



—BARRY KILVERT—

EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT

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*Paul J. Bennett*



*The Soap with a Sentiment*

**Sylvan  
Talcum  
Powder**

*Three Odors*  
Violet  
Sandalwood  
Carnation (Jesh)  
*Fifteen Cents  
the Can*

*Ten Cents the Cake*

# SYLVAN TOILET SOAP

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*In Six Odors: Violet, Sandalwood, Heliotrope, Lilac, Rose and Carnation*

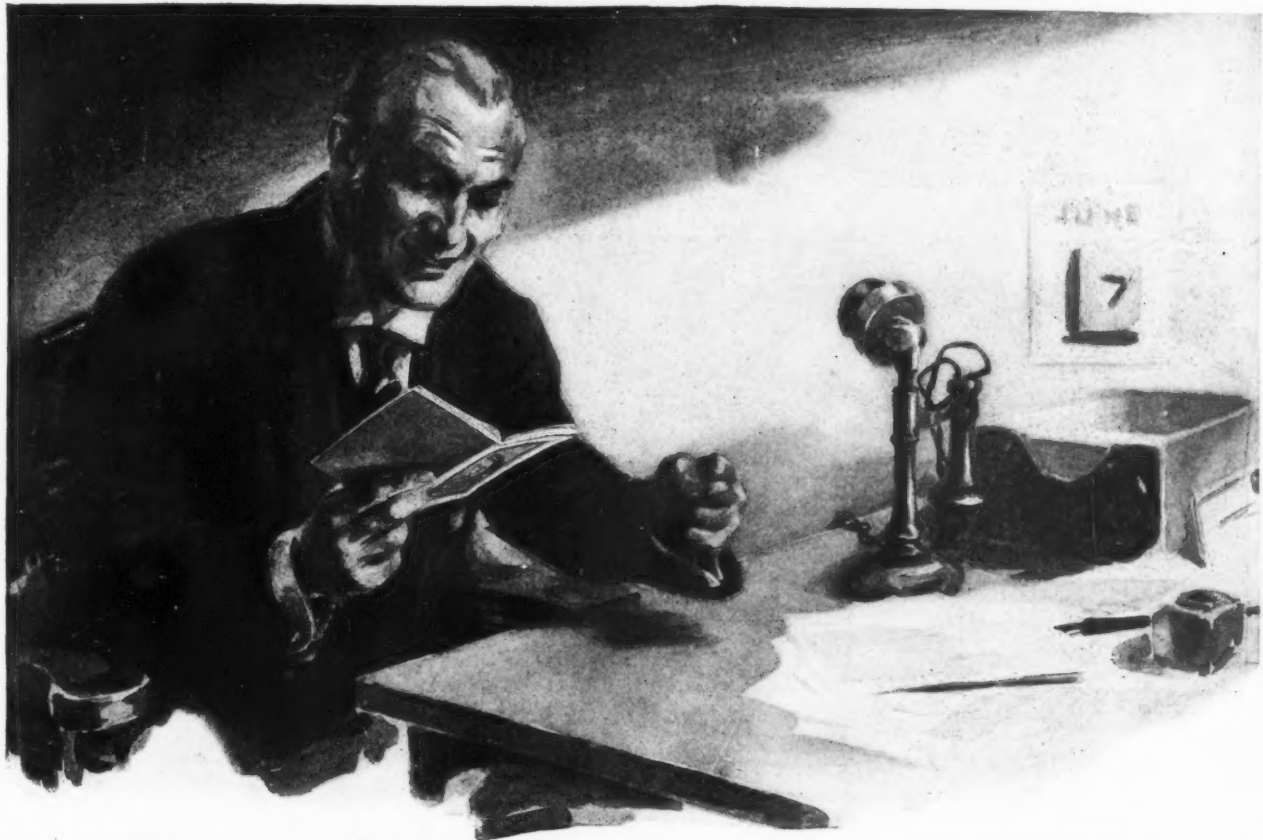
Sold by the better grade dealers. Send Four  
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for trial size packages of Soap and Talcum.

**ARMOUR AND COMPANY**

*Department of Toilet Soaps Box C CHICAGO*

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Armour and Company

*Twenty-Five Cents the Box*



## “Ah, This is What I Need for My Nerves”

**Prof. Thos. B. Stillman,**  
M.S., Ph.D.

The well-known research chemist of Stevens Institute, writes:  
“The chemical union of the constituents of Sanatogen is a true one, representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing Phosphorus in the organic phosphate condition, and so combined that digestion and assimilation of Sanatogen are rendered complete with the greatest ease.”

**John Burroughs**

The distinguished naturalist and author, writes:

“I am sure I have been greatly benefited by Sanatogen. My sleep is fifty per cent. better than it was one year ago, and my mind and strength are much improved.”

**Hon. John W. Kern**

U. S. Senator from Indiana, writes: “As a restorative and tonic, Sanatogen has been of real benefit to me. I feel sure that this preparation is deserving all the praise that has been bestowed on it.”

**Late King Edward's**

Physician  
Dr. Ernest Ott, Marienbad: “I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years in my practice with excellent results. These results have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate the bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood.”

**George Ade**

the humorist, writes:  
“I have given Sanatogen a trial, and I am convinced of its merits.”

exclaims the man who has read the literature of Sanatogen, for he has found recorded therein the wonderful achievements of this remarkable food-tonic. He has read the reports of physicians, ringing with praise of its value, the opinions of leading authorities, convincing beyond words, and the personal experiences of famous men and women who by the use of Sanatogen have obtained new vigor and strength for the acts of life. He has read how it is composed of the two life-giving substances—pure albumen and organic phosphorus—how ingenious is the manner of its combination, how logical and certain its action upon a starved nervous system. Inspired with confidence, he starts the use of Sanatogen. Expectation meets fulfilment. He *feels* the wonderfully beneficent action of Sanatogen, its rejuvenating effect upon the nervous system—how much better appetite and digestion—how much greater power of endurance—how much improved strength of body and mind! There has been won another devotee of

# Sanatogen

## THE FOOD-TONIC

And every day, in every land, thousands of men and women are thus given a new lease of health, a new joy of living! Indeed, the history of Sanatogen is a wonderful record of aid to those whose nerves have become worn and tired—exhausted by arduous work, bodily illness or by worry.

Over 15,000 letters from practising physicians pay eloquent tribute to the splendid properties of Sanatogen as an upbuilder of nerves and vitality. Medical text-books and journals are replete with evidence of the remarkable service it has performed among the sick and ailing. That is why Sanatogen stands supreme as the food-tonic of intrinsic merit and proven effect. That is why *you* may use Sanatogen with the utmost confidence, with every assurance that it will lastingly benefit your health.

Sanatogen is sold by all leading druggists at \$1.00, \$1.90 and \$3.60

Write for a FREE copy of “Our Nerves of Tomorrow”

The work of a physician-author, written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

**THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 45 East 17th Street, New York**



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Like a



*House Afire*

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He, meseemeth, is ahead of thee one week, but thou mayest catch up at once if thou followest his example.

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LIFE, 17 W. 31 Street, New York

Subscription \$5.00

Canadian \$5.52

Foreign \$6.04

## Natural and Unnatural Aristokrats

Natur furnishes all the nobleman we hav.

She holds the pattend.

Pedigree haz no more to do in making a man actually grater than he iz, than a pekok's feather in his hat haz in making him actually taller.

This iz a hard phakt for some few to learn.

This mundane earth iz thik with male and femail ones who think they are grate because their ancestor was luckey in the sope or tobacco trade; and altho the sope haz run out sometime since, they try tew phool themselves and other folks with the suds.

Sope-suds is a prekarious bubble.

Thare ain't nothing so thin on the ribs az a sope-suds aristokrat.

When the world stands in need ov an aristokrat, natur pitches one into it, and furnishes him papers without enny flaw in them.

Aristokrazy kant be transmitted—natur—sez so—in the papers.

Titles are a plan got up bi humans tew assist natur in promulgating aristokrazy.

Titles ain't ov enny more real use or necessity than dog collars are.

I hav seen dog collars that kost 3 dollars on dogs that wan't worth, in enny market, over 87½ cents.

This iz a grate waste of collar; and a grate damage tew to the dog.

Natur don't put but one ingredient into her kind ov aristokrazy, and that iz virtew. She wets up the virtew, sum-times, with a little pepper sass, just tew make it lively.

She sez that all other kinds are false; and I beleave natur.

I wish every man and woman on earth was a bloated aristokrat—bloated with virtew.

Earthly manufactured aristokrats are made principally out ov munny.

Forty years ago it took about 85 thousand dollars tew make a good-sized aristokrat, and innokulate his family with the same disseaze, but it takes now about 600 thousand tew throw the partys into fits.

Aristokrazy, like all the other bred stuffs, has riz. An American aristokrat iz the most ridikilus thing in market. They are generally ashamed ov their ancestors; and, if they hav enny, and live long enuff, they generally hav cauze tew be ashamed ov their posterity.

I know ov sevrall familys in Amerika who are trieing tew liv on their aristokrazy. The money and branes giv out sumtime ago. It iz hard skratching for them.

Yu kan warm up kold potatose and liv on them, but yu kant warm up aristokratik pride and git even a smell.

Yung man, set down, and keep still, you will hav plenty ov chances yet to make a phool ov yureself before you die.  
—Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings").

# Woman's Fight with Dirt Has Always Been An Unequal One



Many a woman wears herself out before her time trying to keep her home spotless—simply because up till now she has had the most imperfect of tools to work with.

At best, brooms or carpet sweepers remove not more than 20% of the dirt and dust. The balance, 80%, either remains where it is or

simply changes its location to some other part of the room. It is this fine dirt ground into carpets and rugs that causes them to wear out—that makes wall paper, hangings, furniture and pictures look dingy and ruins beautiful belongings long before their time.

With **"RICHMOND"** Vacuum Cleaning, all this is changed.

Instead of devoting a day out of every week and a week or more out of every year, the work can be done in a few hours now and then—without bother, annoyance or disturbance.

**"RICHMOND"** Vacuum Cleaning may be installed in any building, large or small, old or new, town or country. Wherever installed—in a ten room residence or a building which measures its floor space by the acre—it will pay for itself in from eighteen to thirty months.

**"RICHMOND" VACUUM CLEANING**  
STATIONARY PORTABLE  
ELECTRIC - STEAM - GAS ELECTRIC - HAND  
"Collect the Dust - Don't Spread It"

**"RICHMOND"** Vacuum Cleaning embodies the combined ingenuity of all the best inventors of Vacuum Cleaning machinery, including the Kenney Basic Patent and eighty-four others.

With a **"RICHMOND"** you clean everything right where it is, with tools specially adapted for the work. There is only one operation—and that an easy one—moving the tool over the surfaces to be cleaned. No more beating rugs; no more tearing-up. No more clouds of dust through the house, for the **"RICHMOND"** way is absolutely dustless and sanitary.

With **"RICHMOND"** Vacuum Cleaning, house cleaning is forever ended. That expense is instantly stopped for all time. And your house is cleaner **Every Day** and **Always**, than it is even on the day when house cleaning is finished!

The expense of two or three house-cleanings would easily pay the whole cost of a **"RICHMOND"**.

**"RICHMOND"** Vacuum Cleaning embraces every provedly successful type of apparatus. It includes Hand Power Cleaners for \$29.00; Portable Electric Cleaners for \$73.00; and Stationary Plants which can be installed complete for \$275.00 and upward—all on our "Easy Payment Plan"; or a liberal discount will be allowed for cash.

Send for booklet entitled "How **"RICHMOND"** Vacuum Cleaning Saves Money"; also Reference Book giving names of 1800 prominent installations all over the world.

Our "Special Agency Plan" enables live energetic young men to become the **"RICHMOND"** Vacuum Cleaning Representatives of their respective communities. Our "Special Correspondence Course in Salemanship," together with direct instructions from our trained representatives, insures success. Write for particulars. Local agents wanted everywhere.

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Largest Makers of Vacuum Cleaning Systems in the World

**"RICHMOND"** Vacuum Cleaning Systems (Manufactured and sold under the protection of the **Basic Kenney Patent** and 84 others); **"RICHMOND"** and **"MODEL"** Heating Systems; **"RICHMOND"** Bath Tubs, Sinks, Lavatories; **"RICHMOND"** Concealed Transom Lifts, Casement Window and Outside Shutter Adjusters.

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One at Norwich, Conn.; Two at Uniontown, Pa.; One at Racine, Wis.; One at Chicago, Ill.; One at Philadelphia, Pa.; One at Montreal, Canada.



### A Truly Portable Suction Cleaner

The **"RICHMOND"** Portable Suction Cleaner shown in the illustration weighs but ten pounds instead of sixty. All that any portable cleaner can do, this one does. And it does besides some things which no other portable machine can do. You can, for example, use this **"RICHMOND"** Suction Cleaner either with or without the hose. For use with the hose, we furnish, without extra cost, special tools for cleaning portieres, walls, books, bedding, upholstery, clothing, hats—in fact, tools and attachments for more than twenty different uses. Please note how small and compact the **"RICHMOND"** is and how light and readily portable it must be. It represents as great an advance over heavy weight portable cleaners as these cleaners represented over brooms, for it is the lightest and simplest suction cleaner ever designed. There is nothing to wear out. There are no gears, no diaphragms, no valves. Nothing to jiggle loose. To operate simply attach to any electric lamp socket. Costs only 1c per hour to operate.

# A NOVEL PLEATED *Cluett* SHIRT

The pleats are continuous, reaching from neckband to skirt edge, instead of being bound off at the waistline. This insures a much better than ordinary appearance to the bosom, and does away with bulging and creasing. **\$1.50**



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"Proper Dress."

## *New Novel by the Editor of LIFE* **PANDORA'S BOX**

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*Author of "Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory," etc.*

The romance of a young American architect and the daughter of a line of earls stretching back to the Conqueror, told, as you would expect, with delicious humor, gentle satire, and a keen American audacity not unlike that of "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court." But that doesn't prevent it from being intensely interesting, containing mystery and a psychic element that recalls "Amos Judd."

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By **FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT**

"Over all, young and old, the author manages to throw the spell of that imperishable garden of youth whose odors still float to us across the years."—*Chicago Record-Herald.* \$1.35 net; postpaid \$1.47

## The **FRUITFUL VINE**

By **ROBERT HICHENS**

A new long novel by the author of "The Garden of Allah," combining the glowing atmosphere of modern Rome with a dramatic story based on the human longing for children.

Frontispiece in colors by Jules Guerin. \$1.40 net; postpaid \$1.52

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Queer if you haven't a friend whose baby is just perfection.  
Here's Henry Hutt's version of that very child.



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Sent prepaid, upon receipt of remittance.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 17 W. 31st St., New York



"GREAT HEAVENS! THERE GOES BUZZING'S AUTO."  
"SERVES HIM RIGHT FOR LETTING A FIREFLY TINKER  
AROUND THE GASOLINE TANK."

### The King's Example

Once Sultan Nushirvan the just, hunting,  
 Stopped in an open field to take a lunch.  
 He wanted salt, and to a servant said,  
 "Go, get some at the nearest house,  
 but pay  
 The price the peasant asks." "Great  
 King," exclaimed  
 The servant, "thou art lord o'er all this  
 realm;  
 Why take the pains to buy a little salt?"  
 "It is a little thing," said Nushirvan,  
 "And so, at first, was all the evil whose  
 Most monstrous load now presses so the  
 world.  
 Were there no little wrongs, no great  
 could be.  
 If I from off a poor man's tree should  
 pluck  
 A single apple, straight my slaves would  
 rob  
 The whole tree to its roots: if I should  
 seize  
 Five eggs, my ministers at once would  
 snatch  
 A hundred hens. Therefore strict justice  
 must  
 I, even in unimportant acts, observe.  
 Bring salt, but pay the peasant what he  
 asks."  
 —Poetry of the Orient by W. R. Alger.

### Vicarious

A smart Yorkshire lad, who was sent to school to a man named Wilkins, having one day insulted a gentleman by calling him Pontius Pilate, was very severely corrected for it. The master, at every cut he gave him, cautioned him never to say Pontius Pilate again. This the lad carefully treasured in his memory, and being soon after catechised in church, when he came to the belief, instead of saying he suffered under Pontius Pilate, he said he suffered under Timothy Wilkins, schoolmaster.

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SIZES 32 TO 44 BUST

No. 16—Handsome Satin Meteor House Gown, in Black, Coronation Purple, Pink, Light or Navy Blue, Lavender, Wistaria, American Beauty, Rose or White; neck and sleeves trimmed with double shirrings of self material, Empire waist line trimmed with shirrings and plaited ruffle of satin, fastened with silk cord and tassels

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 Address Department N.

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16

## PARIS GARTERS

### PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

Are the universal *first choice*. They are the handsomest and most durable. Garters made and afford the maximum of comfort.

