

August 17 1911
COQUETTE'S
NUMBER

Life

PRICE, 10 CENTS
VOL. LVIII, NO. 1504. AUGUST 24, 1911
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NET RESULTS.



The first store
you come to!

Cigar stores, drug stores, candy stores, tiny stands—all sell the helpful tidbit.
The pure mint leaf juice makes it loved by all, from six to sixty. Every store sells
it because everyone likes it. Millions of white teeth, pure breaths and fine digestions
come from it. Chew the beneficial confection after all meals!

Look for the spear!

The flavor lasts!

Locomobile



LOCOMOBILE SIX
OLD MILFORD, CONN

The 1912 six cylinder Locomobile is the embodiment of comfort and ease. Luxurious upholstery, special features of our chassis, and the smoothness of operation of six cylinders combine to make it the most comfortable as well as the "Best Built Car in America".

The "48" Six Cylinders

The "30" Four Cylinders

COMPLETE INFORMATION FURNISHED ON REQUEST

The Locomobile Company of America
 Boston, New York, Philadelphia, BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Chicago, Washington, San Francisco





Look for the Girl in Red

Next week you will see her on the cover. And now, in a subdued whisper, we have something to communicate (no, it isn't to ask you to subscribe; we get tired of that occasionally). With the first number in September we shall begin to announce some of our autumn features. What these are going to be at present we are not even going to hint. All we desire to call your attention to at the present time is that we have something very remarkable coming. Next week's number will contain an announcement of the great Humbug's number; and the week following that—but wait and see. You won't be disappointed.

We cannot do justice to the next number, which is not a special. It marks the end of Summer and the beginning of great things to come.



There's a Boston Number coming in October. This is merely incidental, but worth while thinking about.

The attached coupon may interest you. Why do we think so? Well, coupons similar to it have interested some thousands during the past six months. That's one reason. The other is that Life without Life is lifeless. One dollar please. Big mental returns guaranteed.

*On All News-stands
Ten Cents
Every Tuesday*

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

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This offer is not.

LIFE, 17 W. 31 Street, New York

Subscription \$5.00 Canadian \$5.52 Foreign \$6.04

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XUM

Chemicc-Metrical Madrigal

I know a maiden, charming and true,
With beautiful eyes like the cobalt blue
Of the borax bead, and I guess she'll do,
If she hasn't another reaction.
Her form is no bundle of toilet shams,
Her beauty no boon of arsenical balms,
And she weighs just sixty-two kilograms
To a duo-decimal fraction.

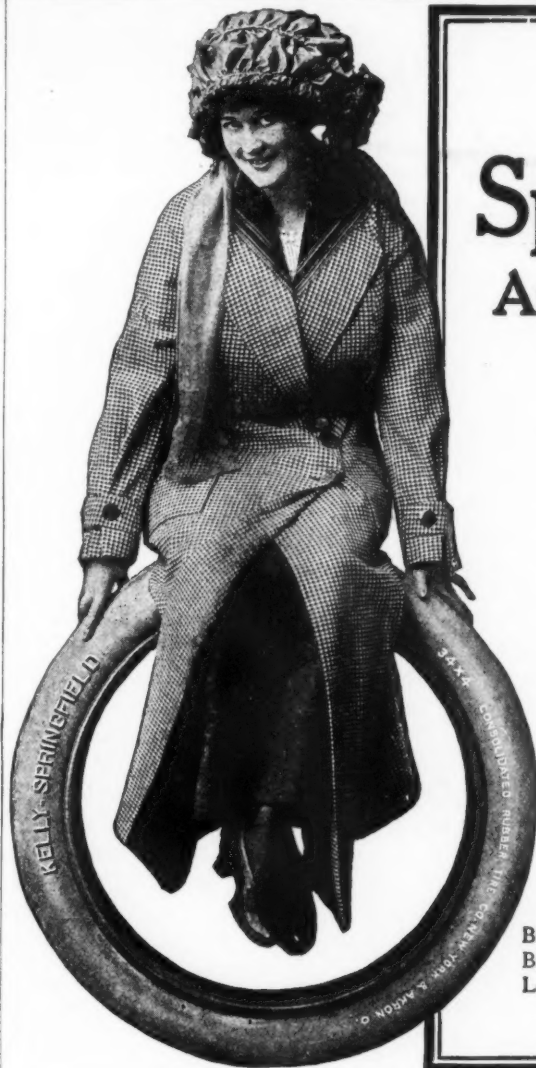
Her hair is a crown, I can truthfully state,
'Tis a meter long, nor curly, nor straight,
And it is as yellow as plumbic chromate
In a slightly acid solution.
And when she speaks, from parlor or
stump,
The words which gracefully gamboi and
jump
Sound sweet like the water in Sprengel's
pump
In magnesian phosphate ablu-tion.

One day I said, "I will leave you for
years,"
To try her love by rousing her fears;
She shed a deciliter of tears,
Turning brown the turmeric yellow.
To dry her tears, I gave her, you know,
A hectogram of candy; also
To bathe her red eyes, H O;
She said, "You're a naughty fellow."

I have bought me a lot, about a hectare,
And have built me a house ten meters
square,
And soon, I think, I shall take her there,
My tart little acid radicle.
Perhaps little sailors on life's deep sea
Will be the salts of this chemistry,
And the lisp of the infantile A, B, C,
Be the refrain of this madrigal.
—H. W. Wiley, United States Depart-
ment of Agriculture, in Independent.

Rivals

A dollar and a penny once happened to
be together in the same pocket, and the
dollar began to put on airs. "I am a
big gun," said the dollar, "and you are
nobody. I am white and bright, and you
are only a dull, mud-colored little Indian.
I am religious, for I am all the time say-
ing, 'In God we trust,' and you are only
a pagan. I am patriotic, for on one side
I have the American eagle and on the
other the Goddess of Liberty, and I buy
lots of fireworks on the Fourth of July.



Kelly- Springfield Automobile Tires

It takes time and money to go the
rounds of all makes of tires, but the
man who arrives at the Kelly-
Springfield Tire stays there. It is
the quality of the rubber composi-
tion that gives the service, and the
secret of this rubber composition
we learned during fifteen years of
experience in making carriage tires.

The two Kelly-Springfield Tires bought from you
about a year ago have given excellent satisfaction.
One of them ran 5,239 miles without a puncture
and the other 5,223 miles with only two punctures.
This record is so remarkable that I have ordered
a new equipment from the Kelly-Springfield
Company for my car. H. C. MATHER, President,
Chas. H. Moore Oil Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Specify Kelly Springfield Tires on
your automobile. They cost no more
than any first-class tire and are better

Consolidated Rubber Tire Co.
20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch Offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia,
Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco,
Los Angeles, Cleveland, Atlanta and Akron, Ohio.

Seneca Rubber Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

I am Heavenly-minded, for I have the
stars to think about and you don't have
anything. I am precious, for I am nice
bright silver and everybody wants me;
but you are the base copper and nobody
cares a snap for you." "That may all
be so," said the poor little penny. "You
may be more patriotic than I am and
more religious than I am, but I go to
church more than you do and am oftener
found in the contribution box than you
are," replied the penny.

—Lyons Republican.

A Recipe for Good Manners

Of Unselfishness, three drachms.
Of the Tincture of Good Cheer, one
ounce.
Of the Essence of Heart's Ease, three
drachms.
Of the Extract of the Rose of Sharon,
four ounces.
Of the Oil of Charity, three drachms
and no scruples.
Of the Infusion of Common Sense and
Tact, one ounce.
Of the Spirit of Love, two ounces.

The mixture to be taken whenever
there is a symptom of selfishness, exclu-
siveness, meanness, or I-am-better-than-
you-ness.

Coast to Coast by Auto

Lv. New York Oct. 2. Ar. Los Angeles Dec. 1.
1911 Seven-passenger Garford Cars. Four passen-
gers booked per car, allowing perfect comfort.
All expense tour. Best hotels only. Stop-over each
Sunday. Send for map and literature.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
Boston New York Philadelphia Pittsburg Detroit

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

DR. GIVENS' SANITARIUM

For Nervous and mild Mental diseases. Has
separate cottages for Alcohol and Drug patients.
Address **DR. GIVENS, Stamford, Conn.**

THE GARAGE BEAUTIFUL
JUST AS EASILY BUILT RIGHT AS WRONG
AND A GREAT DEAL CHEAPER TOO IF YOU GET OUR
FREE WORKING PLANS

ALTHO not in the Garage Building, Selling or Planning
business, our wide experience in the exclusive equip-
ment business has led us into every quarter of the globe
where we have consulted the world's greatest architects,
solving some of the most difficult problems, in providing
shelter for one or any number of Motor Cars, at total build-
ing costs from \$35 to \$5,000. We carefully compiled this
valuable data on account of its rare educational value in
this comparatively new field, and while the work could not
possibly be duplicated under an expenditure of Thousands
of Dollars, we will distribute this entire work, together
with one complete set of the Garage Beautiful, working
plans absolutely free of cost to all active or prospective
Motorists who are willing to pay for the mailing expense.
Only Ten Cents, coin or stamps. These Working Plans are
complete in every detail and designed to meet a flexible
range of requirements both as to size and building material
to be chosen, from a construction of wood siding to con-
crete, at cost estimates to correspond. Our one and only
object in doing this is in hope of incidentally acquainting
you with our equipment for present or future emergencies,
and the expense of this Free offering will be charged to
our advertising account. Understand, we make this un-
precedented gift absolutely with the fame of our name at
stake, and in no way further obligate or annoy you, as
we are not in business for such purpose. To any one un-
able to fully appreciate the value of this exclusive set of
plans, worth alone Twenty-five to Fifty dollars, to say
nothing of the innumerable other plans suggested, we
certainly prefer your returning them to us so we can give
back your Postage Money at once and send plans to an-
other applicant, as our supply, or sincere motive, will
not justify a waste.

Pitless Auto Turntable Co.
1511 GRAND AVENUE
Kansas City Missouri

References: As to our reliability and
standing ask any Bank or Commercial
Agency in Kansas City

Judge the Quality of an Automobile by the Speed Indicator It Carries

Since we told the public where to look for the outward evidence of inward quality in a car the Automobile Buying and Using Public has been *Looking for the Speed Indicator*.

NOW NOTE THE RESULT—

They have found (as we said they would) that the car with the Warner on the dash was almost invariably good and reliable. And on the other hand, that the great proportion of the cars they examined which had inferior and unreliable speed indicators on them were acknowledged by those who *know cars* to be inferior and unreliable automobiles.

The only excuse a manufacturer of a good car can offer for putting on an inferior and unreliable speed indicator as equipment is *price*.

Buyers reason that if such a manufacturer is willing to save money so glaringly in one place that there is room for reasonable doubt as to the quality of the car in other respects.

To get a line on the real quality of an automobile, look for the speed indicator.

The Warner Auto-Meter is the highest-priced speed indicating instrument made. It is a true instrument in every sense. It is known to be sensitive, accurate and reliable. Hundreds of users have transferred their Warner to the sixth and seventh car. These Warners have indicated

a mileage up to 90,000 and 100,000 miles—yet are as reliable as when new.

The Warner on the dash indicates the intention of the manufacturer or owner to value quality above price—to give or have the best.

Reliable manufacturers are consequently equipping or recommending the Warner Auto-Meter with their cars. Other manufacturers and their agents and dealers are figuring how to give a convincing answer to the buyer who asks this question:

“How can any car manufacturer claim that he uses the choicest and best of everything throughout his car when the speed indicator—the most-looked-at thing on the car—is known to be cheap, unreliable and inferior in every way?”

Motorists are becoming more and more persistent in asking this question and patiently waiting for an answer. Such have little difficulty in getting with their cars an accurate, reliable and wondrously durable



THE Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner Literature.

WARNER INSTRUMENT COMPANY

Main Offices and Factory, 1186 Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, Wis.

Branch Houses Maintained at

Atlanta
Boston
Buffalo

Chicago
Cincinnati
Cleveland

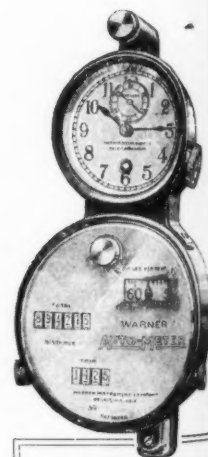
Denver
Detroit
Indianapolis

Kansas City
Los Angeles
New York

Philadelphia
Pittsburg
Portland, Ore.

San Francisco
Seattle
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Canadian Branch, 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.



Model M2, Price \$125
Other Models from \$50 to \$145
See Catalogue

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Father Explains About It

YES, Tom was hurt in the explosion; a good deal hurt, but we think he will come out in the end almost as good as before.

"How? Oh, it was this way: Tom had had some spare time at home in July and had begun a flirtation with a summer girl. I stood it as long as I could, but it got on my nerves so badly that I went to Tom and said to him: 'Now this summer girl amusement is too dangerous. I tell you what, if you must have a risky job, get a shed built down there at the foot of the lawn and get some suitable chemicals, and see if you can't learn to make nitroglycerine. As long as you don't, it won't hurt you, and if you do and it blows up, why, you will have succeeded, and will either get well or that will be the end of it, and either way you will be learning something. But this summer girl amusement is too risky. In that you are fooling with something much stronger than dynamite, abler to throw you farther and hurt you worse and much more permanently. If you fail in it you have wasted time, and if you succeed you neither die nor recover.'

