



A FISHER OF MEN

The Newest **HAYNES** Model 22

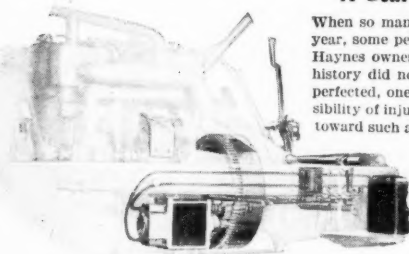
Electric Starting and Electric Lighting

FOR the twentieth year of the Haynes Automobile, we announce the complete, perfect motor car. Haynes Model 22 has every mark of the fine construction that has distinguished the Haynes car so many years; it has all the beauty of design that has made Model 21 so popular; it has such roominess as you never saw in any other automobile; comfort to please those who seek *luxury*; and an *electric starting and electric lighting equipment of utmost simplicity and absolutely 100 per cent efficiency.*

No one will deny that the Haynes Model 22 stands by itself as the *superior* automobile, the ultimate car—the very climax of nineteen years of motor car development. It is fitting that America's first car—in point of years—should now be America's unquestioned *first car* in point of perfect, efficient completeness. And the price for touring car models is but \$2250, f. o. b. factory. We *hope* we shall be able to build enough cars to fill our dealers' orders.

A Starting Device That Is Not An Experiment

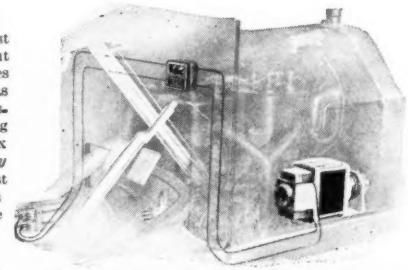
When so many manufacturers were loudly announcing "self-starters" last year, some people wondered that we said *nothing* about self-starters. But Haynes owners and Haynes dealers and everyone else who knew Haynes history did not wonder. They knew that when a *real starting device* was perfected, one that would start a car every time and never allow any possibility of injury to the motor—the *Haynes would have it.* We were working toward such a device then, an electric cranking device. It was *perfected* six months ago. But still we waited. We wanted to be *very sure.* That's Haynes policy. In these six months, the first Model 22 test cars, equipped with this device, have been put through *thousands* of tests in the shops and on the road, and the starter has *never* failed.



This photograph shows starting motor

simple gear shifting device and wiring plan. Note that only two wires run from battery to starting motor, through the drum switch which is operated when the starting gears are engaged. Gear shifting lever is used for engaging starting gears, making it *impossible* to engage the starting gears when transmission gears are in mesh. When engine starts the lever is released, automatically returning to neutral position, ready for shifting transmission gears. Quadrant is equipped with device for locking gear shifting and starting lever in *neutral.*

Hundreds of these tests have been made under unfavorable conditions which could not arise in an owner's experience, and we couldn't *make* the starter fail. It *cannot* fail. And the equipment is so free from complications, so very simple, that if any trouble ever should appear, the car would *not have to be sent back to the factory.* Any electrician in America could make wiring repairs on either the motor (starting device) or the dynamo (lighting device). Consider that point carefully. The average time of 10,000 Model 22 starts has been *5 seconds.*



This photograph shows the 12-volt generator

connected to the Willard Elba battery through cut-out on the dash. This cut-out is automatic in action and eliminates discharging the battery through the generator armature when the engine is not running. Note that the generator wires terminate at the battery terminal on the drum switch. The battery is 12-volt, 100 ampere hours and supplies current both for starting and lighting. Only three wires run from battery to lamps, thereby balancing the battery and giving standard 6-volt lights.

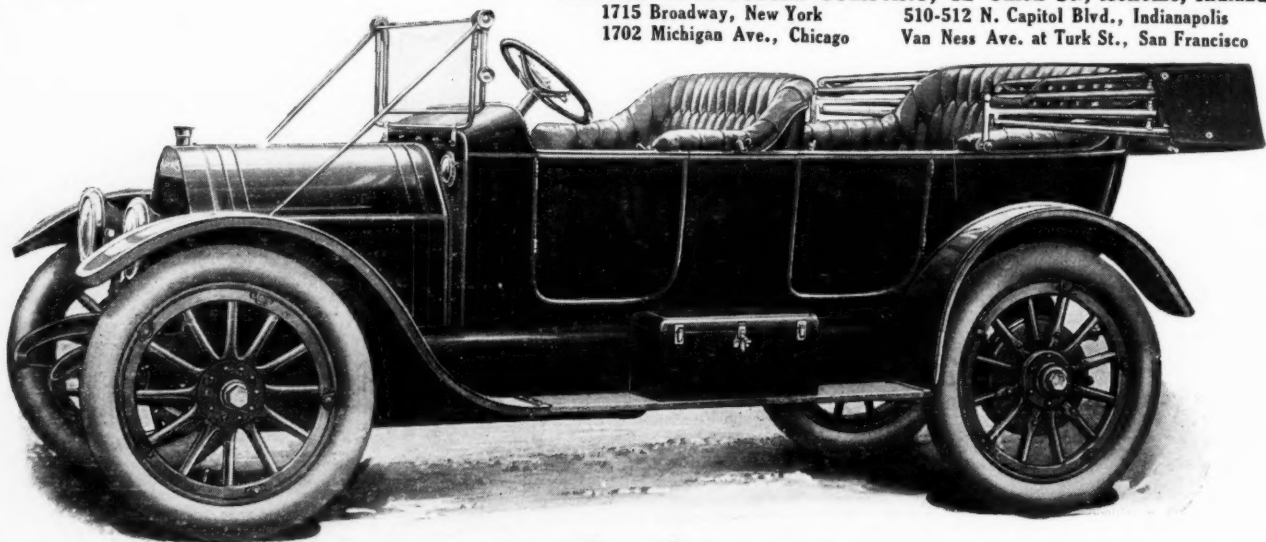
Need We Speak of Haynes General Construction?

Everyone who knows automobiles at all knows that the Haynes name is a guarantee of the best materials, correct design, excellent workmanship. Other than for its electric starting and lighting equipment, Model 22 does not differ greatly from construction of recent Haynes models. The car is roomier. Upholstery *twelve inches deep* and of fine hair. Motor $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 40 h. p.; wheel base 120 inches; tires $36 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Equipment *complete*, including Eisemann dual magneto, Stromberg carburetor, Warner autometer, demountable rims, top, windshield, etc. You will find the new Model 22 at your Haynes dealer's *now.* Go see it, or write us for catalog and full details of starting system.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, 12 Union St., Kokomo, Indiana

1715 Broadway, New York
1702 Michigan Ave., Chicago

510-512 N. Capitol Blvd., Indianapolis
Van Ness Ave. at Turk St., San Francisco



No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Six Months' Sales—485,983

In the first six months of 1912 the Goodyear output of automobile tires was 485,983.

Unfilled orders on hand at the end of that time exceeded 100,000.

A good many thousands of orders were lost because of factory shortage. Yet we operate three shifts of men, and run 24 hours a day.

Our present output averages 4,000 tires daily. It will soon be increased to 5,000 a day.

And our factory additions for the year 1912 will total nine acres of floor space.

That means that our demand has practically trebled inside of a single year.

It means a present demand full twelve times larger than three years ago.

It means a far larger demand than was ever commanded by any other tire in the world.

All because motorists now demand tire perfection. They want tires that can't rim-cut—they want oversize tires. And legions of users have told legions of others that No-Rim-Cut tires—our patent type—really cut tire bills in two.

How You May Earn \$10 a Minute

Go to any Goodyear branch—any Goodyear dealer—and let the man there show our No-Rim-Cut tires.

Or consult any user of No-Rim-Cut tires. Let him point out the savings.

It will take but a few minutes, for a glance is sufficient to prove the advantages.

And it won't take long for results to repay you \$10 a minute for the time you spend. They will come in the saving on tire upkeep.

This is Not a Minor Question

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined old-type tires are rim-cut.

Those statistics were gathered where thousands of tires of every make are sent to be scrapped as old rubber.

They are confirmed by our own experience, for we make some clincher tires. And one-third of those tires returned under our warrant are returned because of rim-cutting.

No-Rim-Cut tires wipe out this loss entirely. Not one has been rim-cut in all the years of their use.

That feature alone, under average

conditions, cuts 23 per cent from one's tire expense.

Plus 25 Per Cent

Add to this the saving which comes from the oversize.

No-Rim-Cut tires are 10 per cent over the rated size. They are more than that by actual air capacity. A series of comparisons with five leading makes of clinchers showed an average oversize of 16.7 per cent.

But say only 10 per cent. That 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, will add 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Add that to the 23 per cent, and you have an average saving through these patent tires of 48 per cent.

Figure for yourself what that means to you, based on your tire expense.

The Doom of the Hooked-Based Tire

This means, beyond question—and in very short order—the doom of the clincher tire.

Men won't suffer rim-cutting—won't permit overloading—when tires are made which avoid them.

This doesn't mean that all men will come to Goodyear tires. We neither seek nor expect a monopoly.

Other makers, in one way or another, are now making hookless tires. They see, as we do, the writing on the wall.

But a growing percentage are bound

to prefer the No-Rim-Cut—our patent tire. And these are some of the reasons:

Why Goodyears Lead

We control by patents the only way to make a satisfactory tire of this coming type.

That tire as we make it is the final result of 13 years spent in tire making. It comes close to tire perfection. No tire was ever more expensively made.

As a result, these tires are sold on a minimum margin. Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8 1/2 per cent.

In addition to that, our methods of business appeal to all tire buyers. We shall tell of those methods from time to time in these pages.

The more men know of No-Rim-Cut tires the more men will prefer them. Our records for years—our sales doubling over and over—prove that beyond a question.

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



GOOD YEAR

AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Goodyear pneumatic tires are guaranteed when filled with air at the recommended pressure. When filled with any substitute for air our guarantee is withdrawn.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

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

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

(764)



Sh!

Please don't say anything about this, but the next number of LIFE will be a Lovers' Number. We are doing this for a special purpose. Namely, to startle and paralyze a hitherto unsuspecting world. For this reason we wish to keep quiet about it. The Lovers' Number of LIFE, therefore, which comes next week (price ten cents as usual), will come absolutely unheralded. No hint of its superb contents will be disclosed beforehand. (Order early.)

**Now About That
Miniature Life**

Some people have thought that in order to secure a copy of it they would have to subscribe.

Not at all.

Just send a two-cent postage stamp and it will be sent free. No obligation. We don't do things that way in this office.

Beware!
It may cost
you a dollar
to read this
Coupon.

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

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

LIFE, 17 West 31, N. Y. City

ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)



1913
Locomobile
Little Six
With 60 Horse Power

Long Stroke Motor

Little Six
Torpedo

THIS car compels attention. It has no superior. We believe it has no equal. We offer to prove its qualities for performance, flexibility, convenience, comfort and luxury by competitive demonstration.

THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA

General Offices and Works: Bridgeport, Conn.

BRANCHES—New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Washington, Baltimore, Atlanta, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland.



THE FIVE-TON PACKARD TRUCK

The addition of this truck to the Packard line gives the purchaser his choice of 2, 3 or 5-ton vehicles, according to hauling requirements, or allows a complete traffic equipment with Packards of different capacity

When you standardize your garage with Packard trucks you know that a permanent institution is back of the vehicles.

The Packard 5-ton truck is a massive carrier with a 40-horsepower motor and an automatic governor which limits the speed to 8 1-2 miles per hour.

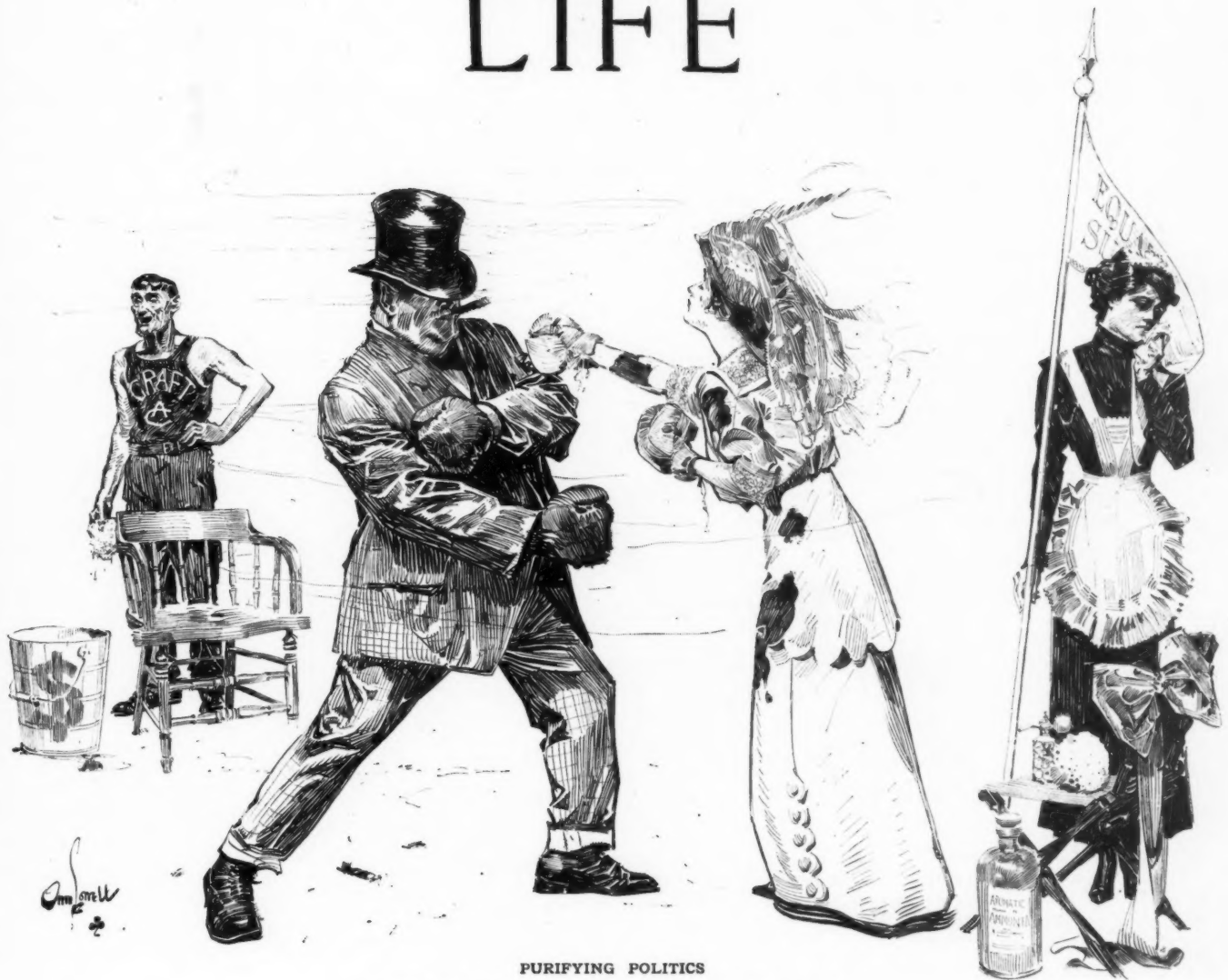
**Bodies of any type
Optional lengths of frame
to meet your requirements**

Packard trucks are used in 162 lines of trade and in 235 different cities. Prompt technical and shop service by Packard dealers throughout the country.

