

NEWPORT
NUMBER

Life

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PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN



My Tires Get Rim Cut



Mine Are Overloaded



Mine Don't Seem to Wear

Men—Here Is the Remedy and 200,000 Have Proved It

The Day of No-Rim-Cut Tires

In these days it's folly to buy tires which rim-cut.

Rim-cutting occurs on 23 per cent of the old-type, hooked-base tires. That is shown by statistics, covering thousands of ruined clincher tires.

Those tires may rim-cut when only partly deflated. When a tire is punctured and run flat, rim-cutting may instantly wreck it. And rim-cut tires can't be repaired.

Our patent tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—wipe out this loss entirely. In all our experience, not one has ever rim-cut.

10 Per Cent Oversize Saves 25 Per Cent

This is also the day of the oversize tire. Men are learning that added size means a vast economy.

So No-Rim-Cut tires are made 10 per cent over the rated size. That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity.

It takes care of the extras you add to a car. It saves the blow-outs due to overloading.

That 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Maximum Mileage

For tires that wear out too quickly, the remedy is this:

Accept nobody's claims for maximum mileage, based on mere assumption. The guesses of experts are usually wrong.

Years ago, to get actual comparisons, we built a tire testing machine. There we wear out four tires at a time, under actual road conditions. And we meter the mileage on each.

Thus we have compared some 240 formulas and fabrics. There we have proved out every method of wrapping and vulcanizing. There we have compared rival tires with our own.

No-Rim-Cut tires, as made today, are the final result of those years of comparison. They represent the best men know about wear-resisting tires.

They've proved themselves by metered mileage the best tires ever built.

We Control Them

Now other makers offer hookless tires, to meet this competition. But we control by patents the only way to make a satisfactory tire of this type.

Our Tire Book makes this fact so clear that no man can doubt it.

Nine-tenths of all the new-type tires are Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. And the demand for these tires is twelve times larger than three years ago.

Made at a Profit of 8½ Per Cent

Last year our profits on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8½ per cent.

We mention this fact because of present discussion about the high profits on tires.

We are the largest tire makers, with the most modern equipment. So none can make good tires cheaper.

We put into these tires—into special features, materials and oversize—all that we get, save 8½ per cent.

Soon or late, you are bound to join the hosts of motorists who use these tires.


Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

The final proof is this: No-Rim-Cut tires, after 13 years, outsell all other tires.

After some 200,000 separate users have tested out these tires.

Today's demand compels an output of 100,000 tires monthly. That's twelve times larger than three years ago.

That tells the verdict of the highest tribunal—the men who buy these tires.



GOOD YEAR

AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

10% Oversize

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(687)

Columbia records are *double-discs*. They fit *your* machine (Columbia or Victor). Each one has a record on *both* surfaces—front and back.

The standard price is 65 cents—ranging up to \$7.50.

We have produced *one* Columbia double-disc record to serve as a sample—the “demonstration” record.

Over 8000 dealers are ready to sell you this record for 10 cents.

If you do not easily locate one of these 8000 dealers, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Columbia double-disc records are guaranteed superior to all others in tone, in surface and in wearing quality.

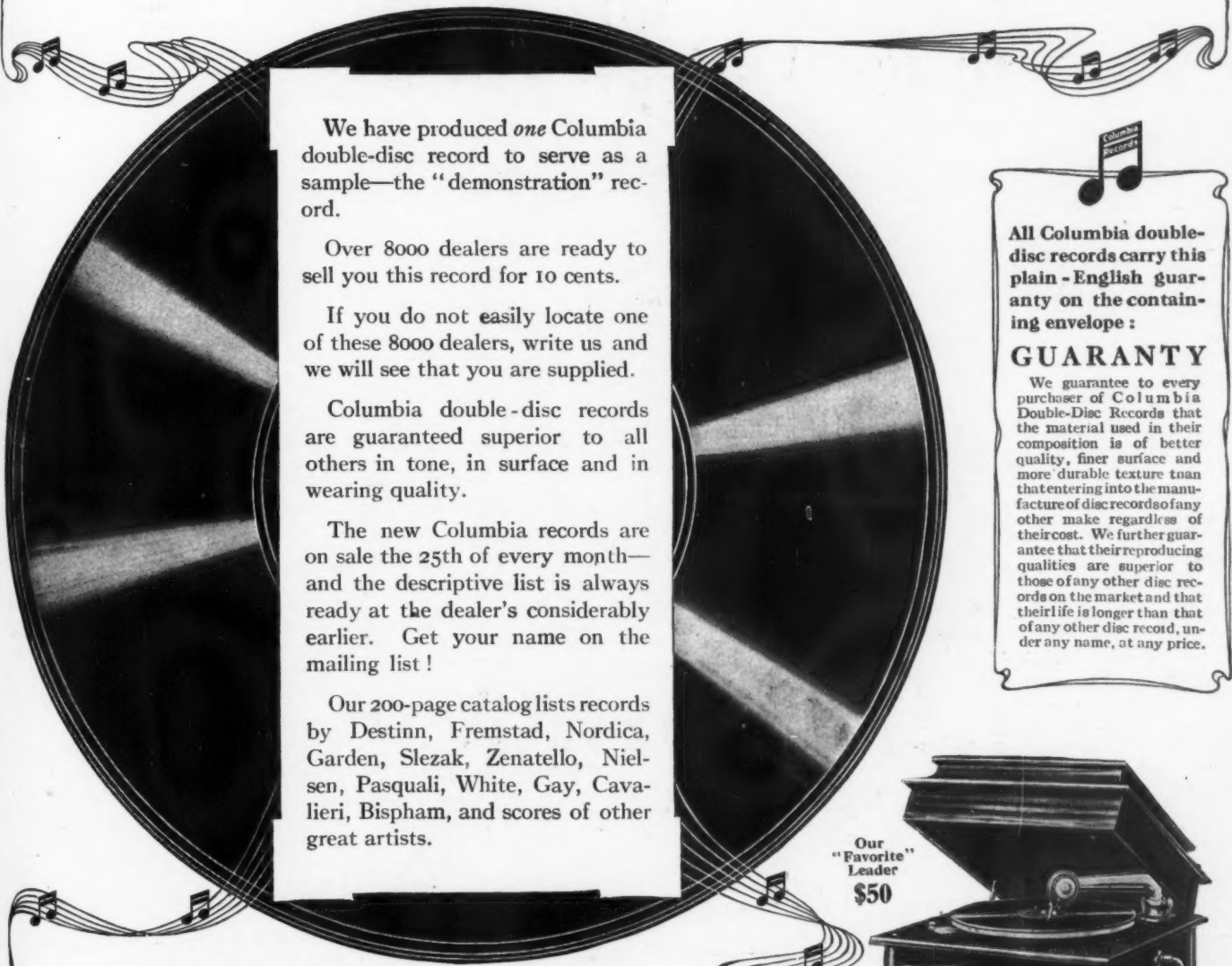
The new Columbia records are on sale the 25th of every month—and the descriptive list is always ready at the dealer’s considerably earlier. Get your name on the mailing list!

Our 200-page catalog lists records by Destinn, Fremstad, Nordica, Garden, Slezak, Zenatello, Nielsen, Pasquali, White, Gay, Cavallieri, Bispham, and scores of other great artists.

All Columbia double-disc records carry this plain - English guaranty on the containing envelope :

GUARANTY

We guarantee to every purchaser of Columbia Double-Disc Records that the material used in their composition is of better quality, finer surface and more durable texture than that entering into the manufacture of disc records so many other make regardless of their cost. We further guarantee that their reproducing qualities are superior to those of any other disc records on the market and that their life is longer than that of any other disc record, under any name, at any price.



Our "Favorite" Leader \$50

Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l,

Box 270, Tribune Building, New York City
 London: Earlsfield, S. W. Toronto, McKinnon Building

Dealers! Of our more than 8000 dealers, 1000 have recently taken on the Columbia line. Write for our "Reasons and Discounts" and you will see why. Plenty of rich territory still open. Creators of the Talking-machine industry. Pioneers and leaders in the Talking-machine art. Owners of the fundamental patents. Largest manufacturers of Talking-machines in the world.



“Chilly, Isn't It?”

But your heart will grow warmer when you learn that next week there is no special number of LIFE.

We have done this on purpose. We want to get out a really good number once in a while—just to surprise you.

TEN CENTS
ALL NEWS-STANDS
EVERY TUESDAY

(Except the Christmas and Easter Numbers, which are Twenty-five cents.)

IN THE MEANTIME
BETTER BECOME
A REGULAR
SUBSCRIBER

Special Offer

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

A Free Copy of Life

We have recently issued an edition of LIFE, in miniature (only one number), which is printed in colors and contains some of the best jokes and pictures ever published in LIFE. We will send this free to any address in this country on receipt of a two-cent postage stamp.



Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This order must come to us direct; not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 17 West 31, N. Y. City
ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

RIDGEFIELD, CONN.

250 acres in Ridgefield, Conn., on high ground, magnificent tract of diversified land, hill and dale, meadow and forest.

An unusual opportunity for a man of means to create a wonderful country place, or suitable for subdivision into acreage plots. Easily developed. Extensive frontage on main road. In the neighborhood of large estates. Address

ADAMS & KEELER, Ridgefield, Conn.

Rhymed Review

Carnival

(By *Compton Mackenzie. D. Appleton & Company*)

A baby, reared in London's whirl,
'Mid fogs that chill the gay romancer,
Grew up to fame as Jenny Pearl,
A graceful, tip-toe ballet-dancer.

She fell in love with one Maurice,
A critic chap; he wooed her nightly,
But felt her hold upon him cease
And dropped her, awful impolitely.

That one lost love should be her last
She vowed; averse to vain regretting,
She tried the life that's known as "fast,"
She tried a little Suffragetting.

And then,—oh, unpropitious fate
For any lively footlight charmer!—
She took a grim, ascetic mate,
A crazy, prayerful Cornish farmer.

Upon the Cornish coast forlorn
She dwelt with alien faces round her;
Yet, when her little boy was born
She dreamed a ray of joy had found her.

For baby fingers soft and small
Can soothe all woe, the novels tell us;
But when a friend dropped in to call
Jane's husband grew absurdly jealous.

And next, to blast her hope of peace,
Who else should seek her, uninvited,
But he, her traitor-love, Maurice,
Presuming that she'd be delighted.

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.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid. Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.



The supremacy of **WHITE MOTOR TRUCKS** is evidenced in still another phase of motor transportation by their use on the country estates of twenty nine of the nation's most discriminating millionaires. ¶ Where competent drivers and expert garage service are seldom to be had, the same discernment which brought these men power and wealth, led them to choose **WHITE TRUCKS** as the most dependable to meet the conditions of country transportation. ¶ The simple power plant and control, well balanced chassis and durable construction, make **WHITE TRUCKS** so free from trouble and easy to operate, that they are the only complete answer to the hauling problems of country estates. ¶ The White Company - Cleveland.



But Jenny scoffed, "How like you men!
Don't talk to me of sweet forgiving!
You'll win a lady's love and then
Run off and spoil her joy in living?"

"You're selfish, cruel, weak and blind;
Away, away, you silly rotter!"
And when she thus had freed her mind
Her crazy husband up and shot her!

O, Ballet-dancers, airy band,
Attend our Author, analytic:
Don't marry Cornish Farmers, and
Don't ever stoop to kiss a Critic!

Arthur Guiterman.



TYPOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING

A PIECE OF METAL FURNITURE AND AN INFERIOR FIGURE

Special Offer
and find dollar \$1.13, (1.26). for

tion e to
(.04.)

Ask the man who owns one

Ease of riding reaches the highest degree of comfort in the Packard "48" for 1913

Extreme thickness of upholstery, fitted to a sweeping body curve at the rear, gives a delicious sense of luxury. This quality is enhanced by long three-quarter scroll elliptic springs, with the added effectiveness of shock absorbers.

Coupled with its luxurious riding, are the graceful lines of exclusive style, the stamina and the constant efficiency which distinguish the Packard as the dominant Six.

The horsepower of the Packard Six by the standard A. L. A. M. rating is 48. The actual maximum as shown by the brake test is 82 horsepower.

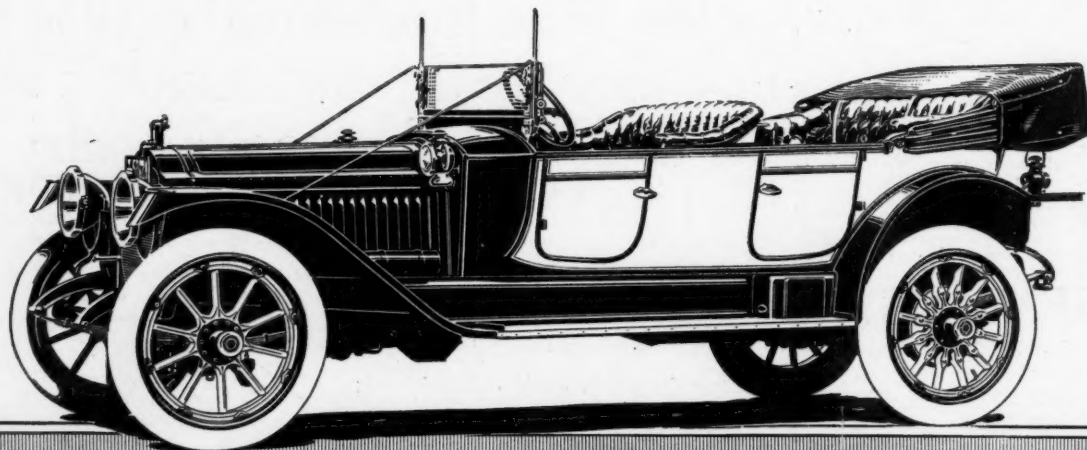
The Packard "48" Line

Touring Car, seven passengers.....	\$4,850	Landaulet, seven passengers.....	\$5,950
Phaeton, five passengers.....	4,750	Imperial Limousine, seven passengers....	6,050
Runabout, two passengers and rumble....	4,650	Brougham, five passengers.....	5,800
Limousine, seven passengers.....	5,850	Coupe, three passengers.....	5,100

Packard dealers throughout the country cooperate with the Packard Motor Car Company in providing the most willing, the most expert and the most comprehensive service in the world

DEMONSTRATION ON ANY KIND OF ROAD

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.



