

VOL. LV, NO. 1436  
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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
PRICE, 10 CENTS  
MAY 5, 1910

*Mudd &*  
**SPORTSMAN'S  
NUMBER**

PROPERTY OF  
THE MIDDLETON CLUB  
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,  
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING



RUNNING WILD

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car.

START HOUSEKEEPING RIGHT —



LET DREAMS COME TRUE

It's worry—not work—that tries one's soul, and it's poor bread, a poor table and poor living that adds to the wife's trials and nags the patient husband.

Why not start housekeeping right, you who are far-sighted and learn the wisdom of utilizing at once every possible means for lightening and brightening your housekeeping duties?

**GOLD MEDAL FLOUR** will make the baking a success. Let's have it a success in your home from the very beginning.

• Use—

**WASHBURN-CROSBY'S  
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**

# The Car That Satisfies \$1250

With  
Magneto



*If you can't buy,  
you can boost*

# Regal 30

*We are  
building  
6500 Regals  
for 1910.  
Every one  
of them  
"Good as  
the wheat."*

## SATISFIES IN PRICE --- STYLE --- PERFORMANCE RELIABILITY AND LOW COST OF RUNNING

A strictly high grade machine—107-inch wheel base; Sliding Gear Transmission—three speeds forward and reverse; Cone Clutch; every feature strictly up to date. A wonder for endurance. \$1250 with Remy high tension Magneto. Highest quality at a rock-bottom price.

As to style. Do you like the illustration? The Regal "30" is better than the illustration. Let us consider Reliability and Performance together; one proves the other.

August, 1909, without any special preparation, the first 1910 Regal "30"—christened the Regal "Pluggie"—dashed across the continent from New York to San Francisco, 4031 miles in thirty days without repairs or replacements. Still holds the touring car record between the points named.

This same identical Regal "Pluggie" has since been driven 11,281 miles as a demonstrator—15,312 miles to its credit without repairs.

April 11, 1910, the sturdy Regal "Pluggie," as a further test of reliability, started on a 5000-mile "Around-the-Circle" tour, passing through fourteen states and stopping at 64 cities. And it will make

good because the Regal is built that way. Would you ask your car to do more? How about cost of running? Here's the experience of two physicians and two business men:—

O. G. Freyermuth, M. D., San Francisco, writes: "In six months have covered 4000 miles over mountains and all types of roads. Cost of maintenance less than a horse." F. S. Griffin, M. D., Mansfield, Mass., writes: "Have averaged over 2000 miles a month for six months. Consider the Regal '30' the sturdiest, quietest, and least expensive to maintain of all moderate-priced machines."

G. A. Leonard, Pres. People's Mutual Tel. Co., Sheffield, Ia., reports: "5000 miles—no expense except for oil, gasoline, and tires."

Louis Wolf, Wolf Bros. & Co., Bankers, Philadelphia: "While I own a Mercedes, Renault and other high-priced cars, I get more pleasure from my Regal '30' than all the others combined."

After reading these FACTS, doesn't it seem as if the Regal "30" is just the car for you? Is there any point you want further light on? Write us, or see the Regal dealer.

*Just  
Sign  
and  
Mail*

REGAL MOTOR CAR CO. Life 5-5-10  
DETROIT

Please mail catalogue to

Name .....

Address .....

## REGAL MOTOR CAR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Licensed Under the Selden Patent

Canadian Trade supplied by the REGAL MOTOR CAR CO., of Canada, Ltd.,  
Walkerville, Ontario



## The Age of Oak and Walnut

**T**UDOR and Stuart Oak, Cromwellian and William and Mary Walnut furniture is now held in the highest favor by Connoisseurs and Collectors.

Decorative value, associative charm of appearance, honest construction and deft cabinet making are all preserved to the utmost in our Replica reproductions of both Oak and Walnut English furniture of the Seventeenth Century.

Our productions are offered for sale in New York only. Here they may be seen in the Twelve Galleries of the Building especially designed and built for the Grand Rapids Furniture Company.

The individuality of these admirable examples of the modern Cabinet-Maker's craft is such that an illustrated Catalogue would be misleading rather than helpful.

Of actual assistance to those furnishing, however, will be found our book, "The House and Its Plenishing," which will be sent to all who write us of their exact needs.

**The Grand Rapids  
Furniture Company**  
INCORPORATED

34 and 36 West Thirty-Second Street  
Between Fifth Avenue and Broadway  
New York



The "Cause" in New Zealand

MY DEAR LIFE:

As to the wild pranks of the suffragettes, I do not think that their unwise proceedings can have militated in the least degree against the "cause" they seek to further, nor do I think they have assisted it.

In England, at least, the average woman is more law-abiding than is the average man. (N. B. There are more women than men in the country, yet the larger number of offenses against the law are committed by men.)

No man whose opinion is worthy of consideration would be influenced by the violent tactics of an infinitely small proportion of the sex. These women are not by any means representative (for one thing they are, in the main, too intellectual).

Though I have been in New Zealand now for five years, and for the greater part of that time I have been eligible for the vote, I have not cared to exercise the privilege. This is a personal matter. I am a very retiring woman and more than a little indolent. Anything in the way of an exciting function bores me unutterably. Certainly I am not representative of my sex.

There is one thing that I would greatly inconvenience myself to vote for, and that is to take away the suffrage from certain types of men.

However, as things are, I think that the nearest way toward some sort of fairness is to give a voice in the making of the law to the sex that, on the whole, knows so well how to respect the law.



Catalogue Q will be sent on request All That The Name Implies  
**THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CO.**  
 2449 EAST 93<sup>RD</sup> ST., CLEVELAND, O.  
 LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT

*The*  
**COOPER FLY BOOK**

The handiest, most compact most complete Fly Book made. Holds 36 to 54 dozen flies. "The best book yet."

*Flies always in sight. No metal to rust hooks. Moth, dust and moisture proof. Loose leaf. Size 4 x 7 inches, fits any pocket*

**PRICES DELIVERED FREE**

Canvas	-	\$2.00
Seal Grain	-	\$3.50
Morocco	-	\$4.50
Pig Skin	-	\$6.00
Holders per doz.	-	\$2.00
New No. 11 Book, 3 holders	-	\$1.00

FOR SALE BY Tackle Dealers Everywhere if your dealer won't supply you, write us

**Cooper Fly Book Co.**  
 20 Montgomery St.  
 SAN FRANCISCO

Send today for illustrated folder.

DRYING PAD  
 FOR LEADERS  
 SIX FLY HOLDERS  
 POCKET FOR BAIT HOOKS, ETC.

A fighting woman makes not a pretty picture; she should restrict herself to causing the quarrel and nursing the wounded, and she should leave to men all the swashbuckling and the actual firing of shots.

Your contention that woman's suffrage would double the purchasable vote may readily be admitted. The man who would sell his own vote could hardly be expected to refuse to sell that of his wife also. At the same time, perhaps, you will not deny that the granting of the suffrage to women might also be

supposed to double the unbribable vote. It is said that every man has his price, and the adage may apply just as truly or untruly to woman, though I for one do not think it likely that many women would sell their votes. Some of them have been known as rather successful buyers of votes.

I will take this opportunity of saying how much I admire LIFE; how I look for it and enjoy it. Yours very truly,  
 NELLIE LORD.

WELLINGTON, N. Z.

(Continued on page 794)

If your garters  
mark your leg  
you need a pair of Brighton Garters. Made of  
that soft, stretchy silk web that yields and clings as  
you move, yet never binds or chafes. Absolutely flat.  
Brighton Garters have grown more and more popular  
for 20 years. 3,000,000 pairs  
sold in 1909 Not a stitch to rip. 25c everywhere or  
we mail them

Pioneer Suspenders for perfect shoulder bal-  
ance, comfort in every motion. 50c everywhere or  
we mail them

Pioneer Suspender Company  
PHILADELPHIA

### From Our Readers

(Continued from page 793)

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

In LIFE of February 24 is a letter from S. M. Farrell, which gives an absolutely false impression in regard to the results of Dr. Flexner's serum for epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis, an impression which, if spread abroad, might result in much increased suffering to many children. Will you permit me from facts which have come under my personal observation to correct this impression?

Mrs. Farrell bases her denial that the serum has reduced the mortality of epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis on the mortality of the cases reported by the New York Health Department. This impression is false, because such a conclusion cannot properly be drawn from the reports of a city health department. In the first place, such reports are not of the cases ill with cerebro-spinal meningitis, but of deaths, as very few cases are reported unless fatal.

In the second place, my own experience leads me to believe that a very large proportion of the cases in the reports of the New York Health Department were not cases of epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis at all. There are a great many fatal forms of cerebro-spinal meningitis which are usually reported as cerebro-spinal meningitis without reference to their cause. As the physician having charge of the use and distribution of the serum in New England, I have been called to administer serum in many cases already reported to local health boards as epidemic meningitis only a small proportion of which were the true epidemic form.

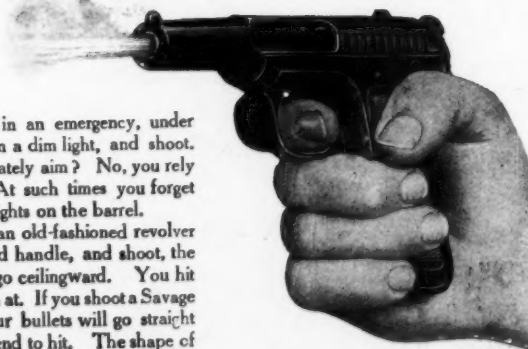
I have personally used, or supervised the use, of Dr. Flexner's serum in over

**75,000,000 WASHBURNE'S PAT.**  
**"O. K." PAPER**  
**FASTENERS**  
SOLD the past YEAR  
should convince YOU of their  
SUPERIORITY



There is genuine pleasure in their use as well as Perfect Security. Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each.  
**HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Shipping, NEVER!**  
Note our trademark "O. K." stamped on every fastener.  
All nations. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.  
The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. MP 1 B

## No Wild Shots From This Gun



☐ Seize a gun in an emergency, under excitement, or in a dim light, and shoot. Do you deliberately aim? No, you rely on instinct. At such times you forget all about the sights on the barrel.  
☐ If you seize an old-fashioned revolver with its crooked handle, and shoot, the bullets will all go ceilingward. You hit nothing you aim at. If you shoot a Savage Automatic, your bullets will go straight at what you intend to hit. The shape of the Savage makes it a natural pointer.  
☐ Although your mind is bent on protection from the burglar, the barrel of the Savage Automatic is instinctively held on a level all the time, in natural readiness to shoot. And it's the only automatic gun which does not spoil your aim by a recoil jerk just as the bullet leaves the barrel.

**10 Shots  
Quick**  
One Pull for Each Shot

☐ You pull the trigger for each and every shot. With each shot it loads and cocks itself for the next shot. A fresh magazine of ten 32-cal. shots can be inserted in a flash.  
☐ This gun is so easy to grasp that a woman will handle it without fear; more safe than any revolver; can't be discharged except by pulling the trigger.

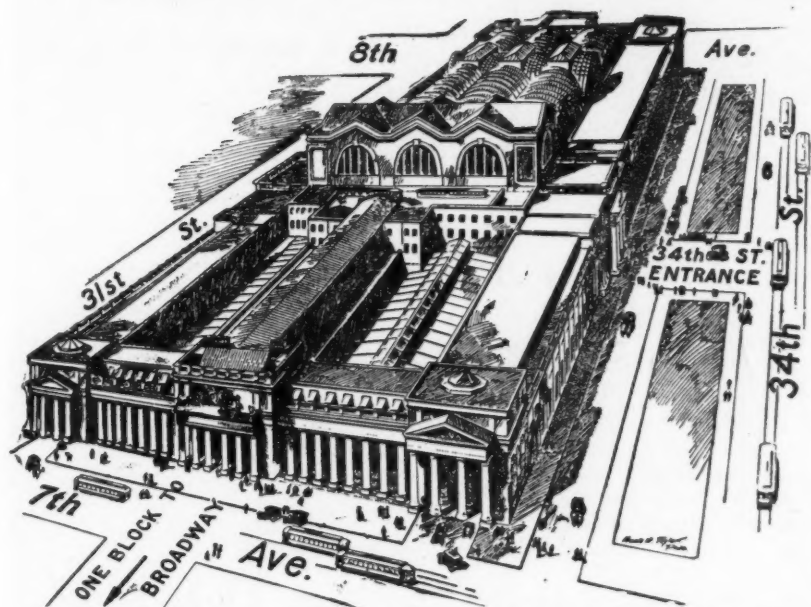
"The Tenderfoot's Turn."  
☐ W. B. ("Bat") Masterson, the Dodge City ex-sheriff, has written a book for people who need fire-arm protection. You think the lives at home are worth the trouble; therefore, you ought to write for it to-day.

**FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES.**  
☐ Ask your dealer to show the new 22 cal. repeater (1909 Model)—very classy—Price \$10.  
☐ We have a new book about Savage rifles—Handsomely illustrated. Don't buy a rifle without sending for this book. You'll regret it if you do.  
☐ Find time to-day to write. Address Savage Arms Co., 885 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.

THE NEW **SAVAGE** AUTOMATIC

# Pennsylvania Station

IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK'S SOCIAL AND BUSINESS ACTIVITIES



The Pennsylvania Station in New York City fronts directly on Seventh Avenue, Thirty-first Street, Thirty-third Street, Eighth Avenue opposite the new United States Post Office, and on Thirty-fourth Street by special plaza. It has entrances and exits on all four fronts. The main entrance is at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-second Street, which leads directly to Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Madison Avenue, Park Avenue and Lexington Avenue. This entrance is **one block from Broadway, two blocks from Fifth Avenue, and by way of Thirty-third Street one block from the busiest spot in the city's centre.**

Within a radius of a mile are located the majority of New York's big hotels, clubs, restaurants, places of amusement, and most of the big retail stores. The Seventh Avenue surface cars and the Eighth Avenue surface cars pass the doors of the Station, the Thirty-fourth Street surface cars (crosstown) pass the Thirty-fourth Street entrance, and a station of the Sixth Avenue Elevated is a short block from the Main Entrance. All sections of the city are within easy reach by regular lines of travel.

Through trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad will arrive at and depart from the Pennsylvania Station on time-tables which are now being arranged, to take effect on a date which will be announced in due course.

Travel to the "downtown" section of the city will also be provided for by trains from the transfer station at Harrison, near Newark, by way of the Hudson & Manhattan tubes from Jersey City to the Hudson Terminal at Cortlandt and Church Streets, which is the heart of the financial district as well as of the section where all the big industrial and manufacturing corporations have their business offices. The ferries between Jersey City and Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets will be continued in operation.

The location of the station appeals directly to the hotel guest, the shopper, the amusement seeker, the business man, the professional man, and every class of travelers to and from New York over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Dickinson, Meyer, Wetmore,  
and McCall

DEAR LIFE:

Some time ago Congress appropriated \$50,000 for a memorial statue of Commodore Barry, the work to be done by a sculptor of Irish descent. A competition was opened and models for the statue were placed on the top floor of the State building, where, I believe they are to-day. The names of the sculptors were kept secret till after the award, which was made by a competent and independent jury. Andrew O'Connor, an Irish-American residing in Paris, was given the prize. O'Connor, of whom a French art magazine recently said: "He is the strongest and ablest sculptor now working in France, Rodin alone excepted," was a student of art with Sargent and of sculpture with French. There is no question concerning his ability. The French Government has bought several of his pieces for the Luxembourg. But, after the award was made, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, incited (I say on my own authority) by some of the sculptors whose work was rejected, came to the front with objec-

*Milo*

The  
Egyptian  
Cigarette  
of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY  
MILDNESS  
PURITY

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

tions to the award and brought the strong pressure of the Irish societies against giving the \$50,000 commission to the talented and well-trained young American who had fairly won it. After fifteen months of delay and consideration (sic), the Barry statue commission, consisting of Secretary Dickinson, Secretary Meyer, Senator Wetmore and Representative McCall, have recalled the award and have informed O'Connor that they will not require his services. They have asked another sculptor\* to prepare a model, with the promise that, if it is satisfactory, the award will be made to him. I have it on the authority of artists that that sculptor is not capable of producing a worthy statue artistically. Washington is already filled with statues that are scarcely more valuable than so much junk and that are a by-word among artists. It is the result not alone of ignorance, but because some of the commissions have tried to mix politics and art. Will you not protest against this kind of injustice, which will soon drive all self-respecting artists from entering

\* Boyle, of New York.

(Continued on page 796)

# AN END TO TIRE DELAYS

The great bugbear of motoring is tire delay on the road. Do away with it by using

# "Firestone"

## Quick Detachable DEMOUNTABLE RIMS

They carry your spare tires already inflated, ready to substitute, rim and all, for injured tires. About two minutes and the journey is resumed, without hard work, worry, perspiration or pumping.

Firestones are the *only* Demountable Rims of the quick-detachable type which have been tried out and have made good in actual service—the *only* ones good enough to be used on exhibiting cars at any of the 1910 Automobile Shows. At the four National Shows alone, 50% more exhibitors used them than any other demountable rims of any type, clincher or otherwise.

They are the *only* quick-detachable Demountable Rims now being delivered and equipped promptly. The Firestone quick-detachable feature facilitates changing tires on the spare rim at the journey's end, or as often as required on the trip—a point doubly appreciated by users of other demountable rims.

*Equip your car with Firestone Tires and Demountable Rims—the tires least likely to require changing, and the best means of tire changing when required. Ask us about their cost.*

**THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.**

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire Makers"  
AKRON, OHIO

Branches, agencies and dealers everywhere



Illustration of the Firestone Non-Skid, one of our complete lines of tires for all standard rims in smooth and non-skid treads.

With Firestone Demountable Rims, the motorist overtaken by tire mishap merely unlocks the rim carrying injured tire, substitutes a spare rim with its already inflated tire and resumes his trip.



Dickinson, Meyer, Wetmore  
and McCall

(Continued from page 795)

into competitions conducted under government supervision? I appeal to the "independent" publication and to your good sense.

Very respectfully yours,

WILLIAM ALLEN WOOD,  
Wallace Statue Commission of Indiana.  
INDIANAPOLIS, April 11, 1910.

### From Texas

DEAR LIFE:

I suppose that it shows the spirit of a dead game sport for you to publish the letters of your different correspondents without commenting on them. It gives some people a good deal of confidence to know that the other fellow won't hit back. Still, I think your correspondents' comments on LIFE's mistakes would be more interesting reading if now and then interspersed with LIFE's comments on the mistakes of its correspondents.

In answer to "Vox Populi's" question

by what right LIFE claims to be one of the two independent papers, I will reply because LIFE has earned it. Published in a city controlled by the most perfect political machine in this country, it has never hesitated to attack and expose its methods. In a Republican State it has fought that party whenever public interest demanded it. The defeat of a candidate never altered LIFE's attitude. When Mr. Cleveland was defeated, in 1888, LIFE's comment was the finest compliment a departing President ever received: "Mr. Cleveland has been defeated, and in the true spirit of Democracy we bow to the will of the majority; but it will be some time before as stiff a backbone rubs up against the Presidential chair." Because the conduct of some of its members justified it, LIFE antagonized the most powerful business interest in the world to-day, controlled by a race as clannish as they are clever. But the act which I think entitles LIFE to the International Victoria Cross, given only for deeds requiring the highest kind of moral courage, occurred about fifteen years ago, when an awful crime, perpetrated under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, temporarily rendered a whole community blood mad, and the terrible vengeance they took, boldly and in open day, was so tragic that it overshadowed the cause, as the dust and smoke of a blast obscure the dynamite that causes it. With few exceptions the papers all over the country treated the subject with unreasonable abuse or con-

(Continued on page 798)

## DESIRABLE INCOME AND ADEQUATE SECURITY

are considerations of every investor.

The safety line is a well secured Municipal or Tax Bond or high class Corporation Bond, selected through Bankers whose experience and record merit your confidence.

The needs of capital for proper development in the

### Great Central West

give us opportunities for favorable purchases.

Our ownership of bonds comprises fifty separate issues for your selection—bonds legal for Eastern Savings Banks, yielding from 4% to 4½% and others equally desirable yielding better interest.

In a selected list of securities suitable for Banks, trustees and individuals, we recommend—

- Northern Steamship Company 5½ Serial Bonds.
- (Legal investments for Michigan & Ohio Savings Banks.)
- Kossuth County, Iowa (Drain), 6% Serial Bonds.
- (Legal investments for Iowa Savings Banks & Tax Exempt.)
- Atchison County, Mo. (Drain), 5½ Serial Bonds.
- Woodruff County, Ark. (Levee), 6% Serial Bonds.
- Long-Bell Lumber Company (Security, pine timber) 6% Serial Bonds.

For 21 years officers of this Company have selected securities for our customers in 41 States, and no investment has failed of payment in accordance with its promise.

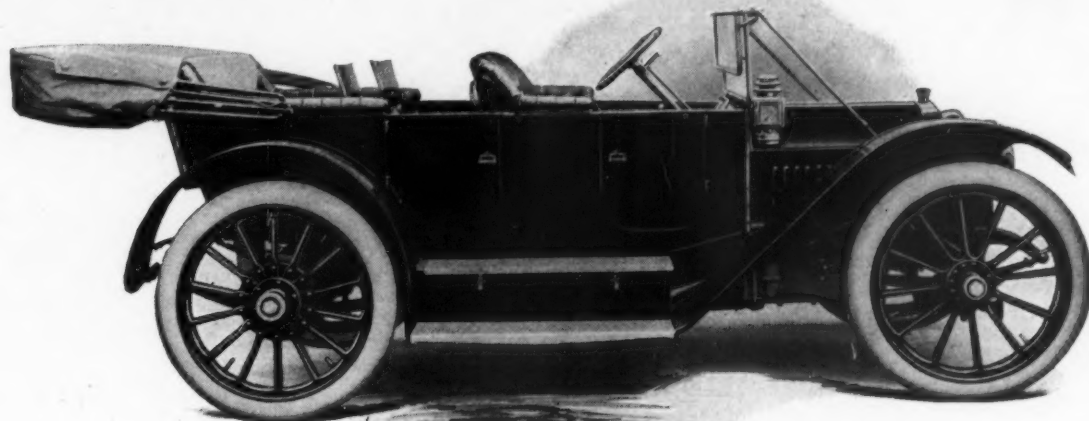
Consider the security of this statement and send to-day for our offerings and information.

### William R. Compton Company

ST. LOUIS  
285 Merchants-Laclede  
Building

CHICAGO  
385 Home Insurance  
Building





## Why the Owen Has 42-Inch Wheels

### Low Center of Gravity

The Owen is made to fit 42-inch wheels. The center of gravity is even lower than on ordinary cars, because of the double drop frame and underhung rear springs. Yet the clearance is ample for the worst country roads. The low center of gravity increases the easy riding qualities wonderfully and almost eliminates skidding.

### Tire Cost Much Lower

42 x 4-inch tires wear from three to four times longer than 36 x 4 tires. The wearing surface is greater. Children's shoes wear out quicker than grown people's because children take shorter steps. 42-inch wheels, we may say, "take longer steps" than 36-inch wheels. 42-inch tires don't puncture or blow out as easily as 36-inch, because there is less friction, less heat, less strain on the tire fabric.

### Easier Riding

42-inch wheels glide over road depressions that 36-inch wheels drop into like lead. They reduce jolts and jars and make touring even over rough roads a pleasure. The sensation of riding in an Owen is cradle-like. 42-inch wheels make boulevards out of country roads.

### Less Vibration—Longer Life of Whole Car

Vibration wears out metal more than natural use. A 42-inch wheel automobile gets less vibration and jar than the ordinary kind. The Owen, on account of its double drop frame, low center of gravity, underhung rear springs, and superb spring suspension, gets much less vibration from rough roads than other cars. Longer life for the whole car is the result.

**\$4,000**

**Fully Equipped**

The 1911  
**Owen**

*"Two Years Ahead"*

**Designed for  
Touring Comfort**

### Specifications—

**PRESENT-DAY** tendencies in automobile construction strongly mark the 1911 Owen "two years ahead" of other cars.

**Left-Hand Drive**—The steering gear is on the left side. Every argument is in favor of this position, since on the 1911 Owen the gear shifting lever is at the driver's right with no levers outside the body. The left-hand drive permits of driving to the curb on the right side of the street and dismounting on the sidewalk. The right-hand gear shift is natural and leaves nothing new in the operation of the car to be learned.

**Long-Stroke Motor, 6-inch—50 H. P., 4 cylinder, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch bore with 6-inch stroke gives the 1911 Owen motor every advantage. It will throttle to two miles per hour and pick up quickly on high gear to sixty. The long stroke means great torque or pulling power at slow speed—great hill climbing ability—least wear on working parts—quietness—lack of vibration.**

**High Front-Door Body**—This type will be much favored in 1911. The high front doors offer protection and add class. The Owen is not a freaky torpedo, but a stylish, roomy, touring body.

**Full Touring Equipment**—The 1911 Owen is fully equipped for touring. No necessity of luxury has been overlooked. The

car is complete—*nothing left to buy but fuel.* The regular equipment includes finest quality mohair top with side curtains and top slip cover; folding wind shield; clock; speedometer; electric horn; combination gas and electric head lights; combination oil and electric side and tail lights; Prest-O-Lite tank; foot accelerator; muffler cut-out; tire-carrier irons; robe rail; baggage rack; foot rest; gasoline and oil gauges; tire chains; one extra inner tube and a full set of tools.

**Write for De Luxe Catalog.** Get the facts about this 1911 car "two years ahead" of the times before you pay more or less for some other. They are contained in the Owen De Luxe Catalog now ready and sent on request.

**OWEN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1612 E. Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan**

We are waiting to give you a taste of the most toothsome crackers you ever put in your mouth

# EDUCATOR CRACKERS

We want you to prove their goodness to your own satisfaction. We know Educator Crackers will delight you, so if you'll send us your name and address, and, if not too much trouble, your grocer's name, we will send for two two-cent stamps

## A TRIAL BOX

This trial box will contain an assortment of favorite Educators. You'll like them so well you'll want more. One reason why Educator Crackers are so deliciously different from other crackers is because they are made from flour that is thoroughly ground by old-fashioned millstones from the choicest selections of entire grains. No other cracker is quite so good. Remember this when you ask your grocer for crackers, and insist on Educators. If your grocer cannot supply you we will. Anyway don't forget to send for the Trial Box.

Johnson Educator Food Co., 238 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.



The name "Educator" is on every Educator Cracker

## From Our Readers

(Continued from page 796)

demnation, the few exceptions appealing to race prejudice rather than to reason. LIFE alone spoke with judicial fairness tempered with Christian charity, and, while condemning the act in no uncertain terms, gave due prominence to the provocation, and in the spirit of the Great Teacher said: "Before judging his Southern brother too severely let each one of us honestly ask himself if, under the circumstances, his conduct would have been very different?" Years afterward LIFE's question was answered in Illinois. We of Texas have not forgotten, and I don't think we ever will forget the stand LIFE took on the Paris tragedy.

I am no slavish admirer or blind follower of LIFE. I think you have not always given Colonel Roosevelt his due, that you are mistaken about vivisection and wrong about vaccination, but your claim to independence is just and right, and every honest man who has read you enough to judge should O. K. it without hesitation, reservation or mental evasion of mind in him whatsoever. That Collier's is the other paper is only my guess, but I will back it at long odds.

Very truly yours,

PENROSE N. IONS.

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS, Feb. 19, 1910.

## For Old Friends

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir:—In a letter headed "For the Old Horse," in your issue of March 24, your correspondent urges that no horse shall be sold under fifty dollars. It is doubtless true that when a horse has reached that stage of life when he will not bring over fifty dollars at a sale, he should no longer be compelled to work, but before we can put this price limit on the sale of horses there are still cheaper

## Miss Cue A Lasting Sensation

OUR new book about Miss Cue, containing six beautiful illustrations of Miss Cue at billiards and pool, will be sent free, post-paid, to anyone interested in Billiards.

Miss Cue is shown making shots which have never before been attempted by any billiard player, and the series of pictures is interesting and unique.

Just ask for Booklet.

William A. Spinks & Company  
382 West Erie Street, Chicago

Manufacturers of Spinks' Billiard Chalk and "The only manufacturers of cue tips in America."

Room Owners will find Spinks' Chalk and Tips at all dealers.

horses on the market and on the streets that should be rescued from work.

The Animal Rescue League of Boston has for the last six or more years been buying these old horses that are brought into the auction rooms or traded off in sales stables or seen staggering along the streets, paying from three to five dollars for them. During the year of 1909 the league purchased at these low prices, through its veterinary doctor, one hundred and eighty-six horses that were unfit for work either by reason of age or physical disability. Most of these horses were immediately put to death, but a few were taken to Pine Ridge, Dedham, where the Animal Rescue League has a Home of Rest for Horses, and kept a short time in comfort before the end came.

By purchasing these old horses the danger of their being passed from hand to hand until they fall dead in harness is averted. Even after a horse is condemned by a humane society he is not safe unless the society takes possession of him and attends to having him mercifully disposed of. Many horses unfit for work are slipped through the cheap and unprincipled horse dealers' city stables or hands into obscure country places to work out in misery and starvation the few remaining days of their life. If such horses are carefully watched for and secured by humane workers a great amount of suffering unspeakable can be saved and we shall after a time reach the fifty-dollar horses.

The Animal Rescue League has a Horse Rescue Fund, solicited for the express purpose, and is buying every week at the low prices mentioned above horses that otherwise would be in danger of prolonged suffering.

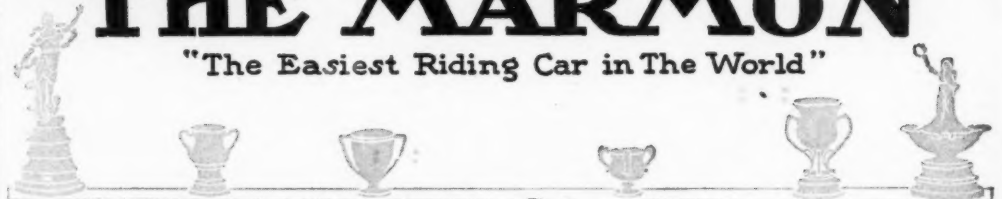
ANNA HARRIS SMITH.

MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH,

President of the Animal Rescue League.

# THE MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car in The World"



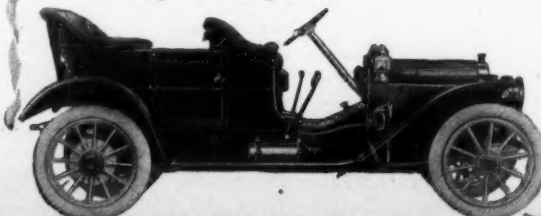
## TIRE ECONOMY

Every man who has driven an automobile knows what high speed does to tires.

Probably the greatest demonstration of tire economy ever made was by Ray Harroun driving a Marmon stock car in the Vanderbilt race one week and in the Atlanta races the next. In these events he covered 736 miles at an average speed of 64½ miles per hour, on the same set of tires, and never stopped once in any of the races for any purpose.

Good tires? Of course they were, but practically every tire manufacturer of the country can show you testimonials from Marmon owners showing how well their particular tires have stood up on Marmon cars.

No other car of similar power has ever shown anything like the tire economy of the Marmon—and every automobilist knows that tires form the chief item of expense in maintaining the average car.



One Chassis, 32-40 H.P. High Class Equipment,

**\$2,650**

NORDYKE & MARMON CO. Estab. 1851.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Licensed Under Selden Patent.



### AN INTERESTING MOMENT

Ever cast a fly and try to beguile wise old "Mr. Trout" to take the feathers? Ever whip a stream all day and not a rise? Ever been just about ready to give up when, "Bing!" you hooked one?" It's a great sensation—isn't it? At such a time a dainty lunch and a cool bottle of

# Budweiser

quickens and stimulates the tired body, banishes fatigue and adds to the joy of being alive.

**ANHEUSER-BUSCH, St. Louis, Mo.**

# What Is Your Discard ?

Better Obey That Impulse and Lead the \$5.00 Life

Next Week's  
**LIFE**  
IT IS FROM  
**STRENGTH**



See the Brilliant  
**COVER**  
"DISCARDING FROM  
STRENGTH"  
BY  
G. COLES PHILLIPS

## Our Confidential Guide to Coming Numbers

- May 19—Animal.** A four-footed masterpiece. A menagerie of merrymaking.
- May 25—College.** Reeking with wisdom. Also jokes.
- June 2—Travel.** Monster Number. Globe splitting.
- June 9—Courtship.** Spooners, ahoy! Take notice.
- June 16—Home, Sweet Home.** Teddy's return symbolized.
- June 23—All About Books.** (A dull, prosaic number.)
- June 30—Yankee Doodle.** Title has been changed from Army and Navy.
- July 21—Dyspeptics'.** A gastronomical chef d'oeuvre.
- August 11—Fat Folks'.** Not so weighty as it seems.
- August 18—Nautical.** Sure cure for mal-de-mer.

## Locals

Our circulation was visible in the far heavens about ten minutes before dawn yesterday morning. It cast a luminous glow over everything, and then went up again out of sight.

Harrison Cady reports a new cartoon entitled "The Surrender of New York Town." We have seen it and it's a marvel. Coming soon.

Several ladies have protested against our Fat Folks' number August 11. They want to have us put it off until fall. Banting.

According to latest estimates, 534,201 college students are now working over Life's College Contest.

Several thousand spectators gathered in front of our printing office last week watching the installation of Life's new presses.

Please note how we try to make our reading matter in the back pages attractive by putting advertisements around it.



### That Goody Goody Number Will Come a Little Later.

It will contain some of the purest and most upright jokes ever created by the most irreproachable artists and authors.

It will make every Y. M. C. A. look like a Parisian roof garden. No effort will be spared to make it acceptable to every alabaster mind.

It will make narrow minds while you wait.

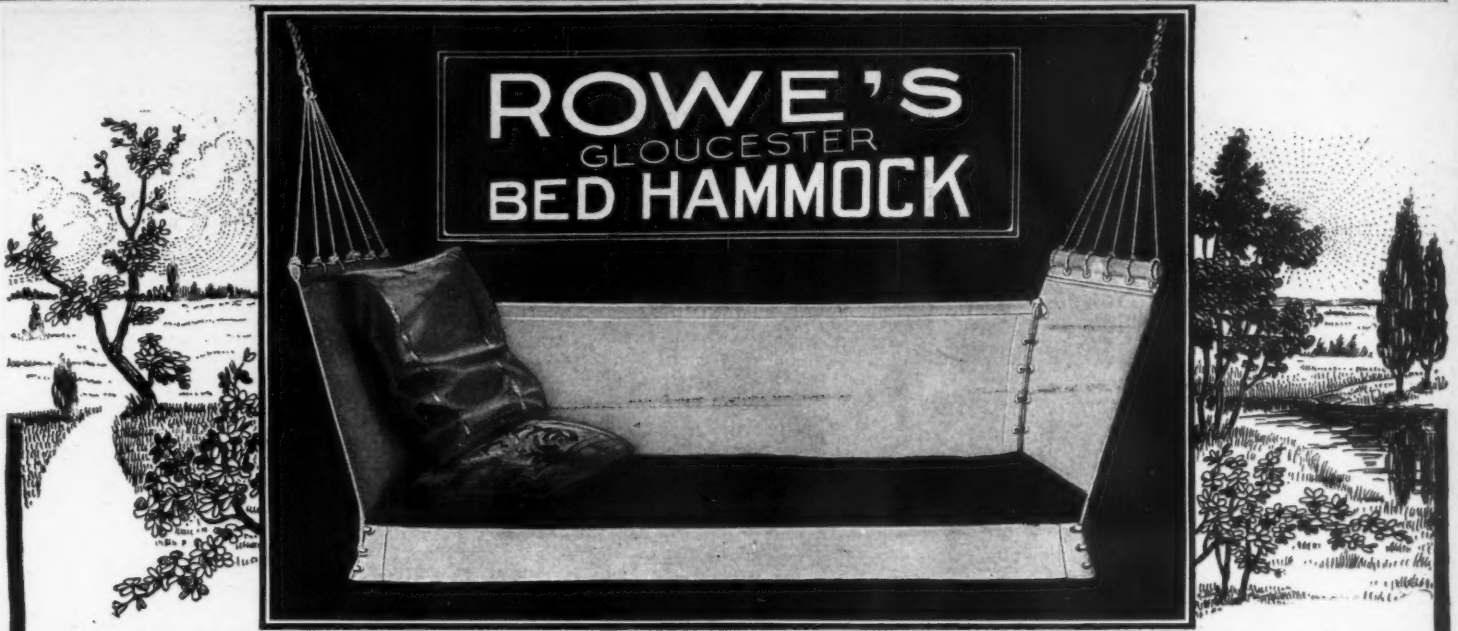
Does anybody want it? It makes no difference. We shall issue it, at no matter what cost.

Subscription \$5.00



Canadian \$5.52

Foreign \$6.04



**For Verandas, Porches, Lawns and Indoor Use—Combines Hammock, Couch and Swing Settee—The Perfect Couch for Out-Door Sleeping**

A third of a century's experience shows that Rowe's Hammocks can be depended on to give 10 years of continuous out-of-door service. From the model and of same weight canvas (white or khaki) as made by us for years for U. S. Navy. Strong wood frame, with or without national spring, thick mattress, with sanitary removable cover. Holds six persons. With or without windshield (see cut), which folds flat under mattress. Complete, with lines and hooks ready for hanging, delivery charges prepaid in United States, carefully packed.

**SLEEP OUT-DOORS, AND TONE YOURSELF UP.** Out-door sleeping is better than medicine. Time spent out-of-doors is better than tonic. Get the fullest benefit of sleeping and lounging in the open air by equipping your porch with Rowe's Gloucester Bed Hammock. It makes out-door sleeping practical and pleasant. It is just as comfortable as a good bed, because you can lie in it, stretched at full length. The high side and ends positively protect you from draughts.

A Rowe Hammock makes a very decorative and appropriate piece of furniture for dens and bungalows, particularly where an out-door or marine effect is desired. *Small Silk Name-Label on every Rowe Hammock*

Write for Descriptive Booklet  
and Prices of Different Styles and Sizes

**E. L. ROWE & SON, Inc.,** 302 Water St., GLOUCESTER, MASS.



MOTHER'S VOICE FROM NEXT ROOM: WILLIE, COME HERE!  
YOU MUST NEVER LISTEN TO YOUR FATHER SHAVING.

The  
**Supremacy**  
of the  
**STEINWAY**

over all other makes is again positively proven by the adoption of the STEINWAY PIANO by the Aeolian Company as its leader for the incorporation of the unrivalled Pianola inside player.

Everybody who makes a piano can claim that his product is the best, but will any other manufacturer corroborate it? When, however, one of the most powerful international organizations and factors in the musical industry puts its seal of supreme approval on the STEINWAY PIANO, it should convince not only the unbiased but also the most skeptical.

The Steinway Pianola Piano can be bought from any authorized dealer in Steinway Pianos in the United States and Canada.

*Illustrated catalogue will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.*

**STEINWAY & SONS**

Steinway Hall, 107 and 109 East Fourteenth Street

Subway Express Station at the Door



## The Meriden Company's New Store

The Meriden Company, Silversmiths, announce their removal from 218 Fifth Avenue to more commodious and beautiful salesrooms, 49-51 West 34th Street—in the heart of the shopping district.

Unusual facilities are afforded for the effective display of goods and every consideration given to the comforts of patrons in making inspection and selection. Ladies will appreciate the convenience of a well equipped waiting and writing room which they are invited to freely use.

We are exhibiting many objects of unusual attractiveness. Dinner Sets, Tea and Coffee Services, Serving Trays, Candelabra, Fern Dishes, Flower Holders, Wine Coolers, Ice Tubs, Liquor Sets, Cut Glass and the new Silver Deposit ware; also a complete line of

**"1847 ROGERS BROS."**

Forks, Spoons, Knives, Etc.

*"Silver Plate that Wears."*

*Visiting buyers from the wholesale trade are invited to make the store their headquarters. A capable stenographer is always at their service.*

**THE MERIDEN COMPANY**  
Silversmiths

(International Silver Co., Successor)  
49-51 West 34th St.

Carriage Entrance, 35th St.



STERLING SILVER VASE OF UNIQUE DESIGN AND UNUSUAL WORKMANSHIP. HEIGHT, 18 IN.



**W**ITH a shabby "Top" the best motor car looks dowdy. It's a question of getting the right thing, or being fooled by a dealer, who, to increase his profit, palms off the "just as good," a cheap imitation or substitute for the genuine

## Pantasote

Leather used exclusively by the leading manufacturers, and approved for years by thousands of Automobillists, as the ONLY suitable, serviceable, lasting, satisfactory material. Absolutely waterproof, stands all weather, keeps its color, and cleans with a "wipe." Imitations won't stand similar tests, but, when New, are often deceptive—and dealers know it. Superior to cloth on both sides materials ("mohairs," etc.) for many reasons, two in particular—the impossibility of removing dust, dirt and stains from their outer side, and the fact that their interlining of impure rubber is ruined by exposure to the sunlight or grease as are tires.

*Send postal for booklet on top materials, and sample with which to compare when buying, and prevent substitution.*

**THE PANTASOTE CO.**  
55 BOWLING GREEN BLDG. NEW YORK.



"ALBERT, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO HAVE YOUR WIFE MISTAKEN FOR A GIDDY LITTLE CHORUS GIRL, YOU'D BETTER LET me SELECT MY HATS AFTER THIS!"

# KOSMEO CREAM

creates a sun- and wind-proof complexion. Price 50c at all dealers or by mail. Sample of Kosmeo Cream, Kosmeo Face Powder and 64-page book on the complexion and hair sent free. Address Mrs. Gertrude Graham, 1495 Michigan Ave., Chicago.



## Expert Testimony

Human nature, we take it, is pretty much the same in the West as it is here. Suffrage for women is based on purely human considerations, and in our part of the country the arguments on both sides are based on pure theory. In the West they have some practical knowledge, drawn from actual experience. An ounce of this is worth pounds of theorizing, and from that point of view this testimony from Idaho, where women's suffrage is a fact, is at least interesting:

The whole question of women's suffrage is a joke, and LIFE seems to have realized the fact. It is absurd to claim that the votes of women are needed to uplift civic or national life. The women can do that in their own homes by raising children with the fear of God in their hearts and honor for their parents. When a married woman gets out to hustle for female franchise it is a certainty that she is neglecting duties nearer home. There always was great promise of the wonderful things that would happen when the franchise was extended to women, but after the decade of experience in various States and colonies it is perfectly clear that the result is absolutely nil.—Lewiston, Idaho, Teller.

## Questions of a Coroner

Who is dead? The Merry Widow.  
 How old was she? Ninety and Nine.  
 How did she die? The Easiest Way.  
 Where did she die? Forty-five Minutes from Broadway.  
 When did she die? At the Witching Hour.  
 What made her linger? Fighting Hope.  
 Who found her first? The Servant in the House.  
 Who got her jewels? The Thief.  
 What did the news spread like? Wild-fire.



*Was Barnum Right — Or am I?*

Barnum said the public liked to be humbugged. I never believed it. I've brought a good many businesses to success on the other basis. The Makaroff Cigaret business is one of them.

I said eight years ago that the American public was tired of being exploited on cigars. I was tired of it, and had been for quite a while, and I am just a good average person, with enough human nature in me to be very much like eighty millions of my neighbors.

I have enough faith in my neighbors, too, to believe they are mostly natural-born connoisseurs—once they are given a chance to discriminate. And I've proven it.

No other people on earth are as keen for the best of everything as the Americans—and no other country has been so consistently given the worst of it on a lot of things.

I am a cigarette manufacturer only because I was first a cigarette smoker and I got tired of smoking the stuff that was offered to intelligent smokers in this country. I wanted a cigarette that I could smoke all day if I felt like it, without developing a "craving," or inducing the nervousness or depression that follows the use of ordinary cigarettes. I found such cigarettes in Russia, where everybody smokes Russian cigarettes. I imported them for a long time, but it was difficult to keep enough on hand to supply myself and my friends—and my friends multiplied pretty rapidly through these cigarettes.)

I acquired the knowledge, the right, and the workmen, to duplicate these cigarettes in America, and I am duplicating them, absolutely.

The reason for the difference between these cigarettes and others lies mostly in a difference in the manufacturer's point of view.

I have always believed that if we produced the quality, the public would produce the sales. And that faith has been justified.

## MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

are just like Makaroff advertising—good, honest, straightforward stuff. We have now introduced the goods so thoroughly to dealers that you can get them almost anywhere in the best cigar stores, hotels, cafes, dining cars, etc. Any dealer who hasn't got them can get them quickly from his local jobber. If he doesn't want to, we will supply you promptly, by mail, on receipt of the dealer's name and address, or simply his address, so that we may investigate his reason for refusal.

If you do not like these cigarettes at the first trial, remember that they are mighty different from what you are accustomed to, and that the difference is all in your favor. Take time to get a little used to them and you will find out just what we mean.

Makaroffs are absolutely pure, clean, sweet, mild tobacco, untouched by anything whatsoever to give them artificial flavor, sweetness, or to make them burn. You will find that you can smoke as many as you want of them without any of the nervousness, depression or "craving" that follows the use of ordinary cigarettes.

Pure tobacco won't hurt you. You may not be used to it, and you may not like the first Makaroff, but you'll like the second one better, and you'll stick to Makaroffs forever if you once give them a fair chance. We have built this business on quality in the goods and intelligence in the smoker—a combination that simply can't lose. We waited quite a while, but it has won in our case and won big. The result is, that

**"This is a Makaroff year—nearly everybody smokes them now!"**

Makaroffs are 15 cents and a quarter in boxes of ten. \$1.50 to \$6.00 for 100's.

At Your Dealer's

*Makaroff - Boston*

At Your Dealer's

Mail address, 95 Milk Street—Boston, Mass.

# SIDE TRIPS THROUGH PICTURESQUE HOLLAND

THE WONDERLAND OF EUROPE  
**VERY SMALL EXPENSE**  
 FROM LONDON } Start Any time { 3 Days  
 FROM PARIS } From Anywhere { 5 Days  
 FROM BERLIN } { 7 Days  
 New Palace Steamers: England to Holland, via Flushing.  
 Largest and Fastest crossing the Channel.  
 Write for Beautiful Booklets and Itineraries showing every detail of delightful tours.  
**C. BAKKER, General American Agent**  
 Netherland State Rys.—Flushing Royal Mail Route  
 355 Broadway New York

Did she leave any family? Yes. Three Twins.

Who came from Europe to attend her funeral? Miss Hook of Holland.

How was the news sent. Via Wireless.

Who spread the news? The Traveling Salesman.

Were there any well known people there? Yes. The Yankee Prince.

Who prayed for her? Salvation Nell.

Where was she buried? Fifty Miles from Boston.

What military company acted as pallbearers? The Boys of Co. B.

Who assisted in lifting the coffin? Samson.

Who furnished the music? The Music Master.

Was the undertaker paid? Yes. Paid in Full.

What did they pay him with? Brewster's Millions.

What was it? The Talk of the Town.

Where did she go to? The Devil.—Columbia News.

Elegance is the first characteristic of Tobey Handmade Furniture. It is an elegance not only of line, proportion and finish, but also of the beauty of richly grained rare woods and of the nicety of exquisite hand workmanship.

Tobey Handmade Furniture is sold only at our two stores. We invite you to see it.

*Correspondence concerning the furnishing and decoration of the home will receive our prompt attention.*

## THE TOBEY FURNITURE COMPANY

11 West Thirty-Second Street, NEW YORK  
(Near Fifth Avenue)

Wabash Avenue and Washington Street, CHICAGO

### Why Not Have a Parcels-Post?

Postmaster-General Hitchcock reports that the Post Office Department loses \$64,000,000 a year.

Now, what do you know about that, supposing, of course, that you know nothing at all about it? And did it ever occur to you, gentle reader, that the heads of departments in this particular branch of our government at Washington really have less actual knowledge of the practical workings of the business end of the job than has my friend Brown?

It's all very simple when you knock out the big words and the blue-sky oratory, but does it occur to you in this connection that the railroads and the express companies haven't any deficits, and don't intend to have any so long as the dear people fail to get next?—*Beach's Magazine*.

VISITOR: What do you call this? Fire drill?

CLERK: No, Mr. Bonds, president of our concern, just dropped dead in his private office and the boys are moving up into their new positions as quickly as possible, so that no time will be lost.—*Puck*.



### Our Special Offering

**10% Discount allowed from regular catalogue. This offer holds good for a limited time only.**

**Send in your order at once.**

**This Garment at \$4.95  
Regular Price \$7.50**

A dainty combination in one piece corset cover, short skirt and drawers, doing away with all unnecessary fullness.

Entirely hand made, of fine Nainsook, handsomely trimmed with Valenciennes Lace insertion and edging and Satin ribbon.

Sent prepaid to any address in the United States for \$4.95. Please ask for combination 500 V, giving bust, waist and hip measure.

Write for our booklet, "A Glimpse of My Lady's Wardrobe."

**WOODWARD & ACE,**  
500 Fifth Ave., New York.  
Reference: Columbia Bank  
507 Fifth Ave.

## RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office London, Wash., D. C., OTTAWA

**THE BISHOP OF LONDON.**  
Then up spake the Bishop of London,  
"To gain credit and not be undone  
You must use 'Rad-Bridge' scores  
And observe holy laws,  
Bow to Bradstreet's and never shun Dun."  
**55**  
**SILK VELOUR PLAYING CARDS**  
Latest, same quality, size, colors and price as our famous hem-stitched linen card, only difference design of back. "It's a beauty."  
Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) secures our handsome sample wallet of Bridge Whist accessories with new illustrated catalog. Address Dept. L. Radcliffe & Co., 144 Pearl St., New York, and London, E. C.

### The Breakfast Hour

Good morning, Father, did you sleep all right up on the roof?

And have no trouble now the top has been made anchor-proof?

Those gay O'Tooles are "fly-by-nights" in more ways than in one,

And I'll be glad when once the laws restrict the midnight run.

Yes, Bridget, we are ready: bring the coffee right in hot—

Are you sure you baked the napkins and that you've not forgot

To sterilize your gloves? Now, take the tongs to pass the plate—

I wonder what's the matter that Edwina's always late!

I fear, my dear, you'll have to make a date for that dear child

For operation on her brain, she drives me nearly wild!

She's never up in time for school, she never hears the bell:

A clot of blood must rest upon her "punctual" brain cell.

Her teacher sent me word last night 'twas time the thing was done,

And while her head was opened up 'twould be a simple one

To change the set of nerves attached to her unruly tongue

And tighten up the chords a bit—'tis now too loosely hung.

And, by the way, while you are in the doctor's shop just see

If he has found the leg he said he'd have just right for me.

Now, what's the use of talking, John! I can't go to the ball!

In that sheath gown when my right leg don't match my left at all!

I don't care if it does come high, I've got, I think, some right!

Pray tell me what you had to pay for hiring, Tuesday night,

The stomach for the dinner, that was ready to go home

To Mrs. Vanderastor? Oh, you have no need to foam!

I'll never tell—but, by the way, when will they have yours done?

Injecting pre-digested food makes you so cross and glum!

Oh—now you're off! Say—don't forget, that leg must be good strength,

And measure two feet round the top and two feet four in length.

F. C. S.

## ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. Aids digestion. A pleasing aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A delightful tonic and invigorator. At wine merchants' and druggists'. Important to see that it is Abbott's.



# Try One of Our Motor Trips



**S**UPPOSE you don't know where to go next Saturday and Sunday. Call on, 'phone, or write the Touring Club of America. Its road experts will suggest a week-end trip around your own home that you haven't taken—a new trip for each week-end if you live in an interesting country, telling you hotels to stop at, distances—everything.

Suppose you want your 'car insured. T. C. A. will have it insured and save you \$5 to \$40. This saving pays you back your membership fee. It may pay you back a profit besides. Thus, T. C. A. touring information costs you nothing.

Suppose you want a tour for a week or a month. The touring experts of T. C. A. can give you over 1000 fascinating tours in America alone. For example; a mountain scenic tour through the Poconos, including the Delaware Water Gap, New York State's lake country (which is every bit as beautiful as the Highland lakes of Scotland), on through the Adirondacks, across Lake Champlain, through the marble country of the Green Mountains, and back to New York again by fascinating unfrequented back roads in the Berkshires.

Suppose you want a fishing, hunting or camping trip. Ask T. C. A.

Suppose you want to tour abroad. T. C. A. will pack and ship your car; get you out of the Customs House in one hour instead of twenty-four; and its touring experts will map out tours for you through all of Britain, all of Europe, Northern Africa, India, Australia—through every country that is interesting, except Asia Minor, China and Japan, which are not tourable.

You probably have no idea of the skill and magnitude of the T. C. A. Not a touring book, but a great bureau of touring experts who know nearly every road in the world. Has the enthusiastic approval of the highest men in the automobile business.

Doesn't matter where you live, T. C. A. can serve you. You don't have to be introduced. Send us \$5 for one year's membership. If after thirty days you aren't overwhelmingly pleased, we'll return your \$5.

If you won't do that, send for the most interesting booklet ever published on automobile touring, entitled "Discover America."

By the eternal, don't put it off. You'll forget it. Do one or the other now, while you have it in mind. Address Touring Club of America, Dept. C, 239 West 54th St., New York.

**SAVES  
\$5 TO \$40  
AUTO  
INSURANCE**

**AUTOMOBILE  
TOURING CLUB OF AMERICA**

# INDESTRUCTO

Trade TRUNKS Mark

## Even Better Than Before



**W**E'VE bettered the best trunk ever made—have added strength in every way—without materially increasing weight.

We found no way to improve upon the splendid patented features of the Indestructo De Luxe Trunk—the unequalled waterproof and weather-proof hardwood construction—thickness upon thickness joined by a special moisture-resisting cement, squeezed together under enormous pressure into one solid piece of the strongest, most elastic trunk material in the world.

Round corners of cold-rolled steel, heavily braced, hardwood runners on all sides and steel shoes form a perfect outer protection. The Indestructo is built for real travel service.

We stand behind every Indestructo De Luxe Trunk that leaves our factory with a

**5-Year Guarantee**

If your Indestructo De Luxe Trunk is destroyed beyond repair within five years of the date of your purchase, we give you a new one. Further, if it's damaged while traveling and needs repairing within the five years, we make the repairs free of charge to you at our factory.



Look for the name "Indestructo" on your trunk before you buy it. Be sure it's there—because there are no substitutes for the Indestructo Trunk.

**Protected against Loss**

If your Indestructo goes astray it is traced by our special registry system and is returned to you, without annoyance, with least delay.

Service considered, the Indestructo is the most economical trunk you can buy. It is the trunk for a lifetime. A cheap, short-lived trunk is the most expensive investment in the world. Indestructo Trunks are sold by the store which ranks first in its class in each city—where good trunks are sold.

Send for our booklet "About a Traveler"—a De Luxe edition for 1910—authoritative and interesting—beautifully illustrated—gives valuable information about railways, steamships, hotels, service, tips, expenses, etc.

Send us the coupon in a letter enclosing seven two-cent stamps, and we will mail you a copy at once—Address.



Coupon for Book—"About a Traveler."

National Veneer Products Company, Sta. E 24, Mishawaka, Ind.

Enclosed are seven 2-cent stamps. Please send copy of your book, "About a Traveler," to

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

My trunk dealer's name and address:

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

**National Veneer Products Co.**  
Station E 24, Mishawaka, Ind.

The Indestructo Tourist Trunk—just on the market. Lower in price than the Indestructo De Luxe. The best trunk for the price.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

Special Gala Issue (Anniversary Number) of the

# THEATRE MAGAZINE

To celebrate the beginning of our tenth year of publication, we offer our readers a magnificent souvenir number, an *édition de luxe*, containing notable literary features and nearly 100 pictures, many of which are full-page plates. In addition to the usual handsome cover executed in colors this exceptional number will contain

## Two Superb Masterpieces of Art



*Sir Peter Lely's famous painting of Nell Gwynn, the celebrated English actress of Charles II's day.*

EXQUISITELY  
REPRODUCED  
IN  
COLORS



*Nicholas Lancret's celebrated painting, "The Music Lesson," the original of which is now in the Louvre Museum, in Paris.*

**The Contributors to this Gala Issue** include some of our best known writers, dramatists, players and managers. Among others are :

JAMES G. HUNEKER  
WILLIS STEELL  
MRS. McKEE RANKIN  
OTIS SKINNER  
EDGAR BEECHER BRONSON  
HENRY MILLER

RUPERT HUGHES  
EDWARD FALES COWARD  
JOHN MASON  
LEONARD LIEBLING  
DANIEL FROHMAN  
CHARLES KLEIN

A. B. WALKLEY  
CHARLES HENRY MELTZER  
ADOLPH KLAUBER  
MAXINE ELLIOTT  
HENRY TYRRELL  
ADA PATTERSON

**A Literary Feature of Almost Sensational Importance** will be  
"EDWIN BOOTH'S OPINION OF THE FAMOUS PLAYERS OF HIS DAY."

*This is in the form of a private letter written by Mr. Booth to a personal friend. For thirty-five years it has been in the possession of a well-known journalist of this city, and it came to him in a remarkable way. A fellow craftsman handed it to him one night at a Bohemian dinner: "My boy," he said, "here is a letter of extraordinary historic value. If published now it would cause bitter heartaches and enmities. I shall not live until it can safely and properly be published; you may. Treasure it until that time and then give to the world Edwin Booth's private opinion of the foremost actors of his day."*

TO THE THEATRE MAGAZINE HAS BEEN GIVEN THE PRIVILEGE OF PUBLISHING THIS REMARKABLE DOCUMENT, AND IT WILL APPEAR IN OUR FORTHCOMING ANNIVERSARY NUMBER.

PRICE OF THIS SPECIAL ISSUE, 50 CENTS

Readers of "Life" may secure it free of charge by subscribing for one year beginning with the June issue. Yearly subscription \$3.50.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 20 West 33d Street, New York

Plain Talk

Dr. J. W. Thatcher, one of the best-known practitioners of Philadelphia, says, according to the *Record* of that city:

"While I am absolutely opposed to antitoxin under any circumstances, I readily appreciate the fact that many physicians find it indicated in certain stages and use it with success. But ever since its introduction there has been a greater number of deaths, and innumerable deaths have resulted from heart failure, which the children readily succumb to when antitoxin is used. I have carefully studied the progress of antitoxin and unhesitatingly predict that the medical fraternity, when a full realization of its death toll dawns upon them, will cast it aside. It is against all ethics and contrary to human reason that an injection of diseased animal matter, whose potency is maintained by deadly poison preservatives, can be conducive to health or effect a permanent cure."

Dr. Henry Beates, president of the Board of Medical Examiners, states that many reputable physicians refuse to use antitoxin because of the serious consequences which frequently follow its use. He states that to his personal knowledge the deaths of forty children who would otherwise have recovered are attributable to its use. Dr. Beates claims to have never lost a case of diphtheria, although rarely using antitoxin, and he is opposed to the idea of advocating one special remedy for a disease when dozens of others will answer equally as well.



Roadster (French Type), seats two—Four cylinders, 30 H. P.—\$2750.  
Gasoline, water and oil capacity for 300 miles.

## Distinct Differences Which Are Distinct Advantages

The Croxton-Keeton (French type) occupies an unusual position with relation to America's other fine cars. This is so because it differs in essential details from these other cars.

It is entirely alone in this difference, and its embodiment of certain features of unique excellence and departure from the common practice gives it a tangible advantage.

If you are familiar with the finest specimens of motor car construction produced on this side of the water, doubtless you have received the impression that practically the same principles have been followed in all.

And, as a rule, you have found complication dominant to a degree.

But when you come to examine the Croxton-Keeton (French type) you will find that the contrary applies. Instead of complication, you will see simplicity.

You will look for features which you had always thought essential to a motor car, but you will not discover them.

