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VOL. LVI, NO. 1449. AUGUST 4, 1910
CITY OF DETROIT
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MAUD MULLER

No. 4716 WHITE ROSE
Glycerine Soap



MAMA'S FAVORITE

The Secret of a Healthy and Beautiful Skin
A perfect complexion is assured to all who use this soap. Its transparency is a sign of its purity.

FERD. MULHENS, Cologne o/R, Germany
MULHENS & KROFF, 294 Broadway, New York
Send 15 Cents in stamps for a full size sample cake



Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON **Cigarettes**



**On every lip—
anywhere men gather**

CAMBRIDGE 25c
in boxes of ten

AMBASSADOR 35c
the after-dinner size

"The Little Brown Box"



The
Upright
Piano
of
"Grand"
Value



STEINWAY
VERTEGRAND

It was the house of Steinway that evolved the principles which today mean so much in all piano making. It has been the uninterrupted endeavor of four Steinway generations that has created and maintained the reputation of the Steinway as the standard piano of the world.

The Steinway Vertegrand is well described as the Upright Piano of "Grand" Value. At \$550, ebonized case, it is at once an instrument of unusual worth and easy acquisition.

Illustrated Catalogue will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS,

STEINWAY HALL,
107 and 109 East Fourteenth Street, New York.
Subway Express Station at the Door.

THE
KEWANEE
SYSTEM OF
WATER SUPPLY



**Water for Your
Country Home**

No matter how far you live from the city, you can have all the sanitary conveniences of the best city water works system—an abundance of water, under strong pressure, for your bathroom, kitchen, laundry, lawn, garden—anywhere. Good fire protection too.

This splendid water supply service assured, if you install the

Kewanee System of Water Supply

The Kewanee Tank is located in the cellar or buried in the ground and the water is delivered by air pressure. No elevator, no attic tank to leak, freeze, overflow or collapse. The tank is made of steel plates and will last almost indefinitely.

We build the finest line of pumping machinery—the result of over ten years experimenting and practical experience. Kewanee pumps are operated by hand, gasoline engines, electric motors, etc. Kewanee Systems are complete. They are easy to install. Every plant sent out under a positive guarantee. **10,000 Kewanee Systems in successful operation.** Charge for engineering service. Ask for complete Kewanee catalog No. 13.

Kewanee Water Supply Co., Kewanee, Ill.

50 Church St., New York
1212 Marquette Bldg., Chicago
305 Diamond Bank Bldg.,
Pittsburg, Pa.

KEWANEE

The *Locomobile* Announcement 1911

The "30" Shaft Drive-Four Cylinders
The "48" Shaft Drive-Six Cylinders

High Tension Dual Ignition System
on both models. Four speed selective
transmission. A wide range of the latest
body styles - either with or without
front doors - can be supplied. Touring,
Baby Tonneau, Runabout, Torpedo, Lim-
ousine and Landaulet. Finished in any
color scheme desired by the purchaser

COMPLETE INFORMATION FURNISHED ON REQUEST



The Locomobile Co. of America

New York
Philadelphia

Bridgeport, Conn.
San Francisco

Boston
Chicago



LICENSED UNDER THE SELDEN PATENT

No Rise of Price in Mental Ads.

THE REGULAR RATE OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A LINE STILL ON, ALL RUMORS TO THE CONTRARY

Unfortunately, the tremendous extent of the new movement recently instituted by LIFE is but imperfectly understood by those who are incapable of reaping the benefit of all the imaginary influences at work. At present we have one of the largest thought bureaus in the country, vibrating night and day trying to fill orders.

In addition to this we have the largest mental advertising department in the world. It is presided over by one of the ablest mental advertising generals on this continent.

His name is Gee Ime Mit.

Mental advertisers will please take notice. If you wish to advertise in LIFE, concentrate on

Gee Ime Mit, care of LIFE'S Thought Bureau.

Orders will be taken care of in the regular vibratory sequence in which they are received. If you so desire, and will it, Gee Ime Mit will get into mental communication with you for a few moments. But please remember that there is absolutely no use for any mental advertiser to influence him with regard to preferred space.

All our mental advertisements which appear in imaginary numbers are placed without regard to any favoritism. One price for all, without regard to age, race or previous condition of mental servitude.

And this brings us to the rumor, recently persistently circulated by envious rivals, that we were going to raise our mental advertising rates to One Hundred and Fifty imaginary dollars a line.

There is not a word of truth in this. Our circulation of ten million mental subscribers, of course, demands a much higher rate than at present, but there is something in this world besides money. Moreover, as we have before remarked, we are only about one hundred years ahead of our time.

Nay, in fifty years from now there will not be a physical materialistic advertisement in sight. As you loll down the Hudson in your aeroplane you will be vibrated on from every side by thought ads. We know what we are talking about. Besides, Gee Ime Mit says he knows it will be so, and he has never made a mistake.

All advertisers who wish full pages in our imaginary specials should concentrate on Gee Ime Mit at once. The Christmas Number is almost closing. In a few more weeks you will be vibrating in vain for space in this grand number.

Remember that our advertising rates are only

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A LINE, and no mental discounts to any one. Besides, we cannot guarantee insertion in advance. You will have to take your chances. Last week over eight thousand mental advertisers, who came in too late, were concentrating on Gee Ime Mit at once, without effect. There is a limit to all things, even to one of the most systematically run thought bureaus in the world.

Now, in regard to the revolution which we are creating in the advertisement world, please bear in mind that we receive only the purest mental advertisements. The time has gone by when any old advertiser with a new nostrum to exploit can expect to let everybody know about it. Gee Ime Mit stands back of all our mental advertisers.

Last week an imaginary whiskey dealer sent us an imaginary whiskey advertisement, and we tried a sample of his wares and found them impure. Of course, we had to reject his ad. All imaginary whiskeys are sampled first before being advertised in LIFE. Every mental jag is guaranteed under our Pure Mind Rule.

We don't rely on governments or laws. We don't have to. We make our own imaginary laws.

We charge an absurdly low price for our advertisements, and we guarantee imaginary results. If you don't believe it, concentrate and give us a trial.

The following letter has been received. It came by suggestion, but we translate it for the benefit of our materialistic readers who are not yet in the higher sphere.

Dear Gee Ime Mit:

I find it very difficult to express myself coherently. I am so full of joy over my recent campaign in LIFE. As you know, I have one of the finest safety razors in the world. Well, last week I found myself wanting to be a mental advertiser. The rate of one hundred dollars a line seemed rather high, even for LIFE, but no first-class business man ever considers a high rate if he can get results. So I began wanting to take a page in your next mental number. I just willed it, you understand. I said, "Gee Ime Mit, put me down for a full page," and, by love, what happened? Why I sold in my mind a million of my razors in the next twenty-four hours. Harmoniously yours,

P.S.—By the way, I enclose copy for ten pages to go in the every day numbers, and I also enclose a plain every day N. Y. draft to pay for them. I don't believe in it, of course, but until the public gets educated up to the mental attitude, may be we would better work the thing from both ends.

That's the proper spirit.

In the meantime, we cannot take on any more new mental advertising just at present. Ten million mental subscribers say they are too busy now getting through the mental ads we are running.

Address all communications to

Gee Ime Mit,
LIFE'S Thought Bureau.



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

Reduced
 Inclusive
 Terms
 during
 August and
 September

The Tender-Hearted Dutch

James Corbett says that Jeffries lost the battle at Reno because of the strain of Dutch blood in him. Mr. Corbett states that "the Dutch are a tender, loving sort of people and take everything to heart." When Jeffries heard that his old manager, Delaney, was to be with Johnson in the ring his heart broke at once and the battle was lost before it was fought.

Probably this is why the Dutch submitted so gently to the caresses of Spain at Leyden and Haarlem. Possibly also that famous passage of the Dutch fleet up the Thames to London, destroying everything on its way, was merely intended as a tender little visit to the English king, and when the Dutch cut the dikes to keep out the soldiers of Louis XIV. it was only their kindly way of giving the French a bath. It may be also that their descendants in South Africa had no purpose but to teach the British the art of war in the most practical manner.

A delicate insight into history from the siege of Leyden to the battle of Reno is a valuable thing to have, and we thank Mr. Corbett for his illuminating remarks.—*New York World*.

ATTENTION

The Most Sensational Feature of the magazine field in recent times will be a complete exposure of the recent

Cook-Peary Controversy

The Tourist Magazine

For August and Succeeding months

CAPT. B. S. OSBON,

the most famous Naval Man, Author and Explorer, and late Secretary of the Arctic Club of America, will conclusively settle the controversy with the aid of important and hitherto unpublished records and documents, **DR. COOK'S** claims to have discovered the true discoverer of the North Pole.

Don't miss this epoch-making story. Send \$1.00 for a year's subscription.

Special 3 Months' Trial, 25 Cents

THE TOURIST MAGAZINE

107 West 34th St., - New York City



Ideal For Summer Shaving

The Durham-Duplex is a *real* safety razor. It does not scrape, "pull" and irritate the skin like "hoe-shaped" devices, whose defects are especially disagreeable in warm weather. It shaves you easily and quickly, correctly and comfortably.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR

"The Safe Safety"

The Durham-Duplex Kit Outfit is ideal for summer use, week-end trips, outings and vacation tours, as it can be easily carried about in the pocket. It consists of Silver-plated Set—Razor, Safety-Guard, Stropping-Attachment—and 6 double-edged, hollow-ground blades of finest tempered steel; in handy, folding Kit of Pig-Skin or 5 colors of Morocco; price complete \$5.00. Extra blades, 6 for 50 cents. Illustrated booklet free upon request.

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
 111 Fifth Avenue
 New York

Razor Ready for Shaving

FREE TRIAL OFFER

We will send kit or box outfit upon receipt of \$5.00. If not entirely satisfactory return within 30 days and we will refund your money.

A Revolutionary Puzzle

These odd rhymes were written in the early part of the Revolutionary War—about 1776. If read as written they are a tribute to the king and his army, but if read downward on either side of the comma they indicate an unmistakable spirit of rebellion to both king and parliament. The author is unknown: Hark, hark the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms, Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine, Their ruin is at hand, who with the congress join. The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight.

I hate their cursed intent, who for the congress fight. The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast, They soon will sneak away, who independence boast, Who nonresistant hold, they have my hand and heart, May they for slaves be sold, who act the Whiggish part. On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour, Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore, To North and British lord, may honors still be done, I wish a block and cord, to General Washington.

—*National Magazine*.

WORLD TOUR—ORIENT

Also: Tour Spain, Sicily, Italy (Christmas in Rome) and France, sailing Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb.
DE POTTER TOURS (31st year) 32 Broadway NEW YORK

Rhymed Reviews

The Illustrious Prince

(By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co.)

Good gracious, Mr. Oppenheim!
 Could any Japanese of station
 Commit so foul a double crime
 Without the slightest provocation?

Then, ain't you 'fraid that yarns like
 these,

Awaking smothered passions tribal,
 May nerve some vengeful Nipponese
 To jiu jitsu the Scribe for libel?

Our pearl of Jap aristocrats,
 In London thought the best of
 catches,
 Assassinate two diplomats
 To pilfer duplicate dispatches

Which say, as plain as writing can,
 "The world-encircling Yankee navy
 Intends no harm to fair Japan—
 The cruise means Peace, not War,
 by gravity!"

When Justice grips our gallant Prince
 And Law seems like to prove a
 Tartar,
 His servant, Soto, doesn't wince,
 But claims the crime and dies a
 martyr.

This story, spread out mighty thin,
 Depicts a moral sense chaotic,
 That justifies the blackest sin,
 By calling murder patriotic.

Automobile Picnics the Latest

There is little need for the man who owns an automobile to worry about where he will spend his vacation. The question is how often he wants to take it. All outdoor nature seems to conspire to win his favor; pastures new and pleasure galore beckon him from all sides. And then! The delightful and exclusive picnic lunch in shady grove by babbling brook—that's the happy life made possible by the automobile. The picnic hamper is easily prepared. Broiled chicken, cold boiled lobster, lettuce leaves and mayonnaise, a piece of cheese, and Evans' Ale. The novelty of the outing and charm of the country will make the day one of cherished memory—a real and ideal touch of the simple life near nature's heart.

Copyright, 1910, by J. A. Mitchell



"All the Muscles of the Clinging Body Relaxed"

**Dr. THORNE'S
 IDEA**

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

—Baltimore American.

By J. A. MITCHELL

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

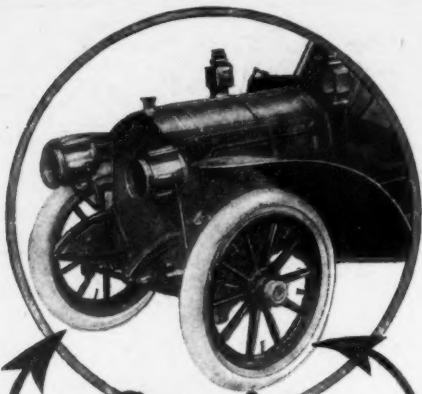
One Dollar, Net

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
 17 West 31st Street, New York

Its dastard hero scores the blind
 Conceited sloth of Occidentals
 In language patently designed,
 To make us love the Orientals—

Or dread across the Western sea
 A Bogy Nation, dark and ghoulish
 Enough of this! such books would be
 Pernicious if they were not foolish
 Arthur Guiterman.

**HARTSHORN
 SHADE ROLLERS**
 Bear the script name of
 Stewart Hartshorn on label.
 Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers



**Genuine
 Tire Protection**

can only be obtained in one way.
 We discovered that fact a few years ago
 and the result was Standard Tire Protectors.

These protectors placed on your machine will allow you to travel for thousands of miles with absolutely no tire trouble.

As the ordinary tires have the full strain of the inner tubes, the tire exposed to roads is hard and rigid. Glass, nails or sharp stone pierce instantly; therefore punctures and blowouts become unavoidable without Standard protection.

**Standard
 Tire Protectors**

besides have the greatest practical amount of toughness, do *not* have the strain of the inner tubing and in coming in contact with sharp obstacles *force* them to glance off, thereby avoiding all tire troubles.

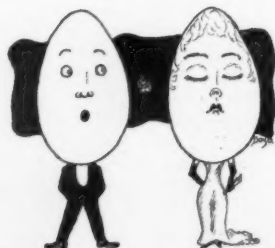
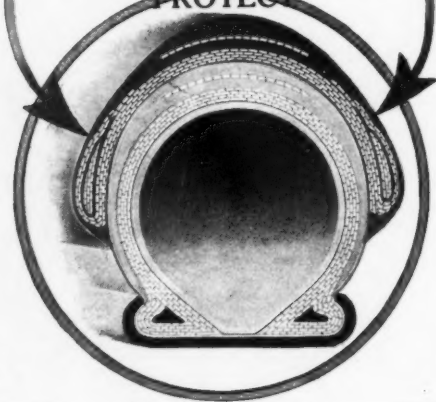
Punctures are an unknown trouble to motorists who own Standard protectors.

The protectors slip over the tread surface of the tire and are held firmly in place by the natural inflation pressure. There are no metal fastenings. Sand, gravel or water cannot get in. Impossible for them to work off, and no creeping takes place. Made for any size tire or wheel.

Write today for our descriptive booklet and see why "Standard Protectors do Protect."

STANDARD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.
 102 S. Water Street SAGINAW, MICH.

IT DOES PROTECT



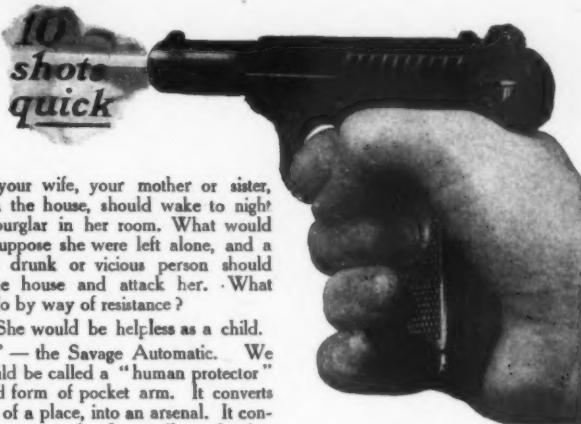
Miss Yolk: HENRY, YOU ARE ENTIRELY TOO FRESH.

