

BEACH
NUMBER

Life

PRICE 10 CENTS
Vol. 62, No. 1552 July 25, 1912
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It's "The Courting Confection"

Give It By The Box



Make her bright smile brighter. Give her this continuous *enjoyment* that's a continuous *aid* to teeth—breath—appetite—digestion.

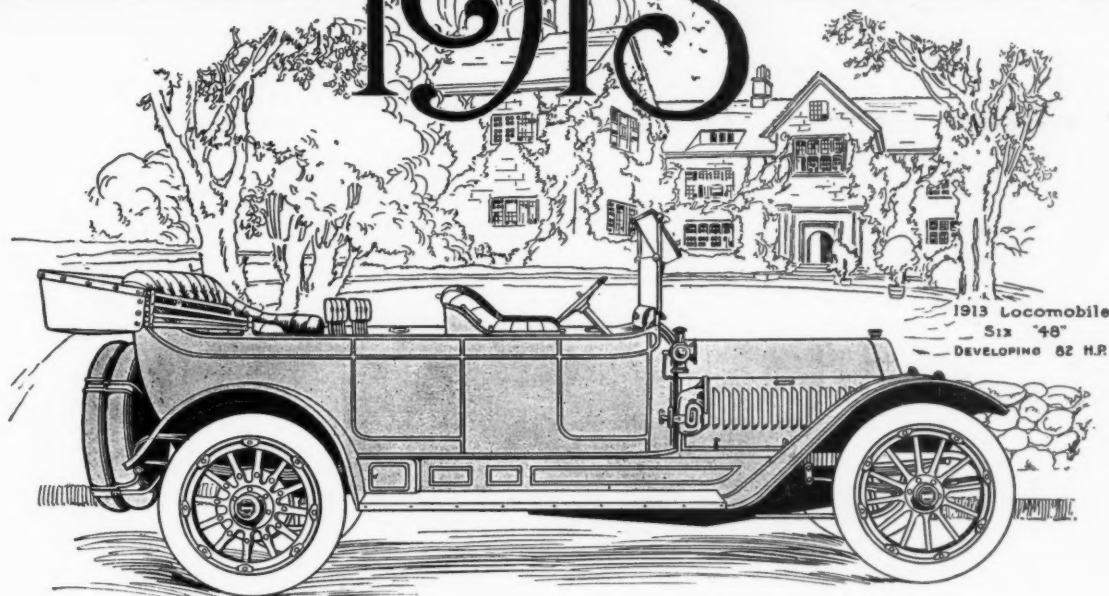
Look for the spear!

"The goody that's good for her" costs *little* by the package, but *less* by the box of *twenty* packages. Ask your dealer.

The flavor lasts!

· LIFE ·

1913



Locomobile

THE Locomobile Company, having long since attained a material lead in fundamentals, has been able to devote unlimited attention to new details and new features. As a result, the 1913 models offer more luxury and more comfort than can be found elsewhere.

For 1913 the Locomobile will be built in three sizes: the long stroke Six "48," developing 82 horse-power; the Little Six, developing over 60 horse-power, and the "30" four cylinder, developing 41 horse-power.

The Six "48" will be equipped with touring, torpedo, roadster, limousine and landaulet bodies \$5,000 to \$6,100.

The Little Six will include all the above with the addition of berlines \$4,300 to \$5,550.

The "30" four cylinder will be in touring, torpedo and roadster models \$3,600.

In addition to new body designs which express unique ideas as well as the latest features of American and European practice, these cars include every feature contributive to the comfort and convenience of the passengers or the driver.

The long, sweeping straight line bodies are united to the bonnet by a well-shaped curved dash. The body surfaces are unmarred and unbroken by hinges

or handles. Long wheel base, perfect spring suspension, absolute balance and ten-inch upholstery assure the maximum of comfort.

Ventilated glass fronts, integral with the curved dash, dynamos supplying all lights, air compressors for inflating the tires, Disco Starter for starting the motor, all are contributory factors for convenience. The equipment includes quick detachable, demountable rims.

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Everything Comes to Him Who Waits
including

The Newport of Life Number of Life

which is out next week. Being devoted to the Smart Set, it is naturally a highly intelligent number, containing real words of two syllables and pictures which can be readily understood by a two-year-old infant.

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Is after all just like Life of a larger growth. It's simply a question as to whether you can get away with it. Send for a copy of the MINIATURE LIFE—free for a two cent stamp.

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Judges Are In Favor Of This Re-Call

Those who have once known the
supreme excellence of this famous
brand invariably demand it afterwards.

Carstairs Rye



owes its immense popu-
larity to the legion of users
—all over the land—who
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who pass the word to ac-
quaintances.

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ite never betrays a trust—
uniform in blend, purity
and flavor.

Aged in wood—rich and
mellow.

If your dealer should not
happen to have it we'll send
it to you through him at usual
prices. Write.

Stewart Distilling Co.
Phila. New York Balto.

The Numbered Label
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"Medical Sectarianism"

Senator Works of California makes a
strong fight against the Owen bill, which
aims at the establishment of a National
Department of Health, to be recognized
as a Cabinet branch of the Federal Ad-
ministration, and on the ground, chiefly,
that such action would tend to commit
the Government to a policy of medical
sectarianism which, as it developed,
would become intolerable.

—Portland (Ore.) Telegram.

FOR AUTOMOBILES

Do you ever blame yourself
for big repair bills? You
ought to, unless you've
taken care to buy good oil.



Is the highest quality that can
be produced. Insist on getting
it. Look for the checkerboard
mark both on cans and barrels.
Sold by quality dealers every-
where.

Our booklet, "Motor Lubrication"
contains valuable information
on the care of your engine. Sent
in return for your dealer's name.

George A. Haws, 89 Pine St., New York City
Dealers: Write for "Help Sell" plan.

FOR MOTOR BOATS

Rhymed Reviews

Fran

(By John Breckenridge Ellis. The
Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

When Preacher Gregory was young
He wed a pretty fellow-student;
But,—faithless heart and lying tongue!—
When that hushed marriage seemed
imprudent,

He ran away, the horrid man,
And bigamously wed another;
Nor knew that little daughter Fran
Was born to cheer her cast-off mother.

When Fran was seventeen or more,
A dashing lady lion-tamer,
She sought her erring father's door
And found him disinclined to claim
her.

A pious, alms-bestowing life
He led, and wished the Past to bury
Because, besides a Patient Wife,
He owned a Siren Secretary.

But Fran threw hints that she could spin
A tale to set the gossips clacking,
Which made her father take her in
And send the Secretary packing.

That wicked Secretary said
To Gregory, "My dear, I'm hoping
That since, in law, you're hardly wed,
You've no objections to eloping?"

"Why, no," he answered; "change your
gown;
We'll fly and start another Zion!"
But Fran's old circus came to town
And so they paused to see the lion.

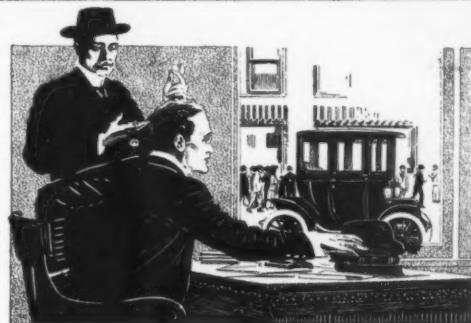
And there stood Fran within the cage
As brave as Joan, and so much sweeter
That while she tried to quell his rage
The Desert Monarch tried to eat her.

Whereat the Secretary mocked:
"Go on, you Lion! Do your duty!"
But Fran's papa was grieved and
shocked;
He thrust away the siren beauty.

He saw his daring girl subdue
That cruel beast, intent on slaughter,
"My child," he cried, "I'm proud of
you!
My lovely, lion-taming daughter!"

And so the Siren's hopes are dead,
And Fran has won a young Professor,
While Gregory is left to tread
The path that lures the gay trans-
gressor.

Arthur Guiterman.



"We'll go right over to the bank in my Electric"

HAVE you noticed
that more men are driving
Electrics each day? Men of big
affairs are coming to appreciate *more*
and *more* the Electric's wide sphere
of usefulness in daily business life
—the economy and dependability of
this ideal town car.

The Electric is fast
becoming the man's *personal*
car because of its simplicity of opera-
tion and freedom from mechanical
difficulties. Always ready—no cranking—no
shifting of gears—and as much speed as any
business man desires.

The Electric is the Car of Double Service

In any sort of
weather, the Electric will take
you anywhere. It is not only
the efficient business car but a dis-
tinctive, luxurious social car as well.
Your wife or daughter—even a child
—can run it. Its purchase price is
reasonable and maintenance is re-
duced to a minimum. The cost of operation
is *less* than that of any other type of motor
car—and it is steadily *decreasing*.



Interesting literature about the
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Write today.

Before you buy any car—
consider the Electric

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are all notab'le for the use of better quality rubber and the finest fabric that money can buy. But in

LEE Puncture-Proof Pneumatic Tires

is the added advantage of freedom from punctures which makes possible an average of

6056 miles per tire without change of air

on 54 tires, reported by one user.

Our unique start-disc-in-rubber-cushion construction makes these tires puncture-proof, without loss of resiliency, and adds largely to the mileage. Booklet M—explaining why—sent on request. Or call at

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"Turn Miles into Smiles"

Books Received

Bed Time Stories, by Howard R. Garis. (R. F. Fenno & Co. 75 cents.)

Both Sides of the Shield, by Major Archibald W. Butt. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa. \$1.00.)

Poems of the West, by S. Gertsman. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

Madawaska, by Thos. G. Devine. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

Farmer's Note Book, by C. E. D. Phelps. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.50.)

Baby Grand, by John Luther Long. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

Raid of the Guerilla, by Chas. Egbert Craddock. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa. \$1.25.)

Mrs. Spring Fragrance, by Sui Sin Far. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill. \$1.40.)

The Blue Wall, by Richard Washburn Child. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.)

Unofficial Secretary, by Mary Ridpath Mann. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.)

Day of the Saxon, by Homer Lea. (Harper & Bros. \$1.80.)

The Penitent, by René Bazin. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa.)

History of the Supreme Court, by Gustavus Myers. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

National Ideals and Race Regeneration, by Rev. R. F. Horton. (Moffat, Yard & Co. 50 cents.)

Womanhood and Race Regeneration, by Mary Scharlieb. (Moffat, Yard & Co. 50 cents.)

Problems of Sex, by Prof. J. A. Thomson and Prof. Patrick Geddes. (Moffat, Yard & Co. 50 cents.)

Harriet Hosmer, by Cornelia Carr. (Moffat, Yard & Co. \$3.00.)

Mene Tekel, by Augusta Groner. (Duffield & Co. \$1.20.)

Danger. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

The Strenuous Life Spiritual, by A. Van der Naillen. (R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.00.)

Replanning Small Cities, by John Nolen. (B. W. Huebsch. \$2.50.)

Piers Plotman, by Wm. Langland. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Life of Mazzini, by Bolton King, M.A. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Arthurian Tales and Chronicles, by Wace and Layamon. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Invisible Playmate, by Wm. Canton. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Hopson on Auction, by Francis Johnston Hopson. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00.)

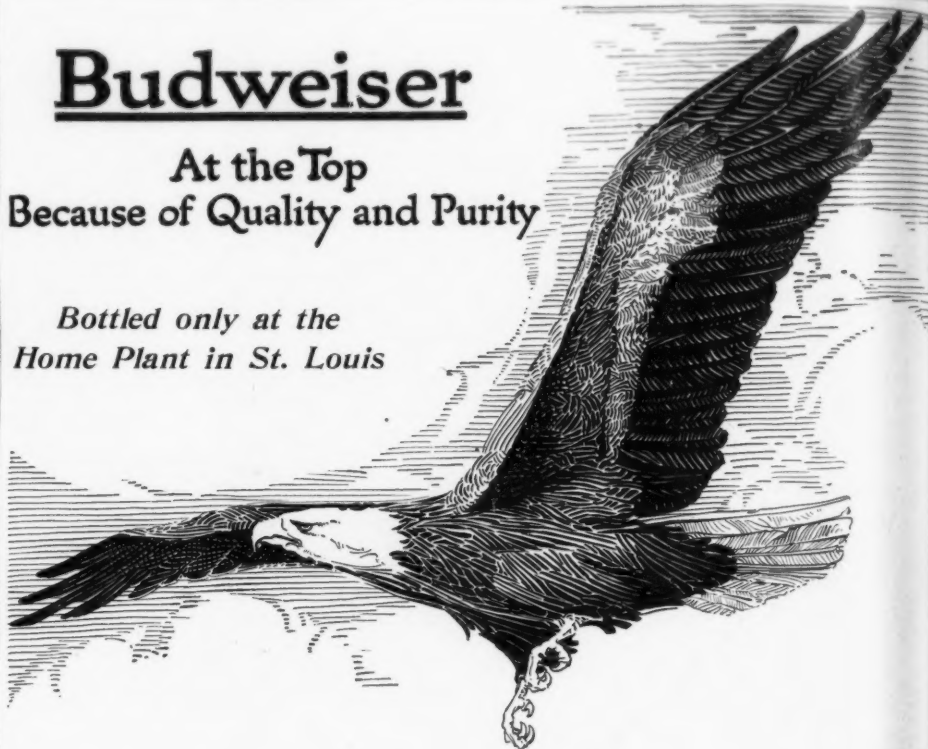
Medical Education in Europe, by Abraham Flexner. (Pub. by the author, 578 Fifth Ave.)

The Strangling of Persia, by W. Morgan Shuster. (Century Co. \$2.50.)

