

DEEP SEA
NUMBER

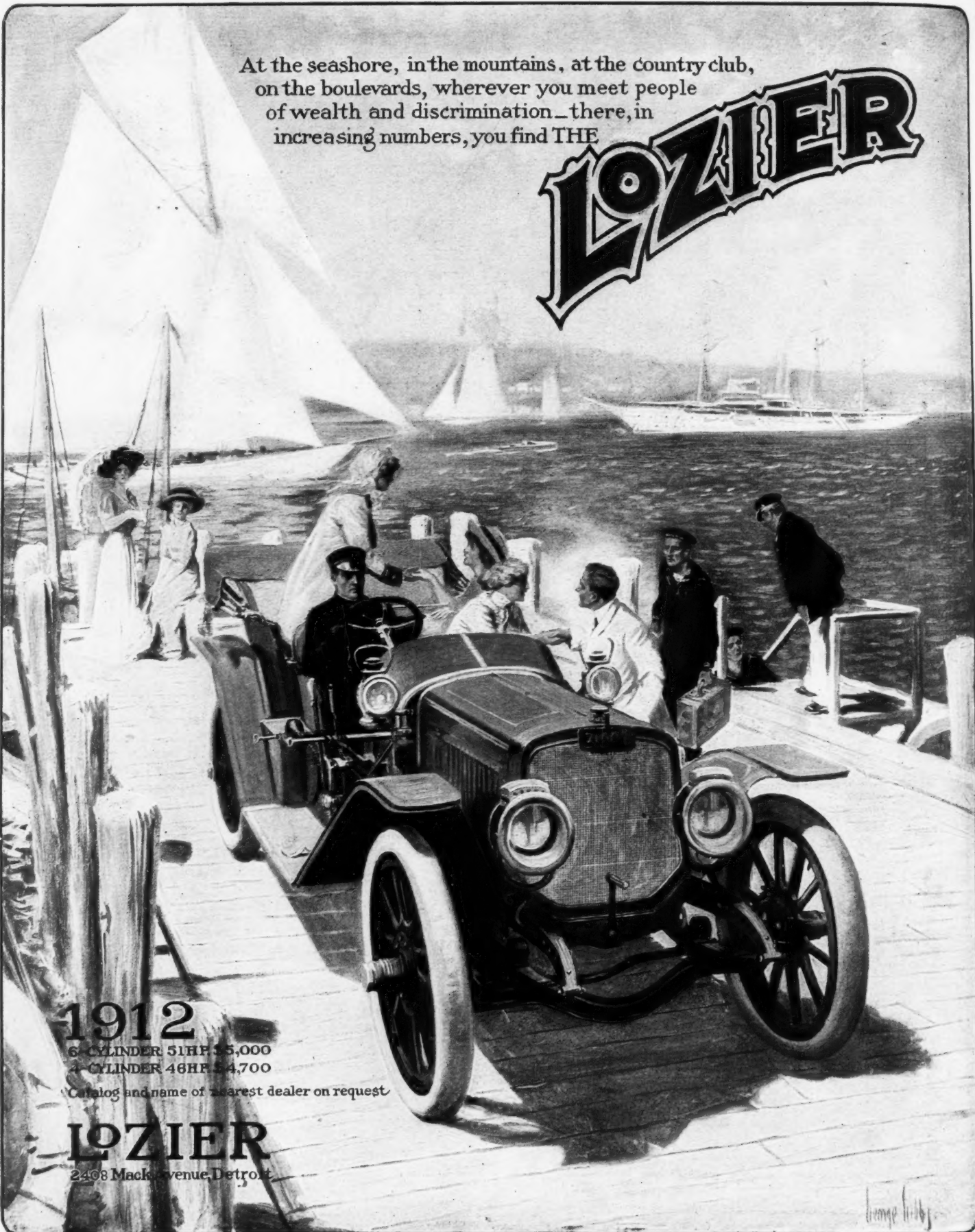
Life

PRICE, 10 CENTS
VOL. LVIII, NO. 1502. AUGUST 10, 1911
COPYRIGHT, 1911, LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY



At the seashore, in the mountains, at the country club,
on the boulevards, wherever you meet people
of wealth and discrimination—there, in
increasing numbers, you find THE

LOZIER



1912

6-CYLINDER 51HP \$5,000

4-CYLINDER 46HP \$4,700

Catalog and name of nearest dealer on request

LOZIER

2408 Mack Avenue, Detroit

George H. ...

How to Keep Cool

[A private and more effective recipe than those constantly suggested by the halfpenny press.]

When I weary of infinite lays
 (Like a hen) as the weather grows
 hotter,
 When Pegasus languidly neighs,
 And the Muse is a rotter,
 And I envy the ducks in the park and
 the seals at the Zoo and the otter;

When the dust eddies up from the
 path
 Which the wheel of the motor car
 threshes,
 And no place allures but the bath,
 And no drink refreshes,
 And drives are all topped from the tee
 and all services faint in the meshes;

Shall I list to the voice of the Press?
 Shall I purchase their hints for a
 copper
 On how I should cut down my dress
 (Which would hardly be proper),
 And only eat turnips and wear a huge
 cabbage leaf under my topper?

Ah no! for the power of the mind
 Is lord of the frailties of matter,
 And food is so pleasant, I find,
 And I don't think my hatter
 Would let me fit greens in his tile, and
 I can't leave off clothes like a satyr.

My thoughts I relentlessly switch
 To souls who are fated to follow
 Some calling contrasted with which,
 When he worships Apollo,
 The weaver of honey-sweet songs is as
 cool as a cow in a wallow.



Club Cocktails

When others are offered, it's for
 the purpose of larger profits.
 Refuse substitutes. All varieties.

Simply strain through
 cracked ice and serve.

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



The Columbia Phonograph Company presents



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Photos (c) by Mishkin & Dupont.

an unequalled series of Double-Disc Records by a majority of the greatest singers in the world,
 artists whose names are household words in Europe and both Americas—among them

**¹NORDICA, ²FREMSTAD, ³MARY GARDEN, ⁴ALICE NIELSEN,
⁵ZENATELLO, ⁶BONCI, ⁷CAVALIERI, ⁸CONSTANTINO, ⁹LIPKOWSKA,
¹⁰BAKLANOFF, ¹¹AMATO, ¹²McCORMACK, ¹³BONINSEGNA,
¹⁴EMMY DESTINN, ¹⁵SAMMARCO, ¹⁶ANSEMI, ¹⁷MARDONES**

RECORDS of all these magnificent voices, and of scores of others,
 may be purchased of **Columbia** dealers. Many of them
nowhere else; for they are
 now singing under exclusive
Columbia contracts: records
 that may be played on any
 disc instrument, and are bet-
 ter in surface, tone and dura-
 bility than any others, and so
guaranteed to you.

Hear them on the new Columbia
 Grafonola "Regent Junior," here illus-
 trated, and you will admit the claims of
 "the one incomparable musical in-
 strument."

New catalogs of Columbia instruments and records of any
 Columbia dealer, or from us by mail.

Exclusive selling rights granted to dealers where we are not actively
 represented.



The New Columbia
 Grafonola
 "Regent Junior"—\$150

Other types of the Columbia
 Grafonola from \$50 up to \$200.
 Graphophones, \$17.50 to \$100.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Gen'l.—Box 270, Tribune Bldg., New York

I think of the people who toil
 For gold in the grasp of the City,
 Of stokers and engine-room oil,
 Of bakers all gritty
 With germ of the standardized flour,
 and of chaps on some futile com-
 mittee.

I think of the hind hoeing roots,
 Of peddlers their articles hawking,
 Of gallants in very tight boots

(Blessed dream!) who are walking
 On shadowless plains with their loves
 and expected to do all the talking.

I think of the men on the Mail,
 I think of my butcher and grocer,
 And when all these solaces fail
 Am I comfortless? No, sir!
 I think, and revive at the thought, of
 one place where it's fifty times
 closer.

—Evoe in Punch.



Bathing Girl's Number of *Life* Next Week

Every form of bathing girl is depicted in this number, including the svelte siren, the oleaginous beauty, the slim girl, the trim girl, and the girl who never goes in. Bathing house cover by O'Malley.

That Humorous Number

Requiescat In Pace

We are sorry, but it had to be. After fully a year of anxious expectation and after vainly opportuning everybody, from Joe Cannon to Oscar Hammerstein, we are compelled to announce that there is not enough humorous material in this country to fill out a humorous number of LIFE. Possibly some time in the future—but we dare not hope too much.

It was a grand idea. It buoyed us up while it lasted, but the best laid plans, etc., etc.

This Is Really Important

On August 7th Life's Egyptian Picture Contest closed, and in our issue of August 24th will be given the name of the winner. This is only the first of a series of thrilling and absorbing contests. In order not to miss any of them fill out the attached coupon and send one dollar at once and become a three months' subscriber. Other new features will be announced soon.

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

On all News-stands
Every Tuesday
Ten cents



Subscription \$5.00
Canadian 5.52
Foreign 6.04

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This offer is net.

Life, 17 West 31, N. Y. City

N
has
cries
coat
cries
tiser
tion
own
has
coin
card
pipe
mat
chie
eth
glov
map
late
ger
stri
it
oth
sho
new
the
wil
trial
ipg
unc
lad
Ad
a f
Bu
cot
cot
Sh
th
un
the
ab
ma
he
a
di
tw
la
m
W
sh
m
th
di
tr

R
CL
He
blue
where
of B
Dep

8

P
and pri

Man and His Pockets

Now a man, a self-respecting man, has thirteen pockets to his suit—and cries for more. If he put on his overcoat he has five or six extra ones—and cries for more. As the steamer advertisements say, he has ample accommodation for cargo. Mr. Rook turns out his own pockets, and what does he find. He has a watch, a bunch of keys, a gold coin purse, loose change, eyeglasses, card case, pencil, pen, knife, cigar case, pipe, tobacco pouch, two boxes of matches (one stolen), two handkerchiefs, railway commutation ticket, another pencil, cigarette case, checkbook, gloves, two unanswered letters, and a map of London. Also a piece of chocolate as a safeguard against sudden hunger. Probably he had also a piece of string, and if he was on his way home it is likely that he had a number of other articles unspecified. Also he should have had a small book and a newspaper. He could stow away all these things and be still immaculate. It will be observed that they are all essentials. There is nothing decorative, nothing superfluous. He was sailing almost under bare poles, equipped, but not overladen. He was in a state of efficiency. Add a toothbrush and he is ready for a foreign voyage, for a fight or a frolic. But with a woman, how different. Of course she has her stockings, but accommodation is strictly limited here. She has also a silly little bag which throws one hand entirely out of action until she accidentally leaves the bag in the car while telling the other woman about the sickening maladies of her maiden aunt and the eccentricities of her own digestive apparatus. There is a genius in the East somewhere who has discovered that a bricklayer can lay twice as many bricks with the same labor if he will economize his movements and abandon the needless ones. Watch a woman with a bag and the way she pays a street-car fare. Count her movements and compare them with those of a man when he makes a quick dive into the southwest corner of his trousers and comes up with the coin.

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON, WASHINGTON + OTTAWA.

CLUB LINEN AND VELOUR PLAYING CARDS
Hemstitch and "rig" backs patented. Four colors each: red, blue, brown, green. 25c per pack. Gouge edge, 35c. Dealers everywhere or send postpaid on receipt of price. Send for Catalog of Bridge Accessories.
Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 114 Pearl St., New York

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

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

To Motorists who are about to renew their tire equipment

There is no reason why you should spend more money for tires than do the thousands of motorists who use UNITED STATES TIRES.

You are in a position now to *choose* tires, not merely *buy* them. When you purchased your new car, you naturally took the tires that came with the car. But *now* you can judge tires for yourself. You know the standard of service tires ought to give and you know whether or not the tires you have been using have sufficient strength to *measure up* to that standard.

Probably the best reason why thousands of motorists are today forsaking other brands and turning to

United States Tires

Continental
G & J

Hartford
Morgan & Wright

is because they are coming to realize that by combining in each brand the strongest points of *four famous makes*, United States Tires are unquestionably

The Strongest Tires in the World

and that this *extra strength* means far more tire mileage with far less tire trouble than they have been accustomed to in the use of other brands.

The oft-quoted statements, "Have always used them," and "Were on my car when I bought it," are mighty poor reasons (if they are the *only* reasons) for renewing with *any* brand of tires.

If *tire expense* means anything to you, disregard all other reasons and demand the tires that are *actually giving* users of United States Tires the kind of service that *every motorist wants*.

It is this extra service, *without extra cost*, that has made United States Tires

America's PREDOMINANT Tires

You can buy them anywhere—four-fifths of all the best dealers handle them. Made in every style and size—American and Millimeter.

United States Tire Company

Broadway at 58th Street
NEW YORK



To minimize effort is to be efficient. To multiply effort is to be inefficient. Pocketless woman is inefficient even in the intervals between losing her bag simply because she has no pockets—not that she could find them if she had—and because she habitually uses twenty movements when one would suffice. Man owes his superiority first of all to his virtue, but secondly to his pockets. He has mobility, equipment, range, radius, efficiency. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*—Argonaut.

And Very Important

THE following, from the *Times* Review of Books, strikes us as profoundly true:

There are books, logically thought out, excellently written, that when you have gone through them, leave with you an impression of knowledge rather than of wisdom. You respect them, but they do not leave an awe about you. They do not give you that vague but persistent feeling that a universe presses in all about them, that if you open them lightning will leap out and show you a whole world lifted momentarily out of darkness.

The Warner Auto-Meter is Recognized as the "Hall-Mark of QUALITY" on an Automobile

PROSPECTIVE buyers and those in doubt decide on the quality of the car from the speed indicator it carries.

Note Why This Is True—

The speed indicator is the most looked-at thing on a car. The driver refers to it constantly every instant the car is in motion. Aside from indicating speed and distance it is used to check up every important operation of the car—to determine the efficiency of tires, how much gasoline per mile is being used, and in many other ways *it audits the car's performance.*

Because of its marvelous sensitiveness and accuracy and its ability to *continuously* give perfect service during the life of *many cars*, the Warner Auto-Meter is the speed indicator used on the choicest and best cars everywhere.

The Warner is so generally used on Quality cars that its presence on an automobile is accepted by the motoring public as evidence that the car itself is good and reliable.

It is an everyday occurrence to hear one motorist say to another: "I don't see the name of the car, but it *must be a good one*, for it has a Warner on it."

It is logical that it should be so.

