



A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.



"I never touched a stick of gum before. I've not enjoyed my meals so much for years.

SPEARMINT → gave me a long lost appetite."

Fine for old folks. It creates appetite—aids digestion.

Fine for young folks. It prevents indigestion—cleanses teeth.

The refreshing, fragrant juice of crushed mint leaves makes it the beneficial confection.

LOOK FOR THE SPEAR!
THE FLAVOR LASTS!

Peter's Progress

into the hearts of discriminating candy eaters is due to its wonderful flavor.

Peter's owes this flavor to the process of combining milk and chocolate, invented by Mr. D. Peter of Vevey, Switzerland.

Peter's is as wholesome as it is delicious.



Peter's comes in several varieties:

Peter's Milk Chocolate

Peter's Milk Chocolate Croquettes

Peter's Almond Milk Chocolate

Peter's Milk Chocolate with Roasted Hazelnuts called "Thimbles"

Peter's Bon-Bons

Wanted: An Island

If some wealthy and philanthropic owner of an island would like a deserving family to occupy his island this summer while he goes to Europe, let him kindly communicate with the writer of this department, who knows the very parties for the place.

The island need not be a large one, but there should be shade trees, a cool and refreshing spring of water and a bungalow or a shack of some sort, with a boat or two, a sand beach for bathing, a kitchen garden, good fishing near and a post-office handy. A herd of deer, a rustic bridge or two and a naphtha launch would add to the charm of the place, but these things are not at all necessary, for our friends' wants are simple and their wishes few.

Linden Hall Seminary FOR GIRLS

LITITZ, LANCASTER CO., PA.

Organized 1746. Reorganized 1794.

For the purpose of developing home loving and home making young women.

For particulars write

Rev. CHAS. D. KREIDER

HARTSHORN

SHADE ROLLERS

Original and unequalled. Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine:

Stewart Hartshorn



The Light, Elastic Step of Youth

All healthy young people walk with a buoyant and springy step.

That is because they walk Nature's own way. They have not worn hard leather heels long enough to destroy the natural resiliency and elasticity of their feet.

Every step you take with hard leather heels sends a jolt through the spine and the nervous system. When you consider that you bring the weight of your body down on the hard pavement every time you step—and that means several thousand times a day—you can realize what injury this constant pounding causes to the delicate machinery of your body.

That is why most grown people are bothered with some kind of foot trouble. Their leg muscles lack tone; their feet hurt; they have aching pains in the legs and back; and they tire easily after a short walk. Put a cushion of new live rubber under your heels and

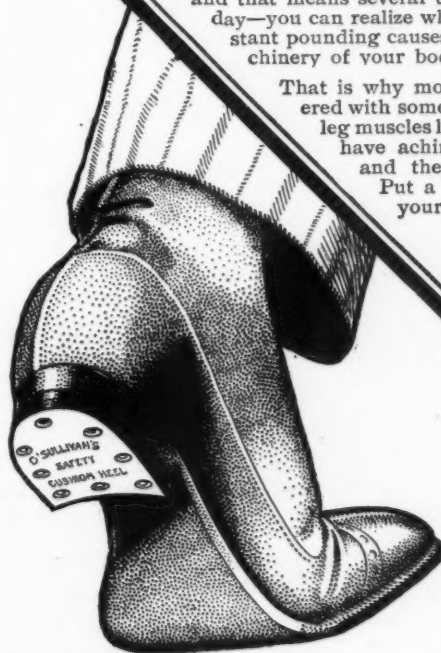
O'Sullivanize Your Walk

Go to the nearest shoemaker, pay him fifty cents and have O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber attached to your shoes. Then get out and walk.

You will feel as if you were walking on air. You will be surprised at the ease and smoothness of your walk. It is the light, elastic step of youth.

You will find that you can walk much farther without fatigue, and that walking has become a pleasure instead of a conscious, tiring effort.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO.
Lowell, Mass.



Nothing spoils a European tour more than worrying about an island left unguarded on the other side of the Atlantic. So many things can happen to an island in the absence of its owner. Island owners desiring to carry about through the Old World the restful feeling that their islands are in perfectly safe and worthy hands should write before hot weather.—*Newark News.*

Where Jones Went

A series of revival services were being held in a Western city, and placards giving notice of the services were posted in conspicuous places. One day the following notice was posted: "Hell, Its Location and Absolute Certainty. Thomas Jones, baritone soloist, will sing 'Tell Mother I'll Be There.'"

—Lippincott's.



Are You a Blushing Bride?

If you are you will have no time to read this, and therefore will never know that next week is one of the most important weeks in the year, namely, when the Bride's Number of LIFE is issued.

In the meantime, if you are not a bride—if you are a hardened husband, or the head of some household, or anyone else in fact—you will naturally see this number. It reeks with sentiment—just the thing that everybody loves, but no one will admit—in these degenerate days (apparently).



COMING SPECIALS

- Summer Girl's Number (June 15)
- Coronation Number (June 22)
- Fresh Air Number (July 6)
- Boys' Number (July 13)
- Her Number (July 20)
- Nicotine Number (August 3)
- Deep Sea Number (August 10)
- Bathing Girl's Number (August 17)

Before You Go Away

for the Summer, send us your address. If you are a regular subscriber, send the old one also and we will see that LIFE follows you. If you are not a regular subscriber, send us with your address Five Dollars for one year's subscription.

If you are suspicious of our motives, and are afraid to take too great a risk, then fill in the coupon herewith and get LIFE for three months. Write us anyway, on general principles. You can't begin the day by writing a letter to LIFE without feeling happy for twenty-four hours.

Enclosed find one dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to



Subscription \$5.00 Canadian \$5.52 Foreign \$6.04

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

Life, 17 West 31, N. Y. City

Think of the truck ten years from now.

YOU will realize your need for a motor-truck some day. But before you decide which make you will buy, think what condition that truck will be in after ten years of hard service.

Think over it well, because the worth of any truck must rest largely on how rapid is its depreciation.

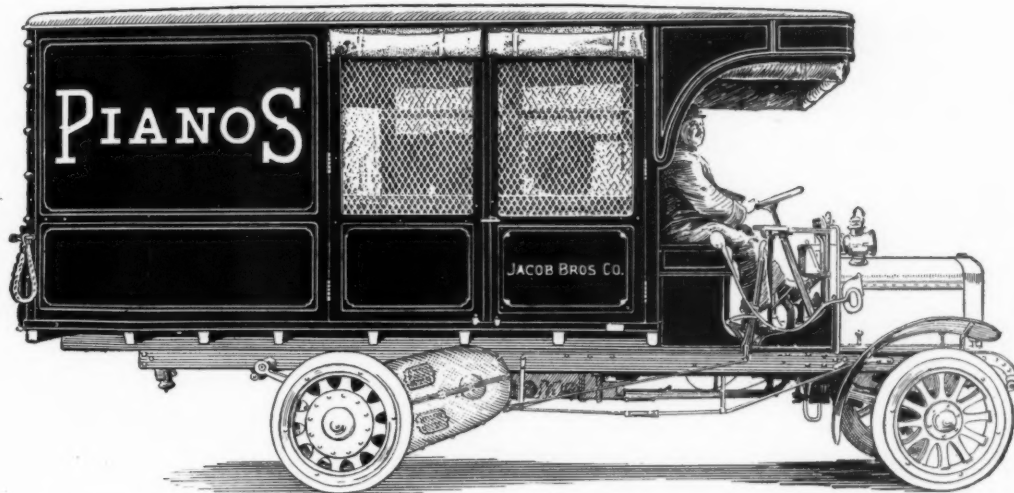
Insist that motor-truck makers show you records. Not one or two, but a good number covering a sufficient period of testing.

The Commer Truck can show an unusual number of remarkable records. In reality we cannot tell how long a Commer Truck will

last because not one has ever worn out. Every one of the first lot of Commer Trucks made seven years ago remains in successful service to-day. A good number have covered over 200,000 miles.

Judging from the average condition of the many seven year old Commer Trucks we have seen, we can prove the life of a Commer is practically indefinite provided the maintenance is continued in an efficient manner.

We can prove the Commer is the most economical high-duty motor-truck when considered as an investment expected to bring consistent returns for years to come.



In a recent letter, Mr. Chas. Jacob advises us that during the week of April 17-22 the above Commer Truck ran 290 miles on 35 gallons of gasoline or about 8.3 miles to the gallon.

The Commer Truck

2½-TON

3½-TON

4½-TON

6½-TON

It took us two years to make up our minds that the Commer Truck was the best high-duty motor-truck in the world's market.

During those two years we were in the same position you are in—we were buying, not selling. We brought all our ten years of experience in automobiles to bear in making the selection right. We scrutinized records and mechanics with the greatest care for the very good reason that we could take no chance of jeopardizing our established reputation and yearly business of \$2,000,000.

For nine whole months before our final decision to take the Commer, we put a 3½ ton model through the most racking tests we could think of. During those nine months of severe daily testing the repair expense was absolutely nothing.

On the books of the parent plant in Luton, England, there is not one concern that has ever changed to any other truck since their first purchase of a Commer. Motor-truck buying is too businesslike a proposition to enable us to make such a record unless the Commer Truck gave most positive worth.

If you are considering or buying motor-trucks and basing your decision on a ten-years-from-now viewpoint, we can give you a concrete idea of what a Commer Truck will save you. We will gladly back this by an actual demonstration.

We will do no theorizing, no generalizing. We ask you to get in touch with us because we shall confine ourselves strictly to facts which will concern you—not us. Address our Department "C."

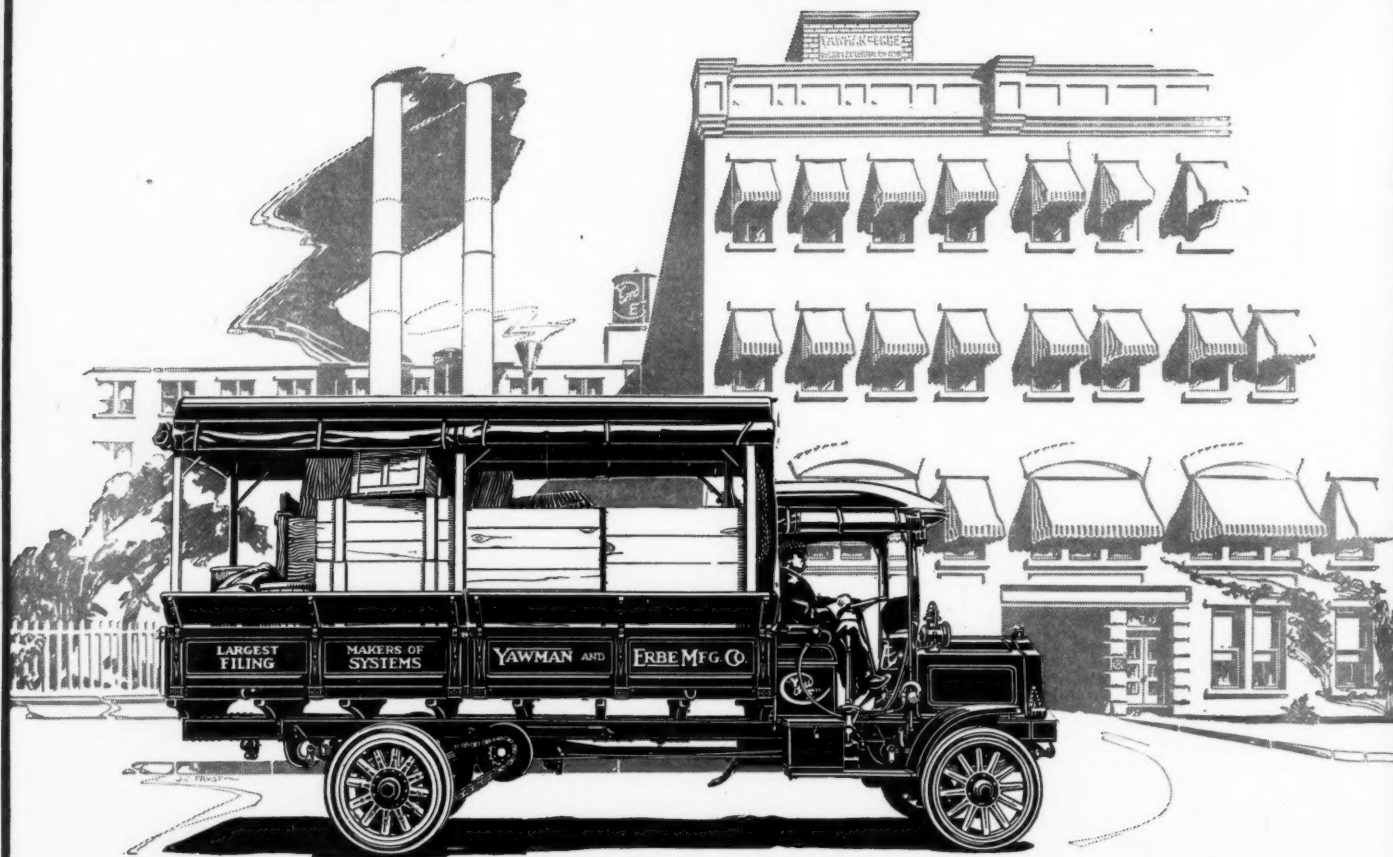
WYCKOFF, CHURCH & PARTRIDGE, INC

BROADWAY AT 56TH STREET, NEW YORK

The Most Complete Motor Service in America

We shall be pleased to negotiate for the Commer Truck agency with dealers in other large cities

Ask the man who owns one



THIS truck has been operated on a rigid schedule since Sept. 1, 1910. It has replaced four teams previously required to do the same amount of hauling. The four teams used to cost us \$20 a day. The one Packard truck costs us \$9.92 a day.

Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

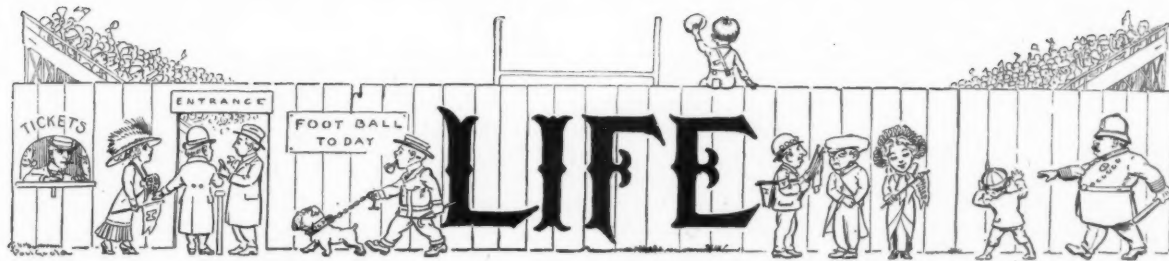
Packard

MOTOR TRUCKS

AFTER using one Packard truck six months the Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co. bought another. Forty-three per cent of all sales of Packard trucks are additional trucks ordered by previous purchasers. Packard trucks are now used in 122 lines of trade and in 162 cities. All truck owners are extended Packard service by Packard dealers, the same as that provided for owners of Packard cars.

