



THE MOON
ITS MOUNTAINS
AND CRATERS

Hubert Paus

A TRIP TO THE MOON.



Columbia

"One of the THREE BEST cars built."

THOSE who are satisfied only with the best
use Columbia cars. Birth, tradition, environ-
ment and character forbid their accepting less.

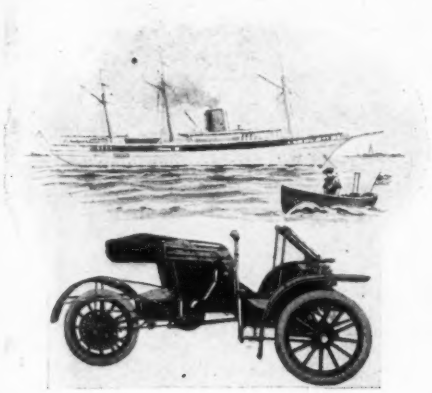
The Columbia Motor Car Company
Hartford, Connecticut
Member A. L. A. M.

POUCHER

Choice

I would not wise nor wealthy be,
I ask not much of fame;
I care not that was left to me
No high and noble name;
I crave not power, no, not I,
Nor pride, which hath its fall;
In fact, my longings do not lie
Along these lines at all!

I'd play no superficial part
To gain mankind's applause
If I might be in mind and heart
Exempt from nature's laws,
So that no fault could e'er be found
In my perfected ways
And men the whole great world around
Would name me but to praise.



You *would* not run a big yacht without an auxiliary launch.

You *should* not run a big motor car without an auxiliary Motorette.

MOTORETTE

Guaranteed for one year—Price \$385

The big ocean-going yacht best suits your purpose on the high seas. You wouldn't use it for nosing around in harbors or for short distances. Use a big motor car when you want the chauffeur to drive, and when several members of the family are going along.

For driving around town, out to the golf club, etc., where there are only two passengers, and speed is limited, use a Motorette.

The Motorette is just as well designed as the big car.

Part for part, it is made by the same men and of the same material that goes into the best-known big American cars. Except for excessive speed it is as capable (25 miles per hour maximum). It is as reliable and as well built as a \$6,000 automobile.

Your big motor car unquestionably has advantages over the Motorette under certain conditions, but the reverse is equally true under other conditions.

Send for a catalog. It gives specifications in detail. Look up your local Motorette dealer. If you don't know his name, ask us.

The C. W. Kelsey Mfg. Co.
192 Morgan Street, Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.



Every Day

Up in the morning. The bath—the rub down and then—the crowning joy of all.

A dash of Sanitol Tooth Powder on the brush—a good brushing and you're refreshed for the day.

Teeth glistening—mouth as fresh and clean and pure as the breath of early morn.

SANITOL TOOTH POWDER

R Clean, White Teeth.

Not only is it a nice, clean habit to keep your mouth and teeth pure and clean, but you've got to consider the hygienic aspect and be sure that teeth and mouth are kept free from acidity and germ life—harmful bacteria. They are the active enemies to your health and to the soundness of your teeth that can't be disposed of by any ordinary dentifrice. Sanitol Tooth Powder does more than polish the teeth. It neutralizes acidity and does for the mouth and teeth what a good throat spray does for a bad throat. It destroys the germ life—the bacteria of disease and decay.

Whitens—purifies—preserves.

The Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., St. Louis, Mo.

is so clean tasting—so mouth refreshing and such a thoroughly *competent* tooth cleanser that wherever you find particular people — (well-bred people), people who demand the most efficient toilet necessities—you will find Sanitol enthusiasts.

Sold Everywhere

So could I choose whate'er I would
From all of life's estate,
I'd make my choice—I'm sure I should—
Without a moment's wait.
I'd choose that lot which no mishap
Could prove a hollow sham—
I'd choose to be the sort of chap
My mother thinks I am!
—Chicago News.

HUDSON: How did you vote?
MRS. HUDSON: Well, I wanted to vote both ways, so I paired with myself.
—Harper's Bazar.



Lubricate—Burn cleanly
Leave no carbon deposit
ALL GARAGES—ALL DEALERS

Write for Booklet
"The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication"

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
INCORPORATED

First National Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio
123 William Street, New York City
W. P. Fuller & Co., San Francisco, Cal., Agents



Cover Design by James Montgomery Flagg.

*Aren't YOU a Little Tired
of Being "Uplifted"? :: ::*

Q Isn't your heart a little weary of bleeding for the poor underpaid seamstresses who sew the silk threads in five-dollar bills? Haven't you shed enough tears over the appalling conditions in the factories where they make wooden bird seed for cuckoo clocks? Isn't your indignation through boiling over because of the shameless grafting of apple trees to pear trees? Don't you feel a yearning sometimes for a magazine that merely entertains? Wouldn't you like a magazine with more than a dozen bright, sparkling short stories by such writers as F. Berkeley Smith, Margareta Tuttle, Herman Whitaker, Kate Jordan, Owen Oliver and Frank Condon, to say nothing of

A Complete Novel By
MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES?

You'll find all of that and much more in
AINSLEE'S FOR JUNE
Single Copies, 15c. :: By the Year, \$1.80

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

is made to suit all tastes, both as to type and style. Its materials are highest grade. The webbings are of the best quality, and will retain their strength and elasticity, giving maximum service. Metal parts are of brass, rust proof, and heavily nickeled.



THESE THREE TYPES

cover any man's needs for all seasons or occasions. The "Cord" is the original staple "Boston Garter"; "Needdraw" for summer wear (no metal next the skin); "Pad," a recent type excelling in comfort and growing in favor.

The trade marks "Velvet Grip" and "Boston Garter" stamped on the loops.

For sale everywhere. Sample Pair, postpaid, Cotton, 25 cents, Silk, 50 cents.

GEORGE FROST CO. - - BOSTON, U.S.A.



"WELL, WELL, IT GETS ME HOW THAT WORM EVER DUG HIS WAY INTO THIS SOLID STUFF."

A Happy Marriage

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

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

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

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

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid. Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.



Never Wears Out

Why I Bought a Corbin Car

MY NEIGHBOR had one. He was a good neighbor, too. He often invited my wife and I to "take a spin" with him and his wife. Occasionally I would ride in town with him in the morning to my office. At the end of the day's work he sometimes called around and took me home through the boulevard and parks.

You know, I always stood pat on the fact that I didn't want a car—didn't need one—couldn't afford it. Yet my income was as much, if not more than Neighbor's.

It didn't take me long however, to discover that the mornings I rode to town with Neighbor I got to my office cleaner, quicker and in a better mood to meet the day's demands, than when I had been a victim of crowded street cars or hot, dusty trains.

Nights when he would call for me, I would arrive home in a different frame of mind than if I had spent twenty minutes or half an hour on the train or hanging to a strap in a street car.

Finally, it dawned upon me that an auto would be just the thing for those little week-end trips—that it would keep my family and myself healthy and happy by taking advantage of the open air. Then I woke up to the fact that it was not *what I wanted*, but *what I actually needed*—A Corbin Car.

Of course, I wouldn't buy anything but a Corbin because of its ability to stand up under every-day, steady, hard use—because its low cost of maintenance, its simple mechanism and ease of handling, abundance of power and strong, durable construction, had been thoroughly proven and tested by Neighbor to my entire satisfaction.

Then again, the price \$2,000, also included the equipment such as Imported Magneto, Prest-O-Lite Gas Tank, Headlights, Side and Tail Lamps, Batteries, Q. D. Rims, full kit of tools, etc.

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



CORBIN MOTOR VEHICLE CORPORATION
New Britain,
Conn.



Licensed Under Selden Patent

The Limit

The services in the chapel of a certain Western university are from time to time conducted by eminent clergymen of many denominations and from many cities.

On one occasion, when one of these visiting divines asked the president how

long he should speak, that witty officer replied:

"There is no limit, Doctor, upon the time you may preach; but I may tell you that there is a tradition here that the most souls are saved during the first twenty-five minutes."—Lippincott's.

All but That

"My present patient," said the pretty nurse, "is a peevish old millionaire."

"Never mind. He may ask you to marry him."

"Yes, he may. He has about run out of other requests."—Kansas City Journal.

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

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

· LIFE ·

Ask the man

Packard
MOTOR CARS

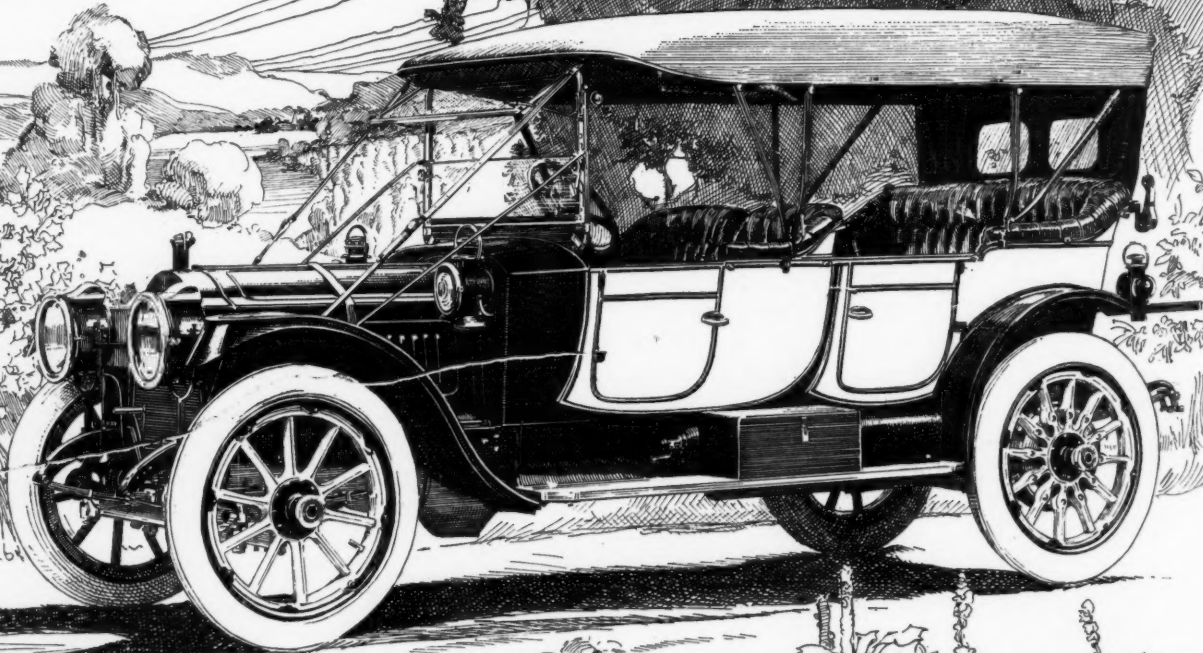
who owns one

1912

§
CHASSIS
IN THREE SIZES
TWELVE STYLES
OF OPEN AND ENCLOSED
BODIES

§
CATALOG ON REQUEST

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT MICHIGAN



The 1912 Packard "30" Phaeton

L I F E



A PRECAUTION WHICH WILL SOON BE NECESSARY



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVII. MAY 18, 1911. No. 1490

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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



THERE is a good deal of illuminating matter in Henry Kitchell Webster's article on "Gods and Brothers" in the May number of *Everybody's Magazine*. It compares the British and American methods of dealing with Asiatic dependencies as illustrated in India and the Philippines. He says, roughly speaking, that the British idea has been to maintain that Englishmen are a different order of beings from "natives," endowed with godlike superiority, and to be respected and obeyed accordingly; whereas the Americans, whatever sentiments or convictions some of them may have under their skins, work in the Philippines on the theory that they are only men sent to do men's work for other men, and expecting to be judged by their work. Now India and the Philippines are mighty different places. The English method has accomplished marvels in India, marvels which Mr. Webster is not at all disposed to disparage. Nor does he altogether disparage the method—for the English. He thinks it comes natural to them, but would be quite impossible for Americans, who are born to a different attitude towards mankind and haven't it in them to assume a godlike superiority to any human thing that goes on legs. They are the product of democracy and carry with them wherever they go democracy and some of the brotherliness which is its basis. The contrast between the simplicity with which they live and carry on the business of government in the Philippines, and the formality of life and government in India is very amusing as Mr. Webster paints it. And he does not exaggerate, and he is sweet-tempered, and he is by no means rashly confident that our way of dealing with

the East is going to work. But he does seem to show—and that is very interesting—that our way is different in conspicuous particulars from any way of which the East has had previous experience; that it is the way of democracy, remarkably informal, but neither slack nor thievish. It is kind, and it has energy and intelligence back of it, which is also true of the English way in India, but the difference between methods seems to be enormous, and it is more than a superficial difference.