Car designs are so uniform that it is difficult to tell one car from another—or the poor from the good by looking at them. For the points which make one car better than another are concealed under the hood—or the floor—or are covered with paint and varnish.

The Warner Auto-Meter is always in plain sight. Its supreme quality is generally known. It implies the same quality throughout the car.

Of course there are the uncaring in the automobile world as elsewhere. Anything that runs is to them a "good automobile." Any speed indicator is "good" if the hand moves. The term "sweet running motor" has no meaning to them and "accuracy and exactness" in the speed indicator is a secondary consideration to *price.*

We cannot sell—nor do we want to—the man content with inferiority and who puts price before performance.

One part of our trade is drawn from the *car manufacturer* who makes a good, reliable car—and who refuses to be influenced by the fact that "he does not make it and is thereby not responsible," to equip his good car with an inferior and unreliable speed indicator.

Such manufacturers either equip with the Warner or insist that their dealers and agents recommend it as of even quality with their car.

The other part of our trade comes from the car buyer who purchases a good car and desires every item of equipment to be in harmony with it. **Those who care, specify and insist on the**



New Model M2, \$125

The New Model M2 has an *Extra Trip Reset*, permitting the trip odometer to be set to start at any desired mileage. The highest-grade Chelsea Clock now has *outside wind and set* (see illustration). This model is supplied with Warner large-figure odometer. Season, 100,000 miles and repeat. Trip, 1,000 miles and repeat.

Electric lights over clock and under bezel of instrument. The most popular Warner model.

Model K2, the same as New Model M, but without the Chelsea Clock, is also very popular at \$75.

Model O2—"The Twins"—is the same instrument as New Model M above, but with large Chelsea Clock, same size as Auto-Meter, and set horizontally beside it. The *ultimate* in high-class instrument making—\$145.

Auto-Meter prices range from \$50, for Model R, upward to \$145. Speed mechanism is the same on all models. Style, Odometer and finish only are different. Any model, with 100 mile per hour speed dial, at slight additional charge. All regular dials show any speed up to 60 miles an hour.

The 1912 Unbreakable Shaft Casing

This is made from two sizes of High Carbon Spring Steel Wire (construction patented) wound into an oil-tight flexible tube which cannot be broken in use. This overcomes shaft troubles under greatest speed strains, jars or shocks.



WARNER AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

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

Warner Instrument Company

Main Offices and Factory

1171 Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, Wisconsin

Branch Houses Maintained at

Atlanta
Boston
Buffalo

Chicago
Cincinnati
Cleveland

Denver
Detroit
Indianapolis

Kansas City
Los Angeles
New York

Philadelphia
Pittsburg
Portland, Ore.

San Francisco
Seattle
St. Louis (122)



The Heart of the Sea

SWEETHEART of my heart, the skies
 will greet you
 With all their glory of blue and gold—
 And out of the lonely ocean caves,
 With eager voices, the flying waves
 Will rush to the silvery sands to meet
 you—
 Clasp and fold you, and set you free
 From the land where the mortal lovers
 be!

Laugh to the winds—let your sea-loves
 claim you—
 Ravish your loveliness, give you bliss!
 All that my yearning arms must miss,
 Shy caresses, delights that shame you.
 (Never be half thine daring told!)
 Ah, love and be loved and I shall not
 blame you,
 But only love you, a thousand fold!

So, by and by, when the bright waves
 send you
 Back to my side, all sweet and warm,
 With sunlight's beauty and sealight's
 charm—
 The strength and vigor that salt tides
 lend you—
 I shall not be jealous of joy you gave
 A willing bride, on the sea's soft pil-
 lows—
 I shall feel the kiss of each dreaming
 wave—
 The wild embrace of the surging billows!
 Sweetheart of my heart, you will bring
 to me
 The heart of the heart of my own blue
 sea!

M. S. Bridges.



Examples in Social Arithmetic

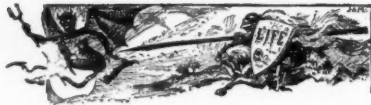
IF it costs two dollars in salaries and expenses to dispense one dollar in charities, in what year of the twentieth century will organized charity reach its greatest laughing point?

If it takes the descendants of the *Mayflower* about 300 years to produce the fathers of our country, and if

"JOHN, DOESN'T YOUR HEART FILL WITH GRATITUDE WHEN YOU THINK WHAT THAT STANDS FOR?"

it takes the Daughters of the Revolution 135 years to produce the present ideal state of affairs, what should be the length of the President's next Thanksgiving Proclamation?

If the crime of '73 was not discovered until 1896, but in the meantime the number of private detectives in the country has been multiplied by 200, in what year will the crime of 1912 be discovered?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVIII. AUGUST 10, 1911 No. 1502

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



"WE are natural believers," says Emerson. "Natural-born believers" would, for rather subtle reasons of association, have been better, but he was quite right; we are. We believe a good deal that we hear and almost everything we read. We do it in the teeth of experience, which has taught us by daily lessons that most people and all newspapers are liars, more or less, that we seldom either read or hear or relate anything precisely as it is. We ought to verify everything we read or hear before putting any trust in it, but that would be like testing all our food and drink before we let it go down. We could not do it. Life would not be possible on such terms, and, if possible, would not be desirable. We have to plug along about as we do, breathing in the news, inaccurate and misleading, and breathing out, or acting upon, opinions based on it, and only sound, at best, in so far as the news was true.

We forget at these presents whence the news came that Mr. Morgan and the Guggenheims had usurped all approaches from the sea to the Alaska coal mines except a few pitiful remnants of the shore of Controller Bay. Somebody said so, and there was testimony about it before a Senate committee, and Mr. Wickersham was accused of connivance, and Colonel Roosevelt wrote a piece in the *Outlook* to say it was a prime shame and oughtn't to have been allowed, and we were getting ready to believe it—for, of course, the seven Gugs, let alone Mr. Morgan, would make nothing now of swallowing a small continent—when along comes President Taft and sends over word to the Senate committee that

there wasn't a line of truth in the story; that land had been released at his own solicitation to further the process of getting coal out; that every alternate eighty rods of the shore-front of Controller Bay was reserved to the Government, which also controlled the miles of mud flats between the shore and deep water, so that nobody could monopolize that harbor.

Well, that is good, and, we hope, true, and though, of course, it may be contradicted by disclosures not yet made at the time of this writing, it is a relief to believe it until then. Colonel Roosevelt seems to have been mistaken to the extent of about two columns of the *Outlook*, but, after all, two columns is not much of a mistake for a regular contributor to a weekly periodical, even a careful one, and doubtless the Colonel will have demonstrated before the date of this issue of *LIFE* that he was not mistaken at all.



PROCEEDINGS to detach the control of our civilization from the interests are rippling along very regularly. Congress at this moment of writing is discussing the wool tariff, but is not likely to do anything with it at this session. The reciprocity bill has been signed by our President and has gone to Canada to be endorsed and accepted if Mr. Laurier can accomplish it. The enormities of the harvester trust have the center of the stage, with the steel trust, the ice trust, the tobacco trust, the wire trust, the money trust, the shoe machinery monopoly and many other performers waiting in the wings or competing vehemently for attention. Rates on Western railroads have been reduced enough by the Interstate Commerce Commission to make an outbreak of moderate scare headlines in the *Sun*, but the stock market has merely grunted and gone on. Disquietude prevails in Cuba and Mexico; revolution is active in San Domingo, and there is a sputter of European war talk over Germany's manners in a discussion anent Morocco, but there is good signing of

arbitration treaties by Great Britain, France and ourselves.

Melons are about as usual this summer. Now you get a good one, and again you don't. It is reassuring to find it so and makes one feel that the world and human life and our institutions are less changed than the newspaper headlines suggest.



A NEWS item from Washington reads:

An appeal for a \$500,000 fund to defend J. J. McNamara, the labor man accused of dynamiting, has been issued by Secretary Morrison, of the American Federation of Labor, to the 2,000,000 members of labor unions. He suggests that each member contribute 25 cents.

Be on the safe side and make it fifty cents. If every member chips in, that will make a million dollars. Then hire all the talent and make a real effort. Nobody who has read in the August *McClure's* Harvey O'Higgins's story of Detective Burns and the dynamiters can help but feel that the three men under arrest for the structural iron workers' dynamite operations are up a tall tree, and that it will be an unusually heavy job to get them down with unbroken necks.

The item quoted, by the way, only speaks of John J. McNamara, he who is the secretary and treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers. But, of course, the defense must include brother Jim McNamara and Ortie McManigle. It is important that all of them should have a conspicuously fair trial. If two million contributors can be organized for their defense, that surely will give them abundant backing.

That is a very interesting trial that is ahead. We would like to know what is in the minds of the two million union workers; what proportion of this great body of American citizens and voters want a fair trial and a just verdict in this case, and what proportion of them feel toward men who blow up buildings in the supposed interest of the structural iron workers, as Russian revolutionists feel toward their comrades who throw bombs at the officials of the Czar.



FISH STORIES

Life's Fresh Air Fund

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

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

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,040.38
Ray, Ogden & Tod.....	50.00
H. W. O.....	15.00
Wm. P. Clyde.....	100.00
A Friend.....	4.00
J. S.....	5.00
Mrs. Wilhemine Kiesel.....	3.31
A. K. P.....	3.00
Katherine Clark Culver.....	10.00
J. A. B.....	5.00
Elizabeth Daskam.....	5.00
Boys of Moosehead Lake Camp, Greenville, Maine.....	2.00
Woman's Auxiliary, West Side Clinic, Health Department of the City of N. Y.....	50.00
Mary Anderson.....	1.00
J. L. Laidlaw.....	5.00
Mrs. Graham E. Babcock.....	50.00
G. Takats.....	10.00
Anna G. Du Bois.....	5.00
Nelson Rhoades, Jr.....	5.00
"Hawaii".....	25.00
J. O. Boeton, Jr.....	5.00
W. A. G. III and L. H. G.....	10.00
In Memory of Clinton Brown Kis- sam.....	10.00
Mrs. Robert C. Myles.....	10.00
A. A. B.....	10.00
"Sympathy".....	10.78
A Friend.....	10.00
H. Dasie.....	5.00
H. W. B.....	5.00
C. L. L.....	10.00
J. H. Smith.....	5.00
A. M. Landon.....	10.00
The Waincott Children.....	11.85
"In Memory of Craig A. Marsh".....	50.00
"In Memory of Lowry".....	12.00
T. H. B., U. S. Marines.....	5.00
"R.".....	10.00

\$6,585.32

Our thanks to the Broadway Automobile Exchange, through whose generosity LIFE'S Farm has been able to procure a runabout. We use it for hauling merchandise, running errands and a general saving of time and expense.

POSTALS FROM LIFE'S FARM

DEAR MAMA AND PAPA:

I am happy Louis and Rosie and I are nice and healthy. And why dont you answer the postals I send.

Your sons

DEAR FATHER:

I hope you are all well. In the racing yesterday I won a 25c ball. Johnnie likes it very much we went for huckleberrie yesterday but they were not ripe. did Fredricks go to the country yet. Tell papa it is good fishing. Mr. Holmes boys is out here. They like it very much

from your
Loving Son.

SHOULD any of our friends send children's clothing to LIFE'S Farm, Branchville, Conn., they would be doing a good deed. Many of the children arrive—as Mr. Mohr says—"almost naked," and their flimsy clothes are soon in rags. The roughest and toughest kind of garments, to fit boys and girls between six and twelve years of age, are always in demand and thankfully received.

Indictment Grows Popular

By and By, Doubtless, It Will Rank
with Appendicitis

PERSONS caught conspiring to do business seem still to regard indictment, even under the Sherman law, with some heaviness of spirit. Eighty-four wire manufacturers doing business in various places were indicted on June 29th by the Federal Grand Jury in New York. Most of them have passed heretofore as gentlemen of entire respectability. Are they less respectable or less respected for being indicted under the Sherman law? Their friends sigh as though something painful had happened to them, but at least they are going to have plenty of company in their plight. Eighty-four persons are quite a company of themselves, but the papers say that a battalion of the steel gentlemen are also to be indicted. On June 26th about twenty paper-box men were indicted; complaint has been made against fifteen or twenty periodical publishers for banding together in a magazine trust to maintain rates, and, no doubt, they will be, or have been, indicted; later the express company magnates, who are now under scrutiny, and so on, through the bath-tub trust and all the rest.

Well, everything else has been watered, and why not let a little water into the indictment business? Burke, or Pitt, or some one, said you couldn't indict a whole people, but there was no Sherman law at that time. We respectfully solicit these indicted fellow citizens to take things easy. There are so many of them now, and so many more coming, that some kind of a serpent will

have to be hoisted on some kind of a pole to cure their bites. Time was, when a man was indicted folks thought, perhaps, he had done something wrong. These Sherman law indictments hardly carry so grave an imputation as that. They suggest that the indicted persons may have done something contrary to the Sherman law, and so, illegal; but observers speculate thoughtfully and differ in conclusions, as to whether the acts, the law or the courts are wrong, and when prosecuting lawyers write "wickedly" into their accusations the spectators grin.

Nevertheless it is not yet a good joke to be indicted. It is a less contumelious experience than it was, but it is expensive and uncertain as to its issue. Lawyers are doing a good business trying to vaccinate against it, but at this writing the disease is spreading and seems to be epidemic.

An Expert Witness

"I MUST compliment you," says the attorney for the defense to the witness, who has endured a whole day's cross-examination by the prosecutor. "The State's attorney asked you questions that ought to have tangled you all up, but never once did he trap you."

"It was easy," smiled the witness. "I am used to getting home late and answering my wife's questions."

Epitaph for a Church Singer

AT last her earthly lips are dumb,
but still

We feel her voice is ringing
Among the Choir Invisible, as one
More sung against than singing.



ONE OF THE POPULAR GAMES



NAUTICALLY SPEAKING

"BIG WOMAN, ISN'T SHE?"
 "YES; I WONDER WHAT HER DISPLACEMENT WOULD BE?"

None but the Brave Deserves the Fair

THE Bachelor ran into the Married Man at the club. After an exchange of cigarettes and abuse of the weather, the Bachelor asked, "How's your Mrs.?"

"Quite fit."
 "Haven't seen her about. Doesn't walk much now?"
 "No."
 "Nor motor?"
 "No."
 "Don't be so deuced enigmatic."
 "She's breaking in her new clothes."
 "She's what?"

