

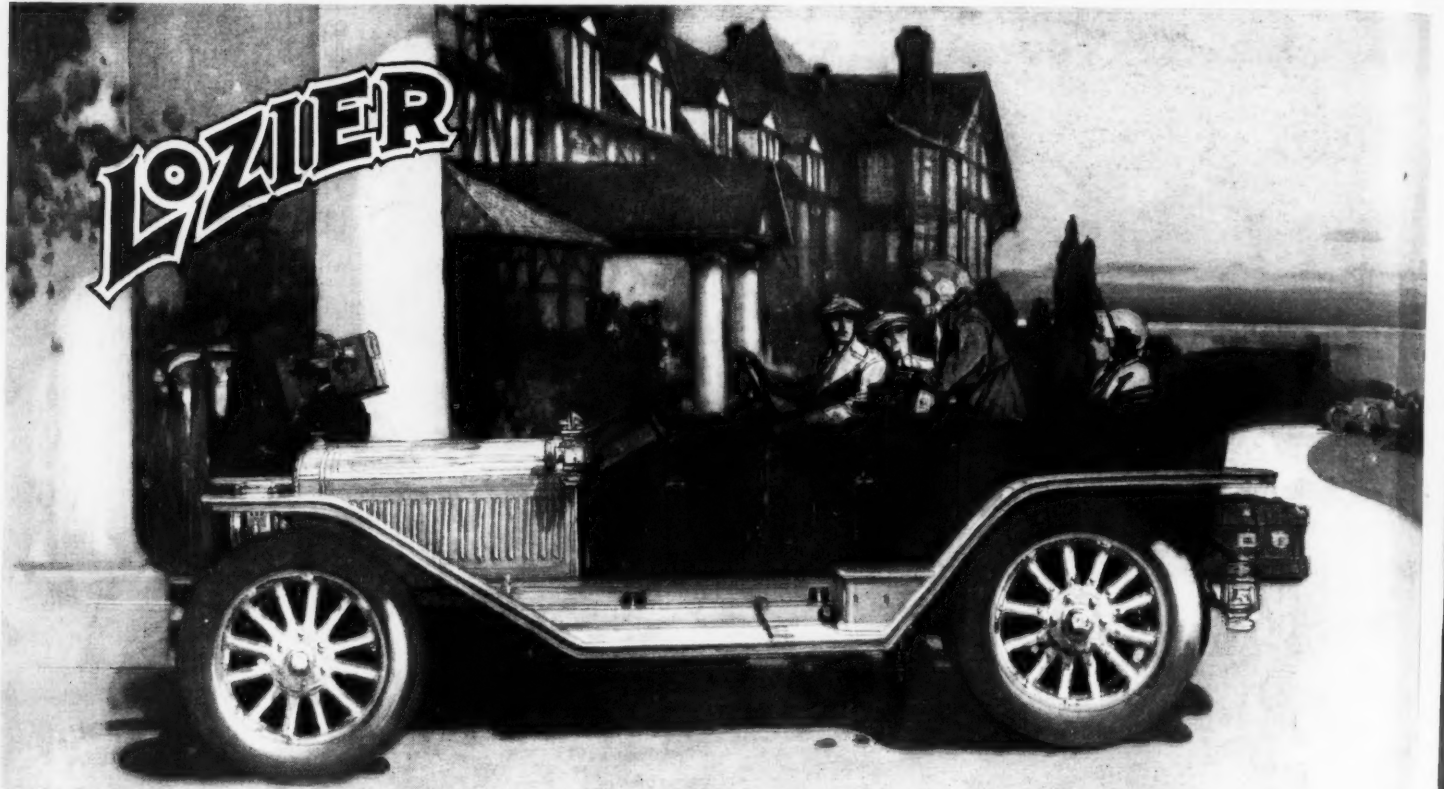


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MAY 22 1912

WILDRACE

THE GARDEN OF HIS DREAMS



LOZIER motor cars are built for people who measure cost in *comfort, style, safety, power and dependability.*

The superlative degree of these five qualities describes the Lozier—the only car in America that has commanded a price of \$5000 or more for eight consecutive years—a car that is legitimately high-priced.

Everywhere the Lozier commands the attention and respect of people whose position and training have made them competent judges of a motor car.

The woman who uses a Lozier may go anywhere—to the fashion shops, to the opera, to society's most exclusive play-grounds at home or abroad—with complacent assurance that her car is correct in every detail of design and appointment.

Touring Cars
Five Models
\$5000

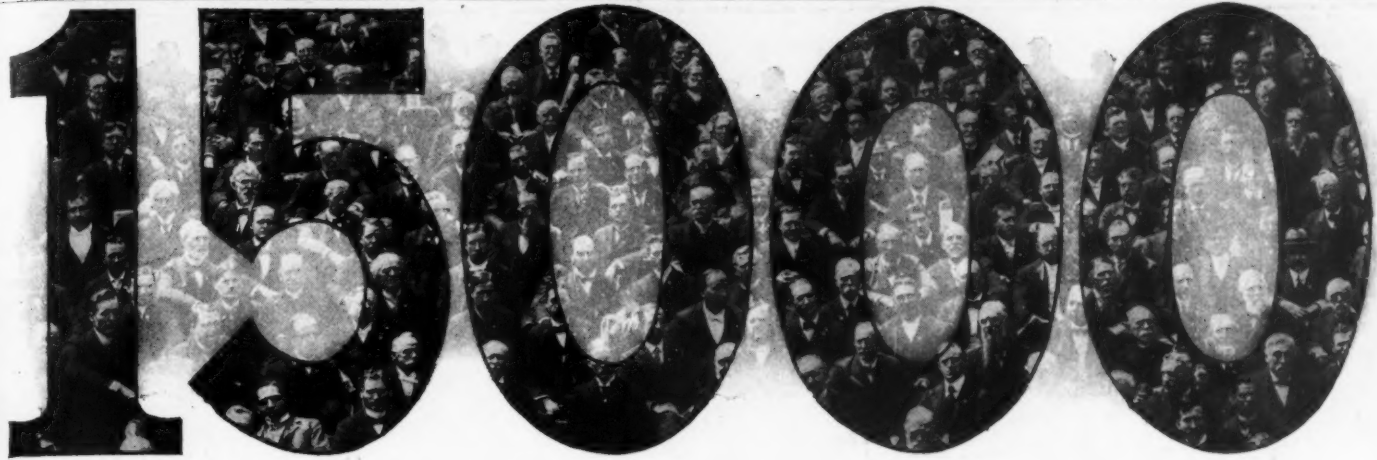
LOZIER

2405 Mack Ave., Detroit

Limousines
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\$6500

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One Physician Might Not Convince You, But When 15000 Physicians Agree—

YOU might hesitate, though a sincere physician told you the hard truth about yourself and about the necessary remedy. You might say, "One man's opinion."

But suppose fifteen physicians, investigating the same subject, arrived at a unanimous judgment—would not the possibility of error be reduced to a minimum?

Now imagine a *thousand times* that many physicians—fifteen thousand who have carefully and impartially investigated the same subject, all arriving at the same conclusion—all, without dissent, expressing *the same opinion*.

Would not such overwhelming unanimity of judgment absolutely establish the truth of the matter?

This is what has happened with regard to

Sanatogen

THE FOOD-TONIC

Fifteen thousand practicing physicians, writing over their own signatures, have expressed their confidence in the restorative, upbuilding power of Sanatogen as a *nerve food*. Thousands of eminent men and women in other professions have expressed the same confidence.

And these endorsements are based on *actual tests* of Sanatogen.

It is by *actual test* that Sanatogen's nourishing aid to famished nerves has been so conclusively established. Actual test has shown that its scientifically combined elements of *nerve food* directly and specifically feed the hungry cells and tissues of the nervous system, bringing strength where there has been weakness—confidence and buoyancy where there has been strain, irritation and despondency.

This is the message this splendid consensus of medical opinion brings to YOU. This is the word of cheer to every sufferer brought by this unexampled praise from men in many lands who have actually experienced the revitalizing nerve nourishment of Sanatogen.

A Remarkable Book FREE Upon Request

The work of a physician-author, beautifully illustrated, which tells you some really interesting things about your nervous system, facts which vitally affect your well-being and which, therefore, you ought to know. This book also tells the story of Sanatogen convincingly from the point of view of a physician, but so that any layman can understand it. Ask for a FREE copy of "Our Nerves of Tomorrow."

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes: \$1.00, \$1.90, \$3.60

Get Sanatogen from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price by

THE BAUER CHEMICAL COMPANY, 24 E Irving Place, New York

Prof. Thomas B. Stillman,
M.S., Ph.D.,

the well-known research chemist of Stevens' Institute, writes: "The chemical union of the constituents of Sanatogen is a true one, representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing phosphorus in the organic phosphate condition, and so combined that digestion and assimilation of Sanatogen are rendered complete with the greatest ease."

His Excellency Prof. Dr.

Von Leyden,
Director First Medical Clinic, Berlin University, writes: "I have gladly and frequently prescribed Sanatogen in cases of delicate patients in my clinical as well as my private practice and am extremely satisfied with the results."

Prof. C. A. Ewald,
of Berlin University, Doctor honoris causa University of Maryland, states in his contribution on "Typhus abdominalis":

"I can say that I have used Sanatogen in a great number of cases (that is, in those disturbances of metabolism which were mainly of a nervous or neurasthenic origin), and have obtained excellent results."

Late King Edward's

Physician,
Dr. Ernest Ott, Marlenbad, writes:

"I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years in my practice with excellent results. These results have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate the bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood."

John Burroughs,
the distinguished naturalist and author, writes:

"I am sure I have been greatly benefited by Sanatogen. My sleep is fifty per cent. better than it was one year ago, and my mind and strength are much improved."

Charles D. Sigbee,
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy,
writes:

"After a thorough trial of Sanatogen, I am convinced of its merit as a food and tonic. Its beneficial effects are beyond doubt."

Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P.,
the eminent novelist-statesman,
writes from London:

"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

Arnold Bennett,

the famous novelist, writes:
"The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply wonderful."

Lady Henry Somerset,
the prominent social reform advocate, writes:

"Sanatogen undoubtedly restores sleep, invigorates the nerves and braces the patient to health. I have watched its effect on people whose nervous systems have been entirely undermined, and I have proved Sanatogen to be most valuable."

George Ade,
the humorist, writes:

"I have given Sanatogen a trial and I am convinced of its merits."



"Shiver my timbers."

The Army and Navy
Number of

Life



"I need it."

Which comes next week, is just a little tribute of our own to the Army and Navy, but we don't ask anybody to read it. For some time we have wanted to fire off a textual and pictorial salute to our Army and Navy—just to let the boys know that we love them all!



Recipe for Happiness

Take an ordinary pair of shears, a pen, some ink and a dollar bill. With the shears cut out the attached coupon, fill in your name and address with the pen and ink, insert dollar in envelope, address envelope to LIFE, borrow a postage stamp from a friend, stick it on, mail it, and wait about a week—and you won't know yourself. Obey that impulse.



TRIAL OFFER

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

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. Trial subscriptions should be sent direct; not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 17 West 31, New York
ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

The Reedy Kamaroon

'Twas in the swampy afternoon,
When first the Noctab fritters forth,
I came upon a Kamaroon—
Believe me, by the harvest moon
I thought it was a Snorth!

Since morning in the net he lay,
Enveloped in a massive tome
(That well might flourish for a day);
But what amazed me was the way
It vitrified his dome.

"Can this be only as it should?"
I asked the man who held the score.
He peered across the pickle wood,
And answered, as he backward stood,
"He'll swallow many more!"

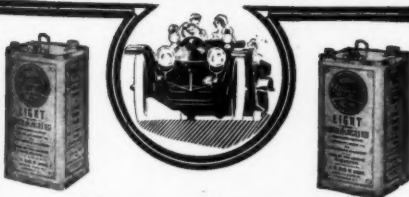
And now the Wood took up the grind
Of bookworms in the mango trees,
Nor any trace was left behind.
"Long might I search," I mused, "to
find
Such pure events as these.

"Far better, if the tokens lie,
And all within my noodle's soup,
Or concentrated mustard pie,
To circulate my hat, and die
Of cerebral croup."

G. C. C.

AN Irishman meeting an acquaintance
thus accosted him: "Ah, my dear! who
do you think I have just been speaking
to? Your old friend, Patrick, faith!
And he has grown so thin I hardly knew
him. You are thin, and I am thin, but
he is *thinner* than both of us put to-
gether."

FOR CYLINDER LUBRICATION



HARRIS OILS

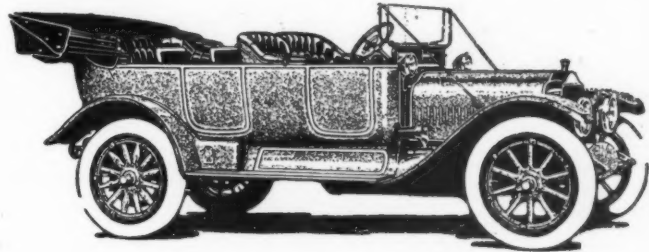
There's nothing better for the
cylinders than HARRIS OILS.
They increase speed, eliminate
knocking and soot-deposits. Try
HARRIS OILS. Put them to the service-
test and note their real superiority.

If your dealer does not sell Harris Oils, send 80 cents (for 1 gal.
can) or \$3.75 (for 5 gal. can) and we will ship same prepaid.

A. W. HARRIS OIL COMPANY
226 S. Water St., Providence, R.I. 148 No. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



THE INCOMPARABLE WHITE SIX ELECTRICALLY STARTED and LIGHTED—LEFT SIDE DRIVE



IN this era of motor car refinement, the White Six
stands pre-eminent as the one and only Six that
embodies all of the most advanced and desirable
features of construction and design.

- ELECTRIC STARTING AND LIGHTING SYSTEM
- LONG STROKE MOTOR
- MONOBLOC CYLINDERS
- LEFT SIDE DRIVE
- RIGHT HAND CONTROL
- FOUR SPEED TRANSMISSION
- CONCEALED DOOR FITTINGS

These features, combined with perfect spring suspension and road
balance, deep and yielding upholstery, absolutely positive oiling and
cooling systems, together with unequaled body lines and finish, make
the White the ideal Six.

CATALOG UPON REQUEST

The White Company CLEVELAND

MANUFACTURERS OF GASOLINE MOTOR CARS, TRUCKS AND TAXICABS



Requisites for Going to Law

A lady asked an old uncle, who had
been an attorney, but who had left off
business, what were the requisites for
going to law: to which he replied, "Why,
niece, it depends upon a number of cir-
cumstances. In the first place, you must
have a good cause. Secondly, a good
attorney. Thirdly, a good counsel.
Fourthly, good evidence. Fifthly, a good
jury. Sixthly, a good judge. And lastly,
good luck."



TYPOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING
OLD ROMAN BLACK ON A GALLEY

Ask the man who owns one



Back of the Packard "Six" is the most willing, the most expert and the most comprehensive service in the world

To meet any requirement of the fourteen thousand Packard cars on the road, more than one million dollars' worth of extra parts is carried in stock at the Packard factory and in dealers' establishments

We can supply any part for any Packard car ever sold. Complete service shops, separate from the main factory, make extra parts for all models

Each dealer co-operates closely with the Packard Motor Car Company in providing repair service and free technical attention. The work is carried on by experts trained in the Packard factory

THE DOMINANT "SIX"

The Packard "Six" has the fastest getaway—60 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start

The smoothest running motor and the easiest riding car, even at speeds from 60 to 70 miles an hour

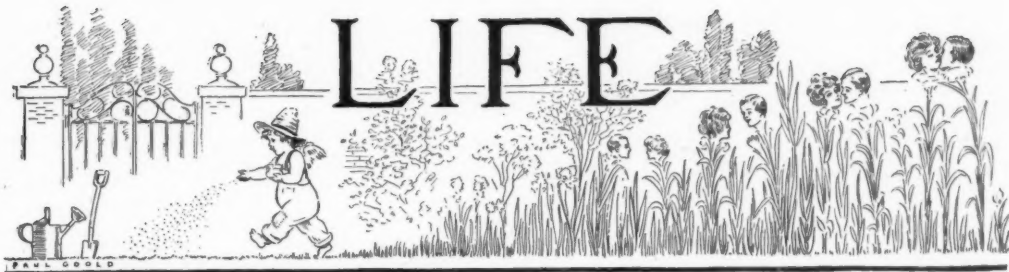
The safest car to drive at high speed and the easiest to drive in traffic. The touring car, with a wheel-base of 133 inches, will turn around in a street 44 feet wide

The best hill climber. The greatest pulling power at all speeds

DEMONSTRATION ON ANY KIND OF A ROAD

32-page catalog on request

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.



Flowers

OH, roses sweet as dreamed-of bliss,
 Frail violets of blue,
 Striped tulips thrilling for a kiss,
 Dear pansies, sad and true,
 Each perfect, lovely summer flow'r,
 I have a reason new
 For loving you with all my pow'r—
 He loves—he loves you, too!
Leolyn Louise Everett.

HUSBAND: But you must admit that men have better judgment than women.

WIFE: Oh, yes—you married me, and I, you.

On the Disadvantage of Being a Rich Man's Daughter

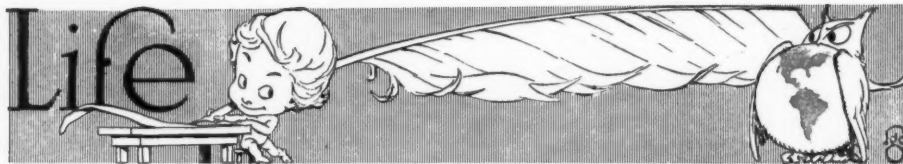
RICH men's daughters continue to marry surreptitiously their father's employés—such as chauffeurs and butlers—and this quite natural amusement invariably attracts adverse comment. People lift up their hands in horror when they hear of these sad cases.