Budweiser

At the Top
Because of Quality and Purity

Bottled only at the
Home Plant in St. Louis



The Anheuser-Busch Brewery

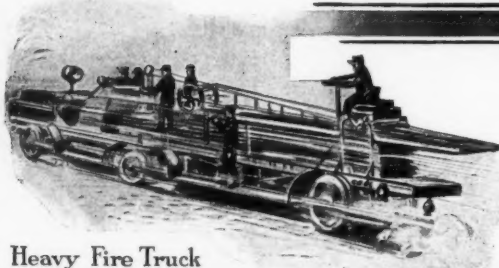
Covers an area of 140 acres of ground, equal to 70 city blocks, upon which are located 110 individual buildings.

CAPACITY		TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES	
Brewing Capacity	- 2,500,000 barrels per year	Refrigerator freight cars	- 1,500
Malting Capacity	- 2,000,000 bushels per year	Horses at home plant	- 140
Bottling Works	- 1,000,000 bottles daily	Wagons at home plant	- 100
Grain Storage Elevators	1,750,000 bushels	Auto Trucks at home plant	- 100
Stockhouses (for lagering)	600,000 barrels	Horses at Branches	- 400
Steam Power Plant	- 12,000 horse power	Wagons at Branches	- 400
Electric Power Plant	- 4,000 horse power	Auto Trucks at Branches	- 100
Refrigerator Plant	- 4,000 tons per day		
Ice Plants	- 1,200 tons per day		
Coal used	- 325 tons per day		
FREIGHT		EMPLOYES	
Inbound and outbound	- 20,000 cars per year	At St. Louis Plant	6,000 people
		At 36 Branches	1,500 people

Total Sales, 1911—1,527,832 Barrels
Budweiser Bottled Beer Sales, 1911—173,184,600 Bottles

Meets All Demands
That Any Motor
Can Put Upon It

TEXACO MOTOR OIL



Heavy Fire Truck



Heavy Pleasure Car



Light Pleasure Car

Greater Mileage, Less Consump- tion, No Carbon —Proven by Test

Texaco Motor Oil has been put to many severe and interesting tests.

The results are important to every car owner. They are proofs of quality—of service rendered.

A brief summary of three of these tests tells the story. They include use in a very heavy truck, in a heavy pleasure car and in a light pleasure car. Note the increase in power, decrease in consumption, absence of carbon, and cleanness of spark plugs.

Tests in Hook and Ladder Fire Truck at Factory

Three oils used in this test. Competitors' oils indicated by letters "A" and "B." Conditions under which oils were tested exactly the same except that at the beginning of third test, that of Texaco Motor Oil, motor was badly overheated due to the two tests that had preceded. Motor cooled during the test of Texaco Motor Oil. About ten minutes intervened between first and second and second and third tests. For the purpose of the test a long, very steep hill was used. Truck was sent at it from a standing start.

Oil used	"A"	"B"	Texaco
Distance run	3/4 way uphill. Motor stalled. Truck backed down under brakes.	3/4 way uphill. Motor stalled. Truck backed down under brakes.	To top of hill. Truck turned and descended with motor running.
Condition of motor beginning of test	Perfect	Overheated	Badly Overheated.
Condition of motor end of test	Overheated	Badly Overheated	Good
Saving in Oil consumption	None	None	25%

Tests in "Cadillac" and "Winton Six"

Oil used	In "Cadillac"		In "Winton"
	Texaco	Competitor	Texaco
Duration of use	Two years	One year	One year
Distance traveled, miles	5,000	20,000	20,000
Condition of motor, beginning	Perfect	Perfect	Perfect
Condition of motor, end	Perfect	Perfect	Perfect
Repairs of motor	None	None	None
Carbon deposit	None	None	None
Cleaning of spark plugs	None	None	None

Texaco Motor Oil is sold in one and five gallon cans at most garages and supply shops. Look for the can with the inner seal and long, detachable spout. Colors—green with red star.

We have prepared a booklet, "About Motor Lubrication." We want every owner of a motor car to read it. Your copy is waiting for you. Address Dept. E, 2 West St., N. Y. City.

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Ignorant on Machinery

"The late Henry C. Lea," said a Philadelphia litterateur, "wrote the best history of the Spanish Inquisition that has ever appeared. Mr. Lea was venerated as an historian all over the world, but in his native city few had even so much as heard his name.

"A prophet without honor, you know—and Mr. Lea used to tell an anecdote on this head.

"It seems that he was dining one evening in Rittenhouse Square, and his

host's little daughter, who had come in, after the English fashion, with the desert, said to her father:

"Papa, what is an auto-da-fe?"

"The father, ignoring the world's greatest authority on this subject, made answer:

"You'd better ask your Uncle Harry, dear. He knows more about these French machines than I do."

—Youth's Companion.

A Word to Wellesley

A movement is on foot to suppress slang among the students of Wellesley College.—News Item.

O Wellesley girls! O Wellesley girls! How shocking is the news That "undressed English," known as slang, You daily, hourly use.

'T is said you speak of "infant child," Refer to cash as "kale," And talk of "dewdabs" when you mean The kisses of the male.

You shorten costume to a "rig," A stunning hat's a "dream"; The mulligrubs you call the "dumps," A funny spiel a "scream."

A "caleb" one whom you admire, One whom you don't a "gawk." "Fudge, piffle!" say when you mean Bosh! What way is that to talk?

'T is said you say "Believe me!" too, With accent on the "lieve," And call a "pill" or "peanut" one 'Gainst whom you have a peeve.

O ladies, fie! That line of stuff Is rank, beyond a doubt. Take it from me, it's rotten form— Say, ladies, cut it out!
—Boston Transcript.

CHIMMIE: Hey, Maggie, hold dis bag o' peanuts fer me fer a minute—here comes a poor relation o' mine!

HELP FOR AUTOS

Be ready for any emergency. Baseline Autowline is 30 ft. of 5-16 flexible steel rope. It weighs only 6 pounds but can tow 4,000-lb. car up a 20% grade.

BASLINE AUTOWLINE

Coils Up Flat Under the Cushion

—till you need it. And then you do need it. Don't crowd and soil your car with bulky rope. Buy clean, compact Autowline for \$3.75 at your favorite auto supply store. Autowline pulled the president's car out of a creek on the last Glidden Tour.



FREE The Autowline circular tells the story in pictures. Write now. Sent free.

Broderick & Bascom
Rope Co.

809 North Second Street
ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Little Steel Rope
that Pulls the Big Pull

Wesley
to suppress
of Wellesley

Wesley girls!
known as

child,"
you mean

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DOUTS, MO.

Steel Rope
Big Pull

LIFE

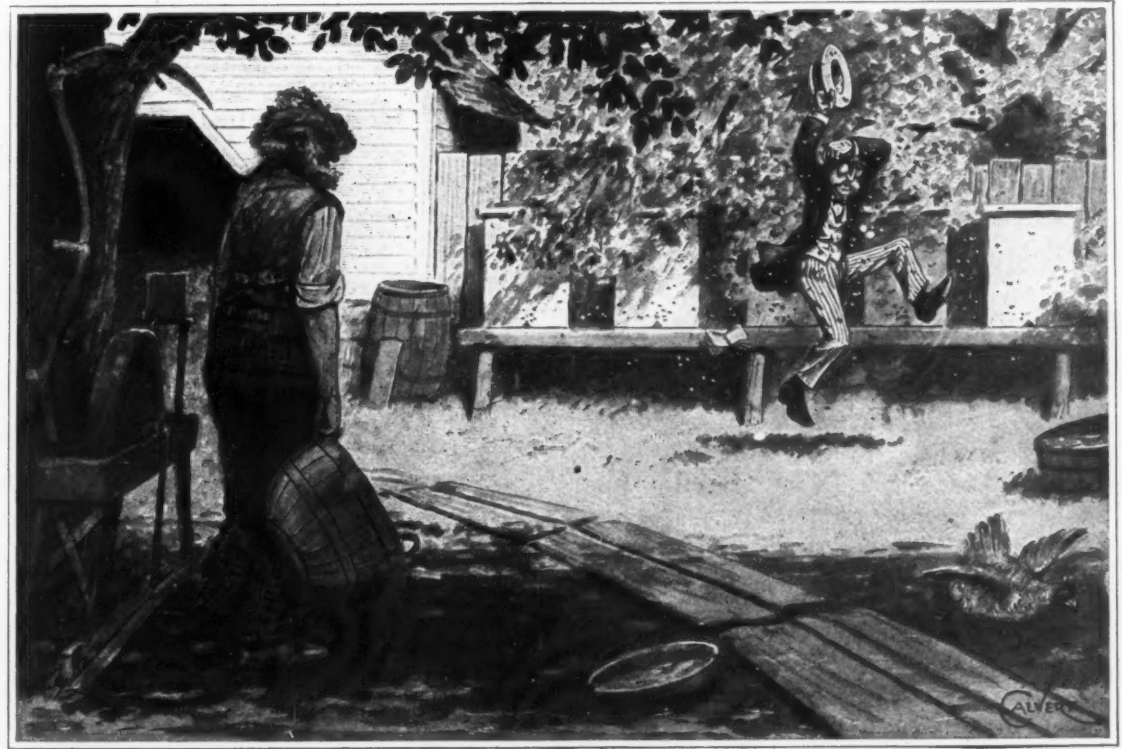


Message

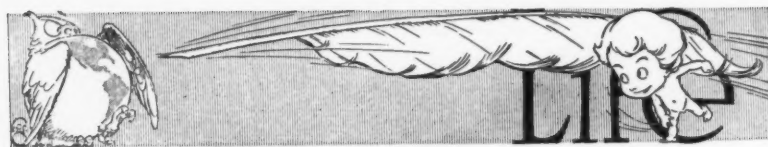
I SEND you a dream from a fairy sea,
Of the mermaids that sing and play,
To a rhythmic and wind-toned harmony.
Every azure and silver day.

I send you a dream from the waves of white,
That leap in the ebon dark,
When the mermaids woo in the pale moon-light
With a love that is madness's spark.

I send you a dream from the leagues of blue.
From the stretch of the gleaming shore,
Where the free winds blow—but 'tis all of you—
That each heart-beat I want you more!
Leolyn Louise Everett



"WAL, IF THAT AIN'T A QUEER WAY FOR A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST TO ACT!"



"While there is Life there's Hope"



WE wish that President Taft may have a pleasant summer and due repose after these months of agitation and exertion. And the same to all of us! The political ding-dong has been so continuous for the last four months that it feels more like the end of a campaign than the beginning. Perhaps it is more like the end; perhaps the worst is over. But who can tell, or say at what moment the banging of the culverins may start again at Oyster Bay? At any rate, the lull has been welcome while the weather has been so hot.

While we have been engrossed with the proceedings at Chicago and Baltimore, the revolutions of this orb have continued, several things have happened and divers processes have ripened into new stages. The Camorra trial at Viterbo has been finished after two years of voluminous exertion. It was not conducted as we conduct trials here, and was for months a source of mirth to our observers. But respect for it steadily increased as it went along, and has finally been strengthened by its result—the conviction of a large bag of dangerous scoundrels and the sentence of them to suitable terms of imprisonment, with an accompanying impression on the public mind that they had fair treatment and got their deserts.

We could be proud if we had done as well with our Mr. Thaw, whom we began to try long before the start was made at Viterbo, and have been trying off and on ever since, and at very great expense, without present prospect of any permanent result.

So far as one can judge from what gets into the papers now, the Madero Government in Mexico is beating out all the other revolutionists, and means to keep its place. This is good news; both because Señor Madero continues

to give an impression of being a good man for Mexico, and because it would be very inconvenient to have Mexico get entirely out of hand this summer while there is so much political big game hunting on this side of the line.

At the time Colonel Roosevelt threw his hat into the ring—the same that was subsequently pressed by the steam roller—there was war between Italy and Turkey. Not having heard of its discontinuance, we presume it still drags peacefully along.

The absence of first page headlines about Cuba may probably be accepted as an indication that affairs there have lulled and intervention is not imminent. If the Cubans can rub along unassisted for a few months until it is cooler, and Congress has had a vacation, and we have discovered where we are, no suitable pains will be spared to make their situation more comfortable.

Great Britain, through her diplomatic representative, begs Congress to take further thought before deciding that the Panama Canal shall be free to American vessels. It may be that Congress will not linger over this question at this time, because the Panama bill, regulating the conditions of use of the canal, is an urgent matter that should be settled at this session. It is proposed that our Government shall pay the fees of all American ships that pass through the canal. That would be virtually a method of subsidizing American shipping. The British objection is based on the agreement between John and Johnathan, accompanying the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, that all nations should have equal use of the canal. It is averred, for us, that the remission of tolls to American ships would not violate the agreement. The point seems to be debateable. It will be thoroughly debated first or last, and, if necessary, sent to The Hague for a decision, by which Johnathan will have

to abide. So that if Congress can regulate the tolls in the first place in a fashion that will make them proof against reasonable objection, it will save some time and trouble. We believe the country will wish that the administration of the Panama Canal shall be as creditable to the American people as its construction has been, and that it shall serve as a tie to bind the nations together, and not a basis of disputes between them.



MR. ROOSEVELT has printed in the *Outlook*, under the title "Thou Shalt Not Steal," a consideration of the way his delegates were thrown out at Chicago. He seems, on reflection, to be confirmed in his first impression that he did not get a square deal there. We have refrained from more than a cursory examination of his piece, recalling his preliminary announcement at Chicago that the fight was Armageddon, and feeling that, if the hosts of the Lord were really licked there, it is more reverent not to be prying up the details. The wonderful thing about it all is that, with an alleged majority of the delegates, rights entirely satisfactory to himself, and wrongs of an acceptable validity to resent and repel, the Colonel let the convention go on, and came home in a palace car instead of on a stretcher. We do not understand that. Here was our friend whose aspiration to die on the field of battle has so often been recorded, and Flinn and Heney with him (Athos and Porthos), and here was Armageddon, and they all came away in the cars without so much as a cracked head. What was the matter? Perhaps the fence around Armageddon was painted the wrong tint, or perhaps there was no moving picture machine present, or perhaps

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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

English Offices, Cannon House, Breems Bldgs., London, E.C.

