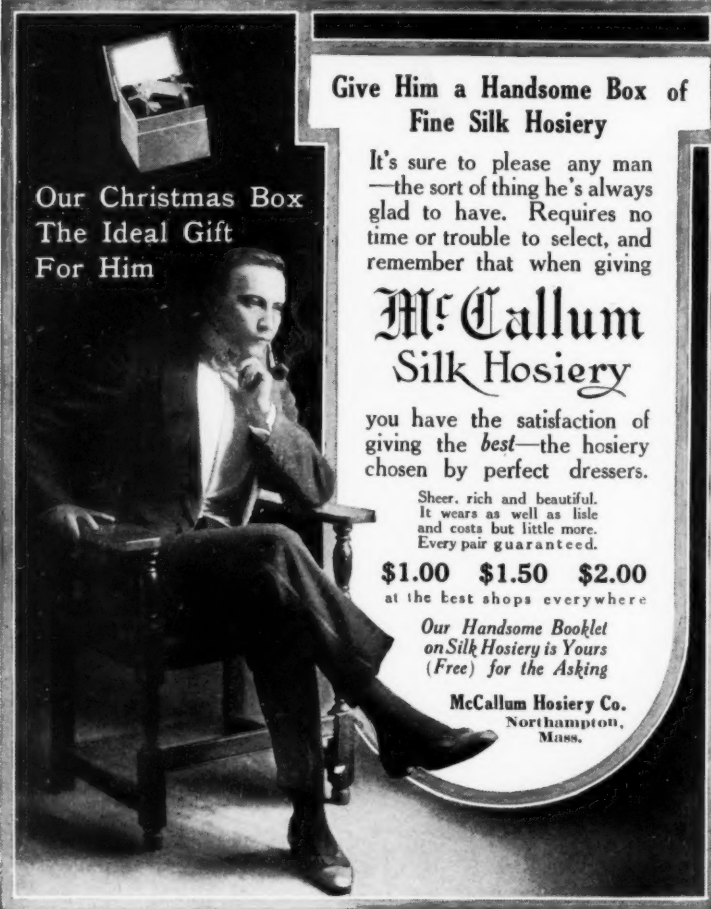




Walter Pirella. III

ARE YOU A GOOD BOY?



**Our Christmas Box  
The Ideal Gift  
For Him**

**Give Him a Handsome Box of  
Fine Silk Hosiery**

It's sure to please any man—the sort of thing he's always glad to have. Requires no time or trouble to select, and remember that when giving

**McCallum  
Silk Hosiery**

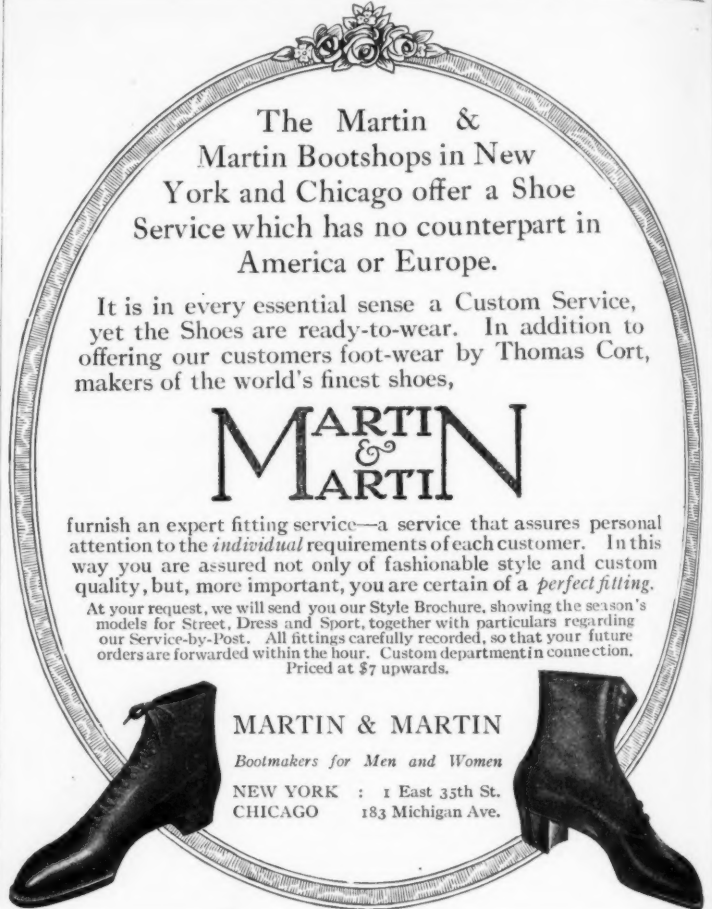
you have the satisfaction of giving the *best*—the hosiery chosen by perfect dressers.

