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F
E



C. COLES
PHILLIPS

A SAFE GUIDE?



Enjoy the pure juice
of fresh crushed
green mint leaves



It is fine for you, as all greens are!
It is refreshing—breath purifying—
appetite aiding—teeth improving.
Buy it by the box. Keep it handy.
Pass it around after every meal.
This natural, inexpensive confection
is wonderfully beneficial.

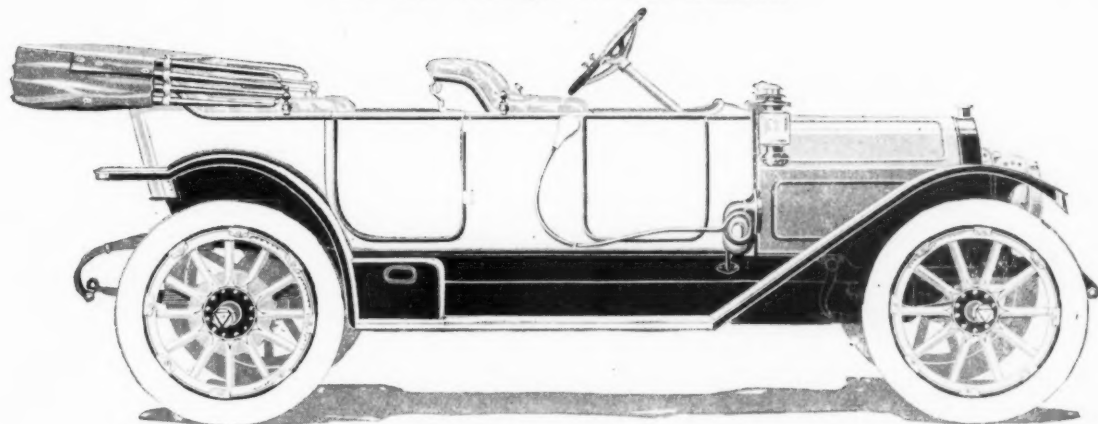
Look for the Spear!

The Flavor Lasts!

·LIFE·

HUDSON "33"

See the Triangle on the Radiator



The 1912 Torpedo—\$1600 Complete

Get this Car and be One Year Ahead of Others

All dealers are now showing the 1912 models of the HUDSON "33"

No other manufacturer has been able, as yet, to duplicate all the advanced ideas that are found on the HUDSON "33."

The original "33" upset the calculations of many manufacturers. Nothing quite so simple, so handsome, so quiet or of so much worth had been brought out. No doubt was expressed by anyone in the trade as to the value of the car or the correctness of its design, for Howard E. Coffin, its builder, is admitted to be the most advanced creator of new, startling and successful ideas that the industry has produced.

He had built four famously successful cars before he turned his attention to the HUDSON "33." Each of those cars has served as models for less clever makers. You will find the duplicates of his earlier designs under many different names. The HUDSON "33," however, was so radically different from anything that had ever been done that it was impossible to so quickly change other designs to conform to it.

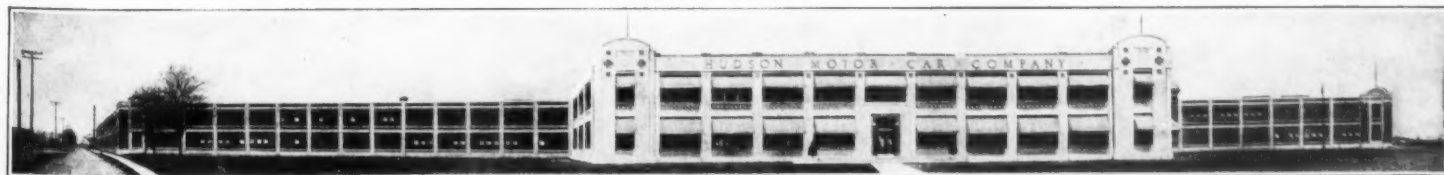
This season some manufacturers are using some of the ideas which Mr. Coffin introduced last year on the HUDSON "33." The indications are that by 1913 a great many other cars will be close duplicates in all essentials of the HUDSON "33."

If you choose a HUDSON "33" you get a type of car that will be in general use next year. You will, in addition, get a much better value than was the original HUDSON "33"—that of 1911.

The HUDSON "33" is furnished in four models, all on the same chassis. The price of each model is \$1600. The Touring Car carries five passengers; the Torpedo, four; the Roadster and the Mile-a-Minute Roadster, two each. All models except the last are equipped with fore-doors, genuine mohair top and wind shield. Equipment includes 4-inch tires, Demountable Rims, extra rim, tire irons, highest grade black enameled lamps, Bosch Magneto, Prest-O-Lite tank, tools, etc.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7024 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit



This plant, covering 6 acres—2 city blocks in length—was erected especially for the manufacture of the HUDSON "33."



Smokers Ahoy!

It is estimated that there are almost as many smokers in this country as there are readers of LIFE. However this may be, the next number of LIFE is the Nicotine Number, and we invite your attention to its superlative contents.

It has a bouquet all its own. The wrapper, in colors, is by Anderson. You'll know that it covers the Smoker's Number of LIFE the moment you see it. It is entitled "My Lady Nicotine."

This Number will smoke right through to the end without going out. It burns clear, is mild and pleasant to the taste and stimulates your sentiments and your diaphragm rather than your nerves.

Every leaf is selected and grown on our own plantation.

A prime pictorial product. And though it will take you only an hour to smoke up its contents, the price as usual is only ten cents. All news-dealers, next Tuesday. Order ahead.



Send one dollar (Canadian \$1.13; foreign \$1.26) with your name and address, and get LIFE for three months. Open only to new subscribers. Offer net. No subscriptions renewed at this rate.

On all News-stands every Tuesday
Ten cents

All Gar
W. P. Fuller

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HAVOLINE MOTOR OILS
FOR AUTOMOBILES
 Lubricates: Burns Cleanly.
 Write for Booklet, "The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication"
HAVOLINE OIL CO.
 Indian Refining Co., Distributors
 New York Chicago
 Birmingham, Ala.

All Garages
 W. P. Fuller & Co.

All Dealers
 San Francisco, Cal.
 Agents

Not So Crazy, After All
 We see this heading in the St. Louis Republic:

MANY INSANE VACCINATED PATIENTS OF CITY SANITARIUM ARE TREATED

Health Department Physicians, Accompanied by Guards Armed With Whips, Inject Virus as Inmates Uproariously Receive them.

Does this mean that people otherwise insane still have sense enough to resent the injection into their own blood of other people's diseases?

Another View of George

A man but lately married went out to post a letter, and as the lamps had not been lit in the suburban road in which he dwelt he could only dimly see his way. A short distance up the road he met, as he thought, his wife, who had been out to tea; and as he went past he just whispered:

"All right, my dear; I shall be with you in a minute."

Immediately after he had said these words he saw the woman turn a horrified look upon him and then hurry away; and the idea occurred to him that it was not his wife at all, and that in the darkness he had made a mistake. He decided to say nothing about the matter and quickly disappeared.

When he returned home he found his

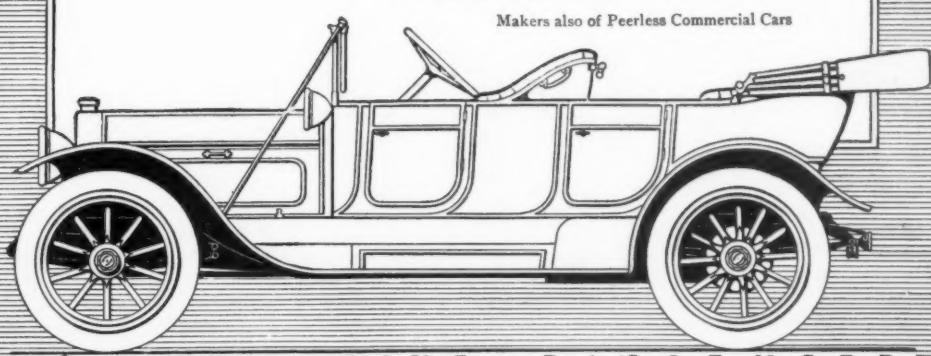
SILENCE **PEERLESS** COMFORT

ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

The mechanism of a motor-car should be as far removed from the mind of the occupant as is the locomotive from the mind of a passenger in a Pullman. His consciousness of it should be limited to confidence that he may absolutely rely upon it; and, should he choose to turn his thoughts to it, he should always find complete enjoyment in its quiet effectiveness.

An engine-driven Electric Lighting System that supplants the gas tank and oil lamp, affording a brilliant, effective light for every lamp on the car, and an engine-driven Tire-Pump with which tires may be cleanly and quickly inflated, are parts of the standard equipment of the 1912 Peerless. They realize service from the motor that would otherwise be unavailable, and are instances of Peerless completeness.

The Peerless Motor Car Company
 Cleveland Ohio
 Makers also of Peerless Commercial Cars



"38-SIX" FIVE PASSENGER

Chicago
Automobile Club Journal

(Official Touring Medium of the West)
 SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR

Maps and Route Details
in every Issue

Complete and accurate touring data regarding any route to any place from the

Bureau of Tours
 of the Chicago Automobile Club

You can get a wealth of touring information unobtainable elsewhere by subscribing for the

Chicago Automobile Club Journal
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 321 Plymouth Court Chicago, Ill.

wife awaiting him, and she at once greeted him with the words:

"Oh, George, I have had such a frightful experience! I was just coming down the road when a man tried to stop me, and said: 'All right, my dear: I shall be with you in a minute.' I ran home, found you were out, and I've been so much alarmed."

George was just about to explain, when an idea came to him.

"What sort of a man was it?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the young wife, "I saw him quite plainly, and a more villainous face I never beheld in my life. He was a perfect monster, with crime stamped on every feature."

George decided it was best to say nothing after all.—*Boston Post.*

AUNT MARY (*horrified*): Good gracious, Harold, what would your mother say if she saw you smoking cigarettes?

HAROLD (*calmly*): She'd have a fit. They're her cigarettes.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

Packard

MOTOR TRUCKS

THIS truck has never missed a trip in the 15 months it has been in use on the hilly streets of Pittsburgh. It is on the job every day, 304 working days to the year. It replaces three horse teams. After Arbuckles & Company had used this truck ten months and knew exactly what it would do they bought another just like it.

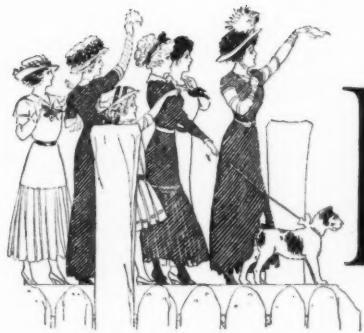
Forty per cent of the sales of Packard Trucks are orders from previous purchasers for additional trucks

Ask the man who owns one



Packard Trucks are used in 126 lines of trade and in 174 cities

Packard Motor Car Company Detroit



LIFE



After Degrees, What ?

COLLEGE faculties should bestir themselves to provide some new allurements for seducing the magnates of the country. At the present rate, one of two things is bound to happen: Either college degrees will become so common as to be valueless, or else all the magnates will be adorned with them.

Have a care, educators! Our magnates are shrewd bargainers. You must give them their money's worth or they will go elsewhere.

FOOLS argue. Wise men talk it over.

Quite Natural

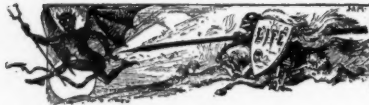
GOVERNMENTS may still incline to misunderstandings," said Mr. John Hays Hammond in London the other day, "but the great producing classes, who have built up the industries of the nation and are their bone and sinew, are in favor of peace."

As the producing classes are the ones who get shot, they cannot, of course, afford to indulge their little misunderstandings as Governments can.

NATURE makes some men fools all of the time, but women make all men fools some of the time.



EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVIII. JULY 27, 1911 No. 1500

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



WHAT caused the railroad accident on July 11th at Bridgeport was probably the heat, affecting the judgment of the engineer, who tried to take a switch at a sixty-mile gait.

Heat in excess is very serious; isn't it! We forget how serious it is until it is suddenly soaked to us. Our own normal temperatures are 98 and some fractions. Run us up a degree or two higher and presently we have to quit work. Add a few more degrees and very soon, unless our warmth is abated, we shake loose from the cares and perplexities of life. A change of half a dozen degrees, more or less, in our bodily temperature seems to make a heap of difference.

One would think that, being 98 degrees warm ourselves, we could live and move in entire comfort in a temperature as warm as that. But we can't; not offhand, anyway. As the mercury climbs above eighty it begins to make news. We are that news, and become so more and more, until after two or three days in the nineties we become indifferent whether there is any other news or not.

