

VOL. LVI, NO. 1454  
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SEPTEMBER 8, 1910

377

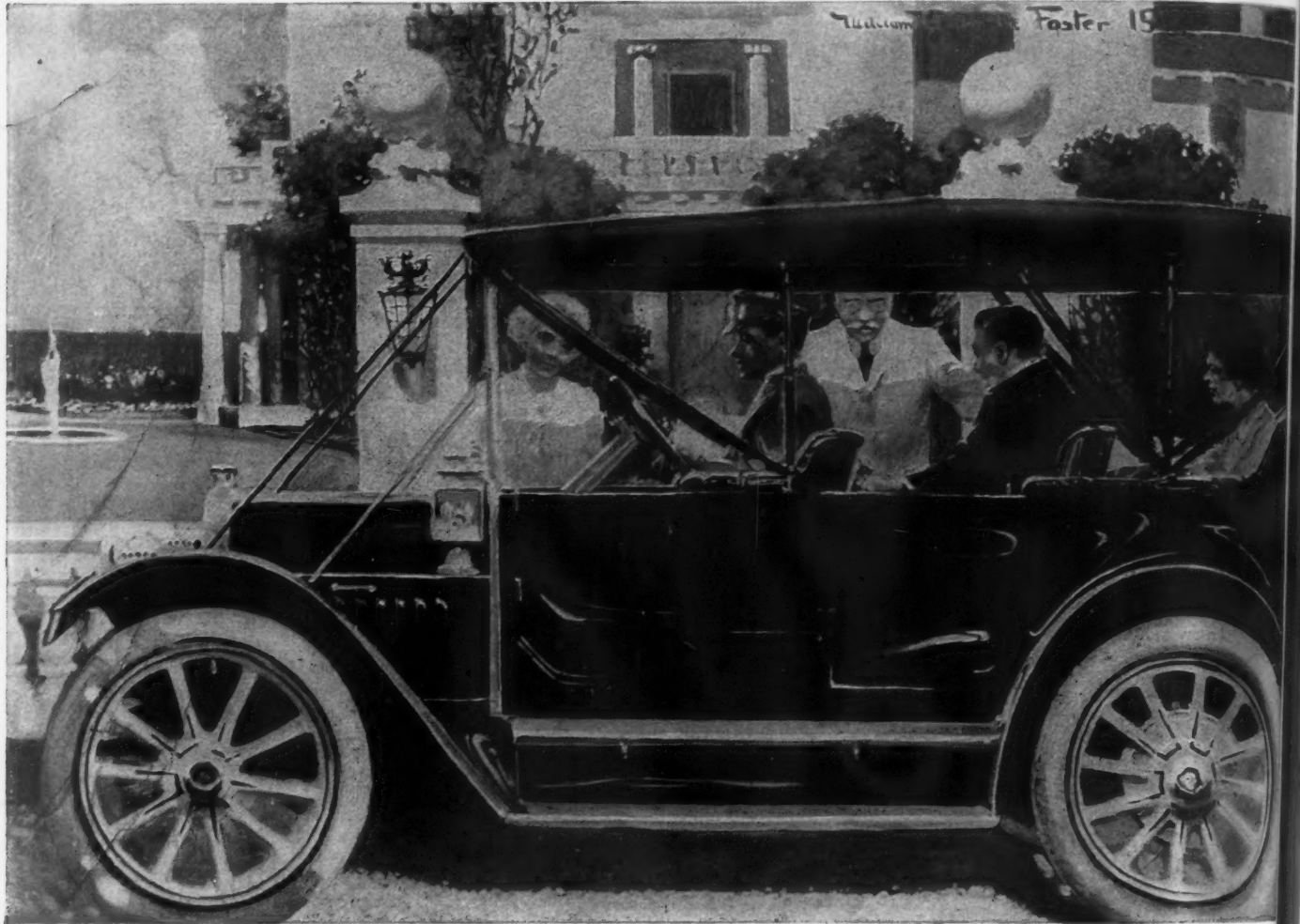
WOMAN'S  
FASHION  
NUMBER

LIFE



plies  
CO.

HUNY • NYIS



### Oldsmobile "Autocrat"

4-cylinder, 40 horse-power (A. L. A. M. rating), 7 passenger touring car. Cylinders, "T" head type, 5 inch bore, 6 inch stroke. Wheel-base, 124 inches. Straight line drive under normal load. Low center of gravity. Four speed transmission, selective type. Positive feed lubrication insuring perfect oil circulation. Pressure system on gasoline tank. Large wheels with 38 x 4 1/2 inch tires on demountable rims. Standard equipment includes 9 inch headlights, side and tail lamps, Prest-O-Lite gas tank, horn, baggage rack, robe rail, foot rest, removable auxiliary seats, etc., all of the highest quality obtainable.

A survey of the more important specifications, listed above, reveals the fact that no car, as many years before the public as the Oldsmobile, has developed so surely toward perfection. The silent, powerful, long-stroke motor will be a revelation, even to Oldsmobilists; it turns over literally without sound or vibration while the pulling power is phenomenal. The increase in the size of wheels and tires on the 4-cylinder car provides for easy riding over the roughest roads and practically eliminates tire trouble. Pioneers in the matter

Four and six cylinder models also equipped with roadster, 5 passenger and closed bodies.  
The Oldsmobile "Special" for 1911 has been previously announced and deliveries are now being made.

**OLDS MOTOR WORKS**

*Licensed Under Selden Patent*

*Oldsmobile*  
1911

**FOUR AND SIX-CYLINDER  
40 AND 60 HORSE-POWER  
38 AND 42-INCH TIRES  
DELIVERIES IN SEPTEMBER**

### Oldsmobile "Limited"

6-cylinder, 60 horse-power (A. L. A. M. rating), 7 passenger touring car. Cylinders, "T" head type, 5 inch bore, 6 inch stroke. Wheel base, 138 inches. Straight line drive under normal load. Low center of gravity. Four speed transmission, selective type. Positive feed lubrication insuring perfect oil circulation. Pressure system on gasoline tank. Large wheels with 42 x 4 1/2 inch tires. Straight line body with large forward doors. In addition to standard equipment, as used on the 4-cylinder car, the Limited will be equipped with a windshield and Warner 100 mile speedometer.

of adequate tire equipment, the makers of the Oldsmobile now claim the best tired cars extant. The importance of an announcement of improved models depends largely on the past history of the car improvement. Keeping to the fore-front of each year's automobile development for over twelve years is Oldsmobile history. Hence, the changes we announce are of particular interest to those acquainted with the refinement of the Oldsmobile from year to year.

**LANSING, MICHIGAN**

# Locomobile



THE '30' LOCOMOBILE  
IN HONOLULU

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

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

The Locomobile Co. of America

New York  
Philadelphia

Bridgeport, Conn.  
San Francisco

Boston  
Chicago



LICENSED UNDER THE SELDEN PATENT

# Protests Are Coming In

## MANY PEOPLE WHO WANTED TO LEAD THE IMAGINARY LIFE ARE NOW DISTRESSED

As recently announced, our limit of fifteen million mental subscribers to LIFE having been reached, the only thing we can do is to establish a waiting list. This is constantly growing.

We gave fair warning to all that the subscription limit would not be raised again. Those people who did not concentrate ten mental dollars in time for a year's subscription have only themselves to blame. Here is a letter which we translate from the vibratory record received through our Thought Bureau:

Life, N. Y.

I understand that I am on your waiting list. How long will I have to wait before I can come in? I was away on a trip to Japan when your announcement of limit came out, and didn't know there was any hurry.  
W—B—

We have respectfully called our correspondent's attention to the fact that his presence in Japan constitutes no excuse for his dilatory action.

You can subscribe to the mental LIFE in Japan as well as anywhere.

There is a constant current of vibrations circling the globe. No matter where they are, our fifteen million mental subscribers receive their copy of the mental LIFE every week. You can be joyful in the Desert of Sahara and thrill with wit and wisdom in the wilds of Hoboken. It makes no difference.

Now in regard to our correspondent's inquiry, we will say this: "Our subscribers do not die off very rapidly. Getting the mental LIFE every week keeps them so cheerful that no thought of the other world comes to them. Consequently our waiting list is constantly increasing and vacancies are rare. We should say that our friend ought to become a mental subscriber, say in the early part of the year 1951, as there are only about four million ahead of him on the waiting list."

We have received through one of our materialistic departments the following letter:

Life, Dear Sirs:

I am only a coarse, physical creature, as you say, but for my own benefit and a few others who are regular subscribers to the plain every day LIFE, I should like to be cleared up on the three following points:

First: Is Gee. Ime. Mit. a real physical being, with an actual every day body, or does he exist only in thought?

Second: I am not ordinarily a suspicious person. I am ready to believe that the average man is actuated by the best motives; at the same time, in spite of your earnestness and your apparent air of independence, I cannot get rid of the thought that your Mental LIFE is either a fraud or that you are exploiting it for some business purpose. Frankly speaking, isn't it just a clever advertising dodge?

Third: I note your recent statement that you are making no efforts to save the country and that (with the exception of insisting on all your mental advertising being pure, which is apparently your little joke) you are doing absolutely nothing in the way of reform. And yet you admit that you have over fifteen million readers, each one of whom has concentrated ten dollars worth of mental money; which as you insinuate, gives you a vast surplus of thought power, or what ever you call it. Why then do you sit idly by and do nothing to correct some of the crying evils of the day?

Yours truly,  
B—T—

In replying to this friend we are somewhat embarrassed, because we are necessarily obliged to speak only in the physical terms to which he is restricted. If we could vibrate to him one fraction of the real feeling we have he would understand instantly; but his psychical self has not yet amalgamated with his physical, hence our handicap. For example, we translated his letter immediately upon its receipt through vibrations into the mental number of LIFE that was just going on to the imaginary press, and our fifteen million subscribers received it with the greatest joy. They understood, and there was a universal chorus of vibratory laughter to think that he didn't. We shall, however, answer his questions as best we may.

First: Gee. Ime. Mit. is the only real person in this office. All others are but reflections. Even the office cat, when she purrs, must do so in rhythmic harmony with his thought.

Second: Looking at the matter from our friend's own standpoint he must be willing to admit that the two greatest motives that influence every human being are Vanity and Cupidity. Now inasmuch as we are actually turning away would-be subscribers every minute and placing them on a waiting list, surely our motive cannot be Vanity; and how can it be Cupidity, when we have such an immense mental surplus already? Our real motive is because we wished to be doing something really important and because we did not wish to be bored, and we find this bores us less than anything else—for the moment.

Third: Why should we wish to institute any reforms when they are being instituted so much more ably by all of our esteemed physical contemporaries?

We are obliged, of course, to insist on pure mental advertising. But that is only because our imaginary readers demand it.

Please address all communications to

GEE. IME. MIT.,

LIFE'S Thought Bureau.



**The Troublesome Philippines**

EDITOR OF LIFE,  
New York City.

DEAR LIFE:—The country seems to be mildly interested just now in what is to be "done" with Colonel Roosevelt. The tail may find it somewhat difficult to wag the dog, but, if I may be permitted the suggestion, the proper place to wag him is toward the Philippines. They are at present a disgrace. They are still in a state of insurrection. Capital is afraid to enter, because of the rapid change of policies. Our army there is fed from home. And aside from this, in case war should break out, would it not be very comforting to know that our modern Nimrod was Johnny-on-the-spot?

Your sincere admirer,  
FRANK CIST.

COLLEGE HILL, CINCINNATI, O.,  
August 12, 1910.

**The True Remedy**

DEAR LIFE:  
I am pained and blaspheming at LIFE's endorsement of Mr. Victor Morawetz's plea that we should each save three dollars of our income. How would that boost the stock market and bring us prosperity? We can't sell a man even one share of stock with a margin of three dollars. If the man does save it, what good is it going to do us? Even if he puts it in the bank instead of saving it, he

**Why Sure!**  
**OLD OVERHOLT**  
**RYE**

the superior of which  
has never been made—  
the equal rarely, if ever.  
Avoid mistakes—ask by name,  
look for the label.



Distilled and  
bottled in  
bond by  
A. Overholt & Co.,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT of UP-TO-DATE CARS

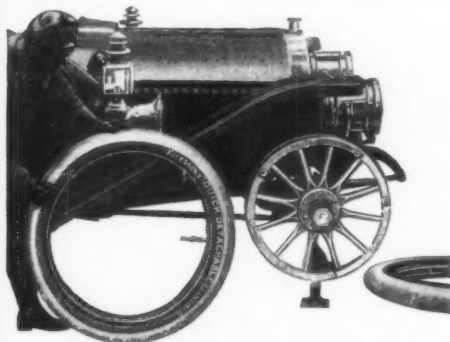
**"Firestone"**

Quick-Detachable **DEMOUNTABLE RIMS**

*To carry your spare tires inflated ready for instant use.*

These rims banish tire delays and road repairs from your motoring trips. When tire trouble comes, you merely substitute an already-inflated tire, rim and all, and are on your way again in 2 to 5 minutes, without hard work or even pumping-up.

Firestone Quick-detachable Demountable Rims have outdistanced all others in popular favor. They are already in use by all the leading motor car makers throughout the United States, the following of whom authorize us to publish their names in this connection:



The up-to-date Firestone rims avoid the short lug and staybolt nuisance of other demountable rims—do away with wedges and other rusting parts, insuring quick action at all times. After spare tires have all been used up, you can still make any desired number of changes, leaving the rim on the wheel and operating the quick detachable rim independently of the demountable feature. Any make of quick detachable clincher tire will fit the Firestone rims; but the utmost tire service and satisfaction can be expected only through the use of Firestone Tires. Made in smooth treads for regular service and non-skid treads for slippery streets.

