

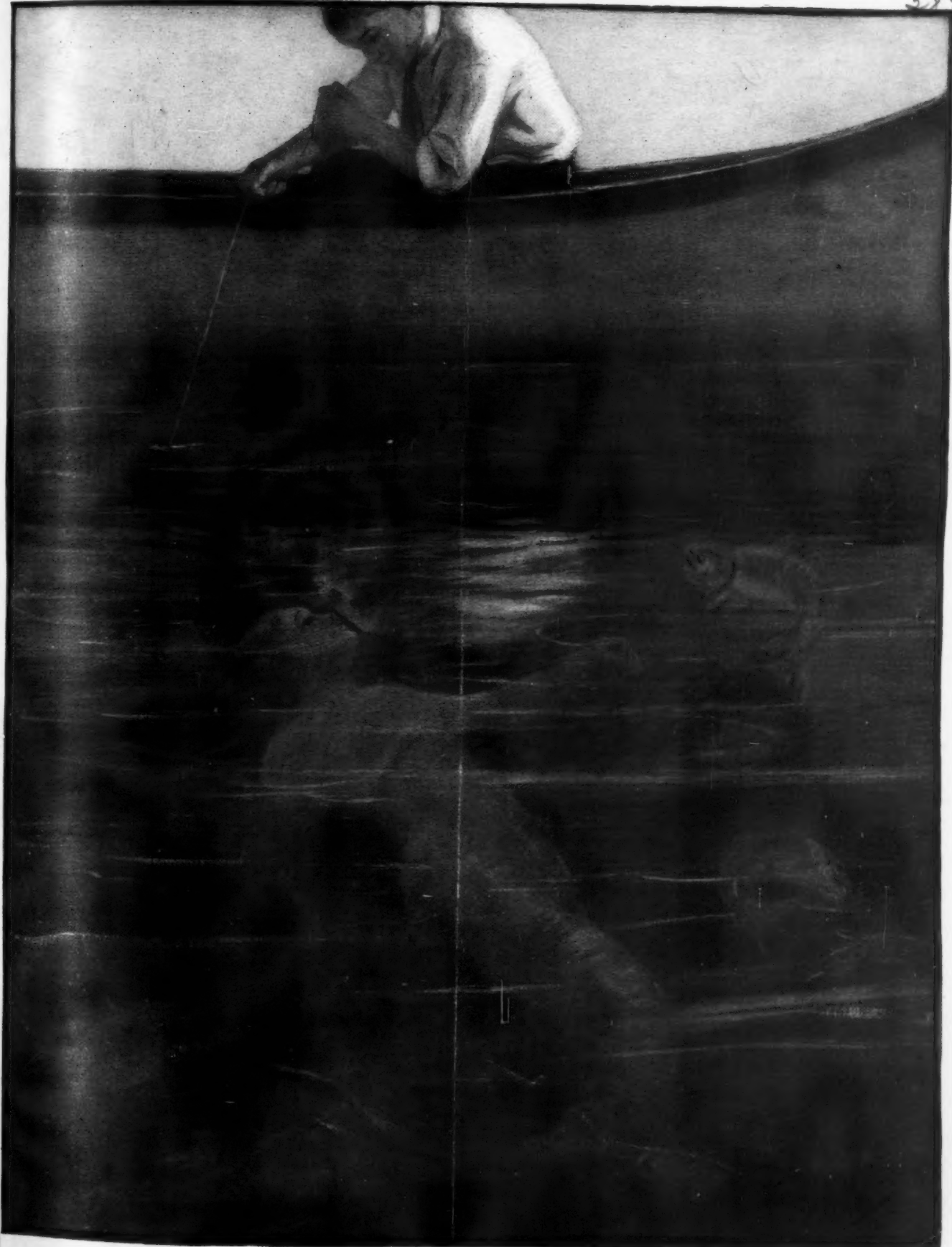
August 18, 1910

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L I F E

PRICE, 10 CENTS
AUGUST 25, 1910

389



FISHERMAN'S LUCK

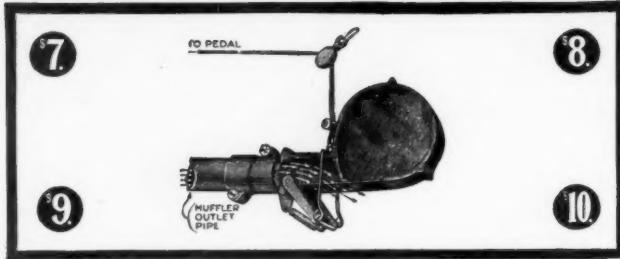
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JERICHO

THE PERFECT

MOTOR CAR SIGNAL



The necessity for a really efficient Motor Car Signal comes oftenest at the unexpected moment, when *both hands are required to control the car.*

A

JERICHO

HORN

is particularly adapted to such emergencies—because it is operated by foot power.

How easy a matter, and how natural an operation, for the foot to depress a pedal as you gather yourself together for quick action.

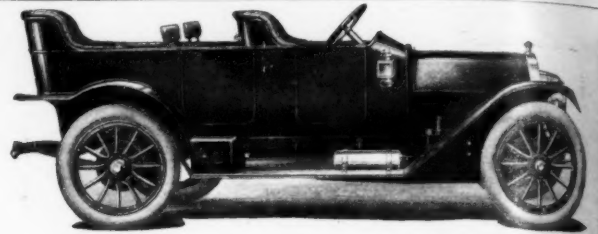
In such an effort, the brain, the hands, the feet, operate in unison, and if the signal employed be a JERICHO, you issue simultaneously a fair and rational warning, equal to the emergency, while in no way detracting from your faculty of control.

Once equipped with the efficient JERICHO, you are no longer in anticipation of disaster. You experience a *mental freedom*—a *fuller enjoyment* of your car—and *increased efficiency* in its operation.

Strong arguments in its favor, you must concede. There are others equally strong. Have your dealer tell you about them, or write direct to us for folder.



Makers of "B-LINE" OIL and GREASE GUNS



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

The time is at hand when it behooves the man about to buy a motor car to investigate values.

This 1911 season will reveal the fact—as exemplified in the superb Speedwell—that the topmost price no longer necessarily implies superior worth.

In the changes and economies which have marked the development

of the motor car, the Speedwell has made tremendous strides in efficiency.

It is ready to prove to the thinking man the needlessness of higher price.

Literature mailed upon request.

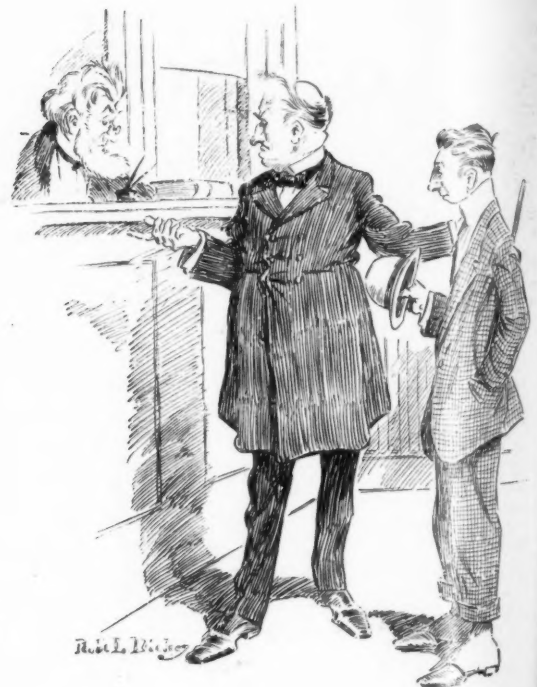
The Speedwell Motor Car Company, 310 Essex Avenue, Dayton, Ohio
Licensed under Selden Patent

Speedwell

For 1911

Model H—2-passenger Roadster.....	\$2500	Model D Special—3-passenger Touring Car, Four Doors.....	2625
Model C—4-passenger Toy Tonneau.....	2625	Model F—2-passenger Touring Car.....	2650
Model D—3-passenger Touring Car.....	2650	Model K—3-passenger Close Coupled.....	2650
Model E—3-passenger Close Coupled.....	2650	Model G—4-passenger Torpedo.....	2700
Model G—4-passenger Torpedo.....	2700	Model H Special—4-passenger, Toy Tonneau, Four Doors.....	2700
Model H Special—4-passenger, Toy Tonneau, Four Doors.....	2700	Model E—2-passenger Limousine.....	

All 4-Cylinder, 50 H. P., 121 Inch Wheel Base.



"YOUR HONOR, IT IS A SERIOUS TAX ON MY CLIENT, HAVING TO PAY THREE SEPARATE ALIMONIES, MORE ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE OF HIS EX-WIVES IS AT PRESENT RECEIVING ALIMONY FROM TWO OTHER SOURCES."



Locomobile



The 30 Shaft Drive-Four Cylinder - Price \$3500
 The 48 Shaft Drive-Six Cylinder - Price \$4800

High Tension Dual Ignition System
 Standard equipment includes top
 and demountable rims. A wide range
 of the latest body styles either with or
 without front doors, can be supplied.
 Touring, Baby Tonneau, Runabout
 Torpedo, Limousine and Landaulet
 Finished in any color scheme desired

The Locomobile Co. of America

New York
 Philadelphia

Bridgeport, Conn.
 San Francisco

Boston
 Chicago



LICENSED UNDER THE SELDEN PATENT

Do You Lead the Imaginary Life?

JUSTICE COMPELS US TO ADMIT THAT GEE. IME. MIT. HAS DONE IT ALL

The time has come for us to acknowledge our indebtedness to Gee. Ime. Mit. We believe in giving credit where credit is due.

As the manager of our Great Thought Bureau, he has done unprecedented work. Fifteen million mental subscribers is no slight monument to the ability of this extraordinary man. His great fault is his excessive modesty. Shrinking as he does from any form of publicity, it is only with the utmost reluctance that he permits it to be known what he has accomplished. A vast reservoir of psychic power, he has revolutionized modern methods of doing business. He has proven that actual every day money is of no particular consequence, and that mind is greater than matter in the advertising world, as elsewhere.

We have urged him to issue a statement for the benefit of our friends in the thought world, and he has complied with our request only after expressing the greatest diffidence. Here it is:

To my friends everywhere, to all the mental subscribers and imaginary advertisers of LIFE, Greeting:

When I first assumed charge of LIFE'S Thought Bureau, I found everything as dead as a door nail. In fact, had I not had confidence in my own powers, I should have considered the whole affair as hopeless.

But while there is LIFE there is always hope. I began immediately to lay a pipe line of vibrations. It was some time before the responses began to come in. A new idea like this, injected into any business, must necessarily take time.

Very few people can grasp the idea that everything is in your mind.

They thought I wanted real money.

"My friend," I said one day to one of my leading advertisers, "hereafter I will pay you no more physical visits. I have no time. But I will call you in my mind, selecting the time when you are at leisure." He stared at me dumbly.

"You can't fool me," he said. "This is some new dodge."

"Not at all. Wait and see."

The next afternoon, sitting calmly in my office, I concentrated on him. He didn't know it at the time, because I was working on his subliminal self, but he gave me an imaginary order for fourteen pages anywhere in the paper, at five thousand imaginary dollars each. What was the result? In three days after the imaginary paper came out containing his mental advertisement, he did such an imaginary business that he couldn't begin to fill his orders. It was then that I began to get vibrations from him to stop putting in any more advertisements until he had caught up. I was glad of this, because I needed the space.

You may think, just because I am conducting a mental LIFE, that there is no limit to the size of it. Don't you see that the mind is just as much circumscribed as the body?

No friends, five hundred pages a week is about as much as we can vibrate at present. When I can increase my office force by a few more able minded Christian Scientists, and another astrologer or so, I shall add a few more pages.

In the meantime, I wish it understood that I care nothing for real money. Send me our regular rate in your mind, and that is all I ask. Order blanks vibrated by thought request.

Here is a communication just received from the barbers' union:

Gee. Ime. Mit., Life.

Dear Sir:

We understand that you are responsible for the ruin of our business. Last week a manufacturer of shaving soap placed a mental order with you exploiting his soap, and incidentally showing his customers how to take a mental shave with it every morning. The result is that barber shops hitherto patronized by eight million people have done no business to speak of.

We write this to inform you that from this moment every barber in this country will concentrate against Life and its nefarious methods of doing business.

Yours respectfully,
Barbers' Union No. 9.

In reply to this communication I can only say, Gentlemen, do your worst. Eight million men are now shaving mentally every morning without the slightest inconvenience, and in a jiffy of thought. What do I care, therefore, if every barber in the country turns his mind against us?

I am absolutely fearless.

And I am fearless because I am engaged in a great moral uplift movement. If I can regenerate the advertisers of this country, and put them on a higher plane, then the barbers will have to seek some other line.

Mentally pure advertising is my watchword.

If, through me, you can get a painless shave in your mind every morning, you can do other things.

No automobile advertised in the mental LIFE ever breaks down. You get enough inspiration from any number of an imaginary LIFE to pay for its mental maintenance for a year.

No face powder advertisement ever wears out. You can think it on again immediately after the first thought application.

A new era has dawned.

In concentrating your order, please be sure to think your name and address plainly. It saves dynamic force.

GEE. IME. MIT.,

Manager LIFE'S Thought Bureau.



Annihilator of Space



To be within arm's reach of distant cities it is only necessary to be within arm's reach of a Bell Telephone. It annihilates space and provides instantaneous communication, both near and far.

There can be no boundaries to a telephone system as it is now understood and demanded. Every community is a center from which people desire communication in every direction, always with contiguous territory, often with distant points. Each individual user may at any moment need the long distance lines which radiate from his local center.

An exchange which is purely local has a certain value. If, in addition to its local connections, it has connections with other contiguous localities, it has a largely increased value.

If it is universal in its connections and inter-communications, it is indispensable to all those whose social or business relations are more than purely local.

A telephone system which undertakes to meet the full requirements of the public must cover with its exchanges and connecting links the whole country.

The Bell Telephone System annihilates space for the business man to-day. It brings him and any of his far-away social or business interests together.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy,

One System,

Universal Service.

I draw the veil o'er the rest of the tale,
For a gruesome tale 'twould be
Of a biter bit, and a slicer slit,
And a vivisee'd M. D.

Frances C. Stimson.

No Doubt About It

"I love you!" he cried, passionately.
"Do you love me alone?" she asked,
after the manner of cautious maidens.
"Gee! That's when I love you most,"
he replied, somewhat ambiguously.

—Times.



LAUNCHED

For BILIOUSNESS Try
Hunyadi János
NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Avoid Substitutes

Real Sport

Two savages met in African wilds,
One captive, the other free.
For one was chief of a cannibal tribe,
The other a trapped M. D.

The latter was first on the menu card
For a feast when the moon rose high.
He was pièce de résistance, ragout,
entrée—
And Congese for plain meat pie.

"Come, Doc," said the chief, "you look
like a sport,
Just do us a clever turn
And give me the latest along your line,
While we wait for the fire to burn."

So the frightened man told of brutal
things
He had done in Science's name.
"Oh, bosh!" quoth the chief, "in the
name of sport
I have done the very same."

Then he played his trump: "Have you
tried," quaked he,
"Transplanting of limb for limb?
Of heart for heart, or some other part?"
"Hurrah!" said the chief, "that's
him!"

"We'll try it on you and one of my crew!
Your heart in his black skin clad!
So your note book take and your entries
make,
And for Science's sake be glad!"

Club Cocktails

Mixed to measure—
and measures up to
your idea of what a
real Cocktail should be.

Simply strain through
cracked ice and serve.

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

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





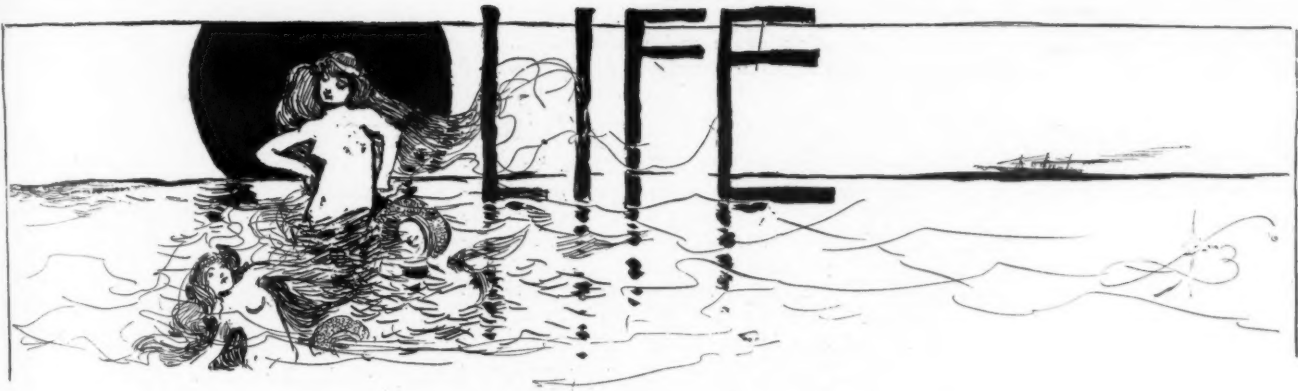
Copyright, 1910, The Curtis Publishing Company

The New Twice-a-Month Ladies' Home Journal Begins Next Month

Two complete, splendid magazines—
the first is out August 25th; the next,
September 10th—at 10 cents a copy.