"Strange to say, Tom was impressed. He bought a portable house, put it up as far off as possible, got chemicals, went to work, and produced a nice explosion about four o'clock last Tuesday. He may lose an eye, and how his hand will finally come out I don't know yet, but as the Scripture says: Better muddle along with one eye or one hand than go miscellaneously to hell. I feel these hurts are nothing to what he was likely to get in that other game."

Upset

A DOWN the stream of life, they said,
Together peacefully they'd float;
But, just as soon as they were wed,
They both began to rock the boat.

UGLY is that ugly does.

The Three Pigs

THERE were three pigs in a poke.
The overcrowding was scandalous.
Each accounted for the evil in a different manner.

The first pig said: "The overcrowding is terrible; it is because we are in a poke."

The second pig said: "This overcrowding is disastrous; it is because we are pigs."

The third pig spoke as follows: "The overcrowding is undoubtedly appalling, but you are both mistaken as to the conditions that have caused it. It is not due to our being in a poke; neither is it due to our being pigs. The evil is the direct and inevitable outcome of certain spasmodic variations in the Law of Economic Utility."

The other two pigs were much impressed, and without more ado elected the third pig leader among them. Still, the overcrowding remained as bad as ever.

Some Popular Songs and Their Authors

"THOSE Dear Delightful Women,"
by Nat Goodwin.

"All Alone," by W. J. Bryan.

"O You Candy Kid," by Reginald Vanderbilt.

"Let Me Down Easy," by the Wright Brothers.

"Why Adam Sinned," by Anthony Comstock.

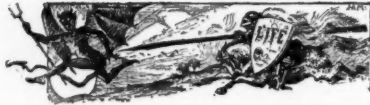
"Every Little Movement Has a Meaning of Its Own," by Jack Johnson.

Mrs. Lease Has Sound Views

MARY ELLEN LEASE, of Kansas, says the entire suffragette movement "is an abortive effort on the part of the self-deluded and self-centred to project the shadow for the substance." But Mrs. Lease is for woman suffrage when the time for it really comes. So are we all. All we ask is that it shall not be prematurely brought on while we are still on the earth.



THE OTHER FELLOW'S LETTER
"OH, JACK, JUST LISTEN TO THIS!"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVIII AUGUST 24, 1911 No. 1504

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



AS this week's LIFE prepares for the printer, society items for the moment have crowded politics and crime out of the first page headlines in the newspapers. A Divorced Millionaire plans a new marriage amid a considerable din of protesting clergy; a Newport young lady has run away with the young man at the garage, and the engagement of the Eminent Young Lady Sportswoman of Boston to the younger son of the Millionaire Suffragette is confidently predicted with a large profusion of newspaper pictures.

Well, well; these are all exciting, hot-weather items. We were going to talk of terminals at Controller Bay, and of that great gob of muck that Mr. Bryan hurled clear from Nebraska—or was it Chicago—at Chairman Underwood at Washington, or of the peace treaties, or the expulsion of General Simon from Hayti, or the probings of the Steel Investigating Committee, but let those concerns wait. The elopement of the young lady with the automobilist makes one sigh because the parties are so young and seem to have so uncertain a prospect of being happy in the long run in their choices. Of course, they may. But to marry out of one's plane is a serious matter that can hardly be successfully adventured, except by superior individuals, with sober mental purposes and resources in the backs of their heads. A rich, young, fashionably-bred wife is apt to embarrass a young working mechanic. But it all depends upon what sort of stuff the young people are made of. It is nothing to a girl's discredit that she should prefer a life radically different from what Newport fashion aims at, and there is nothing

in being a demonstrator of automobiles that is necessarily a hindrance to profitable and honorable living.

Happily, in the case of the divorced millionaire, there is no danger of damage to the gentleman at least. His life was shaped long ago, and a marriage more or less should hardly make more than a ripple in it. That the clergy should be scandalized is interesting and very proper, but the Colonel will hardly be much concerned, and his affianced may very well say: In for a penny, in for a pound! and send word to the newsman that he need not leave the papers. The trouble with our church restrictions of the remarriage of divorced persons is that they only restrain the decent people, and not always them. The real usefulness of the churches in the business is in helping so to shape character that divorces do not befall. Where they have failed in that, and the smash has come, their dealings with the remnants are apt not to be effectual.

As for the suffragette's son and the Boston sportswoman, they deny that they are engaged. But engaged or not, they are interesting young people, who have no known ailment except advertisement, and seem not to suffer from that, and in so far as life is sport, and feats and prodigious entertainment, they have it down against the ropes and the count proceeding.

But dear, dear, let us be thankful that there is so much modest and progressive life going on in this country that never gets into the headlines of the papers. All these occurrences, please observe, get their advertisement from their abnormality. It is because they belong to the unusual that they are spread-headed in the papers.



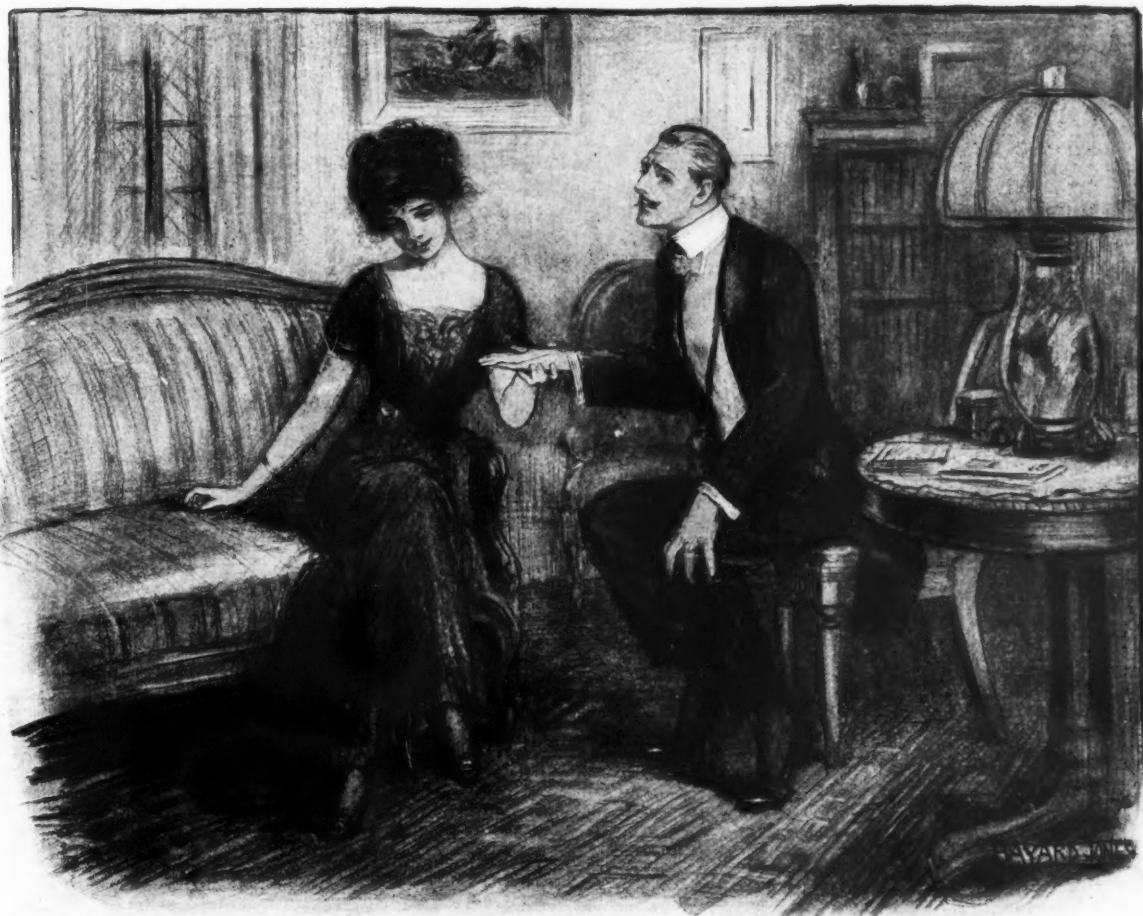
AND so, no doubt, it was with John Gates, who occupied the papers the day before the young lady eloped with the chauffeur; it was his abnormalities that made him interesting, and the same, perhaps, that prevented him from being more important. With his energies and abilities and good nature he might perhaps have been important, but as it was, he was Bet-a-Million

Gates, a hero of race track and paper and stock speculation stories, who found his pleasure in games and gambles, and was hardly to be trusted with the serious responsibilities that a man of his size and weight might have carried. He was large and likeable and democratic, and free apparently from various odious vices that are apt to attach to men of his type, but on the large speculation of life it can hardly be said that he came out a considerable winner. Perhaps he mistook his vocation and dwarfed his considerable talents by aiming to be a millionaire. He was too vital and joyous and ebullient to be a money-spider, and there seemed to be nothing in particular for him to do with money after he got it. If he had only been consecrated to art like Oscar Hammerstein he might have been magnificent in the show business.



NO considerable failure of the mental powers appeared in Colonel Roosevelt's voluntary testimony before the Steel Inquisition as to his part in the proceedings by which the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company came into possession of the Steel Trust. It was one of those cases where, if he had done anything he ought to be sorry for, he was glad of it, but he was convinced that it was not an action he should be sorry for. "As the Attorney-General had not arrived from Baltimore," said the Colonel in his narrative, "I sent a messenger, asking the Secretary of State, Mr. Root, who was also a lawyer, to join us." It is a long time since Mr. Root has been classified among the "also lawyers," but one of the charms of the Colonel's testimony was its unexpectedness.

Mr. Stanley, chairman of the Inquisition into Steel, seems never to have been present at a panic. He ought to attend the next one that opens. The testimony before his commission will doubtless inform him somewhat, but actual experience takes hold harder. It is important that gentlemen in his position should get over the notion that nobody gets hurt in panics except gamblers and malefactors.



FORTUNE TELLING

"YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY . . . A SHORT, FAT BLONDE"

Bulls and Bears

AN ugly rumor got started in Wall Street immediately after the opening on Monday. Some careless person dropped the remark among some inflammable brokers to the effect that Wall Street was somehow connected with the wages of labor. Before the rumor could be checked it spread rapidly over the floor, encircled the betting posts, raced up and down the elevator shafts, and finally took a seat in the visitors' gallery and refused to be dislodged.

Three alarms were sent in, and in less time than it takes to tell it there arrived on the scene statisticians, expert accountants, census enumerators, college professors, social settlement workers, and editors of the *Outlook*.

These went to work at once attacking the ugly thing with pens, pencils, adding machines, tape lines, maps, logarithms, and economic abstractions, and by one o'clock the rumor was under control. It was proved beyond all possible cavil that for a working man Wall Street was a thing apart, while wages were his whole existence.

The result was a notable easing off in the heart action and pulse of the market. From ten to one, Pulse Common had fluctuated between 90 and 95. At two o'clock it touched 88. At two-thirty it was 86, and it closed strong at 82.

Tuesday being ironing day, there was much activity in the metal shares and at times they showed unusual warmth, but, as it developed, there was not enough starch in the prices to keep them up to a proper state of stiffness. The result was a decided limpness. This was partly overcome, however, by the dryness of the brokers, who thereupon went outside and proceeded to liquidate.

The market on Wednesday plainly showed the effect of the week's early strenuities. At ten-five, after the brokers were all in, it was seen that several of them were so weak from loss of profits that they had to be carried out.

From then on until the bank statement, Saturday, everything possible was done in order to get the market in shape for the following Monday.

The Spectator and the "English Review"

PERHAPS the succession of headline events in England—the great volume of Coronation tattle and the subsequent agitations over the threatening downing of the House of Lords and the Agadir incident—have minimized the notice that in less crowded moments might have been given by American readers to the efforts of the London *Spectator* to inject propriety into the *English Review*. The effort, it is true, has not been ignored, but it has not stirred the emotions of our people as much as it might have done if our newspapers had paid more attention to it. The *Spectator*, as all cultivated readers—several thousand of them, maybe—are aware, is an able, old weekly paper, as respectable as the *Outlook* and more like it, on the whole, than any American paper we can recall. The *English Review* is a young monthly which has George Moore, Frank Harris, Maurice Hewlett, Joseph Conrad and divers other modern writers among its contributors, and contrives somehow to get diabolically interesting pieces between its blue covers. The *Spectator* on June 10 charged the *Review* with dumping garbage on the nation's doorstep, and protested against its tone and tendency on moral questions, and gave notice that until it changed its way it would decline its advertisements and cease to notice it. The *Review's* answer was to print a list of ninety-five of its contributors, headed by Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, Frederic Harrison, Henry James, and H. G. Wells, as "the only serious answer that can be given to an attack couched in language purely journalistic and uncritical."

This makes a very joyous contest. For our part, our sympathies are considerably distributed. The *English Review* has had some exceedingly interesting pieces, and interesting, not because of their improprieties, but because of the brains that went into them. And yet some of them have been pieces that it would have embarrassed a proper review to print, and some of the theories of deportment which writers in the *Review* have expounded have been in serious conflict with the accepted standards of British morality. We are glad there was a place where those pieces could be published. They are worth reading. It seems to us that the Improper Review serves a useful office in assembling once a month the more pressing sentiments of the immoral writers, where moral readers of proper age can examine them, and moral critics can point out their

grievous faults of morality. When immorality lurks in the dark it escapes notice, but when it shows its head, the vigilant can get a crack at it. The *Spectator* in a way has justified the *English Review* by pitching into it. The sentiments the *Spectator* abhors existed all the time in contemporary minds, but it was not until the *Review* exposed them that the *Spectator* got a chance to point out how deleterious they were.