Packard



WHERE MR. KRESU'S KEEPS HIS THOROUGHbred STOCK

AND WHERE HIS TENANTS LIVE



"While there is Life there's Hope"



FOR the moment everything has happened in politics except the formal ordering of the Bull Moose party, which seems to be proceeding, but not without halts and constant conferences, for it is a perplexing job. Its convention is called for August 5 at Chicago, and we suppose it will be held. It is contemplated without agitation, and promises to involve more expense than excitement. The Progressives just now are a very much divided band. Some of them approve of the Bull Moose convention and a separate ticket, a good many more prefer to stay like a serum in the veins of the Republican party, and hope to sicken it into health; another squad intend to vote for Wilson, and still another, perhaps, for La Follette.

Mr. Roosevelt's party has at least one thick and thin supporter who believes in its leader and his mission. That, of course, is Mr. Roosevelt. One must not expect from one of his generous nature any such hogging of the means of grace as to take the back seat. He is as far as ever from that, and is still the best seller of politics. He writes frankly and at length about it all in the *Outlook* for July 20. In spite of his looking-glass, he feels that his party is the only one that is not dominated by bosses. The leaders at Chicago, he says, "utterly disbelieve in the people," and though, as yet, he credits Governor Wilson with sincere and creditable dispositions, he considers that the Democratic bosses nominated him and will achieve "complete and undisputed mastery in Indiana, Illinois, New York, Colorado and elsewhere generally" by his election. So being himself the only gate to political righteousness, of course, he cannot

consent to be shut. Observing that most of the papers of large circulation are against him, the Colonel declares:

What they really wish is to beat me, because they dread the success of the principles of which, in this particular crisis, I am the exponent.

Now, of course, it is not important, but just there the Colonel makes a mistake. The desire to beat him has, to be sure, been based in some degree on objection to propositions which he has disclosed, but far, far more, it rests on objection to himself and inability to connect him with any definite propositions. Few people have believed that in any event he could, or would wish to, carry out his more alarming proposals like the recall of decisions. That suggestion would doubtless be tried out in discussion and have its influence and perish in bringing about some wiser remedy for the evil it proposed to cure. Few people have thought that Mr. Roosevelt would stick to any dangerous idea longer than to get what votes and advertisement there might be in it. The main objection to him has not been an objection to his principles, but to his incalculable independence of all principles. It is an objection to irresponsible, personal government.

That is why he is such an embarrassment to the Progressives, and why they dispute whether he is an asset or a liability of their cause. His great, personal popularity is an asset; so is his ready human sympathy and his sincere desire to beat the record in improving the conditions of life. But he is a liability in that very desire to beat the record, and in his instinctive purpose not to let anybody get the record away from him if he can help it.

The general purposes of the Progressives are overwhelmingly popular. As between their side and the side of "the interests," there is no question where stand a great

preponderance of the voters. But where Roosevelt is a candidate in the minds of a very large group of voters all other considerations sink out of sight. Nothing else counts at all. They will not, dare not, lend themselves to the fulfilment of his aspirations for office, and if his candidacy becomes dangerous, they will vote whatever ticket seems best adopted to beat it.

So if Mr. Roosevelt should run strong enough this fall to be alarming he will doubtless drive many Taft votes to Governor Wilson. He is valuable now—as Mr. Bryan has been these many years—as a threat. He helped very much to get Governor Wilson nominated, and now, as it seems, will help efficiently to elect him, and to keep him, both before and after election in straight progressive paths. In so far as Governor Wilson is a radical, Mr. Roosevelt is probably his most effective abettor and stimulant; more useful and less embarrassing than Mr. Bryan, because he never has to be consulted, but merely watched.



ONE line of remonstrance against the iniquity of not wanting him, the Colonel addresses to persons who live softly. As between persons who live softly and persons who live noisily there is something to be said for the softlies. At least they are not incompatible with peace and a quiet life, a condition that has merits, and has always been rated as consistent with some forms of virtue. That common folks should successfully emulate the Colonel as the steam calliope of righteousness is too much to expect. Noiselessness in a machine is valued, and it is not entirely unesteemed in people, especially when it is accompanied, as it often is, by a superior

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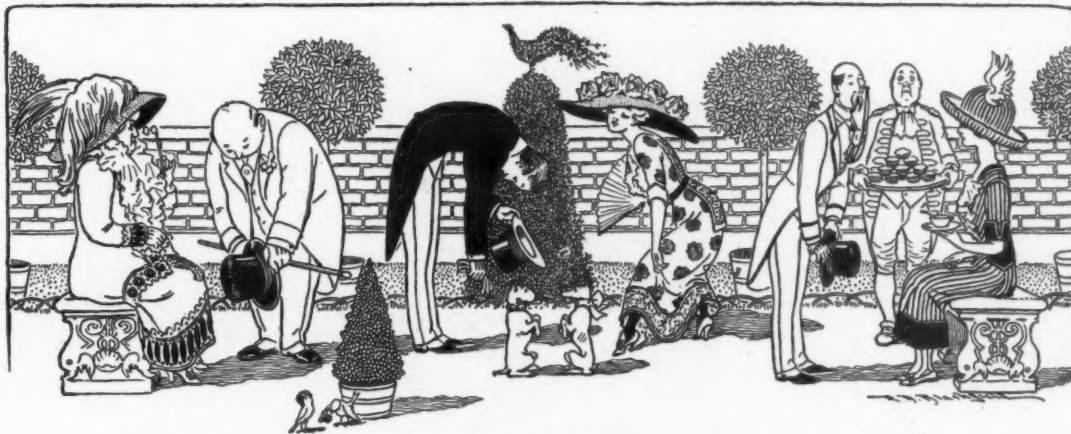
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, *Pres't.*

A. MILLER, *Sec'y and Treas.*

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A FORMAL GARDEN PARTY

degree of efficiency. Not all the ameliorations of life which the Progressives hope for will be attained by violent cries and exertions. A law now and then will come as the result of agitation, but of the folks who live softly, there is due proportion who husband their strength to put it to effective use, and they will do their share in bettering the world. Life is helped on its material side by the multiplication of commodities, and that is the office of business, which is only imperfectly adjustable to the athletic life which the Colonel admires and practises.

Perhaps the Colonel is the Fremont of a new party. That is a useful office if a Lincoln comes later.



THE most engrossing subject for newspaper readers in New York at this writing is the killing of the gambler Rosenthal, and the resulting inquiry. Rosenthal complained that he had paid the police for protection of his gambling house and had not been protected. That interested Commissioner Waldo and also District Attorney Whitman. While they were looking into Rosenthal's charges an automobile load of armed men rolled up to the restaurant where Rosenthal was taking midnight recreation, and the men called him out and killed him with bullets. Lieutenant Becker of the police force is suspected of having

been discommoded by Rosenthal's confession and complaints. Becker's friend Rose is found to have engaged the automobile. Rose has turned up and answers questions. The chauffeur who drove the auto has been arrested. The police seem to know who were the men who did the shooting. Perhaps they will arrest them. If not, perhaps the District Attorney will do it.

This is all very interesting. It seems to disclose, for one thing, that murder can be promptly done by professionals for hire in New York; for another, it suggests suspicions that are disturbing to confidence in the police. The force has ten thousand members. They are under constant temptation to permit crimes and violation of law. We must always expect that there will be bad men among them. In so far as the force conspires to protect its own bad members against justice and the public, it is a Camorra, and we are its clients. Of course, we want to know how far that is true.



THE Interstate Commerce Commission has ordered a wholesale revision and reduction of the rates of the express companies. There are four of them, and they work amiably together to do the express business of the United States. They have done it, between them, for about half a cen-

tury, and have found it very profitable. It is a business that touches the daily life of the people so closely as to be comparable with the Post Office. The wonder is that the four companies have been able to hold their job so long. They do not do it as well as they should, and they charge more than they ought to.

It looks as though the jig was pretty nearly up with the express companies—as though they ought to be bought out and their business reorganized and run on a new basis. One way to do it, if the Sherman Law did not hinder, would be to make an Express Trust that would take over all existing companies and put their business on a modern basis. We suppose the Standard Oil Company, for example, could give us, with due help from a rates commission, a cheap and admirable express service. Another way is for the Government to buy the companies out and merge their business into the parcels post. The advantage of that is that the Government already has the enormous Post Office organization and plant, and could probably do the express business of the country much cheaper, and perhaps better, than any independent concern. Or perhaps the Post Office and the express companies will find a way to work together. But, anyhow, the express business as it is now conducted is out of date, and by its delinquencies hinders the profitable transmission of commodities and products from producer to consumer, and, like the tariff, costs the country indirectly more than it is worth.

Life's Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-five years. In that time it has expended \$133,340.25 and has given a fortnight in the country to 33,737 poor city children.

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

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,816.90
"A. L. W.".....	3.00
Lenox Baks.....	10.00
Helen Brooke Heck.....	10.00
F. A. Schaefer.....	11.40
S. B. Eggleston.....	5.00
L. T.....	6.00
S. A. Gillespie.....	5.70
In memory of Little Louise.....	25.00
Thalia & Malcolm.....	50.00
J. C. de Bruyn Schimmel.....	5.00
"M".....	10.14
Frederic C. Pe-field.....	10.00
G. B. W.....	25.00
"In memory of A. H.".....	10.00
William Graham Clayton, Jr.....	10.00
Ernest G. Draper.....	5.00
Proceeds of a Sale held at "The Greylock," Williamstown, Mass.....	10.00
Vincent Astor.....	100.00
"Plainfield".....	7.25
William Ziegler, Jr.....	100.00
Steno.....	3.00
Mrs. Eugene Kimball.....	25.00
A Newport Subscriber.....	25.00
J. J. W. E.....	5.00
Miss Betty Balch.....	1.00
H. L.....	10.00
Walker.....	5.00
Dickie Van.....	5.00
Rosemary.....	5.00
Harold J. Roig.....	5.00
Polly Sewell, Ethel Hays, Grace Hays, Junior Hays.....	7.50

\$7,331.89

In Defense of Yellow Journals

YELLOW journals publish a multitude of sins; but, in spite of that, we owe them a debt of gratitude which will be difficult to repay. During the long, medieval night, extending from the pre-Adamites down to about the first Bryanad, and ending only with the dawn of yellow journalism, the human race was the vassal of the writer and publisher.

If we saw it in a book, it was so. The magic wand of type was waved over the most astounding ideas of this world, the next world and the last world and, lo, those ideas were vested with irresistible credibility. The awe-inspired masses were easily led hither and thither. The pen, in truth, was mightier than the sword; the paper was more invulnerable than the coat of mail, and sanctums were really sanctified. But, with the dawn, came emancipation.

Nowadays, if we see it in print, it's doubtful, and thanks to you, our saffron-colored friends. It's a delight to feel that the ochre is not all ogre. Every thorn must have its rose.

E. O. J.



AT DINNER

Life's Confidential Guide to Prominent People

KIPLING, RUDYARD.—A large member of the English branch of the Pessimist Club. At one time a writer of some prominence. Now engaged in issuing advertisements against other governments, principally the United States of America. In this respect is the only ad writer who has ever told the truth.

HITCHCOCK, FRANK R.—A gentleman who occupies an important position in the United States Government in connection with the express companies.

WILSON, JAMES.—Secretary of Agriculture Department and general seed distributor for the universe. Motto is "Hayseed forever." Has done more to build up suburban lawns than any other man in the country.

VON BIEBERSTEIN, BARON MARSCHALL.—New German Ambassador to London, sent over to annex England to German Empire. Expects to accomplish result in two years. Smartest man in Germany except Emperor William. When finished with England will then take measures to secure South America.

WOOD, DR. LEONARD.—At one time a soldier and friend of Theodore Roosevelt's; now a back number and member of the Down and Out Club. If Congress can insult him publicly enough, will probably run for President in 1916.

DOYLE, CONAN.—Tutor of Detective Burns, who began his career by rewriting one of Voltaire's stories and calling it "Sherlock Holmes." Has received highest price for work known—almost as high as some advertisement writers.

TAFT, WILLIAM HOWARD.—Formerly a man of straw, who was put up as a scarecrow, but soon turned to putty.