Twice the Number of Magazines at the
Same Price, \$1.50 a Year for 24 Magazines

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia



Awe

AWE is not so popular as it once was. Not by any means. Its stock is now selling below par and, if it goes much lower, a receiver will have to be appointed. Time was when the whole world was ruled by simple, unadulterated and often unadorned awe.

Everything was awe-inspiring, thunder, lightning, floods and droughts. The high gods sat in the sublime seclusion of Olympus, and we winced when they winked or wept. It was only by a liberal use of awe that we found books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, infallibility in a papal bull, divinity in a ukase, dignity in ermine, excellence in

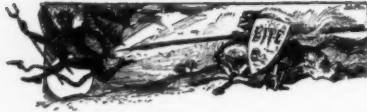
tinsel, wisdom in sounding brass, virtue in long faces, purity in austerity and sense in a political platform.

But now, even Halley's Comet or man-birds flying through the air, offer us no omens, and it is only with the greatest difficulty that a multi-millionaire can impress us to the point of genuflection.

Ellis O. Jones.



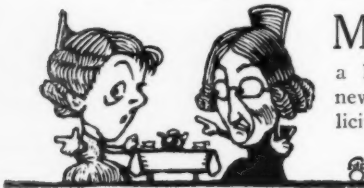
ORNAMENTAL



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. AUGUST 25, 1910 No. 1452

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



MRS. LONGWORTH is a lady inured to newspaper publicity and not easily abashed, and probably derives enter-

tainment from the impassioned efforts of many members of the W. C. T. U. to detach her from the practice of smoking cigarettes. It is an amusing undertaking for the W. C. T. U. women, and not a little impertinent. They don't seem to be sure whether Mrs. Longworth really does smoke cigarettes or not, since we read that a petition, which has been extensively signed, begs her to discontinue cigarette smoking or publicly deny that she does smoke. It is very funny. We presume that if she has omitted heretofore to smoke cigarettes she will learn at once.

So far as our observation goes, cigarette smoking by American women is not so prevalent as to warrant the W. C. T. U. ladies in making much fuss about it. We believe that many European ladies in fashionable life have picked up the cigarette habit from the men with whom they associate. It is a result of a change in social customs. In past generations it was the practice of the ladies to withdraw from the dinner table after the pie course and leave the men to sit long over wine and drink a great deal more than they should. But the society of women must have increased in attractiveness, for in these days the men join them much sooner than they used to, and we have heard that in European country houses and fashionable hotels they often sit with them after dinner and

drink coffee and smoke. So it has been the increased appreciation of polite men for the society of their women folks that has brought about cigarette smoking among European ladies. Along with it has come a decided diminution in after-dinner drinking, so that on the whole, the change seems to represent a net gain for temperance.

Both innovations have spread to this country to some extent, but not many American women smoke or are likely to. If the W. C. T. U. reformers would let Mrs. Longworth and her kind alone and bend their strength to break the automobiles of the smoking habit that would really be a useful service, in which we should be grateful to see their energies employed.



WE have often wondered that women do not smoke more. In pioneer days when life was rougher and fever and ague more common everybody laid hold harder on such palliatives of existence as could be reached. When tea and coffee were scarce and dear and sugar a luxury, and rum and whiskey were cheap and plentiful, rum and whiskey were harder worked than now. And in those days, tobacco being abundant, the pioneer wife smoked a pipe in the chimney corner opposite her husband. Snuff taking, too, was common among women, and one used to hear much forty years ago about the practice called "dipping" among poor white women in the South. Those habits seem to have pretty much passed away before the cheapening of luxuries and the increase of ease, health and refinement. There are those who insist that the current candy habit, which in the main is a female habit, is as unwholesome as any practice that is cultivated by the males, and that may be the next thing that the W. C. T. U. gets after. But as a rule, the "habits" of women are much better than the "habits" of men. They drink a great deal less than men do, and smoke hardly at all.

Possibly the undue attention paid by males to diminishing the visible supply of alcoholic stimulants is one

reason for the spread of feminism in contemporary life. When men are unwise consumers of alcohol and sacrifice to it the edge of their youthful energy and the powers that should accompany their matured judgment, it amounts to an abdication of responsibility, and with it of authority, to women, who assume both because they must.

But tobacco is nowhere near as hurtful as rum. Out of place, as on the platforms of street cars, it is a nuisance. The excessive consumption of it is a nuisance, as men who smoke cigars incessantly usually smoke out of place and time and get so steeped in tobacco as to be offensive. But it is fair matter for discussion whether tobacco smoked with decent consideration does more harm than good. It is probably a check on activity, and men who use all their energies are apt not to smoke. But Bismarck smoked, though Gladstone didn't. Grant smoked, but Lincoln didn't. McKinley and Cleveland smoked, but Roosevelt doesn't. We judge that the highest type of man at his best will omit to experiment on his energies and mental processes with tobacco. But the ruck of men seem not very vitally affected in their careers by tobacco one way or the other, though it is justly held to be bad for boys.

Maybe Mrs. Longworth, if she smokes, would do better to smoke a pipe than cigarettes, but that's a matter the W. C. T. U. matrons have not taken under advisement yet.



MAYOR GAYNOR'S progress in six months in the regard of all classes of people has been altogether extraordinary. There is no one now in public life in this country from whom more valuable services are expected than from him. To have had his career as an administrator cut short would have been a most grievous disappointment. Happily at this writing there is good reason to believe that his hurts, though severe, are not desperate and that he will make a rapid recovery, and continue the work in which he has made so admirable a start.



KILLING THE BIRD OF GOOD OMEN

EACH TURNED HIS FACE WITH A GHASTLY PANG,
AND CURSED ME WITH HIS EYE.

—*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

The Awful Prospects of Our Race



WHOLE-SOULLED prognosticator is Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of Michigan, who made an address the other day to the graduating class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Boston. He said that insanity had doubled in thirty years, that there are now thirty-four idiots or lunatics to every thousand persons,

and that at the present rate the whole population of the world will be crazy in the year 2175.

That year is not far off—only two hundred and sixty-five years! When all the folks are crazy life will be considerably simplified. The most stirring of contemporary troubles come from disparities of opinion and purpose between those of us who are crazy and those who are not yet so. Trouble comes, too, from the unwillingness of the unbalanced to recognize and respect surviving poise; but when everybody is crazy, and there are statistics to prove it, these bases of dispute must disappear.

Dr. Kellogg points out that the human race hereabouts is not doing well; that cancer, physical degeneracy and chronic diseases are increasing; that heart disease has increased 135 per cent. in thirty years and kidney diseases in

Massachusetts 165 per cent. He says—so the *Transcript* reports—that these troubles are all due to alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee!

What about playing-cards, horse-racing, stock-gambling, muck-raking, the diseases associated with immorality, divorce, prohibition, the tariff, and the seven deadly sins? Are they no longer operative for our undoing? To us the four popular physical poisons above enumerated look like bagatelles compared with the things that corrupt the spirit and through that the body.

Will some learned person take hold of this Michigan doctor's statistics and work out a different answer to them? Statistics can prove anything, and do it while you wait. Holy Writ itself is not more adjustable. Meanwhile we must get such comfort as we can in remembering that we shall all probably die eventually of something, and that it doesn't greatly matter whether it is from heart disease, kidney disease or something else. To be sure, we don't want to go crazy, and we know that too many people are crazy, but the increase of insanity, so far as there is any, is doubtless due to the increased velocity of the revolutions of the wheels of life, and to that, it is fair to hope, humanity will presently get adjusted.

A Waning Love

HUSBAND (*coming home late and finding wife asleep*): Thash all she cares f'me. Doeshn't think it worth while t'shtay 'wake an' call me a beasht.



A SCANDAL LIGHT

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,056.28
Esther F. Kirkman.....	10.00
Proceeds of a Fair given by the "Willing Workers," a club of twenty young girls at Glen Cove, Long Island, on July 12.....	338.85
Richard Ayer.....	10.00
Jenny Seaton Harrison.....	3.00
Felix Rosen.....	10.00
"In memory of M. B. W.".....	10.00
Anonymous.....	25.00
W. S. Sanford.....	5.33
E. S., Jr.....	5.00
W. P. S.....	5.00
A. D. S.....	5.00
S. B. S. S.....	5.00
Proceeds of Fair given for the benefit of LIFE's Fresh Air Fund by Dorothy Sidway, Gertrude Sidway and Louise Betsy Burkard.....	13.87
Mrs. Wm. R. Page.....	25.00
"From an old Subscriber".....	5.00
"Boysil" and "Rosie".....	10.00
"Cube".....	5.41
Chas. Lacey Plumb.....	5.00
Mrs. A. K. Smale.....	5.00
P. D. and E. K.....	15.00
C. W. B.....	10.00
"Dad and Nancy".....	5.00
"In memory of Lawry".....	12.00
Mrs. Ida A. Campbell.....	2.00
Frederick Winant.....	3.00
Mrs. Elinor L. Stevens.....	5.00
J. W. in memory of J. W.....	5.00
In memory of D. C. D.....	5.31
From Boys in Camp St. Matthew's choir, Wheeling, W. Va., offering at early celebration.....	3.75
	<hr/> \$6,623.80

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Donation of vegetables, from Mrs. William Bunker, Ridgefield, Conn.
Package of clothing, from Mrs. Geo. D. White, Branchville, Conn.
Treat of candy for the children, from Mrs. P. S. Burrall, Ridgefield, Conn.

A Poem of Modesty

I'M like that modest violet
So sweetly shy they say,
That sits behind a mossy stone
And hides itself all day;
And lights stuck under bushels
Where no one knows they
shine;
It sounds real nice in poetry—
In life it's not so fine.
I'd rather be an orchid
And toil not while I grow,
Just here I pause to drop a tear
For Fate's not willed it so.
My name's not Fluffy Ruffles,
Instead it's Sara Anne,
I've never been the lady fair
Of any mortal man.
Perhaps my soul-mate's not
been born,
Perhaps—alas!—he's dead,
Perhaps one wasn't made for
me
Because my hair is red.
Alas! we aren't all souvenirs
Within this world of woe,
I've never worn a turban swirl
'Cause Fate's not willed it so.



My cousin, Jessie Twinkletoes,
Beyond the foot-light's sheen
Doth lightly trip it
every night
In fluffy skirts of
green,
The calcium it fol-
lows her
Like Mary's lamb,
you know;
And Johnnies wait at
the stage door



'Till she comes from the show.
She dines on dainty terrapin,
And lobster Newburg, too,
While I—I stay at home and cook
The family Irish stew.
And all the evening
mother knits,
And I—I sit and sew;
I'd like to be a gay co-
quette,
But Fate's not willed
it so.



On Sunday, when we go to church,
I always fervent pray
To be a better girl and grow
In wisdom every day.
And then I add a postscript low:
Please, please suggest a plan
To make me just real naughty once,
Yours always—Sara Anne.
I'm sick of playing violet,
The mossy stone's dead slow;
I want to be a cabbage-rose—
But Fate's not willed it so.
Hazel I. Pitfield.



Linley Sambourne

WHEN LIFE was started, in 1883, Linley Sambourne had been for sixteen years a continuous contributor to London *Punch*, and his pictures were familiar to American readers of that venerable publication. He joined its staff in the time of Mark Lemon, and put his mark upon the paper along with Tenniel, Du Maurier, Keene, Phil May and others of the second crop of *Punch's* pictorial humorists, succeeding Tenniel in 1901 as the paper's chief cartoonist. He was educated to be an engineer, but after six years' apprenticeship to that profession he drew away from it to the livelier calling which held him for forty-three years. At the time of his death, on August 3, he was the dean of English caricaturists, and, we presume, the senior member of the board of *Punch*.

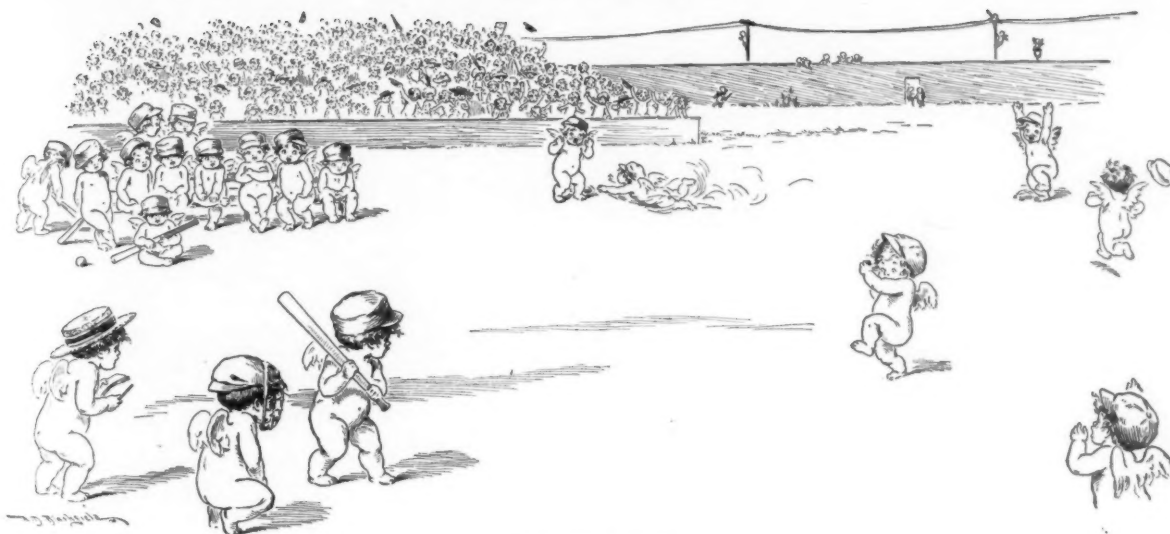
In Soft

FREDDIE: Why do they call him the middleman, dad?
COBWIGGER: Because he gets a rake-off from both ends.

MISS NEVERSTOP (seating herself between two much-engrossed Senators, exclaims): A rose between two thorns!
"Nay, madame," retorts one irate old gentleman, "say rather a tongue sandwich."



"WELL, WHAT YER DALLYING ABOUT? I'M LATE FOR DINNER NOW."
"PARDON ME, CAP., BUT—ER—I—I'VE LOST THE COMB."



THE NATIONAL GAME

The Perfect Husband

"MY husband is just perfect," exclaimed Mrs. Newed fervently. "Heaven help you," put in Mrs. Oldun knowingly. "I hope for your sake he'll get over it."

"Why, what do you mean? It's positively foolish to talk that way. Of course, you're joking."

"Joking! Not a bit of it," went on Mrs. Oldun derisively. "You see I know what I'm talking about. I've been through it. I used to think just as you do and, if you are as sensible as I think you are, you'll get over it just as I did."

Mrs. Newed was on the verge of tears. "I think it's sinful to make light of the marriage relation that way. I hope my husband doesn't get over it, and I hope I don't get over it. He's perfect and we're perfectly happy."

"Oh, yes, you may be happy. That is, you may think you're happy, which amounts to about the same thing; but you will never know what real happiness is until you find out that you're husband isn't perfect."

"But I tell you he is perfect."

"And I tell you he isn't. Let me ask you, do you ever give him letters to mail?"

"Yes, often."

"Very well, if he's perfect he always mails them."

"Indeed he does. That's one of the things I had in mind."

"You mean he always says he mails them?"

"I mean if he says he mails them, he

does mail them. I hope at least he's truthful."

"Not if he says he always mails your letters, for there was never yet a husband who always mails his wife's letters. They always mean to mail them. I admit that."

"But," put in Mrs. Newed, "even if he didn't mail one occasionally it's no great harm, and I can't see why he should lie about it."

"That's just the point. He will lie, and all husbands will lie, so that you will continue to think he's perfect. Notwithstanding your confidence in your husband, I venture to say you always ask him if he mailed your letters. Now, don't you?"

"Usually."

"And whenever you ask him, he puts on an injured air, gets a little provoked?"

"A little."

"That's it. He's just like all the rest. That's just the way my husband did when he was perfect. But then one day I got the goods on him, as the slang phrase goes. I found out positively that he had not mailed a certain important letter."

"What if he didn't?"