Write for catalog and important truck information

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit



Colleges and Education

THOSE of us who feel that our educational system is not a success should remember that our children are now learning in four years what it has taken us forty to acquire; and if we doubt this statement we have only to ask them and they will corroborate it.

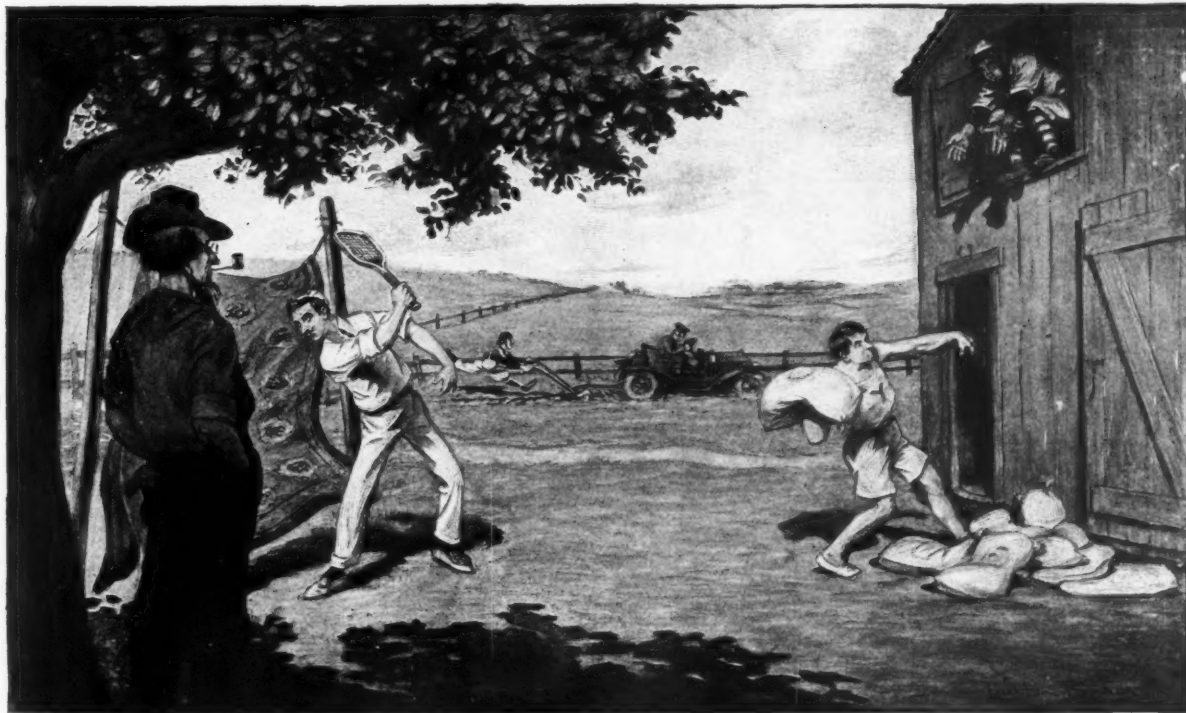
There are, of course, certain misguided folk who assert that the standard of our educational system is lowered in proportion to the increased number of colleges, but that, doubtless, is because they envy this age its advantages over the age in which they were brought up.

Every respectable hamlet now has a college and some sort of a millionaire to philanthropize it. It may be a long way from rebates to restitution, but every magnate arrives there at last and it then becomes his main business to increase the number of colleges.

And this is the time of year when colleges pour out upon a waiting world that vast flood of wisdom represented in college graduates, incidentally keeping up the supply of baseball players and hotel waiters, to say nothing of Wall Street has-beens and haberdashers' clerks.

Then consider, if you will, the yearly crop of girl college graduates. What is going to happen to them? Or does it make any difference to a girl's capacity to love and be loved, whether or not she is steeped for four years in Latin, Greek and the higher mathematics?

We don't know. This number of LIFE contains no information about that matter, or indeed about anything else. It is merely a pictorial and textual expression of joy over the graduation of so many preponderating intellects and the hope that they will make the old world better and wiser by their presence.



FARMER BROWN GAVE HIS FIVE BOYS A COLLEGE EDUCATION



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVII. MAY 25, 1911. No. 1491

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J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



THE suffragist ladies had a beautiful parade. Up in the Fifties on Fifth Avenue before it started

it was like an afternoon reception. Lots of ladies, mostly white, but some colored; banners of beauty, and other banners with edifying announcements on them; as good a line of spring hats as has been shown this year, and all styles and sizes of interesting women in great variety of attire!

The shock was less than we expected. After all, as some one has said, there is no violent difference between some suffragists walking on the sidewalk and the same suffragists walking down the middle of the street. The mere fact of women in the mass cannot scare anybody who is used to New York. There were three or four thousand women in the parade, which is about the number that one sees in a subway train coming uptown at six o'clock, but the women in the parade were incomparably a better sight than the women on the subway train. To come uptown on a six o'clock subway train is to be horrified at the way the fluttering masses of girls are jammed into the cars. If you want to be appalled go and see that. But there was nothing appalling about the suffragist parade; plenty of room for every lady; the pavement very clean; the cops on horse-back riding ahead; the bands playing "Don't Get Gay with the Girls"; the crowds attentive, appreciative and smiling; everybody polite and admiring. It is many a day since a mile of marchers have been so much admired in New York.

It was just another proof of the entire freedom of American women. If there is any door they wish to open they have only to turn the handle.

Nothing is locked up from them. As evidence of public respect for women, the parade was a great success and worth doing. Its bearing on the suffrage was not so clear. Those handsome ladies did not seem like an oppressed class protesting against denial of their rights. They seemed much more like the proprietors of the town out to give their dependents a benefit.



NOW, then, to get back to the eternal verities about votes for women.

Heretofore the man has usually built the house, and he and the woman have lived in it.

Life is not a detail of government, but government is a detail of life. To maintain government is like keeping a roof overhead, under which life can go on. The life that is to go on under that roof is for the most part in the hands of woman. Is it necessary, as the suffragists marched to persuade us, that with her own hands woman must build and maintain this house she lives in?

If there is a male job it is the job of the structural ironworkers. There is no sign of any invasion of that occupation by women. The office building may be full of women clerks and typewriters, a woman may have planned the arrangement of its rooms, and women may spend its rents, but the building is man built, and stands by virtue of the brains and brute-force of men.

And so stands political government. It shelters women. Inside of its frame all their activities proceed. In its form, and in the alterations that are always making in it, they have an ample, often a controlling, voice. In the business that is done in it they share, and share and spend the profits of that business. Is it necessary also that they shall swing up on the iron beams and drive the red hot rivets? Is there to be no division of labor, no distinction of duty and employment, between men and women?

That is a question that street parades do not touch. Women have tremendous duties in this world. Life

rests heavily upon their courage, their intelligence and their endurance. It is hard to accomplish any considerable thing without their backing. They make most of the decisions that direct the destinies of men. They make the very men themselves, bring them into the world, shape them in their tender years, inspire and steer and cherish them in their maturity, and cheer them in their age. Are women in general out of conceit with their own product and persuaded that it is no longer fit to keep even a roof of government over their heads? If they are, it is because they have neglected their first duty and have not made good enough men. But it seems to us that a very small proportion of them are so dissatisfied, and that ladylike parade down Fifth Avenue tended to confirm that impression.



A SUBWAY from Boston has been run under Harvard Square in Cambridge. The square has been out of commission for a year or more, and the Boston *Transcript's* "Listener" says that now all its reconstruction "seems to be shaping itself to give grace, grandeur and significance to the figure of Charles Sumner, as embodying the genius and spirit of the place."

Stars above! Sumner was a hard-fighting scholar; and a man of great merit, but to represent him as "embodying the genius and spirit" of Harvard is a very serious miscalculation, in which, we presume, the Harvard corporation would decline to concur. He was a brave, able man, who was never afraid to talk back; who liked to fight and seldom let a chance get by him; who knew much that was in books and little that was in men; who loved liberty so much that he was often loath to spare other folks the use of it. His friends loved him; his opponents hated him; his constituents admired him and backed him up. A good, faulty man, and a great figure in a great crisis, and entitled to a statue in a good place! But his statue in Harvard Square will embody Charles Sumner, and stop at that.

Off for the Coronation

J. Bounder Ballingford, Life's Special Correspondent, Sails for London—His Eminent Qualifications



DEPARTURE OF J. BOUNDER BALLINGFORD

ACCOMPANIED by a retinue of typewriters and secretaries, our special Coronation Correspondent, J. Bounder Ballingford, sailed last week for London on the *Lusitania*, where a suitable suite of apartments had been set aside for his exclusive use.

The scene on the dock as our correspondent embarked baffled even our descriptive pen. Representatives of the Press Club, including some of our best-known tailors and haberdashers, were on hand to see him off. The press generally sent delegates, thus showing their appreciation of the effort LIFE is making to have the coronation correctly reported, according to the latest methods.

Mr. Ballingford while in London will room next to the King in Buckingham Palace, and other apartments have been set aside for his assistants. Private wires will lead directly from his headquarters to the

wireless telegraph station at Land's End.

King George has expressed himself privately to us as being very grateful, not only for the privilege of entertaining our correspondent, but also for the enterprise we have shown in doing justice to the coronation.

"My house is your home," he cabled at once on receipt of the news that Mr. Ballingford was about to embark.

This is the right spirit that will unite two nations ever more firmly in the bonds of peace and plenty.

For several months we have been searching for the right man to report the greatest event in the English-speaking world.

We wanted a man who would uphold the dignity of American journalism.

We wanted a man who would never obtrude himself upon any one—except, of course, when it was necessary to obtain what he wanted.

We wanted a man who would preserve the best traditions of true American courtesy.

In J. Bounder Ballingford we found everything that could be desired. Twice a member of Congress, an editorial

writer on the *New York Sun* for two years, one of the star reporters of the *Police Gazette* for five years, once discharged from the *New York Journal* because they were afraid of his methods, head waiter at six leading hotels in New York in five years, author of four best sellers issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Company in the space of seven months, private secretary to T. R.—but why go on?

Mr. Ballingford's record was all that could possibly be desired.

Having started the war with Mexico and got it going, he was temporarily resting from his labors by visiting Colonel Roosevelt, when we sent for him. The interview with him is now history.

Explaining briefly the object we had in mind, we came bluntly to the point.

"Mr. Ballingford, we wish to have you report the coronation according to the latest modern methods and with the best possible taste, in order that our reputation may be sustained at the British court. What are your terms and when can you start?"

Mr. Bounder Ballingford thought a moment and replied:

"Five dollars a word, all my traveling expenses, harem skirts for my retinue and all equipment."

"What is your idea about equipment?"

"A pair of scaling ladders, a dark lantern, a set of burglar's tools, about twenty-five pounds of dynamite, a book on etiquette and evening clothes."

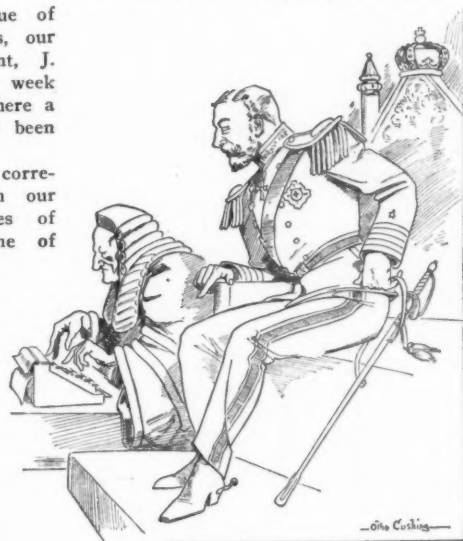
"Good! Consider yourself engaged."

The next few days were busy ones for all hands. At our suggestion Mr. Ballingford shaved and had his hair cut, the English press was notified, the King cabled, and in fact everything done for Mr. Ballingford's comfort.

When it was learned that our correspondent was off for London, a large crowd of our best society people insisted upon accompanying him.

This leaves us in this country temporarily short of these useful adjuncts of our civilization.

How shall we get along without them? is the question that naturally suggests itself to every thoughtful American. The importance of the question is,



THE KING DICTATES HIS INVITATION TO THE LORD HIGH PRIVY TYPEWRITER



POSTGRADUATE COURSE

of course, of paramount interest. Newport is practically deserted.

None of the pictorial supplements of the *Mail and Express*, the *Times*, *Town and Country* and many other of our representative periodicals can be issued, as there is nobody to photograph. In the meantime it is generally recognized that a serious situation confronts the American nation. With scarcely any wealthy people left, our trade is bound to languish and our manners to improve. Strong heads are needed in the emergency.

We can only trust in Providence. As the *Times* puts it in a leading editorial:

"We must do this for England's sake, hoping that at our next coronation they will do the same by us."

So far as the coronation is concerned, nothing can be done until our correspondent gets there.

A SUCCESSFUL grafter is one who is still considered a good business man.

THE PRIMA DONNA
All you need take is a fifty-six chest,
Fill with Puccini and Strauss.
Add the one gesture as seen in the cut—
This ought to bring down any house.

THE PARSON
To a cupful of negative goodness
Add the pleasure of giving advice.
Sift in a peck of dry sermons,
And flavor with brimstone or ice.

Photographs of Private People Are Private Property

YOUR picture cannot be used in New York State for purposes of trade without your consent.

