



SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS



Stevens-Duryea

Announcement—The New Leadership

In the new Model C-Six, the Stevens-Duryea takes a *new* leadership—a body design so strikingly original, and at the same time so harmonious and beautiful that it may conservatively be called the design of the future.

The hood is now really a part of the body, as it should be. It rises and widens gradually from the radiator to the body proper, meeting it gracefully with an upward and outward curve at the windshield and eliminating the vertical dash. From this point, the body lines are carried in continuous curves to the rear. The entire rail of the open cars is upholstered from windshield to tonneau.

The mud-guards add gentle flowing lines to the gracefulness of the car.

Comfort is ensured by a new design of springs—in itself a great advance; in the quiet motor; also in the wealth of depth of upholstery; and a rear seat which may be instantly raised, lowered, carried forward or backward.

The Stevens-Duryea leadership of 21 years, in the economical development and full delivery of power to the rear wheels, is established more firmly than ever by this new model "C-Six", which has also set a new standard of quietness, smoothness and comfort for the fine high-powered car of America and Europe.

Stevens-Duryea Company Chicopee Falls Mass

"Pioneer Builders of American Sixes"

Model C-Six
Seven Passengers
\$4750

Prices of Model C-Six

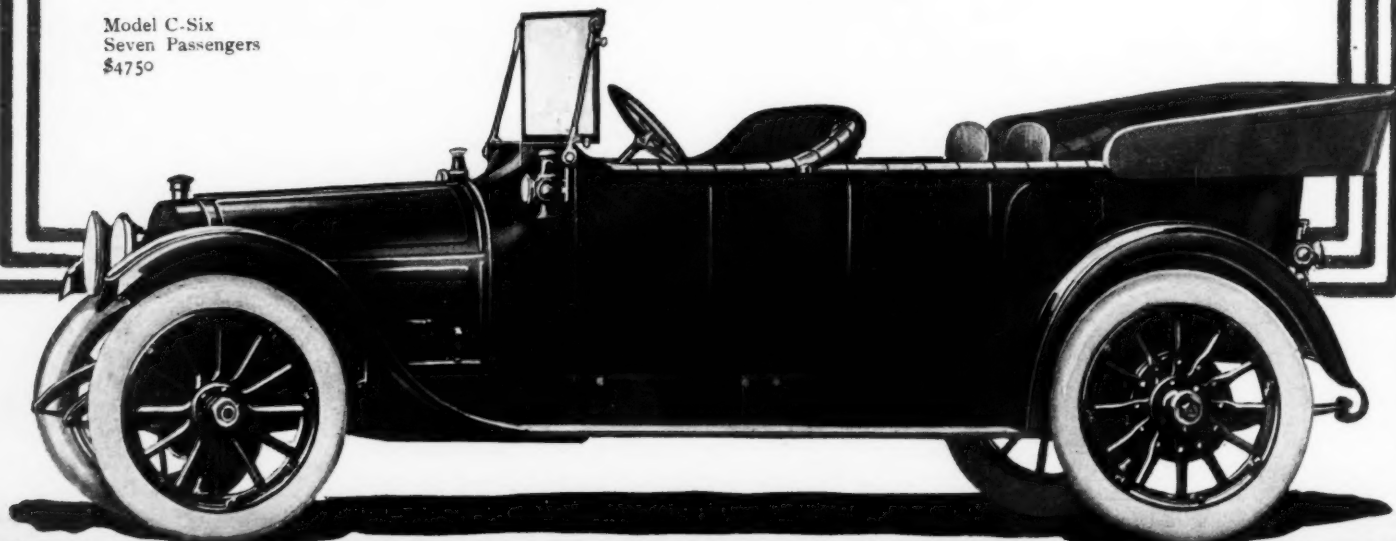
Seven passengers; wheel-base, 138 inches
Touring Car, \$4750 Limousine, \$5750 Berline, \$5950

Five passengers; wheel-base, 131 inches
Touring Car, \$4500 Demi-Berline, \$5550

Two passengers; wheel-base, 131 inches
Roadster, \$4500 Coupelet, \$5200

Seven passengers; wheel-base, 131 inches
Limousine, \$5500 Berline, \$5700

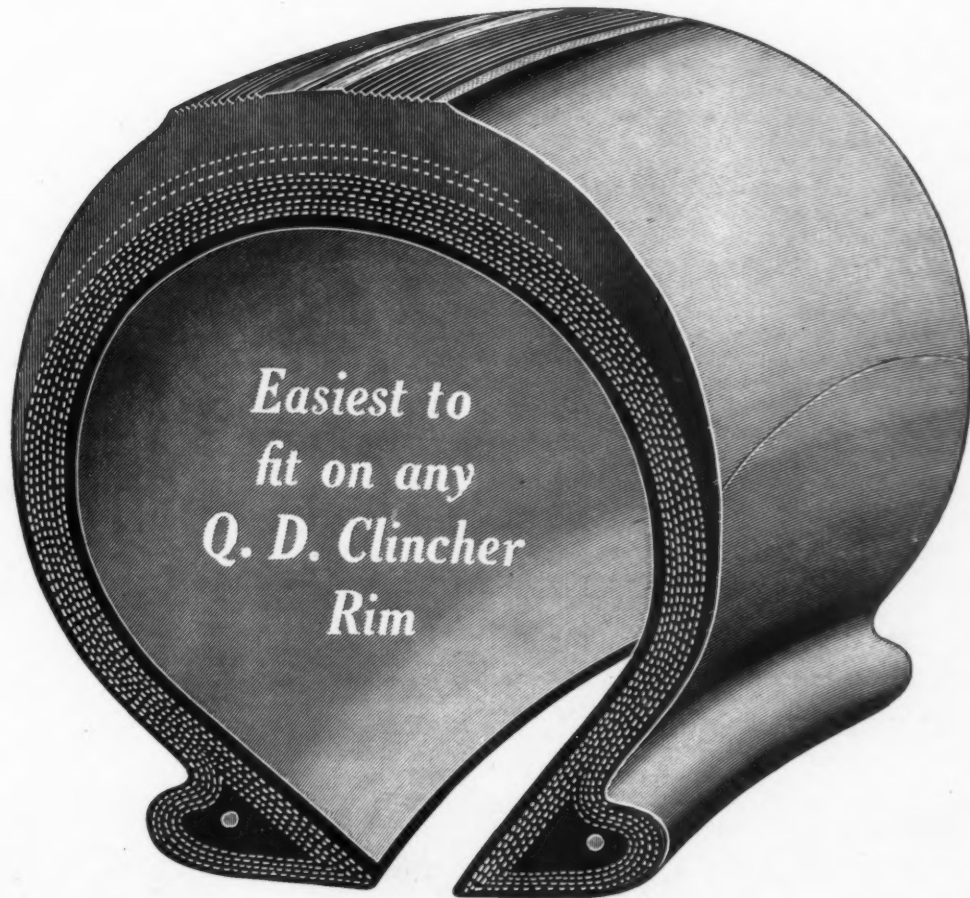
Standard equipment—Electric lights with generator, power driven tire-pump, Warner speedometer, starting device, with gas-tank. Universal-position windshield, to which the top, when up, is firmly attached without straps.



· LIFE ·

MICHELIN

Quick Detachable Clincher



*Easiest to
fit on any
Q. D. Clincher
Rim*

*As superior to other Tires as Michelin
Red Inner Tubes are to other Tubes*

Send for "The Motorist's Handbook"

Michelin Tire Company

Milltown, N. J.

Clermont-Ferrand, France

Factories:
London, England

Turin, Italy

Coming

- Aug. 15 Not a special number. Are you a sweet young girl, and have you ever fished for a man? If so, you will see yourself on the cover of this number.
- Aug. 22 Lover's Number. Aside from the text, the pictures and the advertisements, this is the dullest number of the year. Celebrates sickly sentiment.
- Aug. 29 Homeward Bound Number. Dedicated to that place which no good American knows anything about—namely, Home sweet Home (price ten cents as usual).
- Sept. 5 Base Ball Number. Full of fans, therefore cool and inviting. (Send for a copy of the Miniature LIFE, free for a two cent stamp.)
- Sept. 12 Texas Number. Dedicated to that acme of culture among States; not a reliable thing in it about Texas. (That Miniature LIFE, by the way, is a special little number, full of the best things ever printed in LIFE.)
- Sept. 19 The Wilson Number.
- Sept. 26 Minister's Number. This is the only humorous number we issue during the year; the subject alone makes it cheerful. Irreverent, irrational and insinuatingly intelligent.

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

To Subscribe

To LIFE for three months is a matter for you and your conscience. The price is one dollar anywhere in the United States. Send it by registered mail with your name and address and wait for the results. It's a fair risk.



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

LIFE, 17 West 31, N. Y. City
ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

Rhymed Reviews

The Citadel

(By Samuel Merwin. The Century Co.)

As Nicholson's Graft-fighting Boy
Of Hosierdom was Daniel Harwood,
Our Congressman from Illinois
Supplies the rhyme—his name is
"Garwood."

He'd worn the Grand Old Party's yoke,
And served his term with commendation,
When suddenly his mind awoke
To what it was that Ailed the Nation.

So up he sprang from out his seat,
And, facing certain retribution,
Attacked, with some degree of heat,
Our Venerated Constitution!

Said he: "You fear this man-made code
As Hans and Gretel feared the ogress;
This Ancient Fetish bars our road,
Its dogmas block the Wheels of Progress.

"The Sacred Parchment's had its day;
A People's urgent needs transcend it.
Let's chuck the blamed old thing away,
Or make it easy to amend it!"

In consequence the Powers of Night
Combined to give the word, "Unseat
him!"



Get all the benefits of Summer sunshine but avoid the discomforts

YOU will find that your skin will not blister and burn half as readily if you protect it before exposing it. Apply Pond's Extract Vanishing Cream, then wipe it off *completely* with a soft towel. Then powder thoroughly.

If exposed so long to extreme heat that protection is impossible, use the following method of relieving sunburn. The moment you come in, after a gentle washing, rub on a thick coat of Vanishing Cream and allow it to remain on as long as possible. It will soften the dried, scorched skin and keep it from peeling, leaving you a rich, beautiful tan. This method is used among rowing men and is their favorite remedy for sunburn.

Pond's Extract Company's VANISHING CREAM

Pond's Extract for Mosquito Bites Nothing else compares with Pond's Extract for relieving mosquito bites. It takes the sting and smart out immediately; it kills the itching, prevents poisoning. The favorite household preparation for cuts, burns, bruises and other everyday injuries. Keep a bottle on hand always, or you will wish for it a thousand times during this hot weather.

Try These Products at Our Expense On request, we will mail samples of both Pond's Extract and Vanishing Cream. Upon receipt of 4 cents in stamps, we will send an extra large trial tube of Vanishing Cream. Address The Pond's Extract Co., Dept. L, 131 Hudson Street, New York.

Our tooth paste, talcum powder, cold cream and soap have the same individuality which characterizes all of the products of the Pond's Extract Company. They are different from ordinary toilet preparations. Why not try them?

Established 1788
Time Counts: 100—20—4

As the number of years that

Carstairs Rye

has been the American favorite. "Mine Host" at Ye Old Log Tavern counted Carstairs Rye the "best the house affords"—and the boniface at our Twentieth Century palatial hotels holds equal high regard.



There's the same smooth flavor; the same 100% purity; the same satisfying delight in a whiskey that "tastes so different."

Fine ryes scientifically blended and aged in wood.

If your dealer should not happen to have it, we'll send it to you through him at usual prices. Write

Stewart Distilling Co.
Phila. New York Balto.

The Numbered Label Shows Our Bottling

And though he fairly gained the fight
By Fraud they found a way to beat
him.

But what's the odds! He's battling yet,
The People's Choice, resolved, un-
daunted.

Besides, he's won his Margaret,
The freakish lady whom he wanted.

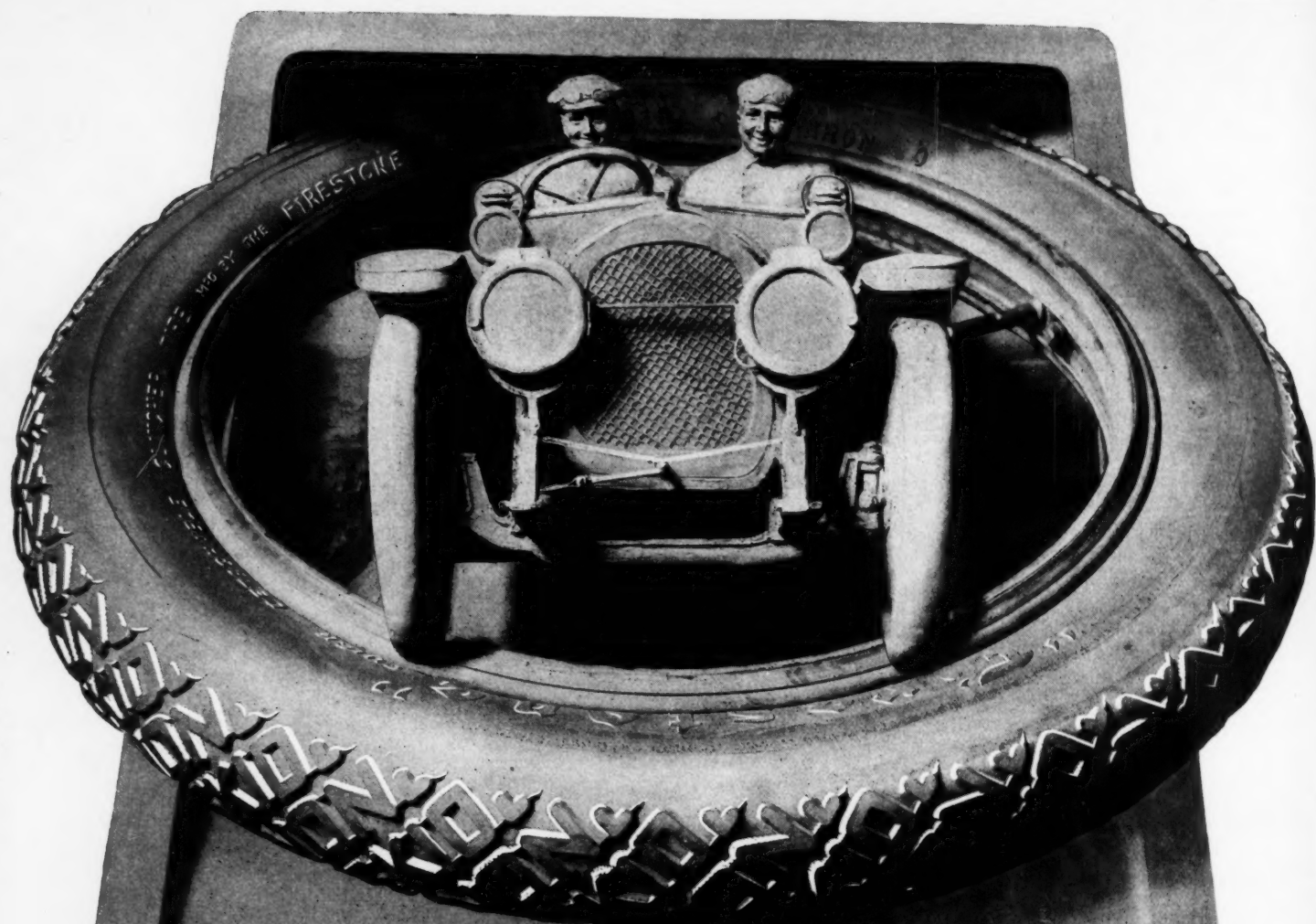
O Earnest Authors, hurling Fact
And Theory at idols hoary,
Reflect! A Novel's not a Tract,

Your Preachment should not swamp
your Story.

