

JUST INVENTED: A MUCH NEEDED UMBRELLA

I HAVE invented a new umbrella peculiarly adapted to the use of Portlanders. Not that I know why it is "peculiarly" adapted, but I seldom see this one word without the other. Hence I use it. Besides, it looks well in print.

In describing my umbrella I may say that its main characteristics (I shall instruct my agents to say main recommendations when selling to "Champos" and other folk), as I started to say, its chief feature is its originality.

I have never seen anything like it. It commands itself from every point of view—cheapness, durability, neatness, lightness and general use. Save for these special properties, it is just like other umbrellas. (See cut.) I call it the



Dotted Lines Show the Direction the Umbrella Takes When S. P. C. A. Is Not Looking.

wear you, old Mr. Miser, fourteen years hand running, with few repairs, while we have a make for Mrs. Extravagance to last through only one season of styles. It is neat, just neat enough, rolled tightly and having an aspect of virginity, for you, Mr. Rector, and you, Miss Schoolmarm. On the other hand, I shall have a special make of sloppy, worn and sag-bellied style for Bohemians, budding poets, amateur writers and other filiates of Nature. Yes, I know, Rosy, the Bible says Nature never makes a mistake. But she never met Ella Hubbard and Ella Wheeler Willcox.

Then my umbrella shall be cheap at any price. A cotton cover and bum mechanism for the flat pocketbook, and best-grade silk (see price list) and monogrammed gold handle for the fat purses.

My umbrella is light, too—light enough for any enterprising sneakthief (or the person who always takes your umbrella for his own)—to carry away, and still not so light that Miss Pevpounds will be lifted off her feet when she turns the corner in a sudden gale of wind.

On this page is a picture of my umbrella. Its handle can be shortened or lengthened at the carrier's will. (No, gentle Annie, I am aware that carrier isn't a cute word to use in that sense; it reminds one of a pigeon of the postman. Wearer won't do; no one wears an um-



This is the Portland Beaverette.

Portland Beaverette. (Yes, Blanche, I know that ate is better English than et, but I guess I can name my own umbrella.)

I had such a time naming it, too. And now that I have selected a name that meets all requirements, I suppose



Your Pastor Won't Know It's You.

years from now some one will want it changed—like the Bull Run water wrangle—because it's not catholic. But while I live it's a Portland Beaverette.

I've even decided just what I'm going to say when I'm interviewed by the reporters, and which photo I'll give them to print alongside Mrs. Potter Palmer, the bank-wrecker and the winner of the lightweight championship.

In making out my prospectus (has any one discovered the plural of prospectus?) for my agents, I shall dilate at large on the good points, but I shall qualify every assertion, as a matter of policy. For instance, the umbrella is durable. It will

many uses, other than the ones suggested, will present themselves to my readers, gentle and otherwise.

The first one to do the presentation act is its use to you, Archie or Percy, with an unpaid tailor bill. You simply must dress well, demander know: society, your friends, and it rarely a tailor can be so rude, you know, over a little bill. Really, it's a deuced embarrassing to meet the dunning tailor everywhere one turns, really, now, it is (again don't know). The uninitiated might suggest pay him. He also may have outstanding bills. To Archie and Percy my umbrella will be a boon and he can walk right past the anxious tailor and not be recognized at all.

Then there's Mr. Godlyman, who never falls from grace and is found each Sunday in his place. No, that's not poetry, Nina; it's too near Spring.) With my umbrella, you, Mr. Godlyman, won't have to snoop around like a sneakthief before you duck into some side door entrance of a third dispensary, but can instead boldly enter, protected from curious eyes and wagging tongues. Why, the preacher himself might be just behind you and never dream it is you under the umbrella. Of course Mrs. Plevs, I do not intend to insinuate that the preacher would be

either coming in or going out. I don't know your preacher. Besides, he probably has a better and older brand at home in the cellar.