Mayor Harrison, in the interest of the interests, had provided too many cops, or perhaps it was the desire to fight another day or just cold feet. We don't know; but, meanwhile, we shall not read the details of "Thou Shalt Not Steal"; for to believe the case was as bad as the Colonel makes out, and then to reconcile that with the Colonel's being neither in the cemetery nor in the hospital, is no hot weather job.

We observe that Mr. La Follette does not concur in Mr. Roosevelt's view that the Republican nomination belonged by indisputable right to Mr. Roosevelt and was stolen at Chicago for Mr. Taft. Mr. La Follette, who had a lively personal interest in the proceedings and, doubtless, a full line of information, says that neither Taft nor Roosevelt had enough valid delegates to nominate him; that a third person, a Progressive, might have been chosen if Mr. Roosevelt had been willing, and that, failing that, Mr. Taft got the necessary votes.

The doctors will doubtless continue to disagree on this intricate subject, and meanwhile Mr. Roosevelt's views on it will hardly be accepted as conclusive.



CURRENT narratives of the battle of Gettysburg record that General Sickles, early in the fight, moved his command forward from the ridge where he had been stationed to the ridge next ahead. When General Meade discovered it, his judgment was that Sickles had made a mistake; that his new position was untenable, but that it was too late to retire to where he belonged. Almost immediately General Sickles was attacked and his command driven back in spite of his gallant exertions, in the course of which he lost a leg.

The General has come out for Roosevelt, and at a Roosevelt meeting declared that Governor Wilson was not fit to be President because

He was born among rebel surroundings. All his family and kindred fought



"LEST WE FORGET"

on the wrong side—the Confederate side. We in the North have never been disposed to put such a man in the White House. We don't want a repetition of the secession movement.

General Sickles is still a gallant fighter as he was forty-nine years ago, but his judgment in taking a position does not seem to have improved.



AN editorial from the *Detroit Times*, to which our Roosevelt contemporary, *The Evening Mail*, concedes conspicuous headed approbation and two columns of space, is headed "IF THE PRICE OF COFFEE SHOULD DOUBLE AGAIN, ALL THE BETTER!" and contains the sentiment, "We don't like to look upon coffee as becoming a NECESSITY to the American people."

What! Not a necessity? A third cup not a necessity to the American people! And this in the only committed Roosevelt paper in New York!

What's happened to Brother Stoddard? Is he hedging?

Probably not. Brother Stoddard seems faithful, but a bit bewildered.

We read his discourse of July 12, entitled "Why Democrats Are Against Wilson," and had to conclude that his reasons were very far from convincing. Indeed, they were all clap-trap; all made up for effect on the undiscerning; very much the same as the Hearst papers used so diligently for several months before the nomination was made at Baltimore.

Nevertheless Brother Stoddard is entitled to sympathy. To disclose why Democrats would not vote for Wilson is a hard job, and we doubt if it grows any easier as the campaign progresses. Another like unto it is to disclose why Progressives should not vote for Wilson in preference to Roosevelt. Wilson is a very promising Progressive. He is full of ideas and has plenty of backbone. Roosevelt men will doubtless vote for Roosevelt—if he runs—because they like him, but to Progressives who have definite notions of what they want, and who really want a Progressive President, and do not want Mr. Taft, Governor Wilson must look pretty good. Mr. Brandeis, of Boston, has announced that he looks good to him, and that is very significant and important.

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1911, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-five years. In that time it has expended \$133,340.25 and has given a fortnight in the country to 33,737 poor city children.

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

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,324.05
One of A. E. C.'s birthday presents.....	50.00
"Four Small Children".....	2.43
Mrs. Bob Myers Babcock.....	50.00
Prof. L. W. Hart.....	5.00
L. Gordon Hamersley.....	25.00
In memory of Clinton Brown Kissam	10.00
Stuart & Douglas.....	25.00
Sherrill.....	10.00
Edward F. Cole.....	25.00
In loving memory of F. S. D.....	5.70
Anonymous.....	5.70
G. K.....	5.00
E. B. Hopwood.....	5.00
Frank Drummond.....	25.00
Jeannette Bull Reid.....	25.00
In memory of Lloyd Stanley Lincoln	25.00
William J. Ryan.....	10.00
Jos. E. Willard.....	10.00
Margaret H. Camp.....	5.00
G. E. S.....	5.00
W. M. Gaylord.....	5.00
E. W. D. & K. P. D.....	5.00
A. X. B.....	10.00
I. A. Barker.....	5.00
M. C. G.....	20.00
K. G. D. J. and E.....	11.40
Anonymous.....	25.00
Estelle Neville, Wilder Neville, Cardwell Neville, May Nicke Pat-	

tison, Kathleen Cone, Margaret Cone.....	\$9.30
Proceeds of fair held by Viola M. Hadley, Clara J. Thayer, Jeanette Lee.....	3.10
J. M.....	2.00
Rosemary Lesan.....	2.00
Carlton Lesan.....	2.00
David Lesan.....	2.00
C. M. Ray.....	.25
The Family of Edmond A.....	25.00
Cash.....	3.00
Ray, Ogden and Tod.....	25.00
Tom and Jack.....	5.00
"Shamokin".....	1.00
C. Ishino.....	3.00
	\$6,816.90

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Box of clothing from Mrs. F. J. Welles, Ridgewood, N. J.
Box of clothing from Mrs. Chas. S. Webb, Greenport, L. I.
Three dozen tennis balls from Mr. Geo. Lauder, Greenwich, Conn.
One package of clothing from Mrs. R. C. Chambers, Narragansett Pier, R. I.
One package of clothing from Miss Muriel Abbott, Ridgefield, Conn.
One case of toys and professional snare drum from Mr. Oakley Abbott, Ridgefield, Conn.
Two Diamond Tires for the runabout from Herbert and Irene R.
Fifty gallons ice cream from Mr. and Mrs. Greims, Branchville, Conn.
One case fireworks from Connery Bros. & Co., Georgetown, Conn.
One case fireworks from L. C. Mead & Co., Branchville, Conn.



THE SQUIRREL CAGE

Modern Lovers

THEY were two very modern lovers and they sat beneath a large rock in a secluded part of the beach. He was a poet and idealist who had gained some little reputation for his research work in sociology and economic evolution. She was a Master of Arts from Vassar, and had once been interviewed by a newspaper on the subject of vegetarianism.

They were discussing the marriage ceremony.

"If it weren't for that foolish convention I know we could be happy forever," she said with considerable spirit.

"It is annoying," he agreed, "but, of course, it's really the law and we must go through the motions somehow. Can't we fix it up some way? I'll be agreeable to anything. What do you object to principally?"

"I object to the 'promise to love, honor and obey.'"

"All of it?"

"Yes, all of it. First, I object to promising. How can two young people know what is going to happen throughout a long life? They may be perfectly sincere in thinking that they're going to feel the same way always, but they don't really know and, without exact knowledge of the future, one cannot safely promise."

"It's certainly an important point,"



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM

SOMETHING FUNNY



UNRECORDED HEROES OF HISTORY
THE FIRST MAN WHO ATE AN OYSTER

he replied meditatively, "and we should think about it carefully. But let's see. What else is there? You don't object to the 'love,' do you?"

"I certainly do. It is too vague. Nobody knows what love is. It is a word that absolutely defies clear definition. Then why use it? It is so silly to use words that mean nothing."

"I agree with you thoroughly, sweetheart. After all, it is but a relic of barbarism. But how about the 'honor'?"

"It is open to the same objection. It means so very little. And it certainly adds nothing to the thought. If a wife loves a husband, she honors him, of course. And if she honors him, she loves him. At the very least, it is a useless repetition."

"Quite right, dearie," he responded, nestling up a little closer.

"And as for 'obey,'" she went on, "we have discussed that before. Nobody nowadays expects a wife to obey her husband; that is, nobody who knows anything. It's too absurd to talk about."

"Of course," he said emphatically. "You're perfectly right."

They were silent a moment. Then he drew a pencil and pad from his pocket. "I think I know how to fix it," he remarked, as he began to write.

"How would this do?" he asked, when he had finished. "It will enable us to conform to the conventionality of the thing and yet prove to the world that we know what we're about. Listen: 'I promise (knowing full well that I may change my mind at any time) to love (with the understanding that the meaning of the word is ex-

tremely vague and that no satisfactory or comprehensive definition has ever been devised), honor (which is open to the same objection and is fully covered by the foregoing) and obey (it being agreed, however, that no orders shall be given).' How is that?"

"Fine," she said, clapping her hands enthusiastically. "You're so capable," she added, and threw her arms around him ecstatically.

He put the pad back into his pocket and they continued to sit beneath the rock in a secluded part of the beach. When the moon came up it looked down upon two modern lovers who, in their actions and attitudes, appeared in nowise different from the many others he had seen in the same spot in previous centuries.

E. O. J.

A New Pictorial Contest Begins in the Next Number



AFTER THE BATTLE

G. O. P.: ALL THAT IS LEFT OF ME, DARLING, IS YOURS

Taking Care of Its Babies

THE Republican party can always be relied upon to protect the infant industries, the interests, the express companies and other weakling corporations.

The Democratic party hasn't always been the party of virtue, but it seems to be on its good behavior just now, so these two extracts from the national platforms show fairly the differing attitudes of the two parties.

The Republican platform says:

In the interest of the general public, and particularly of the agricultural or rural communities, we favor legislation looking to the establishment under proper regulations of a parcels post, the postal rates to be graduated under a zone system in proportion to the length of carriage.

That is to say, the Republicans endorse the iniquitous Bourne bill, drawn in the interest of the express companies and intended to retard for years the establishment of a real parcels post.

The Democrats do not confine themselves to a system favorable to the express companies. Their platform says:

We favor the establishment of parcels post or post express and also the extension of the rural delivery system as rapidly as practicable.

This is practically an endorsement of Senator O'Gorman's Senate Bill No. 3558, which provides for a genuine parcels post with a uniform rate of eight cents a pound and puts the United States abreast of other civilized countries.

When this matter comes to a vote in the Senate it may become pertinent to make a census and find out how many Republican Senators are lawyers and then ask how many of them have accepted from the express companies, or their representatives, five thousand dollar checks as legal retainers.

And incidentally, its opposition to the parcels post is another coffin nail for the G. O. P.

Also, it will be interesting to note the attitude of the Third Term party toward the parcels post.

At Last!

Tuesday.

DEAR JACK:

I arrived at the Ocean House this morning, bag and baggage, and went to my old rooms. Everything is very homelike. Major Dickerly brought us part of the way in his motor. By the way, we stopped over at Mrs. Ticker's, at Elmsworth, and they inveigled me into a game of bridge. I got caught for nearly a hundred. You might make it up to me in a check, by return mail.

Always yours,

HELEN.

Thursday.

DEAREST JACK:

Your check came this morning. Thanks, old fellow. I have a confession to make. We made up a little game last night. I really didn't want to play, but they needed a fourth. It was only a ten-cent game. My, but I'm glad it wasn't more! You won't mind, will you? But I really need a hundred more. Hope all's well. With a kiss.

HELEN.

Saturday.

DEAR OLD BOY:

You are a dear to send me that check. I had to borrow some money from the hotel. It's quite expensive here. They had a lovely display of Irish crochet gowns in the ladies' parlor. You know they have gone out—temporarily—but they are bound to come in again. Of course they were just giving them away. Think! I got one for two hundred dollars. I know you will approve of this, as it is really economy. You might send me the money. I have a feeling in my bones that you are just rolling in wealth. I love you so much.

Ever thine,

HELEN.

Monday.

DEAREST JACK:

I had to send to town last week for a few little things. I didn't want to bother you, and, besides, I knew you wouldn't get it straight, and what do you think—they didn't look up the charge account and the things came C. O. D. Wasn't it provoking? I could have cried. All that money wasted. I know that you will send me a generous check—as you always do. Love.

