

DEBUTANTE'S  
NUMBER

Life

PRICE 10 CENTS  
Vol 60, No. 1570. November 28, 1912  
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THE NEW PUPIL

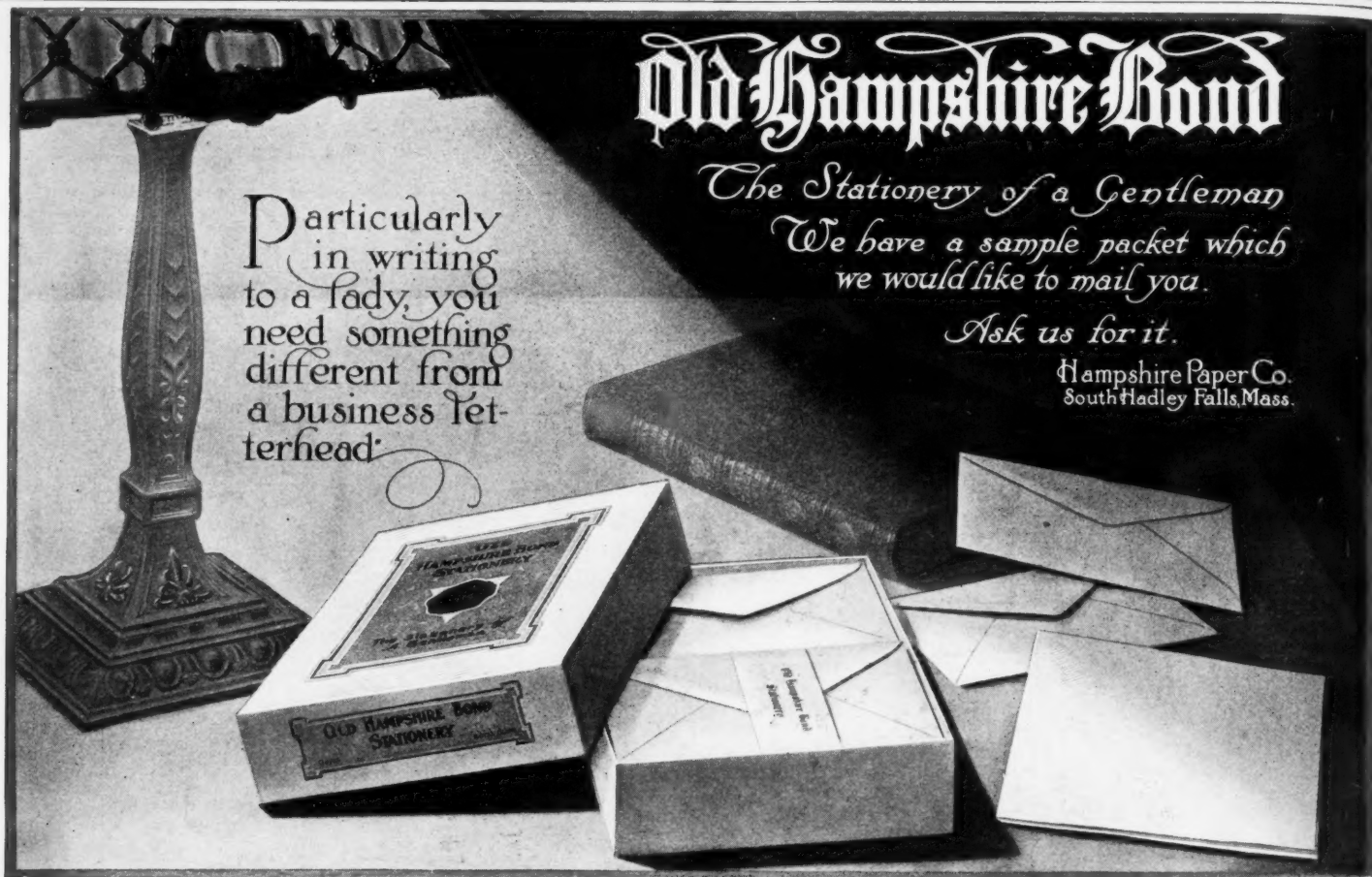
# Old Hampshire Bond

*The Stationery of a Gentleman*  
*We have a sample packet which*  
*we would like to mail you.*

*Ask us for it.*

Hampshire Paper Co.  
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

Particularly  
in writing  
to a lady, you  
need something  
different from  
a business let-  
terhead:



*The "Different" Cigarette*

# Milo

My lovers have left me from  
time to time—as fickle lovers  
will—but they always come back.

—MILO.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY

New York



*There will  
be more of  
Palmer Cox's  
Brownies in  
St. Nicholas  
this year*

**The Ideal Christmas Gift  
For Boys and Girls**

## St. Nicholas

For your boy or girl.  
For the friend's child you wish to remember.  
For the nephew or niece for whom *just* the  
gift is always a puzzle.  
And why not enter another subscription for  
some lonely little shut-in, and another for the  
children's ward of the nearest hospital?

A subscription is only \$3.00 a year, and there's a gay  
Christmas card to carry your greeting and announcement  
of the gift. Send in subscriptions early to your news-  
dealer, or the publishers:

**THE CENTURY CO.**

Union Square

New York

# 1913 *Locomobile*



Little Six Torpedo  
Four Passengers

## The Long Stroke Little Six with 60 Horsepower

People of refinement, whose judgments may differ in respect to beauty of line or choice of a color scheme, are of one mind in the desire for motor car comfort.

A Locomobile Six has no equal in luxurious comfort and ease of riding. We daily prove this by demonstration—even to the most sceptic.

Locomobile Ten-Inch Upholstery.  
Perfectly balanced Chassis on Long Wheelbase.  
Costliest, most powerful Lighting System.  
Lamp Equipment exclusive and copyrighted.  
Air Compressor and Tank for filling tires.  
Rain-vision Windshield, adjustably vented.  
Cape Top of finest Angora silk mohair, interlined with pure up-river Para.  
Quick Detachable Tires on Demountable Rims.

Two Spare Rims. Drop Forged Tire Brackets.  
Eleven new Little Six Body Designs.  
No projecting hinges or door handles.  
Rear hung tires and clear running boards.  
Seven Weather-proof Pockets in doors and quarters. The Extension Parcel Compartment of heavy leather extends entirely across back of front seat.  
Telescoping Robe Rail, Folding Foot Rests, Solid Mahogany Sheer Rail, Fibre Floor Covering one and one-half inches thick.

### The Locomobile Company of America

Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

General Offices and Works  
Bridgeport, Conn.

Branches

New York Chicago Boston  
Philadelphia Pittsburgh  
Washington St. Louis

Branches:

Baltimore Minneapolis  
Atlanta Los Angeles  
San Francisco Oakland



Circulation books open to  
all—Even to advertisers

# The Daily Blast

**The Weather**  
Rain, hail, snow, cyclones and hurricanes,  
except Tuesday, the day LIFE comes out on  
all news-stands, this day being all sunshine.

BLAST No. 1 UNXLD 41144

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1912

TEN CENTS But in Hotels, Restaurants, and Parlor  
cars any old price up to a dollar.

## As We Near It

Extraordinary Calmness of American People.  
In View of Approaching Event

Next Tuesday, at Twelve O'Clock, is the Time  
Set. News Dealers All Over Country  
Making Preparations

Preparations for receiving and distributing the great Christmas issue of LIFE, which will be on sale everywhere in the United States on Tuesday next, are now going on quietly at all news-stands.

"We predict no wild fluctuation in the market," said J. P. Morgan yesterday. "Our people, as a rule, discount events like this in advance."

The fact that the price of this issue will be only twenty-five cents instead of fifty, as it ought to be, has naturally aroused favorable comment in all circles.

Members of Congress everywhere expressed themselves as pleased with the price set.

"It is in conformity with LIFE's dignity as the leading humorous paper of the world," said one member. "What I particularly like is LIFE's offer of a premium picture to go with every yearly subscription. I shall send in my subscription immediately."

The picture referred to is entitled "Bygones," and appeals, not only to old soldiers, but to people everywhere whose sentiments are alive.

Intense curiosity is expressed in all the leading centers of the country to



"Bygones"

know just what the great Christmas Number of LIFE will contain. For one thing, it is said to have more advertisements than ever before.

"I always read the ads in LIFE," said a leading diplomatist yesterday. "In many respects I find them more interesting than the reading matter."

One feature in the Christmas LIFE that was hinted at yesterday in WALL Street was a colored cartoon; this

## Many People Shrink

The Awful Possibilities of LIFE'S Awful Number is Resented in Certain Circles—  
What It Will Contain Nobody Knows—Not Even LIFE.  
When is It Coming?

That LIFE'S Awful Number is an assured fact was rumored yesterday. Reports from all over the country indicate that there is intense curiosity about it; but many people express the firm conviction that LIFE will never dare issue it.

"It might not be so awful after all," said one well known man. "Personally, I should be willing to stand for it."

Boston was up in arms. Intimations that LIFE would be promptly thrown out of the Boston Public Library were freely expressed. It did not seem to be understood that an Awful Number could be issued and yet be in perfect taste.

will no doubt be supplemented by a host of other pictures by leading artists.

"I feel quite confident," said the head of a large banking house speaking at a late hour last night, "in saying that this great Christmas Number of LIFE will be the finest thing ever put before the American public."

## It is Really a Gift

Yes, the Miniature LIFE is practically given away.

All it costs is an uncancelled two cent postage stamp.

What is the Miniature LIFE?

It's a small edition, printed in colors. You can slip it in your pocket. It's full of good things.

The way it came to be published was due to a sudden impulse. Some one was looking through a file of LIFE. Why not take the best things and reproduce them in a unique number?

The suggestion was acted upon and then began a search for the best things ever published in LIFE. The cover alone almost involved the editorial staff in a hand to hand conflict. Some thought one cover was the best, some thought another. A compromise was effected by using the four covers which had received the greatest number of votes. Other pictures and jokes were treated in

## Thirty Years Old in January

Tributes and Congratulations from Rulers All Over the Known World Expected—President Taft Unable to be Present—Honored One Receives Homage Quietly, His Well-Known Modesty Sustaining Him

On January 2 LIFE'S thirtieth birthday will be commemorated. The last day of the year there will come forth from the press a Birthday Number in celebration of the great event.

This will be another historic number.

Beginning with this number, LIFE will start the year by issuing a series of special numbers, the like of which has never before been known on land and sea. The secret of these numbers has been closely held, as it was feared that LIFE'S enterprising contemporaries might be tempted, as in times before, to publish a faint replica of some of them.

A well-known Government official,

who does not wish his name used, said yesterday:

"There can be no question that now is the very best time to subscribe to LIFE. It is the busiest time of the year, and it gets the thing off your mind; besides, LIFE is an absolute necessity in every household. Do you know I send it to a number of my friends every year as a Christmas present—nothing better—they are all delighted—saves shopping—just the thing."

LIFE, when pressed, said:

"Yes, I issue a little card each Christmas—printed in superb taste—for the use of my friends who desire to send me as a Christmas present. Drop me a line at the office, and I'll tell you all about it."

## Maybe It's You

What has happened? Have you ever been married? How did you like the sensation? Did people secretly laugh at you? Sometimes the most amusing things take place at a wedding. If you have seen the contest picture LIFE has recently been running you will understand.

A prize of \$100 has been offered for the best title under the picture.

Next week's LIFE holds the answer and the name of the winner.

## Hands Off!

The phrase, "Obey that Impulse," is LIFE'S property. Other people have no right to use it.

## Special Offer

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

## Great Problem Solved

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26 (Special to The Daily Blast).—Social circles here are very much stirred up over the announcement just made that you can have LIFE sent for one year to any friend in this country as a Christmas present for \$5.00. "Amid the hurry and rush of my social engagements," one society leader said, "I really have no more time for shopping. I've sent my entire list of friends to LIFE, and they forward to each one a beautiful card, announcing that LIFE will be sent as a Christmas present. They do all the work. Isn't it a comfort?"

## To Contributors Only

We have a lot of material for that Awful Number, but are still looking for more. If you have anything you are firmly convinced we don't dare print, send it in.

For the past six weeks LIFE'S circulation has been increasing one thousand a week, or at the rate of 50,000 a year.

# Rhymed Review

## Marriage

(By H. G. Wells. Duffield & Co.)

The monoplane on which he rode  
Came smashing down with all it carried

In front of Marjorie's abode—  
And that's why He and She were married.

This "He," perhaps I should have told,  
Was brilliant young Professor Trafford,  
Who toiled for Science, not for Gold,  
Despising those that bought and chattered.

But Marjorie, whose eager mind  
Knew naught of cooking, washing, mending,  
Appeared deplorably inclined  
To fits of injudicious spending;

And Trafford soon was forced to learn—  
(From scientific dreams awaking),  
That Fathers often have to turn  
From Higher Things to Money-making.

If Fortune deems him worth a smile  
A husband can't afford to snub her;  
So Trafford went and made his pile  
By turning out "Synthetic Rubber."

And thus his spirit drooped its wings;  
He slaved among the money spinners  
While Marjorie kept buying things  
And paying calls and giving dinners.

The futile stuff that modern life  
Compels us all to waste our time  
with



A morning beverage that makes one feel optimistically inclined and benefited to a degree that is most refreshing in these days of harassing social and business requirements.

At Leading Grocers

**Fifth Avenue at 35th Street  
New York**

CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES

Afternoon tea served in the  
Luncheon Restaurant, three to six



# THEODORE B. STARR, INC.

Established 1862

## Silverware that is Distinctive

NO one silversmith, no one country's silversmiths are responsible for the unexampled collection of interesting objects in our Department of Sterling Silver.

This collection comprises the best that the silversmiths of the United States, England and France have produced.

Every demand for Christmas gifts of Sterling Silver has been anticipated.

The majority of the objects shown can be obtained nowhere else in this country, and embrace all the adaptations, useful and decorative, to which Sterling Silver can be put.

Thus the extensive variety, the exclusiveness of pattern and the elastic range of price, will make selection a matter both of ease and pleasure.

Our prices are invariably as low as prevail elsewhere for equal quality.

**5TH AVENUE AND 47TH STREET  
NEW YORK**

Enchained this loving man and wife,  
Though both had brains and means  
to climb with;

Till Marjorie perceived, at last,  
How social frills had served to smother

Her husband's hopes, and saw, aghast,  
That though they loved they'd lost  
each other.

And so they fled to Labrador;  
They built a hut; alone together  
They talked and worked, true mates  
once more,

Through one wild winter's bitter  
weather.

She saved his life superbly when  
A savage lynx had nearly killed him,  
And when they sailed for home again  
New hopes, new aspirations filled  
him.

