

SUNNY SOUTH
NUMBER

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LIFE



CRISP

SOUTHERN BREEZES



15,000 Physicians Approve when you take Sanatogen

—approve by their written endorsement of this remarkably successful food- tonic.

The opinions of this splendid body of practising physicians have followed *actual test of Sanatogen*, and such a mass of opinion has a weight that may well give confidence to everyone who turns to Sanatogen for help.

HELP—not magic, not makeshift, not stimulant—*real help* to an exhausted nervous system—that is the “secret” of Sanatogen, that is the basis of the enthusiastic approval of medical men who know that nerves to be helped must be *fed*.

Nerves have their own hunger, and their hunger brings the rebellion that disturbs the balance of health. Every function of the body feels the depression and disturbance—sleep, digestion, mental efficiency, all are affected, and reaction aggravates the trouble. The one practical answer to this nerve hunger is *food*, a specific food that will give to the nerves the nourishment they have failed to gather from the daily food of the body.

Sanatogen's scientifically combined elements of nerve strength, purest albumen and glycerophosphate of sodium, go straight to the points of weakness. They restore the losses and in that way *rebuild* and revitalize the system. They cheer and invigorate by the logical *natural* means of *meeting the demand*. If you will try Sanatogen you will find that this multitude of physicians and the wide groups of famous men and women who have written of it so enthusiastically have but spoken for a universal need of the human system.

This Remarkable Book FREE

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first if you like and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book, “Our Nerves of Tomorrow,” written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

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Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

The eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:

“Sanatogen is to my mind a true food- tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to the over- worked body and mind.”

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

The well-known research chemist of Stevens Institute, writes:

“The chemical union of the constituents of Sanatogen is a true one, representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing phosphorus in the organic phosphate condition, and so combined that digestion and assimilation of Sanatogen are rendered complete with the greatest ease.”

John Burroughs

The distinguished naturalist and author, writes:

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

Late King Edward's Physician

Dr. Ernest Ott, Marienbad, writes: “I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years in my practice with excellent results. These results have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate the bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood.”

His Excellency

Prof. Dr. Von Leyden

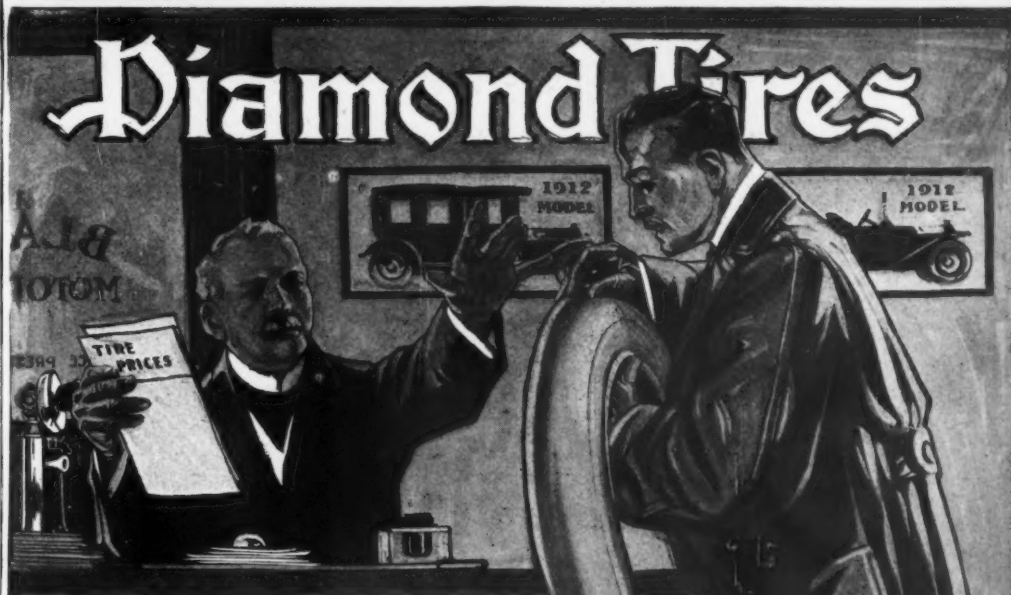
Director First Medical Clinic, Berlin University, writes:

“I have gladly and frequently prescribed Sanatogen in cases of delicate patients in my clinical as well as my private practice and am extremely satisfied with the results.”

In the South

Speaking of Palm Beach:—this was my first visit, and, in my opinion, it is an earthly paradise, and I paid my board, too, just like anybody else. When I left New York the mercury was having one of those sinking spells which have been so prevalent this winter, and I was swathed in furs and Jaegers and chilblains, and my nose was working overtime. Forty hours later, my dimpled form arrayed in a cute little bathing-suit, I was disporting myself in the flashing waters of the Atlantic, surrounded by society ladies, ladies who are not in society, ladies who are trying to butt into society, millionaires, politicians, John Gates, John Jacob Astor and other tropical amphibia. As I looked about me and recognized the members of the Four Hundred, of whom I have so often read in *Town Topics*—people whose names are household words in each other's households—I felt proud to think I lived in this free land, where it was my privilege to bathe in the same swells with these swells. I was afraid to venture in at first for fear of the sharks which are said to infest these waters, but the bathing-master assured me that as soon as the Wall Street men came down the local talent took to flight.

Palm Beach is well named. There are palms on every hand, and especially on the hands of the colored employees, and they are continually waving, thus creating a gentle draught on the pocket-book. Every time you turn around you



WHEN the car builder says to the tire maker "Don't talk quality to me, it's prices I want"—you lose.

The car builder who *buys* his tires on a price basis is *selling you a tire that is built to meet his prices.*

Remember—the car builder does not guarantee the tire on the car he sells you; his responsibility ends there—but yours begins.

Insist upon Diamond Tires on your new car before buying and you will get them. Diamond Tires are built and sold on a *Quality* basis only. Their first cost to the car builder is a little more than on some other tires, because of the additional mileage and wear that we build into them. Start your new car out on Diamond Tires, and you'll stick to Diamonds ever after. That's the only way to cut ultimate tire expense to the lowest.

In addition to dependable Diamond dealers everywhere, there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond Tire users.

The Diamond Rubber Company

AKRON, OHIO

We could build them cheaper
But we won't
We would build them better
But we can't.

"It gives"

Next time try the effects of the flexibility of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Flexible Handle Tooth Brush. It fits every curve and hollow of the gums, so as to prevent that irritating friction which makes them swell, bleed and become sore. The tufts of the

as with every other Pro-phy-lac-tic, are so peculiarly shaped as to reach all the crevices in and between every tooth, cleaning them thoroughly. "A clean tooth never decays."

Packed in an individual yellow box, which protects against handling. Rigid handle if you prefer.

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic fully guaranteed. We replace if defective.

Our interesting booklet, "Do you Clean or Brush your Teeth," is yours for the asking; send for it.

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25c.
35c.
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Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes.

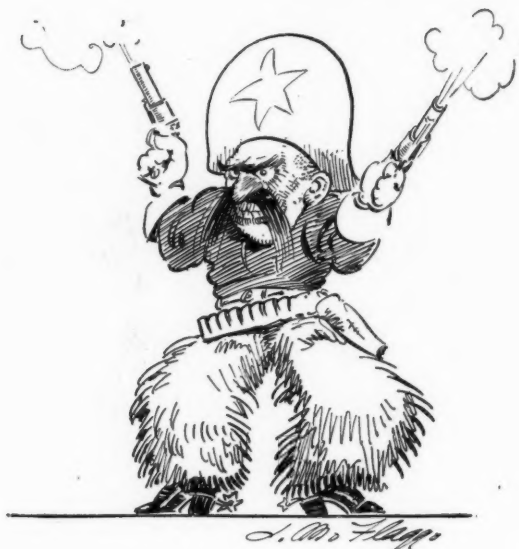
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Opens with the foot; closes itself. Clean and sanitary.
Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 46 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

are held up by a colored bandit with a seductive smile and a productive whisk-broom, and his battle-cry is "No quarter—nothing less than a half dollar."

They keep the pot boiling down there, and the lid is off and you can look right in. They have a club where you can play games of chance. They are not really games of chance—they are sure things. I tried it. You pick a number and put a dollar or two on it, and if the marble rolls right you get thirty-five for

one. But I proved to be a poor picker. Still, you do have a chance, and that beats Wall Street, where you have no chance at all. I believe if Wall Street was shut up and Canfield's opened we could all have more fun with our money. I've tried both and I know what I'm talking about. You get broken on the wheel either way.

(From "A Few Remarks," by Simeon Ford. Copyright, 1903, Doubleday, Page & Co.)



Next week the Wild West Number of LIFE will soothe the palate and calm the understanding of all those who believe in the above picture—which isn't true. On the contrary, in the next number of LIFE will be shown for the first time the dreadful West in its true colors.

The secret? Ah, that lies with the newsdealer who, for Ten Cents, supplies the paper next Tuesday.

TRIAL OFFER

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

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

LIFE, 17 West 31, New York.

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

COMING

- Feb. 29. Wild East Number
- Mar. 7. Fashion Number
- 14. Spendthrift's Number
- 21. Pacific Coast Number
- 28. Coward's Number

Please Register Letters Containing Currency

"Next"

Palm Beach has so many charms—
Restful spot beneath the palms!

* * *

Breakfast over, join the men
On the beach at half-past ten.
Hurry up and change once more,
"Auction really is a bore!"

Lunch from two to three, and then
Hustle to your room again.
Face massage and do your hair—
Time to call the rolling-chair!

Up and down the grove till tea,
"Clover Clubs appeal to me!"
Change your dress and dine at eight—
"Is my coronet on straight?"

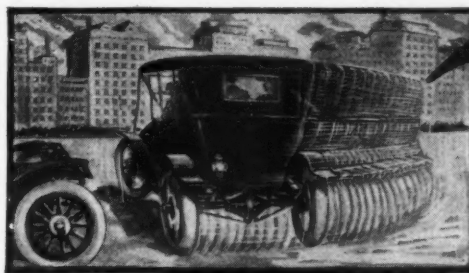
Turkey trot till twelve. "My Dear,
"Come along, the club's so near!"
"Just lost fifty on the black"—
"Hasn't she a gorgeous back?"

Life

Invites you to the
Second Annual Ex-
hibition and Sale of
Original Drawings
from February 21st
to March 2nd, daily
(excluding holidays)
until 10 P. M., at the
Galleries of the De-
troit Publishing
Company, 15 West
38th Street.

Many of our friends
regretted to have
missed last year's ex-
hibit. We hope they
will avail themselves
of the present oppor-
tunity. All attending
last year found it
both entertaining and
instructive.

The prices of all drawings
will be marked in plain
figures.



Skid

Timely Warning

No matter how careful a driver you may be, you cannot prevent skidding and slipping on wet, muddy, snow-covered roads or on icy, slippery, greasy pavements unless you equip your car with

Weed Chains

An absolute necessity on both rear wheels and if you want to know what real steering steadiness means, put them on the front wheels too.

Easily put on—attached in a moment without the use of a jack or other tools—are free to creep—continually shift their position on the tire—cannot injure tires because they do creep.

Insurance companies, for their own protection, strongly advise the use of Weed Chains on every car they insure.

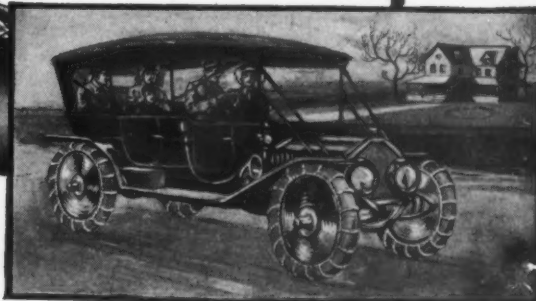
For your own safety—for the safety of the public fully equip your car with Weed Chains. Make it your business to get a set today.

Recommended and sold
by all reputable dealers.

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co.
28 Moore St. - - New York



and Anti Skid



"Yes, but I have heard she's fast!"

Three a.m.—unhooked at last!

"How I LOVE this restful place—

"Puts the color in one's face!"

Roger Lamson, Jr.

EXAMINER: Do you use whiskey as a beverage?

APPLICANT: No, sir; merely as an in-
toxicant.—Boston Transcript.

The Lesser Evil

MARKS: Why do you allow your wife to run up such big bills?

PARKS: Because I'd sooner have trouble with my creditors than with her—that's why.—Boston Transcript.

"SOMETHING wrong with this item."

"How, now?"

"Says the bridegroom took his place beneath the floral bell and 2,000 volts were immediately shot through his quivering frame."—Washington Herald.

The 10 and 11 Models
of the
Remington
Typewriter
are Visible Writers—and more



These new Remington models supply visible writing *under new conditions*—without loss of efficiency.

To realize what this means—the combination of Remington strength with visible writing—note the type bars. Note them specially. See how they are hung in a double row. This gives room for the broad pivot bearings. Note the bar itself, the strong, rigid bar, the Remington bar you have always known, made from a steel drop forging. Compare this bar with the ordinary thin bar, stamped out of sheet steel, and you will understand one reason why the very name “Remington” stands for Strength and Reliability in a Typewriter.

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—Cleveland Plaindealer.

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By Anne Douglas Sedgwick

It is the story of a woman—the greatest pianist of her day, adored for her beauty and charm—and of the men and women of her cosmopolitan world who fell under the spell of her wayward genius.

Andrew Lang says of “Tante”:

“I stand amazed at the qualities of the author’s genius.”

The Chicago Record-Herald says:

“THE WHOLE BOOK IS MASTERLY, well-conceived, well executed, enriched by descriptive jewels of rare tensity and brilliance, difficult alike to put aside unfinished and to forget.”

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pure as sunlight, rich
as gold. Purity.

Original bottling has old gold label

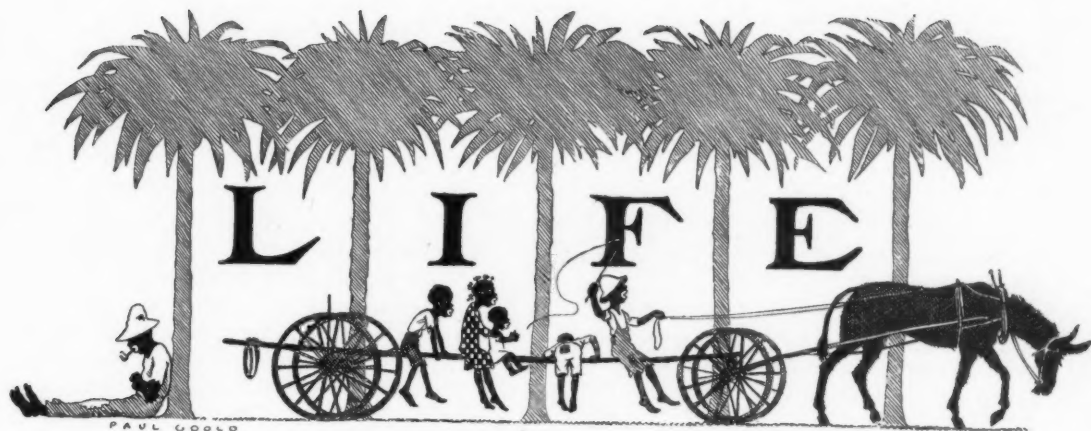
GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers
Nashville, Tenn.