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

Packard

LIFE



PURIFYING POLITICS

WILL SHE BE ABLE TO PUT ANY WHITE SPOTS ON HIM?

Acrostic

Virginal eyes she lifts to mine, a smile
 Across her sweet lips plays a little while
 In sudden tenderness she lays her hand
 Near mine—I catch the fingers—understand.

Like flame, what seems at last affection
 dear—

Of which I dreamed so long, my old-time
 fear

Vanishes and I take before we part
 Even for love, the kindness of her heart.

Leolyn Louise Everett.

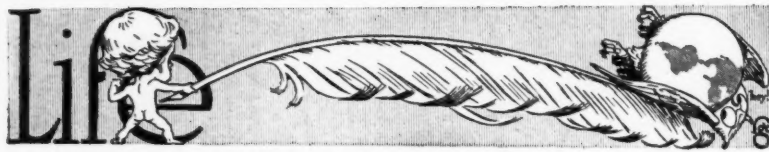
The Passing of the Soul

SOULS are now practically extinct. One occasionally hears of them at revival meetings and the like, but they have entirely disappeared from cities, summer resorts, shopping districts, financial centers and other places where humans are wont to gather habitually. The oldest living resident at Newport has probably never seen a soul on the premises. Souls first began to show signs of senile decrepi-

tude and rigor mortis when their locus was transferred from the solar plexus to the pocketbook.

As one never looks into a pocketbook for anything but money, souls have become dull from neglect, blind from the absence of light and crabbed from the lack of human companionship. If the next world depends for prosperity upon continued immigration of souls, it is in for a pretty big panic.

E. O. J.



'While there is Life there's Hope'



IT looks as though Mayor Gaynor, by the time his term ends, would know a lot about New York, and as though Commissioner Waldo, if not removed, would presently get real insight into the Police Department. The Rosenthal murder stories, still running strong and various at this writing, have been very interesting. We haven't got to believe all we read, nor yet to disbelieve it. Of the two, the latter is just now more difficult. Twenty-four hundred thousand dollars a year to "the system" from imperfectly protected gamblers! A million a month from various forms of vice! There is nothing incredible about these figures. What an extremely bad business gambling and the other vices must be for the unfortunate adventurers who practise them. What sort of a show can the come-ons have when protection costs so much!

We have a wonderful Mayor. One's thoughts go back to Bingham and Jerome; to the bad Duffy boy whom Judge Gaynor used to drive Bingham out. Bingham was honest and not inefficient. Why did the Judge want to get rid of him? What powers were strong enough to influence him? Who really governs New York anyway? Who is finally the Man Higher Up, the mysterious figure—Santa Claus, Colonel Bogey, or The Adversary, according to the point of view—of whom we always hear when people talk about our local government, and especially the police? And this time, will the Man Higher Up really have to come down? No one has really reached him since Tilden's time, but the trail our District Attorney is on is mighty promising. Since the McNamaras were caught and confessed

any feat of detection seems possible if the right man gets to work.

Meanwhile it is our duty to be equally solicitous that not too many guilty men shall escape, and that no innocent and honest man shall suffer from ill-founded rumors and false accusation. There seem to be a number of bad people in New York, grafters, gamblers, gunmen and the like, some of them men of great power to grow rich by law breaking, and protect their tools from punishment. Out of the Rosenthal murder has come a sufficient illumination of dark places and dark deeds to give hope for a salutary cleaning up.



BRIEF reports of a sermon preached in Boston on July 28th by the Rev. Robert S. McArthur have been in the papers. To illustrate the unwholesomeness of evil feelings he said:

It was only a short while ago when a professor of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington saw two Italians exhibiting much anger toward each other. He got one of them to speak into a vessel from which he prepared a mixture and later gave it to a cat, and the cat died.

Well, well! Can you beat that! Let us get the professor to prepare a mixture in a large vat, and then get Candidate Roosevelt to talk into it a little while about President Taft, and then not waste any of it on cats, but distribute it through the Southwest to kill the boll-weevil. It ought to beat the parasite for that.

Meanwhile Candidate Roosevelt's words, without any intermediate mixture, are having considerable effect. Wallace Batchelder, of Vermont, reports himself cured by a single tele-

gram of a case of Rooseveltitis of fourteen years standing. He lives in Bethel, Vt., and as a Vermont Progressive and a fighter of bosses he had been advocating the endorsement by Progressives of the Democratic candidate for Governor. When he got word from Oyster Bay that the Colonel wanted no candidate endorsed who would not support Roosevelt electors, he couldn't believe it, but a second message confirmed the first one. Then after due reflection, on July 26 he telegraphed Colonel Roosevelt as follows:

Your telegram received. I am shocked. For more than four months I, who am a poor man with a wife and two little boys to support, have worked literally night and day, without fear, favor or hope of reward, for the Progressive cause, and have believed that you were that cause personified. I have neglected my business, earned no money and am many dollars poorer than I was that evening last March when I dined with you at Oyster Bay, after being summoned there by you.

I supposed that I was fighting for the real rule of the people and against bosses and bossism. Your telegram received this morning stating that the telegram of July 20, purporting to be signed by you, is substantially authentic, makes it plain that you direct me—and men in every State—that we must not vote for any candidate for any office, no matter how honest, able, efficient or progressive he may be, unless that candidate will agree to pay for our votes by supporting Theodore Roosevelt for President of the United States again—by supporting Roosevelt electors.

I was a member of your regiment in 1898. For fourteen years I have felt more affection for you than for any other person on earth except the members of my own immediate family. It is a terrible wrench, Colonel, but I cannot fool myself, and I must be straightforward and frank with you, as you know I always have been.

With grief, the depth of which you cannot know, I have decided, after one of the hardest fights I have ever been forced to put up, that I cannot longer support you for President of the United States.

WALLACE BATCHELDER.

Our heart bleeds for you, Wallace. Your telegram is so significant that we have had to print it all. A great many



HISTORIC AFFINITIES—WOODROW AND MARIA THERESA

excellent men have come through processes like yours and with similar violence to their affections, to the same conclusion you have reached. A great many more will certainly come to it in due time. It is sad, but there is no help for it. Do you remember telling in June last year how you had asked the Colonel if he would be a candidate in 1912, and how he "at once replied that he emphatically would not be, that he should regard it as a calamity if he were nominated, and that he expected and demanded that every friend and supporter of his would do everything in his power to prevent any movement looking towards his nomination"? He was right then, Wallace, and you should have held him to his word. It was a calamity for him and you when he became a candidate. Once he broke with all his past assurances and started again to get the Presidency, he was like a hound on a trail, oblivious to all considerations, except to get his quarry. To our mind your progressive way in politics is better than his. When the Republican candidate doesn't stand for what you want, and a Democrat does, support the Democrat. Roosevelt is leading his present followers into a bog, out of which, with pains and grief, in due time they will have to flounder. It is a pity, and the more so because he has had his

hours of insight, and perfectly appreciated the messages they brought him and based sound purposes on them, but circumstances and the adulation of blind adorers, and the teasings of the uneasy and the incitements of the headstrong, joined to the wiles of self-seekers and his own restless misconception of himself, and life and duty, wrenched him from his sound position, and brought him where, as you now see, the judicious grieve at his plight, and faithful followers like you are compelled to cut him loose. It is too bad, Wallace; too bad. We know how you feel. You had an eikon, and it's gone, and in its place you have just a busted tin soldier. After a while you may be able again to cherish these tin remnants, and derive from them some of the consolation of which the asperities of life make us so needful. Cherish them by all means, but don't let yourself be snaked back to follow them to any Waterloo.



BUT to return to Dr. McArthur. Besides his story of the hate that killed a cat, he told of his prayer that "men like Carnegie, Rockefeller and

J. Pierpont Morgan would give their best brains to God for missionary work in China, Japan, India and Continental Europe," and the paper says he "declared that if these three men would get their hearts and wealth together they would evangelize the world in twenty-five years."

We guess not, doctor. It would be interesting to see them try, but we guess they couldn't fetch it. Say that between them they have a billion and a half. That's a good lot of money and, of course, missionaries can't live on the country, and a certain amount of visible financial support is desirable for their maintenance. But, wouldn't you find that too much money for missionary enterprises was worse than too little? For our part, we can imagine that when word got around that about a billion dollars was awaiting employment in evangelizing the world, there would arise all over the land such eagerness to participate that the desirable missionaries would be killed in the crush.

You can do some things with money, doctor, but there is a heap of things you can't do with it. It is funny about it. It helps forward to a certain point and then helps rapidly backward. Enough of the material blessings seems to be rather helpful to spiritual and ethical attainment. More than enough works against it. It's a wise and wonderful provision of Nature, like the rule about water, that cold water sinks, but ice floats.

But what you might actually get out of Mr. Morgan and John D. and the Laird, their hearts and wealth and judgments continuing as at present, would not imperil the missionary cause. The Laird is not a patron of missions, and we don't know that Mr. Rockefeller would think it good business to hurry the evangelization of the world. Very likely his philosophy favors eighteen holes to the game, one hole at a time, deliberate strokes, and no scrambling. But Mr. Morgan is different from those others, and seems to have views of life plenty large enough to understand and include missionaries. He might underwrite your plan, doctor, and then perhaps give us Common and Preferred Evangelization shares and some twenty-five-year Millennium bonds.

Life's Fresh Air Fund

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

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

Previously acknowledged.....	\$8,311.44
"For I. A. C.".....	10.00
H. M. S.....	5.00
Mrs. Howard H. Henry.....	5.00
R. U. B.....	50.00
"In memory of Little Charlotte".....	10.00
In memory of P. S. P. III.....	4.00
Mrs. A. B. Hubbard.....	5.00
James L. Thomson.....	25.00
"Jim and Francino".....	4.00
"From F. J. and A.".....	5.00
M. A. Clark.....	2.50
C. W. U. L.....	25.00
Offering taken Sunday morning, July 21, at Communion Services during camp of the choir boys...	4.20
E. McW.....	5.00
A. S. B.....	5.00
F. W.....	50.00
F. N. M.....	5.00
A. K. P.....	10.00
In Memoriam.....	25.00
J. G. H.....	5.00
Capt. T. H. Brown.....	5.55
Lucy, Graeme and John.....	6.00
A Friend.....	5.00
Beatrice Bayne and Harriet Mowry In loving memory of Rev. Willard Parsons.....	3.00
Additional receipts from lawn fete at Ridgefield, Conn., on July 20..	50.00
	40.00

\$8,680.69

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

A donation of Imperial Granum from John Carle & Sons.

From a Letter

We want to thank you again for the wonderful time our children had at the Farm. They were all so enthusiastic, and looked so well, it seemed as though they had been away much longer. If all the children have as good time as ours, the amount of gratitude coming to you by the end of the summer must be appalling, but I'm sure you deserve it all. Harlem wants to add her very sincere appreciation of the happy vacation our children enjoyed, and the hope that they can go another year.



DECORATIVE

A GREEK BOARDER



GOING TO HER LAST BERTH

Postals from Life's Farm

Dear Mother:

I arrived safely at Branchville, Conn. The place is fine. There are large base-ball fields in which we have our fun on where going to play the country squakes in the field tell James the baseball field is very fine we all go to a catholic church and presidents and jews go to noon we get a whole lot of bred we want.

Your loving friend

HUGH McDONNELL.

Dear Mrs. Smith:

It is fine out here we are feeling fine but very lonesome we will be home in 2 weeks we get lovely meals and get what we want we go hunting for cherrys every day and eat them for our supper we will come home with burnt noses.

From KATHLEEN B.

LIFE'S FARM
Branchville field, Conn.

Dear Frank:

How is your Bedbugs do you have to fight the battle your self when I come home I will help you. I am all sun burned, last night we had a march of about 8 miles I had to carry a little boy on my shoulders across the brook

how are you all. The apples and cherries aint ripe yet so by the time we go home they will be ripe give my love to all to jumbo and louch. *****

RINIE.

