

SUMMER GIRL
NUMBER

LIFE

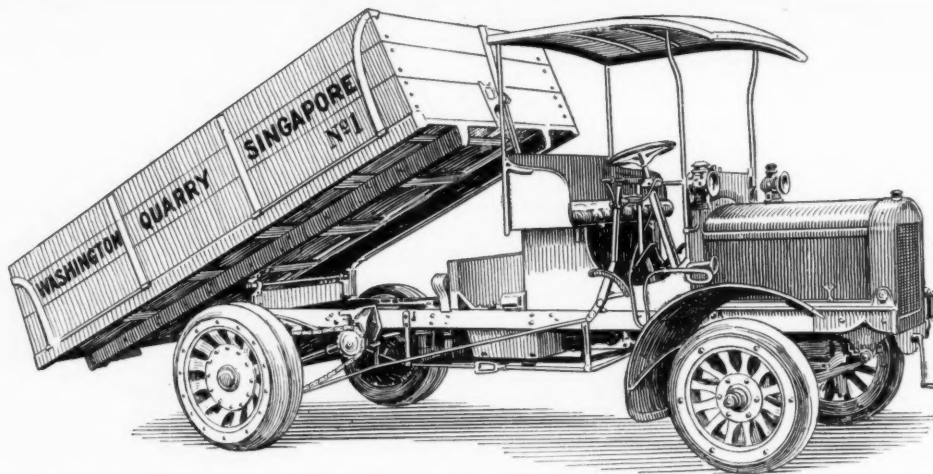
JUN 14 1911

PRICE, 10 CENTS
VOL. LVII, NO. 1494 JUN 14 1911
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COLLS PHILLIPS

WITHOUT ACCOMPANIMENT.



This Commer Truck works for the Washington Quarries of Singapore, East India. It has seen over three years of successful service hauling and dumping stone. When it first entered service, Malay fanatics believed it some supernatural monster. The Washington Quarries have since put several other Commer Trucks in Commission.

Actual Results — and a Guarantee

DURING the negotiations for the American rights to the Commer Truck, we were shown photographs and testimonials graphically illustrating service performed during the past seven years by different Commer Trucks under every conceivable condition of road and load

—over the rutted roads of Africa, India, Siberia, and South America as well as over the smooth streets of big cities. In this advertisement we show two Commer Trucks which work under unusual conditions. We show them because the final value of a motor truck rests upon the actual work done. The trucks illustrated here have delivered the sturdiest sort of service under most trying conditions. Many other Commer Trucks have seen seven years of service and over two hundred thousand miles of duty.

The facts given under the pictures here form a commercial story decidedly more fascinating than the average novel, and we can show a good number of pictures and records of other Commer Trucks just as interesting and just as full of meaning as these.

How significant is the fact that the Commer Truck not only makes good on city streets but under the trying conditions confronting it in such places as Singapore and Uganda.

The Commer Truck has made good on the six continents. Not one of the seven year old Commers is out of successful service to-day. Not one Commer Truck has ever worn out. A common performance for a 4½-ton Commer is six miles on a gallon of gasolene where the run is straight ahead. We guarantee one quart of oil will suffice for one hundred miles. Our gear box is fool-proof and is guaranteed for two years.

The Commer Truck

2½-TON

3½-TON

4½-TON

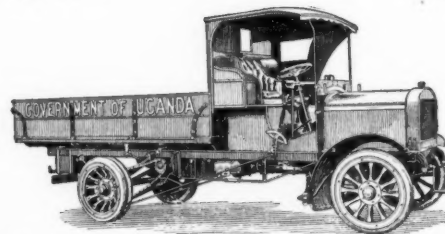
6½-TON

But we do not expect you to buy a Commer Truck solely because of our statements. Before selling you, we prefer that you test it in actual service for our mutual protection. If you buy, the truck will be guaranteed as follows.

If, in the opinion of the purchaser, after ninety days' trial any Commer Truck does not deliver the service as requested by the purchaser and accepted by our expert, we will agree to take back said Commer Truck and refund the purchase price of same minus a reasonable charge per mile.

We will back our agents in making the guarantee. We can make this commercially sound selling agreement because the Commer Truck is commercially sound. Its worth has been so positively proved through the past seven years that every possible element of risk in its construction has been eliminated. The Commer is the world's best high-duty motor truck.

Agents in the larger cities will find the Commer Truck proposition an unusually profitable one
There is still some good territory open.



The Crown Agents of the British Colonies purchased the above Commer Truck for utility service on the West Coast of Africa after most careful testing. On its first appearance in African wilds, Nairoi natives, taking it for some strange beast, shot at it with poisoned arrows. This truck has also seen over three years of successful service.

WYCKOFF, CHURCH & PARTRIDGE, INC

BROADWAY AT 56TH STREET, NEW YORK

The Most Complete Motor Service in America



A DOOR JAM

"WELL, THAT'S THE FIRST TIME THAT I KNEW MY NOSE WAS LONGER THAN MY ARMS."

Petroleum and the Farmer

"What is petroleum to me?" asks an Iowa farmer. With this question still troubling his mind he proceeds to oil his automobile with a "Standard Oil" lubricant and to fill the tank with "Standard Oil" gasoline.

He walks to the barn and tells the hired man to rub "Standard Oil" hoof oil on the bay pony, to soften the new horse collar with "Standard Oil" harness oil, and to put "Standard Oil" axle grease on the wagon.

Then he returns to the house, where he finds his wife cleaning a dress with "Standard Oil" benzine and "Standard Oil" parowax. After washing his hands with "Standard Oil" naphtha soap and

Matheson

"SILENT SIX"



Series "B" Now Ready for Delivery
Built for Those Who Use the Best
This Silent Car Won the World's 24-hour Record
 (1178 miles) for cars costing under \$4500, at Brighton Beach, Aug. 19-20, 1910, and 12 first prizes in 12 consecutive contests the same year. The superior qualities which have made possible these unparalleled achievements promise to make the "Silent Six" the most popular of all high-grade six-cylinder cars.

It is a car of accomplishments. You know what to expect of it because of what it has accomplished repeatedly in every sort of public contest and in the private service of hundreds of discriminating owners everywhere. It is the result of many years of successful experience in the development and exclusive manufacture of high-grade automobiles by this company.

Prices with open bodies \$3500 to \$4000; with closed bodies \$4700. **MATHESON "BIG FOUR"**: The current Matheson "Big Four," like its predecessors, is **built to endure**. For continuous performance under the severest conditions, it has never been excelled.

Write for Catalogue and "The Secret of Silence."
 Applications of established dealers considered for open territory.

Matheson Automobile Co.

WILKES - BARRÉ, PENNSYLVANIA
 NEW YORK CITY BRANCH, 1886-1888 BROADWAY
 DISTRIBUTORS

Chicago, Bird-Sykes Co., 2210 Michigan Ave. San Francisco, Matheson Sales Co., Van Ness Ave. and Jackson St.
 Boston, Roy A. Faye Co., 823 Boylston St. Buffalo, Matheson Sales Co., 726 Main St.
 Philadelphia, Johnson Motor Car Co., 326 N. Broad St.

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

is made to suit all tastes, both as to type and style. Its materials are highest grade. The webbings are of the best quality, and will retain their strength and elasticity, giving maximum service. Metal parts are of brass, rust proof, and heavily nickelled.



THESE THREE TYPES

cover any man's needs for all seasons or occasions. The "Cord" is the original staple "Boston Garter"; "Needraw" for summer wear (no metal next the skin); "Pad," a recent type excelling in comfort and growing in favor.

The trade marks "Velvet Grip" and "Boston Garter" stamped on the loops.

For sale everywhere. Sample Pair, postpaid, Cotton, 25 cents, Silk, 50 cents.

GEORGE FROST CO. - BOSTON, U.S.A.

rubbing a little "Standard Oil" vaseline upon his sore thumb he lights a "Standard Oil" Rayo lamp, filled with "Standard Oil" kerosene, and goes to the cellar for a pot of jam, which is sealed with "Standard Oil" paraffin.

His wife boils some water on a "Standard Oil" cook stove and opens a box of biscuits that have been kept fresh in "Standard Oil" waxed paper. After lunch they ride to town over a road that is dressed with "Standard Oil" road oil to order a five-gallon can of "Standard Oil" form oil for the con-

crete milkhouse that he is planning to start next week.

"That is what I'd like to know," he says, as he makes a note with a "Standard Oil" carbon pencil. "What is petroleum or Standard Oil to me?"

—Wall Street Journal.

"TELL me about Spain, romantic Spain." "Well," said the motorist, "there are a few bad places as you come down the mountains, but in the main the roads are pretty good."

—Washington Herald.

Long Live the King!

Owing to the excitement of having a Coronation on our hands, everything else has been omitted from this page—Coming special numbers: Life's Time Table, Obey That Impulse, Our Superb and Scintillating Summer Program, Lead the Dollar Life, No Information, Ask Your Newsdealer,—in fact, everything else of supreme importance to everybody.

Will you forgive us?

By the way, did you subscribe for LIFE before leaving for the Coronation?

If not, cable us the \$6.04 at once and we will put you on the list.

LIFE'S Correspondent is now in London, but he's too busy with the King to take subscriptions.

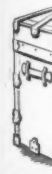
We do this here. Write us a friendly letter, telling us how much you dislike the paper, and enclose your check for a year's subscription.

LIFE,
17 West 31st Street
New York

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

On All News-Stands
Every Tuesday
Ten Cents

*The Coronation
Number of LIFE
Is coming
Next Week.*

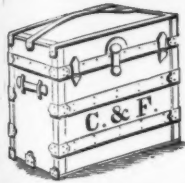


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Crouch & Fitzgerald

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

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

Trunks, Bags and Cases

Man and His Ways

"The boldest grafter I ever knew," says a friend, "was a summer resort hotel man with whom I became involved last August. I spent three days at his joint, and couldn't stand it any longer. When I called for my bill I said, very severely:

"I think you advertised magnificent scenery up here?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"With good fishing?"

"Good fishing, too."

"Pure air and no mosquitoes?"

"That's the way my advertisement read, sir. You quote correctly."

"No flies, no malaria; airy rooms, unsurpassed table, etc?"

"Exactly. Is there anything wrong?"

"Is there anything wrong? Where is the scenery?"

"There isn't any."

"Where are the fish?"

"I never knew of a fish being caught in these parts."

"The flies are fierce and the mosquitoes are still worse, aren't they? And your rooms are stuffy and your table is rotten?"

"You're right."

"Then you admit you lied about the place?"



**Civilization—from
Signal Fire to Telephone**

THE telephone gives the widest range to personal communication. Civilization has been extended by means of communication.

The measure of the progress of mankind is the difference between the signal fire of the Indian and the telephone service of to-day.

Each telephone user has a personal interest in the growth of the whole telephone system.

He is directly benefited by every extension of his own possibilities. He is indirectly benefited by the extension of the same possibilities to others, just as he is benefited by the extension of the use of his own language.

Any increase in the number of telephones increases the usefulness of each telephone connected with this system.

The Bell System is designed to provide Universal service.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

The Oldest Inhabitant says ~
"It's just as good now as when grandfather drank it—over a hundred years ago"

Old Overholt Rye
A centurion Whiskey with a spotless reputation for goodness and purity

Distilled and Bottled in bond by
A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Oh, is that what you've been trying to get at? Why didn't you say so in the first place? Sure I lied. I'd have admitted that a half an hour ago, if you'd mentioned it, and saved you a lot of talk. I'm the biggest liar in these parts. Your bill for the three days will be \$10.75. Come again next season."

—Boston Traveler.

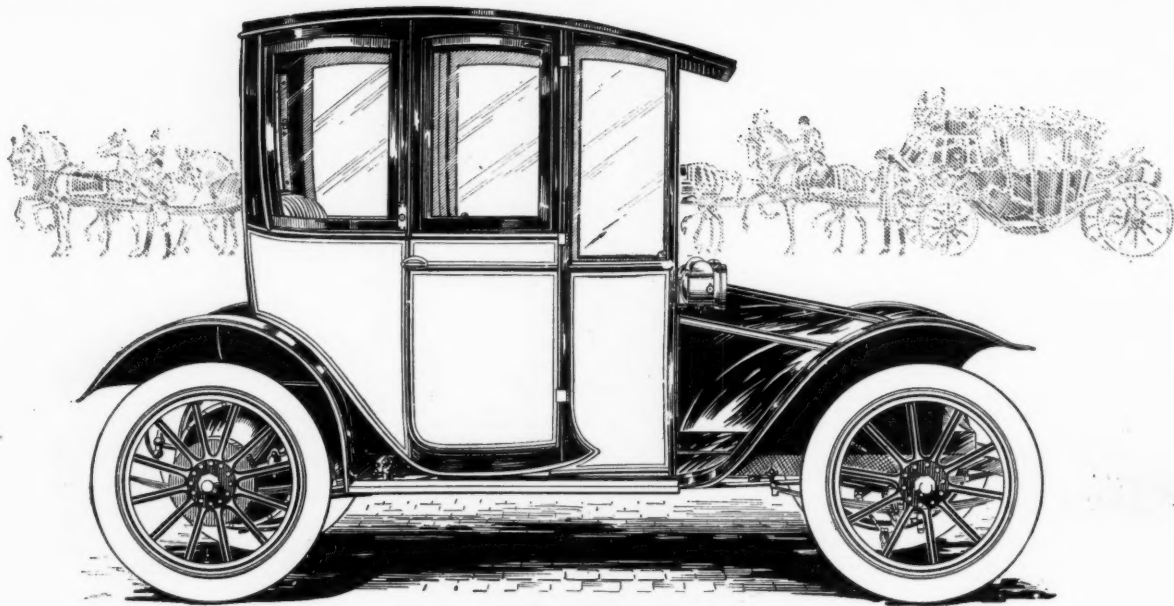
"Is she slender?"
"Slender? She can bathe in a fountain pen!"—Sphinx.

A Unique Declination

A young woman prominent in the social set of an Ohio town tells of a young man there who had not familiarized himself with the forms of polite correspondence to the fullest extent. When, on one occasion, he found it necessary to decline an invitation, he did so in the following terms:

"Mr. Henry Blank declines with pleasure Mrs. Wood's invitation for the nineteenth, and thanks her extremely for having given him the opportunity of doing so."—Lippincott's.

First View of the New and Larger Hupp-Yeats



THE PATRICIAN
100-inch wheel-base; 30 cell, 13 plate battery. Price, \$2150

A Coach of Kingly Origin Whose Exquisite Design Sounds the Knell of the High-Hung Electric Carriage

Men and women of discernment, everywhere, welcomed the *first* Hupp-Yeats for its delightful departure from the unlovely design of the high-hung electric carriage.

They recognized in the first Hupp-Yeats a renaissance of the golden age of coach building—when the designer catered to kings and was knighted for perfection of form, or guillotined, perhaps, for failure.

It is our pleasure to supplement this *first* marked success with a *second* and a larger coach; more striking still in its adaptation of ancient ideas to modern needs.

We believe that the Hupp-Yeats coach, by virtue of its beauty, and the increased utility that results therefrom, is destined to supersede the high-hung electric carriage as the "safety" superseded the old high wheeled bicycle.

HUPP-YEATS ELECTRIC COACH

Guaranteed for life. Design protected by letters patent

The old royal coach—that distinguished ancestor of the twentieth century Hupp-Yeats—was constructed so as to assure the huge element of safety to the royal person.

With electricity as the motive-power, the danger of overturning in a carriage hung high in the air is much greater; as is the menace of skidding.

For relief from the potential perils of a slipping, sliding, electric, susceptible to the terrible possibility of overturning on a wet asphalt pavement, you have the Hupp-Yeats to thank.

The Hupp-Yeats cannot overturn and it will not skid unless it is fairly driven to do so by carelessness.

So you see, the low-hung body borrowed from our French and British forebears and modernized to meet American conditions; is a thing of practical utility as well as beauty. The addition of the curved roof and sloping hood; the perfect balance of all the parts; and the elimination of several hundred pounds of useless weight, so reduces the wind-resistance that a Hupp-Yeats will travel of its own momentum for an incredible distance on the gentlest sort of down grade.