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



OBEY THAT IMPULSE

Is yours
an
egg shell
home?



Suppose your wife, your mother or sister, left alone in the house, should wake to night and find a burglar in her room. What would she do? Suppose she were left alone, and a tramp, or a drunk or vicious person should come to the house and attack her. What could she do by way of resistance?

Nothing. Absolutely nothing! She would be helpless as a child.

Get her the new "human arsenal" — the Savage Automatic. We call it a pistol, but, in reality, it should be called a "human protector" — a human protector in the condensed form of pocket arm. It converts your home from a defenseless egg shell of a place, into an arsenal. It converts your wife, mother or sister into an arsenal. It actually makes her able to put up a crack shot's defense, for any novice can aim it as expertly as any crack shot, and it is the quickest pocket arm ever built—gets in the first (vital) shot. Please send us the name of the retailer from whom you buy firearms, and we'll have him show you the new Savage Automatic quick. Do it today, and take your wife, mother and sister out of their defenseless egg shell and put them into an impregnable arsenal.

The new Savage Automatic loads ten .32 cal. shots at a time. Shoots one at a time, as fast as you press the trigger. You can't realize what this rapid fire gun is until you read "Bat" Masterson's book, "The Tenderfoot's Turn." Sent free for your dealer's name on a post card.

FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

Ask your dealer to show you the new Savage .22 calibre repeating rifle, 1909 model. Price, \$10.00. Send today for free rifle book. Savage Arms Company, 888 Savage Avenue, Utica, N.Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Moral Guardians and the Fight Pictures

Our friends, the moral guardians of the great American public, are taking the matter of the fight pictures just as hard as they take other things. Moral Guardian William Hearst is on deck with both feet about it, making very spirited remonstrances in the *American* against the exhibition of the fight pictures in New York. The *World* has printed some of these pictures, and to us they don't look so very awful, but Moral Guardian Hearst sees in them "an appalling power to disintegrate the tissues of social life and destroy the sanctions of law." Every single and separate exhibition of them, he holds, "would tend to weaken the restraints of justice and to spread abroad the feeling that the biggest brute is the 'best man.'" And this, Brother Hearst feels to be not merely immoral, but the sum of immoralities.

We have never before appreciated the sensitiveness of Moral Guardian Hearst's moral nature. It seems to be raw to the touch. The fact that Mayor Gaynor does not at this writing find himself authorized by law to prohibit the pictures from showing in New

York may have a bearing on Hearst's fervor.

Moral Guardian Brisbane is about as strong against the fight pictures as Guardian Hearst, and in the *Evening Journal* cries out against them almost as vociferously as the *American* does. But in the same issue of the *Journal* he prints two of the pictures; prints them fine and large. It beats us how Brother Brisbane can roar in his editorial page against the exhibition in show places of pictures which he cheerfully reproduces in his own inside pages, but the Moral Guardians are a funny lot, and have Emersonian views about consistency.

There are two comprehensive objections to the exhibition of the fight pictures; that they make prize fighting too profitable and that (in some places) they breed quarrels between blacks and whites. But for our part we are astonished at the eagerness to suppress them. They really do not seem worthy of so much enthusiasm. They hit a time of hot weather and a scarcity of news; perhaps that had something to do with it.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

NEW YORK

Bank and Trust Co. Stocks

Complete facilities for purchase and sale of Stocks in Banks and Trust Companies located anywhere in United States. Our current Lists present unusual opportunities for investment in new banks in growing towns as well as in established dividend-paying banks. We quote lowest prices.

Write for our free pamphlet "No. 110" setting forth the facts regarding Bank Stocks as an investment. We will also mail you our current list.

STERLING DEBENTURE CORPORATION
BRUNSWICK BUILDING
MADISON SQUARE NEW YORK

and High-Class Industrials

We specialize stocks of approved business enterprises of a broad and substantial character. Our customers may invest in moderate amounts and pay in convenient installments. The largest investment business of this character in the world—over forty-five thousand discriminating customers.

He Had Reason

In illustrating a point he wished to make at a political gathering in the West, a noted politician told of an epitaph which an Indiana man had caused to be inscribed upon the monument of his wife, who had died after a somewhat tempestuous married life. This legend read:

"Here lies a wife. Tears cannot bring her back. Therefore her husband weeps."—*Harper's Magazine*.

Sterling Tires are only as good as the best, but Sterling Blue Tubes have no equal. There are

mechanical as well as chemical reasons for this superiority, which is apparent to the naked eye. Somewhat higher in price than most other tubes, but much cheaper per mile. Dealers everywhere. Booklet. *Sterling Rubber Works, Rutherford, N. J.*

In next week's LIFE, dated August 11.



Fat Folks Furnish Fun

Fair, Full Faces.
Fabulously Fleshy Façades.
Felicitous, Fugacious Facetiousness
Frankly and Fantastically
Fulminated.

Festive Fantasmagoria.

Fibrous Fakes.
Farcical Fancies.
Florid Freaks.

Folly Formulated Fundamentally.

Fubby Frumps.
Flaccid Flirts.
Flourishing Fronts.

Fatuous Farinaceous Figures.
Flamboyant Feminine Frazzles.

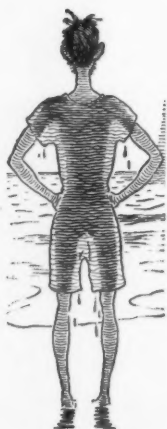
(Phew!)

Local Items

There is a fortune telling feature that begins in September, which will interest every human being on earth.

Our Thanksgiving, Christmas and Auto numbers are already up to one Hundred Pages.

We have requested the leading humorists of the country to advise us as to whether it will be safe to issue a Humorous Number. Their replies (later) are absorbingly interesting.



COMING NUMBERS

- Hell**
- Humorous**
- Goody-Goody**
- Adam and Eve**
- Midnight**

Subscription, \$5.00

Canadian \$5.52

Foreign, \$6.04

As We Pass



The above furiously philological frumpery has completely flabbergasted us.

Yet with our dying breath we will still exclaim "Obey that impulse, and subscribe to LIFE ere it is too late."

We do this on principle. We want everybody to be happy. Don't you have trouble enough anyway without being outside of LIFE'S contented concatenation of contemporaneous—(never mind the rest. You know what LIFE is).

Once a reader of LIFE—always an optimist. It can be done

for Five Dollars.

Fascinating Colonial Prints

Old Philadelphia Inns. An exceptional opportunity to see a unique collection. Twelve prints—each 11 x 14 inches. Repainted in full color from old prints, by the foremost living painter of Coaching and Sporting Scenes. \$2.00 per set. Send 4 cents for a full miniature set with a story of each subject.
The Robert Smith Company, 25th & Poplar Sts., Philadelphia.



Illustration by G. A. R. 1910

CLOSE TO NATURE

— “Whenever an unusually difficult endurance run occurs, or a strenuous tour like the Glidden Trophy contest, you will see

GOODRICH TIRES

the prevailing choice of the contestants, and will see Proof of the wisdom of the choice at the end of the run.” —April advertisement.

By their clean-cut, sweeping victory in the **1910 Glidden Tour**, Goodrich Tires not only fulfilled the prophecy, quoted above, but gave the most impressive and conclusive **Proof** of tire superiority ever shown.

In this searching, racking, 2,850 mile test the authentic records prove that Goodrich Tires gave better service under greater punishment than any other tires . . . Read the partial summary below:

Goodrich Tires equipped the Premier No. 1, winner of the Glidden Trophy.

They also equipped the Moline No. 100, winner of the Chicago Trophy.

They also equipped the Chalmers No. 5, which stood next highest in the Glidden score.

Goodrich Tires gave less trouble and required fewer replacements than others:—

Although carrying more cars on every day of the tour, replacement of Goodrich casings averaged only 3 $\frac{7}{17}$ per car for the entire 2850 miles, compared with 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ per car of the nearest competitor.

23 more casings and 9 more tubes required by the nearest competitor, on 3 less cars at the start and 7 less cars at the finish.

Tire users need not purchase blindly, or depend on “luck”;—the records tell the story . . . If Goodrich Tires have proved best in Seven consecutive Glidden Tours—they are best for You.



The B. F. Goodrich Company

AKRON ···· OHIO

Largest in the World

Branches in all the Principal Cities



Opera à la Mode

Mark Twain had a deep love for good music. One night he accepted an invitation to hear “Tristan” from the box of a great woman. The opera was beautifully performed, but from the rise of the curtain to its fall the great woman talked to the humorist steadily.

As he took leave at the end, his hostess said:

“Won't you share my box again to-

morrow night? They're playing ‘Aida.’”

“Yes, thanks,” said Mark Twain, “I have never heard you in ‘Aida!’”
—Tribune.

“Mr. GRIMES,” said the rector to the vestryman, “we had better take up the collection before the sermon this morning.”

“Indeed?”
“Yes, I'm going to preach on the subject of economy.”—Stray Stories.

The man at a distance seldom or never sees your face, or your office, but he sees your stationery frequently, and judges your house by its character.

Let your letterheads bear the stamp.

Old Hampshire Bond

Be above criticism. It is a paper of distinction and an impression of good taste, solidity and strength.

Send you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens, containing suggestive specimens of letterheads and other forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND.

Get it on your present letterhead. Address

Hampshire Paper Company
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively. Makers of Old Hampshire Bond, “The Stationery of a Gentleman,” and also Old Hampshire Bond Typewriter Paper and Manuscript Covers. 1004



Ask the man who owns one

Packard
MOTOR TRUCKS

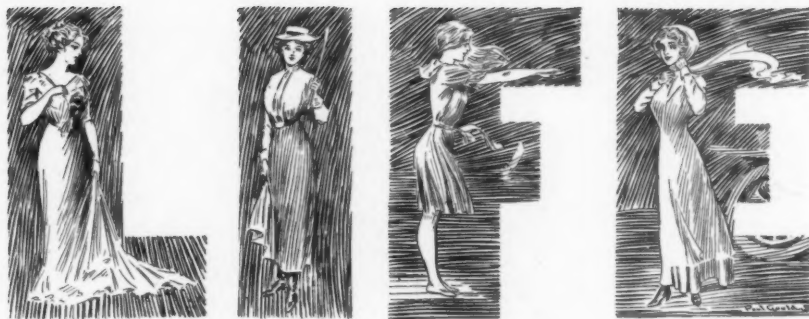


Forty - three per cent of
all orders are from own-
ers for additional trucks

Capacity, 3 tons. Speed, 12 miles an hour. Chassis in different lengths. Several optional bodies. Other bodies to order, or chassis sold complete, ready for attachment of any special body. Especially efficient for long hauls.

Thirty-two page
catalog on request

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



My Lady of Delight

WITH roguish glances bright,
 All on a summer's day,
 My Lady of Delight
 She stole my heart away.
 And though I humbly beg
 And plead with her, alack!
 My Lady of Delight
 She will not give it back.

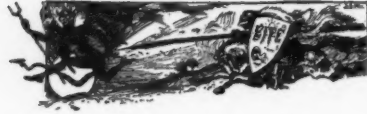
Oh, Lady of Delight,
 The penalty is this—
 If you would keep the heart you stole
 Then pay me with a kiss.
 My Lady of Delight,
 She is a winsome thing;
 She's Queen of Summertime
 And Princess of the Spring.

The glory of her smile,
 The sunshine in her eyes,
 Is like the dawn of breaking day
 Across the morning skies.
 To linger by her side
 Is such delicious bliss,
 Methinks I'll steal her heart from her,
 And pay her with a kiss.

Carolyn Wells.



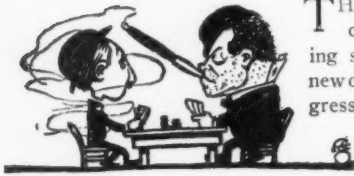
AND SOME FELL BY THE WAYSIDE



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. AUGUST 4, 1910 No. 1449

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



THE political cards are being shuffled for a new deal. The Congressional campaigns are starting. Speaker

Cannon got under way last month and has been expounding to the folks in Kansas the sinfulness and folly of insurgency. Insurgency, he says, will not be a live issue after this year. Maybe not. Maybe it will win. That would take it out of the list of the live issues as effectually as though it lost. Besides, there will be no considerable number of Congressmen to elect after this year until 1912, when the Presidential election will throw the Congressional elections somewhat in the shade. So this is the live year for Insurgent-Republicanism, whatever the future has in store for that movement, and the discussion of it is going to be lively for the next three months.

The retort emphatic did not fail to follow the Speaker in Kansas. Bristow, Murdoch and others attended to that. The strenuous old man makes a gallant figure on the stump, gathering the energies of his three-score and fourteen years and hurling his defiance at the disciples of the new light who stand up to him. But his bolt is about shot. He is very vulnerable in his assertions and positions, and it is not in him to turn back the tide of public sentiment that is sweeping in upon and over the sort of politics and the kind of government that he stands for. If it was in him to stand aside, as Senator Aldrich has done, and let things take their inevitable course, it

would be a saving of his venerable strength. But that is not his line. The breath of life to him is political action, and presumably he can get more poison out of his system execrating the Insurgents to the voters than he could, sitting on his porch at home and execrating them without the assistance of an audience.



EVEN more interesting than the campaigns of the Congressmen is the marshaling of candidates for Governor in various States. Especially the Democratic candidates. For various reasons the office of Governor is growing more important and attractive in the bigger States. The shortcomings of Legislatures have turned popular expectation a good deal towards the executive, and the courses of some exceptionally able recent Governors have very much encouraged that tendency. Governor Hughes, for example, has appreciably raised the standing of the office of Governor in the State of New York. He leaves it a bigger job than he found it, and one that calls for a bigger man to fill it than it did when he was first elected.

Besides that, for the first time in fifteen years, the road to the White House seems to open to whatever man in the Democratic party can best travel it. The Bryan blight seems really to be over. Mr. Bryan, fighting for county option in Nebraska and getting beaten, seems to be pretty well out of the Presidential game, and not since his blight began has there been so early and so general a search for a likely man to be the Democratic candidate for President. That is going to make all Democratic Governors of doubtful States look mighty interesting for the next two years, and that lends a very particular interest to the selection of Democratic candidates that is now going on.



GOVERNOR HARMON in Ohio will run again. If he is re-

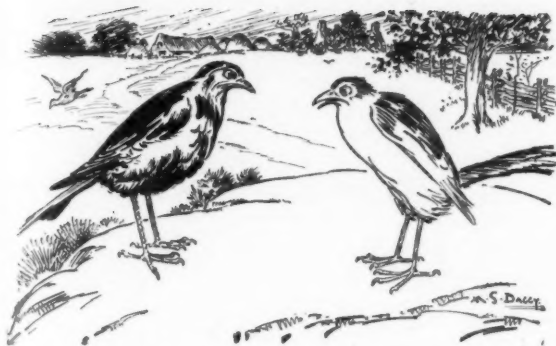
ected it will make him a strong candidate for the Democratic nomination.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, in response to pressing inquiry, has declared that if the New Jersey Democrats nominate him for Governor he will not refuse to run. That they will nominate him he doubts, and indeed it looks uncertain, because he has not been much in the game of politics in New Jersey, and some of the gentlemen who have been in the game seem to want that nomination. No one of these others, however, would stand so tall as a Presidential candidate as Dr. Wilson would if he should carry his State this fall.

A very engaging, able and likely Democrat who carried Massachusetts on a tariff reform platform either this year or next would get a ticket to the candidates' bench at the next Democratic Presidential convention, but none offers as yet.

The State, of all in the family, on the course of which Democratic attention will be most centered, is New York. Any Democrat who could carry this State next fall and follow that exploit with an administration showing distinguished executive capacity would receive very careful attention from President-makers all over the country. If the purged and renovated Democracy of New York can pick a first-class man and elect him Governor it will mean a great deal. Their likeliest man, to our mind, is Mr. Osborne, of Auburn. He seems to us to have it in him to go further than any other candidate that has been suggested. It is in his favor that he is already an active politician, who has accomplished much for good in his party in the State and is eager to accomplish much more. In politics, as in other lines of endeavor, much comes by practice, and by the habitual attention of the mind to the matter in hand.