To the high and mighty bank director my umbrella would be a genuine protection. Holding it carefully over his \$100 suit, he could successfully evade the searching and anxious eyes of the group of depositors, waiting outside the bank to hold a heart-to-heart talk with him. In the same manner he could dodge reporters. (No, Henry, you know very well reporters don't have bank accounts.)

And to Mr. Paterfamilias what a blessing would be the Portland Beaverette. With perfect security he could pass by the waiting butcher, coal man, rent man, grocer and other bill collectors, with duns in their pockets and anxiety writ large on their countenances.

Of course, I'm not advocating this; no, not even to sell one more umbrella. But it could occur occasionally; they would inevitably run him down after awhile. Mrs. Paterfamilias could take the twins, little Percy and Repeat, out for a ride in the midst of a gentle Portland drizzle, or they could be caught out in a veritable down-pour—a sheet of rain I believe it is called. I never saw one,



The Short Man and the Tall Girl.

brella. Owner? Oh, come, now, not one person in ten is entitled so to be designated.)

The uses of a Beaverette will appeal to every Portlander and no doubt a great

Manifold and Varied Uses for the Portland Beaverette

By LEONE CASS BAER, WITH HER OWN ILLUSTRATIONS



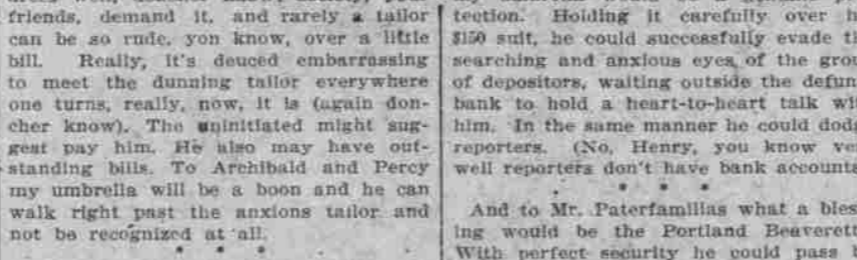
Bank Director Can Evade a Heart-to-Heart Talk With Depositors.

personally, but in stories when the ship is wrecked and the beautiful unknown child tossed on the shore, to be rescued by old Mez, the rain always comes down in sheets. And no matter what it is, if Mrs. Paterfamilias and the babes are overtaken by it, they can remain dry and serene, the buggy, robes and pillows and themselves protected by a Beaverette.

Mr. Short, figuratively and anon financially speaking, can walk out with Miss Lentily and not be eternally conscious of his having been measured by the yardstick and found wanting.

To me there is only two really ridiculous things on a rainy day. One is a short, stout woman, holding her skirts well up in front and on both sides, letting the sag and sweep in billows behind as she walks. Of course, she may have had the skirt only a few days, and the ankles, God only knows, how many years, but the sight is heartrending to contemplate.

Second only in interest is the short man who tries in vain to hold an umbrella over the creation on the head of the creation he is walking with. To him my umbrella will be a blessed gift, or purchase. (See price list.) I'm not going to give any of them away, myself, except for advertising purposes; so do not misconstrue me.



Oblivious as Usual to the Hold-Ups and Gumbings.

adroitly he can hide from his none too curious and searching gaze, the garbage barrels and boxes, refuse, and the disarrayed lot that fill some of our streets. Yes, my truly prophetic soul can foresee an order for the Beaverette from all the Councilmen.

And our dear friend, our protector, our minion of the law, the policeman! What a boon it will be to him. Securely stowed away behind an extra sized edition of my invention he can patrol his beat, oblivious, then as now, to everything going on about him. The hold-up and its victim's cry, the gambler's den, the beggar's wall, the footpad, the sneak thief, the thug, the soak, all will be as things apart, kept from him by my umbrella.

And for our loved friend, W. J. Crook, how debonaire and jaunty he will look behind a Beaverette. (Yes, George, I too, wish it was behind his bars instead of an umbrella.) With the poor devils he cheated out of their timber claims dogging his heels, he



Protected From the Rain.

could smile serenely and pass 'em up. I expect him to order one in a few days—a deer-eyed, black one, to correspond with his methods.