Let us hope, then, that the *English Review* will survive as long as there are available brains to put good reading into it, and that the *Spectator* may continue to read it carefully and point out what a wreck of morals would ensue if folks could live openly according to the precepts and standards of the *English Review* and still be accepted as respectable.

E. S. M.

Gulf State Statesmen

The country is in debt to Mississippi for John Sharp Williams.—*Collier's Weekly*.

AND to Alabama for Oscar Underwood, Democratic leader of the House.

And (while we are about it) to Louisiana for Chief Justice White.

Pretty good for the Gulf States!

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1910, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-four years. In that time it has expended \$126,447.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 32,730 poor city children.

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

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,796.48
Proceeds of a fair held at Oak Beach, L. I., by Vera Balthazar and Gertrude Sidway.....	30.50
H. W. Northcott.....	1.00
Out Just for Fun.....	1.00
B. A.....	.50
C. E. McLellan.....	2.50
"Joe Brown".....	10.00
W. Maxwell Greene.....	25.00
"Douglas & Leslie".....	3.50
Geo. Hunter.....	5.00
"A Friend".....	5.31
Carleton Fay Wright.....	5.00
Virginia Adams Wright.....	5.00
Walker.....	5.00
Dickey Van.....	5.00
Rosemary.....	5.00
T. A. Rudd.....	3.00
Offering during outing at camp of St. Matthew's Choir Boys, July 23.....	6.60
"They Say," San Francisco, Cal... ..	5.00
E. McWilliams.....	5.00
In memory of R. B. K.....	6.00
"A Mother".....	50.00
D. Schnakenberg.....	25.00
Summer Colony of Waumnet.....	12.00
English.....	1.00
H. K. Knapp.....	100.00
G. D. F.....	2.00
The Waincott Children.....	7.45
H. D. Schouler.....	5.00
Mary H. R. Rounds.....	5.00
Dr. F. B. Eaton.....	3.00
The Boys of Moosehead Lake Camp.....	8.00
	\$7,149.84

A POSTAL FROM LIFE'S FARM

DEAR MAMMA I feel alright and I like the country. They give me all lot of things to eat. Good-by. From JOE PIAZA.



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM
AN INTERESTING STORY

Dastardly Attempt to Steal Our Designs

Paris Spy Succeeds in Copying Latest Model of Life's Fashion Reform League, and Which Is Now Being Flaunted Abroad—Such Attempts in Future Will Be Frustrated—Have Your Own Reproduction Made and Placed On File—Elderly Ladies Will Now Come to Their Own



The man who has "arrived": YE GODS! AND I'VE STRUGGLED ALL MY LIFE TO REACH this

A NEW costume of ours, designed for elderly ladies to wear at roof gardens, consists of a white batiste Mother Hubbard of sea-green taffeta, cut pajama-like, with a *jupe colette* violet velvet underpinning, sea-green sandals, flounced with metal trimmings in oyster shades and a panel of changeable fringe of corded silk with kahki belt studded with diamonds and pearls; the whole topped off by a sailor hat with a two-inch crown and a rim seven feet and one-eighth of an inch in diameter, trimmed with hot house grapes and imported tarantulas.

We wish to state that this original costume, designed purely for our American patrons, and intended to be worn only in this country, was accidentally seen by a French spy, who has been trying to obtain access to our designing room, and even before we had finished it was being worn at the race track in Paris and in other French resorts.

Moreover, the French are now claiming it as one of their own creation, and several of our leading importers have had the effrontery to offer it to their customers as an original Paris style.

Nothing could, of course, be more complimentary to LIFE's Fashion Reform League; it reveals the fact that for the first time in the history of our country we are not dependent upon other nations, but that other nations are actually and secretly copying us; and, indeed, that the very nation which has always led the world is now obliged to spy upon some of our superb artists.

It also leads us to say that hereafter we shall be more careful in the preparation of our designs. Workmen are now engaged in putting a high barbed-wire fence all around LIFE Park (formerly Central), so that no one but our regular accredited patrons can enter. Furthermore, our first design will not be fitted personally to the customer. We will take measurements, make the design secretly, and when it is entirely finished deliver it complete. As we have a fac-simile of the figure of every one, made with our celebrated wax molds, there will be no difficulty on this score.

These wax molds are, by the way, a new idea with this League, and having been patented are duly protected. On application ten days in advance we take an accurate plaster cast of your figure; from this we make a wax reproduction mounted on rollers. Any of our patrons can therefore see themselves as others see them. If you gain in weight, we spread a patch over the place where it would



ROOF GARDEN COIFFURES

be likely to show the most; thus we keep you right up to date. During the warm weather we keep all of our reproductions in refrigerated compartments, so there is no danger of loss.

This idea has so many advantages that it is almost impossible to enumerate them all at once. With an absolutely accurate reproduction of your figure in our refrigerating plant we can fill an order sent from any part of the world, and we can fill it complete, with nothing missing, from a black court-plaster beauty spot to an aviation ulster.

Then, again, the effect of seeing themselves as they actually are has a fine effect upon our patrons. When one of our presumably handsomest customers looked for the first time the other day on her own reproduction in wax she fainted away. Since then she has been a different woman. It has made her humbler and better in every way.

By this method our customers can tell from time to time whether or not they are holding their own.

Our customers should remember that there is no actual cause for alarm in having a wax reproduction made of themselves, just because when they see it, it doesn't come up to expectations. This is after all only a basis. Our art consists in making such creations in fabric as will bring out the individual charm of each individual. And this is where we excel every one else in the known world.

We have several combination wardrobes, which after you have deposited your wax fac-simile with us, we can supply by number. Full list sent on application.

Wardrobe number one, for example, is for the fall. It consists of everything complete, including three walking suits, three evening gowns, four reception gowns, ten hats, and, in fact, a wardrobe such as nobody ought to be ashamed of, and all for eighteen thousand four hundred dollars and eighty-nine cents.

We urge everybody not to delay, but to order fac-similes at once. Applications taken one month in advance.

Price depends somewhat on your weight and the amount of wax used, but the average is about fifteen hundred dollars. Changes in figure made at nominal prices.

This summer we are confronted with the problem of how middle-aged ladies can make themselves fascinating to the men.

Our roof-garden costume, mentioned early in this article, is only one of many we are placing before the American public.

Health is at the bottom of it all. Every woman over fifty should keep to the following programme:

Never eat more than four meals a day.

Never play auction bridge more than two hours a day, unless you stand up. After dinner standing-up auction is *en regle* in some of our more exclusive circles. It aids digestion and does not add to the waist line.

Remember, that you can always flirt with an army or navy officer, no matter whether they are married or not. They never consider age or weight.

Never wear stripes. They only make you look worse. Array yourself in polka-dots, étamine and soft lingerie effects.



"YOU CAN ALWAYS FLIRT WITH AN ARMY OR NAVY OFFICER. THEY NEVER CONSIDER AGE OR WEIGHT"

One of our most effective costumes for middle-aged ladies to wear at Narraganset or Newport is made of red plush balls, strung on a corded silk fish net, with a light band of black velvet, and gold revers over Irish lace. The feet are strung with pearls and elephants' breath pumps of cream-colored satin, and the head has on a toque of ostrich plumes. If worn in the water this costume will, of course, have to be renewed from time to time, but it will pay to have it.

All the young men are crazy about it. They know that only a woman of experience could wear it.

LIFE'S Fashion Reform League.

A Poor Reason

WHEN there were so many good reasons—the public relief, his own protection and many more—for putting Mr. Upton Sinclair in jail, it seems a pity to have him go there for such an absurd reason as playing tennis on Sunday in Delaware!

To be sure he got an excellent advertisement and had it fairly thrust upon him.



A HINT TO THE RAPID TRANSIT COMPANY

A SPECIAL CAR FOR ENGAGED COUPLES WOULD HAVE JUST TWICE THE SEATING CAPACITY

Space Fillers for the Dog-days

THE space some of the newspapers have been giving to the expected remarriage of Colonel Astor seems enormously in excess of need, but after all, it is a relief this summer when one can read the headline and skip the rest, for we have had an unusual share of fairly hard reading in our summer papers. Not often has there been so much important hot-weather legislation or attempts at it, so much testimony before investigating committees to follow, so many important speeches in and out of Congress, so much foreign news of critical importance. It has been a hard season for those readers of the papers who make an honest effort to keep up day by day with the history of the times.

Pages about a divorced millionaire's remarriage are more timely. So was the story of the imprisonment of Mr. Upton Sinclair; good dog-day literature, all that; filling space, and troubling nobody's tired head.

But we could spare further newspaper research into the case of Miss Dorothy Arnold. To shadow her parents and report all their movements seems cruel. All the good the papers could do in that case has been done. Better let that young woman remain lost until she is ready to be found.

We Are More Civilized

IT is related that during the Russo-Japanese War, a hospital train met with a slight accident near Krasnojarsk. In order to save trouble and explanations, it was thrown down an embankment and then burned to destroy all tell-tale traces.

How barbarous! We have a better way which conserves the rights of property. We blame it on the engineer.

IF two people who live together all of their lives don't learn anything from each other, how can one person learn anything just from reading a book?



Summer Boarder: DO YOU FIND THAT THAT SCARECROW REALLY KEEPS OFF THE BIRDS?

"SCARECROW! THAT AIN'T A SCARECROW. THAT'S MY HUSBAND."

Bargains

THE *New York World*, in commenting upon a recent statement to the effect that women buy ninety per cent. of all the goods sold in this country, compliments them upon their expert ability as buyers, and waxes eloquent over their skill in picking out bargains. But that is the chief trouble with women. They are fooled by the bargain counter. In this respect they do not differ essentially from men, except that they have more opportunity to display their folly.

The principle of buying things at a bargain is a wrong one. It is fundamentally extravagant.

Occasionally at a bargain counter we buy something that is a real bargain. The memory of this clings to us and influences our future; we come to regard the acquisition of bargains as a permanent pursuit. Then, again, our gambling instinct is appealed to. Thus whole department stores flourish like green bay trees.

In the long run, bargains do not pay. If any one addicted to the habit of buying them will honestly set down all the purchases he has made which have not turned out well as against those that have, he will be amazed at the result.

The Value of Emotions

"THAT little saucer that holds your bands on your desk, where did you get it?"

"I bought it one day with another that fitted into it at a second-hand store."

"What became of the other?"

"It got broken to bits and thrown away. This is broken, too, but not into bits."

"Yes, I see. What'll you take for it?"

"I had not thought to sell it. It will go presently to the ashman without price."

"Rather than that, give it, or sell it, to me. I think it is of value. It looks to me like a piece of Chinese porcelain of the period of Slam Bang. Did you buy it later than the last looting of Pekin?"

"Yes, about two years later."

"It may be part of that loot, and if it is real Slam Bang glaze it is a very scarce article and worth money. I'm not sure, but I'll give you fifty dollars for it just as a gamble."

"What's it worth if it turns out as you think?"

"Two hundred dollars, maybe."

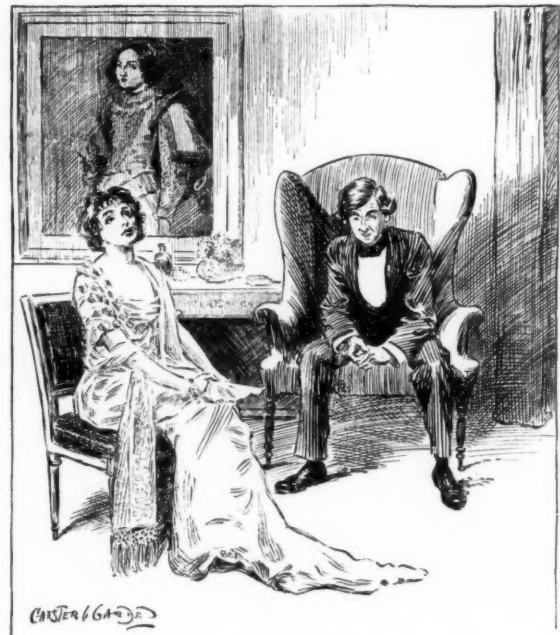
"Take it."

"For fifty?"

"Nonsense; for nothing. I should be ashamed to sell a fragment of broken junk, probably of no value, and certainly of no value beyond ten cents except what your knowledge may have conferred on it."

"If it turns out good I'll go halves with you."

"I'm no more gambler in this transaction than junk dealer. I prefer not to mix business with pleasure, but to take my present profit and have you take the junk, with all its possi-



He: DO YOU LIKE TOSTI'S "GOOD-BY"?

"DON'T BELIEVE I KNOW THE GENTLEMAN, BUT I'M SURE IT COULDN'T BE NICER THAN JACK'S."



THE ANSWER

WHAT CAN BE KEEPING THE BRIDEGROOM?

bilities of fiscal increase, and all its additional chances of being an artistic treasure rescued from the ashman."

"You haven't any present profit. You'll be out ten cents."

"That's only a surface appearance. You have no penetration."

"But I get the saucer, with possibilities of value."

"Well, you discovered it."

"But I don't see that you get anything."

"Of course I do—entertainment, emotions, and the chance to bestow a gift which has fifty dollars of speculative value and possibilities of much more, on a friend who also has possibilities of value. If I sold the thing for fifty dollars it would be either more than it was worth or less than it was worth, but if I give it to you and it turns out good I have made a

two hundred dollar gift, which will be a source of pride to a poor man like me; and if it turns out bad I shall have made you a fifty dollar gift anyway, and even that is some pleasure. All this on an estimated cost to me of ten cents, the rest of the value being due to your trained perceptions. See what they have done for me—bestowed upon me already a fifty dollar emotion of generosity, with the possibility of a two hundred dollar emotion behind it. Great is knowledge, which makes something out of nothing, and seems to accept while it really confers."