"Everything. It was the turning point in our lives. I took him off his high horse then and there. Oh, the satisfaction in it! You cannot imagine the supreme joy of reducing a husband to the level of a human being. Ever since that time, when my husband forgot, I did not care how provoked he became when I asked him a question. I suppose your husband is very self-possessed; never

loses his temper. That's a part of perfection."

"How can you suggest such a thing?" replied Mrs. Newed haughtily. "Of course, he never loses his temper."

"And so he just calmly lords it over you, serene and insufferable in his pose of superiority while he looks down on you, along with all other women, as emotional and hysterical."

"Perhaps I have noticed just a little of that," admitted Mrs. Newed unwillingly.

"Of course, you've noticed it, and you'll notice it more and more as time goes on unless you do one thing."

"And that's something disagreeable I suppose."

"Surely. You must contrive some way to make him lose his temper. The angrier he gets the better for you. Then you've got him forevermore."

"You talk like a crazy woman. I don't see what good that could possibly do."

"Good! Why it's a veritable panacea. Ever after, no matter what the argument may be, you can caution him to be careful, not to get excited and remind him what a fearful temper he has when he becomes aroused."

"Well," said Mrs. Newed in disgust, "if that's your idea I wonder you haven't landed in Reno long before this."

"Reno, nonsense! That's the way to keep out of Reno. Talk about incompatibility! The only thing that is absolutely impossible to live in the same house with is perfection."

Ellis O. Jones.

Specialists

THE psychologies tell us that, if we look long and intently at any particular thing, we become hypnotized. There is good reason, therefore, to think that most specialists hypnotize themselves, and that's why:

Preachers think that if men are good they will be happy.

Materialists think that if men are happy they will be good.

Chiropodists think that all the trouble of mankind comes from tight shoes.

Stock brokers think that all the world is fed if the market is active.

Magnates think that every one else is making money if they are.

Surgeons think that the appendix is the ignoblest work of God.

Ordinary medical practitioners think that nothing is correct unless it comes from another doctor of their own school.

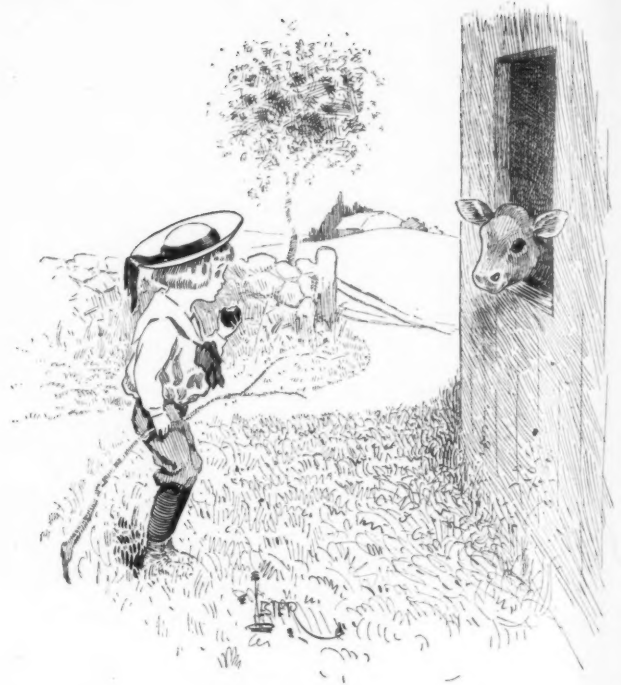
Lawyers think that everything should be referred to Blackstone or some one else who once did or said something pompously.

The Expurgated Horse-Race

IT is said in the paper that the Trotting Horse Breeders' Club called their August session of "Grand-Circuit" races in New York "the Governor Hughes Meeting." They planned to have no bookmakers on the grounds, and that what betting there was, if any, should be private and incidental. They consider that the sentiment against public and professional betting has destroyed horse-racing in this State, and their intention is to see if their kind of horse-race at least cannot be



Mr. Grasshop (proprietor of the sight-seeing coach): IT'S SIMPLY SURPRISING HOW BUSINESS HAS PICKED UP SINCE I HIRED OLD MR. MOUSE AS CHAUFFEUR!



A FELLOW SUFFERER

Henry (who has been brought up by rule): POOR BOSSY! DO YOU HAVE TO FLETCHERIZE, TOO?

so purified as to survive as a sport. The tail having wagged the dog off the track, they want to try a tailless dog.

Good luck to these gentlemen in their endeavor. The innocent game of baseball is mighty, but it need not monopolize the whole sporting enthusiasm of the American people. The horse is a joyous animal and worth perpetuation for purposes of pleasure and companionship. He will hardly survive for use in horse shows alone. His uses in agriculture though still very valuable, do not adjust themselves well to purposes of exhibition. If the horse is to survive as an object of polite interest he must appear at times in harness on the road, and must carry people on his back. Carriage horses are doubtless in a decline, because automobiles have pretty much driven fine carriages out of use, but the farm horse and the saddle horse will live on for some time to come, and so may the fast trotting horse, if he gets due encouragement.

Two More Mentions

TWO new Republican candidates for Governor of New York have been mentioned: Colonel Roosevelt—John Mitchell, the labor leader, and Edmund Wetmore, president of the University Club. Both are excellent and able men. But why don't the mentioners mention our admired friend, Otto T. Bannard? Has he begged off? Is his political experience and our favorable knowledge of him, gained in the late Mayor's race, to go for nothing?

And there is William Williams, keeper of the gate at Ellis Island. There is timber in him to make a fine Governor, though, to be sure, he ought to be left where he is.

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

Branches in all Principal Centres, Including Paris and Constantinople. No Connection With Any Other Establishment

SINCE the reorganization of our business, and in spite of the fact that our customers came forward to a man and assured us of their support, a great many rival concerns have started up, encouraged doubtless by our seeming weaknesses.

The fact is that we were never stronger, and the number of permanent cures we are constantly effecting is positive evidence of this.

We have not thought it best to make any formal announcement of our summer plans for the reasons above specified. It would only call attention to our methods of doing business and enable a lot of "fake" concerns to start up like mushrooms, doing, of course, more harm than good.

It seems proper, however, to make some sort of announcement to show that we are, as usual, in the lead. And this leads us to a few reflections.

There is no husband in this country, no matter how well broken to the halter he may be, but does not feel the gentle freedom of the summer. It is a period of relaxing, and he needs to get the benefit of this; otherwise the winter that comes may be a time of unhealthy and abnormal thought.

Every wife feels the same in a lesser degree.



BEFORE TREATMENT

AFTER TREATMENT

Personally, we have never approved of the numerous schools for husbands and husbands' camps scattered by envious rivals through the Adirondacks and other hilly resorts. Our plan is something entirely different. The individuality of every husband is carefully preserved.

Instead of segregating our customers in one place we permit them to roam at will. And for this purpose we have entered into an arrangement with every first-class summer resort in this country. Our league extends from Maine to California and as far south as Georgia.

Only our regular customers are members. If you have been on our books for three months and have paid your dues, you will receive your traveling badge from the tall handsome blonde on the left as you enter the office.

A certificate is also necessary, and your photograph must accompany this as a mark of identification.

The cost is merely nominal—twenty-five dollars for the season. Clubs of five taken for one hundred dollars.

With the certificate you will receive a book giving a complete list of all resorts, together with statistics about number of guests, accommodations, etc.

Every customer of ours, immediately upon arriving at one of our resorts, should present his certificate to the hotel proprietor or representative. He will be immediately introduced to all the beautiful girls staying at the hotel and his past history kept inviolate.

Our customers, it should be understood, must not abuse their privileges. The whole idea of our summer schedule is to provide them with a means of pleasant relaxation, away from the cares of home, without complications. Harmless flirtations must be the order of the day and evening. Nothing more than this will be countenanced.

In case any of our customers should happen by accident to run across their wives, we have issued a system of insurance which provides them with the fastest transportation away from the zone of least interest.

We may say that we tried this plan last summer on a small scale and it worked so admirably that we are now adopting it generally. Here is a sample letter received from an old customer:

Dear Sirs:

Never have I enjoyed myself so much in any summer as I have this year, thanks to your help. Usually I spend my vacation in town with a few congenial spirits, while my dear wife is away storing up energy for the coming campaign. But this summer, armed with your certificate and full credentials, I made a round of all the resorts, and can truly say that I had the time of my life. The great beauty of your system is that it is based on a great principle, and that is that during the summer, when people are off enjoying themselves and everything is relaxed, an entirely different standard of conduct prevails. For example, although a married man in good standing at home, I had no trouble at all this summer in becoming engaged to any number of lovely girls, breaking off the engagements when desirable. Thus I have had a wide experience in the management of the female heart. All this, of course, gives me an added power, later on to know how to deal with my dear wife, whom I am already looking forward to with considerable interest. Thus, you see, your wonderful plan is already making for the higher morality. I predict that as your customers increase in the land our divorce statistics will steadily decline.

Gratefully yours,

This is extremely gratifying. It shows that our broad policy is thoroughly understood by the right people.

In the meantime, we desire to state that certificate privileges will be granted only to our regular customers who have been married at least five years. We feel that while to these husbands the opportunity offered only increases their characters, in the case of younger husbands many of them might not be able to withstand all the numerous temptations.

By the way, in calling at the office for your certificate, please be sure to give the aforementioned tall blonde in charge full particulars of places you propose to visit. She has been personally over the ground herself and can give you valuable information about location of dark places on piazza, secluded walks and hours when lights are turned off, etc., which will save much time and possibly enable you to make a better route.

If you are a husband and in any kind of trouble call, write or wire. Open day and night.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

CHARLES FREDERICK AKED

Born August 27, 1864

Before he came to this country, Mr. Aked was minister of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool. He is an Englishman, born in Nottingham, and at one time he was an auctioneer for a firm in Nottingham, where it is probable that he derived his present forceful eloquence. Can anything be better as a training for clergymen than the trade of an auctioneer, with its "Going, Going, Gone?" Mr. Aked's first pastorate was in 1886, at Leicestershire, England, and thereafter he made periodical trips to the United States, where he became known as a preacher. A few years ago he was called to this country as pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, and is now one of our most prominent exponents of religion.



Sir, we acknowledge your position as a shining theological and oratorical light. You are a good talker. You are an earnest man. You have many years of usefulness before you, and still many millionaires to convert. In this work, and in all other work that you attempt, we wish you the best of luck, amid many happy returns of the day.

JAMES HENRY BREASTED

Born August 27, 1865

For years now, like some cosmic newsboy, Professor Breasted has been standing on the avenue of the universe calling, "All the latest news about Egypt!" And, indeed, what better news is there than news about Egypt? The cheap annals of to-day recorded in our newspapers—of what consequence are they compared with the startling new chapters in the life of Thutmose III, revealed to us by Professor Breasted? We recall even now with what feverish interest we picked up one day, three or four years ago, his *History of Egypt*, with its superb illustrations, and eagerly scanned it for the latest specials from the Nile tombs.



It would be impossible in this brief space to chronicle all of Professor Breasted's achievements. He is a graduate of any number of colleges, he has been an Egyptian explorer for fully twenty years, he has arranged Egyptian inscriptions under the patronage of the German Emperor, he is the author of an Egyptian grammar and of a number of books on this wonderful country.

Professor, we are with you heart and soul. And we trust you may be spared for many years to come to enlighten and startle us by your discoveries. Salute!

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

Born August 31, 1852

We know of no literary man who is more purely literary than Nathan Haskell Dole. He was born in Massachusetts (Chelsea), he was graduated from Harvard College, and it would take this entire number of LIFE to give a description of all the books he has written or edited. Mr. Dole, we conceive, must have been working night and day all of his life to produce all of these books, or to read those which he has stamped with his approval. He is also a poet of no mean dimensions and an adviser of poets. His activities have omitted, so far as we can judge, no part of literature, from the setting of type to the fireside perusal. He



has been publisher, editor, critic, translator, author and modest exponent of his own work. He is, or was, president of the Omar Khayyam Society of the United States and president of the Bibliophile Society; he knows first editions and last editions—in short, he knows everything. He is musical, he is rhetorical, he is grammatical (we say this with no intention of offending—we have the utmost respect for grammar), he is pedagogical and polyglotical. Russian is to him as easy as pigs' squeak, and so is Greek.

In short, sir, we bow to your universality and we acknowledge your intellectual sweep with the greatest deference. And we beg that you will, on your distinguished birthday, accept our congratulations.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

Born Boston, August 31, 1844

Mrs. Ward is a true-born American woman, and among our distinguished women authors she stands in the very first rank. She began writing when she was thirteen years old, and her books would easily fill a five-foot shelf. Among these, perhaps, *The Gates Ajar* has attracted the most popular attention. Born in a literary atmosphere, she has steadily adhered to her ideals, and with a life full of rare achievements she deserves the encomiums of her fellow-laborers.

Dear madam, we esteem you greatly; we lay at your feet our homage, and we congratulate you upon your birthday as one of our best and most admired friends.

Overheard

"AND while I was down there in the slums I saw a woman feeding candy to a baby that looked as if it were painted."

"The cutest little boy was climbing a tree with overalls on."

"I told John we ought to have oysters for company on the half shell."

"He gave her the coffee while she was waiting at the counter in a tin can."

"A big fat man rode by on a skittish horse with a red nose that was scared of the trolley cars."

"I just love to see the soldiers with their guns in khaki suits, don't you?"

"I don't know his name, but he was the lawyer who sat next to the lady in black with long sidewhiskers and a white necktie."

"He is the man that sells lace with such big red hands and a lisp."



"HOW DO YOU 'SPOSE HE GITS 'ROUND DE WOMEN DE WAY HE DOES?"

"IF I KNOWED DAT I WOULDN'T JEST BE STANDIN' HERE LOOKING ON!"



"HOWARD, I'VE GOT TO KNOW THE TRUTH. DO YOU LOVE ME?"
 "BLANCHE, ACCORDING TO THE THESIS OF SOUL-HARMONY, AS UPHELD BY ESOTERIC THINKERS, WE ARE AS NEAR SUBLIMAL UNITY AND COSMIC HARMONY AS FINITE MATTER CAN APPROXIMATE IN A WORLD OF LIMITATIONS AND DESTRUCTIVE FORCES."

Testimonials

EVERY week LIFE receives hundreds of testimonials, of which the following are fair samples:

DEAR LIFE:

You have a very good paper, but you should not be so hard on hypocrites. I know what I am talking about, for I am one myself. I have to be or I could not have been the success that I am. I know many hypocrites who would subscribe for your paper if you would only let up on them a little.

Yours sincerely,

A. D. SCIEVER.

DEAR LIFE:

In some ways you have the best paper published, but you make a great mistake in attacking corruption. By so doing you make it very hard for us. Some of the best and wealthiest people in our city are corruptionists, and I am sure you would not want their enmity if you knew what good-hearted people they are.

Yours faithfully,

FRANKLEIGH LAWBYER.

DEAR LIFE:

I used to read LIFE with a great deal of pleasure, but since it has begun to

stand for political purity I am free to say that I will not let it come into my house. It is hard enough as it is for us politicians to make an honest living without being humiliated by your feeble witticisms. Why don't you publish just mother-in-law jokes and tramp jokes and let it go at that? I am saying this for your own good.

Yours feelingly,

WARD HEELER.

DEAR LIFE:

If you could know what some of the Daughters of the Revolution are saying about you, you would be more careful how you handle the subject of snobs. I heard a lady say the other day that you seemed to have no regard or reverence whatever for those who are upholding the culture of the country by their wealth and their functions. Why can't you be more like the New York Times and have a society column that amounts to something? Some of your jokes about other things are very good.

Very truly yours,

JOHN COUPON GOLFER.

Caveat Emptor

Embarrassment Is Caused by Divorced Persons in Newport Society; Social Entertainers Must Beware of Faux Pas.—*Newspaper head-line.*

WHY bother about the divorced persons, or try to plan that they may not meet? Let them take their chances. *Caveat emptor* is a maxim that applies: Who buy divorces, let them look out for themselves.



"A CLOSE CORPORATION"

The Woman's Candidate



WHAT kind of men would women vote for? They claim with fine scorn that they would not be influenced by their husbands. Would they choose "women's men"? Is there a chance that some November morning in the near future we shall wake to find ourselves with a President who is just too sweet for anything?

Women have never rallied as a sex for great or good men. They marry such men merely because, despite the Shaw theory of feminine pursuit, they are wooed and won by those who select them. Girls are helpless in the actual *denouements* of love and courtship. Beautiful, rich and clever, they are still gathered in by the men who pick them out as wives.

Lucky for the race that marriages are made in this way rather than through woman's own choice. Their taste in men is as similar as their fashions in hats. When they think they fall in love they invariably succumb to the spell of just one type of man. He is never a marrying man, although often a too-much married man, because women insist on throwing themselves at his head.