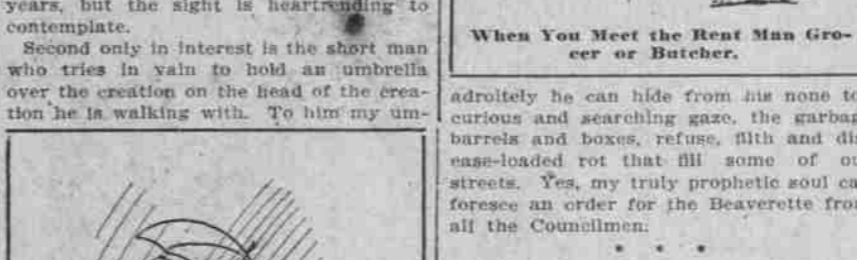
And what a handy article it would have proved when Gladys Vanderbilt objected to being photographed and her no-account Count felt compelled to swat the camera man. If they'd had my umbrella (and I would gladly send them one for advertising purposes), it could have been interposed between the objectionable Count and the objectionable camera, and then when the newspapers gave the affair publicity, the Beaverette would have come in for no



Can't See the Alleys and Dirty Streets.

toricity, which is sometimes to be preferred to fame.

My umbrella is small enough to cover Bryan's platform; in fact, it could cover his constituents, if they stood in an orderly bunch. On the other hand, it is large enough to cover Bill Taft's stom-



Keeps the Rain Off Taft.

ach. So you see, it has vast possibilities.

As a screen for a singer and dancer in a vaudeville show, it presents protective qualities—it reaches farther and is more protective than the arms of the law, and, like charity, it covereth a multitude of sins.

There are 1000 uses to which it can be put. It will be on the market in a few days. See advertising section for price-list and commission to agents.

HERE CONTINUOUSLY SINCE 1850

Portland's Oldest Citizen, William L. Higgins, Who Visited Here in 1843, With John H. Couch.

WILLIAM LUTHER HIGGINS, Portland's oldest citizen, whose service throughout 58 years has helped materially to develop this city from nothing to its present proportions, looks serenely upon a strenuous world from the height of his years of achievement and feels proud of the progress of his city and state. He lives with his daughter at 608 East Broadway, and has retired from active business as carpenter and contractor.

Captain Higgins, though past 83, enjoys all the rewards of a calm and temperate life. His hearing and vision are almost perfect, and his agility would be creditable to one half his age. Captain Higgins declines to forecast the growth of Portland in 1968. "It is enough," he says, "to marvel at our pre-eminence in the Pacific Northwest, and to know I am the oldest living citizen, who has seen the place grow from one house to its present population."

He is not concerned about monuments to his memory, for scores of business and dwelling-houses, including the old postoffice, attest his energy and skill as a builder.

He came here first in the Spring of 1843, and returned in 1850, and established his permanent residence. On the first visit he came as one of the crew of Captain John H. Couch, in the brig Chenamus. William Bartlett was first mate; Stephen Goodwin, second mate. The passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Chimes, of Salem, Mass.; Miss Piper, of Newburyport, Mass.; a niece of Captain Couch; Baker, Wilson and two other young men. The Chenamus sailed from Newburyport in the Fall of '42, and arrived here the next Spring. The whole country, Captain Higgins relates, was covered with water.

Captain Couch had made an initial trip to the Columbia River in 1840. The record of that voyage is now in the possession of Mrs. Robert Bruce Wilson, of Portland, his daughter. The voyage in '42 was uneventful, excepting a terrific gale encountered in rounding Cape Horn. The brig was tossed about by heavy seas, and a huge wave washed two men overboard. Their bodies were not recovered. Captain Higgins saved himself by jumping from the rigging to a place of safety. He says:

"The Chenamus called at Rio, discharged freight, and sailed for the Columbia River. We reached the island of Juan Fernandez, claimed then by the Chilean Government and used as a penal colony. We saw the exiles huts from deck. At that time, however, there was no one on the island. They were well supplied with food, which they traded with us for other supplies. We proceeded thence to the Society Islands, belonging to the French."