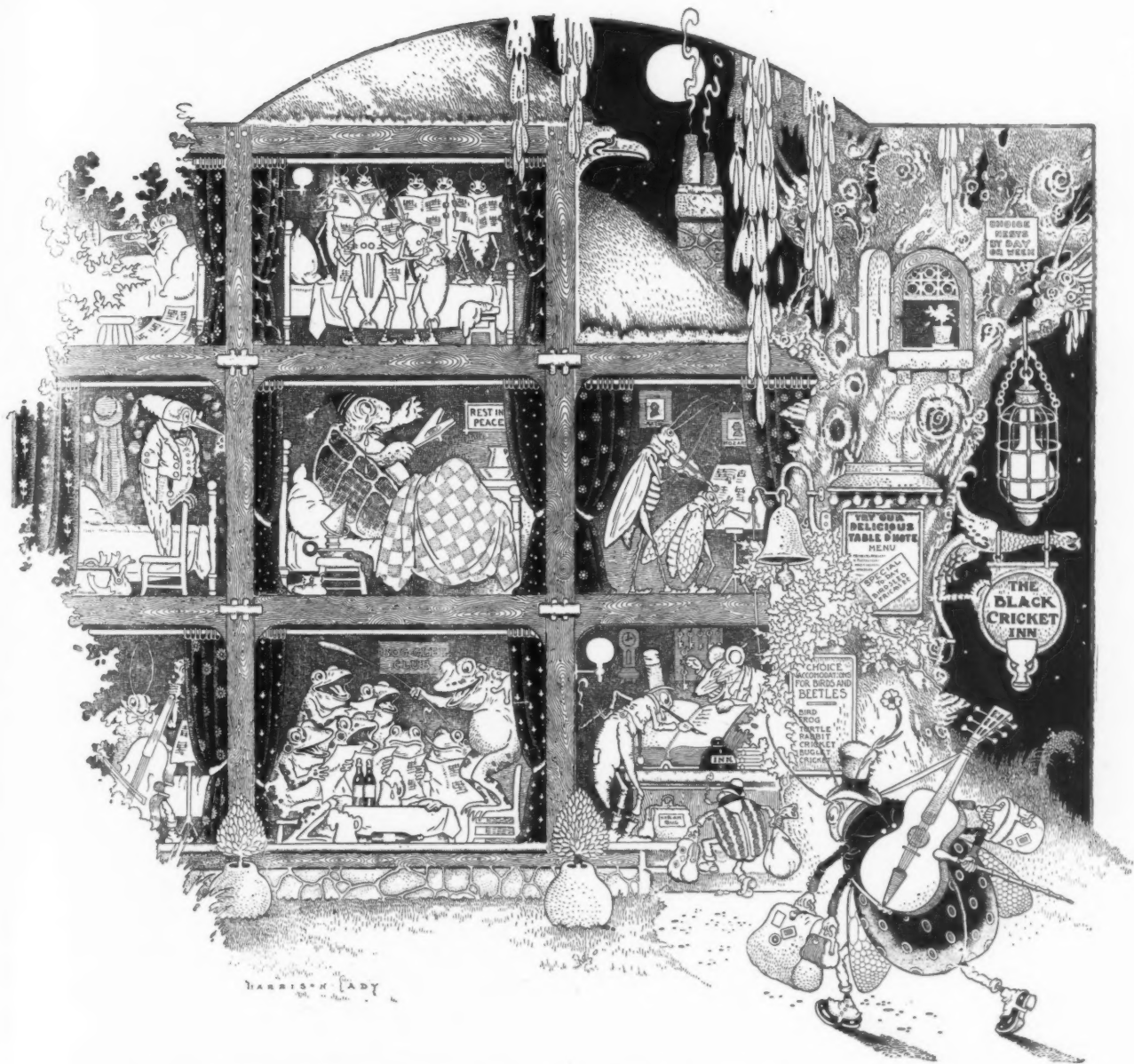
HELEN.

Tuesday.

OH, DEAR JACK:

What do you think! My luck has completely changed. Last night at auction I won—think of it! Isn't it grand? Yes, when I stopped I was nearly \$2.80 to the good.

HELEN.



Irate Mr. Turtle: WHAT WITH CRICKETS OVERHEAD, A WOODPECKER ON ONE SIDE, A KATYDID ON THE OTHER, BULLFROGS BELOW, AND ALL MUSICAL, I MUST TRY ANOTHER HOTEL.

A President Worth While

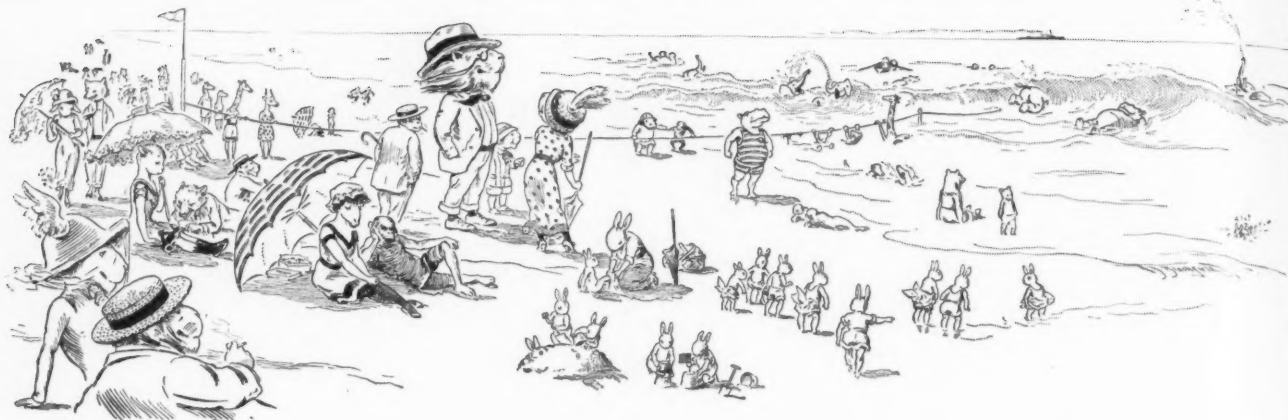
TIS easy enough to be President
 When another man sits in the chair,
 But the fellow worth while
 Is the one who can smile
 When he himself is there!

Particular

DETEKTIVE: Hey, you, why don't
 yer speak as yer go by?
CROOK: Well, "searg," on de level,
 I'm honest now—an' I'm beginning to
 git some self-respect!

We've All Been There

MAN (to boy in swimming): If the
 water's so cold, why don't you
 come out?
Boy: Oh, I want to get some other
 fool to come in!



ON THE BEACH

Whishkbroomski

A Play on One Act

BOOK by Tolstoy Lyof Metchnikoff.
Music by Potémkin Korsakoff.
Lyrics by Rimski Turgenieff Verestchagin.
Translation by Holworthy-hallovsk.

CHARACTERS.

Snitchovitch.....a peasant
Droschké.....his wife
Samovar.....their child
Ikon.....a passerby

Scene: Hut of Snitchovitch in Siberia. Samovar is asleep.

DROSCHKÉ: How vghcöld the schuzsknów is!

SNITCHOVITCH: Yes, and the kvolghíce is vghcolder than it was last vost-winter.

DROSCHKÉ: Oh, how I hateski, hateski, hateski the arístiffstocracy! They keep bgkrwarm all vostwinter.

SNITCHOVITCH (*standing on his own feet*): Yes, there is one chcurious thing about the richnikoff.

DROSCHKÉ: And that is?

SNITCHOVITCH: They khíválways have phtzmoney.

DROSCHKÉ: And what about the poor dmítropeopleovitch?

SNITCHOVITCH: They also petrópossess one characterisgolóffteristic.

DROSCHKÉ: And that is?

SNITCHOVITCH: They have no caviarmoney at all!

SAMOVAR (*waking*): Krichniholgósz kihílitznígórod!

DROSCHKÉ: The poor nijnífant is sczhúngryovsk.

SNITCHOVITCH: Well, give him some borisfood.

DROSCHKÉ: There is none, álasvóytemkin!

SNITCHOVITCH (*goes to window*): Here comes Ikon—he is vodkarichski. He probably has moneyruble with him.

DROSCHKÉ: What of thatska?

SNITCHOVITCH: Go and máslovárob him. We gottaski stand for the squaredealovitch.

(DROSCHKÉ *goes and robs him.*)

IKON: Hélpská, hélpská!

SNITCHOVITCH (*lighting his knout*): Allóvar!

IKON (*faintly*): Polítzei, adámovski!

DROSCHKÉ (*returning*): Here is his plántavolgáwallet.

SAMOVAR (*feebly*): Króvlakrémlin névskípróspekt!

SNITCHOVITCH: That's the kvwáy to zxlísettle the richnikoff—take their caviarmoney away from them.

DROSCHKÉ: But khrishnisuppose you and I got richnikoff. Would we want anybody to zhwytake away our caviarmoney?

SNITCHOVITCH: No, that's vládívoskádífférent.

DROSCHKÉ: All ménjhoff are petrobóthers.

SNITCHOVITCH: Only on Mondáyski, Wednédayska and Sundáyski. This is Fridaychik. And now that the vladímíquestion of sozhcial equahrzlity is slezettleđ, the pláygorod (*bowing to audience*) is finished. What did you iskvstexpect for a zschnickle?

H. E. P.

What We Need

“**S**TEADFAST men are needed in public life,” says Supreme Court Justice Pitney, “men able to resist the tumult of the crowd.”

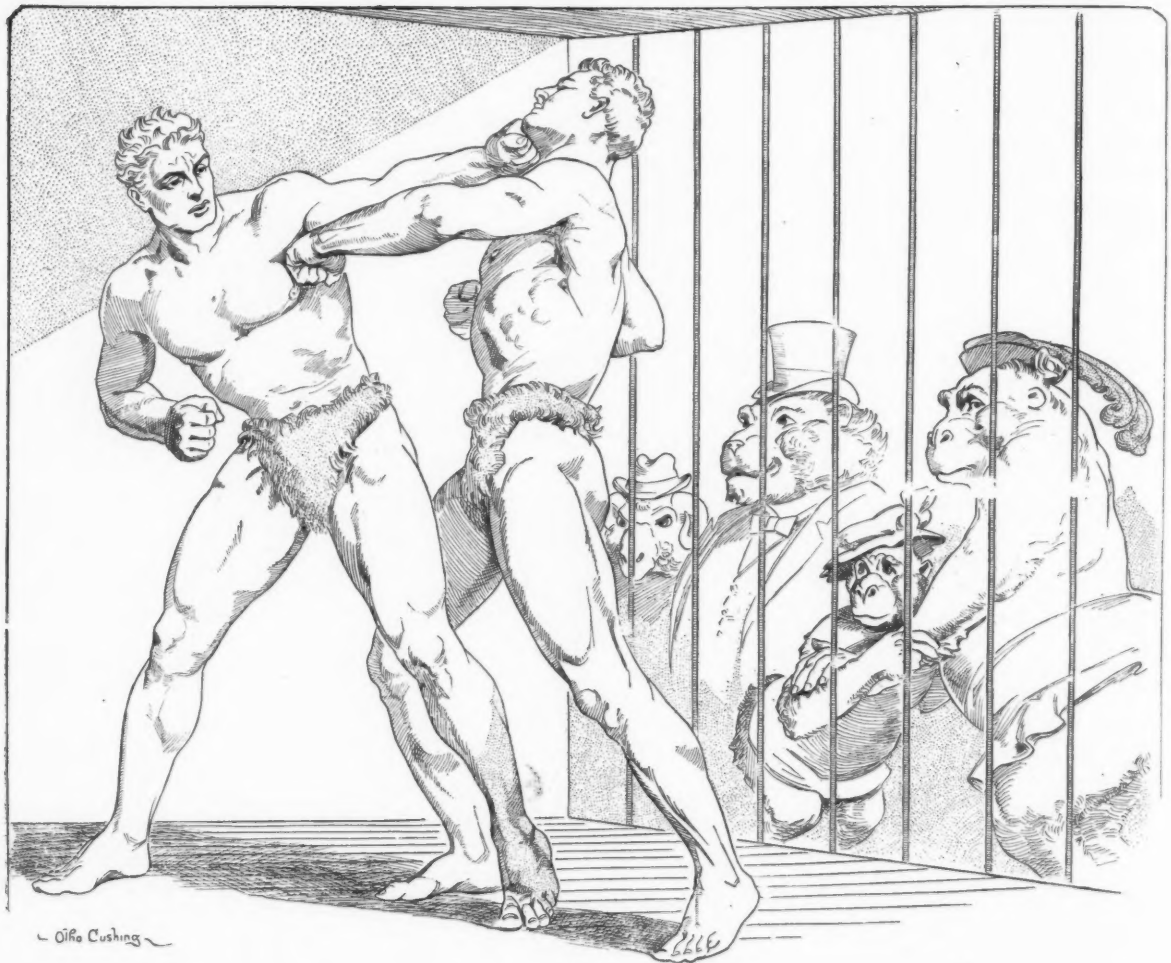
And we also need a steadfast crowd—a crowd able to resist the encroachments of steadfast men.



STILL ANOTHER CASE WHERE TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE



ENOUGH TO TRY THE PATIENCE OF JOB



Olfo Cushing

"O MOTHER, THEY'RE *fighting!*"

"YES, MILDRED, AND LET IT BE A LESSON NEVER TO ALLOW THE PRIMITIVE HUMAN SIDE OF YOU TO GET THE UPPER HAND."

Ready Made Men

THE trouble isn't so much with ready-made clothes as it is with ready-made men. It is perfectly possible, not only for sculptors, but for scientific craftsmen, to find out just what the proportions of the human body are and to design models which will set properly and hang properly. If these shirts and coats and waistcoats do not fit you, something may be the matter with you. The remedy is not to have your clothes made to order, although other considerations besides fit enter into good clothes: the remedy is to have yourself made to order. For this purpose, there exist physical culturists, osteopaths, chiropractors, bone-setters and ordinary surgeons, and even the old family doctor might help out in a pinch. It is quite feasible to have yourself designed so that, no matter where you meet a coat or shirt that is properly put together, you will fit it.



Jonah: SO LONG, OLD SPORT. I TOLD YOU THAT YOU COULDN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN.

All False Pessimists Beware!

*You Are not Wanted as Members of the Pessimists' Club—
Various Specimens from Different Localities—The Coming
Season, and Its Lack of Promise*

WE have received a great many applications from people who are apparently pessimists on the surface, but after they have become members of the club they have indicated signs of such spontaneous cheerfulness as to render their presence obnoxious, and they have, therefore, been dismissed. Fortunately, the number of these people in this country, in proportion to the total population, is very few, but the fact that they exist makes it necessary for us to deal with them.

It frequently happens that people will become temporary pessimists through the stress of outward circumstances, and when in this condition their enthusiasm carries them away. They get the idea that they were born to the pessimistic purple.

Now the genuine pessimist is never disturbed by any sudden burst of luck or any condition which seems to look toward better things. He knows that in a short time everything is going to be just as bad as it ever was. These

are the people that naturally become members of the Pessimists' Club. And herein lies another problem. Unless all signs fail, we shall have to limit the membership of the club. Our first rule will probably be that nobody but naturalized American citizens can join.

At present we have a very wide variety of membership, extending over the entire country. There is, for example, the New England Pessimist.

We may say that the New England Pessimist is the backbone of the club.



"A temporary pessimist"

He goes about with a hypocritical assumption of cheerfulness and has even been known to smile upon occasion. This is only his method of concealing his real temperament from the world. At heart he is true blue, and when you catch him in his own home there is no more lachrymose or absolutely despairing creature on the face of the earth.