For instance, the power plant is free from commutator; the car carries no batteries; the ignition is supplied by a high tension magneto with a fixed spark.

There is no water pump, no fan.

Water circulation is secured through a particularly effective thermo-syphon system.

Thus, extra complication and extra weight are eliminated without a lessening of efficiency; parts prone to be trouble breeders are done away with.

When your interest carries you to the point of a demonstration—as it inevitably will—you will remark the easy, gliding start which characterizes the engagement of the especially designed disc clutch, and the smooth, free operation of the engine at low and high speeds.

The literature which we will send you, upon request, sets forth other distinct advantages; and you will find it worth your while to write for it.

## THE CROXTON-KEETON MOTOR COMPANY

190 Walnut St., Massillon, Ohio

New York

Boston  
Kansas City

Providence  
Denver

Pittsburg  
Salt Lake

Toledo  
Los Angeles

Chicago



Patented

## The Coolest Auto Glove

because of the perfect ventilation secured through perforations across the back and fingers, too tiny to admit dust, is the

### GRINNELL VENTILATED "RIST-FIT" GLOVE

The "V" of soft leather inserted in the cuff allows a snug, smooth fit, when the strap is drawn. This feature is our well known patented "RIST-FIT." Only the toughest and softest of "Reindeer" and Coltskin leather is used.

Examine a Pair of Grinnell Gloves at Our Expense

Write us your dealer's name, also size and style you wish, and we'll send them prepaid on approval.

Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co., 42 Broad St., Grinnell, Iowa  
Originators and Patentees of Ventilated and "Rist-Fit" Gloves

### Used by Our Best

"Forget it—cast it away."—Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*.

"She was a respectable old guy."—Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.

"It's a sure thing."—Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*.

"Twenty-three."—Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*.

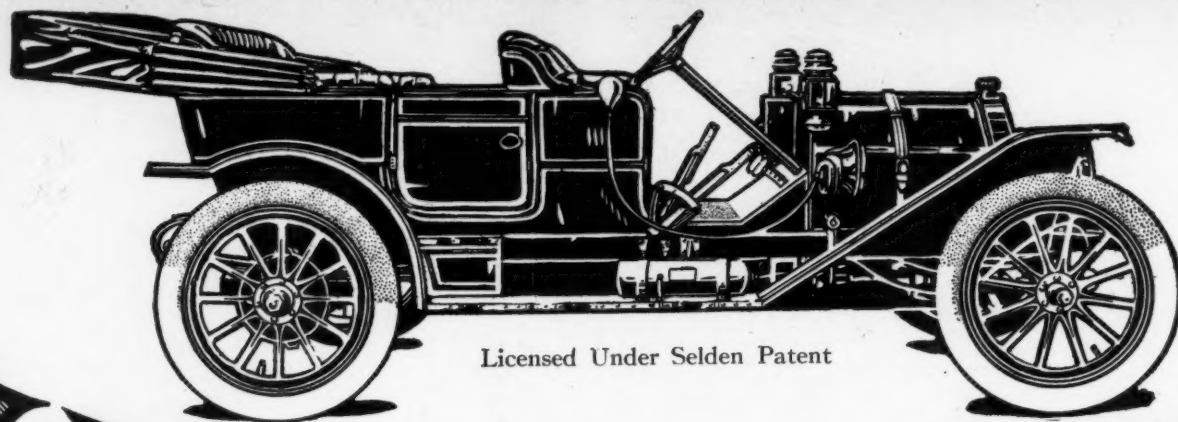
"Gave Hector a gift—a gilt nutmeg—a lemon."—Shakespeare's *Love's Labor's Lost*.

"Cut in and win."—Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.

"Gone to the wall."—Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

### Just a Little Exercise

The elevator conductor of a tall office building, noticing that the colored janitor had ridden up with him several times that morning, remarked: "Sam, this is the fifth time I have taken you up, but you have not come down with me." "Well, you see," Sam replied, "Ah been washin' windows on de 'leventh floor, and every now and agin' Ah misses mah hold and falls out."—*Success*.



Licensed Under Selden Patent

# HAYNES

## Your Opportunity to Get The Car You Want for \$2000

If price were no object to you in buying an automobile, if you were simply trying to pick out the car that would give you the best satisfaction—

What would influence you most? What would be your guide in choosing the best? Not the extravagant claims of an advertisement—surely. Not the enthusiastic praise of a salesman.

Just three things—the experience, the reputation of the maker and the record of the car.

Let's forget the Haynes is a moderate priced car for a moment and consider it only in the light of a satisfactory purchase—price no object.

To begin with, it's a product of the oldest automobile manufacturers in the United States. Elwood Haynes built the first successful American automobile. He was the first manufacturer in the United States or Europe to use nickel steel—the first to employ aluminum in motor cars—the first to use a magneto on a motor car. He was the first to use roller bearings.

Every important feature introduced by Mr. Haynes in automobile construction has become standard on cars that have followed the Haynes. The Haynes organization has never built anything but a high class car. Before building the Model 19 for \$2,000 they never built a car for less than \$3,000. So much for experience and reputation.

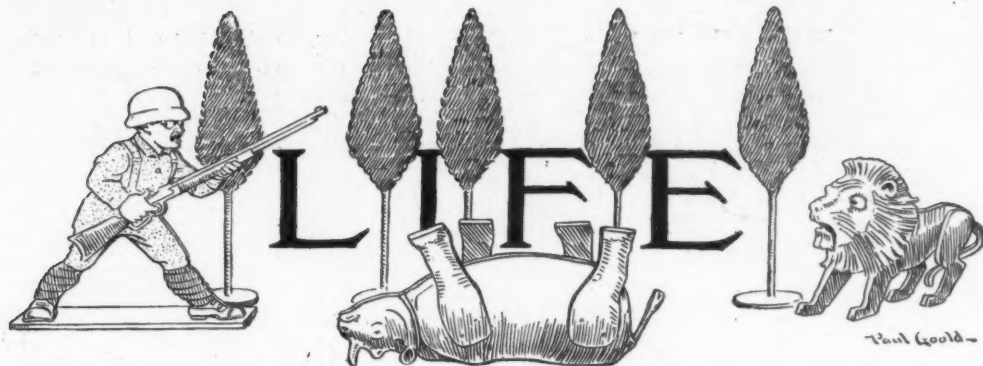
Haynes cars have won 41 First Prizes, medals or perfect scores in 41 consecutive tests—the best possible proof of our persistent adherence to a high grade only policy. No other car, American or Foreign, at any price, can show a like record in contests of all kinds. And yet this handsome, classy, luxuriously appointed, roomy, 5-passenger machine sells for only \$2,000—\$1,000 less than you would have to pay for a car of **similar specifications** in any other machine. Notice we emphasize similar specifications—you cannot duplicate the Haynes reputation, quality and faultless mechanical construction **at any price**.

We could not make the Model 19 any better for double the price. We are equally sure that no one else would make as good a car for the same price. The Haynes experience is responsible for the low cost, and it is the only thing responsible for it. When you buy a Haynes you get a car with everything in it or on it worth having in an automobile, and you do not pay too much for your car.

Write to-day for further particulars and let us tell you the name of the nearest Haynes dealer who will be glad to take you for a trial spin.

**HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY**

**118 Main St., Kokomo, Indiana**



### Republics

**A** REPUBLIC is an agreement among a body of people that on and after a certain date nothing shall be done differently. This agreement is solemnly made, put into writing and is called a constitution for convenience.

A republic is usually a very good thing at the time it is formed, and the only point on which men differ is as to just how long a self-respecting republic should last. It stands to reason, of course, that if republics come tripping upon the

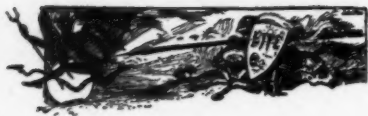
heels of one another in too frequent succession all the waking hours of the people would be uselessly taken up with the mere disagreements of agreements.

On the other hand, history seems to show that the best kind of republic is a new republic. *Ellis O. Jones.*

**O**NE Fourth of July is given up to noise and carnage, the remaining three-fourths to the doctor, the priest and the undertaker.



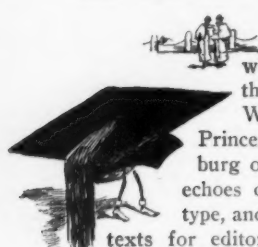
NEXT



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LV.      MAY 5, 1910      No. 1436

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



ONE would like to see the whole of the speech that Dr. Woodrow Wilson made at the Princeton dinner at Pittsburg on April 16. A few echoes of it have got into type, and have been used as texts for editorial discourse. Dr. Wilson seems to have got a mandate to proclaim democracy to the Eastern universities. He does it eloquently, with vigor, in season and at odd times. He also proclaims scholarship. Both proclamations are received with emotion by his academic audiences—with enthusiasm by some, with distress and indignation by others. A sympathetic teacher said of him: "He hates to recognize that professionally he is a failure. All teachers and all parents must come to realize that they are failures in a measure in that they cannot make what they would of the young." That is true enough, but they can do a great deal, and Dr. Wilson has a mind to do the utmost.

The teacher quoted went on to wish that Dr. Wilson might reconcile himself to the limitations of his calling, since otherwise he might be lost out of it, and he is far too good a man and too useful a teacher to be spared out of the teaching squad. He is a man of ideas, of ideals, and of enthusiasm and force. Teachers so endowed are comparatively rare and fit to be handled patiently and with indulgence.

Dr. Wilson spoke at Pittsburg of politics as well as of colleges. "I have dedicated every power in me," he said, "to a democratic regeneration."

The American college must become saturated in the same sympathies as are the com-

mon people. The colleges of this country must be reconstructed from the top to the bottom. The American people will tolerate nothing that savors of exclusiveness. Their political parties are going to pieces, and only those leaders who seem able to promise something of a moral advance are able to secure a following.



DR. WILSON takes the colleges very seriously. After all, in so far as any college "produces" a man, Princeton produced Woodrow Wilson, and Yale produced Taft, and Harvard, out of a particularly hot hotbed of exclusiveness, produced Theodore Roosevelt! And Williams produced Garfield and Brown produced Governor Hughes. Maybe the privately endowed colleges have changed in the last ten years, but assuredly in times not long passed they did some important business. They abound in absurdities and need constantly to be jolted, and the jolts that Dr. Wilson is distributing seem to be in the right direction, but meanwhile we cannot quite despair of them even as they are.

Dr. Wilson seems to think that the steer our young men get in college is the steer they are to follow through life. But in a great many instances the steer they follow is the one that is not given to them, but one that they fix up for themselves. Some of the most useful of the college-bred men are useful by reason of the effectiveness of their reaction. A big college on the American plan is a fine place for a lad of some native gumption to learn wisdom by observation of the futility of many things that other folks spend their strength in doing. A democratic college is not necessarily the best place to make democrats. About as good a way as there is to make a finished snob of a lad is to put him on a diet of compulsory democracy. The men who have stood up most effectively to exclusiveness and privilege have often been persons who took the measure of these advantages from the inside.



UNCLE MARK TWAIN has retired permanently from this life, fairly full of years and abundantly

embellished with popularity and honors. For forty years Uncle Mark has been widely known as an amusing writer, but not until the last fifteen years or so has his eminence in literature been realized. The truth is that when one goes to enumerate his rivals for pre-eminence in American literature there is not need of more than half the fingers of one hand to count on.

Mark Twain's chief literary asset was the talent he was born with. But he had wonderful advantages in developing it. Even while he was getting the rudiments of a literary education in a district school in Missouri his chief study was boys, caves and rivers. Becoming proficient in these subjects, he began the wander years that carried him to Nevada and California, to newspaper offices where he had to practice writing, and then around the world with the Innocents. He was a free man from his youth, tied to no formulas of respectability, cramped by no artificial standards of taste or deportment, but devoted to seeing what he could, learning what he might, and thinking it over and writing about it in the best words he could find.

An untrammelled man, instinctively honest, diligent and temperate (except with cigars, which didn't seem to hurt him much). Dr. Wilson may include him with Lincoln in the list of men to whom it was probably an advantage that they never had to go to college. But he was born remarkable, and would probably have worked out remarkable whatever the processes might have been. Born to different sights and associations and to a less haphazard system of education, he might perhaps have turned a still more remarkable writer than he did. Working out as he did, however, he saw aspects of American life that there were few good writers to tell about, and it is his record of them that contributes his chief cause to permanent distinction.

It is a happiness to record that Uncle Mark was a man faithful and upright in every relation of life. He joked a great deal, and there was plenty of the artistic temperament in him, but he paid his debts and loved his women-kind with a fidelity less common than it should be among humdrum men.



IF THE ANIMALS HAD MORE SENSE SPORT WOULD BE LESS ONE-SIDED

# · LIFE ·

## Our Fresh Air Farm

### To Our Readers

**F**OR considerably over twenty years LIFE has been active in Fresh Air Work, and has maintained since 1891 a Farm at Branchville, Connecticut. The property, a gentleman's country seat, about fourteen acres in extent, was a gift from the late Edwin Gilbert. The house, stable and other buildings have been converted into dormitories and living rooms for our numerous guests, while the ample playgrounds, with the orchard, brook and tent, furnish constant amusement.

From the close of school in June until it reopens in September parties of about two hundred children are given a fortnight's vacation in the country. Pure air and plenty of good food have a chance to work their miracles with the children of the poor, taken from the city missions, the lower East Side, and other "settlement" sections of the Greater New York.

Branchville is fifty-three miles from New York, on the New Haven Railroad, and the transportation is of course a heavy item, but careful management last season, in spite of the increased cost of living, kept the entire cost of a child's two weeks' vacation down to \$5.31.

LIFE's Farm is supported entirely by contributions from friends and readers. We trust our old friends will remember us this year, and we also hope to interest our newer friends in this work. Remember that \$5.31 means a happy vacation in a life where happy vacations are a rarity.

However small the contribution, we can use it to advantage.

Remittances may be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund. Acknowledgment is made about three weeks later in our Fresh Air column; also by letter direct if address be given.

The more money you give the more children we send.

#### LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND STATEMENT.

Balance on hand close of 1909.....	\$6,123.00
Less Marion Story fund.....	5,000.00
	\$1,123.00

#### Contributions received since close of 1909.

1909.	
Sept. 20. Twitchell Lake S. S.....	\$5.60
21. Catharine E. Swinnerton.....	5.00
21. J. B. D., Jr.....	2.50
Oct. 8. Geo. J. Helmer.....	5.00
8. "Tweeter Bug".....	1.00
20. George W. Wienhoeber.....	15.82
27. Thos. Smidt.....	5.00
Nov. 8. Arthur A. O'Neill, M.D.....	5.00
Dec. 30. Foker.....	1.15
1910.	
Jan. 29. C. D.....	2.00
Feb. 1. "Anonymous".....	10.10
14. Given by the boys and girls of the Seventh Grade of P. S. No. 21, Flushing, N. Y....	3.00
	61.17
	\$1,184.17

#### At the Quick Lunch

**"S**AY, waiter, don't you see that sign 'No Smoking'?"  
**W**AITER: Yes, but that's only intended for the customers.



OPENING THE SEASON'S FESTIVITIES

### Time Checks

**I**N the systems of the old-fashioned socialists and communists it was customary to substitute so-called "time checks" for money. These checks were supposed to represent the number of hours of actual work done by the holder, and, of course, were not transferable. Modern reformers have abandoned the checks, mistakingly, it would seem. Were they in vogue at present how quickly would the high prices cease.

"How much is that steak?" we can imagine Mr. Morgan or Mr. Carnegie inquiring, pointing to a luscious tenderloin and smacking his lips in expectation.

"That is worth thirty-seven minutes a pound," would be the disconcerting reply, and the poor "millionaire's" face would fall. But five hours having been spent in coupon-clipping and like work it would palpably be folly to spend such a large percentage of one's entire capital on a single piece of beef.

"Well, give me a pound of pork chops for thirteen minutes," would be the modest compromise, and with gratitude in his heart and the chops in his hand the financier would proceed homeward to his mansion. The next day the price of beef would tumble.

All men are equal.

Decidedly, let us have time checks.

*William Wallace Whitelock.*

### Mr. Payne Brags of His Bill

**M**R. PAYNE says that from every standpoint his tariff bill is "the most successful bill this country has ever had."

From the standpoint of high prices, at least, Mr. Payne is right. We don't charge more than a fair share of the lift in prices to his bill, but it has done its part in that as certainly as it has in "the uplifting of American business at home and abroad."

The trouble with your bill, Mr. Payne, is that comparatively few of us are in a position to find a profit in the industries and trade that it fosters, whereas every mother's son of us has to pay the prices which it helps to boost.





PAST, PRESENT AND TO COME



MAY

## Coming to a Decision

**SCENE:** A modern city apartment. Dinner is over and husband and wife enter the "living room." The husband strikes a light and applies it to his cigar. The wife settles back with an air of determination neutralized by a smile—indications that in her opinion a certain psychological moment has arrived. On the table are three school text-books—algebra, ancient history and a beginner's Latin—indicating the presence near by of a younger person, whose shrill voice can indeed occasionally be heard from an adjoining room.

**WIFE (very pleasantly):** Isn't it about time, dear, that we decided where we shall go this summer?

**HUSBAND (his face becoming slightly cynical):** You mean that it is time for you to tell me where you have decided that we shall go.

**WIFE:** How unkind of you! I have been so busy—

**HUSBAND (interrupting her with a sweep of his cigar):**—buying things to go away with that you really haven't had time to think of the place—eh?

**WIFE:** Nothing of the sort.

**HUSBAND (relaxing):** Oh, that's all right, my dear. I understand. I'm not cross about it. Where do you think would be the best place to go?

**WIFE:** Not where we were last year.

**HUSBAND:** I thought it was pretty good. Simple but good.

**WIFE:** But you forget that Estelle is growing. She demands more.

**HUSBAND (inclined to bait her):** More what?

**WIFE:** More life.

**HUSBAND:** More foolishness, you mean.

**WIFE:** You don't understand at all. You don't give any thought to these things. (*Persuadingly.*) Now won't you please let me explain? Don't you think that you ought to let me explain? Do you think that it is fair to—

**HUSBAND:** Go on. Explain.

**WIFE:** I simply couldn't when you put it that way. Why, you shut me right up.

**HUSBAND (very mildly):** I assure you I didn't mean it. I assure you, my dear girl, that I should be delighted to have you explain. The fact is, this is the first time that I have been able to get you to explain. You know your distaste for argument. For example, our expenses—

**WIFE:** There you go again. Always expenses, always money, money, money, money! I am sick of it.

**HUSBAND:** Now, now, don't be unreasonable. I am not going to mention money. I am ready to avoid anything you don't want to talk about. But it was your suggestion. You proposed it.

**WIFE:** Proposed what?

**HUSBAND:** Why, that you explain something—I don't know what.

**WIFE:** Oh, yes. I simply wanted you to listen and judge fairly. You never listen to my reasons, you know, but you always insist on giving me yours.

**HUSBAND (puffing contentedly):** Well, for once I'll do anything you say. Now, here's a proposition. You explain everything—calmly, clearly, in your own delightful manner. I will listen carefully, sympathetically and impartially. Then, when you have finished, I will give my reasons—that is, of course, supposing I may disagree. I may not disagree, you understand. I may be persuaded that you are entirely right. Why, my dear, this is too delightful. I've been wanting to have just this kind of a talk with you for years. Proceed.

**WIFE:** Well, then, don't you think that we ought to go—to go—

**HUSBAND (after a pause):** Well, go on.

**WIFE (rather hurriedly):** To a nice hotel, where there is some life?

**HUSBAND:** You mean to some nice, expensive hotel, where there is some life?

**WIFE:** I knew how it would be. Money! Always money! I won't say anything more—

**HUSBAND:** There, there, forgive me. I didn't mean that. I wasn't fair. Yes, yes, I understand, some nice hotel—go on.

**WIFE:** Where there is life, and music, and dancing, and where only the best people go. You see Estelle is just at the age where she needs to meet the very nicest people. It will influence her whole life. She will learn to be at her ease anywhere then. And I shall be free from housekeeping, instead of that horrid farm where we were last year, and—

**HUSBAND (anxious to know the cost):** Where's the hotel? Have you decided about it?

**WIFE:** I should love to go to the Lake Pine House.

**HUSBAND:** You know how much it costs there?

**WIFE:** I don't believe it is much more there than anywhere else. I'd rather stay at home than—

**HUSBAND:** Oh, of course! Well, I can tell you. It will cost us at least two hundred dollars a week. Now, I am perfectly willing to do it. I wouldn't care if it cost a million a week—if I had the money. But I haven't, and that settles it. (*A pause.*) That's something there is no argument about.

**WIFE (with an impersonal air):** I'd rather spend two weeks there than two months—

**HUSBAND:** I understand that all right. So would I. But



RACING TERM  
THE FIRST LAP

this is mathematics, and not what you would like to do. In the first place, if you go to a place like that you will have to dress. Why, only millionaires go there—only people with their own autos. You'll be thoroughly out of place; then there is the fare both ways.

WIFE: That would happen anywhere.

HUSBAND: I know that, but it's all got to be considered. My dear, it's out of the question. It cannot be done. Dismiss it from your mind. I haven't got the cash.

WIFE (a tear in her voice): You could do it if you wanted to. You do other things.

HUSBAND (getting up slowly and throwing the stub of his cigar down on the receiver half savagely, as he thrusts his hands in his pockets, elevates and depresses himself alternately on his toes): Now, girl, look here. This is a game. You've got this thing all fixed up, and you think you can make me do it; but you can't. Just put it out of your mind. Besides, do you suppose I would take Estelle to a fashionable hotel like that, where she would meet a lot of swells very much above us? I guess I know better than that! If you haven't any love for the child, I have. Why, you would spoil her for life. Worst thing that could happen to her. I should think you would see it. But I can. So forget it. You are not going! Understand?

(At this moment the door leading into the other room is burst violently open and Estelle, a young girl of sixteen, her extremely pretty face drawn into a knot of anguish, rushes up to her father and violently throws her arms around his neck in a passion of tears.)

ESTELLE: Papa!

HUSBAND: So, you heard it all?

ESTELLE: Oh, dear papa, you don't mean it. Say that you don't. (Her girlish figure is racked with sobs. She is unable to speak.)

HUSBAND: Estelle.

ESTELLE: I shall never forgive you if you don't let us



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, HAS THE DOG SCENTED THE GAME?"  
"NO, THE GAME HAS JUST SCENTED THE DOG."

go. It would b-b-break my heart, papa. You must!

HUSBAND: There! There! I'll think it over.

ESTELLE (sobbing more violently than ever): Say you will let us go!

HUSBAND: I—

ESTELLE (holding him with the strength of ten girls): Say you'll let us go!

HUSBAND: Yes, yes, my dear, you shall go; I promise you.

ESTELLE (smiling almost instantly through her tears as she turns to her mother): You know, mamma, papa never goes back on his word. T. L. M.

### At the Funeral

"HE has been not only a minister but an editor."

"You don't say! Then his chances of getting to heaven are even"

"No, his chances of getting to heaven are not quite so good. He was an editor only a short time—not enough to make it an even thing."

### For a Safe and Sane Fourth

HOW many children, since the custom of firing off cannons and crackers on the Fourth of July was first inaugurated, have been sacrificed to this senseless amusement? Verily the number would make an army as large as the one to whom Cornwallis surrendered.

Let us turn over a new leaf this year and do away with the barbarous practice.

Parents, provide for the children all the picnics you want, and all the other fun you can think of, but cut out the firearms and noise.



DECOYS

## A Tourist's Version

"MID churches and palaces  
Tho' we may roam,"  
For custom-house terrors  
There's no place like home.



## POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

## HERE'S HOW

## FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Born May 6, 1860

Readers of LIFE and many other periodicals have long delighted in Professor Sherman's work. Besides being a true poet of unexampled facility in the technique of his art, it may not be known that as an educator he is in the very first rank. His perfect verse indicates the supreme mathematical quality of his gifted mind.



We are delighted, Mr. Sherman, to present you with this brief typographical testimony of our high regard. May your muse continue to edify us. May you remain ever one of our most delightful poets.

## PHILANDER CHASE KNOX

Born May 6, 1853

Pittsburg has occasionally a man of talent who is not a master of high finance. Among these Secretary Knox is in the first rank. The present administration has come to lean upon him, and he has been subjected to much adverse criticism.

Nevertheless, we believe that Mr. Knox is a good man. To be under the lee of a Republican administration and to be also a Republican may be a serious handicap to the most honorable statesmanship.

May you, sir, rise above these handicaps and prove that the interests of one's country are greater than party.

Here's your good health.



## ROBERT E. PEARY

Born May 6, 1856

Hundred of lecture platforms, and the responsibility of discovering one North Pole, testify, sir, to your unexampled greatness—not to mention innumerable magazine articles. Need we say more? Hasn't enough been said already?



We congratulate you upon your birthday. If it had not been for this important event our imaginations would still have one more place upon the map to work upon.

May a comfortable obscurity await you, and may you enjoy it in peace and prosperity for many years to come.

## Rivals

**S**HE: John is a very considerate sort of fellow, isn't he?  
**H**E (*the rival*): Oh, yes, very. He has that keen tact and loving sympathy which a chauffeur displays toward a helpless cripple.

**T**HE depths of a woman's eyes may become the height of a man's ambition.



IF WE MUST KILL THINGS, WOULD NOT THIS BE THE MOST HUMANE?

Teddy Boy Blue

AFTER EUGENE FIELD

THE little Joe Cannon is covered with dust;

But sturdy and stanch he stands,  
The G. O. P. elephant, red with rust,  
Is battered with ruthless hands.  
Time was when the little "czar" Cannon could do,

And the elephant passing fair,  
And that was the time that Teddy knew  
He could leave them safely there.

"Now you be good till I come," he said,  
"And, 'Billy,' don't make any noise,"  
And sailing away to the jungle bed  
He deamt of his nice little toys—  
And as he was dreaming a horrid song  
Awakened our Teddy Boy Blue—  
Oh, the year was strenuous, the year  
was long,  
For the little toy friends so true.

And longing for Teddy they anxiously stand,

Each in his trembling place,  
Awaiting the club of his strong right hand,

The vicious smile of his face—  
And they wonder as waiting the long days through

In the dust of their turmoil and care,  
What in the world will their Teddy do  
With his toys once so nice and so fair.  
W. P. Wilson.

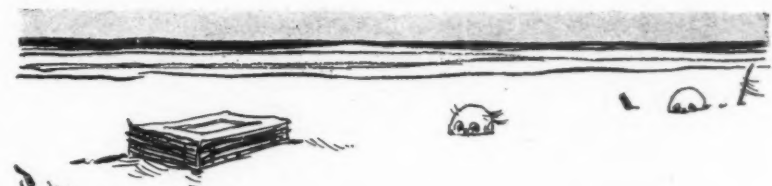
THE man who is too busy at his work to ask for more pay usually gets it.



ONE RESULT



OF THE PURSUIT



OF WEALTH

Well Provided For

BENEVOLENT LADY (to show-girl): And, dear child, have you no home?

SHOWGIRL: Yes, indeed. My father and mother have both married again, and I am welcome at either place.

Anti-Suffrage Colleague

THERE are rumors of an anti-suffrage league to be started among the college girls. Sounds like rather a good plan. So far all the college girls seem to be suffragists, but that may be because only that side of the question has been organized. Parents who are not yet enthusiastic about votes for women have observed with some uneasiness that apparently they can't send their girls to college without making suffragists of them. If it is going to be feasible for college girls to be anti-suffragists such parents might like to know it.

Luck!

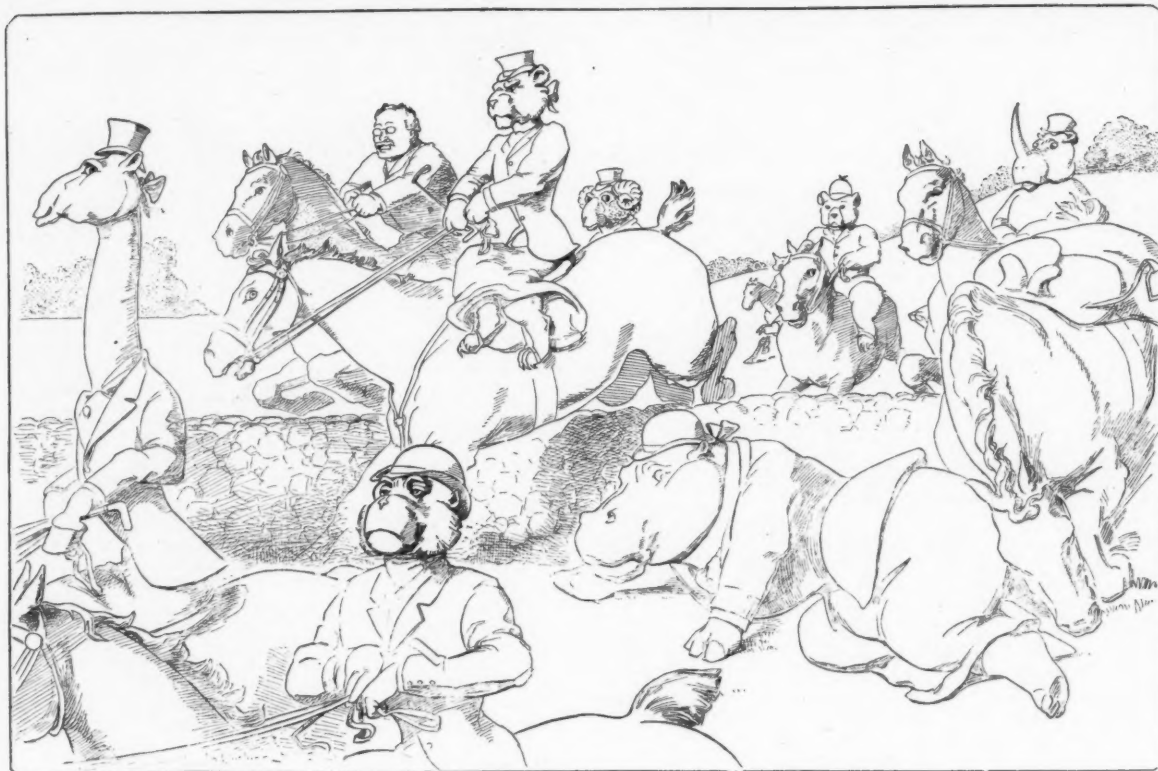
"Having with his usual luck escaped all the perils of darkest Africa."—*Current Literature*.