These same factors give it much more power and utilize much less current under adverse conditions, on the upgrade, or against a stiff breeze.

News Notes about the New Hupp-Yeats

The New Hupp-Yeats coach has a wheel-base of 100 inches.

This is longer than the wheel-base of any other electric carriage.

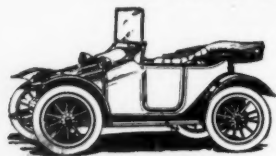
The purpose is to secure the luxurious riding qualities peculiar to the largest and longest gas cars and impossible in the average short and "bunty" electric.

The Exide Hycap battery with which the new Hupp-Yeats coach is equipped contains 30 cells, of 13 plates each.

One hundred miles on a single charge is no unusual performance for this car which, under normal conditions, will be good for 115 miles on a charge. The motor is the famous Westinghouse.

It drives the car in the direct motor-to-axle system that originated with the Hupp-Yeats—without reduction gears or chains and through but one set of gears. The bearings throughout are of an imported ball type, still further promoting easy running and economy of power.

The chassis frame is of pressed steel, tremendously strong, though light, and the weight of the car is 500 to 600 pounds under that of any other of approximate size.

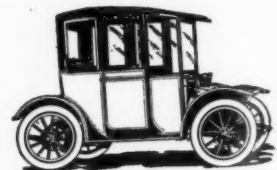


HUPP-YEATS TORPEDO

With top, windshield and lamp equipment
\$1650

HUPP CORPORATION, 110 Lycaste St., Detroit, Mich.

Branches: BUFFALO, 1225 Main St.; CHICAGO, 1509 Michigan Ave.; CLEVELAND, 1992 East 13th St.; DENVER, 1620 Broadway; DETROIT, Woodward and Warren Aves.; KANSAS CITY, 34th and Broadway; LOS ANGELES, 816 S. Olive St.; MINNEAPOLIS, 1334 Nicollet Ave.; PHILADELPHIA, 330 N. Broad St.



HUPP-YEATS "REGENT"

86-inch wheel-base; 27 cell, 11 plate battery
\$1750

LIFE



NATURE—AND ART

The Summer Girl

WHEN the first faint flush of spring creeps over the land the summer girl stirs in her chrysalis, and by June she has burst into full bloom, actually changing, with her variegated colors, the face of the landscape.

The summer girl roams at large over the American Continent, seeking whom she may devour. Her victims number man in all of his various degrees of development, from the callow college youth to the hoary-headed octogenarian.

Here's to the summer girl! May her conquests never grow less!

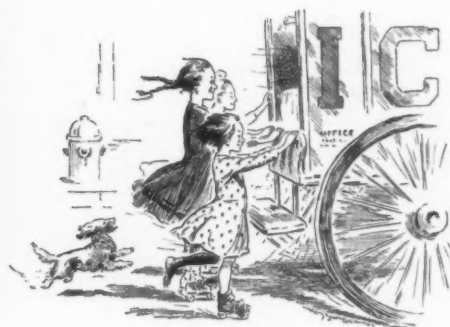
WAR furnishes a splendid opportunity for the brave to make money for patriots.



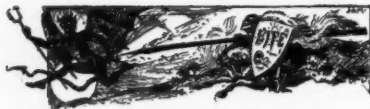
THE SAME OLD STILE

Redolent

YOU may break, you may shatter,
The trust if you will,
But the scent of the grafting
Will hang round it still.



SUMMER



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVIII. JUNE 15, 1911. No. 1494

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



"SHOULD the next President happen to be a Democrat, how will he ever get along with Wil-

liam J. Bryan?"

One of the neighbors wants to know, being stirred to inquire by Mr. Bryan's present extensive activity in politics. He is bossing everything he can, and seems determined that no Democratic pie shall bake unless his finger is in it. He is disgusted with the Standard Oil decision, and stands with Uncle Harlan against the court; he is displeased with the Democrats in the House because they have consented to a moderate revenue tariff on wool, and wants to read them out of the party; he has every Democratic Presidential candidate under his microscope and shakes his head over what he sees in each one in turn.

We guess the answer to our neighbor's question is that no Democrat who has to get along with Mr. Bryan will ever be President. There are dozens of abler thinkers in the party. They are all afraid of Mr. Bryan's power of mischief, but in so far as we know, no able Democrat respects his powers of mind. He is dangerous because he has a voice and a following. He cannot lead the party, but he may defeat its candidate, so the leading sentiment that he produces nowadays in the abler Democratic minds is the sentiment of apprehension. They bear with him and are civil to him because they are afraid of him. That's all.

We guess that can't go on forever. Mr. Underwood and the Democrats in the House, who have been making the party record, have audaciously incurred the disapproval of the Party Incubus by their action on the wool tariff. Perhaps that is the first gun

of revolt, but whether it is or not, the revolt will have to come.

William might stand in with Uncle Harlan and raise a standard for trust busters, or he might get President Taft to make him minister to Spain and go out and offer sympathy and consolation to ex-President Diaz. But probably President Taft would decline to send him to Spain, since there is no one whose continued and active presence in this country is so elevating to Mr. Taft's own hopes as Mr. Bryan.



MR. BRISBANE thinks and says in the *Evening Journal*, that Commissioner of Immigration Williams "needs removing as badly as any public official—which is saying a good deal." Mr. Brisbane charges that Commissioner Williams has "made it his business to discourage immigration" and that "he and his agents have done all they could to render miserable and unhappy the men and women coming from other countries." He says Williams has trebled the average number of exclusions and that under his rule at Ellis Island brutal treatment of immigrants has more than trebled. *Das Morgen Journal*, the German Hearst paper, is after Mr. Williams with intent to drive him out of Ellis Island, and late last month Congressman Sulzer introduced a resolution in the House providing for an inquiry into the operations of the immigration service. Mr. Brisbane is helping on that work all he can.

Ellis Island, where Commissioner Williams keeps the great gate through which immigrants come from Europe, is a place that abounds in sorrows. It abounds also in joys, but there is no complaint about the joys. There the immigrants are sifted, and those that under our laws cannot qualify for admission are detained and sent back at the cost of the steamship companies that brought them. It is a pretty dreadful business to sift these poor people and send back those who are too sick or too poor or too infirm or helpless to be let in. The laws are intended to keep out persons who would be likely to become public charges, or who are not up to a rea-

sonable standard in health and capacity.

Are such laws necessary, or should we admit anyone whom the steamship emigration agents of Europe can load into the steerage of steamers to be unloaded on American charity?

If the laws are necessary and should be enforced, we believe Commissioner Williams is as good a man to enforce them as there is in the country. He is neither brutal himself nor tolerant of brutality, but to stand up against a deep flood of low-grade immigration and try to keep out what ought not to come in is a desperate duty that cannot be discharged without daily distress. If he is to be investigated it should be by just and competent men, who can go to the roots of the situation and see by whom he is blamed and for what and why, and say whether it is he that is at fault or the laws, and the conditions that he has to meet.



WILLIAM S. GILBERT is dead, but not very dead. He was a man to be thankful for, who added innocent and wholesome joy to life throughout a whole generation. He was so fortunate in his enterprises that we are apt to forget his merits in admiration of his success. But his merits were very great. He had the spirit of an artist, in that he strove to do what he did as well as it could be done. He never spared pains, nor brains either.

He had an amusing talent that broke out in the Bab Ballads. In them he first expressed the special thing that was given him to say.

His industry was great, his knowledge was very considerable, especially his knowledge of his own country and its history, and its people and their institutions and habits. His literary workmanship was admirable. His partnership with Sullivan was a great piece of good luck for him and for the public, but there was no luck about his success. That was well earned. He got a great deal, part in fame, much in hard money, but gave good value for it all and enriched society by considerably more than it enriched him.



HONEYMOONERS

GUESS WHICH ONE HAS HONEYMOONED BEFORE

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1910, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-four years. In that time it has expended \$126,447.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 32,730 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,868.84
Sada Louise Cowan.....	4.00
Mrs. A. H. Gallatin.....	10.00
Elizabeth S. Shillingford }.....	5.00
John T. Shillingford }.....	5.00
K. R. Strathy.....	5.00
G. W. (Lowell, Mass.).....	5.00
W. A. Paul.....	5.00
Ralph D. Whiting.....	5.00
George W. Reily.....	10.00
Samuel S. White, Jr.....	10.00
Helen and Marion.....	10.00
Cash.....	10.00
Alfred G. Vanderbilt.....	100.00
Annie F. Crane.....	10.00
Mrs. L. C. Bullard.....	10.00
Cash.....	15.00
T. D. Griffin.....	10.00
Mrs. John Kerr Branch.....	10.00
Peter and Andy.....	10.00
Mary Burr Porter.....	10.00

\$2,122.84

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS:

A package of clothing from Mrs. Warfield.
155 books from the New York Public Library.
2000 envelopes and 1000 sheets of note paper, from "A Friend."

Summer Clothes for Men

LET us remember in selecting summer clothes, that the first desirability is comfort. For in the warm weather it is even more advisable to consider comfortable garments than to endeavor to be in the height of fashion.

Beginning with the hat, therefore, let us select a straw tile made of a thick, firm straw, which is stiffened with glue to the consistency of an iron pail. Let the shape be made with sharp, hard rims that fit tightly to the head. Inside, place a thick band of strong leather, with several inner bands of thick flannel. Select a size that fits tightly and compresses the temples and scalp.

For a collar let us choose a high one, turned over double, which means eight-ply of starched linen. Let this fit closely, the sharp upper edge scarifying the neck, while the sharp lower edge digs into the clavicle. Let this lip in front, making a firm barrier to turning the head, or leave it slightly apart, in order that it may pinch the throat.

Around this collar arrange a long and thick piece of heavy silk, wadded or stuffed with canton flannel.

Have stiff cuffs to match the collar, because if the pulses are kept warm during the summer days the whole body is delightfully calorific.

Select shoes of heavy leather, with stout, projecting soles. Or, if preferred, a thick air-tight material like duck or canvas may be used. If the latter, be sure that its inclination to porosity is checked by a liberal application of white chalk paste.

For a suit of clothing in warm weather select a woolen material of dark color. Be sure that the collar, fronts and lapels are well re-enforced with stiff canvas, and the shoulders padded with five or six pounds of A1 wool, as this helps to retain the heat. The waistcoat may be of woolen goods, amply lined, or of thick duck, stiffly laundered.

Let the belt, if one is worn, be tight enough to interfere with circulation, and of the width and thickness necessary to produce extra warmth.

Add gloves of thick, strong kid, with tight buttons, and



"ALL RIGHT, STAY THERE, YOU OBSTINATE LITTLE BRUTE. I'M GOING HOME."

we may feel we have achieved a costume for a man on a summer day that is the acme of comfort and ease.

Carolyn Wells.

"THE poor girl has just as good a chance for happiness if she is sincere and honest in her work as the rich girl," says Hetty Green.

Question: Does the rich girl have to be sincere and honest?



THE HAREM SKIRT THAT HAS COME TO STAY

Coronation Postponed

Owing to Certain Unavoidable Matters Beyond Our Correspondent's Control

LONDON.

(Special correspondence to LIFE)

MORGAN is here, Parkhurst is here ready to crown King George, and the line of march has been arranged, also the order of precedence. The King and I come first, then Morgan, Asquith, Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, several chariots which we have borrowed from Barnum's for the use of the Bench, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, Marie Corelli arm in arm with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the German Army, Unemployed Kings and my office force.

The whole affair, however, has been temporarily called off, owing to a little dinner that was given to me last night by the literary men of England. Not realizing that I was present, as I was so busy with the King that I could grant scarcely any interviews, the importance of the thing was not appreciated. Suddenly, however, Bernard Shaw heard about me and got all the fellows together. Of course over here a literary dinner takes precedence over everything else. Both Rudyard Kipling and Marie Corelli had engagements for every other night but the eve of the coronation, so that affair had to be postponed. We hope to give it soon. Will let you know full particulars.

It was a nice little company that welcomed me, the whole lower floor of the Savoy having been engaged for the purpose. Among those present were H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Alfred Austin, Gilbert Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Henry James, Bernard Shaw, August Birrell and myself.

I sat at the head of the table, surrounded by Shaw, who introduced me to the company. Mr. Shaw said:

"This gentleman, so-called, is an American journalist whom I despise almost as much as I do myself and Shakespeare. He is here for the purpose of assisting in the coronation, of which I need hardly say I don't approve. He probably represents in all of their phases the worst traits in human nature, but inasmuch as at least he isn't a woman, I am rather glad to see him."

Mr. Shaw's speech, so unusually complimentary for him, was greeted by profound silence, which is the Englishman's manner of emphasizing that he likes it.

Mr. H. G. Wells then read a short



THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND PROTESTS AT DR. PARKHURST'S PARTICIPATION

tribute to me, which took only three hours, after which Alfred Austin started a poem, but Shaw grabbed him by the collar, amid the approving smiles of all present, and made him hide behind Mrs. Ward.

Others spoke.

We had a bottle of wine for dinner, and as it was passed to me first it went to my head. Of course the next day I was totally unfit and we arranged to have the coronation as soon as I felt better.

In the meantime, we are discussing robes.

Parkhurst and Morgan want the same robe—a rather full red quilted silk bathrobe, cut bias and festooned with rosettes of orange and white. Morgan has had a solid gold helmet made, clustered with rhinestones or diamonds, I forget which, and Parkhurst wants to carry a mitre.

I said, "no mitre for any man who had done work on the *Morning Journal*." To me it was superfluous. Besides, I wanted to wear red myself.

The whole matter ended by my taking their measurements and ordering some-

thing for each of them that is neat but not gaudy.

The King, of course, is quite another proposition.

He must above all things be impressive, and how to make him so is the problem.

Nature, in making him King, neglected some details, which, seemingly unimportant, yet add much to the whole effect when seen in perspective.

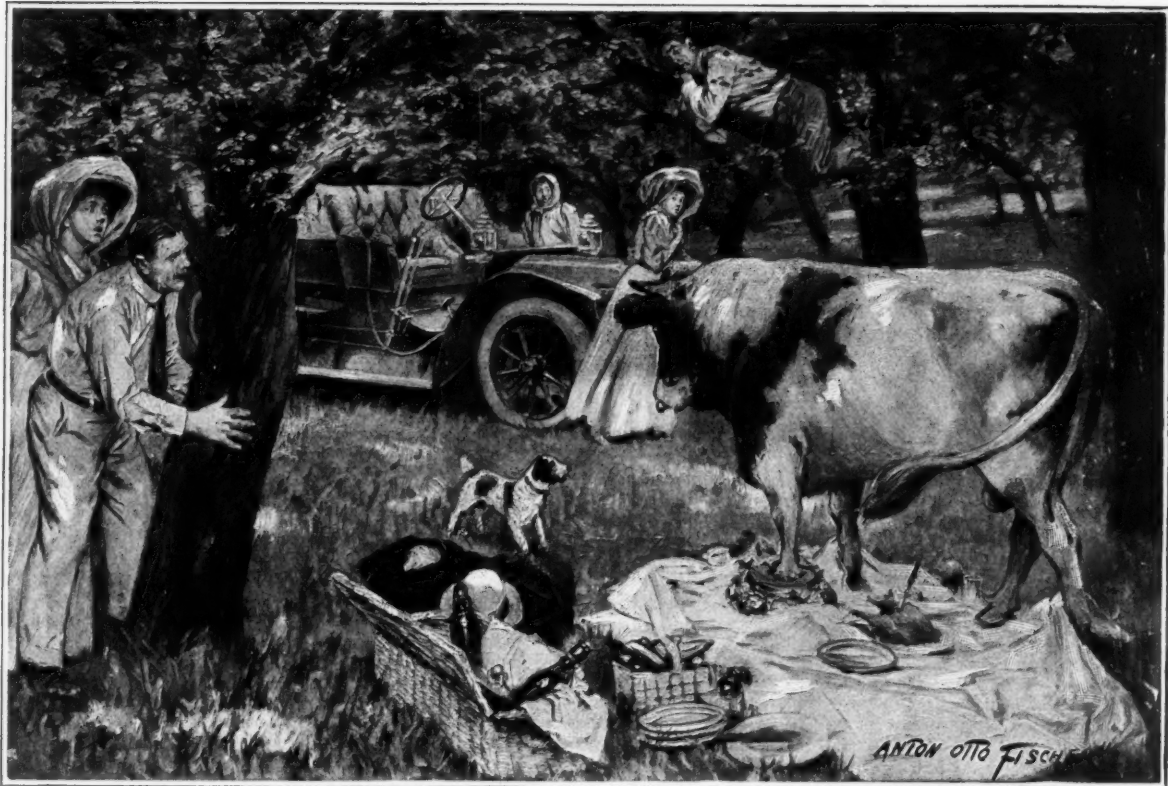
Perspective is what counts in any first-class coronation.