Proceeding south, we have the Baltimore Pessimist, whose fine strain of melancholy apparently comes from the fact that he has for so many genera-



"New England Pessimist."

If you have any doubt about the quality or genuineness of your pessimism, consort for a short time with some of our New England members.

The New England Pessimists are also sub-divided into Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maine branches, not to mention the pessimists of the grand old State of Vermont.

The New Jersey Pessimist has peculiar gifts. He differs from the New England Pessimist in many respects.



"Have no heart to attend"



"Our relationship with the police has been not only friendly, but intimate and cordial."



THE ORDER OF THE BATH

tions been traveling on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. In case any of our friends desire to become members of the club but feel that they are not eligible on account of an occasional burst of cheerfulness, we recommend a systematic course of travel on this railroad.

The Chicago Pessimist has unique claims upon our attention. He has become in the course of years so resigned to his fate that he even accepts his residence as a place that is more desirable than others. This is only, however, upon the surface, for in his heart he realizes how much he is actually suffering.

There will be no mid-summer celebration of the club this year owing to the fact that a majority of our members have notified us that they have no heart to attend. The condition of the country is known to be worse than ever before in its history, and inasmuch as we have a Presidential election coming we see absolutely no hope for the future. And any congregation of pessimists during the summer season would indicate that a concerted action in some direction was probable.

The secretary of the club, however, has prepared a series of resolutions which members will be asked to subscribe to. They are as follows:

Whereas, We note with deep regret that there has been an effort on the part of some of the authorities to restrict the consumption of our natural resources; be it

Resolved, That we regard this as being a mistake in policy, for the reason that inasmuch as the end is now in sight, why should any attempt be made to lengthen it out. Let us face the bitter

truth and use up everything that we have on hand as soon as possible.

Members in receiving their semi-annual bills will not hold them until they get them all together in one large bunch and then open them. By a careful series of experiments we know that the accumulated effect of opening one bill after another is very much greater than when they are all opened at once. While the shock in the latter case is severe, in the former case it extends over a longer period of time. A recent effort on the part of some members of the club to have regular dues has been defeated. It was thought that the expense of belonging to the Pessimists' Club might add something to the mournfulness of the position; but inasmuch as every member of the club has his mind so fixed upon gloom and despondency that a few dollars more or less would not matter, and also inasmuch as we would probably not be able to collect any money, we have decided not to enforce this rule. You can belong if you have no hope for the future, no desire for the present, and look back upon the past only with a feeling that it may not have been quite so bad as the future promises to be.

Some of our new books are:

"The Groucher's Manual," complete in one hundred pages, with illustrations showing proper attitudes to assume upon every occasion.

"Wet Blanket Aphorisms for Rainy Days," being short counsels to the truly despondent.

"Complete Guide for Matrimonial Pessimists," showing how a continuous or consummate dejection can become chronic in the home.

English as She Ain't

A MANLY buoy road fourth won thyme,

His hoarse past buy a would;
Two stray a loan is knot a crime,
Ewe'd due sew if yew could.

He soon be held a buck some made,
Write gently bread was she;
But week she seamed and soar a frayed,
And pail as pail could bee.

He rowed too her four two inn choir,
And asked, "What dew eye sea?"
"Fare sir," she side, "my knead is dyer,

Prey paws and sucker me.

"Bowled robbers am bush awl this weigh,

Their boulder than ewe guess;
Low, awl the day they steel and sleigh,
Eye flea them inn distress."

The buoy herd awl her tail of whoa,
And fourth with razed his soared;
"When eye meat those whom now eye no,

Isle beet them well," he roared.

"Be wear there crewel mite," she wales,
"A lass, weave caws to fear;
They clothes a bout us, naught a veils,
Know, nun will piteous hear!"

He concord awl that grate a ray,
Then tolled her what heed dun;
Of coarse she wood knot say hymn neigh,

The blew-I'd made he one.

Ivy Kellerman-Reed.



IT WOULD SEEM SO, BUT THEY ARE—



CIRCE MAMMON AND THE PIGS

Chorus of Enchanted Ones: OH, CIRCE, MAKE MEN OF US AGAIN!

Bulls and Bears

AT the opening Monday, stocks showed every evidence of yielding to the blandishments of summer. At about ten-thirty, several of the industrials put on their bathing suits and waded about in the water, which Congress promises to squeeze out of the railroads. While this was going

on, there came a report that the Baltimore Putterers had rented their Newport cottage to the Pittsburgh Flashers. This caused a considerable flurry and many stocks bowed their heads in shame. It was taken to indicate a marked deterioration in fashionable society.

On Tuesday a number of the leading brokers reported that their wives had gone to the country. As soon as this was put on the ticker, several restaurants on Broadway, between Fortieth and Forty-seventh streets, telephoned down to find out if it was indeed true. When assured that it was, they immediately skipped down to their respective wine cellars, from which they filled their refrigerators with a variety of choice vintages. Prices smacked their lips.

Newport was the favorite in the buying on Wednesday. Other active issues were Long Branch Common, Manhattan Beach Very Common, Atlantic City Extra Common, Asbury

Park Fourth Preferred, Narragansett Pier and Bar Harbor. There was some little buying of Chautauqua, Lake George and Saratoga. Brokers claimed, however, that these latter issues would show up better later on. Prices at first rolled up so as almost to assume the proportion of breakers, but along towards afternoon they quieted down and idly lapped the shimmering beach.

On Thursday and Friday the market was unusually steady. Prices went up and down as gently as an open boat in a land-locked harbor surrounded with breakwaters. This was interpreted as a good sign, and everybody who didn't sell bought, and *vice versa*, if they had the money. If not, they borrowed it. Money was very easy—to lose.

On Saturday the bank statement steamed down on its yacht from New London. After sitting around long enough for the brokers to get a good look at it, it steamed back.



NOT REALLY SWEETHEARTS





ORSON
LOWELL



THE ONLY SON

HIS MOTHER HOPES HE'LL GROW UP TO BE A BIRD OF PARADISE. HIS FATHER, THAT HE'LL BE A MIGHTY EAGLE. BUT THE CHANCES ARE THAT HE'LL BE NOTHING BUT A COMMON ROBIN AFTER ALL

Philosophers

A PHILOSOPHER is a man, and rarely a woman, who, having nothing to do and being glad of it, puts in his time explaining the reason that other people should have for doing things.

Philosophers are not popular because, in the first place, most men are too busy to listen to them, and, in the second place, they are satisfied with their own reasons for doing things.

Nevertheless, philosophers are wont to gravitate toward comfortable stoves in corner groceries, where men of varying leisure straggle in and toward comfortable chairs in universities where helpless youth are compelled to listen as a part of an awful punishment called a curriculum.

Whenever a philosopher becomes famous, it always turns out that he is not a philosopher at all, but a scientist. Simon-pure philosophers never give information, because nothing less than explaining the unknowable will satisfy them. One philosopher will never agree with another philosopher if he can possibly help it.

E. O. J.

In the Life of a Hero

(Compiled from "Novel" Sources)

"HE wavered—but it was only for an instant. Then a sense of new courage came to him."

"What!" he exclaimed, his face visibly paler, "you have?"

"His cigar had gone out, but still he sat there——"

"He bent over her. Words failed him."

"It was nothing," he muttered, with a smile, "I would have done as much for——"

"Curse you!" cried a voice.

"He pushed her gently away from him. 'It cannot be,'" he said simply.

"Their eyes met. He never flinched."

"His muscles were tense."

"And then suddenly out of the black night of his despair came the thought that—'Ah! could it be?'"

"Great sobs shook his frame."

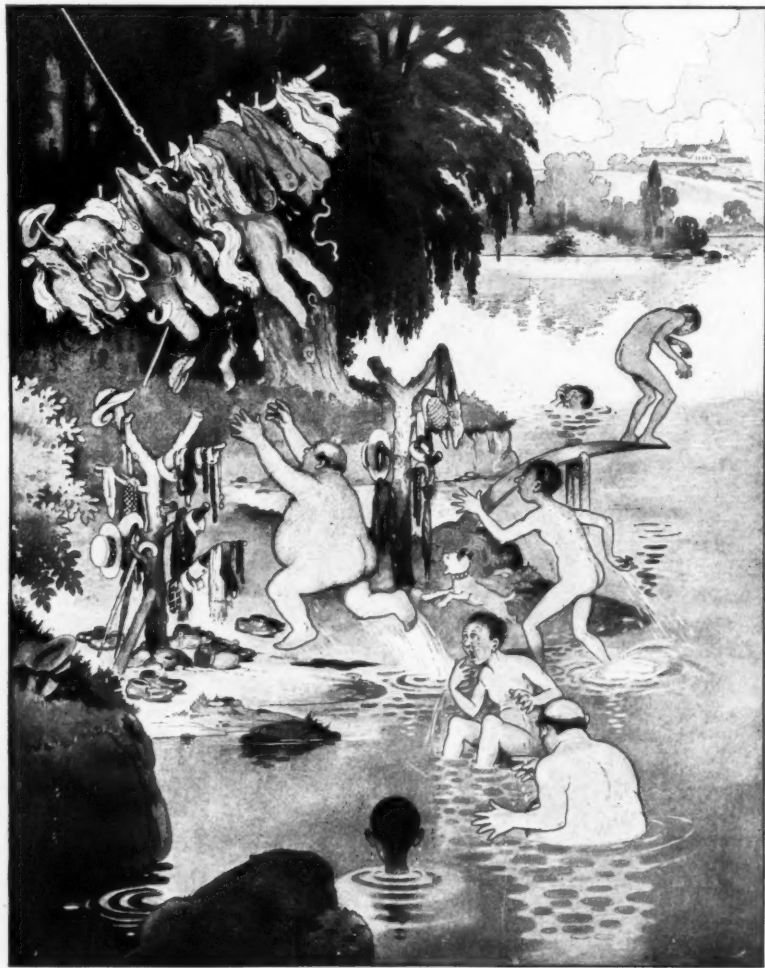
"He had steeled himself against her presence."

"He pierced her with his eye."

"He talked idly about many things, and yet they both knew that——"

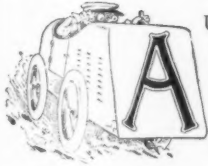
"He was pale with repressed emotion."

"He felt a sudden sharp pain."



"THE MAN HIGHER UP"

City Tips, or a Guide to Gotham



AUTOMOBILE.—A machine used by the classes for the overthrow and crushing out of the masses. An efficacious instrument of race homicide.

AUTOMATIC SLOT MACHINES.—A modern invention to facilitate the speedy parting of a fool and his money.

BROADWAY.—So-called because it is the narrowest street in the city. It is bounded on the south by the Flatiron Building and on the north by the Hotel Astor. The Broadwayward inhabitants are skilled in the painless extraction of visitors' funds, in which proceeding they are adept and expeditious. (See suburban timetables.)

BOSS.—(See Intelligence Office.)

CHILDREN.—Obsolete term.

COFFEE EXCHANGE.—A Diet Dispensary, where the injurious and death-dealing coffee-berry may be exchanged for a wholesome package of Browned Beans, or Ground Bread Crumbs.

COAL AND IRON EXCHANGE.—A most convenient institution for those who wish to exchange their coal for iron, or *vice versa*.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN.—A noble example of architecture. As yet only the first syllable has been erected.

CHEAP SKATES.—(See Five and Ten Cent Store.)

CONEY ISLAND.—Indescribable. (See Coney Island.)

DIANA.—A celebrated statue representing the acme of high art.

FINE ARTS.—New York City is well up in the fine arts. Many lady artists have studios of their own, where they hand-paint pictures and keep a gas stove. There are also shops where one may buy lovely burnt-leather things, and hand-painted calendars.

FISHING.—Take N. Y. C. & H. R. R. to the Adirondacks. Here fine trout fishing can be had (*i.e.*, may be had, or should be had). Or, take the Cross Country Limited to San Francisco, and then to Portland, Ore., for splendid salmon fishing. Or Southern Railroad to Florida for tarpon and alligators.

FISHING CLUBS.—(See Ananias.)

THE HIPPODROME.—This word is derived from the Greek *hippo*, a horse, and *drome*, past participle of dream; therefore, a horse dream (if nightmare). A description of this institution is impossible, as the largest adjectives in the English language are not as large as the Hippodrome. (See the show.)

HOUSE OF DETENTION.—The exchange desk of a department store.

HOT AIR FUND.—An appropriation for defraying the expenses of campaign committees.

HOSPITAL.—(See appendix.)

LIBRARY.—A background for a pair



SOMETHING TO FALL BACK ON

of marble heraldic animals, and a pair of flagpoles.

LONG ISLAND.—A sound proposition.

LONG BRANCH.—(Forget it.)

OYSTER COCKTAIL.—A combination of hot and peppery ingredients, resulting in biting sauce.

OYSTER BAY.—(Ditto.)

PLACES OF INTEREST.—Savings banks.

PEACH CROP.—(See a comic opera.)

ROOF GARDENS.—Gardens where they raise the roof.

STUFFED CLUB.—The Millionaires' Club.

SCHOOL FOR DESIGNING YOUNG WOMEN.—An institution for the instruction of young women in all kinds of designing. (An unnecessary industry.)

SANITARY DRINKING FOUNTAINS.—A necessary evil.

SUFFRAGETTES.—An unnecessary evil.

THEATRES.—(See all the attractions.)

INTERMISSIONS.—(See a man.)

TURKISH BATHS.—These are given free in the Subway trains and in the Grand Central Tunnel.

TUBES.—Contrivances for the transportation of Rubes to and from the city.

