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AUGUST 18, 1910



LIFE

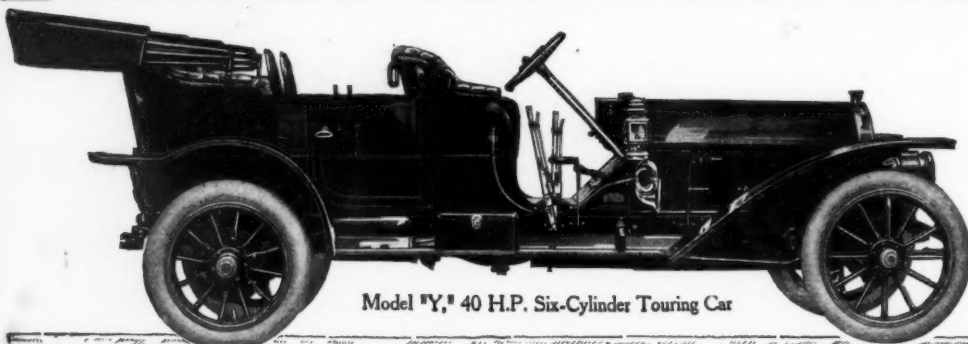


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"THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR"



Stevens-Duryea



Model "Y," 40 H.P. Six-Cylinder Touring Car



VER ten years of continuous success account for every feature of Stevens-Duryea motor cars.

The principle of the Unit Power Plant supported on Three Points, of the Multiple Disc Clutch and the Six-Cylinder Motor, is inseparably woven around the Stevens-Duryea name. These alone would be irrefutable arguments for Stevens-Duryea preference.

To them are added refinement of design, true comfort and positive durability.

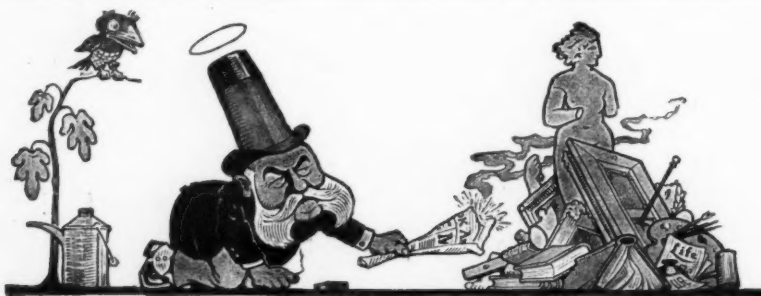
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Even our competitors admit that the most enlightening literature on the subject of automobiles ever issued by a manufacturer, bears our name. Send for it. Prove for yourself, before purchasing, that there is an individual and unrivalled excellence in Stevens-Duryea cars.



Stevens-Duryea Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Licensed under Selden Patent.



"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN ART"

THE AUTHORITY—DALTON ON AUCTION BRIDGE

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



Those Wicked Ads

DEAR LIFE:

The "Wild Oats Number" is here. It should be a very popular number with its publishers, since it has almost three pages of advertisements of those things which promote the sowing of wild oats. I frequently have to apologize for the advertising in LIFE while commending its stand otherwise.

Respectfully,

WILSON TOUT.

NORTH PLATTE, NEB., July 8, 1910.

Another Reform Needed

To LIFE,
New York.

Let me suggest a picture showing (and incidentally hitting) the fiend who persists in visiting other tables when passing in or out of hotel dining rooms. It is so called good form for all males, and also young women under the age of the visitor (often one not even on visiting terms) to instantly rise on approach of the fiend and to remain standing, or half or quarter standing, while the often unwelcome one makes an off-hand call, picture the half chewed mouthful reposing in its way, the food on the fork just had been eaten, the napkin furtively wiping the interrupted mouths, etc., etc.—I say keep your seats and freeze out the table visitor. I saw one who held up three tables in one exit.

Yours,

A SUFFERER.

June 24, 1910.

P. B. ALE "Oh Be Jolly"

P. B. Ale not only tastes good; it makes good. It's the ale to stick to—satisfying, sustaining, strengthening.

At leading Hotels,
Restaurants and Cafes.

A. G. VAN NOSTRAND
Bunker Hill Breweries, Boston, Mass.



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

From Our Readers

DEAR LIFE:

I would like to add my little quota of advice to Miss Fisher's recent query, and instead of suggesting a substitute for the Pasteur treatment I would try and eliminate the cause that requires such treatment.

The old proverb that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," seems to apply just in this case, and I would suggest that through the medium of your valuable paper you start a crusade and try to get public water troughs for the dogs. Those in use for the horses are very good in their way, but there are not nearly enough of them, and many are too high for the dogs. Also I would suggest that every householder (in the suburbs, at least, where there are more pets than in the city) have some receptacle filled with water, and kept filled, that their own pets and others may reach, and I know that that will do more to prevent hydrophobia than anything else, and I am sure that is the reason that there is less of it in England than here. I live in the suburbs and have come to the above conclusions through close observation, and so I speak whereof I know.

Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable time,

Yours truly,

FLATBUSH, L. I. MARY N. ROBB.

THE NOSE PORES

How to reduce them

Complexions, otherwise flawless, are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. The blood supply 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 washcloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap and hold it to your face. Do this several times, then, when the heat has expanded the pores of your skin, rub in a good lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub it in. Then rinse thoroughly in cooler water, then dash cold water on the nose for several minutes.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores and acts as a stimulant. As new skin forms, this treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap gradually reduces the enlarged pores, causes them to contract, making them practically inconspicuous. The skin on the nose becomes as refined in texture as your cheeks.

Commence today to get its benefits.

Use Woodbury's Facial Soap regularly, *persistently*. It costs 25c. a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. As a matter of fact, it is not as expensive as it sounds, for it is solid soap—all soap. It wears from two to three times as long as the ordinary soap.

For four cents in stamps we will send you a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For ten cents we will send you a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Write today.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.

2605 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere.



THE BLOOD SUPPLY OF THE NOSE IS COMPARATIVELY POOR, THEREFORE DOES NOT KEEP THE PORES OPEN AS THEY SHOULD BE.

The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, O.

Gentlemen:

I enclose four cents in stamps for which please send me a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Or

I enclose ten cents in stamps for which please send me a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

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

If your letterheads bear the stamp,

Old Hampshire Bond

they will be above criticism. It is a paper of distinction and conveys an impression of good taste, solidity and strength.

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

Write for it on your present letterhead. Address

Hampshire Paper Company

South Hadley Falls, Mass.



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

A Kind Philosopher and His Will

THE EDITORS OF LIFE:

GENTLEMEN.—I have a friend who was formerly Don Quixote. Recently, by subtle recrudescence, he has become Simon the Jester. His physician, being casually observant and calamitously phlegmatic, has informed Simon that he may live six months—possibly a year. He is, therefore, setting his house in order. Among other things he desires to make a will.

He wishes to remain anonymous. He desires me to ask you to publish in your only-independent-with-one-exception newspaper a phrasing of a form of bequest which may be incorporated in his will. He desires to leave, say, \$500 to you in such manner that it shall be invested, possibly in Government bonds, the income of which in perpetuity may send a couple of kiddies

(Continued on page 257)



Egyptian Deities

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

Before the feast, after the feast, always...

Cork Tips or Plain

15,000,000 Mark in Sight.

ARE YOU A MENTAL SUBSCRIBER TO LIFE? BETTER HURRY UP

Owing to the fact that we recently raised the limit of our thought subscribers from ten to fifteen millions, many people have assumed that there was no hurry, and that even when the fifteen million mark is passed we will probably raise it again.

We beg leave to announce, therefore, that this is positively the last time the limit will be raised. Every would-be subscriber over the fifteen million mark will be put upon the waiting list, and will then have to take his chances with the rest of the outside world.

We have now over fourteen million subscribers, and they are coming in on every thought wave at the rate of thousands a day. New subscribers should bear in mind that we close on Saturday at one o'clock, and that we do not keep open on Sunday. Last week in two hours we could have taken in a million new subscribers just among people who were sitting in church and had the time to concentrate during the sermon.

Another thing: A great many of our thought subscribers have an entirely erroneous idea of the way we intend to use the great power intrusted to us. The manager of our Thought Bureau, Gee Ime Mit, is undoubtedly the biggest man in this country. A tremendous responsibility rests with him. He realizes this fully. And so do we. But no one must assume that he is to be tempted away from the straight path of duty. For example, here is a letter just received. It is one among many:

Dear Gee Ime Mit:
This country is passing through a very critical period. Why don't you get up a set of vibrations and send them broadcast among your subscribers, representing as they do, the great majority of the voting element? Send out a message something like this:

Tell Gee Ime Mit everything. If there is trouble in your particular locality, let him know full particulars.

What is the matter with Taft?

How would you fix the tariff?

Who would make the best president?

When this body of information has been received, just think of how valuable it will be to you! Why you can save the country—if you only will!

Fervently yours,
H——W——

With all due respect to everybody concerned, we desire to say that we have no present intention of saving this country. This is all very well in its way, and we have no criticism to make of those who are already doing it, but our work is much more important than this. Our sole business is not to disappoint our advertisers and readers, and we have all we can do to get

out the best number of an imaginary LIFE each week. Our advertising rates are a mere bagatelle—only One Hundred Dollars a line, imaginary cash in thirty days, no preferred space guaranteed. In other words, our imaginary advertisers must take what position we give them, trusting in Gee Ime Mit to be fair to all. It's an absurd idea, anyway, that in a paper like LIFE, preferred position amounts to anything, for the truth is that every line in the paper is read over and over again. For example, here is a vibration just received:

Dear Life:
Your last imaginary number was so good, that there isn't a thing left of it in my home, or to be exact, only a few ragged scraps of thought. Can't your thought bureau put out something more durable? We can't afford to subscribe to more than one copy, even if your price, ten mental dollars a year, is so low for what we get.
Yours
F——Y——

We are glad to translate this letter, for the benefit of the few physical people who are unable to read it in the original vibrations. And for this reason: It shows that there is one man who understands the great principle upon which we stand. Silly and primitive minds have an absurd idea, that if it costs only ten imaginary dollars a year, it entails no expenditure to concentrate ten dollars for a moment, and become a subscriber. Our friend, for example, might get all the members of his family, in a second, to become subscribers, so that, when the imaginary paper comes in, no one would have to wait, and it would be worn out before it has been read by all. But he knows better. As we have before emphasized, primitive people do not understand the reality of thought.

When you become an imaginary subscriber to LIFE in your mind, you are doing the real thing. When you send in ten dollars in your mind, you are performing a conscious act. If you don't believe it, try the following experiment:

Make an estimate of how much mental capital you have on hand: self-control, honest thoughts, real sentiments, brotherly feelings, etc., and then, by concentrating, start out to expend them all at once. You will find that you will be exhausted in no time.

By sending in ten mental dollars to LIFE, however, you will receive from that moment a steady stream of vibratory wit and wisdom, to say nothing of the highest class of imaginary advertising in the country.
Address

GEE. IME. MIT.,
LIFE'S Thought Bureau.



William F. ...
Knowledge ...
Knowledge ...
Knowledge ...
Medical K ...
knowledge a ...
knowledge a ...
knowledge a ...
All in one ...
Write for "C ...
uritan Pub ...
F ...
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each year ...
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Prosperin ...
Simon ...
his avail ...
GOING ...
Woo ...
rec ...
Sh

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)

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

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

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

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 255)

each year to the country. He believes, then, that thereafter, looking down from whatever Elysian Fields he may inhabit, he may observe each summer two or three happy youngsters. Philosopher that he is, he tells me he thinks the sight of them through all the years of a more or less indefinite eternity will make him a whole lot happier i. Heaven. Further, being a practical philosopher, he believes that the publication of such a form of bequest may suggest to some other folks that a few hundred dollars similarly bequeathed may add a bit to the sunshiny part of a golden happiness in the Garden of Prosperine.

Simon tells me that he has used all his available funds for this summer



GOING OFF ON THE OTHER TACK

HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS
Original and unequalled. Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine.
Stewart Hartshorn

among the children in his home town—they don't know that he has, but there are several of them at this moment out in the wild places where there are grass, and cows, and pigs, and birds, and foolish beetles bumping around at night, and bats!—and you must know that there is nothing so mysterious in all the world as a bat unless you except the smile of Simon on the days when he, too, goes out in the country to see the happy kiddies who are joyous because of him, though they do not know it. And the mystery of his smile comes in that he is getting a breath of fresh air in his silly lungs that his doctor has told him will work for him a few months longer.

Yet in order that you may know that his suggestion is made in faith, he asks me to inclose this check which is to be credited to "The Fund of Simon" for use this summer, and he begs me to assure you that when he is translated to other worlds you will find at hand a sum from which the income each year will help to make some happy days for little children.

