

LIFE

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BOOKLOVERS' NUMBER

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 MIDDLETOWN CLUB
 VOL. LV, NO. 1443
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 LIFE PUBLISHING CO.
 PRICE, 10 CENTS
 JUNE 23, 1910
 TO BE RETURNED
 FROM THE BUILDING.



THE PURSUIT OF WISDOM

HENRY MUTT



Life holds many big days.
Two stand out prominently—
the day a man marries and the day he buys an
automobile.

There is one car that ends the day of pleasure as it
began it—perfectly. . . . The MAXWELL is too well
known to emphasize its power, economy, comfort, re-
liability, prestige. . . . This is merely a reminder that
here is an automobile that in price and construction
has met the test that time and service demanded of it.

May we send you our
latest catalogue and
other literature, in-
cluding two posters
in colors? Drop us
a postal. Just say:
"SEND COMPLETE
INFORMATION."

Perfectly Simple - Simply Perfect

MAXWELL-BRISCOE MOTOR CO.

Waco Street, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Licensed under Selden Patent. Members A. L. A. M.

MAXWELL FACTORIES

NEWCASTLE - - - - IND.
PROVIDENCE - - - - R. I.
TARRYTOWN - - - - N. Y.
KINGSLAND POINT - - N. Y.

SALE OF MAXWELLS TO DATE

Sold to April 30, '10 - - - 27,228
Sold during May, '10 - - - 2,317
Maxwells in use today - - - 29,545

WATCH THE FIGURES GROW



Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Summer Weight Garments for Dress or Sporting Wear.
 Riding Suits and Odd Breeches in Cottons and
 Shantung Silks.

Light Weight Mackintoshes for Saddle Work or Motoring.
 Motor Clothing, Liveries, Kennel Coats.

English Hats, Haberdashery and Leather Goods.

Russia Calf or Buckskin Shoes.

Polo Ulsters and Silk Waistcoats. Blazers.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

BROADWAY, Cor. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK

Newport Branch, 232 Bellevue Avenue, after June 10th.



NOT SERIOUS

Sympathetic Father: PARTED FROM HARRY FOREVER, HAVE YOU? WELL, PERHAPS IT'S JUST AS WELL NOT TO SEE EACH OTHER FOR A DAY OR TWO.

Republic
 Staggard Tread
 Tires



WHEN this tire is pushed sideways it is all edges and resistance. When it goes forward there are no edges or resistance, because the long studs overlap. Hence there is none of the heat which restricts other anti-skid tires to emergency use. The Republic Staggard Tread is for regular use and for wet, slimy roads, too.

Republic Rubber Co., Youngstown, Ohio

New York City, 229 W. 58th St.; Boston, 735 Boylston St.; Buffalo, 908 Mal. St.; Chicago, 1732 Michigan Ave.; Cincinnati, 7th and Walnut Sts.; Cleveland, 5919 Euclid Ave.; Dallas, 319 Commerce St.; Detroit, 246 Jefferson Ave.; Denver, 1721 Stout St.; Indianapolis, 208 S. Illinois St.; Kansas City, 517 East 15th St.; Little Rock, 315 Center St.; Los Angeles, 1046 S. Main St.; Louisville, 1049 3d St.; Milwaukee, 457 Milwaukee St.; Minneapolis, 1416 Hennepin St.; Omaha, 13th and Harney Sts.; Philadelphia, 328 N. Broad St.; Pittsburgh, 627 Liberty Ave.; Rochester, 61 St. Paul St.; St. Louis, 3964 Olive St.; St. Paul, 180 E. 4th St.; San Francisco, 166 1st St.; Salt Lake City, 36 State St.; Seattle, 1429 Broadway; Spokane, 419 First Ave.; Toledo, 231 Superior St.

MENTAL SUBSCRIBERS FLOWING IN

Wonderful Success of LIFE'S New Thought Department— Some Testimonials Received.

NOTE:—This announcement is only materialistically printed for the benefit of a few physical readers who have not yet reached the higher plane where printing and types are unnecessary. It can give at best only a faint adumbration of our real thought advertising department, at which everybody is at work. We shall hope to discontinue this department altogether just as soon as all of our readers are tuned up so they will receive our best thought without this coarse physical means. Just imagine for a moment a vast reservoir of thought in LIFE office, reaching out over all the country and gathering in hundreds of mental subscribers an hour, and you will get some idea what it means.

Over a Million Mental Subscriptions Received To Date.

Be a mental subscriber to LIFE. It will cost you nothing but a moment's thought. Here is the proper form. Just read it over, repeat it to yourself, concentrating your mind for that purpose, and the thing is done. From that moment you are one of us, and will lead a life of continuous laughter and bubbling joy!

Form.

(Concentrate, and repeat mentally. Then remain passive for a moment until we get the order recorded.)

Dear Life:

I wish to become one of your mental subscribers for one year. I would like to receive with my subscription your regular imaginary premium. I agree to notify you promptly of any change in my address, which is as follows:

(Here state mentally name and address.)

The moment you have thought this, it will be received by our Mental Advertising Bureau, and you will be sent back a mental receipt.

Also, we prefer not to receive subscriptions for longer than one year. Many persons, just because it apparently was so easy, have sent us in a five years' mental subscription. That is because they do not understand the real underlying principle of our great work. They are not yet divorced from the belief that they are *not* doing a real thing when they thus subscribe mentally to LIFE.

They look upon their conscious thought act too lightly.

When you subscribe mentally, therefore, you are performing a conscious and responsible act, and we are assuming as great a responsibility in accepting your subscription.

On the other hand, you might want to stop your mental subscription at the end of a year yourself. Remember, although it *seems* only a thought, by mentally subscribing for five years you are really committing yourself for that length of time.

We urge everybody, therefore, to subscribe mentally for only one year.

Or, if you like, take a three months' trial subscription. You'll be vibrated two weeks before it runs out.

Obey that mental impulse. Concentrate on our thought form as given above. You can do it anywhere—sitting in the train or by your fireside. We expect to have ten million mental subscribers before the First of September. Every new subscriber added only increases our power for Joy—adds to the great reservoir.

Lead the mental subscription Life. If you doubt its value, glance over some of the testimonials that follow. They are nothing compared with the mental ones we are constantly receiving:

Hiawatha, Kansas,
July 16, 1910.

Dear Life:

Never shall I forget my sensation when I first became a mental subscriber to your paper. I wouldn't have believed it possible. I have always been a very practical

person, and never taken any stock in anything that I could not see or handle. (Now I know that underneath it all I was leading a complicated mental life.)

Well, I saw your announcement to Obey that Impulse and subscribe mentally, and I couldn't help but laugh at it, it was such a fool idea. Then, just for fun, I said to myself (mentally), "Here goes. It isn't going to cost me a cent. All right, Life, put me down on the list."

Understand, that was all I did. I remember the time as if it were Now. I was standing over my motor car trying to put on a new tire, and I stopped for a moment to rest, and while I was standing there I just thought that apparently idle little thought.

Would you believe it, I got that tire on in a jiffy, and I haven't had a puncture since. But that's only a small part of what has happened to me.

I'm joyful all the time. I wake up in the night and have a laugh all to myself—over what? Why, over the current mental number. But you understand, I am sure. This is just a word of gratitude.

Here's to your aura. Long may it wave!
Yours

Chicago, July 13.

Dear Sir:

As you doubtless know, I have just mentally subscribed for Life for my whole family. I had to do it by proxy in the case of my twins, but the effect has been immediate. From being morose youngsters, with exceedingly trying and tuneful dispositions, they have settled down to a calm and uneventful existence. Of course, it's physical, but still I have not quite yet got to the point where noise doesn't disturb me. The mental premiums came to-day, and have added much to the interior decorations of our several minds. There happened to be a set of duplicates—due to two of us thinking of the same thing at once—but the matter was remedied almost immediately upon our mental request.

Gratefully yours,

We have only one thing more to add. Don't be disappointed if, after you have thus mentally subscribed, you do not begin to feel the effects for several days. That is only due to the fact that you may be more or less bound to the materialistic illusions of life. It takes time to get the current started. But suddenly you will find yourself being joyful over something that you don't quite understand—in a dim sort of way, like the sunshine breaking through the clouds.

That's only a LIFE joke working its way to the surface. Don't delay. Think your subscription now.

Or, if you are still engrossed in materialistic things, and find it easier to carry out some physical formula, then just write an imaginary letter, giving your name and address, send an imaginary check for five dollars, put on it an imaginary postage stamp, drop it in an imaginary post-office and wait with feverish imaginary impatience for the imaginary result. Address

LIFE, 17 W. 31st St., N. Y.

We will get it all right.

P. S.—No connection with any other department of this paper.

**Spend your vacation on
Quaint Cape Cod**

Ideal for vacations—seashore, woods, country,
fishing, boating, bathing.

Send for free beautifully illustrated book.

A. B. Smith, G. P. A., Room 185, New Haven, Conn.,
New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.



"THE WEIGH OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD."

The Thoughts of a Thinker

BY Their Books Ye Shall Know Them.
The Superficial Cynic was remark-
ing to me the other day that he judged
people by the books he saw in their
houses. "How few people there are,"

Nurses Outfitting Association

54 W. 39th St., New York
Home Bureau House - - Near Fifth Avenue

**Correct Uniforms
For Maids**



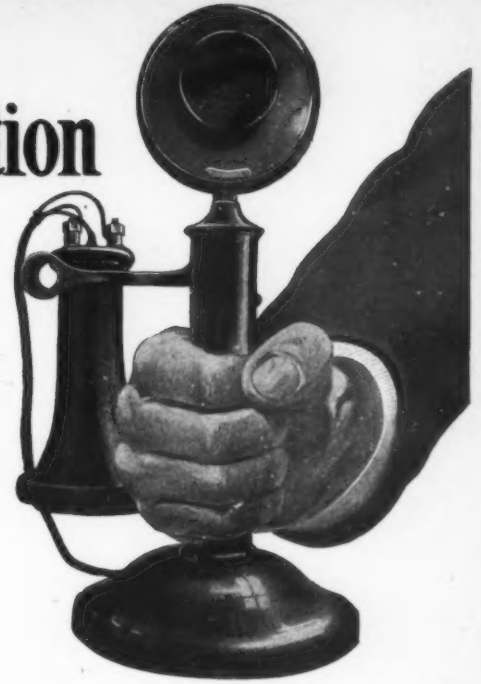
**For House
and Street**

**Imported
Novelties**



**Uniforms Aprons
Collars Cuffs Etc.**
Send for Catalog O.

**Universal
Intercommunication**



Universal service as typified
by the Bell System today is the
result of thirty years of unceasing
endeavor.

The equipment for this service
includes ten million miles of wire,
more than twenty-five thousand
miles of underground conduit,
buildings enough to house a city of
people, thousands of switchboards
with millions of tiny electric lights
and billions of miles of fine copper
threads—*over five million telephones
in daily use.*

This great development has
been made possible only by sound
financing and proper provision
for maintenance and reconstruction;
while fair profits and substantial
security have won the confidence of
conservative investors. Especially
when considered with the fact that
the value of Bell properties exceeds
the outstanding capital.

The Bell System was so wisely
planned and soundly constructed
that it has kept pace with the con-
stantly increasing demands of a
Nation.

*Twenty million connections made daily
show the usefulness of the Bell Service*

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**
One Policy One System Universal Service

he observed, "who have any books at
all. These are usually put in a single
case, where they lie desolate from year
to year. And how frequently it hap-
pens that chairs are placed in front of
the case! Now, your book lover al-
ways has the surface of his titles free
and clear. One can get at any book by
a simple extension of the arm. In other
houses I have noticed an almost com-
plete absence of books; only a best-
seller—usually borrowed from a neigh-

bor—on the table in the living room.
Empty, vain people."

There is something in what the Super-
ficial Cynic says, but in reality his re-
mark should be confined to that class of
people known as "intelligent." No
doubt these people may be judged by the
books they have or have not, but after
all they as a class are limited. I know
a red Indian who constantly inspires my
respect and who has never read a best-
seller.



“Yankee Doodle Number”

Is The Next One

The Cover

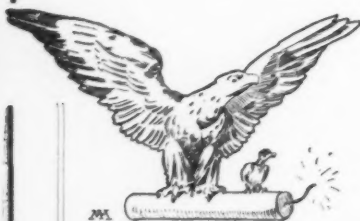
is by

ORSON LOWELL,
and it carries a tune
with it.

Play it over on your piano,
and then Obey That Impulse
immediately by subscribing to
LIFE. Look for that cover.
You'll know it by the air it
has.

*Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony,
He stuck a feather in our cap
And called it—*

“The best number of LIFE
he had ever seen.” High
praise that.



All About It

THIS particular number has had a varied embryonic career. It started off as the Army and Navy number—something that we had long been wishing to issue on account of the number of friends LIFE has in both branches of our country's service. We shall still in this number pay due regard to these friends. Practically all we have done is to change the name to Yankee Doodle.

Some Coming Numbers

- JULY 7**—Wild Oats. A wicked and reprehensible number. Tremendously large, almost double the size of the regular numbers. A great first-of-the-month special.
- JULY 14**—A Regular. Cover by Crosby. (Gives us time to catch up.)
- JULY 21**—Dyspeptics'. Cover by Kilvert. The interior decorations of this number leave nothing to be desired. Cure any pain. Apply to the diaphragm.
- JULY 28**—A Regular. Cover by Rea Irwin.
- AUGUST 4**—Midsummer. Another great special. Reckless with midsummer madness.
- AUGUST 11**—Fat Folks'. Cover by Irwin. A rotund and rollicking revelation in revealed wit and humor.
- AUGUST 18**—Nautical Number. Cover by Phillips. Revels in mermaids, sea dogs and ocean spray. Loaded to the gunwale with a cargo of native brilliants.

Other Numbers coming are The Humorous Number, The Goody Number and the Hell Number.

Subscription, \$5.00

Canadian, \$5.52

Foreign, \$6.04

In EMERGENCY Try
Hunyadi János
 NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
 Avoid Substitutes

A Summer Girl

She wears a saucy hat
 And her feet go pit-a-pat
 As she walks;
 And the sweetest music slips
 From her saucy little lips
 When she talks.

She fascinates the street
 With her gaiters trim and neat,
 Made of kid;
 For they twinkle as they pass
 Like the rillets in the grass,
 Half-way hid.

Her skin is soft and white,
 Like magnolia buds at night
 On the bough;
 But for fear she'd be too fair
 There's a freckle here and there
 On her brow.

Dimples play at hide and seek
 On her apple blossom cheek,
 And her chin,
 Shyly beckoning to you,
 "Don't you think it's time to woo?
 Pray begin."

Then her winsome, witching eyes
 Flash like bits of summer skies
 O'er her fan,
 As if to say, "We've met;
 You may go now and forget—
 If you can."

