



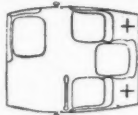
THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT

THE *Waverley* SILENT *Electric*



Parlor Car Comfort and a Full View Ahead

THE luxurious comfort of a spacious parlor car—combined with impressive elegance.—A separate seat for every passenger, so arranged that the driver has full view ahead from the pleasant and sociable left hand rear seat—no turning your back to guests and talking over your shoulder.



Seat Plan—Patents Pending

With space for golf clubs, parcels, bags, etc., out of the way behind the two side chairs, as marked by the crosses on the diagram.

The interior illustration and the seat plan diagram show the beauty and practical convenience of these innovations—exclusive with

The Silent Waverley Limousine-Four

The illustration at the bottom of the page shows the graceful exterior—the low hung body swung on full elliptic springs which is possible only with Waverley patented drop sill construction.

This construction insures easy riding over any roads, on any tires, takes less current, allows of greater speed.

It protects your electric from racking bumps and jars, adds to ease of control and steering.

40 cells 11 plate Exide Hycap or Philadelphia or 13 plate Gould or Waverley batteries, all M. V. size jar. Edison or Ironclad Exide extra. Price complete, \$2000.

Let us send you the Silent Waverley Electric Year Book, an artistic pro-

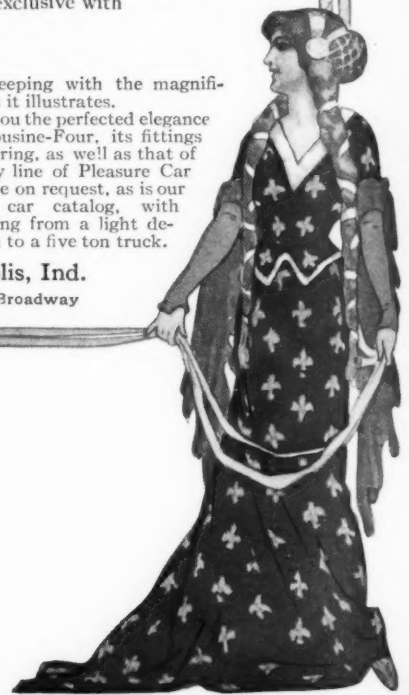
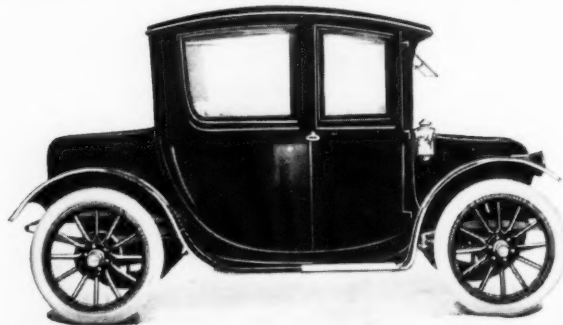
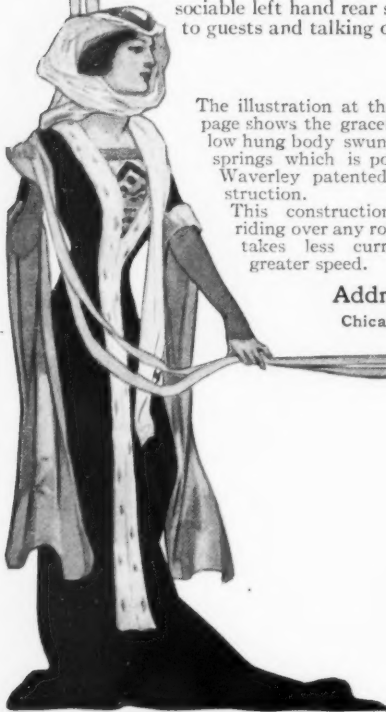
duction in keeping with the magnificent electric it illustrates.

It will show you the perfected elegance of the Limousine-Four, its fittings and upholstery, as well as that of the Waverley line of Pleasure Car Models. Free on request, as is our commercial car catalog, with models ranging from a light delivery wagon to a five ton truck.

Address: The Waverley Company, 147 S. East St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Chicago Branch: 2425 Michigan Avenue

New York Branch: 1784 Broadway



1913 Locomobile

Twenty new designs of bodies of the belted-line type with Cowl Fronts, Smooth Sides. Concealed hinges and door handles.

Locomobile Ten-Inch Upholstery

Clear Running Boards, Tires at rear. Costliest, most powerful Electric Lighting with Lamp designs of Exclusive Merits.

Long Stroke Motor. 7-Bearing Crank Shaft. Four Speeds. Disc Clutch.



Light Six Touring Car in the Mohave Desert Southern California

The 1913 Locomobile Book mailed on application

The Locomobile Company of America



Branches:
New York Chicago Boston
Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Washington St. Louis

Motor Cars and Motor Trucks
General Offices and Works
Bridgeport, Conn.

Branches:
Baltimore Minneapolis
Atlanta Los Angeles
San Francisco Oakland





Bah!

I'll never subscribe to LIFE!
 Not for mine!
 With Christmas coming? No, sir!
 What do I want to be cheerful for? Nothing
 in it.
 Handsome premium to yearly subscribers?
 Take it away!
 Me buy LIFE? Do I look the part?
 Widow's Number? Nothing doing!
 Awful Number? No use for it!
 Miniature LIFE free? Wouldn't take it as a
 gift!
 Three months for one dollar, just to get
 started? What do you take me for?
 Obey that impulse? Never did such a thing
 in my life.
 Away!
 Avaunt!

Avoid these Coming Numbers

- Widows' Number**
Magnetic and mildly matrimonial.
- Philanthropists' Number**
Rich—full of possibilities.
- Musical Number**
Harmonious and somewhat wearisome.
- Siren's Number**
Soothingly Seductive.
- Husbandette's Number**
Don't take it home.
- Awful Number**
Words fail us!

105 days to the Awful Number!



Beware!

Consider what might happen to you if
 you should obey that impulse and
 send LIFE to some of your
 friends for a Christmas
 present! (especially
 with that Awful
 Number a
 near possi-
 bility).

Special Offer

Enclosed find
 One Dollar (Can-
 adian \$1.13, Foreign
 \$1.26). Send LIFE
 for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription
 renewed at this rate. This order must come
 to us direct; not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 17 West 31, New York
 ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

Balzac's Views of Women

(As might have been expected of such a profound student of human nature, Balzac on various occasions attempted to analyze the character of woman. Many millions of men had essayed this task before Balzac's time, and had failed, as millions of other men have been failing ever since. Philosophers have been the first to despair, for they contend that no woman ever thoroughly understands herself or any other member of her sex—in short, that she is to be understood only by the angels. But it is generally believed that Balzac came nearer the truth in his estimate of woman than any other novelist has done. Naturally his views were conflicting.)

When a woman pronounces the name of a man but twice a day, there may be some doubt as to the nature of her sentiment—but three times!

In courting women many dry wood for a fire that will not burn for them.

No man has yet discovered the means of successfully giving friendly advice to women—not even to his own.

Women are constantly the dupes, or else the victims, of their extreme sensitiveness.

A man must be a fool who does not succeed in making a woman believe that which flatters her.

A woman when she has passed forty becomes an illegible scrawl; only an old woman is capable of divining old women.

An Important Water Color Exhibition of Scenes in Lower and Upper Egypt by the late Henry Bacon will be held at the Montross Galleries, 550 Fifth Ave., from December Eleventh to January First.

Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas?

You can search the whole world over and not find another gift that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family.



This is a
Victrola XI, \$100
Mahogany or oak
Other styles \$15 to \$200

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.



A woman full of faith in the one she loves is but a novelist's fancy.

The mistakes of a woman result almost always from her faith in the good and her confidence in the truth.

Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.

The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation.

In the elevated order of ideas, the life of man is glory; the life of woman is love.

Marriage has its unknown great men as war has its Napoleons and philosophy its Descartes.

The Indian axiom, "Do not strike even with a flower a woman guilty of a hundred crimes," is my rule of conduct.

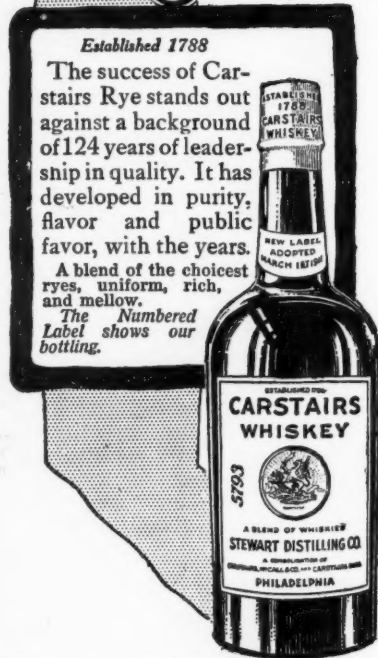
When women love us, they forgive us everything, even our crimes. When they do not love us, they give us credit for nothing, not even for our virtues.

Marriage should combat without respite or mercy that monster which devours everything—habit.

There is one thing admirable in women: they never reason about their blameworthy actions; even in their dissimulation there is an element of sincerity.

—From the Scrap Book.

Carstairs Rye



The Work-Shop of Santa Claus

For many generations the inhabitants of St. Ulrich have fashioned playthings for the children of all nations.

Tourists, wandering out of the beaten tracks of their kind, occasionally come to a little village in Austria which presents the aspect of a corner of toyland.

The name of the village is St. Ulrich, and nearly all of its inhabitants are toy-makers. Each household, too, has its specialty. One old woman has done nothing but carve wooden cats, dogs, wolves, sheep, goats and elephants.

She had made those six animals her whole life long, and she has no idea of



A LITTLE HEAD WORK WITH THE QUEUE

how to cut anything else. She makes them in two sizes, and turns out as nearly as possible a thousand of them a year.

She had no model of any kind to work by, but goes on steadily, unerringly, using gauges of different sizes and shaping out the animals with an amount of truth to nature that would be clever if it were not utterly mechanical.

This woman learned from her mother how to carve those six animals, and her mother had learned, in like manner, from her grandmother. She has taught the art to her own granddaughter, and so it may go on for generations.

Of Course

A certain plumbing establishment in Brooklyn has this sign on its front door:
IRON AND LEAD SINKS

One morning, as the head of the firm was coming to work, the following words were found added to the legend:

Any darn fool knows that.

—Lippincott's.

A fox was making sport of a lioness and mocking her because she only gave birth to one whelp a year.

"Very true," replied the lioness, "but he is a lion."—From the Orient.

"Some old woman says it is Socialistic"

Thus Winston Churchill refers to the carping critics of Lloyd-George's policies in England because they violate ancient prejudices for the sake of public good.

One of our new readers who has just discovered "the Livest magazine in America" writes us :

"Yesterday I heard the METROPOLITAN referred to as 'that Socialistic magazine.' I had just read in my morning paper that nearly a million of my fellow citizens had voted the Socialist ticket in this Presidential election. My curiosity was aroused. I bought a copy of your November number at a newsstand. Right here I want to get up in meeting and, speaking as a habitual magazine reader, say, that if the inspiration of Socialism is responsible for the live, beautiful, likable magazine you fellows are making then I pray for a wave of Socialism to deluge the editorial sanctums of your floundering contemporaries."

The December METROPOLITAN is now on sale at all good newsstands. Go to the nearest one — pay 15 cents — ask for the December METROPOLITAN and enjoy a magazine thrill.

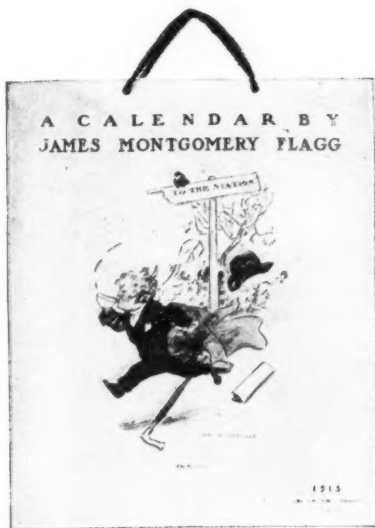
*Time Waits
for No Man*

*Life's Calendars
for
1913*

*Useful, Artistic
Now Ready.*

*Copies of the
Miniature Life Sent With
Every Calendar.*

OBEY THAT IMPULSE



EACH CALENDAR IS 12½ x 15½ INCHES BOXED. ALL PRINTED IN FULL COLOR, EXCEPT THE GIBSON. SEVEN SHEETS TO EACH CALENDAR.

FILL IN THIS COUPON

LIFE,
17 West 31, New York City.

Enclosed find Dollars
to pay for

- Copies Life Calendar
- Copies Gibson "
- Copies Flagg "
- Copies Phillips "

Total

It is understood that for every Calendar ordered I will receive 5 copies of the Miniature Life, printed in colors.

Name

Address



These Calendars are Two Dollars each, sent to any address in the United States, postage prepaid.



THE BEST OF AMERICA

Herein we speak of Buffalo Electrics for 1913.

Their architecture is distinguished for simplicity and shows a leaning toward the latest French design.

Single reduction, direct shaft drive, foot control, three point motor suspension, combine with other chassis elements to insure

supreme efficiency and ease of control in every electric car usage.

The mechanical construction of Buffalo Electrics carries out the design of the best engineering talent in the country.

Power storage and proper load distribution do not interfere with the roomy comfort of Buffalo Electric Coupes.

Booklet on request. Exhibit at principal shows.

BUFFALO ELECTRIC VEHICLE CO.

Factory and General Offices: BUFFALO, N. Y.

BOSTON

MONTREAL

NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA

Agencies in many large cities



LIFE



IF THE FOUNDER OF THE FAMILY COULD SEE ITS PRESENT HEAD

Generosity

SAID Smith to Brown, their converse bent

On Jones, the soul of discontent,
"He makes a burden of a bubble—
I hate a man who borrows trouble."

Said Brown, "'Tis true, as you have said it;

But set this grace to Jones's credit—
What trouble Jones to-day may borrow

He'll give with spendthrift hand to-morrow."

—H. G. Paine.

MISSIONARY: If you are about to kill me, let me sing a hymn.

CANNIBAL: No, sir—ee. No music with meals in this joint.

