

August 4, 1910

FAT FOLKS' NUMBER

Life

PRICE, 10 CENTS
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213



WHO SAID "NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN?"

This car holds fast at 45 degrees with a normal pressure of the foot



THE *Detroit* ELECTRIC



Thomas A. Edison

The **DETROIT** is made entirely in our own shops with infinite pains as to choice of material and mechanical harmony.

The **DETROIT** literature tells of fifty practical advantages resulting from its flawless construction.

For instance, take the vital item of your safety.

Five braking surfaces, 80 inches more than any other electric, contribute to your absolute control of the car under every condition of driving.

There are foot brakes to each rear hub; one to the motor, operated by the controller; one to each end of the counter shaft, tested to operate on a grade of 45 degrees with a normal pressure of the foot.

A series of official mileage tests are being made by a **DETROIT** equipped with an **EDISON A-6** Battery.

These runs start from the **EDISON** factory at Orange, N. J. They cover routes over country roads and hills through New Jersey.

The **DETROIT** has already made several of these runs ranging from 100 to 131 miles on a single discharge of the battery.

The final results of these tests will prove conclusively the dependability of the **DETROIT** and the superior mileage of the **EDISON** Battery.

Get the **DETROIT** Electric and the **EDISON** Books and learn about this splendid car and its wonderful battery.

ANDERSON CARRIAGE COMPANY

Dept. LM

Detroit, Mich

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

The most comfortable garter to wear with either knee or full length drawers is the NEEDDRAW. You cannot feel it. Insist on having the

Well-dressed men wear the **NEEDDRAW** all the Year Round

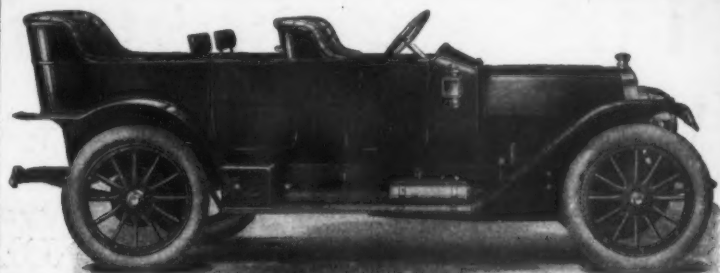
Cotton, Nickel-Plate, 25c. Silk Pendant.
Gold Plate, 50c.
Mailed on Receipt of Price.

Needdraw

Soft, non-elastic. Knit Leg Band with adjustable Pendant!

Conforms to contour of leg perfectly. No metal touches the flesh.

George Frost Co.
Makers
BOSTON, U. S. A.



Model F Special—Seven-Passenger Touring Car, Fore Doors—\$2900

Speedwell

1911 has in store for you no motor car more interesting than this. It is stamped with the characteristics that distinguish the *super*-car from the moderately good. It is a fine and a finished product. It will disappoint you in no single particular. A dignified and a beautiful car which realizes every expectation aroused by its distinguished appearance.

SPEEDWELL MODELS FOR 1911

Model H—2-passenger Roadster . . . \$2500	Model D Special—5-passenger Touring Car, Fore Doors . . . \$2750
Model C—4-passenger Toy Tonneau . . . 2625	Model F—7-passenger Touring Car . . . 2800
Model D—5-passenger Touring Car . . . 2650	Model F Special—7-passenger Touring Car, Fore Doors . . . 2900
Model K—5-passenger Close Coupled . . . 2650	Model E—7-passenger Limousine . . . 3850
Model G—4-passenger Torpedo 2700	
Model H Special—4-passenger Roadster . . . 2700	

All 4-Cylinder, 50 H. P.

The Speedwell Motor Car Co.

Licensed Under Selden Patent

300 Essex Avenue, Dayton, Ohio



The Lady: I WANT YOU TO TAKE THE LARGE BED OUT OF MY ROOM AND PUT ME IN A WASHSTAND

Are You a Mental Lifer?

NOW IS THE TIME TO BE AN IMAGINARY SOMEBODY AND SUBSCRIBE IN YOUR MIND

We have an important announcement to make.

For some time we have been bothered with a shortage of help in our Thought Bureau.

The qualifications are by no means common.

We can only employ people in this Bureau who are used to thinking. This bars out, of course, most American citizens.

Mental control is necessary. You can't sit in a receptive mental condition, receiving imaginary LIFE subscriptions at the rate of several hundred an hour, without being a kind of human vibratory reservoir and transmitter combined.

The moment a mental subscription is received it must not only be entered up mentally on our thought books, but must be placed on the regular list, and the proper vibrations which are common to the individual subscribing discovered, so that he will be getting his imaginary copies regularly.

Of course, after the thing is once done it runs itself, but it's no easy job in the beginning to do justice to all.

The whole affair is complicated by the mental contributors, who attempt to send in their effusions at the same time.

We are bothered with crossed vibrations almost constantly. An order for ten subscriptions would get mixed up with a mental contribution of a hundred jokes unless our thought bureau people kept their minds on their work.

One thing helps more than anything else, however, and that is enthusiasm. Every mental worker on our staff is in love with his work.

After several futile attempts we have found some Western Christian Scientists, and we are breaking them in. We hope for the best. We have also been fortunate in securing the services of a few first class mediums and a couple of astrologers. These latter, by the way, are doing great work. They are able between them to take and record nearly three hundred imaginary subscriptions an hour.

Owing, therefore, to the new augmented force we are pleased to state that we shall be able to take on about five million additional subscribers within the next few weeks. We reserve the right, however, to reject any application. Among others, we don't care for any insurance presidents or members of the Albany Legislature. Indeed, we would rather not consider the members of any legislature.

We are considering a limited number of woman suffragists. We like our subscribers to be heterogeneous, and our policy's broad enough to cover every phase of thought. But we don't want too many of one class.

We have received the following:

Dear Life:

Please send ten Mental LIFES to ten friends of mine. Enclosed find their names. You are doing great work. I read every advertisement in the last Imaginary Number. Even the text and pictures were interesting. Does me good every minute of day and night.

In reply to this communication we will say that we cannot comply with our friend's request. He already knows this, as we vibrated back our answer immediately, but for the benefit of those friends who may be expecting sample copies, we wish to say that we do not send LIFE mentally to any one who does not apply directly by concentrated thought.

The reason, of course, is simple: Unless you are willing to make the slight mental effort and will us to send the paper, it will do you no good.

This effort on your part is vital.

You must concentrate your mind and wish for the paper.

It's the only way you can get it.

And by the way, for the benefit of those who have not yet been notified, we desire to say that we have raised the mental subscription to ten dollars a year. This is, of course, merely nominal.

When you subscribe hereafter, therefore, just remember that ten. It will cost you nothing but a thought, but you must do it. We are accumulating an imaginary surplus and need the mental cash.

And in the meantime, we wish everybody to know the high moral purpose that animates us in devoting this valuable space to our readers and the public generally. Some people fail to understand. For example, here is a man who writes:

Dear Life:

Rather clever dodge, eh, to write all that rot about the imaginary LIFE? Of course you are looking for the real cash all right. Really, LIFE, I thought you were above this sort of thing.

This would pain us more than we could say if we believed that it was an opinion held by more than a solitary individual.

The truth is that we are performing a great mission.

Already there is not an advertiser in the country who has not felt the grand uplift of our wonderful campaign in favor of pure imaginary advertisements. Think of what it will mean to all the little children!

As if we cared for money! Our advertising rate of one hundred dollars a line ought to prove that. We could get twice as much if we were grasping.

No, no, friend! We are the only highly moral paper in existence (not a share even of imaginary stock for sale).

The advertising manager of our Thought Bureau, Mr. Gee Ime Mit, desires us to announce that he can take no more advertisements for three weeks. He is already a million dollars beyond his thought limit.

In the meantime, address all communications to

LIFE'S Thought Bureau.

(Open day and night. You can sit up in bed at any moment and subscribe.)

Position Unrivaled in **LONDON**
 THE
LANGHAM HOTEL
 Portland Place and Regent St., W.
 FAMILY HOTEL of the HIGHEST ORDER
 in Fashionable and Healthy Locality.

Reduced
 Inclusive
 Terms
 during
 August and
 September

The Literary Zoo

Mr. Bacheller's Autograph

Irving Bacheller has a beautiful signature that is worth going miles to see. We shall not attempt to describe it beyond saying that if Benvenuto Cellini had undertaken to construct a woven fence it probably would have resembled the scroll work that Mr. Bacheller appends to his literary compositions. The more we study it the better we understand why its designer was impelled to abandon journalism for the primrose path of fiction. It also becomes perfectly plain to the merest tyro in graphology why Mr. Bacheller cannot chop wood, as he endeavors to do in Robinwood Camp in the Adirondacks. "Two guides and one of my hired men are writing novels," he says. "I suspect it's because they have beaten me chopping wood! for here in the wilderness the axe is mightier than the pen. However, I can always fall back on the saddle, the paddle and the rod. I am gradually coming to believe that the hoe, like the axe, is an implement which yields amusement only to those who take their pleasures seriously."

When not hard at work on his auto-



BEAUTY IS BORN OF HEALTH

and Health is the foundation of all the joys of life. The mission of

ANHEUSER BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine

is to bring the pleasures of health and strength to all. It is a liquid food and gives vigor and nutrition to those lacking the power of perfect digestion.

Declared by U. S. Revenue Department A PURE MALT PRODUCT and not an alcoholic beverage
 SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS

ANHEUSER-BUSCH - - - - St. Louis, Mo.

Milo

The

**Egyptian
 Cigarette
 of Quality**

**AROMATIC DELICACY
 MILDNESS
 PURITY**



At your club or dealer's
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.

graph, Mr. Bacheller is busy with some of the things that go before it.

W. T. Larned.

A new and copious supply of capital "I's" would seem to be the most pressing necessity in the typographical outfit of the *Outlook*. For the "Associate Editor" has got under weigh and it is obvious that he has no use for the traditional "we." In an article too brief to fill this column the Strenuous Personality called for the "I" as follows:

"I believe."
 "I think."
 "I know."
 "I know."
 "I am well aware."
 "I freely admit."
 "I nevertheless feel."
 "I believe."
 "I have mentioned."

Still, there are signs of grace to be detected even in such a formidable list. The curious will observe that there are only two "I knows."—Argonaut.



PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES

A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here



My Mu-si-cal Com-e-dee

IT was many and many a year ago
That I sat beside the sea,
And I wrote a book for a musical show,
In subdivisions three—
And I made the lyrics all by hand,
And I said, "They look good to me!"

There was never a King in the blooming
show,
Nor a tropical scene—not a tree;
Nor a dialect part from first to last,
Nor a drinking song. Ah, me—
No touch of the Ghetto in all the libretto—
Not a Jew but the *jeu d'esprit!*

No burgomeister bald of pate,
No buxom bar-maid free,
No miser old, with a song of gold,
No village gossip. She
Is a type I quite abominate,
So she didn't appeal to me!

There were songs that rippled of love
and youth,
With a gurgling note of glee,
And a plot of the good, old-fashioned
sort—
Just as plain as A-B-C;
And a humor deftly whimsical
As the shafts of Shaw—G. B.!

And never a show-girl marred its grace,
For there was none to be;
No pony ballets nor tableau stunts—
Nor girlies with dimpled knee,
Nor featured songs about elephant rides
In distant isles Feejee!

It was many and many a year ago
That I sat beside the sea,
And I wrote the book for this musical
show
While the waves splashed heedlessly:
And never a manager yet has read
That mu-si-cal com-e-dee!
Irving Dillon.

Perfecting a Mayor

WE do not know of any city that
takes as much pains with its
Mayors as Lawrence, Massachusetts. Its
present Mayor is William White. We
read that in 1893, when he was a milk
inspector, he was fined three hundred
dollars for trying to extort money from
milkmen. But Lawrence still felt that
he had the making of a useful public
servant in him, and in the course of
time it elected him Mayor. It has lately
been found necessary to send him to
jail for three years for conspiracy to
bribe. That is discouraging. His term
of office expires with the current year,
and it will be necessary to wait for a
couple of years after that until he gets
out of jail before reelecting him, because
it is not convenient to have for Mayor
a man who is in jail learning to be good.
We hope that Lawrence will not give
up Mr. White entirely. Having taken
so much pains with him it should go on
until it gets his character perfected. He
represents too large an investment of
faith, hope and reformatory effort to be
lightly abandoned.

FEW parlor matches are of the safety
variety.

Outside Jobs for College Pre- sidents

PRESIDENT TAFT wants to draft
President Hadley, of Yale, to serve
as chairman of the commission to in-
vestigate the stock and bond issues of
railroads, and the Democratic statesmen
of New Jersey want to draft President
Wilson, of Princeton, to run for Gov-
ernor. Dr. Hadley is thinking about it,
and Dr. Wilson shows a disposition to
consent.

We hope both gentlemen will respond
to this call of public duty, and that their
respective universities will make it easy
for them to do so. What Dr. Hadley
knows about railroads would be very
valuable to the public at this time, and
for Dr. Wilson to be elected Governor
of New Jersey would add one more valu-
able man to the group of Democrats suit-
able to receive the next nomination for
President.

There is plenty of precedent for col-
lege presidents taking public office for a
time. Dr. Andrew White took several
years off to be Minister to Germany
while he was president of Cornell, and
Dr. Angell, in the long term of his presi-
dency of Michigan University, often got
long leaves of absence to accept Govern-
ment appointments of high importance.
Exceptionally valuable men ought not to
be tied up too close to the duties of
college president, which can usually be
delegated for a time without detriment
to the college.

THE original cause of death is birth.



WE MAY BE FAT—BUT STILL, WE'RE GRACEFUL!



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. AUGUST 11, 1910 No. 1450

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



IT is not quite clear at this writing whether Mr. Bryan was beaten in the Nebraska Democratic Convention because he insisted on county option, or because he was Mr. Bryan. Not that it matters greatly what the reason was. If he had not been Mr. Bryan he would not have clung so convulsively to county option. It is manifestly his destiny to cling inextricably to something that a serious fraction of his fellow Democrats do not want, and will not vote for on any terms whatever. So long as the fraction opposed to him was not too big he could hold the leadership of the Democratic party, though he could not do anything with it. But on this county option issue which he has insisted in forcing on Democrats not only in his own State but elsewhere, a majority of his party seems to be against him.

Not that county option is so bad. It is not nearly so objectionable as State Prohibition, which a majority of the Texas Democrats voted the other day to put into their Constitution. As we see it, the worst of the prohibition devices is State Prohibition by constitutional amendment. Next worst comes State Prohibition by legislative enactment. Considerably better is county option, and best of all is local option, where each township decides whether or not it will permit liquor selling. The plank Mr. Bryan wanted the Nebraskans to adopt read:

We favor county option as the best method of dealing with the liquor question.

By a vote of 647 to 195, they re-

fused to adopt it, and in doing so they evicted Mr. Bryan from the leadership of his party in his own State. The Nebraska Republicans like his plank. It is conceivable that the Nebraska Democrats would like it better if Mr. Bryan liked it less. Perhaps it looked to them like a good plank for Mr. Bryan to walk. At any rate, they saw to it that he walked it.