—Red and Bla



**Kelly-Springfield
 Automobile Tires**

There is no getting around the fact that service in an automobile tire does depend on the quality of the tire itself. The quality of the Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tire is the quality of the now world-famous Kelly-Springfield Vehicle Tire.

"Thanks for providing me with tires which allow us to stay in the car and ride rather than to stay on the road and pump."—Philip A. Rollins.
 32 Nassau St., New York.

Consolidated Rubber Tire Company
 20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch Offices in
 New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis,
 Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco and Akron, O.

**Ease and Convenience
 of Operating the**

AIR-TIGHT STEEL TANK SYSTEM

of storing gasoline enables a woman to fill the tank of her own car. She can carry the pump to the car with ease and operate it with one hand.

THE AIR-TIGHT STEEL TANK CO.
 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Write for Art Booklet.

A Hurricane

"The terrors of the deep," remarked the captain of a transatlantic liner, "were perhaps never more thrillingly set forth than in the description by a young lady who last year made her first trip abroad. She kept a diary, very much like that of Mark Twain, when for seven days he recorded the fact that he 'got up, washed and went to breakfast.'"

"There was, however, one important exception. When she crossed the Channel the experience was so trying that she felt impelled to describe it. 'I am firmly resolved to stay on deck,' she wrote, 'although the tempest increased to such a frightful hurricane that it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could hold up my parasol.'"

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
 -MADE AT KEY WEST-

Safety and Sanity

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

LIFE insurance eliminates chance through the operation of the Law of Average. The knowledge of the Law of Average as applied to the duration of human life is gained in but one way and that is through statistics. Now, there are accurate statistics, not only as to the average life of individuals, but also as to the life of a legacy; that is, how long five thousand, ten thousand, or twenty-five thousand dollars will last the average person who is not used to handling such sums. A widow with money is a shining mark for the mining-shark. I am sorry to say it, because I think well of woman's ability to manage her affairs; but the fact is five thousand dollars usually lasts a widow three years, and ten thousand is dissipated in five years. Doubtless, the average man, not used to having such lump sums come to him, would do no better. Money in a lump sum in the hands of those not versed in finance is a burden and sometimes a menace. It lays them open to the machinations of the tricky and dishonest, also the well-meaning men who know just how to double it in a month. Realizing these things, and to meet a great human need, the Equitable is now issuing a policy which, instead of being paid in a lump sum on the death of the insured, gives a fixed payment every year (or more often) to the beneficiary as long as she shall live. On her death any unpaid installments are to be paid to her heirs in one sum or in payments, as may be desired. Here is a plain, simple, safe plan whereby you can insure those dependent upon you against want and temptation, by insuring them against their indiscretion, and yours. It is the Equitable Way.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them

Paul Morton, President, 120 Broadway, New York City

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.



OVER ROADS LIKE THESE, WITHOUT DISCOMFORT, IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE ORDINARILY IT WOULD BE, BUT THIS CAR IS FITTED WITH THE TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER, THE DEVICE THAT

"MAKES ALL ROADS SMOOTH ROADS"

HARTFORD SUSPENSION CO
160 BAY ST. JERSEY CITY, N. J.

NEW YORK, 217 W. 88th ST.
BOSTON, 220 COLUMBUS AVE.
CHICAGO, 1438 MICHIGAN AVE.

"Usher in the New Year well!"

Should old acquaintance be forgot?
Usher's Whisky

Andrew Usher & Co., Distillers, Edinburgh.

G. S. Nicholas & Co., New York, Sole Agents.

LIFE



EXTRACT FROM A POPULAR NOVEL

"HER FACE LIT UP THE MOMENT HE ENTERED THE ROOM"

Typographical

ALL the world's a page. And all the men and women on it merely characters. They have their commas and their periods, and some in their time cut many dashes.

First comes the letter I. Strutting and puffing with his own importance, he sounds his own alarum.

Then comes the E that marks the birth of ease and the end of crime, and, strange saw, lies at the beginning of the end.

Next strays along the U that stands at the head of Union strong and ushers in all those unhonored and unsung.

And G, with grouch extended, creeps unwillingly to school and ends all striving.

While these move on—a strange procession—the line of type is full of queries, and the colon, that fails to dam it, gives way until the fuller period comes; and this is succeeded in its turn by some strange capital.

A motley crowd! The exclamation bold, and interjection sharp, while in between the mild parenthesis, with no excuse for being, softly and gently interposes; and just to show the outside world, a star sheds its rays down upon some tiresome note that grovels at the bottom.

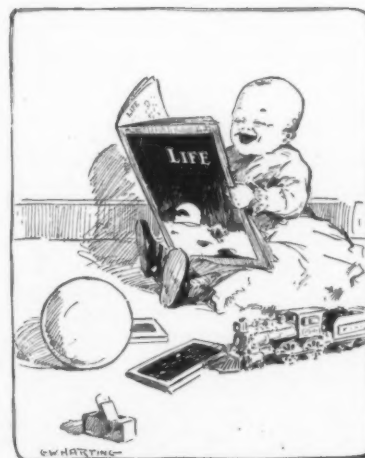
Who knows but when the great revision comes 'twill be all pied and justified no more; or else so full of error, laid on the heaped-up coals, and melted to a dross.

T. L. M.

In His Daily Walk

"WHAT makes Pitherting take such mincing steps?" asks the man with the excess of side whiskers. "He trips along with such short paces that he looks positively funny."

"It's just another of his theories," explains the man with the glittering eyes. "He cured himself of dyspepsia by fletcherizing his food and now he's trying to cure his rheumatism by fletcherizing his steps."



NO MATTER WHAT YOU START, BEGIN EARLY IN "LIFE"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LV. JUNE 23, 1910 No. 1443

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



IT is to be hoped that while the Chief Source of News was still upon the deep his admirers at home took occasion to catch up with the stream of his discourse in England. There was a great deal of it, but it is all lively reading. The Guildhall speech, if one got the whole of it, was very interesting. The talk to the Cambridge undergraduates was excellent, and the Romanes lecture was very interesting and considerably learned, and has wrung applause even from the habitual scoffers.

It has been amusing to follow the railings from those persons who have followed the Colonel's talk line by line in order to find something to denounce. A great deal has been found, and the denunciation has been prompt and hearty. Mr. Hearst was shocked into impassioned remonstrances by the Guildhall speech, which the *World* also took hard and quoted Jefferson in opposition to its views. But, after all, would Jefferson have been just the hand to deal with Egypt? Was he not stronger in philosophy than in administration? The Colonel, talking offhand to the Cambridge youths, said that if Lincoln had lived in times of peace no one would know his name now. At that there have been many screeches, the loudest, maybe, from the *New York Commercial*. No one can say how Lincoln might have developed, or how much, under circumstances other than those he knew, but it is true enough

that what did develop him as a great historic character was the fight with slavery that he was born into, lived in and fought in all his life, and died as it ended.

There is nothing the Colonel inculcates with more regularity on his audiences than the duty of raising children. The census takers have just been around and have asked so many impertinent questions that we wish they had asked one more, for we should like to know whether these Roosevelt preachments have had any effect on population. The Roman Catholic Church has long used its influence in the same direction and supposedly with considerable effect. The doctrine is sound of course, but circumstances seem to have far more effect than exhortation on the size of the families of responsible parents. What may well encourage such parents in these days to take larger chances is the cheapness and increasing thoroughness of education and the consequent increase of interest in life. What the Colonel does to make life interesting and to show how energy may make for knowledge and knowledge for happiness may have an indirect effect of encouraging parents that is more valuable than all his direct exhortation.



THE railroads and the Government seem to be getting closer together. The railroad bill is still in conference at this writing, but there is good hope that it will turn out a helpful law. The dicker between the President and the railroad men which resulted in the withdrawal of rate increases and the stopping of prosecutions under the Sherman act seemed a very useful negotiation. We sympathize with the opinion of *Harper's Weekly* that it was a piece of work of the sort that best suits the abilities of President Taft, and which nobody in public life can do as well as he can. Ever since Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie demonstrated (as Miss Tarbell recorded) that it was necessary that the railroads should have help in dealing fairly with shippers, the effort has been going on to furnish them the requisite assist-

ance. There are only two ways of governing rates: One is by competition of roads, the other by Government regulation. The Sherman act aimed to preserve competition. So far as railroads were concerned it was largely a failure, and competition itself is a failure in these times as between railroads. So there has got to be Government regulation, and the law now in making aims to make it more practicable and just than it has been.

We trust it will be a fairly good law and work fairly well. It ought to include an amendment to the Sherman act which should permit the railroads to agree upon rates. As long as the rates are to be under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission and are to be regulated by that and not by competition, it is absurd, as well as necessarily futile, to forbid rate agreements between the roads. But it seems impossible to get the Sherman act amended in this particular at present, and unless the courts can interpret it into compatibility with the new law, the railroads will have to work along with it as it is. Since they have had twenty years' practice in doing so, probably they can.



THE danger recently so imminent that Princeton University would disband because of internal dissensions seems to have been happily averted by the opportune beneficence of the Salem gentleman who left such a lot of Harvard money to the Princeton Graduate School. The deep current of Mr. Wyman's accumulations has now drawn in the half-million that Mr. Procter has been desirous to bestow, and the other half-million that goes with it, and Mrs. Sage has thrown in some additional relief, and altogether Princeton is buried so deep in pecuniary blessings that the breath has been squashed out of the differences that threatened to rend her, and she has come down full of hope and money to a cheerful commencement.

Let us rejoice that Princeton will survive. She is a long-standing habit and would be much missed. She is playing good baseball this year.



THE FUNNIMETER
AN AID TO WEARY EDITORS

Short Stories

THE art of writing short stories has of recent years been receiving a lot of attention from American experts, so that all that has been said about it would make a very respectable library.

Mr. George Randolph Chester, himself a writer of good short stories, is the latest adviser in the field. Mr. Chester declares that a short story writer must have seven gifts: Creativeness, imagination, observation, democracy, sympathy, humor and industry.

No doubt these are all necessary concomitants, but Mr. Chester has omitted the most important gift of all, and that is the ability to write a short story. This ability is not made up of a combination of these seven gifts, either in whole or in part. They may be necessary to it, but without it they can be increased seventy times seven and no short story will result.

The ability to write a good short story is a thing by itself. It is a kind of mental germ which blossoms in spite of everything one may do. And that is why books of instruction in the art, like Mr. Chester's and all the others, are so harmless.

If it were possible to learn from them how to write short stories there would be no living in this country; we should be done to death by good short stories. But it isn't possible and never will be. A good short story is a thing of nature and not produced by any method that is possible to evolve beforehand.

MRS. HOWARD: Do come to see me soon. I live right around the corner from your house.

MRS. COWARD: Thanks awfully, but since we have our new motor I never call on any one who lives less than twenty miles away.



"Life's" Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,453.89
E. Percy Smith.....	1.00
Susan D. Howland.....	5.50
Alice I. Sands.....	5.50
Frank Drummond.....	25.00
"Sue".....	11.88
Helen and Richard.....	5.00
Theodore R. Hoyt.....	25.00
"In Memory of Violet".....	25.00
K. R. S.....	20.00
Anonymous.....	20.00
"Anonymous".....	10.00
W. G.....	10.00
	<hr/>
	\$2,617.77

Our Fresh Air Farm

The following extracts from a report by Mr. Mohr—the manager of LIFE'S FARM—are published for the benefit of those readers of LIFE who are "backward in coming forward":

GROCERIES

Article.	Paid formerly.	Now.
Ginger snaps, per lb..	\$0.03	\$0.09
Lemon snaps, per lb..	.03	.10
Butter, tub, per lb....	.25	.37
Cocoa, per lb.....	.18	.24
Coffee, per lb.....	.17	.18
Oatmeal, per bbl.....	5.00	7.00
Split peas, per bush..	2.25	3.00
Pea beans, per bush..	2.50	3.00
Rice, per lb.....	.04	.05 1/2
Sugar, per lb.....	.04	.05 3/4
Lard, per lb.....	.09	.16
Salmon, per doz.....	1.10	1.60
Candles, per box.....	.65	.84
Tea, per lb.....	.18	.24
Soap, per cake.....	.03	.03 3/4
Smoked hams, per lb.	.12	.20
Smoked sh'ld's, per lb.	.08	.09 1/2
Brooms, per doz.....	3.00	4.00
Milk, per qt.....	.03	.04
Etc., etc.		



AT "LIFE'S" FARM

TRANSPORTATION

The first year we brought children up we paid the following rates:

Round trip for each child.....	\$0.45
" " " adult	0.95

The best rates we can get for this year (1910) are:

Round trip for children.....	\$0.86
" " " adults	1.71

with the understanding that each child 12 years old or over must be paid for at the adult rate of \$1.71.

H. O. MOHR.

Your good old dollar, dear reader, does not go nearly so far as it used to.

ETERNAL vigilance is the price of lamb's wool.

The Book Reviewer's Handy Index

(To be filled in as needed)

..... is a { strong compelling powerful absorbing gripping story.

The reader's attention never { deviates. drops. wanders. lifts. fags.

The book is a { sympathetic delightful charming marvelous exquisite character study

It shows a { keen insight into character. surprising grasp of the subject. mature balance of mind. delightful narrative style. rare sympathy with humanity. Homer Croy.

Always in the Game

WE observe that the Most Reverend William H. O'Connell has been serving public notice again on his clergy about some things that they must not do without asking. We don't read of any reverend brother who seems more disposed to be in the game all the time than Dr. O'Connell. He has fair title to be known as the Cathletic Archbishop of Boston.

NODD: That last boy of yours is very bright, isn't he?

TODD: Oh, very. We call him the sane fourth.



"HE THREW OUT HIS CHEST"



"HE GROUND HIS TEETH"

EXTRACTS FROM CURRENT FICTION

A Bird's-eye View of American Literature

Chapter I.

INTRODUCTION.

EVER since we can remember, authors have written books and tried to live on the proceeds. Sometimes the books have made a tremendous success after the author was dead, and then he has been sorry that he made his book so good that no one wanted it while he was alive. This is one of the trials of authorship.

We have only to do with what is termed the literature of our own country, so we will pass over in silence Homer, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, Milton, and a few others—merely remarking that they are still sold by subscription—and will proceed to the subject of greatest importance, viz.: The literature of our own land.

Periods. For convenience's sake, American Literature may be roughly divided into three periods: the Fenimore Cooper, the Peter Cooper and the Siegel-Cooper. The first period was the Romantic period, the second the Adhesive, and the third the Best Sellers or Marked-Down Period. There are also other divisions of which we shall speak later.

Chapter II.

Our Literature was begun by Captain John Smith, who laid the foundations in this country for our principal city directories, having landed in Virginia.

Smith. Captain John Smith was our first historical novelist. Without him there would to-day, in spite of the Smithsonian Institution, be no Smiths, hence no nation.