Such men always travel under a spiritual banner. One of the most malignant bigamists declared on his recent way to jail that he was constancy itself! His frequent weddings had been incidental to his unswerving search for the ideal woman!

* * *

His quaint defense exemplifies that abnormal attitude which is the chief asset of the pretenders and effeminate wrap-holders who have what women, if questioned, would describe as "fascination."

They have remained true to this type for ages. It is one of the queer psychic paradoxes; the thing that every woman knows, although she may not admit it cheerfully.

Queens' favorites of history have always been the ignoble adventurers; some of them rarely picturesque with hand on sword and rein. Among men these carpet knights rank lower than shadows. The right sort of men are always snobs in some things.

This keeps the woman's man where he belongs. Never does he by any chance approach political preferment. We have rogues in office, sometimes, and a Greek god occasionally in the President's chair, but the "tame robins" rarely do more than make addresses to suffragettes as to the glory there will be by land and sea when the she-eagle screams from the White House terrace.

Will such men get the woman vote? Will they not choose the hen-minded Johnnies whom they now crowd around at the crum-pet crushes and bun scrambles that are held for the Cause? May that day come when we shall have a Bunthorne on the bench, and will a slap on the wrist become a substitute for the ten-dollars-or-ten-days of the modern court?



Who do women admire this braceleted new-man that real men despise? Women's love for uniforms and titles we can understand. It has some meaning. It is inspiring to think of a man dedicated to the defense of his country, bound, sworn, trained to it from boyhood, so that when a shell or a submarine takes him up to his eternal reward he looks on it as part of the day's work—pure shop.

Even the operatic idol—the velvet-throated Bing-Binger—has that marvelous possession, a voice, and the power to use it. The actor prancing in the spotlight in velvet trappings conveys an idea of glamor and chivalry that feeds the romance hungry maids and matrons of the matinee.

These men in their off-stage life are terribly human. You may see Bing-Binger encompassing chops and spaghetti after the performance and Romeo inhaling cigarettes at the Actors' Club. Their brains as well as their bodies are masculine. If you want to see them smile, call them brutes!

Not so the type of Narcissus that has crept into the suffrage movement. You come across them at the meetings lurking coyly in the shadow of a petticoat with a cup of tea in one hand and a maccaroon in the other. And in the garb of the fat and turbaned Hindoo you also find the same old woman's man with a new label. Every day is Ladies' Day to him.

Some of the Swamis and Babas and Gooroos are undoubtedly handsome in a big gloppy way, moving heavily like land seals, talking always of the High Think and the non-existence of the physical.

* * *



THE amount of money these woman-charmers gather in as tribute from confiding females "past the first flush of youth," as a chivalrous journalist calls it, would drive some of the ordinary social friskers wild with envy. And they know how to side-step cleverly when danger threatens. They call it "Passing into the Infinite." Isn't it gra-a-a-and, Ma-a-ggie!

One of these Orientals met his Waterloo at Newport a few seasons ago when he was at the top wave of his success. He gave exclusive audiences in drawing-rooms, his presence secured weeks in advance by a big fee. His head swathed in white, his silken robes sweeping the carpet, his dark, magnetic eyes under stained brows, and lashes doing deadly work, he was an imposing and surely an interesting figure.

His dreadful predictions made neurotic women shudder delightfully. He would hint at scandals that hit the very hearthstone on which he stood. But the day came when a certain unconventional lady, famed for her flirtations and slightly profane wit on occasions, got back at him in a manner that made his name a joke and cost him many dollars in canceled engagements.

No one had warned the Baba, and he took her cool hand in his own while the silence fairly throbbed through the group of listeners. Then he had a remarkable vision.

"I see six lovers and four corpses!" he intoned, while an audible tremor tinkled the crystals of the chandeliers.

"Dear me!" ejaculated the lively lady, "and ice so high!" The smile that followed this retort forever killed the Hindoo's vogue in this profitable field. Nowadays, under another name, he lurks in some side street, telling cheap fortunes and incidentally enchanting the dressmakers and boarding-house keepers, who regard him as a prophet.

Another of these magnetic palmists came to this country a dozen years ago with unquestionable social introductions. After a successful tour here he went to Paris and set up a

fashionable flat on one of the smart boulevards. Only recently he fled from arrest for some swindling operation. When the authorities searched his rooms they came upon thousands of letters, showing intimate friendships with women of position and culture the world over.

His sway had been absolute. The name on his cards was Greek, but he was a big, handsome Irishman, and all women went wild over him. Certainly they would have voted for him, for they confused him with divinity, fresh primroses and the purity which is supposed to breed from a vegetarian diet.

In every charity and organization of note carried on under feminine auspices and with feminine funds you find this peculiar type of man in berths of lucrative importance. When rich widows marry, and they are the only women who can marry as they please, they invariably lead one of these clear white flames to the altar.

For years—yes, for ages—women have regarded the other kind of man—the Horrid Thing—as a tyrant and a jungled creature that always crouched ready for its prey. The sweet boys have been the women's pets. And now this awful question stares at us—this writing on the wall.

If we women actually do get the vote, and it seems likely, will the ultimate end of all our strivings, our tears, our prayers, our soul march across the desert to the land where the grapes and wine are stored—will all the waiting years be exemplified in a Willie-Boy President with a blue ribbon on his hat?

Kate Masterson.

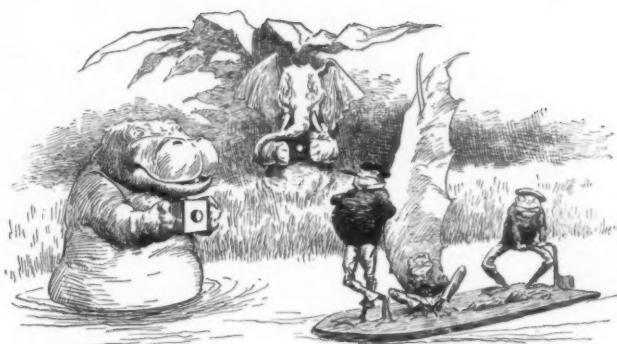
The Endowment of Talent

OUGHT a few needy young persons of talent who exhibit promise of becoming useful writers to be financed for several years out of the income of a fund to be contributed by a selected millionaire for that purpose?

Our friend Upton Sinclair wishes to know. He asks in the *Independent*, in which he lately discussed the matter, and published opinions about it from seventeen writers of assorted distinction. Eight of them said "no," nine of them said "yes," which, allowing for the fact that it is harder to say



She: I LIKE YOUR IMPUDENCE!
He: I LIKE YOUR CHEEK!



A CALM ON THE CONGO

"no" than "yes," amounts to a majority against the proposition.

We think we observe that the gentlemen who voted "no" are better money-getters than the gentlemen who voted "yes."

The work that our friend Upton suggests could hardly be accomplished by an endowment fund. Grub-staking young writers is a very personal undertaking and requires judgment. A lot of editors are experimenting with it all the time, and spending a great deal more money on it than Upton suggests. A young writer who shows talent enough to get a pension from a small fund conscientiously administered by a committee, can usually get a job that will keep him without too much drudgery and have instruction thrown in with it.

However, the fund would not be likely to do much harm. Its administration would be a gamble, and for our part we do not wish to be overzealous in decrying gambles. That work tends to be overdone as it is. If any millionaire wishes to bet twenty-five thousand dollars against nothing that he can aid in producing some valuable writers, it is not for us to deter him. It seems a fairly interesting speculation for the money.

Rejected

A DREAMER and Poet was fashioned by the Lord God, and sent unto the people.

Now when the men-of-affairs who have charge of the World heard the message, they decided that "it was best for the people" not to receive the Word.

Therefore they returned the Dreamer to his Maker with the following printed slip:

DEAR LORD GOD:

We thank you for submitting to us for our consideration this Poet and Dreamer.

Our refusal to accept him does not of a necessity involve any criticism of Your work. We simply find him quite unfitted for the purposes of our World.

Hoping that you may see fit to favor us again, we beg to remain.

Yours sincerely,

THE INTERESTS.

Conversely

"WHAT is happiness?" was recently asked of Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

"Giving it," he replied epigrammatically. If that is so, how may we epigrammatize about unhappiness.

Unhappiness, perhaps, is getting it or keeping it or getting it to give.

Modern Osculation

THREE, only three, my darling,
Sterilized, sanative, slow;
Not like the swift and careless ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each
other,
Simply to have some fun;
And lavished kisses as the Summer
Lavishes sun.
But as they kiss whose lips are sprayed
With antiseptic brine;
When nothing is left to give, except
An anodyne.

The first kiss, oh, my darling,
Is sprayed with germicide;
For many noxious little germs
In red lips hide.

The second kiss, my darling,
Through antiseptic gauze.
Is truly in accordance with
Hygienic Laws.

The third kiss, oh, my darling,
My love, I cannot see!
This fine wire mask is horrible
It seems to me.

And though, of course, azotic germs
We must forestall—
This one last kiss, my darling, is
The worst of all!

Carolyn Wells.

Soup

MR. COHEN (*dining*): I love noodle
soup.

MISS OWEN: So I hear.

Reform work is prone to be constructed
on the line of "Don't."—*Dr. P. khurst.*

IT is, indeed. Reform may begin with
"don't," but unless it goes on with
"do" it is barren.



NOT A STRIKING SCENE.



FROM FACTORY

A BARGAIN

TO CONSUMER—DIRECT

Out of the Frying Pan

The high prices of foodstuffs are sending
people back to the farm.—*Mr. Rockefeller.*

AND alas! there they meet the high
prices of motor cars, gasoline, rub-
ber tires and the expense of collisions and
speed fines. And besides that, they are
liable to have to pay something for
roads. The truth probably is that the
high price of living on this earth at
this time prevents a good many valuable
citizens from coming to this planet to
live at all.

Nevertheless, let us not lose heart.
It's all in the day's work. What does
the immense progress in the develop-
ment and perfection of mechanisms
mean if not that the Earth is to get
along with less population? We are
getting to the point where civilization
will need comparatively few people be-
sides machine tenders to do its work.
For purposes of society, of art, of the
nursery, of government, of teaching,
preaching, inventing, and a few other
things we have got to have folks. Be-
yond these employments the great hu-
man industry will be, apparently, to build
and tend machines.

Nevertheless, it seems to be true, as
Mr. Rockefeller says, that country life
is increasing in popularity. Everybody
needs a certain amount of it every year
and geared to suitable mechanisms—
trolley cars, motor cars, motor boats,
electric light, telephones, power pumps,
rural delivery and such aids to labor
and communication—it isn't half bad.
And you can raise things to eat in the
country if you have time. Potatoes,
peas and corn grow better there than in

town. Raising chickens has become half
mechanical, but even incubator chickens
are more conveniently manufactured in
the country, and when made they are
sometimes edible. Most of the eggs are
still laid in the country pending the per-
fecting of a machine to make them that
will beat hens.

Money is best made in cities, but
whereas in times heretofore the country
has been regarded as the great feeder
of cities, we see more and more disposi-
tion to shift the shoe on to the other
foot, and expect the cities to do their
full share as feeders of the country.
The fun you can have with money in
cities doesn't compare with the fun you
can have with it in the country. People
are finding that out more and more. To
be poor in the country is somewhat te-
dious. To be well off in the country is
quite a different occupation. And
whereas in the city ordinary thrift calls
for the minimization of families, in the
country people must have society and
are willing even to raise children in
order to get it.

And so the checks and balances of
contemporary life keep always at work.
Mechanisms tend to depopulation, but
they alleviate country life, and country
life when duly alleviated invites popu-
lation. *E. S. M.*

HAPPINESS would seem to consist
of not longing for the things that
would make us happy.

WHAT'S the use of building air
castles if you can't afford a flying
machine?



Hunter: AWFULLY SORRY, OLD CHAP. FORGOT TO MENTION THAT THOSE HAM SANDWICHES HAD MUSTARD ON THEM.



BEATING TIME

The Obvious

THIS is the age of the exploitation of the obvious. Every man who thinks he has something to say in print, writes about the obvious. We may pick up at random any article of a serious nature, in any current magazine, or we may do the same with books, and we shall find that the author is exploiting the obvious.

Even our attempt at wit or humor is obvious. Dr. Crothers, for example, in the *Atlantic*, writes in "Praise of Politicians." We know at once that he is using an obvious formula. He has taken a maligned class, and by the usual sleight-of-mind trick reverses the idea. It is just as easy, once you have the receipt, to write a defense of burglars or railroad presidents.

Morally, a man has no right to write about the obvious, unless he does it in such an individual and characteristic manner as to interest us. But to do it in this way requires a long, hard training. Good literature, according to any formula is only produced when a number of writers who do not strive to be original keep pegging away at practically the same thing. After a while some one among them, who practices longer and harder than the rest, gets out a masterpiece. We are not producing masterpieces just now in this country, because the public demands novelty.

And this very effort to produce novelty only results in the exploitation of the obvious.

T. L. M.

THE huge racing machine shot by at a speed of sixty miles an hour. Its horn played a fanfare as it missed a ditch at the turn of the road by about five inches.

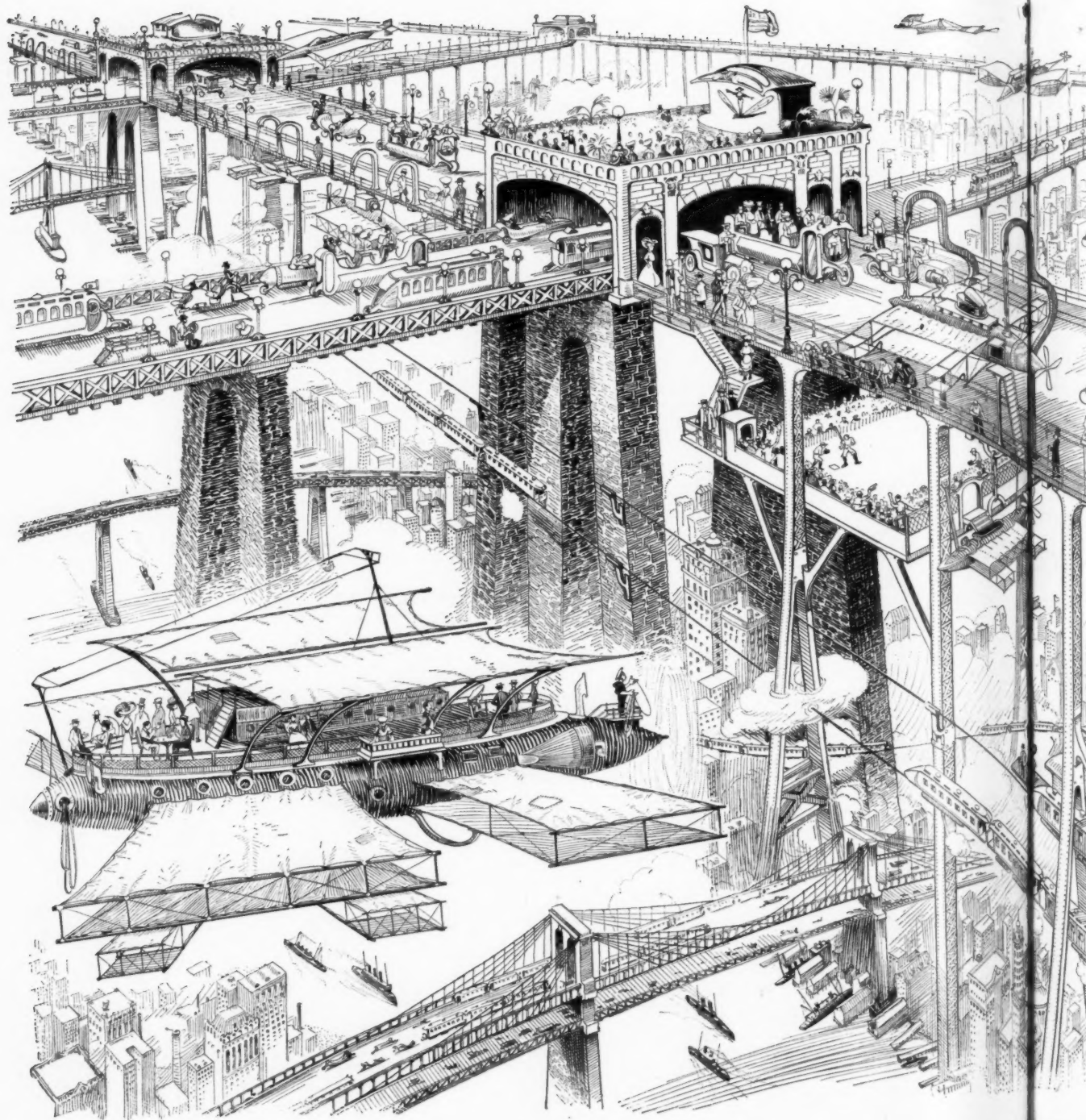
"Gee," gasped the first onlooker, "what kind of a tune was that?"