Is our old friend out of the game now, do you suppose? His great mission has been to keep the Democratic party out of office until it was time for it to come to office again. He has been a grand Moses, marvelously suited to lead his party around and around in the wilderness, but, of course, when the clock strikes for the Democrats to proceed into the Promised Land, it will have to be under new leadership.



MR. HARDING seems to have been nominated for Governor of Ohio with the idea that he is a good enough man to run against Judson Harmon. To lead the divided Republicans of Ohio against Governor Harmon is not an undertaking in which large accumulations of political capital would naturally seek investment. Mr. Harding seems not to be a very big political-capitalist. It will do him good to run against Judge Harmon, for he will get advertisement out of it, but it would hardly have done Mr. Longworth, or even James Garfield, any good. The advertisement would not have helped them. Ohio Republicans seem not to be ready yet for a thorough clean up and realignment, and any of them who are now in possession of offices which give them satisfactory opportunities for public service doubtless do well to hang on to what they have got, and let persons who have less to lose experiment with the sentiments of the voters.



MR. VICTOR MORAWETZ has come back from Europe to say that the depressed state of the security market is due partly to the unsettled

state of the laws that concern railroads and corporations, but more to the scarcity of free capital, resulting from enormous expenditures of late years in all sorts of construction. He says we really must save up some new capital and keep at it until there is a decent market for bonds and until prices for commodities and labor are lower.

That sounds very sensible. The saving in big lumps will be done by the big men—the Rockefellers, the Laird of Skibo, the Astors and the like. Perhaps even Mr. Morgan will pull in a little, and presumably Mr. Morawetz will stoop to some economies himself. But the rest of us must save also. Mr. Morawetz suggests that if we all save three dollars a year apiece that will make three hundred millions. Three dollars does not look like very much, but it must be remembered that every one who saves three dollars in a year must live through that year within his income, and, of course, that is a big job. Recall, also, that if we all exceed our annual incomes by three dollars it will mean that the country will owe three hundred millions more at the end of the year. So grave in the aggregate become our small excesses.



WE rejoice to read that Mr. Edison hopes to be able presently to help us in our economies. He talks about his new electric motor that will go as far as any industrious citizen has time to go, and come back and go to the stable with forty miles of energy still coiled up in its stomach.

And Mr. Edison aspires, too, to help us with the expense of rubber tires. He has thought of something that he hopes will take the place of rubber and be far less expensive. And another ingenious person, an Englishman, we believe, is reported to have thought out a readjustment of springs which will save us from the need to use rubber tires at all. Think on, Mr. Edison, and other inventors. We will need these little helps to daily life that you suggest if our incomes are to finish the year three dollars ahead of our expenses.



"MY DEAR, YOU ARE NOT LOOKING WELL."
 "NO—I THINK I AM SUFFERING FROM FATTY DEGENERATION OF
 THE HUSBAND."

Non Conservation

A TRAVELER on the country roads of central Vermont is impressed by the large number of signs which prohibit hunting and fishing on the premises. One farmer, however, introduced a pleasing variety by the following notice:

HUNT, FISH, AND BE D—
 IF YOU GET ANYTHING YOU WILL
 DO BETTER THAN I CAN.
 JOHN SMITH.

Political Categories

A DEMOCRATIC orator has catalogued the Republicans as follows: Half-breed Republicans, Taft Republicans, stand-pat Republicans, insurgent Republicans, conservative Republicans, liberal Republicans, La Follette Republicans, Doliver Republicans and Beveridge Republicans.

Yes, yes, it is all true enough, and then, on the other hand, we have Northern Democrats, Southern Democrats, Jeffersonian Democrats, Bryan Democrats, Roosevelt Democrats, reactionary Democrats, Democratic Democrats, Hearst Democrats, silver Democrats, gold Democrats, hereditary Democrats and Tammanyites.

A SUFFRAGETTE in jail is worth two on the warpath.

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,182.40
H. B. N.....	100.00
John D. Archbold.....	50.00
Miss Georgiana Kendall.....	10.00
Lloyd, Jack and Betty.....	11.00
Anonymous.....	1.00
Elizabeth Southard.....	2.00
Mrs. L. H. Treadway.....	100.00
James D. Pell.....	10.00
Proceeds of play, "The Cat," given by David Hamilton, Elizabeth Hamilton, Marion H. Douglas, Margaret W. Longyear, Edith Harrison, Grace E. Tuttle, Matil- da Debaro, Sidney T. Miller, Jr., Helen Taylor, Annette Washburn, Richard Bentley.....	50.00
G. S. M.....	5.00
In Loving Memory of G. M. B.....	25.00
Cash.....	1.00
"Contents of a savings bank belong- ing to one little boy Philip, who died at the age of three and one- half".....	1.37
L. King.....	5.31
G. R. Putnam.....	5.00
St. Mark's Sunday School, Seattle.	8.88
"Stranger".....	15.00
L. B.....	10.00
Mrs. Edward Morgan.....	5.39
Harriet and Betty.....	2.00
"Bessie, James and Sailor".....	5.00
Cash.....	5.31
	\$5,610.66

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Eight dozen tennis balls, from Mr. George
Lauder, Jr., Greenwich, Conn.

Package of clothing and shoes, from Mrs.
White, Branchville, Conn.

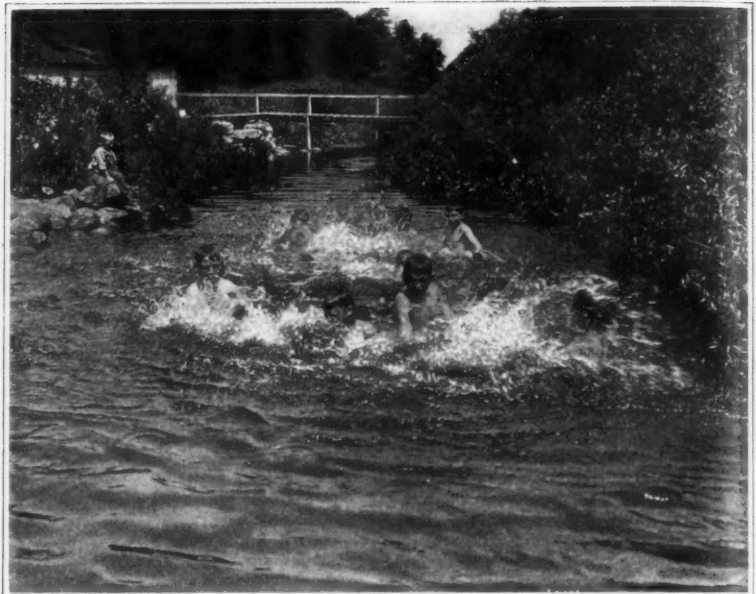
110 tennis balls, from the Nyack Country
Club.

100 books, from the New York Public
Library.

Four dozen tennis balls, from Mrs. P. S.
Hildreth.



"OTHERS HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM."



AT LIFE'S FARM

A WARM DAY

A New Theory of Mercy

"But Dr. Pembry goes further. He says. 'You ought to be allowed to operate without anesthetics because, when your pain becomes really terrible, it produces syncope, and the animal faints under it. Therefore you can conduct your operations under the force of terrible pain as well as under the force of anesthetics.'"—From speech by an English M. P., reported in London Zoophilist.

KIND gentlemen, those vivisectors. The practical results from these experiments may be small, but the moral effect on the "operators" must be civilizing to the last degree.

A Man Who Did Us Credit

IN spite of the asserted collapse of parental authority, and the supposed disintegration of the family, and divorce, and feminism in the public schools, we do somehow manage still to raise an occasional man who seems competent for his work. The drowning of Lieut. Edward Miller in the Philippines the other day has led to publication of stories about him that imply that he was such a person. He and his wife had governed Palawan Island in the Philippines for the last ten years.

In 1898 Miller was a Chicago militia officer, twenty-four years old. He served in the war with Spain and after it joined the regular army and was ap-

pointed Governor of Palawan—population about thirty-four thousand, of whom six thousand were classified as "wild." He had with him his wife and a few scattered Philippine scouts. Needing soldiers to stand off the Moros, who habitually plundered the Palawans, he trained Palawans to that service and broke the Moros of their habit. Having thus taught the Palawans self-defense, he trained them in agriculture, self-government and business, increasing their prosperity and gaining their confidence and affection in an extraordinary degree.

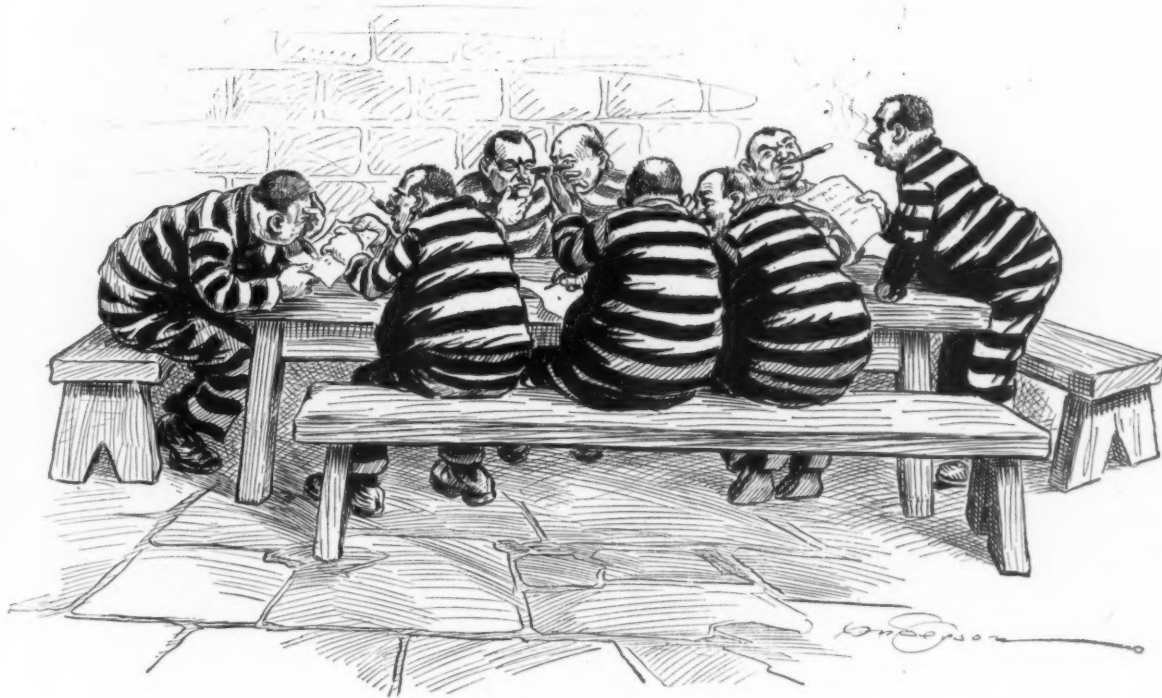
Finding him equal to his large task, the War Department left it all to him, and said he was more useful in Palawan than a regiment of soldiers.

Here is a man who has done us all credit. Now, then, what will a grateful Government do for his widow?

Too Much Prosperity

"**T**HE increase in the cost of living in the United States," says Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan, "is largely due to the extravagance of the people, induced by prosperity."

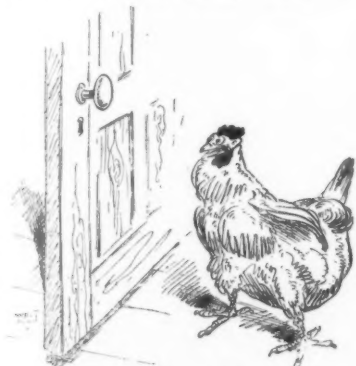
That's exactly it. In order to get prosperity it was necessary to make people pay more for what they needed, and now it is necessary to call them extravagant for paying it.



A FUTURE CORPORATION BOARD MEETING

A Crisis

"GENTLEMEN, we must retrench." The president of the great railroad faced the board of directors. Every face there blanched at the thought. "Yes," he continued, "something must be done to maintain our reputation for integrity and for that sound and conservative business policy which has



THE DECEIVING DOOR KNOB
 "I DON'T MIND HATCHING IT OUT, BUT THEY MIGHT AT LEAST HAVE PUT IT IN A NEST!"

been one of our distinguishing traits. For, I regret to say, the Interstate Commerce Commission does not understand or appreciate our condition. The cost of living has increased so much that, alas! I fear disaster, in view of the fact that we are not permitted to raise our rates. Gentlemen, something must be done."

All eyes were turned to the speaker. At last, with a voice that trembled with emotion, one of the directors leaned forward.

"What can you suggest?" he whispered hoarsely.

"I fear the worst. We must cut our dividend."

A deathly silence ensued. It was felt that the fate of several steam yachts was in the balance. Every man there instantly realized what it would mean.

"Can nothing else be done?"

"Nothing."

Another director leaned forward.

"Gentlemen," he whispered, "let us defer this until, say, day after tomorrow. This will give us time to sell out our holding at the present prices and buy them back very much lower after this dreadful news has passed out."

One by one they shook his hand

The Manly Art

THERE are three charges that may be brought against the "manly art of self-defense":

1. That it is not manly.
2. That it is not an art.
3. That it is not necessary for self-defense.

As man is essentially a tool-using animal, the manly thing in the line of corporal injury is to use an artificial weapon of some sort, such as a pistol or dagger or poison, rather than the natural weapons, the fists.

The art comes not so much in using the weapon as in inventing it and fashioning it.

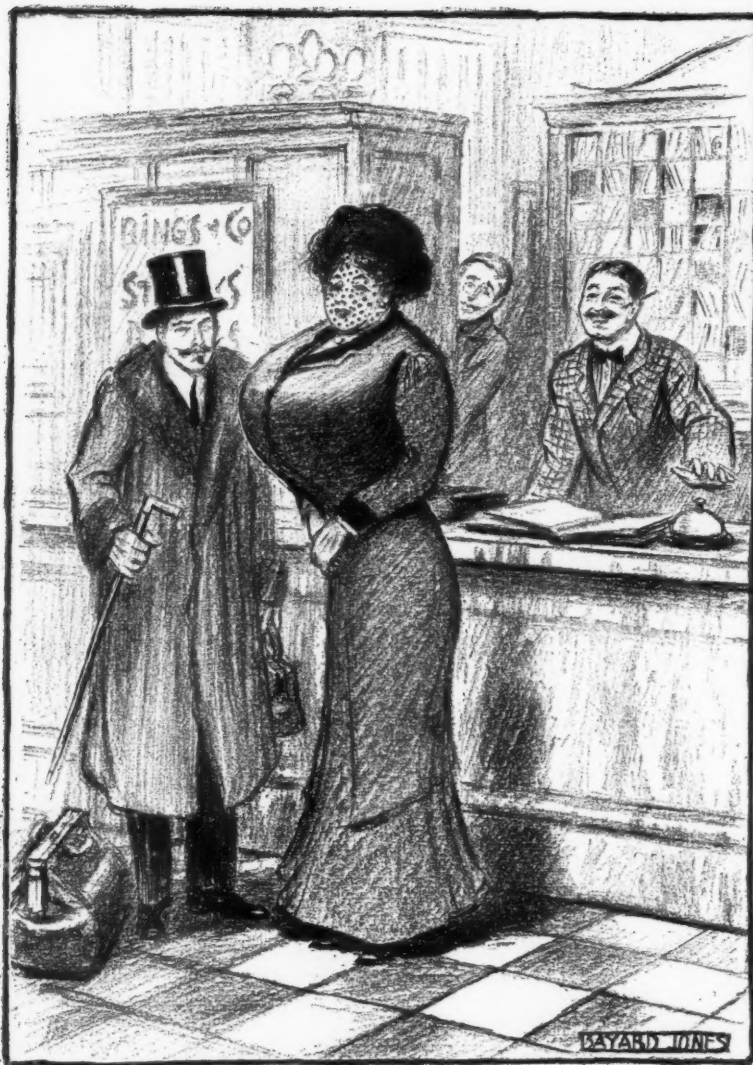
The self-defense comes in being a law-abiding citizen and in keeping away from the manly artists of the pugilistic type, or, if unable to avoid them, to hang your troubles upon the brass buttons of a policeman.