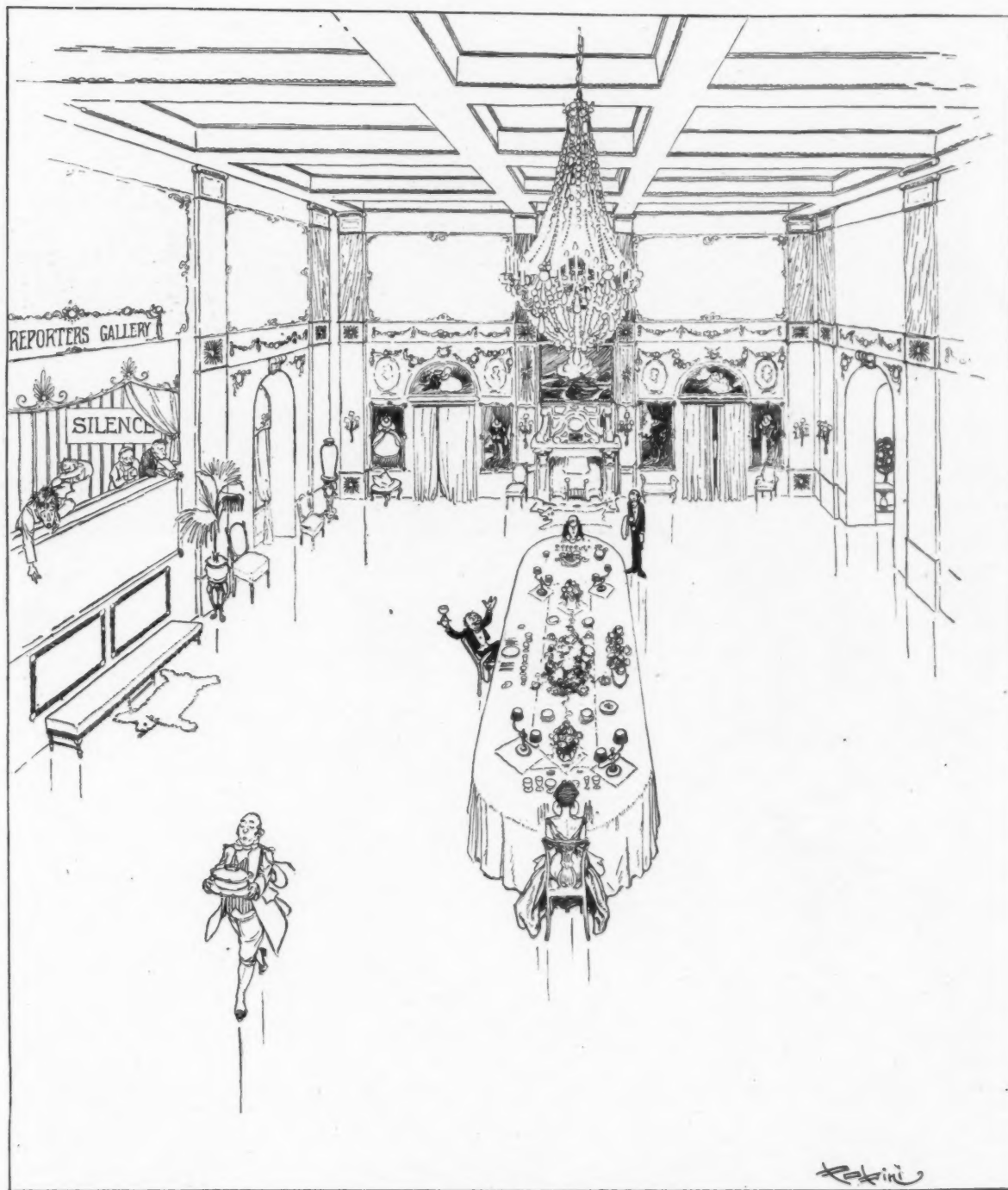
WILEY, DR. HARVEY.—A professional pure food father. Formerly of Washington, now of the United States at large. This gentleman for years has pursued benzoate of soda into its lair and has caused consternation amongst countless germs. Being honest and disinterested, he could not get along with the administration. Has done much to make pure nourishment a possibility, although many of his ideas have been placed in cold storage by the powers that be.

ABBOTT, LYMAN.—First assistant office boy to Theodore Roosevelt's *Outlook*. At one time he was editor of the paper, but now he writes sermons every week in order to resign himself to his fate. As a press agent he has no equal, and his recent strictures upon American beer have called the attention of every man, woman and child in this country to that cheering beverage. When not engaged in booming Roosevelt for the Presidency, Dr. Abbott is uplifting somebody.

PARKHURST, C. H.—An editorial writer for the *New York Journal* and a clergyman on Sunday.

GAYNOR, W. J.—Mayor of New York and a general correspondent who spends most of his time in writing letters to school teachers and small boys. If he has any time left over he usually spends it by swearing at his friends. Incidentally he promotes subways, hot air and Epictetus.

SHERMAN, JAMES S.—At one time Vice-President of the United States; also associated with various industries; presided over Senate and took messages to Albany and Chicago when necessary. Possesses an inexhaustible lack of humor, increased by association with the U. S. Senate. Will never again be elected to any office.



SOCIETY NOTE

MR. AND MRS. VAN SYDE ENTERTAINED A JOVIAL PARTY AT AN EXCLUSIVE DINNER LAST NIGHT



THE NEXT DURBAR (NEWPORT)

HEARING THAT NOTHING BUT CROWNS WILL BE WORN BY EVERY ONE IN HONOR OF THEIR CONTEMPLATED VISIT, THEIR MAJESTIES HAVE DETERMINED NOT TO BE OUTDONE

Those Old Songs

I CANNOT sing the old songs,
Like Sally in Our Alley;
I dreamt I dwelt in Marble Halls,
I'm dreaming now of Hallie.

By the Blue Alsatian Mountains
I'd lay me doon and dee;
Jennie, my own true loved one,
Then you'll remember me.

Could you come back to me Douglas,
Douglas,
Nevermore would I care to roam;
I don't want to play in your yard,
I was seeing Nellie home.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
When the lights were dim and low.
Oh, Laddie was somebody's darling;
No, sir! No, sir! No!

After the ball is over,
Deep sorrow fills my cup;
Oh,—I can't sing the old songs,—
I get them all mixed up!

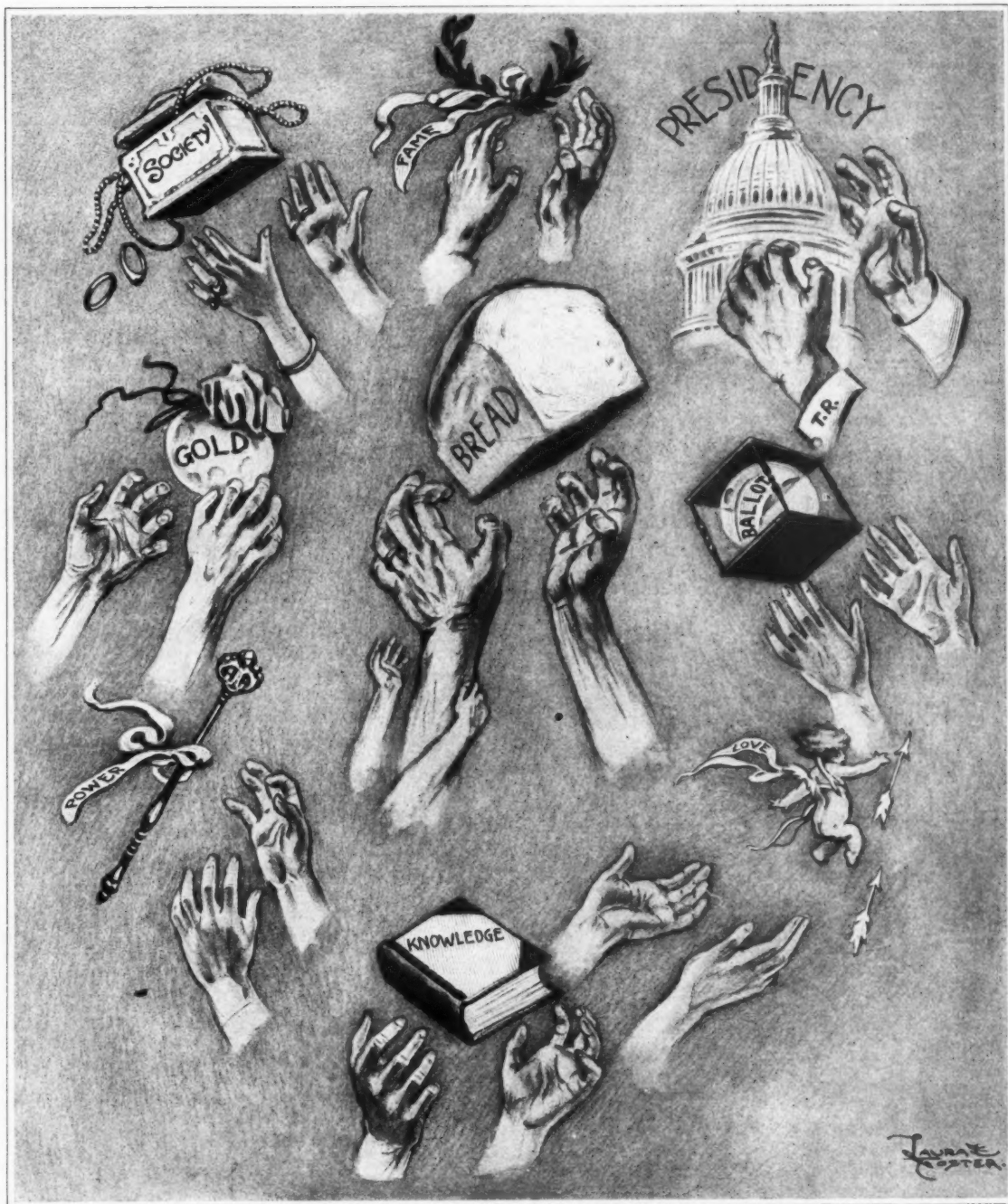
C. W.

FIRST WEEK - END GUEST:
Would you ask our hostess to
lend us a motor?
SECOND WEEK-END GUEST: Good
heavens, no; I'd as soon think of ask-
ing her for a piece of string.

The High Prices

"The breakfast table of the rich
and the dinner pail of the poor are
both affected by the high prices,"
says Mr. James J. Hill.

WHAT an indefatigable statistician
he is, to be sure! We have no
wish to quarrel with the statement, for
we are unable to see how it can be
otherwise than true. But how are
they affected? Would it be too obvious
to guess that the breakfast table of
the man who gets high prices is af-
fected one way and the dinner pail of
the man who pays high prices is af-
fected another way?



THE STRUGGLE EVERLASTING

Denatured Newport

NEWPORT, no animosity
 Shall touch my pen with fire,
 Though some with brute ferocity
 Have slandered you for hire.
 No galling word I'll raise, withal,
 To rouse your dukes or flunkies.
 Your dinners I will praise, withal,
 And never mention m——!

Though yellow journals rail at you
 And damn you as exclusive,
 Why should I wield the flail at you
 'Midst epigrams abusive?
 Lest gossip's tooth embarrass you
 Like some root-gnawing gopher,
 I won't bring up your heiress who
 Preferred to wed a ch——.

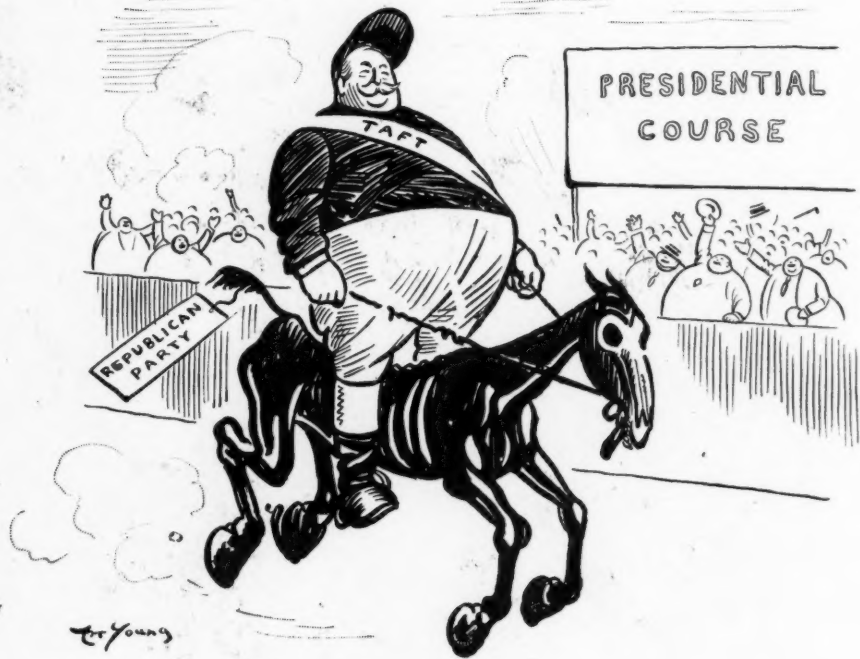
Your folks lead lives bucolical,
 Each in his humble cottage,
 Where Esau (term symbolical)
 Dines on his mess of pottage.
 They drink?—Oh well, perhaps a bit
 To brace them for life's scramble.
 They "bridge"? No doubt they play
 a bit,
 But I'm sure they never g——.

In fact the pen of libel writes
 Too oft in mean aspersion.
 Let Newport have her tribal rights
 And innocent diversion.
 Let threadbare nobles tarry there
 Like drones among the honey.
 I don't know why they marry there,
 But I'm sure it's not for m——.

Wallace Irwin.



A RECENT NOVEL
The Dangerous Age



BEAUTIFUL

Business is Business

THE brisk young man who had arrived at the summer resort an hour before rapidly approached the most handsome girl in the place and, taking off his hat politely, said:

"I beg your pardon, miss, but may I sit down for a moment?"

"Certainly."

"I am told, and my observation bears me out, that you are by far the handsomest creature within fifty miles. It is my intention to stay at this hotel for a couple of weeks, and we shall undoubtedly become warm friends. This little interview, you will understand, is merely preliminary to our formal introduction later."

"Certainly."

"In order that there may be no misunderstanding I may say that I am a young man of splendid family, good habits, and can give you every guaranty in that respect. My object in having this interview—merely preliminary, you understand—is that we

can have a nice quiet little flirtation without any fatal results."

"I think I follow you."

The young man's face took on a more earnest expression.

"You see," he went on, "I am of a very ardent nature, and in the presence of such a beautiful girl as you are I shall undoubtedly use expressions which, if taken literally, might possibly commit me. I hope you will take any impassioned utterances on my part—well, not take them too seriously."

"I assure you that nothing you can say will compromise you."

"Thank you very much. Then it is all arranged. We are formally introduced in about an hour by the proprietor of the hotel. We immediately enter into all rapturous phases of a delightful flirtation, accompanied by usual business, and at the end of two weeks we part with a pleasant reminiscent feeling of having had the time

NEWPORT RESCUE MISSION



"THE BREAD LINE"

of our lives. The understanding being, of course, that you will not feel hurt at separation. Owing to the cost of living, and——"

The young lady smiled and raised her hand.

"Don't concern yourself at all," she said, "I understand perfectly. Permit me to admire your businesslike ability and your evident honesty of purpose. In these days it is refreshing to meet a gentleman of your outspoken demeanor."

The young man blushed as he took out his note-book.

"I flatter myself," he said, "it is a grand idea. System for me. Now about the time. We might as well arrange a formal schedule of meetings, hours, trysting places, etc."

"Quite correct. I shall be happy to comply with your request. You say that you will be here two weeks?"

"From this morning."

The young lady raised herself nonchalantly in her piazza chair, as she looked full into the trusting eyes of her new acquaintance.

