

James Montgomery Flagg IN WORDS AND PICTURES



A caricature of the author and artist by himself.

TEN years ago you and Polly went about in the streetcars. Five years ago you used taxis occasionally. At that period you said: "If I had an automobile I think



"Blinkensop is selling this because he wants a more powerful car."

I could send for my friends once in a while." "Why, it would be half my pleasure in having a car to put at the disposal of my



"I guess you have heard this one. Stop me if you have."

friends." Polly agreed with you. You continued, "It isn't as if automobiles could catch pneumonia—"

WHAT DISRUPTS THE FAMILY

When the Brooklyn Domestic Relations Court began its sessions for last year the magistrates sitting in it decided to find out as nearly as might be the underlying causes of disunion in the families that came under their notice. The probation officers were instructed to examine each case intrusted to them and record the reasons disclosed to them for marital disaster. The result of their inquiries is given in the subjoined table, which is included

Cause	Number	Per cent
Drink	200	23.5
Other women	117	13.7
Jealousy	73	8.5
Incompatibility	75	8.8
Gambling	33	3.8
Out of work	29	3.4
Lazy and untidy wives	28	3.3
Mother-in-law interference	19	2.2
Other men (accusations of husbands)	19	2.2
Cruel treatment	10	1.2
	8	.9

In the annual report of the court to the Board of Aldermen: felicity due originally to less easily stated incitements, which finally led the partners at fault to dissipation, landing them in the court. It will be observed that lack of employment is charged with a small share of the responsibility for family trouble; it may be conjectured that adversity, as the poets love to teach, binds human beings more closely, rather than that the futurity of pursuing a penniless, workless mate may affect these figures. Let all humorists take note of the official demolition of the mother-in-law jest. During the year 352 persons were convicted in the court. It would be supposed that a large proportion of

"Auto-Fois---Auto-Moeurs" Which Is Swedish for The Point of View Changes With the Income

"I don't think you and I could be as thoughtless and selfish as some of our rich friends, could we?" Polly remarked. "No," you asserted warmly. "It isn't that we put ourselves up as being saintly, or any rot like that, but—"

"No," agreed Polly. "I know what you mean—we simply aren't built that way. We shouldn't be happy if we thought some of our poorer friends had to struggle up to our house to dinner in the subway when we had a perfectly good motorcar."

That was five years ago. The awakening of Helena Ritchie was a deep, snoreless sleep compared to yours. It's a cinch to put a dream-car at the disposal of your friends. Well, anyhow!

Bitten by Gasolene Bug

The time arrived when you could not exactly afford, but you could at least buy a car. From the moment you are bitten by the great Klaxon-Horned Gasolene Bug, the motorcar takes precedence of everything else—home ties, duty, the hope of a future life—all are forgotten for the time being. Your library table is littered with specifications, booklets and photos of every kind of car; so is your desk. Your overcoat pockets bulge with them. You spend hours which ought to be spent at your desk standing around on the glassy floors of the motor harems amongst the potted palms listening to the sirens softly honking of their warrens.

are covered by the same guarantee as their new cars, which guarantee is worth fully 8 cents in confederate money. They show you and Polly the "rebuilt" car. A distinct bargain. Polly had it on the tip of her tongue to say, "Why did she leave her last place?" when Brummel anticipated her by volunteering: "Blinkensop is selling this because he wants a more powerful car."

"I thought you said this was a powerful car?" you venture, a shade uneasily.

"Powerful! All the power you'll ever want, my boy! We'll take him up Fort George hill, eh, Bud?" This to the demonstrator, who shifts on to his other foot and smiles: "Nothing to it!"

You feel rebuked. You and Polly are given a demonstration.

You are Best Salesman

The psychology of the trade starts psyching at the moment you take your seat in the car. The instant the wheels turn, you are a goner. You are now the best salesman they have. You sell yourself the car. You root for that car as if it were something you had invented yourself. You are only too willing to be convinced of its perfection; only too anxious to believe all these Indians tell you in their salaried enthusiasm.

An awful clattering underneath your feet, that in later years of experience would clearly indicate frazzled bearings, you are now eager to have explained away as nothing but the sweet purr of perfect mechanism.

You sit on the edge of the seat, nerves taut, inwardly challenging these men to say anything nasty about their own goods. Their own? Yours. Nothing short of spontaneous combustion or the complete destruction of all the roads in the United States can stop you from buying that car.

You clutch the leather arm-rests with the fierce joy of ownership and cry: "Gee, some boat!"

"We could a-done that hill just as easy on high!" grins the wicked demonstrator as he looks around for your approval.

