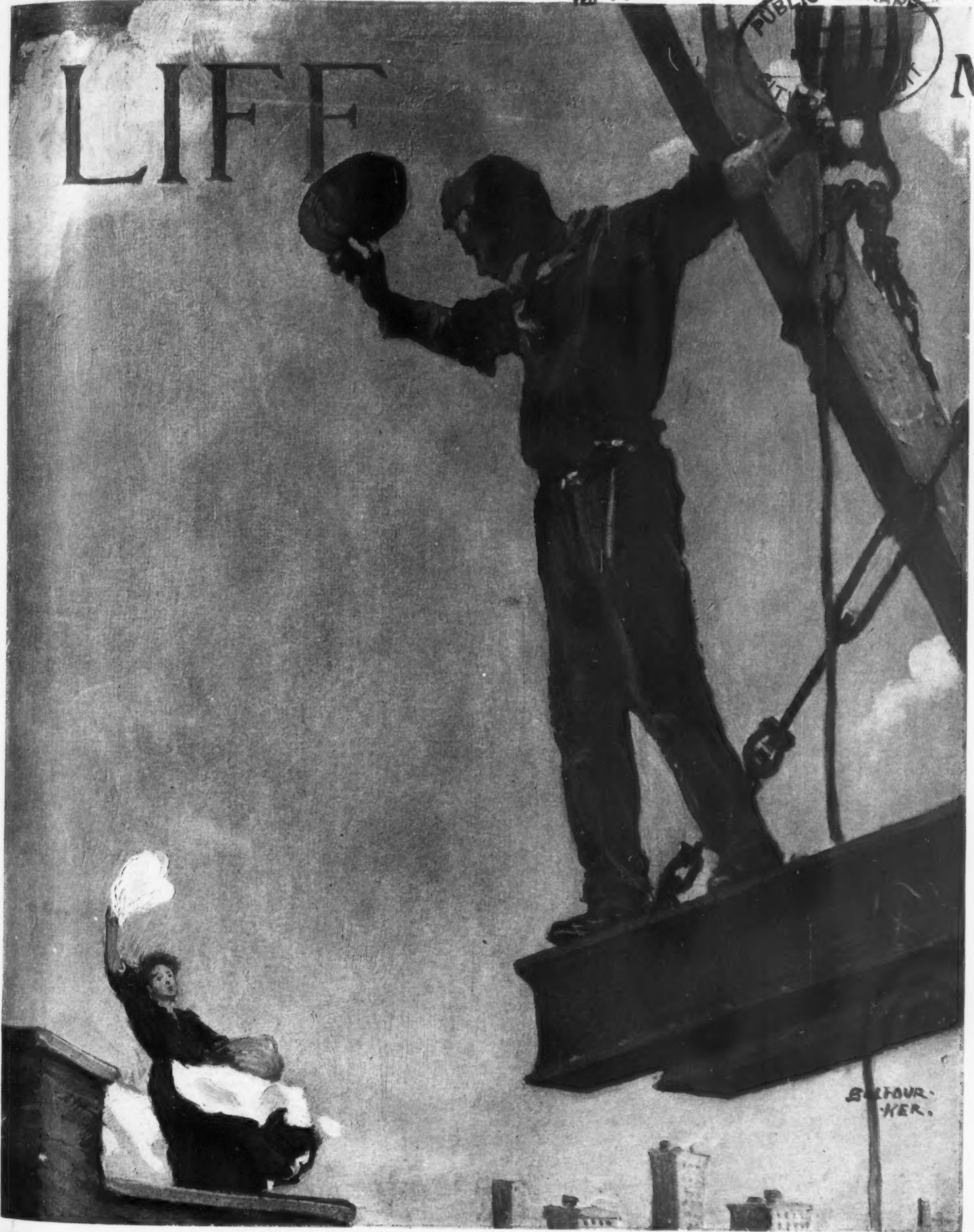


PUBLIC LIBRARY

M

# LIFE



BIRDS OF A FEATHER

# The Blazed Trail to Tire Economy

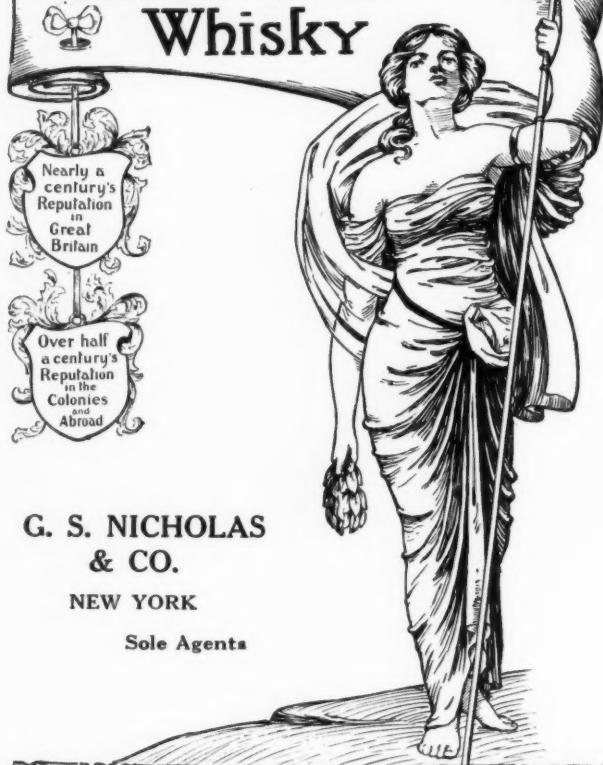
*Send for Price List*



**G & J TIRE COMPANY**  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.  
BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES

# G & J TIRES

## Usher's Whisky



Nearly a  
century's  
Reputation  
in  
Great  
Britain

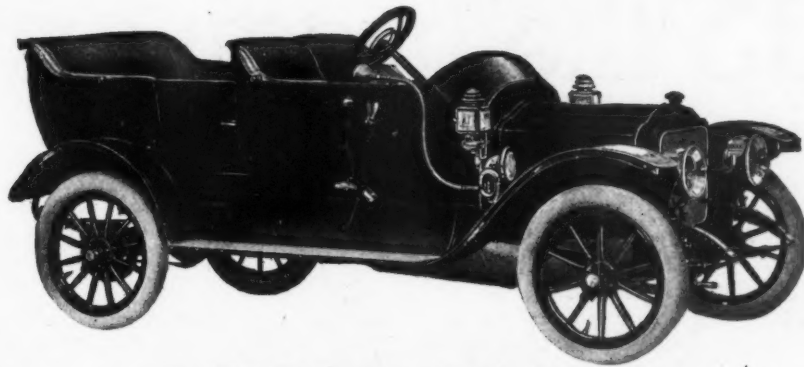
Over half  
a century's  
Reputation  
in the  
Colonies  
and  
Abroad

**G. S. NICHOLAS  
& CO.**  
NEW YORK  
Sole Agents

The Standard of Excellence



"I SEE THAT OLD MAN STOCKFELLER HAS GIVE \$10,000,000  
TO ONE O' THEM COLLEGES."  
"GEE! AIN'T IT A SHAME TO LET THE PRICE O' TWO HUN-  
DRED MILLION GLASSES O' BEER GO TO WASTE LIKE THAT."



The White 30-Horsepower Torpedo Gasoline Car

# What the White Gasoline Car Costs to Run

**E**CONOMY of operation is brought to its lowest terms in the White "30" Gasoline Car.

This is proved by the White in the hands of its owners, and its owners have here testified to the facts. Read what they say and then remember that such results come from perfect construction—from advanced engineering

ideas carried out in a masterly, practical manner. No untried principles—no experiments—no mere theories can cut down such costs.

We have hundreds of letters like these in our files—all telling of actual running expense.

Read the few here and let them guide you in the purchase of your motor car.

"I have averaged from 19 to 21 miles, in general touring, per gallon of gasoline, and this I consider extremely economical."

(Signed) W. E. CROFUT,  
The Forest City Rubber Company.

"The fuel economy is very good, being an actual average of 20 miles per gallon, running on country roads at an average speed of 30 to 35 miles."

(Signed) A. R. McKNIGHT,  
W. S. Tyler Company.

"A short time ago I made a trip from Cleveland to Canton, by way of Brecksville and return. This is a very hilly and sandy road, and my running time was 22 miles an hour. To my surprise I found that I had run that day 136 miles on 5¼ gallons of gasoline."

(Signed) J. P. HARRIS,  
The Cleveland Gas Appliance Co.

"The characteristics of your car which please me most are its quietness in operation, its extreme cleanliness and the economy in upkeep and gasoline consumption."

(Signed) S. STERLING McMILLIN,  
The Marble & Shattuck Chair Company.

These men are prominent business men whose integrity and whose judgment must be respected in any community. Each letter represents a careful record of the operation of the writer's own White Car. Let us send you the White catalog and the complete letters describing other White Motor Car features.

852 East 79th St. **The White**  **Company** Cleveland, O.

(39)



# What IS the Imaginary Life?

A CORRESPONDENT WHO EXPRESSES DOUBT IS PUT UPON THE RIGHT TRACK.



**W**E have received the following letter, which has been handed over to us by one of the departments of the unreal LIFE. By unreal, we mean, of course, the coarse physical LIFE, in which this typographical explanation appears:

Dear Sirs:  
According to you I am only an illusion. That is to say, I am a plain, ordinary human being, not conscious of anything else but what I see and feel. You see I am quite candid about this; and, as man to man, I desire to have you answer fairly and squarely the following questions:

First—What is the Imaginary Life that you are blowing about so much? What does it look like? How do you get one of those mental laughs out of it that you refer to? Is it as full of advertisements as the regular LIFE? If so, what's the use?

Second—According to you, my subliminal self may at this instant be enjoying a copy of the Imaginary Life, but if I don't know it, what difference does it make? If there is anything else that belongs to me that I haven't caught up with yet—why, I want to know it. What's the good of your telling me that my subliminal self is taking a mental joy ride, if I can't see him doing it?

Third—I notice that you offer to lend mental money to anyone who asks for it, without any security. What I want to know is: Why should anyone who leads an Imaginary Life need any mental money, anyway? And isn't this just a bare-faced bluff on your part to attract attention to the coarse, physical LIFE? It's my opinion that there isn't anything in it but an advertising dodge to make materialistic money.

Yours vulgarly,  
J—B—.

P. S.—Please don't vibrate any answer to my subliminal self. I want an animal reply.

As a rule, we pay no attention to correspondents who accuse us of mercenary motives, or assume that we would stoop to any kind of an advertising "dodge" in order to increase the circulation of the physical LIFE—something in which we are not particularly interested, although we understand that it has been going up lately. Our reason for this silence is that no reply would do any good. We are sorry for the people who thus misjudge us, and we hope, in time, by sending them certain vibrations through one of our

yogi departments, to help them; but, other than this, we have no interest in their opinions.

Reading between the lines of this correspondent's letter, however, it is easy to see that it is he who is putting up a "bluff." Underneath his trumpeted display of doubt as to our motives can be discerned an intense curiosity. He tries to make himself believe that we are a fraud, while at the same time his anxiety to find out the truth lies on the surface. For this reason, it gives us a peculiar pleasure to set him right. People like him are just the ones we can help the most.

First—The Imaginary Life is the central emanation from *Prana*. *Prana* is the only reality—a knowledge of which can only come by rhythmic breathing. Our correspondent should therefore practice rhythmic breathing before each meal.

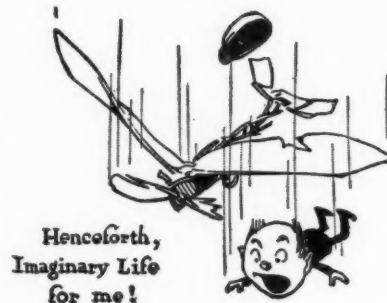
From *Prana*, we unhesitatingly state, comes the Imaginary Life, which consists each week of a hundred or more pages of pure mental joy, contributed to by the master minds of all the ages. We can only faintly explain this process to anyone not attuned to the Imaginary Life, but it is sufficient to say that every humorist, every joke writer who has ever lived, is now contributing to the Mental Life. In order to subscribe to this emanation from *Prana*, or the Imaginary Life, you have but to desire to send fifteen mental dollars to Gee. Ime. Mit. At the end of a week you will begin to feel better. No matter what your surroundings may be, you will feel a joy-smile creeping

over you. This is only the first number getting in its work. That's the proof. Our correspondent will get his own answer, if he only makes the initial effort. Now, it may seem foolish, but try it and see. We guarantee the result if you are sincere. With regard to the advertisements, we will say no copy of Mental Life would be complete without them. This is the only way that all mental desires can be ultimately satisfied.

(Concluded on page 337)



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## What Is the Imaginary Life?

(Concluded from page 336)

fied. You don't even know what you want until you see it in the advertising columns of the Mental Life. You are conscious of some vague longing. The man who can fill this longing is probably one of our leading imaginary advertisers. You see his ad., send along the necessary mental cash and your vibratory void will be promptly filled.

Second—Our correspondent, in his second question, betrays the natural impatience of the American temperament. Our only reply is: Wait and see.

Third—Our correspondent assumes that anyone who starts out to lead the Mental Life, springs full-fledged into full power. This is a great mistake, a common mistake, we may say, with most of our new subscribers. He, and others like him, should understand that the capacity to enjoy the Mental Life only comes through a long apprenticeship. Recently, for example, both Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie contributed ten physical millions each to certain movements. Now they are the subscribers to the Mental Life, and this little physical act was done to celebrate their entrance to the first harmonic plane; yet they don't know this yet, because they have not entered into a full consciousness. If they did know it, they would be aware that they borrowed ten millions apiece from us in mental cash to carry them along; while rich in physical cash, they are poor in the mental article, and each of their subliminal selves applied for a loan, which we cheerfully granted. We mention this incident in order to set our correspondent right. When you start on the Mental Life, when your subliminal self is not yet united with your physical consciousness, oftentimes you need help. We are willing to furnish this help to

"Less than a Drop Suffices"

The tiniest atom of Djer-Kiss perfume produces the most delightful fragrance imaginable

**Djer-Kiss**  
PRONOUNCED DEAR KISS

is the masterpiece of Kerkoff of Paris. Always have Djer-Kiss on your dressing table

Extract, Sachet, Face and Talcum Powder

At all dealers. Send 6c. for Sample of Extract.

Alfred H. Smith Co., 41 West 33d St., N. Y.



# Simplicity Safety Strength The Only Adjustable Razor

## Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

The STANDARD of SAFETY, EASE and COMFORT

THE GILLETTE embodies the spirit of perfect mechanical construction—SIMPLICITY, and in its exclusive features of Absolute Safety, Rigidity, Durability and Adjustment it has no rival.

By simply turning the screw handle, the blade is automatically adjusted to suit the toughness of any beard or the tenderness of any skin.

GILLETTE BLADES are made from the finest steel by special processes. Flexible, with mirror-like finish. Rust-proof and antiseptic. The keenest and hardest edge ever produced. Packet of 6 blades (12 cutting edges) 50c; 12 blades (24 cutting edges) in nickel plated case, \$1.00.

The GILLETTE Lasts a Lifetime. Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette Line

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY 48 West Second Street BOSTON, MASS

New York, Times Building;  
Chicago, Stock Exchange Building;  
Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal;  
Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London; Eastern Office: Shanghai, China.

Factories:  
Boston Montreal  
Leicester Berlin  
Paris

NO STROPPING - NO HONING



"If it's a safety razor—it's a Gillette"

\$5.00 Everywhere

desirable parties. We lend you mental cash—which is nothing but power—until you can gather vibrations enough to pay it back. Nothing is more simple when you come to grasp the full meaning.

Meanwhile, we call attention to the fact, that on account of our increased facilities, we can place anyone on the subscribers list who remits fifteen dollars in mental money.

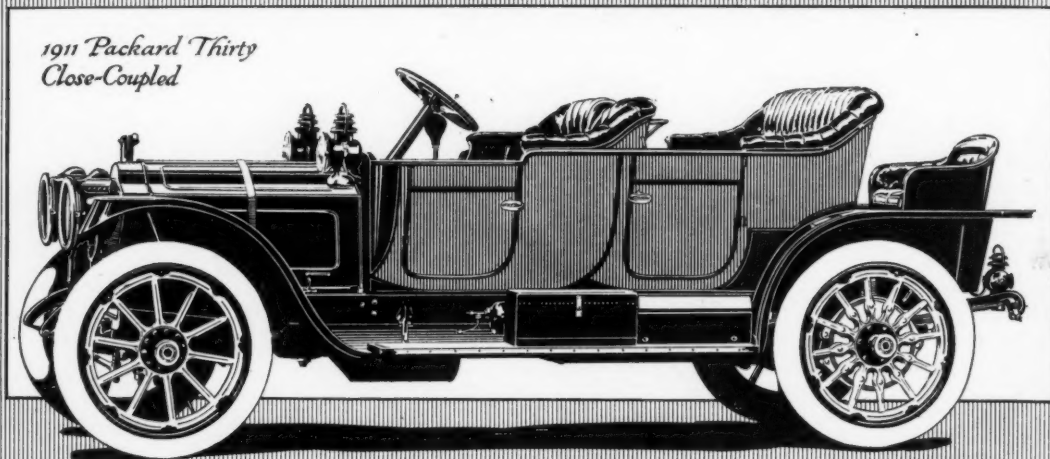
You can subscribe anywhere—on a railway train, in the subway, in an aero-

plane, climbing Mount McKinley, bathing in the Orinoco, or, as Goldsmith so prettily puts it:

"Whether where equinoctial fervors glow Or winter wraps the polar world in snow."

