

NOV 7 1910

VOL. LVI. NO. 1463
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NOVEMBER 10, 1910

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CITY OF DETROIT

Horse Show Number



11-A
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\$2400

HEARST BYTT



The Open Road to All Outdoors—and Back Again!

TO the exhilarating delight of a dash out into the open country—into highway and byway—over smooth macadam or through sandy lane—up difficult hill or down gradual descent—to all these just add the supreme satisfaction of knowing that you will easily get back again!

That in brief expresses just what the experienced motorist demands of his automobile, as well as the real capabilities of Maxwell performance—the car that is “Perfectly Simple—Simply Perfect.” **14 H. P. \$600**

If you would know more in detail about Maxwell performance, just say to us on a postal, “*Mail Books.*”

Sale of Maxwells To Date

Sold to Sept. 30, '10 . . . 37,389
Sold during Oct. '10 . . . 1,767
Maxwells in use today . . . 39,156

Watch the Figures Grow

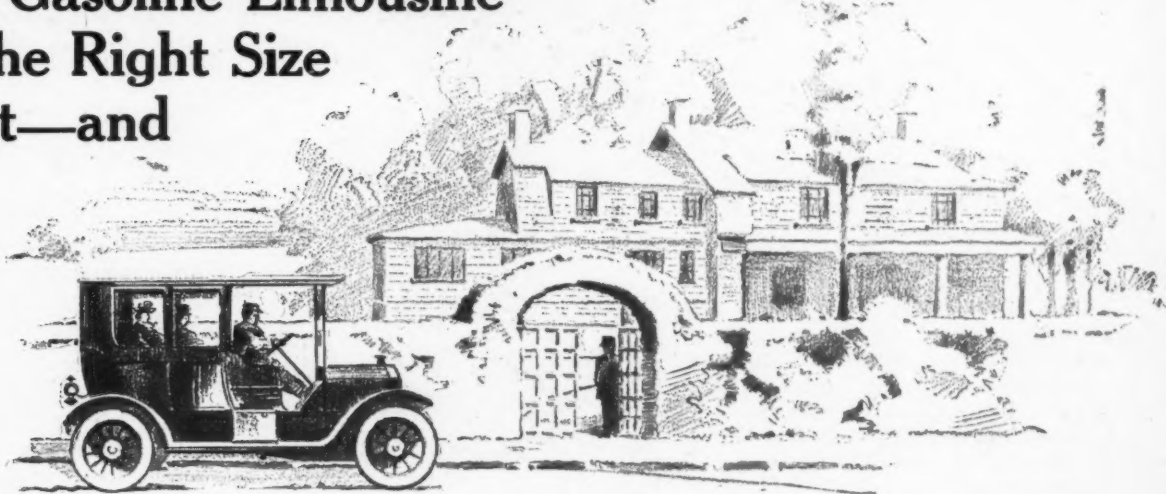
**MAXWELL-BRISCOE
MOTOR CO. WACO STREET
TARRYTOWN, N. Y.**

Licensed under Seiden Patent. Member A. L. A. M.

MAXWELL FACTORIES

NEWCASTLE IND.
PROVIDENCE R. I.
TARRYTOWN N. Y.
KINGSLAND POINT N. Y.

The White Gasoline Limousine Is Exactly the Right Size and Weight—and Exclusive in Style



IN every outline and detail it is beautiful, dignified and what it should be. Its equipment and specifications secure the most exclusive effects without sacrificing comfort and have that air of "class" that in itself spells the highest type of refinement. The extremely stylish body is roomy and will hold five passengers comfortably, without counting two on the driver's seat, yet by clever designing the car appears much smaller than it really is. Its weight is much less than other cars of this type.

The body is of a quality of aluminum easily repaired in case of pole dents, or the ordinary city accidents. You never feel it is too large, even when alone, yet it is not crowded when every seat is occupied.

The furnishings, from the inside dome electric lights to the toilet articles of exquisite daintiness, and silk curtains that shade the French plate windows, are of the finest quality, and, like the car itself, exactly what they should be.

Broadcloth, whipcord or leather, whichever is selected for upholstery, comes in any shade desired and all from the White factory, bearing the White

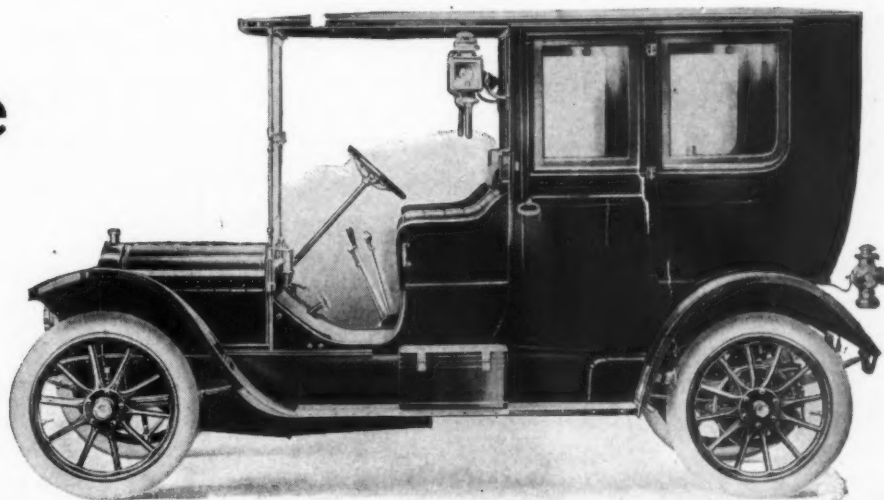
guarantee. The window spaces are the right size and carefully planned to give the most comfort and elegance to the occupants. The window sashes are of polished rosewood, brass beveled, and the doors are extremely wide and low—a feature greatly appreciated by women when elaborate toilets are worn.

The chauffeur's seat is protected with side curtains and a folding glass shield. In fact, no possible necessity—or even luxury of equipment—has been overlooked.

The White Company, 852 East 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

(16)

The White Limousine



The
Literary
Zoo.

A Mutilation of Homer

One cannot turn the leaves of the new translation of Homer in verse which Messrs. Little, Brown and Company so boldly emit without recalling Plutarch's story of Alcibiades and the schoolmaster. Alcibiades went into a school one day and asked the pedagogue there if he possessed a copy of Homer. The schoolmaster replied that he did—a copy corrected by himself. "And you, who can correct Homer, are content to teach children!" cried Alcibiades, giving the pedant a box on the ear. "I should think you fitter to instruct men." What punishment would Alcibiades have meted out to the maker of this new translation of Homer in verse who boasts that he has omitted the superfluous? "You, who are capable of suppressing portions of Homer," one almost hears Alcibiades cry, "will next be capable of suppressing him altogether."

The Traveled Bore

One reason for the immense superiority of Herodotus over, say Sven Hedin, as a writer of books of travel and description is that the old Greek never tarried long in the countries he wrote about. Not once does he try a reader's patience through having steeped himself, to quote the jargon of publishers, in the atmosphere of his subject. Nothing gets into print about a foreign nation that is so readable as the first impressions of a countryman of one's own who has run up and down and about the place as quickly as was convenient and then dashed off a book about it all. The explanation is that the authority on Portugal makes us sick when he talks or writes of Portugal with his fatiguing information, whereas the man who looked at Portugal through a spy glass while his steamer ran down the coast does not forfeit his sense of proportion. He may not be able to tell us much about Portugal, but Herodotus was not able to tell us much about the crocodile. Herodotus, for that very reason, is most precious when he writes of the crocodile, its tears, its embarrassment in turning around and around when a human being, looking for eggs, sets it the example. This may be poor science, but it is good de-

(Continued on page 805)



Caruso, the greatest of all tenors

McCormack, the greatest Irish tenor

Martin, the greatest American tenor

Dalmore, the greatest French Tenor

Scotti
Sammarco
Battistini
Ruffo } the greatest Italian baritones

De Gogorza, the greatest Spanish baritone

Renaud, the greatest French baritone

Schumann-Heink, the greatest of all contraltos

Homer, the greatest American contralto

Gerville-Réache, the greatest French contralto

These famous artists—universally acknowledged *the* greatest, and commanding the highest salaries—make records *only for the Victor* because *only the Victor* brings out their voices as clear and true as life itself.

And be sure to hear the
Victor-Victrola

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

The world's greatest singers make records only for the Victor.

The world's *greatest* singers! The greatest tenors; the greatest sopranos; the greatest contraltos; the greatest baritones; the greatest basses. Not *among* the greatest, but *the* greatest of all nationalities.

Melba, the greatest of all sopranos

Tetrazzini, the greatest Italian soprano

Eames }
Farrar } the greatest American sopranos

Calvé, the greatest French Soprano

Gadski, the greatest German soprano

Sembrich, the greatest Polish soprano

Michailowa, the greatest Russian soprano

Journet }
Plançon } the greatest French basses

Witherspoon, the greatest American bass



"His Master's Voice"
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 804)

scription. When Oliver Goldsmith revamped it for his "Animated Nature"—a work very little read nowadays, except by me—he had had the advantage of hasty travel and he retained the crocodile's tears. He injected much of himself into the theme, as all good descriptive writers must when not weighed down by the baggage of too definite information and as Robert E. Peary does in "The North Pole," which the Stokes Company emits luxuriously printed and bound. Peary stopped at the Pole a whole night—not a whole Arctic night, of course, but an Arabian night—and he traveled there and back as quickly as he could. He imparts his impressions accordingly with the liveliness of Herodotus, who could say of Babylon as Peary can say of the Pole, that he had at least been there. Many other resemblances between these descriptive writers will occur to those who read them, although, naturally, Peary says nothing about crocodiles and perhaps a Greek did get to Babylon before Herodotus. Herodotus denies that. How very human! He had expended incredible sums and infinite patience in reaching the goal, and it must have been thoroughly exasperating, upon his return to Greece, to find an impostor in the field. The good faith of Herodotus, moreover, is never for an instant in doubt. He can tell us very little that is definite about the place he has visited, but he is able to display his ignorance in a very charming way.

A Vindication of Literary Tittle-Tattle

Anticipating no denunciation of its proceeding, the London *News* mentioned recently that Thomas Hardy can not tolerate tight shoes. Emphatic, in consequence, were the sneers of a contemporary at such degradation of a great writer's fame to the level of a triviality concerning his feet. It compromised the seriousness of a sublime genius.

These objections lose sight of the point that all of us who can not tolerate tight shoes experience a sense of uplift. Thomas Hardy is not dragged down to us but we are lifted up to him. I had always thought of the writings of Herbert Spencer as above and beyond me until I read that he stuffed objects into his ears when people began to talk him to death. I always long (although I never dare) to stuff objects into my ears when a bore buttonholes me. The discovery that the founder of a great school of philosophical thought possessed the same impulse proves how much we

(Continued on page 807)

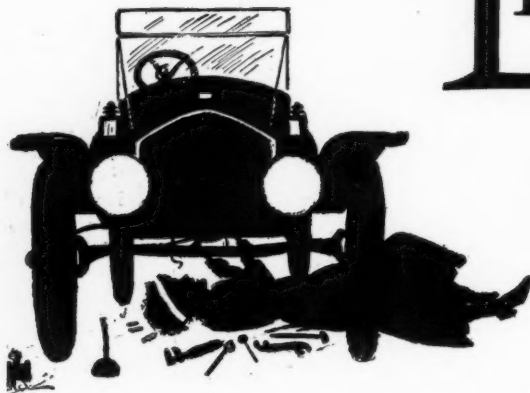
There Is No Woman At The Bottom of

LIFE'S

Great Auto Race

NOW ON

IT'S A MAN'S
CONTEST



HOW THE CONTESTANTS STAND TO DATE

Locomobile.....	1,260 lines
Packard.....	1,260 lines
McFarlan.....	840 lines
Oldsmobile.....	840 lines
Overland.....	840 lines
Pierce Arrow.....	840 lines
Rambler.....	840 lines
Stearns.....	840 lines
Thomas Flyer.....	840 lines
White.....	840 lines
Peerless.....	634 lines
Haynes.....	448 lines
Rauch & Lang Electric.....	448 lines
Baker Electric.....	420 lines
Chalmers.....	420 lines
Cunningham.....	420 lines
Franklin.....	420 lines
Hudson.....	420 lines
Hupmobile.....	420 lines
Maxwell Briscoe.....	420 lines
Stoddard Dayton.....	420 lines
Correja.....	224 lines
Marmon.....	224 lines
Premier.....	224 lines
Reo.....	224 lines
Stevens Duryea.....	224 lines
Waverley Electric.....	224 lines
Brewster.....	210 lines
Club Car.....	210 lines
Kelly Motor Truck.....	210 lines

16,104 lines

THE FIRST QUARTER STRETCH

The contestants are rapidly nearing December first.

In the Great Christmas issue will be presented their relative position at that time.

Meanwhile their standing up to the present moment is given to the left of this column.

The suggestion has been made that we give a booby prize for the automobile having the least number of lines between October, 1910, and April, 1911.

Not a bad idea. Maybe we will.

In the meantime, we call attention to the fact that every contestant in this race, no matter what his position, is entitled to lasting glory. Besides, it's business.

We furnish all the gas.

No breakdowns. Six hundred thousand readers are waiting the result with feverish interest.

Be calm, gentlemen, and show your sporting blood.

While there's LIFE there's publicity.

The prize, as all the world knows, is a solid gold cup offered by LIFE as a prize for the greatest number of advertising lines in LIFE from October 1st, 1910, to April 1st, 1911. The cup is twenty carat, and stands eight inches in height. It can be seen by inquiring of the advertising department at LIFE office.

HARTSHORN

SHADE ROLLERS
Original and unsequaled.
Wood or tin rollers, "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine

Stewart Hartshorn

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 805)

have in common. I realize that the works he published should not after all be wholly neglected. If I have an impulse in common with so great a thinker as Herbert Spencer I must have a mind competent to assimilate his philosophy. I am no longer beneath it and I am greater than I thought I was. Moreover, when I tell people that I prefer my coffee very hot indeed, I should not like to be told that I am talking tittle-tattle. It is one of the most important things in its way to me that my coffee be brought me hot. I leave you to imagine what I felt when I saw in the *Figaro* that Rostand makes scenes in the cafés if the waiters fail to bring his coffee to him very hot indeed. I realize that this great artist—the greatest creative genius alive to-day, perhaps—has so conspicuous a trait in common with myself that I have a clue to him. His symbolism will yield its riddle to me. Nor is this a belittling of the genius. No truly great man can come down to the level of his fellow creatures. He lifts them to himself partly through his works but mainly through the spread

The way of the world is hard —jars and jolts, physical and mental

The way of
"Live"
Rubber
Heels
is easy,
graceful,
jarless
Step lively



Wear
O'Sullivan's
"Live"
Rubber
Heels and be
hale and happy
50 cents, all
shoe dealers

Listen: Every bit of delicate machinery that man produces carries with it springs, ball bearings, shock absorbers, rubber tires and such like to lessen the wear and tear; yet man, the inventor of things, places a bit of hard leather beneath his heels and stamps his way along, with never a thought for his well-balanced self. Be consistent! If you put a shock absorber on your automobile to save its machinery, do as much for your own body. Have a pair of O'Sullivan's Heels of Live Rubber attached to your shoes.

O'Sullivan's Heels of Live Rubber cost 50 cents attached and wear twice as long as leather. There are no other Heels of "Live" Rubber, nor other real rubber heels, although there are some so called. They cost as much and are worthless. When your dealer cannot supply you, send 35 cents and diagram of heel to the makers and get a pair by return mail.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO. LOWELL MASS., U.S.A.

You are of course familiar with our celebrated Underwear. Are you also acquainted with our splendid lines of Specialties?—Polo Coats, Auto Coats, Auto and Steamer Rugs, Knitted Jackets, Sleeping Bags, etc. Absolutely the finest goods in this market.

Descriptive catalogue and illustrated circulars mailed on request.

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores
New York: 306 Fifth Ave., 23 Maiden Lane
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St. Boston: 238 Baylston St.
Phila.: 1516 Chestnut St. Chicago: 83 State St.
Agents in all Principal Cities

of what is called tittle-tattle. We know a great deal more about Socrates, for instance, than we do about Aeschylus. That is because we have those details regarding the domestic troubles of Socrates. Would not the sublime teachings of the "Prometheus Vincit" be brought home to us more if we knew that the wife of Aeschylus was like the wife of Socrates? Would we not feel more in sympathy with Aeschylus, those of us, of course, who are married?