Looking after eight million assorted Filipinos is a bagatelle compared with keeping order for three hundred and fifty million assorted Indians, but methods can be tested on a small scale as well as on a big one, and if you think of this test that is going on in the Philippines as a test of the democratic American and his manner of dealing with people and conducting the great business of civilization, it becomes very interesting, partly as a test of a comparatively new brand of men in action, but more as a test of the ideas that are behind and within those men and have formed them. For while physically and by descent the American is of no new breed, mentally he is. There was never anything like him before; never a race produced from like stocks under similar conditions in a similar environment. Egotistical as it may seem, we can't help being concerned about him and wondering if he is the coming man. At his best he looks pretty good, and amusing besides, and different from anything else that is loose in the earth. Imagine Lincoln adjusting his faculties to the job of ruling India!



MR. PRICE COLLIER has been making interesting discourse in *Scribner's* about India. He writes with great admiration of British rule there and of the men who conduct it, but he speaks repeatedly of the wide gulf that yawns between Englishman and Hindu. It is British policy to maintain that gulf, and yet there seems to be an uneasy feeling that it ought not to be maintained, and that what Mr. Webster in *Everybody's* calls the

British achievement of governing India with "his chest," rests on too much fiction to go on forever.

It does and it doesn't. The government of India by the British seems to be a feat in psychology; domination by superior power of will, character and knowledge. If we manage the Philippines successfully it will be by the same substantial means, and yet we shall do it—if we do—without any of the apparatus of grandeur which the British maintain in India, and without that definite assertion of superiority which the Spaniard carefully maintained in the Philippines while he had them. Government proceeds from what is in the head, and not from what is on it. The American, being an informal creature, seems not to like to dress for a part. He doesn't want to, even in Asia, and doesn't intend to if he can help it.

Well, it all makes for thought, and it kindles interest in the Philippines to think about it. It makes it the more interesting that Emerson's grandson, with a blend of railroader in him—a man who surely comes honestly by the American conception of life—should be Governor-General of those speculative properties. Mr. Webster writes amusingly of Mr. Forbes' appearance as first baseman in a ball game at Baguio, and says that baseball is growing very popular among the brown brothers.



THIS is a funny world, and worth examining in detail. If Mr. Price Collier has informed himself sufficiently about foreign parts we wish he might be induced to visit Missouri and perhaps Kansas and acquaint himself with the inhabitants and palpitant civilization of those States. When he turns from India to Kansas City to contrast East with West, we think he does injustice to the Sunday habits, cooking, Sunday clothes and average mental processes of that town. If he could arrange to visit Editor Nelson there, and Editor William Allen White at Emporia, and ex-Editor Howe at Topeka, we believe he would be much better qualified than now to follow John P. Shorter, of Kansas City, through his Sunday routine.



FIRST AUTHENTIC PICTURE FROM THE PLANET MARS

SHOWING THE INHABITANTS TO BE A REFINED, INTELLIGENT AND HIGHLY CULTURED RACE

Our Fresh Air Fund

SINCE beginning this work in 1887 LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund has furnished a fortnight's vacation to some 32,730 poor children from the city. Our older readers have contributed generously to this work, with which they are familiar, but LIFE hopes that all his friends, both old and new, will lend a hand.

The farm at Branchville, in the hills of western Connecticut, was originally a gentleman's country seat of about fourteen acres. This gives plenty of playground, while caretakers look after the children at all times.

From the close of school in June until it reopens in September, parties of 200 children are given a fortnight in the country. The change in their appearance in the second week shows the results of pure air and good food. All wish to come again.

The children are from the poorer districts of the great city, the missions of New York and Brooklyn. No needy child is refused, save for good cause, usually lack of space.

The Fresh Air Fund is dependent upon the contributions of LIFE'S readers. You have helped us to carry it on for twenty-four years. Will you not assist us again during the coming season? The smallest sum will help. There are more children each year, under pressure of economic conditions, who need this vacation.

Furthermore, we are building for the future. What surer relief for the terrible congestion of the poor in our city tenements can there be than for the rising generation to think of the country as a place of happiness, joy and plenty?

Your own vacation may unhappily turn out a dismal failure, but vacations at LIFE'S Farm are guaranteed successes.

Will you help us this season? Your aid would be much appreciated.

As every housekeeper knows, restocking is necessary in all establishments. We need new bathing suits, and sheets, blankets and pillow cases for about 150 cots. If any one wishes to contribute especially to this cause, it will be gratefully received.

Also, our guests' wardrobes are of the scantiest. Any gifts of clothing, whether new or worn, for children from four to twelve years of age, would be more than welcome and would be put into immediate use.



"WHEN YOU SAW THAT BEASTLY COW, WHY DIDN'T YOU DRIVE HER OUT OF MY GARDEN?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, YOUR GARDEN WAS IN THE COW."

Educational Problems in New York

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S "two sound reasons" for paying women teachers in the public schools lower wages than men are: first, with rare exceptions they do not and cannot do the same work; secondly, teaching as a temporary occupation for young women is more desirable among the occupations open to women than it is for young men among the occupations open to men. Hence the supply of women is larger than the supply of men for teachers' places.

"I have never seen," writes Dr. Eliot, "a sillier proposition concerning the right conduct of a system of public instruction than the sentence—'The sex of the teacher is of absolutely no importance in education.' It is a perfectly clear result of much experience that men make better teachers for boys over twelve than women do."

These are definite and lucid views, imparted in reply to a letter inviting him to lecture in New York in May, on the proposition to provide equal pay for women teachers by reducing the pay of men. Dr. Eliot was obliged to decline the invitation to lecture, but he does not withhold his opinion of the proposal

to reduce the men teachers' salaries. A more destructive policy, he says, could not be imagined. "The American public schools have already much too large a proportion of women teachers; to lower the salaries of the men will in the long run have the effect of diminishing the number of the men, or reducing their quality, or both."

On the other hand it is asserted, probably with truth, that the women who work for such salaries as the teachers now get are abler teachers than the men whom such salaries attract.

The public school system in New York City seems to be having troublous times. The Mayor wants to abolish the present unpaid Board of Education, which has forty-six members, and substitute for it a board of seven salaried members to be appointed by the Mayor. This suggestion is now under discussion. Some objectors argue that the proposal to reduce the number of members to seven is good, but that the proposal to pay salaries is bad, because it would put the Board back into politics. Others say the present big Board is needed, but there is much unanimity in the sentiment against a paid Board.

People I Would Rather Not Know

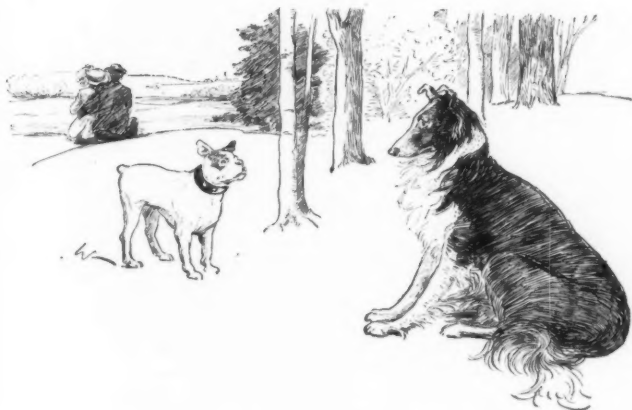


A. Bloodgood Damper

I HAVE for long now cherished a secret desire never to meet Bernard Shaw. I know that to some this may sound like affectation, and I am inclined to believe that it is. I do not know of anyone for whom I would rather have an affectation than for Bernard Shaw. My reason then, to put it baldly, is that Mr. Shaw has hurt my vanity so many times in his writings, he has got me so thoroughly mad, that it is a great pleasure now to stand off and say that I have no desire to know him. Besides, I have a conviction that he must personally be very uninteresting. How can he be anything else? And why should I have the slightest desire to meet him,

when I know what his views are now? I would gain nothing. There would be no object in listening to him, because everything that he has thought he has long since put into type in much better form than he could possibly do in a hasty conversation. Then again, I am quite sure that if Mr. Shaw has already hurt my vanity in his writing he would do this all the more if I knew him. He wouldn't try to be flattering to me. He would make no effort to say pleasant things. And I have got to the point now where I only appreciate those people who make a rule to say pleasant things to me.

I WOULD rather not know James Gordon Bennett, because the first thing he would do when we met would be to discharge me. I am told that he has a habit every once in a while of discharging everybody. The fact that he had never met me before, that he had nothing to discharge me from, would probably make no difference to a man with a habit like that. He would say "You are discharged" and I could not help myself. Now I object to being discharged from anything, and especially by James Gordon Bennett, and so I am reluctantly, etc., etc.



"SAY, COLLIE, DO YOU BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY?"
 "WELL, I HEARD MY MASTER SAY HIS LOVE WAS UNDYING,
 AND WHAT HE SAYS GOES."



"WON'T YOU COME FOR A LITTLE FLY?"
 "SORRY, OLD CHAP, BUT I HAVE RHEUMATISM IN MY LEFT WING."

Peacocksis

SO dress that when on Sunday morn
 you join
 The ultrafashionable caravan which
 moves
 To that mysterious realm where each
 shall pay
 Her pew rent in a rich-appointed church,
 Thou go not like the suffragette or
 dowd,
 Dressed as for comfort; but, hobbled
 and laced
 By a French modiste, walk up the
 avenue
 Like one who's to the manner born and
 simply
 Dying to be known as a fashionable
 nightmare.



"HOW is it, Pat, that your friend
 Murphy is out of jail?"
 "Faith, an' the man that he killed
 got well."

"A DARING HOLD-UP"

This Number



THE USUAL QUESTION

"SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT'S THEIR HORSEPOWER?"

Ah There, Colonel!

PRESIDENT SMITH of the Mormon Church is quoted as saying in his annual address that the birth rate within his church during 1910 was 38 per 1000, the highest in the civilized world, and the death rate 9 per 1000, the lowest in the world. Perhaps the Mormon leader is misquoted or mistaken or has miscalculated, but allowing he said so, and that it is true, we commend his figures to the thoughtful consideration of the Sage of Oyster Bay. It will not be difficult to discover by what influences or conditions the high Mormon birth rate is induced, and possibly the Colonel will find it practicable to take a leaf out of President Smith's book to use in his own preachments.

A RECENT English observer, who is evidently in the habit of getting at the causes of things, has remarked that the world is rapidly becoming uninteresting and therefore unlivable. There seems to be nothing more to appeal to the imagination. We have gradually become incapable of being terrified. So long as there was about the unknown an element of uncertainty, a chance that sometime it might become known, we were intensely curious to find out about it. But when the unknown had become the known until there were no more fields to conquer, then the curiosity abated.

What is thus true of the physical world has come also to be true in the mental. It having been demonstrated to the satisfaction of everybody that heaven and hell were only sensations of the mind (a kind of ganglionic secretion, if we speak physiologically, or a transcendental illusion if we speak philosophically), we have therefore nothing to reflect about but certain commonplaces. Nothing startles us any more; nothing terrorizes us. An occasional earthquake, killing several thousands of people, is no longer the work of gods, but is reducible to a chemical analysis; a volcanic eruption is a caloric crisis; we have a comet time table, and our financial panics are on the following morning reduced to a formula by a thousand mathematicians. Birth is no longer a miraculous abiogenesis, but only an incident in the phenomenal world; souls have been drawn out of bodies and swept away by psychological vacuum cleaners and heaven and hell have been segregated and localized as particular spots in the area of consciousness.

We have all parted from hell without particular compunction. We never took much stock in it, anyway. We never quite believed in it. It went out with the advent of radiators. Fortunately the devil has gone into vaudeville, still affording us some amusement as a stock comic character.

But with heaven the affair is different. We had come to regard it as a kind of relief from everything that was annoying.

Now St. Peter has gone with the rest of the paraphernalia; only biplanes remain—biplanes and monoplanes and other birds of gasoline.



A STAR OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE MAY BE DISCOVERED WITHOUT THE AID OF A TELESCOPE

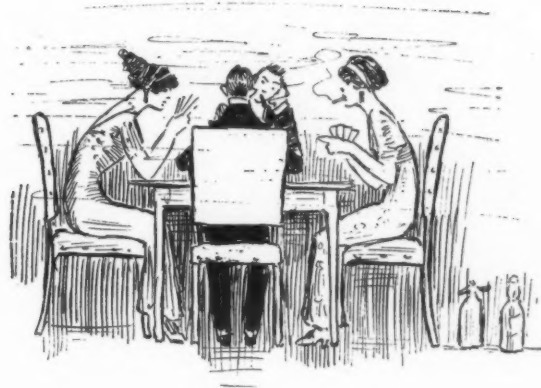
“ IF — ” (or Country Life in America)

(With apologies to R. Kipling)



1

If you can talk to little girls of twenty—
If you can talk and not make thoughts your aim—
But fill the conversation good and plenty
With subjects that are anything but tame;



3

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And lose it all at bridge or pitch and toss,
And borrowing—start again at your beginnings,
And boast to everyone about your loss;



2

If you can make a friend's wife leave her kiddies,
Her husband and her fireside just for you;
If you can flirt with chorus girls and biddies
And paint the town a very livid hue;



HAROLD LAGRIE

4

If you can drink a highball every minute,
From lunch until the rising of the sun,
Yours is the game—and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a sport, my son!