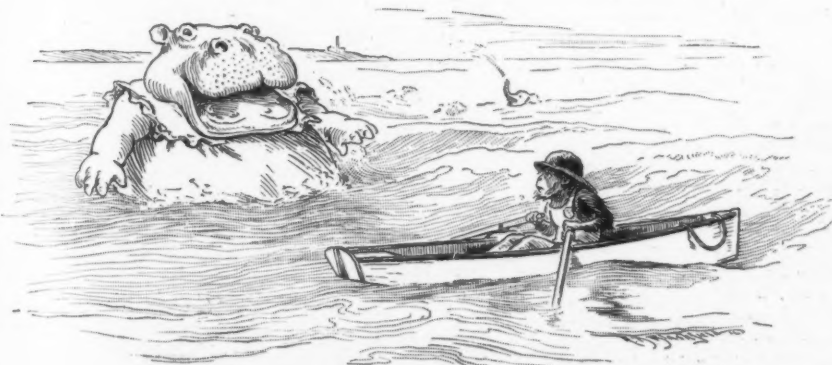
TENDERLOIN.—A tough district.

UNION MARKET.—(See Matrimonial Bureau.)

WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.—(See Divorce Court.)

WALL STREET.—The abode of the Brokers and the Broke.

Carolyn Wells.



"SEE HERE, LIFE SAVER, I AM ACCUSTOMED TO THE WATER, BUT I HAVE LITTLE FAINTING SPELLS SOMETIMES. NOW I WANT YOU TO STAY NEAR AND TAKE ME IN YOUR BOAT IF NECESSARY."

The Street Called Straight

WHEN a king—even a Basil King—chooses to travel incognito, it is bad form to address him as “Your Majesty.”

We will, therefore, scrupulously observe the proprieties of pretended ignorance in regard to the identity of the noble unknown who has just come among us for the third time with his new novel, “The Street Called Straight” (Harpers. \$1.35) and refer to him only by his—they call it an alias in less exalted circles—by his *nom de voyage*, “The author of ‘The Inner Shrine.’”

This procedure has a double advantage. It allows us to be punctilious conformers to court etiquette, and at the same time enables us to say what we really think of a king without being guilty of *lèse majesté*. And what we really think of “The author of ‘The Inner Shrine,’” and of “The Wild Olive,” and now of “The Street Called Straight,” is that he has—or had, for he seems to have lost one of them—two sterling qualifications as a literary green goods and short change artist.

First, he was a quick-fingered and deft manipulator of those counterfeit ideals, imitation duties and forged virtues best calculated to attract the greedier sentimentalists among the “come-alongs.”

And, second, he had the knack of putting enough swing and movement into the telling of a story to divert the attention of his more intelligent victims from the nature of the coin he was passing out to them.

Thus “The Inner Shrine” was an ingeniously disingenuous glorification of mock-modesty and mush-morals. But it was also a streamlike story with considerable suction in its smooth current. And “The Wild Olive” was a full length portrait of a pine puppet with a veneering of virility. But it was also a tale of articulated action,

cleverly contrived to make the moving parts of an artificial melodrama look like a problem in real life.

In both cases the author was “shoving the queer.” But in either instance intervention on the part of the critical police would only have resulted in making a martyr of the misdemeanant. The only course for a sensible officer to pursue was, therefore, to smile appreciatively at the cleverness of the confidence game while waiting for its perpetrator to grow careless through overconfidence. And, as luck would have it, the wait has been a short one.

“The Street Called Straight” is the story of a pre-matrimonial muddle in which the beautiful daughter of a

blue-blooded but embezzling Bostonian finds herself betrothed to an aristocratic English officer and beholden to an obnoxious American altruist. The father is a fashionable defaulter at the end of his tether. The altruist is a scorned and rejected suitor who wants to beggar himself to pay the embezzler's debts. The Englishman is a snob and casuist, but a stickler for *noblesse oblige*. The heroine is a haughty but bewildered backer and filler between the claims of caste and the calls of conscience. And the denouement is a triumphant compromise of rival self-sacrifices.

In short, “The Street Called Straight” is fictionalized cant.

But instead of being a story sufficiently suant and swift-moving to disguise its “phony” character, its clogged mechanism of counterfeit ethics revolves so slowly about the trumped up points of honor and honesty on which it is pivoted that even the slowest sighted ought to be able to see the wheels go round.

Which is where the value of the book comes in. If you “fell” to the “plant” of “The Inner Shrine”; if you bit at the bait of “The Wild Olive”;

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

Elsie Lindtner, by Karin Michaelis Stangeland. In which the heroine of “The Dangerous Age,” having outlived her own troubles, comments upon those of her friends.

Fate Knocks at the Door, by Will Levington Comfort. A novel in which a mystical (and slightly mad) form of feminist propaganda is embedded in a tale of high adventure.

From the South of France, by Thomas A. Janvier. Delicately elaborated bits of comedy from Provençal life.

The Golightlys, Father and Son, by Laurence North. An admirably constructed and tersely told story of the London career of a self-made newspaper magnate.

The Guests of Hercules, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. An entertaining account of a beautiful ingenue's unchaperoned visit to Monte Carlo.

A Hoosier Chronicle, by Meredith Nicholson. A genially expansive narrative, with a melodramatic base and a superstructure of genre studies and local color.

It, by Gouverneur Morris. Short stories full of ginger by an expert technician.

Key to Trees, by J. F. Collins and H. W. Preston. A convenient and practical handbook for the identification of wild and commonly cultivated trees from New Jersey to southern Canada.

The Mission of Victoria Wilhelmina, by Jeanne Bartholow Magoun. The story of a seduction from a working girl's diary. A bit of antiseptic sentiment.

Neighborhood, by Tickner Edwardes. A pleasant pastoral. Life in an English village, described in a book of months.

The Sentence of Silence, by Reginald Wright Kauffman. An interesting novel of contemporary America, by the author of “The House of Bondage.”

Sharrow, by Bettina Von Hutten. The tale of a temperament against a setting of ancestral acres.

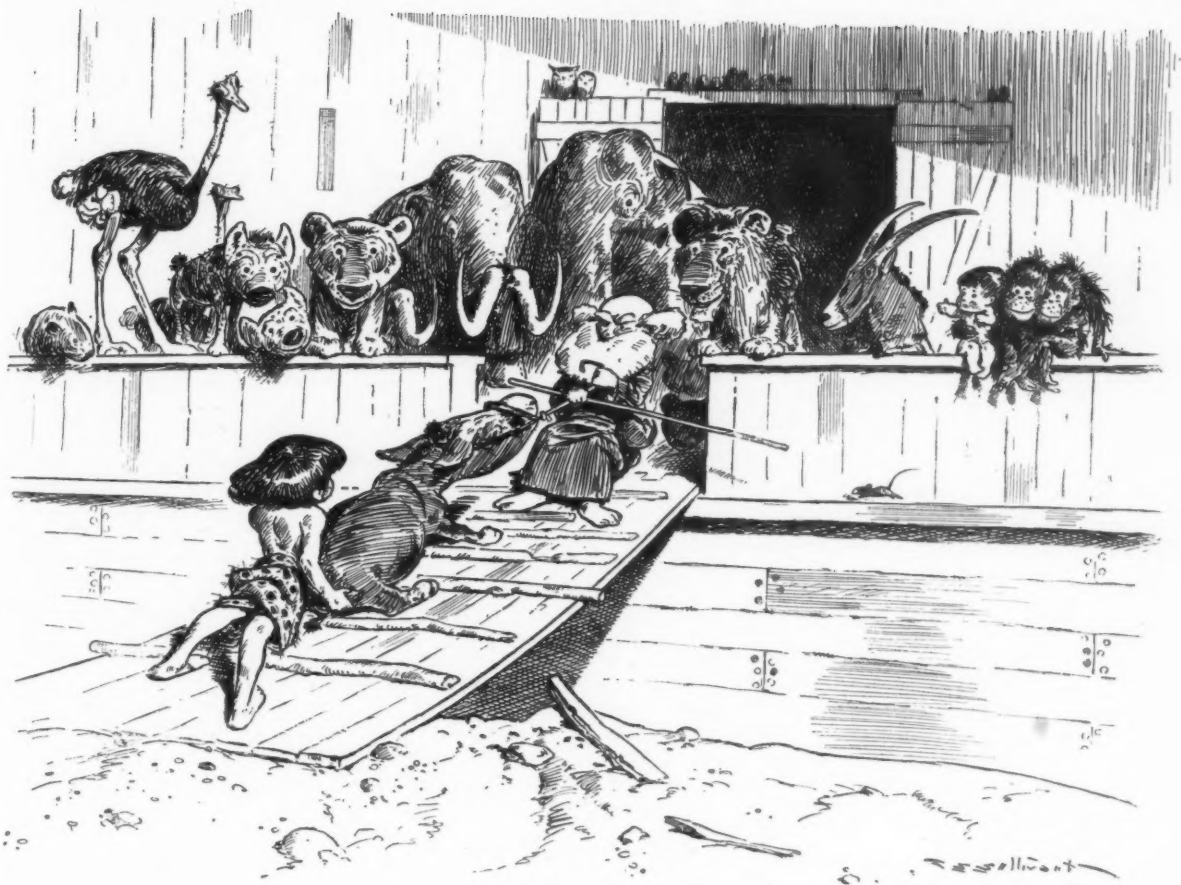
Social Life in the Insect World, by J. H. Fabre. Chapters by a French entomologist that combine literary charm, scientific soundness and a fiction-like interest.

A Son of the Sun, by Jack London. Selected adventures from the life of a South Sea capitalist.

The Story of a Ploughboy, by James Bryce. An autobiographical novel that tacitly confronts civilization with the question of its own failure.

The Street Called Straight, by the author of “The Inner Shrine.” See above.

What Is and What Might Be, by Edmund Holmes. A criticism of the Occidental system of primary education and an illuminating analysis of its underlying errors.



THE FIRST DELAYED SAILING

if in face of the dictum that the one unpardonable sin of the writer of fiction is to lie about life, your attitude is "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief"—then read "The Street Called Straight." It is the kind of a give-away that amounts to a demonstration.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Misunderstanding Women

IS the art of misunderstanding women making any progress? In this country we continue to yield to their importunities on the instant and to load them with comfort and freedom.

In England they are putting women in jail.

German women, they tell us, are rapidly becoming more advanced.

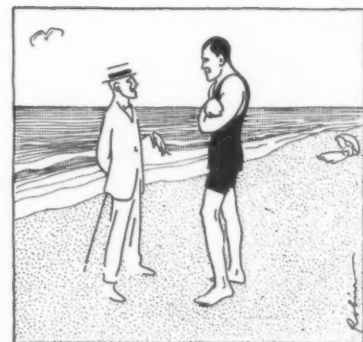
Oriental women continue to live in harems.

Will men gradually lapse into a settled policy about women?

Most men insist upon misunderstanding women as if it were a sacred right. They boast of it. With hopeless stupidity they endeavor to be intelligent and systematic about their misunderstanding—to have a sort of method about it—and that is where they make their mistake. To misunderstand a woman correctly, it should be done as unintelligently and carelessly as possible; there should be no settled aim about it. If you can convince a woman, not so much that you misunderstand her as that you are indifferent to her, you will always find her under these circumstances very much easier to control.

That was where Adam made his mistake.

He took too much notice.



Beachley: I'VE SEEN YOU MAKE SEVERAL DIFFICULT AND EXHAUSTING RESCUES OF YOUNG WOMEN BATHERS. DON'T YOU EVER FEEL ANY ILL EFFECTS FROM IT?
"WELL, ONLY WHEN THEY TRY TO MARRY ME."

Intimate Interviews

HENRY JAMES sat upon the latest definitive editions of his works, with his feet hanging over, whittling upon an ancient stick; and as he whittled he looked up at Henry James, who just came in with a volume of "Daudet" under his arm.

"If you weren't Henry James," he said, "who would you be?"

"Don't talk riddles to me; I don't feel like it. Besides, when we are

biguousness; and when we wrote, Henry, we thought if we could delineate subtly, and could deal with vague and psychological distinctions of character, that we would be writing works of art."

"Well, we did; didn't we? Everybody admits that we are an artist. And how could we express what we have expressed unless we had perfected our present style?"



"Don't talk riddles to me"

alone together, my boy, we are simple; there is nothing ornate about us."

"That is quite true, and it leads me to remark that we seem to be an exception to the rule that the style is the man. Outwardly we are intricate, and inwardly and intimately we are almost crude in our simplicity. How do you account for it?"

"I account for it in the same way that I account for the gradual development of any abnormal habit. Being of an exceedingly simple nature, we began by craving the excitement of am-

"Nonsense! You are talking through your hat. Why, you've even got so that you believe in yourself, Henry. Don't you know that this idea of writing so that you cannot be understood—this highbrow intellectual art attitude—is something that never fools the few people that know?"

"But it fascinates the many people that don't know, but think that they know."

"As if you would stoop to that—or I, for that matter."

"No, Henry; this style of ours is



"ONE OF THE LANDED GENTRY"

Pantoum of Current Literature

I DON'T know where I shall begin;
The books are on my table piled,
The magazines are coming in;—
It is enough to drive one wild!

The books are on my table piled,—
It is discouraging, I vow;
It is enough to drive one wild!
Why do they write them, anyhow?

It is discouraging, I vow,
I cannot read such piles of stuff.
Why do they write them, anyhow?
Already we have books enough.

I cannot read such piles of stuff,—
Here is the postman at the door,—
Already we have books enough,
Oh, what if he should bring me more!

Here is the postman at the door,
He casts upon me pitying looks.
Oh, what if he should bring me more
Of those unread, unopened books!

He casts upon me pitying looks,
I take my mail without a word.
Of those unread, unopened books,
This is about the twenty-third!

I take my mail without a word,—
I don't know where I shall begin,
This is about the twenty-third,
The magazines are coming in!
Carolyn Wells.

just a bad habit, that's all; it's been growing upon us for years. When we haven't anything better to do, we write vaguely."