I have had several tailors working over him for days, and I wish now I had brought over a couple of Fifth avenue dressmakers. They can make five feet four of attenuated humanity look more like something than anyone I know.

We spent the morning in looking over goods. The King himself favors the pajama effect, but I have explained to him that that is no longer worn at coronations.

He is a hundred years behind the times, anyway.

Asquith, who came over to get him to sign the budget, rather favored a



ONE DANGER OF PICNICKING IN A RED AUTO

harem skirt effect, but that will not do. We can't have the King stumbling as he goes up the aisle. He must be free to act naturally.

As I see it at present, the King's coronation robe will be of pure white satin, balloon effect, with purple belt, giving a rather jaunty air to an otherwise dignified apparel.

The tendency at coronations is to be too sad. Nobody gives a hearty laugh now and then to cheer up the performers.

I spent the morning going over the crown and Kohinoor, both of which haven't been cleaned for years.

While I was doing it, the Archbishop came in and complained that the ceremony was going to be performed by Parkhurst, who, as he stated, did not represent the church, but Hearst. He said he thought the Church of England ought to be represented.

"Nonsense!" I replied. "You wait; you don't know how well Parkhurst does this sort of thing. Why, he has been rehearsing it with Arthur Brisbane



He
She

MY DEAR, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE YOURSELF PRESENTABLE

MORNINGS
EVENINGS



"AREN'T YOU GOING TO JOIN THE GENTLEMEN, MR. NAGASAKI?"
 "NO. I DO NOT SMOKE, I DO NOT SWEAR, I DO NOT DRINK. BUT THEN, I AM NOT A CHRISTIAN."

now for six months. Give him a chance. He needs the money."

Please cable me a couple of dollars on receipt of this. Some of the help around the palace have been very nice to me.

J. Bounder Ballingford.

Our Need of War

BISHOP CODMAN of Maine (Protestant Episcopal) is for letting war down gently and gradually for fear that civilization will miss its tonic effect. He admits that it is an evil, but values it considerably as a training in moral courage and self-discipline. We should take care, he is quoted as telling the Episcopal Conference in Maine, that we don't carry peace talk and disarmament too far.

The Bishop ought not to lose a wink of sleep for fear war will be abolished before civilization can spare it. That we shall have it as long as we need it, and probably longer, is precisely as sure as taxes. But surely so long as flying offers such good hazards, and the detective business abounds so greatly in risks and opportunities of useful public service, it is not worth while to keep up war merely as a discipline.

War is just like tuberculosis or small-pox; we shall have it until we learn how to avoid it. But it is a pest, and to talk of keeping it up for the sake of its lessons is—excuse us, Bishop! but it sounds like nonsense.

You speak, dear sir, as though you had a grain too soft a job. Conduct a street-car for a while and see how it will harden you up. The great mass of

people who struggle for a living don't find life so easy that they need the bracing effects of war.

Carry This News to Oliver Herford

ONE of the bon mots of the late Bishop Potter was that "actresses will happen in the best regulated families."—From *Everybody's* for June.

A Schoolmaster After Them

A LITTLE group of pinhead Republican politicians in Elbridge, near Syracuse, N. Y., have doubtless read with lively interest President Eliot's narrative in the June *McClure's* of how they tricked a competent postmistress out of her office a year or more before her term expired.

Read that story; it is instructive.

The Family Man in Summer

THE recent census reports state that large families in this country are practically becoming extinct, so that in a short time any man who has over four or five children will be regarded as a curiosity and will doubtless be able to go through the country and exhibit his group as a freak collection.

At present the man with a large family has practically no place to go in summer, when it becomes necessary for him and his family to stray away from home. No summer hotel will take a man with a family, and almost every day we expect to receive word from the railroad companies that hereafter no babies will be received except in the baggage car.

In the summer time, the only thing that remains to the man with a large family is the summer cottage. These structures, which cost all the way from three dollars to five-thirty to build, can be rented from five hundred to fifteen hundred a season. Most of them are habitable in dry weather, and fresh canned vegetables can be obtained from the leading city grocers at prices within the reach of all who can afford to pay them.

Any man with a large family who wishes to take it away in the summer, should make his plans in advance. It is well to drop in some bright spring day on the president of the railroad company over whose line you expect to move your family. After making arrangements with him to permit all of your family to occupy one car, you may then proceed to the express company,



"DOES THIS HOBBLE SKIRT DO ME JUSTICE, FATHER?"

"CERTAINLY, MY DEAR. JUSTICE WITHOUT MERCY."



His Wife: BUT DON'T YOU THINK JOINING THE GOLF CLUB IS RATHER AN EXTRAVAGANCE?

"NOT IF WE ECONOMIZE IN OTHER WAYS. I THOUGHT WE MIGHT GIVE UP OUR PEW IN CHURCH."

where, by paying a few hundred dollars in tips, you can have your baggage delivered to you in time for nearly all of the children to be supplied with towels on the Saturday night after you get there.

In arranging to occupy a cottage for the summer, you should bear in mind that, if it is furnished, you will need not more than two carloads of material to make it comfortable. A few box springs, a few dozen Turkish towels and a set of china will be among the things that it is just as well for you to take.

Also an extra supply of cooks. Your cooks will begin to leave you after you have been at your summer cottage a week or so, and you should arrange ahead to have enough of them to last all summer. Those who are unemployed, while they are waiting their turn, can use the piano you will hire for the occasion, and be read aloud to by your oldest children, who can, by this method, learn while away to practice up on their elocution.

Be sure, sufficiently in advance, to make arrangements with the only meatman in the place—there never is but one meatman at any place inhabited by summer cottagers—to leave his entire supply of meat in your cottage first, before he displays it for general use. By

looking it over before others see it, you can often obtain pieces that will be of real benefit to your family. The idea of taking away your family to a summer resort is in a general way to keep them healthy and give them strength enough to be able to get back to your home in the fall. It is just as well, therefore, to select some place where the bathing facilities are good. The beach should be free from late vegetables, and the well in the back of the house should have a screen over it; it is extremely inconvenient to have your neighbor's dog come around in the night and drink up all the water in your well. Later on, when your little brood is recovering from the typhoid, you will blame it on the dog instead of the well.

No matter where you go, always be within reach of some well-known New York specialist whose minaretted summer palace overlooks your cottage. Your wife or children may have appendicitis at any moment, and by having him near you will be saved from anxiety, not only about your family, but about the little property that you have saved up for the children to quarrel over a little later on, when the simple monument over your person will proclaim how much you once did for an ungrateful country.



HISTORIC AFFINITIES

SIR GALAHAD FINDS THE HOLY GIRL, "SARA THE DIVINE"

Everybody

An Allegory

Everybody is discovered in the dark peering in nooks and corners, with a lighted candle. A strange woman with an aura of light enters and watches him from one side, smiling. She speaks.

"WHAT do you seek?"

"Happiness. It is the one thing that eludes me. Teach me to find it."

"How long have you looked for it?"

"All my life. I spent my youth in chasing it. I danced and played polo. I drove a four-in-hand. I sailed a yacht in a gale. Sometimes I imagined I had it, but—hang it!—it flashed off like a butterfly in the sunshine."

"But you kept on bravely?"

"Not so bravely. I grew bitter. I

dissipated furiously. Wine, woman and song! Then I chucked the bunch!"

"But you still—"

"I still sing a little. Yes."

"Have you never loved?"

"Many times."

"But truly—passionately?"

"Each time worse than the last. Then I married."

"But you are alone?"

"She ran away with my best friend."

"That was a blow."

"To lose my friend—yes. I keep a bull terrier now."

"You have wealth?"

"So—so."

"Good health?"

"Fair. I am on a diet."

"You have ideals?"

"They are worn quite shabby."

"You have work?"

"I go through certain motions that produce an income."

"You are successful?"

"I am not happy, I tell you."

"Poor thing!"

"Now, don't give me any angel talk, please, about doing good to others or forgetting self or any of that rot. I am as noble as the next one."

"And as bad?"

"I'm out for joy—the sort of thing that makes the college boys shout and smash windows."

"And marry chorus girls?"

"I am game for anything, I tell you. Start something!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Say, who are you anyhow? I didn't begin this acquaintance, remember. You

sought me out. Now you laugh at me. It's not clubby, it's not ladylike. Must you go?"

"Good-by."

"So long!"

"You really would like to know who I am?"

"You interest me somewhat. I might learn to like you."

"Listen—I am Happiness."

"Oh, my dear girl, I—say——"

"But I am going away."

"Then I shall follow you to the ends of the earth."

"Of course you will. That's all that makes life worth living!"

"My word, but you are a stunner, now that I look at you closely. Married lady, I presume? If I may be so bold, who was the lucky chap that caught you?"

"NOBODY!"

(She vanishes with a mocking laugh.)
Kate Masterson.

Liars

THESE are three kinds of liars:

1. The man whom others can't believe. He is harmless. Let him alone.

2. The man who can't believe others. He has probably made a careful study of human nature. If you don't put him in jail, he will find out that you are a hypocrite.

3. The man who can't believe himself. He is a cautious individual. Encourage him.

THE Hon. Victor Berger, the lone Socialist member of Congress, loses no opportunity to be heard. He seems to make up in activity what he lacks in numbers.



He: I'LL BET YOU A QUARTER, TOMMY, YOU CAN'T COUNT UP TO EIGHT HUNDRED WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED.



THE ONJERNOO

A pound and three-quarters of kitten,
Three ounces of flources and sighs;
Add wiggles and giggles and gurgles,
And ringlets and dimples and eyes.



A SUFFRAGETTE

To the power that already lies in her hands
You add equal rights with the gents;
You'll find votes that used to bring two or
three plunks,
Marked down to ninety-eight cents.

Specialists

If a man is sick, he goes to a doctor; if in a row with his neighbors, he goes to a lawyer; if in spiritual trouble, he consults a minister or priest; if in business straits he calls upon the banker.—*World's Work for June.*

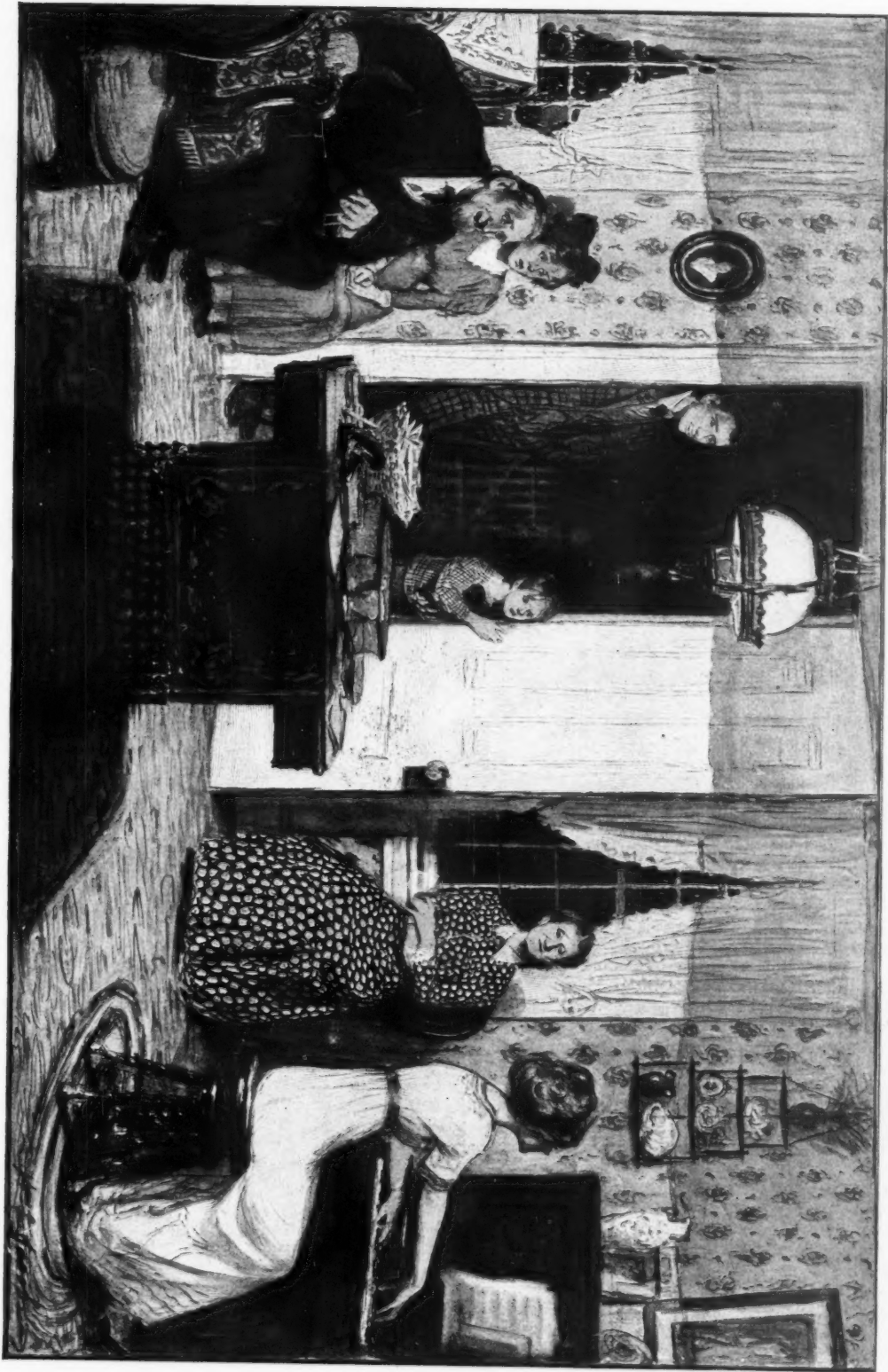
TRUE, and how absurd when you come to think of it. A doctor makes his living by people who are sick, a lawyer by those who are in trouble, a minister by those who are afraid, and a banker by those who want to borrow.

In other words, when a man hasn't sense enough to learn how to take care of himself, he goes to some one whose chief concern it is to keep him in this condition as long as possible in order to make as much money out of him as the law allows.