A rich man's daughter is placed at a great disadvantage. She has everything that she wants except the one thing that she needs. She is often pampered, overfed, lazy, selfish and

possibly abnormal. She has small opportunity of meeting anyone capable of correcting these tendencies, because all the rich young men she knows are as pampered as she is. When she comes in contact, therefore, with a man without any cultivation, but who is a much more simple and natural animal than she has ever seen, her first artificial feeling of repugnance is succeeded by attraction. If the father has any sense he will make the best of it. He began wrong by educating her improperly. He should not repudiate her choice, because it is the result of the home training he has given her.



"THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL."



"While there is Life there's Hope"

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 May 23, 1912 No. 1543
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 LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
 J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.
 A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



READERS of this issue of LIFE will know how the primaries came out in Ohio. At this writing the Roosevelt-Taft fight there is just beginning. If it leaves both of these contestants ineligible for nomination, it will have had, we believe, the best result. Mr. Taft improves as a campaigner, but we confess to very little interest in what he is able to allege in deprecation of Mr. Roosevelt as a candidate, or in what Mr. Roosevelt is able to allege in deprecation of him. Neither of these gentlemen looks to us at all suitable to spend four years in the White House, beginning next March.

Mr. Roosevelt, speaking on April 26, found warrant in Mr. Taft's publication of personal letters from himself to quote these lines from a letter he had received from Mr. Taft shortly after Mr. Taft became President:

I can never forget that the power I now exercise was voluntarily transferred from you to me and that I am under obligation to you to see to it—that your judgment in selecting me as your successor and bringing about the succession shall be vindicated, according to the standards which you and I in conversation have always formulated.

Those lines are almost enough in themselves to beat Mr. Taft for reelection. They disclose his great defect as a President—too strong a sense of personal obligation to individuals; structural weakness in his own personality. Mr. Taft is a fine edifice, but there was not enough steel used in his construction. The dignity of the people of the United States cannot safely be housed under his hat.

No; nor under Mr. Roosevelt's hat, either. His comment on the lines above quoted was: "It is a bad trait to bite the hand that feeds you. Mr. Taft is President only because I kept my promise in spite of infinite pressure to break it."

What was it that Mr. Roosevelt's since-bitten hand fed to Mr. Taft? It was us, our country, the headship of our Government. *We* were that dog-biscuit, for which Mr. Taft was so grateful, and which Mr. Roosevelt conferred with such magnanimous fidelity. *We* were that morsel; we, the people, whom Mr. Roosevelt is now so solicitous to have rule! Come, brethren; how do you feel about it? What kind of sustenance is it that you wish to receive from this hand that fed you to the grateful Taft? Hungry, you must be; very, very hungry, if you will eat out of that hand.



TO our mind this little note of Mr. Taft to Mr. Roosevelt is one of the most appalling documents in American political history. But, at the same time, it is pathetic, because Mr. Taft evidently had no conception how bad it was, nor Mr. Roosevelt, either. To be sure, it was a note that Mr. Roosevelt's instincts would have guarded him from writing, but he does not seem to have been much shocked to have it written to him. If he had been adequately shocked, he would never have let it get out. He would have put dust on his head and gone out into the backyard and burned it.

No, these two citizens seem to be doing a great work for one another, and incidentally for us. It is a useful work; painful, but useful; and we are considerably grateful to Mr. Roosevelt for pitching in and getting it done.

But the country has not liked it much. The sight of the President and the ex-President chasing one another from stump to stump in successive States; the cries and echoes of accusation and recrimination, the bemiring

of reputations that once were fair, and the neglect of the public business for a long period while public officers have been campaigning, have all appeared unseemly to the considerate. It is not to blame President Taft for going out on the stump. He had to. It is not to blame Colonel Roosevelt for opposing Mr. Taft's renomination. It ought to have been opposed. It is to the public's advantage that the political ventilation has been so thorough.

But all the same, we don't want anything like this to be going on again if we can help it. We don't want any President ever again to be dragged into such a rough and tumble match for the renomination.

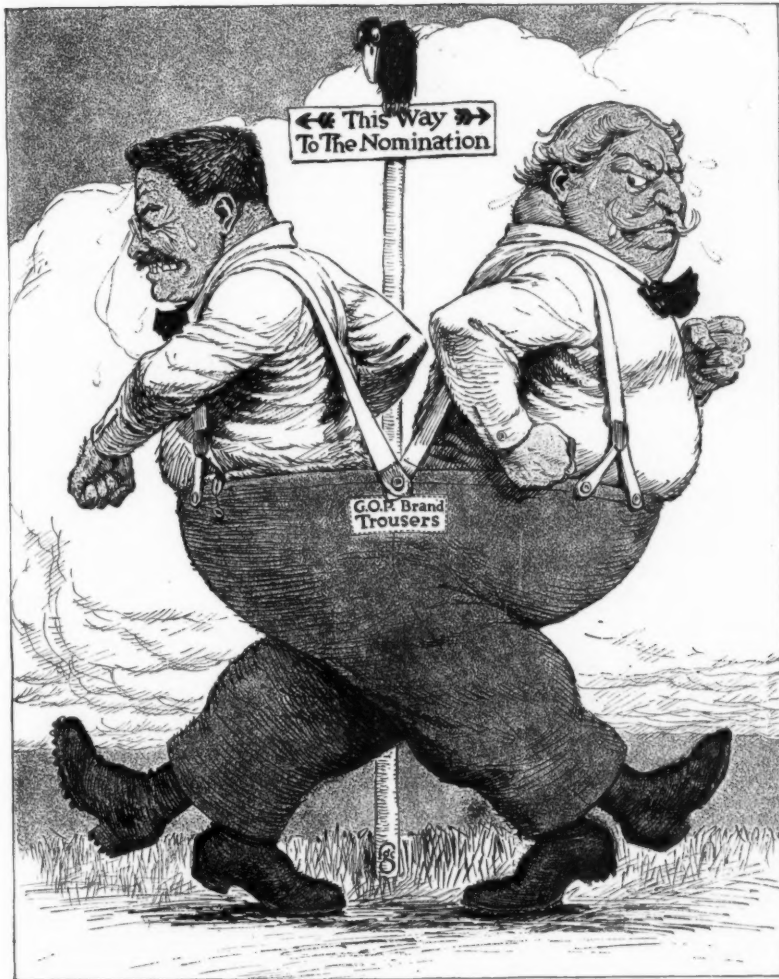


THAT is the chief sentiment that is behind the proposition to amend the Constitution, and give the President a six-year-term and make him ineligible for re-election. A bill to that effect has been introduced in Congress and is expected to be promptly passed. If it is, it will go to the States for ratification.

Why not pass it?

Why not ratify it?

It is a sudden measure, and it ought to be fully discussed, but at first sight it looks good, and seems very timely. Third-term agitations are a nuisance. If a third-term had been unconstitutional we should have been able to retain Colonel Roosevelt in private life where he was valuable. The obligation of a President to begin to hustle for a second term the day after his first inauguration is an immense nuisance. It has been almost the ruin of Mr. Taft, who would have made a very much better job of his administration if he had been relieved of all



!bɹɔwɔ Forward!

obligation to work for a second term. Six years is not a perfect term. It is too long for a poor President and too short for a good one. But, on the whole, it seems as good a compromise as any. The Presidential office has come to be very laborious and exacting. Six years of it is as much as is good for most available men, and in that time there is a good chance to accomplish something worth while. To have to lay aside an exceptionally able and acceptable man after one term of six years in the White House seems wasteful, but against that we may balance the consideration that long possession and exercise of great

power tends to breed in some men a sort of restless appetite for executive activity and popular prominence that is akin to the craving for hazards that so commonly results from activity in speculation. We don't want to breed so much of the gambler's spirit in our Presidents. We have seen how it works. It does not work well.



IT looks, just now, as though the Democrats would nominate Champ Clark, and that has made Mr. Clark

a subject of inquiry and contemplation.

There seems to be a good deal to learn about him.

He comes from Missouri, the State that wants to be shown, and seems to have in good measure this Missouri quality of teachableness.

It is an excellent quality.

He has been a farm-hand, clerk in a country store, editor of a country paper, a practising lawyer, a college-president, a newspaper correspondent, and for about twenty years a Congressman.

In Congress he has been able to get along with the other Congressmen, a quality which they have recognized by making him, first, Democratic leader, and, more lately, Speaker.

Perhaps if we should make him President he would get along with us.



THE papers talk a little of a Pan-Islam holy war, growing out of the difference between Italy and Turkey. Dispatches from Paris offer reports from Tunis that say the call to all the Moslems to sit up and take notice is moving steadily from tribe to tribe in every Mohammedan country.

This is news fit to send curious persons to the Book of Daniel, the Apocalypse and other authorities that are used to be consulted by political forecasters who work on a large scale. For the Mohammedans are a large body, and once they got into motion might, if they held together and could be handled, considerably disturb the existing balances in human affairs.

But how could they get together? How could they be handled? How could they get money? In numbers they are rated to include about one-seventh of the pious people on the earth. But what coherence have they? How much real twentieth century power?

The unexpected happens so much nowadays that no sensation that anyone can imagine seems entirely incredible. Pan-Islam on the war path is picturesque at least—too picturesque, no doubt, to happen, but not too picturesque to think about.



African Daisy



Poppy



Marigold



Mint



Passion Flower



Sugar Cane

LIFE'S GARDEN

A Passage At Arms

ROOSEVELT: I am unqualifiedly for a "square deal," and, furthermore, it is my unswervable policy never to say aught against anyone or anything without, at the same time, saying something in his or its favor; but, in spite of all that, I must say that this man Taft is a—blankety—unmentionable blank—blankety, and even worse than that.

TAFT: I pride myself on my sweet disposition, my carefully poised dignity and my judicial temperament. Furthermore, I never deal in personalities, but, however, I can truthfully state that this man Roosevelt is positively the most—excessive blankety—blank—person that has ever threatened the country.

Hens

THE truth about hens—why some are helpful, others hopeless—perhaps will be the next notable achievement of Science. How any fact can escape this time is hard to imagine. Kansas, from the one side, has surrounded Hen Truth to make it surrender important psychological information; Missouri, from the other, has begun to study the subject physiologically and has arranged an egg-laying contest at the Mountain Grove poultry experiment station, which began on the first of last September and which is to run a year. The investigator in Kansas is a Junior in the State University, taking work



A SHOCK FROM THE THIRD RAIL

in the psychological laboratory. He reports these interesting discoveries:

1. Chickens do not care for a crowd, yet abhor being alone.

2. Intelligent chickens have both mind and memory.

3. They also have an ability to distinguish color grades.

That's the way with these collegiate scientists! They leave us with principles barren of practical value. What we most long to know is what color to paint the border of the flower beds to cause the æsthetic eye of intelligent hens to turn to other fields and remember ours with aversion.

Reforming the Express Companies

EXTENSIVE preparations seem to be making by the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate certain practises of the express companies. While these corrective measures seem in themselves to be all right, as far as they go, we find it difficult to grow enthusiastic over them. It seems too much like begging the question.

The question is: Shall we have a parcels post?



Bobby: O-OH! MAMA! HERE'S A LITTLE GREEN SNAKE!

Mama: KEEP AWAY FROM IT, DEAR. IT MAY BE JUST AS DANGEROUS AS A RIPE ONE.

GREAT REVIVAL!!!
MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT
 WILL APPEAR BY REQUEST (?)
 IN THAT GRAND OLD DRAMA
SAVING THE COUNTRY
 OR
WHO BUT I?

MR. ROOSEVELT WILL BE ASSISTED BY THE EMINENT ARTISTS, GIFFORD AND AMOS PINCHOT, J.A. GARFIELD, CHAS. R. CRANE, A.H. REVELL, DAN R. HANNA, GEO. W. PERKINS, FRANK A. MUNSTY, MEDILL McCORMICK AND THE EVER LAUGHABLE COMEDIAN JAKE BNS.

SCENERY BY THE COSTUMES BY THE LIGHTING EFFECTS BY THE WIGS LOANED BY THE PRINTING AND PROGRAMS BY

W.P. MORGAN CO.
 OSCAR STRAUS
 OUTLOOK CO.
 JOHN B. ROCKEFELLER
 KANSAS CITY STAR



A POSSIBLE FROST

HARRY GRANT FOST



"A PERCOLA OVER THERE IN THE CORNER. A WALL-GARDEN OF HOLLYHOCKS, GLADIOLI AND PETUNIAS, FORMAL PATHS BORDERED BY NASTURTIUMS AND GERANIUMS, A WATER-GARDEN WITH LILIES AND HYACINTHS AND A SUN DIAL IN THE MIDDLE—AND THERE YOU ARE. AND YET YOU SAY, EMMA, THAT I'M NO GARDENER!"

Democracy with the Bridle On

THE Rev. Mr. James M. Gray, dean of the Moody Bible Institute, characterizes "syndicalism" as the "latest form of 'unbridled democracy.'"

This is more interesting than enlightening. Of course, it is not hard to understand what "unbridled democracy" is. It is democracy without a bridle, and we presume that democracy without a bridle is a free democracy—one which may wander whithersoever it listeth. But is it a good thing or a bad thing? If "syndicalism" is the latest form, what are some of the earlier forms? Such information might help us. Was the American

Revolution, for instance, a form of bridled or unbridled democracy, if either?

Again, if democracy is to wear a bridle, who is going to put it on? And what kind of bridle should it be? Should it have a curb bit, a snaffle bit or a straight bit? And who is going to hold the reins? Would there be any difference between a bridled democracy and an oligarchy or an aristocracy? In short, would a bridled democracy be a democracy at all?

Upon the answers to these questions, if Mr. Gray's characterization is correct, would largely hang the fate of "syndicalism."

E. O. J.

At a Continental Hotel

"BALLY wet weather, Perce?"

"Dripping!"

"Bally jolly town, what?"

"Zipping!"

"Bally fine girls—you get me?"

"Ripping!"

"Bally servants in line—what's up?"

"Skipping!"

(Exits tipping.)

THE child kneeled by his bedside to pray for his mother's recovery from sickness.

Enter an officer, who jerks him rudely to his feet.

"Cut that out, kid," he said, not unkindly, "You can't pray for health without a permit from the Medical Trust!"

Startling Announcement!

The Well-Guarded Secret of Life's Great Auto Tour is at Last Divulged—What It Means to the Country — Everybody Jubilant

LIFE'S auto is off. The start was made this morning from Life Park (formerly Central). The news had spread that certain gentlemen of prominence would take their departure in this auto and that there was a fair prospect of thus keeping them out of harm's way for an indefinite period.

The American people, as a whole, took the news quietly and with a deep sense of gratitude.

But the scene at the departure of the party, as Robert Chambers so well says, beggared description, as the auto moved off amid the cheers of a multitude maddened with joy.

Indeed, such a vast throng has scarcely ever been seen in this country before.

The secret had been well kept. It was felt that there might be some possible hitch in the proceedings; that the guests might escape and thus the country would be disappointed. Therefore, what promises to be the greatest automobile trip of modern times was not exploited beforehand, but was kept more or less secret. It would scarcely have done to announce the departure of these prominent patriots and then have anything happen to prevent their getting away.

Now that they have got off, however, the country is at rest. Prices of necessities have dropped; real estate is going up, and thinking is being considered once more on the part of the plain people.

"If you can only keep these people away long enough," said a prominent man yesterday, "we may all recover our reason."

Where did LIFE get the happy idea? We may say that we have nourished it secretly for years and have only waited for a propitious moment. Now that it has been consummated, we feel a calm and unutterable sense of satisfaction, mingled with intense patriotism.

The auto is a special car, the gift of all the motor car manufacturers of the country, who, when they found what the object was, gladly contributed it free to the cause.



"His only pleasure"



"I have been specially appointed"



"Would you dare—"

As their representative put it when he turned it over to LIFE:

"If you can get rid of these fellows permanently, we will keep you supplied with cars as long as you want them. It's money in the pocket of every business man in America to keep them out of the country."

We cannot say when the tour will end, but it will continue as long as possible. It is a matter, of course, that will eventually have to be decided by public opinion.

Now that the car is off on the greatest ideal tour ever attempted in this country, we will confess that our great difficulty lay in getting the gentlemen in it to consent to go.

Mr. George F. Baer said he couldn't possibly be spared.

"I have been specially appointed by the Almighty," he declared, "to look after, not only the interests of all the miners in the coal districts, but also their women and children, in whom I naturally take a great interest, being the God-fearing man that I am. Heaven help them if I leave them in the lurch!"

We gently persuaded Mr. Baer that there were a number of other people in this country who did not share this particular point of view with him.

As for Andrew Carnegie, he actually wept when the call came.

"About the only pleasure I get now," he said, "is seeing my name in print. I don't care how much of a bounder they call me—but I must have publicity."

Dr. Simon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute, also protested.

"Why, the human race would all die off if I should go away; besides, think of how all the animals would increase. I'm inventing a new serum every day. Would you dare take the chances of the country being left alone without me?"

We told him we would, in spite of everything.

As for Frank Hitchcock, he positively refused at first to consider any suggestion of his leaving his post of duty.

"Great Heavens!" he cried. "Why, if I should leave Washington, they might establish a parcels post at any moment. Horrible! No, sir; my duty lies with the Adams, United States and American Express Companies. I must stand by them to the bitter end."

Others felt the same way, but we were



"Hitchcock positively refused"



"DO YOU LOVE ME VERY MUCH, MAMA?"

Mama (a widow): YES, OF COURSE, MY DEAR.

"THEN, WHY DON'T YOU MARRY THE MAN AT THE CANDY STORE?"

adamant and would positively not listen to any refusals.

"Gentlemen," we exclaimed authoritatively; "you must go! Unless we are greatly mistaken, the country demands the rest."

Thus history is made, and thus it happens that the marvelous auto tour is now taking place. The car passed the Harlem River at 12.30. All well.

(Full particulars next week.)

Life's Presidential Candidates

FOR the Presidency of 1912 we beg leave to present the name of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. The election of Mr. Hearst would leave nothing to be desired, for the very good reason that he is the sworn foe of Mr. Murphy. We do not know who Mr. Murphy is, but we can't help being against him, for, judging from a careful perusal of the *New York Journal*, Mr. Murphy is the only obstacle left standing between a free people and despotism. If he were only cleared away, we think it *would* be grand.