Your readers yawn with strange alarm
At heroines of great acumen
But quite devoid of normal charm—
Oh, let your Men and Maids be hu-
man!

And lest some ruder pen than mine
Should dub you "Literary Fakir,"
Remember, please, that "Frankenstein"
Was not the Monster, but his maker.

—Arthur Guiterman.



The *bigness* of Firestone service is due to the extreme building care in their *smallest* detail.

Their *sturdiness* on the road is put there by the elimination of *weakness* at the factory.

Firestone Tires

Plain Tread—Non-Skid

have an inbuilt rugged strength to master the most rigorous tests. Supreme in strain-resisting body, unapproached in tough, resilient tread, for over 12 years Firestone leadership has been unchallenged.

Most Miles Per Dollar is a Firestone slogan, crystalized by experience into fact.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, O.—All Principal Cities

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

© P. Seidel

LIFE



"ADOLPHUS, IS THAT THE MISS SHAPELY OF MUSICAL COMEDY FAME?"

"YES, DARLING, DIDN'T YOU RECOGNIZE HER?"

"NOT AT FIRST. SHE LOOKS DIFFERENT NOW THAT SHE IS DRESSED UP."



"While there is Life there's Hope"



A RESPECTED authority complained the other day—to wit, on July 22—on the lack of editorial inspiration in the New York papers. He said that not one of them had said anything important since the close of the conventions. He said they were all stupid; that he had read them all daily and got no help. Those were pretty dull weeks, and mighty hot. Everything had been done and said for the time being, and probably nobody wanted to think an unnecessary thought. The long, lively spring campaign had ended; the fall campaign had not begun. Even the volcanic ex-President was merely smoking between eruptions. Even at this writing, after a spell of cool weather, it is hard to say anything conclusively wise. The political air is full of wild cries that make the average hearer want to put his fingers in his ears and go and sit down. Mr. Hearst is advising his readers in large type that the Democrats have betrayed the country in advance by not (as yet) voting the money for two new dreadnoughts. Mr. Roosevelt thinks so, too, and also thinks that the Democratic tariff plank commits our country to desolation; a Congressman named Rodenberg from Illinois stood up in the House on July 26 and accused Candidate Wilson of various opinions selected from his past writings; the Steel Research Committee has issued three or four reports which expound the diversity of opinions among its members about the improvements needed in the Sherman law. Lorimer

has been fired from the Senate; United States Judge Hanford of Seattle has resigned under fire; United States Judge Archbald is to be impeached. Somewhere in the Congress the question of canal rates is lying low. More to the fore for the moment is the fact that La Follette, by a sudden use of strategy, got the Senate to pass again the wool schedule revision bill which Mr. Taft once vetoed.

Here's a deal to talk about if anyone is hungry for political discourse in August. If it were ours to do, we would either pass the two-dreadnought appropriation or else spend the money to send out missionaries, since if the world is going on anything like it has gone heretofore we had better have those ships, and if we are not to have them we should do something liberal and effective to reshape human conduct.

As to the theories of tariff rating that may be in the Democratic platform, how can anyone take more than languid interest in that? What they did at Baltimore was to nominate a candidate. That was a complete job in itself and important. Having accomplished it they brought out a platform and shot it under him. There are probably enough sound planks in it for the candidate to stand on, but he was not nominated on it, and he may very well regard it as suggestive rather than contractual.

Why should a man spend the time of the House, telling them, as Rodenberg did, what Dr. Wilson said in a book printed ten years ago? Of course, Mr. Rodenberg put Dr. Wilson's sentiments in the worst light possible, but what odds, anyhow? Dr. Wilson is a progressive; we are all progressives; none of us whose mental wheels have continued to revolve think politically just what we did ten years ago. We have all been to school all these last ten years. If we have not come along any since 1902, we

ought to have such spoon-fed instruction as they give the feeble-minded. There are probably many lines in Dr. Wilson's history which will not be serviceable to him as a Democratic candidate, but the important thing is not what he thought then, but what he thinks now, and the more he has been able to improve on his opinions of 1902, the more of a Progressive he is.



WE meet people who want to know what a Progressive is, anyhow. Perhaps it is fairly defined as a man who has improved on his past opinions. Contrarywise, the Standpatter is a man whose opinions are no better than they were. Progressives, then, differ according to the past-views that they have progressed from. The sifting of the Progressives is the most interesting political proceeding now going on. It is automatic. Every Progressive is trying to find out what he is and what candidate he belongs for. It is to laugh at the struggles of these excellent people to place themselves. They can go with Roosevelt or go with Wilson, or stay with the Republican party in spite of Taft. Yes, "in spite of Taft," but Taft is really a Progressive, too, only he can't keep up. What is attractive about Roosevelt is not so much the superior progressiveness of his political disclosures, as his speed. A good many good men went with him because they thought that he would get somewhere. Some of them still think so, but most of his present adherents must be sticking to him either because they are ashamed to quit, or because they want to beat Taft and are not willing to vote for a Democrat. It is of such men that Frank Sanborn speaks, when

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Enterprising Local Reporter: AS AN AVIATOR, DO YOU THINK THE AEROPLANE HAS COME TO STAY?
"THIS ONE HAS."

he writes to the *Springfield Republican*:

The real purpose of Roosevelt, so far as there is any reality in his aims, is to have a strong, lawless government, with himself at the head of it. Nothing else does he understand in the way of government. Charles Bird, and many of his other supporters, do not mean anything of the kind; but seek a new and squarer deal in politics, which would surely follow the break-up of the millionaire-republican domination, established in 1896 by Mark Hanna. To promote that, Roosevelt has so far consented as to do what his waning strength will allow in breaking up the party that re-elected him in 1904. He may do much or little, but that is now his purpose.

So there are Progressives like Mr. Bird, above, who find it their most urgent duty to smash the present control of the Republican party, and who work with Roosevelt to that end; and others like Mr. Brandeis and Norman Haggood, who follow what seems to them a more effective method by supporting Wilson; and others still—a large company, La Follette, Cummins, Borah, Bristow, the very backbone of the Progressive faction—who see nothing ahead in the Roosevelt revolt but Roosevelt, and don't want that, and who prefer to stick to the Republican hull and salvage it if they can.



WE are getting the scholar into politics in this country. Maybe presently we shall be getting him into the profession of letters, and possibly even into journalism. He would not necessarily be ill-placed there. At present the great and indispensable man in journalism is the man who gets the advertisements. There is no sign of his becoming any less indispensable than he is, but it is possible that we may see advancement in the fame and salary of his coadjutor, the man who puts into the paper the pieces that keep the advertisements coming.

Which recalls that Andrew Lang has died; a death to be deplored both because he was a scholar in literature, and because he followed so acceptably for so many years the employment of feeding to the press the necessary reading matter which is the profitable advertisement's running mate. It is thirty years next New Years since advertisement, at first so timidly, began to walk hand in hand with entertainment in the pages of this journal.

During all that time Andrew Lang has been a name familiar by constant association with books and printed pieces, and one always suggestive of liveliness of mind and skill of touch and a well digested erudition. Mr. Lang was the greatest hack-writer of his generation, the most widely known, read, admired and liked of all the large and diligent hack-writer family.



IT seems that there is hesitation on the part of Park Commissioner Stover to assign a place in Central Park to the monument to Dante, which has been provided for the decoration of this partially Italianized metropolis, through the efforts of the editor of a local Italian journal. Everyone knows that there is a club of eminent bronze literary persons in the Park—Shakespeare, Burns, Daniel Webster, Fitz Greene Halleck and others—and no one has suggested but that Dante's qualities and literary output entitle him to join this company. Mr. Stover's hesitation seems to be based on doubts if the Italian candidate is being suitably introduced. It is pointed out that facts of record favor the theory that the real motive for running Dante into the Park club is not to do Dante honor, nor to better the Park, but to win personal profits of one kind or another that projectors sometimes find in enterprises of this sort.

It seems that the present instigator of the Dante monument has been implicated already in the erection of four Italian memorials in New York, and he is thought to lean to this particular activity to a degree that threatens to run into excess.

That makes us sympathize with Mr. Stover's hesitations. Mr. Stover thinks the Dante monument should be better backed than it is. He thinks the Italian Government should approve the application for a site for it. He wishes fuller assurance that it stands for something more than the advertising instinct of an Italian newspaper man. Those seem to be reasonable desires.

Life's Fresh Air Fund

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

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

Previously acknowledged.....	\$7,331.89
In Memory of Lowry.....	12.00
"March 15th, 1911".....	10.00
M. C. P.....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Consigny.....	5.00
B. A.....	10.00
A Friend.....	20.00
Geo. W. Gale.....	25.00
Cash.....	3.00
Dick, John and Junior Speer.....	15.00
Thomas Sharp.....	5.00
Elizabeth Southard.....	2.00
Miss S. E. Witherell.....	25.00
J. D. Pell.....	10.00
Mrs. Caswell W. Stoddard.....	10.00
Friends in Hawaii: Elsie and Gerd Hiorth, eleven and ten years; Margaret Sandow, nine years; Marjorie and Edith Gregg, nine and six years; Ruth Knudsen, eleven years.....	43.00
Geo. F. Dominick.....	25.00
"Hawaii".....	25.00
George Moore Smith.....	10.00
R. and H. H.....	25.00
In memory of F. W. J. and N. N. J. Baird Hall, aged nine; Catharine Baird Holmes, aged nine.....	1.05
Mrs. A. K. Smale.....	5.00
"From a Friend".....	1.00
M. A. Emerson.....	5.00
J. S.....	5.00
Charles G. Gates.....	100.00
Mrs. W. E. Lowe.....	5.00
Lucy P. Dominick.....	10.00
"K. C. C.".....	10.00
G. V. B. Putney.....	12.00
W. C. Griggs.....	5.00
From Pandora's Box, a masque, by Mrs. Ida St. John Oye, given at a lawn fete at Ridgefield, Conn.....	528.50
	\$8,311.44

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

One package of rompers and overalls from Mrs. Frances Hartman, West Haven, Conn.

Our Thanks to These Friends in Hawaii

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM:

GENTLEMEN: A month ago to-day I started a little club among my girl friends and called it the "Busy Bee Club."

The reason I started it was to collect money for LIFE'S FARM. The members were Elsie and Gerd Hiorth (eleven and ten years), Margaret Sandow (nine years), Marjorie and Edith Gregg (nine and six years old) and Ruth Knudsen (eleven years old). We have worked hard all this month and last Thursday we had the sale.

I am staying with my grandmother, Mrs. V. Knudsen, and she gives a tennis party every Thursday afternoon. Last Thursday we had some tables down at the tennis court, and we had all the articles spread out on them. All the things were sold and we made \$43.00, which we are sending.

Next year we hope to have a fair and send you more money.

Yours sincerely,
RUTH KNUDSEN.

KEKAHA KANAI,
TERR. OF HAWAII.



General: SUCH DEVOTION TOUCHES ME HEART

Somewhere the Sun's Not Shining

WHAT boots it that the Sun is hot
As any Afric Hottentot?
Or that the pave doth simmer like
A boiling kettle; or the pike
Is drably dusty in the heat
That streams incessant on the street?

CHORUS.

*Somewhere the Sun's NOT shining!
Somewhere are drifts of snow.
Somewhere an icy-lining
Enthralls some Esquimo.
Somewhere Somebody's sneezing
Some Walrus tooralays,
And with his measures wheezing
Tells us of HAPPY DAYS!*

Why grieve because the Mercury
Is somewhere round one-twenty-three?
Why mope because there is no lack
Of moisture coursing down your back?
Why cuss because a humid streak
Has left you spineless, worn and weak?

CHORUS.

*Somewhere the Clouds are rising
And shutting off the Sun.
Somewhere a paralyzing
Old Blizzard's on the run.
Somewhere Somebody shivers
In ice-bound Arctic Bays,
And zero-weather quivers
With hints of HAPPY DAYS!*

Give up these moanings of despair
O'er August and her torrid air.
Refrain from complaints because no breeze
Or zephyrs kiss your leafy trees.
Cease caviling because your bed
Is hotter than a tin-roofed shed—

CHORUS.

*Somewhere a blast is blowing
That's colder than the deuce.
Somewhere the ice is floeing
O'er River, Dam and Sluice.
Somewhere the Esquimoses
Are singing songs of praise
Straight through their frosty noses
To HAPPY, HAPPY DAYS!
John Kendrick Bangs.*



"Striving to better, oft we mar what's well"

—King Lear

Settled

I'M old—at last I know it—I've had suspicions long.
 But things have happened lately that have made suspicion strong.
 I almost owned—not wholly—betwixt a tear and smile,
 When hunting for the glasses that were on my nose the while:
 But now there's no illusion—it's filtered down too fine!
 The men all frankly kiss me!—I've passed the danger line!

Subjugation

THE process of subjugation has gone on ever since the oldest historian can remember. We have subjugated all the inferior races that are worth bothering about. Those that are not subjugated are afraid to tempt us. We have subjugated nature until she is completely domesticated and house-broke. We have now reached a point where we have to subjugate ourselves.
 We shall succeed, but it will be a tough struggle. Self-subjugation is the worst law of nature.



"WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS I THEE ENDOW"

Why Not Be in Harmony With Universe?

Swami Baa Baa is on Deck Day and Night At Life's Vibration Parlors—Rhythmic Vibrations Within Reach of All

WE are prepared to place any respectable person in complete harmony with the universe for an initial payment of only one hundred dollars. This is a special offer and good only for six weeks; after that the price will be advanced.

If you desire to become an adept in spiritualistic manifestations, in rhythmic breathing, or in the occultation of the subliminal self, enroll your name as a student and take a three months' course in our institute, which is pleasantly situated in the suburbs of Boston, overlooking the Back Bay.

Swami Baa Baa, who has been in charge of our vibration parlors since their inception, has a world-wide reputation and has been endorsed by all the principal bishops and leading divines of the country.

Swami Baa Baa can be consulted every morning from nine until ten.

Remember that our parlors are the first successful attempt made to place the disciples of New Thought in this country upon a community basis. No matter what you have, we can cure you. No matter what you are, we can make you a ruler of the universe. All power is yours for the asking.

The following letter is one among thousands:

"Yesterday, in response to instructions from Yogi Baa Baa, I concentrated on a brass finger bowl for fifteen minutes, at the end of which time I was conscious

of my astral body walking around me with the utmost freedom.

At the second lesson I succeeded in projecting my astral body into the back yard.

Owing to grand message received, and consciousness of tremendous power I shall soon (I am convinced) be able to send my astral body on all errands, thus enabling me to go into the silence and receive harmonious vibrations from all beings.

My gratitude to Baa Baa knows no bounds."

Swami Baa Baa lectures every afternoon to select audiences and explains the principle of concentration and complete surrender of identity only to emerge afterwards in universal ecstasy.

Classes in self-hypnosis forming daily.

If you have never felt or seen your subliminal self, call and have this wonderful revelation. Remember, all that you see is the only unreality. All objects are expressed in terms of heat and vibrate according to caloric values.

Therefore, if you would throw off the shackles of materialism, come and get on intimate terms with your subliminal self.

Please bear in mind that the subliminal self and the astral body are entirely distinct. The subliminal self is a part of you; the astral body can

be trained scientifically under the direction of the subliminal self. These are faint adumbrations. Swami Baa Baa explains everything.

Would you converse with the spirits of the past?

Special seances held every evening, at which any great man can be present by appointment; also any relative that you choose to talk with. The following conversation was recorded last evening with Napoleon, who came on fifteen minutes after being called by Swami Baa Baa. Among other things, Napoleon was distinctly heard to say, "Fudge!" He also murmured "Pingpong!" He was heard distinctly to blow his nose. Later in the evening George Washington and Benjamin Franklin appeared and both giggled extensively.