He also asks that you print as soon as may be the correct form of bequest which he suggests.

Most sincerely,
H. H. P. T.

July 8, 1910.

For the information of our correspondent and others with similarly benevolent intentions, LIFE appends the proper forms.

In the case of personal property
I bequeath to Life's Fresh Air Fund, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of New York, the sum of dollars. (Or the description of securities or other property if the bequest is not in money.)

In the case of real estate
I devise to Life's Fresh Air Fund, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of New York, (here describe property.)

Acknowledgements

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

- Walter J. Ryan, Portland, Ore.
- Arthur Guiterman, New York City.
- A. S. Roberts, Middleton, Idaho.
- Charles E. Tenney, Pampanga, P. I.
- E. L. Evans, Worcester, Mass.
- B. J. Leblo, North Hatley, P. Q., Canada.



Presidents, Kings, Queens and the World's Leaders use

THERMOS

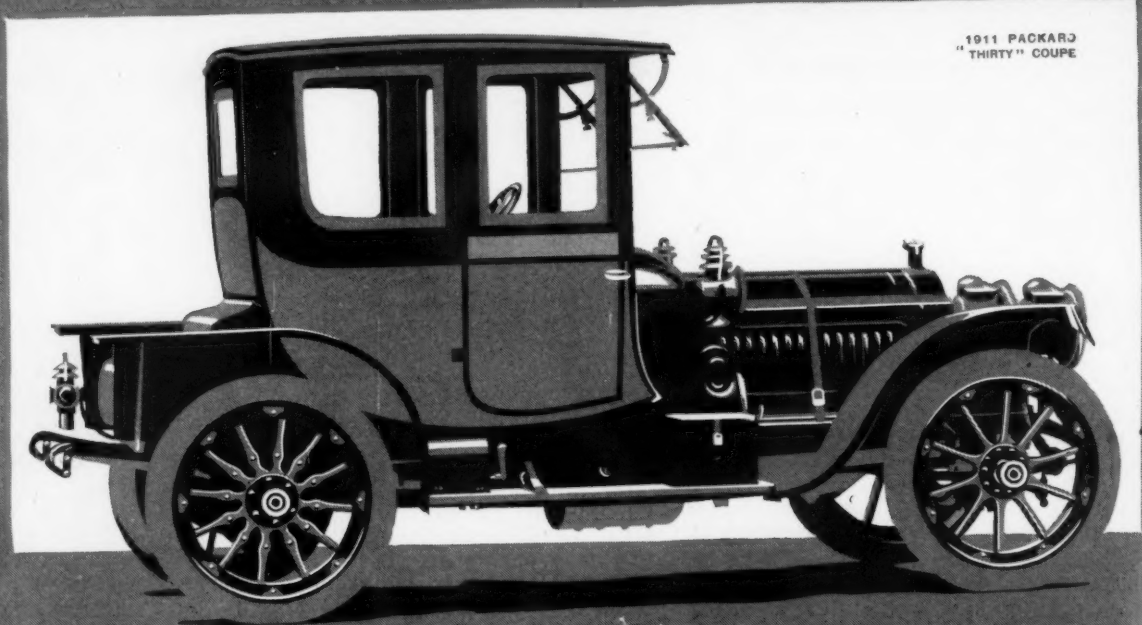
Why not you?

THERMOS in the hands of Lieutenant Peary was carried to the top of the World; it accompanied Lieutenant Shackleton to within 111 miles of the South Pole; the Colonel Roosevelt Expedition to Mombassa; the Richard Harding Davis Expedition to the Equator, in the heart of the African Congo; the Wright Brothers, Count Zeppelin, and Curtiss through Cloudland; in the White House; with President Taft; a good servant to the crowned heads of all Europe, and best of all, is contributing to the comfort of millions of people throughout the thirty civilized countries of the globe.

Every need of the family, from infancy to old age, has been provided for in THERMOS. Every home that shelters small children has requirements that can be met in no other way—save through THERMOS. For the health of young children, THERMOS is a necessity—for THERMOS is sanitary. Liquids tea to infants from THERMOS are germ-free. THERMOS not only saves sickness, but saves labor. In the night time, hot or cold beverages are always ready—without loss of sleep. In the sickroom THERMOS proves a blessing and affords hot chocolates, broths or soups, drinks at the exact moment wanted. THERMOS tea or coffee pots are a real necessity in any household where various members breakfast or lunch at different hours. There is no longer any need for reheating tea or coffee for each member of the family. With a THERMOS tea or coffee pot each member may have the same excellent tea or coffee whenever they are ready for it. A THERMOS BOTTLE in your husband's lunch box or the children's means hot tea, coffee or chocolate whenever they want it. With a THERMOS decanter you can serve your favorite beverages just as wanted, when wanted. With a THERMOS jar your roasts or solid foods, ice cream and ices, can be served at any temperature desired. The THERMOS humidor preserves the moisture, the flavor of the leaf and the original strength and aroma of cigars, cigarettes or tobacco. Made in silver trimmed mahogany or Circassian walnut. THERMOS is indispensable for auto-mobiling, Yachting, Hunting, Fishing, Golfing, Boating, Sick-room, Nursery, Office, Factory, Home or Travel. THERMOS keeps contents hot 24 hours or cold 3 days. Works both ways. Lasts a lifetime. No chemicals used. Please be cautious. Look for the name THERMOS on every genuine article. Prices from \$3.00 up. Sold the world over.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY
Thermos Building, 243-247 West 17th Street, New York

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- David B. Ogden, Boston, Mass.
- E. O. Marshall, Boston, Mass.



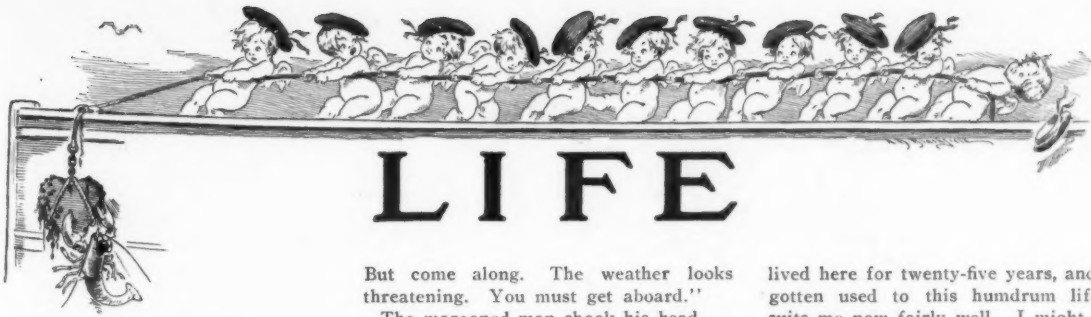
1911 PACKARD
"THIRTY" COUPE

Ask the man who owns one

Packard
MOTOR CARS



PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan



LIFE

Declined With Thanks

AS the captain of the relief ship stepped ashore on the desert isle, the man who had been marooned there for a quarter of a century came forward, trembling with emotion. Although his voice seemed strange he could still speak the language.

"Has anything happened since I have been away from home?" he asked discordantly.

"Well, just a few things."

"Harrison still President?"

"Oh, my, no! Cleveland and McKinley and Roosevelt and Taft."

"Um. Strange to me. Never heard of the last two. Tariff still on?"

"Same old tariff—only a little more of it."

"Any new jinks in the discovery line?"

"Phonograph—reproduces any sound you like. Wireless telegraphy—communicates through air. Seedless apples. Aeroplanes—fly like birds."

"You don't say! Anything doing in politics?"

"Governor Hughes, of New York, has put a stop to betting on horse races, but Wall Street is still going."

"Same old street, eh? Any new styles?"

"You'd think so if you could see the women."

"By the way, how *are* all the girls?"

"Trying to get the vote."

"You don't tell me! Well, well. How are prices?"

"About double what they were. Beefsteak thirty-eight cents a pound."

"I used to be somewhat of a reader," the marooned man said. "Is there anything new in philosophy?"

"Dear me, yes! It has been put on an entirely new basis by Professor James. Pragmatism now rules."

"And the drama?"

"Has been regenerated by a syndicate."

"Same old legs?"

"About the same."

"Any new words?"

"Several—'uplift,' 'strenuous,' 'muckraker,' and a number of others."

"Any wars?"

"A few. Russia and Japan, and, oh, yes—England and the Boers. Then we own the Philippines now—got 'em away from Spain.

But come along. The weather looks threatening. You must get aboard."

The marooned man shook his head. "I'm not going back with you," he said.

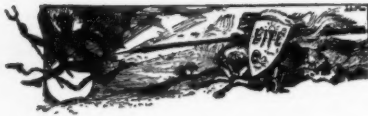
"Not going back? Why not?"

"Well, captain, it's this way: I've

lived here for twenty-five years, and I've gotten used to this humdrum life. It suits me now fairly well. I might stand all the changes you have told me of, if I could have 'em as gradually as you have; but to take 'em all at once—in one dose—why, it would kill me!"



IN THE NICK OF TIME



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. AUGUST 18, 1910 No. 1451

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



IT is to smile at the vehemence with which Secretary Ballinger repulses the intimation that he will retire from the Cabinet. It may not be true that Senator Crane pointed out to him as proper for imitation the glorious and renowned example of Quintus Curtius, who jumped into the hole that was bothering Rome. But anyhow, there is no Curtius in Ballinger. "There is no resignation on the card," he said, "I am simply on my way to the coast for a little rest." He is willing, it seems, to go down with the ship, but not to be jettisoned; no, not much. It is to smile at Brother Taft. One likes his fidelity, of course, but it might be more profitably employed.

Nearly every one applauds the President's resolution not to spend so much of his strength this year in ambulation and oratory. He is a pleasant man and makes an agreeable personal impression wherever he goes. But it seems not to be a very deep or profitable impression. His travels have been popular chiefly with persons who were interested in the gate receipts that were swelled by his presence. Judging by Iowa they have done him much more harm than good, while the labors that have helped him have been those he has done in Washington or in Beverly, working at his job. His fidelity to Ballinger and his unnecessary laudation of the Payne tariff will cost the Republican party something this fall, but it must be understood and remembered that his fault has been not that he got the Republican party into a scrape but merely that he has failed, so far,

to get it out of one. Mr. Taft is a lot better than his party, as a President ought to be, but he has not managed, so far, to drag his party up to his own level. The party was in a scrape the moment the attempt began to reform the tariff. No doubt any party that attempts to reform the tariff is in a scrape. Mr. Roosevelt in 1904 plead with the voters to entrust that work to the Republicans who believed in protection. It was so entrusted and then laid on the table for four years, when Taft came in and it had to be lifted off. But it would have been a great boon to Republicans if it could have been left to be done by Democrats.



THE desires of the Spanish Government in the matter of the religious orders and of giving full rights of public worship to non-Catholic worshippers, seem so moderate and reasonable to us Americans that we are apt to be surprised at the refusal of the Vatican to consent to them. It is comprehensible, however, that the Vatican should think it better politics to have privileges that are out of date taken from it against its protests, than to consent to give them up. At any rate, the present Pope is not likely to give anything up, whether it is politic or not. He and his advisers make little account of the spirit of the times. If there is to be a readjustment and concession of what is gone, or even of what may wisely be conceded, it will have to wait, no doubt, until the course of human events has brought about another election by the college of cardinals.

