

America Is First in the Auto Making Industry

By COLGATE HOYT,
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No commercial industry ever established in America has earned the widespread popularity, coupled with such enormous financial returns, as the automobile business. Although the industry from a legitimate manufacturing standpoint is less than ten years old, America has now passed her rivals in the old country, and more motor vehicles are now made in the United States than in any other country. Definite statistics are hard to obtain, but the department of commerce and labor, which lately made an exhaustive report upon the progress of the American automobile, placed the output of all motor machines in the United States for the existing year at 60,000, 5,000 in excess of the production of France, which has previously led the world in this modern industry. England is credited with building 28,000 automobiles. Germany in 1906 produced 22,000 cars, Italy 12,000, and Belgium 12,000.

The value of this great American output approximates \$75,000,000. In 1905 the American output was barely 23,000 cars, valued at \$30,000,000, while in 1900, when the first show was held, and when the industry really began to assert itself, the output was 3,800 cars, valued at \$4,700,000. Of these cars the gasoline machine is the predominating type, forming about 85 per cent. Steam vehicles comprise eight per cent., and electrics seven per cent.

The most notable feature, perhaps, of this tremendous growth, is the influence that the American car is exerting upon international automobile activity. American exports of entire cars and parts for this year will be nearly, if not quite, double that for 1906, the value of the exports for the latter year being \$3,500,000, while up to the present time the exports have reached about \$6,000,000.

The American car has proved its worth. While these figures are naturally a source of pride and indicative of American enterprise, we must not, at the same time, fail to acknowledge the valuable lessons learned from the pioneers in the industry abroad. From the French makers we have learned valuable lessons, the most important undoubtedly being that the very best materials and the most careful attention to details are essentials to an absolutely reliable car. That the American machine has attained this acknowledged standard has been amply proved by its success in a multitude of ways during the last two or three years. I firmly believe that had an American car been in the arduous Paris-Peking run it would have accomplished the trip successfully. Here in our own country we have witnessed several transcontinental runs by some of the smallest powered runabouts, and surely no severer trip could be imagined or destined to prove the real merit of the car, or else rack it completely to pieces than a trip over the Nevadas and Rocky Mountains, combined with long miles of travel through deserted regions of the west, and over roads that are so merely in name. American cars are now used in large numbers in some of the roughest mining sections of the west. The commercial car is showing its utility by the establishing of several omnibus routes in many parts of the country, while rural letter carriers have found the small motor vehicle an improved method of getting over the country.

Modern Dress Violates Nature

By DR. TOULOUSE.

At the first thought one will answer that a costume is apparel, a garment; that is, an object destined to protect the body and aid in its functions. This may perhaps be the first aim of a costume, the object sought to attain. But under the host of artificialities which weigh down heavily upon modern dress, sight of this object has been lost completely. Let us examine the man's costume first.

A man breathes through the lungs. The lungs should, therefore, have free play and should not be incumbered unnecessarily. Instead, however, we find that man's upper garments are so made as to incase the chest, which has to beat fifteen times a minute against the elastic pressure of the garments. A man gets his nourishment through his stomach, which also needs perfect freedom of motion. Yet all the lower garments take their support from the belt. If our modern costume intended to serve as apparel, a garment, it should have been more adjustable and movable and less restraining.

The stylish hat likewise has little regard for health and comfort of the wearer. It is hard and heavy. It warms the head to a point of overheating, and then it is suddenly taken off in the street on a cold day, exposing the mucous membrane of the nose to an inflammation. The collar is a pillory which is constantly hindering the action of the larynx. Neither do our costumes have much regard for the weather, or seasons. We take, for instance, especial delight in a frock coat in the winter. Yet the cut of such a coat is such as to expose that portion of the body which is most delicate and most likely to take cold—the chest.

As for the dress of woman? It represents the highest point of reckless phantasy and is in bitter opposition to sense and good judgment. The chest, which contains the heart and lungs, is frequently barely covered, while the hips, which are far less susceptible to cold, are padded unnecessarily. The long dresses, in which women delight, are in every case hindrances to their wearer. Women's super-high heels frequently give them the appearance of being intended for Chinese torture.

Is the costume meant to be an ornament? Upon seeing stylishly gowned women one might suppose so. In their dress the elements of decoration and ornament seem to be the chief feature. But this is not after all the dominant characteristic of any costume, not even of a feminine costume. Fashion, which holds sway in the field of feminine costumes and directs everything high-handedly, is not inspired by esthetic ideals. It is directed solely by a desire to excite curiosity and attract attention. These elements are the sole rulers in the domain of feminine apparel, and are alone responsible for the changing in styles and length of dresses annually. They are changed in order to strike the eye by their novelty.