The Pilgrims. After the First Families of Virginia, having gracefully arranged their pedigrees about them and started a bed of mint and a midnight distillery, had settled down to found an Aristocracy, Massachusetts was colonized by the Pilgrims, who brought over the New England Conscience in the *Mayflower*. This New England Conscience being the only one we have, is now our most sacred possession, but inasmuch as it has had to serve us ever since, with a constantly growing country, the demands made upon it are enormous. Efforts were made during the last administration to rehabilitate it, but whether it will last

through the next one is a grave question.

The Colonial Period. Thus was ushered in the Beginnings of our early American Literature. At this time our chief humorists were Roger Williams and Jonathan Edwards, who, between



THE GROUCH PERIOD

them, wrote practically all the musical comedy that was turned out. Their principal production was called "The Witches' Delight," the burning-at-the-stake chorus making a great hit. They also used real fireworks, there being no insurance laws to interfere.

This period may be called the Grouch Period. It was noted for its translations of the Psalms and its theological pamphlets, some of them being almost as bright and cheerful as a Sunday supplement. Harvard and Yale were started, and the beginnings of baseball, football, poker and transcendentalism began to be discernible. Roger Williams also originated the saying, "There is nothing small about me—except Rhode Island."

From the "Who's Who" of the Colonial period, we are fortunately enabled to quote, the copyright having expired.

William Bradford. Deck passenger of *Mayflower*. President of the Society of Psychical Research. Also Governor of Plymouth. Principal amusement, not smiling. Address, 4-11-44 Back Bay.

John Winthrop. First Governor of Plymouth. Author of "The Unhappy Medium," "Spirits I Have Groaned With." Favorite occupation, making brimstone blocks. Address, in doubt.

Cotton Mather. This gentleman was the Cyrus Townsend Brady of Boston, publishing books every other hour and preaching without ceasing. He was familiar from boyhood with Hebrew, and at eight years of age could have read with ease all the signs on Broadway. Principal works: "How to Prepare and Broil Witches." Favorite motto: "Hope springs eternal in no human breast." Address, pit No. 4.174.824.

Chapter III.

Franklin. We now come to Benjamin Franklin, the founder of our patent medicine industry, who, having succeeded in living in Philadelphia for many years, became the first philosopher of his time. Franklin was one of our first American editors, as Henry Watterson is the last. He traveled in London and Paris, wrote jokes during his spare moments to pay his expenses, and on windy days flew kites. By his invention of the almanac he made possible our modern weather bureau, which enables us to know for days in advance whether it will snow, hail or rain, by making bets against the newspaper forecasts.

As a humorist, Ben Franklin marked an advance over Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards.

The Revolutionary Period. No Literature can be free that has to depend upon trading stamps for a living. Hence the Boston Tea Party. Hence the throwing off the fetters that bound us to the mother country. Hence the casting aside of Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, and paving the way for Laura Jean Libby, Robert Chambers and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Of course much had to be done before we could develop such authors as these. The change was gradual. Many struggles had to be gone through with, countless sacrifices, and shedding of blood. But we are here at last!

Among the Revolutionary writers we must not forget to mention a few prominent politicians, who, strange as it may seem to us, in those days wrote their own platforms.

George Washington (who came before Leonard Wood) wrote a Farewell Ad-

dress that is still remembered and well spoken of in remote country districts. Thomas Jefferson is responsible for the Declaration of Independence, an early prose poem that received considerable attention at the time it was written, and is now principally used as a practice piece for students who are learning to use the typewriter. Alexander Hamilton started our Financial System on its criminal career, and was the author of the *Federalist*, a series of papers on government, and the fore-runner of the *Evening Journal* editorials.

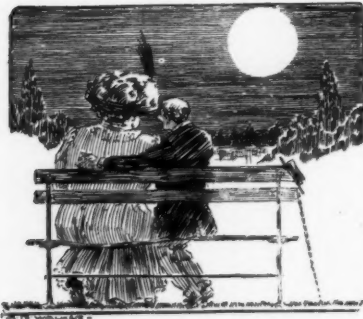
It cannot be said that these men were makers of literature in the sense of being members of the Authors' Club, or in having their books marked down to 98 cents in the Sunday papers. Nevertheless, their writings, along with the petrified remains displayed at the Smithsonian Institution, are still preserved for the use of archæologists.

The Revolutionary Period was also one of song. Francis Hopkinson, for example, wrote that noble poem "The Battle of the Kegs," after which Milwaukee was founded. Hartford, which is now only a half-way place for automobilists and æroplanists between New York and Boston, was at that time a literary centre, and Joel Barlow, Timothy Dwight and Daniel Humphreys began to stir in a few grains of cheer into Connecticut theology. It was not, however, until Irving came that our Literature began to draw real royalties.

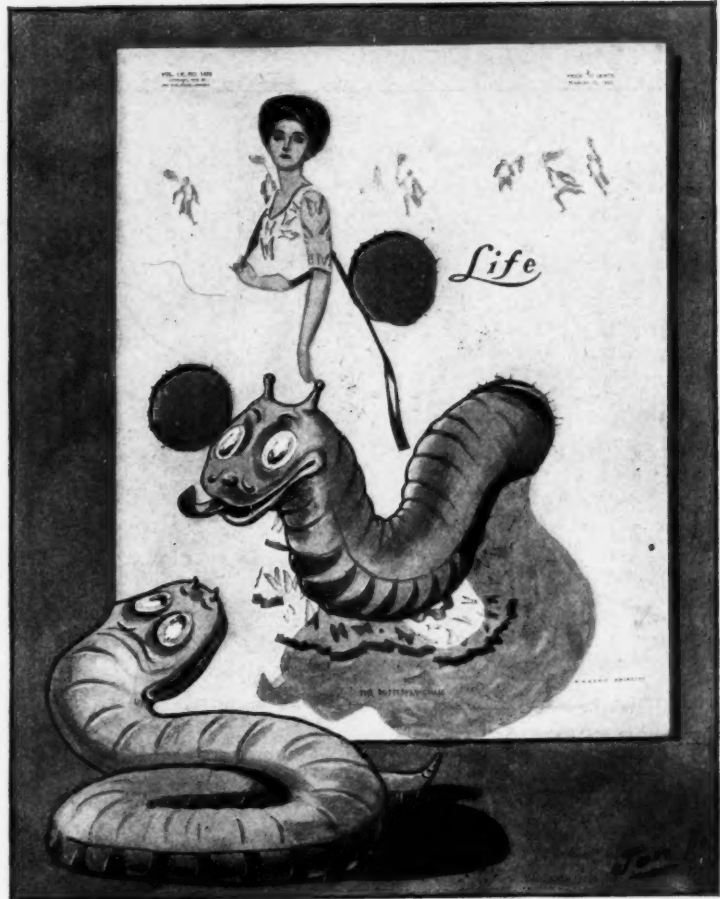
T. L. M.

(To be concluded.)

Sifting sand.
Ease everywhere.
Attractive attire.
Shimmering shells.
Happy humdrum.
Omnipresent ozone.
Rocky rendezvous.
Exquisite errantry.



"NEAR AND YET SO FAR"



"DO TRY THIS DELIGHTFUL ISSUE OF 'LIFE.' I HAVE BEEN THROUGH IT THREE TIMES."

"NOT MUCH! I'M WAITING FOR THE WILD OATS NUMBER."

Evolution

THERE was once a young man who wrote alternately for publication and rejection.

He wrote a pretty story which was simple and straightforward, and people called him a *dilettante*.

He worked hard and produced several more short stories, dealing with everyday life and every-day people. They called him a writer.

At the age of twenty-five he published his first book. The plot was slightly complex, and in three places he referred to the sex problem. He was generally admitted to be an author.

His third novel was a pathological study of the character of two women and contained eight passages rather diffi-

cult to interpret. The critics grew warm in their praise and hailed him as a litterateur.

Of his sixth book scarcely a reader could grasp the meaning; but on the cover was an inlay in four colors, and between the front and back were seventy-six words for which any one but a college professor needed a dictionary. He was admittedly a genius.

His tenth production was ostensibly a romance. The dialogue was subjective analysis; the descriptions were discourses on ontological phenomena, and neither the author nor the public knew what the book meant, or what it was meant to mean. The press referred to it as the work of "that eminent novelist and psychologist."

Harold E. Porter.



TRIUMPH OF THE ANIMATE OVER THE INANIMATE

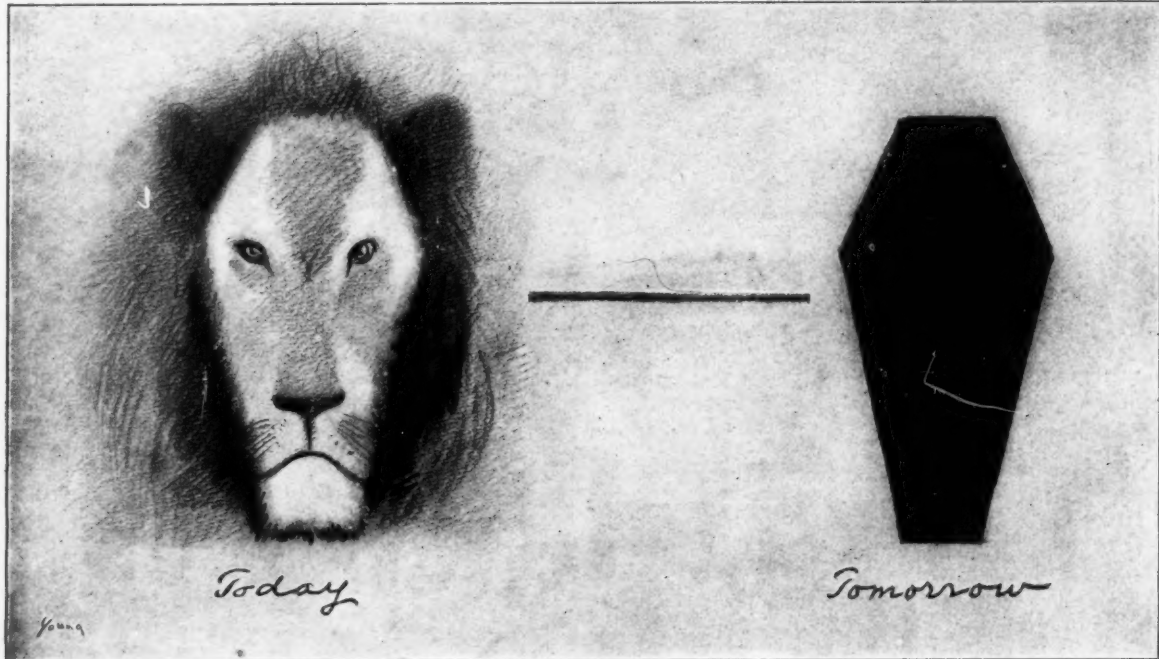
Government

WHAT is government?

It is an arrangement whereby the people of a ward may not do some things without the consent of the municipality; and whereby the people of a municipality may not do some things without the consent of the State; and whereby

the people of a State may not do some things without the consent of the nation; and whereby the people of the nation may not do some things without the consent of the Senate; and whereby the Senate may do nothing at all without the consent of those who have the welfare of the country more at pocket than at heart.

E. O. J.



THE LION OF THE HOUR

THE six-foot girl may not attract all men, but she is seldom overlooked.



At Last!

THE head of a great New York publishing house sat in his office chair languidly smoking a huge black perfecto. Suddenly a young author, the fire of genius smouldering in his eye, rushed in flourishing a sheaf of manuscript.

"Sir!" he shouted, "I have the Great American Novel!"

"All right," the publisher said indifferently. "Leave it here and I will have it read as soon as possible."

"But you don't understand," the author protested. "In it I have introduced a Hebrew heroine, a Hebrew hero, a Hebrew wedding, two Hebrew drummers, a Hebrew actress, a Hebrew pugilist, a Hebrew ward-boss and a Hebrew crook."

"What!" gasped the publisher, leaping to his feet and reaching for a blank contract. "Will you sell the book outright, or do you prefer a royalty basis?"

Arkansas

WHILE the high cost of living continues to engage the attention of our economists, Arkansas says nothing. Arkansas is the only State in the Union in which it is possible to get drunk, married and a suit of clothes, all for five dollars.

Library Lore

GOOD books need no gush. Every dog-eared tome had his day. A book in the hand is worth two in the card catalogue.

Circumstances alter bookcases. The longest *Congressional Record* hath his end.

A best seller gathers no dust. You may lead a reader to a book, but you cannot make him think.

It is an ill book that hath no index. The genealogist is the thief of time. Many rare books are not well done.

A five-foot shelf to the wise is sufficient.

Mr. Hearst and the Mayor

ON the facts about the Cohalan warrant for forty-eight thousand dollars Mr. Hearst seems to have beaten the Mayor.

As to the Mayor's motives in letting the warrant go through, only a seventh son will offer a decision.

It makes for confidence in the Mayor's intentions and beliefs in the matter that he made so bold a retort to the attack of the Hearst papers. He would hardly have made so positive a statement about the facts of the case unless he had fully believed them to be as he said.



HIGH TIED

The Charge of the "Dun" Brigade

(Written by an impecunious author three days after the receipt of a check for six hundred dollars.)

HALF a week, half a week,
Half a week onward,
All in the Valley of Debt
Sank the Six Hundred!
"Forward the Dun Brigade!
Charge for the dough!" they said.
Into the Valley of Debt
Sank the Six Hundred.

Forward the Dun Brigade!
Was there a "shark" dismayed?
Not on your life, you bet!
Ghoulish they plundered.
Theirs not to itemize,
Theirs but to pauperize
With bills of monstrous size!
Into the Valley of Debt
Sank the Six Hundred!

Statements to right of me,
Accounts to left of me,
"Please remit," front of me;
Cash-account sundered!
Stormed at by bill and dun,
Lord! how the shekels run!
Into the jaws of Debt,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Plunge my Six Hundred!

Flashed my old check-book there;
Flashed fountain-pen in air,
Dashing off checks to square
Foes who've long thundered.

Deluged with I. O. U.'s,
Clawed by importunate Jews,
Plunged in a fit of blues,
Shattered and sundered.
Look ye that check-book! Not,
Not now Six Hundred!

Where did the coin fade?
Oh, the rank "charges" made!
All the world wondered.
Weep for the cash out-played,
Weep for the havoc made
Of my Six Hundred!

KEY: Fader, what's "superflous"?
FATHER: Wearing a necktie ven
you've got a beard, Ikey.

Literary Proverbs

ALL that glitters is not Gilbert Ches-
terton.

People who read Elinor Glyn shouldn't
throw stones.