"This afternoon," she said, "I expect a company of West Point cadets, who will be here for the remainder of

the week; on Friday four married men from New York are coming for the week-end; next week three old college chums, including the sons of two millionaires, will be here for two or three days, and there are other details with which it is not necessary to burden your monumental intellect."

The young man leaned forward anxiously.

"And you think you can give me——" he queried.

"Come around on the last day of your stay, at two o'clock in the afternoon, and I can arrange to give you about fifteen minutes in that shady glen yonder just down off the lake. In the meantime be kind enough to leave me a typewritten list of your credentials—family, pedigree, income—in charge of the hotel proprietor."

And then as the martial music of a band struck up in the distance the young man disappeared around the corner of the piazza.

The Camorristi who have been on trial in Viterbo were found guilty. . . . And owing to the primitive system of Italian jurisprudence, it is doubtful if they can get a new trial.

—Kansas City Star.

Then why not be primitive?

The New Aesop

A LION, tired with the chase, lay sleeping under a shady tree. He was awakened by some mice scrambling over him. Laying his paw upon one of them, he was about to crush it, but the mouse begged so piteously for mercy that the lion let it go.

Some time after the lion was caught in a net and, unable to go free, made the forest resound with his roars. The mouse, whose life had been spared, heard and approached the lion, taking care, however, to keep at a safe distance.

"Help me out of this," said the lion.

The mouse considered the matter. "The lion regrets that he let me go the other day," reasoned the mouse to itself, "and now he wants to get hold of me. And besides, he is so big and strong that he is thoroughly able to help himself. He must be just bluffing. At any rate, I'll be on the safe side."

Thereupon the mouse went about his business.



NEWPORT NEWS

A Trip to Newport

THE inhabitants of Newport are divided into two classes: The very rich and the bus drivers. The bus drivers are of the anthropoid type, with drawling speech laden with vituperation and invective of the tabasco order, and their venom is all directed toward the exponents of "high society."

Your driver will haul in on the lines over his pair of shadowy creepers, and, pointing with his whip, will say, "Here on the left is the home of old John So-and-so. He's wo'th 'steen millions, which he stole from a batch of orphans. He wa'nt nobody in 1889, until he married old Jim What-you-may-call-'em's cast-off wife, an' so fur as I can callate he ain't nobody yet. Giddap."

"Now here on the right is the palace of Mrs. Van Somebody-else. It cost so much that nobody ain't never took the time to count it. She ran off with her father's stable boy, an' married 'im, an' her ol' man cut her off in his will with a bare forty million to punish 'er. Giddap."

This kind of lecture will continue during the entire drive, with one exception, as follows: The driver will stop his team, and, laying down the lines, will turn half round in his seat and with much impressiveness will say: "This here house on the right here is the only one in the whole darned passle that ain't got no scandal attached to it. Mr. James P. What's-his-name is the owner an' he

A Question of Political Ethics

THE Los Angeles "Times" of June 18 states that, gathering for the Republican convention, the Roosevelt party beguiled some of their time by singing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" and "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here, What the Hell Do We Care." In the light of subsequent events one can but remark the significance of the selections.

There is a pretty little song,
That's chanted loud and chanted long,
By politicians, who are strong
To win, in spite of right and wrong,
It's "What the Hell Do We Care!"

Oh, loyalty of land and name,
Oh, grasper at a martyr's fame—
It is a charming little game,
Our Country's office, since you came,
When any other phrase is lame
To well express your passion's flame
Save "What the Hell Do We Care!"

'Tis very strange in truth to see
How noble sentiment can be,
How firm convictions, when you flee
A party whose majority
Gave nomination, readily
To your opponent and decree

That, on the instant you are free
To curse (with rare fidelity)
The policies you *did* agree
Were yours for faith and liberty
With "What the Hell Do We Care!"

L. L. E.

lives there, an' fu'ther more, he's all right. He's wo'th twelve million, all got honestly from the poor people who made bad investments. He never ran away with nobody's wife an' he's very often sober. He don't pay very much attention to dress except on Sunday, an' he keeps his hedge fence cut low enough so's you can see the house from the road. Giddap."

At the end of the drive, after two and a half hours of this, you will alight from the bus with a sigh of relief. Your odor of sanctity, by contrast, will be to you like the perfume of freshly cut roses. Every penny that you have ever dropped into the blind man's tin cup will swell to the price of a row of brownstone fronts, all house-cleaned from cellar to garret. You and your wife will embrace in a manner that will make a bear hug seem like a tender caress, and the fond kiss that you will place upon her waiting lips will sound like the tearing of a mainsail in a hurricane.

Earle C. Rice.

One for You

"WHY did papa have appendicitis and have to pay the doctor a thousand dollars, mamma?"

"It was God's will, dear."

"And was it because God was mad at papa or pleased with the doctor?"



PRESIDENT ELIOT IS THE MIKADO'S GUEST.

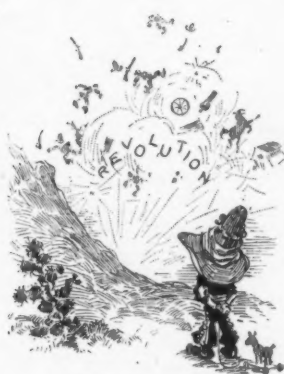
July



MR. BRYAN AND MR. MURPHY MEET IN BALTIMORE.



THE POLITICAL MARATHON.



MEXICAN SCENERY.



TWO KAISERS BEAT A FOUR FLUSH.



NO SUNDAY SMOKES IN KANSAS WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION.



IF MRS. PANKHURST, WHY NOT US ?

Ode to Newport

FAIR NEWPORT, loveliest village of the main,—
 Or, for that matter, of the low or highland,—
 Whose palaces regard with high disdain
 The rest of Mr. Aldrich's Rhode Island,
 Be not too proud of Fashion's vain parade,
 Of Counts, of Dukes, of marble halls baronial!
 Your origin, I understand, was Trade—
 The slave trade, too, they hint, in days colonial.

But that's the Past; I now would dwell upon
 Your present pageantry and joy supernal.
 I know about your Awful Goings-on!
 (I read the *Times*, *Sun*, *Herald*, *World* and *Jour-
 nal*.)

I know about your mansions by the sea
 Where Plutocrats regale the azure-blooded
 From salvers wrought in golden filigree
 And casseroles and trenchers, sapphire-studded!

Your residents are Multi-millionaires;
 Their talk, I learn from most authentic sources,
 Is all of coal mines, railroads, banks and shares,
 Of steam-yachts, motors, chorus girls and horses.
 By wicked wives they won their wealth untold;
 They sit from dusk to sunrise playing poker,
 And all about them takes the hue of gold—
 Why, one of them has named his cottage, "Ochre!"

Their ladies rise betimes at ten o'clock
 Or even earlier when all is sunny,
 And each puts on some lacy kind of frock
 And breakfasts—say, on caviare and honey.
 They waste a passing while in airy speech
 With gilded youths or titled foreign boobies,
 Then motor down to bathe at Bailey's Beach
 In brilliant costumes made of pearls and rubies.

A sailing trip comes next, or else, I guess,
 Some tennis played within the famed Casino;
 Then luncheon, rest, a change or so of dress,
 Discussions of the latest news from Reno,
 The country club and golf, an hour at bridge
 (A thousand-dollar prize rewards the winner),
 A breezy drive along the rocky ridge,
 Then some gay trifle like a Monkey Dinner.

What bliss is yours, O jaded Newport, when
 Upon the briny ocean, blue and wavy,
 All laden down with eligible men
 Appears your private fleet, the U. S. Navy!
 How brightly now your lamps till morning glow!
 How wild becomes your freakish dissipation!
 Now don't be saying that it isn't so,
 I tell you I've Undoubted Information!

Nay, Billionaire, I will not change my mind!
 I spurn your invitation neat and formal!
 Supposing I'd accept, and come, and find
 That Newport life was pretty nearly normal?
 I know you! cold and selfish, you'd abjure
 Extravagance and wicked, wasteful leisure
 And thus defraud the sad, down-trodden Poor
 Of lurid tales; their sole remaining pleasure!

So Newport, flourish! Heap your massive shrines
 Of porphyry with Mammon's choice oblations.
 Supply the Press and thunderous Divines
 With scandals, marvels, ever-new sensations.
 Still emulous to mix your golden meal
 With dabs of true aristocratic leaven,
 Be what you are, the goal of social zeal,
 A gorgeous, restless, futile Bourgeois Heaven!
 Arthur Guiterman.

The Book Game

RECENTLY three women in New York were inveigled into paying several thousand dollars for a set of books in fine bindings. Every once in a while a case like this comes to light and reveals the system of organized plunder of innocent people by reprehensible book agents.

The most gullible victim of these villains is usually some elderly lady with plenty of money and an abnormal desire for culture. But there have been numerous instances of men who have been caught in the game.

Nothing is more uncertain than the market value of books. Every week libraries are being sold at auction at very much less than they cost their owner. Unless you have great discrimination and a quite remarkable knowledge of books, the buying of them for the purpose of acquiring a collection is a very ticklish matter.



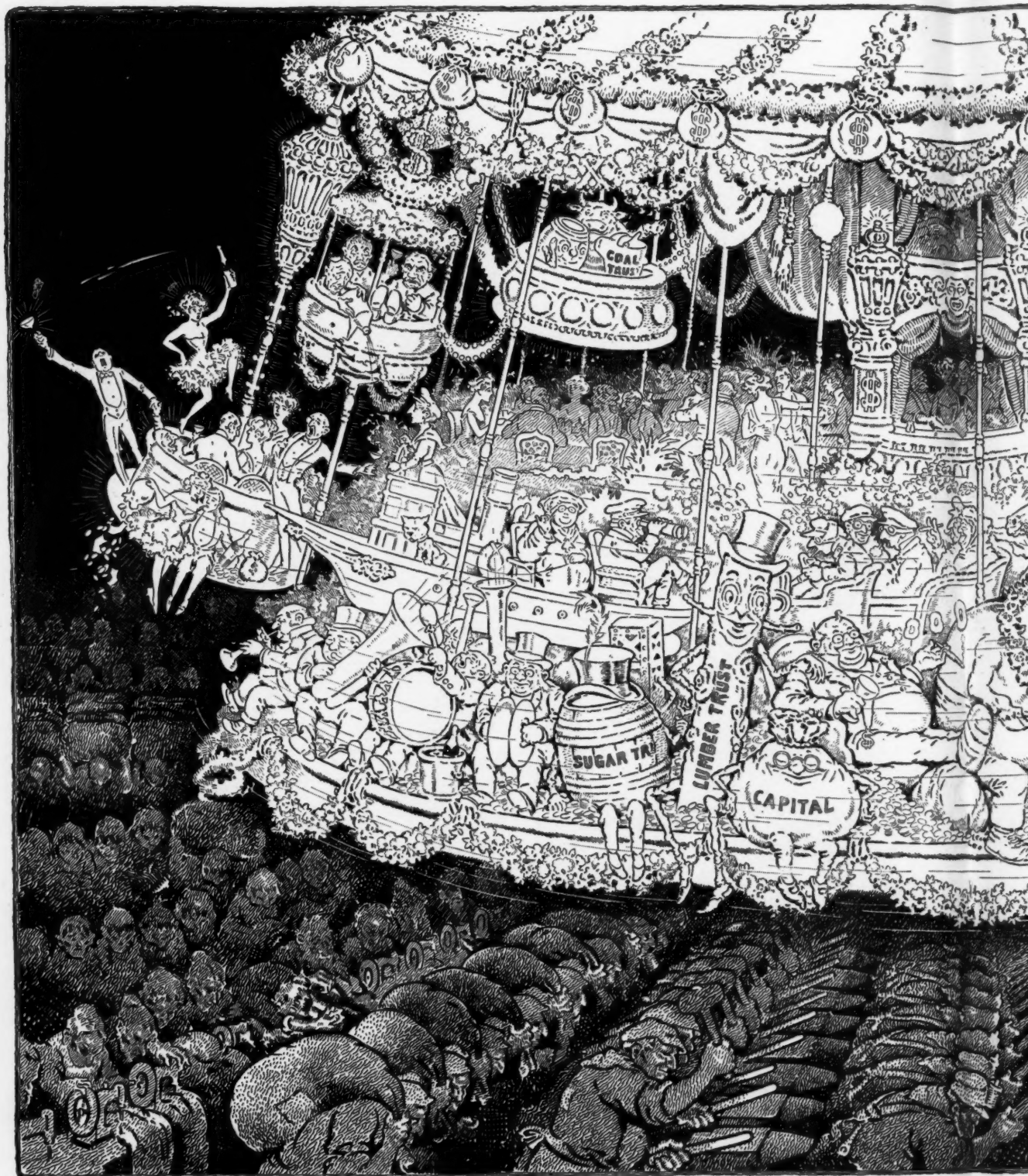
THE GNUVEAUX RICHES AT GNUPORT



"HORTENSE, WARE'S ME PURLS?"

"THEY'RE ON, MADAME, BETWEEN YOUR SECOND AND——"

"HORTENSE, YOU *know* I DON'T WANT 'EM BETWEEN, I WANT 'EM BELOW THE THIRD."



HARRISON-LADY

The Merry Go Round



Merry Go Round



THE Casino this season is unusually brilliant, and all the tennis matches well attended. Probably nowhere in the world could one find a more distinguished assemblage. Mr. and Mrs. Tawkall Knight, for instance, and Mr. Dedleigh Bohr and the Tire-liss Gadders are always there.

And last Saturday, chatting with various groups just like any ordinary person, was Plantagenet Pinhead. You would never have suspected, in watching him, that this was the man who first wore linen spats with evening dress. His mother was one of the Rhode Island Posers—a fine old family.

And Percy Galoot is often seen about the Casino. Percy's reputation as a wit really dates from the day of his famous pun on Montagu Bradish. Bradish was driving a pair of fast bays when Percy said, "They are smarter than horse-bradish." All the Galoots are intellectual.

Mr. Pluto Bulge entertained a party of twenty at lunch last Monday. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. James Bullion Reno, Miss Funnie Record, Mr. Midway Bulge, a brother of the host, and Mrs. Lucely Bound.