Ambiguous

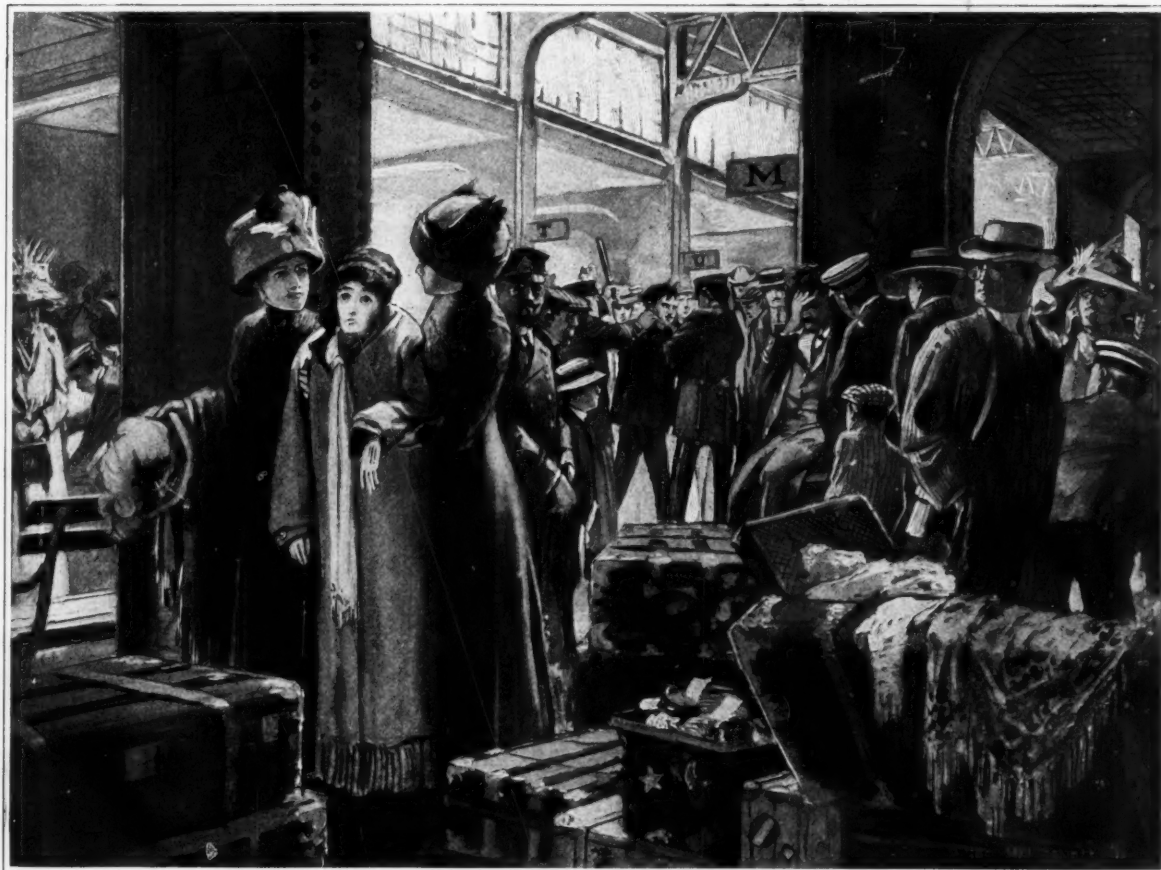
A DESPATCH from Albany tells of a proposal, requested by the military authorities, limiting the sale of liquor to a half mile of the West Point Academy.

The despatch doesn't state whether the object of this is temperance or exercise.



The City Boarder





"The Policemen Took Him Off"

Martigan vs Uncle Sam

MARTIGAN looked at the pale face of his wife as she lay in the berth. He had taken her abroad for her health six months before, but the experiment had not been a success.

"We'll be at the dock in a couple of hours," he said. "In the meantime I have made out this declaration. I believe it covers everything. The whole thing amounts to about two hundred dollars."

"That's really more than we bought abroad," said Mrs. Martigan.

"Just as well to be on the safe side. We don't want any trouble."

His wife, her manner listless, tossed her head on the pillow.

"No," she said, "I want only to get back home."

At this moment her maid came in to assist her to dress. Martigan went on

deck to watch the steamer go through the swash channel. Arriving home again after their long and weary journey, where at times he didn't know whether she would pull through or not, was a genuine sensation.

The Quarantine was passed, Mrs. Martigan submitted to the test with composure, and the doctor, who had the ship's doctor in consultation, was specially considerate. Mrs. Martigan's case was indeed more one of nerves than of anything else.

As they came down the gangplank at the dock they were met by the Custom House inspector. Martigan wished to get the ordeal over as soon as possible, so he entered into a hurried explanation with the man who was to look at their baggage. Their trunks had been lined up and were opened. The in-

spector looked at the declaration. Then he looked at Mrs. Martigan, who was seated in a chair that the maid had succeeded in getting from one of the stewards.

"This is your declaration?" said the inspector.

"Yes, sir."

"Haven't you a necklace worth about three thousand dollars?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, you must come with me."

"What for?"

"Because I say so."

Two tall women came up, obedient to the inspector's sign. He indicated Mrs. Martigan.

"Take this lady back to her state-room and search her."

"Don't you see," protested Martigan, "that the lady is ill? I want to get

her out of here as soon as possible."

"Of course you do," said the inspector, with a smile. "Naturally."

By this time the two women had Mrs. Martigan by the arms and were urging her gently to go with them. Martigan pushed them away.

"Don't you dare touch her," he cried. "This is a contemptible outrage."

"You might just as well submit," said the inspector; "we have information that your wife has a necklace and she cannot go ashore until we have found it."

Mrs. Martigan's head fell forward at this moment. She had fainted. The ship's doctor came running out. For some moments he had been watching the affair. He was a very considerate man

Martigan, beside himself with anxiety and indignation, put her gently down on the dock on a blanket. The doctor, feeling her pulse, laid her head flat, and in a few moments she came to. The inspector, being thus interrupted, went away. Presently, however, he came back, just in time to see Mrs. Martigan open her eyes.

He made a gesture to the two women and then turned to the doctor.

"Nothing much the matter with her, eh?" he said.

"She ought not to be disturbed just now."



SHOPPING

"I'D LIKE TO LOOK AT SOME OF YOUR TWO-CENT STAMPS, PLEASE."



MOTHER'S CHOICE

HER SUITORS
FATHER'S CHOICE

HER CHOICE

The inspector smiled his inscrutable smile. Then he addressed Mrs. Martigan.

"You might just as well make it easy for us, madam," he said. "You'll have to be searched, and the sooner you get it over with the better. We know all about it—you can't fool us, and you can't buck up against the United States Government. Take her away to her room."

The women stepped forward to execute his order.

Martigan, however, who had been trying in vain to control himself, at this point lost his temper.

He sprang with the fury of a tiger at the inspector, and before anything could be done to separate them he had punched his face and had given him the worst pummeling that had ever, in the history of our wonderful country, been given to any Custom House officer. Then the policemen took him off to the station house.

* * * * *

It was two months later. The whole country had been stirred by the Martigan case, but, of course, nothing had happened except the publicity. Martigan's wife had died from the shock. He decided to go abroad again, and one evening, preparatory to his departure, he was sitting in his room at the hotel when a card was brought up. It was the inspector who had met them at the dock.

"Show him up."

The inspector appeared on the threshold.

His old insolent manner had entirely disappeared.

"I saw your name in the paper, sir," he said, "and I just came up to tell you I am sorry for everything that happened. You see, I was under orders. If I hadn't done it I would have been discharged."

"I understand."

"It's the system that's to blame and not the men employed. We can do nothing. If we don't carry out orders why we have to go, and most of us have families to support."

"You were unnecessarily rude."

"We get that way after a while. Then there are tricky people to deal with and it makes us all hard. In your case we had information that your wife had a necklace. This information was false, but we didn't know that, of course. I thought she was just trying to fool us. I don't blame you for what you did."

"And I don't blame you," said Martigan, "especially when the State Department issues such statements as this":

He picked up the daily paper that was lying on the table and read:

"With regard to the Martigan case, the Secretary of State said this morning:

"We have only one regret about this case. And that is the undue publicity which it has had."

Chesterton Todd.

DEMOCRACY — A government of court decisions, by court decisions and for court decisions.

· LIFE · Society

THE engagement is announced of Miss Phillis Pockets to Lord Churchmowse. It will be remembered that Miss Pockets is a granddaughter of the Hon. Tenpercent Pyncher. Her mother was one of the Baltimore Eaton-dryncks. Lord Churchmowse is a cousin of Sir Archibald Guzzle of Guzzle Hall, Bent, Upper-Drunk-on-Thyrstmore.

Mrs. Wytlliss Tawkor and her charming daughter, Mrs. Chatter Loud, were

We are authorized to say there is not a word of truth in the report that Mr. Merger Hogg intends buying the new library building at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street and using it as a private garage.

Mr. and Mrs. Braynliss Pupp are still away on their honeymoon.

Mrs. Rotton Morralls will spend the summer abroad. She is to visit the Baddicks-Ampels in the autumn.

marvel of speed and luxury. He is now off on a cruise with his friends, Galley West and Bughouse Todd.

Mr. and Mrs. Octave Schwindler have opened their palatial villa, Inkum-by-the-Sea. Their daughter, Mrs. Stuck-on Show, who is now in Paris, will soon return for the summer.

Mrs. Saymold Bluff was at the Dolas Country Club Tuesday. She wore a



"NOT A SOUL ON THE AVENUE"

in town on Tuesday. They took a short drive for some shopping, and, with the exception of Mrs. Leeds Thegang, there was not a soul on the Avenue. Mrs. Tawkor, as everybody knows, is one of the Boston Punkyns. She says there are only four people in New York, anyway.

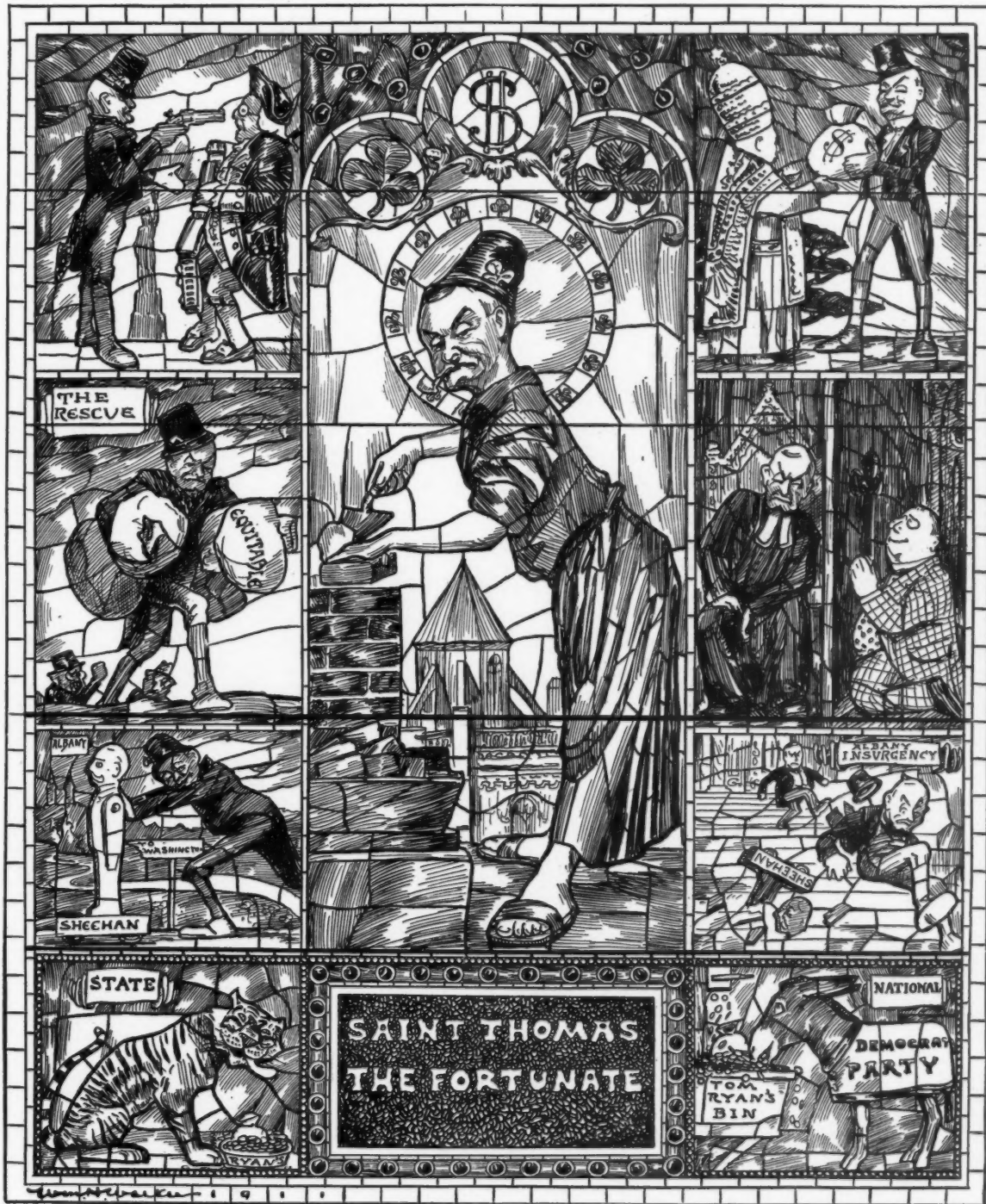
Mr. and Mrs. Pursey Strutt are preparing for an elaborate garden party at their charming Newport villa. Mrs. Strutt is a daughter of the Hon. Lawe Dodger. Everybody in good society knows the Lawe Dodgers, and the garden party will be an event of the season.

Society is looking forward with some excitement to the wedding, on the tenth of next month, of Miss Tootoo Kylling to Willie Jinnanseltz. There will be ten bridesmaids. Reginald Wuntwurk is to be best man. The bride will be given away by her uncle, Mr. Ollin Bonds. The affair will take place at Bribehurst, the summer residence of the Bonds. The ceremony itself will occur in the lovely little chapel of the Holy Tariff on the Bond estate.

Mr. Dedleigh Bohr has given up his aeroplane and returned to yachting. His new boat, the *Morning Cocktail*, is a

Princess robe thickly covered with rabbit's-eye rubies caught at its lower foundation, with tight-fitting ostrich plumes and heliotrope cheviot. Her hat, made in imitation of a bushel basket, was richly gilt, decorated with beets and asparagus, the whole resting easily on her shoulders and concealing her face. She was lovely.

Mrs. Powdard Horra and her sister-in-law, Countess Rouge-Galore, were accosted on the street the other day by a very vulgar person, who, of course, did not know who they really were. Most annoying, such things.





About This Time of the Year the W



the Year the Woods Are Full of Them

Life's Family Album



Charles Dana Gibson

LIFE and Mr. Gibson grew up together. Both started upon their careers about the same time, and their distinction was one of those simultaneous affairs—a sort of mutual understanding—that came in time to be settled fact, like any other natural feature of civilization. Later, when their paths came to be somewhat more divided, they hailed each other from afar, across the “expanse of ocean.” Now, together again, they salute and drink to old times.

“Looking back over the past,” we began, as we seated ourselves familiarly in the Carnegie Studio that Mr. Gibson occupies, “was there ever, we wonder, anything better than Pipp?”

“I admit that he is one of my favorites,” said Mr. Gibson modestly.

Lost in reverie we still continued to dwell on the past. We recalled—it seems but yesterday—the furore caused by Mr. Gibson's farewell to black and white, and his journey to the Continent to take up his color work. What a leave taking! And what a relinquishment of publicity! But to business!

“You are about to be interviewed,” we said sternly. “You must reveal, somewhere, incidentally perhaps, but inevitably, the secret of your art. Where were you born?”

“In Flushing.”

“And when did you first begin to show signs of genius?”

“Alas! It is not for me to say. But I began quite early to cut out pictures with scissors.”

“And—if we remember rightly—you were extraordinarily dexterous at it.”

“So I am told.”

“And then?”

“I studied at the Art Students' League, after which I began drawing for LIFE.”

“And the ‘Gibson Girl?’”

“Dear me! She has always been here. I did nothing more than to introduce her to the public.”

We paused. It was obvious to us that this would never do. Something was needed to bring out the extraordinary charm of this virile young man, to illuminate the secret of his fame, and to offer him as an object lesson to all those ambitious ones who would do likewise. He was born in 1867; thereafter he drew certain pictures, created certain types and became known as the leading black and white artist of America if not of other countries as well. He betrayed a technique, a refinement of execution, a sense of humor, a sense of sentiment and an unerring faculty of portrayal. Yet with all this the secret still eluded us.

“How do you account for your immense talent and popularity?” we asked bluntly.

“I don't account for it,” he replied. “I am not interested in it half so much

as I am in baseball. But there is one correction I should like to make.”

“And that?”

“You stated that LIFE and I grew up together. Are you sure you are right about that?”

“Why not?” we stammered. “Didn't we—grow up—together?”

Our best friend smiled.

“Are you sure,” he asked, “that we are grown up yet? I never expect to be.”