"Soon after leaving Juan Fernandez, a heavenly stranger came on board—a babe, born to its land, Mrs. Grimes. We discharged cargo for the mission at Juan Fernandez and sailed for Honolulu, thence to the Columbia River. Mr. and Mrs. Grimes and the baby and Miss Piper remained in Honolulu."

"The only person I remember as a resident on the Columbia River at that time was Mr. Burney, an employe of the Hudson Bay Company. We were mighty well pleased to smell fresh water and enjoyed the sight of the mighty Columbia. We little thought then of present developments, but felt that this territory would have a brilliant future."

"We sailed up the river to Skamokawa

and unloaded a house, framed and built, knocked down, at Newburyport for use as a trading store at the Indian village; then we engaged in salmon packing and merchandising with the fishermen and Indians.

"We proceeded thence into the Willamette, discharging trade cargo at Oregon City, and erected a trading-house there for Mr. Wilson, one of the young men who came as a passenger upon the Chenamus. He died at Oregon City a few years ago.

"At Willamette Falls for some time we employed Indians to catch and cure salmon. At Skamokawa we took on board a cargo of salmon and sailed for the Sandwich Islands, touching at the Society Islands, thence set sail for Newburyport. On this return voyage our vessel was chartered by a company to go to one of the Sandwich group and take on board whale oil, salvaged from a vessel wrecked on the island coast. There was no harbor, so we anchored off shore. The natives rolled the barrels down the beach and swam with them through the breakers to the ship.

"Before we left the Willamette River on route home we were visited by Rev. Jason Lee, a Methodist missionary, and while anchored at the mouth of the Columbia there came on board Dr. Richmond and his wife and family. One of Dr. Richmond's daughters is now married and lives in lower Albina.

"Homeward bound, the Chenamus called at Tahiti. The voyage was uneventful, but it was here that the lightning struck the world in the last six decades. Believing, however, in evolution and development, he accepts stupendous facts as a matter of course, perhaps Captain Higgins' opinion is that the lightning struck the world in the last six decades. Believing, however, in evolution and development, he accepts stupendous facts as a matter of course, perhaps Captain Higgins' opinion is that the lightning struck the world in the last six decades. Believing, however, in evolution and development, he accepts stupendous facts as a matter of course, perhaps Captain Higgins' opinion is that the lightning struck the world in the last six decades.

two years later. The only resident I remember was William Johnson, employed by the Hudson Bay Company. He had an Indian wife and two boys, and they dwelt in the first house built here, block 127, South Portland, lots 4 and 5, between Hood street and Macadam road, now owned, I think, by Attorney Milton Johnson, who lives in the same house. I think should erect a monument there to show where the first house stood."

"Captain Higgins fully appreciates the importance of the lightning striking the world in the last six decades. Believing, however, in evolution and development, he accepts stupendous facts as a matter of course, perhaps Captain Higgins' opinion is that the lightning struck the world in the last six decades. Believing, however, in evolution and development, he accepts stupendous facts as a matter of course, perhaps Captain Higgins' opinion is that the lightning struck the world in the last six decades.

"I married here in 1852, and so far nothing has induced me to leave. I have never visited my original home, Providence Plantations, Rhode Island."

