

**LOOKING FORWARD  
— TO THE —  
NEXT NUMBER**

**B**EGINNING the Adventures of Clare Kendall, Woman Detective, in the next SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE SECTION, Arthur B. Reeve has written an entirely new kind of detective story. It is the first of a series that will be published exclusively in the SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE SECTION and is entitled *A Skirmish With the Occult*. Mr. Reeve, in creating Clare Kendall—a companion character to his famous Detective Craig Kennedy—adds another, a feminine, partner to the famous Lecoq, Sherlock Holmes and Company. Clare Kendall is no less a born detective than was Sherlock Holmes, and in addition she is a woman with all the fascination and intuition of her sex. Pursuing criminals and tracking down crime with all her woman's ingenuity, she is herself pursued energetically through these ingenious tales by a—suitor, Arthur Little has caught the spirit of the story admirably in the illustrations.

**J**OHAN KENNETH TURNER, more than any other one man outside of Mexico, is credited with influencing the revolt which swept former President Porfirio Diaz from power. His book on *Barbarous Mexico* inspired the revolution in Mexico. Turner was a prisoner of General Felix Diaz in the Arsenal and was in imminent peril of being shot during the recent Reign of Terror in the Mexican capital. In *Under Fire in Mexico* he recounts his experiences and narrow escape from death—describing conditions that rival those of the Spanish Inquisition.

**T**WO men, who were closer than brothers, loved a woman. One of the men was famous and the other was about to become famous. The woman was infamous, or, at least, as infamous as a very beautiful woman can be. The older and famous one of the two friends married the woman—either to save his friend or because—well the bewildering tangle is skilfully unravelled by Lillian Bennett-Thompson in transcribing the confidential letters of the three. They are human documents and are grouped together under the title, *Squaring the Triangle*, in the next SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE SECTION.

**P**ROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS, with circus days come again, has something timely and interesting to say about *The Art of the Acrobat* in our next number; and William Canton, the author of those classics of child-life, *The Invisible Playmate* and *W. V. Her Book*, has managed to put some real magic properties in his story, *The Green Stone*, written for the next SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Though the scene is laid in London, such a miraculous event as the narrative describes might just as well happen in any American city. Among the other features—but why mention them all?

**Steering Clear of  
Accidents**  
By CHARLES B. HAYWARD

**B**OTH TO the man in the street and he whose income permits the luxury of the taxi, the drivers who pilot such vehicles through the mazes of city traffic, appear to be about the most reckless type of individuals to whom the steering wheel of an automobile is entrusted. With their small motors and low driving gear ratio, these little machines are not capable of making much more than twenty-five miles an hour, and many of them are governed so that they can not exceed that speed. But twenty-five miles an hour is a pretty rapid pace for crowded city streets. That doesn't feaze the New York taxi pilot a particle. The faster he can get there and get back, the sooner will the chauffeur reach the head of the line again, and that means another fare with its corresponding *douceur*.

**S**TRANGE to say, however, accidents to taxi cabs are in the minority. They do not figure prominently in the long and deadly roll that makes up New

York's daily accident budget. Every now and again, snap judgment regarding the size of an opening results in the loss of more or less varnish from mudguards and an occasional dent or batter; but apart from that, the average taxi pilot in the Metropolis bears a good record.

Doubtless, the chief reason for this is to be found in the fact that he knows to a certainty just what his machine can be depended upon to do, regardless of the condition of the pavements. With the very first suspicion of a sprinkle, on go the non-skid chains. Indeed, he does not even wait for that; if the asphalt be damp from the fog of a misty day, he would as soon think of trying to run without oil as without the chains. In no other way can he insure the fact that the rear wheels will unfailingly follow the front ones when on a greasy, slippery stretch. The swing of so much as a foot, that would be unavoidable without this protection, would frequently mean "side swiping" another machine, in the process of squeezing through narrow lanes of traffic. Consequently, he makes certain that there will be no chance of a skid, and to provide against skidding is a stronger instinct with the average taxi pilot than his religion.

It is little short of amusing to note the unanimity with which these drivers hasten to get the non-skid chains on their cars before the first drop of a

threatening shower spatters down upon the heated pavement in summer. Even if the driver himself has no particular regard for his own safety or that of his fare, there is one rule that he is not permitted to violate; he can not drive away from the "stand" either when it is raining or when the pavements are about to be wetted down, without having his non-skid chains on the rear wheels. Lack of this provision for safety makes him lose his place in the line, as the starter would not keep a fare waiting. Consequently, it is easy to see why the taxi pilot anticipates trouble before it arrives and puts the chains on before they are actually needed.

**S**KIDDING is only one of the dangers that the taxi pilot has to guard against. Getting around corners with a neat sweep that the touring car driver finds it difficult to imitate is one of his specialties, but he takes care to see that it doesn't lead to that worst form of all collisions, the broadside on. He keeps his weather eye on one of those little mirrors fastened to the side of the dash, or the windshield when there is one. Since the taxi driver is not a fairweather bird, protection in this form is usually lacking, as even a slight bump is fatal to plate glass. He can see what is ahead of him, but more important than that, what is behind him. A corner is never taken without the warning hand being

stuck out at one side. Its sudden appearance is often apt to be disconcerting to the driver behind, but the signal is rarely lacking and avoids many a crash.

There's a lesson in this that the motorist who drives his own car will do well to profit by. Getting around in the crowded streets is nerve-racking work at best for one not accustomed to it; but it can be made much easier by observing the ways of the taxi pilot and profiting by those that are good—many of his habits would not be safe to follow. If tempted to emulate all of them, bear in mind that he has a very short wheelbase machine designed to take sharp turns and built to take knocks. Keep your eye on the man behind. He represents a far more serious danger to you than all of the traffic in front. Watch his movements in the little mirror at the same time that you keep a sharp lookout for emergencies ahead of you. Every time you have to slow down or intend to take a turn, stick your hand out at right angles, and do it first. Don't wait until after you have applied the brakes. He may not be able to stop quickly enough; and while his lamps will suffer, the damage to the back of your own car will be greater. For protecting your own head lights, one of these spring bumpers is a good investment. It pays to be on the safe side.

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