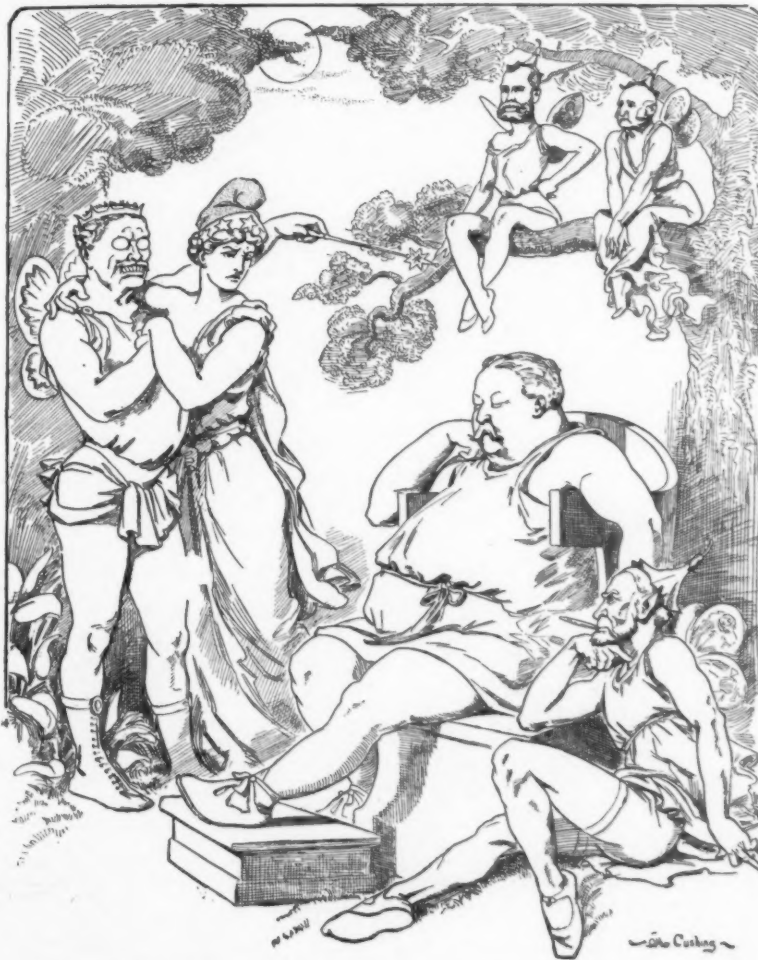
Richard Le Galliennes will happen in
the best regulated publishing houses.

When Theodosia Garrison is bliss 'tis
folly to be Elizabeth Browning.

Clinton Scollard and the world Clinton
Scollards with you; Milton and you Mil-
ton alone.

I could not love Frank Danby so
much loved I not George Moore more.

Anthony Hope springs eternal in the
public library.



Oberon (waking Titania): BE AS THOU WERT WONT TO BE. SEE AS THOU WERT
WONT TO SEE.

Titania: MY OBERON—WHAT VISIONS HAVE I SEEN. . . . METHOUGHT I WAS
ENAMOURED OF HIM!

My Library

I'VE got Mark Twain in flannel and Kipling done in calf,
And Keats in full morocco and Tennyson in "half."
Robert Chambers bound in linen, with a nice regard for dress
And the creases in his trousers, just the pink of letter press.

On another shelf, above them, full levant and quaintly limned,
Is a Hall Caine, uncut copy, deckle-edged and badly trimmed.

Next I've got a Lamb in sheep's skin and an Edgar Allan Poe,
While my Roosevelt in khaki takes a whole entire row.

My Bacon I've in paper, where I keep it safely stored,
With my Stevenson in buckram and my Emerson in board.
While in cloth Marie Corelli has reposed for many years,
Up against an Elbert Hubbard bound in floppy spaniel's ears.

I have all the Padded Poets, edges gilt and full embossed,
And a few in limp morocco, if the metre's lame or lost.
So with Milton, Pope and Browning—books they say a person needs—

Is there any room provided for the books a fellow reads?

Frank Hill Phillips.

The Line in Italics

FEW books can instruct you in wooing the muse.
Pegasus sometimes will deny you his neigh;
To tap the afflatus divine you may choose.
But falter for words that will mean what you say—
Then tune up your lyre by this method and play,
For then you will never be rhyming amiss;
The clever ones now make their poetry pay
By running a line in italics, like this.

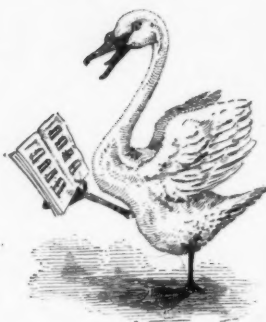
Rossetti was apt in the use of this ruse,
And Swinburne's lines leaned to the lilt of his lay;
R. Kipling its help found quite hard to refuse.
Villon was convinced that the trick was *au fait*,
So why shouldn't you try it on as O. K.
And thus find acceptances bringing you bliss?
You might make yourself be the talk of the day
By running a line in italics, like this.

Don't grow pessimistic, or sigh with the blues.
But while the sun shines go to making your hay.
No odds if your verse a false meter pursues—
In fact, it is sometimes impressive that way.
Be joyfully gloomy or gloomily gay,
Or work in such words as "yclept" and "I wis"—
You'll deck your high brow with the laurel and bay
By running a line in italics, like this.

ENVOY

Bards, whether 'tis verse on the snow or the May,
Escape the dour frown and satirical hiss
And win the serene editorial "Yea"
By running a line in italics, like this!

Wilbur D. Nesbit.



A Novel Rhyme

(With apologies to William de Morgan)

JOSEPH VANCE kissed *Alice-for-Short*,
As the two in the library stood—
It Never Can Happen Again, she cried.
He sighed: *It Was Somehow Good!*

The Reading of a Best Seller

ONE of the customs of all good Americans is to read a best-seller.

The best-seller is ostensibly a book manufactured according to a well-known recipe. This book is written by a man trained to the emergency and encouraged by a publisher. The publisher and the man sit down together and concoct the idea of the book, which is made up of mystery, action, dialogue, a few nasty details and a lot of bad English, or American, as it ought to be called.

The book is then printed and pages in the papers announce its advent.

The proud author, who is very rich, waits calmly for another ovation.

All the virtuous and respectable women in the country then order their husbands to bring home the book, which their husbands do. After the women have read it they hide it in a place where their daughters can easily find it. When the daughters have read it it goes to the virtuous servants.

The women, having all read it, declare that it ought never to have been written, that it does no "good," and that they hope it will not have a bad influence.

They then wait in calmness and complete confidence for another.

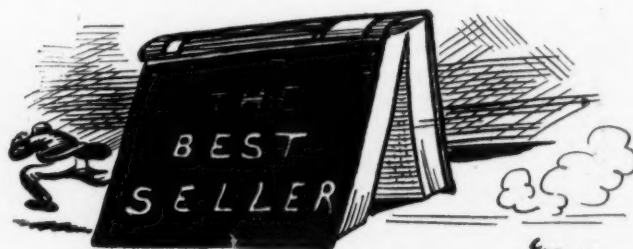
King Edward and Tobacco

ONE thing King Edward did, or helped to do, which had been better undone. By his example he gave to self-indulgent men a license to smoke at all times and everywhere, except where inforceable laws positively forbade. He relaxed manners in favor of tobacco. It was not necessary. It did not add to happiness. In that particular the late King left mankind less considerate than he found it.

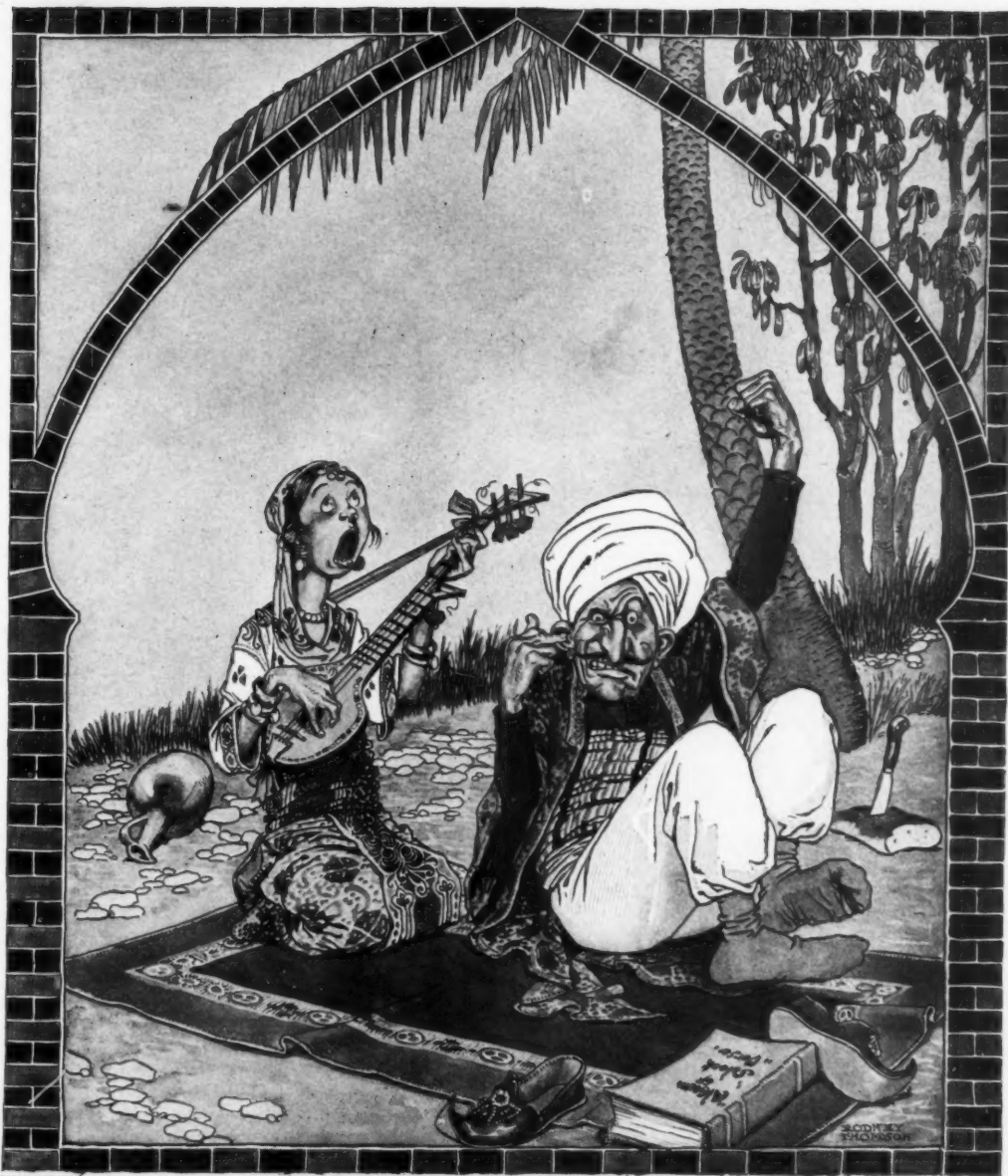
Jewelry Galore


MRS. HOYLE: Covered with jewels, isn't she?
MRS. DOYLE: Yes, it is hard to tell, at first glance, whether she belongs to the mineral or animal kingdom.


"HE prides himself on being a confirmed cynic."
"Indeed! Is he as young and inexperienced as all that?"



NEXT!



 I've read the Book of Vayyas through and through;
The Jug is dry, the loaf is stale - and you
have sung to me until this Paradise "
" has come to be a Wilderness anew! "



TO TRAINS





The Season's Books



SOME fifteen years ago, before civilization had attained its present perfected development, when the criminal rich still rode bicycles and the traffic squad went afoot, a wag suggested that the police could easily identify a "scorcher" by running after him. If the officer caught him the rider was within the law; if the rider got away he should have been arrested. At about the same period in American history a not dissimilar method of discrimination was in vogue in the matter of current literature. You read what came handy. If, at the end of six or eight months, you still recalled a book with pleasure, the chances were that it had been worth reading. If you had forgotten it, you had ought to have let it alone. And then the bicycle policeman came into being and LIFE began the annual publication of its Guide to Summer Reading—a list that differed from others of its kind in being retrospective instead of anticipatory and included those thirty or forty of the books printed during the year that at the moment of going to press still floated highest on the waters of oblivion.

This being an explanation and not an advertisement, nothing is here said of the saving in moral wear and tear, in critical spontaneity and in mere time (the latter item alone amounting in the aggregate to several geologic eons) that has already accrued to LIFE's readers from the use of this annual index. Indeed, the difficulty habitually experienced in supplying the demand for the summer Book Number would make such a proceeding inadvisable. But, on the other hand, in calling attention to an innova-

tion now for the first time introduced into the make-up of this catalogue, it seems proper to speak of the structural defects that have, from time to time, cropped out in the course of its history.

When the Guide was first established the selected works—fictional, philosophical or whatever—were arranged alphabetically according to titles, with the unforeseen result that readers of a devout turn of mind picked out novels like *The Song of Songs* under the impression that they were religious day books and that young persons (with a drop of gambling blood in their veins) who closed their eyes and stuck a pin in the list for a choice drew tales that brought the blush of shame to the cheeks of their unsophisticated parents. Thereupon a rudimentary classification was adopted and, when this failed entirely to prevent accidents, classifications still more elaborate were devised, until we proudly told ourselves that our block signal system was automatic and fool-proof. But when an old lady who was somewhat deaf and whose literary interests were largely horticultural complained that she had purchased *The Garden of Allah* thinking it a treatise on wild flowers and, when it was brought to her notice that it had been carefully catalogued under "Flowery and Odoriferous Fiction," answered that in her experience all garden books ought to be so listed, it became evident that some radical reform was needed.

We have therefore followed the example of that wide-awake manufacturer who, being unable to better his tooth-paste improved the tube in which he sold it, and have not only divided our thirty-odd books into thirty-odd separate classes, but have undertaken to furnish a patent key with every package.

J. B. Kerfoot.

THE GUIDE

A CERTAIN RICH MAN, by William Allen White. (Macmillan.)

A story of the development of millionaires and public opinion in Kansas during the last half century. Rambling but interesting.

A MINE OF FAULTS, by F. W. Bain. (Putnam.)

A delightful and double-edged Oriental legend done into beautiful English.

A MODERN CHRONICLE, by Winston Churchill. (Macmillan.)

The biography of an American girl in which Mr. Churchill starts out to make a "criticism of life" and ends by making an appeal to the gallery.

AN INTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP, by E. L. Voynich. (Macmillan.)

A sequel to *The Gadfly*. A picturesque and interesting but uncheerful study in supersensitive human nature.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Anna Roberson Burr. (Houghton Mifflin.)

A valuable work of comparative and synthetic criticism.

THE BLUE BIRD, by Maurice Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.)

A fairy tale symbolic of humanity's search for happiness, done into a prose play by a poet as a spectacle for children and literature for grown-ups.

CAMERA ADVENTURES IN THE AFRICAN WILDS, by A. Radcliffe Dugmore. (Doubleday, Page.)