My dear Teacher:

Wount you Please let my sisters stay for at least one more week because its so warm in the city we cannot sleep and we all have to sleep in a room four children in one room we cannot sleep, and besides we will not be here this week we are going to my cousin to stay for one week until its cooler. I thank you very, very much for your kindness, if my sisters are going to stay they will let me know. Love to all.

SADIE SCALIA.

Dear Mother:

Arrived safe at the place, it is a lovely place and we are having a good time good eats good drinks. We go to church on Sunday and we go bathing nearly every day. Now I will close this card. Love to all the family. Agnes likes it very much.

From your loving daughter,

DOROTHY.

***** Kisses.

Write soon,
Address of the house
LIFE'S Farm, Branchville, Conn.



IS YOUR WIFE ONE OF THESE?

EDUCATION is merely the ability to corroborate the misinformation of others.



"MOTHER, I DO BELIEVE BABY'S HOLLOW"

Utopia, Loveliest Village of the Main

(THE scene is laid in Utopia, one of the largest villages in the world, containing from three to four million alleged human beings, known as inhabitants. In particular, the scene is laid in the office of the Chief of Police.)

CHIEF (to secretary): Is the list ready?

SECRETARY: Here, sir.

CHIEF (glancing it over): Only fourteen murders yesterday!

SECRETARY: It was a dull day (enter a group of gamblers). Boys, you must do better than this.

HEAD GAMBLER: Well, there'll be nothing doing unless you get our name in the paper oftener, see! What's the use of killing anybody if nobody knows it?

CHIEF: But murders in this burg are no longer news.

HEAD GAMBLER: That's only because your fellows don't know how to write 'em up. Is my check ready?

CHIEF: Your check! You mean is mine ready?

HEAD GAMBLER: Nothing of the sort. I've been paying you money all these years, and now the tables is turned.

CHIEF: What do you mean?

HEAD GAMBLER (chuckling): Eh, boys?

THE BOYS (chorus): That's right.

HEAD GAMBLER: You see, it's this way. Ever since we've been committing these murders you've been getting prominent; now it's worth something to have a reputation, isn't it? Well, you've got to pay for it. We are not going to do all this heavy work for nothing. And that ain't all, either.

CHIEF (gloomily): What else is there?



Chorus: O—OH, YOU NAUGHTY BOYS! WE KNOW WHO IT IS

HEAD GAMBLER: You've got to fit out some more of our places; during one of those make believe raids you had recently some of our property was injured. You've got to pay for that by giving us a complete new outfit.

CHIEF: Look here! This thing has gone far enough. I am going to turn honest. I will appeal to the Mayor.

HEAD GAMBLER: Ha! That's funny. The Mayor! He's busy making speeches and nursing his grouch.

CHIEF: Then I'll appeal to the people.

HEAD GAMBLER: People. My eye! They're a lot of dubs, all right; they'll submit to anything from us, but they wouldn't believe you! (Advancing.) Do you know, old pal, I've half a mind to cut your throat.

THE OTHERS: Yes, yes, that's what we came for.

CHIEF: Oh, please don't! I'll do anything you say. I'll—

(The head gambler draws his knife, but the others are too quick for him. They open up their guns and shoot the chief. He falls.)

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (entering): Gentlemen, gentlemen, tut, tut; this is carrying a joke too far.

HEAD GAMBLER: What did you say?

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY: Oh, nothing, I assure you!

HEAD GAMBLER (grabbing him): Boys, shall we do him?

THE BOYS: No, no. He's all right. He's with us. Good morning, Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR (entering): Good morning everybody. Hello! What's this? Another murder? Dear me, this must really stop. It's injuring the fair fame of our village.

NEWSPAPER REPORTER (entering): Anything doing?

HEAD GAMBLER (eagerly): Yes. We've just killed the

Chief of Police. Can't you give us a write up? Here's my photograph.

REPORTER: Um. Is that all? Sorry, boys, but our readers want something new. If anything happens around here of real interest, just let me know and I'll put my boss wise. S'long (exit whistling).

HEAD GAMBLER (solemnly, to his companions): Boys, it's no use! We've got to move away from this one-horse town and go where there's some life. Nothing happens here any more. Believe me, it's full of dead ones.

(Curtain)

T. L. M.

The New Aesop

A FOX one day saw some bunches of grapes hanging high on a wall by the road side. He made several attempts to get them, but, jump as high as he could, they were beyond his reach. Finally he gave up the attempt and, as he went away, he said to himself: "This is the greatest disappointment of my life. Those grapes don't really look so very good, but if I can't reach them, they must be better than I am. I do wish I could break into some exclusive set like that."



Miss Democracy: SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M TO BE KISSED AGAIN



'I WISH ADAM WOULD COME HOME. BEING LEFT ALONE THIS WAY
ALWAYS GETS ON MY NERVES'



Mrs. Stonehammer: BE CAREFUL NOT TO FRACTURE HIS SKULL, DEAR. REMEMBER, WE NEED A SOUP BOWL TO COMPLETE OUR DINNER SET.

Expert Damnation

WE respect Dr. Wiley, not only as chemist and man of courage, but also as a bridegroom and a father. But when he declares osteopathy a "pure fraud," he shows a naughty spirit and commits a cruel and most unbridegroomial act. Such a statement may be depressing news to those countless men, women and children who have been cured by osteopathy after drugs and chemicals had failed. Yet it is unfair to blame Dr. Wiley, for surely treason could no further go than for a chemist, however suffering, to allow himself to be saved by a school that ignores drugs. A decent death, full of medicine and honor, should be the choice of every self-respecting chemist. They have declared war upon the upstart who



GOING DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME



CLASSIFIED

"MA, DID GOD MAKE THAT?"
 "YES."
 "AND DID GOD MAKE PA?"
 "HE CERTAINLY DID."

saves his patients without knife or bottle, and they must continue the good fight.

It does seem, however, that our chemist made a tactical mistake in asserting on the same occasion, "I do not know anything about osteopathy; have not any knowledge of it."

While this confession hardly jibes with his off-hand, free damnation, it shows the kindly attitude of the old school scientist toward the new practitioner.

We are here taught that a solution of ignorance, expertly blended with boiling prejudice, forms a coating for the brain through which daylight cannot enter.

They Would All Come

REAL ESTATE MAN: And what a place for a bungalow!—primeval forest, virgin wilderness, absolute seclusion.

JONES: Yes, but that's just the kind of a place that everybody hunts up!

Each One of Us a Universe

Get in Tune With the Infinite and Consult Swami Baa Baa—Life's Vibration Parlors Open to All Sufferers

SWAMI BAA BAA will answer questions every afternoon to select classes of ladies who desire information about the secret mysteries of life. Occasionally these ladies become hysterical, and at present a trained nurse will be in attendance. In passing from the purely materialistic life to the higher plane of aten, the transition is often too sudden for the ordinary temperament; hence this precaution.

We have received inquiries asking us if we can give information about Wall Street. Our Wall Street department is a branch and Swami Baa Baa will give advice to all who need it once a week. Successful dealing in Wall Street depends entirely upon your auric envelope, which must respond in rhythmic value to the fluctuations of the market. This is fully explained in our weekly financial letter, for which we charge only \$30.

Before entering the Wall Street zone you must make an earnest effort to place yourself in harmony with the universe. This can be done by rhythmic breathing, also by the seven stages of silent prostrations as follows:

First Stage.—Lie prone in bed, and with feet lifted in the air forty-five degrees and eyes fixed upon the zenith until red wheels with green hubs appear to vision.

Second Stage.—Have bare feet come in contact with earth at molecular period and the diurnal axis turning—which thing occurs about four o'clock in the morning. In case you are a married man, it is better not to let your wife see you doing this, as it disturbs the harmonies.

Third Stage.—This is the St. Stylus method. You sit on top of a hitching post for thirty minutes and gaze at the weathervane over the stable; in

case you have no weathervane of your own, borrow one from your neighbor. While doing this, the wind should be East.

The other four rules will be given to all initiated upon applying to our Wall Street Department.

In the meantime, it must be remembered by all applicants to our parlors that the materialization of all objects is due to the inner mental forces working through the laws of the universe, and that if we do not happen to be in tune with those forces, the results will, of course, be objectively insincere.

What is termed, for example, a railroad accident is due to the discordant thought produced possibly months beforehand in some of the railroad circles. What we aim to do in our parlors is gradually to produce rhythmic harmony so that all things will be in accord with the powers that be.

We have received the following letter:

"In accordance with your first directions I endeavored, during my last trip to the seashore, to get in harmony with a beautiful blond lady with an affectionate disposition, and was getting along swimmingly when suddenly her husband appeared on the scene and I have been laid up ever since.

"What is the matter with your rhythmic force? Here I paid you a hundred dollars and nothing but disaster results."

Our friend is on the lowest molecular plane. He doesn't realize the fact that before he can get into the upper tattvas he must necessarily go through a course of what appears to be physical suffering. His own rebellious spirit, superinduced by his previous method of living, have caused his

trouble. What he should have done before interview with beautiful blond was to have gone into the silence and thus prevented husband from appearing on the scene. Husband was a material object who got in unawares, owing to the incomplete insulation of our customer's astral body with the vibratory influences.

All these things will come to him later. He must have faith.

We have received a great many applications from mediums and immature yogis all over the country to establish branch offices. To all these we say we don't need their help. Swami Baa Baa has infinite power and can reach anywhere. It is better to send a lock of your hair when communicating from a distance.

In the meantime, your auric envelope should change its colors four times every twenty-four hours, in order to make any progress. You can feel yourself going from red to yellow and from green to blue by concentrating on nearest door knob. Red is the anger color and should be kept in abeyance. Do this by willing it away.

Pronounce the sacred syllable Om every hour during the first week. You will be surprised at the difference. Nothing will trouble you.

Remember, each one of us is the universe. As one of our customers has put it:

"In ten days' time I have trained my astral body to fetch and carry anything in sight. I married a suffragette, but this no longer troubles me. I've put a few more kinks in my auric envelope, and I am now master of the universe. I enclose second payment of \$50.

"Here's to Swami Baa Baa! May his subliminal self never cast a shadow."

Life's Vibration Parlors.

The Unknown

THIS was the Spirit of Youth, tho' she stood like Age, her eyes Dim with the tears unshed. This was the Spirit of Youth.

This was the Spirit of Youth, tho' she stood like Woe and spoke Of love and pain as one. This was the Spirit of Youth.

This was the Spirit of Youth that came like white mist and passed Like wind across the sea. This was the Spirit of Youth that I did not recognize 'Till it was gone from me!



THE START

An Impossible Occurrence

"NEXT case," called the judge. The bailiff, without ceremony, dragged forth a well-dressed individual and motioned him to the prisoner's seat. He had on a black broadcloth frock coat, a diamond stud in his cravat, and his face was ornamented with venerable side whiskers.

"What's he charged with?" demanded the judge.

"Vagrancy, your honor," said the policeman who had made the arrest.

"Vagrancy," repeated the judge, looking doubtfully at the prisoner.

"Yes, your honor. I caught him down at the council chamber begging the aldermen for a valuable franchise."

"Um," mused the judge. "This is a pretty serious case, but he is an old man. Have you taken his thumb-prints?"

"Yes, your honor, and I find it is not his first offense. He was arrested twice for beggary in Washington; once, three years ago, when he was begging for a higher protective tariff, and another time, five years ago, when he was trying to get Congress to give him valuable Western forest lands."

"Well, in that case," said the judge, "he comes pretty near being in the habitual class. I should like to be lenient on account of his age, but society must be protected against such people. I'll send him to the work-house for six months."

E. O. J.



THE FIRST LAP



THE SECOND LAP



THE HOME STRETCH



THE FINISH

ABWALKER

THE HUMAN RACE

FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW



“THE AGED IN COUNSEL, THE YOUNG IN ACTION”

Vacation

SING a song of August,
When poor toiling man
Takes a short vacation
On the least he can.
Spends a week in getting
Rested up a bit,
Then works more than ever
Making up for it.

George B. Staff.

Confidential Guide to Prominent People

STRACHAN, GRACE.—Miss Strachan is a public school teacher who was instrumental in getting equal pay for women teachers. A popular movement to make her a heroine and the recipient of a large sum by popular subscription, threatens to be her undoing. She has our sincere sympathy.

EMPEROR WILLIAM. Made in Germany. —A young man in the prime of life, whose indiscreet utterances have given him an international reputation. Was at one time a free agent, working by divine right, but is now in the combined grip of the socialists and the syndicalists. Known as a tamed king.

BERGSON, HENRI.—The latest philosophical favorite, this Frenchman has captivated the literary world by his lucid treatment of things that nobody wants to know about. He has created a revolution in unimportant thought circles.

MCADOO, W. G.—The man who is responsible for the Hudson tubes, through which the inhabitants of New Jersey are gradually becoming civilized. Mr. McAdoo was the first man to start the idea that the railroads are run for the benefit of the public.

CARNEGIE, ANDREW.—This gentleman has gone back on his best friend—namely, the almighty dollar—and spends most of his time in giving it away. Also himself.

ROCKEFELLER, JOHN D.—Said to be the richest man in this world. A recent estimate places Mr. Rockefeller's wealth in round numbers at nine hundred millions. Since this estimate has been made, however, Mr. Rockefeller has succeeded, through his attorneys, in getting a rebate of fifteen hundred dollars in taxes on his Cleveland property, so that this should be added to his fortune in order to show how much he is worth at present. Mr. Rockefeller, it is believed, lives within his income.

MUNSEY, FRANK A.—A prominent politician and President boomer, who happens at the present moment to be a friend of Theodore Roosevelt, and whose term of office is likely to end at any time. Is now on waiting list of Ananias Club.