- |                                |                              |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| The Acme Motor Car Co.         | Moon Motor Car Co.           |
| American Locomotive Co.        | Mora Company                 |
| The Bartholomew Co.            | National Motor Vehicle Co.   |
| The Berkshire Car Co.          | Owen Motor Car Co.           |
| B. C. K. Motor Car Co.         | Packard Motor Car Co.        |
| Chadwick Engineering Works     | Palmer & Singer Mfg. Co.     |
| Chalmers Motor Co.             | The Pope Mfg. Co.            |
| Coates-Goshen Mfg. Co.         | Premier Motor Mfg. Co.       |
| Cole Motor Car Co.             | Pullman Motor Car Co.        |
| The Corbin Motor Vehicle Corp. | Selden Motor Vehicle Co.     |
| The Croxton-Keeton Motor Co.   | Simplex Motor Car Co.        |
| Fal Motor Co.                  | The Speedwell Motor Car Co.  |
| Inter-State Automobile Co.     | Springfield Motor Car Co.    |
| Marion Motor Car Co.           | Staver Carriage Co.          |
| Matheson Automobile Co.        | Studebaker Automobile Co.    |
| Mercer Automobile Co.          | The Stuyvesant Motor Car Co. |
| Moline Automobile Co.          | E. R. Thomas Motor Co.       |
|                                | Velie Motor Vehicle Co.      |

Let Your Tire Equipment be the Most Approved and Up-to-Date.

Write for Booklet and Name of Nearest Demonstrating Dealer

**THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.,** "America's largest exclusive tire makers" AKRON, OHIO, and all Principal Cities

will get only twelve cents interest on it. How long will it take him to buy one of our bonds at that rate?

Then, again, what is he to save it on? A drink or a cigar a day would be thirty dollars a year. Does Mr. Morawetz seriously propose that other people go short on a drink or a cigar a day for one month?

This is an age of the division of labor, or as Chancellor Day finely calls it, "segregation of function," and the true remedy for our present depres-

sion is to raise the railroad fares and let Mr. Morgan save the three dollars from each of us or the whole three hundred million dollars from all of us.

No one can put three dollars into "productive enterprises," but Mr. Morgan can easily buy a railroad or stop a panic with it.

As long as the people buy automobiles themselves we shall have hard times, because of their extravagance and waste. Until they buy stocks and

(Continued on page 382)

# FATOFF



## THE KING OF OBESITY CREAMS

No Oils No Grease  
No Odor  
Cool and Cleanly  
Will restore your normal figure in 30 treatments, or reduce to desired size in 60 treatments.

Reduces wherever applied, leaves flesh firm, smooth, un-wrinkled.

Clean, cool and pleasant external applications, or may be used in hot bath.

Appointments for expert treatment at your home may be made by phone or letter.

Literature (mailed free in plain, sealed wrapper) will win instant conviction.

For Double Chin (a chin-reducing wonder); Special size jar, \$1.50.

Full Size Jar, \$2.50. FATOFF is sold at all Riker's and all the Hege-man drug stores, and leading druggists everywhere, or will be supplied by

**M. S. BORDEN CO.**  
69 Warren St., New York  
(For many years at 52 E. 34th St.)

## From Our Readers

(Continued from page 381)

leave us to buy the automobiles, we shall have unemployed labor, strikes and Morawetz.

BOLTON HALL.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, ME.

### A Plea For 'Frisco

EDITORS LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Gentlemen:—Several days ago I happened to pick up an old copy of your weekly—of which I am a frequent and admiring reader—and came upon some remarks concerning "Frisco" which were not agreeable to me.

The article was evidently prompted by the fact that the Jeffries-Johnson fight was expected to be staged here. It was a punch-like article and certainly gave this city a black eye. Its spirit was an emulation of the very game you condemn.

Poor old 'Frisco! Ever since the days of gold it has been battered and knocked by the virtuous East, and with how much injustice only we whose lots are cast here know. For the very land from which the finger of scorn is pointed is responsible for most of the degradation of which the town is guilty—it is the scapegoat of the East, to a large extent.

You are fair-minded, I know, and if you lived here for a while you would soon acknowledge that, in the majority, the regular citizens here are people working and struggling toward the

same ideals as their brothers and sisters of the East—people who believe that work and virtue are the surest means to happiness. Also you would at the same time discover that another distinct class is also here, known as transients, that in the majority these are Easterners, and that they are comprised largely of prodigal sons and daughters who have come to a far country where they can give free riot to their desires with no fear of de-

tection. When they have had enough of husks for a while, they return to their own country and tell what a wicked city is that by the Golden Gate. Evil attracts evil, and this persistent knocking encourages an unending stream of evil birds to take flight to our port. The rich man's son, who seeks a field in which to sow "wild oats" with an unhampered hand, makes San Francisco his Mecca when  
(Continued on page 383)

# R U A FAN?

If you first read the sporting page of your morning paper for the box scores and then turn to such trifling incidents as the President's message and the latest war rumors, you will be elated to hear that

Hughey Jennings of the Detroit Tigers tells who will win the Pennant in the American League and gives his reasons in the September

# METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Just Out Any Newsstand 15 Cents

### From Our Readers

(Continued from page 382)

he has heard the tales; those who make a business of evil say, "There's a place where we'll be appreciated." And soon after they arrive.

With such a brood continually descending upon us is it surprising that many of us are contaminated, and that we find the work of making a good city a very hard one? Cannot you of the East see that you are largely your younger Western brother's keeper, and that we need much more your praise than your disparagement?

Very sincerely yours,  
A WESTERN CITIZEN.

More power to you in your antivivisection campaign.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Aug. 7, 1910.

### Dogs at Fifty Cents

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE,

Dear Sir:—The typewritten slip which I inclose herewith will explain itself:

WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
July 28, 1910.

The Commissioners of the District of Columbia have decreed that all unclaimed dogs at the City Pound may be bought by the Bureau of Animal Industry at fifty cents apiece for vivisection.

If you are opposed to this, will you write at once to Hon. John A. Johnston, Municipal Building, Washington, D. C., protesting against it.  
M. H. TOTTER,  
Secretary N. S. H. R. V.

It was sent to my sister, Mrs. Rachel A. Lynch, vice-president of the New Jersey Society and president of the Ocean County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

What brutes these Commissioners of the District of Columbia must be!

Very truly yours,  
JOHN MILEY.

TOWN CLUB, LAKEWOOD, N. J.,  
August 16, 1910.

## W. L. DOUGLAS HAND-SEWED SHOES

Men's \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 & \$5.00  
Women's \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00  
Boys' \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00

THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS  
They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the world in America. They are the standard everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, last longer and wear longer than other makes. They are certainly the most economical shoes you can buy. W. L. Douglas name



the retail price are stamped on the bottom and guaranteed. *Fast Color Eyelets.*  
**TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE!** If your dealer does not supply you, write for Mail Order Catalog.  
W. L. DOUGLAS, 155 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



## The Moment You Open

a bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon you sense the refreshing odor of hops. The moment you taste it you appreciate it has a delicate flavor and agreeable smoothness you have not enjoyed before in beer.

# Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

comes to you foaming and sparkling with goodness—the ideal beverage. For a beer that will satisfy your palate and agree with you at all times, order Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Made and Bottled only by Pabst at Milwaukee

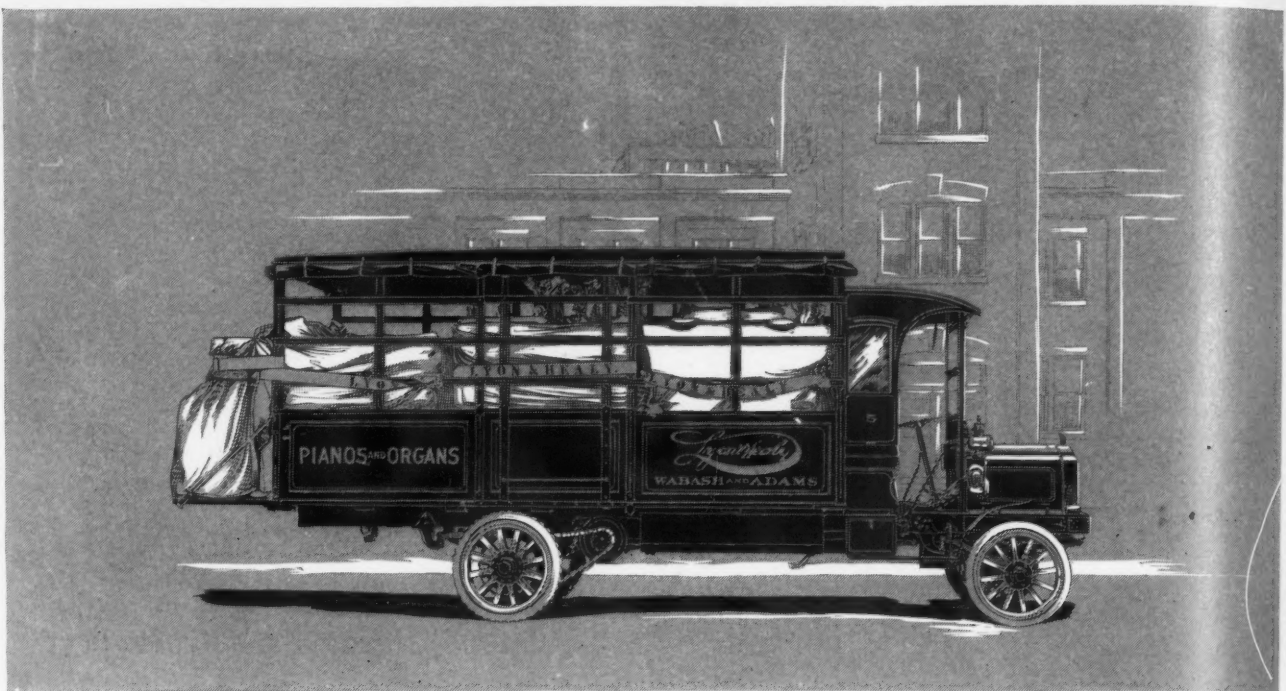
You will find Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer everywhere—served on dining cars, steamships, in all clubs, cafes and hotels.

Order a case to-day from your dealer.

Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

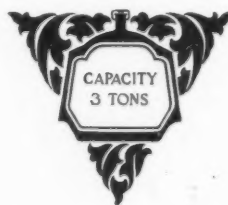


This little picture is reproduced from LIFE'S issue of October 3, 1901.



Ask the man who owns one

  
*Packard*  
MOTOR TRUCKS



Used in fifty-five cities and in sixty-five lines of trade. Especially efficient for long hauls and heavy loads  
Thirty-two page catalog on request

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY DETROIT



PUBLIC LIBRARY,  
BROOKLINE,  
MASS.

# LIFE



*First M.D.:* WHAT SAY YOU? SHALL WE FOLLOW THE DUKE? I ESTIMATE HIS TEMPERATURE AT 140, AND RISING.

*Second M.D.:* NO; NOTHING IN IT—unless MISS INCUM ACCEPTS HIM. IN THAT CASE I SHOULD FAVOR SERIOUS TREATMENT.

## The Coming of Autumn

**A** CROWDING of the streets  
With baggage carts and vans for moving.  
A rushing of the "feminine"  
To shops for "looks' improving."  
The passing of the open cars  
Where grinning "Death" is stalking.

The groups of merry chorus girls  
With actors busy talking.  
The opening of the "shows,"  
The dearth of small boys' "yells and chumming,"  
The silk and velvet "hobble gown"  
Proclaim that "autumn's coming."

*Irene Elliott Benson.*

## No Justice in This

**C**OOK: Yez can't expect me to stay here for sixty dollars a month.  
**MASTER:** And why not, pray?  
**COOK:** Me work for only sixty dollars whin yez do be after payin' your wife one hundred and twenty-five dollars alimony!

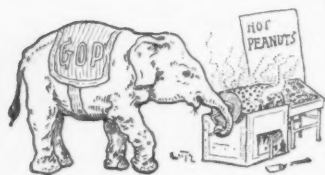


"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. SEPTEMBER 8, 1910 No. 1454

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

"Unqualifiedly false," "Without any basis of truth," "A tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end." Yes, there is no doubt that he has come back.—*The Evening Post*, August 22.



WELL, neighbor, and how much were you able to believe of the stories that the papers printed about the Colonel and the President after that interesting mix-up in the Republican State Committee of New York? For our part we have seldom seen such a succession of yarns that looked malicious and absolutely unreliable. No doubt it was to them the Colonel applied the phrases you quote, and which seem to us moderate and well applied, considering the occasion. Really the Colonel does have more than ordinary trouble with misinformers. As we write, he is starting out on the road with good prospect of relieving his mind of whatever there may be in it, but up to now, as we see it, he has aimed sedulously since he came home to follow the injunction given to the Apostles about being wise as serpents and harmless as doves. To be sure, he has only had about as much luck with it as they had. Having a considerable message inside of him, he has felt constrained, as they did to let chunks of it out now and then, even in his closed season for politics. Now that he is out on the road with his mouth unshut and all his apparatus of discourse in action, we may know to some extent what he thinks. Up to now it has been necessary to guess, and the guessing has been wild and not very scrupulous; a large proportion of the guessers aiming apparently to guess whatever course was least to his credit.

We don't expect to see the Colonel break with the President. We don't see that there is any vital difference of political conviction, aim or purpose, between them. There is plenty of difference in temperament and method. The President has tied up to some men that would hardly have attracted the Colonel, and we suppose the results in a number of cases have not been to the Colonel's liking. But in the main the two men are after the same sort of thing in government. It is quite a different matter with the leaders of the Republican machine in New York. Their political desires and intentions are not those of Taft or Hughes or Roosevelt. Taft is in no position to fight them. No President is in a good position to fight a faction of his own party in any State. But there is no reason why Roosevelt should not fight them. He is in as good a position to do it as Governor Hughes was. If the Albany machine could have made it appear that they were fighting Roosevelt in defense of Taft's administration that would have made a pretty picture in which they would have appeared to excellent advantage. But, as everybody now knows, it was a faked picture.