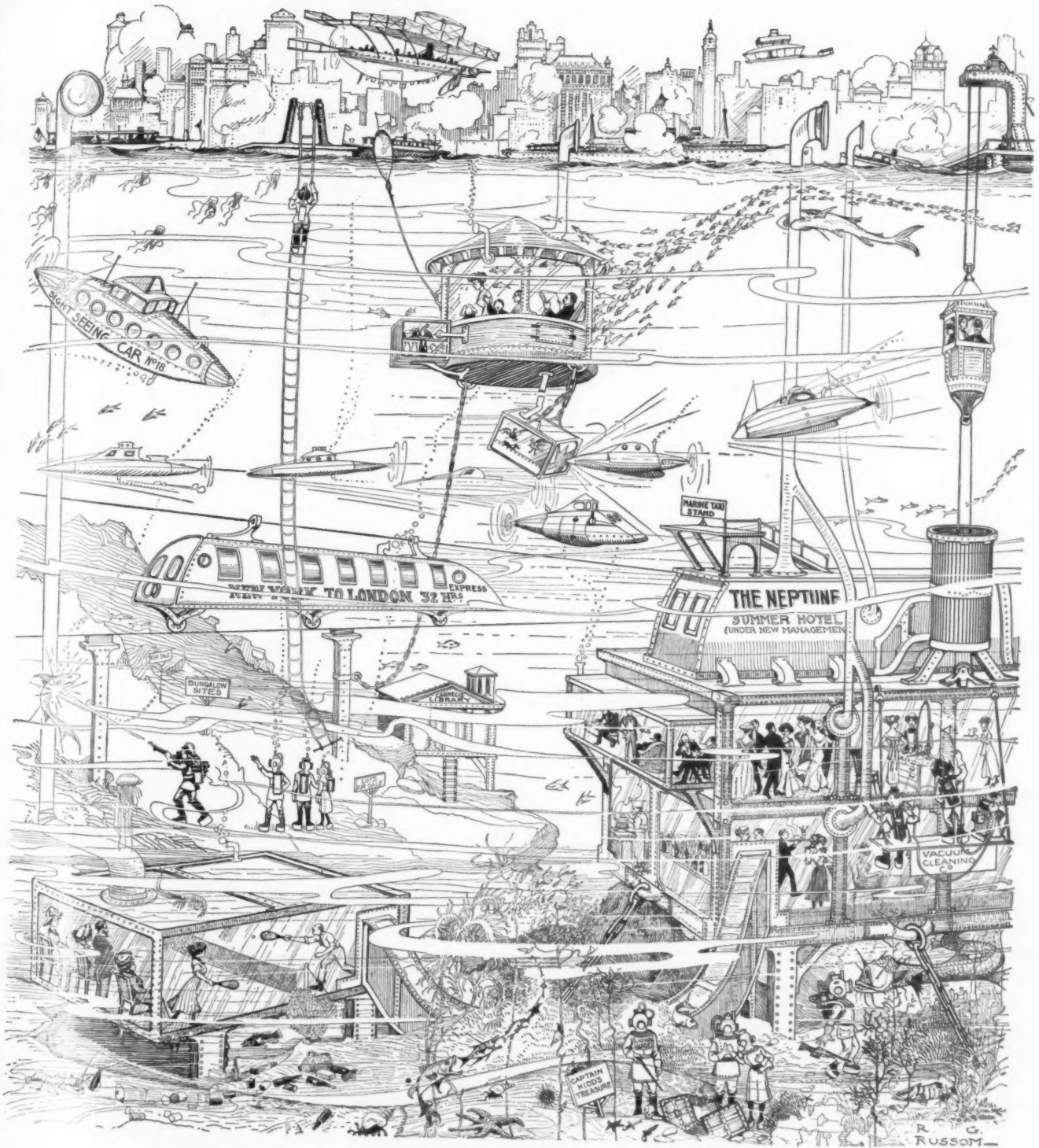
It may be assumed that the Spanish Government, represented by the cheerful young King and Premier Canalejas, has not been stirring up the Vatican out of mere restlessness or any wanton hunt for trouble. What they are after is to satisfy the party in their own country, which wants Spain to become a modern nation. To that end they would have more complete freedom in religion, more secular education and some limit to the number of religious persons and societies who can take refuge in Spain and live

there without paying taxes and doing their share of the work that other citizens do. All that looks reasonable. It is to see whether Señor Canalejas can carry through his program against the opposition of Rome. Spain is, of course, overwhelmingly Catholic and considerably religious, and in what the government attempts it must rely on Catholic votes. And Spain's population, we read, is still 70 per cent. illiterate!



ATTORNEY-GENERAL WICKERSHAM gives opinion that under the act of July 2, 1864, which provided for the assemblage of statues in the old Hall of Representatives, no objection can lawfully be made to placing in that hall a statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee, clothed in the Confederate uniform. We don't see how anybody can read the act and come to a different conclusion. The act authorizes the President to invite the States to send in not more than two statues apiece "of deceased persons who have been citizens thereof and illustrious for their historic renown, or from distinguished civil or military services, such as each State shall deem worthy of this national commemoration." Under this statute General Lee is a fit delegate from Virginia to "Statuary Hall" and Jefferson Davis is a fit delegate from Mississippi, and we don't doubt will be sent from that State. Also old John Brown is a proper delegate from Kansas, and if Kansas hasn't furnished her quota of heroes we should like to see her send old John along. Fanatic as he was, he is one of the great historic figures of the country, and one whose renown will increase with the years. He really belongs in that hall.

When Utah sends in Brigham Young, of course there will be a snort, and perhaps about that time Congress may conclude to disband the collection. It is likely that that will have to be done some time or other, but meanwhile there is no valid objection to Lee or Davis or old John Brown. They were all conspicuous figures in a great crisis of the country's history.



DOWN THE BAY



"I WISH I WAS SAFE AT HOME. I NEVER EXPERIENCED SUCH A STORM."
"OH! WELL, YOU'RE A BACHELOR."

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,610.66
T. P. R.....	5.31
"In Memory of Christene".....	5.00
F. U. M.....	5.00
Mrs. Mary Carlisle.....	10.00
E. McW.....	5.00
Miss J. Andrews.....	15.00
Miss Marguerite Wilke.....	5.00
Anonymous.....	10.00
Allen Mason.....	5.31
U. S. N.....	25.00
"Camp Champlain's Sunday Offer- ing".....	5.00
Proceeds of Concert given by the Misses Katherine Emmet, Ger- trude Ingersoll, Muriel Wiggin, Susanne Howe, Ray Bulkley, Mil- dred Ingersoll, Madelaine Lynch, and Ninon Newton.....	314.00
"W. E.".....	5.00
Peggy Kemp.....	10.00
Miss E. K. Strong.....	10.00
Chester E. Bowles.....	5.50
Lucy, Graeme and John.....	5.50
	\$6,056.28

Postals From Life's Farm

Dear Mother.

We went cherry picking Thursday and I went in the trees to shake the cherry's down. Wednesday we got chewing gum. Thursday we got a loly pop. It is fine out here. I go in bathing every day and I am all sunburnt. Love to all
From

I am very happy because you let me go and it is very nice in the country. I love to stay and pick the sweet daisy because they are so sweet.
from HENRIETTA FISOLO.

DEAR GERTRUDE

I am enjoying my self up here as it is just beautiful

From your friend
IRENE KELLY, S.W.A.K.
address Life's Farm, Branchville, Connecticut.
answer.

Murder Stories

SO far as we are concerned we could get along ordinarily if the papers devoted somewhat less space than they do to the less essential parts of murder stories. Of course we want to know about the more notable murders. To know about them is a duty that the responsible members of society should share. And crime is an interesting detail of life, and the processes of detection are often quite as good to read about as they work out in a real case as they are in the imaginary cases that the wits of the story writers contrive. And a murder trial is, once in a while, a great story and worth the best efforts of skilful newspaper story-tellers and the readers' time.

But on the days when the papers have nothing more to say about an interesting murder than "nothing new has transpired since yesterday," they really ought to be content to say it in half a column, and to extend "nothing new," as some of them do, "over two, three, four columns or more, with pictures sometimes of how things might have happened, and of imaginary suspects and of anybody else that can be lugged in, is tiresome—really it is, at least to us.

It is a tradition of journalism that nothing sells papers like a murder. But it is mean to overwork even a tradition.

Besides, we doubt if it is altogether safe. That tradition has its roots in times when homicide was a good deal rarer than it is now, and when news generally was scarce, whereas now we have homicide with us always, and general news comes in from all over the world. Our neighbors, the newspapers, ought to boil down their murder stories, especially on the days when there is no real murder news and they have to invent all they use.

All About Squawking

SQUAWK and the world squawks with you.

One good squawk deserves another.

Once a squawker always a squawker. A squawker by any other name would cause as much trouble.

It takes two squawkers to make a scrap.

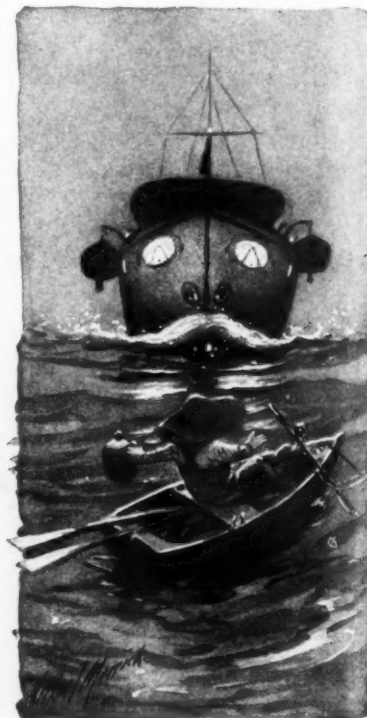
When in Squawkville do as the squawkers do.

Squawking is that squawking does.

Absence makes the squawker madder.

You can lead a squawker to water but you cannot make her stop squawking.

Squawker's Motto: Say nothing, but squawk good.



ANOTHER SEA SERPENT



WHALING

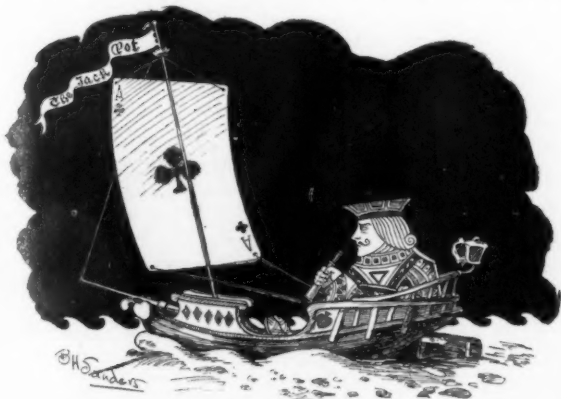
Checks

ONE of the chief concerns of the designers of our Government was to provide plenty of checks, passive, active and reactive, so that everybody and everything would be duly and effectually checked by everybody and everything else. They builded better than they knew.

- Our legislatures are checked by lobbies.
- Our people are checked by representatives.
- Our lawyers are checked by technicalities.
- Our savings are checked by the trusts.
- Our expenditures are checked by our incomes.
- Our incomes are checked by employers.
- Our husbands are checked by our wives.

And Now, Bugs

LONG ago man beat the great carnivorous animals in the competition for the possession of this earth. Since history began, and before that, his labor has been to repel the aggressions of other men who have tried in war or trade to get his share of the earth away from him. That effort goes on pretty steadily, and an end to the need of it is not yet in sight. But nowadays besides putting up the old-time competition with the other men, man is kept pretty busy fighting



A CLUB SAIL



"LIGHT HOUSE-KEEPING"

bugs. It takes a great deal smarter man to fight the phylloxera, the tsetse-fly, the elm beetle, the tussock-moth, the gypsy-moth, the other moths, the San José scale, the boll-weevil, the mosquito and the house-fly than it did to stand off cave-bears and megatheriums. Our great warriors nowadays are not waving swords on horseback at the head of bands of fighting men. They are sitting at tables studying through a strong microscope the habits of an insect or a microbe.

Also rats. The rat-fight is pretty lively nowadays, being best conducted when the rat complicates himself with the bubonic plague.

It is to admire the activity of man and his versatility. He does more or less disfigure this footstool with constructions and advertisements, but what an extraordinary, left-over, abandoned-farm planet it would become if he struck work!



"GOT A WORM ON YOU, LADY?"

The Long and Short of It

THE short of it is courting,
The long of it is living;
The short of it, divorce is,
The long of it, forgiving.

"Helpful Hows"

Our Ready Reference Series

HOW to Keep Out of Jail: A compendium of useful information for busy magnates, giving the nature of Subpenas, Congressional Probes, Immunity Baths (hot and cold) and Bold Fronts; not only contains directions for taking a (Trust) Bust Measure, but tells lucky numbers, forecasts the "fine" days of the year and points out the criminal consequences of misappropriat-

ing (only) a few paltry plunks. Appendix includes the addresses of the highest-priced lawyers and the quickest routes to Europe and Canada.

How to Break Into the Best Society:

An abridged (whist) edition for Climbers; tells you how to be introduced properly to Big Money; how to conduct yourself when It is talking; how to enter a room when It is present; how to detect the odor of Burning Money, and how to "call" on Easy Money. Tells the name of the one you will divorce. Profusely illustrated with 23,456 designs of Family Crests; can be made to your measure and fitted right at home.

How to Be a Perfect Lady: A condensed guide to Ballistics for Ladies; full explanations how to hold a brickbat, how to poise it gracefully, and how by hurling it to disarrange the stolid British stare of a Cabinet Minister. Polite hints on smashing windows. How to have your "fling" with (stepping) stones (to prison). What not to wear in jail. Simple lessons in discouraging the unwelcome attentions of policemen. Our method insures perfect results.