"But all you'll get will be some emotions."

"That's all you'll get. You'll have an emotion over the possibilities of the saucer if it turns out to be worth two hundred dollars; you'll have the emotion of owning it, and if you



THEY THAT ARE FIRST SHALL BE LAST

sell it for that price the emotion of making two hundred dollars."

"But why don't you come in and share the possible emotion of making two hundred dollars?"

"Oh, no. It's too risky. I am a poor man and cannot afford such chances. I have in hand, thanks to you, the emotion of making you a fifty dollar gift, with further possibilities, without additional risk or investment. That for mine, thank you! I cleave to that, and am your grateful debtor. 'What I gave I have, what I bet I lost.' Take the junk, and when the leading authority in junk has persuaded you that it has no value, fetch it back to hold my gum-bands again and be a perpetual reminder that you conferred upon me the ability to make you a fifty dollar gift. E. S. M.

Blaming It on the Engineer

MR. CHARLES SANGER MELLEN is president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. There are rumors to the effect that Mr. Mellen is not popular. Perhaps this is due to the fact that Mr. Mellen has never laid awake nights considering the welfare of his passengers.

Recently there was an accident on the New Haven Railroad, in which there was a trifling loss of life—some thirteen persons or so, who had entrusted themselves to Mr. Mellen's care.

The conductor of the train which ran off the track at Bridgeport is Michael Furey. Curtis was the engineer. He was killed, and, strange to say, the Coroner disagrees with the railroad in believing that he was not altogether to blame. Here is what Furey, the conductor, testified, according to the Coroner's finding:

"No information was given to Furey or Curtis as to where the crossover was to be made, and the engineer had to be guided entirely by the signals on the roadside. Furey says Curtis made the stop all right and that he handled his train 'just as good as anyone.'"

The Coroner calls attention in his finding to the fact that the railroad company makes no practical difference between the running of fast trains and ordinary trains. The Coroner also says that in his opinion, and in spite of the railroad company's contention to the contrary, every fast train ought to have two engineers. He says:

"... the chances of failure to observe signals would be greatly minimized by two engineers in the cab and both required to observe signals. This would particularly apply to fast trains."

Probably Mr. Mellen will not agree with the Coroner about having two engineers on fast trains, or that short crossovers are dangerous; all those improvements cost money.

Victory

"SO you won your divorce suit?" asks the friend.

"Oh, yes!" happily answers the woman. "I got an absolute separation, with alimony, and the court awarded me the custody of the dog, too."

THE history of any country would shame the record of any criminal.



A SURE THING

Cupid: HEADS I WIN, TAILS THEY LOSE

Ballingford, Murphy and Dix

Our Correspondent Visits Dix at Albany, and is Entertained by Murphy—Back to Wall Street.

(FROM J. BOUNDER BALLINGFORD, LIFE'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

ALBANY, August 28.

THE European situation is temporarily calm and I have taken advantage of the lull to look around here. I came over in the *Olympic* with Gary and Morgan. Carnegie was on board, but none of us would speak to him. Morgan said to me:

"Andy has the idea that because he is rich he can associate with decent people."

Gary, who has a heart in his bosom—if ever any lawyer had one—felt differently.

"Do you know," he said to me, "I am sorry for Andy. There's lots of good in him if it could only be brought out. He may have bad manners, but we ought to make allowances."

"We make a rule never to mention him in the paper," I said, "but now that you feel this way about him, why, I will give him a notice in the next issue."

On landing in New York I was glad to see that the Reciprocity Bill, thanks to my efforts, had passed. I suggested the idea to Taft long ago, and he thought so well of it that he advocated it; of course, we newspaper men never get credit for anything like that.

I came up here to Albany to see Murphy and Dix.

Murphy is looking fine. He was the first man I saw as I entered the Capitol. "Where's the Governor?" said I. "I



Perseus



WHY HE BECAME A SOCIALIST

want him to write a special article for us for the next issue."

"I got him locked up in his room," said Murphy. "He's an obstinate cuss. What do you think he did? When I told him to sign one of my bills to-day he wanted to know if he could stop and read it first; but he's promised never to do it again."

"Well, how are things?" I said, while Murphy sent for Dix.

"Duller than an Albany newspaper," said Murphy. "Do you know, that man Dix has given me no end of trouble?"

"In what way?"

"Why, he's such an agreeable fellow that he will promise anything to anybody; consequence is I don't dare to leave him for a moment; why, he came

near nominating a chap to some office the other day who I had never seen, just because he thought he was a good man for the place; ain't safe to leave Dix alone a minute—keeps me tied right down."

At this moment Dix came in. He is really a charming fellow.

"Come here," said Murphy, and turning to me he said:

"Now I'll give you an imitation of a ventriloquist act I saw on the roof garden last night. Sit up here."

He grabbed Dix and put him on his right knee. Then, holding him firmly by his neck, he leaned over and said:

"Well, Mr. Dix, and how are you this morning?"

"I am feeling very well, thank you, Mr. Murphy."

· LIFE ·

Society

ONE of the most interesting functions last week was a reception and conversation given on Tuesday by Juston Nass at his Lenox home. A feature of the evening was a fascinating chat on the Follies of Virtue, by Miss Funnie Rekkod.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goldengraft have taken a chateau in France for the coming autumn. Their daughter, Gaudie Goldengraft, it will be remembered

by everybody who is anybody, was married last spring to Count Alphonse de la Cherche-Heretière.

Mr and Mrs. S. Nobson-Grovel, while in London last month, had the honor of touching with their own lips the robe in which King George was crowned. This is a privilege accorded to only the choicest Americans. It was fully appreciated by Mr. and Mrs. Grovel.

Last Saturday about twenty members

of the Hoopie Tupp Club went by automobiles to Fillem's tavern, where they celebrated the anniversary of the Deluge. Much amusement was furnished by J. Fatuous Chump and Trowsers Van Guzzle, who insisted on running their own cars on the way home. That was last Saturday night—or, rather, Sunday morning—and nothing of the cars nor of Trowsers or Fatuous has since been seen. The Van Guzzles have always been sports.



SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE

Front row, reading from left to right: Countess Bot'n Sold, Mrs. Little-Manners, Mrs. Kantbee-Satton, Mrs. Leeds the Gang, Mrs. Groundfloor Jones, Miss Eva Lassten-Tawkor, Mrs. Innittor Dedd.

Back row: The Hon. Tenpercent-Pyncher, Count Boodleseekor, Mr. Braynliss Pupp, Baron Hitteran Kikka.

"Oh, very well, and——"
 "Mr. Murphy!"
 "Yes, yes, Mr. Dix."
 "Will you let me be President next time?"
 "Will I let you—— Ha! Ha! Say, Mr. Dix, sing us a song."
 "What kind of a song would you like, Mr. Murphy?"
 "Well, try to sing us 'All Alone.'"
 "With this Dix broke out with:
 "I'm all alone, all alone, nobody is——."
 "Mr. Dix, you're out of tune."
 "I'm all alone, I'm——"
 "Shut up!"
 And with that Murphy took him off his

knee. Then Murphy turned to me and said:

"What do you want: a man nominated, a bill passed or a gambling house opened in New York; that's about all anyone ever visits me for."

"I came up on a purely personal matter; I wanted to see your trained Governor; much obliged for the exhibition; I am going back to Wall Street to lay out a fall programme for Taft."

"Are you sure there is nothing I can do for you?" said Murphy, who has always been grateful to me for printing a scurrilous article about him in the Sunday supplement just at the time when he

needed it. "I can let you have anything you want; give you the Legislature if you say so," he added.

"No, thanks," I replied. "We don't need any more Legislatures just at present."

And with that I left him and started back to Wall Street.

J. BOUNDER BALLINGFORD.

A Modern Wonder

MARGARET: Isn't it strange?
 KATHARINE: What?

MARGARET: That many a woman who has bleached her hair wants to keep it dark.



THE WINNING TITLE

"LOVE CHANGETH NOT," THE SONG NEW-SUNG
TO-DAY, WAS OLD WHEN NILE WAS YOUNG

THE CONTEST

The winning title to the picture in LIFE's Contest was sent in by

ROSELLE M. DAVIS,
356 FULLER AVENUE,
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

The picture was published in LIFE's issues of July 20 and July 27.

It was specified that the title should not exceed fifteen words, and that the picture (for contest purposes) would appear only twice. The contest closed on August 7 at noon. Thirteen thousand nine hundred and eighty-two answers were received, and as the contestants almost invariably sent in three titles, the total number of titles received was nearly thirty thousand.

The issue of LIFE containing the first announcement of the contest was on sale on Tuesday, July 18. On Wednesday and Thursday a number of replies were received. Friday, July 21, was, however, the first big day, the number of replies on this day being seven hundred and thirteen. From this day to the close of the contest the mail averaged about seven hundred or eight hundred a day; on one day there being over twelve hundred envelopes and the last day over two thousand five hundred.

As fast as the titles came in they were arranged in

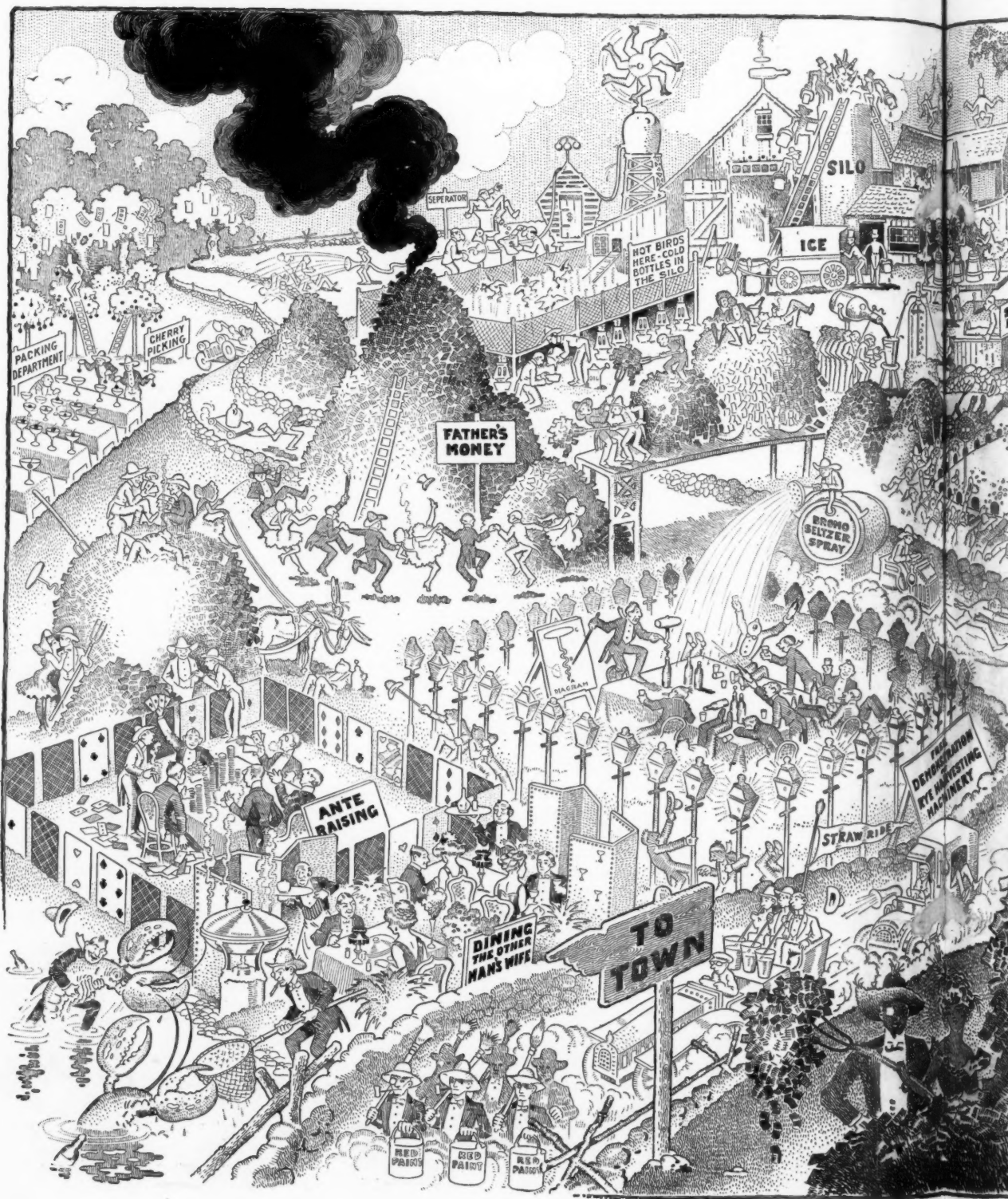
chronological order and were given a preliminary reading, those replies which were obviously not up to the mark being set aside.

On the day the contest closed, all the possibilities—over one hundred—were set aside, and with these as a basis the editorial staff of LIFE went into executive session. The winning title was then arrived at in the following manner. Each judge, independently of the other judges, marked the titles he thought best in the order of their merit. When these decisions had been made they were opened conjointly, and it was found that a consensus of opinion was in favor of the winning title as published herewith.