In so far as their policies go it looks as though the Republican party could continue to hold Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt very comfortably. It may even continue to hold the Vice-President, but not comfortably. A man left in the position Mr. Sherman is in can hardly be made very comfortable.



EVERYBODY concerned with aeroplanes has been working full time this summer, except the prophets. The prophets have come to be contemplative and reticent. They don't know, and are chary of prognostication. The aeroplane is doing pretty well. As a spectacle it excites enormous interest. Grave persons hereabouts who haven't time to go to baseball games get themselves conveyed down to the Garden City aviation field as often as they can manage to cheat their other occupa-

tions of the necessary daylight hours. And the more they go the more they want to go. There is very much more certainty that the flying men will fly as advertised than there was six months ago. Moreover, the possibilities of the aeroplane increase every month. Its speed has been doubled within little more than a year. Its height limit, which began at about a hundred feet, has soared this summer to a mile and a third. It begins to do on impulse very interesting things indeed, as when Harmon, pleased with the air, skipped across the Sound the other evening from Mineola to Greenwich. One of the attractions of the aeroplane at this stage is its impulsiveness. No one can tell what it will do. Every flight is something of a gamble, and there are so few lawful gambles left that a new one is appreciated.

And so, for a beginner, the aeroplane looks like a pretty good machine. The most serious charge against it is that as yet it does not bring in due returns to invested capital. But it is overyoung yet to make much money, being still no more than an instrument of sport, with possibilities of great moment in war.



THE new football rules are out and read very gentle and urbane. Skilled examiners who have analyzed them say that the Rules Committee have worked hard and sincerely to make nice rules that will not hurt any attentive player. We rejoice that the committee has been dutiful and has transferred some of its zeal from the preservation and perfection of the game to the preservation of the players and relief of the anxieties of their responsible guardians. But how long the new rules will hold the players and whether they will really work a permanent improvement in the game are things that seventh sons would shy at, and that time alone can disclose. Football ought to be a good game and not open to reasonable objection. We hope these new rules will make it so. If they don't, the conclusion must be that the trouble is not in the game nor in the rules, but in the players.



SUBURBAN JOYS

THE NEW CEMENT SIDEWALK

Happy

THE rescuers tenderly lift up the young woman, the sole survivor of the shipwreck, who has spent two months on a desert island, subsisting upon stray clams and a tin of biscuits.

"You'll soon be all right," cheerfully promises the ship's doctor, who has accompanied the rescuing party. "You are wasted away and in the last throes of starvation now, but I'll put you under a treatment that will build you up at once. All you need is—"

"No, doctor," feebly whispers the rescued maiden. "Just give me a tonic to make me strong, but don't fatten me a bit. I can wear the new styles in dresses now with ease."

"WHAT did Frost do when the Boston girl accepted him?"

"Had it recorded in the minutes of the Arctic Club."



A PRETTY FACE



A GOOD FIGURE

WHICH DO YOU PREFER?

OR



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN COUNTER IRRITANTS AND

**Life's Fresh Air Fund**

Previously acknowledged	\$6,896.86
Mrs. Elsie Hobson	5.00
"Wauwinet Summer Colony"	15.00
M. M. and N.	16.00
"Primary Dept. of the Norfolk Sunday School"	5.00
Proceeds of a Fair, given by the "Loyalty Club" of the Y. W. C. A., Rochester, N. Y.	9.00
	<hr/> \$6,946.86

**Postals from the Farm**

DAR DELLA  
Just a few lines to let you know that I am fat How are you

geten along how is Mary Hanley geten does she gow down every day like when I was home best wishes goodby from cousin K. Egan right soon. \* \* \* \*

DEAR MRS. RIELLY  
I just rite you these few lines to let you know that Ella and the rest of the children as having a great time. tell Jennie I send my best regards.

Goodby  
\* \* \* \* HELEN EGAN.

Dear Mother.  
I am all sunbunt. Tell Mrs. Wilken to send her baby out here. This is country life for fair I can swim fine. Tell papa I was asking for him did you get my postal cards The cherys are fine out here Tell baby the water is fine neice and hot.

**Why She Won't Wear It**

She will not wear a hobble skirt; she says the style is much too pert, and that no woman of good taste would so deharmonize her waist; besides, she says she thinks the style will last for but a little while, because to any one it seems the fad is going to extremes. Whene'er her hobbled sisters pass she only sighs and says: "Alas! How can a lady of good sense incase herself in that pretense! Just see her trip and wobble by! Would I appear in that? Not I! And how the horrid men-folks stare at her as she goes here and there! Oh, if she knew just what they said I know she'd blush a rosy red. Besides the style is awkward, too, I don't care if they claim 'tis new." And so she carefully explains her preference for fuller trains, and for a petticoat that's wide, and will not be with giggles eyed when she is tripping down the street — Besides you see she has

I I  
LARGE FEET!

Wilbur D. Nesbit.



NOTHING NEW

THE NATURE FAKIR IS NOT OF MODERN ORIGIN

**Might Also Have Happened in Other Places**

"AND you are experienced in compounding prescriptions?" asks the druggist of the applicant.

"Sure!" is the jaunty response. "I can mix juleps, gin rickeys, sherry flips, plain and old-fashioned toddies, twenty kinds of cocktails, all the bracers there are, and——"

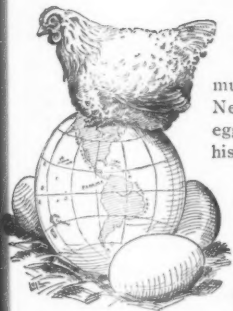
"Great Scott! Where did you learn pharmacy?"

"In Kansas, in a prohibition county."



COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

Regardless of Cost



Kansas loses 10,000,000 eggs a year, a loss of \$1,500,000.—*The World's Work*.  
**T**HE New York *Evening Post* has already pointed out that these eggs must have been worth fifteen cents apiece. Never mind that. Most of this year's lost eggs were thrown at Speaker Cannon during his recent tour of persuasion in Kansas. Folks feel deeply in that State, and when it comes to expressing their feelings they never stick at expense.

French Lotteries

**O**UR friends who are so eager to stop every kind of betting, and every gambling game, and everything else that has an artificial chance in it, are invited to observe (we quote the *Scotsman*) that "lotteries are legitimate institutions in France and lottery bonds are held largely by the people." In these lottery bonds, it seems, the gamble is all for the interest. The interest on a whole series of bonds is pooled and distributed annually in prizes to a few bondholders whom the luck favors. But the bondholders continue to own their bonds and finally get their principal back. They like the gamble in the interest. Yet the French are the thriftiest people in the world. Small investors buy these lottery bonds with small savings, and it is to admire the contrivance that gives them the excitement of having a chance in a lottery and yet secures them in their main investment.

Poor Mr. Hearst

Mr. Hearst is still abroad. When last heard from he was in Paris, in much agony of mind over Mr. Roosevelt's lime-lighting in London.—*Springfield Republican*.

**M**R. HEARST is having queer luck. His fulminations over Roosevelt's Guildhall speech never raised a ripple. Gaynor was his other special target, and he was shot by a disgruntled person who is said to have had an anti-Gaynor, Hearst-paper editorial in his pocket. When Mr. Hearst

misses it may be mortifying to him, but when he hits it's awful.

However, it was as fair give and take between him and Gaynor as it can be between a man with one mouth and a man with five or ten newspapers and platoons of hired scribes. It is a mean trick on Hearst for cranks to read his papers and then go and pop at some one whom he has been overzealous in reviling. It is enough to disgust him with business.

After all, Mr. Carlisle will be chiefly remembered as a great lawyer.—*Colonel Watterson*.

**L**UCKY for Kentucky if he is not chiefly remembered as a man who in a great political crisis was too sane to be tolerated in his own State.

**K**ICKER: I suppose you would call Babson a successful man?  
**K**NOCKER: Well, he was born to be an ass—and has made good.



A MODEL HUSBAND

## The Sequel

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

THE beautiful heroine with the glorious voice had renounced a great career for love. She decided that her multitudinous triumphs had left her heart empty and unsatisfied, and that, therefore, she would retire forever from the brilliant, artificial world which had surfeited her with adulation.

"It is all, all so empty," she said to the crowd of reporters at the wedding; for having the artistic temperament she naturally believed in making a dramatic exit, "so unsatisfying to a WO-MAN'S heart. A WO-MAN'S (deep, thrilling emphasis, with a note of awe in it, please) true happiness lies in the home."

The accounts of the renunciatory wedding were published far and wide, and emotional ladies all over the country wrote to the bridegroom, asking him if he fully appreciated her sacrifice, although being a man, therefore lacking in the finer feelings, they doubted if he were capable of doing so.

"My angel," he cried, in the early days of the honeymoon, falling on his knees before her, "how shall I ever, ever repay you for all you have sacrificed for me?"

"A WO-MAN," she said gently, "finds her true happiness in ministering to those she loves."

He grovelled reverentially after the manner of a sex which has never learned that to grovel before anything feminine is fatal.

Is it necessary to state that the lady never forgot the sacrifice that she had made, nor did she permit her husband to forget it.

If, perhaps, he mentioned that the coffee was cold and the chops burned, she was wont to reply: "I think you are forgetting, Harold, all that I gave up for you."

Of course, Harold soon became acquainted with his job, which was to spend every spare moment in making up to her all she had lost, and to keep the balances equal. This was hard work. On his side of the scales he piled motors, jewels, diversions, etc., but struggle as he would that mountainous renunciation outweighed them all. It was also his pleasurable duty, or dutiable pleasure, to provide first aid to the daily shopper; for, if one has the artistic temperament, one must have some expression, mustn't one?

Without recounting all the steps leading to the catastrophe, let it be stated that the lady ultimately returned to the stage and Harold became the most ardent propagandist of woman's suffrage.

Who that has ever heard his thrilling utterances on the stump can forget them? "Sisters, shake off the shackles of domesticity! Emerge from the narrow bondage of the home! If a great career seems to beckon, follow it fearlessly. Let nothing deflect you from your purpose!"

One day, as he stood on a small box in Madison Square, while icy breezes swirled about him and fluttered the great yellow badge which he wore across



"JOHN, WHY DO YOU PERSIST IN KEEPING right IN MY LIGHT?"

his chest, while he endeavored to convert the proletariat on the benches and a few messenger boys to "Votes for Women," a prominent "anti" in the crowd asked him if he did not believe that woman's true happiness lay in love and renunciation.

"It may," he replied cautiously, "but man's doesn't, and I've consecrated my life to redeeming my brothers from the deadly pitfalls of the home."

MORAL.—Never accept a sacrifice from anybody. Take anything else—even dynamite, but avoid a sacrifice, as you should, but do not avoid sin.

### Manhattan's Suffering Parks

IN the memory of man the parks of New York have not been in so distressed and disheveled a condition as this summer. Their state is attributed to the desire of the present management to give the people of the city a fuller use of them.

But you can't use anything more than it will stand, especially grass. Possibly the present management has discovered that, but it is a pity that charge of the parks of a great city has to be entrusted to persons who have to learn so much by experiment. One function of parks is to be beautiful, to rest and please the eye and bring tranquillity to the mind. This function the parks in Manhattan Island fulfill very imperfectly in their present bald-headed and bedraggled state. The damage is not permanent; the grass will grow again another year; but will the minds of the management grow also?



MRS. WALKER

### ADVICE TO WOMEN

"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO,



AND WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT."



A MAIDEN LADY'S ROMANCE

"AND THAT, MY DEAR, IS WHY I NEVER MARRIED."

### A Lost Inspiration

SEATED one day at the mirror,  
I was weary of rats and puffs;  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the curls and fluffs.

I know not what I was building  
Or what I was mimicking,  
But I struck a sort of coiffure  
Like the head of an Aztec King!

It flooded my brow and temples  
In a most expansive way;  
And it lay on my cerebellum  
Like an overweight ton of hay;

It fell into puffy billows,  
Like that foolish old silk floss;  
It seemed a harmonious jumble  
Of excelsior and moss.

It linked all my marcel wavings  
Into one humpy heap;  
Then coiled in a roly-poly,  
Like a kitten going to sleep.

I have sought but I seek it vainly,  
That one coiffure so fine—  
That came from the head of an Aztec  
And decorated mine.

It may be in some shop window  
That style I can yet procure;  
And it may be that only in Juja  
I shall find that grand coiffure.

Carolyn Wells.

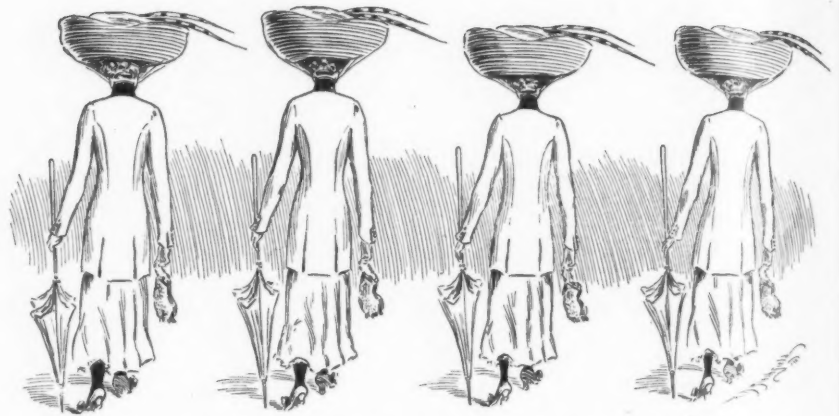
THE BEAU: Are you at all interested  
in turbines?