The New Aesop

ONE day, in the presence of the Fox, the Tortoise was bragging to the Hare of his ability as a runner. The Fox was very derisive of the Tortoise's pretensions, whereupon the Tortoise, winking at the Hare, offered to bet the Fox a considerable sum of money that he could outrun the Hare. The Fox lost no time in putting up the money, and off the contestants started. The Hare took a big lead at once, but, after getting comfortably out of sight, wandered away from the track and fell asleep. The Tortoise accordingly was the first to reach the winning post. The Fox went off cursing at the loss of his money, and when he had gone the Tortoise divided his winnings with the Hare. Ever since that time betting on races has been an uncertain sport.

The Fable of the Hog

ONCE there was a Hog who was so successful as to secure complete control of the only trough in the pen.

For a time the rest of them could not help admiring the sterling worth and business acumen by which this Monopolist had attained to a commanding position in the Hog world.

"What a wonderful Hog he is!" they said, and gathered their little Pigs about them to point him out as a shining example for emulation.

"He is leading the Hog race out of barbarism into civilization," they said, and they tried to copy his grunt and find out at what manicurist his wife had her tail curled.

"If this keeps up long we shall be a Hog world power," they said, and sent out scouts to try to pick fights with other Hog communities.

"He has the best interest of the Hog nation at heart," they said, and whenever they saw him they felt he was somehow doing them good.

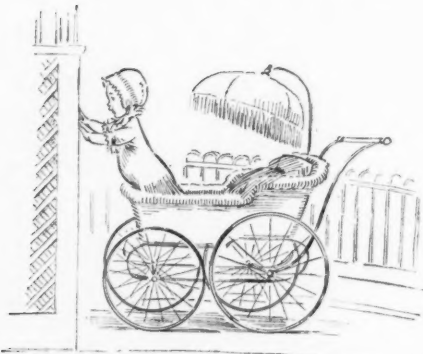
Many other things of like tenor they said, and in the meantime the Hog in the trough had little to do but eat and ponder and grow fat and lazy.

Occasionally some of the more dissatisfied would complain, but these were unpopular in the community. They were accused of stirring up class feeling, of trying to undermine the foundations of sacred Hog institutions, and given the unenviable name of reformers.

When these reformers approached



CAPT. BILL BRYAN OF THE GOOD SHIP DEMOCRACY



POPULAR AUTOMOBILE IMPROVEMENT
A SELF-STARTER

the Monopolist, he was most impatient and indignant with them.

"Go to," he would say. "I have reached my position by industry and self-denial. Go thou and do likewise. There is plenty of room at the top."

Sometimes the Monopolist had more than he could eat. Throwing this excess out, it was eagerly snatched up by the others, who bestowed upon him the name philanthropist.

"But why," asked the reformers, "should you be allowed to monopolize the trough to the exclusion of the rank and file?"

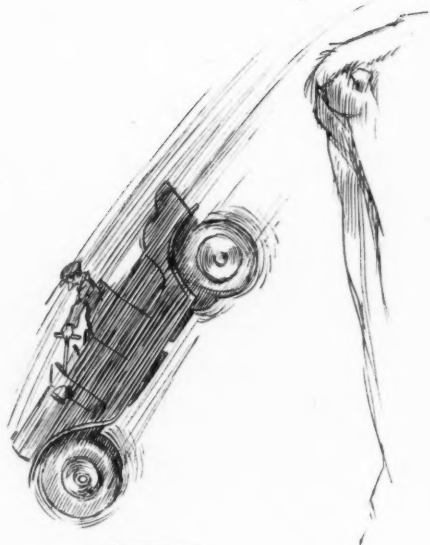
"Because," he replied, "they are

failures and derelicts. If they do not understand the rules of business success and are unable to do anything for themselves it is not my lookout."

Things went on like this for several aeons—an aeon, in Hog parlance, being the length of time from one meal to another.

Finally they formed an organization, with the erstwhile reformers at their head, and approached the trough threateningly.

"Respected sir," said the spokesman, "if we understand your philosophy aright, you hold your position because you are a success."



"A HEAVIER THAN AIR MACHINE"

"Exactly," said the mighty one.
 "While we hold an inferior position because we are failures and derelicts."
 "Correct."
 "Very well," said the spokesman; "if we should suddenly throw you out, you would be the failure and we should be the successes. Is that right?"

"Oh, but you don't understand," began the Monopolist. But they did not wait to hear him. Attacking from all sides, they ejected him without heed to his protestations. As it was just meal time, they all immediately turned to and ate their fill.

"What a selfish and ungrateful set they are," mused the deposed one, as he tried to squeeze in somewhere.

Moral—There is nothing so successful as success.

E. O. J.

ACADEMICIAN—One who withdraws himself from the world and then undertakes to formulate for the world's guidance rules to which the world pays not the slightest attention.



PIONEERS

"MOTHER, IT SAYS HERE TO LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF. WHAT IS A NEIGHBOR?"

A Real Need

IN addition to the Department of Agriculture, of Finance, of Patents, of Commerce and Labor and of all the other Government departments, why not have a Publicity Department?

Such a department, with a proper head, would do much toward good government. It would investigate every secret activity, and pass upon the desirability for making its affairs public. It would have the power of placing before the people all the facts about any subject.

Suppose there were such a department, and, as a beginning, it should insist upon

Public Pension Lists.

The names of the owners, including all stockholders and directors, of newspapers being made public.

Public physician's prescriptions, written in English in duplicate, the patient to have one.

Public lists of all customs house officers on duty each day, their names and records, and their posts of duty.

Those suggested would be but a beginning.

New Names for Old Places

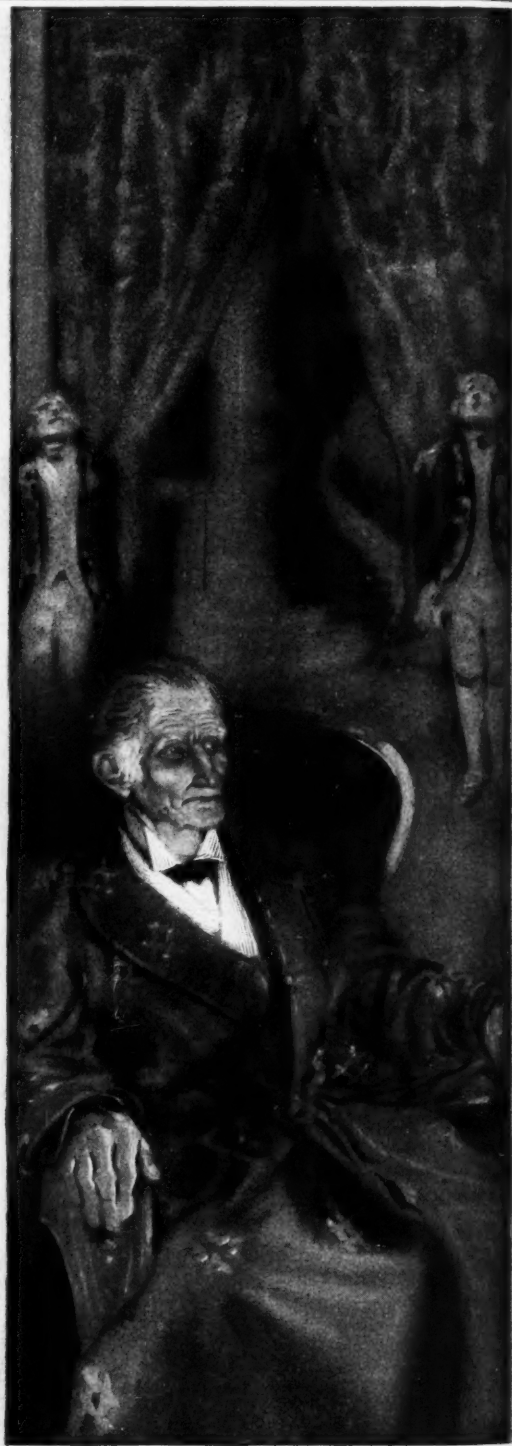
OYSTER BAY—The Bivouac of the Dead.



EVEN THE MILK TURNED



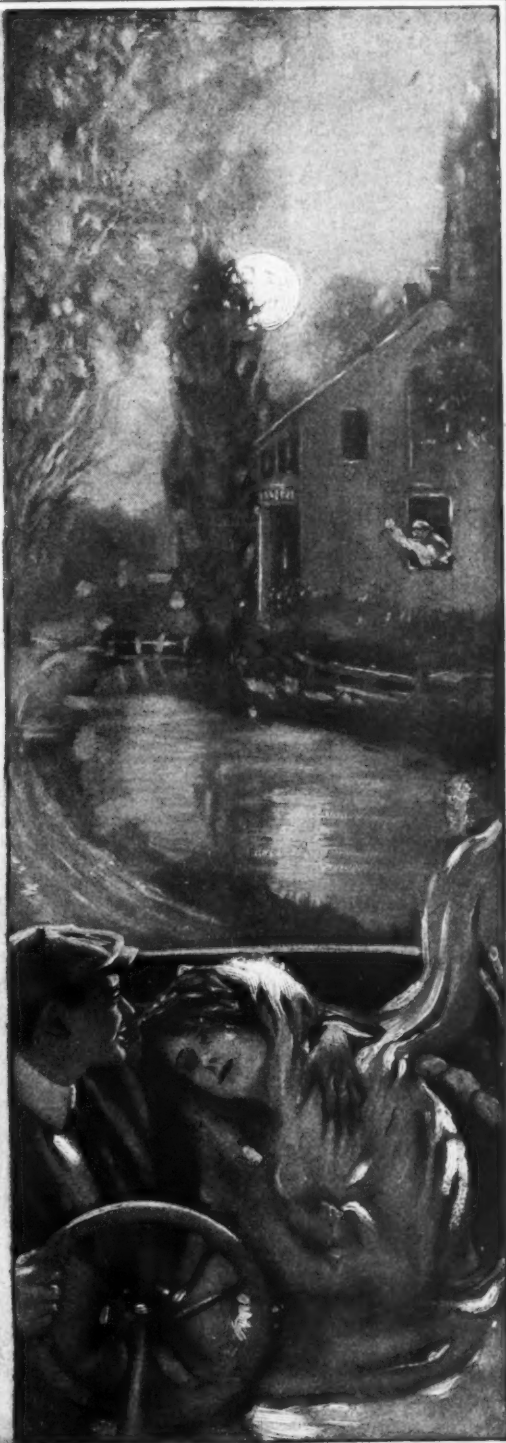
Richman.



Poorman



Beggarman



Thief

No Aunt Julias Need Apply

JOB APPLGARTH, who lived out near Burnt Tavern, used to say that his Aunt Julia was a nice old lady, but that a big idea would bust her head. And this was very likely so. Moreover, the world is fairly populous with Aunt Julias as well as with Uncle Juliuses. And, moreover again, they are often the salt of the earth.

But the fact remains that, for all the talk of the anthropologists about the epoch-making importance of the first monkey's having successfully balanced himself upon his hind legs, and about the determining influence of the opposition of the thumbs upon the development of man, the actual and authentic birthplace of humanity was not where either of these things happened, but where the first of our already bi-pedal and prehensile-pawed forbears for the first time dimly grasped the outline of an abstract idea without bursting his brain pan.

Before this we moved forward by swinging ourselves bodily from branch to branch. Since then we have more and more progressed by swinging ourselves mentally from idea to idea.

This is a dangerous, but also a sporty and effective method of locomotion. And with due warnings to the Aunt Julias and Uncle Juliuses, attention ought to be called to a couple

of modestly unobtrusive volumes of recent publication, each of which offers a big idea for the grasping. The idea in both volumes is really the same, only in one of them we get hold of it by the head and in the other by the tail—which is a pretty good way to grab this kind of an animal.

One of these volumes is called "The New History" (Macmillan. \$1.50) and contains a series of essays by Prof. James Harvey Robinson of Columbia University. The essays deal with various aspects of history's past habits—her political and military preoccupations and her gossipy, tittle-tattling and sensation-mongering predilections—and lead up to a defining of the new duties and opportunities which the post-Darwinian and rapidly growing realization of man's ability consciously to co-operate in his own evolution imposes upon and opens out to her.

This realization is, perhaps, the most dynamic idea, the most yeastily active spiritual and social influence of our time; and this book of Professor Robinson's is here recommended on account of the amazingly helpful and diagrammatically lucid notion developed in its final essay by means of which the whole written and unwritten history of man is laid out in self-explanatory perspective upon the dial

of a stupendous yet instantly chronolegible clock.

THE other volume is called "What Is and What Might Be" (Dutton. \$1.25) and contains a critique of our Western system of primary and general education by Edmond Holmes. The subject would appear, on its face, to be one of restricted, if not of purely technical, interest, and the title has about it no little suggestion of rainbow-chasing Utopianism. But the work itself is not only full of keen minded criticism and comment that every intelligent desirer of school efficiency may profit by, whether he be layman or professional, but in its logical and ferret-like tracking of the almost universal discrepancy between modern educational theory and modern curricular practise to its ultimate earth in the surviving influence of the doctrine of original sin and of faith in man's hope of salvation through mechanical repression rather than through freedom for self-realization, is so conducted as to leave the imaginative reader with an unbreakable tail-hold on the biggest idea that has come into the modern world and a new grasp of sundry puzzling problems in the social and sociological activities of the day.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Confidential Book Guide

The Bawlerout, by Forrest Halsey. A naive novel with two strings to its bow—the showing up of the loan sharks and the fulfillment of love's young dream.

Elsie Lindtner, by Kalin Michaelis Stangeland. In which the heroine of "The Dangerous Age" diagnoses the psychic ailments of her friends.

Fate Knocks at the Door, by Will Levington Comfort. A lively tale of world-wide adventure, with an injected content of mildly mad mysticism.