How to Keep a Cook: The book you will eventually buy; contains the Green Book of the Registered Lady Cooks of America. A brief synopsis of the By-Laws of Organized Cookery. Formulates the latest demand of a living wage for Angels in the Kitchen (life size), including the use of the family automobile, old-age pensions for Cook and dependent kinsfolk, daily shopping tours, the opera box on Salome nights, and the privilege of attending suffragette lectures at Marble House. Tells under what circumstances Cooks may be allowed to give monkey dinners to their friends without infringing on the essentials of good society. A manual of authorized conversation with the Angel (approved by the Union). Our book contains 50,000 fancy designs of imported domestics, actual colors, shades to suit, faces cut Princess with graduated flounces.

How to Take a Flyer: The up-to-date book on aerial etiquette. What every High Flyer should know. Explains (with diagrams) the dangers of taking a "drop too much" when the airship gets "tipsy." What to do when you strike a hard cloud. How to avoid air-sickness. How to keep your machine "tuned up" to the music of the spheres. Complete instructions for making a hit when the ship collapses. Outlines the best method of buying a \$30,000 dirigible at five cents a week. Glossary of latest list of Flighty Fads. An Air Directory for Airish People.



THROWING THE PAINTER



Belated Passenger: AHOY, THERE! YOUR CONFOUNDED WATCH IS FAST!

In Peacock Alley

I

FROM Will Allen's town, which is way off in Kansas,
(I think it possesses a name like Emporia).
From Tacoma and 'Frisco, from Creede and Matanzas,
They assemble and meet at the Waldorf-Astoria.
They have come in their crowds from the South and the West,
They are eager to join in our hullabaloo;
They have rushed as though ruled by the law of unrest
Which forbade them to linger in Kalamazoo.

II

They had worked with a will in all sorts of weathers,
Until it arrived, that jubilant day,
When they took off their jeans and they put on their feathers
To mingle a while with the people who play.
So the money they've made from alfalfa and pickers,
From steel and from cows, from gold and from glue,
They are lavishing now to astonish New Yorkers,
And to prove they know *some* things in Kalamazoo.

III

They have dined on a roof; they have been to the races;
They have taken in Wall Street, the Bowery and Peil;
They feel they are free to kick over the traces,
And they want to see something to take home to tell.

In the shops they have sought out strange things to spend
cash on,

So the women wear skirts that are tight as a shoe,
And their hats loom aloft in the height of the fashion,
Such as never were witnessed in Kalamazoo.

IV

And after they've eaten their opulent dinners,
They stroll to and fro and they stare left and right,
And they guess at the names of the saints and the sinners
Who throng Peacock Alley by day and by night.
They hope against hope for a glimpse of Caruso;
They dream of a chance for a chat with John Drew.
They really are lonely as Robinson Crusoe
And they wish they were back there in Kalamazoo.

V

They have come here in crowds, and their name it is legion;
If they see some things to praise they find more to condemn.
And they feel they're marooned in a desolate region,
For they never know us and we never know them.
The men may be worthy, the girls may be pretty,
Although we do not care what they are or they do.
They are strangers inside of the gates of the city,
They'll be happier home in their Kalamazoo.

Arthur Penn.

His Mistake

"JOHN," asks the wife, "have you got your umbrella
cover?"
"Sure," answers the capable husband. "See, I've got it
on the thing."
"Crazy! Look what you've done. You've almost ruined
my new hobble skirt."

MAGNATE: By Jove! That boy Archie has actually
taken one of my yachts and gone off to Bar Harbor
with it.

SECOND MAGNATE: You don't say! Why, he has the
nerve of a United States President.



OLD STYLE SUBMARINE BOAT



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

JAMES HERVEY HYSLOP

Born August 18, 1854

Professor Hyslop is a native of Ohio, was graduated from the Wooster (Ohio) University and has the degree of Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins. He began as a teacher and for some time has been professor of logic and ethics at Columbia.

He is an expert in logic and psychology, but it is not for this alone that he is famous; he is famous because he is an exponent of another world. He has been intimately acquainted for a long time with the Society of Psychical Research, and not many years ago announced that he had been able to communicate with several people who had "passed over." This glad news he transmitted to a waiting world amid the booming of journalistic cannon and the flying of spiritualistic flags.

To have placed immortality on a practical, working basis is surely fame enough for one man. It is therefore with mingled feelings of respect and gratitude that we acknowledge his achievements and wish him well.

May he be in no hurry for years to come to join those with whom he has been communicating. On the contrary, may he live among us for long in logical, psychological and spiritualistic prosperity.



FRANK A. MUNSEY

Born August 21, 1854

"A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

Surely this can appropriately be said of one who has succeeded in uniting those divergent elements, journalism and magazinedom, under one roof; for Mr. Munsey is not only a magazine owner but he has a very respectable collection of newspapers. He has not always succeeded in his various enterprises, but then what great man ever has? One of the tests of true greatness is to be able to make mistakes without caring too much. Mr. Munsey was, we believe, the first to start the cheap magazine, and his fight for independence was a worthy fight and worthy to have been fought.

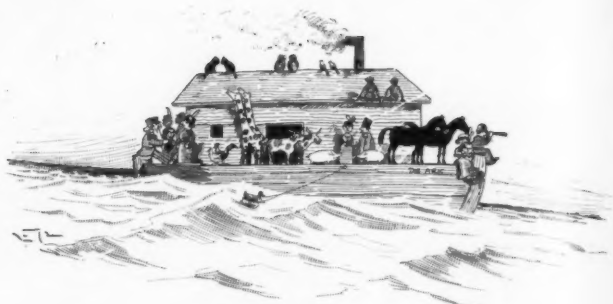
We admire you greatly, sir, and we desire to do you honor. You have yielded to no muckraking tendencies, but have kept on your way serene. May you live long and be not like the old woman who lived in a shoe—have so many magazines that you don't know what to do. On the contrary, may your literary and pictorial children always rise and call you blessed. Here's to you!

WALTER PRITCHARD EATON

Born August 24, 1878

Mr. Eaton is the young dramatic critic who some years ago was discharged from the *New York Sun* and who became a subject of controversy in connection with *LIFE's* criticism of that paper's action. He is an able young man and has written many articles and stories of the stage which have attracted attention because of their scholarly atmosphere and their sound judgment. He is an interesting writer.

Good luck, Mr. Eaton!



IT'S ORIGIN
"TWO OF A KIND"

Large Ideas in the Southwest

SPEAKING of our national habit of going to Europe, the Dallas (Texas) *News* doesn't mind if we do contribute half a billion dollars a year to Europe in "doweries, dividends and tips." It admits that there are interesting objects to inspect in Europe, and finds it logical and no cause for apprehension that hundreds of millions of American money should yearly find its way there. We can stand it, the *News* thinks, and some day our turn will come. The *Mexican Herald*, speaking of Mr. Morgan, reasons that the "great egoists educate the nation along lines that lead to the people doing great things for themselves, and already, by grasping at huge portions of the national wealth, have taught them to go in themselves for sound measures of conservation."

There is nothing to wonder at in a Texas paper taking large views of things; anything Texan ought to. Nevertheless, our neighbor in Dallas talks as Texas ought to talk, but doesn't always. We have known it to seem oversolicitous about what goes out of it, and disposed to minimize the value of what comes in.

Mexico has a pretty competent egoist in its own family. How far along has Diaz got in educating, by his example, the Mexican people to do great things for themselves?



"HEY, FELLERS, COME ON, THEIR ARMS ARE BUSY."



THY VOYAGES ARE OVER, BUT NOT THY USEFULNESS

THE progress of religion is the history of heretics.

ALL that glitters is not necessarily brass.



MAL-DE-MEERSCHAUM

A Husband's Fourteen Errors in Life

AS SEEN BY HIM

- TO tell her how to run her club.
- To bank his money in her name.
- To expect her to like his female relatives.
- To forget to praise her.
- To expect her to be grown up.
- To expect to have the last word.
- To take her opinions too seriously.
- To forget that she will change her mind.
- To let her open his letters.
- To borrow her umbrella.
- To get mad because his bed is not tucked in at the foot.
- To tell her how his mother used to cook.
- To hesitate to tell her where he is going and where he has been.
- To work for her so hard that he has no time to devote to her.

A Wife's Fourteen Errors in Life

AS SEEN BY HER

- TO ask a man where he is going when he goes out.
- To ask him where he has been when he comes back.
- To tell him what she would do if she were in his place.
- To tell him everything, and thus reveal her limitations.
- To ask him to put on her rubbers.
- To allow his stock of handkerchiefs and socks to get low.
- To buy bargain neckties.
- To tell him that he is good looking.
- To expect to have the last word.
- To let him know how old she is.
- To tell him what her mother says.
- To allow him to edit her letters.
- To economize at the expense of her personal appearance.
- To expect him to like her best friend's husband.

The Benefactors

THE ship's company, crew and passengers, numbered four hundred and sixty-eight; nearly four hundred men, the others women and children. Among the passengers were a few, not more than a score of rich men, the others being laborers and mechanics, such as would be induced by the report of gold discoveries to embark on the voyage; the rich men were going to invest in mines, build railroads and acquire the natural resources of the country for which all were bound.

The ship went to pieces on the coral reef of a lovely little island in the South Seas. No lives were lost and a fair assortment of tools of labor was saved.

The laborers and skilled workmen proved themselves to be a fine sort; they pitched in at once building shelters for the women and children and the men who had once been rich. They were not rich now, for besides the tools nothing was saved but the scanty clothing people had thrown on when the captain had ordered all to the boats.

Next the workers brought fresh water in flumes to the settlement, fed all with fish caught in the lagoons, and with goats killed with difficulty, for few were expert in using the slings devised by some skillful fellow. People soon ceased to lament the fact that the ship had been so far from her course when she went aground that rescue was improbable; the climate was fine, there were no intoxicants, and therefore no disorder, and as there was nothing worth stealing there was no thieving; a model community, some said, and good enough for anybody. It caused some discomfort that there was nothing but fish and goat meat to eat, and therefore there was great rejoicing when, one day, one of the idle class, an ex-rich, discovered in a distant part of the island a banana grove, and brought some of the fruit into the settlement and exchanged it for an extra supply of shoes, clothing and other articles of comfort which were being made. A thorough search of the island disclosed that the grove he had discovered was the only banana grove, and he therefore raised the price of bananas until he and his family were able to hire labor for a finer house than anyone else had, and were dressed better than anyone else.

The goats were getting sling-shy and hard to kill, so it was with great rejoicing that the colony heard that another ex-rich had discovered a little grove of hardwood from which bows, arrows and spear shafts could be made. Again a search disclosed that this new find could not be duplicated, and the second Benefactor also enjoyed to an unusual extent the products of the labor and skill of the others.

There was a number of other ex-rich who were not especially provided for, so the two Benefactors formed a government, a republic, and gave the offices to the others who could do nothing for the common weal, and all went well, those who had been helpless now enjoying even more comforts than the best and most useful workman. There was a little discontent, to be sure, because the Benefactors were pretty steep in their prices, and the office holders were exacting in their demands for comforts in the way of salaries.

A pleasant event one day served to supply a lively excitement and promised relief from the encroachments which were taking so much toil from the many for the benefit of the privileged few. A quaint little ship came into the harbor with a peaceful crew, who made signs that they would like to barter. They lived on an island not more than a hundred miles away, and had a fine cargo of bananas, bows, arrows and spears. The simple visitors gave more fruit for one pair of goat-skin shoes than the shoemaker had been getting



For Sale.—CRUISING POWER-BOAT. CAN BE THOROUGHLY INSPECTED ABOVE AND BELOW THE WATER-LINE (NEEDS SOME SLIGHT REPAIRS). REASON FOR SELLING, OWNER CANNOT USE HER THIS SUMMER. PLENTY OF FREEBOARD, AND IS A VERY DRY BOAT. HAS MADE TWELVE MILES PER HOUR, AND HAS CRUISED FROM MAINE TO A POINT OFF EXECUTION LIGHT. ADDRESS, C. Q. D.

for a dozen pairs, and the settlement clothmakers received arms for the chase at one-twentieth the price they had to pay for the raw material—hardwood—from the local Benefactor. The colonists showed great friendship for the visitors, who promised to call often with fruit and weapons and exchange them for the many useful things the artisans among the colonists were making.

That night the two Benefactors sent for the officers of government and said that their infant industries were in danger of being ruined; they demanded that the next time the visiting traders called the government levy a tax on the articles they might bring for barter—especially upon bananas and hardwood weapons. This the government officers had to do because they had been placed in office by the Benefactors, don't you see? Good-natured and simple as the colonists were, there was some grumbling at this action when it came to be taken, for the tax was so high that instead of getting the articles they so much wanted cheaper, they now had to pay more than ever before, as the Benefactors added to their former prices the amount of the tariff toll.