Furthermore, Mr. Hearst is an expert on political parties. He has tried all the old parties, new parties, independent parties and no parties. As a result, he has a host of staunch, unwavering friends everywhere. This would enable him to corral the floating vote and lead us on to a victory which would plant the yellow flag of triumph upon the topmost peak of the Washington Monument.

Historic Episode

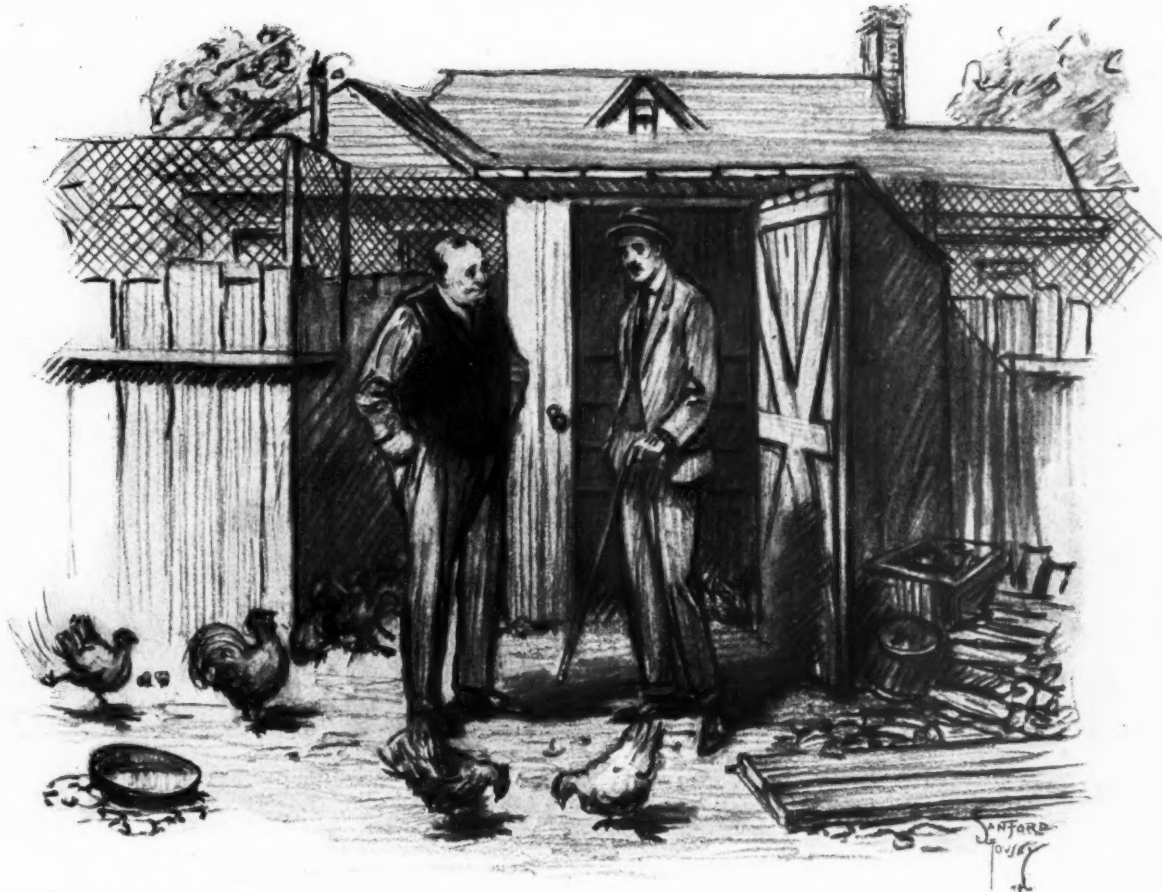
QUEEN CATHERINE of Russia was descending the royal stairway.

"Would to heaven," she exclaimed, "that I had a pair of elephant's breath velvet slippers to wear! Then they would think I was a girl of sixteen about to take my daily walk down Fifth Avenue in the customary snow-storm."

THE lives of little children are the seed and profits are the harvest.



"TOMMY, YOU'RE TO STOP THAT THIS MINUTE. DO YOU HEAR?"



Friend from the city: I SUPPOSE THEY HAVE A PRETTY GOOD TIME PECKING AND SCRATCHING DURING THE DAY, BUT HOW THE DEUCE DO THEY SPEND THEIR EVENINGS?

Mr. Clark and Governor Wilson

MEDITATIVE Democrats are exercising themselves in thinking the best they can of Mr. Clark.

It is no trouble to like Mr. Clark, for he is abundantly likable. The trouble is to think of him as a suitable candidate for President. It becomes necessary to take that trouble because he has been running pretty strong and has got quite a lot of delegates.

Mr. Clark has been the most available Democratic candidate to use to beat Governor Wilson. Dr. Wilson, being the leading candidate, has had the field against him, and Mr. Clark, hard ridden by Hearst, has been used to tire him out. Mr. Hearst, who seemed for a time to think he might himself be the Democratic nominee, used his ex-

cellent facilities to persuade his constituents that Dr. Wilson is their secret enemy and Mr. Clark their true friend. So, between all the conservatives fighting Dr. Wilson as a dangerous political character, and Hearst disguised as a radical, fighting him as a secret enemy of labor, the Governor has had uphill work of it.

It seems as if we ought to love Dr. Wilson for the enemies he has made. He has a fine store of them, but somehow they are not so efficacious in securing him affection as might be expected. He makes excellent enemies, but it is not so apparent that he makes devoted friends.

A WOMAN never puts off till tomorrow what she can say to-day.

?

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN has planned a magnificent apartment on the thirty-first floor of the Bankers' Trust Company Building. It is as high up in the air and as elaborate and luxurious in its equipment as Mr. Morgan could possibly devise. It may not be quite heaven, but it is about as near to it as money can buy.

THE coal roads resent the imputation that they benefit by strikes and plead poverty. It is impossible, they say, "to raise wages without raising the price of coal."

Why not couple this with the dictum that it is impossible also to raise the price of coal without raising wages?

New Plays and Old Prejudices

DOES there happen to be a doctor in the audience? And if so, will he please step back here a moment? There has been a slight accident—nothing serious, ladies and gentlemen; just a dislocated idea or possibly a fractured definition; please keep your seats.

No, I haven't the least idea how it happened, and we cannot find out what the damage is till we have expert opinion. All we know is that something is the matter with one of our pet Working Hypotheses—the one that was known as The Reason Why Plays Are Occasionally Published in Book Form.

Of course, no one now living ever really knew why plays were occasionally published in book form. But as we have to have some kind of an explanation for everything, we have assumed that it was for some such red-tapish reason as that which induces street car companies to run an occasional car over disused tracks; in short, that it somehow served to keep alive the literary charter of the Drama. We didn't any of us invent this idea. We grew up and found it there. And as it was older than we, and as we didn't care much anyway, we continued to bow to it when we met. We also continued to place the occasionally published play on the rejected pile while we passed on to the latest novel.

Not but what this hypothesis has had some pretty hard jolts in recent years. Things looked bad for it, for instance, when Ibsen's plays were first published. But the explanation that they were not really plays smoothed things over. Shaw's plays, too, caused some uneasiness, till it was pointed out that they were only hooks to hang prefaces on. But the jig is up at last. It is no concern of ours in this department

whether the stage-directed dialogues written by such widely differentiated men as Sudermann and Brieux and Strindberg and Galsworthy and Synge and Masefield and others are legitimate drama when viewed across the footlights. But there is no blinking the fact that, viewed as plays-published-in-book-form, they are living and effective literary expressions of what some of the dynamic minds of the day have to say to this generation. A professional diagnosis would greatly relieve our minds.

August Strindberg bears the same relationship to Hen-

rik Ibsen that post-impressionism bears to the impressionists. He carries the mild analytical ruthlessness of his predecessor (it seemed anything but mild in its day) to its logical, and incidentally to its revolutionary, conclusion. Ibsen (who was hooted as a pessimist before he was hailed as a seer) only pointed out the intolerableness of accepted conditions in order to rouse men to reform. Strindberg strives to make us see the basic intolerableness of all analyzed human relations in order to drive us to faith. And it is but part of his process that we should esteem him a monster until we perceive that he is a prophet. His three "Plays" (Scribner, \$1.50), translated with an introduction by Edwin Bjorkman, will prove of many-sided interest, and big with personal, artistic and philosophical suggestiveness to those who are sufficiently "tough-minded" to resist their sinister and cynic sadness. But they are best given a wide berth by seekers after cheering companionship.

On the other hand, a playful and yet pertinent demonstration of the essential futility of our self-complacent theories of Utopian reform is delightfully given in John Galsworthy's

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

The Battle of Baseball, by C. H. Claudy. A general discussion of the rules, theory and practise of the game. A book for budding enthusiasts.

The Heart of Life, by Pierre de Coulevain. Two years of the author's diary, laced with fiction and amiably expressive of a naively fatalistic philosophy.

The Heart of Us, by T. R. Sullivan. A Beacon Hill romance of forty years ago. Of local and reminiscent rather than of general fictional interest.

Hidden House, by Amelie Rives. A picturesque bit of psychological sensationalism. A love passage with a dual-personality maid in the Virginia mountains.

Japonette, by Robert W. Chambers. The sentimental adventures of a ruined aristocrat. Salacious social comedy with an uplift ending.

The Last Cruise of the Saginaw, by George H. Read. The story of a sensational and once celebrated shipwreck by an officer of the ill-fated expedition.

The Matador of the Five Towns, by Arnold Bennett. Well handled anecdotes of amusing middle class manners and characters.

The New Democracy, by Walter E. Weyl. The possibilities of "pure democracy" dispassionately discussed by a keen analyst and a brilliant writer.

Oscar Wilde, by Arthur Ransome. An appreciative and discriminating study of the man and his work by a critic who is also an artist.

The Pigeon, by John Galsworthy. See next page.

Plays, by August Strindberg. See above.

Polite Farces, by Arnold Bennett. See next page.

Stover at Yale, by Owen Johnson. A good story of undergraduate life and an interesting discussion of secret society influences.

Tante, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. A colossal character study engrossingly embedded in a fine novel.

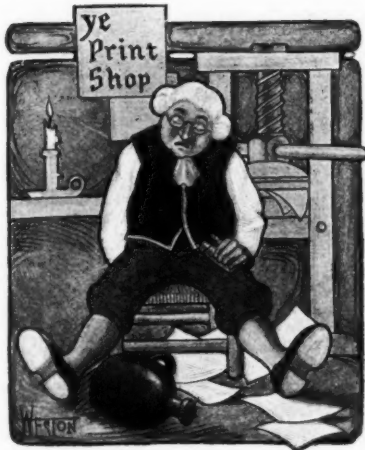
Track's End, by Hayden Carruth. In which a youthful expert with the long bow tells a few of his heroic deeds.

To M. L. G., anonymous. The graphic story of a girl's youth which claims to be a confession addressed to a lost lover.

William James, by Emile Boutroux. A French Academician's tribute to the personality and scientific achievements of the American philosopher.

Women of the Caesars, by Guglielmo Ferraro. Roman history humanized and the social intrigues of the early empire made significant.

Zuleika Dobson, by Max Beerbohm. The story of a girl that ruined Oxford. An elaborately suave satire founded upon an audacious absurdity.



"NOT FIT TO PRINT"

"The Pigeon" (Scribner, 60 cents). A soft-hearted artist, charitable to his own financial undoing, is placed before us, together with the beneficiaries of his weakness and the rival professional critics of his methods. And in a rapid succession of charming character glimpses and illuminative dialogues the *reductio ad absurdum* of the opposing schools for the elimination of human nature from humanity is accomplished before the very eyes of our imagination. The book is one of the literary brilliants of the season.

Just to show, however, that the old working hypothesis as to the publication of plays is not quite dead, we mention a volume of "Polite Farces" (Doran, \$1.00), by Arnold Bennett. They are intended, according to their title page, "for the drawing room"—presumably with a turkey-red drop curtain and kerosene footlights. But by the insufficient illumination of the library lamp they fade into insignificance. The only conceivable reason for their publication in book form is the literary coincidence of their authors having written them.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Harvest

"HOW'D Smith come out with his garden?"

"Very few of his seeds came up, but he got a fine crop of red corpuscles."

Scientific Management for Husbands

Energy of Love to be Conserved by Husbands' Correspondence Bureau and Put on a Permanent Basis

WE have an important announcement to make. Having just reorganized our business, we have placed it on a basis of scientific management.

The amount of energy wasted in superfluous love throughout the civilized world cannot be estimated. We experts have made a careful study of this question, and we are prepared to show each one of our customers just how he can love his wife continuously through a long series of years without any loss of dignity or the possibility of paying alimony.

We treat every condition. The following letter is an instance:

DEAR SIRs:

Words cannot express my gratitude. When I look over a long married life and realize how much affection I have misplaced, and

when I also realize that, owing to your new system, I am in reality loving my wife more than ever at a minimum expenditure of energy, I cannot tell you how I appreciate what you have done. The fact is that, by showing me how to bestow my affection at the right moments, I have enough superfluous love left for several other estimable ladies. Not that I have the slightest desire to interfere with my present home arrangements. I merely state this as an indication of what your system is capable of doing.

With gratitude, believe me, etc.,

Cherishing, as we do, much respect for scientific experts, we are bound to say that the basis of our new system is one which we originated out of our own experience.

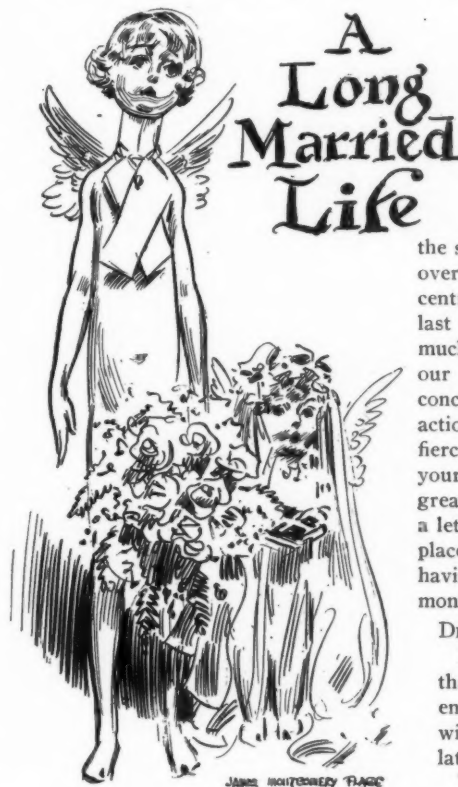
We took as this basis the kiss, and figured this out as a unit of love energy. We have computed the total number of units of energy expended by five thousand customers of ours in a given period.

We found in most cases that the same number of kisses, if extended over a definite period (and not concentrated into one), would not only last longer, but would produce very much greater satisfaction. It has been our experience that when kisses are concentrated at a given period a reaction almost always follows, and a fierce quarrel ensues. By distributing your energy over a longer time much greater results are produced. Here's a letter from a customer who recently placed himself in our hands after having been married only eighteen months:

DEAR SIRs:

It is almost unnecessary to state that under your treatment I am an entirely new man. My wife also wishes me to send you congratulations.

When we were first married I



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAHERTY

found that we were actually using lovey-dovey expressions at the rate of about two hundred a day, and the total kissing energy, extending over a period of the first six months, was about equal to running a 16-h.p. motor at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour for six hours. Of course this could not be kept up. It wasn't long before I began to crave the mild excitement of poker at the club, and to spend most of my time in contriving expedients to sneak off by myself and forget that I was a married man. Thus an estrangement was rapidly taking place. I was recommended to your Bureau. I now see that a moderate amount of love placed where it will do the most good will last for an indefinite period. And under your new treatment my wife and I are living together quite comfortably.

With many thanks, yours sincerely,

This leads us to confute once for all the criticisms which have recently been passed around about our own personal affairs, in which it has been stated that we don't practise what we preach. We state frankly that we have applied our system to the lady whom we have recently married and find that in our own home it doesn't work so well as we expected. This, however, should be nothing against us. No doctor is able to treat himself successfully. We have been married a great many times in our life, not always because we wanted to, but because we realize that



"I have enough superfluous love left for several other estimable ladies"



She (in garden that once belonged to miser): THAT HOLE IS DEEP ENOUGH FOR THIS PLANT, MY DEAR!

this is the only way in which we can keep in touch with our customers; and we wish to state that our present wife by no means suffers in comparison with some of her predecessors. But we cannot undertake to spend more than a few minutes each morning and evening in her presence. We are in love with our business, and the responsibility of looking after so many thousands of suffering husbands and uniting them with more or less impossible wives, keeps us pretty well tied down to the bench. Based on the units of energy, which we have worked out very carefully, we find that the utmost we can do at present is to kiss our wife once every morning and once every evening. If she expects any more marks of our devotion we beg to state that she has no appreciation of the strain under which we find ourselves.

Don't wait until your devotion begins to lag, quarrels ensue, your bills are running up, and there is nothing ahead but Reno. We will show you how, by conserving your love, you can make it last for an indefinite period.

Call, write or telegraph.

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau.

Why Fuss Over a Parcels Post?

WE wonder if there is a subtle threat contained in the following clause, which is from the Post-Office Committee's report to Congress with regard to a parcels post:

"We do not think that the advantages claimed for the establishment of this post will be so great as its ultra-friends claim."

We have been under the impression—or shall we say delusion—that up to the present time the express com-



"THEY SAY SHE LEADS A TERRIBLY FAST LIFE."

"SHE INHERITS IT. HER FATHER IS A MANUFACTURER OF TAXICAB REGISTERS."

panies have had a monopoly in the transportation of packages.