The Golightlys, Father and Son, by Laurence North. The able and entertaining history of a spectacular business success and an obscure moral failure.

Key to Trees, by J. F. Collins and N. W. Preston. A simple and practical pocket reference book for use in the eastern States and southern Canada.

The Loss of the SS. Titanic, by Lawrence Beesley. A straightforward

and non-hysterical account of the disaster by an intelligent survivor.

The Marriage of Captain Kettle, by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. Adventurous episodes from the early life of a familiar hero.

My Life in Prison, by Donald Lowrie. An engrossing piece of autobiography and a moving message from one risen from the dead.

Neighborhood, by Tickner Edwardes. Restful reading. A year-book of life in a remote village in rural England.

The New History, by James Harvey Robinson. See above.

The Penitent, by René Bazin. A tragedy of Breton peasant life. A literary etching.

The Principal Girl, by J. C. Snaith. An agreeable confection of semi-satirical flavor in which a marriage is arranged between the son of a newly noble house

and the daughter of an ancient actor family.

Recollections of Guy de Maupassant, by his valet, Francois. An estimable collection of intimate items of small interest.

Social Life in the Insect World, by J. H. Fabre. Entomological notes that combine the esthetic charm of literary masterpieces with the thrilling interest of detective stories.

The Street Called Straight, by the author of "The Inner Shrine." The matrimonial muddle of an embezzler's daughter. A pseudo-problem in make-believe morals.

What Is and What Might Be, by Edmond Holmes. See above.

Wings of Desire, by M. P. Wilcocks. A closely wrought combination of character studies by the author of "The Wingless Victory."



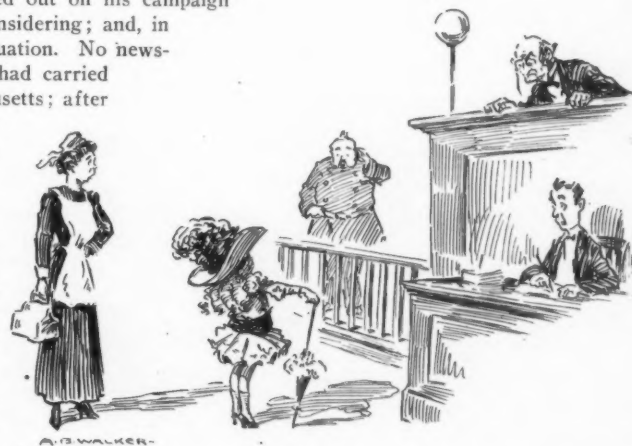
IF WE OBEYED THAT IMPULSE WHEN DINING TO MUSIC

Newspapers

THE London papers have been ridiculing our newspaper editors. They say that our papers poohpooed at Roosevelt when he started out on his campaign and said that he had no show; that he was not worth considering; and, in fact, that our editors entirely misunderstood the whole situation. No newspaper thought that he could carry Illinois; but after he had carried Illinois, then nobody thought that he could carry Massachusetts; after he had carried Massachusetts, why even then the editors thought that he might possibly split Ohio, and thus all along the line. According to the London critics, our newspapers have failed. But why should they not fail?

Our newspapers are not published in the interest of truth or justice. Nobody wants a paper that is tied down to truth. There is no great demand for the article on this side of the Atlantic. The fact that so many papers have been denouncing Roosevelt and giving reasons why he could never "come back" is evidence of the fact that the people are more interested in the picturesque things the papers publish than in less interesting truths. Few believe everything they see in the paper. If it is interesting they read it. But they seldom believe it.

BEWARE of the man who knows too much, especially if it happens to be yourself.



"JUDGE, I WANT A DIVORCE FROM MY PARENTS, WITH ALIMONY. THEY HAVE DESERTED ME FOR SOCIETY AND LEFT MY BRINGING UP TO INCOMPETENT SERVANTS."

Intimate Interviews



"That's business"

C. H. Parkhurst

WE look forward to visiting Dr. Parkhurst with considerable interest and curiosity. This gentleman has had a "long and varied," as the obituary writers put it, career.

Beginning in life as a Presbyterian clergyman, he went through the leap-frog state of politics. Tried to segregate the white slaves of New York, and in accordance with that old couplet of Pope's:

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;

The Man with the Extravagant Wife

ONCE there was a husband who had an extravagant wife. Extravagance with her seemed to be bred in the bone. She was gentle and sweet and loving and kind and efficient and always thoughtful of his welfare, but she found it absolutely impossible to measure her expenditures by her husband's income. She had a great many wants and couldn't refrain from satisfying them as soon as they arose without regard to where the money to pay for them was coming from. Her husband, on the contrary, was a man of frugal disposition and simple tastes. His wants were few and his income would have been amply sufficient for them to live in modest comfort.

In vain would he remonstrate with his wife and argue the matter. She would agree with everything he said and show great contrition of spirit, and then would proceed as before, just as if nothing had been said. When the bills came in at the end of the month he would go over them with her, item by item, and thus point out how they could easily have been much smaller. She would be very

But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

He thereupon became attached to the Hearst papers. Dr. Parkhurst surrounds his picture every day with type.

"Well," we said, as we sat down in his office, "what excuse have you got to offer?"

"When I preached in church," he replied, "I had an audience of two thousand; now I have an audience of two million. What more do you want?"

"Then you really believe," we said, "that you are doing a great work?"

"Yes."

"And get mighty well paid for it."

"Why not? 'Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?'"

"It seems to us, Dr. Parkhurst, that you have, by your own admission, succeeded in introducing a brand new idea. Why not carry it to its conclusion? Why should any clergyman preach any more from the pulpit if he wants really to succeed? Let him start a yellow journal of his own; and let him publish racing ads on one page and then denounce racing on the next page. That's business, isn't it?"

Dr. Parkhurst began to protest.

"You don't understand," he said, vehemently. "If you only knew the grand work I'm doing you wouldn't misjudge me so."

"Then if that's so, the world must be getting better. The thousands of young girls who walk up and down the avenues of New York in velvet slippers do so evidently without the knowledge of the grand work you are accomplishing. There's an audience for you, doctor, increasing all the time by leaps and bounds."

The doctor smiled.

"Think of how much larger it might be," he said, "if I were not writing my elevating articles for the *Journal*."

remorseful and promise to be more careful in the future, but she never succeeded in keeping her promise.

At length he decided that it was no use trying to save, but, on the contrary, that the only way out of the dilemma, short of a domestic rupture, was to increase his income so that he wouldn't care how high the bills were. To this end he redoubled his efforts, and schemed and planned and hunted up new ways and means to increase his fortune. Whenever he felt inclined to lie back upon his oars he thought of those monthly bills and how to meet them, and this kept him on the jump every minute.

These increased efforts bore abundant fruit, so abundant that finally he became one of the richest men in the whole community and was pointed out to the young as a shining example. One day a reporter was sent out to learn the secret of his success and he told him that he owed it all to his wife's extravagance.

Moral—Extravagant tastes are the parents of invention.



“THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL ARE WE”

Thanks Be!

THE reason he loves her? E'en he cannot tell,
 But with her is Heaven, without her is Hell.
 To us she looks stupid and ugly and old,
 While beauty's about him in numbers untold!
 Then why did he choose her? The mystery's great,
 But lovers are lovers by curious Fate!

And why does she take him? Sure, nobody knows!
 Her path has been crowded by lovers and beaux.
 And here—she's adoring the worst of the lot!
 He's minus a fortune—his talk's “tommy-rot,”
 His figure's atrocious—and yet, she is his!
 This loving of lovers is sure a “queer biz”!

But that is the way it always will be—
 Why lovers are lovers—we others can't see.
 But you know and I know it's only too true
 That the one who thrills me doesn't often thrill you.
 One gives me heart transports, while you she gives chill
 It always has been so—and “thanks be” it will!

F. C. S.

When the Heart is Young—and in Love

THE WOMAN: And you will always love me as now?

THE MAN: I will always love you as now.

THE WOMAN: But I will be ill and weak.

THE MAN: No matter; I will love you.

THE WOMAN: I will grow old.

THE MAN: I will still love you.

THE WOMAN: I may be fretful and cross. Not always smiling sweet as now.

THE MAN: No matter. I will love you.

THE WOMAN: We may be pressed by poverty. My gowns may be cheap and unbecoming.

THE MAN: I will love you even so.

THE WOMAN: Other women, younger, more beautiful, will cross your path.

THE MAN: I will see only you.

THE WOMAN: Children may absorb my attention.

THE MAN: I will be patient.

THE WOMAN: You will always love me—as now?

THE MAN: I will always love you—as now.

THE WOMAN: It is not true. But you have said it—and I believe you!

Josephine Conger-Kaeko.



Irrelevant Testimony

At a term of the circuit court in Iowa not long ago a "horse case" was on trial, and a well-known horseman was called as a witness.

"You saw this horse?" asked counsel for the defendant.

"Yes, sir, I—"

"What did you do?"

"I opened his mouth to ascertain his age, and I said to him, 'Old sport, there's a lot of life in you yet.'"

Whereupon counsel for the other side entered a vigorous protest. "Stop!" he cried. "Your honor, I object to any conversation carried on between the witness and the horse when the plaintiff was not present!"—*Green Bag*.

A Subdued Menu

Crushed Oats.

Beaten Biscuits. Mashed Potatoes.

Whipped Cream.

—*Lippincott's*.



WHITE WASTE

Broke

I don't consider I am broke,
At least not what's considered such,
Until the wife refuses when
I go to her to make a touch.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

And even then there is a chance,
Although, of course, the crime is rank,
That there may be in time of need
Some coppers in the baby's bank.

—*Boston Globe*.

And if the baby's bank is not
In funds, and leaves you in distress,
You might climb out at night and hunt
The pocket in your helpmate's dress.

—*Houston Post*.

But failing there, as most men will,
To find the pocket or the roll,
The brave man won't give up until
He's searched the well-known sugar
bowl.

—*Springfield Union*.

Or failing that resort for funds,
You still may cautiously invade
The kitchen cabinet and find
A dime belonging to the maid.

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

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HUNDREDS of motoring events take place every year—races, endurance runs and tours. If you will take the trouble to investigate, you will find that over ninety per cent. of the cars which participate are Truffault-Hartford-equipped. Why? Professional opinion holds that a car so equipped is safer, faster, more comfortable. This is a cue for the amateur. It has been accepted, too. Thousands upon thousands of individually operated cars are Truffault-Hartford-equipped.

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A MISOGYNIST

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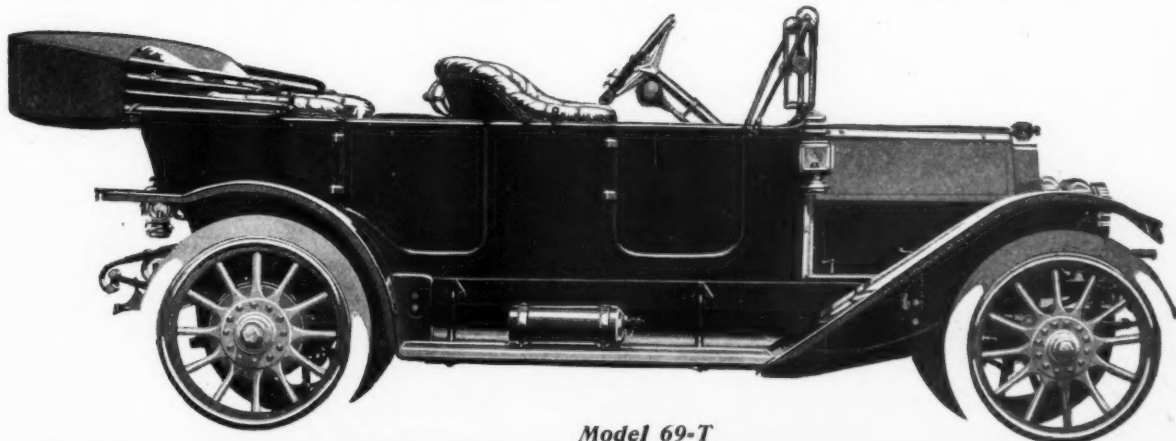
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30 Horsepower
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Let us send you one of our 1913 catalogues. Please ask for book D 28.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 69-T



What's on the Sign-Board?

One Hundred Dollars for the Best Answer

Conditions

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

Manuscripts should be addressed to

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

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

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

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

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

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

Only one answer from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscript will be returned.

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



Self **AMERICAN** Starting
AUNDERSLUNG

NET SALES GAIN

194% over corresponding 11 months of previous year.

The American Scout (Type 22A)—\$1475 Fully Equipped

Strictly a two-passenger car. Motor, four cylinders, 5 in. stroke, 3½-in. bore. Wheel base 105 inches; tires 36x3½-inch; front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims.

\$1475 includes regular equipment as follows: \$50 Warner speedometer; fine plate glass wind shield; Disco self-starter; electric dash and tail light supplied by a large storage battery; gas head lights supplied by

Prestolite gas tank; fine mohair top and curtains; high tension magneto and storage battery with coil; one extra rim; combination circular tire holder and luggage box; horn, jack, tools and tire repair outfit.

NOT SILENT—but “a sound so faint one can scarce distinguish it from silence.”

THE AMERICAN SCOUT is the world's motor car unique. It is a rare combination of the best and choicest of everything. It has beauty and strength, power and grace, comfort and charm, all harmoniously rolled into one of the most exquisite little motor cars the world has yet produced. It is an exceptional car. And yet, instead of being exceptionally high priced, it is unusually low priced.

In action this car is a perfect wonder. On “high” it throttles down to a slow, steady gait. Instantly it will jump to 40 miles an hour without the least bit of effort. It fairly sails—smoothly, swiftly and sweetly—while you hear nothing but a gentle, faint hum, to remind you of the fact that beneath the graceful hood is abundant power.