"Findin' out what she can do in 'em. Took three minutes to find out what she can't. Can't walk. Can't go up or down stairs. Can't reach the motor step. Can't even sit—the blame things are so tight."

The Married Man, his silence once broken, exhibited a positive rapacity for speech. For almost three years he had been a mere recipient of information.

"My Mrs. got in her batch of French duds a week ago. She's crazy to show 'em off—but after she's hooked into 'em—she has to stop in one spot. Found her in tears the other evening. Told her to cheer up, I had a plan. Get dressed just back of the drawin' room curtains and then have 'em pulled. She got so mad she stopped cryin'. But, most as many people 'd see her there as they would walkin' or drivin'. You never know how women'll take things.

"To-day I've worked out somethin' that'll please her. Little platform six inches from the ground—couple feet square—four wheels. Be pulled about by chauffeur. See? That'll let people know she has a car even if she can't use it. Must hurry back now an' tell her."

The Bachelor, wringing his hand in farewell, felt in the presence of one magnificently brave. After a moment's deliberation he walked to the telephone. "That you, Turner? No, don't call Miss Frances—just take a message. Say I'm called away suddenly. I'll send her a postal from Australia."

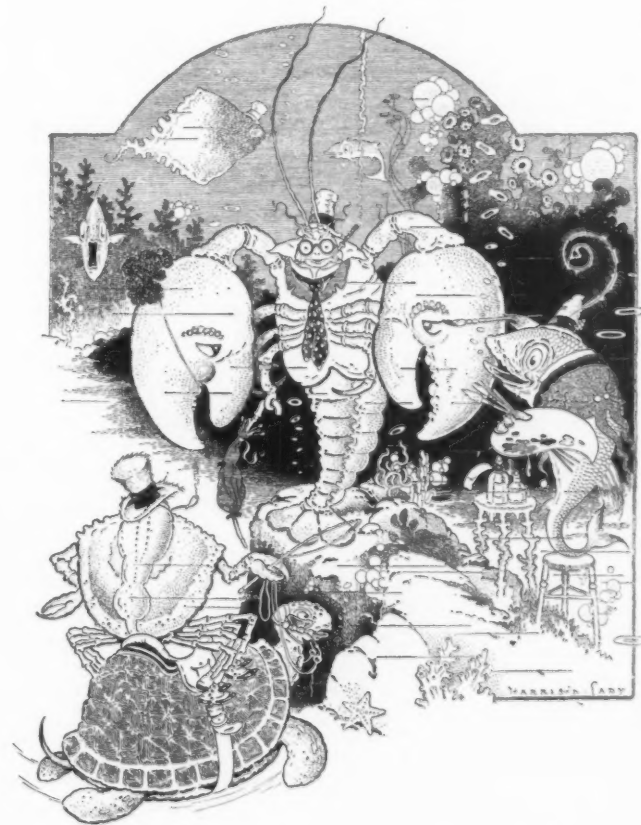
Ballingford in Berlin

Arrives There in Nick of Time to Prevent William from Grabbing Morocco—Ball Given in His Honor—German Citizens Everywhere Will Rejoice At Outcome—Scarcity of Good Tailors

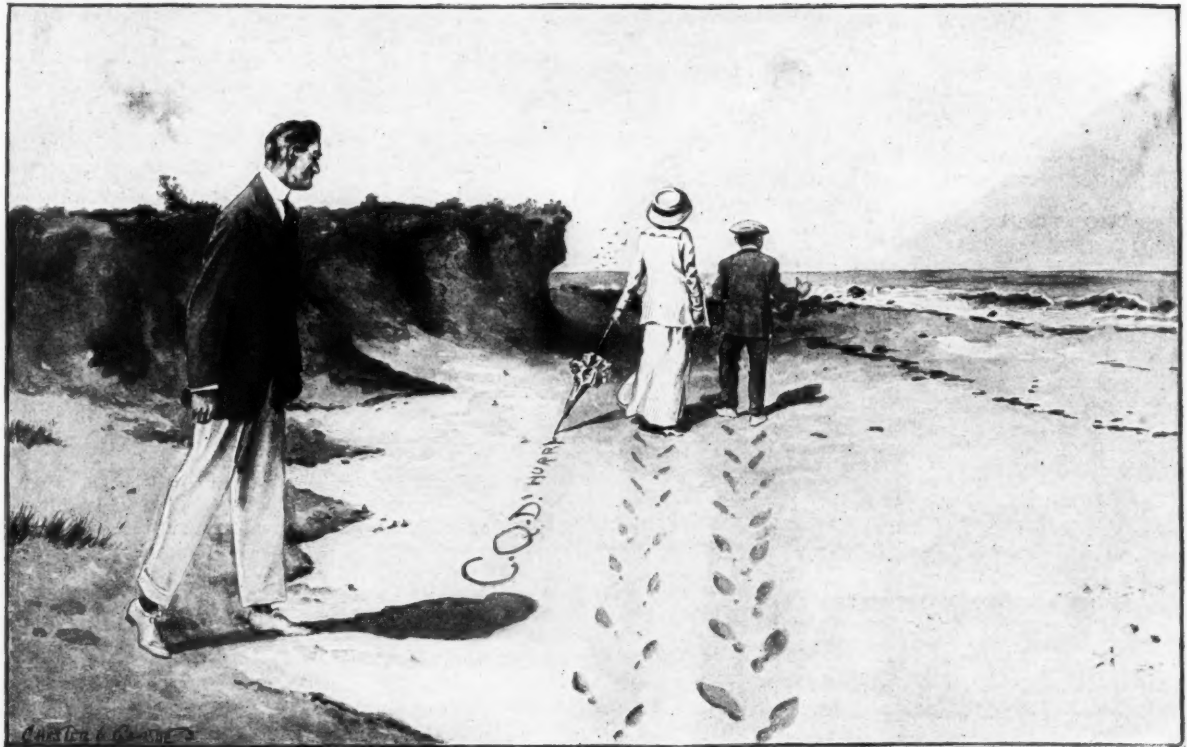
BERLIN, August 3, 1911.

AFTER all, I am here. I felt that I could leave things at home temporarily, with J. P. Morgan and Aldrich in charge. They are not exactly ideal, but at least they will do nothing radical until I return. Then again, it must be remembered that while Europe seems rather out of it so far as we are concerned, this is only true superficially. In case of a war here we would feel it, and I have to consider all those matters.

Needless to say, Emperor William was delighted to see me. To-night there will be a grand ball given in my honor. I tried to get out of it, but William would not take no for an answer.



Mr. Crab: WELL, OLD MAN, ANY PLANS FOR THE SUMMER?
 "SURE THING! HAVING EYES PAINTED ON MY SHELL TO TRAVEL WITH A DIME MUSEUM AS A TWO-HEADED HEBREW."



Another Wireless

"So seldom we can get you," he said, "that we simply must celebrate." I shall have to borrow his evening clothes—with possibly some slight alterations—but the court tailors are quick workers, so everything will be all right.

William ordered his family not to interrupt him while we had our interview. Occupying the same room with him, as I did at the coronation, I felt that I knew him very well. Nothing like sleeping with a king to get on good terms with him.

We went over the European situation rapidly. I must say for William that he is a good talker. He tried to interest me in a painting of his he had just completed.

"Punk," I told him. He was inclined to resent it, which gave me an opportunity to give him a lecture.

"The trouble with you," I said, "is that you are surrounded by a lot of people whose business it is to flatter you; when you hear the truth from a real friend you don't like it. Be a bigger man."

He thanked me with tears in his eyes and showed me a long poem he had written.

"Why, my dear boy!" I exclaimed, when I had read the first page; "we wouldn't print this at space advertising rates. You ought to study Ella Wheeler Wilcox for rhythm and Parkhurst for snap." Then on second thoughts it occurred to me that it would be good business, even if the poem was so bad, to send it along, so I am cabling it for the next edition. William doesn't know this, but I'll be on the water before he finds it out.

I can look ahead and see that I might have had trouble with this European situation if I hadn't arrived in the nick of

time. Fortunately I am alone and consequently can use my best judgment.

Closing the door so that von Bethmann-Hollweg or Herr von Schoen couldn't hear us, I got down to business.

"First," I said, sternly, "how about the Triple Entente? What are you going to do with it? How are you going to get rid of it?"

"What should I get rid of it for?" he asked, in surprise. Fortunately I knew him of old.

"Now look here, old man," I said. "None of that for me."



"OBEY THAT IMPULSE"



RICH MAN—POOR MAN—BEGGAR MAN—THIEF

You can practice that on the Diet or with Cousin George, but not with an old newspaper man who has controlled things as long as I have. The question is, what are we going to do with Morocco. Mulai-Abd-el-Hafid means well, but, between you and me and France, things can't go on there like this forever."

With this William got up and, coming over and sitting down on the arm of my chair, said:

"You're a wonder! I thought my intentions about Morocco were known to nobody. I thought everybody was so interested in the coronation, and my bureaucratic autocracy, and my lovely talk about peace and the brotherhood of man, that they hadn't given a thought to Morocco."

"Don't fool yourself. You don't suppose I would have dropped things at home unless I had a pretty well defined idea that something was going to happen. My boy, you mustn't."

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say. Morocco eventually will be divided equally among you and France and England, but not now, not now. Wait until it has been scientifically managed for a while and begins to pay. I'm going to put Mulai eventually where he belongs—in charge of one of our New York department stores—in return for all their advertising; meanwhile let him be Emperor of Morocco until things take their natural course. I knew what you were up to; I saw at the coronation you intended to make trouble. But it won't do. You think this

over. In the meantime I'm going out to get an ice-cream soda and see if those clothes of yours have been altered properly to fit me."

The great beauty of all diplomacy is knowing when to stop. William wanted to argue the matter, but I would have none of it. That night at the ball he took me aside.

"You were right," he whispered. "You came in the nick of time. I was thinking of Morocco. I never had a better army or navy, and I made up my mind that now was the time to stir up a row, before the next Peace Tribunal meets in Paris. But I suppose, if you are against it, I would better wait."

And yet we newspaper men are blamed for everything. If I hadn't got here just as I did anything might have happened.

Now, however, that the peace of Europe is assured for the present, I rest easy.

By the way; send me my evening clothes. There isn't a tailor in the German Empire who knows his business.

J. BOUNDER BALLINGFORD.

A Problem In Finance

"PERKINS looks worried. Must have some big problem on his mind."

"Yes. He's trying to figure how to fit a 1910 mortgage to a 1911 touring car."



Noah Taft: Better get aboard before you're driven in.



Friendly Old Gentleman: WELL, MY BOY, I SUPPOSE YOU INTEND TO BE PRESIDENT SOME DAY?
"I'M NOT GOIN' TO TELL YE, COS YE MIGHT THINK I WAS BRAGGIN'."



DIVING BELLES

Not Mr. Wickersham's Fault

Those who have rushed to the defense of Dr. Wiley scored a clever hit on Attorney-General Wickersham by comparing the moderate sums allowed to the special food experts with the very large sums paid by the Department of Justice to lawyers.—*Springfield Republican*.

IF it is clever to be misleading, then the hit above applauded is clever. As we see it, Mr. Wickersham pronounced Dr. Wiley guilty of breaking or evading a law that limited the pay of an expert such as Dr. Wiley had need to employ, to nine dollars a day. It may be that Mr. Wickersham is mistaken and that Dr. Wiley did not break the law, but for the law itself Mr. Wickersham has no kind of responsibility, and it does not touch him at all to point out that the law is foolish or that the Department of Justice paid Mr. Stimson—now Secretary of War—a fee for prosecuting the Sugar Trust that was enormously greater than the fee that Dr. Wiley paid Dr. Rusby.

There is no trouble about the merits of Dr. Wiley's dealings with Dr. Rusby. The whole question concerns their legality. Apparently Dr. Rusby is a first-class expert, willing to work for half his usual fees in occasional Government jobs in which Dr. Wiley needs his help. Mr. Wickersham, as a lawyer, seems to have found that Dr. Wiley went further than the law allows to pay Dr. Rusby the minimum fee for which he could afford to do the Government work.

But it is as absurd to represent Mr. Wickersham as approving this law in which Dr. Wiley seems to be entangled, as it would be to represent him as approving the Sherman Anti-Trust law. The Anti-Trust law is on the statute book, and it is Mr. Wickersham's duty to enforce it, and he does enforce it against all and sundry. But what he thinks of it as a law, heaven knows.

The opinion is extensively held by competent lawyers that the Sherman law is an exceedingly defective statute and likely to be as futile in the long run as the celebrated proclamation of King Canute to the advancing tide. About the best that is thought of it is that it is a part of the process through which, in the course of time, the relations of corporations to our society will be worked out. But Mr. Wickersham, or anyone else who is Attorney-General at this time, must enforce the Sherman law as it stands, modified only by the decisions of the Supreme Court. If he believes the law is good, he can

enforce it with a good heart; if he believes it is defective, he can still enforce it with an approving conscience, because through enforcement lies the only way to exposure of the law's defects and to legislation that will cure them.

A law that limits the pay of an expert chemist needed in Government service to nine dollars a day looks absurd.

No doubt it is absurd. But that doesn't relieve Mr. Wickersham from giving an opinion that it has been violated, if he thinks so.

Who Would Replace Him?

THERE are rumors that Mr. Charles Sanger Mellen, president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, may resign his position in favor of some one who will treat the public with a sterner hand.

What is needed is a man who will not let sentiment interfere with business.

Jack Johnson might do, but they say that since his fight he has been polite to every one.

It is also understood that Mr. Mellen's object in retiring is that he may have leisure to complete his book of reminiscences, entitled "The Public Be Damned."



"OH, MAMMA, ISN'T THAT BABY CUTE? IF I EVER HAVE A BABY BROTHER I DO HOPE HE'S A JAPANESE."

South Pole Ahoy!

Discovered by Two Representatives of Life
Tremendous Excitement in All Parts of the World

THE most stupendous discovery of modern times has just taken place quietly and without any warning.

The South Pole has been genuinely discovered. The proofs of this have been brought back by two of the most intrepid explorers of modern times.

This story is being paid for at the rate of ten dollars a word, and the money deposited. Our grand lecture tour will be announced later.

Commander Peary, when notified, smiled derisively.

"Villains!" he exclaimed.

Dr. Cook, as is his wont, was much more polite.

"I am very glad that representatives of LIFE have had the honor of discovering the South Pole," he said, "and that their story is accompanied with indubitable proofs. I had intended starting for the South Pole myself this Summer, but have been delayed owing to my vaudeville programme. Now it will not be necessary."