Nominations for Governor are not made in New York State until late in September. By that time the Republicans will have to settle in their minds whom they will run. Excellent Democrats, like Mr. Osborne, Mr. Sheppard, Mr. Havens, of Rochester, and others, seem willing to run this year, but Republicans of that order show no eagerness for the nomination.



"SAY, I WONDER IF THE WRIGHT BROTHERS WILL GET OUT AN INJUNCTION TO STOP US FROM USING OUR RUDDERS?"

Two Philosophers Expound



GREAT many contemporary minds are turning over the question of education—what it is, and how it can be had. There are three pieces about it in the July *Atlantic*. One is by Brooks Adams, another by John Jay Chapman, both of them gentlemen known to have minds into which ideas are liable to intrude, and both capable of setting forth their ideas in intelligible language.

We commend their pieces to the inquisitive reader, to get out of them anything he can, and with full permission to disagree with everything they say. Nobody's reputation for practical sense has ever been damaged, so far as we know, by disagreement with any opinion either of Mr. Adams or Mr. Chapman.

The gist of Mr. Adams's piece is that the problem of modern education is the production of an administrative mind as much more efficient than the present administrative mind as the present scientific mind is more efficient than the scientific mind of the Seventeenth Century.

Mr. Chapman's piece is about "Learning," and how to get some. He says science isn't it. "Science is the theory of world business, race business, cosmic business, but science does not express spiritual truth."

To-day science knows that the silkworm must be fed on the leaves of the mulberry tree, but does not know that the soul of man must be fed on the Bible and the Greek classics.

The present commercial tyranny is a new thing and little understood. It lies like a heavy fog of intellectual depression over the whole Kingdom of Mammon, and is fed by the smoke from a million factories.

Mr. Chapman is for holding up the chin of learning so that it may not drown in the deep waters of science or commerce. And yet he does not undervalue science or commerce, or overvalue learning. He wants the soul of man to be fed, and he gives his impressions about the diet proper for souls.

It's an old story. "The life is more than meat: the body is more than raiment." We commend Mr. Chapman's discourse as an antidote for breakfast-foods, tall towers, automobiles, stocks, and the fifteen-cent magazines, all indispensable of our civilization, but things that need to be forgotten for a few minutes every day. E. S. M.

INSTEAD of the *Outlook*, why not call it the *Outlet*?

Life's College Contest

NOTICE TO EVERYBODY

THE announcement of the prize-winner of LIFE's College Contest will be published in LIFE of next week.

Following Royal Example

UNCLE SAM is rich and ought to pay his help good wages. Also, he ought to give his principal hired man every facility for doing his work well. It does not seem, though, that our neighbor, the *New York World*, is over captious in this complaint:

It appears that three vessels of the United States Navy are at the service of the President. We read about the President's yacht *Mayflower*, the President's yacht *Dolphin* and the President's yacht *Sylph*. These ships are used in a personal and social way and yet they appear in the Naval Register, one as a cruiser of 2,690 tons, with two guns; one as a dispatch boat of 1,486 tons, with two guns, and one as a gunboat of 152 tons, with one gun. They are public property privately used.

The Presidential job, apparently, requires a lot of trotting around, and, if this is so, the trotting should be made as easy as possible for the incumbent.

But it is not in the spirit of things American that a Government ship should be used to ferry the President's children between their summer home on Long Island and the society functions to which they are invited in New York. Nor that a minor member of the Cabinet should be permitted to load up a vessel of the United States Navy with his sisters and his cousins and his aunts and take them to the Yale-Harvard races at New London.

The American people are not inclined to be stingy, but some day when an adverse election has changed the complexion of things in Washington, a red-headed Congressman may get up and ask some questions calculated to cast unpleasant shadows on some of our recent Republican Presidents.

MOTHER: Oh, Effie! What has happened to your dolly?
EFFIE: The doctor says it's a nervous breakdown. He prescribed mucilage.



THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

Life's Fresh Air Fund

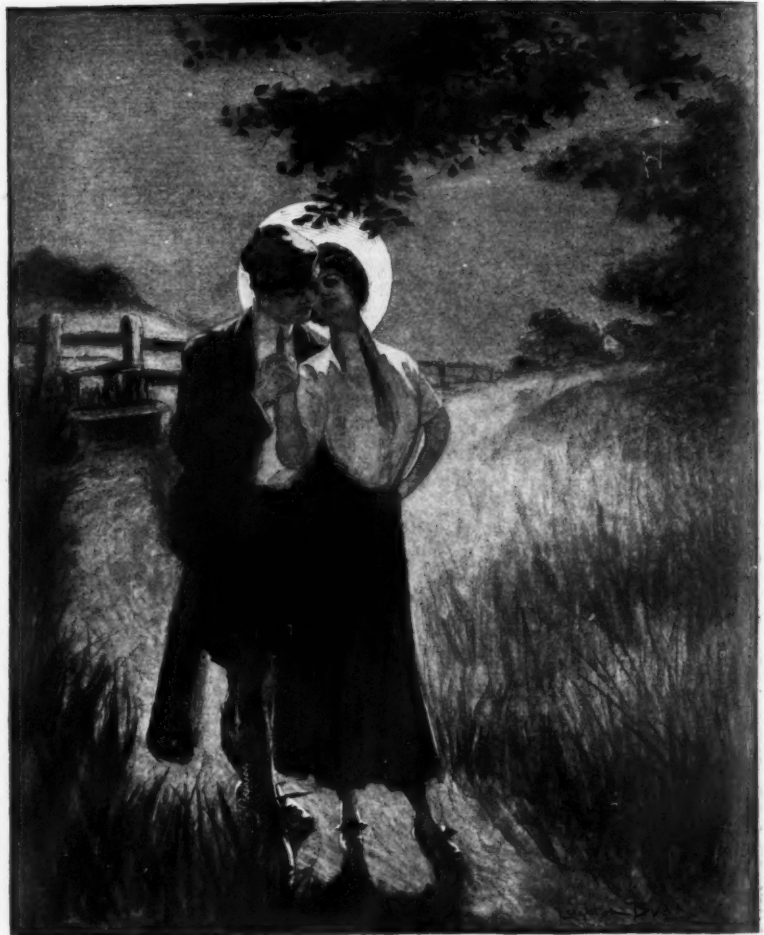
Previously acknowledged.....	\$4,611.31
E. M. C.....	15.00
F. R. Atwater.....	6.00
R. N. I.....	5.35
Mrs. Oren Root.....	25.00
Mrs. A. Stelling.....	4.00
"L. K. M.".....	10.00
"A Friend".....	100.00
Wm. P. Clyde.....	100.00
Eva Helm.....	10.00
A. M.....	25.00
Stuart and Eleanor Damon.....	5.50
Mrs. Percy V. Hill.....	10.00
J. H. Smith.....	5.00
"Mrs. E. D. S.".....	50.00
F. S. H.....	10.00
Murray W. Dodge.....	25.00
Mrs. French Vanderbilt.....	75.00
Walter D. Darkam.....	5.31
"S. Jefferson, Wis.".....	5.00
J. C. de B. Schimmel.....	5.00
In Memory of Clinton Brown Kissam.....	10.00
A. V. Babine.....	5.31
C. A. Munn.....	25.00
"Joan".....	3.00
C. M. V.....	5.31
M. E. R.....	1.00
J. B. R.....	1.00
C. C. R.....	1.00
R. R.....	1.00
A. C. R.....	1.00
A. A. Pearch.....	5.00
Mrs. Jas. H. Barnard.....	1.00
Antonette P. Dominick.....	5.31
A Friend.....	10.00
	\$5,182.40

Postals from Life's Farm

Dear Friend.
 We are well and happy and are having a good time. Susie is getting along very well and she has red cheeks and she is getting very fat. I hope you are well and happy too and I hope that the baby is well.
 Your Friend

Dear Mamma.
 We are having a good time out here. Marion found the Postal Cards right after I sent the others. There are swings out here and Marion can have as many swings as she wants. Mr. More blows a horn at 6 o'clock and we have to get up and 8 o'clock we go to bed.
 From your Son,

Dear Mother.
 Please send me a pair of pants. Will you please tell me how the family is getting along. I gained 2 pounds since I am out here. I have a good friend and I am not lonesome. Please write soon.
 Your son



AN ECLIPSE

A Prophecy Fulfilled

THE *Leeds Mercury*, April 2, 1910, published a long article on the "Cure of Fatigue," the intention of which is apparently to boom a new anti-toxin. We are told that:

"If you take the extracts from the muscles of a very tired animal and inject them into a perfectly strong, thoroughly rested animal, the latter immediately becomes as tired as the former."

Dr. Weichardt professes to have discovered by further experiments—"that by repeated injections of the poison into animals a specific anti-toxin was produced in the animals, in

the form of serum, almost identical in character with the serum drawn from animals after the injection of diphtheria toxin."

Doubtless machines will be invented for making dogs fatigued by labor on some sort of treadmill, and when the tortured creatures are sufficiently tired their blood will be drawn off from time to time to yield the anti-toxin for ladies and gentlemen who have attended too many balls and dinners in the London season.—*London Zoophilist*.

This has since come true. A brilliant American vivisector has perfected that very machine.

Useful chaps, these vivisectors.



"WHAT'S THE——?"
 "WILLIE MONK CALLED ME A HIPPOCRITE!"



IF TAFT SHOULD CEASE TO LAUGH AND GROW FAT, AND



WORRY AND GROW THIN

Juleps

SUMMER in spicy print
 Sets forth her stock of mint;
 Many a fragrant hint
 Makes me so fretsome,
 If you don't mind it—why,
 Ere the chance passes by,
 Let us grow busy. I
 Think we can get some.

Then for some Bourbon, good,
 Drawn freshly from the wood;
 Sugar, I've understood,
 Brings out the flavor:
 Crush the leaves,—on advice
 I've done so once or twice,—
 And then a lot of ice—
 Sharpness and savor.

Soon every glass is lost,
 Shut in a coat of frost:

Here's joy at little cost!
 We the elect are!
 My, but it's fine and cold!
 Treacherous, too, I'm told.
 Drink! Like the gods of old,
 We have our nectar!

Julian Durand.

Corrected

THE offender was an old negro man—
 Joshua Taylor by name.
 When his case was called and Joshua
 appeared, the judge looked up, eyed
 Joshua, and mused aloud:
 "Joshua, Joshua, why, he's the man
 'hat made the sun stand still, isn't he?"
 "No, sah, Jedge," answered Joshua,
 "I makes the moonshine."

EVEN the truth in a nutshell has
 plenty of room.

Compromise

A COMPROMISE is an arrangement
 by which one may take a certain
 number of steps in the right direction at
 the same time one is taking a certain
 number of steps in the wrong direction.

If the number of wrong steps exceeds
 that of right steps then it is a bad
 compromise, or a compromise with the
 devil. If, however, the right steps out-
 number the wrong steps, then it is a
 good compromise, or, in the same way,
 a compromise with God.

Everything we do is a compromise,
 but all the quibbling and quarreling, the
 squabbling and scrapping, comes in de-
 termining whether a particular compro-
 mise is devilish or divine.

Ellis O. Jones.

T. R. is human; to forgive incline.

• LIFE •

The Game

"I HAD no business ever to get married—at least, not in my present occupation," added Packton bitterly.

"Nonsense!" said his wife cheerfully. "Aren't you taking care of us?"

"Yes, but I am not doing it in the right way."

Packton was an able reporter on one of the best papers, and for some time he had resented the manner in which his "stuff" was changed to suit the policy of his paper. But he had a wife and two children on his hands.

"Take this railroad situation," he went on. "The proprietor of the *Planet* owns stock in the Columbia Railroad; consequently all my articles have to be 'rearranged' to suit his policy. I can't stand it."

Stuffing a mass of copy in his pocket he made his way to the office. The managing editor was waiting for him. He snatched up the copy and ran his eye over it. His face grew cold and knotty.

"What the devil did you write this for?" he demanded. "This isn't like you, Packton. We can't print this story. It is a regular scream against the railroad company. I'd lose my job if I printed it. The old man would be crazy."

Packton straightened up.

"Don't you think that any man who calls himself a man," he said, "ought to have the privilege of being a man, of telling the truth when he wants to? Why, if I and a few others like me would come out and tell the truth, the railroad company would have to yield, and the whole people of the State would get what's coming to them. Instead of this, we are all a lot of sheep, afraid of our lives. The result is that the railroad company controls the press as well as the law-makers. Look at the advertising we have been running lately of the Columbia Railroad! Why did they hand over so much of it? You know the reason why. Besides, the old man owns stock in the company, and we poor devils have to fall in line for a mere pittance. I'm sick of the whole thing."

"You've exaggerated it. There may be something in what you say—although you needn't quote me, you understand, as making that statement—but you've been thinking of this sort of thing so long that it's gotten on your nerves. Go home and take a day off, and you'll feel better. In the mean time, I'll fix up this story of yours the right way."

Packton reached out for the copy.

"No, sir," he replied quietly. "That story must go as I have written it or not at all."

"Then we can't retain you."

"I am not going to write lies any more—for anybody."

"You've made up your mind, have you?"

"Absolutely."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Write specials for the Sunday editions."

"But the old man will be furious when he finds out, and I can't conceal it from him. He likes your work—he has been following it closely—and he will want to know the exact reason why you left."

Packton reflected.

"You mean that he will use his influence against me—with other papers?"

"I don't think he would be so small as to make a point of doing it—he's too busy, anyway—but he will do it unconsciously. Besides—"

The managing editor smiled cynically.

"I've seen some big men," he said, "who have had some mighty small traits. There was Louis XIV. You know that

your leaving will touch the old man's vanity. He actually believes that the railroad's position is all right—he has made himself believe it."

"Easy to believe such a thing," muttered Packton, "when it's money in your pocket."

"That's all right; but you must remember that the railroad has a side, and when the old man finds that one of his best men is leaving because he thinks we are doing the wrong thing, he won't feel any too amiable, and he will be so bitter about it that—"

"I understand. Which makes me determined to do it now, anyway."

"I'm going, all the same," said Packton.

The managing editor stood up. He had come to a decision.

"I want the old man to know about this," he said. "Have you got nerve enough to face him?"

"Sure I have. That will absolve you."

"All right. I'll send in."

Kale, proprietor of the *Planet*, was sitting in the window smoking, as they entered. He often sat alone that way for hours, thinking. The result frequently kept the entire force of the *Planet* "hustling" for a week. His voice was mild and pleasant—an apparently amiable, courteous, colorless man; but this was on the surface.

"This young man," said the managing editor, with the fatherly air that managing editors sometimes assume, "is going to leave us—or, at least, he thinks he is."

"You mustn't do that," said Kale, "we can't get along without you; you are doing great work," he added. "That story of yours about the canal murder was a masterpiece. Must you see me about this?" he asked, with a slight appeal in his voice. As a matter of fact, details didn't interest him and he hated to have any routine business thrust upon him. The managing editor knew this and explained briefly the importance of the matter.

"I felt that Packton ought not to leave us," he wound up, "until he thoroughly understood his ground. There seems to be a principle involved somewhere and I thought a word from you might—"

"Relieve you of the responsibility," took up Kane, with a pleasant smile and in his suavest manner.

He turned to Packton.

"Where's your railroad story?" he said.

Packton, wondering how in the world Kale knew that he had written a railroad story (the managing editor explained to him afterward that Kale had his eye on everything in the office), handed him the copy without a word. Newspaper men, as a rule, learn to waste no words.

Kale took it and glanced it over leisurely, rapidly slipping the sheets underneath each other, his eye glancing carelessly over the writing as if he were thinking of almost anything else. Then he handed the copy back.

"That's a great story," he said. "I agree with every word of it."

Packton started up in astonishment.

"Then why not let me print it?" he said impetuously.