DON'T talk about his luck. That is out of date. For all of us Fortune shuffles the cards and we get what we get. He has had some remarkable hands dealt to him, but long since public interest in the cards he held was merged into interest in the way he played them.

"WHO'LL have jurisdiction over airships?"  
"Why, the highway commissioner."



"FISHERMAN'S LUCK"



A DAY WITH THE HOUNDS

### Modern Music

IT is the première of the new opera "Electrocution," whose creator is the greatest discordist of modern times.

The interest is intense. All the musical culture of the country is present, with its flowing locks dry cleaned and its massive brows furrowed for the occasion. Every scat upon the upper floors of the vast opera house is filled, while space upon stairways, landings and in the passages back of the seats has been sold to standees at fancy prices. In the street a clamorous mob demands admission that even the speculators cannot supply.

As the twelve hundred instrumentalists of the orchestra take their places on the lower floor they fill it entirely. Some even lop over into the alley outside.

Among the new instruments noted are fifty pishtushes, fifty bull bellows, fifty macawettes, eighteen hipposnorts with brass escape pipes and armor plate boiler covers, twenty-three jointed stovepipe elbows with hipless, straight-front middles and forty-eight Harveyized pot lids.

After the brief overture of twenty-five cast-iron bars the curtain rises with a



snort of rage. The scene represents the cellar of an ancient Greek temple. *Damitta* (tenor) is discovered trying to read the electric meter. He is furious because it does not register enough and sings his great curse recitative through the furnace pipes, so that it is heard throughout the temple. The effect of the clicking of the meter as it hastens to obey his commands is admirably depicted by the orchestra.

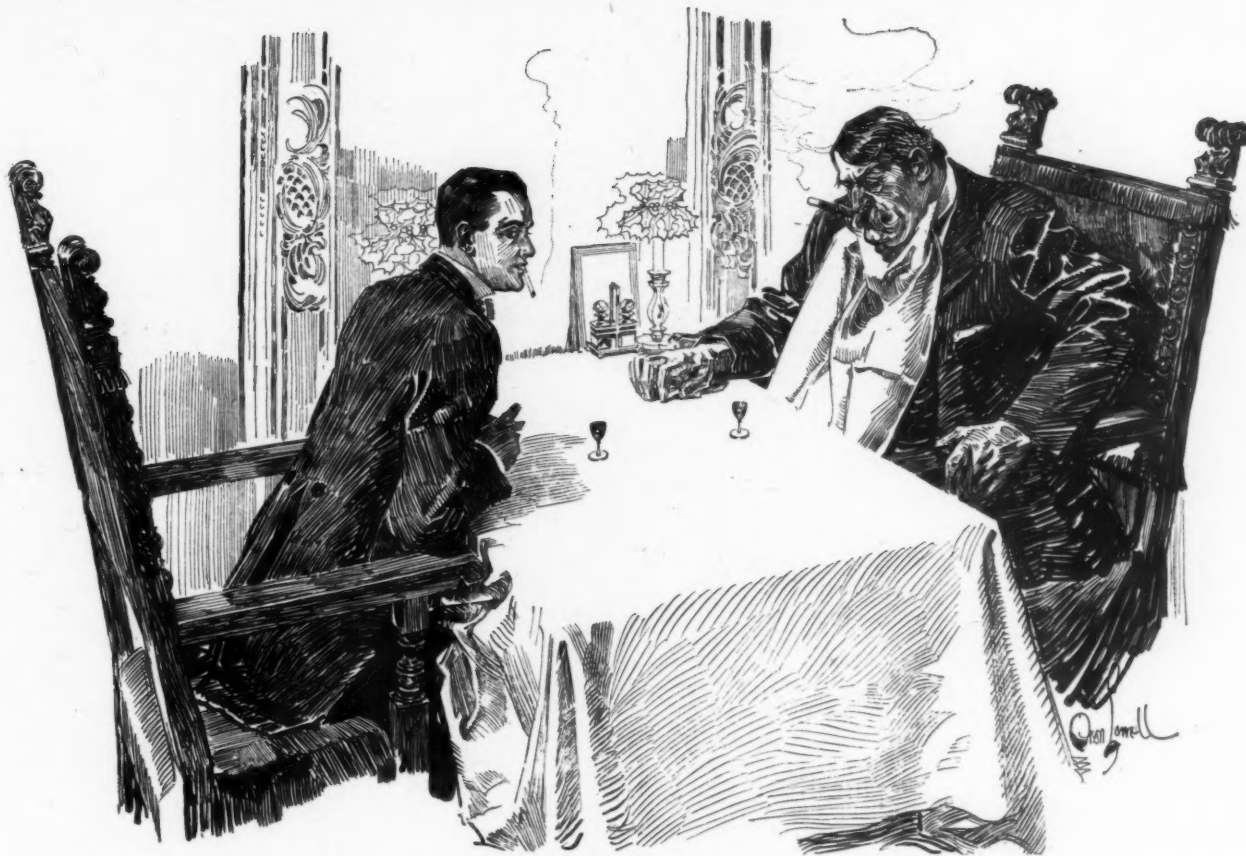
*Yellora* (soprano) a six-foot, two-hundred-and-fifty-pound vestal virgin attending *Snortissima*, the high priest of the temple, hears the voice of *Damitta* through the steam pipes and falls in love with it at first sound.

She calls back in stentorian tones asking whose the voice is and declaring that its owner is what she calls a man, at the same time emphasizing her remarks by pounding on the register with a huge stone god which she has taken from the altar.

Realizing by the force of her language and the vigor of her blows upon the heating apparatus that he has found his affinity at last, *Damitta*, anxious to get at her, tears up the great stone staircase, only to be informed by the janitor (bass), who makes his appearance at this juncture, that he must lay it all back again just as he found it.

*Yellora* has by this time slid down one of the furnace flues and, realizing the situation at a glance, is having a catch-as-catch-can wrestling bout with the janitor, whom she at last hurls headlong into the furnace pot. (Great frying motif and crashing of pot lids in orchestra.)

*Damitta* seizes her and attempts to strain her to his blue overalls, only to be held at arm's length and told in soft,



ALGY ENTERTAINS THE COUSIN FROM MONTANA

"SEEMS A SHAME, DON'T IT, FOR AN ABLE-BODIED MAN LIKE ME TO POUNCE DOWN ONTO A POOR 'LITTLE UNPROTECTED DRINK LIKE THAT? I'M GLAD NONE O' THE BOYS AIN'T WATCHIN' ME."

sobbing tones like peals of thunder that although her love for him is absolutely eighteen karat (acid test motif in orchestra) yet she cannot marry him until old *Snortissima* is bowled over, as he is her illegitimate father and watches her as the Great Commoner watches the Presidential chair. (Clicking of free silver and donkey braying motif.)

After a long look into each other's eyes they by a single impulse begin digging in the ash-heap in the corner and bob up at the same time holding to the ends of a piece of rusted gaspipe.

With whoops of joy they rush upstairs, and presently the fall of a huge iron weight from the fly-loft to the stage reveals to the audience the fact that the gaspipe duet has been too much for *Snortissima* and his throwdown is complete.

Wild, whirring sounds announce the re-entrance of the conspirators, who begin a dance orgy about the cellar, singing in mad unison (Lauterbach motif for two hundred drums), while a chorus of vengeful members of the temple trust, realizing that their chief means of graft has been taken from them, rush wrathfully in screaming, "Electrocute them! electrocute them!"

The tense stillness following the

snarling fall of the curtain indicates one of two things—either that the audience escaped before it was overcome or that the succession of shocks has given the coroner and his assistants a job that will last them for several days.

Harvey Peake.



ANOTHER TRIUMPH

"GREAT SCOTT, WAGGLES! AN AUTOMOBILE?"  
"NO, VIVISECTOR, TRANSPLANTED MY LEG ONTO A GUINEA HEN."



GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BAIT—

## The Good-Natured Administration

IT was morning in Washington. The Good-Natured One at the head of affairs motioned to his private secretary, who good naturedly handed him the following advertisement to be good naturedly inserted in the daily papers:

WANTED—Good-natured kitchen-maid to work for a large family. Must always be smiling and pleasant, no matter what is said about her in the papers. Address, etc.

"That will do," said the Good-Natured One, "and, by the way, while I think of it, I noticed that the chauffeur, while I was out with him yesterday, scarcely smiled. Better get another—one who weighs at least two hundred. My boy, I must be surrounded by good-natured people. It's necessary to my peace of mind."

"Very well, sire. The consignment of Cheshire cats has arrived."

"Have them disposed around the house and grounds. How is the tariff this morning?"

"Very good, sire."

"The last time it was ushered into my august presence it scarcely smiled. This won't do. I won't have a large tariff around me that isn't good natured. What did the papers say about me yesterday?"

"Said you were too compliant."

"Ha! Ha! I must practice a good-natured laugh whenever that occurs. You understand? Everbody must get the habit."

"Yes, sire."

"Show in the Cabinet."

The members of the Cabinet filed solemnly in. This was noticed.



"DO YEZ MANE T' TELL ME THAT OULD SKATE HAS A THRACK RECORD?"

"HE HAS. HIM AN' HIS MATE DONE A MOILE IN TIN MINUTES WID A CAR FULL O' PASSENGERS."



"GOLLY, I'LL GET DAT COON—"

"Gentlemen," said the Good-Natured One, "don't let this occur again. You must not file in solemnly, but good naturedly. Smile and the world smiles with you—that's my motto. Come, let us now discuss good naturedly the forest preserves, the trusts and the state of public feeling toward a third term."

The Cabinet was plainly uneasy. It wasn't used to being so good natured. It smiled and managed to laugh a feeble ha, ha.

"Try again, gentlemen. Remember, everybody will be discharged who isn't good natured. By the way, prices are going up to-day, as usual?"

"As usual."

"Ha! Ha! I shake my sides. Everybody will kindly shake sides."

The Cabinet made a feeble attempt to shake its sides.

"And how are my favorite trusts this morning—the ones that I am particularly anxious to whack—good naturedly, of course? Show them all in."

The door was opened and all the nice trusts now came in. They were large and fat and sleek, and had no trouble in shaking their sides. This put the Good-Natured One in splendid humor.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "That's the way. No matter what is going to happen to you, be good natured about it, eh? Now what shall I do to you all this morning? Denounce you?"





BUT THE ARTIST HELPED THE COON

Be prepared, O naughty trusts, to be good naturedly denounced."

This put every one at once in good humor. It was indeed a good-natured family party.

"Who says we are not all harmonious?" asked the Sugar Trust, with a sly wink at the Good-Natured One. Look at me! I got it in the neck, but I don't mind. Laugh it off, eh?"

"That's it," said the Good-Natured One. "That's the way I like to hear you talk. Hello, here comes Congress and the Senate."

Congress and the Senate started to file solemnly in, but when they saw the good-natured grin on every one's face they realized and grinned too. Then the little state departments came tagging after, each one shaking its sides merrily as it had been taught. Finally, everybody was there, and there was a grand chorus of general approval.

"What are we here for?" asked the Good-Natured One as he looked around him at the grand sight.

"To be good natured."

"In spite of what?"

"In spite of a free press, high prices and African imports."

"Good! Let us all shake sides."

Everybody shook sides in chorus.

"And now answer the following question as you have been duly taught. Why is the present administration the

most pleasing and satisfactory one ever known in history?"

"Because, in spite of all criticisms, it is the one and only administration that is good natured in peace, good natured in war and good natured in the hearts of its countrymen."

"Very good. Your duties are now over. Meet me here to-morrow morning at the same time and we will continue these exercises."

Everybody then wended his way good naturedly home, while all the good-natured editorial writers in the country wrote good-natured articles on the folly of being too courageous when you can cultivate instead the fine art of being good natured.

### The Foolish Catechism

- Q. What is a trust?
- A. A trust is a wicked despot whose aim in life is to divert all the money in the country into his own pockets.
- Q. Does he succeed?
- A. No; but the trust is not to blame.
- Q. What does a trust produce?
- A. Many dainty and useful articles, such as oil, congressmen, beef, lawyers, steel, sugar and millionaires.
- Q. What are millionaires?
- A. They are the beneficiaries who afterwards serve as trustees.
- Q. What are the duties of the trustees?
- A. To pray that he will live long enough to get rid of his money. The money is called a trust fund.
- Q. Then the trust is father of the fund?
- A. Yes.
- Q. And the fund is returned to the people?
- A. Unquestionably.
- Q. Then the country becomes guardian of the fund and not only enjoys its companionship, but protects and cares for it because of her love for the fund's father, the trust?
- A. Yes; for the trust has now been converted into a genial philanthropist.
- Q. And the people?
- A. Into objects of charity.
- Q. To whom, then, are we indebted for our many benefactions?
- A. To the trusty, trustworthy trust. W. F. R.



DOING OVER A BAD JOB  
"I Christen Thee a Nu"

Inspired by the Great African Hunter



A Standard Victorian Play and a Sentimental Effort



WHY reminisce? It's a sort of puerile joy for persons who in their youth have seen a standard play like "Caste" to say to their less aged or less theatrically experienced friends that some one not in the present cast was a better *Eccles* or a better *Polly*. Such a statement conveys an idea of sagacity on the part of the propounder when it really means only that he is older or that he has been going to the theatre longer than the person who is bored by listening to him or reading the things he writes about what he remembers. These comparisons of present and past performances are valuable to those of us who are trying to determine whether the present-day stage is in a condition of advance or decline, but to exhibit the data is a process like inviting the general public to become interested in a comparative exhibit of stones of the Jurassic period and a bit of asphalt from a modern pavement. The geologic specimens may have an intrinsic interest, but what every one wants to know is the present value of the asphalt.



The curious thing about "Caste" is that, although it is more than half a century old as a play and that it deals with a period, place and manners comparatively modern but remote from New York to-day, it has the power to make an up-to-date New York audience laugh and weep in turn. We know this power in a classic well performed, but "Caste" is not a classic. It is a Victorian comedy, and merely a comedy of English low-life. And yet it has a primitive and elemental charm, an analysis of simple emotions, which gives it a powerful clutch on the feelings of the Twentieth-century New Yorker. T. W. Robertson, who wrote it, and who was commonly known as "Tom Robertson," which is a sign of his humanity, must have had in him something extra fine that enabled him to create stage characters recognizable as entirely



human so long after their creation and so potent in surroundings far away from their origin.

This much for "Caste" as a play. Its performance at the Empire Theatre by an "all-star"—much abused term—cast was on the whole satisfactory. The parts, being close to nature and therefore what is professionally known as "fat," give easy opportunities for effective impersonation. The temptation to broaden them, to exaggerate them instead of refine them, was not missed by a single member of the company. Mr. Charles Frohman chose for this unusual effort. Marie Tempest, comedienne to the tips of her fingers, toes and *retroussé* nose, in her extreme cockneyism was almost impossible to conceive as the sister of the equally effective but equally exaggerated in her refinement *Esther*, as played by Elsie Ferguson. Nor could the *Eccles* of Mr. Huntley, funny as was his individual impersonation, be taken as the father of either or both of the girls. The *Sam Gerridge* of Mr. Graham Browne, being an independent character, bearing no close connection to the others, was personated admirably, humorously and not out of drawing. Lack of unctuousness in the earlier scenes in the part of the *Marquise* made Maud Milton's final yielding to human affection seem improbable. Mr. Edwin Arden was austere rather than romantic as *George D'Alvoy*, and Mr. Julian Royce, as *Captain Hawtree*, was a modification of the heavy dragoon as made familiar to us by Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay. Individually not one of these impersonations was a bad one, but they had not been toned in to make a well harmonizing picture. The impression was that although each figure had been perfected in itself it stood out too strongly to make a harmonious composition.

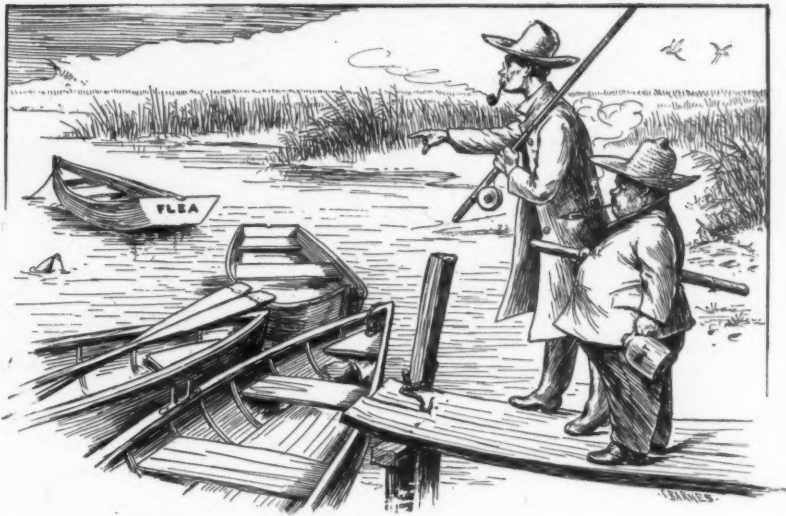
But "Caste" as it is done at the Empire is a good, clean play, well performed, and the manner of its performance is so much above the average that it deserves the patronage of the more intelligent public.

HOW far the police authorities of New York will allow certain places of entertainment called theatres to go in the way of indecency remains to be seen. We who live in the big city are perhaps gradually losing our point of view, but judging by some billboard pictures and announcements now in sight it might be well for even the broadest-minded of us to straighten up a bit and ask ourselves whether we are not getting just a trifle too tolerant with the purveyors of what passes for legitimate amusement. In matters of the theatre, as in everything else, LIFE stands for freedom, but not for license, and certainly not for an open market in licentiousness.



SENTIMENT of the most elementary kind has a tremendous appeal to a large theatre-patronizing public in America. These theatregoers do not insist upon art in the writing or in the presentation of plays. If they did, it would be difficult to explain the longevity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "East Lynne" and similar dramas with their frequent murderings at the hands of incompetent performers. At the same time the sentiment they want must be handed to these patrons skillfully so far as the subject matter goes. That is what makes it difficult to judge of the popular value of such a play as "The Call of the Cricket," by Mr. Edward Peple, and in which Miss Mabel Taliaferro bids for favor as a girlish and abused heroine. Miss Taliaferro's appeal lies in her childishness of appearance and childish charm more than in finished art, so her medium must be a play in which these qualities are made to count.

"The Call of the Cricket" shows us an elfish girl-woman from the South thrown into the chilly atmosphere of the stage depiction of Northern domestic and social life. A rich young Northerner is fascinated by her freedom of temperament and behavior. He



"SAY, CUPID, LET'S TAKE THAT BOAT OUT THERE."  
"BULLY! WE OUGHT TO GET PLENTY OF BITES, ANYHOW."

marries her and quickly tires of her superficial charms. Then follows neglect which kills her spontaneity of manner and develops pathos and character. These win him back and lead to a happy dénouement.

Here's the problem for playwright and producer. It isn't at all likely that this sort of thing will appeal strongly to the canny and materialistic New York audience. (As a fact it doesn't.) But will it catch the sentimental public outside of this callous town? Have the manufacturers of this play a product with the indefinable and unexplainable quality that makes the maid and matron of the remoter districts pay their money to be joyed by the attractive qualities of Miss Taliaferro and be moved to tears by her unmerited sorrows? If so, "The Call of the Cricket" is a success. Not being highly impressed with its great value as an achievement in art or literature, critical judgment must leave to the test of general appreciation the decision as to whether Miss Taliaferro and Mr. Peple's play provide the proper combination of childish appeal and dramatic sentiment to catch popular pecuniary endorsement.

Metcalf.



Academy of Music—"The Lion and the Mouse." Among the earliest of the muck-raker plays.

Astor—"Seven Days." Nothing but laughter.

Belasco—Mabel Taliaferro in "The Call of the Cricket." See above.

Bijou—"The Lottery Man." Farce of the funniest kind.

Broadway—"The Jolly Bachelors." Musical farce with all the accessories.

Casino—"The Chocolate Soldier." Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" set to tuneful Viennese music.

Comedy—Mr. Laurence Irving and Mabel Hackney in Brieux's "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont." Interesting discussion of woman's place in the world.

Criterion—"A Bachelor's Baby." Diverting light comedy, with Mr. Francis Wilson as author and star.

Daly's—Mr. De Wolf Hopper in "A Matinee Idol." Notice later.

Empire—"Caste," with company headed by Marie Tempest and Mr. G. P. Huntley. See above.

Garrick—"Father and the Boys." Fairly amusing comedy by Mr. George Ade, with Mr. William H. Crane as the star.

Globe—"The Old Town." Musical farce of the customary kind, exploiting the athletic fun-making of Mr. Fred Stone.

Hackett—"Molly May." Good music by Mr. Julian Edwards and Miss Grace La Rue as the essential part of farcical show.

Herald Square—"Tillie's Nightmare," with Signora Marie Dressler as the star. Notice later.

Hippodrome—Fifty midgets in circus, ballet and water spectacle.

Hudson—"The Spendthrift." Dramatic tract against feminine extravagance. Interesting play.

Lyceum—"The Spitfire." Notice later.

Lyric—"The City." Moving drama dealing with contemporary local life.

Madison Square Garden—Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

Marine Elliott's—"Lulu's Husbands," by Mr. Thompson Buchanan. Summer farce, funny, but not a bit like a Sunday-school.

Nazimova—"Little Eyolf," with Mme. Nazimova. Eccentric actress in not entirely cheerful Ibsen treatise.

Plaza—Vaudeville.

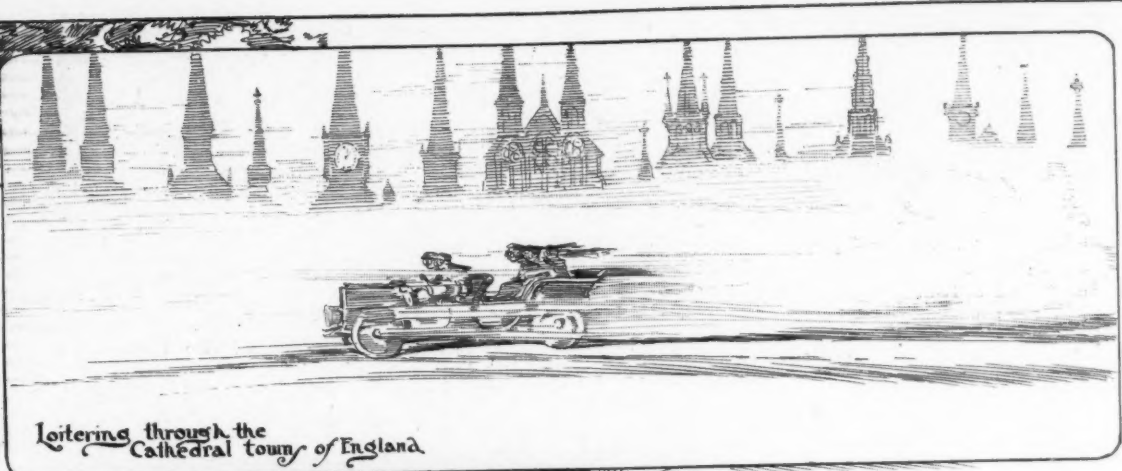
Stuyvesant—"The Lily." Drama from the French, with the woes of spinsterhood as the theme.

Wallack's—"Alias Jimmy Valentine." Reformed Sing Sing graduate as the hero of interesting melodrama.

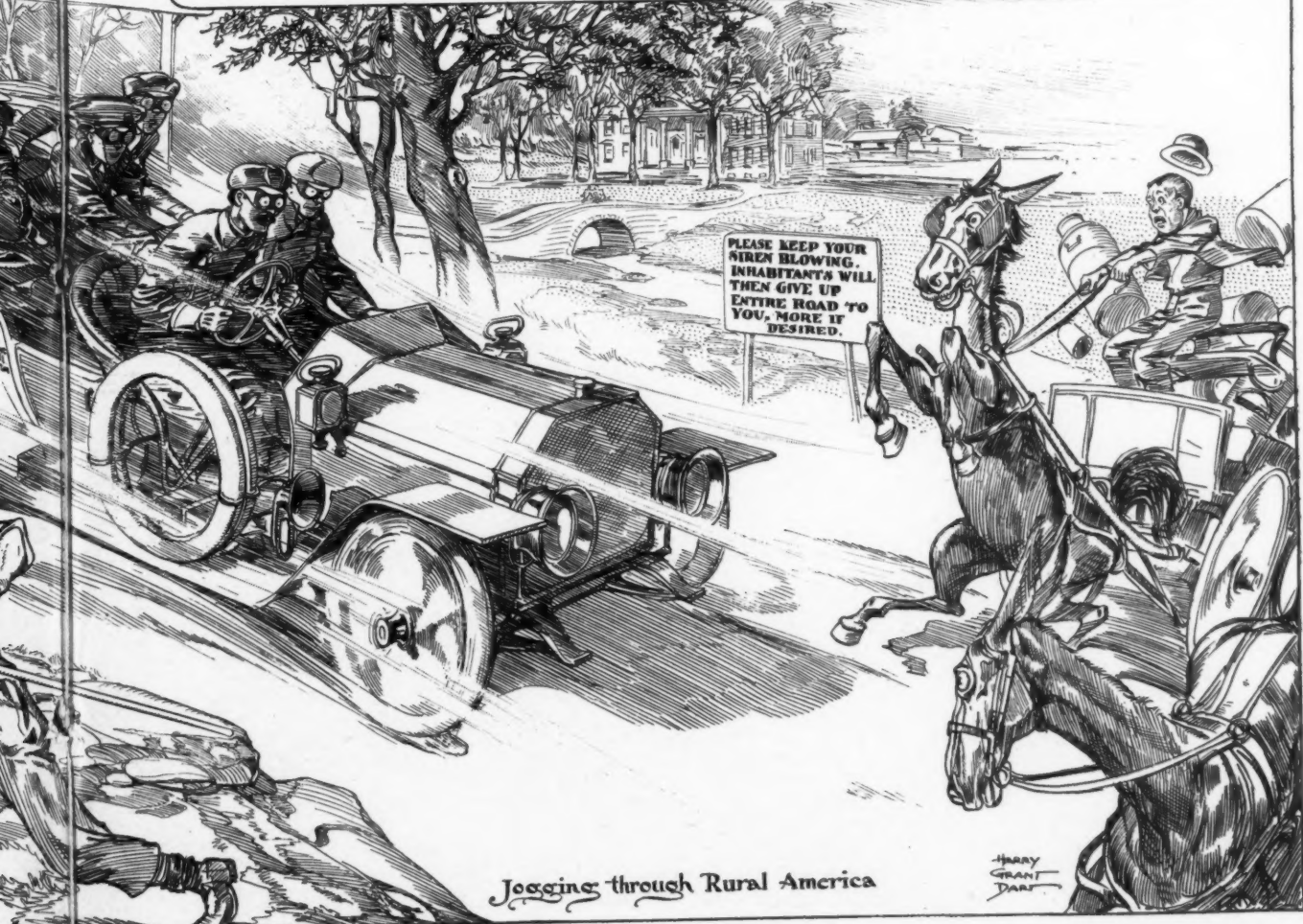


Sauntering through the Alps

DOWN THE COWS  
THEM ON THE PORT  
D OF THE MAIN SALOON.  
IS SOME TIMES USEFUL.  
ROAD IS NOT TO YOUR  
YOU DESIRE TO MAKE  
CUT THROUGH A  
ID, KINDLY AVOID  
HOUSE AND WHEN  
E TO DISCRIMINATE  
ONLY THE OLDEST  
THE STOCK.  
MUST APOLOGISE FOR  
POOR CONDITION OF  
S ROAD, BUT IT HAS  
N REALLY NECESSARY  
TO DRIVE OUR HORSES  
T TIMES

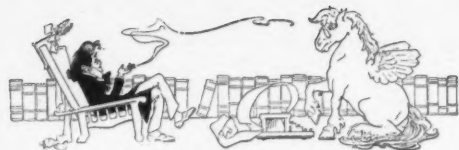


Loitering through the Cathedral town of England



Jogging through Rural America

HARRY GRANT DART



## The Latest Books



**M**R. H. G. WELLS, considered, so to speak, as an intellectual personality, is a man, or rather a mind, of divided activities. He has an abounding and riotous imagination, which at times he exercises for the pure love of it. He is an enthusiastically militant and on occasion somewhat head-long optimist, stretching hands of faith across a disregarded gulf toward humanity as it ought to be. He is also an accurate, an understanding and a smilingly charitable observer of human nature as it is. In short, he has in almost equal measure the artist's conviction of the ultimate truth of beauty and the scientist's sense of the fundamental beauty of truth. And he is dowered with no small native share of creative ability. But he has never specialized. He has exercised each of these aptitudes in turn, and sometimes several of them together; and it behooves us to remember in enjoying the results that, after all, what we thereby lose in perfection of form we gain in variety of stimulus. In his latest book, *The History of Mr. Polly* (Duffield, \$1.50), it is H. G. Wells the smilingly sympathetic student of his fellow humans that holds the pen and traces for us with imaginative insight and humorous comprehension the blundering mental and marital career of a haberdasher's apprentice by compulsion and petty shopkeeper by force of circumstances—the ineffective wobbling of a round peg in a square hole. And while it is disconcerting to have Wells the sociological enthusiast break in on Wells the novelist now and again to tell us that Mr. Polly is in reality a vitalized statistic, this will not, if we are wise, be allowed more than momentarily to break the illusion of an amusing and revealing piece of fiction.