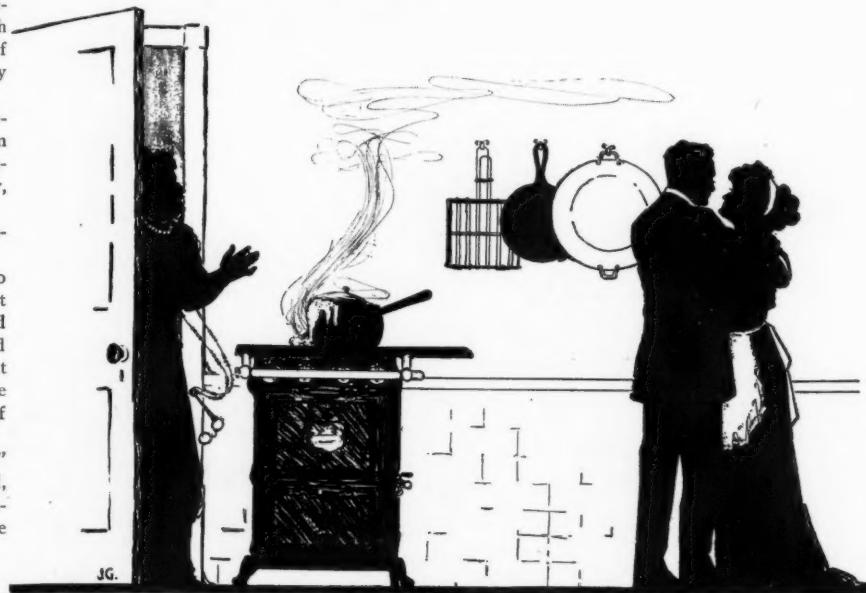
After all, maybe that is the secret.

Sumner a Subway Hero

IN the matter of the statue to Charles Sumner in Harvard Square, Cambridge, as to which remarks were made in LIFE for May 25, we have received from Cambridge the following explanation:

When the *Transcript* says the reconstruction of Harvard Square “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,” it does not refer to Harvard University as the custodian of the genius and spirit. Dear me, no. Senator Sumner's statue is placed at the entrance of the underground railway, not because he is a Harvard ideal, but because he is a subway hero. He conducted our first subterranean railroad, and it is in recognition of his talents as a conductor on the Georgia, Boston & Canada underground that his statue has been placed in the square. The propinquity of Harvard is incidental merely.

VOTING is for man a thing apart, but 'tis the suffragist's whole existence.



“BUBBLE, BUBBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE”

Bulls and Bears

WALL STREET presented a beautiful sight on Monday morning. The Bears were encamped on the right and the Bulls on the left. Huddled in the centre were prices of all sorts. At nine thirty the Bulls ran up a flag of truce. Emissaries were sent out and it was agreed that prices should not be molested unless public sentiment demanded it. When this became known, prices quieted down somewhat, although here and there slight fluctuations persisted.

On Tuesday the Bulls received orders from Washington to mobilize. Camp was immediately struck and maneuvers began. Attempts were made to corral prices. The Bears retreated to a more favorable position and Diaz was notified. At a late hour on Tuesday prices were still at large.

On Wednesday the attempt to keep prices within a narrow margin met with more success. At two thirty a shipment of lambs was received from the interior. This relieved the tension and many brokers who had not made a sale for months entered into negotiations with their tailors for new clothes. By this time prices began to be uneasy. No word had been received from the Rio Grande for over fifteen minutes. Brokers did not know what to do. Finally prices broke loose. There was a brief engagement. When the smoke cleared away, janitors were called in to remove the killed and wounded. Losses about even.

On Thursday the contending forces settled down for a long siege. Private advices were received that the coronation of King George had been timed with reference to the special session of Congress. This looked suspicious, to say the least. In order to allay this suspicion, several shares of stock changed hands by order of the Board of Governors. This worked so well that the process was repeated on Friday.

On Saturday, as prices were quiet, the troops were ordered out on dress parade to receive the bank statement.

Too Much Negro-baiting

When I go to work upon the levee,
Many happy darkies there I see.
—*Old Song.*

SO also doubtless in New York one may see happy darkies if he looks for them in the right place—see many of them, no doubt. And yet things come to light in the papers, which coupled with things that come to private knowl-



edge, make one wonder if, even here, negro life is all one glad sweet song.

There was the Booker Washington incident the other day; an instance of the sort of casualty that may overtake a black man in a white man's city.

Then on May 17 there was the incident of the little yellow man, Cain, who was smoking a pipe on an elevated car platform (which was quite wrong of him) and was rebuked by a white man who slapped his face. Pursuing that coward who would not stand up to his own fight, Cain ran amuck, killed two men with his knife, and wounded eight or nine more. Cain is a dangerous mulatto. He had killed a man before and been in prison for it, but it was an outrageous mistake to slap his face. The man who did it disappeared unhurt.

Then on May 22 the negro, John

White, went into a saloon wearing a green necktie. James McTaggart, a furniture mover, objected to White's necktie and ordered him to take it off. White refused. McTaggart grabbed for the necktie. Naturally White struck at him. When the police came White had a broken jaw, a broken nose and a fractured skull. He died in the hospital. McTaggart disappeared. At this writing his reappearance has not been reported. One hopes he is not permanently lost like the man who slapped the face of little Cain.

New York is a cosmopolitan city. It should have more cosmopolitan manners. It is quite intolerable that light complexioned voters should regard themselves as clothed with congenital police powers for the regulation of voters whose skins are dark.



IT is now some four years since Mary S. Watts published a novel called "The Tenants," which was written in a curiously unconventional and intimate vein of reminiscent narration; purported to be (and in part at least probably was) a summary of past events recalled to the author's mind by the tearing down of an old house in Columbus, Ohio; contained the most delightfully caught and speaking likeness of that vanished intangibility, the social life of the Middle West in the eighties, and was received with general critical commendation, but achieved only a negligible popularity. Last year the same author, having evidently been led by a natural extension of interest from reminiscent writing about the society of her youth into an imaginative reconstruction of an earlier social atmosphere, published "Nathan Burke," an alleged autobiography dealing with pioneer days in Ohio and with the events of the Mexican War; a long, leisurely, meandering, garrulous, yet vividly intimate story that seemed to catch the living likeness of the forties as "The Tenants" had really caught that of the eighties, and that caught either the attention or the fancy of the public as "The Tenants" never succeeded in doing and was read, enjoyed and commented upon by thousands of readers throughout the country. Now Mrs. Watts has published a third novel which is called "The Legacy" (Macmillan, \$1.50), the action of which begins about the time the story of "The Tenants" ended and comes down almost to to-day. It, too, is a story of Ohio, and contains, in effect, the portrait of a period. It, too, is disregardful of some of the accepted canons of fiction, yet is so vivid in its individual characterizations and so imbued with the essential spirit of its time and place as to make these technical informalities seem to contribute to the illusion of the picture. And while heartily commending the book to American readers as an almost uncannily authentic transcription of one phase of American life, one cannot help wondering whether the public's reception of "The Legacy" will indicate that "The Tenants" was, by that same public, merely overlooked or deliberately rejected.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Lampson professor of English literature at Yale University, whose collection of "Essays on Modern Novelists" proved last year that both an audience and the chance and dignity of service await serious literary criticism that will deign to concern itself with current literature, has published a new volume of "Essays on Russian Novelists" (Macmillan, \$1.25), which

should find grateful readers. Criticism, of no matter how able an order, is but slightly related to exact science, and, indeed, it is coming to be more and more widely recognized that in its finest and most desirable manifestations it is rather a creative art than a didactic 'ology. It is by vitalizing a point of view, and not by devitalizing individual judgment, that criticism becomes dynamic. Mr. Phelps's work is especially interesting to those who, rather than have the law laid down for them, choose to amplify their own outlook by apprehending alien angles of vision; for it is at once a frank, an alert and a scholarly expression of an essentially New England and Puritan intelligence, sensitively and openmindedly adventuring among modern masterpieces. In the present volume are papers upon Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Tolstoi and several writers of the younger generation, together with a valuable bibliography and an interpretative essay upon "The Russian Character in Fiction," that is perhaps as illuminative a short introduction to this national literature as has been offered to English readers.

HIRAM BINGHAM, whose "Across South America" (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) is one of the intrinsically interesting travel books of the season, is also connected with Yale University. It was while a delegate from that institution and from the United States Government to the Pan-American Scientific Congress in Santiago, Chile, in the winter of 1908-9, that, coming and going, he undertook the journeys here described; and it was in part owing to the Open Sesame qualities inherent in the words *Senor Delegado* that he was able to complete some of the more arduous among them. Peripatetic journalism has kept us more or less familiar with the Sunday supplement aspects of the coast

cities of South America, but there is both entertainment and enlargement of geographical and historical awareness to be derived from this leisurely and unadorned but quietly realistic account of explorations among ancient Inca strongholds in the Andes and along the ancient highway between Lima and Buenos Ayres—a highway that antedated European discovery and has served the needs of two civilizations and innumerable conquerors.

J. B. Kerfoot.

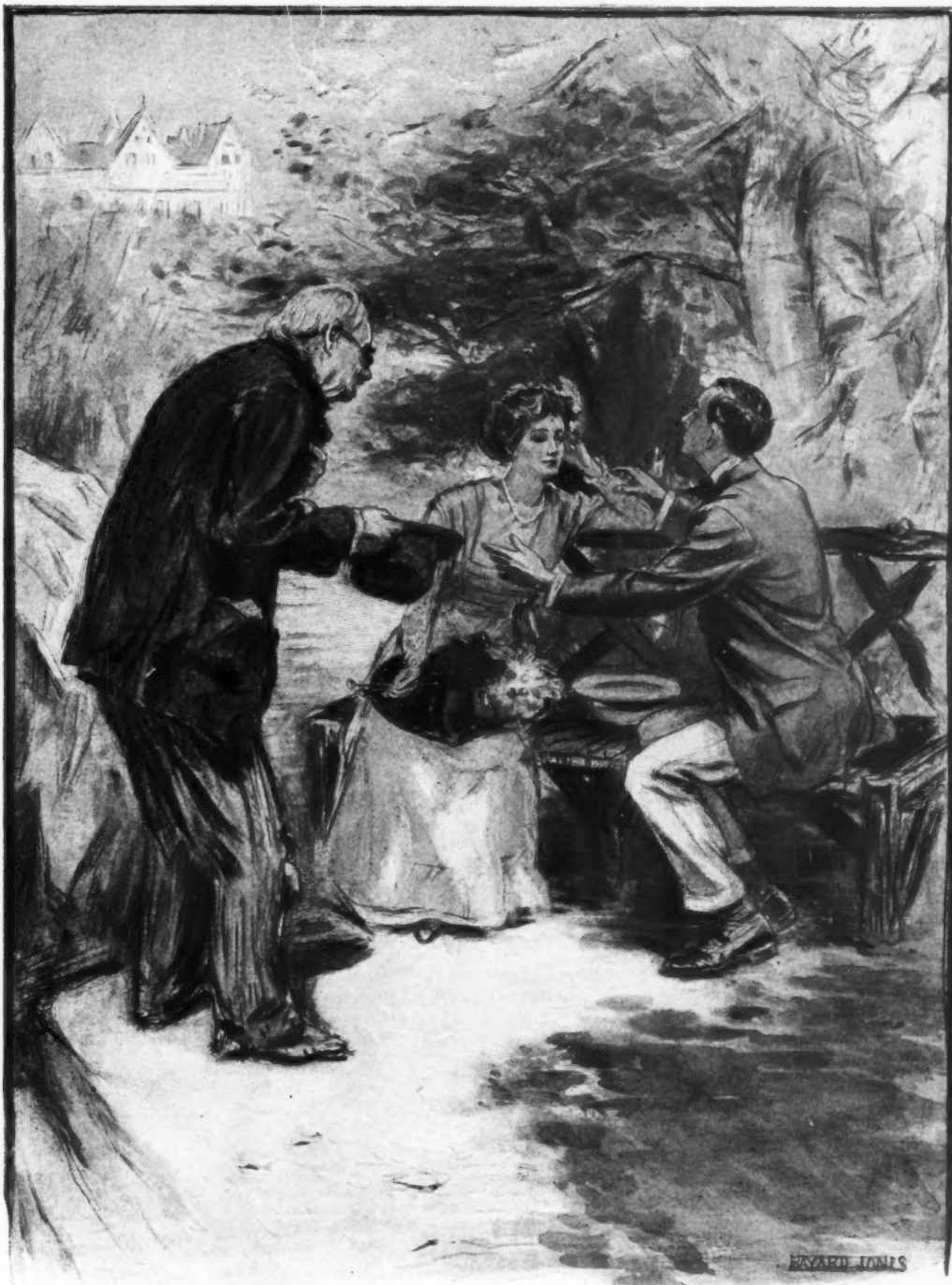
Seizing the Opportunity

CRABSHAW: If you insist on this new gown I'll have to get it on credit.

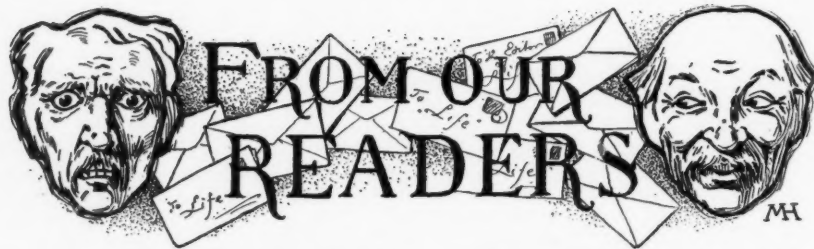
MRS. CRABSHAW: As long as it's going to be charged, dear, I may as well get a more expensive one.

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

- Across South America*, by Hiram Bingham. See above.
The Ashes of a God, by F. W. Bain. A tale of the Hindoo gods, told with Olympian humor in exquisite English.
A Tenderfoot with Peary, by George Borup. An entertaining glimpse of the Arctic as seen by a Yale athlete.
Brazenhead the Great, by Maurice Hewlett. Affectionately satirical anecdotes of a mediaeval egoist.
The Chasm, by George Cram Cook. A crisp, controversial, socialist novel; well written and very much alive.
The Caravanners, by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." A provincial German's account of an English outing. An awkward and rather heavy satire.
Demeter's Daughter, by Eden Phillpotts. A somberly colorful tale of Dartmoor.
The Dweller on the Threshold, by Robert Hichens. What happened to two clerical meddlers in occultism. A fine short story diluted into a weak novel.
Essays on Russian Novelists, by William Lyon Phelps. See above.
The Grain of Dust, by David Graham Phillips. A cinematographic fiction that deploys under high tension and with a feverish flicker the photo-drama of a typewriter's romance.
The Legacy, by Mary S. Watts. See above.
"Me-Smith", by Caroline Lockhart. An excellent story of the West. The last adventure in the career of a "killer."
The Patrician, by John Galsworthy. The story of a family crisis. Portraits of three generations of aristocrats. The swan song of a social type.
Two on the Trail, by Hulbert Footner. A readable melodrama of the Canadian wilderness.
Woman and Labor, by Olive Schreiner. An able woman's deeply interesting views on the woman question.



TWO BEGGARS



Too Much Trouble, Perhaps

DEAR LIFE:

While I am pleased to observe that the somnolent A. S. P. C. A. is rousing itself to increase the number of its agents, I am wondering if it is increasing their efficiency. Two or three years ago, having occasion to ask one to shoot a maimed horse, his utter ignorance of how to accomplish this end and the hideous suffering entailed before its conclusion made the bystanders sick. At that time, some of the agents seemed to have no other qualifications for their work than a willingness to perform it. Though several members of the society made it possible for these agents to receive gratuitous instruction in the art of shooting, no agent availed himself of the opportunity offered.

OBSERVER.

Where the Shoe Pinches

RESPECTED BROTHER IN THE LORD:

Your mood is certainly variable—from joshing John D. to telling such a tragic tale as of May 18 from the *Evening Journal*, of a wife and housekeeper who has to do it on \$16 per week for a family of nine.

It sounds like Dick Swiveler and the "Marchioness" in Dickens's picture of London, or the underworld of Paris in "A Tale of Two Cities."

