

AUTOMOBILES

The Team Score Tells the Real Story of the Glidden Tour

"One swallow doesn't make a spring." One car's record doesn't prove much. Average performance counts. Here is the average score of those makers who entered more than one car for any or all trophies in the 1909 Glidden Tour:

	Average Penalty	Maximum Penalty against any one car.
1st—Winner of Glidden Trophy.	2.95 points	10.2
2nd—MARMON.	8.9 points	10.5

The next lowest average penalty was 17.53 points, and the next maximum penalty against any one number of a team was 34.3 points.



32 Touring Marmon \$2,650

The MARMON'S Glidden Tour Record

Road Score	Penalized by Technical Board
Marmon (No. 5) PERFECT.	7.3 points—breaking one leaf of a front spring, one bent spring hanger, and stripped thread on one nut.
Marmon (No. 4) Perfect time score, but penalized 8 points for tightening loose connection under gasoline tank	2.5 points—breaking one leaf of a front spring, and one step hanger.

This is a truly wonderful performance. Nearly 2,700 miles over rough country under conditions which made it by far the most severe test ever undertaken.

Each car was a strictly stock "Thirty-two," each came into every control on time, and each came back with Indianapolis water in its radiator, one quart only being added at Denver as a precaution.

We regret the luck that brought us small penalties for the merest trifles. But our record calls for no apologies. The winner has our congratulations.

The Marmon "Thirty-Two" for 1910

is improved but not changed.

Agents write for territory at once if you wish to handle the Marmon.

C. F. LOUK STATE AGENT
1808 Farnam Street

Announcement!

MAXWELL CARS for 1910 will be on exhibition at our Omaha Branch; building now in process of erection on Farnam street, in the heart of automobile row. Our line runs from \$550 to \$1,500, which will be second to nobody.

We are open for agency contracts at a discount that is interesting. You will not have to do business through second hand.

DEALERS, our trade has been such in Nebraska and Iowa, so that we could not afford to continue through subdealers. If you are open for agency in any of the Omaha territory, please take the matter up with us at once.

We mean business. We have a good house in Missouri and mean to show you.

The Maxwell-Brisco Omaha Co.

MAURICE HEWLETT AT HOME

Interesting Opinions on Some Topics of the Day.

CIVILIZATION STILL FAR AWAY

Woman Suffrage a Sign of Trouble—Life in the Middle Ages and Now—The Miracle of Inspiration.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—Maurice Hewlett lives in a small, exclusive street, Northwick Terrace, which leads from St. John's Wood, a locality which in the past has housed many celebrated professional folk and still retains a goodly number. To the Londoner born and bred the name itself is synonymous with dramatic doings and pen pictures.

The Hewlett house is of white stucco and has the usual adornments externally of brass and flowers. Within the atmosphere is more distinctly foreign. Mr. Hewlett himself in appearance suggests the Tuscan ancestry with which he is credited; and his manner, nervous, high strung, with a trace of cynicism, is continental. It might even be American, but is far removed from the distinctly British type.

It is probable that he would not care for the American comparison you have in mind, for Latin as he is in looks and manner, he is English to the core in his attitude to the country across seas. In fact, it is not long after you are seated in the study before Mr. Hewlett tells you that he knows Americans hate the English. You had intended to ask him, if you had the opportunity, why his nation concealed so ineptly their antagonism, and the statement he makes surprises you so that you can only look staggered.

Basis for American Hatred.

"I can't explain," he says in answer to your expression, while he waits restlessly up and down the room. "It is one of the things you know intuitively, and you know it so well that argument would only be wasted force. You raising Americans—he is walking more nervously now, and his words are quicker and more emphatic—"You raising Americans do not conceal your feelings well. You don't try to, and there is no reason why you should."

"And the English?" you venture with a rising inflection.
"Oh, the English! They don't either love or hate. They are indifferent to everything. We are insular!"
Suddenly the man becomes the artist. Mr. Hewlett sinks into a cavernous chair, his long, thin fingers are interlaced and his wonderful dark eyes look far into the future. He has obliterated the sense of irritation which comes from stepping outside the beaten path and in a second has forgotten that he is being interviewed, something which he has before remarked he "has never permitted the representative of an English paper and never will, while recognizing that American ideas are different."

Mind you, I am merely surmising, now. You might be just as bad!

Not Civilized at All.