The Censor

THE passion for censorship seems to be on the increase. It may properly be considered as a by-product of the growing paternalism on the part of our government. In the newspaper post-office bill we have the first stages of a censorship of the press. There is also a censorship of the moving picture industry, which will doubtless in time be extended to the whole theatrical field. Already this is true in England. What is really needed, however, is a censorship to suppress the truth. The truth is getting very bold in these days, and unless some measures are taken to curtail her activities, lamentable results will follow.

During the past six months we have actually learned the truth about the

tariff. We have learned that American beef can be bought in London twelve cents a pound cheaper than in New York. We have learned that doctors are not making their salt—and the reasons. We have learned that the coal barons are controlling the price of coal; that young girls are becoming more irresponsible and brainless all the time; that clergymen are no longer in fashion; that when you eat what you please without regard to the dietitians you are doing the right thing. And much more!

All this is very distressing. To learn the truth about so many things in such a short space of time will surely lead to disaster unless some efforts are made to prevent it. We suggest, therefore, that a national censorship of the truth be established.



DECEMBER 12, 1912

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. LX.
No. 1572

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.



THE reason for the accidents on the New Haven road is not that that road has had bad luck, but that it has been badly run. The reason why it has been badly run seems to be that it has been run too much by financiers and not enough by competent railroad men. When you get back to the real authority in the New Haven road you come up against Mr. Morgan. Mr. Morgan is a *ne plus ultra* financier, but he is not an expert railroad man. His railroading on the New Haven line has been done for him lately by Mr. Charles Mellen. Mr. Mellen is an exceedingly able and resourceful person; a pretty good railroad man, we believe, and he works like a galley slave, week in and week out, on his New England railroad system.

Then why doesn't he make a better job of it?

This explanation is offered: that Mr. Mellen is so engrossed in creating a monopoly of all transportation by land or water in New England that he cannot give the New Haven road the time, the thought or the money that is needed to make it a safe line for the transportation of travelers and the prompt delivery of freight; that he is trying to buy up and control all the railroads, long-distance trolley lines and steamship lines in New England; that to that end he has starved the New Haven road, increased its debt enormously, skimmed its service and disaffected its whole working force by inconsiderate and unfaithful treatment; that under his management the morale

of the road has broken down; that its employees hate it and consider that there is no identity between its interests and theirs; that he is, in short, an able man, working to the limit of his powers to accomplish what ought not to be done, and never can be successfully achieved.

That is the case against Mr. Mellen and his backer, Mr. Morgan, as we hear it stated. And it sounds like a pretty strong case. The repetition of fatal cross-over accidents in the neighborhood of Bridgeport has been accepted as a certain symptom of incompetent management, and the dissuasion of the Grand Trunk from fulfilling its engagements with Providence and Boston has made all New England hopping mad. The game seems to have been called upon Mr. Mellen. Persons adapted by interest and temperament to be his supporters admit sadly that he has bitten off more than his well developed jaws can manage, and are watching to see whether he will spit some of it out or wait to have it choked out of him. It looks as though Mr. Morgan would be constrained to speak to him in his private office.



NEVERTHELESS, Mr. Mellen and Mr. Morgan ought to have fair treatment and a verdict on their efforts by a jury of their peers; a jury of men like President Hadley, who not only know their road, but know the general problem of railroading well enough to judge of the special difficulties, if there are any, of giving proper

railroad service to New England. If under the laws, and under the supervision of various railroad commissions, the New Haven road's owners are not allowed to charge rates high enough to give good service, the rates ought to be raised. But if they are trying to do what should not be done, that should be demonstrated, so that they may be induced to desist. Their chief accuser is Mr. Brandeis, who is opposed to monopolies and charges that they are trying to perfect one. Among their defenders is Major Higginson of Boston, a banker, to be sure, and a capitalist, but a man of distinguished probity and public spirit.



FOR a corporation to try to buy up all competitors at whatever price is necessary, with expectation of getting and keeping all the business and paying dividends out of monopoly profits is as foolish and dangerous as it is contrary to public policy. It almost always fails in the end, and when it succeeds, it is a warning to the people. Endeavors of this sort are not so fashionable as they were when the Tobacco Trust was formed, or when Mr. Whitney and Mr. Ryan dreamt of a Metropolitan railway company that would pay dividends on all the water they could pour into it. If the New Haven road has paid too much for its acquired properties, it is in almost as bad a case as if it had watered its stock. Its destiny may be to offer a new example of the futility of monopolistic cravings on a large scale and the inability of mere financiering to feed them. As it stands, unsafe, voracious, arrogant, tyrannous and ill-conducted, the New Haven road is doing as much to make government ownership attractive as even Mr. Bryan could desire. It is not only a bad servant of the communities it serves, but a bad moral influence wherever it goes, spreading discontent and disaffection, and suggesting to all minds on which it has influence that the public exists for the profit of its utilities, and not the utilities for the service of the public.



CINDERELLA

THE STORY OF A FIT CANDIDATE



WE would not wish to be beholden to Mr. Carnegie for suitable maintenance for our ex-Presidents, but we had just as soon owe it to him to prod Congress up to recognition of what is proper in that direction. The revenues of Mr. Carnegie's funds are drawn, we suppose, from the iron workers of Pittsburg and the consumers of their products. First or last, a large proportion of the people of the country, as patrons of railroads or in some other way, are users of steel and contributors to the coupons that are cut off of the Laird's bonds. So, nearly

all of us co-operate, in a way, in his generousities. But in this matter of Presidential pensions, we had rather that the money came a little more directly out of our pockets, as it would, if Congress voted it. We are going to pay about two hundred millions this coming year to military pensioners. That is because some of them long ago risked life and health in the country's service. But very few of them took as big chances of losing life or health as our Presidents must in these days.

No ex-President who does not want a pension need take one either from Mr. Carnegie or the Government, but at least Mr. Carnegie has provided that no ex-President or his widow shall suffer against his will from want, and, for our part, we do not regret that he has done so. If his action stirs the

pride of Congress to a fitter provision, that will be its best possible result.



CONSENT to the pardon of Patrick by Governor Dix has not been made unanimous. There is abundant complaint about it for reasons that look good. Consolation for those who need it lies in the recollection that justice has made a mighty good bag during the late open season for malefactors. With Becker and the gunmen, who killed Rosenthal, in jail under capital sentences, and Hyde convicted, there is a little the less reason to repine at Patrick's enlargement.

The Artist

OH, the beat of the heart too swift,
too swift,
The leap of the joy too sweet!
If one perfect moment the flame we
lift
What matter if life be fleet?

Oh, the throb of the love too mad, too
dear,
The stab of the sudden pain!
For one instant's passion untouched
with fear—
Who murmurs that life is vain?

If I hold one second upon my soul
A rapture untold, unspent,
I shall know no dread of the Signal's
roll
But pass, in a full content.
—Leolyn Louise Everett.

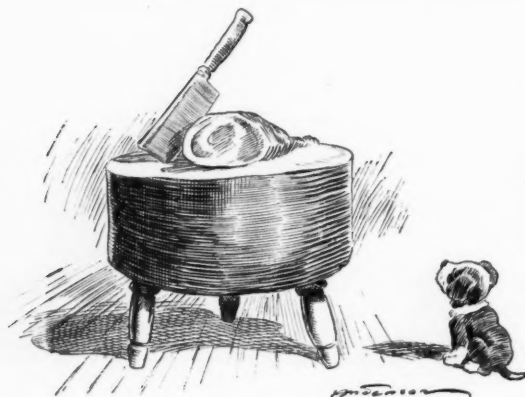
Have Courage, Doctor!

A special dispatch to the Chicago
Tribune said:

Having kept alive for 104 days a
heart removed from its organism,
Dr. Alexis Carrel has now added to
the wonders of his surgery the
transfer of a heart, stomach and
kidneys from their casement of flesh
to the vessels in his laboratory,
where they are now living and per-
forming their normal functions.

This experiment is in progress in
the Rockefeller institute. None of
the organs, of course, is that of a
human being.

Not on public exhibition, no. But
is this thirsty "researcher" going to



"I suppose they keep that ax to
frighten little dogs away"



WALL STREET

forego the excitement of human in-
teriors?

It is merely a matter of sentiment,
and "sickly sentiment" is not held in
much esteem by vivisectors.

Hospitals supply rich material, and
if filthy diseases are squirted into un-
suspecting patients and the eyes of
girls in orphan asylums are used for
experiment why be squeamish about
stomach and kidneys? Meanwhile
dogs are cheap, and if the benevolent
Carrel keeps at it long enough we
may see a tail still wagging one hun-
dred and four days after its owner's
death.

Flips

WHEN eugenics comes in at the
door love flies out the window.

One swallow doesn't make a sum-
mer, but it breaks a New Year's reso-
lution.

Truth is stranger than fiction, but
not stranger than woman.

Liabilities sometimes may be lie-
abilities.

"I LIKE your cheek," he said, kiss-
ing her.

"Don't be facetious," she responded
coldly.

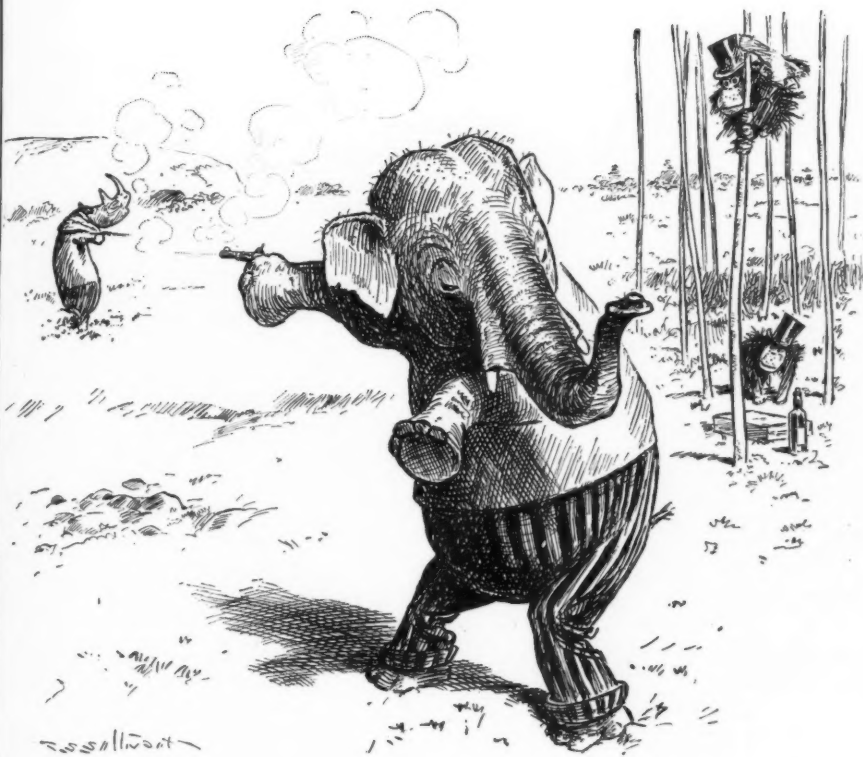
His House and His Heart

HIS house is wide and high and long,
 Its walls are thick and hard and strong;
 By able hands the floors were laid,
 By skillful men the stairs were made;
 Within his house are prizes brought
 From far-off treasuries of art,
 But gladness is not in his thought,
 And peace is never in his heart.

His house is splendid to behold,
 Its roof is high, its turrets bold;
 Upon a noble height it stands,
 The view is fair which it commands;
 Its locks are strong, its treasures rich,
 His couch is soft, his linen white,
 But ever in each darkened niche
 A specter lingers through the night.

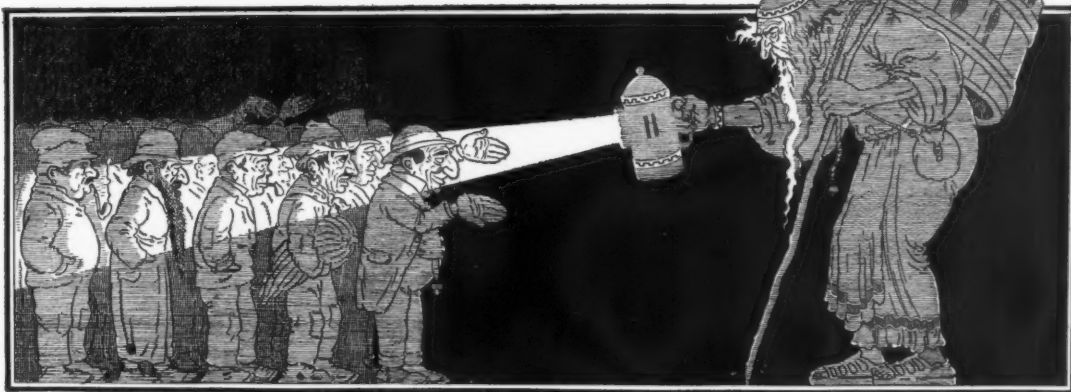
His house is big and firm and fair,
 His vintages are old and rare;
 Great masterpieces grace the walls,
 The servants hurry when he calls;
 But always he can hear the sighs
 Of children toiling at his looms,
 And mothers with accusing eyes
 Come nightly stealing through the rooms.

S. E. Kiser.



AN AFFAIR OF HONOR

One of the Seconds: NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, SIR. THEY ARE ALMOST OUT OF RANGE, THEIR SKINS ARE TWO INCHES THICK, THEY ARE EXCEEDINGLY BAD SHOTS, AND I TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF EXTRACTING THE BULLETS.