After all, the great elemental scares, heat, cold, earthquakes, pestilence—and war, no doubt, too—are still incomparably efficient when they really get to work. When it is as hot as it was during the first third of this July all our apparatus of life ought to slow down. It does a little, but not nearly enough. The necessary readjustment cannot be effected without more notice. The newspapers must come out, the trains must run, people must be fed, hauled, employed, paid; the huge engine of our civilization rushes on after its time-table in the crazing heat and the ambulances follow it.

It has been a hardship to have, in an exceptionally hot July, so much serious news in the papers. It ought to be possible to skip the papers almost altogether in the hot season. Of course one could follow or neglect the fortunes of Miss Grigsby, and of the young ladies who tried to shoot Mr. Stokes, and it made no difference either way. Those ladies were very suitable July topics. But with Congress still working over reciprocity, and in this State the Legislature turning out important bills, and the subway negotiations working gingerly along, one's duty to the newspaper seems never to be done.



IF the hot spell was sent to warm up Governor Dix, put it down to its credit that he was warmed. He and his best advisers have been very active and exemplary lately, vetoing many bills that did not look good; scaring off others, like the New York Charter bill, that needed more advertisement and examination, and working in behalf of others, like the Income Tax bill, that his party was committed to approve. It seems to us that the Governor has helped matters for his party, and helped his own reputation, by his recent labors. He seems to work along between the devil and the deep sea, considering the solicitations of the one, and then regarding the minacious roars of the other. Which will finally get him, heaven knows. He has signed the Levy elections bill and the deep sea doesn't like it.

The Mayor of New York seems also to be in fine form this summer. In defending the provision in the proposed charter which provides for a paid Board of Education he has to meet the adverse opinion of nearly all the educational experts in the country. It would be too much to say that he meets it successfully, but at least he makes it appear that he means good and not harm to the schools. The experts want a small board, says the Mayor. They can't get an efficient small board unless it is paid. If the board is not to be paid, leave it as it is (46 members) and let its leadership work out as

heretofore in action. But the experts say that the board should be smaller and should not be paid, and that it is perfectly possible to get excellent men to serve on it without pay. This question, with all the others that concern the charter, seems likely now to go over to a special session of the New York State Legislature, but we guess the plan for a paid Board of Education is beaten.



AS for other New York matters, it is to hope that the Interborough Company will get into the new subway distribution far enough to fill out its present system, with one tunnel up Lexington Avenue and another downtown from Long Acre Square. We suppose it would be better for the city and handier for the citizens to have the Interborough thus completed. But any way, if but so be posterity shall be hauled where it is best for it to go.

Meanwhile this year's woman-suffrage bill has been defeated or deferred (15 to 19) in our State Senate, and Mayor Gaynor has appointed a Board of Inebriety. Both of these events, which happened on July 12th, will commend themselves to the considerate. The Board of Inebriety—which consists of two physicians, two clergymen and a retired merchant—are to start a hospital and industrial colony for the restraint and cure of persons who cannot keep sober. The Board of Estimate is to furnish the necessary funds if it approves of the plans. The intention is, as set forth in a law passed last year, to put the whole public charge of those of us who are uncontrollably intemperate on a new basis, and instead of shuttling drunkards back and forth to Blackwell's Island and return, to treat them as sick people and try to cure them, and keep them permanently out of mischief if they cannot be cured.

It was high time that this duty was intelligently undertaken. For well-to-do patients it is met after a fashion by the sanitariums, but the poor especially need the help of the law to restrain and control their drunkards and suitable public institutions to send them to for treatment.



She: YOU ASK ME TO MARRY YOU. CAN YOU NOT SEE YOUR ANSWER IN MY FACE?
He (absently): YES—ER—ER—IT'S VERY PLAIN.



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM
A SUMMER THIRST

Life's Fresh Air Fund

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

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

Previously acknowledged.....	\$4,487.55
"D. W. R.".....	10.00
Felix Rosen.....	10.00
James D. Pell.....	5.00
In Memory G. H.....	5.00
A Great Big Kid.....	1.00
Elizabeth Southard.....	2.00
"El".....	5.00
Mrs. J. L. Rogers.....	10.00
In Loving Memory of L. N. B. and G. M. B.....	50.00
I. J. Astor.....	100.00
John Houston Hay.....	5.00
F. S. Stearns.....	10.00
In Memory of My Mother, A. D. T.....	10.00
T. L.....	10.00
A. B. Pratt.....	10.00
T. S.....	3.00
By a Gentleman who called at LIFE office on one of the hottest days this summer and tossing over two fifty dollar bills said, "Oh, call me Smith or anything".....	100.00
George Moore Smith.....	10.00
Josephine Gibbons.....	10.00
G. R. McLane.....	10.00
Dorothy L. Hill.....	10.00
In Memory of Lloyd Stanley Lincoln W. G. Puddefoot.....	25.00
Mrs. J. S. Douglas.....	5.31
From a prosperous Socialist.....	5.00
James E. McClees.....	5.00
A. F. M.....	10.00
K. F. S.....	5.00
A. B. H.....	10.00
A Friend.....	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. C. S. S., Bound Brook, N. J.....	10.00

Albert R. H.....	25.00
Part of Birthday money of Alice C. Wetmore.....	2.00
S. E. R.....	10.00
A. V.....	10.00
Edward J. Coyne.....	5.00
E. C. F.....	5.31
D. L. W.....	100.00
W. T., Duluth, Minn.....	5.00
Mary Hearn Gremis.....	15.00
Cash.....	5.00
F. C. M.....	10.62
F. S. H.....	20.00
Ella C. Magee.....	15.00
It is in loving memory of F. S. D.....	5.50
L. K.....	5.00
Mrs. T. L. Chadbourne, Jr.....	10.00
A. Cressy Morrison.....	5.00
Mrs. H. C. Morris.....	5.00
Estelle, Wilder, Cardwell, May Nicke, Margaret C., Kathleen, Margaret N., Willis.....	5.31
W. E. J.....	25.00
Alice S. Clarke.....	15.00
Miriam Cobb Barrows.....	5.00
Florence W. Treys.....	10.00
S. A. Gillespie.....	5.00
Alice R. B. Allen.....	10.00
Mrs. Alexander Gordon, Jr.....	5.31
M. E. H.....	15.00
Ann Arbor, Mich.....	2.00
Cash.....	2.00
Geo. Hunter.....	2.00
E. F. Cole.....	25.00
C. M. Ray.....	.35
	\$5,356.26

FROM ONE OF OUR GUESTS

Dear Mama
today I stung by a bee I caught 8 fish the were them little killies one died on me I send aunt lizzie a picture postal card you wont know me when I come back Ill be so fat all the milk you want to drink send me a letter telling me did you receive my picture postal cards and these two cards hoping the family is all well from your loving son
H. M.

Blame It on the Engineer

(With apologies to the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.)

A LURCH that flings the rushing train,
A roaring shock that rips and rends,
The groan of death, the shriek of pain
And—Holy, Holy Dividends!

"The Engineer? Poor chap, he's killed.
That makes the explanation clear.
A trusted servant, tried and skilled,
We'll blame it on the Engineer.

"Too bad; he served us fairly well.
Of course, we gave him ample pay
And worked him, through this torrid spell,
Not more than sixteen hours a day.

"His train was late, it seems agreed;
He disobeyed commands, we fear,
And tore ahead at reckless speed;
Let's blame it on the Engineer."

Some day, some day, the Truth may leap
In lines of flame across the Blue,
Of eyes weighed down for want of sleep,
Of Greed that works one man for two,

Of coward shifts, of simple zeal;
And when the witnesses appear,
Perhaps the Court of Last Appeal
Won't blame it on the Engineer.

Why Not Celebrate It?

A T different times some of our friends have celebrated their birthdays by a donation of ice cream and cake to the children at LIFE'S Farm. This is a very satisfactory way to observe the day. The expense is not great (\$25 will cover it) and one can be sure it will be a day of real rejoicing. Thus may a melancholy occasion become a day of boundless joy to others. Think this over. And act quickly.

Europe Waits for Ballingford

Our Special Correspondent Visits Reno With Joe Smith, and While There is Hurriedly Sent for by Taft—Things Look Dark Until Morgan Comes to the Rescue With a Programme for Running Country—Every Cloud Has Silver Lining

BY J. BOUNDER BALLINGFORD, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR LIFE



ONE OF THE LITTLE THINGS WHICH PARENTS
SOMETIMES OVERLOOK

Too Bad It Should Be So

THE woman suffrage movement is largely an agitation of women who have missed their job. It is the misfortune of it that it cannot succeed without very considerable disturbance to the women (a huge majority) who have not missed their job and prefer not to add to it the burden of direct political responsibilities.

A MAN repents only of that which has ceased to give him pleasure.

RENO, July 23.—It's no use; I cannot leave this country yet.

William of Germany has been cabling me vigorously for the past week. My friend, Nicholas of Russia, is getting nervous. "Your judgment," he writes, "is absolutely necessary. I am surrounded by enemies and my course is not at all clear; besides, there are some matters of etiquette to be settled."

Portugal also is in a bad way and needs my assistance. The only person I really feel easy about on the other side is King George. He's in good hands.

I haven't the slightest idea that George will be led astray. "As long as you don't meddle in affairs of Government which do not concern you, eat moderately, go to bed at a reasonable hour," I told him, "and mind your wife, you will be all right."

"I'll have to," he replied mournfully, "and by the way, when you get back, send me a catalogue of your Husbands' Correspondence Bureau. It may be worth while my looking into."

Yes, George is in good hands. No danger there.

At the same time I should have gone abroad last week if it hadn't been for Taft. He urged me to stay. "It won't do for both you and Morgan to be away," he said.

In the meantime, I have taken a run out to this place to look up the divorce question.

The conditions are worse here than I thought. They are almost as bad as they are at Newport.

Joe F. Smith of Salt Lake, the head of the Mormons, is here with me. I sent for him when I arrived, as I thought his experience would be a valuable help.

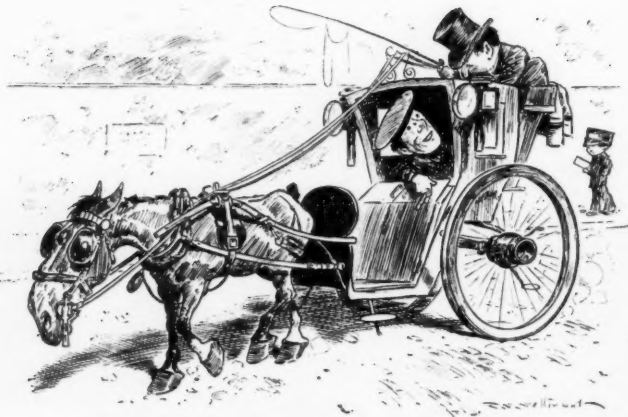
It was.

Yesterday we went through the divorce district. The leases here all run for six months; that's the length of time you have to stay. If you stay any longer than this you'll never marry an affinity in the wide world; it shows that you are too much wedded to home.

Joe has the right idea.

"Talk about your boasted civilization," he said, as we watched the temporary wife of a Wall Street broker feeding the chickens in her six months' home, while her eldest child sat on the front piazza writing home to papa to hurry proceedings, "now, we don't do things in this outrageous manner where I live. No sir! When a man gets uneasy with us and he wants a little change of scene, he just goes out and gets married again. His first wife hasn't had time to get tired of him; it's this seeing too much of each other that counts against married life in this country. Under our system, whenever we do happen to meet a wife, we are both so glad to see each other that we have no time to quarrel."

Next day was bargain day in Salt Lake and he had to hurry back. During the night I broke into a few houses and interviewed the inhabitants just to get a couple of Sunday stories. When they learned who I was they were all glad to see me. Nothing pleases people who are getting divorces more than to have their names in the newspapers. Some of them wanted me to take the children and insure their being moral citizens by becoming newspaper men, but I explained



Cabby: WHAT ADDRESS DO YEZ WANT TO GO TO?
Jacky: I DISREMEMBER THE ADDRESS, SKIPPER, BUT IT'S ABOUT FOUR KNOTS NOR' NOR' EAST O' HERE.

that I was too busy with the country to undertake the care of individuals.

Just at this moment I got an urgent message from Taft and immediately left for Washington.

WASHINGTON, July 25.—Things look bad. Taft was much agitated. "You have come in the nick of time," he said. "The Democrats are growing stronger every hour. Socialism is becoming rampant. Roosevelt threatens to support me."

"What does Morgan say?" I asked.

"He's going over all the State papers and will dictate to his stenographer just the programme he wants this Government to pursue."

"Ha! And suppose I don't agree to it."

"Precisely. That's just why I sent for you. Morgan is all right in his way and certainly we couldn't expect to do anything without consulting him; still I realize that whatever he does must be done with your consent."

