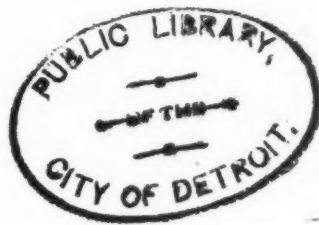


Life

Spendthrift's Number



MAR 13 1912



Edc
O

FINIS



Old Hampshire Bond

From George I. to George V.



MARTELL'S BRANDY

has known but One Quality---
The Best

BLUE AND SILVER LABEL

Messrs. Martell & Co. have been appointed
to supply Brandy to the House of Lords

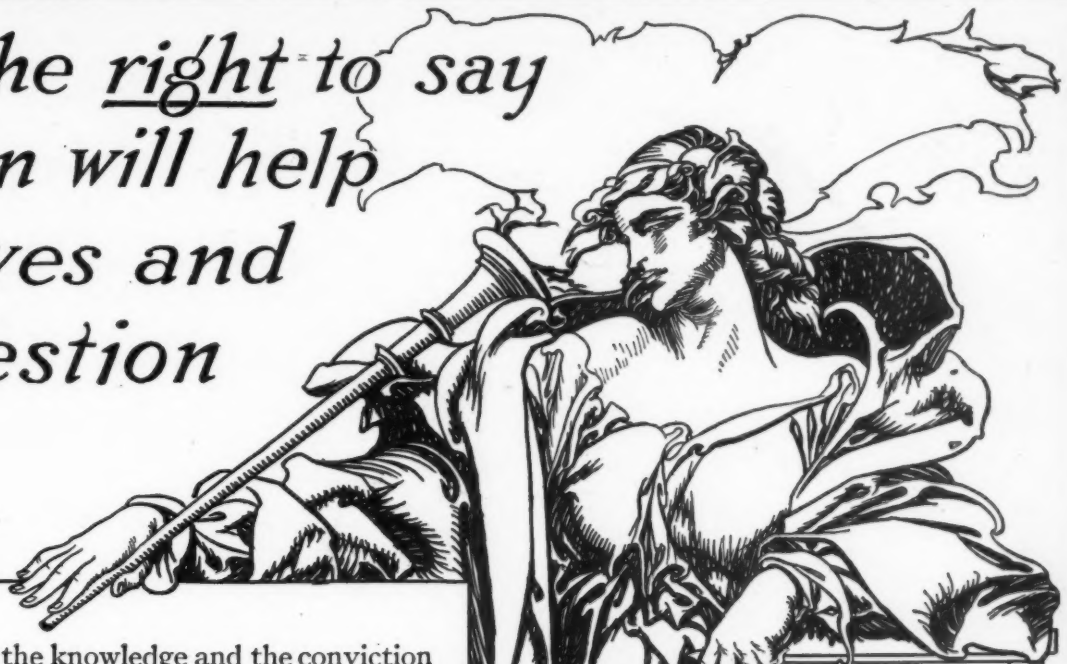
HOUSE EST. 1715

Sole Agents:
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
New York



Mildred, seeing her mother's new portrait for the
first time: OH! THERE'S MOTHER GETTING DRESSED.

We have the right to say Sanatogen will help weak nerves and poor digestion



—The right that is based on the knowledge and the conviction that Sanatogen is worthy of *earnest recommendation*.

—The right that is based on the unique qualities of Sanatogen itself—on the known fact that it answers the *highest scientific requirements*.

—The right that is based on the splendid *results* Sanatogen has accomplished.

—The right that is based on the experience of leading physicians as recorded in medical journals and text books.

—The right that is based on the unexampled endorsement of this remarkable food tonic by over 15,000 *practising physicians*, who have watched its strengthening, revitalizing influence on their patients.

—The right that is based on thousands upon thousands of enthusiastic letters from distinguished men and women of many lands, who have felt the uplift of its rejuvenating action.

Such is our "right to say"—such is the basis of our sincere conviction that Sanatogen will help those whose nerves have been weakened by overwork, worry or illness—whose digestion and powers of assimilation have become deranged—who have lost their grip on life. In other words we have—

—*The right that is based on the needs of the nervous system itself.*

The right of the nerves—and not least those that directly affect the digestion—is based on the *need of nourishment*. If the nerves are to perform their functions, if they are to be strong, healthy nerves, *they must be fed*. If any strain disturbs their natural absorption of food from the daily diet, the nerves suffer all the distresses and reactions of hunger.

Sanatogen is the special food of the nerves in this crisis.

Sanatogen is a scientific combination of the very food elements required by the impoverished nerves and it *goes directly to their rescue*.

By feeding to the nerves the body elements they need Sanatogen restores to them their vital balance of natural strength and thus in the most logical way helps to give back to the body the full vigor of health.

Our "right to say" is your assurance of help.

Your nerves have a right to Sanatogen.

A Remarkable Book FREE upon request

The work of a physician-author, beautifully illustrated, which tells you some really interesting things about your nervous system, facts which vitally affect your well-being and which, therefore, you ought to know. This book also tells the story of Sanatogen convincingly from the point of view of a physician, but so that any layman can understand it. Ask for a FREE copy of "Our Nerves of Tomorrow."

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes: \$1.00, \$1.90, \$3.60

Get Sanatogen from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price by

THE BAUER CHEMICAL COMPANY
24 E Irving Place, New York

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

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

"The Lancet" says:—"There is abundant evidence of the value of Sanatogen as a restorative and food, and more particularly in cases of general debility."

John Burroughs
The distinguished naturalist and author, writes:

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

Prof. C. A. Ewald
of Berlin University, Doctor honoris causa University of Maryland, states in his contribution on "Typhus abdominalis":

"I can say that I have used Sanatogen in a great number of cases (that is, in those disturbances of metabolism which were mainly of a nervous or neurasthenic origin), and have obtained excellent results."

Charles D. Sigbee
Rear-Admiral, U. S. Navy, writes:

"After a thorough trial of Sanatogen, I am convinced of its merits as a food and tonic. Its beneficial effects are beyond doubt."

Lady Henry Somerset
The prominent social reform advocate, writes:

"Sanatogen undoubtedly restores sleep, invigorates the nerves and braces the patient to health. I have watched its effect on people whose nervous systems have been entirely undermined, and I have proved Sanatogen to be most valuable."



This slanderous picture is absolutely refuted in

The Pacific Coast Number of

Life

California, the banner Woman Suffrage state of the Union, at last comes to her own. Ladies, we ask you in all fairness to withhold your judgment until this Pacific Coast Number, which is dedicated to all ladies of the Pacific Coast, comes out next Tuesday. Sentiment, the true feminine touch, red blood, action, all these things are mirrored forth (strange we never thought to use that nice advertising word before) in this pacifically disposed number of LIFE.

TRIAL OFFER

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

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. Trial subscriptions should be sent direct; not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 17 West 31, New York

ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)



Please Register Letters Containing Currency

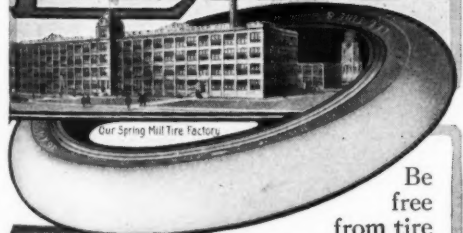
Life's Advertising Pages

Our readers who glance over LIFE's advertising pages with possibly a superficial eye, will notice that they contain a mixture of original and clipped material, and they may possibly get the impression that such material, because it can be obtained broadcast, is inserted for purposes of economy. As a matter of fact many of the shorter things which appear in the advertising pages from other contemporaries, with due credit, are among the best things that LIFE publishes: and as for the original matter which appears in these pages, it frequently happens that this also may be the best which appears in the whole paper.

We publish clipped material in these columns because it enables us to give the paper a wider scope by including the best wit and humor appearing in contemporary periodical literature.

Among the original matter in these columns, for example, we have been printing Arthur Guiterman's Rhymed Reviews, which, as finished pieces of poetic

LEE TIRES



Be free from tire troubles forever—by the use of

LEE Puncture-Proof Pneumatic Tires

Ideal for trucks, taxicabs and touring cars. One customer ran his first 29 tires 153,903 miles on trucks—an average of 5307 miles per tire without a puncture. Plenty such evidence, and full explanation of the armor-steel-disc-in-rubber-cushion construction which makes these the only puncture-proof pneumatic tires.

Write for Booklet M, or call at

Our Stores:
1628-1630 Broadway, New York City
103 Massachusetts Ave., Boston
225 North Broad Street, Philadelphia
620 South Michigan Ave., Chicago
1212 Woodward Ave., Detroit

Lee Puncture-Proof Inner Cases give new life to old tires.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

J. Ellwood Lee, Pres.



THE SWAN SAFETY FOUNTAIN PEN



Carried in nearly everyone's pocket.

Carried in any pocket in any position without leaking.

Ought to be in your pocket if you ever write.

For sale at all stationers and jewelers

\$2.50 and up

MABIE TODD & CO.

11 Maiden Lane, New York

209 S. State St., Chicago



Copy't Mishkin
Caruso



Photo Moffett
Gadski



Copy't Dupont
Homer



Copy't Mishkin
Amato



Copy't Broothorn
Melba



Photo Gerlach
Farrar



Copy't Foley
Tetrzzini



Photo Gerlach
Scotti



Copy't Dupont
Sembrich



Copy't Dupont
Schumann-Heink



Sammarco

WHERE a comparatively few years ago grand opera was a luxury for the select few, millions now enjoy it every day in their own homes on the Victor.

This wonderful instrument not only brings to you the masterpieces of opera, but they are rendered by the selfsame artists who are captivating hosts of opera enthusiasts in the leading opera houses—the world's greatest artists who make records only for the Victor.

And the next moment you can be listening to the gems of song from the sparkling musical comedies, or being entertained by the leading fun-makers.

It is only a step from grand opera and the classical to the lighter forms of music, for the Victor is wonderfully versatile and changes at will from grand opera to ragtime, from minstrel show to sacred music, from vocal selections to instrumental numbers; the very music you like best at the very time you want to hear it.

Victor-Victrolas
\$15 to \$200

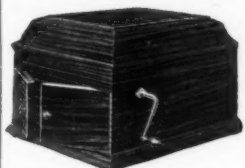
Victor-Victrola

Victors
\$10 to \$100

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



Victor-Victrola IV, \$15
Oak



Victor-Victrola IX, \$50
Mahogany or oak



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

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Victor-Victrola XVI, \$200
Quartered oak or mahogany

handicraft, are acknowledged to be the best in this country.

Do not, therefore, skip the material in the advertising pages. It is likely at any time to be almost as good as the advertisements, which, as everybody knows, are the best things in any paper.

A WIFE who has no children makes (to her husband's heirs) a dear and engaging friend.

—Decimus Junius Juvenalis.

LEW MORRIS, a Kansas City character of local renown, was standing on the corner of Thirteenth Street and Grand Avenue one Sunday morning, when a polite stranger accosted him:

"Would you kindly tell me, sir, how to find the Second Presbyterian Church?"

"God bless me, stranger," fervently responded Lew, "I don't even know where the first Presbyterian Church is!"

—Everybody's.



THE POWER *of the* "SIX"

The greatest piece of machinery that ever went upon the highways and at the same time the most luxurious carriage

Ask the man who owns one

Horsepower of Packard "Six" motor by the A. L. A. M. rating, which is an arbitrary calculation based on average horsepower developed by a large number of different makes of motors at a piston speed of 1000 feet per minute, <i>without muffler</i>	48
Actual brake horsepower of Packard "Six" motor at same piston speed (which equals 1090.9 R. P. M.) <i>with muffler on</i>	57.5
Maximum horsepower of Packard "Six" motor (obtained at 1700 R. P. M., or 1558.3 feet piston speed) <i>with muffler on</i>	74

90 per cent of all 1912 Packard
"Six" cars already have been sold

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit



This Number

WHEN this race has passed away it will be celebrated in history for a single idea, of which we are not now so supremely conscious—and that is our credit system. On a basis of natural resources we have built up a structure so huge that it fairly reaches the sky. It is a vast bubble, on the surface of which, like inspired insects, we swim and dream our financial dreams.

The idea of spending as much money as we can, regardless of how it can be made, or even whether it can be made, is one that every American begins the world upon. Thereafter everything that he does is some sort of modification or readjustment of that idea.

We have long since passed the simple or kindergarten stage of living beyond our incomes. We are now engaged in living beyond the incomes of the generations to come.

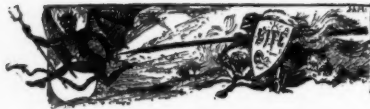
The thing is so simple that it seems ridiculous. Whenever we want to do anything—put up a new building, build a railroad, or a capitol, or inaugurate a new system of public education—we have some bonds printed which come due in any old time—fifty, a hundred, two hundred years from now—and with the proceeds we carry out our work. Getting the money for these bonds is, of course, perfectly easy, for the reason that money never stays in one place more than five or ten minutes. We give up the nicely printed bonds, we take the money, deposit it, and in a short time it is back where it was. Inasmuch as we shall all be dead when the bonds come due, nobody cares.

This is the system upon which the vast structure of modern American civilization is built; and when the average American husband comes home at night and scolds his wife for buying more than she can afford, he doesn't perceive that the laugh is really on him. She is simply falling in line with the custom of the country.

Now, the spendthrift idea has never been fairly exploited. This number of LIFE is an attempt. At least it celebrates the thought.

It is dedicated to all spendthrifts, wherever they are—that is, to the American people.—T. L. M.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIX. MARCH 14, 1912 No. 1533

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



FOR various reasons we have been glad this long time to give an extended confidence to that much quoted assurance of President Roosevelt that, because of "the wise custom which limits the President to two terms . . . under no circumstances" would he "be a candidate for, or accept, another nomination."

Now the Colonel says he is a candidate again. But what of that assurance? Has he withdrawn it? He had a good right to withdraw it if he chose. There was nothing to hinder his changing his mind. But he says—we find it in the newspaper:

I want it understood that I have not changed my mind. My position has simply been misunderstood. I said I would not accept a nomination for a third term under any circumstances, meaning of course a third consecutive term.

That's all right. There's no use of arguing about it. Of course, the Colonel knows what he knows. But here is a short, formal declaration, deeply considered, written the best he could write it, solemnly published on a memorable night, and formally confirmed three years later. We read it in the light of all we know, especially about third terms, and for about seven years carried it about and often referred to it. It we have misunderstood that statement, we hereby admit incapacity to understand what the Colonel says. His mind does not seem to work as our humble mental instrument of understanding works. Words do not mean to us what they seem to mean to him.

We will very cheerfully admit that his mental operations may be in advance of ours, but anyhow, it is evident that they do not work like ours

and do not produce like conclusions. We were constrained to disagree with some opinions that we understood him to express at Columbus, but what of that? Perhaps we misunderstood him. Perhaps we do not know his language. It looks so.

We have no insuperable objection to a third term, the popular aversion to which is a good deal of a superstition, but we do want for President a man whose simple sentences, at least, we can understand. We need to know offhand and at the time what our President means when he says something. We deprecate having for President any Sherman law executive whose language has to be interpreted to common understandings. We need a man who, at least at an important pinch, can speak plainly in the language of the country. Otherwise, in our humble office of critic and reporter we shall all the time be doing him injustice, and making bad bets on him which we shall have to pay, and getting on the wrong trail and losing sport.

So if the Colonel must run, and does not run successfully, we hope that all the good young men who are trailing after him—there are a lot of them—will learn at least, by hard experience, to respect the parts of speech, and will come out at least as much wiser as they will be sadder by their expedition.

We all talk claptrap. We ourself have to hold ourself back at this moment from making a general assault on the courts, so inviting is the subject of their delinquencies. All the Progressives cry out for direct primaries, initiatives and referendums, so that the will of the people may be known.

They mean well, and are sincere, but that is largely "yawp."

Roosevelt perpetually cries out for government by the people. That from him is flubdub. There is no one around who has less idea of being governed by the people than he. He cries for direct primaries, so that the true choice of the people for President may be known.

When they got Taft, whose choice did they have?

Their own?

Not for a moment.

They were rounded up and had Judge Taft presented to them as their candidate.

Who did it?