The New Woman's Literary Work

As a more complete vindication of the intellectual equality of woman with man, Miss Christobel Pankhurst will perhaps next insist that the articles about great women in the University of Cambridge's new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica be written by women—the article on Joan of Arc, say, by Mrs. Langtry and the article on Sappho by Mrs. Eddy. The feminist agitation could profitably be developed in literature when the classics

emerge one by one in the cheap reprints. The classics are—alas!—man-made, but the next edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" might be equipped with introduction and notes by the Duchess of Marlborough. What a set of notes could be supplied to some standard work on vegetable life by Lydia E. Pinkham!

Alexander Harvey.

EVERSTICK
TRADE MARK
PAT. AUG. 17, 1903 AND NOV. 20, 1905
INVISIBLE RUBBERS

Don't stifle your feet as do the old fashioned clumsy rubbers. They protect the most vital part, the sole of the shoe, from cold and damp, and allow the feet to breathe.

EVERYBODY NEEDS EVERSTICKS.
Always for sale where good shoes are sold
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.
THE ADAMS & FORD CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

None genuine without THIS cord.



Packard
MOTOR TRUCKS



Some purchasers of Packard Trucks whose first orders have been repeated for one or more additional trucks

Adams Express Company, New York

July 20, 1908 Bought 3 Packard trucks
 July 25, 1908 Bought 1 Packard truck
 October 21, 1908 Bought 4 Packard trucks
 June 2, 1909 Bought 6 Packard trucks
 May 21, 1910 Bought 2 Packard trucks
 June 3, 1910 Bought 1 Packard truck

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, St. Louis

April 16, 1909 Bought 1 Packard truck
 June 30, 1909 Bought 1 Packard truck
 December 27, 1909 Bought 8 Packard trucks
 March 28, 1910 Bought 2 Packard trucks
 September 16, 1910 Bought 1 Packard truck

Crystal Park Company, Manitou, Colorado

January 26, 1909 Bought 5 Packard trucks
 August 29, 1910 Bought 2 Packard trucks

Marshall Field & Company, Chicago

December 4, 1908 Bought 1 Packard truck
 October 3, 1909 Bought 2 Packard trucks
 November 5, 1909 Bought 1 Packard truck
 March 9, 1910 Bought 3 Packard trucks
 April 26, 1910 Bought 2 Packard trucks
 April 27, 1910 Bought 1 Packard truck
 July 19, 1910 Bought 4 Packard trucks

Barrett Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia

November 24, 1909 Bought 1 Packard truck
 February 21, 1910 Bought 2 Packard trucks
 March 30, 1910 Bought 1 Packard truck
 April 18, 1910 Bought 1 Packard truck

Liquid Carbonic Company, Pittsburg

April 22, 1910 Bought 1 Packard truck
 April 25, 1910 Bought 1 Packard truck
 June 6, 1910 Bought 1 Packard truck
 August 19, 1910 Bought 1 Packard truck

Mandel Brothers, Chicago

May 24, 1909 Bought 2 Packard trucks
 January 8, 1910 Bought 1 Packard truck
 May 10, 1910 Bought 5 Packard trucks

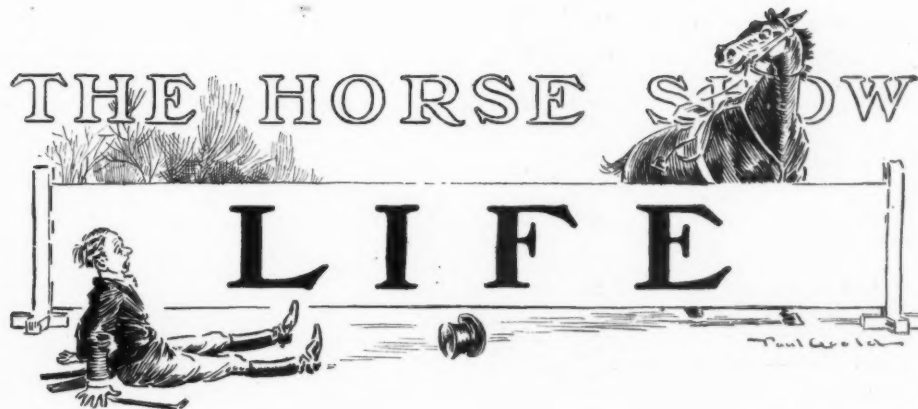
John Wanamaker, New York and Philadelphia

July 6, 1909 Bought 2 Packard trucks
 July 14, 1909 Bought 2 Packard trucks
 September 4, 1909 Bought 1 Packard truck
 September 14, 1909 Bought 1 Packard truck
 September 23, 1909 Bought 1 Packard truck
 September 27, 1909 Bought 1 Packard truck
 September 30, 1909 Bought 1 Packard truck
 December 20, 1909 Bought 1 Packard truck
 March 2, 1910 Bought 1 Packard truck

The number of trucks sold to purchasers who have repeated their initial orders averages three trucks to each purchaser

Long hauls; heavy loads. Packard service in truck maintenance by established Packard dealers in sixty cities. Catalog sent on request

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit



It Was Ever Thus

"CLOTHES, always clothes!"

The young husband was in no pleasant mood. He laughed cynically as he went on.

"No sooner do I get one set of bills paid than another comes in. Shirt waists, hats, skirts, evening gowns and morning gowns, street costumes and afternoon frocks. Bah! I am tired of it all."

"And yet," replied the young wife combatively, "that is what you married me for."

"Married you for?"

"That is what I said. You married me because I looked pretty—'fetching'—and how can a woman look this way unless she spends money on her clothes? If I had been a calm, severe, matter of fact and businesslike person, carefully considering only the usefulness of everything I bought, you wouldn't have given me a second thought—except possibly to stick up your manly nose at me. It was the tint of a gown, the hang of a skirt, the subtle arrangement of color in a hat, that attracted you. You refuse to admit this, of course. With your manly, practical sense, you scoff at these superfluous and extravagant things. But without them I should be working out my destiny as an old maid; and if I began with enough property to support myself, it would all be wheedled away from me by some suave member of your own sex, whose business it is to make a living out of old maids and widows."

The young husband, as is the wont with manly men, began to take water, this being the obviously chivalric thing to do.

"Now, Mabel," he said expostulatingly, "you know I don't mean all that. Of course you must dress, and even a certain quantity of recklessness meets with my most hearty

approval. But there is a limit. Character must be maintained. We mustn't overstep the mark. Living within our income may seem a strange doctrine to you, and yet I maintain that it is our duty."

"Nonsense! You love me for my very extravagance. If I stopped to consider every consequence, you would soon get tired of me. You might hang on a little longer, but when you got to be middle-aged you would do what all middle-aged men with circumspect wives do—you would cast sheep's eyes at the end ladies of the chorus—why? Because they, my dear boy, are reckless, are extravagant, and never proceed to do anything by parliamentary rules."

"And you expect to retain my interest, do you, by making me financially miserable?"

"That is the present intention."

So saying, the young wife, arraying herself in her best picture hat, ordered her motor car to take her to her hairdresser's, and from there to her corset maker and her tailor.

Mail

MAIL consists of letters, magazines, circulars and bills. Mail is the cause of a great many men upholding the high ideals of the grand old party.

Mail is delivered by carriers, who always come late when you are looking for an important letter from your rich uncle from whom you are expecting a loan.

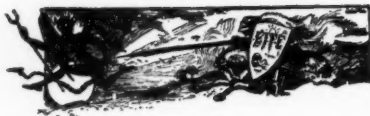
Young lovers and creditors always go through their mail with avidity.

Sometimes people write personal messages on postal cards, in which event the mail service becomes a great disseminator of knowledge.

Mail helps along more breach-of-promise suits than any other influence.



FINE FEATHERS DO NOT MAKE FINE HORSES



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. NOVEMBER 10, 1910 No. 1463

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



WHEN this issue of LIFE reaches its readers the efforts made in the State of New York to assist Colonel Roosevelt to a seat will have terminated for the present. It is to regret that they were so much complicated by other proceedings and especially by a great deal of unnecessary and useless disparagement of the two candidates for Governor, in which even the candidates themselves felt constrained to participate. There were only two issues in the New York campaign. The chief one was the Colonel, and the supplementary one was the Republican party. The voters were expected to signify whether or not it was their wish that both should be relieved for a time of the responsibilities of government, and have a chance to stop, look and listen.

Whatever the result it does not seem to us that Colonel Roosevelt's labors on the stump have been edifying. He has hit the line hard in several States; for Beveridge and revision downward in Indiana; for Lodge and no-matter-about-the-tariff in Massachusetts, and in New York slam-bang with good-enough-till-after-election arguments for Roosevelt and Stimson. He has pitched into Mr. Dix in New York on grounds based on misinformation, and he has assailed Judge Baldwin in Connecticut as a promulgator of legal opinions which the Judge denies that he has fathered, or approves. We have never had an ex-President before who was quite so slap-dash on the stump, but if the Colonel likes that sort of thing it's all right and we hope he will take his fill of it. He must

live his life and relieve his energies in his own way. That is his lawful privilege, and all that we voters can ask, or ought to want, is the usual chance of expressing our views at the polls as we shall have done before this writing becomes reading.



IT may be said for the Colonel that there never before was an ex-President that our frame of government was so ill-contrived to fit. Even admitting that he has not handled himself discreetly since his return, it is not so much his fault that he should have been in the situation in which he has lately found himself, as a result of our governmental provisions and habits. If he had been a British premier he would have kept the leadership in government until he and his party lost their majority, but as it was, he went out of office the extravagantly popular leader of a party that was amply able to elect his successor. That happened, it is true, to Grant, Jackson and Jefferson before him, but Jefferson, when he quit office, was sixty-six and Jackson was seventy. Grant, propelled into retirement at fifty-five, tried to run again and had to be dissuaded.

Moreover, if Roosevelt had been an English premier he would have led the government, as Gladstone did, until the people got tired, and then would have led the Opposition until either the Opposition got tired and threw him over or the people got rested and wanted more of him. As it is, here, being out of the government he turns naturally enough to the leadership of an Opposition, but it is largely an opposition to his own party and its constituted head, and that is irregular and makes hard feeling and criticism. If he could only have kept office until he was hooted out of it by the voters, his future course would have been simpler and easier, but as it is he is like a man with a licking coming to him who will not be happy till he gets it.

If he must have that licking he is entitled to go out and look for it.

There is nothing in the Constitution about third terms, and nothing but a six-year-old voluntary renunciation to hinder him from trying to get one if he chooses. As to that he will do, no doubt, what he thinks best. It is a real pity that our governmental provisions don't fit his case better, but we can't change them to suit it, and would not dare to if we could, because the Presidency seems too powerful an office to leave without a definite limit.

But let his aspirations be what they will so long as they are constitutionally lawful, and let him hold forth and hit the line to his fill, subject to law. The notion that our liberties are so shaky as to be subject to anybody's forbearance is preposterous. If we can't take care of ourselves, including the Colonel, we are not capable of self-government, and it's only a question of who shall be our guardian.



WHATEVER the result in New Jersey, it is to admire the admirable efforts of Dr. Wilson during the last month in that State. It is long since voters in the East have heard such political talk as he has given the men of New Jersey. Personalities are usually the refuge of political speakers who have nothing better to offer. He has not needed them, but out of the abundance of his equipment and ability he has actually been able to talk to Jersey voters about political principles and policies and methods of government in such a fashion that the voters crowded to hear him and listened greedily and roared for more.

Dr. Wilson instructed the voters and they liked it. That is wonderful—wonderful that he could do it; not wonderful that they liked it, because the voters do like to be instructed by a competent teacher.

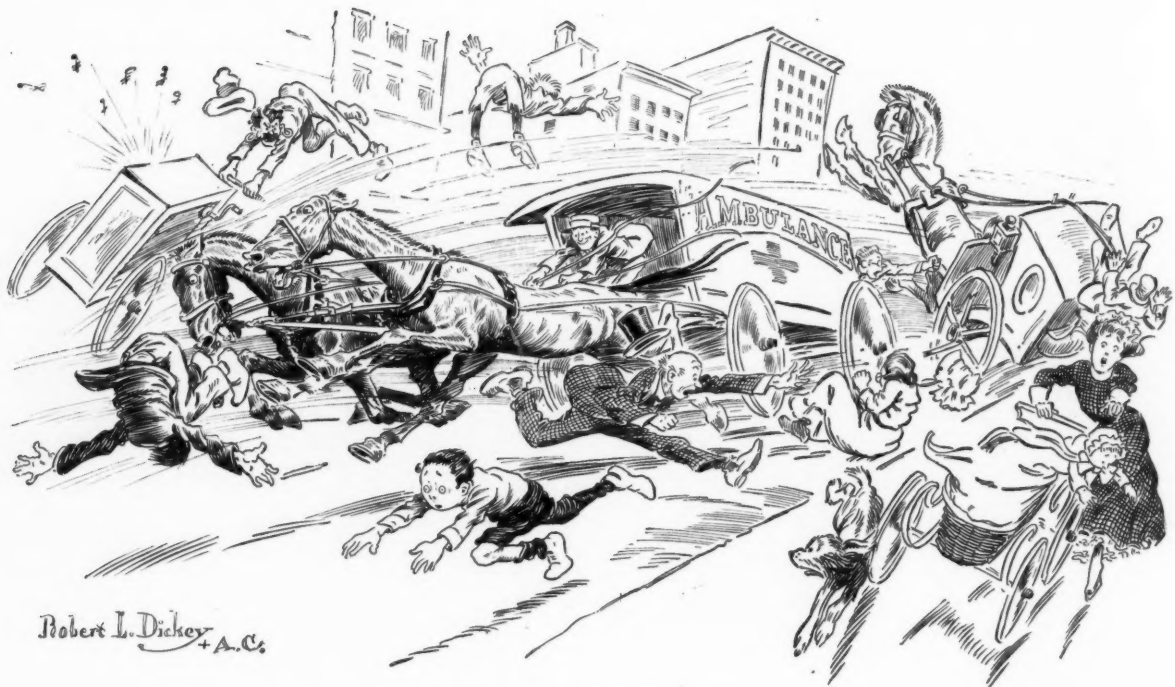
Of much the same quality and on the same high plane were the speeches of Judge Baldwin (Professor in the Yale Law School) in Connecticut. If the Judge and Dr. Wilson are fair samples of professors in politics, let us have more of them—lots more! They are just what the country needs.



IS JONES ABOUT TO

Tell again the story of his terrible operation?
Show the kodak pictures of his trip to Europe?
Show his baby's photo?
Repeat the bright remarks of his children?
Boast of his success with the ladies?

Repeat a "bit of pleasantry of my own which caused my
companions considerable amusement"?
Talk of his distinguished ancestors?
Talk some more about the general superiority of everything
in the *old days*?



Robert L. Dickey
+ A.C.

IN THE INTERESTS OF HUMANITY!

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

YOU did it last year earlier than before. Do it early again.

It is better for you. You will be less crowded in the doing of it. You will have a better choice of the commodities that are offered, and more time to make your choices.

It is a great deal better for the forces

in the shops; the girls and men who wait on you, and deliver your purchases. The strain of the Christmas shopping on the shopgirls, in particular, is still very severe. Mitigate it, you who can, by every means in your power. Get *your* matters out of the way early. There will be many who won't, and a good many who can't, and the rush will be hard enough in any case.

Do your Christmas shopping early! It is wise; it is thrifty, and it is kind.

A Tribute to Efficiency

TIME was when the rule read: If you want a thing done, do it yourself. The contemporary amendment is: If you want a thing done ask your stenographer to see to it.

That is a great tribute to the efficiency and devotion of office-working women. The objection remains that the women who have changed the rule are too valuable to be spent on office work.

The Unsatisfied Sinner

THERE is a monkish tale something like this:

There was a Woman who was so charming that she bewitched even the Lord God; and the Lord told her she could ask anything that she wanted.

So the Woman said she wanted to have the world go just the way she liked it, and the Lord said it should be so.

At the end of a year the Lord asked her if everything was as she had desired, and the Woman said it was.