IN THE GRILL ROOM

The old chef: I WONDER IF THIS IS DONE

C. J. Tomlinson



Sunny South Number



FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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



SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S autobiography that is running in the *American Magazine* is good reading. The Senator

is a mighty able man, and does not try to conceal it even from himself. He made a great fight in Wisconsin against the reigning machine and licked it. He admits that too. He does not deny, moreover, that he deserved to win, because there was more righteousness and better political methods and better men on his side than on the other. We guess that is so. The Senator set out to blow his own horn, and he blows it loud and clear. It is a lawful purpose, and in politics doubtless a necessary purpose. We don't object to it, nor to the way he does it, especially as he makes interesting reading. But it does seem as though the Senator was a bit defective in the sense of humor. We find him saying, for example (page 446):

Strange as it may seem to the reader unacquainted with machine methods, the question of Upham's renomination in 1896 was disposed of in the Planters' Hotel, at St. Louis, at the time of the National Republican Convention. The bosses did not regard the selection of a candidate for Governor as a matter in which the voters of Wisconsin were entitled to have any voice.

And then he goes on to say:

I came back from the National Convention in 1896, to which I had been elected as an anti-machine delegate, and conferred with friends to determine on the strongest and soundest man to stand against Sawyer and his political machine.

We invite the esteemed reader, whose penetrating intelligence is such a solace and reliance in these perplexing times, to say if he can distinguish anything essentially different in quality between the act of the infernal bosses of Wisconsin in getting together, as was convenient for them, in the Planters' Hotel in St. Louis to pick a candidate for Governor, and the conduct of Mr. La Follette in conferring with

his friends after his return from St. Louis, as was convenient for him and them, "to determine on the strongest and soundest man to stand against Sawyer and his political machine." To us, now, the two processes look virtually identical.



LA FOLLETTE was building a machine to beat Sawyer's. He did it. He has it still, and they say it is one of the best and strongest State political machines ever constructed. It is a great credit to his powers, for he built it largely out of his own brains and energy, with very little money to start with, fighting abundant money and entrenched power. But he never seems to regard it as a machine. It is all "the people." Back of all his talk is the recurrent suggestion that the people govern; the same suggestion that Brother Bourne of Oregon keeps poking at us; the same suggestion that is back of the referendum and the direct primary, and the other devices for bringing the popular will to bear directly on government.

But the truth is the people don't govern very much. They haven't time. The seat of power is in them, but the fellows who exercise the power are those who have the brains and force to do it, and who want the job and can make the people give it to them.

Sawyer and his crowd were governing Wisconsin, just as Hanna and his crowd were governing Ohio, not so very ill, but with overmuch concern for the interest of "business"—railroads, lumber and other concerns that have to do with support of life. They had John C. Spooner in the Senate, one of the ablest and usefulest of all the Senators. The people of the State were proceeding in the ordinary enjoyment of life, having coffee and boiled eggs for breakfast, and unconscious of any painful abbreviation of their liberties, when along comes La Follette out of college, lean, hungry, aggressive, keen and aspiring. Sawyer was a kind, rich old lumberman, with business principles. La Follette, jumping in with a set of political principles all new cut and running with

sharp clicks, reached right out without manners or modesty after old Sawyer's political bone, and proceeded to wrest it from him. It took him years to do it, but he was resolute and untiring, and he got it. It was a fine job. He had with him the most live-minded people in the State. He did good. He raised the standard of political morality and popular expectation. They say he got a good many good laws passed and enforced, to the profit of the State and its voters, and in particular, such laws as would help him to control politics in his fashion, and make it harder for the old machine to control it in theirs. Such laws were a help, selfish as they may seem, because La Follette's way of running politics partly by power of exhortation and publicity was somewhat better than the old way, by means of patronage and money.



THAT is the way political improvements come. When the time is ripe for them, somebody puts on his hat and goes out to fetch them. And the first step is to get power, and that is done by taking it away from whoever has it.

The people's part is to produce fit leaders, and then to support them, choosing between them and trying to select the best. But the hard work and the hard thinking in politics is done by individual managers, and not by the great mass of voters. And so it must be done, in spite of the frequent suggestions of politicians like La Follette and Bourne to the contrary. Political government is only a small fraction of the business of life, and there is not room on the job for all the people all the time. The greater business of self-control and self-support must engage most of the energies of the great majority of men. Every lively political innovator that comes along roars to the people that the chaps in office have got government away from the people and are misusing it. Very often that is true, but what the innovator wants and means is, that it is time to turn that other crowd out, and entrust the sacred duties of office to himself.

A Word About the Dreamy South

AS I roam through Northern ghettos,
Suicidally inclined,
Thoughts of cane-brakes and palmettoes
Come (by contrast) to my mind,
And the taste of Creole creamy
Chicken mocks my yearning mouth;
Vagrant memories of the dreamy—
Say! where is the "Dreamy South"?

They are planning lofty "scrapers"
Down on Charleston's real-estate;
You should read the Southern papers
For the baseball slang to date.
And in New Orleans, protected
By the lordly river's mouth,
There's a subway line projected—
Say! where is the "dreamy South"?

Now, the bustling cotton-broker
And the rich tobacco man
Occupy the Pullman smoker
And inordinately plan
Booms on land where Uncle Remus
Once reclined in weeds and drouth;
They are waking Nicodemus
All along the "dreamy" South.

And among the Wall Street raiders,
When some fresh young blade appears
Driving off the Yankee raiders
With his keen lamb-trimming shears,
Then Fortuna, Mammon's mother,
Opens wide her golden mouth
And exclaims, "Well! here's another
Hustler from the 'dreamy' South!"

If some scientific bookworm
Muckrakes Dixie's inner tum—
Well, I wish I had a hookworm
Of the sort I find in some.
For that worm makes genius fertile
And he never caused a drouth
In the heart beneath the kirtle
Of the (erstwhile) dreamy South!

Wallace Irwin.

Our Unliquidated Civilization

IT is true we have a civilization, but it is not paid for, and our statesmen show no great anxiety to pay for it. On the contrary, every new move, and many of the old ones, require more bonds, more debts. Our National Government is in debt. Our States, counties and cities are in debt. Every political division is in debt and paying interest. It seems to be an integral part of civilization. The first thing China did upon showing signs of civilized activity was to come over here and borrow money of our Mr. Morgan & Co.

It is even proper to ask, Whose civilization is it? Can't we get hold of it somehow and convert it to the uses and purposes of ourselves? Wouldn't it be a good idea to take it over, pay for it and thereafter run a civilization which is able to pay as it goes and go as it pays?

"MAMMA, who is in command of the army of the unemployed?"

"The captains of industry, my son."



Nice Old Lady: MY STARS! A NICE, FAT LITTLE BOY LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T BE CRYING.

The Kid: THAT AIN'T FAT, MISSIS, IT'S BANANAS.

The Sunny South

THE air was warm and balmy, and the odor of orange blossoms and magnolias, and the sound of birds singing in the foliage overhead, filled us with a joyous sense of gladness as we went up to the radiant Sunny South and grasped her cordially by the hand.

"It seems good to see you," we said, hastily removing our fur-lined overcoat and basking joyfully in the sunshine of her smile. "Do you mind if we sit down on this bed of moss and make love to you? My, but you are beautiful!"

It was amusing to watch the Sunny South as we uttered these words. Many of our beautiful Northern girls would have showed their appreciation of the flattery, but not this lovely vision. She was evidently too much accustomed to it; for, from time immemorial, all men had come from the ends of the earth to do her homage.

"I am pleased to see you," she said, her smile tingling our blood and making our heart expand. "You may say anything you please to me. I want you to feel perfectly at home and free to talk. You know I am not frigid, and oftentimes repellent by too much dignity, as my Northern sisters are. But never fear, I shall know how to manage you; speak on."

Entranced by her wonderful voice, we sat spell-bound for a moment, and then said:

"Where did you get your wonderful complexion?"

"That is due entirely to the use of Florida water."

"And may we ask how you manage to amuse yourself?"

"My principal recreation is entertaining cold-blooded Northerners, and infusing into them some warm human sentiment."

"But your serious occupation?" we ventured.

"Well, I employ quite a little of my time in turning out the most beautiful women in the world. Have you seen my Kentucky brand?"

"We have, indeed. There is nothing like it on the face of the earth."

"Don't say that."

She tapped us reproachfully with her palm leaf fan.

"Don't forget Tennessee, and Virginia, and then, the belles of New Orleans!"

"Sweeter than molasses," we whispered, softly.

The Sunny South nodded. Then she waved her arms slowly about her.

"All this region," she said, "is mine. My warmth, my affection, my sentiments——"

"And your beauty," we broke in, "making you the most charming person in the world. And your costumes? Was ever anything so gorgeous?"

The Sunny South smiled again.

"Quite true," she murmured softly; "they are handsome, they come from Nature. And yet, as I grow older, my taste grows quieter. Do you know——"

She paused reflectively.

"I am getting so that I affect a combination of blue and gray more and more."

And then we lifted high in the air the mint julep that she had ordered for us and said:

"Lady, here's to the blue and the gray,
And may your shadow never grow less."

Problems

TO anyone who will discover solutions to the following problems we should be delighted to issue patents, copyrights, letters of marque and reprisal, passports, commissions, diplomas or other suitable indentures:

How to fit antediluvian superstitions to twentieth century science.

How to fit sixteenth century religion to twentieth century sin.

How to fit seventeenth century charity to twentieth century poverty.

How to fit an eighteenth century government to a twentieth century trust.

How to fit a nineteenth century army and navy to twentieth century peace and arbitration.

E. O. J.

Chanson du Printemps

KISS me, Celeste,
A kiss is best.
Our tears are vain.
When love is dead,
When love is fled,
We love again!

For love is fleet,
As love is sweet,
And knows no rest.
So let's to-day
Love while we may,
Kiss me, Celeste.

Peter.

Overtime

POOR PETERSON.
He had to give up
his job as floor-walker."

"I thought he was solid at Bigby's?"

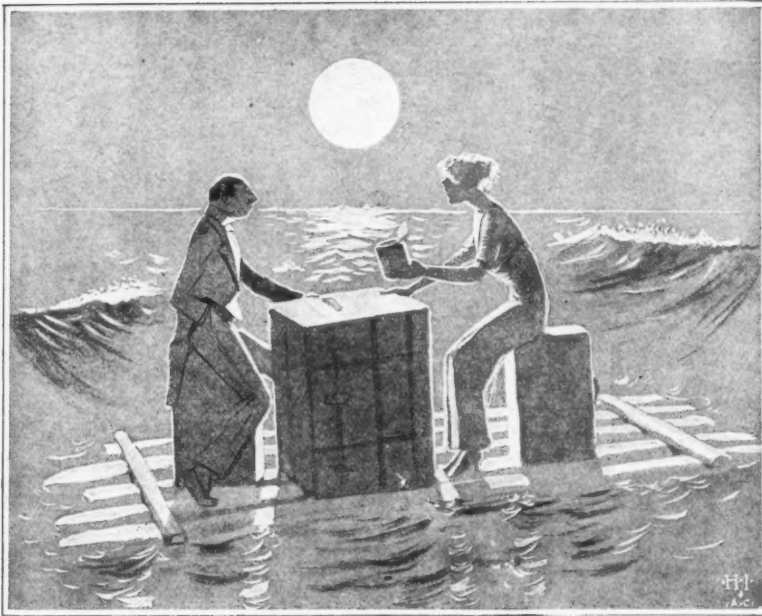
"He was, but he had a new arrival at his house and he couldn't stand being on his feet both night and day."

HOW to stop the woman suffrage movement—
put the age limit up from twenty-one to thirty-five.



A. B. WALKER

THE MAID OF ORLEANS
IN HER COAT OF MALE



"HOW FORTUNATE, VAVASOUR, THAT WE SAVED OUR THINGS. JUST IMAGINE IF WE HAD BEEN UNABLE TO DRESS FOR DINNER!"

Why We Change Ambassadors So Often



THE French papers, commenting on the resignation of Ambassador Bacon, wonder that we swap Ambassadors so often. It seems that we have had five in Paris within seven years.

One explanation is that our ambassadorships are very ill-paid. The salary nowhere near pays the expenses of the places, and only rich men can afford to accept these appointments. Consequently when they get tired they quit, and there is a search for the next rich man who is willing to take the job and is not too unsuitable.

A poor man cannot afford to be Ambassador more than a year or two, and most of the rich men soon get tired of living abroad and being under orders. If the salaries were higher, changes would not be so frequent. But Congress won't increase the salaries, nor yet buy houses in the foreign capitals, and the expenses cannot be much cut down. So our millionaire Ambassadors come and go, and our country in its indigence ought to be thankful that there are enough of them to man the service after a fashion, and that they are good enough to help us out.

Putting Him at His Ease

"GOOD MORNING, Mis—er—ah—fath—that is——" begins the new son-in-law.

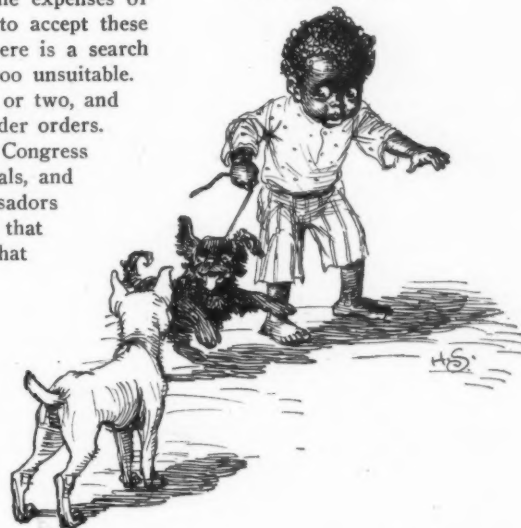
"Now, Jim," smiles the bride's father, "I know just how you feel. I went through it myself. I felt like forty kinds of a fool when I first tried to call my father-in-law 'Father,' and I said right then that if I ever had a son-in-law I'd not give him the same worry. Besides, if my father-in-law felt one-half the way I do when I hear you trying to get it over with, I believe he'd have done what I'm going to do. You call me 'Mister' or 'Say' or 'Bill,' or anything else you like, until the



A FLORIDA SERENADE

time comes when it will be natural for you to address me as 'Grandpa.'"

FULL many a philanthropist of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of business failure bear.



"COME 'LONG HERE, HONEY! DOAN' YO' GO 'SOCIATIN' WID DAT PO' WHITE TRASH!"

Intimate Interviews

A Cryptogrammatic Tragedy

HE was an eminent L. L. D.,
A quite distinguished F. F. V.
Likewise A. B. and Ph. D.,
A man of very high degree.

He moved in high society,
Where things are all R. S. V. P.
He shone at many a social T,
And always sent his P. P. C.

But he gave many an I. O. U.,
That must be cared for P. D. Q.,
Till things he sent for F. O. B.
Came to him always C. O. D.

He took to drink, and an M. D.,
A splendid man—a G. O. P.
I might observe—said, "I can see
You're on the verge of the D. T."

He died—an eminent R. D.
Bespoke for him the R. I. P.
And if you think my tale not true,
Ask any W. C. T. U.