Disappointed Aviator: WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?

Caruso and His Voice

Caruso won't get any miracle. The time for that has gone by.—*New York Evening Journal.*

BUT St. Januarius will get Caruso's silver head (which he will hardly value much) and Caruso, as Brother Brisbane says, may get his voice back if he is willing to stand the necessary self-denial.

But we doubt if the time for miracles has gone by. Miracles are occurrences, the means of which are not understood and which are therefore supposed to happen by suspension of natural laws. The better opinion may be that they happen by fulfillment of laws and application of forces that we are not on to yet. We know a good deal compared with what our forebears knew, but mighty little compared with what there is to know. There are more miracles coming than have been, but to those who work them they won't be miracles, but just common wonders worked by knowledge. Every miracle invites inquiry—How did it happen?

Of course bogus miracles are bogus But a real miracle is entirely conceivable—a cure or an occurrence, that is, that we don't yet know enough to understand.

WE shall see presently by how much Los Angeles excels Viterbo in the administration of justice.



THE CONSOLATION OF RELIGION

“She Stopt Among the Untrodden Ways”

SHE stopt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A car, which there were none to praise,
And very few to shove.

An auto by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Still as a star, when only one
Is shiny in the sky.

She stood alone and few could know
When motion ceased to be;
But gasoline was gone and oh,
The difference to me!

Roscoe Gilmore Stott.



“I THINK WE CAN UNLOAD THAT ROTTEN STOCK ON JONES.”
“I THOUGHT HE WAS AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF YOURS?”
“I’M COUNTING ON THAT!”

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau



THE ELBOW BENDER

WE are not looking for trouble, but when it comes our way we meet it cheerfully and courageously. Recently we had occasion to make the statement that we had reduced all wives to twenty-eight types, and several hot-headed ladies have been calling upon us and demanding an explanation in person; that's the trouble with some women—they seem to take everything personally.

Our long experience has given us perfect self-control and we have no fear—after conducting this Bureau for so many years—that anything can happen to us. At the same time, in view of our large responsibilities and the great number of husbands who are dependent upon our advice, we deem it safe not to see any lady caller in person. Besides, it has been our experience that any one who occupies the prominent position before the public that we do should never make himself too common. The mystery that surrounds us must be preserved intact. The following letter, however, voices fairly the attitude of most of our mistaken lady critics, and we therefore give it in full:

Dear Sir:

I notice your characteristic and outrageous statement about twenty-eight types of wives, among whom you mention "the hug-

ger," "the shopper," etc. If I could have a short interview with you, I think I could get you to retract some of those definitions, but as you are guarded so closely, and this seems impossible, I should like to call your attention to the fact that when you come to slandering women there is just a little something to be said on the other side.

How about some types of husbands? I have in mind a few, as follows:

The Mixer. Maybe you know this man. He is the sort who is always such a good fellow to everybody away from home; with such delightful manners, such splendid company. He's always lending money to his friends, and "keeping his end up," as they say, and is loved and honored by everybody who knows him—outside of his own home. But at home, you know, he scarcely says a word from one meal to another, and he is always playing mean little tricks on his poor wife, who not only has to stand his meanness, but has to listen with a smile to all the compliments she hears about him from the outside.

The Elbow Bender. This is the lovely husband who is always taking a little too much, and who comes home at all hours of the night. Of course the professional funny men make fun of him, and he is really an old story, but the reality is not so funny as it seems. He is the kind, you know, who is always going to stop. The water wagon for him next week; and in the meantime his wife and family are kept in a continuous agony. Perhaps you know him.

The Petticoater. I think you must know this husband pretty well, because you seem to make a business of encouraging him so much. He's the one who is always pretending that he loves his dear little wifey so much, but he has so much to do that he can't always stay at home nights. Some day he runs off with another woman, and his friends all say that he did it because he wasn't treated right. And you, with the "tall handsome blonde" you boast about, and your entertainment committee—maybe I wouldn't like to get my hands on them!

The Grinder. I'll guarantee you know this husband. He's the one who never gives his wife a cent under any circumstances, while he is spending all kinds of money on himself. If she so much as hints at money to him he takes her head off, until the poor creature's life becomes a secret terror.

Well, I could go on and name some more, but what's the use? And you are the one who pretends to bring married people together! Never mind! The time is coming when creatures like you will be placed where they belong.

SARAH — •

We have looked this lady's husband up on our books and find that he has been under treatment at this office for the past eight months. We have returned all of his money to him and notified him that he is wasting time to continue

treatment. We were once married to a lady like that and can therefore speak personally about the matter.

At the same time, since that fatal period, our heart has expanded, our sympathies have broadened and deepened, our experience has grown immeasurably; and while under ordinary circumstances we should dismiss this lady's communication with the silence that it so richly deserves, we recognize that she speaks for others, and, as a matter of business, it pays to dispose of her statements.

This lady misconceives the entire object of the Husbands' Correspondence Bureau. Her reflections against the tall handsome blonde on the right as you enter, and who is now guarding over the destiny of some of our most critical cases, is unworthy of her.

What is the real secret of our unprecedented success and which enables us to solve so many marital heart problems? It is because we have in mind constantly not only all the types of husbands which our friend mentions with so much seeming pathos, but also all other types as well. We know them all and it is our business to bring them out of the slough of despondency and their own shortcomings, and—through the able ministrations of our able Entertainment Committee—to make them see the world and their own place in it with a true vision.

Our friend must remember that we



THE GRINDER



WHERE CREEDS DON'T COUNT

not only treat wives, but we treat husbands as well. We do not lecture them on their shortcomings—they get enough of that at home. On the contrary, we lead them gently to forget themselves and we do this fearlessly. Our whole treatment is based on courage and hope. Our latest book, for example, entitled "One Thousand Ways to Leave Home"—which is in its tenth edition and which we sell for one dollar (postage twelve cents)—is the living literary embodiment of this principle. We advise all of our customers to send for a copy of this book before the edition is exhausted, otherwise you may have to wait several weeks. Meanwhile we take pleasure in printing the following letter, one among hundreds constantly received:

Dear Old Bureau:

At last I am a happy man! Six months ago I began taking your course of treatment,

which included a visit to your establishment, a long personal interview with your tall handsome blonde, a series of trips in your seeing-the-Tenderloin auto, and a run over to Paris. I did this on your advice, my wife having displayed suffragette tendencies, and being an active candidate for the presidency of the woman's club in our town. On my return I found that she had given up all these fatal propensities, and was so glad to see me and forget the past that we are now united forever. I inclose a check.

Gratefully yours,

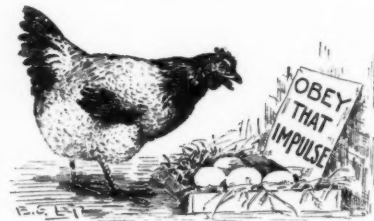
We find this correspondent has made a slight error in his remittance and has sent only about half of what is due, but we have no doubt that he will remit the balance after he has heard from the collection agency that has our business. We may say that we do not treat all cases in the same manner that we have treated this, which required something speedy and radical. Sometimes we never part husband and wife, the treat-

ment going on right in their own home.

It is in our diagnosis that we are so strong.

Don't delay. Incipient cases are much more easily handled and cost comparatively nothing.

Write, call or telegraph
HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.



"WHY SHOULD I, WHEN THERE ARE INCUBATORS?"

Why Wait for Her to Vote?

MR. BRISBANE in the *Evening Journal* prints a letter from the wife of a mechanic earning \$16 a week when he has work. She has six children and a mother, besides her husband, to feed out of those wages. She was ill and went to a hospital for treatment, but they asked what her income was, said she was in a position to pay for private treatment, and sent her away. "Where do I belong?" asks the woman.

Mr. Brisbane says:

The woman's question, "Where do I belong?" cannot be answered very satisfactorily. But it can be answered partially.

She belongs, for one thing, among the women that ought to be working extremely hard to get votes for women.

There are hundreds of thousands of such women, and other hundreds of thousands not even as well off.

If these women could get the vote, if they could be taught to think and stand and vote together, they would compel some of the big men at the top of the heap to consider this question, "Where do I belong?" and make some effort to answer it.

Is Brother Brisbane right in thinking that a vote would do this woman good?

Her mechanic has a vote. Would the hospital have turned him away less readily than her?

Is not the question, Where does she belong? the same question as Where does he belong? and if it is solved for him, is it not also solved for her? So far as votes are concerned, are there not votes enough to solve it now?

"If these women could get the vote, if they could be taught to THINK and stand and vote together—" But vote or no vote, is there the remotest prospect that women will ever think and stand together? Won't they always think and stand with their men, as, for the most part, they do now?



A TENNIS MATCH

40-15



NO HURRY

The Captain: IF THE WIND BLOWS THIS WAY FOR ANOTHER HOUR WE SHALL BE IN HEAVEN.

Rev. Mr. G.: GOD FORBID!

If they can be taught to think and stand together and can get ahead any by so doing, why wait for the vote before teaching them? What they want they can have as it is, if they can formulate their desire and agree upon it and it can be attained by votes of men. What is the remedy for the sixteen-dollar-a-week mother of six who can't afford to pay doctors? Is it allowances for mothers out of the city treasury? Is it free medical advice for mothers? Let us know, Brother Brisbane! Let us know! There are votes enough now available for anything that is the just due of women, and especially of mothers of six.

Peace at Any Price

THE New York branch of the S. P. C. A. is a restful body. Mr. Jefferson Seligman's retirement from the Board of Managers is, probably, a distinct relief. Mr. Seligman advocated the election of a president who would give time and energy to the duties of his office. This was a shock to the Board of Managers. It was also a shock to Colonel Wagstaff, now president, who attends to his job at convenient intervals—when his other duties permit. But to many members it is a matter for sincere regret that this society should lose the services of such an active, disinterested and public-spirited citizen as Mr. Seligman. He is honestly interested in the cause.

If Colonel Wagstaff were honestly interested in the cause, would he persist in retaining his office?

And how about the Board of Managers? Does its recent action signify less interest in the protection of animals than in the personal convenience of Colonel Wagstaff?

The Amenities

"WELL, in spite of our doctrinal differences," says the Presbyterian, "we will all be together in heaven."

"Yes," says the Methodist, "let us hope that we shall all meet there and nevermore walk separate ways."

"Ah," says the Congregationalist, "how blessed it is to think that we shall all be a band of brethren up there—all of us with wings and—"

"All of us except the Baptists," interrupts the Unitarian. "They'll have fins."



Chronic Kicker: WORST MANAGED PLACE I EVER SAW. THE NECTAR'S FLAT AND THE AMBROSIA'S AS TOUGH AS SHOE LEATHER

Mormons Are Wriggling

THE magazine advertising the Mormons have had seems to have done good. They say they have been slandered and are trying to prove it. President Smith insists that the Mormon Church continues to be officially and sincerely dead against polygamy. The

church has even started a movement for public investigation of charges made in England that it induces immigration of women for immoral purposes. All this turning on of searchlights is useful, and moderate cost of inaccuracy is not too high to pay for it. The cure for Mormonism is publicity. It got its start by successful segregation. Its strength

is in secrecy. Draw the curtain on it; keep it where its people will have to stand comparison with other people and its doctrines with other doctrines and time will do the rest.

Cities

- A GOOD all-round place—Obesity.
- An honest place—Veracity.
- The census padder—Mendacity.
- Washington—Verbosity.
- A roomy town—Capacity.
- New York—Velocity.
- Chicago—Precocity.
- Niagara Falls—Electricity.
- Pittsburg—Complicity.
- Philadelphia—Simplicity.



GOOD ONLY ON SUNDAYS



The Rector: IT'S TERRIBLE FOR A MAN LIKE YOU TO MAKE EVERY OTHER WORD AN OATH.

The Man: OH, WELL, I SWEAR A GOOD DEAL AND YOU PRAY A GOOD DEAL, BUT WE DON'T NEITHER OF US MEAN NUTHIN' BY IT.

Signs

- BARZANSKY
- BAUMGARTNER
- RABINOWITZ
- AFALSKY
- OPPENHEIMER
- BERSCHIEMER
- AZWOLINSKY
- USLANDER
- DAVIDSOHN
- ANNENBERGER
- WINKELSTEIN
- OLFSHEIMER
- ADLER
- BRAMOWITZ
- YESKY
- OUDELMAN

HALF the world doesn't know how many things the other half is paying instalments on.



Somewhat Superior Young Minister of the Episcopal Church: NO, DEAR LADY, FRANKLY, I CANNOT PERSUADE MYSELF THAT IT WOULD BE SAFE TO LET WOMEN VOTE.

"AND WHAT, MAY I ASK, IS YOUR REASON FOR OPPOSING IT?"