And the Lord God said, "Then you are satisfied," and the Woman said, "No, I don't like it." Bolton Hall.



FLOWERS OF FASHION

OFTEN when a man gets to the top he fails to find the records left by the previous explorer.



"BLESSED BE THE TIE THAT BINDS"

Squaring the Circle

UPON my course thro' life I've found,
I've seen it everywhere:
Tho' money makes the world go round,
It doesn't make it square.

About Mr. Morgan

MR. MORGAN'S obituary, now running in *McClure's*, is a fine story. All the professing obituarists tremble at the thought of doing Mr. Morgan, he is such a very large subject, and susceptible of so many kinds of treatment. It is a good thing to have him done this way, by a magazine as a serial, while he is still with us and can live it down. He has already lived down pretty much everything else.

Mr. Morgan is one of the two most interesting men in the country. The other is Mr. Roosevelt. They are in strong contrast. They are both thinkers. Mr. Roosevelt thinks like a spring freshet covering a large area with considerable turbulence. The landscape is apt to resume its former aspects after his thought has passed over it. Mr. Morgan's thought is less torrential but more penetrating, and more permanent in its results. Mr. Roosevelt takes quantities of physical exercise, Mr. Morgan takes none. Mental exercise keeps him in condition. Mr. Roosevelt's great stunt is to hit the line hard. Mr. Morgan's specialty is to gather up the pieces. Both of these eminent men, having done a great many things, have doubtless done a number of things that they ought not to have done. One thing of this nature that Mr. Roosevelt did was to shake his fist at Mr. Morgan at a Gridiron dinner in Washington. In that instance he hit the line in the wrong place. It was unnecessary. They say it did not please Mr. Morgan, and it did not profit anyone.

The late Senator Dolliver, that very valuable man, is quoted as saying, "I don't think there ever was a higher type of merchant than Henry H. Rogers." It is as sure as taxes that there will be people—thoughtful people, too—who will say the like of that about Mr. Morgan. It will be disputed, partly because when he does a great thing he usually exacts a great price. But, after all, that is part of the banking business. It isn't a game unless there are stakes and somebody wins them.

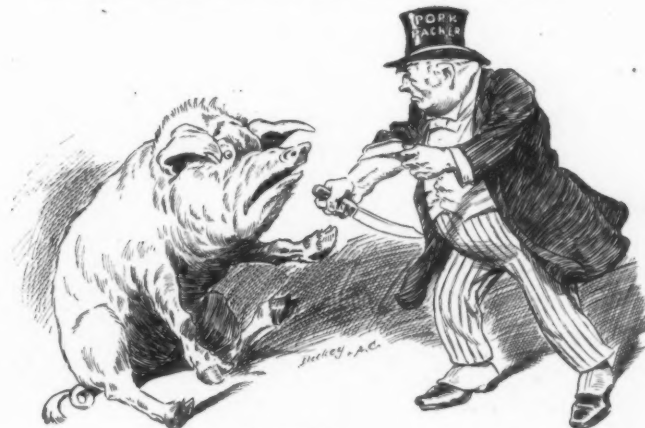
Christian Endeavorers and Election Betting

IT was in the papers that General Secretary William Shaw, of the Society of Christian Endeavor, was stirring up the police in Boston against brokers who were placing election bets for clients.

Does it properly come within the scope of Christian endeavor to come between election bettors and their bets? Brother Shaw is the same officer who was lately so active in preventing the exhibition of the prize-fight pictures. Is he not a little disposed to strain at gnats? Does he remember that there has never been worse discredit brought on the Christian religion than by men who have used, or sought to use, the law and its apparatus to constrain their fellows to behave in accordance with *their* conception of the Galilee standard?

The big Protestant organizations of the Christian Endeavor sort tend overmuch to Puritanism. They seem in danger of forgetting religion in their zeal for prevention, which is an enormous mistake. Voluntary righteousness has will behind it and goes ahead, but compulsory righteousness avails little and the necessary minimum of it is enough.

Gentlemen, leave compulsory righteousness to the police!



FRATRICIDE



THE FLYING MACHINE OF THE JUNGLE

“ Customs More Honored in the Breach ”

A Tabloid Drama

(Freely Adapted from a Scottish Tragedy)

SCENE—A “blasted” dock. Passengers landing from European steamer. Custom house officials disguised as “Macbeth” witches.

FIRST INSPECTOR—Thrice the battered trunk is viewed.

SECOND INSPECTOR—Thrice and once the tourists whine.

THIRD INSPECTOR—Loeb doth cry, “ ’Tis time, ’tis time ! ”

FIRST INSPECTOR—
Round about the baggage go,
Out the foreign presents throw.
Gifts, that under old clothes,
Days and nights have kept repose.
Precious trinkets—Europe got—
Charge we double on the lot!

ALL—
Smuggle, smuggle,
Toil and struggle!
Prices twist and values juggle!

SECOND INSPECTOR—

Lingerie of Paris make—
Rumple, crumple, soil and shake,
Coat of fur and cloak of lace,
Ornaments from every place,
Jeweled ring and necklace rare—
Pile the rubbish anywhere!
Tariff stalwarts shouldn't
struggle,
Prices twist, nor values
juggle.

ALL—
Smuggle, smuggle,
Toil and struggle!
Prices twist and values
juggle!

THIRD INSPECTOR—
Dress of Paquin, glove of
Dent,
Flemish art from Bruges and
Ghent,

Coral chain from Capri's strand,
Diamonds for a dainty hand,
Paper cutter from Lucerne,
Picture of the bears of Berne,
Bangle, dangle, comb, barette,
Scarf of silk—Gibraltar jet—
Manufactured by a Moor,
Make the duties stiff and sure!
Add thereto a leathern grip.
Tourist now must stand and strip.

ALL—
Smuggle, smuggle,
Toil and struggle,
Prices twist and values juggle!

FIRST INSPECTOR—
Decorate them with a stamp—
Make the mucilage slab and damp.

ENTER LOEB AS HECATE—
O, well done! I commend your
pains,
And every one shall share i' the
gains.

And now about the baggage sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Tariff is our Lord and King!
(*Music and song*—“*High Tariffs and
Low!*”)

WITCH—Inspectors vanish and appear at another dock, where an incoming steamer has just arrived. The same scene is re-enacted. (This drama is capable of unlimited expansion and may be continued indefinitely, or, at least, as long as the public will tolerate it.) *H. T. Craven.*

Effective

ADMIRAL EVANS said that the ports of Maine were the worst ports in the world to put a sailor ashore in. Forthwith Maine went Democratic, with a plank in the platform to revise the liquor laws. Keep the Admiral on the job. His complaint of the Maine ports was a sound, practical complaint. He testified out of his experience that the Maine laws made for the production of the quickest and craziest forms of intoxication that he knew of.



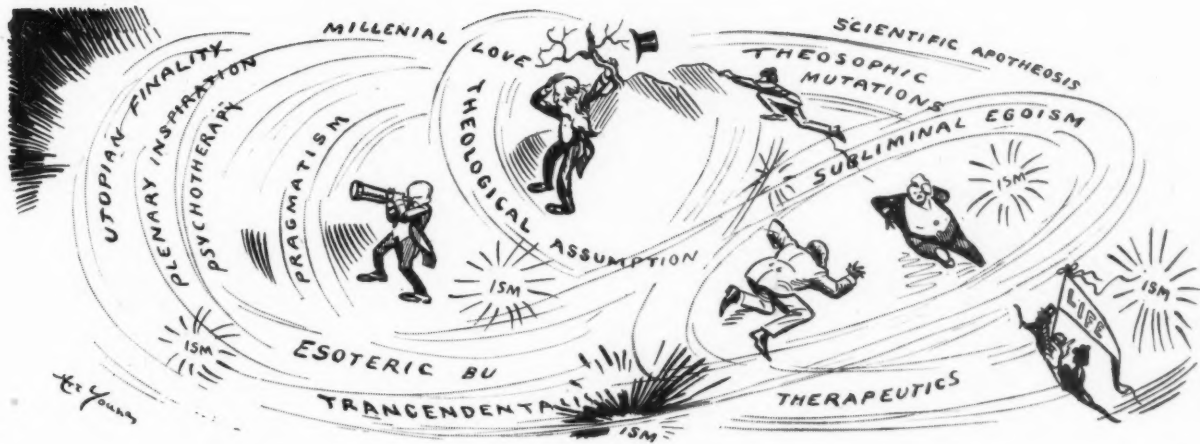
FASHION

“ THERE'S A DIVINITY THAT SHAPES
OUR ENDS.”



“ NOW, MY BOY, WHAT MISCHIEF HAVE
YOU BEEN UP TO? ”

“ PLEASE, SIR, I AIN'T BEEN UP TO
NOTHIN', YET.”



LIFE'S EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF THE ULTIMATE PASSING THROUGH THE COSMIC CURRENTS

Still After the Ultimate

Life's Two Millions Reward for Its Capture Not Yet Handed Out

IT was natural that we should have rival claimants. The New York *Evening Journal*, in a leading editorial, now claims to have discovered the Ultimate. It is going to distribute it piecemeal among its readers. See comic supplement.

Also this, from the *Herald*:

"The *Herald*, not to be outdone in enterprise, yesterday captured the Ultimate. The story of its finding and some of the thrilling escapes our reporters had, will be given in eighteen installments, every other day. Also a picture of the Ultimate will be exhibited suitable for framing. The *Herald's* position as the leading Ultimate finder will now be recognized. In order to secure it, Mr. Bennett was obliged to discharge every member of his staff, some of whom had been with him for several months and had families to support. But his fine sense of honor with regard to the Ultimate left him no other course. Buy the *Herald*."

Also, from the *Outlook*:

"We have had the Ultimate all along in this office. Does any one suppose that Dr. Abbott should have been writing editorials about it for all these years without having it where he could lay his hands on it? Never! We wouldn't part with it, however, for a paltry two millions. It has been our mainstay. We depend upon it now almost entirely to get our paper out. When we have written up immortality and the spiritual side of things we turn to our tried and trusty Ultimate, and it never fails us."

Now, LIFE has no quarrel with these, or any other esteemed contemporaries, who claim to have the Ultimate concealed about their persons. We only say that it is very selfish of them to keep it to themselves.

Our purpose is purely patriotic. Immediately upon its receipt we will pay two millions and turn it over to the country at large, where it will do the most good.

Hoboken.—Your correspondent here is now on the track of the Ultimate, which is believed to be in hiding in this city. It was seen yesterday coming out of the Hoboken ferry, presumably on its way to the Woman's Club of Orange, but

later it came running back with its tail between its legs. I hope to report favorably.

Waldorf Hotel, N. Y.—The Ultimate is said to be staying here. Several suffragettes have seen it. Mrs. Belmont declares that she had it yesterday, but it got away. It is very imposing and has a fair and very impressive elocution. You would know it anywhere. No one can mistake it.

Central Park.—At nine o'clock last night the Ultimate was seen skulking through this region, looking very much ashamed of itself. It is understood that it had been attending some civic alliance meeting. A long chase ensued, but it got away, having disappeared in the wilds of Harlem. The police have been notified.

Brooklyn.—Officers of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit claim that they had the Ultimate in their grasp yesterday. They need the reward badly to pay their next dividend and brokers' commissions. But it eluded them at the important moment and hid in the cellar of the ice trust, where it was frozen out. We still hope for the best.

Hasleton, Pa.—President Baer, of the coal trust, reports having the Ultimate here yesterday. He kept it confined, but it got through the window in the night. It was disguised as an Ultimate Consumer, and it is feared it will get away and elude the authorities.

In the meantime, LIFE is waiting to pay that reward. Any one handing in the Ultimate at this office will get two millions in hard money.

Fault! Fault!

Judge Packard, of Maryland, faulted the proposal for its use of language.—*Episcopal Convention report in Boston Transcript*.

AND we hereby respectfully fault the *Transcript* for the same reason.

What on earth does "fault the proposal" mean?

Why on earth does the *Transcript* permit itself to use such language?



PAYING THE ELECTION BET

The Expert Accountant

IT is said that expert accountants are multiplying. In view of this fact, and that the likelihood of meeting one at any time is becoming more evident, should not something be done about it? At least should we not know how to guard against it? Let us, if we can, come to some conclusion about the nature and habits of this exalted personage.

There is a sense, of course, in which we are all of us expert accountants. No man would probably be willing to admit that he wasn't one. But this statement is generally understood as being a joke. The real genuine expert accountant no one makes any mistake about. We run from him instinctively.

When we can't run from him we make the best of it; we face him with cheerfulness. Our own puny affairs we have managed all our lives with some slight success; we have a rag-tag and bobtailed book in which for a number of years we have been in the habit of keeping our accounts—such as they are! Or we may have been so derelict as to carry the whole affair in our heads. We say this to the expert accountant with a deprecatory air. As for him, he is full of sympathy. From such a height he may well afford to be magnanimous.

There is one sign by which you can always know an expert accountant. No one, in the course of history, in the heavens above or the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth, was ever able to tell him anything that he didn't know. We have always thought it would be great fun—the greatest we can imagine—to get two expert accountants together. What would happen? The imagination fails.

Once, in a moment of indifference to

any fate, we employed an expert accountant to go over our humble affairs. Up to that time we had been sailing along in the blissful consciousness that all was well. Our three meals came about regularly, and some slight attempt at luxuries was our privilege.

The expert accountant came and looked us over. He showed us sternly in figures that could not lie, that we had steadily been losing ground ever since we had started. In vain we told him that we owed no man and that there was money in the bank. "Your system," he explained, "is totally at variance with the latest rules. You are, therefore, running behind."

We have been running behind ever since without him. We are ashamed to let him see us in the distance, going about our irregular and faulty business. Only a blind trust in Providence, and a guilty consciousness of our own simple-mindedness, keep us alive.

A TEACHER, after writing many times to a small pupil's parents, sent for his father.

"Mr. Rubinstine, I am really worried about your little son. He is too bright; studies too much and too strenuously; he is delicate-looking and needs out-of-door exercise—a rest, in fact. He is fully a year ahead of boys of his own age."

MR. RUBINSTINE: Vell?

TEACHER (*exasperated*): Well, he will have brain-fever; you will lose him.

MR. RUBINSTINE: Vell, I have four more just like him at home.

Life's Suffragette Contest

\$300 to the Winner

LIFE will pay the sum of Three Hundred Dollars for the best reason, or reasons, why any man should not marry a suffragette.

CONDITIONS:

Each answer must be limited to three hundred words. The manuscripts, however, may be as short as the contestant prefers.

Manuscripts must be typewritten, and should be addressed to

THE CONTEST EDITOR OF LIFE,
17 West 31st Street,
New York.

The contest is now on, and will close on December 31st, 1910. Manuscripts received after that date will not be considered.

LIFE will pay at its regular rates for all manuscripts published.

The prize will be awarded by the Editors of LIFE, and the announcement of the winner will be made as soon after January 1st, 1911, as possible.

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

Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied with stamped and addressed envelope.



Illustration by

The Cart Horse: GEE! I'M GLAD I AIN'T STYLISH.



"WILLIAM, HOW DO YOU SPELL 'YOKE'?"

"DO YOU MEAN THE YOLK OF AN EGG, MARIA, OR THE—ER—THE YOKE YOU HAVE THROWN OFF?"



THE GREAT AMERICAN BABY

Columbia: IT'S VERY ODD, SAM, BUT THAT IS THE ONLY TOY THAT ALWAYS KEEPS HIM AMUSED.

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

Branches Everywhere, Including Paris, Constantinople and Philadelphia. No Connection With Any Other Establishment.

THE great Husbands' Bench Show is over, and the tired crowds are trailing back home. Special trains containing our customers are on their way West and South, and the usual calm has settled over Madison Square Garden. A closer bond of sympathy than ever before now unites us and the thought that all over the country kindred spirits are suffering in about the same way—with slight variations—as we are, is certainly a great solace. Out of the show has grown a permanent organization called the Husbands' League, with home circles all over the country. We have been urged very strongly to become the president of this League, but we must decline the honor with much regret. We have

promised, however, to give the League our hearty support, and through our immense organization to make known far and wide its aims and purposes. We have been compelled to make a slight financial charge for this service and we mention the matter now frankly and unreservedly because envious critics in the past have only been too willing to step forward at any inopportune moment and accuse us of mercenary purposes.