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**A. STEIN & CO., Makers**  
**CHICAGO : : : U. S. A.**



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and  
50c

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Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine, spirit and soda beverages. Appetizing, healthful, to use with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Merchants or Druggists. Sample by mail, 25c in stamps. C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

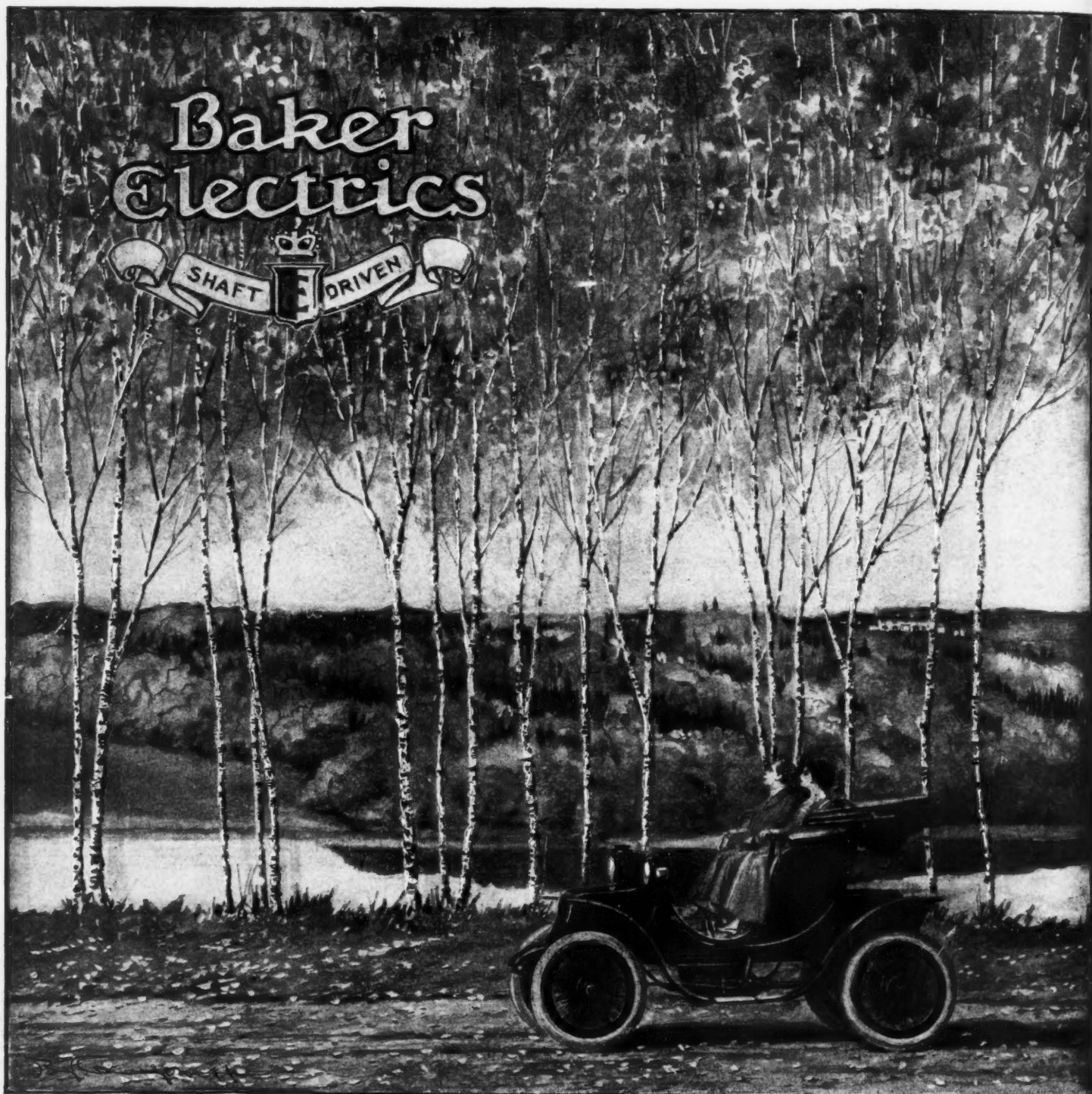
### American Mysteries

Mr. Charles Edward Russell says, in the *Coming Nation*:

What a pity it is that Congress can't think!

We place a premium upon crime, and then wonder that crime increases. We maintain all the conditions for the wholesale propagation of tuberculosis, and then send out frantic alarms about the rapid spread of the disease. We deny adequate education to the majority of children, and then wonder that the race makes slow progress. We conduct government for the exclusive benefit of the fortunate and the well-to-do, and then wonder that some men revolt at the manifold injustice. Is there any question that we are the wise ones of the earth?

THE Admiral de Vivonne, while crossing the Rhine at Tolhuys, noticed his horse stumbling when in midstream. "Would you drown an admiral in fresh water?" he shouted to his steed.



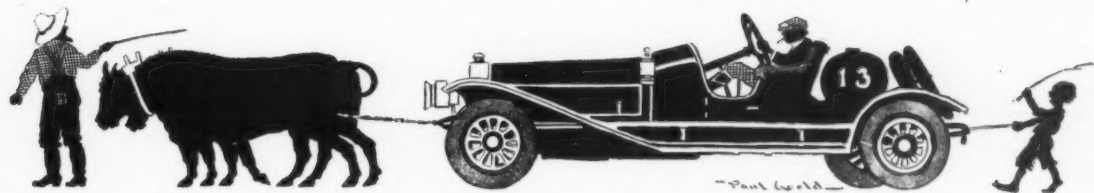
*For Long Distance Service* over good roads, between town and country, the Baker has no equal among electrics. One world's record after another has established its mileage supremacy. Its smooth, silent running is due to superior electrical design, mechanical refinement, and a *frictionless shaft drive*.

## The Baker Motor-Vehicle Company

33 WEST 80th STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO



# L I F E



## Was the Coal Exaggerated?

SECRETARY FISHER has been to Alaska and inspected the Behring River coal and some other coals, and says he is disappointed in them and thinks their value has been very much exaggerated.

Ex-Forester G. Pinchot has gone to Alaska, and he also will inspect Controller Bay and the Behring River fields, and we shall see whether his impression matches Mr. Fisher's.

Still another source of information remains. *Collier's* says in reply to "howls" for its views on Controller Bay: "We shall take a hand in the matter next winter, earlier if we feel like it, but not otherwise."

Sit still, our heart, sit still. You shall know as soon

as it is good for you. But if you have beat with so many thumps and palpitations about a pile of exaggerated coal you'll feel aggravated, won't you!

One thing Mr. Fisher is bent on doing, and that with the least possible delay, that is to get some of the Alaska coal out and into use. We all wish him good speed in that purpose.

## Referred to a Higher Power

"MY good friend," softly says the minister, leaning over the bedside, "I trust that all is well with your soul. May I ask what are your beliefs as to the next life?"

"I don't know," feebly answers the dying man. "You'll have to ask my wife. She had charge of my religious views."



THE STATE ROAD FOR THE FARMER. HE PAYS THE TAX



"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. LVIII. OCTOBER 5, 1911 No. 1510

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



THE Boston Transcript speaks of President Taft's speech at Detroit as his

"Anti-Trust Speech," and the Springfield Republican heads its remarks on the same discourse—"President to Anti-Trust Extremists." Both headings are warrantable. The President is opposed to the monopolistic aspirations of the trusts, and also to those extremists who want to smash with the available bludgeon an exceedingly important part of the country's existing apparatus for doing business.

There are those who think that the Sherman act cannot be enforced without intolerable damage to the business of the country, a damage by no means confined to the combinations which the act forbids, but one which the whole country and all its industries would share. They want the act amended so as to permit such co-operative agreements as are not contrary to the public interest, and to forbid those that are.

But Mr. Taft says, let the Sherman act alone; it is working out all right. Since the Supreme Court has interpreted it, it is a workable law, that is rapidly accomplishing everything that ought to be done. Of the Standard Oil and Tobacco Company decisions, he said that they were needed to teach the business public that we have not reached a time when "only regulated monopoly and the fixing of prices by Government authority are consistent with future progress." And he added:

"We did get along with competition; we can get along with it. We did get along without monopoly; we can get along without it; and the business men of this country must square themselves to that necessity. Either that or we must proceed to State socialism and vest the Government with power to run every business. \* \* \*

The decision of the Supreme Court as it grows to be understood in the near future will be a signal for the voluntary breaking up of all combinations in restraint of trade within the inhibition of the statute, and will, I hope, lead to a complete revulsion of feeling on the part of the business men of this country and to a clear understanding by them of the limitations that must be imposed by them upon any business combinations made by them in the future.

This is a hopeful view, and put forth not only with vigor, but with evident sincerity. So far as the Sherman act as interpreted by the Supreme Court is concerned, the President is a Stand-patter. He believes in it. He is not a great business man, but he is as great a business man as we are likely ever to see in the White House, and he is a great jurist. His position looks strong. The President shows himself neither a wrecker nor a quitter. He holds open the door of hope to the law abiding. It is not a barn-door by a good deal, but it is wide enough to encourage business to try to squeeze through.



CANADA'S rejection of reciprocity means that a lot of good work and good-will have gone for nothing. It is not all absolute loss because, of course, the reciprocity bill was not perfect. We have heard fair-minded Americans say that so far as American interests were concerned the bill was not as well worked out as it should have been. But that will doubtless be true of every bill that is ever passed to cut down the tariff. It was true of the woolen schedule bill that Mr. Taft vetoed. That was an imperfect bill, but it was good enough to sign. And so far as the United States were concerned, the reciprocity bill that Mr. Taft did sign was good enough to become a law. But its chief value lay in its being, so far as it went, a reduction of the tariff. Beaten in Canada, it leaves President Taft with nothing to his credit in the way of tariff revision. Since the Payne bill was passed and the Winona speech was made there have been two sessions of Congress, and the total tariff record is three vetoed bills and one rejected agreement.

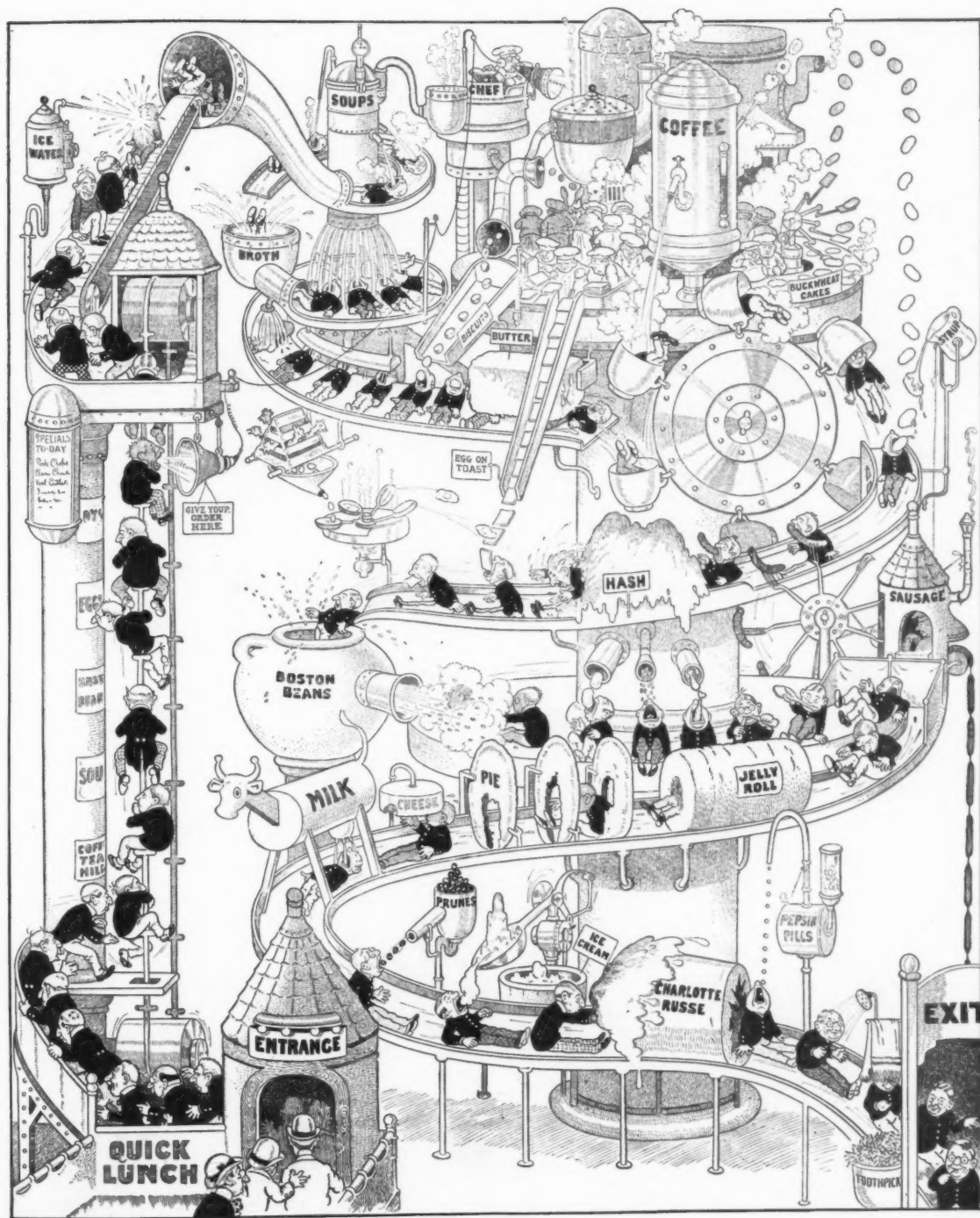
Mr. Kipling and Sir Gilbert Parker will be delighted that reciprocity has

broken down, and perhaps will get better rest in their beds now that the nightmare of annexation no longer disturbs their slumbers. It is nice that so many honest people are pleased, even though their pleasure rests on unsound reasons. For our part, let us be glad that the offer was made and that it was no fault of ours that it failed. It goes into the political history of Canada, and stands there to our credit, and it will not be long before it will be recognized for what it really was—an offer prompted chiefly by good will, and devised to promote the welfare of both participants.



CONGRESS, a while ago, admitting that our monetary system was bad and a source of peril to us, appointed a commission to study the subject and report a new plan that would be better. That commission lately made a report. Former Senator Aldrich is the chairman of it; the same statesman who has been so active for so long in the interests of high protection. Because Mr. Aldrich was one of the robber barons of protection, there is a disposition to conclude that he must also be a robber baron in his monetary plans, and to condemn them unread. But the experts warn us not to do that. They say that Mr. Aldrich's commission has got together the best lot of information about monetary systems that was ever gathered. They say we must detach Mr. Aldrich the financier from Mr. Aldrich the tariff maker, and not condemn the exceedingly important work of the monetary commission merely because the chairman of the commission carried the Payne tariff through the Senate, and has been a wheelhorse for the interests.

It will be well to heed this advice. We shall not get a new currency system from Dr. Wiley or Colonel Goethals, though they are good men. If we are to get it, we must get it from monetary experts. Mr. Aldrich is one, and if he and his learned colleagues can give it to us, our dislike of his tariff labors should not prevent our getting it from him.



LIFE'S MODEL SPEED LUNCH

A FULL COURSE DINNER GUARANTEED IN ONE CIRCUIT



THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY

### Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1910, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-four years. In that time it has expended \$126,447.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 32,730 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$8,093.02
Gordon Buck.....	5.00
Elizabeth, Scottie and Mary at Marblehead, Mass.....	5.00
J. H. James.....	5.00
Proceeds of a play, "The Lost Prince," Duluth, Minn.....	28.50
"A. H.".....	2.00
Gino C. Speranza.....	10.00
Collected during the summer of 1911, at a small service held every Sunday by the Rev. Mr. Clauson on Lake Canandaigua...	40.00
Mrs. Hugh H. Brown.....	10.00
Mrs. G. R. Moore.....	5.00
Total .....	\$8,203.52

#### ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Package of clothing from Mrs. Knapp, Ridgefield, Conn.

Package of clothing from Mrs. Aaron Bennett, Georgetown, Conn.

Twenty pairs shoes from Miss Kate Miller, Georgetown, Conn.

Two Diamond tires from the Diamond Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

A NOTED sociologist tells the following story of a woman in a Southern manufacturing town. Approaching her for statistics, he asked: "Madam, have you any children?"

"No," she replied. "I have to work in the factory myself."

"NO man," says Thomas à Kempis, "can safely go abroad who does not love to stay at home."

And even then it would be safer if his wife went along.



"LOOK HERE, GRAN'MA, IF YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET SCARED, I WON'T BRING YOU OUT SHOPPING AGAIN"



*The Gnome:* IF YOU'RE TEN MILLION YEARS OLD AND KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE FOREVER, WHY NOT TAKE YOUR TIME?

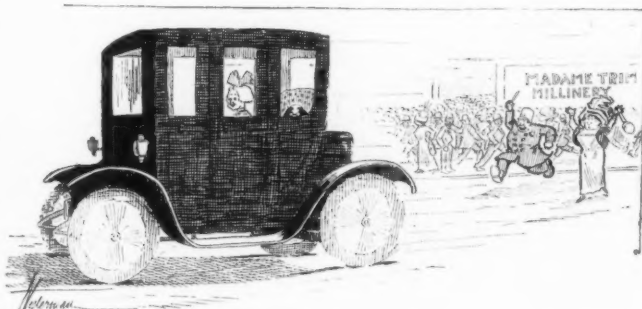
### This Number

**I**S not intended to be a ratiocinative revelation, conceived in corollated and transcendent terms, which has for its final analysis a dynamic theory of the universe.

To the swift all things are slow. This number is merely an exposition of that fundamental idea.

Speed, it is true, is the particular manifestation of certain combinations of atoms, expressed in a special manner. When you call on your best girl and her kind old father kicks you out of the door, that is a molecular disturbance covering a wide area and is a particular manifestation of "fire."

All that this number attempts to do is to illustrate in its own manner some molecular combinations which have not been expressed before in this way. If the world was peopled with tortoises—if there were nothing else but tortoises all around, walking on Broadway, sitting in the Waldorf, riding in the subways, catching trains to the suburbs, making after dinner speeches—and if, in this tortoise world, someone should let loose a jack rabbit, why, for a time there would be considerable excitement. After the jack rabbit had shown all the wonderful things he could do, however, the tortoises would all settle back again with the remark, "We were fooled a little at first, but, after all, he doesn't enjoy himself nearly so much in the long run as we do."



NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER



A SPIRITED HORSE

### "Common or Garden"

**T**HIS is to remonstrate with our friends who still think it witty to add the words "or garden" to the adjective "common" when they have occasion to use it.

Please, good people, don't do it any more. The first time these words in a humorous association flashed out of somebody's head, they were welcomed, and with justice. The first few thousand times the combination was repeated it gave pleasure. Its vogue was warranted, but the association is necessarily transient. When it becomes universally familiar, its run is over, for then it loses its ability to surprise the mind.