"When can I have it?" you hiss, hardly recognizing your own voice.

"By the way," says the salesman, doubtfully, to the wicked demonstrator, "this car isn't sold, is it?"

"Oh, my God!"

"Oh, no, it's all right; I was thinking of that 1911 runabout of Johnson's; no, it's all right!"

"Oh!"

You nearly swallowed your Adam's apple.

"It will take about two weeks to paint it," says the cunning salesman. "You can have it any old color you like!"

You and Polly would like dark blue.

"In that case I'm afraid it would take from four to five weeks, as they have to serape it down to the bone."

"Gosh, I don't want to wait all that time!" you groan.

He knew you wouldn't.

"Well, then, why not have it crimson?"

"Why it's crimson now!" you say, glancing quickly over the side.

"Yes, something on that shade; it would be stunning!"

"Yes, I guess that would be bully, wouldn't it, Polly?"

The curtain is lowered to indicate the lapse of two weeks.

Your Car Arrives

The car is at your door, with the chauffeur. The same salesman that stung you with the car stung you also with the chauffeur. The lemon and the lemonade. The next step is to get a couple of innocent friends to go with you to drive. In certain ways owning your first car is like being in love. You want everybody to meet the girl. You and Polly and the two innocent friends start gaily up Broadway in the car. You have decided to go to Yonkers, a moderate though eccentric ambition. At about One Hundredth street something happens. You don't know what. Neither does the chauffeur. But the beautiful crimson chariot refuses to proceed and punctuates its refusal with extraordinary noises.

The chauffeur starts it again. Hope is renewed—bang! Stop again. Chauffeur gets out again and lifts up the lid of the trunk

That get it home he will, he never having been towed home in his professional life.

As there doesn't seem to be anything else to do, you all get out and go home in the subway. The friends murmur something about enjoying the ride, and you mutter something about having to try it again some time.

After trying in vain to get that car out of town or even past One Hundred and Sixteenth street, it dawns on you that someone has unloaded an acid fruit on you.

The chauffeur (whose salary you paid, by the way, during the two weeks the car was being painted, as otherwise you might not be able to hold him, and there being only one chauffeur in the city at the time) suggests your letting him take down the engine. You say, "I don't know what it is, but do it." So he takes down the engine, whose piston rings, had you but known about such things, were draped around the pistons with the same mathematical precision that the rope rings fall around the staves in the game of ring-toss on shipboard.



"I don't know what it is, but do it."

When friend chauffeur had finished putting the engine together again, he had enough parts left over to make a cheap vacuum cleaner and a pair of Colonial andirons.

You Finally Get a Car

You finally get a real car, but you never forgive that agreeable young salesman who sold you the first one. You watch for him in the streets. You wouldn't, of course, want to run over him. At least, not all over him.

It seems now, since you've had several cars, that you can't remember not having one. Polly says you act that way. In what particular way? "Oh," says Polly, "for instance, the Hallecks are coming to dinner tonight and you hadn't thought to send our car for them."

"Well, I'll send for them if you want me to, Polly."

"No, I don't particularly care. I was just thinking the way you and I used to talk when we didn't have a car."

"I get you, Polly, but I thought I wouldn't send Peter out tonight, as we've been using him pretty steadily these last few nights."

That's one phase of the thing.

Then if you send your car around for some people six times running, and for some idiotic reason you carelessly forget to send



"This car isn't sold, is it?"

at the front end and fumbles around. Nothing. Conversation expires. You laugh hysterically and remark that something must be the matter. Chauffeur says it's all of that, and that you will all have to get out and let him get the car home when he can.

for them the seventh time, the frost is on the pumpkin, Jessie dear, the next time you see them! Which shows you the truth of the old adage: "Never start anything you can't continue forever."

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A PARADISE FOR TRAMPS

I believe that I have discovered the tramps' paradise—and in Ireland. I have tramped several hundreds of miles in Ireland during the last few months and frequented a great many of the resorts of the professional tramp. I have been in casual wards and common lodging houses in the north and south of Ireland, and I have "How long is it since you had some grub?" he asked. I informed him quite truthfully that

to change their mode of living for any so long ago. "I'm going off duty now," he said. "Come with me to the barracks, and was soon doing justice to a hearty meal of bread and meat, washed down with hot coffee. Another occasion on which I experienced the kindness of the police was during a brief visit to Bray, the Irish Brighton—a charming seaside resort 13 miles out of Dublin. It was a case of boots this time, and I wanted a pair badly. To a burly constable I explained what I wanted, and, to cut a long story short, I got my boots. I'm wearing 'em now, and I've a notion they'll last me a few months yet."

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