Our two representatives refuse to give their names.

"So much obloquy has attached to the act of discovery of late years," said



"A FAREWELL LOOK AT NEW YORK"



"WE SLEPT IN OUR GUM-DROP"

one of them yesterday, "that we prefer not to be known. We are willing that our fame should rest on the actual proof of our journey as furnished by the photographs."

"Will you tell us how you conceived the idea?"

"Certainly. It was quite simple. One day we were strolling along the boardwalk at Atlantic City, when suddenly we saw Mr. Curtis come sailing by in his biplane. Naturally, having just spent all of our money buying Japanese screens in an auction room, we were

looking for some means of leaving town without scandal. Mr. Curtis kindly consented to lend us his machine for this purpose. We thanked him and embarked."

"Without any warning or previous thought of where you were going?"

"Say not so," interrupted the other intrepid explorer. "You see, we are both natives of Brooklyn, and since our earliest years we have been consumed by a passion to get as far away from home as possible. The idea of some day going to the South Pole has pos-

sessed us both like a consuming flame. We therefore welcomed this opportunity, although, of course, we said nothing to Mr. Curtis about it. But let my companion continue."

"You took nothing with you?"

The other intrepid explorer smiled as he went on.



FIRST PHOTOGRAPH. THE REVOLVING POLE

"Nothing but our straw hats and a patent gum-drop, which we could expand at any moment. Once in the biplane, we started off for a farewell look at New York. Then we sped straight



"A LOT OF FORMER RECORDS"



MEASURING THE POLE

on South, over Mexico, over South America, over the Straits of Magellan, until——"

"Great Jack Frost!" we exclaimed. "Weren't you cold?"

"We didn't have time to be, we went so fast. Besides, we were so filled with patriotism and the thought of our country's joy, that we knew not cold or heat.

As soon, therefore, as we got within sight of the Pole, I began to take photographs. I wanted to have the evidence complete. We have also measured it, to make sure."

He handed us the first photograph of the Pole itself.

"Observe," he said, "that even as we took it, it was revolving. That is where both Cook and Peary made their fatal mistake. They relied upon their observations to convince people that they were actually at the North Pole. Of course, nobody believes now that either of them got there. With us it was quite a simple matter. All we had to do was to hover directly over the Pole and make the exposure long enough, so that the rocks immediately around the centre could be seen revolving. The picture is its own proof. In no other spot on the earth could this happen."

Sure enough, it was exactly as he had said.

"You will notice," he continued, "that from above the Pole appears almost flat. That is due to the optical illusion. Actually it was about seventeen feet three inches high."

"How long were you there?"

"Just during our two weeks' vacation."

"And where did you sleep?"

"In our gum-drop, of course."

"And what did you do?"

"Well, we listened to a lot of former records that happened to be there, break-

ing several of them; we also dug up a lot of advertising material left there by former explorers."

"And why did you come back?"

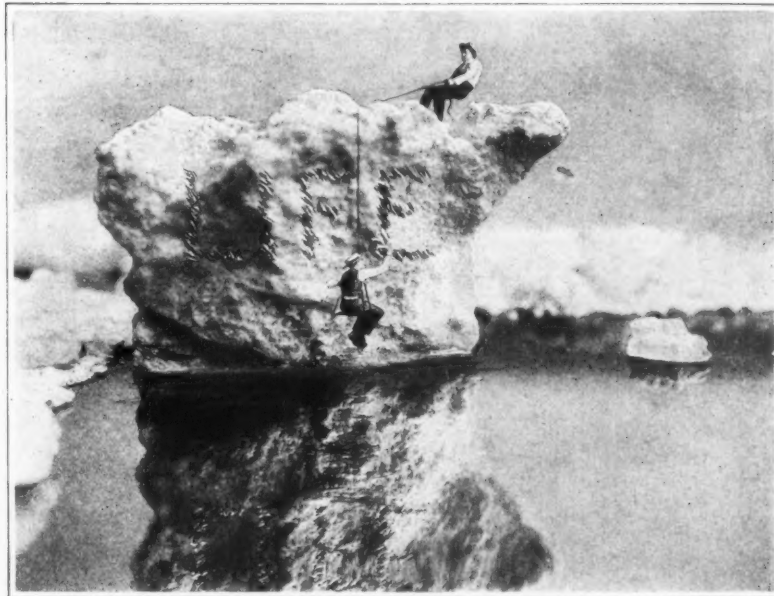
"We were afraid Commander Peary might be displeased if we stayed there any longer."

Immediately upon their return our two representatives were seen by the *New York Herald* and *Hampton's Magazine*; but when these two enterprising publishers found out that the South Pole had actually been discovered they refused to print the story, on the ground that its genuineness would lose them their readers. LIFE, with its usual enterprise, was the only periodical in the country daring to print a true story of marvelous discovery.

An investigation by Congress will follow. President Taft said this afternoon:

"It is extremely gratifying to think that we have at last discovered the South Pole. I trust, however, that no attempt will be made to bring it into the country; in case this is done, I have instructed Collector Loeb to do his worst."

What will be the effect upon our relations with Patagonia is now being considered on every side. From an inside source it is learned that the worst is feared. Patagonia, we already understand, has entered into a secret alliance with Japan and war may ensue, in which case Brazilian diamonds will advance.



THE LAST DAY'S WORK

Free to Editors

THE following will be found a very handy little editorial form for newspaper editors. There is no charge for its use and we suggest that it be kept standing in case of emergency or shortage of copy.

At the hour of going to press the country was anxiously awaiting our

opinion on the _____ question. While it is still too early to forecast accurately the far-reaching effects of the developments of the past few days, we have no hesitation in assuring our readers that they will on the whole be beneficial. There are, to be sure, certain untoward aspects of the case, but these are of minor importance and do not affect the main issue.

As we have often said before, this country is in the hands of tried and true business men, who stand ready to preserve its best traditions, even to die if necessary, to protect the country's fair name from the slightest stain. But we hope that they will not have to go so far as that. In the meantime, we have no patience with detractors who are not as honest as ourselves, or, at least, who are not honest in the same way.

If developments in the question under discussion progress satisfactorily during the next fortnight, or even the next decade, for that matter, all doubt of the advisability of the course pursued will be removed and a new epoch in American history will have been entered upon. In this, of course, we shall take a pardonable pride. But, at all events, there is no cause for alarm, in spite of anything that the alarmists may say, do or allege.

Ellis O. Jones.



"WE DUG UP A LOT OF ADVERTISING MATERIAL"

SINGLE Tax. The fare to Reno.



Why Not?



Why Not?



THE LAD WHO LOVED A SAJLOR
THE INTERRUPTED PROPOŠAL

The Plight of the Lawyers

THE lawyers are getting a good deal of attention. There is a passion for legislation in, this country at this time. Everyone that sees an evil yells for a law to cure it. To such yells, usually emanating from voters, the legislatures are abundantly responsive. Congress and all the State Legislatures pass lots of laws, many of them unwise, at every session, and then the members go home and leave their laws to be applied.

That means they leave them to the lawyers. It is the lawyers who must work them out. It is to the lawyers that every aggrieved or perplexed person or corporation must go for guidance, or to be extricated from the scrape that the legislators have got them into. It is a good deal as though the quacks were first called in to treat all diseases, and then the regular doctors were called in to treat the cases that the quacks failed to cure.

We are sorry for the lawyers. The business of the ablest of them is excellent. They are abundantly employed and make plenty of money, but they are distrustfully regarded by

the public. If new laws fail to produce the Utopian results that are hoped for, the lawyers are apt to be blamed. Yet the voters are not disposed to trust the lawyers to make the laws. They are even reluctant just now to trust the judges to interpret the laws. They distrust the judges, apparently, because they have been lawyers.

The main trouble seems to be that the services of the ablest lawyers have been engrossed as a rule by rich clients. It is the popular judgment that lawyers who have worked for a long period for rich clients, especially for great corporations, become saturated with sympathy for such clients and the interests that they represent. This judgment is not entirely sound, but neither is it altogether without basis. The great doctors have rich patients who pay them pretty well, but they also have hospital practice which keeps them from being monopolized by the rich. The hospital practice of the great lawyers is the public service, but it is much harder for them to get into it than for the able doctors to get into the hospitals. Public and private law practice do not blend as well as public and private surgery or medicine.

Nevertheless, it is the truth that our Government of law is in the hospital and that it is on lawyers that we must chiefly rely to get it out.

The Test

THE test of a man in business is whether he is honest or not; conscientiously, broadly honest, not alone legally honest," said Thomas W. Lawson. Or was it Theodore Roosevelt?

If that is the test, what does it prove? Does it prove that he wouldn't charge more than he could get, or merely that he plays the game according to the rules which he makes himself?

In spite of this authoritative statement, we still think that the test of a man in business is whether his credit is good at the banks.



"THE NERVE O' THAT FELLER TELLIN' US THIS WAS GOOD STUFF. WHY, YOU AN' ME HAS HAD PRETTY NEAR A QUART AN' HERE WE ARE JEST ON THE VERGE O' BEIN' COLD SOBER."



EMULATION

Those Reluctant Customs House Inspectors

Their Fine Feelings Lacerated by Contact With Incoming Passengers—A Code Fundamentally Unsound

THE report of the New York Customs House for the past twenty-six months has aroused fresh interest in our great American Inquisition, which calls over the sea to returning citizens in the dulcet tones of the farmer's wife calling her ducks:

"Dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed."

Advocates of the system would have us believe that the inspectors who meet us on the docks are exceedingly reluctant to perform their painful duties. They find searching the passengers' luggage, to say nothing of searching the passengers themselves, repugnant to their finer feelings, and only the ingrained wickedness of the tourists—who are an abandoned race—forces upon them a course so foreign to the spirit of the nation. A writer in the *Boston Transcript* anathematizes the "sordid, deceitful cunning," which compels these high-souled officials to overturn the contents of trunks upon a grimy dock, and praises with enthusiasm the "splendid work" of Mr. Loeb in creating a wholesome atmosphere of terror. "Smuggling by travelers," declares this sanguine moralist, "has become too precarious and dangerous for continuance."

The study of history is much to be commended. It teaches many lessons which are well worth learning; and one of the things it makes clearest is that all

laws are obeyed, not in proportion to the severity with which they are enforced, but in proportion to their own innate reasonableness. Now the statute which limits the foreign purchases of an American citizen to the value of one hundred dollars is unreasonable to the point of absurdity. It belongs in the same category with the old English law which encouraged the woolen industries by making woolen shrouds compulsory; and with the old German law which protected the porcelain factories by obliging certain householders to buy china, and with the modern Italian law which upholds the salt tax by prohibiting the evaporation of sea water.

Such rulings are made to be disregarded. No "wholesome atmosphere of terror" can insure obedience to a code which is fundamentally unsound. One hundred dollars barely covers the wear and tear of foreign travel, the replacing of essential and worn-out articles of dress; it leaves no margin for the purchase of a few fresh clothes in which to return clean and respectable to one's native shores. Moreover, ridiculous as the sum is, no portion of it may be used to buy the trifling gifts which home-coming tourists (who, however "sordid and deceitful," are still human) sometimes like to bring their families and their friends; and the result of such preposterous tyr-



THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

anny is a wholesale infringement of the law. As long as England maintained a prohibitive duty on brandy and tea, men risked liberty and life to smuggle in a few cases of spirits and a tea chest. As soon as the tax was reduced to reason, men paid it with lamb-like docility. If the foreign tourist were permitted five hundred, or even three hundred dollars' worth of effects, and had the liberty to buy what he pleased within the limits of this princely sum, smuggling (now too often regarded as a mute protest against injustice) would soon be discredited.

As for the American citizens who write anonymous letters to the Customs House, saying that Mr. Jones has a new watch and Mrs. Robinson a pearl pendant, one wonders where such men and women were reared, where they went to school, with what children they played in infancy, however it came to pass that they were not shamed or thrashed out of their tale-telling propensities before they reached their disgraced and disgraceful maturity.

Agnes Repplier.

Books

"MEN," says Anatole France, "lived for long ages without reading anything, and that was the very time when they did the greatest and most useful things, for it is the time when they passed from barbarism to civilization."

We hope that Monsieur France does not mean for us to draw one rather obvious inference from this left-handed attack on literature, namely, that now that we have books, it will be difficult to pass from civilization to anything else.



TOUGH LUCK

Satiety

O H, I wanted to dwell in the suburbs,
To live far away from the town,
To be fanned by the breeze,
Beneath practical trees,
To bask in the sun and grow brown;
So I bought me a place truly rural,
A house made of gables and view,
And I chirped with a smile,
"Me for comfort not style—
It is here that my dreams shall come
true!"

And I planted the ground in the spring-
time,
Yea, I worked till my muscles were sore,
Building trellises, arbors, piazzas—
And a pergola shading each door;
There were roses, the climbing variety,
There were tulips in clustering beds—
Pray, believe me, in floral society
I was after crowned heads!

There were shade trees in lavish abun-
dance,
The kind that one buys ready-made,
Rather ragged young shoots,
Long on boughs, short on roots,
And a trifle deficient in shade;
There were plants, of the hybrid per-
suation,
Things of promise and delicate hue,
In profusion to burn—
Rustic bench, vase and urn,
And of dials a dozen or two!

But the things that I planted were sterile,
At least they quite failed to appear,
And those trellises, arbors and dials
Began to look foolish and queer;
And those roses of climbing propensity
Failed to climb in the sense that they
should,
Nothing thrived with its normal inten-
sity,
But the weeds, and they grew like a
wood!

And the days became bleak and oppres-
sive,
And the nights they grew painful and
long,
And the katydid's wheeze
In those half-nourished trees
Seemed a kind of satirical song;
And my friends were so plainly sarcastic,
That their comments quite drove me in-
sane—
And I'm back in the city,
And this is my ditty—
"Oh, never, no never again!"
—Irving Dillon.

All Dukes Take Notice!

*By Registering With the Fashion Reform League,
You Can Have a Much Better Selection—What
We Are Doing for Ladies of Fifty, or Thereabouts*

WE have just opened a clearing house for dukes and other foreign noblemen. We are doing this in response to a popular demand on the part of our patrons. All dukes visiting this country will hereafter be required to register with us, and their time while here will be strictly regulated by our foreign noble-men committee. Inasmuch as all the most exclusive people now belong to this League, it will be useless for any duke or lord to come over here unless he follows our rules.