The poor mother in her letter of appeal to the great editor cries out, "Where do I belong?" Mr. Brisbane shows his great dramatic sense in using this piteously human letter in his newspaper.

Where do the people belong when the means of production are passing (or have passed) into the hands of "special privilege" and monopoly?

Here we are starving in the midst of plenty, because Capital and Labor are held up and rack-rented by Land. In this rich and only half-developed country we have already contracted the disease which destroyed Rome. "Population is pressing on subsistence" (as the phrase is in economics), because Land has the power to say to Capital and Labor, "give me my price."

We have not yet outgrown the evil effects of that damned doctrine of the old economic writers (cursed with the name of Malthus), which taught that Nature brings more human beings into the world than she can feed. This Malthusian doctrine has destroyed more human souls than all the other agencies combined.

You ask for an answer—a remedy for the bad and unnatural social conditions of the present time. It is simple to those who study the laws of economics: stop taxing Industry (Capital and Labor) and make Land (including public utilities) pay all the expense of government and public improvement.

The great Russian prophet, Leo Tolstoy, knighted our Henry George and proclaimed him the greatest American—the man who fought for economic liberty and real democracy.

The new economics gives us the true law of Wages, Interest and Rent, and all rentals must be taxed into the public treasury.

EDMOND FONTAINE.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,

May 22, 1911.

From a Brother Editor

MR. EDITOR:

I enjoy LIFE keenly every week. For sheer cleverness and biting satire it is the most brilliant periodical we have.

But I get very weary of LIFE's perverted, idiotic attitude toward vivisection. In the first place, it clashes with my idea of the eternal fitness of things to have a humorous weekly indulge in propaganda efforts of this sort. In taking itself so seriously about vivisection LIFE is exhibiting a lack of real humor and is laying itself open to those barbed shafts of irony which it hurls so gleefully at others.

But this is not my real objection. It happens that I have for years been connected indirectly with a great laboratory in which research is conducted chiefly in biological medicine. I have time and time again seen discoveries made by means of experimentation on animals which were, and are, of immense importance in the prevention and cure of disease. The work could positively have

been done in only one other way—by similar experimentation upon human beings themselves. Do you hold human life to be cheaper than animal life?

Furthermore, medicinal agents of great importance, like Antidiphtheric Serum for diphtheria, or Ergot for the woman in labor, or Digitalis for the failing heart—such agents need to be absolutely uniform in strength and of the utmost reliability in times of crisis. Positively the only method by which they can be so made is by means of the physiological test upon living animals.

Isn't it better to destroy a hundred guinea-pigs rather than let your five-year-old daughter die of diphtheria because Antidiphtheric Serum is unreliable, untrustworthy and of uncertain strength?

Besides, no humane experimentalist causes the animals to suffer. He anesthetizes them first and afterward puts them to death before they have regained consciousness. With this problem, as with most others, regulation and not prohibition is what the situation demands. Correct, limit and reform if you will, but do not seek to destroy.

All this shouting of the antivivisectionists really gives me mental colic. I do not flatter myself that by this protest, however, I shall cause you to mend your ways. I am an editor myself. I know that hobbies are dear to the editorial heart, and that after you have ridden one with keen zest and pleasure for ten or fifteen years you are not going to jump off just because one of your readers points the gun of reason at you and threatens to shoot. But I've had a lot of comfort in telling you what I think of you anyway. It has made me feel better, even if it hasn't done you any good.

And yet, despite your faults, you're all right, LIFE. I would hate to live without you. Life without LIFE would be stale—a rather flat pun, but never mind!

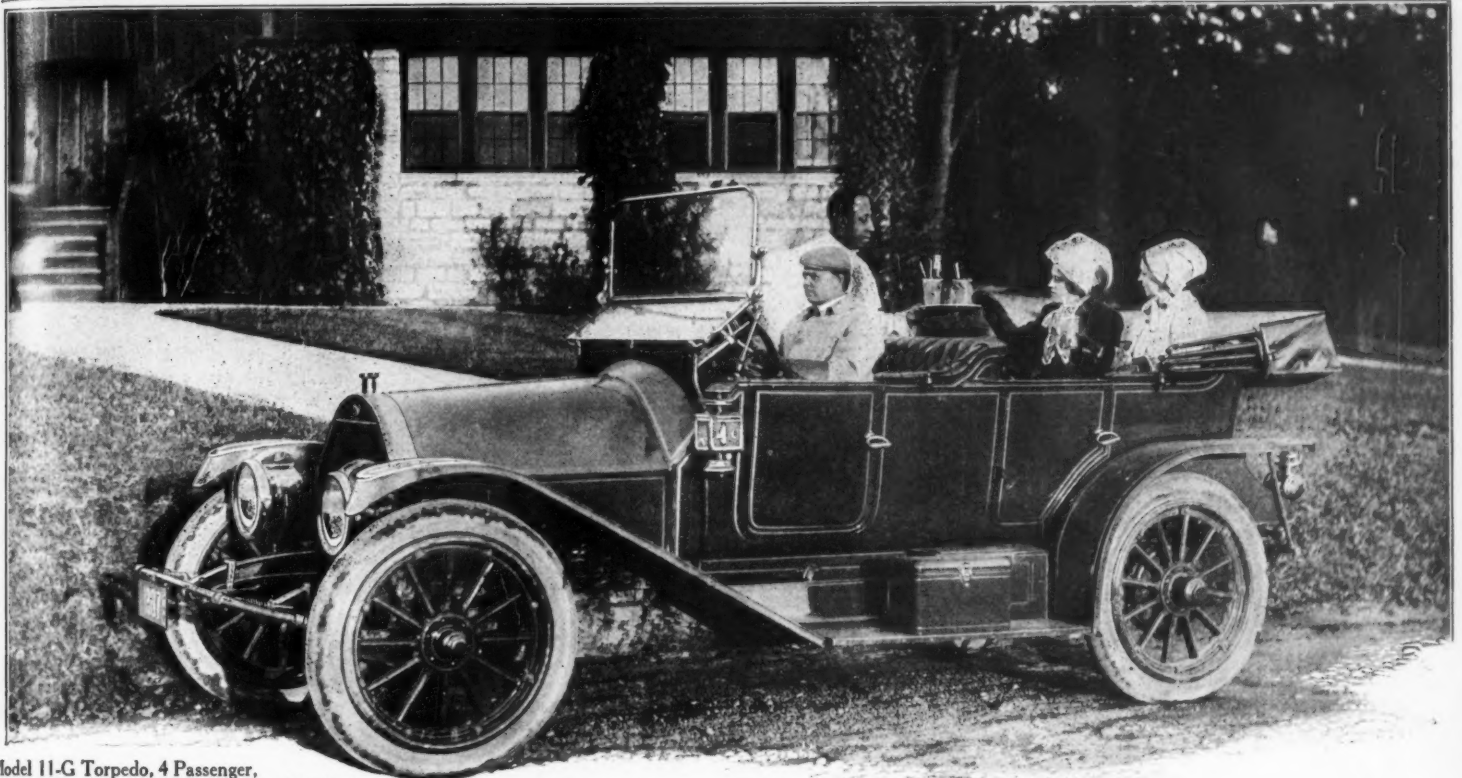
Very truly yours,

DETROIT, MICH., HARRY B. MASON.

May 3, 1911.



SON SPOTS



Model 11-G Torpedo, 4 Passenger,
\$2700. Top and windshield extra. Standard
chassis has 50 H. P. Motor, 121 inch wheel base.

Here is the cause for the reaction from cars costing more than \$3000

For four years the Speedwell has been solidifying public opinion against a higher price than \$3000—for the most perfect possible motor car.

It was inevitable that a reaction should come.

Motor cars are bought, for the most part, by hard-headed business men, who have been uneasily conscious, for a long time, that they were taking a great deal for granted in the prices they have paid.

The Speedwell, by the self-evident lavishness of its construction and appointments, has crystallized that uneasy conviction.

It has hastened the day of the national awakening which is close at hand; and the doubt of the buyer is fast becoming a certainty.

Wherever the Speedwell has been sold it has sowed discontent in the minds of men owning cars which cost more money.

They could see nothing tangible in their own cars to justify the discrepancy and only the intangible element of social prestige to excuse it.

That fact irked and secretly annoyed them.

And when a goodly share of this same social prestige began, in turn, to be conferred upon the Speedwell—it was a foregone conclusion that public opinion would compel a new maximum price for the highest motor car quality.

So, the beautiful Speedwell has been the leaven which has spread enlightened dissatisfaction and intelligent inquiry.

Wherever and whenever the individual was persuaded to make close comparison, the result was inevitable.

No car costing more money can withstand such a minute comparison and justify itself for a price higher than the Speedwell price.

Wherever the Speedwell is entrenched—there the sale of cars costing more than \$3000 begins to wane.

These individual conversions have now attained an aggregate so large and so influential that it may be set down as a foregone conclusion that the Speedwell will replace hundreds of costlier cars in every community in the country.

In the light of these assurances—in a spirit of unbelief, if you like, in our ability to give you the uttermost possible value at Speedwell prices—seek a Speedwell demonstration at the earliest possible moment.

In view of the prices which you must otherwise pay to secure an equal degree of elegance and efficiency, the Speedwell is undoubtedly the greatest motor car offering in this country today.

If it were possible for you to buy, at the Speedwell price, any of the cars costing more than \$3000, your investment would not be so fortunate, for the reason that the Speedwell more than matches the merit of these cars.

We make this latter stipulation because the Speedwell, in our opinion, is the most beautiful car in America—and one whose distinction of design is not even approximated in any of the cars to which we have referred.

See your Speedwell dealer and put our promises up to him for verification.

Speedwell

Send for "The Speedwell," an interesting monthly devoted to motor car news.

The Speedwell Motor Car Company,

390 Essex Avenue, Dayton, Ohio



Which?

Woman and Folly
Twin mimics are,
One understudy,
The other the star.
—Smart Set.

A Good Thing

AGENT: There is the motor car you want. You never have to crawl under it to put it right.

CUSTOMER: You don't?

AGENT: If the slightest thing gets wrong with the mechanism the car instantly turns upside down.

—New York Call.

Pointed Reply

He watched his wife doing up her hair and his face was stern. "Why do you put the hair of another woman on your head?" he asked severely.

"Why do you," she replied sweetly, "put the skin of another calf on your feet?" —Suburban Life.



A LITTLE SLAM IN SPADES

Had Made Up His Mind

A Cleveland lawyer tells how, during a trial, one of the jurors suddenly rose from his seat and fled from the courtroom. He was, however, arrested in his flight before he had left the building, and brought back.

"I should like to know what you mean by such an action as this," demanded the judge, in a lenient tone, however, as he knew the man, an elderly German, to be a simple, straightforward person.

"Vell, your honor, I vill explain," said the juror. "Ven Mr. Jones finished mit his talking my mind vas clear all through, but ven Mr. Smith begins his talking I becomes all confused again already, und I says to myself, 'I better leave at vonce, und stay away until he is done,' because, your honor, to tell the truth, I didn't like der vay der argument vas going." —Harper's Magazine.

A Loving Child

PUPIL (to schoolmaster): Sir, would you mind taking great care how you draw up my report? My parents suffer dreadfully from nerves.

—Fliegende Blaetter.

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"Dear Bob, buy me a White Frost Refrigerator"

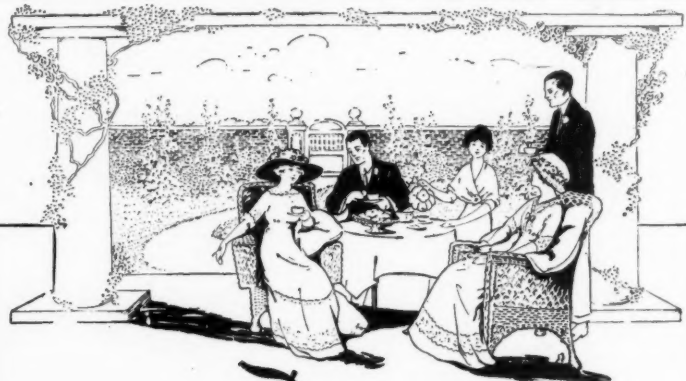
The

White Frost

Refrigerator, so handsome and convenient, keeps food cool, pure, sweet, wholesome. Perfectly Sanitary. Made entirely of metal. Round in shape. No nasty corners to dig out, no place for germs and dirt to lodge. Revolving, quickly removable shelves. Enamelled snowy white, inside and outside. Several sizes. Common prices. Send for Free Book Today. Sold freight prepaid with trade discount if dealer does not handle.

Metal Stamping Co.
561 Mechanic St.
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**Absolutely Sanitary
Revolving Shelves
Uses little ice**



Dean's

Summer Cake Assortments

To the Summer Hostess, Dean's Assortments of Delicious Cakes are of great assistance. Twenty different assortments of Cakes that are dainty and uncommon and ideal for Afternoon Teas, Luncheons, Dinners, Motor and Yachting Trips, etc. Packed carefully in pasteboard boxes to keep perfectly fresh.

Assortments at \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00, \$8.00 and \$12.00 each.

EXPRESSAGE PREPAID TO ANY SHIPPING POINT WHERE THE EXPRESS RATE IS \$1.50 OR LESS PER HUNDRED POUNDS.

Send for special Summer Booklet giving makeup of the assortments and full information.

628 Fifth Avenue, New York
Established in 1839

While There's
American Hosiery
UNDERWEAR
 There's Hope
 For Men, Women and Children
 "NO BETTER IN THE WORLD"

Mark Twain and Pictures

Mr. Clemens' attitude toward illustrators and college men was typical of newspaper editors of his time; since then employers have learned to recognize and even stimulate merit in those unfortunate classes. Dan Beard contributes the following concerning his first meeting with Mark Twain to discuss the illustration of a book. Mr. Beard endeavors to give in type a representation of Mark's peculiar drawl:

"Mr. Beard, I—do—not—want—to—inflict—any—mental—agony—upon—you nor subject you—to—any—undue suffering, but—I—do—wish—you'd read—the—book before—you make the—pictures."

"I assured him that I had already read the manuscripts thoroughly three times; he replied by opening a prominent magazine at his elbow, to a very beautiful picture of an old gentleman with a smooth face, which the text described as having a flowing white beard, remarking, as he did so:

"From—a—casual—reference—to—the—current—magazines—I—did—not—suppose—that—was the usual custom—with—illustrators. Now, Mr. Beard, you—know—my—character—of—the

The Peter's
 Milk Chocolate
 Flavor is Unsurpassed

Because it is the product of pure, rich milk and the finest grade of cocoa beans, combined by the original process invented by Mr. D. Peter, of Vevey, Switzerland. Nothing finer for the hurried luncheon.



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.*
- Peter's Bon-Bons.*

The .22 Caliber
WINCHESTER

Automatic Rifle

Aim and pull the trigger;
 aim and pull the trigger.

That's all the effort required to shoot this novel little rifle, as the recoil does the reloading for you.

In the country, in camp or on any outing, this rifle is the peer of all .22s, either for hunting or practice. It's a great pleasure maker.

Look One Over
 At Your Dealer's.

WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES
 are made for all kinds of rifles and pistols by men who know how. Ask for the

Red **W** Brand



—Yankee. He—is—a—common, uneducated—man. He's a good—telegraph—operator; he—can—make—a—Colt's—revolver—or—a—Remington gun, but—he's—a—perfect ignoramus. He's—a—good—foreman—for—a—manufacturer, can survey—land—and—run—a—locomotive; in other—words, he—has—neither—the—refinement—nor—the—weakness—of—a—college—education. In—conclusion—I—want—to—say—that—I—have—endeavored—to—put—in—all—the—coarseness

—and—vulgarity—into—the—Yankee—at—King—Arthur's court—that is—necessary, and—rely—upon—you—for— all — that — refinement — and — delicacy — of — humor — which — your — facile — pen — can — depict. Glad to have met you, Mr. Beard."
 —Boston Traveler.

If you want money, go to strangers; if you want advice, go to friends; if you want nothing, go to relations.

—Lippincott's.