"When I first visited this place in 1843, Portland was not yet on the map, for Pettygrove did not found the town until

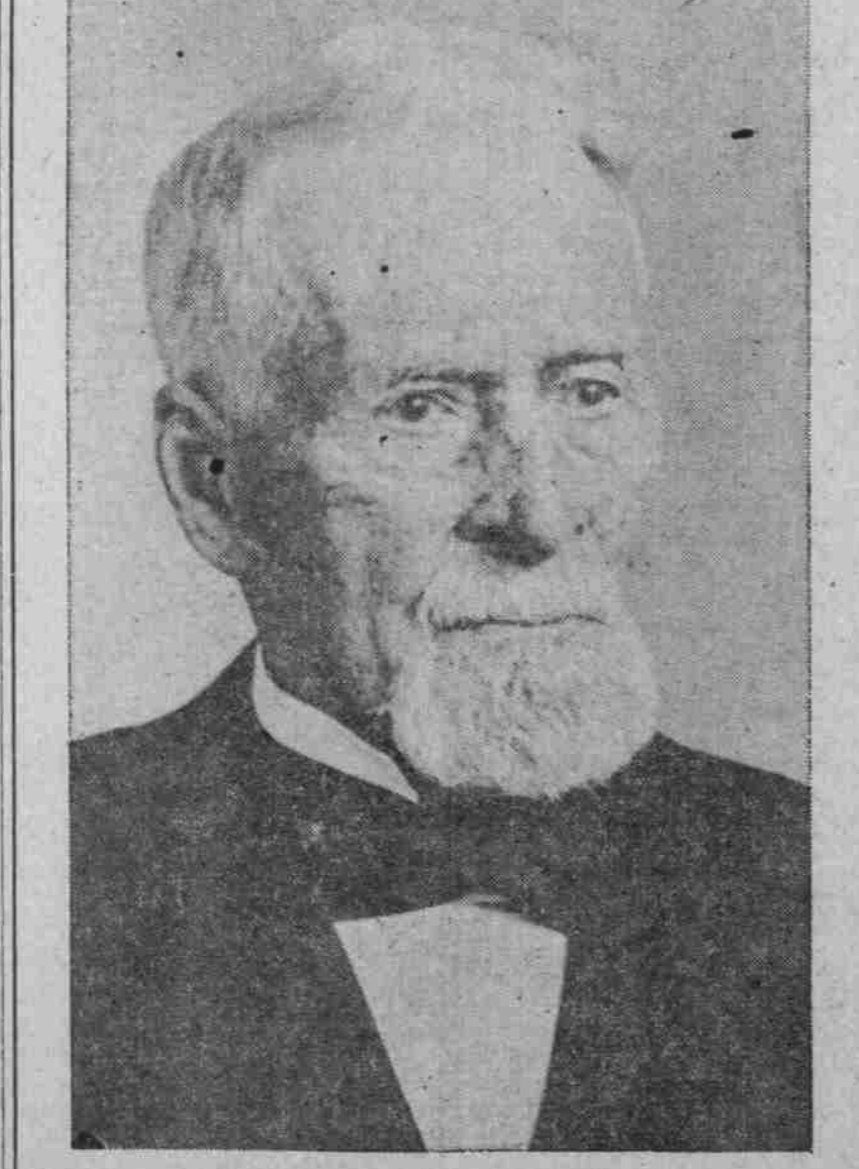
Concerning a landmark in the Columbia, a site sacred to the Indians in early days, Captain Higgins says:

"On one occasion I visited Coffin Rock, the burial place of the red men. One lived there. The Indian superstition kept him aloof. When Commodore Wilkes was here on his exploration trip his men set fire to the brush and cleared the island to some extent. The Indian dead were buried with all their belongings in canoes, placed upon stilts. I observed scattered everywhere fragments of canoes, brass, beads, copper rings, etc., used in the burial rites. I am told the 'rock' is now used cultivated."

"Captain Higgins is an optimist and will not discuss war nor politics. Concerning the Japanese and their aptitude for learning, he said: "I am reminded of Kimo, a bright, industrious Japanese boy brought here for use as a servant. I brought him here by Captain Leonard, master of a trading vessel, in the early '50s. He placed Kimo in school here and he had gained a fair education. He returned to Japan and his people did not kill him, according to ancient custom. They had seen the light and welcomed him and he was afterwards engaged in the diplomatic service of his country. I would like to know what became of him."

