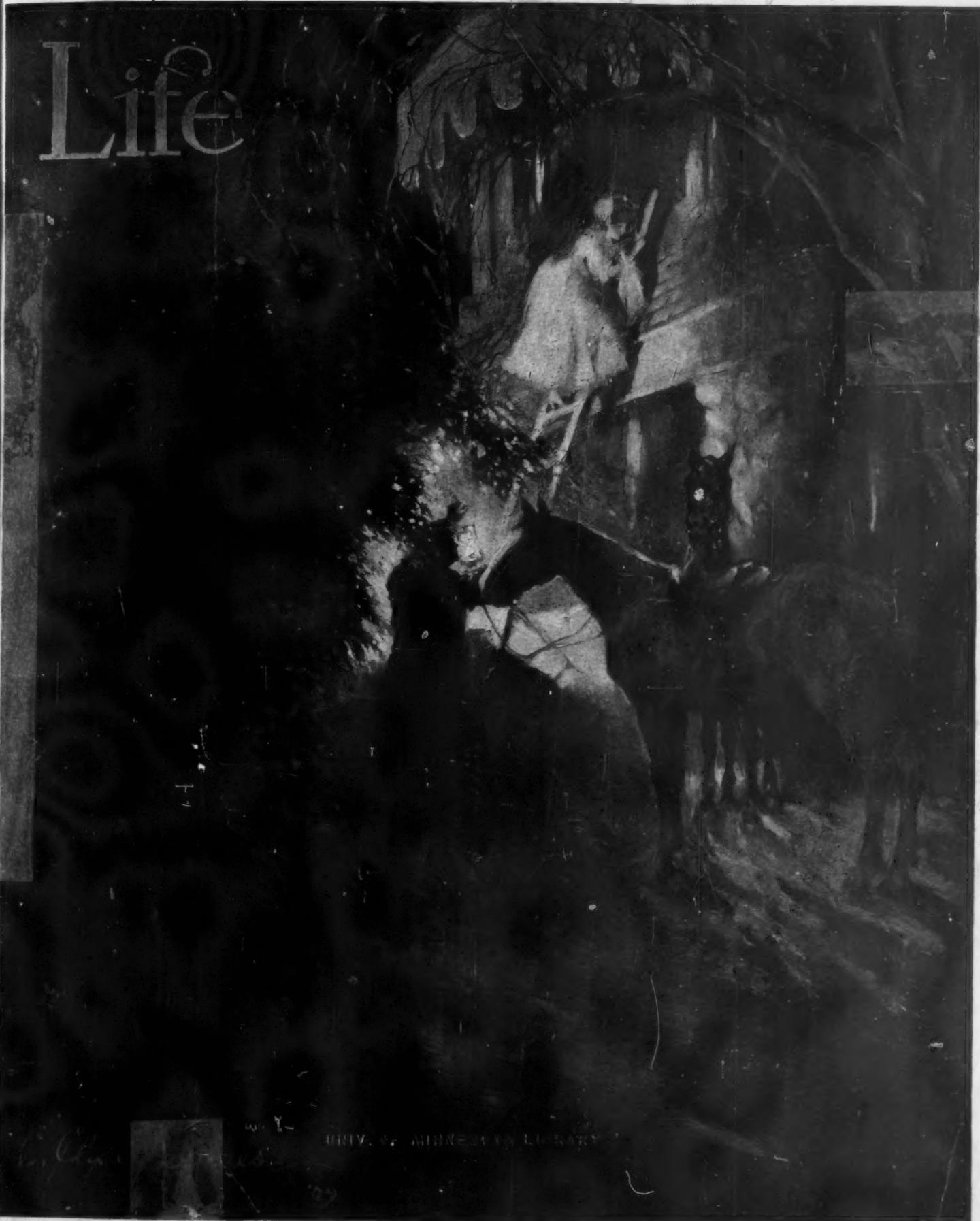


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WATER SUPPLY

**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.

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

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1212 Marquette Bldg., Chicago
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Pittsburg, Pa.

KEWANEE



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Summer Wear, show above the coat collar in the neck, are cut low enough in front for comfort, and have room for the cravat to slide in and tie in.

Made in two ways { CONCORD with notch } 15c. each; 3 for 35c.
{ EVANSTON with buttonhole } In Canada 20c.; 3 for 50c.

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That's Safe
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**STEINWAY
MINIATURE**

The purchase of a Steinway Piano carries the assurance that money can buy nothing better. In its qualities as a musical instrument, its beauty of outline and its intrinsic value the Steinway is in a class by itself.

The exact size of this grand—5 feet, 10 inches—has been determined through scientific research.

In an ebonized case, \$800.

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

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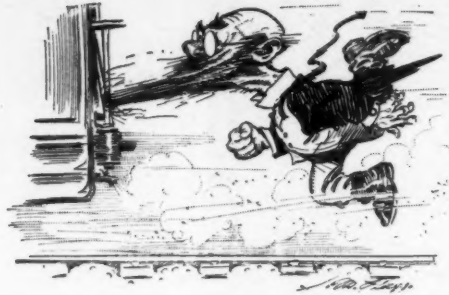


OVER ROADS LIKE THESE, WITHOUT DISCOMFORT IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE. ORDINARILY IT WOULD BE, BUT THIS CAR IS FITTED WITH THE TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER, THE DEVICE THAT

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LIFE IS GOING SOME THESE DAYS

For example, we purpose soon to issue a

Next Week!

HUMOROUS NUMBER



"What a funny idea!"

This unique and startling idea has been suggested by several requests for such a number.

How will it be received?

That is something, of course, of which we cannot tell. A daring conception! But, then, LIFE stops at nothing. The unusual is our constant quest.

Ours not to reason why,
Ours but to do and die!

We fully realize all the fatal consequences of issuing such a number. It will establish a doubtful precedent. It may stimulate competition. (If such a thing is possible with this interesting paper.) It will provoke thought. Always a danger! It will unsettle our readers, and undoubtedly cost us many subscribers. (But that is what we are here for—occasionally.) It will call attention to the danger of living in such an advanced civilization. (But why shouldn't we be alive to our responsibilities?)

On the other hand, we are counting on some favorable things—to wit: People will forget it. They will not hold it up against us permanently.

They will think it is only our little joke, and forgive us the shock.

They will realize at last how thoroughly broadminded and strictly independent LIFE is.

Expect it at any moment.

The great Rug Mystery, a thrilling tale in one intensely dramatic situation. We cannot now give away the plot, but in the centre page cartoon of the next Life all will be explained. Other great questions settled in this Astounding Aggregation of Altitudinous Wit and Wisdom.

When Women—

But why particularize (it's an awfully funny picture, that, by the way).

The cover is by Crosby, but a table of contents of this number would fill this page, and rob you of sleep until you see it.

We cannot be so cruel.

COMING

July 21. Dyspeptics'. A painful number.

Aug. 4. Great Midsummer Number (more later).

Aug. 11. Fat Folks'. This number is Great!

Aug. 18. Nautical. Full of Ocean Breezes.

Other numbers coming are **The Goody Goody, Burglars', Midnight, Hell** (last, but not least).

OBEY THAT IMPULSE

And be a regular. If you are afraid to send Five Dollars for a year, try a One Dollar subscription for three months. Canadian \$1.13; Foreign \$1.26. Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate. *This offer is net.*

LIFE, 17 W. 31st Street, New York

Subscription \$5.00

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WORLD TOUR—ORIENT

Also: Tour Spain, Sicily, Italy (Christmas in Rome) and France, sailing November. (31st) 32 Broadway DE POTTER TOURS (Year) NEW YORK



Relating to Things

DEAR DARLING LIFE:

Words of yours in the last number concerning Ballinger, Pinchot, Dreyfus and *Collier's* lead me to wish to tell you a little tale. Here it is:

Once upon a time there was a county in southern Utah through which railroad engineers, hopeful, pioneering and of good intent, surveyed a line for a transcontinental railroad. They ran their line over a bed of coal. When the engines began to run some years later the former civil engineers began to load the coal onto the cars and ship it to the nearby markets. The price was \$3 per ton. Nearly all of them became millionaires in a little while, or near-millionaires.

The Southern Pacific, with an Eastern terminal 90 miles distant, wanted about 4,000 tons of that coal per day to run their Ogden to Frisco equipment. The contract entered into to furnish that amount made 40 per cent. of the Rio Grande Western's net profits. Mind you, that was with \$3 coal.

It made so much of the Rio Grande's profits that it was the one



Egyptian
Deities
"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

Before the feast
after the feast
always...
Cork Tips or Plain

WINCHESTER

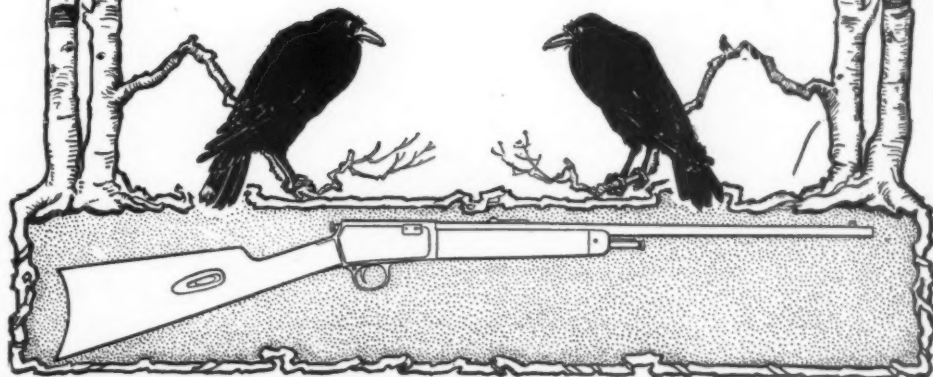
.22 CALIBER

AUTOMATIC RIFLE

This rifle reloads itself, the recoil doing the work. It is only necessary to pull the trigger for each shot, which places reloading, as well as firing, under control of the trigger finger. Another desirable and distinctive feature of this rifle is that it shoots inexpensive, rim fire, smokeless powder cartridges which are clean to handle, being loaded with Winchester Greaseless Bullets. This rifle is a light-weight, ten-shot, take-down repeater, that is easy to load and easy to take down and clean. There is nothing complicated about it, being simple, safe and reliable. Ask your dealer to show you one. It's just

THE .22 FOR CITY, COUNTRY OR CAMP.

*Winchester Guns and Winchester Ammunition—
The Red W Brand—are made in the same
plant for each other and sold everywhere.*



thing that decided the Goulds to buy in the railroad. In those days we were all begging for railroads and saying our prayers to railroad makers. We thanked God that coal did prove a factor to the Goulds. We thought it nothing evil that there was money in our natural resources for those great, distant, little understood and vastly benefiting blessings, the Capitalists.

We wanted them. Came Harriman. He wanted a law allowing his road to own a bit of coal—needed it to fur-

ish a supply for his engines—didn't want to depend upon a precarious retail market. Harriman, we thought, was a railroad man in those days. Did we give him the right to own a coal mine? Well, you should have seen us. The bill went through the Legislature with less than an hour's debate in both Houses. That was in 1901.

Then we began to get \$4 coal and then \$5 coal and then \$6 coal. We turned from Utah to Wyoming. We

(Continued on page 6)

LYON & HEALY PIANO



THE cost of labor in the LYON & HEALY PIANO is double the cost in an ordinary piano; the material costs 50% more than usual; the whole piano, by its sterling character, perfectly represents the World's Largest Music House. It is PURE IN TONE. Prices \$350, \$375, \$400 and upward. Drop a postal today for the beautiful art catalog containing easel-back illustrations. You will then readily understand why this piano is the unquestioned triumph of the present day; why it is first choice of so many shrewd buyers; why 180 piano dealers in all parts of the world secured the agency during the past year. Write today. LYON & HEALY, Dept. Z7265, CHICAGO. (79)

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 5)

found our law was working and Harriman OWNED ALL THE DEVELOPED COAL there. We thought of developing coal and found the freight rate from Wyoming, 400-odd miles away, was identical and the same with the rate from Castle Gate, Utah, some 90-odd miles. The retailers began to confess; they had all been driven out of business independently and were commission men only, having no more than a janitor's power in their own houses.

Then we got a coal famine in the dead of winter, and there was a whisper of \$8 coal. That was in 1906. We looked around and found that the Harriman-Gould coal interests dovetailed and were identical and whipsawed the country to a finish, and had driven everybody else off the map and were exercising famine-making powers such as we had fancied were the vested interests of God alone.

That roused some fighting spirit. In memory of it I had to smile very

There can be no stronger proof of the worth of an article than the fact that it is widely imitated. Makers of paper have imitated the name and have endeavored to imitate the quality of

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It still remains the standard, correct in every particular. For business or men's social correspondence OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND meets every requirement of the most exacting man.

Let us send you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND.

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Prints that will add a dignified atmosphere to your Den, Dining Room or Billiard Room. Colonial Inns and Ale Houses of old Philadelphia. Painted by the foremost artist on such subjects. Twelve to the set—11 x 14 inches each. \$2.00 per set. Send 4 cents for miniature reproductions and the history of each Tavern.

The Robert Smith Company, 25th & Poplar Sts., Philadelphia.

broadly and widely and inclusively when I read your impression that "there might possibly be a little coal left over in Alaska if the Guggenheims were allowed to take what THEY NEEDED TO RUN THEIR RAILROAD. Oh, dear LIFE, believe me, if you could only guess the sweet, sad, sorrow of those words of yours!

And then came hopefully into our harried, unhappy country two men. One was Theodore Roosevelt. Guess who the other was? None other than your good friend whom you like, but think too harsh—Norman Hapgood.

In the trail of Roosevelt came law suits, special prosecutors, withdrawals of the undeveloped coal land from entry, suits to recover that which had been obtained fraudulently and criminal charges to break the deadlock of the Harriman-Gould cinch-hold upon our intermountain realm.

In the trail of Hapgood came Connolly and Mark Sullivan and Robert J. Collier and Will Irwin and Sarah Comstock—the whole Sam Collier family, if you will. They listened to the words of indignation poured in from a restless people, and in an editorial or two turned in a little light on a situation about which they knew VOLUMES MORE THAN THEY WERE LETTING ON.

Then came the days of Taft. First thing that happened was that he dismissed ALL THE ROOSEVELT SPECIAL PROSECUTORS. He did it with a flourish of trumpets and a statement that thereafter the regular district attorneys would do the work, so that law should be glorified! I shivered at that early Taft act—shivered for my vote for him, for our country and for Taft, whose action stirred immense surprise, chagrin and astonishment. It prepared me to expect anything. And anything

(Continued on page 7)

CALOX

THE OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER

Depends for its virtues not upon strong oils, carbolic or other irritating disinfectants, but upon the presence of Oxygen (peroxide)—Nature's purifier.

Ask your Dentist—he knows

All Druggists, 25 Cents.

Sample and Booklet free on request.

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Position Unrivalled 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.



"PSHAW! HERE'S A PRETTY FIX! I PROMISED MY WIFE I WOULD BE HOME AT SIX O'CLOCK AND NOW IT'S THREE P. M.!"

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 6)

came. Before the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy began one of the heart-cutting things I heard was that Ballinger had AGREED by stipulation that the Utah fuel company was to get all that land it had obtained by fraud and which Roosevelt had been in a fair way to redeem to the general welfare. Next thing I heard of Ballinger was that all the land Roosevelt had withdrawn was again open to entry and was being filed upon like hot cakes.

I only know that these things formed a background in my mind from which I could look with different eyes than yours upon the Ballinger-Pinchot

THE PEERLESS



A HIGHLY REFINED
 MOTOR CAR THAT
 IS MADE WITHOUT
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 THE BEST THAT CAN
 BE PRODUCED.

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 SOLD the past YEAR
 should convince YOU of their
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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."

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HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Slipping, NEVER!
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 All fasteners. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.
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controversy—and with more assured approval than yours upon the part Collier's has taken in it.

A noted writer here, whose name is synonymous with muckraking of the most widely circulated sort, told me the other day that from now on the magazines that have any efficient place among the nation's mass of readers are going to be those that are edited here, and written by men who have come here in matured life from the Middle West and beyond. That particular

man came from California, where the Southern Pacific's cinch hold is something an Easterner cannot even contemplate, any more than can the Westerner the omnipotence of a New York office-boy seated three rooms away from the home-grown editor. Wishing you tremendous prosperity and an immediate Western tour, I am,

Cordially and sincerely,

ISAAC RUSSELL

NEW YORK, May 17, 1910.

(Continued on page 9)

Millions of Mental Subscribers Still Flowing In

A WONDERFUL RECORD—UNSURPASSED IN ANY AGE OR CLIME

Lead the imaginary Life. It will cost you only a thought.

We have now nearly eight million subscribers on our mental books. The nine-million line will be crossed this week. They are coming in at the rate of a hundred thousand a day.