THE GIRL (*very tired, at midnight*):  
Not in the least.

THE BEAU (*with fresh energy*): Let  
me make you interested in them.



"PARDON ME, MISS CHAMELON, BUT  
HOW DO YOU EXPECT A COAT TO SUIT YOUR  
COMPLEXION WHEN YOU CHANGE COLOR  
WITH EVERY GARMENT?"



GRANDMA, MOTHER AND THE GIRLS OUT FOR A WALK

### The Lady Who Was Always Doing Good

THERE was once a lady who was al-  
ways doing something for some one.  
She lived in a small village.

Her business was to go round and in-  
terest other people in enterprises in  
which she herself was interested for the  
good of others.

She belonged to all the national so-  
cieties for the amelioration of the con-  
dition of the poor. Some of them she  
had founded herself.

She was a daughter of all the other  
societies whose members consist of other  
daughters.

She would accept any old thing that  
you had about the house, from an empty  
pickle bottle to a dress suit. All you  
had to do was to have it neatly tied up  
in a package, and send it to the head  
office by express, carefully prepaying the  
express.

She would also ask you to give up  
your house occasionally for the purpose  
of helping along some cause. In re-  
turn for this she would advertise your  
name in the local paper as a patron.

She dealt in charitable impulses. She  
had a now-is-the-time-to-subscribe man-  
ner.

Now the people in the village ad-  
mitted that she was doing a great work.  
They did have one peculiarity, however.  
They all ran when they saw her coming.

One day there was a man in the vil-  
lage with more courage than the rest.  
And he rose up and said:

"In my humble opinion, friends and  
neighbors, this woman is a perfect nu-  
isance. It isn't safe to appear in the  
streets any more without the danger of  
being attacked by her. Her husband tells  
me that he is absolutely neglected, her

argument being that her enterprises are  
much more important than he is. Sup-  
pose we should all argue that way?  
Where would we all be? But my prin-  
cipal objection to her is that she thinks  
she has the right to bore us to death  
merely because she is doing it for char-  
ity's sake, whereas she is really doing it  
because she has to satisfy a certain  
craving. The question is, How can we  
get rid of her?"

At this moment a committee headed  
by the woman's husband came up, cap-  
tured the man, and ran him out of town.  
When asked the reason, they gave the  
following:

He insulted a lady.

He told the truth.

He ought to have known there is no  
cure.

The lady, by the way, is still doing  
business at the same old stand.

### The Poor

WE all love the poor. It would be  
entirely unnecessary, if not posi-  
tively caddish, to say that we hate the  
poor. But there are two kinds of poor:  
the individual poor and the collective  
poor. It is not the individual poor that  
we love; it is the collective poor. It is  
not the poor that we know and see, but  
the poor that we do not know and have  
neither time nor inclination to look at.  
We are afraid if we see them we shall  
cease to love them. We never say:  
"God bless the ice-man, or the coal-  
heaver, or the motorman." For them  
we find our execrations for not con-  
tributing to our comfort just so and so  
and so.

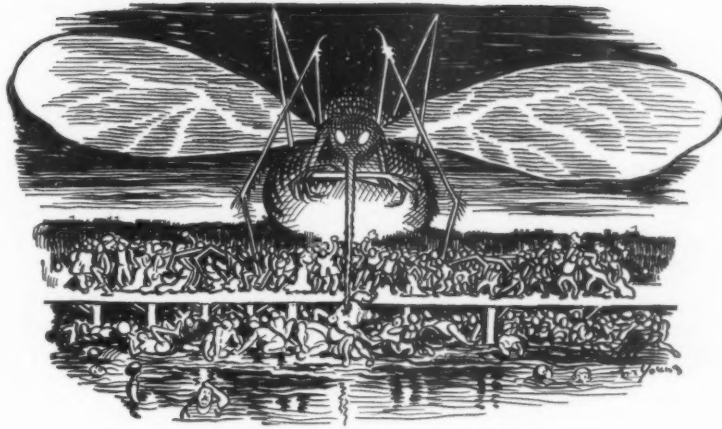
It is with great fervor, however, that  
we can say "God bless the poor," be-  
cause the poor do not interfere with our  
comfort to the slightest degree.



# The Modern Inferno

*The Poet, having toured the Paradise of the deserted town, boards the aeroplane which is steered by the Angel above the several stratas of the Inferno that is described as Summer Resort Life.*

**B**ETWEEN dim stars we floated, then across  
A sombre wood eddied and wheeled.  
Beneath  
Jutted a dark and unrelenting cliff  
Beaten by salt sea winds that sped our ship  
In a clear course. The Angel's steady hand  
With wireless cable caught a passing star  
And thus we swung, anchored between the worlds.



"THE REGION KNOWN AS JERSEY'S COAST"



"HERE SIT THE BRIDGE FIENDS"

The shore below loomed near and then more near,  
Sparkling with lights from cupola and tower  
Of stately palace homes, terraced and lawned  
Within hydrangea hedges, set about  
With iron bars; and at the entrance gate  
Across a noble arch in gold was writ  
This message brief: PAY AS YOU ENTER HERE!

The Angel spoke: "We now approach the point  
From which the perfect spiral circles down  
Through varying stratas to those lower hells



"INTELLECT DISPORTS"

Where summer board-ers lurk in agony  
During vacation abs-ences from town,  
Their torture doubled in the fancy wild  
That they are getting nearer Nature's heart.  
But to this magic city by the sea  
Come those who weary of the clink of coin;  
Seek in their play to scatter it about  
To purchase pleasure at the market-place  
Trying to paint with gold this giant rock,  
Heedless of the kind ministering sea  
That bathes the sordid stain, fans it with sun and wind  
Keeping it perfect till Eternity  
Shall merge this apex to a lower Heaven  
Where souls that toil and sweat the summers through  
Will loiter in an endless holiday.  
Observe the several stages, pit on pit,  
Where weary dancers whirl the whole night long  
And others feast until the dawn looks in,  
To shame the candles, wan with rosy light.

"Here sit the bridge fiends, haggard, fever-eyed  
With curtains drawn to keep the sunrise out  
While some more bold, on yachts set eager sail  
Hoping escape but doomed to quick return,  
Bound by the golden chain each drags about  
Link upon link, one heavier than the next  
And constant adding to its clumsy dower  
Until it bears them limping to a grave—

Still glittering with jewels, hung with pearls.  
"Note that veiled group of women—each her face  
Turns backward while her body stalks ahead,  
Ladies who holding highest state and wealth  
Like Lot's wife look into forbidden lanes,  
Forgetting that their gems will find them out.  
So they all eat and drink and play at love  
Much as they play at cards, each for a stake—  
To win and lose and eat and drink again  
Until existence blurs to commonplace  
And endless hunt for things material;  
Keener sensations, failing as they tire.  
'Till naught is left of pleasure or of pain"

Close by the lettered gate there sat a crouch



"SECURES A CELL"



"THE MOUNTAIN BOARDING-HOUSE"

A monster green-eyed, fanged and horrible  
 Half ape, half human; horned and hoofed and tailed  
 Yet lacking in the dignity of Him  
 Whose majesty is set about in flame.  
 Shuddering in dread, I questioned  
 what it was,  
 This hateful Thing, hungry though overfed  
 Leering in shadows, foul, destroying snake  
 Whose hiss cut through the murmur  
 of the sea  
 And sputtered in the whisper of the trees.  
 The Angel hid his face in a stern frown  
 Then spake in voice of thunder  
 from the sky:  
 "Divorce, the conjurer, whose  
 sleight-of-hand  
 Mixes these stately hearthstones over  
 night  
 'Till none can tell who *is* or who *is not*,  
 With servants' liveries and monograms  
 Changing to suit new husbands and new  
 wives  
 And while the nations laugh, they beck  
 and smile  
 All hatched together in the Social Register  
 While That which crouches at the outer  
 gate  
 The famished Vampire that must be filled  
 Feeds on all loyal pride of race or birth  
 Destroying with its biting, searing breath  
 The very destiny of life itself."

Passed we, from this sad Harbor, all a-drift  
 With poor Love's wreckage on the  
 golden shoals.  
 "Show me some merrier Hell than this,"  
 I begged,  
 "Where one might rally with the company  
 In sins of braver doing, open-eyed  
 Unhidden in the shadow of the rose?"  
 Our wings out-flying, gladly to be free,  
 We swung through mists and skimmed  
 the milky way  
 Where nestles Narragansett on the  
 brink  
 Of blither sins and younger, happier  
 sets  
 Peach blossom girls and frisky chaperons  
 And men, old beaux and young from  
 everywhere  
 All with their eyes fixed on the Promised  
 Land  
 Of corn and oil and grapes across the  
 Bay.

From here we swooped; the Aviator's  
 hand  
 Showed to the north where proud Bar  
 Harbor dwells.  
 Traced he the Cape Cod shoals, where  
 Boston's pride  
 And Intellect disports all summer long  
 Clad only in eye-glass and bathing suit;  
 Dwelling in shacks, digging the lurking  
 clam



CAMP LIFE

And studying New Thinks and Sciences.  
 We found it dull watching from star  
 poised height  
 This phase of mental inebriety  
 And longed to jab them with the golden  
 cure  
 Of real wisdom, 'till the wine of life  
 Might stir in their dry veins and tell  
 them true  
 That summers' stars and suns will shimmer  
 on,  
 That books will crumble yellow on the  
 shelves  
 And nothing count—the winning nor the  
 prize  
 Except the game itself; played strong—  
 played fair!

And so in search of better-gaited joy  
 We dashed across the Berkshires. Lenox  
 slept  
 Upon her seven hills; pillowed in golden-  
 rod  
 A dozing princess waiting autumn's kiss  
 Beneath a canopy of flaming trees.  
 We listened! All in vain—the city slept.  
 Is this Nepenthe—no, Oblivion!  
 Then turn the rudder—loose the silken  
 sail  
 And find the livelier measures of the  
 dance  
 Far from this cake walk called Society!

Then on our vision burst a line of light,  
 Miles upon miles of blinking little stars  
 And other miles of narrow huddled roofs  
 Where bands blared up a discord terrible.

Along a boarded walk that hid the sea  
 Humans like ants upon a serpent's neck  
 Crawled in a ceaseless glide, gibbered  
 and gaped

And yawned and gaped and gibbered all  
 again.

Then sounded out a buzzing everywhere.  
 Against the sky was set a fearful shape  
 All legs and wings and poison-breathing  
 hum

A two-edged sword it carried in its  
 teeth

And seeing which I fell upon my face  
 Ere it would reach us with its evil fangs.  
 "Fear not!" the Angel said, and bathed  
 my brow

With essences of myrrh and unguent  
 oils;

"This is the region known as Jer-  
 sey's coast

And yonder is its arm-ed sentinel!  
 Here the vacationite on pleasure  
 bent

Within a hotel hive secures a cell  
 One bed long by a trunk and wash-  
 stand wide

The wardrobe just a hook behind a  
 door

The window looking on the kitchen  
 range.

Descending to the gilded dining-room  
 He feeds on storage hens and potted  
 prunes

Beef broiled like this and mutton baked  
 like that

A thousand dishes under pasty sauce  
 A menu masquerade of many names  
 Like Hamlet's father's ghost, it comes  
 again!

If colored yellow it is *mayonnaise*,  
 If white, drawn butter call it—and if  
 green

It marches to you labeled *ravigotte*  
 A little onion turns it to *tartare*.

It is a cloak like that which Joseph wore  
 When he vacationed in Jerusalem  
 And sent gay postals to the folks at home,

*Life's Infallible Fortune Teller*

To tell them what a bully time he had!" Then came a burst of discord! "'Tis a Hop,"

The Angel said; "Then let us also glide," I murmured softly; "Waltz us round again,

"And beat all speed tests in our rush for town!"

"Not yet," the Angel threatened; "You shall view

The mountain boarding-house upon the peaks;

No horror you have seen can equal this. Then there is camp life underneath the tents

Where it rains steady through the happy days

And all the livelong night it also rains; The simple living in the great Outdoors A hundred thousand miles from anywhere!"

"Enough!" the Poet whimpered, at his knee.

"Beyond I see the city steeples glow Like welcome hearthstones beckoning us home,

Steer us to those fair temples!" At the word

The Angel's eyes grew sweeter. With a smile

He pushed the needle to the highest notch

And spinning on and up with sails all set They quarried through a citadel of cloud—

And issuing thence again beheld the stars. *Kate Masterson.*

**The City Hall and Its Park**

**B**OROUGH PRESIDENT McANENY has restored to their original state the rooms he occupies in the City Hall. The Governor's rooms were beautifully restored two years ago at the cost of Mrs. Sage, and the whole building promises soon to be brought back to the state in which the architect originally left it. That is fine in itself, and fine also as a symptom of increasing intelligence in our civic administration. There is hope that the whole City Hall Park may presently be restored to its original condition—the post-office torn down, the Tweed court-house razed and necessary new buildings put up on a suitable scale, fronting on Chambers Street, to be a splendid background to the little park. These changes would cost money, but they would be worth while. We have the men who can plan them beautifully and carry the plans out honestly. What a marvellous change that is for New York!

If you were born on



Your future wife will be a rich blonde addicted to cigarette smoking and talking in her sleep.

**Sept. 8**

Your future husband will be a flower-painter who will marry you because of a delusion that you're a daisy.



If you were born on



Your future wife will be soulful and intense. There will be a family row every time you get your hair cut.

**Sept. 9**

Your future husband will be parsimonious and you will learn how to juggle the housekeeping accounts.