While seances are going on our band plays:

"Every Little Aura Has a Meaning of Its Own."

Auras of every person present will be analyzed by Swami Baa Baa at moderate charge, and, if not satisfactory, you can have your aura made over.

Be assured that our message is one which must come home to the American people in the end. When it is finally realized that all things are relative and that the only reality lies in the syllable Om, which can be obtained by rhythmic breathing, then the fullest realization and harmonious supremacy will be attained.

Practise rhythmic breathing by continuous gazing on blue and yellow discs and repeat Baa Baa one hundred times in succession.

Have you learned to mutter to your-

self? This is one of the supreme accomplishments of harmonic vibrations. To mutter diffusely without purpose is only to be a source of suffering to yourself and to your friends. We hold classes in rhythmic muttering twice a week.

One lady writes:

"Since becoming a member of your vibration parlors I have reduced my weight nearly one hundred pounds. I now realize, however, that the three hundred pounds which I thought I weighed in the beginning was only an illusion, although the weight which I have really lost is imaginary; nevertheless, I am now vibrating harmoniously with all the universe, and my spirit is as light as air.

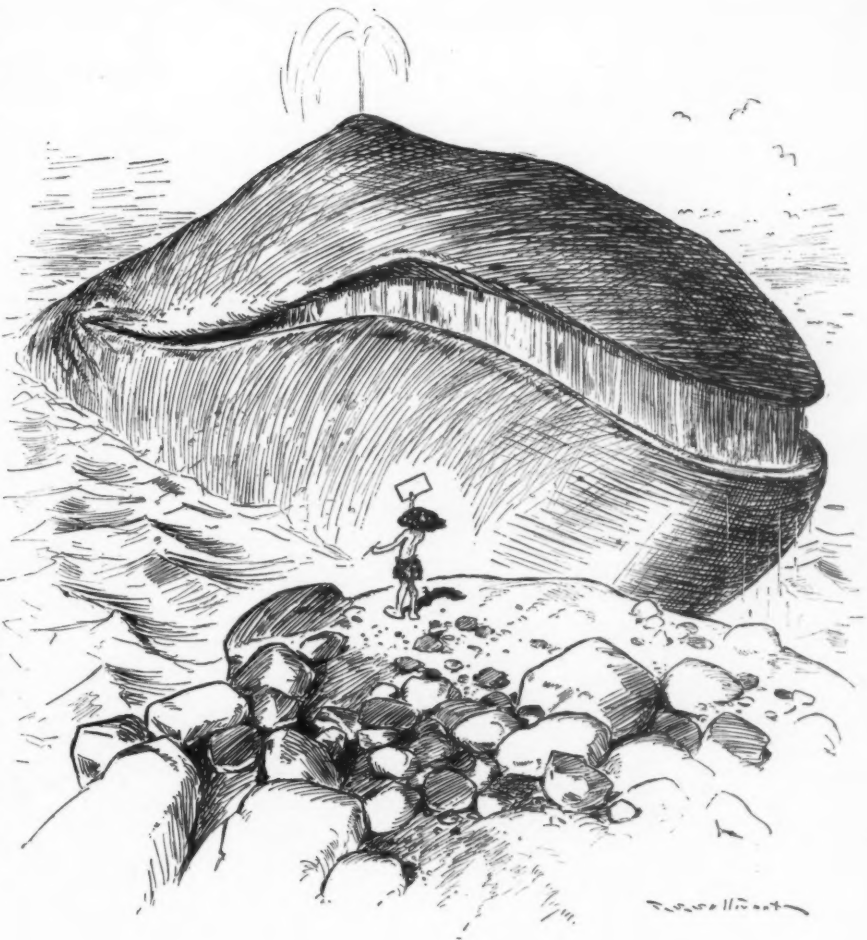
How divine is Baa Baa!"

Some imposter, representing himself to be a genuine yogi, has been advertising in the papers as the only and original Baa Baa. Our real friends know that he is only an illusion and a fraud; nevertheless, for the benefit of those who have not reached the higher plane, we publish this warning against him.

Swami Baa Baa, in charge of our parlors, is the only genuine yogi now in this country. He will tell you your first name without knowing it beforehand.

Call and register.

Life's Vibration Parlors.



Jonah (after the adventure): WOULD YOU MIND SIGNING THIS STATEMENT?
I'VE GOT TO ACCOUNT TO MY WIFE FOR MY THREE DAYS' ABSENCE

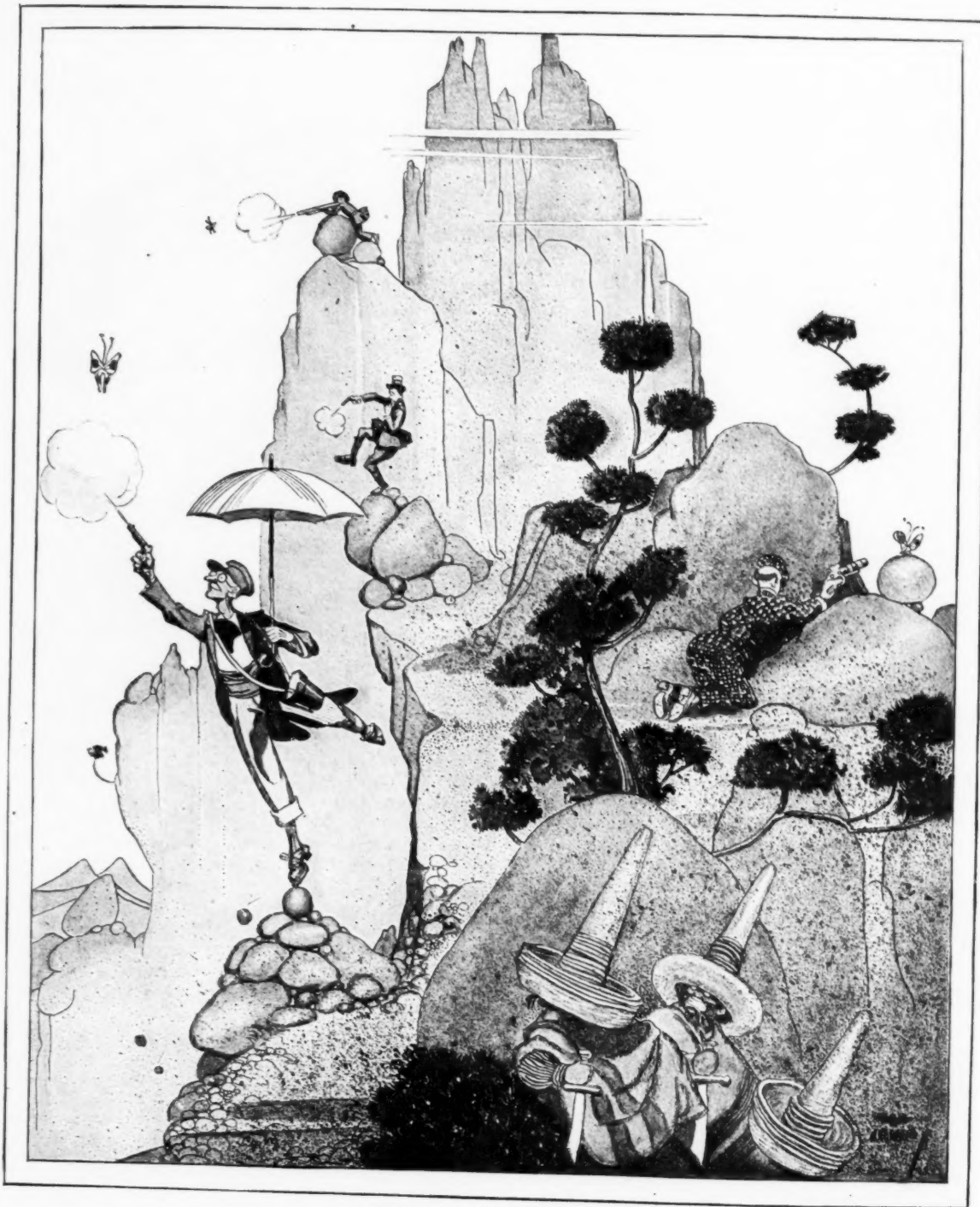


"BLACK-EYED SUSAN"

The Case of Lorimer

SENATOR LORIMER is gone. He has been presented with the degree of Ex and, according to Hoyle, we ought to feel greatly elated, but somehow the elation fails to arrive in sufficiently elating quantity. We should like to feel that all's well with the Senate now; but, alas, we cannot. If the unseating of Lorimer had been a little more prompt and spontaneous, possibly we should feel better about it. But it was too labored. As it is, they must repeat the process several times—get the habit, in fact—before we can be induced to take the brake off of our laudations.

HOW much would you be worth if you lost all your money?



SPORTS OF ALL NATIONS
SHOOTING BUTTERFLIES IN THE ANDES



SPORTS OF ALL NATIONS

"CUT YOUR NEIGHBOR," OR "FREEZE THE BLIGHTER," THE POPULAR PASTIME OF ENGLAND. THE PLAYERS ENDEAVOR TO OUTSTARE EACH OTHER. IT IS PLAYED IN TWOSOMES, FOURSOMES AND THEN SOME. THE PLAYER DROPPING HIS H IS DISQUALIFIED.

The Ban

(SCENE, an ordinary apartment. Two splendidly preserved people, a husband and wife, are discovered.)

HE (taking a wineglass full of clear, slightly amber colored liquid, and holding it for an instant to the light before he drinks it): Well! One hundred and forty today?

SHE (filling another glass from a small decanter and draining it after him): Well! I am only five years behind you!

HE: Much good it does both of us! This perpetual living is beginning to get on my nerves. Who was that man who first invented it? Metchnikoff? He ought to have known better.

SHE (irritably): If you feel that way about it, why in the world don't you stop taking this stuff?

HE: Um. You don't suppose I am going to let you get ahead of me, do you? Not much! Why, if I should die first, you'd have the laugh on me.

SHE: To be candid with you, that's the only thing that's keeping me alive. My! I haven't had a really new sensation for twenty-five years. I've seen every kind of a play, read every kind of a book and known every kind of a human being.

HE: And that isn't the worst of it, either. Here we have exhausted everything, and yet we both feel as fresh as daisies. Hello! Here comes our daughter.

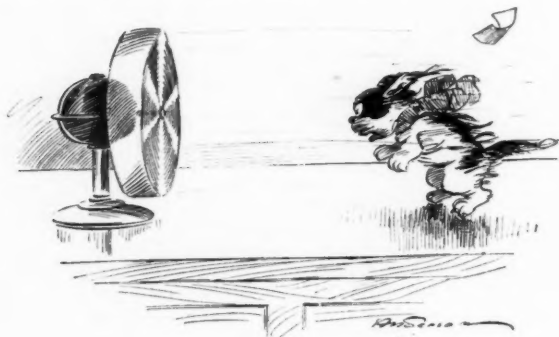
(Stella enters with the baby.)

STELLA: Good morning, papa and mamma! By the way, this is my eighty-fifth birthday. What do you think of this little fellow? He was born yesterday morning.

HE (looking over the new arrival languidly): He seems all right. Let's see. This must be your forty-first, Stella. Don't expect me to take any interest in him. This thing of being a grandfather—well, it used to be good fun, but there's nothing in it any more.

SHE: Stella, your babies are all alike. When you get to be a hundred and thirty-five, as I am, the novelty of becoming a mother will vanish.

STELLA (bursting into tears): That's what's the matter with me now, dear father and mother. I realized it sud-



"IF SOMETHING WASN'T HOLDING ME BACK, I'D GO OVER AND LICK THE STUFFIN' OUT OF THAT BLOWHARD"



XXXXXXXXXX [ART]

"SIR, HOW DARE YOU!"

denly this morning. I am no longer interested in babies. Dear me, at eighty-five there's really nothing new.

HE (abruptly changing the subject): Where's your husband?

STELLA: Here he comes now. (Enter a sprightly, young looking man, age ninety-two.) Jack!

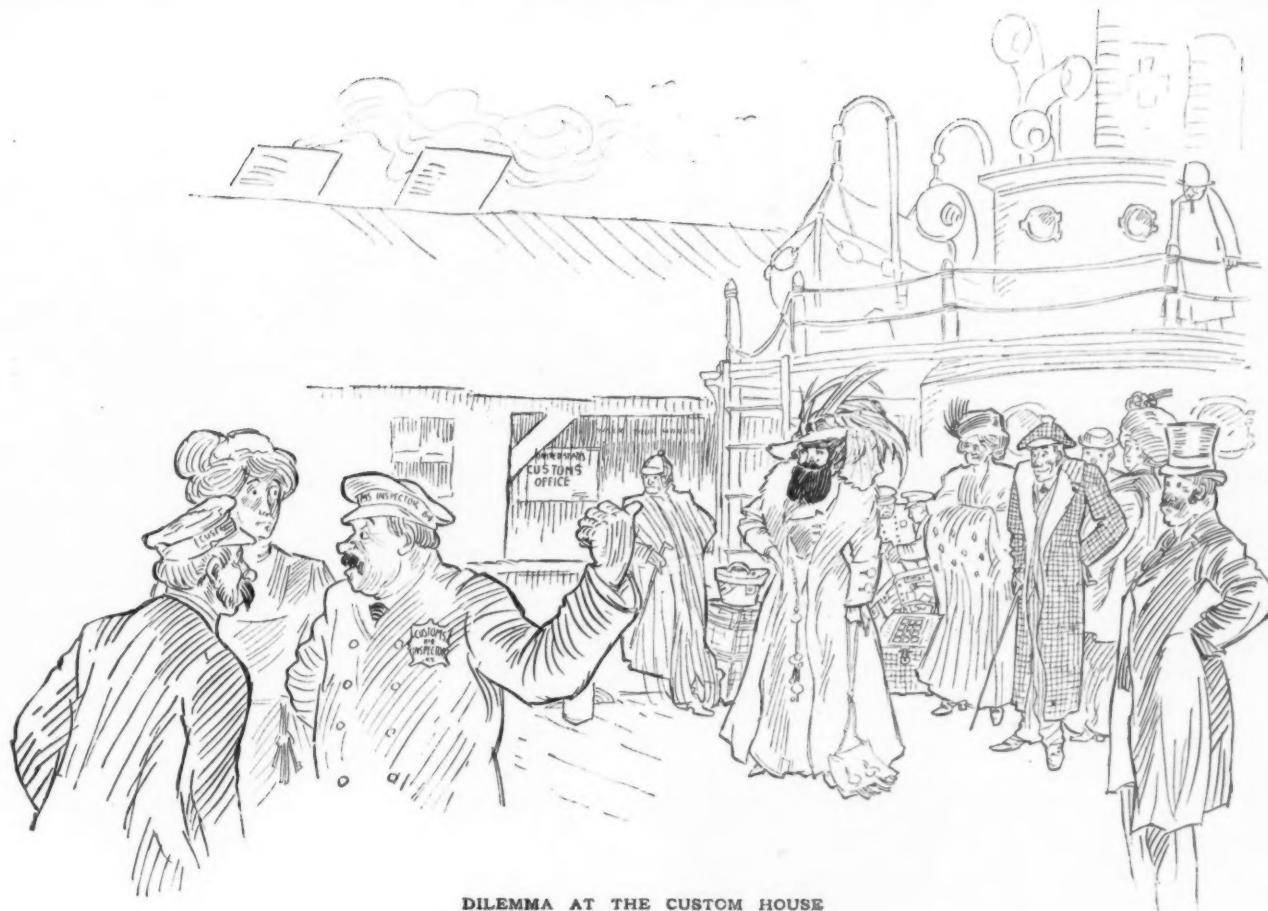
JACK: Well, father and mother-in-law, how goes the battle? (Throwing himself into a chair.) As for me, I am tired of living. I've learned everything, along with the rest of you. Why, there's not even any nonsense to talk about (suddenly perceiving the baby). Um. Is that the last one? What bad taste in you, Stella, to bring him here. I had really forgotten about him.