Unlike the average car of short wheel base, it rides beautifully. No jarring or jolting. No quivering or shaking. Not a particle of vibration. Just lots of comfort and loads of ease. There is an indescribable and fascinating charm in the “American Scout” which has never before been attained in any automobile short of the immense touring cars.

The “Scout,” like all of our models, is built on the famous “American Underslung” principle, which makes possible additional safety, economy and comfort.

The low center of gravity means safety and added comfort. The straight line drive means less wasted power.

The larger wheels mean easier riding, tire economy and maximum road clearance.

The “American Underslung” frame permits the direct and practical introduction of all these distinct and exclusive advantages.

The “Scout” is priced at \$1475 and comes fully equipped. All of this equipment is listed above. The “American Underslung” accessories for 1913 are the very finest made.

This car is being made in a very limited quantity. We advise you to see the “American” dealer in your locality just as quickly as possible. It will insure you of an early and prompt delivery. Make it a point to enjoy a “Scout” demonstration. It will certainly be worth while.

We will be glad to send you a 1913 catalog on request to our factory. Address Dept. K.

The “American Traveler” (Type 56A), Fully Equipped—\$4500

Six passengers. Motor, four cylinders, 5½-in. bore, 5½-in. stroke. Wheel base 140 inches; tires, 41x4½ inch, front and rear on demountable rims.

\$4500 includes regular equipment as follows: combination electric lighting dynamo and self starter, all five lamps electric (\$350.00 outfit); \$90 Warner clock combination 100 mile speedometer; fine plate glass wind

shield; fine mohair top and curtains; high tension magneto and storage battery; two extra rims; shock absorbers; foot rest; robe rail; horn, jack, tool and tire repair outfit.

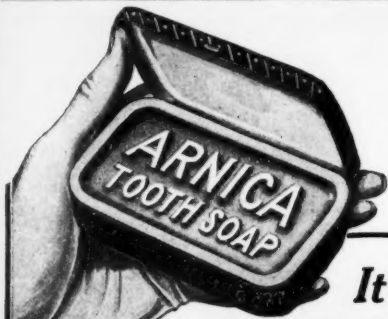
The “American Tourist” (Type 34A), Fully Equipped—\$2350

Four passengers. Motor, four cylinders, 4½-inch bore, 5-inch stroke. Wheel base 118 inches; tires, 37x4 inch; front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims.

\$2350 includes regular equipment as follows: electric light dynamo outfit complete with generator and storage battery supplying five lamps; \$50 Warner speedometer; fine plate glass

wind shield; Disco self-starter; fine mohair top and curtains; high tension magneto and storage battery; one extra rim; shock absorber; robe rail; horn, jack, tool and tire repair outfit.

American Motors Company
Indianapolis, Indiana



**It's a
Positive Delight
to Brush the Teeth**

and gums with Arnica Tooth Soap. It sterilizes the mouth, destroying putrefactive and fermentative bacteria, and produces a delightful sense of cleanliness that cannot be obtained with pastes, powders or washes.

Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap
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is the only preparation which perfectly cleanses and polishes the teeth without possibility of abrasion, while its antiseptic properties insure healthy gums and a sweet breath.

Comes in a handy metal box—Nothing to break or spill. A convenient cake that lasts for months. 25c at your druggist—or send direct.
C. H. STRONG & CO. Chicago

**OUR FOOLISH
CONTEMPORARIES**



Natural Selection

When we decide to forgive our enemies we generally begin with those who are bigger and stronger than we are.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

CREMALPINA—The no grease complexion cream. Best perfumed. Sample for 2c. stamp. Antonio Leza, Box 721, Havana, Cuba.

Why She Thought So

"Mamma," said the little girl, "Sister doesn't tell the truth."

"Why, Jennie," said the mother, "you mustn't say such things."

"Well, last night I heard her say, 'Charlie, if you do that again I'll call mamma.' And he did it twice more and she didn't call."—Ladies' Home Journal.

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

Essential to Success

Lambert Kaspers, Chicago attorney, told the following story at a recent Y. M. C. A. banquet:

A Kansas farmer, a Dane, applied for naturalization papers. The judge asked him: "Are you satisfied with the general conditions of the country?"

"Yes," drawled the Dane.

"Does the government suit you?" queried the judge.

"Yes, yes, only I would like to see more rain," replied the farmer.

—Chicago Tribune.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Burial of a Lone Bull Moose

Yes, bury him deep, the lone Bull Moose,
Both his horns and his hoofs and his hide.

Lay him away in a calm, quiet spot,
With the big stick close by his side.
Make not a sound to disturb his repose
Or refer to his last sad foray;
Plant his rough rider hat with his other
old clothes
And leave him alone in his glory.

We will not refer to the New York campaign

Or the later affair at Chicago.
From the Panama matter we'll kindly refrain,

On Mrs. Storer we'll place an embargo.
Of the Sugar and Steel Trusts no mention we'll make.

Nor refer to the Harriman letter;
But in silence and sorrow our leave we will take,

Of such things the less said the better.

We'll silently watch them lay him away
Without prejudice, envy or bias,
We'll think a whole lot, though nothing we'll say,

Wie brothers of old Ananias.
No reveling sounds will mark our retreat,
Nor tears for the hopes that were blighted,

But we'll kick up the dust with our shuffling feet

And away we will hurry dee-lighted.

—G. R. Clarke in *New York Times*.

"A GLASS of beer is the most temperate drink."

"How so?"

"You never see one full."

—Spirit Review.

"The Rye of Fond Memories"

Through all the changing scenes of life—its joys, its successes, its never-ending round of work and play—**one thing appeals always to the man who knows**

Old "Same for 100 years"

Overholt

A satisfying drink **Rye**—the rye of ancestral worth. Distilled

and bottled in bond by

A. Overholt & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



**MURRAY & LANMAN'S
Florida Water**



For fully a century the world has delighted in the use of this matchless toilet perfume. It is found on dressing-tables and in the bath room and nursery, in every land. Its fame is universal.

Leading Druggists sell it.
Accept no substitute!
Sample sent on receipt of six cents in stamps.

Lanman & Kemp
135 Water Street New York

2nd Large Printing

"IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO RECOMMEND THIS BOOK, BUT WE BEG THE READER TO READ SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY, TO REALIZE APPRECIATIVELY THE ENTIRE CHARM OF A REFRESHINGLY DELICIOUS STORY.

—Literary Digest.

**The
Recording Angel**

By **CORRA HARRIS**

Author of "The Circuit Rider's Wife," Etc.

AT ALL BOOKSHOPS

SIGHTSEER: Why do you call this "Aviation Inn?"

RUFUS: Y' ought t' see the flies around here in summer.—*New York Globe*.

Caroni Bitters. Have stood the test of time. First in the field, still leading. Satisfy yourself—we know. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

A LITTLE lad was found on the street crying very bitterly because his cart was broken.

The kindly disposed stranger endeavored to cheer up the little fellow by saying: "Never mind, my boy, your father can easily mend that."

"No he can't," sobbed the boy. "My father is a preacher, and don't know about anything."—*Coming Nation*.

Rhymed Reviews

Social Life in the Insect World

(By J. H. Fabre. The Century Co.)

Why read of injured maids and wives
Or heroes bearing dreadful evils!
Peruse our meadow Boswell's lives
Of Locusts, Beetles, Moths and Weevils

And learn how Crickets' right hind legs
Awake the night with chiming magic,
How Scarabs lay some hundred eggs
And how their ends are Awful Tragic.

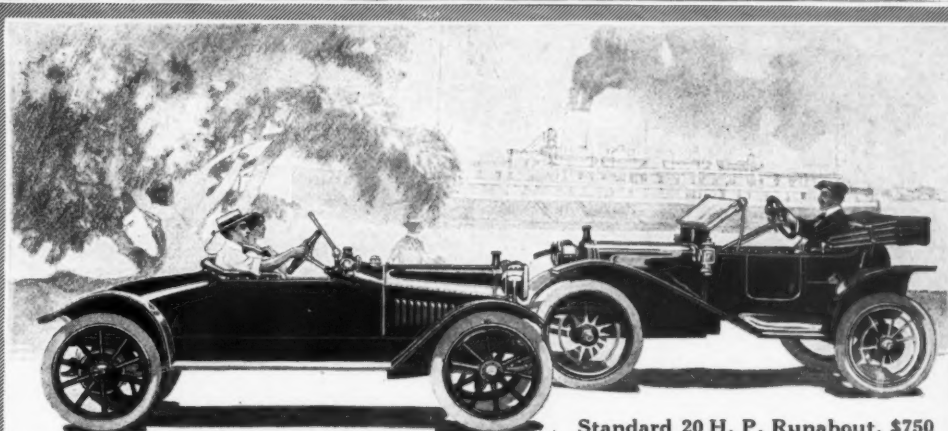
For, while the Bees are decent folk,
The Ants, you know, are frightful
Vandals;
And Summer leaves and grasses cloak
A host of entertaining scandals.

What marble hall or hut of thatch
In Asia, Greece, or old Atlantis
Ère housed a Jezebel to match
That hypocrite, the Praying Mantis,

Who, not content to dine or sup
On every bug her eye discovers,
Completes her crimes by eating up
Her six or seven luckless lovers!

Such stories! Mrs. Glyn would need
A thousand asterisks to spin them,
And Brother London's heart would bleed
For all the horrid murders in them.

The Locust lifts his happy song
Because the joy of life so fills him;
A Great Green Grasshopper sails along,
Attacks the helpless bard, and kills
him.



Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, \$750

Long-Stroke "32" Roadster, \$900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; center control; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3 1/4-inch bore and 5 1/4-inch stroke. Bosch magneto, 106-inch wheelbase; 32x3 1/2-inch tires. Color, Standard Hupmobile Blue. Touring Car, \$900.

F. O. B. Detroit, with same power plant that took the world-touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Equipped with ton, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster, 110-inch wheelbase, \$850.

Hupmobile

\$750—\$900

**The man, the machine and the material—
this new plant gets the best out of each**

The same machinery that is used in the fine new Hupmobile plant is also used in those plants producing cars of the highest prices. The skilled mechanics engaged in the construction of the Hupmobile are paid the same high rate prevailing in plants producing the costliest cars. The splendid shop organization has been developed to the same high state of efficiency and held practically intact from the inception of the company—under the engineering leadership of E. A. Nelson, the man who has been responsible for the success of every previous model.

The materials which enter into every essential Hupmobile operation are precisely as fine—precisely the same, in fact—as those used in cars of the largest and most expensive build. Differences in size and differences in excess luxury, of course—differences in engineering ideals, in scrupulous workmanship, in trustworthy materials—emphatically no. We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY
1231 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit
Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario



Hupmobile crankshafts must prove themselves perfect and true—not once, but twice—before they are passed to the motor assembly. The photographic reproduction shows the first—and most important—of the two tests. The operator is testing the alignment of the main crankshaft bearings with an infallible little piece of mechanism. This is a Brown & Sharp dial indicator. It registers variations so minute and invisible to the naked eye as one half of one thousandth of one inch. If the indicator shows even the slightest deflection from the correct size, the shaft is not acceptable. After this the crankshaft is tested on "V" blocks, which hold it in exactly the same position as in actual running in the motor. Here the shaft must run absolutely true to center on all bearings to pass final inspection. These tests—part of the every-day work in the production of the \$900 Hupmobile—are precisely as accurate, precisely as rigid, the same all through, as those applied to cars of three, four and five times the Hupmobile price.

And when across the garden path
The Caterpillars make digression,
The Golden Scarab, strong in wrath,
Assails and eats the whole procession.

Yet here be tales of other cloth—
Of gentler insect ways and doings;
Of how the splendid Peacock Moth
Pursues by night his mystic wooings,

And things that make us own, perhaps,
That Gnats may err with Good Intentions,
And wonder how these little chaps
Anticipate our best inventions.

So, when the merry Crickets trill
Or Day-flies hold their *Danse Macabre*
Or some Mosquito works his drill
I'll always think of Monsieur Fabre.
Arthur Guiterman.

There are two modes of establishing our reputation—to be praised by honest men and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter.—C. C. Colton ("The Lacon").

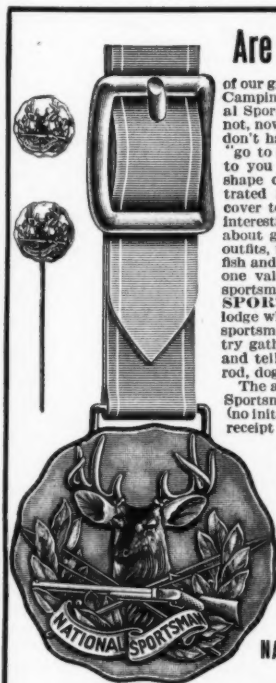
Are You a Member

of our great big Hunting, Fishing, Camping, Nature-Loving National Sportsman Brotherhood? If not, now's the time to join. You don't have to "ride the goat" or "go to lodge." The lodge comes to you once every month in the shape of a 160 page richly illustrated magazine, crammed from cover to cover with a wealth of interesting stories and information about guns, fishing tackle, camp outfits, the best places to go to get fish and game and a thousand and one valuable "How to" hints for sportsmen. The NATIONAL SPORTSMAN Magazine is the lodge where thousands of brother sportsmen from all over the country gather together once a month and tell of their experiences with rod, dog, rifle and gun.

The annual dues of the National Sportsman Brotherhood are \$1.00 (no initiation fee charged), and on receipt of this amount we will enter your name on our mailing list, so that you will receive the magazine regularly every month. We will also send you by return mail a National Sportsman Brotherhood emblem in the form of a Lapel Button, a Scarf Pin or a Watch Fob, whichever you choose. Don't delay. Join our Brotherhood Today.