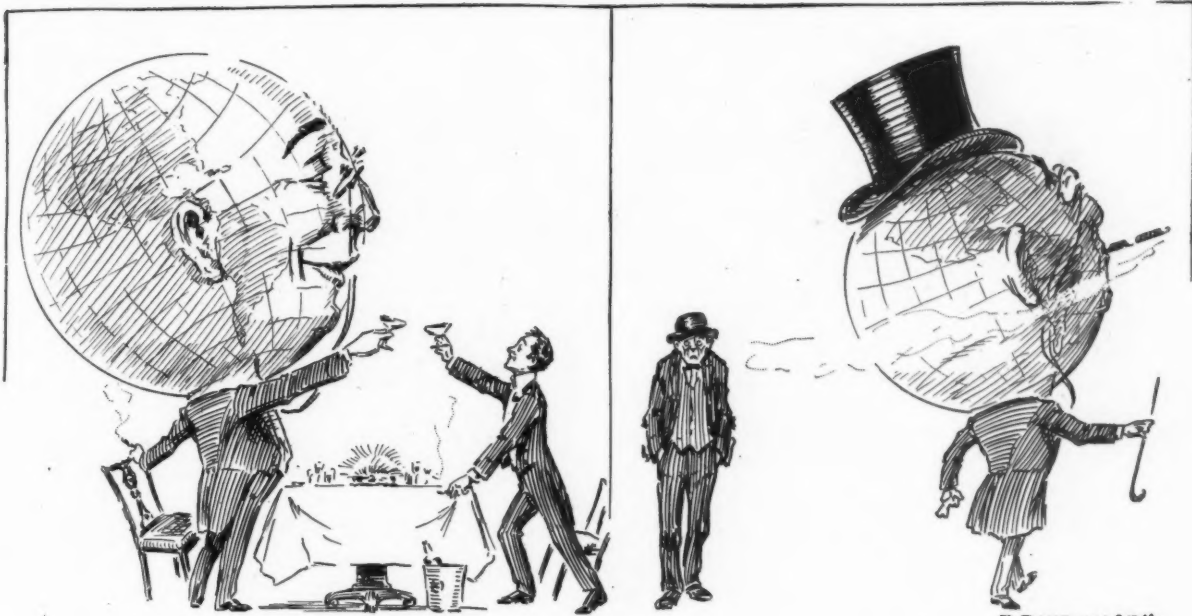
Theodore Roosevelt.

If the Republican people wanted anybody, it was Hughes. They couldn't get him. "Taft or me" stood in the way, and that in spite of the declaration of November, 1904.

There is no candidate in sight in either party who stands so little for popular, or representative, government as Roosevelt. What he stands for is government by Roosevelt. The hitch about Governor Wilson is that he has a pretty strong list the same way, and impresses folks as over strongly disposed to government by Wilson.

President Taft is at least free from this propensity, as he is from the capacities that breed it. With all his faults as an executive, he is sincerely for government by law. He is a true representative. His disposition is to represent some power stronger than himself. When he represented Roosevelt he leaned on him. Now he leans where he can, and far more than any of the leading Progressives he leans on the people. He can't keep away from them. Out he goes on the road, in and out of season, appealing to the people to prop him up.

The banker who said the other day "Roosevelt does not speak the truth, but he is an honest man," expressed a sentiment with which many observers will agree. The Colonel is an honest man. His sympathies are sincere and constant. His purposes, as he feels them, are as generous and as righteous as they are bold. That is where his strength lies, and that is the secret of his hold on generous-minded men. But his words do not express his mind, though they do disclose his spirit. Neither do they hold him. He cannot be judged, nor estimated, by them. He has the gift of being revealed unto babes, but not by what he says. For our part, we humbly prefer to keep him in private life. He does good there. We would rather have Taft in the White House than him, and if a Democrat is to go there, the one who looks best to us is the one who has talked least and done most for good laws and good government—Oscar Underwood.



SPEND AND THE WORLD SPENDS WITH YOU

GO BROKE AND YOU GO IT ALONE



FRIENDS
PAST AND PRESENT



JUST BEFORE IT LEFT HIM

“God Loves the Irish”

THE Cronins and the Donovans, the Lynches and the Burkes,
The Nolans and the Dolans, the Heenans and McGurks,
The Goonans and the Noonans, the McMullens and the Macks,
The Gormans and the Sullivans, the Houlihans and Stacks;
The Timoneys and Walshes, the Devlins and the Lees,
The Cunninghams and Clancys and the bold O'Shaughnessys,
The Rileys and the Hannigans, the Naylor and Maguires,
The Kennedys and Hannahans, the Hansons and the Dwyers.

The Caseys and the Considines, the Brennans and the Quinns,
The Wiggins and the Higgins, the Barretts and the Flynns,
The Faseys and the Macys, the McManuses and Ryans,
The Doughertys and Fogartys, McCormicks and O'Briens;
The Carneys and the Dorneys and the Harritys and Moores,
The Finneys and Donahoes, the Hagans and the Corrs,
The Gallaghers, McBrearty, O'Neills and Trainers, too—
The Wholeys and the Dooleys and the Clans of McAdoo.

The Regans and the Fagans, the Gallens and the Breens,
The McAleers and Murphys, the Healeys and the Sheans,
The Donnelys and Connollys, the Slevins and Rowans,
The Sheehans and McGhiehan, the Evers and McCanns,
The Cooneys and the Rooneys, the McNichols and O'Tooles,
The McAvoy and Hendersons, McCarthys and McCools,
The Horans and the Dorans, and the Gibboneys and Fays,
The Cavins and the Gavins, the McFarlands and O'Sheas.

The Carrolls and the Farrels, and the Crossons and the Shanes,
The Finleys and the Ginleys, the Fitzpatrick and the Kanes,
The McCloskeys and the Finnertys, the Dempseys and the Wards,

The Kellys and the Scullys and the Sowneys and the Fords;
The Learys and the Harrigans, the Leonards and the Lanes,
The Laffertys and Raffertys, the Mooneys and the Strains,

The Hogans and the Grogans and the Caffreys and the Moons,
The Loney and Mahoney, the McFillins and the Noons.

The Maloneys and the McNamees, the Reynolds and McVeys,
The Doolans and Gilfillans, the Sorleys and the Hayes,
The Dalys and the Haleys and the Horgans and McGees,
The Carrs, the Barrs, the Dooins, the Corbetts and McPhies,
The Cahills and the Rattigans, the Mahers and McBrides,
The Boylans and the Heffernans, the Sweeneys and the Prydes,
The Hallahans and Callahans, the Fahys and McFauls,
And all those other “harps that once” through Tara's stately
halls—

Are busy now preparing for to march in proud array,
And “down the hated Sassenach” on good Saint Patrick's
Day!
Irving Dillon.

Medical Progress

THE latest avowed policy of the medical press is to educate the public in medicine; in other words, to make the wonderful newly-discovered facts of medical healing fully intelligible to the lay mind. It is hard to say which impresses us most in this undertaking, its nobility or its difficulty. Both are striking. However, anent this beneficent aim in general and the Flexner serum in particular, some ignorant layman will ask why the conspicuous failures of the serum should not be explained that the common, ordinary mind be properly informed. There were the two healthy hospital physicians attacked some time ago by epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis, who were very promptly and very thoroughly injected with the Flexner anti-meningitis serum and who almost as promptly died. Some unintelligent lay minds supposed the purpose of the serum to be curative.

Presidential Booms Materializing

*Candidates for the Greatest Office in the Land
Are Gathering Their Forces Together—
Intense Excitement Everywhere.*



TARIFF had a woolly lamb,
Whose fleece was worth its millions,
And every law for Tariff made,
Would raise its price by billions.

She rode it into Congress once,
Which went against the wool,
It made the Demo's cry aloud—
"Get off the lamb, Old Fool!"

"What makes the lamb love Tariff so?"
The Democrats all cry.
"Why Tariff made the lamb you know,"
Republicans reply.

W. H. W.

The Beauty of It

"I DON'T see how you can afford it."
"Heavens! If I could, I wouldn't!"

THAT this country has reached a crisis in its political career must be evident to the most superficial observer. That a woman will be the next President of the United States now admits of no doubt. This is conceded even at Republican headquarters.

"We had thought of running Mr. Taft again," said a prominent Republican official yesterday, "but we have practically given up the idea of putting up any man. We wouldn't poll fifty thousand votes."

Governor Wilson of New Jersey, who has been mentioned as a Democratic candidate, has formally withdrawn.

"It's no use," he said when approached. "The women are too strong for us."

The contemplated decorations for the Capitol and White House will now be postponed, it being generally felt that no matter how good they would be, the new candidate would insist upon something else.

A delegation of woman suffragists from Kansas arrived in town yesterday. They were invited to the Martha Washington Hotel, but unanimously agreed that it was too slow for them.

Stocks continue to boom. The business interests are jubilant.

"The trade in dress goods alone," said a business man who controls three millions of imports, "will insure our prosperity. We shall sell at least four millions' worth of costumes for the Inauguration ceremony, to say nothing of the ball."

Educational interests are divided in their allegiance between Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, at the head of the Chicago schools; Miss Virginia Gildersleeve, President of Barnard College, and Mary E. Wooley, President of Mt. Holyoke. The college vote will come out to a woman.

Nobody has a walkover. In all probability national conventions will be held in every important city.

Up to the hour of going to press, the following candidates have been mentioned:

Mrs. Hetty Green. Indorsed by the Chemical National Bank and the citizens of Hoboken.

Miss Lillian Russell. Indorsed by the Lambs' Club and Klaw & Erlanger.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, now president of the Political Equality Association. Indorsed by the Shirt Makers' Union and the Newport Golf Club.

Mrs. Montgomery Schuyler, now president of the Daughters of the Revolution. Indorsed by the G. A. R. and the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.

Carrie Chapman Catt, now president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance. Indorsed by the Hairdressers' Amalgamated Association, the Long Island Crematory, and Sargent's School of Acting.

Carolyn Wells. Indorsed by the Newspaper Humorists'



THAT TRAGIC MOMENT

WHEN THE GIRL YOU HAVE DECIDED TO MARRY TELLS
YOU OF HER ENGAGEMENT TO ANOTHER

Union, the Rahway Knights of Labor, and Typographical Union No. 6.

Stumping tours have been arranged by nearly all of these ladies, and dressmakers are now working night and day getting suitable gowns together.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will have a candidate of its own, and announces the following platform:

Down with cigarettes!

We believe that the pernicious use of charged waters, mineral or otherwise, is a menace to the American people. We shall therefore abolish all soda water fountains.

Alcohol, of course, is doomed. Our first act upon getting into power will be to close up all saloons and places where cocktails are served, including the Colonial Club.

Working hours for all milkmen will hereafter be limited to seven each day.

Niagara Falls is our trademark.

We ask the old maids' vote, no matter where it is located.

An Australian ballot is now prepared, on which the name of every woman candidate will be printed. It will be four or five yards long.

Dressmakers everywhere are delighted. They predict a period of unexampled prosperity.

Meanwhile, LIFE's Campaign Manager is working night and day gathering information about the various applicants in order that a candidate may be selected who will most nearly fill the requirements of the American people.

"It is generally recognized," said Andrew Carnegie yesterday, "that the candidate indorsed by LIFE will be elected. While I never read the paper myself, I realize its influence, and I only hope that Emma Goldman won't get in."

We are forced to announce that no candidates for the office will hereafter be received in person. Last week Thirty-first Street, where LIFE Building is located, was so crowded with applicants that traffic was held up. Please, therefore, send in your application by mail.

No lady in good health, who is beautiful and has a good disposition and is capable of managing a farm or a husband, is barred out. Where you are not well known, please send references with your application. At present we are divided in our minds between Hetty Green, Emma Goldman, and Lillian Russell.

We shall hope to control the Cabinet, and in the event of electing our candidate the following slate has been suggested:

Secretary of War..... Maude Adams.
Secretary of Navy..... Gertrude Atherton.
Secretary of State..... Maxine Elliott.
Secretary of Agriculture..... Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.
British Ambassador..... Elinor Glyn.

(By special request.)

Minister to England..... Ethel Barrymore.

These names are, however, all liable to change at the last moment and dark horses may be substituted.

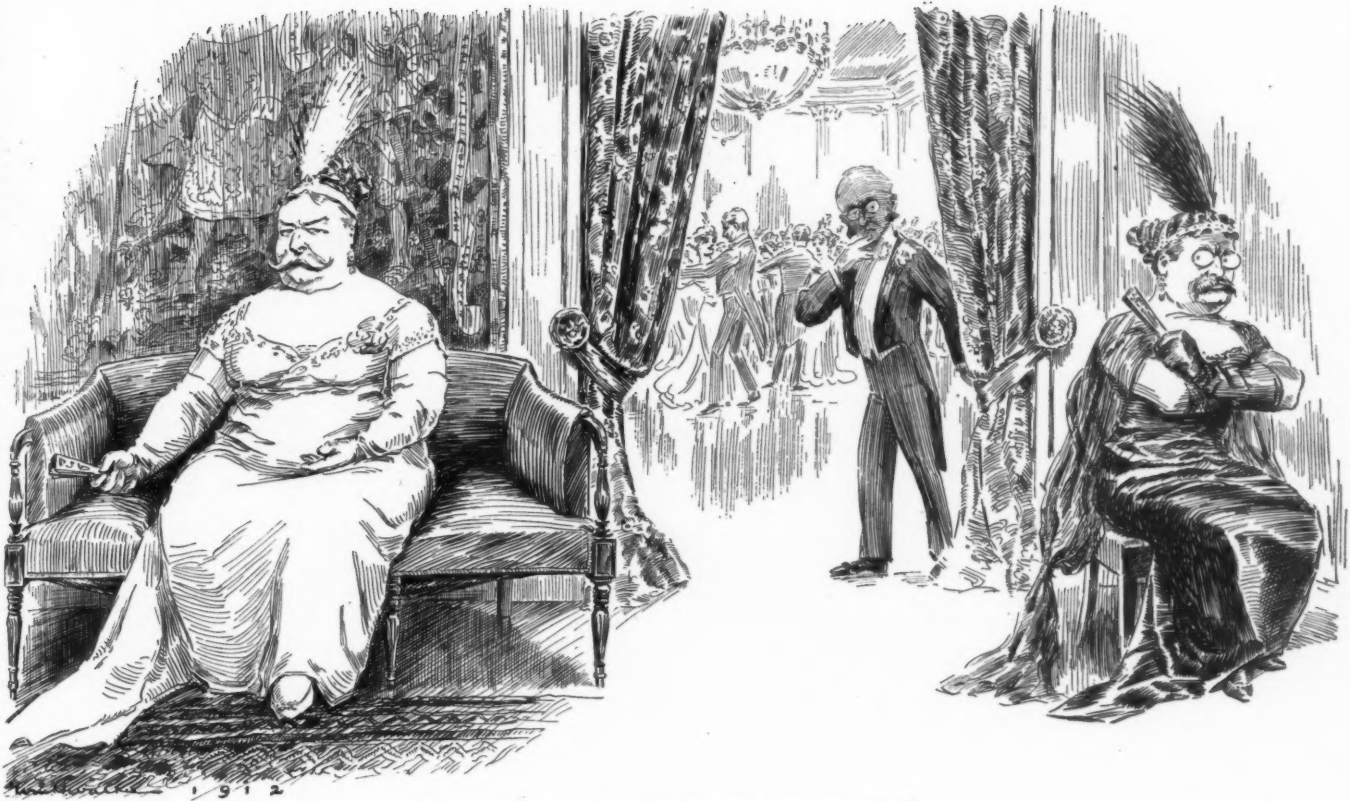
Address all applications for the Presidency to LIFE's Campaign Manager, this office.

Life's Cabaret Show

IN response to the urgent requests of many of its patrons, LIFE begs to announce the establishment of a new Cabaret Show. This establishment will bear the official title of Folies Bestiette and will be located in the gayest and dizziest part of Broadway. It will be unsurpassed in expensiveness and will acknowledge no peer in point of vulgarity and indecency.

It will be open at all hours and especially from two to six in the morning. There will be singing and dancing and shrill talk and scraping of stringed instruments all the time. In addition to these there will be found on each of the three floors the choicest lines of drinking and carousing and semi-nudity that New York can produce. No drinks will be served but champagne and no food but the most highly-spiced abominations. Seats reserved three months in advance.

THE poet is borne, not paid.



Voter: MUST I REALLY DANCE WITH ONE OF THEM?

