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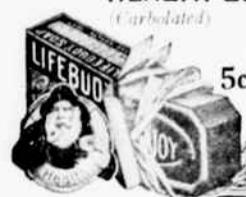
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Head! And no sign of a revenue cutter's smoke! The dot melted, and a low bluff showed down shore. Behind that distant sand dune lay Ships Bottom Life Saving Station, on the farther side of the inlet he was aiming for, a mere swordcut through the sandy breakwater into Barnegat Bay. Already he saw, or sensed, the foam floating over the submerged reef of Ships Bottom,—the dangerous Gridiron Rocks that the station guarded. On the racing schooner an ominous silence lay, the skipper alert, black as the following thunderheads, the swart-faced crew watching evilly, Welsh grimly smiling at the wheel.

In the seaward turmoil the red moon balanced like an Edam cheese slashed with soot. Shoreward the creaming surf was cut by a hurrying streak, the inlet to Barnegat Bay. On the adjacent sandhill a big man lay sprawled out, with night glasses. Down shore other men clustered round a big white boat.

"She's the hooker, an' it's Welshy. I knowed he'd break for us," a big voice boomed down. "She ain't saw the gunboat yet. We got to jump her quick, afore they stretch him."

Little Welsh could not see them; but he knew that Big Jim Casco and the crew of Ships Bottom were laying for him at the inlet. And he knew why they were not off shore. The scene was set! And he was the star actor!

Anxiously peering, luffing the schooner, and racing her out of the smother, killing time with a seaman's science, praying like another General for dark, with the black-browed master watching and the crew crawling aft, the schooner bowled down upon the long line of white foothlights. Dead ahead the channel boated, between the beach and Gridiron Reef; booming its minute gun now in warning. For a hundred yards those sunken rocks barred the inlet either way. It was now or never! Lose all or gain all!

SHE belongs to the Government—an' us! I'll stick to her till " Little Welsh gripped the wheel, gritting his teeth.

A cry and a startled form leaping on the hatch seemed the signal for a rush of action. "The gunboat!"

"I knowed it! I knowed the Rev'nos was out, w'en Ships Bottom wasn't waitin'." Welsh's wail capped the skipper's cry, rising high over the gale. He saw over the starboard quarter a black shape bounding them from the sea, swinging with fiery eyes for the channel. A light flashed up and down, setting on the scared faces.

"I knowed they'd guess it! The whole coast's in on the handicap! If them Rev'nos gets aboard first, our goose is cooked! There's Cap Casco—crazy lunny!"

A snarling squall outsped the storm, illuminating a huge form dancing on the sands, harking him in. He glimpsed the lifeboat and tumbling men, and the coastguard station with its barred flag—"All ready to take charge—in the name o' the Government!"

Savagely he flung over the wheel, reckless of the schooner's masts and his own peril. But the match was set to the gunpowder,—the red murk shrouded in drapery that hid the ambush. Over the windward rail the Gridiron boomed a requiem. Welsh struggled for the inlet.

"You have tri-tricked us! I will pay you, whatever comes! Betrayed!"

HE had forgotten the schooner master. For a space the whole after deck seemed to rise up and smite him, fighting, cursing men bearing him down. Breathless and blinded, he was flung from the wheel, sharp

pains shooting through him. Welsh was a lighter; but no match for the whole crew of the schooner, armed with knives. The black-bearded man fought with his own crew to reach him with his pistol. The schooner swooped out of control, and the kicking wheel cleared the deck for an instant. Welsh, winded as he was, fought to reach it first—he saw what another minute would mean.

"Ye idjits! Ye'll bust her on the rocks! They're fore an' aft of you, under water. You can't run for it, I tell you—an' you can't go in now!"