CALOX

OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER

To Whiten The Teeth

The only substance known that will really whiten the teeth without injury to them or to the gums is peroxide of hydrogen. That's what you get when Calox is mixed with water and that's why Calox is so immeasurably superior to all other dentifrices.

Sample and Booklet free on request.

All Druggists 25c.

Ask for the
Calox Tooth Brush, 35c.

McKESSON & ROBBINS
NEW YORK



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Woman's Work

Housekeeping? It's all automatic;
I press but a button, observe,
In parlor or chamber or attic,
And dinner is ready to serve.
I send for a vacuum cleaner,
And go in my car for a spin,
And when *de retour* in an hour, I am
sure
The house is as spick as a pin.

The children? 'Twere foolish to worry,
For science has charge of their fate;
They live without fluster or hurry
By formulas right up to date.
Their laughter, their sleep, their appear-
ing—
All these are prescribed by the year;
And were I to try interfering
'Twould throw the whole scheme out
of gear.

My husband? He hasn't a minute
To spare from his business all day,
And when he comes home he's not in it
An hour before he's away.
His socks are all hole-proof, his ward-
robe's
In charge of a valet named Burke—
And so do you wonder, though busy as
thunder,
Amusement's my one real work?
—William Wallace Whitelock
in *Munsey's Magazine*.

Caroni Bitters—Unequaled for flavoring sliced Fruits, Icees
and Jellies. Sample on receipt of 25 cents.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.

Answered by the Last Boy

The inspector was examining Stand-ard I, and all the class had been specially told beforehand by their master: "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

History was the subject.
"Now, tell me," said the inspector, "who was the mother of our great Scot-tish hero, Robert Bruce?"

He pointed to the top boy, then round the class. There was no answer; the children's faces appeared blank. Then at last the heart of the teacher of that class leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot had held up his hand.

"Well, my boy," said the inspector, encouragingly, "who was she?"

"Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."
—Dundee Advertiser.

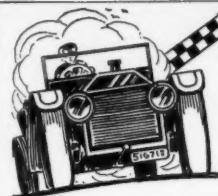
The Annual Question

"Well, Hawkins, old man," said Witherbee, "has your wife decided where she will spend the summer?"

"Yep," said Hawkins. "She's going abroad."

"So? And how about you?"

"Well, I don't know yet," sighed Hawkins. "I haven't decided whether to stay in town or go into bankruptcy."
—Harper's Weekly.



Friction

is the motor's
worst enemy.

But perfect lubrication kills
friction. Panhard Oil is a per-
fect lubricant. Therefore use

Panhard Oil

and your motor will be in the
Safe, Sound and "Ripe Age" class.

Don't merely ask for a "good lubri-
cant"—say PANHARD OIL to the
dealer and insist on it. Sold in "Check-
erboard" cans and in bulk.
This matter of MOTOR LIFE will be
made clear to you—and you will be
helped in judging a motor oil—if you
write for my booklet "Motor Lubri-
cation." Free if you give your dealer's
name.

GEORGE A. HAWS
69 Pine Street, New York
Dealers, write for "Help Sell" Plan



**PATENTS SECURED OR
FEE RETURNED**
Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to
Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted
and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

ANTHONY HOPE

Has Written a Big Novel

MRS. MAXON PROTESTS

Just Published

This is pre-eminently Anthony Hope's novel of modern life. It is more than thoughts about the social pageant, it is life itself. The crisp speeches are like "The Dolly Dialogues," but the theme is much deeper. Here is the real world, its respectability, its narrowness, its curious codes of morality, as they look to a man so sensitive to the romantic side of life as Anthony Hope. Mrs. Maxon is married to a cold, stern man who doesn't understand her. Finding that she can no longer endure her life with him she decides upon a separation. He will not divorce her. So she is left in her false position. How she works out her destiny is a story of great human appeal.

HARPER & BROTHERS

**Spend your vacation on
Quaint Cape Cod**

Seashore, Woods and Country.
Splendid fishing, yachting, bathing and golfing.
Cool breezes always.
Send for 'Quaint Cape Cod.' It's free.
Write Advertising Bureau, Room 655
South Station, Boston

The Bolted Door

(By George Gibbs, D. Appleton and Company.)

May Phlegethon's infernal brawl
This oft-recurrent Uncle smother
Who leaves a Niece and Nephew all
His fortune, if they wed each other!

The Niece, our author chattily
Informs us, dwells beside the Hudson;
Her Christian name is "Natalie,"
The one she has to change is
"Judson."

A pampered butterfly, she clings
To wealth and social mirth and bustle.
The Nephew joys in sterner things;
An engineer of brain and muscle,

He builds, to run upon the rail,
A novel motor-chariot.
(They called him "Brooke" at dear old
Yale;
His other name is "Garriott.")

They wed, this loveless he and she,
To win old Uncle's pile of plunder,
Resolved, as soon as well may be,
To cut the formal bond asunder.

Like Thisbe's wall, "The Bolted
Door"—
A fact and symbol—stands between
them,
Because for two long years and more
As man and wife they must demean
them.

Though shunning aught that might divulge
To all the world their strange relations,
They wed, this loveless he and she,
To win old Uncle's pile of plunder,
Resolved, as soon as well may be,
To cut the formal bond asunder.

MELLOW AS MOONLIGHT.

**CASCADE
PURE WHISKY**

GRAIN

The carefully selected grain we use is the foundation of Cascade richness. The distilling, purification and aging give it its extreme mellowness. Physicians recommend Cascade because of all these qualities. Original bottling has old gold label.

GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers,
Nashville, Tenn.



Never Wears Out

**When you buy your car
be sure to look beyond the mere article**

LOOK up the concern back of it—its standing, reputation, size and business dealings—that is the guarantee that makes you safe.

For over half a century the name Corbin has stood for the best—whether locks, hardware or automobiles.

Behind every Corbin Car is a world-wide reputation. When you buy a Corbin you get a car produced in one of the best equipped and most thorough plants in the country.

A car made of strongest materials by skilled workmen who are their own severest critics.

A car that will give you dependable service and prove the cheapest and most economical by far in the end.

A car that is built expressly for every-day, steady, hard use. Easy to get at operating parts—large roomy seats—upholstered in the best quality of leather—a car of elegance and beauty—combined with durability and exceptional wearing qualities.

A car that will take you there and back—no matter how far or what may be the road conditions—and do it in a masterly manner.

No road too long, too rough, too steep or muddy for the Corbin, and above all the cost of up-keep is almost nothing.

It isn't the first cost that should influence you altogether—it is the cost of maintenance that proves both the economy and worth of an automobile.

The actual performance of Corbin Cars in the hands of owners is one of the best guides to follow in your purchase. What it costs to run—the up-keep—is the real test.

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NEW BRITAIN, CONN.**



Model 18-Five Passenger - \$2750

New
England
Quality

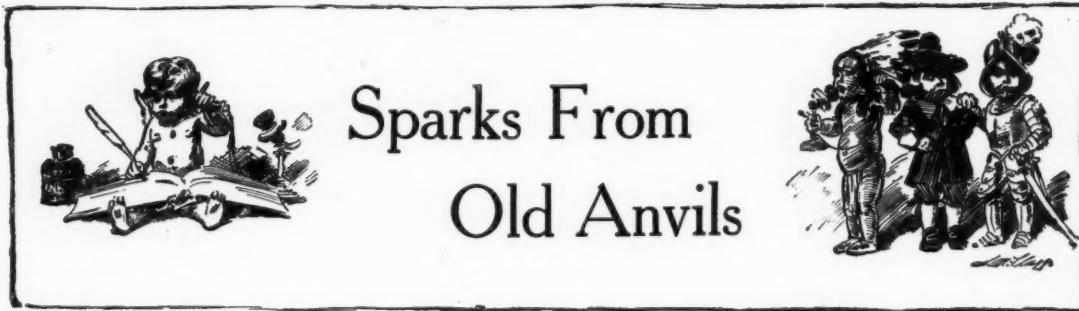
They quarrel fiercely; both indulge
In reprehensible flirtations,
Till sudden Love divinely checks
The headlong course of Pride and
Folly;
They fall upon each other's necks
And bless the ghost of Uncle Ollie.

Ye writer-folk whose weary quills
With such contrivances have dallied.
Be warned! All marriage-forcing wills
Henceforth are totally invalid.

Arthur Guiterman.



A "STAB AT MATER"



The Lovers

A whip-top and a little ball were together in a drawer among some other toys, and the top said to the ball: "Shall we not be bridegroom and bride, as we live together in the same box?"

But the ball, which had a coat of morocco leather and was just as conceited as any fine lady, would make no answer to such a proposal.

Next day the little boy came to whom the toys belonged; he painted the top red and yellow and hammered a brass nail into it, and it looked splendid when the top turned round!

"Look at me!" he cried to the ball. "What do you say now? Shall we not be engaged to each other? We suit one another so well! You jump and I dance! No one could be happier than we two should be."

"Indeed! Do you think so?" replied the little ball. "Perhaps you do not know my papa and mama were morocco slippers and that I have a Spanish cork inside of me?"

"Yes, but I am made of mahogany," said the top; "and the Mayor himself turned me. He has a turning-lathe of his own and it amuses him greatly."

"Can I depend upon that?" asked the little ball.

"May I never be whipped again if it is not true!" replied the top.

"You can speak well for yourself," observed the ball, "but I cannot grant your request. I am as good as engaged to a swallow; every time I leap up into the air she puts her head out of her nest and says: 'Will you?' And now I have silently said 'Yes,' and that is as good as half engaged. But I promise I will never forget you."

"Yes, a lot of good that will be!" said the top.

And they spoke no more to each other.

The next day the ball was taken out by the boy. The top saw how it flew high into the air, like a bird; at last one could no longer see it. Each time it came back again, but gave a high leap when it touched the earth, and that was done either from its longing to mount up again or because it had a Spanish cork in its body. But the ninth time the little ball remained absent and did not come back again, and the boy sought and sought, but it was gone.

"I know very well where it is!" sighed the top. "It is in the swallow's nest and has married the swallow."

The more the top thought of this the more it longed for the ball. Just because it could not get the ball its love increased, and the fact that the ball had chosen another formed a peculiar feature in the case. So the top danced around and hummed, but always thought of the little ball, which became more and more beautiful in his fancy. Thus several years went by and now it was an old love.

And the top was no longer young! But one day he was gilt all over; never had he looked so handsome; he was now a golden top, and sprang till he hummed again. Yes, that was something worth seeing! But all at once he sprang up too high, and—he was gone.

They looked and looked, even in the cellar, but he was not to be found. Where could he be?

He had jumped into the dust-box, where all kinds of things were lying; cabbage stalks, sweepings and rubbish that had fallen down from the roof.

"Here's a nice place to be in! The gilding will soon leave me here. Among what a rabble have I alighted!"

And then he looked sideways at a long, leafless cabbage stump and at a curious round thing that looked like an old apple; but it was not an apple—it was an old ball which had lain for years in the gutter on the roof, and was quite saturated with water.

"Thank goodness, here comes one of us with whom one can talk!" said the little ball, and looked at the gilt top. "I am really morocco, but no one would think it, to look at me. I was very nearly marrying a swallow, but I fell into the gutter on the roof, and have lain there fully five years and become quite wet through. You may believe me, that's a long time for a young girl."

But the top said nothing. He thought of his old love; and the more he heard, the clearer it became to him that this was she.

Then came the servant-girl and wanted to turn out the dust-box.

"Ah, there's a gilt top!" she cried.

And the top was brought again to notice and honor, but nothing was heard of the little ball. And the top spoke no more of his old love; for that dies away when the beloved object has lain for five years in a roof gutter and gets wet through. Yes, one does not know her again when one meets her in the dust-box.—*Hans Christian Anderson.*

A Merrie Ancient Jest

Skelton was an Englyshman borne, as Skogn was, and he was educated and brought up at Oxfoorde, and there was he made Poete Lauriat. And on a tyme he had ben at Abbington to make mery, when that he had eate salte meates. And hee did com late home to Oxforde; and he did lie in an inne named the Tabere, whyche is now the Angell; and he did drynke and wente to bed. About midnight he was so thyrstie, or drye, that he was constrained to call to the tapster for drynke, and the tapster heard him not. Then hee cryed to hys oste and hys ostes, and to the ostler for drinke. And no man would here hym. Alack! sayd Skelton, I shall peryshe for lacke of drynke. What reamedye? At the last he dyd crie out and sayd, "Fyer, fyer, fyer." When Skelton heard everyman bustle hymself upward, and some of them were naked and some were half asleep and amased, and Skelton did crie Fyer, fyer! Styll that everyman knew not whether to resort. Skelton did go to bed and the ost and ostis and the tapster, with the ostler, dvd runne to Skelton's chamber with candles lyghted in theyr hands, saying, "Where, where, where, is the fyer?" "Here, here, here," said Skelton, and poynted hys fynger to hys mouth, saying, fetch me some drynke to quench the fyer and the heat and the drinesse in my mouth. And so they dyd.—*Merrie Tales of Skelton.*

Overland

THE Americans by reputation are pretty shrewd buyers. By instinct they look at everything from a commercial standpoint. In their minds run facts and figures. Not fads and fancies. When they make an important purchase, their judgment makes the choice; not some whim or pretty picture.

It is for just this reason that more Overlands are bought than any other car of their type on the market.

It does not take a very advanced commercial mind to figure out why the Overland is the best car for the price in the world. To start with, everyone knows that it must cost less per car to build cars in 20,000 lots than in 5,000 lots. That applies to the manufacturer of anything. One maker manufactures 5,000 cars a year. His competitor makes 20,000 during the same period. It is admitted that the factory cost of an automobile includes at least as much for non-productive labor as for productive. By non-productive is meant the foremen, superintendents, bookkeepers, clerks, general office force, and others necessary to superintend the productive labor, that of the workmen who actually make the goods.

Assuming that the non-productive and overhead charges in a factory amount to \$1,000,000 per year, and the product of that factory is 5,000 cars, it will be seen that the cost per car for these two items alone will be \$200, but if that factory makes 20,000 cars, the cost per car is only \$50.

Everyone knows it costs more per ton to buy coal in single tons than by thousands of tons. That same principle applies to all merchandise, whether it be for steel, leather, wheels, hair for upholstery, tires, springs, etc. Therefore the manufacturer making 20,000 cars can naturally sell his product for less than he who only makes 5,000 cars, because he buys to better advantage.

Any factory that can manufacture 20,000 cars *must* be splendidly equipped with automatic and all other labor-saving and money-saving devices, which are too costly to be practical in the plant making but 5,000 cars. All parts *must* be exact, or the enormous output is impossible.

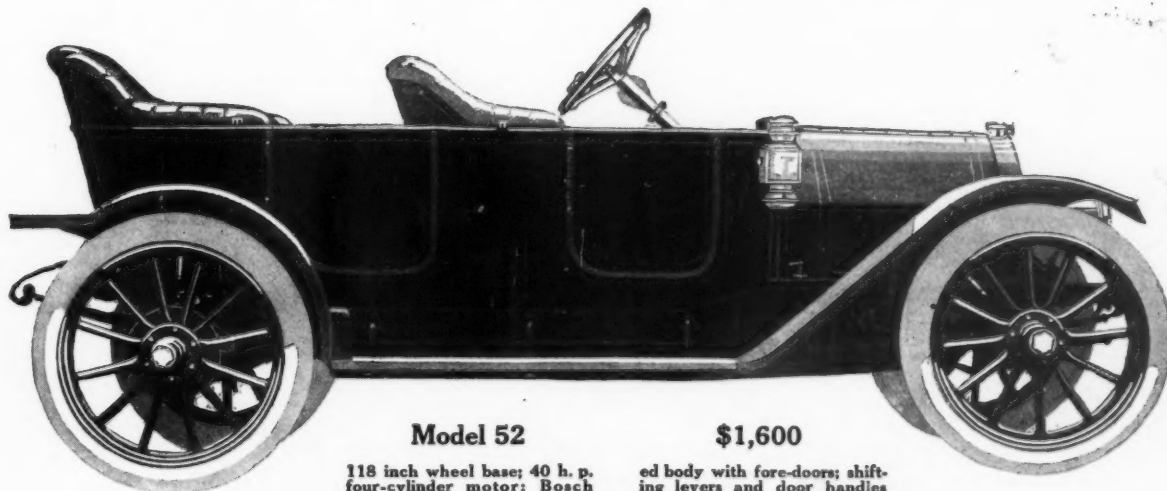
Still another feature, and that is the fixed indebtedness, bonded and otherwise, of the various manufacturers. The factory without that indebtedness necessarily carries less overhead

expense, since the interest on bond issues and preferred stock must be paid, and all of which increases the cost per car, for which the buyer pays.