Thus our modern costume does not appertain to modern man, it does not exactly suit him and agree with him. However, we will have to put up with it as long as we are putting up with other customs, speeches, and writings which are more harmful to society.

What is dress? What is a costume? What are the principal elements which go to make up a costume or a garment? What determines these elements and in accordance with what aims and purposes are our costumes made?

BURGLAR RETURNS ROSARY TO CHILD

GIRL OF SIX FOUGHT ROBBERS UNTIL THEY TOOK MOTHER'S MOST VALUED GEMS.

THEN LITTLE ONE JUST SOBBED

But This Proved More Effective Than Warfare, for the Thief Returned The Precious Heirloom.

New York.—Touched by a child's grief, one of two masked burglars who entered the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crespi, in the Hotel Endicott, and stole jewels worth about \$7,000, after threatening six-year-old Pacifica Crespi and her nurse, returned to the little girl a pearl-studded rosary. The piece of jewelry had been a wedding gift to Mrs. Crespi from her father, Jose Maria Castro, formerly president of a Central American republic.

The little girl's tears, when she saw the men taking the rosary, followed a fit of passionate rage, during which she flew at one of the men and bit him on the hand so severely that she drew blood. But this man was the one who, when he saw the child's grief, told the other it would be a shame to take the rosary, and handed it back to her.

The nurse, Katharine Creation, was putting little Pacifica and her baby sister to bed when the two men, masked to their chins, came down the fire escape from the roof and entered the window.

The child, relating what occurred, said:

"Mamma and papa had just gone to the theater, and Katie was getting the baby—that's my little sister, Tullita—ready for bed, when two men, wearing masks, came in the window. Katie screamed and one of the men, a big man, pointed a revolver at her and told her he would kill her if she didn't keep still.

"Then the little man—he had a pistol, too—asked me if I was afraid. I think he was afraid, because his hand shook so. I told him I wasn't, and asked what he wanted. He laughed and told Katie to go into the other room, but I stayed.

"The men began to take mamma's diamonds, and then I knew they were robbers. I called them thieves and



"He Gave It Back to Me."

told them it was wrong to steal, but they wouldn't stop. Then I got mad and I ran up to the little man who was taking the diamonds and bit his hand until the blood came. He pushed me away and swore, and then the big man took the diamonds.

"Then Julia started to cry, and Katie called to them and said she didn't care whether they killed her or not—she was going to the baby. The big man told her not to, but the little man said it would be all right.

"They kept right on hunting for things, and pretty soon one of them found Grandfather Castro's rosary and started to put it in his pocket. I began to cry then, because I knew mamma thought more of that than anything she had. The little man asked me what I was crying for, and I told him. Then he told the other man it would be a shame to take the rosary, and he gave it back to me. I thanked him and he laughed, and then they locked us in the other room and went away."

Every drawer and every possible hiding place in the room was ransacked by the two men. Many of the jewels stolen were family heirlooms and valued by Mr. Crespi and his wife at far more than their intrinsic worth. When the Crespis returned from the theater they found the nurse crying hysterically and little Pacifica trying to comfort her, telling her that her father and mother would be home soon. The nurse and the two children had been locked in a side room by the burglars before they left. They were liberated and then Mr. Crespi made out a list of the stolen jewels and took it to police headquarters.

The best clue the police have to work on is the wounded hand of one of the men and they are searching every man with a bandaged hand. Among the jewels stolen were two gold watches, gold chain set with diamonds and sapphires; rings and a gold necklace.

GIRL IN SCANT ATTIRE DANCES ON HOUSE TOP

CAVORTS GAYLY BEFORE HORRIFIED THROG ON BRINK OF DEATH WHILE DEMENTED.

New York.—Clothed only in her silken nightgown, a pretty French maid-in-waiting to a prominent Fifth avenue woman, cavorted gayly on the narrow ledge of an apartment house and furnished excitement for a big crowd which soon gathered in the street early the other day. With her hair tossed by the brisk morning breeze, and her scanty covering blowing closely to her, displaying a sylph-like form, she danced about heedless of the imminent peril of her position, while frenzied onlookers called for the police.