J. W. Foley.

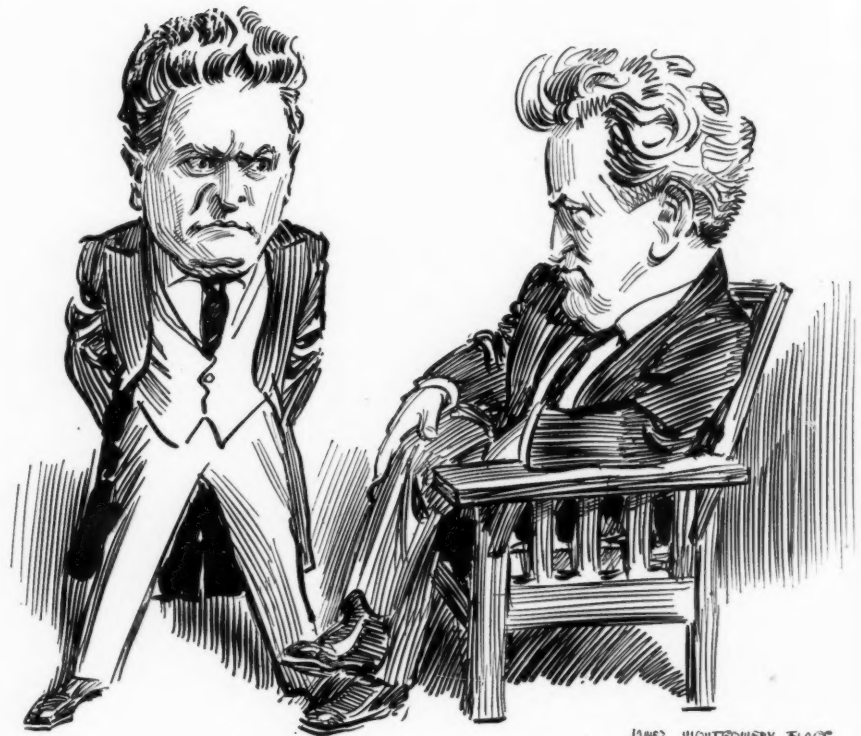
Pigs and People

UNDER this title, our able neighbor, the *New York World*, says, among other things:

The familiar argument of the advocates of a Federal Department of Health presided over by a Cabinet officer is that, as the Government maintains experts to aid farmers in conserving the health of hogs, it should also aid in preserving the health of children. It is an argument that never fails to startle when first heard. "Why," gasps the astonished listener, "should a paternal government be more careful of pigs than of people?"

* * *

It should not be overlooked in the controversy that while Administration experts are needed to guard the health of hogs that are being fed and fattened for slaughter, none are needed to look after a hog in the woods that is not to be slaughtered. While, therefore, supervision makes the most pork, freedom makes the healthier hog.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Looked at himself reproachfully"

ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE, hearing a knock at the door, arose and opened it. Seeing that Robert Marion La Follette was trying to enter, he shook his head sternly:

"You can't come in here," he said, "I wish to be entirely alone."

The only answer to this was that Robert Marion La Follette forced open the door, entered and looked at himself almost reproachfully.

"You can't keep me out," he said, "Just because you don't even want to talk to me about the tariff is no reason why you should be so exclusive."

"But, my dear boy, I do want to talk about the tariff, but I don't dare do it."

"Ah, that's the reason you were afraid to face me! Between you and me, my dear boy, we are right upon everything; upon the Aldrich bill—

which is only a scheme to let the bankers get a firm grip upon the country—about reciprocity, and insurgency, and progressiveness, and everything else —"

"Except the tariff. Well, don't you believe in high protection?"

"Believe in it? I should say I did. Why, if it wasn't for high protection there wouldn't be any Republican party, and if there hadn't been any Republican party I wouldn't be here."

"And if there hadn't been any tariff?"

"Well, between you and me, Bob, if there hadn't been any tariff—"

The two Bobs looked at each other significantly and rather mournfully.

Then one Bob said:

"Well, if there hadn't been any tariff we *might* be the next President. Eh, Bob?"

New Styles for Men

The Fashion Reform League Announces Some Startling Creations—Every Part of the Country Will Have Justice Done It—Bridegrooms Coming to Their Own

THE fact that one of our Supreme Court justices, wearing a costume which was designed for him by this League, was unfortunately mistaken for a flunky yesterday in one of New York's leading hotels, need cause no embarrassment to anybody. The incident is one that is likely to happen during the inception of a new movement like ours, which naturally takes time to become firmly entrenched.

We have received a great many protests from our lady customers, who claim that, owing to the fact that we are devoting so much attention to the men, we are unable to have their costumes made in time. Our plant in LIFE Park (formerly Central) is at present running night and day, but we expect very soon to increase its capacity, and then we shall be able to promptly provide for all.

Mayor Gaynor's costume is now complete, and he will shortly begin a tour all over the country, addressing woman suffrage movements wherever they happen to be. Some of our new designs in color costumes are a watered silk mother hubbard for Corporation Counsels; and a gunny bag pleated overcoat for the use of our Socialist friends who refuse to spend more than fifty dollars. We hope, however, when Mr. Debs runs for President—as he unquestionably will—to provide him with a suitable costume, and we shall be glad to make this at our own expense, merely for advertising purposes.

When our plans are carried out, every State in the Union will be represented with its appropriate costume, but we cannot undertake to send our representatives out over the country.

Our new designs for a Chicago pork packer, a Pittsburg millionaire, a Western mining magnate and a Southern planter, are now on view, and can be seen any time during the day.

We have just completed for the Russian Ambassador what we term our new passover in embonpoint salmon-colored passamenterie, with velvet binding—a complete suit, consisting of overgarment and pantalets of ruby plush.

In the meantime, it should be distinctly emphasized that under no circumstances will we design any costume for foreigners. King Alfonso of Spain cabled us that he must have an appropriate suit to wear at an interview with Eulalia. We have also received messages from the King of Italy, the Sultan of Turkey and the Shah of Persia, who has been particularly impressed with the designs made for one of his American guests—Mr. Shuster. In fact, it is undoubtedly true that Mr. Shuster's great success at the Persian Court was due to the fact that he wore some of our custom-made clothing.

Several leading American manufacturers already in the field, who employ models of young men with shoulders four feet square, have attempted to exclude us from the advertising columns of American periodicals. The fact is, that our trade is now so great, and there is so much demand for our costumes, that we have no desire to advertise whatever. We may remark, however, that it will be but a short time before all these gentlemen will be out of business.

We have planned designs for every conceivable occupation in this country. If you are a ten-dollar-a-week floor-walker in a department store, we can get you up a costume that will inspire everybody who sees you with awe and admiration, and compel attention from almost any distance.

We are just designing a complete outfit for Andrew Carnegie, who will wear it at the next peace conference in Paris. It is expected to have a subdued effect upon the nations of Europe.

Our experts are now at work on special designs for delegates to the Republican National Convention, and



OUR BRIDEGROOM NOVELTIES

WEDDING CLOTHES FOR A BOXER ("BEST MAN" IN BACKGROUND)



A PROBLEM PLAY

CAST OF CHARACTERS AND PLOT. THE DIALOGUE IS UNFIT FOR PUBLICATION

both Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt have ordered special costumes for the occasion. Mr. Roosevelt, at present, is hesitating between a gunpowder effect, with megaphone trimmings, and a complete suit of brass armor held together with Tennessee Coal and Iron chains.

Applications from prominent officials who desire to have special costumes designed should be invariably accompanied by references and a deposit of one hundred dollars, which will not be returned; having been in the dress-making business now for some time, we make a rule never to return anything.

Several prominent members of the Army and Navy have applied to us for new costumes to wear in private, and we are now at work on a special design for a general, to be worn at Palm Beach. Up to the present time our Army men have worn the ordinary costumes in private; but we intend to give them the same opportunity as some of our prominent politicians. There is no reason why a soldier should not be able to express himself privately as well as publicly. By doing

this we expect to eliminate the intense feeling of jealousy that has existed up to the present time in Army and Navy circles against our Supreme Court justices.

A new spring design is for a bridegroom, to be worn either at Niagara Falls, Old Point Comfort or Washington. Any bridegroom who desires to have a fit should notify us about three weeks in advance, owing to the rush

of orders. Bridegrooms, however, should not notify the ladies whom they are going to marry that they are having special costumes made, owing to the fact that the great work that we are doing to uplift the mass of American men is not thoroughly understood as yet, and some brides have a decided objection to going on a honeymoon trip with one of our superb creations.

Address all communications to

Life's Fashion Reform League.

Halt!

A COCAINE seller in Chicago complains that he paid \$6000 a year to the police for protection and then didn't get it.

Things have come to a pretty pass. When respectable lawbreakers are no longer able to get justice from disreputable law-enforcers, it is time to call a halt. Our system of graft should be revolutionized and put on a safe and sane basis.

ANOTHER BLACK HAND OUTRAGE
THIS TIME AT THE SOUTH END

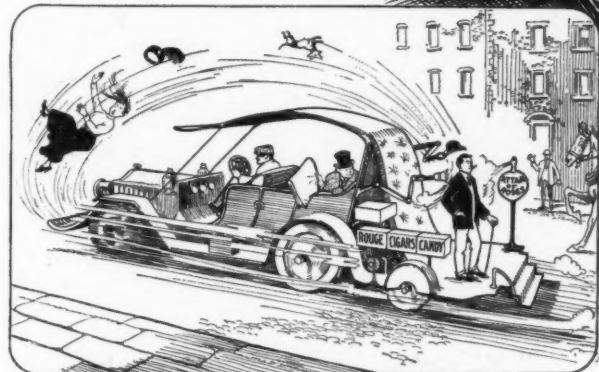
"Is my hat on straight?"
"No. One eye shows."



HOW TO KEEP A SERVANT IN THE COUNTRY



ELECTRIC SILENCER, FOR BARBERS



JOY RIDER'S AUTOMATIC FENDER

R. G. RUSSOMI

Cynicism

LET us forget! The cup of memory
Holds but a dull and muddy wine
that brings
Only remorse, regret and misery.

Let us forget! Lift up the glass! The
grape
Of this rare vintage grew on Lethe's
shores.
See how the liquid sparkles! Give a
toast
To our dead loves, our dearest ene-
mies!

Let us forget!
L. L. E.



FOR A NEW TREATY



DURING A SOUTHERN EARTHQUAKE
"WHO'S DAT ROCKING DIS HOUSE?"

Washington

WASHINGTON is inhabited by insurgents who do not
insurge, Progressives who do not progress, Repub-
licans who would not know a republic if they saw one,
Democrats who have no faith in the people and public
officials who do not worry about their designations, so long
as the jobs hold out.

What's Bred in the Bone

REAL ESTATE OPERATOR: Did you accept young
Richleigh when he proposed last night?
DAUGHTER: We didn't close the deal, but I took an
option on the property.

Free Advertising

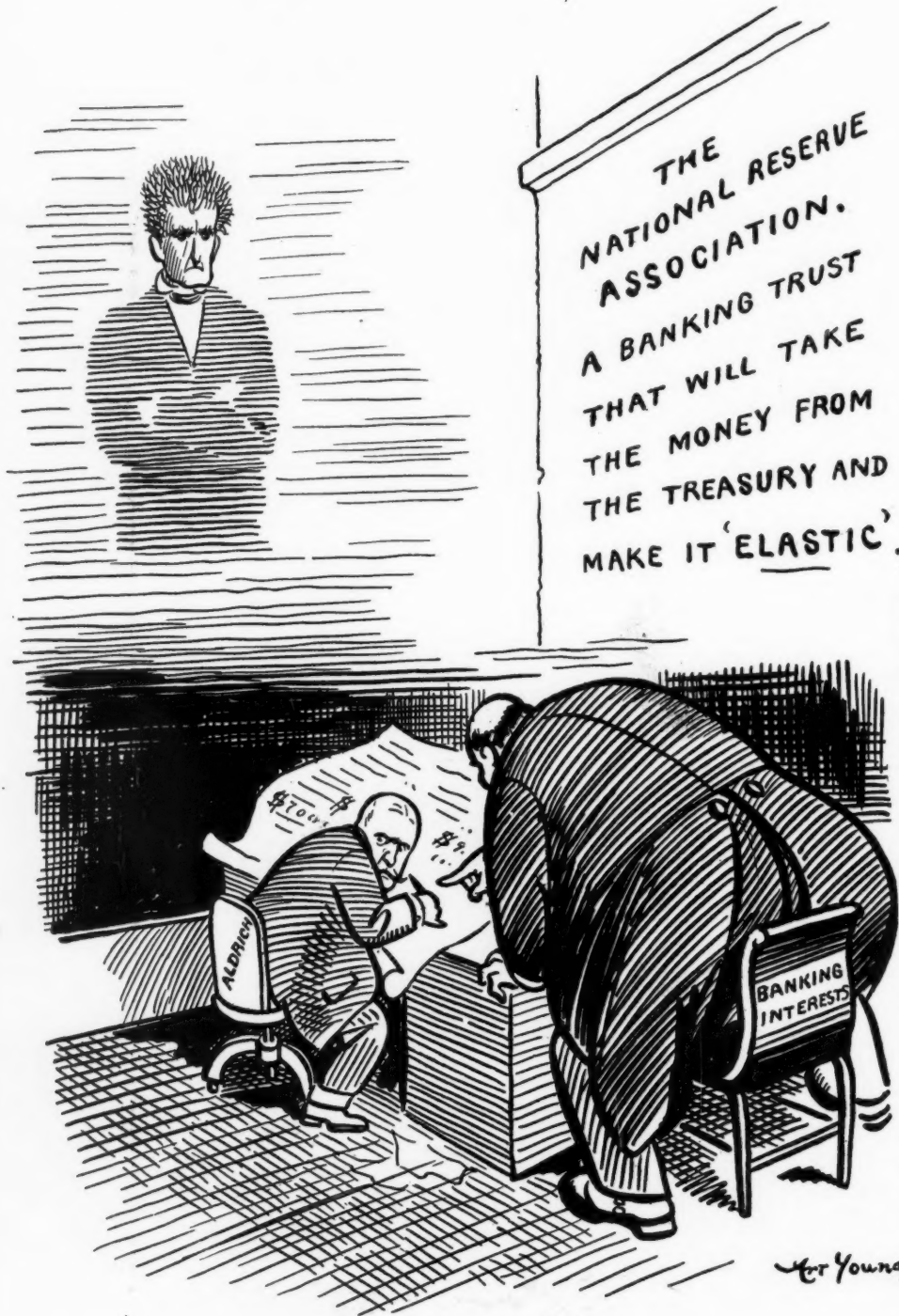
PERHAPS in no way, as a people, do we better sustain
our reputation for extravagance than in the amount
of free advertising we give away. The advertisements paid
for in every issue of any American paper do not begin
to equal the amount of free advertising given away in the
news columns of the same issue. It may be objected that
there would be no news without this advertising. But if
there were no news, what then? On the whole, we prefer
to have a moderate amount of news, but there should be
some discrimination between such news and obvious ad-
vertising.

If Mr. Carnegie had been obliged to pay at space rates
for all the free advertising with which he has been pre-
sented he would now be a pauper. Suppose there were a
rule never to advertise a man like Andrew Carnegie.
Think of how many questions would be settled! And the
peace we would have.





A DREAM OF THE LOST CAUSE



Spirit of Andrew Jackson: "BY THE ETERNAL! AT IT AGAIN!"

Song

LOVE was a flow'r
That bloomed an hour
And died.
Love was a rose,
Whose petals froze
With pride.

Love was a bird
That sang unheard
At night.
Love was a song
Of verses long
And light.