No matter where you are, concentrate on some object, try to see a blue disc with a yellow centre, and think of Gee. Ime. Mit., for. with the fifteen, (He will get it.)



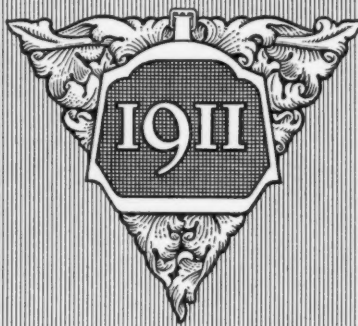


*Ask the man who owns one*



*Packard*

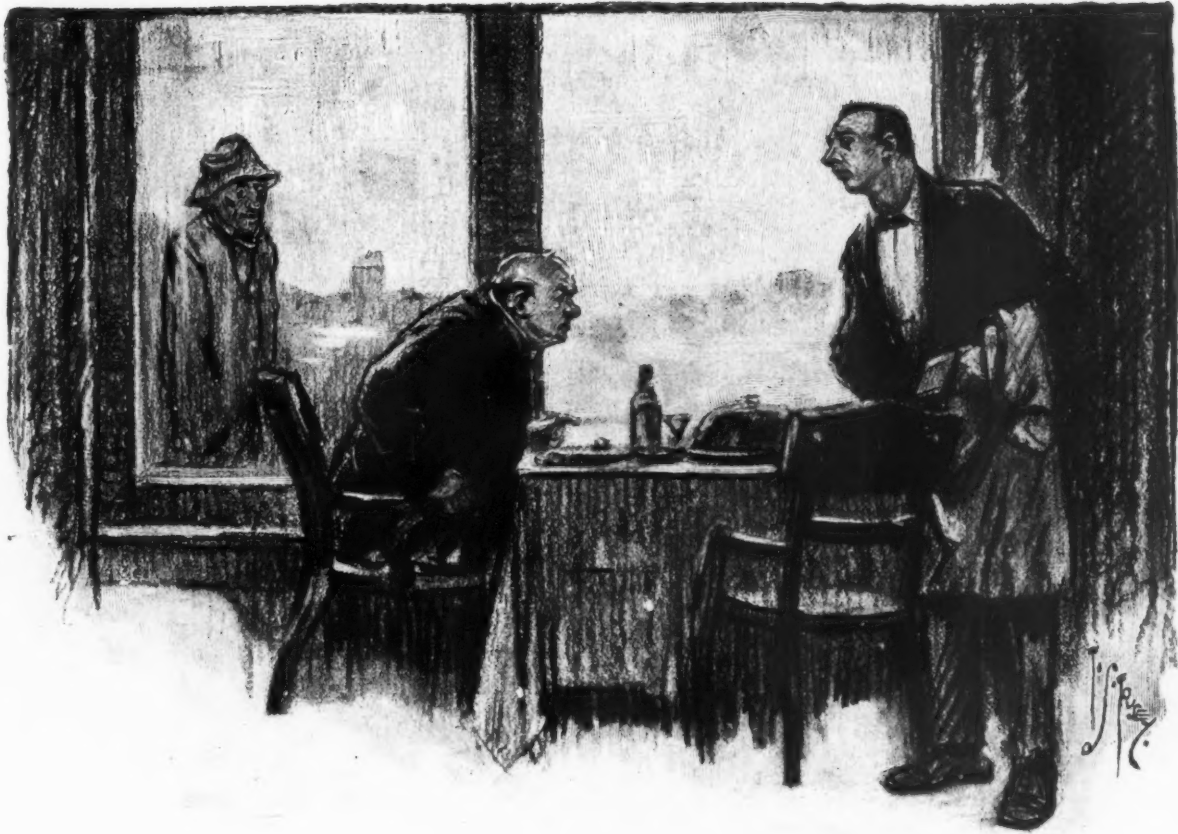
MOTOR CARS



*Packard Motor Car Company Detroit*

*Licensed under Selden Patent*

# LIFE



## SUPPLY AND DEMAND

"HANG IT, WAITER, YOU HAVE BROUGHT MORE SWEETBREADS THAN I ORDERED!"

### This Number

**W**E can imagine that this number of LIFE will excite conservative old gentlemen to scorn, and that aristocratic old ladies, sniffing faintly from afar its reprehensible contents, will first assure themselves that it is really so, and then, laying it down with a sense of horror, will wonder anew what the world is coming to.

This number, in effect, is an answer to that troublesome question. The world, of course, is coming to many things; one of these things is, if not socialism as the world seems to regard it, socialism as it will eventually work itself out to be.

When we are no longer able to advance to any new strata of thought, or when we become incapable of being startled for the reason that there are no more new things to startle

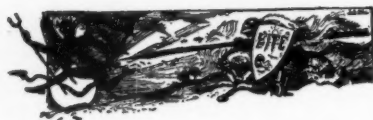
us, we shall not care to live; the human race has an almost insatiable capacity to be horrified; as we become more civilized this capacity takes on mental aspects where before it was satisfied with the purely physical. We no longer care to see Christians eaten alive in the arena at the daily matinee; we prefer to offer up our victims in the shape of countless children on factory altars.

Socialism, bald and bold and vulgar as it is, offers a relief from all this; it horrifies the few who are on top by declaring that it intends to take away from them their power to satiate themselves on the misfortunes of others. The few resent this quite properly and adduce the sacred rights of property as a militant phrase which will act as a sort of dissolvent.

Nevertheless, the few (or, to be more precise, the higher classes), are short on sensations; they must be amused. And it is amusing to contemplate socialism in its lighter aspects.

Hence this number.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVII. FEBRUARY 16, 1911 No. 1477

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



**D**ISCO THROOP,  
of the schooner  
*We're Here*, and fif-  
teen other  
Gloucestermen,  
with Mayor  
Patch, of that

city, saw the President on February 1 to protest against free fish, as provided in the proposed reciprocity treaty with Canada. What an errand for Disco, that skipper who can think like a cod and trail the codfish as they swim! The tariff on most fish (except herring) is now one cent a pound. Disco and the Gloucestermen say that unless they have some protection Gloucester fishing will be a lost industry and Gloucester a gone city. Mayor Patch says so, Hon. Augustus P. Gardner, Gloucester's Congressman, is sure of it. As it is, Gloucester has not been thriving according to its deserts. The fish business, which is its right bower anchor, has shown a tendency to straggle off to Boston, and in the last fifteen years Gloucester has lost about one-seventh of its population, not counting painters or summer boarders as people. Mr. Taft told Disco and his friends that they were seeing ghosts in the reciprocity treaty, and it does look so. Can't Disco compete with the Kanuck skippers on equal terms in catching cod? We hate to think it. Is it the trouble that the demand for cod is slack? Then let us talk up cod. Really, no better fish swims. Fresh caught and fresh cooked he is a poem. Salted, he is one of the grandest substitutes for food and incentives to peaceful thought that man has ever brought to man. Think of him as codfish balls on Sunday morning—perhaps with Boston baked beans! Our young are growing up

without knowledge of the Bible—so the papers say. Are they also growing up without appreciation of cod? If so, they shouldn't be. They are missing one of the best and simplest and wholesomest details of diet. We read that the Hon. Lafe Young, of Iowa, temporarily a member of the Senate, is waiting at the reciprocity treaty, because it will expose the farmers of Iowa to the competition of the cheap, the pauper, labor of Canada, Belgium and Ireland. Senator Young wails that the Iowans will move bodily up to Canada if reciprocity wins.

Nonsense, Senator! Tell the Iowans about salt cod (they can't get it fresh); teach them to eat more of it and live in Iowa. It is excellent with potatoes, and Canadian potatoes are coming in free, too. Let us all eat more cod and send the price up, if that is necessary, by our appreciation of a good thing, and incidentally help out Gloucester if that will do it. But assistance by tariff is a very pinching kind of help.



**T**HE President's reciprocity treaty with Canada is very popular, and ought to be. It put a lot of Canadian foodstuffs on the free list—grains, vegetables, fish, cattle, sheep; also horses, lumber, wood pulp, telegraph poles, railroad ties and other handy wooden things, and reduces duties on others. We wish it had made coal free, but it hasn't. It reduces the Canadian duties on various United States manufactures and helps our people in that way, but the best and most popular side of it is that it is an honest effort to reduce the cost of living and promote the comfort and prosperity of the population on both sides of our northern border. It promotes trade and mutuality of interest with our best and most important neighbor on this continent; with a people whose standard of living and of civilization is the same as ours, and with whom our dealings ought to be as unobstructed as the dealings between the folks in two different States of our Union.

There is some prospect that the

present Congress will accept the treaty as it stands. That is what public opinion seems to demand, and both Republicans and Democrats are attentive.



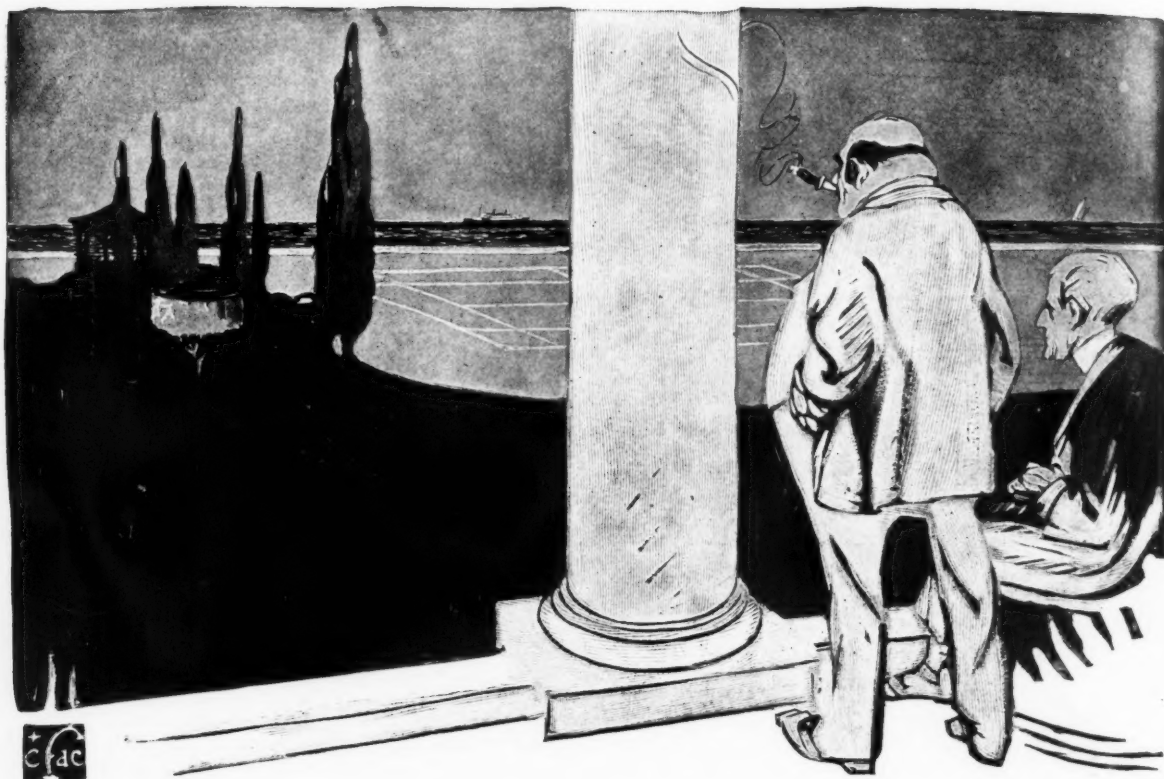
**W**E take notice of the withdrawal of the charges made by Cleveland Moffett in an article in *Hampton's Magazine* that the Standard Oil Company had made and sold to candy makers glucose containing sulphites, which were poisonous to children and other consumers of candy. The Standard denied the charges and brought suit, and Mr. Moffett and the magazine backed squarely down and admitted that they were mistaken.

The muck-raking brethren have done and are doing a great deal of good and shedding the light of publicity in a great many corners where it is needed. But it belongs to them to be very sure of their facts and accurate in the narration of them. So far as we know the Standard Oil Company does not, and never did, manufacture glucose, though some of the Standard Oil men are very largely interested in its manufacture. We take so much of Mr. Moffett's story as relates to the sale of the unwholesome glucose to candy manufacturers in Philadelphia and elsewhere to be true. It sounds true, and if true, is interesting and important. The statement that the dangerous glucose was made by the Standard Oil Company did not sound true, and we are not surprised that it is withdrawn. But who did make it? And was the use of sulphites in glucose unlawful at the time that glucose was made?

We hope Mr. Moffett will reinvestigate a little and clear up these points. The effort to keep unwholesome or poisonous foods out of people's stomachs, and particularly the stomachs of children, is a good work, and we should all be grateful to anyone who undertakes it, provided he is sufficiently careful about his facts and does not discredit by inaccuracy the great and important industry of muck-raking.



"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL FEED THEM"  
THE BIBLICAL LAW AS INTERPRETED BY EMPLOYERS OF CHILD-LABOR



"YES, SIR, I PAID A PILE O' MONEY FOR THIS VIEW, AND IF I COULD BUY THAT OCEAN THE PLACE WOULD BE COMPLETE."

### Emma Goldman



EMMA GOLDMAN'S book on Anarchism (Mother Earth Publishing Company) ought to be read by all so-called respectable women, and adopted as a text-book by women's clubs throughout the country; not that the members of women's clubs will be expected to indorse Emma Goldman, or adopt her methods, but merely that the understanding of a book like this will give the average woman another point of view.

Whether one shall praise Emma Godman or blame her depends entirely upon one's own ability to think for himself and his heredity and environment. Emma Goldman says:

"Ask for work. If they do not give you work ask for bread. If they do not give you work or bread, then take bread."

The last two words are the gist of Emma Goldman's doctrine. For courage, persistency, self-effacement, self-sacrifice in the pursuit of her object she has hitherto been unsurpassed among the world's women. Several times in prison, and made to roam the streets at night without a sleeping place; the associate of criminals and the continuous victim of the authorities, she has yet held her way undimmed in search of her ideal. Repudiating as she does practically every tenet of what the modern state holds good, she stands for some of the noblest traits in human nature.

### A Delightful Affair

THE gold room of the Waldorf-Astoria shone resplendently on the occasion of an expensive dinner given last evening by the bankers of New York.

Among those present were Mr. John Pierpont Morgan and several members of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.

Promptly at seven-forty-five Mr. Morgan entered the room and three cheers for him were given. These were followed by three cheers for Mr. Morgan's firm and then three for Mr. Morgan's art collection.

The menu was selected with special regard for Mr. Morgan's taste and the speakers were cautioned to direct their remarks to Mr. Morgan.

Before the diners were seated, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Coupon, of Mr. Morgan's church, asked Mr. Morgan to bless the assembly.

As a fitting compliment to Mr. Morgan all the waiters were dressed as bank clerks.

The dinner proceeded as planned until the salad course, when Mr. Morgan fell into a sweet sleep. In view of this fact the rest of the dinner was omitted and the lights lowered lest he might be disturbed.

At twelve o'clock Mr. Morgan awoke and the diners departed after pledging unswerving and undying loyalty to Mr. Morgan.

E. O. J.



# The Boy Grafters

## A New Organization, Which Will Fit Our Boys for Public Life

ing in all its various forms will be taught at such an early age that its principles will become second nature at a time when the boy's character is developing. Thus much time will be saved.

It is hard to become a grafter late in life.

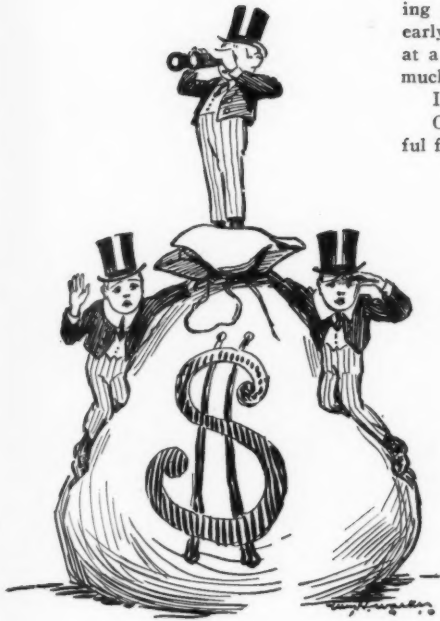
Grafting is now recognized as being the most powerful force in our civilization. Without it few would make a success.

Our Boy Grafters will be taught everything necessary.

They will not, however, be forced.

At twelve every Boy Grafter will be taught ordinary business methods, such as the simple adulterations of foods, involving only the most rudimentary chemical principles.

At thirteen he will be obliged to make a pool of some sort. The idea is not



THE organization of Boy Scouts, founded by General Baden-Powell and Ernest Thompson Seton, is doing much for the physical welfare of our children. What is really needed, however, is an organization which will enable them to carry on the grand work of running the country.

For this purpose LIFE has organized The Boy Grafters.

Any American boy is eligible. Graft-



As The Boy Grafters progress, certificates will be given to them showing their grade. Any Boy Grafter who gets into jail will be disbarred from the organization, the rule being, above all things, to preserve the appearance of eminent respectability.

The organization will be in charge of one of the most competent magnates in the country. We have such a wealth of material that it is hard to choose. Mr.

to make him successful at all pools, but to get him used to the methods of making them.

At fourteen he will be taught a great number of religious precepts and how to apply them at the right moment.

At fifteen he will begin on the magnate's arithmetic course and all the simpler forms of bond issues will be shown. He will be obliged to combine something if only dog houses.

At sixteen he will be made to deliver a lecture on the rights of property, in which he ought to be able to show that those who have property are to be protected from those who have not, because of the sacredness of the obligations of capital.