"You wouldn't print that story in the *Planet*, sir, would you?" said the managing editor, almost as astonished as Packton. His chief was always doing something to startle and surprise him, and, somehow, he never could get used to it.

"Well, hardly," said Kale, with a smile, "although it's perfectly true."

He looked at Packton invitingly, as much as to say, "now, young man, fire ahead." Packton was ready.

"That's the trouble," he said. "That's why I am quitting this paper. Of course, I know that it's a commercial enterprise and has to live like any other thing. But I can't go out and get worked up over a story, and believe in it from my soles up, and then have it twisted around to conform to an editorial policy which is bound to financial interests. It isn't in my nature."

"You might go on and say," continued Kale softly, "that I am one of the stockholders of the Columbia Railroad, and that they advertise largely with us, and that this is one of the reasons why the *Planet* can't print the truth."

"Yes, sir," replied Packton doggedly.

"And, this being so, that you don't care to uphold us in our nefarious work, and you have decided to quit."

"That's about the size of it."

Kale's voice continued placid.

"You write mighty interesting stuff, Mr. Packton," he said. "As long as you continue to do it you have got to stay here, even if we have to confine you to special stories on the phases of the moon. Now, in regard to this principle for which you are contending: I appreciate it, but you are mistaken. No doubt, as a commercial enterprise, our views are colored by the business end, but the Columbia Railroad doesn't own us body and soul. Theoretically, you are right, but we have to follow public opinion, and the time is not yet ripe to change our policy. Still, I shall be glad to print this story of yours, just as you have written it, word for word. But not in the *Planet*."

"Where?" asked Packton wonderingly.

"In the *People's Magazine*, which, as you know, has a very large circulation, and has been one of the most radical forces against the financial interests of the entire country for some time. Moreover, I shall be glad to print other stories of yours in this magazine, signed with your own name, and you can go as far as you like and tell the whole truth as you see it, without fear or favor. This ought to satisfy your mind and neutralize the effect of your stuff in the *Planet*, considering that you don't sign it. Will you do it?"

For some time it had been Packton's secret ambition to write for the *People's Magazine*, which he regarded as the most extreme force for good in the whole range of current literature.



SAVED!

ACT III. IN WHICH THE HEIRESS DECIDES TO GIVE UP THE COUNT AND MARRY A MAN WHO CAN SWIM

"Yes, sir!" he almost shouted. "But do you——"

"It isn't generally known, of course, but I own a controlling interest in that magazine."

Kale rose quietly, the usual signal that the interview was at an end. His voice was milder than ever.

"You see," he said, "we are working this game both ways."

The managing editor wasn't quite satisfied. He was an ideal inside man, but there were moments when his mind got stalled.

"But this railroad story, sir," he said, standing in the doorway, "has got to go right off. *Something* must be printed about the situation."

"Oh," replied Kale carelessly, picking up a large envelope that lay on his desk, "here's a long statement from the railroad company, giving their side of the case. You might fix it up to suit our requirements. And let me see the proof," he added gently. C. T.

Kidding the Colonel

APROPOS of the Colonel's piece in the *Outlook* about the prize-fight, our neighbor, the *World*, observes:

To Theodore Roosevelt belongs the unique distinction of being the only man who, having been President of the United States, came to regard his opinion about a prize-fight as of more immediate national importance than his opinion about the great public questions of his day.

Oh, go long! The prize-fight, including the fight-pictures question, was the great public question of the day whereon he wrote the opinion. Stick to conservative assertions about the Colonel, neighbor. Say that to him belongs the unique distinction of being the only ex-President who ever retained all his teeth. He has also retained his sense of what is news.

HOWARD: How did you make your wife stop buying your ties?

COWARD: I told her I'd let her pick out my ties for me, if she'd let me choose the style of hair-dressing for her.



"HEY, FELLERS! COME ON 'OUT! CURFEW WILL NOT RING TONIGHT!"



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

NELSON APPLETON MILES
Born August 8, 1839

General Miles is a Massachusetts man, and entered the army as a volunteer in 1861, commanding an army corps at the age of twenty-five, and from thence rising, step by step, to the highest position as a soldier the country offers. Not only as a soldier, however, has General Miles become widely known; but his observations of military tactics and his books on the art of war have become world-wide in their recognition. All his life he has been a close student of warfare, as practiced by the various nations of the globe, and what he has to say on the subject is always of interest.

General Miles, as one of our country's most distinguished citizens, as a soldier, a gentleman and an author, we bespeak for you the continuance of many more birthdays in the land of your fathers. Your health, sir, and many happy returns!



HORACE FLETCHER
Born August 10, 1849

Mr Fletcher is an exponent in the advanced art of mastication; in this respect he has outbovined all the bovines known to Nature. To paraphrase a well-known quotation, Mr. Fletcher says:

"Learn to eat slowly; all other graces will follow in their proper places."

And to all intents and purposes Mr. Fletcher has proved his case. He has submitted to numerous tests and he has always survived. He has done the work of a day laborer on a wisp of straw and a few drops of milk. He believes in happiness, in mental culture and in non-worry. He is a graduate of Dartmouth, a wide traveler and an extensive and intensive author.

But why particularize? Our duty is to proclaim his birthday, to felicitate him upon his gastronomical achievements, and to wish him a continuous nutritious life for many years to come. And we do this with the greatest pleasure.

GIFFORD PINCHOT
Born August 11, 1865

Some little time ago Mr. Pinchot was obliged to take to the tall timber. But he did it with so much ease and agility, and he carried so much of the country with him, that instead of universal sympathy he has been mainly since then open to congratulations. And now these congratulations are to be added to upon our part by wishing you many happy returns of the day.

Mr. Pinchot may be termed the Robin Hood of politics. He was born in Simsbury, Conn., graduated from Yale in 1889, and then began his special studies of the forestry problem, not confining his field to this country but entering upon an extensive examination of forests in France, Germany, Switzerland and Austria.

Sir, you have done your country an important service. You have succeeded in advertising our extravagance in cutting down our trees. This alone is half the battle. Fearless and unconcerned, you are entitled to a large laurel wreath; and, in laying it upon your distinguished brow, we salute and wish you health and prosperity for many years to come.



BENJAMIN TILLMAN
Born August 11, 1847

Senator Tillman is a South Carolinian by profession and nativity, his birthplace being Edgefield. He is the founder of two large and important schools, has long been interested in politics, has been a farmer, and, indeed, has followed a career which without exaggeration may be justly termed "picturesque."

Certainly, sir, you deserve much credit for many of your patriotic activities. We ignore your faults, if you have any. Your virtues we acclaim as being of the robust kind, and we wish you joy and a long life.



FELIX ADLER
Born August 13, 1851

Doctor Felix Adler is the son of a Hebrew rabbi. He was born in Alzey, Germany, studied in Berlin, and in 1874 he was professor of Hebrew and Oriental literature at Cornell. Previous to this he was graduated from Columbia College. In 1876 he established in New York his famous Society for Ethical Culture, which has been the medium through which Professor Adler has given for many years a series of Sunday discourses. In addition to this he is the author of many books dealing with moral instruction and ethics in general, and also has to do with the *International Journal of Ethics*.

So much for "dull, useful information," as Mr. Ware puts it. But how shall we characterize such an able man?

Dr. Adler, we frankly and unreservedly confess that we like and esteem you; and we are the more ready to make this acknowledgment because you have never offended us by that peculiar American combination of self-advertising and pose, which is too often likely to afflict those men who figure to the world as being moral instructors.

You have done a lot of real good, unostentatiously but practically.

We are most glad, sir, to take you by the hand, congratulate you on your birthday, and wish you many more of them.



ERNEST THOMPSON SETON
Born August 14, 1860

Mr. Seton was born in England, and from 1866 to 1870 he lived in the backwoods of Canada; where he acquired the rudiments of his knowledge of Nature. Since then his activities have been enormous. He has even incurred the criticism of John Burroughs. He not only writes but he paints, and his books have had a very wide vogue. When dressed in his Indian costume and posing for his photograph he is a splendid specimen of manhood.

Sir, what more can we say? Please consider, as we now offer you our hearty congratulations on your birthday, that our brass band is playing its loudest on the village green and that we are bowing in our best manner over this auspicious and eventful day.

May your trail never grow indistinct!

EMMA EAMES STORY
Born August 13, 1867

Madam Story was born in China, the daughter of American parents, and her voice having proclaimed itself she began studying in Paris, making her debut in Paris Grand Opera, March 13, 1889.

It is great pleasure to congratulate such a world-known and distinguished singer on her birthday. That she is an American adds to our satisfaction.

Madam, we kiss your hand in grateful acknowledgment of the pleasure you have given us.





A Hint to the Wise

THE English people are ahead of us in some things. For example, there is insurance.

You can get insurance against almost any known evil or disaster in England. Recently the King died and the tradespeople were made secure because they had taken out insurance against this very calamity. They say over in London that there is nothing that Lloyd's will not insure you against.

Here is our chance, then. Why doesn't the United States insure itself against its Presidents?

It is true that we should have to pay a high premium, but it is worth a high premium.

And is there anything more uncertain than the kind of a President we are going to get? Why, he doesn't know himself beforehand whether he is going to make a good President

or not. He may not want the job very much after he has it, but he has got to hang on. He can't let go just because he is incompetent and he may be incompetent for no fault of his own.

A defective President—and Lord knows we have had enough of them—may cost us a hundred millions or more. All we would have to do, after he had been running for a year, would be to have another election, to determine whether or not he was all right; if he wasn't all right the insurance company could fork over to each voter say, a hundred dollars on the average, or so much according to our respective standing.

That wouldn't help our feelings very much, but it would make us more comfortable and it might avoid a panic. English gold, at the right moment, always can prevent a panic.

Let's agitate this reform.



TROUBLES NEVER COME SINGLY



SOME SEASIDE ARCHITECTURE

Gulliver and the Lilliputians

HE had been ruffled on their way to dinner by his wife's careless raillery upon his obtuseness.

Now, as his handsome, heavy eyes brooded on his plate, he failed to notice the quick appraising glances of his table neighbor.

Before the soup was removed, however, he had responded to the charm of her address. She termed him "subtle" "individual," and begged for his "real" opinion upon a subject made vital by a play of eyelash and of color. The "set fair" of the masculine barometer was shown by his caressing of his moustache.

Later, as she mournfully shrugged her white shoulders over her inability to comprehend such men as he, he could not forbear looking across at his wife, with a returning glimmer of the patronage of their early married days.

As he looked, his table neighbor bit a dainty yawn in half.

When the pale frocks of the women had vanished like a melting rainbow through the door he found the chatter of young Swift, beside him, insufferably dull, and brooded silently over the misfits of married life until he could rejoin his charmer.

But, in the drawing-room, he looked for her in vain, and cursed the friendly arm of his host, which had stayed him before his latest hall-hung tapestries.

As he stood moodily aloof his wife approached him.

"Get me out of the room, I'm feeling rather faint," she said hurriedly, an insistent hand upon him arm.

A moment later they had reached the conservatory, and she had drooped into a chair. "Let me be perfectly quiet for a few minutes—that's all I need," she whispered.

Their silent arrival had not disturbed a couple upon the further side of a group of palms. Young Swift's fatuous tones came to them distinctly, followed by a woman's mellow note.

"You are too subtle for poor me. I admit I understand most men—they are primers—you are writ in cypher. . . ."

Beneath her eyelids his wife looked at him.

"What a charming woman—your table

neighbor, I mean," his wife said, driving home. Her frank smile disarmed his gathering suspicion.

He shrugged elaborately. "Young fools—like Swift—may admire her; all they want is flattery."

His wife slipped her hand into his. "Is she that kind? No wonder she didn't make a hit with you, then—you dear, old, genuine darling."

Key Cammack.

Congress

SEE the Congress!

Yes, it is a very, very nice Congress. What is the Congress doing?

The Congress is adjourning.

Why does the Congress adjourn?

Because of the hot weather.

Has it done anything except to adjourn?

Oh, yes, indeed! It has redeemed all the pledges of the Republican party.

How do you know that it has?

By reading the New York *Tribune*. If you see it in the *Tribune*, it's Republican.

Did it take Congress long to do so much?

It was not much, but, such as it was, it did not take long.

Then Congress was in session a very short time?

Oh, no; it was in session a very long time—more than six months.

What was it doing all that time?

It was trying to find a way to avoid redeeming the pledges of the Republican platform.

Were the pledges of the Republican platform important?

By no means.

Then why did Congress dislike to redeem them?

Because Congress feared they might be important.

Did the public want the pledges redeemed?

Yes, the public thought the pledges were important and so the public wanted them redeemed.

Is it then fair to assume that the public is well satisfied?

Oh, yes, with the exception of the high cost of living and a few other minor matters, the public is very well satisfied.

Ellis O. Jones.



BASEBALL TERM

"A FOWL BAWL."

Pay Governors What They Are Worth

WE read that Collector Loeb, being consulted as to his willingness to run for Governor of New York, repines at the notion that he should be asked to leave a twelve-thousand-dollar Federal salary that he can live on for the ten-thousand-dollar salary on which Governor Hughes has not been able to make both ends meet.

It ought to be possible in New York State to negotiate with possible candidates for Governor on some new fiscal basis. No doubt it would better suit the majority of the present New York Legislature never to have a Governor who is worth more than five thousand dollars a year. But the State needs a very much more expensive man than that, and it is preposterous that it should not be ready to pay him a salary that would bear at least a respectful relation to his expenses if not to his earning powers. For nearly a hundred years poor men who have been besought to run for Governor of New York have dreaded that office because the pay was not enough to live on as a Governor must live. It has been increased repeatedly, but now again has fallen behind the times and ought to be doubled at the next session of the Legislature.

The importance of the office has very much increased in the last twelve years, and it is held in higher consideration than it has been for a good while past. That is interesting, and is probably true of governorships in general. All the States just now lean heavier than they did on their Governors and lighter on their Legislatures. They are all, apparently, getting tired of State Government for the benefit of politicians and political pets and persons with pull. They want a fairer deal, they rely more than they did on the executive to get it for them, and they realize that they need able workers for Governors.

Our statesmen in New York cannot well be empowered to ask suitable persons what they would take to serve as Governor, but it is absurd that such a State as New York should be deprived of the services of men that it needs because they can't afford to work for what the State legislators are willing to pay.

Money

PEOPLE who have money are divided into two classes: Those who depend upon money physically and those who depend upon it mentally and physically. When people who have money depend upon it physically alone, they use it



HELD BY THE ENEMY

in the right way. It furnishes them with means to preserve their health and provides them with a bulwark against worry. They recognize that this is all that money can do for them and treat it accordingly.

The people who depend upon money mentally are in a bad way. As a means of cultivating the mind money has only the appearance of being useful. The use of it for this purpose is like a bad habit. After a while the victim becomes incapable of taking anything else.

T. L. M.

Mere Men

HE: I dreamt last night that your mother was ill.

SHE: Brute! I heard you laugh in your sleep.

Hearst Against the Field

Pres. W. Wilson is to be put up by Wall Street to succeed Taft.—Headline in Mr. Hearst's American.

MR. HEARST'S paper seems not to be favorable to the notion of running Dr. Wilson for President.

Mr. Hearst, nowadays, is strong in political antipathies. He is aggressively hostile to Gaynor, Roosevelt, Murphy and more others than we can recall, and casually hostile to everybody else. It is Hearst against the field—both fields; a position not without advantages with Presidential nominations still two years off.

IRISHMAN (to ward leader): How long do I have to be after livin' in this country before I can steal without gettin' into jail?

Adrienne has managed to attract the attention of a Pittsburgh millionaire. He's going to marry her as soon as his wife'll let him.



Susan, a book agent.

Lizzie Perkins married? Six times and one living. She is still Miss Estelle Mortimer of the Orpheum circuit and has a future, her manager thinks



Florence Taylor's boarding house is neat enough, but the table isn't all it should be.



Gwendolyn Rivers married a horseman. Now she's horsier than he, has 23 servants and broke her collar bone last week.



Jane Hopkins has married a suffragette. This is what she's married.