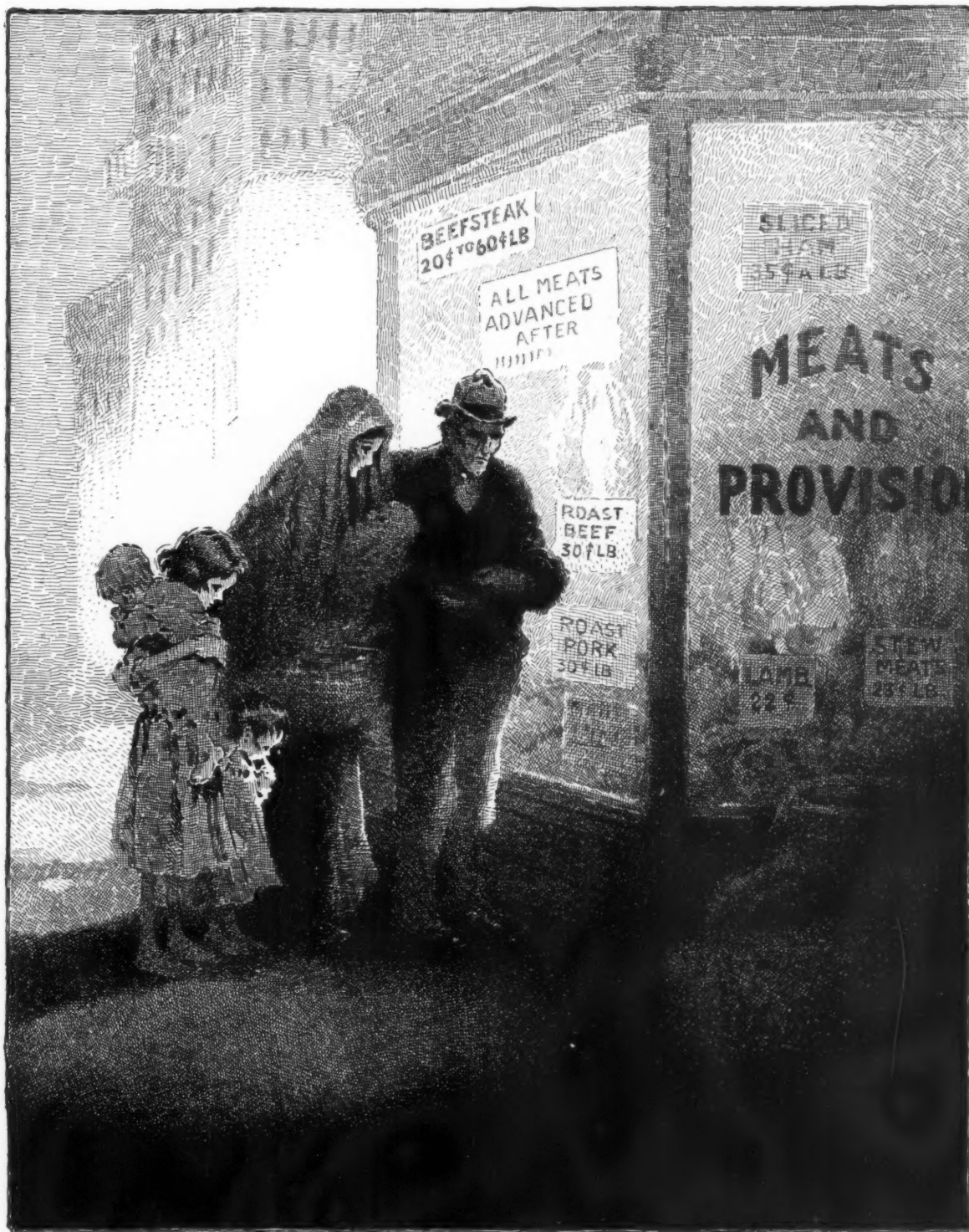


DIOGENES IN NEW YORK
 LOOKING FOR AN AMERICAN



1850

THE HIDE HUNTERS



HARRIS · N · LADY

1912

THE FOOD HUNTERS

On Life's Wire

"HELLO, LIFE."

"Hello. Who is it speaking?"

"Guess."

"St. Patrick."

"No. Guess again."

"Dr. Cook."

"No."

"Anthony Comstock."

"No."

"Give it up."

"Santa Claus."

"Well, of all things, are you still at it? We thought you were on the retired list."

"Not on your life, LIFE. Some skeptical people have tried to put me out of business, but they can't do it."

"Good for you, old sport. Don't give up without a struggle."

"Never fear, LIFE, I won't."

"Is there anything we can do for you?"

"No, not just now, except to say that the reports of my demise are greatly exaggerated."

"But that's an old joke."

"Really good jokes never grow old, LIFE. You ought to know that."

"Do you mean to insinuate that—"

"I insinuate nothing. I'll tell you something else, LIFE. Really good jokers never grow old. That's what makes you so perennially young and fresh."

"Come, Santa, is that a Christmas present?"

"Oh, no. I've got something else for you."

"What is it?"

"I shan't tell. You'll find it in your stocking."

"Better make it a birthday present. You know we're thirty years old next month."

"Well, I'll see."

"Anything new in Christmas presents?"

"No, LIFE. Very little. Dolls still button up the back. Mechanical toys still go wrong after two or three usings. Christmas cigars are still unsmokable. Christmas—"

"Say no more, Santa. We understand."

"I knew you would, but, nevertheless, Christmas is a lot of fun, don't you think?"



AN EXCLAMATION MARK

"Of course it is."

"Even if a lot of people do make too much of it."

"Oh, there's always somebody to overdo everything. Some people make too much of heaven."

"That's it exactly. As for me, I am going to continue to do my duty as long as possible. I'll lay you a bet, LIFE, that I'm the last fairy story to go out of business."

"Come, Santa, you want a sure thing and besides we never bet."

"All right, LIFE. Remember I'm always with you. Be good to yourself."

"Good-bye, Santa. Do your Christmas shopping early." E. O. J.

Lo and Behold

"SEE the Parcel Post!"

"What! You don't mean to tell me, O Sage, that that misshapen thing is a Parcel Post?"

"Aye, my son, e'en though it be a thing of shreds and patches, it is still a Parcel Post in the technical sense."

"But why don't they give us a Parcel Post that is more seemly; one that is better fitted to do the work for which it was intended?"

"Ah, my son, under the circumstances—everything, you know, must be done under the circumstances—it would not be meet to have a Parcel Post that would really help us with our important problem of distribution."

"Under the circumstances, you say. But what, O Sage, are the circumstances to which you refer?"

"Alas, my son, it grieves me to have to revert to such a painful subject. The circumstances to-day, as in the past, are the express companies."

"Explain further, O Sage."

"It is this way, my son: Public opinion has been more and more insistent in demanding a Parcel Post. When there appeared to be danger in holding off any longer, the express companies invented a Parcel Post which would do the public little good and themselves little harm."

"Well, it is at least a step."

"Yes, it is a step, but is it a step in the right direction or in the wrong direction?"

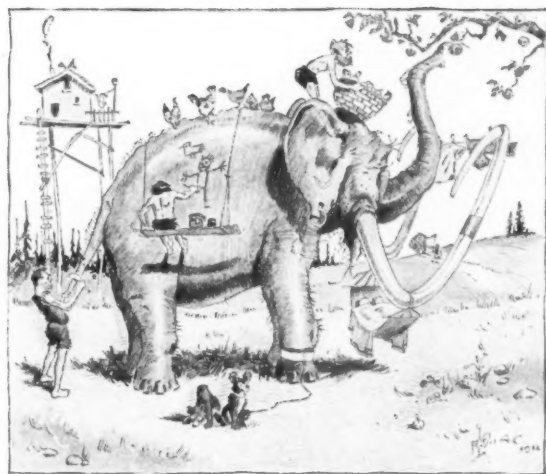


CUPID OF THE SLUMS

Late Publications

And Their Authors—As They Might Be Now That the Election is Over

- Why Go to College Woodrow Wilson
- Home Place W. H. Taft and T. R.
- Their Yesterdays W. H. Taft and T. R.
- Knocking the Neighbors,
 Anonymous, now the election is over
- The Uncrowned King, autobiographical T. R.
- The Gulf Between . Collaborators, W. H. Taft and T. R.
- On the Trail to Sunset,
 Collaborators, W. H. Taft and T. R.
- The Woman of It . . . Collaborators, Mrs. O. H. P. B.
 Miss Inez Milholland, *et als, ad infinitum.*
- Out of the Wreck "I" Rise T. R.
- Your United States, dedicated to Woodrow Wilson,
 By T. R. and W. H. T.
 J. P. M.



THE MASTODON IN A STATE OF DOMESTICATION



PUBLIC SERVICE

Congress

CONGRESS is a collection of men of almost average intelligence, who meet once or twice a year for the purpose of promoting unrest and disturbing business.

The idea of Congress, as it was originally conceived, was to carry out the will and intention of the whole people, in order that they could attend to their private affairs in ease and security. One man can generally do a thing better than two, and much better than three; the more men you add on, as a rule, the worse the thing is done. Thus we see that as the country grows larger and Congress increases in size, it becomes more and more incompetent.

To pass a wise bill through Congress is like attempting to drive a camel through the eye of a needle. Every wise bill introduced becomes more and more unwise as it proceeds on its checkered career through the various committees. But this is not all. Congress not only hampers the people, but it obstructs the "interests" in their management of the country. Congress doesn't mean to do this, but it always does. Congress should be abolished and

the government of the United States be placed in the office of the Steel Trust or the Standard Oil.

If the business of running the United States government were placed in competent hands like Judge Gary's, Mr. Morgan's, or Mr. Rockefeller's, we could then be sure of having it scientifically and economically managed.

The Standard Oil Company has built up the greatest and most perfect business machine the world has ever known. It is in effect not only a great business creation, but it is also a work of art. Our practice of government, on the other hand, has always been a failure; the prey of demagogues under the charge of men who have risen, not by accurate training in business methods, but by the power with which they have advertised themselves. Government will always be the incompetent thing that it is so long as it is dependent upon the popular fancy.

We have, therefore, the greatest opportunity ever presented to any nation. Let us discharge our present employees, amend the Constitution, and make the United States government a department of the greatest business machine in the world.

With offices at 126 Broadway.

Do You Understand Your Wife?

Or Any Other Lady, for that Matter? If Not, Avail Yourself at Once of the Greatest Secret of the Ages, Now Made Plain by Swami Baa Baa



WE are now able to make an announcement much more startling in its nature than anything which has gone before. Owing to the recent experiments of Swami Baa Baa through our ladies' department, in which by bringing his advanced form of tattvic vibrations to bear on the temperaments of a number of self-sacrificing American women who, with rare generosity, offered themselves, we are able to inform the public that the nature of woman is at last made plain.

Woman is no longer the secret of all the ages. Swami Baa Baa, by a simple process, makes it easy for anyone to understand her.

Remember, we make this statement in all seriousness, and we are prepared to substantiate our claims at any time. In order, however, that there may be no doubt, we will offer the following explanation:

First, however, we should like to answer the question that has been so often asked recently, namely, How is it that the Swami after so many years, nay ages, of Oriental research, is now able to find out anything new? The answer lies in the wonderful specimens he has had the privilege of studying. The American woman, as the Swami says, offers a greater variety of psychic-hysterico-emotional development than has ever been known. It has been, therefore, through the many subtle variations of her temperament that the great laws of woman's soul have at last been discovered.

Think of what this means! To know instantly every lady you meet, and to anticipate in advance just what she will do at a given time! But we hasten to our proofs. No one who knows anything about our wonderful psychic life will dispute our reasoning for an instant. We defy any yogi, thought-medium, psychic clairvoyant or mind-reader (not to speak of psychologist) in the world, to find a flaw in our structure.

Up to the present time it is known that each one of us has a double personality. Your wife, for example, is not the same in the evening as she was in the morning. This is because she merges from one personality into the other. If she is an emotional lady she may vibrate from one to the other, so that you cannot always be sure which personality she is under at a given time. Now what the Swami has discovered is that not only do Amer-

ican women always have two personalities, but often many more. This depends entirely upon the number of times they have been reincarnated. Once we have labeled all the personalities in their order, it is perfectly easy for any man to tell what a woman will do when she is dominated by a particular one. We furnish the secret in this office. Here is a letter just received which will explain the method:



"The wife—morning and evening"

DEAR SIRs:

I have had trouble with my wife for years until I got her to go and see Swami Baa Baa. He made a careful examination of her area of consciousness, located four personalities—one of them dating back to the first pyramid—gave me a schedule of acts attached to each personality, and since then we have been living in perfect harmony. I find, for instance, that if I come home between twelve and one o'clock A. M., personality number two is in charge, and there is an awful time for both of us. But if I wait until after two, personality number four is in charge, and all is harmony—no matter what my condition. I throw out this suggestion to many misguided men; that is, don't come home too early. Now that I have my wife's different personalities located I've got so I can tell when they are coming, and by a few simple rules, know exactly what to do. Constant happiness is the result.

Forever yours,

The Swami begs everyone to be careful and not confound the personalities with the astral body or the auric envelope. These are entirely different. Also, the subliminal self is not the astral body. By keeping the distinction between these various entities in mind, much difficulty will be saved.

It is quite easy for any student who desires to make the experiment to become in time a ruler of the universe, and in harmony with all forces, by preserving the following rules:

Go into the silence. This can be done by fixing the eyes on a crystal ball, and breathing alternately, while calling up a blue disc with yellow centre.

Soon the aura will be perceived, or rather felt, waving gently about the outline of the physical, or body of illusion.



"The various personalities emerge"

Next the subliminal self will emerge from the lower depths of consciousness; frequently the subliminal self will be accompanied by the astral body; they are almost always on good terms with each other, and may be seen by the esoteric elect walking arm in arm. Then the various personalities emerge, and are known by their tattvic colors. You will notice, for example, that the ladies you know affect different colors at different times. This is only because they are under different personalities. A woman will delight in green in the morning, when she positively hates it at night. Ask any woman if this—with regard to colors in general—is not so.

The entities mentioned are, however, only a small part of the total equipment of a human being. There is, for example, the Ego, which is entirely distinct from the Self, through which only can you enter into the harmonies of the syllable Om. The Ego directs the will, which in turn is swayed by the various personalities.

No matter who you are, therefore—whether it be bachelor, bridegroom or benedict—waste no time. Understand all women. Consult the Swami and



"HI! PERLICE! COME AN' ARREST ME QUICK!"

learn the secrets of the psychic undertow. Get a correct time-table of the various personalities of the ladies you meet, and from this time forth walk

only on the plane of absolute bliss. Prices on application.

Life's Vibration Parlors.

A Proper Pride

(Contributed by a mission worker.)

JIM LAFERTY had brought his mother to that haven of many of the city's unfortunates—the city poor-house. Molly Laferty was still an active woman, but she bore no grudge to her children that they had left her to spend her last years in a city institution. After a time the matron, a kindly woman, thinking the time long for Molly, suggested she help with the mending. But Molly scornfully threw up her head and said: "Indeed, and it's not my son that would be after letting his old mother work."