Most novels end with wedding-bells  
And "after that they lived in  
clover";

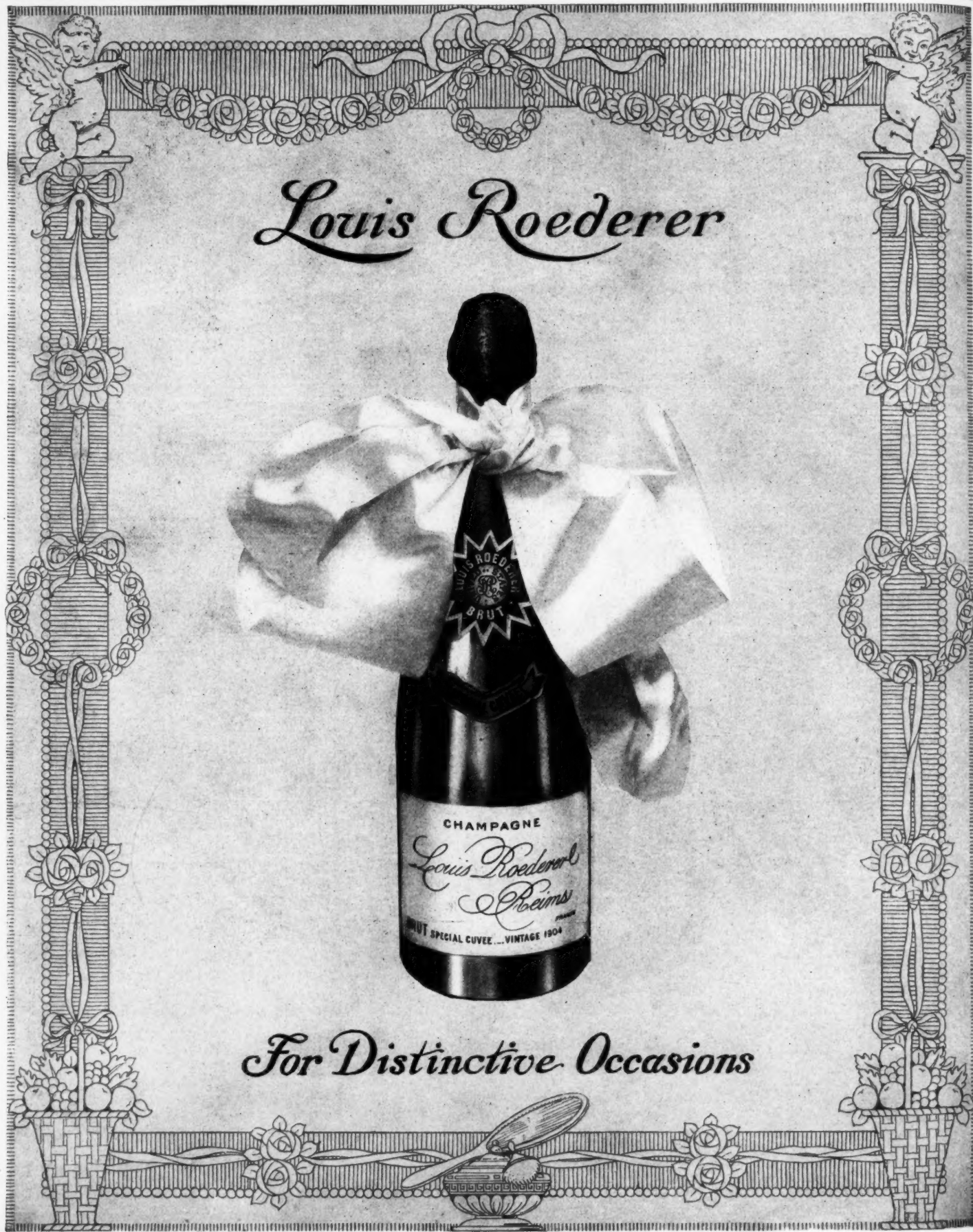
But—take a tip from Mr. Wells;  
He says a lot worth thinking over.  
*Arthur Guiterman.*

·LIFE·

*Louis Roederer*



*For Distinctive Occasions*





# LIFE



## The Victor

LOVE came wooing;  
Love came suing,  
All aglow,  
Plumes a-flying,  
Rapture crying,  
Top to toe!

Tell me truly,  
Heart unruly,  
Why so cold?  
Here is pleasure  
Without measure  
For your hold!

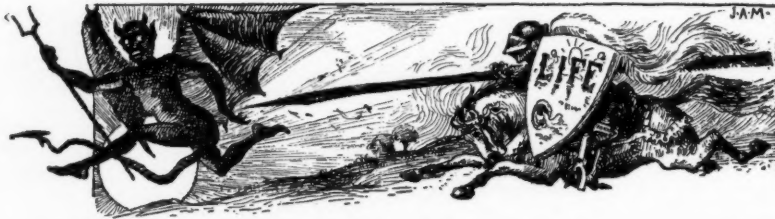
Love left, weeping  
That his leaping  
Had been vain,  
Slow and weary,  
Pale and dreary,  
Wan with pain.

Answer truly,  
Heart unruly,  
Why, at last,  
Did you press him,  
Did you bless him  
As he passed?  
—Leolyn Louise Everett.



THE IDOL

HOURS FOR WORSHIP, 2.15 TO 5 P.M.  
(WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS)



NOVEMBER 28, 1912

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. L.X.  
No. 1570

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York  
English Offices, Cannon House, Breems Bldgs., London, E. C.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.



ONE of the novelties in political news since election has been the pressure from the suffrage States for high office for women. All the papers printed the



telegram (November 9) of Mrs. Shortridge Foltz from Los Angeles to President-elect Wilson, urging him to consider, in making up his cabinet, the women of the suffrage States, and advising him that "a wise scholarly woman" in the cabinet would "bring great assistance for the universal good of the people."

Four days later at the meeting of the Why Club in Denver, to celebrate the extension of the suffrage to four more States, Mrs. Bradford, the newly elected State Superintendent of Instruction for Colorado, pointed out that women now had votes enough to claim a place in the cabinet, and the club agreed to plan at its next meeting a "nation-wide movement" to open the cabinet doors to ladies.

Of course, that's all in the day's work, and more coming. Governor Wilson has not as yet nailed the suffrage banner to any of his masts, and will hardly feel constrained to be the pioneer in adding women to his political family. But if Mr. Roosevelt had been elected there would have been undeniable logic in these suggestions. He might not have assented to them by appointing—say, Mrs. Belmont to be Secretary of War, but when Brother Debs gets in he may actually do it. None of the reluctances based on long standing habit of mind which might

affect Theodore would carry any considerable weight with Eugene.

And very likely Mrs. Belmont would make a pretty good Secretary of War. She is efficient and used to affairs, and versed in commanding men, and she would doubtless keep an excellent house and a good cook, and contribute effectively to the social side of any administration that enlisted her. We recommend the suffragists to make their demands more definite and particular and concentrate on the proposition of Mrs. Belmont for Secretary of War. Certainly the place to take this bull is by the horns. He will never wait for the ladies to embellish him with a nose ring.



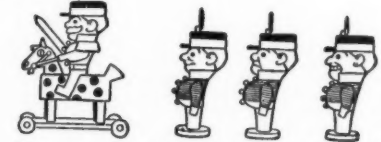
WHAT became of the factory vote and the workingman vote that was all going to Roosevelt?

Some of it went for him. And some to Taft, a good deal to Wilson, and some to Debs.

We seem to have no large group of voters who vote as a group. Union labor doesn't; the Roman Catholics don't, the women don't, nor the farmers, nor the manufacturers. It was pointed out in the late campaign that while Mr. Perkins of the Harvester Trust was working overtime and disbursing faithfully for Roosevelt, Mr. McCormick, president of the same corporation, was laboring and disbursing faithfully for Wilson. The voters do

not seem to study their own personal interests very closely in voting. They vote a great deal from considerations of sentiment, and are a good deal moved by what blood happens to be in them, and there are thousands who are quite capable of voting against what they conceive to be their personal interests, either because they like the other candidate better or because they think he represents what is better for the country. In the greater crises, of course, the good of the country becomes a moving consideration with great numbers of men who see their duty and do it.

Women, especially, are not going to vote as women. For one woman's vote a President would get by appointing a woman to his cabinet he would be quite likely to lose three votes of women who don't want a woman in the cabinet. The mass of women are not keen for suffrage. They are loath to take the field against it, because that is a lot of trouble and makes them conspicuous. But if the suffrage is handed to them they are quite as likely to use it to confound the suffragists as to promote them. That can be done privately.



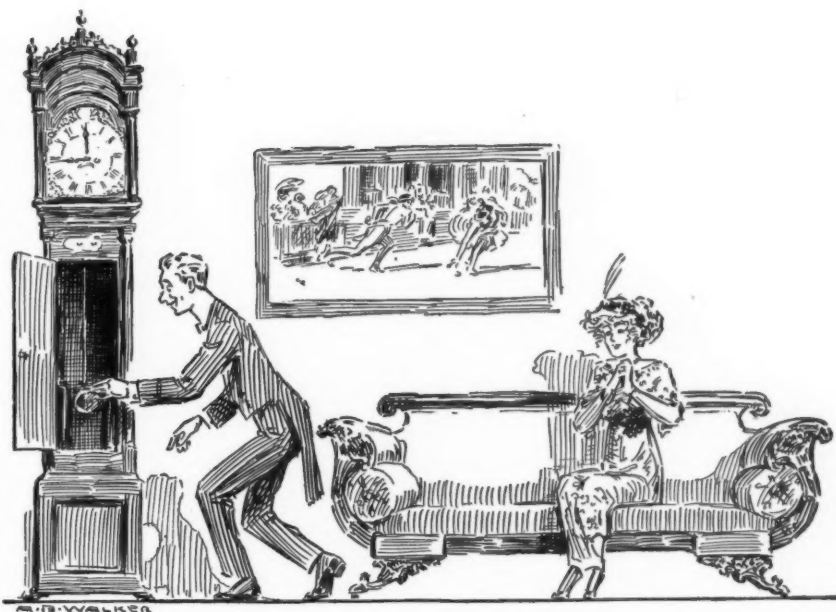
IF the war in Turkey was where it could more conveniently engage the talents of our newspaper reporters, it would undoubtedly make as good reading as the Becker trial, the testimonies of the gunmen and McManigal's detailed narration of the exploits of the union dynamiters. But the most we hear about the war is merely what happened, and not much of that. An educated soldier who has studied war can trace the plans of the campaign against Constantinople, but the mass of readers do not know much more than that the Balkan allies went in with a rush and fought like wild-cats, and that Turkey went down in a heap. When it comes to details there is more in the New York papers about the row over the Board of Education than about that war.

At this writing almost everything

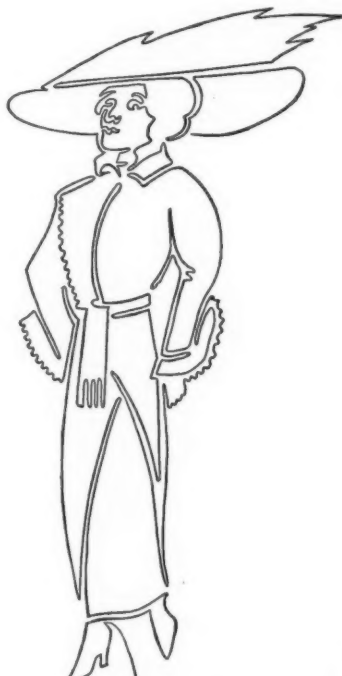


seems to be over, except the settlement, and that begins to move into sight. The Balkan allies will doubtless get a good deal. We must not be too confidently disappointed if they seem not to get enough; not to get their dues. It may be better that they shouldn't, for their dues will be conquered territory, with a population about as varied as that of New York, and requiring a greater variety of judicious treatment than unrestrained victors would be likely to provide for them. One can understand how if Kansas, Arkansas and Texas formed a coalition with Missouri and proceeded to thrash Illinois, folks with friends in Chicago would hope that, whatever the victors' deserts, the reformation of that city might not proceed with too indiscriminate energy.

Watching such a far off war is much like seeing two strange ball-nines play. One doesn't know the men, and it is by so much the less interesting. It helps



"CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT"



-Harvey  
Pearce-



A SILK-LINED COSTUME

the imagination when one reads that, on the day war was declared, Sofia in Bulgaria was so cleaned out of men that the leading paper was reduced to a half sheet for lack of printers. How different in our last war, when Mr. Hearst in Park Row carried on operations against Cuba in such large type and so many editors!



**F**OOTBALL really seems to be improved. The boys still get hurt, but not so seriously hurt. The game seems more cheerful than it was; not so deadly serious, not such painful drudgery. It is more like a game again, and they say some of the players nowadays really like to play it.

### Possibilities

**B**ULL Moose enthusiasts are still strong in assertion that their branch of what was the Republican party is the Aaron's rod that is going to swallow the other. But that is debatable. The Progressives have got some of the best ideas, but the Regulars have got their full share of the

best men. If the Democrats can manage to use the best ideas of the Progressives they can go far to put the Bull Moose party out of business, attracting in the process its best men. But those best men of the Regular Republicans will stay where they are, moving unobtrusively up to the times, but holding together. They are old soldiers with the habit of adherence to the colors no matter what cries are afield. So they look more permanent than the Bull Moose recruits, with their easy-come, easy-go implications. A lively revival meeting is a fine thing and does lots of good, but when it is well over cards are re-dealt and household duties resumed.

The thing that may happen is that Mr. Bryan will set up as leader of the Democratic party, attempt to prescribe its legislative action over the heads of Underwood and Clark, appeal to President Wilson for backing, fail to get it, and go back off into the wilderness, taking with him whom he may. Thus his cohorts and the Bull Moosers may combine, their leaders tossing a cent for the candidacy in 1916. That would leave the Regulars divided, and the Erratics united, and the boot on the other foot from this year.



LET US ALL BE THANKFUL

### A Bounty for Babies

MRS. ELLEN SPENCER MUSEY is advocating a bill in Congress providing a bounty of twenty-five dollars for every child born, and a pension of two and a half dollars a week for three months before and after birth. The bill also provides that a woman of forty-five who has six children shall get a pension.

This paper was one of the first in this country to advocate a bounty for mothers. But is twenty-five dollars enough?

There is no money in babies. It costs a great deal more than twenty-five dollars to bring one into the world. Those people who can afford this luxury do not need to be compensated by the State. Those people who cannot afford to have babies would find twenty-five dollars merely an aggravation in the raising of one. Twenty-five dollars would scarcely pay the druggist's bill for a couple of months.

If the mother is a working woman, she presumably can earn at least a dollar and a half a day. How long would she be out of a job because of the baby? At least six weeks. And after that would she still be able to make her dollar and a half a day with such an encumbrance on her hands?

Nobody wants to employ a woman with a young baby.

We do not believe, therefore, that a bounty of twenty-five dollars is going to do much good, except as it is a start in the right direction.

Ask the average man in fairly good circumstances how much he would pay rather than have a baby; and then let this be the amount provided hereafter to each mother who has one.

### Progress

THE *New York World* says:

The New Haven is proud to boast that its earnings last year were the largest ever reported. \* \* \* Yet it still uses wooden cars twenty years old, and by means of them kills and roasts its passengers. Yet it still maintains short crossovers, where in two accidents within fifteen months a score of lives were lost.

The only difference between the New Haven road and the rest of us is in our contrasting conceptions of progress.

The New Haven thinks it is progress to disregard its passengers and expend its earnings upon the acquisition of more and more property in order that eventually it may control the State, as it now does in part. The New Haven is not necessarily sinister in this view; it is quite probably sincere in the belief that it has a right to as much legislative and financial control as it can acquire. The New Haven believes in itself and its own standards of morality, in precisely the same way that Mr. Rockefeller believes in himself, Mr. Carnegie believes in himself, and Mr. Becker believes in himself. The New Haven does not want to kill and roast its passengers; it is sorry when such a thing happens; but it is not quite so sorry as the rest of us are, nor in the same way.

It is sorry in the same way that any-

body is sorry when he is caught in a mistake, and held up to unpleasant criticism; also, because an accident in itself is costly. But while the New Haven deplures accidents, it regards them as being incidental to its main progress. The rest of us view the matter from an entirely different standpoint. We believe in Progress, but not that Progress which makes the accumulation of immense dividends on the part of a railroad first, and the safeguarding of its passengers second.

We prefer that Progress which considers human life first, and profits second. T. L. M.

WHAT the rise in the cost of living means is that the value of human beings is steadily going down.

### A Declaration

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a people to escape from the dominion of the express companies by establishing a parcel post, a decent respect for efficiency and sincerity requires our representatives to do a thorough job of it instead of giving us a poor, little, timorous, weak-kneed, anemic, spavined, balky, unwieldy, unscientific and inequitable zone system.

DYER: Did the doctors give Higbee up?

RYER: Yes, but not soon enough.