**NATIONAL SPORTSMAN
BROTHERHOOD**

98 Federal St., Boston, Mass.





"EXTRA!"

**A free copy for Everybody who
wants one**

of

The Miniature Life

LIFE is now sending out to his friends a miniature copy, printed in colors, and full of the best things which have appeared in LIFE for many years. All you need to secure a copy of this issue (size $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$) is to forward your name and address and a two-cent stamp to LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

Why Did He Stop the Engine?

George Westinghouse, the famous inventor and manufacturer, is a firm believer in the excellence of his products.

The story is told that a letter received some years ago by the Westinghouse Machine Company said that the writer had been using one of its standard vertical engines with eminent satisfaction. For eight years it had been in continuous service night and day, handling its load without a hint of trouble, but that

"upon shutting it down the other evening it went all to pieces." The letter was passed to the eminent inventor whose name the company bears, and handed back with the remark: "Ask the blamed fool what he shut it down for."—*Kansas City Times.*

"How's your insomnia, Slocum?"
"Worse and worse! I can't even sleep when it's time to get up!"

—*Laughter.*

The Friend of Man

(Professor Metchnikoff declares that the germ which is to overcome the process of senile decay in man is found in the interior economy of the dog.)

Dear Ponto, is it really true

That if your well-loved form I sever
I shall locate a germ in you

By which I may exist for ever?

So says Professor Metchnikoff,

Father of many a brilliant notion,

And since, it seems, sour milk is "off,"

Suppose I try his latest potion.

Though naturally I should pause

Before accomplishing your section,

I own I never yet had cause

To doubt your deep and true affection.

You scarce would grudge your priceless gift,

Despite unpleasant complications,

Or boggle o'er this little rift

Within the lute of our relations.

That germ to you is little use;

You soon must pass through death's dark portal,

While I have got the grand excuse

That it will render me immortal.

Your fate, because your love is strong,

Is one that you should gladly rush on;

Come, Ponto! I will not prolong

This rather harrowing discussion.

—*C. E. B. in the London Evening News.*

AN old couple came in from the country with a big basket of lunch to see the circus. The lunch was heavy. The old wife was carrying it. As they crossed a crowded street the husband held out his hand and said:

"Gimme that basket, Hannah."

The poor old woman surrendered the basket with a grateful look.

"That's real kind o' ye, Joshua," she quavered.

"Kind!" grunted the old man. "I wuz afeared ye'd git lost."—*Argonaut.*

**Kelly-Springfield
Automobile
Tires**



You learn from experience what to look for in buying tires. We have learned from experience how to make the kind of tires your experience will tell you to buy.

**KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.
20 Vesey Street, New York**

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Buffalo, Baltimore, Washington, Seattle, Cleveland, Atlanta and Akron, O.
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
Appel & Burwell Rubber & Tire Company, Dallas, Texas.
Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas.
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.

Would Swap One of His Lawyers

Two Kansas City lawyers, whose names are withheld for obvious reasons, declare that they were present when the following incident occurred. One says it happened in Memphis, the other in Louisville. It really doesn't matter.

"Uncle Mose was a chronic thief, who usually managed to keep within the petty larceny limit. One time he miscalculated, however, and was sent to trial on a charge of grand larceny.

"Have you a lawyer, Mose?" asked the court.

"No, sah."

"Well, to be perfectly fair, I'll appoint a couple. Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown will act as counsel."

"What's dat?"

"Act as your lawyers—consult with them and prepare to tell me whether you are guilty or not guilty."

"Yes, sah."

Mose talked to his attorneys for a few moments in husky whispers. The judge caught only the several times repeated word alibi. Then Mose arose, scratched his head and addressed the court.

"Jedge, yoh honah," he said. "C'ouse I'se only an ign'ant niggah, an' Ah don' want toh bothah yoh honah, but Ah would suttinly like toh trade yoh honah one ob dese yeah lawyahs foh a witness."

—Kansas City Journal.

THREE boys from Yale, Princeton and Harvard were in a room when a lady entered. The Yale boy asked languidly if some fellow ought not to give a chair to the lady; the Princeton boy slowly brought one, and the Harvard boy deliberately sat down in it.

A Cold Bottled View of the Case

is a mighty attractive thing for the man off on an outing who has taken comfort by the forelock and provided himself with a supply of good old

Evans' Ale

for that outing on the lake or in the woods—The pleasure experienced makes one doubly appreciative of the occasion. Be wise—See nearest dealer or write to C. H. EVANS & SONS, Est. 1786 Hudson, N. Y.



RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS

We are the oldest breeders and exhibitors of these dogs in the West and maintain one of the largest and most select kennels of the breed in the world.

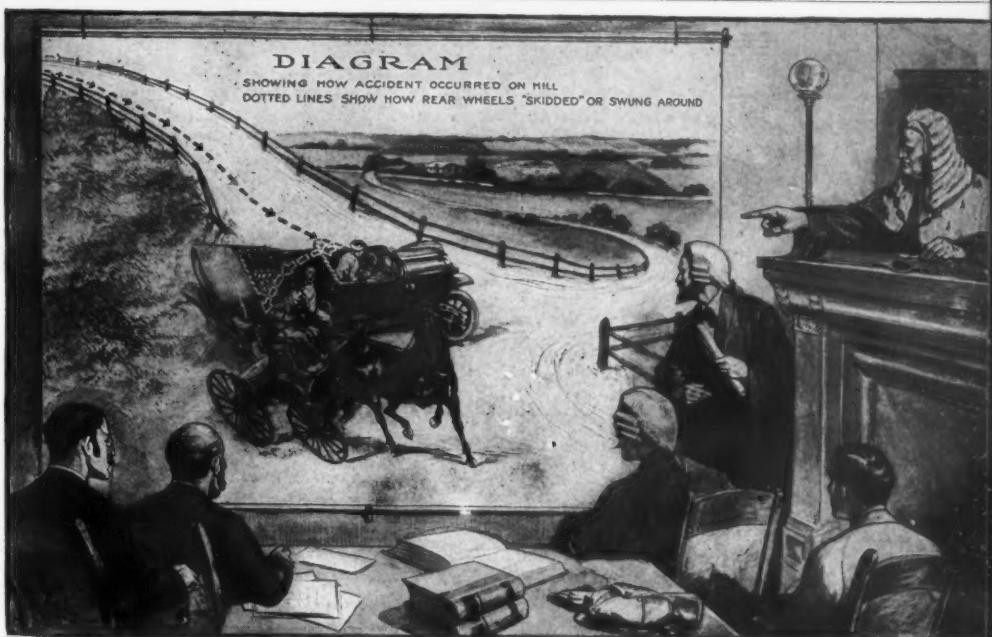
These aristocratic dogs are as kind as they are beautiful. Delightful companions and the most efficient Wolf Coursing breed known. Illustrated Catalogue "F" for the asking.

MIRASOL KENNELS

(Reg. A. K. C.) Pasadena, California

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

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



Chauffeur Liable for Criminal Negligence

Neglected to put on tire chains—adjudged guilty—Damages assessed against him in Scottish Court

THE MATTER IN QUESTION refers to an action brought lately in a Scottish Court for damages to two men and a trap, due to a collision with a motor car which skidded on a slippery road.

In delivering his judgment in favor of the plaintiff, and assessing damages against the defendant, the learned judge before whom the case was tried, remarked, among other things:

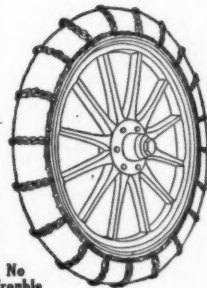
"The accident in question would not have occurred if Brown (the chauffeur) had not neglected to carry with him the non-skidding chains which had been supplied to him for use when the roads were in a slippery and dangerous state.

"I am further of opinion that Brown was negligent in not having on non-skidding chains, which all the experts agreed would have prevented the accident. With his knowledge of the road, and its liability to sudden change, he should have carried his non-skidding chains on the car. They are easily carried, and they can, as he admitted, be put on in a few moments. On most days and on many roads such non-skidding appliances are probably not necessary, but there are occasions—and I think this was one of them—when they are indispensable, and the man who in such circumstances, travels without them, must, I think, be held to do so at his peril.

"If the defendant chauffeur had taken the very ordinary precaution of carrying the chains in the car and had put them on at the top of the hill, the accident would not have happened."

Weed Chains

Eliminate all Danger of Slipping or Skidding



No Trouble to put on

Nine-tenths of all automobile accidents are caused by skidding. Either you skid into the other fellow or the other fellow skids into you.

Dangerous conditions are constantly arising. Slippery roads are always imminent. An accident is liable to occur almost any time. Laying aside the personal injury which confronts you and your passengers, are you wise to risk the expense for repairs to your automobile and for personal injury liability, when disaster can be avoided by merely taking the ordinary precaution of carrying Weed Chains with you and putting them on when road conditions demand.

Judges and juries know that Weed Chains prevent skidding and slipping and they certainly will hold you criminally negligent if you neglect to use them.

Take Precaution Now

For your own safety—for the safety of other road users, stop at your dealers today and fully equip your car with Weed Chains.

Occupy very little space when not in use—applied in a moment without the use of a jack. Cannot injure tires because "they creep."

Recommended and sold by all reputable dealers.

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co., 28 Moore Street, New York City



The Genuine Article

"I understand that Mr. Grabwell started in life by borrowing fifty dollars. You must admire a man with courage like that."

"No, I don't," replied Mr. Growcher. "The man I admire is the one who had the courage to lend him the fifty."

—Washington Star.

SILICUS: A woman never knows what she wants.

CYNICUS: Oh, yes, she does; but not till she realizes she can't get it.

—Philadelphia Record.

"Jack says Mame treats him like a dog."

"Ah, but is the treatment general or particular?"

"What do you mean?"

"Does she treat him like her dog?"

—Baltimore American.

ONE Pampelus, being asked his opinion of the Boeotians, who were gluttons, replied, "Their conversation is just what that of pots would be if they had a voice, namely, how much each holds?"

—Athenaeus.

When we have
been wrong,
the Remington-Wahl
has been right."

This is the
testimony
of a prom-
inent user
of the



Visible
Writing
and Adding

Remington

Adding and Subtracting

Typewriter

(Wahl Adding Mechanism)

This testimony tells the very essence of the reason why every business house should use this machine for billing, order work, and all work where writing and adding are done on the same page.

The machine which is error proof, and proves everything, which proves its own work, and yours too, is the machine for which you have been looking to stop all the leaks in your billing and accounting system.

And over and above this insurance of accuracy is the time and labor saving. Our representative will be glad to demonstrate the machine on your request.

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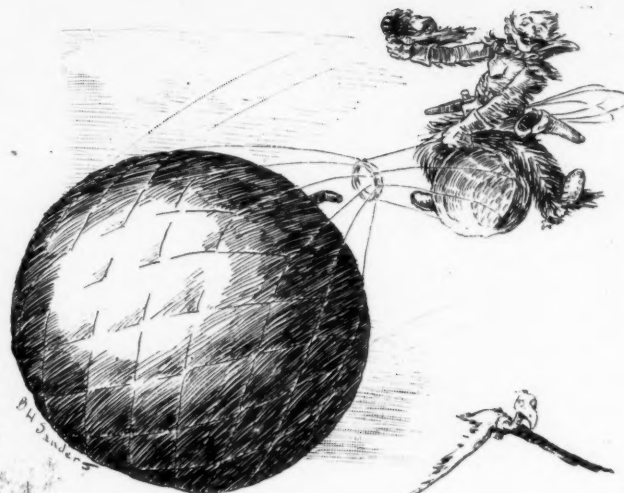
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THE BALLOON DUSTER

George Bernard Shaw on Vivisection

To begin with, if you want more inspectors in order to see that a thing is carried out properly, you ought first of all to consider whether you want the thing carried out at all. If, for instance, you have a tremendous outcry against burglary—I should not become a party to that, because it is a very small matter—but supposing you had a large body of persons who said, "Burglary is a thing that we want seriously to be stopped." And supposing the Government should say, "Well, yes, there is a great deal in this outcry; but, after all, burglars are men who are engaged in the pursuit of wealth, which must be more or less the object of every Englishman. (Laughter.) They display very remarkable qualities in carrying out this pursuit. They show great ingenuity. One of their great characteristics is that they have led to very remarkable discoveries in mechanics, to an enormous improvement in the making of locks, for instance, and to the discovery of a remarkable system of identification by thumb marks. (Renewed laughter.) But we still yield to the fact that a popular clamor has been got up against these deserving men, and accordingly we propose that in future no man shall be allowed to commit a burglary unless he is a licensed person. Furthermore, we shall not allow him to commit a burglary in a house which is valued at more than £120 a year, unless he has a certificate as well; and he must get his license and certificate from an organized body of burglars themselves. And in order to see that no burglar shall burgle without a certificate, we shall appoint a certain number of men as inspectors. A mere policeman, not being a burglar, would not be capable of seeing whether the burglar was carrying out his operations properly, and therefore the first thing we shall see to is that every inspector shall be himself a burglar." (Laughter.)

I think, in the face of such a statement as that, you will admit that the inspector theory would begin to fall through, in the minds of those persons who do not believe in burglary, or in the remarkable "benefits" it confers on the human race. (Applause.)

The reason that I tell you this long story is that it applies almost exactly in the case of vivisection.

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HIPPOMACHUS, a teacher of the flute, struck a pupil with his stick. "You fool," said he, "you must have played a false note, or this audience would never have praised you."—*Aelian.*



"STRANGE, I NEVER KNEW THAT I WAS BALD"

Easy

A New Yorker had occasion to phone from one suburb to another while visiting in a Western city. Upon asking what the charge was he was told fifty cents.