**Y**OUTH, as we all learn by growing older, is a relative term. It was only the other day that I heard an old lady of fourteen say, "When I was young." And so I consciously address a goodly and a variously aged company in saying that those of us who, in our younger days, have sat before the footlights of Augustin Daly's Theatre

and hung upon the words and gestures and inflections and intonations of that all but vanished group of players with something of youth's enthusiasm and hero worship and possessive loyalty will find a curiously lively pleasure in living for a time behind those same footlights with the anonymous author of *The Diary of a Daly Debutante* (Duffield, \$1.25). This author (those who are detective-minded may amuse themselves trying to identify her) joined Daly's company in 1879 and kept this journal for a year; and a more naively interested and interesting record it would be hard to find. It, too, is full of the enthusiasm and the hero worship and the possessive loyalty of youth; of a buoyant sense of being behind the scenes, not of a theatre, but of the theatre. And it is vivid with the vividness of the present anticipating the future, instead of with that of the present recalling the past. In its little way it is that delightful thing, an unintended masterpiece.

**G**RACE SARTWELL MASON'S *The Godparents* (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.10), in which a young civil engineer abandons his South American engagements, and a society girl with a French maid gives up her projected summer abroad, to follow a truant small boy into the wilderness and domesticate him by silent example, is a love story with an opera bouffe foundation, in which the author tries, not altogether successfully, to disguise the fallacy of her major premise by the realistic treatment

of its corollaries. At the end the French maid declares that she foresaw the result from the beginning and the reader's enjoyment is likely to be modified by a similar perspicacity.

**F**REDERICK PALMER'S volume upon *Central America and Its Problems* (Moffat, Yard) contains the report of an Envoy Extraordinary from the Fourth Estate to the five nations vaguely known as dividing (and occasionally redividing) between them the territory between Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama. It is therefore in its essence journalistic; that is to say, rapid, readable and subject to revision. The matters with which it deals, however, lend themselves with peculiar fitness to this treatment. For our ignorance of Central America is like the dryness of the desert—always thirsty and only momentarily affected by any practicable sprinkling of information. Mr. Palmer sprinkles it and it blooms. Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica put forth distinguishable shoots. We recall demarcations between Hispano-Indian hybrids. We differentiate between dictators. But long before the possible misconceptions of Mr. Palmer's rapid survey shall have been corrected, the desert will have reclaimed its own and will lie thirstily ready for fresh irrigation.

J. B. Kerfoot.



## CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



*An Interrupted Friendship*, by E. L. Vornich. A three-cornered study of supersensitive human nature. Excellent but uncheerful fiction.

*A Mine of Faults*, by F. W. Bain. An old Hindu tale done into exquisite English and showing that the essentially true and intrinsically beautiful is always "modern."

*A Modern Chronicle*, by Winston Churchill. Polite, pellucid, panoramic. The story of a lady. Destined to be read, chatted about and forgotten.

*Central America and Its Problems*, by Frederick Palmer. See above.

*The Diary of a Daly Debutante*. Anonymous. See above.

*From the Bottom Up*, by Alexander Irvine. The autobiography of a live wire. An unusual record forcefully presented.

*In After Days*, by William H. Thomson, Julia Ward Howe and others. Nine views on the future life that tell very little about immortality but a great deal about human nature.

*The History of Mr. Polly*, by H. G. Wells. See above.

*Lost Face*, by Jack London. A new series of Alaskan short stories. Vivid but brutal.

*The New Word*, by Allen Upward. Materialism and idealism defined, differentiated and yoked by a master of English prose and dialectics.

*Old Harbor*, by William John Hopkins. A mellow picture of a Northern seaport that has lost its commerce but not its traditions. A love story aged in the wood.

*Promenades of an Impressionist*, by James Huneker. Clever essays upon art and artists. The experiences of an expressionist.

*The Red House on Rowan Street*, by Roman Doubleday. A common, or garden, detective story. Duration, two hours.

*The Song of Songs*, by Hermann Sudermann. The wages of sin—a study for moral economists. A good translation of a great German novel.

*Tremendous Trifles*, by G. K. Chesterton. Selections from the author's weekly contributions to the *London Illustrated News*. A brilliant hodge-podge.

*Tower of Ivory*, by Gertrude Atherton. A story of Munich and London; characteristically interesting in detail and grandiloquent in conception.

*White Magic*, by David Graham Phillips. A pastoral romance with a wire edge.

*The Unknown Quantity*, by Gertrude Hall. A readable first novel by a promising writer.

# An Interview With Halley's Comet

By WALLACE IRWIN

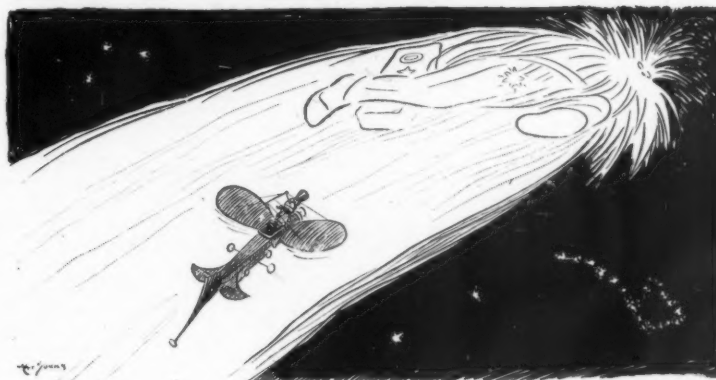
(LIFE's Special Sky Correspondent)

"I BEG to report that the comet has now reached the secondary phase of his eleventh parallax and stands at forty-five degrees of arc relative to his apogee," cried Mr. Ernest Snapper, my hired photographer, coming up, his lips pale with emotion.

"Good heavens! if *that's* the case, we must ascend without delay—immediately!" I replied, turning impatiently toward Louis Bleriot Hoolahan, my hired aviator, who stood stolidly greasing the flywheel of his rakish little taxio-plane, which was busily ticking away extra charges. (Aviators' rates are \$1,200 an hour, I believe. Mr. Hoolahan had already wasted nearly two hours.)

This tense conversation took place at midnight on the roof of the Life Building. Besides Mr. Snapper and me and the sky-chauffeur, the editor was also there, but he stood apart in a gloomy mood. To aviate has been his life-dream, but his wife won't let him.

The night was moonless, windless, cloudless. Far above the horizon line we could see Halley's comet faintly shining like a smear of chalk on a dirty slate. That smear marked our destination—for we were bent on the greatest journalistic exploit since the Return from Etah. We were planning to cut boldly zenithward by aeroplane, to intercept the distinguished Heavenly Visitor and bring back for publication his first impressions of America after an absence of seventy-five years spent in touring the universe. Naturally we were eager to be off, for did not several enterprising yellow journals suspect our plan, and were they not even now conspiring to



GETTING NEARER

foil us in our attempt to pluck this wonderful "scoop" from the skies? No wonder Mr. Snapper, who has photographed over a thousand battles and has thrust his camera more than once into the cannon's mouth—no wonder he trembled now with excitement.

"All aboard, messieurs!" Hoolahan spoke with that faint suggestion of a French accent so common among aviators. We needed no second invitation. Mr. Snapper with his camera, I with my note book, we settled comfortably back in the broad tonneau. The machine trembled with potential flight, the able Hoolahan drew the release lever and in another moment we were soaring grandly above the petty monuments of man, above the petty gas works of Hoboken and the petty vaudeville theatres of Broadway.

Up, up we shot. Earth faded like a cloud of steam. Darkness closed us round. During the space of several minutes there was nothing for Mr. Snapper to photograph or for me to write about.

"At this rate won't it take us some time to get there?" I asked Mr. Hoolahan, who was bending over the oil-cups.

"Shut up!" replied that talented aviator with the brevity so popular in his profession.

Mr. Snapper and I cuddled back and went to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Howly moons o' Jupiter, pfwat's that?" The words came in an intense staccato from our taciturn Hoolahan.

Earnest Snapper and I sat up in our places, our knees quaking in cadence with our beating hearts. The night had become intensely hot and brilliant. The unusual peril of our position was obvious, for we were gazing right into the face of a handsome middle-aged comet

(Continued on page 832)



Mother Earth: LAND SAKES, YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT!



# Historic Fun



## Lines by a Lunatic M.D.

Oh! fair are the halls where stern Peritonitis  
Makes love to Miss Asthma and courts the  
Catarrh,  
Where the bright Influenza is wooed by Iritis,  
And Psora joins Measles in "Beautiful Star."

Oh! bright gleam the eyes of that flirt Erythema,  
And lightly Pneumonia whirls around in the  
dance.

Pleuritis is madly in love with Œdema,  
And Herpes courts Cholera with amorous  
glance.

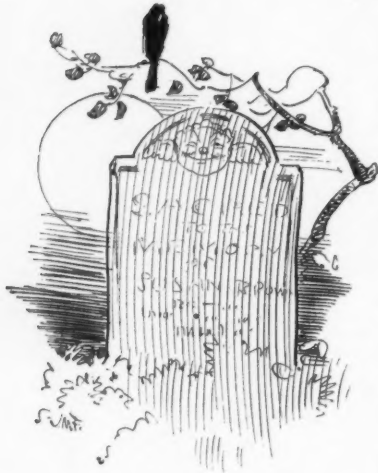
And old Mrs. Scabies told Mr. Phlebitis  
She'd brought Melanosis at last to the point:  
You know he's six thousand a year (Laryngitis)  
Will find that this nose is a bit out of joint).

Long, long I shall dream of that pet Scarlatina;  
She gave me a rose from her rash at the  
ball

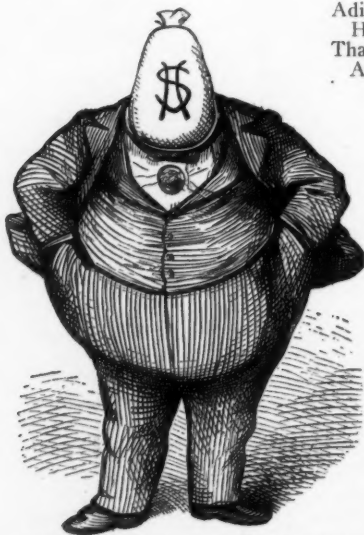
On that thrice-happy night when Miss Gutta  
Serena  
Kissed Captain Psoriasis out in the hall.

Adieu, sweet Chorea! Farewell, Carcinoma!  
Hysteria, my heart with emotion doth swell  
That heart, Anascara, is thine; Atheroma  
And bonny Neuralgia, a lasting farewell!

—H. Saville Clarke.



A CARICATURE OF THE POPE, DATING FROM 1545. IT IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN INSPIRED BY LUTHER, AND REPRESENTS THE POPE AS AN ASS. IT HAS THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTION: "A LONG EARED ASS CAN WITH THE BAGPIPES COPE AS WELL AS WITH THEOLOGY THE POPE."



THE BRAINS OF TAMMANY RING  
NAST'S HISTORIC CARICATURE OF BOSS  
TWEED, PUBLISHED IN "HARPER'S  
WEEKLY," OCTOBER 21, 1871.  
—From Th. Nast, by Albert Bigelow  
Paine. Copyright, 1894, by Albert  
Bigelow Paine.

## Nomenclature of the National Game

The possibilities of the English language have frequently been taxed to describe the great American game of baseball, but for striking illustration this from the *Herald*, of Quincy, Illinois, has rarely been equaled:

"The glass-armed toy soldiers of this town were fed to the pigs yesterday by the cadaverous Indian grave-robbers from Omaha. The flabby, one-lunged Reubens who represent the Gem City in the reckless rush for the baseball pennant had their shins toasted by the basilisk-eyed cattle-drivers from the West. They stood around with gaping eyeballs, like a hen on a hot nail, and suffered the grizzly yawps of Omaha to run the bases until their necks were long with thirst. Hickey had more errors than Coin's Financial School, and led the rheumatic procession to the morgue. The Quincys were full of straw and scrap-iron. They couldn't hit a brick-wagon with a pick-ax, and ran bases like pallbearers at a funeral. If

three-base hits were growing on the back of every man's neck they couldn't reach 'em with a feather duster. It looked as if the Amalgamated Union of South American Hoodoos were in session for work in the thirty-third degree. The geezers stood about and whistled for help, and were so weak they couldn't lift a glass of beer if it had been all foam. Everything was yellow, rocky and whangblasted, like a stigtossel full of doggle-gammon. The game was whiskered and frost-bitten. The Omahogs were bad enough, but the Quincy Brown Sox had their fins sewed up until they couldn't hold a crazy quilt unless it was tied around their necks."

—Anonymous.

I cannot see why women are so desirous of imitating men. I could understand the wish to be a boa constrictor, a lion, or an elephant, but a man! that surpasses my comprehension.

—T. Gautier.





## Spring

BY BILL NYE

Spring is now here. It has been here before, but not so much so, perhaps, as it is this year. In spring the buds swell up and bust. The "violets" bloom once more and the hired girl takes off the double windows and the storm door. The husband and father puts up the screen doors, so as to fool the annual fly when he tries to make his spring debut. The husband and father finds the screen doors and windows in the gloaming of the garret. He finds them by feeling in the dark with his hands. He finds the rafters, also, with his head. When he comes down he brings the screens and three new intellectual faculties sticking out of his brow like the bottom on a barn door.

Spring comes with joyous laugh, and song, and sunshine, and the burnt sacrifice of the overripe boot and the hoary overshoe. The cowboy and the new milch cow carol their roundelay. So does the veteran hen. The common egg of commerce begins to come forth into the market at a price where it can be secured with a stepladder, and all nature seems tickled.

There are four seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter. Spring is the most joyful season of the year. It is then that the green grass and the lavender pants come forth. The little



THIS IS ONE OF THE FIRST HUMOROUS PICTURES KNOWN, SHOWING THE VISIT OF A LOVER TO THE OBJECT OF HIS ADORATION. IT WAS FOUND ON AN OLD PIECE OF GREEK POTTERY.

robbers twitter in the branches and the horny-handed farmer goes joyously afield to till the soil till the cows come home.—*Virgil*.

We all love the moist and fragrant spring. It is then that the sunlight waves beat upon the sandy coast and the hand-maiden beats upon the sandy carpet. The man of the house pulls tacks out of himself and thinks of days gone by, when you and I were young, Maggie. Who does not leave and sing in his heart when the dandelion blossoms in the lowlands and the tremulous tail of the lambkin agitates the balmy air?

The lawns begin to look like velvet and the lawn-mower begins to warm its joints and get ready for the approaching harvest. The blue jay fills the forest with his classical and extremely *au revoir* melody, and the curculio crawls out of the plum tree and files his bill. The plow-boy puts on his father's boots and proceeds to plow up the cunning little angle worm. Anon, the blackbird alights on the swaying reeds and the lightning-rod man alights on the farmer with great joy, and a new rod that can gather up all the lightning in two States and put it in a two-gallon jug for future use.

Who does not love spring, the most joyful season of the year? It is then that the spring bonnet of the workaday world crosses the earth's orbit and makes the bank account of the husband and father look fatigued. The low shoe and the low hum of the bumble-bee are again with us. The little striped hornet heats his nose with a spirit lamp and goes forth searching for the man with the linen pantaloons. All nature is full of life and activity. So is the man with the linen pantaloons. Anon, the thrush will sing in the underbrush and the prima donna will do up her voice in a red flannel rag and lay it away.

I go now into my cellar to bring out the gladiola bulb and the homesick turnip of last year. The gladiola bulbs are looking older than when I put them away last fall. I fear me they will never again bulge forth. I could squeeze along two years without the gladiola and the oleander in the large tub. If I should give my little boy a new hatchet and he should cut down my beautiful oleander I would give him a bicycle and a brass band and a gold-headed cane.

Oh, spring, spring,  
You giddy young thing.\*

\* From poems of passion and one thing and another, by the author of this sketch.

## Bon-Mot of Charles II. of England

A few days after the Rye-house plot Charles II. was walking in St. James's Park, without guards or attendants of any kind. The Duke of York afterwards remonstrated with his royal brother on the imprudence, nay, absurdity, of such conduct. Charles, a little nettled to be so reproved, answered quickly: "Brother James, take care of yourself, for no man will kill me to make you king."

—From the *World's Jest Book*.

Fontenelle being one day asked by a lord in waiting at Versailles what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied: "A clock serves to point out the hours and a woman to make us forget them."



TWO ATTITUDES

"WITH YOUR AIR OF ROMANTIC MELANCHOLY YOU COULD SUCCEED WITH SOME WOMEN. FOR MY PART I MAKE MY CONQUESTS WITH DRUMS BEATING AND MATCHES LIGHTED."—By Randon, a Parisian artist celebrates for his humorous conceptions of children.—From Parton's "Caricature and Other Comic Art." Harper & Brothers.

## A Farewell to Flirtations

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus.—Horat. Lib. iii, Od. 26.

(This is a free translation by an English writer of a celebrated verse by the most famous of Roman poets save Virgil.)

Though once for conquests I went in,  
And had success in wooing,  
I'm giving up the fiddle now  
And all my tootle-tooting.

Farewell, then, to the amorous strife  
That once went on between us,  
My patron saint henceforth is—well,  
It isn't now Saint Venus.

Hang up my trophies in the fane,  
My latch-key and etceteras;  
Since, when we're going to be sedate,  
Such adjuncts scarce will better us.

Yet, Venus, ere I say good-by,  
Touch up that damsel showy;  
My first, if not my only love,  
The teasing, tempting Chloe.

## The Decorated Bow

(From the German. By Ephraim Lessing)

A man had an excellent bow of ebony with which he shot very far and very sure, and which he valued at a great price. But once, after considering it attentively, he said:

"A little too rude still! Your only ornament is your polish. It is a pity. However, that can be remedied," thought he.

"I will go and let a first-rate artist carve something on the bow."

He went, and the artist carved an entire hunting scene upon the bow. And what more fitting for a bow than a hunting scene?

The man was delighted. "You deserve this embellishment, my beloved bow." So saying, he wished to try it.

He drew the string. The bow broke!

—Fables.

We admire our own writings—but other men's wives.—From the Chinese.



There was an old lady whose folly  
Induced her to sit in a holty;  
Whereon, by a thorn, her dress being  
torn,

She quickly became melancholy.  
—From "A Book of Nonsense,"  
by Edward Lear.

## Woman's Rights

BY ARTEMUS WARD

(Charles F. Browne needs no introduction. He is one of the most famous American humorists. This little sketch seems particularly appropriate at the present time.)

I pitched my tent in a small town in Injianny one day last season, & while I was standing at the dore takin' money, a depytashun of ladies came up & sed they vos members of the Bunkumville Female Reformin' & Wimin's Rite Associashun, and they axed me if they cood go in without payin'.

"Not exactly," sez I, "but you can pay without goin' in."

"Dew you know who we air?" said one of the wimin—a tall and feroshus looking critter, with a blew kotton umbreller under her arm—"do you know who we air, Sir?"

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kersery view that you air females."

"We air, Sur," said the feroshus woman—"we belong to a Society which beleeves wimin' has rites—which beleeves in razin' her to her proper speer—which beleeves she is endowed with as much intelleck as man is—which beleeves she is trampled on and aboozed—and whi will resist hensoath & forever the incroachments of proud & domineering men."

Durin' her discourse, the exsentric female grabed me by the coat-kollor & was swinging her umbreller wildly over my hed.

"I hope, marm," sez I, starting back, "that your intentions is honorable. I'm a lone man here in a strange place. Besides, I've a wife to hum."

"Yes," cried the female, "& she's a slave! Doth she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin' off the yoke of tyrinny and thinkin' & votin' for herself?—Doth she never think of these here things?"

"Not being a natural born fool," sed I, by this time a little riled, "I kin safely say that she dothunt."

"Oh—whot—whot!" screamed the female, swinging her umbreller in the air. "Oh, what is the price that woman pays for her expeeriunce!"



"TALL AND FEROSHUS"

"I don't know," sez I, "The price of my show is 15 cents per individual."

"& can't our Society go in free?" asked the female.

"Not is I know it," sed I.

"Crooil, crooil man!" she cried, & burst into tears.

"Won't you let my darter in?" sed anuther of the exsentric wimin', taken me akeckshunitely by the hand.

"O please let my darter in,—shee's a sweet gushin' child of natur."

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal nonsense; "let her gush! Where upon they all sprung back with the simultaneous observashun that I was a Beest."

"My female friends," sed I, "Be4 you leeve, I've a few remarks to remark; wa them well. The female womain is one of the greatest institootshuns of which this land can boste. It's onpossible to get along without her. Had there been no female wimin' in the world, I should scarcely be here with my unparaleld show on this very occashun. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O woman, woman!" I cried, my feelin's worlded up to a high poetick pitch, "you air an angle when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appairal & (mettyforically spoken)—get into pantyloons—when you desert your firesides, & with your heds full of wimin's rites noshuns go round like roarin' lions, seekin' whom you may devour somebody—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the deveil and air an emfatic noosance. My female friends," I continnered, as they were indignantly departin', "wa well what A. Ward has sed!"

## A Terrible Infant

I recollect a nurse call'd Ann,

Who carried me about the grass,

And one day a fine young man

Came up and kiss'd the pretty lass.

She did not make the least objection!

Thinks I, "Aha!

When I can talk I'll tell Mamma"—

And that's my earliest recollection.

—Frederick Locker.

## The Vacation of Mustapha

BY ROBERT JONES BURDETTE

(This is an imitation of the style of *The Arabian Nights*, by one of our most prominent American humorists, whose work twenty years ago was familiar to all American readers.)

Now in the sixth month, in the reign of the good Caliph, it was so that Mustapha said: "I am weary with much work; thought, care and worry have worn me out; I need repose, for the hand of exhaustion is upon me, and death even now lieth at the door."

And he called his physician, who felt of his pulse and looked at his tongue and said:

"Two dollars!" For this was the oath by which all physicians swore. "Of a verity thou must have rest. Flee unto the valley of quiet, and close thine eyes in dreamful rest; hold back thy brain from thought and thy hand from labor, or you will be a candidate for the asylum in three weeks."

And he heard him, and he went out and put the business in the hands of the clerk and went away to rest in the valley of quiet. And he went to his Uncle Ben's, whom he had not seen for, lo! these fourteen years. Now his Uncle Ben was a farmer and abode in the valley of rest, and the mountains of repose rose round about him. And he was rich and well favored, and strong as an ox, and healthy as an onion crop. Ofttimes he boasted to his neighbors that there was not a lazy bone in his body, and he swore that he hated a lazy man.

And Mustapha wist not that it was so.

And when he reached his Uncle Ben's they received him with great joy, and placed before him a supper of homely viands well cooked, and piled up on his plate like the wreck of a box car. And when he could not eat all they laughed him to scorn.

And after supper they sat up with him and talked with him about relatives, whereof he had never in all his life so much as heard. And he answered their questions at random, and lied unto them, professing to know Uncle Ezra and Aunt Bethesda; and once he said he had a letter from Uncle George last week.

Now they all knew that Uncle George was shot in a neighbor's sheep pen three years ago, but Mustapha wist not that it was so, and he was sleepy, and only talked to fill up the time. And then they talked politics to him, and he hated politics. So about one o'clock in the morning they sent him to bed.

Now the spare room wherein he slept was right under the roof, and there were ears and bundles of ears of seed corn hung from the rafters, and he bunged his eyes with the same and he hooked his chin in festoons of dried apples, and shook dried herbs and seeds down his back as he walked along, for it was dark. And when he sat up in bed in the night he ran a scythe into his ear.

And it was so that the four boys slept with him, for the bed was wide. And they were restless, and slumbered crosswise and kicked, so that Mustapha slope not a wink that night, neither closed he his eyes.

And about the fourth hour after midnight his Uncle Ben smote him on the back and spake unto him, saying:

"Awake, arise, rustle out of this and wash your face, for the liver and bacon are fried and the breakfast waiteth. You will find the well down at the other end of the cow lot. Take a towel with you."

When they had eaten, his Uncle Ben spake unto him, saying:

"Come, let us stroll around the farm."

And they walked about eleven miles. And his Uncle



Ben sat him upon a wagon and taught him how to load hay. Then they drove into the barn and he taught him how to unload it. Then they girded up their loins and walked about four miles, even into the forest, and his Uncle Ben taught him how to chop wood, and then walked back to supper. And the morning and the evening were the first day and Mustapha wished that he were dead.

And after supper his Uncle Ben spoke once more and said:

"Come let us have some fun." And so they hooked up a team and drove nine miles down to Belcher Ranch, where there was a hop. And they danced until the second hour in the morning.

When the next day was come—which wasn't long, for already the night was far spent—his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him how to make rail fence. And that night there was a wedding and they danced, and made merry and drank, and ate, and when they went to bed at three o'clock Mustapha prayed that death might come to him before breakfast time. But breakfast had an early start and got there first. And his Uncle Ben took him down the creek and taught him how to wash and shear sheep. And when evening was come they went to a spelling school and they got home at the first hour after midnight, and Uncle Ben marveled that it was so early. And he lighted his pipe and sat up for an hour and told Mustapha all about the forty acres he bought last spring of old Mosey Stringer to finish out that north half, and about the new colt that was foaled last spring.

And when Mustapha went to bed that morning he bethought himself of a dose of strychnine he had with him, and he said his prayers wearily, and he took it.

But the youngest boy was restless that night and kicked all the poison out of him in less than ten seconds.

And in the morning, while it was yet night, they ate breakfast. And his Uncle

Ben took him out and taught him how to dig a ditch.

And when evening was come there was revival meeting at Ebenezer Methodist Church, and they all went. And there were three regular preachers and two exhorters and a Baptist evangelist. And when midnight was come they went home and sat up and talked over the meeting until it was bedtime.

Now when Mustapha was at home he left his desk at the fifth hour in the afternoon, and went to bed at the third hour after sunset, and he arose not until the sun was high in the heavens.

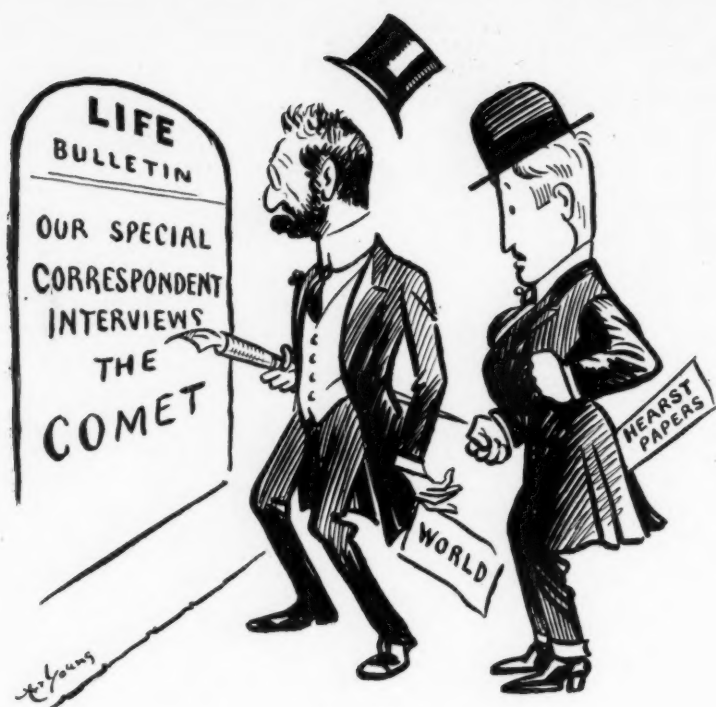
So the next day, when his Uncle Ben would take him out into the field and show him how to make a post-and-rail fence, Mustapha would swear at him and smote him with an axe helve and fled, and got himself home.

And Mustapha sent for his physician and cursed him. And he said he was tired to death; he turned his face to the wall and died. So Mustapha was gathered to his fathers.

And his physician and friends mourned and said: "Alas! he did not rest soon enough. He tarried at his desk too long."

But his Uncle Ben who came in to attend the funeral, and had to do all the weeping out of one eye, because the other was blacked half way down to his chin, said it was a pity, but Mustapha was too awfully lazy to live and he had no get up about him.

But Mustapha wist not what they said, because he was dead. So they divided his property among them and said if he wanted a tombstone he might have attended to it himself while he was yet alive, because they had no time.



SCOOPED

### An Interview With Halley's Comet

(Continued from page 827)

who was coming at us at the rather disconcerting rate of fifty or sixty thousand miles a minute. With that marvelous recklessness at taking quick corners which taxi-drivers of every class show in like situations brave Hoolahan shot our aeroplane to one side just in time to permit the comet to brush by, snorting contemptuously, "Wonder you you wouldn't blockade the whole heavens!"

"Put on all speed and follow! An extra fare if you catch him!" I yelled to Hoolahan. In another moment the comet would be gone and the great interview lost forever. Hoolahan jammed in the gears to fourth speed, while Mr. Snapper threw out sixteen pounds of photographers' supplies to lighten cargo. The aeroplane shot ahead like a super-meteor. We were gaining on the comet slowly, a hundred miles at a jump. Now we had crawled up three-quarters the length of his tail. Now we were even with his waist, with his elbow, with his collar. Now we were racing him neck-and-neck in a fever delirium of speed.

"This must be heaven," muttered Hoolahan at the throttle.

"Heaven!" I gasped.

"Sure—an open road and no speed laws."

I seized my interviewer's megaphone and leaned far out of the tonneau.

"Hey, there, Mr. Comet—Mr. Halley—whatever your name is!" I screamed through space.

The comet was good enough to slow down to half speed.

"Who's there? What is it?" he sang out, blowing a breath like a blast-furnace and regarding us with fiery eyeballs.

"We are newspaper men—reporters—journalists from the earth come up here to have a little chat with you."

"Huh! muckrakers, I suppose," sniffed the celestial one. "Back in 1456 a Constantinople sheet attacked my reputation, beginning an outrageous article with 'God save us from the Devil, the Turk and the Comet!' Since then I've never cared for modern journalism—too much of what Mr. Taft calls malevolent publicity."

"But, Mr. Comet," I continued as affably as our perilous position would permit, "we are not that kind of journalists. We represent the benevolent press. Secretary Hitchcock's sentiments toward Secretary Ballinger are not warmer than ours toward you."

The comet good-naturedly wagged his tail in a broad sweep extending from the Milky Way to the Little Dipper.

"Hitch your airship to my radio-active belt and come along," he said. We hove to and hitched.

"We are all glad to see you back again," I observed.

"Well, I'm back before Teddy, anyhow," chuckled the comet. Mr. Snapper snapped him three times as he smiled.