Sheer, rich and beautiful. It wears as well as lisle and costs but little more. Every pair guaranteed.

**\$1.00 \$1.50 \$2.00**  
at the best shops everywhere

*Our Handsome Booklet on Silk Hosiery is Yours (Free) for the Asking*

**McCallum Hosiery Co.**  
Northampton, Mass.



The Martin & Martin Bootshops in New York and Chicago offer a Shoe Service which has no counterpart in America or Europe.

It is in every essential sense a Custom Service, yet the Shoes are ready-to-wear. In addition to offering our customers foot-wear by Thomas Cort, makers of the world's finest shoes,


**MARTIN & MARTIN**

furnish an expert fitting service—a service that assures personal attention to the *individual* requirements of each customer. In this way you are assured not only of fashionable style and custom quality, but, more important, you are certain of a *perfect fitting*.

At your request, we will send you our Style Brochure, showing the season's models for Street, Dress and Sport, together with particulars regarding our Service-by-Post. All fittings carefully recorded, so that your future orders are forwarded within the hour. Custom department in connection. Priced at \$7 upwards.

**MARTIN & MARTIN**  
Bootmakers for Men and Women  
NEW YORK : 1 East 35th St.  
CHICAGO : 183 Michigan Ave.

From George I. to George V.



**MARTELL'S  
BRANDY**

has known but One Quality---  
The Best

**BLUE AND SILVER LABEL**

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

HOUSE EST. 1715

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

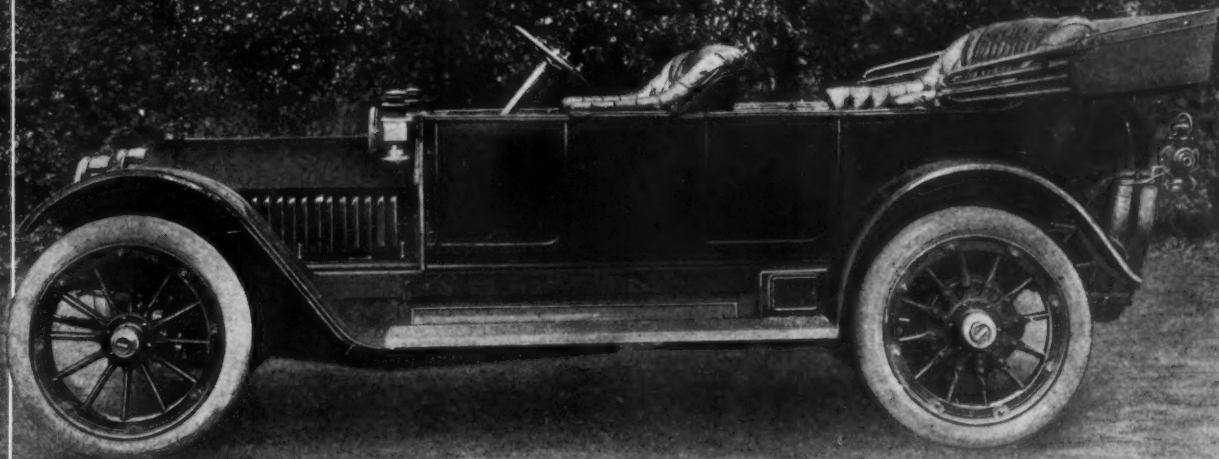


"GRAN'PA, YOUR TALK ABOUT 'PERSEVERANCE WINNING' IS ALL NONSENSE."