That has happened. "Common or garden" is now a stale phrase. Editors should blue-pencil it out of manuscripts and discriminating speakers should drop it out of discourse. It was good in its day, but it is not good any longer.

### In Oregon

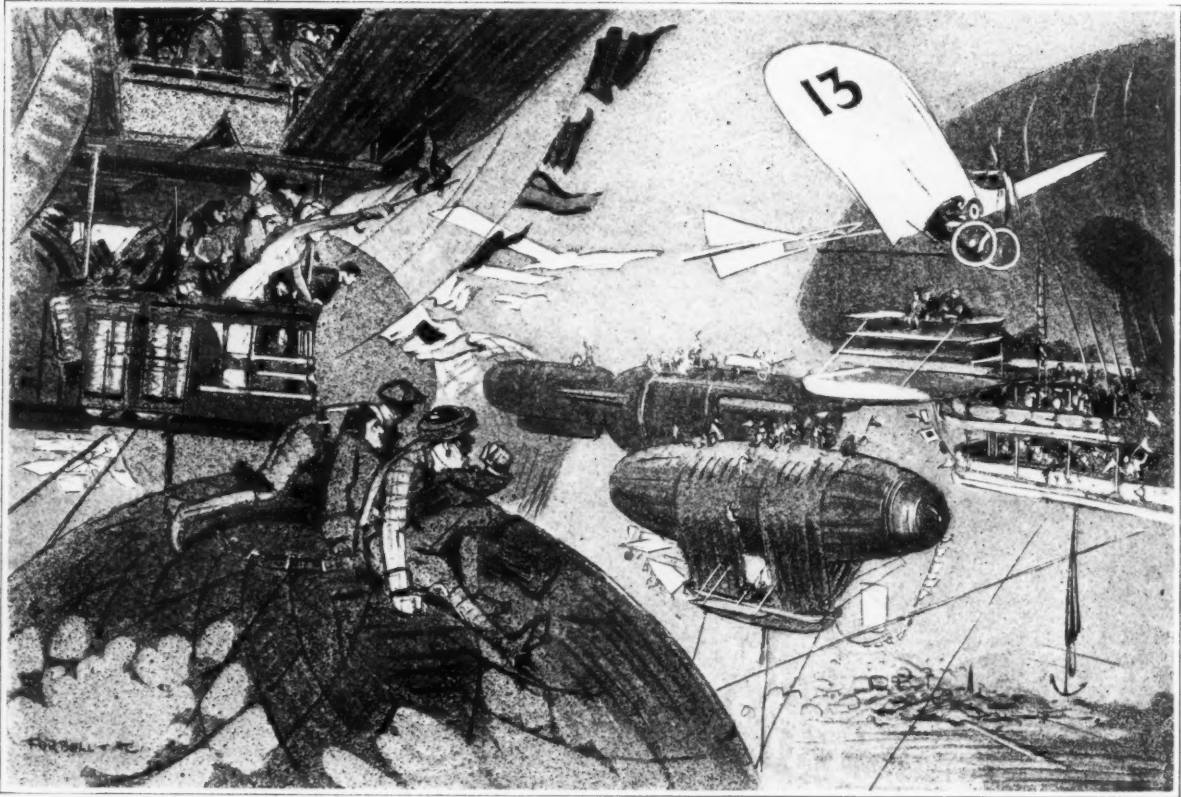
**T**HE papers related that five minutes before the time set (on September 5) for hanging Jesse Webb of Oregon, for the murder of a ranchman, Governor Oswald West commuted his sentence. The Governor said he was influenced to do so by two of Frank Stanton's poems, "The Tragedy" and "They've Hung Bill Jones." It was further related with what ceremonies the Sheriff distributed pieces of the rope that Webb was to have dangled from, and announcement was made of the forthcoming of Webb's poem on "The Death Watch."

Don't they mix up the interests of literature and those of justice a little too much out in Oregon, and doesn't it seem as if, with all their new mechanisms of election, they choose some asses to office?

### Tut Tut!

Scientists say that if the appetite of a man were as great as that of a sparrow, in proportion to his size, he would eat a whole sheep at a sitting.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

**T**HAT'S nothing. We've known a Wall Street operator to eat a whole flock of lambs between ten and three.



THE INTERNATIONAL CUP RACE

### The High Cost of Money

**I**F labor was what a man paid for money it would be cheap at the price. As it is, money is our highest priced commodity and it is only just to Mr. Aldrich to say that the tariff is not to blame; free trade money costs just as much. One really never knows when he starts out to get money how much it is going to cost him. Money is a greater drain on a man's income and resources than an automobile. Whether it costs more to get money than to keep it after you have it no one has ever been able to figure out, but it is generally believed that the dearest way to get money is to have it given to you. The high cost of money comes under three heads: the things you have to give up while you are making it, the fine things you have forgot how to do by the time you get it, and the unpleasant things you must do after you have it. And you pay double if you try to get it and fail. A quick way to ascertain the total cost of money is to compare it with what is left in the world and missing from yourself after you get it.

**I**N New York, the prize fighter can go as far as he likes, but the race horse has to wear a hobble skirt.

### Advertisement

**W**E have had prepared, in an artistic form suitable for hanging on the wall, the following motto:

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, FOR THEY  
SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.

This will be sent gratis, postpaid, to any meek man or woman anywhere who has made good.



"I Am a Part of All That I Have Met"

# To All Pessimists, Greeting!

*Are You as Sad as You Ought to Be?—  
The Pessimists' Club Offers an Opportunity  
for All Melancholy Minds to Form a Lu-  
gubrious and Funereal Merger—Hope Grows  
Less With Every Hour*

EVER since our announcement of the formation of the Pessimists' Club, congratulations have been pouring in from every quarter. It is mournfully expected that in a very short time the majority of the American people will become members. Many of them are members now in spirit.

There is no excuse for anybody being happy. The club is open day and night. We have inaugurated a ladies' day—at which only the wives of members will be admitted, accompanied by their relatives.



AT ODDS WITH ALL THE WORLD

We have just received the following with an application:

DEAR SIR:

I am a thorough-going pessimist and should like to become a member of your club, but there are times when the clouds lift for me a little and I have bright spots. Is this all right? Can't a member in good standing have glimmers of cheerfulness occasionally? Yours,

Our reply is, No! If we should encourage this sort of thing it would be bound to grow.

In order to qualify, you must be at odds with all the world. We do not expect all of our members to achieve this at once, but they must try for it.



EVERYTHING LOOKS DARK

We have just had some new mottoes prepared and they are now hanging on the club walls and are much commented upon. They are as follows:

- "BE A WET BLANKET."
- "LAUGH, AND THE HOLLOW, MOCKING WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU; MOPE HERE AND DO IT WITH THE REST OF THE GLOOMERS."
- "THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST HOUR."
- "NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO NEXT, YOU'LL WISH YOU HAD DONE THE OTHER THING."
- "NOTHING IS PERMANENT IN THIS WORLD; ONE MISERY SUCCEEDS ANOTHER."
- "QUAKING CROUCHERS MAKE GRUESOME GROUCHERS."
- "DON'T LEAVE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE SAFE; YOU MAY NOT NEED THEM AFTER THE NEXT HOUR."
- "EVERY SILVER LINING HAS A DARK CLOUD BEHIND IT."
- "MAKE NO EFFORT TO BEAR UP; ALL WILL RESULT IN FAILURE."

Could anything be worse than this communication just received:

DEAR SIR:

What is your idea in starting a Pessimists' Club? Aren't things bad enough as they are now? Isn't there enough misery and trouble in this world without your trying to get a corner on it? Shame on you!

We have replied to this gentleman insisting upon his becoming a member. He is just the kind of man we are looking for.

We have just added the "Lamentations of Jeremiah" to our library.

The membership is increasing every hour. It is in-

deed a melancholy fact that this club should have been such an immediate success.

For some time we have entertained doubts about the American people; candidly and confidentially speaking, we have felt there was little hope for them. Everything looked dark.

And yet there have been moments when we thought that possibly we had exaggerated the dangers of the future.

Now, however, we realize that our forebodings were correct; now that the Pessimists' Club has met with such an overwhelming response, we see no hope; all looks dark; no glimmer gilds the black horizon; the bells are tolling mournfully the infliction of another period of disheartenment.

It should be borne in mind that we will refuse all applications by old sports. The other day a decrepit old codger, with a dismal looking face, applied, and we congratulated ourselves that he would add something to our weight of care. No sooner had he gotten in, however, before he began to be cheerful; we had to dismiss him.

There is nothing so deceptive as an old sport.

Our valetudinarian's corner is growing; it is rapidly getting to be one of the most dismal features of our jaundiced club life.

We advise all members to begin the day by taking breakfast in the large breakfast room provided for that purpose; don't have your breakfast sent to your room; you'll feel much worse when you see all the sour faces around you.

Members should remember that it is their duty to be pessimists; when we face our inevitable destiny, we all know that there is no hope for anyone.

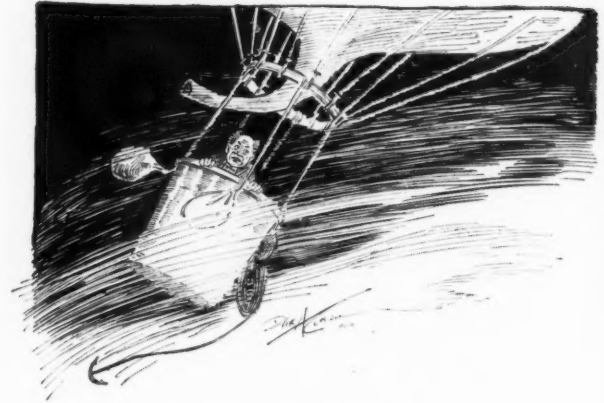
Let us therefore, with grim determination, admit the awful truth.

And if at times we are tempted to throw off the dull weight of care, we must speedily reflect that this is but a



IN 1920

"THEY'LL BE SWIFT STEEDS THAT FOLLOW," SAID MISS LOCHINVAR



HIS FEARS WERE GROUNDLESS

lying illusion. It is in this spirit that we must become members.

If the waiters smile or look pleasant at you, please report to the management.

Members are debarred from

Saying good morning;

Winking;

Laughing, except in a derisive manner;

Slapping each other on the back;

Shaking hands, except in case of a funeral in family;

Or offering anything but a dismal look to a member who may lapse into forgetfulness of our condition.

Are you sad and melancholy? Do you have continuously dismal thoughts? Are you dejected, depressed, downcast, in the dumps, gloomy and ghastly? Come in at once and feel worse.

Face your inevitable destiny and be a member of the Pessimists' Club.

### Aldrich and Bryan

THE advocates of a currency reform which will automatically siphon the public funds into private treasuries are so ungrateful to Senator Aldrich for his aggressiveness in the matter as to wish that his name were definitely and forever separated from the idea. They feel that Aldrich's name would hurt it even if it were a praiseworthy proposition.

Some such feeling took possession of the opponents of the scheme when Mr. Bryan recently came out against it. Mr. Bryan's name is so indelibly linked with "divine ratios," "quantitative theories" and other ornate emotionalisms as to vitiate anything he may ever happen to say upon the money question.

It would be nice if Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Bryan should go off somewhere and fight it out, fix it up to suit themselves and apportion the offices and the spoils.

If we were thus left alone, free from rhetoric, rapaciousness and rot, it wouldn't take us long to decide to keep the public funds in the public treasury.

### To All American Voters

OPEN your mouth and shut your eyes,  
We'll give you something that's three-fourths lies.





NOT YET, BUT SOON (PATENT APPLIED FOR)

### Can Anyone Answer?

Suppose a producer of any commodity for sale should in any way within his power ill-treat all his customers. How long would it be before the producer would be in bankruptcy? —Judge E. H. Gary.

WE frankly admit our inability to answer this question. The Coal Trust, for instance, has been at it for some time without notable diminution of credit rating. It has been estimated that the coal supply would fail in about fifty years. Perhaps that will give the judge a clue to the information he seeks.

### Popularity

"If a man," says Emerson, "can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten track to his door."

So also if a man can corner the meat supply or the oil supply or any other of the necessities of life.

### Mr. Mellen and Senator Bailey

WE congratulate President Mellen of the New Haven Railroad on the almost complete collection of newspaper obituaries which he must have acquired as a consequence of the recent report of his resignation. His picture has been in all the papers hereabouts and we have all read the record of his business life, and critical estimates of his qualities and of the value or expense of his services to the New Haven road. One day we parted with him, some with regret, others with satisfaction, many more with mixed feelings. The next day he denied the report and we had him back again.

Mr. Mellen must now regard himself as a resurrected man. We bespeak for him the enjoyment of all the equities and benefits that properly accrue to that condition.

Senator Bailey's obituaries, which followed his announcement of his determination not to run again for the Senate, are still good up to the time of this writing. He has not yet recalled the resolve that invited them. The collection is very large and of a high degree of candor, and may yet irritate Mr. Bailey into a resolution to live down his past and make a new fight for office. A slight indication that the sight of himself as others see him may have this result, is the report that he will practice law, not in New York, as first expected, but in Fort Worth, Texas.

JOY rides go before a fall and a haughty chauffeur before destruction.



SUFFRAGETTES' BARGAIN DAY



THE MOST ESSENTIAL FEATURE OF THE MUSICAL SHOW. IN THIS CASE IT HAPPENS TO BE THE LADIES OF THE CHORUS OF "THE KISS-WALTZ"



### From Belasco to Domestic Squabbling



FOR a title, "Cherchez la Femme" would have been better than "The Woman" for Mr. de Mille's play at the Republic. The play is given over almost entirely to the quest of a woman whose unknown identity creates all sorts of trouble in a nest of Washington politicians who are trying to pass corrupt legislation against virtuous insurgent opposition. They have fastened a scandal on the insurgent leader, but before they can use it they must be sure who the woman is. The audience knows all along that it is the wife of one of the plotters, so interest centers in the personality of the young girl telephone operator at the Washington hotel where the action takes place. Her knowledge of the truth and the efforts of the conspirators to wring it from her are woven ingeniously into the plot and give opportunity for some of the best acting in the play.

IT would be interesting to know just where Mr. de Mille leaves off and Mr. Belasco begins in responsibility for this play. The association of names is an old one, Mr. de Mille's father having long been Mr. Belasco's collaborator. In this case Mr. Belasco's name does not appear as co-author, but his managerial touch is apparent all through the piece. Mr. John W. Cope as *Jim Blake*, the most corrupt but most virile character in the play, is an example of Mr. Belasco's skill in selecting a cast which is also evidenced in the choice of Mr. Cuyler Hastings to impersonate the insurgent and of Miss Mary Nash, a young actress not greatly distinguished hitherto, to show Mr. Belasco's training in the admirable work she does as the telephone girl, both in its comedy lines and in its strenuous scenes. It is this guarantee of a finished

product that makes the Belasco trade-mark valuable and leads to the belief that Mr. de Mille was sincere when he said in his curtain speech that Mr. Belasco was quite as much responsible for its success as the author himself.

Ingenious as are the complications of the plot, it is possible to conceive that "The Woman," in other managerial hands, might easily have been simply another muck-raking drama exposing the methods of corrupt politicians. In it, however, every bit of sentiment and humor has been skillfully emphasized, so that the interest holds through scenes devoted to the arraignment of the American tendency to grafting in every walk of life.

"The Woman" is well worth sitting through both as a drama and as another example of Mr. Belasco's genius as a developer of stage results.



EVERY English indeed is "Passers-By." So much so in fact that Mr. Richard Bennett, as a young English bachelor who is suddenly brought face to face with his dead past, seems rather American for the part, particularly as Mr. Frohman has surrounded him with English actors who emphasize the contrast.

The play is decidedly out of the usual. The hero has engaged himself to a young woman in his own aristocratic set and then, through an impulse for bringing persons from the street for entertainment in his bachelor quarters, encounters the girl whom he really loved but of whom he had lost track. The complication is increased by the fact that the latter has become the mother of a son to him. This child is taken from the apartment by one of his irresponsible guests, which apparent kidnapping leads to the fiancée becoming friendly with her rival, the breaking of the engagement and the righting of the earlier wrong.

This is neither a remarkable nor a specially interesting plot and Mr. C. Haddon Chambers burdens it with considerable unessential dialogue. The interest lies in the characters of *Pine*, the valet, who gives us a new view of servants' vices; "Nighty," a night cabman, who is one of the guests and especially in *Samuel Burns*, a London derelict, excellently played by Mr. Ernest Lawford. Our civilization is not old enough to have produced two such types as Mr. Julian Royce's *Pine* and the social outcast who insists on his right to be an outcast and resents being improved, no matter how

philanthropic the motives of his benefactors. They are two capital stage creations. The *Margaret Summers*, who takes her love misfortune very philosophically, as judged by American standards, is a more conventional character and is played conventionally by Louise Rutter.

"Passers-By" is talkily tiresome at points, but its interest is unusual and it is sufficiently well staged and acted to entitle it to the patronage of those who are looking for something more than the trivial in the theatre.



MR. ROBERT WARWICK AND FLORA ZABELLE IN "THE KISS WALTZ"

WHAT a blessing "The Kiss Waltz" and its pretty music would be if only it came at a time when so many of our musical shows were not trying to emulate the success of "The Merry Widow" and its waltz movement. As it is, the piece is excellent of its kind so far as music, dancing, costuming and scenery go. The singing, except the chorus numbers, is of rather mediocre quality. The book, by Mr. Edgar Smith, is one of those machine-made documents which the patrons of musical shows endure for the

sake of the chorus girls and other things that go to make up this form of entertainment. Even if Mr. Smith had written the cleverest of lines no one would ever know it on account of the fact that the women of the musical show stage seem to regard as beneath their contempt anything in the way of an effort to deliver their speeches properly.

The waltz dance—it cannot be called a waltz—which was such a popular feature of "The Merry Widow," is developing into a sensual proposition pretty close to the danger line. The one in this work is a rank imitation of the other, but does not seem to stir the same enthusiasm. Perhaps the public is enjoying a healthy reaction. But "The Kiss Waltz" is handsomely staged and will doubtless please that element of the public for which it is intended.