Our mental advertising rates have just been raised to \$45.00 a line. Nothing like it has ever been known.

Remember that we give no mental discounts for cash. It isn't necessary.

Get in touch with our thought bureau at once. Every moment's delay means disaster.

We invite mental inspection. Think of LIFE for a moment, and you will understand. Here's a letter—among countless ones received—that explains everything. It came mentally, but we translate it for the benefit of all those who have not yet reached the higher planes of thought:

Dear Life:

I am one of those indifferent persons who, up to last week, have never realized the wonderful opportunities held out to every human mind. Hitherto I have been blind to every thought impulse; I have been going along in the dark. Well, the other day, in an idle moment, I happened to read your statement asking for mental subscribers. It seemed ridiculous, of course, but (just for fun) I tried it. I concentrated my mind on subscribing to Life. From that moment to this I have been a happy man. I get Life mentally every week, and while I don't agree with everything you do, this makes it all the more interesting. My subliminal self is in a continual gale of laughter. Of course this reacts on everybody within my zone, and from the beneficent influence of your paper I am radiating light. Please vibrate on receipt of this a list of your coming specials.

Gratefully yours,

B ——— W ———

We shall cross the ten-million mark before August First. After that we cannot undertake to receive any more mental subscriptions. At present our thought bureau is pushed to its utmost capacity, and is working night and day filling orders. We need help. Liberal mental pay guaranteed to all who can fill our requirements. Line vibrates on the right as you enter.

Those who have not yet subscribed, but who wish to do so before it is too late, please bear in mind that this is no delusion. It is the only reality. We make this statement unreservedly, and are prepared to prove it.

The physical action of to-day is nothing but the materialistic expression of the thought impulse of yesterday. In five years from now we shall have at least five million actual physical subscribers to LIFE who are actually sending in good money every year. This will be due to the fact that now we are interesting ten million mentally.

Not that we care, of course. Oh, no! A few million coarse, materialistic subscribers more or less is of no special consequence to the only independent paper (with one exception) in the country.

What we desire at present is to show you that, after you have subscribed mentally for a number of years, the

physical subscription, while of course purely incidental, will come as a natural outcome, and that you will want to do it because it will relieve your mind of any responsibility.

This is the grand ultimatum—not for ourselves, but for you.

You must remember that the mental effort to subscribe, as we have before stated, is much more of an effort than it seems. It involves a conscious mental act.

The great present advantage is that it doesn't cost any money. We therefore urge everybody to make this effort and come in before it is too late.

The mental subscriber of to-day is the physical subscriber of to-morrow. When you have reached that grand point there is nothing else to do. You simply mail five dollars to LIFE once a year and are relieved of all further responsibility. You are in harmony with the universe. Obey that impulse!

Here's a letter from a man that explains the whole situation in a nutshell. It is addressed to our business department, which has kindly allowed us the use of it:

Dear Life:

I enclose herewith five dollars (in real money), for which please send me your paper for one year. This is the first year I have sent you any money, having for some years been a mental subscriber. I find, however (entirely aside from the pleasure it gives me), that it is much easier to send you good money than it is to make the mental effort. This may seem absurd to many, but I am sure you will understand.

When my attention was first attracted to Life it came about through the unconscious suggestion made by friends. I would hear some one say, for example, "Don't you take Life? Why, we can't get along without it."

Well, one day I found myself wishing furiously that I did take Life. I had worked myself up to a pitch of enthusiasm about it, and I just concentrated (unconsciously) and longed for it. Strange to say, the following week I became inwardly aware, in some subtle manner, that I was receiving it. From that moment I really began to enjoy myself. Thus I became a mental subscriber.

Why, then, do I now change? Well, for several reasons. First, as I have explained, it is really easier for me, as poor as I am, to send the actual five dollars, and thus save myself the mental effort (which is greater than it seems); and, second, because there are many people around me who have not reached the higher plane and can enjoy it more physically than mentally. Have I any right to cut them out of its benefits?
Yours gratefully,

H ——— T ———

There you have it in a nutshell. Subscribe mentally at once. No charge. You press a mental button. We will take care of the future.

Only good mental money taken. The other day a lady sent us a Palladino check, which even the Society for Psychological Research refuses.

Address

LIFE'S MENTAL VIBRATION
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P. S.—No present connection with any other department.



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SMOKING TOBACCO

The best blend of the world's finest tobaccos.
1 3/4 oz. 40 cts; 3 1/2 oz. 75c; 1 1/2 lb. \$1.65; 1 lb. \$3.30. If not
of 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.

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 7)

From Ontario

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Sir:—In reference to an article published by you recently under the heading "Morganatic," I desire to be allowed to make a few remarks.

The article is an attack on the private life of King George of England, and after making certain somewhat misleading statements in regard to his first marriage concludes by saying that "the Turk, the Mormon and the Anglo-Saxon are, after all, brothers under the skin; they do the same thing and call it by different names."

The fact of the matter is that when the present King first married he was not the heir to the throne, and when by his brother's death he became the heir apparent his marriage was annulled by a law of which his wife must have been aware, and which was enacted during the reign of George III.

My purpose, however, is not to attempt to justify King George but to object to the above mentioned conclusion reached by the writer of the article referred to. The writer mentioned



Budweiser

"Everywhere"

In every country—in every clime—
North, South, East, West—on land or
sea. Wherever you go, you'll find
Budweiser and always the same in
quality, taste and flavor—that's why
its sales exceed all other bottled beers.

Bottled only at the

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For Men
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Patented
**The
Coolest Auto Glove**

because of the perfect ventilation secured through perforations
across the back and fingers, too tiny to admit dust, is the

**GRINNELL VENTILATED
"RIST-FIT" GLOVE**

The "V" of soft leather inserted in the cuff allows a snug,
smooth fit, when the strap is drawn. This feature is our well
known patented "RIST-FIT." Only the toughest and softest
of "Reindeer" and Coltskin leather is used.

Examine a Pair of Grinnell Gloves at Our Expense

Write us your dealer's name, also size and style
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Originators and Patentees of Ventilated and "Rist-Fit" Gloves

takes one individual case, and that a most exceptional one, and then, with an utter lack of logic, generalizes his remarks so as to attach a stigma to an entire nation.

Quite apart from the immediate argument being untenable, facts show the assertion made to be untrue. Nowhere in the world is the marriage vow held more sacred than in England.

I write this protest in view of my experience of LIFE's usual fair-mind-

edness, and under the circumstances cannot forbear pointing out that, putting aside the question of fairness, it cannot but be considered bad policy for an American paper to take a critical view of another nation's marriage laws when the terrible prevalence of divorce in the United States is called to mind.

C. GORDON MORTIMER.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE,
KINGSTON, ONT., June 13, 1910.



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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE
Packard Motor Trucks are built entirely
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The Game

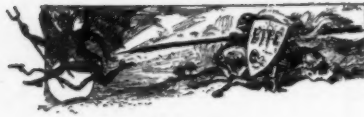
ALL the world's a game,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their shuffles and their cuts-for-deal,
And each man in his time fills many seats—
His play being seven jackpots. At first the Dealer,
Waiting and watching for a chance to raise;
Then the Man Next to Him, with his growling
Because the fates have set him right beneath the gun
And made him hold the age. And then the Opener,
Pushing his stack in on a pair of aces
With which he holds a side-card. Then the Bluffer,
Full of strange wiles, with eye-shade on his brow
And eyes like glass ones, standing pat on deuces,

Shoving his chips into the centre
Till no one dares to call. And then the Sleeper
Who never knows whose deal it is at all
And often won't discard before the draw,
Who must be told to get his ante in—
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and hungry Shoestring Sport
Who tries to pike a white chip to a stack
And stays in every big pot for a sight,
Then draws three cards and makes a royal flush
And talks about his wondrous poker-sense
And at the kitty swears. Last stage of all
That ends this strange eventful history
Is Hasbeen—when he may but look upon the game,
Sans chips, sans cash, sans watch—sans everything!



ANOTHER SETBACK TO THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE

581683



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. JULY 7, 1910 No. 1445

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



PEOPLE are feeling nowadays a good deal according to the general lines of their construction. Those that are built to feel cheerful are feeling about as usual, and those who are built to feel bad find a good many circumambient facts that seem hospitable to that phase of sensation. Folks who are feeling a little scared and despondent and would like to feel more so might get the *American Magazine* and read Mr. Ray Standard Baker's appraisal of President Taft. Mr. Baker has lately inspected the Ship of State and pronounces that the Ballast is at the wheel. It is awfully good ballast, he thinks, but was never made to steer; and he feels the worse about it because there is quite a spell of weather on.

Of course, that is interesting, but not so surely useful. We can't expect a Heaven-sent pilot every four or eight years to keep our old ship off the rocks. Is this a self-governing country or not? If it is self-governing, it will get along no matter if there is an unusually large proportion of ballast in the pilothouse. President Taft will do what he can to bring us along on the course, and what he doesn't do must be done by the other officers and the crew.

There are two great proceedings going on that affect all business—the regulation of the railroads and the regulation of the trusts. They are details of the purpose which has been developing in this country for the last twenty years to amend the Good Old Rule about getting all you can and keeping all you get. It is a mighty momentous

thing to amend the Good Old Rule; it's like taking liberties with the digestion. But that's what is intended. The intention has come along all right in proper course and its natural time. Competition as a regulator of railroads broke down in due time from inevitable causes, and Government regulation had to be fixed up to take its place. Our clever and benevolent old friend John Rockefeller demonstrated ably, usefully and irrefutably that if we didn't get some kind of hooks on to the trusts a handful of them would own everything in sight, and practically put rings in all our noses and govern the country. No doubt they'd do it well, but the idea is contrary to our institutions.

As things now stand, the regulation of the railroads is well along. It is awful to have the Government meddling so much with railroads, but who sees any other way? All there is to it is to get the meddling done intelligently, and towards that the new railroad bill is expected to contribute.

But the regulation of the trusts is still very much in the air. The two cases in the Supreme Court which bear on it were sent back to be reargued and won't be decided for six months. The trusts can no more be abolished than the railroads can. The Standard Oil Company showed how business should be done. It was a great lesson in business. It cannot be unlearned. The country must wait until the Supreme Court decides where the trusts stand under the law as it exists; then it is to be determined what the law ought to be.

But business hates to wait, and so the people who are prone to feel bad feel that the talents of our law-givers and legislators are not equal to the right settlement of questions so difficult as these, and the people who are cheerfuller feel that the questions are so important that they must be settled right, and that until they are, all the talent in the country will be on the job.



WHEREAS we have it on good authority (mostly stock brokers) that the Government has become so meddlesome that nobody is likely to

get together very much money ever again, there is the more reason why we should cherish whatever collections have already been made and see that they are used to do us the most possible benefit. Observe what remarkable work is being done by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Learning! It has made a chalk-mark across the field of instruction, and every college has to toe it before its fatigued professors can get pensions to rest on. It has just issued a report on medical schools which is expected to revolutionize medical instruction in this country. Its power over education, due to its pension ability, has been found to be extraordinary.



NOW, then, here's a great chance! Let us have the Foundation's benefits extended to the Legislatures of the country! What say, Dr. Pritchett—may not the Legislatures come in, too? Just think! Make the conditions reasonable—a prescribed minimum standard of intelligence for admission to all Legislatures on the Foundation's list; and then pensions for retired legislators to be computed on the basis of length of service. Begin with the State Legislatures; let Congress come in also if it wishes. It would be a wonderful help. Every Carnegie Foundation legislator would have to know *something*. If he voted according to conscience and his constituents fired him, there would be the fund between him and destitution. Veteran legislators, like Honorables Aldrich, Hale, Payne, Dalzell and Cannon, with a long record of service, would be able to retire at any time on handsome allowances, which, added to what income they may have gathered from other sources, would make them truly comfortable in their declining years and easy in mind about their widows. State universities are now being admitted to the benefits of the Foundation as fast as they meet the prescribed conditions. From that to the Legislatures is only a step, and if the Foundation's present funds are not equal to so extended a work, the founder has plenty more.



A JOY RIDE—A. D. 1912

"Life's" Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,813.58
Herbert C. Pell.....	25.00
"M. E. E.".....	5.00
Julius Wilcox.....	3.00
Miss Lillian L. Norman.....	5.32
"In memorial Maurice I. L.".....	5.50
Cash.....	5.00
Cash.....	5.00
"Rockford".....	20.00
A. Fischer.....	100.00
C. Wilbur Corman.....	20.00
F. W.....	100.00
"Bessie, Molly, Ned and George".....	20.00
"Girls Athletic Club of P. S. 22, Queens".....	6.00
"Ray, Ogden and Tod".....	25.00
G. K. Fullagar.....	10.00
M. T. L. Corner.....	10.00
"In memory of two babies".....	5.00
"Martha, Anita and Watson".....	5.00
Ecole Maternelle Francaise.....	50.00
Mrs. J. M. Andrews.....	2.10
E. H. Hawbaker.....	5.00

\$3,245.50



AT "LIFE'S" FARM

"FOLLOW THE LEADER"

The Shame of College Graduates

That Harvard College is still without an adequate library building ought to fill with shame every alumnus who returns to Cambridge for commencement.—*The Evening Post.*

YOU cannot fill what is full already. Every Harvard alumnus is kept permanently packed with shame right up to the line where his contents meet his back teeth. If it

is not about one thing it's about another. If he is not blushing to think the college library building isn't bigger, it is because he was already pink at the thought that the professors' salaries are too low, and that they have to go to the Carnegie Fund for pensions.

So it is with the alumni of the other colleges. The policy of the endowed American colleges is to keep their alumni in a permanent state of pecuniary contrition.

THE good die young. It is always the fellows who used whiskey and tobacco all their lives who live to be a hundred.

In Time of Trial

THE news that Mr. Frank Gould will expatriate himself and become a citizen of France, while cause for anxiety need not necessarily fill us with despair.

In a crisis like this it is earnestly urged upon everybody to be calm. Nothing can be gained by excitement.

The American people have usually risen to the occasion. It would be folly to give way unduly to our emotions.

This is not to belittle the extent of our calamity. Already several members of the Gould family have wantonly left us, exposing us to peril even in time of peace. Without Mr. Frank Gould the burden will be the harder to bear. It is hoped, however, that this will have the effect of bringing us closer together.

Mr. Gould's resolution to overtop Mr. Vanderbilt on the French racing track and to write plays hereafter only for the French stage leaves us, we must admit, painfully in the breach. We have not yet had time to pull ourselves together. All seems dark.

Nevertheless, we must struggle on as best we may. Patriotism and the instinct of self-preservation inherent in every human breast both demand it.

In spite of this apparently cruel action on Mr. Gould's part we are still willing to believe that he did it for the best with what light he had. There may be reasons which we do not know.

Our faith in Providence remains unshaken.



A STUDY IN EXPRESSION
THE LONG DISTANCE PHONE

Spain, France and Rome

BY royal decree amending the constitution, full privileges of public worship have been granted to non-Catholic societies in Spain. Protestants and other non-Catholics can have churches and hang out the signs that belong to them and meet in them as publicly as they choose. The Roman Catholic Church, as the established church of the country, still enjoys a state subvention, but there is a demand that it shall be stopped and that all the churches shall be put upon the same footing. That may come in time, for Spain is really stirring in these days.

We confess that we did not know that these changes in the Spanish constitution were necessary. How very far behind the times that poor, dear old country has lagged. We do sincerely congratulate it on having cleared another obstruction from the path of free religious competition. There is no better medicine for the Catholic Church in

Spain. We have it here, and where is the Roman Catholic Church so prosperous as it is here?

Of course the Vatican has protested, duly and promptly, against this forward step. Forward steps do not seem to be to the taste of the present Pope. We read that the French Government wants to treat with the French bishops about church matters—property, seminaries and schools—in France, and that the bishops are willing to negotiate, but the Pope forbids, and says the negotiations must be directly between the French Government and Rome. The French Government is willing that the bishops shall submit the negotiations to the Pope for approval, but it won't treat with him directly, and he won't hear of any other method.

That sounds very odd to an American. What can American Catholics think of it? The Popes appoint the cardinals and the cardinals elect the Pope. Most of the cardinals are Italians. Thoughtful Catholics of France, England, Germany, America, even Spain, perhaps, must ask themselves sometimes whom

and whose interests the Pope really represents. For these are days of representative government, and the Pope and the cardinals govern the Catholic Church.

The First Person, Singular

MY reputation is a thing I value much, and fain would be
A man whose praises all might sing;
I'm fond of popularity.

I'd like to hear my deeds extolled
And be acclaimed both great and fine;
I'd like to learn that I'm "pure gold,"
That merits great in me combine.

And yet, had I the luck to hear
Such gossip, I should certainly
Conjecture as it reached my ear
The hero must be I, not me.