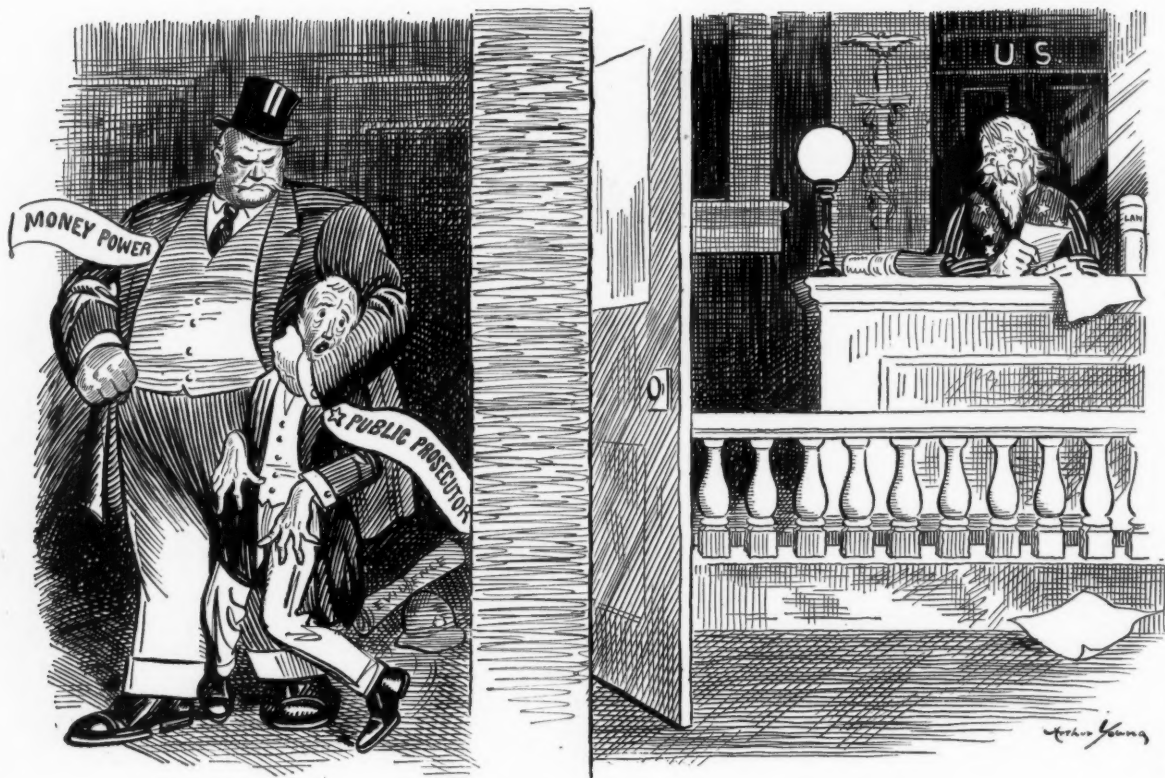


BEFORE



AFTER

THE SPENDTHRIFT



Uncle Sam: BRING IN THE PRISONER
Public Prosecutor: HE WON'T LET ME

The People

WHEN La Follette talks about "the people," he means the people as led and advised by La Follette.

When Bourne talks about "the people," he means the people as inspired and directed by Bourne.

When Roosevelt talks about "the people," he means "my people."

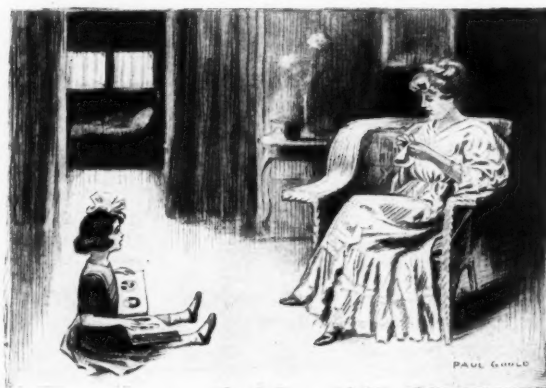
There is a great deal of wild talk in these days about "the people."

The people are like the mercury in a barometer, in themselves elusive and apt not to be there when you put your finger on them, but, given means to express themselves by established forms, a sure measure of atmospheric conditions.

The very rich people and the very poor people are farthest from the normal and least to be trusted in their views about laws and government.

The people are often mistaken about a given thing at a given time. Ross, the Kansan Senator, who voted for conscience sake against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, was denounced and pilloried by his constituents and perished politically, socially and financially. Yet he was right, and this generation knows it.

FIRST TURKEY: What are you doing?
SECOND TURKEY: Learning to trot. Didn't you know it was all the rage.



OVER "THE FAMILY ALBUM"

"MAMA, IS AUNT JANE A BLOOD RELATION?"

"YES, DEAR."

"IS SHE ONE OF THE BLOODIEST WE HAVE?"



IF GOOD FOR THE DOG,

WHY NOT FOR THE CHILD?

Who's Who

AN Extravagance and an Economy met on Broadway, and embraced each other with effusion. "How well you are looking," said the Economy; "your hat is so becoming and your furs are beautiful."

The Extravagance sighed. "They ought to be beautiful!" she said. "They cost seven hundred and fifty dollars. I could not afford them, and they will keep me poor all winter. But your own seem to me just as handsome."

The Economy smiled. It was the beatific smile of conscious rectitude. "Scarfs and feather boas are so expensive," she said, "that I thought it wiser to buy something that I could wear for years, and that would save me money in the long run."

"But they look as if they cost as much as mine," murmured the Extravagance doubtfully.

"They cost eight hundred dollars," said the Economy, "and they are very warm and serviceable. I have not had a cold all winter, and am so glad to be spared doctors' bills. That is a charming suit you have on."

The Extravagance sighed again.

"Ridley made it," she said. "Her prices are higher than ever this year. I wish I had the strength of mind to give her up. One might almost as well go to Worth."

The Economy smoothed her clinging skirt. "I find Worth a great saving," she observed. "His materials wear forever and his models never go wholly out of fashion. It is so wasteful to be forever buying clothes. Is that your new motor?"

The Extravagance sighed a third time very heavily. "I was a fool to buy it," she said. "It was frightfully dear; it is always out of order, and the chauffeur is as rapacious as a tenor. May I take you anywhere you want to go?"

"Oh, thank you," said the Economy sweetly, "but my electric is waiting at the corner. I simply could not go on ruining myself and my husband with cabs. It did not seem right to run up such big livery stable bills month after month. Now I spend next

to nothing on coupés, or taxicabs, or even car fares. And five cents is a preposterous price to ask for a short ride on those wretched trolleys. Good-by, dear."

Again they embraced. The crowd on Broadway watched them curiously. "Never have I seen twin sisters so singularly alike," observed a passing bread-winner. "It is an interesting phenomenon." And he went on his weary way.

Agnes Repplier.

Revised

MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

With succulent weeds and divers other monstrosities, not one of them containing a particle of nourishment, from seeds sent free from the agricultural department at Washington,

And the exultant neighbors all in a row.



AN OBJECT OF PITY

What a poor, ragged men. Yes, is he not an object of pity? Is he an American? So they tell me. His name is Rosinsky. Is there nothing we could do to help him? No; not a thing—he will never get on. Why is he so haggard and hungry looking? Because he eats barely enough to keep him alive. See! He has just slipped into a seat another gentleman was offering to a lady. That is because he is weak from starvation. And the other gentleman does not notice the haggard expression of our poor friend and is angry. Why does our friend pay no attention and even smile to himself? Ah! He is thinking of the poor loved ones at home and the happy days in dear old Kishenev.

Spendthrifts



THE insurance companies inform us that ninety-seven per cent. of the men in this country who are sixty-five years of age are dependent.

When we are further told that only four per cent. of the total population of the United States have incomes exceeding two thousand

dollars a year, it then becomes evident that the extravagance, which is one of our proud boasts as a people—not only in war, but in peace—is in reality confined to a comparatively small class.

In other words, the great majority of the people in this country have no money to save, let alone to squander. Only those who do have it are squandering it.

We are also informed upon reliable authority that about ninety per cent. of all the goods sold, such as furniture, food and luxuries are bought either directly or indirectly by women; that is to say, the men are buyers only to the extent of about ten per cent.

All of these statements gradually seem to narrow down into a more or less telling indictment against the ladies.

Let us, however, regard the matter from a slightly different angle. If, so far as our small wealthy class is concerned, we are really a nation of spendthrifts, and if about ninety per cent. of these spendthrifts are women, then it becomes important to know the part that woman's suffrage may play in reference to such extravagance.

If the women gain the vote, will they vote to spend less money? Or will their time be so much taken up by politics that the mere squandering of money on clothes and other articles will become secondary?

It is significant for us to record that, although the woman's suffrage movement has made great headway, this progress does not seem to have been attended by a corresponding diminution in expenditure.

Clothes still continue to be worn by women. And such clothes! Muskrat has given way to sable. Where once

the daughters of the house waited upon the table, we have now that imposing article of commerce known as a "retinue."

We are informed by the jewelers that, among other lean years, last year was the biggest diamond year on record. We all know that it was the biggest limousine year. As for other luxuries—well! life is too short to record them.

If that woman's vote would give the ladies more character and self-control, more wisdom of selection, more conservatism in wardrobes, we should say to them:

"Sisters, take it in God's name and let us rejoice in the return to common sense and homely virtue."

But, alackaday!

A Feather in Our Civilized Cap

LIFE begs to offer hearty congratulations to the American people and the American newspapers upon the tranquil and dignified way in which they received the recent news from Lawrence, Mass. Nothing could better show the high state of civilization, culture and courtliness to which we have evolved since the barbaric days of the Boston Tea Party.

When those policemen and militiamen in that stricken town refused to let the striking parents send their children away to food and shelter and comfort, and when they used their clubs upon the benighted women who ventured to object to what looked like an unwarranted interference with personal liberty and parental rights, LIFE was sorely troubled.

We feared that foolish people, with old-fashioned ideas of justice and equity, would rise up in uncontrolled indignation and make inflammatory speeches about the sacredness of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

We feared that our newspaper editors, who had not entirely succumbed to the regenerative influences of civilization and good manners, would pour forth thunderous and impulsive philippics against the authorities and perhaps even against the mill-owners who

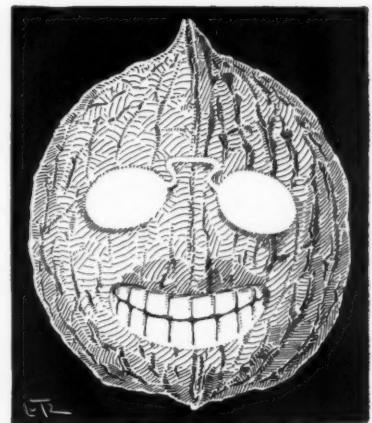
stood valiantly behind the authorities. We feared the newspapers might even show the bad taste of comparing Lawrence; Mass., with Darkest Russia, or with the Terrible Turks, or with our own ante-bellum days.

We feared that politicians might turn aside from the dignified business of running for office and throw the weight of their great oratorical powers upon the side of those poverty-stricken parents and children who are so strongly imbued with the foolish desire to live and be happy.

We feared that reckless reformers would read the account of how parents were arrested for "inciting to riot," and assert that it was really the policemen and the soldiers who did all the inciting. We feared that some of the more hot-headed would say it was the last straw upon the camel-back of labor; that it would be the torch of the new revolution, and that no violence on the part of strikers, either past or future, would be too extreme to find a justifiable precedent in this example of the authorities.

Our fears, however, were groundless. The matter has been handled with most scholarly and academic tranquillity. We have displayed no atavistic tendencies toward barbaric excitability. We have looked on with gentlemanly reserve and passivity, sensibly accepting the situation as the will of God and the inviolable law of King Profits.

E. O. J.



THE COLONEL IN A NUTSHELL



MENDELSSOHN'S "SPRING SONG"

A Plan of Relief

A DAILY newspaper suggests that the poor "omit eggs and butter," in view of the high prices of these commodities.

This is a reasonable suggestion. If we could only induce the poor to cooperate with us, our chief problems would quickly be solved. If the poor would omit eggs and butter, the demand for these commodities would be greatly lessened. This would bring the price down in a hurry. Then if the poor would omit meat, the price of meat would come down. In the same way the price of potatoes and bread and other vegetables and cereals could be lowered.

After having solved the question of edibles, we could then get the poor to omit using coal. This would go far toward solving the fuel question. Then if the poor would omit using houses the rent question would be solved. Finally, if the poor would omit wearing clothes, the question of wearing apparel would no longer bother us.

We fear, however, that little relief can be expected from this direction. The poor in this country are so recklessly and luxuriously extravagant in their bodily needs, and they are so perverse in their psychology, that it is practically impossible to get them to conform to the plain dictates of social uplift.

The Bluebird

ERE yet the frost has ceased to spread
Its sheets upon the grass,
Or rim at night the little pools
With brittle looking-glass,
Upon the ancient orchard fence
He rests his roving wing,
And every morning, rain or shine,
He whistles to the spring.

His plumage makes the sapphire pale,
And shames the turquoise, too,
Each satin feather is so deep
And beautiful a blue,
For flying northward once, he shaped
His airy course so high,
His waving pinions brushed against
The azure of the sky.

Minna Irving.

What Talk! Colonel; What Talk!



If the courts have the final say-so on all legislative acts, and if no appeal can lie from them to the people, then they are the irresponsible masters of the people.

The only tenable excuse for such a position is the frank avowal that the people lack sufficient intelligence and morality to be fit to govern themselves. In other words, those who take this position hold that the people have enough intelligence to frame and adopt a constitution, but not enough intelligence to apply and interpret the constitution which they have themselves made.—*T. Roosevelt at Columbus.*

NOW, let us see!

The courts *are* the people; as institutions they were established by the people or in their name and by their authority. The judges are elected by the people, or appointed by the people's elected representative. The people, if they chose, might arrange to be their own courts, as they might be their own doctors, painters and architects. But it has been held heretofore that the administration of justice, like medicine, surgery, painting, sculpture and architecture is best handled by experts. But the courts are, finally, in the hands of the people. Judges who fail in their duty may be impeached (though the Colonel says impeachment has failed); constitutions which are adjudged to forbid laws that the people want may be amended—by a process, to be sure, of some deliberation—to suit the people's will.

As to the second proposition:

It is quite true that a considerable proportion of the people lack sufficient intelligence and morality to be fit to govern themselves. That is a leading reason why we have government at all—why we have policemen, courts, an army and such things. Government is a good deal of a nuisance. It is expensive, wasteful and very imperfect. The anarchists think it is so bad that it had better be abolished. A tenet of the Jeffersonian Democrats is, "The best government is the one that governs least." The people don't have government and pay taxes to support it because they like it. They would rather spend the money on butter, taxi-cabs and things of undeniable use. They have it, because they need it. It is a human necessity, due partly, no doubt, to imperfect capacity for self-government in human beings. Yet animals have government; savages have it; we think of heaven as governed and even in hell, though liberty may considerably abound, there is rule. And wherever there is government there is some concession of individual freedom to authority. People do lack sufficient intelligence and morality to govern themselves without government. They always have, and probably always will. The only habitations of man in which self-government can be trusted to do a perfect job are the cemeteries.

Moreover, no people as a whole, that we ever heard of, has had intelligence enough to frame and adopt a constitution by popular action. They have intelligence enough



ANDREW AND THE GENIE

to select the men who are to do it for them, but the job itself is one for experts—not a popular job at all. Neither can they be expected to apply and interpret a constitution which they did not and could not frame. Interpretation is an expert job also—takes training, and cannot be well done without it.

Mankind is in the hands of experts, and is safest there. We all depend on one another for such forms of skill and knowledge as we do not ourselves possess. The bulk of us are no more fit to interpret a constitution than to mend a watch. We did not make the watch and cannot mend it. We did not make our constitution and could not have made it. Nevertheless, it is the laity that finally sits in judgment on the work of the experts, and accepts or rejects it according as it gives satisfaction, or doesn't. That is the fact that is back of the Colonel's suggestion that the people would be their own experts in constitutional questions.

We are the people, and as peoples go, we are all right. Probably there never was, on a large scale, a better or abler people. Certainly we have got sense enough to continue to go to watchmakers with our broken watches and to courts with our laws. If the watchmaker is bad at his job, there are others, and we can choose between them. If our judges are bad at their jobs, there are others, or will be, and it is our business to see that the fittest of them survive.

To that we should be equal, and we are.

E. S. M.

JUDGE

LAWYER

MILLIONAIRE



THIRTY YEARS



Some Rather Unfortunate Importations

PRESERVING MR. PANMURE" is another of Pinero's dramatic digs at the smug hypocrisy of England's pious upper middle classes. *St. John Panmure*, in his sublime regard for appearances and his disregard of principle, might well have been a blood relative of the hypocritical Mortimore family in "The Thunderbolt." In the present play the author is dealing with physical instead of pecuniary temptation, so he makes the sin a venial one—simply a kiss stolen by the head of the family from the pretty governess—and handles his theme in comedy fashion which at moments closely approaches the farcical.

The writers who never tire of asserting that Pinero is the greatest dramatist of the age will hardly point with pride to "Preserving Mr. Panmure" as proof of their claim. For three acts the kiss and its consequences are the subject of the story and with the end of the third the play seems to have reached its legitimate end. *Mr. Panmure* has been preserved from the consequences of his act by the silence of the governess and the assumption of his guilt by a young man staying in the house. The curtain goes down on *Mr. Panmure* about to conduct religious services for the spiritual elevation of his household and his own glorification and with the governess provided with a new home and a matrimonial future. Then the author seems to feel that he has not given his public their money's worth and tacks on an entirely unnecessary fourth act which hits an entirely new trail. It is so disconnected from the rest of the play that with the characters renamed and under another title, it would have served very nicely for an independent curtain raiser.