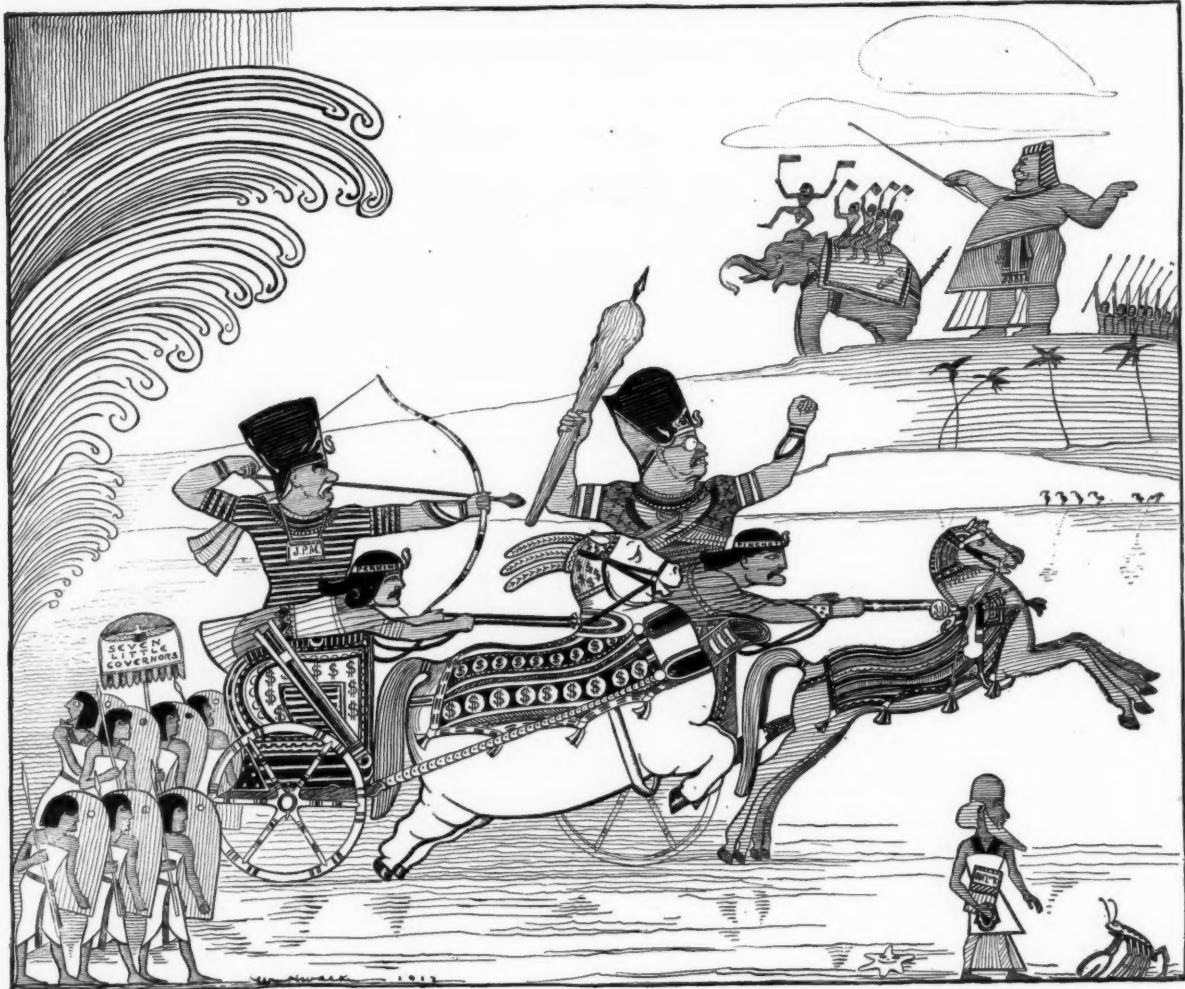
They have practically been able to fix the rates.

They have made so much money that gradually they have become stockholders in the railroads and banks; so that any attempt to curtail their profits or restrict their activities they are able themselves to meet in the most effective manner possible—namely, by the use of money.

They have paid the largest dividends on record.

They have charged double, and in some cases treble, the price charged for the same service in other countries.

When, therefore, the Post-Office Committee informs us that the supplanting of the express companies in whole or in part with a parcels post system, in which the rates of carriage will be only a fraction of what the express companies now charge, will not mean advantages so great as we fondly hope—we wonder if they have been informed by the express companies in advance that there is going



ANOTHER RED SEA EPISODE

to be some way in which the people will still be made to pay as much as they have paid?

We suspect something of this kind. It has been our experience that every so-called reform which ought to have the tendency to lower rates is usually followed by a raising of rates.

For example, when we have a coal strike and the men

get ten per cent. increase in their wages, the poor old coal companies assuage their wounded feelings by charging the public fifty per cent. increase.

And so we would not be at all surprised if the advent of a parcels post would usher in a new era in which, instead of paying forty cents for a twelve-pound package carried fifteen miles, we might have to pay eighty cents.

How to Acquire an Education in a Trolley Car

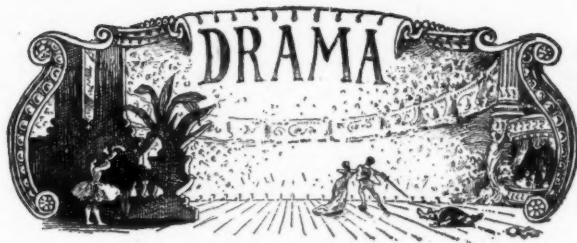
AVOID reading the papers. They are too hard on the eyes.

Turn a deaf ear to all conversation. Otherwise you will learn to mispronounce.

Read all the advertisements. It is the only way the American people have of acquiring a knowledge of literature.



A POPULAR NOVEL
"THE FRUITFUL VINE"



The Season's Curfew Tolling



EVIDENTLY the present theatrical season is dying of sheer inanition. Its lack of nourishment comes from behind the footlights and before them. There's nothing new of a quality to create enthusiasm and the public has stopped going to the theatre in large numbers. There has been no weather sufficiently hot to drive the people away from the theatres. There is simply a general apathy, which has closed up most of the prominent houses and depletes the audiences of those that remain open. In the absence of any valid explanation, it may possibly be up to the managers to ask themselves whether they haven't made theatregoing such an expensive and difficult proposition that they have driven people to other cheaper and easier ways of spending their evenings, even to the doubtful pastime of staying at home and going to bed.

Perhaps sensible citizens who have learned by repeated experiences that theatregoing is an enterprise to which much advance thought must be given, including elaborate negotiations with speculators to secure seats, have concluded that the game isn't worth the candle. Over-smart managers who have carefully worked out schemes for getting the last possible dollar out of their patrons might find it worth while to look at the situation from the point of view of the person who would like to go to the theatre occasionally, but doesn't care to make it a complicated and costly event to be negotiated and planned for days in advance.



"THE EXPLORER" will shortly have disappeared from view, in all probability not to be seen again, at least in America. Mr. Lewis Waller, who had some success with this play of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's in London evidently thought that

America might like it. Just what the belief was based upon it is difficult to imagine. America has not gone into raptures over Mr. Maugham's slender comedies, even with such popular stars as Marie Tempest, Billie Burke and Mr. John Drew to bolster them.

"The Explorer" is in a more serious vein, in which

Mr. Maugham is so little skillful that the comedy scenes of the play are its only redeeming qualities. In constructing the plot the author evidently proceeded on the theory that theatrical audiences will accept anything as probable and possible if only the false light of the stage surrounds it. Audiences certainly do accept in plays complications that never could occur or would quickly be righted in real life, but there is a limit to their acceptance of the impossible and improbable. The expert dramatist knows just how far to go in this particular and how to surround his stretchings of the probable with sops to the common-sense of the public for which he writes.

In "The Explorer" Mr. Maugham commits the grave error of letting his audience condemn his hero as a fool because the gentleman, for no good reason, won't speak the few words which could do no one any harm, and would clear up a painful state of affairs. Of course, if the hero did this there would be no play, and it is in letting the audience see this that Mr. Maugham is inexpert. The little comedy scenes were so strong by contrast that they scored to the point of making one wish that the author had never deserted the line in which he is most at home.

Mr. Waller made *Mackenzie*, the character that gives the play its title, a most unsympathetic hero. The qualities of the self-contained martinet, while true in drawing, were not calculated to warm the heart or gain the affection of the spectator. For that reason Mr. Charles Cherry and Grace Lane, as clever but trifling really human beings, rather carried away the honors of the acting. Constance Collier's statuesque beauty, through the author's failure to endow her with even feminine consistency, failed of its usual effect.

Mr. Waller is wise to pin only so much faith to "The Explorer" as is shown in putting it on for a short run at the end of the season. His fine apostrophe to the British heroic explorers who go out and annex new territory for British trade might be valuable in England, but not here.

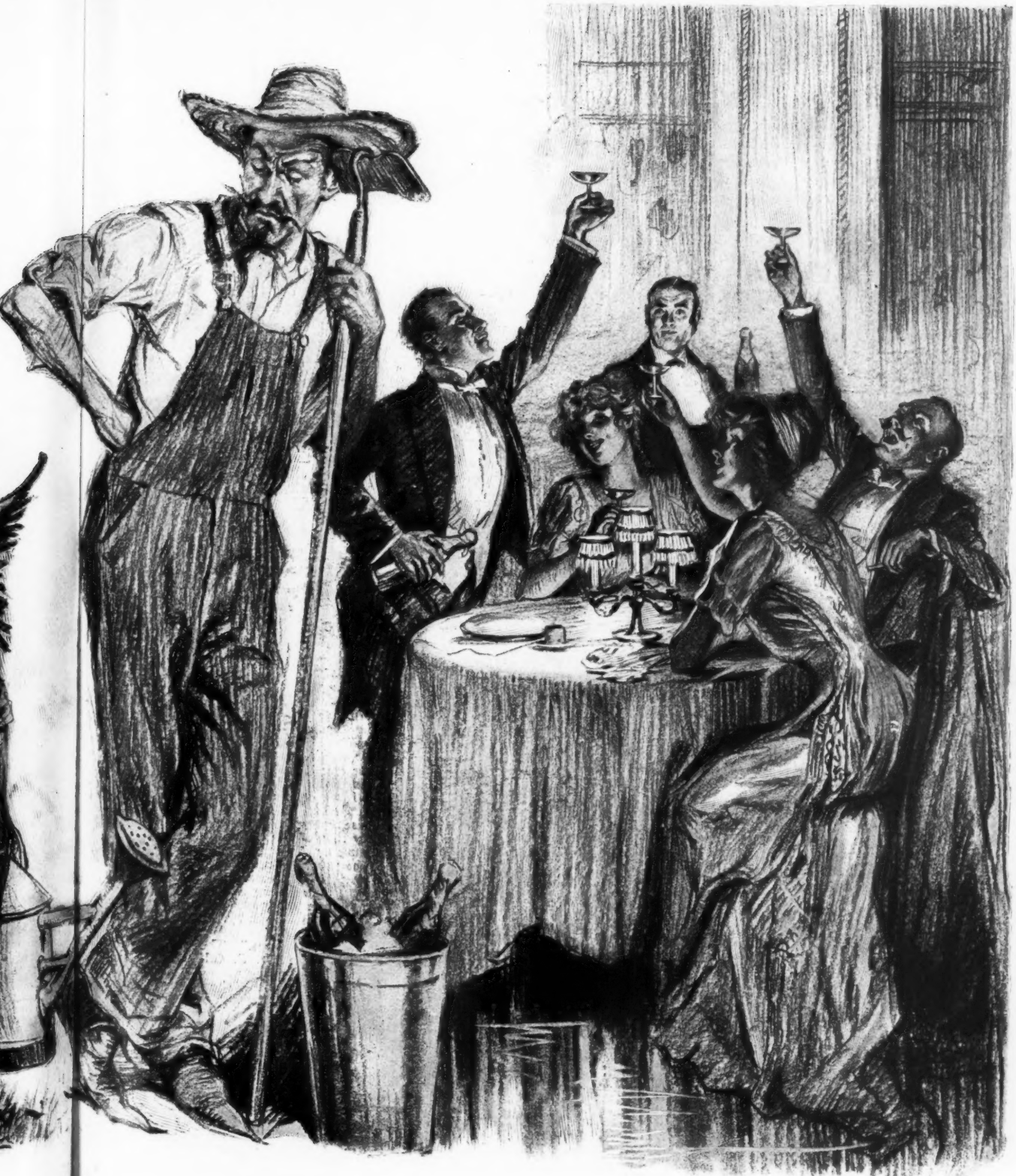


PANIER SKIRTS

FASHION'S "MODIFICATION" OF AN AWKWARD STYLE



PAUL STAHR, E.S.
1912



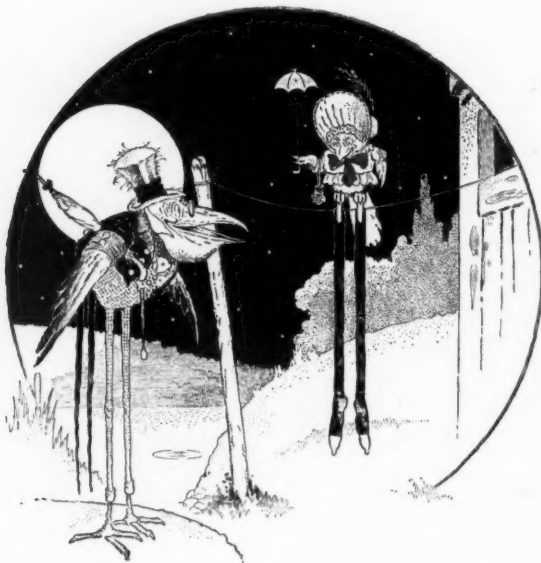
Gardeners



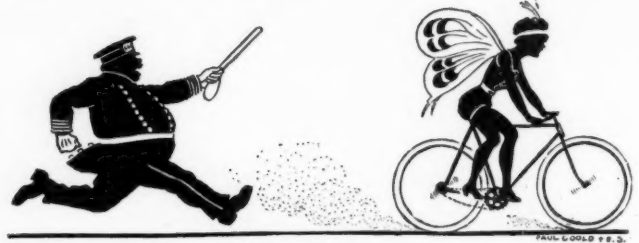
"THE MARRIAGE—NOT" is cleverer than its title. This is not likely to be taken as extravagant praise. It was a curious play to land on a public with appetites already jaded by an extremely strenuous theatrical season. At moments it touched high spots in its promise of fine satire of the ravaging poet who goes about preying on women through his cheap ability to touch their sentimentality. Then it would drop into the uttermost depths of Tenderloin slang, calculated for the understanding and appreciation of those to whom the "cabaret" represents the highest form of social enjoyment.

The author had an original idea in his keen dissection of the pretended genius with a hide impervious to rebuke who makes his way socially through the inability of many women to distinguish the real from the sham, and through the check and nerve which rises superior to everything in the way of a rebuff except personal chastisement. These creatures are not unfamiliar in even the best advertised circles of New York society, and if the author had been able to keep his play up to the level of this creation the piece would have been really noteworthy. Unfortunately the play is very uneven throughout, and, despite one or two novel and amusing situations, drops in its last act into such commonplace farce that there cannot be much doubt of its ultimate fate.

In the cast Mr. Fritz Williams shows his customary ease and vivacity in the part of a family friend who brings together the husband and wife separated through the poet's characterization of matrimony as a minister-made delusion. Oza Waldrop—once more we escape the temptation of calling her gum-drop—is still diminutive,



Near-sighted Mr. Stork: SEEMS TO BE A PRETTY OLD GIRL TO BE WEARING SUCH SHORT DRESSES



COMPOSITE PLAYS

"OFFICER 666" AFTER "A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL"

rotund and saccharine. Mr. Albert Howson, as the poet, superficially clever and thoroughly immune to everything but a kicking, gave an excellent characterization of an extremely difficult part, and if it was not a type performance, is an actor who will be heard of. Sybilla Pope has a striking personality and as *Stella of the Rialto* managed to give distinction to what might easily have been made a very low comedy part.

"The Marriage—Not" had sufficient originality in its first two acts to give promise of being an unusual satirical comedy. Its third was a fatal attack of the dull, dull thud. *Metcalfe.*



Astor—"The Greyhound." Demonstrates in melodrama the kind of persons one should not come to know on shipboard. Well acted and amusing.

Broadway—"Hansel and Gretel," by the Aborn English opera company. Notice later.

Casino—"Two Little Brides." Diverting musical show, with Mr. James T. Powers as the star and comedian. Better than the average of this kind of entertainment.

Cohan's—Blanche Ring in "The Wall Street Girl." Thoroughly American musical show, with the star in a fitting rôle and a good company in a laugh-producing medley of nonsense.

Comedy—"Bunty Pulls the Strings." Highly laughable depiction of Scotch life and traits, well done.

Daly's—"The Explorer," by Mr. Somerset Maugham, produced by Mr. Lewis Waller and his English company.

Gaiety—"Officer 666." Well acted farce of contemporary New York, with the policeman as a subject of merriment.

Globe—"The Rose Maid." Viennese operetta, not strikingly original, but tuneful and pleasantly staged.

Hudson—"The Typhoon." Interesting and moving drama, with Japanese diplomats in Europe as the principal characters.

Knickerbocker—"Kismet." The glories and romance of "The Arabian Nights" in the form of an interesting drama, gorgeously staged and well acted by good company.

Lyceum—Wild animal life in tropical Africa caught by the moving picture camera and faithfully reproduced.

Lyric—Revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience." The delightful music of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir W. S. Gilbert's merrily satirical book in fair performance.