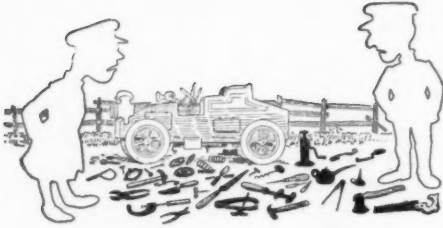
Oh, commendation makes me glow!
I like to hear it loud and free;
And yet, on hearing it, I know
'Tis only I they mean—not me.

And that's the joker, keen and small,
I find in praise and flattery:
I'm willing to believe it all,
But know it's only I—not me.

E. H.



A MIGHTY GOOD FELLOW



The Wild Oats of the Auto Movement

THAT vehement rebukist, Chancellor Day, of Syracuse, always finds subjects to be deeply displeased about, and has plenty now, and has been discussing them with his usual vigor. One thing that gives him the shivers is the awful addiction of our people to automobiles, as to which he says among other things:

It is said that about five hundred million dollars are invested in the automobile trade and this enormous capital is non-productive. That is, it adds comparatively nothing to the wealth of the people, but on the contrary absorbs it.

It is easy to dissent from this statement. A considerable proportion of the money that has gone into autos is quite as productive as money is in any other form of transportation. All the taxicabs, for example, are productive. An immense amount of carrying is now done by motor cars which was formerly done by horses, and from the sum of what the autos cost must be deducted the sum that used to be spent on horses, harness and carriages which the auto has displaced. That brings down the auto cost considerably.

Moreover, although autos are still in great measure articles of luxury, they have diverted expenditure appreciably from other articles of luxury. Since they came some money has been saved in steam yachts, watches, jewels, and a vast deal, as above noted, on fine horses and carriages. Lumbermen say the lumber business is dull because the money that ought to be going into frame houses and piazzas and extensions is going into autos. The house and the auto are very much in competition, and the disposition of the moment is toward less house, less paint, less plumbing, and more auto, more rubber tire, more gasoline. That is not a change altogether without compensations. The important factor in this world is the human factor. If the auto does the man more good than the house does, let him have the auto.

Undoubtedly the auto craze is extravagant. It is a curious sowing of wild oats by people not used to that exercise.

There will be a good many jolts in consequence of it, and many people will come down hard. But in the end matters will all work out right. Folks who can afford autos will have them, folks who can't will give them up, and the machines will be cheaper.

We read in the paper that in the early part of the seventeenth century, when wheel vehicles began to come into common use in England, there was a coach epidemic, and fears that all wealth was going to run away on wheels, and much talk of laws to restrain it. But England lived through it without legislation. Wheel vehicles had a great effect on social life and improved it vastly. Automobiles will carry that improvement along another step. They are winning because they ought to win. They amplify life. Think how much better worth money they are than warships or wars, and how much additional inducement they offer to the peace-keepers and the tariff fighters and drink fighters, and all the enemies of special privilege and waste!

We are not adjusted to them yet, and the process of adjustment is agitating, but they are wonderful machines and will do the world a lot of good. E. S. M.

A Possibility

"Whenever I meet a man who is in no sense remarkable, I want to give three cheers."—J. M. Barric.

IF there be those so bold as still to deem Colonel Roosevelt's abounding popularity something of a mystery, perhaps here is the key to it. Out of his own mouth has the Colonel more than once testified to his lack of uncommon qualities, and though many are ready to call him extraordinary, they are probably thinking not so much of the man himself as of his career.

A Question of Understanding

"YOU are standing on my foot," said the Citizen to the Monopolist.

"Ah, you must not think of that," good-naturedly replied the Monopolist. "It is sordid and pessimistic. You should think of the higher things of life."

"Yes, but it hurts," argued the Citizen.

"That may be; but remember that it is only through trial and tribulation that we learn to make something of ourselves. Blessed are the meek."

"Yes, but why should you stand on my foot?"

"I see you are inclined to think of yourself; that is wrong," admonished the Monopolist in a gentle tone. "Rather you should contemplate the good I have done in the world."

"That may all be true, but I think I shall have to ask you to get off my foot."

"Being a Christian gentleman," replied the Monopolist very gently, "I take no umbrage at your unkind, not to say unreasonable, request. But what you ask is unconstitutional, and I must insist on my constitutional rights. I have a franchise to your foot. That is the legal phase of it. But there is also a moral side. I have become accustomed to that mode of standing. For you to try to change it now would be nothing less than unpatriotic."

"Notwithstanding all that, I must insist that you get off my foot."

"In that case, my dear sir, I shall have to appeal to the courts and get out an injunction against you."

"Do you deny that it is my foot?" hotly demanded the Citizen.

"I do not deny that, in a sense, it is your foot," blandly returned the Monopolist, "but I think I can show that I have a controlling interest in it."

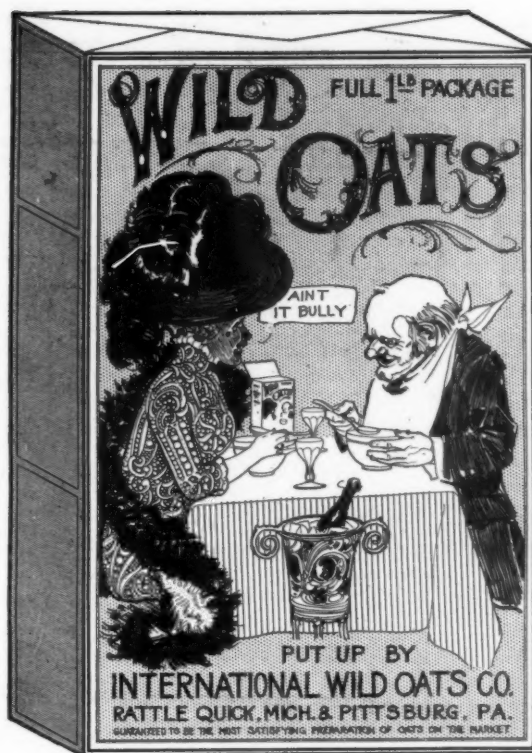
Ellis O. Jones.



"HE WOULD BE MUCH MORE STYLISH WITHOUT HIS EARS, AND IT MIGHT IMPROVE HIM TO TAKE OFF A BIT OF HIS NOSE."

“WILD OATS”

REQUIRES
NO COOKING



THE NEW
BREAK-
FAST
FOOD

SERVE
AS IS
OR WITH CHAMPAGNE

A BLEND of the European article and the best American wild-oats, grown in the choicest section of the Tenderloin, warranted to tempt the most jaded appetite. Imparts the bright eye and elastic step of youth. Strengthening, too. Recommended by all discreet Physicians.

Guaranteed under poor feed and drugs act of April 1, 1906: Cereal No. 23,846. Ring 5.

Invaluable for infants (either first or second childhood) and infidels. Put up in neat 1 lb. boxes and mailed in plain wrapper. All correspondence regarded as strictly confidential.

SAMPLE ORDER

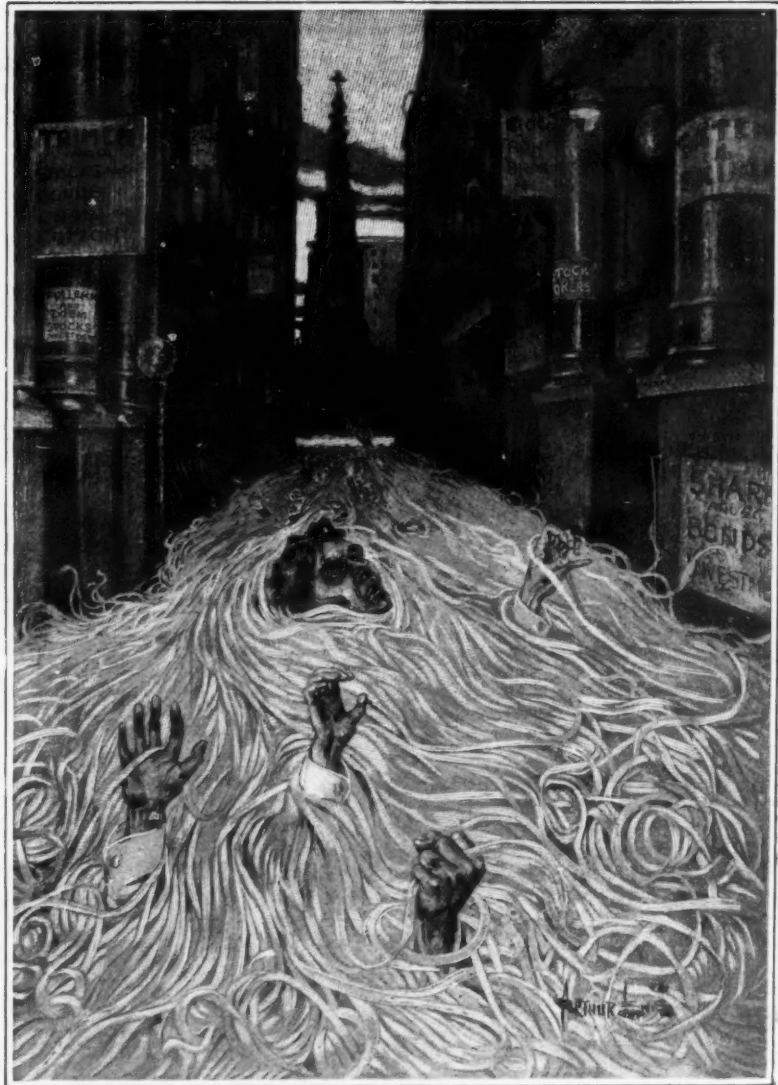
INTERNATIONAL WILD OATS CO.

Gents:—Please send four more cases of wild oats in plain wrapper. I have sought it for years and now care for nothing else.

A—y C—k.

Wild Oats Alphabet

- A** IS the Amiable Actress,
The lobster-café's benefactress.
- B** is the Bibulous Bounder,
Who likes to be classed as a
rounder.
- C** is the Curious Corkscrew,—
The favorite tool of New York's
crew.
- D** is the Diligent Driver,
Who will not take less than a fiver.
- E** is the Erring Elmiran,
About to be fleeced by a siren.
- F** is the Fellow from Corning,
Who will not go home until morn-
ing.
- G** is the Gimlet-eyed Gambler,
In wait for the night-blooming
rambler.
- H** is the Hefty Housebreaker,
Disguised as a peaceable Quaker.
- I** is the 'igh-C Italian,
With hair à la Richard Le Gallienne;
- J** is the Jollification,
His boosters will call "an ovation."
- K** is a Kelt from Killarney,
Who borrows a dollar on blarney.
- L** is the Lantern-jawed Loafer,
Whom Cræsus addresses as "Shoaf-
er!"
- M** is the Moonbeam so Mellow
That shines on the girl and her
fellow.
- N** is the Nebulous Night-time,
By true lovers hailed as the right
time.
- O** is the One Osculation
That earns them the prude's repro-
bation.



THE STREET



" BY PROXY "

- P** is the Penitent's Pillow,
That feels like a hot armadillo.
- Q** is his Querulous Query,
"Oh, why did I gamble in Erie!"
- R** is the Rabid Reporter,
Whose story was edited shorter.
- S** is the Sinful Suggestion
That rarebits improve the digestion.
- T**'s for the Turbulent Taxis,
That swiftly rotate on their axes.
- U** is the Uniformed Usher
Ejecting a lingering lush.
- V** is the Voice of the Victim
Condemning the caitiff who Ricked
him.
- W** stands for the White Way—
The Tight Way, yet scarce the
Polite Way.
- X** is the sum that Xpresses
The fine for xtatic excesses.
- Y** is the Yelling of Yellows
By newsboys with lungs like to
bellows.
- Z** is the Zebra so frisky
Evoked by libations of whisky.
Arthur Guiterman.



PROFESSIONAL DIGNITY

On the Right: ISN'T SHE TO PLAY THE LEADING ROLE IN THAT NEW MUSICAL COMEDY?

"NO, SHE THREW UP THE ENGAGEMENT, ABSOLUTELY REFUSED TO WEAR TIGHTS."

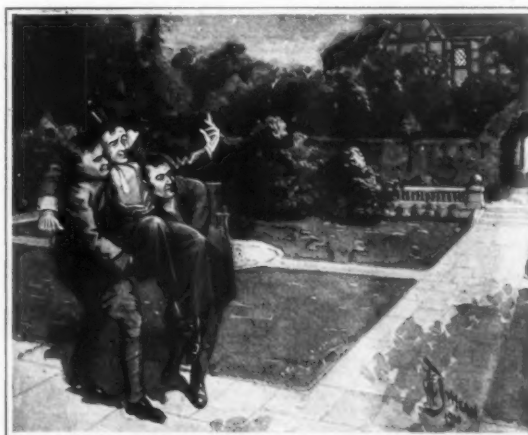
Roosevelt

- Ringin' rhetoric recklessly roastin'.
- Ominous outbursts overthrowin' opposition.
- Oracular opinions offer'd oratorically.
- Sapient solon stridently sermonizin'.
- Exaggerated ego effusively expostulatin'.
- Variiegated virility violently vociferatin'.
- Enterprising entity endlessly expoundin'.
- Loquacious luminary loving limelight.
- Terrible tribune triumphantly trumpetin'.

DIVORCE is a pardon from the life sentence of matrimony.

THE feminine pessimist worries because she is not as young as she once was; the optimist of the same sex rejoices that she is not so old as she will be.

LIFE is, with one exception, the only free and independent journal in America. It is not controlled by trust, creed, advertiser, political party, millionaire, or anybody or anything except its own conscience.



TO THE MANOR BORNE



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

FINLEY PETER DUNNE
Born July 10, 1867

Mr. Dunne has long been one of our leading humorists. He began his career as a Chicago reporter, and established his reputation as the author of the celebrated Mr. Dooley, his first book, *Mr. Dooley in Peace and War*, appearing in 1898. His observations on our government and certain aspects of our national character and society have never been equalled.

We have long loved you, Peter Finley Dunne. We salute you as a friend, a patriot and a superior.

JOHN WILLIAM GRIGGS
Born July 10, 1849

This gentleman has in turn been a State Senator, Governor of New Jersey, Attorney-General under President McKinley and a member of the Hague Tribunal. He is, therefore, justly entitled to be called a prominent man.

As a prominent man we extend to him our congratulations on the attainment of another birthday.

ADOLPHUS BUSCH
Born July 10, 1842

July 10, 1842, was indeed a memorable day for this republic, for, on this day, at Mayence-on-the-Rhine, was born our leading brewer. Mr. Busch, after receiving an education in Germany, came to this country in 1857, and in 1861 married Miss Anheuser. He served in the Civil War. Since then he has gradually become president of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company and so many other things that it would be impossible to mention them in our limited space.

The great fact is, however, sufficient: Beer is thicker than water.

We make our feeble acknowledgments to you, sir, in every possible way that we can think of. Among the benefactors of the human race we account you not the least. Here's to you, in a stein of purest amber! May you live to run for President on the Prohibition ticket!

JOHN WANAMAKER
Born July 11, 1838

Sir, for a long time we have seen so many favorable accounts of you and your methods in the advertising columns of the daily papers that we are at a total loss how to add anything to these encomiums. We can only assure you that what we do say is said free, without any obligation on your part to repay us. We believe that you do not advertise yourself on Sunday; but *LIFE*, being a perennial sheet, is read on Sunday as well as the rest of the week. It occurs to us, therefore, that instead of congratulating you upon your birthday we should ask to be forgiven for mentioning your name at all. Yet this feeling in its turn is tempered by the reflection that after all we are really making no effort to extend your business, but rather that in a sort of aside we are offering you our felicitations.

We mean no harm at any rate. Our intentions are honorable. We understand that God has prospered you. May it not be considered out of place, therefore, for us to wish you well.

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

Born July 11, 1866

Mr. Cosgrave is the editor of *Everybody's Magazine* and considered *par excellence* one of the most "advanced" editors in the country. His judgment is sound, his vision wide and his taste meritorious. He was first born in Australia and afterward became a reporter on a San Francisco paper; then he came to New York and established John W. Lawson in the hearts and debit balances of the American people.

Friend and comrade, we acknowledge your ability and your qualities of heart and mind. We give you good health, and trust that you will long continue to furnish us with a leading example of what an editor should be.



JOHN JACOB ASTOR

Born July 13, 1864

Colonel Astor is the chief representative of the great family of Astor in this country, his brother, William Waldorf, having long since affiliated with the British crown.

Colonel Astor is an author, an inventor and a soldier. He has written a book entitled *A Journey in Other Worlds*, which is highly creditable. He has served in our war with Spain, which is highly patriotic. Incidentally, he is one of the richest men in the country.

He has also, we believe, been married. Colonel Astor, we esteem you highly. Your philanthropy, so far as we are aware, has never been ostentatious. You have never posed. We believe that you have a great future ahead of you.

In the meantime, we hope that all will be well with you.