CENSUS TAKER: How many children have you?

CITIZEN: Three.

CENSUS TAKER: Altogether?

CITIZEN: No; one at a time.



"FRONT!"

The Common Weal

FOR expansive benevolence it would be hard to surpass the document entitled "Circular to Tourists," which our open-hearted Government dispenses free of cost to all citizens of the United States who venture to cross the seas. This little tract, which may be found in the dining-rooms of out-going steamers, opens with a few well-chosen words of sympathetic regret that travelers should "entertain some anxiety" concerning the customs inspection, and expresses a polite hope that such anxiety will be "re-

duced to a minimum" by the counsel tendered in its pages.

After these fatherly words, calculated to restore confidence to the inexperienced heart, the circular blandly explains that the returning tourist will be called upon to make a declaration of all that he has purchased in Europe; and that, as no one will believe this declaration when made, the contents of his trunks and packages will be "carefully examined" on the docks. He is bidden—regardless of the exigencies of packing—to put all dutiable articles where they can at once be seen, and he is given a heart-breaking

list of the taxes imposed upon everything he may have bought, from a handkerchief to a pen-and-ink drawing, with ominous hints as to the character of the retribution which will overtake him should he hide the handkerchief or the pen-and-ink drawing from the inspector's eye.

By this time the tourist is perhaps less easy in his mind than before he opened the reassuring circular, but there is balm in Gilead. After being reminded that it is his happy privilege to bring in one hundred dollars worth of goods free of duty, "unless intended for other persons," he is told that the kind appraiser will grant him this privilege, "even without having his attention called thereto." Then follows a priceless paragraph calculated to fill his heart and the hearts of all his countrymen with gratitude and patriotic pride.

"Any personal effects taken with you as baggage, which are brought back with you in the same condition as when taken abroad, will be admitted free, if the identification can be established."

This seems almost *too* liberal! To allow the citizens of the United States to bring back their old clothes untaxed is an excess of munificence which may yet reduce the nation to bankruptcy. The more the tourist thinks of it, the oftener he contemplates the time-worn garments he has not dared to replace, and realizes that he will not be called upon to pay sixty per cent. duty on their original cost, the more affecting such generosity appears. He can but murmur, in the words of Sir Walter Scott: "I should enjoy your kindness better if I felt I deserved it more."

Life is a play. Let us be grateful that the drama is sometimes comic. When the enterprising women of Chicago find it necessary to have their jewels photographed before leaving home, so that they may not be held up as smugglers on the New York docks; when Mr. Roosevelt, the great upholder of the tariff, is invited to bring in his luggage free of duty; and when the undistinguished citizen is solemnly absolved from paying an old-age tax on his American trousers, the great national Custom House farce becomes a finished and perfect performance. *Agnes Repplier.*

By a Pessimist

VIRTUE is its own punishment.

A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Anticipation is the better part of value.

DO a man a favor once and he may be grateful; do him several favors and he will think you owe them to him.

A Bad Case of County Option

THERE are some things that are almost as bad as drink. For example: Newark is in Licking County, Ohio. Ohio has the form of deprivation called county option. Licking County went dry, but the county decision was not well enforced in Newark, which probably has a local majority that is still indulgent to rum. The dries in Newark clamored for enforcement of the county law and got in outside detectives to compass it. Along with them came dry-detective Etherington, a lad of seventeen, who in helping to close up an unlawful saloon impulsively shot through the head its keeper, a popular citizen. On that evening, or the next evening, a company of five hundred citizens took poor, impulsive young Etherington out of the jail and hanged him—a prodigious scandal. Next, Governor Harmon swoops down and suspends the Mayor and the inefficient Sheriff. Next will come the Grand Jury, who will look into the matter of the lynching and may possibly make trouble for some of the five hundred lynchers.

Watch this case and see what, if anything, comes of it, and observe, finally, whether the result is favorable or otherwise to county option in Ohio.

Laws that provide drastic liquor restrictions for communities in which a local majority is opposed to them are apt to make trouble. They are very hard to enforce and demoralizing when



The Thin One: THANKS, OLD MAN! YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE.

violated. That is the objection to State prohibition and in a less degree to county option.

Nervous natives.
Effete easterners.
Woolly westerners.

Yon Yonsons.
Odd orientals.
Rich rogues.
Kaleidoscopic kettle.

EXPERIENCE is the best chaperon.

A New Storm Center in London

A BRITISH Academy of Literature is projected, to have forty members. The *Times* (New York) said of it last month:

At present there are only twenty-seven original members, who include Alfred Austin, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Andrew Lang, Lord Morley, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero and George Macaulay Trevelyan.

Those are good names, and we read that Maurice Hewlett and A. C. Benson have been added to them. But where is R. Kipling? Doth Rudyard sulk on Table Mountain? Where is Hall Caine? Where Marie Corelli?

We welcome this prospect of a British Literary Academy. Over here we have had a prize-fight and much acrimonious discussion of it by moralists and others. The thought of corresponding discussions in London and vicinity ought not to be consoling to us, but somehow it is.



"IS THAT MY BERTH?"

Monkeys for Vivisection

Rockefeller Institute Takes 200 Out of a Consignment of 500

Two hundred of the five hundred chattering monkeys taken from the hold of the Hamburg-American liner Graf Waldersee on her arrival yesterday from Hamburg are consigned to the Rockefeller Institute, where they are to be used for experiments in the interests of science—meaning, of course, vivisection. According to the men who make a specialty of importing animals, the Institute is a very good customer, and hundreds of monkeys go there each year. Those taken there yesterday are to be used, it was said, for "studies of the brain."

The principal demand for monkeys just now comes from showmen, but in winter, according to Louis Ruhe, the animal dealer of 248 Grand Street, the demand for monkeys from the Rockefeller Institute is strong, and it is hard to import enough to meet the demand. —*N. Y. Times*.

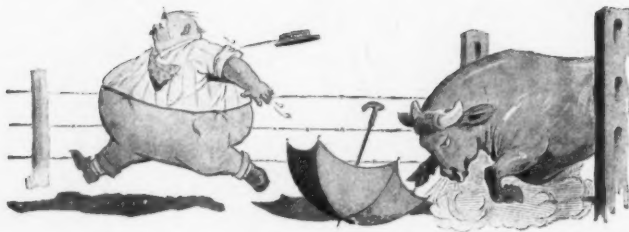
Children and monkeys are the "material" preferred by vivisectioners. Children are found in the orphan asylums, babies in maternity hospitals, and the above extract explains the monkey supply.

Equipment

"I'M going abroad. What ought I to have on the boat?"

"A motor car, a letter of credit, a thoroughbred dog, a bridge set, a sound stomach and patience."

THE fortunate man is generally a sceptic. Perhaps it is because he has sufficient leisure for self-analysis.



"HASTE MAKES (?) WAIST!"

Life's College Contest

Announcement of Winner

IN its issue of April 7, 1910, LIFE offered one hundred dollars for the best article on any college written by a college student.

A large number of replies were received, but the great majority, we regret to say, were far below the standard of literary merit that was expected. Many were characterized by bad English and not a few by bad spelling. Of humor there was scarcely a trace.

It would be unfair to condemn too sweepingly the work of the contestants without mentioning the fact that a small minority of the articles were well written and would have passed muster if they had not dealt with the subject from too serious a standpoint. Although LIFE's requirements ought to be well understood, a majority of the contestants seemed to think it necessary to write a more or less descriptive article, instead of one in which the information given was incidental.

We are glad to record, however, that the contribution which is, in our judgment, the best, and to the author of which we have therefore awarded the prize, is open to none of these criticisms.

Mr. Malcolm H. Bissell (Yale, 1911) is the prize-winner, and we publish herewith his winning story:

YALE

Yale is a great American university located at New Haven, Conn. It is bounded on the north by the *Harvard Lampoon*, on the east by the New Haven police force, on the south by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and on the west by Savin Rock. Yale's origin dates from 1701. After sixty-five years of Harvard alone the situation had become so serious that something had to be done. Accordingly, Yale was founded at Saybrook, Conn. The opinion of present-day critics is that this action saved the nation.

In 1714 Saybrook was found to possess too many exciting distractions, and the need of a quiet and peaceful location became urgent. The college was therefore moved to New Haven. In the following year the abandoned building at Saybrook was purchased by the New Haven Railroad Company for use as a passenger station in New Haven, where it is still giving splendid service.

When Yale was moved to New Haven the latter place was a mere hamlet. It is now a thriving city of 130,000 inhabitants. Thus the remarkable uplifting influence of Yale on the community is evident. In 17— football was introduced, and Jonathan Edwards was elected captain of the team. Under his leadership Yale speedily took the front in the sport and in the championship game Harvard was defeated 184 to 0. Immediately afterward "To Hell with Yale" was adopted as the Harvard motto.

During the war of 1812 an attempt to destroy the college was made by sailors, and in 1841 another attack was made on the college by town toughs. Both of these attacks afforded the varsity football squad excellent practice, and the college was not damaged. Since then the attitude of the townspeople toward Yale has considerably moderated, and they now content themselves with merely separating the student-body from as much of its cash as possible.

Yale has given many great men to the nation. The chair of the President of the United States is now being filled by a



"I DIDN'T KNOW YOUNG

SMITH HAD GONE."



QUEEN TAKES JACK

Yale man, and even his worst political enemies admit that it is well filled.

The importance of Yale to the country cannot be overestimated. Without Yale, many absconding cashiers and check-forging gentlemen, to say nothing of safe-crackers and highwaymen, would be deprived of the college education so often accorded them by the enterprising press; the New Haven police force would be unable to demonstrate its courage and heroism, and would be obliged to descend to such commonplace matters as enforcing law and order; hundreds of callow youths in summer resorts would be obliged to find some other means of exploiting their importance to credulous maidens than by the magic words, "Yale man"; scores of New Haven tailors would be forced to earn an honest living, and many other equally alarming things would happen. So let us by all means keep Yale and give the newspapers something to write about and the old maids something to talk about. For

all information concerning the university apply to Bishop McFaul, of New Jersey.

One other contribution, which did not conform to the requirements of the contest, but which was too clever to omit, we also print:

"UNIVERSITY OF HARD KNOCKS"

Situated high on the mountain of Youthful Ambition, overlooking the valley of Life Endeavor.

Very seldom advertised, except in the biographies of its graduates who have made a pronounced success in life in spite of the disadvantages of the school's course of study. Among the greatest men turned out by this university are Charles Dickens, Mark Twain, Abraham Lincoln and James J. Jeffries.

Colors—Black and Blue.

Yell—Help! Help! Help!

Fraternities—Eta Beta Pi. I Needa Rest.

The semesters extend an indefinite period. Newspaper and magazine obituaries are the only diplomas issued.

The principal course of study is work. Books are luxuries. Leisure hours are



THEIR SON IN THE CITY



Workman: JEST A MINUTE, MUM, AN' WE'LL GIT YE ON YER FEET AGAIN.

spent in the "recreation" of study—being the one great difference between this and other schools, where recreation consists of "social sessions," cigarette contests and joy rides.

In common with other schools the principal course of study and athletics are the same. In the "University of Hard Knocks" both being work. In other schools both being athletics.

Tuition free. Write Father Time for catalogue.

THE hearse has given many a poor soul his first joy ride.

Upton Sinclair Runs Amuck Again

A LETTER in the *Outlook* from Mr Upton Sinclair, in which with violence and at much length he falls foul of one of Dr. Abbott's interpretations of Scripture, renews the regret that we have often felt that Mr Sinclair's gifts had not the advantage of better training and his intelligence the aid of more thorough instruction. We fear he will never be other than a wrong-headed person and a misleader of whom he would instruct, which is a pity, because he has so much zeal. The particular item of Dr. Abbott's interpretation that he denounces seemed to us unsound, but not so unsound as his arraignment of it. In the main, Dr. Abbott is a mighty good expounder of Scripture. We don't know a better one. But then the son of Jacob Abbott got a good deal of early raising and came honestly by what he knows.

Always Suitable

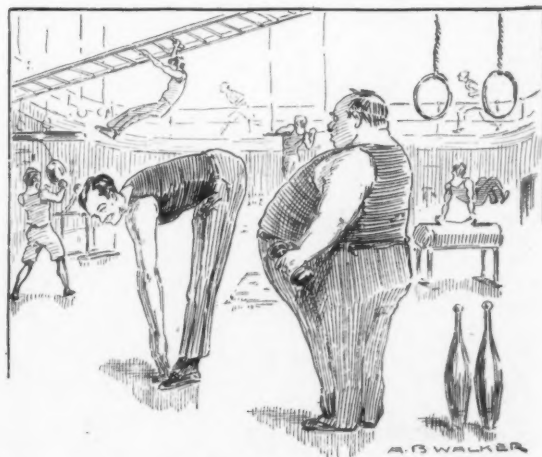
WE offer the following as an interview *de luxe* for the use of magnates and others who are starting for or returning from Europe, who desire to see their names in print and who cannot trust themselves to say the right thing:

"Notwithstanding what anyone else may do, be, or say, and notwithstanding what may happen, occur, or come off, I am glad to testify that basic conditions in this country are sound and in good hands; that the underlying factors of prosperity, be it much or little, have never forsaken us; that the essentials of our system are essentially good; that behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face; that although the commercial vine may be covered with potato bugs, it is healthy at the roots; that the superstructure may perhaps tremble or even fall, but the foundation stones are firmly imbedded in the rock of righteousness and will remain forever; that the hand of the financier may be predatory, but his heart beats true to a noble standard; that the trusts may take all we have, but the principle of the trusts is well-grounded in justice and industry; that a constitutional government is indisputable in theory, though it be sadly crippled by locomotor ataxia; that the spirit is still and will continue to be still willing, although the flesh is weak."

If the above form is faithfully followed it will meet the desires of every newspaper editor in New York, while at the same time it will not unduly educate the people.

Ellis O. Jones.

MAKING a mere noise is the cardinal refuge of lunatics and persons who are getting the worst of an argument



Instructor: TO REDUCE THE ABDOMEN TAKE THIS EXERCISE MORNING AND NIGHT.

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

Branches Everywhere, Including Paris, Constantinople and Philadelphia. No Connection With Any Other Establishment.

THE unexpected has happened. Our recent announcement that we were obliged to suspend our business owing to lack of funds and other reasons, produced results that we had not dreamed possible. As the case stands at present, we can only apologize to all our friends for having cruelly misjudged them. Money and protests have been flowing in since at such a rate that we are happy to announce that we are once more on our feet again. Husbands all over the country rose en masse, when they realized the possibility of our abandoning them.