Love was a mist
That daylight kissed
And flew.—
Who dear love brings
May be all things—
Save true!

Leolyn Louise Everett.

A Substitute

MR. JOSEPH W. FOLK, former Governor of Missouri, has put forward a substitute for the Aldrich Plan. There are two remarkable things about it. The first remarkable thing is that he feels competent to say sensible things about the currency without belonging to a National Monetary Commission and traveling all over the world and collecting vast volumes of nonsensical statistics at the public expense.

The second remarkable thing is that his idea is simple and can be understood without consulting a college professor, a bank cashier or a grafting politician. As we understand it, Mr. Folk makes no claim to being an expert. If he did, it would be impossible for him to display so much common sense.

His substitute may be explained in a word. Read the Aldrich Plan and, whenever you find a proposal that the Government do something for the banks, let the Government do that very thing for itself. That's his idea.

We dare say that the average banker could easily see in it something that threatened to undermine the foundations of our world power, but to those of us who do not aspire to expertness, it has a welcome sound.

Ellis O. Jones.



MER(E)MAN

Candidacy

THIS is a good time to express the sympathy of this paper for all the gentlemen who now are, or soon may be, candidates for the Presidency of this country and its ninety-four millions of inhabitants. Think of the ninety-four millions, and all the blockheads, and cranks, and rascals, and self-seekers and well-meaning imbeciles that it includes, besides the large number whose opinions on many subjects, so far as they know them, are opposed to the candidate's in so far as he knows his. Think of all the need to say something, to say nothing, to forget nothing, to remember nothing, to conceal nothing, to divulge nothing. Think of the delicate questions of expediency that arise over such simple social transactions as shaking for drinks with Thomas Ryan (or his sons) or accepting Sam Gompers's cigar. It is hard to be a candidate—hard, that is, for anyone but The Colonel, who fattens on hardship and rejoices in altercation as a ninety horse-power automobile to run up hill. Unless a man can behave naturally and according to his proper instincts, and can always hold such a hand that he can afford to show down, candidacy must be martyrdom.

Bad for Certain Kinds

"BIG BUSINESS" would advise Mr. Taft to discharge Mr. Wickersham—which is natural. It is also natural that certain lines of smaller business—carried on mostly after dark—should advise the discharge of the Chief of Police.

Coroner's Cocktail

MIX three chorus girls with as many men and soak in champagne until midnight. Squeeze into an auto. Add a dash of joy and a drunken chauffeur. Shake well. Serve at seventy miles an hour.



"GRANDMA, WHY DOESN'T THAT MAN HELP THE LADY WITH HER BUNDLE?"

HE: I never loved any girl so much in my life.
SHE (reproachfully): But, don't you think, darling, that you will be able to love me more later on?

ILL fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where Elinor Glyns accumulate and Dickens decay.



"YOU JES' WAIT TILL I GETCHA OUT!"



The Dramatic Dangers of Matrimony



THAT any persons who are regular theatrogoers dare enter into matrimony is high testimony to their courage. If we can believe the dramatists, especially the French ones, the married condition exists only to provide guilty love, deception and unhappiness for those who have embarked on the experiment.

It would seem as though the dramatic matrimonial formula might be reduced to almost mathematical terms. Let A represent a wife or husband, B a husband or wife, C an outsider of either sex, and x , y and z various incidents and complications which are unknown quantities. In the beginning we have an equation something like $A + B = o$, perfectly correct but not interesting. Adding x to both terms we have $A + B + x = x$. Of course x may represent suspicion, jealousy, poverty or anything necessary to start the plot. Then substituting C for A or B—simply a matter of sex—and multiplying by y , which may be taken to represent the guilty love interest, we have $y(B + C + x) = xy$. Along in the second act we need a little pathos, represented by z , which may stand for a child of either A + B or B + C. This gives us, as a result of multiplication, $yz(B + C + x) = xyz$. To solve the problem we have only to remove A or B by any of the regular processes of murder, suicide or divorce, and we reach the final solution of a happy or unhappy ending as the case may be. Q. E. D.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES seems to have gone back to a formula something like that when he wrote "Lydia Gilmore" for Miss Margaret Anglin. The husband, early in the play, is paying a surreptitious midnight visit to another gentleman's wife. The other gentleman returns unexpectedly and the husband kills him. As the husband eventually commits suicide in jail to escape the hanging to which he had been sentenced, it might have been better all around, as he was going to die anyway in the last act, if he had let the other gentleman kill him. Of course, if he had, there wouldn't have been any play, but that wouldn't have been an irreparable loss.

When the husband has done the deed he comes home and plays the baby act by asking his wife to provide a lying alibi in case he is suspected. This makes unsympathetic character number one in Mr. Jones's play. The wife consents, not because she loves her husband, but on account of her child. This motive takes her out of the possibility of being an entirely sympathetic character. In the climax of her appearance on the witness stand in her husband's trial she is helped out in perjury by the chief prosecuting attorney. It has been made clear that he loves her and before the trial is shown rehearsing with her the questions and answers by which she



LIFE IN THE FAR WEST

is to defeat justice. A sworn officer of the law, who deliberately plans to violate his oath and betray the public trust placed in him, does not appeal strongly to even the false sympathies of the theatre.

LEAVING entirely aside the antiquated mechanism of Mr. Jones's play, he provided for his star a rôle almost impossible, even for so competent and experienced an artist as Miss Anglin. It has been said humorously that no one loves a fat man, but it may be said seriously and far more truly that no one loves a liar. In a very great play and with a very great motive, a lying woman might gain sympathy, but here the lie is made perjury in open court and the climax of a not great play. Its motive—fear of indefinite future disgrace for her child—is not built up sufficiently to serve as a credible excuse for the agony the lie entails.

It is not to be believed that the hand which wrote "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The Middleman," "Mrs. Dane's Defence," and "The Silver King" has lost its cunning, but "Lydia Gilmore" should show Mr. Jones that he has not progressed with his public.



TAGE methods of even a later period than those used in Mr. Jones's "Lydia Gilmore" have reached the point where they are recognized by the public as subjects for burlesque. In Mr. J. M. Barrie's "A Slice of Life" (the title referring in no way to this journal), that satirical Scotchman puts his stiletto, or skean dhu, or whatever the Scotch equivalent of a stiletto may be, between the ribs of the



THE PIED PIPER OF TO-DAY

modern problem dramatist and turns it around several times. His persons are a very swagger husband and wife who each is concealing something from the other. According to the accepted dramatic conventions it is in each case a past, and in the final revelation, after both husband and wife have been racked with emotion by the knowledge of the confessions they will have to make to each other, it comes out that their pasts have been absolutely spotless. This was what they were concealing.

Mr. Barrie girds not only at the matter of his more serious contemporaries, but he has much fun with their methods of getting their plots over to their audiences. As each character comes on the stage the telephone and a one-sided conversation with a mythical person on the wire is used to put those present in possession of the facts about the relations of that particular character to the plot.

The skit plays only a few minutes, but besides serving the author's purpose it enables Ethel Barrymore to give an exaggerated but highly laughable burlesque of the methods of Nazimova and other emotional actresses. The mannerisms of the present star have been burlesqued so much that she doubtless enjoys this revenge. Mr. John Barrymore introduces a clever imitation of the idiosyncracies of his uncle, Mr. John Drew. The true inwardness of "A Slice of Life" may be over the heads of a good many individuals in the audiences, but even these recognize the fun of the imitations, so the skit is an acceptable curtain-dropper to round out the scant evening's entertainment provided by the revived "Cousin Kate."



BOTH Philadelphia and Chicago are struggling with the oppression of the theatrical ticket business. In those cities, as in New York, the managers are not willing to deal fairly with the public by selling admission to their successes at the advertised prices but attempt to gouge an additional half dollar or more from their patrons by put-

ting their tickets in the hands of outside agencies.

The managers who are guilty of these practices, and few of them are not, are pursuing a mistaken policy. The public is getting wiser in this matter every day. When it gets sufficiently angry—and the Philadelphia and Chicago agitation shows that the anger point is approaching—a way will be found to right things.

The managers are relying on the difficulty of making a law regarding the sale of theatre tickets which shall be constitutional. They should remember that every theatre is conducted under a license. When public opinion becomes strong enough the authorities who issue the licenses may decide that a theatrical license is not also a license to swindle the public.

Metcalfe.



Astor—"The Red Widow." Diverting musical show, with Mr. Raymond Hitchcock's fun-making the distinctive feature.

Belasco—"The Return of Peter Grimm." Interesting drama with a spiritualistic basis. Well acted by good company headed by Mr. David Warfield.

Casino—"Sumurun." Decidedly novel



A WESTERN UNION

and interesting wordless play of romance and tragedy in the Orient.

Century—"The Garden of Allah." Emotional drama made from Mr. Hichens's romance of the Sahara and staged with elaborate effects.

Cohan's—"The Little Millionaire." Musical show of the smarty kind written by Mr. George M. Cohan and acted by himself and family.

Comedy—"Bunty Pulls the Strings." Laughable satire on the over-religiousness of the Scotch, presented in the form of admirably acted comedy.

Criterion—"Mr. Louis Mann in "Elevating a Husband." The star out of dialect in a not very good part in not very good play.

Daly's—"The Rose of Panama." Musical show without much fun but very good music.

Empire—Revival of the polite English comedy, "Cousin Kate," and a new turn by Ethel Barrymore. See above.

Fulton—"Making Good." Notice later.

Gaiety—"Officer 666." Very funny and well acted farce with melodramatic episodes.

Globe—"Over the River." The latest thing in cabarets and Mr. Eddie Foy as the comedian in a laughable musical show.

Harris—"The Talker." Interesting and well acted play of American domestic life to-day.

Herald Square—Last week of "The Million." Somewhat rough-house, but extremely laughable farce from the French.

Hippodrome—Ballet, water spectacle and the stunning pictures of "Around the World."

Hudson—"The Return from Jerusalem." Mme. Simone arguing the anti-Semitic question and playing an emotional role at the same time. Not an entirely successful effort.

Broadway—The reincarnation of the old Weber and Fields company. Notice later.

Knickerbocker—"Kismet." Gorgeous stage setting of an Oriental tale suggested by "The Arabian Nights." Dramatic and well acted by good company headed by Mr. Otis Skinner.

Lyceum—Margaret Anglin in "Lydia Gilmore." See above.

Lyric—"Little Boy Blue." Good musical show, combining the gay life of Paris and the customs of the Scotch Highlands.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Bird of Paradise." Hawaii as the unique scenic background of an interesting play.

Park—"The Quaker Girl." Pretty music, amusing book and pretty girls combined in a dainty musical show of the London brand.

Playhouse—"Bought and Paid For." Drama of to-day, humorous, pathetic and well acted.

Republic—"The Woman." Drama of Washington political life. Well written and well staged.

Thirty-ninth Street—"A Butterfly on the Wheel." English divorce procedure graphically illustrated in a court-room scene as the main feature of a fairly interesting play.

Wallack's—"Disraeli." Agreeable play of life in the Victorian era, with Mr. George Arliss's excellent counterfeit of the title character.

Winter Garden—Annette Kellermann, the Mordkin ballet and a diverting bill of vaudeville and extravaganza.



Bygones



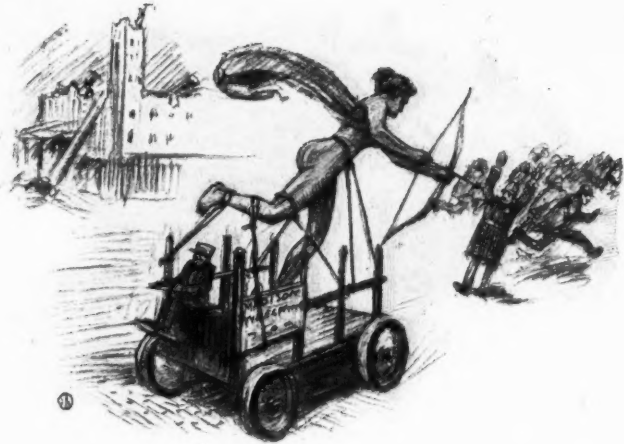
Bygones

The Jews and Their Religion

We cannot give to any foreign power the right to discriminate against our citizens because of the religion they profess.—*Senator O'Gorman in the debate on the Russian treaty.*

BLESS you, Senator, what got it into your head that the objection to Jews is an objection to the Jewish religion? You dinged away at that idea as though it really had some sense in it. Our notion is that it has just so much sense and no more as that we object to the Chinese because some of them are professors of Confucianism. Confucius got up an admirable religion of immense value to the Chinese; Moses expounded by much the most effective religion of his day, which has doubtless been immensely useful to the Jews; but the objection to the Chinese is not that they are disciples of Confucius, but that they are Chinese, and the objection to Jews, where it exists, is not that they get their religious ideas from Moses, but that they are Jews. Race is stamped on Jews almost as indelibly as on the Chinese, and yet, Senator, you stand up in the Senate and expend language and time in expounding that "we cannot let any foreign country discriminate against our citizens on account of religion."

Do Christian, or Agnostic, Jews get back into Russia any easier than Mosaic ones? Is any American Jew questioned on the Russian frontier about his religion? If so, your protests about religion have some basis, but if not, what basis have they? Is it that you think it more polite or politic to assume that the anti-Jewish prejudice is a mere phase of religious illiberality? And does Colonel Roosevelt think the same when he alludes to Russian discrim-



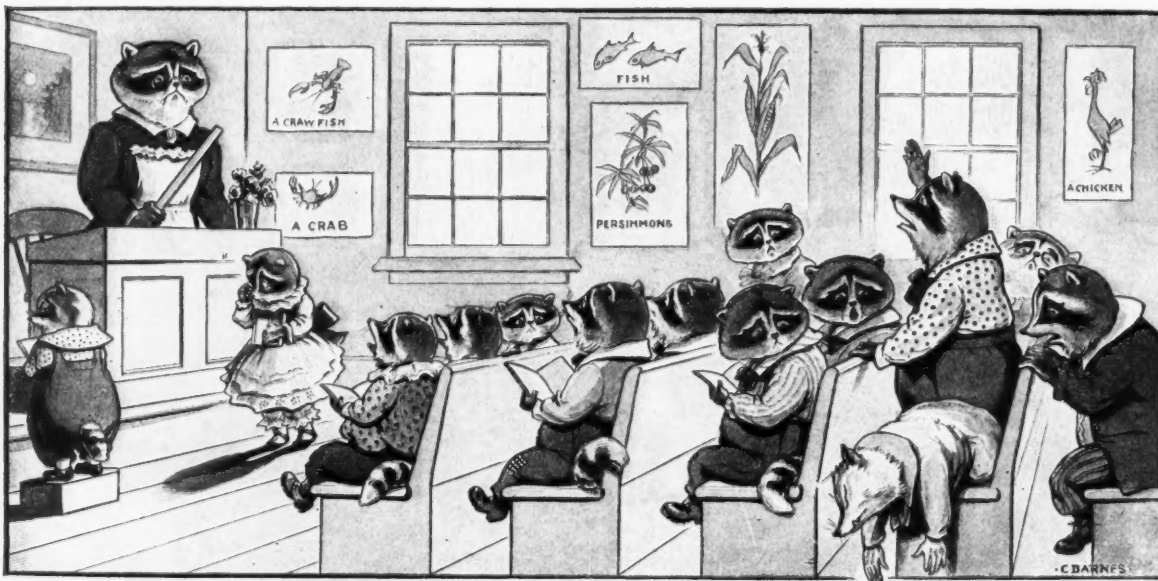
OUR DIANA

"FOR THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE"

ination "against American citizens of the Jewish faith?"