OWEN WISTER

Born July 14, 1860

Mr. Wister is a Harvard man, has been admitted to the bar, and has written some books. *The Virginian* was one of them. *Lady Baltimore* was another. *The Seven Ages of Washington* was another. He lives in Philadelphia, and it is possible that this environment keeps him from writing so hastily as some of his contemporaries. At any rate, he is an artist of no small merits; a stickler for good English, and altogether a desirable citizen. He is not only educated but intelligent, and a creditable addition to our small circle of first-rate writers.

Mr. Wister, we esteem you highly, and we thank you for the favor you did us in being born on this continent, in order that we might congratulate you upon your birthday and express the hope that you will continue to give us pleasure and instruction.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

Born July 8, 1869

Mr. Moody is one of the most prominent of those Harvard playwrights who are coming, in these latter days, to be so numerous. We predict, indeed, that in the fullness of time there will be nothing left of American literature but Harvard playwrights; it will be necessary to take the Harvard course before becoming any kind of a playwright; and the Theatrical Syndicate will own Harvard College. "Be this as it may," as a friend once remarked, Mr. Moody is one of the pioneers in this new birth, and his play, "The Great Divide," has given him fame.

Almost any American playwright is entitled to be congratulated upon having lived through another year. We therefore congratulate Mr. Moody and trust that he will continue to write plays.





KING FROWNS ON CARDINAL

Cardinal Billsey: O ALDRICH, ALDRICH, HAD I BUT SERVED THE STATE WITH HALF THE ZEAL I SERVED MY KING, IT HAD NOT LEFT ME NAKED TO MINE ENEMIES.
—Henry VIII.

An Office for Roosevelt

IT is too bad that Roosevelt has come back. This is not because we are not glad to see him or to hear him at close range. Far from that. There is plenty of room here for him. There is always room at the top. But this is a country of advertisements in an age of advertisements; of circus bills, of big claims, of reaching out. A nation needs such publicity just as much as an individual or corporation. Roosevelt gave us just what we needed in that line. He introduced us to peoples who had never had the pleasure of knowing us. He kept us before the public and created a demand for us. He took his sample cases and displayed the American brands

of justice, uprightness, civic righteousness, etc., wherever there was interest in these things. Consequently our stock is up. He was worth all he cost in paper, ink, lions and modesty. If he hangs around home here his value is much lessened, for we are a noisy nation and there is danger of his being drowned out.

Why not, therefore, appoint him the first great United States Ubiquitous Ambassador, a sort of free American atom floating at will throughout the cosmos, but always duly accredited?

Ellis O. Jones.

IT might be well to give women the vote. They would not use it, but they would stop worrying about it.

We All Know It

Mr. Roosevelt seems to know everything that everybody else knows.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

JUST so! That in effect was what he told the Cambridge (England) undergraduates. Isn't it extraordinary how much more he makes of this simple knowledge that we all possess than the rest of us do! What a devil of a chap he must be to do so much with such simple tools!

As a matter of detail, though, very few of us have a sufficient store of acquired knowledge to have compounded that Romanes lecture. He got a few extras into that. But as a rule he does great credit to our knowledge, and that, no doubt, is one secret of our regard for him.

Aviation

THIS matter of aeroplanes is getting past the joking stage. When a man is advertised to fly from New York to Philadelphia, and actually starts within an hour of the time set, and proceeds to Philadelphia by the air-line at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour, and gets there and lands easily on the spot appointed, and comes home by daylight the same day, by the same machine, at the rate of fifty-one miles an hour, it begins to make people sit up.

Thank you, Mr. Hamilton, for this interesting demonstration! Thank you, neighbor *Times*, for arranging it and paying the bill. Whether aeroplanes will ever get their wild oats sown and settle down to steady work is still debatable, but it is mighty interesting to see them get their experience.

Evangeline à la Collier's

THIS is the forest's prime-evil: Ballinger."



"AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS"



" WAS IT FOR THIS I LOVED AND WAITED? "

Left on First



IN Leslie's Weekly Secretary Ballinger says: The muckrakers have devised a new grade of patriotism—the cautious patriot—who betrays his official superior on considerations of personal emoluments, disguised by the pretense of having acted *pro bono publico*. If this doctrine could prevail under civil government loyalty to official duty would be a mere matter of personal convenience and monetary consideration.

How clear that little excerpt makes Mr. Ballinger's inability to see himself as the great majority of his fellow-observers see him! According to his lights he has done nothing wrong, and is a faithful man who has done his public duty, and has been more or less successfully calumniated by a lot of conscienceless, self-seeking rogues. There he is, left on first, all the other players gone to the bench, and he stands protesting that he is not out!

It is understood that the President owes to Mr. Postmaster-General Hitchcock the inclusion of Ballinger in his official family. Mr. Ballinger and Mr. Hitchcock seem to see things with a single eye and work together very harmoniously. They ought to be hitched up together in some business, but why must it be our business? Why should their valuable business abilities be wasted on the management of our poor concerns, especially as it is such a suffering, reprobated employment for them?

Ready-Made Bail Bonds

INSTEAD of carrying about the country a million dollars in his inside pocket, and furnishing temptation to adventurous minds, the automobilist now carries with him a ready-made bail bond, suitable to offer a magistrate in case of arrest for manslaughter, speeding, damages to competitive vehicles, or other incidents of rapid transit.

These bonds are issued by various surety companies, are good in several States, ordinarily for \$1,000, and are garnished with detachable coupons to be filled out as one goes along and left when necessary with magistrates.

This seems a grand idea and worthy to be extended. Burglars should have bonds like these—their business being liable to interruptions and delays with the police—also dames of the pavement, convivial undergraduates of colleges, members of President Taft's cabinet, and all other characters liable to be rated as suspicious.

A Few Questions

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

I should like to ask a few questions regarding the center picture in your issue of May 26. In the first place is not this picture intended to imply that two practices are prevalent, or at least common, in medical laboratories, namely, the appropriation of pet dogs for scientific purposes without the consent of their owners, and the performance upon them when obtained of painful operations without the use of anesthetics?

Secondly, if this is implied, has any conscientious and careful investigation been made by the editor as to whether either of these practices is really in vogue?

Thirdly, if there is substantial evidence in support of this implication, how is it to be reconciled with the testimony of numberless honorable and humane medical men in positions of authority, that neither of these practices is carried on in the leading laboratories of the country, and with the abundant proof of this offered by these men?

Finally, if the evidence supporting the truth of the accusations is not sufficient to clearly outweigh the enormous mass of contradictory evidence, is there any moral justification for circulating the accusations and giving them the most conspicuous place in your paper? If the accusation is false, is it any less dishonorable and libelous for being implied in an appealing drawing instead of being definitely stated in words? Is it not all the more dishonorable for being expressed in a form designed to evade the charge of direct falsehood to which a written statement is open? A. F.

In reply to our correspondent's questions:

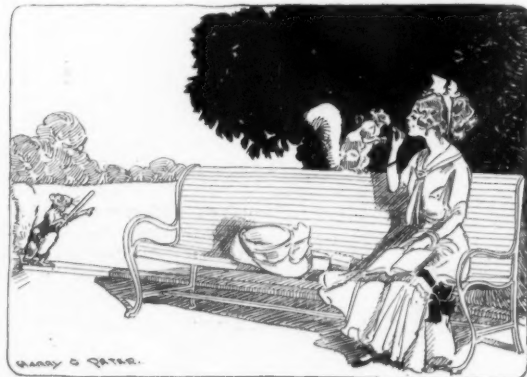
First.—Yes; the picture implies that pet dogs, or any other dogs if cheaply procured, are used as "material" by vivisectioners.

Secondly.—To this we plead guilty, as we have not seen with our own eyes a pet dog personally known to us in process of vivisection.

Thirdly.—If the testimony of "honorable and humane" men was accepted as final decisions, how many difficult questions, political and medical, would long since have been settled! Our correspondent forces us to reply, reluctantly, that the statements of the men he mentions are not received by the general public as truthful utterances.

Finally.—As to LIFE's picture being in any sense "dishonorable" or "libelous" and the accusation false: the testimony that has been coming to this office for years points with unmistakable directness to the use not only of animals of any kind as subjects for experiment, but in many cases of human beings.

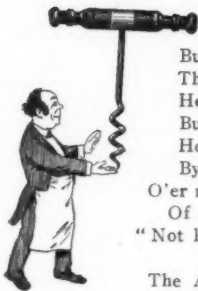
ONLY feeble-minded people can get along without worrying:



Mrs. Squirrel: THERE HE IS AGAIN, THE DECEITFUL OLD FLIRT!

Chant Royal of the Wicked Ogre

(Being the *Plaint of an Ordinary Man After the Manner of Austin Dobson*)



HEY sing of the ruinous workings of Wine,
They wail of the wickedness Women can do;
But hark to the chant of a Monster malign,
The scourge of the Many and slave of the Few;
He lures with a smile and a visage of light,
But holds with a clutch that is horror and blight;
He gathers his toll from the Grave and the Gay,
By Terror and Tyranny holding his sway
O'er millions who cringe as they cringe at a Threat!
Of demons who persecute, hamper and flay
"Not least of the Legion of Devils is Debt."

The Artist who toils for the perfect Design,
The Singer of Songs and the Song-Maker, too,
The Gourmand whose art is to dine and to dine,
The Lovers who cuddle and fondle and coo;
The Friends who foregather, the Foemen who fight,
All bow to the power and yield to the might
Of the despot who strides on his terrible way.
Even the children who frolic and play
Know the chill breath of his presence—and yet,
Few are the Wise Ones who know and who say,
"Not least of the Legion of Devils is Debt."

Dominion he holds over workshop and Mine,
The Farm with its Crops and the Ship with her Crew.
"The Thief in the Night" and the "Noted Divine,"
The Young and the Old and the False and the True,
The People who Act and the People who Write,
The Beggar who pleads for a drink or a bite,
The Lordliest Waiter who juggles a tray—
Debt has them down for the Score they must pay
In Money or Labor or Sorrow or Sweat.

He seizes the Loot they have gained in the fray—
"Not least of the Legion of Devils is Debt."

The Dull and the Clever, the Coarse and the Fine,
The Optimist Glad and the Pessimist Blue,
The "Genuine Article," also "The Shine,"
Alike feel the turn of this Torturer's screw.
And Debt makes a Craven of many a Knight,
Robs Prophets of Glory and Seers of Sight,
Turns many a Sunset from Golden to Gray,
And hitches great Pegasus down to a Dray,
Breaking his heart with the Fetters that Fret,
Adding the beauty of many a Lay—
"Not least of the Legion of Devils is Debt."

He grins as his Victims revile and repine,
He lives out the Old Year and Welcomes the New,
He follows from Birth to the Final Decline,
And even with Death he is never all through;
The Doctors who treated us, faithfully quite,
The Coffin they put us in—ebon or white—
The Dominic, present to preach and to Pray,
The Grass that grows over us, day after day—
We owe for them all, they are "bills to be met";
We strive to be free from the Bondage, but Nay—
"Not least of the Legion of Devils is Debt!"

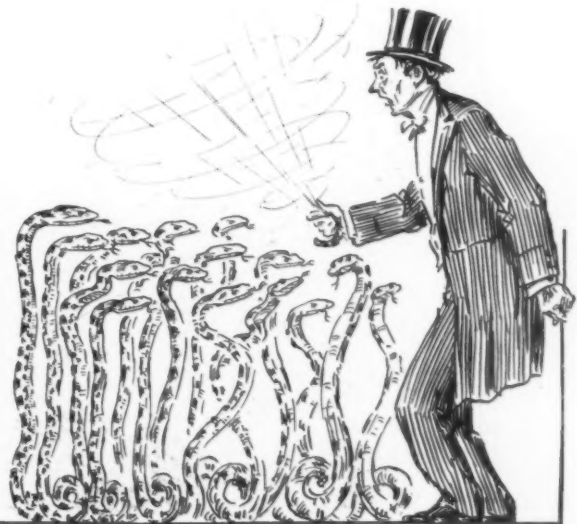
Envoy

My creditors range in a Frowning Array,
Camping along all the Pathways I stray;
Weary am I and forever beset;
Wherefore I cry—as most other Folk may—
"Not least of the Legion of Devils is Debt!"



A. B. WALKER—

SOWING

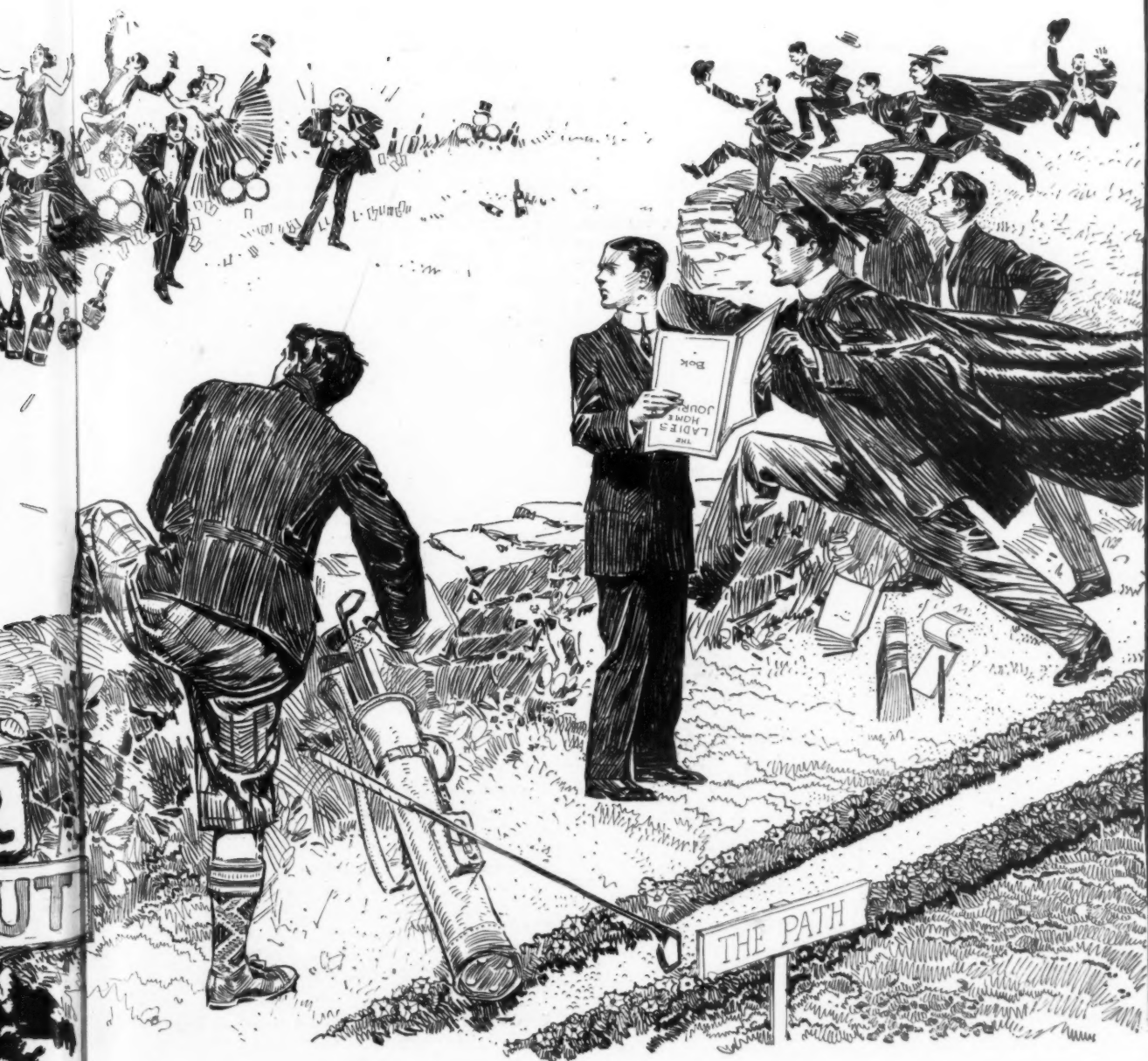


WILD OATS

REAPING



The Call of the W



Call of the Wild

Morals, Manners, and So Forth



WE knew Major Gastritis had eaten not wisely but too much over night when he broke forth into this strain of pessimism; for pessimism is not out of the heart of man, but out of the stomach of dyspepsia:

As the world grows older it is plain that morals and manners grow worse, defining morals as the code of conduct and manners as the decalogue of demeanor. Three hundred years ago morals were strong and manners indifferent; one hundred years later, in the age of wigs and wags, and powder and patches, morals were indifferent and manners everything; in the Victorian era both morals and manners were like sea-island eggs—admirable at the shell, dubious at heart.