"I Wonder What Has Become of All the Girls"

Kitty Brady is now Eloise of the Avenue.
Exclusive French Creations.

Angeline, a manicurist, is not married yet
but is keeping her eyes open.

The paying teller Hilda married ab-
sconded later and they jugged him. She's
promised to wait 8 years for him.



Jane Hopkins has become a suffragette.
This is what she married.

of All the Girls I Used to Know in College"

Where Ignorance is Bliss

"THEY don't suffer."

Mr. William Capston, millionaire and gentleman-at-large, sat on the porch of his summer cottage. His steam yacht lolled gently in the near water.

His wife had been reading a paragraph from an article about the poor of New York.

"You see, it's this way," said Mr. Capston, "they don't know about it. If a man has never been used to a bath every day, he doesn't miss it. Same way with everything else. We accustom ourselves gradually to luxury, to the refining influences of civilization, and, of course, if we are then deprived of them we suffer. But they don't suffer. They don't know. How can they?"

"Here's a woman who—" began Mrs. Capston.

But her husband interrupted her with a wave of his hand.

"I don't want to hear about it," he exclaimed. "What's the matter with you to-day, Elizabeth? You seem to have a morbid streak on. What in the world are you reading that stuff for, anyway? It only gets you stirred up, and it doesn't do a particle of good. Forget it."

He crossed his legs authoritatively.

"If I could do those people any good I'd do it," he said. "But I can't. It's a comfort to think that they don't know—don't realize how bad off they are. Aren't you going out in the car to-day?"

"No," said Mrs. Capston shortly. She was evidently not in the best of humors.

Capston began to feel the effect.

"You seem to be upset," he said. "This is strange. You are never this



The One in the Tree: HI! THERE. DON'T LET HIM GET THOSE SANDWICHES.



WALL STREET NOTE

STEEL UNSTEADY

way. Do you mean to tell me that an article in a—"

"It wasn't the article. It was those books that came. I saw the article afterward. Somehow, I don't seem to see anything else but that kind."

"What books?" demanded Capston.

"Why, the books you had sent from town. I opened them. I didn't know beforehand that there had been any mistake."

"Mistake! What do you mean?"

"Didn't you order a lot of summer novels sent up? Didn't I give you a list—as we always do?"

"Well, didn't they come?"

"A package of books came—but they were not novels. They were socialistic books—Robert Hunter, John Spargo, Jack London, Edward Russell, and a man named Shaw—Bernard, think it is. Then there is one about Karl Marx. Oh, there is a lot of them."

"And you have been reading them?"

"Yes; I opened the package, and one paragraph led to another, and—well, I have been devouring them."

"The devil! That clerk must have made a mistake. There was a socialistic looking chap in the shop at the same time. He got our novels and we got his books. This is awful."

Capston looked really worried.
 "Get it off your mind," he commanded. "You must."
 "I can't."
 "I wouldn't have had this thing happen for worlds. Be sensible."
 "That's all very well, but my eyes have been opened. I thought before that all the poor—the down-trodden—were directly responsible for their own condition. Now I know the truth. But—"

She laid her hand on his arm.
 "Worse than that. I shall always be unhappy from this time forth. Now I know about ourselves. I know what miserable, empty, selfish lives we lead. I shall never enjoy anything again. I couldn't, with all that staring me in the face."
 Capston turned. His face expressed the highest measure of irritation.

"Haven't I told you that those people don't know how bad off they are?" he exclaimed, "and haven't I told you that we are not to blame?"

Mrs. Capston shrugged her shoulders.
 "That doesn't make me any happier," she replied quietly.
 The next day the furious millionaire strode into the book store. The clerk—a rather intelligent-looking individual—was writing at his desk.

"Look here!" demanded Capston, "you made a mistake in my order. Sent me the wrong books."

"I remember, sir. You ordered novels—Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, McCutcheon, McGrath?"

"Yes, and I got Spargo and Hunter, and London and Russell, and a driveling idiot named Shaw."

"Awful sorry, sir. Mistakes will happen. If you will have those books sent back I will send your list immediately. Other man was complaining, too."

"You don't know your business. You ought to be fired."

"Terribly sorry, sir. Fix it right up."

"Well, see that you do."

Capston strode out, and the clerk turned to one of his brother clerks standing near.

"Great work, eh?" he said.

"Did it on purpose?"

"Yes. Couldn't do it all the time. Wouldn't do. But such a fine chance."

"Think he read them?"

"He or some other member of his family. Otherwise he wouldn't have been so mad. What's the use of belonging to the brotherhood of man if you can't have a little propaganda like that once in a while?"

"Think it did any good?"



"YES, THOSE BREAKER TWINS CERTAINLY ARE ALIKE, BUT THERE IS A DIFFERENCE."

The clerk grew thoughtful.
 "Well," he said, "in this way: It made 'em unhappy. And anything that makes those people unhappy does good; because, you see, they are ignorant, and if they have a conscience it irritates them to know the truth."

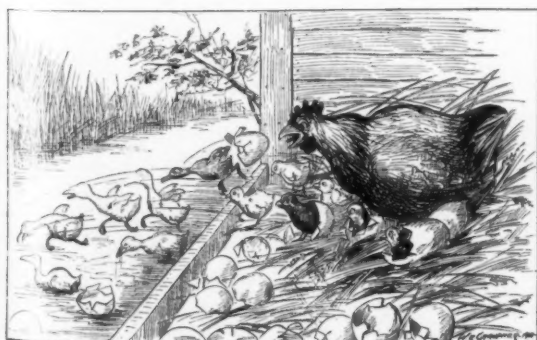
T. L. M.

Our Constitutional Fathers

WE should not too severely criticise the makers of our constitution. When everything is taken into consideration, we should admit, rather, that they did very well. Let us remember that they never saw a railroad or a steamboat or an airship; that they never talked over a telephone or sent a telegram; that they never had the pleasure of being purified by Anthony Comstock, scolded by Teddy Roosevelt, soaked by Carrie Nation, healed by Mrs. Eddy, endowed by Rockefeller or educated by Andrew Carnegie.

Where They Should Spend the Summer

Egoists	should go to	- - -	ME.
Catholics	" " "	- - -	MASS.
Readers	" " "	- - -	CONN.
Suitors	" " "	- - -	PA.
Invalids	" " "	- - -	MD.
Debtors	" " "	- - -	O.
Physicians	" " "	- - -	ILL.
Arithmeticians	" " "	- - -	TENN.
Young men	" " "	- - -	MISS.
Noah	" " "	- - -	ARK.
Miners	" " "	- - -	ORE.
Laundresses	" " "	- - -	WASH.



"SIX OF ONE, HALF A DOZEN OF ANOTHER."

ADMIRAL'S WIFE: Of course, my dear, like all seafaring men, my husband occasionally uses rather vehement language.

RECTOR'S WIFE: Yes, but you get used to it, just as a clergyman's wife gets used to doing without it.

French Self-Taught, Revised Edition, Universal Self-Tuition

O H, direful day on which she brought
That booklet home of "French
Self-Taught,"

And sad the havoc which it wrought—
The memory makes me tremble.
For sane and simple were the ways
We trod in ante-Gallic days,
Before we struck the foreign phrase
And changed our *tout ensemble*.

And yet those distant days, remote,
Before she tackled "table d'hôte,"
While anything but *comme il faut*,
Were days delightful—very.
For then we all were satisfied
To eat *potatoes* on the side,
No matter whether boiled or fried,
Instead of *pommes de terre*.

For those who seek with patient search
A seat high up on culture's perch,
A little French is quite *recherché*;
It sounds so sort of "classy."
And so a word I've had to drop
Is "coffee," and she made me stop,
Because its use is quite *de trop*;
So now it's *de mi-tasse*.

And when she sprung her latest hat,
I said, "Yes, dear, quite *coup d'état*—"
I felt so sure I had one pat,
It almost bowled her over.
She said "No mortal can make out
One-half the things you talk about,
And such an accent! *Voilà tout!*
Why don't you say *chef-d'oeuvre*?"
Frank Hill Phillips.

Squaring Up



O you think you love my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you wish to marry her?"

"That's the idea."

The old gentleman swung himself around in his office chair and looked at the young man before him with a critical eye. He was a punctilious person, this old gentleman.

"I've been investigating you," he said.

"That's good. I hope you found everything all right."

"Yes, yes, fairly so—only I have come to a certain conclusion."

"And that is?"

"That you cannot get married—without my help."

"I haven't asked that, sir."

"I know you haven't. But you'll

need it. You are getting three thousand a year."

"Yes—and with prospects."

"You have no money saved up."

"Yes, about two thousand."

"Well, that isn't enough."

"Why not?"

"Marion has been used to certain things. You don't need too many luxuries—but you need to be comfortable. But you are steady, and seem to have a good business head. So I am going to start you off right. I'm going to lend you twenty-five hundred dollars. You can pay me back later. You may not have to use it at all."

"I think I probably will."

"Well, if you do, all right. If not, so much the better. You can give me a note—I won't press you."

"Sorry I cannot accept your offer, but it isn't enough."

The old gentleman looked astonished. "Not enough!" he exclaimed. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Precisely what I say, sir. We can get along without your money, anyway. I wouldn't have asked you for it. But as long as you've offered it, I say that it isn't enough."

"Well, well—bless me! How much do you want?"

"Oh, say five thousand."

"Indeed."

"And I wouldn't borrow it from you, either. You will have to give it to me."

The brazen effrontery of this statement was too much. The old gentleman sank back.

"What's the world coming to!" he exclaimed. "Did you ever! When I was a boy—"

"When you were a boy women could cook."

"Don't understand you."

"I will explain. I have spent a good many years of my life in fitting myself to occupy the position of a husband for Marion. Not only did I go through a university, but after that I had to work very hard for years to work up to my present salary. It was no picnic, I assure you. It was drudgery, and it is still drudgery. But I am now fitted for the position. It has cost me a good many thousands to accomplish this. What have you been doing with your daughter in the meantime? Teaching her a smattering of languages, of music and of literature, but of real practical knowledge, not a thing. I, too, have been doing some figuring, and I estimate that the mistakes she will make during the first four or five years of our married life will cost me about five thousand dollars, all on account of her defective edu-

cation. You ought to have done this beforehand. You had the money. I would marry her just the same, of course, if she didn't have a cent, but there is no reason why I should pay for something that she ought to have. I had to do it with myself."

The old gentleman thought for a moment, then dipped his pen in the ink and drew a check for five thousand.

"Young man," he said, "your logic is irresistible."

Confidential Guide to Some of the People I Know

(Not by Kerfoot)

MABEL C—. Nice little girl with fluffy hair. Been to Europe, but knows nothing about it. Dresses well, but uninteresting.

MRS. G— (widow). Fine specimen of woman, with splendid knowledge of world. Would marry her if I could.

MR. GEORGE F—. Elderly business friend. Bondholding, bloated and bucolic to the extent that he lives in suburbs. Commonplace to last degree. Mayor of his own town. Knows nothing but money and real estate.

MRS. L—. Beautiful woman, wife of neighbor. He doesn't appreciate her. Has languishing eyes and a wealth of sentiment. Feel for her on account of misplaced affections.

BRIDGET K—. A fine cook. She once lived with me, but has since become married.

BERTHA W—. My wife. Most interesting woman I ever met—up to the time I married her.

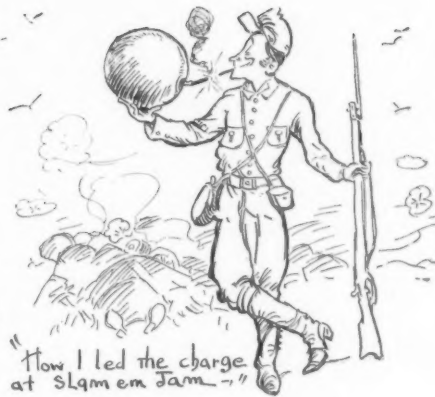
THE much maligned flea has at last been properly classified, but, strange to say, he skips into floral, rather than faunal, society, as he has been found to be a member of the hide-ranger family



"HE THREW HIS WHOLE SOUL INTO HIS WORK"



"How I stopped the runaway horse and saved the beautiful Lady."



"How I led the charge at Slam em Jam."



"How I shot the famous Grizzly."



"How I discovered the Great North Pole."



"How I balked the big policeman."



"And how he sought the burglar in his own flat."

Matthewson

FICTION AND TRUTH

INTO HIS



THE LATEST BOOKS



I FORGET at the moment what wise Frenchman it was who hid a bit of sound philosophy in the flippant line, "*Glissez, mortel, n'appuyez jamais.*" Nor do I recall the identity of our own poet who voiced the same idea less elegantly in the refrain of a song entitled, "Push—don't shove." At any rate, Mr. Robert Herrick, in his latest work, *A Life for a Life* (Macmillan, \$1.50), has been led by the fervor of his own earnestness into an artistic forgetfulness of the excellent advice. The story (it apparently starts out to be a novel) has to do with a country lad's coming to the city; with his uncomprehending induction into "business"; his awakening ambitions and abilities; his financial success; his realization of the life for a life methods of competitive society; his revolt, defeat and submission. But, although it apparently starts out to be a novel, this story soon buds into sociological symbolism, blossoms into socialistic parable, and finally comes to fruition in a sort of tortured orgy of economic allegory. Mr. Herrick is a writer to whom fiction is the best available, rather than the only conceivable method of expression for his interested observation and criticism of the world about him. He is a congenial watcher of life and drawer of conclusions and by inescapable temperament articulate. But he is a novelist by deliberate decision and painstaking perseverance and, at once more patently and more deservedly than any contemporary American writer of fiction, he has won an audience by the sheer weight of what he has to say rather than by the inspired way in which he says it. He even achieves the ore basic and unpremittable attribute of the creative novelist—the making of his characters, as we say, "live"—not by the intangible miracle of genius, but by a forthright and plodding process of logical construction. In a word, the novel to Mr. Herrick is essentially a mechanism of intellectual distribution. And in *A Life for a Life* he has for once so overloaded his machine that it has collapsed.

UNDER the title of *A Motley* (Scribners, \$1.20) a number of studies and impressions by John Galsworthy, written and, with two exceptions, published at various times from 1899 to 1910, and part of them already gathered into a volume in England, have been brought out in an American edition. These papers—it is hard to name them, since the most elaborate of them are less than stories and the most note-like of them have creative as well as esthetic suggestion—correspond to pages from an artist's sketch-book, where the instant visions of the seeing eye have been recorded at the moment

of inspiration and the fundamental skill of the technician stands revealed in its simplest terms of stark spontaneity. To the casual reader of fiction such a collection will make small appeal; as small exactly as would a painter's sketches to a casual picture gazer; and hence its intrinsic interest can bear no fruit of popularity. But no amateur of literature and life who happens to be unacquainted with John Galsworthy is likely to read the book without experiencing the prospector's elation of discovery; and the understanding admirer of Mr. Galsworthy's novels and plays will relish *A Motley* as at once offering them glimpses of the passing show through an artist's eyes and interpreting for them that artist's attitude toward the raw materials of his art.

EVERY now and again, yet with a sufficient semblance of regularity for us to accept it as a functioning of an obscure law of nature, a new writer with an engaging simplicity of manner and a naïvely confiding sense of humor comes to us out of Scotland. For the most part they come, and go, comet-wise; their orbits, to speak by the book, being parabolic. Occasionally one appears following an elliptical path and makes several appearances before disintegrating. A few, as we know, have acquired a recognized place in the solar system of English letters. Mr. Ian Hay, the genial author of *The Right Stuff* (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.20), is such an unheralded visitor from the outer void; and while it is not possible at this writing to determine with any accuracy the curvature of arc of his motion, nor to say whether he will come again, nor if he does whether he will have gained in specific gravity (he could without endangering the planets), or whether he will pass unnoticed as a puff of meteors, yet this much is certain: he

has the engaging simplicity of manner and the naïvely confiding sense of humor above referred to as characteristic of his origin, and one can do worse of a summer's night than go out and look at him. For the purpose of his story he has assumed the guise of a common or garden member of the British Parliament, and in that capacity engages as private secretary the raw Highlander who turns out to be the right stuff and whose way with English politics and an English maiden proves it to our amused satisfaction. To revert to the astronomical metaphor, the nucleus of Mr. Hay's novel is distinctly luminous, and if there are portions of the tale that are dim—not to say dull—why, most of us felt the same way about Halley's far more widely heralded appearance in the spring.