Splendid wild animal photographs, with thrilling accounts of how they were taken.

THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL NONSENSE, by E. Temple Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.)

A loving, laughing, shrewdly sympathetic love story. A trifle wobbly toward the last, but what of that?

THE DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE, Anonymous. (Duffield.)

The record—naïve, ingenious and discerning—of a young girl's theatrical apprenticeship with Augustin Daly in 1879-80.

ESSAYS ON MODERN NOVELISTS, by William Lyon Phelps. (Macmillan.)

An interesting volume in which a professor of English literature tells us what he thinks about present-day fiction.

THE ETERNAL VALUES, by Hugo Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.)

Fundamentals from the standpoint of the psychologist. An important modern contribution to the literature of philosophy.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. (John Lane.)

A critical biography full of keen analysis, sound sense and intellectual fireworks.

HAREMLIK, by Demetra Vaka. (Houghton Mifflin.)

Entertaining glimpses of Turkish home life by a writer who was born in Constantinople.

THE HAVEN, by Eden Phillpotts. (John Lane.)

A somber tale (yet one of its author's best) of the fisher folk of the Devon coast.

THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY, by H. G. Wells. (Duffield.)

The story of a social misfit. A delightful whimsy.

THE HUNGRY HEART, by David Graham Phillips. (*Appleton.*)

A distressingly plain tale from Indiana which has the unusual merit of telling the truth about a woman.

IN AFTER DAYS, by W. D. Howells, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, John Bigelow, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Julia Ward Howe, H. M. Alden, W. H. Thompson, Henry James and Guglielmo Ferrero. (*Harper.*)

Nine interesting views on the future life that throw very little light on immortality but a great deal on human nature.

IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN, by William De Morgan. (*Henry Holt.*)

A story (in which society and the slums run in double harness) that affords a not-to-be-neglected opportunity of hobnobbing with a fascinating writer.

THE LAND OF THE LION, by W. S. Rainsford. (*Doubleday, Page.*)

A readable and enlightening book of sport and travel in British East Africa.

THE LITTLE GODS, by Roland Thomas. (*Little, Brown.*)

Excellent short stories of the Philippines by the author of *Fagan*.

MARGARITA'S SOUL, by "Ingraham Lovell" (Josephine Daskam Bacon). (*Henry Holt.*)

The alleged recollections of a bachelor of fifty. A saturated but non-cloying solution of sentimental romance.

MY LIFE AS A DISSOCIATED PERSONALITY, edited by Morton Prince, M.D. (*Badger.*)

Autobiographical notes by a recovered patient. An illuminating study of pathological psychology.

THE NEW WORD, by Allen Upward. (*Kennerley.*)

A searching examination into the foundations of knowledge and the sanctions of home. One of the most remarkable books of recent years.

OLD HARBOR, by William John Hopkins. (*Houghton Mifflin.*)

A New England neighborhood tale and a charming love story by the author of *The Clammer*.

THE OLD WIVES' TALE, by Arnold Bennett. (*George H. Doran.*)

A story of three generations of English provincial middle-class life. Probably the soundest and most important English novel of the year.

ON THE BRANCH, by "Pierre de Coulevain." (*Dutton.*)

The diary of a self-analytical woman of sixty. A recent best-seller in France and a curious mixture of cleverness and sentimentality.

PENGUIN ISLAND, by Anatole France. (*John Lane.*)

A subtle satire on the making of history, the foibles of the French and national egotisms of mankind in general.

SALLY BISHOP, by E. Temple Thurston. (*Kennerley.*)

The simple truth about a highly improper but extremely human tragedy, told by a sympathetic and understanding realist.

THE SONG OF SONGS, by Hermann Sudermann. (*Huebsch.*)

A study of the death-in-life of a woman's soul. An unflinching fictional treatment of moral issues.

THE SOUTHERNER, by "Nicholas Worth." (*Doubleday, Page.*)

An interesting story and an intelligent plea for mutual understanding from the new South to the new nation.

TOWER OF IVORY, by Gertrude Atherton. (*Macmillan.*)

A Wagnerian tale of epic passions, by a close observer of life with an artistic weakness for heroics.

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES, by G. K. Chesterton. (*Dodd, Mead.*)

Intellectual pepper-sauce. A comprehensive collection of casual papers by a many-sided writer.

TRUE TILDA, by A. T. Quiller-Couch. (*Scribners.*)

The whimsical adventures of an imaginative waif. A mixture of truth and smiles.



IN THE SPRING A YOUNG BUN'S FANCY—

cooking up denatured alcohol. Every farm was to have a still, and the Treasury Department set up a new division with a hundred clerks and field agents, just to look after denatured alcohol.

That was about four years ago. On July first that division is to be dissolved and the clerks and field agents transferred to other employments. Somehow denatured alcohol has not made a go of it as a universal servant. The autos are using gasoline and the students' lamps burn kerosene, and Uncle John is still taking in and handing out money, and denatured alcohol seems to be sitting somewhere in the shade hand in hand with liquid air waiting for things to come its way.

They say it is used in the arts very extensively, and as far as that goes it was worth while to get the tax off from it, since if we hadn't prices might be higher. And they say it is produced extensively and profitably by some big concerns that make it out of molasses. They say that it can propel automobiles, but that, as yet, the engines that use it cost too much to be popular; and that it is a good illuminant, but that folks don't take to it yet. Anyhow the farmers are not turning rotten apples and other waste into denatured alcohol to any serious extent.

Sic transit gloria mundi! Dear, dear, what a waste of advertisement! We made it free, but couldn't make it popular. Possibly when we get the tariff itself busted there will continue to be some sameness about life, and much of the old time gap between ends that ought to meet. This persistent old world runs in a rut a good deal of the time, in spite of the telephones and the autos and occasional aeroplanes in the sky.



Couldn't Drink It. Didn't Want It

DENATURED alcohol didn't capture our civilization after all—at least, it hasn't yet. It may be recalled with what labor we pried the internal revenue tax off of it, working as hard to make it free as though it had been the negroes or salvation. And the nice pieces in the papers about what it was going to do for us—turn the grindstone, run the automobile, make a market for all the rotten fruit, make farming profitable and easy, supersede kerosene and bust the Standard Oil Company! Dear, dear; distillery stocks went up in the teeth of a raging tornado of prohibition because of the clean, innocent, unintoxicating money the distilleries were going to make by



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS HERE'S HOW

STUYVESANT FISH
Born June 24, 1851

Mr. Stuyvesant Fish is generally and more internationally known as the husband of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish—in itself an honor sufficient to permit him a permanent place in the gallery of LIFE's immortals. But, in addition to this, he has other claims upon our attention. He is a son of the distinguished statesman, Hamilton Fish, who was—need we remark?—Secretary of State in President Grant's administration. With an education partly derived from Columbia College and partly from other parental sources he started his career as a railroad clerk and "rose," as the hack-writers have it, until he became president of the Illinois Central Railroad. From thence he became acquainted with Mr. E. H. Harriman.



Sir, your health!

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS
Born June 24, 1831

The days when our literary women of distinction can be numbered on one's hand have passed. Indeed, if an exact summary of American literature (assuming there is such a thing) should be made, it is probable that in weight of learning and depth of popularity the women would outnumber the men. Possibly, as pure literature, we might have to take out William James or Winston Churchill, in order to make an even balance; but if, on the other hand, we threw in a few women astronomers and humorists— But this is foreign to our apotheosis, which is now engaged in the commemoration of the birthday of a remarkable American woman, the author of a succession of worthy books and the mother of sons distinguished in literary life and prominent authors themselves.

Madam, we salute you with much respect! We lay at your feet a sprig of laurel; we honor you for your ancestry and your attainments, and we wish you many happy returns of the day.

GEORGE VON LENGERKE MEYER
Born June 24, 1858

The Honorable George Von Lengerke Meyer has had so many honors thrust upon him during his life that this birthday notice comes as a fitting climax. He is a graduate of Harvard and has been member of the Boston Common Council, member of the Massachusetts Legislature, Ambassador both to Italy and Russia and Postmaster General. So much for his duty to his country. When it comes to plain ordinary business, he has, so far as we can judge, been president of everything that is worth while around Boston.



The long list of your attainments, sir, fills us with respectful awe. We trust that you will accept our homage.

May you continue for many years to come to bear your laurels with the same becoming modesty that has distinguished your attitude in the past.

LYMAN JUDSON GAGE
Born June 28, 1856

Mr. Gage has had many distinguished posts; he was president of the Board of Directors of the World's Exposition, twice president of the Civic Federation of Chicago and he was once (1897-1902) Secretary of the Treasury, piloting the Ship of State to the best of his ability through a troublous sea. As a financier his exploits have been highly commendable and he is no mean new thoughtist, although we understand he lays no claim in this direction.

Mr. Gage, you have been remarkable for your extreme honesty, where there was



Chauffeur: YOU'RE ALL RUN DOWN, OLD MAN; YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DOCTOR.

every inclination not to be. We commend your example to others and wish you long and continued joy.

ALGERON SIDNEY CRAPSEY
Born June 28, 1847

Mr. Crapsey was born in Ohio, educated in New York State, and after joining the Episcopal Church (being ordained a priest in 1872) he was on the staff of Trinity Church in New York, and from thence went to Rochester, where he was rector of St. Andrews from 1879 to 1896.



Alas! that such a good man as this should on the famous fourth of December, 1906, have been deposed for heresy. We wonder if this could happen now, even when it is only four years later?

We don't know. The ways of all heresies are strange and immutable. We have never met personally a genuine heresy face to face, but we have always respected them.

And, sir, we respect the one that you had, and trust still have it. To be true to yourself is an admirable trait. In a clergyman it is especially to be commended.

We therefore commend you, sir, and give you joy on this eventful day. May you live long and continue to cherish healthy doubts.

EMERSON HOUGH
Born June 28, 1857

Author!
To transpose



Shakespeare, perhaps we may say of Mr. Hough that he sought the cannon reputation at the Mississippi bubble's mouth. Well do we remember when that book (*The Mississippi Bubble*) first sprang into our ken, and the eagerness with which it was read. Excitement breathed from every pore. It was, as the reviewers say, "Tense" with human interest. Ah, well! Books may come and books may go, but Mississippi bubbles are ever rare. Mr. Hough, by the way, is a graduate of the State University of Iowa, and has had a long career as a journalist and a writer of tales. He has even attracted the attention of Congress, and to him perhaps more than any other writer is due the protection now given by the government to the buffalo.

You have done well, brother Hough. With youth and ideals before you what may you not yet accomplish! Meanwhile, we rejoice that you are still with us, and give you good health.

"DID you sweep your room, Bridget?"
"Faith an' I did, mum. If yez don't believe me, look under the bed."

To a Thesaurus

O PRECIOUS codex, volume, tome,
Book, writing, compilation, work,
Attend the while I pen a pome,
A jest, a jape, a quip, a quirk.

For I would pen, engross, indite,
Transcribe, set forth, compose, address,
Record, submit—yea, even write
An ode, an elegy to bless—

To bless, set store by, celebrate,
Approve, esteem, endow with soul,
Commend, acclaim, appreciate,
Immortalize, laud, praise, extol

Thy merit, goodness, value, worth,
Expedience, utility—

O manna, honey, salt of earth,
I sing, I chant, I worship thee!

How could I manage, live, exist,
Obtain, produce, be real, prevail,
Be present in the flesh, subsist,
Have place, become, breathe or inhale

Without thy help, recruit, support,
Opitulation, furtherance,
Assistance, rescue, aid, resort,
Favor, sustention and advance?

Alas! Alack! and well-a-day!
My case would then be dour and sad,
Likewise distressing, dismal, gray,
Pathetic, mournful, dreary, bad.

* * * * *
Though I could keep this up all day,
This lyric, elegiac, song,
Meseems hath come the time to say
Farewell! Adieu! Good-by! So long!
Franklin P. Adams.

Why Worry About That Fight?

WHY are the reverend clergy, without regard to sect or geography, so worried about that San Francisco fight? In so far as the clergy in San Francisco object to it as a local nuisance their attitude may be understood, but why do the clergy in general protest and resolute about it as though it was so awful?

Prize-fights are no help to civilization, they are brutal and they draw rather hard crowds. They are almost out of date and can never become common again. They are fairer than football and no more dangerous. They are not particularly vicious. They are so far in these days from being a menace to morals or public deportment that to have one seems, as has been said elsewhere, to be almost like getting back to the simple life.

To have the Eastern clergy so exercised about a mere prize-fight in San Francisco makes one think of the mote and the beam. Is local business so dull with our clergy—are there so few over-worked children in the New Jersey factories, for example—that they can afford to clamor so hard about a prize-fight three thousand miles away?

The fight seems to us more likely to do San Francisco good than harm. If it is fair it will make comparatively wholesome talk there for a while. If it is not fair it will make a scandal and that will be wholesome. It is a great deal more likely to strengthen reform in San Francisco than to increase corruption there



PROPOSED STATUE IN HONOR OF VIVISECTION

or stimulate vice. And finally, brethren, it seems to be a toss up whether the fight ever comes off. There is so much money mixed up in it that whatever there was of sport threatens to be crowded out.

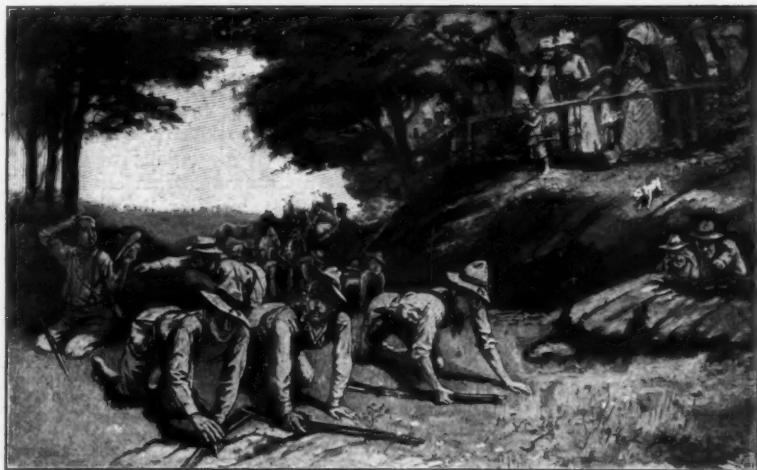
Darkened at the Start

ENGLISHMAN: Did you have a pleasant voyage from London to New York?

AMERICAN: No. The purser gave us our custom house declaration slips on the second day out.

BAKER: Did he spank his son for breaking one of the Commandments?

BARKER: No, for breaking one of his best cigars.



RIGORS OF THE WAR GAME, WITH MODERN TACTICS

One Gallant Trooper: I SAY, OLD CHAP, THIS CRAWLING ON ALL FOURS FAST A LOT OF PEOPLE MAY BE WAR, BUT IT ISN'T MAGNIFICENT.