Now that we think of it, we understand, of course, that the men of this country really could not afford to get along without us. We say this in all modesty. Our Paris branch has been thoroughly renovated, and the damage from the flood repaired. Husbands from this country en route to the Orient are urged to stop over there and register. Our manager has the finest programme yet devised. In case your wife accompanies you, cable in advance, and every arrangement will be made for your amusement sans detection.

The handsome blonde in charge of our office has been reinstated, and everything is as it was, except that with all this new capital we shall, of course, fit up our place as it never has been fitted up before. We have engaged Anthony Comstock to secure a choice line of pictures, rich, rare and racy. Call and see. Opening day next Tuesday. Announcements will be sent out to our old patrons in plain envelopes. Watch for them.

We have received the following letter:

DEAR SIR:

Please regard this as strictly confidential. If it should come to the ear of a certain party, all would be over. I am a husband of exemplary habits and make a rule never to complain. (I have learned this, I may say, from sad experience.) My point is as follows: Owing to certain unavoidable contingencies we are obliged to employ servants. We employ, indeed, a great many of them. I may say that they are constantly coming and going. Now, sir, I hate to impress you with my own wisdom, but I have an idea that if I ran the house those servants would stay longer than they do now. The truth is that my wife is very inconsiderate of them. She never puts herself in their places. She wants the table waited upon in such an outlandish manner that we cannot get anything that we want when we really need it. She calls it good form and I call it damn foolishness. But that's only a small part of the whole affair. She nags these poor creatures to such an extent that, although they may arrive—and usually do—with good dispositions, at about the end of the third day they are actually savage. Then she blames me for not taking her part, although I haven't said a word. Secretly, I know that if I should

run my office the way she does her house, I shouldn't expect any self-respecting clerk to stay with me over night. Can you suggest any remedy?

In reply to our correspondent we will say that his case is not at all unusual. In affairs like this we always direct our attention to the husband, and by treating him, gradually get him into a philosophical state of mind, so that no matter what happens he will be calm and happy. It may seem absurd to think that we can do this, but let our friend send on an advance remittance and we will refund the money if we don't help him in a month. As for his wife, we have lived long in this world and have had considerable experience, and our observation has been that there is no cure for two women living under the same roof and entering into business relations with each other. You may term it the servant problem, but it's just as much the mistress problem. There isn't much choice. As our friend Kipling once said: "The Colonel's lady and Julia O'Grady are sisters under the skin."

DEAR SIR:

Don't breathe this, but my wife is a liar. I can stand a little of it, but she has got the habit, and it gets on my nerves a little to hear her reeling off lies to her friends every day. If she doesn't want to accept an invitation, she sweetly puts it off on me, by saying that I am not well enough to attend, and then drags me out to an afternoon tea. She tells her friends that their clothes are lovely and me that they are frightful. I am aware that this is an old story in itself, but it's only just struck home to me, and I want to know if nothing can be done about it. Why, my dear sir, I assure you that my wife has no moral nature at all. She lies by instinct. Can't any kind of an operation be performed upon her to get her to tell the simple truth occasionally?

W. J. G.

The mistake this gentleman made was to assume that when he married his wife he was marrying a moral nature. Wives are not made for that purpose. Let him accept the situation calmly, and come on at once and take advantage of our new summer entertainment programme, just out, sending meanwhile ten cents for our new book, *Bevy of Beauties*. Besides, if he stops to think of it, he is something of a liar himself. If he isn't, then our entertainment committee will gradually put him on a par with his wife. What he needs is to be on the same plane with her, and all will be harmonious.

We are now doing business at the old stand, and guarantee to relieve or cure suffering husbands, no matter where they hail from. Call, write or wire.
HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.



THE TALL, HANDSOME BLONDE HAS BEEN REINSTATED



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

RICHARD PEARSON HOBSON

Born August 17, 1870

Lieutenant Hobson was born in Alabama (Greensboro) and was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1889. He also studied in Paris. He was, as everybody knows, somewhat active in the Spanish war, and his exploit in sinking the collier *Merrimac* in Santiago harbor made him famous. He is also no mean osculator, and has kissed so many young ladies, or permitted them to kiss him that it would be impossible for us, somewhat weak in mathematics, to compute the result. He is the author of a small library of naval books and knows his naval circles.



Sir, may your sense of modesty and that spirit of true humility which every man of real achievement should progressively possess imbue your soul more and more in the years to come.

E. PRENTISS BAILEY

Born August 15, 1834

Ever since the beginning of our recollection Mr. E. Prentiss Bailey has had the reputation of being the best dressed man in New York State outside of Berry Wall. We recall him twenty years ago, and his distinguished appearance and immaculate bearing, and although we have not latterly had the pleasure of gazing upon his distinguished personality, we do not believe that his lustre has been dimmed. Many great poets and philosophers have displayed anxiety about their clothes, but perhaps none of them has been so successful as Mr. Bailey, who never goes to extremes. Distinguished as one of our foremost journalists, for a happy decade president of the State Associated Press, a School Commissioner, a member of the New York State Civil Service Commission—but why particularize? Everybody knows E. Prentiss Bailey; those who are not intimately acquainted with the details of his spotless life have lived indeed in vain.



Mr. Bailey, our compliments to you, sir, and our felicitations upon the attainment of another birthday. May you live long and continue to be a source of inspiration to all within the zone of your activities.

ROBLEY DUNGLISON EVANS

Born August 18, 1846

The United States Navy is a hot-bed of good fellows. To be distinguished in a crowd like this is to have rare merit. Such rare merit has "Fighting Bob" Evans. He began very properly by being born in Virginia, at one time the home of Presidents, and always the abiding place of the highest type of gentleman. He was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1863, and thence rose slowly until he became an admiral. He took part in the Civil War and in the war with Spain. He has been wounded in the service of his country, he has often spoken his mind without pose and he has written some admirable and interesting things. Everybody knows "Bob" Evans.



We salute you, sir, as a man among men. Your qualities of mind and heart have long compelled our homage. Your colors were nailed to the masthead long ago. We hope that they will continue, in the safe harbor of retirement, to wave there for many years to come.



"MON DIEU. WHAT A PREDICAMENT!"

JULIA MARLOWE

Born August 17, 1870

Miss Marlowe was born in Cumberlandshire, England, but came to this country at the early age of five, her family living in Cincinnati. She was christened Sarah Frances Frost, and later took the name of Frances Brough. She began her career with a juvenile opera company and then took a child's part in "Rip Van Winkle." This preliminary adolescent career was succeeded by three years of hard study in New York preparing for her life work. She made her metropolitan debut as *Parthenia* in "Ingomar." Her career since then is too well known to bear repeating. Shakespeare certainly owes her much, because she has assisted so admirably in keeping his name before the theatre-going public.



Miss Marlowe, you have inimitable graces of mind and person and a high conception of your art. We are pleased to acknowledge your gifts, and your perseverance and endurance in perfecting them so conscientiously.

Long may you give us such exalted pleasure!

CHARLES SANGER MELLEN

Born August 16, 1851

The president of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Co. was born in Lowell, Mass., and at eighteen entered the office of a railroad company. Since then he has gradually risen from one railroad position to another up to his present exalted station.



Upon this your birthday, sir, we wish you as much sweetness and light as you yourself have spread around you for others. May no tunnel fumes envelop your classic brow. May the spirit of courtesy possess you and the milk of human kindness freight you forward to the plaudits of your fellowmen. And may your commutation rates not prejudice us overmuch against your many qualities of mind and heart. Congratulations!



BUT

IT WAS EASY ENOUGH, AND WITH AN INCH TO SPARE

Last Minutes in Advertising

THE neurotic young woman who craves notoriety no longer elopes with her father's stableman or his chauffeur. Gowned in costly simplicity, she becomes a strike sympathizer or a militant suffragist to get herself arrested. Thus her future is assured for nine days.

To-day's star in the ascendant neither loses her jewels nor her pet poodle dog. Be-aproned, a stocking-darner in one hand, a cook book in the other, she receives the representatives of the press in her model kitchen. In a week all the men in town insist upon taking their womenfolk to see her act, although the latter in turn insist that they need not see her to convince themselves of her qualifications as an actress.

The matron who finds her charms in thralldom to one husband does not, as formerly, seek to dispose of him, legitimately or otherwise. Attired in an extravagant street gown, a gold jeweled bag dangling from her braceleted arm, she stands on the street corner declaiming to the masses upon the cost of high living. This she finds a most effective method of creating a demand for the output of her charms.

The Eternal Question

A TEACHER was trying to explain the dangers of overwork to one of the smaller pupils.

"Now, Tommy," she pursued, "if your father were busy all day and said he would have to go back to the office at night, what would he be doing?"

"That's what ma wants to know."

The Returns in 1920

"WHERE are the women going to?"

Said Files-on-Parade;

"They're going to vote, they're going to vote,"

The big policeman said.

"What makes them look so fine, so fine?"

Said Files-on-Parade;

"They always dress up for the polls,"

The big policeman said.

"For the women are out voting, you observe their brave array!

Mrs. Mackay is in violet voile and Mrs. Catt in gray;

Mrs. Belmont wears taupe chiffon, Miss Milholland pink pique—

For they're out to cast their ballots in the morning!"

Carolyn Wells.

S. P. C. A.

THERE is a great need of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles. Automobiles are extremely sensitive and, for all we know, they have just as much soul as anybody else. Who of us have not heard them sob, throb, sigh, wince, tremble and wheeze?

Perhaps the most usual form of cruelty is shown toward the spark plug. A spark plug should be treated as gently and lovingly and unselfishly as any other plug. If not properly cleaned, fed and exercised, it is liable to botts, glanders, string halt, spavin and colic.

Many thoughtless people do not realize how trying it is upon an automobile's nerves to be brought into sudden and violent contact with an animate or an inanimate object. Try to put yourself in an auto's place. How would you like to be compelled to run over a little child, even if it were but a poor child?

Particularly should we watch over our work automobiles, those noble machines of burden without which our daily wants would not be supplied, or at least but sparingly and irregularly.

All lovers of automobility should carefully consider this suggestion and put it into effect if possible.

Ellis O. Jones.



HOME TREATMENT FOR REDUCING WEIGHT



WINDINGTON APARTMENTS
 TENANTS ARE ENCOURAGED TO USE THE ELEVATOR AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE.
 OUR FOUNDATION IS INSPECTED WEEKLY BY PUBLIC SAFETY BOARD

COLLEGE CLOTHES FOR BRAIN WORKERS
 (WITH OR WITHOUT RIVETS)
 THE CLOTHES THAT REAL MAGAZINE HEROES WEAR

The Dreadnaught
 SELF-ADJUSTING SHIRT

CLAMPS EXTRA

OUR CUTTERS HAVE ALL BEEN TRAINED IN THE BALLOON CORPS OF THE FRENCH ARMY AND WE GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT

EYE-BAR SUSPENSERS

LITTLE GIANT COLLARS

WEAR THE *Harveyized*

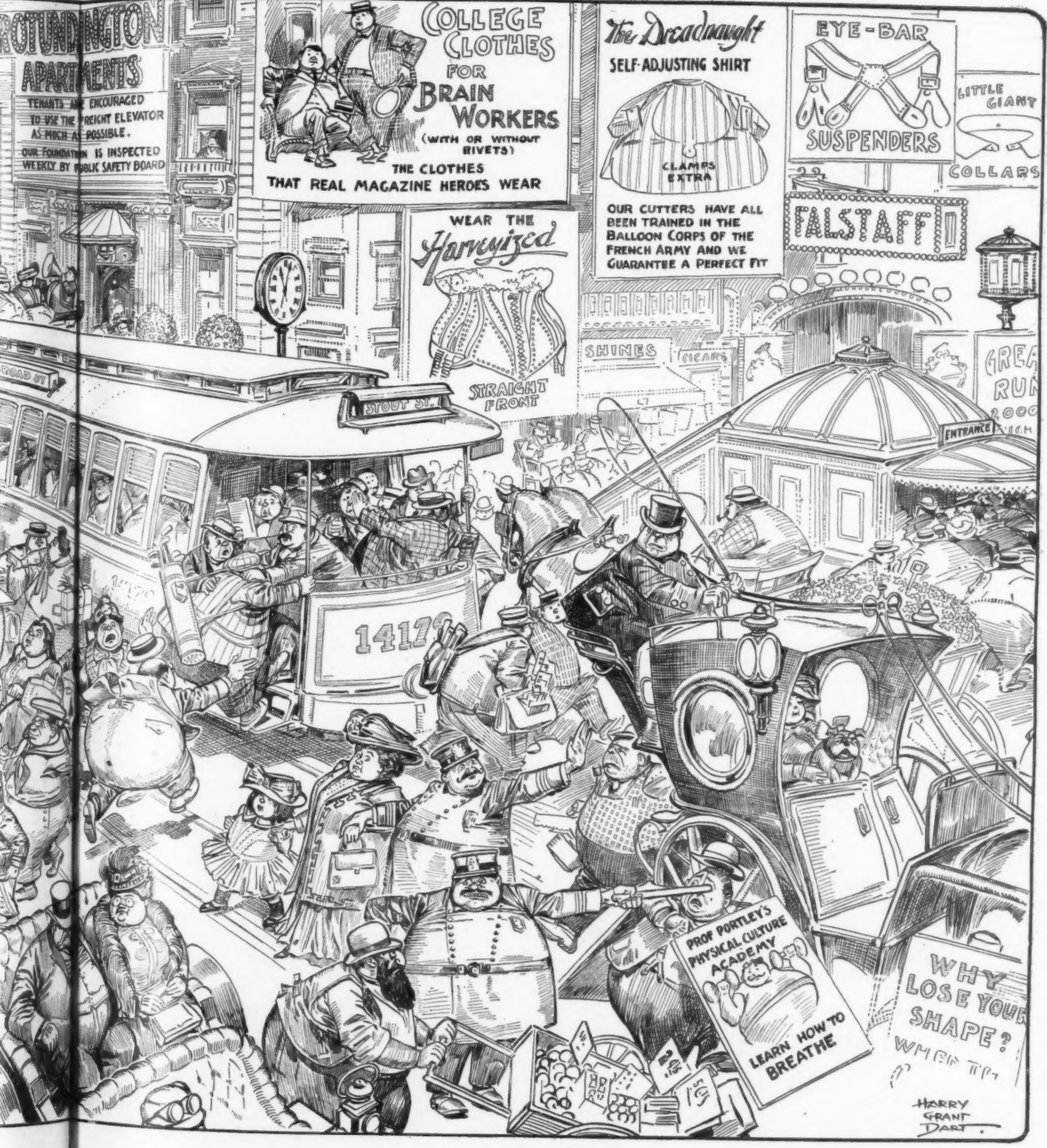
STRAIGHT FRONT

FALSTAFF

SHINES

CREAKS

GREASER
 RUN
 2000



HARRY GRANT DART

We All Were Stout

Divorce and Parental Authority

Through divorce modern women assert, and practically exercise, the right of living with what men they please, and changing them when they please, repudiating all obligation to any one but themselves.—*Brooks Adams in the July Atlantic.*

SUPPOSE, Mr. Adams, that some stranger to the United States should read your interesting piece for information, and coming to the assertion above quoted, should accept it as true! Don't you think he would be seriously misinformed as to domestic conditions in this country? A very few women assert and exercise the right you speak of. Are they numerous enough, or of such character, and is the result of their shiftings sufficiently attractive, to exert much influence on the great body of the people?