STELLA: He doesn't matter, does he? Do you remember the time, Jack—about sixty years ago, wasn't it?—when the first one came, and how he cried? Dear me, now that they have perfected the raising of children, and babies no longer cry, it seems rather a shame, doesn't it? There's really nothing to do about them except to give them a drop or so of Kindolin every few hours.

HE: Do you realize that all these things have been said before? Why, Stella, for the last ten babies you have had exactly the same conversation as this has taken place. Bah!

SHE: Yes, and you have made exactly the same remark after it was over.

JACK: Then why not let us all put an end to this miserable farce of human life? Let us all stop taking this miserable Kindolin, and die of old age!



DILEMMA AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE
WHO SEARCHES THE BEARDED LADY?

STELLA: You forget, Jack, that we cannot, because it would take some time to do this, and we would be imposing a burden upon the State, which under our constitution we no longer have any right to do. No! This is proscribed.

JACK: True. I had overlooked the conditions. Well then, father and mother-in-law, and Stella, as there is no longer any use in living, let us all commit suicide. We can die by wireless exposure, and no one will miss us. We have seen and done everything and we might as well—

HE: Jack, you overlook the fact that only those who are a burden to the State can commit suicide. Now, we are all perfectly healthy, and we cannot commit suicide and obey the moral law—and this law we are bound to respect; it is the one thing that we have learned.

JACK (*sighing*): True. I am still somewhat impetuous. (He straightens up and moves over to the decanter of Kindolin, from which he pours out, solemnly, four glasses.) Here folks.

STELLA: What is it?

JACK (*holding up his glass*): A toast.

HE: Come mother! We must drink with Jack. What is the toast, Jack?

JACK (*as they all hold up their glasses*): Here's to Metchnikoff and Kindolin! And here's to the emptiness of unending life.

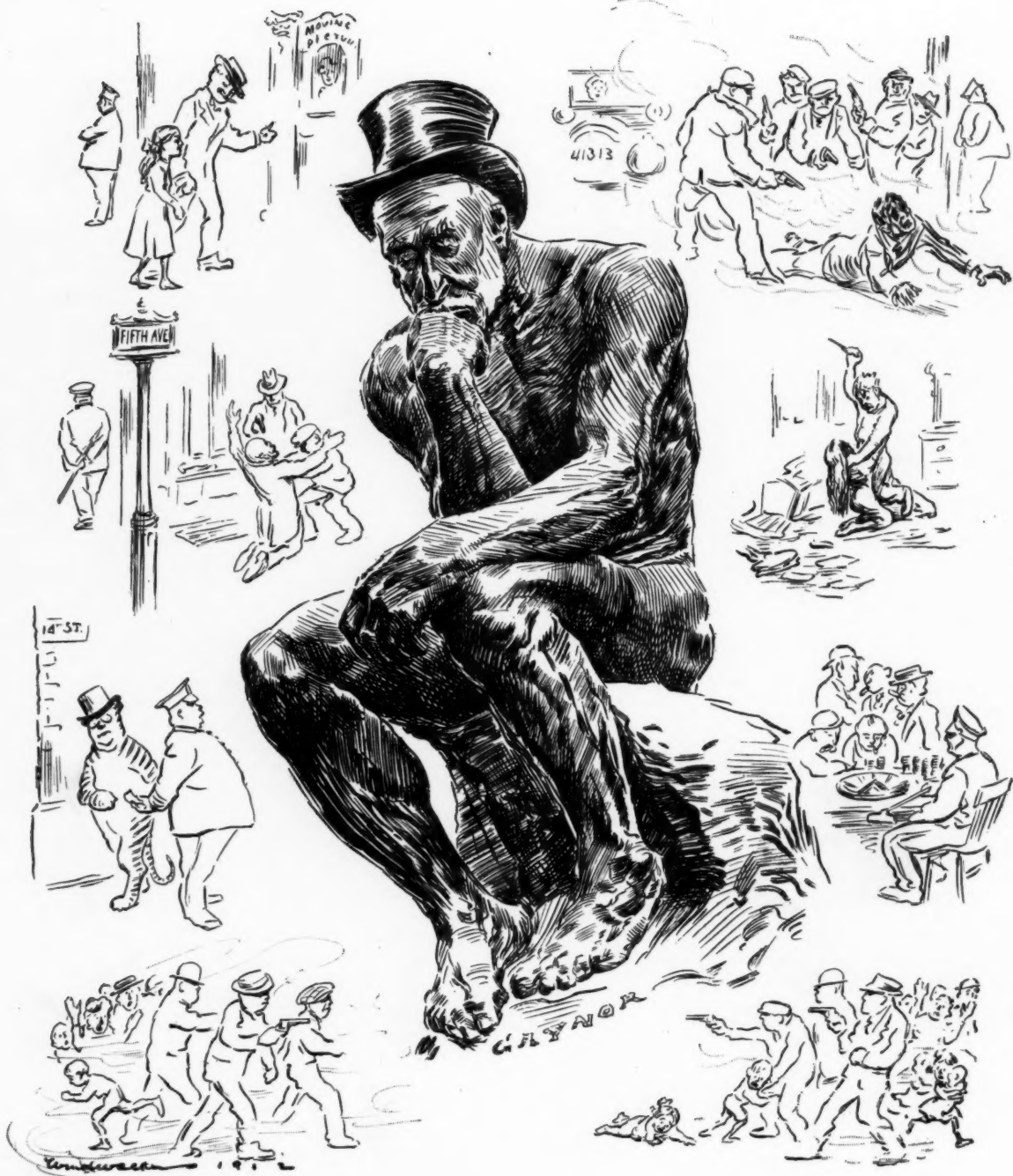
(They all drink and, sinking back, stare at each other blankly.)

Curtain.

Thomas L. Masson.

What is a Doctor?

A DOCTOR is a man who looks after the health of the community. Naturally, therefore, he is highly respected. When a medical student has succeeded in graduating he is converted into a sacrificial personage who would disdain to do a wrong thing, and especially would he disdain to look upon illness as a source of income. The result is that doctors take quite as much pains with poor patients as with rich. This is as it should be.



The Thinker



What's on the Sign-Board?

One Hundred Dollars for the Best Answer

Conditions

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

Manuscripts should be addressed to

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

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

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

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

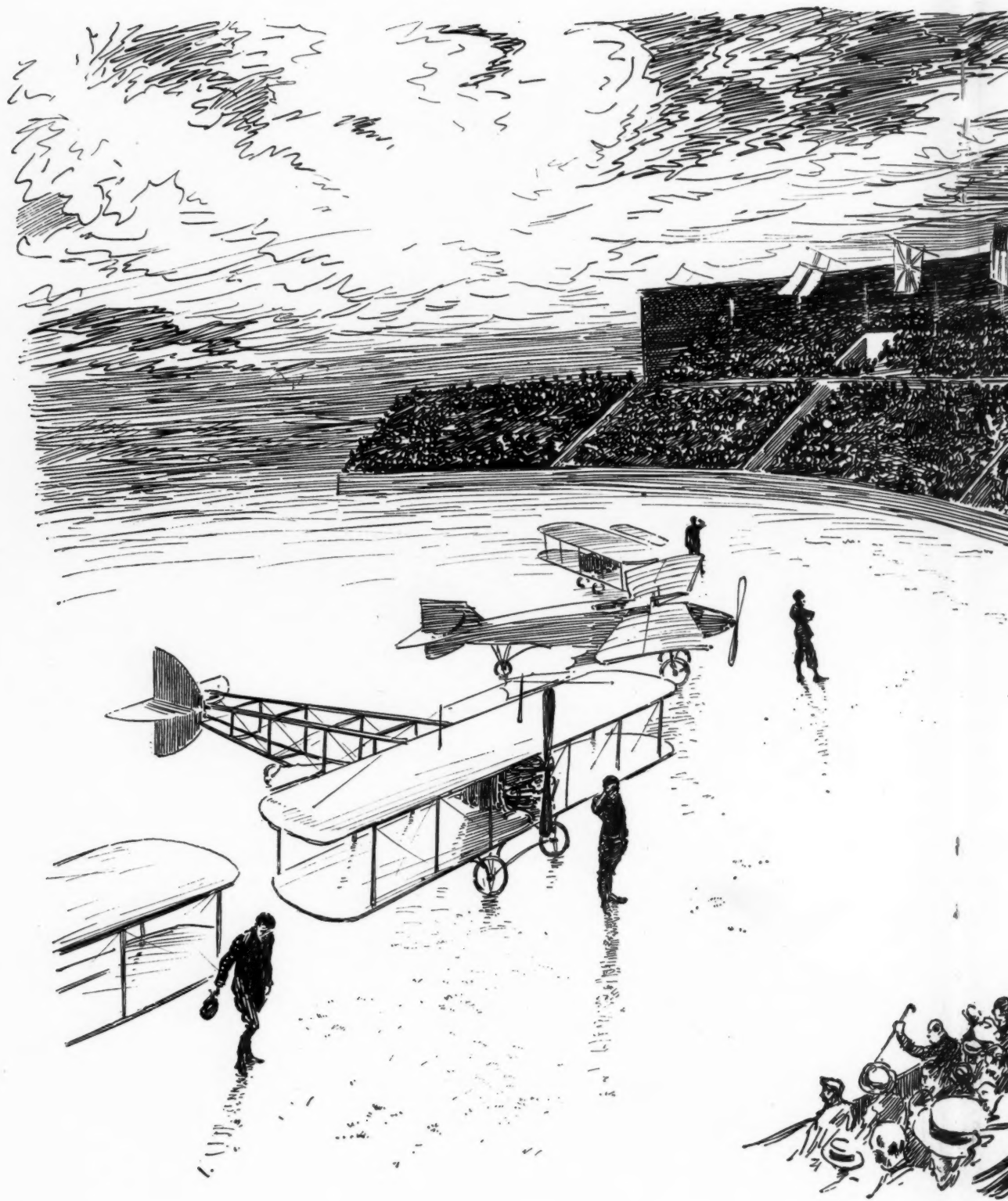
Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue of September 12.

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

Only one answer from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscript will be returned.

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





MORI
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SALU
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J. CONNOR
1917

Library Table Delicacies



THIS is the kind of weather when you want to be particularly careful about fruit, fish and fiction. With the thermometer in the eighties, all sorts of obscure ptomainic complications are likely to result from any one of them being over ripe. And, on the other hand, with most of the doctors, all of the clergymen and even some justices of the peace off on vacation, it is equally the part of wisdom to avoid immature peaches with pink tinges on their southwestern exposures and Nile-green novelettes bound in pale purple. A few hints for hesitating marketers follow.

Under the heading of fruit, J. C. Snaith's "The Principal Girl" (Moffat, Yard. \$1.25), is a safe purchase. The author is the Englishman who, a few years since, laid the foundation of a real reputation by writing "Broke of Coven-den," and then took to growing such toothsome, but perishable, literary exotics as "Araminta" and "Fortune." This latest product of his experimental farm is characteristically toothsome, although even more than characteristically perishable. It treats (in a vein of confidential comment) of a marriage between the sensible son of a brand new baronet and the popular daughter of an hereditary theatrical family, and refreshes the palate with its tang of satiric acid, but will not upset the most delicate digestion.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT'S "Fate Knocks at the Door" (Lippincott. \$1.25) is undeniably fishy in places. But it is a game tale and freshly caught, with the rainbow hues of enthusiasm still upon it. It gives us the biography of a sailor-bred

hero whose hard-bitten career of campaigning in the Philippines and of hill life in India leads to material fortune in a Caribbean island and to a mystic (and slightly mad) mission of feminist propaganda in New York. As a story of adventure it is vivid, clean cut and entertaining. As an attempt concretely to express the idealism of the woman's movement, it is Rosicrucian rather than realistic and suffers from the ultimately fatal defect of failing to introduce us to a single woman whom an unbiased on-looker is able to idealize.



The Bowlerout, by Forrest Halsey. The romance of a dunned debtor. A fictional contribution to the campaign against the loan sharks.

Elsie Lindtner, by Karin Michaelis Stangeland. A second helping (which is equivalent to a surfeit) from the diary and correspondence of the heroine of "The Dangerous Age."

Fate Knocks at the Door, by Will Levington Comfort. See above.

The Golightlys, Father and Son, by Laurence North. See above.

It, by Gouverneur Morris. Short stories full of go, by a versatile writer.

Key to Trees, by J. F. Collins and N. W. Preston. A handy and practical field reference book for the northeastern States and eastern Canada.

The Loss of the SS. Titanic, by Lawrence Beesley. A connected account of the disaster by an intelligent and apparently cool-headed survivor.

My Life in Prison, by Donald Lowrie. A "human document" of the most thrilling interest and a sociological critique of real value.

Neighborhood, by Tickner Edwardes. A year's round of the rural life in a remote English village.

The Principal Girl, by J. C. Snaith. See above.

Recollections of Guy de Maupassant, by François. A somewhat unexciting proof that a man may be a hero to his valet.

Sharrow, by Bettina Von Hutten. A pleasant story of the temperamental quarrels and confidences of an ancient house.

Social Life in the Insect World, by J. H. Fabre. Delightful talks, personal and professional, by an eminent French entomologist.

Socialism and the Great State. Papers by H. G. Wells and others discussing the present attitude of constructive socialist thought.

A Son of the Sun, by Jack London. Readable stories of commercial adventure in the south seas.

The Story of a Ploughboy, by James Bryce. An autobiographical novel in which the social life of rural Scotland is brought up in *quo warranto* proceedings before the reader sitting in judgment.

The Street Called Straight, by the author of "The Inner Shrine." A spurious problem in trumped up ethics for the edification of the self-righteous.

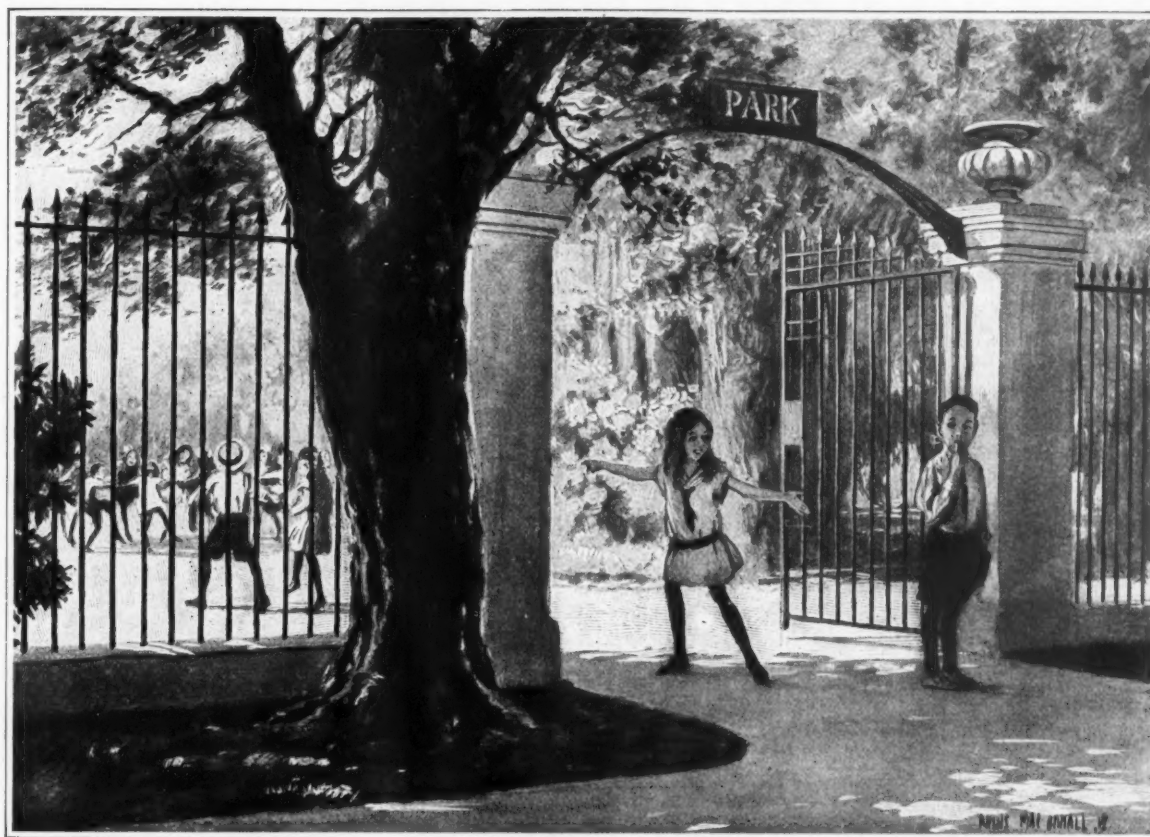
What Is and What Might Be, by Edmund Holmes. A clear-brained educator's criticism of our system of primary education. A highly suggestive and interesting analysis.