"WHY, WHY, CHILD?"

"HERE I'VE WORKED *all afternoon* BLOWING BUBBLES AND TRYING TO PIN 'EM ON MOTHER'S HAT."

# Locomobile



The Locomobile Company desires to Announce  
the Introduction of a new Model, the

## "38" LITTLE SIX

In this Model we have met the demand for a motor car of moderate power and passenger capacity. With its Ten-Inch Upholstery added to its perfect design and mechanical balance, it will be to Five-passenger Touring Cars what our "48" Six has been to Seven-passenger vehicles—a standard by which all motor cars are measured.

|                                       |        |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| Touring Car, Five-passenger . . . . . | \$4200 |
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Orders delivered in rotation—January

New York  
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The Locomobile Company  
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*“Don't Worry, Darling!”*

Instead of wearing yourself out shopping, why not send a year's subscription to LIFE to all your friends? That's what I did, and I feel radiantly happy.”

Enclosed find ..... Dollars.  
Send LIFE for one year to each of the following:

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LIFE, 17 West 31 Street, New York  
Subscription, \$5.00; Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04

*Do Your Christmas  
LIFE Subscriptions  
Early*

Fill in the attached coupon with a list of your friends, send it with check to cover, and we will do the rest.

On Christmas morning, or possibly the day before, your friend receives a card informing him of the happiness that is to come to him for the next fifty-two weeks. He is delighted, you are delighted, and we are delighted. What more can you ask?

Do this at once, so the great Christmas number of LIFE (out Dec. 5) will be included in the subscription.

*This picture, handsomely reproduced in colors, sent as a premium with every yearly subscription.*

Copyr. Life Pub. Co.



**BREAKING HOME TIES**



*Baltimore's Newest Hotel*  
*Opened*  
*Monday, October 30th, 1911*

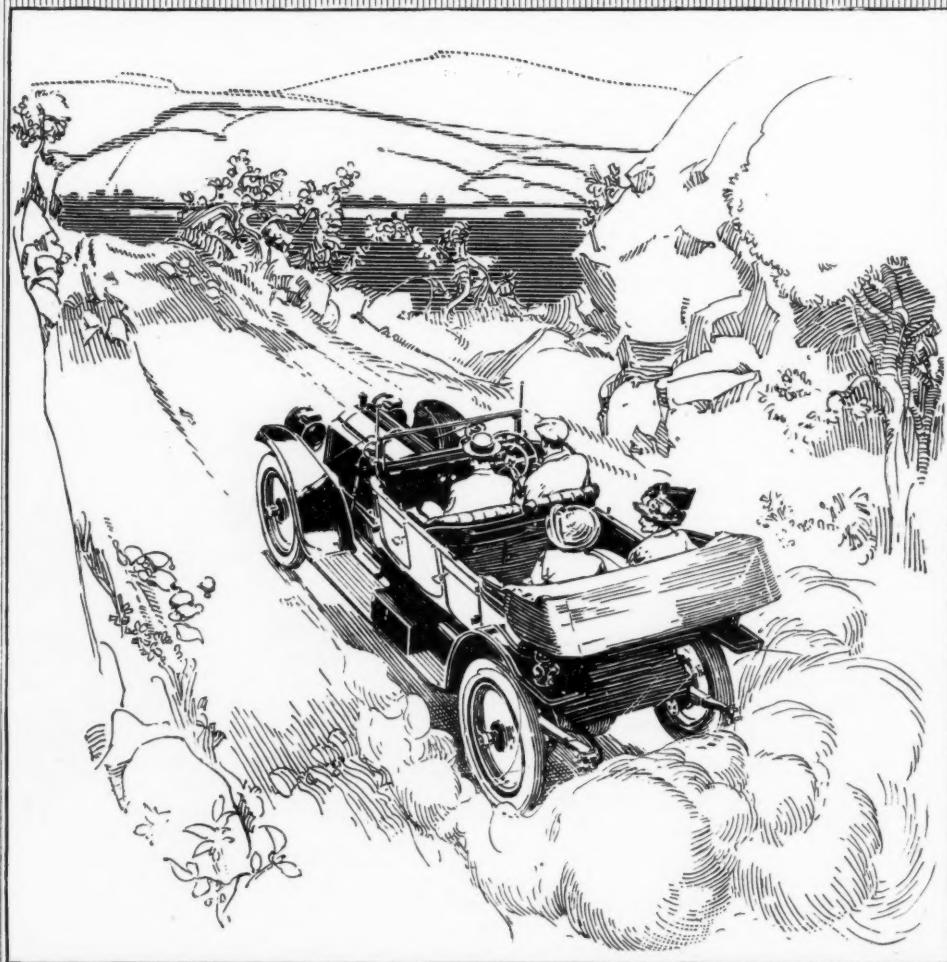
*Its central location is an essential factor in considering*  
**THE EMERSON.** *Situated in the heart of the city, it is*  
*the very nucleus of the financial, mercantile and municipal*  
*sections, while the residential, theatre and shopping districts*  
*are within easy walking distance.*