This is not our temperament; we care little for money for its own sake; we would gladly give our services free, but beyond a few small comforts and the where-with-all to purchase the necessaries of life we ask for nothing more. Our object in making this slight charge to all alike is simply to place the whole matter on the proper business basis, in

order that the organization may be more select. Between the Husbands' League and ourselves, we may say, there is a perfect understanding. During the past summer we have had the officers of this League out upon our steam yacht, and we have offered them the free use of all our motor cars in local centres, and otherwise shown our willingness to cooperate with them; so that no one can say we are actuated by any mean spirit.

* * *



AND this leads us—before detailing the purposes of the League at length—to clear up another little matter that has given us some pain. Several of our newer customers have written

us to know why it is that we are willing to co-operate with the League if, as we state, we are able to do so much on our own account. As one of our correspondents puts it:

You claim to cure every suffering husband. If you really mean what you say, why is it necessary to depend on any League? You ought to be able to run your business without outside help. I may say you haven't done very well by me, and I've paid you good money, too.
B— C—

This gentleman is too impatient. We have repeatedly emphasized the fact that we do not perform miracles. We can cure all ordinary cases with ease, and we can mitigate practically every one—in time. But it should be understood by all that the women are forming against us. Naturally they resent our methods and think by co-operation they can put us out of business; and just here, at this critical time, the weak ones go back on us! The object of the League is to form a large, silent body of husbands all over the country who will give us their mental support and aid us in many ways. We don't expect to lean on them; we simply hope to make the organization of husbandhood stronger.

Local circles of the League are rapidly forming everywhere; there is no town or hamlet too small where there may not be a circle.

By getting together and comparing notes husbands help themselves unconsciously, and learn ways and means to circumvent their wives in a perfectly natural manner.

* * *



HE charge for joining the League is purely nominal. We offer special inducements to all husbands who wish to join our Bureau and at the same time become affiliated with the local chapter. Write to us for particulars and rates will be forwarded. In doing this please give us full information along the following lines:

How long married? When did you first begin to have trouble with your wife? Is she extravagant? Does she play bridge? How many nights a week can you stay away from home? Is your wife a simple or complex nagger? Don't fail to give full particulars, remembering that everything is confidential. Here is an unusual case from a new customer recently received. It illustrates a special phase of the matrimonial problem with which we expect to deal successfully:

DEAR SIR:

My wife loves me too much. I have been married for ten years, but she cannot seem to get used to the idea that there are other things to think of besides constant spooning. The worst of it is that the more I try to break away the more she clings to me. Can you do anything for me?

We have sent our friend a schedule of exactly what to do for six months. It includes every one of our well-known specifics against over-love. We expect to bring him around all right so that he will be able to go through the entire programme provided by our entertainment committee without a whisper from home. How do we do it? That's our secret. In the meantime, communicate with us at once if you are in trouble. Sooner or later you will come. They all do.

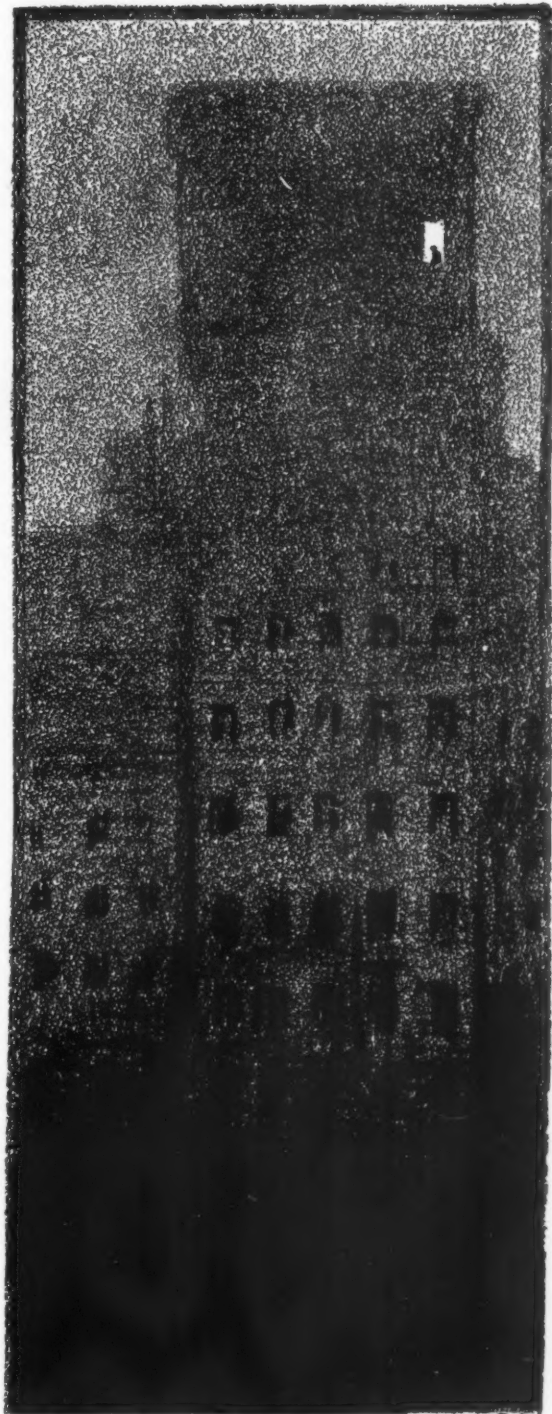
HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

Anything to Oblige

LADY GUEST: What do you do in case of fire?

CLERK (ringing bell): One moment, madam. (To bell-boy): Set the hotel on fire for this lady.

THE recent charge that Tammany and Wall Street were hand in glove brought such vigorous denials from both sides that it is hard to tell which was the hardest hit.



"WHEREFORE ART THOU ROMEO?"



With Foreign and Domestic Approval



IF we were all English and cherished the hereditary fondness that every Englishman possesses for seeing his countrymen get the better of the French, "The Scarlet Pimpernel" might enjoy something like the success here that it achieved in London. There Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson, supported by very much the same company as that now at the Knickerbocker, performed the piece more than two thousand times. An added attraction of the piece for English audiences is the presentation on the stage of George IV, in the days when he was Prince of Wales. The Briton likes to see royalty even in mimic form. In the present case he is practically a lay figure, so that the Censor of Plays did not feel called upon to make the objection to the stage representation of a recent king, which has led to the latest London row between the Censor and the dramatists.

To American audiences "The Scarlet Pimpernel" is a romantic melodrama and nothing more. Its story is a fairly interesting one, but rather involved, and made more so by the British intonation, which makes some of the speeches difficult to be understood. Miss Neilson is a rank offender in this particular and some of the most important lines entrusted to her might quite as well have been written in Greek so far as is concerned carrying any meaning to her American hearers.

Both Mr. Terry and Miss Neilson are frankly theatrical. They never miss a trick out of the whole bag that goes with



Producer: I THOUGHT YOU SAID SHE WAS A FINISHED ACTRESS?
Stage Director: THIS REHEARSAL WILL FINISH HER.



The Boy: YOU'RE A FINE WEATHER PROPHET. YOU SAID IT WOULD SNOW BEFORE MORNING.

The Girl: OH, WELL! I CHANGED MY MIND.

the English idea of melodrama. They are delightfully easy in the work they do, having been made confident by its long acceptance in London. This ease and sureness extends to the members of the company and accounts largely for the pleasant impression the rather ordinary play gives to a public which is accustomed to the awkwardness of new actors in new rôles. The women artists in the large cast are in no way noteworthy, but the performances of Mr. Horace Hodges, as *Chanvelion*, the Envoy from the hated new republic in France, and of Mr. Alfred Kendrick, as *Sir Andrew Ffoulkes*, as the trusted lieutenant of the mysterious Englishman known only as "The Scarlet Pimpernel," stand out clearly defined and convincing. The stage settings and costumes are imposing and the whole performance has the air of authority that goes with a long-established success.

"The Scarlet Pimpernel" is more interesting from the sureness of its performance than from its value as a play or the distinguished art of its performers. It is simply a pretty good dramatic story told in broad stage fashion.



NO one who has not seen "The Rosary" can thoroughly appreciate the truth of the old adage that one half of the world doesn't know anything about the kind of plays the other half likes. This play is said to have such an appeal to the public outside of New York that it is being presented by several companies. The author of the remarkable contraption is Mr. Edward E. Rose, who used to carpenter dramas out of popular novels for the use of Mr. Charles Frohman's machine-made stars.

A talented young man under romantic stress once wrote a charming and tender poem to which he gave the title of "The Rosary." His lines caught the eye of the late Ethelbert Nevin and inspired a touching musical setting for the lines. The combination of sentiment and melody have given the song a world-wide vogue. It has been sung and played and murdered in almost every restaurant and every tongue in the civilized world. But nothing worse ever happened to it than to



"HA! HA! HE'S TRYIN' TO BURGLE MY HAUSHE, AN' FIRST THING HE KNOWSH MI WIFE'LL MISTAKE HIM FER ME. POOR OLE BURGLAR!"

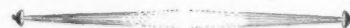
be made the theme of this awful play. But the author of the verse has one grain of comfort. There is no law under which he can be compelled to witness this travesty of his work. The constitutional ban on cruel and unusual punishments would save him from that.

The characters are (1) an impossible Catholic priest, supposed to personify the human methods of that cloth in dealing with all types of humanity; (2) a hero who rejoices in declaring every few minutes that he is an infidel; (3) his wife, who doubles as her own erring sister; (4) a typical bad villain, friend of the hero and clandestine lover of the erring sister; (5) a tough and comic New York youth, who has graduated into being an impossible servant in her hero's palatial home in Westchester County; (6) an impossibly fresh Yankee girl, who is impossibly tolerated as a maid in the same institution for the demented; (7-9) other characters, taken from a dream-book.

These are cheerfully mixed in a setting of bad scenery with all the cheap sentimentality which could be suggested to an untutored mind by the real sentiment of the poem that gives the play its name. The priest is made the goat for every impossible situation the dramatist could devise. In all other cases the orchestra obliges with a strain from Mr. Nevins's music. Both of these failing, the electric lights are turned on behind transparent panels in the scenery and the audience has an opportunity to look through solid walls and see something doing which helps explain what is happening before their eyes on the stage proper.

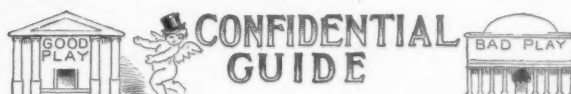
Into all this religious atmosphere, with its repeated exhi-

bitions of a rosary and allusions to it as an "emblem of purity," is introduced a Wall Street plot to do the hero out of his fortune. The desk telephone, without which no up-to-date play is complete, is also brought in to give an air of modernity to the olio. Just by way of tabasco a few primitive jokes are handed out by the two comic servants. Only one thing has been overlooked by the author. At no point does any character lean over and tighten his apparel to make an easy target for a blow with a slap-stick.



Both Catholics and the Irish are sensitive where their religion and their race peculiarities are concerned. They are quick to resent any making free with either. LIFE has been frequently taken to task for most innocently intended references to these subjects. If it went only half as far in making them ridiculous as "The Rosary" does, it would not be surprised to have its offices mobbed.

And yet, if report be true, many persons in other parts of the United States are paying real money to witness this exhibition of all that is not stage art but the very cheapest kind of sloppy-weather gush, mush and sentimentality. The American people in some walks of life evidently need education in matters of the theatre. If Broadway is silly in its tolerance and patronage of the stupid musical shows, the rural districts haven't much the better of the argument when they foster such crimes as "The Rosary." *Metcalf.*



- Astor*—"The Girl in the Taxi." Stupid, old-fashioned farce.
Belasco—"The Concert." Delightfully staged and well acted comedy satirizing the worship of musicians by women.
Bijou—Mr. Thomas Jefferson in "The Other Fellow." Notice later.
Broadway—"Judy Forgot." Jolly Marie Cahill in glittering musical show with up-to-date songs.
Casino—"He Came from Milwaukee." Musical show of the customary Casino type, exploiting the dialect humor of Mr. Sam Bernard.
Comedy—"The Cub." Notice later.
Criterion—"The Commuters." The suburban resident made slangily amusing.
Daly's—"Baby Mine." Laughable exposition of one way to cure the family jars of a newly married couple.
Empire—"Smith." Maugham light comedy of contemporary society life in London, pleasingly interpreted by Mr. John Drew and competent company.
Gaiety—"Get Rich Quick Wallingford." The methods of the confidence man laughably introduced to a rural community.
Garden—"The Rosary." See above.
Garrick—Mr. Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles." Revival of the interesting drama with an amateur, thief as the hero.
Globe—Adeline Genee in "The Bachelor Belles." Notice later.
Hackett—"Mother." Pathetic and humorous domestic drama with Miss Emma Dunn's agreeable acting of the title part.
Herald Square—Last week but one of "Tillie's Nightmare." Elaborately staged musical show, enhanced by the fun of Senora Maria Dressler.
Hippodrome—The beautiful ballet, "Niagara," together with spectacle and circus acts.
Hudson—"The Deserters." Rather commonplace drama of army life, with Miss Helen Ware as the star.
Knickerbocker—Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." See above.
Lyceum—"Electricity." Notice later.
Lyric—"Madame Troubadour." Pleasing musical comedy made more so by the omission of chorus girls and chorus young men.
Manhattan Opera House—"Hans the Flute Player." Handsomely staged and well sung real comic opera.
Maxine Elliott's—"The Gamblers," by Mr. Charles Klein. Notice later.
Nazimova—Mr. Weedon Grossmith in "Mr. Preedy and the Countess." Notice later.
New—Opening of the regular season. The first two plays will be "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and Pinero's "The Thunderbolt" which will be reviewed later.
Republic—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Refreshing stage presentation of the popular girl stories.
Wallack's—May Irwin in "Getting a Polish." Notice later.
Weber's—"Alma, Where Do You Live?" Catchy music, the statuesquely beautiful Kitty Gordon and commonplace farce.





Priscilla Drops Into Verse



I HAVE just done something which I think will be a great help to our sacred cause. We have never had a song all our own to sing at our meetings and on our parades. Nothing stirs the blood and rouses the enthusiasm like a ringing song.

This is the first time I've ever written any poetry, and on account of the necessity of making the words rhyme at the ends of the lines I have sometimes had to change the sentences so that they don't express exactly the meaning I intended. But I have had one of the sisters sing it for me and it goes perfectly with the tune, so perhaps the meaning doesn't matter so much after all.

We all know what "La Marseillaise" did for the cause of liberty in France. If my song shall do as much in freeing down-trodden woman from the shackles of tyrant man in America, I shall be satisfied. Perhaps before long it will find a place in popular esteem alongside of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Battle

Hymn of the Republic." Here it is, dear sisters, dedicated to you and our cause:

SUFFRAGETTE MARCHING SONG

Air.—The "When I Behold" duet from "La Mascotte."

When I behold a Suffragette,
Her strange appearance agitates me;
Her strident voice, I hear it yet
And I own up it irritates me.
And when she mounts a dry-goods box
To tell about her awful troubles,
Or joins parades about the streets,
The touching sight my anguish doubles.

CHORUS.—It's difficult for her to walk,
Hobble, hobble, hobble, bla!
It's easier for her to talk,
Gabble, gabble, gabble, bla!
Hobble, hobble, hobble, bla!
Gabble, gabble, gabble, bla!

And when we've downed the tyrant man,
In other words, have got his goat;
Some other fad we'll quickly plan,
We really do not care to vote.
We Suffragettes are handerlog,
We never stick to one thing long;
We do our thinking in a fog,
So come, dear sisters, join the song:

CHORUS.—It's difficult for us to walk,
Hobble, hobble, hobble, bla!
It's easier for us to talk,
Gabble, gabble, gabble, bla!
Hobble, hobble, hobble, bla!
Gabble, gabble, gabble, bla!

Here is a letter from a man which shows how little his sex is able to appreciate the relative importance of things. I am sure he quarrels with his wife and denies her a woman's privilege of running up dressmakers' and milliners' bills.

He may be even brute enough to keep her from joining a Suffragette club.

FIRST AID TO MARRIED MEN'S CLUB,
NEW YORK, Thursday.

DEAR MISS JAWBONES.—I have been reading your impassioned arguments in behalf of Votes for Women

with much interest. You seem to be an unusually intellectual woman and I take the liberty of asking your opinion concerning a point on which I am not entirely clear.