We have wondered this long time why Jews were so Jewish, and in what degree their idiosyncrasies of manner, method, aspiration and character were the fruit of the Jewish religion. No doubt their religion has kept them separate and preserved their racial individuality, but has it also furnished them with their equipment of characteristics, and will the characteristics gradually disappear if the religion does?

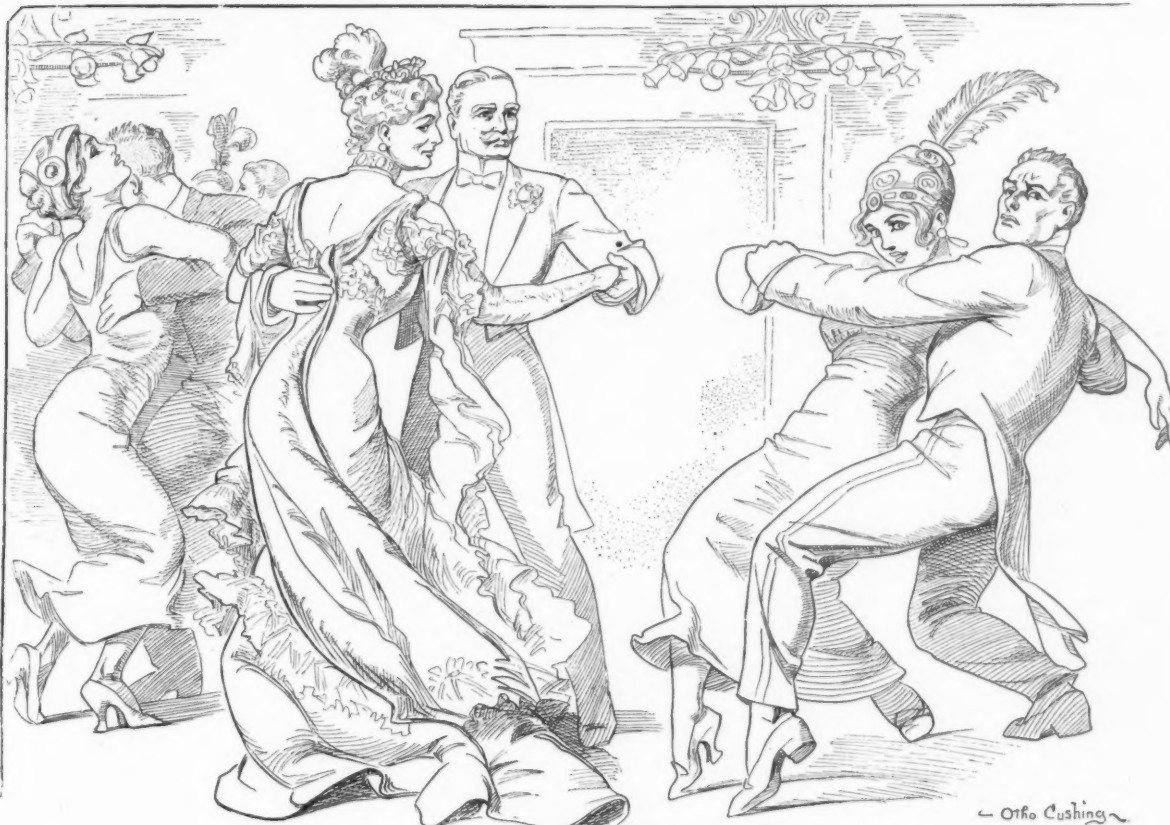
That is an interesting subject of consideration, because



TRAGEDY AT COON HOLLOW DISTRICT SCHOOL

Teacher: SOME'ONE IN THIS ROOM HAS STOLEN SADIE MAY'S LUNCH. THE CULPRIT IS KNOWN AND WILL SAVE TIME AND TROUBLE BY COMING FORWARD.

"PLEASE, TEACHER, WILLIE POSSUM IS DEAD"



A QUESTION OF GRACE
THE WALTZ OR THE "AEROPLANE GLIDE?"

we read that, although Jews flourish greatly here, the Jewish religion doesn't do so well. We read that the strict orthodox Judaism of the Russian pale cannot maintain itself in this country, that children of Russian Jewish immigrants very generally fall away from the faith of their parents, and either take up with a liberalized Judaism or with Christianity, or rub along without any religion at all. Also among Jews who are not Russian, the tendency away from orthodoxy seems very strong, partly, no doubt, because orthodoxy is not either socially or commercially convenient. If Jews in the United States are going, in the course of time, to lose their traditional religion and take up with the beliefs that prevail in this country, it is going to be very interesting to observe the result. Russia has kept alive Jewish orthodoxy by segregation and persecu-

tion. Here it gets no encouragements of that nature, and it seems to dwindle for lack of them.



The gentleman on the left: GET CAREFUL, SKINNY! GET CAREFUL! REMEMBER, DIS IS LEAP YEAR!

In Doubt

WE read an author's printed fame,
And yet, how can we speak his name?

Do you suppose it is the thing
To talk of Mr. J. M. Synge?

Is that of syllables too stingy?
And should we call him Mr. Synge?

Or, is it even more *distingué*,
To speak of Mr. J. M. Synge?

To my mind it sounds light and springy,
Quite carelessly to call it Synge.

And then again the accents ring gay,
If we insist on Mr. Synge.
And yet our claim to truth may hinge
On simply saying J. M. Synge.

While certainly there's no denying,
It may be called correctly Synge.

I shake my head—and wonder dumbly,
If haply "they" pronounce it Chumley!

Carolyn Wells.



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



The Art of the Theatre, by Edward Gordon Craig. See this page.

The Fool in Christ, by Gerhart Hauptmann. A study of the essential humanity of Christ and of the inherent divinity of man, embodied in the remarkable story of a German peasant.

Christopher, by Richard Pryce. An intimate, leisurely and flavorsome story of the eighteen-seventies, by an English writer new to this country.

George Bernard Shaw, by Archibald Henderson. A collaboration between biographer and biographee, resulting in a literary emulsion—innumerable particles of Shaw suspended in a neutral liquid.

Hail and Farewell, by George Moore. An interpretation of modern Ireland in terms of the writer's personal reminiscences.

Love and Ethics, by Ellen Key. An interesting defense of her social and sex-

ual philosophy by the author of "Love and Marriage."

The Money-Moon, by Jeffery Farnol. A second brewing of rather pale romance from the steeped leaves of "The Broad Highway."

My Story, by Tom L. Johnson. The autobiography of a pioneer in the fight against privilege. A book that makes no noise, but develops spiritual horsepower.

Peter and Wendy, by J. M. Barrie. In which the author of "Peter Pan" tells the story of the play in novel form and thereby adds to our debt of gratitude.

The Playboy of the Western World, by J. M. Synge. A genuinely humorous and verbally beautiful comedy which you are advised not to judge by the police reports.

Rebellion, by Joseph Medill Paterson. A vigorous, if somewhat shirt-sleeved, tale of a woman's struggle between a venerable dogma and the need of divorce.

Social Forces in American History, by A. M. Simons. A skeleton history of the United States showing the economic bases of its political and social development.

The Tariff in Our Times, by Ida M. Tarbell. A painstaking and detailed, but economically invertebrate, account of the tariff legislation of the past fifty years.

Touring in 1600, by E. S. Bates. A curious and interesting compilation containing contemporaneous accounts of seventeenth century travel in Europe.

The Two-Gun Man, by Charles Alden Seltzer. A story of the Southwest that stands an inch or two higher in its stocking feet than the run of its fellows.

What Tolstoy Taught, by Bolton Hall. The gist of Tolstoy's philosophy condensed and summarized by connected excerpts from his own writings. A difficult task well performed.

Edward Gordon Craig, Practical Idealist

UNPRACTICAL visionaries are by no means rare birds. We all know a few and like them, rather—after business hours. We despise them, kindly and in an admiring sort of way; brace up, mentally, when they come around; shake self-congratulatory heads over them after their departure; and say, "What a pity that—" and "If only—"

There is no dearth, either, of unvisionary practicals. Most of us know one or more of them, too, and we are even careful to keep the mechanism of the acquaintance oiled. We are sorry for them most of the time; envy them when we are low in our minds; catch ourselves, in extreme cases, saying "Sir" to them, and always leave their presence with a muttered "Well, after all—" or "Thank God, at least—"

For the rest most of us pride ourselves on being practical; will, when none of our creditors is present, plead guilty to the possession of ideals; and manage (knowing that parallel lines meet at infinity) to jog along, combining a moderate contentment over the present with a firm faith in the millennium.

But once in an occasional blue moon there comes along a strange, fourth-dimensionally minded being, who is neither pure dreamer, nor plain doer, nor alternately and in water tight compartments each of these, but who somehow incredibly contrives to be both at once. A being whose eyes, unwaveringly focussed on infinity, yet see clearly what lies at his feet; so that in appearing cannily to compromise with conditions, he remains uncompromisingly faithful to his vision. A being whom, in a sort of verbal desperation, we attempt to define by a frank contradiction in terms and call a "practical idealist." And when this happens we invariably find ourselves in a quandary; hesitating as to whether, as professing visionaries, to

condemn the newcomer's opportunism, or, as practicing opportunists, to scoff at his vision, and not infrequently solving the riddle and attempting to dismiss the intruder by doing both. In other words, when a practical idealist comes along, we instinctively assume toward him the attitude of the dough toward the yeast.

And this, or something very like it, is what England has quite naturally and unavoidably been doing for a decade in the case of Edward Gordon Craig, an uncomfortable and disquieting presence in her theatrical and dramatic midst, whom she has self-defensively regarded as a freak while he was proving himself a genius, and who has been kept without honor in his own country while first his influence and finally his fame has spread over Europe as at once the most groundedly and provedly practical and the most iconoclastically visionary of stage directors and play producers.

The general public in America first became aware of him in connection with the far-famed Moscow production of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." Last year an exhibition of his etched designs for Shakespearean and other stage settings was held in New York. And now his work "On the Art of the Theatre" (Browne's Book Store, Chicago, \$2), illustrated by selections from these same etchings, and devoted to the double purpose of outlining his artistic aims for the contemporary stage and to defining and defending his revolutionary theories of what the theatre must hope to become, offers us an opportunity actually to rub minds with this dynamically stimulating yet baffling being. The man who is able to see two things at once is always baffling. When he brings them close enough together for us to glimpse them in rapid succession he is stimulating.



CHAPERON, CHAPERON, WHO'S GOT THE CHAPERON?

If you are a contented playgoer under the present régime—that is to say, if you are satisfied habitually to use the theatre as a convenient weapon for killing time and get quit of your occasional dissatisfactions by laying them, founding-wise, on the doorstep of the Trust—Gordon Craig's disjointed yet inter-related and mutually explanatory essays and dialogues will hold neither spiritual message nor intellectual emolument for you. But if you chance to be one of those who “love the theatre so well that they seldom go there any more,” or who alternately go in renewed hope and stay away in artistic despair, then a complete reading of this volume (even if you should achieve thereby nothing beyond a violent disagreement with its author) will be likely to prove the most arousing experience that your somnolescent interest in the theatre has recently been granted.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Negroes Freer than Whites

When a dramatic critic was a few years ago excluded from certain theatres in this city, his case was carried to the higher courts, which decided that the theatres were private, not public enterprises, and their managers might exclude guests for any reason, or for no reason at all, provided the price paid for their seats were refunded. Three Justices of the Court of Special Sessions decided on Monday, contrary to this precedent, that a theatre must admit negroes to seats for which they have purchased tickets.—*The New York Times*.

THE *Times* is wrong. The decision was not contrary to precedent. The Court of Appeals of the State of New York virtually ruled, in the case of the critic of *LIFE*, that in this State a negro has rights superior to those of a white man. Under the Civil Rights

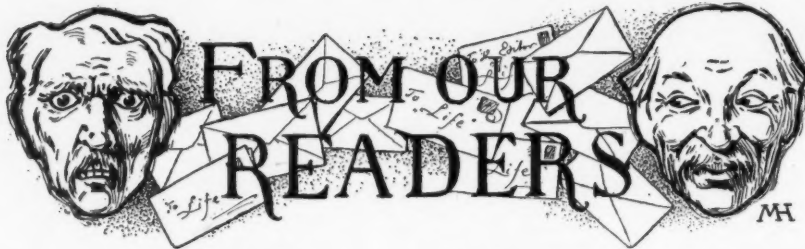
law on the statute books no one may be excluded from a place of amusement on account of his race or color. If a negro is excluded, the manager has to set up some reason other than the negro's race or color as a defense to a suit. If a white man is excluded, all the manager has to do is to refund the cost of the tickets and fall back on the decision of the Court of Appeals that theatres are not public places.

Decisions like the one which threw *LIFE*'s critic out of court are perhaps responsible for the growth of interest in the Recall of Judges.

A Question of Taste

LOUISE: Clara has given up her intellectual set and now goes with a Bohemian crowd.

JULIA: Yes; says she prefers highballs to highbrows.



Medical Optimism

EDITOR OF LIFE:

One cannot but envy the optimism of the medical fraternity as to the success of their theories. It persists—this marvelous optimism!—in the face of repeated failures, in the teeth of damaging statistics, in the track of rude disillusion. It is so cocksure of itself that it even seeks to compel public sentiment to share its joys—with fines and imprisonment as the alternative. All hail to such invincible optimism! It is worthy of a better cause.

A well-known physician is quoted recently as saying that, through modern medicine, notably serumtherapy, would come a perfect race, "glorying in perfect health." This looks mighty well in print. How far do the facts bear out the statement?

The writer recalls the two children of a physician, who "gloried in perfect health" through the triumphs of modern medicine. One, a boy of six, was unable to run about, or even to walk fast, because of a heart damaged—the father frankly admitted—by anti-toxin. The other, a child of two and a half years, was a white-faced, nervous wreck from the same cause, with her baby teeth blackened and decayed as they came through, from the action of strong drugs.

The writer has known quite a few other people who thus "gloried in perfect health" as a result of serumtherapy.

A peasant woman and her child (the latter formerly as rosy as an apple—the picture of health) both have suffered with kidney trouble and profound cardiac weakness since the administration of anti-toxin five years ago.

Two people, one an adult, one a child, who "gloried in perfect health" to such an extent that they died in convulsions after anti-toxin.

A school teacher, who was still being treated for kidney trouble when we met her, a year after anti-toxin treatment.

A young girl bedridden for a year after anti-toxin.

These are only a few *personal* reminiscences. Public property is the recently recorded failure of anthrax serum in the farming district round about Gloucester, N. J., when the State, if I remember aright, was compelled to pay the farmers damages amounting to some thousands of dollars for the loss of their cattle.

It is the knowledge of these little facts that makes one regard the optimism of the medical fraternity with awe and admiration. By all means, let us "glory in

perfect health," but the "canny" ones amongst us will prefer to "glory" by surer methods.

Yours for a little less optimism,
C. HILTON TURVEY.
January 12, 1912.

Gompers and the Farmer

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir.—I know a farmer near here who is being laughed at for objecting to the county authorities improving the road that passes his farm, on the ground that they will cover over a bog near his house and he will no longer be able, as heretofore, to make five or ten dollars a week pulling out automobiles that get stuck in it.