"All this talk about Dreadnoughts, is it a symptom of civilization? Far from it. It is a symptom of childliness. We are not civilized at all. We won't be in your time or in mine. We won't see the great trend toward the broader outlook. We won't feel the keener sense of brotherhood which must come when people are brave enough to look facts in the face, to realize that it makes no difference under what part of the sky a man is born, that he is brother to all other men of whatever race or kin."

"We are children in looking at only the one side of war. We see the pennants flying and the music of the bands, and we are interested in applying the very latest discoveries of science to the need of killing so quickly and in as large numbers as possible. War to us means the spectacular. We are of the Middle Ages still."

"But we don't think that drunkenness is spectacular. We think it is revolting and brutal and disgusting. War is all that. It is merely drunkenness on a large scale. It is brutally en masse. Until we have a national conscience which we certainly haven't got now, we will continue to wage war."

"I think you have nearly acquired one, but it would not surprise me at all if you some day faced a frightful war between the blacks and the whites. My reading of your national life, of which I have had no experience personally, leads me to that conclusion. Your war of the future, if you have one, I assume will be along that line just as ours will be of a socialist nature, from within, not from without. We will not have a war with Germany or any other country that will amount to anything, for it will not fit into the scheme of European politics that England should become the province of another nation, particularly a German province, even assuming that we could be defeated."

Suffragettes a Symptom.

"I know my views are not popular on this subject any more than they are on that of woman suffrage which I will not go into detail about for fear of the letters I might receive, and have to read. I will only say this, that I consider the woman suffrage question and all that it implies as merely a symptom of a revolt that has been going on for fifty, seventy, a hundred years, and a revolt against nature in one that will be punished by a force, slow, persistent, unforeseeing and terribly just."

"It is a greater question than any we have mentioned, because it is a war of sex, a war of fundamentals, more important, more disastrous than a mere battle between opposing nations to adjust temporary conditions. External differences are not so frightful as those that attack the delicate internal organizations. "I have never been in America and I do not know that I shall ever go. It seems to me that it would be a terribly upsetting journey and I hate to be upset. I know that I should loathe New York just as I loathe London, which I hate so much that I always write here, because there is nothing to distract me. In my place in the country near Salisbury, which I love, there is so much to do and so many interesting things to see and the life is so adorable that I have not strength of mind sufficient to cut it all out and tie myself to the desk."

breaks to answer your question designed to lead the talk along the more natural channels of the author's work.

"My new book, 'Rust Harrow,' is a story of modern life. I sometimes wonder if I will ever write anything but modern stories again. I seldom take steps backward, but to say what you will do what you will not do is absolutely absurd, for no one knows. With my mind fully made up to the fact that I shall continue to write modern stories I may be so very strongly impelled to take up the mediæval romance again that I cannot help myself."

Plethora of Rooms for All.

You state the usual banality that with so many persons writing stories of modern life and so few the readable mediæval fiction it seems a great pity that Mr. Hewlett should not specialize his talent. He shakes his head with quick, nervous gestures.

"It is true in a sense, perhaps, that the mediæval field is not so crowded, but one of the most salient facts in art is that there can be no rivalry in it. Each man makes his place, his own place, and no man can fill it or take it away."

"Others may write modern romance, but to one can write my particular modern romance, for that is a part of me, a bit of my personality which is absolutely beyond the power of another to parallel. Character is the whole thing in art. It is what a man makes of himself that counts in his work, and no man can exactly duplicate another's experiences, so no man can do another man's work for him."

"What a man builds he possesses. The one thing that he has at his absolute disposal is that quality he has gained by living. You can't take it away from him. You cannot borrow it or steal it."

Life in the Middle Ages.

"I have a friend, Henry Newbold, who has written some charming things and we have most animated discussions along this line. He honestly believes and shows his creed in his work that the man and woman of the middle ages were no different from the man and woman of today. He claims that they acted the same, thought the same and were fundamentally and essentially similar."

"I do not agree with him at all, as you have gathered from my books. I want you to remember just one thing and that alone will show how different their mode of thought must have been. I refer to their familiarity with the axe, which is a point of view absolutely unknown to us. "They could not open a door, they could not walk along a street scarcely without seeing a dead body. A man separated from his friend and in a half an hour one or the other dies in a tavern brawl, stabbed in a dusky street in a brawl defending, perhaps, a woman's honor. Don't you see what a difference that must have made? Life must have been lived quicker, the vital element was nearer the surface. "Then take the religious influence. They had the fear of the future before them then. They had Christianity which we

haven't; we have only churches. They lived surrounded by mysteries and governed by them. We claim to have swept them all aside. Whether we have or not life is not apparently controlled as it was at that time by the belief in them."