Wings of Desire, by M. P. Wilcocks. A new and interesting example of Miss Wilcocks' studies in character development.

IF you happen to be looking for a bit of real fiction—not so easy a thing to find, by the way, in spite of the gaudily dressed market stalls—you might try Laurence North's "The Golightlys, Father and Son" (Doran. \$1.25). The story is an essentially modern envisagement of a tragic theme—a comprehending and sympathetic, yet an impersonal and unpartisan, setting forth of the sequent situations and unrecognized crises in a drama of self-defeat. But its setting—the world of speculative journalism and literary exploitation of contemporary London—is so realistic in its ramifications, and the many characters—each an acquaintance as well as an actor in the play—are so manifestly the contriving causes of the plot, rather than its slaves, that the outcome, instead of being an "unhappy ending," is that happiest of all fictional denouements, an inevitable and comprehensible self-fulfillment.

J. B. Kerfoot.

LIBERTY is being free from the things we don't like in order to be slaves of the things we do like.



A BACHELOR IN THE MAKING

Getting the Best of Socialism

IT is recorded in the history of inventions that the man who invents a big idea very rarely reaps the benefit. Some other fellow comes along with a practical bent and gets it away from him. Perhaps it is too early to make a positive prediction, but this seems to be the relationship between syndicalism and socialism.

Socialism offered a new propaganda to a waking world. It was based upon the idea of the brotherhood of man, and in its highest aspects furnished an ideal for dreamers.

Gradually the rich manufacturers were to be eliminated, and everything was to be all right in the course of time.

Meanwhile along comes Syndicalism and grabs the reins for itself.

Syndicalism does not believe in

doing things gradually. Syndicalism is practical. When confronted by a situation, Syndicalism attempts no compromise, and does not parley, but it gets together and grabs everything in sight. Its justification lies in the fact that up to the present time the plutocrats have used that weapon for their own. They have not hesitated to tyrannize and to plunder. Syndicalists are only fighting them with their own weapons.

Of course, Syndicalism will probably not control everything, but in a short space of time it has done more to advance the cause of labor than the persuasive arguments of the Socialists.

The two are diametrically opposed to each other, but if it were possible to unite them would this not mean a new state of society?

Lifeboats

IS the ship of state carrying enough lifeboats? Things have looked pretty squally recently. The Republicans are showing a decided sag amidships. The Democrats are dragging several anchors. The Socialists are overcrowding the steerage and threatening to invade the upper decks. And the Prohibitionists have been taking water rapidly. Breakers have been sighted in several directions and seem particularly perilous in the solid South. The large stay-at-home vote would indicate the presence of an unusual amount of ice. The platforms are thin and rickety. Also there has been a large accumulation of mud in the political and oratorical channels. Let us look carefully to the safety devices. A lifeboat in time saves nine times nine.

E. O. J.

Intimate Interviews

Anatole France

THE greatest literary man of France shook hands with us quietly and without ostentation, offering us a seat in his Parisian domicile, third floor, rear room, where it was quiet and the Gallic sunlight streamed luminously through the old-fashioned window.

Being profoundly impressed with such a presence, we were silent for

unbearable people on the face of the earth, are always admitted everywhere. It is what you call 'cheek,' isn't it?"

We bowed.

"Then what is it you want of me?" he said brusquely.

"Monsieur," we replied, "nothing. We merely came in to look at you. The interview with you has already



"What you call 'cheek,' isn't it?"

about half a moment, thinking of something appropriate to say.

"Tell us about yourself," we burst out imperiously and with a skilful attempt to hide our embarrassment. "How do you do your work?"

Anatole France indicated his contempt for us by a long silence.

"Your 'Thais,'" we ventured, now thoroughly disconcerted, "was fine."

Anatole France turned upon us his impressive eye.

"You wouldn't be tolerated for a moment," he said, "if you weren't an American. For some reason, however, the Americans, who are the most vulgar, most ostentatious and the most

been written and will appear in tomorrow morning's papers. The object of this visit is merely to say that we have seen you."

"And what have you written?"

"Your opinions about literature; your method of work; your habits; what you eat and drink; your clothes; what you consider your best book, and your opinion of America."

"But you know nothing of these things!"

At this we laughed lightly, for we had now recovered our native composure.

"It is not necessary for an American newspaper interviewer to know any-

Threnody

(With obeisances to the author of "Old Grimes")

THE Party's dead, that good old stuff—
We ne'er shall see it more.
It flourished in these U. S. A.
Since Eighteen Fifty-four.

Its purse was open as the day,
Its feelings all were true;
And none has been to say it nay
Since Eighteen Ninety-two.

Whene'er it heard the poor complain
Its breast with pity burn'd;
It often fed on sugar-cane,
And much tobacco burned.

But now the Party is at rest
Whose praises here I sing.
Republican? I do protest
That there ain't no sech thing.

And so the G. O. P. is dead
As last Thanksgiving's turk;
And everybody said it was
A fine old Piece of Work.

Franklin P. Adams.

thing," we replied, "so long as he can write. In the meantime, Anatole France, permit us to say that you are a great man and that, being a Frenchman, you are a great artist. You have a quality, a precision and depth of style unequalled among the moderns, but have no fear—"

We raised our hand deprecatingly.

"This is not what we have said about you. Your secret shall remain in France, and when you come to America think of the grand reception you will have!"

Anatole France, taking us firmly by the shoulder and preparing to throw us out of the window, replied:

"Don't alarm yourself, my American friend. I would as soon think of paying a visit to Hades as New York."

We then left him, much against our will.

Why Not?

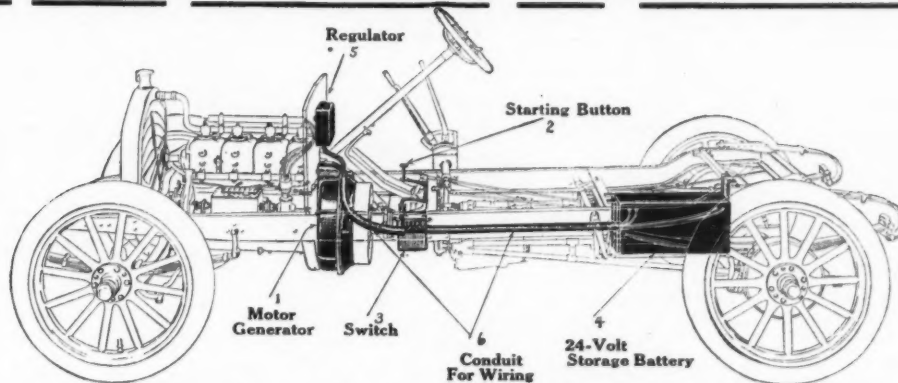
SO long as railroads make a specialty of running fast trains, why should they not give the passengers a rebate in case of delay? The only object in paying extra money to go on a fast train is to save time in getting to your destination. But no railroad dreams of paying if it fails to perform the service.

Rambler
1913

Cross Country

Rambler
\$1700

With UNIT GASOLINE and ELECTRIC MOTOR



The Cross Country unit gasoline and electric motor showing location of all parts

2. Starting Button. When pressed the electric motor starts the gasoline engine.

3. Switch. With the gasoline engine running, and the starting button released, this switch automatically changes the electric motor into an electric generator for charging the storage battery.

5. Regulator. Automatically makes rate of charging storage battery same at any engine speed.

HERE is a car destined for leadership in 1913. The new unit gasoline and electric motor is bound to give it first place. The 1912 Cross Country was a popular success. Big sales prove that. One hundred and five per cent—our increase for the year—is a record.

Gasoline and Electric Motor

Think what this new motor means. It combines two widely used and thoroughly known power principles; one, in the perfected Cross Country gasoline engine; the other, in the commonly used electric motor generator.

Now you don't have to get out of your car to start or to light the lamps.

Press a button—you start.

Press another—you light the lamps.

Read the explanation. Then see this new motor. The idea is so simple—the result so pleasing—you will wonder why it has not been done before.

This gasoline electric motor consists of a single unit, combining a 38-horse power, four-cylinder gasoline engine with an electric motor generator.

There is no need for a separate starting device. From the instant you press the starting button this electric motor generator is creating and storing electric energy for future use.

The usual cast iron fly wheel of an ordinary engine is left off.

Noiseless and Simple

The parts forming the electric motor generator take the place of the fly wheel.

It saves weight, bearings, chains, gears, complicated wiring, and operates as silently as any electric motor.

The only wearing parts, other than those of all

gasoline engines, are the motor generator brushes which are six times the necessary size—ample for many times the life of the car.

Except to put water in the batteries it requires no attention.

The Cross Country in appearance has no equal.

Ten Inch Upholstery

In comfort we thought we had reached the limit—but now we have added ten inch upholstery. Of power it has sufficient for every emergency.

It's so flexible you can travel on high gear no faster than a man usually walks, or fifty miles an hour.

To steer is but to touch the wheel. It guides so easily, you are conscious of no effort. Experienced motorists instantly appreciate this advantage.

Of its reliability there can be no question, vouched for by our ten thousand mile guarantee.

10,000 Mile Guarantee

Jeffery service is a reality. It has been gradually perfected by twelve years of actual field work and is now backed by an organization of more than four hundred dealers and branches. One of them is probably near to you.

We make ninety-six per cent of our parts and now have one-half million dollars invested in duplicate parts for the benefit of owners.

Ask your banker or consult Dun or Bradstreet as to the responsibility of this company.

Four Big Features

Here is what you get in the Cross Country: Appearance that makes you proud of your purchase.

Comfort rare and pleasing.

A gasoline and electric motor in advance of the day.

A guarantee backed by the Jeffery Company.

Could you ask for more in a motor car?

Specifications

38 horse power; ignition, self-generated. Transmission, selective; three forward speeds and reverse. Adjustable taper roller bearings. Front axle I beam; rear axle Rambler type. Springs, front semi-elliptic; rear, three-quarter elliptic. Wheel base 120 inches; tread 56 inches, option 60 inches. Wheels 36 x 4 demountable. Tires U.S. or Good-year, 36 x 4.

Body styles: Five-passenger, \$1700; four-passenger, \$1700; Roadster, (\$1650); Special touring body, five adults and two children; 37 x 4 1/2 inch tires, \$1900; Sedan, four-passengers all enclosed, \$2500; Gotham five-passenger limousine with two extra cab seats 37 x 4 1/2 inch tires, \$2750.

Beauty of Finish

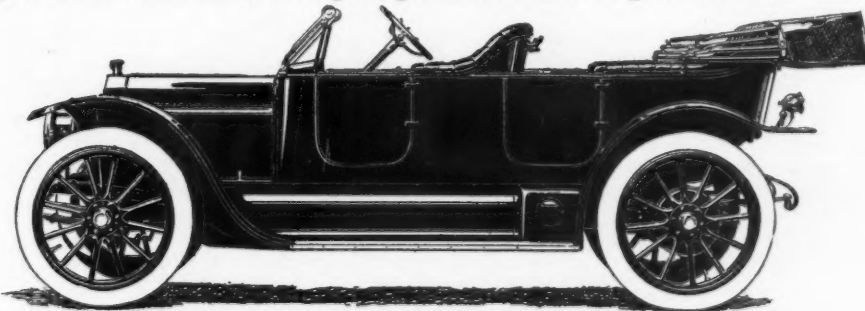
Finished in light Brewster Green with black beads and hair line gold stripe, with wheels to match. Trimmed in nickel, with bonnet, fenders and fillers in black enamel.

Equipment: Two 9 1/2 inch electric head lamps, flush electric dash lamps and electric tail lamp, tonneau hinged robe rail, adjustable foot rest, complete tool equipment; top and envelope, \$70; wind-shield, \$30.

Send For Booklet

The Cross Country with the new unit gasoline and electric motor is now ready for demonstration. You will want the booklet describing this remarkable motor. A postal will bring it to you at once.

We Guarantee Every Cross Country for 10,000 Miles
Subject to the conditions of the signed guarantee which we give with each car



The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Main Office and Factory: Kenosha, Wisconsin

Branches: Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco



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

Taft a Trimmer

EDITOR OF LIFE:

I would like to ask Mr. W. J. McCafferty, of California, through LIFE, if "he belongs to a religion which teaches respect for all duly constituted authority, and there are no more loyal citizens in the United States than Catholics," how is it that 75 per cent. of the criminals in the United States are members or were born in that faith? If they are such loyal citizens as their religion teaches them, why are they driven out of other countries? Why is it that England won't tolerate them? Why are they driven out of Spain, Portugal and France? Taft is a trimmer of the cheapest sort. Any one in office who tries to catch a vote of any special sect or creed ceases to be a man and becomes a politician of the cheapest sort. Taft joined the Masonic fraternity in 1908, after he was nominated, although he had declined many years before that to become a Mason. So I say again he is a trimmer. Respectfully yours,

L. M. HANDY.

TAPPAN, N. Y.,
June 10, 1912.

Foreign or Domestic?

DEAR LIFE:

A frequent reader of your paper, I notice in your issue of July 11th a letter by W. J. McCafferty, of San Francisco. He says, "The writer calls the (Roman) Catholic a foreign religion. Why is it foreign any more than any other? Were Luther, Calvin and Henry VIII. Americans? They were not when I learned history." Of course, no one who has ever learned history to any extent believes the silly slander that Henry VIII. founded the Anglican Church, but, admitting that Luther and Calvin, who really did start new systems, were foreigners, I should like to remind Mr. McCafferty that when I learned history I found that they had been a long time dead. Their systems seem to have become more or less indigenous here.

But Pius X. is not dead. Quite lately he conferred some red headgear on three American citizens, and it is

claimed that this has given them the standing of temporal princes. Princes of what power? Native or foreign? Foreign, of course, since we confer no titles of nobility.

The Church of Rome claims the right through the Pope to absolve citizens and subjects from their oaths of allegiance. He claims for himself and for his agents the honors due to a temporal sovereign and his representatives.

The American executive who caters to such an organization is catering to a foreign denomination, and he may be called a trimmer with perfect justice.

J. C. M.

LYNDONVILLE, VT.,
July 10, 1912.