Mrs. Goodbye Morralls is contributing largely to Newport gaiety. Although the west wing of her cottage is not over one hundred feet in width, it afforded ample space for a delightful fête last Thursday. The walls of white marble and the tall, malachite columns of the rustic porch were beautifully illuminated. This cottage is, of course, only a temporary abode. Mrs. Goodbye Morralls is, as everybody knows, one of the Eaton-Drynkens of Baltimore, all charming

people and natural born social leaders. Her separation last winter from her second husband caused considerable comment at the time. General Browser's name was mentioned, also that of Mr. Freeleigh Spooner, but perhaps there was nothing in it. Her friends maintain that Mr. Goodbye Morralls himself is no example for Sunday-schools. But Newport is not fussy about those things.

The Freddy Koopons have opened their villa, Munnymore-by-the-Sea, and intend giving a garden party this month. It will celebrate the return from Europe of their daughter, Friskie, who has finally secured a divorce from the Count Buveur Gambleville d'Impecunios. Her mother made the match, which turned out surprisingly well, even for a love match. Mr. Freddy Koopon says it cost him only \$1,200,000 to get rid of the count.

Mrs. Alexander Richermud was seen on the Cliff Walk yesterday. She wore clothes.

Mr. Dyer Thyrst is visiting his uncle, Mr. Fullern A. Goat, at Booze Villa. Mr. Thyrst, it will be remembered, married Miss Flirtie Sport of Kentucky. She lived with Dyer nearly two months.

It was a very pretty sight yesterday when Mrs. Saymold Bluff drove up to the Casino on her own coach. She handled the ribbons well, and was ravishingly gowned in pale lilac to match her complexion. On the seat beside her sat General Electric, and it is whispered that Dan Cupid is busy up there. The General always did love a lively widow. Collar Van Doolittle is also attentive in that quarter—so rumor has it.

Mr. and Mrs. Bullifat Inkum are off on their yacht *Spenda*, and will not

be at Newport again this season. Among their guests on the cruise are Miss Dottie Kissam, Mrs. Redd Painter and Mr. Samuel Hoopitupp.

Lord Gonbroke is visiting the Loot-Boodlers.

The marriage of Miss Sadie de V. Galore, only daughter of Hon. Bonds Galore, to Mr. Herbert Wuntwork took place last Tuesday at Bangham-on-the-Snowt, the summer home of the bride's parents. The bride wore a white dress, with a black picture hat the size of a carriage wheel. It concealed the shape of her head, neck and shoulders, and was most becoming.

Mrs. Reginald Muchinprint gave a dinner last Saturday to announce the engagement of Baron Gottinhimmel von Rhynderpest to her niece, Miss Marjory Clinger, of Clingville, Va. Miss Marjory's mother was one of the Virginia Creepers.





What's on the Sign-Board?

One Hundred Dollars for the Best Answer

Conditions

The solution, in whatever form submitted, must not exceed fifteen words. The paper upon which it is sent should contain nothing else except the name and address of the author in the upper left hand corner. If this rule is violated the judges reserve the right to debar the contribution.

Manuscripts should be addressed to

*The Contest Editor of LIFE,
17 West 31st Street,
New York.*

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered. Preference will be given to a title not submitted by several contestants, but in case more than

one person submits the winning title the prize will be divided.

All manuscripts submitted must be at LIFE office not later than Thursday, August 29. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from August 29 a check for \$100 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue of September 12.

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

Only one answer from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges, their decision to be final. They will award the prize to the title which, in their judgment, is the most deserving.



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



BY J. B. KERFOOT

Elsie Lindtner, by Karin Michaelis Stangeland. See below.

Fate Knocks at the Door, by Will Levington Comfort. A tale of varied adventure, with a heavy blend of romantic mysticism.

From the South of France, by Thomas A. Janvier. Bits of Provençal comedy set forth in a tracery of verbal lace-work.

The Golightlys, Father and Son, by Laurence North. An able and interesting novel in which is laid bare the smooth-working mechanism of a complex tragedy.

The Guests of Hercules, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. A long, light and engaging fictional entertainment, dealing with the Monte Carlo career of a near nun.

It, by Gouverneur Morris. A collection of short stories in varying keys of uniform virtuosity. Excellent hot weather pick-me-ups.

Key to Trees, by J. F. Collins and N. W. Preston. A simple system of identification of the trees of the northeastern United States and southeastern Canada.

My Life in Prison, by Donald Lowrie. See below.

Neighborhood, by Tickner Edwardes. A book of months, following the course of rural life in a retired English village.

Sharrow, by Bettina Von Hutten. An agreeable and thoroughly characteristic tale of an independent sprig of an old family in conflict with an ancestral autocrat.

Social Life in the Insect World, by J. H. Fabre. A book quite *sui generis*. Accounts of personal experiences and professional discoveries by the French entomologist who has been called "the insects' Homer."

Wings of Desire, by M. P. Wilcocks. A novel of Devon full of the close wrought character work of the author of "The Wingless Victory."

Socialism and the Great State. A symposium in which H. G. Wells and a dozen others discuss the present trend and status of constructive socialistic thought.

A Son of the Sun, by Jack London. Good adventure stories of the islands of the South Pacific, with a local captain of industry for their common hero.

The Story of a Ploughboy, by James Bryce. A cross-sectional view of contemporary life in rural Scotland, shown with microscopic definition.

The Street Called Straight, by the author of "The Inner Shrine." The conscientious scruples of an embezzler's daughter; a make-believe problem in imitation ethics.

What Is and What Might Be, by Edmund Holmes. A forceful and highly suggestive discussion of the bearing of the doctrine of original sin upon the deficiencies of our system of primary education.

Hard Luck Stories



IN the late sixties, when sleeping cars were less a matter of course than they are today, and the crop of untraveled maiden ladies was larger, the occupants of a Pullman in northern Indiana were one night kept from sleep for some hours by a plaintive voice that murmured at intervals from behind the curtains of a lower berth, "I am so dry—Oh, I am so dry!"

Finally, in desperation, a man got up, filled the glass then unsanitarily provided for common use, poked it between the curtains to the sufferer, returned it empty to its place and then, together with the long-suffering carful, prepared luxuriously to enjoy the relief of silence.

And just as they were dropping off to sleep the familiar voice exclaimed, "I was so dry—Oh, I was so dry!"

A year ago the so-called civilized world was similarly troubled by the complaints of another lady in distress. Karin Michaelis Stangeland, obsessed with the unsatisfied feminine longings of the restless forties, was filling Sweden and Germany with the fragmentary details of her dilemma. Finally a French critic, doubtless hoping thus to put an end to the ululations, procured the translation of "The Dangerous Age" into French and English, induced every one to read it and talk about it and return it, empty, to its place on the top shelf, and then, together with the rest of the disturbed literary world, settled down to a well-earned surcease from morbidity.

And now, just as we were losing ourselves, appears

"Elsie Lindtner (John Lane. \$1.20), a sequel to "The Dangerous Age," by Karin Michaelis Stangeland. This is a continuation of the diary extracts and occasional correspondence of the sex-ridden sufferer of the former book. But the heroine, having herself outlived the age of danger and disturbance, now turns with evident satisfaction and with a reminiscent, I-told-you-so-ish inflection in her voice, to pointing out the marital infelicities and social dislocations of her aging friends and ascribing them to the cause which figures as her *idée-fixe*.

Poor lady! One cannot help being sorry for her—both coming and going. But it is to be feared that our sympathies would prove inadequate to the curbing of our impatience were it not for the fact that she is actually so exasperating that she is funny.

QUITE another kind of sufferer places his experiences before us in quite another spirit in an interesting and rather remarkable volume called "My Life in Prison" (Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25), by Donald Lowrie.

The author served a fifteen-year sentence for burglary in the California state prison of San Quentin. He entered the penitentiary a down-and-out and despairing, rather than a desperate, criminal; but instead of coming out, as the majority of such misfortunates do, case-hardened by his degrading and embittering experiences, he "found" not only "himself" and his own humanity, but the key to the humanity of his fellow sufferers, crooks and keepers alike, during the ordeal and emerged at once a just judge, an understanding interpreter and a patient disseminator

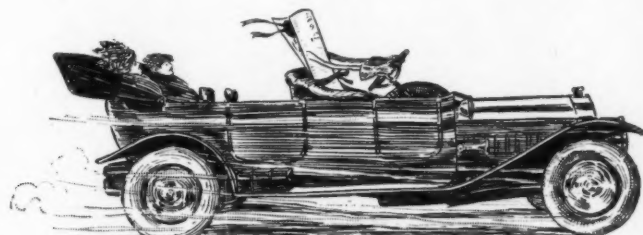


MASTER AND MAN

of the growing gospel of civilization through service.

The book combines the intrinsic interest and the absolute convincingness of what is called a "human document," with the intangible yet awakening influence of a message from a prophet—the kind of prophet who, having descended into hell and risen again, is able both to tell us the facts and feelings that make up the inferno and to point confidently and convertingly toward the blessed opening of a way out.

J. B. K.



MORTGAGE MAKES THE MOTOR GO

Life's Black List of Slang Words

WE present herewith a list of slang words. The use of any of these words ought to be made a penal offense, punishment to be a term of imprisonment. No slang words ought to be used by any respectable American citizen under twenty-one years of age; after that time, given a certain amount of experience and discrimination, a judicious use of slang may be permissible. This list is by no means complete, but it is believed to comprehend the worst offenders. We shall be glad to receive additions from our readers:

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| Beat it! | Fussed. |
| Flossy. | Speedy. |
| Peeved. | Old Top. |
| Sure! | Peachy. |
| Classy. | Nutty. |
| It's a cinch. | Getting your goat. |
| What do you know about that? | |

THE more you think of it, the more you need the doctor.

Would You Vibrate With Joy?

If So, Lose no Time, But Communicate with Life's Vibration Parlors—Why Not Be Captain of Your Own Soul?

THE rhythmic harmony of the spheres is now upon us. The American people are at last waking up to their mental possibilities.

Swami Baa Baa, the finest Yogi in the world, specially imported from the heart of India, is in full charge of our parlors, which are crowded from morning until night.

Remember, that the harmonic life is open to all. We comprehend all phases of the Newest Thought, and there is no vibration known to the inner circles in which we do not deal.

Are you a skeptic? Come and be convinced.

Swami Baa Baa is a seventh son of a seventh son. He was born with no less than three caul, and up to the time he was seven years of age he concentrated continuously on the syllable Om.

It is now known by the elect that Om is the All.

At the age of twenty-one Swami Baa Baa was buried for fourteen days, during which period he never drank a drop. Recently he spent three weeks in an American sanitarium, being entered as one of the regular patients, and no nourishment passed his lips—and he gained eighteen pounds.

We offer the only genuine brand of

vibrations on the market. All others are fakes.

Are you unhappy? No matter what your trouble is, we can cure it. Call us up by mental wireless. Concentrate on the first shining object and ask for Baa Baa.

We advise, however, that you pay us a personal call; you can then make your initial deposit and be on a business basis. We care nothing for money itself. As soon as our clients are educated up to the higher planes we will dispense with it altogether.

We are using it now temporarily merely to satisfy the materialistic demands made upon us.

If you are having any trouble with your wife, consult us at once; we cure all forms of disharmony between husband and wife. Repeat the following formula night and morning, with your eye fixed on shining glass. A cocktail glass is a good medium:

My wife has no objective existence.

She is a purely mental object, superimposed upon my area of consciousness.

When I appear to hear her voice, it is only vibrations out of tune.

I must be passive, remembering that she cannot harm me so long as I do not resist.

I will mentally deny her existence

so long as I am under the illusion that she is threatening me with anything.

Repeat Baa Baa seventy-seven times.

The above formula is only a beginning. Remember that, being a novice, you may fail the first time. You should then practise rhythmic breathing. The following letter is in point:

"DEAR SIRS:

My wife is known as a terror. Yesterday, after receiving your formula, I went into silence, during which I repeated Baa Baa as directed, and said forty times:

'My wife has no objective existence. I am passive to everything.'

She appeared to hear me; at any rate she grabbed me by the neck and appeared to say:

'I have no objective existence, have I? I'll show you!'

Please let me know what you would do in a case like that. I am writing this from the club hospital room."

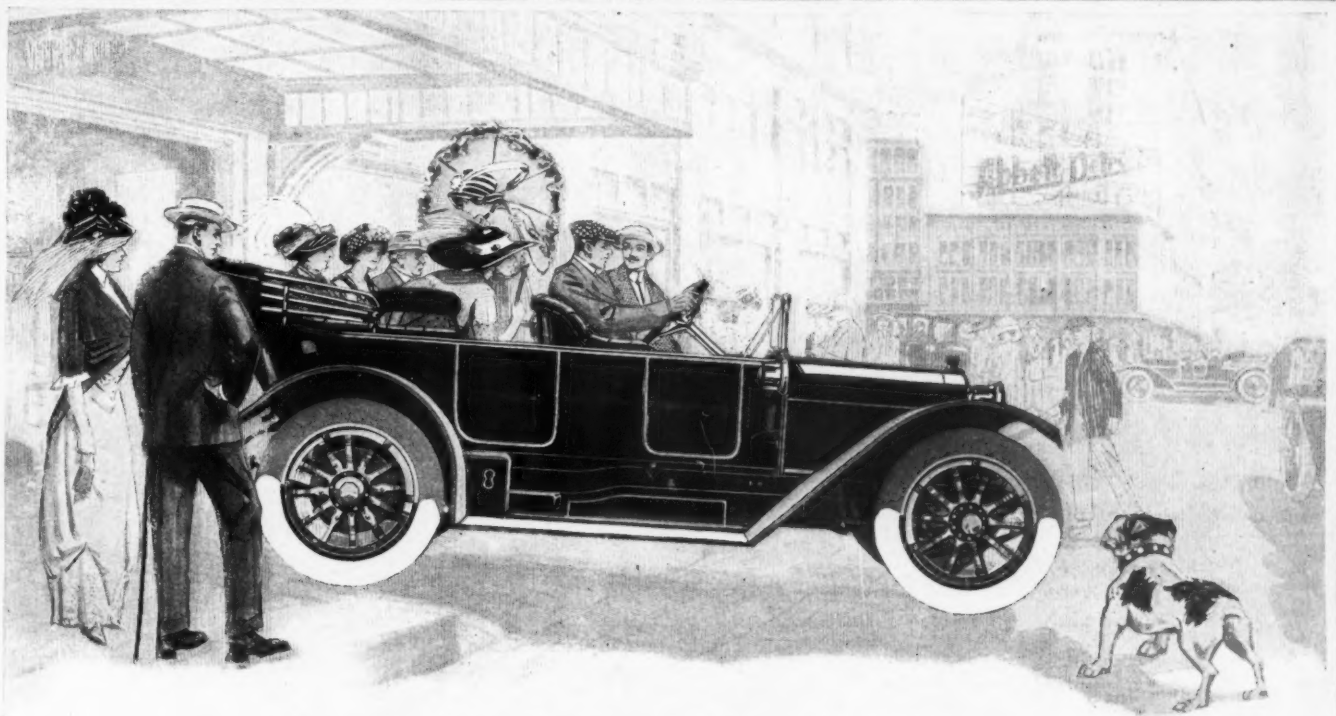
This is only an instance of what we mean when we say that the first lesson is oftentimes a failure.