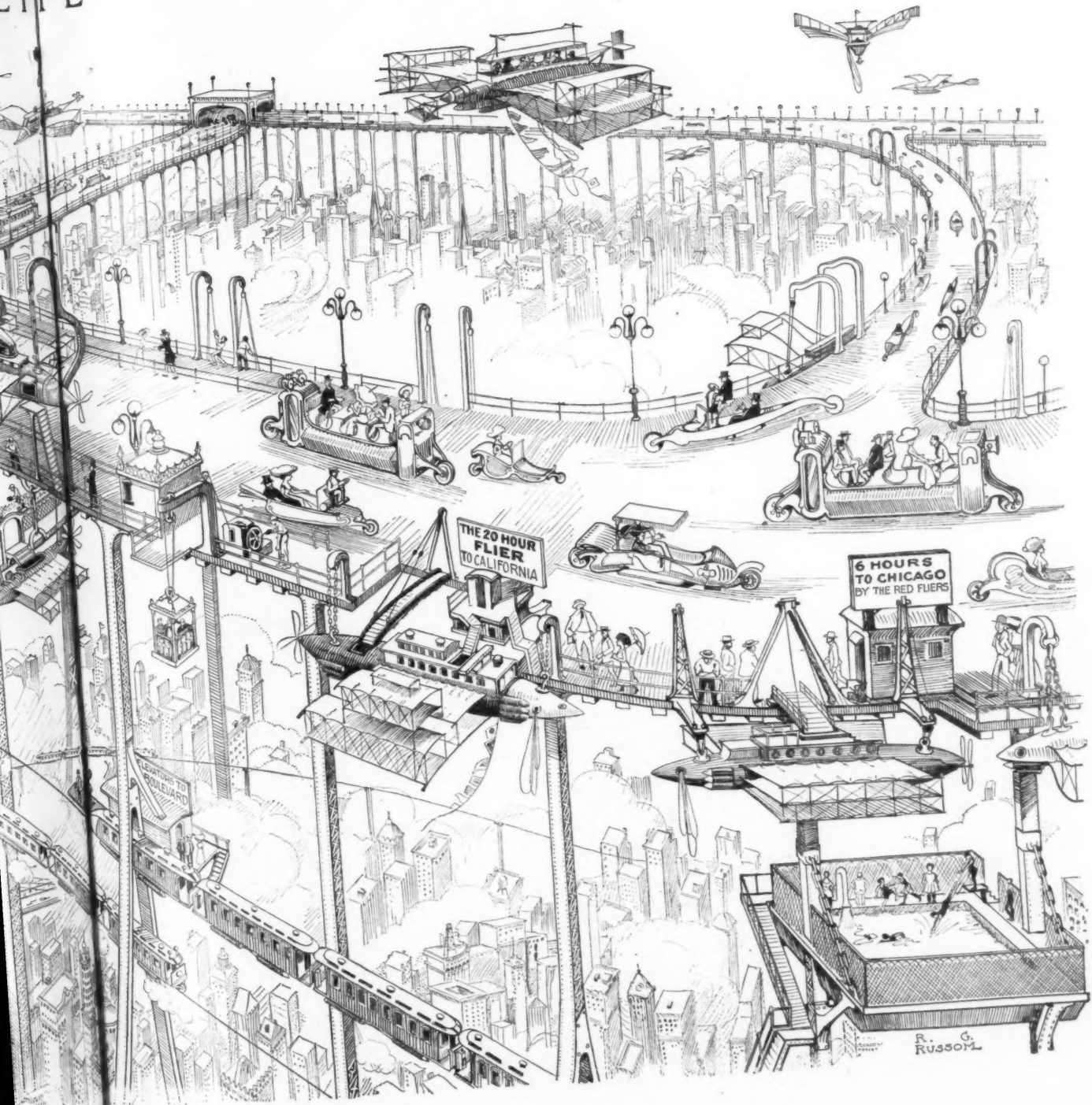
"Don't know," said the second, "but it ought to have been 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'"

THE fellow who is dependent on some one else for his daily bread is always looking for cake.



THE GAME OF LIFE: A LOSING HAND

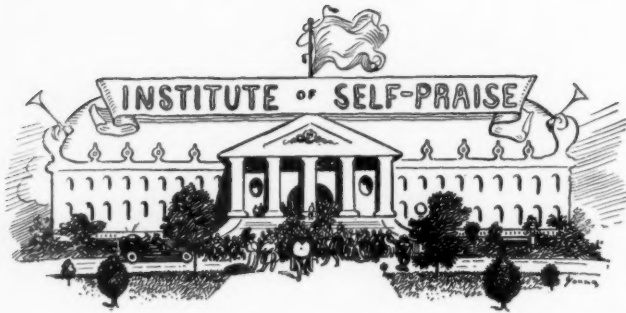




R. G. RUSSOMI

What's the Hinder?

NEW YORK'S FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT



NOW THROWN OPEN TO THE PUBLIC. A WONDERFUL NEW IDEA

IT has been felt for a long time that, as a people, we were too modest. We see evidences of this everywhere, and especially in our public men. In order to correct this tendency, LIFE has opened a Self-Praisers' Institute. It is felt that every member, by practice, should in time be capable of facing five thousand people and talk about himself.

The membership is increasing daily and hourly. John D. Rockefeller has just joined. Mr. Rockefeller said, on entering: "I am filled with envy to think that I hadn't evolved this idea myself. I have long felt the need of some schooling in self-praise, having been cursed with modesty ever since I was a boy."

Simplicity is the keynote of the institute. Every member is expected to hold the mirror up to nature.

Theodore Roosevelt wrote:

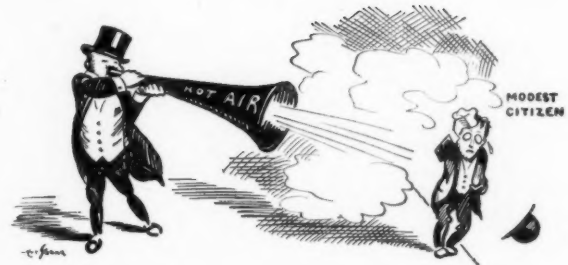
"Make me president if possible. But I won't serve longer than Taft's term."

It is obvious in an institute like this, that there can be no president, for the reason that everybody would want the presidency, and it wouldn't be possible to elect everybody. We have requested Mr. Roosevelt, on account of his long experience, to become one of our instructors, and he has consented. He will teach our advanced class in self-praise every morning.

Last evening, in the parlors of the institute, our Mutual



CAPABLE OF FACING FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE AND TALKING ABOUT HIMSELF



LET THE WIND BLOWETH WHERE IT BLISTERETH

Admiration Chapter met and had a pleasant time. Unfortunately the evening was marred, however, by an unpleasant incident. Andrew Carnegie was present and insisted on some one admiring him, and no one would. If Socrates had only had Carnegie's gift the world to-day might sound his praises.

We sincerely hope that this will not happen again, even if Mr. Carnegie chooses to come. The idea of our mutual ad-



IF SOCRATES HAD ONLY CARNEGIE'S GIFT THE WORLD TO-DAY MIGHT SOUND HIS PRAISES

miration evenings is for every one to admire every one else, no matter how hard it may be, on the principle that they need admiration themselves. Commander Peary and James Gordon Bennett, for example, sat together and admired each other all the evening, just for discipline. This is the kind of spirit we want.

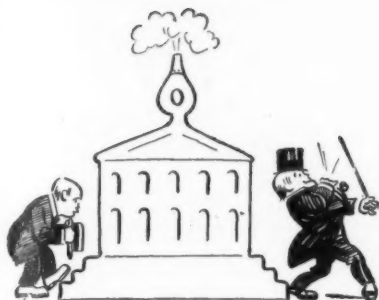
The idea of our mutual admiration evenings is to stimulate self-praise—make you strong and self-reliant, and not afraid to assert yourself—a tendency, alas! too common among our best citizens. Commander Peary well says:

"I cannot tell you what these evenings have done for me. I have always felt that I didn't amount to anything. This has been the burden of all my lectures for years. I shrank from making the announcement that I had discovered the Pole; but I am now getting so that I really like to think and talk about myself, and all because I have tried my best to admire some one else."

We are glad to make the announcement that W. R. Hearst has at last joined the institute. For a long time he held out, and on account of his intense modesty refused to join. Seeing no other way of getting him, our able committee was at last obliged to use force.

Mr. Hearst is now one of our staunchest supporters and has promised to advertise the institute in his advertising columns while deprecating and deploring it on his editorial page, thus insuring its success.

One thing must be made plain to all. While some men



BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT

find it impossible to shake off the demon of modesty do not stay away from the institute just because you are naturally modest. Anybody in this country who has any lingering traces of modesty left should communicate with us at once. There is a spirit of mutual helpfulness about the institute that is one of its greatest charms. Hamilton W. Mabie says:

"It has been a great thing for me. I got so that actually I was ashamed of being on the *Ladies' Home Journal* and writing made-up books on Shakespeare. I am glad to say that this feeling has



BIG GUNS ARE MADE, NOT BORN

totally disappeared. I meet men every day who, strange to say, know how to praise themselves more than I do. On the other hand, I am finding myself of considerable service to other weak brothers who haven't yet learned to praise themselves properly."

Last week there was a movement on foot to make Lyman Abbott president, but, as already stated, this was impossible. The moment it was started every one pressed forward with his own claims. Thus Dr. Abbott's wish was frustrated. We have, however, placed him at the head of our theological department, it having been generally conceded that he has a better idea of his own theological opinions, and knows how to praise them more, than anybody else, with the pos-

sible exception of Dr. Parkhurst, who is a strong second.

Dr. Parkhurst will lecture this evening, by the way, on "How It Feels to Be Yellow Journalized."

A dramatic department has just been opened, for the exclusive use of actors and singers. By unanimous request from other members it will be kept separate from the rest of the institute.

"There are some things," said Thomas W. Lawson, "that even we cannot bear."

PROGRAMME FOR COMING WEEK

Monday.—Joe Cannon will praise himself to all who care to hear him, at three o'clock, in the first reception room to right as you enter.

Tuesday.—Poets' Morning, conducted by Edwin Markham. Subject: "How to Receive Praise Modestly and Yet Convey the Impression that You Are the Real Thing."

Wednesday.—Ladies' Class in Publicity, conducted by Mrs. Belmont. How to advertise yourself in all the papers free of charge.

Thursday.—Lecture on Self-Praise, by Ernest Thompson Seton and Anthony Comstock. Illustrated with nature photographs. The marvelous success of both of these gentlemen will attract a large audience.

Friday.—Bouquet-Throwing Contest. All are invited to attend. Contestants may throw bouquets at themselves or each other. Presided over by Leonard



SOME MEN FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO SHAKE OFF THE DEMON OF MODESTY



HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE'S GRANDEST WORK

Wood, assisted by Paul Morton and Joseph Pulitzer.

Saturday.—Harvard Man's Morning. All Harvard graduates invited to attend and praise themselves without regard to age, race, or previous condition of snobitude. In the afternoon will be a reception of presidents of woman's clubs.

Hall Caine has just cabled:

"I am with you heart, soul, whiskers, intellect and vast experience. In case you need any information call on me.

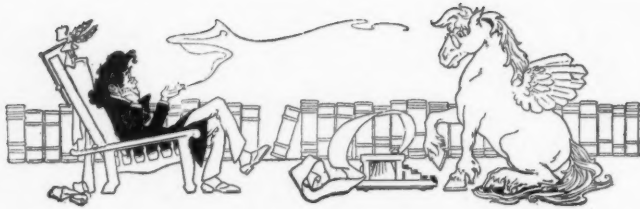
HALL CAINE."

Seasonable

In the { Spring, } the old maid's
 { Summer, } fancy turns to
 { Autumn, } thoughts of
 { Winter, } love.

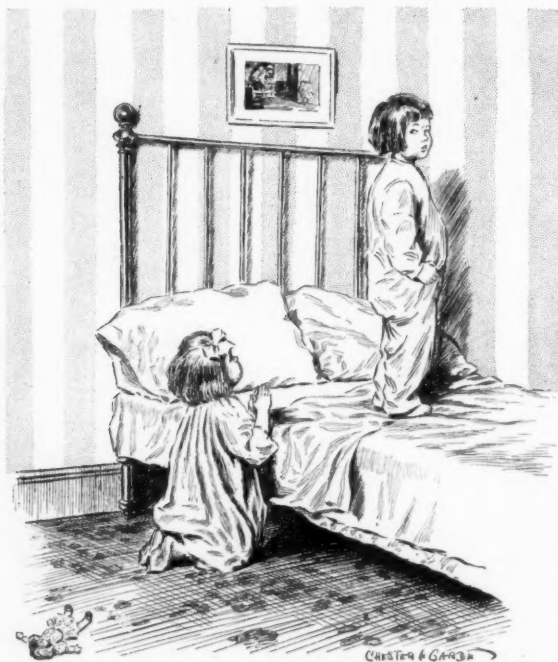
Their Favorite Poets

- For a dyspeptic..... Chaucer.
- For a religious one..... Pope.
- For a jouster..... Shakespeare.
- For a fat man..... Goethe.
- For a cook..... Burns.
- For a paper hanger..... Longfellow.
- For a diver..... Dryden.
- For a philologist..... Wordsworth.
- For a conchologist..... Shelley.



The Latest Books

THE fact that Owen Johnson's new story of boarding school boyhood, *The Varmint* (Baker & Taylor, \$1.50), appearing as it does after a second-thought sufficing interval of a year and a half from his *The Eternal Boy*, is found not only to recapture unimpaired the fictional freshness of that tale but, interpretatively, to supplement without duplicating it, would seem amply to warrant classing this author as a naturalist whose knowledge of an alien animal entitles him to more than merely amateurish standing. To speak of the boy as an alien animal may have the first-glance appearance of a humorous exaggeration; but he is really little more to most of his mature contemporaries and, in his own mature retrospection, generally shrinks to something less—to something, one might say, analogous to an extinct form whose bodily habits could be reconstructed, but whose psychology was unrecoverable. Moreover, like other and more completely alien animals, the boy has neither the ability nor the desire to interpret himself to us except by personal contact. He is, of course, busily engrossed in exploring his own possibilities by processes of experiment, but he has scant impulses of self-



COME ON TO BED, ETHEL. DO YOU WANT TO KEEP THE LORD UP ALL NIGHT LISTENIN' TO YOU?

revelation; and when he has them we are mutually handicapped by the fact that while we use identical words we speak, for the most part, different languages. We happen to be closely related to him physiologically. Mentally, we are aliens. Granting that "the boy is father to the man," it is significant that the two creatures we are likely to understand the least about are the boy who fathered our manhood and the boy whom our manhood fathers.

It follows quite naturally that most good books about boys are either based upon more or less careful objective observation or upon more or less distorted personal recollections. Owen Johnson happens to combine vivid memories with a creative imagination; and hence his Lawrenceville stories of boyhood give us what all modern fiction of any worth aims at giving, a realizable objective presentation of approximate subjective values. This is not to say that *The Varmint* is "a true picture." If there were such a thing, either in literature or in paint as "a true picture," it would make upon our inattention exactly the same negligible impression that the conglomerate original made. *The Varmint* is a picture whose parts are so selected, syncopated, exaggerated and combined as to impress upon our inattention the truth of their relationships; and few men will read the book without gaining, in addition to a lively pleasure in a good story, a sense of *rap-prochement* (in both directions) to youth. J. B. KERFOOT.



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



The Crowds and the Veiled Woman, by Marian Cox. A tale of symbolic mysticism; original, daring and intermittently effective.

Fortune, by J. C. Snaith. An ironic romance of mediaeval Castile that makes savory reading.

Fishing Kits and Equipment, by Samuel G. Camp. Well considered advice for embryo sportsmen.

George Meek, Bath Chair-man, by Himself. With an introduction by H. G. Wells. The alleged autobiography of one of the semi-submerged.

A Life for a Life, by Robert Herrick. An overwrought and overloaded piece of allegorical fiction dealing with the social and economic future.

The Master Girl, by Ashton Hilliers. A hypothetical prehistoric romance that makes up in interest what it may lack in authenticity.

A Motley, by John Galsworthy. Short papers—studies of types and impressions of life—that have interpretative value and literary beauty.

Nathan Burke, by Mary S. Watts. A cross section of Ohio society of seventy years ago engagingly presented in pleasant fiction.

Predicated, by Stephen French Whitman. A striking story by a student of New York life and Franco-German realism.

The Right Stuff, by Ian Hay. The social adventures of a wild Highlander told with quiet humor by a fellow-countryman.

Simon the Jester, by W. J. Locke. A story that is pleasant to read but that it is difficult to keep on praising.