WHAT the Doctor Ordered" at the Astor is a farcical comedy almost thin enough to have been written by Mr. Somerset Maugham. Instead of that it is the work of

an American author, Mr. A. E. Thomas, who has not yet achieved the Englishman's ability to take almost nothing and by fanciful trimming, with clever dialogue and minor situations, turn it into almost something. In the present case a young husband, played with his usual finish by Mr. Fritz Williams, is shown in disagreement with his young wife. The family doctor happens in and hearing his tale of woe, prescribes on the theory of *similia similibus curantur*. That is, when the wife smashes a plate, the husband should retaliate by throwing the entire dinner service out of the window. The situation which arises is not improved by the presence of the two mother-in-laws in the house. The happy curtain is brought about by the return of the doctor with suggestions for another course of treatment. The action is helped along by Mr. Allan Pollock's distinguished work along rather new lines in the character of a young-man friend of the family, the contrasting types of mother-in-laws by Kate Meek and Mable Bert and the prettiness and deftness of Katherine Bayard Bell as the family maid.

"What the Doctor Ordered" comes in a season of strong theatrical competition. Its dramatic excellencies are so slender that it is not likely to stand the stress very long.

*Metcalfe.*

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES

- Astor.*—"What the Doctor Ordered," by Mr. A. E. Thomas.
- Bijou.*—"Modern Marriage," by Mr. Harrison Rhodes. Comedy of American life, reasonably well acted but not particularly clever.
- Belasco.*—"The Concert." The professional musician and his feminine adorners made the subject of an amusing, satirical and well staged comedy.
- Broadway.*—"The Never Homes." Notice later.
- Casino.*—"The Kiss Waltz." See above.
- Cohan's.*—"The Little Millionaire."
- Comedy.*—"Speed," by L. W. Dodd. Diverting comedy dealing with the economic and moral influence of the automobile.
- Criterion.*—"Passers-By," by Mr. Haddon Chambers.
- Daly's.*—"Next!" by Rida Johnson Young. Notice later.
- Empire.*—"A Single Man." Agreeable English comedy pleasantly done by Mr. John Drew and good company.
- Gaiety.*—Mr. Rupert Hughes's amusing farce, "Excuse Me."
- Globe.*—"A Gentleman of Leisure." Laughable comedy dealing with the adventures of an amateur burglar impersonated by Mr. Douglass Fairbanks.
- Harris.*—"Maggie Pepper." The melodrama of the department store, written by Mr. Charles Klein and interpreted by Rose Stahl. Quite interesting.
- Hippodrome.*—"Around the World." Elaborate stage portrayal of scenes and doings in foreign places with spectacle and ballet.
- Hudson.*—"Snobs," with Mr. Frank McIntyre. The stoutest comedian in fairly amusing light comedy.
- Knickerbocker.*—"The Siren." Tastefully costumed but otherwise not remarkable musical show with dancing and Viennese music.
- Lyceum.*—"The Arab," by Mr. Edgar Selwyn.
- Lyric.*—Mr. Henry Kolker in "The Great Name." Notice later.
- Maxine Elliott's.*—Gertrude Elliott in Mr. Joseph Medill Paterson's "Rebellion." Notice later.
- Playhouse.*—"Bought and Paid For," by Mr. George Broadhurst. Notice later.
- Republic.*—"The Woman." See above.
- Thirty-ninth Street.*—Margaret Anglin in "Green Stockings." Notice later.
- Wallack's.*—"Disraeli," by Mr. Louis N. Parker. Charming, though sketchy little play, with Mr. George Arliss's delightful counterfeiting of the British statesman.
- Weber's.*—"A Man of Honor." Not impressive muck-raking drama dealing with the temptations of a judge.
- Winter Garden.*—Bill of extravaganza headed by Gaby Deslys.

Scrambled Dramas



"A MAN OF HONOR" ON "THE RACK"



"SPEED" IN "MODERN MARRIAGE"

## Are You Getting a Divorce?

*Before Appearing in Court, Be Sure and Consult the Fashion Reform League—Proved to Be the Most Important Institution in the Country—What to Do If You Are the Hostess at a House Party*



**DIVORCE FROCK**  
ONE OF THE LATEST COURT DESIGNS

OUT of nearly one hundred and fifty members of LIFE's Fashion Reform League who have had to appear in court, one hundred and forty have won their suits because they were properly gowned in accordance with our latest court designs. Thus we have established another claim to the affection and respect of the American people.

A recent costume of ours, worn by a young lady who was obliged to appear in court, consisted of a shrimp pink étamine, with a white satin overgarment unlined and trimmed with Egyptian scarabs, mosquito net hose made of raw silk, white plush slippers with heels en rampant, a Nile-green willow plume, with a cherry tree effect in rear. The judge granted the decree at once and assigned forty thousand a year alimony. We make only special court designs to order, and before doing so it will be necessary to give us a history of the case and the name of the judge.

This league is founded on basic principles and we regret that there should have gone out an impression that we are not serious in our intentions.

Any attempt to make light of us or to minimize our influence by referring

to us in a slighting manner will be met by proper measures at once.

What we are accomplishing in this country is more important than the work the Government is doing. It is more important than any other industry. It reaches out and envelopes everything.

Our millinery department is the life of the gun trade, and the metal work we use in the way of trimming has a tremendous bearing upon the iron and steel industry. If anyone doubts this, let him examine the figures. When we introduced the so-called harem skirt, the scantiness in cloth almost ruined some of the merchants who dealt in fabrics that had hitherto been used for suits. We could only make it up to them in other ways, one of which was by increasing the length of men's pajamas.

Our designs for shoes and slippers have materially altered the course of the leather trade—in fact, there is no industry that we do not practically control.

The pessimists told us that if the women became absorbed in the suffragette movement this would result in a great loss of trade; we immediately started designs for suffragists, with the result that they are now conceded to

be the most handsomely gowned women in the country. One of our latest stump-speaking gowns is composed of a directoire paneled effect, with cloth of gold, which falls gracefully just below the knees, and a Continental cocked hat four feet high, trimmed with ostrich plumes and hot-house cucumbers. No one can resist it.

Some of our fundamental principles are:

**TO ORIGINATE FASHIONS IN THIS COUNTRY.** Our motto: "America for the Americans."

**CONSTANTLY TO SURPRISE THE MEN.** The moment they get used to a thing, then it is time to change it. This keeps money in circulation.

**TO PROVE THAT FASHION IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD.** Why? Because the only object any man has to make a living is to keep his wife and daughters in clothes. In doing this he perfects his own character, becomes able and unselfish. That is why we have so many able men who are running for the Presidency.

**TO PORTRAY BY FASHIONS THE GREAT WORLD MOVEMENTS.** You can tell in advance what is coming next, just by walking down Fifth avenue and looking at all the sixteen-year-olds.

**TO DEVELOP THE RIGHT KIND OF ART INSTINCT, WHICH STOPS AT NOTHING.** When it is considered that all women are alike, and that by our scientific treatment of this great problem we are able to make them all different, our importance will be vaguely understood.

To join the league it is only necessary to subscribe to the Constitution of the United States and send us one thousand dollars in advance. No matter where you are, you are eligible. We shall treat our Canadian friends with an equal consideration. This is one broad land. We expect to buy enough Canadian products to offset our absurdly low entrance fee.

Our immense plant in LIFE Park (formerly Central) is now teeming with the most intense activity. In our foreign nobleman department we are making alliances daily. In our *non-veau riche* establishment we teach everything, from how to spend a week end to building a ten-million-dollar country home on the top of a hill.

Our banting parlors are the most popular in the country. We guarantee a loss of five pounds a week and no rolling on the floor or dieting.

Some of our late summer designs



EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY

are capturing the hearts of the ablest men in the country at Lenox, Bar Harbor and Narragansett.

We show you how you can make your own clothes at home at a cost of only ten thousand a year.



"OUR BANTING PARLORS ARE THE MOST POPULAR IN THE COUNTRY"

Here is a letter from a new patron, who has just come into a million, which illustrates how necessary this league is to people who unexpectedly inherit large fortunes:

DEAR LEAGUE:

Please let me know what I shall do in entertaining guests at my house party. Am I expected to supply them with soap? How many towels a day per guest?

Shall I go to the station to meet them, or shall I wait upon the piazza? Who does up their laundry?

What time shall I have breakfast? Is it proper to say "motor ride" or "motor drive"? During my husband's absence, ought I to flirt with any of the men? In case there are not enough bath-tubs (I don't think there are) what ought I to do? Is every guest expected to take a bath every day? What kind of music ought I to provide? Would it be proper for me to entertain them by reading aloud? Ought I to suggest a game of auction? (I am only just learning.)

Yours in anguish,

We have sent our friend full instructions, but we hasten meanwhile to assure her that the proper thing at present for hostesses at house parties is to pay no attention at all to the guests, but to turn them over to the servants. To go to the station to meet any of your guests or show them that you are overjoyed at their presence, would be considered bad form.

LIFE'S FASHION REFORM LEAGUE.



"COME ACROSS WID DE REST OF YER TINGS, SPORT."  
"NOT ANOTHER STITCH! THIS IS AS FAR AS ONE CAN GO IN A RESPECTABLE FAMILY PAPER LIKE *Life*."

Motor Madness

○ N Saturdays, these latter days, these awful din-  
and-clatter days,  
When *everyone* goes motoring—yes, every  
blessed one,  
The city is (and pity 'tis) deserted as it never  
was,  
For everyone is rich, you know, and rated  
high in Dun.

They slip away, they skip away, good gracious! how they  
zip away  
For week-end parties in the hills or by the booming sea;  
And if you're not a racing man, a wonderful swift pacing man,  
You're left behind, and no one cares—they rush by merrily.

They say it's true (each day it's true; I know that if you say  
it's true),  
That everyone buys motors when he cannot buy a shirt;  
And if you do not own a car, induce some friend to loan a  
car,  
And buzz away delightfully—yes, have your little spurt;

Or take yourself, and make yourself, as there you sit and  
shake yourself,  
A most entrancing motor guest for week-ends by the score;  
And if at that you don't succeed (some people simply *won't*  
succeed)  
Why not become a grand chauffeur? They earn a lot—or  
more!

At any rate, degenerate from millions to the penny rate,  
*But see that you go motoring*—it's smart to leave the town.  
For if you're a pedestrian, or even an equestrian,  
You'll feel the motor madness too—the day one knocks you  
down!  
*Charles Hanson Towne.*

L—A—W

A LAW student is not entitled to a diploma until he  
can properly pronounce the word "law." It is im-  
portant. It is perhaps the most important of all, vastly  
more so than a knowledge of Blackstone.

It is impossible to write or print the word "law" as  
a good lawyer pronounces it. Type as large as a Hearst  
headline, italicized and triply underscored, might approxi-  
mate the required importance, but it could give no fair idea  
of the loving reverence, the respectful obeisance, the au-  
thoritative awfulness, the thunderbolt finality and the un-  
ctuous resonance with which all good lawyers scatter this  
word about a court room.

"Such and such is the L—a—w," he announces sten-  
toriously, perhaps holding up a calf-bound book or shak-  
ing a belligerent fist as if ready to stand upon the law  
and fight the world, the flesh and the devil. The mere  
fact that opposing counsel two minutes later proves that  
such and such is not the law and never was the law, abates  
not one jot his enthusiasm for the word. In an instant or  
two he is at it again crowding as much mighty majesty  
into these three letters as vocal cords can fashion.

*E. O. J.*

What Is a Political Economist?

THERE is grave reason to believe that the number of  
political economists is increasing. We mention the  
matter in no unkindly or churlish spirit. We believe that  
at heart the American people are sound and when con-  
fronted by a crisis will be equal to it.

We have heard it asserted, by those who presume to  
know, that a political economist has as much a right to  
live as any man. We by no means wish to contend to the  
contrary. This is a great country and its powers of as-  
similation are wonderful; to the careless observer, to one  
who has supreme confidence in our institutions, it may  
seem that the addition of a few political economists is not  
going to matter.

We have never met a political economist face to face,  
although we confess to a morbid curiosity on the subject.  
We once knew a man who had done so and he is still alive.  
He is, we may remark, not the same man. He smiles, but  
not with the old smile; he talks of commonplace things  
and occasionally his face lights up, but it is evident that  
the old joy is no longer there. With courage and deter-  
mination, he has taken up life anew and still struggles on.  
Such men as these are silent heroes; their names should  
be recorded in history.

While we have never associated with political econo-  
mists, we have observed them at a distance, grazing se-  
dately in the field of finance. We have seen them toss their  
heads and lay back their ears and we have been possessed  
with a reckless desire to climb over the fence and see what  
they would do. But a sublime caution has ever been our  
mainstay. In spite of our ignorance, however, we shall  
abandon this caution for the present and endeavor to give  
our definition of a political economist.

A political economist is one who deals in political econ-  
omy. We know this to be a fact and we assert it fear-  
lessly. This is a matter that it would be useless for any-  
body to dispute—at least with us.

As to whether political economy is a science or not,  
we have heard it stated that it was, but we are not pre-  
pared to say, at the present moment, that this is so.  
Neither would we necessarily assert that it is not so.

Some day, when we see some political economist se-  
curely tethered to a bank, we shall creep up—not near  
enough, you understand, so that he may attack us, but just  
out of reach—and ask him to tell us the fatal truth.

In the meantime, a blissful ignorance is our hopeless—  
and innocently joyful—plight.  
*T. L. M.*

Desirable But Difficult

ONE of the multitude of home-coming magnates rises to  
remark that the *summum bonum* is to separate the  
public business from politics.

We agree, but we should like to go further. We should  
like also to separate private affairs from business, church  
matters from religion, education from the schools, do-  
mestic matters from the home, foreign affairs from diplo-  
macy, and war from the army and navy.

It is very careless of us to call the public business by its  
right name.



The Unravelling of An





Unravelling of Another Mystery



We Are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which Are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Absolutely Essential to Publication

### The Union Card

DEAR LIFE:

I always read the "From Our Readers" page in LIFE. Many of the views there expressed remind me of the old saw—it depends on the way you hold the looking glass. In your issue of August 31, "A Union Man's" letter did not show unusual or deep thinking, but the last sentence—"the workingman who realizes that his fortune is his 'union card'"—attracted my attention. I am a union man, was obliged to join after being told I could get no more work. I buy my "union card" regularly and it is a most unsatisfactory and humiliating purchase. I am thoroughly convinced a very large majority of the men who carry "union cards" are anxiously waiting for the time when it will be safe to throw them away. This isn't much of a "Land of the Free" for the non-union man, do you think?

I am, compulsorily,  
"A UNION MAN."

September 8, 1911.

### Doubts from Ottawa

DEAR LIFE:

I always enjoy LIFE. It is always ahead of the time a little and full of surprises and new thoughts. The issue of August 24 surprises me in the criticism of Mr. Locke's novel, "The Glory of Clementina." I found the work good

reading of its kind, and never dreamed that he had a "purposive bee." Now I see it and am sorry. Other things do not surprise me. For example: that some people form a habit of saying things without thought in its true sense, as does your correspondent, Stirling Hyde, relative to vaccination.

Vaccination has never been proved a successful preventive of smallpox that I can discover. No statistics on the matter are reliable. *En passant*, it may be interesting to you to learn that the Chief of Police of Montreal has lately ordered the arrest of persons spreading anti-vaccination literature. I have personal knowledge of many serious happenings to persons through vaccination, but have yet to see proof that a vaccinated person who did not get smallpox would have had it had he not been vaccinated, or that a person who recovered from both vaccination and smallpox would have died of the latter had he not suffered the former.

I have been through four epidemics and have observed that it never attacks clean people living in wholesome environment. Was vaccinated when quite young and nearly lost my life thereby, my arm being saved purely by a wonderful innate power of resistance. A girl five years old (my sister-in-law), died in a few weeks after being vaccinated; her health had been good up to the time of her inoculation.

No statistics exist showing the num-

ber of withered arms, losses of sight, losses of life and broken down constitutions produced by the filthy vaccine. Many, however, who have lived where vaccination is compulsory, can tell of bad results observed.

Yours truly,

H. McD. WALTERS.

OTTAWA, August 29, 1911.

### What is Love, Anyway?

DEAR LIFE:

A Newport "society" girl marries for love and is ostracized by her parents and "society."

Another girl marries for ten millions or more, and "society" will break its back to bow to her.

Another girl, the "woman" in the Richmond trial, gave herself for love, when a mere child, and all classes of "society" will hound her until she dies.

Do the gods laugh at or weep over us, and isn't the dignity of "society" somewhat similar to that of a billy-goat?

Sincerely yours,

ONE WHO WISHES TO KNOW.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
September 11, 1911.

### Good Idea!

EDITOR LIFE:

SIR.—I have enjoyed LIFE for a number of years and have been somewhat amazed at your continued antagonism to and criticism of such things as vaccination, Boards of Health and Serum Therapy. I have a suggestion to make; try to abolish Boards of Health, vaccination and Serum Therapy for say twenty years and await results.

Yours truly,

FRED. PULESTON.

September 9, 1911.

### The Difference

"AFTER all," observes the thoughtful man, "there's always a lot of difference between expectation and realization."

"You bet," answers the man with the chenille whiskers. "For instance, reading a seed catalogue in the spring and looking at your garden in the fall."

TEACHER: How many zones has the earth?

PUPIL: Five.

TEACHER: Correct. Name them.

PUPIL: Temperate zone, intemperate, canal, horrid and o.



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT





## The Transferred Suitor

YOUNG Trayne had been in the employ of Craigstone & Co., bankers, for over three years. He had begun as a runner. It was supposed that old man Craigstone had taken a fancy to him, for it was not unusual for Craigstone to send Trayne on his personal commissions.

On this particular morning the familiar "You're wanted inside" had come to Trayne, and his heart beat more rapidly as he thought of the probability of his errand.