We think not. You say that the assertion and exercise of the right you mention has resulted in the "dissolution of the family in the sense that parental authority has nearly ceased as a constraining force in society." We think you are mistaken. Parental authority as a constraining force has somewhat relaxed, but we see that relaxation in families where the parents live together in admirable accord, and where very strong ties of affection hold between parents and children. We cannot see that divorce has had much to do with the relaxation of parental authority. That is due to something in the air we breathe that drives us all on along the road to human freedom:

But relaxed as parental authority is, it is still an immense influence and power, working less by compulsion than it once did and more by experiment and

instruction; less arbitrary than it was, but more persuasive. Was it ever of much value to older children, do you think, in its more arbitrary phases—ever of much value, except as it led and taught and carried and trained and loved?

There are still more parents on the job of raising children than you seem to think, sir, and still more wives who worry along through the whole of life content with one imperfect father for their children.

The Vulgar

BEING vulgar is not, we regret to say, properly understood by the majority of Americans. Most of them are unconsciously so, and do not go into the matter in the right scientific spirit.

Some people are born vulgar and others achieve it. The process may be conscious or unconscious. It is usually the latter.

A great many Americans who might go on not being vulgar all their lives succeed in being so by going abroad; for nothing is better calculated to make for vulgarity than a trip abroad. California does not begin to offer the same opportunities.

To be consciously vulgar is a matter for deliberate thought; but as we are not used to deliberate thought we do not take advantage of all the possibilities and most of us remain, as we were born, unconsciously vulgar.

Vulgarity usually increases with the amount of cash expended upon it.

As long, therefore, as our cash holds out, there is no immediate cause for worry.

T. L. M.



The Perfectly Healthy Person

THE case in favor of the perfectly healthy person has seemed to be so well established, and to admit of so little argument against it, that it is high time a protest was filed against this obnoxious creature and to point out his or her obvious defects.

But before doing this the reader is hereby warned that we have no intention of going to the other extreme and of piping too forcibly the lay of the chronic invalid. There is a happy medium between the two, which should be striven for conscientiously and patiently. It is well, for example, to start with a fatal disease, and then to learn how to hold one's own against it. Only in this way may character be developed and the most be gotten out of a transitory existence.

The great difficulty with the perfectly healthy person is that his condition, being chronic, admits of no cure. He has no sympathy, for he has never had any use for it. He has no control, for he has never had to exercise it. His sense of humanity is purely personal to himself and does not extend beyond the tip of his own nose. If he observes anyone suffering his patience is taxed. In short, he is in complete eclipse. All those finer shades of sentiment, of nervous distinctions, are as nothing to him. He goes on his normal, prosaic way, utterly oblivious of the real meaning of life. He has never been educated by pain or cultured by convalescence; he has never had to resist the temptation of talking about his own ailments, and never learned the power over others one acquires by listening (judiciously) to theirs. Why, it is worth having at least one fatal disease if only for the joy of learning how to circumvent the doctors.

Your perfectly healthy person is absolutely useless for any purpose other than his own.

No perfectly healthy person has a sense of humor; and how, in Heaven's name, can one exist without that? He has no sense of humor because he has no contrast. How could, for example, a perfectly healthy person be able under any circumstances to indulge himself in such a work of art in repartee as was created by a friend of the present writer's, who went out to Ari-



She: DON'T KISS ME NOW, GEORGE, DARLING. MOTHER IS SITTING ON THE PORCH AND CAN SEE US PLAINLY.



He: I GUESS SHE CAN'T SEE US NOW.

zona not long ago to die. His emaciated body was carried to his room in the hotel and the local doctor was sent for. When this gentleman had been paying his visits to the patient for one week, along with his bill came also one from the proprietor of the hotel. Both bills were very high, and after contemplating them for some time the patient sent for both the doctor and the hotel proprietor.

They happened to come together. The patient silently motioned them each to be seated, one on each side of his bed.

For some time silence reigned, until at last the proprietor of the hotel, becoming impatient, said:

"Well, sir, you have sent for us. What can we do for you?"

And the patient smiled as he fluttered their bills in his wasted hand and replied:

"Nothing particular, my good friends. But I thought as long as I was going to die, I would like to die as our blessed Saviour did, with a thief on each side."

Even the condition of chronic invalidism is better than that of perfect health, which is really a condition of *non compos mentis*. But for all worthy purposes commend us to that man or woman who has a malady that does not incapacitate, but renders one alive to the advantages of life. No great man ever lived who was completely well. Any good, substantial, fatal disease, acquired early enough in life, ought to insure a man's success.



THE REAL JOY RIDERS



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



The Book of Daniel Drew. Fragments of an original diary racyly edited into a pseudo-autobiography by Book White.

Fortune, by J. C. Snaith. A Falstaffian romance of mediaeval Spain, with an Elizabethan flavor and a sauce of irony.

Fishing Kits and Equipment, by Samuel G. Camp. See below.

George Meek, Bath Chair-man, by Himself. See below.

A Life for a Life, by Robert Herrick. A sociologico-economic allegory in which an earnest writer's vehicle of fiction breaks down from overloading.

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Predestined, by Stephen French Whitman. A realistic study of a losing fight against heredity in bohemian New York.

The Right Stuff, by Ian Hay. An amusing, though occasionally sappy, story of a hard-headed Highlander.

Simon the Jester, by W. J. Locke. An enjoyable semi-serious novel with a whimsical plot, freak characters and the hall-mark of its author.

The Twisted Foot, by Henry Milner Rideout. An exotic tale of artificial mystery in the far East.

The Voice in the Rice, by Gouverneur Morris. An attractive and exceptionally successful bit of imagination.

Why I Am a Socialist, by Charles Edward Russell. An essentially personal but frequently illuminative statement.

The Wild Olive, by the author of *The Inner Shrine* (Basil King). A lump of pure sugar cleverly arranged to taste like a pill.

BOOKS

IN these days it is a wise book (from the advertising standpoint) that hides its own father. On June 1, 1868, at the seaside resort of Eastbourne, in England, there was born, according to his own alleged statement, one George Meek, future Bath chair-man, autobiographer and stirrer of the surface waters of Anglo-Saxon curiosity. On the other hand, according to various experts on the vital statistics of literature, this same George Meek, Bath chair-man and so forth, was born, not in 1868, in Eastbourne, but in 1910, and in the imagination of Mr. H. G. Wells. You pays your money (E. P. Dutton, \$1.50) for *George Meek, Bath Chair-man*, by Himself, with an Introduction by H. G. Wells, and you takes your choice. But if to a not unnatural interest in so delicate a question of parentage you add a rarer but on the whole more far-reaching interest in the effective setting forth of human viewpoints and human experiences outside your own, you will do well to leave the moot point of authorship to the specialists and to concentrate your own attention on two facts quite worthy of focussing it for a time—the fact that Mr. Wells's Introduction states, more succinctly and in-



"OH! GRAN'MA, WON'T YOU PLEASE STOP BREATHIN'? YOU'RE CROWDIN' ME RIGHT OFF."

telligibly than it has yet been stated, the attitude of the emerging modern fiction toward life; and the fact that George Meek, existent or non-existent, does, as Mr. Wells puts it, "sample life for the intelligent reader at a level at which I do not think that it has ever been sampled with any vividness before." Mr. Wells's Introduction may be disingenuous, but its confession of artistic faith is unequivocal and self-explanatory. Mr. Meek's autobiography may be fictitious, but it is not fiction in any currently accepted sense. It is not a story, but a statement. It is not an interpretation of life, but a specimen of it. It cannot by any possibility tickle our fancy, but it may in some infinitesimal degree broaden our horizon.

GOOD, sound, conservative, common-sense advice is what Samuel G. Camp has incorporated in a little book on *Fishing Kits and Equipment* (The Outing Company), in which he treats of fresh-water tackle, the fly-rod and its accessories, the modern bait-casting rod and its fittings, the various offerings of the sporting-goods dealers and the way to distinguish between the contraptions that are useful in catching fish and those that are only useful in catching fishermen. At first glance one is inclined to hail the volume, which is certainly an innovation, as a well-seasoned fulfillment of a self-evident need. But when one remembers that in the small boy the fishing impulse is a survival of the prehistoric instinct and secretes its own common sense, while in big boys it is a hobby with a prohibitive protective tariff on the imported article, one wonders who is left to read the book. Here it is, however, ready to the hand of that transitional creature, the sportsman-in-the-making.

WE would like to call the attention of Doctor John Burroughs to Mr. Sewell Ford. Mr. Ford—there can be no manner of doubt on the subject—is a Nature Faker. He has recently published a volume of short stories called *Just Horses* (Mitchell Kennerley, \$1.00), and while we acknowledge this to be a very clever title, well calculated to divert the attention of the authorities from his barefaced and defiant infringement of the laws in such cases made and provided, we submit that this only aggravates his offense.

For Mr. Ford has evidently figured that just because these are "just horses" the suicide of old Jerry and the sardonic grin on the profile of Fiddler and Deacon's grafting on old man Braisted for a pension will be allowed to bring tears and smiles to the eyes and lips of the unwary without rebuke. But surely there is still balm in Gilead? Shall there be one law for the gray wolf and another for the gray horse? Go to!

J. B. Kerfoot.

It Didn't Work

THERE was once a beautiful young thing who said that the man who won her must love her for herself alone. To her came the first suitor, who said:

"I love you because you have such beautiful hair!"

"It is a switch," she smiled, and the suitor went away disenchanted.

Came the second suitor, who said:

"I love you because of your wonderful eyes"

"One of them squints," she laughed, and the suitor went away swiftly.

"I love you because you have such lovely teeth," declared a third suitor.

"They are false," she smiled, displaying them, and the third suitor went away discomfited.

"I love you because you have a perfect complexion," vowed the fourth suitor.

"I buy it by the box," she sniffed, and the fourth suitor went and married a grass widow with six children

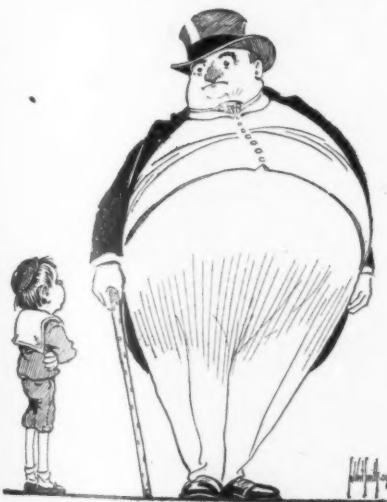
Came then the fifth suitor, who sighed:

"I love you because you are you; be-



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAHERTY

"HOW DO I LOOK IN MY NEW GOWN, ALFRED?"
"IMMENSE!"



"SAY, MISTER, YOU MUST ACHE ALL OVER WHEN YOU EAT GREEN APPLES."

cause of yourself; because there is a soul in you which attracts me irresistibly."

"But don't you like my hair?" she asked.

"It does not especially appeal to me. I never liked that tint."

"And my eyes? Do you not admire them?"

"They are blue, and my favorites are brown. But I love you because you are you, and——"

"My complexion? Do you not think it fine?"

"It is not smooth, and I have noticed that you freckle easily and your nose turns red in cold weather. That is an immaterial detail, however, for my affection is based on——"

"And my teeth? Do you not consider them admirable?"

"They are too small. I am not a man to be swayed by such trivialities. My love is on a higher and nobler plane than——"

"Well, you are a horrid, uncomplimentary wretch, and I couldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth! The very idea! If you begin picking flaws with me before we are even engaged, what might I expect of you if we married?"

And the fifth suitor went away and started a bucket shop, and she married a man who told her she had the smallest hands he had ever seen.

BYSTANDER (sarcastically, to last man in Marathon Race): Here, move on, there. Yer obstructin' the traffic.

Wages

WAGES are a perpetual reminder of man's inferiority to man. When all men are equal there will then be no necessity for them.

Wages are in reality a blind, introduced by the party in control to fool the party not in control into the belief that they are free.

Formerly the vassals of an Over Lord gave their allegiance to him and supplied him in kind with everything that they could make for him. Now they are just as much bound to him, only they don't know it, because he pays them wages. But these wages that he pays them he gets directly from them. What it amounts to is that, as they work for him, they take only a small part of the product for themselves—or, rather, he allows them only a small part. He takes the rest, puts it in the bank or buys securities with it, or anything else by which he can double his money in a given time. Thus he is enabled to control more, because he can pay more wages.

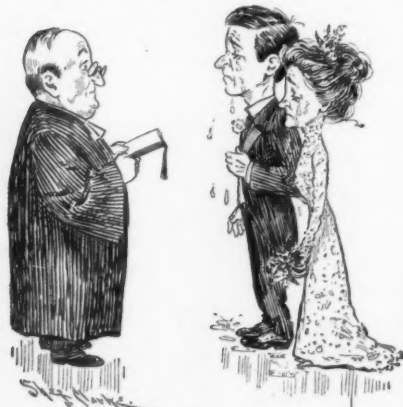
The only difference between the old system and the new is that in former times men were frankly slaves. They were called slaves and known as such. Now they are also slaves, but it is more expedient to give them the delusion that they are free. Thus they are apparently paid for their services in wages, which in the form of toil they themselves supply to the Captains of Industry.

When they strike they are condemned for interfering with the "rights of property."

Thus the whole system is complete, even to the voting power. For men vote only for those who are "sanctioned" by the party in control.

When anybody kicks and tells the truth he is put down as a fanatic or dreamer. If the kick is strong and attracts the attention of the "plain people," Mr. Harriman, Mr. Hill, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Gould and other lofty patriots come out with interviews in the papers, in which they say that an era of prosperity is bearing down so hard on us as to bring the tears of joy to all eyes.

SPARE the rod and spoil the proverb.



A SAD FLIGHT



"BEG PARDON, SIR, MASTER 'AS REQUESTED ME TO ROUSE YOU, WHICH 'E REGRETS TO SAY, WITH 'IS COMPLIMENTS, AS THE 'OUSE IS ON FIRE. WOT CLOTHES WOULD YOU WISH TO WEAR, SIR?"

A Victim of Education

"I DIDN'T ask to be here. I have no responsibility in the matter."

William Cableton, a boy of twelve years, gazed at his father calmly and dispassionately. There wasn't the slightest trace of feeling in his voice. He spoke, however, as one with authority.

"What do you mean?" gasped his father, who, having asked his son to go on an errand for him, had been met with a stern refusal and the explanation that he didn't have time.

"I mean, sir," replied William respectfully, "that you have really no claim on me to wait upon you. You did not consult me when I was born. The law of the State requires that you shall take care of me and see that I am equipped with a good education and a sound body. I cannot acquire these advantages if I am to be constantly interrupted by requests such as you have just preferred. I am sorry, of course, but my duty is plain."

Mr. Cableton reflected for a moment. Then he got up and closed the door.

"I realize the logic of your position, my boy," he replied smiling. "I presume you have learned this at school, have you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are your studies?"