The Twisted Foot, by Henry Milner Rideout. Adventurous high jinks in the Malay archipelago.

The Varmint, by Owen Johnson. See above.

The Voice in the Rice, by Gouverneur Morris. An extremely well done bit of imaginative light fiction.

Why I Am a Socialist, by Charles Edward Russell. An autobiographical presentation of interesting arguments.

The Wild Olive, by the author of *The Inner Shrine* (Basil King). Sentimental romance effectively disguised as serious fiction.

Mind Cures

A MIND cure is not, as many suppose, a disease of the mind. Neither is it a disease of the body. A mind cure is all right as far as it goes, but the mind-curists, like all other specialists, are inclined to go too far.

A mind cure should be carefully handled and skillfully applied, but it should be used only on the mind—never on the body. If there is something the matter with you, first make sure that the trouble is with the mind rather than with anything else. When you have made certain of your diagnosis get a mind cure and go ahead. Most any good household mind cure will do.



Short-sighted Old Lady: THERE! I HOPE YOU WON'T SPEND IT FOR DRINK.

The Same Old Rabbit

THIS little conversation is taken from the London *Abolitionist*. It seems to indicate a resemblance in arguments and manners between the advocates of vivisection in England and those of our own country.

The scene occurs at an anti-vivisection exhibit:

THE VISIT OF A SCIENTIST

One day Nurse Cross was standing outside the shop when a gentleman came along and stopped to look in at the windows. She offered him a pamphlet, but he shook his head and refused, and turning to her, he said: "Are you a married woman?" On receiving a reply in the affirmative the following colloquy took place:

He: "How many rabbits would you be willing to have vivisected to save your husband's life?"

She: "None."

He: "Then you think more of the rabbits than of your husband?"

She: "Not at all. You call us sentimental-

ists, but now you are sentimentalizing. Could you guarantee if my husband were ill that by vivisecting a rabbit you could save him, any more than you could guarantee if he were vaccinated that he would never have smallpox? Do you know a doctor who would give me that guarantee?"

He: "No, of course not. You are all a pack of fools and don't know what you are talking about."

She: "Indeed. Is Dr. Hadwen a fool? Was Dr. Charles Bell Taylor a fool?"

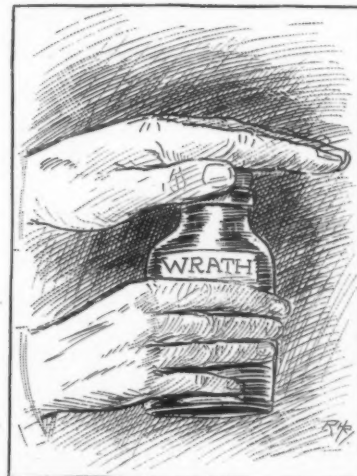
He: "You are all a pack of fools, and don't know what you are talking about. Do you know who I am?"

She: "No," and then smiling, "and I am not sure that I care."

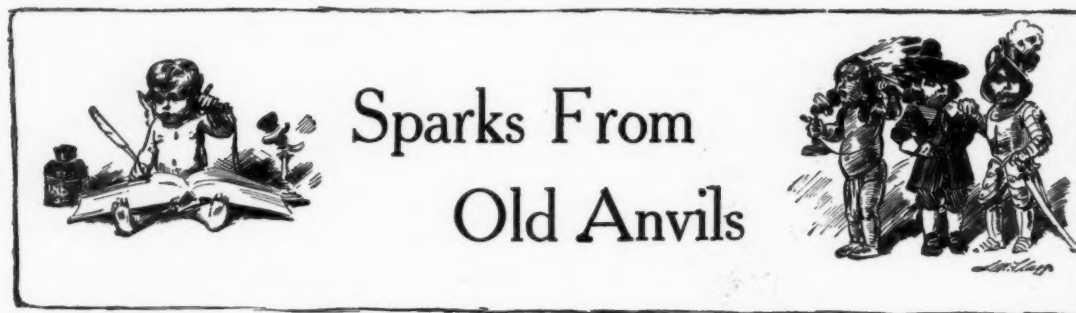
He (impressively): "I am Sir Ray Lankester!"

She (unimpressed): "Really? But you have not answered my question. Will you guarantee that if I have a disease you can save me by vivisecting a rabbit, or if I am vaccinated will you guarantee that I shall not take smallpox within a year? Can you tell me any doctor who will?"

He: "No, of course not!" And Sir Ray Lankester walked pompously away.



A CORKING GOOD THING TO DO



Various Roads to Heaven

(BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE)

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep and the tall, thin passenger reading "General Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why Green's August Flower should be printed above the doors of a "Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes," I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church?" I hazarded.

"Naw," he said, "I don't like to run on those branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited Express," he said, "all palace cars and \$2 extra for a seat; fast time and stop at the big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All trainmen in uniform; conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated and no train-boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace car. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

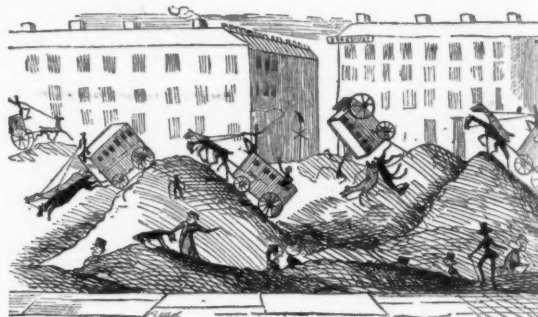
"Universalist?" I guessed.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag stations and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the trainmen don't get along well with the passengers. No, I didn't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman; "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through the mountain rather than go around it, spirit-level grade, passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow, have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stopover tickets allowed, got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full no extra coaches, cars built at the shops to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you don't hear of an accident on that road; it's run right up the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.



This badly made little sketch is interesting only because of its chronology. It was published on May 15, 1847, in the comic paper *Yankee Doodle*, which then had considerable vogue, and reveals the conditions of New York City's streets even at that early date. The title under the picture is: Scenery on Broadway.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman; "dirt road bed, and no ballast, no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target-lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Don't you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road went to and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had, he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to and he said 'Nobody.' I asked who he got his orders from and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run the train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad man and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you are shouting," he said, with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engineers carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows 100, and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'All aboard!' you can

hear him to the next station. Every train-lamp shines like a headlight. Stopover checks given on all through tickets; passengers can drop off the train as often as they like, do the stations two or three days and hop on the revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't any road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes, every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air-brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational Church," I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too, one of the very oldest in the country. Good roadbed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Say, didn't one of the division superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on the line two or three years ago? But it is a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more. "Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way and not a side track from the round-house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it, though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends, where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir; I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connection and good time and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch I didn't ask him to pass me, but paid my fare like a little man—25 cents for an hour's run, and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and a brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionsville! This train makes no stop between here and Indianapolis."

Exit an Attorney

A simple countryman was telling Foote of the expense he had been to bury a relation, an attorney, in proper style, with carriages, hat-bands, etc. "What! Do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote. "Yes, to be sure we do; how else?" "Oh, we never do that in London. When an attorney happens to die we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash and in the morning he is entirely off." "Indeed!" cried the amazed farmer; "what becomes of him?" "Why, that we cannot exactly tell; all we know is there is a strong smell of brimstone left in the room."

The antipathy which Dr. Johnson bore to Scotland was not singular or unprecedented. Lord Stanley came plainly dressed to request a private audience of King James I. A gaily dressed Scotchman refused him admittance into the king's closet. The king, hearing an altercation between the two, came out, and inquired the cause. "My liege," said Lord Stanley, "this gay countryman of yours has refused me admittance to your presence." "Cousin," said the king, "how shall I punish him? shall I send him to the Tower?" "Oh, no, my liege," replied Lord Stanley, "inflict a severer punishment; send him back to Scotland."



"WHAT A WRETCHED SHOW!"
 "SICKENING, ISN'T IT?"
 "YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING HERE, HAVE YOU?"
 "NOT I!"

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

Definitions

From the Persian

- Angel*: A hidden telltale.
- King*: The idlest man in the country.
- Minister of State*: The target for the arrows of the sighs of the oppressed.
- Lawyer*: One ready to tell any lie.
- Fool*: An official, for instance, who is honest.
- Physician*: The herald of death.
- Widow*: A woman in the habit of praising her husband when he is gone.
- Poet*: A proud beggar.
- Mirror*: One that laughs at you to your face.
- Bribe*: The resource of him who knows he has a bad cause.
- Salvation*: A polite hint to others to get up and greet you with respect.
- Priest Calling to Prayers*: A disturber of the indolent.
- Faithful Friend*: Money.
- Truthful Man*: One who is regarded as an enemy by every one.
- Silence*: Half consent.
- Service*: Selling one's independence.
- Hunting*: The occupation of those who have no work to do.
- Mother-in-Law*: A spy domiciled in your home.
- Doctor*: An ass in a quagmire.
- Liar*: A person making frequent use of the expression: "I swear to God it is true!"
- Guest*: One in your house who is impatient to hear the dishes clatter.

The Ideal Woman

Bathed in Bathybian bliss
And sunk in the slush of the sea,
Thrilled in the first molecular kiss,
The beginning of you and me.

The Atom of Oxygen blushed
When it felt fair Hydrogen's breath,
The Atom of Nitrogen rushed
Eager to Life out of Death.

Through Ocen's murmuring dell
Ran a whisper of rapture Elysian;
Across that Bathybian jell
Ran a crack that whispered of fission.

Alas! that such things should be,
That cruel unkind separation
Adown in the depths of the sea
Should follow the first osculation.

Oh tender lover and miss,
You cannot remember too well
That the first molecular kiss
Was the first Bathybian sell.
—Harvey Washington Wiley.

Demosthenes is No More

(BY "BILL NYE")

Twenty centuries ago last Christmas there was born in Attica, near Athens, the father of oratory, the greatest orator of whom history has told us. His name was Demosthenes. Had he lived until this spring he would have been 2,270 years old; but he did not live. Demosthenes has crossed the mysterious river. He has gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns.

Most of you, no doubt, have heard about it. On those who may not have heard it, the announcement will fall with a sickening thud.

This sketch is not intended to cast a gloom over your hearts. It was designed to cheer those who read it and make them glad they could read.

Therefore, I would have been glad if I could have spared them the pain which this sudden breaking of the news of the death of Demosthenes will bring. But it could not be avoided. We should remember the transitory nature of life, and when we are tempted to boast of our health, and strength, and wealth, let us remember the sudden and early death of Demosthenes.

Demosthenes was not born an orator. He struggled hard and failed many times. He was homely, and he stammered in his speech; but before his death they came to him for hundreds of miles to get him to open their country fairs and jerk the bird of freedom baldheaded on the Fourth of July.

When Demosthenes' father died he left fifteen talents to be divided between Demosthenes and his sister. A talent is equal to about \$1,000.

Demosthenes had a short breath, a hesitating speech, and his manners were very ungraceful. To remedy his stammering he filled his mouth full of pebbles and howled his sentiments at the angry sea. However, Plutarch says that Demosthenes made a gloomy fizzle of his first speech. This did not discourage him. He finally became the smoothest orator in that country, and it was no uncommon thing for him to fill the First Baptist Church of Athens full. There are now sixty of his orations extant, part of them written by Demosthenes and part of them written by his private secretary.

When he started in he was gentle, mild and quiet in his manner; but later on, carrying his audience with him, he at last became enthusiastic. He thundered, he roared, he whooped, he howled, he jarred the windows, he sawed the air, he split the horizon with his clarion notes, he tipped over the table, kicked the lamps out of the chandeliers and smashed the big bass viol over the chief fiddler's head.

Oh! Demosthenes was business when he got started. It will be a long time before we see another off-hand speaker like Demosthenes, and I, for one, have never been the same man since I learned of his death.

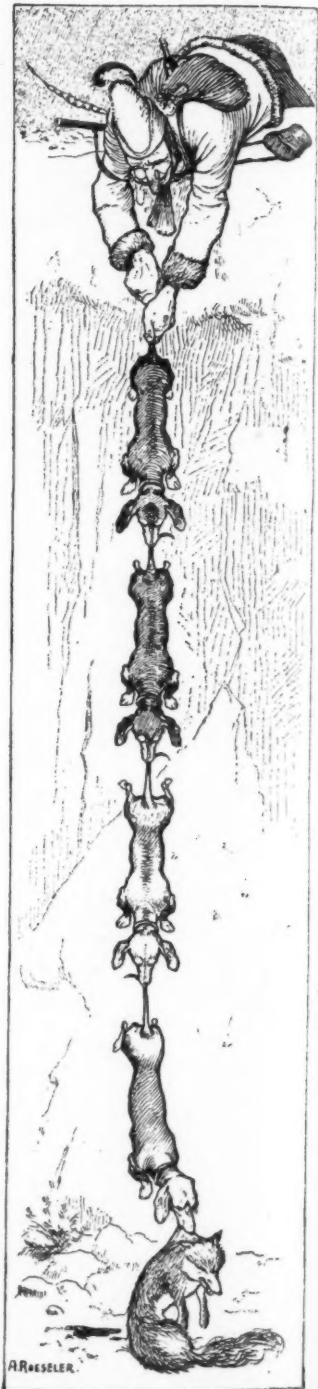
"Such was the first of orators," says Lord Brougham. "At the head of all the mighty masters of speech the adoration of ages has consecrated his place, and the loss of the noble instrument with which he forged and launched his thunders is sure to maintain it unapproachable forever."

I have always been a great admirer of the oratory of Demosthenes, and those who have heard both of us think there is a certain degree of similarity in our style.

And not only did I admire Demosthenes as an orator, but as a man, and though I am no Vanderbilt I feel as though I would be willing to head a subscription list for the purpose of doing something for his sorrowing wife, if she is left in want, as I understand that she is.

Woman

Woman's first home was in the Garden of Eden. There man first married woman. Strange that the incident should have suggested to Milton the "Paradise Lost." Man was placed in a profound sleep, a rib was taken from his side, a woman was created from it, and she became his wife. Evil-minded persons constantly tell us that thus man's first sleep became his last repose. But if woman be given at times to that contrariety of thought and perversity of mind which sometimes passeth our understanding, it must be recollected in her favor that she was created out of the crookedest part of man.—From a Speech by Horace Porter.



FROM THE GERMAN

St. Peter at the Gate

(BY JOSEPH BERT SMILEY)

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate
 With an solemn mien and an air sedate,
 When up to the top of the golden stair
 A man and a woman ascending there,
 Applied for admission. They came
 and stood
 Before St. Peter, so great and good,
 In hopes the City of Peace to win—
 And asked St. Peter to let them in.
 The woman was tall, and lank, and thin,
 With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin;
 The man was short, and thick, and stout,
 His stomach was built so it rounded
 out,
 His face was pleasant, and all the while
 He wore a kindly and genial smile.
 The choirs in the distance the echoes
 woke,
 And the man kept still while the woman spoke:
 "Oh, thou who guardest the gate,"
 said she,
 "We two come hither beseeching thee
 To let us enter the heavenly land,
 And play our harps with the angel
 band.
 Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt—
 There is nothing from heaven to bar
 me out;
 I have been to meetings three times a
 week,
 And almost always I'd rise and speak.
 I've told the sinners about the day
 When they'd repent their evil way;
 I have told my neighbors, I have told
 them all
 'Bout Adam and Eve, and the primal
 fall;
 I've shown them what they'd have
 to do
 If they'd pass in with the chosen few;
 I've marked their path of duty clear—
 Laid out the plan for their whole
 career;
 I've talked and talked to 'em loud and
 long,
 For my lungs are good and my voice
 is strong.
 So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
 The gate of heaven is open to me;
 But my old man, I regret to say,
 Hasn't walked exactly the narrow
 way—
 He smokes and he swears, and grave
 faults he's got,
 And I don't know whether he will pass
 or not.
 He would never pray with an honest
 vim,
 Or go to revival, or join in a hymn,
 So I had to leave him in sorrow there,
 While I, with the chosen, united in
 prayer.
 He ate what the pantry chanced to
 afford,

While I, in my purity, sang to the
 Lord;
 And if cucumbers were all he got,
 It's a chance if he merited them or not,
 But, oh, St. Peter, I love him so!
 To the pleasures of heaven, please let
 him go!
 I've done enough—a saint I've been—
 Won't that atone? Can't you let him
 in?
 By my grim gospel, I know 'tis so,
 That the unrepentant must fry below;
 But isn't there some way that you can
 see,
 That he may enter who's dear to me?
 It's a narrow gospel by which I pray,
 But the chosen expect to find some way
 Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you
 So that their relations can amble
 through.
 And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
 This gate isn't kept as it ought to be;
 You ought to stand by that opening
 there,
 And never sit down in that easy chair;
 And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
 But I don't like the way your whiskers
 are trimmed.
 They're cut too wide and outward toss:
 They'd look better narrower, cut
 straight across;
 Well, we must be going our crowns to
 win,
 So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."
 St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his
 staff;
 But spite of his office he had to
 laugh;
 Then said with a fiery gleam in his
 eye:
 "Who's tending this gateway—you
 or I?"
 And then he rose in his stature tall,
 And pressed a button upon the wall,
 And said to the imp who answered the
 bell:
 "Escort this lady around to hell!"
 The man stood still as a piece of
 stone—
 Stood sadly, gloomily, there alone;
 A life-long settled idea he had,
 That his wife was good and he was
 bad.
 He thought if the woman went down
 below,
 That he would certainly have to go—
 That if she went to the regions dim,
 There wasn't a ghost of a show for
 him.
 Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
 To follow wherever the woman went.
 St. Peter, standing on duty there,
 Observed that the top of his head was
 bare.
 He called the gentleman back and said:
 "Friend, how long have you been
 wed?"
 "Thirty years" (with a weary sigh).
 And then he thoughtfully added,
 "Why?"
 St. Peter was silent. With head bent
 down,



SELF-IMPORTANCE

Small Cousin: 'DO YOU KNOW, ALICE, IT JUST OCCURS TO ME THAT THE GUARD THINKS WE ARE A RUNAWAY COUPLE!'
 —From John Leech's Famous Pictures in "Punch."