If you were born on



Your future wife will be devout and very charitable. You will be obliged to keep your other suit of clothes in your safe deposit box.

**Sept. 10**

Your future husband will be a society butterfly and you will often regret that you also were not born with a deficiency in the brain department.



If you were born on



Your future wife will have a devoted mother and you will be very much at home at your club.

**Sept. 11**

Your future husband will be an English Earl and you will become expert in the care of patent leather boots.



If you were born on



Your future wife will be an escaped nun with a leaning toward a career in burlesque.

**Sept. 12**

Your future husband will be a missionary to the Cannibal Islands and you will never be able to put flowers on his grave except in the form of a boutonniere.



If you were born on



Your future wife will be active in club politics. A hot dinner will be a rarity in your household.

**Sept. 13**

Your future husband will at first be inclined to criticize your hats. After he has paid a few millinery bills he will get over the habit.



If you were born on



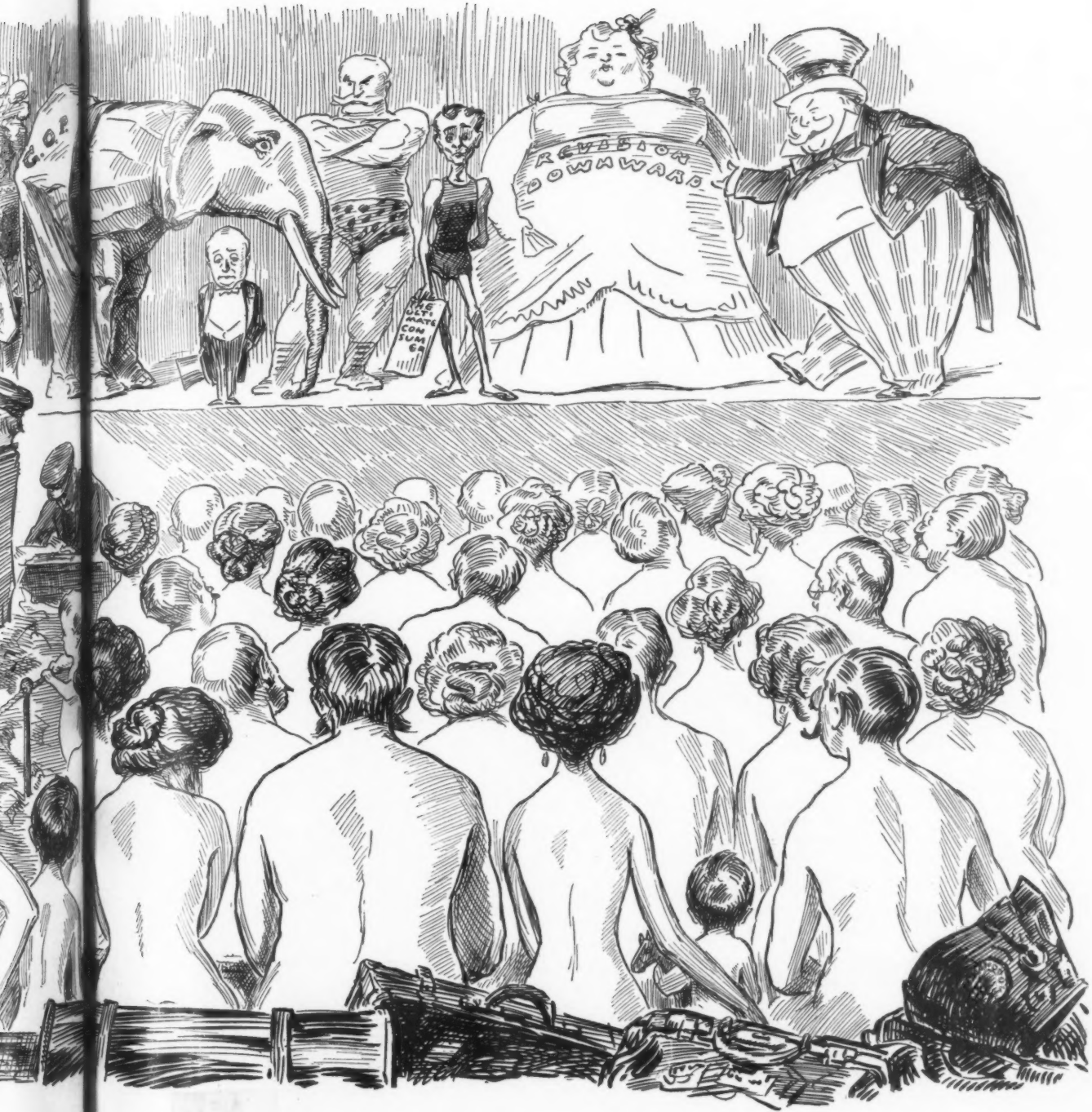
Your future wife will be a sensible and brave woman who will refuse to wear bodices that button in the back and will die young.

**Sept. 14**

Your future husband will be an Italian tenor and you will eat spaghetti three times a day.







Custum H. Vaudeville



Breaking in the New Season



**R**EACHING for the dollars of that new transient population which now comes to New York for a holiday in formerly dreaded midsummer, the managers have advanced the opening of the theatrical season more than a fortnight. As will be seen below the offerings are not such a much, the more pretentious undertakings being held back for the evenings when the mercury will not be practicing high jumps in the thermometer tube. But all is grist that comes to the managerial till and a closed theatre gathers no shekels, so the money of the uncritical summer visitor and of the out-of-town buyers here on their annual visitation is quite as welcome as that of the more permanent and discriminating population.

**T**HE adage that the man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client might be twisted to fit the case of the actor who is his own playwright. It has an exemplification in the play which Mr. Louis Mann adapted from the German for his own uses and produced under the title of "The Cheater." Mr. Mann possesses marked ability and displays very considerable fun-making power in the depiction of eccentric dialect characters. It takes, though, an expert dramatist to make such a character the leading interest through a three-act play without letting it become monotonous. This is where "The Cheater" is weak. There is so much of Mr. Mann's eccentricity that it becomes tiresome and makes one wish that, clever as it is, it was not quite so much and so continually in evidence. The theme of the play is funny—the predicament of a German advocate of civic purity who finds his views in conflict through the inheritance of a profitable but malodorous dance-hall. The resulting complications are obvious and Mr. Mann, aided by that competent artist, Mme. Cottrelly, and a numerous company, manages to get a very considerable amount of laughter out of them.



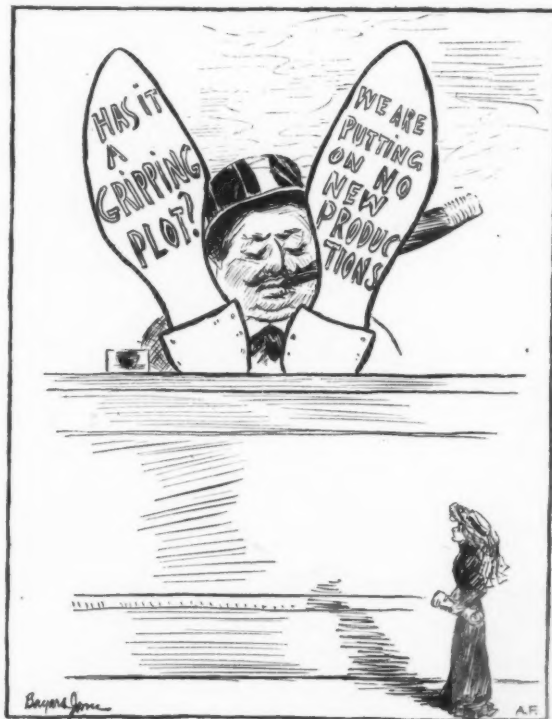
**I**N "The Echo," which opens the season at the Globe, Mr. Charles Dillingham evidently places his strongest reliance on the dancing features—not a bad piece of managerial judgment, in view of the prevalent interest of the public in the art of Terpsichore. The star of the piece is Bessie McCoy, far more eloquent with her dancing members than with her voice. She follows no particular school, but utilizes her litheness, grace and agility in methods entirely her own. The enthusiasm of the audience over two young men in an expert display of the old double-clog showed that a new generation has arisen to whom the stand-by of the old days of negro-minstrelsy was a novelty.

Two foreign schools are brought to the aid of the native talent. Three Russian dancers—two men and a woman—follow the athletic methods which have been the sensation of Europe and were introduced at the Metropolitan Opera House last year. At the first presentation of "The Echo" these artists acquitted themselves creditably, but their art was shortened and a fair judgment is not possible because an over-energetic stage-hand had slopped the stage with water so that it caused falls when the dancers attempted anything startling. The art in its savage form was exemplified by a modified version of the "hula hula," performed by Toots Paka, a gorgeous specimen of the Kanaka race, and accompanied in her dancing by some really wonderful performers on string instruments.

Outside of the dancing, "The Echo" is musical farce of the conventional type, with the usual lure of chorus girls rather above the usual standard in good looks. Neither book nor score is notable.

**M**R. F. ANSTEY, who in private life is Mr. Thomas Anstey Guthrie, and is best known as the author of "Vice Versa" and "The Tinted Venus," has two representatives among the new season's offerings. "The Brass Bottle" is his own dramatization of his book of that name, and at the Garrick Mr. Winchell Smith has put another of his works, "Love Among the Lions," into dramatic form.

Bringing the incongruous together is a favorite method in Mr. Anstey's humorous writing. In "The Brass Bottle" by transporting an episode from "The Arabian Nights" into prosaic British surroundings, he seeks to create a humorous



THE UNKNOWN PLAYWRIGHT

atmosphere, but it must be confessed that as his effort is interpreted at the Lyceum the attempt is only half successful. The acting lacks inspiration, and to this may be due some of the want of effectiveness; the rest may be attributed to the Britishness of the piece. If Mr. Anstey had brought his Genii of the bottle and his Oriental followers into an American household and localized the complications the play might make a stronger appeal to American audiences and create laughter instead of only mild amusement.



AR more spirited is the acting in "Love Among the Lions," and as the fun is more strenuous than in the other, the piece goes with a dash which keeps its hearers in peals of laughter in spite of the fact that its locale is also British. Besides, it enlists the services of Mr. A. E. Matthews, a polished light comedian who comes from England as a decided acquisition to our stage in the department where it is weakest. As the hero of the play he is the prospective bridegroom of a young lady longing for celebrity and who can think of no better way of achieving it than by making it a condition of her marrying that the ceremony shall be performed in a cage of lions. The prospective groom is timid, but his love is strong, and the resulting situations are handled by Mr. Matthews in a way which brings out all their possibilities. The general joy of the farcical comedy is enhanced by Jane Oaker as the intended bride, Mr. Miltern as the lion tamer, Mr. Handyside as the proprietor of the menagerie and May Blayney as a lady artist of the aggregation. They are all good, and give one a genuine sense of the atmosphere peculiar to their calling.

"Love Among the Lions" may be recommended as although trivial nevertheless a potent dispeller of melancholy.



*Actor to Clergyman:* DON'T YOU FIND IT TERRIBLY DISCOURAGING TO GO THROUGH A WHOLE—ER—PERFORMANCE THE WAY YOU DO EVERY SUNDAY, AND NEVER GET A SINGLE ENCORE?

IF you know anything about business, the improbability of some of the episodes in "Bobby Burnit" may get on your nerves. If you don't know anything about business they are likely to bore you. Fortunately for Mr. Winchell Smith's stage version of Mr. G. R. Chester's disconnected story, the dramatic incidents have been strongly emphasized and the humor broadened so that it makes a fairly interesting play. It introduces Mr. Wallace Eddinger, to a stellar career in a character less important and far less credible than others in which he has displayed his pleasant ability as a leading juvenile.

"Bobby Burnit" is fairly amusing but not highly significant.

by the news that he has become a father, only to have new babies thrust upon him until the delight and paternal pride with which he welcomed one becomes dismay when the visible output totals three. He is finally relieved of his embarrassment of riches when it is broken to him that none of them is his, but that the surplus was caused by the too energetic efforts of friends of his young wife who were helping her in a little stratagem to bring him back to her arms after a quarrel.

In "Baby Mine" Margaret Mayo has built up a farce which in expertness of construction and ingenuity of situation would not shame some of the French masters in that branch of play-writing. She has evidently resisted many temptations to which her French colleagues would have yielded with joy, the result being that in view of the nature of her subject the play is wonderfully free from suggestion. She has also made her characters so distinct in drawing and her lines so clear that every part in the farce is what is technically known as a "fat" one. They almost play themselves, so it was not a difficult task that was set before a company whose principal members are Miss Marguerite Clark, Miss Ivy Troutman, Mr. Ernest Glendinning and Mr. Walter Jones. Miss Clark might have given the part of the young wife greater strength by playing it with more composure, and thus have been a better foil to her companions, but the whole thing goes with such a rush of merriment that there is little reason for picking flaws.

It might be inferred that "Baby Mine" is an argument for or against race suicide. It isn't—it's just a very funny farce.

*Metcalfe.*

THE MARRIAGE OF A STAR," with Miss Clara Lipman in the leading part, shows two things—that Miss Lipman is an unusual combination of comedienne and emotional actress, and that there are some French plays which for technical reasons should be translated—not adapted. When a plot turns on minor legal or social conditions purely local to France, trying to make it American only befores the audience. Leaving it in the original surroundings is less of a strain on the intelligence of the spectator.