"If you have ever lived in a mediæval town as I have, and there is one in my mind as I am talking, a strange little Spanish place, you will have noted the sanitary conditions, or rather the lack of them. If they are so horrible today, consider what they must have been then and how the public health, morals and manners would of course be affected."

Costume of the Queen.

"You look at the row of pictures of Queen Elizabeth in the Wallace collection and remember that with these wonderful garments covered with pearls and other precious stones she undoubtedly had finger nails that would not stand the inspection of the most middle class woman of today, who would note them with disgust. Do you think a queen like that had any real affinity to the super-refined feminine being of our time to whom the luxuries of the toilette are an obsession? These are only a few differences, there are many others equally salient."

Then Mr. Hewlett gives some interesting data in regard to his method of work, saying:

"It is quite true that I have an interesting collection of mediæval literature and a few, very few, rare books. I have never attempted to make a real collection. That would be necessary perhaps if I tried to steep myself in romance of the middle ages, get into the atmosphere is the stock expression, I believe, but I do not."

"I will not say that I work by inspiration, for I think that is a very foolish, unmeaning word, and I have no patience with the uses to which it is put or the abuses it suffers. I have written my books as if I have because at the time of working as much I loved the spirit of those ages so much that I naturally infused it into them. I could not help myself. You can't explain why you do a thing or why you don't do it, that is satisfactorily. You can employ words, but they leave you in the dark."

"An artist goes through a country twenty times and suddenly he sees a picture there and paints it, that is all. It sounds simple, but can you tell why he did not see the picture the first time or, finally seeing it, why he must throw aside all the remainder of his work and paint that? I can't. It all belongs to the intricacies of mood which are beyond the ken of wisdom."

What George Eliot Did.

"I will give you an example at its best—and worst. "Once George Eliot was in Devonshire and she had occasion to go to the house of a woman who lived upstairs in a very simple cottage. As she went up the stairs she saw an opened door, and looking through into the room she noted a long table, some chairs on one side and a large chair, as if for a teacher, on the other. What, it is claimed, is the only view she had, and in answer to her question regarding it the woman she had come to see remarked that it was the place where the Peterites held their meetings. With that scant information, ocular and verbal, she wrote the wonderful account of this sect in "Silas Marner," which is said by those who know to give an absolutely accurate idea of that religious body. Here you have the idea at its best. "Before she wrote 'Romola' she spent

some eighteen months in Florence studying, or rather delving, into the archives, and probably there never was a worse novel of the Italian Renaissance written than that. There you have the example at its worst."

"The use of the term inspiration usually implies something allied to the supernatural when it is employed by the average person. There is nothing supernatural about a method of work of this sort. It is eminently natural, but I do not say that it is not a miracle. The most natural thing in the world may be that; for instance, is there anything more miraculous than that you should wake up when you have gone to sleep? I never lose my wonder and amazement. I never forget to be grateful. To think that we wake."

"All that is necessary is to love enough and you can write as you will. Your characters will be mediæval people or they will be modern as you determine by that power of finding the natural method through supreme affection. "It is the same way with a woman as with the work. If you love her enough you will be convinced and you will convince the world of that love by marrying her, not always of course, but the analogy is sufficient for the need of the moment, for if you marry a woman for anything but that overpowering love, the failure is too pitifully evident. You can't go wrong if you love your work. You simply can't—I must emphasize this truth."

Love and Hard Work.

"But don't think that means that you have to cut out hard work. Quite the contrary, or so it has been in my case. I was three years writing 'The Queen's Chair.' I have labored, unceasingly, particularly with the work in which I have been most keenly interested. I believe the deeper the love the more willingly and patiently you will toil."

"I do not write novels. I write poems for the novel is distinguished from the poem in this that the novel is concerned with what happens, the poem with the way things happen. After I have finished a work I forget it. I am sincere in saying that I doubt if I could quote a paragraph from any one of my works. I scarcely remember the characters. Think of living with all the people one had created. I simply could not do it, my only safety is in forgetting. "Balzac did it. He was a genuine novelist, as was Dumas. Thackeray showed that he kept his people by him, not to the extent of the other two but enough to prove that they were to him immortal."