Immediately upon the arrival of any duke or other nobleman a full description of him, with photo, etc., is mailed to our list of members. A detailed account of his habits is also appended, including age, weight, financial condition of his estate, etc.

Our members who have daughters they wish to marry are then requested, immediately upon receipt of this information, to forward bids at once, telling how much money they will be willing to settle on the duke or lord, with description of daughter offered, etc. The duke or lord, or other nobleman, is then turned over to the highest bidder.

We arrange for everything—news-

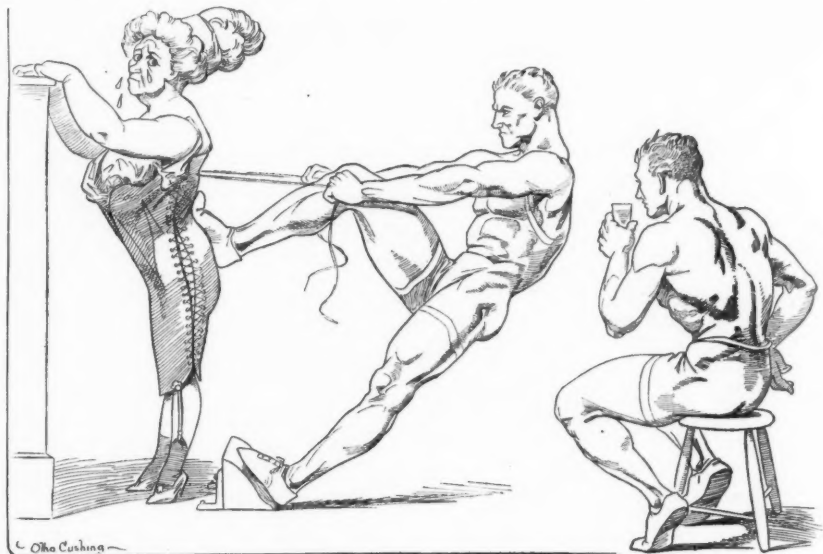
paper publicity, crowds in street following nobleman, church wedding, with archbishop if necessary, and all sickening details.

In connection with this new department we regret to say that this League has been subjected to unpleasant criticism on the ground that we are fostering the upper classes and have no regard for the common people.

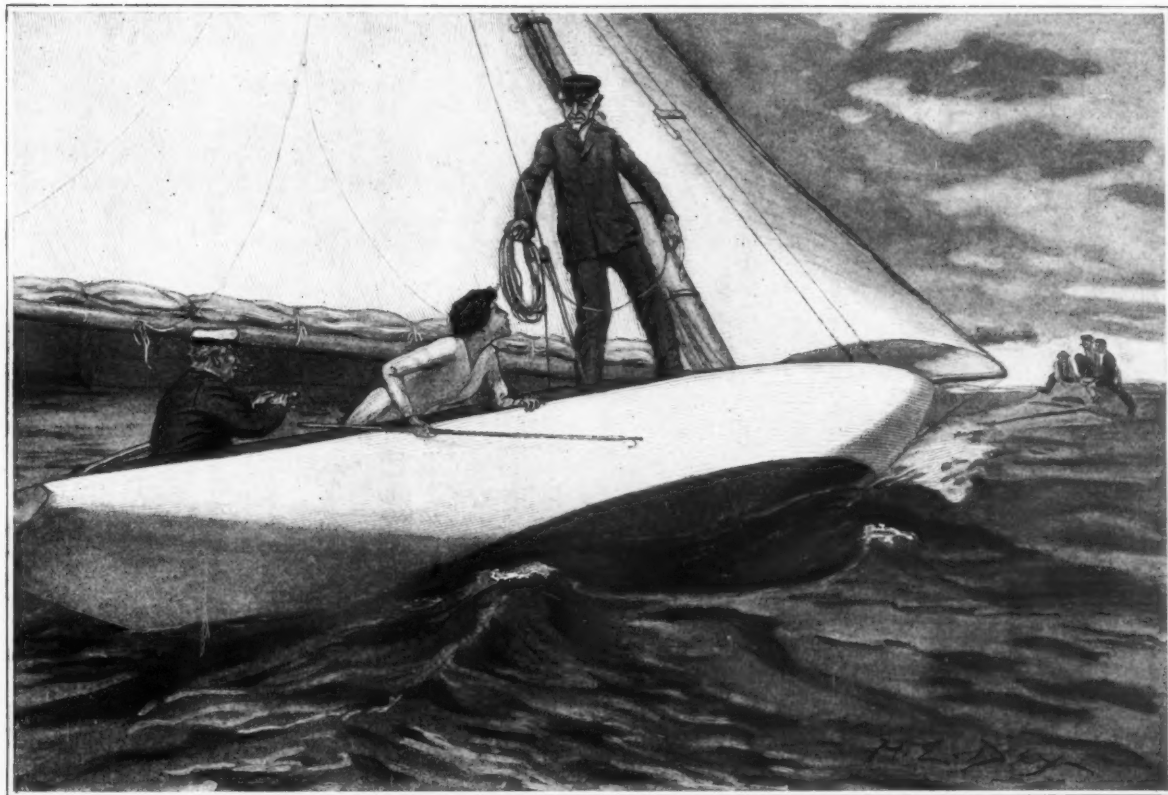
This is unjust. We have the interests of the poor people just as much at heart, and in order to prove this we desire to make the announcement that we have just had erected in LIFE Park (formerly Central) a large hall which is called Exhibition Hall. It will be found just beyond the old Museum of Art, now used for our main dressmaking establishment.

In Exhibition Hall, the side of which is covered by magnificent plate glass windows, our most prominent society leaders have consented to place themselves on exhibition at stated times during the week for the benefit of all those poor people who have never seen them.

The week's programme will be announced in advance, and the time that each society leader will be on exhibition will be announced ahead.



OUR TWO CORSET EXPERTS REDUCE YOUR FIGURE BY AESTHETIC MEASURES



The Girl: OH! DO YOU THINK WE CAN SAVE THEM?
The Captain: WE'LL GIT ONE OR TWO OF 'EM ANYHOW HAVE YE ANY CHOICE, MISS?

On Monday Mrs. J. Billington de Blastor, of Newport, Tuxedo Park and Upper Fifth Avenue, will have her hair dressed from nine until eleven, in the north wing. All spectators are cautioned not to go inside of the rope.

On Tuesday Mrs. Iddington Islington Addington will have her nails manicured and will eat breakfast in the south wing. This will give everybody an idea of how breakfast is served in the higher circles and will also afford a full view of Mrs. Addington in her one thousand dollar tea gown, which we have just finished.

Other exhibitions on a grand scale, showing dinner parties, cocktail drinking, etc., will be given from time to time.

This ought to convince everybody that the League has a real moral purpose. In a democratic country like this we cannot afford to be too exclusive. When our plain people are thus brought into close contact with our most prominent society leaders, it is thought the result can only be beneficial.

Now as to some of our new modes. Any one who knows anything about fashion knows that each new style follows some underlying idea, deep down in the racial instincts. For example, the jupe culotte, or harem skirt, which we introduced into this country, and from here into other countries, merely followed close on the heels of the suffragette movement; it was an accompaniment of that movement, and the very highest art in making clothes consisted in knowing how to make a harem skirt which would typify the state of the wearer in the evolution of the race. If, for example, you were a lovely, soft, clinging, feminine creature, then the harem skirt you wore would be naturally very pronounced. On the other hand, if you were a regular virago, then you would wear the slightest semblance of the harem skirt effect. This is the Great Art.

Our next models, therefore, will be the athletic style, with a touch of the coming of the plain people; the hardy workman, etc.

One of our shapes is a jumper of Irish point lace, trimmed with a flap of garnet beads, with metal background and trunks of old gold.

Another is a gymnasium bas relief costume, made with netted effect over silk background, with bell skirt and rose colored panties, cut to shape and worn with passementerie sandals.

For ladies of fifty, who weigh two hundred or over, we have a unique rowing costume, made of spun silk, with flutes on side and tassel effect in rear.

This League now has a home circle in every place in this country where there are women. To join your home circle there is no charge, but you have to pledge yourself to wear only our designs and not to go abroad.

As soon as you join you should come on at once and take advantage of the superb courses which we are offering in our buildings in LIFE Park (formerly Central).

Don't delay.

Life's Fashion Reform League.



CAPTURED AMMUNITION

(At the Maneuvers)

The Colonel: HOW DID YOU COME BY THOSE EGGS, MULDOON?*The Private (extemporizing):* WELL, COLONEL—YER HONOR. OI STRAYED UNINTINTIONAL INTO AN OULD WOMAN'S GARDEN—AN'—AN'—SURE THE OULD SHE-DIVIL THREW THIM AT ME.

Our Mayor and President Lowell

OUR Mayor in every discussion turns all too readily to the *argumentum ad hominem*. Speaking of his interchange of letters with President Lowell of Harvard over the question of a paid or an unpaid Board of Education in New York, he says:

President Lowell seems bent on having a controversy with me about what kind of a Board of Education we should have in this city. I have no objection to that, but it seems strange that when he writes to me and when I write to him he straightway publishes his letter but suppresses mine. I had supposed that the college spirit was a very different spirit to that. All the college boys I know have the spirit of playing the game fair.

Dr. Lowell is a high authority on school-boards, and in two letters, the first written at the request of New York taxpayers who are concerned for the schools, the second a reply to the Mayor's re-

sponse to the first, he argued strongly for the unpaid board. That his arguments in the matter should bother the Mayor is natural enough, but it is absurd for Mayor Gaynor to suggest that Dr. Lowell has tried to trick him. The Mayor himself was the proper person to publish his letter to Dr. Lowell. The correspondence was public from the start. But since the Mayor saw fit not to print his own letter, it was not for Dr. Lowell to do so.

The gist of the School Board discussion seems to be this: Almost all the experts hold that an unpaid small board is better. The Mayor holds, apparently, that New York is so big as to be an exception to the general rule, and must have a paid board if it is to have a small one. Expert opinion, well represented by President Lowell and President Butler of Columbia, dissents from his view and tells him he can get a competent, small, unpaid board if he

chooses. It is not to be expected that the Mayor will abandon his opinion, but he ought not to make absurd suggestions of unfair conduct about men of the standing of President Lowell.

IF creeds were knowledge, ignorance would disappear.

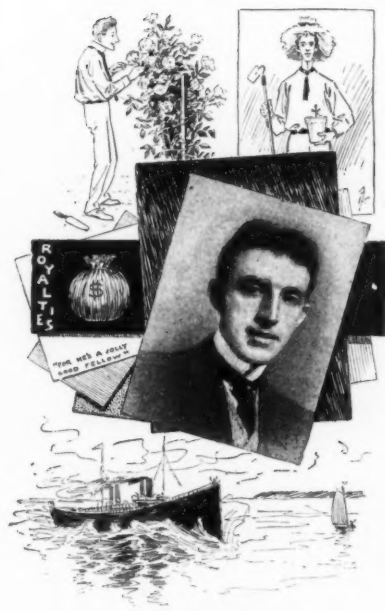
Uncertain

"WELL, well, well," said the kindly stranger, patting little Mollie on the head. "I suppose you are your papa's little darling?"

"I don't know yet, thir," lisped Mollie. "The court hathn't dethided yet. Jutht now I'm the pet of the Matrimonial Fidelity and Casualty Truth Company, thir."

A CHILD in school is worth a hundred in a sweatshop.

Life's Family Album



F. W. Read

MR. READ has a unique distinction. He is one of the few artists in the world whose signature, at the lower right-hand corner of his pictures, is legible enough to be read by any child. His full-page half-tones, a regular feature in LIFE for years, are noted for their faithful delineation of certain types, a combination of realism plus that individuality that is the basis of all true art. But we are getting in so deep that we must let Mr. Read speak for himself. We found him one bright, summer day, sitting on his broad veranda at Grand-View-on-Hudson, gazing contemplatively over the historic river.

"Yes," he said. "I was born in 1870, in Brooklyn."

"Do you attach any significance to this?" we observed, deferentially.

"Certainly. It accounts for my placid temperament."

"Did you study art?"

"I should say I did. I studied at the Académie Julien in Paris and was admitted to the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Then I came back to this country and worked on the mural decorations at the World's Fair at Chicago."

"Have you had any other honors?"

"Certainly. I once occupied the same studio with Messrs. Budd and Richards, who keep an artists' incubator in Twenty-second Street. After having abandoned

all hope of ever becoming artists themselves, they encourage every one else to try. And then, having learned from them how to sell my pictures, I moved up here."

The Jersey Coast

THE Jersey coast is a treeless strip of sand, bounded on the west by the Jersey Central Railroad, on the east by ocean breakers, with a road in the center infested by brokers and other automobilia.

As far as the eye can reach or the motor travel, it is covered with cottages as bleak as they are beautiful, with summer hotels as like on the inside as they are unlike on the outside, and with petty pleasure places for restless roamers.

During the "season" the Jersey coast is inhabited by naïve natives who nourish nonsense, by swimmers who can't swim, by talkers who can't talk, by readers who have no literary taste, by resters who are not tired, by Jews who are condemned by Gentiles who try to outdo them in pomp and persiflage, by dear old ladies who wonder why they don't enjoy it, by children who would have a good time if their mothers and nurses had less time to watch them, by sensible people who wish they were home, and by bridge

players who can't find anything else to do.

Those who live in the hotels wish they had cottages; those who live in small cottages envy those who own the larger cottages, and those who own the large show cottages do not occupy them, preferring to go abroad.

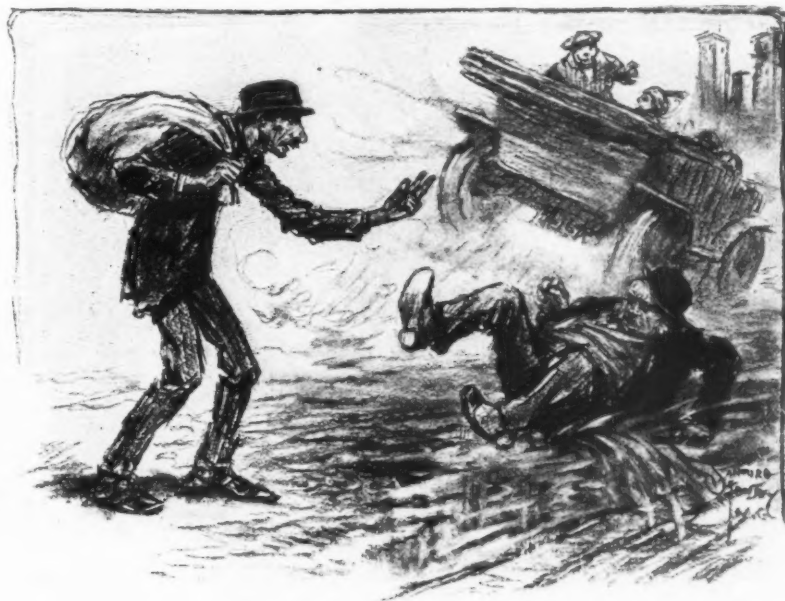
Another name for the Jersey coast is "Away." For those who think their social standing is somehow contingent on leaving their happy homes and going "away," it will, perhaps, do as well as any place else.