J. B. Kerfoot.



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



The Book of Daniel Drew. In which Bouk White has edited the confessions of a financier out of a fragmentary diary after the manner of a biologist reconstructing an ichthyosaurus from a toe joint.

Fortune. by J. C. Snaith. Romance dashed with irony. A Spanish tale with an Elizabethan flavor.

George Meek, Bath Chair-man. by Himself. With an introduction by H. G. Wells. Notice later.

The Isle of Whispers. by E. Lawrence Dudley. A rapidly moving agglomeration of improbable piracy.

A Life for a Life. by Robert Herrick. See above.

The Master Girl. by Ashton Hilliers. The story of the invention of the bow and arrow by an entertaining welder of the "long bow."

Men and Dogs. by Henry C. Merwin. An appreciation that all dog lovers will appreciate.

My Friend the Indian. by James McLaughlin. Recollections of a lifetime's official and personal intercourse with the Western tribes.

A Motley. by John Galsworthy. See above.

Nathan Burke. by Mary S. Watts. A long, leisurely and interesting story of Ohio in the second quarter of the last century.

Predestined. by Stephen French Whitman. A striking study of bohemian New York.

The Right Stuff. by Ian Hay. See above.

Simon the Jester. by W. J. Locke. Enjoyable reading. A mid-summer's entertainment of delightful quality and no consequence.

The Thief of Virtue. by Eden Phillpotts. How the mills of the gods grind on Dartmoor. A dour story finely told.

The Twisted Foot. by Henry Milner Rideout. An exciting stern chase after a Malay mystery.

The Voice in the Rice. by Gouverneur Morris. A story of the Santee Swamp. A clean cut bit of imaginative fiction.

Why I Am a Socialist. by Charles Edward Russell. An autobiographical argument of both human and controversial interest.

The Wild Olive. by the author of *The Inner Shrine* (Basil King). Sentimental romance disguised as stern reality. Avoid the rush by buying early.



MEMORIES

Midsummer Bargains

GREAT reduction in New York. Nothing like it ever known before.

Millionaires are way off. Splendid values offered in common people.

• Note our white sale.

Nothing like the quantities of pale faces have been offered in any age or clime. Sold singly or in job lots.

East Side mothers marked down to almost nothing. (Please specify when sending your order whether with or without babies.)

Several carloads of children, going cheaper than dirt. Take 'em away for almost nothing.

We have just taken the cream off New York, and offer the balance at extraordinary figures—part or in whole.

Come early and avoid the rush.

Have a skyscraper sent home on approval. We pay all charges.

Bargains in reporters. Never before have reporters been sold so cheap. Hardly worth the trouble of shipping.

Look over our hack-writers' bargain counter. (These are the ones who couldn't afford to leave town for summer.)

Try a few roof gardens before they spoil on our hands.

Anything you want in the way of humanity. Shop girls for a mere pittance. They stand all day without hitching.

Clerks for the mere asking.

Very good values in despondent Wall Street brokers. (Have been on our shelves since last winter.)

All kinds of blondes and brunettes. A few white slaves left over from the last sale.



"HE MUST BE A VERY SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR, JUDGING FROM THE LARGE HOUSE HE IS BUILDING."

"NOT A BIT. HE IS CONSTRUCTING IT FROM REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS."



Historic Fun



On Marriage

Cries Celia to a reverend dean,
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a bold thing,
That there are none in heaven?"

"There are no women," he reply'd;
She quick returns the jest;
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

—John Winstanley (1678-1750).

Prepares for Rainy Days

(By J. M. Bailey, the "Danbury News Man.")

You take a two-wheel cab in London, are driven a half mile and throw the driver a shilling. He looks at it in a perplexed and commiserative way which is beyond all imitation, and asks: "What's this for?" You patiently explain to him. He says: "Eighteen pence is the fare." You protest that the distance does not warrant the charge. He is obstinate. You can force him, so the card of rates posted inside says, to drive to the nearest police station for adjudication. But you are a stranger. He may drive you to the first police station, and he may drive you over the nearest embankment. You pay him the extra six pence and curse the government under which he thrives. The shilling goes to his employer and the six pence is laid up by himself for a rainy day. It rains a great deal in England.

The Assimilated Dutchman

After having wrestled with about thirty dishes at this dinner, and after all this being called upon to speak, I feel a great sympathy with that woman in Ireland who had had something of a field-day on hand. She began by knocking down two somewhat unpopular agents of her absentee-landlord, and was seen later in the day dancing a jig on the stomach of the prostrate form of the Presbyterian minister. One of her friends admired her prowess in this direction and invited her in and gave her a good stiff glass of whiskey. Her friend said, "Shall I pour some water in your whiskey?" and the woman replied, "For God's sake, haven't I had trouble enough already to-day?" (Laughter.)

—From a Speech by Horace Porter.

Mark Twain on Babies

... I like the idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself; one baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to; he is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities; do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent riot; and there ain't any real difference between triplets and insurrection. (Great laughter.)—Extract from a Speech.



THE ALWAYS "NEW" WOMAN

"GOOD-BY, DEAR, I'M GOING TO SEE MY PUBLISHERS AND SHALL MOST LIKELY BE LATE HOME AGAIN. . . . DON'T FORGET TO GIVE DODORE HIS PAP TWICE AGAIN."

—From "Daumier and Garvarni." International Studio Special Extra Number. John Lane Company.

An Expensive Reputation

Dr. Hume went to a newspaper office and laid on the counter an announcement of the death of some friend, together with five shillings, the usual price of such advertisements. The clerk, who had a very rough manner, demanded seven shillings and six pence, the extra charge being for the words "he was universally beloved and deeply regretted." Hume paid the money, saying, gravely: "Congratulate yourself, sir, that this is an expense which your executors will never be put to."

Lord Lyndhurst said that the thought that Lord Campbell, who was then writing the "Lives of the Chancellors," would write his life, added a new pang to death.

Form 1.

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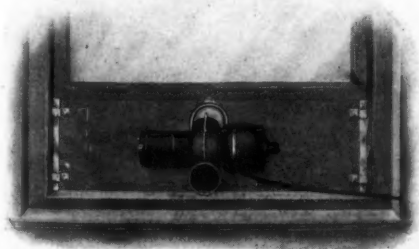
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Dated Youngstown, C.

To B. F. Sturtevant Co., Hyde Park, Mass.

Express C. O. D. one ventilating set size B slow
speed with flexible discharge pipe. Want to force outside
air into sick room. Please rush. Baby needs account
intense heat. Voltage one hundred, alternating current,
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Dr. A. M. Clarke.





SEASIDE STUDIES

Impertinent Cousin (reads): "THE ROCKS ALONG OUR COAST MAY BE SEEN STUDDED WITH THESE BEAUTIFUL ZOOPHITES. . . . THE SKIN IS SOFT AND THE TENTACLES ARE OF THE FINEST VIOLET, MINGLED OFTEN WITH PINK, MAUVE, GREEN AND YELLOW; INDEED, THE COLORS VARY SO MUCH IN DIFFERENT INDIVIDUALS, ALL ALIKE BEAUTIFUL, THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DESCRIBE THEM RIGIDLY. . . . DURING THE EBB OF THE TIDE THESE CREATURES MAY BE CONTEMPLATED ON A FINE DAY TO GREAT ADVANTAGE, AND FEW SPECTACLES ARE CALCULATED TO AFFORD MORE PLEASURE TO A LOVER OF NATURE—" "H'M, HERE ARE TWO LOVELY SPECIMENS, FRED! YOU TAKE ONE AND I'LL TAKE THE OTHER!"

—From John Leech's Famous Pictures in "Punch."

"I Want to Fly"

Shortly before the conclusion of the war with Napoleon there were a number of French officers in an inland town on their parole of honor. Now one gentleman being tired with the usual routine of eating, drinking, gambling, smoking, etc., therefore in order to amuse himself otherwise, resolved to go a-fishing. His host supplied him with rod and line, but being in want of artificial flies went in search of a fishing-tackle maker's shop. Having found one, kept by a plain painstaking John Bull, our Frenchman entered, and with a bow, a cringe and a shrug of the shoulders thus began:

"Ah, Monsieur Anglaise, comment vous portez-vous?"

"Eh, that's French," exclaimed the shopkeeper; "not that I understand it, but I'm very well, if that's what you mean."

"Bon, bon, ver good; den sare, I sall tell you, I vant deux fly."

"I dare say you do, Mounseer," re-

plied the Englishman, "and so do a great many more of your outlandish gentry, but I'm a true-born Briton, and can never consent to assist the enemies of my country to leave it—particularly when they cost us much to bring them here."

"Ah, Monsieur, you no comprehend; I shall repeate. I vant deux fly on the top of de vater."

"Oh! what, you want to fly by water, do you? Then I'm sure I can't assist you, for we are at least a hundred miles from the seacoast and our canal is not navigable above ten or twelve miles from here."

"Diable! sare, you are un stup of the block. I shall tell you once seven times over again—I want deux fly on the top of de vater, to dingle, dangle at the end of the long pole."

"Ay, ay! you only fly, Mounseer, by land or water, and if they catch you, I'll be hanged if they don't dingle, dangle you, as you call it, at the end of a long pole."

"Sacre nom de dieu! la blas. Vat



you mean by dat, enfer diable? You are un bandit jack of de ass, Johnny de Bull. Ba, ba, you are effrontee, and I disgrace me to parley vid you. I tell you, sare, dat I vant deux fly on the top of de vater, to dingle, dangle at the end of the long pole, to la trap poisson."

"What's that you say, you French Mounseer—you'll lay a trap to poison me and all my family because I won't assist you to escape? Why, the like was never heard. Here, Betty, go for the constable."



The constable soon arrived, who happened to be as ignorant as the shopkeeper, and, of course, it was not expected that a constable should be a scholar. Thus the man of office began:

"What's all this? Betty has been telling me that this here outlandish Frenchman is going to poison you and all your family? Ay, ay, I should like to catch him at it, that's all. Come, come to prison, you delinquent."



"No, sare, I shall not go to de





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MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER
CONTAINS**





The beginning of a new novelette by **EDITH WHARTON.**





A beautiful painting in full color by **MAX-FIELD PARRISH** for a fine poem, "SEVEN GREEN POOLS AT CINTRA."





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























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THERE WAS AN OLD PERSON OF DUTTON,
WHOSE HEAD WAS AS SMALL AS A BUT-
TON,
SO TO MAKE IT LOOK BIG HE PURCHASED
A WIG
AND RAPIDLY RUSHED ABOUT DUTTON.
—From "A Book of Nonsense,"
by Edward Lear.

prison; take me before de what you
call it—de ting that nibble de grass?"
"Nibble grass? You mean sheep?"
"No, I mean de—de—"
"Oh! you mean de cow."
"No, sare, not de cow; you stup
Johnny beef—I mean de cheval, vat
you ride (imitating). Come, sare, gee
up, Ah, ha."
"Oh, now I know, you mean a
horse."
"No, sare, I mean de horse's vide."
"What, de mare?"
"Qui, bon, yes, sare, take me to de
mayor."

This request was complied with, and
the French officer soon stood before
the English magistrate, who, by
chance, happened to be better informed
than his neighbors, and thus explained
the dilemma of the unfortunate
Frenchman to the satisfaction of all
parties:

"You have mistaken the intention
of this honest gentleman; he did not
want to fly the country, but to go a-
fishing, and for that purpose went to
your shop to purchase two flies, by way
of bait, or, as he expressed it, to la
trap poisson. Poisson, in French, is
fish."

"Why, aye," replied the shopkeeper,
"that may be true; you are a scholar,
and so you know better than I. Poi-
son, in French, may be very good fish,
but give me good old English roast
beef.—Anonymous.

The Ship of Faith

A certain colored brother had been
holding forth to his little flock upon
the ever fruitful topic of *Faith*, and
he closed his exhortation about as fol-
lows:

My bruddren, ef you gwine to git
saved, you got to git on board de
Ship ob Faith. I tell you, my brud-
dren, dere ain't no odder way. Dere
ain't no gitten up de back stairs, nor
goin' 'cross lots; you can't do dat
way, my bruddren, you got to git on

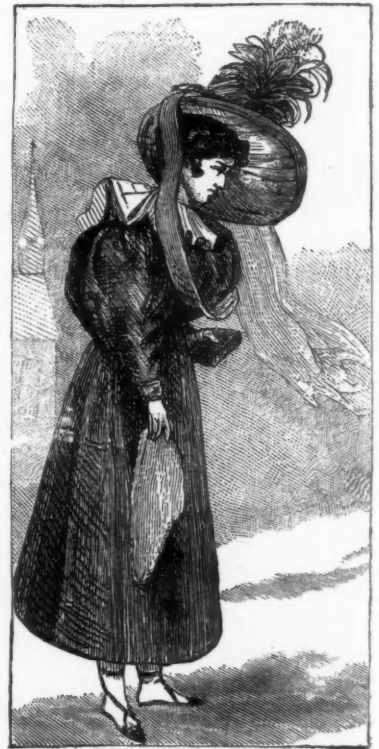
board de Ship ob Faith. Once 'pon a
time dere was a lot ob colored people,
an' dey was all gwine to de promised
land. Well, dey knowed dere wan't
no odder way for 'em to do but to git
on board de Ship ob Faith. So dey all
went down an' got on board, de ole
granfaders, an' de ole gramudders,
an' de pickaninnies, an' all de res' ob
'em. Dey all got on board 'ceptin' one
mons'us big feller; he said he's gwine
to swim, he was. "W'y!" dey said,
"you can't swim so fur like dat. It
am a powerful long way to de prom-
ised land!" He said, "I kin swim
anywhar, I kin. I git 'board no boat,
no, 'deed!" Well, my bruddren, all
dey could say to dat poor disluded
man dey couldn't git him on board de
Ship ob Faith, so dey started off. De
day was fair, de win' right, de sun
shinin', and ev'ryting b'utiful; an' dis
big feller he pull off his close an'
plunge in de water. Well, he war a
powerful swimmer, dat man, 'deed he
war; he war dat powerful he kep'
right 'long side de boat all de time:
he kep' a hollerin' out to de people on
de boat, sayin': "What you doin'
dere, you folks, brillin' away in de
sun? You better come down here in
de water, nice an' cool down here."
But dey said: "Man alive, you better
come up here in dis boat while you
got a chance." But he said: "No, in-
deedy! I git aboard no boat; I'm
havin' plenty fun in de water." Well,
bimeby, my bruddren, what you tink
dat pore man seen? *A horrible, awful
shark*, my bruddren; mouf wide
open; teef more'n a foot long, ready
to chaw dat pore man all up de minute
he catch him. Well, when he seen dat
shark, he begin to git awful scared,
an' he holler out to de folks on board
de ship: "Take me on board, take
me on board quick!" But dey said:
"No, indeed; you wouldn't come up
here when you had an invite, you got
to swim, now."

He look over his shoulder an' he
seen dat shark a-comin', an' he let
hisself out. Fust it was de man, an'
den it was de shark, an' den it was de
man again, dat away, my bruddren,
plum to de promised land. Dat am de
blessed troof I'm a-tellin' you dis
minute. But what do you tink was
a-waitin' for him on de odder shore
when he got dere? *A horrible, awful
lion*, my bruddren, was a-stan'in' dere
on de shore, a-lashin' his sides wid his
tail, an' a-roarin' away fit to devour
dat poor nigger de mimit he git on de
shore. Well, he war powerful scared
den, he didn't know what he gwine to
do. If he stay in de water de shark
eat him up; if he go on de shore de
lion eat him up; he dunno what to do.
But he put his trust in de Lord, an'
went for de shore. Dat lion he give
a fearful roar an' bound for him; but,
my bruddren, as sure as you live an'
breeve, dat horrible, awful lion he

jump clean ober dat pore feller's head
into de water; an' *de shark eat de
lion*. But, my bruddren, don't you put
your trust in no sich circumstance;
dat pore man he done git saved, but
I tell you *de Lord ain't a-gwine to
furnish a lion for ebery nigger!*
—Anonymous.