Bad News From Boston

DOES "the tired business man" abide in Boston, too? Hub of the universe, nucleus of the comet in our artistic heavens of which Manhattan is but the trailing and attenuated tail—do tell! We so want to know. Hoi polloi, it is true, gathered of old in Athens, yet could not brake the wheel set whirring by Pericles. Hoi polloi in our moderen Athens has hitherto buried its face in its newspaper—newspapers wondrously contrived to appease the monster's maw. It has sat patient under symphonies that no barrel organ can reproduce. It has suffered Mr. Lawson and endureth much. *We* never were good at figures of political speech, yet we venture to say that in politics only has the Boston proletariat lifted its Hydra head—bowling over the Brahmin and emitting the yawp of pure democracy.

What has come over Boston? We wish we knew. Next to giving Nike the marble nudge, next to vacillating in its pronunciation of "vase," we can conceive of no act so shocking to our sensibilities as that which is expressed in this abrupt announcement:

A complete short novel by John Galsworthy is published in the June number of the *Atlantic*. This is an innovation indeed for the periodical which has held so tenaciously to its old-time literary ideals. Another change in the magazine which will be noted by its readers is the publication of practical articles dealing with the questions of the day, like "The Case for the Newspapers," "Does It Pay to Serve the United States?"

And so that Philadelphia editor was right, after all, as editors are apt to be sooner or later. We allude to the magazine editor (a poet and critic as well) to whom, some years ago, we submitted in person a paper on an entertaining literary topic never before treated in an American periodical. Ultimately it was published in the *Bookman*, and so it is with no sour memory that we recall and record the nature of his regrets. "The literary magazine," he said, "does not pay. Look at the *Atlantic*. I want practical, timely articles. Here is one that I like—a paper on Tommy Atkins, written by a private soldier. It is badly written, but no matter. I prefer something in indifferent English on a popular subject to the best literary essay obtainable."

And so we went away humbled, and awaited the next issue of that magazine that we might pursue the study of the editor's needs and strive to please him at whatever sacrifice to our sentiments and style. For we, too, needed the money. But when that number appeared, the leading article was on Gilbert White, of Selborne, with a drawing of his house by way of a frontispiece.

Still (with the *Atlantic* in and on our mind) he *was*, you will perceive, a prophet, with a strong contemporary grasp of the situation. That is the advantage of detachment—

of living in Philadelphia, away from the clash and confusion of literary ideas and activities, yet getting your letter mail and your *LIFE* just the same as if you lived in New York. It is because we recognize him as a seer, and wish to celebrate him as such, that we feel at liberty to print exactly what he said. No wonder that the poet and the editor striving for mastery in his bosom proved a strain too great for him to bear, and that soon thereafter he abdicated his too too sedentary seat.

Of course we do not mean for a moment to imply that the *Atlantic* is to be any the less literary in the style and treatment of its new-found themes. Did not Marion Crawford write a cook book? Did not Olivier Basselin, the French Anacreon, sing immortally to his nose? Does not Rudyard Kipling hymn the hot news item in metre which even ordinary persons recognize as such? There is nothing finer in the language than Mr. Robert Lee Campbell's timely Kentucky ode to "Opportunity," or the "Lines Written at 2:46 A. M." by our own local poet, Mr. F. P. Always. We are even of those who contend that a complete short novel by one of our best salesmen may be compounded of practicability and mere literature, without offense to any class of readers. By all means let the Heavenly Nine quit posing and play ball. There are too many grand stand plays, and not enough hard hitting, to please the fans.

Still, we should not like to see Dr. Crothers embroidering the obvious or Mr. Henry James employing the fine-tooth comb of his style in straightening out the kinks of the negro question. There are journalists enough and to go around, and far too few Contributors' Clubs for the earnest discussion of tremendous trifles. That is why the *Atlantic's* announcement jars us. What can the matter be—the lately elected Mayor or a new Pythagoras cult leading a forlorn hope against beans? The very next thing we know the *Transcript* will cut down its three-column essays on the ethics of pinochle and take to printing live news on the first page.

W. T. Larned.

Melville Revived



HERMANN MELVILLE was not a great name in American letters, and probably few persons who read these lines are aware that he wrote any poetry at all, although R. H. Stoddard appraised his "Sheridan" as the cavalry poem next best to Browning's. We suppose the most popular poem of the sort is Tennyson's, though to our own taste it is a rather pretty parlor performance compared with the boom and crash of battle which Campbell man-

(Continued on page 1160)



THE NEW THOUGHT

Taft Yields

MONDAY

LIFE is enabled to chronicle another triumph. All doubts of President Taft's sincerity, owing to this paper's well-known enterprise, will shortly be set at rest.

The President has consented to a test of his sincerity. He will be bound hand and foot next Thursday and a speech of Theodore Roosevelt will be read aloud to him through a phonograph. If he continues to smile and applaud at the end this will be conclusive that he accepted the Presidency in good faith and is sincere in his attentions.

It has been suggested that the tariff schedule also be reeled off, but it is thought that this would be needlessly cruel. The first test is objected to on this ground also, but it is pointed out that vast interests are at stake and the future of the country depends upon it.

FRIDAY MORNING

All is well. Last evening, in the presence of Joe Cannon, Senator Aldrich

and P. D. Q. Ballinger the test was made. President Taft, bound securely, was placed in an airtight compartment. At eight-thirty the phonograph containing part of Colonel Roosevelt's German speech was started. At one-thirty the machine, which had been going double quick, was stopped.

The President was unconscious, but a smile still played upon his lips. Upon coming to he said:

"I still believe that if it had not been for him I would not have been here."

All is now well.

A Conservative

MRS. O'TOOLE: Do yez like these model tenements wid de white bathtubs?

MRS. O'GRADY: No; I prefer the ould-fashioned way of keepin' me coal in the hod.

MRS. BENHAM: Hips are coming back.

BENHAM: I suppose that means that we shall have to move out of this flat.



"JIMMINY! BUT THESE FLAT-IRON BUILDINGS ARE HOT!"



Remembering the Sabbath

The reverence for the Sabbath in Scotland sometimes takes a form one would hardly have anticipated.

An old Highland man once explained to an English tourist:

"They're a God-fearing set o' folks here, sir, 'deed they are, and I'll give ye an instance o't. Last Sabbath, just as the kirk was skalin', there was a drover chap frae Dumfries along the road, whistlin' and lookin' as happy as if it was ta middle o' ta week. Weel, sir, our laads is a God-fearing set o' laads, and they just set upon him and almost killed him."—*Tit-Bits*.

Prophetic

"And what are we to understand by the Biblical expression 'the four corners of the earth'?" asks the instructor in theology.

"Rockefeller's corner in oil, Havemeyer's corner in sugar, Carnegie's corner in steel and Patten's corner in wheat," answers the new student.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

IN HOG
★ SIGNO ★
VINCES



DECORATION OF THE LEGION OF HONOR OF AMERICAN MAGNATES

Sure Enough Kid

Bob was telling about his visit to the country. While there he had acquired some rustic idioms, and his mother was correcting these as he proceeded:

"Well, we goes up—"

"Went up."

"Went up on the farm—"

"To the farm."

"To the farm, and there we see—"

"We saw."

"We saw a little kid—"

"Little child. Now, begin again and tell it properly."

"Well, we went up to the farm, and there we saw a goat's little child." (Further narration suspended.)—*Judge*.

In Gay Paree

HODD: Can you conceive of any situation where you would want to be separated from your wife?

TODD: Yes—in Paris.—*Town and Country*.

An Unwelcome Discovery

POST: I discovered to-day that Parker and I have a common ancestor.

MRS. POST (a Colonial Dame): For goodness' sake, don't tell any one.—*Brooklyn Life*.

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Rhymed Reviews

Simon the Jester

(By William J. Locke. John Lane
Company.)

I guess I'll make a Key to Locke:
His Hero, simple or discerning,
But always kindly, keeps a stock
Of epigrams and facile learning.

His Heroine with bronze-gold hair
And fervid heart that scorns con-
ventions

Pops in from almost anywhere
And trusts the Hero's good inten-
tions.

He hides his love. She runs away.
(This plot, of course, has varia-
tions.)

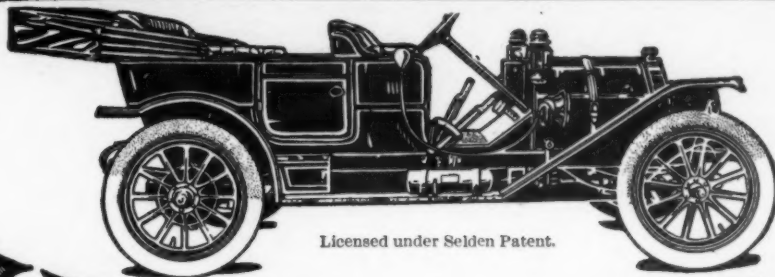
They meet aga'in one happy day,
And wed despite unequal stations.

Not fair? Well, no; for Locke is sure
To make his puppets tread new paces
Through smiles and tears. Then let's
abjure
The quip and settle down to cases.

De Gex, our Simon, rich and high
In rank, with manners quite delight-
ful,

(Continued on page 1159)

DOING the right
thing at the right
time is easy.
Keep a supply of
Evans' Ale on hand
and see the charm it
brings to the summer
home and outing. :: ::



Licensed under Selden Patent.

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But it takes more than one or two good features to make a wholly satisfactory automobile. Do not let your attention become centered on the feature the manufacturer wants you to see.

Look at the whole car. Compare the Haynes part for part with **any** machine. See the perfect way these parts are assembled. Then decide as to whether you are justified in paying at least \$1000 more for a car that **may** be as good and may not.

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Easy for Him

TOMMY'S MOTHER: Why aren't you a good boy, like Willie BJones?

TOMMY: Huh! It's easy enough for him to be good; he's sick most of the time.—*Philadelphia Record*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

A Connoisseur in Guile

MR. BLINKS (*in art museum*): I didn't know you were such an admirer of curios, Mrs. Blunderby.

MRS. BLUNDERBY: Oh, yes, indeed. I just delight in iniquities.—*Boston Transcript*.

Frightened Off

A Washington car conductor, born in London and still a cockney, has succeeded in extracting thrills from the alphabet—imparting excitement to the names of the national capital's streets. On a recent Sunday morning he was calling the streets thus:

"Haitch!"
"High!"
"Jay!"
"Kay!"
"Hell!"

At this point three prim ladies picked up their prayer-books and left the car.
—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

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always the same. We build only 100 per day—each one is hand made and five times inspected in process. With Sterling Blue Tubes inside they give longer and better service than any others. Dealers everywhere. Booklet on request. *Sterling Rubber Works, Rutherford, N. J.*

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Brewer's Tale on Tolerance

The late Justice Brewer was noted for his tolerant and broad-minded views. A Washington diplomat recalled the other day a story told by Justice Brewer in illustration of the need for tolerance.

"We should respect the views of others"—so the story ran—"for morality itself is only a matter of environment.

"A missionary in the South Seas was distressed because his dusky parishioners were nude. He decided to try delicately to get them to wear at least a little clothing, and to this end he left a great many pieces of scarlet and green and yellow calico lying about his hut.

"An elderly dame called one afternoon for spiritual advice. The missionary noted how enviously her eyes rested on the calico, and he took up a two-yard piece of the yellow, saying:

"I'll give you this if you'll wear it."

"The female draped the calico about



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CAMBRIDGE
in boxes of ten
25c

AMBASSADOR
the after-dinner size
35c

"The Little Brown Box"

her like a skirt and departed in great glee. "But the next day, nude, as before, she returned with the fabric under her arm. Handing it sadly to the missionary she said:

"Me no can wear it, missy. Me too shy!"—*Washington Post*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

TRAIN PASSENGER (*to porter who is wielding whisk*): Much dust on me, porter?

PORTER: 'Eout fifty-cents' wuth, sir.
—*Boston Transcript*.

HARTSHORN

SHADE ROLLERS

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

Stewart Hartshorn

Rhymed Reviews

(Continued from page 1157)

Is doomed, his doctors say, to die
Within the year of something fright-
ful.

And so he formulates a plan:
Before the dart of Death shall find
him
He'll do the very best he can
To prosper those he leaves behind
him.

His friend, young Dale, has lost his
heart;
He loves a lady lion-tamer.
His mother begs De Gex to part
The pair—and one can hardly blame
her.

Well, Simon calls, and Lola Brandt,
The lady, falls in love with Simon.
(I wonder why these writers can't
Select some decent names to rhyme
on!)

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is required to do two things—LUBRICATE and BURN UP CLEANLY.

All cylinder oils do one of these—lubricate—few will do the second—THEY CONTAIN TOO MUCH CARBON.

All cylinder oils come from crude mineral oils. They must be refined and filtered. FILTRATION REMOVES THE COLOR, WHICH IS NOTHING MORE THAN CARBON-PRODUCING IMPURITIES. The clearest oil is cleanest and will burn up cleanest in the motor cylinder.

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We use Exide Batteries.

And Simon likes her, truth to tell.
Entrapped by Fate, that ambush-
layer,
He doesn't die, and, getting well,
Appears to be his friend's betrayer.

There's more, but this is Stanza Ten.
Set right, they wed. Each cloud dis-
perses.

He never jests with Fate again.
The book is better than these verses.

Arthur Guiterman.

WORLD TOUR—ORIENT

Also: Tour Spain, Sicily, Italy (Christmas in Rome) and France, sailing November.

DE POTTER TOURS (31st year) 32 Broadway NEW YORK

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— and Caught the Outstretched Hands "

Dr. THORNE'S IDEA

By J. A. MITCHELL

Author of The Last American, Amos Judd, The Pines of Lory, etc., etc.

One Dollar, Net

Like R. L. S.'s world, "Dr. Thorne's Idea" (George H. Doran & Co., \$1) is quite "full of a number of things." There are criminals and their crimes and their victims, and a very human and humanly wise minister, and a bishop, whose legs, like those of Sir Willoughby Patterne, are entirely in character, and a circus, both before and behind the scenes, and a boy with honest eyes and a criminal heredity and a loyal-souled little girl with a dissipated doll and a ring that—but there are too many to name them all, and, besides, a mere list can give no idea with what interest the author, John Ames Mitchell, has clothed all of them. More than most novels, it has individuality in the manner of the telling.—*N. Y. Times.*

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Done in full color by the leading artist of Coaching and Sporting scenes. Twelve subjects in the set. Old Philadelphia Taverns Each print breathes a tale of Colonial times. Unequaled for Hall and Billiard Room decoration. Size of each 11 x 14 inches \$2.00 per set. Send 4 cents for a full set in miniature and story of each famous location.

The Robert Smith Company, 25th & Poplar Sts., Philadelphia.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 1154)

aged to suggest when he sang of great guns.