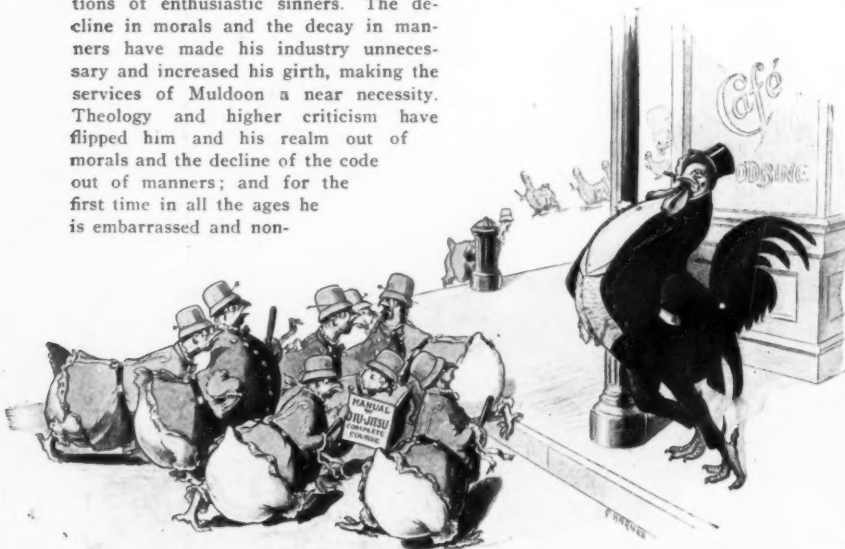
The twentieth century appears to have neither morals nor manners; the pseudo-scientists call it a Hedonist age; the old fashioned declare it is given over to the world, the flesh and the devil. To the cool and unprejudiced observer the twentieth century appears to have read the *World* into a huge and yellow circulation; the Beef Trust is more successful than the church in keeping it away from the flesh; and the pursuit of the devil has grown so keen that that interesting person has fled incontinently to the bottomless pit to avoid the attentions of enthusiastic sinners. The decline in morals and the decay in manners have made his industry unnecessary and increased his girth, making the services of Muldoon a near necessity. Theology and higher criticism have flipped him and his realm out of morals and the decline of the code out of manners; and for the first time in all the ages he is embarrassed and non-

plussed; for the devil has always been a gentleman, fair and above board in all his pronouncements, making no concealment of the fact that his business was the colonization of nether and warmer regions. The vulgarity and obtrusiveness of the age have driven him in disgust from earth; he might foregather with sinners and slaughterers, but he draws the line on ill-mannered cads and impudent bounders. There is an outer darkness for them beyond the boundaries of Sheol.

There have been ages of conscience, conflict, conversion and conflagration; the present is an era of cash, corruption and catachresis.

To be moral to-day is to be unfashionable; marital fidelity is a joke; honesty is a question of figures, not facts, of legal interpretations, not ethics; honor is a column in a newspaper seasoned by impure reading matter; humanitarianism is vulgar and limelit; faith is ousted by credulity, hope by the stock ticker, and charity by Carnegie. A good name is no longer better than riches; it may lead to riches if on your paper, but cash, not character, is the measure of its worth.

Courtesy, consideration, kindness and good will are no longer in society; they have retired to the East Side and the rural districts. Good manners have vanished; only a few table conventions have



EQUAL RIGHTS AND EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES

Bon Vivant: SHAY, GIRLS, DON'T BE BASHFUL. COME—HIC—HAVE ONE ON ME.



"SURE, AN' YEZ WUZ A FOIN BIRRUD BEFORE I SHOT ALL TH' FEATHERS OFFEN YE."

survived to do duty for morals and manners. To eat with a knife as all the world did until yesterday is a crime; the correct use of the napkin and spoon is more important than a reputation; to entertain monkeys and dogs is more honorable than to feed the hungry; and to out-spend, out-feed and out-wine our neighbors, the perfection of hospitality. To masticate like a whistling buoy is bad form in the mansion, but the correct thing in the lobster palace; wit and wisdom while well enough in Bohemia are out of place in Newport; and we have come in a non-combatant age to substitute the sneer and the yawn for the epithet and the blow.

To cheat a friend and swindle a relation are immoral only when done maladroitly and without advice of counsel; patriotism is merely politics plus platitudes; duty, a bore; and friendship, a trap to catch suckers.

In order to prepare for the glories of the next century the present should turn the activities of its archæologists to the disintombing of Sodom and Gomorrah, so that a proper standard of morals and manners may be secured for our descendants.

Joseph Smith.

THE average man must prize good sense; only very great men and very little men are permitted to make fools of themselves.

LOVER: She remains unwon in spite of the theatre ticket treatment.

DOCTOR: Then try violets, chocolates and a new motor.

Love—and Love

MAN'S love for woman is sincere and kind;
 Still, often this occurs:
 He loves her too much for his peace of mind,
 But not enough for hers.
 Yet strange, in woman's love for man we find
 How great the difference is:
 She loves him too much for her peace of mind
 And far too much for his.

Spain—Maine

It is reported that when the *Maine* is raised Spain will start a new court of inquiry with the purpose of establishing the correctness of the original Spanish expert opinion that the vessel was blown up from the inside.—*Daily paper.*

ALL right. Give Spain a front seat where she can see all that is to be seen. The *Maine* is not to be raised for purposes of concealment, and no one has a better right than Spain to know what sort of a hole she has in her.

WE never see the water (in the corporations) till our purse runs dry.

WHEN a bank cashier disappears without explanation, no explanation is needed.



WHAT THEY THOUGHT

Old Flames (meeting for first time in five years): OH, DEAR! HOW I DREAD TELLING { HIM } OF MY MARRIAGE. { SHE } WAS SO MUCH IN LOVE WITH ME. { HER } { HE }

TEST for women voters—to be uttered rapidly three times in registration booth containing three inferior creatures in trousers and an open cage of white mice: "Self-sacrificing suffrage screamers suffer serenely severest censure, showing sublimely supine sisters some shames suffragettes seek seeking suffrage."

Swimmers splashing sportively.
 Umbrageous umbrellas undulating.
 Matrons managing marriages.
 Maidens manufacturing merriment.
 Ebullient energies escaping.
 Rubicund rollickers rusticating.

Timely Topics

WE offer the following as suitable subjects for discussion during the coming congressional campaign:

The over-production of ex-Presidents.

The cost of living in Newport.

What is the relation of the Monroe Doctrine to Ellis Island?

Is it possible for a Congressman to do anything important without insuring?

Does the cost of battleships fall on the producer or on the consumer?

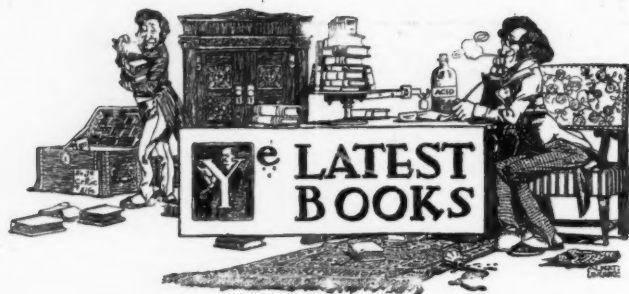
MARRIAGE is a close corporation with only two stockholders, one of whom is preferred and the other common. Occasionally there are minority stockholders. The preferred and the common stockholders are always engaged in a fight for control.



PLATE I OF THE HISTORY OF COSTUME



Cupid: THIS ONE I CAN RECOMMEND VERY HIGHLY; AN AEROPLANE AND TWO AUTOMOBILES GO WITH IT.



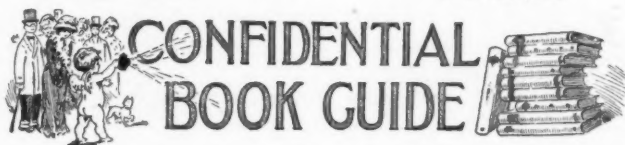
GOUVERNEUR MORRIS'S buoyant little story, *The Voice in the Rice* (Dodd, Mead, \$1.25), is a clever bit of imagination. Like many another "lighter than air" entertainment, it is an adventure in the realms of the impossible; but, unlike the disheartening majority of these fictional flights, it is not only launched with a running glide and driven at exhilarating speed through the cross currents of the unreal, but at the end it is guided, still under control, to an almost unjolted landing on solid ground. And who can count the bravely soaring biplanes of romantic make-believe that he has followed with pleasurable excitement, only to see them falter in mid-flight or land, tangles of wordy canvas and bamboo, in some slough of anti-climax? Mr. Morris's hero, having fallen from a north-bound steamer off the Carolina Coast, is rescued by a snipe-shooting gentleman on shore and taken to the heart of the Santee swamp, where, isolated by uncharted miles of devious waterways, wild rice and moccasins, he finds the descendants of pre-Revolutionary slave-holding planters maintaining (with modern improvements) the social conditions of a provincial aristocracy. The rest (so far as the present give-away of Mr. Morris's story is concerned) is silence. For it is part of the sporting ethics of the literary column that the reviewer may "point" a plot, or, having retrieved it, lay it at the feet of his masters; but if he disembowel it he is an ill-trained dog. Here, then, if it please you, is a lively story, and one which Mr. Morris has raised above mere cleverness by peopling it with a number of agreeable characters and one human horror.

MR. ASHTON HILLIERS has, in *The Master Girl* (Putnam, \$1.25), gone quite another way about the business of successfully vivifying the unlikely. He has, to put it succinctly, written a Magdalenian romance. The Standard Dictionary (to cover the possibility of your being unfamiliar with the variety) defines Magdalenian as belonging to the archaeological epoch typified by the remains found near La Madeleine, on the River Vézère, in France, where many antlers and bones ornamented with figures of men, reindeer, elephants and mammoths have been unearthed. Mr. Hilliers has taken, or invented, one of these bones—the shoulder blade of a cave bear etched with a picture of *Ursus Speloetus* attacking a man and a woman while the latter defends herself with a rude bow—and from this "leaf from the sketch-book of a Primitive" he turns a deft back somersault into the unknown and comes up not only with a detailed account of the episode itself but with a history of the interesting events that led up to it and of the epoch-making personal achievements and tribal developments that sprang therefrom. The Master Girl herself was, if one may venture so to dub her, a corker; and Mr. Hilliers's account of her career makes a bully yarn. Yet it is only just to say that one detects an undercurrent of serious conviction in his presentation of the sex-struggle of

the tale and that, in defining the latter as a vivifying of the unlikely, its vividness is a matter of fact and its unlikelihood is a matter of theory.

ALMOST any one who has any interest, practical, controversial or altruistic, in that next stage of the world's economic evolution which, by way of naming the shadow which it casts before it, we call "Socialism," will be able to get some profit or some enjoyment out of Charles Edward Russell's *Why I Am a Socialist* (Hodder and Stoughton). This is a rather inclusive statement, but it is based upon a deep-rooted if not a fundamental fact in the make-up of human interest in such discussions. To pat a partisan on the back as a good fellow for putting our own thoughts into clear words, to hail him as a wise man for showing us new aspects of old problems, to damn him roundly for a fool for advocating views that we reject—who, missing one or even two of these joys, can fail to find pleasure in the third if given the opportunity? And Mr. Russell's book is so constructed that it is even possible to find all three chances in it in succession. For by the terms of its title it is a personal statement. And by the necessity of Mr. Russell's temperament, and thanks to the nature of his abilities, it is an unequivocal and a forceful statement. Which (since there is no space in a paragraph to go into detail) is equivalent to saying that it is a book that only one man living can agree with *in toto* and in which no open-minded seeker after understanding can fail to find some stimulus.

J. B. Kerfoot.



The Book of Daniel Drew. A racy but indistinguishable mixture of original documents and imitative editing, by Bouk White.

Essays on Modern Novelists, by William Lyons Phelps. Frank, critical papers of current interest.

The Fascinating Mrs. Halton, by E. F. Benson. How a retired flirt returned to the lists for the honor of the family. A little wit very much diluted.

Fortune, by J. C. Snaith. The adventures of young Miguel de Sarda y Boegas and Sir Richard Pendragon in Castile. A romantic irony with an Elizabethan flavor.

The History of Mr. Polly, by H. G. Wells. The biography of a social misfit. A sociological genre study and a good story.

The Isle of Whispers, by E. Lawrence Dudley. A story of pirates, prisoners and other persons, in which something is always doing, though you don't know why.

Lady Merton, Colonist, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. How a charming Blue-stocking is tricked (by her creator) into becoming a pioneer.

The Master Girl, by Ashton Hilliers. See above.

Men and Dogs, by Henry C. Merwin. An essay full of insight, by an author acquainted with both animals.

My Friend the Indian, by James McLaughlin. An interesting contribution to the history of the eighties.

Nathan Burke by Mary S. Watts. A cross-section of the social fabric in the Middle West in the '40s and '50s, hidden in a leisurely and attractive story.

Predestined, by Stephen French Whitman. A story of bohemian New York. A striking piece of American fiction by a pupil of the Continental realists.

Recollections of a Varied Life, by George Cary Eggleston. Pleasant reminiscences of ante-bellum Virginia and literary New York.

Sally Bishop, by E. Temple Thurston. A romance for realists. The facts of an everyday story put down by one who understood for those who want to.

Simon the Jester, by W. J. Locke. A story that one doesn't want to miss.

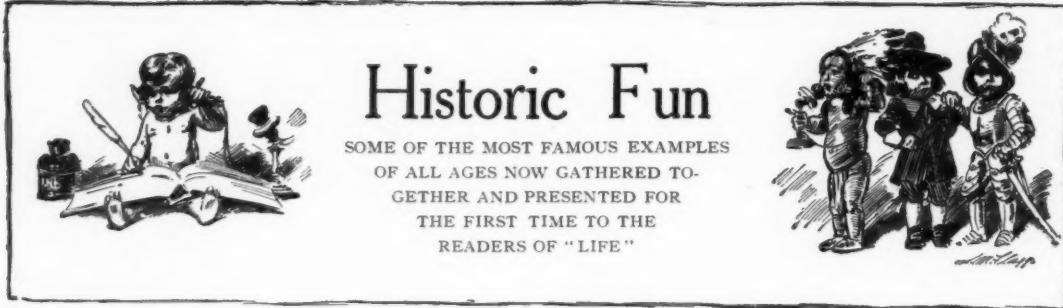
The Thief of Virtue, by Eden Phillpotts. A dour but engrossing story of life on Dartmoor.

The Voice in the Rice, by Gouverneur Morris. See above.

Why I Am a Socialist, by Charles Edward Russell. See above.



HISTORY AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
DAVID AND GOLIATH



The Pilgrim Mothers

There is no part of the sacred writings that has so much impressed me as the history of the first creation of woman. I believe that no invasion of science has shaken the truth of that remarkable record—how Adam slept, and his best rib was taken from his side and transformed into the first woman. Thus, sir, she became the "side-bone" of man!—the sweetest morsel in his whole organism! (Laughter.) Why, sir, there is nothing within the pages of sacred writ that is dearer to me than that story. I believe in it as firmly as I do in that of Daniel in the den of lions, or Jonah in the whale's belly, or any other of those remarkable tales. (Laughter.) There is something in our very organism, sir, that confirms its truth; for if any one of you will lay his hand upon his heart, where the space between the ribs is widest, you feel there a vacuum, which nature abhors, and which nothing can ever replace until the dear creature that was taken from that spot is restored to it. (Cheers and laughter.) Follow my example, sir, and place your hand just there and see if you do not feel a sense of "goneness" which nothing that you have ever yet experienced has been able to satisfy.—*From a Speech by Joe Choate.*

The Road to Ruin

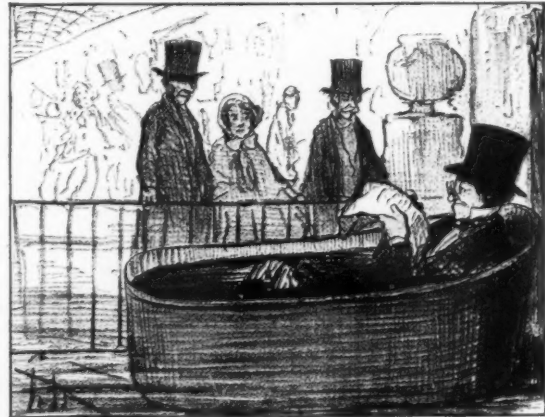
Lord Alvanley remarked in good-humored contempt of a former acquaintance: "Poor fellow! he muddled away all his fortune in paying his tradesmen's bills."

The Defect of a Quality

To some one who said, "Whewell's forte is science." "Yes," said Sydney Smith, "and his foible is omniscience."



A caricature of the Seventeenth Century, showing the style of loup conversation, from which the pictures in our present comic supplements are borrowed. This picture is from the celebrated collection of "Kings Pamphlets." "It is somewhat singular," says John Ashton, "and it shows the bitterness of the parties that even Prince Rupert's pets . . . should provoke the satiric ire of the Roundhead writers." . . . Poodles, even three hundred years ago, were shaved so as to conserve the lion-like mane.