Encouraging Words

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir: LIFE, with its wonted idea of humor, celebrated the Fourth of July by trying to set off some small fireworks, regarding an editorial (*Review of Reviews*, May, 1912), relating to the advantage of having a doctor attached to the staff of the daily newspaper.

LIFE suggests that there might be fewer operations if every hospital staff

possessed a reporter. Inasmuch as the work of hospitals is serious, and for the public welfare, honest inquiries are welcomed. Sincere criticisms are received with pleasure by those vitally interested in life. There is no doubt that if LIFE possessed an intelligent and honest reporter, free from editorial reins, he might be of some service in securing the un-blue-penciled publication of the hospital news in LIFE itself.

When the truths regarding vaccination, experimental medicine, serum treatment and similar facts are assimilated by LIFE so that its columns will cease to delude and stultify its readers it might then, with value to itself, take up the form of propaganda it suggests.

IRA S. WILE,

Editor Medical Review of Reviews.
NEW YORK,
July 16, 1912.

Some of the Reasons

EDITOR OF LIFE:

As Mr. Henry C. Read has asked in your issue of June 13 for the opinion of your non-Roman Catholic readers, I may perhaps be permitted briefly to mention some of the reasons why the Roman Church is regarded with distrust by the great majority of American citizens. First, because the authorities of that communion vigorously oppose the American public-school system, and endeavor to destroy or weaken that "bulwark of our liberties" by demanding a division of part of the public tax for the support of their own sectarian schools. Secondly, because they are notably hostile to

(Continued on page 1569)



MAMMA BULLION, HAVING LOST ONE DAUGHTER AND A CHAUFFEUR THIS SUMMER, DETERMINES TO TAKE NO MORE CHANCES

· LIFE ·

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 TRADE MARK
 THE UNITED STATES LIGHT AND HEATING CO.

Plant of U. S. Light & Heating Co., at Niagara Falls, completed eighteen months ago. Contracts have been let to double its capacity.

ANNOUNCEMENT

To every automobile owner or manufacturer—to everyone who uses a storage battery or rides on a railroad train.

Within the great U-S-L plant, pictured above, the world's largest in the field of specialized electrical manufacture, are centered the facilities and skill growing out of fourteen years' pioneer experience in perfecting storage batteries of all classes and in making dynamos and electric regulating devices for the most exacting uses.

Exhaustive research work, most accurate expert inspection at every stage, and absolute standardization of parts, are factors which contribute to establish the unusual character of a product bearing the U-S-L trademark.

Rigid testing of both raw materials and finished product, conducted in completely equipped individual testing laboratories for each product, guarantees the efficiency and service-value of every piece of U-S-L equipment.

U-S-L Specialized Electrical Products

U-S-L Storage Batteries (formerly National)

For Electric Vehicles—Great in power capacity and sustained voltage dependability.

U-S-L Sparkers and Auto Lighters—Leaders in maintaining high efficiency for ignition of gas engines, electric light for automobiles, etc.

U-S-L Stationary Batteries—Economical and convenient for electric lighting homes remote from power circuits.

U-S-L Electric Starter and Lighter

The "Fly-Wheel Starter" is a special combination motor and generator installed in place of the usual engine fly-wheel.

U-S-L Axle Lighting Equipment (Bliss System)

The pioneer in the field; now standard. Six thousand now supply electric light for the best type of railway cars from Maine to California.

Strong Service Co-Operation

Service to customers along lines of active co-operation is another feature in the U-S-L policy. The U-S-L Service men operate from U-S-L Stations maintained in eight of the largest cities. They co-operate toward the end of continuous maximum efficiency of U-S-L products. At all Stations a complete stock of spare parts is kept.

Write for Information. Don't buy an automobile or truck, gasoline or electric, nor install a storage battery for any use until you learn about U-S-L. Correspondence is solicited.

The U.S. Light & Heating Co.—General Offices: 30 Church St., New York—Factory: Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Branch Offices and Service Stations: Chicago, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis

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USL

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Interesting Chats

"Where are you going for the summer?"
 "I'm going to board with some people out in Elizabeth township."
 "Why do you go there?"
 "To be frank, because it is cheap."
 "And how do you pass the time?"
 "Oh, there are some other guests. We all sit around and explain why we got tired of Newport."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

When Visitors Came

"Mother," asked the little one, on the occasion of a number of guests being present at dinner, "will the dessert hurt me, or is there enough to go round?"
 —*Sacred Heart Review.*

BOSS BARBER: What? You have cut the gentleman four times? Well, just for punishment you must shave him all over again, right away!—*Fliegende Blätter.*



EXTRACT FROM A POPULAR NOVEL
 "THERE WAS A CRY OF DESPAIR AS HE
 SANK INTO HIS SEAT"

Often True

Signor Marconi, in an interview in Washington, praised American democracy.

"Over here," he said, "you respect a man for what he is himself—not for what his family is—and thus you remind me of the gardener in Bologna who helped me with my first wireless apparatus."

"As my mother's gardener and I were working on my apparatus together a young count joined us one day, and while he watched us work the count boasted of his lineage."

"The gardener, after listening a long while, smiled and said:

"If you come from an ancient family, it's so much the worse for you, sir; for, as we gardeners say, the older the seed the worse the crop."

—*New York Tribune.*

MAGISTRATE (*about to commit for trial*): You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way; in fact, with quite exceptional cunning.

PRISONER: Now, yer honor, no flattery, please; no flattery, I begs yer.

—*London Sketch.*

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From Our Readers

(Continued from page 1566)

the great Free Mason Society. Thirdly, because they have used their influence to place their coreligionists in political positions, and have boasted that they control elections in favor of their Church. In the matter of courts of justice, there is a natural disposition to distrust the testimony of a witness if his religion allows him to make a sworn statement which may be entirely qualified by what is termed "mental reservation"; and there is a strong opposition to the attempt made by ecclesiastical authorities in many places to declare perfectly legal marriages invalid unless performed by a Roman priest. The United States protects all proper religions, but its people resent any evidence of illiberality, and they are well aware that wherever the Latin Church is pre-eminent, all other forms of Christianity are prohibited or persecuted—e. g., Spain, Portugal, or Italy while under the Papal rule. Mr. Read is in error regarding the Temporal Power; it is true that it was destroyed in Great Britain when the Church of England was reformed and the law declared that "the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this Realm of England," but in Roman Catholic countries this sovereignty remained until Italy became a United Kingdom in 1870.

Respectfully,
 DOUGLAS MERRITT.

RHINEBECK, N. Y.,
 June 12, 1912.

Other Nuisances

EDITOR OF LIFE:
 DEAR SIR: In our neighborhood in Brooklyn there are several people dangerously ill, yet in the early hours, when

there is the possibility of them getting that morning sleep, usually after a wakeful night, when sleep oftentimes means life or death, a ragman with jangling cowbells, or a scissors-grinder's shrill trumpet, must clang and shriek in front of their homes.

You secured the co-operation eventually of the big daily papers in your efforts to secure "a safe and sane Fourth." Begin a campaign against city noise with the same degree of energy.

Very truly,

JAMES YOUNG.

July 10, 1912.

Queries from Oregon

EDITOR OF LIFE:

I wonder if you are not suffering from the growing disability to judge Colonel Roosevelt fairly.

You say to beat Roosevelt was vital; to beat Taft merely desirable. I would reverse the judgment.

Can't we regard T. R. in spite of his exaggerated ego as merely a symbol—an embodiment of certain principles. Didn't he represent at Chicago good government, honest politics, and wasn't dear

(Concluded on page 1574)



Don't Be Backward

The Miniature Life
 is sent
 without charge

What is the Miniature Life?

A small edition of LIFE which you can get by sending a two cent postage stamp. No money can buy it. It is printed in colors, and is full of the best things ever published in LIFE.

We are giving it away for fun.

The edition is rapidly running out, so don't wait.



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

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Ungrateful Brute

It was a very hot day and a picnic had been arranged by the United Society of Lady Vegetarians.

They were comfortably seated, and waiting for the kettle to boil, when, horror of horrors! a savage bull appeared on the scene.

Immediately a wild rush was made for safety, while the raging creature pounded after one lady who, unfortunately, had a red parasol. By great good fortune she nipped over the stile before it could reach her. Then, regaining her breath, she turned round.

"Oh, you ungrateful creature!" she exclaimed. "Here have I been a vegetarian all my life. There's gratitude for you!"—*London Answers.*

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Ethel's Climax

Little Ethel had been brought up with a firm hand and was always taught to report misdeeds promptly. One afternoon she came sobbing penitently to her mother. "Mother, I—I broke a brick in the fireplace."

"Well, it might be worse. But how on earth did you do it, Ethel?"

"I pounded it with your watch."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

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

Conspicuous Nose Pores
How to Reduce Them

Complexions, otherwise flawless, are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. The blood circulation in the nose is comparatively poor, therefore does not keep the pores open as they should be. Instead they clog up, collect dirt and become enlarged.

Begin tonight to use this treatment

Wring a cloth from hot water, lather with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Rub it in. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes with a lump of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores and acts as a stimulant. This treatment with Woodbury's brings the blood to the nose, and promotes a better circulation, which is just what the nose needs. It strengthens the muscular fibres of the nose pores so that they can contract properly. This is what gradually reduces the enlarged pores; causes them to contract; making them practically inconspicuous.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Get a cake tonight.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2605 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.



Read how to reduce conspicuous nose pores

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Too Slow to Live

Governor Dix at a dinner in Albany was congratulated on his veto of the milk bill. Of this bill, which would have permitted the lowering of the standard of milk nutriment, Governor Dix said:

"The bill would be a long step backward in the fight for pure milk, and he who can't see this must be as slow as Cornelius Husk, of Quag.

"I always said old Corn Husk was slow," said one Quag man to another.

"Why, what's he been doin' now?" the other asked.

"Got himself run over by a hearse!"
—*New York Tribune.*

Caroni Bitters. The best by test. Send 25 cents for sample bottle with patent dasher, and be convinced. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

Looking Forward

The husband and wife were making a call on friends one evening. The wife was talking. "I think we shall have Marian take a domestic science course along with her music and regular studies when at college.

"Ah," said a man present, who had been a stranger until that evening, "you look rather young to have a daughter when at college."

"Oh," said the mother naively, "she isn't old enough now; she is just eight months old, but I do so like to look forward!"—*Indianapolis News.*

Too Literal

SALESMAN: Shirt, sir? Will you have a negligé or a stiff bosom?"

CUSTOMER: Negligé, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starchy things.

Tit-Bits.

PETROFLOWER cures dandruff and makes hair grow. Sample 2c. stamp, Antonio Leta, P. O. Box 721, Havana, Cuba.

No More Corns

No More Dangerous Paring

Nobody needs to suffer from corns since Blue-jay was invented.

Millions apply this little plaster. The pain stops instantly. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out—root, callous and all.



Blue-jay has done that for fifty million corns, without any soreness, any trouble, any delay or discomfort.

Common treatments mean just a brief relief. Blue-jay ends the corn.

Paring a corn just removes the top layer. The main part is left to grow. And in myriads of cases paring causes infection.

All those methods are wrong. Soon or late the corn must be removed. Why trifle and delay?

Blue-jay removes it in two days. In the meantime you forget it.

Please prove this—for your own sake. It is the only right way to treat corns.

- A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
- B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
- C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
- D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (15c)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

"Mum"

takes all odor out of perspiration, without injuring skin or clothes.

Has no odor of its own.

25c at drug- and department-stores. If your dealer hasn't "Mum" send us his name and 25 cents and we'll send you a jar postpaid
"MUM" MFG. CO., 1106 Chestnut St., Phila.

The Happy Yachtsman

There is a large class of men who are convinced that the extravagance of women is the root of all evil. Severe moralists, who find it difficult to clothe their wives and to provide themselves at the same time with costly cigars, insist, in season and out of season, that the woman who is not contented with calico will be sure to lead her husband into crime. Very probably many women are foolishly extravagant and deserve to have reproving stones cast at them by faultlessly economical men; but the wildest extravagance of the most reckless woman is so vastly inferior to that of the ordinary yacht that there is manifest unfairness in lecturing the former and permitting the latter to go scot free.

Unsophisticated persons living in inland towns cannot understand why the cost of maintaining a yacht need necessarily be so enormous as it notoriously is. After the first cost of providing one's self with a yacht is paid, they cannot perceive the necessity for spending vast annual sums upon her. But it is with yachts as it is with women. A man who provides himself with a pretty wife, equipped with a sufficient quantity of clothes, might keep her very cheaply if he did not permit her to go into society. Usually, however, he is proud of her, and wants to exhibit her, and consequently, after he had made her an ornament of society, he has to defray the constant expense of maintaining her position. It is not impossible for a yachtsman to buy a yacht, and to use her in a modest and quiet way without ruining himself. Experience shows, however,

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.
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Put Republic Staggard Tread Tires on your rims. The long, tough studs (six rows of them, set longitudinally) hold the road like a spiked wheel, giving perfect traction, preventing slewing and skidding.

And don't forget to put in a couple of spare Republic Black-line Red Inner Tubes. Once you have used them and learned their easy riding qualities, their double service, you will have no other inner tube. Made only of the finest up-river Para rubber, in a Compound that yields the greatest resiliency and wear.

THE REPUBLIC RUBBER COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

that he is never satisfied until he has joined a yacht club, and thus introduce his yacht to the society of other fashionable yachts. Now, the yacht is far more fond of extravagant display than is the average woman, and when the once modest schooner or bashful sloop has tasted the pleasures of a regatta, she proceeds to lavish her owner's fortune with frightful recklessness.

The world has little conception of the private misery of the owner of a fast and beautiful yacht. During the racing season she splits her sails as though they

were lace flounces, and sheds topmasts and booms as though they were hairpins. The yachtsman, of course, pretends that he has perfect confidence in her, but he is daily harassed by doubts as to the absolute propriety of her conduct in beating to windward, and never lays his head upon his pillow without asking himself the fearful question whether she has too much or too little ballast. There is no American yacht whose constitution can bear the wild excesses of the regatta season without becoming more or less impaired. When the season is over and



Reduce or Increase Your Weight---Improve Your Health---Perfect Your Figure

Become my pupil and I will make you my friend. Devote but fifteen minutes daily to my system and you can weigh what Nature intended. You can reduce any part of your figure burdened with superfluous flesh or build up any part that is undeveloped. The effect of my system can be concentrated on your hips, waist, limbs or any other part of your body.

My system tends to make a figure perfectly proportioned throughout—a full rounded neck; shapely shoulders, arms and legs; a fine, fresh complexion; good carriage with erect poise and grace of movement.

You Can Improve Your Health

My system stimulates, reorganizes and regenerates your entire body. It helps you to transform your food into good, rich blood. It strengthens your heart, lungs and other organs, conquering all weaknesses and disorders and generating vital force.

My latest book, "The Body Beautiful," should be read by every woman and I will send it to you free. It explodes the fallacy that lack of beauty or health cannot be avoided. In it I explain how every woman can be vigorous, healthy and attractive.

I have practised what I teach. In childhood I was puny and deformed. I have overcome all weaknesses by my own natural, drugless methods. Millions of people have seen in me a living demonstration of my unique system of health-culture and body-building.

If you are weak, nervous, fat, thin, unshapely, tired, lacking vitality or in any other respect not at your very best, I can surely be of service to you.

MY GUARANTEE

With my free book, "The Body Beautiful," which is fully illustrated with photographs of myself explaining my system, I give full particulars of my Guarantee Trial Plan, whereby you can test the value of my instruction without risking a single penny.