All in all, "Preserving Mr. Panmure" as a play is almost as brilliant as its title. It would seem as though the author had been forced to find refuge in the mental poorhouse in his declining years through poverty of ideas. For Arthur Pinero to hunt laughs with such devices as the excessive powdering of a child's nose and the inability of one of his characters to withdraw his hand from a narrow-necked vase in which he had inserted it argues a failure of his wit. A very excellent company does the best it can with almost hopeless material, but it seems unlikely that this play should meet with favor in New York even if it does bear the distinguished Pinero trademark.

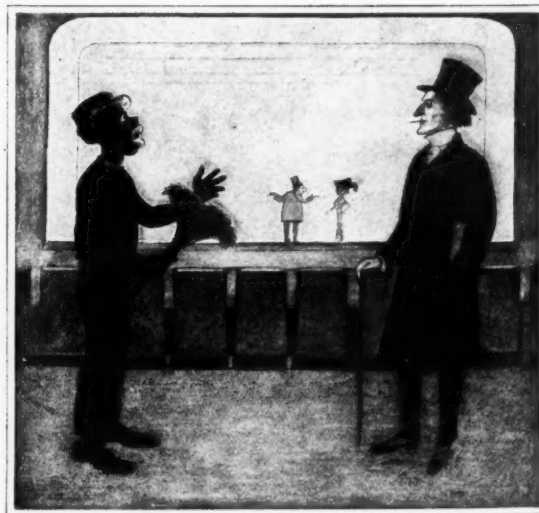
ANOTHER case of spreading ideas so thin that they fail to make an impression is found in Mr. Rudolf Besier's "Lady Patricia." Bereft of Mrs. Fiske's personality there would be so little of this three-act comedy left that audiences might rightfully feel they had been defrauded and hammer on the box-office for the return of the greater part of

what they had paid for their tickets. The title character is a sort of modernized female *Bunthorne*, intense, rhapsodic and always posing, even to herself. Tired of her husband, who is also tired of her, although both keep up the appearance of devotion, she launches one of her adoring ecstasies at the young and slangy son of a neighbor. The husband has done the same with the flapper daughter of the local Dean. The guardians of the two youthful ones overhear the philandering of both couples and manage to stop the affairs, which have not been really serious, by bringing the young folks together and making the older ones come face to face with their own silliness.

If Mr. Besier had adorned this slender theme lavishly with witty talk and developed his characters on original and logical lines there might be some excuse for the thinness of his story. With the exception of the absurd romanticism of *Lady Patricia* herself and the unique setting of the first two acts in a room constructed in the branches of a great tree, there is nothing about the play to absolve even the merest amusement seeker for spoiling an evening over it. Mrs. Fiske herself gains no new honors in the rôle. Her vivacity deserves better comedy material.

If London cannot send us anything more worth while than Pinero's feeble comedy and this flossy "Lady Patricia," it would seem as though our managers might better spend their advance royalties on developing native talent.

MADE into "The Lady of Dreams" in English by even so appreciative a handler of sentiment as Mr. Louis N. Parker, Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine" loses the romantic flavor which makes it very delightful reading in the original. The troubadours were such thorough creatures of a poetic age that like some of the delicate wines of the South of France they will not bear transporting to another land. We have to take ourselves to them in our imaginations if we would know their charm.



"WELL, SAM, I HEAR THAT MR. ISAACS HAS SOLD OUT."
"YAS, SAR, SO THEY SAY, BUT THE THEATRE WILL STILL BE UNDER HIS JEWISHDICTION."



RETRIBUTION

St. Peter (to ex-theatrical manager): SORRY, BUT WE'RE ALL SOLD OUT!"

A sincere effort is made to give the poem a worthy rendering and to reproduce its beauty. In scene and costume there was nothing lacking and the stage pictures were a delight to the eye. But Mme. Simone's artificiality does not lend itself to the romance of *Mellisande* any more than her nasal voice carries the music of Rostand's verse. Mr. Julian L'Estrange was picturesque as *Bertram* and gave a highly intelligent reading of the lines, but neither he nor Mr. Anson as *Rudel* conveyed the notion of gentle and refined chivalry that marked the troubadour.

Even to try to do "La Princesse Lointaine" here was a creditable ambition. It was its first presentation in English and made evident the difficulties that will probably prevent its ever being done again.



THE state's-prison tinge of melodrama which ran through Messrs. Armstrong and Mizner's "The Deep Purple" also pervades their latest classic, "The Greyhound." This play, like the other, has good red corpuscles racing through its veins and does not

suffer from the anemia which afflicts our recent importations from abroad.

If one is not looking for the super-aesthetic there is a lot of good cheer in "The Greyhound." It makes no claim to sublimated refinement nor is it chained down by any slavish concern for probabilities, but there is something doing in the laugh line or in criminal deviltry every minute. The

crooks may not be plausible enough to take confectionery from an infant much less big checks from adults and the detective may not be brilliant enough to endanger Mr. Burns's laurels, but they put up an entirely sufficient contest of wits to hold the interest and provide a background for "The Greyhound's" unquestioned ability to excite merriment. The stupid card sharp, impersonated by Mr. Jay Wilson in this play, is nothing like as artistic a creation as the sanctimonious "con man" so admirably played by Mr. Ferguson in "The Deep Purple," but this rascal has his own way of evoking laughs. So, too, with Elita Proctor Otis as *Baroness Von Hilde*, alias "Deep Sea Kitty." It is doubtful that as an adventuress she could impose upon even such typical yaps as are portrayed in the Watkins family from Lima, Ohio, but her bubbling fun has no difficulty in getting over the footlights. The entire big cast is well selected, the settings on the decks of an ocean steamer and in the cabin are effective and the whole thing has a go to it which keeps the audience from thinking of anything else as long as the curtain is up.

Metcalf.



Astor—"The Greyhound," by Messrs. Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner. See above.

Belasco—"The Return of Peter Grimm." The spiritualistic theory of the immediate presence among the living of the souls of the dead, turned into interesting drama, with Mr. David Warfield as the star.

Broadway—Messrs. Weber and Fields and members of their former companies in musical extravaganza, "Hokey Pokey," and burlesque of "Bunty Pulls the Strings." Diverting.

Casino—"Baron Trenck." Notice later.

Century—"The Garden of Allah." Mr. Hichens's romance of the desert of Sahara made a drama with elaborate scenic effects.

Cohan's—Revival of Mr. George M. Cohan's musical show, "45 Minutes from Broadway."

Comedy—"Bunty Pulls the Strings." The austere piety of the Scotch delightfully satirized in well-acted and laughable comedy.

Empire—Mrs. Fiske in "Lady Patricia." See above.

Fulton—Mr. Walker Whiteside in "The Typhoon." Notice later.

Gaiety—"Officer 666." Most amusing and well acted farce, with New York police methods as the butt of its fun.

Garrick—"Elevating a Husband." Not very clever or amusing comedy, with Mr. Louis Mann as the star.

Globe—"Over the River." A more than usually amusing musical show, with Mr. Eddie Foy as the comedian and star.

Harris—"The Talker." Cleverly written and very well staged American domestic comedy, with a message for ladies with revolutionary social theories.

Herald Square—"Everywoman." Poetic and effective modern morality play dealing with the temptations of women.

Hippodrome—Ballet, water spectacle and other big and gorgeous features.

Hudson—Mme. Simone in "The Lady of Dreams." See above.

Knickerbocker—"Kismet." Episodes from "The Arabian Nights" turned into gorgeous and interesting play, well acted by good company headed by Mr. Otis Skinner.

Lycium—"Preserving Mr. Panmure," with Gertrude Elliott. See above.

Lyric—"Little Boy Blue." Pleasant musical show, with something more original than usual in its setting.

Marine Elliott's—"The Bird of Paradise." Drama of life in the Hawaiian Islands, with effective reproductions of local scenes.

New Amsterdam—"Oliver Twist." The Dickens classic elaborately done in dramatic form, with cast of prominent artists.

New York—Kinemacolor pictures of the Durbar. An opportunity for those who could not see the real thing to witness it admirably reproduced in colored moving pictures.

Park—"The Quaker Girl." Melodious and prettily played musical piece of distinctly English flavor.

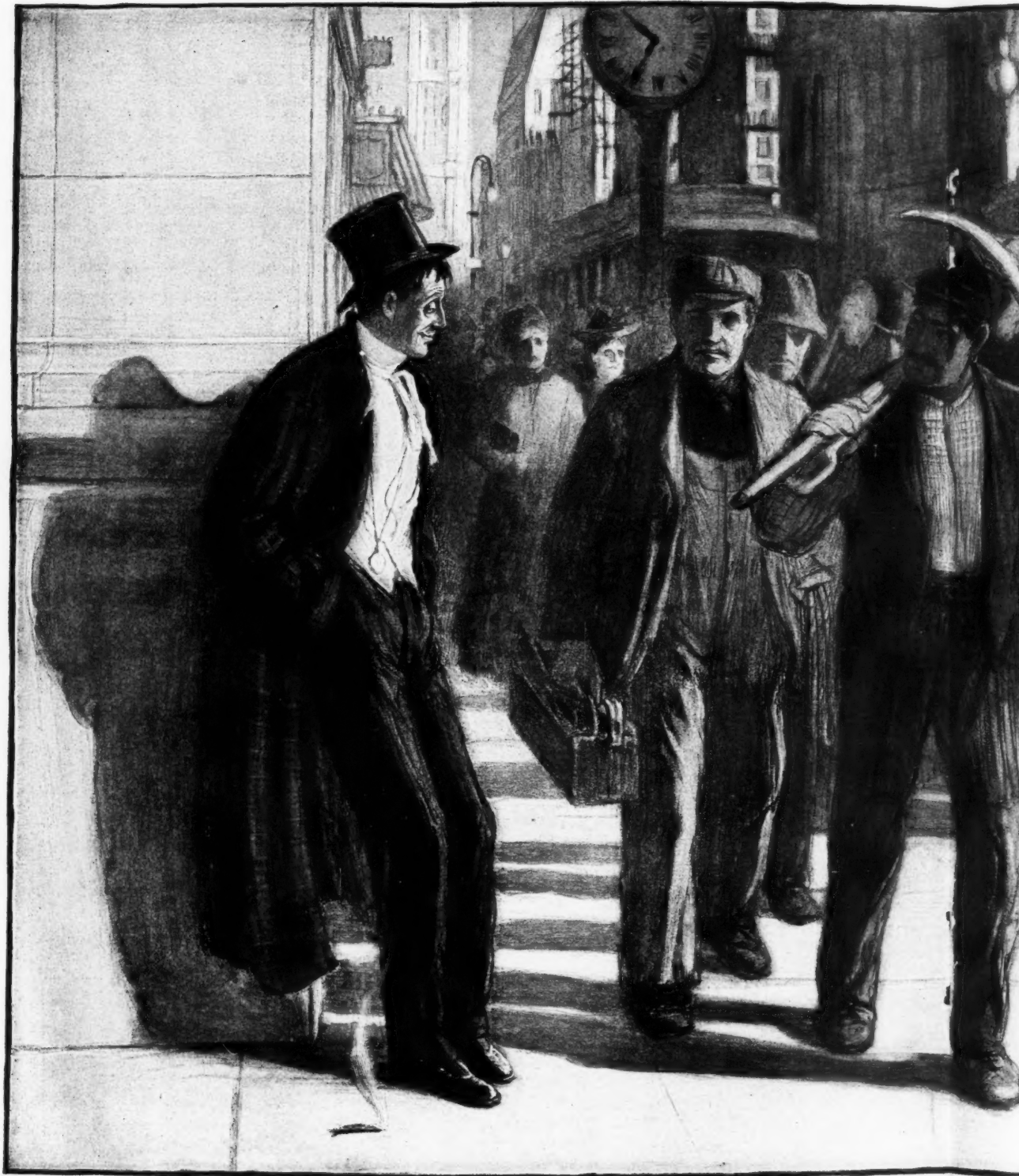
Playhouse—"Bought and Paid For." Thoroughly American play of to-day, well acted and artistic in its contrasts of humor and pathos.

Republic—"The Woman." How corrupt politicians play the game in Washington, interestingly set forth in well presented drama.

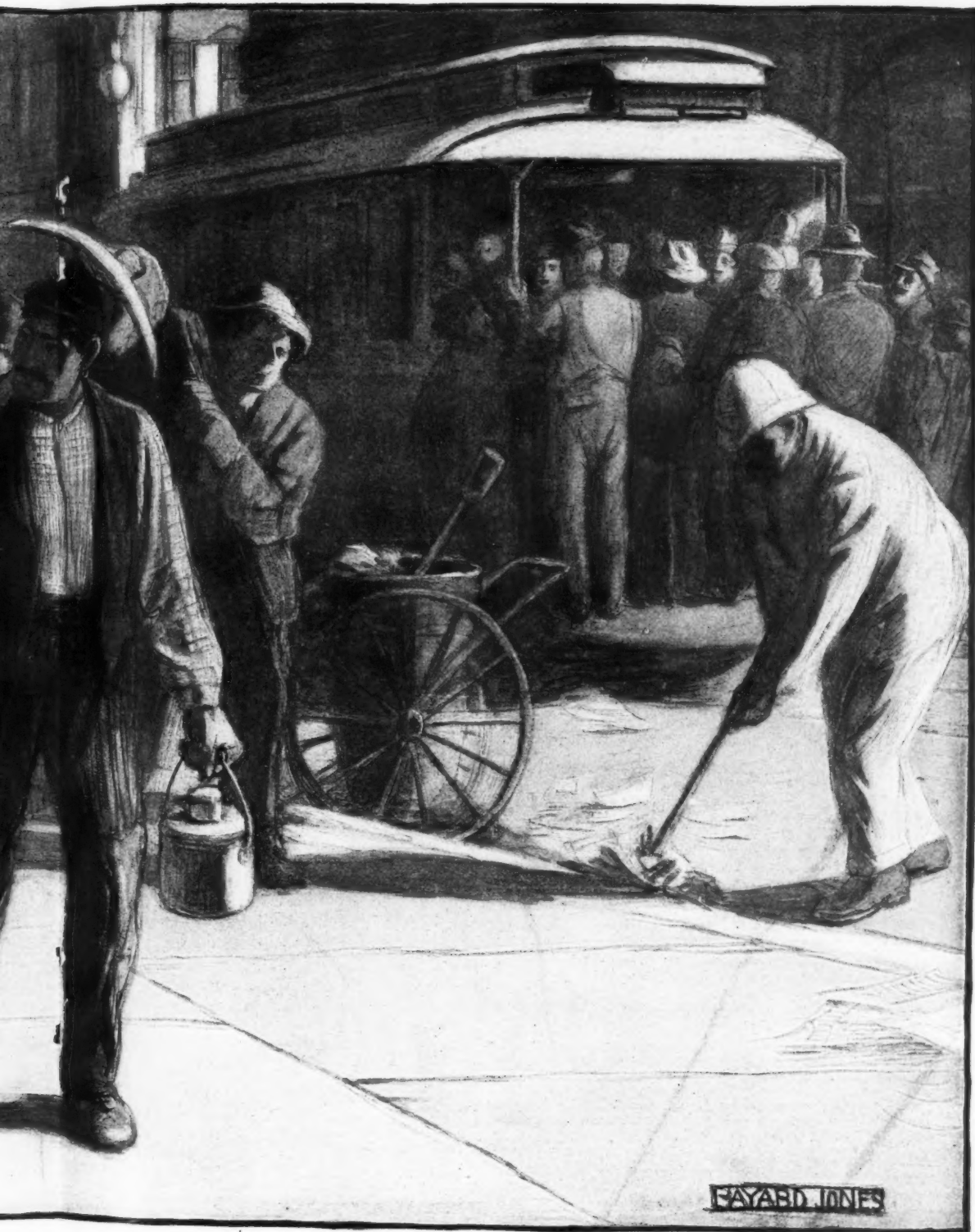
Thirty-ninth Street—"A Butterfly on the Wheel." An English divorce story put into rather interesting dramatic form.

Wallack's—"Disraeli." An agreeably written romantic play of official life under Queen Victoria, with Mr. George Arliss's faithful depiction of the title character.

Winter Garden—New bill of extravaganza, ballet and vaudeville. Notice later.



The Grasshopper and the



opper and the Ants

A Confab in Confidence

CROSS your heart! Honest, Injun! So help you Moses and hope you may die! If you were all alone in a room, with no one likely to come in, and you saw a book on the table called "The Girl That Goes Wrong," would you pick it up and peek inside?

If not, please do not read this paragraph, which pauses here in order to give you a chance to pass on.

* * * * *

Of course it isn't, strictly speaking, polite, now that those people have gone, to talk about them behind their backs. But, did you notice anything peculiar about them? As though—there is no other way of expressing it—as though the same expression was absent from all of their faces? A sort of denatured look! I wonder if the absent expression could have been curiosity? "Curiosity," I used to be told, with the accompaniment of a shaken forefinger, "killed a cat." And yet, as surely as Necessity is the mother of Invention, Curiosity is the father of Enlightenment.