The "old man" had long been interested in settlement work, which fact, however, was not known to the outside world—and he had been accustomed to sending Trayne around to the settlement headquarters with instructions to the manager.

The manager was a Miss Ward. Trayne had come to know her very well indeed.

He entered the private office, and in obedience to a gesture, sat down, while the king of the financial world wrote with pen and ink a note, addressing it to Miss Ward.

"You take this around to Miss Ward," he said, "and if she has any answer you can fetch it right back." He sealed the envelope and handed it to Trayne, who had gotten up.

Trayne started out, but Craigstone stopped him.

"What do you think of this settlement work?"

"Hopeless."

"Why?"

"Well, sir, it's a drop in the bucket. You can't help those people."

"How much have you seen of it?"

"A great deal."

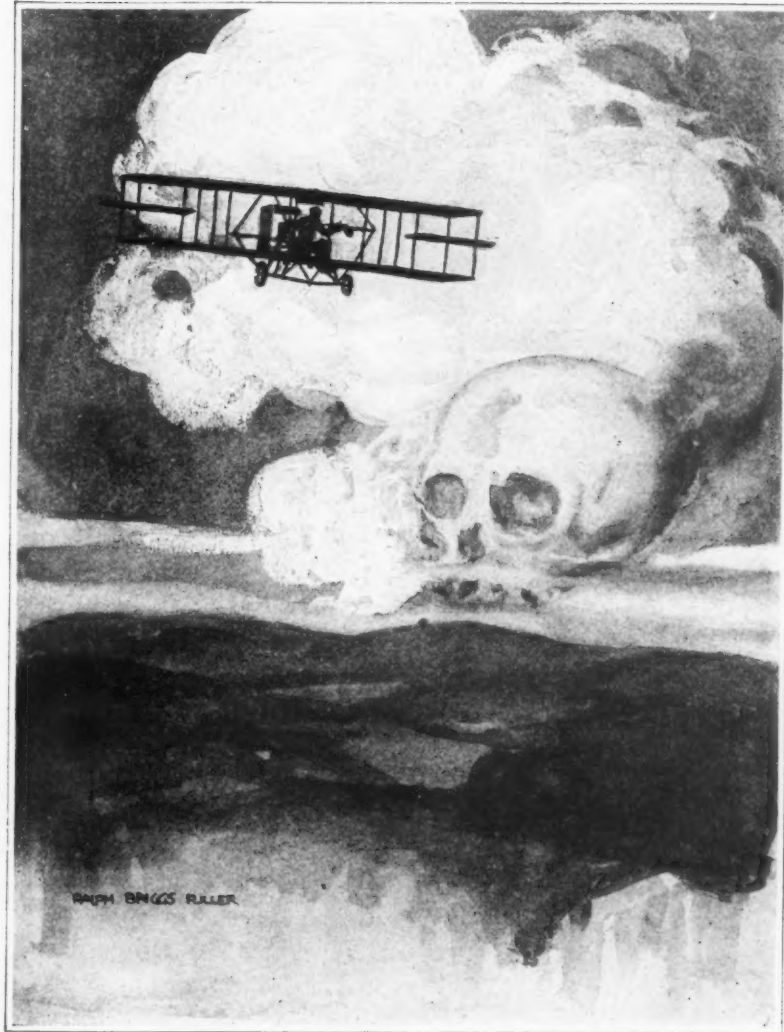
Trayne smiled, as much as to say that he had the courage to take a liberty with the old man that perhaps others wouldn't have taken.

"Miss Ward is a very attractive girl," he went on, "and I've been there a great deal. You may have to get another settlement manager, Mr. Craigstone."

Craigstone set down his huge cigar deliberately on a brass plate in front of him.

"So that's the idea," he said. "Have you asked her yet?"

"No, sir. It didn't seem quite fair to ask her without consulting you; of course, she can do as she pleases and you can probably get another settlement



THE FLIRT

manager; still, I met her through going there from your office and I think I ought to get your consent."

Craigstone looked at him fixedly.

"There's really no reason why you should," he said coldly. "It's a matter outside of business. If she wants to lose her job that's her own concern."

He started to go on with his mail, when Trayne paused.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but—but—I'm not anxious to lose my job; if I did, I couldn't very well get married."

Craigstone picked up his cigar again.

"We never guarantee anything here," he said, "as you know; if we don't want you you will receive a month's notice. That's all."

Nobody on earth could dismiss an intruder any more completely than the old man. Trayne vanished.

The settlement house was an old mansion that had been hired and renovated for the purpose. It was in the heart of the East Side. Miss Ward, the manager, had with her a number of college girls who helped in the work—who came and went as their impulses directed. Some of them stayed for a year, but most of them were satisfied with a



"HIRAM! SECH LANGUAGE! AN' YOU AN ELDER IN THE CHURCH!"

few weeks. They began with a tremendous enthusiasm; to regenerate the world was a passion, but it was, usually, a fleeting one. There is as much, if not more, drudgery in doing for others as in any other business of life. It is, on the whole, dull, uninteresting, discouraging; only at times are there flashes of sublime joy.

Trayne handed Miss Ward the note. She opened it and said:

"Very well, you can just tell Mr. Craigstone that I will keep the engagement."

"Would you mind writing that out?" said Trayne. "The old man was in a sour mood this morning and I don't want to come into contact with him."

"What was the matter with him?" said Miss Ward, as she scribbled away on a pad.

Trayne got up and pushed the door almost shut.

"I told him I was in love with you," he said quietly, "and that I wanted to marry you."

"What did you do that for?"

"I thought he ought to know it. I had met you through him and it seemed to me only fair that he should know about it; besides—"

Miss Ward clasped her pretty hands together.

"Dear me," she cried, "how embarrassing. I can see it all now. You thought it might cost you your position, didn't you? He is awfully strict about some things—I know him—although I am never afraid of him. What did he say?"

"I told him frankly that I didn't want to lose my job—indeed, I couldn't afford to and get married, and he replied—Oh, well, he didn't give me any satisfaction—just said they made no guarantees and that if they didn't want me they would give me the customary month's notice."

"And what did you say?"

"I came—here. You see, Helen, I am terribly in love with you and I want to marry you; you are different from so many of the other girls—you have a real object in life—"

"But you don't approve of settlement work." She smiled.

"Yes, I do; I can't see that it does much good, but without making the effort, as fruitless as it seems, this would be a great deal worse world than it is."

"That's what Mr. Craigstone said. But neither of you know the joy of it—it brings you face to face with reality, with self-sacrifice, with suffering. I couldn't leave it—they need me."

"My dear girl, I don't ask you to leave it; I will live with you anywhere—here, if you like—we can get an apartment here. I don't care, so long as I have—you!"

"I cannot tell you now. I shall have to think it over. It involves too much."

"It isn't impossible, is it—dear?"

She smiled at him again.

"Nothing is impossible," she said, "to a bright young man like you."

In the suddenness of his delight he sprang up and tried to take her hand, but she held him off.

"Not now. Wait. You must go.

There is a delegation of striking waitresses coming—here they are. And here is your note to take back."

A confusion of voices outside filled the air. Trayne, baffled for the moment, made his way out through a mass of drooping, wilted, East Side girls with tired, anxious faces. But one laughed outright at him as she noted his embarrassment.

Trayne left the note at the office, not caring to deliver it in person, and made his way out again. He had a well formulated plan.

He paused in front of the — Bank, a large, imposing brownstone building of ten stories.

He asked to see the president, Mr. Corby. Mr. Corby would see him.

On numerous occasions he had delivered papers to Mr. Corby; the old gentleman had been kindly disposed toward him. Trayne knew in a general way that any young man who had been working for Craigstone & Co. would be welcome at the — Bank.

"Mr. Corby," he said, "I'm looking for a job."

"Have you left Craigstone?"

"No, sir."

"Do they know that you are going to leave them?"

"No, sir. I don't know that myself yet."

"What makes you think that you would be acceptable to us?"

"Well, sir, you have had a chance to see me off and on during the past year and you know some of the things I have done. There was the Washington matter. Mr. Craigstone was pleased about that."

"Don't you think in the long run you would do better with them? They are the biggest concern in the Street. Mr. Craigstone practically commands us all."

Mr. Corby, as a matter of fact, was on the lookout for just such a young man as Trayne; he had been watching him secretly for some time, but if the change was made, he wanted it adjusted on the right basis; it would never do to offend Craigstone.

"Better tell me your story," he said. "You young fellows are sometimes impetuous—if it's a temporary clash you have had, you might regret it; besides, we don't want you unless it's all right—in every way," he added emphatically.

"It's perfectly simple, sir. The old man—I beg your pardon, we always call him that—has put up a lot of money for an East Side settlement house; he has a young lady in charge of it—and she's a wonder."

(Continued on page 591)



"THESE PILLS MAY MAKE ME GROW, MOTHER, BUT THE MORE I TAKE THE WORSE I FEEL."

### Wilson's Mistake

IN taking a position opposed to Aldrich's Big Bank, Governor Wilson made a serious mistake by adding: "I have not given sufficient study to the question" to go into details. President Taft made the same mistake in taking exactly the opposite position before the bankers' association at Manhattan Beach.

The *New York Times* was very generous in overlooking President Taft's confessed inability to speak upon the subject, but, of course, it could not be expected to go on forever in its generosity, and accordingly Governor Wilson comes in for a good round lecture upon his presumptuousness.

And the *Times* is perfectly right. Both Wilson and Taft were wrong. No person who expects to have his remarks reviewed by the newspapers should ever admit anything. They should follow the example of the newspapers, those mysterious repositories of knowledge and advice. We

feel quite sure that the *Times* would never admit that it had not given sufficient study to a question.

Modesty in a public official may be becoming, but it is not safe unless the newspapers are equally modest.

### Your Girl

HERE are some of the things that may happen to your favorite daughter:

She may run off with your chauffeur.

She may develop a passion for the stage. You will notice the beginning of this by the matinee idol's photographs that accumulate on her walls. You never can tell the end.

She may become a religious monomaniac.

She may—and probably will—enter into an absorbing and perplexing intimacy with an undesirable girl friend.

She may become addicted to red paint, peroxide and powders, which—in spite of all you can do—she con-

ceals in secret recesses in her bureau.

She may get into the habit of standing at the head of her class and wind up by being an intellectual recluse.

She may be a devotee of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

She may have "a mission in life" and feel the need of "expressing herself."

### Seattle Overdoes the Recall

HIRAM C. GILL was elected Mayor of Seattle, served a few months, didn't suit, and was recalled. George W. Dilling took his place last February. After six months of Mayor Dilling the recall machinery was again put in motion and signatures were easily obtained, though the objections to Dilling are vague. But the business men of the city have protested with a formal and unanimous howl. Business can't be done, they say, and the city won't grow if there is to be this constant agitation in politics.

So probably Mayor Dilling will stick.

# Stoddard-Dayton 1912 Line



**SUCCESSFUL** motor-car manufacture demands continual improvement of proven products, and either increased values or lower prices year by year.

Enhanced values or lower prices are possible only by economies effected by better manufacturing and selling methods and facilities, and by quantity production. To this end the United States Motor Company was formed by successful makers.

With an already wonderful car, with a wonderful record and reputation, the Stoddard-Dayton, since joining the United States

Motor Company, has been able to effect economies and improve its cars until in 1912 each dollar buys half again as much as was possible two years ago.

We gratefully recognize the satisfaction our cars have given in the past eight years, and are proud of the pride of ownership expressed by Stoddard-Dayton owners.

But we are confident they will regard 1912 Stoddard-Daytons as the most extraordinary values ever offered in **QUALITY CARS**.

The lines of all the body designs tend toward extreme simplicity. The effect is striking. The use of running-board tool-boxes does away with all unsightly

battery boxes, gas tanks, etc., that mar the appearance of the usual car. Neatness and simplicity are carried to a still further impressive state by removing from the dash everything except the gasoline and oil pressure gauges and the small cover of the coil.

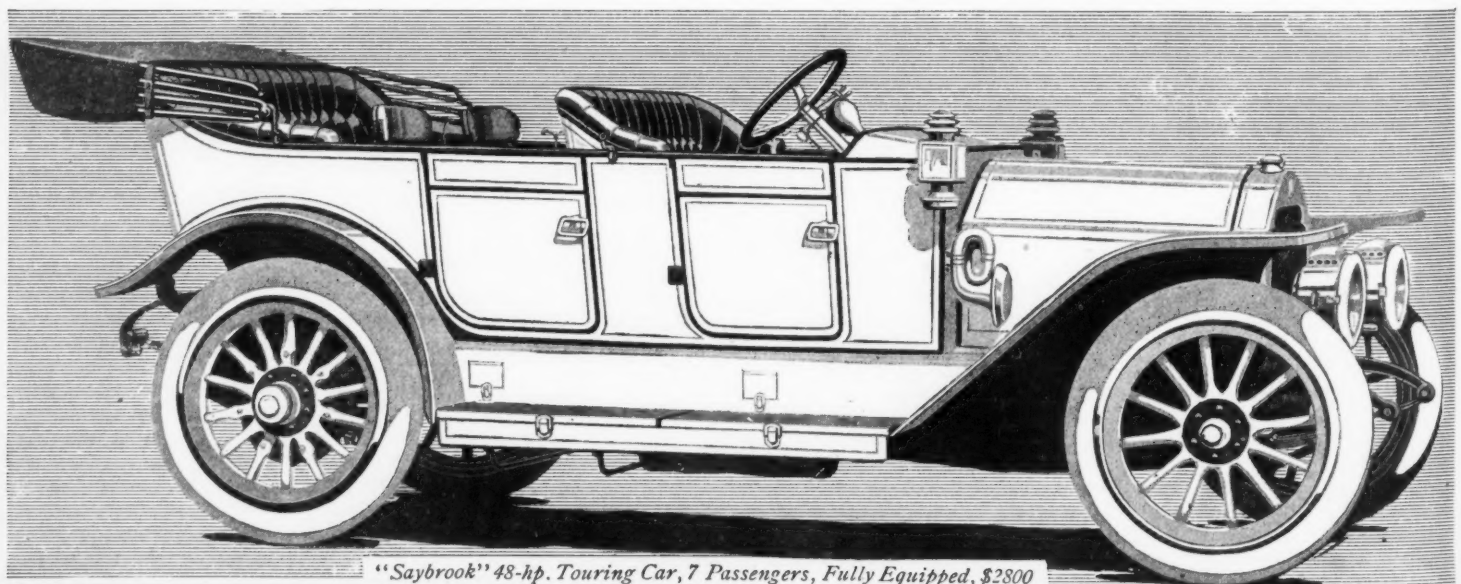
The forward part of the bodies have been widened considerably, giving ample space for the working of control and brake levers inside the body. The front seats of "Knight," "Special" and "Saybrook" Touring cars and Torpedo models are adjustable forward and back, to accommodate drivers of various leg-lengths who have found no car that exactly fitted them.

**Stoddard-Dayton "Savoy" 28 hp. \$1450** Five-passenger Touring Car; four-cylinder, 4 x 4½; wheel-base, 112 inches. Made also with four-passenger Touring or two-passenger Roadster bodies or with two styles of Commercial wagon bodies.

**Stoddard-Dayton "Stratford" 38 hp. \$1850** Five-passenger Touring Car; four-cylinder, 4½ x 5½; wheel-base, 116 inches. Made also with seven-passenger Limousine or Landaulet bodies or with three-passenger Coupe or two-passenger Semi-Torpedo bodies.

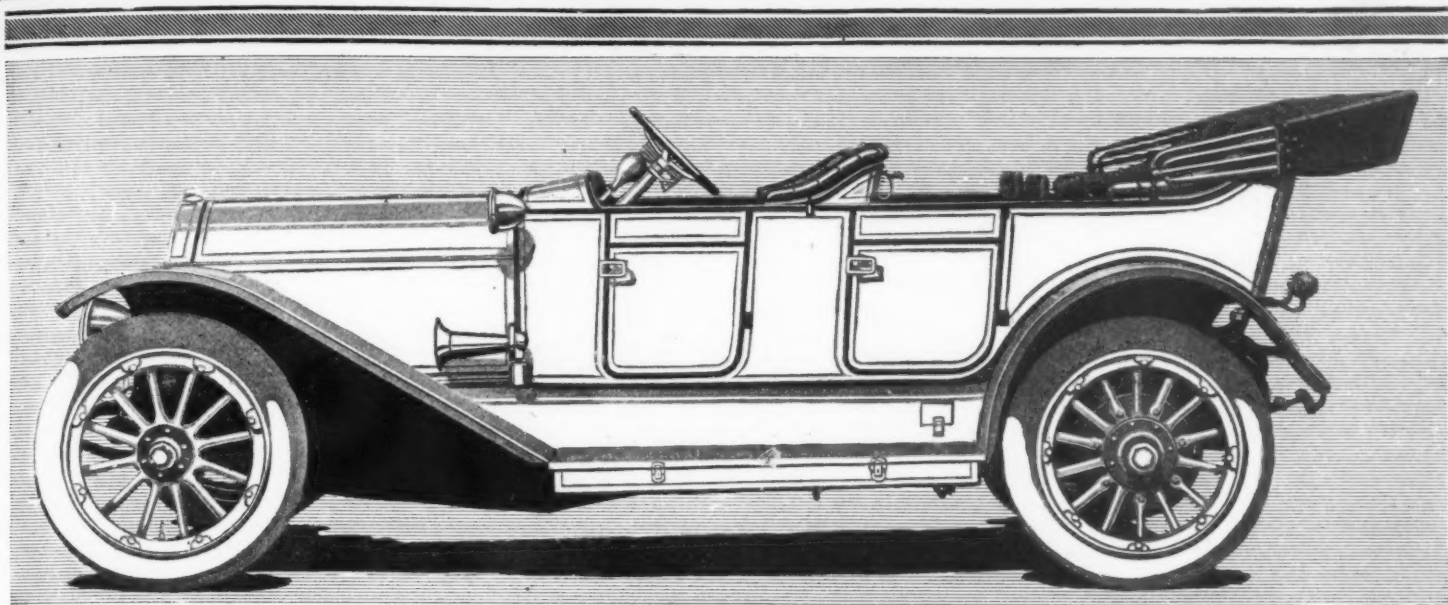
**Stoddard-Dayton "Saybrook" 48 hp. \$2800** Seven-passenger Touring Car; four-cylinder, 4½ x 5; wheel-base, 122½ inches. Also made with seven-passenger Limousine, four-passenger Torpedo or two-passenger Roadster bodies.