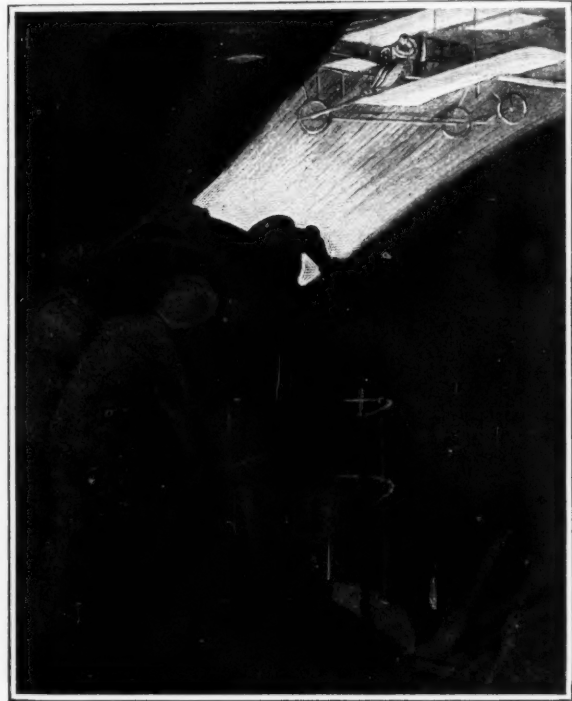
"And co-operation."

"And co-operation."

"When is Morgan going to send his programme in?"



LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE



AND THEY THOUGHT IT WAS A FOREIGN INVASION

"I expect it any minute. Of course, everything has to wait until it comes."

At this moment a messenger boy arrived with a large package.

"Ah!" exclaimed Taft. "Morgan's programme at last." Tearing it open he read from letter accompanying package.

"It's all right," he exclaimed. "Morgan sends a complete programme of just how to run this Government for the next two years. Says he was delayed in getting it off, as he had to consult with Tom Ryan, Rockefeller and George Perkins; also Frick and Gary."

"Read it over," I said, "and let's see if I approve."

More later.

J. Bounder Ballingford.

A Plea

WE wish to call attention to a form of cruelty which has now been going on for some time.

During the summer months many wives leave town and behind them, without thought or care, their husbands who roam over the back yards, make night hideous by their wailings and subsist as best they can on the scraps thrown out by roof gardens.

A husband who has been well fed during the winter months and has been accustomed to a certain amount of luxury, is suddenly thrust forth into an unknown world.

So far as we have ascertained, there seems to be no law that can reach the miscreants who are guilty of this unnatural cruelty. The most that can be done is to make a general appeal to everybody.

Whenever you see a starving husband, with the corners worn off, wandering about the streets, take him in and give him a square meal. The Lord will reward you.



?

*For the Best Title to this Picture, Life Will
Give One Hundred Dollars*

Conditions of the Contest

The title, with sub-title, or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed fifteen words. Between titles of equal merit, the shortest title will have preference.

Manuscripts should be sent addressed to:

THE CONTEST EDITOR OF LIFE,
17 West 31st St.,
New York, N. Y.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE office not later than August 7th. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from August 7th a check for \$100 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue August 24th.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to every one.

One contestant cannot send more than three titles. No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. Titles will be considered on their merits. They will award the prize to the title which, in their judgment, is the cleverest one for the picture.

Elaine Uplifted

A Romance of the Elevator

BY SIGMUND SPAETH

ELAINE stepped into the elevator. Elaine was a distinctly modern girl. She wore a neat, but expensive, suit of gray cloth, fitting tightly around the svelte lines of her somewhat attenuated figure. A gray hat, shaped like an inverted bucket, was wound about the dark hair piled artistically on the back of her head. A gray chamois bag hung nonchalantly from her gray-gloved hand. Altogether, Elaine was a very satisfactory type of correct femininity. She had spent nineteen happy and eventful years, chiefly in attending teas, receptions, luncheons, dinner-parties, theatre-parties, supper-parties, and dances. Her mother was proud of her. Yet Elaine still possessed a few emotions of her own; chief among these was the indefinite longing, the incoherent striving, the vague need of something bigger and better, which is the essence of modern romanticism.

One look at the elevator man convinced Elaine that he was her affinity. One look at Elaine convinced the elevator man that she was his affinity. This is called telepathy by some, coincidence by others, and by still others the fruitless reaching out of thought process for similar and sympathetic thought in the regions of pure mentality.

The elevator man was obviously a hero. In his dark blue uniform and brass buttons he looked unutterably handsome. His hair was a crisp auburn. His features bespoke a Celtic origin. His complexion was ruddy. This, indeed, was a man of blood and iron, a leader of men, bound to succeed. Power lay in every line of his strong and well-knit figure.

Elaine watched him furtively. As the elevator began its ascent she had an opportunity to hear his voice. It rolled forth in sonorous splendor, "Going up!" The simple words were clothed with majesty when uttered by such a voice. In a moment the silence was broken again. "First floor!" he announced, "Gent's furnishings, pianos, photographs, sheet music, carpets, rugs, curtains and linen goods."

Elaine gazed upon him with silent reverence. Stepping timidly nearer, she ventured to ask him a question. "On

which floor is the manicure department?" she hazarded.

"Twenty-three," was his abrupt reply. It was clear that the struggle of emotions within him was intense. He turned his gaze away from her clear orbs, and his own eyes filled with tears.

In that moment she knew that he loved her. The thought filled her with a strange exhilaration. Or was it the motion of the elevator? Before they had risen many floors further, their eyes met again. This time there was no turning away, no avoiding of the gaze, but in one long and steadfast look their souls met and love triumphed. What mattered all else? What cared they now for the petty world about them, for the rush of mere men and women? For the time being these two had been translated into a glorified state, apart from material things, and at each flight of the soaring elevator their souls ascended to a higher and nobler union.

To the elevator man life suddenly possessed a new meaning. "Seventh floor!" he cried, exultantly. "Hardware, crockery, paints and varnishes, carriages, harness and leather goods."

Many people were leaving the elevator. The two were almost alone. Elaine stepped softly to his side. "I am Elaine," she whispered.

"My name is John," he answered, simply.

A long silence followed. It was broken again by the call of duty. "Thirteenth floor! Perfumery, cigars, cigarettes and smokers' articles, confectionery, tea-room and restaurant!" The mind of Elaine was brought back with a startling suddenness to things of practical import.

"There is a great gulf between us," she suggested. He looked at her shoes and said nothing. "Father made his money in salt pork," she added, by way of explanation.

A slight shudder passed over his brawny frame. Evidently a terrific struggle was taking place within him. The features of the girl, drawn for a moment as with a spasm of pain, showed that she, too, had passed through a spiritual conflict. But the contest was brief, and again their souls emerged triumphant.

"It can never be," she whispered, and smiled through her tears.

He bowed his head in humble assent.

The elevator was now emptied of all other passengers. They were alone. And with their solitude the hopelessness of the situation swept over them. For a moment he seemed tempted to stop the car and descend once more to the earth. Why should he now strive for higher things? What was left for him in life? With all ideals suddenly fled, why should he longer mount upward and ever upward? But a glance at the fair transfigured face of the girl beside him overcame his irresolution. He would live on for her sake. He would pursue his humble path in the glorious knowledge of what might have been. And she—she would also live on, for the sake of her family, and her social duties, and respectable conventions.

They had now almost reached their destination. The inevitable moment of parting was approaching. A lifetime had passed for each, since the eventful beginning of their journey. Yet how short it had seemed!

She fumbled in the depths of her gray chamois bag. At least she would leave with him a memento, some slight souvenir, to bridge the awful gap between the ideal universe of their thoughts, and the grim world of reality. With nervous fingers she took a ten-cent piece from her purse and pressed it into his strong hand. Mutely, reverentially he removed his cap, dropped the dime into it, and placed it once more upon his auburn locks. There was an instinctive courtesy in the simple and unaffected action.

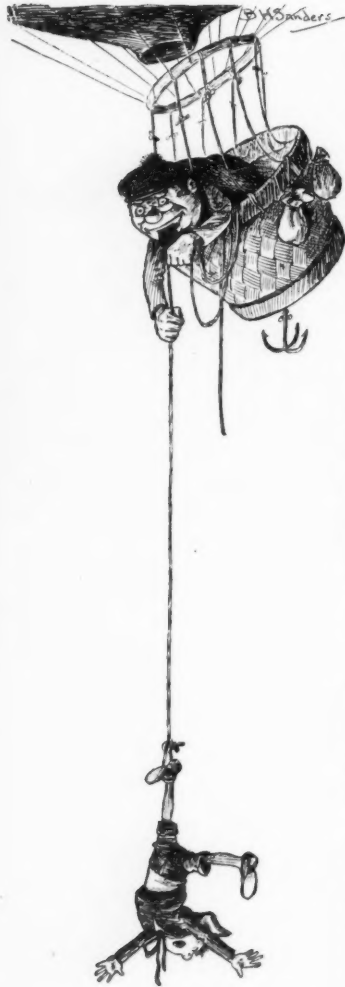
They had reached the twenty-third floor. For the last time the door slid open with a jarring sound and a clank of metal.

"Twenty-three!" he announced. "Manicuring department, aeroplanes, and observation tower." But his voice shook in spite of his effort to control it.

For a moment he gazed, irresolute, after the retreating figure in gray. Then all his latent manhood asserted itself, and in one supreme effort he won the victory. There was no quiver in his voice as he faced the world once more, and uttered his triumphant call: "Going down!"



TREASURE ISLAND
The wreck of the good ship "Health"



NOT THE PROPER WAY TO BRING UP A CHILD

The Reserve Association

WHEN Senator Aldrich was greasing the plank to slide the contents of the United States Treasury into the pockets of Wall Street, we can imagine that not the least of his worry came in devising a suitable name for the operation.

It is a bank, but to call it a bank would not be safe. We have had one classical experience with a United States bank, in which the United States was a silent partner with a majority interest. The literature on this subject is readily available and is known to have affected the public inflammably.

It is also a corporation of the trust variety, in that it puts the entire monetary machinery of the country in the hands of a single group of stockholders. But it wouldn't do to call it a company or a corporation. The Supreme Court has been too busy on corporations the past few years to make them a popularly palatable pill.

For obvious reasons it could not be called Aldrich's Private Graft, or the Treasury Looters' Club.

We can imagine Mr. Aldrich, awaking perhaps from a sound sleep, with the happy thought of calling it an association. Association is a kind of nice, friendly, co-operative, innocuous word which neither suggests piracy nor conjures up bitter recollections.

Now, then, what kind of association? Several sleepless nights were undoubtedly passed on that part of the programme. And finally Reserve Association was hit upon. A happy thought! Reserve suggests something cautiously virtuous and forehanded, something that will always be there when it is wanted, something that we can fall back upon, something that will be safe, sound and salutary.

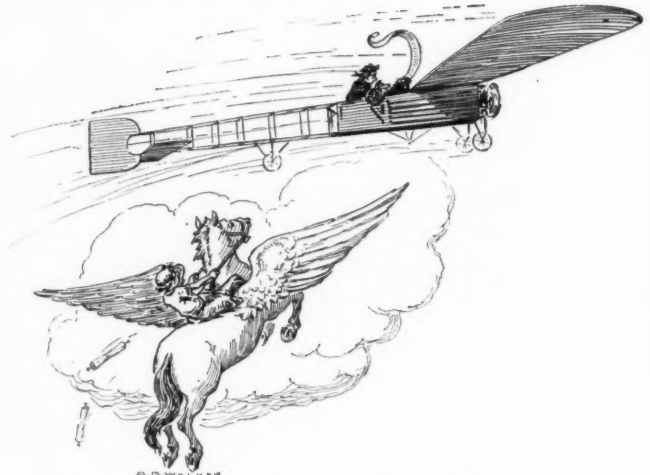
No. Let us not object to the name. Senator Aldrich may be a perfectly plutocratic political person, but as a fashioner of appellations, he is O. K.
E. O. Jones.

That Silver Wedding

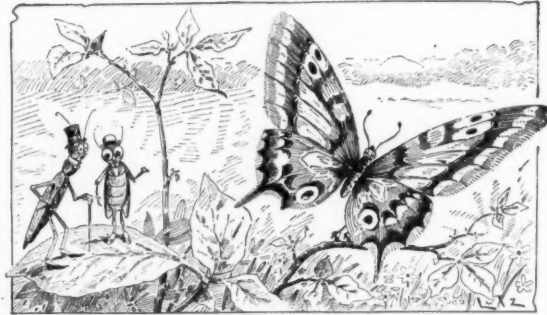
IT would be hard to determine whether it was more vulgar for President Taft to have a formal silver wedding celebration, which was an invitation for people to send in cart-loads of valuable provender, than it was for the people to respond. The San Francisco *Argonaut* says: "It used to be tradition among well-bred people that to give valuable presents to those who are rich was a vulgarity."

The tradition still persists, no doubt, among well-bred people, but now that we are a world power and the greatest financial empire of the civilized globe, well-bred people are in the hopeless minority.