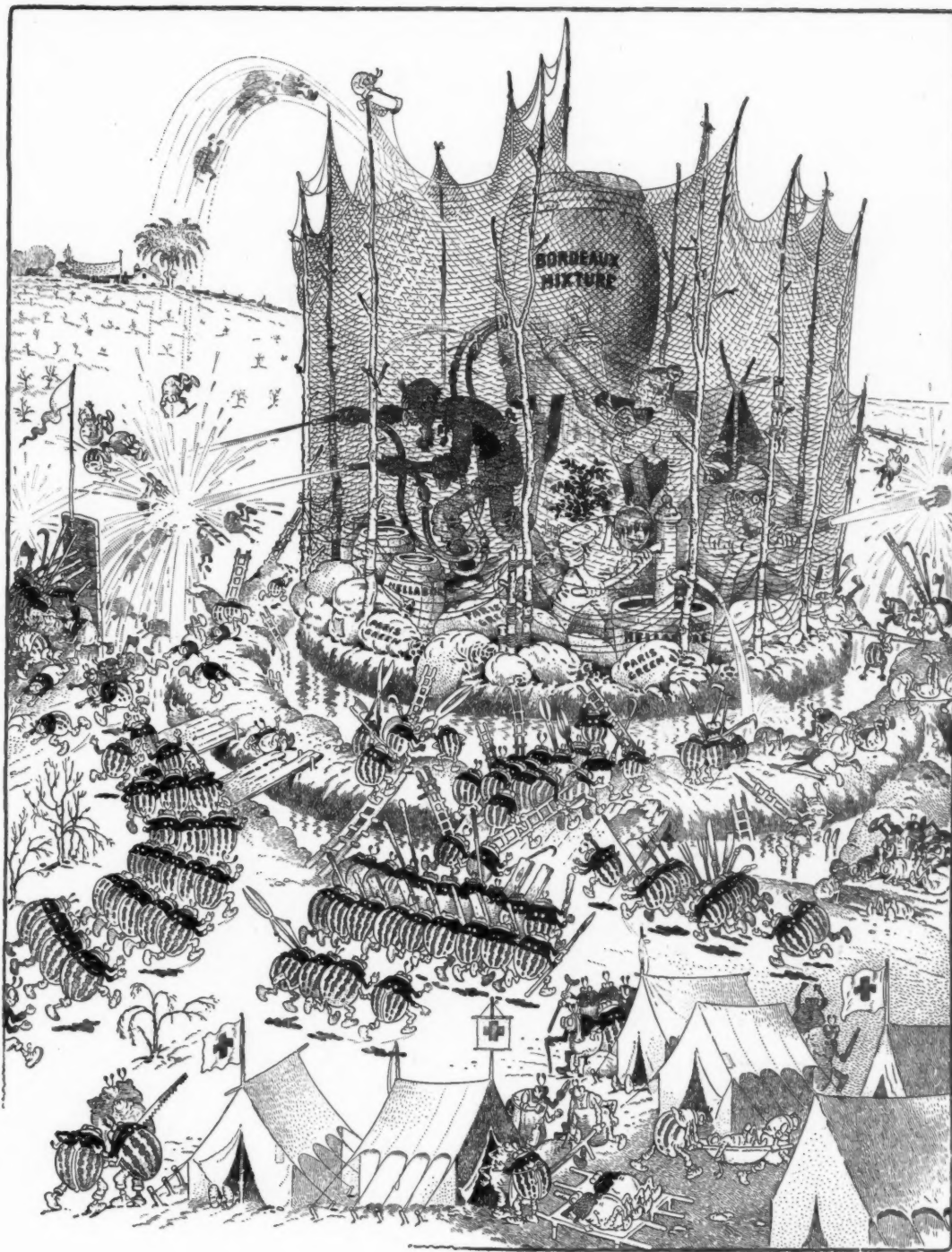
Moulin Rouge—"A Winsome Widow." Musical show based on Hoyt's celebrated farce-comedy, "A Trip to Chinatown." Reasonably amusing.

Park—"The Quaker Girl." Musical show from London. Tuneful, dainty and well done.

Playhouse—"Bought and Paid For." Rather homely, but thoroughly interesting and, at points, laughable drama of contemporary American life.

Thirty-ninth Street—"A Butterfly on the Wheel." Interesting English drama of divorce, well acted and with graphic court-room scene.

Winter Garden—Elaborate bill of extravaganza and vaudeville, with special stress laid on rag-time and dancing.



DEFENSE OF THE LAST POTATO VINE

Intimate Interviews

Luther Burbank

BULBS—bulbs everywhere! Up and down the path and around in the rear and on the porches and knee-deep in the drawing room. And in the midst of them, calm, rather homely, eminently handsome, secure, sympathetic and simple, sat one of the greatest men in America.

It was a long way to Santa Rosa, California, but it was worth the journey, and we had submitted cheerfully to the inconveniences of continental extortion.

"Mr. Burbank," we said, "we understand that you don't raise some of the peaches that grow on Broadway, and so we have come out here to look over your varieties. What is the latest thing, for example, in the cling-stone variety?"

Mr. Burbank smiled inscrutably.

"That is just about as much as the public (if you are the public," he added graciously, looking at us) "knows about my work."

"And yet," we said, "it is devoured by countless multitudes—very much the same way," we added sotto voce—"as the best sellers are devoured."

"But not," said Mr. Burbank, "with the same results. Now, a dish of my new stoneless prunes could not do anybody any possible harm. Whereas, one of McCutcheon's novels—"

"Don't mention it," we replied.

Mr. Burbank interrupted us at this point and ordered the overseers to bring in a cherry. With considerable difficulty they got it through the doorway and deposited it in front of us and withdrew.

"Won't you have a bite with me?" said Burbank from the other side of the cherry.

We leaned over and looked at his stoical face.

"Is this a half portion?" we ventured timidly.

"Oh, if you think that one is large, you ought to see some of my plumcots."

"By the way, Mr. Burbank," we said, "how did you come to take up this work?"

"I was born in Massachusetts," he said, "and during my boyhood became addicted to the habit of eating green apples. If you have ever indulged in a Massachusetts apple in its infantile stages, you may appreciate the gnawing ambition which took hold of me to produce a fruit that was really worth while."

"Didn't it occur to you," we said, "that the future of the human race would be more likely to become secure through the operations of agriculturists and scientific farming than it would through the machinations of politicians and the pompous and oratorical demonstrations of governments? Didn't it occur to you, Mr. Burbank, that about this time you had a great work to fulfill, and that you are likely to do more for the American people through these experiments than could be done in any other way?"

Mr. Burbank walked half way around the cherry, stopping just where we could see his ingenuous smile.

"Not at all," he replied; "my principal object was in



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Won't you have a bite with me?"

removing a personal and purely individual pain from the region of my pericardium. Then I became interested in growing things. As a matter of fact I have not done much myself. I have pruned a little, and cut a little, and grafted a little" (he smiled at this), "not the common or garden graft, but the specialized horticultural graft. What I did was to press the seed into the ground and let nature do the rest."

"That's a modest way of putting it," we replied. "About how many varieties of things are you super-vising?"

"Oh, about three or four thousand."

"There isn't very much money in it, is there?"

"No. But you know I get ten thousand a year from Washington for conducting these experiments. Then I run over to the Leland Stanford University occasionally and talk to them about growing things. I believe they call the subject of my talks 'Evolution.' That sounds well in print. Have a rose?"

Four men came in staggering under a Burbank rose. After considerable difficulty they deposited one on the lapel of our coat. Realizing that our time was short, we managed to get up and shake hands with Burbank from behind the rose. The fact was that we were so overwhelmed by the extreme simplicity of this great man (and also by the rose) that we had no words to express ourselves. But on our way back from California, in a moment of confidence and indiscretion, we confided our opinion of Burbank to a leading statesman and diplomat who happened to be on the same train. When we had finished he said:

"Burbank? Never heard of him. He cannot be anything very much or the papers would advertise him occasionally."

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Why we lead the world in lubrication

Words and claims—no matter how oily—won't lubricate your car.

Your business sense asks: "Who made the oil?"

We will sketch briefly the experience behind the oils recommended below.

Power-engineers all over the world recognize the authoritative leadership of the Vacuum Oil Company.

From Stockholm to Cape Town, from New York to Shanghai, leading manufacturing plants depend on our Gargoyle brand lubricants.

We supply 75% of the world's battle-ships, most of the ocean greyhounds, and practically every aeroplane in active use. Outside of the American market, we furnish lubricants to over seventy foreign automobile manufacturers.

Such buyers show small interest in words and claims, or price per gallon.

They select an oil for only one reason—because it gives more and better lubrication *per dollar expended*.

That necessitates both the right *quality* of oil and the correct *grade* for the purpose.

The success of Gargoyle Mobiloils with American and foreign automobilists is due to exact manufacturing methods.

Before making our recommendations, we analyzed the construction of every American car and practically every foreign make.

That was not easy. But correct lubrication is not an easy problem.

Different makes of automobile motors differ widely. Several distinct grades of lubricating oil were needed.

We produced these oils, distilling and filtering them to remove free carbon.

The various grades were given the following names:

- Gargoyle Mobiloil "A."
- Gargoyle Mobiloil "B."
- Gargoyle Mobiloil "D."
- Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."
- Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic."

Below you will see listed the correct grade of oil for 111 makes of automobiles—for both Summer and Winter.

Space limits the list of cars. On request we will supply our more complete list with recommendations.

Gargoyle Mobiloils are put up in barrels, half-barrels, in 5 and 1 gallon sealed, white cans. All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.

They are handled by the higher class garages, auto-supply stores and others who supply lubricants.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Rochester, U. S. A.

Distributing Warehouses in the Principal Cities of the World.



We supply lubricants to practically every aeroplane in active use.



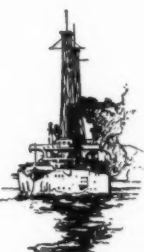
We supply lubricants to the leading ocean steamship companies all over the world.



We supply lubricants to leading manufacturing plants in every quarter of the globe.



In addition to the American market, we supply lubricants to over 70 foreign automobile manufacturers.



We supply lubricants to the navies of the world's leading naval powers.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1908		1909		1910		1911		1912	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Aloco	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
American	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Apperson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Atlas	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Austin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Autocar (4 cyl) Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Benz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bergdoll	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Brush	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac (1 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Case	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chadwick	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chase	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Columbia	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Columbia Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Coupe Gear	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Croxton-Keeton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Darraco	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
De Dion	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Delahaye	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Delaney-Belleville	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Elmore	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
E. M. F.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Fiat	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Flinters	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Ford	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gramm	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gramm-Logan	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hewitt (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

MODEL OF CARS	1908		1909		1910		1911		1912	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Hewitt (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
International	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Interstate	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Isotta	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Itala	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kelly	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel-Kar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kline Kar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Knox	B	E	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Krit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lambert	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Locomobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lozier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mack	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marion	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmion	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Matheson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

MODEL OF CARS	1908		1909		1910		1911		1912	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Maxwell (2 cyl)	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Maxwell (4 cyl)	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Mercedes	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercedes Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitcheil	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Packard	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Panhard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Panhard Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pennsylvania	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pope Hartford	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rapid	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Regal	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Renault	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Royal Tourist	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Selden	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Speedwell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stoddard Dayton	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Stoddard Dayton-Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Thomas	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Walter	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Welch	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Welch Detroit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
White (Gas)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
White (Steam)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A



Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor.

From Our Readers



*We Are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters
Which Are Too Long for Publication in Our Limited Space*

The Man or the Woman?

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR: It would seem that in this modern age moss-grown ideas ought to be nearly all weeded out, but the fact remains still quite self-evident that much weeding is left practically undone, though LIFE has several bright hoes working to advantage in many of the weediest patches. Vivisection, vaccination and many other varieties of pestilent growths seem to be suffering keenly as a result of LIFE's fearless work. Out of a great, overwhelming disaster comes another evidence that we are still more than half living in the dark ages. Women and children suddenly loom up as the most important of human creatures in a shipwreck. At least Kipling shows the courage of his convictions when he takes a firm and emphatic stand at the other extreme. Chivalry has queer ways of popping up at peculiar times and in strange places. Of course the tragedy of separating a father, by force, if necessary, from his family, that they may be saved according to "the rule of the sea," is a small matter to the family. The mother and children, if they cannot do better, may find work in some mill, where the hours are short and the work easy, with money enough coming in from their joint labors to almost feed and clothe them. The Race must be preserved. What does their grief amount to when they think of how father heroically went down to certain death when he might have been saved with them to do the unheroic, humdrum task of hustling for their living and the children's education? The cowardly thought which prompts me to write this letter would, no doubt, arouse the enmity of many of your readers, in spite of the fact that they have, perhaps, some of them, been regular contributors for many years; thus it may be probable that you might not dare to fly so far in the face of human prejudice as to publish it. Your good judgment will, of course, guide you in this as in all things. To me it seems unfair, even cruel, to enforce this moss-grown "rule of the sea." Men have been at least the equals of women in many ways for several years, and when we take into consideration the interdependence of the sexes (bachelors and

maiden-ladies, of course, must be discussed separately), the saving of one man to every woman and her children, and in such a case preferring the father, would save much unnecessary grief and be a fairer rule to observe both on land and sea. When such calamities occur the enforcing of such an arbitrary rule as this old specimen of chivalry takes up a lot of precious time and energy that needs to be used to a better purpose. To enforce any rule at such a time other than the simple one suggested above looks like fanatical folly and unnecessary cruelty, to me. When it comes to the bachelors and maiden ladies, let them be paired and saved together. The preservation of the Race is old enough to take care of itself. In the *Titanic* disaster many good men were lost—men who had proved their usefulness. They deserved at least an equal chance with some of the half civilized women who were saved.

Sincerely,

GIBBS MASON.

BOSTON, MASS.,
April 21, 1912.

A Stab from Mexico

EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR: It is with a return of hope that I note in the New England Number of LIFE an enlargement of the section devoted to editorial comment; for, in my more or less humble opinion, that part of LIFE, alone, justifies its existence. (I was tempted to omit the commas before and after "alone"!)

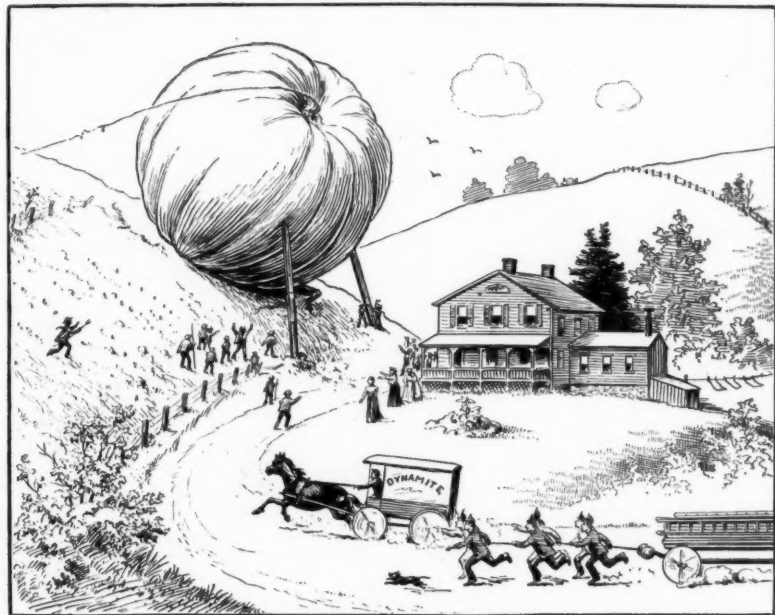
That section is the meat of LIFE's nut. Surrounded by a shell usually good, often rotten, and always largely pieced out with broken bits from other and discarded shells, yet the kernel is invariably fresh and wholesome.

An engineer is not usually given to figures of speech, and I trust I shall be forgiven this temporary lapse, the more since between us there is a factor of safety of one revolution and several thousand miles.

One of the men "who has an honest job that he likes to work at."

A. H. FISHER.

GUANAJUATO, MEXICO.
April 19, 1912.



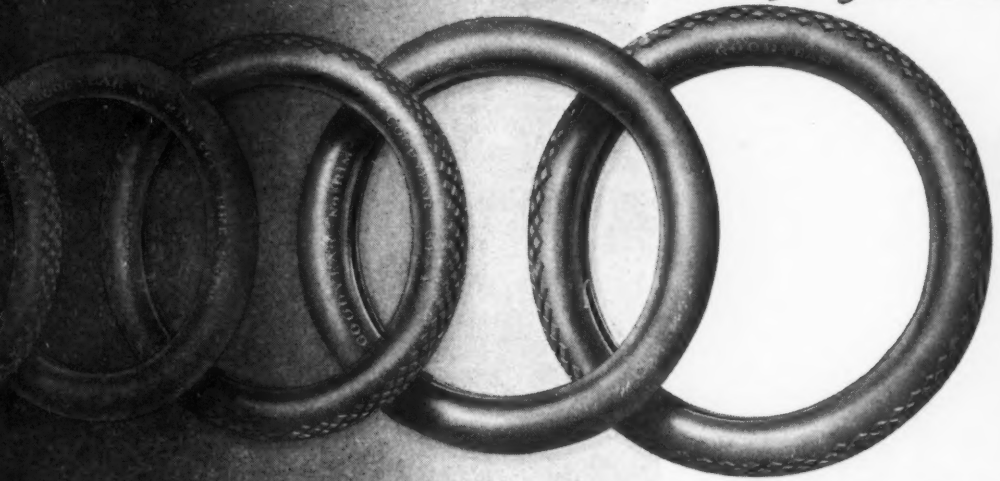
AUTUMN IN CALIFORNIA

· LIFE ·

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Now The Limelight of Success

Ten Years
of
Obscurity



Ten Years Spent Getting Ready for This Sensational Success

Testing 240 Materials

We started tire making 13 years ago, by bringing to our plant the best experts we knew. And we kept on bringing them.

For nobody knew in those days how to meet automobile conditions.

To prove ideas quickly we built testing machines, where four tires at a time are worn out under every road condition.

There we have tested some 200 fabrics—some 40 formulas for treads.

There we have tested every method of making, of wrapping, of vulcanizing.

Every material and method was compared by actual mileage, on this metered machine of ours.

Thus year after year we increased tire mileage, and lessened tire troubles. Thus we finally brought the Goodyear tire about as close to perfection as men ever will get it.

Cutting Tire Bills in Two

Then we started on other savings. Records on thousands of ruined tires showed that 23 per cent had been rim-cut.

No-Rim-Cut tires have seemed to come like a meteor into the leading place in Tiredom.

In two years the sales have increased 500 per cent. They have trebled in the past 12 months.

Now these new-type tires by far outsell any other tire in existence.

But this, remember, is our 13th year. Some of those years were spent in darkest obscurity. Ten of those years were spent perfecting this tire.

So this amazing success has big reason behind it. It has come through slow progression.

This led to the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires. This patent type has made rim-cutting impossible. It saves tire users that 23 per cent, by a method which we control.

10% Oversize

Next we dealt with blow-outs, due to overloading tires. We made these tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—10 per cent over the rated size.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together, with tens of thousands of motorists, have cut tire bills right in two.