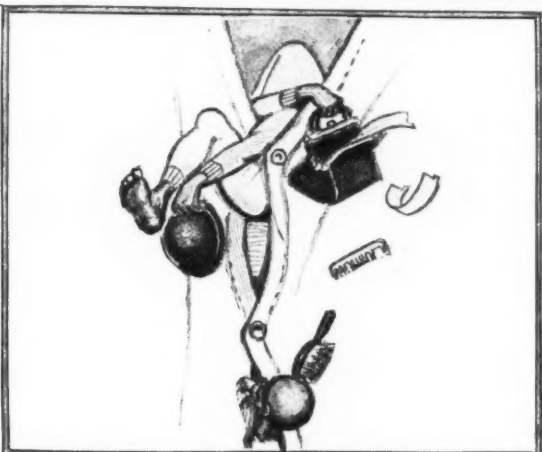
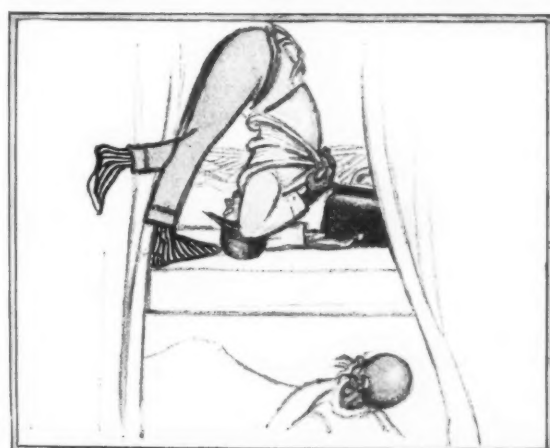
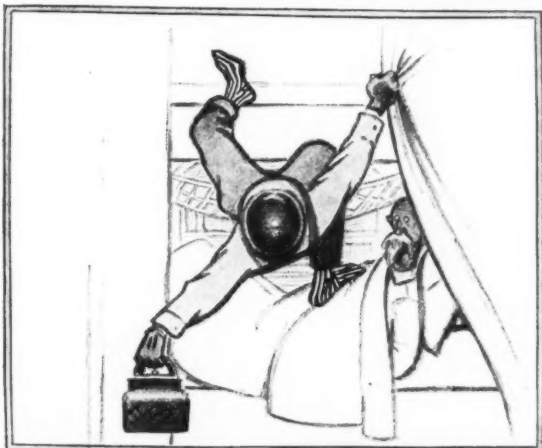
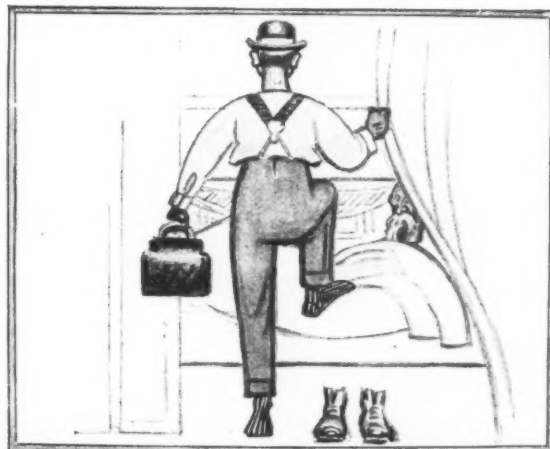
Mother the Goose!

I'LL tell you a story about Montessori,
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another about Modern Mother, also about Froebel, Pestalozzi, Preyer,
Herbart, Rousseau, Séguin and Freud,
And now my story's not nearly half done!
—*Heloise.*



"WHAT IS IT, JAMES? WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"HUSH! I THINK OUR ELDEST DAUGHTER IS ELOPING WITH THAT YOUNG MAN WE FORBADE THE HOUSE."



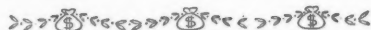
A COMPENDIUM OF TIMELY INFORMATION
HOW TO DISROBE IN AN UPPER BERTH



Theatrical Floodgates Still Open



THERE'S no break in New York's orgy of new theatrical productions, but if it doesn't stop pretty soon there's likely to be a break in some managerial finances. Even if all the productions were successful artistically—which they are not—they could not all be successful financially, because there is, although it might not seem so, a limit to the amount the public can spend on theatres. This brief chronicle covers only a fortnight, but the productions of even that short period represent an investment of capital running well up into six figures, which must have a quick return and that failing means disaster to somebody.



THE combination of a star like Mrs. Fiske and a play by Mr. Edward Sheldon would under normal theatrical conditions be a notable event. As it is, "The High Road" creates hardly a ripple, not because Mrs. Fiske is not almost at her best, nor because Mr. Sheldon's play is not an interesting and well written one on a theme of contemporary interest, but because the public is so sated with theatrical entertainment in every line that only the extraordinarily unusual makes any impression. "The High Road" raises a novel question of the relation of the virtue of woman to American politics, a question of interest in this day of feminine clamor for the right to lead the individualistic life. Author and artist combine to give the problem dramatic value, so "The High Road" is quite worth seeing as stage entertainment and by those likely to be interested in its topic.



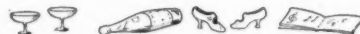
MME. SIMONE, nothing daunted by her failure to carry the American public by storm in her previous efforts, comes back to the attack this time in a play French in subject, but by a successful English author, Mr. L. N. Parker. The slight plot of "The Paper Chase," laid in the Marie Antoinette period, lacks cogency, and rather mystifies the audience, but gives opportunity for picturesque court costumes of the time and intriguing material for a coquette heroine. Also there is much bowing and curtsying, which is always picturesque stage material, but not quite sufficient to make up for a poverty of telling situations and lines. Mme. Simone still measures the same—expert in her methods, but deficient in ability to gain the sympathy of her audiences.



SHAKESPEARE is doubly represented in the collection of ventures. The second effort of the Annie Russell comedy company was a staging of "Much Ado About Nothing,"

following the so-called Elizabethan method in some particulars and the present-day devices in others. The result was not unpleasantly incongruous, as the color scheme in the stage hangings and costumes was delightfully worked out. The acting was neither conspicuously good nor conspicuously bad, simply a praiseworthy effort, with an agreeable but unimpressive result. The lady manager shows good discretion in changing the bill by a return to the very excellent performance of "She Stoops to Conquer," given by the same company.

"Hamlet" is the other Shakespearean offering. Mr. John Kellard essays the rôle, and at the Garden Theatre, which is really a double display of personal courage. Alas, courage is not all that is requisite in "Hamlet."



"THE Firefly," with Emma Trentini, is a really musical show. Mr. Rudolf Friml, the composer, keeps far enough away from the familiar Viennese method and far enough above our own rag-time school to invest the score with a strong tinge of originality, and yet keep it within the range of popular appreciation. The star has both voice and method, combined with an unusual supply of the vivacity which counts so much in comic opera. She is well backed up by a good singing company, and the cast includes, in the person of Mr. Roy Atwell, that rare bird, a comedian who can be funny in a refined way.



IN the musical line of the strictly popular type we have an extravagance of elaborate productions. Most important of these, in the fact that it adds another new place of amusement to New York's big list, was "Roly Poly," which opened the new Weber and Fields Music Hall. Although the proprietors are reunited as managers and artists in this effort to perpetuate and enlarge upon former glories, the initial performance lacked the old spirit. The new members of the company fail to fill the vacancies. Of course, the comedians themselves, Marie Dressler and Bessie Clayton fitted into the new frame, but industriously as they tried Frank Daniels, Jack Norworth and Nora Bayes did not seem to be placed in exactly the right society. There is no perceptible falling off in the chorus-girl quantity and quality.

Messrs. Weber and Fields are faced by an enormously greater competition than that of the past, but they are resourceful managers and may be relied upon to rise to the emergency.

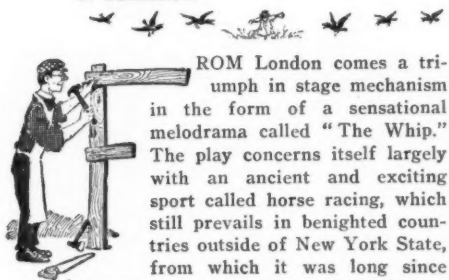
Mr. Fields is also the producer of another elaborate musical show called "The Sun Dodgers," which decorates the stage of the Broadway Theatre with chorus-girl beauty and provokes mirth and music, with a large company headed by Messrs. George W. Monroe, Harry Fisher and Miss Bessie Wynn. These musical pieces are all built on so much the same lines that when title and principals are named the description is almost complet. In the case of "The Sun Dodgers," the variant is the basic idea that the characters are engaged in forming a community where the hours of joy that come with the electric lights are the ones to be lived and the days devoted to rest. There are enough persons of this belief in New York and among its visitors to insure a sympathetic success for the piece.

The new show at the Winter Garden, although headed by Gertrude Hoffmann, is not overburdened by that lady's



THE SCENE IN THE TUSSAUD CHAMBER OF HORRORS FROM "THE WHIP"

personality or costumes. It seems a superfluous statement, but it contains ragtime and chorus girls. Also vaudeville features, music and dancing in such profusion and glittering gorgeousness of setting that after one act there comes the feeling of repletion that goes with seeing an entire performance. "From Broadway to Paris" is certainly a large amount of up-to-date entertainment for one price of admission.



FROM London comes a triumph in stage mechanism in the form of a sensational melodrama called "The Whip." The play concerns itself largely with an ancient and exciting sport called horse racing, which still prevails in benighted countries outside of New York State, from which it was long since banished by a Governor named Hughes. The transportation of a valuable race horse named The Whip is responsible for a most vivid and exciting depiction of a railway accident, from which he emerges safely, to appear in another exciting scene, a horse race on one of the great English courses.

The plot wanders through all sorts of scenes, one of the most unique being the Chamber of Horrors in the wax works establishment of Mme. Tussaud. "The Whip" is better written and better acted than the similar melodramas once so popular, and it really communicates thrills.

Metcalfe.

Confidential Guide

Astor.—"Hawthorne of the U. S. A." A Balkan kingdom served up as a fun-maker for Mr. Douglas Fairbanks.

Belasco.—"The Case of Becky." Interesting study in combination of psychology and hypnotism.

Broadway.—"The Sun Dodgers."

Casino.—"The Merry Countess." Strauss's "Fledermaus" very agreeably modernized.

Century.—"The Daughter of Heaven." Picturesque and impressive staging if not impressive drama with scenes laid in China.

Cohan's.—"Broadway Jones." Well acted and diverting farcical comedy of the day.

Comedy.—"Fanny's First Play." Witty satire directed at the London critics and the British middle classes by the pen of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Well done.

Criterion.—"What Ails You?" by Mr. Rupert Hughes. Not particularly funny farce, based on the training methods in force at the Muldoon Sanitarium.

Daly's.—"The Red Petticoat." Amusing musical version of an unsuccessful farce.

Eltinge.—"Within the Law." American melodrama aimed at department store evils and police methods. Well acted and very interesting.

Empire.—Nazimova in dramatization of Mr. Hichens's novel, "Bella Donna." Exotic drama, bizarre but interesting.

Forty-eighth Street.—Mr. William Collier in "Never Say Die." The Collier fun in most amusing exposition.

Fulton.—"The Yellow Jacket." One of the most unusual, novel and amusing plays in town, and thoroughly demonstrative of Chinese methods.

Garden.—Mr. John E. Keller in Shakespearean repertory. See above.

Garrick.—Mr. John Mason, in "The Attack." Well acted, but talky depiction of a French politician's life.

Globe.—"The Lady of the Slipper." Very up-to-date musical version of the Cinderella fairy tale with Messrs. Montgomery and Stone and Elsie Janis.

Harris.—"The Indiscretion of Truth," by Mr. Hartley Manners. Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"Under Many Flags."

Hudson.—Mrs. Fiske in "The High Road," by Mr. Edward Sheldon. See above.

Knickerbocker.—"Oh! Oh. Delphine." Well done and diverting girl-and-music show.

Little.—"The Affairs of Anatol." Five episodes from the life of a young bachelor who has loved often and apparently not wisely. Interesting.

Afternoons.—"Snow White" and the "Seven Dwarfs." Grimm fairy tale picturesquely dramatized for children.

Lyceum.—"The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." Mr. Pinero's exposition of the tie that binds the British nobility to the musical comedy stage. Well acted.

Lyric.—Mme. Trentini in "The Firefly." See above.

Manhattan Opera House.—"The Whip." See above.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Hindle Wakes." Notice later.

Moulin Rouge.—"Ziegfeld's Follies." Girl-and-music show of the typical kind.

Playhouse.—"Little Women." Louisa M. Alcott's classic of New England girl life, turned into very agreeable stage presentation.

Republic.—"The Governor's Lady." An American drama not very remarkable in itself, but made interesting by Mr. Belasco's staging and Emma Dunn's acting.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Annie Russell's company in "She Stoops to Conquer." Admirable presentation of the old English comedy.

Wallack's.—Mme. Simone, in "The Paper Chase," by Mr. L. N. Parker. See above.

Weber and Fields Music Hall.—"Roly Poly." See above.

Winter Garden.—Gertrude Hoffmann, in "Broadway to Paris." See above.



Advice to the Men

GO BACK TO THE STABLE AS



...e to the Mentally Feeble
...K TO THE STABLE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

Wrecked at a Cross-over

Maurice Hewlett Rivals the New Haven

THERE isn't likely to be much difference of opinion, whether analytico-critical or just plain readerish, as to which side of the line between his successes and his failures Maurice Hewlett's "Mrs. Lancelot" (Century, \$1.35) belongs.

Moreover the story—which starts out with such real although restrained fervor, so elatedly convinced of its own provable possibilities and so contagiously pleased in anticipation with their successful development; and which ends in anti-climax bravely but hopelessly masquerading as self-fulfillment—the story seems at the last itself to feel and to be puzzled by the failure of its high hopes.

This last statement, by the way, may seem but is not, I believe, wholly fanciful. It has always seemed to me that it would be quite unnecessary to call out the reserves on the Day of Judgment in order to marshal (with perhaps a touch of the night-stick to ensure promptness of obedience) obstreperous and unacquiescing sinners to their appointed places among the goats. I'm sure that we will see for ourselves, without even being told, that we have no business among the manifestly surprised and humbly radiant folk who are moving somewhat dazedly toward the right, and that we will "stand over" of our own accord and with no thought of protest. And it often seems to me when looking at a picture or listening to a symphony or laying aside a book, that some pale analogue of such a realization and attitude may be dimly sensed by us in those unhappy and half-animate creatures that, having started out to be works of art, have gone astray on the road. And "Mrs. Lancelot" is assuredly one of them.