**Stoddard-Dayton "Special" 58 hp. \$3500** Seven-passenger Touring Car; four-cylinder, 5 x 5½; wheel-base, 130 inches. Made also with seven-passenger Limousine and six-passenger Torpedo bodies, or on a 122½-inch wheel-base with four-passenger Torpedo or two-passenger Roadster bodies. (All prices are f.o.b. Dayton.)



"Saybrook" 48-hp. Touring Car, 7 Passengers, Fully Equipped, \$2800





And a Six-Cylinder "Stoddard-Dayton-Knight," 70 hp. \$5000

**Combining the Six-Cylinder and Silent Knight principles for the first time in any car made in America—** and two important widely-commended innovations—left-hand drive and centre control. Seven-passenger fore-door Touring Car with wheel-base 133 inches; six-cylinder, 4½ x 5½; 36 x 5-inch tires; Q. D. demountable rims; mohair top and boot; windshield, rain vision; tire holders; foot-throttle; robe-rail; foot-rest; seat covers; trunk rack; Hartford shock absorbers; speedometer; big electric horn; electric-lighting outfit (including dynamo, storage battery and electric lamps); running-board tool-boxes; bulb horn; jack; all tools, \$5000. Furnished also with seven-passenger Limousine, four-passenger Torpedo and two-passenger Roadster bodies. (All prices are f.o.b. Dayton.)

**T**HE superiority of the "Silent Knight" motor lies in the substitution of new means for governing the admission of fresh gas to the cylinders, and its exhaustion after explosion.

**What the Difference Is** In the usual poppet valve motor the gas is admitted and emitted through valves placed either in the head or sides of the cylinders. These valves set in metal seats, and are opened by rods, driven from an independent shaft fitted with cams, and are closed by coil springs. These cams are governed by gears. The disarrangement of gears or rods, the wearing of valve seats or valves result in loss of power. The wear is great, and constant adjustment is necessary. Noise is inevitable when this wear takes place.

In the "Knight" motor there are only the silent, tremorless, sliding sleeves working away perfectly without care or attention. They make no noise, for they strike nothing. They cause no vibration. They merely slide up and down in perfect lubrication, and silently. The timing is positive and mechanical, and cannot be deranged by neglect or wear. In fact, it can never become deranged.

**What this Sleeve Action is Like** Take in your hands two smooth pieces of metal, oil them, then slide them one upon the other—this is the simple, noiseless, vibrationless, silent action of the sleeves in the "Stoddard-Dayton-Knight." Fitting the engine cylinder closely, one within the other, with a film of oil between, are these two sliding cylinders, and within the inner one slides the piston. Each sleeve has two slots in it, one on each side. When slot Y in the outer sleeve comes opposite slot X in the inner sleeve, and opposite the intake port C, a charge of gas is drawn into the cylinder. After the explosion has taken place, the sliding of the sleeves brings the slot B in the inner sleeve opposite slot A in the outer sleeve, and right opposite the exhaust port E, allowing the burnt gas to escape through the exhaust manifold.

Write for Details of Satisfied Owners' Free Inspection Service, and Catalog of all Models.

**DAYTON MOTOR CAR CO.** 17 West 61st St. NEW YORK  
at Broadway

Division of UNITED STATES MOTOR COMPANY

**Why Greater Power** The valve openings are larger than is possible with any other style of valve, so that greater power is secured through admittance of a fuller charge of gas, as also because of a more complete scavenging of the cylinder chamber after the explosion. Loss of compression through leakage at the sliding sleeves is impossible.

Complete water jacketing encircles the cylinders, cylinder heads, circulation areas enclosing the spark plugs, and also the gas ways, so that a uniform heat is maintained the entire length of the piston travel.

The magneto and pump drive shaft, as also the valve shaft, are driven by silent chains. Today the silent chain is used on scores of foreign cars to drive the cam shafts.

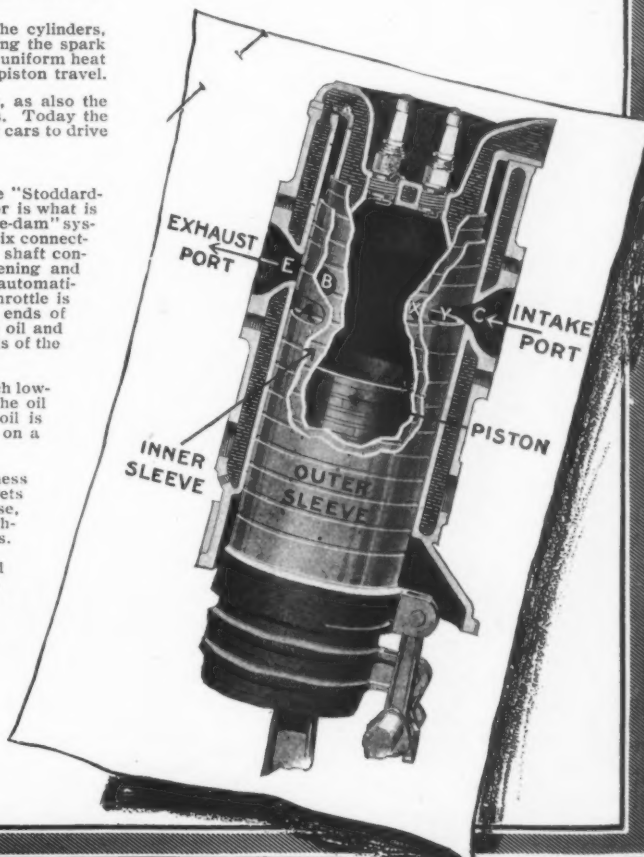
**Its Wonderful Oiling System** The lubrication of the "Stoddard-Dayton-Knight" motor is what is known as the "movable-dam" system. Located transversely beneath the six connecting rods are six oil troughs which are connected with the throttle. With the opening and closing of the throttle these troughs are automatically raised and lowered. When the throttle is opened, which raises the troughs, the ends of the connecting rods dip deep into the oil and create a splashing of oil on the lower ends of the sliding sleeves.

When the motor is throttled down, which lowers the troughs, the rods barely touch the oil and a corresponding less amount of oil is splashed. Tests of 750 miles of running on a single gallon of oil have been many.

The engine runs with equal smoothness at 50 miles or 15. It accelerates and gets away under load with remarkable ease, changing from 5 to 50 miles, if desired, without slipping the clutch or changing gears.

A "Silent Knight" motor in a five-seated car, in which were two passengers, has accelerated from a standing start on high gear to more than 35 miles an hour in 30 seconds. Surely this is an indication of remarkable low-speed engine torque.

Nothing short of an actual trial of the car can possibly convey any adequate appreciation of its characteristics. Its silence, the peculiar light feeling of the engine, and its great reserve power constitute one of the great delights in driving this car.





**This One Is On Hugh**

"When I came into the Union station the other morning, after traveling all night," said Hugh Reilly, at the Commercial Club, "I went into the barber shop. 'When you spend the night in a sleeping car,' I said to the barber, 'It doesn't improve your personal appearance, does it?'"

"'Well,' said he, as he looked me over, 'I don't know how you looked when you started, but perhaps you're right.'"—*Washington Herald.*

**Rehearsal Disturbance**

Fred Lennox, spending the summer in Chicago, took a flat close to a railroad, which he surrendered after a week's occupancy.

"I think I could have become used to the trains going by in the night," he said, "but every morning at 8 o'clock two engines came under my window and rehearsed until noon."

—*Chicago Evening Post.*

**Seeing the Town**

"To-morrow you shall see our public library. It is a magnificent building."

"I'll take your word for it. What have you got in the way of a ball team?"  
—*Washington Herald.*

"He's an independent sort of chap, isn't he?"

"I should say so. He couldn't be more independent if he were a gas company."  
—*Detroit Free Press.*



"HANDS UP!"

**Side Steps**

COUNSEL: You reside?

WITNESS: With my brother.

COUNSEL: And your brother lives?

WITNESS: With me.

COUNSEL: Precisely, but you both live—

WITNESS: Together.

—*Black and White.*

A WALL STREET man invited a bachelor friend to be one of a week-end party at his summer home in New Jersey, and said: "Be sure to bring your bathing suit, tennis racket, fishing tackle and golf clubs, for you may have use for all." The bachelor accepted the invitation, and on his return to New York wrote a note of thanks to his hostess, and to his host he sent a postcard with a picture of the Brooklyn Bridge, under which he wrote:

"When next you invite me, don't make a pretense

About racket and club, line or hook;  
Just say: 'Auction bridge—continuous performance,

But please don't forget your check book.'"

—*New York Tribune.*

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**USHER'S Whisky**

USHER'S EXTRA

**"GREEN STRIPE"**

**EDINBURGH**

G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.  
NEW YORK, SOLE AGENTS

ESTABLISHED 1818.

**Brooks Brothers,**  
**CLOTHING,**  
**Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,**

Clothing for Men and Boys  
Riding and Hunting Garments  
Liveries  
London's Autumn  
Shoes, Haberdashery, Hats  
and Leather Goods.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

**BROADWAY, Cor. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK**

*Marion*

1 9 1 2

## An X-Ray View of The Marion Proves Its Uniform Superiority

To strip and analyze the Marion car—in short, to give an X-ray view of its mechanical construction—is to reveal, not only the Marion individuality, but its predominating and uniform superiority.

In your rigid scrutiny and examination of this car please note the transmission. Two rows of ball bearings where only one is used in other cars selling at the Marion price mean fifty per cent increase in efficiency and fifty per cent decrease in all possible non-efficiency. The maximum motive power is therefore delivered at the wheels and constantly available.

*There is absolutely no power lost between the point where the power is made and the point where it is used.*

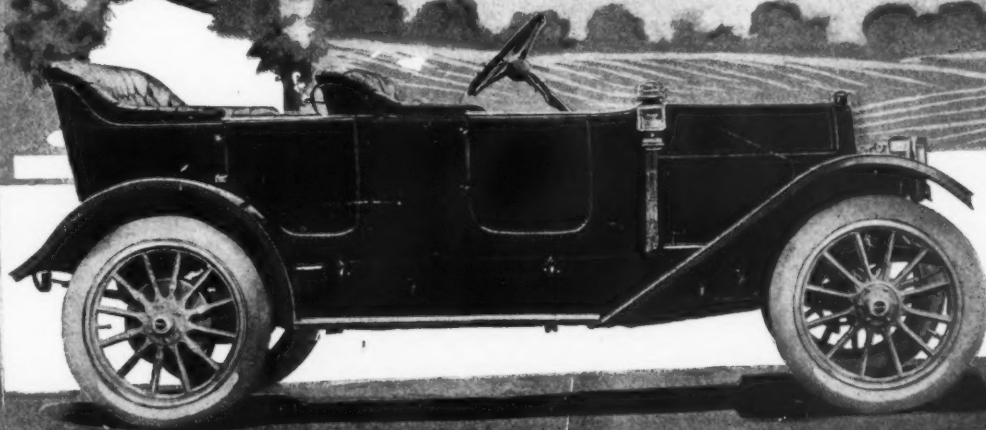
By the adoption of aluminum castings instead of gray iron for the Marion transmission and differential housing, as is exemplified in standard

European design, the car's weight is reduced just 82 pounds. This reduction has been accomplished only by doubling the cost of manufacture.

The Executive, Factory and Service Divisions of the Marion organization are a unit in one sharp and definite policy—the production of a good, dependable and uniform motor car that will give, dollar for dollar, the real, genuine service you have a right to expect. Inspection of the numerous refinements of the 1912 Marion will prove to the most critical and exacting that here is an American car which created its own class and exclusively maintains it.

Our new non-technical Catalog will tell you everything.

THE MARION SALES COMPANY, Indianapolis, Indiana



The  
Thirty  
Five  
\$ 1285



There is nothing more fascinating to the average man or boy than

### Tinkering with Tools

and for the man who is really handy with tools a present of one of our Combination Benches and Tool Cabinets will give him more pleasure than anything else you could select. It is a handsome oak cabinet containing 95 of the finest tools made and when open is a complete bench with vise ready for immediate use

For one less expert, or for the boy, we suggest one of our smaller cabinets. All tools are the highest grade standard mechanics' tools, arranged in convenient sets for home use. The quality is the same in all, the higher priced cabinets are larger and contain more tools.

This Christmas or this Birthday give him one of our Combination Benches and Tool Cabinets, or a smaller Tool Cabinet and a Manual Training Bench.

No. 47	21 Tools	\$ 7.50
" 52	24 "	10.00
" 53	36 "	15.00
" 54	40 "	20.00
" 55	52 "	30.00
" 100	95 "	85.00

Illustration is of No. 100.

We are pioneers in the sale of high-grade tool outfits for home use; every set bears our guarantee of quality. Order direct (we have no agents) or send for Catalogue No. 2943.

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HARDWARE, TOOLS AND SUPPLIES

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Trickery

"The new idea in business is honesty, openness, frankness," said Alton B. Parker at a dinner at Esopus. "We used to conceal our plumbing, and very poor, unsanitary work it was. We expose it now, and it is altogether sound, wholesome and satisfactory. Well, business is like that.

"When I think of some of the tricks that used to obtain in reputable business firms, I am reminded of the seaside auctioneer.

"This scoundrel once held up a \$10 gold piece and said:

"Guess the date on this piece of money, friends. Make a guess and a

small purchase, and the correct guesser takes the coin."

"So everybody in the crowd guessed; everybody bought some worthless rubbish, and the dealer netted a huge profit. Then, at the end, he looked at the \$10 gold piece, held it up and said:

"Now for it! Who guessed 1894?"

"Me! Me! Me!" cried every man jack in the shop.

"The dealer smiled.

"Then you guessed wrong," he said, slipping the coin into his pocket. "The date is 1812."—*Washington Star*

### Overtime

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Cumrox, "I thought nothing of working twelve or fourteen hours a day."

"Father," replied the young man with sporty clothes, "I wish you wouldn't mention it. Those non-union sentiments are liable to make you unpopular."

—*Washington Star*.

### Youthful Logic

The teacher in elementary mathematics looked hopefully about the room. "Now, children," she said, "I wish you to think very carefully before you answer my next question.

"Which would you rather have, three bags with two apples in each bag, or two bags with three apples in each bag?" asked the teacher.

"Three bags with two apples in each bag," said a boy in one of the last seats, while the class still debated as to the best answer.

"Why, Paul?" asked the teacher.

"Because there'd be one more bag to bust," announced the practical young mathematician.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Easy

PHYSICIAN: Have you any aches or pains this morning?

PATIENT: Yes, doctor. It hurts me to breathe. In fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath.

PHYSICIAN: All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that.

—*Good Housekeeping*.



## "How to Know Glass"

*A little volume you will value*

Illustrates and describes the processes in the making of cut glass. Gives the expert information that enables you to choose cut glass as a connoisseur chooses it—for the subtle points of cutting and color. Also shows examples of

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Hawkes Glass is sold by the best dealers. No piece without this trade-mark is genuine. If your dealer can't show you Hawkes Glass, write for name of one who can. Be sure to see Hawkes.



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# I. W. HARPER Whiskey

"THE KIND YOUR GRANDFATHER USED—  
STILL THE BEST"

Leading Dealers Thruout America

### Had No Desire to "Hog" Things

HER FATHER: So my daughter has consented to become your wife. Have you fixed the day of the wedding?

SUITOR: I will leave that to my fiancée.

H. F.: Will you have a church or a private wedding?

S.: Her mother can decide that, sir.

H. F.: What have you to live on?

S.: I will leave that entirely to you, sir.—*Boston Transcript*.

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

## Rhymed Reviews

Kennedy Square

(By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Near Baltimore, in Maryland,  
That favored scene of gay romances—  
Aristocratic fairyland  
Of ruffled shirts and courtly dances,—

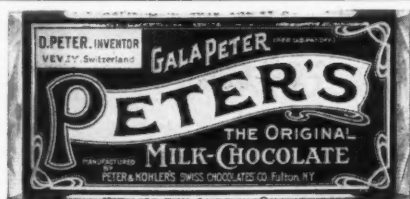
Upon his father's grand estate  
Abode the dashing Harry Rutter,  
Betrothed to rosy Mistress Kate;  
He loved her more than bread-and-butter.

Old Colonel Rutter gave a ball  
At which a guest who could not carry  
A drink or two without a brawl  
Insulted Kate and likewise Harry.

As wounded Honor cannot rest,  
A duel had to follow, clearly;  
And Harry plugged his father's guest  
But did not damage him severely.

Old Rutter raged against his son  
And cast him off without a nickel,  
While Kate, whose heart the boy had won,  
Repulsed him, proving strangely fickle.

But, true as steel from Vulcan's forge,  
One friend upheld our youthful martyr—  
That brave old bachelor, St. George,  
An ante-bellum Colonel Carter.



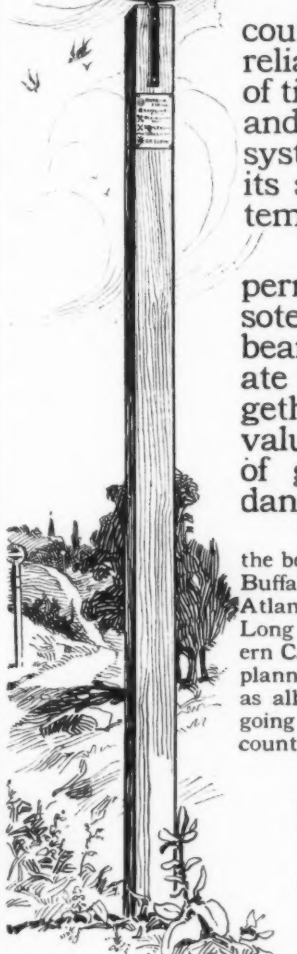
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Milk Chocolate**

Its taste is so fascinating that when  
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The Food and Candy Combined.