AT THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION

FABRICS THAT ARE POSITIVELY WATERPROOF

—*From "Honoré Daumier," by E. L. Cary, Copyright, 1907, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

Repartee

Repartee is perfect when it effects its purpose with a double edge. Repartee is the highest order of wit, as it bespeaks the coolest yet quickest exercise of genius at a moment when the passions are aroused. Voltaire, on hearing the name of Haller mentioned to him by an English traveler at Ferney, burst forth into a violent panegyric upon him: his visitor told that such praise was most interested, for that Haller by no means spoke so highly of him. "Well, well, n'importe," replied Voltaire, "perhaps we are both mistaken."—*Lacon.*

Carrying His Audience With Him

Nobody was more witty or more bitter than Lord Ellenborough. A young lawyer, trembling with fear, rose to make his first speech, and began: "My lord, my unfortunate client— My lord, my unfortunate client— My lord—" "Go on, sir, go on!" said Lord Ellenborough, "as far as you have proceeded hitherto the court is entirely with you."

Cocksure

"I wish," said Sydney Smith, "that I were as sure of any one thing as Macaulay is of everything."

While the Tall Maid is stooping the little one hath swept the house.—*Spanish Proverb.*

The Romance of the Carpet

Basking in peace in the warm spring sun,
 South Hill smiled upon Burlington.

The breath of May, and the day was fair,
 And the bright motes danced in the balmy air.

And the sunlight gleamed where the restless breeze
 Kissed the fragrant blooms on the apple trees.

His beardless cheek with a smile was spanned,
 And he stood with a carriage whip in his hand.

And he laughed as he doffed his bobtail coat,
 And the echoing folds of the carpet smote.

And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,
 And said she'd tell him where to stop.

So he pounded away till the dinner-bell
 Gave him a little breathing spell.

But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one
 And she said the carpet wasn't done.

But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,
 And he pounded like mad till the clock struck six.

And she said, in a dubious kind of way,
 That she guessed he could finish it up next day.

Then all that day, and the next day, too,
 That fuzz from the dirtless carpet flew.

And she'd give it a look at eventide,
 And say, "Now beat on the other side."

And the new days came as the old days went,
 And the landlord came for his regular rent.

And the neighbors laughed at the tireless broom,
 And his face was shadowed with clouds of gloom.

Till at last, one cheerless winter day,
 He kicked at the carpet and slid away.

Over the fence and down the street,
 Speeding away with footsteps fleet.

And never again in the morning sun
 Smiled on him beating his carpet-drum.

And South Hill often said with a yawn,
 "Where's the carpet-martyr gone?"

Years twice twenty have come and passed
 And the carpet swayed in the autumn blast.

For never yet, since that bright springtime,
 Had it ever been taken down from the line.

Over the fence a gray-haired man
 Cautiously clim, clome, clem, clum, clamb.

He found him a stick in the old woodpile,
 And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile.

A flush passed over his face forlorn
 As he gazed at the carpet, tattered and torn.

And he hit a most resounding thwack,
 Till the startled air gave his echoes back.

And out of the window a white face leaned,
 And a palsied hand the pale face screened.

She knew his face; she gasped and sighed,
 "A little more on the other side."

Right down on the ground his stick he threwed,
 And he shivered and said, "Well, I am blowed!"

And he turned away, with a heart full sore,
 And he never was seen, not more.

—Robert Jones Burdette.

De Quincey on Our Planet

Some think that our planet is in that stage of her life which corresponds to the playful period of twelve or thirteen in a spirited girl. Such a girl, were it not that she is checked by a sweet natural sense of feminine reserve, you might call a romp; but not a hoyden, observe; no horse-play—oh! no, nothing of that sort. And these people fancy that earthquakes, volcanoes and all such little escapades will be over, will "cease and determine" as soon as our Earth reaches the age of maidenly bashfulness. . . . Nobody takes more delight than I in the fawn-like sportiveness of an innocent girl at this period of life; even a shade of espièglerie does not annoy me. But still own impressions incline me rather to represent the Earth as a fine noble young woman, full of the pride which is so becoming to her sex, and well able to take her own part in case that, at any solitary point of the heavens, she should come across one of those vulgar fussy Comets disposed to be rude and take improper liberties.

But others there are, a class whom I perfectly abominate, that place our Earth in the category of decaying, nay, of decayed women. Hair like Arctic snows, failure of vital heat, palsy that shakes the head as in the porcelain toys on our mantelpieces, asthma that shakes the whole fabric—these they absolutely fancy themselves to see; they absolutely hear the tellurian lungs wheezing, panting, crying, "Bellows to mend!" periodically as the Earth approaches her aphelion. . . . —Thomas De Quincey.



THIS HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATION OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SHOWS THAT MATRIMONY HAS ALWAYS HAD ITS TRAGIC ASPECTS. "IT SHOWS," SAYS ASHTON, "THE ANTIQUITY OF MRS. CAUDLE'S 'CURTAIN LECTURES.'"

The Early Christian Martyrs

A Philadelphia book agent canvassed James Watson, a rich and close man living at Elizabeth, until he bought a book—the "Early Christian Martyrs." Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then taking it under his arm he started for the train which takes him to his New York office.

The canvasser took note that the family was interested in that class of literature and made a mental resolution to see Mrs. Watson during the day, Mr. W. having incautiously dropped the remark that his wife generally did the book buying of the family.

By and by the book agent called, went in and persuaded the wife to buy another copy, she being ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning. When Mr. Watson came back from New York at night Mrs. Watson showed him the book.

"I don't want to see it," said Mr. Watson, frowning terribly.

"Why, husband?" asked the wife. "Because that rascally book agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we've got two copies of the same book—two copies of the 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and—"

"But, husband, we can—"
"No, we can't, either," interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I—"

"Why, there he goes to the depot

now," said Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book agent making for the train.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots, and—"

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson's, drove by, when Mr. Watson pounded on the window-pane in a frantic manner, almost frightening the horse.

"Here, Stevens," he shouted, "you're hitched up; won't you run your horse down to the train and hold the book agent until I come? Run! Catch 'm now!"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the road.

Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted "All aboard!"

"Book agent!" he yelled, as the book agent stepped on to the train. "Book agent! hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."

"Watson? Watson wants to see me?" repeated the seemingly puzzled book agent.

"Oh, I know what he wants! He wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that is all he wants I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Two dollars for the 'Early Christian Martyrs,'" said the book agent, as he reached for the money and passed the book out through the car window.



PUTTING PRINCIPLE INTO PRACTICE

BLOOD WILL CARRY ANYTHING—AT LEAST SO MISS FEATHERWEIGHT THINKS.
—One of John Leech's Famous Pictures in "Punch."

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in his short sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens; "just got it, and that's all."

"Got what?" yelled Watson. "Why, I got the book, 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and—"

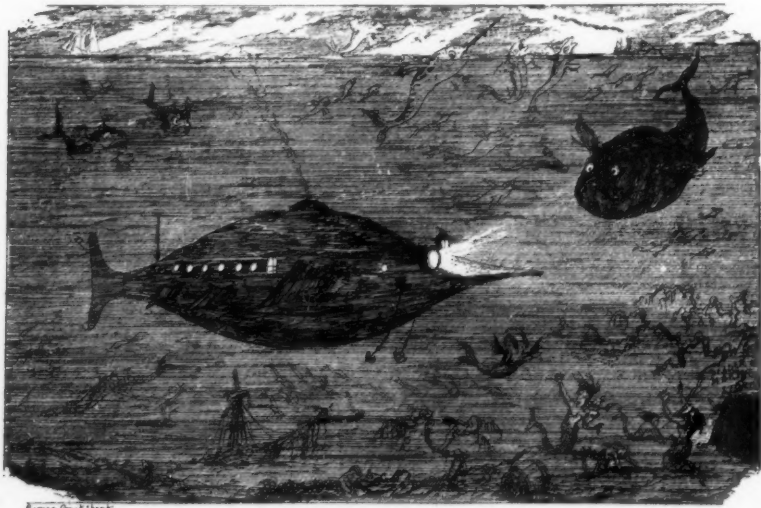
"By-the-great-guns!" moaned Watson, as he placed his hand on his brow and staggered into the middle of the street.

A Dainty Dish

Domnico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eyes on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said: "Give that dish to Domnico." "And the partridges, too, sire?" Louis, penetrating into the artfulness of the question, replied: "And the partridges, too." The dish was gold.

This is what the boy wrote about the dachshund:

"The dockshund is a dorg notwithstanding appeerencis. He has fore legs, two in front an' two behind, and they ain't on speakin' terms. I wunst made a dockshund out of a cowcumber an' fore matchis, an' it lookt as nacheral as life. Dockshounds is farely intelligent, considerin' thare shaip. Thare brains bein' so far away from thare tales it bothers them sum to wag the lattur. I wunst noo a dockshound who wuz too impashunt to wate till he cood signal the hole length of his boddy when he wanted to wag his tale, so he maid it up with his tale thet when he wanted it to wag he would shake his rite ear, an' when the tale seen it shake it would wag. But as for me, gimme a bull pup with a peddygree."



SCIENCE UNDER DIVERS FORMS

—From George Cruikshank's "Comic Almanac for 1843," Foreshadowing the Use of the Submarine.

The Two Deciding Factors in Purchasing a Speed-Indicator

With the motorist of experience, the first of these deciding factors is absolute accuracy—for he realizes that without absolute accuracy he might as well have no speed-indicator at all. But almost as important is wearability, the power to stand indefinitely the tests of service without deterioration. For even though an instrument be accurate at the start, that accuracy is of little value unless it continues.

Such a motorist—or any motorist who investigates thoroughly—puts the Warner Auto-Meter on his car.

For he finds that the Warner Auto-Meter is the only speed-indicating device considered in important tests or races where accuracy of speed-indication is a necessity. On the cars of quality everywhere—the cars of the men who know—the Warner Auto-Meter holds the place of honor. And the accuracy which distinguishes it when it first goes on the car remains a feature of it long after an ordinary instrument would be “junk.”



The motorist of less experience sometimes gives undue weight to price. It is true that the Warner Auto-Meter costs more. You can buy speed-indicating devices for almost any price you want to pay.

But the Warner Auto-Meter costs more solely and simply because an instrument which will give perfect service—*continued* perfect service—under any and all operating conditions, cannot be sold for less. And the Warner name will never go on any instrument which will not meet with perfection the hardest service tests. The verdict of the motor-wise bears out all that we say of the Warner Auto-Meter.

We should like to place in your hands a copy of our interesting booklet. Drop us a line mentioning your car, or call at our nearest branch.

Warner Instrument Company, 912 Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, Wis.

Branches ATLANTA, 116 Edgewood Ave.; BOSTON, 925 Boylston St.; BUFFALO, 720 Main St.; CHICAGO, 2420 Michigan Ave.; CINCINNATI, 807 Main St.; CLEVELAND, 2062 Euclid Ave.; DENVER, 1518 Broadway; DETROIT, 870 Woodward Ave.; INDIANAPOLIS, 330-331 N. Illinois St.; KANSAS CITY, 1613 Grand Ave.; LOS ANGELES, 748 S. Olive St.; NEW YORK, 1902 Broadway; PHILADELPHIA, 302 N. Broad St.; PITTSBURGH, 5940 Kirkwood St.; SAN FRANCISCO, 36-38 Van Ness Ave.; SEATTLE, 611 E. Pike St.; ST. LOUIS, 3923 Olive St.

Aviation Note

The top picture is a view of the Roe triplane, an English machine, in flight. The middle photo is of Curtiss on his biplane, and the lower picture shows Paulhan flying over the grandstand at Los Angeles.

The top and bottom photos are by Edwin Levick; the one in the center is copyrighted by M. Branger, Paris.

A. P. Warner

(77)



The Aristocrat of Speed-Indicators
Ten Models—\$90 to \$145

Running a Piano



ON THE SANDS

CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES WHO RIDE
IN CRINOLINE ON DONKEYS.
—One of John Leech's Pictures in
"Punch."

The University of Gottingen

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen—
niversity of Gottingen!

Sweet 'kerchief, checked with heavenly
blue,

Which once my love sat noddin' in!
Alas! Matilda then was true!
At least I thought so at the U-
niversity of Gottingen—
niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you
flew,

Her neat post-wagon trottin' in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U-
niversity of Gottingen—
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! This pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in!
My years are many; they were few
When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottingen—
niversity of Gottingen.

There, sweet, for thee my passions
grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
tor, law professor at the U-
niversity of Gottingen—
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon and thou, vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plot-
ting in.

Here, doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen—
niversity of Gottingen.

—From "The Rovers," by George
Channing.

ride that Frenchman gave me on a
piano."—Unidentified.

A Gentle Complaint

FAIRFIELD, CONN.

P. T. BARNUM, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:—We have a large soiled
Asiatic elephant visiting us now, which
we suspect belongs to you. His skin
is a misfit and he keeps moving his
trunk from side to side nervously. If
you have missed an elephant answering
to this description please come up and
take him away, as we have no use for
him. An elephant on a place so small
as ours is more of a trouble than a
convenience. I have endeavored to
frighten him away, but he does not
seem at all timid, and my wife and I,
assisted by our hired man, tried to
push him out of the yard, but our ef-
forts were unavailing. He has made
our home his own now for some days,
and he has become quite *de trop*. We
do not mind him so much in the day-
time, for he then basks mostly on the
lawn and plays with the children (to
whom he has greatly endeared him-
self), and at night he comes up and
lays his head upon our piazza, and his
deep and stertorous breathing keeps
my wife awake. I feel as though I
was entitled to some compensation for
his keep. He is a large, though no
fastidious eater, and he has destroyed
some of my plants by treading on
them; and he also leaned against our
woodhouse. My neighbor—who is
something of a wag—says I have a
lien on his trunk for the amount of
his board, but that, of course, is only
pleasantry. Your immediate attention
will oblige
SIMEON FORD.

On a Surly Porter

What a pity Hell's gates are not kept
by O'Flinn—
The surly old dog would let nobody
in.

—From the "Humor of Ireland."

The mule said to the donkey, Gee
up, long ears.—Spanish Proverb.



CARICATURE OF NAPOLEON SEIZING ITAL-
IAN WORKS OF ART, BY CRUIKSHANK.

Club Cocktails

A
Bottled
Delight

Simply strain
through cracked ice,
and serve.



The unexpected guest never finds you unprepared

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

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

Usher in the New Year well!



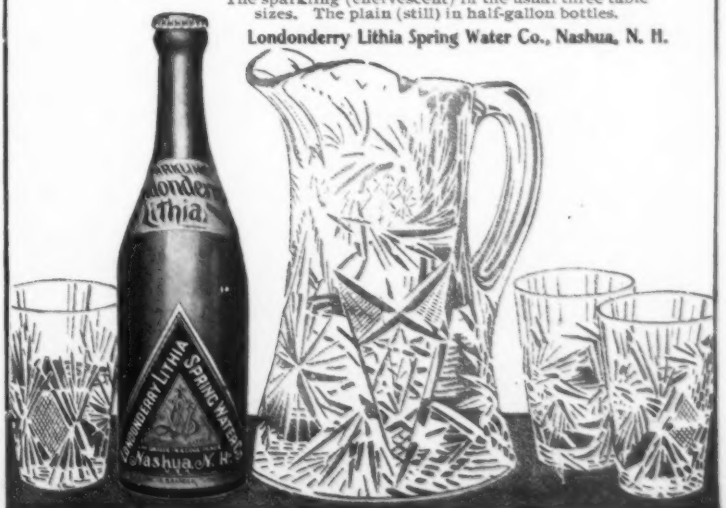
Londonderry

A table water that is not only refreshing and invigorating in itself but blends happily with other beverages, adding to their healthfulness. Try Londonderry Lemonade, using Londonderry instead of ordinary water.

Being a natural water, rich in alkaline properties, Londonderry is peculiarly valuable in preserving and restoring health. It is strongly recommended by physicians.

The sparkling (effervescent) in the usual three table sizes. The plain (still) in half-gallon bottles.

Londonderry Lithia Spring Water Co., Nashua, N. H.



Philip Morris Cigarettes

ORIGINAL LONDON

Take them
"into camp" for
your vacation.

CAMBRIDGE 25c
in boxes of ten

AMBASSADOR 35c
the after-dinner size

"The Little Brown Box"



Social Horticulture

- Cultivating friendship.
- Weeding out acquaintances.
- Sowing wild oats.
- Raking the servants over the coals.
- Looking after one's stocks.
- Planting one's foot down on extravagance.
- Harrowing people with one's ill temper.
- Digging up the coin.

—*Boston Transcript.*

They Do Their Best to Tell

"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Possibly," answered Miss Caustic, "but that isn't the fault of the ladies who get together with their knitting on the piazza at our hotel."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"HUSH! Hush! my boy, you mustn't call your playmate a 'liar.'"