Our friend has become so long ob-

(Continued on page 1528)



AT THE AFTERNOON TEA: "THE ILL-BRED LINE."



1913—ANNOUNCEMENT—1913

SIX NEW STYLES, ranging in price from \$1700 to \$3050, all well equipped, compose the Abbott-Detroit line for 1913. Two of these models, the 34-40 Fore-Door Roadster and the 34-40 5-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, have a 116" wheelbase, while the other four models, the 44-50 Demi-Tonneau, the 44-50 7-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, the 44-50 Battleship Roadster and the 44-50 Limousine, are built upon a 121" wheelbase chassis.

The *motors*, of the latest Continental, enclosed valves and many other desirable features; the 34-40 motors are 4 1/8" bore x 5 1/4" stroke, while those of the 44-50 are 4 1/2" x 5 1/2".

The *Tires*—Goodyear No-Rim-Cut—are mounted on Booth Demountable Rims—the 34-40 models being equipped with 34" x 4" tires, while the 44-50 models have 36" x 4 1/2" with the exception of the Battleship Roadster, which is fitted with 35" x 4 1/2" all around. All of the models have an *underslung spring construction* which lowers the center of gravity and in addition to allowing the use of a very pleasing design of body tends to eliminate side-swerving and excessive skidding, making it safer to drive the cars at high speed.

Other important features to which your special attention is called are: Dry Plate, Multiple Disc Clutches; Strong, compact nickel steel Transmissions; enclosed Unit Power Plants; full floating type Rear Axles of nickel steel construction, the housings of which are so designed as to form complete double trusses of great strength and extreme rigidity; Timken Roller and imported Schaefer annular Bearings; oil tempered Springs;

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 will be printed in SERIAL form. This is the first advertisement. Number 2 will appear in the Saturday Evening Post, Aug. 17th; Collier's, August 17th; Life, Aug. 22nd; Literary Digest, Aug. 24th.

THE ABBOTT-DETROIT ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER

1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped with our own specially designed, self-contained electric self-starter. This is not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition lighting and starting, but an electric self-starter—a real one—a dependable one—built as a part of the engine—the first reliable one ever placed on a car—complete—part of the regular equipment. Visit our sales rooms and have its operation explained.

pair Outfit; Jack; Tire Rest.

The Battleship Roadster has in addition, an extra equipment of two spare tires and tire trunk.

large Artillery Wheels, made of selected hickory; Special Steels; heavy duty Forgings, double heat treated; ventilated fore-door Bodies; Inside Control; Ten-inch Upholstering; twenty-four painting operations on bodies. *Equipment* includes black enamel nickel trimmed Electric Headlights; electric Side and Tail Lamps fitted with Tungsten globes; very complete Electric Lighting System with Dynamo; large capacity Lighting Battery; Extension Auxiliary Light; Dash Light; Splitdorf Dual Ignition System; specially designed self-contained Electric Self-Starter; Booth Demountable Rims; Horn; complete set of Tools; Tire Re-Irons; Robe Rail; Tool Box and Foot

Auxiliary seats are a part of the regular equipment of the 44-50 Fore-Door Touring Car.

Bodies finished in any combination of three colors, running gear and standard finish.

All prices F. O. B. Factory.

After a careful consideration of these exceptional features and a critical examination of these cars themselves, we think that you will agree with us that Abbott-Detroit cars for 1913 are THE BEST CARS IN THE WORLD AT THE PRICE.

Send for Beautiful Art Catalog

34-40 Fore-Door Roadster, 116" wheelbase	\$1,700
34-40 Five-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, 116" wheelbase	\$1,700
44-50 Five-Passenger Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau, 121" wheelbase	\$1,975
44-50 Seven-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, 121" wheelbase	\$2,000
The Cars Shown Above	
44-50 Battleship Roadster, 121" wheelbase	\$2,150
44-50 Seven-Passenger Fore-Door Limousine, 121" wheelbase	\$3,050

Abbott-Detroit
Built for Permanence and Guaranteed for Life

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY
615 Waterloo Street, Detroit, Michigan



1. "IF I ONLY HAD TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS I'D BE HAPPY."
2. "GEE! I WISH I HAD A HUNDRED THOUSAND."
3. "WHEN I GET A MILLION I'LL QUIT."
4. "I'LL BE SATISFIED WHEN I GET TEN MILLION."
5. "ALL I NEED NOW IS A FEW MORE MILLIONS."
6. "I'D GLADLY GIVE ALL I OWN IF I COULD GET BACK MY HEALTH."

Would You Vibrate With Joy?

(Concluded from page 1526)

essed with the notion that his wife is real that he cannot understand that the only reality is the Self, which is comprehended finally by the syllable Om. The veil of Maya is still over his eyes. The following letter will explain the second or advanced plane:

"DEAR SIRS:

At last I understand. My wife no longer troubles me. All is harmony. I had a hard time at first. I went into the silence and was dragged out of it four times (apparently) before the realization that it was all my mind. From that moment I was in harmony with the great forces.

Swami Baa Baa is the peach of yogis. Convey to him the adumbration of my permanent homage. He is an all star rhythmic harmonic troupe in himself.

The thing came about quite easily. My wife and I had not got along for years. The first moment I tried to believe that she had no objective existence, the thought currents that possessed me were too much. She appeared to throw me down stairs. I know now this was not so. I realize that it couldn't happen. The only reality is the elimination of the disharmonies.

My wife no longer exists as a disturbing influence. I hear—vaguely—that she is visiting her family. This only means that my

area of consciousness, so far as the thing called She is concerned, is no longer agitated.

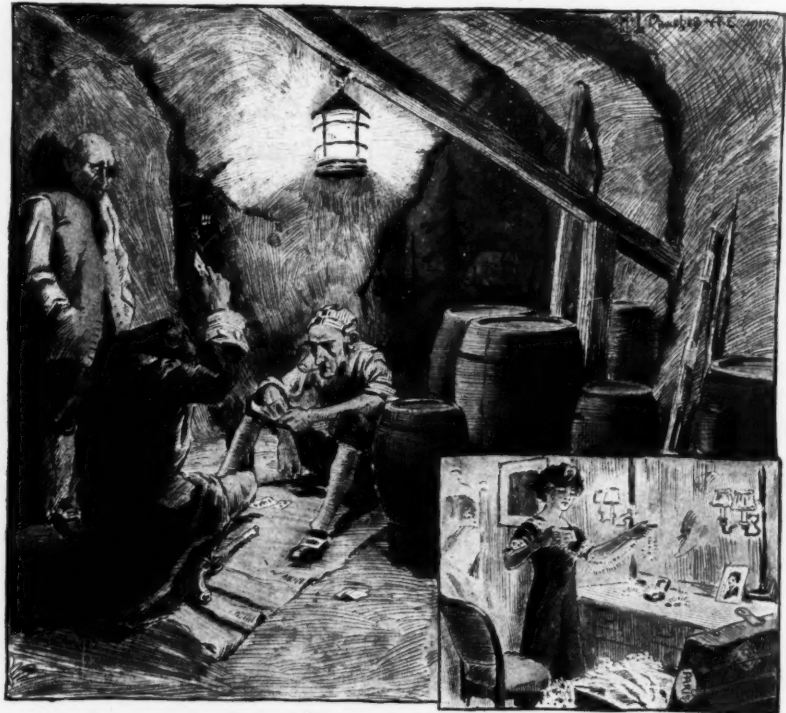
I am at present concentrating on seven cocktail glasses a day—the kind with glass cherries in the bottom. Of course they are not there. The only reality is Om."

Remember that those who are possessed by the illusion of objects all

about them at first have difficulty in throwing off this influence.

We give daily tests. If you doubt, come during the morning hours and communicate with any relative you like. We can put you in touch with your great-grandfather in no time. The pass word to our seances is "Tiddle-dy-winks."

Life's Vibration Parlors.



THE SMUGGLERS' LAIR

· LIFE ·

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires



Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.
20 Vesey St., New York

Branch offices in
New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston,
St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco,
Los Angeles, Cleveland, Baltimore, Washington,
Seattle, Atlanta, Akron, O., Buffalo

Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
Appel & Burwell Rubber & Tire Co., Dallas, Texas
Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.

The wear you get out of a tire depends absolutely on the wear the factory puts into it.

The wear the factory puts into a tire depends in turn on the composition of rubber that is used in the making.

The experience of seventeen years of rubber tire manufacture has gone directly into perfecting the rubber composition used in Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires.

We have reason to believe that there is no way on earth to make a pneumatic tire that will give more mileage and better service under actual road conditions than the Kelly-Springfield.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Company
20 Vesey St., New York



Overpowering

"Is you gwine ter let dat mewel do as he please?" asked Uncle Ephraim's wife. "Wha's you' will power?"

"My will power's all right," he answered. "You jest want ter come out hyar an' measure dis here mewel's won't power."—*Christian Register.*

A Typographical End

Dr. Marcus Herz, of Berlin, once said to a patient who read medical books diligently in order to prescribe for himself: "Be careful, my friend. Some day you'll die of a misprint."

—*Youth's Companion.*

"HAVE you ever been married before?" asked the license clerk.

"Great heavens, young man!" exclaimed the experienced prima donna. "Don't you read the papers?"

Whereupon she wired immediately instructions to discharge her press agent.

—*Washington Star.*



BACHELOR REFLECTIONS

For Socialists

"You are a Socialist—and why?" I asked John Jones one day.

"I'll tell you frankly, friend," he said: "I want to get more pay."

I asked Sam Smith the self-same thing; his motive he confessed—

"I have to work too hard," he said; "I want to get more rest."

And thus it is, I've always found, with each and every one:

They want to get more property; they want to get more fun;

They want to get more luxuries, more pleasures, and more ease,

With no more toil than plucking fruit from off convenient trees.

To bring the golden age, is this the right way to begin?

You cannot draw more water from a tank than you pour in;

With any social system, men must work if they would live;

You who would get and get and get, pray tell, what would you give?

—*R. H. Titherington in New York Times.*

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"Onyx" Hosiery
Trade Mark

A nice new pair of

"ONYX" SILK HOSE

to round out your wardrobe, matching costumes for golf, tennis, dancing, bathing, motoring or sailing, will help greatly toward Full Enjoyment of these and kindred Pleasures.

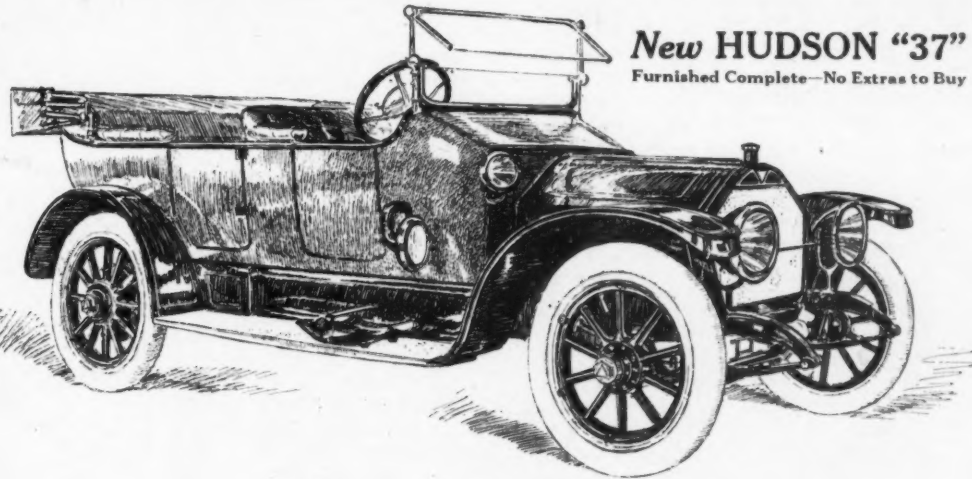
<p>No. 215 Men's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk with Lisle Heel and Toe, in Black and the following colors: Tan, White, Gray, Navy, Purple, Helio, Suede, Green, Burgundy and Cadet. Best pure silk sock made at the price. 50c. per pair No. 515 Men's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk; medium weight; Lisle Sole; Black and all colors. \$1.00</p>	<p>No. 251 Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk with Lisle Sole and Lisle Garter Top—Black and all colors—A wonderful value, the utmost obtainable at \$1.00</p>	<p>No. 493 An "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk in Black and all colors. Twenty-nine inches long. Extra Wide and Elastic at Top, while the "Garter Top" and SOLE of SILK LISLE give extra strength at the points of wear, preventing Garters from cutting and toes from going through. \$1.50</p>
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Sold at all leading shops. If your dealer cannot supply you we will direct you to the nearest one, or send any number desired. Write to Dept. 19.

Wholesale Distributors **Lord & Taylor** New York



MAKING UP TIME



New HUDSON "37"
Furnished Complete—No Extras to Buy

—The Composite Masterpiece of 48 Leading Engineers

Men who have had a hand in building more than 200,000 automobiles of 97 well known makes, offer now the car which all joined in building—the Hudson "37."