"WELL, DEAR LADY, I CANNOT BUT THINK THAT IF WOMEN WERE TO VOTE IT WOULD MAKE THEM, LET US SAY—A LITTLE ER—ER MASCULINE."

"OH, I DON'T KNOW. IT HAS NEVER HAD THAT EFFECT UPON THE CLERGY."



Getting Along Toward the End of the Season



NO stage king is so little royal in his attributes as the Louis XI. made familiar in the stage versions of his career, which depict his cruelty, his treachery, his bigotry and his superstition. The suppression, for stage purposes, of his great qualities as a ruler and a unifier do injustice to his reputation as a king, but make him good material for the serious character actor. In no rôle in his repertory did Sir

Henry Irving appear to better advantage. And he seemed to love the part. As Louis XI., his personal mannerisms blended admirably into the part and heightened its effectiveness rather than marred it.

Mr. Robert Mantell would have been wise to have opened his engagement in this play instead of in "King Lear." Both of the characters are unpleasant old kings, but, leaving Shakespeare's authorship aside, there is an obviousness and directness about the villainy and cunning of *Louis* which is more interesting to the present-day playgoer than the study of *Lear's* senile decay and the ingratitude which made it tragic. The language of the modern play is more in the vernacular and the character is one of quick and strong contrasts which hold the spectator's attention and interest.

To have seen the Irving impersonation of *Louis* is always to remember it and to remember it is to exclude any other artist from so complete a realization of its possibilities. But Irving is no more and Mr. Mantell's portrayal of this sinister character is an achievement which entitles him to legitimate succession in the rôle. Where Mr. Mantell lacks mostly is in subtlety and finesse, qualities which receive little encouragement from the audiences that greet the traveling star in America. Mr. Mantell gets all the broad effects and makes the death scene particularly vivid in its apparent faithfulness to pathological detail.

Although his present New York season has closed, there will be future opportunities to see this really impressive piece



GOING, GOING, GONE

of acting which is perhaps the best thing in Mr. Mantell's repertory. At all events in the present prevalence of the inconsequential it is serious accomplishment worthy of note.



HERE is a suggestion for the future of the Folies Bergères and its culinary equipment. The Moscow Art Theatre recently produced Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment," the performance taking the better part of two days. Herr Max Reinhardt, who brought the much discussed "Sumurun" to London, is about to produce there in colossal style the second part of Goethe's "Faust." For this performance an entire day and night are necessary. Although



"BY GEORGE! IF I COULD ONLY BRING THAT BULL WITH ME TO OUR COLLEGE SPORTS I'D WIN THE LONG JUMP."

the Folies has no arrangements for sleeping, its feeding arrangements would help out if these performances are to be brought to New York.



THE street speculators having been driven to cover, it is now possible occasionally to secure good seats at the box-offices of almost any theatre. The managers are naturally prone to getting the extra twenty-five cents secured by selling through the agencies which tack half a dollar on to the box-office price, but there is no serious objection to that extra charge for extra accommodation so long as the theatres do not sell their tickets through sidewalk thugs.

And, by the way, no one has yet had the thoughtfulness to suggest a vote of thanks to that joke, the Board of Aldermen, for doing their obvious duty in passing the ticket-speculator ordinance after so many years of neglect.



IN addition to his scholarliness and lively interest in the affairs of the theatre, Professor Brander Matthews is the possessor of a very endearing optimism. Every one likes an optimist, and it is cheery to read in the *Herald* that Professor Matthews sees nothing but rosy prospects for the drama in America. He notes the growing distaste on the part of the public for imported plays unless they have some special appeal and he recognizes the growing vogue of plays written by American dramatists on American themes.

So far Professor Matthews's optimism is entirely justified. It might go even farther and record that no country has so many well equipped theatres and a public which spends so much money on amusements. He brushes aside the fact that most of these theatres and expenditures are devoted to

flippant entertainments in which mediocre music and the charms of the chorus girl are the main attractions by expressing the belief that this is a passing fancy which will die in a very short time. That may be so or may not be so and, of course, every friend of the theatre hopes that the Professor is right.

But when the revulsion in popular tastes come and American dramatists are turning out good American plays by the carload, where are we going to find the trained actors to play them? We are not a naturally artistic people and we cannot expect to draw on England forever for competent actors. The inartistic control of our stages which has been in power for some time, and which bids fair to remain in power indefinitely drives away from the theatre, instead of attracting it, the very class of Americans who could give distinction to our stage as actors, instructors and directors.

In another country than this, any one possessing the special attainments of Professor Matthews himself would be in close touch with the theatre, in at least an advisory capacity, instead of holding down a professorship in Columbia. As things are and as they seem likely to be for a long time to come there is little about the theatre on its practical side to invite the services in any capacity of any one who cannot endure the treatment that goes with commercialism in its most repellent form. This is not a general statement made without authority for its truth can be learned by the slightest inquiry among those who know the theatre and its people.

WOULD that Professor Matthews's optimism were based entirely on fact. Perhaps time or some cataclysm



HUGGING A DELUSION



COMING

in the theatrical world may prove that it is and in the future the theatre in America is to be greater than any country has ever known. The brief experiment of the New Theatre showed that there are great possibilities in the right direction, but also that they exist entirely outside the commercial theatre. The interest developed in the objects of the Drama League show that there exists a big body of Americans anxious to be guided wisely in matters of the stage. The logical conclusion and one which would confirm the optimism of Professor Matthews is that some rich citizen should make himself a national benefactor by the sufficient endowment of a national theatre which should establish an artistic and educational standard for the American stage.

OH, joy! At the end of the month we are to have our good old friend "Pinafore" revived at the Casino, with an all-star cast. How some of the contemporary musical shows will pale.

Metcalf.



Belasco—"The Concert." Satire in the form of laughable comedy. Well acted drive at the women who make themselves ridiculous over musicians.

Broadway—"The Hen-Pecks." Big musical show, elaborately staged, with Mr. Lew Fields as the leading comedian.

Casino—"The Balkan Princess." Comic opera with gay Hungarian music and Louise Gunning and Mr. Robert Warwick in the leading parts.

Cohan's—"Get Rich Quick Wallingford." The noble art of fleecing the countryman made laughable in farcical comedy, with a confidence man as the hero.

Comedy—"The Dictator." In spite of the gravity of the Mexican situation, Mr. William Collier makes a lot of fun out of the revolutionary tendencies of our national neighbors to the south.

Criterion—"The Bachelor's Baby." Light comedy, with Mr. Francis Wilson as the star.

Folies Bergere—Food, drink, ballet, extravaganza and vaudeville. Restaurant service good and the stage entertainment fairly amusing.

Gaiety—"Excuse Me." Sleeping-car life and its tragedies made laughable in a farce of transcontinental travel.

Globe—"Little Miss Fix-It." Musical piece with the abilities of Nora Bayes and Mr. Jack Norworth spread over three acts.

Herald Square—"Everywoman." The form of the old morality play adapted to modern stage spectacle, with the temptations of woman as the theme.

Hippodrome—Last week of this season's offering of brilliant ballet, circus and spectacle.

Hudson—Last week of "Nobody's Widow" Pleasant comedy, well acted by Blanche Bates and good company.

Knickerbocker—"Dr. De Luxe." Piffing musical piece, with Mr. Ralph Herz as the star.

Lyceum—"Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." Laughable comedy satirizing American snobbishness, with Mrs. Fiske in a good comedy part and supported by an excellent cast.

Lyric—"The Lights of London," with an "all star" cast. An old-time melodrama submitted to a present-day public. At least interesting.

Majestic—"His Honor the Barber," with colored performers.

Marine Elliott's—"The Deep Purple." New York crooks exploited in well acted and interesting melodrama.

Nazimova—"As a Man Thinks." Interesting drama by Mr. Augustus Thomas, in which the social question of the Jew in America is made the subject of discussion. Well acted by Mr. John Mason and good company.

Playhouse—"Over Night." Trifling farce, with lines and situations somewhat suggestive.

Wallack's—"Mabel Hite in 'A Certain Party.'" A clever vaudeville artist overweighted as the star of a pretty thin three-act musical farce.

Winter Garden—Vaudeville and musical farce, ample in quantity, but somewhat deficient in quality.



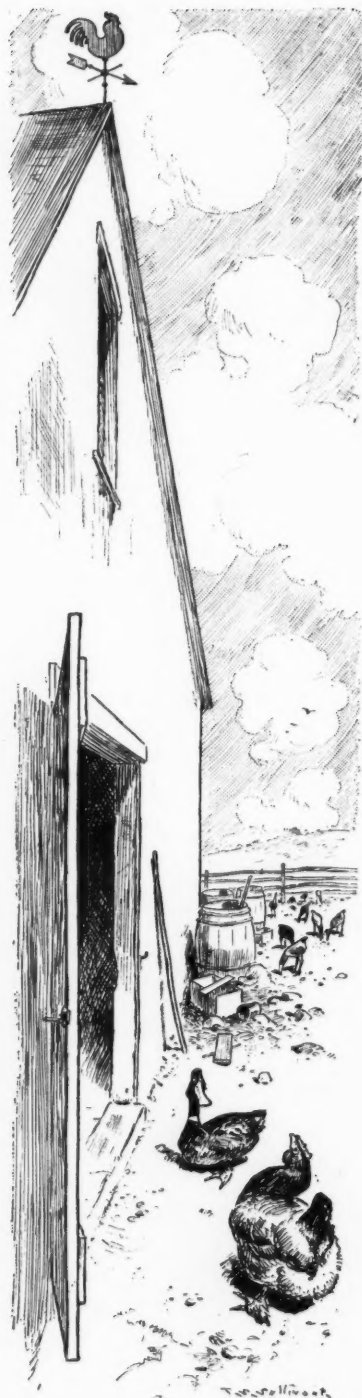
The Pleasure of Giving



pleasure of Giving



BOOKS

The Duck: NO USE TRYING TO FLIRT WITH HIM. HE'S A CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

THERE was probably no American writer of his immediate literary generation who was so representative of contemporary America as David Graham Phillips. That is to say there was no writer whose qualities and defects as an artist so closely paralleled and so nearly epitomized the qualities and defects of America as a nation. They were, the one artistically and the other ethnically, not only of the same stock but at corresponding stages of development. They exhibited the same abounding but ill-disciplined virility, the same splendid but arbitrary earnestness. They showed the same unforeseeable and disconcerting alternations between precocious maturity and crass adolescence. They had the same faculty of doing brave things crudely and crude things boastfully. They shared a conviction that they must lose no time in reforming the world and that afterward would be time enough to mold themselves. They equally surprised us by the amazing shrewdness of their knowledge and by the no less amazing shallowness of their cynicism. And both fell short of wisdom by the measure of their pride in being "wise." It is small wonder that they loved each other with the silent loyalty and abused each other with the articulate virulence of near relatives.

MR. PHILLIPS'S posthumous novel, "The Grain of Dust" (Appleton, \$1.30), contains the story of a brilliant corporation lawyer's infatuation for a young typewriter person, the consequent wrecking of his career, the subsequent recovery of his reason and the ultimate relegation of all parties concerned to their proper positions in the scheme of a world that is a man's world by divine right—a story sufficiently innocent in outline and a thesis with which, while one may not agree, one has no license to quarrel. But unhappily the book has been so written (it is in Mr. Phillips's most feverish and intemperate style) and its characters so conceived (they bear the same Brobdingnagian relation to humanity that do the striding shadows cast on a wall at night by a swinging lantern) as to mask its author's qualities by massing his defects. And just as hundreds of thousands of his countrymen felt his untimely taking-off as in some sense a national impoverishment, so thousands of his readers will feel it to be one of the ironic and saturnine tricks of circumstance that his voice should have been stilled on so strident a note.

THE gum-camphor of commerce nowadays derives from either one of two independent sources: the camphor tree or the chemical laboratory. And pure romance is in so far in the same case that a large proportion of the supply is now produced synthetically in the literary workshop and only an occasional invoice is crystallized from the sap of youth. It may be an old-fashioned prejudice on my part (they say the artificial varieties find a readier sale), but I still think to find a more delectable aroma in the authentic articles in spite of their frequent imperfections of form. Mr. Jeffery Farnol's "The Broad Highway" (Little, Brown, \$1.35), for all that it is over-long and sometimes over-wordy, is the natural gum. Its scene is rural England of a century ago. Its hero is a young gentleman, scholar and athlete who turns tramp and village smith rather than marry his rich uncle's legacy. And its highwaymen and tinkers and innkeepers and merry-andrews are as likably flesh and blood with feet aground as its Arcadian dream of life and its naive plot are of mist and moonshine and head-in-air.

BRAND WHITLOCK'S volume of short stories called "The Gold Brick" (Bobbs-Merrill) contains a dozen pleasant and rather clean-cut examples of odd bits of unwritten history and State House anecdotes worked into genre studies and episodic tales of minor Illinois politics and politicians. Each State capital has its own distinctive atmosphere of intrigue, and each decade its own flavor, as of history in solution; and Mr. Whitlock's stories are quietly eloquent of Springfield and the nineties. And with their frequently recurring characters and their general tone of reminiscent sentiment they represent, as it were, an artful acceleration of the slow process by which local traditions come to maturity. They have something of the air of seedling legends raised under glass.