You have much to say about the tyrant man and how he retards the development of your sex.

Is there not, in fact, another tyrant who is really far more to blame for woman's mental and physical inferiority and against whose foolish and despotic rule woman, neither collectively nor singly, seems able to raise a particle of effective opposition? By this time a clever woman like you has already guessed that I mean Fashion and Fashion's absurd decrees.

Here is the real tyrant. From time immemorial woman has been the willing slave of Fashion and its caprices. Not only has she taxed her own and her family's resources to follow these in the matter of apparel and adornment, but she has given over her body to torture and disfigurement at Fashion's behest.

When I saw fashionable women, fashionably attired, growing excited over the wrongs of working-girls in some recent labor troubles, I wondered whether they were doing more good by their interference or more harm by setting before these poor girls examples of silly costuming, later on to be used by the girls in flimsy imitations which, cheap as they might be, would be extravagances and a killing burden on their slender incomes.

When I see fashionable women agitating for the ballot and attending meetings of working-girls, I wonder whether they might not better be using their speech, energies and example to spread a doctrine of plain and tasteful dressing.

Do you really think that your sex is entitled to or is capable of exercising the right to govern exemplified in the ballot when it has not the will or the organizing power to govern its own members in their wilfully absurd and wasteful habits of dress?

Should woman not show that she can rid herself of a real and cruel tyranny before she seeks to escape from the milder wrongs inflicted by the tyrant man?

A MARRIED AND IMPOVERISHED TYRANT.

When men put off the tyranny of tobacco, drink and gambling it will be time for them to ask women to economize in the money, time and thought they devote to their clothes.

This man and all others should be thankful that women devote their time to clothes and personal adornment. Women have to have some occupation for their spare time and it might often be devoted to something worse than dress.

MATINEE GIRLS' BRANCH,
THE SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, Nov. 6.

DEAR MISS PRISCILLA.—You know the lovely cholera-bands women are wearing on their hair. Would it not be a pretty idea if all of us Suffragettes wore ribbons embroidered with the words "Votes for Women"? Those of us who can afford it might have the letters in diamonds or pearls, which would give a stunning effect in the theatre. What do you think?

Yours for the cause,

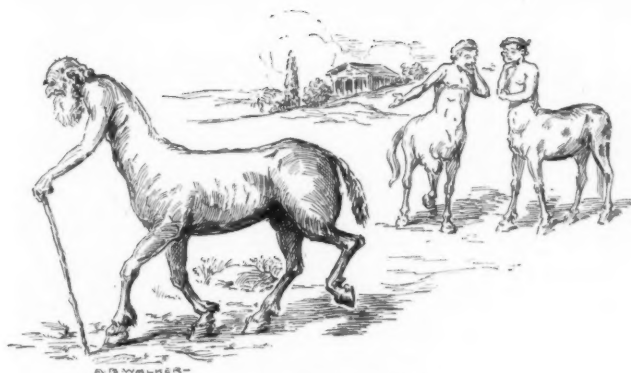
TOTTIE LITTLEBRAINS.

A very charming idea, my dear. I hope the sisters will make a note of it and, if they will adopt it, there is no doubt it will have a very uplifting effect.

PRISCILLA JAWBONES.



STEALING A RIDE



A CENTAURNARIAN

The Popular Mind

It is difficult to say what the popular mind is on this subject.—*Daily Peper.*

IN truth it is difficult to say what the popular mind is on any subject, for the very good reason that the mind is not popular.

We are too busy for such an intangible and recondite pursuit.

Automobiles, yachts, country houses, prize fights, clothes, football, greenbacks and thousands of other things are popular, but not the mind.

The mind doesn't possess any of the requisites of popularity. The mind is exclusive, dignified, academic, aristocratic.

Some Biblical Characters and What They Might Have Written

Methusaleh.....	Old Mortality.
Elijah.....	The Raven.
Lot's Wife.....	Looking Backward.
Lazarus.....	The Resurrection.
Jonah.....	In the Depths.
Delilah.....	The Rape of the Lock.
Noah.....	Midshipman Easy.
Nebuchadnezzar.....	Leaves of Grass.
Jacob.....	Won by Waiting.
Daniel.....	Lions of the Lord.
Solomon.....	Vanity Fair.
Vashti.....	Pride and Prejudice.
Pharaoh's Daughter.....	The Water Babies.
Zaccheus.....	The Climbers.
Joseph.....	The Pit.
Rahab.....	The Spy.
Adam.....	The Origin of Species.
Nathan.....	Lamb's Tales.
Cain.....	Murder as a Fine Art.

Adirondack Host

ADIRONDACK HOST: Be careful, old chap, when you're out gunning that you don't hit the guide.

DUDE: What for, deah boy?

ADIRONDACK GUIDE: Well, you see, game laws don't allow guides to be shot till a month hence.

THE clerk with social ambition is like a French clock—pretty to look at, but generally losing time.



"YES, PERFESSION, SOME O' MY ANSISTERS."

"LIAR!"

CHRISTEN & GARDA



HAVE you ever happened to notice one of those graceful creatures known as dragon flies or devil's darning needles, when it was hovering over the surface of some summer pool and rhythmically touching the water with the tip of its tail as though—like a small boy absorbedly striking alternate palings of a picket fence—it were playing a self-devised game of tit-tat-toe with the universe? What a delightfully inconsequent exemplar of care-free nonchalance it appears—till one learns that it is in reality very busy laying eggs! And then, how one sits up and admires its perfect mastery of its craft and of the technique that conceals technique! In *The Elm Tree on the Mall, A Chronicle of Our Own Times* (John Lane), by Anatole France, the English reader may find either or both of these enjoyments according to his perspicacity. In so far as the book is a chronicle that commences rather than begins and leaves off with no sign of ending; in so far as it looks to have neither plot nor purpose, but appears merely to let us glance for a chance moment behind the social scenes of a French provincial town, it has all the outward seeming of a bit of exquisitely inconsequent toying with art. But when one realizes that this fragment contains all the elements of a summing up; that the case of the disestablished clerical party has been laid before us, argued, sent to the jury and the verdict rendered—all, as it were, in pantomime—one sits up in delighted admiration of the master craftsman who can thus hover carelessly in the sunshine, yet never touch the surface of literature without dropping a pregnant criticism of life.

IT is no part of the duties of a well-trained watch-dog to bark at undesirable citizens who keep on their own side of his home fence. For which reason this department has never made a practice of warning its readers against inauspicious publications upon which, in the probable course of events, they stood in no likelihood of laying hands. But suppose a friend of the family's elects to approach the back door at midnight in gum shoes and carrying a dark lantern. Shall Rover greet him in silence with a

wagged tail, or shall he not rather bark a warning to the household with one extremity while he waves apologies to the visitor with the other? This is the attitude of the present paragraph. If the novel called *Lord Alistair's Rebellion* (Kennerley, \$1.50), bore an unknown name upon its title-page there would be no reason for announcing its appearance in order to advise leaving it alone. But as LIFE took a prominent part in heralding Mr. Allen Upward's *The New Word*, last year, and as the large sales of that remarkable inquiry into the sources of knowledge and the sanctions of hope make it likely that many readers of LIFE will turn with eagerness to any new work bearing this writer's name, it seems proper to state the by no means surprising fact that the generous fairies who attended Mr. Upward at birth do not seem to have included the story-writer's gifts among his endowments. *Lord Alistair's Rebellion*—an attempt to reduce to the concreteness of fiction some of the author's criticisms of things as they are—is creatively commonplace and its criticism is tinged with bitterness. To read it is to do little more than to stumble upon a philosopher whose divine discontent with the stupidities of mankind has roused us to a realization of life's possibilities at the trying moment when a burned beefsteak has been placed before him after a hard day's work.

MR. EDWARD C. BOOTH'S second novel, *The Doctor's Lass* (Century, \$1.50), has appeared and is in every

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

An Affair of Dishonor, by William De Morgan. A totally uncharacteristic and thoroughly disappointing "historical romance."
Astir, by John Adams Thayer. The business autobiography of a successful publisher. A quintessentially American document.

The Ascending Effort, by George Bourne. A tentative, but highly interesting analysis of the sources of taste and the uses of art.
My Brother's Keeper, by Charles Tenney Jackson. A realistic parable by a young writer of promise.

The Doctor's Lass, by Edward C. Booth. See above.

The Elm Tree on the Mall, by Anatole France. See above.

The Fourth Dimension Simply Explained. Edited by Henry P. Manning. A chance to turn mental somersaults in imaginary space.

Franklin Winslow Kane, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. A four-handed love affair. A well-written study in vacillations.

The House of Bondage, by Reginald Wright Kauffman. A novel of white-slavery. A piece of terrific realism intended for sociological consumption.

Karl Marx, His Life and Works, by John Spargo. A much-heralded biography that fails to come up to specifications.

Lord Alistair's Rebellion, by Allen Upward. See above.

The Meddlings of Eve, by William John Hopkins. Two match-making short stories in which the author of *The Clammer* reintroduces the clammer's wife.

Once Aboard the Luger, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. A semi-serious farce comedy by a new English writer.

Rest Harrow, by Maurice Hewlett. A sporadically charming tale in which the author carries a familiar pitcher once too often to the well.

The Russian Road to China, by Lindon Bates, Jr. Across Transbaikalia and the Tartar Steppes with an interesting writer.

The Theory of the Theatre, by Clayton Hamilton. Critical essays that are exceptional in both force and form. A distinctly valuable book.

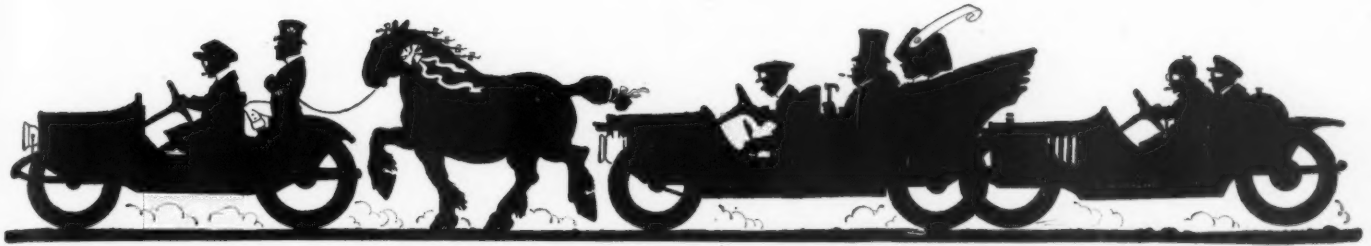
Types from City Streets, by Hutchins Hapgood. Notes, impressions and character sketches in unfamiliar New York.

The Way Up, by M. P. Wilcox. A problem novel in which the author propounds several social and sociological conundrums and then gives them up.

What Is Wrong With the World? by G. K. Chesterton. A volume that proves, very scintillatingly indeed, that Mr. Chesterton doesn't know.

regard as structurally naïve and as superstructurally charming as his *Post Girl* of a year ago. It is the simple story of a country doctor who, much against his will, undertakes to act as guardian of the young daughter of a woman who had jilted him years before. The daughter grows older, as daughters do; the guardian grows young again, as guardians will; and there develops a situation as unsurprising as sixpence and at least as old as the court of chancery. But Mr. Booth is no articulator of intricate plot-skeletons. "Any little bones that are nice little bones" make a good enough frame for him to cover with the fair flesh of his imagination. And one more than suspects that his apparent guilelessness in this respect heightens our appreciation of his unspoiled eye for the perennial beauties of life's commonplaces and the seemingly inexhaustible gift of phrase and fancy by which he enables us to see them also.

J. B. Kerfoot.



COMING BACK FROM THE HORSE SHOW.

Honors for King George

COLONEL SID. HEDGES, Captain Nichols and Lieutenant Appleton have gone to London to tell the new King that he has been elected a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.

It is expected that the King will hand out something very handsome to Colonel Sid.—possibly the ribbon of the Garter, for it is not becoming to Kings to get something for nothing, and membership in the Ancients is a distinction of a very high-class vintage.

In a world of which all moralists complain that it is given

over to materialism, the Ancients stand out as an organization devoted to the higher aims, including food, drink and glory. The decoration of life is its province, and it does it regardless of expense. Fortunate King George to share the ennobling influences of such an association! Thrice fortunate Boston to be the home of such a company!

CORRECT DRESS FROM INFANCY TO MATURITY.

Fifth Avenue Sign.

BUT why stop at maturity? Make it—"Infancy to Interment."



Husband (as he and his wife try to get the twins to sleep): ISABEL, HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THAT IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE MEREST ACCIDENT, YOU AND I WOULD NEVER HAVE MET?

LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on

November



Your future wife will have what she calls Bohemian instincts, and your digestion will be ruined by eating cheap table d'hote dinners.

10

Your future husband will be a pompous person of imposing appearance, but secretly addicted to chewing gum.



Your future wife will have the expensive delusion that any but silk stockings interfere with her ability to walk.

11

Your future husband will be an infidel, but will surprise your religious family and friends by turning out to be a model spouse.



Your future wife will be a brunette slightly tinged with peroxide and Presbyterianism. In politics she will be a Suffragist.

12

Your future husband will be a good waltzer and fond of the sport. This will clash with your purely domestic instincts.



Your future wife will go in for athletics and sensible-length skirts. She will not approve of your waxing your moustache.

13

Your future husband will stand six feet two in his stocking feet, but will not stand any back talk from his loving wife.



Your future wife will be fond of actors, and therefore a dispenser of square meals to the needy.

14

Your future husband will in his later years become a desperate flirt, which will be highly amusing to you and your women friends.



Your future wife will have a large family, all sisters, and you will be expected to be a sort of amateur matrimonial agent.

15

Your future husband will be a professional gambler, and you will accumulate a large collection of masculine jewelry.



Your future wife will be a snake-charmer and a great comfort to you should you ever have an attack of delirium tremens.

16

Your future husband will write much bad verse and alienate all your friends by insisting on reading it aloud.



The Fear of Fat

WHY are the ladies so violently concerned to be thin? Everywhere one hears about it or sees the signs of it. Gauntness is the fashion. Women to whom it belongs to weigh 200 aspire to 160; women who by rights should weigh 180 aspire to 145; women who are well and comfortable and handsome at 165 must be slim at 130, and so on down to young creatures who are healthy and should be happy at 120, but starve themselves in hopes of being ethereal and visionary at 102.

What is the matter with contemporary women that they yearn so to be thin? Is it good for them? Ask the nerve specialists and all the other doctors. Broken-down digestions may be helped by a restricted diet. Women who are really too fat are not well, and their health may be improved and their comfort increased by dieting. But it is not health or comfort that nine out of ten of the contemporary reducers are after, but mere style. It is the fashion to be as thin as possible, and our poor friends are very eager to be in the fashion.

The cost of their endeavors is pretty serious. When they go without suitable food their tempers suffer and their associates are by so much the losers. Their energies and their powers of endurance are of course depleted. Women who have work to do, and do it, have to eat, for otherwise they can't get through their work. It must be that these ladies who yearn so disastrously for a fragility of appearance that nature did not intend for them, have no duties that are pressing enough to constrain them to maintain their strength. Very little food will support life if neither mind nor body works hard, and of the two it takes more food to maintain the mind's activities than the body's. Let our friends who are underfeeding themselves to bring their weight down take care that they do not pay more in gaiety of spirits and social and mental capacity than a sylph-like figure is worth to them.

There is only one sound reason for dieting—that is health. There is no such enchantment in slimness as our dieting friends suppose. Women look best, as a rule, at the weight at which they feel best. To acquire a weight thirty or forty pounds below what really belongs to them is to make abstinence do the work of sickness, and usually with a like result—that they feel mighty mean and look as they feel. There is no beauty in anything that disturbs the health.

Don't Envy a Good Complexion Use POMPEIAN and Have One



Is the glance of admiration
which you direct at a fair complexion *entirely* one of admiration?
Doesn't just a little *envy* creep in—the wish that *you* had such a complexion?

NO NEED FOR ENVY—
NEED ONLY FOR

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

All dealers, 50c, 75c, \$1.00

TAKE a pinch of Pompeian, rub it on your moistened face and well into the pores. A few more moments of massaging—and lo! out comes the cream many shades darker than when applied. You are astonished! You never suspected that so much deadly dirt could stay in your skin despite soap and water scrubbing.