Some one turned in a double alarm, and three patrol ambulances and one



The Girl Swayed To and Fro on the Brink of Death.

hook and ladder company quickly responded, the clanging of signal bells adding to the excitement of the crowd, now thoroughly horrified at the sight, as the apparently crazed girl swayed to and fro on the brink of death.

Policeman McShane made his way to the sixth story of the building, and raised a window opening to the three-foot ledge on which the girl was giving the startling exhibition. Just as she was about to pass in front of him McShane stretched out his arms, and, closing them about her slender waist, pulled her through the opening, as her screams floated out and mingled with the cheers of the throng.

Throwing his coat about her, the policeman carried her down six flights and placed her in an ambulance.

The girl was taken to Bellevue hospital, where it was learned her name was Lizette Cozlon, and that she had become demented during the night.

BABY BRAVED DEATH ON ROOF.

It Sat on Eaves Trough While Crowd Below Was Terrified.

Chicago.—Robert, the 13-month-old child of A. Sayers, mechanical engineer, crowded delightedly while perched on the extreme edge of an eaves trough at his home on Eggleston avenue and waved his chubby hands at a terrified crowd of persons gathered on the stone pavement below. The baby had clambered down the slanting roof of the porch in close pursuit of a little red slipper which had slipped from his grasp while leaning from an open window. Shrieking with laughter, the child slid down the slippery shingles toward the precipitous edge of the roof. Two floors below was a stone sidewalk. But the tin trough at the edge of the roof stopped the progress of the baby and its plight was soon recognized by Mrs. Mary Conlin, who lives just across the street.

With a scream for help Mrs. Conlin hastened to the spot where the child was in imminent danger of toppling over the edge of the roof to the stones below. Other persons gathered about and in the crowd was Richard Hogan, detective, from the Englewood station, who quickly recognized the child's danger and climbed one of the porch columns, while Mrs. Conlin kept the baby's attention from him. At the same time Mr. Sayers appeared at the open window and cautiously approaching the edge of the roof dragged the child from the grasp of the officer, who was clinging to it with one hand and to the roof with the other.

Located by Wooden Legged Hen.

Winsted, Conn.—When Lewis Ives made a wooden leg for one of his chickens to replace one a rat had gnawed off last summer, little did he think that it would be the means of his locating a rich cousin, Charles Histed of Joy, Mercer county, Ill. Histed read about his cousin's novel work and wrote to him. The deformed chicken grew to good size. Ives said the hen was as tender as any he had ever eaten, but he did not try the wooden leg.

Has No Use for Razorback Hog.

That degenerate monstrosity, that reproach to our civilization, that shrunken, shapeless, tasteless, porcine nightmare, that hideous dream of bide and hair and horror, that allegory of starvation, that specter of want and woe known as the Florida razorback hog—to sing his praises is to encourage degeneracy; to declare him toothsome is to insult the memory of Epicurus.—Live Oak (Fla.) Democrat.

The HAIRY AINU



AINUS IN JAPANESE CLOTHING

On the island of Yezo in northern Japan, and on certain of the Kurile islands which extend northwards towards Kamchatka, there dwells today a race of people distinct in type. They are the Hairy Ainu, and although numbers of their settlements have from time to time been visited by travelers, most of the inhabitants have been living in a semi-civilized state. Very few have seen the true Ainu, as they are still to be seen, living in barbaric style on the wildest parts of Yezo island. Among various writers who have contributed to the literature on the subject of the Ainus, no one has given a more graphic description of these natives than Mr. A. H. Savage Landor. He had previously completed a long and arduous journey, which embraced a tour of the whole coast of Yezo and part of the Kurile islands, during which he spent many months studying the habits and customs of these quaint people. Although the present writer has also visited parts of Yezo, and traveled along the whole length of the Kurile islands, he does not attempt, in such an article as this, to do more than touch briefly upon one or two customs of the Ainu. As their name suggests, they are a race of exceedingly hairy people. The men grow great beards, of which they are excessively proud, and their bodies are thickly covered with hair, almost like members of the monkey tribe. The women grow no hair on their faces, but seem to find a solace for this "imaginary defect" in tattooing moushaches on their lips, and often primitive designs on their hands and arms and also across their foreheads. Young unmarried women have very little tattooing on them; but, once a woman is married, her husband seems to take a pride in decorating his bride with representations of hirsute adornment. The modus operandi is one which requires considerable fortitude on the part of the patient, since the crudest form of tattooing is adopted. This consists of making a number of incisions in the skin with the point of a knife. Cattle-fish black or smoke black is then rubbed into the wounds, and the operation sets up great inflammation of the lips, and is very painful.