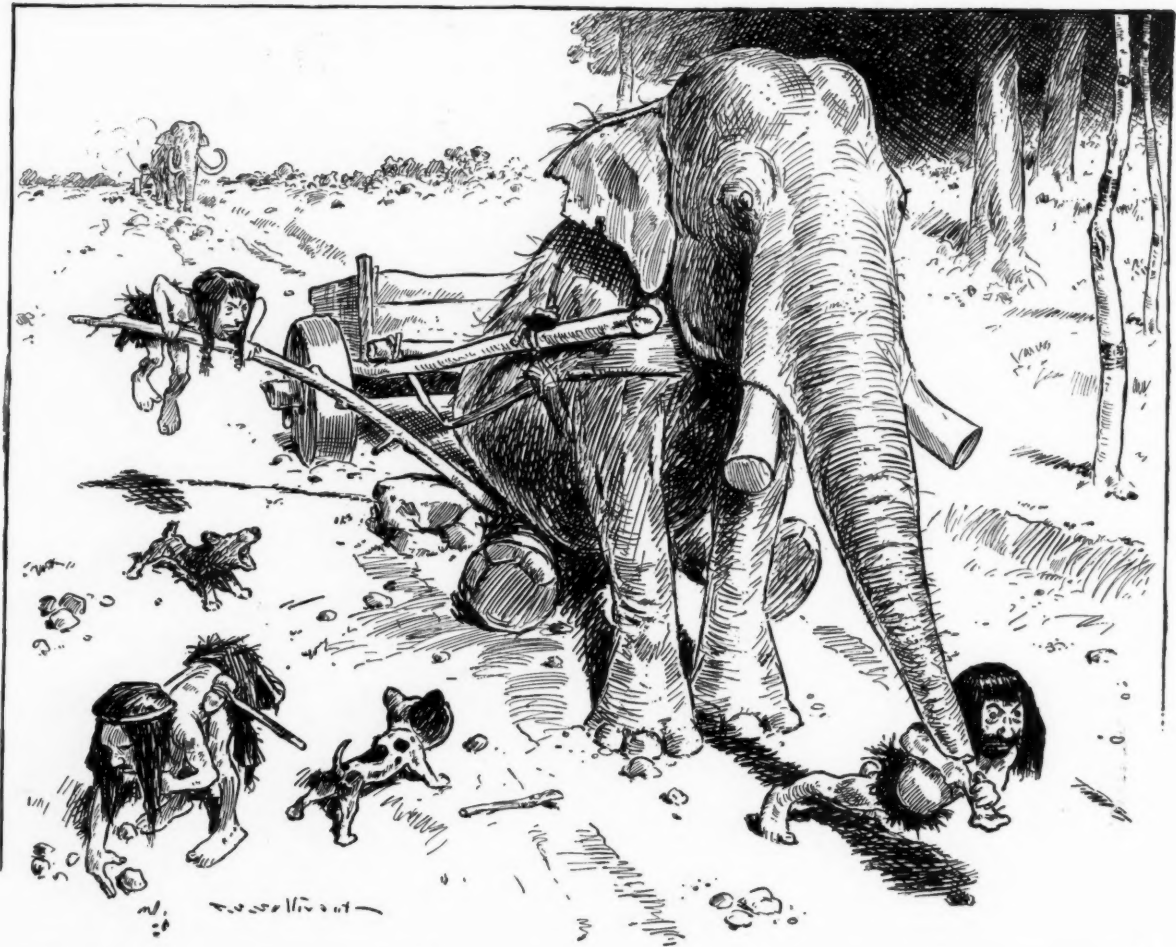


### LIFE'S TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

"During convalescence the male heart is somewhat weak and more susceptible to feminine charms. Therefore, if the patient is a good catch, treat him accordingly."



THE ORIGINAL DEBUTANTE



The Owner: CONFOUND THE BALKY BRUTE! I SUPPOSE THIS WAS WHAT THE DEALER MEANT BY "QUIET IN HARNESS"

### He Doesn't Really Know Us

*The Americans talk too much.  
Pierre Loti.*

MR. ROOSEVELT was seen at an early hour this morning.

"Will you please tell us," he was asked, "all about your connection with the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, George W. Perkins, and a few other trusts; and also the history of your last administration?"

"Nothing to say," he replied shortly, and retired from view.

Mr. Carnegie was next seen. He was sitting in an easy chair in his library, looking over the last batch of dividends that had just come in by the mail.

"Mr. Carnegie, will you please give us a history of your connection with the United States Steel Trust, and just how you were able to keep the tariff right on steel rails in order to make your fortune?"

"Nothing to say," replied Mr. Carnegie, shutting his lips firmly.

Mr. Loeb, of the Custom House, was next interviewed.

"Please explain, Mr. Loeb, just what your instructions are to your custom house officers in regard to the treatment of ladies and gentlemen who land in this country. What we want are the minute details—space is no object."

"I haven't anything to say at all."

Mr. Hearst, when seen, shook his

head before the reporter had a chance to say anything.

"I never talk," he said, "it's against my principles."

Mr. Robert Chambers was found in his studio writing on four typewriters and dictating to three stenographers.

"Will you kindly explain, Mr. Chambers, why it is that with your high literary instincts and tremendous talent you cater to the worst—"

"Silence is my motto. I never talk."

Mayor Gaynor was discovered in his office.

"Please give us, Mr. Gaynor, in seven or eight thousand words, your actual and accurate opinion of your own record."

"Get out."

## The American Débutante

C. M. C.

A FANFARE of trumpets and a ratta-ta of drums greet her appearance.

The crowds ogle and push and press as she passes.

She is as blooming as a rose,  
As stately as a lily.

She carries herself like an empress.  
Her gowns cost the upkeep of an orphan asylum.

The price of her jewels would feed many hungry ones.

The papers print her portrait and chronicle her doings.

War dispatches give way to a description of her at the opera.

Her operation for appendicitis is dilated upon.

The shopkeepers humbly solicit her patronage.

Modistes lay aside all other orders to do her bidding.

Dowagers wag their heads and tongues in approval or disapproval.

Young matrons patronize her and are snubbed.

Young husbands regret their bondage.  
Old beaux lay their battered hearts at her feet,

Gilded youths, their rent rolls.  
Belles of two seasons back rail with envy.

School girls admire and copy her.  
Doll babies are christened with her name.

The world is her oyster and she opens it with lofty disdain.

Herself she loves with a consuming passion.

She browbeats her mother.

She bullies her father.

She is overbearing with the servants.

She was educated at Miss Spoiler's Finishing School,

Where she learned some things she should

And many things she shouldn't.

She dances like a siren.

She smokes like a chimney.



THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

Her head is empty.

Her heart is cold.

Her tummy is worn out with much munching of bonbons.

Her soul is poisoned by flattery and foolishness.

Blasée, disillusioned before the season is half over,

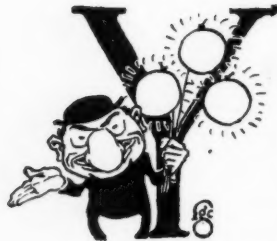
She is sent to a sanitarium at the end of it.

There she has time to ponder  
Whether the game is worth the candle,

While the social Jenkinses send out bulletins of her condition,  
And the florists reap a rich harvest.

## Complete Psychic Outfit At Bargain

Better Begin On a Crystal Ball—All Power Comes to Him Who Tries It—You can Control Your Creditors and Your Wife—Can One Wish More?



**Y**ES, in response to many inquiries, we are glad to state that we furnish crystal balls; these balls have first been psychically charged by Swami Baa Baa, and are guaranteed to last a year. They come

in various sizes; large ones furnished for clubs of ten.

This leads us to state that there is a popular impression in some quarters that LIFE's Vibration Parlors are in some way queer; that they don't exist; that they don't furnish the results claimed, and that Swami Baa Baa is a mythical entity.

"Why do you charge real cash for your rhythmic vibrations? Why should I pay one hundred dollars to become ruler of the universe when I can get the same thing elsewhere at half the price," writes a critic.

Now, in the first place, it should be thoroughly understood that Swami Baa Baa cares nothing for money. Being the seventh son of a seventh son, born with three cauls, and containing within himself the real psychic power which enables him to reach the highest tattvic planes in an instant, he does not need money.

No, friends. Our object in charging the small sum of one hundred dollars for your entrance fee is much deeper than this. We do it in order to convince you that the Swami is the real thing; to get you started, we must have your confidence, and the only way we can do this is by charging real money. If we offered the service free, nobody would believe us.

Do we guarantee results? We certainly do. Take home a crystal ball in a box and concentrate for anything you want. From many hundreds of testimonials received every day we take the following:

O Great Swami:

How can I thank you? Yesterday I was in despair. My creditors were going to have a meeting at four o'clock. At three I took my last hundred, invested it in a crystal ball, and when they met I concentrated on them; in almost no time they had advanced me all the money I wanted. I could feel the power coming.

Yours forever,

Please remember that every man is his own millenium; each one of us carries around in his own mind a complete universe; all is all; you have but to concentrate for power, and power will come. Send for our complete psychic outfit, as follows:

*One pearl wand.* By lying prone on the bare ground, and waving this wand in the air, while seeing a blue disc, you influence distant friends.

*One crystal ball.* This has been concentrated upon by the Swami, and has all power. You look in it, see things as they ought to be, and then, by going into the silence, achieve them.

*One Vibrant Manual.* This gives ten different positions while repeating ritual of syllable Om.

*One set of pictures.* These show positions in alternate and rhythmic breathing, with set of blue and green and yellow discs to concentrate upon.

*One Tattvic robe.* This robe has been blessed and otherwise concentrated upon by the Swami, and is



"Why Not Be a Ruler of the Universe?"



"Every Man His Own Universe"

recommended for all husbands. When you have this on, nothing your wife says has any effect upon you.

*One blue glass case,* for auric envelope.

*One stand,* for subliminal self.

We will furnish this complete outfit, for this month only, for \$99.73. Whatever you do, do not trust any department store; if you see a similar outfit offered at even a lower price, don't be fooled. Remember that there is only one Swami Baa Baa, and he alone has power to charge the crystal ball, the wand and the husband's robe.

From another batch of letters we select the following:

Last week I was broke; I borrowed enough money to buy one of your outfits, went to a fashionable suburb, and concentrated on a girl worth a million. We are to be married next month; I am in the seventh heaven of concentrated vibratory bliss. My fiancée knows all about it, and approves. What more can I say?

Remember that all care and trouble cease as soon as you enter the first psychic plane, by the payment of one hundred. Special arrangements made for those who prefer to pay on the installment plan. The vibrations come a little slower, but results in end are same.

Why not be a ruler of the universe and have all power?

LIFE's Vibration Parlors.



A. S. WALKER-

RIVALS

Butlerette: THE HONORABLE MISS SMYTH, SOR

### On Life's Wire

"HELLO, LIFE?"

"LIFE. At your service.

"This is the Coal Trust speaking."

"Oh, hello. Glad you called up. We wanted to ask you about that coal shortage."

"That's exactly what we wanted to tell you."

"We have heard conflicting reports. Some say it is due to the failure of the fig crop in Abyssinia, while others ascribe it to the wreck of a whaling vessel off Newfoundland."

"Both of these events have had their effect, LIFE, but—"

"And then we have heard that the 1916 corn crop in Kansas had something to do with it, while one of our correspondents who was born under the Gemini, avers that it is due to the peculiar tangential conjunction of Jupiter with the Pleiades. Would you care to confirm these reports?"

"By all means, LIFE. Coal is a very

sensitive commodity. Everything affects it more or less. The real truth is—"

"Don't bother. We know the truth. The real truth is that, for a variety of reasons, a vast amount of hitherto perfectly tractable coal has suddenly become recalcitrant and refuses to be taken from the ground."

"That's partly it. You see, LIFE, we are very fond of the public."

"And if, perchance, a few carloads should be lured from its lair, it will not allow itself to be hauled to market."

"Now you're getting at it, LIFE. It is a most annoying situation. We are worried to death about it."

"We want you to understand that we do not believe you are doing it deliberately. Friends have tried to make us believe it is just another bit of monopolistic skulduggery in order to give

you an excuse for raising the price. But we said no; emphatically no."

"Thank you, LIFE, for your confidence. We are powerless in the matter. You understand—if you don't you can read about it in any political economy in the chapter on supply and demand—that just as soon as coal gets to acting so foolishly nothing on earth can prevent its price going up."

"We understand perfectly. This brings you in more money."

"Yes. The result is that more money is coming in than we know what to do with. Nobody will have it except the stockholders, and, just to get rid of it—we hate money—we have to pay it out in dividends. You can't realize what a painful process it is."

"You have our sympathy. By the way, what's the chance of our getting a few tons the last of the week?"

"Pretty poor, LIFE. Wait a minute. Now that we stop to think, we might be able to send you a few tons if you



"I WISH THEY'D PLAY SOMETHING ELSE"

don't mind paying a slight advance over the advertised price."

"Oh, no. That's all right. Anything to keep from freezing to death."

"You are always so reasonable, LIFE. Good-bye."

"We can return the compliment. So long." E. O. J.

### The Zone System

If we were to ask the advocates of the zone system for carrying parcels, why they don't go farther and advocate the zone system for trolleys,

they would say that it wouldn't be practicable owing to the additional labor involved, the confusion and the annoyance. On trolley lines, they would add, the short hauls average up with and offset the long hauls.

Such an answer would be quite rational. The same is true, however, of the parcel post business. The short hauls offset the long hauls. Nobody is injured and the whole machinery of parcel distribution proceeds without those creaks and jars which must occur in the zone system.

### Teddywocky

'Twas bulmoos, and the oscartraus  
Did bourne and pinchot in the  
murk.

Hijohnsoned was the senate house,  
And the bruce linn outperk.

"Beware the Teddywocky, my son;  
The teeth that clench, the jaw that  
sets;

Avoid the lindsaybird, and shun  
The hitchcocked suffragettes."

He took his marshall sword in hand,  
Long time the dixoned foe he  
sought;

Then rested he by the woodrow tree,  
And tafted there in thought.

And as in penrose thought he stood,  
The Teddywocky, with eyes of flame,  
Jocannoned through the wiley wood,  
And bookered as he came.

One, two! One, two! And all depew,  
His marshall blade went snicker-  
snack.

He left the boss, and with his foss,  
He' cadyherricked back.

"And hast thou slain the Teddywocky?  
Come to my arms, my g. o. p.  
My cockran pet! O lafollette!"  
She jobhedged in her glee.

'Twas bulmoos, and the oscartraus  
Did bourne and pinchot in the murk.  
Hijohnsoned was the senate house,  
And the bruce linn outperk.

—H. Hall.



TYPOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING  
COPPER TYPE AND WAYSIDE FIGURE





A NEAR STAG

Editors and Authors

THE recent fracas between Mr. Norman Haggood and Mr. Robert Collier suggests that there ought to be some line drawn between the editor and the owner of a periodical. The business of editing and of writing is a specialty. It does not usually go with the talent for making money. On the other hand, the talent for making money doesn't go with editorial ability. When you attempt to mix the two, the results are not satisfactory.