It represents the best that each man knows. It is the composite car of all these experts and expresses the development possible when the best engineering brains combine.

The Greatest Engineer of All—Their Chief

At the head of these experts is Howard E. Coffin, the foremost automobile engineer of America, recognized here and abroad as the most startlingly original designer the industry has produced.

His genius is an inspiration to his associates. From him they have gained in ability. On account of them he has become a broader and more versatile builder.

Imagine what strides, what advancement, men of such experience are bound to offer in the car which all have joined in perfecting.

It is all in the one car. It expresses as nearly the limit of four-cylinder construction as has been reached.

Hadn't You Better Wait?

Even if you are impatient to have a new car now, don't you think it better to see the New HUDSON "37" before you buy?

No other car you can get this year, regardless of price, has all the features that are offered in the "37."

Your Safety in This Choice

No one is likely to soon have many new ideas to offer that these 48 engineers have not already anticipated.

They all combine in saying that the new

HUDSON "37" represents the best that there is in four-cylinder construction.

They proved every move they have made through 20,000 miles of grueling country, mountainous, mud and snow driving.

The most abusive treatment one of the most skilled drivers in the world could give this car in the thousands of miles he drove it, without developing a single weakness, or discovering a single detail in which improvement could be made either in design, construction, simplicity, easy riding qualities, responsiveness, safety or power, is a guarantee that you will find it expresses your ideal of what a four-cylinder car should be.

Electric Self-Cranking—Electrically Lighted

Comfort, Beauty, Luxury

Every detail of comfort, beauty and luxury is included. You will find no other automobile to excel the "37" in these particulars.

It is electric-lighted throughout. The successful Delco patented self-cranking system, at the touch of a button within reach of your finger, and the pressure of a pedal, turns over the motor, for 30 minutes if necessary. Oil and gasoline gauges are on the dash.

There is not a single action in the operation of the car which cannot be done from the driver's seat.

Actual brake tests show 43 horsepower. Its rear axle is full floating. The rain vision windshield, the speedometer-clock, demountable rims, 12-inch Turkish upholstery and every conceivable detail of refinement make it the most complete four-cylinder automobile on the market.

Models and Prices. Five-Passenger Touring, Torpedo or Two-Passenger Roadster—\$1875, f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian price duty paid, \$2375, f. o. b. Detroit. **One price to all—everywhere.**

Go see about this remarkable automobile to-day at the nearest HUDSON dealer. Write us for complete details, photographs, etc.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7371 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

No. 156

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Admonition

The widower had just taken his fourth wife and was showing her around the village. Among the places visited was the churchyard, and the bride paused before a very elaborate tombstone that had been erected by the bridegroom. Being a little nearsighted, she asked him to read the inscriptions, and in reverent tones he read:

"Here lies Susan, beloved wife of John Smith, and Jane, beloved wife of John Smith, and Mary, beloved wife of John Smith."

He paused abruptly and the bride, leaning forward to see the bottom line, read to her horror:

"Be Ye Also Ready."

—National Monthly.

PETROFLOWER cures dandruff and makes hair grow. Sample 2c. stamp, Antonio Leza, P. O. Box 721, Havana, Cuba.

His Bid

A Yorkshireman recently entered an auction mart. Looking around and catching the auctioneer's eye during a lull in the bidding, he shouted out loudly enough to be heard by all:

"May I bid?"

"Certainly," said the man of the hammer, thinking him a customer.

All eyes being turned on the customer, he, making for the door, said: "Well, I bid you good-night, then."

The laughter which followed stopped business for some time.—Tit-Bits.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cents, in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

An Unfair Advantage

Prof. Brander Matthews at a literary dinner in New York said of a certain "best seller": "The grammar is rather off. Its author lies open to the rebuke meted out to a Philadelphia author in the last century. This author had been slashed in a review and he wrote to the reviewer and challenged him to a duel. But the critic wrote back: 'I have read your letter. It is as wretched as your book. You have called me out. Very well, I choose grammar. You are a dead man.'"—Argonaut.

MISTRESS: Well, I'm sorry you want to leave me, Mary. But what's your reason?

(Mary keeps silent.)

MISTRESS: Something private?

MARY (suddenly): No, mum; please, mum, he's a Lance corporal.

—Illustrated Bits.

FREDDIE: What's an optimist, dad?

COBWIGGER: He's the fellow who doesn't know what's coming to him.

—Lippincott's.

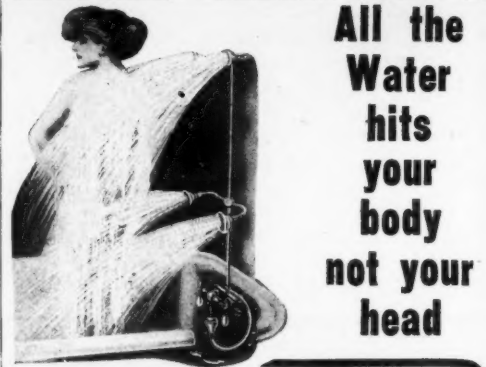
In Camp, Cottage or Club

wherever and whenever it is desired to promote solid comfort and insure the pleasure of everybody, make sure that there is on hand a good supply of

Evans' Ale

It surely opens the way to the complete enjoyment of all outing occasions, from a picnic to a house party.

Always Ready—Always Dependable—Always Enjoyable
All Dealers. C. H. Evans & Sons, Hudson, N. Y.



Kenney Needle Shower

By a simple device all the water comes squarely against the body and drops into the tub. Not one drop touches the walls or floors or your head. No more curtains, no more rubber caps, no more waste of water. No dribbling spray, but a generous needle gymnasium shower.

Attach it to any bathtub in a minute without tools—fold it and carry it in your suit case. Made of the finest nickel that can never wear out. Nothing on it to break or get out of order. A permanent, handsome addition to your bathroom. Costs only \$5—you get the luxury of the finest athletic needle shower for one-fifth of the cost of an ordinary clumsy one. Send \$5 for yours on 10 days' trial. Your money back if you're not pleased. Or drop a postal for further particulars. Do it today so you have your shower in time to keep cool and feel fine this summer.
KENNEDY SPECIALTY CO., 23 West 87th St., New York

She Didn't Object to That

"Yes," said the conscientious dealer, "this hammock will hold two, but it will be a tight squeeze."

"Oh, that will be all right!" said the maiden, blushing; "just send it around to the house, please."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

"So you say you're an old-time sailor. Did you ever have any accidents while at sea?"

"Once, mum. I dropped a bowl of hot soup in an old lady's lap."

—Detroit Free Press.

THE Ideal Bitters. CARONI—the only genuine. Why not have the best? They cost no more. Once tried, always used. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

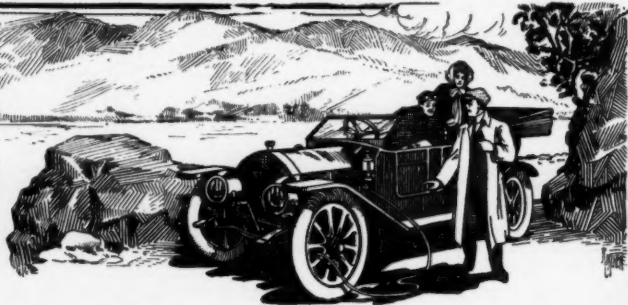
"What sort of a chap is Wombat to camp with?"

"He's one of these fellows who always takes down a mandolin about the time it's up to somebody to get busy with the frying pan."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



SECRETS OF THE UNDERWORLD

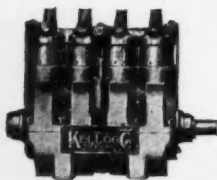
KELLOGG
Four Cylinder
Tire Pump



Eliminates the greatest bother connected with tire trouble. Merely connect the hose to the tire, throw a lever, and the pump works on the engine. It will inflate a tire to any desired pressure in less than three minutes.

Adopted as standard equipment on many of the leading cars and recommended as special equipment on many others. Such endorsements by the foremost engineers in their profession should show that it's the pump you want.

When ordering your 1913 car, specify a Kellogg pump equipment. Your dealer will be glad to put one on your car.



KELLOGG MFG. CO.

Circle Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Chicago Office
1108 Michigan Avenue

New York Office
1733 Broadway

San Francisco Office
444 Market Street

At Newport

I've a yearning to dwell me at Newport—
At Newport—down by the sea,
To get in the glare with Harry-boy Lehr,
And with Morgan,—sic,—J. P.;
To promenade and to dress-parade—
And to bask in So-ci-e-ty!

I've a yearning to dwell me at Newport,
At Newport, old chap, don' cher'
know—
To do the Casino with some one from
Reno
And feel like a bally old beau;
To practise all day how to look real
blasé—
And to romp where the Reggie-boys
go!

I've a yearning to dwell me at Newport—
At Newport so queer and so quaint—
To breakfast at noon and to dawdle and
spoon,
Looking bored as a stained-glass saint;
To swear at my valet from Dover to
Calais—
By way of acquiring restraint!

I've a yearning to dwell me at Newport—
At Newport, old chap, d' y' see—
To be "hep" with each Molly and
Roland and Cholly
Doing stunts with the family tree;
But I don't, for it's too deuced expensive,
old chap,
For a blooming old bounder like me.
Irving Dillon.

Partly True

"Ma, what is meant by the Progressive
party?"
"The Progressive party, my dear?
Why that's where all the partners change
after every game."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The O-te-sa-ga

On Otsego Lake, COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK



WITHIN easy striking distance of the great eastern cities by both motor and rail, but situated, nevertheless, away from the crowded tourist routes, The O-te-sa-ga stands as the most delightful summer stopping place in this whole country. It is a hotel which makes an instant and thorough appeal to persons of discriminating taste.

The O-te-sa-ga is situated at an altitude of 1300 feet on the shores of Otsego Lake. On three sides of the hotel extends the rolling Cooperstown hill-country, netted with perfect motoring roads, and

soft back-roads for driving and riding. There is a garage and livery service. The hotel itself is a modern, brick building, perfectly appointed, and so managed that it seems almost like a big club. Every bedroom is an outside room.

There is golf and tennis at the Cooperstown Country Club, next to the hotel, and there is sailing, boating, canoeing and bathing. The midsummer tournaments and regattas are beginning now and will continue during August.

The O-te-sa-ga booklet will be sent upon request.

Address **PAUL L. PINKERTON, MANAGER**
The O-te-sa-ga, Cooperstown, N. Y.

\$25

The TUTO is the only electric horn that gives a low note for general purposes, and a loud note for emergencies from pressure on a single button, located on the steering wheel, without interfering with the operation of the car.

TUTO 2 TONE ELECTRIC HORN

The price \$25 for any finish includes everything necessary to make a neat and permanent installation.

The TUTO will pay for itself in two years in the saving in batteries. Ask your dealer for a TUTO booklet or write to us.

The HORN that does everything!

The Dean Electric Company
342 Taylor Avenue
Elyria, Ohio

"Look for Dean where Quality's seen"

INST SELF SWIMMER and LIFE PRESERVER

You can swim instantly. Self inflating. Carried in pocket. Weighs 4 ounces. Inflates 3 feet long in one second when wet. Over 1000 sold in 30 days. Cannot slip off while in use. It makes Ocean and Lake bathing perfectly safe, and will keep any sized person afloat for several days. Can be used any number of times. As a Life Preserver—there is nothing like it on the market. Every member of the family should have one. For sale by all dealers, mailed post-paid for \$2.00. Money back if not satisfactory.

INST LIGHTER CO., 61 MAIN ST., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

ORIENT CLARK'S FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CRUISE, February 15, 72 days, \$400 and up, by new Cunarder "Laconia." Hotels, drives, guides included. **F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York**

One of the Difficulties of Civilization

"Why do you always eat a square meal before dining out?"

"So I can give my entire attention to the management of the various knives and forks."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Much of our worry is useless."

"Yes; it is. I once bought some stock in a rubber grove and worried two winters about frost before I ascertained that the trees hadn't yet been planted."

—*Washington Herald.*



BASE BALL TALK

HE STRUCK OUT AFTER TWO FOULS

Rules for Success

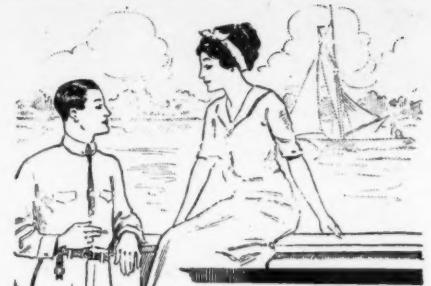
Do not work hard. Take warning from the horrible example of the toiling millions. The harder they work the less they get.

Do not save your money. This is fatal. The world is full of people who are contriving to get hold of money that has been saved. Spend your money on things that you need. In that way you develop a big, healthy appetite for ways of enjoying yourself. With appetite

comes the means of satisfying it. All this comes from spending money freely.

Be very devout and religious only if you are a banker or in some other fiduciary calling where popular confidence is requisite; also if you are a doctor or a lawyer or in some other profession which does not permit of advertising in the ordinary way. For most business, however, you may quite safely forget the next world and devote yourself exclusively to this one.

Be pessimistic when you are investing



A Delightful Vacation or Week-End

is in store for you at one of the many summering places among wooded hills, near quiet bays, or along the surf-beaten coast of

Long Island

The most distant resorts are reached in two hours from New York, and the enjoyment awaiting you—a yachting party, a plunge in the stinging surf, a set of tennis, a round of the links, a good old fishing trip, and a hundred other pleasures, will set you up for days to come. 20 degrees cooler on the Long Island coast than in New York City.

Let us tell you about these summering places, and show you pictures of the many beauty spots, by sending the 1912 book, "Long Island Resorts," mailed on receipt of ten cents postage by the General Passenger Agent, Long Island R. R., Room 322, Pennsylvania Station, N. Y.



Schlitz could give you

LIGHT BOTTLES BUT

Beer

keeps best in

BROWN BOTTLES



When beer in light bottles is exposed to light, the beer develops a disagreeable odor and "skunky" taste.