All of the artisans now gave much more of their product, the laborers of their toil, for fruit and the means of obtaining goat meat. Some bought of the visitors and the taxes they paid filled the government warehouses. This caused the officials embarrassment and they asked the Benefactors what they should do.

"You sillies!" exclaimed the Benefactors, "you've got a surplus—get rid of it."

"But how?" asked the perplexed officials.

"Double your own salaries, hire more clerks and weighers, and pay them big salaries. That will soon distribute your surplus."

It was even as the Benefactors said. Indeed, there was soon not enough goods collected as taxes to pay the increased cost of government.

Then the Benefactors laughed merrily at the perplexity of the officials.

"When you have a deficit hoist the tax," they said.

And this was done, and although it resulted in greater comforts and luxuries for the Benefactors the people began to grumble sorely.



"NICE FIX FOR A CHAP THAT'S BEEN TWENTY-TWO YEARS IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS!"

"They will not re-elect us," said the officials, who, having a good thing, were loath to give it up.

"Never fear," said the Benefactors. "Revise the taxes upward and from our increased profits we will contribute enough to secure your re-election. The settlers have been well taught that our infant industries must not be threatened by the cheap fruit those wicked islanders are conspiring to dump on our prosperous and well employed people."

And again the taxes were raised. But some of the colonists said that the thing had been rigged too far; they would not re-elect the complaisant officials, and if any more election tricks were tried something would be started.

This being told the Benefactors they sighed and said: "Then, if things have come to such a pass we will change the form of government."

So the Benefactors drew lots to see which should be king, and the man who won told the people that thereafter he would attend to the making of tax rates and such.

And now the people sighed, and one among them—but he was an undesirable citizen—quoted from a book, saying: "I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready-booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready-saddled and bridled to be ridden."

But, surely, this was a foolish saying, for what had come to pass the people, not Providence, had permitted.

Edward W. Townsend.

The Market For Operations

(Confidential)

BUSINESS continues good, and while the actual earnings over last year have not increased the profits are much larger.

Several new cuttings for babies have been made to the list, and as they are comparatively safe have added to revenues substantially. Another great advantage of these inventions is that babies get used to being operated upon early in life, so that it becomes second nature.

It is fondly believed that the adult of the future will not

consider his life or his property well spent unless he goes to the hospital once or twice a year.

Appendicitis rules strong and has become a regular source of income to many worthy men with families. What, indeed, would we do without this old standby?

Prices, we are glad to say, are moving up. The ordinary removal of tonsils, which before now brought in from \$10 to \$25, now brings in from \$100 to \$200. Besides, we are able to persuade more people to have them removed. Thus it works in two ways.

The cost of instruments has necessarily increased, owing to the tariff and the many new varieties necessitated. This, naturally, is inevitable. But we more than make up for it in other directions.

On the whole, there is no cause to complain. More people are being operated upon than ever before.

FLIRTATION is the buzz-saw of matrimony.

No Suffragette; But Then—

LAETITIA, aged six and very loquacious, and John, aged four and very thoughtful, had just returned from a visit to a small cousin whom they had never seen before, and who was shy:

LAETITIA (*superciliously*): Such a pity Julia can't talk, isn't it, John?

JOHN (*after some thought*): But, 'Titia, she tan tiss!



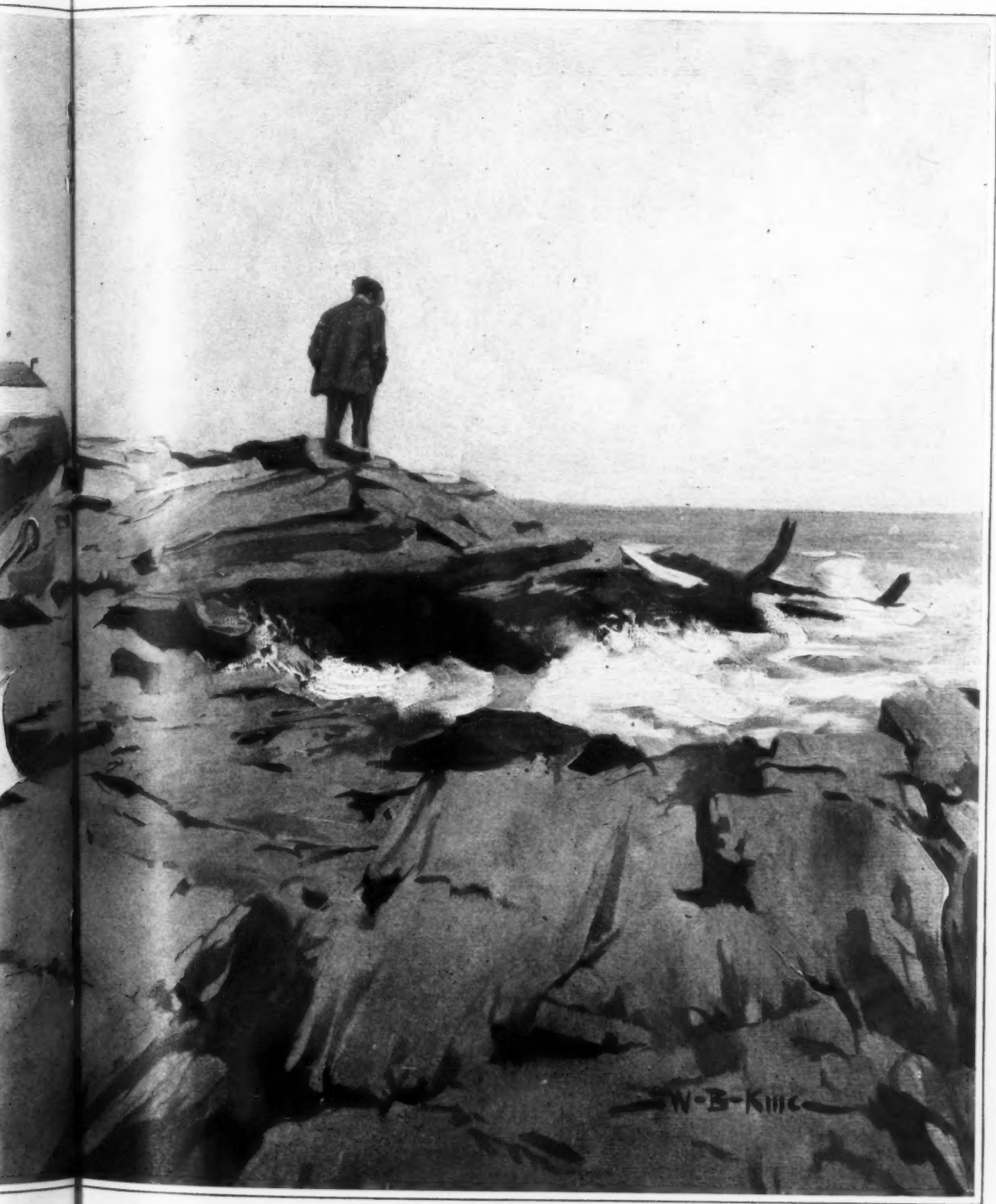
HE DID IT ON PORPOISE



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, PERCIVAL FROG?"
"I'M PLAYING 'LOHENGRIN' WITH THIS TOY THAT I FOUND."

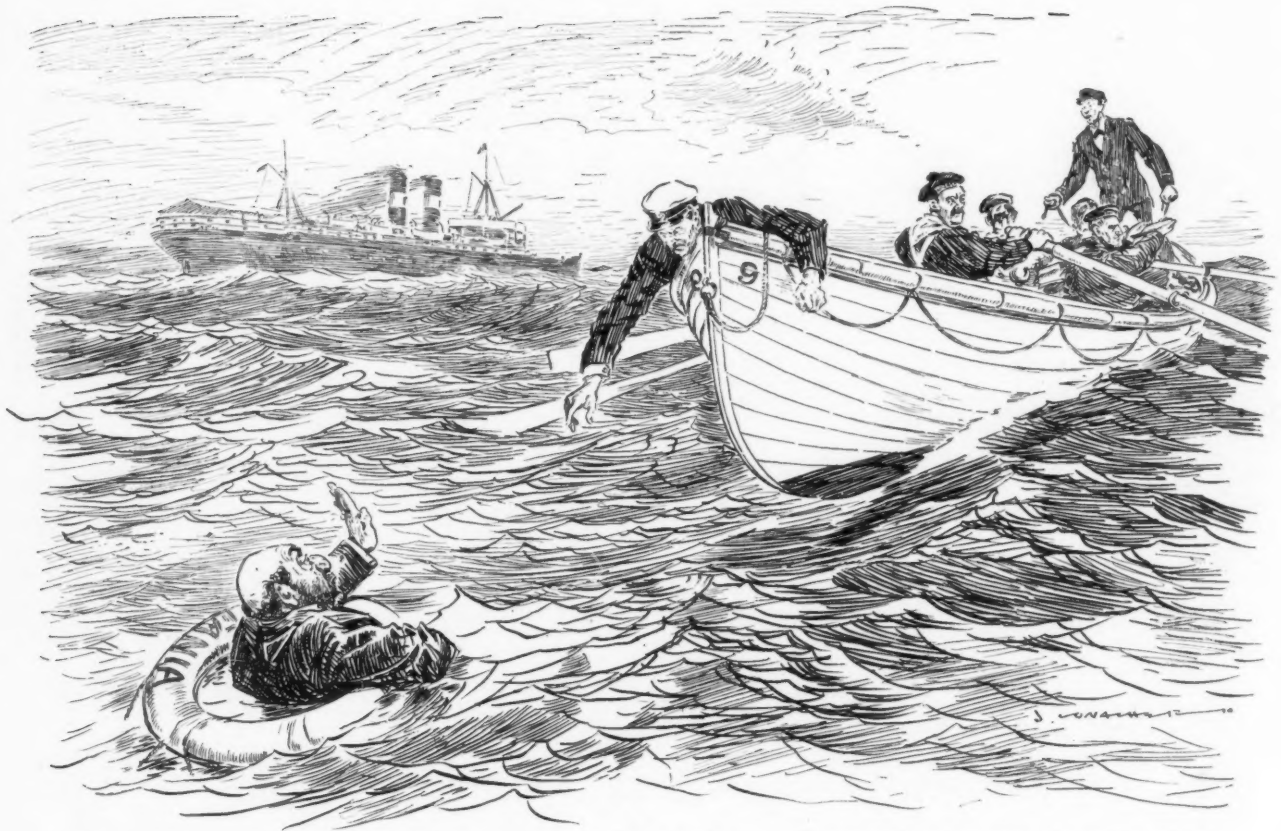


A Lighthouse Doesn't Always P



W-B-Killie

Doesn't Always Prevent Wrecks



Passenger: NOW SHOOST VUN MINUTE, MY FRIENDT, UND LET US TALK PIZZNESS; WILL DERE BE FOR THIS ANY EGSTRA SHARGE MADE?

A Cigarette in a Dead Hand

MISS LUCY PAGE GASTON, described in *Who's Who* as "reformer," is the founder of the Chicago Anti-Cigarette League, and insists, in and out of season, in eliminating cigarettes from human society. We read in the paper that a portrait of Frederick Warren Freer, a noted artist of Chicago, has been offered by his widow to the Chicago Institute, in which he was a teacher. But Miss Gaston, seeing it hanging in the Institute, has objected to a lighted cigarette which the artist in the portrait holds between his fingers, and has stirred up serious opposition to acceptance of the picture, on the ground that the influence of the cigarette will be harmful to generations to come if the city buys the portrait.

Is not that very interesting?

Cigarettes are bad for boys and not especially beneficial that we know of to grown persons, but very much worse for society than cigarettes would be the unrestricted influence of persons of Miss Gaston's calibre. What are people thinking of who aim to contrive for the rising generation a life so sheltered from temptation or dangerous suggestion as Miss Gaston's objection suggests? Who made this world and peopled it had, apparently, different views from hers about the processes of the development of human character. Chicago folks have too much sense, of course, to deny admission to

their Art Institute to all but impeccable portraits of impeccable painters with faultless habits.



"HIGH TIED"



“THERE'S MANY A SLIP”

Difficulties

IT is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a billionaire to—

- See the hole in the doughnut;
- Object to the tariff;
- Stay married;
- Conform to a diet;
- Find anything good in labor unions, or
- Complain of the high cost of living.

How to Know When You Are Getting Bald

BY DR. HOODS WUTCHISON

FROM early childhood hair grows on the head. We become so accustomed to this condition that we accept it as a matter of course. Consequently, many a man becomes bald without realizing his predicament.

When you discover that your scalp is becoming visible you are prone to believe that the dimensions of your head are increasing to such an extent that it is outgrowing your hirsute development. Yet what you think is a larger dome of thought displacing your hair is really your scalp. It is occupying the same relative position as it did formerly with regard to your hair. This with the exception that your hair is no longer there.

