

# THE WANDER SHOP of the WORLD

John T. . . . .  
**McCutcheon's**  
**STUDIO**

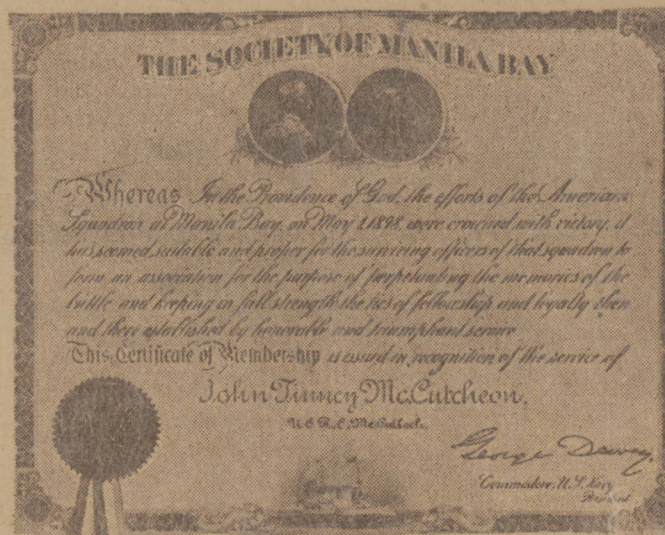


A gay pirate—Mr. McCutcheon in a straw hat which once belonged to a Spanish brigand who was wandering around Gibraltar.

**A** MEETING of the east and west; war and peace side by side; memories of the chase, of travel, of adventures, of bravery. Such is John T. McCutcheon's studio. They say that the famous cartoonist is in love with danger. And that, as much as anything else, describes the avid intensity of his search for new experiences, for new adventures, his varied life, and his fascinating experiences.

There is scarcely a corner of the civilized and surely not a corner of the uncivilized globe that Mr. McCutcheon has not explored. And each corner has rewarded him with a souvenir, a memory, perhaps of danger, perhaps of sentiment, each souvenir with its story. There are animals of every size, sort, and description on the walls. There are weapons and instruments enough to have quelled the Balkan uprising. There are costumes of natives, scanty, but presumably sufficient; flags from scattered nations, passes into hostile countries, pictures, and paintings, and cartoons.

Relics from sacred spots in Persia, Afghanistan, places where few white men ever reach, are strewn about the room. A picture taken at great risk by Mr. McCutcheon of the place where Haroun al Raschid lies buried; strange and weird idols; a certificate of membership in the Society of Manila Bay; a Chinaman's queue—a relic of the Boxer uprising; interesting remembrances of the campaigns during the Boer war, the Spanish-American war, the recent Mexican affair at Vera Cruz—all these are to be found in this wanderer shop. And, of course, more recently than this page was made up, Mr. McCutcheon has added to his collection, helmets and other accoutrements of soldiers, pieces of shrapnel, dum-dum bullets, exploded shell of cannon and other memorabilia from European battlefields he visited as war correspondent and artist for "The Tribune."



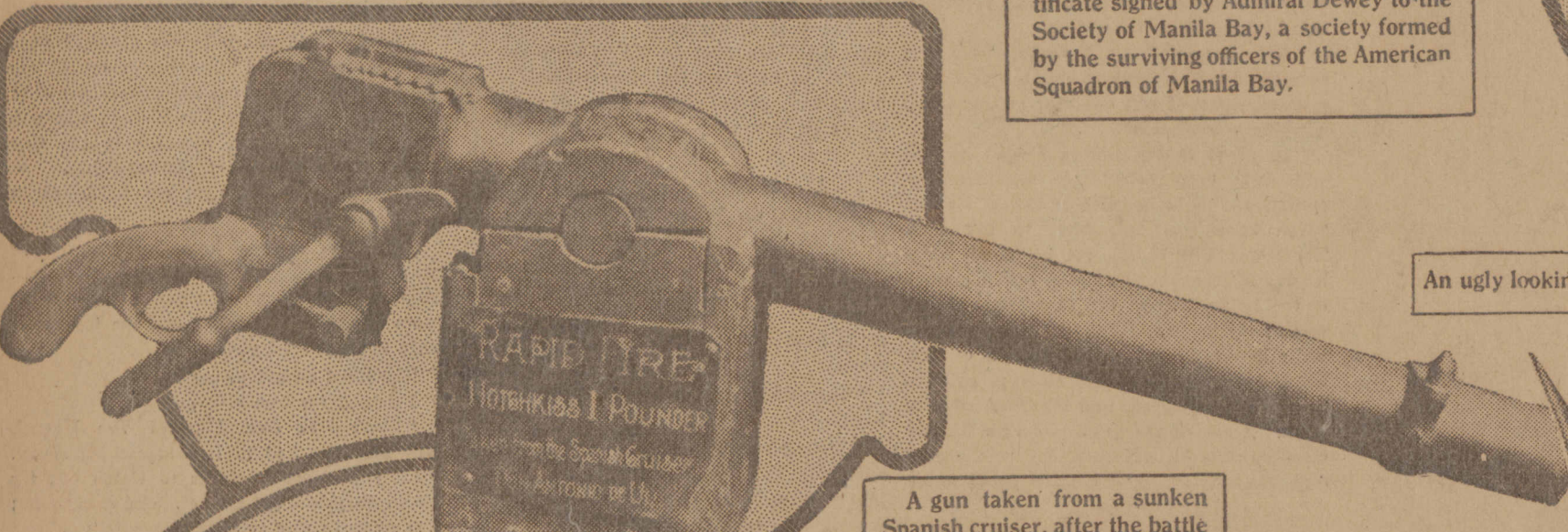
The souvenir that Mr. McCutcheon prizes most highly is a membership certificate signed by Admiral Dewey to the Society of Manila Bay, a society formed by the surviving officers of the American Squadron of Manila Bay.