The Jersey coast by any other name would be as hot.

"Some Day! Some Day!"

THERE used to be a song called "Some Day." It was a sentimental song, very. The sense of it was that "S-o-m-e d-a-y, s-o-m-e d-a-y," things would come out all right for the subscriber and her selected young man. She knew not when nor how, she said, but she had faith and was going to hold on.

If this song could be revised and adjusted to the Subway situation in New York we believe it would give a true and very much needed expression to the feelings of our people. And no doubt would become popular and be sung abundantly on the northbound Subway trains in the late afternoon and help our suffering population to hope on ever in enduring patience.



THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT

"ANY OLD CLOTHES TO SELL, MISTER?"

Unjust to Florida?

*A Correspondent Declares that Recent Statements
are Untrue—Man Who Promised to Die Still
Alive—That Humorous Number—Bishops*

DEAR LIFE:

On July 13, 1911, you published an article entitled "Little Shrimp Pluckers," in which you ask "Is it true that 'an army of children,' from five years old upward, are employed in shrimp canneries of Florida, as told by Collier's, to pluck the heads off of shrimps, and that 'a poisonous acid from this portion of the fish eats constantly into the baby fingers destroying nails and flesh?'"

To your readers and to the whole round world, I say it is not true, for the simple reason there is not a shrimp cannery on our Florida soil.

In your issue of LIFE, June 8, 1911, a letter to you under the caption "Oyster or Children," by Owen R. Lovejoy, general secretary National Child Labor Committee, making this statement: "That we have abundant records and photographs of children from ten (10) years down to four (4)"—he didn't stop at (5) five—"working in oyster and shrimp packing houses along the Gulf."

Then, on July 3, 1911, Mr. Lovejoy in a letter, of which a copy was published in the *Florida Times-Union*, to Mr. J. G. Ruge, an oyster packer of Apalachicola, Fla., in which he charges Collier's with making the uncalled for error concerning children working in shrimp canneries, which Mr. Ruge in a letter published in the *Times-Union*, June 30, 1911, denounces as utterly truthless, he makes this statement:

"It is to be regretted that a paragraph so full of errors, for which we are not in any way responsible, should have been permitted to appear in a magazine usually so accurate as *Collier's Weekly*, and I wrote the editor on June 30 pointing out the various errors in the paragraph, including the fact that, so far as we know, no shrimps are canned in Florida, and further fact that this picture was not taken in Florida nor by me."

What are we to think of Mr. Lovejoy? Are we to put any faith in his future photographs and heartrending stories of the Florida working babies?

We don't work our babies very hard, brother Americans and foreign cousins; even the cash boy system is being rapidly done away with. And if you could spend a week or so on our farms and groves

you would sincerely wish that you could send your *five-year olds* down here in the winter to escape the bitter cold and in the summer to escape the intense heat, and, best yet, to breathe our ever invigorating air.

Respectfully,

ERNEST W. TYLER.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA., July 14, 1911.

Too Many Crowns

THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—Some two years ago I wrote you a letter from Arkansas about coats-of-arms. You published it, and, owing to your widespread influence, I mark a great improvement in American heraldry. This emboldens me to write a few words about crowns. Only kings and queens have crowns. Peers have coronets which they never wear. Coronets differ from crowns in many ways, but especially in having no arch over the top. They are just puffy velvet caps, with a silver-gilt band round the "brim." In American illustrated papers, British peers usually pursue heiresses in regular royal crowns, with arches on top. This ought to be stopped. Further and apropos of nothing, Lord Charles Beresford was not made a peer for his distinguished services as admiral, as stated, *passim*, in your papers. He is not a peer at all. He is called "lord" by courtesy, because his father was a marquis. In my last letter to you I promised to die soon, and must apologize for not having done so,

And remain, faithfully yours,

LAMBERT BOND.
VANCOUVER, B. C., June 11, 1911.

Second Place for Us?

EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR EDITOR.—Come to New York. We have more different ways of getting your money than any other city in the United States.—LIFE.

You are mistaken. Evidently you have never been in Los Angeles, Cal.

Yours truly,
"A Boy."

LOS ANGELES, CAL., July 12, 1911.

Reaching for the Unattainable

(It is rumored that LIFE may publish a humorous number.)

What? Humour in a comic sheet?
(Ah, yes, the "u" is meant,
Our sign of pride in ancestry,
Our glory in descent,
For we are British, don't you know,
Our "u's" are all protected;
We still enjoy the letters that
Your spelling board rejected.)

What? Humour in a comic sheet?
Pray pause, good friend, be wise.
'Tis such a wild Utopian plan,
'Tis madness in disguise.
Nay, stick to vivisection, vac-
Cination and the Jew,
For LIFE cannot accomplish that
Which *Punch* has failed to do.

Some parts of *Punch* are humorous,
(Another "u" we pray),
And LIFE has published clever jokes
(We're sending one to-day).
But, think! Good fun in every line?
The story can't be true,
For humour is the gift of God
(Proofreader: Save the "u").

As Arnold Bennett has declared,
"Life's page is toned in grey."
—That wasn't it. Good gracious, no.
—What DID the beggar say?
No matter. We have never been
A creature of precision.
He meant you could not realize
Your beatific vision.

J. Edgar Middleton.

Bishops

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Kindly correct error in your issue of July 6 regarding Bishop Walsh, of Maine. All his right reverend brethren in New England are not Irishmen. Bishop Guerin, of New Hampshire, is French Canadian. The Catholic Bishop of Vermont (Michaud), who died about two years ago, was a French Canadian, as was his predecessor, Bishop de Goisebrand. Bishop Spang, of the Fall River, Mass., Diocese (who died a few years ago), was a German. If the Catholic Church made it a question of nationality we might expect to find a few Italian bishops in New England, as Rome decides. Respectfully,

W. V. MACK.

6 WARREN ST., BOSTON, July 16, 1911.



WELCOME HOME



The Ground of Their Love

"Let us have peace," said the English invader. "Can you not see that the white strangers love the redmen?"

"Ah, yes," replied the intelligent Indian, "they love the very ground we walk upon."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

Unmarried

The Chicago woman was on the witness stand. "Are you married or unmarried?" thundered the counsel for the defense. "Unmarried, four times," replied the witness, unblushingly.

—*Philadelphia Record*.

Tourists?

AUTHORESS (in search of "copy"): And I suppose visitors are not common in this out-of-the-way place.

SUPERIOR WAITER: Hindeed they har—painfully so, most hof 'em!

—*London Opinion*.



"SOUL MATES"

Young Diplomatist

Taddy, aged 4, often called on his nearest neighbor, Mrs. Brown, who petted him a good deal and usually gave him a couple of her nice cookies, and if she happened to forget to pass them out he sometimes reminded her of it.

His father learned of this and chided him for begging and told him he must not do so any more. A day or two later Taddy came home with cookie crumbs in evidence.

"Have you been begging cookies from Mrs. Brown again?" asked his father rather sternly.

"No!" said Taddy. "I didn't beg for any. I just said this house smells as if it was full of cookies, but what's that to me?"—*Harper's Magazine*.

The Inquisitive Hostess

SMALL GIRL (entertaining her mother's caller): How is your little girl?

CALLER: I am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't any little girl.

SMALL GIRL (after a painful pause in conversation): How is your little boy?

CALLER: My dear, I haven't any little boy, either.

SMALL GIRL: What are yours?

—*Woman's Home Companion*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Breams

Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS. Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; also at Saabach's News Exchanges, 16 John St., Adelphi, Strand, W. C., London; 148 Rue du Faubourg, St. Denis, Paris; I. Via Gustavo Modena, Milan; Mayence, Germany.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, 114 Southampton Row, London, W. C.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.

From George I. to George V.



**MARTELL'S
BRANDY**

has known but One Quality---
The Best

BLUE AND SILVER LABEL

HOUSE EST. 1715

Sole Agents:
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
New York

Why inch along like an old inchworm with that antiquated hand spacing of the typewriter carriage when you can go right to the spot with a single touch on a Column Selector key of the model 10

Remington

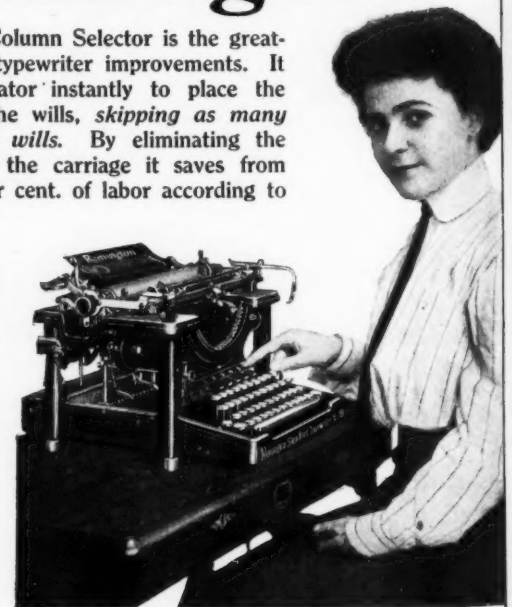
The Remington Column Selector is the greatest of all recent typewriter improvements. It enables the operator instantly to place the carriage where she wills, skipping as many columns as she wills. By eliminating the hand spacing of the carriage it saves from ten to twenty per cent. of labor according to the work to be done.

And this is only one of a score of notable improvements on the model 10

**VISIBLE
Remington**

Remington
Typewriter
Company
(Incorporated)

New York and
Everywhere



"HERE ARE THE FIVE COLUMN SELECTOR KEYS"

A Distinction

One would have it that a collie is the most sagacious of dogs, while the other stood up for the setter.

"I once owned a setter," declared the latter, "which was very intelligent. I had him on the street one day, and he acted so queerly about a certain man we met that I asked the man his name, and—"

"Oh, that's an old story!" the collie's advocate broke in sneeringly. "The man's name was Partridge, of course, and because of that the dog came to a set. Ho, ho! Come again!"

"You're mistaken," rejoined the other, suavely. "The dog didn't come quite to a set, though almost. As a matter of fact, the man's name was Quayle, and the dog hesitated on account of the spelling."—*The Dog Journal*.

"WHAT was that tiresome old explorer talking about?" inquired the languid lady. "Progressive Patagonia." "And how do you play it?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur.

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian Monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Leontier, appointed by the French courts to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

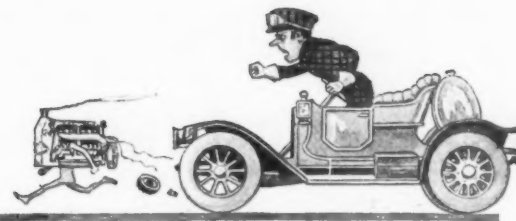
In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herald*, June 20, 1911.

REPUBLIC STAGGARD TREAD
THE TIRE PERFECT

Non-Skidding
Perfect Traction
Our book "The Tire Perfect" tells why Republic Staggard Tread Tires cannot skid—are safest—give longer and better service and are more economical than any others. Write for it.

The Republic Rubber Co., Youngstown, Ohio
Branches and Agencies in the Principal Cities

REPUBLIC STAGGARD TREAD PAT. SEP. 15-22, 1908



HE WAS GREATLY ANNOYED BY THE SKIPPING OF HIS ENGINE

Dear Sir; You order "Gordon Gin" - you want Gordon Gin, do you get Gordon Gin when you are not looking? If you get poor Gin it is not Gordon!

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Bathing Girl

The bathing girl
Will soon declare
She hasn't got
A thing to wear.

And judging by
Her garb, forsooth,
We'll all believe
She tells the truth.

—Springfield Union.

THE unconscious stranger lay on the sidewalk breathing heavily and groaning. Two teeth were missing, his eyes were marked and his nose was bleeding. "Who can he be?" said the crowd again and again. "I guess he was some peace-maker," suggested the ambulance surgeon, surveying the wreckage.—Argonaut.

Flagging the Waiter

The Lottie Cafe, in Rockford, Ill., prints this footnote on its bill of fare: "P. S.—Guests please leave napkins in glass until order is taken."

The purpose of this order is to utilize the napkin as a signal to the waiter that you have not yet been served. Thus the waiter knows when to run on a limited schedule and when to make local stops.

What this country needs is a cafe code. The Lottie Cafe has made a brave start. Now let us have a universal system whereby we can signal to the waiter to bring more butter or to bring a knife for the pie. A neat code could be worked out, using the hat as the signal block.—Chicago Evening Post.

MAUD: Jack is telling around that you are worth your weight in gold.

ETHEL: The foolish boy. Who is he telling it to?

MAUD: His creditors.

—Denver Times.

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

The rage abroad

All the finest cars have their tires painted white with "Whitire," the famous water paint. Brightens new tires; makes old tires look like new.

French's London White "Whitire"

(Trade Mark)

adds life, durability and beauty to tires and gives the car a spick and span appearance.

Quickly and easily applied. Can. sufficient for 5 months. \$1.00.

Special Trial Can 25c
(this offer limited)

Samuel H. French & Co.,
400 Callowhill St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.



No Change

"I met Dunkey to-day for the first time for years. He hasn't changed much."

"Oh, he hasn't changed at all, but he doesn't seem to realize it."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, he's forever talking about 'what a fool he used to be.'"—Red Hen.

A Responsible Role

"Don't you enjoy having summer boarders?"

"Not much," replied Mr. Cornrossel. "Most of them read the comic papers. Mandy insists on my eating with my knife and saying 'b'gosh' so as to keep 'em convinced that I'm a regular farmer."—Washington Star.

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

Couldn't Lose Him

PATIENCE: And did her father follow them when they eloped?

PATRICE: Sure! He's living with them yet!—Yonkers Statesman.