"But we're a pretty good fellow, Henry."

"None better. Although I wouldn't say this to anybody but you."

"Nor I."



THE CHOIR
DURING THE SERMON

Three Simple Fables for Grown Women

The Fable of the Modern Ruth

I WILL tell you a story about myself.

My garden was overgrown with weeds. I cast my eye about for a gardener and I saw but one man, a fine, strapping youth.

"I will give you ten dollars to weed my garden," I said.

"Make it fifteen," he replied.

He was the only man I could find. I engaged him.

At the end of a week he took his fifteen dollars and went and deposited them in a bank. As he walked out of the bank he raised his chin proudly and thought, "Soon I shall be getting married," and before he had reached home he had decided he would marry the girl who swung all day in the hammock next door.

Now the girl as she swung in the hammock next door was wishing she had many things. First she wanted a husband, but she was in no hurry for him. So we will

count him from the list. Then she wanted a new hat, and she wanted money for soda water, and she wanted pretty silk stockings and a lot of other pretty things. So she made up her mind that she would try to earn a little pin-money.

The next morning she came to me and said, "Let me take care of your garden. I'll do it as well as a man for much less."

I said, "I'll give you five dollars a week."

"All right," she said; "it will be enough for soda water."

When the young man came I said, "Your place is filled."

He went away and in a few days he came back again. "I must have work to live," said he.

"I'll give you five dollars to help in the kitchen."

(Continued on page 1491)



We Are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which Are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Absolutely Essential to Publication

"Their Own"

EDITORS OF LIFE:

GENTLEMEN: A Mr. Read, of Cheyenne, writing in your last issue, declares the Vatican a purely spiritual court and that the Papal authorities long ago abandoned temporal power.

It is about time for Mr. Read to brush up on affairs of the Vatican and to better acquaint himself with the aspirations of his Catholic Holiness. Mr. Read seems to think that Rome dropped the struggle for temporal authority at the Reformation. Our Protestant forefathers did succeed in stirring the Papacy to some pretense at reform, but not to that extent. The penetrating light of civilization during the following ages did break the temporal power, but only after a struggle. Rome fought stubbornly every foot of ground!

Was it before or after the Reformation that the struggle for Catholic temporal supremacy came in France and Holland? How about the recent fight and overthrow in Portugal? Has the Vatican ever sanctioned the temporal authority of the Italian court at Rome? What of Leo XIII.'s declaration in 1886 that "all Catholics should exert their power to cause the constitutions of States to be moulded on principles of the true church," meaning the Roman Catholic Church?

What are these principles? Church-run schools and religious intoleration are two of them. The clergy come out openly for the first. They are just as strong for the second in spite of anything Cardinal Gibbons has said to the contrary. Where and when did the Papacy sanction toleration except under compulsion? Witness Spain to-day.

Are these good American principles—principles that our forefathers fought for and wove into our Constitution? Hardly! They are what Rome is fighting for. That is what they mean by "making America Catholic"! Archbishop Ireland says "The church can never come into its own until there are more Catholics in Congress." What do they mean by "their own"; what do they wish to "come into"? Don't they already enjoy religious freedom and all the privileges given to Protestants?

If American Catholics are true respectors of and believers in American principles and our Constitution, what are they fighting for? If the Catholic Church is merely a spiritual power, why should they talk of "coming into their own" through entering politics?

Think it over, Mr. Read!

S. B. TALL.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,
June 10, 1912.

He Likes the Advertisements— That's Something

DEAR LIFE:

If you have mislaid your stock of humor, for heaven's sake find it and galvanize it into LIFE.

Your Book Number is dismal, depressing and dreary. I have just had lunch and indigestion, a combination not unusual, but one that a publication such as LIFE purports to be usually mitigates. This week the only bright spots in LIFE

were those produced with scissors and paste. The "original" matter was duller than the books that gave excuse for the name of the number. All the pictures, with the exception of "The Derelict," would have illustrated the waste basket if I or any other of your non-contributors had submitted them for publication. Neither their execution nor their text was worth the effort of rubbing one's spectacles.

I turned down a hotel stew on the bill-of-fare because the ingredients were stale and unprofitable. They always are. But LIFE was a stew equally unappetizing. Meandering political observations, the eternal carping harping on vivisection and vaccination, sawn-off reflections by sundry and various "initials" on the price of newspapers (most of which should be given away and their proprietors promptly prosecuted for doing it), the procreative precociousness of old gentlemen, and suchlike piffle—verily, the sweepings of a literary floor!

Finally, the two-page central *pièce de resistance*, not even original in conception—about as much so as "Ten Nights in a Bar-room."

How can I "obey that impulse" with such rewards in view as these?

The ads were not half bad.

ARTHUR A. PENN.

DENVER,
June 12, 1912.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO MARRIED A "HIGHBROW"

A Compendium of Timely Information

HOW TO SAVE A DROWNING LADY



1—If, while at the seashore, you chance to observe a lady who appears to be worth saving



2—Swim out to her under water



—And dexterously trip her up



4—She will now proceed to drown and you can accomplish a thrilling rescue



5—If you have made a mistake in the lady



6—You must try again, till you find the right one



Discovered

WIFE: What would you do, George, if you were left a widower?

HUB: Oh, I suppose the same as you would if you were left a widow.

WIFE: You horrid wretch! And you told me you could never care for anybody else.—*Boston Transcript.*

Good Advice

An Italian who kept a fruit-stand was much annoyed by possible customers who made a practise of handling the fruit and pinching it, thereby leaving it softened and often spoiled. Exasperated beyond endurance, he finally put up a sign which read:

If you must pincha da fruit—
pincha da cocoanut!
—*Lippincott's.*

A WELL-KNOWN author tells of an English spinster who said, as she watched a great actress writhing about the floor as Cleopatra:

"How different from the home life of our late dear queen!"—*Everybody's.*



Our Grandmother — Our Mother
In some cases there has been a distinct advance in women's fashions

A Liberal Sentence

A West Virginia judge arraigned a shanty boater for stealing a horse, denounced him as a persistent lawbreaker and then sentenced him to ten years at hard labor in the State prison.

"Have you anything to say?" he asked when he was through.

"No," said the sentenced one—"except that it strikes me you are pretty durned liberal with other people's time!"

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

The Best Way

A correspondent wants to know how to pronounce Chihuahua. The best way is to say Chy-hew-hewa and then laugh as though you knew better. If it is done artistically you can get away with it nearly every time. The same treatment has been frequently applied to décolleté with great success.—*York Dispatch.*

Difficulty Removed

PA: Embrace me, Thora. Reginald has asked your hand in marriage.

THORA: But I don't want to leave mother, pa.

PA: Oh, never mind that. Take her along with you.—*Stray Stories.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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ARROW SHIRTS

MARATHON—an ideal summer shirt. Has a soft collar which may be turned in exposing a band on which any white collar may be worn. Gives you a soft collar and soft shirt for hot days in town or outing, or a soft shirt with a laundered collar for more formal wear.

Send for booklet
CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY
453 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

\$1.50



The Experts' favorite is the
Truffault-Hartford
SHOCK ABSORBER

WHEN a car builder of reputation considers the equipment of his car, he becomes exacting. Having a reputation to live up to, he proves before he adopts. When the members of his engineering and laboratory corps put the seal of their approval on an accessory, it is only after that accessory has demonstrated its right to it.

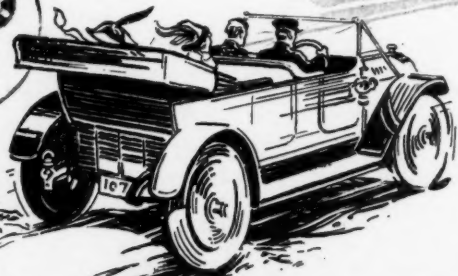
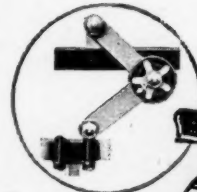
These makers have tried and proved the worth of the Truffault-Hartford. All use it as standard equipment:

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| Pierce-Arrow | Columbia | Diamond T | Packard |
| Stoddard-Dayton | Kissel Six | Thomas | Chadwick |
| Mercer | Oldsmobile | Vette | Simplex |
| Stevens-Duryea | American 60 | Flat Six | Rambler |
| McFarlan Six | Brush | Premier | Benz |

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Edw. V. Hartford, Pres.

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| Chicago | Philadelphia |



Sm
Paid
only 25c
Never
falls to
Dainty, a
Satisfac
or back g
day order
American

Three Simple Fables for Grown Women

(Continued from page 1487)

So the man worked in the kitchen and the girl worked in the garden.

As it was at my home, so it was in my business, and I became rich from what I saved in wages.

Now the years passed, and the young man still worked in the kitchen. And he began to despair and he began to look enviously upon my wealth, and he said, "All my work goes to profit another and I receive nothing." So he demanded more wages, and I refused, and he walked out of my kitchen. Then he starved and became maddened and sought to blow up my house with dynamite.

Meanwhile the girl's father died and she was not married and her only means of support was the five dollars a week she earned in my garden. And five dollars was not enough for her to live on and make herself a home.

So the young man became a criminal and the girl became a prostitute.

Here is a pretty story of love and romance.

The Fable of the Foolish Wise Matrons

I will tell you about Jones, Smith and Robinson.

One evening Jones' wife said to him, "I see in the *Social News* that the Duchess of _____ and Mrs. _____, the widow of the millionaire, have come out for woman's suffrage and that Mrs. _____ has started a farm to teach women farming. Women are invading the industrial field. There are fifty women blacksmiths and fifty women



For Hair and Scalp

Shampoos with Cuticura Soap and occasional dressings of Cuticura Ointment are invaluable. No others do so much to prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove dandruff and promote hair growth.

Sold throughout the world. Sample of each free. Address nearest depot: "Cuticura," Dept. 71, Boston, London, Cape Town, Sydney, Calcutta or Bombay.

Smoker's Delight - Matchless - Pocket Lighter

Not a luxury—an absolute necessity. Excels any dollar lighter. Does not tear pocket. Safety pocket-clip—a guarantee against loss. Ornamental and indestructible. Never fails to ignite. Clean, safe and sanitary. Satisfaction guaranteed or back goes your money. Mailed on day order received. **Salesmen Wanted.** American Pyrofer Co., 5845 Calumet Ave., Chicago.




Try a Gillette with the New Blades these Hot Days

THE tougher your beard and more sensitive your skin, the more you need the Gillette Safety Razor and the exceptional shaving quality of the 1912 Gillette Blades.

They are the best Blades we ever made—smooth, sharp, specially uniform. They will give you a close shave, without pulling, roughness, or smarting—leave your face velvet-smooth, fresh and cool. No special preparation—just a good lathering, *rubbed in well* to soften the beard, as usual. Get some of these new Blades today. Each Blade is hermetically sealed in oiled wrapper—bright, sharp, sanitary. Two sizes of Packet—Twelve Blades (24 shaving edges) in nickel-plated box, \$1.00; Six Blades (12 shaving edges) in carton, 50 cents.

Gillette Safety Razor

For sale in forty thousand retail stores in every part of the habitable globe

No Stopping  No Honing

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
King of Gillette

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY

22 West Second Street, BOSTON

butchers, and there is nothing a woman can't do just as well as a man. Why, then, don't they get the same wages? It is just too mean of the men to pay women such small wages. Now, I ask you how is a woman to make a home for herself on five dollars a week?"

Jones was beginning to feel very uncomfortable. "I'm very sorry, my dear," he said. "Why do the women work? My mother and my grandmother didn't work."

"Your mother and your grandmother were parasites. They let their husbands

support them," snapped Mrs. Jones. "My dear, you are at liberty to support me," said Jones.

"Now you're trying to be funny," sneered his wife. "First you don't pay us enough wages and then you laugh at us. There ought to be a law passed that women should get the same wages as men. I tell you it will come, too, when we get the ballot."

Jones got up and put on his hat and Mrs. Jones read the paragraph in the

(Continued on page 1494)

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Paying Guest

PRISON WARDEN: It's just been found out that you didn't commit that crime you've been in for all these years, and so the Governor has pardoned you.

INNOCENT MAN: Um—I'm pardoned, am I?

PRISON WARDEN: Y-e-s, but don't go yet. I'll have to telegraph for further instructions.

INNOCENT MAN: What about?

PRISON WARDEN: Seems to me that considerin' you hadn't any business here, you ought to pay the State for your board.—*New York Weekly.*

PETROFLOWER cures dandruff and makes hair grow. Sample 2c. stamp, Antonio Leza, P. O. Box 721, Havana, Cuba.

Clever Host

WISE: We had quite a prominent actress as a guest at our house the other evening.

ASCUM: Gracious! Didn't you find it hard to entertain her?

WISE: Oh, no! She amused herself for hours. We just handed her a bunch of photographs, among which were several of her own.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Another Straw Vote

"I congratulate you," said the pretty girl.

"Why?" asked the young man, who was one of her many admirers.

"Father and mother and I took a straw vote last night and you had a clear majority of one."

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Caroni Bitters. The best by test. Send 25 cents for sample bottle with patent dasher, and be convinced. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrib

SUMMERS LINEN RUGS

TOTALLY UNLIKE ALL OTHER RUGS AN INNOVATION IN INTERIOR DECORATING

In sixteen plain and beautiful colors—rich as Orientals—*guaranteed absolutely fast.* Full one quarter inch thick but not cumbersome. As pure linen as a table cloth.

Distinctively Individual Positively Exclusive

Washable, reversible, exceptionally durable. Made to conform to any decorative scheme—in any size—seamless up to 9 feet in width. Write today for illustrated booklet in colors to the only makers of Linen Rugs in the world.