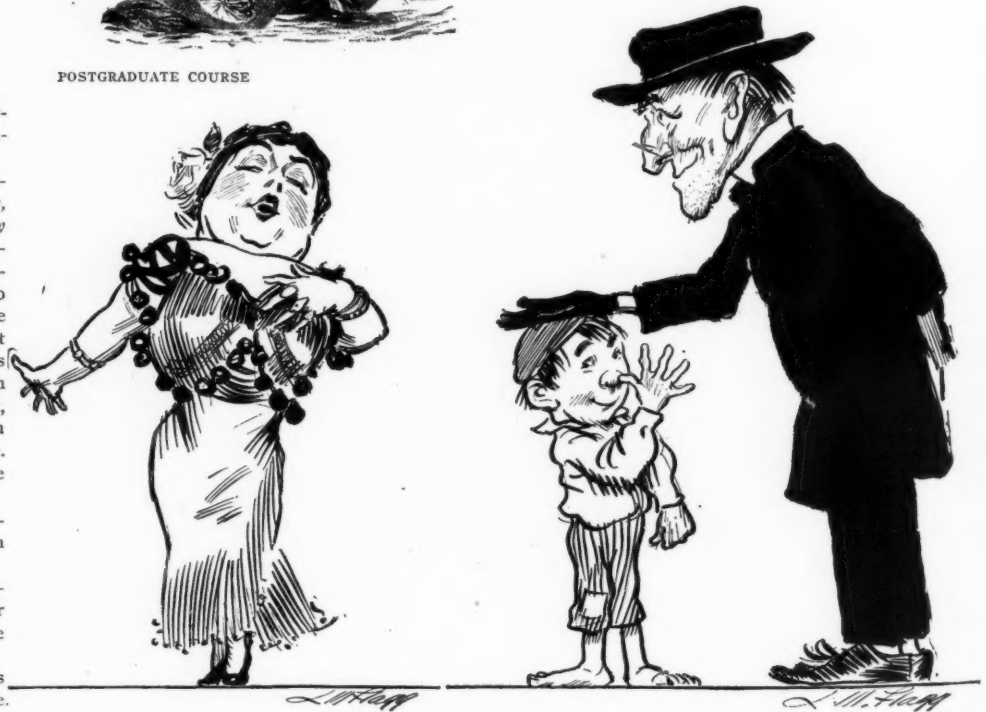
Mrs. Rhodes of Brooklyn had her picture taken in her wedding dress. After a while she saw it in the window of a trading stamp store. She asked to have it removed. It was not removed. She sued under a New York State statute. The suit was defended, and has been in the courts for seven years, going finally up to the United States Supreme Court, where judgment was given on May 1 that the New York statute did not conflict with the Constitution.

So Mrs. Rhodes won her case and did a considerable public service by winning it.

Fact and Fancy

HOWARD: Do you intend cultivating a garden?

COWARD: No. That would forever deprive me of the joy of reading and believing in these beautiful seed catalogues.



The Human Cook Book

THE PRIMA DONNA

All you need take is a fifty-six chest,
Fill with Puccini and Strauss.
Add the one gesture as seen in the cut—
This ought to bring down any house.

THE PARSON

To a cupful of negative goodness
Add the pleasure of giving advice.
Sift in a peck of dry sermons,
And flavor with brimstone or ice.

An Imaginary Lecture

Delivered by Professor Golightly, of the Endowment University, to the Class in Political Economy

YOUNG gentlemen: We might as well understand each other at the outset. The object of this course is culture, not education. It would not be proper for you to graduate unable to say that you have studied political economy, but it would be suicide for us to tell you the real facts of the case.

If, for instance, the question of watered stock ever comes up, I beg that you will not press me for a satisfactory reply. This university now holds and derives an income from many stocks which are waterlogged to the dewpoint. If we educated the people to such facts, our endowments would decrease in number and value and our income would ultimately vanish altogether.

Also, please, never ask me the real source of wealth. If it should ever occur to you that a large part of this university would have to be abandoned, but for the ceaseless toil of countless children in sweatshops and mills and mines, do not embarrass me by asking about it.

Do not ask me to explain the single tax or the ethical basis of land ownership, for a large part of our income is derived from valuable sites.

Do not ask me to explain Socialism or any other scheme for a more equitable distribution of the fruits of labor. We are on the comfortable side of the present arrangement. Let us not look a gift horse in the mouth. If it so happens that those who do the meanest work get the meanest pay, let us accept it as the will of God or as an axiom in our pursuit of knowledge.

Do not ask me to explain the high cost of living, at least not to the point of making it lower. High prices mean high dividends. High dividends mean beautiful college buildings and a high-salaried faculty. It is not for us to dwell upon the sordid side and emphasize



such concomitant facts as squalid tenements and workmen under-nourished in mind and body.

In short, young gentlemen, we are willing to take up most minutely the by-gones of the middle ages and of more remote antiquity. We may even pursue science in so far as necessary to promote a more rapid and a more easy production of wealth, but we cannot discuss with you the proper distribution of that wealth. We must keep away, not only from the practical side of the present, but from all pleasant dreams of the future.

Ellis O. Jones.

UNQUENCHABLE

And Then What?

When speaking of other people, every word we think should pass through three sieves before it gets to our lips: Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary?—*Wall Street Journal*.

AND then what? Of course, there will be market enough for the chaff that the sieves hold up, but what are you going to do with the rest?

HYPOCRISY is all right if we can pass it off as politeness.



THE CO-ED

An Easy Victory

CHAPTER I.

IT was early evening at Miss Twinkham's fashionable school for misses.

In America a Miss is as good as a Mlle.

Flossie Sparkton, alone of all the pupils, sat apart. No one spoke to her. No one noticed her. No one would even admit that she was there.

There was indeed a dark cloud hanging over Flossie, which bade fair to cut off an otherwise promising career.

Although the daughter of millions, with a pedigree that dated back for several years before the Newport Casino was built, although her parents were able to discuss intelligently but rapidly almost every topic mentioned in good society, Flossie, during her stay at the seminary, had been utterly unable to learn the first principles of bridge.

Fortunately the teachers of the school were exceptional ladies, in that they had much sympathy and patience, and they worked over Flossie for weeks in hopes that some gleams of bridge intelligence would come to her.

At last, however, the fatal truth began to leak out. The other pupils began to hint among themselves at dark possibilities. Groups gathered, invariably becoming silent as Flossie went by. It was evident that she was a marked girl.

And no one realized this more keenly than she did.

Night after night she would cry herself to sleep, in a passion of tears. Alternately she prayed that she might even learn to keep the score, and then fell into the Slough of Despond when she realized that even this was denied to her.

The awful truth had thus far been kept from her parents. But soon the farce must end. Upon her first vacation home probably the first question asked her by her loving mother would be, "Do you discard from strength or weakness?" Alas, how would she answer?

CHAPTER II.

In the meantime examination day was approaching, and if she failed in this test, as fail she surely must, what hope was there for her? It mattered not if she had become more proficient in spending money than any other girl in her class, or that she could drive a motor car better. Unless she knew

bridge she would be disgraced in her own set.

As Flossie sat alone and brooded over these matters, her eyes involuntarily filled with tears. Silently she passed to her room, resolving in the silence of her own soul to see if she could not possibly learn at least a few of the principal leads.

Suddenly she was stopped in the hall by a maid, who pressed a note into her hand. This note was written by a gentleman in a long coat, who paced feverishly up and down the terraced walk in front of the imposing edifice. The note read as follows:

"I am Peter Shortlead, the greatest expert in the country, author of 'Bridge,' 'More Bridge,' 'Yet More Bridge,' and 'Bridge Forever.' I dictate all the rules of the bridge tournaments. I have heard of your impending disgrace and have speeded here to help you. Unfortunately for me, the other evening I got into a game with some ladies and lost every cent I have. Hence I am desperate. If you will pay my board at a fashionable hotel in New York for a few weeks, in order that I may regain my fortune, I will reward you."

CHAPTER III.

At the name of the celebrated Peter Shortlead, Flossie did not hesitate a moment. Hastily writing out a check for a million, in accordance with his demand, she tossed it out of the window. In a moment a paper and a package were raised on the end of a pole. She grasped the paper, read its contents and a puzzled look came over her face as she tossed the package on her table for future reference.

"I will try it," she muttered. "It is my only hope."

From that moment she was calm.

CHAPTER IV.

The evening of the examination arrived. There were sixteen tables, and the girl who showed that she knew the most about the game was to head the class.

The points were as follows:

10 for the most rapid talk between hands.

50 for the most profound knowledge of the rules.

20 for the best clothes worn.

20 for the greatest sum won.

As Flossie sat down there were titters

throughout the room. Her fate seemed foreordained.

Picking up her hand she said calmly: "I make it spades."

"You can't," said her partner. "No one can make it spades except on a passed make."

Flossie smiled.

"Yes, I can," she said, "and I will prove to you that I am right."

It was doubled. She doubled back, and finally when the game was run up to 64 a point, she played and won. Then Flossie began the most remarkable bridge game ever known. She played from her shortest suit. She discarded from anything she wanted to, until at last one of the teachers held up her hand.

"Miss Flossie Sparkton has been dropped," she announced.

"For what?" asked Flossie.

"For violating every known rule of the game."

At this Flossie got up, and, taking the wrapper off the package she had brought, said quietly: "I think not, ladies. Have you ever heard of Mr. Peter Shortlead?"

"Have we!" chorused the whole school. "Why, he is the *only* authority. We couldn't live if it were not for him."

"Very well," replied Flossie, flourishing her weapon in her hand. "This book you see is Mr. Shortlead's latest. In it he reverses all previous rules. No self-respecting woman would, of course, think of playing the game except after learning Mr. Shortlead's manifesto. He sent me the first copy off the press. I know it by heart. Girls, you are several weeks behind hand. I am the only one in the whole school who knows the real game as it will be hereafter played in the best society."

CHAPTER V.

Her triumph was complete. After she had been given the first prize and received the homage of her classmates, she retired to her room, covered with honors.

And then once more she read with grateful eyes the instructions Mr. Shortlead had given her in return for her check:

"The mistake you have made heretofore has been in trying to learn the principles of the game. But in playing with other women, all you have to do is to remember that I am the leading bridge expert in the country. Therefore, when in doubt just quote me loud enough and they'll believe anything you say."

T. L. M.



HIS MASTER'S VOICE
"JOHN, HAVE THE CHILDREN IN BED BY EIGHT."



BEFORE MARRIAGE

HER FATHER'S PET STORY

AFTER MARRIAGE

The Cold Fact of Summer

THE winter was long and the winter was cold,
So they boosted the price
of ice.

The ice was so thick it could hardly be rolled,
So they boosted the price
of ice.

The ice was so heavy, the labor so great,
The railroads demand such a lot for the freight,
You can't blame the dealers for raising the rate—
So they boosted the price
of ice.

The winter was warm and the winter was short,
So they boosted the price
of ice.

And so, as an ultimate, final resort,
They boosted the price
of ice.

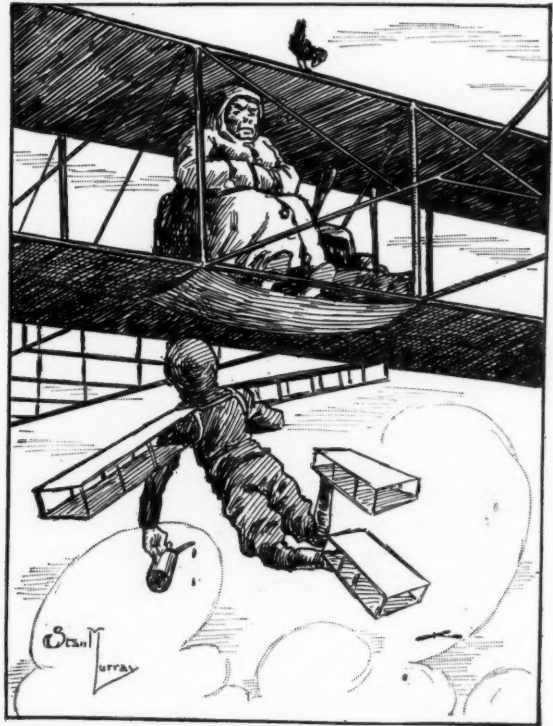
The crop was a failure; researches have found
There isn't enough of the stuff to go round,
So why should the simple announcement astound,
That they've boosted the price
of ice?

'Tis easy enough if you're asked to explain,
Why they boosted the price
of ice;

It was dryness, humidity, sunshine and rain
That augmented the price
of ice.

Now twelve are a dozen and twenty a score;
Two added to two are immovably four;
If these be too few, I can give you some more,
Why they boosted the price
of ice.

Franklin P. Adams.



Former Motorist (absent-mindedly): SORRY, DEAR, BUT WE'VE RUN OUT OF GASOLINE. I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OUT AND WALK.



COLLEGE GIRLS

"WHO'S THE BOY WITH GERTIE AND MOLLY?"
"OH, SOME CO-ED, I GUESS."

Farce or Tragedy?

IT reminds one of the Dreyfus case, these doings of the S. P. C. A. The two members who showed more interest in the protection of animals than in the pleasure of Colonel Wagstaff, its president, were declared guilty in advance and are officially demolished. On the stage of a Broadway theatre it would be an amusing burlesque. In the rooms of the S. P. C. A. it becomes a melancholy thing. There is cause for both mirth and tears when a member is compelled to resign because he tried to infuse a little life into this somnolent body.

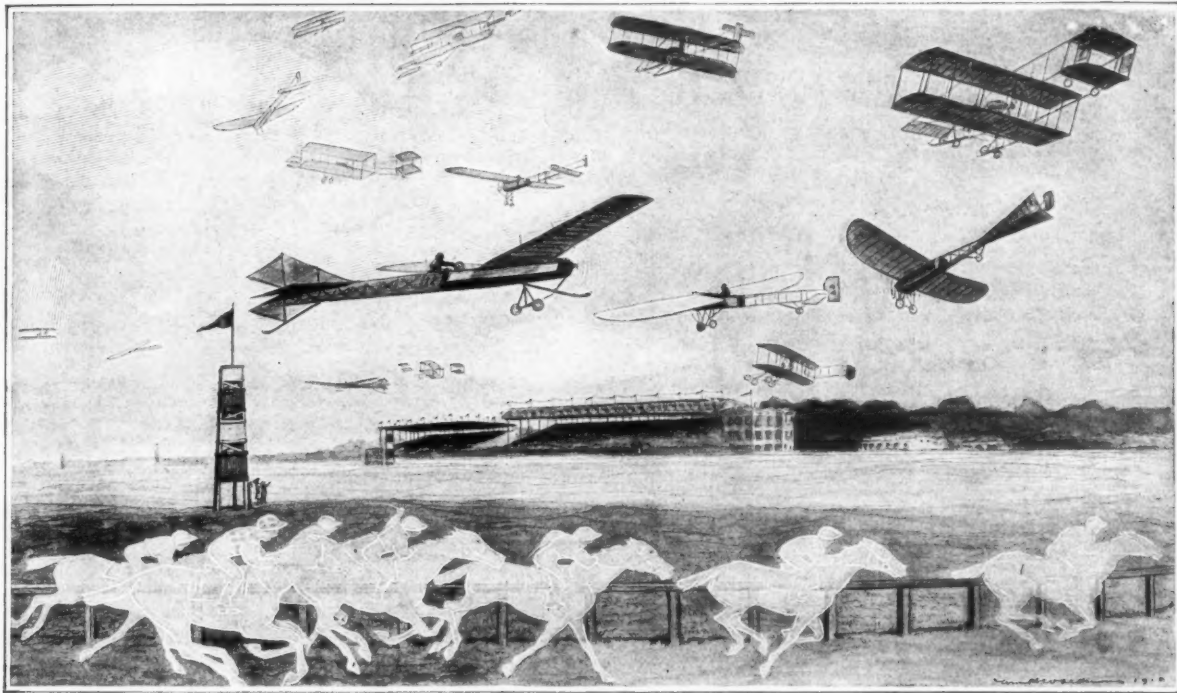
Why this strange dread of achieving something? There is no dishonor in benevolent work.