At seventeen he should be able to buy a legislature.





Rockefeller would gladly serve but there are obstacles.

"I should be glad to lead The Boy Grafters," he said, yesterday, "but I am giving away so many millions a year to my country already that I feel that my time should be my own. I have, however, every sympathy with your organization, and shall hope to aid you



from time to time by forwarding what moral precepts occur to me. Tell the boys from me to live pure lives. One cannot accomplish the best results if one dissipates. Be honest, be manly, attend church regularly, also Sunday-school, and keep your heads cool. You

can always do the other fellow so much better."

Mr. Carnegie regretted also.

"I am getting too old for this sort of thing," he said, "but I heartily approve of it. Some sort of leadership is necessary for our boys. They should be taught early in life that the acquisition of money is the one thing, at any cost, and afterwards they can pose as philanthropists, if necessary to their peace of mind. I wish you all success."

Mr. Morgan has been urged to take the leadership. With J. P. Morgan at the head of The Boy Grafters it is bound to be a success, even if he does but little; his name will go far.

"I will do almost anything for my country; it always pays," he said last night, "but before accepting this post I shall have to think it over."

At a late hour he had not yet decided, but we hope soon to chronicle his acceptance. Great pressure is being brought to bear upon him. Among other things, all the bonds of the new organization will pass through his hands.

The country awaits his decision with eagerness.

If not Mr. Morgan then Mr. Ryan.

### Conspuez Brigham

WE sympathize with the protest that has started in a Unitarian church in Washington against having Brigham Young's picture on the silver service that the State of Utah is to give the new battleship of that name.

Brigham Young was an entirely disreputable character who did the United States a vast mischief by fastening Mor-

monism upon Utah and the neighboring territories. The man planted tares in American civilization. Every one of them has got to be weeded out. The notion that the American people are building battleships to defend anything that is stamped "Brigham Young" is preposterous. The new battleship will be manned by self-respecting Americans, who should not be permitted, much less constrained, to harbor and use plate inscribed with the likeness of a vulgar though able imposter, whose only concern with American democracy was to avoid punishment when he broke its laws.

Polygamy is looking up in Utah. The Mormon church controls the State and the muck-rakers tell us that it is practicing again to protect and encourage polygamy in its borders. There is no use of mincing matters about Mormonism. It is a rotten and pestilent fraud from beginning to end, and there is no good in it. Germany excludes the Mormon missionaries; England is planning to do so. Mormonism is a mental disease against which every civilized country is warranted in maintaining quarantine. There should be no stamp of Mormonism, no face of Brigham Young, on any property of the United States.

Conspuez Brigham, apostle of degradation! Let his poor dupes confine their pride in him to the home circle around Salt Lake. The dupes are more to be pitied than scorned, but for the rascals who misled them there should be nothing but obloquy.

THE man who is in the seventh heaven of happiness often has need of a parachute.



Father Noah: WELL, MY DEAR, THIS BEING COOPED UP ISN'T MUCH FUN, BUT IT'S SOME CONSOLATION TO KNOW THAT THE COOK CAN'T LEAVE US IN THE LURCH.



HISTORIC AFFINITIES

DR. COOK APPEALS TO QUEEN ISABELLA OF CASTILE



"I'LL TELL YUH, LADY—I'M OF NOBLE BIRTH. ME MOTHER WAS THE DAUGHTER OF A SPANISH GRANDEE AN' ME FATHER WAS PART DUKE."

Details That the City Neglects

NEW YORK spends millions a year in clearing away the snow from the streets and keeping the streets clean and is absurdly neglectful of some small matters that very much concern the public comfort and involve very little expense.

It neglects almost entirely to make owners of vacant property take decent care of it and the sidewalks in front of it. Snow that falls on the sidewalks of such property is apt to lie until it melts. That is a great nuisance to pedestrians. It is very common in the most used streets of the city. Such sidewalks should be cleaned by noon or earlier on the day of the snowfall, and the cost charged to the owner of the property.

The city also neglects to make building contractors minimize the obstruction to the use of sidewalks that their operations involve. When they bridge the sidewalk they are apt to do it badly. Necessary inconvenience the public must put up with. Unnecessary inconvenience, due to the laziness or indifference of con-

tractors' foremen, ought to get prompt notice and abatement from city inspectors. But it doesn't. Contractors consult their own convenience about obstructions and the walking public scrambles by the best it can.

Hard on the Cotton Mills

A VOICE from Rhode Island, speaking through the *Evening Post*, complains that cotton goods are in the doldrums, that people had been going without any but very needful clothes for a long time because of the high cost of living, that raw cotton is so high that the price of muslin can't be much reduced without loss, and that there is no use of reducing it because, just as the manufacturers were hoping that stocks of existing garments were exhausted, along came the hobble-skirt and women promptly abandoned petticoats. The hobble-skirt ladies, he says, wear only about one-sixth as much cotton cloth as they did before the hobble-skirt mania caught them.

Hard on the mills, isn't it!



## Letters to a Daughter

From a Loving Mother

V

### MY DEAREST GLADYS:

I suppose I ought to say something to you about your reading, if only to correct the ideas you must have received from your teachers, who notoriously know nothing about the matter from our standpoint, and who are so absurd and funny in thinking that to read deeply on any subject is at all necessary. Not all of them are this way, of course, but they are inclined to make it a pose, and invariably carry it too far. On the contrary, my dear, the main object in your knowing the classics and the standard authors is to avoid them as a topic of conversation, or at least to know when to do so, while at the same time you know enough about them not to disgrace yourself when they are mentioned. It is important in this respect to realize instantly that George Eliot was a woman and that Herbert Spencer did not write the *Faery Queen*. But you must always remember that the really well-read person is invariably a deadly bore, not to be tolerated for a moment, and you cannot afford to have even others deceived about you in this respect. You must naturally read some books. It is almost a necessary recreation and in this respect there is only one rule: Read the light ones closely and skim over the serious ones. You will thus know as much about each as is necessary.

My dear, I heard of your engagement yesterday. Permit me to congratulate you. I will write him at once. He has admirable manners and a good disposition, besides being fairly steady in his habits. The fact that you were once engaged to him will never be a detriment in after life. But, of course, you must not let it last too long. We Americans have the reputation for being vulgar, not because of the vulgar things we do, but because we do them at the wrong time or carry them too far. In six weeks at the most, my dear, he should sail for Africa.

The Bishop tells me that you won from him at bridge. My dear! Of course, the dear old man can afford it, but he has pride, and you on your part should never forget your respect for the church. Besides, you may want him to marry you some day, when everyone else has refused. Of course, no young girl could be expected to know this—that is why a mamma like me is sometimes so useful. One never knows what will happen, my dear. The next time let him win.

Ever thine,  
M.

VI

### GLADYS DEAR:

Evidently you are back from the Continent sooner than you expected. I can understand why you shirked London, with no one there but Americans at this season.

By the way, did you see Lord Pepperton in London? If you did, he asked you to marry him. And of course you refused. One always does. But I actually heard of a girl from Missouri two years ago who took him up, and he was so enraged that he came near beating her over the head with his cane. Imagine! It would have jolly well served her right, as everyone knows that he only does it for a little joke.

Your daddy tells me that you brought over a couple of new motors with you. What are the colorings? I have nothing to match a new suit that just came, and which I particularly wish to wear to the races. I am glad to hear, my dear, that your engagement is broken off. Better too soon than to let it run too long. You will naturally retire for a couple of months,

and it comes during Lent, too. Perhaps you timed it that way. This will help your bridge greatly. You will play it after a love affair as if you were inspired. One always does. But do not play it too much. One gets a bridge look—it is almost as bad as too much chloral. Never do too much of anything, my dear. Above all, preserve your sweetness. Your father also tells me that he has written you to cut down your expenses. Dear old dad! Take my advice and spend twice as much. Never save money unless the man in the case—whoever he may be—expects you to spend it. The moment you can be counted on, my dear, you will cease to be the kind of a woman the men want. Your daddy, by the way, is terribly hard up, I believe. I read about it in the *Times* yesterday—really a reliable paper financially. I have been giving a series of week-ends. The Bishop tells me they are the most successful of the season. And he knows. Affectionately,  
M.

VII

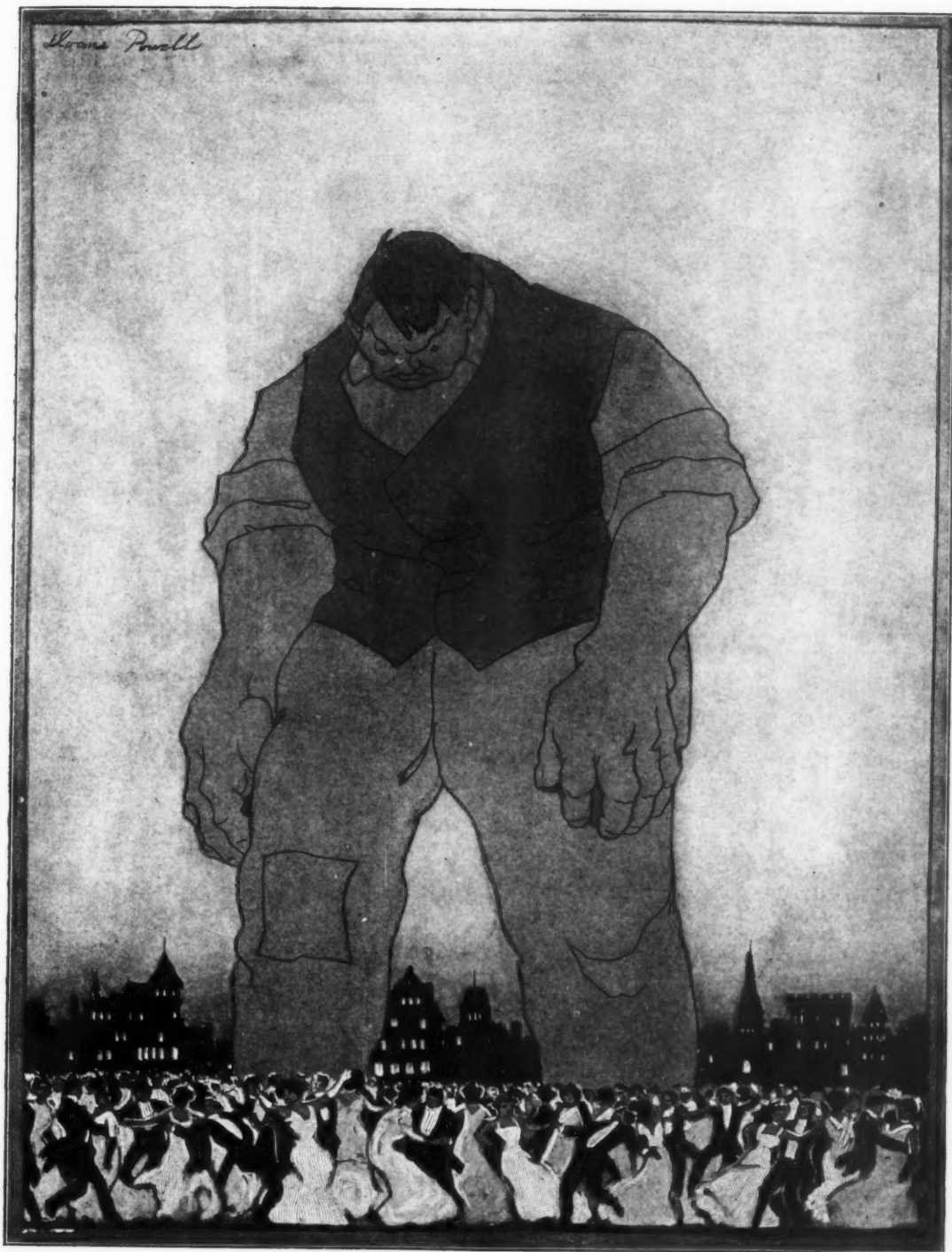
### MY DEAR GLADYS:

I have read your letter very carefully and it made me long to come to you at once, as only a mother can help you. But I am changing maids, dear, and you know what a trial that is! And now let me understand you—every doubt, every shade of meaning, that you express. You say that I have advised you constantly to be "sweet," "womanly," not to lose your innocence, and yet you ask how can one preserve the appearance of all this when one really knows so much. Why, you have already been engaged twice (or is it three times?) and confirmed, besides having done the Continent so thoroughly that—actually—you know every turn in the road.

This is your problem—to appear to be poor in the midst of plenty—to be weak when you are supremely strong. You must do it! It will pay in the end. Some day, dear, you may be married, and will need outside admiration to the extent at least of keeping you from being bored to death. But do not be discouraged! Remember, it is an art to be the two things at once. An art to be prayed over.

Look at me! At my age, one must know everything. And yet how innocent I appear. Even your father is deceived at times. Now you, my dear girl, you who are just at the point where you are in danger of getting blasée, must never forget that such a thing is fatal to your complexion and your figure. No amount of banting later on will make up for it. If you keep on, however, in spite of what I have said, then the only remedy will be for you to get married. That alone will save you. You will then begin to learn so much more about yourself that you never suspected before that it will bring you back to the right place again. Do you see my drift? Getting a reputation for cleverness has cost many a young girl a brilliant future. Your attitude toward other women will also help you immensely in this respect. Be on friendly terms with them. It is a great stroke of diplomacy for a woman to have friends among women, even if it does require a little self-sacrifice on her part.

By the way, dear, why didn't you let me know that you had some gowns coming through the Custom House? You know Senator B—— is my dearest friend. We were children in Nevada. Of course, it isn't the saving of the duty: it's the principle of the thing that counts. I shall pray for you, dearie, in your struggle.  
Your loving  
M.



"ON WITH THE DANCE"



THE GERM BEARER

### The Constitution

**T**HE Constitution is one of the most venerable of American classics. It was first published in 1789 in a limited, autograph edition, which has been followed by numerous other issues incorporating much intensely fascinating and absorbing new material. The last of these, the Fifteenth, sometimes known as the Sable Suffrage edition, never attained any considerable circulation south of the Ohio River. At the present time a new edition *de luxe*, to be subscribed for by persons with incomes in excess of \$2,000, is under way, orders being taken therefor at the various State capitals.

While not included in Eliot's lightsome Five Feet of Foam, Froth and Fantasy, the Constitution is by some classed as humor and by others treated as a joke. It is never regarded as much between friends.

The Constitution is to blame for the establishment of the United States Senate, although the job of maintenance has been turned over to the Standard Oil Company. One of the brightest ironies of the document is that the House of Representatives shall elect its own Speaker.

The Constitution sets its be-ribboned, be-pumped foot down upon Mr. Rockefeller making himself Duke of Cleveland, or Mr. Morgan taking the title of Prince Manhattan, yet permits them to send their pleasantly-tainted coin over seas for the importation free of duty of the Nabob of Naipur and the Baron of Worms. It also provides that no federal office-holder shall accept any present or emolument from a foreign grandee; but it has been powerless to prevent the King of Abyssinia from unloading quarterly consignments of the gaudiest zebras in Africa upon our beloved President.

The Constitution provided that the President shall be the

commander-in-chief of the army and navy, but, unfortunately made no allowance for his re-writing Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, designating the most talented liars in the country and naming his successor. Another matter to be remedied is the clause that there shall be no slaves in the United States, as some provision must be made for the Ultimate Consumer.

After an absence extending over seven years the Constitution has returned to the White House sadly battered and full of holes. It might be well to state right here that it is far easier for a rich man to go through one of these holes than it is for him to go through the eye of a needle—or to enter the kingdom of Heaven, for that matter.

### How It Works

**W**HAT happens along of the tariff?

When the commodities can't come to the States the people who make the commodities come. Commodities are kept out, labor is drawn in and manufacturers, capitalists and others get more or less rich off of that labor.

The country is developed, isn't it? Yes, it is; developed by immigration, a million a year, but the natural increase of native population is checked.

Would we be worse off if we imported more commodities and less people? Perhaps so. If we like to have our population recruited by new and varied European stocks, the high tariff is helpful about that.

**T**HE NEW TELLER: I can't cash this check, madam, unless you are identified.

LADY: But my husband is the cashier of this bank.

"Yes, I know—he just warned me against you."



**Mistress (to new maid):** WE ARE GIVING A LARGE PARTY TOMORROW NIGHT, MARY. HAVE YOU HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE AT PARTIES?

"ONLY AS A GUEST, MAM."





THE LEISURE CLASS

IF BIRDS OF A FEATHER *did* FLOCK TOGETHER

## The March of the Hungry Men

**I**N the dreams of your downy couches, through the shades of your pampered sleep,  
Give ear: you can hear it coming, the tide that is steady and deep—  
Give ear, for the sound is growing, from desert and dungeon and den:  
The tramp of the marching millions, the March of the Hungry Men.

As once the lean-limbed Spartans at Locris's last ascent,  
As William's Norman legions through Sussex meadows went,  
As Wolfe assailed the mountain, as Sherman led the way  
From Fulton to Savannah—as they, and more than they;

So comes another army your wit cannot compute,  
The man-at-arms self-fashioned, the man you made the brute,  
From farm and sweatshop gathered, from factory, mine and mill,  
With lever and shears and auger, dibble and drift and drill.

They bear nor sword nor rifle, yet their ladders are on your walls,

Though the hauberk is turned to a jumper, the jambaux to overalls;  
They come from the locomotive, the cab and the cobbler's bench;  
They are armed with the pick and the jack-plane, the sledge and the ax and the wrench.

And some come empty-handed with fingers gnarled and strong,  
And some come dumb with sorrow, and some sway drunk with song,  
But all that you thought were buried are stirring and lithe and quick,  
And they carry a brass-bound sceptre: the brass composing-stick.