A Bold Venture

A lady persisted in pouring the
praises of an absent friend into the
unsympathizing ear of Charles Lamb,
assuring him over and over that the
gentleman in question was "such a
charming man," etc., and ending with
"I know him, bless him!" To which
Lamb replied: "Well, I don't, but d—n
him at a venture."



THE AMERICAN GIRL OF 1830 WALK-
ING IN THE SNOW

"I HAVE OFTEN SHIVERED AT SEEING A
YOUNG BEAUTY PICKING HER WAY
THROUGH THE SNOW WITH A PALE ROSE-
COLORED BONNET SET ON THE VERY TOP
OF HER HEAD. THEY NEVER WEAR MUFFS
OR BOOTS, EVEN WHEN THEY HAVE TO
STEP TO THEIR SLEIGHS OVER ICE AND
SNOW. THEY WALK IN THE MIDDLE OF
WINTER WITH THEIR POOR LITTLE TOES
PINCHED INTO A MINIATURE SLIPPER, IN-
CAPABLE OF EXCLUDING AS MUCH MOIS-
TURE AS MIGHT BEDEW A PRIMROSE."—
Mrs. Trollope, "Domestic Manners of
the Americans."



From Our Readers

Jokes with a Point

EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—While you are in the throes of your anti-vivisection spasm, why don't you take up the matter of "cruelty to crabs and lobsters?"

The practice of cooking them alive has been indulged in since "Adam was a cadet."

Don't you think it inhuman?

Personally, I take your pictures on vivisection as jokes.

Very respectfully,

R. H. ATKINSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 5, 1910.

No Surprise

EDITOR OF LIFE:

May I call your attention to the inclosed item from the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia of June 29, 1910?

"Helen Scott, 11 years old, of 627 Cedar Street, is believed to have contracted lockjaw as the result of vaccination."

One of the bitterest experiences I have ever had was caused by the vaccination of my wife and daughter. How long must we submit to this impudence on the part of any young squirt pill-vender who has a ten-dollar diploma? Yours truly,

PERLEY DUNN ALDRICH.

July 4, 1910.

A Wrong Righted

LIFE,

New York City:

DEAR LIFE.—Knowing that your effort is always to be fair and to give credit where credit is due, an admirer wishes to help you to preserve this principle. In your recent "Booklover's Number" you published a few verses entitled "A Summer Girl," and credited them to *Red and Black*. The author of those sprightly, lilting lines is Samuel Minturn Peck, an Alabama

poet, and they appear in a little volume of verse by him entitled "Rings and Love-Knots."

ALABAMIAN,

MOBILE, ALA., July 5, 1910.

For Beards

EDITOR OF LIFE,

New York, N. Y.

DEAR SIR.—Allow me to congratulate you upon the instructive humor of your cartoon, "The Lion of the Hour." The lordly lion certainly looks like a chump when he is clean-shaven. To man, the head of creation, God also gave a beard as a mark of dignity. It is a protection in winter and summer to the throat, the eyes and the skin, a comfort, and to shave it or have it shaved is a great nuisance. It is cleaner to wear a beard than to be continually shaved, despite the foolish contentions of the day. The dignified Generals Grant and Lee wore beards, and they were clean.

Yesterday I saw on the streets here a squadron of Uncle Sam's cavalry. It was a goodly array of stalwart men, but their faces were shaven, save for an occasional stubble. If each man had a full beard he would be better equipped for exposure to heat or cold, and without the shaving utensils would be just so much lighter on the march. Besides, what a difference in appearance. If you wish to see what I mean have one of your vivid artists draw the picture of a cavalry troop, with all the men full-bearded, from the captain down.

Sincerely,

SCUDDAY RICHARDSON.

SAN ANTONIO, July 5, 1910.

One Who Differs

THE EDITORS OF LIFE,

New York.

Gentlemen:—The writer has read with a good deal of interest the para-

graph on page 915 of your issue of May 19, relative to the uses to which the soldiers of the regular army might be put outside of their established military duties. The writer of that paragraph shows his appreciation of a growing evil in this country and a solution for that evil, which indicates to my mind that he has put more than a passing thought on the subject. The idleness of the military branch of the Government is a well-known and notorious fact. Being a soldier myself I can say this with all the assurance of one with perfect inside information. A brief résumé of the duties at this post will bear out what I have said and will also substantiate the statements of the before-mentioned investigator.

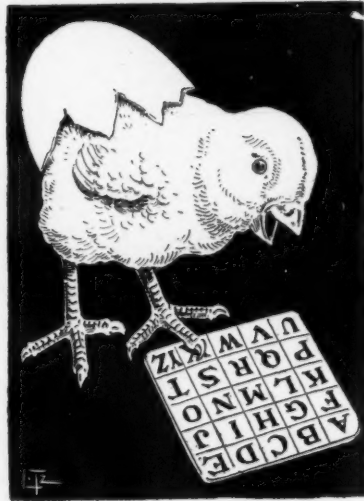
Reveille is at 6:00 a. m., breakfast at 7:00; company or battalion drill from 8:00 till 9:00. All those men not on duty as provost sergeant, clerks at headquarters, clerks at the quartermaster's or commissary's offices, telephone operators, old guard fatigue, teamsters in the corral, painters or carpenters, then have calisthenics from 9:15 to 9:45. After that all those not detailed for new guard, room orderlies, kitchen police, etc., drill at the sub-target gun, pointing and aiming drill, and gallery practice for from a half to an hour longer. At this last drill there are generally left from six to eight men out of a company of sixty-five. From 11:00 o'clock on these six or eight men are actually idle, cleaning their equipment, drawing rations, attending school, etc., until 5:20 in the afternoon, when a parade, which all men must attend, is held. A word about this parade. It is a relic of ancient days pure and simple; a survival of that desire for fuss and feathers, for the glory and paropy of war, that seems born in

(Continued on page 205)



The Legend of the Pilgrim Fathers

If there was a Plymouth Rock.—
President Lowell of Harvard.
 The breaking waves dashed high
 And crashed with thund'rous shock
 On a jagged rock a-nigh—
 If there really was a rock!
 The trees against a stormy sky
 Tossed branches gnarled and old;
 And stridulous the storm wind's sigh—
 At least so we are told.
 As straight unto the goal
 The good ship Mayflower's trip
 As needle to the pole—
 If in fact there was a ship!
 The Pilgrims on her prow
 Had promptly knelt in prayer.
 So must we all allow—
 But were the Fathers there!
 What of the beds and chairs
 That crammed the Mayflower's hold,
 And ever need repairs—
 Were all the buyers sold?
 Did those who forbears trace
 To Plymouth—harsh the blow!—



Boston Chicken: PSHAW! I KNEW THEM ALL BEFORE I WAS BORN.

Come of a common race,
 And Topsylike just grow?

Oh, Mrs. Hemans, sad
 The day if we should find
 Your tuncful numbers had
 No basis but the mind!
 —Maurice Morris, in *New York Sun*.

The Maker

"James A. Patten has a fine house in Chicago," said a New York broker. "I dined with him there one night last month.

"After dinner I admired a superb statue in the drawing-room.

"Splendid statue, that," I said. "What's it made out of—bronze or copper?"

"I made it out of cotton," said Mr. Patten."—*Tribune*.

Like Son, Like Father

Brilliant Ned Hamilton, well-known journalist of the Pacific Coast, has a son who is in one of the California universities.

The son did some writing about a football game, or some such thing, that pleased the editor of the college paper, and he wrote a little piece about the rising young author, telling his school history and all that, and concluding with these words: "His father also writes."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

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Usher in the New Year well!

India South Africa England Scotland Canada Australasia

Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
Usher's Whisky

Andrew Usher & Co., Distillers, Edinburgh.

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STRIPES

Sympathetic ex-Convict: POOR CHAP, IN FOR LIFE, I SUPPOSE.

**THE AUTHORITY—DALTON on
AUCTION
BRIDGE**

All Booksellers: \$1.25 by mail.
WYCIL & COMPANY, New York

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 203)

some degenerate natures. In fact, so determined are these misguided men not to give up this daily chance for display that I have known them, in the hot climate of Texas, to faint in the ranks rather than forego it.

You can see from the preceding account to what a shocking extent this state of "paid idleness" is being carried. Of course, there are a few other duties of minor importance that I have not mentioned, such as three to six day practice, marches once a month, six weeks' to two months' work on the target range and a month or two of maneuvers in the fall. For the officers, in addition, are a few small and unimportant occupations (introduced much in the nature of diversions to kill some of the otherwise unoccupied time), such as schools, boards of examination, surveys on property, courts-martial, etc., and, for the writer of this particular protest against the idleness of the soldiery, the making of a map of some hundred square miles of territory, which has required the covering, each afternoon, for the last month or so, of from twenty-five to thirty miles of road.

From the above you can readily see that there are many spare moments now wasted that might be put to useful endeavor. For instance, from 6:15 to 8:00 is too long to be spent in eating breakfast. At least an hour and a half of this might be saved and used in building roads. Then from 11:00 on until 5:20 p. m. the laboring power of those six to eight idle men should not be thrown away. They might with great propriety, be sent to Arizona or New Mexico for the afternoon, where their assistance in dig-

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

for convenience in your summer writing

The More You Write

while you are away on your vacation, the more you will know the convenience of owning a Waterman's Ideal. The successful combination of pen and ink into this one device annually shows that the care and thought given to the manufacture of Waterman's Ideals are of increasing service to everyone who has writing to do.

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efficiency, the more valuable will Waterman's Ideals become. You will have at least one with you all the time. There is even a Safety type that you can carry filled in your waist-blouse and it cannot spill. A minute to fill it and you are prepared to write at least 20,000 words without a stop—or any inefficiency which would cause you to question the supremacy of Waterman's Ideals.

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6 Rue de Hanovre, Paris.

Try One More Good Dinner

We recommend a trial of

MAN-A-CEA WATER

dripped while taking food, and between meals, should distress appear, as an aid in promoting good digestion.

Recommended and sold by—NEW YORK, Park & Tilford—Acker, and Condit Co.—Charles & Co.—Hegeman—Riker; PHILADELPHIA, Mitchell, Fletcher & Co.—Acker; BOSTON, S. S. Pierce Co.; MORE, Jordan Stabler Co.; PITTSBURG, Geo. K. Stevenson & Co.; ALBANY, Faxon, Williams & Faxon; CLEVELAND, Chandler & Rudd; DETROIT, O'Brien & Company; CHICAGO, C. Jevne & Co.; ST. LOUIS, David Nicholson Grocer Co.; CINCINNATI, Joe. R. Peebles' Sons; MEMPHIS, White Wilson Dress Co.; ATLANTA, Jacobs' Pharmacy; WASHINGTON, Thompsons' Pharmacy; LOS ANGELES, H. Jevne & Co. Send for Booklet.

MAN-A-CEA WATER CO., 18 Stone St., New York.

ging irrigation ditches would be of incalculable value. Then the time from parade until reveille the next morning is at present spent in absolute and unproductive idleness. Even in the present state of modern progress we have hardly arrived at the point where we build roads or dig ditches at night; but it would seem that some of the unimportant duties above mentioned might be transferred to the evening hours and the time thus

gained used for the purposes specified.

Thus you can see how well grounded are the fears of the writer of the paragraph to which I have directed your attention. I would like to meet him, "to sit at his feet and hear the word," to watch him dispense tasks to these unoccupied "sons of Martha." I believe that if we could collaborate, he furnishing the brains and the guiding hand, I the enthusiasm of the

(Continued on page 207)

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Capital, \$1,250,000. Surplus and Profits, \$750,000

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Pace

The following story reminds one of Alice's mad race with the Red Queen in the country where "it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place." They were tramping in Switzerland, and when, after a long, dusty afternoon's walk, a bed and a bath and a din-

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

ner seemed three very desirable things, they spoke to a farmer:
"Interlaken? How far is it?"
"Two miles," he replied.
The tourists marched hopefully on, but after half an hour had passed, and no town was in sight, they demanded of another peasant:
"How far are we from Interlaken?"

For BILIOUSNESS Try
Hunyadi János
NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Avoid Substitutes

"Just two miles!" he shouted back. "Keep right on."
Again the weary trampers toiled on. Another half-hour elapsed, and still Interlaken was hidden from their view.
"Are we anywhere near Interlaken?" they implored, when they met the third farmer.
"But two short miles," he replied, as had the others.
The tourists turned to each other in despair; then the fortunate sense of humor intervened.
"Well," said one, "thank heaven we're holding our own, anyhow!"
Youth's Companion.

Caron Bitters—Tonic, appetizer. Unequaled for cocktails. Ask your dealer or druggist.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

Ungallant

1912: What is a suffragette?
1913: A being who has ceased to be a lady and is no gentleman.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

NOTHING is so funny as dignity.
Most things come to him who kicks.
The secret of success is grabbing it first.
It isn't necessary to call a man a liar. If he is, he knows it; and if he isn't he isn't a man.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

The working man is not so important a being under capitalism as the working mule. Let both get sick and see for which one the master gets the doctor.

Since Harriman's death the securities he transferred to his wife and son have appreciated in value to the extent of over twenty million dollars, making the total wealth of the family two hundred and twenty million dollars. All accumulated by "hard work" and "saving" in this glorious land of opportunity! All you have to do, Mr. Worker, is to save your wages, and you, too, may make twenty million dollars in three months!

The change from one old party to another is about like the change from one year to another—you would never know it had occurred if it wasn't talked about.

—*Appeal to Reason.*

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



CRACKING A JOKE

FATOFF

THE KING OF OBEISMS CREAMS

No Oils No Grease
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Cool and Cleanly
Will restore your normal figure in 30 treatments, or reduce to desired size in 60 treatments.

Reduces wherever applied, leaves flesh firm, smooth, and uncrinkled.

Clean, cool and pleasant external applications, may be used in hot baths.

Appointments for expert treatment at your home may be made by phone or letter.

Literature (mailed free in sealed wrapper) will win conviction.

For Double Chain (a chain-wonder) Special size 1/2 lb. \$1.50

Full Size Jar, \$2.50
FATOFF is sold at all drug stores and all the Hygienic drug stores and leading druggists everywhere or will be supplied by

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69 Warren St., New York
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the our tradem
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e O. K. M

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 205)

devotee, that we could accomplish a great work here. However, I will not hope for so much. At least to me, nevertheless, is the consolation of knowing that with such a master intellect grappling the subject we may look forward to the dawn of an era of brighter things.

To be serious, LIFE, one supposes, ordinarily, that when a writer conceives an idea that he considers worthy of the dignity of good printer's ink and type-metal he should also be aware of the necessity of possessing a certain modicum of information relative to the subject with which his idea is concerned. Especially does this become a moral responsibility when said idea is an attack on another class of persons and is to be disseminated by means of a medium that reaches thousands of readers. Evidently the thought of no such responsibility entered the mind of the man who penned the lines to which I have taken exception.

I would also like for you to point out to me any other line of work or profession that is more intimately concerned with the making of "intelligent, patriotic, efficient citizens" than the army and navy of the United States.