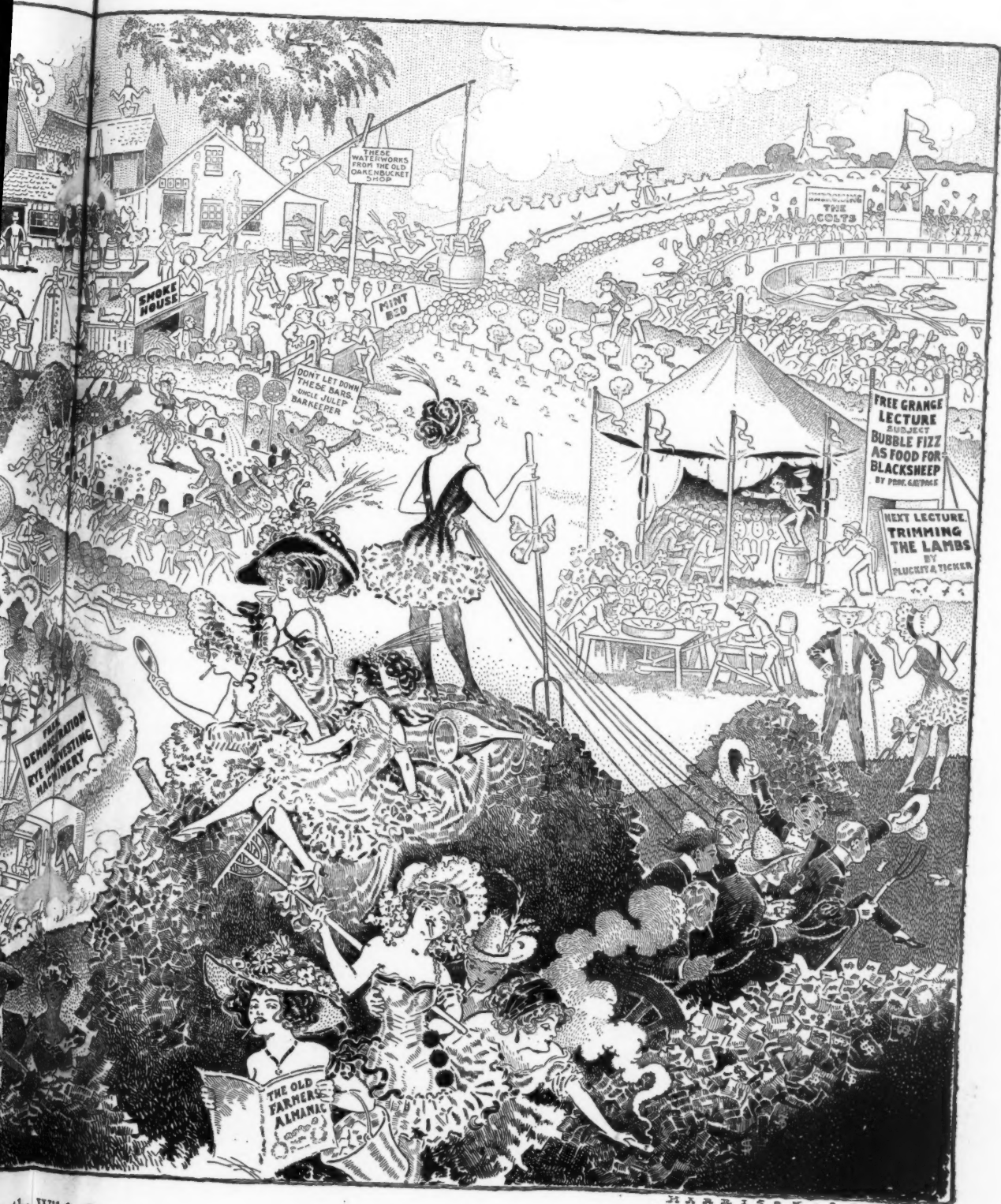
It may interest the readers of LIFE to know that when the picture was first conceived neither the one who suggested the scene or the artist (Mr. Read), who drew the picture, had any idea of a title for it.

A great many contestants thought of the same titles. Of these the most popular were: "The Same, Yesterday, To-Day and Forever," "Egyptian Deities," "The Old, Old, Old Story," "The Time, the Place and the Girl" and "Drifting."

Another contest begins in an approaching issue of LIFE.



Sowing the Wild O



... the Wild Oats

HARRIS & C. D. Y.

Be a Banker

BANKERS enjoy a rare privilege. They are the only people in the community who cannot be arrested for embezzlement.

One of the strictest laws, written or unwritten, guarding property rights, is the law requiring trustees to keep inviolate to the last penny all funds entrusted to them. If a trustee invests funds, the security is either turned over to the owner or held to his account. Anything else is embezzlement. So with cashiers and all employees who handle their employers' funds. They must keep every cent of it. They cannot even borrow a few dollars temporarily, although they know positively that they will be able to pay it back. The slightest deviation from the strict letter is frowned upon and punishable by fine and imprisonment.

But a banker is different. He carries himself differently. He has had laws passed to allow him to act differently. He takes our money with varying degrees of graciousness, but he doesn't have to keep it safe. He only has to keep about twenty-five per cent. of it safe. The rest he invests, but not for us. He invests it for himself. He lends our money on security as he sees fit, and we do not even see the security. We take his word for the whole business.

He has our confidence that he will weather all emergencies. We have his confidence that we will not want our money when he doesn't want to give it to us.

His First Impression

SOCRATES lifted the cup and took a sip.

"What is this stuff?" he asked, petulantly.

"It's hemlock," they explained.

"Oh, that's all right then," he remarked. "I thought Xantippe was sending me another of those healthful substitutes for coffee."

THE hardest battles fought are those between the mind and the body.



"Good-night, Ladies, We're Going to Leave You Now"



A BAD STEP FARTHER

Is "Science" Blind In One Eye?

WE read in the *Detroit Free Press* that Miss Blanche E. Long, twenty years old, died of blood poisoning which followed a vaccination on her arm last November. Miss Long was teaching school when the smallpox scare was prevalent last fall. She was vaccinated on November 14 and eight days later she was forced to give up her work, her whole system having become poisoned. She has been ill since that time.

The *Toronto World* reports another "mystery":

A boy of fifteen in a semi-conscious condition, with six house surgeons attending him at the hospital, is a mystery to medical science. Non-medical people who know that he was vaccinated two weeks ago and suffered ever since, will see no mystery in it.



A RECREATION PEER



Owen Lovell

WRITE YOUR WIFE'S NAME, IF ANY, ON THE SANDS. IT IS SOMETIMES DIFFICULT TO CONVINCHE HER THAT 'T'WAS A MERE SLIP OF THE STICK MADE IT "TOOTSIE" INSTEAD OF "JANE"



We Are Constantly In Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Absolutely Essential to Publication

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

SIR.—It is inconceivable that LIFE should so exercise itself about vaccination, unless the editor responsible for this agitation has had some unfortunate personal experience therewith. As a layman's opinion upon a technical matter of this sort, this opposition, however determined, cannot be regarded as serious; for the same opposition is urged in numberless communities under the leadership of failures in medical study. LIFE's one argumentative weapon, as usual, is humor, generously alloyed with smartness. And this is often conclusive to susceptible intelligences. But putting the matter under the tangent of ridicule, however clever, is an insufficient dealing with the issue for persons of stable perception.

It is unnecessary here to state the well recognized advantages of vaccination. As has been said, the fact that smallpox is now so comparatively rare as to enable people to become disturbed over vaccination is significant. There is always an element "agin the government," however excellent and beneficial that government be. The surprising thing is that a "soi-disant" intelligent paper should permit itself to venture finalities upon matters of which it is obviously ignorant. Or is this simply a foible of genius? Perhaps it is born of the same spirit that rides rough shod over, and brutally assaults, the cherished custom of another nation—in the case of the British coronation—and yet is a great stickler for courtesy and for "higher civilization." Secure in both of these, LIFE should look with a more genial eye upon the peculiarities of others.

STIRLING HYDE.

BOULDER, COLO.,
July 31, 1911.

What Shall Women Do?

DEAR LIFE:

Replying to your question in the number of July 20, "What Shall Our Women Do?" I would suggest that, first of all, they read Mr. H. Addington Bruce's article on "New Ideas in Child Training," in the July *American*, and then put the ideas into practice. This would not, of course, give them an occupation in the

sense that a man's business is his occupation, but there is "something at stake."

Respectfully submitted,

LUCY O. COLLINS.

July 23, 1911.

Public Schools "Godless"

TO THE EDITOR OF NEW YORK LIFE:

The *Baltimore American* of July 31 gives a letter you published July 27 from Rev. Louis R. Stickney, of the Baltimore Cathedral. He brands as false the words attributed to Cardinal Gibbons by Luther B. Martin, a correspondent of LIFE. The Cardinal is alleged to have declared that the public schools were "godless and breeders of immorality."

Well, if the Cardinal has not said this many other Catholic prelates and editors have, and if the Cardinal does not indorse it, it proves that there is a great difference of opinion on the public schools in the Catholic Church. There is such a thing as a man saying a thing at one time and contradicting it at another, either by word or deed, or both. The greatest Catholic layman of the land has done something on this order—he is Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore.

Some years ago Mr. Bonaparte put the public schools on a par with public school houses, and he so angered the patriotic boys that they for a long time called him "Soup House Charley." Now, however, at this very minute he is one of a committee of truant officers and of public school officers working for a compulsory school law for the whole of Maryland. Whether Cardinal Gibbons has partaken of Mr. Bonaparte's chameleon qualities is an open question.

A sample Catholic utterance comes from the *Chicago Tablet*: "The common schools of this country are sinks of moral pollution and nurseries of hell."

Another comes from Rev. Father Schauer: "The public schools have produced nothing but a godless generation of thieves and blackguards."

Any number of Catholic authorities could be given on the above line, while, on the other hand, I can produce Catholic priests who have defended the public schools over their names in the press.

As I say, there is no unanimity among Catholics on public schools. Some 85



"COME AWAY FROM THERE THIS MINUTE, XENOPHON! THAT'S ANOTHER DEADLY TRAP."

per cent. of them have been charged with sending their children to them. The education of the day has engulfed the Catholics in as due a proportion as it has others. The paternalism and socialism of State education has done its work—and a bad one it is. Herbert Spencer and I have long called for the abolition of all State education, and we are Free-thinkers.

If Mr. Martin wants to see a man who says emphatically that the public schools are "godless and breeders of immorality," let him look my way.

FRANCIS B. LIVESEY.

CLARKSON, MD.

Virginia Heard From

EDITOR LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—Allow me to express my appreciation of your paper. I like its editorial policy, and especially its attitude toward that relic of Moslem sorcery and fetishism—vaccination.

Yours respectfully,

R. J. BROSMAN.

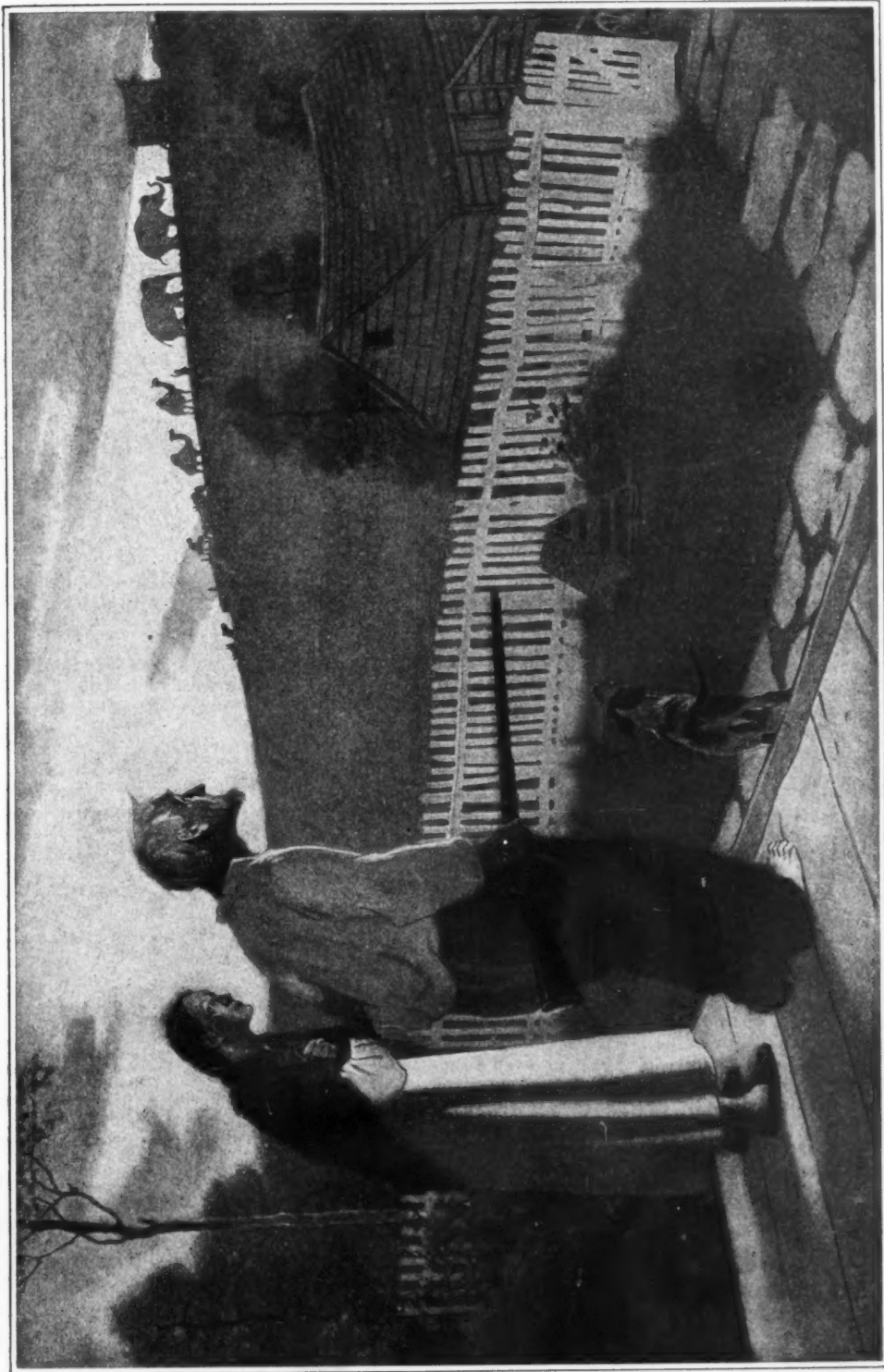
P. S.—Inclosed find a few jokes, etc., which will cost you fifty mental dollars apiece. In case of rejection, return manuscript by special messenger.