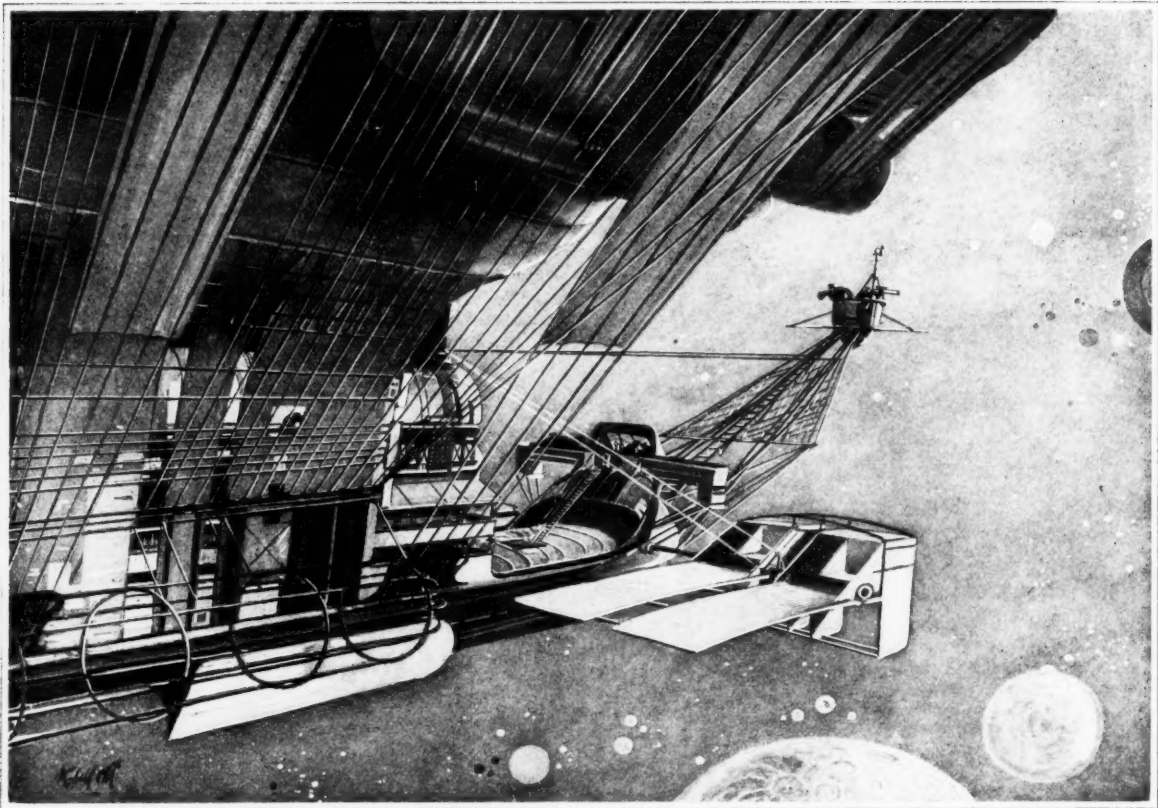
As a rule, those gentlemen who have either inherited money enough or have made it, and own periodicals, are possessed with an insane desire to edit them. They want in addition to the ability to make money the credit for being literary. They usually start out by acquiring a good editor and, later on, become jealous of him because his work must of necessity advertise itself. It is on very much the same principle that a housekeeper, who does not know how to cook, cannot keep out of the kitchen. Some housekeepers and some owners of periodicals never seem to realize that too many cooks will spoil any broth.

T. L. M.



EVIDENTLY

Proprietor (angrily): I TELL YOU THESE LARGE CORPORATIONS ARE THE MENACE OF THE TIMES. IF WE DON'T WATCH OUT THEY'LL GOBBLE UP EVERYTHING IN SIGHT



*The Lookout:* A STRANGE PLANET TWO POINTS TO STARBOARD

### Owning and Working

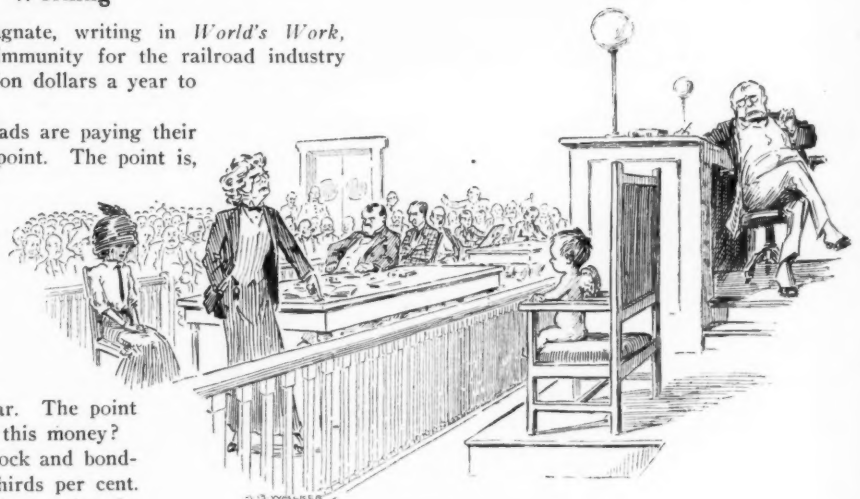
MR. B. F. YOAKUM, railroad magnate, writing in *World's Work*, claims special consideration and immunity for the railroad industry because it "disburses" more than a billion dollars a year to its 1,700,000 employees.

We are glad to know that the railroads are paying their employees regularly, but that's not the point. The point is, are the employees earning this billion? The average amount to each is five hundred and ninety dollars yearly, which seems far from exorbitant.

On the other hand, the railroad industry "disburses" over half a billion dollars yearly to stock and bondholders. How about that? Every time the employees get two dollars, the stock and bondholders get one dollar. The point is, do these stock and bondholders earn this money?

The employees get a third and the stock and bondholders get a sixth. Sixteen and two-thirds per cent. of the gross receipts looks like pretty big pay for the not overly arduous task of being an owner.

E. O. J.



THE STAR WITNESS  
IN A SUIT FOR BREACH OF PROMISE



SOMETIMES THE FLOWERS SEEM TO BE ALL ON ONE SIDE OF THE FENCE, AND ALL THE WEEDS ON THE OTHER

### Life's Confidential Guide to Prominent People

**ABBAS, ABDUL BAHÁ.**—A gentleman who belongs to the cult Bahai, and has recently come over to this country in order to teach us what's what in religion. He will be successful in proportion to the amount of money he is able to take away with him.

**MURRAY, PROFESSOR G. GILBERT.**—Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford University and incidentally critic of American schools and institutions. Professor Murray thinks that we should all speak Greek even if we haven't all learned how to speak English. An able scholar and an earnest advocate of the impossible.

**PETRIE, PROFESSOR FLINDERS.**—An Egyptian archaeologist and expert spader. Is popularly supposed to have begun life as a well digger, and, believing in the conservation of energy, he transferred his labors to Egypt, where some of his results have been remarkable. His latest discovery is a perfect sphinx; and it is understood that he will offer her as the head of the woman's suffrage movement in America.

**ARCHBOLD, ROBERT W.**—A Pennsylvania member of the Commerce Court who became submerged in the cost of living and sold his birthright for a mess of pot-

tage. Appears to be less honest than he really is.

**AMUNDSEN, CAPTAIN ROALD.**—An explorer who recently sauntered up to the South Pole, and, taking it off the hook, brought it back to the New York Times Office, where he received \$2 in cash and the rest in advertising. Captain Amundsen has the unique distinction of having permitted other people to accompany him to the South Pole and share the glory. This is the only un-American thing that he did.

**FERRERO, GUGLIEMO.**—An Italian gentleman who has devoted his life to showing that the Roman Empire has been reincarnated in the United States of America. As a historian he is more interesting than Conan Doyle. As a philosopher he ranks with Mayor Gaynor. As a prophet he is as bad as the editor of the *Sun*.

**HARMON, JUDSON.**—A citizen of Ohio, who at one time was thought of for the Presidency; he was found to be too good for the job, which requires, above all things else, a picturesque personality. This gentleman has studied law for several years and has such a deep respect for existing institutions that no high public office would be possible for him. He is upright, able and uninteresting—enough to condemn him.

**SUN YAT SEN.**—A commercial traveler for a Chinese department store, who at one

time controlled all the advertising. Got himself elected president of the new Chinese Republic, eliminated the Manchurians, and then evacuated the head of the government because he had the habit of traveling. He is a president whose whereabouts are known for more than two days in succession.

**WELLS, H. G.**—A prominent English socialistic writer; the head of a complete novel factory with an output of two novels every three weeks. Believes in the future of everybody, while still living in the present.

**NICHOLAS, CZAR OF RUSSIA.**—A young man afraid of his life, who spends most of his time in hurrying from bomb-proof apartment to bomb-proof apartment, and when not engaged in anything else issues ukases. He is said to have the finest collection of ukases in the world. Is always looking for trouble and usually finding it. (See Duma, Siberia.) He stands both at the head and at the foot of the Russian Empire. Whether he will ever succeed is a question.

**AUSTIN, ALFRED.**—Poet Laureate of England and contemporary of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and J. Gordon Coogler. Occupies the same position toward poetry in England that W. H. Taft does toward politics in the United States. Is the only man in England who has not been ridiculed by Bernard Shaw—because it wasn't necessary.



### A Serpent of the Nile and Farce Galore



UNFORTUNATLY Madame Nazimova will never let us see her as she really is. She is always art or artificiality, and never nature. Her voice never seems to be that of a real woman. Her movements are only shifting from one studied pose to another, never the normal actions of a normal woman. Perhaps this is the reason why she never deeply moves her audiences. She excites their curiosity, she holds their attention, but, outside of little pathetic touches and tones, she never gets much deeper than eye and ear.

In a play like "Bella Donna," made by Mr. James Bernard Fagan from Mr. Hichens's novel of the same name, it is quite as well that the title rôle should be entrusted to an actress of the Nazimova type. The whole thing is exotic and bizarre. Mrs. Chepstow is the heroine of a sensational drama, and it is quite in keeping that the part should be played in sensational fashion. It may be incredible that

any woman with so thoroughly British a name as Chepstow even if only acquired by marriage, could be or become so Cleopatraish as Madame Nazimova makes this adopted daughter of the Nile. The principle seems to be that credibility may go hang if only the play and the impersonation can be made to create more or less of a sensation.

Poison is the subject of the story, the scene is in Egypt, so the serpent is naturally suggested as a model for the heroine. Therefore she clothes herself in closely fitting robes of snakelike texture and tints. She glitters and glides and twines and clings. All of this is unusual, and certainly rouses interest, even if it doesn't convince the mind or stir the emotions. She is not even a very competent lady villain. Her poison plot is carried on in a very unworkmanlike manner, so much so that it falls to pieces at the very first mention of the police. She is apparently long of sensuality and short of sense.

However, we must have sensation on the stage nowadays, and this combination of Hichens and Nazimova supplies it. The support provided for the star is competent, the play is well staged and picturesquely mounted, so that "Bella Donna" may be recommended to theatregoers who insist on a dash of the unusual before they will consent to be interested.



SOME learned and experienced analyst might, after careful study of the subject, explain to us just why Mr. William Collier is funny, an incontestable fact which it is difficult to explain offhand. But why try to explain it? Why look for incongruity or surprise or any of the recognized in-



deGRAFF

"OH, AUNTY! MY CAKE DROPPED RIGHT DOWN THE DOG"

redients of humor to tell us why we laugh when Mr. Collier in consoling a friend says that we can never tell how things will turn out; that two weeks before he was born his name was Charlotte. Such things are meant to be enjoyed, not analyzed. Fortunately for Mr. Collier his methods seem to defy either analysis or imitation, and he stands alone in being able to take almost any kind of material and so illuminate it with his own personality and mental suggestion of the laughable that he carries his audience with him.

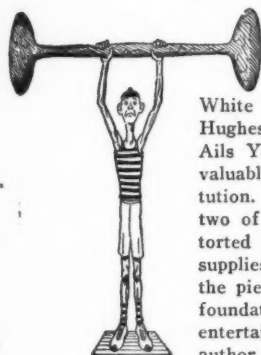
His present medium is called "Never Say Die," and concerns itself with the predicaments of a young man who had been assured by the very best doctors that he could not possibly live more than three weeks. On the strength of that assurance he gets better and better physically, only to find a year later that his *ante mortem* arrangements have involved him in all sorts of difficulties, including a wife, whom he had fully intended to be a charming young widow. In his fun-making Mr. Collier is assisted by a well chosen company, including Miss Paula Marr and William Collier, Jr., whose naive, childish solemnity is never disturbed by the paternal mirthfulness. The farce itself is entirely sufficient to Mr. Collier's requirements. If you have a friend who is contemplating suicide plant him in a seat at "Never Say Die" and you can safely go home and go to bed.



"THE Red Petticoat" is a case where the injection which is supposed to bring a dead farce to life again takes the form of a combination of chorus girls, rather tuneful music by Mr. Jerome D. Kern and very singable lyrics by Mr. Paul West. The farce was originally called "Next!" and in it as in the present version the principal part was sustained by Helen Lowell. She does her work admirably, but as

the character is that of a spinster of uncertain age turned loose, with all the unattractiveness of the spinster set in her ways, among a lot of Western miners, the better the impersonation the less pleasing the character. The total result is a musical piece which a few good numbers are unable to lift out of mediocrity.

"The Gypsy," a far more elaborate effort in the musical line, and written by Messrs. Pixley and Luders, who are responsible for some previous successes, proved to be too old-fashioned and humorless to hold the metropolitan boards for even a fortnight.



THE advertisement given to Mr. William Muldoon's well-known recuperation resort in White Plains by Mr. Rupert Hughes's new farce, "What Ails You?" may or may not be valuable to that excellent institution. It supplies the scene for two of the three acts and a distorted portrayal of its methods supplies the laughing material of the piece. This is pretty slender foundation for an entire evening's entertainment, particularly as the author has neglected to supply anything in the way of a plot. The company is a large one, and selected mostly with a view to exhibiting the humorous contrasts between the fat ones who go to get thin and the thin ones who go to get fat. Mr. William Courtleigh impersonates the celebrated Muldoon, here disguised under the name of Medill, though why he should go to the pains



THE COMPOSITE DRAMA  
"THE MERRY COUNTESS" AS "JULIUS CAESAR"

of a close imitation in personal appearance and then endow him with a pronounced brogue is an actorial mystery.

It may be that curiosity about the Muldoon methods—which are only caricatured here—may draw audiences for "What Ails You?" As a legitimate attraction it needs a considerable injection of basic material and point.



"C. O. D." is a farce so crude in some particulars that one wonders how it ever found a place on Broadway; and yet it has one act which is screamingly funny and appeals to the risibles of the intelligent and unintelligent alike. Time was when that one act would carry any performance, but the public has become so exacting that when it goes to laugh it has to laugh pretty nearly all the time, or it doesn't think it is getting its money's worth.

It seems a pity that "C. O. D." and some of the other partial failures and limping successes could not be boiled into one really good entertainment. Which would go to indicate that the ideas of our playwrights are being spread too thin.

Metcalfe.



*Astor.*—"Hawthorne of the U. S. A." with Mr. Douglas Fairbanks. Extremely amusing and well acted romantic farce of American heroism in the Balkans.

*Belasco.*—"The Case of Becky." A girl with twin brains brought back to single existence by hypnotism. Well acted and interesting, but very clinical.

*Broadway.*—"The Sun Dodgers."

*Casino.*—"The Merry Countess." Up-to-date version of "Die Fledermaus," by Strauss. Well done and very tuneful.

*Century.*—"The Daughter of Heaven." Spectacular mounting of drama with scene laid in China. Elaborately staged.

*Cohan's.*—"Broadway Jones." Highly amusing farcical comedy of the day, well done.

*Comedy.*—"Fanny's First Play." Mr. Bernard Shaw's diverting and clever fling at the London dramatic critics.

*Criterion.*—"What Ails You?" by Mr. Rupert Hughes. See above.

*Daly's.*—"The Red Petticoat." See above.

*Eltinge.*—"Within the Law." Very well acted and absorbing melodrama of conditions here and now.

*Empire.*—Nazimova in dramatization of Mr. Hichens's novel, "Bella Donna." See above.

*Forty-eighth Street.*—Mr. William Collier in "Never Say Die." See above.

*Fulton.*—"The Yellow Jacket." Unique presentation in Chinese style of Chinese drama. Interesting and laughable.

*Gaiety.*—"C. O. D." See above.

*Garden.*—Mr. John E. Kellard in Shakespearean repertory. Notice later.

*Garrick.*—Mr. John Mason in "The Attack." Not dramatic, but well acted play of French political life.

*Globe.*—"The Lady of the Slipper." The old Cinderella fairy tale turned into diverting musical play with Elsie Janis and Montgomery and Stone.

*Harris.*—"Mere Man," by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Notice later.

*Hippodrome.*—"Under Many Flags." Interesting pictures of foreign scenes together with gorgeous ballet and spectacle.

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

*Knickerbocker.*—"Oh! Oh, Delphine." Girl-and-music show, cleverer and better done than usual.

*Little.*—"The Affairs of Anatol." Episodes in the life of a philandering young bachelor.

*Afternoons.*—"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Pretty fairy play for children.

*Lyceum.*—"The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." Life in the musical comedy circles of London, dramatized by Pinero, and well interpreted by Miss Billie Burke and good company.