"That's all right, ma. I don't really mean it. We're playing government, and I'm being investigated."—*Detroit Free Press.*



THE SIMPLE LIFE

Hail!

Of all glad words of tongue or pen
The gladdest are these: "He's back
again!" —*New York Sun.*

Thanks to Lucy

Mark Smith, former delegate from Arizona to Congress and likely as not to be one of the new Senators when the State is admitted, was born in Kentucky.

He says that in the town where he was born a new and youthful preacher was imported from New England to minister to the Presbyterian Church.

On the first Sunday the senior deacon of the church took the minister aside and asked him to pray for Lucy Gray. The minister prayed fervently for Lucy, not only on that Sunday but on the two succeeding Sundays.

On the fourth Sunday the deacon came around and said: "Parson, you needn't pray for Lucy Gray any more."

"Why," asked the minister, "is she dead?"

"Dead? No," said the deacon; "she won."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

To Be Sure

Many men hitch their wagons to stars, while others are satisfied with members of the chorus.—*Lippincott's.*

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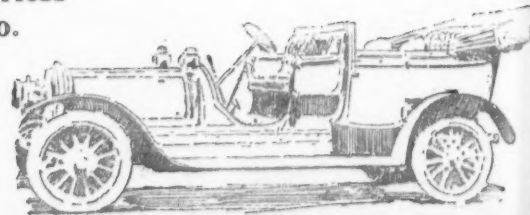
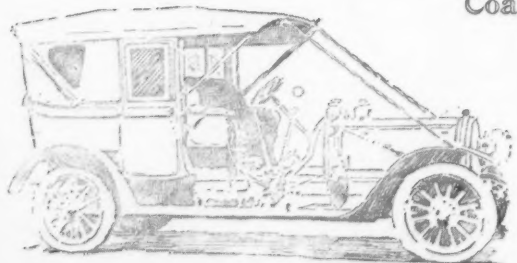
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Del aunay-Belle ville
Licensed under Selden Patent
Special bodies for any Chassis.
Repairs to body or motor.

Peerless Cars with our exclusive
Coach work by special arrange-
ment with the Peerless
Motor Car Co.



Illustrations show a new design Brewster body on Del aunay-Belle ville Chassis, open and closed.



An imitation cigar, looks so natural, never refused. Just bend the spring back toward the lighted end and offer your victim a "FLOR-DE-STANG" cigar. As he takes the cigar let go the spring the victim gets a sharp stinging snap on the fingers. 10c., stamps or coin, gets this cigar and our new catalogue 100 showing hundreds of jokes, puzzles and useful articles.
THE NEW YORK NEWS COMPANY, Dept. 51, 15 Warren St., New York

Rhymed Reviews

Open Country

(By Maurice Hewlett. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A free-love novel now and then

Compels a circumspect reviewlet;

Unsheathe, O Muse, your fountain-pen

And take a jab at Maurice Hewlett!

His "Open Country" may be graced

With style and witty observations,

Yet leaves a nasty after-taste

In spite of all its affectations.

A gentle, anarchistic tramp,

Who never plunders home or hen-house,

But rambles, paints and likes to camp

On sane folks' lawns, is Mr. Sen-house.

This new "Beloved Vagabond"

(A highfalutin' gipsy surely)

Meets Sanchia wading in a pond,

And loves that simple damsel purely.

Do you read books?

How often do you take up the "latest" novel and try vainly to get interested in it?

Suppose you try another kind. "ASTIR: A Publisher's Life-Story," is the unique narrative of a Boston boy who aspired to become a publisher. The book is a human document and tells of many men of whom you hear daily.

The author, John Adams Thayer, was one of the publishers of *Everybody's Magazine* in "Frenzied Finance" days.

Get "Astir." You'll read it!

At all book stores, \$1.20 net. Postage 12 cts.

Small, Maynard & Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

French edition published simultaneously.

What Does Your Bathroom Lack?

Does it contain substantial necessities as shown in the margin, or is the towel bar rickety, the tumbler and tooth brush holder (if there are any) bent and brassy, the soap dish of common mudware, and the shelves stained and abiding places for germs? Do the supposed conveniences, which you have, hurt your pride? If they do, this is all wrong, because a substantial, healthy, handsome bathroom isn't costly and it *pays* in time saved, satisfaction and beauty.

The Brasscrafters TRADE MARK

Bathroom Necessities Make People Proud of Their Bathroom

They have honestly won the largest sale in the world because they are made to "serve your children's children." The Brass (and there's plenty of it) is the best the world produces. The designs are very practical and sanitary. Each article carries our Guarantee Tag, which insures you the best that money can buy, plus satisfaction.

To impress our trade mark on your memory, we should like to give you a good tooth brush holder to hold five brushes. It is handsome and valuable, and the only cost to you is to ask us for it and send us your dealer's name. Our Book, "Successful Suggestions for Your Bathroom," goes with it. As a good housekeeper you will be glad to have it. As this offer is limited, write NOW to

The Brasscrafters TRADE MARK

J. P. Eustis Mfg. Co., Dept. M., 92-100 North St., BOSTON, MASS.

He forms the maiden's open mind,
And takes occasion to disparage
With other fads of human kind,
That stupid institution, Marriage.

And just as soon as Sanchia can
She practices her mentor's preach-
ings:

One Captain Ingram, 'married man,

Pursues her steps with fond beseech-
ings.

He won't divorce his erring wife
(These vulgar courts are so un-
pleasant),

And Sanchia, to redeem his life,
Resolves to make the brute a pres-
ent—

(Continued on page 39)

Astor Trust Company

FIFTH AVE. & 36TH ST., NEW YORK
Capital, \$1,250,000. Surplus and Profits, \$750,000

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



T. R. on the G. O. P.

"I know each beast from West to East,
From Afric to the Horn;
And if it's so, I've one to know
It is the beast unborn:

"The hippopotamus is squat,
The zebra ringed with lines.
The rare giraffe I know by half
A dozen subtle signs;

"But, oh, that cuss indigenus
Unto my native land,
That mammal—he called G. O. P.—
I no more understand:

"By common cant an elephant,
This is a rarer beast;
Its hind legs strain the West to gain
The forelegs pull to East;

"To make it walk without a balk,
It is for me, I own,
When I can say which end to flay
And which to let alone.

"So leave to Ted this quadruped
And seek your daily crust:
Most every brute was made to shoot,
But here's a beast to bust."

—New York Sun.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

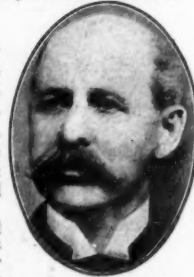
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

\$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3, \$2.50 & \$2
THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS.

Millions of men wear W. L. Douglas shoes because they are the lowest prices, quality considered, in the world. Made upon honor, of the best leathers, by the most skilled workmen, in all the latest fashions.

W. L. Douglas \$5.00 and \$4.00 shoes equal Custom Bench Work costing \$6 to \$8. Boys' Shoes, \$3, \$2.50 & \$2.

W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it. **Take No Substitute.** *Fast Color Eyelets.* Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If not for sale in your town write for Mail Order Catalog, showing how to order by mail. Shoes ordered direct from factory delivered free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, U.S.A.



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CLUB LINEN PLAYING CARDS

"An Ideal Bridge Card." Design of back, hemstitched linen, Sept. 24, '07. Colors: Red, Blue, Brown, Green. 25 cents per pack gold edge 35 cents. Dealers everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt price. Illustrated catalog of Bridge accessories free. Address Dept. Radcliffe & Co., New York, 144 Pearl St., & London, E.C.4.

In 2010

KNICKER: Did your ancestors come over in the *Mayflower*?

BOCKER: No; they came over with Roosevelt.—*New York Sun.*

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

George Was Flippant

One of our English residents told this story of the Prince of Wales (now King of England) at a recent dinner: "When George and Edward (the late Duke of Clarence) were making their tour in the navy, on one occasion—sunset or something—George went to the hatchway and called: 'Eddie, come up here and sing "God save your grandmother!"'"

—*The Wasp.*

MR. HUBB: The intelligence office manager told me that our new girl was once an actress.

MRS. HUBB: I believe it. She dusts the furniture exactly as the soubrette does it on the stage.—*Boston Transcript.*

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

A Stroke of Luck

A rich old farmer who had moved into a Michigan village had a ne'er-do-well son who would not work, but insisted on loafing around the village and living on his father, meantime waiting for the happy moment when the father might die.

One morning the news came from the rich old farmer's house that he had had a stroke of apoplexy and was dying. The good women of the village rushed over to see if they could do anything. They found the son sitting on the porch in a rocking-chair rocking slowly and rubbing his hands.

"John," one lady said, "is this terrible news true? How is your father?"

"Well," replied John, continuing the rocking, "all I can say is that I expect to be a rich man in a few minutes."

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

White Rock

American Water for American People

**end your vacation on
Quaint Cape Cod**

for vacations—seashore, woods, country,
fishing, boating, bathing.

Send for free beautifully illustrated book.
Smith, G. P. A., Room 185, New Haven, Conn.,
New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

Rhymed Reviews

(Continued from page 37)

Her loving self! All pleas are vain;
She knows her duty, true and
tender;

And Senhouse half forgets his pain
To praise her noble self-surrender!

What queer things men will do for
cash!

(In crooked paths is Fortune's kiss
won.)

They'll cheat, they'll bribe, they'll ped-
dle trash,

And publish tainted books like this
one.

Arthur Guiterman.

Barrie's Method of Work

As to tobacco, Mr. J. M. Barrie once
gave this reply to an inquiry regarding
his method of work. It was written
on a crumpled sheet which had evidently
once been used to wrap tobacco, and ran
as follows:

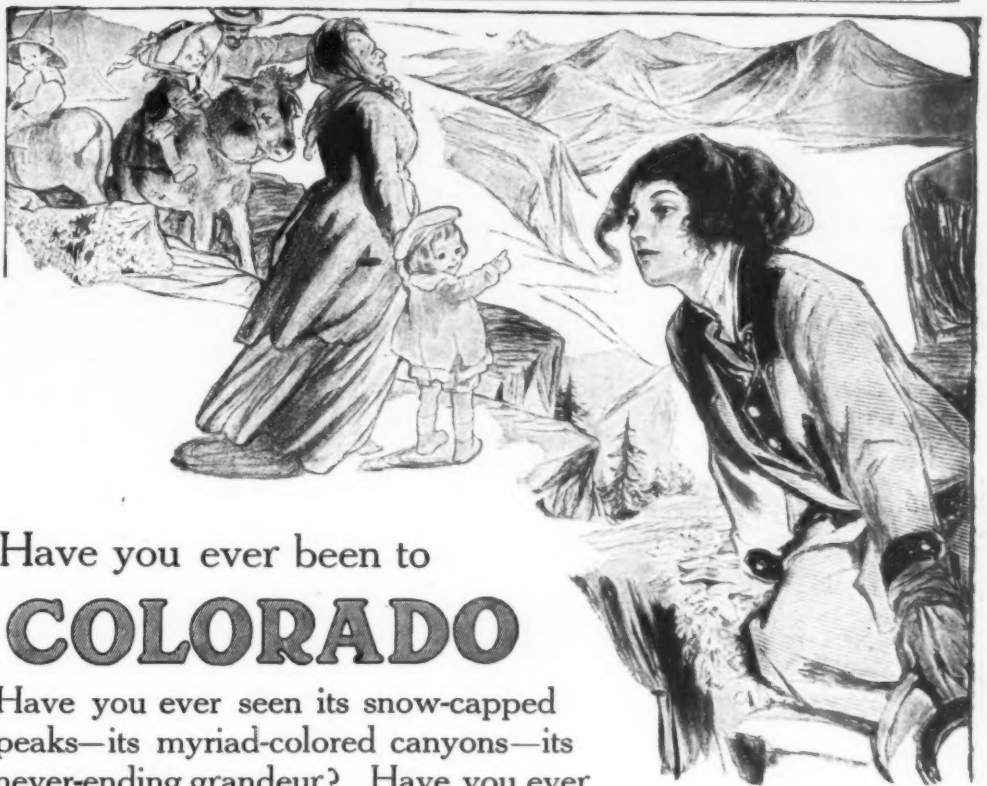
JOURNALISM

- 2 pipes = 1 hour
- 2 hours = 1 idea
- 1 idea = 3 paragraphs
- 3 paragraphs = 1 leader

FICTION

- 8 pipes = 1 ounce
- 7 ounces = 1 week
- 2 weeks = 1 chapter
- 20 chapters = 1 nib
- 2 nibs = 1 novel

—London Chronicle.



Have you ever been to
COLORADO

Have you ever seen its snow-capped
peaks—its myriad-colored canyons—its
never-ending grandeur? Have you ever
filled deep your lungs with its life-giving ozone—climbed burro-back
to its jutting crags or flicked a fly over some of its 6,000 miles of
trout streams? Take *the de luxe*

Rocky Mountain Limited

— Daily from Chicago to Colorado Springs and Denver direct —

and go to Colorado. The train of comfort and luxury that is only one night on
the way. Wide berths as comfortable as beds—observation, buffet and library
car; with barber, valet and stenographer—and a chef whose cuisine has
helped to make this superb train famous. A perfectly appointed club on
wheels that makes the journey a pleasure—and turns what was once a hardship
into one of the most delightful experiences of a lifetime.



Other good trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis,
Kansas City, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado,
Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

Let me tell you how inexpensively you can have a *real* vacation in the Golden West.

L. M. ALLEN, Passenger Traffic Manager

6 La Salle Station

Chicago, Ill.

The Invincible JUNIOR

Operated by centrifugal fans. The *only* method assuring
a strong, even, never fluctuating inrush of air.

THE ONLY PERFECT—SILENT MACHINE

The *only* efficient air cleaning machine for the home at a moderate price.
Simple—one unit—no pump, no gears, no valves—lasts a lifetime.

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Write for illustrated booklets. Address Dept. E.

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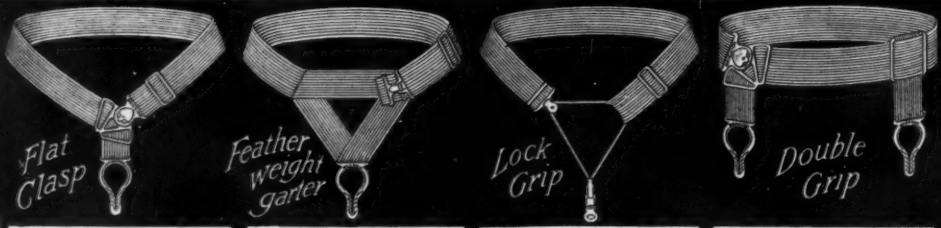
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PITTSBURGH, PA.



AN IDLE FANCY

THERE IS A
Brighton Garter
FOR EVERY MAN



Yields and clings as you move, but never binds or chafes the leg. 25c—at all the dealers
No metal on the leg; no pad; no big, clumsy buttons. 25c and 50c—at all the dealers
Non-elastic cord; diamond rubber clasp that cannot slip. 25c and 50c—at all the dealers
Holds the sock smoothly on each side, of thick or thin legs. 25c up—at all the dealers

Whatever garter you've been wearing, one of these four Brighton Garters will give you more solid comfort and more satisfactory service. All the webs are long-wear silk, in plain or fancy effects; all the metal is very light, very strong, very flat, and heavily nicked to prevent rust. Sold by dealers everywhere—or we mail sample pairs prepaid on receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO. ESTABLISHED 1877 PHILADELPHIA

The
Literary Zoo.

The Secret of a Sonnet

If some one asked us what we disliked most in poetry we should probably say "the obvious." We do not go so far as Tolstoy, who objects to pretty nearly all poetry on the general ground that the facts could be more succinctly stated in prose. Poetry, indeed, as we understand it, ceases to be such when the song or sentiment it clothes can be uttered otherwise. Forswear the metrical form, and language limps in sheer futility when the soul strives to speak. Tolstoy, it seems likely, read Tennyson in a translation; and no one has ever really translated poetry. Keats pretended that Chapman had done it for Homer; but—well, just ask Mr. Andrew Lang what he thinks of that.

The worst poetry that Longfellow

wrote—and he did write heaps of it—was of the obvious sort. Browning,

The remarkable new novel
by the author of "The Inner Shrine"

THE
WILD OLIVE

This week—four days less than a month since it was published—"The Wild Olive" is reported the best selling novel in the United States. This is the verdict from country-wide sources of trade information. "The Wild Olive" is the best and its success is greater than "The Inner Shrine" because the story is greater—better, finer. "The Wild Olive" has a broader basis of plot, a nobler conception of character, a higher idealism. It is—above all else—a remarkably human story.

"The promise of 'The Inner Shrine' is more than borne out by this second novel. If it doesn't turn out to be the book of the year we shall miss our guess—but we don't think we shall."
—New York Press.