"How fast you move!" I cried.

"Yes, rather," admitted the fiery wanderer. "Motion is life, you know. As the stars follow their courses and the planets their zones so must a comet go scorching down its orbit. It's the scheme of the universe. Everything in nature moves, I believe."

"You have evidently never met the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon," I sighed.

The comet maintained an embarrassing silence at this remark. You have to be careful how you mention Uncle Joe nowadays.

"Nice day, isn't it?" I further ventured by way of cracking the ice.

"How should I know?" he sniffed. "A fellow in my line of business isn't supposed to keep track of little driveling things like days. However, I venture the opinion that it's a nice age."

"I am amazed at your lack of enthusiasm," I commented. "I have always been told that comets were of a somewhat wild and radical temperament."

"A common fallacy, my boy. People imagine that because, some time 'way back, the comets rebelled from the orbs and broke loose from the majority that they must go on forever and forever leading the lives of perpetual insurgents. Such is not the case. An eccentric orbit

(Continued on page 834)



"THEY KNEW WHEN TO BEGIN AND WHEN TO QUIT."



# Pickles

Everybody knows Heinz Pickles and their unrivalled goodness. But perhaps you do not know how many kinds of delicious pickles are made by Heinz nor the reasons for their superior quality.

Making a better pickle is no slight matter. It means the selection and growth of special varieties of vegetables that are thinner skinned, richer in flavor, more tender and uniform in size.

It involves the procuring of finer, more pungent spices, the making of mellow, aromatic vinegars, the assembling of many elements that must be better than any produced before.

## Heinz Euchred Pickle

The newest of the 57 varieties and the finest product of 40 years' experience in making better pickles. A combination of crisp, tender, Heinz-grown vegetables, preserved in a sweet liquor of especial richness. Delightfully seasoned and exquisite in flavor. Entirely new and different—quite out of the ordinary. A most charming relish for luncheons, teas, etc.

Other Heinz Pickles are: Sour Onions, Sweet Onions, India Relish, Stuffed Mangoes, East Indian Chutney. They are absolutely pure. The

## 57 Varieties

*do not contain Benzoate of Soda,  
other drugs or artificial preservatives.*

Heinz Pickles are sold in glass bottles and also from bulk packages by the measure or dozen—but when buying pickles in bulk, be sure they are the Heinz Brand.

**H. J. HEINZ COMPANY,**

*Member American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products.*

**New York Chicago Pittsburgh London**

**Heinz Sweet Pickles—Gherkins and Mixed Pickles**—are preserved in a rich, spicy liquor made from granulated cane sugar, fine old malt vinegar and pure spices. They are thoroughly sweet, but delightfully piquant—not insipid like ordinary sweet pickles.

**Heinz Sour Pickles—Gherkins and Mixed Pickles**—are preserved with our own pure vinegar, which is aged until mellow and perfect in flavor, and seasoned with finest spices of Heinz own importation.

**Heinz Chow Chow** is a delicious combination of selected, pickled vegetables with a spicy mustard dressing. Not hot with pepper—it has the genuine mustard flavor.

**Heinz Dill Pickles**, unlike ordinary salt or sour pickles, are naturally fermented in fine salt, without vinegar, and with only the Dill Flower and pure spices added for flavoring.



## An Interview With Halley's Comet

(Continued from page 832)

becomes regular if you follow it a million years. Look at William Jennings Bryan."

"Since your last trip to earth you have seen, I dare say, many interesting suns and planets. Has any place in the universe grown so fast as the United States?"

"The United *what?*" asked the comet vaguely.

"The United States—the greatest nation on earth," I quavered.

"Oh, it's on earth, is it? I remember the earth quite distinctly—cute, stubby little affair with an old-fashioned suburban orbit. But the United States—let me think—ah, yes! It's that queer triangular continent where they worship a god named Tariff and the divorce code is taught in the public schools."

"How like a foreigner you talk!" I cried in an injured tone. "I should expect such ignorance from a Frenchman, but from a heavenly body it is shocking."

"Perhaps, perhaps," responded the comet, who was much too big to notice my gnat-like sting. He set his far-seeing spectacles on the bridge of his nose and gazed thoughtfully at the earth. "Only yesterday I was looking over those United States, and it *does* look as though something had happened there during the past seventy-five years. For instance, I notice a big blotch which seems to have grown on the left shoulder of the continent. What d'ye call that?"

"That," I said, "is New York City."

"Oh!" puffed the torch bearer. "If you have any more troubles of that sort to tell, out with 'em."

"I don't see why you take such a peevish view of my country," I said. "America in the past three-quarters of a century has made the most tremendous progress of any nation on the globe. Everything has grown bigger."

"Have Niagara Falls and Yosemite Valley grown bigger?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know about them—they're natural resources, you know, and don't amount to much. But it is in mechanical invention that our progress has been most wonderful. Look at our electric lights, our trolley cars, our steamboats and automobiles! Look at our advance in railroading! Why, comet alive, we can go from New York to San Francisco in four days."

"Such speed has its advantages," sniffed the jaded traveler. "For in-

stance, when you are going very fast you can miss all the scenery."

"Seventy-five years ago America had no apartment houses," I continued, still hoping to make an impression, "and look at 'em now! Due to the vast progress in engineering, a twenty-story building can be planned, built and filled with a thousand young couples all in the space of six weeks! Think of it! A thousand young couples meet on the first of May—they love each other—they pair off and become engaged—an architect is consulted—apartment house planned and riveted together—and the thousand young couples have married and settled down to kitchenette house-keeping before the middle of June! Is this not a marvel of engineering skill?"

"Perhaps," growled the comet. "But in such artificial surroundings where will those young couples raise their offspring when they arrive?"

"Offspring!" I snapped. "Who mentioned offspring? I was talking about apartment hotels."

"And what of your financiers? I suppose, like the other features you mention, they are also the greatest in the universe."

"I was going to avoid *that* subject," I admitted, "but since you bring it up I confess our millionaires have kept pace with the country in its mar-r-rvelous growth. These men are living monuments to American energy. They never sleep. Kept in constant telegraphic communication with all the markets of the world, they sit in their solid gold offices on the top of tall, upright buildings—"

"This makes them tall, upright financiers, no doubt?" whistled the comet.

"Er—doubtless—but let us talk of more abstract things," I stammered blushing slightly. "Let us touch on our purely scientific achievements. Do you remember the North Pole?"

The comet threw off a vapor of deadly cyanogen.

"There, there," he sighed, "I suppose you're going to announce its discovery. Please don't. Such subjects bore me. All the little planets along my route have poles, too, which they all discover sooner or later and set up a dreadful crowing. It's like a baby discovering his big toe for the first time—pleasant for the child, but unstimulating to mature minds."

I tried to think of some more agreeable topic.

"I hope you'll say a few words about the unequalled prosperity of our country," I ventured.

"Why should I? I'm not running

for Congress," he hissed. "What evidence have you that the United States are more prosperous than ever before?"

"It is patent on every hand," I cried with ringing tones. "Look at the increased prices we pay for what we eat and wear. Are these not evidences of wealth? Such prices impart to us a sort of subtle flattery. If these are rich man's prices, are we not being treated like rich men wherever we go? It tickled our ego to be charged \$15 for a dinner worth 87 cents, because we know the proprietor is too fine a gentleman to present us a reduced bill and thus remind us of our poverty."

"Such tact!" muttered the sparkling stranger.

"And so down the social scale. The common laborer, glad to know that he is burning the same grade of fuel as Chauncey M. Depew, eagerly pays \$11 a ton for coal which cost \$5 a few years ago. He is wild with joy to note the increase in beef and canned goods; and the glad hope thrills him that some day his grocery bill will not be surpassed by the finest in the land. Pierpont Morgan is not the only American rich enough to indulge his taste for antiques. O'Brien, the truckman, can buy a few eggs himself."

"The heart of democracy—an equal opportunity for all," lisped the comet. "Since the cost of living has advanced, how about the cost of dying? Has that advanced, too?"

"In the history of mankind killing people has never been more expensive. Battleships have gone up this week to \$11,000,000 apiece. Experts have figured it out that in case of battle it will cost the government in explosives alone \$19.50 for every man killed."

"This makes heroism another prohibitive luxury," said the burning one with a sneer.

"But see what a science murder has become along us," said I.

"Oho!" growled the comet. "Don't talk to me of science. Among the fixed stars the scientific fad went out about 110,000 years ago. The best people among our first magnitude stars are going back to nature everywhere in the universe. The most aristocratic place I know of is a little pink planet southeast of Vega. There resides a tribe of three-legged persons who promptly murder their inventors, playwrights and financiers as soon as they are born. Therefore, they live in peace, having neither art, wealth nor luxury."

"They must be very ignorant."

"In the American sense, yes. But  
(Continued on page 855)



# The! Baldwin Piano

## The Choice of Genius

Rounded and enriched is the marvelous art of Mischa Elman by the tone of the Baldwin Piano.

With the music which this master draws from his old Italian violin Baldwin-tone is singularly in accord.

Flawless purity, mobility, fire; these qualities are not more in the strings than in the singing keyboard of the Baldwin.

Of Elman's playing of Schubert's "Ständchen" to Baldwin accompaniment Saint-Saëns said—

"Such blending of tone with tone is the perfection of polished art."

The elements which make the Baldwin a world-great piano are set forth in the Baldwin catalogue. A line to nearest representative will bring you this book.

## The Baldwin Company

Chicago      New York  
262 Wabash Ave.    8 E. 34th Street

Indianapolis      Louisville  
18 N. Penn'a St.    425 S. Fourth Ave.

142 W. Fourth Street  
CINCINNATI

St. Louis      San Francisco  
1013 Olive Street    310 Sutter Street

Boston      Denver  
40 Huntington Ave.    1626 California St.



**The Laundry of Life**

Life is a laundry in which we  
Are ironed out, or soon, or late.  
Who has not known the irony  
Of fate?

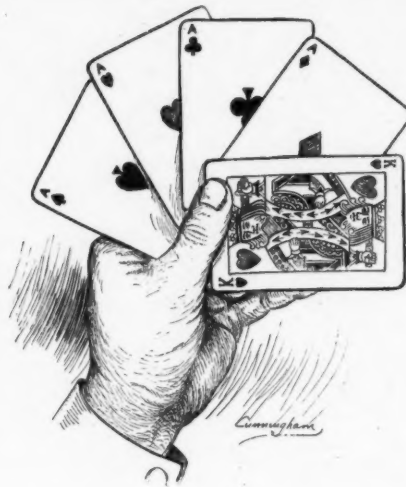
We enter it when we are born,  
Our colors bright. Full soon they fade.  
We exit "done up," old and worn,  
And frayed;

Frayed round the edges, worn and thin—  
Life is a rough old linen slinger.  
Who has not lost a button in  
Life's wringer?

With other linen we are tubbed,  
With other linen often tangled;  
In open court we then are scrubbed,  
And mangled.

Some take a gloss of happiness  
The hardest wear cannot diminish;  
Others, alas! get a "domes-  
tic finish."

—Bert Leston Taylor in *The House Beautiful*.



A SAFETY RAISER

**Anything But That**

"You're a liar, and a thief, and a scoundrel!"

"Anything else?"

"I can't think of anything else right now."

"Thanks. I was afraid you were going to say I was stupid."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"So your wife is a suffragette?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton.

"Why does she want to vote?"

"I don't think Henrietta really desires to vote. She's merely tired of talking to me. She wants a larger and more intelligent audience."—*Washington Star*.

**The Fishy Doctor and the Babe!**

The old physician is an enthusiastic angler in every sense of the term. While on his way home from a fishing trip he received an emergency call. The proud newly made father was impatient to have the child weighed, but couldn't find the steelyards; so the physician had to use the pocket scales with which he weighed his fish.

"Great Scott, doctor!" exclaimed the father as he saw the pointer go up. "Thirty-seven and a half pounds!"—*Everybody's*.

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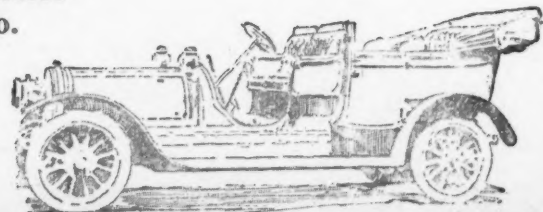
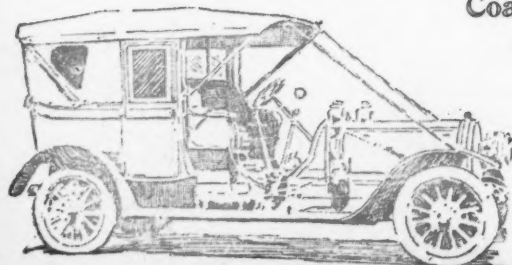
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# BREWSTER & CO.

Broadway and 47th Street, New York

*Delaunay-Belleville*  
Licensed under Selden Patent  
Special bodies for any Chassis.  
Repairs to body or motor.

Peerless Cars with our exclusive  
Coach work by special arrange-  
ment with the Peerless  
Motor Car Co.



Illustrations show a new design Brewster body on Delaunay-Belleville Chassis, open and closed.



"The Standard for 60 Years"

# POND'S EXTRACT

For over sixty years has stood highest in the estimation of many thousands of discriminating people. Its entire harmlessness, even for children, combined with its great healing properties have made it

## The Most Useful Household Remedy

For cuts, sprains, bruises, burns, boils, sore throat, catarrh, etc.

Send for descriptive booklet free.

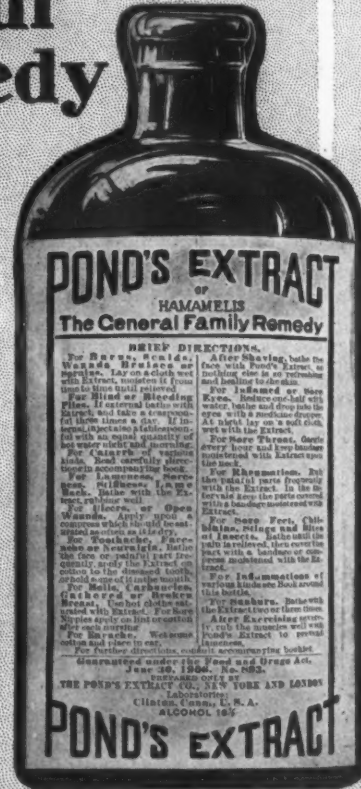
### POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S VANISHING CREAM

is an ideal, non-oily toilet cream of great purity and exquisite Jacque Rose fragrance. "Vanishing Cream" effectively promotes that fineness of skin texture so requisite to a clear and beautiful complexion.

Free Sample on request, or send 4c in stamps for large trial tube.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.

Dept. 22 78 Hudson St. New York



**POND'S EXTRACT**  
OF  
**HAMAMELIS**  
The General Family Remedy

**BRIEF DIRECTIONS.**

**For Burns, Scalds.** After shaving, bath the face with Pond's Extract, so including also in so refreshing and soothing to the skin.

**For Inflammation of Nose.** For the relief of nasal catarrh, wash the nose with Pond's Extract. At night lay on a soft cloth, wet with the Extract.

**For Sore Throat.** Gargle every hour and keep the throat moistened with Extract until cured.

**For Rheumatism.** Put the extract into a tumbler with water, and use frequently with the Extract. In the morning keep the parts around with a liniment composed of Extract.

**For Sore Feet, Chilblains, Relays and Blisters of Feet.** Wash the feet with the Extract, and the soles with the Extract. In the morning keep the parts around with a liniment composed of Extract.

**For Inflammation of Various Kindness.** Wash the parts with the Extract, and the soles with the Extract. In the morning keep the parts around with a liniment composed of Extract.

**For Sore Gums.** Wash the gums with the Extract, and the soles with the Extract. In the morning keep the parts around with a liniment composed of Extract.

**For Sore Eyes.** Wash the eyes with the Extract, and the soles with the Extract. In the morning keep the parts around with a liniment composed of Extract.

**For Sore Ears.** Wash the ears with the Extract, and the soles with the Extract. In the morning keep the parts around with a liniment composed of Extract.

**For Sore Throat.** Gargle every hour and keep the throat moistened with Extract until cured.

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Manufactured under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906, No. 282.

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON  
Clinton, Conn., U. S. A.  
ALCOHOL 10%

**POND'S EXTRACT**

# Astor Trust Company

FIFTH AVE. & 36TH ST., NEW YORK

Capital, \$1,250,000. Surplus and Profits, \$750,000

Interest Paid on Daily Balances

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**"Follow the Leader"**

A nervous commuter on his dark, lonely way home from the railroad station heard footsteps behind him. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being followed. He increased his speed. The footsteps quickened accordingly. The commuter darted down a lane. The footsteps still pursued him. In desperation he vaulted over a fence and, rushing into a churchyard, threw himself panting on one of the graves.

"If he follows me here," he thought fearfully, "there can be no doubt as to his intentions."

The man behind was following. He could hear him scrambling over the fence. Visions of highwaymen, maniacs, garroters and the like flashed through his brain. Quivering with fear, the nervous one arose and faced his pursuer.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "Wh-why are you following me?"

"Say," asked the stranger, mopping his brow, "do you always go home like this? I'm going up to Mr. Brown's and the man at the station told me to follow you, as you lived next door. Excuse my asking you, but is there much more to do before we get there?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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

**He Knew**

TEACHER: Now, Willie, tell us one of the principal events in Roman history, and mention the date.

WILLIE: Marc Antony went to Egypt 'cos he had a date with Cleopatra.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A MAN detained against his will is with the boys in spirit still.—*Lippincott's.*

**OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES**



**A Line on Bjenkyns**

LAWSON: What sort of a man is Bjenkyns, anyway?

DAWSON: Well, his wife always goes with him when he buys a suit of clothes.—*Somerville Journal.*

**At the Reception**

"I understand, Miss Araminta," said the professor, "that you are inclined toward literature."

"Yes," said the blushing spinster, "I wrote for the *Bugle Magazine* last month."

"Indeed! May I ask what?" asked the professor.

"I addressed all the envelopes for the rejected manuscripts," said Araminta proudly.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Carlyle's dictum, "Not on morality, but on cooking let us build our philosophy," is recalled by the following: "An aged aunt, though in the position of guest, protested against the appearance of a really noble rabbit pie on her nephew's breakfast table. It was not that she feared ptomaine poisoning. Her objections were ethical. Rabbits, she declared with a wonderful mid-Victorianism, were 'such immoral animals.'"—*Argonaut.*

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

*Spilman Mixture*  
SMOKING TOBACCO

The best blend of the world's finest tobaccos.  
1 1/2 oz. 40 cts; 8 1/2 oz. 75c; 1/4 lb. \$1.65; 1 lb. \$3.30. If not at your dealers will send prepaid upon receipt of price. Sent FREE—Booklet "How to Smoke a Pipe." Write to-day. E. HOFFMAN COMPANY, MFRS., 179 Madison St., Chicago.

**PIONEERS**  
**Diamond**  
**TIRES**

For eleven years they have given motorists more mileage than any other.  
"USERS KNOW"

*Literature on request.* **The Diamond Rubber Co.**  
Akron, Ohio

# Better Be Sure Than Sorry

**L**EAVING aside the question of price, every motorist would have the Warner Auto-Meter on his car.

For during all the long years of its career it has stood alone as the one-speed indicating device which was absolutely satisfactory and reliable under all service conditions—"the aristocrat of speed indicators."

But because the Warner Auto-Meter costs more, many a motorist has thought to buy as good an instrument more cheaply.

There are thousands of motorists using the Warner Auto-Meter now who reached it over this road of costly experience. Ask one about it.



"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"  
Ten Models—\$50 to \$145



For it is an incontrovertible fact that to build a mechanically and artistically perfect speed-indicating device costs money—and it can't be sold for a song.

And it is equally true that unless you have a perfect speed indicator you are simply guessing, and might as well have none. You will save time, trouble and in the end money, if you investigate the Warner Auto-Meter now.

*Write or call for Descriptive Booklet*

**Warner Instrument Co.,** 873 Wheeler Avenue, **Beloit, Wis.**

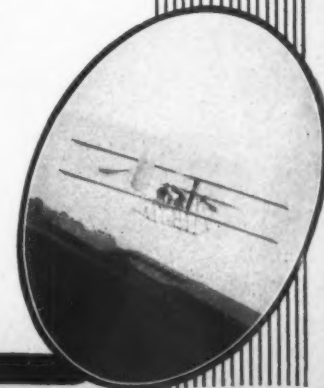
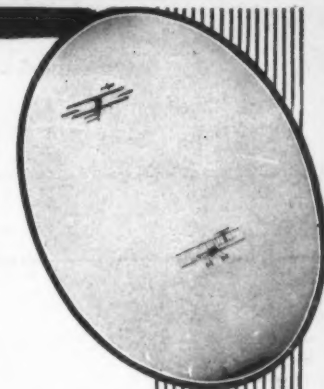
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**Aviation Note** It will be noted that all of the pictures illustrating human flight used in our advertisements have been of heavier-than-air machines. That is because I believe that the dirigible balloon has but a limited field of usefulness at best, and will eventually be discarded, except for certain specific purposes.

It is unwieldy, highly inflammable, expensive to build and most expensive to inflate. The top picture shows two biplanes in the air at once at Los Angeles; the next is Paulhan flying at Jamaica, Long Island; the third is the first flight of the Bleriot monoplane in America; and the fourth, Orville Wright at Fort Myer.

The two top photos are by Walter L. Huff, the other two by Paul Thompson.

**A. P. WARNER**

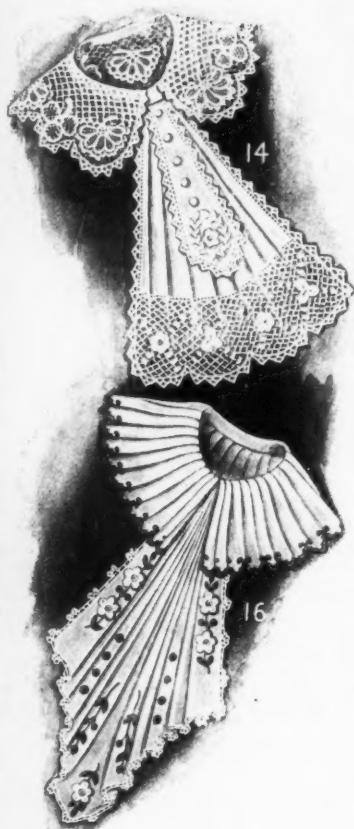


**SPECIAL SALE**

WOMEN'S and MISSES'

**Silk Undergarments**

Lingerie Neckwear and Hosiery



- 14. Real Irish lace Collar, Value \$3.00, **1.95**
- 14. Real Irish lace and Batiste Jabot, hand embroidered, Value \$3.00, **1.95**
- 16. Pleated Collar, of white Batiste, embroidered in lavender, old rose, blue, black or white, Value \$1.25, **.75**
- 16. Real Irish lace-trimmed white Batiste Jabot, hand embroidered in colors to match collar, Value \$1.25, SPECIAL **.85**
- 18. Italian Silk Vests, white, pink, or blue, hemstitched top, handsomely embroidered, different designs, 32 to 44 bust, Value \$4.00, SPECIAL **2.75**
- 18. Italian Silk Bloomers, colors black, white, pink and blue; all sizes, Value \$4.75, SPECIAL **3.75**
- 18. Lisle Thread Open-work Hose (as illustrated on figure), assorted patterns, black, white or tan, Value \$1.00, SPECIAL **.75**

**Franklin Simon & Co.**

Fifth Avenue, 37th and 38th Sts., New York



**The Slater Shoe**

That distinctive air of refinement and elegance found in no other make. A shoe that is the outcome of fifty years' experience and the conscientious application of knowledge gained, based upon the theoretical study of the demand for every season. Attention is called to the Spring and Summer models—the most exclusive styles for Dress and Sport. The high standard of Slater Shoes does not mean prohibitive prices, as there are many excellent values at five-fifty and six dollars.

MAIL ORDER SERVICE.—Visitors to New York, becoming customers, created this Mail Order Service. They insisted on the "Slater" Shoe. It has become an important branch of the business. Send for book of instructions and measurement blanks.

**J. & J. Slater**

For 50 years New York's most fashionable bootmakers

Send for Illustrated Catalog

Broadway, at 25th Street, New York



*Brooks Brothers,*  
**CLOTHING,**  
*Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.*

Flannels for Town or Country  
Ready-Made and to Measure.  
Straw and Panama Hats.  
Shoes for Dress or Sporting Wear.  
Travelling Kits.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

BROADWAY, Cor. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK

## Rhymed Reviews

### Science and Health

(By Mary Baker G. Eddy. Allison V. Stewart)

Immortal Mind exists alone!

Divine, complete in pure perfection;  
For Man himself, when rightly known,  
Is Mind's, or Soul's, or God's reflection.

Nor think that God, the Mind, the Soul

Created worlds in wild profusion;  
The stars that turn about the pole,  
Our earth, our sky, are vast Illusion.

Our very frames are dreams, we find,  
Or errors—more or less persistent—  
Of mortal mind; and mortal mind  
Itself is wholly non-existent.

But how this mind of mortal taint,  
That's neither made nor self-creating,

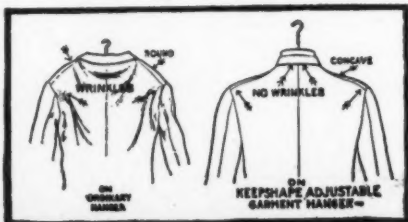
Can dream of other things that ain't,  
I haven't found the means of stating.

Yet learn to see in mortal thought  
The source of all our fancied troubles;

Who comes to know that all is naught  
Will dissipate his griefs like bubbles.

For Sin and Sickness, Death and Woe,  
Are simply Error's dreary armful;  
If folks would only vote them so  
The rankest drugs would be un-  
harmful.

A non-existent lobster, raw,  
Denude, with non-existent clippers,  
Of either non-existent claw;  
Then other non-existent nippers



## THE KEEPSHAPE

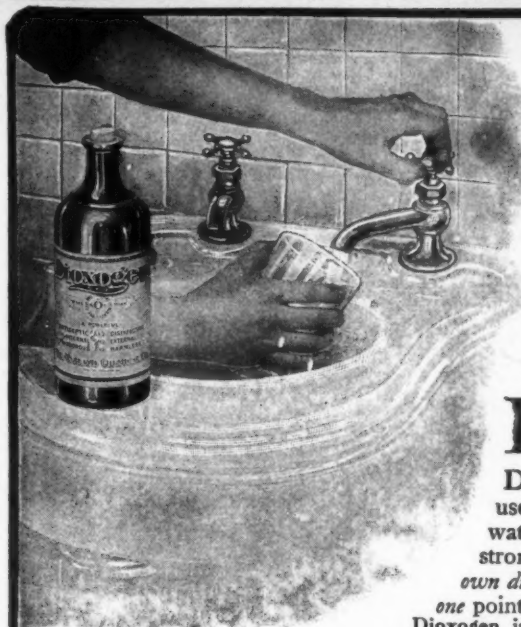
Cuts pressing bills in half.

This adjustable garment hanger is adaptable to hanging full suits, either Ladies or Gentlemen. It is like putting yourself into your clothes when you hang them up in your wardrobe. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Price \$1 each, 6 for \$5.50 or 12 for \$10 delivered.

Booklet Free.

Keepsape Co., Dept. B, 132 Nassau St. New York.



## It costs less to use Dioxogen Because you do your own diluting

**D**IOXOGEN is from 25% to 50% stronger than ordinary peroxide. This means that when you dilute Dioxogen (as you generally do in use) you use less Dioxogen and add that much more water; the diluted Dioxogen will still be as strong as the ordinary peroxide and you do your own diluting; you don't pay for the water. That's one point for Dioxogen economy.

Dioxogen is sold in three sizes, small (5½ oz.), medium (10½ oz.), large (20 oz.). The small and medium sizes contain ½ more, and the large size ¼ more than the corresponding sizes of ordinary peroxide. That's another point for Dioxogen economy.

This Size Bottle FREE

## Dioxogen

H. O. 12

### THE PURE PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN

Dioxogen is much purer than ordinary peroxide and is free from the disagreeable taste and odor characteristic of "acetanilid-preserved" kinds. Dioxogen purity, Dioxogen strength and Dioxogen quality combine to produce an efficiency not attained by ordinary peroxide. Therefore, when you buy Dioxogen in preference to the ordinary peroxide, you practice true economy, because you get more, and what you get is stronger, purer, will last longer, go further, do more things and do them all better.

### Try Dioxogen and Prove It Yourself

Dioxogen has many important uses in every day home life. For example it is exceedingly effective as a Mouth Wash and Gargle. It destroys the germs that cause decay of the teeth; it destroys the infectious bacteria that cause sore throat, tonsilitis, etc.; it destroys the cause of bad breath; it produces a real hygienic cleanliness of the mouth and teeth, impossible to attain simply by the use of dentifrices. Dioxogen is a toilet and hygienic necessity, always working for personal attractiveness through the medium of cleanliness and health.

**A Free Trial Bottle and Booklet** will be sent upon request to convince you of the usefulness and true economy of Dioxogen; or you can buy a regular bottle from any one of over 36,000 druggists who handle it—but be sure and get real Dioxogen. If you want the trial bottle—a full 2-oz. size, free—use the attached coupon or give the same information on a postal.

The Oakland Chemical Co., 93 Front St., New York



The Oakland Chemical Co.  
93 Front St., New York

Check one of the following:

- I have never used Dioxogen or any peroxide of hydrogen.
- I am using a peroxide, but not Dioxogen, for personal use.

I would like to try Dioxogen; kindly send free trial bottle and booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

Druggist's Name.....

He'll grow with non-existent speed,  
Unvexed by doubts and lucubrations;  
Had we a lobster's simple creed  
We'd likewise cure our amputations.

But men, because they think they think,  
Have hosts of phantom fears invented.

Away with speech and printer's ink,  
That spread deceit!—and BE contented.

Remember, all but Soul is nil;  
Bid frauds of mortal mind defiance;  
Divest yourselves of Thought and Will—  
And that's the gist of Christian Science.