It is the story of a quartette of alleged actual eighteenth century people, a peer, a prig, a pale lady and a poet, the recorded superficial facts of whose interwoven lives have inspired the author with the creative curiosity of the artist, and the inner springs and hidden impulses of whose relations he has set out to reconstruct for himself and for us. And if you happen to be so built that fine parts in a book will partially compensate you for a poor whole, there are passages of delightfully delicate insight into the characters of each of the four, and of delightfully

effective presentation of them, that will prove their own reward. But it is chiefly in case you are occasionally intrigued by the anomalous position and consequent bewilderment of romance at grips with the modern point of view that I wish to call your sympathetic if amused attention to the plight of Mr. Hewlett in "Mrs. Lancelot"—Mr. Hewlett the romanticist à l'outrance, bitten unawares by Modernity and bewildered by his wound.

The modern recognizes romance as an intoxicating breath of the rarefied upper ether of ideality; and knows that, while a man may live all his life safely and never breathe it, or may now and again scramble perilously up to where it is and fill the lungs of his spirit with it, yet he can in no wise as yet live on its heights. But to the romanticist, romance to be valid must be immortal. The modern recognizes romance as a divine adventure. But the romanticist, if the light of romance so much as flickers while he changes dynamos, feels the service to be disgraced. The modern loves to present romance or to see it presented in something of its actual and intricate relationship to the rest of our humanity. But



A Man in the Open, by Roger Pocock. The lively story of a Labrador waif who fought his way up from obscurity into melodrama.

Between Two Thieves, by Richard Dehan. A panoramic romance of the Crimean War. A glowing tapestry of vivid imaginings, teeming inventions, hot hates and shimmering idealizations.

The Flaw in the Crystal, by May Sinclair. A tale which presents with an astonishing lucidity the history of a woman's discovery, perfecting, loss and recovery of mysterious telepathic powers.

The Flowing Road, by Caspar Whitney. River journeyings and explorations in the tropic hinterlands of the Amazon and Orinoco. An unusual and interesting travel book.

The Good Girl, by Vincent O'Sullivan. A study, at once uncompromising and comprehending, of an adventuress and her victims. A sinister tragedy-comedy of considerable quality.

The Inn of Tranquillity, by John Galsworthy. Essays and papers, critical of the arts and commentative upon life, unified by a pervading spirit of tranquil and undogmatic spectatorship.

A Journey to Ohio in 1810, by Margaret Van Horn Dwight. The naive and haphazard journal of a girl of twenty which gives us fragmentary but authentic glimpses of vanished conditions.

The Junior Partner, by Edward Mott Wooley. In which seven successful business men swap life stories on a transcontinental train. Good sense dished up in good stories.

Marriage, by H. G. Wells. A novel in which, after the author's latest and most valuable fictional method, we are made privy to the thinking out by an earnest and able struggler in the life of to-day of his attitude toward one of the times' dilemmas.

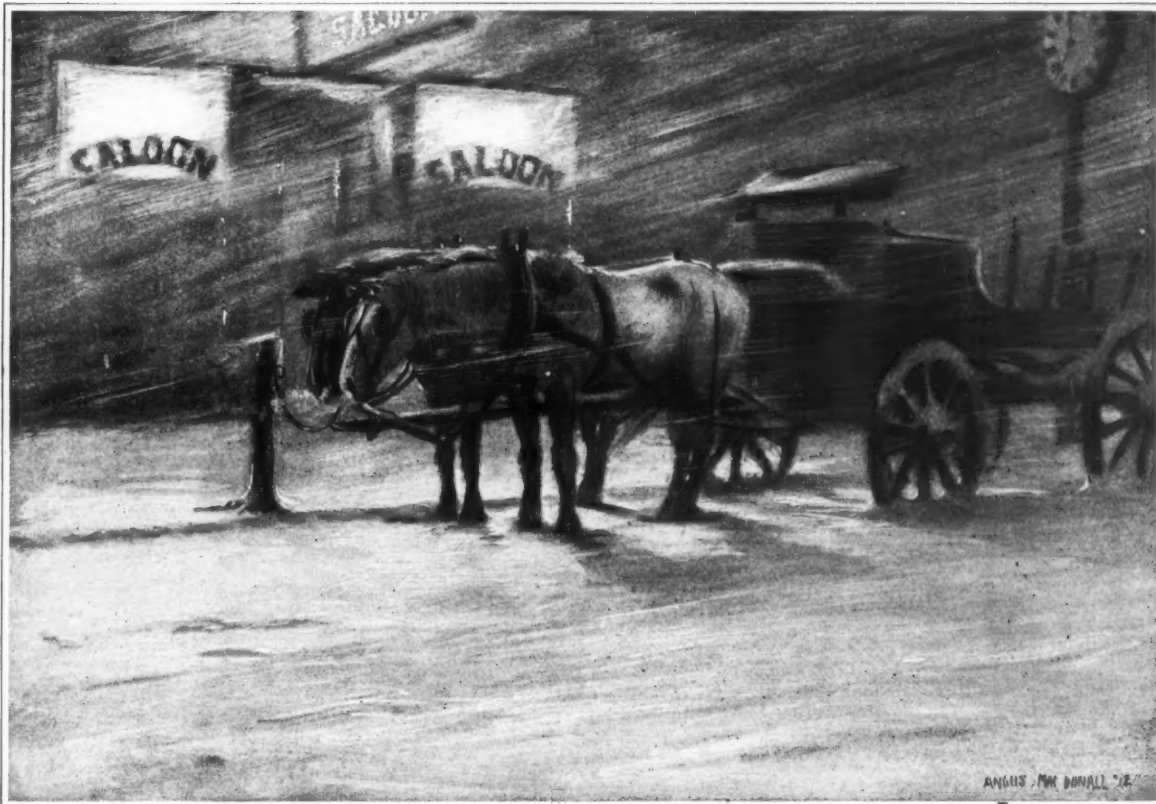
Mrs. Lancelot, by Maurice Hewlett. See above.

The Streets of Ascalon, by Robert W. Chambers. A pumpkin pie novel—ten cents' worth of pumpkin and five dollars' worth of spice to flavor it up with.

Valserine and Other Stories, by Margaret Audoux. The careless and inaccurate translations of some nice little negligibilities, padded into a book by the addition of the French text of them.

A Woman of Genius, by Mary Austin. An actress' self-analyzing autobiography. Over named, but interesting.

The Wind Before the Dawn, by Dell H. Munger. The making of a feminist on the Kansas prairie. A big hearted story that could have stood some pruning.



BEASTS

INSIDE AND OUT

the romanticist longs to present it or to see it presented as though it were the whole of life.

Now Mr. Hewlett, who is a romanticist by temperament, conviction and habit, seems to have become something of a modern by absorption. For, attracted by the romantic appeal of the situation to the task of picturing the relationships of poor gray little Georgiana to her priggish and self-torturing husband, her innocently dangling duke and her quick flaming madman of a poet, he has been led almost inadvertently into a sympathetic but essentially realistic study of the net and tangle of their self-deceptions. And it is only when these lead them to the edge of an abyss where they must, by the unalterable make-up of their so ably demonstrated natures, either wake up or go smash, that Mr. Hewlett, knowing that to wake up and to go smash are equally foreign to romance as it ought to be, realizes where he is and takes refuge in a make-believe happy ending that is but a tragedy in disguise, and that is as devoid of the elan and inspiration of true romance as it is of the passionate love of life-as-it-is that is the spirit of true realism.

The real trouble with "Mrs. Lancelot" is that it fails

to take the cross-over. And the bewilderment of Mr. Hewlett arises from the fact that after having been euhred out of his convictions he still retains the courage of them.

J. B. Kerfoot.



"Who is he? He seems to spend all his time digging in the garbage pail."

"Why, he's one of the most distinguished swill-paleontologists we have."



"I know I'm the biggest crank in the country"

Sanctum Talks

"GOOD morning, your honor."

"Go to the devil!"

"Glad to see you in a pleasant mood this morning, Mayor Gaynor; I was afraid you might be cross."

"Me cross! Who ever heard of such a thing? What do you want? I'm so busy this morning writing letters to ten-year-old children that I can't stop."

"Oh, very well, your honor, I thought that possibly you had some police business on hand, and therefore had the time to spare."

"Look here, LIFE, what do you mean? Shut that door! Was anybody listening?"

"No, your honor."

"Then let me tell you something. You're sure there's no one around? Well, to be honest with you—I know I'm the biggest crank in the country."

"You astonish me!"

"The newspapers have exasperated me beyond measure; and my own incompetence has driven me almost crazy."

"Don't say that, your honor; you're a pretty good sort. All you need is taste, tact and self-control. If you had those, you would be one of the greatest men in the country."

"Um! So would anybody. But to tell you the truth, LIFE, I'm sick and tired of myself. That's what's the matter with me. I've been living with myself so long that it's made me a crank. Do you blame me?"

"No, your honor. On the other hand, I have the utmost sympathy for you."

"Sympathy be damned! Cut it out! I don't want any of your sympathy!"

"Then good morning, Mr. Gaynor."

"Go to the devil!"

Was It a Coincidence?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WICKERSHAM started out bravely enough to get at the inside of that affair between the Grand Trunk and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. For a few minutes, it really looked as if something were doing. And—whisper it softly—Mr. Morgan, the Great, was subpoenaed. But Mr. Morgan did not show up. And, at about the same moment of his refusal, it was decided to call off the investigation entirely. Also, at about the same moment, Mr. Morgan presented the government with a complete collection of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

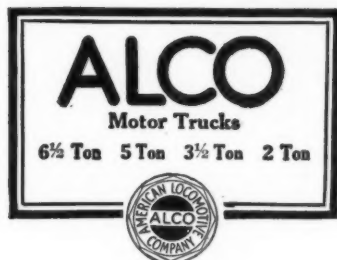
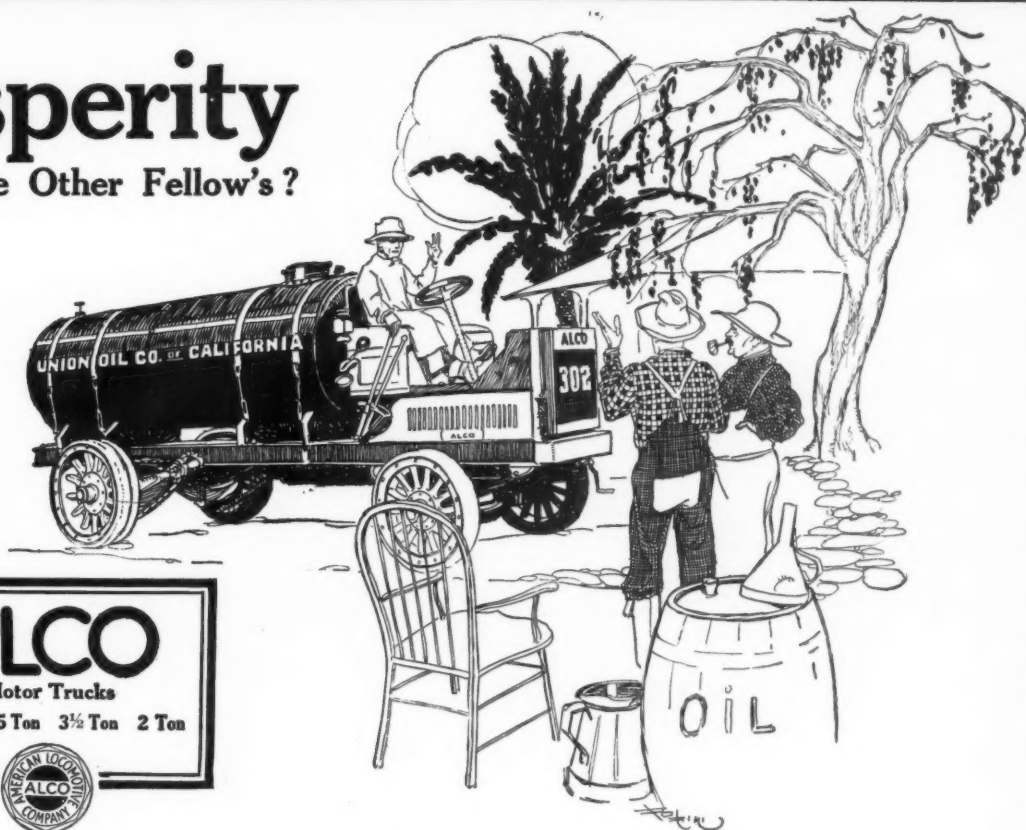
Now some people seem to think that all this is remarkably coincidental, but we cannot agree. No man in Mr. Morgan's position can afford to have coincidences happen. He must know exactly what is going to be done and why.



"MOTHER'S BOY"

Prosperity

Yours—or the Other Fellow's?



THE dawn of a new prosperity rises today on America. The election is over. Bumper crops have come from the fields. The farmers' bins are bulging. The railroads are buying. The steel mills are running full blast again. Many believe the American people are beginning the most prosperous era of their history.

On the crest of the prosperity wave will ride only those alert, far sighted houses which project themselves into the future and prepare for it. Here is a big and interesting problem for them: how are all these products, this grain, these cottons, these textiles, this steel and this machinery going to be carried to the ultimate consumer?

The railroads will take care of their share as usual. But the railroads do not carry the goods to the ultimate consumer. Every piece of goods that is hauled by railroad 100 miles is hauled by horse or automobile at least 5 miles over streets. The extent of road transportation is today away beyond the belief of the average man.

Wheat, for instance, is hauled to the railroad by horse or automobile. The railroad hauls it to the mill and then on to the city. The horse or automobile hauls it to the grocer and from him to the ultimate consumer. Thus the story goes. Are your horses able to take care of the increased business? Have you enough horses to take care of the increased business?

Don't buy more horses. Buy motor trucks. They can work twenty-four hours a day if necessary. They can haul three times the load. They can cover a greater area of territory. They reach out and get new business.