Write for "The Body Beautiful" and Trial Plan to-day

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Suite 808 L, 12 West 31st Street, New York

with a complete wardrobe of new sails and signals. Then she convinces her owner that unless he is willing to have her called a perfect fright he must lengthen her bow ten or fifteen feet and equip her with longer top masts. Very probably she will be dissatisfied with her figure after these alterations have been made and will assert that unless she is given more breadth of beam she might as well withdraw from yachting society and slave herself to death in the oyster or fruit trade. It is no wonder that in these circumstances no man can own a yacht who has not an independent fortune, or at least a position as counsel for an insolvent railroad. A yacht which squanders money like water all summer, undergoes elaborate repairs in the fall and is completely remodeled every spring, is infinitely more extravagant than any woman who ever wore 32mo shoes or microscopic gloves.

There is only one way in which to be a happy yachtsman. It is to buy a slow and rather plain looking yacht. Such a yacht rarely cares to go into society and carefully shuns the giddy regatta. Her owner will never be pointed out as the proprietor of a crack yacht, but he can enjoy a quiet, domestic sort of happiness which the owner of a fast yacht can never know, and he can feel that calm confidence in his yacht's ballast which is worth more than money, challenge cups and other yachting prizes.

W. L. Alden.

Green

"Have you any lobsters?"
"Yes, ma'am; here's a fresh lot."
"Haven't you any that are riper?"
Those look so green."

—Los Angeles Evening Herald.

the yachtsman brings his beloved vessel back to her winter quarters, he finds her in a condition that requires him to call in the aid of the shipbuilding profession and to lavish upon her costly tonics of hemp and iron and the various other expensive remedies prescribed by skilful yachting specialists.

When spring returns the yachtsman finds that he must either quarrel with his yacht or carry her ruinously expensive plans for the approaching season. She is not satisfied with the position of her masts and insists upon having them brought closer together or placed further apart. She is unwilling to enter another regatta unless she is provided with a new and more graceful stern and furnished

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The Gibson Distilling Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gibson's

A Resourceful Housewife

Lizzie, the inexperienced cook, poked her head in at the dining-room door. "Please, ma'am," she asked, "how will I know when the puddin' is cooked?"

"Stick a knife into it," said her mistress—also inexperienced—recalling the instructions in the cook book. "If the knife comes out clean, the pudding is ready to serve."

"I'll do that, ma'am."

"And—oh, just a minute Lizzie." The mistress had a bright idea. "If the knife does come out clean, you might stick all the rest of the knives into the pudding."

—*Youth's Companion.*

WHEN Londonderry reaches your table, it's as pure and palatable as when it gushes out of the cool recesses of New Hampshire's granite hills.

If you don't drink it now, just try it.

Londonderry

is unusually palatable. It is an aid to appetite and digestion. It contains strong absorbent qualities that are highly beneficial.

You will find Londonderry, by every test, the best of American carbonated waters. You will also find it an especially fine blender.

Sparkling (effervescent) in three table sizes. Plain (still) in half gallon bottles, and other sizes if desired.

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**Nashua,
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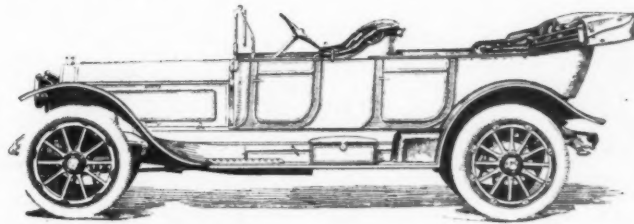


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**THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO**



"48-SIX" SEVEN-PASSENGER TOURING

The New Sport

"These here New Yorkers is bound to have their sports, I see," said Uncle Silas.

"In what way?" asked the boarder.

"Why," said Uncle Silas, "since they give up hoss-racin' they've gone in fer the turkey trot. Don't seem to me 's thet could be very excitin'."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

WAITER (under notice): Steak not tender enough? Do you expect it to jump up and kiss you?—*Tit-Bits.*

A TEMPERANCE lecturer displayed to his audience two geraniums. The first, watered in the usual way, was a beautiful and vigorous plant. But the other had been dosed with alcohol, and its foliage was shriveled and sparse, its stem twisted, and its vitality decayed. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," cried the lecturer, "what can you say to a demonstration such as this?"

"It's all right, and if I were a geranium," said a shabby man in the gallery, "I'd stick to water exclusively, but I am not a geranium."—*Argonaut.*



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—for \$3.75 at any good auto supply dealer's. Thirty feet of 5/16 inch flexible steel rope. **Coils up flat under any cushion.** Autowline weighs only 6 lbs., but it has an approximate strength of 7000 lbs. It stood every test on the last Glidden Tour—also delivered the goods on Coast to Coast Tour.

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809 North Second St.

The Little Steel Rope with the Big Pull.

Mother Was Puzzled

A man who has an office downtown called his wife by telephone the other morning and during the conversation asked what the baby was doing.

"She was crying her eyes out," replied the mother.

"What about?"

"I don't know whether it is because she has eaten too many strawberries or because she wants more," replied the discouraged mother.—*Indianapolis News.*

From Our Readers

(Concluded from page 1569)

old Bill forced over the line among the bosses and the machine politicians as their representative?

Wouldn't Roosevelt's victory have meant the victory of popular rights; didn't Taft's victory mean their defeat.

You may say the Colonel is the biggest "boss" of all—true; but he bosses, doesn't he, for the things that all right-minded people want? There is a great deal of talk against Roosevelt as an individual, his bumptiousness, noisiness, egotism, etc. Shouldn't a public man be regarded for the principles he stands for, not for the idiosyncracies of his character?

Personally I don't want Roosevelt for President again if it can be helped—not because I fear another Diaz, but because he represents the danger of replacing devotion to principle by devotion to personality. But when Roosevelt stands for good government—and Taft or any other opponent for bad government—I say boost for Teddy and lambast the other side.

The dangers that Teddy represented at Chicago were less, to my mind, than the dangers represented by Barnes, Penrose, *et al.* Shouldn't we fight the greater danger?

Very truly,
ROBT. W. RUHL

MEDFORD, OREGON,
July 4, 1912.

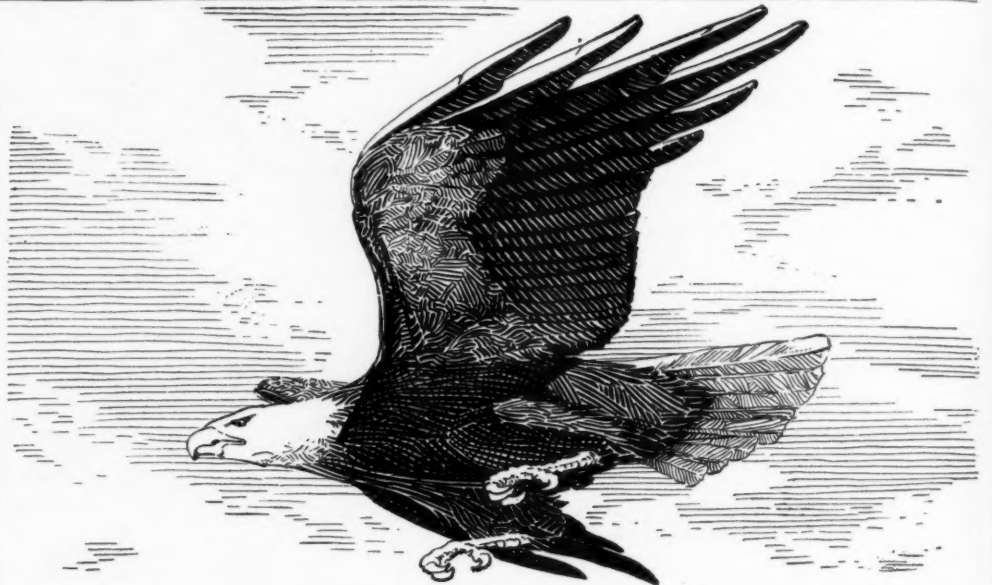
The Force of Momentum

The old mountaineer, who was standing on the corner of the main street in a certain little Kentucky town, had never seen an automobile. When a good-sized touring car came rushing up the street at about thirty miles an hour, and slowed down just enough to take the corner on two wheels, his astonishment was extreme.

The old fellow watched the disappearing car with bulging eyes and open mouth. Then, turning to a bystander, he remarked solemnly:

"The horses must sho'ly ha' been traveling some when they got loose from that gen'leman's carriage!"

—*Youth's Companion.*



Budweiser

The World's Favorite Bottled Beer

What made it so?—

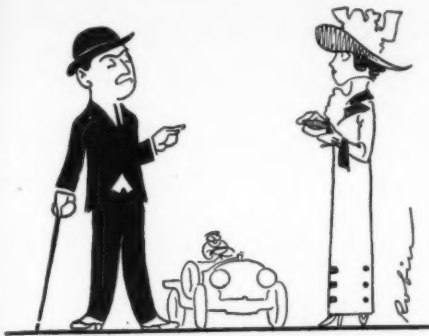
QUALITY and PURITY

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Anheuser-Busch Brewery

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FASHION'S DILEMMA

He: WHAT ARE YOU CARRYING, AND WHY?
 "IT'S MY WAIST, AND I'M CARRYING IT BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO PUT IT."

Sure Symptom

"So he took you out auto riding the other evening?"
 "Yes, what of it?"
 "Do you think he is in love with you?"
 "I think so. I know that every time I spoke to him the auto tried to climb a tree or jump a fence."—Houston Post.

CONJURER: Now, sir, you admit that the card you have just taken out of the handkerchief is the queen of clubs, yet the card you chose and securely tied there—namely, the ace of spades—I now produce from this hat.

TIMID VOLUNTEER: So sorry—my mistake.—Punch.

There's just the difference between a raw, poorly made Cocktail and a

Club Cocktail

that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one.

The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

Club Cocktails are aged in wood before bottling—and no freshly made Cocktail can be as good.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

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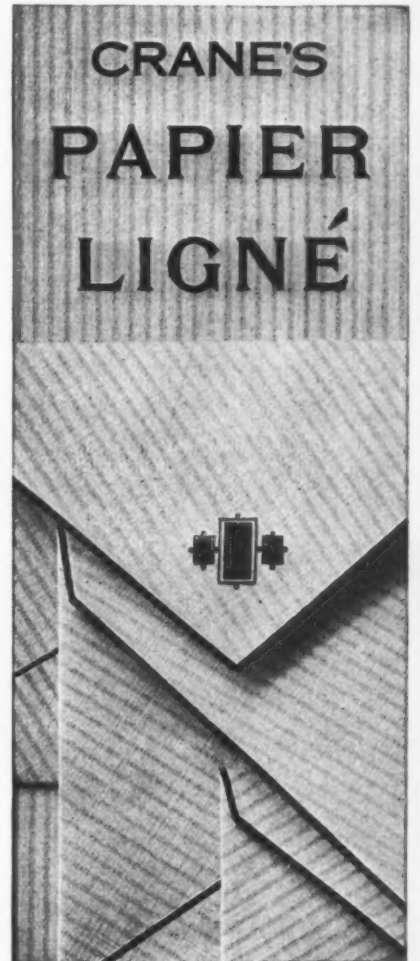
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There is a
 new writing
 paper

which shows fine water-marked lines in the texture of the paper, running either perpendicularly or horizontally on the sheet. This produces a paper of great attractiveness and one that takes the pen well. It is very popular with those who wish smart stationery that is in no way bizarre or contrary to good taste. Crane's Papier Ligné is its name and it may be seen at all good stationers.



These diagrams show unusual envelope styles that give distinction to CRANE'S PAPIER LIGNÉ



A very smart effect is obtained in this paper by a border of the same shade as the paper but darker in tone (with the addition of gold or silver) which edges both sheet and envelope.

FOR over a hundred years the name "Crane" has been a guide to thousands of women in the identification of a paper which offers the highest quality in connection with the latest fashion.

Each season Crane's Writing Papers are put out in styles which reflect the best ideas of the capitals of Europe. Any style created by Crane's Writing Papers is authoritative and has the sanction of women who know. If you cannot procure these papers from your stationer, write us and we will send you samples and give you the name of a stationer who will supply them.



EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
 New York Pittsfield, Mass.



Mrs. Belmont's Irony

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, in a suffragist argument in New York, said ironically of man's vaunted superiority:

"Oh, yes, man is always superior to woman, isn't he? Take the matter of love, for example. A woman, we know, can always tell when a man is in love with her; but a man can go ever so much farther than that. Why, the average man—"

Mrs. Belmont smiled subtly.

"The average man," she said, "frequently knows that a woman is in love with him even when she isn't."—Tribune.

It was in a country village, and he was making preparation for "fitting"—the fourth removal in about twelve months. The vicar, passing, said:

"What, removing again, John?"

"Yes, sir," replied John.

"You are taking your poultry, too, I see. I think they will be getting tired of being moved about."

"Getting tired?" said John. "Why, bless you, sir, they are quite used to it now. Every time they see a furniture van they run into the yard and lay on their backs with their legs in the air, waiting to have them tied."—Tit-Bits.



Chiclets

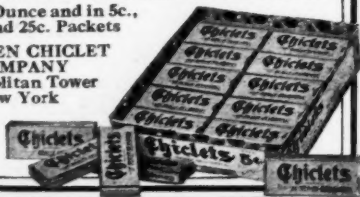
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
The Dainty Mint Covered
Candy Coated
Chewing Gum

Chiclets are the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. Served at swagger luncheons, teas, dinners, card parties. The only chewing gum that ever received the unqualified sanction of best society. It's the peppermint—the true mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c.,
10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN - SEN CHICLET
COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



The Human Yardstick

"Golly, but I's tired!" exclaimed a tall and thin negro, meeting a short and stout friend on Washington Street.

"What you been doin' to get tired?" demanded the other.

"Well," explained the thin one, drawing a deep breath, "over to Brother Smith's dey are measurin' de house for some new carpets. Dey haven't got no yawdstick, and I's just ezactly six feet tall. So to oblige Brother Smith, I's been a-layin' down and a-gettin' up all over deir house."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Scientists

Professor Amariah Tibbs was all unknown to fame
Until one day he set about to make himself a name.
He got out his old telescope and aimed it at the stars
And much to his surprise he found a brand new wart on Mars.
No one had seen the thing before, it was a famous find;
The whole world paid its tribute to his scientific mind.
Professor Tibbs' discovery created such a stir
A lecture bureau signed him at one hundred dollars per.

Professor James Terwillinger long occupied a chair;
The one-horse college salary gave him no cash to spare.
The future seemed quite hopeless to the scientist until
One day he found some microbes on an old one-dollar bill.
Of course the papers got the news and spread it far and wide,
And much learned comment editorial beside.
He trained a troupe of these microbes and put them on the stage,
And now in high-priced vaudeville he is the current rage.

Professor Alexander Butts knew not the spotlight's glare.
It sometimes struck the faculty, but not his humble chair.
One day he wrote a treatise on "What Modern Dramas Mean."

Garment comfort is the only thing you buy garters for; you want them to stay up, to keep your hose snug, to fit the leg.

PARIS GARTERS



No metal can touch you

are made that way; they're so well made that they last a long time.

25 and 50 cents

At any good haberdasher's

A. Stein & Company
Makers Chicago

A circus was the only show that he had ever seen.

The "Modern Drama" stuff went great and he was in demand.

He spoke before the woman's clubs through the entire land.

He's quoted as authority and worshiped from afar,

And when he travels now it's in a handsome private car.

—*Technological Journal.*

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 20th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermière de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.
Böttger & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States



GIL
Vest-P
Silk Ha

THE IDE
iness wear
best quality
sweat br
Blue, Brow
—wider br
to match a
ISFACTION
GILBE

Railway Etiquette

Many people have traveled all their lives and do not know how to behave themselves when on the road. For the benefit and guidance of such these few crisp, plain horse sense rules of etiquette have been framed:

In traveling by rail or foot, turn to the right on discovering an approaching train. If you wish the train to turn out, give two loud toots and get in between the rails, so that you will not muss up the right of way. Many a nice, new right of way has been ruined by getting a pedestrian tourist spattered all over its first mortgage.