Those were awfully nice people, though. One could see that at a glance. Both the natty ones who looked a wee bit supercilious as they walked away, and the nice ones who appeared just a shade shocked as they hurried on. I imagine that the first must have thoughtlessly squandered their curiosity and the others conscientiously smothered theirs. At any rate, it would never have done to have asked any of them to go slumming.

And this, in the best imaginable sense of the word, is what Reginald Wright Kauffman, the author of the sixteen stories in "The Girl That Goes Wrong" (Moffat, Yard, \$1.25), has done. He and his wife, having become first curious, then interested, then determined to understand the unfortunate, went and lived among them. Not as settlement workers. Not as rescuers or reformers. Not as aliens

of any kind, no matter how well intentioned. They lived there quite simply as poor and frequently needy slum dwellers. They became the neighbors, often the friends, often the confidants, often the assisters and often the assisted of the unhappy women whom they hoped to find out the truth about. They did this in scores of American cities, as well as in London and Paris. And here, with as complete a freedom from sensationalism or from any "literary taint" as can be imagined, yet with a skill in presenta-

tion that makes each narrative in its way a work of art, the results of their investigations are laid before us.

Mr. Kauffman believes that the wretched conscripts to the constantly thinned and constantly replenished ranks of the fallen, can be classed, according to their histories, into a limited number of rather well-defined groups. And these stories form a roll-call of the recruits. Each tale is the true story of a girl that represents a type. Each type is represented by its thousands. In New York City alone it takes six thousand recruits a year to fill the places of the dead. More than half of these come from the country. A majority of them are native Americans. The most potent factor in their entrapment (for most of them are trapped) is ignorance. "The Girl That Goes Wrong" is a clean spotlight turned on this darkness. If you have curiosity and no children I advise you to read it. If you have children and no curiosity I advise you to forbid their reading it and then leave it around. Only don't tell the good people that moved on that I said so.

And don't tell them that we talked of Ellen Key. This great Swedish woman, with the face of a major prophet, the soul of an iconoclast and the intellect of a forensic philosopher, is not much more to their liking than these unnameable ones, whose vocation she declares to be the in-



The Art of the Theatre, by Edward Gordon Craig. Papers on the staging of plays, the status of the actor as an artist and the future of the theatre. The author is the son of Ellen Terry.

The Blood of the Arena, by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. An entertaining novel translated from the Spanish and dealing with the private and public life of a bull-fighter.

The Book of the Tarpon, by A. W. Dimock. Excellent descriptions and good pictures of summer adventures in Florida waters.

The Changing Chinese, by E. A. Ross. The observations of an American sociologist during a study-tour of the Flowery Kingdom.

Christopher, by Richard Pryce. The making of an author. A novel full of quiet humor, leisurely interest and individuality of narration.

The Girl That Goes Wrong, by Reginald Wright Kauffman. See above.

The Green God, by Frederick Arnold Kummer. Three hundred pages of mediocre mystery.

Jungle Trails and Jungle People, by Caspar Whitney. An account of the author's hunting and exploring experiences in the far East.

Love and Ethics, by Ellen Key. See above.

My Own Story, by Louisa of Tuscany. Why the ex-crown princess of Saxony left home—with other inside Hapsburg information.

The Position of Peggy, by Leonard Merrick. A rather prosy tale of the long engagement between a cockney actress and an unrecognized playwright.

Recollections of a Parisian, by Doctor Poumiès De La Siboutie. The memoirs of a prominent physician of old bourgeois stock who was born at the beginning of the Revolution and died during the second Empire. An unusually interesting narrative.

The Secret Garden, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. A child's story—with a stick in it. Thoroughly enjoyable in spite of a dash of morbid sentiment.

Under Western Eyes, by Joseph Conrad. An interesting, although somewhat complicatedly contrived, interpretative study of Russian character.

The Way of an Eagle, by E. M. Dell. A melodrama of the north Indian frontier. A crudish tale told with some vigor.

What Tolstoy Taught, by Bolton Hall. Sentences from Tolstoy's works so arranged as to summarize his tenets.

Conditions of the Contest

The title, with sub-title, or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed fifteen words.

Manuscripts should be addressed to

*The Contest Editor of LIFE,
17 West 31st St.,
New York.*

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE office not later than Saturday, March 23rd. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from March 23rd a check for \$100 will be sent to the winner.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to every one.

Only one title from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prize to the title which, in their judgment, is the most deserving.

Announcement of the winner will be made in LIFE's issue of April 4th—the Easter Number.



This picture has no title.

escapable corollary of our conventional system of morality. A short time ago she published a volume called "Love and Marriage." It was not reviewed in this column, because I did not, at the moment, think of any way in which we could get off by ourselves in a corner and discuss it. But it has been widely discussed and bitterly attacked—both of which are excellent things to have happen to any work of social criticism. And now Ellen Key has answered her critics in a polemic essay, called "Love and Ethics" (Huebsch). It is a brave book, with but one real objection that can be urged against it. It forces us to think.

J. B. Kerfoot.

?

*For the Best Title to This
Picture Life Will Give
One Hundred Dollars*



THE SPENDTHRIFT

The Shaming of the Shrewd

MR. BULSTRODE PETTYMAN was angry, and justly so he conceived. His thrifty British soul revolted against extravagance, and here his wife—

"Madam," he said, addressing the little woman before him, majestically, ponderously, and his ample waistcoat swelled with indignation, "you have abused my confidence, betrayed the trust which I reposed in you as the bearer of my name and the—"

He was about to add "the mother of my children," but checked himself before the anachronism. Instead, he exclaimed, "Look at that, and that!"

Dramatically, he held out the dressmaker's and milliner's bills which had precipitated the dispute.

"But you can afford the expense," said Mrs. Pettyman, quietly. "Do you wish me to look like a dowd? I must dress like other women."

"Like other women!" snorted Mr. Pettyman, with a swelling of the diaphragm. "I would have you know—"

The sentence remained unfinished. Suddenly he realized that the woman before him was no longer the quiet little provincial creature whom he had sought out and married a year before, as least likely to run counter to the ideals of wifely devotion cherished by himself and exemplified in the person of the first Mrs. Pettyman of sainted memory. The revelation came like a blow in the face. So gradually had the change operated that Mr. Pettyman, absorbed as he was by business and the weekly

edition of the London *Times*, had failed to notice it, until here was his wife on the verge of the hobble skirt and the basket hat. It was the moment for drastic measures. Very well, he was prepared to take them. It seemed only a pity that he had not found a foeman more worthy of his steel.

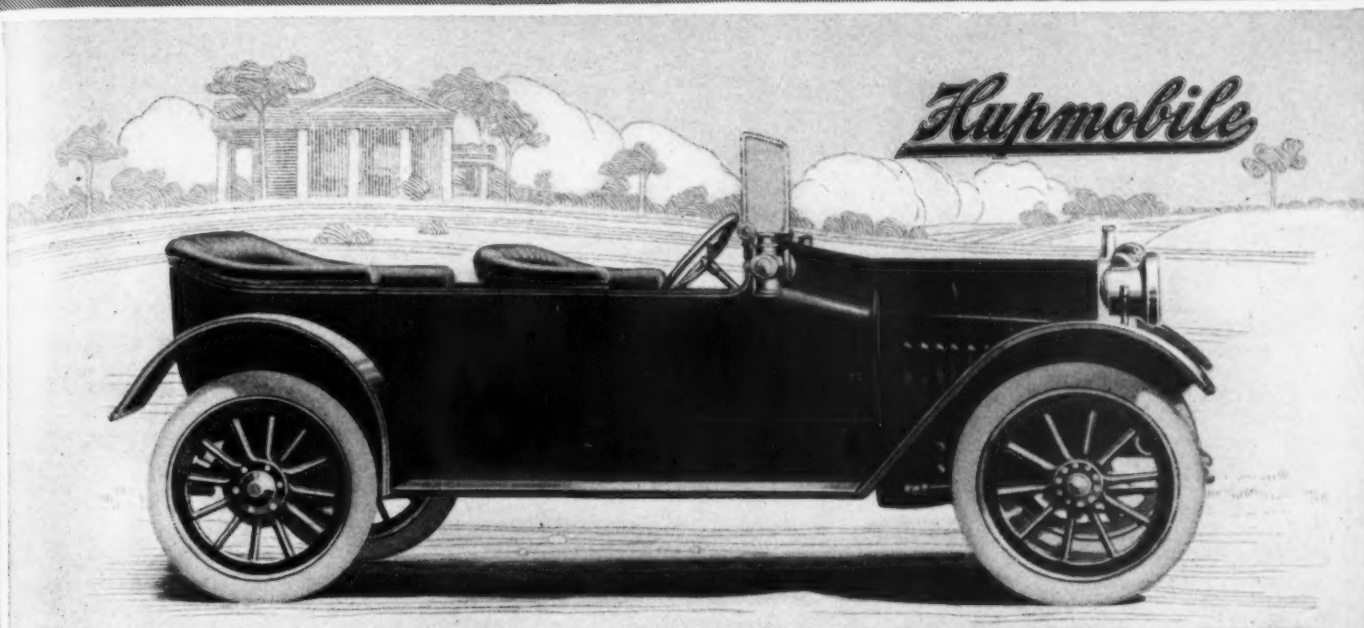
"Ahem! Mrs. Pettyman," he observed, with an ominous change of tone, "you have abused my confidence, as I said before. I shall take steps to prevent your doing so a second time. I wish you good morning."

Mrs. Pettyman did not reply, did not inquire what steps he proposed to take. Instead, she went quietly about her household duties, despatching them with the least possible waste of energy; then she arrayed herself in the offending hobble skirt and basket hat and proceeded to a bridge party, where she won first prize. No further mention was made of the bills by Mr. Pettyman that evening, and one less familiar with his character than his wife might have concluded that the subject had passed from his mind. But Mrs. Pettyman had learned from experience. The next morning, after breakfast, he came into the drawing-room with the open newspaper in his hand.

"Ahem! My dear, I informed you that I found myself constrained to take steps to check your extravagance. I have done so, as you see."

Therewith he held the newspaper before her eyes. Mrs.

(Continued on page 550)



HUPMOBILE LONG-STROKE "32" TOURING CAR, \$900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps, and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds, forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3 1/4 inch bore x 5 1/2 inch stroke. Bosch Magneto, 106 inch wheelbase. 32 x 3 3/4 inch tires. Color, standard Hupmobile Blue. Roadster, \$900.

'Long-Stroke' Means Long-Stroke In the New Hupmobile

We have figured always that it was the wisest kind of enlightened selfishness to give more than the public expected.

Thus, only one motor in America has a longer stroke than the engine in the new Hupmobile "32."

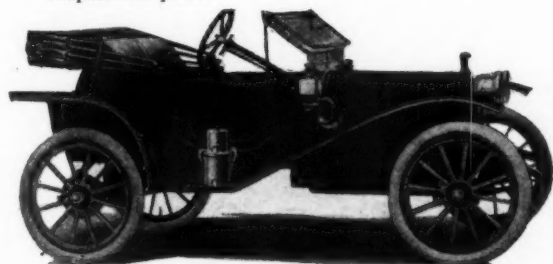
And the car which shares this distinction with the Hupmobile sells for several times the Hupmobile price of \$900.

The relation of stroke to bore in the new Hupmobile is the mean average of the best and latest European practice.

But we did not stop with this positive assurance of greater pulling power.

The cylinders are cast en bloc and the crankshaft, of special drop forged high carbon steel, equipped with three especially liberal bearings, instead of two.

Note those evidences of extra-generous construction, one at a time, please, and compare them with other cars at the Hupmobile price.



STANDARD 20 H. P. RUNABOUT, \$750

F. O. B. Detroit, with same power plant that took the world touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch Magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster \$850. Coupe, \$1,100.

A recent exhaustive report of the efficiency of the Hupmobile runabout in nearly a year of army service is contained in a booklet entitled "A Test of Service," which we will gladly send on request.

Observe that the valves, for instance, are not only all at one side—an admirable advantage—but completely encased, yet instantly accessible and oil-tight and dust-proof.

You will see in the engine and transmission unit a triumph of mechanical adaptation, which makes for increased efficiency and space economy.

The full-floating rear axle of the Long-Stroke "32" is, in itself, a work of high degree, which places the Hupmobile in an exclusive class.

The rear-axle connection is by means of a single universal joint, enclosed in a tapered tubular housing which is jointed to the transmission case.

By this means we avoid the use of truss rods, yet have produced the strongest and stiffest axle possible. Each rear wheel runs on two roller bearings mounted on the axle tube, while the axle shafts are bolted to the hub flanges.

You can ascribe all these constructive advantages to the fact that the Hupmobile organization has always been held practically intact.

In every essential it is the same as it was when the first Hupmobile was built.

The chief engineer, E. A. Nelson, is the same man who designed the original Hupmobile runabout—whose priority in its own class has never been seriously disputed.

The department heads who have been associated with Mr. Nelson and the skillful workmen who have executed his designs, have remained with us in our progressive development.

We should be glad to send to your address 4 1/2 x 8 1/2 photo-gravures and full description of this handsome car.

Hupp Motor Car Company
1231 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Better Not Inquire

"Yes," said Swagger, "this is a turk-eze ring."

"Excuse me," said Beggs, "the correct pronunciation of that word is 'turkwoise.'"

"No, 'turkeze,' excuse me."

"I say 'turkwoise.'"

"Well, let's go to a jeweler and ask him."

"Right."

"In order to settle a wager," said Swagger to the jeweler, "would you mind telling me if the correct pronunciation of the stone in this ring is 'turkeze' or 'turkwoise'?"

The jeweler took the ring and examined it carefully.

"The correct pronunciation," he said, "is 'glass.'"—*Tit-Bits.*

An Omission

KNICKER: Did your father give you an auto?

BOCKER: Yes, but he didn't endow it.
—*Lippincott's.*



"THINGS ARE LOOKING UP"

The Conveyancer's Valentine

Dear spinster, you alone can give, grant, bargain, or convey
The property I'd fain acquire! (It's neither clod nor clay—
Nor strictly incorporeal—it's personal, in a way—
And yet it's real—Oh, pshaw) I pray
If you can give an unencumbered title, clear and free,
Your heart, with rights appurtenant, for life, convey to me.

—*The Green Bag.*

Carte Blanche

"I think," said Mrs. Cumrox, who was arranging a musical programme, "that we will have a mezzo-soprano."
"All right," replied her husband. "Don't bother me about it. Go ahead and see an architect."

—*Washington Star.*

It was at one of the famous "frolics" given by the Lambs. Mr. Charles Frohman had made an extremely neat and appropriate speech. There was loud applause at its finish, and then, "Author! Author!" cried Mr. Augustus Thomas, standing up on his chair.—*Argonaut.*

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CANDY

without artificial color
is so unusual that it is hard to believe.

**Belle Mead
Sweets**

Chocolates and Bon Bons

have been on the market for over ten years and in all that time not a single ounce of artificial coloring has been mixed into them.

That is just one thing which makes this tempting candy a little differently better than others.

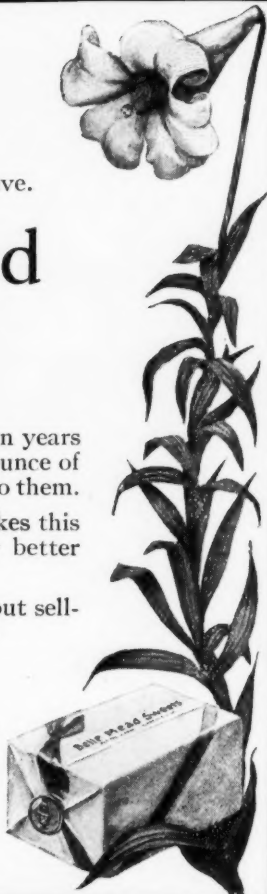
Druggists who are particular about selling pure goods are agents for them.

Sold only in sealed packages.

**80c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50
and \$2.00 the pound.**

Belle Mead Sweets

81 West End Ave., TRENTON, N. J.
The Cleanest Candy Kitchen in the World.



PANDORA'S BOX

By JOHN AMES MITCHELL

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

Editor of Life.

Four Illustrations by the author.

\$1.30 net; prepaid \$1.42

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

Publishers

New York

The Dwarf Avatar

The wicked giant, Bali, had obtained
Supreme control from heaven down to
hell;
He all the humbler deities had chained;
Like rain his cruelties unmeasured
fell.