He raised his hand and scratched his
 crown;
 Then, seeming a different thought to
 take,
 Slowly, half to himself, he spake:
 "Thirty years with that woman there?
 No wonder the man hasn't any hair!
 Swearing is wicked, smoke's not good.
 He smoked and swore—I should think
 he would—
 Thirty years with that tongue so sharp!
 Ho, Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp!
 A jeweled harp with a golden string,
 Good sir, pass in where the angels
 sing!
 Gabriel, give him a seat alone—
 One with a cushion, up near the
 throne;
 Call up some angels to play their best,
 Let him enjoy the music in rest,
 See that on finest ambrosia he feeds,
 He's had about all the hell he needs;
 It isn't just hardly the thing to do,
 To roast him on earth and the future,
 too."
 They gave him a harp with golden
 strings,
 A glittering robe with a pair of wings,
 And he said, as he entered the Realm
 of Day:
 "Well, this beats cucumber, any way!"
 And so the Scriptures had come to
 pass,
 "The last shall be first and the first
 shall be last."

"From the silence which prevails,"
 said Sheridan on entering a room, "I
 conclude that Lauderdale has been
 making a joke."



The Pessimists

These words were Pope's: "Whatever is, Is right." But now the song Of modern pessimists is this: "Whatever is, is wrong."
—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

Good Enough

WIFE: I suppose if you should meet some pretty young girl you would cease to care for me?
HUSBAND: What nonsense you talk! What do I care for youth and beauty? You suit me all right.—*M. A. P.*

A Happy Marriage

MRS. QUACKENBOSS: Am yo' daughtah happily mar'd, Sistah Sagg?
MRS. SAGG: She sho' is! Bless goodness, she's done got a husband dat's skeered to death of her!—*Woman's Home Companion.*

"AFTER all, you know, there is room for both men and women in this world. Men have their work to do and women have theirs." "It is the woman's work to provide for the inner man, and it is the man's to provide for the outer woman."—*Globe-Democrat.*



THE DOLLAR SIGN

A Bathing Belle

She dons a bathing suit of blue,
And down the beach she goes,
With little giggles of delight,
To wet her dainty toes.
She dabbles in the briny pools,
She wades along the sand,
She races with the merry waves,
And vows it's simply grand.

She lets the ripples of the surf
Around her ankles play,
And splashes in the pearly foam,
And frolics with the spray:
She counts the silver sails that pass
Against the distant sky,
And dances with the billows bright—
But keeps her powder dry.

—*New York Times.*

At Oyster Bay

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR: What do you want?

SOCIOLOGIST: Nothing; I'll just snore around a while to see how you live.
—*Sun.*

A Bird in the Hand

HE: Be this the Woman's Exchange?

SHE: Yes.

HE: Be you the woman?

SHE: Yes.

HE: H'm! Then I guess I'll keep my Sal.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

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G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
New York



"CAN'T DO IT—HIC—OLE GAL; WIFE WOULDN'T STAN' FOR IT."

Rhymed Reviews

Blaze Derringer

(By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Blaze Derringer." Such titles tell
Of wild adventures flung together
In novels simply made to sell—
The sort we read in torrid weather.

Our author builds with airy hand,
Like other inky Rosicrucians,
A palmy, balmy, Southern land
Producing mainly revolutions,

Where Derringer, a Texas lad,
Contrives, through limitless assur-
ance
To free his Senorita's dad,
A would-be emperor, from durance.

And—say! it's hot. The Muse disdains
Her task of praise or reprobation;
So here's the best the book contains,
A truly novel situation:

Two villains, each the other's foe—
A faithless pair, no vows can bind
them—
Are stunned and helpless, lying low
In tropic dust—wherein we find
them.

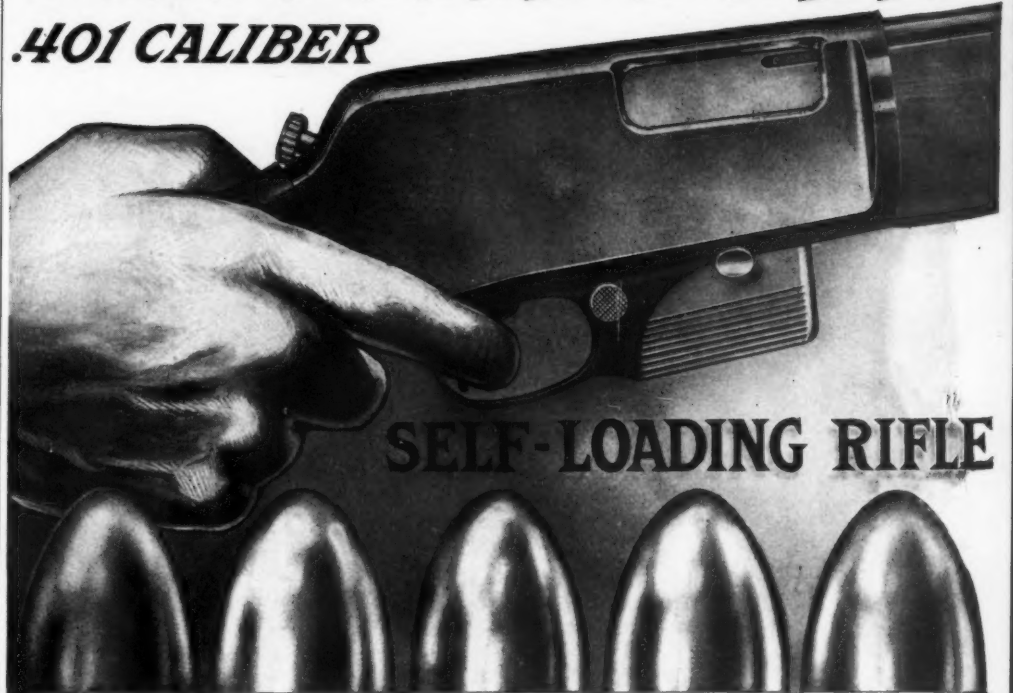
We truss them up with subtle twists,
Beside them setting ample rations
Of food and wine; then tie their
wrists
To driven pegs in such relations

That neither scamp may hope to free
Himself, nor take a bite or swallow;
Yet each can loose his enemy
Whose hate is deep, whose vows are
hollow.

This cure we really ought to try
On fools whose hatreds will not
smother,
To whom each grinning passer-by
Should say, "Gol durn ye, love each
other!"

Arthur Guiterman.

WINCHESTER 401 CALIBER



SELF-LOADING RIFLE

The Trigger Controlled Repeater

This new Winchester is all that the big game hunter's heart could desire. It is reloaded by recoil, and has a detachable magazine which enables it to be fired a series of shots with great ease and rapidity without the sacrifice of accuracy. Although the cartridge it handles hits a harder blow than the .30 U. S. Army, it is compact and light to carry. In the sureness, strength and simplicity of its action, and in its hitting power, no other recoil operated rifle approaches it.

Send to the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., for circular describing this new rifle which has strength and power plus.

IT HITS LIKE THE HAMMER OF THOR

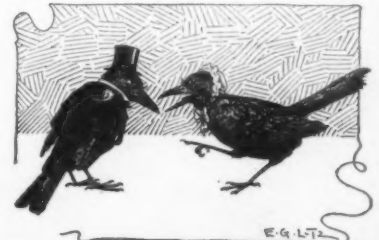
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Big Journeys with Little Care

The out-of-the-way and unfamiliar nooks and corners—arrangements rather exclusive.

Information free upon request.

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E. G. L. T.

"A BLOND FEATHER ON YOUR COAT!
HENRY BLACK, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"

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

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is
Beauty

in
every
Jar



MILKWEED CREAM

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

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

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

F. F. INGRAM CO., 38 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Improves Bad Complexions—Preserves Good Complexions

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The New Rest Cure

If you want to be cured by the cure
That's the latest and snappiest "stunt,"
You must sit on a chair with your feet
in the air,
And your toes pointing well to the
front.
You must stretch out your muscular
arms,
Your mouth like an "O" must be
drawn;
Then throw your head back till your
collar-studs crack,
And yawn, yawn, yawn.

—The Sketch.

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

"WHAT made you so late?"

"I met Jinx."

"Well, that's no reason why you should be an hour late getting home to supper."

"I know, but I asked him how he was feeling, and the fool insisted on telling me."—Houston Post.

Your friend is the man who knows all about you, and still likes you.

—Philistine.

An Accidental Bull's-eye

TEACHER: Now, Willie, what is an egoist?

WILLIE (thinking of atheist): One who does not recognize the existence of a superior being.—Boston Transcript.

"BROWN has wired me to send him up some fishing tackle."

"A nuisance, isn't it?"

"No, that isn't it; but I can't remember whether he favors Scotch or rye."

—The Widow.

Almost Universal Prayer.

"Among the late Bishop Foss's anecdotes about prayer," said a Philadelphia Methodist, "there was one concerning a very original Norristown preacher.

"This preacher, in the course of a long prayer one Sunday night, recounted the many misfortunes and evils that had befallen him in the course of his long life. Then, sighing heavily, he prayed:

"Thou hast tried me with affliction, with bereavement, and with sorrow of many kinds. If Thou art obliged to try me again, Lord, try me with the burden of wealth."—Detroit Free Press.

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

"THEY say," Mrs. Oldcastle remarked, "that he has made a study of occultism."

"Has he?" replied her hostess, as she straightened the \$900 rug. "He's about the last man I'd pick out for an eye doctor."—Chicago Record-Herald.



Each in itself
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CAMBRIDGE 25c

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AMBASSADOR 35c

the after-dinner size

"The Little Brown Fox"

Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON
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Sterling Blue Tubes give more Service than any other. They are the strongest tubes made, are never porous and do not oxidize and grow brittle when not in use. Combined with Sterling Tires they cut your tire troubles to a minimum. Dealers everywhere. Booklet and price list on request. Sterling Rubber Works, Rutherford, N. J.

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A Perfume for the
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A leader amongst leaders
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Nearly a Century
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BECAUSE:

IT is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance; it refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume; it is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving; because it is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made :: ::

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE!

The Rough Rider

(Manners up to date)

When an amicable party,
In a manner warm and hearty,
Says, "I beg your kind acceptance of
this rose,"
You must answer ('tis your duty,
In the interests of beauty!)
"That's a very ugly wart upon your
nose!"

When a man says "Come to luncheon,"
You must swing your critic's truncheon
(Do not let a sense of courtesy make
you balk).

As you amble on beside him
You must questionably chide him:
"Do you always turn your toes in
when you walk?"

When your host the dictum passes
To his guests, "Fill up your glasses!"
And he pledges you a cordial bring-
ing cup;

You must smite the friendly table
And reprove, in manner able,
The disgraceful way he brings his chil-
dren up.

Ah, this most *recherché* breeding
We should more and more be heeding.
Since the Colonel's courtly mien it so
adorns.

When your host confers a favor
It will add a pleasant savor
If you tramp with all your might upon
his corns.

So, no matter what he offers,
Key of house or key of coffers
(Never hero from a painful duff
swerves),

You must make the key a bludgeon—
Do not mind his rising dudgeon—
Just give him all you think that he
deserves!

—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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"—and Caught the Outstretched Hands"

Dr. Thorne's Idea

By
J. A. Mitchell

Author of
THE LAST AMERICAN,
AMOS JUDD,
THE PINES OF LORY,
Etc., Etc.

One Dollar, Net.

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

—*Baltimore American.*

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Old Fashioned Life Insurance—

LIKE *old fashioned religion*—is what is needed to-day in this age of "isms" in theology—and fads and schemes in life insurance—Just the plain, old style theology in life insurance—a policy for the protection of the wife and children—so that *three meals each day* will be forthcoming—and *clothes to keep them warm*—and a *place to sleep at night*—to say nothing of the little pleasures of life—will be assured to them—just as you give them all these things now. Would you want someone else to provide for them while *you* are here? Certainly not! Would you want someone else—or the aggregate "someone else" called the State—to provide for them when *you* will not be here? Of course not! So why not join an association of others who are determined to look out for their own—and who collectively are known as **THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY**—and see to it, possibly at the cost of a little self-denial, that your family shares in the benefits provided by the Equitable in their hour of greatest need. That is to say, *maybe you* can join. Maybe not. Already it may be too late for *you*! See **THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE** man and find out:

First: Whether you can become a member of the Equitable Society.

Second: How little it will cost to put an Equitable policy between *your family*—not you, for you will not be here to pay the price of neglect and delay—and the thousand and one things which can happen to a man's family when he is not here to look out for them.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them

Paul Morton, President, 120 Broadway, New York City

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? Great opportunities to-day in Life-Insurance work for the Equitable.



"Vilifier"

DEAR LIFE:

Can you tell us what brand of "American" humor describes your unnatural and un-American pose as the vilifier of a race? For shame, LIFE. You have another and healthier mission than this, and rancorous petty spite isn't in keeping with the broad-tempered spirit of fun which has always characterized you. Don't, please, give way to it any longer. There's surely enough bitterness and unpleasantness in this world, and you, of all persons, to add to it!

Yours very truly,

HENRY C. STARR.

NEW YORK, July 30, 1910.

Trained Animals

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Wanton and useless cruelty to animals, both wild and domesticated, is likely to be a subject widely discussed in the next few months in virtue of the return from Africa of a distinguished American statesman who has spent nearly a year in hunting the beasts of the forest and field in the remote dark continent. The bongo, warthog, digdig and other rare species and *genuses* have felt the power of his rifle, and his *bag* of big game may be considered as remarkably complete.



**For
Automobile
Lubrication**

† It is impossible to get away from the simple fact that a cylinder oil is merely required to lubricate and burn up cleanly.

† The presence of body makes an oil lubricate.

† The absence of impurities makes it burn up cleanly.

**HAVOLINE
OIL**

† Possesses the same body as other oils (light, medium and heavy), but it burns more cleanly because it has been filtered more. That's why—

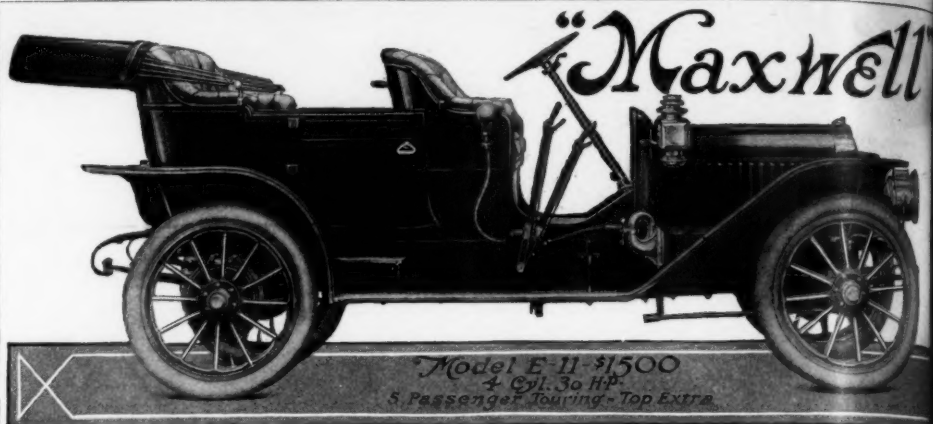
It Makes a Difference

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All Dealers



Model E-11 \$1500
4 Cyl. 30 HP.
5 Passenger Touring - Top Extra

New Models Ready Now!