Brace up, brothers. Remember Henry Bergh. Give the animals a chance.

Death's Shining Mark

CRAWFORD: Who was the man killed in the wreck?

CRABSHAW: I don't know, but he'll be the fellow the coroner's jury will put the blame on.



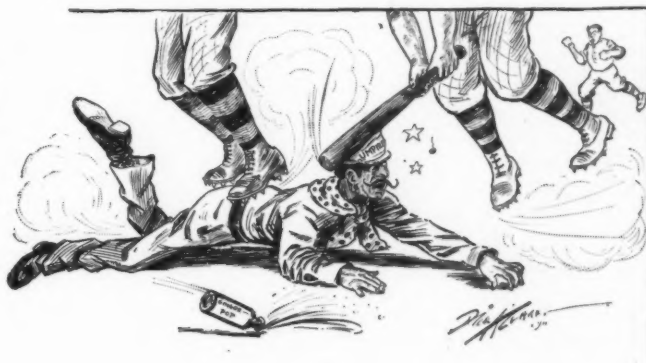
Ghosts of Belmont Park

Educating a Mayor

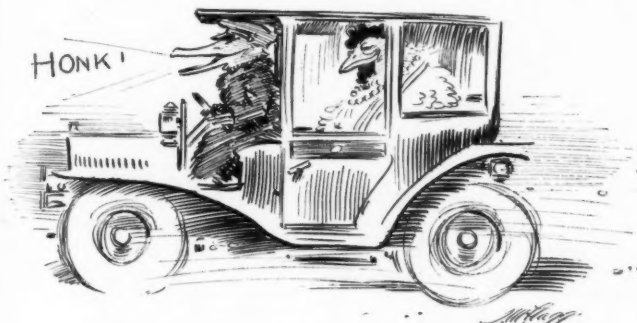
THE education of Mayor Gaynor progresses steadily, though not without stubborn interruptions, caused by the reluctances of the pupil. The subjects in which especially he has been tutored of late are the unsuitableness of Mr. Hyde to be City Chamberlain, and the inexpediency of having a paid Board of Education.

In his spare hours he learns about subways and policemen, subjects in which he claims rating as an expert.

The instruction of Mayors is expensive in so large a city as New York, but custom does not yet sanction



THE DOWNFALL OF THE ROMAN UMPIRE



MRS. R. PLYMOUTH ROCKE IS GETTING SUCH HIGH PRICES FOR HER FARM PRODUCTS THIS YEAR THAT SHE HAS BEEN ABLE TO INDULGE IN A 1911 FORTY-DUCK POWER LIMOUSINE.

the employment of municipal experts to manage the city, and it is ground for thankfulness when a Mayor is selected who can learn.

It is good news that our late Mayor, Mr. McClellan, has accepted an appointment as professor of municipal government, or something like that, at Princeton. A man who has taken a four years' course in the Mayor school of New York ought not to be wasted. If he cannot continue to practice as Mayor, the next best thing is to make a teacher of him.

Mayor Gaynor will be a mighty instructive man by the time he finishes his term, and perhaps it will be possible to make a teacher of him, too.

How to Wear Your LL.D.



EACH recurrent June our institutions of learning and letters, having imparted their

learning to the latest crop of graduates, proceed to rid themselves of their letters by throwing LL.D.s at every more or less distinguished head that appears above the horizon. This practice admittedly does the colleges and universities no harm, and has even, it is rumored, incidentally done some of them much good, since an LL.D. judiciously aimed may bring down a shower of golden plums from a prosperous, flattered and complaisant tree.

But how about the recipients of this honor, so lavishly distributed? What advantage do they gain to compensate them for the labor, waste of ink and wear of pen incidental to attaching the additional letters to their signatures? It is well known that the degree of LL.D. is practically the only one given *causa honoris*, and that it is therefore awarded in recognition of greatly varied services to humanity. Then how may the same three letters in the one case commemorate Major Warrikin's brilliant military exploits on the Mexican border, and, in the other, recall the fact that Hon. Hugh G. Wadd has successfully advertised a brand of soap? Last year, by way of actual example, Kenyon College conferred an LL.D. on Col. James Kilbourne, of Columbus, Ohio, who, we read, is "a manufacturer who never had a strike" and is "eminent in State politics," while Williams College attached precisely the same letters to the name of Francis Ellington Leupp, presumably in recognition of that gentleman's excellent administration as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The universities have but these three poor letters to give; how shall the gift be made to mean something more definite than "On the whole, we think quite well of you"?

The answer is transparently simple. By significant, artistic arrangement of the three letters let us make them, in each instance, illustrate and symbolize the crowning achievement or merit of him whom the faculties delight to honor.

Turning to the national collegiate honor roll of last June, we find that Harvard University conferred the LL.D. degree on Mr. John Pierpont Morgan. But there is nothing in the degree itself to indicate the basic cause of its

bestowal. Let us then epitomize this underlying cause in a translation from the American, or, rather, the Latin, into English currency, thus:

L. L. d.

Again, Hope College similarly distinguished Mr. Edward Lok for his services to literature in conducting the *Ladies' Home Journal*. In his case the D. should be arranged so as to represent a lady's hat, impaled by the two L.s representing the formidable hatpins of the day, thus:



To be sure this arrangement should be modified from year to year in accordance with the newest fashions in millinery, but this is a detail which may safely be left to Mr. Bok.

The idea indicated above may be skillfully adapted to meet the requirements of Gen. Nelson Appleton Miles, who received his LL.D. from Colgate University. A soldier of approved valor, General Miles has long been noted for the splendor of his uniforms and the grace with which he wears them. Therefore, employing our D. as a cocked hat, and affixing thereto one of our spare periods as a rosette, to give it the proper martial tone, we display it grandly upon the two supporting L.s or legs, thus:



producing an effect unquestionably military, not to say Napoleonic.

The aviatory triumphs of the Wright brothers, Wilbur and Orville, were recognized by LL.D.s from Oberlin College. In these instances we shall, naturally, attach the L.s to the D. in such manner as to represent a flying bird:



Now we approach a more complicated phase of the problem. In this land of great men it not infrequently happens that some of our fellow citi-

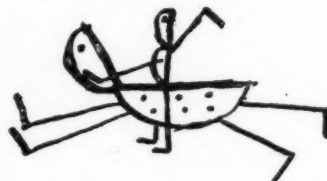
zens are so superlatively great that they receive different sets of LL.D.s simultaneously from different institutions. The recipients of these multiplied honors must not fail to use every bunch of letters sent them, for by omitting any one they would slight some deserving institution. What are they to do? Are we stumped? Not once.

Observe: Our good friend Robert E. Peary last June received LL.D.s from both Bowdoin College and Edinburgh University. He might, to be sure, emulating the professor of mathematics in a like dilemma, write himself, "Rear-Admiral Robert Edwin Peary, L. fourth power, D. square (L.⁴ D.²)"; but this would be mathematical, not polaric. Instead, taking our four L.s and two D.s, let us dispose them thus:

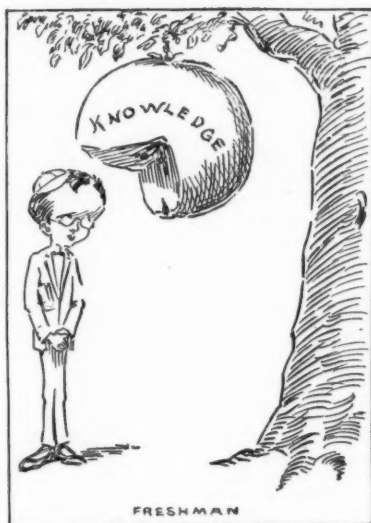


This pleasing sketch, though not unlike the coats-of-arms of several Latin-American republics, will immediately be recognized as depicting the North Pole with the *Roosevelt* in the distance. The four periods are used to represent —no, not gum-drops left by Doctor Cook, but four stars, or, let us say, the four Eskimos who accompanied the intrepid explorer and who might otherwise be forgotten.

We shall now proceed to the truly extraordinary case of Supreme Court Justice Charles Evans Hughes, who received no less than three honorary degrees, respectively from the University of Pennsylvania, Harvard and Williams! Adding to these another LL.D. already in the eminent jurist's possession, we have the astonishing total of four D.s and eight L.s. A difficult problem? Not at all. A little deft manipulation, and we evolve this spirited equestrian group,



in recognition of the great services that the Judge, when Governor of the State of New York, rendered to the sport of horse-racing. Arthur Guiterman.



THE INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MATTER

Rural Pleasures

FIRST CLUBMAN: I hear you and your family are going to your country place for the summer. I don't see how you can endure to stay in the country.

SECOND CLUBMAN: Oh, there's the telephone and plenty of people in town to talk to; a phonograph and all the newspapers and magazines and the latest novels; billiard and pool tables, any amount of company and always some theatrical people staying in the neighborhood to drop over and do their stunts; a well-stocked cellar, and enough of the neighbors that like a good game of poker to make an evening pass pleasantly; several trains a day and only an hour to town by train or motor, and by taking an early morning train and staying all night at the club I manage very well. No, it's not at all bad, really.



TYPOGRAPHICAL
OLD ENGLISH AND EARLY ITALIC

Better See It, Augustus!

Augustus Thomas, playwright, sailing for Europe, responds to an inquiry if he will attend the coronation. "I am a Democrat and take no interest in the crowning of kings."—*Providence Journal*.

DEAR, dear! But Augustus is interested in the show business, isn't he? He needn't be so umbrageous. There is a great deal in the coronation of George V. to interest a showman, and very little that need disturb a Democrat.

The kind of kings they have in England now belong to the dramatic side of life. Moreover, the interesting forms of which they are a part probably help to stabilize the essential democracy of the British government. It is not always necessary that democracy should either go naked or wear a new suit. Sometimes it works along very well in hand-me-down garments. It likes, mightily, to change its clothes, anyhow, and a regard for old fashions that checks that tendency is not always to be deprecated.

The coronation will be a good show, Augustus. A person of your profession ought not to miss it. Shakespeare always looked in at coronations.

"MAMA, can't we attach the electric fan to Uncle Jake?"
"What for?"
"He is so close."

"WAS it cold in your house yesterday?"
"Cold! Why we had to put quinine in the stove to keep it from shaking apart."



Dictionary of the New York Subway
Guard Dialect for the Benefit
of Strangers

- Wan Sax nax... 116th St. next.
- Wan Faf nax... 105th St. next.
- Nan Sax nax... 96th St. next.
- Saven Sack nax... 72nd St. next.
- Sax Sax nax... 66th St. next.
- Faf Nan nax... 59th St. next.
- Dam Scare nax... Times Square next.
- Gransnal nax... Grand Central next.
- Twenty At nax... 28th St. next.
- Anth nax... 18th St. next.
- Fafth nax... 50th St. next.
- Fournth nax... 14th St. next.
- Bradge nax... Brooklyn Bridge next.
- Bowl an ax... Bowling Green next.



FOR SALE—CHEAP

FIVE TICKETS FOR THE YALE-HARVARD GAME

Man-flight Resumes

SINCE spring at the end of April began to take itself seriously, it has been warmer going in the air. Air-flights hereabouts have set in again, and the public begins to be warned to look out for increasing business activity in the manufacture of aeroplanes. It is computed that the half billion dollars or more that we spent last year on automobiles has been earned and paid, and that there is money to spare again now, and that the air machines are going to get their share of it

It looks incredible to us, but who dares deny any claim that concerns man-flight? If we were stock brokers we would delay no longer, but prepare for the worst by learning the aeroplane at once. If it comes with any such rush as the automobiles did, it may put back the recovery of Wall Street no one knows how long, not only by absorbing money in large handfuls, but because its risks make stock speculation look prosaic.

Aquatic

DYER: Going to build on your lot at Swamphurst?
RYER: I'm thinking of putting up a house boat.

I T doesn't pay to be right too often.



"HENRY, DEAR, I'M OBLIGED TO USE THE DRESS SUIT FOR OUR CLUB SMOKER THIS EVENING, BUT I'VE LEFT YOU MY BEST BLOOMERS FOR THAT CLASS REUNION YOU WISH TO ATTEND."

The Awful Blight of Burns

THOSE Burns detective people have followed up their abominable conspiracy against union labor by an equally reprehensible plot to impugn the integrity of legislators in Ohio. Nineteen out of thirty-four State Senators and about thirty out of 117 members of the House are accused of boodling. It seems that various business men in Columbus hired the Burns Agency to discover how legislative business was transacted in that capital. This wanton disfigurement of legislative reputation has followed.

Ohio is the mother of Presidents and the seat of Adams County, where there was lately so much effort to abate the almost universal habit of citizens to sell their votes.

With these Burns detectives loose, and working for anybody who wants to find out something, it is getting to be so that citizens have no privileges. What good is the Constitution with the Burns people so active? Public prosecutors are elected, police officers are appointed, and they have responsibilities and respect them, but what do these Burns detectives respect? What are votes, or bosses, or machines, or trades unions to them? Unscrupulous, sordid men, they will catch anybody. They positively glory in it.

Disgusting!

Talk about the recall, is there to be no recall on Burns's men? If not, how can things go on? Prosperous land and number-business injur prosperous ruin



U.): WHAT A PITY, HENRY, OUR MODERN SCULPTORS DON'T TEACH SIMILAR LESSONS AGAINST THE INIQUITY OF DRINK

ol Board won't do . bad banker or a ore harm than a id that people are iness of the saloon- enough about the er and the grocer. the School Board ss Reed where she

is. Her position stimulates discussion and is good for the Chicago mind. Hereabouts saloon-keeping is not yet, in our opinion, so "respectable" as banking, but grand juries have been working hard this spring to put these occupations more nearly on a level, and their members would undoubtedly give some strong support to Miss Reed's opinion.



By a Real Bohemian of Real Bohemia

A GLANCE over the Confidential Guide will show that another week brings the virtual close of the present theatrical season. Time was when nothing but actual hot weather closed the theatres. Now the moment the automobiles and the increased number of country homes begin to exert their charms the playhouses feel the competition instantly. The managers know perfectly well on which side their bread is buttered, and electricity being an expensive commodity, the reason for the general darkening of the theatres is obvious.



POSSIBLY some lover of melodrama, anticipating the joys of "The Lights o' London," might have made an absent-minded mistake last week and dropped in at a performance of "The Clouds," which that apostle of the ideal, Mr. Julius Hopp, produced at the Bijou. The absent-minded one would have experienced a wonderful surprise. In the three acts of this play, from the Bohemian of Jaroslav Kvapil, he would have found not one single dramatic situation or climax, using the terms in their usual significance. The play is naturalism reduced, or raised, to a point that out Ibsens Ibsen.