"Captain Higgins relates with pathos heartrending scenes he witnessed on the coast of Ireland during the Great Famine, when he went there as one of the crew of a relief supply vessel from New Orleans. He saw the starving and the people were terrible indeed. Starved men, women and children swarmed around the vessel, begging bread. They hailed the relief with pathetic and wailing. In unloading the grain some of it spilled from the sacks. So famished were they that they snatched the corn from the dirt and ate it raw. We fed many each day, and before leaving I adopted a beautiful little girl, who had no one to care for her, and brought her to the United States with me. Her condition was enough to make angels weep. In Ohio I gave her into safe hands and she was looked after, also, by the Catholic church. Indeed, the priest of her parish in Ireland wrote to friends in Ohio to be ready to receive her before our arrival. She has since married, I am informed, and is happy and prosperous."

"Captain Higgins takes the keenest interest in everything designed to benefit Portland, but has never held public office.



WILLIAM L. HIGGINS.

"I am glad to see, Freddy that you are a regular attendant at church."

"Yes, sir."

"What part of the service do you enjoy the most, Freddy?"

"Comin' out, sir."

PEDIGREE OF PIE GOES BACK AGES

What calls back the past like the rich

THE dictionaries tell us that the etymology or origin of the word "pie" would seem to indicate that, along with many other things, our ancestors borrowed "pie" from that source.

Pie first came into prominence as a Christmas dish, and in its primitive state was baked in an immense deep-dished dish, lined with rolled-out pastry and filled with force meats, richly sweetened and spiced and covered over with pie dough. This was the original of our mince pie. The Oriental character of its spices and flavoring was supposed to represent the rich gifts which the wise men brought, and when the big pie went out of fashion and the small pie came in, the latter was given a further symbolism by being baked in small vessels shaped to represent the manger in which Christ was born.

This started a religious row. The Puritans denounced mince pie as idolatrous; the Catholics, on the other hand, regarded it as a Catholic festival, the Puritans denounced the ancient celebration of Christmas, with all its observances, sports and conviviality, as pagan and refused to join the rest of the world in gaudious festivities on that day.

In England, in 1647, Parliament abolished the observance of "the three grand festivals" of Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, and for 12 years the observance of Christmas ceased in England. In 1659, stringent laws were passed in Massachusetts against the observance of Christmas. And all this included mince pie.

But when the ban on the celebration of Christmas was removed mince pie came back in all its glory, but in changed form, says the Kansas City Star. As a concession to the Puritan conscience mince pies were baked in round dishes instead of the former manger-shaped ones, and now find "fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the jolliest epicure, no matter whether he be Catholic, Puritan or pagan."

Mince pie was always baked long before Christmas and laid away to ripen, according to the learned Dr. Barn, the time to begin eating mince pie was on December 15, the beginning of the old Christmas season. To serve mince pie in old English fashion, take a tablespoonful of good brandy, light it, and, raising the top crust of the pie, pour in the burning brandy.

The brandy will permeate the meat and the delicious fragrance of brandy and spice escaping through the "ventilators" in the top crust is most gratifying to plenty and a great encouragement to inebriety. To identify squallor, emaciation, and denial of all human delights with especially sanctity is to degrade the rich and the religious alike. Whittier was that all the world is for man's benefit and pleasure.

If mince pie is pre-eminently the Christmas pie, Thanksgiving day has its special pie also. It would be interesting to know when pumpkins and their resulting pies became known, but sure it is about seven times the dawn of the pumpkin pie it has had in America a significance synonymous with patriotism and also symbolic of gratitude. For since its invention it has been indispensable to the Thanksgiving feast. Whittier was a pie-eater and used his knife as a weapon of offence. The great poet has left us his views on the pumpkin pie in the following verse:

On Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South, come the pilgrims
When the gray-haired New Englander sees
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before—
What mistakes the lips and what brightens the eyes.