Arthur Guiterman.



Spend this  
Summer where  
Living is a Joy  
—in

## COLORADO

Minds and bodies corroded with the bartering moil—the dust and grime of the city—shed cares and worries like leaves.

Faded cheeks find crimson. Jangling nerves find harmony. Days are full of vibrant living and nights bring perfect rest.

*The de Luxe*

## Rocky Mountain Limited

—daily from Chicago to Colorado Springs and Denver direct—

will take you there in perfect comfort—with but one night on the way. A train so well appointed that hotel men wonder how it's done.

Stenographer, valet, barber—and a thousand and one comforts from snowy, roomy beds to fresh cut flowers upon the dining table.

*Victrola recitals and world's news service en route.*

Other good trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

Let us send illustrated literature and suggest the vacation of your life.

L. M. ALLEN

Passenger Traffic Manager

6 La Salle Station Chicago, Ill.



CHARLIE and Nancy had quarreled. After their supper mother tried to re-establish friendly relations. She told them of the Bible verse, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

"Now, Charlie," she pleaded, "are you going to let the sun go down on your wrath?"

Charlie squirmed a little. Then: "Well, how can I stop it?"—*Everybody's.*

## The Literary Zoo.

Re-enter the Press Agent

It is the belief of Dr. Channing Rudd, expressed in a talk before the advertising forum of the West Side Y. M. C. A., that it would be an aid to our country and to the administration if President Taft employed a press agent. In a speech at Newark, it appears, Mr. Taft had said in substance: "The newspapers either oppose or patronize me. Therefore I shall avoid them. That is my policy." Hence Dr. Rudd's solicitude and suggestion.

Dr. Rudd may be right. There are signs and portents that the press agent, like the literary essayist and the \$12 hog, has come into his own. He has been a long time coming, but he is here. "*J'y suis, j'y reste,*" he remarks, unlimbering his type machine and discharging its contents in the periodical press. Many are his aliases, innumerable his employments. With his aid Japan fought and conquered Russia. Standard Oil has not invoked him in vain. Opera singers who write for the magazines have found in him an expert amanuensis. Mr. Hamilton Holt sees in him a legitimate mouthpiece of the Church asking alms. Christian Science especially enjoys his service. It is his function not merely to advertise, but to interpret; not only to exploit, but explain. Caesar did not need him. No more did Napoleon—ere Elba. But Nero, who ignored him, didn't even get a decent obituary.

The power of the press wanes; the power of the press agent waxes. Will Mr. Taft see a great light? Lo! in the oriel windows of the East its radiance is already reflected. Let it beat upon the throne.  
*W. T. L.*



## HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

EXHILARATES THE SPIRIT  
AND RESTORES THE TONE  
OF LAUGUID NATURE

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

### A Voice from the Past

The retirement of that veteran journalist Mr. Joseph B. Gilder from his post as associate editor of *Putnam's Magazine*—now no more—recalls a conversation many years ago with that astute editor, the late Col. John W. Cockerill, chief of staff under Joseph Pulitzer. Colonel Cockerill had come to St. Louis, where Mr. Pulitzer's paper, the *Post-Dispatch*, is published, and was chatting with his old friend

(Continued on page 843)



"GWYDYR"

IF YOU want a beautiful and modern country home surrounded by a lovely park, and only six miles from Boston, it will pay you to investigate this property.

H. A. BARKER

311 W. 43rd Street

NEW YORK CITY

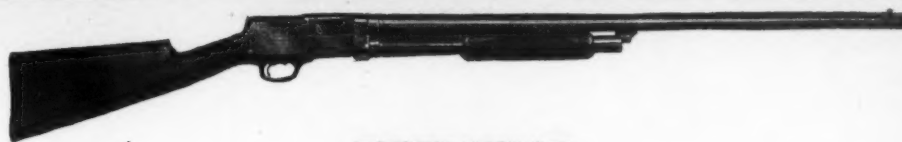
## The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 842)

John W. Norton—theatrical sponsor of Mary Anderson—in the corridor of the Laclede Hotel. Apropos of the competent Gilder family, Colonel Cockerill remarked: "Why, Joseph Gilder came to me with a plan for finding the North Pole and suggested that I employ him to carry it out. It wasn't a bad plan, and, of course, it would have been a great 'beat' if Gilder had gilded that pole. But he wanted to go it alone, so I said to him: 'Perhaps you would find the pole, and I like your pluck—but how on earth would you prove it?'"

Which would seem to indicate that Colonel John was wise in his day and generation, and that a polar "party" named Cook might profitably have taken a leaf from the New York editor's diary.

It was Colonel Cockerill, by the way, who as editor of the *Post-Dispatch* gave employment to an obscure reporter named Lafcadio Hearn. That strabismic genius was forthwith assigned to "write up" the Mississippi River levee, and proceeded to turn out literature at something less than \$4 per newspaper column. It was too much for the Colonel, as he himself afterwards acknowledged. He knew what he was getting, but to pay more than \$4 for 1,500 words was in violation of all traditions since Vide Poche (Carondelet) was settled by the French. And as his conscience pricked



## STEVENS "TRAPSHOOTER" No. 522

**A** GAME-BIRD and trap Repeating Shotgun which positively cannot be balked. Its finish and details make it individual and distinctive—an index of the owner's personality and taste.

This is the Fastest Repeating Shotgun made.

The Barrel of the Stevens "Trapshooter" is of compressed forged high pressure steel fitted with a hollow matted rib and matted frame, making it a perfect "non-blurrable" sighting gun.

The breech is a solid steel wall—a wall free from all projections which might interfere with rapid and easy sighting.

Made with full choke 30 inch barrel, straight grip, checked grip and forearm slide. Stock 14 inches in length, drop at heel 2¼ inches and drop at comb 1½ inches. No deviations. List Price \$40.

Also made as No. 525 De Luxe, allowing reasonable options and finish of detail. List Price \$50.

**RIFLE TELESCOPES**—Draw a bead on distant game through a Stevens Telescope. Sharpshooters and Hunters who try a **Stevens** never hunt without it. Brings your mark up close and sharp. Made for all rifles. Instantaneous Sighting System. Simple, sure, quick—**permanent** focus. Send postal for your copy of our new special Telescope booklet, "Look Through It." Will be mailed the day your request is received, without charge.

### POINTS FOR THE SHARPSHOOTER, HUNTER & TRAPSHOOTER:

You can obtain a letter written by one of our experts, on either or all of these subjects, giving valuable advice. We send you FREE a 160-page Stevens Gun Book, telling all about

Rifles, Shotguns, Pistols and Rifle Telescopes. Just the information you need to know about guns, and the advice in the letter helps you to be an expert shot. Write now—today.

**J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO., Dept. 195, Chicopee Falls, Mass.**  
The Factory of Precision

AGENTS WANTED  
Everywhere



**If you like—  
FISHING  
HUNTING  
CAMPING**

you will like the  
**National Sportsman**

This magazine contains 160 pages or more, crammed from cover to cover with photos from life, stories of hunting, fishing, camping and tramping which will thrill and interest you. This monthly visitor will lure you pleasantly away from the monotonous grind of your everyday work to the healthful atmosphere of Field, Wood and Stream. Single copies 15c. Yearly subscription with fob \$1.00.

**Special Trial Offer**

Send us 25 cents, stamps or coin, and we will send you the National Sportsman for 3 months, also one of our heavy burnished Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50c.) as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold-plated buckle. Also a copy of our new Catalog of Sporting Goods.

**NATIONAL SPORTSMAN**  
98 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

him he had to let Hearn go. Yes, as you say, it is a very sad tale. But cheer up. Hearn didn't go hungry—and St. Louis did.

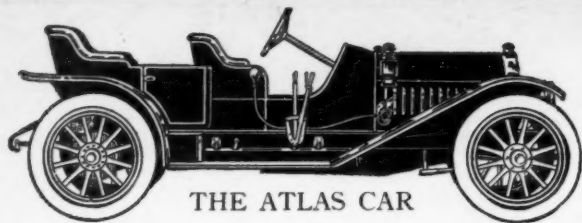
### Office Boys

"Newspaper office boys, when they grow up, become clerks in book stores, floor walkers or hotel deskmen."—F. P. A. in N. Y. *Evening Mail*.

But do office boys ever grow up? Have they not, like Peter Pan, Cupid, and Senator Beveridge, surprised the

secret of eternal youth? Even one "Gallagher," whom we hold in affectionate remembrance, died young, beloved of the gods—revisiting the glimpses of the magazines in many incarnations of maturity less grateful than his adolescence. We could fill a book with the biographies of office boys we have known—some of them intimately, others cursorily through

(Continued on page 845)



THE ATLAS CAR

**It's YOUR Money---Don't Spend It  
On Any One's Else "Say So"---Learn  
The TRUTH For Yourself**

If you will only weigh and consider your **automobile** investment as carefully as you do many **less important business** decisions. You and your Family and your Pocket Book will be spared many unhappy hours.

**DON'T** buy a **four-cycle** car just because they are **common**.

Use that **Shrewdness** of yours—use the same kind of **Judgment** that you use to make money—and use just a little **Time**.

Look into the question of **two-cycle** cars.

Prove for yourself—for it's easy—that the Atlas Two-Cycle Motor Car **better**s every advantage and **escapes** every fault of any four-cycle car ever built.

**Prove These Things Yourself**

Prove that the Atlas gives **twice** as many power-impulses to the crank-shaft as any four-cycle engine.

30 H. P. Touring Car, \$2,000. 60 H. P. Touring Car or Toy Tonneau, \$2,500

**Atlas Motor Car Company, Springfield, Mass.**

New York Branch, 1924 Broadway

Fred H. Adams, Manager

Prove that, with **half** the weight, an Atlas engine gives from 60 per cent. to 75 per cent. **more power**.

Prove that the Atlas has only **two** (2) moving parts to each cylinder, while any four-cycle engine has from 25 to 50.

Prove that, while the four-cycle engine's most frequent trouble is in its valves, the Atlas has **NO** valves at all.

Prove that **numerous** Atlas Cars that are today **five years old** are still running and nearly as good as new.

**Then Stop and Think**

By the time you have proved this much, you will be anxious to have some four-cycle friend prove why his car is as good as an Atlas.

If he can do it, you buy **his** kind of a car. Send for our Catalogue today.

**J. & F. MARTELL**

**Cognac**

(Founded 1715)



AND

**FINE OLD  
LIQUEUR  
BRANDIES**

**GENUINE OLD  
BRANDIES MADE  
FROM WINE**

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



**Underberg**  
The World's Best  
**Bitters**



**A Spring Stimulant**

The one Bitters which braces quickly, permanently, and does good only is "UNDERBERG." Tempts the appetite, gives a relish to every meal, and banishes indigestion. Greatly appreciated by those who travel—and for the Sportsman it is a necessity as well as a luxury. Delicious in sherry and all mixed drinks.

Enjoyable as a Cocktail and better for you  
Over 7,000,000 bottles imported to the United States

To make sure of getting the *genuine* at any hotel, club or restaurant, ask for it *by name*, "UNDERBERG" Bitters, and look at the label. Sold by the bottle at leading Wine Merchants and Grocers everywhere.

Bottled only by H. Underberg, Albrecht, Rheinberg, Germany, since 1846

**LUYTIES BROTHERS, Sole Agents**  
204 William Street, New York

The Best  
Bitter Liqueur

**For Town or Country  
The Ideal Headlight**

The Solarclipse is the aristocrat of motor lamps. It gives the motorist two entirely distinct fields of light—something no other motor lamp does.

A patented optical combination affords at the same time a powerful long-distance searchlight beam and a widely diffused area of near-by illumination. When approaching a curve, while the searchlight beam is off at a tangent, the diffused rays show the road clearly, practically enabling the driver to "see 'round the corner."

For city driving, where the searchlight beam is a menace to traffic or forbidden by law, a simple mechanism enables you to shut off the dazzling rays without affecting the wide light.

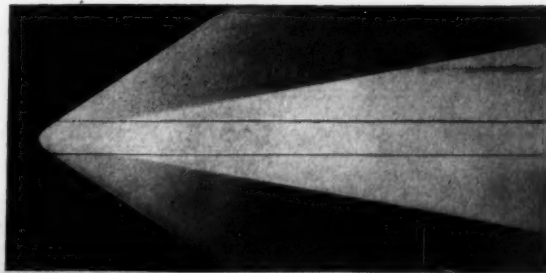
In other words you have just the light you want, when you want it—an exclusive Solarclipse feature.

Catalog free on request.

**Badger Brass Manufacturing Co.**  
Kenosha, Wis. New York City



Solarclipse



(84)

The Two Fields of Light Illustrated



10 Minutes from B'way

**THE MONTCLAIR**  
 "ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP"  
 MONTCLAIR, N. J.

**The Literary Zoo**

(Continued from page 843)

professional correspondence, or the sympathy of ideas that binds the philatelist to the plodding producer of verbal wares—office boys who could, might or should have been "floor walkers, or hotel deskmen," but who, in fact, had been impelled by some unseeing hand to adorn those swivel seats of the mighty held down by art editors, sporting editors, and other like lords. Once we threw a book at an office boy and hit a publisher's reader instead. Since then we have practiced restraint. To F. P. A., paragrapher, we give this sound advice:

Speak roughly to your office boy,  
 And beat him when he sneezes;  
 But do not think he gets the joy  
 That you get from your "wheezes."

Whistling, moreover, does not *always* betray the vacant mind. The office boy is ever glad, he cannot tell you why. Nor can the poet—mad, sad, bad; yet *we* his state descry. It is not vacancy of mind, it is not lack of wit; it is the empty chair he'll find when you your job have quit.

Alas for those who cannot whistle, but die with all their Edison records in them. For our part we like to have happy, cheerful people about us. We

**Motor  
 Apparel  
 Shop**

**For the Man  
 Who Drives  
 a Motor Car**

**D**RIVING a horse and driving a motor car are two entirely different propositions—especially so far as they concern the comfort of the man who drives.

In designing his garments, we insure first his comfort, then the good service of the garments, and, lastly, all the style that a motor garment will stand.

Suits and Overcoats fashioned of worsteds, wax-cloth, whipcords and kindred fabrics, \$25.00 and then upward.

Send for the Catalogue L, please.

**Fox, Stiefel & Co.** FIFTH AVE. & 34<sup>th</sup> ST. N. Y.

**PALMER SINGER**

Factory in  
 New York City

Licensed Under  
 Selden Patent

Guaranteed  
 For One Year

Speed, power, strength, silence, durability, economy,—all the desirable points of a car's performance, depend on certain standard mechanical features. The more of these proven standard features the car has, the better the car is.

Features common to all Palmer-Singer models are four speed and reverse selective type transmission, multiple disc clutch, Imported ball bearings throughout, hand forged I Beam front axles, Bosch magneto—four brakes, internal expanding and equalized—all on rear wheels.

No other one make of car has ALL of these features—although all are admittedly the best practice and EVERY good make of car has three or more of them. ALL are in use in the high-priced, high-class makes. They have been in use in combination for two years in Palmer-Singer cars.

Since performance depends on the best mechanical features and the Palmer-Singer cars have ALL of these—and no other car has them all—

You may easily see the REASON WHY Palmer-Singer owners say their cars are the best in the world at any price.

We have printed a Specification Sheet—which shows you, side by side, the prices and mechanical features of all the best cars. Palmer-Singers among them. It shows at a glance which make gives you the most for your money and WHY. It's the next best thing to TESTING all of the same cars. Send for it to-day.

**SIX-SIXTY—6 CYLINDER, 60 H. P.**  
 5 passenger touring body, \$3,650  
 7 passenger touring body, \$4,000



**PALMER & SINGER MFG. CO.**

1620 Broadway, New York

1321 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Western Distributors, Fowler & Gane, Santa Barbara, Cal.

like to hear the ringing laugh, the convulsions of honest, wholesome mirth; we like to see the busy tears rising in the heart and gathering at the eyes of our office boy when he speeds to the composing room with our "copy," surreptitiously reading it as he goes.

\* \* \*

Besides, there was Gautier—Théophile, you know. He was always very careful never to write a word that could possibly offend any class of

persons. No, he did not edit a popular magazine. But he had once referred disparagingly to tailors. A certain tailor, feeling his calling insulted, bought up all of Théo's I. O. U.'s and sold him out—bag and literary baggage. So at least Gautier said; so the chronicle hath it. Our own private opinion is that Gautier had his eye on an editorial chair in the *Munsey* of his day.

(Continued on page 847)

## The Impression Your Letter Makes

(When you use business letter heads  
for personal correspondence)



Did it ever occur to you that a note to a friend is a sort of gift—a gift of your thoughts, your intentions, your sentiment?

To write personal notes on business stationery is to miss a fine point of good breeding.

For a man to use feminine note paper is almost as pitiful. There

is a stationery for the personal use of men. It is

## Old Hampshire Bond Stationery

It is made in note paper sizes with envelopes to match. It has a masculine strength, dignity and quietness, with a snappy-little crackle all its own. You will catch our drift in calling it

*"The Stationery of a Gentleman"*

Write for portfolio of samples and names of your local dealers

**HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY**

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

SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.



## McCallum Silk Hosiery

Silk stockings should be worn with every summer dress when they may be had in the quality and at the price of McCallum Silk Stockings.

They wear as well as lisle and cost little more. The

### Guarantee Envelope

insures against all defect, and contains matched silk mending thread. Be sure to obtain it.

Our No. 202 is very thin and fine—for evening

wear. For general use, No. 113, black (No. 153 companion in white and all colors) and No. 132. You will be pleased with our clockings—ask to see them.

If your dealer hasn't McCallum Silk Stockings, we will arrange to supply you if you will let us know who he is.

Our booklet, "Through My Lady's Ring," will be interesting to you and we trust you will write for it.

**McCallum Hosiery Co.**  
Northampton, Mass.  
Largest Producers of Silk Hosiery  
in the World



## "Life's" College Contest

To All College Students:

LIFE will give one hundred dollars for the cleverest article, suited to LIFE'S uses, on each college and its life.

Every college student is eligible to compete. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE.

For all manuscripts which do not receive the prize, but which are deemed worthy of publication, LIFE will pay at its regular rates.

### CONDITIONS.

Manuscripts should not be more than fifteen hundred words in length and should be typewritten when possible or written in a legible hand.

Manuscripts should be written only on one side of the paper.

The contest will close on June 1, 1910, no contributions received after that date being considered.

The name and address of the sender and his class year should be written on the upper left hand corner of each manuscript.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by return postage.

No individual inquiries can be answered, but where an inquiry is of a general nature a reply covering the point at issue will be published in LIFE.

The competition is open also to girls' colleges.

All communications will be treated confidentially, and the author's name will not be published unless so desired.

Address

COLLEGE CONTEST,  
LIFE,  
17 West Thirty-first Street.

## THE KEWANE SYSTEM OF WATER SUPPLY

### Water for Your Country Home

No matter how far you live from the city, you can have all the sanitary conveniences of the best city water works system—an abundance of water, under strong pressure, for your bathroom, kitchen, laundry, lawn, garden—anywhere. Good fire protection too.

This splendid water supply service assured, if you install the

## Kewanee System of Water Supply

The Kewanee Tank is located in the cellar or buried in the ground and the water is delivered by air pressure. No elevated or attic tank to leak, freeze, overflow or collapse. The tank is made of steel plates and will last almost indefinitely.

We build the finest line of pumping machinery—the result of over ten years experimenting and practical experience. Kewanee pumps are operated by hand, gasoline engines, electric motors, etc. Kewanee Systems are complete. They are easy to install. Every plant sent out under a positive guarantee. Over 10,000 Kewanee Systems in successful operation. No charge for engineering service. Ask for complete Kewanee catalog No. 13.

**Kewanee Water Supply Co., Kewanee, Illinois**

50 Church St., New York City  
1212 Marquette Bldg., Chicago  
305 Diamond Bank Building  
Pittsburg, Pa.

KEWANE

## The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 845)

And there was William McConnell, the Plautus of theatrical press agents. "I never," remarked Mr. McConnell once, when stage realism was its best—or worst—"I never pass a horse on Broadway without touching my hat to him. For all I know he may some day be a 'star,' and need a good all-around press agent."

We discern in F. P. A.'s impatient tones the voice of the poet rather than the journalist. And yet was it not an humble office boy—one David Warshawsky—who contributed, *gratis*, to his columns, that couplet collected by Mr. Montague Glass for his forthcoming "Anthology of the East Side"?

If Donlin only joins the Giants,  
The Reds would drink his health in pints.

We quote from a memory that "lets go a thousand things." Like Aldrich, we recall, with all the vividness with which we visualize an unpaid bill, that "blue noon in May," while the names of clubs and cubs are as water to a sieve. We forget the names of wars, the dates of kings, but not the name of Warshawsky. Bartlett will embalm him sooner or later. He was our pupil, and we are proud of him.

\* \* \*

Office boys come—and go; yes, generally go. Their faces linger with us as a gallery of pictures; their actions, once liberated from the static state, smell sweet and blossom in the dust. We knew an office boy who not only wrote logically for *The Sun*, under an *alias*, but jotted down the bright badinage forever going on in the

## MENNEN'S FLESH TINT TALCUM



This New Mennen Toilet Preparation will make instant appeal to every woman who for any reason cannot use a white powder.

Flesh Tint can be used by the woman with a high color and the woman with a delicate complexion with equal benefit. It supplies all the comfort and healthfulness of Mennen's Borated Talcum, yet blends so perfectly with the natural complexion that it is invisible.

*Flesh Tint is  
the final touch to a  
Woman's Toilet*

**Mennen's Flesh Tint is a Pink Talcum  
—Not a Rouge**

Flesh Tint sustains the high standard of quality which has made all of Mennen's Toilet Preparations universally famous for purity and delicacy.

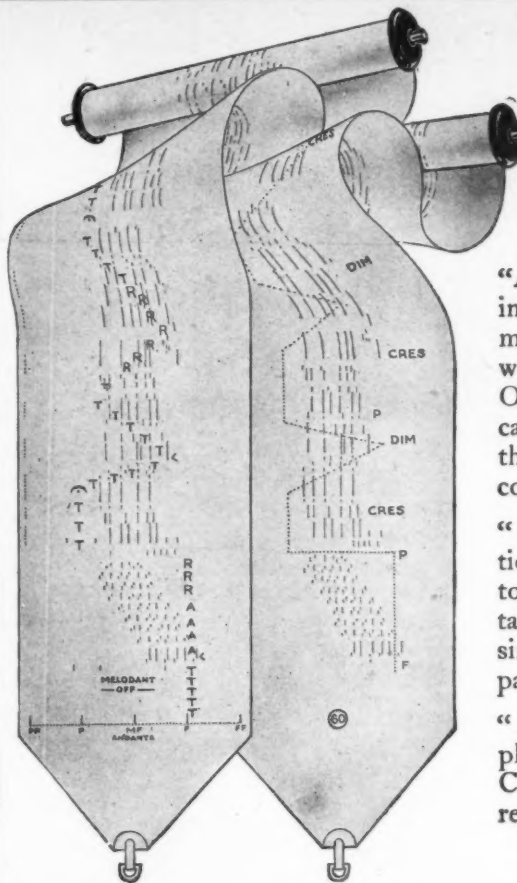
**Mennen's Flesh Tint** is to be had at all dealers, or mailed on receipt of 25c postpaid. Sample Free

**Gerhard Mennen Company  
Newark, N. J.**

Makers of the celebrated Mennen's  
Borated Talcum Toilet Powder



Trade Mark



### An "Artstyle" Music-Roll

Constant changes of *time* as well as of *tone* are indicated by the single broken zig-zag line. Soft when the line is at the left; loud when at the right, etc., with all volume changes between. When the line is made up of a series of T's, the music is in regular time; a series of R's means to retard; a series of A's, to accelerate. And yet, it always lends itself to the individual interpretation.  $\bar{r}$  indicates a slight pause; < a sharp accent;  $\curvearrowright$  to hold (stop).

### The Ordinary Music-Roll

On this, changes of tone are indicated by the dotted line, and also by a series of letters—P, PP, MF, F, FF, MP, etc. Changes of time by a series of words—Retard, Accelerate, Tempo, Vivace, etc. and numerals. Yet, with all this complicated marking, the artistic interpretation is by no means so complete as on "Artstyle" Music-Rolls.

Write for the name of nearest representative and descriptive books of the Knabe-Angelus, Emerson-Angelus and Angelus Piano.

**THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.**  
REGENT HOUSE

Pioneers in the Manufacture of Piano Playing Devices.

REGENT STREET

**MERIDEN, CONN.**  
LONDON

World's dome of thought, and peddled it in sizable chunks to *Puck* and *Judge*. And recently a *Sun* office boy, precociously imitating the style of Goldwin Smith, contributed the most pat remarks we had seen on the subject of the Philadelphia strike.

Horace Greeley believed that you should catch your journalists in the teething process, and bring them up on printer's ink; Mr. Hearst, on the other hand, we are told, holds for the higher education or nothing. Which is right?

# "Artistyle" Music Rolls

The simplest and clearest  
for artistic interpretation

"Artistic Interpretation" means the varying expression of *time* and *tone* which the musician introduces into his playing, and which eliminates "mechanical effects." Ordinary music-rolls contain very few indications for artistic interpretation, because the sheet-music, from which they are copied, contain only the principal ones.

"Artistyle" Music-Rolls contain indications for *all* delicate variations of time and tone, being especially edited by authoritative musicians—are the clearest and simplest made. Comparison of the accompanying pictures illustrate this.

"Artistyle" 88-note Music-Rolls are playable on *any* make of player-piano. Complete catalog will be mailed upon request.

The New 88-Note

## ANGELUS Player-Piano

On which anyone can play any music artistically

Possesses many *exclusive* patented devices for musical expression. Among them: *The Phrasing Lever*, for changes of time, to effect the reading of the "Artistyle" markings; *The Melody Buttons* (and unusually responsive pedals) for changes of tone; *The Melodant*, which "brings out" the melody and subdues everything else; *The Diaphragm Pneumatics*, which gives the "human touch."

Takes all ANGELUS and all standard 88-note and 65-note music-rolls. A repertoire far larger than is available for any other player-piano.

We cannot say. We only see how fares it with *The Tribune* and *The American*, make a rapid mental calculation—and keep it to ourselves.

On the whole, it is a pretty safe rule never to taunt a man with his origin. Unlike the mule, he may have some pride of ancestry and hope of posterity. In "quite some few" (*vide* Canadian dictionaries) office boys we see the promise and the potency of rejuvenated journalism.

W. T. Larned.



A Safety-Razor?  
Yes Sir!

A Hoe-Safety?  
No Sir!

Satisfactory?  
Money back  
if you don't  
agree.

A real razor with all  
the advantages of a Safety-  
Guard and Interchangeable Blades.

It doesn't cut you—nor does it scrape or  
"pull." It shaves with the Correct Diagonal  
Stroke—that is the

**DURHAM - DUPLEX**  
**RAZOR**

Complete Silver-plated sets consisting of Razor,  
stropping attachment and 6 double-edge hollow-  
ground blades of finest tempered steel, in handsome  
Leather-covered case, \$5.00. In Pigskin case, \$6.00.  
Gold-plated sets in Pigskin cases, \$7.50.

Outfits (Silver-plated) as above in Kits of Pigskin,  
shown at left, and in Red, Blue, Green, Purple or Black  
Morocco, \$5.00.

The "Hold-All," the most compact shaving outfit ever de-  
vised, consisting of Razor outfit, shaving stick, and collaps-  
ible rubber-set brush of finest badger, in Pigskin, and Red  
or Green Morocco cases, \$8.00. Extra blades, 6 for 50 cents.

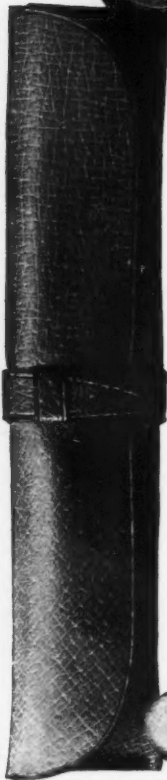
Highly ornamental for the dressing table  
—most convenient for the traveling bag.

Illustrated Booklet on request

**DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.**  
111 Fifth Avenue  
New York

Free  
Trial Offer

We will send complete  
outfit (except the Hold-All)  
to any address, upon receipt of price.  
If not entirely satisfactory return within  
30 days and we will refund your money.



**VENETIAN AWNINGS**

for outside and inside of town and country houses:  
very durable, convenient and artistic.  
Special Outside Venetians for porches and  
piazzas; exclude the sun; admit the breeze; equal to  
an outdoor room. Mention *Life* for free pamphlet.

Orders should be placed now for early summer.  
**JAMES G. WILSON MFG. COMPANY**  
3 and 5 West 29th Street, New York  
Patentee and Manufacturer of Venetian Blinds, Rolling Partitions, Rolling  
Steel Shutters, Burglar and Fireproof Steel Curtains, Wood Block Floors.

Mother asked what made freckles,  
and Mr. Travers said the sun made  
them just as it makes photographs.  
"Jimmy will understand it," said Mr.  
Travers. "He knows how the sun  
makes a picture when it shines on a  
photograph plate, and all his freckles  
were made just in the same way.  
Without the sun there wouldn't be any  
freckles."

This sounded reasonable, but then  
Mr. Travers forgot all about chemi-  
cals. As I said, the last time I wrote,  
chemicals is something in a bottle like  
medicine, and you have to put it on a  
photograph plate so as to make the  
picture that the sun has made show  
itself. Now if chemicals will do this  
with a photograph plate, it ought to  
do it with a girl's cheek. You take a  
girl and let the sun shine on her cheek,

(Continued on page 849)

**Most Fitting  
Finale to the  
Festive Feast**



**LIQUEUR**

**Pères Chartreux**

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

**Serve the Daintiest Last**

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**SPARKS  
FROM OLD ANVILS**

**Jimmy Brown's Attempt to  
Produce Freckles.**

I have never said much about my  
sister Lizzie because she is nothing  
but a girl. She is twelve years old,  
and, of course, she plays with dolls,  
and doesn't know enough to play base-  
ball or do anything really useful. She  
scarcely ever gets me into scrapes,  
though, and that's where Sue might

follow her example. However, it was  
Lizzie who got me into the scrape  
about my chemicals, though she didn't  
mean to, poor girl.