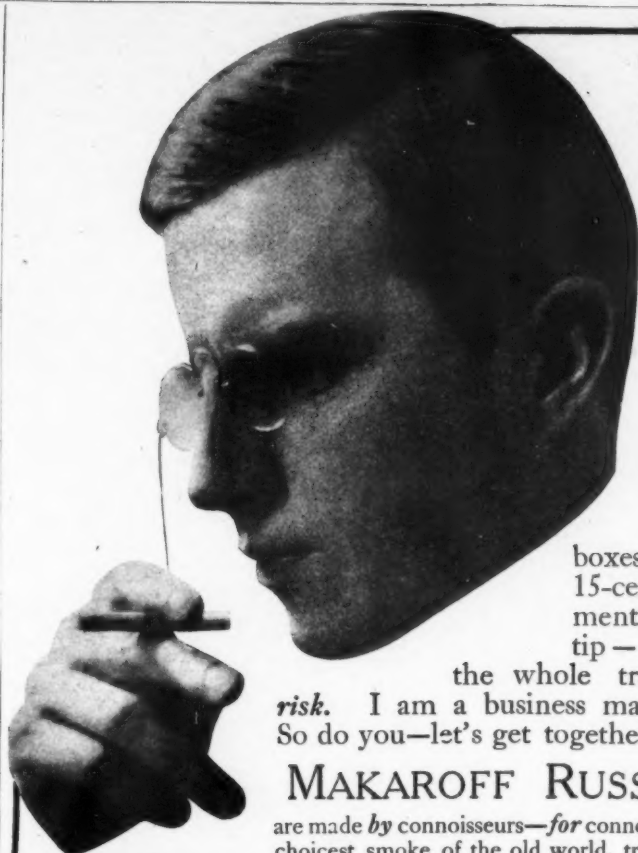
Yours for enlightenment,
 HUGH M. KELLY,
 1st Lieut. 26th U. S. Infantry.
 FORT BRADY, MICH.,
 May 19, 1910.

One Explanation

DEAR LIFE:

What do you take us for, anyhow? Of course, you didn't get any A1 essays in your College Contest! Any one who would write an essay on his or her college funny enough to be published in LIFE had better resign and go somewhere else.

But wait a minute! Why don't you offer us a little something for writing a humorous essay on some other col-



To All Those Who Haven't—
 Let's Get Action!

Pin a dollar bill to this ad, write your name and address on the margin, send it to me *today*—and I will *settle* the cigaret question for you *forever*—or else I'll return your dollar.

Just say whether you want four 25-cent boxes of Makaroffs, or seven 15-cent boxes—or an assortment—specify plain or cork tip—and I'll do the rest—

the whole transaction to be *at my risk*. I am a business man—I like quick action. So do you—let's get together.

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

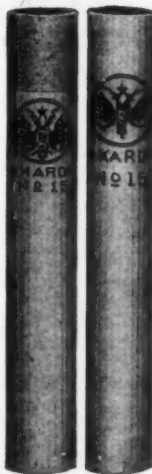
are made by connoisseurs—for connoisseurs—the choicest smoke of the old world, transported to the new. I've been telling you the story of Makaroffs for years—no doubt you've read it and you believe it—but you can't smoke it. All the talk in the world is deaf and dumb compared to a trial of the goods.

Now let's get down to business. I've got a cigaret that will make good—or I couldn't afford to buy this space or make any such offer.

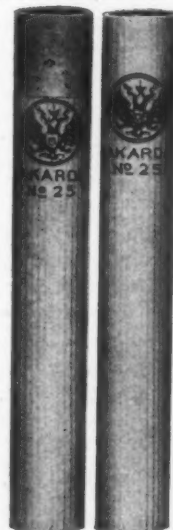
If you're a business man, you'd willingly pay a good many dollars to settle the question of cigaret quality forever—if you could be sure. I offer to settle it for you for a dollar and to return the dollar if I don't.

I don't want any cigarets back, either. Just smoke them up, and then, if you want the dollar back, just say so and it will go back to you instanter—and no questions asked. If you want more Makaroff cigarets you can get them through your nearest dealer—he's got them or can get them quick from his nearest jobber. I'll see that you're supplied.

You can't lose on this. Tear this page out now, while you're thinking about it—enclose a dollar bill and the trick is done. Send it to



15 cents for 10
 \$1.50 per 100
 At your dealer's
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75,000,000 WASHBURNE'S PAT.

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SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY

There is genuine pleasure in their use as well as Perfect Security. Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made

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lege than our own? You would have to double the office force to handle the returns and appoint a special committee to try and decide which one was really the funniest.

Really, we aren't dull, only inclined to be loyal, and it's too big a sacrifice for \$100.

Try us on something else!

Very sincerely yours,

L. J. R., 1910.

WOLLASTON, MASS.

June 30, 1910.

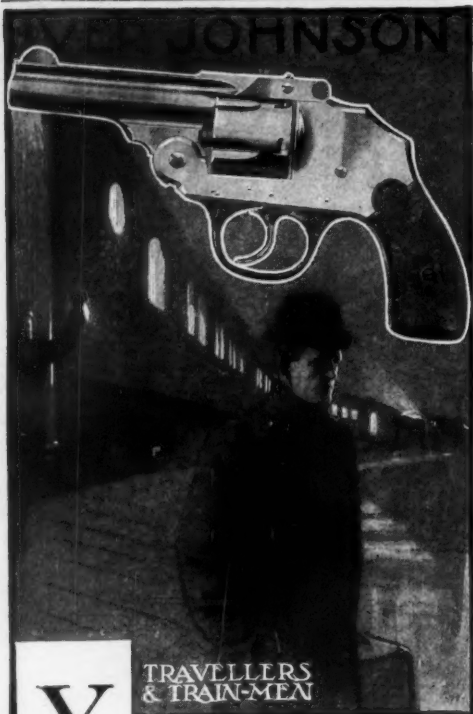
An Order

ST. LOUIS ORDERIN' Co.,

St.

Dear Sirs:—Well, bein's hayin's over an' I got a little left over after payin' the bills, thinks I writ down ther fer some new duds fer the old woman and fer that little gals dress on page 728 No—Hang it! I kent get it right—but you fellers whats younger than I be—you send it right along—its de white one and de only one which was on the page an' costs 2.94c. An, say please send all

(Continued on page 208)



TRAVELLERS
& TRAIN-MEN

YOU, who travel—is your revolver safe? Safe to hit against car seats—to throw about in your grip—to drop out of the berth? If it's an Iver Johnson, you can enjoy the sense of security it gives you in unfamiliar places, among strangers, without worry about accidental discharge. The famous

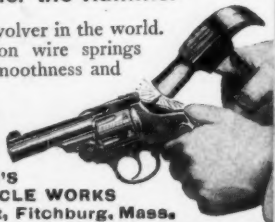
IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic REVOLVER

(hammer or hammerless) is absolutely safe. The only way it can be fired is to pull the trigger. The hammer does not touch the firing-pin—see for yourself at your dealer's—get him to **"Hammer the Hammer"**

It is the finest revolver in the world. Permanent tension wire springs give wonderful smoothness and speed of action.

\$6 to \$10
Send for Catalog

IVER JOHNSON'S
ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS
186 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.



From Our Readers

(Continued from page 207)

these things down to Mrs. John Stork at Goathollow cause she's my oldest daughter an the little gals dress it's for my only grandchild what lives down there. An the old woman shes goin down to visit our son what lives at Cross Roads an when she gets back and goes into her chest—why wont she be 'sprised to find all them new duds what's I'm gwayn to buy at yer store. Ye can send that coat

fer her whats on page 968 what cost \$7½ cause she aint had a new one fer pert ni ten yer and shes worked hard and is deservin of it. You can send that gray hat to whats on page 10228 whats got all them fixens on it. An say ye fellrs can fix it up in one o' dem swell hat boxes as ye got down there so it'll keep her hustlin and scraping in all that fuzzy paper to find where its at.

An say ye can send along that skirt whats on page 2019 and measer it on yer biggest woman in the store an if its aint big enough you get a bigger one and measer it on that fat woman what I seed at the post office that time when I took that thar band o' mules down to old Saint Louis.

I passed by yer store then and I feel kinder as if I now'd some of ye fellers. Yes an ye can send dat waist whats plade on page 20. I allwus liked plade. You'd better try it on the fat woman whats at the post office too. She won't mind, jus tell her she looks like my wife.

And say could ye fellers chuck in one of them there corsets some how. Send a big one an some extry strings. I see on page 299½ they air sellin at \$1.99 but I'm sendin \$2.00 fer it. And say all them there things whats on page 23—Say I'm a little shy about orderin em but here's \$5. what I'm sendin and you jus put in 2 suits of each kind. I think pink bows are a heap prettier. She aint had nuthin' cept things made o' flour sacks fer years and years.

Well this is all I'm goin to get now. You'll find a check on the bank whats good as gold.

Hurry and send em.

Yours

ELIHU PRESTON JACKSON.
MULEVILLE, Mo., PIKE Co.,
Juli _____

From the Enemy's Camp

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE,

New York City:

DEAR SIR.—In an article against vivisection in the number of July 7 you stigmatize as an instrument of torture a contrivance for making a dog travel at the rate of 380 feet per minute. This in fact is but 4.3 miles per hour. A dog accompanying a walking man will exceed this pace if allowed to go at will.

It is not evident to a layman like myself just what problem the experiment detailed later on in the article was intended to solve. Nevertheless, it is not to be supposed that the grave personages who fill professorial chairs engage in such pursuits as a pastime—as small boys pull insects apart.

Spilman Mixture
SMOKING TOBACCO

The best blend of the world's finest tobaccos.
1½ oz. 40 cts; 3½ oz. 75c; ½ lb. \$1.65; 1 lb. \$3.30. If not at your dealers will send prepaid upon receipt of price. Sent FREE—Booklet "How to Smoke a Pipe." Write to-day.
E. HOFFMAN COMPANY, MFRS., 179 Madison St., Chicago.

There
is
Beauty



MILKWEED CREAM

Keeps the skin soft, smooth and velvety, so that healthy Summer tan only adds to the natural attractiveness of a Milkweed Cream Complexion. The peculiar properties of Milkweed Cream keep freckles away, relieve soreness and smarting due to sunburn.

Milkweed Cream is a smooth emollient, possessing decided and distinct therapeutic properties. Therefore, excessive rubbing and kneading are unnecessary. Just apply a little, night and morning, with the finger tips, rubbing it gently until it is absorbed by the skin. In a short time blemishes yield to such treatment and the skin becomes clear and healthy; the result—a fresh and brilliant complexion.

To prove to you the advisability of always having Milkweed Cream on your dressing-table, we shall be glad to send a sample free if you write us.

F. F. INGRAM CO., 38 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Improves Bad Complexions—Preserves Good Complexions

Probably the berated physiologist was making a study of fatigue which in an overworked world surely ought to be thought worthy of scientific attention.

Is there any class of persons known to you who make it their business to study these problems of life and disease except those who are so often de-

(Continued on page 209)



Egyptian
Deities
"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

As near perfect
as mother nature
and human skill
can make them
Cork Tips or Plain



POND'S EXTRACT

A glorious "Rub-down" after Exercise.
For Sun and Wind Burns it is always sure, comforting, healing.

Always Keep Pond's Extract On Hand.

The Best Remedy in the Medicine Cabinet for Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Stings, etc. A standard for the family—wonderfully efficient—absolutely harmless.

Pond's Extract Company's Vanishing Cream

is an ideal, non-oily toilet cream of great purity and exquisite Jack Rose fragrance.

Free Sample on request.

Lamont, Corliss & Co.,
78 Hudson St., New York.



From Our Readers

(Continued from page 208)

mentioned in your columns as vivisectionists?

There is certainly great need of progress in medicine and surgery, which is simply another way of saying that a vast amount of knowledge is of importance which has not been gained from the ordinary observation of patients by physicians. In the course of some

thousands of years during which billions have been ill this source of knowledge must have been quite thoroughly explored and new fields must be sought.

Some years ago in a report to a committee of the United States Senate on vivisection a method of sewing the intestine of an animal which proved unsuccessful was instanced as an experiment which the doer himself (a surgeon in the Johns Hopkins Hospital) acknowledged to be useless.

To one who has undergone an abdominal operation a preliminary testing on animals of the various methods of uniting the intestine seems the only way of avoiding laying the whole brunt of the first trial on the human being who is unfortunate enough to require the sewing process.

There may have been a similar relation between the experiment of the physiologist you instance as an act of cruelty and the advice a physician is called upon at times to give his patients.

If the only class of persons who are engaged in the study of these questions—so important for life and health—believe these experiments are necessary ought they to have their hands tied? The tone of your article leaves no doubt that the anti-vivisectionists will prevent all experiments upon animals if they should ever find themselves strong enough to get their views into legislative acts without making a compromise.

My own education is that of an engineer where the necessity of laboratory experiments is fully recognized.

Very truly yours,
W. B. SPELLMERE.

Too Late

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE,
New York, N. Y.:
DEAR SIR.—While I am not a regular

A Happy Marriage

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

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

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

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

All in one volume. Illustrated. \$2, postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
Puritan Pub. Co., 711 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

WHEREVER
vacation days
may find you, look
for the Store that
shows this Sign

AGENCY

Whitman's

CHOCOLATES
AND
CONFECTIONS

It is connected by telegraph and express with the Whitman headquarters in Philadelphia and has a fresh and perfect supply of the famous **Fussy Package** Chocolates, Honey White Nougat, Chocolate Peppermint Marshmallows and a hundred other distinctive Whitman packages.

Should you fail to find an agency convenient we will send by mail prepaid a Fussy Package at \$1.00 a pound; White Nougat in 50c packages; Chocolate Peppermint Marshmallows in 50c packages; or Chocolate-covered Maraschino Cherries in 50c packages.

If you don't find the sign, send to us direct. Ask for a copy of our booklet, "Suggestions."

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.,
Established 1842
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of
Whitman's
Instantaneous
Chocolate.



subscriber to LIFE I believe I am a degree better than a mental one, for I buy the same from the newsstands and look forward quite longingly to the coming of each issue, and enjoy them from "kiver to kiver."

We have in our big State a man whom we believe to be as large in Texas as to purity in politics as the State; it is Gen. R.V. Davidson, a son of the old South and one of God's noblemen, whose record as Attorney-Gen-

(Continued on page 210)

Great Western Champagne



Half the Cost of Imported

Absence of duty reduces its cost 50%.

**Of the six American Champagnes
exhibited, Great Western was the
only one awarded the gold medal
at Paris exposition, 1900.**

Your grocer or dealer can supply you

—Sold everywhere—

**PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
RHEIMS, N. Y.**

Oldest and Largest Champagne House in America

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 209)

eral has never been equaled, that of collecting over \$1,718,009.14 from the largest of them all—the Oil Trust—to say nothing of numerous others. He aspires to be the Governor of this grand State, and by a peculiar coincidence his birthday and the primary election come upon the same date, July 23, and I believe the people of this great commonwealth are going to give him a great birthday present in nominating him for Governor. I believe he would grace with honor the columns of your "Popular Birthdays."

With best wishes for the continued success of LIFE, I am,

Yours truly,

A. E. CARTER.

LOCKHART, TEXAS, July 9, 1910.

We regret that our correspondent's suggestion came too late.

Whew!

DEAR LIFE:

Look here, this is no time of the year to publish a hot number like the —11 number. Can't you postpone it at least until cooler weather? Wait until winter and make it hot.

A PERSPIRING SUBSCRIBER.

A HOT JULY DAY.

Acknowledgments

Letters from friends and critics are always welcome at LIFE's office, but owing to lack of space, or because the same subject has been already treated, or for other reasons, many communications are omitted. Letters from the following correspondents have been received since last going to press:

E. S. Parry, Philadelphia, Pa.
F. H. Kimmel, Washington, D. C.
J. T. Leddy, Dallas, Texas.
Mark R. Lamb, Milwaukee, Wis.
Eugene R. Cox, New York City.

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suggestions for
Warm Weather

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Leslie S. Dodge, Syracuse, N. Y.
Committee of Manufacturers, New York City.

The Latest Books

The Snare of Circumstance, by Edith E. Buckley. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50)
Sally Bishop, by E. Temple Thurston (Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50)
The Isle of Whisperers, by E. Lawrence Dudley. (Henry Holt & Co.)
Predestined, by Stephen French Whitman. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50)
John the Unafraid. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
After Death—What? by Cesare Lombroso. (Small, Maynard & Co. \$2.50 net.)

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The Game of the Golden Ball, Elizabeth and Adrian Johnson. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

Earning Power of Railroads, 1910, Floyd W. Mundy. (James H. Osgood & Co., 20 Broad street, New York.)

The Green Mouse, by Robert Chambers. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)



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