*Lyric.*—Mr. Faversham in "Julius Cæsar." Creditable presentation of the classic.

*Manhattan Opera House.*—"The Whip."

*Maxine Elliott's.*—"Ready Money." Get-rich-quickness, with counterfeit money as a basis. Farcical and amusing.

*Moulin Rouge.*—"Ziegfeld's Follies." The apotheosis of the chorus-girl.

*Park.*—"A Rich Man's Son." Crude and commonplace farcical comedy.

*Playhouse.*—"Little Women." The celebrated story of girl life in New England, pleasantly turned into flesh and blood presentation.

*Republic.*—"The Governor's Lady." American domestic drama, staged by Mr. Belasco, and with Emma Dunn in the leading part. Not remarkable, but fairly interesting.

*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. Notice later.

*Weber's.*—"A Scrape o' the Pen." Scotch village life amusingly described by the author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," and well portrayed by a good company.

*Weber and Field's Music Hall.*—"Roly Poly." Notice later.

*Winter Garden.*—Gertrude Hoffmann, in "Broadway to Paris." Notice later.



THE ILLUSTRATED DRAMA  
"THE LADY OF THE SLIPPER"



“Ladies and Gentl



lies and Gentlemen”

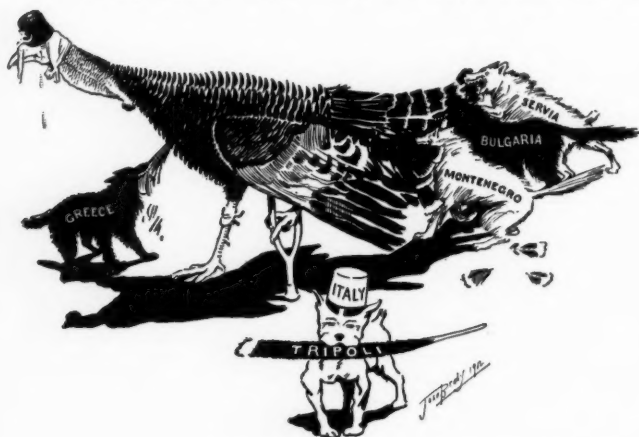
## “My Country, 'Tis of Thee”

NEXT to allowing a man to talk to you about himself there is no surer method of holding his attention than to talk about himself to him. Especially if you “knock” him gently now and then so as to make him feel that your well distributed praise is sincere.

The principle involved and the effect produced are the same as in stroking a cat. It is beneath any cat's dignity, as you've probably noticed, to be rubbed the right way too steadily. But administer an occasional tweak of the ear or cross-rough of the fur so that the continuous purr is broken up into an alternating current and you can keep, almost indefinitely, a look of fatuous content on the face of the most stand-offish. Which, or something very like it, is what one may see on the face of almost any American engaged in reading “Your United States” (Harper, \$2), the volume of impressions and opinions in which Arnold Bennett, alternately tweaking our ears and stroking our fur, talks to us so engagingly about ourselves.

Of course we all know that Arnold Bennett knew the formula. Have we not, for several years, enjoyed watching him apply it with well-calculated variation to various sections of his extremely variegated public? But—we've never had him apply it to us before. That is, not to us collectively as Americans; only to us individually as Twenty-four-hour-a-day-ers or Human-machinists. And it makes a difference.

His whole method, or at least his whole method in this particular instance, is epitomized in his clever title, which somehow conceals a good-humored fling beneath the subtle flattery of its implications. And his chats with us about ourselves and our surroundings; so direct, informal, interested and intimate; so tactful in their carefully maintained appearance of spontaneous and unthinking frankness; manage one and all, by alternately praising us for things we had not particularly fancied ourselves in, and taking us down a peg in quarters where we are used to



WHO SAID TURKEY WAS THE SYMBOL OF THANKSGIVING?

fancying ourselves not a little, to keep us in a state of half startled and half soothed felinity. Just see if you do not catch yourself purring when you read them.

YOU know the sort of pleasure—unexpected and keen, yet tantalizing withal—that the breaking away and instant closing down again of a mist in the mountains sometimes gives you? There has recently issued from the Yale University Press a modest little booklet, also about our United States—it is called “A Journey to Ohio in 1810”—the reading of which gives one very much this mist-in-the-mountain sort of feeling. For it offers us quick, clean cut, unexpected glimpses of things otherwise hopelessly hidden from us; and then shuts us out again just as we are most alertly anxious to see further; so that one reads its fragmentary and naive record with unspoken because useless questions constantly on the tip of one's tongue. But one lays it down having been given to see, through the mists of a hundred years, haphazard yet authentic scenes from the national highway and odd corners of a girl's heart as they were a century ago.

The writer of the journal, Margaret Van Horn Dwight, was a girl of twenty, a great-granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards and a niece of President Timothy Dwight of Yale. She was bound from New Haven to Warren, Ohio, and was traveling by wagon with a certain Deacon Wolcott and his wife and daughter, through New Jersey, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

J. B. Kerfoot.



*A Man in the Open*, by Roger Pocock. The story of an adventurous life that starts from hard-pan, soars to melodrama and ends in domesticity.

*Between Two Thieves*, by Richard Dehan. An unhistorical, super-romantic, emotionally conceived and passionately presented picture of England, betrayed by France and robbed by grafters, in the Crimean War.

*“C. Q.”*, by Arthur Train. A yarn of wireless complications in mid-Atlantic. A serviceable weapon to kill time with.

*The Flaw in the Crystal*, by May Sinclair. A drama of subjective psychical research which handles impalpable medic matters with uncanny verbal precision.

*The Good Girl*, by Vincent O'Sullivan. The story of an easy-going adventuress and her victims, willing and otherwise. A social study of sombre interest and noticeable quality.

*A Journey to Ohio in 1810*, by Margaret Van Horn Dwight. See above.

*The Junior Partner*, by Edward Mott Wooley. Stories of business successes told by chance met millionaires on a trans-continental trip.

*Marriage*, by H. G. Wells. An interesting story in which the impossibility of making the world over in one grand effort is shown to be part of the joy of life.

*Mrs. Lancelot*, by Maurice Hewlett. A somewhat pale





"TWO PAIRS OF TWINS! I'M IN BAD—"



LUCK"

romance of eighteenth century London; but with redeeming areas of rich color.

*Priscilla's Spies*, by G. A. Birmingham. The amusing misconceptions of an aristocratic tomboy in the west of Ireland.

*A Prisoner of War in Virginia, 1864-5*, by George Haven Putnam. A personal narrative made effective by its quiet, yet attractive, individuality.

*The Streets of Ascalon*, by Robert W. Chambers. The story of a society widow who was too innocent to know, by a society novelist who is too clever to do more than hint.

*Valserine and Other Stories*, by Margaret Audoux. A desperate attempt to make up a second book by the author of "Marie Claire."

*A Woman of Genius*, by Mary Austin. Interesting, but often verbally involved, feminine self analysis presented as the autobiography of an American actress.

*Your United States*, by Arnold Bennett. See preceding page.

### That Coal Shortage

IT is not necessary to wait for an extra session of Congress to take up the matter of that coal shortage. Our representatives might have a little look at the export figures for the last fiscal year which show that seventy-five million dollars worth of coal was sent out of the country. If this were kept at home it might save the operators the trouble of devising those pretty little fairy stories about car shortage and increased wages, et cetera.

If Congress can arrange import duties to protect our trust magnates and keep them supplied with yachts and country houses, it ought to be able to arrange an export duty to protect our people from the chilling winds of winter by enabling them to get coal at a fair price.



Auntie: "WELL, WOODRINA, WILL YOU HAVE SOME OF THE ROLY-POLY, OR THE CAFÉ MOUSSE?"  
 "I'M BETTER WITHOUT EITHER, THANK YOU"

Life's Family Album



Bayard Jones

ONE of the most valued contributors to the pictorial side of LIFE is Mr. Bayard Jones. His half-tones have a quality and a humor of their own—a kind of mingling of sentiment and satire.

"You are about to be interviewed," we said one day, dropping in on him through the skylight of his Twenty-

eighth Street studio, "You must tell us everything—where you got your sense of humor, whether you are in love with your art and how much you have suffered."

"I got my sense of humor from Bill Arp, who was my uncle, but I have been too busy to fall too deeply in love with my art; as for suffering, I have been a regular commuter now for several years, having been on intimate terms with most of our railroad systems."

"What is your favorite occupation?"

"Thinking."

"How old are you?"

"I absolutely refuse to tell."

"Where were you born?"

"In the flatwoods of Georgia."

"Where did you study?"

"At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and later on in Paris, at Julian's; then I came to New York and took it up at a finishing school."

It is rather remarkable, considering that Mr. Jones is so strong in his purely American types, to know that he went to school in New York. We suspect that he must have found his Americans elsewhere.

Mr. Jones's clever pencil is responsible for our latest contest picture—the amusing wedding scene—the winning answer to which will be published next week—in the Christmas Number.

Parsifal

PARSIFAL, the mystical Wagnerian Arthurian Christian music-drama, is to be produced again in New York this season. The announcement is accompanied by the usual wail of the Wagnerite as to the sacrilege and the immorality and the dishonesty of such a production. Presumably the bones of the great German musician-dramatist will turn again in Bayreuth, as they have turned so many times before when sacred traditions were being violated, sacred ties broken, and sacred illusions destroyed. Those who have seen Parsifal both in Bayreuth and in New York agree that the Metropolitan presentation is by far the superior of the two. The one thing lacking is the actual spirit of the composer, which, according to the best authorities, still hovers over the conductor's desk at Bayreuth, and, by hypnotic influence as it were, translates a very commonplace performance into an impressive ritual.

Wagner must certainly have appreciated the difference between good and bad operatic productions. Does it really seem likely that he would object seriously to having his masterpiece presented in the most perfect artistic form imaginable, even though it be for the edification of American millionaires instead of the reverential Bayreuthers?



WHO'S WHO

FOR THE PROTECTION OF INEXPERIENCED DÉBUTANTES

# No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize



*The Odometer—  
The Premier Salesman for the Goodyear Tire*

*It is putting these tires, on an average,  
on 100,000 wheels monthly*

## Let the Figures Tell Which Tire

When men bought tires by guesswork, hardly more than *one per cent* of all tires sold were Goodyears.

One rival sold *30 times as many*. Others 16 and 24 times as many, as shown by royalty figures.

Then came the vogue of odometers. Motor car owners began to measure tire mileage.

Under that custom, No-Rim-Cut tires *jumped to the topmost place*. They now outsell all others.

In the past three years—with the general use of odometers—No-Rim-Cut sales have doubled six times over—*multiplied twelve times*. And the demand is increasing nowadays faster than we can build factories.

That's the result of actual measured mileage. Men who once bought blindly now make their comparisons. *And the best tire wins.*

## What the Odometer Told

For years and years we have used an odometer to guide us in building tires. We built in our factory a tire-testing machine, fitted with an odometer. On that machine four tires at a time are being worn out here under actual road conditions.

Thus we have compared some 240 formulas and fabrics. We have compared countless materials and methods. And rival tires have been compared with our own.

This odometer told us which methods were best. It told us when our tires outlasted all others. And it told the same story to the armies of motorists, on their metered-mileage cars.

### Told How to Save 48 Per Cent

Odometers showed the savings made by tires that can't be rim-cut.

With old-type tires, statistics show that 23 per cent become rim-cut. With No-Rim-Cut tires, experience proves that rim-cutting never occurs.

And odometers proved that our 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

So this patent tire, if built no better than others, means an average saving of 48 per cent. Tens of thousands of men have proved this.

### Now 250,000 Users

Now Goodyear tires are used, we figure, on not less than 250,000 cars. During the season of 1912, over 100,000 new cars went from the factories equipped with them. Our this year's sales will exceed \$25,000,000.

And the demand for these tires is

now increasing faster than ever before.

Try them, then watch your odometer. It's an unbiased adviser, and it never

lies. For your own good, settle the tire question, as we settle it here, by the figures on the dial.

## Goodyear Winter Treads

No-Rim-Cut tires are made, when wanted, with this ideal Non-Skid tread.

It's an extra tread, made of very tough rubber, vulcanized on to the regular. Thus a double-thick tread with wonderful wear resistance.

The extra tread consists of deep-cut blocks, which present to the road surface countless edges and angles. They grasp with a bulldog grip.

Each block widens out at the base, so the strain is distributed over the fabric the same as with smooth-tread tires. That's immensely important. It was

lack of this feature which made non-skid tires short-lived.

One glance at these treads will show you that our experts have solved the non-skid question as well as they have the rim-cutting.

Safety in winter requires an efficient non-skid—actual, enduring protection. Please judge for yourself if we have it.

**The Goodyear Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.**



**GOODYEAR**  
AKRON, OHIO

**No-Rim-Cut Tires**

*With or Without Non-Skid Treads*

Our experts worked for three solid years in perfecting this Goodyear Non-Skid. For this tread involves a dozen serious questions.

The tread must be immensely tough and enduring. It must retain its efficiency over thousands of miles.

It must present a broad surface, and yet grasp slippery roads with a resistless grip. It must distribute the strain, else shocks must be borne by only a part of the fabric.

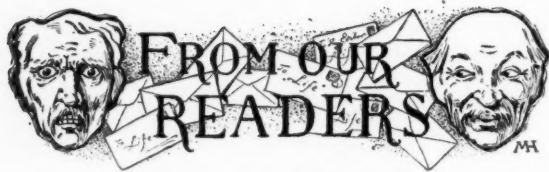
Tens of thousands of tests have proved that this tread meets all these requirements. The demand for this year has become overwhelming.

**THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO**

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

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits  
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(864)



### Some Good Wishes

EDITOR LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—I have been reading LIFE assiduously for several years, the while there has been constantly accumulating a host of rankling and resentful thoughts born of your remarks on certain subjects upon which you have been sadly misinformed. Of late these thoughts have become so persistent as to interfere with my enjoyment of the occasional bright remarks which you cull from your contemporaries; a very serious annoyance.

However, knowing the futility of argument with one of your feathery temperament and superficial judgment, I merely express the hope that some day when you reach years of discretion that you will get married and in course of time have a child, and that this child will contract a certain virulent disease and die because you refused to allow vaccination.

Knowing that your callousness may obviate the effectiveness of this lesson, I also hope that you will swallow your quill toothpick after eating your usual hearty dinner, and



that it will lodge in some vulnerable spot in your "innards" requiring an immediate operation. I pray that while you are on the operating table the noted surgeon will find a rusty pocket knife, with both blades open, swallowed when an infant, and which is now gradually working toward your heart.

I trust that he will have the moral stamina to refuse to remove it because you didn't know about it before being anesthetized. Then I hope, in the excitement of this new discovery, that he will forget about the toothpick and sew you up again, forgetting also his saw and several unsterilized safety-pins (open) which you will carry until the horrible rusty pocket knife reaches your heart.

With this load gone I will now continue to enjoy the balance of my term of LIFE, which expires next spring unless I can find five large round ones between now and the fatal day. Meanwhile go as easy as possible on the subjects mentioned and give us more of your contemporaries.

Incidentally, I owe it to four skillful surgeons and two no less efficient nurses that I have with me now my wife and a fine lad who gives promise of being as handsome as his dad. I inclose his photograph, taken while expressing his sentiments on sea bathing and its effects on his old man. It occurred to me that it would make a stunning and appropriate cover for a joke book.

It would be a remarkable coincidence if you thought so too.

Yours very truly,

PERCY A. MCKITTRICK.

LOWELL, MASS.

October 30, 1912.

### Compulsory Love

EDITOR LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—Allow me to commend your editorial of October twenty-fourth, "Go Easy with the Flag."

Anything compulsory is obnoxious, and contrary to the spirit of freedom our country boasts of.

I was born in the United States, have been here all my life, and love the flag, but wouldn't love it if I knew I *had to and dared not*.

I agree with you that "people don't want it stuffed down their throats." That might go in Russia, but not here.

Yours truly,

WM. CRUMP.

BROOKSVILLE, FLA.

October 24, 1912.