*Surface cars passing its doors furnish prompt service to*  
*all parts of the city, connecting directly with the railway*  
*stations and the wharves.*

**THE EMERSON** *is worthy of your careful consideration,*  
*and you will be cordially welcomed, either as a casual visitor*  
*or as a guest.*

*W. H. Barse, Managing Director.*

# *The BOSS of the ROAD*



ASK THE MAN

WHO OWNS ONE

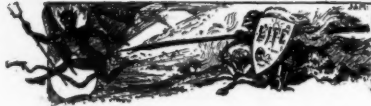


Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

# LIFE



HOW ABOUT A SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO PARENTS?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVIII. NOVEMBER 23, 1911 No. 1517

Published by  
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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



THE elec- tions went well. Here, in New York, it is a great relief to have Tammany pitched out of the Assembly and to be freed from the fear of a Tammany charter for this metropolis, and of Levy bills and Frawley bills and ripper bills and bills to feed the cohorts of Murphy. It is not that Murphy is so much worse than somebody else in his place, but that the place, with the powers of State domination with which recent circumstances had endowed it, is a hopeless obstacle to successful government of New York State by the Democratic party. Murphy and Tammany do not represent the Democrats of New York City, much less the Democrats of New York State. They represent some of them. The rest in the city are without organized representation, and can do nothing at present, except to vote with the Republicans whenever things get too bad. Tammany has in it ability, efficiency and a fair proportion of honesty, but they are so tangled up with graft and government for a profit that nothing avails by way of remonstrance but to hit it between the eyes on election day.

But things are improving, and the late election will help the improvement considerably, and not in the long run to the advantage of Mr. Hearst or Mr. Barnes, either. Neither of those gentlemen, any more than Mr. Murphy, has the qualities or the intentions which will finally appease the wholesome forces of political discontent.

And Philadelphia actually elected an out and out reform Mayor, notwithstanding the Penrose machine had been constrained to run an able and

respected Republican candidate against him.

And Boss Cox was beaten by an out and out reformer in Cincinnati, notwithstanding that President Taft was somehow induced to indorse the Boss's ticket!



THE Socialist successes in various places look more like part of the revolt from machine-rule-for-the-benefit-of-the-machine than like an important extension of the nebulous principles of Socialism. People, in cities especially, seem to be acquiring an effectual appetite for government that will benefit the governed. They seem to recognize that they have had a great deal of government for the benefit of bosses, office holders, politicians, contractors, real estate speculators and all the other citizens who regard the taxpayers as meat, and when they think they see a chance to get something different they are not scared off because the chance has a Socialist tag on it. We understand the Socialists have done pretty well in Milwaukee, though that is disputed. We hear that they have spent a good deal of money, but that they have got good value for it. We shall see how they do in Schenectady, and if they do not show themselves sensible and efficient we don't suppose that any pious confidence in the theories of Karl Marx will save them. Schenectady, however, is a pretty lop-sided town, disproportionately strong on its labor union side, and liable to be influenced by motives which would not have effective strength in the average city.