J. B. Kerfoot.

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

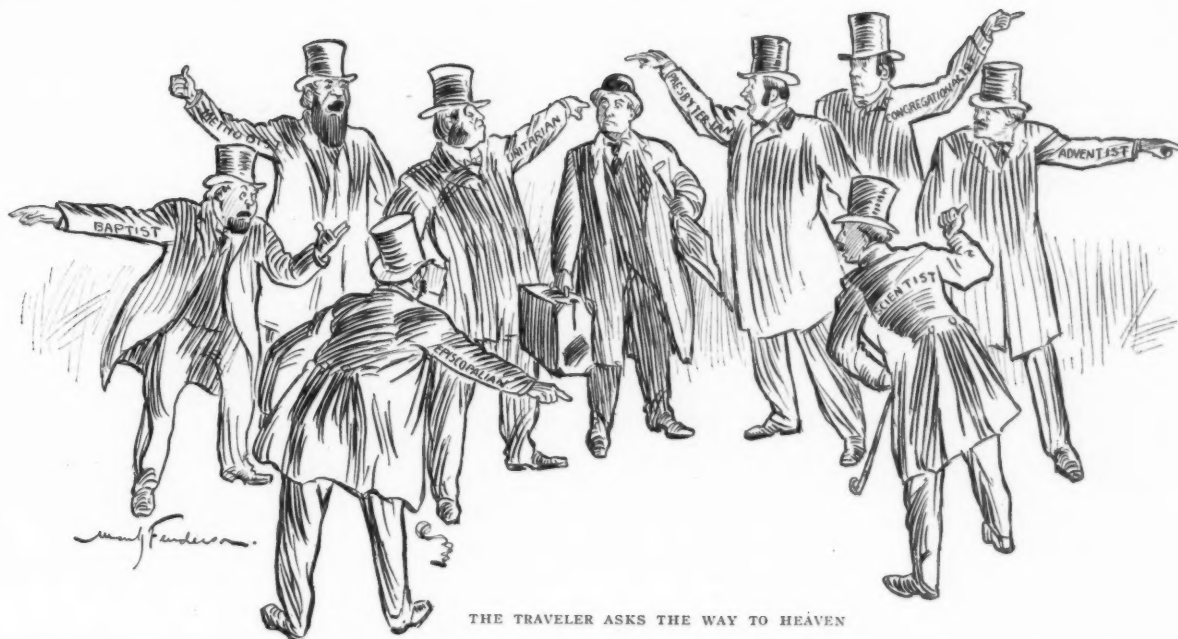
The Ashes of a God, by F. W. Bain. A delightful tale cast in the mold of a Hindoo legend.

The Broad Highway, by Jeffery Farnol. See above.

The Chasm, by George Cram Cook. One of the best pieces of socialist fiction that has recently appeared in America.

The Caravanners, by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. A rather heavy-handed caricature of German provincialism abroad.

Conrad in Quest of His Youth, by Leonard Merrick. A returned exile's amusing stern chase after lost associations and lapsed loves.



THE TRAVELER ASKS THE WAY TO HEAVEN

The Comtessa's Sister, by Gardner Teall. A sunny little story of Capri.
The Gold Brick, by Brand Whitlock. See preceding page.
The Grain of Dust, by David Graham Phillips. See preceding page.
The Great Illusion, by Norman Angell. A timely and able review of the peace and disarmament controversy.
The History of the Telephone, by Herbert N. Casson. The interesting story of a modern miracle.
Love's Pilgrimage, by Upton Sinclair. A potpourri of autobiographical indiscretions and half-digested enthusiasms.
Mc-Smith, by Caroline Lockhart. A refreshingly observed and crisply told tale of the still wild West.
Molly Make-Believe, by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. A far-fetched story brought close home and filled with fun and fancy.
The Patrician, by John Galsworthy. A fine piece of work in which we see the rear guard of the old order at bay before modernity.
Twenty Years at Hull House, by Jane Addams. Personal reminiscence and comment that throw interesting sidelights on a celebrated institution and its founder.
Two on the Trail, by Hulbert Footner. A tale of tenderfoot knight errantry in the Canadian Northwest.

How To Fix It

THE papers relate in tones more or less shocked that the names of a Representative in Congress and a Senator who were proposed for membership in the Metropolitan Club in Washington have been withdrawn. That is temporarily troublesome. It is always troublesome when it happens, and it has happened before. But it can be fixed. Amendments to the Constitution are popular now. Amend it, then, so that members of Congress shall be members of the Metropolitan Club *ex-officio*. If

this is done merely by act of Congress, of course the courts might block it, but if it is done by Constitutional provision there ought not to be further trouble.

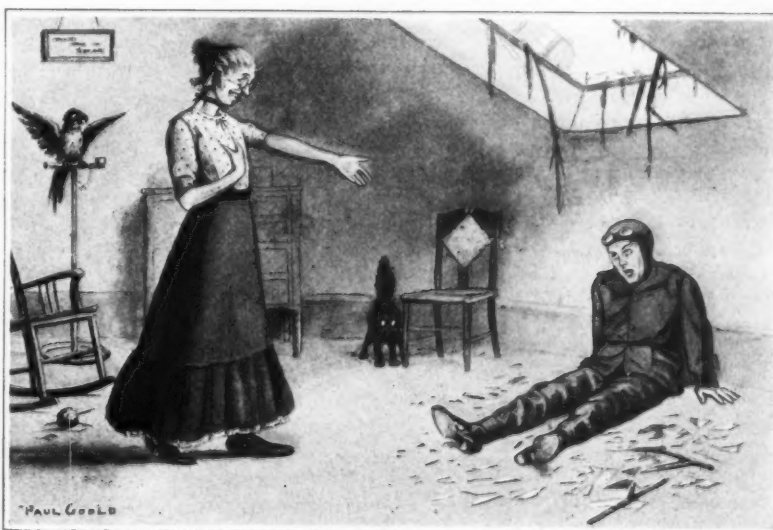
“A PHILOSOPHER says that ‘Pain is but the product of pleasure.’”
 “Ah, yes! But too often it’s our pain and someone else’s pleasure.”

Ay, There’s the Rub

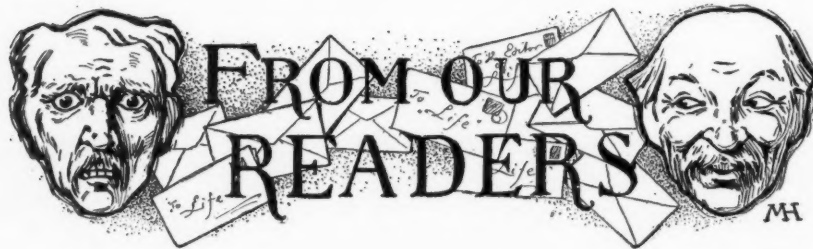
“IF you are made of the stuff that wins —it does not matter whether you are born in a hovel or a mansion, you will find your opportunity, or make it,” says Orison Swett Marsden.

In other words, if you win, you win.

GREAT ascetics from little libertines grow.



A WINDFALL



Two Letters

DEAR SIR:

As an old reader and lover of LIFE I think I have a right to protest against the *stupid mischievousness* of the "Breadwinner's Number."

LIFE is too intelligent to stand for such rot. I hope it is only a temporary aberration.

Very truly,

S. D. McCONNELL,

EASTON, MD., April 27, 1911.

DEAR EDITOR:

I wish to express my thanks for your "Reflections of a Factory Child." Also for "Mr. Bluff, the Clothing Manufacturer," "April Fool," and, in fact, the whole "Breadwinner's Number." May the good work continue.

Yours for Socialism,

CHAS. R. KUEHNAFFEL,

DENVER, COLO., April 25, 1911.

Neo-Bryan

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE,
SIR:

There are so many things in the "Breadwinner's Number" of LIFE that are strong, that are brave and that ring true that I hesitate to criticise it at all, but in your reference to Mr. Bryan you fall so easily into the common error of viewing him as an insatiable office seeker that I cannot refrain from protesting against the false light in which you place him.

To Mr. Bryan more than any other man in public life to-day is due the credit for the insurgency that is so rampant in both political parties. Mr. Bryan has for the past fifteen years made a magnificent fight against special privilege, and while we may at times disagree with him as to the particular remedy he proposes for the

evils he attacks, no one, I think, can question his sincerity or his unselfishness of purpose.

He opposed Mr. Martin as leader of the Senate minority just as he opposed the nomination of Judge Parker for the Presidency, and in order to defeat the personal ambition of a man like Hearst, he was willing to lead a forlorn hope in the last Presidential contest, and so keep his party true to its principles, rather than win an election by a compromise with those who would traduce it.

I am a single taxer who believes that Mr. Bryan has the limitations, in some respects, of a country lawyer, and yet I consider that he fitly and ably represents the protest against predatory wealth that must sooner or later come to an issue if this Republic is to endure.

It is, therefore, a matter of much regret to me to find that so able and so fair a mold of public opinion as yourself should question the propriety of Mr. Bryan offering advice in the councils of his party.

Very sincerely yours,

LOUIS B. PARSONS.

NEW YORK, April 28, 1911.

A Voice from the Grave

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
DEAR SIRS:

As a great admirer and subscriber of your periodical, and also as I am greatly interested in the different numbers you have issued, would be very pleased to know as to why you do not get out an "Undertakers' Number." You know our name may sound dead, but that does not imply that we are "dead."

Yours truly,

F. W. PATTERSON.

ATLANTA, GA.,

April 12, 1911.

An Omission

EDITOR OF LIFE,

DEAR SIR:

One of the prettiest tributes paid to canine intelligence and faithfulness that I know is the inscription which Lord Byron wrote for the grave of his dog, "Boatswain." As I think it should be immortal, and as it did not appear in "What the Immortals Say About the Dog," in your Dog Number of LIFE, I am taking the liberty of quoting it herewith:

"Near this spot

Are deposited the remains of
One who possessed beauty without

vanity,

Strength without insolence,

Courage without ferocity,

And all the virtues of man without

his vices.

This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just

tribute to the

Memory of

Boatswain, a Dog,

Who was born in Newfoundland, May,

1803, and who died at Newstead

Abbey, November 18, 1808."

This inscription, doubtless, comes too late to print, but I thought that its sincerity and just tribute might appeal to you, who are doing so much for canine protection.

Yours sincerely,

L. B. BALL.

BLOCK ISLAND, R. I.,

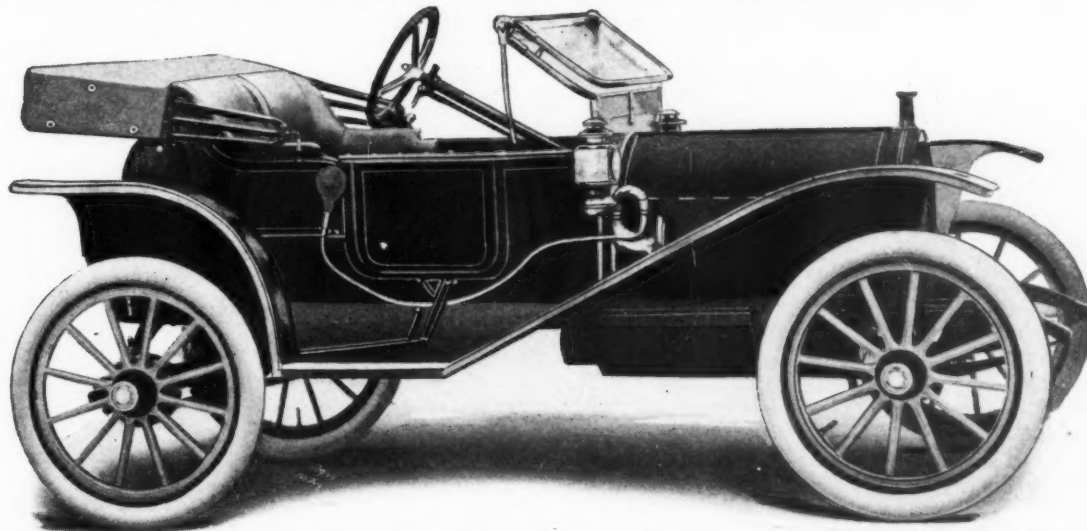
April 25, 1911.



"LIFE" AS IT SEEMS TO SOME OF US

· LIFE ·

Storming the Last Defense Of the Man who "Can't Afford It"



Runabout—\$750, F.O.B. Detroit, with standard equipment of three oil lamps, tools and horn. Gas lamps and tank or generator, top and wind shield extra. Detachable doors, as shown in picture, \$25 extra. All models have 4-cylinder, 20 H. P. motor, Bosch magneto and sliding gear transmission.