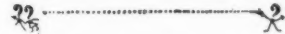
Briefly the story is of an actress who comes back to her childhood's home to find that, devoted to the church by a vow of his mother, her former play-fellow had studied for the priesthood and was on the point of taking orders. She had been out in the world and made her place; he had remained quiescent and meekly followed the path marked out for him. Stirred by her wonder at his lack of ambition and somewhat by a feeling her coquetry inspires, he decides to give up the church and join her in the wider world. Then the village priest and the mother get to work on both the young folks. The actress tells the youth that she is not good and that she has been trifling with him. He changes his mind and decides to continue his religious career. The actress goes back to the city.



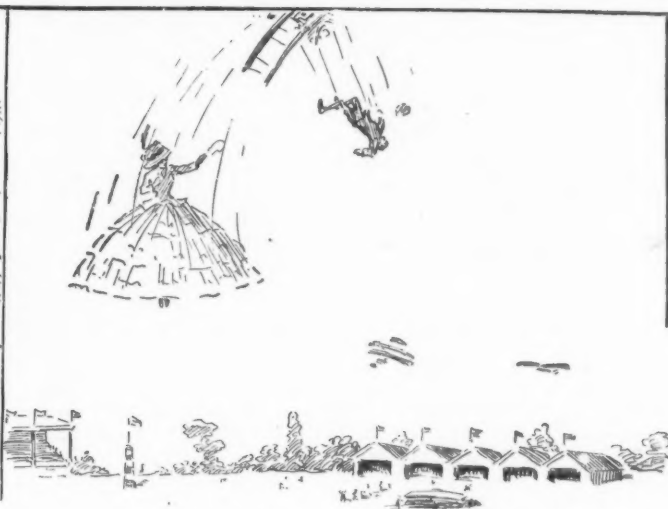
THAT'S all. Nothing to excite the spectator and very little that was moving. Hardly any action and almost all talk. The story left off exactly where it began. And yet the naturalness of the piece, its freedom from theatric effort gave it quite a bit of refreshing charm. This was helped by the character of the staging and the acting. The former was extremely simple and the five persons in the cast had been kept down to an absolute freedom from declamation and exaggeration of manner. Sara Biala, a young artiste of evidently foreign extraction, was the actress, but wisely re-

frained from characterizing the part with the usual obviousness. She has temperament and unusual power of expression in voice and gesture. If she can overcome some defects of vocal delivery there should be a prominent place waiting for her. The others in the small cast, Mr. J. M. Sullivan as the village priest, Mr. H. L. Fraser as the young student, Laura Linden as his mother, and Mr. L. R. Lytton as the country doctor, all showed the result of rehearsal in the naturalistic method of acting as opposed to the elaborately artificial methods to which we are accustomed.

A play like "The Clouds" is not meat for strong men, nor likely to please the frivolous-minded. If it sets forth anything it is that even the best intended parental guidance may sometimes be tyrannical, but this isn't made at all emphatic. Taken simply as a bit of stage naturalism it was refreshing and a credit to Mr. Hopp's persistence in gaining a hearing for a Bohemian dramatist. That seems to be the extent of its significance. From its auspices it might be argued that it was a high-brow play. Quite the contrary.



AT the end of the season our colored brothers and sisters of the profession get a look in on the New York stage and "His Honor the Barber," at the Majestic, is very far from being bad entertainment in the way of a musical show. With more expensiveness of staging and costuming it would be considerably ahead of some similar attractions which have lately been bidding for approval at the best Broadway theatres. Aida Overton Walker and S. H. Dudley, the comedian, who are the stars of the company, are quite as clever in their work as some of their white competitors. In vivacity and musical ability the chorus can give points to most of the musical show aggregations. The plot hinges on the ambition of the hero to shave the President of the United States, which gives a glimpse of the fun of the libretto. The music is by a colored composer, Mr. James Brymm, and shows more originality and good many scores heard this season.



THE PARACHUTE

WOMEN AVIATORS ARE NOW WEARING THE HOOP-SKIRT FOR PRACTICAL REASONS



F principal importance to the actors but also of interest to the theatregoing public, is the recent and continuing disturbance in the charity

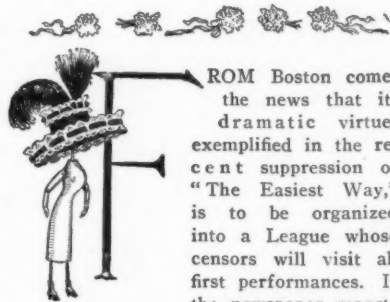
known as the Actors' Fund.

The public has a legitimate right to know something about the management of the institutions it helps to support, and the present contention with regard to the Actors' Fund arises from the charge that no adequate accounting is made by those now in control of the large sums of money gathered from the public by means of fairs, benefits and contributions.

The actors have let the management of their charity, and especially of its finances, drift from their own hands into the keeping of theatrical managers, with the Erlanger element on top. For the actors themselves there can be little sympathy. If they haven't the brains and loyalty to stick together in charge of the moneys they and the public provide to care for unfortunate members of the profession in sickness and old age, they should not resent it if the public turns a deaf ear to future appeals for the Actors' Fund.

If the Actors' Fund were the Bricklayers' Fund or the Plumbers' Fund it is pretty certain that bricklayers and plumbers would be in active control of it and that its moneys would not be turned over to the handling of contrac-

tors and employers of bricklayers and plumbers. No one more quickly than an actor would resent the imputation that his profession was not on a par with the less pretentious trades in intelligence and loyalty.



FROM Boston comes the news that its dramatic virtue, exemplified in the recent suppression of "The Easiest Way," is to be organized into a League whose

censors will visit all first performances. If the newspaper reports are true, the work of the organization will be more negative than positive. Instead of seeking the closing of the indecent shows by the authorities, it will try to accomplish its purposes by commendation of the things that are fit and visiting the condemnation of silence on those that are not. Which looks as though Boston had turned over its moral welfare in theatricals to Mayor Fitzgerald. And recent experience with "The Girl from Rector's" and similar classy entertainments demonstrates that quite a number of our Puritan neighbors want to find out for themselves whether such shows are fit for them to see.

Metcalfe.



Belasco—Last fortnight of "The Concert." Clever and well acted light comedy, making fun of the women who waste their worship on professional musicians.

Broadway—Mr. Lew Fields and big company in "The Hen-Pecks." Musical show elaborately staged.

Casino—Closed. Next week revival of "Pinafore" with cast including Messrs. Hopper, Dixey and Cowles, and Messrs. Cahill, Gunning and Brady.

Cohan's—"Get Rich Quick Wallingford." Exaltation in laughable but slangy force of the confidence man, his victims and the way he fleeces them.

Criterion—"The Bachelor's Baby." Not hefty but pleasing little comedy with Mr. Francis Wilson in a congenial role.

Folies Bergere Cafe Manceant—Good restaurant service accompanied by stage performance of ballet, extravaganza and vaudeville features. Costly and fairly amusing.

Gaiety—"Excuse Me." Sleeping-car life and its tragedies made laughable in a farce of transcontinental travel.

Herald Square—"Everywoman." The temptations of women done into a spectacular and poetical allegory, following in a way the form of the old morality play.

Lyceum—"Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." Last week of the clever comedy, satirizing American society, in which Mrs. Fiske and able company appear to unusually good advantage.

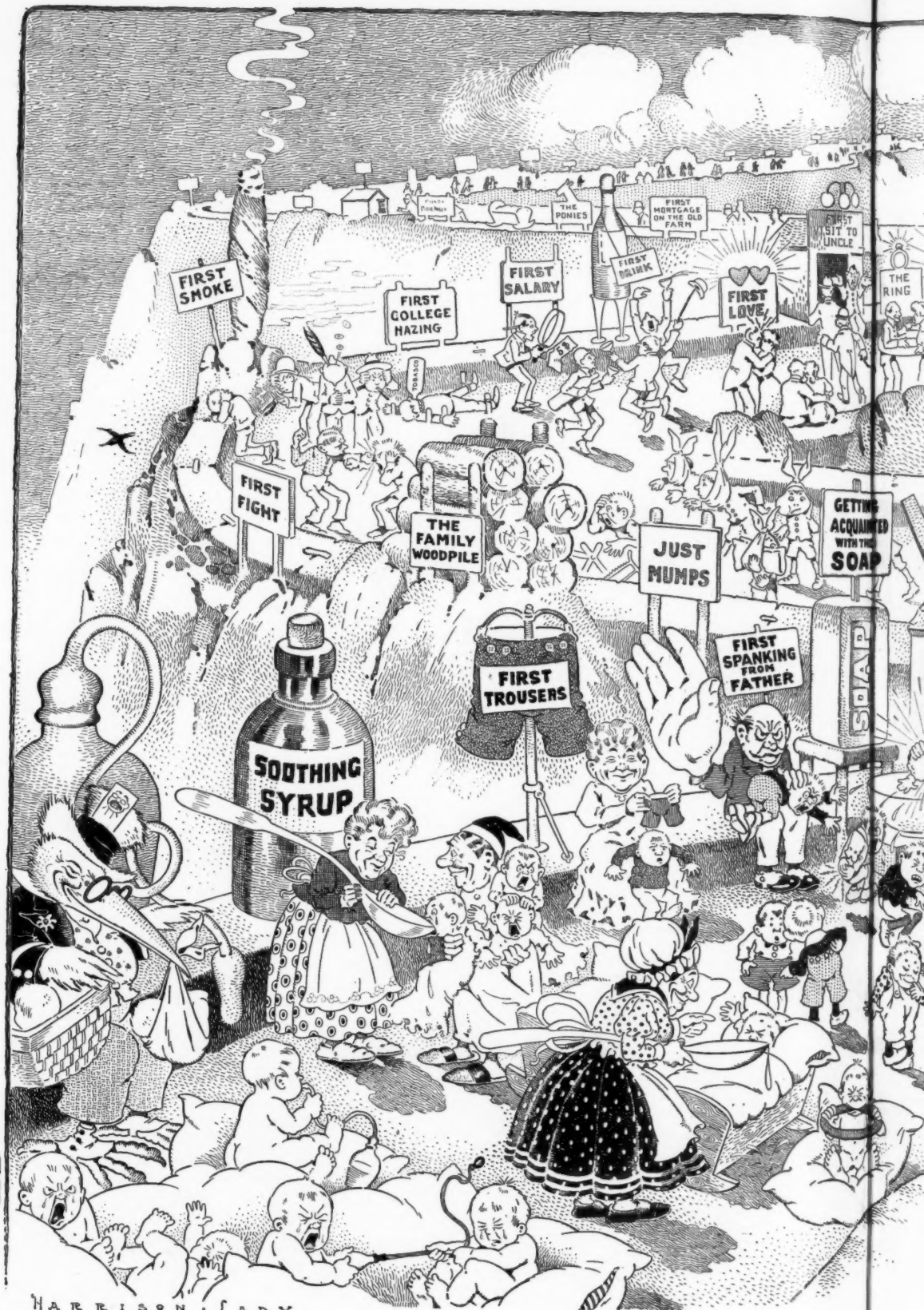
Lyric—Last week of the revival of the old melodrama "The Lights o' London." Interesting, amusing and acted by an "all star" cast.

Majestic—"His Honor the Barber." with colored performers, giving a musical and spirited performance of a laughable skit.

Nasimova—"As a Man Thinks." A one-sided discussion of the problem involved in the question of the social position of the Jew in America as a side issue in a well-acted play.

Playhouse—"Over Night." Slender farce, somewhat amusing, but inclined to be broad in lines and situations.

Winter Garden—Pretentious vaudeville and musical show, generous in amount, but not exactly original or brainy in conception.

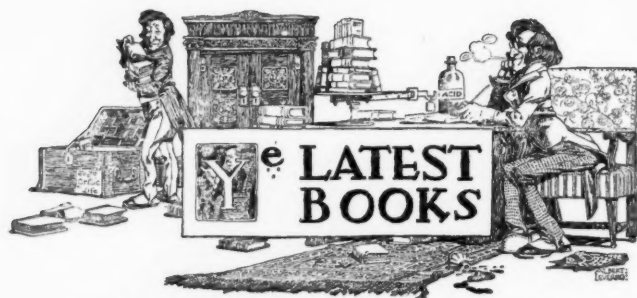


HARRISON LADY

Some Milestones Along Life's



s Along Life's Highway



MAURICE HEWLETT'S new volume, "Brazenhead the Great" (Scribner, \$1.50), contains a quatrain of adventures from the life of a swashbuckling English soldier of fortune of the fifteenth century, whose magnificent egotism makes him at once the master of circumstance, the dupe of rogues and the victim of his own defective qualities. The stories are picturesque; the text is rich to fruitiness with that elixir of mediævalism that Mr. Hewlett is wont to distill from what passes for the past, and the whole forms a restatement of a Falstaffian type of character that, in English at least, would seem to be a work of supererogation. At any rate the type, and that especially in this, its mediæval manifestation, is so utterly familiar to us that to read Mr. Hewlett's book (which itself is a return to his earlier style) is in a double sense to revive old associations rather than to lay the foundation for new ones. It is hoped, however, that this statement will not be understood as in any sense denying the appeal that this volume is likely to make to many readers, but rather as indicative of those to whom its twofold return upon the past will be welcome.

A DISTINCTLY new note has been introduced into the cold and formal literature of arctic exploration by George Borup in "A Tenderfoot with Peary" (Stokes, \$2.10). The author was the youngest member of the last polar expedition. He was a Yale athlete, a "kid," an enthusiast, a sport and a hustler. The affair presented itself to him as the Great Adventure. He approached it with huge appetite. And he has written about it with complete verbal *sans-gêne* and an utter absence of self-consciousness. There are, one imagines, few readers who have not at some time visited the arctic in imagination under the painstaking guidance of one or other of its grim and indomitable explorers; seen it, as it were, professionally, as an enemy to be conquered, a problem to be solved, and a region whose fascination lay in its terribleness. Here we see it through the eyes of one who combines the fresh-sightedness of the onlooker with the enthusiasm of a neophyte, as a human spectacle to be enjoyed and as a Homeric testing ground for heroes. Some traveler has said that what impressed him most about Russia was the apparent ease with which even very little children spoke Russian. Mr. Borup writes undergraduate English with the same native facility. His book is a saga done in ragtime.

IT will be remembered that Macaulay (who was better versed in English history than in natural history) wrote of

"boys who, unaware,
Ranging the wood to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of some dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amid bones and blood."

It is the somewhat laughable duty of this paragraph to describe a contrary experience; to tell about going out in high

hopes and full expectation of meeting a bear, and about finding a cotton-tail; in short, about reading Mr. Daniel Frohman's "Memories of a Manager" (Doubleday-Page, \$1.00 net). For one takes up the book with a feeling that, quite irrespective of what one may think about the contemporary condition of the stage in America, or about Mr. Frohman's share of the responsibility for its development, one will find entertainment of sorts in being admitted behind the scenes of his experiences during the last quarter century, and will, moreover, discover a personality lurking between the lines. And one lays the book down with the somewhat blank realization that, after all, one's adventures have consisted in encountering many names about whose owners one would have liked to hear something, and that the anticipated personality has resolved itself into a few familiar platitudes about the dogmas of the drama.