"Fifty cents! For that distance? Great Scott! In New York you can call hell up for fifty cents."

"Possibly," coolly answered the operator. "It's in the city limits."

—*Argonaut.*

Didn't Speak the Language

Mrs. Mills was a woman of few words. One afternoon she went into a music store to buy the book of an opera for her daughter. A salesman walked up to her, and in her quiet way Mrs. Mills said: "Mikado' libretto."

"What's that, ma'am?"

"Mikado' libretto," repeated the woman.

"Me no speakee Italiano," he replied, shaking his head.—*Harper's Magazine.*

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Gibson's

DURING the American war an Irishman in the American service, having come by surprise on a small party of Hessians who were foraging, seized their arms, which they had laid aside. He then presented his musket, and with threats drove them before him into the American camp, where the singularity of the exploit occasioning some wonder, he was brought with his prisoners before General Washington, who asked him how he had taken them. "Be Jabbers, general," said he, "I surrounded them."

Hotels in New England

I have personally a very kindly feeling toward the New England hotelmen and the New England hotels, for I was raised in a little New England hotel in a little New England town. My parents paid four dollars a week for my board, and it is my pride and boast that the landlady never made a cent out of me.

A year ago I took my son on a tandem bicycle and rode through some of the interesting old towns along the eastern shore. If there is anything in this world calculated to give one a copious thirst, it is pushing along on a tandem a large overgrown boy, with a natural shrinking from overexertion. We visited a lot of fascinating Colonial towns with historic interest, but singularly deficient in lager beer saloons. I found that my thirst for knowledge was entirely outclassed by my thirst for malt beverages. I bore that thirst with me for many a weary mile, and I shall never forget Newburyport, for that was the first wet town I struck, and there I slaked my thirst. I am a temperate man, like most hotel men, but a few visits to total abstinence towns, I am satisfied, would drive me to a drunkard's grave.

I remember Newburyport with peculiar pleasure, not alone on account of the slaking of my thirst, nor because of the courtesy received at the Wolfe Tavern, but because I saw there what I never saw before. When dinner time came, the little son of one of the proprietors put on a little white apron and went in and helped wait on the table. When that boy grows up he'll know something about his father's business. It's a rare thing in this country to find a boy who isn't too high-toned to learn his father's business.

I was also fortunate enough to pick up some rare and costly Revolutionary china, which I expressed home and subsequently found was being manufactured right along at Trenton, N. J., and was worth some two dollars a cord.

I insisted upon having my boy educated in New England, because I received my education in New England, in spite of my violent protests. I received my education, so-called, at a village school in the State of Connecticut. Now, when a teacher single-handed has to cope with about seventy-five pupils, ranging from three to thirty years of age, especially if he doesn't happen to be an especially good copier, he naturally has to spread out his knowledge pretty thin; and I, being of an unselfish nature, never endeavored to absorb more than was my just due.

But there was one branch of learning which I thoroughly absorbed in this temple of learning, and that was the art of sawing wood; and thus, although I was never able to square the circle, I was able to square the teacher. Up there in Connecticut the winters were very long and cold, and the stoves very large and the supply of chibblains among the pupils far exceeded the supply of wood, and the consequence was that the teacher permitted me to give rein to my natural bent and permitted me to be bent over a saw-buck most of the time. It was only favored pupils who were permitted, in this institute, to saw wood; the less favored ones had to ring the bell and draw water and take care of the stove, while the rest were forced to content themselves with the degrading occupation of improving their minds. But it has always been a source of great satisfaction to me to think that I was edu-

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cated in New England; because, although my knowledge may not be large or varied, I have always felt that I was thoroughly versed in the art of sawing wood; and I tell you, gentlemen, to succeed in the hotel business a man has got to saw wood all the time.—From "A Few Remarks," by Simeon Ford. Copyright 1903, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Assorted Meannesses

New Englanders, I know, have been charged with close-fistedness with their money, but I don't think it is any more true of them than of people all over the world—plenty of mean people everywhere. That was up here in New York State where a man asked his neighbor if he would not take a drink; the neighbor replied, "No, I never drink, but I will take a cigar and three cents." That was over here in Pennsylvania, where a stingy man, to economize in his meat bill, cut off his dog's tail and roasted it, and after having gnawed the meat off gave the bone to the dog. That was over yonder in Tennessee, where a child had such wrong notions of money that when, on Sunday-school anniversary day, each boy was to present his contribution and quote a passage of Scripture, a boy handed in his contribution and quoted: "A fool and his money are soon parted." Most of the stories of New England close-fistedness are told by those who

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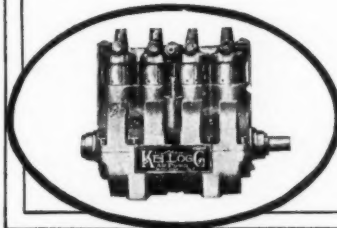
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tried a sharp game on a Yankee, and were worsted, and the retort was natural; as in the case of a man on shipboard, coming from California in gold times, when there was not half room enough for the passengers, and after they had been out four or five days a man who had not been seen before on deck appeared, and his friend said: "Why, I did not know you were on board! How did you get a stateroom?" "Oh," he says, "I have none, and I will have to sit up at night the rest of the voyage. So far I have been sleeping on top of a sick man, but he has got well and won't stand it any longer."—T. De Witt Talmage.



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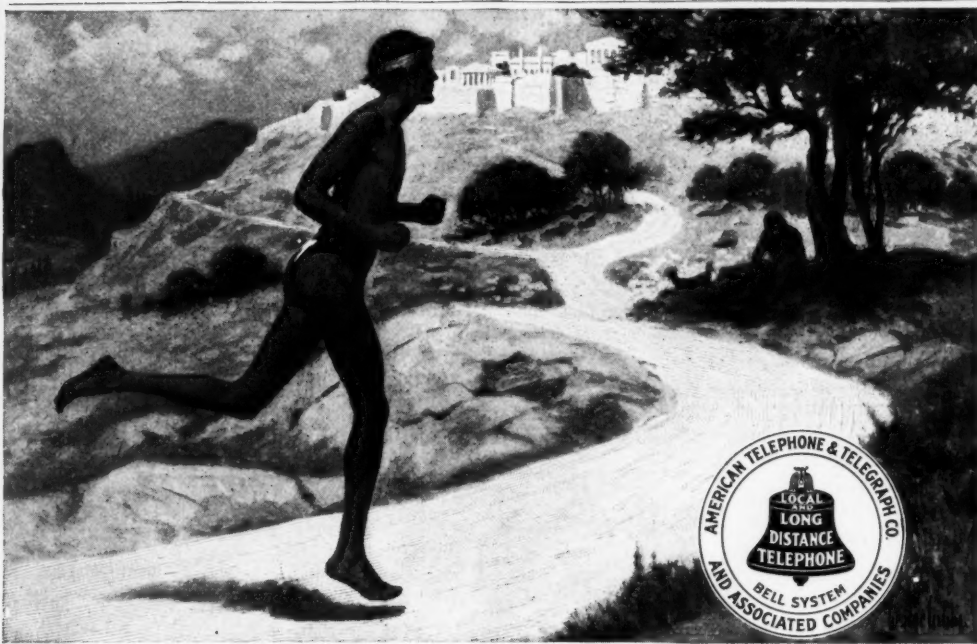
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Captains of war and industry might, at great expense, establish their own exclusive telephone lines, but in order that any person having a telephone may talk with any other person having a telephone, there must be One System, One Policy and Universal Service.

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Customs in 1920

The Blue Star liner *Largestout* nosed cautiously into her dock, and forthwith twenty-six thousand American tourists poured down the gangways. On landing, each was taken into custody, searched, and handcuffed. They were then placed in a long line, flanked by government officers, who spoke curtly, saying, "Pass-along-there! Don't-keep-the-line-waiting! Step-lively!" Those who did not quickly respond to these admonitions were made to feel greater re-

spect and reverence for the law by being placed at the foot of the line. At the head of the column stood a maiden of some thirty summers. The official scrutinized her rudely and ran his fingers through her hair.

"All yours?"
"Yes."

He quickly turned her eyelids wrong-side-out.

"Have you been exposed to cholera or other contagious diseases?"

"No."

"Are you a suffragette or an anarchist?"

"Neither."

"Have you had any teeth filled while abroad?"

"Yes."

"With American or foreign metal?"

"American."

"Very good. What was your weight when you sailed from this port?"

She hesitated, confused.

"Your weight," he insisted.

"Two hundred and eight," she whispered, in a voice so low that the reporters could not hear.

"You now weigh two hundred and nineteen," announced the official, loudly, "and will have to pay duty on the eleven pounds' gain. Married or single?"—the last with a winning smile.

There was no reply. At the sound of "two hundred and nineteen" the maiden had fainted. She was caught up by masculine arms and placed at the foot of the line, again to await her turn.

—Lippincott's.

The Mandarin's Little Joke

Here is a story from the Boston *Advertiser* that must be told before Chinese reform has made such progress that we forget the Chinese ever wore "pig-tails":

Bishop Roots, of Hankow, says that when he first went to China he had a good deal of difficulty in remembering faces.

"I'm getting over my difficulty now," he said one day to a mandarin, "but in the beginning here in Hankow you all looked as like as two peas."

"Two peas?" said the English speaking mandarin, smiling. "Why not say two queues?"—*Youth's Companion*.

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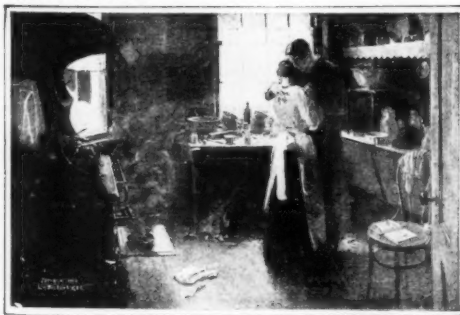
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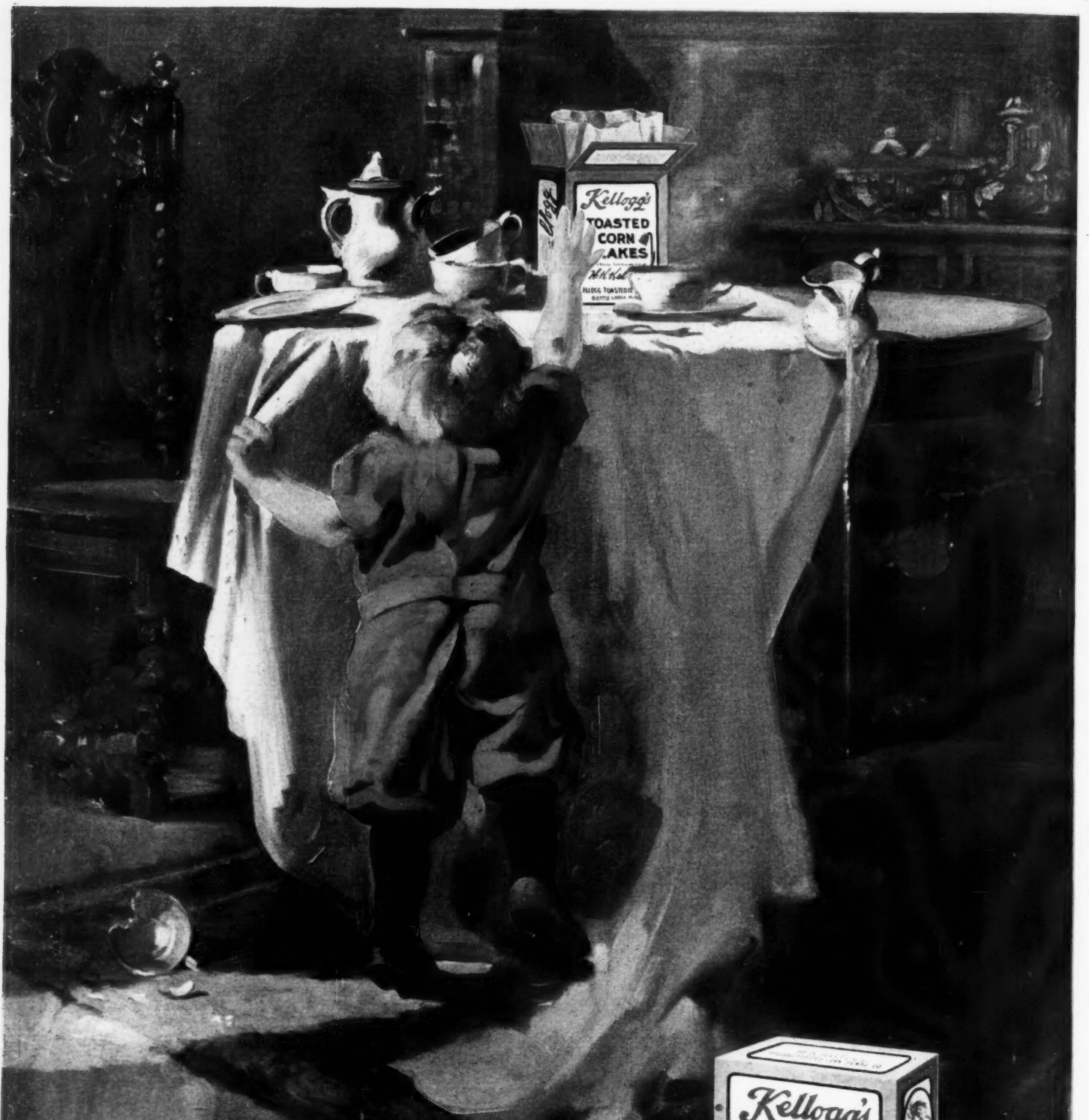
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