A characteristic of the Ainu race is the color of their skin, which is of a deep bronze or copper color, and in no wise resembles any other of the oriental races, but is more like that of the American red Indians. The Ainu have no records, written or otherwise, of their former history, nor of how and whence they came to inhabit the island of Yezo. These matters seem unknown to them, and even to anthropologists. Legends, however, exist among certain of the Ainu to the effect that many years ago Yezo was inhabited by a race of diminutive people who were conquered, and apparently exterminated, by the Ainu. These people were called by the Ainu Koro-pok-kurn, or pit-dwellers, owing to their habit of living in huts constructed over a form of rectangular, circular, or oval-shaped pit, many traces of which are still found in Yezo and the Kurile islands. A few years ago the present writer also discovered on the Behring sea coast of Alaska some very perfect remains of a pit-dwellers' village, which is quite unlike any settlements made to-day by the Eskimo or Aleut natives of Alaska. The Ainus claim that at some remote period they were themselves the inhabitants of some far northern country, and as evidence of this they cite their hairy bodies. They say, "Why, if we did not come from a cold country, should we need to have skins like a bear?" It is possible that they did migrate southwards from the shores of the Behring sea, either by way of the Aleutian islands, or along the coasts of Kamchatka and the Kuriles.

One good trait in the Ainu character is their great bravery, and this is a quality held in high esteem among them. On the island of Yezo, and some of the Kuriles, bears are very numerous. The Ainu men, who are merely armed with such primitive weapons as bows, arrows and knives, hunt and kill a great number of bears. One species of these bears (Ursus ferox) is notoriously savage. One of the most curious and unnatural customs of the Ainu has puzzled me as to its origin. At certain seasons of the year the men organize parties for hunting bears; old bears are killed, their skins and skulls being brought home. The skulls

are often erected on sticks, where they remain as trophies outside the hunter's dwelling. All young bear cubs which are captured are brought home to the settlements, where the women of the tribe adopt them, and actually suckle these beasts as they would their own children. The object is that in due course of time these young cubs shall be killed and eaten at what is known as a "Bear Festival." Often when the cubs grow too big to be nursed any longer, they are confined in a kind of wooden cage until



Ainu Women.

the time arrives for these festivals. The unfortunate bear cub is tied to a post in the center of a group of Ainus. A headman of the village teases the cub with some shreds of willow bark fastened to the end of a pole, while two other men stand with their bows drawn ready to shoot the victim as it stands on its hind legs. Although the writer has visited native settlements of all the different races which dwell on the northern shores of Asia and America, from the Arctic ocean downwards, he has never encountered a similar custom among any other tribes.

The Ainu, like the Eskimo of America and the Tchukchis of northeast Siberia, have no religion. They have no knowledge of a Supreme Being and no belief in a future state. Mr. Landor, who questioned many natives on various subjects, was once scornfully told by one of them that "the Ainu are taught nothing and they know nothing." This exactly describes the state in which they live. Certain of the Ainu intermarry with the Japanese, and hence one sees a number of half-breeds. Also where their villages are in proximity to Japanese settlements, the natives to a great extent adopt Japanese attire, whereas among the true Ainu, in warm weather, all forms of clothes are conspicuous by their absence.

Any person who seeks experience among a strange people will be amply repaid by a visit to the Ainu of Yezo. But let not the wanderer pay too long a visit to the interior of an Ainu house, unless he be immune from the effects of evil smells, for scarcely, even amidst the most savage northern races, have I ever known anything to equal the uncleanness of Ainu dwellings, nor encountered any creatures of the human race more dirty and odoriferous than the Hairy Ainu themselves.

C. E. RADCLIFFE.

Captain of Lost Children.

The Madison street police station, which is a sort of clearing house for lost children, has recently acquired a young man who is about as useful as could be desired. He is Louis Davidson, nine years old, who lives at 253 Madison street, next door to the police station—that is, when he isn't in the station house. Louis is known as the "Captain of Lost Children." When a stray child is brought into the station house Louis converses with him in either English or Yiddish, and if there is anything to be ascertained from that child Louis will ascertain it. Sometimes the "captain" goes out and hunts up the parents of the lost boy or girl. The Madison street police find him a most effective aid in their work.—N. Y. Sun.

John Burns' Library.

John Burns is said to have the best working library of any member of the English house of parliament.