All brewers even cover the hand-holes of the case before shipping, to keep out the light.

Schlitz in Brown Bottles won't spoil after the case is open.

Pure beer, properly aged, will not cause biliousness.

Physicians and surgeons prescribe Schlitz, instead of malt tonics, as a builder of health.

Schlitz

The Beer

That Made Milwaukee Famous.

Order a case from your dealer today. See that crown or cork is branded "Schlitz."

24-M

VACATION CRUISES To QUEBEC

via Halifax, N. S., most delightful cruise of 1500 miles. Magnificent Scenery: Gut of Canso, No-thumberland Strait, Gulf and River St. Lawrence and far-famed Saguenay River. 8. 8. "Trinidad" from New York August 3rd and 17th. From Quebec August 9th and 23rd.

Go to BERMUDA

Tours Inc. Hotels, Shore Excursions, Lowest Rates.

Twin Screw S. S. "BERMUDIAN," 10,518 tons displacement. Electric fans; wireless telegraphy.

Fastest, newest and only Steamer landing passengers at the dock in Bermuda without transfer.

Sailings every five days in connection with R. M. S. P. Co. Tickets interchangeable.

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1 NEW PAT. Linen Pen or Ink. Do p...

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON - WASHINGTON - OTTAWA

105

MANAGER MCGRAW.
Then up spake manager McGraw
In a voice resembling a roar,
"Say, base ball ain't in it
With 'Rad-Bridge' a minute,
For the bloke that plays to the score."

NEW "BASKET WEAVE" PLAYING CARDS
Patented 1916. Same quality, size, assortment of colors as our famous
Linen and Velour cards. 216 and 216 positions. Samples free. For
Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) we send our sample wallet of
bridge accessories. "The standard of the bridge world."
Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

The Summer Outing

(How the Hungarians enjoy themselves at summer resorts is shown in the following extract from a Hungarian writer)

One year we went to a very fashionable resort. There I had to fight four duels: one with a gentleman who stared at my wife, one with a gentleman at whose wife I stared, the third with the physician of the place, who gathered practice by forcing duels on the guests, and the fourth with the director of the place, because I remarked on the poor quality of the food.

The next year we went to a watering-place of the second class. There was nothing to eat and drink but bitter cheese and sweet milk. Furthermore, the town had a dispute with the manager of the summer hotel, and so the farmers drove their cattle across the promenade. For two months it was the chief business of my life to fight cows, and to this day if I meet a cow I give her a push, and if a cow meets me she runs.

The next summer we tried Buda-kezs. But there the guests had a fair every night for the benefit of Suabian children, for whom boots and shoes were to be procured, although they looked upon the articles with increased mistrust.

And then in the autumn we come back, worn out, to our dear old Budapest, and sing the praises of our summer resort so vigorously that in the course of a fortnight we really begin to believe we have had a good time.

During the third week we commence reviling the capital, and next summer we flee to the country again.

—From the Hungarian by Victor Rokosi.

INDESTRUCTO LUGGAGE

You May Put Off the Indestructo Day for a While—but, Sooner or Later, Your Search for Travel Comfort will Lead You Straight to Indestructo Luggage.

Ordinary Luggage can, at the best, give you only **ordinary** service.

Old-style trunk construction is not expected to long resist the steady strains of travel.



Indestructo is a process by which trunks are made without a joint.

Indestructo signalizes those sturdy *built-in* qualities that make for thousands and thousands of miles of sincere service.

Indestructo means that your trunk is guaranteed for five long years of honest wear.

Indestructo is your insurance that if your trunk does not "make good" you will get a new one free.

You will not be fair to yourself or your pocketbook if you buy a trunk that protects you less carefully.

Don't wait till some ordinary jolt plays "hare and hounds" with your belongings.

Write today for our Travel Book and learn more about the Indestructo line.

NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS CO.

321 Beiger St.

MISHAWAKA, INDIANA



Make your lemonade different and better by adding to each quart one glass of

Welch's Grape Juice

The National Drink

It is a fitting refreshment for a large or small occasion.



The Nutshell

The residents of a certain suburb of Chicago were for a time governed by a passion for giving sweet, poetical names to their "estates." There was one such man who built a handsome villa, calling it "The Nutshell." To the surprise of all, therefore, the name was one day suddenly changed to "Sylvan Nook!" and a flood of inquiries soon began to pour in.

"Why have you given your home a new name?" a friend asked. "What was the matter with 'The Nutshell'?"

"I sickened of being joshed about it," said the owner, with a sigh. "There isn't a boy within two miles hereabouts who hasn't stopped and rung the doorbell to ask if the colonel was in."

—Lippincott's.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



Progressive Travel

The Pennsylvania Railroad stands for Progress.

The "Pennsylvania Special" is the train for all progressives.

The traveler on the "Special" wastes no time.

It covers the 908 miles between New York and Chicago at night—between business hours.

The "Special" leads in speed, comfort, and convenience as the Pennsylvania Railroad has ever led in all that pertains to railway transportation.

Lv. New York (Penna. Station) - 4.00 P. M.
Lv. New York (Hudson Terminal) - 3.55 P. M.
Ar. Chicago - - - 8.55 A. M.

RETURNING

Lv. Chicago - - - 2.45 P. M.
Ar. New York - - - 9.40 A. M.

For Old Times' Sake

Memory glorifies "old times" because we look back on youth.

For this toast your glass should be filled with

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Mellow as old recollections—Fragrant as "the rose of yesterday." Distilled and bottled in bond by

A. Overholt & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Society Wander-Song

This quiet life is beastly dull,
I'm getting quite blasé from it,
I wish I were a blooming gull,
I'd quickly fly away from it.
For in my heart there is a flame
A longing rawther hot, you know,
To plunge into this wander-game
And—all that bally rot, you know.

I'm greatly bored with clubs and such,
I'm sick of smart society,
I'm yearning pretty blawsted much
For change and for variety.
I feel a throbbing in my veins
That makes me wish to trot, you know,
Across the hills, across the plains
And—all that bally rot, you know.

To be a gipsy would, I'm sure,
Affect me rawther piquantly,
Although I understand they're poor
And wash themselves infrequently.
Or I could sail the open sea
(It's really done a lot, you know),
Where I could be ALIVE and FREE
And—all that bally rot, you know.

Ah, yes, the fever's in my blood,
The lust to leave is stirring me,
But beastly heat or cold or mud
Or wind keep on deterring me.
The weather will not let me start,
It chains me to the spot, you know,
But, ah! The dream that's in my heart
And—all that bally rot, you know!
B. B.

Horace Traubel Telephones

Hello, central!
Hello, central! and the answer came back:
Along the mysterious wire traveled the voice of the invisible to the ear of the unseen:

The woman there, to me the man, here, asking, What do you want?

I, grown accustomed to it, not comprehending the miracle in which I played a part:

What do you want? The words hurried me out of my dream. What do you want?

What did I want? I wanted religion; I said so. Give me religion.

And I waited, hearing the click and buzz of strange sounds; feeling the sting of the current flowing across.

Give me religion, I said, and then it came. I am religion, it said.

And I asked my questions; they were the questions of my heart, but they went unanswered.

It was not religion answering. It was theology; it was a creed. I heard the mumbled prayers of a priest.

Hello, central! I cried; you've given me the wrong number. I wanted religion; you've given me the church.

I called up information. What's religion's number? I asked.

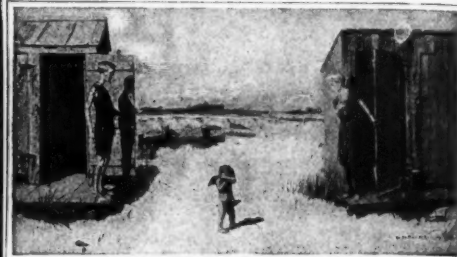
Information said: I don't know anything about religion; I only know the church.

Was I to despair? Was I to sit down and cry myself sick? Where was religion?—*The Conservator.*

Good Pictures

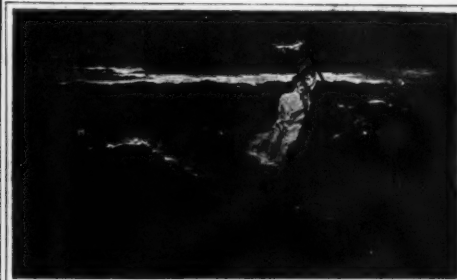
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New York

The Reference Librarian

At times behind a desk he sits,
At times about the room he flits.
Folks interrupt his perfect ease
By asking questions such as these:
"How tall was prehistoric man?"
"How old, I pray, was Sister Ann?"
"What should you do if cats have fits?"
"What woman first invented mitts?"
"Who said, 'To Labor Is to Pray'?"
"How much did Daniel Lambert weigh?"
"Should you spell it 'wo' or 'woe'?"
"What is the fare to Kokomo?"
"Is Clark's name really, truly Champ?"
"Can you lend me a postage-stamp?"
"Have you the rimes of Edward Lear?"
"What wages do they give you here?"
"What dictionary is the best?"
"Did Brummel wear a satin vest?"
"How do you spell 'anaemic,' please?"
"What is a Gorgonzola cheese?"
"Who ferried souls across the Styx?"
"What is the square of ninety-six?"
"Are oysters good to eat in March?"
"Are green bananas full of starch?"
"Where is that book I used to see?"
"I guess you don't remember me?"
"Haf you der Hohenzollernspiel?"
"Where shall I put this apple-peel?"
"Ou est, m'sieu, la grande Larousse?"
"Do you say 'two-spot' or the 'deuce'?"
"Say, mister, where's the telephone?"
"Now, which is right, to 'lend' or
'loan'?"
"How do you use this catalogue?"
"Oh, hear that noise! Is that my dog?"
"Have you a book called 'Shapes of
Fear'?"
"You mind if I leave baby here?"

—Boston Transcript.



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Seasickness and Trainsickness

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Worth All It Cost

Commander R. H. Greene of the G. A. R. was narrating war stories in Phoenix.

"In a Phoenix hotel smoking room one night," he said, "a number of veterans got into a dispute on the battle of Bull Run. The veterans—all men of high rank—argued very turbulently.

"But a quiet man spoke up and said: "Gentlemen, I happened to be there, and I think I can settle the point at issue."

"And settle it he did. He settled it in a masterly manner. The hotel proprietor, much impressed, said to him when he got through:

"My dear sir, what may have been your rank in the army?"

"I was a private, sir, a full private," was the calm reply.

"A short time afterward the full private asked for his bill, as he was about to depart, but the proprietor said to him:

"Not a cent, sir! Not a cent! You owe me nothing."

"Why, how is that?" the other demanded in bewilderment.

"I couldn't dream of charging you, sir," said the proprietor warmly. "You are the first private I have ever met."

—Los Angeles Times.

Defined Again

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a demagog?"

"A demagog, my son, is a man who can rock the boat himself and persuade everybody that there's a terrible storm at sea."—Washington Star.



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No tour is sure without the
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SHOCK ABSORBER

ONE man—an enthusiastic motorist—planned a world tour. He aimed to make it, first of all, comfortable; then he sought to combat, as effectually as possible, the delays and annoyances that attend spring breakage, tire ailments, loosened bolts and nuts; so he Truffault-Hartford equipped. He made his world tour, traversing every civilized country (and some uncivilized). When he got back home he said, "I could not have done it without my Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorbers." This man's name is H. A. Hover and he lives in Hover, Washington.

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Our New Language

(Supplied in any length to suit purchaser)

The girl from Vassar meets the girl from Smith.

FIRST GIRL: How did you get on with your exams?

SECOND GIRL: Flunked in German, but landed on all the others. Did you put it over?

FIRST GIRL: Yep. I came in on a Latin pony, but otherwise I am all to the good. How long have you been back?

SECOND GIRL: I beat it two hours after the graduation push. My! but there was a mob! How did you like your faculty?

FIRST GIRL: Dubs. There was one pretty little creature in charge of mathematics, but otherwise they are not in the game.

SECOND GIRL: I sometimes think we don't treat 'em right. Well, so long! I'm off for the Kangaroo Dip.

FIRST GIRL: You always were nuts on spieling. Well, I'm playing bridge for a living. I put my hooks into a Major General last night for two hundred scads. See you later. So long!

A Shavian View

CYNICUS: It is impossible for a woman to keep a secret.

HENPECKE: I don't know about that. My wife and I were engaged several weeks before she said anything to me about it.—*London Opinion.*

"Now this," said the salesman,—“this is a sixty-horse car—”

“But I don't want a horse car,” said Dubbs. “I want an automobile.”

—*Harper's Weekly.*



Speed Cars Use It

because it can be depended upon to lubricate all the time, whereas if the supply of ordinary oil and grease fails, there is serious trouble immediately. The lubricating effect of

DIXON'S Motor Graphite

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persists longer than that of other lubricants on account of the physical structure of the graphite—it covers the microscopic roughness of a bearing with a tough, durable veneer that is almost frictionless.

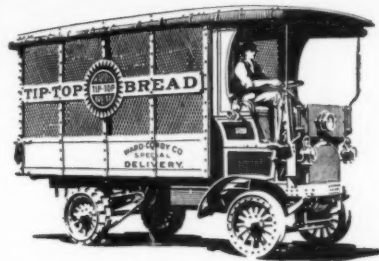
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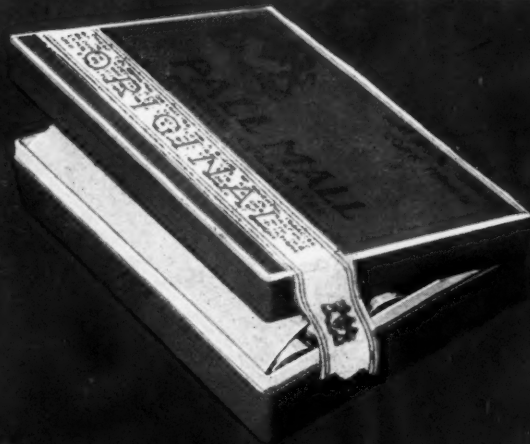


HOW TO ENJOY "LIFE" IN THE SUBURBS



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