Neither Dana nor Bryant include Melville in their anthologies. He was, we think, a better story teller than a poet; and it is interesting to observe that though a "lesser novelist" of a past generation (he was born in New York in 1819), the most interesting of his tales are as readable as ever. The *Evening Sun* has been running "Typee" as its daily serial story. It is what some of our publishers would probably call a "fact novel," as distinguished from the more or less obsolete tale of pure imagination; and we can fancy how the posters would flare to-day with announcements of a fresh story by a vivid writer who had actually lived among the cannibals of the South Seas. "Typee" and "Moby Dick" are the work of a man who really followed the sea, and saw what he described. Both are good fare for the commuter. We should like to know who among our "lesser novelists" of to-day will be read, serially, fifty years hence by the Manhattan commuter borne to the Adirondacks on that miraculous monorail which is to make our "lightning expresses" seem so old-fashioned. *W. T. L.*



RECREATION

The Round-up Number

THAT is what the newsdealers call the July number of RECREATION.

There really are no cattle in it—though plenty of skylarking cowboys and galloping cowponies. It contains RECREATION'S 1910 round-up of information for vacationists; a mighty big round-up, too.

From salmon fishing in Labrador to quail shooting in the San Domingo valley, way down in Lower California, and from mountain climbing in Alaska to touring around Lake Champlain in a roadcart, is a grown-up, man's size "circle," as the cowboys say.

No matter where you live or how you purpose spending your vacation—or even if you will have no vacation—you will be glad if you buy a copy of this splendid Round-Up Number. Special articles on Camping, Canoeing, Tramping, Boating, Fishing, Hunting, Amateur Exploration, Mountain Climbing, Horseback Trips, etc., etc. Timely information concerning where to go, how to go and what to take. Full of inspiration, bound to help you have a good time—the jolliest, cheeriest, "usefulest" companion just now. All news-stands—a quarter. Ask for

RECREATION FOR JULY

Critics



THE late H. C. Bunner, whose least considered trifles did not lack the literary touch, once complained in a public letter that our dramatic critics were too severe. He contrasted their asperity with the polite pronouncements of literary reviewers, and seemed to think that the reporters of stage perform-

(Continued on page 1161)

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a pure rye whiskey
of the very finest quality, mild and
mellow as a caress.



JUST THE RIGHT "SMACK"

just that piquant goodness of flavor—that distinctiveness of taste that pleases the discriminating.

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PRIZES for patents. Patents secured through us advertised without charge. New lists of inventions needed and possible buyers. "Hints to Inventors," "Why some inventors fail." Book on Patents. Send us rough sketch or model for search of Patent Office records and report on patentability. Special agents in 500 cities and towns. Mr. Greeley while Acting Commissioner of Patents had full charge of U. S. Patent Office. **GREELEY & McINTIRE, Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 1160)

ances might well take a lesson in urbanity from their bookish brethren.

Mr. Bunner employed his pen in a variety of ways; but he had never been a dramatic editor, and so could not appreciate the hardships of that calling. The book reviewer browses, and tastes, and samples the offerings piled before him. Unless a bad book is one that cannot well be ignored, or cries aloud for rebuke, he can put it in the discard and keep his own counsel about it. With the book he does select he may adopt one of several approved methods in reviewing it. It is only a question of whether Macaulay, Sainte-Beuve or William Ernest Henley's manner is best suited to his mood. Incidental to exploiting another, he may even—with a hint from Whitman—celebrate himself. Many are the aspects of art as viewed through variations of temperament. To Montaigne the book was nothing, the opportunity everything. We knew an editor who always parceled out the cook books for review among the poets on his staff—knowing that his readers would get their money's worth in rhapsodies if not in recipes.

How other is the lot of that self-

Well Kept Shoes

A beautiful lustre obtained and the life of the shoe prolonged by the use of

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

For cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and colors. Do not soil the clothing or grow sticky.

Finest in Quality Largest in Variety

"BULLY SHINE"

A Waterproof Paste POLISH



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Contains oils and waxes to polish and preserve the leather.

LARGE tin boxes 10 cents. Boxes open with a key.

"Dandy" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 25c. "Star" size, 10c

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us his address and the price in stamps for a full size package.
Whittemore Bros. & Co., 20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.
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Price complete, as equipped above, \$60.00

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effacing person, the well-equipped dramatic critic. Willy-nilly, he must sit in the seat provided for him, listening and looking, with trained attention—swallowing and digesting, if he can, whatever may be served in the dramatic dish. Constrained to prodigies of patience, night after night: unable to skip a scene, cheek by jowl with emitters of unearned applause, grateful if some one thing done in the name of dramatic art permits his praise, he is envied only by youth and ignorance.

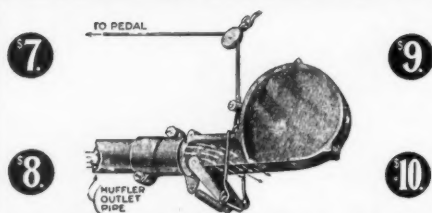
Sad is his lot who loves too well the great traditions of the stage. Once in a moon is nature reflected in its mirror; thrice in a week a cracked glass gives back a grinning, microcephalous image curiously called "Entertainment."

For our own part we sometimes find ourselves wondering how able dramatic critics with good memories—skilled in analysis, expert in epitome, sensitive to impressions—can keep

(Continued on page 1162)

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A **Jericho Horn** on your car is your policy. Its warning is far-reaching, effective and agreeable. It averts disaster. All creatures know and respect that mellow call.

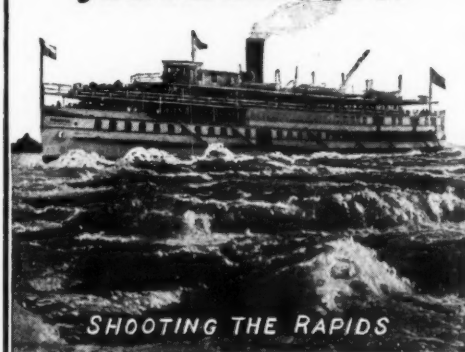
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—did not like Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer's hair. Mr. James Huneker—in letters, art and drama "three gentlemen at once"—a critical Cerberus, but without the bark—is limited at least in physical ubiquity and has let the drama slide. One only remains—the *Tribune's* critic demeritus, Mr. William Winter—and not even he as a newspaper's mouthpiece. *Harper's Weekly*, we rejoice to see, has annexed him; and we do hope Colonel Harvey has engaged him for next season. For is not Bernhardt coming back to us, and is not Mr. Winter an essential complement to her appearance? We

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION Co.



NIAGARA TO THE SEA

Through the Venetian Scenery of the Thousand Islands, the exciting descent of all the marvelous Rapids and the historic Associations of Old Quebec (America's Gibraltar) thence to the incomparable Saguenay River, with its majestic Capes, "Trinity" and "Eternity."

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"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

Their delicate aroma is familiar from the "Avenue" to the Boulevards
Cork Tips or Plain

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 1161)

their posts and their tempers too. Few of them do seem to endure, at least in the American climate. A. C. Wheeler retired to a farm at an age when the too amiable Sarcey, in France, was still watching the audience and reporting its opinions. McPhelim of Chicago—an adept in compressed criticism—sank all too soon under the strain of a temperament. Where are our newspaper critics of yesteryear? Mr. Gordon Bennett—so tradition runs

never have thoroughly enjoyed the art of this remarkable actress unless Mr. Winter was on hand the next morning to tell us how tainted it was. Criticism of the divine Sara with Mr. Winter left out would be a Sahara—a wild and howling waste of words. We can hardly wait to hear those funny Frenchmen beating on the stage with sticks, and to see Mr. Winter, with the youthful vigor of all Staten Islanders, dropping in to probe the pathology of it. *W. T. L.*

Edward Lear's Ways

The London *Spectator* recalls a visit of Edward Lear to the Governor of Bombay. Mr. Lear's interest was aroused at sight of the jambul tree, and when told its name he produced his sketch-book and made a spirited drawing of a bull looking into a jam pot. That, he explained, would enable him to remember the name.

An admirable memory system no doubt. But so few of us are artists. And what did Mr. Lear do or draw when he wished to remember how to pronounce Cholmondeley and Majoribanks and such like British names that continue to resist the simple speller? Did he sketch them? If so, we should dearly like to see the pictures. *W. T. L.*

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Hand Pumping

All you have to do now is to attach a hose and turn a knob—your engine does the rest if your car is equipped with

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Watch the gauge register the pressure in the tire. When desired pressure is reached, just turn knob again, detach hose and away you go.

The price of the "Little Wind Jammer" is only \$25 and worth double the money in first month's freedom from back breaks and loss of temper.

Can be installed in your car if fly-wheel is not entirely enclosed. Ask your dealer to show you one in operation. If he is out of stock, get one of our catalogs, write to Stevens & Co., 375 Broadway, N. Y., our distributors, or direct to

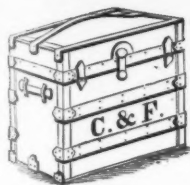
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Trunks, Bags and Cases



Which Was Right?

EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir:—Anent "Which Was Right," what was the verdict of the jury? Contributory negligence for riding on the New York, New Haven & Hartford road?

A parlor car ticket from New York to New Haven costs \$1.00.

A seat in the parlor car from New York to Springfield will cost you \$1.00, but from Springfield to New York the price is 75 cents.

The other day Mr. Mellen told the protesting commuters that he wished he had no commuters; that the road lost money by carrying them, and he would be better off if they used some other road, and ended his logic by saying: "If I could, I would not

Milo

The

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Cigarette
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**AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
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At your club or dealer's
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.

The Studebaker "40"

In every line of endeavor some one product stands out distinctly because of its character—its unquestioned superiority.

In the automobile field that product is the **STUDEBAKER "40."**

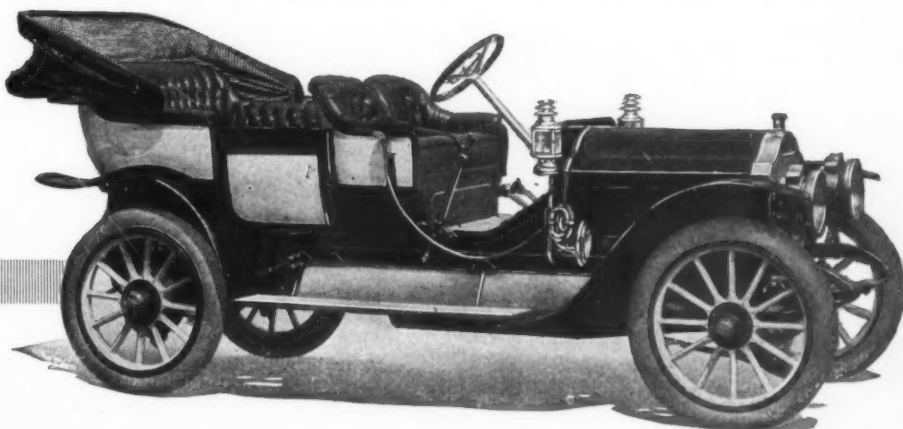
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We know the STUDEBAKER-GARFORD "40" to be the most consistently designed, the most dependable of all automobiles, because there is more engineering experience behind it than any other make.

Roomy, comfortable, luxurious, extremely low in cost of maintenance—the STUDEBAKER "40" is the car that any man is glad and proud to own—the car of character.



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You will also receive a copy of the "Motorist's Log Book" (with maps) describing an actual tour through France, Spain and Italy in a STUDEBAKER at a car cost of \$3.80—less than one cent per hundred miles for repairs.

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General Offices: **SOUTH BEND, IND.**

"Licensed Under Selden Patent"

stop a train from the Connecticut line to the Grand Central Station."

I suppose there are voters in New Rochelle, Mount Vernon and Rye.

Are there? Yours sincerely,
B. F. J.

June 1, 1910.

An Invitation

DEAR LIFE:

I am an admirer of both your wit

and your wisdom. I do not always agree with your idea of either, but this will not make you unhappy since you are, of course, the last always to desire agreement on the part of your readers. Moreover, my sense of humor is sufficient ordinarily to divide (or to multiply) your wit and your wisdom when necessary to catch your

(Continued on page 1164)

The Really Becoming Sweater Coat



Schmidt-knit Sweater Coats have the style and fit of a perfectly tailored coat. They don't bulge in one place and pinch in another—they are warm, light and easily carried—the ideal outside garment for summer wear.

Schmidt-Knit Sweater Coats

Send for Our Sweater Coat Style Book

and learn what makes the Schmidt-knit the leader in style and quality. Your dealer sells them; if not, send direct to us.

The Standard Knitting Co.
Dept. 17. Cleveland, O.



From Our Readers

(Continued from page 1163)

point of view. Perhaps this is not an ordinary case and the fault may be mine. In your issue for May 19 I find the following:

If it is necessary to maintain a standing army, why not pay the soldiers good wages and have them do useful work when not drilling?

A short time each day would certainly be enough for drilling; the rest of the time let them be employed on work of national importance—conservation and reclamation projects, improvements of landways and waterways, etc. This would make of them intelligent, efficient, patriotic citizens instead of the paid idlers they are now.

I do not find any wit in this and therefore presume it meant wholly as

VENETIAN AWNINGS

for outside and inside of town and country houses: very durable, convenient and artistic.
Special Outside Venetians for porches and piazzas; exclude the sun; admit the breeze; equal to an outdoor room. Mention *Life* for free pamphlet.

Orders should be placed now for early summer.
JAMES G. WILSON MFG. COMPANY
3 and 5 West 29th Street, New York
Patentee and Manufacturer of Venetian Blinds, Rolling Partitions, Rolling Steel Shutters, Burglar and Fireproof Steel Curtains, Wood Block Floors.

wisdom. If so it will go wherever there is LIFE, doing its mite of good if correct and its might of harm if false. I am not going to consider here either its truth or falsity. My purpose is entirely different but wholly earnest, and I hope it may receive earnest consideration.

Briefly, then, I should like through you to extend to the author of the above squib an honest and cordial invitation to visit some military post to spend from three weeks to three months as a guest thereof. I cannot ask for the author as a personal guest because I am temporarily on detached service, and he could see no soldiers here. This need make no difference. If he will be so good as to accept this invitation in the form given I will vouch for a direct invitation from an established post, where he will be just as welcome as though I were present, and where everything possible will be done to make his visit pleasant. Within reasonable limits I will try to suit his choice as to location. I hope that you and he will accept this invitation in the spirit meant. There are no conditions. He is invited as a guest and as a friend. If, after he has observed the facts of the soldier's life, he cares to put what he finds into words, at no greater length than included in the above clipping, and LIFE cares to publish them, I shall be glad. This, however, is a suggestion, not a requirement, and nothing is asked beyond the pleasure of a cordial acceptance of a cordial invitation.

Very sincerely yours,

GEO. H. SHELTON,
Major, U. S. Army.

