



The New 1909 "40" Four Cylinder Locomobile Runabout Owned by E. G. Woolley. The Latest Sensation in Motoring Circles.

THE CALL OF THE CITY.

Though Charles Mulford Robinson is a recognized authority on the serious matter of civic improvement, this is far from being a book of dry figures or too obtrusive facts; it is the easy chat of a happy city dweller—a keen-eyed, warm-hearted observer, telling his friends of the sights and sounds that he loves.

By means of twelve graceful essays, written with sympathetic grace and infectious enthusiasm, Mr. Robinson makes the reader glad to be a townsman, or makes him wish that he were. For he tells of the city's innate charm, the joys of its ringing thoroughfares, its rare beauty, rich human interest, fellowship, comfort, historic associations, the grand opportunities for work, moral development and entertainment that it affords, and the idyllic little chapter, "When Phyllis Is in Town," alone proves the author's sense of the poetry of the paved streets.

After all that has been written about "the call of the open," "back to nature" and "the return to the soil," it was time that someone should thus take up the cudgels for the disparaged town, reminding the world that there is worth and rare beauty in the walled places where many folks do dwell, as well as in the trackless wilds.

The book is printed on heavy Exeter white-wove paper and bound with exceptional taste, so as to make it a fit volume for presentation to any lover of good essays. The frontispiece is a photogravure reproduction of Coin Campbell Cooper's painting, "Broad Street, New York," and an effective, poetic panel picture of a moonlight city.

These essays on the delights of urban life are published by Paul Elder and Company of San Francisco and New York.

THE POETS.

I saw from Tamalpais the morning star
Herald the morning thro her gates of gold
(Tho yet the night reigned absolute and old,
And day seemed past recall, or most afar);
Whereat the hosts of light that cinctured are
In evanescent roses, and that hold
The vanguard of the dawn, uprising, rolled
To sea the twilight's grey enormous bar.

Sons of the dawn! Ye whose exalted light
Foreruns the day, from an inviolate height
Your voices fall; for, set above your kind,
Ye see the morrow when the world gropes blind
In ancient darkness—ere the East is white,
And the new mornings strike from mind to mind.

—George Sterling in Papyrus.

THE SENATE SENT IT BACK.

(Dedicated to nearly any State legislature.)
The members of the house one day were working on a bill;
They filled it chock with poppycock just wild enough to thrill.
And when it was completed, and nothing seemed to lack,—
They sent it to the senate, but the senate sent it back—
Said the thing was out o'whack.
So the house piled more amendments to the hurly-burly stack;
Viewed their work with calm conviction, and with nerve more strong than knack
They sent it to the senate, but the senate sent it back.
The senate sent a message that was tinctured with a slur—
"In these absurd amendments the senate can't concur."
But the house grew wild with fury, and said:
"We'll have no slack."
So they sent it to the senate, but the senate sent it back—
Said the house was out o'whack;
They hoped that some Samaritan would put them on the track.
But the house, as mad as fiddlesticks, just wouldn't tand the crack—
They sent it to the senate, and the senate sent it back. —Life.

TO FATHER TIME.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight!
Give us an autoless day and a night.
Give us a "yellow" sans headlines to scan,
A rustleless skirt, and a hustleless man,
A babe teddy-bearless, a microbeless kiss,
A fistle fight fakeless, a straight-frontless miss,
A giggleless schoolgirl, and—better than that!—
A summer-clad college man wearing a hat!
I know, Father Time, that I'm, asking too much,
But turn to a day ere a dinner was lunch,
Swing back to an age peroxideless for hair—
An aeon ere "rats" made their rendezvous there—
An old-fashioned breakfast without Shredded Hay,
A season when farmers went whineless a day,
A burg moving-pictureless—ah, what a treat!
A gumless-girl town and a trolleyless street;
I'm asking too much, but I pray, Daddy Time,
For days when a song had both substance and rhyme!
—The Bohemian.

Perhaps you have seen that new 1909 "40" Locomobile that E. G. Woolley is running around

the country roads and city pavements. But to see the cut of its fjb and its graceful lines is not to know it, unless you take a spin sitting in the front or back, and note the power and life it has in reserve, and the ease with which it takes on speed without a jar to a passenger. A prototype of the car recently made 200 miles in 242 minutes in the Fairmont Park road race in Philadelphia, and it is easy to see how that can be done with this new model, embodying as it does the best features that have resulted from careful experiment. As one man said the other day, when, with such ease as to be scarcely noticed, the clutch was moved into the high, "Why, the thing's alive." That is exactly the impression it gives, for it is like some lithe powerful animal that is carrying you ready on the instant to dart ahead with indescribable swiftness.

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FROM THE FOUR WINDS.

The travelers come—actors, artists, bon vivants of every description—the viveurs of a nation, and nine out of ten when they arrive ask "Where's the Louvre?"

The reason is that news travels fast when there's a good restaurant in a town that went without one for a long time. And not only a restaurant containing all of the best appointments of cuisine and service, but one where music and good fellowship prevail, and where you can get anything you want to eat or drink from the leading markets of the world—at home or abroad.

The table d'hote lunches at the Louvre are becoming very popular. Served from 12 to 2 p. m.,—they afford an opportunity for the busy man to get a nice lunch at the hour he wants it at a nominal expense. Features conducive to making the mid-day hour a pleasant interruption in the day's work.

Take a lunch with good music and good friends—at the Louvre every day from 12 to 2.