One night Mr. Travers came to tea  
and everybody was talking about  
freckles. Mr. Travers said that they  
were real fashionable, and that all the  
ladies were trying to get them. I am  
sure I don't see why. I've mornamil-  
lion freckles, and I'd be glad to let  
anybody have them who would agree  
to take them away. Sue said she  
thought freckles were perfectly lovely,  
and it's a good thing she thinks so, for  
she has about as many as she can use;  
and Lizzie said she'd give anything if  
she only had a few nice freckles on  
her cheeks.

GS

IF GOING ABROAD KEEP THIS ADDRESS!

**Ernest.** 185, Regent Street

The most EXCLUSIVE MODELS in London. FANCY TAILOR MADES. RECEPTION and EVENING FROCKS. MILLINERY, FURS

### Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 848)

and put chemicals on her, and it ought to bring out splendid freckles.

I'm very fond of Lizzie, though she is a girl, because she minds her own business, and don't meddle with my things and get me into scrapes. I'd have given her all my freckles if I could as soon as I knew she wanted them; and as soon as Mr. Travers said that freckles were made just like photographs, I made up my mind I would make some for her. So I told her she should have the best freckles in town if she would come up to my room the next morning and let me expose her to the sun and then put chemicals on her.

Lizzie has confidence in me, which is one of her best qualities, and shows that she is a good girl. She was so pleased when I promised to make freckles for her, and as soon as the sun got up high enough to shine into my window she came up to my room all ready to be freckled.

I exposed her to the sun for six seconds. I only exposed my photograph plates three seconds, but I thought that Lizzie might not be quite as sensitive, and so I exposed her longer. Then I took her into the dark closet and poured chemicals on her cheeks. I made her hold her handkerchief on her face, so that the chemicals couldn't get into her eyes and run down her neck, for she wanted freckles only on her cheeks.

I watched her very carefully, but the freckles didn't come out. I put more chemicals on her, and rubbed it in with a cloth; but it was no use, the freckles wouldn't come. I don't know

· LIFE ·

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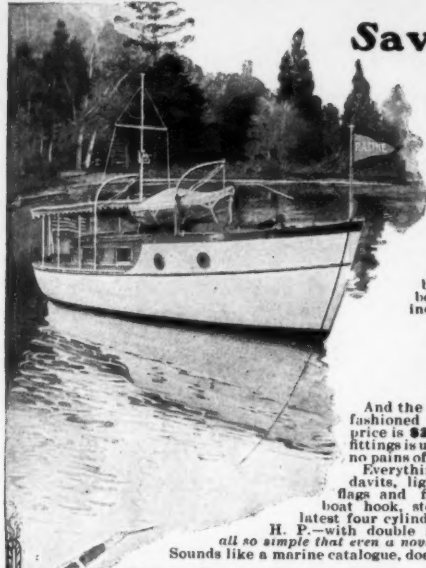
McKESSON & ROBBINS - NEW YORK

what the reason was. Perhaps I hadn't exposed her long enough, or perhaps the chemicals was weak. Anyway, not a single freckle could I make.

So after a while I gave it up, and told her it was no use, and she could go and wash her face. She cried a little because she was disappointed, but she cried more afterward. You see, the chemicals made her cheek almost black, and she couldn't wash it off. Mother and Sue made a dreadful fuss about it, and sent for the doctor,

who said he thought it would wear off in a year or so, and wouldn't kill the child or do her very much harm.

This is the reason why they took my chemicals away and promised to give my camera to the missionaries. All I meant was to please Lizzie, and I never knew the chemicals would turn her black. But it isn't the first time I have tried to be kind and have been made to suffer for it.—From the Adventures of Jimmy Brown. Copyright, 1885, by Harper & Brothers.



## Save \$2,300 on this CRUISER

Only 50 of these Boats can be Built this Season

HERE, at last, is the boat you have waited for—at a price you can afford to pay—the new 36-ft. raised-deck Racine Cruiser. Just step aboard this sea-going beauty and look her over—36 feet over all she measures,—her beam is 8 ft. 6 in. She will go anywhere there is two feet six inches of water, and you can take your friends on this boat with cruising accommodations for eight; toilet room, owner's stateroom, and cockpit holding ten. The galley is big, fresh water tanks for salt water cruising, ice box, surplus storage and all—a real home on water, independent of all the hotels on earth.

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And the price—other builders with limited capacity and old fashioned methods would have to ask \$3,500 to \$5,000 but our price is \$2,200 for the whole outfit. Every detail of hull and fittings is up to the regular Racine standard, nothing scrimped, no pains of labor or material spared just to make the price low. Everything that goes with a boat is included—dinghy and davits, lights, screens, standing top, cushions, signal mast, flags and fittings, power whistle, fog bell, life preservers, boat hook, stove, removable table, etc. Powerful motor of the latest four cylinder, 4-cycle, self-starting type—developing 25 to 30 H. P.—with double ignition system, including gear-driven magnetos, all so simple that even a novice will have no trouble. Wired for electric lights. Sounds like a marine catalogue, doesn't it? You will find few extras to buy on this boat.

**You Can Own A Boat** You can afford to own this boat and run it yourself. You will require no crew. It's a "one man" boat in the sense that you can handle it all by yourself, if you wish, and go anywhere.

We will gladly tell you about this newest member of the Racine family as well as the other boats we make—everything that goes on water from the largest to the smallest—our 28-foot cruiser at \$1,000, a Speed Boat at \$300, a Power Dory at \$150, etc., etc. Send today for the story of "The Cruise of the Bonita," which will help you select the boat you need.

**RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., Dept. L Muskegon, Mich.**  
CHICAGO | DETROIT NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA SEATTLE

## The Two Classes

"Be it known that the human species are divided into two sorts of people—to wit, high and low people. As to high people, I would not be understood to mean persons literally born higher in their dimensions than the rest of the species, nor metaphorically those of exalted characters or abilities; so by low people I cannot be constrained to intend the reverse. High people signify no other than people of fashion, and low people those of no fashion. Now, this world of fashion hath by long use lost its original meaning, from which at present it gives us a very different idea; for I am deceived if by persons of fashion we do not generally include a conception of birth and accomplishments superior to the herd of mankind; whereas, in reality nothing more was originally meant by a person of fashion than a person who drest himself in the fashion of the times; and the

word really and truly signifies no more at this day. Now the world being thus divided into people of fashion and people of no fashion, a fierce contention arose between them; nor would those of the one party, to avoid suspicion, be seen publicly to speak to those of the other. In this contention it is difficult to say which party succeeded; for, whilst the people of fashion seized several places to their own use, such as courts, assemblies, operas, balls, etc., the people of no fashion have been in constant possession of all hops, fairs, revels, etc. Two places have been agreed to be divided between them, namely, the church and the playhouse; for, as the people of fashion exalt themselves at church over the heads of the people of no fashion, so in the playhouse they abase themselves in the same degree under their feet."—Joseph Andrews. Book II.

## For BILIOUSNESS Try Hunyadi János

NATURAL APERIENT WATER. Avoid Substitutes

## The Stage Heroine

The stage heroine's only pleasure in life is to go out in a snowstorm without an umbrella and with no bonnet on. She has a bonnet, we know (rather a tasteful little thing); we have seen it hanging up behind the door of her room; but when she comes out for a night stroll, during a heavy snowstorm (accompanied by thunder), she is most careful to leave it at home. Maybe she fears the snow will spoil it, and she is a careful girl.

She always brings her child out with

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her on these excursions. She seems to think that it will freshen it up. The child does not appreciate the snow as much as she does. He says it's cold.

One thing that must irritate the stage heroine very much on these occasions is the way in which the snow seems to lie in wait for her and follow her about. It is quite a fine night before she comes on the scene; the moment she appears it begins to snow. It snows heavily all the while she remains about and the instant she goes

(Continued on page 851)



# BROMO-SELTZER

CURES HEADACHES

10c., 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 Bottles.



### The Stage Heroine

(Continued from page 850)

it clears up again and keeps dry for the rest of the evening.

The way the snow "goes" for that poor woman is most unfair. It always snows much heavier in the particular spot where she is sitting than it does anywhere else in the whole street. Why, we have sometimes seen a heroine sitting in the midst of a blinding snowstorm, while the other side of the road was as dry as a bone. And it never seemed to occur to her to cross over.

We have even known a more than usually malignant snowstorm to follow a heroine three times around the stage and then go off r. with her.

Of course you can't get away from a snowstorm like that! A stage snowstorm is the kind of snowstorm that would follow you upstairs and want to come into bed with you.

Another curious thing about these stage snowstorms is that the moon is always shining brightly throughout the whole of them. And it shines only on the heroine, and it follows her about just like the snow does.

Nobody fully understands what a wonderful work of nature the moon is except people acquainted with the stage. Astronomy teaches you something about the moon, but you learn a good deal more from a few visits to a theatre. You will find from the latter that the moon only shines on heroes and heroines, with, perhaps, an occasional beam on the comic man; it always goes out when it sees the villain coming.

It is surprising, too, how quickly the moon can go out on the stage. At one moment it is riding in full radiance in the midst of a cloudless sky and the next instant it is gone! Just as though it had been turned off at the meter.

## W. L. DOUGLAS

\$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3 & \$2.50

Boys' Shoes \$3.00 **SHOES** Boys' Shoes, \$2.50 & \$2.00

W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men than any other make,

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W. L. Douglas \$5.00 and \$4.00 shoes equal, in style, fit and wear, other makes costing \$6.00 to \$8.00.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$3.00 and \$2.50 shoes are the lowest price, quality considered, in the world.

Fast Color Eyelets.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If they are not for sale in your town write for Mail Order Catalog, giving full directions how to order by mail. Shoes ordered direct from factory delivered to the wearer all charges prepaid. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



# The Studebaker "40"

¶ The worth of your car *does not* depend upon the size of the motor—if the transmission is faulty, its power is minimized.

¶ The most powerful motor or the most perfect transmission is handicapped by a poorly designed rear axle construction, or by excessive weight. *But—*

¶ The worth of your car *does* depend upon whether the motor, transmission, rear axle construction and weight are each planned to work in harmony and each balanced one with the other.

## The STUDEBAKER GARFORD "40"

is the net result of more engineering experience than any other single car made, and the proof of its wonderful *balance* is shown in the unparalleled *economy of its maintenance.*

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**STUDEBAKER  
AUTOMOBILE CO.**

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Send for a copy of the "MOTORIST'S LOG BOOK" (with maps), giving the actual experience of a prominent motorist while touring France, Spain and Italy in a STUDEBAKER at a car cost of \$3.80—less than one cent per hundred miles—for repairs.

STUDEBAKER "40" seven passenger Touring Car with disappearing folding seats (roomy and luxurious).

It makes you quite giddy until you get used to it.—*Jerome K. Jerome, "Stage-land."*

### Cooking in Camp

YOU may sing of the incense of roses in June

Or the perfume from orchards in May,  
The sweet-smelling odors that come from the loft

That's filled with the new clover hay,  
But I recall one that is sweeter by far

Than the nectar from rose, tree, or clover.

'Tis the smell of the bacon that's cooking in camp,

Makes you wish you could live life all over.

You remember the trout in the pool just below,

Where a rock jutting out from the shore  
Makes as good place to stand as you whip out your flies,

And capture two good ones or more.

Then after a day filled with pleasure and work,

As you trudge back to camp with your trout.

(Continued on page 852)



Makes Indigestion go—  
quickly, too.

You don't want a slow remedy.  
You want quick relief. Pape's  
Diapepsin *really does* relieve your  
indigestion quickly. Dyspepsia,  
gas, heartburn, sourness and all  
stomach misery vanishes.

Large case at druggists 50c.



**Upset? Pape's Diapepsin will put you  
on your feet**

**Cooking in Camp**

(Continued from page 851)

The smell of the bacon that's cooking  
up there  
Is the sweetest of odors, no doubt.  
And after the supper has been stowed  
away  
In the place where it does the most  
good,  
And the camp fires are burning, the  
pipes are lit up,  
And the stories come forth as they  
should.  
The night winds are sighing through  
pine tops above,  
The stream is a-babbling out there;  
The note of the whip-poor-will, plaintive  
with love,  
Is borne on the night's balmy air.  
You may sing of the incense of roses  
in June  
Or the perfume from orchards in May,  
The sweet-smelling odors that come  
from the loft  
That's filled with the new clover hay,  
But the one that comes to me upon the  
night breeze,  
Before with sleep I'm o'ertaken,  
Is the odor of needles from off the pine  
trees  
Blended with that of the bacon.

—F. L. Berry, in "Outing."

**K-C**

**SELECTING** rugs is a slow  
task. If we know your  
requirements now, your  
house will be in order  
earlier in the Fall.

**KENT-COSTIKYAN**  
Murray Hill Building  
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**A Club  
Cocktail  
IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT**

Just strain through cracked ice and  
serve **CLUB COCKTAILS** to your  
guests and they'll dub you the  
finest mixer in the land. **CLUB  
COCKTAILS** are already *mixed-to-  
measure*—a doubly more perfect  
drink than any made-by-chance-  
work kind could ever be.

Have a bottle always  
handy in the house. Nine  
men out of ten prefer  
them absolutely.



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

**G. F. HEUBLEIN  
& BRO.**

New York  
Hartford  
London

HERE is the latest joke from the  
British metropolis: "The country visi-  
tor was doing London, and went to a  
well-known concert hall. He was par-  
ticular to inquire the price of seats, and  
the obliging attendant said, 'Front seats,  
two shillings; back, one shilling; pro-  
gramme, a penny.' 'Oh, well, then,'  
blandly replied the countryman, 'I'll sit  
on a programme.'"—*The Etude*.

**Some Old Friends Among the  
Jokes**

ADAPTED BY KATE L. ROBERTS.—PART I

**I**T is easier to make new friends than  
new jokes, and the proverbial love  
for old wine, old shoes, old books and  
old friends may apply in some degree to  
old jokes over which we have laughed  
these twenty years as did Diggory when-  
ever Squire Hardcastle told his story of  
the grouse in the gun room. The follow-  
ing gossip about some friendly old jokes  
from the pages of *Punch* is given as told  
by H. M. Spielmann:

**T**WO jokes, which from their uni-  
versality of treatment and the un-  
failing welcome accorded them at every  
reappearance might almost be considered  
classic and generic jests, were greatly  
assisted in their popularity by Seymour's  
pencil before *Punch* obtained for them  
still wider recognition. The first repre-  
sents a fat man, between whose legs  
the dog he is whistling to has taken  
his faithful stand. The old gentleman  
whistles and whistles again, anxiously  
exclaiming, "Wherever can that dog  
be?" After Seymour had done with it  
Alfred Crowquill took it up, and in 1854  
Sir John Tenniel introduced it into  
*Punch* under the title of "Where and Oh,  
Where!" It was not yet worn out,  
however, though it doubtless had seen  
its best days; and so the *Fliegende  
Blätter* revived it in 1894 as a typical  
example of recent German humor. For  
the other joke two men are required:  
the one an unmistakable ruffian, a grim  
and dirty robber, and the other a weak,  
nervous, timid youth of insignificant  
stature, the scene representing the en-  
trance to a dark land as night falls in.  
"This is a werry lonely spot, sir," says  
Seymour's footpad, "I wonder you ain't  
afraid of being robbed!" and the young  
man's hair stands on end and lifts his  
hat above his head. Leech, in 1853,  
alters the dialogue for *Punch* by intro-  
ducing the pleasing possibility of a  
greater tragedy by the footpad asking  
the youth to buy a razor, and Captain  
Howard the following spring makes the  
ruffian inquire if he may accompany his  
victim "to hear the nightingale." In  
*Diogenes* (December, 1854), the pristine  
simplicity is restored by the naive re-  
quest that he "may go a little way"  
with the young gentleman; and, finally,  
in 1857, Leech once more resurrects  
and renovates it with his astonishing  
talent and freshness for use in the Al-  
manac.

(Continued on page 853)

**ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?**

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don't forget to notify **LIFE** of your changed  
address. *The Post-Office will not forward  
a periodical as it will a letter.* Therefore  
each week's delay means a copy of **LIFE** lost.  
Don't wait until you have moved before you  
notify us. When ordering a change give the  
old as well as the new address.

Notice must reach us by Thursday to affect  
the following week's issue.

Subscription Department  
**LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York**



Some Old Friends Among the Jokes

(Continued from page 852)

THOUGH unquestionably many of *Punch's* jokes are deliberately manufactured, or else improved from actual incidents, a vast number—like those quoted just now—are used with but slight textual editing, just as they occurred. Thus Joe Allen it was—the light-hearted artist who contributed an article to *Punch's* first number—who provided Mr. du Maurier years afterwards with that "social agony" in which a great lover of children, invited to a juvenile party, bursts into the room with the cry of "Here we are again!" walking in on his hands like a clown, to find that he has come to the wrong house next door and was scandalizing a sedate and stately dinner party.

HENRY MAYHEW had a story of which a facetious police officer of his acquaintance was the hero. The latter was driving "Black Maria" along the street when he was hailed by a wag-gish omnibus driver who affected to mistake the depressing character of the passing vehicle. "Any room?" he asked. "Yes," replied the officer with a grin, "we've kept a place on purpose for you. Jump inside!" "What's the fare?" inquired the humorist, a little "non-plused," as Jeames expressed it, at the unexpected retort. "Same as you had before—bread and water, and skilly o' Sundays!" The joke duly appeared in *Punch* after a long interval (Vol. xlv.), illustrated by Charles Keene, under the title of "Frightful Levity."

IN 1889 appeared a picture entitled "A New Trade," in which a country maid on being asked what her last employer was replied, "He kept a vicarage." The circumstance had actually taken place in Mr. Tuer's own house. When the number appeared, the legend was read out to the maid and it was explained to her that it was her joke. She showed no enthusiasm, not even appreciation; but on seeing the others laugh she said, with perfect gravity, yet still with hopeful perseverance, "Well, I must try and make some more!"

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Correct Uniforms  
For Maids

For House  
and Street

Imported  
Novelties

Uniforms Aprons  
Collars Cuffs Caps Etc.  
Send for Catalog O.



Transform  
Dyspepsia's Gnawing  
Cravings Into Honest, Healthy Hunger

Of what use is a feast without an appetite? Or, what is more distressing than a stomach that will not digest the food it craves? These are the signs of dyspepsia. If you let them go unheeded, you sow the seeds of weakness which will blossom in disease. Before you know it you will be fast in the aggravating grip of dyspepsia—irritable, peevish and lacking in ambition and energy. You can overcome these feelings by using

Pabst Extract  
The "Best" Tonic

This essence of modern diet, combining the rich food elements of pure barley malt with the tonic properties of choicest hops, is a boon to the dyspeptic. The system easily and thoroughly assimilates the nourishment offered in this predigested form. The appetite is stimulated, causing a desire for and making possible the digestion of heavier foods, thus assuring a speedy return of health.

Physicians of repute everywhere are constantly vouching for the merits of Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, by recommending it to strengthen the weak and build up the overworked; to relieve insomnia and conquer dyspepsia; to help the anaemic and aid the nervous; to assist nursing mothers and invigorate old age.

Order a Dozen from Your Local Druggist Today—Insist Upon It Being Pabst  
A Library Slip, good for Books and Magazines, is packed with each bottle.

Booklet and Picture "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.

PABST EXTRACT CO.

DEPT. 12

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

TO Canon Ainger, also among a crowd of willing helpers, has Mr. du Maurier often been indebted for jokes rather scholarly than farcical, such as the parody spoken by a wretched passenger leaving the steamboat:

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee—  
I've been as ill as any three!"

THERE is a story in Mr. Le Fanu's *Seventy Years of Irish Life*, in which the author tells of a man who was accidentally knocked down by the buffer of a locomotive near Bray station. He was not seriously hurt and but partly

stunned, and the porters who quickly ran to the spot determined to take him to the station at once. The hero of the accident overhearing where they were carrying him imagined that he was being given in charge. "What do you want to take me to the station for?" he asked. "You know me, and if I've done any damage to your d—d engine sure I'm ready to pay for it!" This story of Mr. Le Fanu's reached Keene's ears long before the author incorporated it in his book, and with a change of hardly a word it illustrated one of the best drawings the artists ever drew.

What's in a Name?

**THOMAS CORT**  
INC.

on a shoe means literal custom correctness and quality — minus a part of the price, and all of the waiting, for custom shoes.

To say that no other shoes like them or similar to them are offered ready to wear, is a simple statement of fact.

They are made for those who are accustomed to made-to-measure boots but who are not averse to better service at a saving of much time and some money.

"Cort" shoes—for men and women—fetch from 8 to 15 dollars at retail.

Our riding and field boots, golf, tennis and yachting shoes also are the world's standard of correctness and quality.

Let us tell you where they may be had.

**THOMAS CORT, INC.**  
ESTABLISHED 1884  
NEWARK, N. J.

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J. B. LOUIS BOULADOU, 39 RUE DE CHAILLOT

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ORIGINAL LONDON **Cigarettes**

Among the thousands of converts, a backslider has never been known.

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in boxes of ten the after-dinner size

In Cork and Plain Tips

**CASCADE HIGH BALL**

MELLOW AS MOONLIGHT

A Highball made of  
**CASCADE PURE WHISKY**  
shows that the use of a pure, rich, mellow whisky with mineral or plain water produces a rich, mellow result.

Original bottling has old gold label.

**GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers**  
NASHVILLE, TENN.



THE WAY A SUITOR LOOKS TO A MAN WITH ONLY ONE DAUGHTER

## Sewage Disposal for Your Country Place

Health and progress demand modern sanitary methods. Don't be satisfied any longer with the primitive cesspool or disgusting privy—both disease-breeding nuisances. The Ashley House Sewage Disposal System solves the sewage problem and makes it stay "put." Send for free descriptive booklet. **ASHLEY HOUSE-SEWAGE DISPOSAL CO.** 109 Armida Ave. (Suburb of Chicago) Morgan Park, Ill.

### An Interview With Halley's Comet

(Continued from page 834)

they have grasped two very rare branches of knowledge. They know when to begin and when to quit."

"I suppose several planets have woman's suffrage also?" I asked shyly.

"In many worlds the ladies are now fighting at the polls."

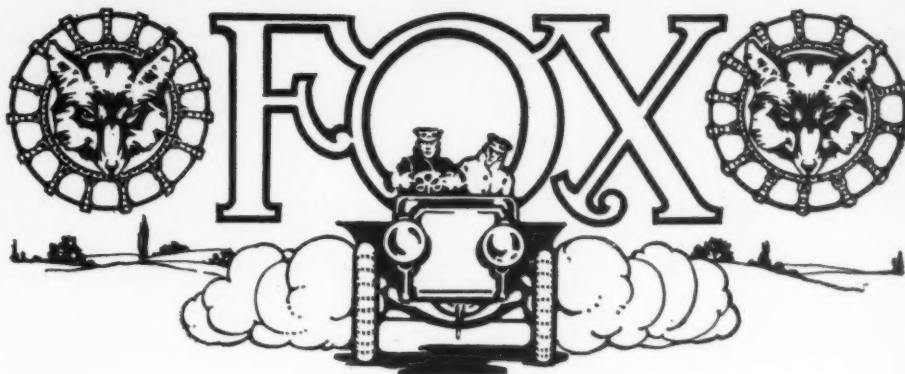
"To get the ballot from the men?"

"No, to give it back to them. But it is too late for them to shift their political responsibility now. For one trait of sex is common to all the universe. A man knows when he is well off. A woman doesn't."

"Have you looked into Washington yet?" I inquired.

"Yes—I was just coming to that. What are all those people I have noticed running about Washington lately?"

"Well, it's this way," I explained. "one gentleman was put in charge of the coal, forests and streams of our country, not because he knew more than other people about the subject, but because he had been useful to his party. Now two or three young gentlemen who had *not* been useful to their party were set to watch the lands where this fuel and water grew. Pretty soon certain rich men came with the intention of carrying off this real estate in wagons, and the ignorant young gentlemen (who had never been useful to their party) yelled 'Drop it!' and kicked up a horrid row. So when the guardian of the woods and streams heard this rumpus he promptly discharged these careless young men, because, he said, 'If such hasty youths don't know whom they are offending, how can they *ever* be useful



NO SKIDDING  
NO CUT TIRES  
NO BROKEN LINKS

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You must have anti-skid chains—that is an axiom of motoring—without them you risk your life—your car—the lives of your passengers. It is just as *necessary* to have chains *in* your car to use when you *need* them as to have brakes *on* your car to use when you *need* brakes.

Now as to the *kind* of chains you need. In the first place you need chains which will prevent skidding *absolutely*. The Fox is the **ONLY** chain which *will*. Ask to see the Fox at any garage or supply house—one look will show you **WHY**.

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One thing more—the FOX will wear *many times* longer than other chains. It costs a little more to buy, but it is worth very *much more*, and is very much cheaper in the end.

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

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to their party? And if they aren't useful to their party, what *are* they good for?" So there has been a big investigation and—"

"Say no more," chuckled the comet. "I plainly see your nation is still a republic."

He began unhitching our aeroplane from his zone.

"Have you no message for the world which I can take down when you drop us?" I asked anxiously.

"Let's see." The comet passed his fingers through his blazing locks. "Yes,

tell the world I can see all there is to see in a few days. I'll not linger long."

"But won't you stay to inspect the Panama Canal, our new subway system and the national pure food exhibit?"

"No, thank you. I can see better canals in Mars any day. And as for your subway system—well, I never *did* care for municipal politics. To tell you frankly, I never come back to your world but what I am rather disappointed in the *real* progress made during my absence. You have put in electric

(Continued on page 856)

Martin & Martin shoe-service-by-post is not just an effort to sell shoes by mail. It is a logical and inevitable outgrowth of our unique store service in Chicago and New York.

Much of our store patronage has come from out-of-town buyers who find it impossible to get in their own cities the grade of shoes and the character of service they want. We have found that we can supply these patrons quite as satisfactorily by mail as in person.

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TRoubles of His Own

An Interview With Halley's Comet

(Continued from page 855)

lights, but I do not see the lamp of faith burning any brighter. Your rapid-transit is rapid, no doubt, but is it really taking your people anywhere? Have you uplifted your national morality by means of your airships and hydraulic elevators?"

"I am glad you are going away," I said. "You are not the kind of critic that America needs to-day. You're the kind that only sees our national diseases when we begin to reform them. There are others. Shoo! Back to the void!"

The propellers of our taxiplane were now churning noisily. Hoolahan pointed the forward planes earthward and we were off with a whirr.

"Au revoir, gentlemen," cried the comet waving his nimbus. "I'll be back in about seventy-five years. Hope you and Mr. Snapper will be up and see me then."

"Perhaps," I shouted through my megaphone, "but I rather think we'll be kept away by another engagement."

There Was a Limit

An Irish politician had just returned from a trip abroad. A friend met him and inquired:

"Did you have a fine time, Mike?"

"Of course I did"

"Did you visit the theatres in Paris?"

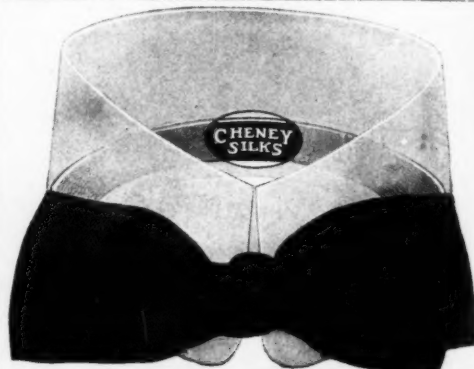
"Sure, I saw all the plays."

"And did you go to the cafes?"

"Sure, I was in all of 'em."

"Well, tell me, Mike, and did you see any pommies de terre?"

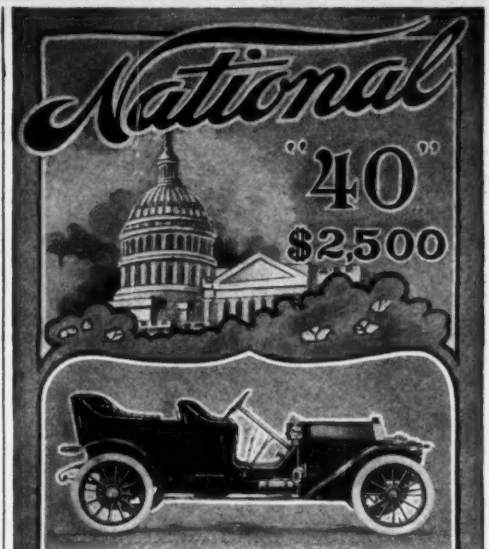
"No. I had the wife with me all the time."—*Albany Argus.*



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*The Apple-Tree Cottage*, by Elinor Macartney Lane. (Harper & Bros. 50c.)

*Little Miss Fales*, by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. (Harper & Bros. \$1.25.)

*The Royal Americans*, by Mary Hallock Foote. (Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.)

*My Friend the Indian*, by James McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. \$2.50.)

*Country Neighbors*, by Alice Brown. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. \$1.20.)

*Taming of Red Butte Western*, by Francis Lynde. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

*Franklin Winslow Kane*, by Anna Douglas Sedgwick. (Century Company. \$1.50.)

*The Sky-Man*, by Henry Kitchell Webster. (Century Company. \$1.20.)

*The Enchanted Island*, by Alfred Noyes. (F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.25.)

*The Spiritual Unrest*, by Ray Stannard Baker. (F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.35.)

*A Cycle of Sunsets*, by Mabel Loomis Todd. (Small, Maynard & Company. \$1.20.)

*The Education of Uncle Paul*, by Algernon Blackwood. (Henry Holt & Co.)

*Skid Puffer, a Tale of the Kankakee Swamp*. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)

*The Island Providence*, by Frederick Niven. (John Lane Company. \$1.50.)

*Nathan Burke*, by Mary S. Watts. (Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*Routledge Rides Alone*, by Will Levington Comfort. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.50.)

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(2 Shows)

**KANSAS CITY**

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