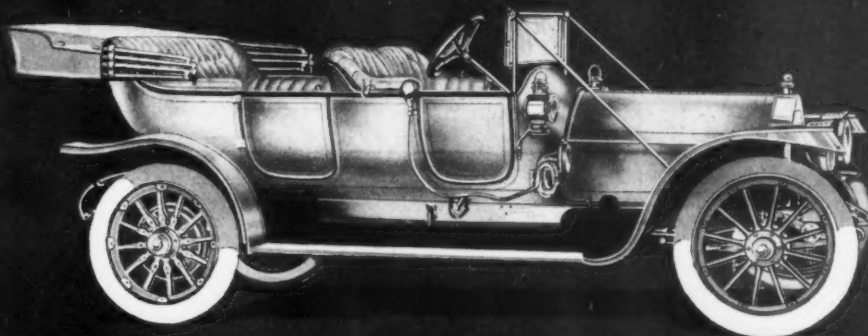
The highest gods in fear a session called,
And argued vengeful plans for many
an hour:
From far below he upward looked, and
bawled
An arrogant defiance to their power.

At length divinest Vishnu forward
stepped,
While round the senate mighty plaud-
its ran,
And vowed himself—his consort Lakshmi
wept—
The foe to disenthroned, and ransom
man.

The heavenly synod praised him, though
they feared
His failure through some one of mil-
lion harms.
On earth, a puny man, he soon appeared,
And, as a beggar, asked of Bali alms.
"What wouldst thou have?" the horrid
despot said,
And gave the shrinking dwarf a scorn-
ful glance.
O fool; premonished by no mystic dread,



The Thomas "Six-Forty" Five Passenger Phaeton



Thomas Declarations No. 6

We assert that the low center of gravity of the Thomas "Six-Forty," made possible by suspending the gasoline and oil tanks from the chassis frame, gives the Thomas a decided advantage over all other American and foreign cars in holding the road, at high speeds, on sharp turns or on slippery pavements, and that this is a unique and distinct advance in 1912 construction.

FOUR STYLES OF OPEN BODIES—TOURING CAR, PHAETON, SURREY AND RUNABOUT
PRICE \$4,000 FOR EACH TYPE

Our Catalog—"The Story of the Thomas" awaits your request.

E. R. THOMAS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DEPT. G. BUFFALO

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires



They *have* to be the *best* tires made, to live up to the name that the Kelly-Springfield carriage tires made famous.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.

20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Buffalo, Cleveland, Atlanta, and Akron, Ohio.
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
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2 HORSE POWER
AMERICAN \$38
MARINE MOTORS COMPLETE
OTHER SIZES 2 TO 20 HORSEPOWER
PROPORTIONATELY LOW PRICES
GUARANTEED FOR LIFE.
AGENTS WANTED.
Send for complete marine engine book FREE.
AMERICAN ENGINE CO., 400 Boston St., Detroit, Mich.

And reading naught beneath that
countenance!

The little, timid mendicant replies,
"Give me so much of thy dominion's
space—

The boon is small, but will for me suf-
fice—

As I can only by three steppings
pace."

The blinded Bali, mocking, gave assent,
And looked upon him with contemptu-
ous eye.

Swift grew the dwarf through such im-
mense extent,

That one step spanned the earth, one
more, the sky!

Then looking round, with haughty voice
he said,

"The third where shall I take? O
Bali, tell!"

At Vishnu's feet the tyrant placed his
head,

And instantaneously was thrust to hell.
—Poetry of the Orient, by W. R. Alger



Father of Family: DON'T BE DESPONDENT, YOUNG MAN. GO GET MARRIED!

The Shaming of the Shrewd

(Continued from page 546)

Pettyman looked, and caught her breath. What she read was this:

"Mr. Bulstrode Pettyman, importer and representative of the house of Burden & Burden, of London, England, hereby gives notice to all whom it may concern that he will not be responsible for any debts contracted by his wife, save upon his written order.

BULSTRODE PETTYMAN."

For a moment Mrs. Pettyman did not speak.

"I am sorry, but you drove me to it—" began Mr. Pettyman, but his wife rose, cutting him short.

"Drove you to it!" she repeated quietly, but with a strange emphasis—"humph!"

Without a word further she left, Mr. Pettyman gazing after her, open-mouthed. He had looked for protest, for tears, followed by contrition, but this—

"Oh, well!" he exclaimed, with a shrug, "women are unaccountable creatures. But they always come round in the end—if one is firm."

There was no doubt in Mr. Pettyman's mind as to the wisdom of his course, and he fully expected to find, on his return for dinner, a wife repentant and desirous for forgiveness. Instead, he found his apartment empty, desolate. On his bureau lay a note in her writing, which, like herself, seemed to have taken on a new firmness and decision.

"You have insulted me in the eyes of all New York," began the note, without preamble, "and I am leaving your roof for my mother's. I shall return when you have made amends as public as your insult—not before. You may yet find

that I am not without means of self-defense.

"LILLY."

There was something ludicrously incongruous in the name of Lilly attached to this bellicose document, and Mr. Pettyman stood staring at it in speechless wonder, breathing like a geyser.

"Well, I'll be—"

He did not specify what he'd "be." Striding to the electric bell, he pressed the button long and emphatically.

"Nora!" he roared fiercely, then waited.

"Nora!"

There was no reply. A premonition of the truth flashed over him, and a hurried inspection of the maid's room turned suspicion into certainty—Nora had left!

For a moment Mr. Pettyman stood gazing helplessly around the deserted apartment, then with a click his jaws came together and he squared his shoulders. His wife should learn—

The restaurant dinner eaten that evening by Mr. Pettyman disagreed with him, and as, in addition, a sudden fall in temperature made itself felt, and he could not find the blankets, he passed an unhappy night. The floor rug to which finally he had recourse proved dusty and incredibly heavy. Morning, however, found him even more firmly fixed in his determination not to change his course of action. His wife should find that he was adamant when it came to preservation of that sacred institution, the home. It was considerable satisfaction as he sat over a cup of badly made restaurant coffee to peruse again the advertisement regarding non-payment of

his wife's debts. "Mr. Bulstrode Pettyman hereby gives notice"—Yes, and he would continue to give notice until she should come to him and sue for forgiveness. He had made payment for only three insertions—on the way downtown he would stop and order the notice continued until countermanded.

On the platform of the subway Mr. Pettyman encountered a business acquaintance.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Pettyman," exclaimed the man genially, too genially to suit the indignant Englishman.

"Morning," replied Mr. Pettyman, curtly.

The smile was still on the other's face.

"Getting into the newspapers, I see, heigh?"

"What?" snapped Mr. Pettyman, threateningly.

"I—I was just reading your wife's notice—"

"My wife's notice?"

"Why, yes—haven't you seen it? Here it is," and the man held out the same paper in which Mr. Pettyman's own notice was printed.

The sudden intaking of Mr. Pettyman's breath was like the ripping of starched muslin.

This is what he read:

"Mrs. Bulstrode Pettyman, wife of Bulstrode Pettyman, importer and representative of Burden & Burden, of London, England, hereby gives notice to all whom it may concern that she will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her husband, save upon her written order.

LILLY BISHOP PETTYMAN."

To judge by Mr. Pettyman's face he was about to have a stroke of apoplexy.

"I—I—" he began, but the rumble of the incoming train drowned his voice.

"Humph!" he grunted at the back of his companion, in lieu of farewell, and he slipped into the adjoining car.

His wife had defied him; proclaimed that she would not pay his debts. *His* debts! Had he not been so far gone in wrath he would have shrieked with laughter. It was too ridiculous! Had she forgotten the poverty from which he had taken her, and the narrow, provincial surroundings? Mr. Pettyman pinched himself to see if he was really awake. What was that woman opposite staring at him for? Quickly he elevated the newspaper—had she identified him as the man whose wife refused to pay his debts? It seemed to him that the whole car was on a broad grin.

It was a relief to find himself in the open air again, with a definite course of

action before him. 'Energetically he strode up the steps of the newspaper which had printed the offending notice. "I want to see the editor of this newspaper," he announced to the attendant who ushered him into the reception-room.

"Yes, sir—which editor?"
 "The editor, the editor-in-chief, the owner. Tell him if he don't come out, I'll come in. I'll show him he can't insult a subject of King George's with impunity. I'll—"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir! Will you kindly give me your card?"

Mr. Pettyman produced the desired cardboard, and the attendant disappeared into the mysterious regions reserved for the staff of the paper. Scarcely a minute elapsed before he reappeared and beckoned to Mr. Pettyman.

"Will you step this way, sir?"
 With the energy of an avenging conqueror Mr. Pettyman followed his guide past doors marked *City Department*, *Sunday Editor*, *Art Department*, until finally they paused before a portal bearing the words, *Managing Editor*. Before his companion could knock, Mr. Pettyman threw open the door and strode into the room. A quietly dressed gen-

There's Age in every drop



of the great-grand-father whiskey—

Old Overholt Rye
 "Same for 100 years"

Bottled in bond in Pennsylvania—mature and mellow—with full flavor, rich body and rare aroma. Insist on "Overholt"—it's worth your while

A. Overholt & Co.
 Pittsburgh, Pa.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
 Send sketches for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free.
 VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

RAD-BRIDGE BRIDGE WHIST ACCESSORIES
 Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) brings our sample wallet; 49 Forms Lithographed Score Pads, 12 varieties playing cards and illustrated catalog.
 Dept. L. RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York



INCONTESTABLY The Best Safety Razor

Professional men, business men, artisans—men in all walks of life are using and recommending the AutoStrop Safety Razor.

Even eminent barbers are recommending it to such of their customers as wish to shave themselves at times. Eight of these barbers are:

MR. BUTTS	HOTEL ST. REGIS	New York
MR. ATCHISON	PLANTERS HOTEL	St. Louis
MR. RITZ	RITZ-CARLTON	New York
MR. HOFFMAN	HOTEL BELVEDERE	Baltimore
MR. MOTZ	BELLEVUE-STRATFORD	Philadelphia
MR. EMERY	PONTCHARTRAIN	Detroit
MR. COREY	HOTEL LA SALLE	Chicago
MR. MYERS	NEW WILLARD	Washington

The AutoStrop Safety Razor consists of one silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 blades and horsehide strop in handsome case; price \$5 in both Canada and United States. Traveling sets \$6.50 up. Factories in both countries, also in England, France, Germany, etc. Send for catalog. Get an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial at any dealer. You'll find one blade gives 50 to 300 shaves.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 368 5th Ave., New York; 400 Richmond St., W., Toronto; 61 New Oxford St., London; Schleusenbrucke, No. 8, Hamburg

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

STROPS
 ITSELF

STROPS
 ITSELF

tleman looked up from a desk near the window.

"Are you the editor of this paper?" demanded Mr. Pettyman, advancing with the newspaper in his hand.

"I am the managing editor, yes, sir. Won't you be seated?"

"No, I won't, sir. What I want to know is how you dared print this notice?"

"What notice is that, pray?"

"This—this notice, sir!" and Mr.

Pettyman dashed the paper down on the desk.

"Ah, I see! You are the Mr. Pettyman referred to?"

"I am, sir, and I'd have you know—"

"One moment! You have, I believe, a similar notice in the paper about your wife?"

"I have. But what's that got to do with—"

(Continued on page 553)

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Midnight in the Pantry

You can boast your round of pleasures,
praise the sound of popping corks,
Where the orchestra is playing to the
rattle of the forks;
And your after-opera dinner you may
think superbly fine,
But that can't compare, I'm certain, to
the joy that's always mine
When I reach my little dwelling—source
of all sincere delight—
And I prowl around the pantry in the
waning hours of night.

When my business (or my pleasure) has
detained me until late
And it's midnight say (or after) when I
reach my own estate,
Though I'm weary with my toiling, I
don't hustle up to bed.
For the "inner man" is hungry and he's
anxious to be fed.
Then I feel a thrill of glory from head
down to my feet
As I prowl around the pantry after
something good to eat.

Oft I hear a call above me: "Goodness
gracious, come to bed!"
And I know that I've disturbed her by
my over eager tread,

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

THE FINEST WHISKEY
IN THE WORLD



WE have several thousand gallons of Gibson's
Celebrated Rye Whiskey distilled more than
eleven years ago, and never taken out of the
wood; ripened and mellowed by the mature
methods of time; smooth and delicate, with
a wonderful bouquet—a whiskey too fine to market in
the ordinary way. It will be drawn in one-gallon
demijohns, boxed, sealed and shipped direct from our
warehouse to the order of your dealer—or to personal
address—at Ten Dollars per gallon

The Gibson Distilling Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gibson's



"Travel Free from Care"
EUROPEAN TRAVEL—either escorted
—under Bartlett management, means marked
advantages and privileges because of Bartlett
prestige, a standing that our select clientele has
earned for us during the past thirty years. An
attractive price for the best service. Write today
for Brochure F, containing 38 itin-
eraries and useful information.
BARTLETT TOURS CO.
200 S. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

But I've found a glass of jelly and some
bread and butter, too,
And a bit of cold fried chicken, and I
answer "When I'm through!"
Oh, there's no café that better serves
my precious appetite
Than the pantry in our kitchen when I
get home late at night.

You may boast your shining silver, and
the linen and the flowers,
And the music and the laughter, and the
lights that hang in showers;
You may have your café table with its
brilliant array,
But it doesn't charm yours truly when
I'm on my homeward way;
For a greater joy awaits me, as I hun-
ger for a bite—
Just the joy of pantry prowling in the
middle of the night
—Detroit Free Press.

"Proputty! Proputty! Proputty!"

There are those in Scotland—and
elsewhere—who appreciate the value of
a generous marriage portion.
"Mac, I heard ye was courtin' bonny
Kate Macpherson," said Donald to an
acquaintance one morning.
"Weel, Sandy, man, I was in love wi'
the bonny lass," was Mac's reply, "but
I fund out she had nae siller, so I said
to mysel, 'Mac, be a man.' And I was
a man, and noo I pass her by wi' silent
contempt."
—Youth's Companion.

Up to Date

KNICKER: Is their car up to date?
BOCKER: Well, it is paid for with next
year's money.
—Sun.

Caroni Bitters. Adds life and flavor to a cocktail. A wonderful
tonic and appetizer. Ask your wine merchant, grocer or druggist.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

How a Chemist
Ended Corns

Some years ago a chemist discovered a
way to loosen corns.

He embodied the discovery in a drop of
wax. And we invented this
Blue-jay plaster to apply
that wax.

Since then this little plas-
ter has ended fifty million
corns.

You apply it in a jiffy,
and the pain of the corn
ends at once. Then the

B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two
days the whole corn comes out.

No soreness, no discomfort. You forget
you have a corn, until it has gone for good.
Nothing else acts like this.

Think how useless it is to pare a corn, just
to ease it for awhile.

Think what folly it is to risk the infection
which comes from a slip of the blade.

This little plaster, while you work or sleep,
takes out the corn completely. Try it today
and see.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

At Druggists—15c and 25c per package
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Union Plasters
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

(145)



The Shaming of the Shrewd

(Continued from page 551)

"Oh, nothing—excepting that 'what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.'"

"The goose—the gander—what do you mean, sir?"

The editor smiled faintly.

"Merely that turn about's fair play. But, of course, with us it's purely a matter of business. Mrs. Pettyman pays for the advertisement the same as you do."

"But, sir, she's my wife. She has no right to print such things about me. Pay my bills—why, she hasn't five cents to pay them with."

"Well, then, she won't pay them. That's what she says."

Coffee Pot Percolator No. 8293.



"My Manning-Bowman Coffee Percolator is Economical"

The underlying principle of the Manning-Bowman Coffee Percolator is *hot water circulation*. When heat is applied to the percolator hot water passes through the ground coffee, extracting the strength and goodness, but never remaining in contact with the coffee long enough to bring out its bitterness. This method is economical. It takes less ground coffee to make a given number of cups with a

Manning-Bowman
Coffee Percolator

Urn Style Percolator No. 3394.



than in any other known way of making. You will find Manning-Bowman Coffee Percolators with all large dealers. More than 100 different styles and sizes—copper, silver plate, nickel plate and aluminum. Style illustrated here is No. 8293. Write for a recipe book—free—and catalogue No. C-26.

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.
Meriden, Conn.

Also makers of Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes with "Ivory" Enamelled Food Pans, Eclipse Bread Makers, Alcohol Gas Stoves, Tea Ball Tea Pots and Urns, Chafing Dish Accessories, Celebrated M & B Brass, Copper and Nickel Polish.



NO HILL TOO STEEP
NO SAND TOO DEEP

**45 horsepower;
Long-stroke motor;
Complete equipment---\$1650**

These are the four biggest facts about the new Jackson Model "45."

High power; long-stroke motor; equipment complete; and the price—\$1650.

These are the facts we want to impress deepest in your mind.

They tell you of value that is real—value that you can see and feel.

They are the more significant because they are backed by ten years' experience in the making of good automobiles.

Forty-five horsepower—your eager servant.

A long-stroke, enclosed-valve motor—giving you silence, smoothness and flexibility of operation that cannot be surpassed in cars of any price.

Nothing lacking in equipment, even to speedometer and robe rail.