It was too late. Forged back by the fighting crowd, he was jammed against the rail, only the weight of the men saving him from the knives. Striking out with both hands, he saw the lifeboat coming, lifted high on the rollers of the inlet. The schooner, forced seaward, swooped away like a scared gull, slanting toward the hidden reef. One long leap she made, high over the rocky barrier, then struck, with the boom of a big gun over the surf. Fighter and fighters sprawled over the deck, appalled by the smashing of spars and the grinding and screaming of the tortured hull.

"I knowed you do it! Didn't I tell ye?"

Welsh scrambled up, clambering to the rail, where he climbed into the main shrouds. "Ye've piled her on the rocks, you chuckle-headed gun runners!" he snarled back at them. "I could a fetched her home whole, an' now we got to save the pieces! Jump her, Bullies!" he roared to the Ship. "Bottom crew, leading the revenue cutter by a dozen lengths. The police boat was hopelessly plowing down the channel, rolling the water before her; but the lifeboat was nearly aboard, the bowmen ready to jump. Hanging to the shrouds, contemptuous of the hideous turmoil forward and on deck, Little Welsh swung a comprehensive arm schoonerward.

"She's full o' guns!" he shouted. "She's a filibuster, an' I found 'em, and she's ours! I kidnapped her all by my lonesome!"

COURSE, I didn't know for sure what company I was in; but I did know I didn't want to stay for the whole cruise," Little Welsh said later, when there was more time for details.

He stood on the platform of Barnegat railroad station, well groomed, dapper, and with a fresh flower in his buttonhole. Captain Casco and the revenue officer were with him.

"It was when I was mousing around for a bottle to send my submarine cable in, I found them guns—cabinhold and lazaret stacked up full of 'em. Nat'rally, w'en I tumbled what she was, I wasn't lettin' that prize get away. I was representin' the Government; so the on'y way I seen for it was to run her down to Ships Bottom and bang her through the inlet and right into the arms of the han'some bullies o' Barnegat."

"Struck oil all around, didn't you?" the revenue man said enviously. "Considering that schooner fellow is the prize filibuster the Government offered the big reward for, there'll be pickings for you when they see how she cuts up. Lading's all right, anyhow."

Welsh knew that. That was why he was going back again to the sandy shores of Long Island on extension of leave.

"Say, Welshy," Captain Casco asked as the train chugged in, "just how did you come to get her aboard that hooker?"

Little Tom Welsh grinned; he was having plenty of practice in that. "I was an orphan, an' I took him in," he said. "The black-wiskered pirate shanghai'd me home."

THE NEW CAMPAIGNING

Continued from page 4

rangements. Two or three wild spirits alone applauded as the silhouette rose on a chair and waved its arms. At last the right arm rose, paused, and fell. The introductory speech was over, and the crowd grew quiet to listen if it could not see. It listened patiently to three speeches, and then yelled, "Teddy, Teddy! Where is Teddy?" There was a pause, and at last, in response to the insistent call, a fifth silhouette rose on the chair. The audience went crazy for ten minutes, and then in the silence that followed every inflection of the candidate brought applause, every pause for breath, cheers.

It was not until the campaign was over that the audience knew that the same speech was delivered that night twice to the same audience from the same platform by the same man; for the first speaker to whom they did not listen was the same as the last one they cheered—Theodore Roosevelt.

NOWADAYS, instead of the mammoth outdoor mass meeting, the crowd is distributed among two or three simultaneous meetings held under cover, the lead-

ing speakers being escorted from one to the other—from the Academy of Music to the Rink and the Wigwam—in automobiles, and the audiences kept in good humor during the interval of waiting by lesser luminaries of local fame. It may not make such impressive reading as an account of one monster demonstration for the candidate; but three times as many people have heard something as would have been the case had the overworked vocal cords of the speaker been forced into competition with city traffic and the holiday unrest of "all outdoors."