What calls back the past like the rich for apple pie, and the usual piece of cheese, in delightful verse:

De gustibus, 'tis stated,
Non disputandum est,
Which means, who's translated,
That all is for the best,
So let's foolish chaps be calm,
The rapid sweets of sin,
I will not disabuse 'em
Of the honey they're in;
But I, when I address me,
Each night upon my knees
Will ask the Deity to bless me
With apple pie and cheese.

Ever since the pie that held the four and twenty blackbirds was celebrated in song, there have been attempts to render certain individual pie historic. In 1806 at Deuby Dale, near Huddersfield, England, a monster pie was baked which was served to six thousand that gathered there. The dish employed in baking it was 19 feet long, 6 feet 6 inches wide, 1 foot deep and weighed 500 pounds. The pie contained 120 pounds of beef, 30 pounds of veal, 112 pounds of mutton, 60 pounds of lamb, 120 pounds of flour and 160 pounds of lard. This was the sixth big pie baked at Deuby Dale, France, having been manufactured so long ago as 1788, to commemorate the recovery of George III.

In the first quarter of the 19th century a Dutch baker in New York made a monster pumpkin pie in 12 great sections.

A huge and beautifully decorated Thanksgiving pie was sent to President Jefferson by some actual daughters of the Revolution. It was given a prominent position in the President's mansion and kept on exhibition for several months.

We are a nation of pie-eaters. The pie is a National institution, almost a part of the National Constitution. The great American apple pie grows older every year. In Havre and Marselles, France, one can see the neat printed phrase, "Pie Americaine," and on the carte du jour of the Mena, Hotel, just under the shadow of the Sphinx, the homely entry, "Pie de Pompon a la New York."

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What American Tourists Spend

Boston Globe.

HOW much money American travelers leave annually in Europe is being discussed in newspapers and magazines more earnestly than ever. The total sum, it is generally admitted, has been growing enormously within five years. Writers in foreign newspapers are astonished at the increased output of American dollars in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Italy and other countries, and prominent bankers aver that the millions of dollars expended represent a very large portion of the revenue of some of the countries in question.

A conservative estimate places the number of American travelers to Europe this year between 125,000 and 150,000. Another estimate, based on the all-the-year-round travel from the United States, indicates that at least 200,000 Americans cross the Atlantic and expend \$700 a head, exclusive of steamship tickets, or \$238,000,000 in all. Call the total figure even a little over one-half of that sum, or \$125,000,000, and it is seen that foreign countries must profit immensely from the tourists.

The principal foreign countries also realize a tremendous revenue from tourists from countries other than the United States. It is claimed by French bankers that the income of France from all tourists is something like \$500,000,000 annually. The tourist toll to Italy is now reckoned at \$100,000,000. Egypt, Norway, Holland and Germany each receives a generous revenue from tourists.

In Switzerland the innkeepers live off travelers the year round. A writer finds

from a report of the Swiss Hotel Keepers' Association that hotel receipts alone have doubled since 1880, and are today \$40,000,000 a year. In 30 years the number of hotels has increased from 1000 to 2000. Lucerne, between May and November last year, was visited by 186,227 tourists. In the Winter time it is estimated there are 40,000 visitors to the various Swiss resorts.

The Winter sports have served to increase the revenue of the hotels in most European countries. There are only three months in the year now—November, December and January—when there is any let-up to ocean travel from America, but during the other nine months thousands are crossing the Atlantic.

Paris is the greatest center for tourists, and particularly for automobile tourists. It is said that the perfect roads in the French Republic are very nearly paying for themselves in the great fund of gold that motorists annually leave in the country. At one time during the Summer season it was estimated that 800 automobile parties, embracing 80,000 Americans, were touring the continent and that their running expenses would be \$25,000,000. The majority of them visited various sections of France.

Once the Britisher was the world's greatest traveler, but now the American, the German and the South American, who have been making money, can be found in all the continental health and pleasure resorts. Of course, the times have much to do with the tide of travel. Since 1900 the United States has had good times, hence foreign travel has increased, indeed, to accommodate travelers more than a score of new "liners" have been built, necessitating an expense of nearly \$100,000,000.

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