"I have been through civics, which teaches the relationship of the individual to the State; then I am studying psychology, which enables me to grasp the principles of the mind. Then we have physiology, which teaches us how to care for our bodies, and exercises—how to train them."

"Exactly."

Mr. Cableton smiled harmoniously.

"Then your scheme of education," he ventured, "does not consider the parent?"

"Oh, yes, sir, it considers the functions of the parent, which are of course very important. I could scarcely get along without you, for example. This involves me in no obligation, however, as I have pointed out. You are compelled to provide for me."

Mr. Cableton smiled again.

"Then we are really equals in the law," he said. "There is no obligation on either side. It is purely a matter of natural functions."

"Yes, sir."

"You doubtless believe in evolution?"

"In its essential form, yes, sir."

"That is sufficient. And you have heard"—here Mr. Cableton got up once more and locked the door—"of the theory of the survival of the fittest?"

William began to shift from one foot to the other. He glanced at the closed windows.

"It has never been proven," he stammered.

"Precisely. But"—his father grabbed him sternly by the collar; he threw him across his knee; he performed certain necessary curtailments; and then he raised his paternal hand high in the air—"my son, it is about to be, beyond all reasonable doubt."

* * *

One hour later a small boy, painfully carrying a large package toward his paternal residence from the corner grocery store, soliloquized to himself mournfully:

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Willie, than are dreamed of in a school curriculum."

The Revolt of 1959

A Novel of the Times

BY R. W. SNEDDON

(All dramatic rights reserved)

I

THERE was a peremptory knocking at my door. I opened it hastily and seeing who it was turned pale.

"Marriageable Bachelor No. 4,286,572," said the Civic Marriage Director, looking at her notebook and then at me with an almost human regard, "You have been appointed husband-slave to Miss Grikurst, of 425 Eighteenth Avenue. You will, after submission to the board, take up your duties in one week from date or become a shirt-waist worker."

"But," I began feebly, "my studies, my—"

"Your duties to Woman come first," said Her Excellency, as she strode from the room, and as I heard her escort clatter down the street I recognized that I had heard my doom.

II

"What is your income?" asked the State Examiner of Incomes for the Marriage Board.

"Fifty dollars a week," I said.

"Do you find it sufficient to live on?" she said with a frown.

"No! By no means."

"Produce your list of expenses. Ah! I think by knocking off the items of tobacco, liquor, old books, theatre tickets, taxicabs, newspapers and magazines, tips and postage stamps, you might do."

I clutched the rail of the dock convulsively and tried to force my dry lips to speak. A deafening shout of "Silence!" from the forty women on the jury unnerved me and I nodded my head.

"Sign your name and number. You may go now, and be thankful you are allowed to do so. Some day I must make an example of some of you creatures. Next, please."

III

"You are sure you are quite ready?" said the two State Guards.

"Yes, thank you," I answered feebly.

"Then follow us. We have several visits to make this afternoon and at present there is a scarcity of visiting valets."

"You need not handcuff me," I said with a vain attempt at asserting myself, "I will go quietly."

IV

As we drew up outside the door of the mansion at 425 Eighteenth Avenue there was a crash and several stones hit the barred windows of the van. A disturbed shouting of "Votes for Men!" followed.

"What is it?" I asked apprehensively.

"Nothing much," said one of the guards patting her Auburn hair, "only some poor suffragee forgetting himself."

As we emerged from the van there was no sign of anything but a disturbance of the dust, a dog chain and whip, and some shreds of cloth lying on the ground. My two guards smiled at each other, but said nothing, and going up the steps of the mansion opened the door.

V

At last I was in her presence. Ah, what beauty and superiority!

"Marriageable Bachelor No. 4,286,572," said one of my guards.

She turned and looked at me with a stern smile.

"Stand up. Keep still. 'H'm! You'll do, though I was promised something good," she said after a scrutiny. "What are your accomplishments? Can you sew or knit? What do you know about the ethics of gossip?"

"I'm afraid very little," I said, holding myself rigidly.

Her figure seemed to stiffen with majesty.

"We'll soon remedy that," she said. "I don't know what this modern craze of Votes for Men is leading you creatures to. That will do, guards. I suppose his certificate is all in order. You will find something to drink in the dining-room."

I was alone with her and my heart beat tremulously. What was going to happen?

"You must be tired," she said. "I will order some crackers and water."

* * * * *

VIII

Yesterday. Ah! The joy of it. I was sitting in the drawing-room idly strumming the piano to fill in the afternoon till Beatrix came home from business. All at once I heard some one come into the room. Continuing my playing—which by law 45370-37 was confined to classical music, popular music being only permitted to our superiors—I cast a glance into the mirror which reflected the whole room. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my eyes. Beatrix was regarding me with a strange look. Before I could say anything she had vanished. It was only after an evening's thought that I recognized where I had seen such a look—on the covers of the magazines in the museum. They called it—let me see—Love.

IX

"Husband 538,034," said Beatrix sternly, "I thought I told you that the reading of newspapers was forbidden. Bring me the whip. It will be the first and I hope the last time I have to use it."

"Lady-mistress," I said, rising up and throwing down the paper, "I'll be dashed if I do."

"Oh!" she said, with an unwonted note of anger in her voice, "then you must be punished."

She pressed the messenger-guard's bell. Almost as if by magic two guards appeared and I was conveyed to the House of Correction.

"One week," said the judgess.

X

"What are you in for, old man?" asked a lean, ill-fed man with the eye of a visionary.

"Bad language and insubordination," I whispered, keeping a wary eye on the warders who were patrolling the walls of the exercise yard.

"Can you keep a secret?" he asked hoarsely, watching me expectantly.

"Thank God they have left us that birthright," I said, "but be quick. They may be watching us."

He leaned over and whispered in my ear.

I started and looked at him. I thought a moment.

"I am with you, comrade," I said.

"Good," he replied, clasping my hand in a convulsive grasp. "The dawn of liberty is at hand."

XI

We met in what had once been a café, which was now closed by order of the Domestic Police. Husband 46,328C kept guard at the door and admitted each one as he arrived, the password being the low whistle of, "A man's a man for a' that." Those who could not whistle it hummed it.

When we were gathered, some four hundred of us, Brother Husband 23,408X, my visionary friend, read the reports from the other associations and we joined in discussion. I have never seen such a scene of suppressed wild excitement tempered by stern determination as when I, fired by the enthusiasm of the moment, leapt upon the table and told them of former days, of Man's supremacy before it was wrested from him, of the great wave of revolt which was gathering to a crest—a crest which would topple over and inundate in one mighty flood of freedom for Man the whole country of our birth.

"Let the tenth of March be the day!" I cried.

"The tenth of March, the tenth of March!" rang through the whole café in a low, intense growl. "Long live Gus!"

Suddenly there was a crash at the door, and in an instant all the lights were extinguished and, filing out of the back door, we scattered like chaff.

XII

I shall never so long as I live forget the awful sensation of breathlessness which overtook me after I had run sixty-eight blocks without stopping. At last, however, I managed to shake off the blood-cats which had pursued me.

When I came in, Beatrix was sitting smoking in front of the fire.

"Where have you been?" she said sharply.

"Out buying the *Men's Home Companion*," I said. "But foolishly enough I left it in the car."

"I wonder if you're lying? But no! You dare not! Go to bed."

"Thank you," I said, and retired.

Little she recked whom she was speaking to.

* * * * *

XVI

"Husband," said my lady-mistress sharply at breakfast, "have you heard anything—any rumor of a revolution?"

I gripped my teeth tight on the egg I was being allowed to eat at a side table and looked at her steadfastly.

She rose, and coming over to me put her arm round my neck.

"Gus," she said softly.

It was the first time she had used my real name and I trembled all over as she gently stroked my hair.

"Gus," she murmured, "you haven't heard, have you?"

Oh! the agony of the moment.

"No, Beatrix," I lied slowly, with the fragrance of her hair stealing into my senses, "I have heard nothing."

* * * * *

XVIII

"Horrible Attempt to Depose Lady President by Body of Men!"

"What is that?" said Beatrix, springing to her feet as the cry of the newsgirls reached us.



THE WRONG BROTHERS IN THEIR HEAVIER-THAN-AIR MACHINE

I paid no heed, though I knew the time was at hand.

"I must go out," she said. "Don't stir from the house at the peril of your life."

"Beatrix, you must not," I said.

"I must. It is my duty," she said, looking at me strangely.

I was saved from being a traitor, but at what a cost, perhaps.

* * * * *

XXI

The tenth of March came into being bright and clear. I arose early and went down to the front door. As I opened it a messenger on a car flashed past and for a second a red flag gleamed in the air. It was the signal for revolt. The telegraph and telephone wires had been cut and the wireless wired. The Lady President was deposed. A male government was being formed. So much the signal said, but to each man was left his part. I locked the front door with the key I had stolen the evening before.

"What are you doing?" said Beatrix, coming into the breakfast-room.

"Assuming my true position," I said sternly.

"You mean——" she said, and stopped, an alien expression of fear creeping into her beautiful face.

"I mean that women are going back to their proper place, and that henceforward you are going to obey my orders."

"Never! Never! You are mad!" she said, and pressed the bell.

"It is useless," I said. "The messenger guards are now awaiting sentence of marriage on orders from the male government in Washington. Sit down," I said hoarsely, as she tried to leave the room. "Sit down!"

She hesitated, with the expression of a bewildered child, and then sat down, covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

A wild shouting of "Men Forever!" rose from the streets, and going to the window I flung it open.

"Gus, Gus for President!" It was a cry that might have reached from East to West, the heart of a great mob giving utterance to its deepest feelings, and I leaned out and stretched my arms to them, too moved to speak.

"Beatrix," I said softly, as the shouting died away, "you may kiss me."

She looked at me through her fingers, hesitated, and then, rising to her feet, glided slowly over to me as I stood waiting with folded arms. Then, seeing all forgiven, she fell into my arms.

"It was a silly old thing, anyway," she said in a whisper. "I never liked it one bit."



"WHY, AUNTIE, HAVE THE MAGAZINES UPSET YOU?"
"WELL, I'VE GOT THROUGH THE ADVERTISEMENTS, AND I FEEL EXACTLY AS IF I HAD BEEN TO A PARTY WHERE ALL THE MEN CAME IN THEIR UNDERCLOTHES AND THE LADIES WORE ONLY CORSETS."



No Wonder

The ancients thought the world was flat;
I'm really not surprised at that;
We'd find it flat, I dare to say,
If we were living in their day.
Just think, they had no autos then,
No show girls to delight the men,
No pipes to smoke and no cigars,
No cocktails served at handsome bars,
No bridge to play and no pink teas,
No liners speeding o'er the seas,
No yellow journals and no flats,
No women's monstrous picture hats,
No tariff problem to attack,
No gowns that button up the back,
No end-seat hogs with manners rude,
No monkeying with the price of food,
No ice-bills, no cold-storage eggs,
No bunco steerers and no yeggs,
No trolley cars with clang and whir,
No Teddy to keep things astir—
Say, is it any wonder that
The ancients thought the world was flat?
—Vancouver Province.

A Born Pessimist

"What is the baby crying for, my child?"
"I dunno; 'e's alw'ys crying. I never came acrawst any one wot looks upon the dark side of things as 'e does."—Punch.



A HOLEY SHOW

Self-Confidence

Some one complained to Matthew Arnold that he was "getting as dogmatic as Carlyle."
"That may be true," he replied, "but you overlook the obvious difference. I am dogmatic and right, and Carlyle is dogmatic and wrong!"—Youth's Companion.

The Ruling Passion

Kirke La Shelle met an actor and noticed that he was wearing a mourning band on his arm.

"It's for my father," the actor explained. "I've just come from his funeral."

La Shelle expressed his sympathy. The actor's grief was obviously very real and great. "I attended to all the funeral arrangements," he said. "We had everything just as father would have liked it."

"Were there many there?" asked La Shelle.

"Many there!" cried the actor, with pride. "Why, my boy, we turned 'em away!"—Minneapolis Journal.

"I MET your husband in town; he was very much elated—"

"The villain! He told me he would never take another drop."—Houston Post.

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(Founded 1715)



AND

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Sole Agents
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
New York



ENGAGING THE NEW BUTLER
WHERE HAVE I SEEN THAT FACE BEFORE?



TESTING IT

Who Pays?

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

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

In order to prevent workingmen from perceiving the huge folly of this arrangement, it is customary to arouse periodical spasms of patriotic fervor, to picture the German Emperor as about to descend upon England, or the Czar about to capture India, or Japan about to hurl her hosts against the United States. The outcome of each of these spasms is an increased expenditure for armament and battleships, which the workingmen must pay. And all the time the fact is perfectly apparent to any observation that the German Emperor will not descend upon England except with German workingmen, and the Czar will not capture India without Russian workingmen, and the only hosts that Japan can hurl against the United States are composed of Japanese workingmen. And if any of these improbable events should happen, the invading armies of workingmen would be met by other armies of workingmen, the blood that would drench the earth would be the blood of workingmen, the widows and orphans that would be made would be chiefly the widows and orphans of workingmen, the limbs that would be amputated in the field hospitals would be chiefly the limbs of workingmen. So that unless the workingmen can be deceived and inflamed against one another, unless they can be made in some way to think that they have some interest in these international brawls there will be no war. But as a matter of fact, the workingmen cannot have the slightest interest or concern in such conflicts, they never gain aught from them except heavier burdens and a more wretched condition; in no conceivable respect is the war any concern of theirs, but only the concern of the capitalists, as it was in South Africa, and as it is or yesterday it was in Morocco.

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

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

Which Will You Have?

A NEAR Signal

— OR —

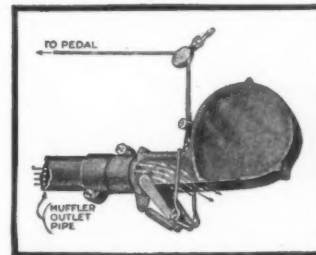
A REAL Signal

Legislation and Popular Sentiment, everywhere, are working in unison to prohibit the use of motor car signals which utter discordant and offensive noises.

Such signals fail of their purpose, in that they offend and affright.

A *real* signal warns, and mildly persuades.

The Jericho Horn Is a Real Signal



It is effective, and in no sense offensive, unless maliciously abused.

It fully meets the necessities of the Automoblist—while duly respecting the rights of the public.

PRICES

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According to size

Get in Right

Say "JERICHO" to your dealer, and be popular





There's a
Fascinating Fragrance
in a Tulip
Wet with Dew

But a Fragrant
HUNTER JULEP
Will Refresh and
Comfort You

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

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Real Summer Girl

Maud Muller on a summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
You'd hardly expect a girl, you know
In summertime to be shovelling snow.
—Lippincott's.

A Proverb Revised

N. C. Goodwin, the comedian, was discussing an unhappy marriage at a luncheon at his San Jacinto ranch.
"I am sorry," said Mr. Goodwin, "for this young couple were at one time ideally happy."
He sighed, then with his humorous smile he added:

"They have learned the truth of the proverb:

"'Two's company, three's a divorce.'" —Tribune.