8½% Profit

Then we aimed to sell these perfect tires for the least price possible. Our multiplied output aided in this. So did our modern equipment.

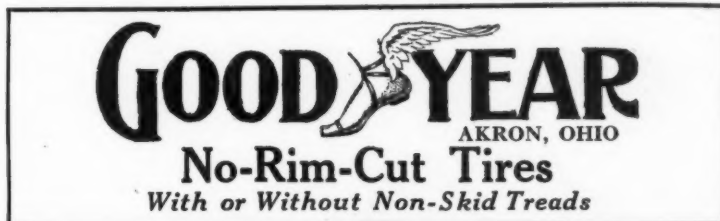
No-Rim-Cut tires used to cost one-fifth more than other standard tires. We brought them to an equal price. And our profit last year, despite all our facilities, was but 8½ per cent.

200,000 Users

It was ten years from the start before men woke to these tires. Then one told another, and the tide of demand developed like a flood.

Now over one million have gone into use. Sales have doubled three times in two years. Now some 200,000 motor car owners insist on these premier tires. You will also insist when you know them.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.



THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(630)



Goethal's Method

The following story is told of Col. George W. Goethals, who at the time it occurred was an instructor in engineering at West Point.

One day, during a recitation, he gave out this question to a class of cadets:

"The post flagpole, sixty feet high, has fallen down. You are ordered by your commanding officer to put it up again. You have under your command a sergeant and ten privates of the engineer corps. How would you get the pole back into place?"

Each cadet, after long consideration and much figuring over derricks, blocks, tackle, and so on, evolved a different method.

"No," said Goethals, "you are all wrong. You would simply say: 'Sergeant, put up that flagpole!'"

—Saturday Evening Post.



"A COMBINATION IN RESTRAINT OF TRADE"

Better than an Alibi

Col. G. M. Quarles, a tobacco planter in Christian County, Kentucky, has a darky manservant named Mose. Mose was driving his boss into town one day when he suddenly remarked:

"Marse Garrett, dey had me up befoah my church las' night fur dancin'."

"I don't suppose you were guilty—were you, Mose?" asked the Colonel.

"Yas, suh; yas, suh," said Mose. I was guilty of dancin', and dey proved it on me, too; but I come clear. My friends stuck to me close, and after dem other niggers had done testified ag'inst me my friends all got up and testified dat, though it was true I danced, I was so drunk at de time I didn't know whut I was doin'. So I come clear—and the preacher 'cused me!"

—Saturday Evening Post.

HAVING learned the important date when the United States mint was established and the cotton gin invented, a grammar-school pupil in Kentucky, answering the question, "What two important institutions were established in Washington's administration?" wrote, "Mint and gin!"—Argonaut.

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**The Furnishing of
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is a Special Feature of our Business

We are equipped to take entire charge of the furnishing and decorating of cottages, chalets, bungalows, country clubs, and the more pretentious out of town residences. Estimates given and original sketches of various interior treatments prepared by our own staff of artists will be submitted upon request.

A large stock of the most appropriate upholstery fabrics for coverings and hangings, also curtains, oriental, domestic and fibre rugs and carpetings always on hand.

Broadway & 19th Street.
NEW YORK



**Suggestions for
Weddings**

Send us the Color and Flower Scheme of your Wedding, the number of guests expected at the Reception and the size of the Bridal Party, and we will be pleased to send you suggestions of DEAN'S latest New York ideas, with prices of Wedding Cake in boxes with monograms of distinctive design, filled with DEAN'S famous Wedding Cake, the Bride's Cake, containing special gifts, unusual Favors for the Bridal Party, Cases for the Ices, Special Confetti, the Bride's Cake Knife, etc., etc.

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73 Years

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628 Fifth Ave.
New York



All over the civilized world—on land or on sea—no matter where you go, you'll find the better sort of people smoking

PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

Plain and cork tips. universally known as the "best-ever" for the past sixty years. In boxes of 10, 50 and 100.

Factories: New York, Montreal, London, Cairo, Egypt.

Agents and Depots all over the world.

If your dealer is out of them, we will fill your order.

PHILIP MORRIS & CO., Ltd.

417 West Broadway, New York, N. Y.

X

Xasperating letter! You
Call up no name but Xanadu;
No person but Xantippe—she's
The lady who old Socrates
Pronounced xtremely quarrelsome,
As prickly as xanthoxylum;
And there was Xerxes, who met loss,
For his name held a double-cross.

The Chinese blandly bob and grin
Before their idol known as Xin,
Believing he'll good luck direct—
But of the Chinese we xpect
Xtreme peculiarity,
Xactly as things shouldn't be.
You end no word that does not vex:
Perplex, and rex, and "gentler" sex.

Xasperating X! But wait.
Some day we'll calmly xpurgate
You from our troubled alphabet;
We'll xtirpate you, X; upset,
Knock down, cast out, delete, xcise
You from your place, for we despise
The way in which you oft xult
In fretting us. This will result
In one swift xodus, to-wit:
X, we will order your xit.

**THE LAND OF
Unforgettable
Vacations**

Get out your atlas and look at the coast of
Maine. Did you ever see such a lace-work of
bays, capes and islands?

Now look inland. Did you ever see so many
lakes? In that fresh and

Wonderful Maine

country you can find a vacation you will never
forget.

It's a land of rocky headlines and superb beaches, of
perfect sailing, cruising, and bathing, of every out-door
sport, of glorious sea air.

It is also a land of deep woods and forest lakes, where,
for a few weeks, the tired city worker can get into the
real out-doors.

It is a land of palatial hotels, but also of jolly little
hotels, of delightful boarding houses and camps.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS

They tell where to go, with lists and rates of hotels
and boarding places. Address

VACATION BUREAU

THE NEW ENGLAND LINES

Room 774, South Station, Boston, Mass.

X, you are but a cicatrix,
A scar; how foolish to affix
You to our letters! You're a tax;
You make our temper flash like flax;
As grave and solemn as the sphynx,
And yet as taunting as a minx!

X-rays, x-presidents, x-wives,
X-part statements.—All our lives
You crossly show in all we see;
You are the unknown quantity
For whose xistence we must look—
An xtra task put in our book!
Sometimes, O, X, you're on a Ten—
How suddenly we break you then!
You make the alphabet complex,
'Twere better if you were ex-X!

W. D. Nesbit.

Hard Luck

"I always was unlucky," he said, with
a weary sigh.

"What's the matter now, old man?"
his friend asked.

"I've spent over £1,000 on having my
boy taught to play the fiddle, and now
his hair's all comin' out."—*Tit-Bits.*

RAD-BRIDGE BRIDGE WHIST ACCESSORIES

423 cards & 12 stamps (less than cost) brings our sample wallet; 42 Forms Litho-
graphed Score Pads, 19 varieties playing cards and illustrated catalog.
Dept. L. **RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York**



"HOW CAN YOU LIVE IN SUCH A RAM-SHACKLE HOUSE?"
 "OH, I LIKE IT BECAUSE IT IS SO HOME-LIKE AND WELL VENTILATED."

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



What She Wanted

Jim Mann was on his way back from Chicago and couldn't help hearing the conversation of the couple in the section right behind his. They looked like newly married folk, but were not on their honeymoon, as Mann learned by deduction. The woman laid down a newspaper she had been reading and said to her husband:

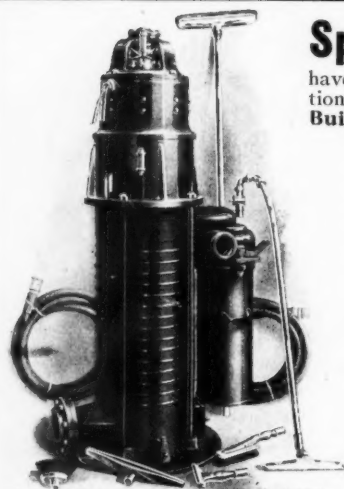
"Do you know, I wish I had one of these affinities. Oh, I think it would be just g-r-a-n-d to sit on a rock with somebody and have him rave about the incomparable golden color of my hair and tell me that my eyes were the most beautiful in the whole world, and—"

"Uh, huh," said the husband, yawning. "And that the delicate pink of my cheeks had been painted there by the angels, and that he couldn't live without me. O-oh, I think an affinity like that would be—"

"Tisn't an affinity you want," interrupted the husband. "What you seem to want is a plain old-fashioned liar."

—National Monthly.

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



3 H.-P., 1-Sweeper Outfit

Spencer Turbine Vacuum Cleaners

have been recently chosen for the largest vacuum cleaning installation in the world—nineteen machines for the General Hospital Buildings, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Proven superiority in efficiency, simplicity and durability of the Spencer Turbine Cleaners, make them logical installations for the great buildings of today and the greater buildings of tomorrow.

The mammoth **Woolworth Building**—tallest in the world—and the **Bankers' Trust**, both being erected in New York City, are being equipped with Spencers.

Spencer Turbine Cleaners in the basement have pipes running up through the building to each floor, with hose attachment for cleaning. Machines are made in 12 sizes, from ½ H.-P., 1-sweeper, to 40 H.-P., 16-sweepers capacity—for the smallest residence or the tallest skyscraper.

On request a free Catalog and List of Installations will be furnished as references.

Spencer Turbine Cleaner Company
 630 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Offices or Selling Agencies in all Principal Cities

THE RAREST OLD WHISKEY
 MONEY CAN BUY



HE Gibson distillation of 1900 is now being marketed in one-gallon demijohns, and will be boxed and sent direct from our warehouse on order of your dealer—or to your personal address, prepaid—at Ten Dollars a gallon, purity and quality guaranteed. Made by the most approved methods, from ripe, carefully selected rye and the sparkling spring water of the Monongahela valley. Drawn from original barrels 41864 to 41888, numbered and recorded by the U. S. Government, whose books verify every statement we make. Tax paid Dec. 15, 1908.

The Gibson Distilling Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gibson's

FOR AUTOMOBILES

One repair bill is many times the amount you can save in a year by using cheap oil.



Is the highest quality that can be produced. Insist on getting it. Sold in checkerboard cans and bulk by good dealers everywhere.

Our Booklet, "Motor Lubrication," will be sent free in return for your dealer's name. It contains a lot of useful information.

George A. Haws, 69 Pine St., N. Y.
 Dealers: Ask for our "Help Sell" plan.

FOR MOTOR BOATS

Imparted Valor Even to a Mouse

A new arrival strolled into the lobby of a popular Muskogee hotel a few evenings ago and walked rather unsteadily to the desk to register. Turning to follow the porter to his room, there was a crash, and bits of glass and an amber colored liquid spread along the floor.

Before a porter could be summoned to mop it up a tiny mouse crept from under the cigar counter and lapped greedily at the liquor. Then mounting the edge of a cuspidor, the mouse exclaimed:

"Where is that cat that was looking for me last night?"—*Kansas City Star.*

Caroni Bitters. Have stood the test of time. First in the field, still leading. Satisfy yourself—we know. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrs.

Not Real

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, "what is the axis of the earth?"

Johnny raised his hand promptly.

"Well, Johnny, how would you describe it?"

"The axis of the earth," said Johnny, proudly, "is an imaginary line which passes from one pole to the other, and on which the earth revolves."

"Very good," exclaimed the teacher. "Now, could you hang clothes on that line, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said the examiner, disappointed. "And what sort of clothes?"

"Imaginary clothes, sir."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

A GREAT many people spend all their time talking and call it fighting for principle.—*Emporia Gazette.*

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



Take Along
A Set of These
\$1 Aluminum Tumblers

4 Cups Enclosed in 1 for \$1.00 Prepaid
Each cup holds six ounces and the four nest within each other, held snugly by a collar and dust-proof cover. Highly polished, strong and light. Unequaled for automobile use, camping, traveling.
Set of 6, prepaid, \$1.50
THE AUTO-NESTO SALES CO.
59 N. 2nd St. - Philadelphia
Agents Wanted

A Love Letter

(From a Country Schoolmaster to the Lady of His Affections)

Dear Madam:

If there be yet no proposition toward a conjunction with you, be pleased to accept of this interjection of my preferences; for I do pronouns ad verbum, that I desire to be adjective to you in all cases, for positively I declare that, comparatively speaking, I should be superlatively happy might I engender with you in all moods and tenses. I hope you will not think me so singular as not to desire to have the plural number in my family, or that I am too masculine to be neuter in regard to the feminine; wherefore, dear Madam, let us have our affections in common of two. Far be it from you to decline this conjugation, though I am not the first person, nor the second, nor the third, that have solicited you to be subjunctive to his love. I presume you will not be in the imperative, whilst I pass from the optative to the potential, and that you will permit me to make a conjunction with you. This will make a participle of happiness, if you please actively to give your voice to be passive herein; be you but supine, and I'll be deponent. Thus you will find it the optative part of my soul to be a lawful concord with the genitive; my whole income shall be a dative to you for the present; nothing shall be accusative against you for the future, and your dear name shall ever be my vocative till Death, the great ablative of all things, part us.

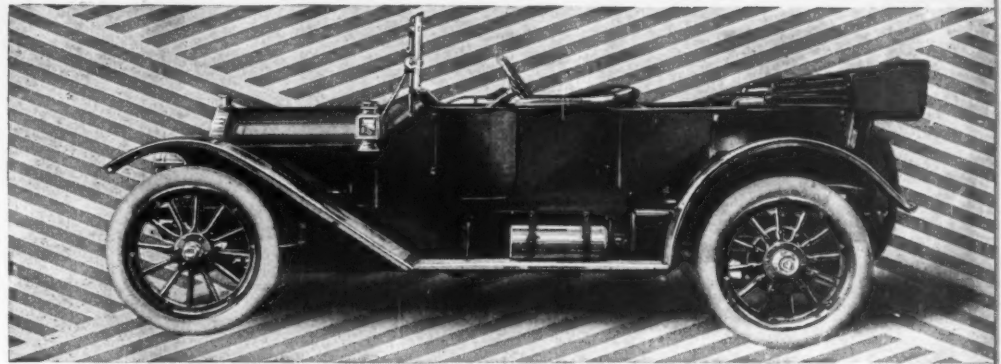
I am, dear Madam,

Your most obsequious adorer,

PAUL PEDAGOGUE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
Correspondence-Study Dept.
HOME STUDY
offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.
19th Year U. of C. (Div Y) Chicago, Ill.

"THE NEAREST GARAGE"
A vest pocket directory of garages compiled for the convenience of automobilists, covering the territory from Maine to Washington, D. C. Invaluable to the autoist both in the city and country.
Send 25c. to publisher for copy of directory.
GEORGE T. HOPEWELL, Publisher
535 Broadway Flushing, N. Y.



Type 35—Series A and B Four or Five-passenger Newport model—\$2750. Fully equipped.

MERCER
The Champion Light Car

One Mercer owner has said: "If my car had cost \$5000, it couldn't possibly be any better." And prior to his purchase of a Mercer this man owned several of the highest priced cars manufactured.

When you get a Mercer you are not buying a car with a "social prestige" reputation only, but you get real motor car value from start to finish.

From the viewpoint of power, speed, strength, durability, flexibility, graceful appearance, and easy-riding qualities, the Mercer measures up to the standard you have expected of cars selling at \$4000 and over.

The secret of Mercer success in competition is an ever regard for quality in material and workmanship. Each and every car produced has the same "make good" qualities as the famous Mercer Raceabouts.

Catalogue on Request

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1400 Whitehead Road Trenton, N.J.

New York - - 1802 Broadway
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The Literary Courtship

"They started in a purely platonic way to read 'Lucile' together."

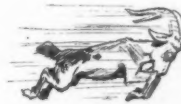
"Well?"

"Now they are interested in a book that tells how to build a \$1,000 house."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"EVER surrounded by wolves?"

"No; but I know the sensation. I used to open the dining-room doors at a summer hotel."—Washington Herald.



IN LINE FOR A RAISE

A Thought Before Your Trip

See that your luggage is protected against the risks of loss incidental to travel. If you secure one of our Tourist Policies you will travel with a quiet mind.

"It costs but a few cents a day and may save you hundreds of dollars."

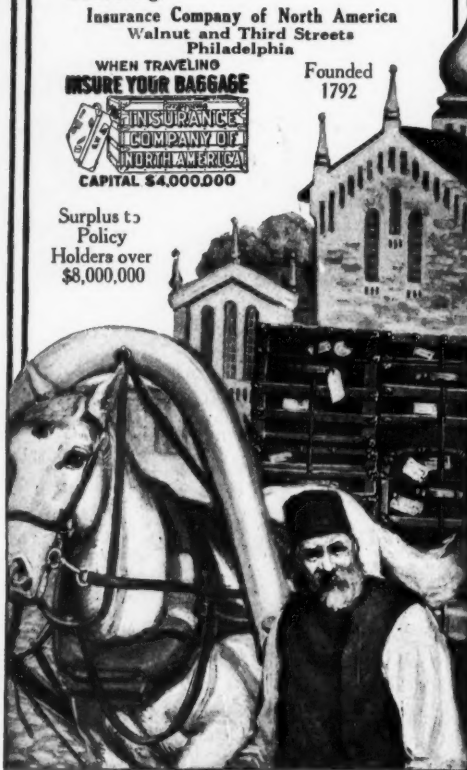
If you will advise us in advance of the date of your departure upon any trip, we will send you gratis our attractive and useful bon voyage book entitled "Things to Remember While Traveling."

Insurance Company of North America
Walnut and Third Streets
Philadelphia



Founded
1792

Surplus to
Policy
Holders over
\$8,000,000



The Intruder

A certain boat coming up the Mississippi one day during the flood lost her way and bumped up against a frame house. She hadn't more than touched it before an old darkey rammed his head up through a hole in the roof, where the chimney once came out, and yelled at the captain on the roof, "Whar's yer gwine wid dat boat? Can't you see nothin'?" Fust thing yer knows yer gwine to turn dis house ober, spill de old woman an' de chil'en out in de flood, an' drown 'em. What yer doin' out here in de country wid yer boat, anyhow? Go on back yander froo de co'n fields an' get back into de ribber whar yer b'longs. Ain't got no business sev'n miles out in the country foolin' roun' people's houses nohow?" And she backed out.