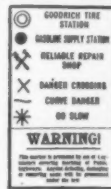
Comes in several varieties:  
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Peter's Milk Chocolate Cro-  
quettes  
Peter's Almond Milk Choco-  
late  
Peter's "Thimbles" with  
Hazelnuts  
Peter's Bon-Bons



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Key to the Symbols Attached to the Post

These markers have been erected by expert Goodrich crews, over the best touring section of New England; all the way from Cleveland to Buffalo; to Albany and New York City; New York to Philadelphia to Atlantic City, and back to New York by way of Lakewood; throughout Long Island, New Jersey and the Connecticut River Valley; also in Southern California, as far south as the Mexican border. The work has been planned to include all the main transcontinental touring routes, as well as all roads connecting principal cities and towns everywhere. It is going on now and will continue until every tourable highway in the country has been covered by our crews.

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He took the scapegrace home; he paid  
His bills and charges, openhanded,  
Till Fortune broke a bank, the jade!  
And left the fine old hero stranded.

Now what might useless Harry do  
When everything had gone to thun-  
der?

He joined a southward faring crew,  
Put out to sea in search of plunder,

And, just when all was mighty black,  
Returned to save St. George from dying.  
His weeping father took him back,  
He married Kate with colors flying.

The father's good—a self-willed churl;  
You'll like benign St. George im-  
mensely,  
And Kate—well, Kate's a sort of girl  
I could not learn to love intensely.

Arthur Guiterman.



**4711. White Rose Glycerine Soap**

**Food for Reflection**

It is much easier to prevent the coming of premature wrinkles than it is to get rid of them after they have appeared. "4711" White Rose Glycerine Soap is the greatest aid to this end, and no lady's boudoir should be without it.

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**Ferd. Mülhens, No. 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne o/R., Ger.**

**U. S. Branch—Mülhens & Kropff, New York**

House Founded in 1792.

But our mothers—we've no matrons—  
give us very different daughters,  
You adorn yourselves, young ladies,  
in each fashion's varying mold;  
Building up your hair in masses,  
daubed with dye, pomade and  
waters,  
And disguising every finger in a  
heap of gems and gold.

Then your necklaces are decked with  
many an oriental jewel;  
In your ears are heavy earrings  
which you scarce know how to  
bear.  
Still to censure only maidens would  
be both unjust and cruel,  
Since your many little weaknesses  
the stronger gender share.

All your feminine adornments know  
your coxcomb lord and master,  
Not a secret of the toilet need the  
bride her husband teach;  
In *affaires du cœur* the lady's of the  
two a trifle faster,  
Simply modesty's a virtue that's  
alike unknown to each.

Though they're buried in the coun-  
try, women deck and braid their  
tresses;  
Were they hermits on Mount Athos  
they'd get up as heavy swells,  
Since a maiden's brightest happiness  
is centered in hen dresses,  
And a sight of their own beauty  
charms the heart of modern  
belles.

Human beings are like peacocks in  
their gay and glittering dresses.  
Proudly strutting you have seen that  
overdecorated bird;  
Just so strut the belle and beau, and  
never one among them guesses  
That the most successful efforts only  
render them absurd.

## Beautiful Forever

A free version of Ovid's "De Mediamine Faciei," lines 1-50. Done in Latin about the year 800 of the City of Rome. Englished in the year of grace 1877. Here is a free version of some fifty lines of it, although the moral at the end is a little obvious; it might just have been written as a guide to the ladies of New York.

Ladies, I've a little secret for improv-  
ing the appearance,  
I can tell you how your beauty you  
may treasure up for aye.  
Don't look down on my endeavor.  
Fields, you know, must have a  
clearance  
And be cultivated. Ceres then the  
labor will repay.

Cultivation sweetens fruits that were  
originally bitter,  
Cultivation on the stock will graft  
a fair and fragrant flower.  
Gild the roof-tree, and in sunshine you  
shall see it gleam and glitter;  
From the black foundation whitely  
rises up the marble tower.

Tryian dyes suffuse the fleeces with  
a beauty supernatural,  
India sends us home her ivory, in  
varied forms to glow;  
True, of old, folks cultivated nothing  
but estates paternal—  
Not themselves; but then our an-  
cestors, I fear, were very slow.

In that golden age they tell us that  
the matron, round and rosy,  
Sat and worked from morn to night,  
and made her fingers very sore;  
And at eve shut up the lambkins,  
tended by a daughter prosy.  
Even sweeping up the hearth and  
cutting firewood. What a bore!

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(Pronounced UX-E-SIS)

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Soothing to the Tenderest Skin.**

Saves time—no soap, brush or cup needed—a  
tube of Eux-e-sis and a razor, that's all. This  
celebrated English shaving cream has for a third  
of a century been used by men of refinement  
and nice habit. It quickly softens the hardest  
beard so that you can shave in half the time  
with twice the comfort. Leaves the skin smooth  
and free from irritation. It is a treasure to  
travelers. Ideal for use with the safety razor.  
None genuine without the signature *Aimee Lloyd* in red  
ink on tube. Sold by best druggists.  
45c a tube—extra large, 90c.  
Send for explanatory booklet.

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Love's spell that's far more powerful  
than any in the Herbal;

Trust no wizard who may cull them  
and extract from them their  
juice;

He'll but cheat you with his mixtures  
and his hocus-pocus verbal,  
And those very nasty philters are  
of very little use.

Ladies, here's my little recipe: Be  
careful of your morals.

Pleasing manners are more lasting  
than a medicated face.

Time will never touch the character,  
or lessen virtue's laurels.

But inevitable wrinkles threaten  
fashion's fleeting grace.

Days will come in which the mirror  
will afford you and reflection;

Those inexorable crow-feet will but  
add unto your pain,

But, as time progresses, virtue only  
ripens to perfection,

And a face which love and goodness  
brighten never can be plain.

## The First English Comedy

Those of us who are inclined to dwell  
in the past—as being the only age—  
should serve to be reminded of the plot  
of the first comedy in English—"Gam-  
mer Gurton's Needle," by John Heywood,  
the epigrammatist, who was jester to  
Henry VIII, and who claims for the  
play the earliest, if not the foremost



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place. "Gammar Gurton's Needle,"  
was written by John Still, afterwards  
Bishop of Bath and Wells, and pub-  
lished in 1575. This comedy, though  
altogether of a comic cast, and not want-  
ing in humor, affords an instance of the  
simplicity which must prevail in the early  
dawning of genius. The plot, which is  
written in metre, and spun out into five  
regular acts, is nothing more than Gam-  
mer Gurton's having mislaid the needle  
with which she was mending her man  
Hodge's breeches against an ensuing

Sunday and which, by way of catastrophe  
to the piece, is, after much search, great  
altercation and some battles in its cause,  
at last found sticking in the breeches  
themselves. The original title runs:  
"A Riggth Pythy, Pleasant and Merie  
Comedie, Intytuled Gammer Gurton's  
Needle; played on the stage not longe  
ago in Christie's College in Cambridge,  
made by Mr S Master of Arts. Im-  
prynted at London in Fleete Streeate,  
beneth the Conduit, at the signe of St.  
John Evangelist, by Thomas Colwell."



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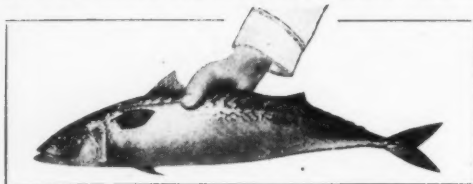
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CH. CHARLEMANGE

**That Voice**

Although I am a man of years and considerable worldly experience, I have always been afraid of certain voices among Women. Whenever I meet these voices, even now, I experience a feeling of intense inward embarrassment.

I conceal this, naturally. But I am immediately placed at a disadvantage and am likely to do and say things which set me in a wrong light, as often happens when one is self-conscious.

At first I thought that the kind of voice among women of which, more than any other, I am particularly afraid, was an affected voice, and that it was this quality in it that made me afraid of it. But strange to say, although this has almost invariably been my first impression, it has disappeared when I came to be on better terms with the woman in question.

Now this particular voice to which I refer has a quality in it, not perhaps so much of condescension as of what I might term an unconscious superiority. It is a combination of intonation and pronunciation and of perhaps certain pauses, dramatic little inflections, unconscious risings—all these things together produce the effect upon me as if the woman was a superior creature and as if I had to be exceedingly careful of what I said or did, for fear that I should immediately incur her displeasure.

When I have got away from one of these interviews, I feel like a boy let out of school. I long to commit, then and there, any philological crime; yet upon ordinary occasions I am a fairly picky person and select my terms with considerable care. But this voice acts upon me like a Sunday blue law.

This leads me to say that, if one desires to select the right kind of wife, one should never see the lady, but should talk with the applicants over the telephone first. A woman's voice is a certain indication of her character. But the hearing of it should be unencumbered by any sight-seeing. Selfishness, sympathy, shallowness, cultivation, reserve strength, control and the capacity

to bore—all these things and many more are revealed in a woman's voice.

If you wish to get married, therefore, make a list of girls who might do but whom you have never seen. Call them up over the telephone and select the voice you want. Never mind much how she looks. Besides, she will always look well to you if you can listen to her with constantly increasing enjoyment.



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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.

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The medico-political guardians of the health and happiness of the people of Kansas recently emitted a catcall to the effect that cats within the confines of that great State must be shaved and kept shaved. At first blush one suspects that the order involves all cats, including pole, bob, pussy, tom, wild, house and others, but on more careful inspection it is seen that the species "house" is the one referred to.

It is plainly evident that bob and pole are not included, not because of the short tail of the one or the short notice of the other, but for the far more significant reason that they have not been detected in the villainous act of conveying diphtheria, crooked teeth, adenoids, freckles, snifles and indigestion to innocent children in their soft, deceptive coats.

This order from the official health overseers and life savers of Kansas is replete with wisdom and solicitude. The facts that malignant germs are carried by the millions and that shaving is the remedy, are made very clear, but contrary to the custom of the life saving crew, not one word of explanation as to the proper method of procedure is given.

The modus operandi is entirely ignored. Will barbers undertake the job and at usual rates?

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They will be written by the most famous naturalists in the country, and will discuss their subjects to the minutest detail. The titles are as follows:

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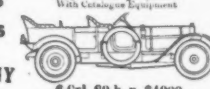


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 "How to Tell the Pea From the Pewee,"  
 "How to Tell the Parrot From the Carrot,"  
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—Ladies' Home Journal



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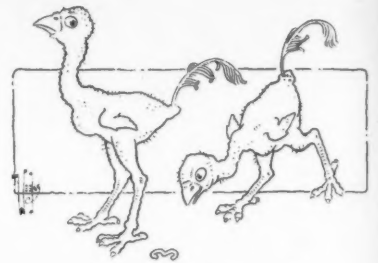
Write for handsome booklet containing much watch information and describing various Waltham movements.



“It's Time You Owned a Waltham.”

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,

Waltham, Mass.



“BIRDS OF A FEATHER”

and his evenings in sipping hot rum and ruminating upon the probable strength of the future Prohibition vote. Those were times when the wives remonstrated with their husbands regarding the unfortunate and disappointing results of too much drink, particularly when it led the man to go out and shoot at Indians—and miss them. . . . —From a speech by Horace Porter.

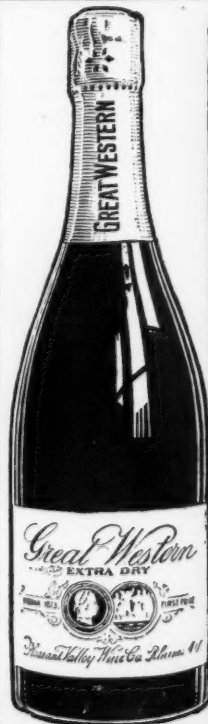
### A Critic Disappointed

An orator, having written a speech which he intended to deliver on a certain occasion, gave it to a friend to read and desired his opinion of it. The friend, after some time, told the author he had read it over three times; the first it appeared very good, the second indifferent, the third quite insipid. “That will do,” said the orator, very coolly, “for I have only to repeat it once.”

An English journal contained the following announcement: “To be sold, one hundred and thirty law suits, the property of an attorney retiring from business. N. B.—The clients are rich and obstinate.”

### On the Many-Sided Puritan

The old Puritan was not the most rollicking, the jolliest or the most playful of men. He at times amused himself sadly; he was given to a mild disregard of the conventionalities. He had suppressed bear-baiting not, it is believed, because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the audience. He found the Indians were the proprietors of the land, and he felt himself constrained to move against them with his gun with a view to increasing the number of absentee landlords (Laughter and applause.) He found the Indians on one side and the witches on the other. He was surrounded with troubles. He had to keep the Indians under fire and the witches over it. These were some of the things that reconciled that good man to sudden death. He frequently wanted to set up a mark and swear at it, but his principles would not permit him. He never let the sun go down upon his wrath, but he, no doubt, often wished that he was in that region near the pole where the sun does not go down for six months at a time, and gives wrath a fair chance to materialize. He was a thoughtful man. He spent his days inventing snow-ploughs



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1910

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PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY  
Rheims, New York

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—the only player-piano he has ever bought

THIS cablegram has been received by The Wilcox & White Company from their London representatives, Sir Herbert Marshall & Sons:

*Caruso in the character of Dick Johnson, in Puccini's Opera "The Girl of the Golden West"*

*"Sold Caruso an Angelus Piano. First and only player-piano he has purchased. Great tribute to artistic supremacy by world's greatest singer."*

Signor Caruso made this choice after satisfying himself that no other instrument among the many player-pianos on the market possessed equal flexibility of control or the same marvelous facility of expression for accompanying the human voice in all its work, from the simplest ballad to the most exacting operatic "aria."

In its artistic significance, Signor Caruso's selection of the ANGELUS is one of the most important events in the modern history of music.

There is a vast difference in an artist being given an instrument or being paid to use a particular make for advertising purposes, and his voluntarily coming forward to purchase the instrument he knows to be the best.

This action of the world's greatest singer should serve as a guide to those contemplating the purchase of a player-piano.

THE KNABE-ANGELUS :: THE EMERSON-ANGELUS :: THE ANGELUS PIANO  
THE LINDEMAN & SONS ANGELUS  
THE GOURLAY-ANGELUS in Canada.

**THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.,** Sole Manufacturers  
Established 1877 Meriden, Conn., U. S. A.  
Angelus Hall Regent Street London



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are now being shown in a pleasing variety of rich weaves in fashionable plain colors, harmonious combinations and new stripe patterns. All-silk, tubular, reversible and pin-proof. Sold by leading Furnishers and marked Cheney Silks in the neckband.

CHENEY BROTHERS  
Silk Manufacturers  
4th Ave. & 18th St., New York

### Books Received

*The Conflict*, by David Graham Phillips. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.30 net.)

*A Christmas Carol*, by Charles Dickens. (T. Y. Crowell Co. \$1.50 net.)

*Dividing Waters*, by I. A. R. Wylie. (Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25 net.)

*At Gooa Old Siwash*, by George Fitch. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25 net.)

"*Son*," by Ethel Train. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.20 net.)

*The Man Who Could Not Lose*, by Richard Harding Davis. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.)

*That Reminds Me*. (A Book of After-Dinner Stories. Published by H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston, Mass., and New York City.)

*Poems*, by Madison Cawein. (The MacMillan Co. \$1.35 net.)

*Her Roman Lover*, by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. (Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25 net.)

*The New Italy*, by M. E. Wood. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

*The Conquest of Nerves*, by J. W. Courtney. (The MacMillan Co. \$1.25 net.)

*Pure Foods*, by John C. Olsen, M.A., Ph.D. (Ginn & Co.)

## U-ALL-NO

### AFTER DINNER MINT

is a delicious confection at any time—pure, fresh, dainty—no mint candy is so grateful to the palate.

Sold only in tin boxes

Never in bulk

A liberal box will be sent for 10 cents.

We also manufacture

**U-ALL-NO**  
**MINT CHEWING GUM**

Send 5 cents for a package.

MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA  
461 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, U. S. A.



### Winning His Fish

Philoxenus, the poet, was dining with Dionysius. Observing a large mullet placed before the host and a small one before himself, he took his fish in his hands and applied it to his ear. "What are you doing?" asks Dionysius. "I am writing a poem on Galatea and I was just asking some information about Nereus. But my fish tells me it was caught too young and never went in Nereus's train. Yours, it says, is older, and knows all that I wish to learn." Dionysius laughed and sent the poet his big fish.  
—Athenaeus.

### The Prolongers of Time

Sorrow, suspense, desire, and fear—  
These four can make a day appear  
Long as the shadow of a spear.  
—From the Oriental.

A RICH man proposed to a covetous, greedy wretch to make him a present of fifty pounds, if he would let him beat him to death. The miser mused upon it for a long while; at last, raising his head, "No," says he, "give me twenty-five pounds and beat me till I'm half dead. What do you say?"



# VOGUE



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Splendid fabrics and daring color effects distinguish the new Paris creations. Read about them in VOGUE'S Autumn Dress Materials and Pattern Number.

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In this number you will find the newest of the new fabrics—the supple, metal woven materials that lend a gleam of Oriental splendor to the mode—smart new double-faced effects in broadcloths, serges, satins and velvets—the clever mingling of the new laces etched here and there with narrow lines of fur.

And then, the new VOGUE Patterns! In the notable array of designs pictured in this number are embodied all the smart new touches that characterize the season's mode.