### The Only Cause of Poverty

SIR.—I have been buying your paper weekly on the theory that it was run to satirize the follies and foibles of the day, and to comment brightly and amusingly on current events. For some time I have been disgusted with its evident purpose to stir up hatred, distrust and discontent among those who are not rich toward those who are, without suggesting any rational means of betterment, and without referring to the fact that every one of the so-called plutocrats began life as poor boys, and that the same opportunity is open to all, or to the further fact that the greater part of poverty is due to drink and laziness. This feeling was increased when you began your fanatical and utterly silly crusade against vivisection, without which the wonderful benefits to mankind secured by the Rockefeller Institute and Dr. Carrel would have been impossible. You have reached the limit now that you have become an unscrupulous, abusive, lying Democratic partisan sheet, and it will never lie on my table again.

Yours truly,

D. CARNOCHAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 30, 1912.



**Garford**  
TRUCKS

Showing Garford Trucks at work on the famous Catskill Aqueduct

## Chosen for the world's biggest contracting job

**T**HE Catskill Aqueduct is the largest undertaking of its kind in the world. In a great many respects it is larger and more important than the Panama Canal. This aqueduct is to furnish New York City with water. It will supply Greater New York with 600,000,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours—which is 100 gallons a day for 6,000,000 people. It will cost over \$200,000,000.00. It is over eighty-five miles long.

Practically every big contractor on the aqueduct is using Garford trucks exclusively. And each one of these contractors chose the Garford after testing and investigating all the best known products.

The time element has played a most important part on this big job. In fact all contracts carry a strong penalty clause covering and guaranteeing time of completion. The work must be done with the utmost rapidity and with the greatest accuracy. Time here is valued in the millions. Therefore every conceivable manner and means of quick construction became the most essential part of the chief engineer's work. Every practical modern time saving device was employed.

In trucks, the Garford was selected. Prominent among the innumerable modern methods of rapid twentieth century construction you find scores of these big splendid time and money savers working night and day.

The use and the important part taken by Garford trucks in the greatest municipal water supply system in the world demonstrates how it can aid and help you to economically develop, strengthen and broaden your business—no matter what it might be. For if you haul things, you can use Garford trucks to a great advantage.

A line to us will bring you complete information regarding the installation of one or more Garford trucks. We have the facts and figures that will convince you. We can advise you as to style, number, size, costs and everything else that might occur to you.

All information gratis. Please address Dept. 3.

The following big New York contractors are using Garford Trucks exclusively on the Catskill Aqueduct, New York State Barge Canal, the New York Connecting Railways Bridge and many other huge projects:

T. A. Gillespie Company  
Holbrook Cabot & Rollins  
Smith Hauser Locker & Company

Pittsburgh Contracting Company  
(Booth & Flynn, Prop.)  
Watson Contracting Company

Bradley Contracting Company  
John J. O'Leary Contracting Co.  
Union Building & Construction Co.

Burghart & Son, Contractors  
Joseph Johnson's Sons, Contractors  
McMullan Contracting & Trucking Co.

## The Garford Company, Elyria, Ohio



# AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

## Easier and More Natural.

**ELSIE:** After I wash my face I look in the mirror to see if it's clean. Don't you?

**BOBBY:** Don't have to. I look at the towel.—*Boston Transcript.*

## New Version

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, the dramatic agent of New York, said at the Colony Club the other day:

"It is an error to think that the intellectual girl is dowdy. Look at the girl graduates about you. Those with the highest marks wear usually the nicest frocks. I said one day to a Bryn Mawr girl:

"How beautiful your pannier gown fits, dear. I thought you grave and reverend seniors were above such trifles?"

"Oh, no," said she. "We all believe here in the survival of the best fitted."

—*New York Tribune.*



GOING TO SCHOOL  
THE MODERN CHILD

## The Hats

See the latest style in hats,  
Awful hats!  
Every freakish brand of bonnet  
That was ever made to sell,  
Each with something spikey on it,  
That will make you when you don it  
Fit to fill a padded cell.  
Twisted up and dented down,  
Shrunken brim and swollen crown,  
Made of felt and silk and velvet, and  
the fur of dogs and cats,  
Oh, the hats, hats, hats, hats,  
Oh the kinky little, dinky little hats.

Watch the passing show of hats,  
Brazen hats!  
Every one enough to stagger  
Even Hottentots or Turks  
Aiming to be smart and swagger,  
With hatpin like a dagger,  
And a lot of quills like dirks,  
Color crazy, red and blue,  
Yellow, green, and purple too,  
Combinations and creations that would  
clear a house of rats.  
Oh, the hats, hats, hats, hats,  
Oh the mad chaotic, idiotic hats.

—*Minna Irving in New York Sun.*

"GEESE are supposed to be symbolic  
of all that is foolish."

"Well, go on."

"But you never see an old gander  
hoard a million kernels of corn and then  
go around trying to mate with a gosling."

—*Kansas City Journal.*

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A blend of straight Bourbons, one selected for its aroma, another for its body and a third for its flavor, and all taken from my own family's collection of rare old Bourbons—so harmonized as to produce that exquisite bouquet, the eternal quest of the connoisseur. Undoubtedly an ideal in whiskey, but if you don't find it so you can have your money returned.

Sold only by mail, 4 quarts \$6. Send check or use your business stationery. Express prepaid.

**RANDOLPH ROSE,**  
Exclusively fine old whiskeys.  
York Street, Newport, Kentucky.



**JAEGER Porous  
Woolens are especially recommended  
for all who engage in  
outdoor recreation.  
Positive protection  
against sudden changes  
of temperature. Jaeger  
Woolens prevent chill.**

Write for booklet of particulars and samples.

**Dr. Jaeger's S.W.S. Co.'s Own Stores**  
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## An Ideal Xmas Gift

Monogrammed Cigarettes as Xmas gifts indicate forethought and carry a personal touch. They are bound to be appreciated. **Mathues Brothers'** cigarettes are guaranteed exclusively hand-made of pure Turkish tobaccos. Highest quality imported rice paper—skilled labor—sanitary factory and personal supervision insure absolute perfection. Plain, Gold, Silver, Cork and Straw tips.



**\$2.00 PER HUNDRED WITH YOUR NAME OR INITIALS**

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Print initials plainly. Specify tip desired. Enclose money-order in letter. All cigarettes packed in attractive boxes of 100 each.

Write for our booklet, "A Plea for a Good Cigarette."

**MATHUES BROS., 619 Madison Ave., N. Y. City**  
One Block East of Fifth Avenue and Hotel Plaza.  
PURVEYORS TO PARTICULAR PEOPLE

### College Slang

College slang is apparently on the rack. Its use and abuse have been generally exploited during the last few weeks.

The trouble seems to have started in Kansas, where most troubles originate.

The University of Kansas publishes a daily paper called the *University Daily Kansan*. This paper, according to all reports, is a hot-bed of slang. Some examples of this taken from the headlines in one number are as follows:

"The Toot Manifesto is Effective To-day. (That is, the new regulation for signal-whispering goes into effect.)"

"Andrew (sc. Carnegie) Digs Up Again."

"That Baldwin Team Still Eating 'Em Up."

"Jayhawker Hops on the Toboggan."

"Test Heart Action of Bubble Wagons."

Now the head of the department of English in the Kansas University is a gentleman of sensitive nerves; and he has hastened to state that the department of journalism is entirely separate from that of his own. At the same time he intimates that he does not approve of this sort of thing and washes his hands of the whole matter. In the mean time, the *Kansan* appears to be still under the blight of slang and apparently not able to recover from it.

In Wellesley College, the editor of the *College News*, Miss Kathleen Burnett, says:

"When a young woman enters college, she can try ever so hard not to use slang; but regardless of resolutions, she will find herself making use of such phrases as 'I am crazy about this,' or 'wild about that.'"

Miss Burnett says that she cannot help using slang at college.

### A Happy Marriage

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

## SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

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

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

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



## Something New for Every Meal

**At Breakfast**—The one thing to arouse the lazy morning appetite is fruit. Tempt it with a dish of cereal in which are buried a few Dromedary Golden Dates.

**At Luncheon**—What can be more pleasing than some muffins or fritters made with Dromedary Dates? They're delicious!

**At Dinner**—It's easy and quick to stir up a date soufflé—or a pudding—and make everyone say, "How delightful!"

There is almost no end to the unusual substantial dishes and desserts that may be prepared from Dromedary Dates.

They come to you as clean, plump and richly flavored as when picked from the palms of Arabia. Daintily arranged in layers, wrapped in waxed paper and packed in individual dustproof cartons—

never sold otherwise. They hold a surprise for you because they are so unlike dusty, hard and shriveled dates you are accustomed to buy from large wooden boxes.

If your grocer or fruiterer hasn't Dromedary Dates, send us 10c and receive **Special Size Sample Package**. On receipt of dealer's name we send

### Unique Book of Prize Recipes FREE

Ask dealers also for Dromedary Figs; and you will particularly like **Dromedary Fresh-keeping Cocoanut**, the new kind of prepared cocoanut put up in a new package that keeps it *continuously fresh*. Sample free.



The Latest Dromedary Product

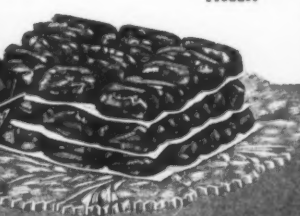
#### Dromedary Date Muffins

Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter with quarter cupful of sugar; add two well beaten eggs, then one cupful of milk, and two cupfuls of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder alternately; beat thoroughly and add pinch of salt and one cupful of Dromedary Dates cut fine. Bake in a quick oven.

**THE HILLS BROS. CO.**  
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New York City



*Nourishing Food*



*An Ideal Sweet*

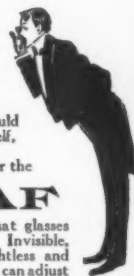
### "He Shall Take That Hath the Power"

A wolf and a fox and a hare found a lamb, and they said to each other, "He that is the oldest amongst us shall eat him." The hare said, "I was born before God created the heavens and the earth"; and the fox said, "Thou art right indeed, for I was present when thou wert born"; and the wolf, at the same time seizing the lamb, said, "My stature and capacity are witnesses that I am older than you both," so he ate the lamb.

### "DON'T SHOUT"



"Hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."  
"The Morley Phone for the



### DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials. THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 783, Perry Bldg., Phila.

**OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES**



**Nowadays**

"I'm going to leave, mum," said the maid.

"Alas!" cried Mrs. Grey, "I've done all of the work myself, So why will you not stay?"

Then Bridget up and made reply, Thus ending the dispute:

"Indade, I'll let you know just why: The work's not done to suit!"

—Lippincott's.

**The Unpadded Pat**

Mother could not understand why Jimmy should openly declare he "couldn't bear" Great-Aunt Maria.

"When she is always so nice to you," reproached mother, "and always pats you on the head!"

"Huh—with her knuckles!" scoffed Jimmy.—*Youth's Companion*.

**Caroni Bitters.** The best by test. Send 25 cents for trial bottle with patent dasher—you'll not be disappointed. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrs.

"WHY does Miss Schreecher close her eyes when she sings?"

"Perhaps she has a tender heart."

"I don't quite understand."

"Maybe she can't bear to see how we suffer."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

**The Net**

By **Rex Beach**



Big, buoyant, bracing, this new story surges along through stormy seas of excitement to its final anchorage in the placid depths of love. Yes, love is here—the strong, passionate love of a man for his heart's desire. Revenge is here—the hot, reeking revenge of the Sicilian Mafia. Corruption is here—political corruption which leads to riot. And through all these scenes of violence and bloodshed there flows a steady stream of the genuine Rex Beach humor—the humor of brilliant phrase and ludicrous situation.

Like his books of the lawless North, this new novel will quicken every heart that pumps red blood, and while in real life one does not care for overmuch slaughter, yet in fiction the guns boom softly, and we remember only the tenderness of the meetings of lovers as we close the book.

Illustrated. Post 8vo, \$1.30 net.

**Harper & Brothers**

**Unlimited Credit**

"You have left the name of the author off the programme," the stage manager ventured to suggest.

"What's the author's name?" asked the manager with the thick mustache and the double chin.

"William Shakespeare."

"Friend of yours, eh? All right, give him all the credit there is. Put down on the programme, 'Words and music by William Shakespeare.'"

—*Washington Star*.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER**  
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

**A Theological Problem**

A doctor was attending a dangerous case where a Scotch butler was engaged. On calling in the forenoon he said to Donald: "I hope your master's temperature is much lower to-day than it was last night."

"I'm no sae very sure about that," replied the butler, "for he dee'd this morning."—*Argonaut*.

**He Had It In Him**

"Children," said the teacher, instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy; simply be yourselves and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspiration from outside sources."

As a result of this advice one bright lad turned in the following: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stommick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy and my dinner."

—*Newark Star*.

**Rural Economics**

"I see you've lowered the speed limit and hoisted your fines," said Winkletop to the judge after paying his fine.

"Ya-as," said the judge. "We found that under the old tariff they wasn't enough vi-lations o' the law to make it wuth while."—*Harper's Weekly*.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

**ARE YOU IN LOVE?**



Have you ever been in love?  
Do you wish to be in love?

*Then you should know how!*

**THE LOVER'S BAEDEKER**

By **CAROLYN WELLS**

tells all the secrets of Arcady in humorous verse and prose and is procurable at any bookshop for \$1.00, by mail, \$1.08.

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all kinds of merit and beauty, send this coupon.



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2300



**A Triumph of Art**

Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute has recently succeeded in cutting up a dog so that, although the outside of the animal was dead, the inside was kept alive for several hours.

The details, as published in the papers, were extensive and complete. Only one thing was omitted: Whose dog was it that Dr. Carrel cut up?

Had he no friends?

Also, how many other dogs did Dr. Carrel cut up before he achieved his masterpiece? The accounts state that he was several months making his experiments.

The value of the eminent surgeon's discovery lies in the fact that hereafter—when a few other unimportant details have been attended to—we shall be able to remove our insides at night and hang them upon the bed-post while we get a few hours' much needed rest.

**As Mark Twain Introduced Himself**

"Ladies and Gentlemen: By the request of the chairman of the committee I beg leave to introduce to you the reader of the evening, a gentleman whose great learning, whose historical accuracy, whose devotion to science and whose veneration for the truth are only equaled by his high moral character and his majestic presence. I allude—in these vague and general terms—to myself. I am a little opposed to the custom of ceremoniously introducing a reader to the audience, because it seems unnecessary where the man has been properly advertised! But, as it is the custom, I prefer to make it myself—in my own



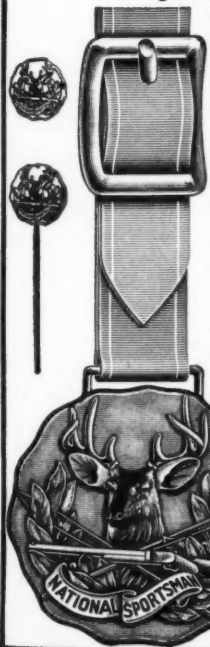
**The Breakwater**

**I**T STANDS immovable across the bay. The wind may blow, the storm rage and the waves may hurl itself with fury, but all within the harbor is snug and safe.

A Guaranteed Low Cost Policy of life insurance in **The TRAVELERS** is a breakwater in that storm which so often breaks with suddenness upon some happy family when the father dies. Then a sea of trouble bears in upon it. But if that father has built, stone by stone, the breakwater of insurance, the worst cares and troubles dash against it in vain; the family is safe within the harbor.

But there is this important difference: A breakwater will not protect a harbor until all the stones are laid. With insurance the first payment protects your family as completely as the last. Begin to build the insurance breakwater now. Send the coupon for information which tells you how to begin.

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case—and then I can rely on getting in all the facts! I never had but one introduction that seemed to me just the thing, and the gentleman was not acquainted with me, and there was no nonsense. He said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I shall waste no time in this introduction. I know of only two facts about this man: First, he never has been in state prison, and, second, I can't imagine why!'—*Kansas City Star.*

THE canons of Chartres having lost a lawsuit which they had with their bish-

op, and supposing that their bad success had been occasioned by the influence of Madame Maintenon, one of them said, "How was it possible for us to win when we had King, Queen and Knave against us?"