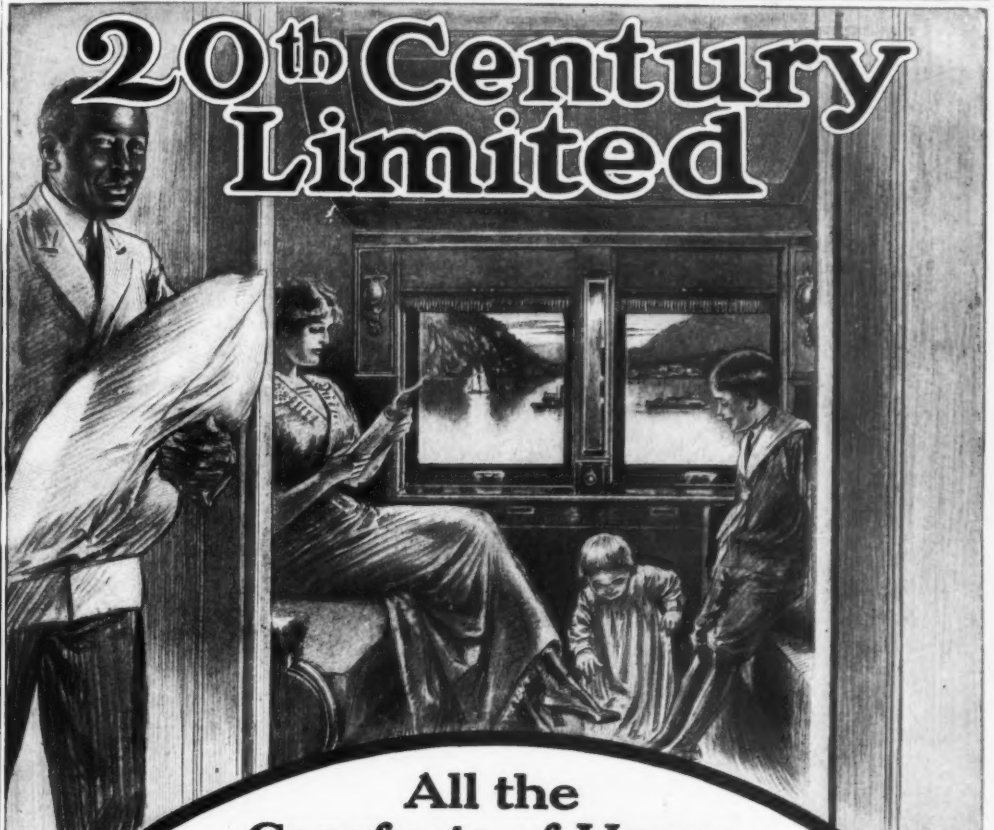
On retiring at night on board the train do not leave your teeth in the ice water tank. If everyone should do so it would occasion great confusion in case of wreck. It would also cause much annoyance and delay during the resurrection. Experienced tourists tie a string to their teeth and retain them during the night.

If you have been reared in extreme poverty and your mother supported you until you grew up and married, so that your wife could support you, you will probably sit in four seats at the same time, with your feet extended into the aisle so that you can wipe them off on the other people, while you snore with your mouth open clean to the shoulder blades.

If you are prone to drop to sleep and breathe with a low death rattle, like the exhaust of a bathtub, it would be a good plan to tie up your head in a feather bed and insert the whole thing in the linen closet; or, if you cannot secure that, you might stick it out of the window and get it knocked off against a tunnel. The stockholders of the road might get mad about it, but you could do it in such a way that they wouldn't know whose head it was.

In the dining-car, while eating, do not comb your mustache with your fork. By all means, do not comb your mustache with the fork of another. It is better to refrain altogether from combing the mustache with a fork while traveling, as the motion of the train might jab the fork into your eye and irritate it.

If your dessert is very hot and you do not discover it until you have burned



20th Century Limited

All the Comforts of Home

are at your command on this famous "Overnight Train" between New York, or Boston, and Chicago. The service of courteous attendants, including ladies' maid—the complete seclusion of a private compartment, if you wish—and the refreshing night's rest over the gradeless "Water Level Route" are features especially appreciated by ladies with children, traveling unescorted.

Lv. New York 4.00 p.m.
Lv. Boston 1.30 p.m.
Ar. Chicago 8.55 a.m.

Lv. Chicago 2.30 p.m.
Ar. Boston 11.50 a.m.
Ar. New York 9.25 a.m.



"The Most Famous Train in the World"



GILBERT Vest-Pocket Silk Hat



Entirely Different

ALL SIZES

THE IDEAL HAT for Motoring, Golfing, Traveling and business wear. Cool, dressy, light. Weight, one ounce. Made of best quality PURE SILK, strictly hand tailored. Oiled silk sweat band. Colors—Black and White Check, Black, Navy Blue, Brown, Light Grey, White. Price \$1.50. LADIES HATS—wider brim and fuller crown, \$2.25—worth more. (Note—Ties to match above hats, four-in-hands and bows, 50 cents.) SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. GILBERT & COMPANY, --- Decatur, Illinois.

the rafters out of the roof of your mouth, do not utter a wild yell of agony and spill your coffee over a total stranger, but control yourself, hoping to know more next time.

In the morning is a good time to find out how many people have succeeded in getting on the passenger train who ought to be in the stock car.

Generally you will find one male and one female. The male goes into the wash room, bathes his worthless carcass from daylight until breakfast time, walking on the feet of any man who tries to wash his face during that time. He

wipes himself on nine different towels, because when he gets home he knows he will have to wipe his face on an old door mat. People who have been reared on hay all their lives generally want to fill themselves full of pie and colic when they travel.

The female of this same mammal goes into the ladies' department and remains there until starvation drives her out. Then the real ladies have about thirteen seconds apiece to dress.

If you never rode in a varnished car before and never expect to again, you will probably roam up and down the



Woman's Fascination

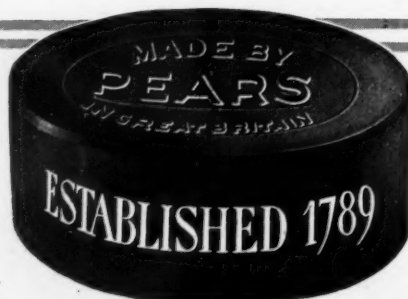
This is a matter of the possession of many natural qualities, foremost among which may be counted the radiant beauty of a natural complexion, such as is assured by the regular daily use of

Pears' Soap

Nature dowers almost every woman with a more or less beautiful complexion. To begin with it is soft and smooth, and fair to look upon, but, perhaps by the use of ordinary, impure toilet soaps, or other neglect, the skin gradually loses its natural beauty and becomes colorless and inanimate.

To guard against a disaster like this, the skin should always be washed with Pears' Soap, which by its complete purity and its unique emollient qualities,

preserves the skin in its natural condition from infancy to old age, keeping it soft, smooth and beautiful.



car, meandering over the feet of the porter while he is making the berths. This is a good way to let people see just how little sense you had left after your brain began to soften.

In traveling, do not take along a lot of old clothes that you know you will never wear.

—From "Remarks by Bill Nye." Copyright 1886 by Edgar W. Nye. Reprinted by permission of the M. W. Hazen Company.

Not Loaded

"So those two lovely men were in love with you?"

"Yes."

"And they really fought a duel about you?"

"Y-yes."

"Swords or pistols?"

"P-p-pistols!"

"How exciting! Were they loaded?"

"No. Both of 'em were sober."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dog Dies Protecting Pups

After Giving Fire Alarm, Animal Went Back to Burning Stable

LOUISVILLE, June 10.—After sounding an alarm of fire by barking until she had aroused the neighborhood, a valuable pointer dog belonging to William Smyzer, a dog fancier, returned to her puppies in a burning stable on the premises and refused to leave them. The stable was destroyed by fire early yesterday and the body of the mother was found beside the box, where she guarded her puppies until death.

—Kansas City Star.

THE great ball had been given, and Mrs. Noovo was running over the bills with her husband. When it was found that they totaled £2000 Mr. Noovo winced.

"By ginger, Maria!" he ejaculated, "£2000 is a pile o' money."

"We have to do it, Silas, to get into society," replied Mrs. Noovo.

"Well," said the old man, scratching his head, "judging from results it don't seem to me that we're gettin' into society quite so much as society is gettin' into us."—Tit-Bits.

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires



It costs us *more* money to put the good quality in Kelly-Springfield Tires, but it costs you *less* money to use them because of the good quality.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.

20 Vesey Street, New York

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

NEVER-NEVER-LAND KENNELS

Miss Mary Winthrop, Owner

French Bull Dogs

Puppies and Grown Dogs FOR SALE. From only Registered and Blue-Ribbon Stock.

SHELTER ISLAND HEIGHTS,

N. Y.

Telephone, 47 Shelter Island.



CHAS. CHARLEMANGE



Open with the Foot.

No Litter, No Odor.

C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 46 Farrar St., Lynn, Mass.

THE STEPHENSON

LYNN MASS

Underground

Garbage Receiver

Defeats the plans of the typhoid fly; also prevents dogs, cats and rats making a mess of the garbage. 9 years in practical use. It pays to look us up. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Send for circular.

factory. Guaranteed. Send for circular.

C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 46 Farrar St., Lynn, Mass.

Sets

Deep

in the

Ground

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

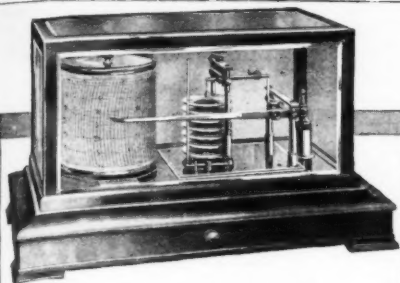
The World-Wide Fame of

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

Is founded upon its superior Excellence its Ripe Richness and Rare flavor

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





Forecast Weather Like An Expert

You can do it with an S & M "Tycos" Recording Barometer (Barograph) in your home. Know *in advance*, of storms, fair weather, rain—and let your guests and friends know.

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(Barographs)

are the highest type of weather instruments. No. 2305 (illustrated) writes an hour-by-hour weather record in ink on a weekly chart. In handsome mahogany case, \$63.00.

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Send for it today. Full of interesting information, about storms, fair weather, rain, how to forecast, etc. S & M "Tycos" Weather Instruments are sold by the better class of Opticians and Scientific Instrument Dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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Division of

Taylor Instrument Companies

63 Ames Street
Rochester, N. Y.

"Where Tycos' Thermometers
Come From"



The Eighth Day of the Week

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of the eighth day of the week,

At the twenty-fifth hour and the sixty-first minute, we'll find all things that we seek.

They are there in the limbo of Lolipop land, a cloud island resting in air, On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist, in the Valley of Overthere.

On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist, in the Valley of Overthere.

On a solid vapor foundation of cloud are palaces grand and fair;

And there is where our dreams will come true, and the seeds of our Hope will grow,

On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the Hamlet of Hocus Po.

On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the Hamlet of Hocus Po,

We shall see all the things that we want to see and know all we care to know;

For there the old men will never lament, and the babies will never squeak,

In the Cross-road Corners of Chaosville, in the county of Hideandgoseek.

In the Cross-road Corners of Chaosville, in the county of Hideandgoseek, On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of the eighth day of the week,

We shall do all the things that we please to do, and accomplish whatever we try,

On the sunset shore of Sometimeorother, by the beautiful Bay of Bimeby.

—From "Songs of the Average Man," by S. W. Foss. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

Couldn't Both Be Christians

In a Kansas town where two brothers are engaged in the retail coal business a revival was recently held and the elder of the brothers was converted. For weeks he tried to persuade his brother to join the church. One day he asked:

"Why can't you join the church like I did?"

"It's a fine thing for you to belong to the church," replied the younger brother. "If I join the church who'll weigh the coal?"—Kansas City Star.



A Blue Ribbon Lunch

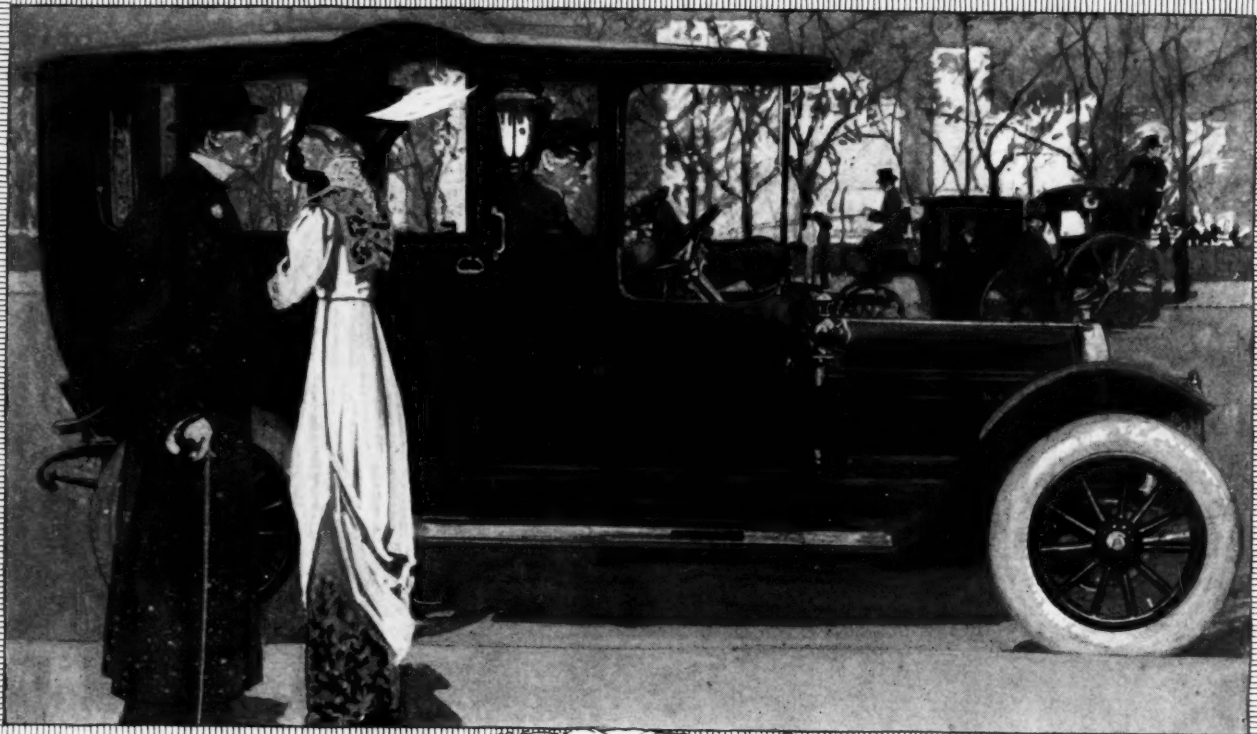
THERE'S a delicious "smack" to Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer that lends keenest enjoyment to the most modest or sumptuous lunch. The sparkle is contagious. No other beverage compares in zest or flavor.



Bottled only at the brewery in crystal clear bottles, showing at a glance that it is clean and pure.

Served in Leading Hotels and Cafes—Supplied by best dealers everywhere





The
**PIERCE-
ARROW** Car

*The man on the curb values the
PIERCE-ARROW Car for its distinction
of line and elegance of finish. The man
in the car itself values the PIERCE-
ARROW for its comfort in service
and absolute dependability.*

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR
CAR C^o. BUFFALO
N. Y.