

AFTER DEATH—WHAT? By CESARE LOMBROSO.

We sent this book to our undertaker for review, but he only wired back "Rot." Why are undertakers always poets?

[The late Cesare Lombroso was a mattoid and degenerate suffering from paranoiac delusions about "criminal types." He would count the hairs in your moustache, and if you had two more on one side than the other, it showed that you would commit forgery. The authorities once sent him a photograph of a murderer, and he proved that not only was he bound to murder somebody, but to do it in just that special way. By an accident, the photograph was that of a blameless grocer, an Arthur Henry Hallam of grocers.

But he went galumphing on with his monomania, until senile decay supervened, and he became a spiritualist.

Now he is dead, like Max Nordau.—ED.]