He Talked Too Much

A certain knight of Spain, as high in birth as a king, as catholic as the Pope, and equal to Job in poverty, arriving one night at an inn in France, knocked a long time at the gate till he had alarmed the landlord. "Who is there?" said the host, looking out of the window. "Don Juan Pedro," replied the Spaniard; "Hernandez, Rodriguez de Villanova, Count of Malafrá, Knight Santiago and Alcantara." "I am very sorry," replied the landlord, shutting the window, "but I have not rooms enough in my house for all the gentlemen you have mentioned."

Premature

A certain company promoter once built a castle on a mountain peak. As he showed the gray, medieval-looking pile to a friend, he said:

"I don't know what to call it. What name do you advise?"

"It looks like those Scotch castles in the Highlands," said the friend. "Why not call it Dunrobin?"

"Dunrobin? Dunrobin? Yes, that would be a good name," said the millionaire; "only, you see, I have no intention of retiring yet."—*London Opinion.*



The careful ageing of Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

provides that supreme bouquet—
that delicious smack so satisfying
to particular palates

Aged in charred oak barrels—
bottled in bond—worth ordering

A. Overholt & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

In the current Ainslee's:

Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin

has selected *Ainslee's Magazine* for the publication of his *Reminiscences of Society*.

☐ Much has been written of Society.

☐ Many in Society have written.

☐ But very few in Society have written of Society.

☐ In the June number of *Ainslee's*, now on sale, you will find the beginning of what may be said to constitute an informal history of American society from the simpler days of our fathers down through the Bradley Martin ball, by

Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin

☐ The same issue will contain the usual number of fiction contributions of the sort that has made *Ainslee's* "the magazine that entertains": a brilliant, sparkling novel, complete, by Marion Hill, and a dozen short stories of distinction by such writers as Margaretta Tuttle, Parker H. Fillmore, Anna Alice Chapin, Herman Whitaker, Thomas P. Byron, William Slavens McNutt, Virginia Kline, Nalbro Bartley and F. Berkeley Smith.

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FIFTEEN CENTS THE COPY

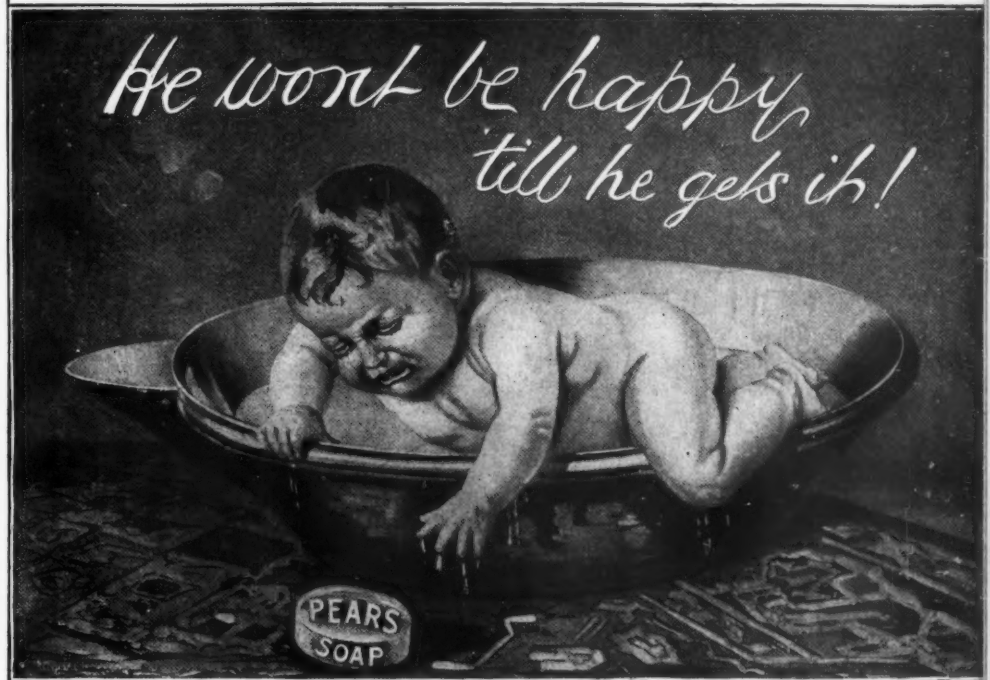
Wall Street in 1864

In 1863, and in the first quarter of 1864, everybody seemed wild with stock speculation. Nothing else was talked of at clubs, in the streets, at the theatres, in drawing-rooms. Ladies privately pledged their diamonds as margin with brokers and astonished their husbands with the display of their gains. Clergymen staked their salaries, and some of them realized in a few months more than they could have made by a lifetime in preaching. One man, who had nothing in the world but a horse, sent him to a broker's stable and persuaded the broker to buy him a hundred shares; he drew from the broker, a few months after, a balance of \$300,000. There is no record in Wall Street, as there was in the Rue Quincampoix, of a hump-backed man making a fortune by renting out his hump as a desk to street gamblers; but two or three different people realized a handsome competency by hiring a convenient room for stock-gamblers to meet in and charging a moderate entrance-fee. The same subject was uppermost in every man's mind. A party of travelers were seated in a public room at the Delavan House at Albany. A man rushed in breathless, exclaiming: "It sold at twenty!"

They all sprang to their feet with exclamations of astonishment and delight. None of them required to be told that "it" was Erie and "twenty" was 120.

The labors and profits of the brokers were enormous. One house checked more than once for \$4,000,000 in a day. A day's commissions, in the case of a leading firm, were not unfrequently \$5,000. Nearly all the leading members of the board lost their voices from constant bawling and talked in the evening as though they were in the last stage of bronchitis; clerks seldom left their offices before 11 or 12 P.M., a liberal dinner at Delmonico's being allowed by their employers as a stimulus to exer-

Who will be the next President ?



All rights secured.



Write for a Sample Cake

For a 2c stamp we will send you a sample cake, enough to last over a week. In this crystal clear soap we have caught the real fragrance of fresh violets. Write today for your sample; smell it, hold it to the light. Address THE ANDREW JERGENS Co., Dept. X, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap

tion. The day was not long enough for the gamblers.

At 8.30 A.M. they began to collect in William Street, and by 10.30 the police could hardly keep the thoroughfare open. All day long the crowd ebbed and flowed between the boards and the street, shouting, screaming, swearing, quarreling, tussling, and not a few of them cheating and lying. A man-milliner from uptown, of short stature but prodigious lungs, was always a leading personage in the crowd; his bids rose like muffled thunder from under other men's coat-tails. The little rogue made \$100,000, and went off to Europe with it, to study, as he said, "de newest fashions for my emporium." When evening fell, the throng adjourned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the rooms adjacent, which were hired for the purpose. There night was made hideous by discordant bids and offers—often till everyone in the neighborhood was or wished to be asleep. The Fifth Avenue board, on an exciting night, was probably the nearest approach to pandemonium we can hope to witness on this earth.

—From "The Cyclopædia of Commercial and Business Anecdotes," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Comment Unnecessary

SAXON: It's a fine morning, Sandy. (Sandy grunts.)

SAXON: I said it was a fine morning, Sandy.

SANDY: Verra weel, verra weel. I dinna want tae argue!—*London Opinion.*

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN EXCELS IN THE HOSPITALITY OF HIS HOME

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE



EXCELS IN ITS PURITY, FLAVOR AND GENERAL EXCELLENCE

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

From George I. to George V.



MARTELL'S BRANDY

has known but One Quality---
The Best

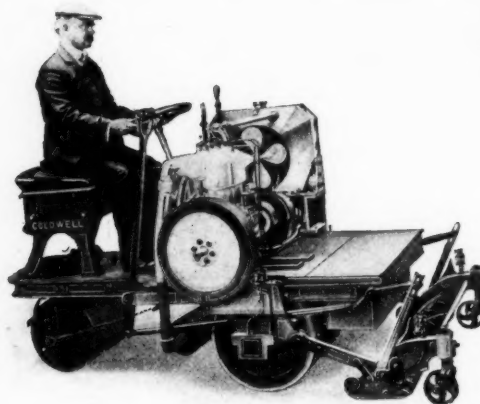
BLUE AND SILVER LABEL

Messrs. Martell & Co. have been appointed
to supply Brandy to the House of Lords

HOUSE EST. 1715

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

Coldwell Lawn Mower Co.
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COLDWELL MOTOR LAWN MOWER

THESE MACHINES ARE USED ON MANY OF THE LEADING GOLF COURSES
AND PUBLIC PARKS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES. THEY IMPROVE
AND BEAUTIFY THE LAWN AS NO OTHER MACHINE CAN AND AT
MUCH LESS COST. SEND FOR CATALOGUE



The ostrich can't fly—has too much weight for its wing power. The Vanadium built Ford has all the weight it needs for strength plus—but it's the lightest car for its size in the world. Seventy-five thousand new Fords will be sold this year—principally because it's not an ostrich car.

All Fords are Model T's—all alike except the bodies. The two-passenger runabout costs \$590—the five-passenger touring car \$690—the delivery car \$700—the town car \$900—f. o. b. Detroit, completely equipped. Get latest catalogue from Ford Motor Company, Detroit—and name of your nearest Ford representative.



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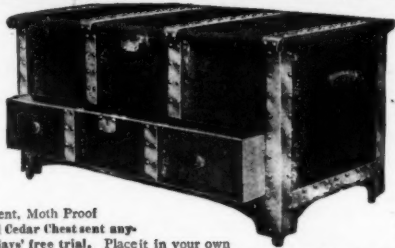
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Moth-Proof Cedar Chest

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sirable piece of furniture it is. Moth, mouse, dust and damp proof. Makes
valuable Bridal gift. Direct from factory to you at factory prices. Freight
prepaid. **BEAUTIFUL BOOK FREE!** Send for big 56 page illustrated free
book showing all styles and prices and particulars of free offer.
PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 12, Statesville, N. C.

The Need for New Graft Styles

To assert that this country has reached
the limit of its resources in matters of
graft would be the extreme of pes-
simism. It is but the bare truth, how-
ever, to say that new styles of graft are
not being invented fast enough to sus-
tain the reputation we have established.

When Barnum said people liked to be
humbugged, he did not mean they liked

—away with suspenders and belts



Learn
"HIP-FIT"
Comfort

Adopt the only practical and hygi-
enic way of holding your trousers up.

Suspenders are uncomfortable—ungainly—they
drag—they make men stoop—they make them
round shouldered—they tear off buttons.
Belts are stiff—binding and unhealthy.

Wear Stanford "Hip-Fit"

The "Invisible" trousers supporter entirely
eliminates suspenders and belts—gives perfect
comfort—perfect neatness—perfect bodily free-
dom at all times, under all circumstances. Can't
slip. Can't bind. Can't work out of adjustment.
Takes all weight and pressure off the shoulders. Has elastic over hips
and back—yields to every movement—pressure gentle and evenly
distributed; acts as an abdominal support.

Sanitary—Cool—Serviceable

Thousands in use, all giving perfect satisfaction—no boy or man will
wear suspenders or belts after wearing a "Hip-Fit." If your tailor or
dealer cannot supply you, send waist measure taken
snugly above hips under trousers, accompanied by
money order for \$1, and we will promptly fill your order.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded



For men with large protruding abdo-
men requiring more than ordinary sup-
port, we make a combination trouser
and stomach supporter. Price, \$1.50.

HIP-FIT MFG. CO.
59 A GRAND ST., NEW YORK

Tailors, Dealers, and Side Line
Salesmen are invited to write us.

Schlitz

BROWN BOTTLE

Our
Agencies
Dot the
Earth

IS NOW Standard the World Over

For sixty years we have used the best materials and
inventions to make Schlitz pure and keep it pure.

We go to Bohemia for hops.

We go 1,400 feet down to rock for pure water.

Our yeast, from which we propagate the mother cell,
has been carefully guarded for sixty years.

There is no purer beer brewed. We keep it pure, too,
from the brewery to your glass, by using the Brown
Bottle. Light starts decay, even in pure beer.



19-M

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

Schlitz

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.

to be humbugged over and over in the
same way. Graft is like lightning in its
aversion to leaving cards twice at the
same residence. Organized society con-
siders new graft just as important as
new clothes. If a man wears old clothes
we throw him into jail instanter as a
"vag" or "on suspicion." If a man
tries an old graft, we stop his mail with-
out even the apology of a due process
of law.

We do not object when men get rich
quick, but they must find new ways—
ways that haven't lost their picturesque-
ness. The ways that made our present
race of magnates are out of date and
must soon take their place with buc-
canering and other relics of the past.
These magnates we are willing to retain
and support as discoverers, just as we
grant patents or honor the memory of
Columbus, but belated imitators must be-
ware.

So it is. All of the recent honorable
forms of grafting are losing their zest.
Trust extortions, overcapitalization,
short weights, adulterations, land steals,
franchise grabbing, protective tariffs and
so on are becoming trite, and, therefore,
unbearable. We have become so tired
of them that stringent laws have been
and more will be passed. Nor is it an
answer to say that many of these laws
do not work. They will work or we'll
know the reason why.

Barnum's dictum is as good to-day as
ever. We still want to be humbugged,
but in new ways. That's the reason we
never pass laws against new grafts.
Only when they get old, after the re-
formers, those pestilential pioneers,
have worried us to death, after the
muck-rakers and the magazines have en-
riched themselves as by-products, after

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires



The name "Kelly-Springfield" on an automobile tire stands for the same quality of rubber compound, the same tire-making experience, and the same care in manufacture, that have, for sixteen years, made the Kelly-Springfield solid vehicle tire the best of its kind.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.
20 Vesey Street, New York

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

an aristocracy has been thoroughly established upon the new graft basis, after numerous political battles have been fought, then, and then only, has a graft outlived its usefulness, and we are willing to affix the seal of disapproval.

In the meantime, for the right person or persons who will introduce new and appropriate graft styles, this country now has in reserve honor, fame, esteem and respectability as ennobling as any the world has ever known.

A True Diplomat

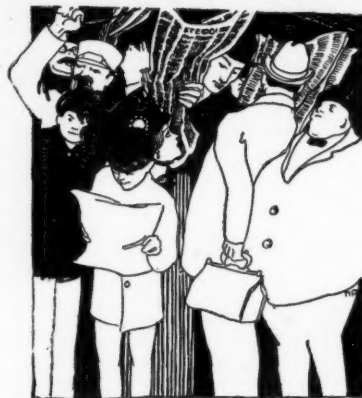
The Mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and, after a moment's reflection he wrote among the items of personal description: "Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing."—*Argonaut.*



Look—a Waterproof Silk Summer Hat

"The Harvard."—Something distinctly new—takes you away from the conventional straw. Light, stylish, serviceable. Of waterproof silk. In three colors: shepherd plaid; dark gray; light gray striped. You can buy "the Harvard" only of us. Stores will sell it NEXT YEAR at \$3 and more. We offer it PREPAID THIS SUMMER at \$2. Money back if you don't like it. Order now—simply state size and color and enclose \$2.
Write for 1912 Spring and Summer Style Book of Hats and Caps—FREE.

FRENCH CO., 36 S. 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



IN THE SUBWAY

Young Woman: SIR! YOU ARE STEPPING ON MY FOOT.

"EXCUSE ME, MADAM, WILL YOU TELL ME WHICH IS YOURS?"

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They tell of summer places and pleasures that you will find irresistible. They show you how to find in

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the kind of vacation you will like best of all.

They give you all the facts you want to know—the special attractions of each place, with lists and rates of hotels and boarding houses.

Write for them to-day, stating whether you prefer sea-shore, mountains, lakes or woods. Address

Vacation Bureau
THE NEW ENGLAND LINES
Room 755, South Station, Boston, Mass.

Hackmatack Inn



Chester, Nova Scotia

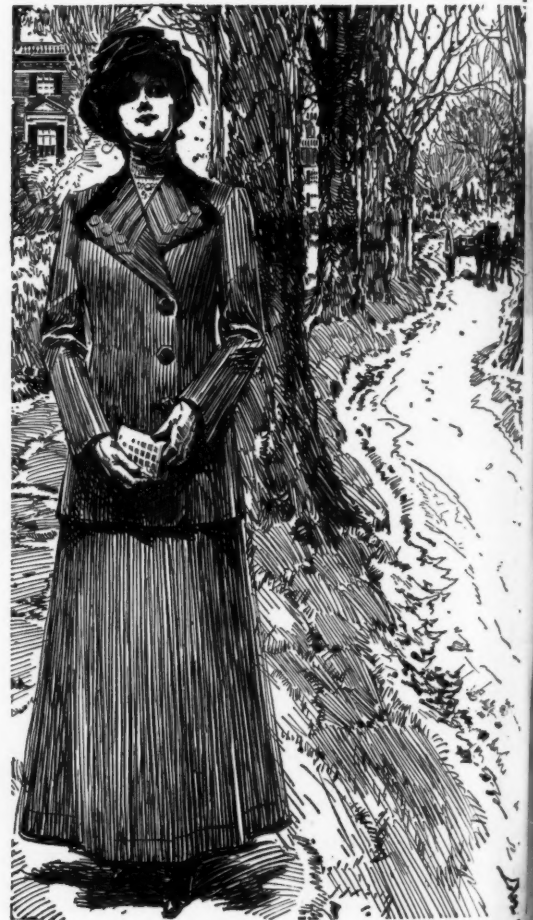
10th SEASON

Service and accommodations such as one enjoys among gentilefolk. Opens June 15th.
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A New Novel by the Author of THE INNER SHRINE

THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT

GOING direct to the heart of this remarkable story, we find a girl of fine instincts—beautiful and loyal as well—placed by her lackadaisical father's misdeeds in a position toward two men—both of whom love her—which makes her life a question-mark staring her in the face. One man is English, one American, and they fight it out to the inevitable end—however, the girl also has something to say about it. What that end is—and how it is reached—makes **THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT** the most brilliant novel of this author. Not since "The Inner Shrine" burst on the horizon of the American reading public has there been a novel of the peculiar quality of **THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT**.