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Winter Fashions, . . . . .	Nov. 1st	Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes, Feb. 1st.	
Dramatic Number, . . . . .	Nov. 15th	Spring Forecast Number, . . . . .	Feb. 15th
Christmas Gifts Number, . . . . .	Dec. 1st	Spring Pattern Number, . . . . .	Mar. 1st
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good for the whole mouth—cleanses, heals and makes antiseptic the gums. Cleans and whitens the teeth. Neutralizes all mouth acids and prevents decay and discoloration.

Comes in cake form that will not break or spill—twice as convenient—twice as good. Each cake in a compact metal box. 25c at all drugists or sent by mail. C. H. STRONG & CO. CHICAGO

### The Transferred Suitor

(Continued from page 576)

"You mean Miss Ward?"

"Oh, you know her. Yes, sir. Well, I've been a sort of a go-between for the past year; he has sent me around there with messages, and I've seen a great deal of her."

Corby laughed.

"What's Craigstone got to do with that?" he asked.

"Why, I had to tell him. Otherwise to take her away might cost me my job. And when I did tell him, what do you suppose he said?"

"What did he say?"

"He was cold to the whole proposition."

"Naturally."

"When I tried to get him to guarantee my job, he practically turned me

**F**OR forty-three years the best that England produces in cloth for gentlemen's wear has come to America through the import house of W. P. Willis & Co.

**W.P. WILLIS & CO.**  
**NEW YORK**  
**IMPORTERS**



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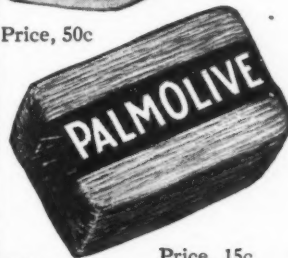
### "My Daughter"

So like her mother—the same beauty of character, voice and figure.

She wears the same priceless "jewels," too—sparkling eyes and teeth. The *setting* for those jewels is a clear complexion; a fair, healthy skin. You can't blame "Daddy" for being proud of her! The rosy blush of youth is kept captive by cheeks that are cleansed and nourished by the imported palm and olive oils in Palmolive Soap—the best guardian for *your* daughter's complexion. Palmolive lathers freely in any water—the *perfect soap for those who care.*



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## Palmolive Soap

PALMOLIVE CREAM—a wonderful aid to any complexion. Invigorates and softens the skin, cleansing the deepest pores. "Daddy" may not know the reason, but he *does* note the effect.

**B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY**

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Send 4 cents for postage and packing and we will send liberal samples of Palmolive Cream, Palmolive Soap and the book, "The Easy Way to Beauty."

(178)

down; you know, he is more or less inscrutable: the chances are that if I marry her he will fire me—that's the way it looks. Of course, I've got to protect myself; he doesn't want to lose her, and if I marry her there's no telling what he will do."

Corby, his venerable face wearing an amused look, swung around.

"Young man," he said, "do you happen to know that Miss Ward is Mr. Craigstone's daughter?"

"What!"

The look of genuine surprise on Trayne's face was its own answer.

"Great heavens!" he cried, "you don't mean to say so! I can't believe it!



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 In half-pound, one, two, three and five pound packages  
 "A List of Good Things"

One dollar a pound everywhere. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if no Whitman agent is convenient. Write for booklet "Suggestions."

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 Super Extra Chocolates

**CONTAINS ONLY**  
 Chocolate Covered Molasses Blocks  
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 Almond Rock  
 Marshmallows  
 Cream Walnuts  
 Cream Pecans  
 Brazil Nuts  
 Double Walnuts  
 Amaracenes  
 Almonds  
 Nut Molasses Chips  
 Filberts  
 Pecans  
 Blossoms of Solid Chocolate and Fussy Nut Brickets.

cigar, sat at the head of the long mahogany table, which had once stood in a Doge's palace.

It was the first conference of the sort that Trayne had ever attended, and he marvelled at the way the most prominent people in the country were spoken of. The President was familiarly called by his first name; copies of state papers, sent direct from Washington, were scattered along the table; a member of the President's Cabinet, who seemed an insignificant figure, sat in a corner, while a representative of the Treasury Department, deferential and attentive, smoked reflectively among the group.

A billion dollars was crowded about that table. Nothing could have brought such forces together but a crisis in the country. The labor element had risen. The Socialists, who had been rapidly growing in power, were rampant. There had been riots in many cities. Many banks had suspended.

Young Trayne, sitting there, evidently for the purpose of taking any message that might be necessary, felt that his own little love story was as nothing in the face of that gathering; his own identity had been completely swallowed up.

The doors were closed and two huge electric fans, one at either end of the room, were turned on, their whir being scarcely perceptible, so nicely adjusted they were. The conference had begun.

Craigstone, in crisp, brief sentences,

Never inquired about her parents—never dreamed of such a thing."

"Why not? I've known her ever since she was a baby. She never cared for society—inherited her father's ability—and when he wanted to spend some money on the poor she asked to help. Of course, it would never have done to disclose her identity. She went under an assumed name."

"I should have thought the papers would—"

"You don't suppose they would publish anything about it if Craigstone didn't want it done, do you? And so you have gone along all this time thinking she was herself a poor girl and that—well, well—it seems incredible."

He looked at Trayne keenly.

"You are not fooling me, are you?"

"No, sir! I hadn't the remotest con-

ception of such a thing; I see it all now, of course, but I was absolutely blind."

At this moment a note was handed to Mr. Corby by messenger. He opened it, read it carefully, and laid it on his desk.

"Mr. Craigstone is more solicitous for you than you think," he said. "This note is from him and he wants to place you with us. Of course, his word is law. You can begin at once—your salary will be five thousand."

Trayne, more astounded than ever, started to say something, but Mr. Corby interrupted him.

"I am very busy," he said shortly; "you will report to the cashier and your work will be assigned. Good morning."

Trayne reported to the cashier and then made a hasty visit to his old office; the manager handed him an envelope containing a check for one month's pay. Evidently the system was working. His experience with it previously had taught him, however, not to ask too many questions. He went back to his new job.

The next morning Corby sent for him.

"There is to be a conference of bankers at Mr. Craigstone's place this afternoon at three. The market, as you know, is in rotten shape, and we are going to talk it over; you will be there at that time."

"Very good, sir."

Craigstone's place was one of the historic spots on the Hudson River, overlooking a wide sweep of country. When Trayne arrived, there were a dozen immense motor cars scattered around the grounds. The news of the conference had spread and a bevy of reporters sat idly on the lawn, many of them smoking cigarettes, and each one waiting for crumbs of news.

The conference was held in the great library. Craigstone, smoking his huge

IT may interest our readers to know that an exhibition and sale of

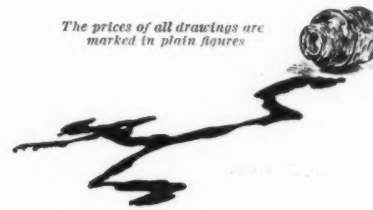
*Life*

drawings by

*CARSON LOWELL*

is being held at the Art Institute of Chicago. Open until October 18.

The prices of all drawings are marked in plain figures



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**Not Imitations**

The greatest triumph of the electric furnace—a marvelously reconstructed gem. **Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliance guaranteed forever—stands filing, fire and acid like a diamond.** Has no paste, foil, or artificial backing. Set only in 14 Karat Solid gold mountings. 1-30th. the cost of diamonds. Guaranteed to contain no glass—**will cut glass.** Sent on approval. Money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write today for our De-Luxe Jewel Book—it's free for the asking. - Address—

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578 N. Broadway,  
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talked, holding a small pad in his hand and a battered looking blunt pencil, with which he made an occasional memorandum. In reality he was adding up millions.

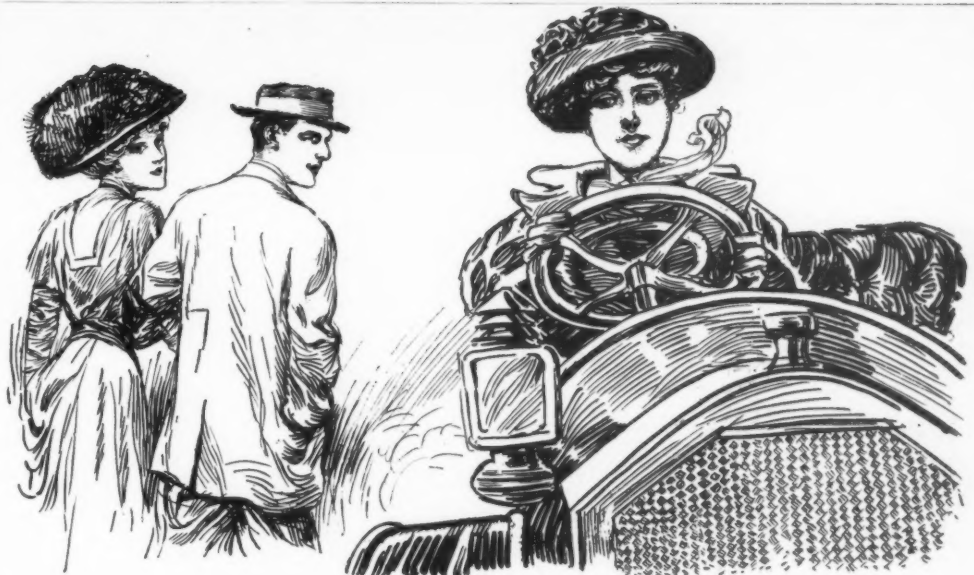
The object of the meeting was quite simple. It was to discover the amount of available cash, and, of course, they all had to be there. If A, for example, stated that he could raise ten millions, it might be with the belief that he could borrow five millions from B. But with all the letters of the big financial alphabet on the spot, it was comparatively easy to add up the actual amount of available cash—and that, above all things, was what the country needed to know.

It seemed like a quiet, social gathering; men laughed softly and joked with each other under their breaths; they greeted each other as men do in a club and repeated idle gossip. But out in the great cities, groups of business men were silently waiting before bulletin boards.

Craigstone was much better than a Napoleon of Finance. He was also a Metternich, a Hannibal and an Augustus Caesar.

It was not the immediate present that bothered him. The future must be considered; and as his great plan, covering years to come, was slowly brought out, the hours sped on. Midnight came. At one o'clock the stenographers were admitted to prepare the statement for the press; and just before this there was the impressive moment where Craigstone, leaning his elbow on the table, smoking his tenth cigar, said, looking down the double line:

"Well, gentlemen, it is understood."



*"How well Miss Smith looks! I never saw anyone brace up so quickly. It's but a few weeks since she was seriously ill. Her recovery certainly has been rapid."*

Convalescence—that vital period in illness after the crisis has been passed, and complete recovery not absolutely assured, is fraught with great danger of relapse. The patient's condition demands a highly nourishing, easily assimilated liquid food like

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Pabst Extract is The "Best" Tonic to build up the overworked, strengthen the weak, overcome insomnia, relieve dyspepsia—to help the anaemic, the convalescent and the nervous wreck—to prepare for happy, healthy motherhood and give vigor to the aged. Your physician will recommend it.

The United States Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage.

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INSIST UPON IT BEING "PABST"

Library Slip, good for books and magazines, with each bottle.

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HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

In the same voice, forty years before, he had once addressed a baseball nine of which he was captain, before a critical game.

It was understood by all, and the great news spread out over the country; the reporters dashed cityward, writing as they went, and the huge automobiles, bearing their money-freight, made clouds of dust along the hedge-bordered roads.

After all, Trayne had not been needed. Dispirited, worn out with the night,

he had waited until his chief had departed, and he now walked down the great hall to the front steps, on his way to the railroad station.

As he put his hand on the door knob to open it, a tall form stood beside him and an arm was thrown familiarly around his shoulder. It was Craigstone.

"Don't be in a hurry, my boy. Don't you want to see Helen? She has been waiting for you."

Trayne, petrified, turned and looked



TECLA

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up into the smiling face of the man who had saved his country.

"Helen!" he stammered, "I don't understand you."

"I thought you wanted to marry her."

"I do sir, but——"

"Well?"

"I thought you suspected me of trying to fool you by making you think I didn't know who she was; and then at the office—you didn't waste any time in getting rid of me."

"I took care of you elsewhere, didn't I?"

"I assumed that was only because you wanted to be generous to me, while at the same time you were effectually disposing of me so far as Helen was concerned."

There was a brief silence, broken only by the rustle of a skirt in a distant room. Then Craigstone spoke.

"I attribute my success in life," he

said, "to the attention I have always paid to details. You have been with us for three years. For two of those years I watched you pretty closely; as for the last year, my boy, I have been well informed as to what you were doing also, you are clean, you are honest, you are an American citizen and you know how to obey orders. Wouldn't I rather have you for a son-in-law than some foreign nobleman? I guess yes. It would have interfered with the disci-

pline in my office if I had permitted you to remain with us, so I had you transferred."

"And you can plan all these things," said Trayne, awed in spite of himself, as he gazed through into the huge library, where the cloud of tobacco smoke was still settling.

Craigstone smiled his inscrutable smile. "Isn't love, after all," he said, "the most important thing in the world? Helen!"

T. L. M.

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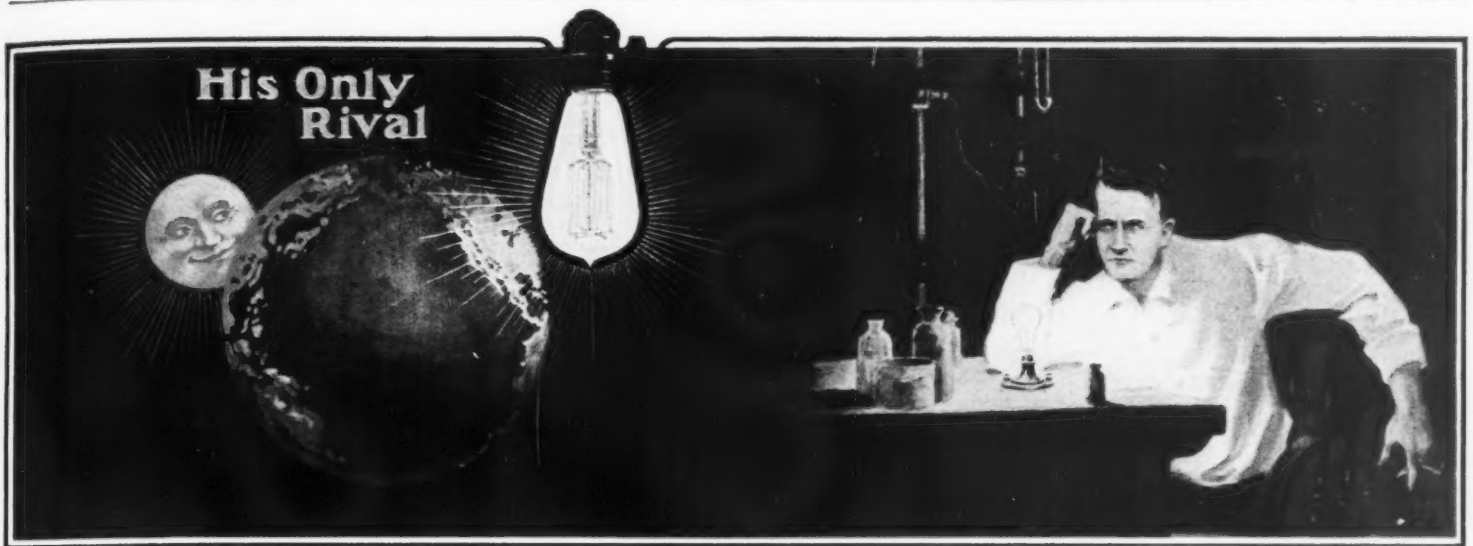
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# Edison's Dream Comes True

*Thirty-two years ago the Wizard of Menlo Park dreamed his great dream which has now come true—Electric Light for Everybody.*

When Edison invented the electric incandescent lamp thousands journeyed to Menlo Park to see "the light that burned without air."

Edison put a little paper horseshoe filament, that he had carbonized, into a glass bulb and pumped out the air. Next he passed a current of electricity through this horseshoe.

### THE DREAM

*As it glowed white hot, lighting up the darkened room, another light glowed in his face, for he saw the revolution that tiny bulb would bring about in the world's sunless hours.*

But the first lamps of 16 candlepower used up 100 watts of electricity.

Slowly, as improvements came, the amount of light was increased. Six years ago people thought the limit was reached, for the close of the first quarter-century of Electric lighting was celebrated by the advent of the Edison Gem lamp. Using the same amount of electricity, it gave more than twice the light of that first wonderful lamp.

### The Revolution

Suddenly another invention in electric lamps revealed the dawn of a new era in electric lighting—unseen in the dreams of anyone—except Edison.

This was the Tungsten filament lamp which—instead of the original 16 candlepower—or the fancied limit of 40 candlepower—gave actually 80 candles of light from the same 100 watts.



Edison's Original Lamp Invented 32 Years Ago.



Latest Edison Mazda Lamp with Non-fragile Filament.

This lamp almost materialized the Dream—but the filament was brittle—and the cost was high.

Both these obstacles are now cleared away. First, a brilliant invention has resulted in the production of a drawn wire stronger than steel. This wire is used to make the filaments in Edison Mazda lamps.

The filament or "burner" in Edison Mazda lamps is so sturdy that hundreds of thousands are in use under severe and trying conditions, even for lighting railway trains and automobiles.

Next—of prime importance—the full advantage of the General Electric Company's reduced cost of manufacture has been given to the public.

And the present price of the perfected Edison Mazda lamp is about one-half that of the first brittle tungsten lamp.

### The Dream Comes True

So, with lower cost and a better lamp, Edison's dream of the Sun's Only Rival has come true. The waiting millions can be served now that electric light costs so little and does so much.

Now, you can have Electric Light in your home, your office, your store, your factory—at a price you have been waiting for, if you use the latest invention—Edison Mazda Lamps, made only by the General Electric Company.

Buy these Lamps and see how Edison's Dream has come true for you.

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| Buffalo, N. Y.   | Cleveland, Ohio    | Kansas City, Mo.     | New Haven, Conn.   | Richmond, Va.      | Spokane, Wash.        |
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