Through the depths of the Devil's darkness, with the distant stars for light,  
They are coming the while you slumber, and they come with the might of Right;  
On a morrow—perhaps to-morrow—you will waken and see, and then  
You will hand the keys of the cities to the ranks of the Hungry Men.

R. W. K.

## Droll

ONE cause of the high cost of living in this country is that we have protected our people against the "pauper wages" of Europe by a tariff which has compelled shoals of the people who subsisted on the pauper wages in Europe to come here to live.

The tariff works steadily to force immigration and raise prices, thereby providing more consumers at higher prices for consumption.

The real effect of the combination of tariff and open-door-to-immigrants upon the fortunes of the American workman is one of the drollest things since what the Serpent said to Eve.

## Reflective

IT is a wonder that more of us rich people are not stupid, and that those of us who are stupid are not stupider.

We can afford to be.

But if you are poor and are stupid and continue so, you are in danger of going hungry and missing the fashion.

There is no penalty for stupidity in rich people except stupidity. There are considerable penalties for alertness. Clever rich people want to do something and are liable to flout conventions (and morals, too, often) and get into trouble.

The natural end of cleverness is the improvement of one's condition, but if one's condition is already improved cleverness is rather a dangerous superfluity.

That is why so many of us rich men become collectors. *John Dough.*

## Modern Problems

IF it requires thirty years of intermittent prosperity to produce a bread line a block and a half long, how much prosperity will be required to get rid of it?

If one anti-trust law can produce one thousand trusts, what would now be the cost of living if we had had two anti-trust laws?

If, in order to preserve peace, it is necessary to spend annually two hundred fourteen million, three hundred ninety-three thousand, five hundred ninety-five dollars, what would it cost to preserve a good healthy war when we once got into it?

THERE'S many a man who on the outside is known to everyone as a genial but at home is an habitual grouch.

## Think This Over

WHY do YOU take yourself so seriously?



THE BIGGEST CROP IN THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY. —Secretary Wilson.



THE SHORTEST ROAD

The Only One

THERE came a time when ideas were all on a paying basis and commanded a price in the open market. Then it was that one arose and cornered the market and placing the ideas in cold storage calmly waited the result.

Thereupon a great hubbub was raised. "What shall we do without ideas?" asked a young and ambitious politician, who had not been in power long enough to know the ropes.

On the Safe Side

FIRST EDITOR: How shall we make up our advertising pages this week?  
 SECOND EDITOR: Same as usual; but you'd first better look over the last number of LIFE to see if there is anything new worth imitating.

"It costs him ten thousand dollars a year to live."

"Why does he spend his money so foolishly?"

IF you acknowledge your faults you deprive your friends of the pleasure of pointing them out.



THE WORLD WHEN YOU SUCCEED



THE WORLD WHEN YOU DON'T





### The New Theatre Gets Into Its Stride



**S**T. PATRICK piped the snakes out of Ireland long before the Pied Piper practiced his musical allurements on the rats of the infested town of Hamelin. The French bishop performed his task as a work of love or, perhaps, with a prophetic view to their bibulous tendencies and to saving the future inhabitants of his diocese from the visions they might behold as a result of their indulgences. This, of course, is on the theory that a man who has never seen a real snake could not see one when he was in delirium. (Note: Respectfully referred to the Society for Psychological Research.)

No matter what St. Patrick's motive, both the late Robert Browning and Josephine Preston Peabody unite in recording that the Pied Piper piped the rats out of Hamelin under a distinct understanding that he was to be paid for the job. They also agree that the town authorities, when it came time to pay him, repudiated the bargain. In Browning's version of the legend it appears that the Pied Piper then piped all the children out of Hamelin town, off into the nowhere, just to get even with the grafting town officials.

In her play, "The Piper," the woman dramatist takes a higher view of the motive. She pictures *The Piper* as a joyous creature, loving the children as he did all simple and unspoiled things and taking them away from Hamelin, not for revenge, but because his own experience had shown him the sordidness and meanness of its inhabitants and that they were unfit associates for nice children.



**T**HE rats were gone and the Hamelin cats, who had struck against working overtime any longer, had returned to their usual diet of milk and liver. *The Burgomeister* and *The Syndic*, backed up by the citizens, had refused payment to *The Piper*. Here the author introduces a new motive. *Michael-the-Sword-Eater*, one of *The Piper's* strolling companions, falls in love with *Barbara*, daughter of *The Burgomeister*, which furnishes a love motive for the play. It isn't an important one, but pieces out what otherwise would have been rather slender material to fill out four acts. As it is, the author is driven to the use of some pretty long speeches which might have proved fatal to interest in the piece had they been committed to less skillful rendering than that of Miss Edith Wynne Matthison.

In default of a printed version of "The Piper," it is not possible to speak absolutely concerning the form of its verse. In idea and in the impression conveyed by the spoken lines, especially those which fell to Miss Matthison, the play seems nearer real poetry than anything we have had from a contem-

porary dramatic author writing in English, and this with full recollection of the men who are dealing with more ambitious material than a folk-legend.



It was good fortune for the New Theatre to secure "The Piper" and equally good fortune for Miss Peabody that there was in America an institution which could give her play a suitable production. It is doubtful that it could have secured a presentation in the commercial theatre at all and certainly it would not have been produced in the same spirit that it is done at the New Theatre. The settings, with the changes of lights and groupings of the characters, form a series of beautiful pictures. The costuming is done in a way to secure just the right harmony and contrast in the general effect. Experience in "The Blue Bird" has enabled the producers to secure from the children employed—and the children are here very important—a delightful impression of the spontaneous gayety of childhood.

In the title rôle Miss Matthison achieves a triumph second to none in her distinguished career. It is a charming and an arduous part, but in all the many lines her exquisite diction



*The Bird*: AFTER TWO YEARS OF COLD STORAGE THIS CERTAINLY SEEMS GOOD TO ME.



**THE APPOINTMENT**  
"EIGHT O'CLOCK SHARP, SHE SAID."

never fails. Although *The Piper* is a man, there is so much more call in the character for joy and tenderness than for sternness or bravado, that in Miss Mathison's rendering the question of sex never obtrudes itself. Miss Olive Oliver, as the mother of the crippled child who is *The Piper's* special charge, plays the part with gentle pathos and intelligent delivery of the lines. In the other characters, numerous but not individually of great importance, the New Theatre company shows that as an organization it is being welded into smoothness and collective strength.

"*The Piper*" is suited to the New Theatre and the resources of the New Theatre are suited to such works as "*The Piper*." An accomplishment like the present one is a strong argument on the side of the idea for which the institution is supposed to stand.



THE New York public is which—long-suffering or simply stupid? Both, judging by the way it permits its streets to be used for purposes of insult and brigandage by the gentry known as ticket-speculators.

The only way the public can act in this matter is through the Legislature at Albany, or through the New York Board

of Aldermen. The evil could be wiped out in an instant by making the license fee for peddlers of tickets five hundred or a thousand dollars a year, with strict provisions as to the character, accountability and identification of the person licensed and provision for immediate forfeiture in case of bad conduct.

The ticket-speculator exists for nothing save his own profit or that of his managerial employer. There is no claim that he serves the public in any way. In plying his trade he obstructs the sidewalk, makes himself offensive, especially to unaccompanied women, whom he often reviles if they will not buy tickets for him or from him, and in other ways has become a public nuisance which should be entirely abolished.

Unfortunately for the public this comparatively small body of men has a very energetic association and a very considerable war-fund with which to fight threatening legislation either here or in Albany. It also has a considerable political "pull," which it knows how to use promptly and effectively.

At Albany, with Tammany representing the interests of New York City, it is hopeless to look for relief.

The Board of Aldermen is too much interested in the issuing of permits for newspaper stands to the proper persons and in similar profitable functions to interfere with this obnoxious traffic. Its persistent inaction in this matter should be a good argument among many for the total abolition of the Board of Aldermen when the new charter is adopted. As it has been constituted in late years it has been much worse than useless and should be wiped out.

In this matter the public has no friends. A sharp message from Mayor Gaynor to the Aldermen might stir things up. It probably would not compel them to act unless some of our extra-official public bodies and the daily press should back up the Mayor.

Is there enough public spirit in New York to make the effort—slight if united—to wipe out this nuisance once for all? Echo seems to answer "No."

When some citizen whose wife has been insulted uses a magazine gun on a ticket-speculator, public attention may be turned in this direction with sufficient force to make the Aldermen ignore corrupt "pull."  
Metcalfe.



*Astor*—"The Boss," by Mr. Edward Sheldon. Tough politics in interesting form.  
*Belasco*—"The Concert." Satirical and laughable treatment of one form of women's hero-worship. Very well staged.

*Bijou*—Mr. Henry Miller in "The Havoc." Highly improbable matrimonial triangle play. Interesting to those who like that sort of thing.

*Broadway*—"The Hen-Pecks." Big musical show with Mr. Lew Fields's fun-making.

*Casino*—"Marriage a la Carte." Musical play of the Gaiety kind with some good songs, Miss Emmy Wehlen and Mr. Harry Conor.

*Cohan's Theatre*—"Get Rich Quick Wallingford." The confidence game made laughable.

*Comedy*—"I'll Be Hanged if I Do." Light American comedy giving ample scope for Mr. William Collier's brand of fun.

*Criterion*—Mr. Otis Skinner in "Sire." Inconsequential play with Mr. Skinner's fine abilities wasted.

*Daly's*—"The Faun." Fantastic comedy with the modern social code as a target for satire. Interesting.

*Empire*—"The Twelve Pound Look" and "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," by Mr. J. M. Barrie. Notice later.

*Gaiety*—"Excuse Me," by Mr. Rupert Hughes. Notice later.

*Garrick*—"Our World." Notice later.

*Globe*—"The Slim Princess." A musical piece with the musical part subordinated to its diverting qualities.

*Hackett*—"Over Night." Elementary farce, a trifle risky.

*Herald Square*—"The Balkan Princess." Notice later.

*Hippodrome*—The full equivalent of the price of admission in spectacle, ballet and circus.

*Hudson*—"Nobody's Widow." Pleasing light American comedy, very well acted.

*Knickerbocker*—"Chantecler." Rostand's poetic drama turned into a spectacle.

*Lyceum*—"Suzanne." Stupid Belgian comedy with Miss Billie Burke.

*Lyric*—"The Deep Purple." Absorbing melodrama of tough life in New York. Well acted.

*Majestic*—"Way Down East." The epic of rural life in Yankee land.

*Maxine Elliott's*—"The Gamblers." Present-day banking methods in New York dramatically presented.

*Nazimova*—"Baby Mine." Hearty laughter at the dilemma of a newly married couple.

*New*—Repertory with "Nobody's Daughter" and "The Piper" as the novelties. See above.

*Republic*—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Clever and wholesome dramatic version of the well-known stories, well staged, with Edith Taliaferro as the little heroine.

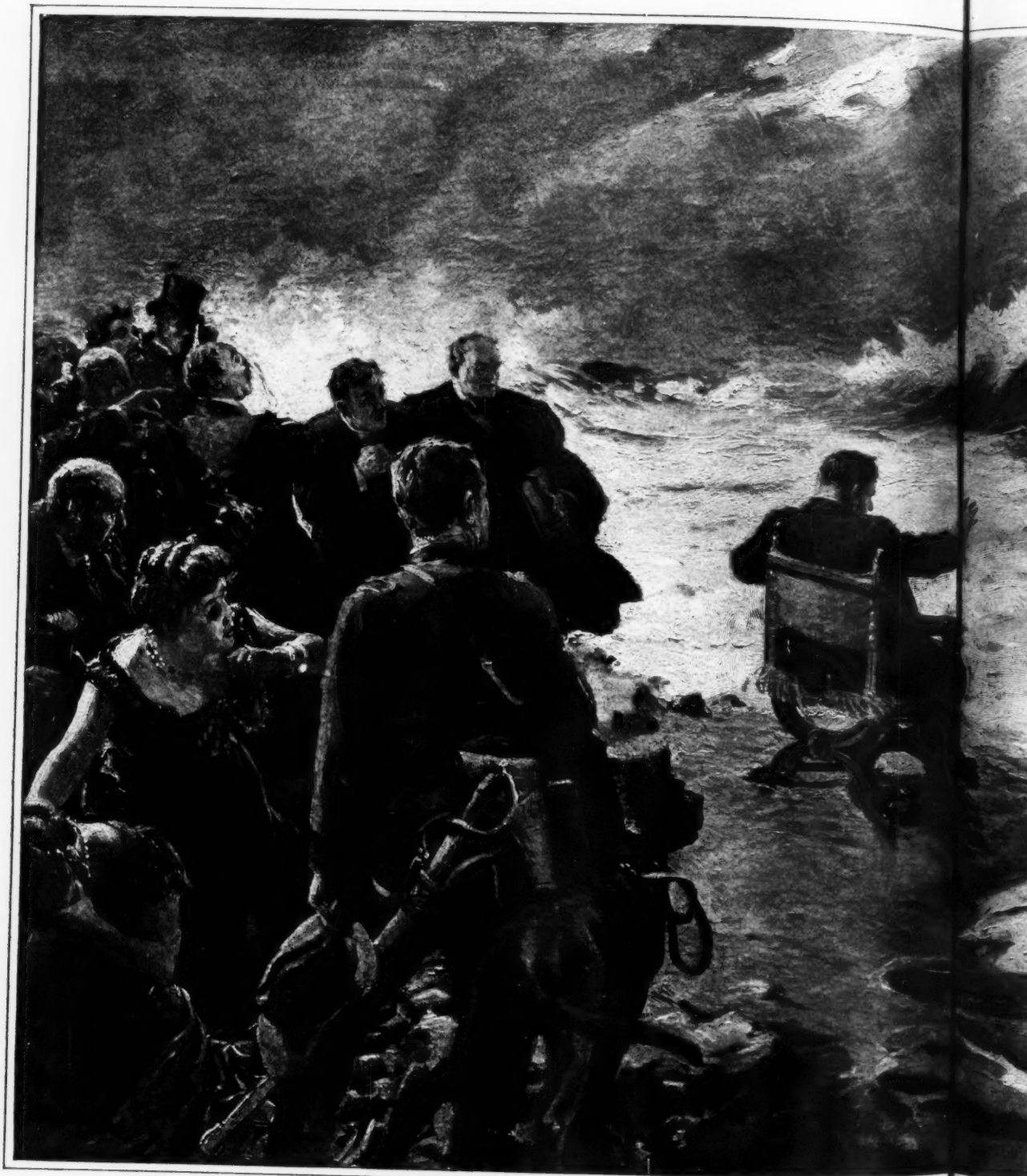
*Wallack's*—"Pomander Walk." Charming staging of a pleasant little English romance of a century ago.

*Weber's*—"Alma, Where Do You Live?" Some catchy tunes hitched up to a not especially amusing farce.



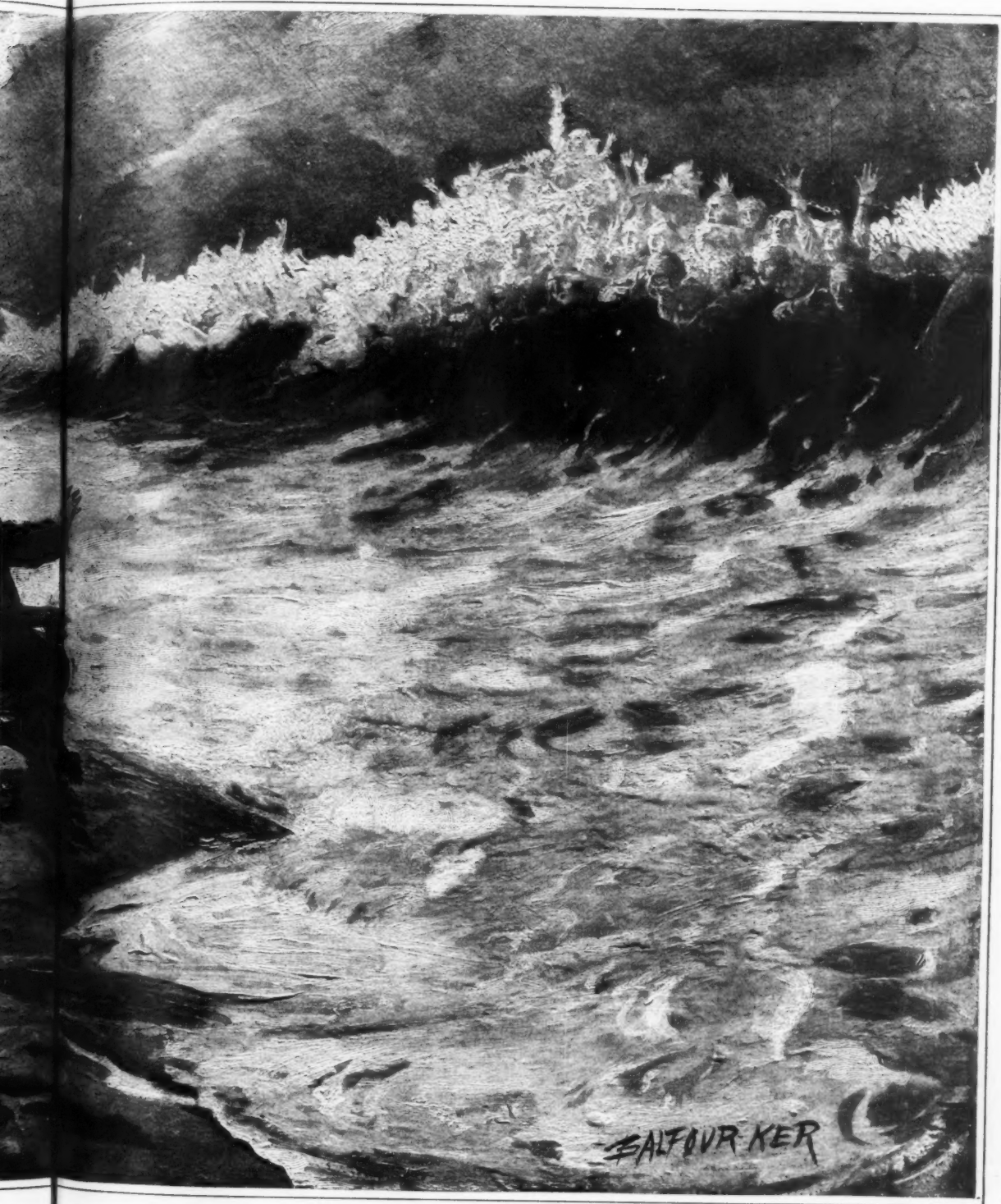
EXERCISE IN WALL STREET

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING



King Canute Forbids the Rising





...bids the Rising of the Tide



A COLORED gentleman of Southern extraction, but now of recognized standing in the New Jersey community of his adoption, asked me recently where I had gotten a cocker spaniel that he happened to admire. I replied that I had bought it. "Bought it?" the bewildered deacon inquired. "Bought it? Pay money for a dog?" He had been raised in a part of Virginia where dogs, like dewberries and chinkapins, are taken for granted. Now, it is said in publishing circles, that volumes of short stories seldom command even the moderate sales achieved by other books of fiction; and it seems possible that this is in part due to a tacit assumption on our part that short stories come to us in the magazines as dogs come to colored citizens of the South—included in the subscription. There are, however, kennels in Virginia; and Gouverneur Morris's registered pack of thirteen stories in *Spread Eagle* (Scribners, \$1.20), ought to find fanciers even in magazinedom. Unlike the weird tales in *The Footprint*, where Mr. Morris threw such negotiable bridges across the gap between the likely and the *outrée*, the stories in the present collection are for the most part devoted to putting new cutting surfaces on thematic and situational millstones worn smooth in the grinding of sentiment. This is not, it is true, a constructive process of far reaching import; but it is a repair service the value of which we can recognize. And Mr. Morris's aptness of phrase and freshness of imagination are, of themselves, sufficient to attract us to his workshop.