The Overland is made by the Willys-Overland Company, which is owned by one man, John N. Willys. It has no bonded indebtedness, the stock is all held by him; he dictates its policies, oversees its methods, and is nearer the dealer and the ground than any other automobile manufacturer.

It is a positive fact that the Overland at \$1,600 is the equal of any \$1,800 car on the market today. It is made of just as fine materials—just as accurately produced—just as thoroughly finished—just as well appointed. In fact if you will take the specifications of our Model 52 and compare them item for item with any \$1,800 car made you will quickly see how \$1,600 will buy as much if not more than \$1,800. Our dealer is waiting to go further into these facts with you. He will be glad to call with an Overland and let you look it over and make some comparisons. Write us for an Overland book. Ask for catalogue D26.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 52

\$1,600

118 inch wheel base; 40 h. p. four-cylinder motor; Bosch Magneto; tires 34x4; pressed steel frame; handsomely finish-

ed body with fore-doors; shifting levers and door handles inside; trimmed with best hair and finest leather



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A Glass of

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And it fits in so well with the joy of the walk. There's a briskness—a fresh wholesomeness that's for all the world like a smart walk on a clear day.

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Send for our interesting booklet, "The Truth About Coca-Cola"

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola

Whence come these shrieks so wild and shrill? Across the sands o' Dee? Lo, I will stand at thy right hand and keep the bridge with thee! For this was Tell a hero? For this did Gessler die? "The curse is come upon me!" said the Spider to the Fly.

When Britain first at Heaven's command said, "Boatswain, do not tarry; The despot's heel is on thy shore, and while ye may, go marry." Let dogs delight to bark and bite the British Grenadiers, Lars Porsena of Clusium lay dying in Algiers!

Old Grimes is dead! Ring out wild bells, And shall Trelawney die? Then twenty thousand Cornishmen are comin' thro' the rye! The Blessed Damozel leaned out—she was eight years old, *she said!* Lord Lovel stood at his castle gate, whence all but him had fled.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! Only three grains of corn! Stay, Lady, stay! for mercy's sake! and wind the bugle horn. The glittering knife descends—descends—Hark, hark, the foeman's cry! The world is all a fleeting show! Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

The sea! the sea! the open sea! Roll on, roll on, thou deep! Maxwellton braes are bonny, but Macbeth hath murdered sleep! Answer me, burning shades of night! what's Hecuba to me? Alone stood brave Horatius! The boy—oh, where was he? —Carolyn Wells in *Harper's Magazine*.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

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The Art of Elocution

The noble songs of noble deeds of bravery or glory Are much enhanced if they're declaimed with stirring oratory. I love sonorous words that roll like billows o'er the seas; These I recite like Cicero or like Demosthenes.

And so, from every poem what is worthy I select; I use the phrases I like best, the others I reject; And thus, I claim, that I have found the logical solution Of difficulties that attend the art of elocution.



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Maxims

Never spare the parson's wine nor the baker's pudding.

He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.

Ne'er take a wife till thou hast a house (and a fire) to put her in.

Beware of meat twice boil'd and an old foe reconcil'd.

He that is rich need not live sparingly, and he that can live sparingly need not be rich.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

We censure the inconstancy of women when we are the victims; we find it charming when we are the objects.—*L. Desnoyers.*

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we are leaving them.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Heaven made virtue, man, the appearance.—*Voltaire.*

Virtue, as understood by the world, is a constant struggle against the laws of nature.—*From the French.*

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has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarazona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as



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BECAUSE Taxicab Companies must show a profit. They figure their tire service by the mile. They do not buy on chance recommendation or personality of the salesman; nor do they gauge their mileage by guess. They keep accurate records and adopt tires which, after thorough investigation and careful test, have proved the best qualified to meet all requirements.

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Direct Factory Branches in 30 Cities

To see each other, to profess to love each other, to prove it, to quarrel, to hate, then to separate, that one may seek a new love: this is the history of a moment and every day in the comedy of the world.—*De Varennes.*

A Careful Girl

"Would she love me if I were penniless?" faltered the young man who was about to risk his worldly all.

"She might," answered his wise friend, "but no one would ever know it, my boy."—*Washington Herald.*

No Assistance Needed

It is probable that many queens of the kitchen share the sentiment good-naturedly expressed by a Scandinavian servant, recently taken into the service of a young matron of Chicago.

The youthful assumer of household cares was disposed to be a trifle patronizing.

"Now, Lena," she asked earnestly, "are you a good cook?"

"Ya-as, 'm, I tank so," said the girl, with perfect naiveté, "if you will not try to help me."—*Lippincott's.*



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That Fashionable Low-Hung Body

SOME day all high grade electric cars will be built close to the ground—with the added style, symmetry and safety this construction gives. It's the type of future electrics.

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Outbid

"My lad," asked a clergyman of a small boy, "who is that gentleman you attend church with?"

"Grandpa," was the reply.

"Well," said the clergyman, "if you will only keep him awake during my sermon I'll give you a penny each week."

The boy fell in with the arrangement, and for the next two weeks the old gentleman listened attentively to the sermon. The third week, however, found him soundly asleep.

The clergyman called the boy to him and said:

"I am surprised at you. Your grandpa was asleep again to-day. Didn't I promise you a penny a week to keep him awake?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "but grandpa now gives me twopence not to disturb him."—*Spare Moments.*

What's in a Name?

"Art and business have nothing in common," said the idealist.

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied Mr. Cumrox. "The value of a painting, like the value of a check, depends a great deal on whose name is at the bottom of it."—*Washington Star.*

WHY not rename it Guggenalaska or Alaskaheim?—*World.*

Youth

A young Apollo, golden-haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of
strife,

Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life.

—*St. Louis Mirror.*

Adjourned

"Hello, Bilkins, how is that assembled car you got last season doing?" said Barry.

"It isn't doing," sighed Bilkins. "It struck a thank-you-marm up in Maine the other day and the Assembly adjourned *sine die*. I tried to get it together again, but after a three hours' search I found I couldn't get a quorum present, and quit."—*Harper's Weekly.*

IS YOUR CAR UP-TO-DATE IS IT LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY?

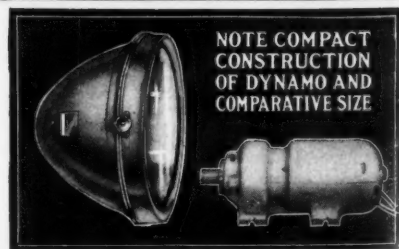
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Taking No Chances

The druggist approached the Celestial gate. St. Peter opened the portal for him and bade him enter and join the heavenly choir.

"Not so fast," admonished the compounder of pills. "Before I go in there I want to ask a few questions. Have you any city directories in Paradise?"

"No," replied St. Peter.

"Any remedies for growing hair on bald heads and door knobs?"

"None."

"Any soda fountains?"

"We don't know what they are."

"Do you sell stamps?"

"We don't use them here."

"And last, but not least, have you any telephones?"

"We have not."

"Then I'll go in, for I guess this is Heaven all right, all right."

—Louisville Post.

BILL: What is Gil's favorite cereal?

JILL: Wild oats, I guess.

—Yonkers Statesman.

Club Cocktails

A BOTTLED DELIGHT

The original bottled cocktail. Accept no substitute.



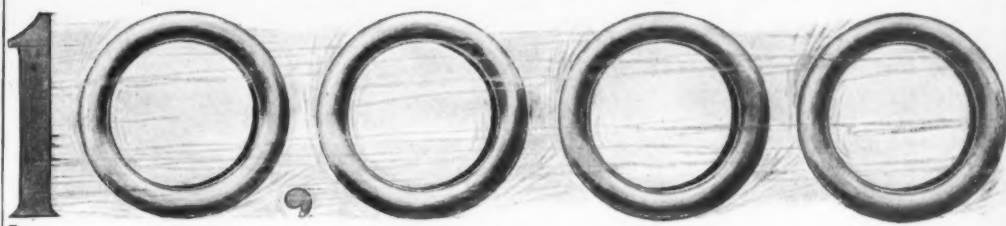
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That test, to be successful, demanded perfect lubrication. He could not afford to take any chances—this was not a time to experiment with untried, unproved oils and greases.

Guess what lubricant that big automobile builder chose?



Yes, he chose Keystone Grease and Keystone Motor Oil—and his motor completed the 10,000 miles in good shape—without a single stop.

He chose Keystone Grease, because it had proved to have a lower friction test than any other lubricant on the market.

Keystone Grease always lubricates perfectly—never becomes gummy—and keeps its original consistency under all speeds, pressures and temperatures.

Keystone Motor Oil

Keystone Motor Oil is a cylinder oil of the

same high standard as Keystone Grease. It is the only lubricant that will not deposit carbon under any cylinder heat, and that will not decompose or lose its necessary viscosity under any working condition.

Our Guarantee

One pound of Keystone Grease is equal to three or four pounds of any other grease or lubricating compound—or four to six gallons of any bearing oil.

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New Orleans—610-12 Chartres St. Denver—First National Bank Bldg. Joplin—2131 Sergeant Ave.
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Creating an Impression

"And your husband gave \$50,000 for that old book?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cumrox.

"To show how much you care for literature, I suppose?"

"No. To show how little we care for \$50,000."—Washington Star.

DR. HEROLD, president of the New Jersey Board of Health, tells of a young friend who recently graduated as a physician. One of the young doctor's first

clients was a fat girl. Her fatness weighed upon her and she wanted to get rid of some of it. The young doctor drew up a careful diet; she was to eat dry toast, plain boiled beef, etc., and to return in a month to report reduction. At the end of the month she could hardly get through the doctor's doorway. He was aghast. "Did you eat what I told you?" he asked. "Religiously." His brow wrinkled itself. Suddenly he had an inspiration. "Anything else?" he asked. "Only my ordinary meals." —Argonaut.



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For twenty years, Thomas Cort Hand-Sewed Shoes—for men and women—have been known among fashionable dressers as possessing an elegance of style, and a perfection of fit found only in the finest *custom-made* shoes.

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are made only of the choicest parts of selected hides, tanned by the long-time process. They are strictly *Hand-Sewed* over custom lasts—and every detail from cutting to finish is done by workmen of lifelong experience.

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5. That to call a brandy better than MARTELL'S is an empty boast—to beat MARTELL'S for Quality a frank impossibility.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
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Balls

This world is but a ball
To all.

High—foot—, basket—or base—,
To chase.

Billiard—, or golf—, codfish—, or puff—,
Masked—, saltatory; smooth or rough.
Foul—, fair or slow, or high or low,
Hot grounder, or just plain old snow—
It is a ball,
That's all.

—Chicago Journal.

On Dining

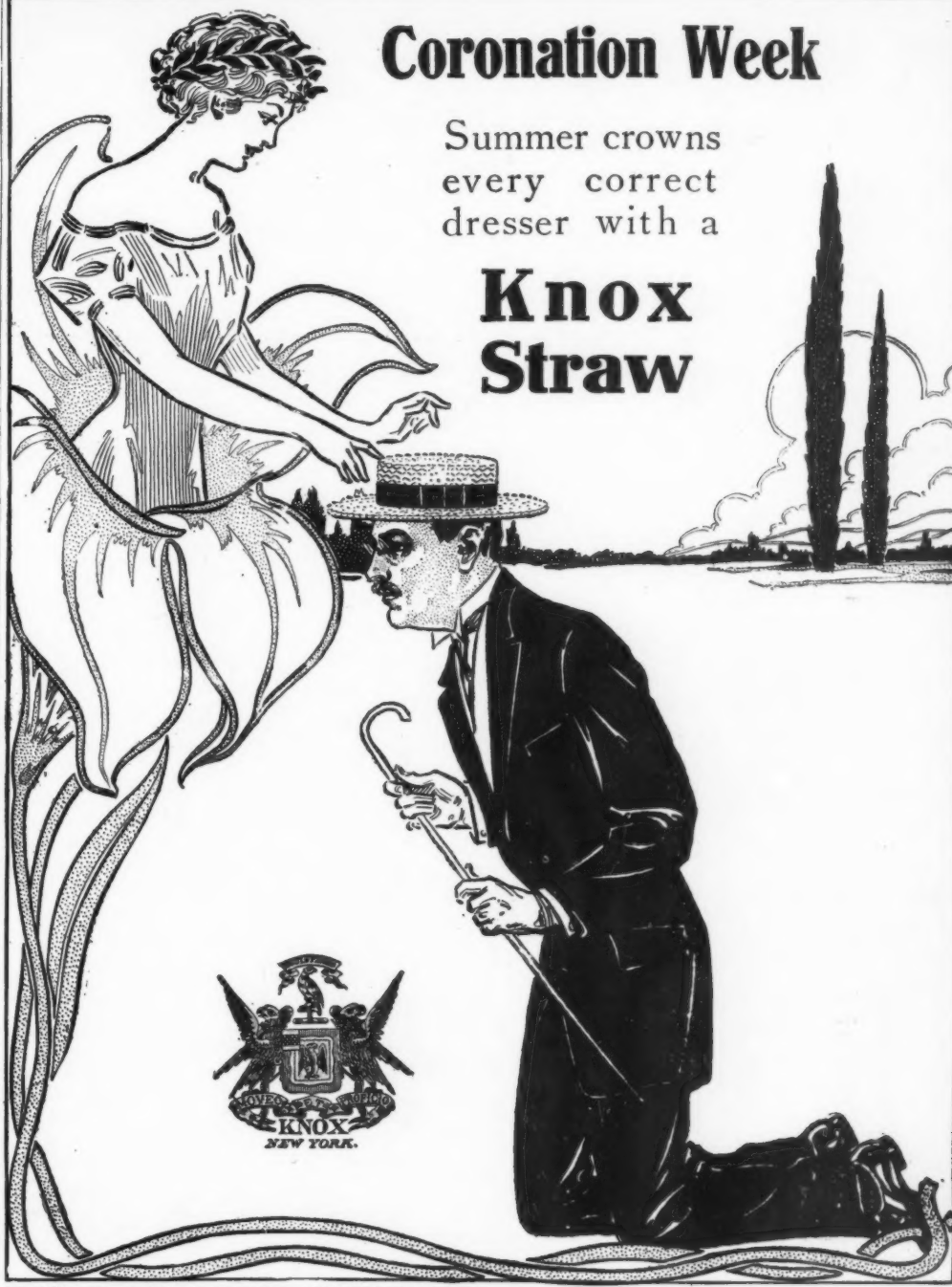
A German writes to the London *Daily Mail* to protest in a good-natured way against the solemnity of the London dinner. He thus describes the dinner scene at a great hotel:

Elegant toilets, splendid surroundings—and an absence of sound. Slowly, stiffly, like automatons, the dining ladies and gentlemen proceed with their meal. The scene is undoubtedly very impressive, but oh, so sad! Aoid the sparkle or jewels and silver and crystal and porcelain, amid a scene that fairly invites, begs, cries for a bright smile, a low, ripping laugh, or at least that deep, animated hum that makes itself noticed where there is a large gathering, the diners sit as in expectation of the judgment day. Sometimes somebody does speak. One word or two. The lips

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hardly part. The other nods his head in terrible earnest. Then silence reigns supreme again. A friend who had been in England once related a story, the point of which I have never fully appreciated until now. Like myself, the first time he had entered a dining-room in London he looked around in surprise. Finally, toward the end of the meal, he called the waiter.

"Tell me, please," he asked, "does anybody ever laugh here?"

"Well," replied the waiter, "I am sorry to say that we have had complaints, but not often, sir—not often."

—Argonaut.

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—Harper's Bazar.

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