If ignorance were safe as well as blissful, no one with any regard for his peace of mind would open the excellent but disturbing hand-book recently issued under the title of "Inheritance Taxes for Investors" (Boston News Bureau, \$1.00). This volume is a model of clearness and conciseness, and in addition to chapters of general explanation, tables of comparison and lists of leading corporations, with the States where they are incorporated, it gives for each of the thirty-eight States imposing inheritance taxes a brief review of the history of this class of legislation, a summary of the existing law and notes on the important constructive rulings of the local courts. The volume's revelations are sufficiently startling to make the owner of anything taxable feel like a piece of liver in a trout pond. But it is a valuable reference book.

J. B. Kerfoot.

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

The Ashes of a God, by F. W. Bain. Another of this author's exquisite adaptations of Hindoo mythology.
A Tenderfoot with Peary, by George Borup. See above.



HIS FIRST AFFAIR



"OH, MR. CHILLY, ISN'T IT JUST LIKE TWO DEAR LITTLE BIRDS ON A DEAR LITTLE TWIG IN THE MATING SEASON?"

The Broad Highway, by Jeffery Farnol. A story of romantic vagabondage in England of a century ago.

The Chasm, by George Cram Cook. A tale of socialism in America and Russia. Good, live controversial fiction.

The Caravanners, by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. A traveling Teuton's own account of a summer's outing. Rather clumsy satire.

Conrad in Quest of His Youth, by Leonard Merrick. Amusing incidents in disillusionment.

The Comtessa's Sister, by Gardner Teall. An attractive picture of Capri with a background of light fiction.

The Gold Brick, by Brand Whitlock. Short stories (of the sturdy, garden variety) of Illinois politics.

The Grain of Dust, by David Graham Phillips. The story of a little stenographer, a big lawyer and a braip-storm. Twenty-three per cent. alcohol. Artificially colored.

The Great Illusion, by Norman Angell. The historical and human-natural pros and cons of the possibility of international peace.

Love's Pilgrimage, by Upton Sinclair. Autobiographical yellow journalism.

"*Me-Smith*," by Caroline Lockhart. A racily told story of a bad-man of the Wyoming desert country.

The Patrician, by John Galsworthy. The inside history of a family crisis. A portrait of a type and a prophecy of its passing.

Two on the Trail, by Hulbert Footner. Picturesque melodrama, well staged in the Canadian wilderness.

The Passing of the Idle Rich

THE passing of the idle rich is all very well in theory, but is it practicable? How are they going to get passed? They won't join the army. They won't live in the slums. They won't work in sweatshops. They won't be pedestrians. They won't engage in any pursuit whatsoever which has a high mortality rate, except perhaps the pursuit of food and drink.

Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin sees a ray of hope in the fact that many of the young idle rich are going into the business of retailing bonds. We will not deny that bonds should be retailed, but even if the demand for retail bonds should increase beyond our fondest dreams, it would hardly furnish a sufficient outlet for all the idle richness which the trusts have accumulated.

MAN'S inhumanity to woman makes countless suffragists mourn.

From Our Readers



To Life

1
Dear LIFE—I've often wondered
As in heavy type you've thundered,
Of the various Numbers you would
issue next,
If not by some mistake
That your Editors might make
You'd have something really funny in
your text.

2
You've had numbers now galore
And they've been an awful bore,
Each new one seems a little duller still,
Numbers on the suffragette,
And the dog, dear little pet,
That some very worthy doctor tried to
kill.

3
In this vivid U. S. A.
There are lots of brains they say,
And sometimes you *must* get something
good—
Keep some really clever verse,
And some jokes that might be worse,
And have a *funny* number as you should.
H. B. M.

Dare you to publish this?
No!—EDITOR OF LIFE.

We Indorse This

EDITOR OF LIFE,
DEAR SIR:

Having read a newspaper account quoting a prominent business man as stating that in order to be a success in life one must learn to travel alone, and advising the young man to remain single, I begin to see the earmarks of a conspiracy in restraint of population. But will this logic (?) appeal to the grand young man?

Perhaps the successful business man has been, or had been, snubbed by some young lady, which apparently made him turn against all of her sex, forgetting, perhaps, that there were still many fish left uncaught.

It would be highly interesting to learn just what his definition of success is, as there seem to be many kinds of success.

Contrary to his apparent belief, the great majority of successful men owe their success in life to the finer spiritual influence of women, whether it be their wives, mothers or sisters, and if a man,

no matter how successful in business, goes through life minus the refining influence of a good woman, particularly a wife, he is losing the biggest part of success.

Notwithstanding the opinion of some men, a wife is a great producer, and she accomplishes a great deal more than she is ever given credit for, and her spiritual influence has very often transformed man from a wreck into a great success and made a successful man still more successful.

If those so-called successful bachelor business men are imbued with the idea that their success is owing to their fixed policy of traveling alone, what, pray, would have been their status had their own parents been imbued with the same idea?

There are so many beautiful rosebuds of American womanhood born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air, and it is a shame that the bachelors do not mend their ways and endeavor to reduce the surplus. I am a bachelor, I confess, but I count this a great misfortune, and fully believe that, other things being equal, and, judging from the statements of married friends and acquaintances in the premises, marriage is a grand sweet song, which cannot be equaled by any mere material success, and am convinced that if necessary hosts of men and women throughout the country would uphold me in this belief. Cordially yours,

JOHN E. DREW, JR.

PASSAIC, N. J.,
May 1, 1911.

Another View

EDITOR LIFE:

Have just finished reading the sad letter of W. A. Thomas, from that dear Shanghai, in which he recites the story of the untimely death of two fair young girls and a noble banker, who went swiftly to their graves because of their perverseness in remaining unvaccinated, and "were buried just before dawn." I do not see what bearing the hour of their burial has on the question—but let that pass.

I infer from W. A. T.'s letter that there are no untimely deaths in Shanghai except among the unvaccinated, but here it is not so. A few months ago a bright boy, ten years of age, was sent home from the public school because he

was found to be unvaccinated, with the ultimatum, "no vaccination, no education." His parents protested, but not wishing him to grow up an ignoramus, had him vaccinated and he returned to school.

In a few days he became violently ill, his arm became swollen to twice its natural size, and after a week of frightful suffering he died. I cannot add that he, too, was "buried at the hour before dawn," but at that I do not think his case less tragic than those of the two fair young girls and the noble banker.

Did space permit I could give numerous other cases along similar lines, but this will suffice to show that vaccination, even when indulged in annually, like spring cleaning, May moving or Labor Day strikes, is not an unfailing panacea for sudden death. J. J. PAUL.
St. Louis, Mo.,
May 2, 1911.

It's Coming!

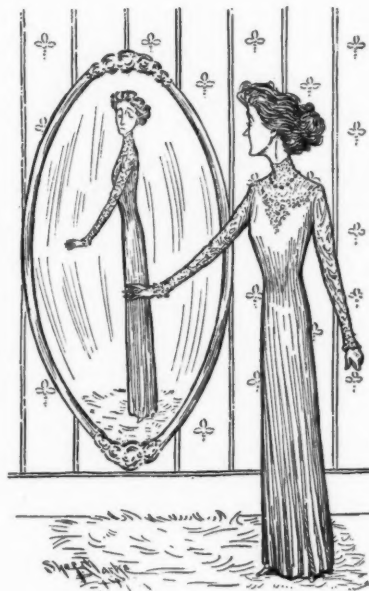
EDITOR LIFE,
DEAR SIR:

When may the writer expect a Wild West Number of your great family journal? Or have I overlooked a bet and have the gentle cowboy, flagrant redman, innocent mine promoter, etc., already come in for their share?

Yours truly,

ROBERT V. CARR.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



ROOM FOR REFLECTION

The truck that made the grade



The Portland Endurance Contest for Motor Trucks proved an *elimination* contest on this 19% grade, where the only truck in the heavy division that climbed this hill without trouble was this

Kelly Motor Truck

One well-known truck stalled three times before accomplishing this climb; the best known water-cooled truck "boiled" and had difficulty all the way; two well-known trucks started, stalled and had to back down and return to Portland. The Kelly alone took the grade without difficulty.

This demonstration of superiority of the Kelly Truck is representative of the kind of service it is giving in almost every industry today. It is represented in your line of business. It is doing better

work in your line than any other motor truck made. It will do better work for you and at lower operating cost than any other motor truck ever can.

What are the factors that have contributed to bring the Kelly home a winner in every instance?

First, the famous, exclusive Kelly (Frayer-Miller) Blower-Cooled Engine; second, perfect balance and correct design; third, light weight in proportion to load capacity.

Write us today for full details of the work of the Kelly in your particular line

The Kelly Motor Truck Company, 204 Burt Street, Springfield, Ohio



The Henglish View

'Arf a hinch, 'arf a hinch,
'Arf a hinch honward,
'Ampered be 'obble skirts,
'Opped the "400."

—Dartmouth Jack-O'-Lantern.

Has This Chap a Bible?

A commercial traveller tells of seeing in a West Virginia cemetery this epitaph: "Sacred to the memory of James Perkins, for thirty years senior partner of the firm of Perkins & Parker, now Parker & Co., who hope to merit a continuance of your patronage."

—Boston Transcript.

Ought to Be Thankful

"Have pity on a poor, lame man who is hungry and cold."

"Stranger, think yourself lucky. You're only cold in one leg; I'm cold in both."—Pele Mele.



"GREAT SCOTT! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TRY TO PUT A GARDEN IN THIS LITTLE YARD, ARE YOU?"

"WHY YES, WITH FOLDING FLOWERBEDS OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT."

Took Precautions

Mr. Newrich had his own ideas about what a person should be to keep well, and what he should eat and drink. His intentions, therefore, being good, what does it matter that his language sometimes slipped up? Says the Philadelphia Record:

"With all your wealth, are you not afraid of the proletariat?" asked the delver in sociological problems.

"No, I ain't!" snapped Mr. Newrich. "We boil all our drinkin' water."

—Youth's Companion.

An Important Distinction

"I wish Fritz would write his figures plainer. I can't possibly tell from his letter whether it is one thousand or ten thousand kisses that he sends me."

—Fliegende Blatter.

The Reason

"Why is that man always grunting so about his business?"

"I don't know, unless it is the force of association. You see, he deals in pig iron."—Baltimore American.

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This label is on the genuine Pantasote The Best TOP MATERIAL.

Caution to Purchasers of Tops

Pantasote, a product of our exclusive manufacture, is a top material of uniform high quality, recognized by those of experience as unexcelled. In many cases unscrupulous dealers substitute cheap inferior materials to increase their profits at the purchaser's expense. The average person cannot distinguish PANTASOTE from these substitutes, as they look somewhat alike when new.

The label as shown above is the only absolute assurance of the genuine Pantasote—look for it on the top. The dealer has no excuse for not using labels, as they are sent free of charge with every yard of Pantasote.

PANTASOTE is superior to mohairs for many reasons—two in particular, the impossibility of cleaning them and the ruination of their interlining gum of very impure rubber by exposure to grease or sunlight, as are tires.

Send postal for booklet on top materials, and samples.

THE PANTASOTE CO., 55 Bowling Green Bldg., New York

For more than sixty years

June Brides

have expressed their preference for

"LIKLY" BAGGAGE

TRAVELERS today, whether on honeymoon trips or on globe-circling tours, find "Likly" Baggage indispensable if they would secure the utmost convenience and pleasure.

There are Trunks for all practical purposes and for all occasions, which may be secured in sets or combinations having a uniform general style and appearance.

And each Trunk is distinguished by exclusive "Likly" features that place it in a class by itself.

In particular, ask your dealer about

- "Likly" Wardrobe Trunks (both for men and for women)
- "Likly" Guaranteed Hand Baggage and
- "Likly" Motoring Specialties

Complete Catalogues and name of nearest dealer will be sent on request

HENRY LIKLY & CO. **632 Lyell Avenue Rochester, N. Y.**



An All-American Product
for all Americans

**White
Rock**

"The World's Best Table Water"

In NEW Sterilized Bottles only

Precocious Baby

A professor of the University of Pennsylvania, who has greatly endeared himself to the students on account of his kind-heartedness, has one particular failing—that of absent-mindedness.

He visited his married nephew a few days ago and had listened to the young wife's praise of her first born.

The gentleman felt that he must say something to give the impression that he was interested.

"Can the dear little fellow walk?" he inquired quietly.

"Walk?" shouted the mother. "Why he has been walking for five months!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the professor, lapsing again into abstraction. "What a long way he must have got!"

—Philadelphia Times.

**Nature's Call
Outdoors**

is best answered and enjoyed by those
having a supply of

Evans' Ale

THE enthusiasm and responsiveness which it infuses into country life dates back to the days of Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest.

Order a supply and enjoy the happy life
Apply to nearest dealer or write to
C. H. EVANS & SONS, - Hudson, N. Y.



The Hint That Failed
VISITOR (waiting an invitation to lunch): Two o'clock! I fear I am keeping you from your dinner!
HOSTESS: No; but I fear we are keeping you from yours.
—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

"Do you consider it a sin to be rich?"
"No; at the present price of living I consider it impossible."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

**SIDE TRIPS
THROUGH PICTURESQUE
HOLLAND**

VERY SMALL EXPENSE
FROM LONDON } Start Any Time { 3 days
FROM PARIS } From Anywhere { 5 days
FROM BERLIN } From Anywhere { 7 days
From London to the Continent
NIGHT SERVICE—Via FOLKESTONE-FLUSHING
DAY SERVICE—Via QUEENBORO-FLUSHING
Quickest and Most Convenient Route to Northern and Central Europe. Smoothest Sea Trip. New Palace Steamers, Largest and Fastest Crossing the Channel.
Write for booklets and itineraries showing every detail of delightful tours.
C. BAKKER, General American Agent, Netherland State Railways—Flushing Royal Mail Route, Dept. D, 355 Broadway, New York

**Do You
Still "Clean House"?**

It costs money to tear up and "clean house."
—The money you pay out for extra labor.
—The money you lose in damage to carpets, decorations, ornaments and furniture.
To say nothing of the physical wear and tear.

With **"RICHMOND"** vacuum cleaning, you can clean without opening a window—without raising a dust—without moving the furniture. Floor coverings, walls, upholstery, draperies, pillows, mattresses, pianos—everything in the house is "air scrubbed" just where it is. The house is *always* cleaner than the severest housecleaning could ever make it.

And the expense of two or three house cleanings would easily pay the whole cost of a **"RICHMOND"**

The vacuum cleaning systems which bear the trade name **"RICHMOND"** are made by the largest concern in the vacuum cleaning line—a seven million dollar corporation with six manufacturing plants. This system is licensed under the **Basic Kenney Patent**, and includes all of the types and vacuum cleaning principles which have been proven successful by experience. Practically 80% of all of the vacuum cleaning installations in America are the product of this Company or of its predecessors.