THERE is another and less obvious influence inimical to the popularity of formal collections of short stories. This is the growing tendency to treat all books alike, to finish one before beginning another, and to regard each as a logically connected whole to be devoured at as few sittings as possible. A collection of short stories does not lend itself to this kind of approach. The necessary readjustments of attention and interest are too frequent and too violent. And, if this is true of short stories, what shall one say of so essentially uncoordinated a series of papers as *The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00), just published under the editorship of Elizabeth Bisland, with a short but extremely interesting interpretative introduction by the editor? To

those who still practice the moribund art of hobnobbing with books, of being intimate with them and running in on them for informal converse, the volume offers endless possibilities of intellectual stimulus and pleasant intercourse. Nineteenths of the collection are letters to Basil Hall Chamberlain, the noted and devoted student of Japan and the guide, philosopher and familiar mental crony of Hearn's Japanese years. In these letters Hearn has almost literally poured out his mind to his friend. The comments of a keen critic of literature and of life, the subtle characterizations of an intuitively sympathetic observer, the whimsies of a child-like and sensitive imagination, and the joyous discoveries and puzzled bewilderments of a delver into alien mysteries, all tumble over one another in the fine disarray of an untrammelled spontaneity and with the unsought perfection of trained faculties at play. But of course this will not in the least matter to those (and they are in an overwhelming majority) whom the habits and exigencies of the day have trained to demand at least an appearance of consecutiveness in what they read—whom the sense of hurry in daily life and the preponderance of the novel in current fiction have deprived not only of the desire but of the knack of "dipping into" books. Nevertheless, the volume contains some of the most delightful disconnected writing and affords some of the most variously remunerative discontinuous reading that has appeared in a blue moon or so.

WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS, professor of ancient history in the University of Minnesota, has published a volume treating of *The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome* (Macmillan, \$2.00), which succeeds in an unusual degree in—to use the expressive jargon of the profession—getting itself across the footlights. The author disclaims any intention of producing a "critical compendium for advanced scholars," and any credit for "exhaustive or original learning." But he has very creditably succeeded in the task he has set himself of realizably relating learning to life. There is, as most victims of so-called "classical" education know, a vast difference between learning to rattle the fossil bones of a dead language and coming to realize the dormant spirit of a disused dialect. Mr. Davis, by making the

financial and social life of Rome vividly intelligible to the minds of Wall Street and Fifth Avenue, enables us to make this transition from pedantry to consciousness.

J. B. Kerfoot.

#### CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

*The Doctor's Christmas Eve*, by James Lane Allen. A sequel to *The Bride of the Mistletoe*. Mr. Allen, very much perturbed, is just beginning to smell smoke in the house of Hymen. His "message" comes a bit late, as the alarm has already been turned in.

*Good Men and True*, by E. M. Rhodes. An amusing yarn of the successful search for a kidnapped cowboy.

*How to Live on 24 Hours a Day*, by Arnold Bennett. Detailed instructions for feeding an intellect on the scraps of time that usually go into the ash can.

*The Lady*, by Emily James Putnam. A series of witty and scholarly essays upon successive historical phases of "the female of the favored social class."

*The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls*, by Jesse Lynch Williams. A filament of fiction as a nucleus for conversational comment on current social topics.

*The Mirage of the Many*, by W. T. Walsh. A story of 1952 that doesn't show up the absurdities of crude socialism, because its own crudities are too absurd.

*Mr. Ingleside*, by E. V. Lucas. An opportunity for pleasant intercourse with some amateurs in art, letters and life.

*Nightshade*, by Paul Gwynne. The uncanny adventures of a blind violinist. A weird mixture of quasi-scientific suggestion and black magic.

*The New Laocoon*, by Irving Babbitt. The basic principles of Lessing's criticism restated in their relationship to modern art.

*The New Machiavelli*, by H. G. Wells. The autobiography of an English exile. A bold, sincere, constructive piece of self- and social analysis.

*Subconscious Phenomena*. A symposium of explanatory articles by leading authorities. Concentratedly technical, but comprehensive.



Pedestrian giving dime to mendicant:  
THERE'S A PLATE OF SOUP FOR YOU.

"IF YE DON'T MIND, MISTER, WE'LL CALL THIS A COUPLE O' SANGWICHES. I'VE GOT A PLATE O' SOUP IN ME POCKET WOT A GENT ON FIFT' AV'NOO GIVE ME."



## The Western Goad

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

*"And the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof  
toward the East and toward the West."—Zech., XVI: 4.*

"WESTWARD!" the Aryan chieftain cried, when daylight  
smouldered from the West,  
And thence, across the Ural peaks, began mankind's eternal  
quest.  
Westward the swart Phœnicians plunged through bays un-  
known and seas unwon;  
And westward fought from burning Troy, to build a world,  
Anchises' son.

The Goths that cursed in templed Rome; the Vandal riders  
raiding Spain;  
The blond Norse conquerors that slew the Frankish lord, the  
Saxon thane;  
Columbus in his cockleshell; De Soto grim, who saw and died;  
Magellan; Drake the buccaneer—the ancient spur was in their  
side;

It splashed the blood of all that hewed, beyond the earlier-  
comers' ken,  
Their forest-way; it stabbed the flanks of hunger-hardened  
prairie-men;  
It urged the bandaged feet across the Rockies, won Sierra  
gold,  
Till now it pauses at the shore past which the New becomes  
the Old:

For but a breathing space! In man, who neither may retreat  
nor stay,  
Though wet with sweat and dripping red, the primal impulse  
has its way:  
Careless of life and eager-eyed, the race pursues the recreant  
sun,  
Till Orient is Occident, till all the East and West are one.





## Miss Jawbones Passes Away

Sudden Demise of a Very Estimable and Talented Lady



JUST as this issue of LIFE goes to press, too late to learn any of the particulars, word comes to this office that Miss Priscilla Jawbones has gone to that bourne where Suffragettes cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. The shortness of time also prevents the preparation of a suitable panegyric on the departed lady's record and reputation, but this will

appear in a future issue. It is requested that as a mark of respect for her memory, all Suffragettes shall wear the customary badge of mourning for the next thirty days.

Printed below will be found our lamented associate's will, which had been placed in our keeping for immediate publication in case she should suddenly be done away with by the Anti-Suffragists or other enemies who she feared might be plotting against her. The document reads as follows:

### LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF PRISCILLA JAWBONES

I, Priscilla Jawbones, of the city, county and State of New York, spinster (I always loathed that word, but the lawyer insists on my putting it in, goodness knows why), being of sound mind and testamentary disposition, do hereby declare and publish this to be my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking any others by me heretofore made. Viz., to wit:

All my property, of whatsoever kind and nature, except my second-best silk dress, I hereby bequeath and devise to the New York State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage and commonly known as the Anti-Suffrage Society.

I also appoint the said Anti-Suffrage Society my sole executor and direct that it shall be compelled to file no bond for the faithful performance of its duties under this instrument.

In making this disposition of my property I feel impelled to state my reasons for the benefit of all the other members of my sex.

As is well known I have long associated with the Suffragettes and am thoroughly familiar with their motives and doings. My experience convinces me that—

First, the Suffragette movement is based not upon any real desire of even its most blatant members to share in the duties of government, but rests entirely upon feminine hysteria excited and kept alive by

women who have no real womanly interests to occupy their thoughts and time.

Secondly, that the so-called leaders of the movement are for the most part women who for social or mercenary reasons are seeking the notoriety which comes from their names appearing in the newspapers. To achieve this they dupe other women into believing that the abandonment of their personal modesty and their joining in various ridiculous proceedings in public places tends to attract attention to the movement, to keep it alive, and that in doing these things they are making a noble, womanly sacrifice of their better feelings to advance a great cause.

Thirdly, that by skillful trading and playing upon their vanity they secured the co-operation of a few women who have received the newspaper certificate of position as "society" women. These in turn are openly used as decoys to attract the support of snobbish women with "society" ambitions.

Fourth, I have never found among the leaders of the Suffragettes one woman whom I would hold up as an example to be followed by the young women of the coming generation. In the case of every one of these leaders I have been able to discern some ulterior motive of self-advancement or personal profit, or some mental or physical defect not consonant with true womanhood.

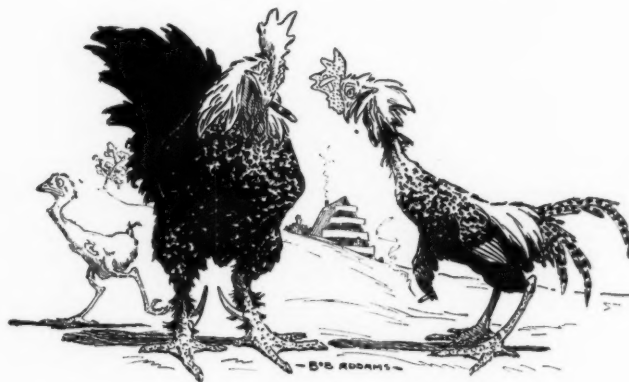
Primarily for these reasons, and on account of many others, I have determined to leave my property to an organization which in decent and orderly fashion is seeking to preserve from perversion and possible extinction the best qualities of our sex—womanliness and personal modesty.

The second-best silk dress mentioned earlier in this instrument I hereby bequeath to a certain well-known gentleman-Suffragette, whose name will be duly revealed to my executor.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this first day of April, 1910.

PRISCILLA JAWBONES.

Here follow the usual signatures of the witnesses, etc. Further particulars concerning the demise of Miss Jawbones and the arrangement of a commemorative meeting in her honor will appear in the next issue of this journal.



"GEE! WHERE ARE YOUR SPURS, CLARENCE?"

"WHY, ER—ER—SINCE THIS SUFFRAGETTE BUSINESS STARTED THE 'MISSUS' HAS BEEN WEARING THEM."



# · LIFE ·



*Stranger:* DOES HE ALWAYS ARGUE WITH HIMSELF THAT WAY?  
*Native:* HE AIN'T ARGUIN' WITH HISSELF. HE'S A WIDOWER AND HE BELIEVES IN SPIRITUALISM.

## The Great Purpose

**G**RIMLY they struggle and strive,  
 Madly they scramble and scurry;  
 Darkly they scheme and connive,  
 Mirthless and heartless, they hurry;  
 Daily their battles are fought;  
 All with one purpose, one thought,  
 Ever they watch and they worry.

Eagerly, early and late,  
 Each in the mad pursuit presses;  
 Daily petitioning Fate,  
 Fawning on those whom she blesses,  
 Ever they anxiously strain,  
 Each with one purpose—to gain  
 The money some other possesses.  
 S. E. Kiser.

## Terrifying

**T**HE great newspaper publisher awakens with a shriek.  
 "What is the matter?" exclaims his wife.  
 "Oh-h-h-h!" he moans. "Where am I?"  
 "Right here at home, in your own bed. Calm yourself. You must have had a nightmare."  
 "Nightmare? It was worse than all the nightmares I ever had, rolled into one. I dreamed that we had had to pay one of the prodigious cash prizes we are offering in the paper!"

## Life's Family Album

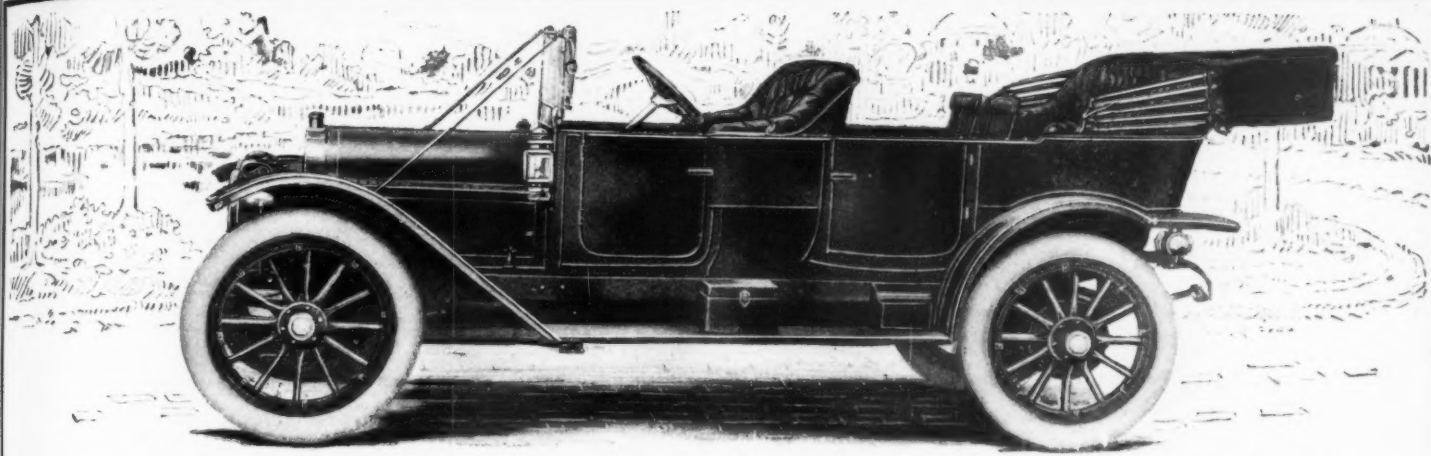
### Ellis O. Jones

**T**HE boardwalk at Atlantic City is usually a crowded place, and yet, on a certain day in —, we had no difficulty in locating Ellis O. Jones. His tall and manly form loomed largely above the horizon. Under one arm he carried the *Ladies' Home Journal*, under the other a copy of *LIFE*. We immediately escorted him to the rear of an auction room, where all was peace and quiet. The following conversation took place:  
 "Mr. Jones, you are about to be interviewed. First, what high crimes have you committed?"  
 "I ran a newspaper in Columbus, Ohio."  
 "Anything worse than this?"  
 "Can you conceive anything worse?"  
 As we were naturally silent in reply, he continued cheerily:  
 "Ask me another."  
 "Where were you born?"  
 "In that same Columbus."  
 "And educated?"  
 "At Yale, and in Philadelphia. I have also read somewhat extensively



in economic literature and made more or less of a study of social conditions."  
 "And yet you do not seem to be a pessimist."  
 "Well, you see, I am credited with a sense of humor. I am also a vegetarian, which prevents me from being overmelancholy over present conditions."  
 "What is your favorite character in fiction?"  
 "The Man from Mars."  
 "By the way, when were you born?"  
 "Contemporaneously with the well-known and much-lamented crime of '73."  
 "Mr. Jones, we want to convey an idea of your admirable insight into some of the crying evils of the day—of those brief, paragraphic flashes, in which you so ably sum up an entire situation. Can you suggest any way in which this can be done?"  
 "You might say that I do my thinking before my writing."  
 "Would you recommend this old-fashioned method to any one else?"  
 "Well, not unless they had edited a paper in Columbus, O."





40 H. P.; Long Stroke; Large Valve Motor, 4 3/4 x 5 3/4 inches; 124-inch Wheel Base; 36-inch Wheels; Unit Power Plant; Imported Mohair Top; Wind Shield; 5 Lamps; Prest-o-Lite Tank; Tire Irons; 2 Extra Demountable Rims; Warner Speedometer; Bosch Magneto; Shock Absorbers; Complete Set of Tools; Tire Kit; Robe and Foot Rails; Seven Passenger Touring Car, as shown in above cut, \$3500. Other body options, Runabout, 5 passenger close-coupled; Toy Tonneau, Torpedo, Limousine, Landaulet and Coupe.