\$750

F. O. B. Detroit

Hupmobile

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

\$750

F. O. B. Detroit

The Hupmobile was built for the express purpose of battering down the defenses of the man who hesitates about buying a car.

It is intended to leave him without a single excuse for denying his family the happiness which a Hupmobile brings into every home it enters.

We have never yet heard of a Hupmobile that was a burden to the man who bought it (most people pay about 25c. a day to keep it in commission), and this Hupmobile is a better Hupmobile than was ever built before.

It is \$100 better in material alone than other Hupmobiles, whose charm you resisted when the cars were first marketed two years ago.

It is so good, so staunch, so true-blue in the way it is made, and the way it will wear and what it will do, that only

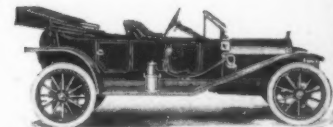
one possible reason remains why you should deny yourself its ownership.

That reason is, of course, that you can see no advantage at all to you and yours in owning a car which you can buy and maintain at a purely nominal cost.

But if there is any virtue in a car which will serve you and your family without stint every day in the year, which satisfies alike the millionaire and the man of moderate means, which will add many hundred hours of health and happiness to those in the home circle—

Then the Hupmobile at \$750, with an aftercost of \$7.50 to \$10 a month, must surely rouse you out of your indifference!

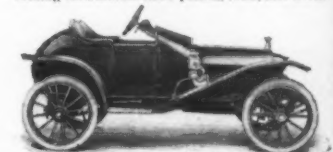
Telephone the Hupmobile dealer to take you and your wife out for a ride in this dashing beautiful car.



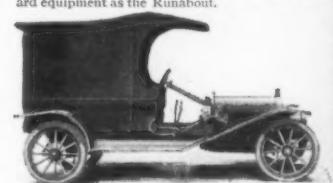
Touring Car \$900—F. O. B. Detroit, including gas lamps and generator, shock absorbers in front, 3 1/2 inch rear tires, three oil lamps, tools and horn. Fore-doors, as shown, \$25 extra.



Coupe \$1100—F. O. B. Detroit, including electric headlights, combination oil and electric dash and tail lamps, shock absorbers in front, 3 1/2 in. rear tires, folding dash seat for third person, tools, and horn.



Torpedo \$850—F. O. B. Detroit, with same standard equipment as the Runabout.



Delivery Wagon \$850—F. O. B. Detroit, with same standard equipment as Runabout.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY,

1231 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Aviation in London

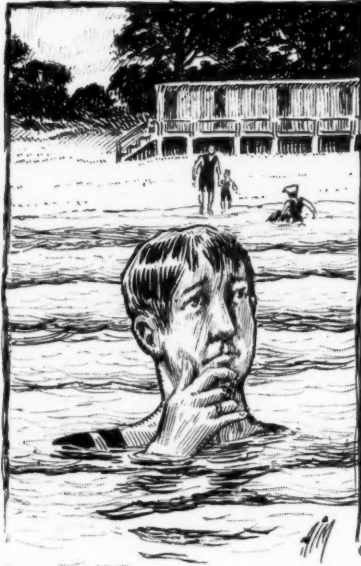
PILOT: Where are we?
MECHANICIAN (*who is taking fog soundings*): Piccadilly, I reckon.
—Punch.

His Natural Good Sense

EXASPERATED PROSECUTOR (*addressing stupid defendant in a law suit*): Man alive! I should think you could see for yourself that you're a born idiot. I should think your natural good sense would tell you!—*Fliegende Blaetter*

An Industry Threatened

"What you want to do is to have that mudhole in the road fixed," said the visitor.
"That goes to show," replied Farmer Corttassel, "how little you reformers understand local conditions. I've purty nigh paid off a mortgage with the money I made haulin' automobiles out o' that mudhole."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



REFLECTIONS IN THE WATER

A Wrong Interpretation

As the train left a certain station the following sign was displayed in the buffet car:

"No intoxicating liquors will be served while the train is passing through North Dakota."

They had been rolling through that interminable State a long time, when the Women's Christian Temperance Union delegate from the East came into the car for her dinner. Casting her eye out of the window upon a somewhat changed landscape, she remarked to the waiter:

"Are we still in North Dakota?"

"No, ma'am," answered George alertly, with a hospitable grin, "what'll you drink, ma'am?"—*Housekeeper*.

Tempting Offer

Isaac's house was for sale and he told his friend Abram about an offer he had had.

"Samuel Levinski saidt he vould gif me fife t'ousand dollars for idt."

"Huh!" Abram grunted scornfully. "He aindt got fife dollars to his name—he candt buy idt."

"Vell, I know he candt. But idt vas a very fine offer."—*Lippincott's*.

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Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS. Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; also at Saarbach's News Exchanges, 16 John St., Adelphi, Strand, W. C., London; 148 Rue du Faubourg, St. Denis, Paris, 1, Via Gustavo Modena, Milan; Mayence, Germany.

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Thomas Cort Hand-Sewed Shoes are *different*—in materials—in style—in custom workmanship.

Every quality feature that you would expect to pay for in fine made-to-measure Shoes is possessed by

THOMAS CORT SHOES

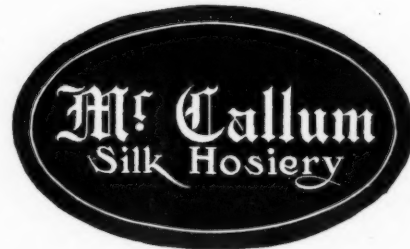
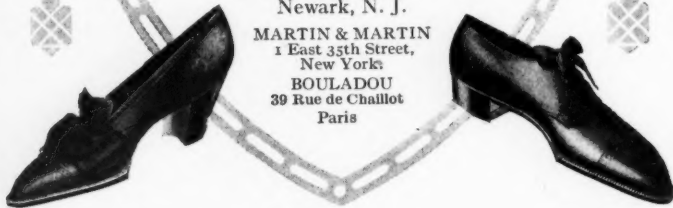
and in the highest degree. Made by custom bootmakers, in a shop where machine-made shoes and quick-tanned leathers are absolutely eliminated. The selected leathers, tanned by the long-timed process—the lasts with their beautiful soft lines—the fine *Hand* sewing and finish—have all been combined to make the Thomas Cort the finest Shoes in the World.

There's a Thomas Cort Shoe for every need, occasion and time of day, for men and women, ranging in price from \$8.00 to \$15.00. And your personal comparison will show them to be worth every cent they cost. Let us tell you where they may be had.

Write for Style Brochure.

THOMAS CORT
Newark, N. J.

MARTIN & MARTIN
1 East 35th Street,
New York
BOULADOU
39 Rue de Chaillet
Paris



were the first silk stockings made in America, and have been the leading silk hose ever since.

For Women, Men, Misses and Infants

Sold by dealers, or from us direct when no dealer can supply.

Guarantee Envelope, with Matched Mending Silk enclosed, accompanies every pair

Write for booklet, "Through My Lady's Ring."

McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Mass

Largest Producers of Silk Hosiery in the World

Overland



IF more people knew the value of this sixteen hundred dollar car there would be fewer four thousand dollar machines in operation today" —writes a well-known authority who has owned many high priced cars.

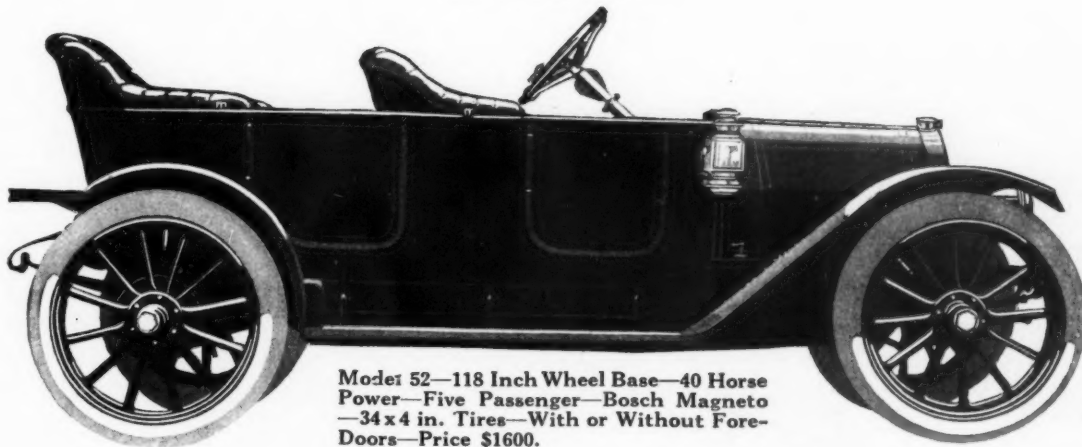
¶ Don't judge the value of a car by its price tag. Make your selection according to the intrinsic value. More than 25,000 Americans own an Overland car, and no small portion of this number had their first motoring trips and troubles in a very expensive machine.

¶ The Overland dealer in your city will be glad to call and let you examine and drive this car yourself. Telephone him. We want you to see how rich the appointments are—what an elegant body finish and design it has. It is equipped with a powerful "40" and has the fashionable Fore Doors.

¶ Then there's our model 51. A five-passenger car, with Fore-Doors and a 30 H.P. motor. The price is \$1250 and it is a little beauty. Either car is the best value on the market.

¶ Let us send you one of the Overland books. Ask for Catalogue D 25.

The Willys-Overland Company Toledo, Ohio



Model 52—118 Inch Wheel Base—40 Horse Power—Five Passenger—Bosch Magneto—34 x 4 in. Tires—With or Without Fore-Doors—Price \$1600.

DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chic-lets are the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. Served at swagger lunches, teas, dinners, card parties.

The only chewing gum that ever received the unqualified sanction of best society. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Nevada

Nevada, 'tis of thee,
Sweet State of Liberty,
Of thee I sing.

State where our fathers flee;
State that sets mothers free—
Marriage, because of thee,
Hath lost its sting.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

"How do you keep peace in your family?" "Go to church with my wife once in a while and let her drag me to a dance occasionally."

—Detroit Free Press.

Binner FAMOUS CORSETS

Custom made, Individually, under MR. BINNER'S PERSONAL SUPERVISION.

18 East 45th Street, New York

Abusing Freedom

Benjamin E. Walsh, the sociologist, said of immigration in a recent lecture in Reading:

"I would not restrict immigration. It is true that some immigrants, entering for the first time a free country, abuse their freedom. But they soon get over that.

"We are all apt to abuse unwonted freedom. I know an Englishman who on his arrival in New York demanded a glass of whiskey in a palatial bar.

"Now, in England your whiskey is measured out to you in a small tin measure, but in our bar the Englishman, to his astonishment, had the full bottle set before him. He was given for the first time the freedom of the bottle.

"And though a rich man, he abused that freedom. He took an enormous drink. Then he rose and handed the bartender 15 cents.

"Hold on, sir," the bartender called after him. "You've forgotten your change."

"I thought the drink was 15 cents," said the Englishman.

"Yes, that is so," said the bartender, "but that is the retail price. There's a reduction when you buy wholesale."—Washington Star.

MELLOW AS MOONLIGHT

CASCADE

PURE WHISKY

The best of grain—honest distillation and purification—real age. That's why Cascade is rich, pure and wholesome. Original bottling has old gold label. GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers Nashville, Tenn. 100

Egyptian Deities

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

So distinctive in flavor they are impossible of imitation

Cork Tips or Plain

Caroni Bitters—Unequaled for flavoring sliced Fruits, Ices and Jellies. Sample on receipt of 25 cents. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.

Drawing the Line

You advertised fer help to-day?
What kin I do? Well, I kin stay.
An' I kin scrub an' wash an' dust,
An' wait on table if I must;
An' I kin run a sew'-machine,
An' mind yer kids an' keep 'um clean;
I kin be cook er lady's maid.
What wages did you say you paid?

A character? Yes, lots of 'um.
You'll never find me quarrelsome;
I know me place; that's one thing,
ma'am;

An' I've a temper like a lamb.
Experience? Twelve years of it.
An' work? I don't know how to quit!
I'm up at six, to bed at ten,
An' don't go chasin' any men.

The furnace? Oh, yes, Missus, sure;
An' polish all the furniture;
An' clear the snow, an' press his clo'es.
I'm willin' fer all work I knows.
There! Yours me knees, me hands, me mind.

I'll come to-night; you're very kind.

Caps, did you say? No rats ner braid?
That's too much sacrifice fer trade!
Me beauty gone? Me whole career?
I understand, ma'am, what you fear:
I'd rival you in Some-one's eye.
No wages buy me looks. Good-by!

—Ruth Kauffman in Lippincott's.

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

Very Like

"Did Hawkins take his punishment like a man?" asked Lollerby.

"You bet he did," laughed Dubbleigh. "He hollered and yelled and used strong language to beat creation."

—Harper's Weekly.