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

The Motor Was Working Well

A Canadian lawyer tells this story:
A bailiff went out to levy on the contents of a house. The inventory began in the attic and ended in the cellar. When the dining-room was reached, the tally of furniture ran thus:
"One dining-room table, oak.
"One set chairs (6), oak.
"One sideboard, oak.
"Two bottles whiskey, full."
Then the word "full" was stricken out and replaced by "empty," and the inventory went on in a hand that straggled and lunched diagonally across the page until it closed with:
"One revolving doormat."—Everybody's.

A Sparkling New Romance by
the Author of "If I Were King"

THE O'FLYNN

BY
JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY

The scene is Ireland in 1689, the year of Boyne battle. The time was a brilliant one. Irish soldiers of fortune did splendid deeds and fair Jacobite ladies moved graciously through the glitter of a transient court at Dublin. Flynn O'Flynn is one of these soldiers of fortune. His love for the beautiful Lady Benedetta Mountmichael is the main theme of the story.

With Frontispiece. Post 8vo. Cloth, \$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS

What's in a Name?

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."
"You're partly right, Doctor," said the young man sheepishly, "only that ain't her name."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Caroni Bitters—Sample with patent dasher sent on receipt of 25c. Best tonic and cocktail bitters. Oct. C. Blache & Co., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

They Act that Way

"The religion of some people is too lenient," said Bishop Heslin in a recent address in Natchez.
"Some people suggest to me in their view of religion a little girl whose teacher said to her:
"Mary, what must we do first before we can expect forgiveness for our sins?"
"We must sin first," the little girl answered."—Tribune.

Nurses Outfitting Association

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

CORRECT UNIFORMS
For Maids
For House
and Street

Imported
Novelties

Uniforms
Aprons Collars
Cuffs Caps Etc.

Send for
Catalog O.



A Fitting Design.

"I want an estimate on ten thousand letter-heads," said the professional-looking man with the silk hat.
"Any special design?" asked the engraver.
"Yes, sir," replied the caller. "In the upper left-hand corner I want a catchy cut of Patrick Henry making his memorable speech, and in distinct letters, under the cut, his soul-inspiring words, 'Give me liberty or give me death.' You see," he added, handing a card to the engraver, "I'm a divorce lawyer, and want something fitting."
—Lippincott's.

It is far safer to trust a normal human heart than a critical, legal mind.
—Philistine.

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

In EMERGENCY Try
Hunyadi János
NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Avoid Substitutes

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office London, Washington, Ottawa

THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA
Then up spake the Governor of Virginia,
"I shall always treasure it aginia;
You did not inquire
For 'Rad-Bridge' entire
But allowed that blame dealer to skinia."

SILK VELOUR PLAYING CARDS
Lately, same quality, size, colors and price as our famous hem-
stitched linen card, only difference design of back. "It's a beauty."
Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) secures our handsome sample wallet
of bridge. What accessories with new illustrated catalog. Address Dept. L,
Radcliffe & Co., 144 Pearl St., New York, and London, E. C.

Rhymed Reviews

Daniel Boone and the Wilderness
Road

(By H. Addington Bruce. The Mac-
millan Company)

Away with tales of villains black,
Of ladies fair and heroes plucky!
We're off, with rifle, horse and pack
To Daniel Boone in Old Kentucky.

Along the bloody "Warrior's Path"
He led his hardy Irish-Scotchmen
To woodland camps, despite the wrath
Of ambushed, copper-colored watch-
men.

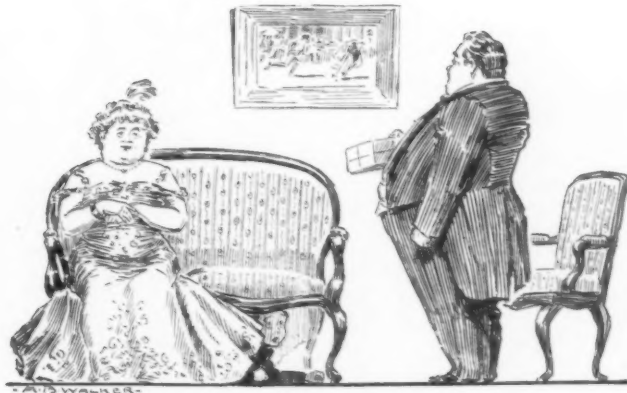
Club Cocktails

Taste right because
mixed right—to meas-
ure, not by guess.

Simply strain
through cracked
ice and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhat-
tan (whiskey base) are the mos-
t popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London



Small Brother (under sofa): GREAT SCOTT! I SEE MY FINISH
IF HE SITS DOWN BESIDE SIS.

Silver Gilt Articles Suitable for Golf Tennis and Regatta Trophies

A Very Large Assortment
From \$5 to \$500

HOWARD & CO.

FIFTH AVE. AND 47TH ST.

NEW YORK CITY

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

Most of the silver gilt stock at present is in our NEWPORT
STORE, Casino Block, and visitors to that resort are earnestly
requested to view this important display as well as the
SILVERWARE and the choice examples of OLD ENGLISH
SILVER and the very complete selection of DIAMOND and
PEARL JEWELRY of the latest PARISIAN DESIGNS.

He didn't buy his chops and steaks;
No forest trust his substance plun-
dered;
The wildfowl thronged a thousand
lakes,
On every plain the bison thundered.
(Continued on page 246)

Sterling Tires are biggest for their rated size. Put them on the scales with any other and you'll

see one reason why they wear best. Sterling Blue Tubes are higher in price, but have
no competition in quality. Method of making is patented—no other can ever be as
good. Dealers everywhere. Booklet. Sterling Rubber Works, Rutherford, N. J.

The Best Bitter Liqueur



Underberg
The World's Best
Bitters

Nothing more delicious before or during a meal. Increases the pleasure of the table and aids digestion. Look for name UNDERBERG Sold Everywhere.

LUYTIES BROTHERS
U. S. Agents. New York.

Rhymed Reviews

(Continued from page 245)

Their rugged homes his pioneers
Upread of timbers shaped with axes.
They shirked no toils, they nursed no fears,
But drew the line at paying taxes.

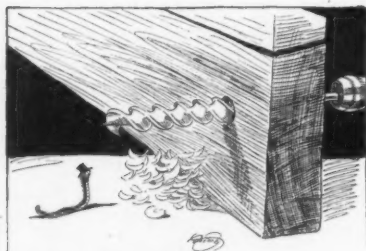
They dressed in deerskin night and day—
They won their cloth by gunning for it.

Their ladies ne'er were known to say:
"What shall I wear?"—they simply wore it.

They had no fads and little sport;
Their chief delight was plugging Redskins—

Artistic neighbors, who, report
Declares, were connoisseurs of head-skins.

Their log-hewn chapel had no bell;
They lacked a priest with gown and bands on,
Yet kept the Sabbath very well—



"WELL, I'LL SURELY HAVE TO TAKE OFF MY HAT TO THAT WORM."

ENGLISH TOURS
By AUTOMOBILE

PRIVATE CARS. GO WHERE YOU PLEASE.
Illustrated Booklet Free By Post.

MOTOR TOURING COMPANY,
43 Pembroke Place, - Liverpool, England.

And all things else they laid their hands on.

Through glades where springtime freshets ran,
Through valleys bright with autumn changes,
The simple hunter led the van,
Of migrant hordes across the ranges.

And where he beckoned, forge and mill

And church and schoolhouse rose completed,
The blockhouse frowned, and, vengeful still,
The sullen savages retreated.

I love to read of Kenton, Clark
And gallant Jack of Nolichucky,
But no one other hits the mark,
Like Daniel Boone, of Old Kentucky.

Arthur Guiterman.

Is Mexico Barbarous?

Q Don't miss buying the September number of **THE PACIFIC MONTHLY** of Portland, Oregon : : : :

John Kenneth Turner, the author of the recent remarkable series of articles entitled "Barbarous Mexico," tells in a graphic and realistic way the story of the election of Diaz. The article is not "yellow," it does not deny the greatness of Diaz, but calmly and firmly handles a subject that will not down. The fact that a strong spirit of resistance to oppression is gathering force in Mexico is not a matter to discourage friends of liberty anywhere. No amount of sophistry can ever make right a wrong. If President Diaz is obliged to maintain his power by tyrannical and despotic methods, by injustice and oppression, it is no part of an American publication's duty to overlook these facts, nor to apologize for, nor defend them. Is there an abuse of power in Mexico? Read John Kenneth Turner's powerful article in the September Pacific Monthly for the answer to this question.

Every lover of out-doors will enjoy the article entitled "The Passing of the California Cattle Barons" and "From Cattle Range to Orange Grove in California."

George Sterling, whose splendid poem, "The Testimony of the Suns," won universal recognition for his work, contributes to the September number of The Pacific Monthly one of the strongest poems that has appeared in any magazine for many years. The nobility, beauty and melody of this poem will give it rank, we believe, with the greatest work in the language. It is entitled "Duandon" and is entirely without obscurity or excess of color, and woven through it is a weirdly fascinating story.

The September number of The Pacific Monthly is a big fifteen cents worth. Don't fail to buy it at the nearest news stand.

PACIFIC MONTHLY, Portland, Oregon

A DELIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE TO GO THROUGH—The FATOFF Treatment — that unailing corpulency reducer — involves nothing BUT cleanly, cooling, refreshing external applications, a delightful treatment from A to Z!



WORKS MARVELOUS TRANSFORMATIONS

—reduces superfluous flesh wherever applied, restores normal figure in 30 treatments, gives size desired in 60 treatments, leaving flesh firm, smooth and unwrinkled.

FATOFF MAY BE USED IN YOUR HOT BATH

Appointments for expert treatment at your home made by phone or letter. Literature (mailed in plain sealed wrapper) will win instant conviction.

PRICES: FOR DOUBLE CHIN (A Chin Reducing Wonder) Special Size Jar, \$1.50

Full Size Jar, \$2.50. FATOFF is obtainable at all the Riker and Hegeman stores, and leading druggists everywhere.

Or address M. S. BORDEN CO., 69 Warren Street, New York City (For many years at 52 East 34th Street.)



The *Casgrain*

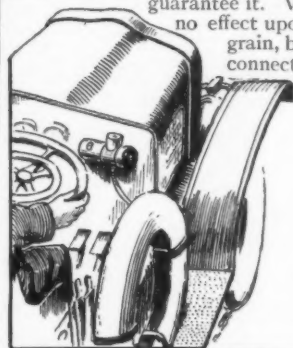
Speedometer



is strong and simple—has no delicate bearings to get out of order, no small parts to wear.

The Casgrain is absolutely accurate—at all speeds, and under all conditions. We not only say this, but we guarantee it. Vibration or road shocks have no effect upon the reading of the Casgrain, because there's no mechanical connection between the driving shaft and the dial.

The above illustration shows the Casgrain Speedometer dial and figures actual size



Try a Casgrain for 30 days, and prove to your own satisfaction what we say. When you are satisfied that it's the only speed indicator you want on your car—then remit. Write for particulars of this "30 days' trial offer" and name of nearest dealer.

We have an interesting booklet, "Speedometer Facts" that we'll be glad to send you.

CASGRAIN SPEEDOMETER

1919 Broadway
53 State Street

New York City
Boston, Mass.

What Does Your Bathroom Lack?

Have you any sound reason for denying yourself a Shower Bath when a good one (our No. 5004 as illustrated) costs only \$10.75? Delivered East of the Mississippi or North of the Mason and Dixon Line, either direct or through your dealer.



"NOW UNTERSHTAND, COHEN, IT'S THE MON THAT GETS THERE FIRST WITH HIS feet THAT WINS THIS RACE!"

TRADE MARK
The Brasscrafters
Portable Shower Bath

10 minutes and a screw driver will put it up over your tub ready for use. It is instantly connected or disconnected with the faucets, complete with rubber or duck curtain as preferred; six feet of connecting tube, not ordinary white rubber tubing, but built like an automobile tire. **Metal Parts** made of heavy nickel on high brass will last a lifetime. Special revolving and oscillating curtain ring, a feature that makes it different from and better than any Portable Shower you ever had. Remember that the Shower Bath is the only correct one for cleanliness. It means comfort in Summer and fewer colds in Winter. Once you have experienced the advantage of the Shower Bath you will wonder how you ever got on without it.



The Brasscrafters

make other necessary articles for your bathroom, and to impress their trade mark on your memory would like to send you a good Tooth Brush Holder. Our book, "Successful Suggestions for Your Bathroom," goes with it. As this offer is limited write now.

The Brasscrafters

J. P. EUSTIS MFG. CO.
Dept. M, 92-100 North St., Boston, Mass.

Easily put up or taken down. 4 screws hold it firm on wall.

Ship Ahoy!

Bearing Two Points on the Starboard Bow,
With Everything Set, and Running
Free Before the Wind

The Nautical Number of LIFE

Outward Bound

Due in Port at Eight Bells
Next Tuesday

This handsome craft has just come off the ways,
and hails from Happy Harbour.

Bound for Half-a-Milliontown.

Carries a cargo of beautiful girls, art treasures,
casks of the water of eternal youth, crates of late
jokes, barrels of good cheer, and a miscellaneous
assortment of humorous merchandise, all consigned
direct to the American people.

Auxiliary advertising gasoline engine furnishing
full power.

Amply insured by Lloyd's Mirth Company.

Built to stand any gale of laughter.

Leaves a wide awake behind.

Passed several derelict contemporaries on the
way, water logged.

Reports good weather to date. Nothing but
ripples seen anywhere.

Last entry in captain's log was:

"Obey that Impulse and secure a fifty-two weeks' passage in this safe
and seaworthy vessel. Learn to navigate around the breakers of care."



SPECIAL OFFER

Three Months \$1.00.

(Canadian, \$1.13.
Foreign, \$1.26.)

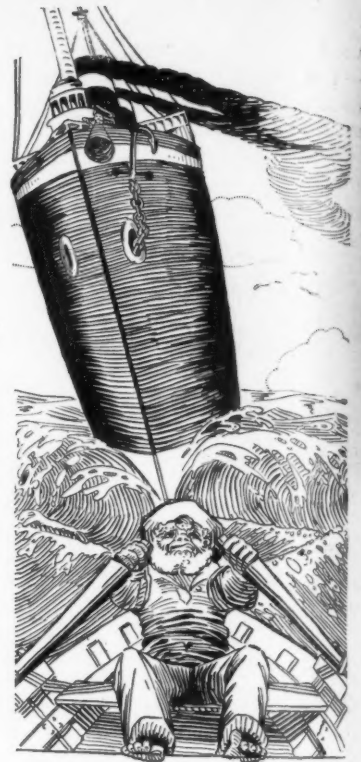
Open only to new subscribers.
No subscription renewed at this
rate.

This offer is net.

Subscription \$5.00

Canadian \$5.52

Foreign \$6.04



Coming Numbers

Aug. 25. "Fisherman's Luck"
Number. Has a wonderful
cover.

Sept. 1. Sportsman's. Cover by
Phillips, fencing girl. Rich, rare
and racy.

Sept. 6. Woman's Fashion. Not
altogether about fashion either,
but full of feminine foibles. Not
a line of useful information in it—
guaranteed.

Sept. 15. Men's Rights. There
ought to be nothing in this num-
ber, to be consistent with the
title.

Sept. 22. Furbelow Number. An-
nouncement later.

Sept. 29. Sky. Uplifting. Full of
airy persiflage. Warranted to
carry a hundred thousand people
on the finest aerial joy ride known.
All aboard!