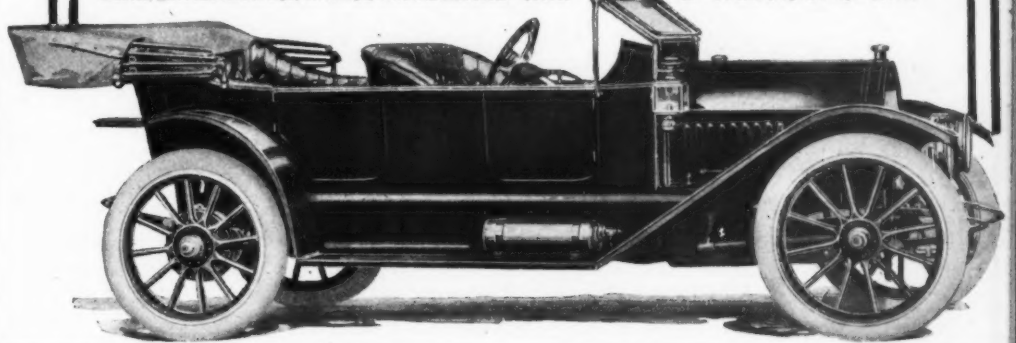
Add to these features the 118-inch wheelbase, with the easy-riding Jackson full-elliptic springs—and at \$1650 you have a car whose equal you are not likely to find under \$2500.

Examine and ride in the demonstrating car your Jackson dealer doubtless has; or write for literature on the Model "45."

Jackson Automobile Company, 1300 E. Main St., Jackson, Mich.

Model "45"—Five-passenger touring car; 45 H.P., four cylinder, long-stroke motor; 4 1/2 x 5 1/4 inches; 118-inch wheelbase; 34 x 4 inch tires; full elliptic springs front and rear. Equipment—Top with top hood; windshield, speedometer, gas tank and lamps, oil lamps, coat rail and tools—\$1650.

Other touring models—"52" (50 H.P.) \$1800; "32" (30 H.P.) \$1100; Roadster models—"26" (30 H.P.) torpeda, \$1100; "28" (30 H.P.) open body—\$1000.



"Of course she won't!" roared Mr. Pettyman, whose sense of humor was not very keen this morning. "What I want to know is this"—and each word was punctuated with a thump on the desk—"are you or are you not going to suppress that notice?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Pettyman, but I'm afraid—"

"Then I'll have the law on you, sir!"

"That's quite unnecessary, as we already have the law—on our side."

But the remark was lost on Mr. Pettyman, who was already half-way to the

door. Slamming it behind him he strode down the corridor, through the door shutting out the public, down the stairs, and advanced to the advertising window.

"See here!" he cried, addressing the clerk, "I want that notice signed Pettyman continued indefinitely, do you understand?"

"Pettyman!" repeated the man in a loud tone, and the neighboring clerks raised their heads. "Which Pettyman do you mean, Mr. or Mrs.?"

There was a general titter. Evi-



ST. MORITZ

6,000 feet above the Sea.

The Gem of the Engadine: World renowned Mineral Springs and Baths with latest improvements: The most fashionable Sports Centre of the ALPS: Golf and Tennis Tournaments: Great Variety of delightful Excursions.

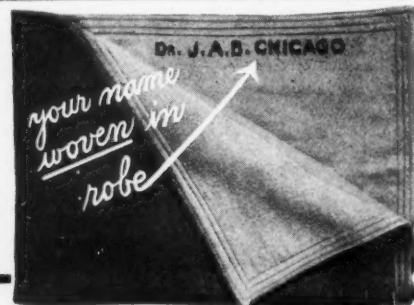
Illustrated booklet from Swiss Federal Railway Co., 241 Fifth Ave., New York

dently the story had got around the office.

"Mr. Pettyman, of course," replied the Englishman, glaring at the offender and keeping himself in check by a supreme effort. "I'll pay for two weeks in advance."

On reaching his office it seemed to Mr. Pettyman that he could detect a shade of mockery in the smile with which his stenographer greeted him. The office-boy, also, seemed to have a knowing look when he came in for orders. Had they, perhaps, seen his wife's notice?

Things went badly with Mr. Pettyman that day. The market price of the article which his firm imported fell off, and the failure was announced of one of their best Western customers. A caller attempted a reference to the newspaper notice, but Mr. Pettyman jerked him up so sharply that he beat a hasty retreat.



NAME-ON AUTO ROBE

Spring Model Direct from mill. Light weight—just right for automobile, carriage or steamer in mild weather. **\$12.50 prepaid** Your name, initials or initials and town woven in. Can't be removed without destroying robe. Of dyed-in-the-wool extra long fibre Mohair. Same quality robe without name will cost you \$20 elsewhere.

In fast, two-color combinations from any two of these: Black, Fawn, Auto Gray, Maroon, Olive Green, Dark Blue, Leather. Special sizes to order. Prices reasonable. Bond with felt: 54 x 72 inches. Money back if not satisfactory. Write for Booklet.

J. & E. Dawson, Somerset St., above Second, Philadelphia
Mrs. of Textiles for 21 years. Agents wanted everywhere.

"If anybody mentions that confounded notice to me I'll throw 'em out of the window," he cried, storming up and down the room, and addressing the walls.

Home seemed that evening a much overrated place, and Mr. Pettyman passed an even worse night than before. He did not sleep at all after four o'clock, waiting for the newspaper to come. Would his wife's notice continue? Any

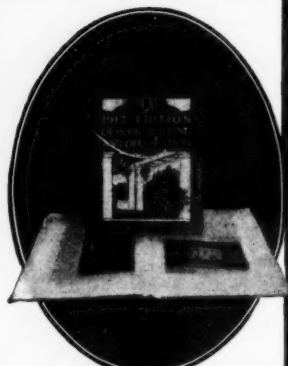
hope that he may have entertained on this point was dispelled by the first glance at the paper. "Mrs. Bulstrode Pettyman hereby gives notice—" It stared him in the face, seemingly larger, bolder than ever.

Two days passed—on the third morning Mr. Pettyman awoke to the certainty that his wife's notice was larger, blacker than at the start. Helplessly he rubbed his eyes. What did it mean?

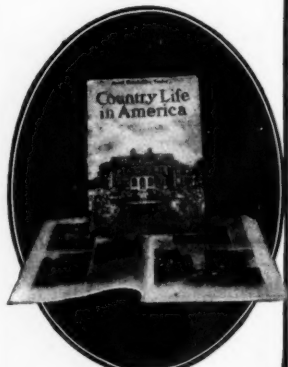
Sent You On Approval

"The flowers that bloom in the spring tra la Breathe promise of merry sunshine."

Spring is planting time and building time and furnishing time. It is the time for help. And here is help right at hand in a Book and a Magazine—both will be sent you to-day on approval. Just clip the coupon below and mail to-day.



The Book
HOME BUILDING AND DECORATION



The Magazine
COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

The Book: "Home Building and Decoration" [just published]. It is unique in practical value. Over 100 leading manufacturers with their advertising have coöperated with 20 authoritative writers on building and furnishing in making it practical. And 300 illustrations, with 40 plates in full color, make it beautiful. Sixty-one copies of the book were sent on approval to subscribers of COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA: Fifty-three have been paid for (\$3.00 each) as this is written, and not one has come back. The book is too valuable, it saves too much money to be returned. Look over the contents and you will see why.

List of Contents—Color Schemes for Exterior of the House—Color Schemes for Interior of the House—Some Recent Designs of Houses and Bungalows, showing various types—Furniture—The Living Room—The Dining Room—The Library—The Kitchen—The Bedroom—The Bathroom—Artistic Hardware. Inside and Out—Hangings, Curtains, Draperies, Etc.—Sanitary Wall Coverings—The Entrance Beautiful, The Door, The Porch—Floor Coverings—In the Garden—Portable Garages, Houses, Bungalows, Etc.—All About Roofing—Gates and Fences—Telephones—Refrigerators—Fire-proof Construction—Stained Glass in the House—Mantels and Fireplaces—Floor Finishes—Varnishes—What Not To Do—Illumination—Gas Ranges, Heating, Etc.—Electric Cooling Utensils—Oil Stoves, Etc.—Recent Late Examples in Modern Concrete Construction—Houses for the Suburb and the Country.

The Magazine: "Country Life in America." You have doubtless long intended to have this beautiful and helpful magazine in your home. Every year it contains over 1500 large pages and over 1000 beautiful photographs, covering every phase of home building, furnishing, decorating, gardening, outside and in, live stock, poultry, nature study, automobiling—the whole round of life in the open, and Spring is nearly here.

Among the Special Numbers in 1912: "The Gardening Manual," February 15 (a double 50c. number); "The Spring Building Number," March 15th; "The Anniversary Number," April 1st; "The Vacation Guide," June 1st; "The Narrative Number," August 1st; "The Annual Housebuilding Number," October 15th (a double 50c. number); "The Mid-Western Number," November, 15th, and "The Christmas Annual," in December, (also a double 50c. number). Subscription price, \$4.00 a year.

The Readers' Service is free to all subscribers of *Country Life in America*. This department will answer specific questions and give help on building, interior decorations, improving the home grounds, etc. Many subscribers have told us that our advice has saved in money, many times the cost of the magazine. These experts are at our subscribers' service as often as they need help.

Special on Approval Offer: Both the Book (\$3.00) and the Magazine (\$4.00) will be sent for you to examine: A \$7.00 offer for \$5.00—and on approval. Clip the coupon and mail to-day.

L. 3-14
Date.....
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co.,
Garden City, N. Y.
Gentlemen:—Enclosed find \$5.00, for shipping "Home Building and Decoration," and "Country Life in America," on five days' approval. If the book and magazine are satisfactory, I will return the balance, \$4.50, in ten days. If they are not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense and you are to refund the \$5.00.
.....Name
.....Address

A panicky feeling took hold of him. Would it go on growing in size and blackness until at last—? The prospect was too awful to contemplate. Without waiting for breakfast, he hurried down to the newspaper office, only to find that the managing editor would not arrive for several hours yet. Afraid lest he miss him Mr. Pettyman passed the next two hours pacing feverishly up and down in front of the building; and when, unable to stand the suspense longer, he climbed the stairs of the building, he learned that the editor had arrived half an hour earlier.

Again, without delay, Mr. Pettyman was shown into the great man's office, but the self-confidence of his manner had suffered diminution.

"Good-morning, Mr. Pettyman," said the editor genially, as though greeting his best friend. "I hope I see you well?"

Mr. Pettyman was far from well, but he had not come there to discuss his health.

"What—what's the meaning of that?" he demanded, holding out the newspaper, and his voice trembled as much as his hand.

Inquiringly the other looked from the notice to the speaker.

"You mean—?"

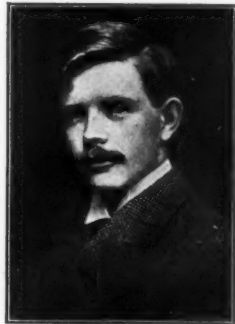
"I mean it's getting larger and blacker every day."

"Oh, I see!" and a smile flickered about the editor's mouth. "Well, those are our orders."

What is the Weak Part of Your Bodily Machine?

After all, what are you but a system of mechanism—more complicated than ever mortal man devised.

Think how at times you feel that some part of your complex machinery is out of order—is clogged up or has a bad connection and is working poorly. "The bellows" of your body—the lungs—take short puffs perhaps. Or the "engine"—the heart—is irregular. Or something is the matter with the "conduits"—you know not where. And so on.

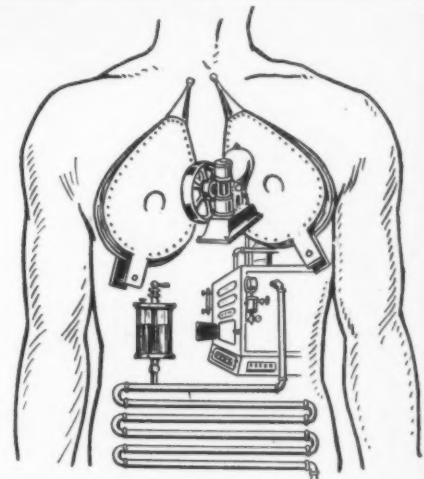


Wherever the trouble may be, the whole system is affected. You feel "tired out" too early in the day. Or you rise as worn as when you went to bed. Or you say your "digestion is out of whack" or your "liver is sluggish."

There is no need for you to face such a serious condition. No need for you to go on with your machinery getting worse and worse from day to day.

You men who lead more of a business than an active outdoor life will find that Nature will be kind to you if you will only half kind to Nature.

Nature does not demand that you give hours to exercise. Give just a few minutes daily to the proper



treatment of the vital inner muscles—i. e., the governors of your bodily machine: the lungs, heart, stomach, intestines, etc. Nature will repay you results out of all proportion to your effort.

The Thompson Course

is a rational, pleasant and easy means of securing and maintaining that reserve power which your body originally had and which by unthinking neglect you have wasted. Any manufacturer would discharge his engineer if he found him abusing the factory machinery in such a way as you doubtless abuse your bodily machinery.

My Course is different from any other treatment in that it benefits (by natural movements scientifically applied) the vital parts of your human system.

I offer you something that will benefit every inch of your body and brain through every minute of your life, and I offer it on free trial terms that make it impossible for you to lose a penny.

Let Me Give You "HUMAN ENERGY"

My book, "Human Energy," is a real contribution to the science of making the most of oneself. It is startling, yet obviously true. It will be sent to any man free and without obligation except to read it as though it were written by a friend. Please give home address.

J. EDMUND THOMPSON

Suite 911, Exchange Building, Worcester, Mass.



WHAT can be more attractive or luxurious for a fraternity house, home, club den or office, than a handsome leather pillow, pipe rack, wall banner, tie holder, magazine cover, or what not, reproducing your college seal, fraternity or club emblem, monogram, or in fact anything you desire on velour sheep skin and in the official colors or any colors desired.

These goods are all hand work, by experienced craftsmen and our special process. The prices and artistic merit will surprise you. Special designs will be submitted on request.

Send for our 1912 Catalogue.

Chicago Pennant Co. 1231 E. 63d Street, Chicago

NEVER-NEVER-LAND KENNELS

Miss Mary Winthrop, Owner

French Bull Dogs

Puppies and Grown Dogs FOR SALE. From only Registered and Blue-Ribbon Stock.

SHELTER ISLAND HEIGHTS, N. Y.

Telephone, 47 Shelter Island.



CH. CHARLEMANNE

DR. GIVENS' SANITARIUM

For Nervous and mild Mental diseases. Has separate cottages for Alcohol and Drug patients. Address DR. GIVENS, Stamford, Conn.

"Your orders?"
 "Yes—your wife ordered it increased a point every day."
 "A point?"
 "That's the way we measure type, by points."
 "Great heavens, man!"
 "Our largest type is about an inch high and of a corresponding thickness." Spasmodically Mr. Pettyman clutched his head.
 "An inch high and of corresponding blackness!" he repeated, feebly. For a moment there was silence, and a pitying look gathered in the editor's eyes.
 "If I were you, Mr. Pettyman," he said kindly, "I'd give up this fight. Call it off, it only does you both harm."
 "I'll be damned if I do!" cried Mr.

Pettyman, and he turned and strode from the room.

But it was the last protest of a defeated man. On reaching his office he found a stack of bills from tradesmen clamoring for their money, together with a letter from his bank refusing his request for the discount of his note. "We think it due to you to state frankly," wrote the president of the institution, "that we have heard disturbing rumors regarding your solvency. We trust that these may prove unfounded and that—"

With an exclamation of rage Mr. Pettyman crushed the letter in his hand. Then he turned and repeatedly struck the call-bell at his side.

"Go fetch me a time-table of the Pennsylvania Railroad!" he cried to the

Lasting Beauty

depends largely upon the care of the skin. That is the pith and substance of the whole problem of beauty. It is a matter of the skin. Indeed there can be no complete beauty without skin beauty.

This being so, it is important to remember that the most eminent analysts and skin authorities, and the most beautiful women of six generations have borne testimony to the fact that

Pears' Soap

is the finest skin beautifying agent that science has produced or that money can buy.

Matchless for the Complexion



A. J. PICARD

E. S. MORRISON

A. J. PICARD & CO.

Automobile Accessories

Only guaranteed goods and reliable methods at lowest prices for quality given.

*We refer to all first class Automobile Manufacturers.
Ask the Manufacturer of YOUR Car.*

Our 1912 Catalogue now ready 1720-1722 Broadway, New York

office-boy who appeared in the doorway. "Quick, do you hear?"

Three hours later Mr. Pettyman descended from a cab before a pretty cottage on the outskirts of Chester, and was ushered into a dainty, homelike parlor. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate.

"What name shall I tell Mrs. Pettyman?" inquired the maid.

"Tell her—her—husband."

Then Mr. Pettyman sat down to wait. Ten minutes—twenty minutes—half an hour passed—he rose to ring, but there was the sound of a step in the corridor, the door opened, and his wife stood before him.