Eight Illustrations by Orson Lowell. Post 800, Cloth, \$1.35 net

HARPER & BROTHERS

The Sultan's Lesson

An aged Sultan placed before his throne
one day
Three urns: one golden was, one am-
ber, and one clay.
When with his royal seal the slaves had
sealed each urn,
He ordered his three sons to take their
choice in turn.

Upon the golden vase the word Empire
was writ;
The haughty-word resplendent groups
of jewels stud.
The eldest grasped the golden urn, and
opened it,—
But shrank in horror back to find it
filled with blood!

The word Glory upon the amber vase
shone bright;
The luring word fresh wreaths of
laurels cluster o'er.
The second chose the amber urn,—pa-
thetic sight!
'Twas filled with dust of men once
famed, now known no more.

No word inscribed upon its front the
clay vase bore,
And yet for this the youngest prince
his choice had saved.
He opened the urn of clay his father's
feet before,—
And lo! 'twas empty, but God's name
was there engraved.

Notice how the *diagonal* stroke idea is creeping into safety razor advertising?



You tilt the blade like this



You shave as you've always shaved, like this

But it isn't creeping into the razors—that's the trouble. No use telling men they can acquire this stroke. It's like asking them to learn the barber's trade.

But the diagonal stroke is the thing; all razor makers admit it. It is not a matter of preference, it is the only way to get a real shave.

And the way to get this stroke is to use the razor that gives it—the Young

Any-Angle Razor

Note the pictures—a touch tilts the blade and there is your slanting stroke!

Nothing to learn, nothing to do but shave as you've always shaved!

Your money back without a word if dissatis-

fied after a thirty day trial.

All dealers are authorized to refund your money if you use the Any-Angle Razor 30 days and do not like it. If your dealer cannot supply you, send the price of the razor to us with same return privilege. The price of the Any-Angle Razor and 12 keen blades, in rich, genuine leather case is **\$3.00**

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By William Hanna Thomson, M.D., LL.D.
Author of "Brain and Personality"

The Independent, New York:
"Life, Death and Immortality, is a book which supplies much food for thought. Dr. Thomson's conclusions will be found a support to Christians' faith in immortality."

Examiner, Chicago:
"It is especially interesting in that the author, a scientist and physician, points in his conclusions emphatically to the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Readers will appreciate the vigor in handling a discussion of perennial interest."

Herald, Boston:
"His argument for immortality rests upon the nature of personality. He maintains that the origin of life has never yet been discovered and that, from a scientist point of view, everything points to immortality."

Philadelphia Telegraph:
"The statement of the case for immortality on scientific grounds is clearly stated, ingeniously argued and urged with entire reasonableness as not only possible but most probable."

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"Deep thinkers will enjoy this book and find in it ideas that make them think still more."

12mo cloth, \$1.00 net; by mail, \$1.10.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
Dept. 467 NEW YORK

The Sultan to the wondering throng of courtiers turned,

And asked them which of all those vases weighed the most?

Far different thoughts within their various bosoms burned;—

Into a threefold party broke the courtier host.

The warriors said, "The golden vase, symbol of power."

The poets said, "The amber vase, emblem of fame."

The sages said, "The clayey vase, God's name its dower;

The globe is lighter than one letter of that name."

Then said the Sultan to his sons: "Remember well

The meaning of this scene, the lesson of this day.

When your lives' dust is balanced over heaven and hell,

Ah! think, will its renown the name of God outweigh?"

—Poetry of the Orient, by W. R. Alger.
Copyright by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

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Keeps Cold 72 Hours



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Thermos keeps liquids ice cold for 3 days or steaming hot for 24 hours.

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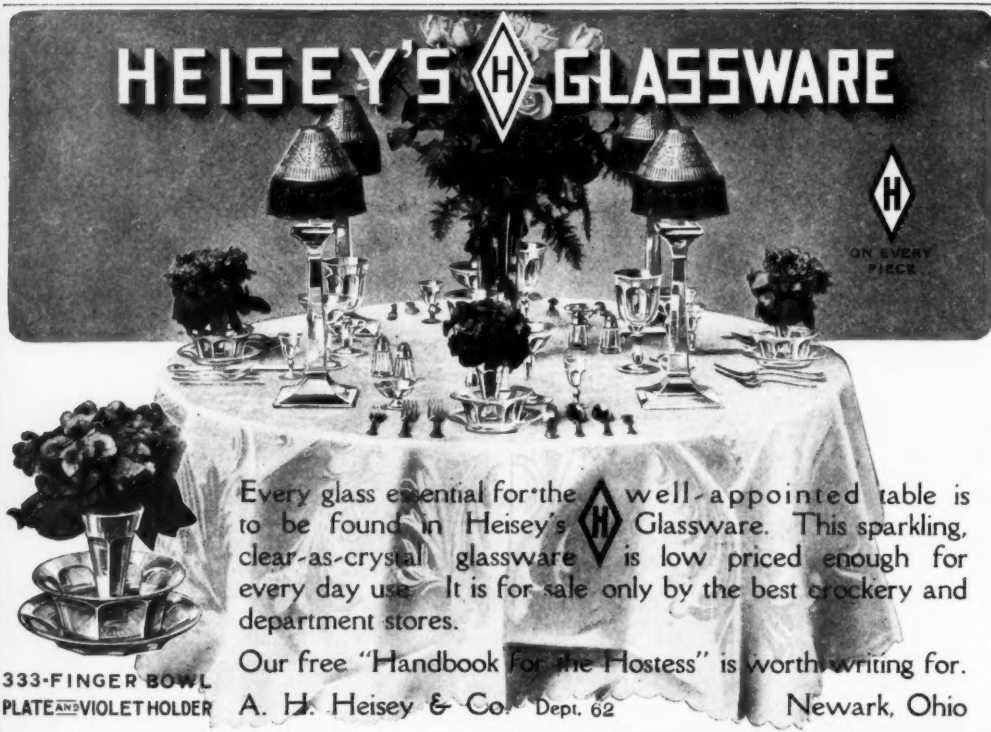
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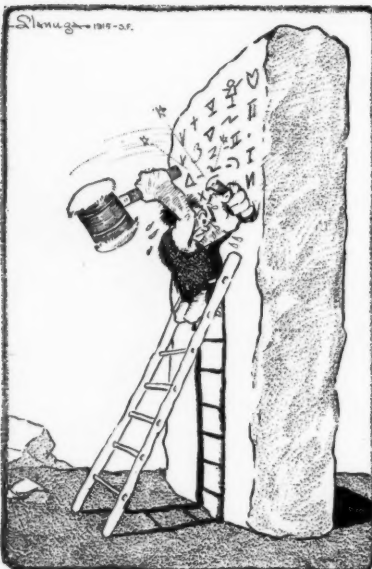
Interviewing Edison

Thomas A. Edison was explaining to a reporter the part played by M. Branly, the new French academician, in the discovery of wireless telegraphy.

The poor reporter, a little bewildered by all the transmitters, volts, ohms and so forth, ventured on a question that made Mr. Edison smile.

"That question," he said, "reminds me of the city father who rose and said: "Mr. Chairman, I'd like to know, for my constituents' benefit, whether this here proposed hydraulic pump is to be run by steam or electricity."

—Ideal Power.



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Why Not Tax These?

A tax on all schemers, which, from the inventive genius of idleness, would produce annually at least \$900,000.

A tax on all attorneys who were not able to prove that, in the course of a year's practise, one-eighth of their income was got honestly, which, from my knowledge of the fact, would produce half a million.

A tax on all liars, which, on an average of only one in a hundred being a man of truth, would produce a sum not less than sufficient to pay the national debt in two years.

A tax on every person that went to an Italian opera, who did not understand the language; on every person who attended a concert, without a knowledge of music, and on all persons sleeping at church, might produce in one year \$500,000.

A tax upon all gentlemen who boasted of female favors that they never received. This, on an average, might be computed a tax on 9,999 men out of ten thousand, who had attained the age of twenty-one years, and would produce, at a moderate interest *per caput* an annual revenue of \$800,000.

A tax on all slander and backbiting; one methodist to be considered as four churchmen, would produce, at a penny per head, ninety-nine persons out of every hundred in the kingdom as subject to the duty.

A tax on all young gentlemen who had got an university education and made the grand tour, but who could not construe an ode of Horace or tell in what part of the world the Alps lay. This, on computation, might produce \$20,000 yearly.

A tax on mock visits, pretended ailments of body, fictitious headaches, and other incidental nonentities in women of fashion, might render six in ten throughout the higher and second orders of the female world liable to duty.

Making It Right

LADY (at fashionable ball): Do you know that ugly gentleman sitting opposite to us?

PARTNER: That is my brother, madam."

LADY (in confusion): Ah! I beg your pardon. I had not noticed the resemblance.—Dundee Advertiser.

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The "Different" Cigarette

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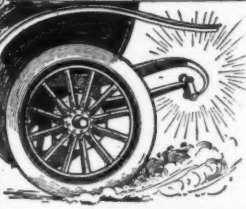
I am willing to retire before my betters—but as yet I have not found them.

—MILO.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York

The Abbé Was Safe

The study of grammar was the great passion of a certain Abbé Dangeau. One day somebody was talking to him of the apprehensions entertained that some great revolution was about to take place in public affairs. "That may be," said the Abbé, "but whatever happens, I am extremely rejoiced that I have in my portfolio at least thirty-six conjugations perfectly completed."



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Dixon's Motor Graphite is an ideal lubricant, for it produces on bearing surfaces a tough, veneer-like coating of marvelous smoothness which prevents metallic contact—reduces friction—and does away with hot bearings.

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Mix it with your own choice of lubricants or we will do it for you, as we manufacture a full line of greases containing Dixon's Motor Graphite.

Ask your dealer for Dixon's Graphite Lubricant No. 677—a highest quality mineral grease scientifically combined with Dixon's Motor Graphite. Fine for differentials and transmissions. More economical than plain oil or grease.

Send name and model of car for free book, "Lubricating the Motor."

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO. 
Jersey City Estab. in 1827 New Jersey

Avarice and Generosity

"I never blame a man fr bein' avaricious in his ol' age. Whin a fellow gits so he has nawthin' else to injye, whin ivrybody calls him 'sir' or 'mister,' an' young people dodge him an' he sleeps afther dinner, an' folks say he's an ol' fool if he wears a buttonhole bokay, an' his teeth is only tinants at will an' not permanent fixtures, 'tis no more thin nach'ral that he shud begin to look around fr a way iv keepin' a grip on human s'ciety. It don't take him long to see that the on'y thing that's vin'rable in age is money, an' he proceeds to acquire anything that happens to be in sight, takin' it where he can find it, not where he wants it, which is th' way to accumylate a fortune.

"Money won't prolong life, but a few millyons judiciously placed in good banks an' occas'nally worn on the person will rayjooce age. Poor ol' men are always older thin poor rich men. In th' alms-house a man is decrepit an' mournful looking at sixty, but a millyonaire at sixty is jus' in th' prime iv life to a friendly eye, an' there are no others.

"It's aisier to th' ol' to grow rich thin it is to th' young. At making money a man iv sixty is miles ahead iv a la-ad iv twenty-five. Pollytics and bankin' is th' on'y two games where age has the best iv it. Youth has bether things to attind to, an' more iv thim. I don't blame a man fr bein' stingy anny more thin I blame him fr havin' a bad leg. Ye know th' doctors say that if ye don't use wan iv ye'er limbs fr a year or so ye can niver use it again. So it is with gin'rosity. A man starts arly in life not bein' gin'rous. He says to himself, 'I wurruckd fr this thing an' if I give it away I lose it.' He ties up his gin'rosity in bandages so that th' blood can't circylate in it. It gets to be a superstition with him that he'll have bad luck if he iver does annything fr annybody. An' so he rakes in an' puts his private mark with his teeth on all th' movable money in th' wurruld. But th' day comes whin he sees people around him gettin' a good dale iv injyemint out iv gin'rosity, an' somewan says: 'Why don't ye, too, be gin'rous? Come, ol' green goods, unbelt, loosen up, be gin'rous.' 'Gin'rous?' says he. 'What's that?' 'It's th' best spoort in th' wurruld. It's givin' things to people.' 'But I can't,' he says. 'I haven't annything to do it with,' he says. 'I don't know th' game. I haven't anny gin'rosity,' he says. 'But ye have,' says they. 'Ye have as much gin'rosity as anny wan if ye'll only use it,' says they. 'Take it out iv th' plaster cast ye put it in an' 'twill look as good as new,' says they. An' he does it. He tries to use his gin'rosity, but all th' life is out iv it. It gives way undher him an' he falls down. He can't raise it fr'm th' ground. It's ossified an' useless. I've seen



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"So if ye'd stay gin'rous to th' end, niver lave ye'er gin'rosity idle too long. Don't run it ivry hour at th' top ov its speed, but fr'm day to day give it a little gintle exercise to keep it supple an' hearty an' in due time ye may injye it."

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Books Received

Unquenched Fire, by Alice Gerstenberg. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.)

Georgette, by Marion Hill. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil, by Jane Addams. (The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.)

The Bachelor Dinner, by Olive M. Briggs. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

Skip-bored, by Julian Street. (John Lane Co. 50 cents.)

Paris a la Carte, by Julian Street. (John Lane Co., 50 cents.)

Over the Pass, by Frederick Palmer. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.)

Kant and Spencer, by Borden Parker Bowne. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$3.00.)

Toby, a novel of Kentucky. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

The Under Trail, by Anna Alice Trail. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

Blinds Down, by Horace Annesley Vachell. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.20.)

The Bantam, by Brewer Corcoran. (Harper & Bros. \$1.00.)

A Captain Unafraid, by Horace Smith. (Harper & Bros. \$1.25.)

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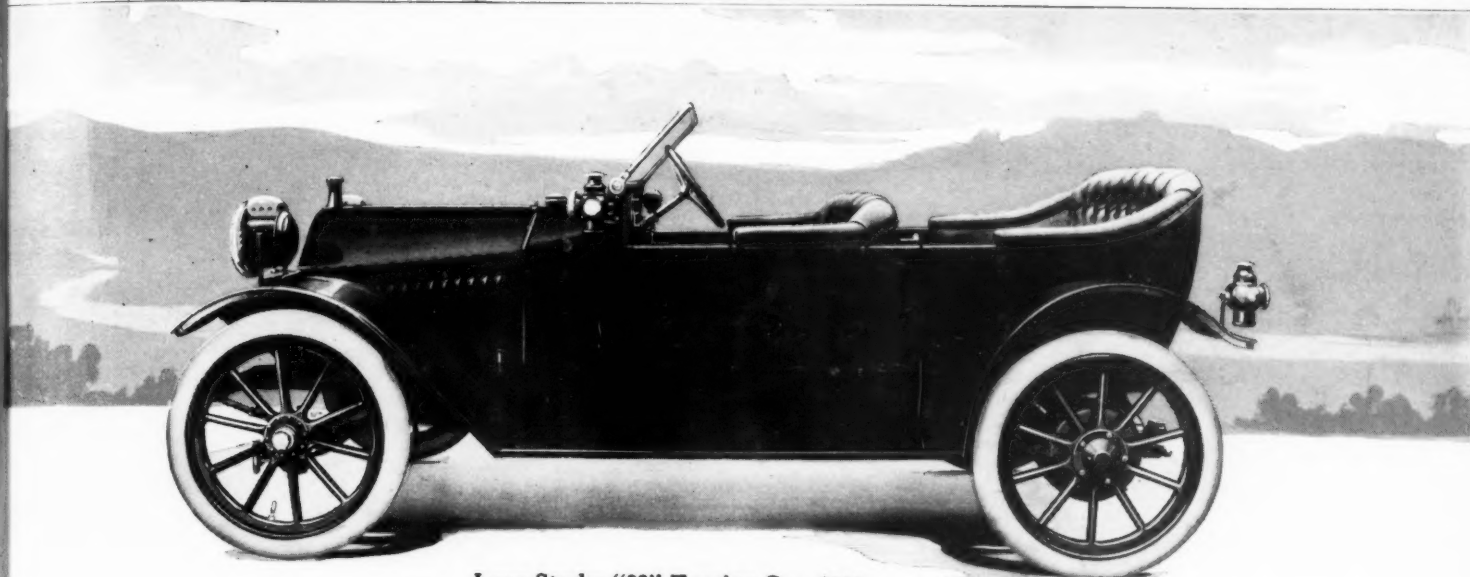
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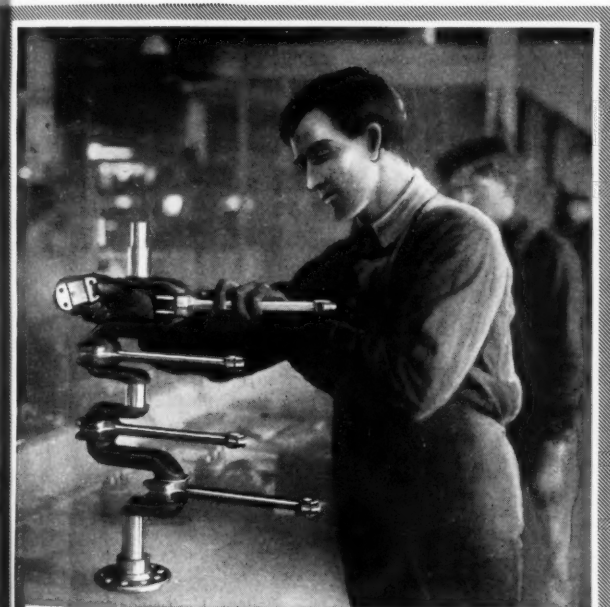
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Here is shown the assembly of crankshaft and connecting rods; and the careful adjustment of the connecting rod bearings.

Please note the center main bearing and the extra-generous length of the two end bearings. A third crankshaft bearing is unusual in a motor cast en bloc, except in cars of \$2500 or higher.

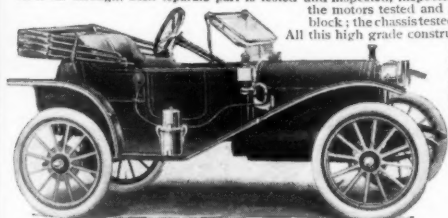
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