A New Standard of Car Value

The Maxwell for 1911 is out! And again it has broken all precedents the tremendous value it offers in a car of moderate price. It has always been big and roomy. It has always been known for its reliability at times—its wonderful durability—its mechanical simplicity. In every respect it has always stood head and shoulders above other cars selling at anywhere near the price. But this year the strikingly attractive designs of the Maxwell and its many added refinements of equipment have created a still higher standard of Maxwell value.

Rational Speed, Luxurious Comfort

We believe in uniformity. The Maxwell is not built for speed—the exclusion of more vital motoring requirements. Beautiful appearance has not alone been attained to the sacrifice of mechanical efficiency. Our idea is equal reliability and superiority in every part—composite perfection. That's why the Maxwell doesn't break down first and then there like many cars. They give years of staunch, durable service—have abundance of power—offer all the speed any sane driver could ask for or use.

"Maxwell" Sales to Date 35,479

MAXWELL-BRISCO

WACO STREET
Licensed Under Selden Pat.



Model EA-1600
4 Cyl. 30 HP.
5 Passenger Fore Door Touring

He may have done a service for humanity by increasing its scientific knowledge of zoölogy, and if asked how he enjoyed the excursion he would probably reply that he had had a *bully time*.

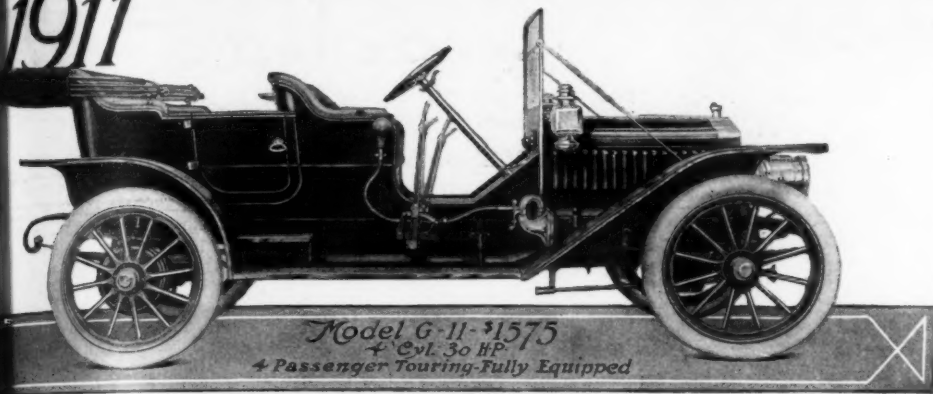
The subject of cruelty to domesticated animals has been exhaustively considered and agitated, due to the researches of anatomists and biologists, but vivisection is defensible in a measure, since man and animals have some physiological characteristics in com-

mon, and hence the effects of certain processes traceable through experiments in animals might prove of value to humanity.

But there is another class of cruelty practiced on animals that is far more horrible than vivisection! It is the training of animals for stage and circus performances, and there is not a single word that can be said in its defense. A beast hates training of any kind; he hates the bars that confine

(Continued on page 323)

1911



Model G-11 - \$1575
4 Cyl. 30 HP
4 Passenger Touring-Fully Equipped

**Beauty In Every Line—And the Same
MAXWELL—Reliability, Simplicity and Durability**

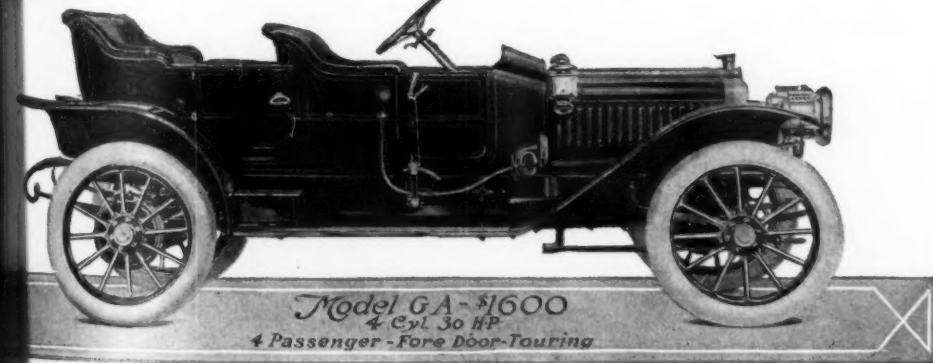
It is a well-known fact that the Maxwell is the great "Economy Car"—that our biggest touring cars can be run 5,000 miles a year at an average total cost of \$3.98 a week. Nearly everybody knows of their perfect scores in grilling endurance contests—of the record the Maxwell holds for covering over 10,000 miles without the engine stopped once. And you know it is just this kind of a car that you want for every member of your family—a car that you can go out in any time and anywhere regardless of roads or weather conditions—and be sure that you will get back.

We will begin the deliveries of Maxwell 1911 models in August—an unparalleled precedent in the history of motordom: In this early delivery as in all respects the far-famed and much-copied Maxwell leads. Our tre-

mendous manufacturing facilities make it possible. To the many who are looking for the very best car they can buy at a moderate price—an August delivery holds out just one more inducement for the purchase of a Maxwell car. Our guarantee stands back of the delivery.

We want you to know all about automobiles. For the more you know about automobiles generally the more you will want a Maxwell. "How To Judge An Automobile" is a practical treatise which describes and illustrates automobile mechanism from the ground up. And our semi-monthly publication "The Co-operator" keeps you posted fully on all motoring subjects. We will gladly send you these free, together with our beautiful new catalogue showing all the new Maxwell models—upon request. Mail postal today. Just say "Mail Books."

MOTOR COMPANY
FACTORIES: New Castle, Ind. Providence, R. I.
Tarrytown, N. Y. Kingsland Point, N. Y.



Model GA - \$1600
4 Cyl. 30 HP
4 Passenger - Fore Door - Touring

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 322)

him: he hates the trainer who puts him through his human paces, and he hates the beings who watch his forced efforts. Occasionally a lion or an elephant revolts and kills his trainer only to be shot, but death is preferable a thousand times than this unnatural and brutal life. I have seen a trainer of elephants make a sweep with his steel hook—intended for the thicker skin of

the shoulder of his charge—and by inadvertance the blow struck upon the thin and comparatively tender ear of the elephant, penetrating it and causing the suffering beast to bellow and trumpet in pain.

I have never witnessed an animal performance where some of the brutes did not evince a terrible fear of the trainer and which showed all too plainly the long preliminary torture they have been subjected to by way of preparation behind the scenes. This

utterly needless torture of helpless animals constitutes a frightful commentary upon our boasted civilization. If there were a single redeeming feature to this brutal practice I would not raise my voice against it, but the most careful observation of any of the so-called animal acts demonstrates that they are neither educational nor entertaining. There are, of course, many worthless vaudeville acts palmed off on the trusting public, but even this is an insufficient reason for exhibiting performing animals, the training necessary to make them do their tricks, being nothing more nor less than gross and useless cruelty.

A. FREDERICK COLLINS.

July 27, 1910.

This Is Reasonable

TO THE MATERIAL EDITOR OF LIFE:

SIR.—Pardon me for thus calling to your attention a state of affairs in your mental department, but my present quandary is so serious as to lead me to resort to gross materialistic methods. Briefly, your mental editor in making use of the manuscript and drawings rejected in the preparation of your material "Improper Number," is raising the very deuce in my mental family.

You must know that I was (mentally) married some time since to the charming daughter of a most estimable mother, and as married life goes, mine has compared very favorably with a

(Continued on page 324)

Wanamaker's

New York Fall & Winter Catalog will be ready September 5.

It is an excellent Guide Book of New York and Paris wearing apparel, and other merchandise, for Women, Children and Men.

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From Our Readers

(Continued from page 323)

coincidental and wholly satisfactory material bachelorhood. My mother-in-law, however, is a great stickler for the proprieties, and has seen fit to object most strenuously to the presence of the mental LIFE in our household.

She has taken upon herself the moral upbringing of my children (several of the little dears are now reaching a susceptible age), and is insistent that this journal is prejudicial to their welfare. She has more particularly objected to the "Extracts from the Diary of Helen of Troy," utterly ignoring their historic value, and to the drawing entitled "Judgment of a Modern Paris," which so admirably depicts the Parisian—you know the one I mean—and insists that I cancel my subscription straightway.

**THE AUTHORITY—DALTON on
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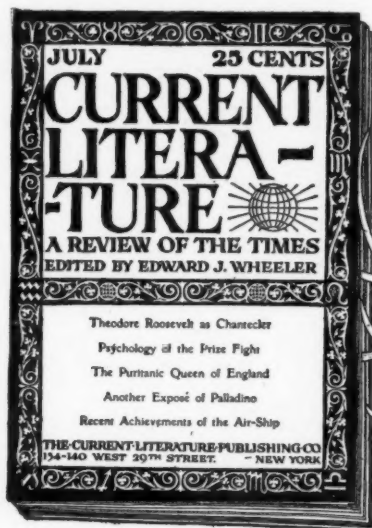
All Booksellers: \$1.25 by mail.
WYCIL & COMPANY, New York

This I have conscientiously endeavored to do, but for some reason your mental subscription department absolutely refuses to recognize or acknowledge my desires or mental communications. Is it possible that once a subscriber to the mental LIFE means always a subscriber? Is my erstwhile happy home to be disrupted merely because I obeyed that mental impulse and

became thereby a person of questionable morality in the eyes of my mental relative?

In a way you are responsible, since it was through the material announcements which you permitted to appear in your real issues that I got into all this trouble, and if there is no other way out I must implore you to use

(Continued on page 325)



**A Review
of the Times**



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A comprehensive review of the news of the times by the Editor-in-chief. This is the feature of the magazine and one of surpassing interest and value.

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In addition to critical reviews of the most important dramatic and musical works, and personal details regarding dramatists, actors and musicians, this department includes a condensed review of one of the most successful plays of the month.

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These two subjects are of profound concern to every thinking man. Each month the best articles and books pertaining to them are passed in review. This section is edited in a most impartial spirit, absolutely without bias.

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The achievements of the toilers in these two great branches of human activity are completely recorded month by month under the above heading. Subjects are dealt with clearly in a plain way and the bearing and value of each new scientific discovery are fully discussed.

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Every month *Current Literature* devotes a large section, accompanied by fine photographs, to biographical details of men and women of the moment. These character sketches are of people who are making history.

New Fiction

A review of the fiction of the day receives careful and judicious attention in this section.

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Several pages of each issue are reserved for the poetry of the day, accompanied by an introductory article and running comment by the Editor-in-chief. The best work of the poets of the English-speaking world is represented month by month.

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A great deal of the most interesting current literature of the day relates to literature and to the art of the painter and sculptor.

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Specimens of the products of the busy jokesmiths the world over lighten and add variety to the pages of *Current Literature*.

Sample copy and special subscription offer on request—140 West 29th St., New York City.

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 324)

your influence in securing the establishment of a Mental Husband's Correspondence Bureau.

Hopefully yours,

DISTRACTED (MENTAL) PATERFAMILIAS.
BOSTON, August 2, 1910.

Too Tender-Hearted

DEAR LIFE:

For years I have turned to you for consolation and comfort. Perhaps my present need is for something like Christian Science or that other cult which Mr. Brisbane (there is only one Mr. Brisbane) likened to the boy "hitched on behind." At any rate, I need something to cheer me up. Perhaps I ought to quit smoking. I know that nicotine poison gets on one's nerves in the course of fifty or sixty years, if a man lives so long. I'm 70. Let me describe my symptoms and ask for your diagnosis and prognosis. Here's the chief symptom: I think, and brood, and cry over the least little thing. For example: I read of a kitten in a laboratory being slit into shoe-strings, alive, and the tears come to my eyes, and then great oaths come to my tongue, and a feeling arises of a desire to skin one of these "scientists" alive. Just think of it—and only a very little kitten at that! Now in view of the motives of these nice gentlemen—the desire to verify some discovery first made, say, by Dr. Slash in 1876, useless, to be sure, and verified hundreds of times since—but being along lines of scientific research I am saying, why should this sort of thing which is going on all the time, disturb the mind of a hale, hearty, robust man like your correspondent?

CHARLES E. PAGE, M.D.

BOSTON, MASS., July 20, 1910.



Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

There is no getting around the fact that service in an automobile tire does depend on the quality of the tire itself. The quality of the Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tire is the quality of the now world-famous Kelly-Springfield Vehicle Tire.

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Acknowledgements

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

- Elbert W. Hamlin, Litchfield, Conn.
- Mrs. R. A. Corbett, St. Johns, N. B., Canada.
- Owen Wister, Wallingford, Pa.
- Fred Andrews, Atlanta, Ga.
- E. N. Dwight, Wheeling, W. Va.
- O. R. Stevens, Oshkosh, Wis.
- Hugh G. Elwes, Vera Cruz, Mexico.
- D. F. C. Crump, Memphis, Tenn.
- R. E. Ashton, Pittsburg, Pa.
- Dr. A. L. Benedict, Buffalo, N. Y.
- Miss Grace M. Aird, Springfield, Ohio.
- H. O. Garty, Detroit, Mich.
- Dr. Bayard Kane, Philadelphia, Pa.
- J. MacDongle McK. Grant, Washington, D. C.
- W. L. Hildeburn, Concord, Mass.

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of crackling ice in some cool, sequestered nook on a hot and sultry Summer day, augmented by the odor of crushed mint nicely blended with

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Cheer Up, Old Chap!

The "Sporting Number" of LIFE
Will Be Out Next Week.

Contrary to our usual practice, we must say a word of praise for this number.

It is rather of an altogether delightful and alluringly entrancing, bewilderingly beautiful and intellectually exciting affair. We understand that it will contain advertisements. Some day, for fun, we intend to issue a number of LIFE without any advertisements, just to show how uninteresting it can be made.

In these days, did you ever see a really interesting paper without any advertisements? At bottom the problem is financial. More "ads," better paper.

But about this Sporting Number next week. A big number, replete (this is the last time we shall use the word "replete." Vale, old friend! You have done well) with ideas.

Just ideas. Big ideas and little ideas, humorous and fantastical ideas, prim, punctilious ideas, reckless and inconsequential ideas, sane and foolish, funny and fundamental, fanciful and freakish ideas.

All—or enough—about sports. Mental sports, physical sports, pictorially perpetuated by perennially permutative pen and pencil geniuses.

We do not advise you to buy this number. It isn't necessary. We don't have to. Everyone knows that Life without LIFE is lifeless.



Other Coming Numbers are:

**Humorous,
Goody Goody,
Hell,
Midnight.**

Sept. 8—Woman's Number.
" 15—Men's Rights.
" 22—Furbelow.
" 29—Sky.



This is for YOU

In September we begin a series of fortune telling things that will interest every human being born. It concerns your birthday, and your future depends on it. Is your birthday in September? Be on hand and get LIFE.

Remember, The Great Fortune Teller, begins next week.



Subscription \$5.00

Canadian \$5.52

Foreign \$6.04

The Latest Books

The Channel Islands, by Charles F. Holder. (A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.00.)
Happy Island, by Jeannette Lee. (The Century Company. \$1.00.)
The Wild Olive, by Basil King. (Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.)
Women's Eyes, by Arthur Williar. Ryder. (A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal. \$1.00.)

Poems, by Dorothy Landers Beall. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.)
The Class Struggle, by Karl Kautsky. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.)
The Sheriff of Dyke Hole, by Ridgewell Cullum. (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.50.)
Types from City Streets, by Hutchins Hapgood. (Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.50.)

SCRIBNERS

SEPTEMBER

General Frederick Funston's own story of his experiences as a filibuster and of fighting with Insurgents begins in this number. A narrative of most unusual and exciting adventure, unsurpassed even by the most vivid and picturesque romance. The story of the author's own life reads like some imaginary "tale of cloak and sword." The first article describes the memorable sailing of the *Dauntless*, with her cargo of arms and ammunition, under Captain "Dynamite" O'Brien, and the landing in Cuba.

Theodore Roosevelt's African Hunting Series is continued in the September issue with an account of his Hunting the Great Rhinoceros of the Lado and his journey down the Nile. This 12th article is one of the most interesting of the series.

Mr. Roosevelt in France, by William Morton Fullerton, the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*. Not a mere personal eulogy of Mr. Roosevelt, but a thoughtful and authoritative statement of the political conditions in France that made his utterances so significant, and the causes that made his reception by the French people one of the most remarkable in history.

John Fox, Jr., tells of his experiences "On the Road to Hell-fer-Sartain," the scene of one of his best-known stories.

Edith Wharton: "The Blond Beast" — A Story — the eighth in her "Tales of Men."

Jesse Lynch Williams: Another of the "Carroll" stories — "The Carrolls' Fortune."

Ernest Peixotto: "Sketching in the Inferno" — Illustrated from paintings by the author.

SEPTEMBER Number on Sale August 25th
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THE KING'S ENGLISH
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