901 W. MAIN STREET,
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.,
July 25, 1911.

Seems a Wise Decision

WE read in the paper that the engagement between Claude Grhame-White, air man, and Pauline Chase, actress, has been dissolved by mutual consent.

These friends seem well advised. In order to make marriage succeed, one, at least, of the parties, should be in a position to stay down on the job.



"Good Lord, Jared! Be there comin' another flood?"

Mr. Locke and His Purposive Bee

Has It Secured a Permanent Lodging In His Fictional Bonnet?—In his New Novel He Seems to Set Up as a Sociologist

A RIDICULOUS misfortune has overtaken the author of "Septimus" and "The Beloved Vagabond." In the innocence of his heart he has set up as a sociologist.

A young civil engineer once told me, with an unmistakable twinkle in his eye, but with something like a catch in his voice, how in the course of laying out the route of a new railroad he was one day confronted, at the snake-fenced edge of an old apple orchard, by a small kidlet who silently held out to him the bedraggled body of a disreputable doll. At first he thought that she wanted to play with him, and, as she was a cute child, he was willing to fall in with her humor. But in the end he discovered that, having caught a hint of an impending cataclysm from the family confabulations, the youngster had sallied forth on her own responsibility to try, by the offer of her chief treasure, to bribe the unknown into sparing the family domain.

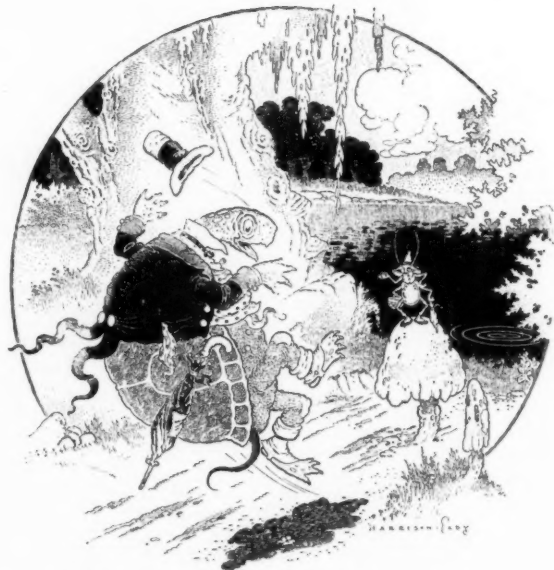
Now it happens that the *status quo* of our familiar civilization is being vaguely but portentously threatened with the proposed laying out of a new right of way. Nobody seems to know where the road—it is indefinitely referred to as "the feminist movement"—is going to go to if it is ever built; but, as usual in such circumstances, there appear to be about an equal number of enthusiasts who confidently look for it to bring in the millennium, and of Cassandra-minded gentry who prophesy that it will only mix things up by increasing the number of grade crossings. But, expert opinion aside, the one really heartfelt source of local opposition is the fear that the snake fence round the old apple orchard would inevitably be torn down.

And just at this moment, when half the world is busily arguing the pros and cons of this contemplated exercise of eminent domain and the other half is anxiously awaiting the appearance of William J. Locke's promised novel, this new novel itself, "The Glory of Clementina" (John Lane, \$1.30), reveals this popular author in the exact posture of the little girl with the doll—standing, that is to say, with charming naivete but pathetic futility, offering the bribe of an irrelevant sentiment to the civil engineers of evolution.

On the surface, this story of Mr. Locke's is merely an invitation to come and play with him.

The story of Ephraim Quixtus's Job-like run of ill fortune and the resultant determination of this excellent old fossil to become a villain, is manifestly a conscientious and fairly satisfactory endeavor on the part of the author to live up to his acquired responsibilities as spinner by appointment to their majesties the reading public of pleasantly whimsical tales. And the soft hearted and hard visaged figure of Clementina, the dowdy, curmudgeonly, sex-contemptuous and successful painter of five hundred guinea portraits, is but the proper foil to this Locke-like hero and the *dea ex machina* finally needed to rescue the ineffectual villain from the clutches of his own victims.

But the last chapter reveals a thesis. And with the sudden transmogrification of Clementina who, to save Ephraim from an adventuress, grasps the neglected weapons of her sex, dons a full suit of armor from the Parisian forge of M. Paquin, routs the enemy in open combat, and then, for the first time, in Quixtus's grateful worship, discovers the self-sufficient and career-obviating "glory of being a woman," it



The Turtle: WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SONNY?

"PLEASE, SIR, IT'S TOMMY BUG ON WEEK DAYS AND CINCINDELA ANCOCISCONENSIS ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS"

is evident that Mr. Locke had all the while had a Purposive Bee in his Fictional Bonnet. "Do you not see, oh lovely but illogical revolutionists," he says in the sign language of the doll drama, "that you are intent upon trading your birthright for a mess of potage?"

As a mildly imaginative entertainment the book is a diluted, an occasionally fatuous, but on the whole a passably enjoyable example of Mr. Locke's decadence. But as an argument by demonstration, addressed to modern woman, it is what, a few years ago, one would have been tempted to call feminine. And one closes the book, not knowing whether to laugh at the dear child that wrote it or to cry over him. For whatever the Feminist movement may eventuate in, its instigators are no relations of Esau's. They have no slightest notion of abandoning their birthright. On the contrary, they are clamoring for the privilege of growing their own lentils.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Confidential Book Guide

A Room with a View, by Edward M. Forster. One of the earlier and less able works of the author of *Howard's End*, brought out in an American edition in order to take advantage of that book's popularity.

The Cabin, by Stewart Edward White. An interesting account of the author's summer life in the California sierras.

The Legacy, by Mary S. Watts. A new and characteristically lifelike story of Ohio in the nineties, by the author of *Nathan Burke*.

The Corner of Harley Street. Anonymous. Selections from what purports to be the private correspondence of a genial and broadminded London doctor.

The Glory of Clementina, by William J. Locke. See above.

The Long Roll, by Mary Johnson. A historical romance of the Civil War, in which the romance is as dull as history and the history is as enthralling as romance.

The Obvious Orient, by Albert Bushnell Hart. The interesting observations of a Harvard expert in the far East.

Queed, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. A fresh version of the Ugly Duckling. A realistic romance by a new Southern writer.

The Riding Master, by Dolf Wyllarde. A mediocre, but readable, story of tangled love affairs in London society.

The Street of To-day, by John Masefield. A rambling and badly co-ordinated novel containing much brilliant writing.

The Tennessee Shad, by Owen Johnson. Another Lawrenceville School story.



ROBBING THE BLIND

Reforms Are Due to Individuals

"MOST political reforms," said President Schurman in his commencement address at Cornell, "turn out in the end to be merely new varieties of taxation. * * * Poverty will not be abolished, nor mankind advanced in civilization by the action of governments. All great reforms are the work of individuals."

Broadly speaking, that is true, and timely in these days when the effort is so urgent to produce a millennium by legislation. Whatever makes good people and arms them with knowledge does most for the world. For it is wonderful what reforms individuals can bring about when the spirit within them is great enough, and they follow its leadings. Read in the July number of *Everybody's Magazine* the story of what Andrew Furuseth has done for sailors. We never heard of Andrew before, and only know the facts of his career as now set forth in *Everybody's*,

but Mr. Matthews's story is told with restraint, and reads true, and a wonderful story it is, of patient, sagacious devotion to men of a calling whose members are still denied adequate protection under the law.

There comes great power to true reformers whose leading is unselfish. Furuseth, a Norwegian, is the organizer and president of the International Seamen's Union. His idea has been that seamen, being engaged in an indispensable employment, ought to live in something like the same plane as other workers, and be protected in their just rights and paid adequate wages. It is wonderful what he has done to make that idea come true. But read the story.

All the commencement orators this year seemed to agree that the great need of the country is good people. It is a good deal like saying that what a man needs to make him well is health, but still at times it is worth saying. Legislation won't do very much for us; numbers of the best of the commencement orators were agreed as to that; but if

we can manage somehow to turn out enough first-class human goods from our great factory here, we shall get along. We do need new statutes from time to time—a good many of them, but it is the man behind the law that really counts. Our law-making bodies, though some of them are doing better, still excite about as much apprehension as hope.

Terrible Dream

HER face is drawn, her eyes are haggard and sunken, and her expression is that of a woman on the verge of nervous prostration.

"What in the world is wrong?" asks the astonished friend. "I never saw anyone look so terribly."

"It is all because of an awful nightmare I had last night," explains the sufferer. "It simply shattered my nerves, and although I know it was merely a dream, still I cannot rid myself of its effects. I dreamed I was called upon unexpectedly to plan a dinner for Dr. Wiley, Dr. Woods Hutchison and Upton Sinclair."



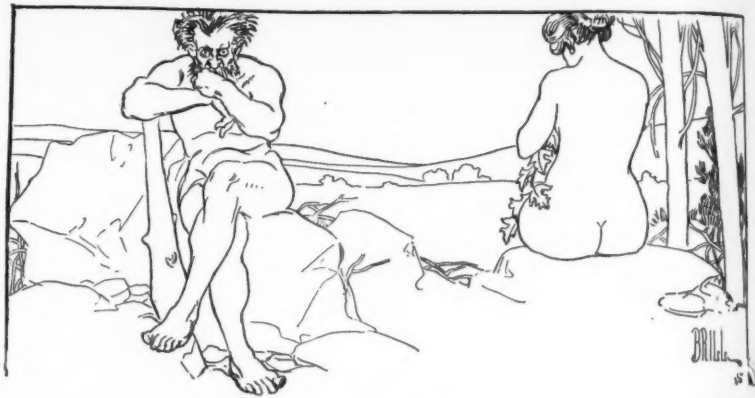
Where We Excel—

- Largest wheat crop.
- Longest bread line.
- Rottenest railroad service.
- The most strap-hangers.
- Most police club activity.
- Most expensive "Safe and Sane" Fourth of July at \$320 per.
- Most charitable Ice Trust.
- Most industrious trust busters.
- (At so much per "bust.")
- Most honorable (?) journalists.
- Brightest college professors.
- Grandest navy.
- Millions of unemployed.
- Greatest "finders" of dynamite.
- Most honest and intelligent legislators.
- Richest monkey dinners.
- Most underfed school children.
- Craziest blue laws.
- Tallest buildings.
- Lowest dives.
- Highest priced ministers.
- Lowest priced politicians.
- Biggest newspapers.
- Smallest editors.
- Richest employers.

—New York Call.

R-r-r-revenge!

The druggist danced and chortled till the bottles danced on the shelves. "What's up?" asked the soda clerk. "Have you been taking something?" "No," gurgled the dope dispenser, gleefully. "But do you remember when our water pipes were frozen last winter?" "Yes, but what—?" "Well, the plumber who fixed them has just come in to have a prescription filled."—*Toledo Blade*.



Adam: AS TO-MORROW WILL BE NEW YEAR'S I THOUGHT OF TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.
Eve: WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME!

His Field

GRIGGS: A critic says that if Poe were living to-day no editor would print his strange, weird stories.
BRIGGS: Oh, well, he could make a living designing women's hats.
—*Boston Transcript*.

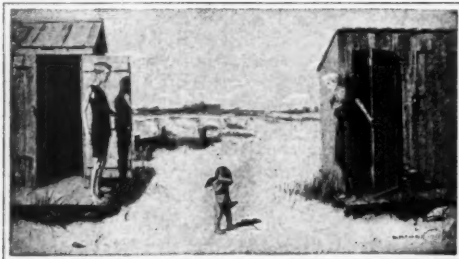
Nifty Neighbors

THE MAN AT THE DOOR: Madame, I'm the piano-tuner.
THE WOMAN: I didn't send for a piano-tuner.
THE MAN: I know it, lady; the neighbors did.—*Chicago News*.

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A DESPERATE CASE
Photogravure, 20 x 15 in., \$1.00

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



WHAT'S THE USE OF A GIRL'S BEING A GOOD SAILOR?
India Print, 22 x 18 in., \$2.00

PICTURES

FOR

THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

Summer is productive of many experiences which lead us to say: "Oh, if I only had a picture of that!"

The artists who drew the originals from which these LIFE PRINTS are reproduced evidently had an eye for the humor and sentiment of Summer days.

An "India Print" is a fine photogravure reproduction, hand printed on the best India paper, then mounted on French Plate stock. A handsome gift or remembrance for any occasion.

We advertise "Playing Bridge" because you will be doing it—even in Summer, and it is a perfect answer to the question, "What shall I give for a prize?"

Pictures sent prepaid upon receipt of your remittance.