In residences, apartments, hotels, schools, office buildings, libraries, churches, theatres, factories, stores, garages, and public buildings, **"RICHMOND"** Vacuum Cleaning will easily earn its own way, to say nothing of the cleanliness and convenience it brings. It can readily be installed in **old buildings as well as in new.** The initial expense is small; the annual saving is great. Send the convenient coupon or write—

THE McCRUM-HOWELL Co.
LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF VACUUM
CLEANING SYSTEMS IN THE WORLD
Park Ave. and 41st St., New York City
Rush and Michigan Sts., Chicago

"RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning Systems; **"RICHMOND"** and **"MODEL"** Heating Systems; **"RICHMOND"** Bath Tubs, Lavatories; **"RICHMOND"** Concealed Transom Lifts.

—Just as Electricity has freed the home from smelly oil lamps;

—Just as steam heat has made it unnecessary to track coal and ashes all over the house;

—Just so has **"Richmond"** Vacuum Cleaning put an end to the annual tear-up called housecleaning—put an end to all of the drudgery of sweeping and dusting in the home.



"Collect the dust
Don't spread it."

SEND information about the advantages and economy of "Built-in-the-House" Vacuum Cleaning for the buildings checked below.

- Residence
- Office Building
- Theatre
- Apartment
- Library
- Public Building
- Hotel
- Garage (541)
- Factory
- School
- Church
- Store

If you are interested in a ten pound electrical Portable Cleaner, check here

Name _____
Address _____

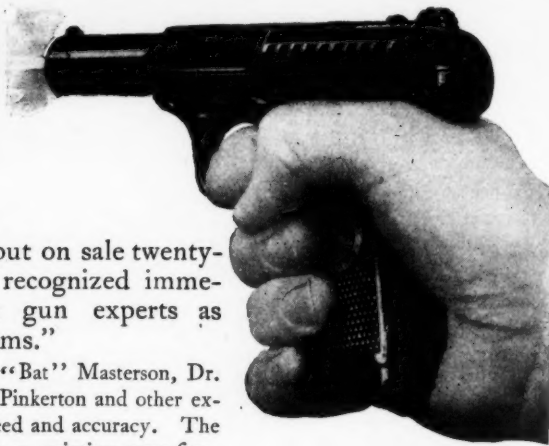
Mail to The McCrum-Howell Co.
Park Ave. and 41st St., N. Y. City, or Rush and Michigan Sts., Chicago

A Match for any Burglar

THE Savage Automatic was put on sale twenty-eight months ago. It was recognized immediately by the world's greatest gun experts as outranking all other "small firearms."

Detective Wm. J. Burns, Buffalo Bill, "Bat" Masterson, Dr. Carver, Major Richard Sylvester, Wm. A. Pinkerton and other experts prefer the Savage Automatic for its speed and accuracy. The public has taken to it because it aims as easy as pointing your forefinger; because it makes any novice, man or woman, a crack shot, without practice, and shoots Eleven (11) shots without reloading.

Your home is not really protected unless you have a Savage Automatic, which anyone in the house can shoot straight, and get in the first vital shot. You can put it off and put it off. Or, you can 'phone to your dealer now and have him send you up one for inspection—something you'll never regret.



TWO FREE BOOKS

Send for "Bat" Masterson's famous gun fighter book, "The Tenderfoot's Turn." Free. Send also today for new book about the famous "303" Featherweight Takedown rifle (\$25), the Model 1009, 22 cal. Takedown rifle (\$10) and other Savage rifles. Address, Savage Arms Co., 885 Savage Ave., Utica, New York.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Two Ways

He who finds he has something to sell,
And goes and whispers it down a well,
Is not so apt to collar the dollars,
As he who climbs a tree and hollers.

—The Advertiser.

That Boy!

The mother heard a great commotion,
As of cyclones mixed up with battering
rams, and she hurried upstairs to discover
what was the matter. There she found
Tommie sitting in the middle of the floor
with a broad smile on his face.

"Oh, Mama," said he delightedly,
"I've locked Grandpa and Uncle George
in the cupboard, and when they get a
little angrier I am going to play Daniel
in the lion's den."—Lippincott's.

A Glad Relief

"Thank heaven, those bills are got
rid of," said Bilkins, fervently, as he
tore up a bundle of statements of account
dated October 1st.

"All paid, eh?" said Mrs. Bilkins.
"Oh, no," said Bilkins. "The duplicates
dated November 1st have come in
and I don't have to keep these any
longer."—Harper's Weekly.

"WHAT is your ideal man?"

"One who is clever enough to make
money and foolish enough to spend it!"
—Variety Life.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

NECKWEAR

In New and Exclusive Styles for Summer Wear

Of especial interest to men of refinement are the new Accordion Weaves in the Hobble Effect, Roman Stripes and Even Stripes, also plain Two-tone effects, made from the finest bright thread silks, lustrous and full of life.

New College Stripes in Two and Three-tone effects.
Our Crocheted and Knitted Neckwear all of the better kind.

Shop by Post. Our Complete Illustrated Art Booklet Will Tell You How. Sent on Application.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY
400 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

The Politician and the Cot-Bed

A Western politician tells the following story as illustrating the inconveniences attached to campaigning in certain sections of the country.

Upon his arrival at one of the small towns in South Dakota, where he was to make a speech the following day, he found that the so-called hotel was crowded to the doors. Not having telegraphed for accommodations, the politician discovered that he would have to make shift as best he could. Accordingly, he was obliged for that night to sleep on a wire cot which had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As the politician is an extremely fat man, he found his improvised bed anything but comfortable.

"How did you sleep?" asked a friend in the morning.

"Fairly well," answered the fat man, "but I looked like a waffle when I got up."—Lippincott's.

The Horse's Comment

The mule, being in a temper, kicked a few boards out of the side of the barn.

"One of those fresh-air cranks," commented the horse to itself.—Buffalo Express.

Accounted For

FARMER CORNCRIB: You advertise an ocean view.

FARMER HAYRICK: Yep. Movin' picture.—New York Sun.

"Who gets the custody of the automobile?" "I told my wife she might have it. I can't keep up a machine and pay alimony, too."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Caroni Bitters—Unexcelled with Lemonade, Soda, Gin, Sherry and Whiskey. Indispensable for a perfect cocktail. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y. Gen'l Distrs.

CORNELL COTTAGES SECTIONAL PORTABLE

COTTAGES

Seventy-one Broadway, New York City, November 26th, 1910.
Wyckoff Lumber & Mfg. Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

Gentlemen: The Portable House which I purchased from you has now been in continuous service for almost three years, and it has been entirely satisfactory in every feature. It was easily erected by two inexperienced men in less than one day. The materials have been proved first class, as the building is just as good today as it was when first set up.

Yours very truly,
LORENZO C. DILES.

BOAT-HOUSES

The Rogers Paper Manufacturing Co., South Manchester, Conn., Nov. 22, 1910.
Wyckoff Lumber & Mfg. Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

Gentlemen: It has been three or four years since I bought the boat-house from you, and this is to state that it is in excellent condition at the present time and giving excellent service. Aside from painting, there has been no expense for repairs.

The material and workmanship that you furnish, for the amount of money called for, has proven thoroughly satisfactory.

Yours truly,
THE ROGERS PAPER MFG. CO., Inc.

GARAGES

New York, N. Y., Nov. 21, 1910.
Wyckoff Lumber & Mfg. Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I purchased from you one of your Cornell Portable Garages in the Spring of 1905, and I have never spent a penny upon it for repairs since it was erected. It is appearing in exactly the same condition as when erected. It has served the purpose perfectly. It is staunch and dry. There has never a drop of water come through any part of it. It is attractive in appearance and answers every purpose that a required of it.


Very truly yours,
J. P. MURPHY.

Satisfied Customers "tell the story." If you need a practical, substantial building for any purpose, let us tell you what we can do for you.

Fireproof Garages a Specialty. Illustrated catalog free.

WYCKOFF LUMBER & MFG. CO., 425 Green St., Ithaca, N. Y.

PROTECT YOUR AUTO LICENSE



with a genuine Calfskin leather protector. Folds compact. Takes up little space in your pocket. Every car owner and driver needs one. Fits your license nicely. Keeps your license clean and you always know just where to find it. Just what you want while touring. Send a dollar for one at once.

AUTO LICENSE PROTECTOR \$1, PREPAID
Prompt refund if not satisfactory.

C. W. WEEKS CO. Dept. B. Springfield, Mass.

Rhymed Review

The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls

(By *Jesse Lynch Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons*)

Though daisies gem the dewy mead
And verdure all the world appears,
I pray you, find the time to read
This book about the Frederic Carrolls.

Behold, true lovers newly wed,
Your coming strife with worldly folly,
Pre-dramatized by painter Fred
And winsome, wise, resourceful Molly!

While Fred was able, decent, kind
And sure to win artistic glories,
His wife had much the brighter mind;
(They always have, you know—in stories).

She faced all problems, passed all tests,
And always crossed the line a winner.
How cleverly she snubbed those guests
Who failed to come and spoiled her dinner!

How well she foiled the crafty dame
Who tried to steal her darling Freddie!

A Black and Brass Finish for Solarclipse Lamps



Send for the Solar Catalog and see how Solarclipse—the handsomest motor lamp—looks in black with brass or nickel trimmings.

Then specify it on your new car.

The finest cars in the country, almost without exception, are fitted with

SOLARCLIPSE


Solarclipse is the headlight with long and short beams, the lamp which may be used with both beams or with the short beam alone.

Invaluable in touring through towns that prohibit searchlight beams.

We make gas, electric and combination headlights and oil and electric side and tail lamps, singly and in combination, for pleasure cars.

Don't specify equipment without getting the Solar Catalog. Address the nearest office.

BADGER BRASS MFG. CO. (194)
Kenosha, Wisconsin New York City



BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

YOU may talk about your "pet" brands, but right here is where you can start your tobacco education—where you can learn what a real smoke is

Philip Morris English Mixture and Cut Plug

Everything that's good or possible in tobacco has been put into these brands. You can well risk a quarter for a trial two-ounce tin.

If your dealer does not stock Philip Morris English Mixture and Philip Morris Cut Plug, send us his name and 25 cents for tin of either brand.

PHILIP MORRIS & CO., Ltd.
417 W. Broadway, New York City
Factories
New York Montreal London Cairo

How well she helped him climb to fame,
Sustained his strength and kept him steady!

Our author plies no surgeon's knife
To cut away a social tumor,
But gives some views of modern life
With jabs of wit and dabs of humor.

Then out with me beneath the bough,
Among the columbines and trilliums,
The Loaf, the Jug of Wine and Thou,
Let's try these yarns by Jesse Williams.
Arthur Guiterman.



Crouch & Fitzgerald

154 Fifth Avenue
N. W. Cor. 20th St.

177 Broadway 723 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.
Above Cortlandt Below Forty-second

Trunks, Bags and Cases

Life's Family Album

A. B. Walker



IT is always a difficult matter to say whether Mr A. B. Walker is a brother of Wm. H. Walker, or Wm. H. Walker is a brother of A. B. Walker. Each one is a distinguished contributor to LIFE. Each lives in Flushing.

There seems to be no choice.

Mr. A. B. Walker, however, has for a long time been under the influence of the Greek Spirit and the Long Island Railroad. One has taught him conciseness, the other technical accuracy; so that when we approached him for the facts, intending as usual that our interview with him should be written in that graceful and easy style of which we are so famous a master, he scorned our advances, and instead of this handed us the following time-table (corrected to date) of the life of A. B. Walker:

- Arrived Binghamton, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1878
- " Buff Central High Sc. 1894
- " University of Rochester B.A. 1897
- " Art St. League, N. Y. 1901
- " Matrimonial Junction. 1909
- " At LIFE office, Harper's, Scribner's et al. . . . Ever since

Took on en route: Following hobbies—
 Passion for antique furniture and amateur carpentering.
 Disposition—Amiable

The "Women's Car"

The Burlington Railroad acknowledges the growing patronage of its lines by women by putting a "women's car" on its express trains between Chicago and St. Paul.—*The American*.

WHO'S going to ride in it? Not women, as we predict the Burlington will discover.

Women and strictly sober men, perhaps.

Well, maybe.

Women are not at all set on traveling with nobody but women. You can't put anything in a car that is more interesting and acceptable to women travelers than a man. He should be an orderly and sober man, to be sure, but a man.

That is entirely reasonable. There is nothing on the earth that ought to interest women as much as men, or that should interest men as much as women. It is true that men huddle off into smoking cars, but that's because they like to smoke and not because they want to get away from women.

McAdoo tried (by request) a women's car on his subway trains, but the girls wouldn't ride in it.

PIRATES nowadays do not carry black flags, but they dress well.

SOME friends are a habit—some a luxury.

POLITICIANS always belong to the opposite party.

Is Football Healthy?

A VERY valuable life ended on May 10 by the death from diabetes of Francis Gordon Brown, Jr., high scholar of Yale, famous football player and captain of the Yale football team in 1900. Brown was a man of remarkable powers, physical and mental, and of remarkable character. He was one of the best football players this country has produced. He had a brother who was also at Yale for a while and was also a football player of great promise and who died while an undergraduate of typhoid fever.

A few months ago died, of typhoid fever, in Cambridge, Francis Hardon Burr, law student, high scholar of Harvard, famous football player, man of admirable powers, spirit and character, captain of the Harvard football team two or three years ago.

Here was another very valuable life puffed out almost at its beginning.

Well; is football a healthy sport for men who do it thoroughly, and have, and employ, the powers to do something else?

Nothing can beat football as a means of winning for a promising young man a two-column death notice in the papers—says the *Evening Post*—but is the game really healthy? The greatest powers can be exhausted by excessive demands on them, especially in youth.

Doesn't football seem to come pretty high, considering what it amounts to?



WALL FLOWERS

WHEN WOMEN RULE, SOME GIRLS WILL BE REVENGED



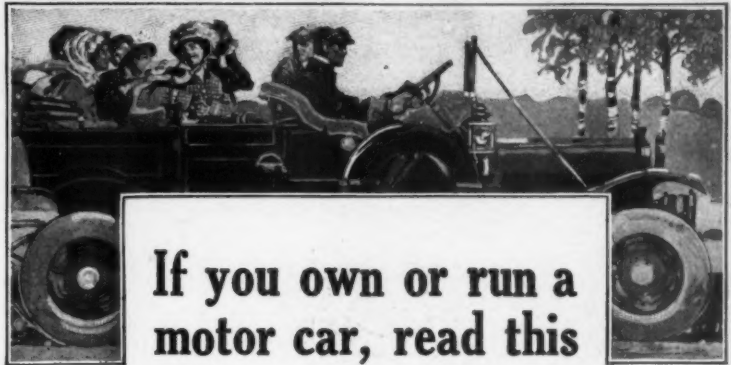
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Do you thoroughly understand the cause of carbon deposit?