I notice in the press reports that Samuel Gompers is memorializing Congress not to put improved machinery in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, on the ground that it is labor-saving and will throw men out of employment.

What is the difference, if any, in the mental attitude of Gompers and the farmer?

Respectfully,
CLIFFORD E. HAY.
SYLVESTER, GA., January 20, 1912.

A Word from Harvard

DEAR LIFE:

Why all this continued fuss about Harvard and Mrs. Pankhurst? Certainly the outside world seems a great deal more concerned about the matter than Harvard is. Even our ubiquitous Male

League for Woman Suffrage apparently didn't care a rap about it, for at a grand rally in one of the large lecture halls, to take action on the refusal of the corporation to sanctify Mrs. Pankhurst, the League only mustered seven members, officers included.

Of course, Mr. Olmstead would favor giving Miss Russell a hall if some Harvard organization asked her to speak, for he assured me that were the McNamaras to be invited by the Socialist Club such a courtesy should be extended to them!

The trouble with most suffragists is that they take themselves too seriously.

Sincerely,
EDMUND KERPER.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., January 19, 1912.

Germous

DEAR LIFE:

In your issue of December 21 I find the following joke (real):

"You can carry germs across the ocean, can't you?"

"I should say you could; look what the *Mayflower* did to this country!"

Welcome, dear LIFE, to evergrowing circle of people who truly believe that the peace of the world and the happiness of mankind would have been more ideal had the *Mayflower* gone to the bottom.

Had not Mr. Kipling married a native of Vermont he would never have found inspiration for "For the female of her species is more deadly than the male."

Had the *Mayflower* never landed the natives of Vermont perhaps would have been—or would you say, would be—perfectly human.

But, how wise! *Mayflower* descendants, "germs"!

LIFE, go to the head of the class. I always thought them something capable of producing the Irrawaddy chills. But you have discovered this immutable truth.

D. C. McCALEB.
AUSTIN, December 19, 1911.



CAPITAL VS. LABOR

· LIFE ·

"Firestone"

TIRES and DEMOUNTABLE RIMS

Winning the world's records for durability and speed, is only *one* of the many proofs that Firestone tires are the *best tires made*.

Increasing thousands of motorists are learning the economy of using only *the best* in tire equipment, hence the general preference for the Firestone.

So general has this preference become that it has compelled us to enlarge our capacity *three to one* the past year, giving us the largest and most modern-equipped tire building in the world.

It costs much more to build tires the Firestone way—stronger construction and more durable rubber. Yet the difference in selling price is only a trifle that is many times paid back in service, the

Most Miles Per Dollar

Furnished without extra charge on most cars, when specified.
Sold by reliable dealers everywhere.



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BUILDING IN THE WORLD

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO. - AKRON, O.
"AMERICA'S LARGEST EXCLUSIVE TIRE AND RIM MAKERS"



Had Changed Form

A Frenchman who had spent thirty years in prison was asked what change in the world surprised him most. He passed over aeroplanes, and motors, and phonographs, and said: "When I went to prison women were quite round. Now they are flat and oblong."

—*Boston Advertiser.*

A Great Idea

"Heard about the latest insurance scheme?"

"No; what is it?"

"Why the company agrees to pay alimony to both parties in case the marriage turns out a failure."

—*Boston Transcript.*

"I SAY, Ferdy, settle this discussion for us."

"What's the dispute?"

"Should a man use perfumery of any sort?"

"Well, a trace of gasoline is permissible."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



"WHO IS THIS JOHNNY SMITH YOU SEEM SO FRIENDLY WITH?"

"OH! MOTHER, HE'S JUST THE NICEST BOY YOU EVER SAW. HIS FATHER'S A CONFECTORER."

The Worst Fault of All

(Addressed to a certain type of heroine in latter-day fiction)

Your feminine qualities (so-called) engage

To quite an alarming degree
The pens of this too analytical age,
O complex, inscrutable She!

You're a curious blend that the publishers sell

Of philosopher, savage and doll;
And aren't you a little bit crazy, as well,
Ma Sœur, of the six-shilling vol.?
Don't you find it too warm in the mask
beneath mask

That you and your sisterhood wear?
And how many must we pull off ere we ask,

Not wholly in vain, Are you there?
You pose as the X in the problem of life,
The riddle that cannot be guessed.
Sphinx-maiden, and Sphinxier still as a wife—

I wish they would give you a rest!
A mysterious monster you may be, my dear,

With a nature none dares to explore;
But one of your faults is becoming quite clear,

The worst fault of all—you're a bore!
—*Punch.*

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- THE UNIFORMLY STRONG TIRES THAT HAVE MAINTAINED THE consistently high average mileage for the past year.
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- THE TIRES that are backed with direct factory representation in 35 cities and a personal interest in every casing and tube sold.
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From George I. to George V.

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has known but One Quality---
The Best

BLUE AND SILVER LABEL

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

Illustration on request The IN 26 to 30

Chinese Proverbs

Make friends with Merchants—and your Wealth will grow;
 Make friends with Nobles—and your Wealth will go;
 Make friends with Boors—and learn to use your Fists;
 Make friends with Priests—and sign Subscription Lists.

“Who knows our Secret Deed!” you cry?
 God knows, Earth knows, and You, and I.

Fame is the Dew on the Jasmine Stalk,
 Fame is the Scream of a passing Hawk,
 Fame is the Foam of the Vessel's Keel,
 Fame is a dying Thunder Peal,
 Fame is the Scent on the Mountain Moss
 Left when the Musk Deer bounds across.

Ambition's Hand would sweep the Sky
 To grasp the Comet's Tail;
 His Thirst would suck the Ocean dry
 To catch the Sounding Whale.

Who know, don't talk; and even so
 The Chatterers who talk, don't know.

As Ripening Cornfields dread a Blighting Breeze,
 Old Age fears Penury with trembling knees.



POMPEIIAN BRONZE SCREEN CLOTH

LASTS AS LONG AS YOUR HOUSE

You Forget Flies and Mosquitoes

when your home is screened with POMPEIIAN BRONZE Permanent Screen Cloth—fly time has no terrors and mosquitoes stay outside.

These advantages are permanent. When the screening problem is settled by the selection of POMPEIIAN BRONZE, it is settled for good—rescreening, painting or patching never enter into the question, for the bronze wire from which this wonderful screen cloth is woven cannot rust out, develop cracks or broken down meshes through any cause.

POMPEIIAN BRONZE is the ideal screening material for moist climates and the seashore (the United States Government has used it for years in the Panama Canal Zone) and it will be an efficient protection long after painted

wire screens have become only an unpleasant memory.

POMPEIIAN BRONZE is possessed of real beauty—it is an attractive finishing touch to any home, and when used for screening balconies, porches, and outdoor sleeping apartments it gives a distinction that cannot be obtained in any other way. Its meshes are invisible at twenty feet.

Ask your dealer for POMPEIIAN BRONZE—insist upon having it and look for the removable red string in the selvage, an unmistakable identification—it is the mark of a superior screen cloth.

POMPEIIAN BRONZE costs a little more than ordinary wire cloth—but doesn't its permanency and attractiveness make for real economy? Send for booklet.

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Original Power Loom Manufacturers of Wire Cloth

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Established 1856

CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

All-silk tubular four-in-hands and bow ties. In all the popular weaves and colors. Pin-proof and reversible. Cheney Silk Cravats also include a very varied line of all-silk summer ties.

All our cravats are marked CHENEY SILKS in the neckband.

Ask to see the new silk mufflers and absorbent all-silk handkerchiefs. The latter in many colors and border effects.

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See EUROPE in an AUTO!

BE free from railway trains. Stop when and where you please. Save Time, save Money, enjoy more, and really SEE EUROPE. We have for Hire the best open and closed Motor Cars for British and Continental Touring at the most reasonable Tariff in Europe. Literature, detailed "Through Europe in an Auto," free on request. Write us about everything to do with Motoring Abroad!

The INTERNATIONAL AUTOTRAVEL SOCIETY
 26 to 30 Morning Post Buildings, Strand, London, England.

If Right, though Right without a Flaw
 Is all you have, don't go to Law.

Man's High Resolve has made the
 World his own,
 But Woman's Smile has overturned a
 Throne.

Bid the Sullen Servant go!
 Let him stay, and house a Foe.

Fear not lest men say evil things of you,
 But fear to do the Ill they say you do.

Bright Stars are first beheld,
 Sweet Wells are most desired;
 Straight Trees are soonest felled,
 Good Workmen soonest hired.

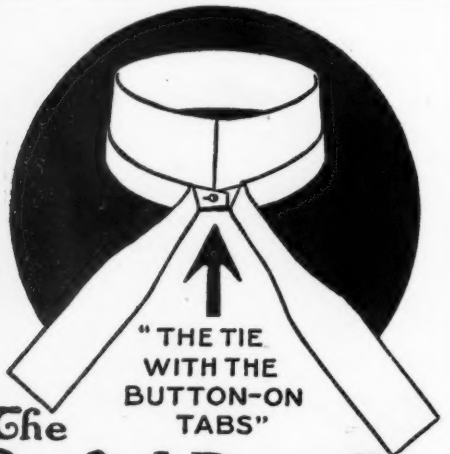
Though the Doctor is sure
 As his Charges are high,
 He whom Medicines cure
 Was not fated to die.

Eight Sailors; Seven want to steer.
 That Junk won't come to port, I fear.
 Arthur Guiterman.



"ALL RIGHT! I'M GOING FOR HELP.
STAY WHERE YOU ARE!"

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



The Perfect Dress Tie

PATENTED JUNE 21, 1898 AND MAY 9, 1908

It is fast displacing the old-fashioned, hard-to-knot, tabless tie. The best-dressed men wear it. Do you? White or Black for formal or informal dress. Seek and find the label.

Sold the world over.
50 cents and upward.

KEYS & LOCKWOOD, New York

Binner FAMOUS CORSET

The Binner Boneless Corset moulds the form in the most approved fashion of today.

18 East 45th Street, New York

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermière de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.
Bütjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Little Difference

Occasionally something "gets by" even the watchful copy editors of the Associated Press. Not long ago a story came into the Atlanta office, was edited and put on the wire for the Southern Division, and got as far as Louisville before the urgent "Kill it!" caught up.

The story concerned a fight between two Southern gentlemen in a rural community. They used a scythe, a corn knife, a shovel and a butcher knife to express their real feelings concerning one another.

One combatant died on the field of battle, and the other, badly cut, died soon after he had been removed from the gory scene.

The A. P. story told all the distressing and bloody details, and wound up with this sentence:

"It is thought these two men had some sort of a misunderstanding."

—Saturday Evening Post.

The City Beautiful

"Mister," inquired Dusty Rhodes, "would you contribute a dollar to help beautify your thriving city?"

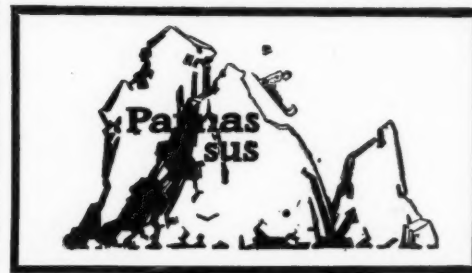
"What's the idea?"

"A dollar will buy me a ticket to the next town."—Kansas City Journal.

"Yes, that's Dr. Bloggs."

"Allopath, homeopath, horse or divinity?"—Indianapolis Journal.

THE Ideal Bitters. CARONI—the only genuine. Why not have the best? They cost no more. Once tried, always used. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrib.



N. B. Tobogganers

☞ Sledding on the Mount was so good and so many came out that the first edition was tobogganed clean through.

☞ But cheer up!

☞ "Tobogganing on Parnasus," by Franklin P. Adams,* is now ready again at all book-stores.

*Slang for F. P. A.

Inserted for selfish and altruistic reasons by Mr. Adams's publishers

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
GARDEN CITY NEW YORK



In this soap we have caught the fragrance of real violets
Send 2c in stamps for a Sample Cake today

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., DEPT. X. CINCINNATI, O.

The Ages of Animals

Undoubtedly the longest-lived animal on earth is the whale, its span of existence being estimated by Cuvier at 1,000 years. The next largest animal, the elephant, will, under favorable conditions, live 400 years. When Alexander the Great conquered Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant that had fought gallantly for the defeated king, named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, placed upon him a metal band with the inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found, alive, three hundred and fifty years later.

The average age of cats is fifteen years; of squirrels seven or eight years; of rabbits, seven; a bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a wolf, twenty; a fox, fourteen to sixteen. Lions are comparatively long-lived, instances having been recorded where they reached the age of seventy years. Pigs have been known to live to the age of twenty years, and horses to sixty, but the average age of the horse is twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100, and stags are very long-lived, one having been taken by Charles VI. in the forest of Senlis which bore about its neck a collar on which was engraved, "Caesar hoc mihi donavit." Whether or not this stag had actually lived since the days of one of the Caesars, it is impossible to say, but the evidence seems good.

Eagles occasionally, and ravens frequently, reach the age of 100 years, and swans have been known to live 300 years. A tortoise has been known to live 107 years.

—Emmett Campbell Hall in *Our Dumb Animals*.

SILENCE *Peerless* COMFORT

ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

Complete enjoyment of motoring depends upon two things:
Physical comfort afforded by resilient but smooth-acting springs, luxurious upholstery and rich appointments.
Mental restfulness that comes from confidence in the capability of the car and the trustworthiness of its mechanism, and the ease of control which assures safety.

A Dynamo Electric Lighting System for all lamps, and a Power-driven Tire-pump, increase the comfort and convenience of 1912 Peerless cars.

The Peerless Motor Car Company
Cleveland Ohio
Makers also of Peerless Commercial Cars

"4 8 - SIX" SEVEN PASSENGER

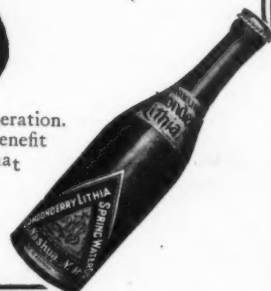
Londonderry

Mineral Water

has held its high place in the regard of the medical profession for almost a generation. Free from all that can harm the system, containing only those elements that benefit—it is the table water of good health and vigor. A light, snappy quality that quickens the appetite—a valuable aid to digestion—a delightful blender. Effervescent in three table sizes. Plain (still) in half-gallon bottles.

If you have difficulty in obtaining it locally, write us and we will see that you are supplied at once.

Londonderry Lithia Spring Water Co., Nashua, N. H.



Modern Version

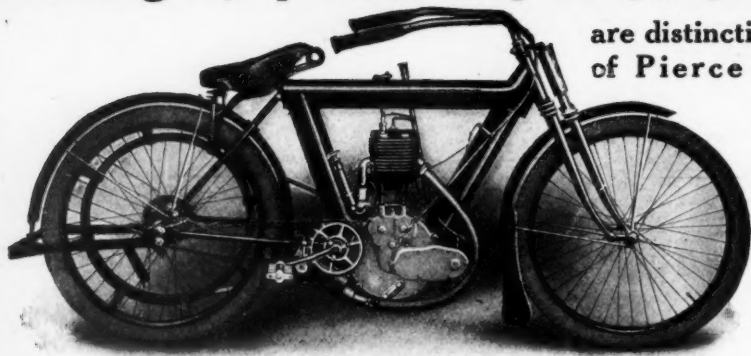
There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise.