OF course, not everything that could be said of Joseph Pulitzer was said last week in LIFE. It might be added to advantage that whatever else, first or last, he fed his readers, he never tried to attract them with quack politics. Political mistakes he may have made; doubtless did; but his mind was politically sound. He did not, for

purposes of circulation, or for any purpose, attempt to set class against class; he never fooled with bad money nor followed Bryan out into the wilderness of silver. He did awful things sometimes, but very seldom stupid things.

We have heard it said that the newspaper he made fell so far short of being the paper he had in mind and wished to make, that the discrepancy between his ideal and the existing fact made him despondent. As it was, the *World's* editorial page probably came much nearer than the rest of the paper to realizing his hopes. In that, his urgent and powerful mind found its chief expression, with the result that there has been no great issue of politics for years in which the *World's* opinion has not been important.



THERE begins to be more indulgence in the tone of current remarks about Mr. Wickersham. The disposition to identify him with the text of the Sherman law, as well as with its enforcement, seems to be abating. As this or that point is illuminated by a court decision and stocks go a climbing, there begins to glimmer in various minds the idea that maybe it was not after all an ill office to business to bring the Sherman law into court and thrash it out. To our lay mind, it has seemed that whether the Sherman law was wise or foolish, a stubborn effort to enforce it was a necessary preliminary to any settled condition of business, and that the President and the Attorney-General were doing an indispensable service in pressing the law on the trusts and on the courts. It was said that they might have enforced the law without publishing their personal conviction that with the assistance of the courts it would work. Perhaps so, but the enforcement has been better and the results more convincing, because the enforcers, at least, have believed in what they were doing. At any rate, it begins to look as though, some day, Mr. Wickersham might walk down Wall Street again without having anything worse than ticker tape thrown at him.





A PLYMOUTH TALE

### Dr. Lounsbury Swats the English Courses

IN *Harper's Magazine* for October is a piece by Professor-Emeritus Thomas R. Lounsbury of Yale on "Compulsory Composition in Colleges." It is a detail of instruction that Dr. Lounsbury dealt with for twenty-five years, so that he speaks out of a fairly full experience. But he gives himself no airs of infallibility on that account, but expressly warns the reader that the views of persons without actual experience in reading undergraduate compositions, and who think without emotion on that subject, are probably wiser and sounder than his.

He writes very humbly, indeed, admitting that he expects the execration of the good and wise for what he has to say, but he says it firmly and at considerable length, duly embellishing his views with reasons, deprecations, considerations, apologies and the other impediments of written speech.

His conclusion, after serving as a supervisor of compositions for twenty-five years, and being released from that employment and using the leisure of several free years to think about it, is that compulsory compositions are too much for human nature to endure, almost useless as a means of compelling the young who have nothing to say to say it creditably, and a very grievous burden on the minds and spirits of persons fit to read and rectify them. Good writing, he says, is an art, for which some people have a



THE STREET MASHER IN EDEN

"SIR! I DON'T KNOW YOU FROM ADAM!"



#### AN ULTIMATUM

"ALL RIGHT; IF I CAN'T BE CAPTAIN, I WON'T LEND THE BALL"

turn, and more have not. He wants to know why it must be forced on all comers any more than music or painting. He thinks that the special effort that has gone on for a quarter of a century to make good writers of all collegians has been a mistake and is a good deal of a failure; that its aim is not very important and cannot possibly be realized; that it is impossible to supply the job with teachers competent to direct it in its higher aspirations, and that, as a result of immense effort and vast resulting mental misery, the proportion of good writers that come out of the colleges is about the same as it was before the struggle began.

Professor Lounsbury lives in New Haven, and presumably justice will find him there. The least result that can reasonably be expected to follow such a deliverance as he has made is the stopping of his retiring allowance. But if it stops, the hat shall be passed for him. He is the kindest man of these times that writes about writing English; the bulwark of all free writers who have ears to hear the sounds of words; the prosecutor of the prigs and mechanics of language. He backs you up in usages you know are right, and tells you why they are right and wherein the pedants who

correct you are wrong. He not only knows, but knows why. He lets you say, "None *were*" and "had better," and gives you more freedom in the use of "me" than you deserve.