*N. Y. Mail*

By far the most conspicuous car in the high price division is the Cunningham, made by James Cunningham & Co., big carriage builders at Rochester for over seventy years.

*N. Y. Globe*

The Cunningham car made in Rochester, and sold in New York by the Whiting Motor Company at 1802 Broadway, is one of the real interesting touring car exhibits, and a crowd is to be found at all times around the Cunningham chassis.

*N. Y. World*

**Cunningham Captures Standard Oil Cup for Fuel Economy**

The Standard Oil Trophy, hung up for the second time by the big corporation in the Chicago Motor Club's 1,000 mile annual endurance test, resulted in one of the reliability features of the contest the driver's did not dare risk penalization by making a too fine adjustment, yet under these rigorous conditions the Cunningham beat out the big field and captured the cup. The Cunningham car, completely equipped with all of its passengers and carrying considerable weight in the way of supplies, weighed nearly 5,000 pounds, yet it covered the entire distance of 1,050 miles on a total of 83.80 gallons of gasoline, an average of 12.53 miles per gallon, which is indeed a remarkable record for a high power car under the strenuous conditions of an endurance test.



# Cunningham

Anyone at all familiar with automobile engineering and design cannot fail, even after a cursory examination of the **Cunningham**, to understand why it has so quickly established itself in the esteem of the motor-buying public.

While the car, in no feature, is an innovation or experiment, still it is such a clever and masterful combina-

tion of the world's very latest accepted practice, that it is recognized as exemplifying the motor car idea in America.

The literature of the **Cunningham Car** will be of vital interest to anyone interested in a car of the most modern construction tending to continuous service, maximum economy of operation and maximum comfort.

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ESTABLISHED DEALERS—WRITE



**The Little Fat Boy**

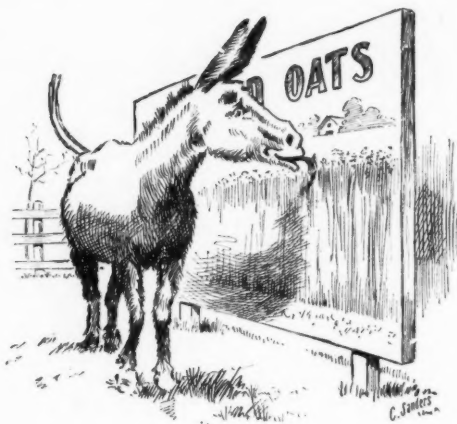
The soup came in, and the soup was good,  
The little boy gobbled as fast as he could,  
And I frowned reproach, as an uncle should.

Followed the fish with its sauce of pink;  
Did the boy say "Yes" to it?—I don't think!  
Is sherry a thing that a child should drink?

In came the turkey sausage-flanked,  
Deeply breasted and stoutly shanked.  
The boy came twice. Why are boys not spanked?

Beef if you wanted it—That boy did!  
Wanted it twice, the untanned kid!  
I caught his eye and he drooped one lid.

In came the pudding, a blaze of blue.  
Wider the eyes of the fat boy grew.



"MISTAKEN IDENTITY"

They piled his plate and he went right through.

Oranges next. He disposed of three;  
Smuggled a fourth to his shameless knee;  
Reached for an apple, and grinned at me.

After dinner his steps I tracked.  
His waistcoat buttons were all intact;  
And the tale I've told is a simple fact  
—Punch.

**Corrected**

Gussie was knock-kneed, angular and round-shouldered. He had a terrific squint, and a mouth like a steam roller. All the same, he reckoned on making something of a hit at the fancy dress ball, and his costume was as elegant as his figure was unlvely.

With fast-beating heart he stepped jauntily from his automobile outside the town hall, where the ball was being held. The hall porter stepped backward at the unsightly apparition

"Great Christopher Columbus!" he gasped, as he regarded Gussie.

"No, no, my good man!" chirped Gussie, as he tripped through the portals. "Chawles the First, my dear fellow, Chawles the First!"—London Answers.

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THE REAL BOY

BY

JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy."



"Sakes alive, Harry Shute, if it ain't you."

¶ This further account of the doings, ideas, and experiences of that same Plupy whose "Diary" has had a hundred thousand delighted readers is quite the equal of the first book in its truthful revelation of boy nature. The very spirit of boyhood, with its imperious call to constant activity, is as manifest in this continuation of Plupy's autobiography as it was in his diary.—New York Times.

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## Impudent Interviews

Alfred Austin

Ah, yes, no doubt it's mighty fine  
To be a Poet Laureate,  
And pipe each year a pipe of wine,  
With sundry guineas aureate;

But when the plodding universe  
Observes again those fatal days,  
Who else must hymn in puny verse  
Britannia's royal natal days?

Who else must hammer rhymes for  
"George,"  
"Prince Albert," and "Victoria"?  
For which I'm tempted oft to forge  
A crime like "infusoria."

'Tis I must show my gratitude  
To condescending Royalty,  
With patriotic platitudes  
And incandescent loyalty;

Or even pass, with kindly smirk,  
A bit of jobbing knavery,  
And praise a raider's dirty work  
As Brilliant British Bravery.

Assail me not with verbal bricks  
And shoulders hyperborean!  
I've got to keep my politics  
Consistently—Whig-Toryan.

Like Horace, I've a lyric vein,  
And really should be pitied, for  
The fact that I must pipe a strain  
My reeds were never fitted for.

My tapestries have softer tints,  
Wordsworthian and Herricky.  
(The *Independent* often prints  
My verses in Ameriky.)

I've learned Apollo's higher laws,  
I've drained the Muses' tippling-can,  
But still they mock at me, because  
I cannot shout as Kipling can;

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BEVERAGE

# Evans' Ale

Drink it at

Lunch Time      Day Time  
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and insure a  
Good Time      Happy Time  
Long Time

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and handle it easily and safely.

YOU DO not want a complicated machine that requires a mechanical engineer to run it. You want a car that you can depend upon, don't you?

"But," you say—"How am I to determine which is the best car for me to buy?"

Perhaps that is a question you are asking right now.

Why not use the same common sense judgment in buying an automobile that you would in purchasing a watch. A ten dollar watch may look just as good as a hundred dollar watch. Quality is not always apparent to the eye. The difference is under the surface.

Your guarantee that it is actually there is the reputation of the manufacturer.

Don't let low prices blind you to the quality. Do not be caught by bargain offers. Remember the best is the cheapest in the end.

The reason for the great popularity of the Corbin Car is because of ample power to master any kind of roads—because it is easy to handle and gives no trouble—because it is just a bit better than the severest service demands—which surely justifies continuous satisfaction to Corbin owners.

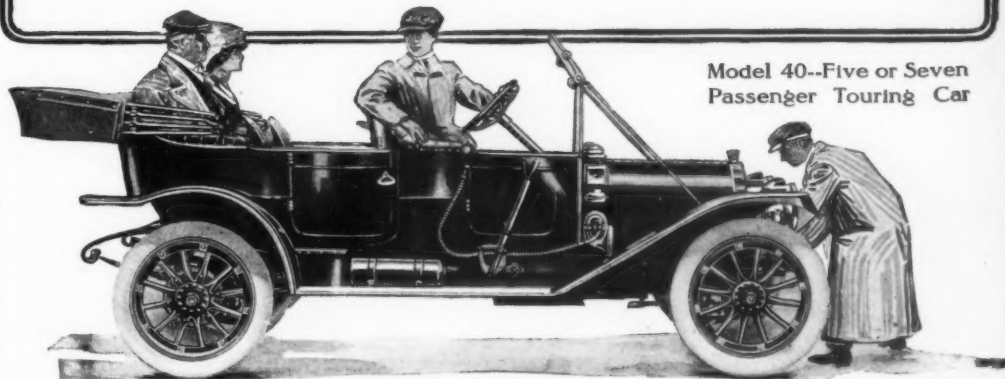
Get a car that is specially built for hard usage and every-day service—that has

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Low Cost of Maintenance, Strong, Durable Construction

Such a car is the 1911 Model 40, Corbin Touring Car, \$3000, which also includes, please remember, all equipment including Imported Magneto, Top with full set of Curtains, Adjustable Rain Vision Wind Shield, Warner Speedometer, Prest-O-Lite Gas Tank, Headlights, Combination Oil and Electric Dash and Tail Lamps, Storage Battery, Firestone Q. D. Demountable Rims, Tire Holders, Trunk Rack and full kit of tools, etc.

If you have put off buying because you feared "expense of maintenance," or the "real practical value," be sure and write us today for our beautifully illustrated catalogue, giving you the facts on all phases of the question of buying an automobile, also the name of the nearest dealer so that you may see and test the Corbin Car. Then you be the judge.

CORBIN MOTOR VEHICLE CORP'N, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.  
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Model 40--Five or Seven  
Passenger Touring Car

While friendly literary sharks

In giving me their benison,

Will add irrelevant remarks

In praise of—Alfred Tennyson!

Arthur Guiterman.

MISS PARVENU: I was almost sorry, ma, that you spoke so rudely to that poor little Mrs. Willis.

MAMA: Well, my dear, pray where is the satisfaction of being in the best society if you cannot snub those who are out of it?—*New York Call*.

Fact and Fancy

What can't be cured supports the doctor.

It is better to be a dark horse than a black sheep.

Few women can draw a straight line—none can argue in it.

To say a man is happy because he is rich is as unwarranted as to say a man is healthy because he has enough to eat.  
—*New York Tribune*.



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The Sterling Debenture Corporation is a medium through which the individual investor may participate in the profits and share in the ownership of American enterprises upon the same proportionate basis as that enjoyed by every other owner.

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At the Auto Show

I met him at the auto show, reviewing the machines,  
He wore an overcoat of fur, and talked of limousines  
And touring cars and runabouts and bodies underslung;  
He had the name of every car, it seemed, upon his tongue.

He talked of carbureters and ignition sparks and gears,  
The mystifying terms he used still ring within my ears;  
From booth to booth with him I strolled, and every time we stood  
To gaze upon a car he showed me what was bad and good.

He knew how fast this car could go, how fast another couldn't;  
He knew just what one car would do and what the other wouldn't;  
He showed me the magneto, and the spark plug, and the coil,  
The pipe that feeds the gasoline, the cups that feed the oil.

Unto myself, this man thought I, must be a millionaire,  
Or else he manufactures cars—he has a city air.

But when I asked his name, he said, "It's Hezekiah Brown;

I work a forty-acre farm just thirty miles from town."

—Detroit Free Press.

**Caroni Bitters**—One (1) Pony Glass before meals. Best Tonic and Appetizer. No home without it.  
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An Accidental Omission

The Cynic was discoursing on matrimony.

"You say that no man ought to marry a woman who is fat or thin, tall or short, large or small," we said. "Then in your opinion the only sort of woman one ought to marry is one who is of medium size?"

"Mercy!" said the Cynic. "How forgetful I am! I forgot her!"

—Lippincott's.

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America's  
Most  
Famous  
Spring—  
Waukesha,  
Wis.



White  
Rock

"The World's Best  
Table Water"

In NEW Sterilized Bottles only

Classical

While one thing essential to a cultured lawyer is a thorough knowledge of Latin, it is not necessary that he should parade his classical knowledge, for he might be "taken down a peg," as was the young lawyer who displayed his learning before an Arkansas jury. His opponent replied: "Gentlemen of the jury, the young lawyer who just addressed you has roamed with Romulus, canted with Cantharides, ripped with Euripides, socked with Socrates, but what does he know about the laws of Arkansas?"

—Philadelphia Record.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Hoist

"I am sorry to be critical, my dear," said Mr. Lambkin, "but this pie is not the kind that mother used to make—not by a long shot."

"It's too bad, Henry," said Mrs. Lambkin, amiably. "I don't know what to do about it. Perhaps you'd better ring her up on the 'phone and tell her. She sent it over this afternoon"

—Harper's Weekly



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Style

Mr. Asquith's striking plea for the preservation of style in writing and oratory has attracted much attention. The author of "The Letters of an Englishman" writes in the *Daily Mail*:

"The struggle after a perfect style has claimed its victims, like the battlefield. Flaubert, for instance, did himself well-nigh to death in the search for 'the right word.' His hatred of what was obvious and common compelled him to endure a sort of martyrdom. 'I grow so hard to please as a literary artist,' he wrote to a friend, 'that I am driven to despair. I shall end by not writing another line.'

But the martyrdom which Flaubert endured is not the universal fate of artists. Some happy ones there are, buoyant of spirit and little critical of self, who leave the impress of their style upon all that they say or write, with light labor and without the torturing of an eager mind. Benjamin Disraeli, for instance, of whom all the world is reading, was an instinctive artist. He was born in a library, with a pen in his infant hand. His novels have many faults. They are hurried, inconsequent, over-decorated. Yet 'the right phrase' may be surprised on every page, and the right phrase lives forever in the memories of men.

"How different the fate of Mr. Gladstone, who, with his immense volubility, was profuse of words as he was sparing of ideas! The gift of style was never his. The energy of his mind was unrestrained by any sense of harmony. And his speeches, his books, and his pamphlets are alike unreadable. The truth is that a mere statement has no lasting value. And let them who think that writing is no more than the art of saying something recall a comparison recently made by Sir Cecil Smith. Sir Cecil was criticizing the arid manner in which works of art were described in



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*Rauch & Lang  
Electrics*

those scientific catalogues which seem to be written by the imbecile for the blind. 'Suppose,' he said, 'the Grecian urn had been bought by the Museum of Berlin. To the poet's eye it was:

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,

..... with brede,  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed!

How would the scientific archæologist describe it? 'Marble vase (Krater). Much chipped; obverse, man pursuing woman; reverse, sacrificial scene.' Here are two ways of describing the same object, and their diversity suggests that style is ever supreme, and that the first and last lesson of literature is the value of words."—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

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# Life's Suffragette Contest

\$300 to the Winner

## LVI

### An Allegory Demonstrating Why No Man Should Marry a Suffragette

The Song of the Hurt

(With congratulation to Thomas Hood)

With garments tattered and torn,  
With hat stove in on his head,  
A husband ran, in unhusbandly rags,  
Shrieking his woes as he fled;  
Leap! Leap! Leap!  
Mid crockery, kettles, and thumps;  
And still with a voice of dolorous  
pitch,  
He wailed his grief to his bumps.

"Jaw—Jaw—Jaw"

While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And Jaw! Jaw! Jaw!  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It's O, to marry woman,  
Smiling, docile, and sweet;  
Not canting, ranting *Venom*,  
Driving me forth to the street!

"Jaw—Jaw—Jaw"

Till my brain begins to swim!  
Jaw! Jaw! Jaw!  
Till my eyes are heavy and dim!  
"Right," and suffrage, and vote,  
Vote, and suffrage, and "right;"  
Till under the tirade I fall asleep  
And angered she wakes me to fight!  
DOUGLAS R. GRAY.

## LVII

The man who marries a suffragette  
Will suffer more than he's suffered yet.  
—*Comedy of Terrors.*

Indisputably such magnificent mentality and amazonian personality as culminates and fulminates in that hysterical, chimerical cry "Votes for women" is congenitally and irremediably incompatible with those inconspicuous and unobtrusive characteristics which from prehistoric tradition and for eons immemorial one inevitably and immutably associates with his prospective hymeneal coadjutor.

Indubitably the adequate alimentation of the proximate physiological verities is infinitely more essential than the consideration of the ultimate cosmic entities.

## Notice to Contestants

*This contest closed on December 31, 1910, no manuscripts received after that date being considered.*

*On account of the number of manuscripts still to be read by the judges, we are unable, at this writing, to give the date of the prize award.*

*But it will be as soon as possible.*

Irrefutably no prognathous promulgation appreciably ameliorates the incineration of the matutinal biscuit. Nor is the turgidity of the concomitant coffee adequately compensated by the lucidity of any exegetical syllogism.

Incontrovertibly an assiduous supervision and interdiction of the pernicious speculations of the predatory purveyor of the indispensable valetudinarian comestibles is a desideratum which immeasurably preponderates any inquisitorial investigation of the extraneous expenditures of an imperceptibly materialistic municipal administration.

Undeniably, a post-prandial disquisition anent problematical political propaganda or psychological phantasmagoria inherently lacks efficacy as a sedative. Contrarily the inconsequential persiflage, the linguistic insufficiencies, the incomprehensible cachinations of the mere unemancipated woman is a sovereign anodyne.

Indefatigably then let the meticulous aspirant to connubial felicity eschew the acerbity and animadversions of the ultra-progressive female. Rather he should contemplate the saccharinity of unregenerate femininity. Irrevocably espoused to a suffragette Perpetual horripilation is the one best bet.  
LEE ELAM.

## LVIII

### No Man Should Marry a Suffragette, Because She Would Think

Love, a weakness;  
Marriage, a surrender;  
Wifehood, a bondage;  
Motherhood, a burden;  
Widowhood, an emancipation.

TH. KLIP.

## LIX

### Cave Canem!

I hold with Tennyson, you bet!  
I felt it when I sorrowed most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than to have won a Suffragette.

Our other follies have their day;  
They have their day, and off they go,  
But marriage is a life-long woe  
And Suffragettes—what worse than  
they?

Man's love should ever cluster round  
A wife who treats him passing well,  
But ah, 'tis Comfort's passing bell  
When he to Suffragette is bound.

And so I hold with him who sings  
Of Suffragettes in warning strain  
That that man is a slave to pain  
Who weds one of those *horrid things!*  
GEORGE A. NICHOLSON.