Oct. 6. Auto. This is all we can
say about this number at present.
The possibilities of what it is
going to be fairly takes away our
breath. We'll tell you about it
later. Also

Hell.

Humorous.

Goody Goody

Midnight.

Witches.



Copyright, 1910, by J. A. Mitchell



"He Would Have Pulled Me Over"

Dr. THORNE'S IDEA

Not to become acquainted with Steve Wadsworth and follow him through the strange vicissitudes of his remarkable career is to miss intercourse with a human being of a kind rarely found between the covers of a book.

—*Baltimore American.*

By J. A. MITCHELL

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

One Dollar, Net

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street, New York

Easily Explained

"There's one thing about you sub-urbanites that I never could understand," said the city chap.

"What is that?" queried the commuter.

"I've noticed time and again," continued the city chap, "that when you fellows reach town in the morning, and again when you start for home in the evening, you have a happy look. Now, why is it?"

"Oh, that's easily explained," replied the other. "After the day's work in the city we are always glad to get out of it, and after a night in the country we are always glad to get back."

—*Chicago News.*



Certainly Quicker,

EDITOR OF LIFE,
New York:

DEAR SIR.—As one of your latest subscribers I should like to solicit your influence in behalf of Reno, Nev., as a divorce center.

One of our United States citizens recently took his wife to Italy, slaughtered her with a club, put the remains in a trunk, dropped it overboard and then came home for a well-earned rest. He has been arrested, but there seems to be every probability that he will be given his freedom on a technicality.

Now this method seems to be quick and sure, no long-drawn-out expensive legal contest, no alimony and not even funeral expenses, so I claim that Reno is at an unfair disadvantage, not even having the benefit of the Payne-Aldrich tariff. American men also starting on a European trip will be regarded with more or less suspicion, and their wives will be in a state of uncertainty, not knowing whether a single or return ticket has been procured for them.

The divorce business is a large and growing American industry, and should be protected from any cheap Italian methods.

Respectfully,
A. E. REESOR.

REDLANDS, CAL., July 14, 1910.

A Brief Tale

DEAR LIFE:

We know it. It is unnecessary for you to take up space that could be devoted to proof of it to tell us you are with one exception, etc. You remind the writer of a story as old as the hills, but good every time. The old Irishman was approached when walking through a cemetery by a tall, sheet-clad figure, who said in deep tones: "I am the devil!" Pat said nothing, but strode on, scared, but not willing to acknowledge it. A moment later the figure stepped up again, and several times said: "I am the devil!" Pat finally could stand it no longer, and he turned and said: "Well, who the hell's disputin' ye?" Now, LIFE, who in h—ll is disputin' ye when you say you are the only periodical not in-

(Continued on page 250)



About Wrinkles

If the skin be kept soft and smooth, wrinkles will not easily develop—indeed they may be staved off almost indefinitely. But the question is, How is it possible to keep the skin in such a condition? The natural, and therefore the most effective, way of achieving this is to use

Pears' Soap

The soap that was invented 120 years ago for this special purpose, and has never been equalled for its exquisite emollient and skin-vivifying properties. Its action is at once protective and preservative, maintaining the skin in a healthy condition and retaining its youthful freshness.

**The Best of All Aids to
Beauty of Skin and
Complexion.**

*Of All Scented Soaps Pears'
Otto of Rose is the Best.*

"All Rights Secured."



ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine, spirit and soda beverages. Appetising, healthful, to use with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Merchants or Druggists. Sample by mail, 25c in stamps. C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

· LIFE ·

INVESTORS READ The Wall Street Journal

This from Minnesota

DEAR LIFE:

Allow me to heartily commend your sanity and clear-sightedness in your attitude toward Roosevelt.

The species of hypnotism which we as a nation have allowed this self-seeking fakir and demagogue to cast over us is inconceivable to one capable of reason or analysis.

What has this man ever done that the public should continue to be deluded into believing him its champion?

[An alleged Roosevelt admirer, writing in the August number of *Hampton's* enumerates his actual performances in political strategy, a most illuminating document.]

A natural despot, a man without a scruple as to conviction, a double-dealer, like Louis Napoleon, an enemy to the Republic the while he poses as its friend, a slayer, a bully, a ruffian and a coward—and our national idol!

Like the majority of the American people I formerly cherished an enthusiastic and unreasoning admiration for this same man whom I have come, by a series of disenchantments, to detest.

When I read in his own autobiography the account of how he shot a Spanish officer in the back I added "coward" to the already appalling list of his discreditable performances and found it complete.

We are already the laughing stock of the foreign monarchies who welcomed Roosevelt not as the representative of a Republic but as the coming dictator who is expected to overthrow that Republic.

Shall we wake up in time, I wonder?

Yours very truly,

FLORENCE C. WILLIAMSON.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

July 20, 1910.



Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON
Cigarettes

One after another
has "made good" for
fifty years—and each
on a higher level.

CAMBRIDGE in boxes of ten 25c
AMBASSADOR the after-dinner size 35c

"The Little Brown Box"



From Our Readers

(Continued from page 249)

fluenced—and the rest of it? I am not—and I heartily believe it. Please use the space devoted to that statement for some of your regular matter, which will help to prove the statement and will be more convincing to one who needs it. Agreeably yours,

W.

Boston, Mass., July 19, 1910.

THE AUTHORITY—DALTON on
AUCTION
BRIDGE

All Booksellers: \$1.25 by mail.

WYCIL & COMPANY, New York



LIQUEUR
Pères Chartreux
—GREEN AND YELLOW—

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

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bütjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for the United States.



"I Took My Mother

THAT is what Ralph M. Pearson told the New York newspaper reporters when they asked who had helped him run his "home-made" 30-foot motor boat all the way from Chicago.

By the time this advertisement appears Mr. Pearson will have completed the longest and most remarkably successful "one man" cruise in the history of motor boating—a vacation trip from Chicago to Chicago via the Illinois, Mississippi, Gulf of Mexico, Atlantic Coast "inside route," Hudson, Erie Canal and Great Lakes.

Mr. Pearson tells of his varied experiences exclusively in the August number

RECREATION

Many other notable contributions by men who have "been there," among them:

"Angling in the Surf," . . . by G. M. L. La Branche

"Good Sheep Country," . . . by George M. Richardson

"The Log of the North Shore Club,"

By Kirkland B. Alexander.

RECREATION is for sportsmen and outdoorsmen generally distinctly the choice of discriminating recreationists. Just now it contains a wealth of helpful vacation information. All news-stands. 25 cents. Or address

RECREATION
Recreation Bldg., New York

Acknowledgements

Letters from the following correspondents have been received since last going to press:

Mr. J. C. Aby, New Orleans, La.

"Peter," Birmingham, Ala.

E. R. C., New York City

Mrs. F. N. Dodge, Paterson, N. J.

L. Merkel, Western Springs, Cook

County, Ill.

M. Saunders, Rochester, N. Y.

· LIFE ·

THE EQUIPMENT of AMERICA'S BEST CARS

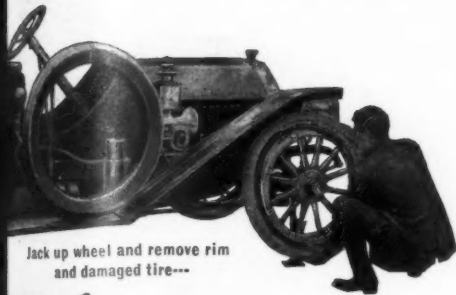
The following automobile manufacturers permit us to announce that they are using

"Firestone"

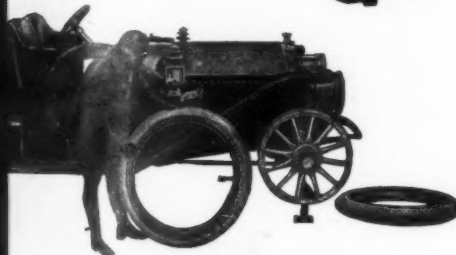
Quick-Detachable

DEMOUNTABLE RIMS

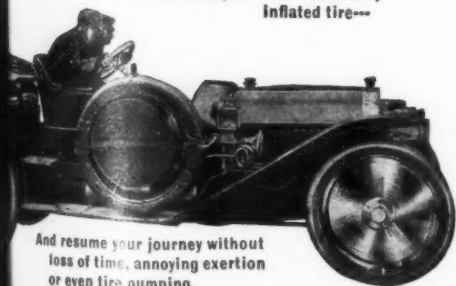
To Carry Your Spare Tires Inflated, Ready for Instant Use



Jack up wheel and remove rim and damaged tire---



Substitute a spare rim with already inflated tire---



And resume your journey without loss of time, annoying exertion or even tire pumping.

restricted to the number of spare inflated tires you carry. Additional changes can be made without removing rim from wheel, using only the quick detachable rims in the regular way, without reference to the demountable feature.

There are no lugs or staybolts of any kind to bother with in the up-to-date Firestone Rims. It's easy to substitute an inflated tire on the road, and easy to change and repair the damaged tire on the spare rim when you get back.

No matter where you live, you can have the Firestone Quick-Detachable Rims put on your present car **right now**. They cost from \$65 to \$90 per complete set applied to your car, according to size of tire used. You will save this amount in tire bills alone in a very short time, as they remove all temptation to run your injured tires for even a short distance and so ruin them.

Think of the saving in tire delay, tire work and tire expense. Send the attached coupon and we will give you full information and name of your nearest demonstrating dealer.

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

"America's largest exclusive tire makers"
AKRON, OHIO, and all principal cities

The Acme Motor Car Co.
 American Locomotive Co.
 The Bartholomew Co.
 The Berkshire Car Co.
 B. C. K. Motor Car Co.
 Chadwick Engineering Works
 Chalmers Motor Co.
 Coates-Goshen Mfg. Co.
 Cole Motor Car Co.
 Corbin Motor Vehicle Corp.
 Croxton-Keeton Motor Co.
 Fal Motor Co.
 Inter-State Automobile Co.
 Marion Motor Car Co.
 Matheson Automobile Co.
 Mercer Automobile Co.
 Moline Automobile Co.

Packard Motor Car Co.
 Moon Motor Car Co.
 Mora Company.
 National Motor Vehicle Co.
 Owen Motor Car Co.
 Palmer & Singer Mfg. Co.
 The Pope Mfg. Co.
 Premier Motor Mfg. Co.
 Pullman Motor Car Co.
 Selden Motor Vehicle Co.
 Simplex Motor Car Co.
 The Speedwell Motor Car Co.
 Springfield Motor Car Co.
 Staver Carriage Co.
 Studebaker Automobile Co.
 The Stuyvesant Motor Car Co.
 E. R. Thomas Motor Co.
 Velie Motor Vehicle Co.

—and most of the other progressive manufacturers, realizing the great advantages of this equipment, are large users of the up-to-date Firestone rims.

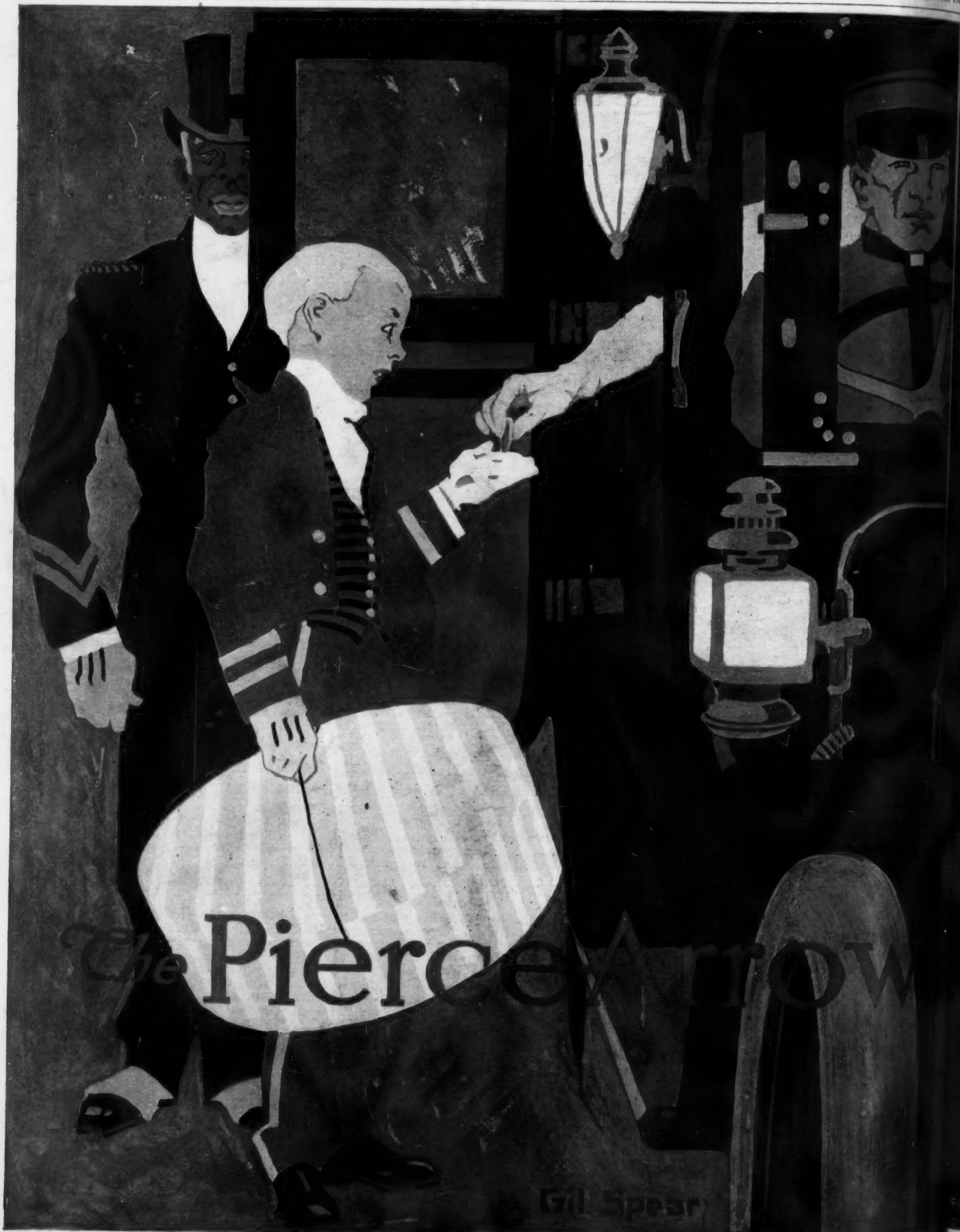
You need not wait for your new car before enjoying the advantages of Firestone Quick-Detachable Demountable Rims. You can have them equipped to your present car **right now**, as we explain a little further on.

WHY YOU SHOULD HAVE THEM

They equip you to make quick tire-changes right on the spot, without loss of time, hard work or even pumping-up. You merely substitute an already inflated tire for the injured one, rim and all, and resume your trip.

The number of tire-changes you can make per trip is not

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio:
 Send me full information and the name of nearest dealer demonstrating your Demountable Rim.
 Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____
 State _____
 Life



The Pierce-Arrow

Gil Spear

[Shopping with the Pierce-Arrow]

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y. Licensed under Seiden