Spellbinding de luxe is, of course, reached in the special train tour in which the candidates themselves and the political headliners are indulged. They must be very "big guns" to be thus put into the field, since the expense of this exclusive form of railroad transportation, now that the Railway Rate Bill has mercilessly amputated all passes and concessions, averages about three hundred dollars a day. These cars, equipped with a full complement of speakers, stenographers, press correspondents, literature dis-

tributors, are routed the same as a theatrical troupe; an advance man marking the itinerary and looking after local details, so that an expectant audience is waiting when the car is stopped and the "star" begins his much gesticulated exposition from the back platform. In this way often one hundred meetings are addressed between Monday morning and Saturday night.

The effort to combine in a five-minute talk thought and expression in striking and convincing form, to suit with plan and style of speech the everchanging character of the audiences, has developed a new note in the campaign oratory of even the "stars." Thrilling rhetorical appeal and sermonic exhortation have given way to a terminology emphatic to roughness, which causes the sentences to carry the extreme of meaning to the average ear. An alleged misstatement is a "lie," while "Bet your lives!"—"Dead sure!"—"You'll vote right because you're built that way!" are appearing again and again in the present campaign.

But if unavoidably fragmentary and colloquial, the speech from the traveling rostrum has evolved pregnant phrase and logical brevity. The statements, "When the dinner pail is empty, it is a serious business," and "When a trust closes a factory, it does not invite a President to be present at the closing," have imparted a pungent turn to the views of special-train orators, and we find Mr. Bryan prophesying in compact eloquence, "An industrial despotism that compels millions of people to get on their knees and pray to the trusts, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'" Under the necessity for rapid-fire argument, the speaker learns to express his contention in the form of a series of questions that, arranged in syllogistic order and implying in themselves the answer, lead to an apparent *reductio ad absurdum*. For instance, better than an hour's magnetic oratory has proved the terse summary, "If the trusts are good, why are they denounced; if they are bad, why are more permitted to organize; if some are good and some are bad, can you tell me the difference?"

BUT, effective factor as the consolidate himself on the stump has become,—aligned on a question of personality rather than political creed, as we may seem to the foreigner,—his appearance there is always precarious to the chances of his cause; for the early injunction that it behooves candidates "to watch their mouths lest they put their foot in them" still holds good.

Likewise with the custom of saving oratorical ammunition from the Senate and Cabinet for an awful detonation at the close of the campaign. Sometimes the distinguished spellbinder, under the more or less subduing circumstance of finding that his national reputation has not preceded him, confines himself to ponderous remarks from notes; but more often, when the party flag is up and the party drum calls for the lock step, he exhibits himself as a savage partisan preaching on the text attributed to Horace Greeley, that every horsechief is a member of the opposite party, or, as he himself would say, finds himself making it hot enough to suit "all the boys in the trenches." With a few brilliant exceptions, these "big guns" are guns of percussion rather than precision. The statesman may be master of forensic arts; but as a campaigner he is likely to be too anxious to preserve his relative importance in the picture.

"Politics is a continuous performance, you see," once remarked a thin-lipped philosopher whose watch chain and bunched seal ring were favorite marks for the political cartoonist. "I'm really sorry for the amateurs. They do their turn a sight better than some of the boys; but they want to climb down and see the show awhile. And that ain't according to the game." Or, as the theatrical manager's maxim runs, "The worst professional is better than the best amateur." And the professional spellbinder would seem to have been dictated by some such sense of the shrewd.

It is said that Senator Hanna once expressed himself in prophecy to the effect that the steady growth of the campaign fund would soon require the organization by each national committee of a bank or trust company, and it is interesting to note that in time's whirligig it has been the curtailment of campaign funds that leads to the installation of business methods in national headquarters.

The marvelous feature of the monstrous mechanism of present-day campaigning, a point before which older practitioners of the art stand nonplussed, is that in a week after the polls are closed all the bills are paid. In 1888 the Republican headquarters collapsed with a debt of a million and a half, approximately the sum handled by the Republican national committee in the 1908 election, which left no deficit, but a small sinking fund.