## LX

Why should a man not marry a suffragette? Listen:

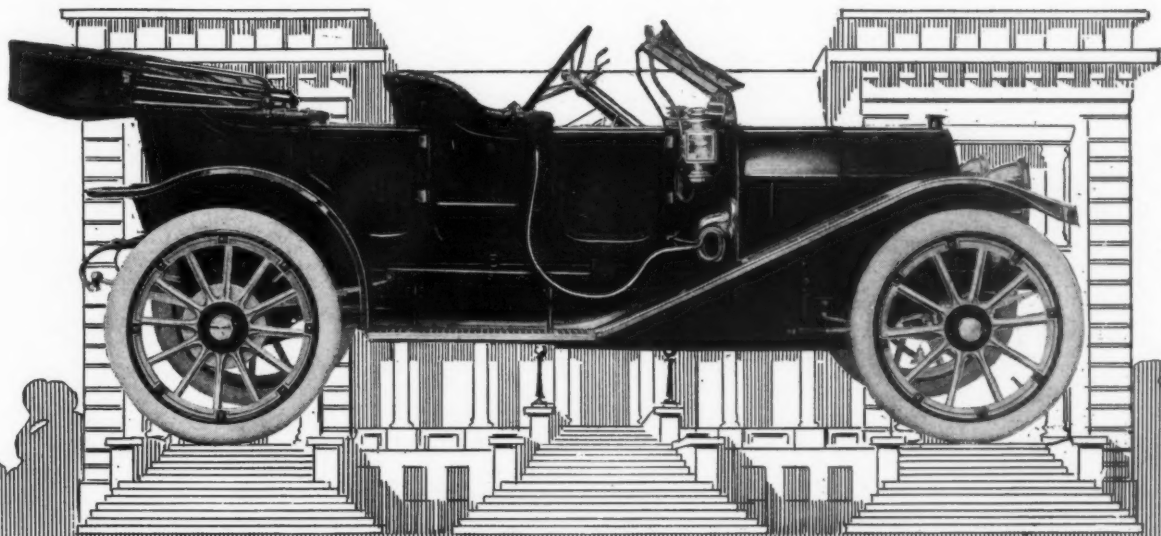
Yonder at the head of the dinner table sits Father—oracle of the family; fountain of all knowledge; paragon of truth!

For full these thirty years he has been the very keystone of our republic. Ten times ten million wives and daughters have grown to maturity and wisdom under the careful tutelage of his towering intellect. When they wanted information on any subject under the sun they asked Father. And Father, God bless him, always gave them just as much information as he thought was good for them.

When they became inquisitive about the ways of business and asked questions that, if persisted in, might have led to the shocking revelation that all "the pillars of the church" are not "Pillars of Fire," Father saved them. He had but to say: "My dear, business is business. Besides, you wouldn't understand these things even if I explained them to you," and all was well. When they asked why it was some folks were poor was it not Father who reminded them that the Bible itself declared "the poor we have always with us." And when they read in the newspapers that certain politicians had

(Concluded on page 368)





*Built for Permanence*

**T**HE Abbott-Detroit owner is included in the Abbott-Detroit policy to such an extent that he participates in all our achievements as long as he drives one of our cars.

**Abbott-Detroit**

This is the surest indication of our own consciousness, our fixed purpose to continue to build for permanence, to always live up to the high standards set by the \$1500 motor car that is a revelation of perfections—the Abbott-Detroit.

“The Book of the Abbott-Detroit” shows the car, all models, explains the policy and is full of excellent illustrations. Let us send you a copy.

**Abbott Motor Company**

120 Waterloo St., Detroit, Michigan



Next to a good dentist, the best friend to your teeth is a



# Pro-phy-lactic

## TOOTH BRUSH

You cannot clean teeth by brushing over them. Nor can you properly reach the back teeth with an ordinary straight brush.

The Pro-phy-lactic is the only brush that thoroughly cleanses in and around all the teeth—its curved handle and irregular tufts are designed for this purpose. The individual yellow box protects against handling. Rigid or flexible handle. Prices—25c, 35c, 40c.

Every brush fully guaranteed. We replace if defective. Our interesting booklet is yours for the asking.

FLORENCE MFG. CO.

187 Pine Street. Florence, Mass.  
Sole makers of Pro-phy-lactic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes.

## Life's Suffragette Contest

(Concluded from page 366)

imported worthless characters to the city, filled them with rum and voted them as citizens, was it not Father who assured them that such statements were but "the slanderous lies of men who sought to defame the party of Lincoln, Grant and McKinley and undermine the prosperity of the country!"

Now do you see why a man should not marry a suffragette? Do you want the future wives and daughters of this glorious country to know the truth about Business, Poverty and Politics? Would it not be better for them to remain sweet and pure and ignorant? And besides, think of Father.

E. A. MUSCHAMP.



"GETTING HER DUTCH UP."

## LXI

### Scriptural Admonition

From the prehistoric ages, both the poets and the sages

Have dilated on the blessings of a blissful wedded life:

And, in every age and nation, have expressed their approbation

Of old Solomon's description of a good and perfect wife.

If a wife you'd be supporting, hearken, ere you go a-courting,

To his wise and kingly counsel and avoid domestic strife.

"While it is yet night, she riseth" (so the Holy Writ adviseth),

"Giveth meat unto her household"—Would-be benedict, O pause!

This would be beyond her powers had she spent her evening hours

Advocating female suffrage and denouncing voting laws.

Empty then would be her larder, though this fact would not retard her

In her zealous, frantic efforts to gain converts to the Cause.

Furthermore, the wise man sayeth that her wifely hands "she layeth

To the spindle and the distaff and to succoring the poor."

Ne'er does she employ her digits (while her hubby has the fidgets

Do You Like Good Tea?



We will send you prepaid on request a 1/2 pound package of

## Marquise Tea.

Try it for a week. If you like it, send us 45 cents. If you are not delighted with it and do not find it better than any at \$1.50 a pound, you need not pay for it. Write us that you accept this offer. Price per pound, in three-pound lots, 80c, delivery prepaid.

The flavor of MARQUISE will teach you why the average English family uses six times as much tea as the average American home. These English cousins declare our national taste in tea is barbarous.

MARQUISE is an exquisite blend of choice India and Ceylon leaves. Such tea as this can be bought in very few localities in the U. S. at any price. It is the sort you have tasted with delight in Montreal or London and wished you could get at home. Furthermore, it goes twice as far as the tea you now use.

Write at once. You risk nothing on our trial offer if you don't like MARQUISE TEA. Send for booklet "Some Little Known Facts About Tea."

William Welch Stanley Co.  
147 Federal St. BOSTON, MASS.



Looks Like New

The original brilliancy of silverware will be renewed and retained by the regular use of

## WRIGHT'S SILVER CREAM

Used By Over a Million American Women

Always ready for instant use—contains no grit or acid—will not scratch, wear away or mar the surface.

Soft as cream—harmless as water. A perfect polish for silverware, metalware, cut glass, marble, porcelain or enamel. Sold for 38 years.

Learn to say "Wright's Silver Cream" when asking your dealer for a silver polish.

Send 6 cents (in stamps) for a large sample jar. J. A. WRIGHT & CO., 180 Court St., Keene, N.H.



And his chronic indigestion grows beyond all hope of cure) Writing suffragette tirades or placards for the street parades or Peddling Votes for Women, handbills and aggressive literature.

"Known" (to make one last quotation) "in the gates" of state and nation

"Is her husband, when he sitteth 'mongst the elders of the land." While "die Kirche, Küche, Kinder" with no Women's Clubs to hinder, Fill her days with joyful toil—this "perfect woman, nobly planned."

But let wifey have a Mission—Vanishes this blest condition! His the Lares and Penates, her's the sphere of action grand.

In your venture hymeneal, seek the Scriptural ideal

Or your marital existence will be one lifelong regret.

Spendthrift wives may be dissuaded; stupid helpmates may be aided; Lazy wives may be persuaded to make model hausfraus yet;

Shrewish wives may learn submission; erring wives may show contrition;

But, if you'd avoid perdition, NEVER WED A SUFFRAGETTE. FLORA B. WEBB.

# SEEDS

Largest growers of pedigree farm and garden seeds in the world — Clovers, Grasses, Oats, Rye, Barley, Potatoes, Seed Corn, etc. We breed only pedigree heavy yielding stocks, CATALOGUE FREE.

## OATS

Sworn yield, 259 bushels per acre. You can beat that in 1911.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED COMPANY Box 16 La Crosse Wis.

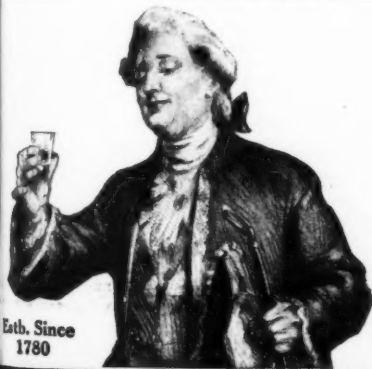


From a Sailor

UNITED STATES ATLANTIC FLEET  
U. S. S. CONNECTICUT, Flagship  
EN ROUTE TO GUANTANAMO, CUBA  
DEAR LIFE:

The Optimist is a ship's paper, published in the interest of the enlisted personnel of this ship and of the naval service in general, and, as such, takes exception to the double-page illustration in your issue of December twenty-second.

Seated at a table with a waif, a tramp, a convict and a cur-dog, there is a man in the uniform of the United States Navy, with a feast provided, and Santa Claus giving the toast: "To the Leftovers." We protest against the company in which your artist has placed the uniform we wear, as well as the sentiment conveyed in his attempt at the pathetic, and, at the same time, assure you that Christmas and Christmas cheer is as regular in its annual visits to our men-of-war as elsewhere, and that in no sense of the word can our sailor-men be considered "leftovers." Please understand that our men are not outcasts and should not be classed with waifs of the slums, convicted felons, vagrants and homeless dogs.



Estb. Since  
1780

**The Standard Whisky**

One hundred and thirty-one years "The Standard by which All Other Whisky is Judged"—the whisky our forefathers knew and relished. The recognized medicinal whisky. The whisky for all who appreciate more than ordinary excellence in liquor.

**James E. Pepper Whisky**

"Born With the Republic"

If your dealer can not supply you we will send direct, charges prepaid, anywhere East of the Rocky Mountains, at following price:

4 quarts \$5—Bottled in Bond—12 quarts \$15  
Money back if not satisfied.  
The James E. Pepper Distilling Company  
Dept. 110, Lexington, Ky.

# STAR Safety Razor

**If You Didn't Shave With a  
STAR This Morning It's  
Our Fault—Not the Razor's**

For thirty-five years we have been paying more attention to the making and perfecting of the STAR than to the selling of it. The result is a razor that meets every requirement of the man who shaves.

In the frame are self adjusting blade clips, large lather cup, hinged back for easy cleaning.

But we pride ourselves most upon the blades. Each is made from the finest steel—taken from the heart of the tempered metal. Each is forged, tempered, hardened, ground, honed and stropped individually and by hand.

Our men who do this work have lived with the STAR the better part of their lives. They are trained, experienced blade makers. Their interest in the high quality of the STAR is as great as our own. They give you a blade that takes a marvelous cutting edge—and keeps it.

From now on we shall advertise the product of the labor of these men. We shall tell men who shave about the STAR Safety Razor. If you are not using a STAR it's because you don't know about it—because you've never tried it. We are to blame. Not the razor.

*If your dealer doesn't sell the STAR write us.*

Price - as illustrated - \$3.75.  
Other styles from \$1.50 to \$20.

**KAMPFE BROTHERS 8-12 Reade St., New York City**



LIFE, do not for a second think we believe you meant a slur on the uniform, or had any ulterior motive in publishing this illustration, but we do believe your artist is but poorly informed and would suggest that he occasionally peruse publications that do contain information.

More than one hundred of our crew journeyed from Cherbourg to Paris for their Christmas dinner, and to participate in the festivities of the holiday

crowds on the boulevards and in the cafés of that gay and lively pleasure-capital of the world. Those who remained on board decorated the ship with holly and mistletoe, opened their Christmas packages from home, and

*(Continued on page 370)*

**Legrand-Paris** Best Perfumery and Soaps at Moderate Prices.  
For Sale All Dealers.



Two Letters

MY DEAR LIFE:

I admire your principles, I preserve your jokes, but honestly, dear paper, some of your correspondents are the Devil. The brilliant propagandist who is busy collecting a large scrapbook of anti-Catholic information may or may not be a religious hero, but in either case he is surely wasting his time. With your own attitude toward the question I confess that I have a certain superficial sympathy, because you have chiefly attacked the reverse side of the medal, on the Continent and elsewhere. But every one, save the inevitable bigot, accepts the fact that the Catholic communion in this country is an organ of charity and moral strength; our single American Cardinal is a Christian gentleman and a man of progress, and their churches scattered everywhere throughout the city slums shed often the only beauty and color on the lives of the very poor, who otherwise would be destitute of both. I myself am not a Catholic, but I have had certain opportunities of studying them, and I know that your correspondent's observations are as unjust as they are useless and absurd. In a paper like your own, therefore, which has stood for tolerance and good sense, they are, I think, distinctly out of place.

With best wishes, believe me,  
Very truly yours,  
CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—I am extremely pleased to see the letter entitled "Not a Catholic" in your Snowball Number. Knowing the utter indifference of the average, ought-to-be-patriotic American to the Roman clericalism, which is unceasingly at work to undermine all the free institutions which are the glory of this country, and knowing the muzzled condition of the majority of our periodicals, it is, indeed, cheering to find you keenly awake to the situation.

I also feel satisfied as to the untruth of a rumor which I had heard about you, to the effect that Romish resources were negotiating with a view to purchase you outright. That would

is sufficient for the front of a post card. If you will write your own address plainly on the other

An elegant book of 174 pages,

**Burpee=Quality**

**Burpee, Philadelphia,**

side we shall be pleased to send THE LEADING AMERICAN SEED CATALOG. It tells the plain truth, and should be read by all who would have the best garden possible and who are willing to pay a fair price for seeds of the

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 369)

sat down to a dinner as well prepared and served, and with a menu as elaborate as that provided in most of the homes of our fair land; our turkey was as fat and juicy, our pudding as full of plums, and our sauce as full of —well, Christmas spirit, anyhow.

You still have our good will, LIFE, and our best wishes for a prosperous year, and we may go even so far as to send you an occasional issue of our publication, if you will but persuade your artist to show in his future work a bit more consideration for the men who wear Uncle Sam's blue-jackets.

Sincerely yours,

THE OPTIMIST.

January 1, 1911.

If LIFE made a mistake in this case he regrets it, and makes apology. The old sailor was introduced in that cartoon as one who was out of sight and likely to be forgotten. We are more than glad to learn that the American sailor is so well remembered.—EDITORS OF LIFE.

**TRAVEL Information**

It is always a pleasure to furnish our subscribers and their friends full and accurate information concerning Steamship and Railway Travel throughout America and on the Continent. Not only can we give you instructions

**Where to Go How to Go Where to Stop**

but we can tell you where to secure tickets in any direction and over all transportation lines

**Throughout the World**

Remember that the TOURIST MAGAZINE with its vast fund of information and resources is at the service of its readers and their friends.

Address:

Editor TOURIST MAGAZINE

Issued each month by the J. P. McCann Publishing Company

47 West 34th Street, NEW YORK

surely be an end of LIFE, as is LIFE, for what the Romish church cannot control it absorbs.

In closing, permit me to suggest as a site for the Academy of Design the block now occupied by St. Patrick's cathedral. This was very generously given to the church by the city a number of years ago. Long enough to demonstrate that the cathedral has been no especial benefit to the city during that time. Now let the city reclaim its property, with its good, but second-hand buildings, and donate the ground and buildings to the homeless, but honest, academy.

(Continued on page 371)

### From Our Readers

(Continued from page 370)

The cathedral could be fitted up as an art gallery, and the outhouses as offices.

Perhaps there are other non-tax-paying city gifts which might better be turned into parks and playgrounds. What do we want of parochial schools, any way? Let our good Catholic citizens, instead of contributing to a school system which is fundamentally at variance with our republican institutions by reason of its primary control being at Rome, place their children in American schools, flying the American flag and taught by non-Romish Americans. Were this to be done I venture to predict that in a couple of generations the foundations of American freedom would be impregnable from attacks by the clerical hierarchy.

Very truly yours,

AMERICUS.

WASHINGTON, January 23, 1911.