They never tire. They travel as fast at the end of the day as at the beginning. They do not die suddenly. They do not consume on Sunday.

Motor trucks are increasing at the rate of about 100 per

cent per year. They are being used now in every line of business. Nearly every house that has bought one motor truck has bought more motor trucks. Sixty-two per cent of the Alco trucks we have built were purchased on reorders. That is the evidence. The testimony of nearly a thousand Alco owners is against the horse.

Within a year Alco trucks have risen from sixth to a commanding position. They have behind them a company with a capital of \$50,000,000,—a company of 77 years' accumulative transportation experience.

And bear this in mind: sixty-five per cent of all Alco owners are rated by Bradstreet and Dun at \$1,000,000, or over. Big business houses are shrewd buyers. They seldom purchase mistakes. Nearly every one of these big business houses has bought more Alco trucks. This is a good guide for the smaller business house, for it can avoid the danger of an unwise purchase if it, too, selects the Alco.

We sell the Alco truck on a scientific basis. We are not so much interested in the immediate future as in the ultimate business. Therefore, a year ago, we established the Transportation Cost Bureau.

This Bureau will determine for you just how much your horses are actually costing you, will blue print your horse delivery system, reroute your hauls, estimate if you can employ motor trucks to advantage, determine how many you need, the size, the type of body, and will show you what the automobile equipment will save over the horse equivalent. The saving runs from 15 to 40 per cent, depending on the type of business. The service rendered by this Bureau is without charge to you. Write for information today.

A new 112 page book on Alco Trucks has been prepared and is now being distributed. It is sent gratis.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY, - - 1882 Broadway, NEW YORK

Builders of Alco Motor Trucks, Alco Motor Cars and Alco Taxicabs
Movers of the World's Goods since 1835 Capital, \$50,000,000



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

About Operations

DEAR LIFE:

On page 2104 of your number for October 31 you call attention to a recent court decision dealing with surgical operations. I wonder if you refer to the recent New Jersey case of Berman vs. Parsonnet. If so, you must have been misinformed about the facts and the decision in the case. You say that "after your doctor has cut you open" he may operate in any new and unexpected manner, etc. In that case the doctor had not "cut open" the patient at the time he discovered the necessity of the operation he actually performed. Neither did he, after he had begun the actual operation, change his mind and do something else.

Quoting again, you say "the surgeon can go ahead and operate in any new and unexpected manner he pleases." The court says: "Such implication (of authority to the surgeon) affords no license to the surgeon to operate upon the patient against his will or by subterfuge, or to perform upon him any operation of a sort different from that to which he had consented."

If you were referring to some other case I should be very glad to know what it is, for I am interested in the matter. If not, I fear you have, though unintentionally, entirely misrepresented the court's decision.

Sincerely yours,
C. R. BENTLEY.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
November 1, 1912.

There was no intention or desire on our part to misrepresent the court's decision, with which we are perfectly familiar. Our friend has interpreted our remarks—which were intended to be jocular—too literally.—THE EDITORS OF LIFE.

Newspapers and Capitalists

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

In your issue of November 14th, under the caption "Let Us Have the Truth," appears the following statement accredited to William D. Haywood:

When they (the capitalists) do not own the press, they subsidize it, and through their control of the Associated Press they control all the news, suppress information, enlarge, exaggerate and distort the news to suit their interests.

I am not in a position to speak for the Associated Press, but on behalf of the four hundred and eighty afternoon newspapers served by the United Press I would enter a protest. There was no suppression of the news of the Lawrence strike or any detail of it so far as the clientele of the United Press was concerned. In support of this statement I would quote you from the *American Magazine* for the current month:

When the strike (at Lawrence) developed a situation which not only outraged the broad humanitarian impulses of the American people, but violated the constitutional rights of the individuals involved, the United Press was true to its responsibility, and as a result of its accurate representation of that labor conflict the whole nation was aroused.

You may also be interested in a comment—made immediately following the crisis at Lawrence—by the *Milwaukee Journal*, a paper which takes the services of both the United Press and the Associated Press:

Telling the truth, all the truth, was the thing demanded by the situation, and the United Press has done this in a very satisfactory manner. In doing this, it has performed a signal service to humanity.

Still again I would quote from the *Record* at Los Angeles, which said at the time:

Only through the United Press have the real facts been obtainable, and thousands of readers of the *Record* rejoice that there is one press service not so subservient to big business that it will take orders and try to keep the people in ignorance of what is going on.

It may be germane also to state that Mr. Haywood personally has expressed the conviction that the United Press in its handling of the Lawrence situation was entirely fair to both factors in the controversy. We do not feel that it is just to our clientele, comprising more than half of the evening papers of the United States, to have LIFE labor under the misapprehension that it is any longer possible to conceal from the American people vital facts in the day's news.

Very cordially yours,
UNITED PRESS ASSOCIATIONS.
ROY W. HOWARD,
Chairman Board of Directors.
NEW YORK,
November 19, 1912.

Easy to Believe

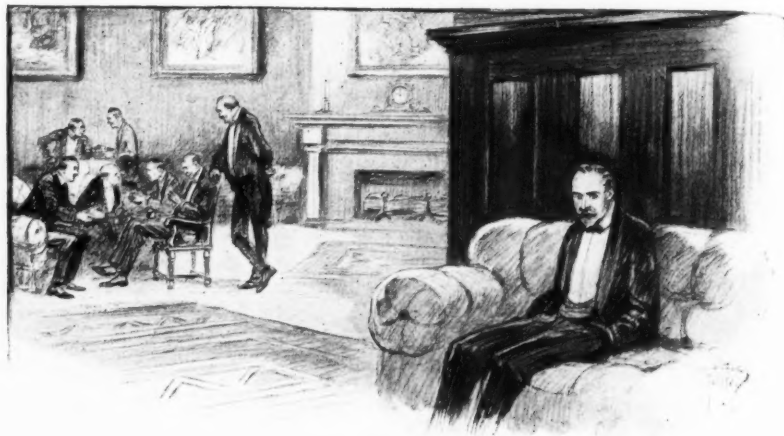
DEAR LIFE:

While I personally do not approve of your crusade against the anti-typhoid vaccination in the services—you have missed one very good bet.

The Secretary of the Navy issued a general order requiring all persons in the naval service to submit to this vaccination; within a very few months after the issue of this order the Secretary was himself down with typhoid fever.

Very truly yours,

FORT D. A. RUSSELL, WYOMING.
October 28, 1912.



MORAL

EVEN IF YOU DON'T PLAY GOLF, IT IS ADVISABLE TO LEARN THE LANGUAGE

Overland

\$985 Completely Equipped

Self-Starter
30 Horse-power
5-Passenger Touring Car
110-Inch Wheel Base

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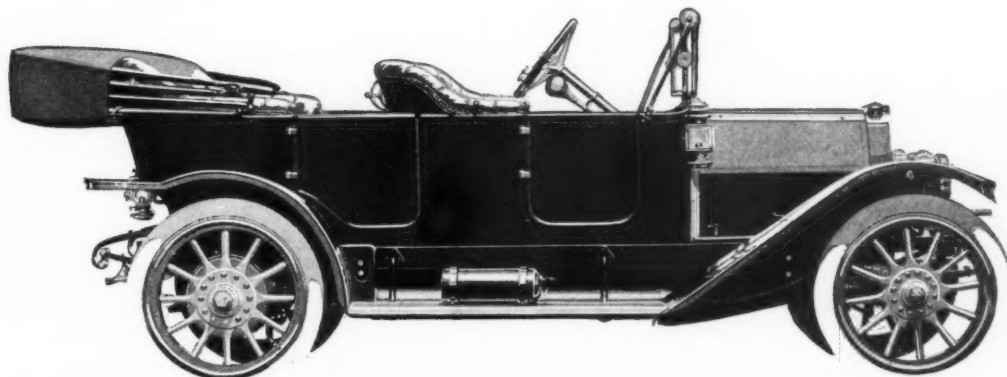
Mohair Top and Boot
Clear Vision-Rain-Vision
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Prestolite Tank

¶ In six years we have jumped from 400 cars a year to 40,000 cars a year. This is an increase of nearly 10,000 per cent. This growth is greater than that of any other single concern in the industry. This growth is greater than the growth of the combined factories of the world.

¶ The Overland, by virtue of this unusual act of implicit confidence, warm appreciation, and exceptional recognition, is today the most prominent, permanent and popular car of its type produced.

(Handsome catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 16.)

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio





A Personal Question

At Denver a few weeks ago a colored woman presented herself at a registration booth with the intention of enrolling and casting her first vote in the ensuing election.

She gave her name, her address and her age; and then the clerk of registration asked this question:

"What party do you affiliate with?"

The woman's eyes popped out.

"Does I have to answer dat question?" she demanded.

"That is the law," he told her.

"Den you jes scratch my name offen dem books," she said. "Ef I got to tell his name I don't want to vote. Why, he ain't got his divorce yit!"

And out she stalked.

—Saturday Evening Post.

"He's different from most men."

"That so?"

"Yes, he admits that he likes to go to New York."—Detroit Free Press.



"THE WILD IRISH ROSE"

The Charmed Life

Cried the Sword: "I ran it through
With my bloody blade;
But behold, it does not show
That a thrust was made."

Cried the Fire, "I burned it black
With devouring flame,
And the zealots piled the pyre,
But 'tis now the same."

Cried the Bomb, "I blew it up
With an anarchy burst,
But it lived when I was done,
Scatheless as at first."

Then it was that Weapons knew
They in vain were wrought;
Naught on earth can kill a Thought
But another Thought.

McLanburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

Facts in the Case

Tom, Tom, the piper's son, stole a pig and away he run.

At least this report was given out. We have later information.

He really stole a thousand pigs and he did not run, as rumored. He instead engaged eminent legal talent, who say they will have no trouble whatever in exonerating this eminent citizen.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
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and I am convinced that it is beyond question the most popular toilet perfume in use."
An acceptable gift all the year round, it is doubly so at Christmas.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!
Insist upon having the original, genuine Murray & Lanman's.
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Milo

The EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE OF QUALITY

Brands may come
And brands may go
But I go on forever.

—MILO

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THE HOFFECKER SPEEDOMETER

In the Realm of Speedometer Authority "THE STEADY HAND" HOFFECKER reigns supreme. It has stood rigid and exhaustive tests made by some of America's leading mechanical engineers and has as a result been selected for speedometer equipment on some of the most prominent motor cars.

Its *Superior workmanship* and scientific construction, its every refinement in mechanical detail, distinguishes it as the one **PAR EXCELLENT** speedometer in both *artistic appearance* and *satisfactory service*.

ABSOLUTE ACCURACY—obtained by a special *individual calibration process*.

A DAILY TRIP—giving intermediate distances which can be *easily and quickly* set to any desired mileage.

An instantaneous resetting **TENTHS DEVICE**, designating fractions of a mile—are some of the *individual and exclusive* HOFFECKER features.

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THE HOFFECKER CO.

Boston, : : Mass.

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The past year has but given stronger emphasis to the superiority of Waltham 8 Day Timepieces—has proved conclusively that they are like Waltham Pocket Watches in a class unapproachable in reliability.

They have been used under all the varying conditions to which a car can put them and found to be absolutely dependable timepieces.

They are built to Waltham Standard, which means they are the acknowledged leaders of the world.

They are the only 8 Day Timepieces that have 15 jewels and adjusted to temperature; movement runs 8 days; has winding indicator.

Two of the models are cased to match Hoffeecker Speedometers, thus insuring artistic uniformity of speed and time equipment, all with greatest efficiency.

For sale by leading jewelers and auto supply houses. Interesting, illustrated literature free.

WALTHAM WATCH CO.

Waltham, : : Mass.



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*Fastest and Best Equipped Train
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Double track. Automatic electric block safety signals

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Gerrit Fort, Passenger Traffic Manager
 Union Pacific
 Room 15, Omaha, Neb.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



An Imminent Disaster

At Christmas-time I don't mind much
 Unwelcome and misguided gifts;
 Tokens designed the heart to touch
 And books whose atmosphere uplifts;
 But one dire fear hangs o'er my heart,
 Nor will be quenched by mere
 avowals—
 I dread those latest works of art,
 Those hideous, ghastly cross-stitch
 towels!

Atrocities of bronze or brass
 I've learned to take with smiling face;
 For gold-bedaubed Bohemian glass
 I gush my thanks with artless grace.
 I'll even stand hand-painted plaques
 Or gilded and beribboned trowels;
 Or plaster casts or monk pipe-racks—
 But *not* those fearful cross-stitch
 towels!

They have designs in reds and blues,
 Of men bizarre and houses queer;
 Strange landscapes of most vivid hues
 And children that are "quaint" and
 "dear."

Oh, Fate, send any simple thing—
 A box of sweets—a book of How-
 ells'—
 A decorated ball of string—
 But save me from those cross-stitch
 towels!

Carolyn Wells in Harper's Magazine.

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of
 Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps.
 C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore Md.


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 By Madame L. de HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

HERE are some intensely fascinating reminiscences of an American woman who was an appreciated guest of the
 Court of Napoleon III., and a resident of Paris for nine of the gay, brilliant years preceding the Commune.
 Few persons of her day have known so many of those whom the world has counted great. Among her friends
 have been not only the ruling monarchs of several countries, and the most distinguished men and women of their
 courts, but almost all the really important figures in the world of music of the past half-century—among them Liszt,
 Wagner, Rossini, Gounod, Auber, Massenet, and great singers such as Jenny Lind and Patti. These, as well as an
 endless procession of titled and impressively splendid personages, are pictured with lively vividness, for the most part
 in their moments of relaxation.

In fact, the reader meets a crowd of celebrities of all ranks and of every degree of eccentricity. Violent and pic-
 turesque scenes of the Commune are graphically reproduced, and the subsequent part of the narrative, dealing with
 experiences in London, in Cuba, and once more in Europe, overflows with interesting and novel observations.

Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, \$2.00 net

HARPER & BROTHERS

The Acme of Dignity

During the war in the Philippines
 Gen. Charles King one day while re-
 splendent in his uniform, which was
 made especially brilliant by several rows
 of new brass buttons, came upon a raw
 recruit. The latter was on post duty
 and failed to salute the general.

"Are you on duty here?" asked Gen-
 eral King, with a show of anger.
 "I guess so," said the recruit. "They
 sent me out here, anyway."