IT is easy to be bigoted, because there are so many well-trenched authorities to back you up.



"WHOA, BOY. YOU'LL GET USED TO IT"



"THERE GOES THAT MISS GRUBB WE USED TO KNOW SOME MONTHS AGO."

"MY! WHAT A DIFFERENCE FINE CLOTHES MAKE!"



SHADES OF COLUMBUS!

Teacher: WHAT IS THE CAPITAL OF OHIO? THINK CAREFULLY; IT WAS NAMED AFTER ONE OF THE GREATEST MEN THAT EVER LIVED.

"JACK JOHNSON."



"GOOD GRACIOUS, BUT THOSE WORMS DO SLEEP LATE!"

Save the City Hall Park!

OUR neighbor, the *Times*, rages manfully against the Stilwell bill which provides for building a huge new court-house on the north end of the City Hall Park, provided some other court-house site is not found and accepted within six months.

All the local papers seem to disapprove this bill, which is not yet a law at this writing, but the Mayor favors it. He thinks, we believe, that the little City Hall Park is a good place for a court-house. That is a sentiment comprehensible in a man who lives in Brooklyn. We do not share any of it except so much as holds that a big new court-house with ventilation and other proper luxuries ought to be built right away.

But not in the City Hall Park! Let us have no building in that park but the City Hall. Throw the Post-office out of it as soon as possible, and meanwhile beat the Stilwell bill, if possible, or else nullify it by getting a court-house site elsewhere.

Let us not be such hogs as to build in that little park, which ought to be restored and transmitted to posterity.

Investigations

FAR be it from us to deprecate any particular investigation, either now current or already concluded. Knowledge is power.

But the impression grows upon us that countless busy people are conducting endless investigations with no tangible results. Even suppose a few more trusts are found guilty of the same old skulduggery, how is that going to help us? Even suppose a magnate or two are fined, how is that going to solve the trust problem?

Investigations are all very well, but we can't expect to keep on investigating forever. The time must come for us to reach a few important conclusions upon the basis of which the investigators must metamorphose themselves into executives, or executors, or in aggravated cases even executioners.

"I'VE just bought the most beautiful thing—if you only knew the money it cost me. It's a real Rembrandt."

"Indeed! How many horse-power?"

WHEN one looks at Congress, the impression forms that the ship of state would do better with more steam and fewer rudders.

How Can Women Hold Their Husbands?

Fashion Reform League Lays Down Some Apodictical Principles—A New Rule to Circumvent Servile Imitators Abroad—What to Do Under All Circumstances

WE have been obliged to make a rule not to announce a new style in advance. This is because the tradespeople in Paris and London have been over here, and have copied our models on the day they were out and spread them abroad.

This can be permitted no longer. Hereafter, therefore, our customers will be fitted, but they will have to permit us to select the styles for them, and their gowns will be delivered on the day selected for announcing the new style. Thus everybody will blossom out on the same day, and there will be no servile copying by other countries.

We shall, of course, have a few general models which every one is at liberty to use. A neat bathing suit we have just issued, made of Valenciennes lace with creton lining, the whole weighing two ounces, suitable for use at Narragansett, is free for all.

We have also some going away costumes for brides, which are purely conventional, and which any one can use, as they offer no particular originality.



HOW TO ENTER A DRAWING ROOM

LAUGH AND SCREAM AS YOU STRIDE BY THE LADY WHO RECEIVES, PAYING NO ATTENTION TO HER WHATEVER—(THIS MANNER "PLACES ONE" AT ONCE WITH HOSTESSES OF THE OLD SCHOOL).

While we are always glad to supply brides with clothes, we do not specially cater to them. They are almost always uninteresting to the spectator.

It is only after a woman has been married a few years that her clothes should become a life study. Then it becomes a question with her whether she shall hold her own husband, and if not, whose? Inasmuch as clothes form the basis for all modern love affairs, it is our duty to lift them up into the true art sphere where they belong.

We therefore say to all the women in America, Do not despair. No matter how old you are, or how generally hopeless, we can work wonders. We can take a dumpy figure, that looks like a bag of Indian meal tied in the middle, and in a few weeks produce a chic coquette, with that indefinable air of distinguished ease which places our patrons on the pinnacle of power.

The object of this League, however, is all comprehensive. We take care of everybody. We have just established a school of lady salesmanship, and invite all good-looking young women to apply for a position.

This department is under the charge of one of the most accomplished dressmakers in the country, who has spent a lifetime in selling gowns to the elite, and she understands her business thoroughly.

We teach every trick of salesmanship, and among other things:

The proper psychological moment to address an elderly lady as "miss."

The proper moment to address a young lady as "Madam."

How to make a fat woman think that she is growing thin.

How to sell a two-hundred-dollar gown to a young woman whose husband is on the verge of bankruptcy.

In ten lessons we make you an adept in any form of deceit. In fact, in only one lesson we can teach you that indefinable air of superiority to all customers which is so necessary to the modern saleslady in a dressmaking establishment.

This is only one of the numerous departments which we are constantly adding to the League, thus making it the most comprehensive establishment in the world. Another department which we are now perfecting is the *nouveau riche* department, for the use of those of our customers who have just come into money and don't know how to act.

We teach you how to conceal your vulgarity in ten lessons; in some cases it takes longer. We recommend our *nouveau riche* patrons to go in clubs of ten, as they help each other.

No matter how lowly your beginning may have been, if you have money and wish to break into society and to learn how to wear clothes, we can place you in from one to three years, according to the obstacles we have to overcome.

Only four weeks ago, a lady who at one time was a head laundress in a Western mining camp, and who had married a man who made four millions out of a copper mine, applied to us. She now wears high-heeled velvet slippers with ease, has learned how to handle a lorgnette, can speak simple opera English, and has reduced her waist by nearly eighteen inches. Not only this, but she has disposed of enough jewelry (which under no circumstances would we permit her to wear) to more than pay for the whole tuition.

After you have taken a few lessons and seem a promising pupil, we will introduce you to some of our really refined and ultra customers, and thus ultimately land you in the exclusive set, at a cost running all the way from ten to one hundred thousand dollars, according to your age and previous condition.

We teach you everything.

How to enter and leave a drawing room or a Turkish bath.

How to roll a cigarette.

How to select a tiara.

The difference between "who" and "whom" and how to pronounce can't and shan't.

How to mix a cocktail, have a *tête à tête* with a foreign lord, and what to read.

How to conduct a week end.

What to do with a guest when he gets drunk unexpectedly.

How to visit in Newport.

We omit nothing. When you have taken our course, no one would know that you were not to the manor born. In three weeks we give you *aplomb*. In three weeks more we give you *savoir faire*. In another three weeks we produce in you an obvious nonchalance. We make you *blasé* in three months and *comme il faut* in six. We teach you

To cultivate a languid air,

An accent up to date;

When you may act quite *debonnair*,

And when to lie (in state).

We teach you how to sit upon

A stranger, or a yacht;

To eat your soup, approach a group,

To use your knife (or not).

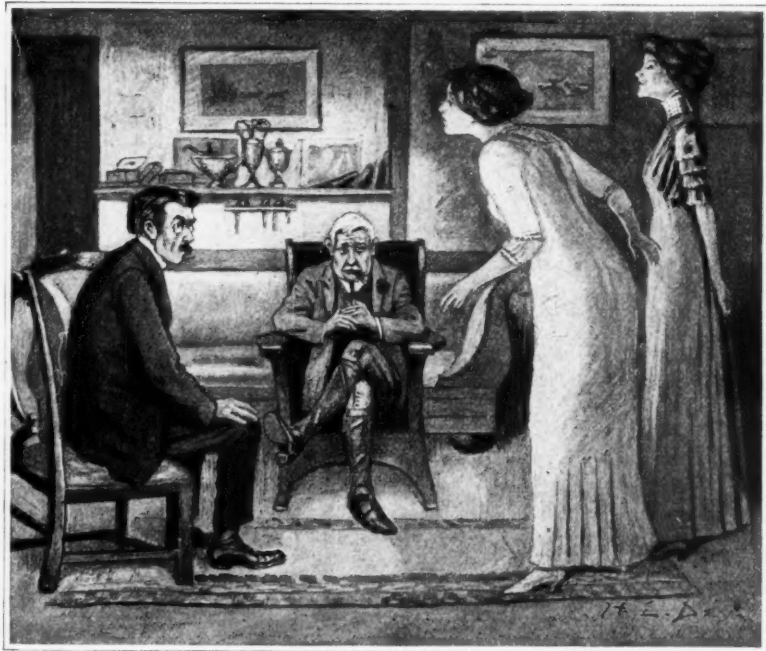
We teach you how to win at bridge,

When to say "damn!" (or worse),

What rings to wear (also what hair),

What slang to intersperse.

No matter how hopelessly vulgar you are, there is hope



Molly: OH, PAPA! POLLY SAYS I'M TOO FAT. YOU DON'T THINK I'M TOO FAT, DR. HOLDFORTH, DO YOU?

Dr. Holdforth: TOO FAT FOR WHAT?

The Mob

THE San Francisco *Wasp* says that, if we had the recall for judges, "the voice of the mob would practically decide the most serious questions of law."

If that is true, then we certainly do not want the recall. But the question arises: Where is this mob and what is it? Why isn't it dispersed? We can't afford to have mobs in this country. Mobs are bad, but they are especially objectionable if they are going to arise menacingly every time a good suggestion is made. If we hadn't seen references to the mob in Eastern papers also, we might suppose that the Pacific Coast had its own private mob, but evidently this is an ubiquitous mob.

This is a matter not for academic discussion, but for the police department. Let this mob be tracked to its lair and disposed of. Then we can discuss political and economic questions on their merits.

COLLEGE is an institution for consuming four years in disseminating information which any one who was interested could acquire in a fourth of the time.

The Use of Aversions

THE psychologists have never clearly shown what long-felt want in the human makeup is filled by aversions, nor just what kind of aversion, nor how many, a man should have.

The expression, "pet aversion," seems to indicate that some people look upon their aversions very kindly.

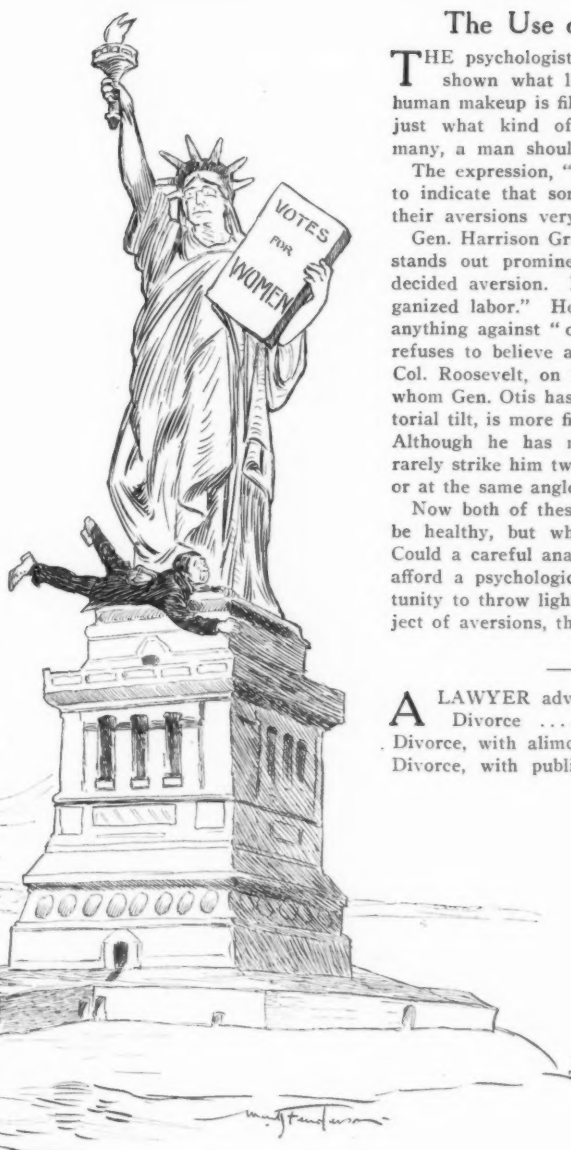
Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, for instance, stands out prominently as one with a decided aversion. His aversion is "organized labor." He is ready to believe anything against "organized labor" and refuses to believe anything in its favor. Col. Roosevelt, on the other hand, with whom Gen. Otis has recently had an editorial tilt, is more fickle in his aversions. Although he has many of them, they rarely strike him twice in the same place or at the same angle.

Now both of these gentlemen seem to be healthy, but which is the happier? Could a careful analysis of their careers afford a psychological researcher opportunity to throw light on the general subject of aversions, their uses and abuses?

Ellis O. Jones.