"When first I used Pompeian," wrote a woman, "I was as astonished as at my first Turkish bath." The pore-dirt that comes out will astonish you, too.

Good looks come from skin-health. Pompeian keeps the pores clean and thus promotes skin-health. Resolve to-day to preserve and promote yours. "Don't envy a good complexion—use Pompeian and have one."

Your Husband: Of course you are interested in having *him* look well-groomed. A clear, clean complexion is a big social or business asset for him, too. Pompeian will please and profit him. Just show him the booklet that comes with every trial size or regular jar. Let us show you what wonderful results you can attain.



Get a Trial Jar

This Special Trial Jar affords a generous supply with which you can try out for yourself the wonderful qualities of Pompeian Massage Cream. Send 6 cents in stamps for special trial jar.

All dealers, 50c., 75c. and \$1. Cream sent to all parts of the world, postage paid, if your dealer cannot supply you.

THE POMPEIAN MANUFACTURING CO., 25 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.



Cut out along this line. Fill in and mail to-day.

Pompeian
Mfg. Co.
25 Prospect St.
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 6 cts. Please send me a special trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream. (Stamps or coin).

Name.....

Address.....

Life's Family Album



Henry Hutt

One day we happened to be sitting on the planet Mars. It was an off day with us, one of those days when there was nothing much to do but sit around and look pleasant. Abstractedly picking up a telescope—the telescopes they have on Mars, by the way, are much better than those on earth—we were looking down on this picayune planet, watching the high buildings and the people cutting down trees and spending money, when we exclaimed to ourselves, "What's that!"

It was a Henry Hutt picture. The color attracted us. But the clothes! They were so altogether up-to-date, so chic, that we determined at once to interview the man who made them. Besides, along with the other natural features when a picture attracts one's attention at such a distance, there must be some reason for it. We sailed in on Hutt.

"What is the reason," we asked, "that your pictures attract attention?"

"They are built that way," he suggested modestly.

"Stunning girls," we observed, somewhat conventionally.

"I devote a great deal of time to them."

For some time, as we have gazed at those girls, we have suspected that Mr. Hutt was a great satirist. Why? Well, they are so utterly fashionable,

so subtly characteristic of certain feminine superficialities. We go on and on, looking at them with intense curiosity, hoping that some day one of them will begin to show signs of Robert Browning, or aprons. But no! There they are—the latest thing in clothes, bewitching, fetching and——"

"Mr. Hutt, how many decades did you study in learning to make those girls?"

"I was born in 1875."

"In——?"

"Chicago."

"And you began——?"

"At sixteen. It was then that my first picture was sent to LIFE. It was immediately accepted. I kept the check for three months, so proud was I."

"Then, we suppose, you immediately entered an art school and——"

"Nothing of the sort. I got a position as a commercial illustrator and then secured a place in a printing and engraving establishment, where I worked from eight to six turning out covers and illustrations for books, varied by advertising pictures."

"And you have never been to an art school?"

"Not enough to hurt. The best lesson in art that I ever had was when I innocently sold the same picture to the *Saturday Evening Post* and to LIFE. When I got checks from both papers I realized that something would have to be done."

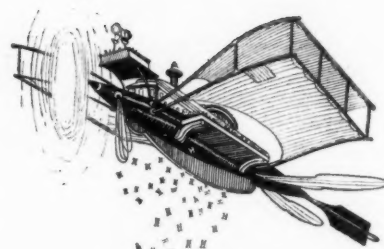
"And you did it?"

"I handed back one of the checks—the first time in the history of the world when an artist has ever given back any money."

Gloomy Outlook

OUR levity is appalling. Here are luxuries becoming necessities faster than by any power of ingenuity new luxuries can be thought up, yet we go blithely on, as if the earth under our feet were as thick as ever. Nobody stops to think what will happen when at length there shall be nothing in the world but necessities.

Incentive to individual effort is, of course, what we are after—our entire social system is built with a view of supplying it. Yet who will care to hustle and get rich if there is to be nothing to buy with our wealth except what we have to have anyhow?



A NEW AERIAL DANGER
A PARTY OF ENGLISH TOURISTS PASSING
OVER NEW YORK

Twist Rhymes
Strictly Socialistic

THE blatant Colonel lashes Spoil,
But Croesus laughs and splashes
oil

And ropes the Proletariat
With patent petro-lariat.

Arraigning men who steal, in docks,
We honor those that deal in stocks

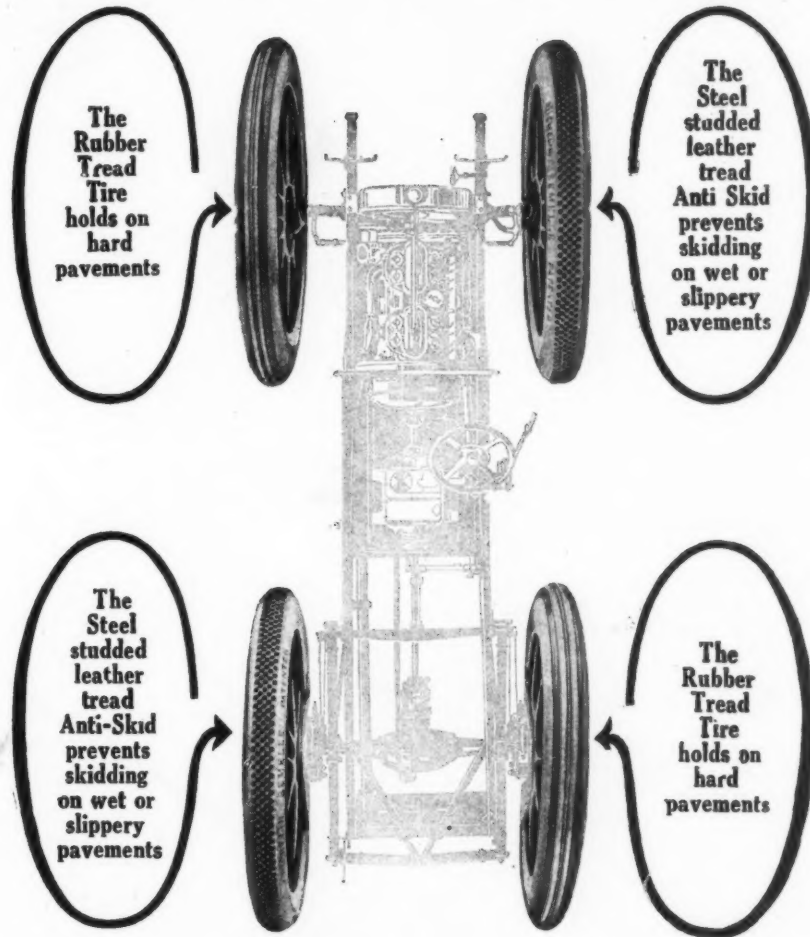
And Labor gnaws its stal-y crusts
Oppressed and robbed by scaly Trusts!

Arthur Guiterman.

MICHELIN

"SEMELLE"

Anti-Skids



The Most Practical Combination to Prevent Skidding
ONLY TWO ANTI-SKIDS REQUIRED

Look for This Sign on Leading Garages

Michelin Tire Co.



Milltown, N. J.

When you fit your Anti-Skids keep the removed rubber tread tires for spares.



War of the Future

The intrepid general was rallying her wavering female troops.

"Women," she cried, "will you give way to mannish fears?"

A muffled murmur of indecision ran through the ranks.

"Shall it be said we are clothed in mail armor?" shrieked the general.

The murmur became a mumble.

"Will you," fiercely demanded the general, "show the white feather in a season when feathers are not worn?"

The effect was electrical.

"Never!" roared the soldiery. And, forming fast into battle array, they once more hurled themselves upon the enemy.

—Wasp.

The Anti-Conservationist's "America"

"I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills." In fact, I need them in my business."—Success.



THE BIG FORE!

Teaching a Girl to Swim

F. Hopkinson Smith, painter, author, engineer and professional optimist, tells a story showing that Boston boys of the street are like all others. He overheard a conversation between two youngsters selling newspapers.

"Say, Harry, w'at's the best way to teach a girl how to swim?" asked the younger one.

"Dat's a cinch. First off you puts yer left arm under her waist and you gently takes her left hand—"

"Come off; she's me sister."

"Aw, push her off de dock."

—Cosmopolitan.

"So you are really a cowboy from Arizona," exclaimed the romantic young woman. "Why, you are not a bit picturesque."

"I'm sorry," replied the cowboy, "but you see I have had very little time to study up the fiction in the magazines."

—Philadelphia Record.

RETRIBUTION is what we think will happen to the man who doesn't think as we think he should think.

—Lippincott's.

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REPUBLIC TIRES

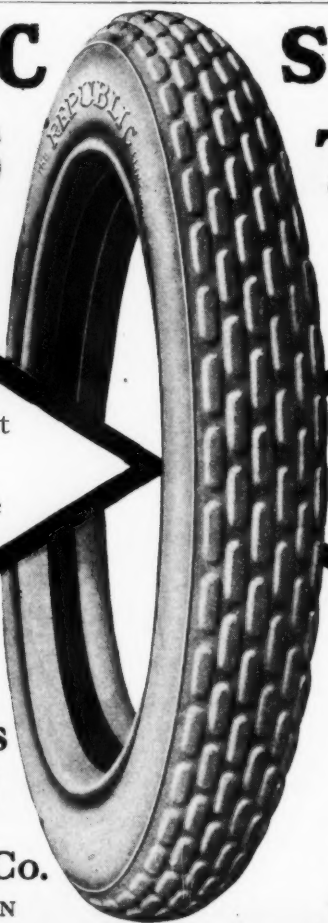
STAGGARD TREAD

The "Staggard Tread" is the only non-skid tire that combines resilience in forward motion, sufficient traction to prevent slipping on the start or in hill climbing, and a "safety grip" that positively prevents skidding.

The Republic Staggard Tread Tire is really two tires in one, as the big, solid rubber studs that form the Staggard tread are equal in thickness to the tread of any ordinary tire.

The Motorist's Safeguard

The Republic Rubber Co.
DEALERS AND AGENTS IN



Staggard Tread Tires are the most economical—not in first cost, but in the safety from accident they insure, and in the length of service and satisfaction given.

Write for Our Book
"THE TIRE PERFECT"

which deals in plain statements instead of generalities—tells why Republic Staggard Tread Tires are safer, give more and better service, and are more economical than any others.

The Tire Perfect

Youngstown, Ohio, U. S. A.
THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

LAKEWOOD FOR RENT

An Ideal home, twelve minutes drive from the railroad station and only a few minutes walk from the lake; house is new and elaborately furnished throughout; contains 14 rooms, large sun parlor, eight bedrooms, two baths, all modern conveniences; over 100 pine trees on the grounds; perfect location for family or invalid; garage on the grounds; will rent for the season. For particulars address Mrs. Margaret A. Mack, Lakewood Manor, Lakewood, N. J.

Rhymed Reviews

Burning Daylight

(By Jack London. The Macmillan Company)

Ah, what a curse is Wealth! How sad

That Fortune's touch should make decay light

On such a splendid, roaring lad

As Brother London's "Burning Daylight"!

From Yukon where auroras dance

And men are men without the varnish

He came to play at High Finance

(His truly-name was "Elam Harnish").

In High Finance, he learned, the game

Is first to rob the lowly brother;

But when that sport becomes too tame,

The bigger robbers rob each other.



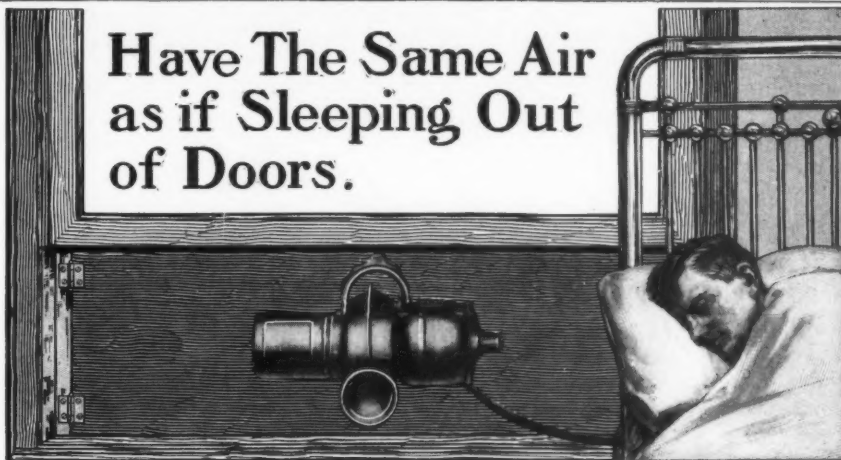
If you want to settle the question of cigaret quality forever —at my risk— send your name to me now and receive my big dollar offer.

MAKAROFF
15c Ask
And a RUSSIAN Your
Quarter Dealer
CIGARETS

have made good on the broadest claims ever made for anything to smoke. Write now for the big dollar offer to prove it.

Makaroff - Boston

Mail address—95 Milk Street, Boston



Have The Same Air as if Sleeping Out of Doors.

HALF the benefit of sleep is lost by using a poorly ventilated bedroom. Weariness may be relieved, but the building up of health and energy cannot take place without an abundance of pure air. This apparatus is set in the window and by a simple turn of the case either blows the fresh air in or draws the foul air out. It is the only practical device for giving positive and perfectly controlled ventilation. It will completely change the air in an ordinary sleeping-room every ten or fifteen minutes. It gives every advantage of outdoor sleeping with none of its inconveniences.

Sturtevant Ventilating Set ELECTRIC READY-TO-RUN

Made and fully guaranteed by the foremost makers of blowing and ventilating apparatus in the world. It consists of a high-grade motor and our patented Multivane fan (which, by its wonderful power-in-compactness, has solved many problems of ventilation), all encased in metal and mounted on a window-board easily put in or taken out of window.

This set is a perfect device for ventilating and cooling offices, kitchens, closets, smoking-rooms, boat cabins, lodge-rooms, laboratories, toilet-rooms, etc. It operates from an ordinary electric-light socket and consumes very little current.

Set A, mounted ready to set in your window, price \$40, delivered in U. S.

For facts about ventilation and further details write for Booklet L 112.

Trade prices to Electrical Contractors, Hardware Dealers and Power Companies.

B. F. Sturtevant Co., Hyde Park, Mass.

Sets may be seen in Branch Offices: 50 Church St., N. Y. City; 135 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia; 329 W. 3rd St., Cincinnati; 300 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis; 530 S. Clinton St., Chicago; 711 Park Bldg., Pittsburg; 1006 Washington Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 34 Oliver St., Boston; 529 Metropolitan Bldg., Minneapolis; 423 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland; 1108 Granite Bldg., Rochester; 326 Hennen Bldg., New Orleans; 319 Connecticut Mutual Bldg., Hartford.

'Twas thus he found the Golden Fleece,
Our modern buccaneering Jason;
But, when he might have prigged in peace,
He fell in love with Mistress Mason.

She said she liked him well enough—
His simpler self,—but would not wed him
While all this tainted golden stuff
Possessed his soul, and Mammon led him.

So Elam sunk his ready cash
In building towns for poor civilians,
Then blithely went to utter smash—
Made ducks and drakes of thirty millions!

That won the girl. They're milking cows
And raising fruit on acres sunny;
And Elam won't be rich, he vows,
Not even if you'd pay him money!
—Arthur Guiterman.

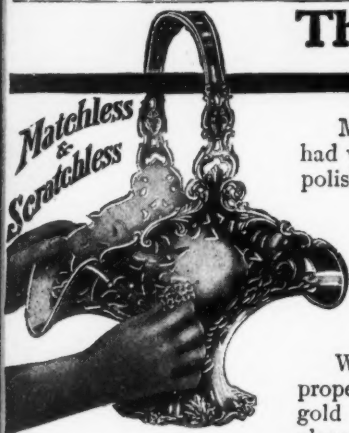
Hunyadi János
Natural Laxative Water

Quickly Relieves—
Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
Stomach Disorders
and
CONSTIPATION

At all Druggists.



The Foe to Dull Silver



Many a good housekeeper lets her silver lose the brilliancy it had when new. She thinks hot water and soap enough, or she polishes too seldom and with some poor polish.