"Lilly!" he cried, and he made a step forward, opening his arms, but she did not fly to their shelter. Instead, she eyed him critically from head to foot. The diet at her mother's evidently agreed with her—a rose bloomed in each cheek and the light of girlhood seemed to have returned to her eyes.

"Well?"

"Well—aren't you glad to see me?"

"That depends"

"That depends?" he repeated feebly.

"On whether you have come to beg my pardon for the insult you offered me."

Mr. Pettyman swallowed hard, but he realized the price of peace. "I'm sorry," he murmured.

"And you will never do such a thing again?"

"Never again."

There was a moment's silence.

"Very well, then, I'll forgive you and now I'll send mother down to entertain you while I pack my trunk."

When Mr. and Mrs. Pettyman arrived at the railway station it lacked several minutes before the arrival of the New York train

"You might send that telegram to the newspaper ordering the discontinuance of the notice," he suggested, timidly.

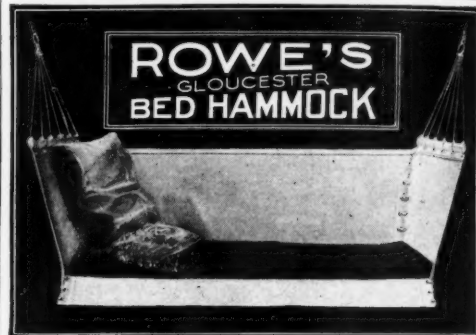
"Yes, and I have another message to send, too," replied his wife.

"Another message?"

"Yes, to Nora, to be sure to be at the apartment when we arrive."

"Oh!"

Nora's disappearance, then, had been part of the game. His wife had planned to starve him into submission. Well, she had succeeded



The Hammock That's Made to Last

When you buy a bed hammock for your veranda this summer be sure it is slightly and comfortable, but above all be sure that it is made to last. Cheap imitations soon look dilapidated and unattractive, because they lack the material and skill in making necessary to service and lasting comfort.

Rowe Gloucester Bed Hammock is made by skilled sailmakers who are trained to sew canvas sails strong and true for every wind that sweeps the Atlantic. It is made of duck weighing not less than 21 ounces to the square yard, reinforced at every point of strain—others use 16-oz., 12-oz. and even 8-oz. duck single thickness.

Rowe's Hammocks have consistently given ten years of continuous outdoor service. We have never had one returned to us as unsatisfactory. They are firm, strong comfortable. They present essential advantages of which other makers have not even learned the need. Write for catalog and name of dealer nearest you. If you are not so located as to deal conveniently with the dealer, we will supply you direct. Before you buy a hammock, be sure to see ours or send for illustrated book and prices.

E. L. ROWE & SON, Inc.
Sail Makers and Ship Chandlers
135 Duncan St., Gloucester, Mass.

ALL METAL GARAGE!

Fire-proof, storm-proof, vandal-proof. Easy to put up or take down. No wood! Made in rigid, patented perfect joining sections—steel frames covered with heavy, corrugated, rust-resisting iron. And

THE GORDON PORTABLE

is guaranteed rust-proof for 50 years! Cheaper than wood. Write today for special Garage Folder giving complete descriptions, sizes and prices

The Gordon Mfg. Co.
38 Forest Ave.
Middletown, O.
Other styles of all-metal portables for many purposes. Ask about them.



The wording of her telegram to the newspaper Mrs. Pettyman did not confide to her husband, but the next morning, on taking up the paper, this is what caught his eye:

"Mrs. Bulstrode Pettyman hereby gives notice that she has resumed liability for her husband's debts."

William Wallace Whitelock.

Rhymed Reviews

Danny's Own Story

(By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Page & Company.)

Some stranger kind-of let me drop—
Because I wasn't wanted, maybe—
Befur a country blacksmith-shop,
A poor, deserted, infant baby.

So Hank, the blacksmith, brung me up,
Till I was getting on to twenty;
He didn't learn me more'n a pup,
But whaled me purty good and plenty.

'Long came a traveling doctor man,
Whose whiskers flowed like old Ni-
ag'raw,
And off with him I took and ran,
A-selling Siwash Injun Sagraw.

Through heaps of towns we tramps and
drives,
Dispensing that there liquid magic,
And seeing bits of people's lives,
Some comical and some real tragic.

Oh, yes, we seen an awful lot,
And suffered, yet was mostly lucky.
I saved a feller that was shot
Night-riding somewheres near Ken-
tucky;

I seen a nearly-duel, too,
With poison, sort of à la Borgia.

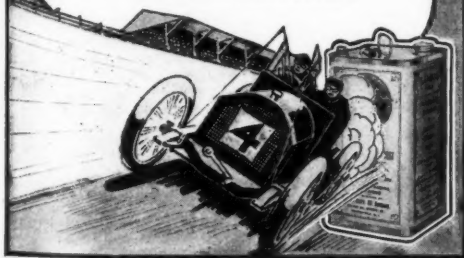
HARRIS OILS

Lubricants of highest quality. We use Pennsylvania Crude. We pay a premium to secure the best. Harmful soot-deposit-forming ingredients are eliminated to the greatest possible extent—your cost for lubricants and repairs are reduced. HARRIS OILS give greatest mileage and do away with lubrication troubles.

If your dealer does not sell Harris Oils, send 80 cents (1 gal.) or \$3.75 (5 gals.) and we will ship same prepaid.

A. W. HARRIS OIL COMPANY

326 South Water St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.
143 No. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.



50 ENGRAVED CARDS OF YOUR NAME \$1.25
COPPER PLATE, IN CORRECT SCRIPT

THE QUALITY MUST PLEASE YOU OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

SAMPLE CARDS OR WEDDING INVITATIONS UPON REQUEST

SOCIAL STATIONERS

HOSKINS
836 CHESTNUT STREET

PHILA.



Kayler's Bonbons Chocolates

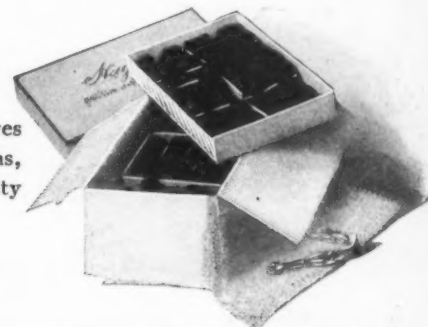
WHEN every individual piece of *Kayler's* candy must conform to the highest standard of quality, it is self-evident that every box of *Kayler's*, containing forty or more varieties, would be poorly described if called anything save "best."

There are 54 *Kayler's* stores in the United States and Canada, and over 4000 *Kayler's* agents—the best druggists in their respective communities. To get the name of the nearest *Kayler's* agent or store

Write for Interesting Booklet

which tells the remarkable story of *Kayler's*, gives a list of many of the popular *Kayler's* confections, and tells the public how quality and purity are assured in all *Kayler's* products.

Kayler's 64 IRVING PLACE
NEW YORK CITY



Doc Hartley oncet went up and flew.
They almost lynched us down in
Georgia.

Yet after loafing 'round the earth—
And that's a gosh-darned pleasant
habit—

I learnt the Secret of my Birth!
But how? Aw, shucks; I musn' blab
it;

Fur, since I've found by hook and crook
My long-lost mother all a-tremble,
They've went and put me in a book,

With picters drawn by Mister
Kemble.

Don't let them Critics take you in;
'Cause, while I cut a decent figger,
I ain't no Huckleberry Finn—
Huck Finn's some fifty sizes bigger.

Jest read my tale fur what it is,
Please, Mister Ultimate Consumer;
You'll find it goes with quite a whiz,
And that it's bright with chunks of
humor.

Arthur Guiterman.



The "Different" Cigarette

Milo

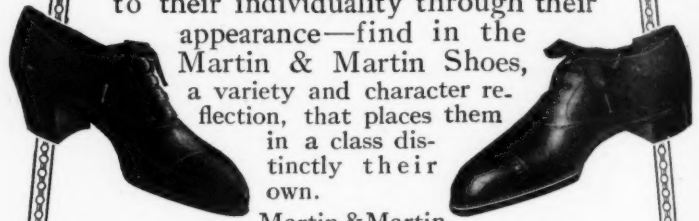
I am willing to retire before my
betters—but as yet I have not
found them.

—MILO.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY,

New York

Discriminating dressers—
who would give utterance
to their individuality through their
appearance—find in the
Martin & Martin Shoes,
a variety and character re-
flection, that places them
in a class dis-
tinctly their
own.



Martin & Martin

Shoe standards of comportment are high. And
those who have worn these custom-quality shoes,
have had more comfort, more ease, more style, and
more satisfaction for a longer time, than ever before enjoyed.
With a ready-to-wear service as an added feature. An expert
Custom Department in connection.

The Thomas Cort Shoes, for which we are representatives,
are built just as is a custom-made shoe. They are cut, skived
and sewed all by hand over custom lasts, in a shop where time-
honored processes are still followed.

Write for Brochure, showing photographs of new season's models for every occasion
of Street, Dress and Sporting Wear, with particulars of our unique Service-by-Post.

Priced at \$7 and up.

**MARTIN
&
MARTIN**

Bootmakers for Men and Women

New York: 1 East 35th St.
Chicago: 310 South Michigan
Ave.

Coldwell Lawn Mower Co.

THE LARGEST LAWN MOWER FACTORY IN THE WORLD

Coldwell

Motor Lawn Mower

THESE MACHINES ARE USED ON MANY OF THE LEADING
GOLF COURSES and PUBLIC PARKS THROUGHOUT THE
UNITED STATES. THEY IMPROVE and BEAUTIFY THE
LAWN AS NO OTHER MACHINE CAN and AT MUCH LESS COST

Send for Catalogue

Newburgh, N.Y.



NOT GUILTY

"MY FRIEND, YOU HAVE BEEN SOWING TARES."
"NO, BOSS. I CAN'T THREAD A NEEDLE. I USE SAFETY-
PINS AND COURT PLASTER"

**Exclusive Footwear
To Your Order**



Made in any material to match your gown, cloak or hat. Write for illustrated catalog L and measurement blank. Fit guaranteed.

E. HAYES

Ladies' Custom Shoes
9-11 West 29th Street
New York
Bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway

"WELLESLEY"
Number Fifty-One
Edward Hayes Patent
June 25, 1907

The Irishman's Gift of Repartee

Two witnesses were at the Waterford Assizes in a case which concerned long-continued poultry stealing. As usual, nothing could be got from them in the way of evidence until the nearly baffled prosecuting counsel asked, in an angry tone of voice: "Will you swear on your soul, Pat Murphy, that Phady Hooligan has never to your knowledge stolen chickens?" The responsibility of this was too much, even for Pat. "Bedad, I would hardly swear by my soul," he said; "but I do know that if I was a chicken and Phady about I'd roost high!"

* * *

ALTHOUGH Lord Russell was a great lawyer and a great orator, he had his little failings, and one of these failings was that it absolutely upset him when anybody presumed to differ from him. On one occasion, in talking to Mr. Gully, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Charles Russell, as he then was, said: "I never could have imagined that Mr. — was so narrowminded!" "Narrowminded!" replied Mr. Gully in surprise. "Not a bit of it; he is a most liberal-minded man." "Don't be ridic-



HOW quickly the average man can tell, when he sees a new season's style, whether it is extreme or bears the mark of good taste!

von Gal made Hats
"Correct Styles for Men"

owe their popularity to the fact that they are the accepted standard of style. And behind that fine style is the best quality you can buy at the price. Your *von Gal* hat represents full hat value—a value guaranteed to you. We stand behind the dealer in giving you a binding assurance of satisfaction.

Prices \$3, \$4 and \$5. At your dealer's, or if he cannot supply you, write for Spring and Summer Style Book T, and we will fill your order direct from factory if you indicate style wanted and give hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25c to cover expressage.

We are Makers of the *Hawes* Celebrated \$3 Hat

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Niagara Falls,
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ulous," somewhat petulantly answered Sir Charles Russell, "why this morning he differed from me twice in half an hour!"

* * *

A WITNESS was once asked the amount of his gross income. "Me gross income, is it?" he answered. "Sure, an' ye know I've no gross income. I'm a fisherman, and me income is all net."

* * *

HERE is a story which Baron Dowse, the celebrated judge, once told in that exaggerated "brogue" which he loved to employ. "I was down in Cork last month, holding assizes. On the first

(Concluded on page 561)



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The Irishman's Gift of Repartee

(Concluded from page 559)

day, when the jury came in, the officer of the court said: 'Gintlemen av the jury, ye'll take your accustomed places, if ye plaze.' And may I never laugh," said the baron, "if they didn't all walk into the dock."

* * *

A MAN, arrested for murder, bribed an Irishman on the jury with £20 to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter. The jury were out a long time, and finally came in with a verdict of manslaughter. The man rushed up to the Irish juror and said: "I'm obliged to you, my friend. Did you have a hard time?" "Yes," said the Irishman; "an awful time. The other eleven wanted to acquit yez."

* * *

In a court a man was on trial who could speak nothing but Gaelic, and an interpreter was called and duly sworn. The prisoner at once asked him some question and he replied. The judge interposed, demanding sharply: "What does the prisoner say?" "Nothing, my lord!" answered the interpreter. "How dare you say that when we all heard

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him? What was it?" "My lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case." "If you don't answer I'll commit you! What did he say?" "Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said: 'What's that old woman with the red bed-curtain around her sitting up there?' The court roared. "And what did you say?" asked the judge, looking a little uncomfortable. "I said: 'Whisht, ye spalpeen, that's the ould boy that's going to hang yez.'"—From "Irish Life and Humor," by W. Harvey (Lippincott).

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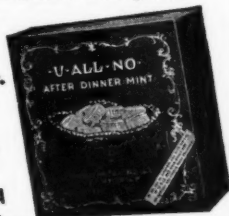
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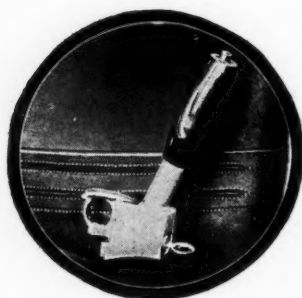
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A Negro Explorer at the North Pole, by Mathew Henson. (Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.00.)

To M. L. S. or He Who Passed. (Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.)

Cap'n Joe's Sister, by Alice Louise Lee. (Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.00.)

The Restless Current, by M. E. Charlesworth. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.)

The New Democracy, by Walter E. Weyl. (The MacMillan Co. \$2.00.)

The Woman from Wolverton, by Isabel Gordon Curtis. (The Century Co. \$1.25.)

The Heart of Us, by T. R. Sullivan. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.)

Last Cruise of the Saginaw, by George H. Read. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.00.)

The Mystery of Mary, by G. L. H. Lutz. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$1.00.)

The Fighting Doctor, by Helen R. Martin. (The Century Co. \$1.00.)

The Guardian, by Frederick Orin Bartlett. (Small, Maynard Co. \$1.35.)

Literary Pilgrimages of a Naturalist, by Winthrop Packard. (Small, Maynard Co., Boston. \$2.00.)

The One and the Other, by Hewes Lancaster. (Small, Maynard Co., Boston. \$2.00.)

The Great River, by Frederick Oakes Sylvester. (\$3.00.)

The Mountain Girl, by Payne Erskine. (Little Brown Co., Boston. \$1.25.)

From the Car Behind, by Eleanor M. Ingram. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$1.25.)

The N. E. A. Phonetic Alphabet, by Raymond Weeks, James W. Bright and Charles H. Grandgent. (New Ezra Printing Co., Lancaster, Pa.)

A Painter of Souls, by David Lisle. (Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.)

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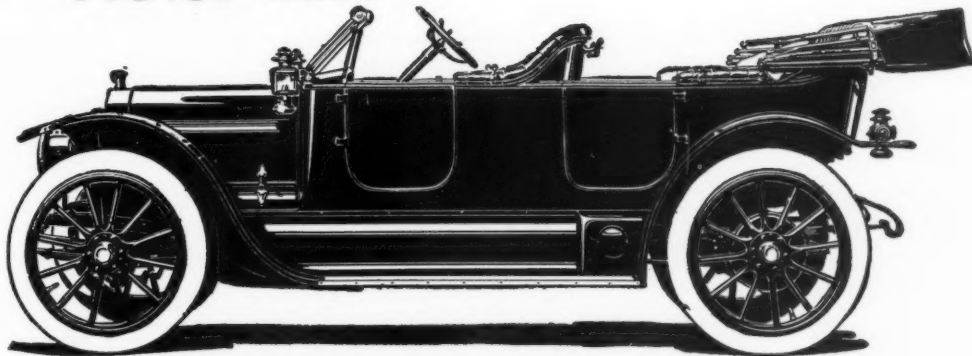
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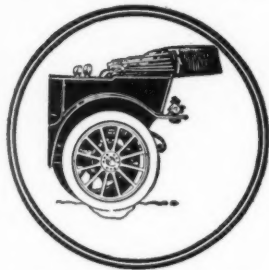
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