SUMMERS LINEN COMPANY

100 Thomas Street - - Port Huron, Mich.



Brainy Diet

The Salient Principles of the Brainy Diet Curative Treatment



VITAL OR BRAINY
Tomatoes and Lemons are Solvents; Green Vegetables are Laxative, etc.

1. Hardened concretions are dissolved by mild or strong acids (tomatoes, lemons), combined with other suitable foods.
2. Unsound or foreign substances (the cause of ill-health) are eliminated by blood-purifying fresh vegetables, combined with other suitable foods.
3. The nervous system is strengthened by suitable brain or nerve foods (meat, game, poultry, fish, and dairy food), combined with other suitable foods.
4. The muscular system is strengthened by muscle, or force, or starchy foods, combined with other suitable foods.
5. The system is best supplied with heat in cold weather by the heating brain or nerve foods (fresh pork, goose, duck, eels, and custard), combined with other suitable foods.
6. Inflammatory conditions are reduced by cooling, fresh vegetables, combined with other suitable foods. A similar diet will also keep the body cool and energetic in hot weather.

Intending Consultants Must Answer the Following Questions:

1. Sex? 2. Age? 3. Are you married? 4. Occupation (mental or physical, or both)? 5. Complexion?—Condition of hair and teeth? 6. Temperament? 7. Weight? 8. Height? 9. How do you sleep? 10. How do you feel when waking up? 11. Do you ever feel languor? 12. Is distension felt after meals? 13. Do you suffer from constipation? 14. How do the kidneys act? 15. Add any other symptoms you feel. 16. Is food relished? 17. Specify the foods you take. 18. Do you smoke or take alcohol? If so, how much? 19. What fruits and other foods do you prefer? 20. What vegetables and fruits can you obtain? 21. What amount can you spend on food daily? 22. Can you get your food properly cooked? 23. Specify on what subjects you desire information, in addition to learning how to cure your painful and unsightly symptoms. 24. Give any further information which you think will be of service.

MY OPINION IS FREE. Inclose the names of sick friends. Send ten cents for four very instructive booklets—

- (1) The New Brainy Diet System
- (2) Diet vs. Drugs
- (3) Effects of Foods
- (4) Key to Longevity

G. H. BRINKLER, Food Expert, Dept. 72 G, Washington, D. C.

Wages No Object

"Can't you get any work?" asked a woman of the tramp who had applied at the back door for food.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "I was offered a steady job by the man who lives down the road in that big white house."

"That's Mr. Oatseed. What was the work?"

"He wanted me to get up at four in the morning, milk seventeen cows, feed, water and rub down four horses, clean the stables, and then chop wood until it was time to begin the day's work."

"What did he want to pay?"

"I dunno, ma'am. I didn't stop to ask."—*Youth's Companion.*

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

"WHAT is neutrality, Pa?"

"The attitude taken by the North Pole in the Peary-Cook controversy."

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The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



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

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it's like going high up in the cool mountains and dipping the sparkling water right out of nature's bubbling spring! Londonderry is good for you. It refreshes you—that is its highest virtue. It is good for you physically. It is light. You can drink all you will and not feel uncomfortable. Drink Londonderry regularly for a while, and you will remark a new feeling of vigor and bodily freshening. Incidentally it's a royal blender—it mellows the rich flavor of the liquor.

Sparkling (effervescent) in three table sizes. Plain (still) in half gallon bottles, and other sizes if desired. If you have difficulty obtaining Londonderry locally, write us, and we will see that you are supplied at regular retail prices.

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Blame It on the Engineer

(Reprinted from Life, July 27, 1911)
 A lurch that flings the rushing train,
 A roaring shock that rips and rends,
 The groan of death, the shriek of pain
 And—Holy, Holy Dividends!

"The Engineer? Poor chap, he's killed.
 That makes the explanation clear.
 A trusted servant, tried and skilled,
 We'll blame it on the Engineer.

"Too bad; he served us fairly well.
 Of course, we gave him ample pay
 And worked him, through this torrid
 spell,
 Not more than sixteen hours a day.

"His train was late, it seems agreed;
 He disobeyed commands, we fear,
 And tore ahead at reckless speed;
 Let's blame it on the Engineer."

Some day, some day, the Truth may
 leap
 In lines of flame across the Blue,
 Of eyes weighed down for want of
 sleep,
 Of Greed that works one man for two.

Of coward shifts, of simple zeal;
 And when the witnesses appear,
 Perhaps the Court of Last Appeal
 Won't blame it on the Engineer.

A. G.

The aging of a cocktail is as
 necessary to perfect flavor
 as the aging of wine or whisky.

The delicious flavor and aroma of

Club Cocktails

is due not alone to the precise
 blending of the choicest liquors
 obtainable, but to the fact that
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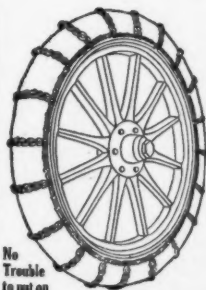
in bad road weather are "as necessary as lamps at night"

Careful, experienced drivers seldom have accidents simply because they realize and appreciate the many dangerous conditions with which they are confronted, and with foresight provide themselves with well known safety devices for their own protection and for the protection of their passengers.

Never neglect to equip your car with the *greatest of all safety devices—*

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Gen. Horace Porter was giving an illustration of every-day diplomacy after having compared it with world diplomacy. "We will say, for instance," he observed, "that our every-day wisacre is introduced to a man from Iowa. He talks corn with him. He meets a man from Boston and talks beans. Should he happen to be thrown in the combined company of a man from Iowa and of a man from Boston he would discuss succotash."—*Argonaut.*

Politics Secondary

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a demagogue?"

"A demagogue, my son, is a man who can entertain an audience so thoroughly that people don't care what his personal opinions happen to be."

—*Spokane Chronicle.*

SHE: Didn't you say you'd go through fire and water for me?

HE: Yes, but I'm blown if I'm going through bankruptcy for you!"

—*Yonkers Statesman.*



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The Gibson Distilling Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gibson's

Three Simple Fables for Grown Women

(Continued from page 1491)

newspaper over again, till she had thoroughly familiarized herself with every aspect of the suffrage question.

Here is a pretty home.

Now about Smith.

"What did I tell you?" said Mrs. Smith to him. "I know I was right about women voting." Now the Duchess of _____ and Mrs. _____, widow of the millionaire, have both come out in favor of it. So you see you were wrong."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Smith, wearily, throwing down the business pages of the evening paper. "What do you women want the ballot for?"

"What do we want the ballot for, indeed? What do men want the ballot for?" she retorted. "It is our right. You men, just because you are the bread-winners, think you're everything. Who bears the children, and what would the State do without children?"

"I suppose it would have to get along on immigrants," he said.

"You needn't try to be smart," she snapped.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," he replied, "but is not a woman sufficiently represented in politics by her husband?"

She smiled at him pityingly. "All women are not married."

"All that bear children are, I hope."

"Now you're low," she said. "I'll not talk to you. If women are not married it's because the men don't ask them."

"My dear," said he, "what the women want is not the ballot, but the right to propose. What is choosing a President compared to choosing a husband. Here

is the real inequality, and it will never cease to exist while woman's delicacy makes her cry for the ballot instead."

Mrs. Smith burst into tears and had hysterics. And Smith went into the dining room, locked the door and got very drunk.

Here was a pretty end to an evening.

Now about Robinson:

As soon as Mrs. Jones had knitted a banner and Mrs. Smith had embroidered

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a pennant they called together upon Mrs. Robinson. Mrs. Robinson knew needlework the moment she saw it and became convinced that the time had come for women to demand their rights.

"What," she exclaimed; "what is socialism but woman's suffrage under a mask. As soon as women can vote all the wrongs of the world will be righted and politics will become pure."

At this Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith set up a great shout, "Votes for women!" and all three fell upon Robinson and tied a big bow of blue ribbon on his arm.

When Robinson entered his club the next morning he met Jones and Smith.

"What have you got on your arm?" asked Jones and Smith in one breath.

"It is the order of purity," returned Robinson, combing his whiskers with a silver pocket-comb. "Women must be permitted to vote. They are going to purify politics. Their sweet natures—"

There was a crash. A brick sailed through the window and struck Robinson on the brow. As he fell he heard a cry, "Votes for women!"

Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Robinson were taken to jail and fed through the nose.

Jones penitently sold his wife's automobile and quadrupled the cook's salary. Smith proposed without success to a dozen pretty young women during his wife's absence. Robinson had water on the brain, lost his mind and marched in the suffrage parade.

Here is a pretty tale of sweetness and light.



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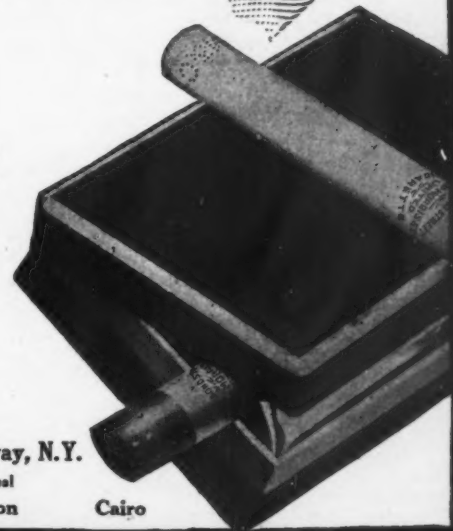
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The Fable of the Rich Samaritan

I will tell you about Miss Van Goldylocks and her beau.

Miss Van Goldylocks' father worked very hard so that his daughter might have everything she wanted. Miss Van Goldylocks had a new dress made every time the dressmaker changed her mind. She had the very dearest little gowns in the whole city. She spent a great deal also on hats, taxis, bridge and entertaining. She had exquisite taste in expensive

things and spelt very well, indeed, for her age. She was a great catch.

Miss Van Goldylocks' beau worked downtown. He held a very responsible position. He was sober, industrious, and everybody liked him. His mother was a Van Something and he was related on his father's side to all the nice people. He was very much in love with Miss Van Goldylocks.

One evening he called upon Miss Van Goldylocks to ask her to become his
(Concluded on page 1497)

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Other times, other manners
By W. L. Jacobs
India Print, 22 x 18 in.
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THEIR DILEMMA
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Three Simple Fables for Grown Women

(Concluded from page 1495)

wife. Miss Van Goldylocks knew by experience that he had come for this purpose and determined to make it easy for him. So she opened the subject herself.

"I was just thinking how happy I should be to be married and live in a tiny, tiny little cottage, with just fifteen thousand a year," she said, coyly.

"Fifteen thousand," gasped the beau.
"Indeed I could live very comfortably on fifteen thousand. Of course, I should not expect a stable full of horses. I could get about very well with a good automobile. And I should have to be content with one lady's maid, and if we didn't entertain very often six or seven other servants would be enough. I should probably not have a nervous breakdown oftener than once a year. So you see I could scrape along quite well on fifteen with a small gift now and then from father."

The beau had been waiting five years for a raise from three thousand five hundred to an even four. He made a rapid calculation on his cuff and patted his head to see that his hair was still there. Then he said good night and strolled over to Broadway and ceased to be spoken of in polite society.

Miss Goldylocks' father died of overwork and she made haste while her gowns were still in style to marry old Mr. Swag, who had just been divorced. Then she became interested in the cause of fallen women.

The beau is no longer spoken of in polite society.

Here is a pretty story to be read at a fashionable woman's slumming club.

Julian Hinckley.



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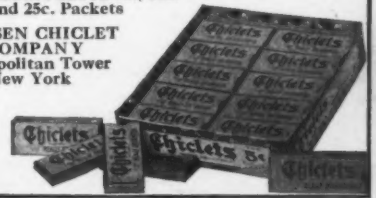
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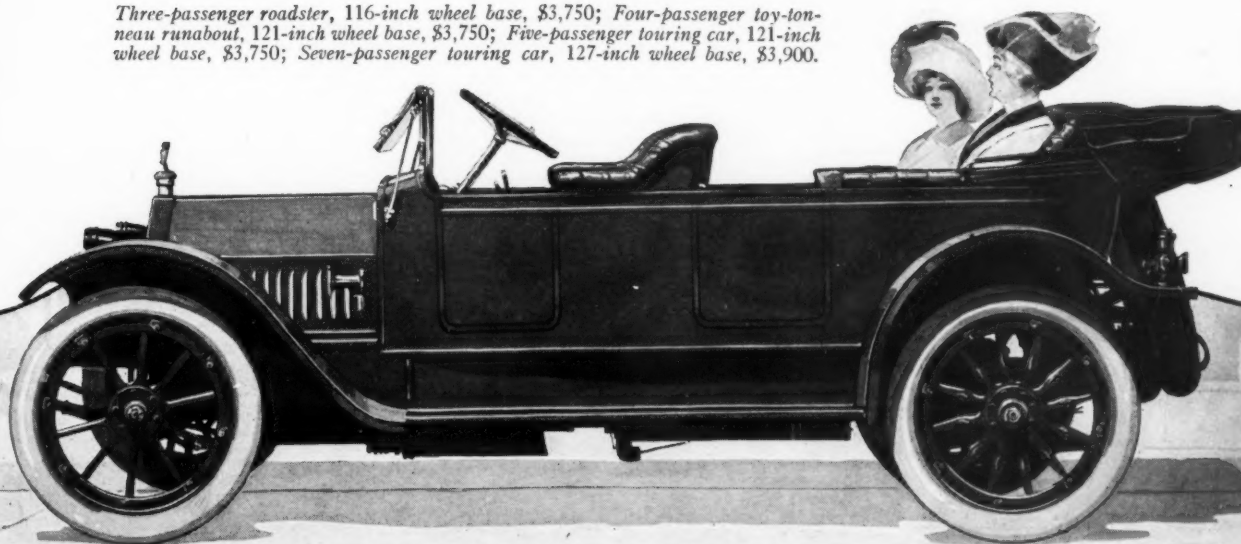
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