THE fun of "Baby Mine" reaches its climax when the hero suddenly discovers that he owns a baby mine. At least it seems that way to him when he is summoned home

## A Great System

AT the north end of Dufferin Terrace, Quebec, are a series of severely simple settees, placed there for the benefit of those who wish to enjoy the magnificent view, or for the crowds who gather on stated evenings of the week to hear the band concerts. Silently presiding over them all is the sombre statue of Champlain, by the artist Paul Chevre. Nearly two hundred feet below flows the sweeping St. Lawrence, a couple of British men-of-war riding on its surface, while beyond the heights of Nevis afford a background.

On a recent afternoon two gentlemen were seated on one of these settees; one was an American, on a sojourn, and the other was a native Canadian merchant. The American had offered his cigar case, and the two were amiably discussing certain characteristic differences between their native countries.

As if to give point to the discussion there suddenly appeared in front of them two female figures, unmistakably American. They were mother and daughter, and as they passed the following words were heard:

"To-morrow we shall do the old town."

"We shall do nothing of the sort. You know, mother, you are always wanting to shop. And I hate it. We shall go to Montmorency Falls."



Willie (making conversation): I SEE YOU HAVE A NEW—ER—HOSE SUPPORTER.

"SIR!"

"How dare you oppose me! You have no right to speak to your mother that way. I do not care to go to the Falls to-morrow."

"I can't help it! I hate shopping and I simply won't—"

The high, strident voices died away in the distance, and the American turned to his companion.

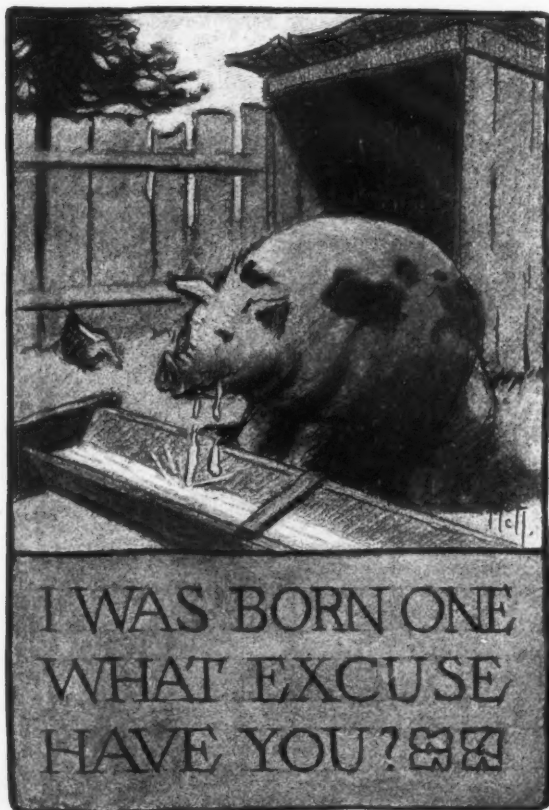
"That sounds familiar," he said, "and rather bears out your contention, so politely stated. The average young American girl is a bore. She overrules her parents, gets her own way, and never hesitates to employ sarcasm or invective. I dislike to admit it, but it is true."

"It is a pity," said the Canadian, "because your girls are undeniably clever and handsome, although I should say that they overdress. But are they all that way?"

"That is the tendency. I have a wife and daughter and I have strenuously—to use a familiar American word—fought against it. At bottom, I should say it was the result of commercialism, reacting in certain ways against our manner of life; practically speaking, it may be the result of a lack of co-ordination between husband and wife. For example, my daughter had a habit of coming down late to breakfast. I claimed that her act was immoral, because it interfered with the system we had established, and robbed us of our peace of mind; I was for making her go without her breakfast until she could learn to conform to our rule; her mother, on the other hand, declared that never could she deprive one of her children of proper nourishment. This disagreement was fatal, of course, and the child persisted in her fault."

"You have evidently reflected considerably upon the subject," said the Canadian drily.

"Indeed I have. I think I have sifted it to the bottom. You may be interested to know that I have discovered a remedy."



VALENTINE FOR A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE





WHY THE HAT WAS NOT DELIVERED ON TIME

"Indeed. You *do* interest me. What was it?"

"I saw plainly that my girl was fully capable of reasoning—that, in the instance I have mentioned, she merely took advantage of the difference of opinion that existed between her parents. I determined, therefore, to cut her mother out of my calculations entirely and, in business parlance, open up a sort of mental account with her myself. And so every time she did anything which interfered with our system, and robbed us of our time or happiness, I entered it up against her in a book, without in any way correcting her. I did not even tell her I was doing this; she discovered it, although the subject was never mentioned. I knew the time would come when she would expect me to do something for her that I alone could give, and when this time came all that I needed to do was to show her the account. The time came."

"What was the occasion?"

"This little trip to Quebec. I made my arrangements to go with her mother, leaving her entirely out of my calculations. When she discovered it she burst into a storm of tears. I then showed her the account and asked her bluntly why I should extend to her any special consideration when on every occasion she had withheld it from me."

The Canadian leaned forward. His face lighted up with humor. He smiled delightfully.

"I know now what you are about to say," he whispered. I am somewhat acquainted with Americans, and am aware of their habit of turning the laugh on themselves. You are about

to remark that those ladies who just passed were your wife and daughter."

The American shook his head.

"You are wrong, my friend," he replied. I never saw them before. I am here alone—on my honor."

"Then where *are* your wife and daughter?"

This time the American smiled.

"To be candid with you," he said, "they decided that they would go to Niagara—because the daughter preferred it."

T. L. M.

### King George's Statue

THE proposal, if there really is one, to put back in Bowling Green, New York, the old lead statue of George III. on horseback, that used to stand there, must be damned with no less cruel a condemnation than to call it "well intended." It will be recalled that the statue was pulled down at the opening of the Revolution and a good deal of it was cast into bullets, but fragments of it still exist. To restore it would be amusing and historically interesting. But, oh, don't do it! Poor old King George would have no peace. The veterans of the American Revolution would rise up and write letters to the papers and, led by Thomas Sturgis, Frank Sanborn and Senator What's-His-Name from Idaho, they might even storm the Mayor's office in the city. It is true, we believe, that the Lion and the Unicorn that were torn off Faneuil Hall in Boston in Revolutionary days were put back not long ago, and how Mr. Sanborn endured it we can't imagine. But King George! Oh, no! Let us have peace!



## POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

### HERE'S HOW

**RALPH WALDO TRINE**

Born September 9, 1866

Mr. Trine is one who believes in the music of the spheres; he revels in harmony, and his book *In Tune With the Infinite* leaves nothing to be desired. He is a new-thoughtist—one of the pioneers, indeed—and with him vibrations have revealed their secrets, happiness is second nature and fear is an unknown quantity.

Mr. Trine began work as a farmer and a woodchopper, and from thence through all stages of work arrived at his present exalted position. He has long been interested in social problems and is a friend of animals. He has, we assert in confidence, done a lot of good; he has helped to make many people understand the futility of worry. He has preached the doctrine of power.

And so, sir, we give you all the joy we have on hand as our slight tribute to your birthday. May you live long and vibrate happiness continuously to all of the sons and daughters of mankind for untold years to come.



**JOHN BRISBEN WALKER**

Born September 10, 1847

Mr. Walker has long been our esteemed friend, and we are glad of this opportunity to shake him metaphorically by the hand and drink his health in the only beverage he will permit of, namely, crystal water.



He is a gentleman of wide attainments. He has been a farmer, an automobile pioneer manufacturer, an alfalfa raiser, a magazine owner and editor, and in this latter capacity he conceived the happy idea of becoming personally acquainted with all of the distinguished literary men in the country by hiring them in turn to help him edit his magazine.

We have always been sorry, sir, that you left the magazine field; it has never been quite the same since. But in the meantime your glory is still lambent and your merits undiminished.

We drink your continuous prosperity!

**ISAAC KAUFMAN FUNK**

Born September 10, 1839

Mr. Funk is a clergyman, an editor, a philologist, a business man, an author and a tentative spiritist. He was born in Ohio, was graduated from Wittenberg College, was for some time pastor of St. Matthew's English Lutheran Church in Brooklyn and is now the head of the well-known firm of Funk & Wagnalls, publishers of that eminently successful and worthy periodical, *The Literary Digest*. He has been interested in the Society for Psychological Research and has published much material bearing upon the subject of spiritualism, toward which he has preserved an enlightened attitude. He is also editor-in-chief of the *Standard Dictionary*.

Our humble respects to you, sir, on this day of days. We are free to confess that we have trembled many times for fear that you might go too far wrong; we are therefore happy to record that up to to-day we have every reason to believe that



MAMMA'S DEVICE

CONSTANTLY CHAPERONING HER TOO POPULAR DAUGHTER BECAME TOO STRENUOUS

you have preserved that excess of sanity which has been your birthright. May you continue to be as much of a skeptic as is expedient and as devout a believer as is consistent with intellectual harmony.

Your health!

**CHARLES DANA GIBSON**

Born September 14, 1867

Mr. Gibson's career has been so synonymous with that of LIFE that it seems, in offering him our congratulations, as if we were doing this to a part of ourselves. The truth is that words fail us to convey our love and appreciation for his distinguished services and his extraordinary qualities of mind and heart. His sense of simplicity has always seemed to us to be unique among men, and his mastery of his art it would be superfluous to dilate upon. His life is too well known to give in detail.

Suffice it to say that our affection for him continues ever in increasing measure.

Comrade and friend, we press your hand silently and we say, "God bless you, my boy!" in as off-hand a manner as we know you yourself would prefer.



**WILL IRWIN**

Born September 14, 1873

Mr. Irwin is one of the equal partners in the firm of Irwin Brothers (of which Mr. Wallace Irwin is the other), now engaged in various intellectual and humorous occupations in this country. Mr. Irwin was born in Oneida, N. Y., and is a graduate of the Denver High School and Leland Stanford University. He knows his San Francisco and has written the story of its great calamity better than any one else. His dignified name is William Henry Irwin. He is one of the best of fellows, and we cannot praise him too highly to any one looking for a delightful companion and an all-around instructor in almost any avenue of life.

William Henry Irwin, our esteem for you is unbounded; our respect for you remains undiminished as time flows on. May your literary laurels never grow any less.



**Beef Extract**

"WHAT are the sad cows mooing, mamma?  
Mooing the whole day long?"  
"The coo of the cows (comma) darling (comma)  
Is the wail of an ancient wrong.  
Each bovine pet  
Is a suffragette  
With a full heart over-brimmin':  
Long years in vain  
They've voiced their pain,  
They're mooing 'Votes for Women!'"



THE BATTLE FIELD  
END OF THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN

**Miss Gaston's Impudence**

**M**ISS LUCY PAGE GASTON, head of the Anti-Cigarette League, expresses herself in the papers as "exceedingly gratified to hear from Miss Eleonora Sears that she does not smoke," and says she means to give as wide publicity to Miss Sears' denial as was given to the report that she was a cigarette smoker.

It is to envy Miss Gaston the fine quality of her impudence. Possibly it is unconscious impudence, which would

make it all the finer, but it looks more like the terrorizing impertinence of the suffragettes. The aim in the case of Miss Sears, as in the case of Mrs. Longworth, has been to frighten those young women into acceptance of Miss Gaston's standards of deportment. A nominal acceptance would answer. Public submission is probably enough for Miss Gaston. She would hardly insist on evidence that private conduct matched public profession.

Florence Nightingale to the contrary notwithstanding, how dreadful, how intolerable, how uninhabitable a world this would be if it was governed by unmar-

ried ladies with missions. Some of the great women of the world come under that description, but the really great women do not make blunders in method. It is hard to read of Florence Nightingale without emotion. It is equally hard to read of Lucy Page Gaston without emotion, but how different the two emotions are!

But nothing in these remarks should be taken as recommending ladies (or children either) to smoke cigarettes. A few women, exceptionally situated, seem to benefit by a little tobacco smoke. The majority of women don't, and the habit is not pretty.

**In the Smallpox Hospital**

**F**IRST PATIENT: Haven't I seen you somewhere before?  
**S**ECOND PATIENT: Certainly. You are the physician who vaccinated me.

**We Still Use Luxuries**

**O**UR importations of luxuries and superfluities for the year ending July 1, 1910, beat the record (1907) by 25 millions, and doubled the importations of such things ten years ago.

Doubtless the new tariff had to do with it, because importers made haste to stock up in some lines before the "downward revision" would put up prices, while other things, like "art works" came in because the duty was removed. We got 48 million dollars' worth of diamonds and jewels, 46 millions in laces and embroideries, 37 millions in tobacco and cigars, 23 millions in wines and liquors, 26 millions in furs, and 21 millions in art works. We could get along and lead virtuous lives without any of these articles, but that's nothing. Our ladies are worthy of embellishment and get it, and our hardy gentlemen still endure a few creature comforts from abroad.

And some of us, it would appear, in spite of the high cost of living, have something to spend after subsistence has been provided.



1810—THE WAIST LINE—1910



**Only Japanese**

Though to talk too much of heaven  
Is not well,  
Though agreeable people never  
Mention hell;  
Yet the woman who betrayed me,  
Whom I kissed,  
In that bygone summer taught me  
Both exist.  
I was ardent, she was always  
Wisely cool;  
So my lady played the traitor—  
I the fool.  
Oh, your pardon! but remember  
If you please,  
I'm translating; this is only  
Japanese.

—London Globe.

**Has It Come To This ?**

STENOGRAPHER: An old subscriber writes us that she has unexpectedly become very rich and wants to know what books she shall study to fit herself for polite society.

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR: Tell her Street, Foster and Elwell.

—Brooklyn Life.



A BRANDED PEACH

**Diplomatic**

"No, I can never be your wife."  
"What? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?"

She succumbed.—Lippincott's.

**The Other Extreme**

"Well," sighs the man with the wash tie, "now that the aeroplane is becoming popular the women won't spend so much money for automobile hats and veils."

