stage won him from his work, and for nearly eight years he was an actor, being for some time a member of the Boston Museum Company, as its comedian. But his first love reclaimed him, and he went to Munich and Paris to study painting. Upon returning to America, and finding that his pencil could make for him more money than his brush could, he took up the work of illustration as a life career. His father was an artist



ALONE!



M. WOOLF



and illustrator, and so he came naturally by his talents. His first drawing was for a paper called "The Pick," the picture of a ragged newsboy. This led him to study the waifs of the street, and ever since he has portrayed them, and in a way, as I have said, that no other artist has ever done. His work has aroused sympathy for the little tots of the streets, and many a hand has been lifted for the betterment of their lives through Mr. Woolf's drawings. This is the artist's best reward. To use his own words: "If my little pictures have anywhere awakened a feeling of charity for my little friends I am supremely happy and feel repaid for my work. It has been my constant care to keep in mind the fact that where a blow and ridicule would harden a sensitive nature, tears of pity and sympathy might soften the thorns which have entered the hearts of thousands of the slums."

With these words Mr. Woolf and his work are presented to the readers of the JOURNAL.



ECSTASY

The Lady—"Oh, Harold!"
The Gent—"Oh, Guinevere!"

MR. WOOLF'S LITTLE COMEDIES



Agnes—(Sorrowfully) "That brute belongs to my mother!"
Mary—(Innocently) "Which?"



OH, THE CUNNING OF IT!

Sam—"I thought she was your steady company!"
Eddie—"Hush, don't say a word, I'm a-goin to let him beggar hisself at that ice cream stand, and then I'll step in with a package of chewin' gum I've got in my pocket an' take her right away from him!"



"CUT OUT"

Dame on rock—"Oh, the perfidiousness of man: if nobody else hadn't ha' tole me of it I wouldn't ha' believed it [with contempt], an' she, she the one whose veracity I could ha' swore to, she to ha' did it! Heaven gin me strengt to bear up agin the revelation."



AT SUNSET

Orlando—"Give your sister Em'ly this enwellop', it contains my will; I have left everything to her. [After a painful pause.] To-morrow tell her that you have heard that I have been thrown from my horse—the day after tell her that I'm dead! [With a sigh.] And now farewell, imperialous beauty, farewell!" (Then the dog whined.)



A TEST QUESTION

"Annabel, suppose when we got married we wuz reduced to live on steak an' nothin' else fur a month, would yer still love me?"