The explosions in the combustion chambers burn up the lubricating oil left on the cylinder walls. Most oils in burning leave a hard residue—carbon deposit.

It is a trouble maker. It fouls the exhaust valves, spark plugs and piston rings.

The carbon cakes on the piston head and becomes red hot. Premature explosions follow. They rack the engine, loosen the bearings of the crank shaft and connecting rod, and cause pounding.

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Polarine

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It leaves no appreciable carbon deposit. Its consistency or "body" is not materially affected by either high or low temperatures. It flows freely down to the zero point.

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As an automobile lubricant Polarine is in a class by itself.

The Polarine brand covers: POLARINE OIL, sold in sealed cans, gallon and five gallon sizes; or in barrels and half-barrels.

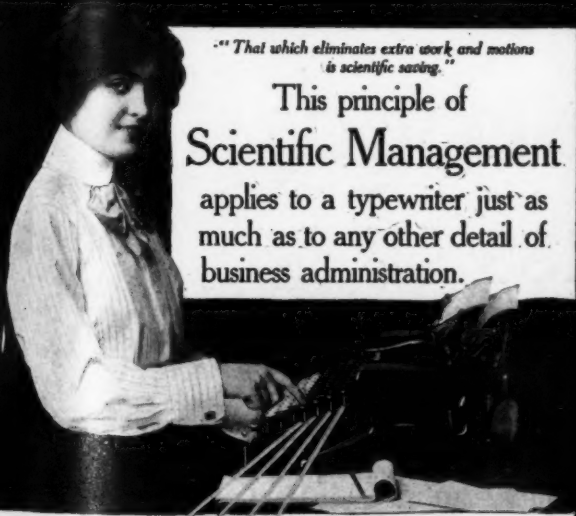
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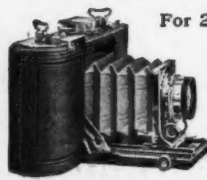


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"Yes, all but Freda, the eldest. She is waiting a little longer?"

—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

McCool: What's my bill? Clerk: What room? McCool: I slept on the billiard table. Clerk: Fifty cents an hour.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Was This Only Horse Sense?

A certain man living in a New England village lost a horse one day, and, failing to find him, went down to the public square and offered a reward of five dollars to any one who could bring him back.

A half-witted fellow who heard the offer volunteered to discover the whereabouts of the horse, and, sure enough, he returned in half an hour leading the animal by the bridle.

The owner was surprised at the ease with which his half-witted friend had found the beast, and, on passing the five dollars to him, he asked:

"Tell me, how did you find him?"

To which the other made answer:

"Wal, I thought to myself where I would go if I was a hoss, and I went there, and he had."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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"What this town needs most," said the eminent publicist, "is a thorough cleaning up, about a dozen new bridges and a first-class subway system."

"You are mistaken," replied the average citizen. "What this town needs most is a good left-handed pitcher."

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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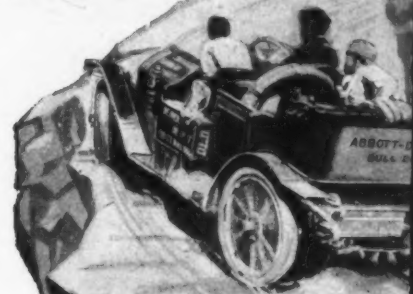
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Inheritance

At the other extreme of society we find a small class, variously estimated at from three to five per cent., which possesses at least ten to fifteen times as much wealth and resources as it can utilize in any profitable way in the training and nutrition of its children. As Bacon shrewdly remarked, three hundred years ago, "Money is like muck—not good unless it be spread," and some form of biologic equalization of resources and environment is urgently called for. The wealth of the very rich is as great a curse to their children as the poverty of the desperately poor is to theirs.

One of the greatest barriers to such a normal and natural equalization of favors is the principle of artificial law—a purely fictitious or conventional right, not a natural one, as we now regard it—by which the community permits to descend, or, more accurately, engages to transmit at death to the children of distinguished and successful men all the accumulations of material property that may have been acquired during the parents' lifetime. The only justification for this artificial right was the belief that great men were certain to produce great sons, and that it was, therefore, to the interest and profit of the community to devote the large fortunes that they had accumulated to the nurture and care of these, its potential leaders. Ninety-five per cent. of the community, in fact, starved itself and went naked in order that five per cent. might have enough, and ten times more than enough, to develop for the benefit of the community the great talents that it was supposed to possess. For ages we have reared and crammed hundreds of goslings in the



A Happy Marriage

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(Illustrated)

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hope that one of them might turn out a swan.

That belief practically has now been shown to be a delusion, and the artificial right founded upon it, therefore, falls with it. It is advantage and favoritism enough on the part of Nature that the children of a great man should have his companionship and advice, his care and example, and should inherit his looks and such share of his abilities as may fall to their lot. These things are endowment and equipment enough for any healthy, honest and sensible method of life. All the rest of his material accumulations, which the assistance of the community enabled him to secure and which the power of the community is required to transfer to his children, should be allowed to go back to the common fund so that each generation can be given a fresh, clean start, with a fair field and no favors. Such an act of simple justice would benefit the children of the rich and the members of the aristocracy as much as it would the children of the poor and the offspring of the average man—*Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Saturday Evening Post.*

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LITERARY MISTRESS: Bridget, I want to make you a present. Er—which is your favorite poet?—*Harper's Bazar.*

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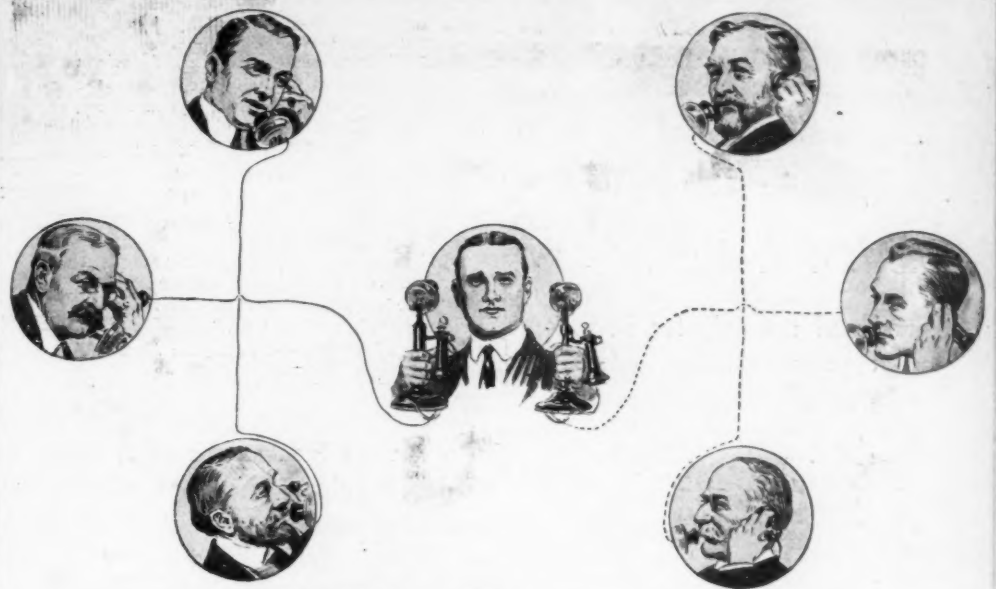
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Laboratorial experiments have shown that the injection of the pure saliva of a healthy man into the circulation of animals always produces disease, and in some instances paralysis and death. What, then, might we not look for from the injection of a filthy substance taken from a cadaver? Certainly not a cure. And yet it is through such experimentation that the "specialist" hopes to find the "specific" which is to "cure" paralysis!—Dr. Charles E. Page in *Medical Times*.



Half Service Or Double Expense

TWO telephone systems in one town mean a divided community or a forced duplication of apparatus and expense.

Some of the people are connected with one system, some are connected with the other system; and each group receives partial service.

Only those receive full service who subscribe for the telephones of both systems.

Neither system can fully meet the needs of the public, any more than a single system could meet the needs of the public if cut in two and half the telephones discontinued.

What is true of a single community is true of the country at large.

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"The last time I met you, you had a scheme that you were sure would make money."
"Yes, I remember."
"Did you ever put it through?"
"I didn't have to—it fell through."
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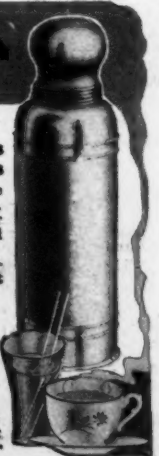
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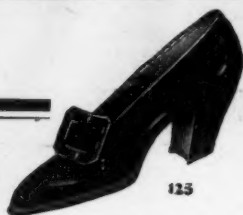
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"An author of transcendental genius speaks the thought of all time. For example, one summer at Sunapee I loaned a volume of Plato to a lean, shrewd farmer. When the volume was returned, I said:

"Well, how did you like Plato?"

"'Fust rate,' the farmer answered.

'I see he's got some of my ideas.'"

—New York Observer.

Had the Habit

"Did you read about that American magnate who was shipwrecked in the South Pacific and spent two years among savages?"

"No; what happened to him?"

"When he was rescued, he had accumulated 3,000,000 clam shells."

—St. Louis Times.

"How is it I never hear you say a word about your old college days?"

"The college I went to didn't have a very good baseball team."

—Washington Herald.

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- July 8—The New Era
- July 22—The Voice of a Generation



"The Presence in the Sanctum," from the issue of May 27th

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Then up spake the Bishop of York,
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With 'Rad-Bridge' we're playing,
It goes without saying,
They excel as cheese excels chork."

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"That's all right," replied the patient. "Leave any kind of a mark you like that will prevent some strange doctor from coming along and operating again."

—*The Winchester Herald.*

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She was left a widow through the death of her husband.

—*Houghton (Mich.) Gazette.*

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Gen. Nelson A. Miles tells this story to illustrate the result of carrying military discipline too far. There was a certain colonel who, in the middle of a campaign, was seized with a sudden ardor about hygiene. He ordered that all the men change their shirts at once.

The order was duly carried out, except in the case of one company where the privates' wardrobes had been pitifully depleted. The captain of this company was informed that none of his men could change their shirts, since they had only one apiece. When he reported this fact, the colonel hesitated a moment, then said, firmly:

"Orders must be obeyed. Let the men change shirts with one another."
—*Youth's Companion.*

Her Sacred Word

"Not going to Alice's luncheon? But you gave your sacred word!"

"So I did, and I'd go in a minute if my dress had come home."

—*Harper's Basar.*

LADY (in library): Can't you recommend an interesting, exciting book?

LIBRARIAN: I am sorry to say I can't, madam. I haven't been reading nothing lately but best sellers.—*Argonaut.*

HE (tired of dodging): Would you marry a one-eyed man? She: Good gracious, no! He: Then let me carry your umbrella.—*Boston Transcript.*

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Evening—Music—interesting people whom it is a pleasure to meet—a billiard game or dancing—a social chat and then bedtime and a bed so comfortable that you can't help sleeping. Get away early—come!

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Demanded Time

The very latest golf story comes from Glasgow. A modest and improving player asked his caddie, "I suppose you have seen worse players than me?"

There was a long silence.

The question was repeated in a louder voice.

Then the answer came in a querulous tone: "Aye, man. A heard ye fine the first time, but we maun gie a buddy to think."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

It seems like th' more jewelry a feller wears th' bigger graft he's workin'.

Th' trouble with aviatin' is that th' more successful you are th' farther you fall.

It takes an intelligent man t' talk silly around women.

Ther hain't much difference between bein' in th' hands o' your friends er th' hands of a receiver.

Nobuddy ever asks fer a shirt like his mother used t' make.—*From Brown County Folks, Abe Martin Publishing Co. (Indianapolis).*

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What of the Lover?



YOU will find a number of other readable articles aside from Mr. Ellis' interesting study in the June Metropolitan. Some promising titles are "Theodore Roosevelt—Please Answer," by M. E. Stone, Jr.; "The Life Story of J. P. Morgan," by Carl Hovey; "Buried Treasure," by Ralph Paine; "Mrs. Maxon Protests," by Anthony Hope. And if you enjoy good short stories this rich number of the Metropolitan will not disappoint you.

If woman secures that freedom and independence for which she is successfully striving, what will be the effect on man, the lover? An interesting question, isn't it?—perhaps the most important one that the "new woman" will be called on to consider. We have asked Mr. Havelock Ellis, the leading English authority on sex psychology, to discuss this question, and his article in the June Metropolitan is one that will be of profound interest to all women—and the men, too.

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Expert Opinion

A student in an ophthalmic institution was requested to examine and report upon the condition of a man's eye. Having ceremoniously adjusted the ophthalmoscope, he looked long and carefully into the optic.

"Most remarkable!" he ejaculated, in a tone of surprise. Then, having readjusted the instrument, he made a further careful examination. "Very extraordinary, indeed!" he exclaimed. "I have never heard of such an eye. Have you ever had professional opinion on it?" "Once," was the laconic reply. "The man who put it in said it was a fine bit of glass!"—*Red Hen.*

A Militant Grouch

"How do you feel this morning?" "Grouchy. But please understand one thing."
"What is that?"
"I don't care a rap whether you sympathize with me or not."
—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Your own baby, if you have one," advertised the enterprising photographer, "can be enlarged, tinted and framed for \$9.75 per dozen."
—*Metropolitan Magazine.*



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Inheritance

"Did any one of your ancestors perform a single action to cause posterity to remember him?" asked the Socialist, truculently.

The worn patrician lifted his head sadly and gazed at his interlocutor with mournful eyes.

"My grandfather," he said, in soft, melodious tones, "put a mortgage on the place that is not paid off yet."

—*The London Sporting Times.*

"Bob" Davis, who is editor of *Munsey's Magazine* and the author of several plays, is the possessor of a sense of humor and a power of expression that is frequently picturesque. Speaking of a man who had achieved some distinction as a killjoy, Davis said: "That fellow is a great athlete. He can throw a wet blanket two hundred yards in any gathering."—*Argonaut.*



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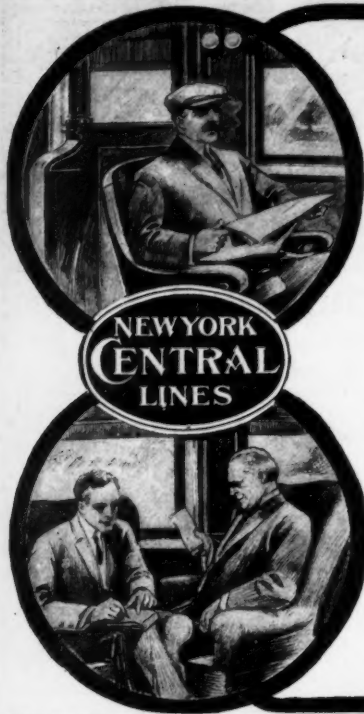
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