Caroni Bitters—Unequaled for flavoring sliced Fruits, Ices, and Jellies. Sample on receipt of 25 cents.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.

Don't Meddle With a Corn



Don't pare them. That doesn't help for long. And paring too deep has caused blood poisoning a good many thousand times.

Don't merely protect them. Don't doctor and nurse them. Cover a corn with a Blue-jay plaster, and the pain is ended. In two days the corn comes out. In the meantime you forget it.

Five million corns per year are removed in this cheap, simple way. No harm, no pain, no discomfort. Why don't you take advantage of this wonderful invention? Go get a package now. Get rid of corns.

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

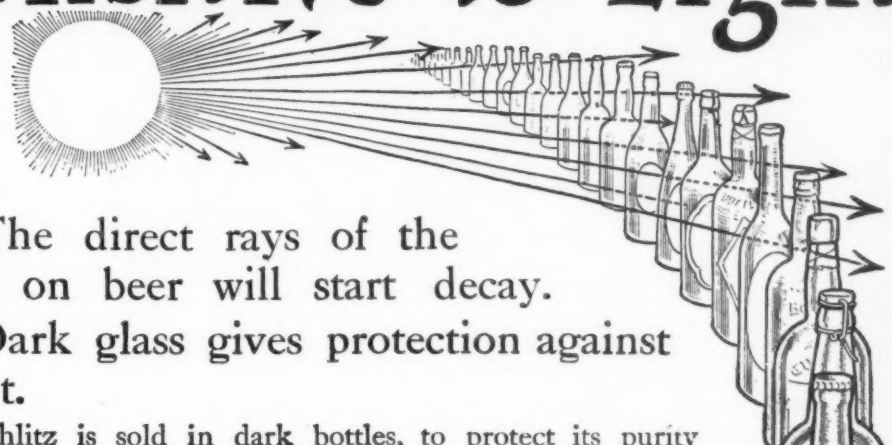
Blue-jay Corn Plasters 15c and 25c per package

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters. All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them.

(43) If not convinced, ask for sample—free.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Even Pure Beer is Sensitive to Light



The direct rays of the sun on beer will start decay.

Dark glass gives protection against light.

Schlitz is sold in dark bottles, to protect its purity from the brewery to your glass.

We use the costliest materials. One of our partners selects the barley.

We go to Bohemia for hops.

Schlitz is aged for months before it is marketed, to prevent biliousness. It cannot ferment in your stomach.

We filter it through white wood pulp. Sterilize every bottle.

We spend more money to attain purity than on any other cost in our brewing.

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

Order a case from your dealer today.
See that crown or cork is branded "Schlitz."



Schlitz

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

A strange pursuit now merited
Our wealthy bankrupt's ample leisure;
He learned that he'd inherited
A buried pirate's buried treasure;

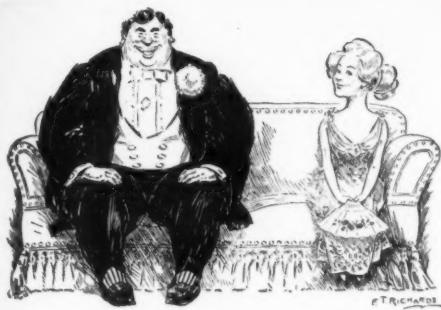
But when he went to dig the same
By night, with fond anticipations,
A gang of rogues appeared to claim
A share of all his exhumations.

Though all his digging came to naught,
They still demanded something hand-
some,

And when Elaine came down, they
caught
And held the lady-fair for ransom.

She paid that ransom all herself;
With ready wit she helped discover
In Croyden's home the pirate pelf,
And wooed and won her laggard lover.

This book—oh, well, when days are hot
We feebly take what writers send us;
But this I'll say for Mr. Scott,
His ladies sure do flirt tremendous.
Arthur Guiterman.



SOCIETY NOTE

THE CHARMING DAUGHTER OF SENATOR VAN SWALL ENTERTAINED A LARGE PARTY INFORMALLY AT HER HOME TUESDAY LAST.

Rhymed Reviews

In Her Own Right

(By John Reed Scott. J. B. Lippincott Company.)

G. Croyden dwelt in Pittsburg smoke,
Which clouds the soul and dirties col-
lars;
His broker's failure left him broke
Except for twenty thousand dollars—

A paltry sum, a bagatelle,
Among the set who led cotillions,
For sweet Elaine, who loved him well,
Had somewhat over twenty millions.

He sought a sleepy Southern town,
Where none, he hoped, should ever find
him,
And tried his level best to drown
His love for her he left behind him.

Chicago Automobile Club Journal

(Official Touring Medium of the West)
SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR

Maps and Route Details in every Issue

Complete and accurate touring data regarding any route to any place from the

Bureau of Tours

of the Chicago Automobile Club

You can get a wealth of touring information unobtainable elsewhere by subscribing for the

Chicago Automobile Club Journal
SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR
321 Plymouth Court Chicago, Ill.

DR. GIVENS' SANITARIUM

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



Sparks From Old Anvils



The Meeting of the Clabberhuses

(In view of Mr. Foss's recent lamented death, these verses of his, written many years ago and still very modern, may be interesting to many readers.)

He was the Chairman of the Guild
Of Early Pleiocene Patriarchs;
He was the chief Mentor of the Lodge
Of the Oracular Oligarchs;
He was the Lord High Autocrat
And Vizier of the Sons of Light,
And Sultan and Grand Mandarin
Of the Mellennial Men of Might.

He was Grand Totem and High Priest
Of the Independent Potentates;
Grand Mogul of the Galaxy
Of the Illustrious Stay-out-Lates;
The President of the Dandydudes,
The Treasurer of the Sons of Glee
And Leader of the Clubtown Band
And Architects of Melody.

II.

She was the Grand Worthy Prophetess
Of the Illustrious Maids of Mark;
Of Vestals of the Third Degree
She was the most Potent Matriarch;
She was High Priestess of the Shrine
Of Clubtown's Culture Coterie,
And First Vice-President of the
League
Of the Illustrious G. A. B.

She was the First Dame of the Club
For teaching the Patagonians Greek;
She was the Chief Clerk and Auditor
Of Clubtown's Anti-Bachelor Clique;
She was High Treasurer of the Fund
For Borrioboolaghaliens,
And the Fund for sending Browning's
Poems
To native-born Australians.

III.

Once to a crowded social fête
Both these much titled people came,
And each perceived, when introduced,
They had the selfsame name.
Their hostess said, when first they
met:
"Permit me now to introduce
My good friend Mr. Clabberhuse
To Mrs. Clabberhuse."

"'Tis very strange," said she to him,
"Such an unusual name!
A name so very seldom heard,
That we should bear the same."
"Indeed, 'tis wonderful," said he,
"And I, surprised the more,
Because I never heard the name
Outside my home before.

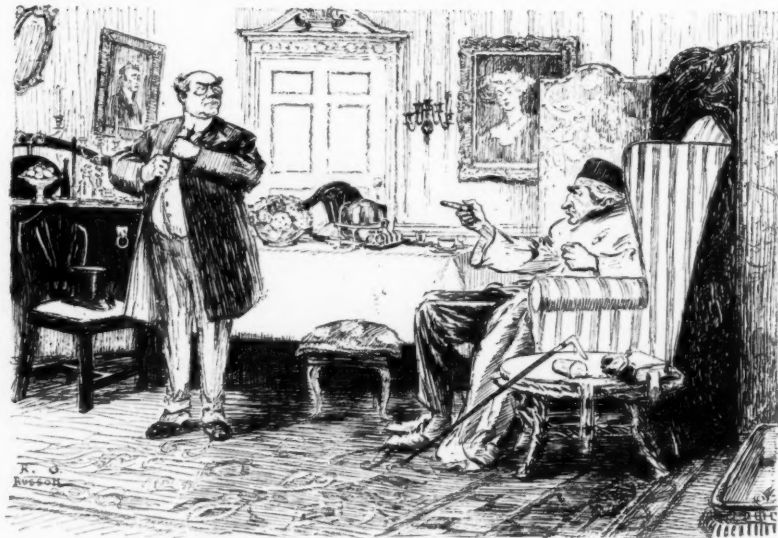
"But now I come to look at you,"
Said he, "upon my life,
If I am not indeed deceived,
You are—you are—my wife."
She gazed into his searching face,
And seemed to look him through;
"Indeed," said she, "it seems to me,
You are my husband, too."

"I've been so busy with my clubs,
And in my various spheres,
I have not seen you now," she said,
"For over fourteen years."
"That's just the way it's been with
me;
These clubs demand a sight"—

And then they both politely bowed,
And sweetly said "Good-night."
Sam Walter Foss.

Sidney Smith on Wit

Let any man show me that which is an acknowledged proof of wit and I believe I could analyze the pleasure experienced from it into surprise, partly occasioned by the unexpected relation established, partly by the display of talent in discovering it; and putting this position synthetically I would say, whenever there is a superior act of intelligence in discovering a relation between ideas, which relation excites surprise, and no other high emotion, the mind will have the feeling of wit. Why is it not witty to find a gold watch and seals hanging upon a hedge? Because it is a mere relation of facts discovered without any effort of mind and not (as I have said in my definition), a relation of ideas. Why is it



"YOUR SLEEPING DRAUGHT WASN'T A BIT OF GOOD. THE BEASTLY THINGS WOULDN'T TOUCH IT."

"WHAT THINGS?"

"THE CATS THAT KEEP ME AWAKE."

PENNSYLVANIA R.R.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO BETWEEN SUNS

Through the uplands and valleys of Pennsylvania, over the plains of the near west is a pleasant route to travel in the summer time. Especially on a train of the highest grade over a completely rock-ballasted roadbed. The perfect appointment of the train yields the maximum of enjoyment; the lay of the land insures the minimum of seasonal discomfort.

The "Pennsylvania Special" makes the run mostly in the cool of the evening and at night. This is the ideal time for travel. It is the business man's closed period of the day.

The "Pennsylvania Special" is in the highest respect the Busy Man's train. It runs in his idle hours while business rests, and delivers him when the trade of the day begins.

Economy of time is the pith of an undertaking.

The "Pennsylvania Special," the original 18-hour train, all-steel, perfectly appointed, leaves Pennsylvania Station, one block from Broadway at 32d Street 4.00 P. M. and arrives Chicago 8.55 next morning. It leaves Union Station, Chicago, 2.45 P. M. and arrives New York 9.40 A. M. next day.

Other fast trains.

not witty to discover the relation between the moon and the tides? Because it raises other notions than those of mere surprise. Why are not all the extravagant relations in Gargantua witty? Because they are merely odd and extravagant; and mere oddity and extravagance is too easy to excite surprise. Why is it witty, in one of Addison's plays, where the

undertaker reproves one of his mourners for laughing at a funeral, and says to him: "You rascal, you! I have been raising your wages for these two years past, upon condition that you should appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive the happier you look!" Here is a relation between ideas, the discovering of which implies superior intelligence, and excites no other emotion than surprise.

A Rare Bird

Two boys, finding themselves in possession of a half holiday, resolved to devote it to a gunning expedition, and so, borrowing a rusty old fowling-piece, they sallied forth and soon left the town behind them. They were good boys, faithful attendants upon the Sunday-school. On their weary homeward way in the twilight, when they had given up all hope of bringing anything down, they suddenly espied a large bird on a neighboring tree. All excitement, the blunderbuss was rested on a fence and carefully aimed and fired. To their inexpressible joy, the bird fell. As they were so near the town as to be in doubt whether their firing was not a breach of the law, it was deemed prudent for one of them to stand sentry by the roadside in order to give the note of warning if need be, while the other climbed the fence in search of the bird. The latter duty devolved on Tom, while Joe kept watch. Tom soon discovered the game, which proved to be an owl. The boy had never seen such a bird before, and as he observed its large round head, and grave, uncanny face, and contrasted its expanse of wings with its marked brevity of tail, he thought of those peculiar, celestial creatures, all head and wings, of which he had seen pictures, and was filled with superstitious awe. With uprising hair and pallid face, he rushed back to his waiting friend and gasped out the startling intelligence, "Joe, we've shot a cherubim!"

It is rare that, after having given the key of her heart, a woman does not change the lock the day after.—*Sainte-Beuve.*

Trust your dog to the end—a woman—till the first opportunity.—*Proverb.*

Marriage is often but ennui for two.—*Commerson.*

Of all men, Adam was the happiest—he had no mother-in-law.—*P. Parfait.*

One who practiced the mimic art had a wife whose face was very ugly, and one rainy and gloomy day she said to him: "How can one use such a day as this advantageously?" He said to her: "In divorce and separation."—*From the Syrian.*



About Beauty

There are certain things which are necessary not only to the foundation of beauty but to its preservation, and without which beauty is imperfect and unending.

The first of these necessities is a soap that will protect the skin from the impairing influences of climate and atmosphere, and keep the complexion of a velvety softness and a sweet, peachlike bloom.

The only soap that fully and completely answers these requirements is

Pears' Soap

which is both a skin soap and a beauty soap. It penetrates to the foundations of beauty and gives that natural stimulative force that keeps the skin in healthy action, without which the color fades and the cheeks become sallow.



ABBOTT'S BITTERS

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

STAR Safety Razor



One Reason— And Others

The illustration was reproduced from a photograph of two Star blades held together by their own magnetic attraction.

Magnetic quality adds to the life, the elasticity of a blade. Every Star blade is heavily magnetized.

This is one of the reasons why they give such smooth, clean, comfortable shaves.

There are other reasons. Star blades are forged from the finest Sheffield steel. They are hollow ground and concaved—actually perfect blades of the old style, heavy pattern, made to fit a safety frame. They are sold singly, not by the dozen, for one blade will shave for years instead of days.

We have a booklet that tells more about these blades and the Star Safety Razor as a whole. Write for it.

PRICE, Standard Set, **\$3.75**

Others **\$1.75 to \$14.00**

KAMPFE BROTHERS

8-12 Reade Street New York City



Ready for More

MISSIONARY: And do you know nothing whatever of religion?

CANNIBAL: Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here.

—Toledo Blade.

"I'm afraid my wife picked out the wrong hotel."

"Too expensive?"

"Oh, no; but it's going to be hard to make expenses. There's a lot of other bridge sharps there besides herself."

—Washington Herald.

One Omitted Detail

Notwithstanding all the complaints about the carelessness of the ordinary waiter and all the jokes about the magnificence of the head waiter, every one knows that the business of the "poor knight of the napkin" is not an easy one. At any rate, in a story told by Seymour Hicks, of a New York restaurant, one must be glad that the waiter finally got his "innings."