As to compulsory compositions, to do them justice their aim is chiefly humble, to qualify collegians to express themselves intelligibly. But there are others besides Dr. Lounsbury who have wondered this long time, not that the English courses in the colleges did not turn out better writers, but that so much natural talent managed to emerge from them without incurable deformities of style. E. S. M.



"ACROSS THE BRIDGE OF SIZE"



NATIONAL VAUDEVILLE

Aldrich to Taft: WICKERSHAM ALWAYS BRINGS DOWN THE HOUSE WITH THAT PLAY

### Concerning the Fourth of July

RATHER out of season to talk about the Fourth of July when Christmas is looming up in the near future, but certain figures just published by the *Journal of the American Medical Association* are timely for those who are interested in LIFE's crusade against celebrating our national birthday by a slaughter of the innocents.

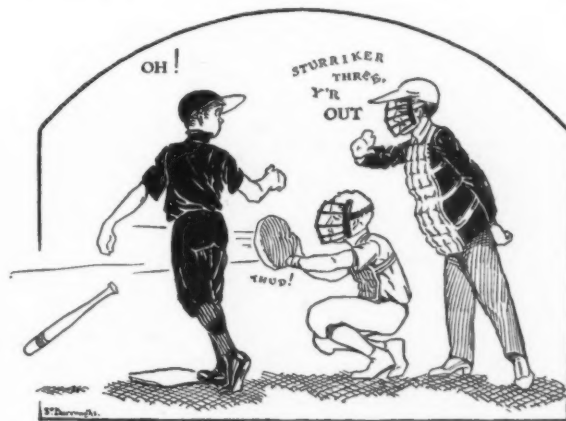
It is grateful to learn that the movement in behalf of a sane Fourth has shown such speedy results, although there are still many communities where the barbaric use of noise and fire to express patriotism is not prohibited by the authorities. According to the figures before us, the deaths from Fourth of July fireworks and explosives in 1911 were fifty-seven. In 1909 there were 215 and in 1910 there were 131. The main influence in bringing about this reduction in the death rate is the attitude of the press and the more intelligent public in urging the enforcement of local ordinances against the silly and dangerous custom.

Others among these figures are interesting, for instance, 39,219 persons have been killed or injured during the past nine years in celebrating the Fourth of July.

Massachusetts, whose John Adams is often quoted in support of the fireworks idea, makes reparation by reducing its death list to only six per cent. of what it was two years ago. Pennsylvania has an unenviable precedence over New York, recording 442 casualties this year to the latter's 237. Among Western States, Illinois heads the rec-

ord with only 217 injuries, but Indiana, Iowa and Michigan still show a marked lack of enlightenment.

Besides the fifty-seven deaths in 1911, eight persons lost both eyes, twenty-six one eye each, and thirty are minus a leg, an arm or a hand. It will be seen that there is still need of agitation for a proper and reasonable way of celebrating the national holiday and against useless killing and maiming.