### Still Alive

EDITOR LIFE:

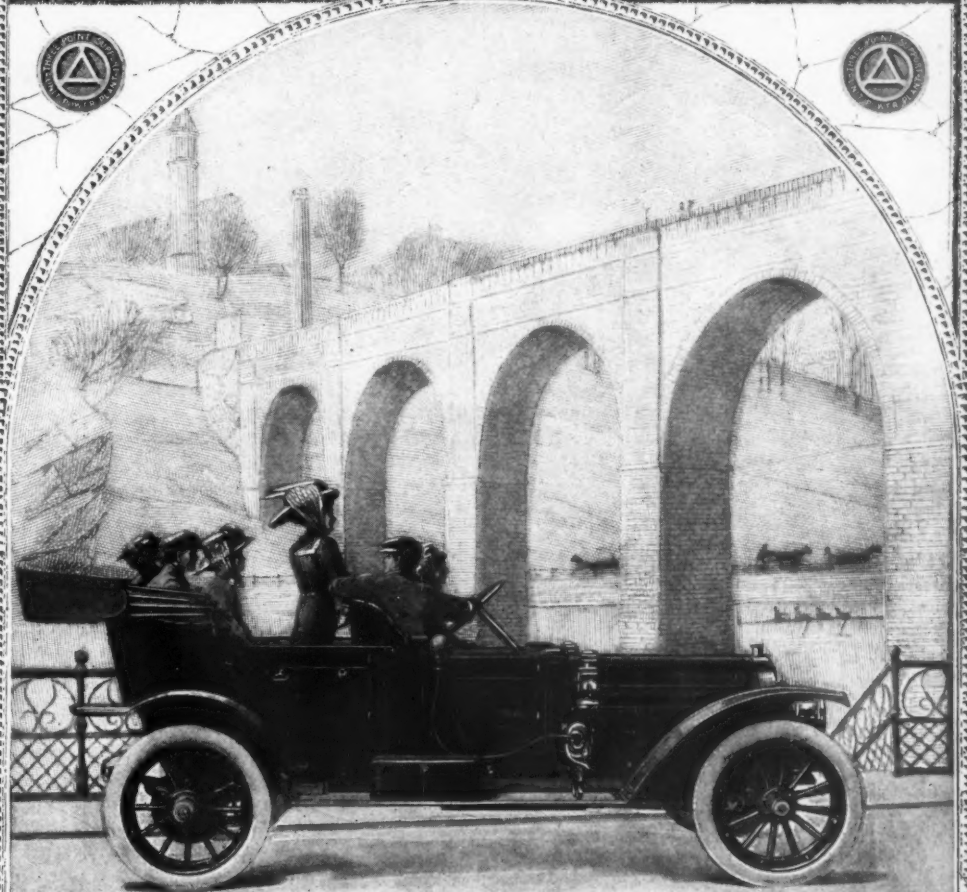
SIR.—A contemporary of yours is devoting several columns a day to reminiscences of old New York.

I do not find among those reminiscences any allusions to Mr. Mortimer Thompson, who wrote under the name of DOESTICKS, about forty years ago. One of "Doesticks'" characters was "my friend, Damphool." And every little while Doesticks would make this announcement:

"I see in several quarters a report that my friend Damphool is dead. This is premature. Damphool is not dead."

It seems to me, dear Mr. Editor of LIFE, that Damphool is not yet dead! That he is very much and very multi-

# Stevens-Duryea



After naming certain features, which are taken as a matter of course, true merit in a motor car lies in smooth action, power and endurance—points wherein the 1911 Stevens-Duryea Six expresses twenty years of development. Send for our literature. It tells a story of interest and value.

**STEVENS-DURYEA COMPANY, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.**

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### A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

## SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated. \$2, postpaid. Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents. Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

tinuously alive! I even sometimes suspect that he is editing several newspapers—writing letters (under many aliases calculated to mislead, since these aliases are mostly under rational names, with a middle initial) to the public press. He even gets elected or appointed to many lucrative offices in this city. Somehow or other he seems to be always in evidence. Just now it appears that he is writing communications to the newspapers complain-

ing of the ticket speculator who haunts the sidewalks before our theatres.

Of course, being a "Damphool" he has no complaints to make of the parties who sell to these ticket speculators the seats which they sell. Otherwise

(Continued on page 372)

## Caron-Paris

Artistic Perfumer  
His Latest Novelty,  
"MIMOS" Extract.

Sold by the Best Stores.



# Redfern Whalebone Corsets



The Standard of  
Corset Fashion  
A "Classy" Corset

Fashion requires supple lines—as it were, a soft foundation—and yet the corset is the vital factor in dress.

You can twist, turn or bend a REDFERN CORSET in your hand, and it will spring back into its original shape, because it is boned with whalebone of the best grade, the only boning adapted to stiffening high grade corsets. This resilient, pliant quality enables the form to comfortably take any figure posture the wearer may desire.

The exquisite fabrics, dainty trimming and beautiful craftsmanship in a Redfern create a model that can be worn with the most delicate lingerie or evening gown.

Models in every skirt length, with varying heights above the waist, suiting the most conservative as well as the ultra dresser.

High-quality SECURITY Rubber Button Hose Supporters, complete Redfern Models, which are priced from

**\$3.50 to \$15.00**  
per pair.

Sold by  
**High-Class Dealers**  
Everywhere.

The Warner Brothers Company, New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

## From Our Readers

(Continued from page 371)

it might occur to him to ask: "Where does the ticket speculator get his tickets?"

Another tack which our friend Damphool elaborates in the daily newspapers, editorially or otherwise, is the proposition, that the United States is in no danger of a foreign war because all foreign diplomatists, on being interviewed, positively declare that their countries have no intention of fighting the United States. (The triumphant inuendo being that

if their country did harbor any such intention they would frankly say so!)

And not to specialize, is not the United States the Biggest Damphool of all?

We are immune from anything except our own sweet will. With no army, no arms; with a splendid naval array of battleships that are obsolete by the time they are built; with several thousand miles of utterly unprotected seacoasts; with the Philippines on our

hands! Building a canal that will change the face of nature, perhaps divert the influence of the Gulf Stream. (What a casus belli that would be to any nation that was hunting to find one!) And proposing to fortify that canal (after we had ourselves refrained from undertaking it until we had sought to clear the way diplomatically by treaties); robbing our Monroe Doctrine of "hands off" to all the  
(Concluded on page 373)

# The PACIFIC MONTHLY

has just closed the most successful and prosperous year in its history. We want to make 1911 even more successful than the year just passed. We want *your* name upon our subscription list. Here are a few facts which will help you to decide the question of subscribing,

¶ The Pacific Monthly is recognized as the most successful independent magazine in the West. It publishes each month artistic and unusual duotone illustrations of beautiful Western scenery, studies of Indian heads, or of animal life, ranging from Alaska, on the North, to Mexico on the South, and as far afield as Japan and the South Seas. From its striking cover design to the last page you will find a feast of beautiful pictures.

¶ Each month it publishes from five or six short stories by such authors as Jack London, Stewart Edward White, Harvey Wickham, D. E. Dermody, Seumas MacManus, Fred. R. Bechdolt, and other well known writers of short stories. Its stories are clean, wholesome and readable.

¶ Each month one or more strong articles are published by such writers as William Winter, the dean of dramatic critics, John Kenneth Turner, the author of "Barbarous Mexico", Rabbi Wise, the noted Jewish Rabbi, and John E. Lathrop, who contributes a non-partisan review of national affairs. Charles Erskine Scott Wood contributes each month under the title of "Impressions" a brilliant record of personal opinion.

¶ The Pacific Monthly has become noted for having published some of the best verse appearing in any of the magazines. Charles Badger Clark, Jr., contributes his inimitable cowboy poems exclusively to The Pacific Monthly. Berton Braley, George Sterling, Elizabeth Lambert Wood, Wm. Maxwell, and other well known poets are represented by their best work in our pages.

¶ A feature that has won many friends for The Pacific Monthly has been our descriptive and industrial articles. During the coming year one or more such articles will be published each month. Articles now scheduled for early publication are: "Money in Live Stock on the Pacific Coast", "Success with Apples", "Nut Culture in the Northwest", "Success with Small Fruits", "Fodder Crops in the Western States".

¶ In addition to these articles the Progress and Development Section will give each month authoritative information as to the resources and opportunities to be found in the West. To those who are planning to come West, the descriptive illustrated articles on various sections of the West will be invaluable.

¶ If you want a clean, fearless, independent magazine—one that will give you wholesome, readable stories, authoritative descriptive articles of the progress being made in the West, a magazine that believes thoroughly in the West and the future destiny of the West—you will make no mistake in subscribing for the Pacific Monthly. Its subscription price is \$1.50 a year. To enable you to try it for shorter period, however, we will give a trial subscription of six months for \$.50.

¶ Fill out the coupon below and send it with \$.50 in stamps to The Pacific Monthly Company, Portland, Oregon.

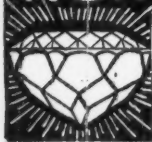
THE PACIFIC MONTHLY COMPANY  
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Gentlemen:—Enclosed find fifty cents in acceptance of your special offer of a trial subscription for six months.

Name .....

Address .....

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Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliance guaranteed forever—stands filing and fire like a diamond—has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in 14k. solid gold mountings. 1-20th the cost of diamonds. A marvelously reconstructed gem. Not an imitation. Guaranteed to contain no glass. Sent on approval. Write for catalog, it's free.

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**DRY ORIENTAL PERFUME**

has a lasting, fascinating, subtle fragrance; best  
ever for sachet bag. Mail dime and quarter (35c.)  
per box. Fred. K. Clark, 339 W. 41st St., New York  
**FREE SAMPLE for a STAMP**

**From Our Readers**

(Concluded from page 372)

world (hands off of territory that we  
ourselves neglect diplomatically and  
don't own a penny's-worth of!) After  
all this we go on hugging ourselves in  
our security. Spending our billions in  
pensions to soldiers in our ancient  
wars, instead of using them to make  
soldiers for possible wars!

Instead of Damphool being dead—  
are there not about a hundred millions  
of him alive just now! J. A. M.

**From a Republican ?**

DEAR LIFE:

What urgent call has Mr. Belmont  
in Albany these days? Why does Mr.  
Ryan find climatic conditions espe-  
cially salubrious there at just this  
time? Why is Mr. Barnes again back  
in the place from which he was  
oust? And what are you, "The  
Post," and the rest of you people who  
are to blame, going to do about it?



**I Want to Give You  
"Human Energy"**

My book explains, for the first time, the laws  
governing right exercise. It shows clearly and  
concisely why a few minutes daily of move-  
ments scientifically directed to reach your in-  
ternal organs—all of which are muscles, will  
do infinitely more for your health and strength  
than hours of random exercise.

"Human Energy" has the endorsement of physicians  
of national reputation. I offer it to you free because I  
want you to understand the principles underlying the  
THOMPSON COURSE, which has brought thousands  
of men from uncertain health and inefficiency into fuller,  
more useful and serene life.

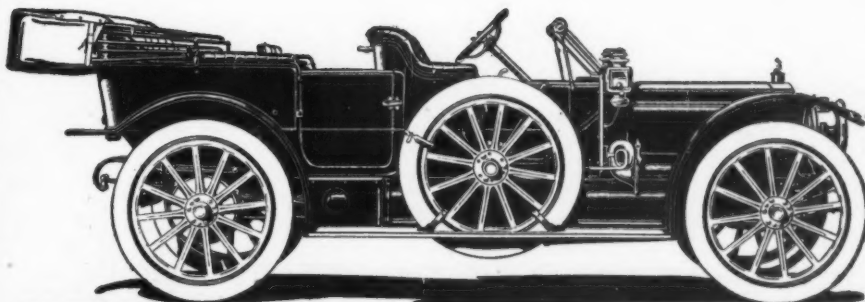
Sooner or later you will adopt the principles of my  
Course—all men of sedentary life will. You will find  
"Human Energy" a real contribution to the science of  
making the most of oneself. It is startling, yet obvi-  
ously true. Sending for it puts you under no obligation,  
except to read it as though it were written by a friend.

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**Rambler**

**Motor  
Cars**



Rambler  
Sixty-five  
Forty-inch  
Wheels

**C**OMFORT in the Rambler has been attained  
by careful study of owners' preferences.  
Forty-inch wheels, big tires, and 128-inch wheel  
base neutralize the inequalities of the road.  
Seven-eighths elliptic springs and shock absorbers  
soften the impact of the jolts and limit reaction.  
The distance between the seats and the floor is  
just right, and the steering pillar may be adjust-  
ed to suit the comfort of the operator. The  
leather and hair used for upholstery is that found  
in the finest club furniture. The Spare Wheel  
removes worry about tire trouble. The brakes, being  
larger than necessary, provide a feeling of security. The  
safety starting device protects you from injury while crank-  
ing. The offset crank-shaft and straight-line drive enable  
slow driving on high gear in crowded traffic, and obviate the  
necessity of rushing the hard pulls through sand and up grades.

In principal cities a telephone message to the Rambler  
representative will bring a car to your door for inspec-  
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Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin  
Branches: Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, San Francisco

New York Dealers: The Rambler Automobile Co.  
of New York, 39-40 West 62nd Street, New York

One thing you can do, *i. e.*, publish  
my first letter, and be honest enough  
to acknowledge yourself mistaken in  
your campaign last fall.

Come now, be great enough to  
acknowledge yourself in the wrong, as  
your friend, "the only" other "inde-  
pendent," invariably does when so situ-  
ated.

Yours, with much faith in you,  
HAMMOND SHERWOOD.  
January 26, 1911. BROOKLYN, N. Y.



ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE HIGH COST OF  
LIVING

# More Traveling Salesmen

Are wanted to place exclusive contracts with local agents to sell *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*, their supplies to be drawn direct from our Home Office.

Ours is an exceptional side-line proposition to county roadmen covering country towns. Something new and "different" — a really profitable side-line. There is no expense to you. There is no outfit to buy and no canvassing to be done. Nothing to carry—at least not more than a pocketful.

A good chance for money-earning for county men on a commission basis. **Exclusive territory.** 300 salesmen are now working. Twenty of them average \$40.00 a week. Address **Box J Y, Circulation Department,**

**The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**

## RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office London-WASHINGTON-OTTAWA

**75** THE KING OF ITALY  
Then up spake the young King of Italy,  
"I mean what I say, and mean literally,  
That 'Rad-Bridge' Whist scores  
Will give you no cause,  
If loser at Bridge, to feel bitterly."  
**NEW "BASKET WEAVE" PLAYING CARDS**  
Patented 1910. Same quality, size, assortment of colors as our famous  
Linen and Valour cards. 25c and 35c postpaid. Samples free. For  
Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) we send our sample wallet of  
Bridge accessories. "The standard of the Bridge world."  
**Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York**

### The Horse in Winter

The Connecticut Humane Society has issued a circular on the treatment of the horse in winter, which contains many pertinent suggestions, the following among others:

Warm the bits a little on freezing mornings.

Take the chill off the water he drinks. Be careful about exposing him when overheated.

Blanket him when he stands in the cold.

Have his shoes sharpened when the streets are slippery.

Take no risks of injury to him in skating over asphalt.

Attempt no hard pulls up steep or slippery inclines.

Rub him down when he comes in wet. Feed carefully and well during the winter.

Blanket and bed him sufficiently on cold nights.—*Suburban Life.*

CALLER: Snip & Co. have employed me to collect that bill you owe them.

OWENS: You are to be congratulated, sir, on securing a permanent position  
—*Wasp*

### The Latest Books

*The Gift of the Grass*, by John Trotwood Moore. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

*The Root of Evil*, by Thomas Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

*Twenty Years at Hull House*, by Jane Addams. (Macmillan Company. \$2.50.)

*The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome*, by William Stearns Davis. (Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

*Italian Fantasies*, by Israel Zangwill. (Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

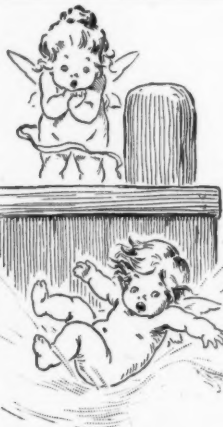
*The Poems of Max Ehrmann*. (Dodge Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

*A Fool on a Roof*, by Jean Wright. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

*The Miracle of Right Thought*, by Orison Swett Marden. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$1.00.)

*The Lever*, by William Dana Orcutt. (Harper & Bros. \$1.50.)

*Ashton Kirk, Investigator*, by John T. McIntyre. (Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.)



A FALLING IN LOVE

**HARTSHORN  
SHADE ROLLERS**  
Bear the script name of  
Stewart Hartshorn on label.  
Get "Improved," no tacks required.  
**Wood Rollers Tin Rollers**

THE MACHINE YOU  
WILL EVENTUALLY  
BUY



UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY  
INCORPORATED  
241 BROADWAY NEW YORK



## Rich Man's Number of LIFE Next Week

*Are you wealthy? Do you keep your money in barrels in your cellar? Have you a safe deposit room, in which you sweep the bonds and stocks into corners, in order to make a path to the other end? If so, the next number will appeal to you particularly, and if you are poor—but perish the thought! What reader of Life is poor?*

*This number is dated February 23 (Thursday), and will be on the Eastern news-stands (see time table below) on Tuesday, and on the extreme Western news-stands Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, according to distances. The cover is by Orson Lowell, and the contents by everybody else.*

### Life's Time Table

When can you buy LIFE, no matter where you are? That is the question.

In New York and the near Eastern States, it will be found on all news-stands on Tuesday, from noon on until four o'clock in the afternoon, according to the location of the place.

Anywhere east of Chicago, you are safe in asking for it on Tuesday afternoon.

West of Chicago—say to Denver—on Wednesday, or twenty-four hours later.

San Francisco and the Pacific Coast, Thursday afternoon; Portland and Seattle on Friday afternoon.

These figures are rough. We shall soon publish the exact time for all locations in the country.

Life is dated Thursday of each week.

Owing to the immense distances in this country it comes out, as shown, all the way from Tuesday to Friday.

It takes three days and three nights, with the fastest presses obtainable, to print the entire edition of LIFE—one hundred and fifty thousand copies each week, or on the average from six hundred and fifty to seven hundred thousand copies a month. There are estimated to be five readers to each paper on the average.

What you ask your newsdealer for each week, therefore, is read by seven hundred and fifty thousand others.

Obey that impulse.



*LIFE gets to Nome, Alaska, on arrival of steamer from Seattle, about one week later.*

Subscription, \$5.00



*LIFE can be obtained in Washington on Tuesday P. M. at 3:30*

Canadian, \$5.52



*Pittsburg receives LIFE on Tuesday at 2 P. M.*



*LIFE looks in on Palm Beach Thursday about 3 P. M.*

Foreign, \$6.04





# *The* Pierce-Arrow

*The Pierce-Arrow at the Aviation Meet*

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y. Licensed under Selden Patent