Once, sitting in my usual corner at this restaurant, I heard a much-harassed waiter score heavily off a tiresome customer who was ordering oysters. The conversation that took place was the following—the wretched waiter turning to go and execute the order and being brought back each time:

"Say, waiter, I want a dozen blue-points."

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, waiter——"

"Yes, sir."

"Steamed, you know."

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, waiter, you'll see that they're not done too much."

"No, sir."

"Oh, and waiter——"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you see that they put a squeeze of lemon in each shell?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, and waiter, just the smallest amount of butter over them when you serve them."

"Yes, sir."

"And waiter——"

"Yes, sir"

"Don't forget the pepper and salt."

This last remark was too much for the poor knight of the napkin. Turning back again, of his own free will, he said:

"And, sir——"

"Well?" answered the customer.

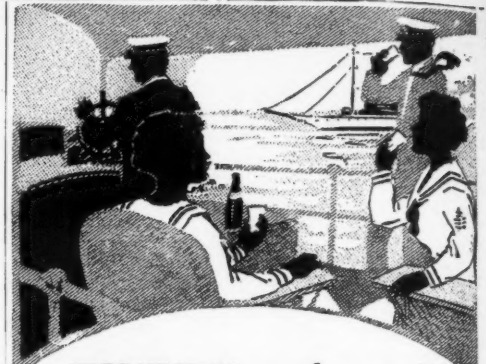
"Would you like them with or without?"

"With or without what?"

"Pearls, sir," said the waiter, and disappeared.—*Youth's Companion.*

MISTRESS: Have you a reference?

BRIDGET: Foinc; oi held the poker over her till I got it.—*Harper's Bazar.*



LUXURY and good L health go hand in hand when you drink Londonderry Mineral Water

Most delightful of table waters. So grateful to the palate that there is enjoyment in every drop.

So pure, light and sparkling that it acts as a wonderful cleanser to the system. And of a fine blending quality that gives added zest to any drink.

Whether for health or enjoyment—drink Londonderry.

Our new sealing method gives assurance of purity. Sparkling (effervescent) in three table sizes. Plain (still) in half-gallon bottles.



If you are so located that you cannot obtain it readily write us and we will see that you are supplied at once.

LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER CO., Nashua, N. H.

HAVOLINE MOTOR OILS

FOR AUTOMOBILES

Lubricates • Burns Cleanly.
Write for Booklet. "The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication"

HAVOLINE OIL CO.

Indian Refining Co., Distributors
New York Chicago
Birmingham, Ala.

All Garages **All Dealers**
W. P. Fuller & Co. San Francisco, Cal
Agents

INVESTORS READ
The Wall Street Journal

A Hint to American Magnates

A baseball "grand stand" which may be attached to high fences, and save the observer the price of admission to the park, is described, with illustration, in the July *Popular Mechanics Magazine*. It is an English device, and very easily constructed.

WHY stop there? Couldn't one get a few more "devices" from England or anywhere else? One for abstracting steaks from butcher shops would be a godsend to the economical housekeeper, or it might be possible to modify this one so that it could be attached to the rear of taxicabs and make it easy to save the price of a ride. Surely no more than a hint to the wide-awake American inventor is needed.

A New Fad

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin may have unwittingly started a new fad. At the Women Writers' Coronation dinner she said:

"Instead of atmosphere, we have in America atmospheric pressure—a hundred pounds to the square inch. All the air beats like a trip-hammer. We seem to think we can be anything by bearing on a little harder. We are all day laborers, rich and poor, working at our work and working (I fear) at our play.

"The first thing one feels on entering the harbor of New York as he stands on the deck of the steamer, is that he must go ashore and run somewhere. If it wasn't for the Custom House, all the passengers on Atlantic liners, the moment they touch the dock, would be seen falling over one another, running for dear life up the streets of New York—nowhere in particular—just running."

On the strength of this, a man over in New Jersey has entirely revolutionized his mode of life and is now trying to form "The Anti-Next-Train Society." As it happened, he was running for a train when the above caught his eye. So opposite was the criticism that it brought him up standing. He continued to stand. He let the train go and then and there made a resolve that he has since faithfully kept. His resolve was never to take the next train, no matter in which direction he is commuting. He consults his time-table to see when the next train goes, but this is only for the purpose of finding out how much time he will have to kill in order to miss it.

He is very enthusiastic over the plan and declares it has brought him out wonderfully. In his last circular he stated that although he is always late at meals and at the office, he has gained eight pounds.

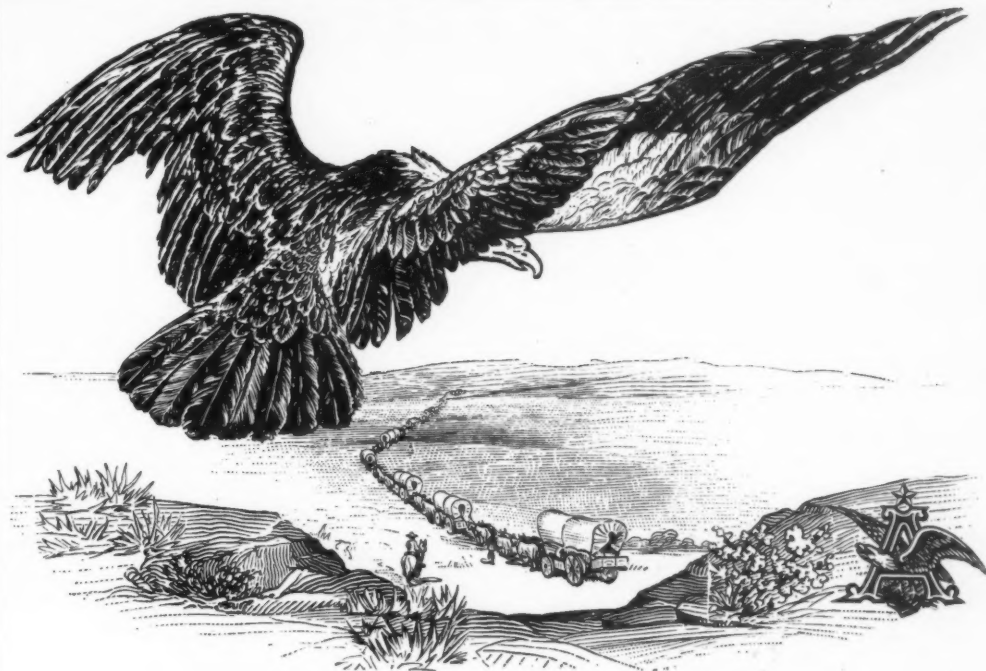
Philip Morris ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes

Don't deny yourself of cigarette perfection. If your dealer doesn't stock your size, write us—402 West Broadway, New York.

"The Little Brown Box"



ST. PAUL'S



The Very Highest Point

known to the Art of Modern Brewing is found
within every bottle of

Budweiser

"The Old Reliable"

Brews will come and brews will go—have their little day—then vanish—but **Budweiser goes on forever**—everlasting **Quality, Purity, and Mildness** is the reason.

Bottled only (with corks or crown caps) at the
Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis, Mo.

Irrelevant

An associate justice of the Supreme Court of Patagascar was sitting by a river.

"I wish to cross," said a traveler. "Would it be lawful to use this boat?"

"It would," was the reply; "it is my boat."

The traveler thanked him and rowed away, but the boat sank and he was drowned.

"Heartless man!" said an indignant spectator. "Why did you not tell

him that your boat had a hole in it?"

"The matter of the boat's condition," said the great jurist, "was not brought before me."—*Success*.

Sincere Prayer

TEACHER: Now, Tommy, suppose a man gave you one hundred dollars to keep for him and then died, what would you do? Would you pray for him?

TOMMY: No, sir; but I would pray for another like him.

—*United Presbyterian*.

Hamburg-American

**AROUND THE WORLD CRUISES
THE CHANCE OF A LIFE TIME
ON THE S.S. CLEVELAND (17,000 tons)**

There are new scenes, new faces in the Old World to interest you. Minimum cost, \$6.00 per day.

Itinerary includes Madeira, Spain, Italy, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Java, Philippines, China, Japan, Sandwich Islands, and Overland American Tour, Inland Excursions, and side trips.

Optional tours of 17 days in India, 14 days in Japan.

Each of 110 days duration.
From New York, October 21, 1911.
From San Francisco, February 6, 1912.

Now is the time to engage accommodations.

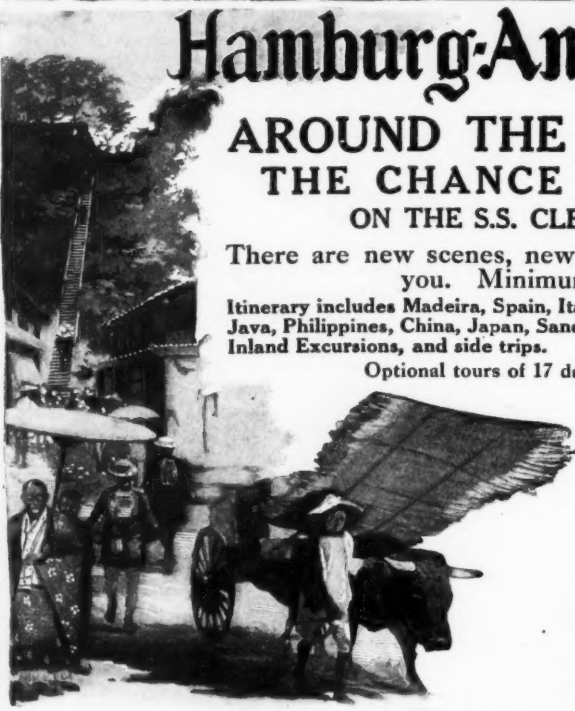
The finest, most comprehensive
pleasure trip ever offered.

Cost, including all necessary \$650 and
expenses aboard and ashore up.

ANNUAL EVENT "Around the World Cruises"
in October, 1912 and February, 1913, by the large Cruis-
ing Steamship VICTORIA LUISE.

Send for illustrated booklet

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
41-45 BROADWAY NEW YORK



What Shall We Do About It?

Some time ago when a woman of the Middle West wrote to one of the leading magazines and asked that something be done to protect an unsuspecting public from the pernicious influence of Dr. Woods Hutchinson's facile pen, it didn't appear serious. That the lady had dined, not wisely, but too well—had followed Dr. Hutchinson's advice to eat all you can, and when you think you have eaten all you can to eat still a little more—and had suffered the consequences, seemed nothing extraordinary. Hundreds do that on their own initiative before they can read at all, to say nothing of reading the *Saturday Evening Post*. When, afterward, the lady took Upton Sinclair's advice by way of the *Cosmopolitan* and found that when she didn't eat she wasn't sick, it still seemed simple enough. If you found you were not flourishing—change your magazine.

Sometimes, of course, there have been total failures, apparently. Like when a man fasted two weeks, or thereabouts, for a slight illness and died instead of getting well. Certainly it was never intended that any one should do that! How stupid! Why did the man hang on to one magazine so long? A little thing like a year's subscription shouldn't count in a matter of life and death! Besides, as Mr. Sinclair explained (also through the magazines), he didn't do it right. He ought to have drunk something. It was no part of the Sinclair prescription to abstain from drink—as that gentleman said he carefully stated—but what hope is there, any way, for a man who doesn't know when he needs a drink? As an old mammy said when told by a young

A Happy Marriage

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



SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

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

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

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2. postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

"upstart" housekeeper that her famous recipe for waffles had failed: "Hit ain' no sort o' use ter tell a pusson how ter do nothin' cep'in' dey got er little hoss sense ter mix wid de res' o' de dredunces" It can hardly be hoped that an idiot will be forever protected from his own folly, and they who insist upon attending the school of experience are likely to find the tuition expensive—as has been remarked before. No originality is claimed for the statement.

Certainly Dr. Hutchinson is strongly reactionary. While we cannot always agree with him—as when he says the worst spoiled children are fittest to survive, for instance—still, it is rather nice to learn that a woman is not, necessarily, jeopardizing the continuance of the human race just because she dresses well and is handsome. Such women add greatly to the landscape and it's too bad to have our enjoyment interfered with by the possibility that each of these is the last of her line. It's nice to have authority for eating a lot, when we're hungry; and it's nice to be provided with a good, ready-made reason for not eating when our appetites fail.

What are we to do when our magazine takes to printing both sides of the question? No sooner are we convinced that things are thus and so, when—lo, the month has rolled around, and, instead of having our views strengthened, we have the opposition presented by an expert. It really is too much! It keeps us forever on the fence! Isn't there some way to split a subscription in the same way that ice tickets are split? Naturally, the publishers wouldn't agree to that any more than do the ice dealers, but couldn't it be managed? Of course, it wouldn't be the thing to write to our Congressman, because *Everybody's* hasn't said so; but something ought to be done. A long suffering public ought to be permitted to stay on one side of a question as long as its inside will stand for it—or until its appetite is satisfied—or until it dies, if it wants to die. What do we pay our fifteen cents for, any way?



**FOR THE FRAGRANT JULEP
OR
THE FESTIVE HIGH-BALL**



HUNTER WHISKEY



is best because it is a Pure
Rye Whiskey and so guaranteed



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

Copyr. Life Pub. Co.



SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT
Facsimile in color, mounted, 14 x 17, \$1.00

Copyr. Life Pub. Co.



"OOH!"
Photogravure, 13 1/2 x 16 in., 50 cents

Copyr. Life Pub. Co.



FOUND
Photogravure, 15 x 20 in., \$1.00

Life's Prints

are

Welcome Gifts

for

Any Occasion

Sent to any address,
carriage prepaid, upon
receipt of the purchase
price.

Copyr. Life Pub. Co.



"I WONDER IF THEY'RE TRUE TO ME"
Photogravure, 13 1/2 x 16 in., 50 cents

Copyr. Life Pub. Co.



THE TATTLE-TALE
Photogravure, 15 x 20 in., \$1.00

Copyr. Life Pub. Co.



"IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT?"
Plate Proof, 11 x 14 in., 50 cents



ARMS AND THE MAN

Facsimile in color, \$1.00

Mounted for framing, 11 x 14 in.

Have You a Catalog of Life's Prints?

If not, add 25c to your remittance
and request that one be sent you.
It contains over 175 miniature re-
productions of fine art prints.

Life Publishing Co., 17 W. 31st St., New York

Pierce- ARROW