A LAWYER advertises:

Divorce	\$25.00
Divorce, with alimony	50.00
Divorce, with publicity	100.00



Shall We Live to See a New Statue of Liberty?

for you, especially if you have plenty of money. Place yourselves in our hands immediately. Remember the object of this League is to regenerate the country, show America what to wear, and place the wearing of clothes on a firm art basis, regardless of expense.

FASHION REFORM LEAGUE.

IN order to keep parasites out of the Government spray them plentifully with publicity.

Personals

WHILE Mr. E. Normas Pyle was cutting coupons in the back office yesterday, a sudden blow came up and two entire railroad systems were carried out of the window.

Mr. X. Perton Steals is having a new set of Aldermen elected at Franchise Corners, where one of his finest country houses is located.

Mr. Hardleigh King has returned from

the coronation. He denies the report that he has purchased Buckingham Palace.

Mr. Hoghfer Dollas has just returned from a trip around the world. Upon landing, he said: "The trouble with the poor is that they are not contented."

Otherwise Perfect

R ANDALL: My wife plays and sings and recites.

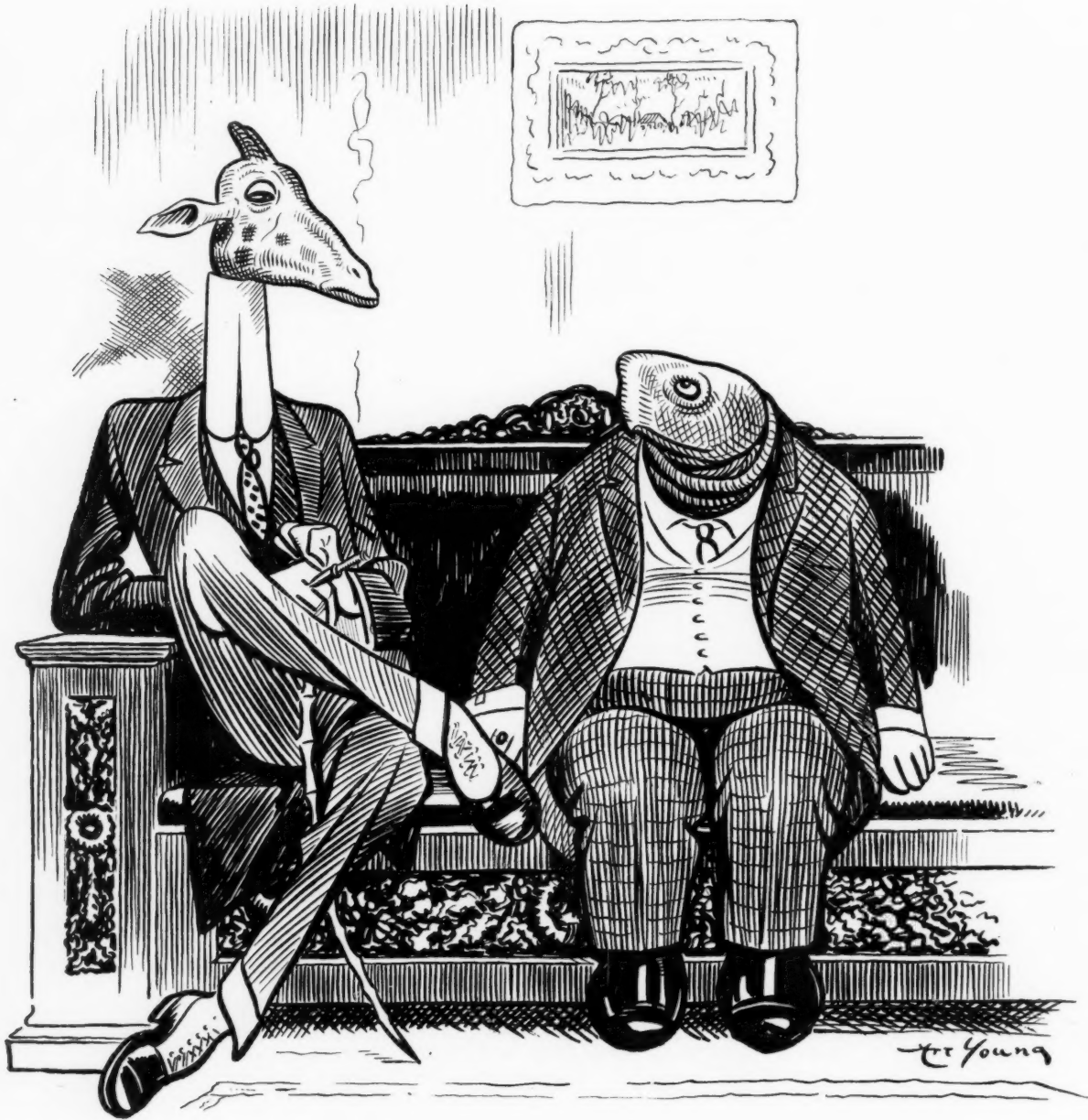
ROGERS: Has she any other defects?



“The Piping Times



“Piping Times of Peace”



THAT POINT OF VIEW

Mr. Giraffe: WHEN I LOOK AROUND ME AND SEE THE MISERY THERE IS IN THE WORLD I AM APPALLED!
Mr. Turtle: SAY, WHEN YOU SEE ANYTHING DISAGREEABLE—PULL YOUR HEAD IN!



A Notable Group

Taken by LIFE's special photographer at the Merger-Hogg garden party last Thursday

Reading from left to right: Mrs. Abel Krowder, Miss Chatter Loud, Mrs. Dullern Deth, Miss Sniftie Oldpoint, Mrs. McEvor Ondek, Mrs. Merger Hogg, Miss Tootoo Kylling, Mrs. Innittor Dedd, Mrs. Synchon Koppah, and Miss Munnie Dussyt.

Society

It is generally conceded that the handsomest woman at the coronation was the Countess Mortgageminster. She was, as everybody in society knows, Miss Tootsie Dollas of New York. Another beautiful figure at the coronation was the Marchioness of Hollohead, also an American girl. Her father, the Hon. Bunko Swipe, is a familiar figure in financial circles.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday at the Newport residence of Mr. and Mrs. Groundfloor Jones, when their daughter, Miss Screamer Jones, was married to Mr. Automatic

Freezor of Boston. The Freezors, as everybody knows, of course, have always been leaders in Boston society. The bride wore clothes, and the display of wedding gifts was guarded by an able corps of detectives. The bride's cousin, Miss Sillier Styll, was maid of honor, and Mr. Khantbee Sattton was best man.

Mrs. Merger-Hogg gave a delightful garden party last Thursday in honor of her niece, Miss Tootoo Kylling, whose engagement to Mr. Bubbler Doyle was recently announced. Mr. Doyle is the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Standar Doyle.

Mrs. Abel Krowder gave an enjoyable birthday party last Saturday at her New-

port home. The house was beautifully decorated with palms, the leaves of which were one hundred dollar bills. These were distributed among the guests. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. George Muchinprint, Mrs. Olwaiz Thayer, Mrs. P. de V. Blazé Rounders, Mrs. J. Gadding-Gadding, and Mrs. Leeds Thegang.

Mr. and Mrs. Hookairs Ennyweigh are occupying Boodle Crest, their country place in the Berkshires, where they will remain until they leave it.

Mr. and Mrs. Buxham Roobiz had their breakfast at the usual hour last Monday.

The Inconsistencies of the Wise

THEY SAY
 He who hesitates is lost.
 Beauty is only skin deep.
 Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.
 Necessity is the mother of invention.
 Love conquers all things.
 A stitch in time saves nine.
 Better be wise than rich.
 The pen is mightier than the sword.

AND THEN
 Look before you leap.
 A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
 All things come to him who waits.
 There is nothing new under the sun.
 Love is blind.
 It's never too late to mend.
 A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.
 In time of peace prepare for war.

Wild Suggestion

"MADAM PRESIDENT," says the delegate to the women's suffrage convention, "I move that, inasmuch as the newspapers and magazines are controlled by men, we shall hereafter refuse to allow them to reproduce our photographs in connection with their garbled stories of our campaigns for our rights."

With graceful tact the president requests that the janitor should provide more ventilation.

Who Are These Poets?

Read carefully the lines which follow
and see if you can guess the name of
each Poet referred to. The answers
will be published in next week's Life.

POETS

Guess the name of the poet that's surely not short,
The poet that's both black and white,
The one that led Teddy to Africa's sport,
The poet that's merry and bright;

The poet that dames do, who dainty clothes wear,
The one that's a heath or a plain,
The poet whose trade is a metal most rare,
The one where the miller keeps grain;

The poet that's famous for harbor or port,
Him whose joys are ne'er met with elsewhere,
The one that in brook or in pond loves to sport,
The poet that's not a wet lair;

The poet whose piety all may confess,
The poet the farmer will make,
The poet you get when you laugh to excess,
The poet that makes a man ache;

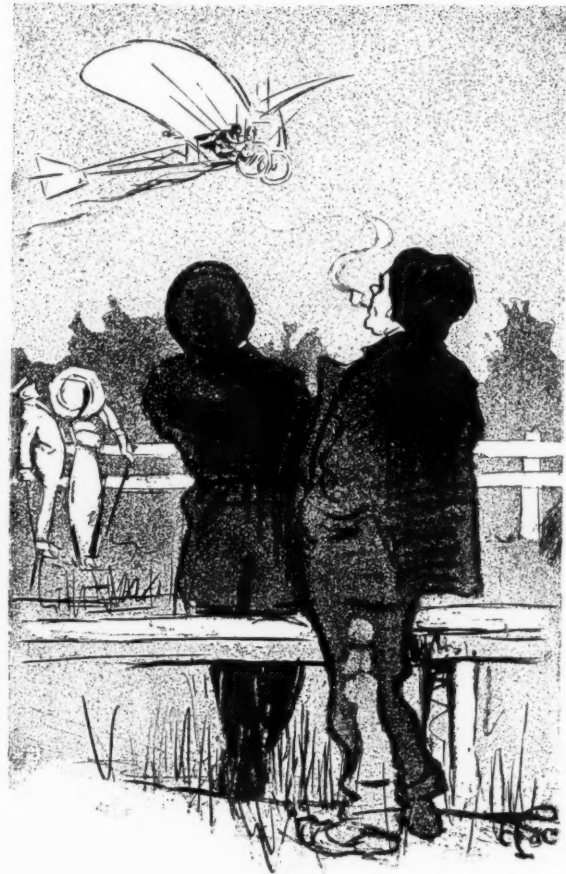
The poet whose product was wise, bright and mean,
Him whose name and whose race are the same,
The poet that babes are, too early to wean,
The one you may get from the flame.

WHEN a man loses control of himself, sometimes it is
anger and sometimes it is love.



THAT POINT OF VIEW

Mr. Edleweiss: ROSE, I'VE COME TO TELL YOU IT'S ALL
OVER. BECAUSE YOU CAN LIVE IN THIS HOT APARTMENT IS NO
REASON WHY I CAN.



"YE CAN'T FOOL ME. O'LL BET THERE'S A WIRE HOULDIN'
THAT UP."

Good Luck!