"Do you remember your general
 orders?" asked the general.

"I guess I do—some of them," said
 the raw recruit.

"Well," said the general, "don't you
 know that you are supposed to salute
 your officers? Don't you know I am
 the general of this brigade?"

"You the general?" said the new re-
 cruit. "Gosh, no; I didn't know it. I
 thought you was the chief of the fire
 department."—*Kansas City Star.*

A Painful Situation

"My friends," declaimed an orator in
 the Congress Hotel during the Republi-
 can convention—"My friends, I say to
 you that this great republic of ours is
 standing right now on the brink of an
 abscess!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

PHILOSOPHER: "Bear and forbear" is
 my motto.
 DYSPEPTIC: "Chew and eschew" is
 mine.—*Boston Transcript.*

Caroni the Ideal Bitters. Should be in every home. Send
 25 cents for trial bottle. You'll be delighted.
 Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distr.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

12 Years in 1—and Over

Our fiscal year ended November 1.

We sold in that year 918,687 automobile tires—a gain of 125 per cent over 1911.

Our greatest previous gain was 100 per cent.

Last year's sales by far exceeded all our previous twelve years put together.

They were enough to equip completely 230,000 cars. Yet the demand last year exceeded our output by 400,000 tires.

These are facts to ponder, if you own a car:

Why has this tire so outsold all the others?

Why are sales doubling faster than we can build factories, after seventeen hundred thousand have been tested out?

You know, as we know, that nothing has done it save lessened cost of upkeep.

In this day of odometers, men are making comparisons. These figures reveal the result.

Next Year—500,000 Cars

The percentage of increase which we are maintaining will next year mean an output of 2,000,000 tires.

That will mean to equip, in a single year, 500,000 cars with Goodyears.

Contracts with car makers seem to insure that nearly half of next year's new cars will go out with Goodyear tires.

Think what that means—about as many Goodyear tires as all other makes together.

The demand from car users is increasing at an even greater rate.

Major Savings

This flood of demand began with the advent of No-Rim-Cut tires.

This patent tire ended rim-cutting forever. And that, as shown by careful statistics, saved 23 per cent of tire ruin.

Men are quitting clincher tires by the tens of thousands, to get rid of these rim-cutting troubles.

Then we made these tires—our patent type—10 per cent over the rated size. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features of ours cut the average tire bills 48 per cent. They are saving tire users now, we figure, a million dollars monthly.

Mileage Tests

Then we built a machine on which four tires at a time are worn out in our factory under all road conditions.

Year after year we have used that machine to compare fabrics and formulas, methods, materials and ideas. We have also compared rival tires with our own.

The mileage is metered, and the meter told us when we reached the limit—when we had the best tire in existence.

Then the odometer on thousands of cars told the same story to users. That's the reason for this wondrous Goodyear growth.

1,700,000 Used

Up to November 1st men had put into use 1,700,000 of these tires. They are running now, we figure, on 250,000 cars.

The present sale—918,687 last year—is a simple result of those tests.

You can't for a moment think these

men mistaken after all these years, after all these tests. They are seeking just what you seek—lesser cost per mile.

They are using odometers—keeping records of cost. And a quarter-million such men have come to Goodyear tires.

Doesn't it seem to you reasonably certain that the same tests will win you?

Our Latest Invention

The Winter Tread

The latest service our experts have rendered lies in this Non-Skid tread.

Not a regular tread with short-lived corrugations, but an extra tread made of very tough rubber, giving a double thickness.

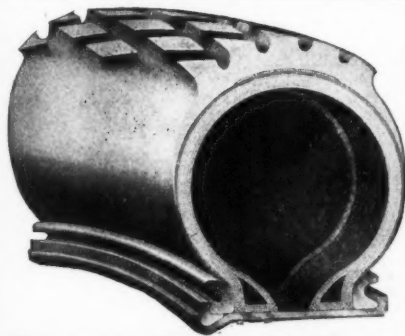
This thick extra tread gives us deep-cut blocks. They last for thousands of miles. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles, which grasp with a bulldog grip.

The blocks meet at the base, so the

strain is distributed over the fabric, just as with smooth-tread tires. This invention alone, our experts say, will double the life of non-skids.

Please make your comparisons. The advantages here will be obvious to you. You'll see that we have solved the problems.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all the ways to save on tires.



GOOD YEAR

AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Note the double-thick tread, to give multiplied endurance.

Note the deep-cut blocks.

Note the sharp edges and angles, facing every direction.

Note how the blocks widen out at the base, so the strain is distributed. It never comes on a small part of the fabric.

Our experts spent three years on this difficult problem. And we think they've solved the skidding question as it never was solved before.

200,000 have been tested out.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

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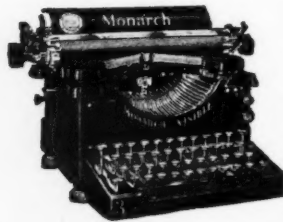
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The Light Touch of the Monarch increases the daily, monthly or yearly production of your machine and correspondingly decreases the cost per folio.

We do not have to prove the Light Touch of the Monarch. It proves itself the moment your hands touch the machine. But, if you wish, we can send you a booklet telling you just why the Monarch touch is so light.

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New York and Everywhere



He Knew

It was the opening of the winter session and the teacher was making up her list of pupils.

"Well, my boy," she said to one youth, "what is your name?"

"Tom, ma'am," said the boy promptly.

"That does not sound well," she said; "you should always give the full name. You should have said, 'Thomas.' And what is your name?" she asked, turning to the next boy.

Flushed with the consciousness of having learned something new the young man arose and said proudly: "My name is Jackas."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Dr. Carrel

The Nobel prize in medicine, which amounts to something over \$39,000 for 1912, is awarded to Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute. This in recognition of his success in keeping tissues from the body alive, and making them grow, in an oven. Those to whom this service to civilization does not seem a bargain at the price, must remember that Dr. Carrel was already famous for his success as a grafter and transplant of human organs. He can take a piece out of one man (let us say a vein) and insert it into a part of another man (let us say an artery), and have both his victims live happily ever after. He is also said to have transplanted the hind leg from one dog (let us say a greyhound) onto the body of another (let us say a dachshund). The animal lived and the result was said to be entirely satisfactory.

It is the greater pity that he is not a wise man. Time was when a distinguished scientist was almost sure to be a wise man. For some fifteen hundred years indeed a Greek physician, Aristotle, was regarded as the wisest man, save only the Son of God, that the world ever produced. But those days are past. To be scientific in this day means to be a one-eyed man, a man with a specialty. And if you want to find a person who has preserved the most virgin ignorance of one science, you go to someone who is an acknowledged authority in another which ought to be related to it.

—The Masses.

PARIS—LYON—MEDITERRANÉE

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Visit the South of France, the entrancing, sun-kissed and rose-scented RIVIERA.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE, SONG AND FLOWERS

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International Sleeping Car Co.

General Agents,

279 Fifth Avenue,

N. Y. City



FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

We Win

A Cincinnati man who was trying to "boost" his city was talking to a friend from New York. The conversation turned on the police department.

"Well," said the man from the Queen City, "you can't deny that our police department is all right. Why, look here," he urged, getting more enthusiastic, "there was a murder committed here a few days ago, and four hours afterward the police knew all about it!"

"Oh," drawled the man from the East, "that's nothing. There was a murder committed in New York a few days ago, and the police knew all about it four hours before."—Everybody's.



WE PUBLISHED



"The Wind Before the Dawn"

By Dell H. Munger

In the confident hope that here at last was one Doubleday, Page book which *Life's* reviewer might endorse whole-heartedly.

The book has been sent to *Life's* reviewer. We await the verdict with anxiety.

Out of hundreds of reviews of Mrs. Munger's tale of the Kansas prairies we have yet to receive one that has not referred to it in terms of highest praise. For once we are within sight of a perfect score.

Ask your Book-Seller What the Grasshopper Means

Net. \$1.35.



Rhymed Review

The Closing Net

(By Henry C. Rowland. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Shake hands with Mr. Frank Clamart!

No common second-story jobber
Is he, but one who fills the part
Of Highly Honorable Robber.

Through fine, if misdirected, zeal
The pinnacles of crime he rose to.
Nor want nor weakness made him steal;
He broke the law because he chose to.

When caught at last (he sacrificed
Himself, of course, to save Another),
He found he'd gone and burglarized
The home of John, his own half-brother!

This John possessed an Angel Wife
Who saw that Frank was far from hardened;
She made him swear to lead a life
Of honesty, and had him pardoned.

But Frank's confrères of wilder times
Came round upon a burgling mission;
And thefts of pearls and such like crimes
Subjected Frank to Foul Suspicion.

With reckless bravery that leaves
The reader's mouth agape with wonder
Our hero foiled the subtle thieves
And soon restored the precious plunder.

He thus incurred a deadly feud
With "Chu-Chu"—name to scare the hearer!—
Whose hands were horribly imbrued—
In fact they called this thug "The Shearer."

They stalked each other through the town
Till, cool as any ice-cream freezer,
Clamart pinned wicked Chu-Chu down
And stabbed him dead as Julius Caesar.

Our hero knew a Robber Queen
Whose beauty gave him palpitations—

The daring, dashing Léontine—
But fled her fatal fascinations

And married Rosalie instead;
She drove a taxi-motor, and it
Is most appropriate to wed
A Taxi-cabby to a Bandit.

—Arthur Guiterman.

Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Ave., 37th and 38th Sts., New York

Useful Gifts

Women's and Misses Silk Hosiery

AT SPECIAL PRICES



12



14



16



18



20



22

No. 12. Extra quality, pure thread silk, in black, white, tan and all popular shades, lisle or silk sole, lisle or silk garter top, all weights. (3 pair for 2.75) .95

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Antonio Ghislanzoni on Musical Instruments

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The unhappy man who succumbs to the fascinations of this instrument is never one who has attained the full development of his intellectual faculties. He always has a pointed nose, marries a short-sighted woman and dies run over by an omnibus.

The flute is the most deadly of all instruments. It requires a peculiar conformation and special culture of the thumb-nail, with a view to

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(The Clarinet)

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The citizen predestined to the clarinet has an intelligence which is almost obtuse up to the age of eighteen—a period of incubation, during which he begins to feel in his nose the first thrills of his fatal vocation.

After that his intellect—limited even then—ceases its development alto-

gether; but his nasal organ, in revenge, assumes colossal dimensions.

At twenty he buys his first clarinet for fourteen francs, and three months later his landlord gives him notice. At twenty-five he is admitted into the band of the National Guard.

He dies of a broken heart on finding that not one of his three sons shows the slightest inclination for the instrument through which he has blown all his wits.



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Thursday, December 12, Metropolitan Opera House.—The leading opera company of the world, exhibiting its high-priced stars for the benefit of the American public.

Carnegie Hall.—Madame Schumann-Heinek's second appearance with the Philharmonic Society.

Aeolian Hall.—Afternoon concert by Mr. Gottfried Galston, a young Polish pianist, who possesses original ideas.

Friday, December 13, Metropolitan Opera House.—Another distinguished performance from the repertoire of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's expensive company.

Carnegie Hall.—Matinee performance of the Philharmonic Society's weekly programme.

Saturday, December 14, Metropolitan Opera House.—Regular Saturday matinee performance of the Metropolitan Opera company.

Carnegie Hall.—Second recital by Efrem Zimbalist, the eminent Russian violinist. An artist of real power, happily free from the temptation of playing to the gallery.

Sunday, December 15, Metropolitan Opera House.—The operatic left-overs of the week, presented in concert form by the Metropolitan songsters.

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A Swede was being examined in a case in a Minnesota town where the defendant was accused of breaking a plate-glass window with a large stone. He was pressed to tell how big the stone was, but he could not explain.

"Was it as big as my fist?" asked the nervous judge, who had taken over the examination from the lawyers in the hope of getting some results.

"It ban bigger," the Swede replied.

"Was it as big as my two fists?"

"It ban bigger."

"Was it as big as my head?"

"It ban about as long, but not so thick!" replied the Swede amid the laughter of the court.

—Saturday Evening Post.

Brotherly Love

"Ah!" said a conceited young parson, "I have this afternoon been preaching to a congregation of asses." "Then that was the reason why you always called them *beloved brethren*," replied a strong-minded lady.



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that it was all because the currency was not sufficiently elastic and that it could not be sufficiently elastic unless the public treasury was turned over to him.
E. O. J.

"HELLO, Bill!" called the neighbor to a young father. "Have you named the baby yet?"

"Well, almost," answered Bill. "The two grandmothers have agreed to arbitrate."—*Lippincott's.*

If Judas Came

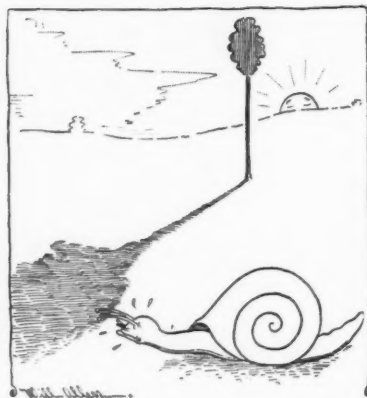
If Judas came to America—

He would secure a protective tariff on the ground that he was going to help the American laboring man and the country in general, and then he would hold the country up and make it pay the highest possible prices for everything that was protected.

He would secure valuable land grants and perpetual franchises from easy-going public officials for the ostensible purpose of transporting the people and otherwise rendering public service, and then he would forget all his promises, give as poor service as possible and spend all his time watering the stock of his corporations and palming it off at ridiculous prices upon innocent investors.

He would go into our legislative halls and oppose child labor laws on the plea that it would be an unwarranted interference with personal liberty to deny children the right to work as long as they wished, and then he would start sweatshops and mills and mines and hire thousands of these little children at starvation wages.

He would start banks and use every artifice to secure the confidence of the people, and then when the banks got into trouble and the confidence of the people was shaken, he would declare



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"So Why Fret?"

Are the trains too slow for you? Cæsar, with all of his court, never exceeded the speed limit.

Are your wages too small? In Europe people are content with making a living.

Are the lights too dim? David wrote his psalms by the light of a smoky torch.

Are you ugly? Cleopatra, though homely, bewitched two emperors.

Are you cold? The soldiers of Valley Forge walked barefoot on the ice and snow.