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17 W. 31st Street New York

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WATERPROOF
India Print, 22 x 18 in., \$2.00

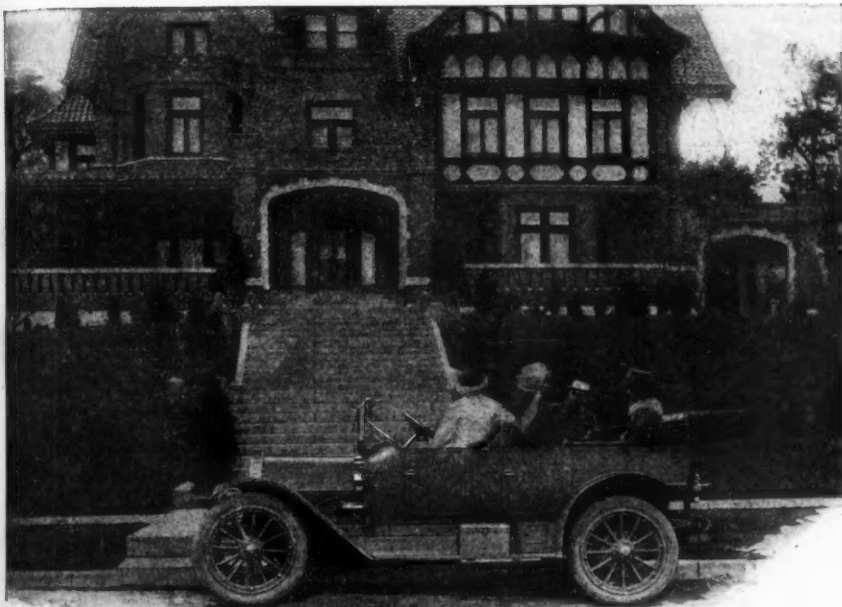
Copr. Life Pub. Co.



PLAYING BRIDGE
India Print, 22 x 18 in., \$2.00

Speedwell

Motor Cars for 1912



Model 12D Special—5-passenger touring car \$2750. Top and windshield extra.

THERE is no car in the land today in which greater care is expended in the design and building than in this 1912 Speedwell. In point of the number of refinements and advanced ideas no other car approaches it. These claims are not merely for effect—the car itself in daily performance justifies the best that can be said of it.

The ranks of Speedwell owners are being recruited from the class of buyers who are satisfied with nothing short of the finest product obtainable.

STANDARD chassis of 121-inch wheel base, 4-cylinder 50 H. P. motor, 36-inch wheels in 10 styles of open front and fore-door bodies at \$2500 to \$2900. Limousine at \$3850. Special Cruiser model of 132-inch wheel base at \$3500.

CATALOG and Speedwell monthly magazine sent upon request.

THE SPEEDWELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY
390 ESSEX AVENUE DAYTON, OHIO

Speedwell Constructional Advantages

There are certain mechanical excellences in Speedwell cars upon which every motor car purchaser should fully inform himself. In fact, the Speedwell is bristling with points of superiority.

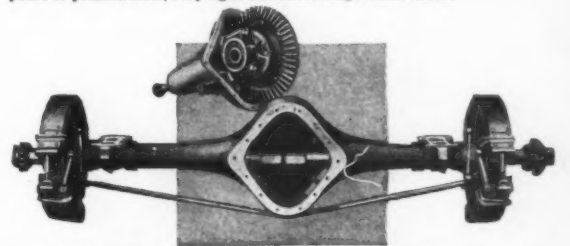
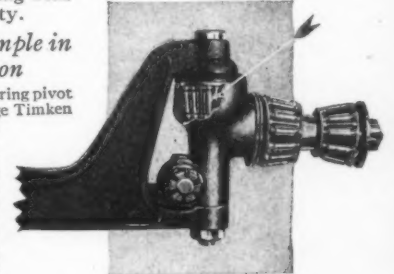
Here is an Example in Axle Construction

The top of our steering pivot is provided with a large Timken roller bearing (shown exposed in the picture). This bearing carries the entire weight of the car, at the same time making steering remarkably easy—a salient feature when the car is driven by a woman. Look for this point in the car you contemplate purchasing. If there is no anti-friction bearing there, it means rapid wear and hard steering, and that frequent adjustment at this point will be necessary.

The wheels themselves, it will be noted, are mounted upon large Timken bearings, which are the highest priced bearings manufactured.

You will note further, the Speedwell method in protecting steering apparatus. The connecting rod between the two front wheels is placed directly in the rear of the axle. Note also the reach rod which connects the front wheels to the steering gear is placed above the axle, where it also is protected. If the car accidentally meets with some large obstruction in the road its steering gear is perfectly protected.

Most noteworthy in construction is the rear axle. Heretofore the rear axle housing in most cars has been made up of tubes and castings, riveted together, and when it is desired to take any of the interior mechanism out for inspection, it has been necessary to either remove the rear axle entirely or dig down in the muck and unbolt the contents, thus destroying all adjustment. See how the Speedwell construction has overcome this. The entire contents of the rear axle are mounted upon a plate, which, by loosening a few nuts can be removed as a unit without disturbing a single adjustment. The housing itself is a single piece of pressed steel, very light and far stronger than the old



type of axles with rivets or bolts to hold the pieces together. It is the extreme lightness of the Speedwell axle that makes it ride easily on the tires, which is one of the secrets of long tire mileage Speedwell owners obtain. This axle is what is known as the full floating type, in which the shell or housing is extended through the hubs of the wheels. On the outside of this housing are placed two large Timken double bearings on which the wheel runs. The floating or driving axle therefore carries no weight. Contrast this with the usual type in which the driving axle is made to do double duty, namely, carry the weight of the car and drive it, in addition to having but a single bearing under each wheel.

Future advertisements will contain further practical hints for discriminating purchasers.

Life's Family Album



T. S. Sullivant

MR. SULLIVANT'S drawings have appeared in LIFE for a great many years. Their boldness and their originality, the tremendous force with which they are hurled at you, give them a place by themselves in the history of American pictorial art. It seems to be impossible to get away from one of Sullivant's drawings—it sticks in the memory with all of the precision of a real sensation.

"Do you think that women, as a rule, like your work?" we asked pleasantly, as we dropped in on him one day in Plainfield.

"I don't know that I ever thought about it," he replied. "Perhaps my subjects are not women's subjects."

We wonder what a woman's subject is. We have never been able to make up our mind on that score.

"Tell us," we continued, "what you consider to be the most interesting thing about your career."

Mr Sullivant reflected.

"If anything is interesting," he replied, "perhaps the fact that I did not begin to draw until I was in my thirty-second year."

"And how did that come about?"

"Well, to begin with, I was born in Ohio, and my early life was spent in Germany. I never had a thought about drawing pictures until the year mentioned and then I thought I was too old"

"Cato learned Greek at eighty," we ventured.

"Well, perhaps it was the thought of Cato that led me to consult A. B. Frost. To him I submitted some of my sketches. He encouraged me to continue. For a time I studied at the Philadelphia Academy and then commenced sending my drawings to publishers. But perhaps it is well not to dwell on the harrowing details of that stage of my career."

"And after that?"

"I became interested in animals. To invest an animal with human attributes took my fancy and I presume my imagination—up to that time more or less fettered with commonplace details—included itself in exaggerations which gradually came under better control."

"Where did you acquire your sense of humor?"

"I don't remember whether it was in Columbus, Ohio, or in Philadelphia."

"And do you still think, Mr. Sulli-

vant, that there is hope for any one who wants to become an artist, if he doesn't start at it until after he is thirty?"

Mr. Sullivant carefully considered.

"Well," he replied, thoughtfully, "I suppose I was always what I am now—only I didn't know it."

Our own opinion about the matter is—but on further consideration we have decided not to say.

Not High

A GENTLEMAN named O'Neal, when traveling in a sleeping car four years ago, had secured a lower berth and gave it up for an upper one in order to accommodate a fellow traveler. This fellow traveler died recently and left Mr. O'Neal twenty thousand dollars for his courteous act.

At the first blush this seems a large sum for such a service, but we maintain that it is none too much. Any man who could afford it would willingly pay twenty thousand dollars rather than sleep in the upper berth of a sleeping car.



INVESTIGATING THE MAN HIGHER UP

Rhymed Reviews

One Way Out

(By William Carleton. Small, Maynard & Company.)

Insurgent soul that would be free,
Abjure the Burdened Middle Classes!
Throw off Convention's bonds, like me,
And rise among the Happy Masses!

A clerk, before my fortunes turned,
For thirty per I sold my labors,
Expending every cent I earned
To live exactly like my neighbors.

I lost my job when thirty-eight
And found I could not get another;
I then resolved to Emigrate,
With Dick, my boy, and Ruth, his
mother;

To Emigrate to humbler scenes,
Where none should pity, sneer, or cen-
sure;

To live on oatmeal, fish and beans;
And thus began our Great Adventure.

By "Emigrate," you'll understand,
I merely mean we took example
Of those who seek this favored land;
We led the life they find so ample.

Not far from Ocean's cooling flow
A top-floor tenement I rented;
I dug with shovel, pick and crow;
On nine per week we lived, contented;

And of that sum each week, forsooth,
We saved a dollar, every tittle!
But that was wholly due to Ruth,
Who fed us high on mighty little.

I rose to Foreman, studied well,
And found my brains a useful factor,
For now, I'm very glad to tell,
I'm called the Opulent Contractor.

Then, clerkly toiler, wan and sick,
Annul your "Social Obligations"!
Compound the mortar, wield the pick
And thrive on inexpensive rations!

This book will show you how to act;
Its simple vigor brings conviction;
And if it isn't wholly fact,
'Tis highly edifying fiction.

Arthur Guiterman.

A Skeptic

Charles Sumner had no more sense
of humor than a hippopotamus, but there
was something excessively humorous
about his colossal self-consciousness, of
which it is no paradox to say he was
apparently unconscious.

His egotism was inordinately vast,
though innocent in its simplicity. It
was far from conceit, and led to no dis-
paragement of his associates.

Probably Grant, whom he hated and
abused, came the nearest to sizing him
up when he said: "The reason Sumner
doesn't believe in the Bible is because he
didn't write it himself."

How a Mother Brought Her Daughter To Disgrace

She was a careful mother, too, or believed she was:
of good family and social position, and the girl was
what we call "a nice girl." Yet, the mother awoke
one morning amazed to find "her girl" in jail and dis-
graced. The girl was as astonished as was the mother.

And the author says, who tells the story: "Thou-
sands of mothers are doing exactly for their girls what
this mother did, only they don't know it." But they
should know it, and it will surprise many a mother
to read how she *is* doing it.

It is a graphic story, true to life, forcibly told, and
with a ring in it that strikes no uncertain sound.

Read it in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

15 Cents Everywhere

How Can I Make a Cat Stretch Itself On the Stage Every Night?

That is what puzzled David Belasco. He wanted to give
a domestic touch to a play: If he could only get a cat
to come on the stage at a particular point in the play,
stretch itself and lap a saucer of milk. But how to make
a cat stretch every night at a given time? He puzzled
over it for days. Then an ingenious idea struck him,
and every night for 400 nights he made a cat stretch.
It made the success of the play. Read how he did it.
You never would have thought it possible.

"Little things like that have made my plays successful," says Mr. Belasco.
Then he tells of the "little things," all in an article, "Why I Believe in
the Little Things." It is a picture "behind the scenes"—but it is more.

It is in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

15 Cents Everywhere



"FELTOID CASTERS and TIPS"

GUARANTEE FLOOR PROTECTION

You can avoid making digs and dents on your hardwood floors and avoid the destruction of your expensive rugs by equipping your furniture with "Feltoid" Casters and Tips.

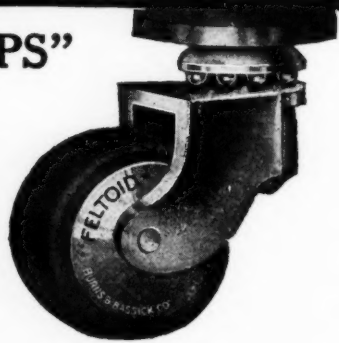
You may move your furniture about as freely as you wish to without injury to the most highly polished surface if equipped with Feltoid Casters and Tips.

"Feltoids have the silken tread" and are scratch-proof, mar-proof, and noise-proof.



Insist on "Feltoids" when buying new furniture. Your dealer sells them. They are superior to the ordinary iron, brass, wood, leather or rubber-caster wheels.

BURNS & BASSICK COMPANY



Dept. F

Bridgeport, Conn.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Song of Obligations

O the citizen's obligations.

The obligation of every American citizen to see that every other American citizen does his duty, and to be quick about it.

The janitor's duties, the Board of Health's duties, the milkman's duties, resting upon each one of us individually with the accumulated weight of every cubic foot of vitiated air, and multiplied by the number of bacteria in every cubic centimeter of milk.

The motorman's duties, and the duty of every spry citizen not to allow himself to be run over by the motorman.

The obligation of teachers in the public schools to supply their pupils with all the aptitudes and graces formerly supposed to be the result of heredity and environment.

The duty of each teacher to consult daily a card catalogue of duties, beginning with Apperception and Adenoids and going on to Vaccination, Ventilation, and the various vicarious variations on the three R's.

The obligation resting upon the well-to-do citizen not to leave for his country place, but to remain in the city in order to give the force of his ex-

Caroni Bitters—Best Tonic and Appetizer. No home complete without it. Sample on receipt of 25 cents. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.



A Happy Marriage

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

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

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

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

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid. Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents. Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

ample, in his own ward, to a safe and sane Fourth of July.