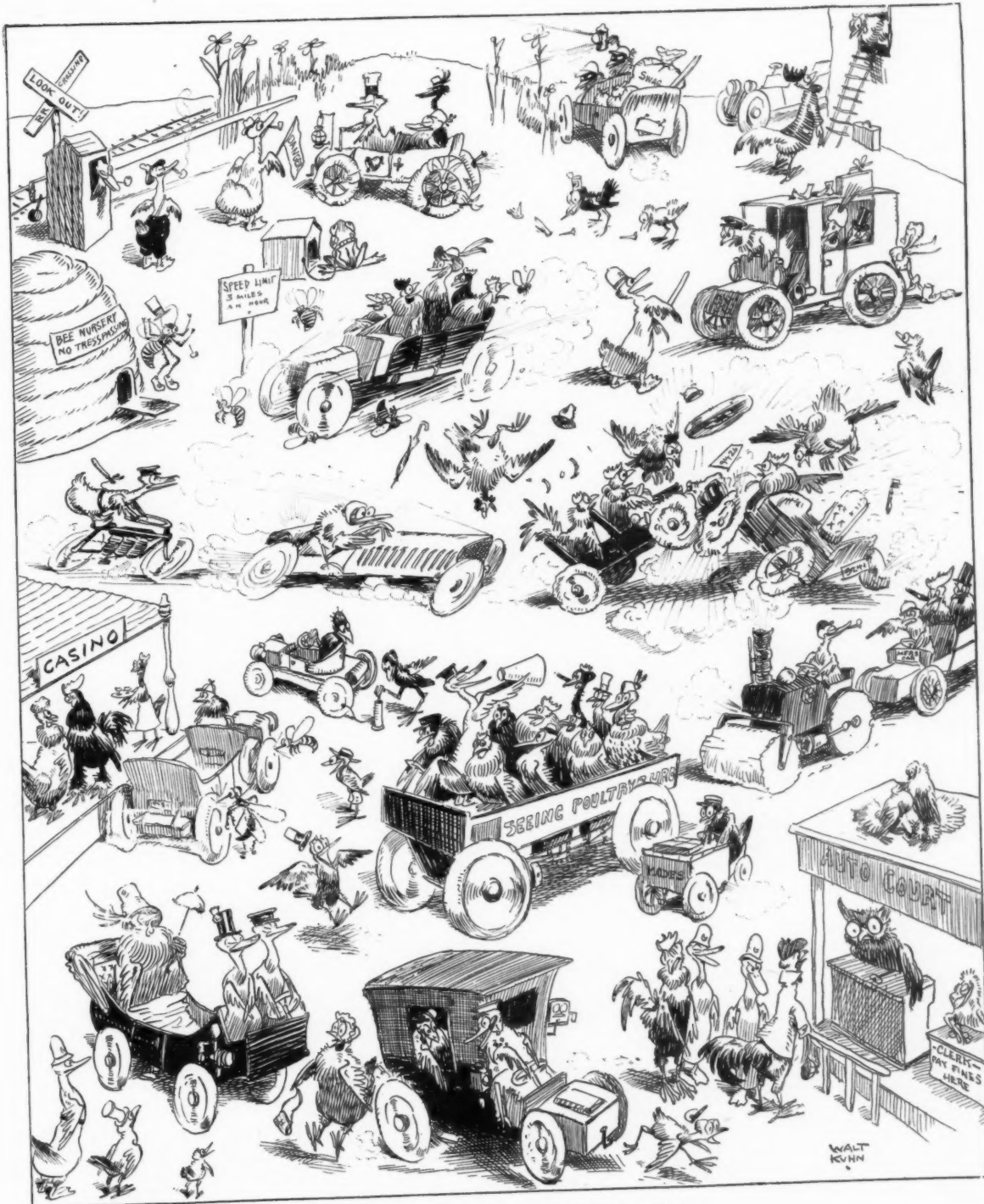
I will soon go to Russia to see the czar of the Russias, and to Rome to see the pope of Rome. The time has arrived when the czar and the pope must learn that this is the 20th century, not the 15th, and when the voice of religious democracy must be heard, even in Peterhof and the Vatican.

SO our valiant Baptist neighbor, Dr. MacArthur of Fifty-seventh street, said in his farewell sermon last month before going abroad. Let us hope he will see the delinquents he has planned to visit. They need a word from him. The papers say Stolypin has resigned, and what wonder with Dr. MacArthur coming! And the July *Atlantic* leads off with two pieces about the Pope. Wise *Atlantic*! If we had any standing matter about the Pope we would rush it right into these columns before Dr. MacArthur gets to Rome and while there is still a Pope to talk about.

More Profitable

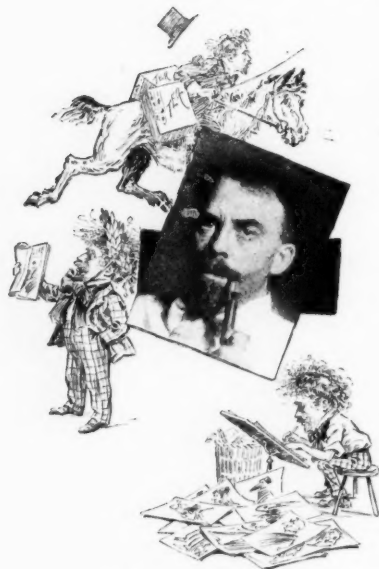
MISS ROCKSEY: But, papa, George is a hard-working young man.

OLD ROCKSEY: That's it exactly. The man I wish you to marry must be able to make money without working.



WHEN THE BARN-YARD FOLKS GO MOTORING

Life's Family Album



Mark Fenderson

WE discovered ourselves one day deliberately reflecting about Mr. Fenderson's pictures. There is about them an individual quality that is extremely interesting. One somehow gets the impression that they are thrown off with the most careless ease; just as if Mr. Fenderson sat himself down in an idle moment and sketched them off with the precision of a perfect machine and the playfulness of a schoolboy. Such fun as he appears to be having with his subjects! And such admirable insight into the essential qualities of things in general! We determined to drop in on him at once, and without more ado we found ourselves in Eighteenth street.

"Mr. Fenderson, we desire to know where you were born."

"In Minnesota."

"And when did you first become an artist?"

Mr. Fenderson was plainly embarrassed by this question, so we altered it in accordance with nature.

"When did you first know that you were an artist?"

"My first experience as an artist was on the road as a traveling salesman, selling tea, for a Quaker tea house in Boston."

"And so you did not astonish the world when you were a child and annoy your parents with the harrowing thought that you never would amount to anything?"

"I believe not. I just came up quite naturally. After being born in Minnesota I lived in Maine, and after arriving at the tea stage in my career found myself as far West as Chicago. It was then that I began to draw pictures."

"And what were they like?"

"I wouldn't dare tell you explicitly. It is sufficient to say that they came under the head of cartoons. I suppose I must have grown tired of Chicago, and so I found myself drifting East, and in the course of time I sought Pittsburg as a haven of refuge."

"And there?"

"I continued to draw cartoons for the papers for some three years. Then once more the spirit beckoned."

"And you came—?"

"To New York—"

"And to LIFE. Yes. I haven't yet recovered from the crisis of having my first picture in LIFE."

"And you may also know, Mr. Fenderson, that LIFE feels in a way the same about any newly found friend. To paraphrase Keats:

"Then feel we like some watcher of the skies

When a new artist swims within our ken."

And now that we have you regularly installed as one of our best contributors, can you not tell us something more about

yourself? You are too modest, and not explicit enough."

Mr. Fenderson smiled.

"I can tell you of a thing that once happened to me, which it seems to me worth while recording. One day when I was a boy I called in Boston upon F. G. Attwood."

"You mean the LIFE artist who used to delight so many of our readers?"

"Yes. Even at that time I had artistic aspirations, and I asked Mr. Attwood if he thought it paid to be an artist."

"And what was his reply?"

"He said: 'My boy, it is the only thing that pays, whether you get any money or not.' And I have been thinking of that ever since."

The Knock Answered

OPPORTUNITY knocked once at the man's door.

To the surprise of Opportunity the man appeared and said:

"I don't want any mining stock, and I don't want to invest in any bamboo plantations, and I don't want to buy a sand plant in Arizona, and I don't want any Belgian hares or squab farms, or mushroom cellars, or—"

"But, my dear sir," Opportunity interrupted, "I do not bring you any such offers. I am only here to show the way to rivet yourself to the good job you are now holding."

Whereupon the man invited Opportunity in.



MAN AND SUPERMAN

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Select Your Speed Indicator *FIRST*—

TO have a Warner Auto-Meter on your car is more important to you than the top, the glass front, or any other accessory. It's almost as important as *the car itself*. This statement may at first seem overdrawn—but

Consider These Points—

No matter what top or glass front you select, you cannot go far wrong—all are good. *There is no definite standard of value.* The Warner is recognized as the Standard of Speed Indicator Values because of its Supreme Quality and enduring accuracy. You can go *away wrong* if you select the wrong Speed Indicator, for not all are good.

When you buy a Warner Auto-Meter, "The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators," you are buying for *years ahead*. You will use it not only on *this* car, but on many others. This is history. We are daily hearing of Warners which have been transferred to the seventh and eighth car—and which are still as accurate and reliable as when new.

The Speed Indicator, if it be the sensitive, accurate and wondrously durable *Warner*, will give you a correct indication of your speed and distance as long as you drive *any* car—or *several* cars.

Or, if you do not care to transfer it from one car to another, it can always be sold second-hand for *half to two-thirds what you paid for it*, irrespective of age or how many miles it has indicated. There is a brisk demand for second-hand Warners. Every Warner ever made (except a few destroyed in fire or accident) is giving perfect service on *some* car.

* * *

The Speed Indicator is the most-looked-at thing on an automobile. The driver refers to it constantly every instant the car is in motion.

Other car owners and those who pass your car when drawn up at the curb, *look for the Speed Indicator* when deciding for

themselves or for others whether you are driving a good car or not.

It is common knowledge among Motorists and Laymen that the Warner is the *Highest-Quality* Speed Indicator and that it is used on the *best cars*.

Therefore, if the car carries a Warner on the dash, they hesitatingly brand that car as *Good*. If it is an inferior and unreliable Speed Indicator, the Quality of the car is open to suspicion in their minds. Our Branch Managers and Salesmen in every important city report having many times heard people on the sidewalk, who have stopped beside a car, say in almost the same words:

"I do not see the name of the car, but it *must be a good one* for it has a Warner Auto-Meter on it."

* * *

Now for the other side of the story:

One of our officials who stopped to admire a "classy" looking car in front of the Chicago Athletic Club a few weeks ago, found two Postal Telegraph boys likewise admiring it. As he approached, one was saying to the other:

"It's a classy boat all right, but gee! the guy 't owns it must be a cheap skate—look at de Speed Indicator. Me brudder trun one like dat off his motor bike."

* * *

We are stating facts when we say that the Quality Warner is accepted by the General Public as a *reliable index* of the Quality of the *car* which carries it on the dash.

WARNER AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.

Warner Instrument Company

Main Offices and Factory

1162 Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, Wisconsin

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Boston
Buffalo

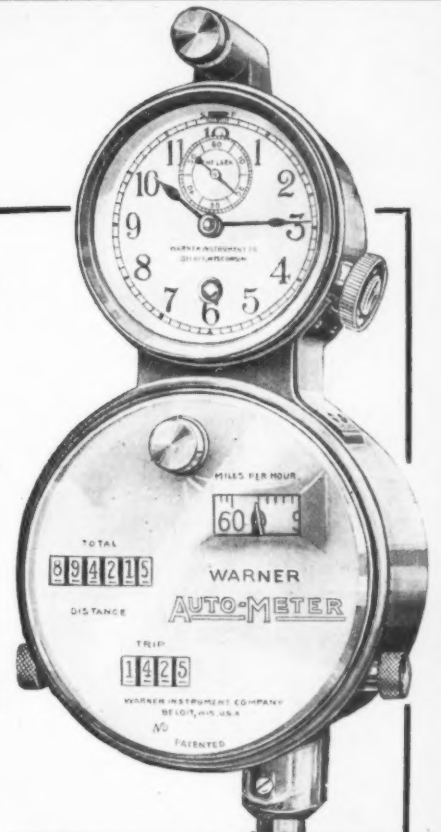
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Portland, Ore.

San Francisco
Seattle
St. Louis (119)



New Model M2, \$125

The New Model M2 has an *Extra Trip Reset*, permitting the trip odometer to be set to start at any desired mileage. The highest-grade Chelsea Clock now has *outside wind and set* (see illustration). This model is supplied with Warner large-figure odometer.

Season, 100,000 miles and repeat.

Trip, 1,000 miles and repeat.

Electric lights over clock and under bezel of instrument. The most popular Warner model.

Model K2, the same as New Model M, but without the Chelsea Clock, is also very popular at \$75.

Model O2—"The Twins"—is the same Instrument as New Model M above, but with large Chelsea Clock, same size as Auto-Meter, and set horizontally beside it. The *ultimate* in high-class instrument making—\$145.

Auto-Meter prices range from \$50, for Model R, upward to \$145. Speed mechanism is the same on all models. Style, Odometer and finish only are different. Any model, with 100 mile per hour speed dial, at slight additional charge. All regular dials show any speed up to 60 miles an hour.

The 1912 Unbreakable Shaft Casing

This is made from two sizes of High Carbon Spring Steel Wire (construction patented) wound into an oil-tight flexible tube which cannot be broken in use. This overcomes shaft troubles under greatest speed strains, jars or shocks.





In Disgrace

MOTHER: Tommy, why don't you play with Frank any more? I thought you were such good chums.

TOMMY: We was, but he's a molly-coddle! He paid ter git inter ther ball grounds.—*Suburban Life.*

Unheard Of

JORKINS: How did you ever come into possession of such a cheap-looking umbrella as that?

DORKINS: Why, I got this umbrella in a very peculiar way—I bought it.

—*The Pathfinder.*

A Few Stock Headings

"Joined in June" is the way a Southern newspaper heads a wedding report. This suggests a few other alliterations, as, "Fastened in February," "Mated in May," "Attached in August," "Spliced in September," and "Divorced in December."—*Boston Transcript.*



DEBIT AND CREDIT

"MR. GAYBOYE, DID YOU TELL MR. SMYTH THAT I NEVER GAVE YOU CREDIT FOR ANYTHING YOU EVER DID?"

"NO, MARIA. I JUST TOLD HIM THAT YOU CHARGED ME WITH EVERYTHING THAT WAS EVER DONE."

Modesty

My appendix is carefully bottled—
The third on the right, that's the one!
It's growing, you see, a bit mottled,
Exposed to the rays of the sun.
I keep it out there for inspection,
Since otherwise people might doubt it.
It gives me elation and makes conversation—
But I try to be modest about it.