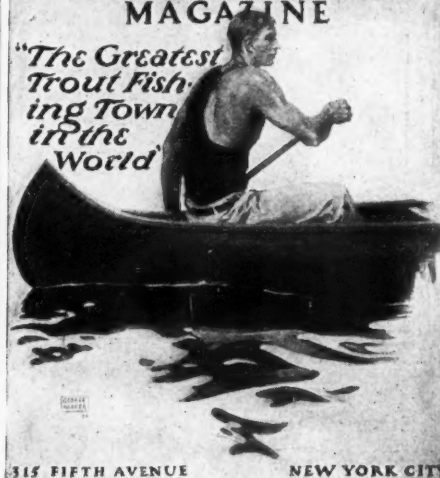
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 23, 1910.

JULY 1910

PRICE 25 CENTS

THE OUTING MAGAZINE

"The Greatest Trout Fishing Town in the World"



JULY OUTING

☞ Introduces Mr. "Baldy" Sisson, who objects to being told that he resembles Bill Nye. Van Loan's story of Baldy's prowess will reduce you to a state of cheerful envy.

☞ This same number is crammed full of other outdoor articles. Sailing, canoeing, camping, golf, motoring and fishing are some of the subjects. The Herbert Whyte information service is free to readers.

☞ All news-stands, 25 cents. \$3.00 a year. Send fifty cents in stamps to-day for three months' trial subscription.

Liberal offer to local representatives. Write for terms.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE
315 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK CITY

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

A Rap From Montana

DEAR LIFE:

In your number for May 19 there is an excellent article on "The Sound of Words" and the right "use of labials and sibilants"; which goes on to say that somebody's "ears have not been trained in the rhythmic use of words." Will you not kindly bring

(Continued on page 1165)

Motor Apparel Shop



Everything that Comfort Demands for the Motorist.

INSTEAD of the shroud-like hang which marks the average duster, you will find every dust-coat identified by our label to be big and generous in its proportions and draped gracefully from the shoulders. And then you will also find all the little things to make a motor garment practical whether it cost \$1.50 or \$50.00.

Opposite Waldorf-Astoria

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From Our Readers

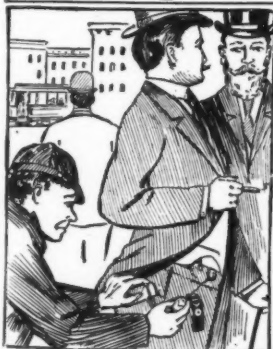
(Continued from page 1164)

this article to the attention of the gentleman who on the editorial page of the same issue commented on Mr. Roosevelt's "Nobel prize peace speech"?

Very sincerely yours,
W. F. BREWER.

May 24, 1910.

Bridgeport Fastener



He Can't Get Your Watch

If it is Secured by a

Bridgeport Watch Guard

At all jewelers and haberdashers

Bridgeport Fasteners are used also for

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Cuff Holders
Drawers Supporters
Necktie Fasteners, etc.

Nickel Plated Guard Chain mailed for - 10c.
Gold Plated Guard Chain mailed for - 25c.

Booklet illustrating and giving prices of other articles sent on request.

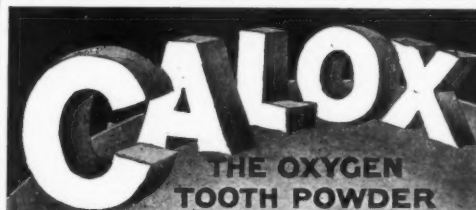
EUGENE H. FERREE, 68 Market St., Lockport, N. Y.

Who Pays?

It seems unfortunate that a Socialist, in addition to being a contemptible mischief maker, should, of necessity, be insane. According to our Wall Street friends a man who labors for the benefit of his fellow creatures instead of for dividends is a pretty low-down thing. If there is any doubt on this subject ask Mr. John D. Rockefeller or Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan what they think of Socialists.

Apropos of which, Mr. Charles Edward Russell, in his recent book, *Why I Am a Socialist*, says of War:

In order to prevent workingmen from perceiving the huge folly of this arrangement, it is customary to arouse periodical spasms of patriotic fervor, to picture the German Emperor as about to descend upon England, or the Czar about to capture India, or Japan about to hurl her hosts against the United States. The outcome of each of these spasms is an increased expenditure for armament and battleships, which the workingmen must pay. And all the time the fact is per-



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Dentists advise its use. Physicians prescribe it. All Druggists, 25 cents.

Sample and Booklet free on request.

McKESSON & ROBBINS NEW YORK

fectly apparent to any observer that the German Emperor will not descend upon England except with German workingmen, and the Czar will not capture India without Russian workingmen, and the only hosts that Japan can hurl against the United States are composed of Japanese workingmen. And if any of these improbable events should happen, the invading armies of workingmen would be met by other armies of workingmen, the blood that would drench the earth would be the blood of workingmen, the widows and orphans that would be made would be chiefly the widows and orphans of workingmen, the limbs that would be amputated in the field hospitals would be chiefly the limbs of workingmen. So that unless the workingmen can be deceived and inflamed against one another, unless they can be made in some way to think that they have some interest in these international brawls, there will be no war. But as a matter of fact, the workingmen cannot have the slightest interest or concern in such conflicts, they never gain aught from them except heavier burdens and a more wretched condition; in no conceivable respect is the war any concern of theirs, but only the concern of the capitalists, as it was in South Africa, and as it is or yesterday it was in Morocco.

* * * * *
These things are always done with and at the expense of workingmen. The capitalists that make the wars never



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RUSSIAN
CIGARETS

He's looking at your side of the smoking proposition.

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take part in them, and never pay for them; the working classes that are fooled into going forth to shoot at one another are also fooled into paying all the bills of the shooting. Some day, it is to be supposed, the workingmen will weary of being fooled and being shot at. Then they will put an end to these pleasant games. The way that they will end is by ending the system of which the games are an integral and inseparable part.

Also in Peace, we might add, the capitalist fights with all the power that is in him against an income tax. For an income, although relieving the pampered and greedy workingman, might take a few dollars from the starving millionaire.

MENNEN'S FLESH TINT TALCUM



This New Mennen Toilet Preparation will make instant appeal to every woman who for any reason cannot use a white powder.

Flesh Tint can be used by the woman with a high color and the woman with a delicate complexion with equal benefit. It supplies all the comfort and healthfulness of Mennen's Borated Talcum, yet blends so perfectly with the natural complexion that it is invisible.

Flesh Tint is the final touch to a Woman's Toilet

Mennen's Flesh Tint is a Pink Talcum —Not a Rouge

Flesh Tint sustains the high standard of quality which has made all of Mennen's Toilet Preparations universally famous for purity and delicacy.

Mennen's Flesh Tint is to be had at all dealers, or mailed on receipt of 25c postpaid Sample Free



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A Toilet Treasure

Without exception the
best and most popular
Toilet Perfume made

IN the Bath it is cooling
and reviving; on the
Handkerchief and for
general Toilet use it is
delightful; after Shaving
it is simply the very best
thing to use.

**ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE!**

Soliloquy

To be killed, or scared to death; that is
the question.
Whether 'tis better to grow fat than thin,
Better to eat your bread and drink your
—tea,
Unmindful of the germs that lurk therein,
Or to take arms against the bacteria
horde,
To sterilize, to Pasteurize, to boil, to
chew,
To chew—and by much chewing end
The stomach-ache and all aches, not a
few,
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consumma-
tion
Devoutly to be wished. Chewing is good,
But what is good to chew? Ay, there's
the rub.
We must not chew adulterated food,
And what is pure? The vegetarian
Says, "Naught with eyes is proper food
for man."
Alas for all the habits of the race!
Meat and potatoes fall beneath this ban.
"Proteids are poison," say A, B and C.
"The conquering races eat 'em," an-
swers Z.
Says A, "You quite forget the Japanese."
Thus everlastingly they disagree,
Argue, assert, question and criticise,
Till naught is left to eat that's really
nice,
Except, for those who like it, buttermilk,
And for a treat, occasionally, rice.



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Ah, who would stand eternally on guard
Against the germ that lurks in every kiss,
In every cup, in every breath of air,
When he might easily escape from this
With a bare bodkin, duly sterilized,
But for the paralyzing, awful fear
Of meeting after death the souls of
germs
That he has slaughtered in cold blood
down here?
Perchance I err, but oft it seems to me
In certain reckless, atavistic moods

That I would gladly give up my Near-
Tea,
Near-Coffee and the latest breakfast
foods
To live as all my ancestors have lived
On pork and pickles, apple pie and
cheese;
To die as all my ancestors have died
Of some old-fashioned orthodox disease,
And, if the idea strikes my aged head,
I may die on a nice fat featherbed.
—Nautilus.

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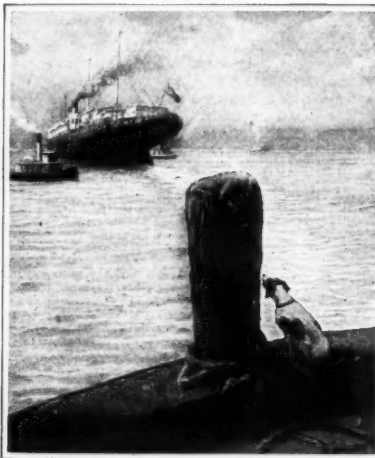
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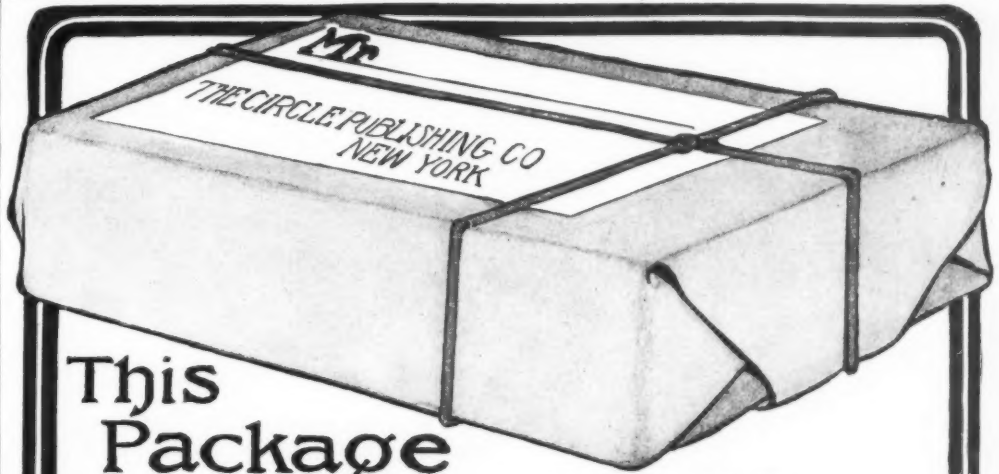
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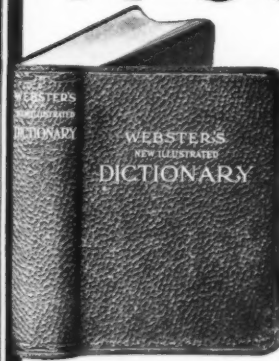
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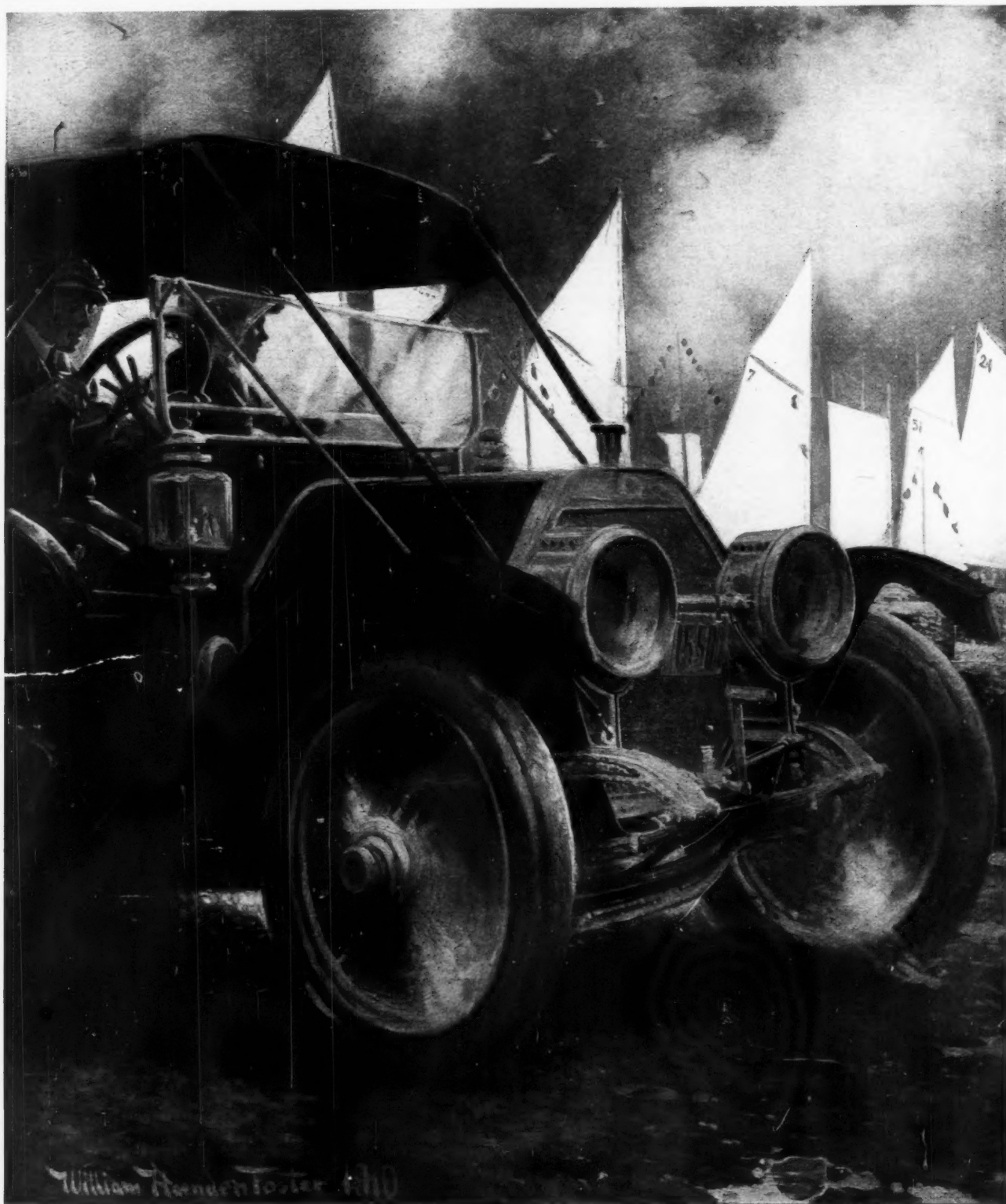
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