In nature there is a force called the law of gravity. It was discovered by Sir Isaac Newton. It is one of the few laws that have not been the occasion of muckraking. The law of gravity is that an object may not remain suspended in the air without visible means of sup-

port—unless it is a balloon. A kite does not remain suspended in the air; it is held up by the string. We will not go into an argument on this at this time.

In its natural state each hair is attached to the head by means of a follicle. It is often detached by a folly. The follicle, however, is attached to the root, and the root is fastened in the epidermis. When the root gives way, the hair, no longer having a support, yields to the law of gravity, and falls whither it listeth.

On the ordinary head there are quite a number of hairs. Consequently one or two may fall without exciting special wonder or attracting much interest. However, where several hundred have fallen the space they have occupied becomes visible.

Even if you do not observe the falling

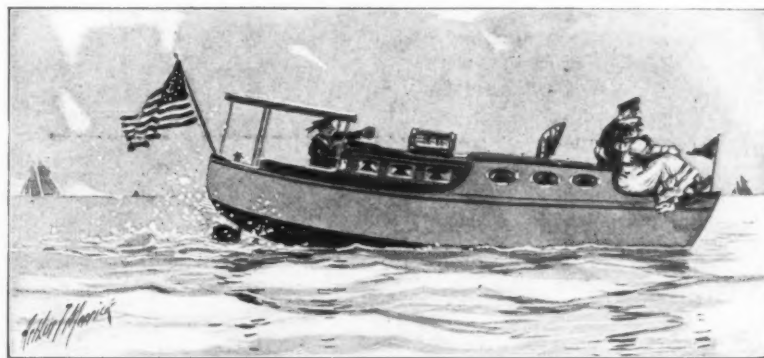
of your hair you may know that baldness is approaching when you notice that flies and mosquitoes are taking an especial interest in your cranium. A fly is a very lightweight insect, and its feet are tiny and soft, yet when it walks over your head it could not worry you more if it were a mule with hot shoes. A mosquito, also, has a bill which is really microscopically small, yet when it probes for the cranial processes you would swear that it is inserting a hand-spike into your medulla oblongata, if not clear down to your conscience.

To prevent your hair falling, wear your hat all the time. This may be inconvenient at night, unless you sleep sitting or standing, but at any rate the hat will retain the hair.

Many great men have been bald and most married men are. Was it not Richelieu, himself bald as an egg, who said: “In the hands of men entirely great the wig is quicker than the comb?” Phrenologists make reduced rates to bald men, because of the great ease with which the bumps may be located. A man in Tennessee was spurred on to a life of fame and fortune because his wife had hit him with a chair the morning he saw the phrenologist and that individual diagnosed the bump from the chair as the natural indication of the development of the brain of a man born to command.

The reason hair tonics are always recommended by a bald barber is that he allows himself to become bald so that he may show you what will be your fate if you do not use the tonic.

Baldness is also sometimes wrongly diagnosed as a high forehead. Many a man has prided himself on increasing mentality until he realized that it is not part of nature's plan for the forehead to extend from the eyebrows to the third cervical vertebra.



“DOWN BY THE HEAD”



"SERVE YE RIGHT, YE DURR PROHIBITIONIST."

Alphabetical

A is the Alphabet of their divorce,
B is for Brute—that's the husband, of course.
C is the Court where she filed her petition,
D is Dead Drunk, "quite his normal condition."
E is Elastic, her idea of truth,
F is the Fond, Fleeting Faith of her youth.
G is her Gambling, and also his Girling,
H is her Head at which boots he kept hurling.
I is the Infant of whom no one thought,
J the strange Judge who decided its lot.
K is the way it was knocked to and fro,
L is its Lonely Life, spent on the go.
M is the Moral which nobody drew—
N is the Naughty New York she knew.
O is the Opera, where they first met,
P is their Parting, ne'er, ne'er to forget.
Q is her Quarrel next day with the Brute,
R the Revolver he threatened to shoot.
S stands for Suit, Slander, Scandal, *et al*,
T is the Talk, "Shall we cut her, or call?"
U is the new Unions they both soon contracted,
V stands for Vice into Virtue enacted,
W's Wedlock, unlocked while you wait,
X — unknown quantity, Nemesis, fate.
Y stands for You merry husbands and wives,
 With your gossamer vows and your whirligig lives.
 And **Y** is the Young ones, astute, early wise,
 Exchanged for a lover or sold for a prize.
 And **Z** is the Zany who will not kowtow
 To free-love all piously draped in a vow.

A. S.

Item

MR. AND MRS. BOUNDER-JONES, and all the Bounder-Jones' children, are at Vine-Orchard-on-the-Sea this summer. They own their own cottage and do their own cooking by electricity. They keep eight servants.

Bounder-Jones made his money in hot air. He came from nothing. So did Mrs. Bounder-Jones.

The Bounder-Jones children play bridge and curse at each other most of the time. On Saturday night they dance.

Mrs. Bounder-Jones will read three detective stories this summer, if she gets around to it. She has been in Europe several times.

Mr. Bounder-Jones plays poker on Saturday evenings. He does not care how much he loses.

Miss Helen Bounder-Jones will have her own auto soon. At present she is obliged to associate with her parents in theirs.

More of the Same

NOW that the Postal Savings Bank has been practically settled, there is another step in the same direction which might well be taken; that is, the establishment of a postal employment bank.

It should be so arranged that a man (including, of course, women and children), could take himself to any post office and deposit himself, say at about two per cent. interest. Great numbers of men would gladly avail themselves of this opportunity to make themselves perfectly safe. As in the Postal Savings Bank, however, the post office should then proceed as if these men were not safe, and should redeposit them with respectable employers, say at two and a half per cent.

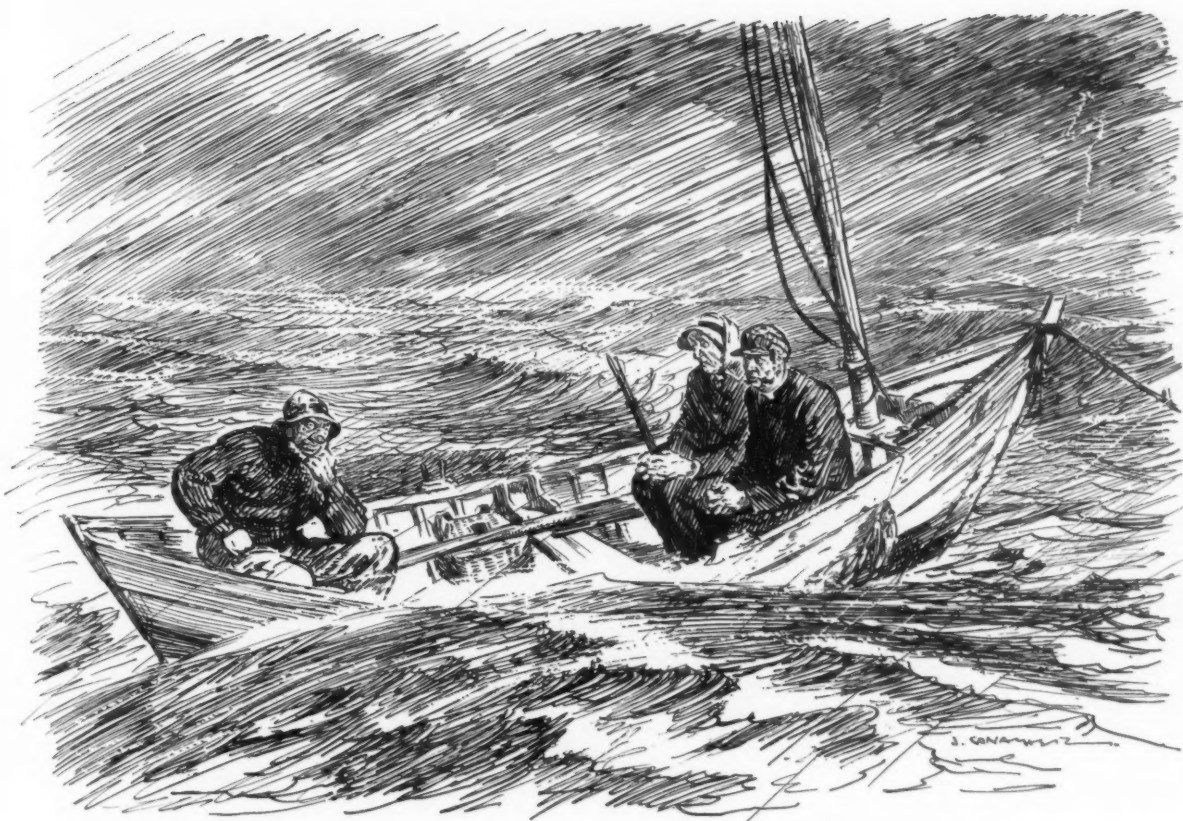
These employers should then be allowed to make as much as they could out of the depositors in return for the risk which they run in paying such a low rate of interest.

There are many obvious advantages to this system. For instance, it would prevent labor unions, boycotts and strikes. That is to say, if a depositor withdrew himself by going on a strike, he would lose the interest on himself. It would prevent new foreigners from entering and old foreigners from leaving the country. Best of all, it would solve the tramp question by enabling tramps to get two per cent. on themselves, whereas now they hoard themselves and get nothing. And it would be a very, very great help to employers of labor and other respectable people.

Ellis O. Jones.



OFF THE CATALINE ISLANDS. PURSUED BY PIRATES



Boatman: THERE AIN'T NO NEED FOR YOU GENTS TO WORRY; YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.
 Clergymen: OH, ARE YOU SURE, CAPTAIN?
 "YEP—BUT I'VE LED A H—L OF A LIFE."

Authority

IN that mouthpiece of British progress, *Votes for Women*, appears the following advertisement:

"God's word to Women. Bible lessons by correspondence, demonstrating by an unbiased translation and interpretation that Scripture teaches the perfect equality of the sexes. Half-guinea each year of forty-eight lessons. The Woman's Catechism. One hundred and one questions answered about the false teaching of subordination. Seven pence, post paid. 19 Cedar Street, Southport."

Now why, one wonders, should the suffragist seek to shelter herself under the skirts of Judith or of Jael? There is, as we are all aware, no religious creed, no political conviction, no deed, nor doubt, nor disputation, which cannot find, and which has not found, its warrant in an ingenious expounding of the Scriptures. Whatever the situation may be, there is always a text to fit it. From what sources the "unbiased translation" is made, or who stands responsible for its liberal interpretation, does not appear; but half a

guinea is such a moderate sum to ask for forty-eight lessons, that one should hardly be too critical on these points, and surely seven pence could never be better expended than in demolishing the doctrine of subordination—a doctrine which in the United States is not at present a recognizable quality.

But what is difficult to understand is the determination of the English suffragist to square herself with Holy Writ, to make the prophets responsible for her convictions. When she has demonstrated by their help her "perfect equality with man," she is no nearer than before to the franchise, which is not granted or denied on Scriptural authority. Only a very wise woman doubts her equality. Only a very foolish man denies it. It is a harmless word, and always effective in oratory. Whether Jeremiah or Ezekiel quite understood its modern significance is little to the purpose. They are not controlling factors in English politics. *Agnes Repplier.*



A SEA-PUSS

IF Mr. Carnegie still dreads the idea of dying rich, he might establish a fund for the purpose of providing proper clothing for Robert W. Chambers' heroines.



The Thin One: WHAT ARE YOU KICKING ABOUT? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO REDUCE YOUR FLESH.

BOOKISHNESS

THE summer season of 1910 seems destined to take its place in history as a hoodooed period when nobody succeeded in "coming back." The late Mr. Jeffries did not, as some people appear to imagine, set this fashion—he only coined the phrase. He was antedated in non-accomplishment. Mrs. Humphry Ward began it. Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. W. J. Locke (although each managed by nimble footwork to avoid punishment) followed suit. Mr. Robert Herrick, after two years of the most assiduous and conscientious training, has left his admirers (metaphorically speaking) stranded in Reno. And there are others.