One lobe of my brain is in spirits—
It's yonder upon the top shelf—
'Twas cut out by Dr. M. Tirritts,
And stands there a part of myself.
I show it to all of my callers—
I'd be much embarrassed without it.
A fine illustration, it makes conversation—
But I try to be modest about it.
—*William Wallace Whitelock in Lippincott's Magazine.*

What Next

PROSPECTIVE TENANT: The rooms are rather small.
LANDLORD: That's really an advantage.
Not so much fresh air is required to keep them cool.—*Boston Transcript.*

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From George I. to George V.



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BRANDY**

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The Best

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New York



A WEDDING PRESENT

"I WOULD LIKE YOU TO ERASE THE INITIALS AND ENGRAVE SOME OTHERS."
"MADAM, THIS TRAY HAS BEEN ENGRAVED SO MANY TIMES IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO DO SO AGAIN."

Cause Hunters

Some Cause hunters came upon an Effect. They all agreed it was an Effect; but the owner of it said it was a Headache.

They looked wise and said a Headache was merely a Symptom; what the man really had was an Effect—and there must be a Cause. Each hunter started in a different direction to find the Cause—and each of them found it.

"Here it is—it is mine—I found it," each said, holding up the Cause he had bagged. Then they saw that each had brought back a different cause.

"What will we do?" said one. "We can't all be right, and if we contend over it, the man might get suspicious."

"That is easy," said a resourceful one. "We are all Specialists; our time is valuable. We have been to some trouble in running down these Causes. Let us sell them all to him, one at a time."

It was a happy idea, and when the man called to get the Cause, the hunters sent him first to the oculist.

"Oh, yes, I found your Cause," he said. "It is in your eye." And he sold him the Cause for twenty dollars.

Later, he not being satisfied, they sent him to the second hunter.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I found the Cause for your trouble. Here it is in this glass jar—from your stomach, you know." And the man paid cheerfully, as any man will when there is a Cause in his stomach.

But after a while the man grew uncertain again, and was this time directed to the third hunter.

"To be sure," he said positively, "I

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



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—GREEN AND YELLOW—

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tracked down the Cause. It is nerves." And he sold him the Cause, and—seemingly—an interest in a sanitarium at the same time.

But still the pelts of all these Causes did not seem to fit the man's Effect. So he went to the fourth and fifth, even the sixth, and bought different Causes from each of them.

Then at last he got dissatisfied, even angry, and began to say unpleasant things.

"I still have the headache," he complained.

"Why, to be sure," replied the specialists. "You still have the Effect—and also the Causes—the most up-to-date, scientific ones that can be found. What more do you want?"

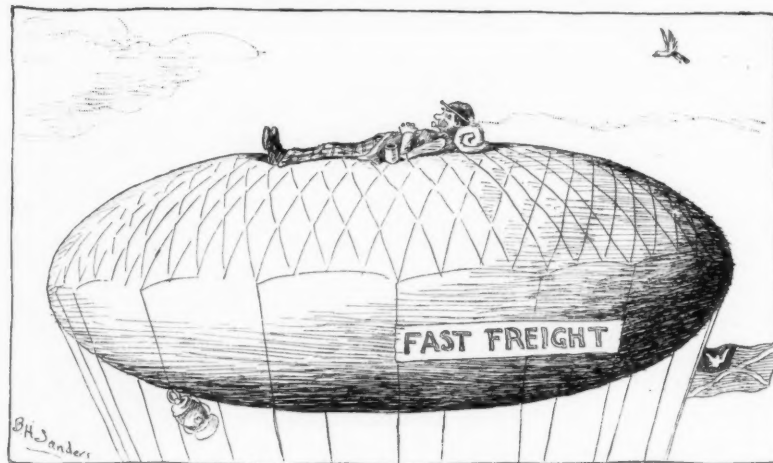
And the man admitted he had enough.
William H. Hamby.

No "Seeing Nellie Home"

SHE: Was it a restful place out at that country boarding house?

HE: Yes; in the parlor was a sign: "This piano is closed for repairs."

—Boston Transcript.



"AN' TER THINK HOW I UST TER RIDE ON FREIGHT CARS!"

Letters from Life's Readers

There Are Chairs In Zoo, In Spite of Recent Correspondent's Criticism—Answers to Mr. Luther B. Martin—That Anti-Suffrage Cartoon

Chairs for the Zoo

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

We do maintain an outfit of wheeled chairs at the Zoological Park, available at all entrances, at 25 cents per hour without an attendant, or 50 cents if propelled by park men. Unfortunately, however, the demand is so very small that the business amounts to almost nothing. There is not sufficient work with chairs to keep even one man busy during one-half his time! If the business to be done would even repay its own cost, we would be glad to maintain any number of uniformed and well-trained chairmen, always available at the gates; but we cannot maintain such a force at a constant loss.

W. T. HORNADAY,
Director.

NEW YORK, July 8, 1911.

Misquoted

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE,
Dear Sir:

The attention of His Eminence, the Cardinal, has been drawn to a letter which appeared in a recent issue of your periodical, signed by Luther B. Martin, in which letter he states that the Cardinal has condemned the public schools, styling them as "Godless" and "breeders of immorality."

His Eminence directs me to say that he has never, either publicly or privately, referred to the public schools in such terms. Whilst he does hold that in certain points the public schools are defective, he never considered them as "Godless" or as "breeders of immorality."

As the statements contained in the letter in question are entirely false and absolutely without foundation, His Eminence, in justice to himself, feels that they should be corrected.

Very sincerely yours,
LOUIS R. STICKNEY.

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE,
BALTIMORE, July 7th, 1911.

A Vigorous Reply

EDITOR OF LIFE,
Dear Sir:

In your issue of June 29th you gave space to an article by one, Luther B. Martin, attacking the educational views of Cardinal Gibbons. In this 20th century such a childish display of religious hatred to me seems foolish, but since you have seen fit to print Luther Martin's article, I trust you will publish this communication.

In a letter replete with bombast Luther Martin makes several unfounded state-

ments, betraying an unfamiliarity with Continental history. These need hardly be considered, but allow me to quote the closing paragraph of Luther Martin's superbly logical missive.

"America's slogan is 'Union,' and any man or group of men advocating 'separation' (and they are to-day of the same cult as were those in 1861) are traitors to our country and deserve to be dealt with accordingly."

From this I would gather that Luther Martin holds that Cardinal Gibbons and others should be hung, forsooth, because they favor religious education.

Does Luther Martin know of Charles Carroll, the richest man in the Colonies, who risked more than any one else when he signed the Declaration of Independence? Does he know that Carroll received a deep religious education in the Roman Church?

Was Carroll adverse to "Union"?

Does Luther Martin recall the deeds of the Irish Brigade in the War of the Rebellion?

Did these men, or the Church that inspired them, favor "separation"?

In conclusion let me point out that Luther Martin is in a dilemma.

He either wishes Godless education or religious education. There is no compromise.

It has been and is eminently unfair to have Christianity in the schools of a republic, particularly in a republic containing so many Hebrews. What are we to do? Have Godless public schools or subsidized denominational schools under State supervision?

If we care in the least for the moral side of young America, certainly let us have the latter.

Vale, Luther Martin, you truly represent the spirit of the one-time monk.

Trusting, Mr. Editor, that you will publish this, I am,

Truly yours,

J. FLYNN.

P. S.—Mr. Martin will do well to consult that excellent pamphlet on religious education published by the Hon. Bird S. Coler, of Brooklyn.

Disapproval

DEAR SIR:

Your anti-suffrage cartoon in your Fourth of July number of LIFE is not funny.

It entirely overshoots the mark, and is insulting to all intelligent women. It is disgusting, and is unworthy of you.

Yours very truly,

HENRY JUSTICE.

PHILADELPHIA, June 27, 1911.

Rhymed Reviews

Thorpe's Way

(By Morley Roberts. The Century Co.)

Where awful Mrs. Grundy rules
King George's realm with sway des-
potic,
The Upper Class (I note) are fools,
The Middle Classes idiotic.

The only group that novelists
Of Modern Leanings don't disparage,
Are Socialistic-Anarchists
With sporty views on Love and Mar-
riage.

Still, let these British heathen rage,
Their fellow-countrymen abusing
With paradoxical persiflage,—
The net results are most amusing.

For instance: Thorpe, a writer-chap,
A sort of youthful Shaw, is smitten
At dinner by a thunder-clap
Of love for Mollie Fletcher-Mytton.

He doesn't even know her name,
Yet straight declares that he adores
her,
Because, without the slightest shame,
She owns that William Shakespeare
bores her.

Her folks, she pleads, are Gilded Shams;
To that our Thorpe makes no objec-
tions,
But slings a lot of epigrams
Which serve to win her young affec-
tions.

However, Mollie's out-of-date
And social-ladder-climbing mother
Has chosen for her daughter's mate
A sickly lordling's younger brother.

She locks her up—just think of it!
But Thorpe, with dignified assurance,
Swears out a *habeas corpus* writ
And frees the captive maid from
durance.

Of course the loving pair elope;
Across the Alps they fly together.
And if they marry, let us hope
'Twill prove a fairly lasting tether.
Arthur Guiterman.



"BILL'S GOIN' TO SUE THE COMPANY
FER DAMAGES."

"WHY? WOT DID THEY DO TO 'IM?"

"THEY BLEW THE QUITTIN' WHISTLE
WHIN 'E WAS CARRYIN' A 'EAVY PIECE OF
IRON AND 'E DROPPED IT ON 'IS FOOT,
B'DAD."

There Is a Church In Which No Wedding Or Funeral Can Be Held

In which a sermon is never preached: which has no minister: no organ: no altar. Yet people from all over the world come to the church and love it and speak of it with gratitude. It was all the idea of one woman.

No one can read of this church but feels that there is a tremendous thought here.

Oddly enough, the church has hardly been written of. That is why the story, by the man who knows it better than any one else, strikes one with such a fresh interest.

It is in the August LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

For 15 Cents You Have It

A Woman Refused to Marry a Man

Yet she loved him: she loves him today. And it was all because she found she couldn't sit in a room with him except on a sofa beside him. But she believes she avoided the Divorce Court. And she sees there are scores of folks, some engaged and some married, who should do or should have done what she did.

She feels now she has found an "insurance against divorce:" she even calls it "my cure for divorce." It is a point of view on marriage that is unusual but marvelously true.

It is worth reading: this woman's story. She tells it herself. It is called "Why I Did Not Marry: and Why I Think Some Other Folks Shouldn't, Either."

It is in the August LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

For 15 Cents You Have it

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The Modern Way

"Will you allow me to ask you a question?" interrupted a man in the audience.

"Certainly, sir," said the lecturer.

"You have given us a lot of figures about immigration, increase of wealth, the growth of trusts, and all that," said the man. "Let's see what you know about figures yourself. How do you find the greatest common divisor?"

Slowly and deliberately the orator took a glass of water.

Then he pointed his finger straight at the questioner. Lightning flashed from his eyes, and he replied, in a voice that made the gas jets quiver:

"Advertise for it, you ignoramus!"

The audience cheered and yelled and stamped, and the wretched man who had asked the question crawled out of the hall a total wreck.—*Tit-Bits*.

Agonizing

"He told me my operation would be absolutely painless."

"And wasn't it?"

"Naw, it cost me \$100!"

—*Houston Post*.

MISTRESS (after the quarrel): Norah, you must stay until I get another girl.

NORAH: I intend to. It's only roight some wan should tell her the kind of a woman ye are.—*Boston Transcript*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous"

Consoling

SWELTERING PASSENGER (on railroad train): This window sticks so I can't get it up.

CONDUCTOR: Yes. Wood is swollen a little by the rain. It'll be all right in a few days.—*The Pathfinder*.

"STRANGE case that of Migglesley and his wife. Would you believe it—they fell in love with each other at first sight!"

"That's nothing new, you know."

"But, you see, they both had their automobile rigs on at the time."

—*Housekeeper*.

I Remember, I Remember

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The sight of that lop-sided shack
To-day would make me mourn;
The crooked little brick-paved walk,
The henhouse in the rear,
With cabbage growing at the side,
And pig-sty rather near.

I remember, I remember,
The corn-cob father had;
(A five-cent piece of Navy Plug
In those days made him glad.)
The old stove in the kitchen,
And father's stockinged feet—
All that was ere prosperity
Swept us on Easy Street.

I remember, I remember,
The pump in our backyard,
Where father watered all the stock
And found it rather hard.
But now he has another way
And needs no trough or pump;
He waters stock down on the street
And makes the lambkins jump.

I remember, I remember—
But oh! The changes wrought
Are queerer than the little duke
That sister Helen bought!
Since father goes to twenty clubs
And mother has her set,
We have no use for mem'ry's art—
We're trying to forget!
—*New York Times*.