—*From the Orient.*

"WHEN she wasn't looking, I kissed her."

"What did she do?"

"Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening."—*Wasp.*

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

MCMXIII

¶ In the January number of 1913 will be begun a novel by EDITH WHARTON, *The Custom of the Country*, which will run through the year. Like the author's memorable "The House of Mirth," it will deal with present American social conditions and problems in an absorbing story of remarkable power, which will excite wide discussion.

¶ Later will be published, as a serial extending through more than half the year, *The Latest Work of John Galsworthy*.

A story of striking originality both in conception and form.

¶ JOHN FOX'S fine story, *The Heart of the Hills*, will continue into the early months of 1913.

¶ *Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View*, by PRICE COLLIER, author of "England and the English from an American Point of View."

The author's English articles created a notable sensation. This new series on Germany will still further establish his reputation as one of the most brilliant and keen-sighted critics of recent times. Nothing has been written of modern Germany, or of the Emperor, with the frankness and yet with the cordial appreciation and good-will of these articles or with the same shrewd wit and disregard of anything but what the author believes to be the truth.

¶ Two articles made up of *The Letters of William James*, the famous psychologist. Edited by his brother, Henry James.

Few men of recent times have exerted so wide an influence for good or had so many loyal friends all over the world.

English Friends: From the Letters and Journals of Charles Eliot Norton.

Edited by Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

Of very special interest are the "walks and talks" with Carlyle. They give a new idea of the kindness and keen sense of humor of the great Scotchman. Among other friends of whom he gives impressions are Ruskin, Dickens, the Brownings, George Henry Lewes, Burne-Jones, John Stuart Mill, John Morley, and many other distinguished men.

¶ *The Wonderful Panama Canal*. Three articles, by JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP, Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission, profusely illustrated.

THE FRENCH AT PANAMA. The first complete and authentic narrative of the effort of the French, under the direction of Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, to construct an Inter-oceanic Canal at Panama. It is a chapter in human endeavor which for dramatic and tragic interest has rarely been equalled.

THE WORLD'S PLAGUE SPOT ABOLISHED. The story of the way in which the Americans made the Isthmus of Panama a health spot of the earth.

BENEVOLENT DESPOTISM AT PANAMA. This will contain a full and graphic description of the way in which the U. S. Government, operating through Col. George W. Goethals, has cared for its great army of Canal workers and their families and dependents.

## The Christmas Scribner

is a number of extraordinary interest and beauty

Send for a Prospectus. 25c. a number; \$3.00 a year

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

## All is Each, and Each is All

The sullen mountain, and the bee that hums,

A flying joy, about its flowery base,  
Each from the same immediate fountain comes,

And both compose one evanescent race.

Proud man, exulting in his strength and thought,

The torpid clod he treads beneath his way,

One parent Artist's skill alike hath wrought,

And they are brothers in their fate to-day.

There is no difference in the texture fine  
That's woven through organic rock and grass,

And that which thrills man's heart in every line,

As o'er its web God's weaving fingers pass.

The timid flower that decks the fragrant field,

The daring star that tints the solemn dome,

From one propulsive force to being reeled;

Both keep one law and have a single home.

The river and the leaf, the sun and shade,

The bird and stone, the shepherds and their flocks,

Are all of one primeval substance made—

A single key their common secret locks.

The aging of a cocktail is as necessary to perfect flavor as the aging of wine or whisky.

The delicious flavor and aroma of

## Club Cocktails

is due not alone to the precise blending of the choicest liquors obtainable, but to the fact that they are softened to mellowness by aging before bottling.

*Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.*

*Refuse Substitutes.*  
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**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.**  
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When you realize what a large percentage of your yearly tire expense is due directly to "oil disease" you'll lose no time in ordering a set of

## PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

Not every motorist is awake to the effects of oil. Tires take up oil from roads and pavements, motor standings and garage floors. It soaks into the pores and small cuts. Road friction does the rest. A very great percentage of tire deterioration is due to "oil disease," which no other tires are guaranteed against. Do away with it. Equip your car with the tires that positively resist oil.

In addition to this crowning oilproof feature, Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires are guaranteed not to skid on wet or greasy pavements and are further guaranteed to give efficient service for 4,000 miles under definite, printed conditions of car weights. Three seasons of success and growing popularity claim your attention. One trial of these tires will convince you.

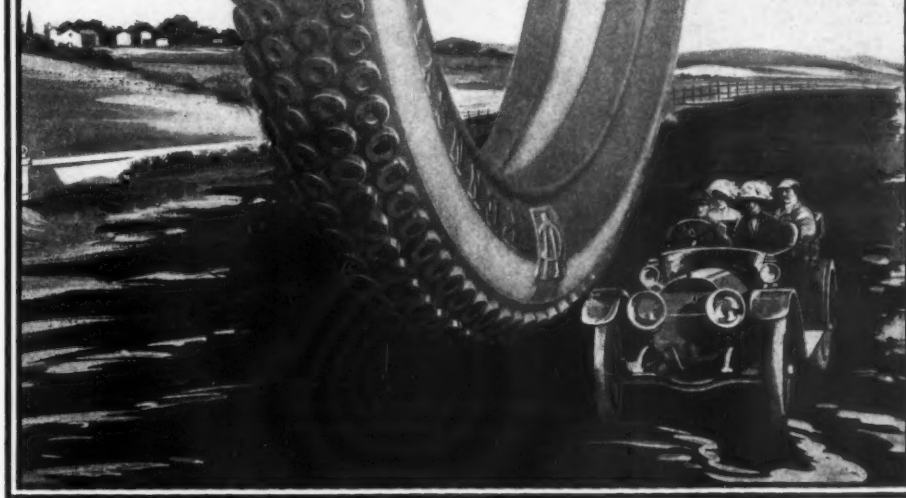
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*Reorganized February 1, 1910*

**Branches in all Principal Cities**

*An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy.*



Each atom holds the boundless God concrete

Besides whose abstract Being nothing is;

Each mind, each point of dust, is God complete;

Who knows but this, the magic key is his!

The curdling horrors, doubts, of fear and woe

Dissolve and flee before his solving gaze;

Absorbing light sets death's abyss aglow,

Fills evil's night an all-explaining blaze.

Between heaven's bright domains and blackest hell's

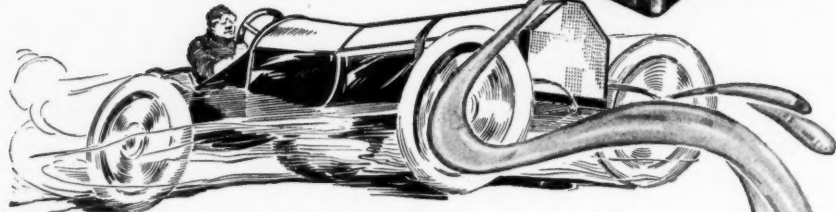
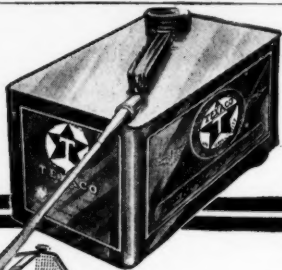
The separating limits swiftly fall;

A dazzling flood of glory streams, and swells,

And interfuses absolutely all.

—From "Poetry of the Orient," by W. R. Alger. Copyright by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass., through whose courtesy we reprint the above.

# TEXACO MOTOR OIL



**A**SK any car owner to tell you his motor troubles. Usually he'll answer, "Tires and oil." Usually he'll put the blame on the products. Sometimes it belongs there, sometimes not.

The tire question is a difficult one. But, as a rule, a good tire well treated—kept fully inflated, not overloaded, not scraped against curves, not run in ruts or car tracks—will give good service.

The oil question is easy of solution. The answer is Texaco Motor Oil.

Texaco meets every demand of the man who drives a car. It lubricates perfectly, increasing the power of your motor, doing away with scarred cylinder walls and pitted valves. It burns absolutely clean, eliminating the sooting and clogging of spark plugs. It shows a zero cold test and will not congeal at that temperature. These are the three cardinal virtues of a lubricating oil.

But remember this—the best of oils like the best of tires must be properly used if it is to give a maximum of service.

We have prepared a booklet on the proper use of lubricants. It is called "About Motor Lubrication." We want every car owner to read it. For your copy, address Dept. D, 2 West Street, New York City.

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### A Warm Tribute

It was in a little country town in the west of England, says the *Bristol Mirror*, and Mr. Goodman, excellent citizen and kind-hearted man, allowed himself to be chosen Mayor for the fourth time. After the event, he met Mr. Jones, one of his warmest admirers, who shook him heartily by the hand.

"I'm right sorry, Mr. Mayor," said the worthy man, "they've putten on you the trouble of officiating for another term, with all your many calls and worries of business; a far worse man would have suited us—but that was just the trouble. We couldn't find him—and it's my opinion as he ain't to be found."

—*Youth's Companion*.

TEACHER (reading): "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." Why was that so, Willie?

WILLIE: Because there were no individual drinking cups.—*Chapparral*.

## OF CHRISTMAS INTEREST LIFE'S Special Offer

Conr. Life Pub. Co.



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(By Angus MacDonall)

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A reproduction of this picture, 9½ by 15 inches in size, on paper 15 by 20, will be sent on each yearly subscription entered this season.

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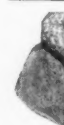
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### Kissing in the Open

A young man in Philadelphia was arrested for kissing his fiancée on the street when he was leaving her to board a car for his home. Magistrate Scott, before whom he was taken, was quite incensed.

"Things have come to a pretty pass when a man can't kiss his girl on the street," said the magistrate. "If a girl is good enough to be kissed, she ought to be kissed out in the open so that everybody can see her."

Good for Magistrate Scott!

### Did You Know That—

The hair collected from the floors of the New York barber shops in one year if stretched end to end would reach from South Hadley Falls to Frozen Dog, Wyo.?

That one-fifteenth (1-15) of all the lemons grown in Siberia are used by the New York police department?

That there are over two thousand Germans in the city of Berlin?

If all the rust from worn-out iron were collected, it would fill 4,534 freight cars bound for White River Junction?

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

**"Mtn. Lady" Foot Warmers**  
Comfy House Wear  
Pure white woolskin; wool cuff; fastened with blue silk ribbon; white fleece-lined; elkskin soles sewed over sheepskin soles. State regular shoe size when ordering. Money back if unsatisfactory.  
**\$2.00 pair, Sent Prepaid**  
Catalog Outdoor Outfittings FREE  
**W. C. LEONARD & CO.**  
43 Main St., Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Ideal Christmas Present

# On Electric Cars Pneumatic and Solid Tires Are Doomed

Four years ago every electric car was equipped with *pneumatic* or *solid* tires. Today over half of the electric cars carry *neither* of these types.

The great majority now carry *Motz Cushion Tires*.

It probably won't be long now until a pneumatic-equipped or solid-tire-equipped electric will be an unusual sight.

Pneumatic tires *lost out* because they proved too *treacherous*, too *troublesome*—and too *costly*.

Solid tires *lost out* because they failed utterly to protect the occupants or the delicate parts of the car from rough bumps and jolts.

Motz Cushion Tires *won out* because in four years they proved to be BOTH *easy-riding* and *trouble-proof*. And because they reduced tire-upkeep to a small item.

### Shock-Absorbing Tires

Motz Cushion Tires which have ended puncture and blowout troubles, opened people's eyes to the fact that a tire to be *shock-absorbing* and *easy-riding* does not have to be filled with air, liquid or any other kind of a filler. Amazing resiliency can be obtained by the use of purely *mechanical* principles.

See the double, notched treads (A in picture) which prevent skidding and distributes the weight to the sides. The sides are undercut (see B), which allows free action of slant-

wise bridges (see C). These bridges are elastic. They give and yield like the air in a pneumatic tire. Note D in the picture, showing shock-absorbing qualities when tire runs over a stone.

### Economy

No user of Motz Cushion Tires is burdened by tire-repair expense. Or by carrying extra, emergency tires. Or by having to buy *new* tires every few months.

These tires are specifically GUARANTEED for 10,000 miles, two years.

Would any pneumatic tire-maker dare guarantee his tires that long?

Did ever another tire offer such *economy* as this?

### Adopted by Electric Makers

No matter what kind of an Electric you choose, the maker will equip it with Motz Cushion Tires if you so request. He will be glad to do it, knowing he's giving you a trouble-proof car and one that's well protected from the shocks of road contact.

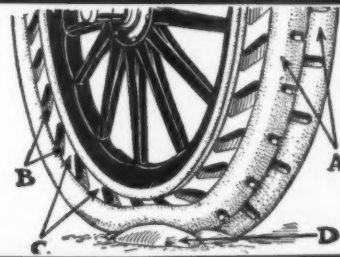
Don't buy a *fine* electric and then spoil nine-tenths of your pleasure by accepting any old tires. Look into this tire question. Send now for our

### Free Tire Book

91 and read the amazing facts about the tire that's capturing the electric field. A postal, sent today, brings this book by return mail. Send specifications—name of car, model, size of rims, etc.

## MOTZ Cushion Tires

They fit any Standard Clincher, Universal Quick-Detachable or Demountable Rim



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That the Czar of Russia arises regularly at 9:30 on week days and at thirty minutes of ten on every other day in the week except Sundays?

That the King of Denmark has a Doctor Cook his meals since the North Pole was discovered?

That the Atlantic Ocean contains more water than the combined aquariums of East Orange, N. J., and London?

That when a man is stabbed in the first act he does not really die?

—Four Leaf Clover.

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No other form of sweating so nearly approaches the healthful effects of sunshine as the Electric Light Bath. None other is so stimulating as well as cleansing.

Its tonic radiance brings sweat that purifies without fatigue. Its daily use keeps the flesh at normal, clears the skin, invigorates the body and brain.

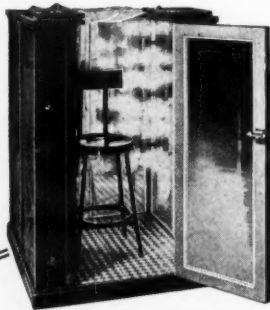
## Battle Creek Electric Light Bath Cabinet

combines the benefits of a sun-bath at Palm Beach with all the advantages and none of the drawbacks of a Turkish Bath—and all, in the comfort and privacy of your own home at nominal cost.

The Battle Creek Electric Light Bath has been installed in many of the most modern homes—recognized as an essential part of the household equipment. No surer regulator of health and energy can you invest in for the whole family.

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Equipment  
Company**  
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Battle Creek  
Michigan



### Unexpected Guests

Philip of Macedon, being invited to dine with a friend, brought with him several others whom he met on the road. Seeing his host disturbed lest there should not be enough for all, he sent a message to them "to leave room for a nice mince pie." They, expecting its arrival, ate moderately, and so the viands provided proved enough for all.

One of the sages used to say, "The men in the market are despicable, and the handicraftsmen are rude, and the merchants are avaricious, but it is the lawyers who are the kings of the people."—*From the Orient.*

### "No Decrease in Disease"

Speaking of disease, here is another deplorable confession from no less an authority than the *Medical Record*. In spite of the army of physicians, their discoveries and their hecatombs of vivisectioned guinea pigs, we may doubt, says the *Medical Record*, whether the sum total of diseases is any less than it was before the medical profession reached its present high standing. Preventive medicine has made "little headway," and "in the opinion of some medical men diseases are on the increase." In the deeper recesses of our consciousness we had suspected something of the kind ourselves, but such heterodoxy on the part of a layman would have exposed him to excommunication with bell, book and candle, or at least with bacteria, serums and antitoxins. But with the *Medical Record* behind us we can afford to creep out into the open.

—*Pawtucket (R. I.) Chronicle.*

### A Tyro at Sightseeing

He was a young man, yet the tired lines about his eyes convinced his companions that he had known many a bedless night. But he was among his elders as he sipped his coffee that evening around the fire at the colony camp. The company was made up mostly of quiet men—subdued by a stern fate—who talked little and thought much. This young man—a new arrival—believed his stories of daring would serve him well as proof that he, too, was an initiated—a knight of the dusty road—but to his questions the men replied, for the most parts, in monosyllables or left them unanswered.