"No," growls the man with the ingrowing mustache, "but they'll blow in just as much on silk stockings and high-heeled shoes."—Judge.

**An Optimist**

YOUNG SON (to mother who has just been invited to join the Optimistic Club of America): Mamma, dear, what is an optimist?

FOND MOTHER: An optimist, my son, is a poor woman who lives in a million-dollar mansion, keeps one hundred servants or more, has two or three agents who do nothing but hunt up some new way for her to spend her income, and can, in spite of all this, look into the future with a sweet smile and a brave heart.—Clark's Book Herald.

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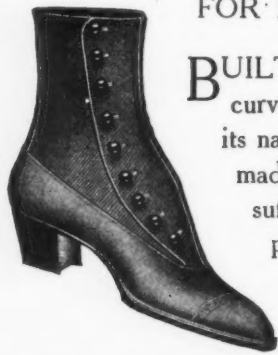
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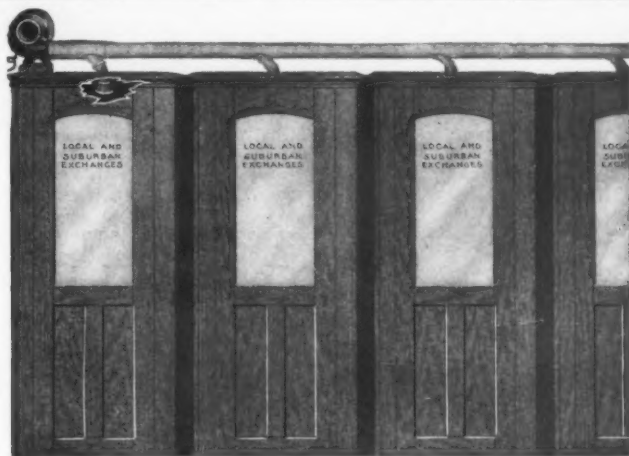
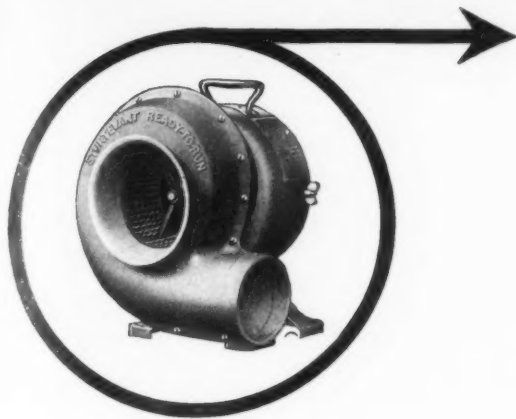
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**Caledonian Caution**

My Flora is a canny Scot—  
Too canny, truth to tell—  
For though I'd have her share my lot,  
She'll not commit herself.

I said: "Will you my sweetheart be?"  
She answered: "Hoots! You men!"  
I pressed her: "Do you care for me?"  
She said: "I dinna ken."

"What! Don't you know your mind?"  
I cried.  
She said: "It's warm the day."  
I asked her: "Will you be my bride?"  
She said: "I couldna say."

"Come, lassie, shall it be this spring?"  
She cried: "You're verra free."  
"Then tell me, may I buy the ring?"  
"Man! Please yourself," says she:

Before the chancel steps we stood.  
St. Giles's Kirk, until  
The parson asked me if I would—  
Of course I said "I will."

But when it came to Flo's reply  
The nearest that she'd go  
Was just to murmur cautiously:  
"I wouldna say I'll no."  
—London Truth.

"You've heard the recipe for cooking  
a hare?"  
"Yes. First catch your hare."  
"No. First catch your cook."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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**Enthusiasm**

ANXIOUS MESSENGER: Say, fireman, there's another fire broken out up the street.

NEW RECRUIT: All right, old chap; keep her going till we've finished this one.—Punch.

**Up-to-Date Mother Goose**

The teacher was telling the story of Red Riding Hood. She had described the woods and the wild animals that live there.

"Suddenly," she said, "Red Riding Hood heard a loud noise. She turned around, and what do you suppose she saw standing there, looking at her and showing all its sharp, white teeth?"

"Teddy Roosevelt!" cried one of the boys.—Judge.

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



TROUBLE BREWING

WHEN some celebrated pictures of Adam and Eve were seen on exhibition, Mr. McNab was taken to see them. "I think no great things of the painter," said the gardener; "why, man! tempting Adam wi' a pippin of a variety that wasna known until about twenty years ago!"—Argonaut.

**Classified**

Upon the recent occasion of the dedication of the court-house in an Indiana town, many prominent citizens were called upon for speeches. One of them, more blessed with money and confidence in himself than with education, distinguished himself by the following immortal sentiment, which he delivered with a grand air:

"All mankind," said he, his thumb in his buttonhole, and looking around impressively upon his hearers—"all mankind is divided into two classes, one of whom I am which."—Lippincott's.

**Caroni Bitters**—Sample with patent dasher sent on receipt of 25c. Best tonic and cocktail bitters.  
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Dis.

**A Preventive Measure**

Six-year-old Harriet announced her intention of giving up her German lessons with Fräulein.

"She hugs and kisses me all the time I'm at lessons, and—ugh—I do hate Dutch," Harriet explained.

Father, who is something of a diplomat, reasoned with her: "See here, my little girl, I have read German and French with Fräulein ever since I was your age, and she has never tried to hug or kiss me."

"Father," observed the child dryly, "you had better touch wood."

—Success.

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**64 THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR**  
Up spake the Sultan of Zanzibar,  
"Why, you ask, do my bonds sell at par?"  
We have specie payment  
And dress in fine raiment;  
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# Rhymed Reviews

## Predestined

(By Stephen French Whitman.  
Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Though Felix Piers himself ne'er knew  
That any blot his 'scutcheon tar-  
nished,  
His father (just between us two)  
Was Pierre Buron, a Frenchman,  
garnished

With all the talents save the one  
Of self-denying application.  
Hereditarily foredoomed his son,  
To errant love and dissipation.

### PART I: EILEEN.

Poor Felix found that Fortune's whim  
Had stripped him bare at five-and-  
twenty,  
When Nina Ferrol offered him  
Her heart and hand with peace and  
plenty;

But slim Eileen's pre-empted charms  
About him cast a lawless tether;  
They found her weeping in his arms—  
And Nina dropped him altogether.

### PART II: MARIE.

Now Felix toiled with pen and ink,  
Reporting news and writing stories,  
And proved that only Love and Drink  
Could rob his brow of laureled  
glories;

But frail Marie, whose clear green eyes  
Were snares to catch the stage-side  
rambler,  
Seduced his soul from high emprise—  
Until she wed a Wall Street gambler.

### PART III: EMMA.

His devil cast on Felix Piers,  
A little nearly-widow person,  
Weak, clinging, foolish Emma Meers,  
Whom Keats would hardly write a  
verse on.

Her husband died. Then, playing hob  
With all his prospects Felix ended  
By wedding her. He lost his job.  
She died; and downward still he  
wended.

# The Car That's Easiest to Keep

For the man or woman who does not wish to be dependent upon a chauffeur or a public garage, an electric is the easiest car to keep, in that it requires practically no attention whatever except washing and charging. And any neighborhood handy-man is thoroughly capable of that.

A Rauch & Lang Electric is particularly suited to a family's

general needs, because of its primary simplicity.

A unique control obviates all chance of mistakes through the operator's thoughtlessness and makes the car so easy to handle that children use the Rauch & Lang Electrics in the parks and on the frequented highways of the city. Those who have waited for the perfect electric can now have the car they desired.

Agents in any of the principal cities will gladly demonstrate, or we'll send catalog.

The Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.  
2253 West 25th St. :: Cleveland, Ohio

(35)

# Rauch & Lang Electrics



### PART IV: NINA.

At last, when all was grimly dark,  
When drink had wrecked his con-  
stitution,  
He met his Nina in the Park;  
She gave him hope and resolution.

But then his faithful dog was killed  
Again he drank. Was Fate  
worth tricking?  
A deadly cup he slowly filled. . . .  
"At nine that night the clock stopped  
ticking."

You'll read this fine young book, I hope.  
Though some declare it too unpleas-  
ant,  
And, like poor Emma's headache dope,  
A really "dangerous depressant."  
Arthur Guiterman.

# ABBOTT'S BITTERS

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



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Fall Styles in all Garments,  
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Furnishings and Outing Goods,  
the usual and the unusual,  
from medium to higher priced.

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Cognac  
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BRANDIES MADE  
FROM WINE  
OF THE COGNAC  
DISTRICT

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



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"Both Marched with Drooping Heads"

## Dr. Thorne's Idea

By  
J. A. Mitchell

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

One Dollar, Net.

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

—Baltimore American.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st Street, New York



"MA, DO I HAVE TO WASH MY HANDS IF I'M GOIN' TO WEAR GLOVES?"



**Warning Royalty**

In many ways England is quite as real a democracy as the United States. A story about the young prince Edward, told in the *Atlanta Constitution*, illustrates well this point. He was sent to school at Osborne. He had just arrived and was wandering about the grounds, when he was accosted by another small boy, who had already been a term at Osborne.

"Hello!" said the other boy, who was the son of a captain in the navy. "You're a new boy. What is your name?"

"Edward," the little prince replied. "Edward what, stupid?" said the other boy. "You must have another name."

"Edward of Wales," said the prince. "Oh, so you're that chap," was his comment, as he walked away. "I hope you won't put on too much side."—*Youth's Companion*.

**A Golf Expert**

A story is told of two old antagonists who met on a Scotch golf course every Saturday afternoon.

On one occasion, when they were all "square" at the seventeenth, and the loser of the previous week had just played his third in the shape of a nice approach to the green, last week's winner came up to his ball with grim purpose. He had an easy pitch to the green, but a number of young sheep were unconcernedly browsing along the edge. "Run forward, laddie," said last week's winner to his caddie, "and drive awa' the lambs!"

"Na, na!" vigorously protested his opponent. "Bide where ye be, laddie! Ye canna move any growin' thing! That's the rule o' gowff!"—*Lippincott's*.



# Mallory Hats

## "Cravenetted"

SOFT HAT OR STIFF—FAIR WEATHER OR STORMY

**Style**

New, exclusive shapes and shades—becoming refined lines—absolutely correct style—the finest fur felt.

Since 1823 Mallory Hats have been famous for their quality and style.

Every genuine Mallory Cravenetted Hat bears this trade mark.

**Service**

In these hats you also get the weather-proof feature, which comes from the cravenetting process.

You can get this exclusive weather insurance only in Mallory Hats.

This treatment does not change the texture or appearance of the material at all—simply makes it weatherproof. That is why Mallory Hats stay new.

**All That You Like in a Hat**

**\$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00**

Dealers Everywhere Have Them

Send for Free Booklet

Our new store in New York is at 1133 Broadway corner 26th Street.

It is as modern in appointments and equipment as any hat store in the country, and is the headquarters of all that is good in hats. Also the best canes, gloves, umbrellas.

**E. A. Mallory & Sons, Inc.**

13 Astor Place, cor. Broadway, New York City  
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# Milo

The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY  
MILDNESS  
PURITY

At your club or dealer's  
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.



**He Knew**

A small boy brought up by a fire-eating father to hate anything connected with England or the English was consigned recently to eat dinner with the nurse while the family entertained a genuine English lord in the dining-room. The grown-ups' meal had come to that "twenty minutes past" stage where conversation halts direfully, when a childish treble fell upon the dumb-waiter shaft

from the kitchen. This was what the astonished nobleman heard:

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,  
I smell the blood of an Englishman."  
—*Wasp*.

**No Reflection**

"Every time the baby looks into my face he smiles," said Mr. Meekins.  
"Well," answered his wife, "it may not be exactly polite, but it shows he has a sense of humor."—*Tit-Bits*.



The cigaret that has made good on the broadest claims ever made for anything to smoke—

**MAKAROFF**

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And a  
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CIGARETS**

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Dealers

If you haven't seen the big dollar offer, write for it now.

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### Charles Wyndham and the Girls

There was a benefit performance for the Actors' Fund given in Washington last spring, and Sir Charles Wyndham, the veteran English player, volunteered. His part was to make a short speech telling how the funds realized were to be applied.

Two song-and-dance girls from one of the cheaper theatres came from their dressing-room, and stopped to await their call. One of them thought she would see what was going on, so she peeked out on the stage.

"Who's on now?" her companion asked.

"Oh," said the other girl, "it's an old man doing a monologue. He's been on ten minutes, and hasn't had a laugh!"—*Lippincott's*.

### A Plea for the Reporter

WHEN we consider that Hudson did not discover New York Bay, but that Verrazzano did; when we consider that Fulton did not invent the steamboat, but that Fitch did; when we consider that Bell did not invent the telephone, that Morse did not invent the telegraph, that Gutenberg did not invent the printing press, that Morton did not discover anaesthesia, that Darwin did not discover evolution, that Shakes-

peare did not write "Hamlet," that Homer did not write the Iliad, that Galileo did not say, "And still it moves," that Wellington did not say, "Up guards and at them," that Washington did not win the battles of the Revolution, that Robespierre did not create the Reign of Terror, that Nero was not a monster, that Cleopatra was not beautiful—when we reflect that history is emblazoned with the titles of usurpers and that true merit lies un-

chronicled in the grave, let us address a word or two of apology to that much-berated enemy of the truth, the newspaper. If history, with a thousand years' leisure at her disposal, cannot find out just who set up a new throne or pulled down an old one, let us forgive the reporter if he misspells the Christian name of the prominent citizen who was thrown from his automobile at 2.30 a. m.—*New York Evening Post*.