It is a glad day when she first uses **Wright's Silver Cream**, which makes the proper keeping of silverware a pleasant task rather than an irksome duty. When you see a silver service that, after years of use looks smooth and brilliant, you may be sure that Silver Cream is the cause of its beauty and preservation.

Wright's Silver Cream is a soft-as-flour paste, and has the property of removing dirt, dullness and tarnish from silver, gold and other metals without scratching their surfaces. It also cleans marble, glass, etc. It cleans so easily that watching the silver grow bright is a positive pleasure.

Ask Your Dealer, but insist that it must be the Genuine Wright's Silver Cream

Send us a postal and we will mail our liberal sample.

J. A. WRIGHT & COMPANY
180 Court Street, Keene, N. H.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Sounded Like a Warning

Mrs. Jones's favorite warning to her young progeny when they were in mischief was that she would tend to them in a minute. "Tending" was accomplished by applying her open hand where it would do the most good. When Harry was four years old he was sent for the first time round the corner to the grocery. In a few minutes he came trotting soberly back with the nickel still in his hand, but no bag of onions.

"What's the matter?" asked his mother.

"I'm 'fraid of the man," he said, solemnly.

"Oh, he won't hurt you," reassured

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous"

Mrs. Jones. "Run along and bring the onions. I'm in a hurry for them."

A second time Harry disappeared round the corner, and a second time returned without his purchase.

"I'm afraid of the grocer man," he explained, as before.

"Well, what makes you afraid of him?" demanded his mother, impatiently.

"Why," answered the little fellow, "bofe times when I goed in he looked at me, and said, 'I'll tend to you in a minute.'"—*Youth's Companion*.

Inorac Srettib—Can you spell it right? No household without it. Sample on receipt of 25 cents.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

A Hurry Call

The political boss of a small Western city drove his buckboard at top speed down the main street on the morning of an election.

"Hey, Johnnie!" he yelled to his son, "git down in the fourth ward quick! There's people down there votin' as they blame please!"—*Success*.

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

Discouraged the Deer

A visitor at a hotel in the Scotch Highlands, says *Punch*, was asking a gillie as to the prospect of securing game.

"Are there ever any deer about here?" he inquired.

"Weel," replied the gillie, thoughtfully, "there was yin, but the gentlemen were aye shooting and shooting at it and I'm thinking it left the deestric."

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

Chinese Politeness

A Chinese editor, in rejecting a MS., thus wrote to the author, so we learn from a Paris contemporary: "We have read your MS. with infinite delight. By the sacred ashes of our ancestors, we swear that we have never read such a splendid piece of writing. But if we printed it, His Majesty, the Emperor, our most high and most mighty ruler, would order us to take this as a model, and never print anything inferior. As this would not be possible in less than a

OLD OVERHOLT RYE
a rich mellow smack
such as only long aging in the wood can give.
Pure, uniform tempting to the eye and taste.
Well worth insisting upon.
Distilled and bottled in bond by
A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

thousand years, we, with great regret, return thy divine MS. and ask a thousand pardons."—*London Globe*.

One as Good as Another

PROFESSOR (returning home from visit): Aha! Your absent-minded husband didn't forget to bring home his unbrella this time. See!

HIS WIFE: But, Henry, when you left home you didn't take an umbrella.

—*Boston Transcript*.

INVESTORS READ
The Wall Street Journal

White Rock

American Water for
American People

The Slater Shoe

FOR WOMEN



A COMBINATION of daintiness and elegance that imparts a delightful and charming foundation to the most elaborate gown. Original and exclusive styles and models for all occasions. Unique types for early Fall now on exhibition. Prices from six dollars and a half up.

The Slater Shoe for Children—A notable feature to which great attention has been given. Handsome selections for dress and for play.

Our MAIL ORDER SERVICE was originated by out-of-town customers, who became familiar with the Slater Shoe while visiting New York, and since then would accept no other. This enables you to wear the latest Manhattan style shoe. Write for new price-list "A Package of Shoes" and book of instructions with measurement blank.



J. & J. Slater

For 50 years New York's most fashionable bootmakers
Broadway, at 25th Street, New York

"A delicious bit of fooling."—*New York Herald.*

The Time
The present.



The Place
A luxurious country house near New York.

The Girl
Hezekiah the incomparable.

The Plot
A mystery.

THE SIEGE OF THE SEVEN SUITORS

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

LIFE'S READERS, of course, need not read Mr. Nicholson's new novel unless they choose, but the public who are on the lookout for amusing, clever fiction have already found that "The Siege of the Seven Suitors" marks a new and distinctive vein of American humor—something that Life's Readers might find enjoyable.

A. C. COLES PHILLIPS frontispiece in colors and many text illustrations by Reginald Birch.

\$1.20 net. Postpaid \$1.34.

Boston HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY New York



"MY! IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW SWEET YOU LOOK."

Usher's Whisky



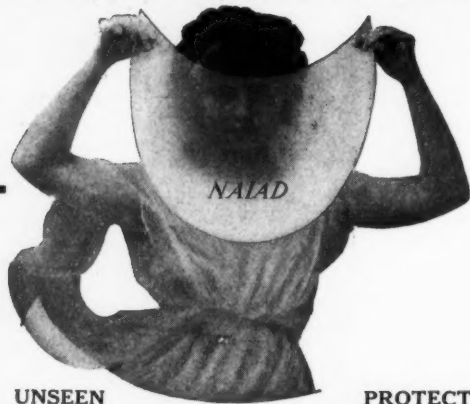
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NEW YORK

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"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Woman is Cleanliness"



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Supreme in
Beauty! Quality! Cleanliness!

Possesses two important and exclusive features. It does not deteriorate with age and fall to powder in the dress—can be easily and quickly sterilized by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds only. At the stores, or sample pair on receipt of 25 cents. Every pair guaranteed.

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"Both Marched with Drooping Heads"

Dr. Thorne's Idea

By
J. A. Mitchell

Author of
THE LAST AMERICAN,
AMOS JUDD,
THE PINES OF LORY,
Etc., Etc.

One Dollar, Net.

Not to become acquainted with Steve Wadsworth and follow him through the strange vicissitudes of his remarkable career is to miss intercourse with a human being of a kind rarely found between the covers of a book.

—Baltimore American.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st Street, New York



Brooks Brothers, CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Fur and Fur-Lined Coats in Our Own Special Patterns—unobtainable elsewhere.

Fur Caps, Gloves and Boots for Motoring.

The latest English and French Models in Fur Liveries.

New Fur Catalogue mailed on request.

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



"DID YOU RING, MISS?"

"On the Mountain Top"

The Montclair

Forty Minutes from B'way

A GRILL

that's exceptional.

Montclair, N. J.

Tel. 1410 Montclair



Those Reno Divorces

EDITOR OF LIFE:

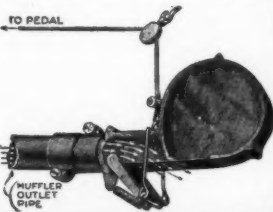
There has been a great deal of merriment at the expense of the Reno divorce colony, and it is now time for a very serious word; too late, in many cases, to save innocent children from the awful results. Every divorce granted to women in Reno who go there for that purpose is voidable. The Supreme Court of the United States lays down the rules: that "the legal domicile of the wife, until the marriage is dissolved, is the domicile of the husband and changes with his change of domicile; a wife has no power to change her domicile during cohabitation. If a wife lives apart from her husband without sufficient cause, his domicile is, in law, her domicile."

The fact that a woman goes to Reno does not change her legal status; her domicile is that of her husband; she

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THE PERFECT
MOTOR CAR SIGNAL
"Warns Without Offense"

Affords efficient protection to motorist and pedestrian alike, under any condition of traffic. Mild toned at city speed—powerful and far-reaching at the touring pace.

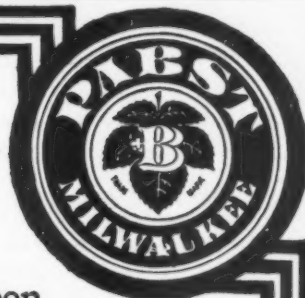
\$7, \$8, \$9, \$10. Of dealers everywhere. Write us for Folder 33, telling all about it.



The Randall-Faichney Co.

Boston, U.S.A.

There Is One "Night Cap"



that always scores—a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer. Taken just before retiring, it satisfies that empty feeling—a foe to sleep—and aids in the digestion of other foods.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

is rich in wholesome malt, delightful to the taste and soothing to the nerves. It has won its way into the markets of all the world because of its uniform high quality and absolute purity.

Order a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon to-day, and enjoy the satisfaction of having and serving to your guests the best beer brewed.

Made and Bottled Only by Pabst at Milwaukee.

You will find Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer everywhere—served on Dining Cars, Steamships, in all Clubs, Cafes and Hotels.

Order a Case Today From Your Dealer

Pabst Brewing Company
Milwaukee, Wis.

cannot acquire a different one during marriage, and a voluntary separation will not give her a different domicile. Thus a woman going from New York to Nevada and getting a divorce and marrying again consummates a bigamous marriage. This, of course, stands until some heir raises the question, then the unfortunate children by the second marriage are illegitimate and can only inherit from the mother under the name of bastards. It is a chaos of

social misery, litigation and crime that is being created by these illegal divorces.

If the unthinking discontents would stop for a moment they would see the misery that results.

Lawyers know this. But rich Mrs. Discontent says to her attorney that she wants a divorce. She goes to Reno with her establishment. The attorney

(Continued on page 839)

Important Announcement



Life's Preparatory School For Those Who Wish To Subscribe Mentally Now Open



WE have just opened a preparatory school for the benefit of those who will eventually become subscribers. This in response to a widespread demand. We have been short of office help, but expect to augment it gradually.

At present our office force consists of thirteen imported yogis, eight Christian Scientists, six clairvoyants, four astrologers, a psychic office boy, and a few odd palmists. In addition to this we have agents scattered throughout the country who are doing good work. Remember that you can sit in your own home and yet be working for us. We pay liberal wages, and it doesn't interfere with your physical calling. One of our agents, for example, is a large, fat salesman for a Boston shoe house.

While we need help badly, it must be understood that no imposters need apply. We can tell them instantly; many people have applied for help merely because they thought they could get on the Life's imaginary free list. As a matter of fact, our free list has long since been suspended.

Our work offers much variety, as we are not only preparing a wonderful mental Life every week, but are treating advertisers and ordinary people.

Now, with regard to our preparatory school, we have decided to open it for the benefit of all those who will eventually become regular subscribers. Inasmuch as you cannot become a regular subscriber for years to come, now is the time for you to prepare yourself, and enter upon the first harmonic plane. On account of the fact that our office force

FREE LIST ENTIRELY SUSPENDED



To All Imposters

The charge to become a pupil in our preparatory school is merely nominal, namely: Twenty-five dollars in advance and five dollars a month until entrance upon first harmonic plane; you are then (on receipt of five mental dollars in addition) placed upon Life's waiting list, and if you wish to continue in the school until you become a subscriber (as we strongly advise) we charge you only three dollars a month.

Remember, you don't have to do anything except to think about sending us five mental dollars. Anybody can do this. If you are tired or worried, send us five imaginary dollars, and take your first lesson. Make the effort. Then wait for results.

You may not hear immediately, as our yogi force is very busy, and all vibrations are recorded in the order received. But pretty soon you will begin (without knowing quite why) to have an enlarged vision. This is only the distant approach of your subliminal self. Our process, indeed, is quite simple. We awake the subliminal self in everybody by means of our own system of vibrations. Gradually it becomes stronger, more self-assertive, until suddenly it comes into harmony with your identity. The rest is easy. You gradually throw off all care, come to realize that the ordinary troubles of your base physical existence—such, for example, as the cost of living, the tariff, bores, journeys, bickerings, family matters, etc.—are nothing but illusions, and that the only reality is the mental life. Then the thorough rehabilitation of your subliminal self is in sight. Here is a letter just received that will explain the whole process to the uninitiated:



One of Our Agents

Dear Life:

I have been in a state of double consciousness for some time but at last I am harmonized. In some manner, I have come together, and can begin to feel my power. How did I do this? Well, it happened in this manner: I was to start with a base, materialistic skeptic. The idea that there was anything beyond what I actually saw and heard with my eyes and ears, seemed the height of the ridiculous. One day, however, I happened to see the name of that wonderful man Gee. Ime. Mit. The words fascinated me. Without knowing it, I began to concentrate on that name. Suddenly I found myself saying, "Why not let him have a hver and take a chance?" I must have willed it you see, for the next day I began to see visions—in my mind you understand. Then I became conscious of a new power. Of course, after this first faint experience, I thought you needed more money so I willed twenty-five; but I know now that you wouldn't take it. You are honest anyway and stick to your rates. What am I now? I can't describe it physically. All I can say to others is: "Don't wait, will yourself to send in a fiver to Gee. Ime. Mit." In the meantime I am ever gratefully yours,



Our Yogi Force is Very Busy

That is the way the world is being regenerated. We are now treating countless people who have no idea of it. Outwardly they are ridiculing us, but their subliminal selves are already reaching out for more light.

In the meantime we say to all subscribers to the mental Life: Don't fail to vibrate any change of location. We can't keep track of everybody. Remember that when you move your physical body from one place to another, you are surrounded by different color tones, and we need to know this in order to make our mental deliveries on time.

Address all vibrations to

Gee. Ime. Mit. anywhere.

(He will get them).

Those Vibrations →



Gee Ime Mit

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON · WASHINGTON · OTTAWA

CLUB LINEN PLAYING CARDS.

Design of back hemstitched linen, pat'd. Colors, red, blue, brown, green. 25c per pack. Gold edge, 35c. Dealers everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Send for Catalog of Bridge Accessories.
Dept. 1., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 837)

charges anywhere from \$5,000 to \$25,000, and sends a letter to the attorney in Reno, stating that his fee as associate attorney will be \$2,000, or some such matter. The usual fee in uncontested divorce cases is \$50, so you can see at once that the financial interest of divorce attorneys will not permit them to tell their deluded clients the truth.

If a husband established his residence in Reno then his wife, even without going there, might apply there and secure a divorce, because her domicile follows his. As an instance, a New York man goes to Nevada with the purpose of becoming a citizen. His wife refuses to go. Later she attempts to procure a divorce in New York on desertion. The court has no jurisdiction, for her domicile changed with that of her husband, and she is domiciled in Nevada by reason of his removal.

I say the marriages are voidable. The question can be raised at any time, and long after the sinning parties have gone to their account the innocent children will suffer and fortunes be diverted by law because many of the innocent heirs have no heritable blood.

F. C. CALKINS.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

Is Offered Upon Its Record of Results Accomplished. Nothing save an Actual Test can be More Satisfactory to the Patient than the Testimony of Eminent Medical Men who have Repeatedly Tested Its Merits in Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism, and all Uric Acid Troubles.

Cyrus Edson, A. M., M. D., Health Commissioner of New York City and State, President Board of Pharmacy, New York City; Examining Physician Corporation Council, New York City, etc., says: "I have prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** with great benefit in Bright's Disease."

Dr. William H. Drummond, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, Bishop's University, Montreal, Canada: "In the Acute and Chronic Nephritis (Bright's Disease of the Kidneys) of Gouty and Rheumatic origin, as well as in the graver Albuminuria of Pregnancy, I have found **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** table antidote and I know of no other natural agent possessing this important quality."

T. Griswold Comstock, A. M., M. D., of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have often prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in Gouty and Rheumatic conditions, and in Renal Calculi, accompanied with Renal Colic, and always with the most satisfactory results. In Renal Calculi, where there is an excess of Uric Acid, it is especially efficacious."

Dr. Jos. Holt, of New Orleans, Ex-President of the State Board of Health of Louisiana, says: "I have prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in affections of the kidneys and in urinary passages particularly in Gouty subjects, in Albuminuria, and in Irritable conditions of the Bladder and Urethra. The results satisfy me of its extraordinary value in a large class of cases usually most difficult to treat."

Medical testimony upon request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

Guaranteed under Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

A Protest

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

GENTLEMEN.—I note in your October 13 issue that your editor has taken the occasion to criticise a recent lecture by Father Vaughan on race suicide.

I merely wish to state, as an indi-

vidual who has been more or less an admirer of LIFE because of its broad-minded views, that such an article is indeed a sad disappointment.