"When I read Balzac I am impressed with the way he will take up a character of a previous story and let you see that he is conscious in his mind of all the things that happened to that man and woman that he never wrote about. He has carried them about with him, and made them so personal that he knows exactly what they did between any two epochs portrayed. He will say to himself, 'He lived in 1600 and so he must have seen so and so,' or he will apparently think 'She was in Lyons then, that was the time of such and such an event, and in all literature I doubt if you will come across an instance where you feel that each character was a distinct entity and lived to the author not merely in the story, but after the story was completed and he had gone on and taken up other fiction. Troilope was like Balzac in this, too. "It would seem that between the tract and the anecdote the novel of today is

practically non-existent and poetry—the world doesn't care for it any more. When it is written actors recite it as if they were afraid of being laughed at—which they would be."

"Had I ever written for the stage? Never, but according to my theory, if I felt the desire strongly enough I could, notwithstanding the fact that the technique is strange. The result of the marriage between the individual gift and construction is a work of art, but the individual gift is the stronger, the head of the family, so to speak. It can win and govern the other."

A question is then put in regard to the theory of reincarnation. Is there an occult explanation for his mediæval point of view in regard to many modern matters? Does Alma Tadema paint Hellenic subjects because he must and Mr. Hewlett himself answer to the mysterious force of a poetic personality returned to continue its work begun ages before? Mr. Hewlett shakes his head decidedly.

"It is the theory of the throwback, you mean? No, I don't credit it. I have often wondered about Mr. Tadema but I am sure that theory does not explain. I prefer to assume that the artistic gift is a miracle. That is what it really comes to. I think that is all."

"A great many women believe that they have lived before on the earth, do they not? And when you talk to them do you not find that they invariably range themselves in one of the French courts about the time of Louis Quinze or Setze if they do so, show a preference for that of Charles the Second of England? Yes; I thought so."

Interviewing a Bear.

The conversation has taken a humorous turn which is continued over the tea-table where Mrs. Hewlett presides, helped by the daughter. Mr. Hewlett, helped by the daughter, tells of an interview that took place with a friend of his, a man violently opposed to any life form of publicity. The first question asked was: "Were you educated at Eton?" "Yes; beastly hotel!" "Did you go to Oxford?" "Yes; awful place." "They couldn't get any further and the interview was never written. Wasn't it a pity, with such an unusual beginning?" "Personally," continues Mr. Hewlett, who sacrifices tea for the sake of another cigarette, "I cannot for the life of me see why the public should care anything about the personality of a man. They

have the best of him in his work. Of course you don't agree with me; you believe that like the artist gift the curiosity of the public in this regard is a miracle not to be explained, but to be accepted, unquestionably."

"Wouldn't you like to have met and talked with Shakespeare?" asks one of the party, "or at least Shakespeare, Milton perhaps, Chaucer, even Byron, to come nearer?"

Mr. Hewlett hesitates. He feels himself cornered, and glances at his wife for protection, who refuses it. Her vote is cast with the interviewers and the public.

"I don't believe," he answers at length, "that I would have cared so much to know Shakespeare, for this reason: I think his work was greater than he was, but I would have loved to know Dante. There's a man for you, so much greater, I imagine, than his work, tremendous as that was. I doubt if there was any Homer, and Socrates does not allure me to the point of desiring a personal interview; but George Herbert, he must have been a very sweet and likable character, and Sir Philip Sidney, I think I should like to have known him best of all—yes, Sir Philip Sidney. There was the man, the gentleman, chivalrous, courtly. Sir Walter Raleigh? I am not so keen about him, but old Doctor Johnson, yes."

"I suppose he would," admits Mr. Hewlett, "I wouldn't, of course, bring him home." His voice trails off into silence. He is in some old world imaginings trying to arrange his acquaintance with the Doctor and his Boswell so as not to impose him on the domestic circle.

The last question of the interviewer brings him back to the present. "So you admit that a curiosity concerning the personality of celebrities is quite human and forgivable, Mr. Hewlett?" "And what could he say?"

The Helpful Bellboy.

For four consecutive nights the hotel man had watched his fair, timid guest fill her pitcher at the water cooler. "Madam," he said on the fifth night, "if you would ring this would be done for you." "I think," interposes Mrs. Hewlett, "that he would have been a frightful bore."

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