CALOX

OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER

Clean Teeth Never Decay

The nearest approach to perfect cleanliness of the teeth is obtained by the daily use of Calox. It's the Oxygen (in the form of peroxide of hydrogen) in Calox that renders it so perfect a cleanser of the mouth and cleanser and whiter of the teeth.

Sample and Booklet free on request

All Druggists 25c.

Ask for the
Calox Tooth Brush, 35c.

McKESSON & ROBBINS
NEW YORK



Still in Suspense

Private Donahue and Private Leahy were the best of friends, but when Private Donahue became Sergeant Donahue, Private Leahy saw the failings of his former companion with amazing clearness.

"Sergeant," he said one day, after long, fixed gazing at his superior in rank, "if a private shtopped up to a sergeant and called him a consated little monkey, phwat wud happen?"

"He'd be put in the gyard-house," said the sergeant.

CRIGHTON BROS.

Silversmiths of London

Old English Silver At London Prices

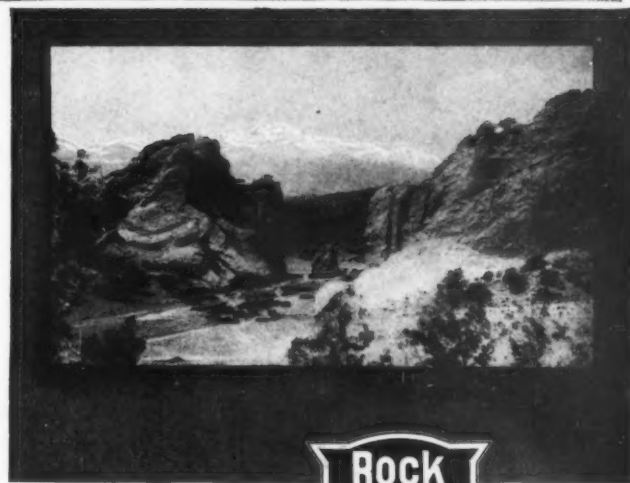
The choice of pieces is the largest in the United States and gives opportunity to purchase a

WEDDING GIFT

which will increase in value as the years go by.

636 Fifth Avenue Corner 51st St.
NEW YORK

LONDON: 22 OLD BOND STREET



A HOLIDAY in COLORADO

and a way
to get there
that's a
Holiday



So, you're going to Colorado—and of "God's out of doors" there's no place *like* Colorado.

Mountains, forests, flowers, streams, sky, stars, air. Verily, 'tis the "land of life."

But, friend—make the "way" you go worthy of the State you're going to.

The Rock Island Lines is the "way" to Colorado, over the road of Highest Service. And every "travel wise" tourist takes the deservedly famous

ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED

—from Chicago every day in the year—

It is Chicago's "good morning" salutation to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

A patrician train of limitless luxury. A splendidly appointed "home upon wheels." Transportation de luxe. Every caprice and necessity of guests anticipated. Name your want. Clothes pressed? There's a valet. A book to read? Just push the button. A shave? The barber's chair is waiting. Meals for Epicures. Snow-white, roomy beds. Library—buffet—observation car—Victrola Recitals—the world's news service—then—the regret at leaving this incomparable train at your destination.

Other splendidly equipped fast trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

Beautifully illustrated books on Colorado, Yellowstone Park and California will be sent free on request to L. M. Allan, Passenger Traffic Manager, 6 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ill.

"He wud?"

"He wud."

"But if the private only *knew* the sergeant was a consated little monkey, and said niver a wurrd, wud he be put in the gyard-house for that?" inquired Private Leahy.

"Av coorse he wud not," said the sergeant, loftily.

"Well, thin, for the prisent we'll l'ave it go at that," said Private Leahy.

—*Youth's Companion*.

His Better Half

MODEST SUITOR: I am going to marry your sister, Jimmy, but I know I am not good enough for her.

CANDID LITTLE BROTHER: That's what sis says, but ma's been telling her she can't do any better.—*Baltimore American*.

Her Suspicion

HE (*soulfully*): There are a thousand stars to-night looking down upon you.

SHE: Is my hat on straight?—*Harper's Bazar*.

Life's Family Album

C. J. Budd



AT one time Mr. Budd was the most dignified and highly respected artist on the staff of LIFE. But some time ago he moved into the same studio building occupied by Messrs. Richards and Orson Lowell. Since then he has entirely changed. No longer austere, his asceticism has given place to a delightful human quality, which has rounded out his character and given him poise.

Please to understand that this is no advertisement for Messrs. Richards and Lowell. Besides, it is only fair to say that Mr. Budd claims, on his part, that it is he who has influenced Messrs. Richards and Lowell. However, we must let him speak for himself.

"You are, we believe, Mr. Budd, the creator of the pictures which go to illustrate LIFE's Family Album?"

"Yes. I rearrange the photographs to conform to my conception of the person interviewed."

"And the picture which goes with this present interview with yourself, you are the author of?"

"I am—both subject and object."

"How do you account for your extraordinary versatility?"

"I was born on St. Valentine's Day."

"What did you do after that?"

"Chores."

"Nothing better as a foundation for a liberal education? You—incidentally—attended some school?"

"Boarding school, college, and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, where, like Rockefeller, I took up oil."

"And then?"

"I entered the studio of Mr. E. B. Bensell, in 1886, and studied afterward at the Art Students' League in New York."

Mr. Budd has other titles to fame besides having associated with Messrs. Richards and Lowell. He is the creator of the famous hen mother picture that appeared in LIFE some years ago, in which the disastrous effect upon a hen mother of having viewed a circus parade is depicted. Mr. Budd also took a prize two or three years ago in LIFE's competition for the best drawing illustrating a well-known quotation. He is an extensive illustrator of textbooks, both technical and otherwise. When not asso-

ciating with Messrs. Richards and Lowell during the daytime, he lives in New Jersey.

No Nirvana in His

Mr. Needham quotes Colonel Roosevelt's fellow Rough Rider, John C. Greenway, as saying: "Colonel Roosevelt's greatest ambition is to be shot on the field of battle."—*Daily paper.*

ONE would think that a man to whom life is one long bully time would be disposed to wait for a more deliberate release, but perhaps the Colonel expects to keep right on having fun after he quits here. Awful thought for peaceful souls! Still, there may be due provision. Comets and such celestial fireworks may need men-at-the-wheel, or may, indeed, themselves be T. R.'s that have progressed.

Self-Government

SOMEONE has said that self-government is a grand idea and a noble ideal. This is a mistake.

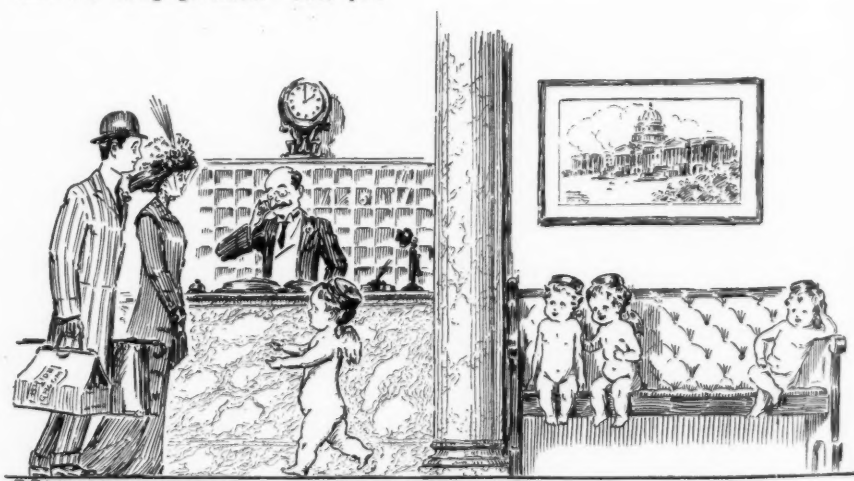
Self-government is a beautiful word, but it is neither an idea nor an ideal, to say nothing of the adjectives.

Self-government is no government. If I govern me, then I work in harmony with me and we stand in reciprocal relations to us as partners or pals; not as master and slave or ruler and subject. The idea of government absolutely requires at least two factors; those who govern and those who are governed. If I am governed at all, it is by someone else. If not, I do as I please.

As with an individual, so with a nation. If we have a government at all, it means that a part of the people at least are being governed. That part

who are governed haven't self-government. It may be all right to have a constitution which we cannot change without an awful struggle. It may be all right to have a Supreme Court which cannot be attacked without "contempt of court." It may be all right to have a Senate which derives its just powers from the consent of the trusts. All of these may be absolutely necessary to our welfare, but they are not self-government.

Self-government is the absence of government. The absence of government is anarchy. Anarchy is acknowledged to be something terrible. Therefore, self-government, if it is anything at all beyond a plaything of orators, is something terrible.



BELL BOYS

Tuthill Cut Glass



Artistically
unconventional
in design.

Diamond-like
in brilliancy.

Write for the
Connoisseur Book
and become a qualified
judge of cut glass.

Tuthill Cut Glass Co.
Middletown, N. Y.

Mary's Clothes

Mary had a little lamb—
'Twas Persian—on her coat;
She also had a mink or two
About her dainty throat;
A bird of paradise, a tern,
And ermine made the hat
That perched at jaunty angle
On her coiffure, largely rat;
Her tiny boots were sable topped.
Her gloves were muskrat, too;
Her muff had heads and tails of half
The "critters" in the zoo;
And when she walked abroad I ween
She feared no wintry wind;
At keeping warm 'twas plain to see
She had all nature "skinned."

—Our Dumb Animals.

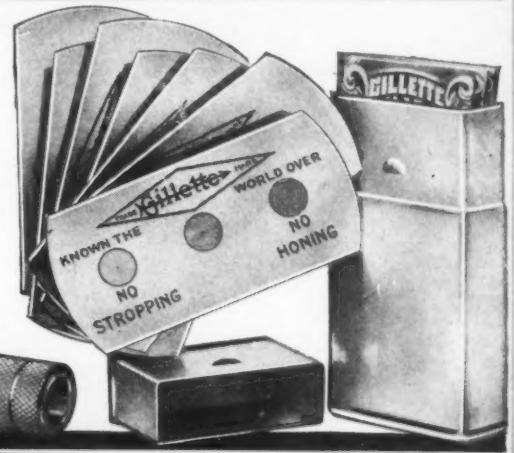
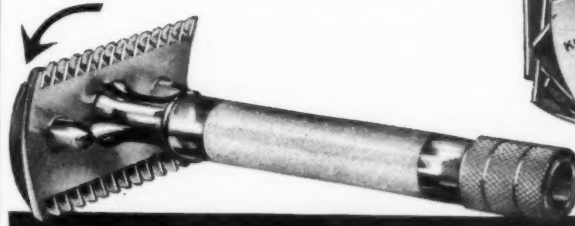
Took It for Granted

He had been calling on her twice a week for six months, but had not proposed. He was a wise young man and therefore didn't think it necessary. "Ethel," he said, as they were taking a moonlight stroll one evening, "I—er—am going to ask you an important question."
"Oh, George," she exclaimed, "this is so sudden! Why, I—"
"What I want to ask is this," he interrupted. "What date have you and your mother decided upon for our wedding?"—Chicago News.

The Time and Labor Saving Razor—

Note the curve
that gives the
automatic
adjustment

NO STROPPING
NO HONING



Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

The STANDARD of SAFETY, EASE and COMFORT

The GILLETTE is always ready—no stropping, no honing, just lather your face, take your GILLETTE from its case, adjust for a light or a close shave by simply turning the screw handle—and shave. *That's all!*

The GILLETTE gives you a clean, safe and comfortable shave without delay, trouble, or irritation of the skin.

The curve of the blade when adjusted, its rigidity, and the natural slant of the hand in holding the razor (giving the *angle stroke*) all combine to effect the perfect shave—a GILLETTE shave.

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

The GILLETTE Lasts a Lifetime.

Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette Line.

"Send postal for our free 1911 Baseball Booklet."

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 48 West Second Street, Boston, Mass.

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

NO STROPPING ~ NO HONING



\$5.00

Every-
where

"If it's a Gillette—it's The Safety Razor."

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch 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.

THE MOST TALKED OF FIRM IN LONDON

Ernest.

COATS & SKIRTS.
RECEPTION AND
EVENING DRESSES.
MILLINERY.

185 to 189 Regent Street, London, England.

Thick Weather

At one time during a season of heavy fog a London daily newspaper offered a prize for the best fog story. The story given here won the prize.

A merchant received a telephone message one morning from one of his clerks. "Hello, Mr. Smith!" said the clerk over the wire. "I cannot come down to the shop this morning on account of the fog. I have not yet arrived home yesterday."—Youth's Companion.

Speedwell



Speedwell Fore-door Touring Car
—Seven Passenger—\$2900. Top
and windshield extra. Other models at \$2500 and higher. Standard
Speedwell Chassis has 4 cylinder 50 H.P. motor, 36 inch wheels, 121 inch
wheel base.