ONE sensational literary curiosity has, however, been vouchsafed us by this peculiarly barren and disappointing season—*The Crowds and the Veiled Woman* (Funk and Wagnalls, \$1.50), by Marian Cox. Quite probably the season's barrenness emphasizes, by isolating, the sensational abnormality of the book; and the fact that the author is said to be young, unknown, a woman and an American, heightens the effect of its curious quality. But the abnormality and the quality remain, and the book would command attention at any time. Nevertheless, it is a performance upon which one

passes even a tentative judgment with hesitancy; the truth being that sensational literary curiosities (especially when, as in this case, they show manifest although erratic originality and daring) are kittle cattle, somewhat dangerous of approach by the reviewer. For, mark you, it is the humble although occasionally heroic office of the book reviewer to put a preliminary ring in the nose of strange literary animals and lead them to a temporary stall in the fair-grounds where, when the creatures have calmed down and the public has gazed its fill at them the critic comes and passes (if they be still alive) upon their points. And while it is seldom puzzling to tell the head of a literary curiosity from its heels, it is sometimes difficult on short acquaintance to determine which, if either, is the business end of the beast; and reviewers in such circumstances have been known before now to put their brass rings in their pocket and climb the fence. If, with outward nonchalance, I undertake to lead this particular animal to the stall in which I believe it to belong, it is not because I am persuaded of my own infallibility, but because I conceive that reviewing, like *noblesse, oblige*, and that there are two points of honor a reviewer must hold inviolate: Never to manufacture an opinion out of fear of being thought not to have one, and never to withhold an opinion for fear of being proved mistaken.

THE CROWDS AND THE VEILED WOMAN is a brilliant attempt to demonstrate by means of a gruesomely realistic tale of mystic symbolism the thesis that the modern mind in its ultra-refinement has lost touch with life. The story deals with "Monsieur," the representative and mouth-piece of this ultra-intellectualism, with a young artist whom Monsieur is training in his philosophy, and with the Veiled Woman, the imagined embodiment of their joint ideals. Monsieur claims that Art and Love have legitimately replaced the Altar; that religion first developed the ineffable in the soul of man; that enlightenment then deprived him of religion; that the craving for the ideal remains; and that to satisfy this craving the fine soul turns either to estheticism or to woman. But, whereas the artist can create the embodiment of his ideals, the lover can but idealize unworthy embodiments, so Monsieur urges his pupil to devote himself to art. Yet the artist himself finds, in practice, that he needs a feminine inspiration; and he and Monsieur have just agreed upon the ideal woman and upon the impossibility of her existence when—Monsieur finds her. He brings her to Gaspard to paint and in the Poe-like horror of the *denouement* the whole structure of philosophic estheticism deliquesces before the eyes of the imagination. In outline this is an amazing conception; an ideal vehicle for a searching criticism of the miasmatic beauties of a decadent idealism. But at close quarters the ponderous machinery of its execution too often ruins its effect. The serried pages of Monsieur's monologues are over-done. Again, the author is pedantic of set purpose; but her exaggerated pedanticism reveals the purpose that it was meant to effect and conceal. In fine, like many another artist in like case, in attempting to translate the intangible into terms of the concrete she has too frequently preserved the foreign idiom while losing the foreign spirit. The book is Gustav Doré in prose. J. B. Kerfoot.

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

The Crowds and the Veiled Woman, by Marian Cox. See above. *Fortune*, by J. C. Snaith. The Castilian adventures of Don Miguel de Sarda y Boegas, Sir Richard Pendragon and the Marquis de Nullepart. A romantic irony of excellent parts and savor. *Fishing Kits and Equipment*, by Samuel G. Camp. Sound and succinct advice for fresh-water anglers. *George Meek, Bath Chair-man*, by Himself. With an introduc-



"HANG IT, MARIA! NOW YOU'VE FRIGHTENED ALL THE FISH AWAY."

tion by H. G. Wells. An interesting book that "samples life" at an unfamiliar level.

A Life for a Life, by Robert Herrick. A high-pressure allegorical novel that goes to pieces under the tension of its own earnestness.

The Master Girl, by Ashton Hilliers. A romance of the stone age. Vividly imagined and entertainingly told.

Men and Dogs, by Henry C. Merwin. A little book of dog-love for dog lovers.

A Motley, by John Galsworthy. Pages from the sketch book of a verbal artist. Studies, impressions and interpretations.

Nathan Burke, by Mary S. Watts. The autobiography of an American gentleman in the '40s. A novel for leisurely enjoyment.

Predetermined, by Stephen French Whitman. Pathological realism. A study in heredity and a striking picture of the seamy side of New York life.

The Right Stuff, by Ian Hay. An amusing Scotch version of *The Ugly Duckling*.

Simon the Jester, by W. J. Locke. A somewhat freakish story, in which a writer with a pleasant personality amuses himself—and us.

The Twisted Foot, by Henry Milner Rideout. A story of the Orient. A machine-made, hand-finished specimen of manufactured mystery.

The Voice in the Rice, by Gouverneur Morris. A buoyant adventure in the realms of the impossible.

Why I Am a Socialist, by Charles Edward Russell. A stimulating discussion of big questions from a personal standpoint.

The Wild Olive, by the author of *The Inner Shrine* (Basil King). An entertaining, up-to-date example of pseudo-realistic romance.

Philosophical Reflection

ONE reason why we grow more gentle with age—when we do—is that the years themselves bring authority to whom authority belongs, and the need of vehemence is lessened. The young, when they strive to make their will prevail, have need to use force enough to offset the weight of

years that is opposed to them. That weight their elders have at their backs to aid them in getting their way.

Another reason is that in age we want fewer things, and want them less, and want what we do want less for ourselves and more for the next generation.

MORALISTS spoil all the bad things of life

Used to It

AFTER the usual greeting by Mephisto, the couple are ushered to their apartment in Hades.

"I can't see," grumbled the husband, "that this place is any cooler than anywhere else we ever spent the summer."

"Well," argues his wife, "I suppose you would rather poke off to some mud-hole somewhere where there is no society at all."

One Better

"WHEN I was a young girl," titters the first old lady, "one of my beaux hugged me so hard he broke one of my ribs."

"Humph!" replies the second old lady, adjusting her glasses and smoothing back her hair in conscious pride, "when I was a young girl one of my beaux hugged me so hard he broke one of his arms."



Discreet

"May I—may I kiss you, dear?" said he.
 "First I want one thing made clear," said she.
 "Have you e'er kissed maid before, or tried?"
 "No," he answered—she was sure he lied.
 Then, with willing lips, she whispered,
 "Well,
 Yes, you may, since you don't kiss and tell."
 —*Boston Transcript.*

No Reward

"How long a term does the Vice-President serve, pa?"
 "Four years, my son."
 "Doesn't he get anything off for good behavior?" —*Lippincott's.*

When to Begin

"Sometimes you have to hit a man to make him keep quiet, so that you can save him from drowning."
 "Yes," replied the abrupt person;
 "and the time to do it is when he first begins to rock the boat." —*Washington Star.*



THE MAN BEFORE THE MAST

Defined

KNICKER: What is a swimming hole?
BOCKER: A body of water entirely surrounded by boys.—*Sun.*

The World's Cynical Side

The philosopher who asserted that truth was stranger than fiction evidently never dallied with the six best sellers.
 —*New York Times.*

"What is woman?" asked the speaker.

"Woman," replied a man in the audience—a married man—"is an animate being, with the power of speech abnormally developed, and entirely surrounded by a dress that buttons up the back."
 —*The Sufferer.*

Art As It Is

"Among the students who did most to prevent my task being a sinecure," says Mr. Beckwith, "was one young woman whose backwardness and total lack of interest finally roused my ire. While criticising an unusually bad piece of her work I asked, exasperatedly: 'Why do you come here, anyway?'"

"'Because,' she answered, 'my twin sister takes her banjo lesson at just this hour, and I have to do something, so I thought I would study art.'" —*McDowall's Magazine.*

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Usher in the New Year well!

India South Africa England Scotland Canada Australia

Andrew Usher & Co., Distillers, Edinburgh.

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THAT POINT OF VIEW

"ARE THEY WEARING HATS LIKE THAT, DORIS?"

"NO, MOTHER, they ARE NOT."

"TAKE IT RIGHT OFF! HOW DARE YOU DISGRACE US BY DOING SOMETHING THAT THEY ARE NOT DOING?"



The 1911 HAYNES

Greater Value, But Still \$2000

Added refinement—even greater value than formerly—characterizes the Haynes 5-Passenger car for 1911.

The essential features of construction, however, remain unchanged.

The correctness of Haynes design has been proved by years of service.

The 1911 car is the same handsome, roomy, luxuriously appointed machine that set a new standard of automobile value in 1910. It still sells for \$2000—a thousand dollars less than cars of equal quality. But Haynes experience—the basis of the Haynes reputation—has shown a way for us to add still more to Haynes superiority.

The 1911 Model 20 has 35-40 Horse Power. It has a larger, roomier tonneau than last year's model, longer wheel base—**HAYNES** heavier wheels, and a longer wheel base—**HAYNES** complete but of a quality that correctly reflects the excellence of the whole car. Every car of this year—in addition to top, dust hood, wind shield, lamps, etc., will be supplied with the famous Warner Auto-Meter—known as the most efficient speed indicator ever put on the market.

We want you to know this Haynes Model 20 before you purchase any motor car, **no matter what the price.**

We want you to compare it part for part with any other car—to ride in it and prove by actual test its easy riding qualities, its responsiveness and power. Then we want you to note the completeness and quality of the equipment.

In accordance with our usual policy, we will build only a limited number of the Haynes Model 20 for 1911.

If you want to be sure of getting **your** car you cannot afford to delay your investigation.

Write today for catalog and name of nearest Haynes dealer.

We will also make a limited number of seven-passenger cars for 1911 for those who prefer a car of this size.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

218 MAIN STREET, KOKOMO, IND.

White Rock

suggestions for
Warm Weather

WHITE ROCK PUNCH
One pint of unfermented grape juice The juice of two lemons and two oranges
A small cup of granulated sugar One quart of WHITE ROCK
Add sliced fruit as desired

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Nautical Osculation

As they paddled along in a nook,
She said faintly, "Why, Algernon, look,
In that oak, I declare—
I see mistletoe there!"

* * * * *
And the crew fished them out with a hook.
—Chapparral.

"THE sea resort you were speaking of
is a pretty gay place, isn't it?"
"I should say so! The only thing
there that isn't dissipated is the fog."
—Baltimore American.

Caroni Bitters—Oldest, best tonic. No cocktail without
it. Ask your wine dealer or druggist.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

Easy

A New York poet, at the Authors'
Club, in Seventh Avenue, told a Conan
Doyle story.
"Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," he said,
"sat at a dinner on his last visit here
beside a lady, who asked leave to con-
sult him about some thefts.
"My detective powers," he replied,
'are at your service, madam.'
"Well," said the lady, 'frequent and
mysterious thefts have been occurring
at my house for a long time. Thus,
there disappeared last week a motor

horn, a broom, a box of golf balls, a left
riding boot, a dictionary and half a
dozen tin pieplates.'
"Aha," said the creator of Sherlock
Holmes, 'the case, madam, is quite clear.
You keep a goat.'"
—New York Times.

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE:

Preparations

KNICKER: Jones and his wife are
singing the "Marseillaise."
BOCKER: Yes; they are bracing up to
discharge the cook.—McDougall's Maga-
zine.

Sold It on the Spot

"I want a hammock that will not
break down," said the fair maid, ad-
dressing the floorwalker of the depart-
ment store.
"I'm sorry, miss," he rejoined, "but
we haven't any in stock that we could
guarantee in your case."
"What do you mean by my case?"
asked the young lady.
"Just this," answered the party of the
floorwalking part: "If you were a home-
ly girl we could guarantee any hammock
you might select."
—Chicago News.

A MOTHER of four daughters, one of
whom had recently married, cornered an
eligible young man in the drawing-room.
"And which of my girls do you most
admire, might I ask?"
"The married one," was the prompt
reply.—Argonaut.

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

A Friend of the Cause

By mistake a farmer had got aboard a
car reserved for a party of college grad-
uates who were returning to their alma
mater for some special event. There was
a large quantity of refreshments on the
car and the farmer was allowed to join
the others. Finally some one asked him:
"Are you an alumnus?"
"No," said the farmer earnestly;
"but I believe in it."
—Lippincott's.

"You seem to find your book very in-
teresting, Miss Maidstone."
"Yes; it is one of the most charming
stories I have ever read. And so true
to life. Every man in it is a villain."
—Tit-Bits.

On Chicago

Dr. Heinrich C. G. Hirsch, the Vien-
nese conductor, said recently that New
York's musical taste was much better
cultivated than Chicago's.
"A New York and a Chicago girl,"
he went on, "met at the seashore. In
the twilight, while the sky flamed pink
in the sunset and the hotel orchestra
played Massenet on the terrace, the New
York girl said to the Chicago girl:
"Do you like fugues?"
"The Chicago girl sighed and an-
swered wistfully:
"No, but I adore clams."
—Detroit
Free Press.