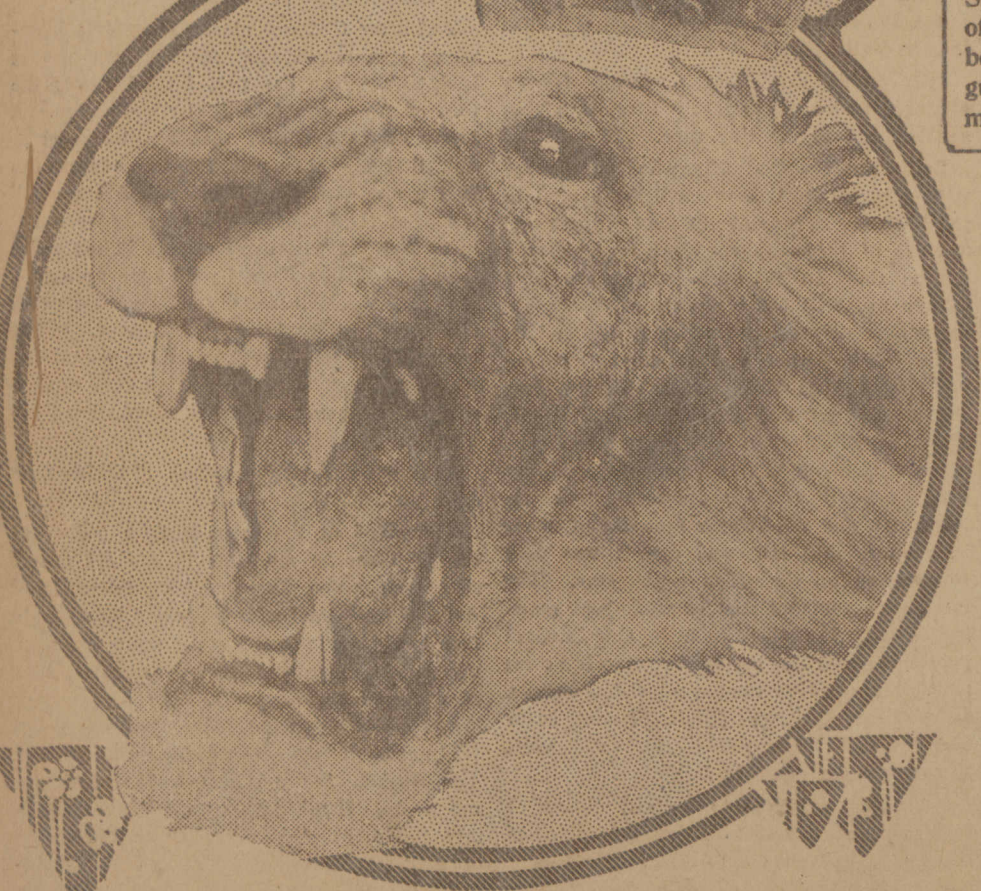
An ugly looking customer—a Care buffalo.



The foot of an elephant which Col. Roosevelt shot in the African jungle and presented to Mr. McCutcheon. The paths of the artist and the ex-president crossed quite by chance in British East Africa.



A gun taken from a sunken Spanish cruiser, after the battle of Manila. At low tide the bow was out of water and this gun and a flag from the mainmast were taken as souvenirs.



Mr. McCutcheon's first lion was shot as the finale of a rhino hunt, when the artist was quite alone save for his gun bearers. In his eagerness to get the animal he did everything a hunter should never do—went through the high grass, had no water, and finally almost burned the lion up in a prairie fire after he had killed it. The return trip was made through the heart of the most dangerous jungle to the camp nine miles away.



A water buck, an impalla, and a zebra. The last are as common as household dogs and twice as much of a nuisance, with a dog-like sharp bark.