SPEEDWELL

A Samson for Strength

You may not want to travel in an automobile at a mile-a-minute clip, but the man next door may, and that is why we build motor cars so strong that they will stand this gruelling pace.

It takes the choicest steels and superfine design to successfully endure the terrific strains to which motor cars are subjected when running over the average road at high speed. That Speedwell cars have the necessary strength and quality has been demonstrated again and again.

Nothing finer or more satisfactory—in power, finish, appearance and comfort—can be built into a motor car than is built into the Speedwell. Why, then, should you pay more than Speedwell prices—\$2,500 to \$2,900—when paying more can secure you nothing better?

Here is another page out of the history of Speedwell Cars.

It is a concrete example of Speedwell strength

The Speedwell car shown in the photograph was taken out the next day after delivery by the owner, who evidently was intent upon testing the truth of our statement that the car was capable of making 60 miles an hour. He was just started on his speed test when, at a pace of 51 miles an hour, he encountered a sandy stretch of road. The car veered to one side and struck a telegraph pole head on, shearing out a 3½ foot section of the pole, leaving the top of the pole suspended from the wires above. The car travelled on for about 50 feet. None of the occupants was hurt.

In spite of this crushing impact, the car returned home under its own power—a distance of a little over twenty miles.

Under such extraordinary circumstances it is indeed remarkable that only the lamps and fenders were damaged, and the radiator dented, while the frame, running gear and steering linkage remained sound and unharmed except for a slight twisting of the forward end of one of the frame members. A few hours' work put the car back into prime condition.

Send for our catalog of Speedwell cars shown in full color. We'll send you as well our little magazine, "The Speedwell," which gives many interesting motor car experiences and up-keep suggestions.

Speedwell Motor Trucks are built in 2, 4 and 6 Ton Capacities

They combine those qualities that make a commercial car an important asset in any business having considerable trucking to do. Truck literature upon request.



The Speedwell Motor Car Co.

390 Essex Ave., DAYTON, OHIO



Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

Medium and tropical weight Clothing
for business, dress or sporting wear
Norfolks & Knickerbockers, Fancy Flannel Golf Trousers
Shantung Silk Riding Jackets & Breeches
Light Weight Leggings
English Haberdashery & Leather Goods
Traveling Kits from Coats & Rugs to Dressing Cases
English Hats & Shoes
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Motorists!

IF you have ever been up against tire troubles, or if you suspect that your tires aren't lasting as long as they ought to, you will be vitally interested in the handbook, "Care and Repair of Tires." Two experts spent over six months collecting every scrap of available information that would in any way increase tire service and lessen tire troubles. This information has been boiled down and put in a most concise and interesting form, and is considered so authentic that both American and foreign auto journals have quoted it as tire authority. We do not hesitate to say that it is the most valuable publication ever issued for the owner of an automobile.

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C. A. SHALER CO., 1400 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.

Could It Have Been?

"Aunt Mary, this is my friend, Mr. Spiffkins."

"I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch the name."

"Mr. Spiffkins."

"I'm really very deaf; would you mind repeating it?"

"Mr. Spiffkins."

"I'm afraid I must give it up—it sounds to me just like 'Spiffkins.'"

—Punch.

Thoughts on the Sex

A woman can say more in a look than a man can in a book.

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We never yet saw a woman so timid she wouldn't strike a bargain.

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A shrug of a woman's shoulders can blast a reputation more effectively than words.

Sinnick says more women are wooed for their complexions than for their characters.

Although women love bargains, they are not especially fond of the man who cheapens himself in their eyes.—Boston Transcript.

The Problem

"How queer Agnes looks of late!"

"Yes. I can't make out whether it's dress reform or hard luck."

—Harper's Bazar.

The M. S. Borden Cornulency Reducer for Men and Women:

"FATOFF"

Reduces the Waist Line Or any OTHER Corpulent Part in an Incredibly Short Time. A Treatment—NOT a Medicine.



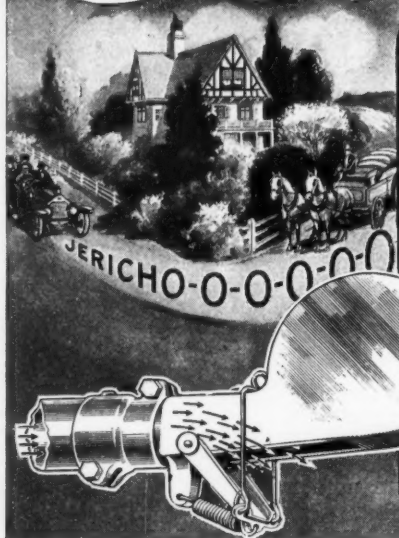
The discoverer of FATOFF considers herself one of Uncle Sam's "assets" as a producer of something worth while—FATOFF, a product of international commercial value—and it's honest.

YOU need it NOW if you're corpulent—take a FATOFF treatment to-night, and if you don't do enough extra business to-morrow to more than make up the COST, you'll be the first one to fall!

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The New Regime

The staff poet of the *London Sketch* is moved to versify by the announcement that Dr. Madeline Pelletier, the French suffragette, sees in the harem skirt a release from the moral servitude in which her sex has been held by the tyrant man:

For countless ages brutal man,
With unexampled knavery,

The Fascinating Taste of Peter's Chocolate

makes you always "want more."

This is due to the purity of the rich milk and the highest grade of cocoa beans—and to the method of combining milk and chocolate, invented by Mr. D. Peter of Vevey, Switzerland.

Peter's comes in several varieties:

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Croquettes

Peter's Almond Milk

Chocolate

Peter's Milk Chocolate

with Roasted Hazelnuts called "Thimbles"

Peter's Bon-Bons



Has kept, as only tyrants can,
His womenkind in slavery.
He arrogates the right to wear
Both trousers and a jetty coat,
But forces maid and wife to bear
The burden of the petticoat.

The day of wrath has dawned at last
On man's obtuse brutality;
Means that were hidden in the past,
Stand forth in grim reality.
Hark! Hark! It is the tocsin's sound
(Not feminine buffoonery),
The badge of freedom has been found
In—Turkish pantaloony!

But if woman is resolved upon an imitation of man there are at least signs that man is returning the compliment. A report from London says that men are to wear fancy waistcoats trimmed with lace. Let us hail the new fashion with delight. It is easy to see where it will lead. Beginning with the waistcoat the passion for decoration will proceed inward, and presently we shall have delightful creations in underwear for male use. Why should not men also have treasures of lace and frilly things that no one but their wives are ever allowed to see? Of course they would be expensive. Even the humble pajamas would rise in price if the legs and sleeves were chastely trimmed, if they were cut low in front and filled in with some delicate fluffery. But how sweet they would look. How we should fancy ourselves in bed. And, after all, the cost need not be a bar. With the adoption of male attire women will naturally discard the pretty things that they now wear inside and that you can see only with the eye of faith unless you happen to be married. Husbands and fathers will no longer be called upon to pay lingerie bills of excessive proportions

and therefore will have more money to spend on their own adornment. The poet of the *Daily Mail* has the right of it when he blossoms into verse thusly:

"In days of old when knights were bold"
Man's clothes were likewise brave.
The tailor's charge was doubtless large
But did we pinch and save?
Oh, no! We gaily paid the bill
And strove to look more splendid still.

The powdered wig and Georgian rig
Combined the gay and chaste,
But now we deem a simpler scheme
A mark of better taste,
While women's clothing, year by year,
Grows more extravagantly dear.

And, with the show of long ago,
Authority decays.
A subtle scorn of man is born
Because he meekly pays.
For, since he shed his lordly coat,
Woman, with threats, demands the vote!

Then here's to one that hath begun
To trim our garb with lace,
That we at last, as in the past,
May fill our proper place.
Nor are we, ladies, feeling lost
To know where we may save the cost!
—The Argonaut.

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"



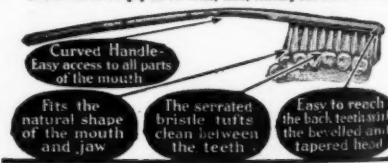
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TOOTH BRUSH

Cleaning your teeth is like sweeping the stairs. You have to get into the cracks and corners or you don't get them clean. The Prophy-lac-tic Flexible Handle Brush is made to get into the cracks and corners without discomfort. It has a serrated edge, and a little tuft that sticks out at the end, and with the flexible handle you can use stiffer bristles than before.

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Easy to reach
the back teeth with
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A young couple appeared not long ago in a prayer-meeting in a Middle West town and requested the minister to marry them. The service was interrupted to oblige them, and after the ceremony they took a front seat while the regular meeting resumed. A hymn was then given out that had evidently not been selected with this incident in view. The opening line said: "Deluded souls that look for heaven."

—Lippincott's.

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Captain Kidd told how he buried his treasure.

"I merely used a filing system to show where it was," he cried.

Herewith none wondered it was lost.

—New York Sun.

TOURIST (at Irish hotel): You seem tired, Pat?

WAITER: Yiss sorr. Up very early this morning--half past six.

TOURIST: I don't call half past six early!

WAITER (quickly): Well, half past five, thin!--Punch.

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A Genius?

MR. HITCHCOCK, the news editor of the great daily, had only the junior reporter at hand, and news of a shooting case had come in.

A man had married a girl at 4 o'clock the afternoon before, and at 8 the same evening had shot at her five times.

"What shall I do?" asked the reporter.

"Get an interview from the girl," said Hitchcock.

"But I don't know what to ask her," objected the reporter.

Hitchcock got up from his chair, walked over to the wall, and beat his head against the plaster three times. "I don't think you understand," he told the youth with as much patience as he could muster. "Married at 4 and shot at five times at 8. Go and get the story."

"Well, what shall I ask her?" queried the reporter.

Hitchcock, looking pained and grieved, said, "Ask her whether she considers the conduct of her husband an insult or merely studied indifference."

—London Opinion.

Realistic

THE CUSTOMER (trying phonograph): There's something wrong with these grand opera records. There's a horrible racket in each one that spoils the effect of the music.

THE DEMONSTRATOR: Ah, yes. One of our latest effects. That's the conversation in the boxes. Wonderfully realistic.—Chicago Daily News.

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THOMPSON: Wouldn't you hate to have death staring you in the face?
JOHNSON: No. If you'd seen my wife's stare, you'd realize that death's has no terror for me.—Harper's Bazar.

"Who can give a sentence using the word pendulum?" asked the teacher.
Little Rachel's hand shot up. The teacher nodded encouragingly.
"Lightning was invented by Benjamin Franklin."—Everybody's.

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"No he won't be back today. Gone home to rest. All worn out. Can't sleep. Nerves and indigestion I guess. Says he hasn't slept more than an hour or so each night for the last week. Poor fellow! If he doesn't take care of himself I'm afraid he'll have to give up business."

Nature's balance is delicately adjusted. Sound, refreshing sleep is necessary to restore the wasted nerve and brain cells. Sleepless nights are but forerunners of grave danger to body and mind. Take heed. Don't ignore Nature's demands. When quiet, peaceful sleep doesn't come regularly begin using

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It feeds, soothes and strengthens the nerves, aids digestion, braces up the overworked brain and brings profound sleep to help nature in her efforts to restore the wasted mind and body to normal health and strength. Through its nourishing and tonic properties it will make you mentally and physically fit to cope with business cares and worries.

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 T is the Tenor who tries, in Trilling, to climb up and hit C;
 U is for You—or for Us—the drama's Untiring pillars;
 V is the V we disburse for comedies, sobbers, and thrillers;
 W stands for Nat Wills—or Wonderful stunts of Dave Warfield's;
 X is that beautiful ten we handed to Joe Weber—or Fields;
 Y are the charms due to Youth—oh, would that all chorus girls had 'em!
 Z is for—what IS it for—I leave that to you, Sir or Madam.
 —By Thomas R. Ybarra, in *New York Times*.

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 J is the Juice of the grape which, during the waits, is poured in you;
 K is for Kalich the grim, through tragedy splendidly stalking;
 L is the Lout who is Late and over your Legs goes a-walking;
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OUT MAY 15TH



The Little House Number

Edited by JOHN M. CARRÈRE



The late J. M. Carrère

The late John M. Carrère was consulting editor of this special number of *Country Life in America*. Mr. Carrère, who was fatally injured in a taxicab accident on February 12th, was unquestionably one of the greatest architects in this country, and his good taste in matters of house design was second to none. Fortunately, Mr. Carrère had completed his work as consulting editor before his accident, and the first article is from his pen, and is illustrated with the work of his firm.

Country Life in America

This issue will include the following illustrated features:

- | | |
|---|---|
| "Better Taste in Small Houses," by John M. Carrère. | "Building Materials, and Which to Choose," by Phil M. Riley. |
| "The Essentials of Small-House Planning." By Harrie T. Lindeberg. | "Summer Cottages, Good and Bad," by Francis Arnold Collins. |
| "A Small House Giving a Large Effect," by Phil M. Riley. | "Portable Small Houses," by Francis A. Collins. |
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