Well Kept Shoes

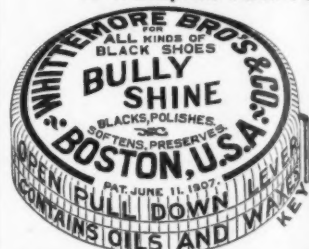
A beautiful lustre obtained and the life of the
shoe prolonged by the use of

Whittemore Shoe Polishes

For cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and
colors. Do not soil the clothing or grow sticky.
Finest in Quality Largest in Volume

"BULLY SHINE"

A Waterproof Paste POLISH



For ALL
Black
and OLD
bers. It
polishes
and preser-
Contains
and water-
polish
preserves
leather.
LARGE
boxes 10
Boxes open
a key.

"Dandy"

combination for cleaning
polishing all kinds of
tan shoes, 25c. "Star" shoe
If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us his
address and the price in stamps for a full size postage.
Whittemore Bros. & Co., 20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of
Shoe Polishes in the World



THE UNDERTOE

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

RAD-BRIDGE

registered at Pat. Office LONDON WASHINGTON
CLUB LINEN PLAYING CARDS
Design of back hemstitched linen, pat'd. Colors, red,
brown, green, 25c per pack. Gold edge, 35c. Dues
where or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Send for
of Bridge Accessories.
Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

Evans' Ale

IS a glorious beverage bubbling with the mirth of
the hop pickers and overflowing with the sun-
shine of the hop fields. The "one touch of
nature" that adds to the joy of living.

Provides Present Pleasure and future benefit.
in splits if desired Leading Places
C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.

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"All the Muscles of the Clinging Body Relaxed"

Dr. Thorne's Idea

By
J. A. Mitchell

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

One Dollar, Net

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street, New York

Rhymed Reviews

The Rosary

(By Florence L. Barclay. G. P.
Putnam's Sons)

Delightful Jane was big and plain;
Her age was nineteen—plus eleven;
While boyish Dal, her artist pal,
Was handsome, fresh and twenty-
seven.

He heard her chant (to please her
aunt)
"The Rosary" in moving fashion,
And saw at length her tender strength

Of soul, and found his 'master-
passion.

His love he told. First warm, then
cold
(Because she thought him fickle-
hearted),
She grimly said she could not wed
A boy like him!—and thus they
parted.

But Dal was leal and true as steel;
He worked and mourned, while
Jane, abjuring
Regretful tears, spent three whole
years
In nursing soldier-boys and touring.

From deserts vast she turned at last,
Resolved to seek and ne'er to quit
him,
Alack! to find that Dal was blind!—
A charge of rabbit-shot had hit him.

And, worst of all, she might not call;
"She cannot love," he said; "her
pity
I do not want; so, Jane, avaunt!"
But Jane was wise as well as gritty.

With borrowed name as nurse she
came,
Unknown, to cheer his heavy blind-
ness;
And "Nursie Gray" from day to day
So won his trust that Dal, in kind-
ness,

To her revealed the paintings, sealed,
He'd made of Jane as "Wife" and
"Mother."
From these Jane knew his heart so
true
Could ne'er have beat for any other.

She wrote a note, too long to quote,
Explaining why her doubts had
parried
His vows sincere, in terms so clear

DU PONT



DU PONT

**SMOKELESS POWDERS
GET THE GAME**

They Are

**"THE REGULAR AND
RELIABLE BRANDS"**

Send 20 cents in stamps for a pack of
DU PONT Playing Cards, post paid.

Address Dept. R.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER CO.
Established 1802 WILMINGTON, DEL.

That shortly after they were mar-
ried.

Then Dal displayed (with Jane to aid)
A gift for making hymns and
ballads.

I like this hale, old-fashioned tale
Much more than Chambers' lobster
salads.

Arthur Guiterman.

Sterling Blue Tubes are built up of four cross-
grained layers of Fine Para Rubber and when

completed are covered with an additional heat resisting blue layer. They are never
rusty and never oxidize, no matter how long you carry them. Initially higher in
price—ultimately the cheapest tube on earth. Sterling Rubber Works, Rutherford, N. J.

K-C

IF rugs are to be needed in the Fall, Summer is the time to buy them.

KENT-COSTIKYAN

INCORPORATED

Murray Hill Building

8 West 38th Street, New York

The
Literary
Zoo.

An Impertinent Talk to Editors

We have an immense respect for editors, in spite of the circumstance that the pleasureable emotions which they experience in reading certain manuscripts submitted to them are so often mingled with the pangs of regret. The self-effacement constantly required of them in reshipping literary wares personally enjoyed, yet of problematic interest to their readers, is, on the whole, greatly to their credit. Perhaps the editor's greatest and most frequent temptation is to print the stories, poems and articles which appeal to him because of their unusual quality, but which, nevertheless, may prove unpalatable to his immense mixed audience. A theatrical manager—such as Modjeska's—may occasionally defy the known public demand by producing an "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which gives him personal pleasure; but for the editor such a debauch of self-gratification is impossible. He must, and he manfully does, resist the temptation to please himself at any price. And so it happens that, however low may be our opinion of an editor's adverse decision, it is generally in inverse ratio to our admiration of his moral strength. There are times when a blue slip contains a kind of spiritual message, and becomes, as it were, the token of fasting and prayer.

* * *

Editors, of course, do sometimes err in purveying to a whimsical public, and

suffer, in consequence, regrets even keener than the customary kind. No less than thirteen editors successively resisted the appeal in a too original tale by an unknown young man named Sydney Porter; the fourteenth took a chance, and O. Henry swam into our ken.

Was Sydney Porter an exception?

We cite his case because it happens to come uppermost. Here was a writer of marked originality, proffering the most marketable of wares—the short story, yet unable to sell it to any one of the thirteen editors. Its merits they must have seen; its quality, of course, they enjoyed. Our fancy, then, must

(Continued on page 283)



Who will win the
Pennant ?

by JOHNNY EVERS

Second baseman of Chicago Nationals

in the August

METROPOLITAN
MAGAZINE

LIVER UPSET? Try

Hunyadi János

NATURAL APERIENT WATER

Avoid Unscrupulous Druggists

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

Reduced
 Inclusive
 Terms
 during
 August and
 September

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 282)

supply the process of regretful rejection. "Here," we hear them say, "is a story of unusual flavor—a glimpse of life from a new angle by a man with ears and eyes. But what a singular vocabulary, what a curious mingling of pattern in style and sentiment, what a startling departure from what our subscribers have been so long accustomed to. The question is, do the 2,000 additional readers who bought the magazine last month because we put a Christy girl on the cover know literary beans when the bag is open? On the whole, it is safer to stick to the old formula."

* * *

And so it is, we suspect, with some other things that our popular magazines do not print because of an imaginary audience literate, no doubt, but quite unliterary—an audience which, nevertheless, devours the essays of Mr. Chesterton and the plays of Mr. Shaw, and goes to the daily newspapers for instruction in music and art. Mr. William Archer has been praising our popular magazines in *The Fortnightly Review*. He believes that Mr. McClure "paved the way for President Roosevelt and potently furthered the movements with which his name will always be identified"; but when it comes to "a purely literary article," he confesses that he found only one—in *Munsey's*.

This, he thinks, is "curious." So do we. Yet no one can truthfully say that we Americans do not pursue culture passionately. In the formidable list of towns where literary clubs outnumber the corner saloons, and Maeterlinck and Ibsen are nibbled and assimilated along with the lettuce sandwiches, our womankind has not only pursued culture but caught up with it, until the American husband can but sit helplessly around and wonder what on earth it was he talked to her about in

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those dreamy, delicious days when she called the caramels "perfectly grand."

Why, then, does the magazine editor hesitate lest he shoot his literary arrows too high? Is it possible that he underrates the intellect and receptivity of his readers? Sometimes we have thought so. To all his kind we respectfully recommend a certain passage in a rare little book wherein Alex-



MARCO RUSSELL
 "WELL, I'VE HEARD OF AUTOS TURNING TURTLE, BUT THAT'S THE FIRST TURTLE I EVER SAW TURN AUTOMOBILE."

(Continued on page 285)

TO EVERY HUMAN BEING IN THE WORLD



PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

A personal paragraph about YOU will appear in LIFE during the year beginning with the issue of September 1. It will concern YOUR future happiness and YOU cannot afford to miss it.

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 283)

ander Graham Bell recites the method of instruction pursued with Helen Keller by her teacher, Miss Annie Sullivan. He says:

She (Miss Sullivan) adopted the principle of talking to Helen just as she would to a seeing and hearing child, spelling with her hands the words and sentences she would have spoken to her if she could have heard, in spite of the fact that at first much of the language was unintelligible to the child. She did not pick and choose her words, but by frequent repetition of complete sentences containing ordinary idiomatic expressions she sought to impress the language upon Helen's memory, and thus lead her gradually to imitate it.

Think of it! Here was a child who could not see, or hear, or speak—a child with a smaller vocabulary and a narrower outlook on life than that of the meanest reader of the meanest magazine. Yet her teacher—spelling the words into her hands—deliberately "taked over her head" in phrases incomprehensible. Phrases, nevertheless, that were registered by the brain, and became, ere long, her own as the little girl's intellect grew, until at last she had mastered speech and acquired the writer's art. Babies, Miss Sullivan reminds us, understand what is said to them long before they begin to talk; children love to hear poetry even when they do not quite grasp its meaning.

If Alexander Graham Bell were the editor of a popular magazine we wonder what experiments he would make on normal children of a larger growth.

W. T. Larned.



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Cape Cod as an Inspiration

With journalism becoming more and more "stuck up" every day, and professing an equality with our up-lift magazines, it does seem high time that Jesse Lynch Williams wrote another newspaper story. Somebody, some day, is going to turn out a big novel—big with meaning—on this tremendous theme; and the author, of course, will be one who has been a reporter. It is doubtful if any one else could take the assignment and "cover it" in all its essentials. Yet what do you suppose Mr. Williams is doing? Going from Princeton to Cape Cod to finish a book about *The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls*. A title that suggests biography. But if it is a novel, we can only say that Mr. Williams and his publisher are taking desperate chances. For unless he kills off Frederick, how can the beautiful girl nestle on the strong young man's shoulder just before you come to Finis? And

(Continued on page 287)



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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 285)

that, we take it, is indispensable to any novelist who isn't writing merely for his own amusement.

Joseph C. Lincoln, too, had planned to take on tan and other local color on the Massachusetts cape. Unfortunately, inflammatory rheumatism set in. Now, when an author cannot go to Cape Cod, the obvious arrangement is to have Cape Cod come to him. This arrangement Mr. Lincoln has made. It really isn't so difficult when you come to remember how thoroughly the novelist has visualized his Down East folks. Besides, he has hit on a happy idea. Why not fetch a Cape Codder to Manhattan, and record what happens when he comes in contact with those singular people, the New Yorkers? The very thing. So, convalescing in his home on the Heights of Hackensack, Mr. Lincoln takes his holiday in bed, with perhaps a leaf from Stevenson:

He is the author great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

The Humor of H. G. Wells

A London periodical, the *Book Monthly*, has been seeking the views of authors and critics in regard to the chief changes in the English-written novel within recent years and has elicited this opinion of Wells and Galsworthy:

"They are painting life as it is. The old school of amorists and glamorists is dead. The defect of the new school is that it lacks imagination and humor. . . . But sooner or later it will throw up a man of genius who can fuse sympathy with sincerity and tenderness with truth."

Can it be possible that in England Mr. Wells is not accounted a humorist? Are "Love and Mr. Lewisham" and "The Wheels of Chance" so soon forgotten? Personally we are not likely to forget that Bicycle Idyl of long ago, in which only the wheels seem out of date, while the humor is shot through with sympathy and truth. "Tender," perhaps, Mr. Wells is not. Certainly he is no sentimentalist. Yet who but he could take such a shabby and ridiculous figure as little Mr. Hoopdriver—the draper's assistant out for a holiday—exhibit him with all the uncompromising realism of a photographic "proof," yet inform the manikin with a soul and the attributes of a man? We cannot doubt that there are such tragi-comic figures. Mr. Wells himself began life as a draper's apprentice, and he should know. But they do not (as he pointed out) look upon their lives through the eyes of Mr. George Gissing, else strong drink and suicide would soon make an end of them.

If Mr. Wells had created no other characters than the amorous Lewisham and the spindle-legged Hoopdriver, he would seem to us a humorist of a very high order. It is a humor concerned with phases of human experience akin to tragedy. The grinding lives of dry goods clerks have long been a scandal of England's commercial life. Only the other day it was announced that Mr. Winston Churchill had introduced in Parliament a bill for their relief. We should like to think that Mr. Wells has had a hand in it. But most of all—since some one has effected this reform—we should like to remove for a moment several layers of a multiple reputation, and to call attention to Mr. Wells—philosopher, romancer, novelist of a new school—as one of England's most engaging humorists.

W. T. L.



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