## Driscole's Greatest Painting of a Small Mouthed Bass

¶ In our Special April Fishing Number we ran a four colored reproduction of one of H. A. Driscole's famous trout pictures, "Hooked," a black and white cut of which is shown here.

¶ We had so many requests from our readers for copies of this reproduction that we decided to have a number reproduced, and also arranged with Mr. Driscole for a companion painting for a frontispiece in our July issue.

¶ When framed it is impossible to tell these four colored reproductions from the original cut by Mr. Driscole, miniatures of which are shown here. These two reproductions in four colors, when framed in gold and in a shadow box, make a beautiful pair of pictures for the dining room, camp, club or office of any admirer of these two game fishes.

¶ We have spared no expense in reproducing a few of these paintings for the readers of **FIELD AND STREAM**. Many of our readers have been delighted with the trout picture and we know they will welcome the reproduction of this companion picture of the small mouthed bass.

¶ As we have only arranged for a limited number of these pictures we would suggest your taking advantage of this special offer while these pictures last :

### SPECIAL OFFER

**FIELD AND STREAM** for 16 months regular price \$2.40  
These two reproductions, regular price 25 cents each .50  
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LIVER UPSET? Try  
**Hunyadi János**

NATURAL APERIENT WATER  
Avoid Unscrupulous Druggists

**A Serum-Comic Tragedy**

She was a doctor's child, and he  
Embraced the opportunity  
From all disease to make her free  
With absolute immunity.

"And first," said he, "as I indorse  
Prevention of diphtheria,  
This anti-toxin from a horse  
Should kill some bad bacteria.

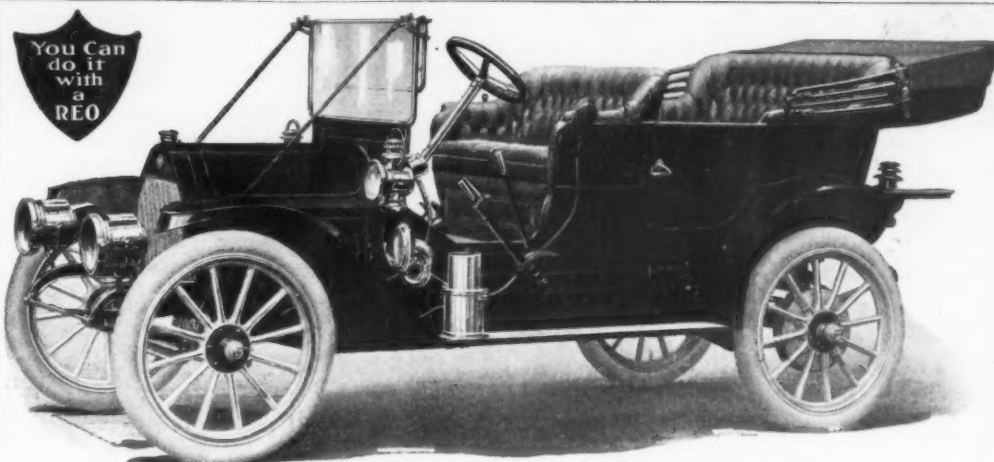
"This vaccine virus from a cow  
(And I indorse it fully),  
Should help along, and anyhow  
'Twill make the child feel 'bully.'

"Of snake-bite serum just a touch;  
We get it from a rabbit  
Which we have bitten up so much  
He really likes the habit.

"Some meningitis toxin, too,  
Would better be injected;  
A guinea pig we strain it through  
To get it disinfected.

"Some various serums of my own  
I'm rather sure will answer;  
I make them for all troubles known,  
From freckles up to cancer."

Alas! Alas! for all his pains  
The end was scarce desirous;  
She soon had nothing in her veins  
But various kinds of virus.



**1911 Reo \$1250**

Top and Mezger Automatic Windshield Extra.  
Four-passenger Roadster same price.

This handsome thoroughbred four-cylinder car is now ready for delivery. Without regard to price, it is the car you want.

Handsome indeed! Handsome in appearance, as the picture merely suggests. Handsome in what counts most—get-there-and-back ability; no matter how beautiful a car may be when standing in your garage, it does not appear so when something has gone wrong twenty miles from home.

The Reo "Thirty" is as "handsome" in its mechanical design and details as in its exterior. Every Reo ever built is absolutely depended upon to do its work. Public performance has proven it beyond question, and owners know it for themselves.

Hunt up this car quickly. It will do all you want and will look all you want. It is a through-and-through handsome, luxurious and satisfactory car.

The 1911 Reo is not changed in essential design from 1910; but it has all the improvements that the automobile season has suggested.

We can deliver now quite promptly; but judging from the 1910 demand (especially the last part of the season) our factory will be taxed to meet the call for 1911 Reos.

1911 Four-cylinder Runabout \$850.

Send for catalog which tells what and why.

R M Owen & Co Lansing Michigan General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co

*Licensed under Selden Patent*

Part horse, part cow, part sheep, part  
goat;

Her laugh was half a whinny:  
"Dear me," said he, "she's half a shoat  
And badly mixed with guinea.

"A girl who bleats and has a cud  
Will never make a woman:  
I'd better get some good clean blood  
And make her partly human!"

Edmund Vance Cooke.

**Observing?**

THE MAN: Did you notice that woman  
we just passed?

THE WOMAN: The one with blonde  
puffs and a fur hat and a military cape,  
who was dreadfully made up, and had  
awfully soiled gloves on?

THE MAN: Yes, that one.

THE WOMAN: No, I didn't notice her.  
Why?—Cleveland Leader.



**Club  
Cocktails**

**Here's to You!** No fuss, no  
trouble, no  
other. Simply strain through  
cracked ice and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey  
base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

HEUBLEIN & BRO. Hartford New York London



# Have Men Any Rights?

To be candid, we suspect the worst. At any rate, we have abandoned all sense of shame, and in the

## *Man's Rights Number*

Next Week

Woman's inhumanity to man will all be explained, duly commiserated: absolutely nothing will be extenuated, and, to the limit of our powers, everything will be duly set down in malice.

In this great number, Man will at last come to his own. (On paper, of course.)

Every suffragist will read it with a secret blush of shame.

Brothers everywhere who have money enough to buy a copy (or better still, subscribe for a year), we call upon you to rally around this number. Our object in issuing it is of course purely philanthropic. It is a duty we owe to civilization. If this number be the humble means of influencing downtrodden man in all countries to assert himself, we shall feel that we have not lived in vain. Always send good money when you subscribe. It insures your getting the paper.

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Number  
Is  
Coming

Goody Goody  
Adam and Eve  
Midnight  
Hell

In the Sweet Bye  
and Bye

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# A JERICHO HORN

ON YOUR CAR

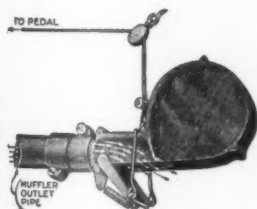
Will Prevent Accidents

AT SUCH PLACES AS THIS



JERICHO'S warning note will be heard long before the sharp turn in the road is reached, and the heavily-laden car, however slow of motion, will have ample time to pull to one side.

JERICHO'S call is *one hundred per cent effective every time*—because it does not startle into inaction, but agreeably persuades one to *move aside immediately*.



A Timely Signal

Prices \$7-\$8-\$9-\$10 according to adapted to your car.

pretty all-round protection for so small an expense.

Obtain of your dealer or write to Randall-Faichney Co. for Folder.



of "B-LINE" OIL and GREASE GUNS

## Here is an Interesting Game

The answers will appear in the next number of LIFE:

A Pot-Pouri of Questions in History, Literature, Geography and Other Things

1. What poet was it starved to death?
2. Who was the Quaker poet?
3. What great man with a wart on face Had his portrait-painter show it?
4. Which queen was it had husbands three?
5. And who was she who'd none?
6. What is the highest mount on earth?
7. Where flows the River Rhone?
8. What poet swam the Hellespont?
9. And who was Daniel Boone?
10. Who was it killed that Marat wretch?
11. What makes "Man in the Moon"?
12. What novelist wrote most poetry?
13. What's the greatest water-lily?
14. What did good Lord Charles Gordon do?
15. Where are the isles called Scilly?
16. What statesman did the primrose love?
17. What saint died on a gridiron?
18. Who owned the horse Bucephalus?
19. Who fought the British lion?
20. What name do all good Dutchmen hate?
21. Who said on her heart was writ Calais?
22. Who loved small Stella ardently?
23. To whom do Mussulmen pray?
24. Who heard the bells of Londontown, And turned back to his glory?
25. And now, pray tell me, what's a Whig?
26. And, likewise, what's a Tory?
27. Who sat with knights at table round, And owned Excalibur?
28. Whence came the proud de Medici?
29. Who builds the sleeping-car?
30. Where is the famous Charter House?
31. What well-known author went there?
32. Who religion first to England took?
33. And what good man was sent there?
34. Where is the famous Stone of Scone?
35. Who once upon it slept?
36. In whose reign did Francois Villon live?
37. What means the word yeleft?
38. What French king made a gallant speech?
39. And to what famous general?
40. What Western man invents new fruits?
41. What country's strength was most ephemeral?
42. What three preachers in Oxford burned?
43. What king to that town gave a college?

(Continued on page 414)



## Old Times and New

In old times, a soft skin and a fine complexion were accounted among the leading essentials of beauty; and so they are today.

The great difference between old times and now in this matter of beauty is this: In old times—that is, before 1789—they had no

# Pears' Soap

to afford natural aid to natural beauty, whereas today PEARS' is here, making the preservation and improvement of complexion and of skin health and skin beauty generally an easy daily habit—just the habit of the daily use of PEARS', that is all. This is one great reason why there are so many more beautiful women to be seen today than ever there were.

The best beautifying forces of both old times and new are united in Pears', bringing out the natural loveliness of complexion which is woman's chief charm.





## LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux"

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.  
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Sole Agents for the United States.



*The Motor Maid*, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20.)

*Political Theory and Party Organization in the United States*, by Simeon D. Fess, LL.D. (Ginn & Co. \$1.50.)

*Modern Engines*, by Thomas W. Crane. (R. F. Fenno & Co. 75 cents.)

*Once Upon a Time*, by Richard Harding Davis. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

*The Railway Library, 1909*, by Simeon D. Thompson. (The Gunthorp-Warren Printing Company, Chicago, Ill.)

*The Bankruptcy of Bryan Kane*, by Victor Vane. (Bates Publishing Company, Rochester, N. Y.)

### Here is an Interesting Game

(Continued from page 413)

44. What's the national flower of Germany?
45. How did Lincoln get his knowledge?
46. Who was first Episcopal bishop in America?
47. Where was he consecrated?
48. What State was his diocese?
49. When is our President inaugurated?
50. And now this question, last of all,  
Can anybody tell  
For what queen Charing Cross was placed  
By a king who loved her well?  
M. C. S.

### The Latest Books

*Mind and Voice*, by S. S. Curry. (Boston Expression Company.)

*Daily Ways to Health*, by Emily M. Bishop. (B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.)

*A Successful Wife*, by G. Dorset. (Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.)

*The Meddlings of Eve*, by William J. Hopkins. (Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00.)

*Golf in Sapphira's Days*, by Daniel Edwards Kennedy. (The Queen's Shop. 60 cents.)

*My Religion in Everyday Life*, by Josiah Strang. (Baker & Taylor Company. 50 cents.)

*The Glory of His Country*, by Frederick Landis. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

*An Apprentice to Truth*, by Helen Huntington. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

*Lays of a Lazy Dog*, by D. K. Stevens. (John W. Luce & Co.)

*The Airship Almanac*, by Lewis Allen. (John W. Luce & Co.)

*Evolution of Worlds*, by Percival Lowell. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.)

*Poems*, by Percy MacKaye. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.)

*Dorian Days*, by Wendell Phillips Stafford. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.)

*A Book of Operas*, by H. E. Krehbiel. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.)

*Musical Sketches*, by Elise Polko. (Sturgis & Walton Company. \$1.25.)

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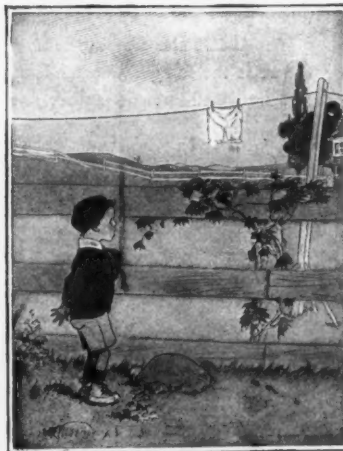
THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

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Sliding Gears  
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**\$750**

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three oil lamps, horn and  
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tank, speedometer—extra.

**25c. A DAY IS ALL IT COSTS  
MOST PEOPLE TO RUN THIS CAR**

There are 7,500 Hupmobile owners in America. The great majority keep their cars at home and run them for about 25c. a day.

That means everything—oil, gasoline, repairs—everything. You may moralize all you like about the expense of keeping automobiles—but you'll not find a Hupmobile owner who will admit that his car is an expense at all.

At 25c. a day, he maintains that his Hupmobile is cheaper than street cars—ininitely less expensive than a horse.

Cheaper because it covers so much more ground. An economy because it enables the owner to do two or three times as much work and still have leisure.

The Hupmobile is just the right size to save money in first cost; and it saves money, because it is just the right size, on tires, gasoline and repairs.

And isn't it the handsomest, smartest car of its type in the market?

At least 100,000 more people can afford to own a Hupmobile—in the sense that it would prove itself an actual investment in time saved and the pleasure it would bring.

Chat with a Hupmobile owner (doubtless your acquaintances include one or more). - Note his enthusiastic talk. Then look up the Hupmobile dealer; or write for the catalog.

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A Corner of the Music Room  
in the White House



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