He wandered around for a while,
Listened to a society conversation, to a business men's confab, went to a play or two, and thereupon remarking that he had had enough, jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes.

THERE are three things a wise man will not trust; the wind, the sunshine of an April day, and woman's plighted faith.—Robert Southey.

Strength, Speed, Simplicity, Symmetry

are distinctive properties of Pierce Motorcycles.



The life of a motorcycle is in its frame and engine.

THE Pierce Frame is constructed of steel tubing $3\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter. It will not break or buckle and is built to stand all kinds of rough roads and hard use. Broken frames, the cause of frequent complaint in other motorcycles, are unknown in the Pierce.

¶ The Pierce Single has a 5 H. P. four cycle engine, fitted with roller bearings, mechanical valves, magneto ignition and free engine clutch. *This is also made to last*, not being of the excessively high speed type. Although not intended for racing, it has a speed of 55 miles an hour and power to climb hills that other singles cannot. The Pierce Single is a motorcycle with the power and road strength of a twin cylinder and the serviceability and simplicity of a single. A maximum of efficiency and a minimum of trouble and expense for repairs.

¶ This company also manufactures the famous Pierce Four Cylinder, the most complete motorcycle made. Also Pierce Bicycles famous for over twenty years, and ridden by all the well-known racing men.

Motorcycle catalogue "LF" on application.

The Pierce Cycle Company :: :: Buffalo, N. Y.
Pacific Coast Branch, Oakland, Cal.

could scarcely believe her eyes. Was this the delicate, ethereal young man who had parted from her only a few months before?

Without a word he removed his coat and stood in the door with his gymnasium shirt on. He raised his mighty arm, and a mountain of muscle formed on top. He took a breath and his gigantic chest obscured his chin. Then he folded his arms quietly and gazing at the girl he loved, said:

"Are you satisfied?"

She looked at him quite critically for a moment or two and then asked:



PANDORA'S BOX

There is humor militant in Mr. Mitchell's graceful, tender and witty love story, Pandora's Box.

—Chicago Evening Post.

A pure love romance with engrossing action and an original plot.

—Chicago Record Herald.

By **JOHN AMFS MITCHELL**

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

Four illustrations by the author. \$1.30 net; prepaid \$1.42

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
Publishers New York



TYPOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING
SUPERIOR FIGURES AND THIN SPACE

A Delay

"I am perfectly willing to marry you—except that—"

Miss Penstyle blushed and hesitated. But Arthur Hopeworthy urged her on.

"Don't hesitate to tell me the truth, dear," he said, "you know it is best in the long run. Then we'll thoroughly understand each other."

"Well, then, Arthur, it's this way: You know you are not very heavy—you are, in fact, rather slight."

Arthur braced up.

"But I am perfectly well," he exclaimed.

"I know that; but you have never taken much exercise. Now I, on the other hand, am inclined to be, well—after a while, dear, I shall be larger than you. What I would suggest is that you take some systematic course of exercise to build you up."

Arthur's face flushed with pride.

"I understand," he said, briefly, "and I shall obey you. When you see me next, what human will can do shall have been done. Farewell!"

* * *

It was six months later. The sound of a step was heard on the stair. The door opened and a man entered. As she gazed at him, Miss Edith Penstyle

Brace Up

the nerves and the body will take care of itself.

Evans' Ale

rests the body in all its parts—heart, nerves and muscles. Its constituents build up waste and promote assimilation of other foods.

Have you a supply at home?

H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



"What is your chest measurement?"
 "Forty-four."
 "And your expansion?"
 "Nine inches."
 "Biceps?"
 "Sixteen. Tell me that you will be mine?"

"You will have to wait," she said quietly, "until I go over the figures. I was offered a commission of five hundred dollars if I could get one hundred customers for the new Simboton system of exercise which you have been taking, and up to the present moment I have secured only ninety; when I get the other ten I am to take my pick of the best one. Have patience, Arthur; your measurements are the best yet. Come around in another six months and I will give you your answer."

A Safe Investment

Bill Jones was a resident of Baltimore, who, notwithstanding an impediment in his speech, prospered in his business as a broker. He moved to New York City and prospered even more. A friend from Baltimore called on him one day, and, after some familiar conversation, remarked:

"I say, Bill, it seems to me that you stutter worse here in New York than you did in Baltimore."

"V-v-very l-l-likely; it's a b-b-bigger city."

"But I say, Bill, you have made a lot of money here and I want your advice."

**Kelly-Springfield
 Automobile
 Tires**



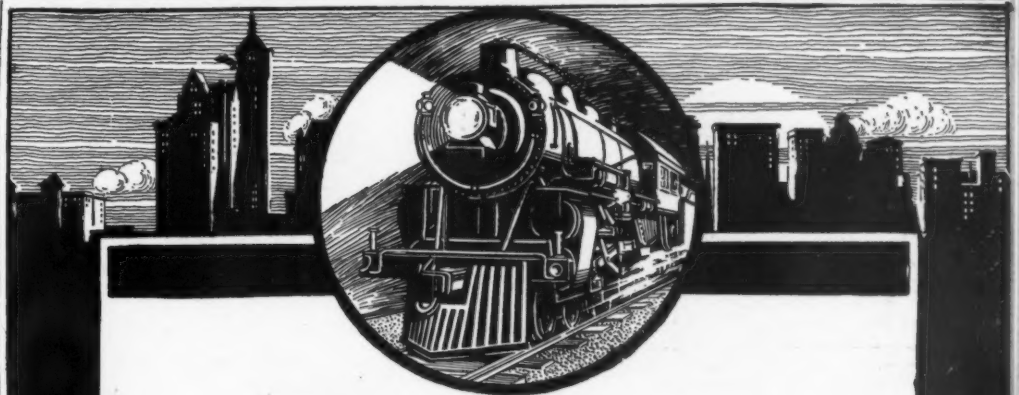
There *may* be other tires as good, but how can you know *which* are good? The name, Kelly-Springfield, should save you a lot of *experimental* tire purchases.

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For **Nervous** and mild **Mental** diseases. Has separate cottages for **Alcohol** and **Drug** patients.
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 between
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The train that saves a business day between these cities, insures a perfect night's sleep, and lands you at your destination in the morning, refreshed and "fit" for the day's work.

Lv. New York	4.00 p.m.	Lv. Chicago	2.30 p.m.
Lv. Boston	1.30 p.m.	Ar. Boston	11.50 a.m.
Ar. Chicago	8.55 a.m.	Ar. New York	9.25 a.m.

"Water Level Route"
 —You Can Sleep



I have sold almost everything I had in Baltimore and I have the cash in my pocket. I want you to tell me how to invest my money to the best advantage. I have even mortgaged my house and have the money here. What would you advise me to buy for a good, safe investment?"

"B-b-buy the m-m-mortgage," replied Bill.—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE man who likes to hear himself talk always has an appreciative audience.

Hiram Explains

HANK: I don't understand them thermometers.

HIRAM: It's simple enough. You see, when it gets durn cold the mercury sorter huddles together daown in the bottom, so's to keep warm.

—*Boston Transcript.*

If you marry above your station you will have your wife's relations for masters.—*Cleobulus.*

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AN ANTIQUE SOFA
Other times, other manners
Photogravure on India, 18 x 22
Price, \$2.00
Photogravure on Plate Paper, 15 x 20
Price, \$1.00

Do you regret the passing of "ye olden time"? If so, a glance at the above may convince you that there are "modern improvements" even in the fields of romance that add largely to the interest of life.

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REVERIES OF A BACHELOR
Photogravure. Mounted, 14 x 20
Price, \$1.00

"At times beside the cheery blaze,
When care and I are leagues apart,
A gentle phantom steals and lays,
A tender hand upon my heart."

This is one of two verses of dainty sentiment by Arthur Guiterman which appear just below this attractive picture.

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Of course you admire the clever work of Coles Phillips. We now have six excellent subjects after originals by this talented artist. Two new ones are shown on this page. The others are reprints of "Illusion," "Home Ties," "Arms and the Man," and "Between You and Me and the Post." These were formerly \$1.00 but are now reprinted and less expensively mounted—uniform with those shown here and all sell at 50 cents each. If you have the older ones you will want the new ones. If you haven't them, why not send \$3.00 for the set?

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st St., New York

Is Never Turned Down

There's a man in the world who is never turned down, wherever he chances to stray; he gets the glad hand in the populous town, or out where the farmers make hay; he's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand, and deep in the aisles of the woods; wherever he goes there's the welcoming hand—He's *The Man Who Delivers the Goods*.

The failures of life sit around and complain; the gods haven't treated them white; they've lost their umbrellas whenever there's rain; and they haven't their lanterns at night; men tire of the failures who fill with their sighs the air of their own neighborhoods; there's the man who is greeted with love-lighted eyes—he's *The Man Who Delivers the Goods*.

One fellow is lazy, and watches the clock, and waits for the whistle to blow; one has a hammer, with which he will knock, and one tells the story of woe; and one, if requested to travel a mile, will measure the perches and roods; but one does his stunt with a whistle or smile—he's *The Man Who Delivers the Goods*.

One man is afraid he'll labor too hard—the world isn't yearning for such; and one man is ever alert, on his guard, lest



Franklin Little Six

Thirty Horse Power

This latest Franklin model combines for the first time these two popular features of automobile construction—six cylinders in a small car.

It is better than any four-cylinder small car because it has the smoothness and the quick response to the throttle obtained from a perfectly balanced six-cylinder motor.

Write for new catalogue

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OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER

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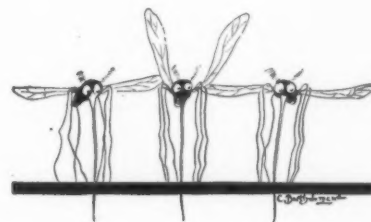
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he put in a minute too much; and one has a grouch or a temper that's bad, and one is a creature of moods, so it's hey for the joyous and rollicking lad—for *The One Who Delivers the Goods!*—Walt Mason in *Talking Machine World*.

"I'll give you \$2 for this anecdote about Daniel Webster."

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the hack writer. "You gave me \$4 for that anecdote when it was about Roosevelt."—*Pittsburgh Post*.



THE THREE MOSQUITOES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



Steel Stability

The first railway car was an adaptation of the old horse-drawn omnibus coach. It was cramped, poorly made, and hard riding. The standard railway car of the present is the commodious all-steel car of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

All cars running in and out of the Pennsylvania Station—sleeping cars, parlor cars, dining cars, and day coaches—are made of steel. They are heavy and easy riding. They are electric lighted, large, clean, sanitary, and safe.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad was first to put the all-steel trains of cars in service on its fast express trains between New York and Chicago. Now the Pennsylvania runs only steel cars into its New York Station." This is the New York Journal's recent editorial comment on all-steel equipment.

Experience has proved the safeguarding qualities of the all-steel car. It represents one of the greatest forward steps ever taken in railway car construction.

The "Pennsylvania Special," "The 24-Hour St. Louis," "The Pennsylvania Limited," "The Chicago Limited" are all-steel from "cow-catcher" to end of observation platform.

The Pine Town Darkey Debating Society

Question for Debate.—"Which hab produce de mos' wonders—de lan' or de water?"

The meeting, having been called to order, the chairman said, "Water takes de lead."

Dr. Crane came forward. He said: "Mr. Chaarman, geografers tell us dat one-quarter of de yaarth's surface is lan' an' three-quarters is water; in one squaar foot of dat water is more wonders dan in forty squaar rods of lan'. Dese chillen settin' round hyar can figger on dat. Dat's a argyment I introduce jus' to keep de chillen quiet awhile. When you spill water on a table it spreads out all thin—on a clean table, I mean. Now, sposed de table dusty. Note de change. De water separates in globules. (For de information of some of de folks, I would explain dat globules is drops, separated drops. Now, why is dat? Isn't dat wonderful? Can de lan' do like dat? No, saar. Dere's no such wonder in de lan'."

Mr. Laukins said: "Mr. Chaarman, I don't see nothing wonderful in de water gettin' in drops on de dusty table. Dat's de natcher ob de water. Dere's nothing wonderful in anything actin' accordin' to natcher. Sposed it wasn't its natcher, what causes it to get into drops? *De dust. DE DUST! de lan'! de lan'!* De wonder's in de lan', after all. Mr. Chaarman, Dr. Crane makes no argument for de water at all, but all for de lan'. He makes a p'int dat de table should be dusty. De dust makes de wonderful change in de water, an' *dust is lan'!* I wants no better argyment for de lan' dan Dr. Crane makes."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "Mr. Chaarman, speakin' ob de wonders in de water, I take my position in Niagary Falls—de gran', stupenjus, majestic wonder ob de hole world. Dere's no such or-inspiring objeck in de lan'. Den see de water-falls ob minor importance scattered all ober de face ob de yaarth. Whoeber saw de lan' rollin' ober de precipice like de water? See de mitey oshun. She hole up de ship full ob frate an' passengers widout props, an' yit de ship move along in de water if jus' a little wind touch her. Put de ship on de lan' an' load her; forty locomotives tear her all to pieces 'fore she move. Dr. Crane tells us dere's more wonders in one square foot ob water dan in forty rods ob lan'. He's right. Why, one night las' week I's ober to Doc Russell's house an' de ole doctor he ax me would I like to see a drop ob water in his glass (his magnifyin' glass, I mean); I tole um sartinly. So he rig up de glass, an' when he got um all right, he tole me to take a good look. Wa'll, Mr. Chaarman, in dat one drop ob water I seed more wonders dan I eber saw in de whole course ob my life. Dere was a animal like a gran'-mother's nightcap wid one string, a-scoot-

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Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. If you are a trifle sensitive about the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Dancing Parties, Patent Leather Shoes, and for Breaking in New Shoes. When rubbers or overshoes become necessary and your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease gives instant relief. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold everywhere 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

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in' roun' after another thing like a curry-comb wid a flounced handle. Dere was a year ob corn, wid a ruffle down each side, an' de fuss ting I knowed a six-legged base-drum come swimmin' along an' jus' swallowed it. Talk about wonders on de lan'! Dey ain't a patchin' to de water."

Mr. Lewman said: "De fuss part ob Mr. Hunnicut's argyment, seems to me, is all for de lan'. Dere would be no Niagary or any odder falls if de lan' wasn't in such a mos' wonderful shape to make falls. De water falls 'cause dat's its natcher. Jus' look right here in Mount Vernon. Dere's Norton's Dam; dere's de same principle, de same law ob natcher. Take away de dam, de water is no more dan common water. No, saar, dere's no wonder in de water at Niagary. De wonder is in de lan'."

Dr. Crane said: "Perhaps it's not generally known, but still it is a fac', dat if it's not for de water in de air we'd all die. Dere mus' be water in de air we take into our lungs to sustain life. An', strange as it may seem, dere mus' be water in de air to sustain combustion. You could not kindle a fire were it not for de aqueous gases ob de air. (By aqueous I mean watery.) I call dat wonderful—I can see nothing like it in de lan'—dat de water which put out de fire is necessary to make de fire burn."