"It is assured of a success not inferior to that of 'The Inner Shrine.' Of the two novels we place 'The Wild Olive' first."
—New Orleans Picayune.

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the giant, on the other hand, was seldom or never obvious. Poetry, in other words, is concerned with the attempt to voice the inarticulate; the only intelligible poet is the one who writes jingles on Eternity.

So far, we believe, Professor Saintsbury would agree with us. We wish we could be as sure of his support and sympathy in the painful confession of our limitations which we are about to make public. Avowing as we do our belief that a certain obscurity is inseparable from true song, we are perplexed by a metrical problem presented in the May *Scribner's*. In a series of 14 lines beginning with capitals, and otherwise technically set forth as a sonnet, Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson undertakes to adumbrate an incident of manifest tragic import, and to tell us "How Annandale Went Out." Mr. Robinson, who was long ago officially approved by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt as a poet of parts, was evidently in a

(Continued on page 41)



"Radically different in plot treatment, it is even more dramatic than the other story. From the opening it seizes the reader's attention, and isn't released until the last word is said."
—San Francisco Chronicle

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LIVER UPSET? Try
Hunyadi János
NATURAL APERIENT WATER
Avoid Unscrupulous Druggists

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 40)

the death. His diagnosis and coroner's report follow:

"HOW ANNANDALE WENT OUT.

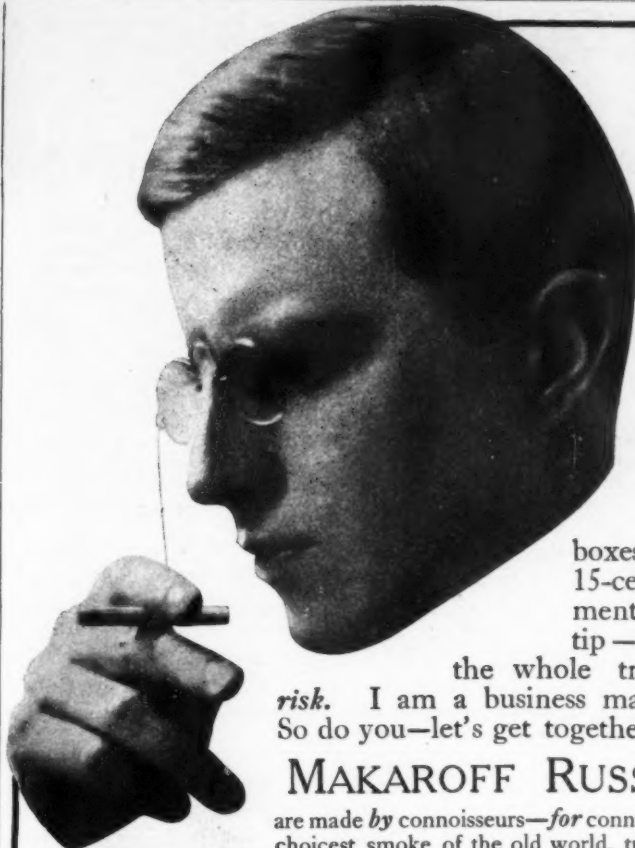
"They called it Annandale—and I was there to flourish, to find words, and to attend; Lieber, physician, hypocrite, and friend, I watched him; and the sight was not so fair as one or two that I have seen elsewhere; An apparatus not for me to mend— A wreck, with hell between him and the end, Remained of Annandale. And I was there.

"I knew the ruin as I knew the man; So put the two together if you can, Remembering the worst you know of me. Now view yourself as I was, on the spot— With a slight kind of engine. Do you see? Like this. You wouldn't hang me? I thought not."

Mr. Robinson's plea for mercy is superfluous. No one, we feel sure, would wish to hang him. We have shown his poem to a score of persons, and each one of them, like ourselves, is consumed with curiosity concerning the exact nature of his crime. There are all kinds of conjectures—some of them wild, others of a sort which bids us hope that a clew may yet be found. For example, we showed his verses to an exchange editor who reads all kinds of poetry, and he said at once:

"Annandale? Why, certainly. It's

(Continued on page 42)



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—

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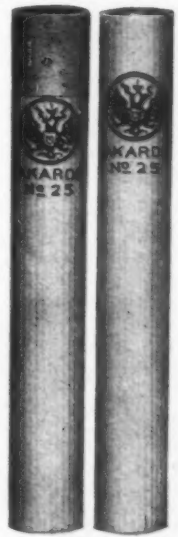
are made by connoisseurs—for connoisseurs—the choicest smoke of the old world, transported to the new. I've been telling you the story of Makaroffs for years—no doubt you've read it and you believe it—but you can't smoke it. *All the talk in the world is deaf and dumb compared to a trial of the goods.*

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 41)

in Canada. The train stops there for lunch on the way to Lake Simcoe. The poem is evidently an allusion to a terrible railway wreck that occurred some years ago. I remember the circumstances very well. And as Mr. Robinson intimates, the engineer was responsible."

We turned away, more perplexed than ever, and, as luck had it, encountered the staff poet—a man versed in the verse of every age and clime.

"What do you make of it?"

"It's a sonnet," he exclaimed confidently. "All sonnets of the Italian form consist of an octette and a sextette. In the octette the soloist plays a kind of prelude. Then comes a pause. In the sextette he puts you wise. The sonnet is a very old form, but it languished in the United States until the magazine editor discovered its utility as a filler. Since the time of Petrarca—"

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"Yes," we interrupted him. "But you have turned on the wrong tap. Who or what was Annandale, and why did he or it go out, and what of it? In short, what does it mean?"

"Mean?" echoed the staff poet contemptuously. "A sonnet means whatever you are able to see in it—neither more nor less."

And so we are still asking: "Where was Annandale when the light went out?"

We are in the dark. W. T. L.

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Liszt, by Way of Banting

A slight change of occupation meant the winter he has pursued art for the artist's sake—overtaking it, as a rule, yet seldom running it down. At the end of the season his pedometer shows that his promenades around and between the galleries alone represent greater mileage than the peripatetic ever put to their credit. He has walked a greater distance than Weston, visiting 437 exhibitions and recording impressions of 5,718 pictures. Laid side by side, these canvases would supply Forepaugh and Sells with tents for a time. Put in a pile, they would reach almost to Michelangelo. Nevertheless Mr. Huneker has taken on weight. In order to train down he means to visit Marienbad, where he will amuse himself by finishing his life of Franz Liszt. Mr. Huneker, who passed through the Independents' exhibition with only trifling damage to his emotions, is not fully recovered from the spring display of the Academy, but it is believed that Marienbad will prove an effectual tonic.

Mr. Whitman Works and Plays

Having achieved, in "Predestined," what promises to be a "best seller" (though some of our reliable critics insist that it is really worth reading), Stephen French Whitman has gone to Europe, accompanied by his mother, to travel for a year whither inclination leads him. A methodical and careful traveler.

(Continued on page 43)

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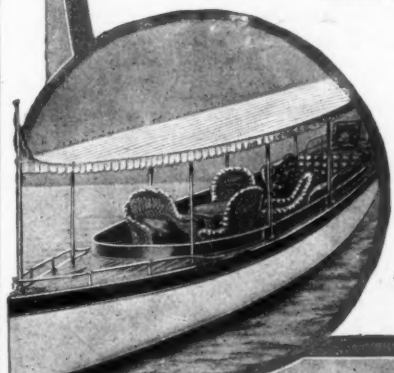
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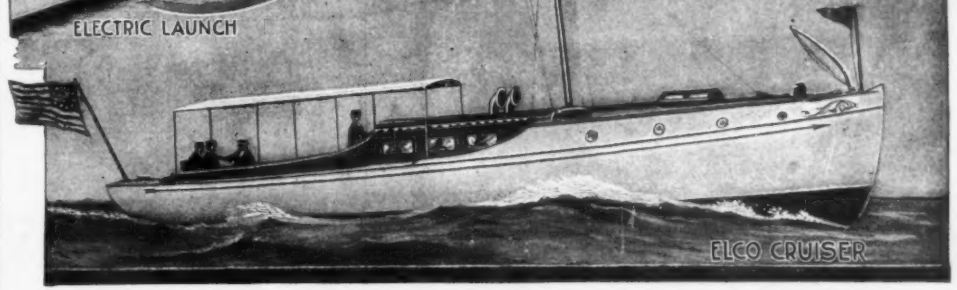
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ELCO CRUISER

June he was planning to join W. B. Mershon on his salmon water on the Cascapedia, after another week-end in Wisconsin. In August and September he may spend a month in the Peace River country. Mrs. Hough suggests Skagway, Alaska, or a three weeks' trip to England and back, as interesting excursions for the late summer; but her husband has promised to be on hand for the opening of the woodcock season. Before starting on a moose

hunt in Ontario, in November, Mr. Hough rather expects to try his hand at work. "But why get into a rut?" he writes. "I have contracted to do a vaudeville sketch, a play, a novelette and six short stories in the next sixty days. I am not going to do it, because the trout fishing in the West is better this year than it has been for a long time, and when business interferes with fishing, the best rule is to drop the business."

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

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 42)

workman, it took Mr. Whitman two years or more to plan and plot and finally to write and compress his successful novel of New York life. Since it was finished, some time ago, he has gone to work again, with an eye—as before—to form and the French models; and so the manuscript of his next novel may be in the publisher's hands before he returns here. Mr. Whitman edited the *Tiger* in his senior year at Princeton, and some of the humor he suppressed in "Predestined" is likely to find an outlet in the more joyous theme which now engages his pen.

Emerson Hough Goes Fishing

Even some bear hunters grow blasé in time. Emerson Hough, who has killed more Alaskan bears, and written less about it, than any faunal naturalist of our acquaintance, had planned a trip to Africa, for variety, when reports reached him that 3,000 other American writers were headed that way. So Mr. Hough is gathering material for fish stories instead. By way of a beginning he insists that in May he found the fishing very good indeed in Michigan, Wisconsin, Utah, and the Bitter Root Valley in Montana. In

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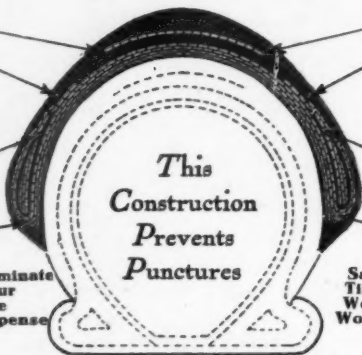
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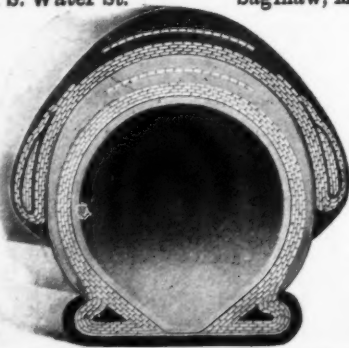
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STELLA: Air, 100?—*New York Sun.*

Too Generous

"What're ye comin' home with your milk pail empty fof?" demanded the farmer. "Didn't the old cow give anything?"

"Yep," replied his chore boy; "nine quarts and one kick."—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

A Wonderful Invention

One of the leading defenders of unrestricted vivisection at the present time is Frederic S. Lee, A.M., Ph.D., the professor of physiology at Columbia University. We understand that Professor Lee is not a member of the medical profession, but his experience as a vivisector and his ability as a demonstrator are undoubted.

Not very long ago, at a meeting of a society of experimental physiologists held at the physiological laboratory of Columbia University, Prof. Frederic S. Lee brought to the notice of his associates, under the heading of "original investigations," a new invention. He called the machine "A FATIGUE WHEEL," and the report adds that

the author demonstrated a wheel, designed for fatiguing mammals by means of voluntary muscular work.

We are so constantly informed that little or no pain is ever inflicted nowadays in physiological laboratories that there would seem to be here a peculiarly good opportunity for Professor Lee to prove this assertion, so far as it applies to certain experiments of his own. Cannot LIFE persuade the learned physiologist of Columbia University to give a more public demonstration of his wheel in action, with a happy dog gamboling therein, and undergoing all the felicity of fatigue induced by "voluntary muscular work"?

It must be admitted that in some other physiological laboratories "fatigue wheels" do not appear to have been conducive of animal content. The "wheel" of Professor Mosso, an Italian physiologist, is said to have resembled that part of a squirrel's cage in which the captive takes his exercise, except that in the scientific implement the "wheel" is turned by a motor, making it impossible for the creature undergoing fatigue to stop and rest. We are told that one dog, after being made to fast for twenty-four hours, was forced to run for six consecutive hours in the wheel, at the rate of about 380 feet per minute; that in another experiment a blind dog, after running in the machine for only an hour, gave up the task of contributing to science, allowed himself to be dragged helplessly along, and finally, with bleeding feet, was taken out; and that an old dog, which also had been made to fast, was removed from the

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"He Would Have Pulled Me Over"

Dr. THORNE'S IDEA

By J. A. MITCHELL

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

One Dollar, Net

Like R. L. S.'s world, "Dr. Thorne's Idea (George H. Doran & Co., \$1) is quite "full of number of things." There are criminals and their victims, and a very human and humanly wise minister, and a bishop, whose legs like those of Sir Willoughby Patterne, are entirely in character, and a circus, both before and behind the scenes, and a boy with honest eyes and a criminal heredity and a loyal-souled little girl with a dissipated doll and a ring that—but there are too many to name them all, and, besides, mere list can give no idea with what interest the author, John Ames Mitchell, has clothed all of them. More than most novels, it has individuality in the manner of the telling.—*N. Y. Times.*

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street, New York

machine after two hours' running, with legs bleeding and unable to stand. Professor Mosso is reported as saying:

In our laboratory of physiology, where we have been studying the effect of fatigue on dogs, I have been able to note a surprising rise in the temperature each time the dog wounded their legs during their travels on the wheel. This rise of temperature was always accompanied by scratches, excoriations and wounds in the legs; and these wounds were frequently so considerable that the nailed, because the dogs offered so much re-

(Continued on page 45)

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

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

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A Wonderful Invention

(Continued from page 44)

assistance to the machine that was carrying them on. I attributed the rise of temperature to the pain which the animals must have suffered as they struggled against the impetus which was carrying them on against their will.

But in Professor Lee's wheel the fatigue is induced, he tells us, "by means of voluntary muscular work." We shall be pleased to have it demonstrated by Professor Lee that in the wheel which he uses incidents like these are quite impossible; that in the laboratory of Columbia University starving dogs have never been worked until they were "dragged helplessly along," or forced—against their will—to struggle within the meshes of an instrument of torture.

—And still another question. In the *Popular Science Monthly* recently Professor Lee declared that "fatigue may be carried so far that recovery is difficult, if not impossible." In the tragedy of life this is true enough. Is it also a fact which has been demonstrated in a physiological laboratory?

The Latest Books

How Americans Are Governed, by Crittenden Marriott. (Harper & Bros. \$1.25.)

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If it is not affiliated with the State Association of the American Automobile Association, the national motor governing body, see that its application is filed at once. There are now Thirty-Six State Associations affiliated with the A. A. A. They contain some 250 odd clubs. These are the workers who are bearing the burden for Better Legislation, Good Roads and Touring Information progress for the Whole Army of Motorists. There are over a half million car owners and users in America, and only thirty thousand of them are Affiliated for the Cause of the Whole. If you are not in this Affiliation, you are not holding up your end.

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Sturdiness and Power are Distinct Stearns Characteristics

The Stearns is a wonderfully sturdy, durable car, built to give perfect service for years. This sturdiness, combined with the great reserve power of the Stearns motor, has won for the car its reputation as a practical, durable machine, placing it far in advance of the average high grade car.

It was this sturdiness and reserve power that enabled Mr. Geo. C. Rew of Chicago to drive from that city to San Francisco in a trifle over eighteen days, without traveling at night. It was sturdiness and reserve power that carried Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hanson and family from Saratoga Springs, N. Y., to San Fran-

cisco through the swamp lands of Louisiana---a region which no other automobile had ever penetrated and come out under its own power. It was sturdiness and reserve power that enabled a Stearns to climb Pike's Peak with seven passengers---a feat never accomplished before or since.

It is sturdiness and reserve power, combined with the luxurious appointments of the car, that place the Stearns owner in an unique position. He is always master of the road---his car is always admired, always respected and always given the undisputed right-of-way.

30-60 h. p. touring car - \$4,600.00 - - - 15-30 h. p. touring car, - \$3,200.00

Standard Equipment includes Continental Demountable Rims and Combination Oil and Electric Side and Tail Lamps. Vestibule or Open Touring Body optional.

30-60 H. P.
Model
Shaft or Chain Drive

The F. B. Stearns Company

Licensed under Selden Patent

CLEVELAND, OHIO

15-30 H. P.
Model
Shaft Drive

THE WHITE LINE RADIATOR BELONGS TO THE STEARNS

48

*Whitney 1.26
Sill 1.25
Kohl 1.30
Candy 1.40*



3.4

PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES

A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here