"I have visited every city in the States; freighted in the Canadas; was with Coxy on his invasion of Washington. I have met all men of prominence; visited with the highest and the lowest—I have seen everything!"

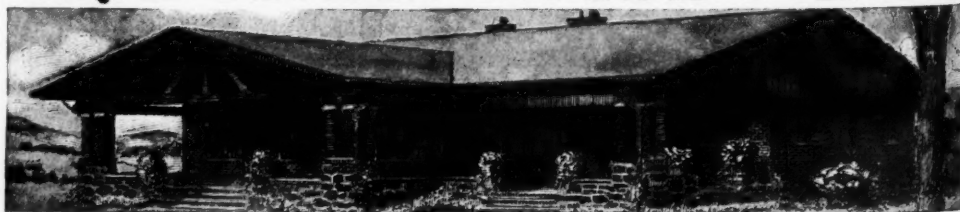
"Have you ever had delirium tremens?" asked a trembling old man, moistening his parched lips and speaking with difficulty. "Have you ever had the tremens?" he demanded.

"No," said the young man.

"Then you never saw anything," answered the old man, rising abruptly from his chair and leaving the room without another word.

*The Self Master Magazine.*

## "CRAFTSMAN" HOUSE PLANS



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## CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

is the best you can obtain in neckwear.

In addition to our reversible tubular ties, our line now includes flowing end four-in-hands made of the well-known "Cheney Silks" (Foulards, Failles, Bengalines, etc.), knitted and crocheted four-in-hands.

Ask your dealer to show them to you—and look for the name

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*Silk Manufacturers*

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**If a Man Could Be Born When He's Old**

If a man could be born when he's old,  
And gradually grow young,  
The wisdom he'd gain and the lore he'd  
attain

Are not easily said or sung.  
If I knew as much as my boy  
Who is six times younger than I,  
I'd have a sufficiency of general omni-  
science,

Be finished and ready to die.  
So a man might drink deeper, I hold,  
And force out truth's obstinate bung,  
If he could be born when he's old,  
And gradually grow young.

For the groping and ignorant man  
In his darkness would count it a joy,  
If he had the light, to enlighten his  
night,

Of the wise, luminiferous boy.  
If he could grow younger and wise,  
And develop from age into youth,  
We'd be able to hold when we're thirteen  
years old

The substance and sum of all truth.  
And the oceans of wisdom we'd hold  
Cannot be imagined or sung,  
If a man could be born when he's old,  
And gradually grow young.

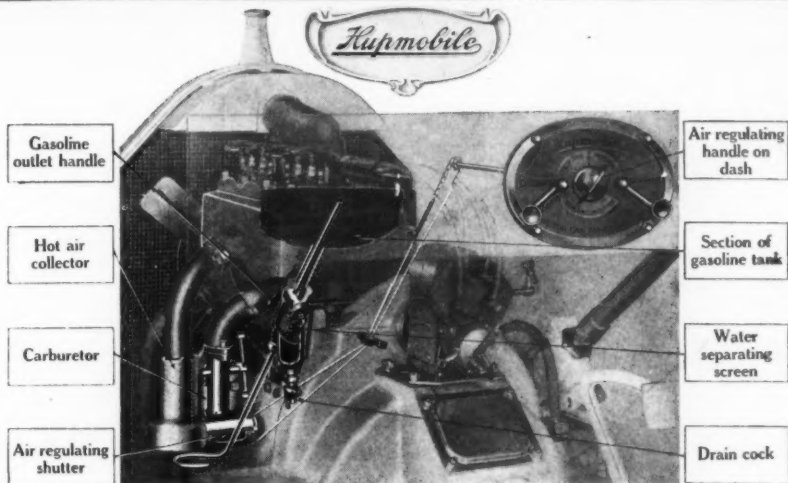
But a man is now born very young,  
And he gradually grows old,  
And as his youth finishes his wisdom  
diminishes,

And his ignorance grows manifold.  
And so every year doth his wisdom de-  
crease  
And his tight knowledge web is un-  
strung,

And no man can be sure he is not im-  
mature  
Unless he's exceedingly young,—  
What sages the world might behold,

What giants of brain and of tongue,  
If a man could be born when he's old,  
And gradually grow young.

—From "Songs of the Average Man,"  
by Sam Walter Foss. Reprinted by  
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Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston,  
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**How this Self-Priming Device makes cold-weather starting easy**

The Hupmobile gasoline system—pic-  
tured above and explained in the text  
—shows many distinctive features of  
motoring convenience that are well  
worth your notice.

Study especially the hot-air control and  
self-priming device.

By these you are enabled to start your  
motor in cold weather almost as easily  
as you do in summer.

This device, together with the direct fuel  
feed; the gasoline cleansing screen; the emer-  
gency supply; go to make a system as complete  
as engineering skill can accomplish.

We lay stress on it here because it is  
characteristic of the thoughtful and pain-  
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It is but one of many instances we can  
show you to justify our belief that the Hup-  
mobile is, in its class, the best car in the world.

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hair top with envelope, jiffy curtains, quick detachable  
rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite  
tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward  
and reverse, sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3 1/4-  
inch bore and 5 1/2-inch stroke; wheelbase 106 inches;  
32 x 3 1/2-inch tires. Standard color, black. Trimming,  
black and nickel.

"32" Roadster, fully equipped, \$975 f.o.b. Detroit  
"32" Delivery, fully equipped, \$950 f.o.b. Detroit  
"20" H. P. Runabout, fully equipped, \$750 f.o.b. Detroit

**How the Automatic Primer Operates**

Gasoline motors need a heavy charge of gasoline  
to start them in cold weather.

Generally this is obtained by flooding the car-  
buretor. Or, when still more gasoline is needed,  
by injecting it directly into the cylinders through  
the relief cocks.

We have done away with both of these trouble-  
some methods by supplying the Hupmobile car-  
buretor with an automatic primer.

The air supply to the car-  
buretor is controlled by a shutter,  
operated by a handle conveniently placed on the dash.

By turning this handle the  
quantity and temperature of the  
air passing through the car-  
buretor can be regulated.

For starting in cold weather  
the air shutter is nearly closed

and a mixture very "rich" in  
gasoline is drawn into the  
cylinders.

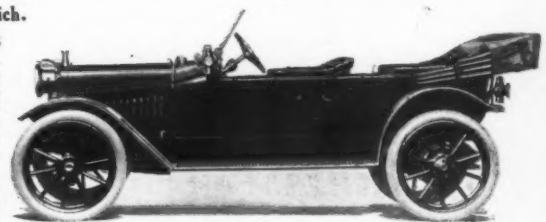
This comes from the car-  
buretor nozzle as a very fine spray,  
making it easier for the spark  
to explode than in the car of  
ordinary priming with liquid  
gasoline.

All air passing into the car-  
buretor at starting is drawn  
through the hot air collector  
and heated by the exhaust pipe,  
so that the engine gets under  
way almost as quickly and  
smoothly as under more favor-  
able weather conditions.

Another advantage of the  
Hupmobile gasoline supply is  
the location of the tank under  
the dash shroud, so that gaso-  
line is positively fed to the car-  
buretor by gravity, whether on  
the level or hill.

On its way to the carburetor,  
the gasoline passes through a  
screen so fine that the water  
and dirt are separated from it.

Just below the screen is a  
valve, operated by the gasoline  
outlet handle, which can be set  
to keep one gallon of gasoline  
in reserve for an emergency.



**Close Rub**

The steamer was on the point of leav-  
ing, and the passengers lounged on the  
deck and waited for the start. At  
length one of them espied a cyclist in  
the far distance, and it soon became  
evident that he was doing his level best  
to catch the boat.

Already the sailors' hands were on  
the gangways, and the cyclist's chance  
looked small indeed. Then a sportive  
passenger wagered a sovereign to a  
shilling that he would miss it. The of-

fer was taken, and at once the deck be-  
came a scene of wild excitement.

"He'll miss it."  
"No; he'll just do it."  
"Come on!"  
"He won't do it."  
"Yes, he will. He's done it. Hur-  
rah!"

In the very nick of time the cyclist  
arrived, sprang off his machine, and ran  
up the one gangway left.

"Cast off!" he cried.  
It was the captain.—*Tit Bits.*

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A TARIFF EXHIBIT

How

The with a rabies animal tag be ocular in rab genera dies o live fr ocular in a g verize about The five do body a over K ment says: "Pa delusion ence f gretted medica selves

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My bod —some of concisely scientific all of whi your healt I offer i stand th which has health an serener lif Sooner a Course—a "Human making th viously tru tion, excep friend.

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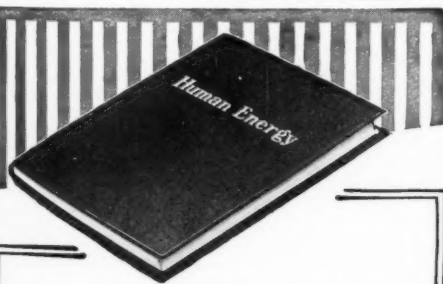
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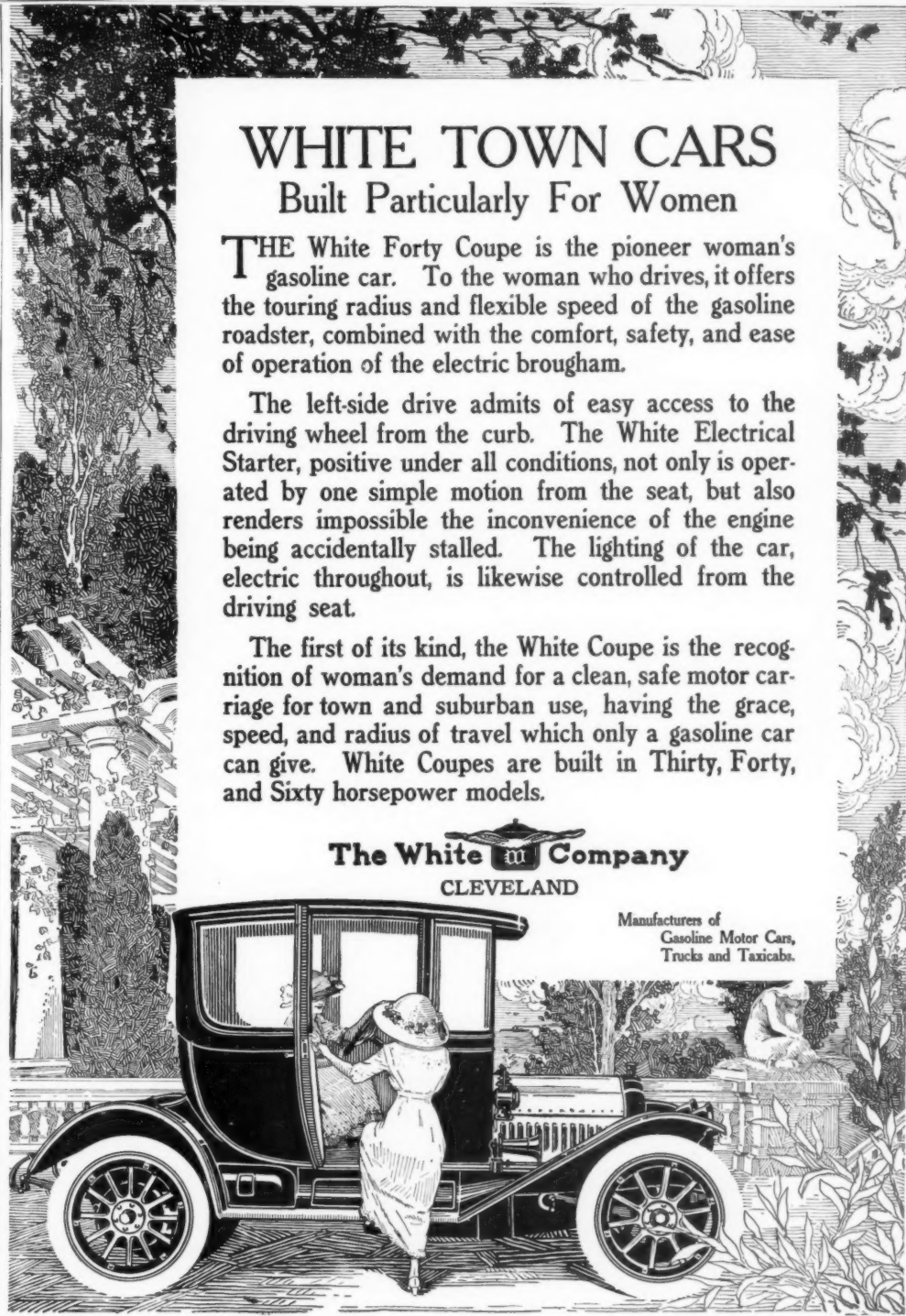
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—Tit Bits.

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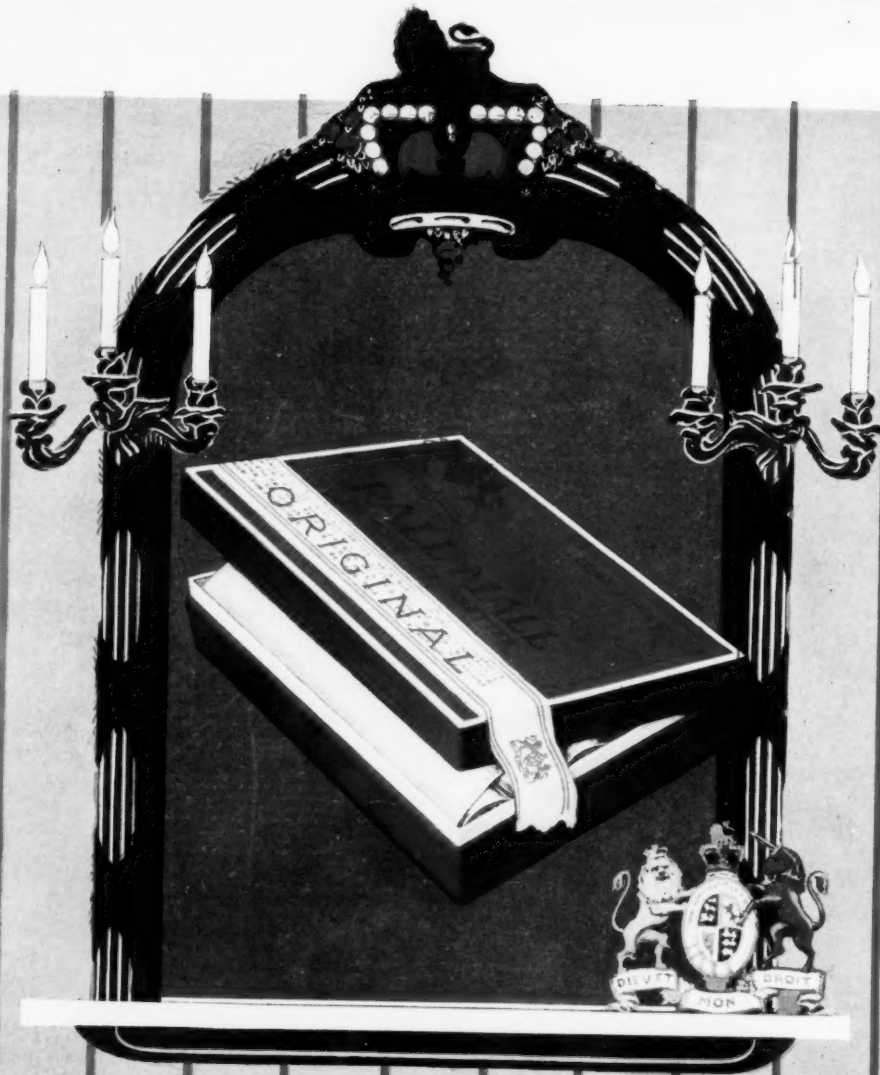
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