Mr. Morehouse said: "Mr. Chaarman, I hope dat you'll rule out all dat Dr. Crane jus' said. Instruct de committee

These Makers of Electrics Pay Extra to Save You Tire Trouble

These makers of electric pleasure cars now use Motz Cushion Tire equipment. Names are given alphabetically:

- ARGO—Argo Electric Vehicle Co., Saginaw, Mich.
- BABCOCK—Babcock Electric Carriage Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
- BAILEY—S. R. Bailey & Co., Amesbury, Mass.
- BAKER—Baker Motor Vehicle Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
- BORLAND—Borland-Grannis Co., Chicago, Ill.
- BROC—Broc Electric Vehicle Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
- CENTURY—Century Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
- CHURCH-FIELD—Church-Field Motor Car Co., Sibley, Mich.
- CLARK—Clark Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
- COLONIAL—Colonial Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
- DAYTON—Dayton Electric Car Co., Dayton, Ohio.
- DETROIT—Anderson Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
- FRITCHLE—Fritchle Auto and Battery Co., Denver, Colo.
- GRINNELL—Grinnell Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
- HUPP-YEATS—Hupp Corporation, Detroit, Mich.
- KIMBALL—C. P. Kimball & Co., Chicago, Ill.
- OHIO—Ohio Electric Car Co., Toledo, Ohio.
- PHIPPS—Phipps Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
- RAUCH & LANG—Rauch & Lang Carriage Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
- STANDARD—Standard Electric Car Co., Jackson, Mich.
- STUDEBAKER—Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind.
- WAVERLEY—Waverley Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

In order to give you an *easy-riding* electric pleasure car, with tires that *can't puncture or blow-out*, all leading makers of electrics, who build 95 per cent. of all American-made electrics, are now putting Motz Cushion Tires on their cars as standard equipment.

They do this, even though they must pay \$50 to \$125 more per set for Motz Cushion Tires than for pneumatic, semi-solid or truck tires.

Yet Motz Tire equipment, in most cases, adds nothing to the price you pay for your electric. Simply advise any of these makers that you want Motz Cushion Tires on your electric and you will get them.

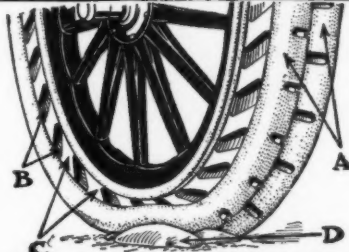
And you will have tires that last, on an average, five times as long as the most costly pneumatics. Motz Cushion Tires are guaranteed for 10,000 miles—two years. Pneumatic tires average less than 3,000.

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The amazing resiliency of this tire is produced by means of double, notched treads, undercut sides, slantwise bridges and secret processed rubber.

A—shows double, notched treads. B—Shows undercut sides. C—Shows slantwise bridges. D—shows absorbing means when passing over an obstruction. (177)

MOTZ Cushion Tires

not to take no 'count ob it. Sich talk's too much fool nonsense. (Excuse my 'spression, but I get so excited when I hear such tomfoolery and ridiculus slush in a 'spectable meetin', dat I forget myself, an' don't know for de minit weder I's drivin' mule waggin or in meetin'. 'Scuse me, an' I'll try to keep my feelin's down. But, as I say, when sich trash is lugged in as sinsible argyment, it riles me.) Dr. Crane says we mus' hab water to breeve. I daar him to de trial. He may go down an' stick his college hed (excuse me, saar), his eddicated hed, in de creek, an' take his breevin' dar, saar, an' I'll take my stan' an' my breevin' on dis platform by de stove, an' let the committee decide de case on de merits ob de proof on who



A Happy Marriage

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

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

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

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

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holes out de longest. Den listen to what he sez about water makin' de fire burn! Did you eber—did you eber hyaar de like? Now, 'cordin' to Dr. Crane, s'posen I wants to start a fire in dis yar stove. I gits some shavin's, an' puts in den some pine kindlin's, den berry carefully pour on a little, jus' a little, karysene, den puts on a few nice pieces ob coal, lights a match, sticks her to de shavin's, an' she don't burn; I lights a newspaper and frows her under de grate;

de shavin's don't light. I gits mad an' I slaps in a bucket ob water, an' away she goes, all a-blazin' in a second. Oh, shaw! sich bosh! Don' take no 'count ob dat. It *would* be a wonder if it was *true*; but, oh, my, what cabbage it is! Jedges, don't take no 'count ob sich idle talk. I say, saar, dat de lan' produce de mos' wonders. Look at de trees, de flowers, de grain, de cabbages, de inyuns, dat spring up out ob de lan'. Look at de Mammoth Cave, more wonderful dan all de falls dat eber fell. See how dey bore in de groun' fifteen hundred feet an' more, an' out come coal-oil two thousand' bar'l a minit. I'd jus' like to see any dese water folks bore a hole fifteen hundred feet down into de ocean an' *pump* out one gallon ob coal-oil in an hour! Can you dig down in de ocean or in de lakes an' git out gold an' silber an' iron an' coal? Can you build a rale-road on de ocean an' cut a tunnel thru de waters? No, saar."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "It's jus' 'curred to my mind, on Mr. Morehouse speakin' 'bout de trees an' de grass an' de inyuns an' cabbages, dat when I was out in de Far Wes' I allus notice dat on de plains, on de mountains, anywheres away from de streams, no timber grows, no vegetation, no grass, mos'ly barr'n; but all along de streams dere's de grass, de trees, de wegitation. Why? 'Cause ob de moistureness, de water. So, 'pears to me dat de cause ob all de b'utiful wegitation, after all, is de *water*. Ain't dat so, saar?"

The committee decided about as follows: "De advocates of water hab made

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Life,

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a good showin', considerin' how little we really know about water. But as we is more sure ob de lan', we mus' decide in favor ob de lan', but recommend de water side as deserbin' high credit for deir investigations, an' de instruction an' edifyin' ob de meetin'."

—Harper's Magazine.

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than any other grain. By skilful distillation its remarkable food quality makes it the Richest Product of the Still.

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is sufficient for the front of a post card. If you will write your own address plainly on the other side we shall be pleased to send THE LEADING

Burpee-Quality

The Origin of Music

When first sweet Philomel began
 To break the rest of primal man,
 He roused his helpmate, clamoring:
 "Go, squelch that Mendelssohny thing;
 It might make, woman, even you sick."
 "O stop that row!" he'd yell with ire
 To all the tuneful woodland choir;
 And when the raptures of the lark
 First caught his ear, he made remark:
 "It's tuney, but it isn't music."

'Twas then his prentice hand he bent
 To fashioning an instrument,
 Forerunner of the big bassoon
 That might in time suggest a tune,
 The birds' discordant noise so grieved
 him;
 He blew, and from his mouth there
 passed
 A strident, roaring, rending blast;
 He heard with all the inventor's pride,
 And, thrilled with ecstasy, he cried—
 "That's music!"—and his tribe be-
 lieved him.

—Anonymous.

A COURTIER taking leave of Louis XIV., who was sending him as an ambassador to a foreign court, was told by the King: "My most important instruction for you is to pursue a policy entirely different from that of your predecessor."

"Sire," said the diplomatist, "I will endeavor to do so, that your Majesty may not repeat the advice to my successor."



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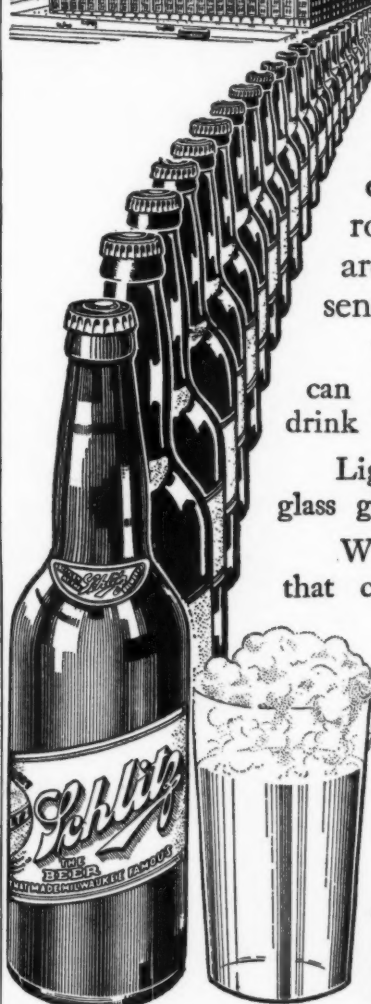
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Without all of these precautions, no beer can be healthful, and who knowingly would drink beer that was not.

Light starts decay even in pure beer. Dark glass gives protection against light.

We have adopted every idea, every invention that could aid to this end. Today, more than half the cost of our brewing is spent to make and keep Schlitz beer pure.

If you knew what we know about beer, you would ask for "Schlitz—Schlitz in Brown Bottles."

Order a case from your dealer today
 See that crown or cork is branded "Schlitz"

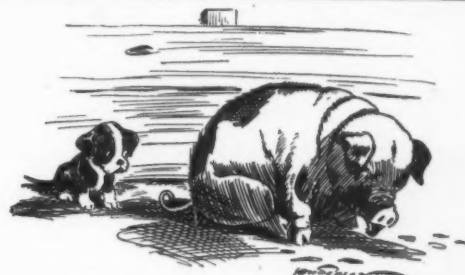
10-M

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

Too Clever

A country boy endeavored, to the utmost of his power, to make himself useful and avoid being frequently told of many trifling things, as country lads generally are.

His master having sent him down stairs for two bottles of wine, he said to him, "Well, John, have you shook them?" "No, sir; but I will," he replied, suiting the action to the word.



"NO WONDER HE GRUNTS! SOMEBODY BENT HIS TAIL."

VOGUE'S

Forecast of Spring Fashions Number

Now on Sale at Your Newsdealers



WOULD you pay 25 cents to insure yourself against costly mistakes in the choice of your spring hats and gowns? The really expensive gown is the gown you buy and never wear; the really expensive hat is the hat you wear only because it is bought and cannot be returned.

You pay \$20, \$40, \$60 for a hat—three times as much for a gown. Yet how often does hasty selection, a limited stock to choose from, or lack of reliable fashion information, cause you to wear reluctantly, or even to give away, hats and gowns that cost hundreds of dollars!

VOGUE will end all that. In your own home, far from the confusion of the milliner's and the dressmaker's, VOGUE spreads before you, not a few hats and gowns from your local stores, but a magnificent display of models from the best designers in the world.

With those superb models as your

guide, and with VOGUE's staff of fashion experts ready to advise you personally on every doubtful point, you are certain to be better and more becomingly dressed than ever before.

Become a member of the most smartly dressed group of women in America—the recognized leaders of fashion in every community—the women who read VOGUE, by paying 25 cents to your newsdealer for the "Forecast of Spring Fashions" number of VOGUE, containing the fashion counsel that will relieve you of all further worry over the choice of your spring wardrobe.

Get a Copy From Your Newsdealer Today

Every Issue of VOGUE has its special feature, as named below. Tell your newsdealer that you don't want to miss any.

Forecast of Spring Fashions	Feb. 15
Spring Patterns	March 1
Spring Dress Materials	March 15
Spring Millinery	April 1
Spring Fashions	April 15
Brides'	May 1
European	May 15
Summer Homes	June 1
Outing Fashions	June 15
Travel	July 1
Hot Weather Fashions	July 15
Vacation	August 1
Children's Fashions	August 15
Autumn Millinery	September 1
Forecast of Autumn Fashions	Sept. 15
Autumn Dress Materials	October 1
Autumn Shopping	October 15
Winter Fashions	November 1
Dramatic and Vanity	November 15
Christmas Gifts	December 1
Christmas	Dec. 15
Motor Fashions	January 1
White and Southern Fashions	January 15
Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes	February 1

Quoted Verbatim from Letters Received by VOGUE

"Once I used to buy VOGUE a few times a year because I thought it was an extravagance—but now I buy every issue because I feel I'm not rich enough to get along without it! VOGUE helps most by teaching what to buy and saving one the mistake of buying the wrong thing, which is twice as expensive as the right one."

—Miss——, Winchester, Mass.

"Without any conceit on my part, but owing entirely to VOGUE and its suggestions, I am proud to say that I have the reputation of being the best dressed and most up-to-date woman in town. My clothes have been admired and copied by women who spend more on one dress than I do on a whole season's wardrobe."

—Mrs.——, Cooperstown, N. Y.

"I used to buy indiscriminately, and without any guide as to what was or was not the mode, and waste money and repent over unsatisfactory and unmodish purchases. But by reading VOGUE I have saved on all these items, and am enabled to dress smartly, often elegantly, and always practically."

—Mrs.——, Kirkland, Wash.

THE VOGUE COMPANY

443 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK



The Poet and Alexander

To Alexander came a man in garb with
tattered fold,
Bringing a poem splendidly adorned with
silk and gold.

The king demands: "Why hast thou not
unto thy body lent
Some of the pains upon this manuscript
so largely spent?"

The poet says: "The law of labor is,
that each must strive
At his appropriate trade, if he would
honor it and thrive.

It is my work majestic thoughts to
clothe in fit array;
But honor's robes—the king knows how
to cut and give away.

I here have set thee forth in lasting
praise and fame enrolled,
And left it unto thee for this to have
me dressed in gold."

Amidst his loud-applauding courtiers,
Alexander bade

The bard at once in gold embroidered
garments to be clad!

—Poetry of the Orient by W. R. Alger.

Books Received

He Comes Up Smiling, by Charles
Sherman. (Bobbs Merrill Co., Indianap-
olis, Ind. \$1.25.)

The Higher Court, by Mary Stewart
Daggett. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.
\$1.00.)

Social Historians, by Harry Aubrey
Toulmin, Jr. (R. G. Badger, Boston,
Mass. \$1.50.)



From a Photograph Showing the Last Step in Locating the Exact Center of Population of the United States.

"The Center of Population"

A Title that Fits Every Bell Telephone

From the census of 1910 it is found that the center of population is in Bloomington, Indiana, latitude 39 degrees 10 minutes 12 seconds north, and longitude 86 degrees 32 minutes 20 seconds west.

"If all the people in the United States were to be assembled in one place, the center of population would be the point which they could reach with the minimum aggregate travel, assuming that they all traveled in direct lines from their residence to the meeting place."

—U. S. Census Bulletin.

It is the point which can be reached with "the minimum aggregate travel," by all the people living within the range of telephone transmission and having access to Bell telephones.

Wherever it may be on the map, each Bell telephone is a center for purposes of intercommunication.

This description gives a word picture of every telephone in the Bell system.

Every Bell telephone is the center of the system.

To make each telephone the center of communication for the largest number of people, there must be One System, One Policy and Universal Service for a country of more than ninety million.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy One System Universal Service

Mrs. Drummond's Vocation, by Mark Ryce. (William Rickey & Co. \$1.20.)

The Confessions and Letters of Terence Quinn McManus, by Myles G. Hyde. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

The Weed by the Wall, by Kate Slaughter McKinney. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

The Prophet of Florence, by Mary Putnam Denny. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

On the Face of the Waters, by Grace L. Slocum. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

Two Dozen, by Clara Mai Howe Fuqua. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

Music and Morals, by H. R. Haweis. (Harper & Brothers. \$1.75.)

Sunlight and Starlight, by Henry G. Kost. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

Christopher, by Richard Pryce. (Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.35.)

Game Laws in Brief for 1912. (Forest & Stream Publishing Co., New York. 25 cents.)

To-Morrow (A Play in Three Acts), by Percy Mackaye. (Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.25, net.)

No Metal Tailored

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Touch the

You Leg

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Paris are the proven best. The genuine have the name **PARIS** on each garter.

A. STEIN & CO. - CHICAGO, U.S.A.

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THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.