Your magazine is one of some reputation and standing. It expresses its views candidly. These facts distinguish it from other similar publications.

I am making no pretense at defending the celibacy of the Catholic priesthood. They need none. But I do think that any remark relative to customs of any sect as old and well established as the one mentioned is narrow-minded and out of date, and not in keeping with the cause for which the country it represents was established.

Respectfully,

ALBERT T. WINTHROP.

October 12, 1910.

BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY



is all merit—perfectly blended and thoroughly aged.

Quality and purity combine to make BLACK & WHITE Scotch Whisky the standard of excellence.

Hotels, restaurants and cafes are anxious to serve it because they know it insures your satisfaction and continued patronage.

75 Days
DELIGHTFULLY INTERESTING
DAYS Cruise of the New Amsterdam, The Mediterranean, Egypt and the Orient

Interesting Itinerary

Fine Steamer Select Party

Before planning your winter vacation write for booklet.

W. B. CHANDLER, Charterer and Cruise Manager

Holland America Office, 39 Broadway, NEW YORK



HELL NEXT WEEK

NUMBER



It is wicked, wise and witty, it is full of hellish glee. It is glowing (like this ditty) with sulphuric brilliancy. It contains no controversies, heated, warm or otherwise, and no pessimistic curses do we need to advertise. It is hell—but it is jolly; as a proposition bold it is warm (sans melancholy) and is worth its weight in gold.



(Price as usual, only ten cents.)

AFTER HELL, WHAT?

Why, the Goody Goody, of course. An awfully nice number.

A perfectly delightful affair—nothing in it to bring the blush of shame to the alabaster cheek of an Albany legislator.

Refined pleasantries, unexceptionable cogitations, innocuous innuendoes, irreproachable jocular-ity.

Be Goody Goody (once a year) and you will be as popular as this number.



DON'T READ THIS!

(It is merely one of our business peccadillos.)

We want to impress upon you the delightful and incontrovertible fact that this is the precise season of the year when you must become a regular subscriber.

Your honor, your conscience, your love of country, and the necessity of being ubiquitously and constantly cheerful, all compel you to take this step.

Trial subscription (three months).

But don't do that if you have a fiver. Better insure your happiness for one year.

Come in under the shelter of LIFE.

Obeys that Impulse.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York



Subscription, \$5.00

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Permanent
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Dress for health in the only underwear that is made right. Made of pure wool, fleece-lined; both the fleece and the outer fabric are woven in loops on the famous "loop-fleeced" principle.

You keep the body at even temperature and the skin dry and healthy by wearing

WRIGHT'S Health Underwear

Also Wright's Famous Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear. Permanently elastic, it fits and holds its shape indefinitely. Comes in beautiful fabrics and colors.

Ask your dealer for this superb underwear and be sure you get the genuine, with WRIGHT'S woven label Trademark sewn to each garment.

Union Suits and two-piece Garments. Book "Dressing for Health" sent free.



WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO. 75 Franklin Street, New York.

The Goose and the Golden Egg

The old family physician being away on a much-needed vacation, his practice was intrusted to his son, a recent medical graduate. When the old man returned the youngster told him, among other things, that he had cured Miss Ferguson, an aged and wealthy spinster, of her chronic indigestion. "My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you; but Miss Ferguson's indigestion is what put you through college."—*Argonaut*.

Milo

The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

At your club or dealer's
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.

MANAGER OF FIRST-CLASS CLUB

in Middle West wishes a change, 1st of January. Age 40. 20 years experience. Strictly up-to-date. 3 years with present club. Address "MANAGER," care of LIFE.

Answers to "Historical Puzzle"

Questions Printed on Page 793 of Last Week's Life

1. King John.
2. Charles I.
3. Richard III.
4. Henry II.
5. Robin Hood.
6. Louis IX.
7. Sir Phillip Sidney.
8. Delhi.
9. Balboa.
10. Marie Antoinette.
11. Bonnard.
12. Louis XIV.
13. Richard I.
14. Peter the Great.
15. Bismarck.
16. Marie Antoinette.

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House Furnishing Warerooms

Established 1835

Cooking Utensils of every kind, Tin, Copper, Aluminum, Nickel and Guaranteed Enameled Steel. Cutlery, Moulds, Earthenware, China and Glass, Kitchen and Laundry Furniture, &c., &c.

Correspondence Invited

130 & 132 West 42d Street, NEW YORK

17. Nell Gwyn.
18. Wolsey.
19. Elizabeth.
20. Battle of Crecy.
21. Eugenie.
22. Maximilian.
23. Sir William Wallace.
24. William I.
25. Washington.

So They Say

STRANGER: I say, my lad, what is considered a good score on these links?

CADDIE: Well, sir, most of the gents here tries to do it in as few strokes as they can, but it generally takes a few more.—*Scottish American*.

WORLD TOUR with SPAIN & Christmas in ROME

Nov. 26, Dec. 3. Without Spain, Dec. 10. Christmas in Rome with Spain, Nov. 26, Dec. 3. Without Spain, Dec. 10. Oriental Tour in January—Tours to all parts of Europe. Programs free. ED POTTER TOURS (32d year) 32 Broadway NEW YORK

Every Woman Who Travels Should Own A PULLMAN GOWN

THIS dainty, becoming garment takes the place of the negligee kimono, and of the heavy, bulky wrapper. Every woman who has ever traveled on a "sleeper" will appreciate the convenience it affords. It spells comfort on the long ocean voyage and in hotels.



The Pullman gown is modest and attractive. It is made in silk, either foulard or messaline, is extremely light, requires little room in packing, folds easily into a small silk envelope, is entirely hand-finished.

We carry a small number of Pullman gowns, 38-inch bust, in various becoming patterns. Other sizes made to order. Write for price list and samples of silks, stating colors preferred.

Our speciality is fine hand sewing, consisting of

Wool Wrappers with batiste collar and under sleeves,

Children's Garments, Waist Patterns, Bed Sacques.

EMILY PRATT GOULD



RICHMOND HILL-LONG ISLAND

EVIDENCE given at the inquest on a traveler found dead on the bank of the Maranoa River (Queensland):

WITNESS: I passed the camp in the morning to work. I noticed the bottle of whiskey was full. I thought the man was asleep. When I returned in the evening, and the bottle of whiskey was still full, I knew the man was dead.

—*Sydney Bulletin*.

TWO YACHTING CRUISES

TO THE
WEST INDIES
VENEZUELA and PANAMA CANAL

From New York Saturdays	<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;"> January 28 AND March 4, 1911 </div>	By the twin-screw American Line
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S. S. "NEW YORK" 560 feet long 10,800 tons register

EQUIPPED WITH—Wireless, Submarine Signals, Swimming Pool, Electric Fans in every room, Dark Room, Motor Launches, Orchestras etc.

31 DAYS EACH \$150.00

Luxurious Sea Voyage of 6820 Knots—294 Hours
Ashore With Optional Excursions, Including—
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PLEASURE CRUISE DEPT. 9 BROADWAY NEW YORK

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Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

George H. Gazley, Manager
La Salle at Madison Street, Chicago



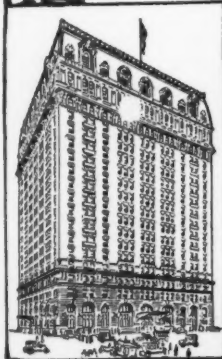
Hotel La Salle is already one of the famous hotels of the world and excels all Chicago hotels in the elegance of its furnishings, the excellence of its cuisine and the thoroughness of its service.

RATES

One Person:	
Room with detached bath	\$2.00 to \$3.00 per day
Room with private bath	\$3.00 to \$5.00 per day
Two Persons:	
Room with detached bath	\$3.00 to \$5.00 per day
Room with private bath	\$5.00 to \$8.00 per day
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath:	
Two persons,	\$5.00 to \$8.00 per day
Four persons,	\$8.00 to \$15.00 per day
Suites: \$10.00 to \$35.00 per day	

All rooms at \$5.00 or more are same price for one or two persons.

Center of Chicago's Activities



Political Medicine

The real thing in the fight over the Owens bill is to determine whether the "Sovereign People" shall continue to have the right of choosing their medical treatment when ill.

If this liberty of choice is taken from the people by the House of Representatives and the Senate it involves conferring uncontrolled power on the doctors appointed to run the proposed Department of Medicine.

These Government doctors must be what are popularly known as "allopaths," for no others are recognized by the Government.

One of their leaders wrote that if given such a department it would soon put an end to such "graft" as Christian Science, osteopathy, etc., thus including everything medical but what the allopathic doctors recognize.

So much has been said about the health and strength making qualities of

Evans' Ale

that its delights as a beverage are frequently overlooked.

IT'S A JOLLY GOOD DRINK.

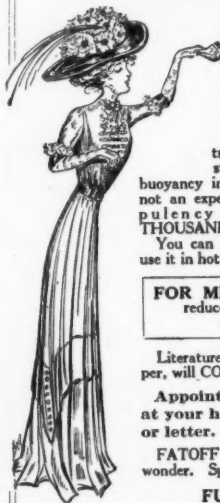
Restaurants, Clubs, Cafes, Hotels, Oyster and Chop Houses and Dealers. C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

You'll Cry "Farewell to Corpulency"

After a few of the simple, invigorating treatments of

FATOFF

THE UNFAILING FLESH REDUCER FOR MEN and WOMEN



No Oils. No Grease. No Odor. No Dieting. No Exercise. No Medicine.

A pleasant, EXTERNAL obesity treatment for men and women, restoring normal figure and youth's buoyancy in an INCREDIBLY short time—not an experiment, but a tested, TRIED corpulency reducer that's given new life to THOUSANDS the world over.

You can treat yourself at home; you MAY use it in hot bath if you wish.

FOR MEN: FATOFF is a remarkable reducer of the waist line, and lump on the back of the neck.

Literature, mailed free in plain, sealed wrapper, will CONVINCe.

Appointments for expert treatment at your home may be made by 'phone or letter.

FATOFF for Double Chin—a chin reducing wonder. Special Size Jar, \$1.50.

FULL SIZE JAR, \$2.50.

FATOFF is sold at all Riker's and all Hegeman's drug stores and leading druggists everywhere, or

M. S. BORDEN CO. 69 WARREN ST. NEW YORK

(For Years at 52 East 34th St.)

A Medical Department could be made into a political machine more autocratic than any heretofore known.

The present power was illustrated a few days ago when the mighty steamship *Lusitania* was turned back from her dock to quarantine again because one medical officer ordered it. He was "uncertain" about one case aboard.

The men who seek this political power are, and always have been, in a state of therapeutic chaos, conse-

JOKING ASIDE—EVER HEARD OF SALTO-NUTS—ITALIAN CHOCOLATES

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quently are unfitted to have charge of sick humanity.

The seekers for this power are therapeutic nihilists who have said that the best case is where "the autopsy confirms the diagnosis"; that it would be well for humanity if all medicine were thrown into the sea; that about all a doctor can do is to "observe" the case, and much else of a like character.

If the Government has the right to confer power over the ills of the body to any set of men it has also the right to confer a similar power over the spiritual ills of men on a corresponding body of doctors of divinity.

Finally, no one but the allopathic political doctors are asking for a Department of Medicine.—*Homoeopathic Envoy.*

The Retort Discourteous

MRS. POORLEIGH: And what would you be now if it wasn't for my money?

MR. POORLEIGH: A bachelor, my dear. —*Lippincott's.*

THE stranger laid down four aces and scooped in the pot.

"This game ain't on the level," protested Sagebrush Sam, at the same time producing a gun to lend force to his accusation. "That ain't the hand I dealt ye!"—*Everybody's.*

"The Little Brown Box"

CAMBRIDGE 25c
in boxes of ten
AMBASSADOR 35c
the after-dinner size

Philip Morris Cigarettes

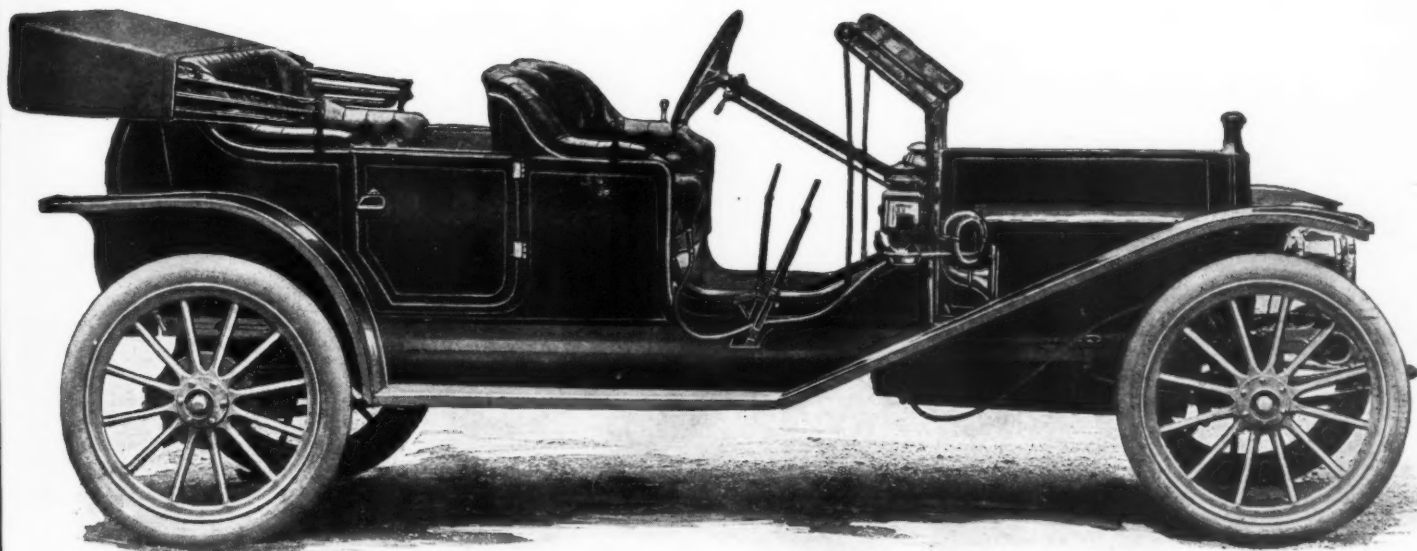
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F. O. B. Detroit, including the following standard equipment: Gas lamps, piping and generator; 31x3½ inch. rear tires; shock absorbers on front springs; three oil lamps, horn and tools; top, windshield and speedometer extra

Hupmobile

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

In our initial announcement of this new Hupmobile Touring Car, we said of it: "Never before such a car at such a price, with such a guarantee."

Deliveries are being made, as this advertisement appears, to all parts of America. When you go to your own dealer in your own town, you will find yourself in immediate and enthusiastic agreement with this claim.

The new \$900 Hupmobile is the first touring car of 110 inch wheel base to be sold for \$900. It is the first touring car with sliding gear transmission and Bosch magneto to be sold for less than \$1000.

It is the first touring car ever sold at any price with a life-long guarantee.

This guarantee means that the Hupp Motor Car Company guarantees the Hupmobile free from defects in material or workmanship during the life of the car, and will replace, free of charge, any such defective material, on return to its factory for inspection.

So you have in the Hupmobile Touring Car not only the most remarkable car in point of size, power, equipment and luxury ever offered at such a price, but a guarantee which establishes the quality of the car beyond all possibility of argument.

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Accepting the experience of Hupmobile owner: as a criterion, this new \$900 Touring Car will cost the owner who keeps it at home about 20c. or 25c. a day.

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Then confirm this conviction with a personal examination of the car by a visit to your dealer.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. J., Detroit, Mich.

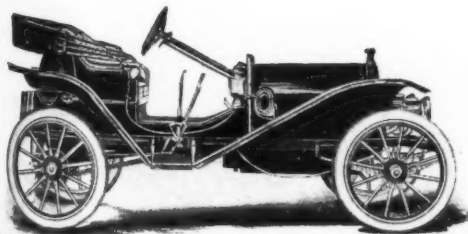
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HUPMOBILE COUPE

\$1100 F.O.B. Detroit. Equipment includes magneto; electric headlights and interior overhead light; combination oil and electric dash and tail lamps; batteries and wiring; shock absorbers on front springs; single drop seat from dash, 31 x 3½ inch rear tires.



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