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

"Lamb" Defined by a Bear

"James R. Keene, at a celebration in Cedarhurst," said a New York broker, "once gave, in a dozen words, the Wall Street definition of a lamb.

"A lamb," said Mr. Keene, "is one who invests first and investigates afterward."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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Unique in Flavor

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



"FIRST OVER THE BARS"

The Insurance Agent's Wooing

"Miss Flothers," says the dapper young man, "I want you to marry me."
 "But I have never yet thought of getting married," she evades.

"You should think of it," he replies seriously. "What was your age on your last birthday? Twenty-two? Yes? And what is the date of your birthday? November sixteenth? Your age changes midway between birthdays. That is, May sixteenth next you will be listed as twenty-three years in the risk tables. Your chance of marriage is now good, but it decreases with an increasing ratio every year. When you are twenty-four—what is your chance? Actuaries' statistics prove beyond a doubt that the woman of twenty-four has fifty per cent. less chance of marriage than the one of twenty. It's no time then till you are thirty. How many chances have you of marrying then? One in ten. How many proposals have you had? One? Mine? See? Twenty-two years and only one proposal. Average life of a woman unmarried is eighty-two. That gives you three and eight-elevenths proposals in your whole life on the present age and ratio. As a matter of fact, you should have had ten proposals by this time, and according to the tables, you should have been married five times by now—that is, your age entitles you to that percentage. That you haven't been proposed to ten times and haven't been married five times decreases your chances and increases your risk to such an extent that were it not for my personal interest in you I could not write you a policy except for a high premium—I mean if I didn't think so much of you I wouldn't propose at all, because the figures show that it is as one to five that you will not be married, consequently there are five chances to one that you will reject me, but, you see, I forget the cold, bare figures because of my love for you, and—"

"Well, my goodness! Why didn't you tell me you loved me in the first place? Of course I'll marry you!"

W. D. N.

A Happy Marriage

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

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
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- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

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Translations

Phrases out of a translation called English, of Guy de Maupassant's tales: Their lips met longly.

This lady delighted the eye, the ear, the palate.

Between her smile her teeth showed, false, but beautiful.

The mental anchylous fell by.

I thought it another barrier between my love.

At a door on the floor above, gently,

with two fingers, she tapped, opened it, moved back, and, as he entered, silently behind him, closed it.—Independent.

Making It Square

Boss: There's \$10 gone from my cash drawer, Johnny; you and I were the only people who had the keys to that drawer.

OFFICE BOY: Well, s'pose we each pay \$5 and say no more about it?

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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A World of Imitations

Henry Wickwire made his morning toilet with a cake of adulterated soap, a near-linen towel and a hairbrush having imitation bristles. The comb looked like tortoise-shell, but it wasn't.

His trousers were made of imitation wool. His waistcoat had a white edging sewed underneath the V. His coat was fearfully padded at the shoulders and had a make-believe set of buttons and buttonholes on each cuff.

His shoes were seconds, but they had been given a finish like that of the most expensive custom shoes. His shoelaces were imitation silk and so were his socks. In his waistcoat pocket he carried a rolled gold watch. He fastened his necktie with an imitation pearl pin.

Henry Wickwire went to breakfast. He sat in a birchwood chair that had been stained to imitate mahogany. This imitation mahogany chair had an imitation leather seat. On the floor was an imitation Turkish rug. An imitation French clock ticked on the mantelpiece. The mantelpiece was made of imitation marble.

Henry Wickwire had a cup of coffee. This coffee was largely an imitation. He had two fresh eggs, soft boiled. These fresh eggs had been reposing in lime water for over six months.

He also had two slices of home-made bread which had been supplied by a baker.

The bread was full of alum and the loaf had been short weight. The butter was country butter and had been made in Jersey City. Its beautiful color was artificial. Its flavor was the result of a combination of chemicals.

Henry Wickwire went to work. His gloves were imitation buckskin. His all-wool overcoat was 80 per cent. cotton. His all-Havana cigarette had been grown in Kentucky.

He reached his office at a quarter past 9. He had been due at 9 o'clock and had thus short-changed his boss a quarter of an hour. He put on an imitation black silk coat and opened his desk.

Henry Wickwire was a claim clerk. Customers often claim that their shipments are short or that some other mistake had been made against them. Henry took up the first claim and glanced it over.

"Fake," he muttered.
He glanced at the second claim.
"Another fake."

He read them all, and, as the first step toward an adjustment, he consulted the ledger clerk to find out whether the claimants were liberal buyers.

At noon Henry Wickwire went to lunch.

He made his way to a buffet parlor. The walls were lined with imitation



ARMS AND THE MAN
Printed in color. Mounted, 11 x 14 in.

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HOME TIES
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marble. The electroliers were finished in an effect that gave the appearance of old bronze covered with vertigris. Henry stood at one of the counters and ordered a veal cutlet.

"Tender enough?" asked the waiter. "Fine," said Henry.

He was cutting it again when he came to a piece of thread in the center of the meat. He then perceived that he was eating chopped meat which had been pressed together in the form of a veal cutlet. He left the cutlet and ate a piece of old-fashioned New England pie. This New England masterpiece had been fabricated at a pie factory on Houston street. Its composition was a mystery which we dare not try to solve.

Henry returned to the office and gossiped with the bookkeeper and the stenographer. The bookkeeper wore patent leather shoes, and after years of experiment and practice, he had learned to speak with the broad A. The stenographer wore black velvet shoes; a set of imitation Russian sables was draped over the hatrack.

At the switchboard the operator was talking to one of her friends who lived in Brooklyn. The two assistant bookkeepers were discussing Matty's salary for 1911.

A step was heard in the hall. The next moment every one was hard at work and the next moment but one the boss returned from lunch. He left early. Henry Wickwire followed his example.

He dressed for dinner with unusual care and called on a girl in the West 30s.

"I've heard of a new French table d'hote," said Henry Wickwire, "an awfully Bohemian place. Shall we try it, Doris?"



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"Awfully jolly," said Doris.

Doris' godmothers and godfathers had given her the name of Henrietta, but she had preferred the name of Doris. She also affected to like caviare and made much of these phrases, "Awfully jolly," "S'il vous plait," and "Merci Monsieur." Wherefore Henry Wickwire thought he loved her.

They went to the Bohemian place and drank French wine that came partly from a California vineyard and partly from Croton watershed. They also consumed a quantity of lukewarm macaroni covered with brick sauce and spiced with glue. They gazed at the other Bohemians, and in due course of time Henry Wickwire took Doris home. Later he went home himself.

He laid himself down to sleep on an imitation brass bed and an imitation hair mattress. A pair of imitation woolen blankets kept him warm.

"I never saw a neater figure than Doris," he reflected, "nor such beautiful hair."

And as for Doris, over in the West 30s, she had put her hair on the bureau and hung her figure on a coat hanger.
—New York Sun.

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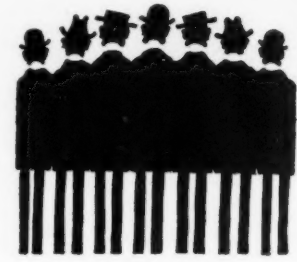
- The Unknown Isle*, by Pierre de Coulevain. (Cassell & Co., N. Y. \$1.35.)
- To Love and to Cherish*, by Eliza Calvert Hall. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)
- Master Christopher*, by Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35.)
- Rolf in the Woods*, by Ernest Thompson Seton. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.)
- Other Laws*, by John Parkinson. (John Lane Company. \$1.25.)
- Captain Black*, by Max Pemberton. (Geo. H. Doran & Co. \$1.20.)
- The Story of Quamin*, by May Harvey Drummond. (G. P. Putnam Sons. \$1.25.)
- Ruskin, A Study in Personality*, by Arthur Christopher Benson. (G. P. Putnam Sons. \$1.50.)

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Reason to Be Apprehensive
What makes most of our statesmen regard Gov. Woodrow Wilson as a dangerous man is that the radical professor apparently really means it when he advocates placing the country's interests above the party's.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A Hand-Crushing Idiot
"Gripwell is altogether too fond of showing his strength."
"Yes; that's his weakness."
—*Boston Transcript.*



DESIGN FOR A BACHELOR GIRL'S COMB

The Pacific Monthly

THE impression prevails in many sections of the United States, particularly in the Atlantic Coast States, that the West is still more or less uncivilized, and a mention of Oregon, Idaho or Montana suggests to the Easterner the land of cowboys, coyotes, the blanket Indian and vast and unsettled tracts of sagebrush waste. Few Easterners know the West—the West of to-day—as it really is—a land of progress, development and plenty; a land of boundless resources and of limitless opportunity.

The traveler fortunate enough to visit the West finds each day, each hour, full of surprises. Instead of an illimitable stretch of sagebrush desert, he sees fruit-laden orchards, heavy-headed grain, green meadows and vast fields of alfalfa. He finds a contented and prosperous people, comfortable homes, modern and wide-awake cities, splendid schools and excellent churches. In addition to wealth producing orchards and farms he finds the best of God's out-of-door country—clear skies, pure air, snow-clad mountain peaks, waterfalls, the odorous pine woods—all that goes to make life worth while.

Do you want to know more about what we of the West call "God's Country"? Do you want to learn how you can live in comfort on a ten-acre orange orchard in Southern California, or a twenty-acre apple orchard at Hood River in Oregon? Do you want to know about dairying, bee keeping, fruit raising, business opportunities or irrigation farming, and the Government reclamation projects? If you do want to learn more about the West, read "The Pacific Monthly." It is a magazine with a mission—it is the voice of the West of to-day and the interpreter of the West of to-morrow—clearly, vividly and truthfully it depicts the West. "The Pacific Monthly" is a beautifully illustrated magazine, containing clean, wholesome stories and forceful articles. The price is \$1.50 per year. To have you get acquainted with "The Pacific Monthly" we are making a special trial offer. Fill out the coupon below.

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"Most men drink like the Chinaman who explained, as he bought a quart of fiery, execrable, cheap whisky:

"I no drinkee for drinkee; I drinkee for drunkee."—*New York World.*

Does Blood Tell?

Certainly blood will tell; but what it will say no one can prophecy until it has spoken. It will tell so many different things that the only way to get a uniform message is to pick out the successful answers and ignore all the others, just as we do in the fulfillment of prophecies, and in dreams that come true, and "hunches" that prove sound. We can always tell a man of good family—if he happens to look thoroughbred; but we politely agree to ignore the five other scions of most illustrious pedigree who are scrubs in appearance and duffers in intellect

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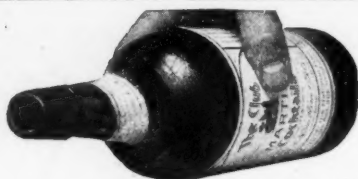
The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

To paraphrase the old college saying, you can usually tell a well-born man—but you can't tell him much; nor can he tell you much worth listening to, eight times out of ten.

What the mass of humanity longs for and worships above everything else is a leader; and if they be unable to find one of true kingly qualities they will invent one and endue him with these gifts out of their own imaginations. Naturally the easiest lay figure to drape

with these self-spun robes of royalty and kingliness was the son or the nephew of some really great man who bore his name, his features, and perhaps his voice and manner; and thus aristocracies and distinguished families grew up, created by their supporters out of their own inmost need and longing.

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—Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in *Saturday Evening Post.*



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"No great lawyer ever thinks of going into court in these days. A man who really understands the meanings and uses of the law is as much bored by arguing a case before the ordinary judge as Paderewski would be by teaching the five-finger exercise to a blacksmith."

"A lawyer's first business with the law is to find a hole in it. His second business is to remember where he found it. His third business is to pull somebody through it."

"A business lawyer should reflect that organization is but the necessary first step toward reorganization."

"When an enterprising man comes to me for advice, I tell him what he can do with safety, what he can do with risk, and what he can do with danger. If he is the right kind of man he does the dangerous thing—and comes to me again."

—American Magazine.

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"Yes, dear, I'll see that they are properly moistened regularly."

"And the rubber plant in the dining-room. You know it will have to be sprayed about three times a week."

"I'll remember it."

"I'm afraid you'll forget the canary

and let the poor little creature starve."

"Don't worry about the bird, dear. I'll take good care of him."

"But I feel sure you'll forget about keeping the curtains drawn, so that things won't be faded out when I get back."

"Don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness about the curtains. I'll keep the house as dark as a tunnel."

"John, I'm not going. You have some reason for being anxious to get rid of me."—New York World.

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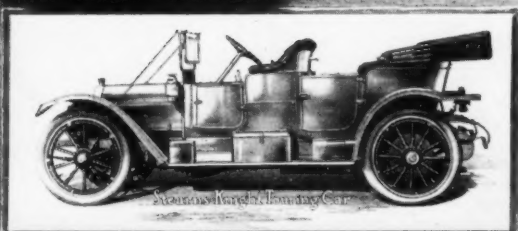
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