Are you hungry? The children of India are starving for want of a crust of bread.

Are you tired? Why fret about it? Jacob was tired when he dreamed of the angels of heaven.

Are you sick? Suppose you had lived two thousand years ago, when sickness was fatal.

Are you poor? The Saviour of men was not wealthy.

Cheer up! Praise God that you live in the midst of His blessings.

Why fret?—*The American Magazine.*

Didn't Matter

The night watchman of a large hotel saw an apparition in white moving along the hall at two A. M. He hastened his

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steps and tapped on the shoulder what proved to be a man.

"Here, what are you doing out here?" asked the watchman.

The man opened his eyes and seemed to come out of a trance.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I am a somnambulist."

"Well," said the watchman, "you can't walk around these halls in the middle of the night in your night shirt, no matter what your religion is."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Why He Wanted It

Arthur's mother sent him to the hardware store to buy a thermometer. He stated his wants to the salesman.

"Did your mother say what size you were to get?" asked the salesman.

"Why," replied the boy, "just give me the biggest one you've got. You see, it's to warm my bedroom with."

—*Harper's Basar.*

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"So Long, Mary"

A teacher in one of the primary grades of the public school had noticed a striking platonic friendship that existed between Tommy and little Mary, two of her pupils.

Tommy was a bright enough youngster, but he wasn't disposed to prosecute his studies with much energy, and his teacher said that unless he stirred himself before the end of the year he wouldn't be promoted.

"You must study harder," she told him, "or you won't pass. How would you like to stay back in this class another year and have little Mary go ahead of you?"

"Aw," said Tommy, "I guess there'll be other little Marys."

—Weekly Telegraph.

Philanthropy

I can still see Baron Gousselard seated at the corner table at the Maison Dorée. In the corner the diner enjoyed a breath of air when the door opened, and he also avoided being jostled by the waiters.

The baron is forty years old; he is beginning to get a little stout. His tufted whiskers, dyed by a skillful barber, give an expression of satisfaction to his plain and vulgar features. He finished a portion of red shrimps and asked for a second dish.

A NEIGHBOR (related to the baron): I see, my dear Gousselard, that you are fond of shrimps.

THE BARON: That which guides me in all the actions of my life is the desire to relieve misfortune. I have an income of 200,000 francs, and I devote it to the welfare of the disinherited of the earth. Four francs a dozen for shrimps is a little dear, but I think of the unfortunate fisherwomen in the water up to their hips, winter as well as summer. Almost all of them are burdened with families. What would become of them if work was not assured to them by generous consumers?

THE NEIGHBOR: You are right! It is one's duty to sacrifice one's self.

THE WAITER: What wine will monsieur le baron take?

THE BARON: Tour-Blanche with the fish, then Chateau-Margaux.

THE WAITER: Seventy-six?

THE BARON: As usual.

THE NEIGHBOR (smiling): Twenty francs a bottle?

THE BARON: The wine growers have been so troubled with phylloxera. It is our duty to go to their aid. All the world drinks vin ordinaire. They can get rid of that very easily. That is why



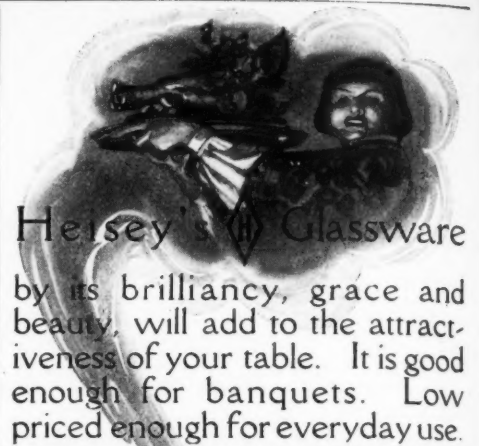
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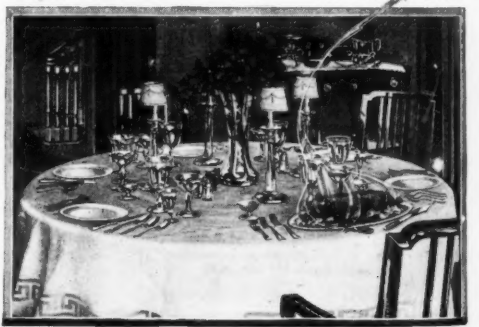


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I take pity on the growers of the choicer vintages.

THE WAITER: And after the turbot?

THE BARON: Truffled partridge. A partridge which was not shot. The lead shot ruins game; the wounded part sometimes has a little odor. And then we ought to help along the poor poachers, who have not the means to pay for a hunting permit. These fine fellows live in cabins and huts, and since they spend their nights in searching for game, it is only just to have consideration for such hard workers.

THE NEIGHBOR: What a heart you have, baron!

THE BARON: That is my nature. To leave nothing to chance, to make the

poor share in a fortune, for which I should blush if I were not constantly preoccupied in making it redound to the profit of the country.

THE CALL BOY OF THE RESTAURANT: Monsieur, the bell rings for the first act.

THE NEIGHBOR: You are going to the theatre?

THE BARON: The legitimate theatre has had no chance for some time. The café chantant and the cabaret kill the theatres where one may not smoke. That is why I regard it as a duty to give my support to the drama.

THE NEIGHBOR: You will not be alone in your box?

THE BARON: I am expecting Fanny. She is not playing this evening.

THE NEIGHBOR: I read in the papers that she has an engagement in St. Petersburg.

THE BARON: Yes, at the Theatre Michel. I introduced her. In two or three years she will have made a fortune.

THE NEIGHBOR: I have heard that you are not sorry to see her go?

THE BARON: Well, it has lasted for some time now. But I shall not abandon her family. Fanny has a sister who is just sixteen; I shall from now on attach her to my person, and their fine little mother will not stand to lose anything.

THE NEIGHBOR: You certainly are one of the benefactors of humanity.

THE BARON (*modestly*): You see, my fortune is at the disposal of every one.

By Aurelian Scholl, in
La Bataille Syndicaliste.

DR. BUSBY, whose figure was beneath the common size, was one day accosted in a public coffee-room by an Irish baronet of colossal stature with, "May I pass to my seat, O Giant?" When the doctor, politely making way, replied, "Pass, O Pigmy!" "Oh, sir," said the baronet, "my expression alluded to the size of your intellect." "And my expression, sir," said the doctor, "to the size of yours."

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Being complimented on the hard and unselfish work he has given to this movement, Mr. Krause replied:

"Unselfish work, work that doesn't pay, is what this country needs more than anything else. We are all too mercenary here. I once said to a little newsboy:

"Have you an aim in life?"

"Yes, sir. I have two aims," he replied.

"What are they, my son?"

"The first is to become a millionaire."

"Aha! And the second?"

"The second is to become a multimillionaire."—*Boston Traveler.*

LORD BYRON, in reference to a lady he thought ill of, writes: "Lady has been dangerously ill, but it may console you to learn that she is dangerously well again."



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Never rub this dirt off with your dry handkerchief. If it were not for the oil in your skin, which protects it, you soon would ruin the texture of your skin by the irritation of rubbing the soot and dirt over it. Instead of this way, which throws an unnecessary burden on the skin and tends to overtax it, use this treatment.

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Auction Bridge in Ten Lessons, by Grace G. Montgomery. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

The Complete Optimist, by Childe Harold. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cents.)

The Poor Little Rich Girl, by Eleanor Gates. (Duffield & Co. \$1.25.)

My Friends at Brook Farm, by John Van Der Zee Sears. (Desmond Fitzgerald. \$1.25.)

The Upas Tree, by Florence L. Barclay. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.)

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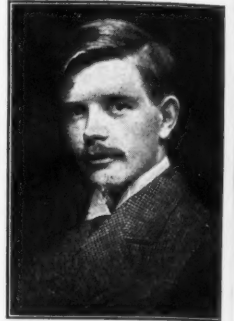
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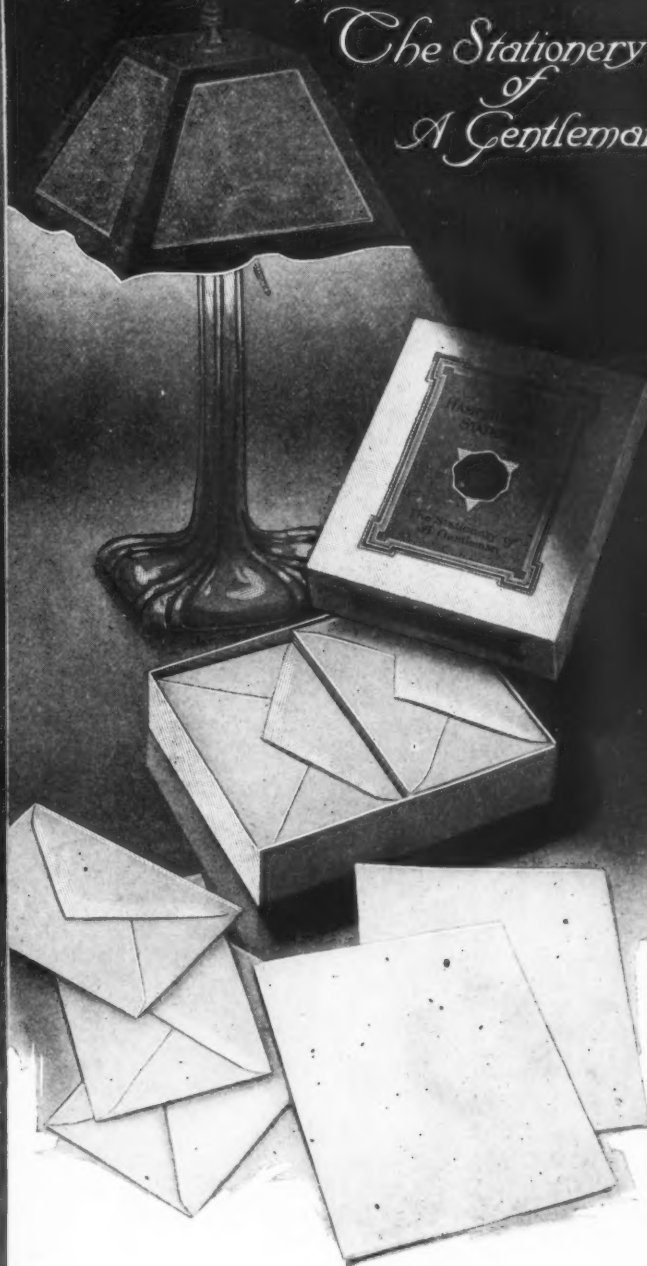
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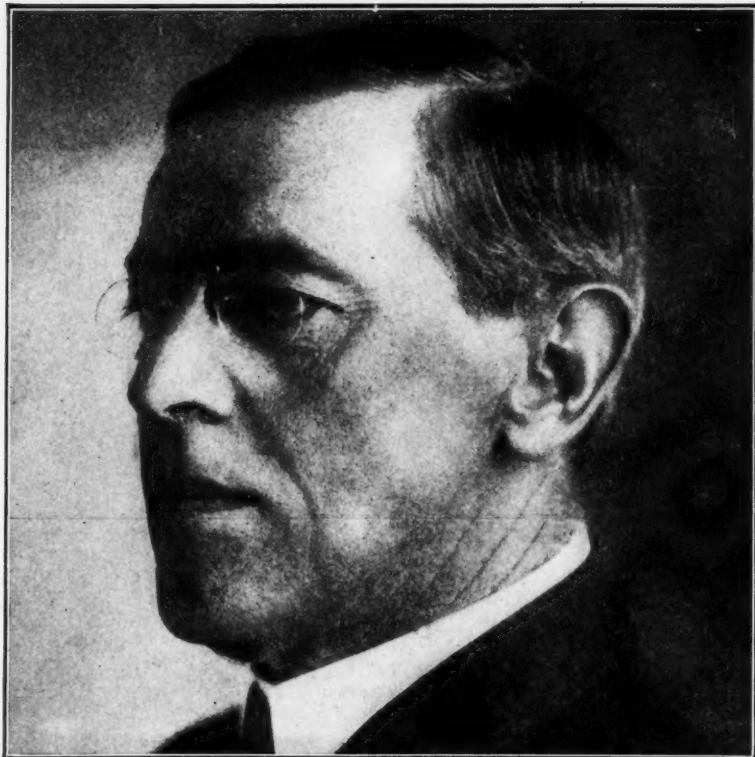


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The jury, after long deliberation, seemed unable to agree in a perfectly clear case. The judge, thoroughly exasperated at the delay, said:

"I discharge this jury."

One sensitive juror, indignant at what he considered a rebuke, faced the judge.

"You can't discharge me!" he said, with a tone of conviction.

"And why not?" inquired the judge in surprise.

"Because," announced the juror, point-

ing to the lawyer for the defense, "I was hired by that man there!"

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Proof

Tommy went home one day with a nice new golf ball.

"Look at the lost ball I found on the links, father!" he said.

"But you are sure, Tommy," said Mr. Traddles, "that it was a lost ball really?"

"Oh, yes," said the boy. "I saw the man and his caddy looking for it."

—*London Opinion.*

Female Fashions

What a fool we have in Woman!

Oh, what crazy things she wears!

What a privilege to marry

One whose dress would frighten bears.

Oh, what colds she often catches,

Oh, what needless bills she grows,

All because she will not have a

Little bit of sense in clothes.

—*The Masses.*

An Old Time "Ad"

How an Artful Tradesman, in 1875, Drew Attention to the Presence and the Excellence of His Wares

REMEMBER

Governor Tilden says that John Hanson told him that he heard Web Wagner say that Anna E. Dickson told him that D. S. Decker heard that there was no doubt that John McLaren said that S. T. Benedict thought Fred Seward had told Jim Johnson that Cushney had declared to John Fulton that it was generally believed that Harry Hull said, in plain terms, that he heard Al Berry say that his friend, Harriet Beecher Stowe, had said that Fred Hotchkiss informed her, at Delmonico's, that it was well known all over the country that Fin Helwig had caught Jimmey Farthing in saying that in his opinion it was a matter of fact, of great public interest, that Nate Wells had said Fred Howell told him that COHEN BROS. would receive, on Thursday, Oct. 28th, the first invoice of LYNN HAVEN OYSTERS, never before sold in Gloversville, and all for thirty-five cents a quart.

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The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

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