The obligation resting upon every citizen to write to his Congressman.

The obligation to speak to one's neighbor who may think he is living a moral life, and who yet has never written to his Congressman.

The obligation to attend hearings at the State House.

The obligation to protest against the habit of employees at the State House of professing ignorance of the location of the committee room where the hearings are to be held; also to protest against the habit of postponing the hearings after one has at great personal inconvenience come to the State House in order to protest.

The duty of doing your Christmas shopping early enough in July to allow the shopgirls to enjoy their summer vacation.

The duty of knowing what you are talking about, and of talking about all the things you ought to know about.

The obligation of feeling that it is a joy and a privilege to live in a country where eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and where even if you have the price you don't get all the liberty you pay for.

—August Atlantic.

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

He's Numerous

A newspaper, in speaking of a deceased citizen, said: "We knew him as old Ten Per Cent.—the more he had the less he spent—the more he got the less he lent—he's dead—we don't know where he went; but if his soul to heaven is sent—he'll own the harp and charge 'em rent."—*St. Louis Mirror.*

"PRISON reform is gaining ground every day." "Yes; I hear one of our penal institutions is going to have graduating exercises this year."

—Washington Herald.

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

A LITTLE ICEBERG

floating round in the liquid depths of a High Ball made of

HUNTER WHISKEY

strongly suggests how to keep cool in hot weather.

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



What the Immortals Say About Coquettes

"I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!"

—Longfellow.

"I never knew a woman to dote upon a man"—Shakespeare, "Merry Wives"

"I assisted at the birth of that most significant word, 'flirtation,' which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world."—Earl of Chesterfield.

"Love not! The thing ye love may change;

The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,

The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not!"

—Caroline Norton.

"What! Fair, and young, and faithful, too?

A miracle, if this be true"—Anonymous.

"'Tis brief, my lord, as woman's love."
—Shakespeare, "Hamlet"

"We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;

But where shall we find leash or band
For dame that loves to rove?"

—Scott, "Marmion."

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;

Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;



"My Wife"

The pride a man puts into those two words! Or the apology.
It most depends upon her beauty. Or her plainness.

Beauty is more a matter of complexion than of features, and a good complexion can be won by almost any woman.

Sometimes it is a matter of exercise; sometimes care of digestion, but more often it is a matter of personal care of the skin.

Palm and olive oils combined in Palmolive Soap—from the very nature of these oils—must necessarily benefit any skin.

Is your wife taking advantage of this fact? Many women in every community are. A little

inquiry among your friends will reveal this. Ask them about Palmolive, then buy a cake from your dealer and convince yourself. Aside from the real benefit, note how Palmolive softens any water; note how smooth and pleasant it is to use.

Palmolive Cream is especially prepared to supplement Palmolive Soap.



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Say that health and wealth have missed me;

Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!" —Leigh Hunt.

"Take, oh! take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, like break o' day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!"
—Shakespeare, and Fletcher.

"Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue;
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?"
—Ben Jonson.

"Her sighs will make a battery in his breast."—Shakespeare, King Henry VI.

"If woman be there, there is happiness, too."—Tom Moore.

"In her first passion, woman loves her lover;
In all the others, all she loves is love."
—Byron, "Don Juan."

"And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas! Thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! Say nay!"
—Sir Thomas Wyatt.

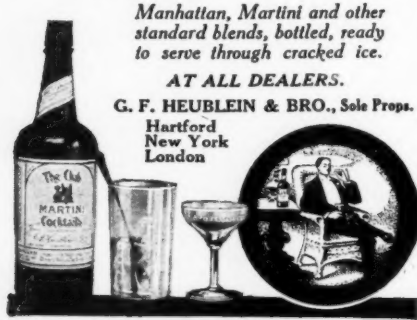
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"Three things a wise man will not trust,
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith."

—Southey.

"Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?"

—Shakespeare, "Richard III."

"Where is the man who has the power
and skill

To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend
on't,

And if she won't, she won't, and there's
an end on't."

—Anonymous.

"Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?"

—Shakespeare, "The Passionate Pilgrim."

"The world was sad, the garden was a
wild,

And man, the hermit, sigh'd till woman
smiled."

—Campbell, "Pleasures of Hope."

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"Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul."

—Ledyard.

"It is as natural for a young girl to coquet as it is for a canary to peck at its seed."—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

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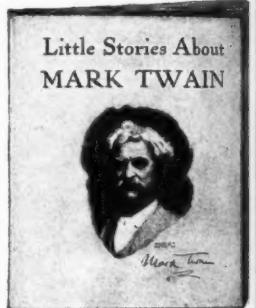
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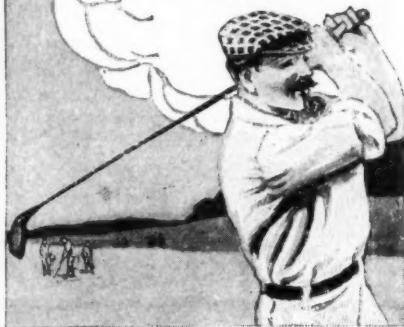
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"A country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices."

—Irving, "Sketch-Book."

"The coquette is blind; she does not see her wrinkles."—Victor Hugo.

"Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;

For 'Get you gone,' she doth not mean 'Away!'" —Shakespeare.

"The smile that blest one lover's heart: Has broken many more!"

—Thomas Hood.

"Maid of Athens, ere we part, Give, O, give me back my heart! Or, since that has left my breast, Keep it now and take the rest!"

—Byron.

"He thought and wondered at the way in which women play with men, and coax them and win them and drop them."

—Thackeray, "Pendennis."

"Oh woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade

By the light quivering aspen made."

—Scott, "Marmion"

If You Want a Kiss, Why, Take It

There's a jolly Saxon proverb
That is pretty much like this—
That a man is half in heaven
If he has a woman's kiss.
There is danger in delaying,
For the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss.
There's a royal way to kissing,
And the jolly ones who make it
Have a motto that is winning—
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon,
Anybody wear a crown,
But a man must win a woman
If he'd have her for his own.
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon a desert
With a forest smiling by?
Who would change his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh, I tell you there is magic,
And you cannot, cannot break it;
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss, and take it.
—Anonymous.

His Supreme Effort

Thaddeus Stevens and all members of the House tell one anecdote of an occurrence in which Mr. Stevens and the Speaker of the House got into a sharp tangle, ending in Stevens savagely rolling up some documents on which he had been addressing the chair, and turning his back to the Speaker in the most impolite way while passing furiously up the aisle toward the cloak-room.

"Is the gentleman trying to show his contempt for the Speaker?" shouted that dignitary.

"No," thundered back Stevens, turning around and facing the wielder of the gavel; "I am trying to conceal it!"

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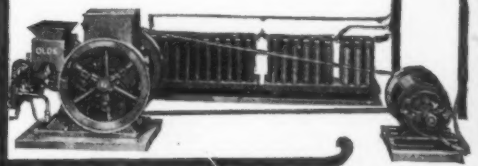
Complete with the exception of wiring, fixtures and lamps (which can be obtained from any electric supply house or we will furnish if desired), with full instructions for installing and so simple that almost anyone can do the little necessary work. If it does not fulfill all our claims and to your entire satisfaction by the end of thirty days, you can return the outfit at our expense.

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Probably Not

It was at a suffragette meeting. A woman was speaking bitterly of the many rights and privileges which the men enjoyed but which were so unjustly denied to the women.

"Say," broke in a male hearer, tauntingly, in a small, high-pitched voice that sounded well in proportion to his physical make-up, "wouldn't you like to be a man?"

"Yes," replied the woman; "wouldn't you?"—Harper's Magazine

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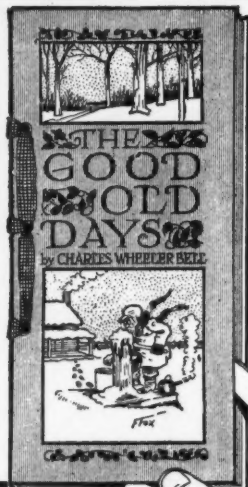
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A Christmas Check

Al Ryan, the hospitable flint glass-worker of Lockport, N. Y., and formerly organizer of the Socialist local at that place, was being congratulated by the boys at the glass factory.

"Yes," said Al, "my uncle out in Tiffin is mighty good to me. The day before Christmas he sent me a check for \$100, just as a little Christmas gift."

After the usual congratulatory comments had been duly made all around, Al added:

"Yes, he certainly is a fine old fellow. In the postscript of his letter containing the check, he said:

"Dear Al, if you manage to get this check cashed, please send me four dollars. I need a pair of shoes."—*The Coming Nation*.

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Lines to an Editor

(On sending a book for review. After Ben Jonson.)

Print for me only just one word,
And I will pledge thee mine,
If thou wilt give a wholesome puff,
That I will not repine.
I think my work should be preferred,
('Tis very large and fine).
Though dullards may not like my stuff,
I would not change a line.

Considerate

On one occasion when Jackson, Bishop of London, had concluded a sermon in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the verger opened the door of the pulpit and banged it with a great noise. Then he whispered to the perplexed prelate that the Duke of Wellington was asleep and that, not liking to touch him, they adopted this method of arousing him.

In the
September Scribner

**GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON'S
From Malolos to San Fernando**

In all romantic fiction it would be hard to find anything to equal this story of real fighting. There are incidents of daring and desperate bravery and touches of humor that make it a most absorbing and exciting narrative.

James Ford Rhodes, the historian, contributes a most interesting article on **The National Republican Conventions of 1880 and 1884**, the Conventions that nominated Garfield and Blaine.

The Trick Doctor. A story of the South. By Thomas Nelson Page.

The Water-Side of Antwerp. By Ralph D. Paine. A picturesque account of Belgium's great seaport on the Scheldt.

Kenyon Cox, the eminent American painter and critic, writes of "**Design**," the elements that contribute to a harmonious and significant composition.

America and the China Loan. By Frederick McCormick, Correspondent of the Associated Press at Peking.

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"Mad Dog!"

A terrified silken-coated spaniel wearing a neat leather collar fled for its life last night along Ridgewood Avenue in Cypress Hills from two hundred boys and young men, who yelled:

"Kill him! Mad dog!"

The foremost pelted the little animal with whatever missiles they could lay hands on. One young woman kicked at the dog when it ran to her side and endeavored to hide from its assailants. It yelped with terror and ran on. Finally the boys cornered the dog in the front yard of a house at Hale and Ridgewood avenues.

Just then Bicycle Policeman Harry Walsh, of the Liberty Avenue Station, rode up with a side partner. He was excitedly told that a lot of people—at least six—had been torn by the dog.

"Kill him or others'll get bit, too," shouted one youth.

The policemen drew their pistols, resolved to protect the community from the maddened brute, and with the weapons held ready forced their way to the fence and looked into the yard. There huddled in a corner was the little dog, trembling with fright. Its eyes contained an eloquent plea for mercy, and it extended its paw. Walsh walked into the yard and took the dog in his arms.

"If there's any madness around here it's in you people," he told the crowd. "This little pup isn't mad. You've simply got it scared to death. And I bet none has been bitten by him."

No one had been bitten, so far as could be discovered.

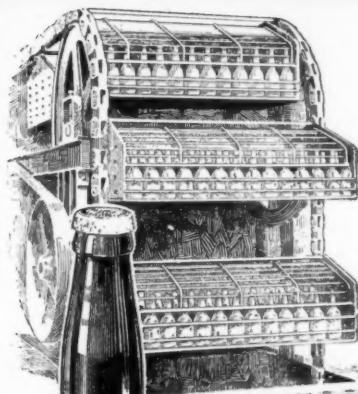
"Kill him anyhow," suggested one of the youngsters.—*New York Times.*

A Good Shot

A DIGNIFIED Senator decided to follow the prevailing Washington fashion and learn golf. It was a distressing time for the caddy. Striking too low with his iron, the great man made the dirt fly.

"What have I hit?" With infinite scorn the boy replied, "De District of Columbia."—*Success.*

IT is getting so now that an honest trust is afraid to go home in the dark.—*Washington Post.*



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Schlitz beer is sent to you in Brown Bottles, protecting its purity from the brewery to your glass. Light starts decay even in pure beer. Dark glass gives protection against light.

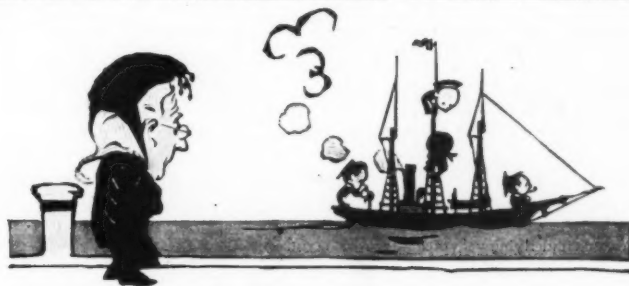
If you knew what we know about beer, you would say, "Schlitz—Schlitz in Brown Bottles."

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See that crown or cork is
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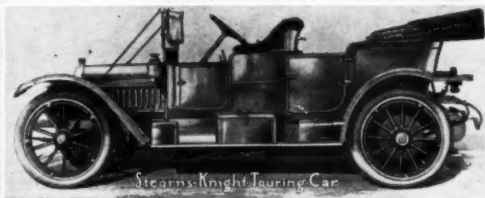
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Judge this motor by your ideals of what a motor should be. Judge it as did the Royal Automobile Club of England in "the greatest engine test on record"—a trial that established a new standard for motors.

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