OUR ILLUSTRATED SONGS  
AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER

*With Apologies to Mrs.  
E. W. W.*

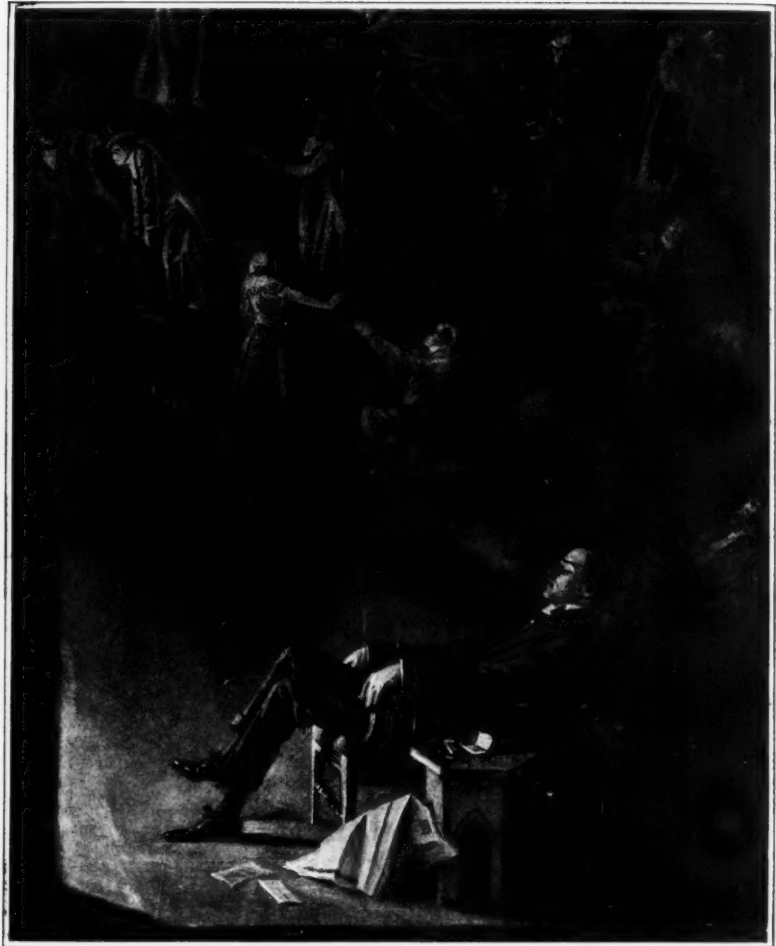
O, IT'S easy enough to look pleasant  
When one hasn't a cause for regret.  
But the man worth while  
Is the man who can smile  
When his wife is a suffragette!

**The Latest Parcels Post Convert**

WHEN we reflect upon the difficulty up to this time of getting even the slightest parcels post encouragement from Washington, we are severely shaken by Secretary Hitchcock's recent pronunciamento. We confess to a feeling akin to flabbergast at his almost unqualified endorsement of the idea, for he qualifies only as to the gradual method of establishing it. We are "up in the air." He doth "enthuse" too much. If he had gone any further he might have been mistaken for the very innovator himself of the idea.

It has all happened so quickly that there comes to mind that tale of the Greeks who presented a lovely horse full of soldiers to the Trojans, the tale that has ever since made us look Greek gift-horses in the mouth.

We hope we are wrong. We trust that we have merely become morbid from cogitating upon the silent and inscrutable and unreasonable opposition to this most obvious and reasonable reform.



REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR



ANOTHER CONVERT

**Reclaiming Our Millionaires**

THE work of reclaiming our millionaires has not yet been taken up in earnest in this country, but we are looking soon for a popular movement in this direction.

The first thing to be considered is a place where they can have their minds occupied, thus keeping them from writing articles for the magazines and saving the country by coming to the rescue of the stock market.

The stock market has been, when on the verge of some necessary panic, rescued so often by thoughtless millionaires that there is apparently little hope for ever getting rid of it.

No millionaire, however, should be forced to go; his going should be purely voluntary. To do this requires much skill. But, once accomplished, his cure is only a matter of time.

Will you assist in this grand work? Will you, whenever you see a millionaire, ask him gently if he does not want to be reclaimed?

## Alas and Alackaday!

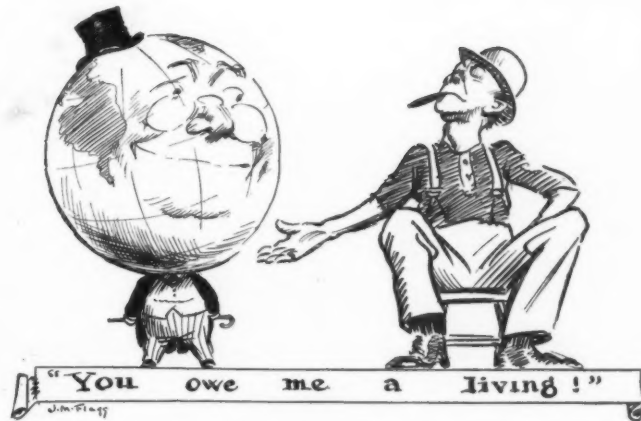
*Be a Member of the Pessimists' Club—Everybody is Joining—Classes in Melancholy, Fear, Misanthropy and All Forms of Cussedness Meet Daily—Now is the Time to Abandon All Hope.*

IT is highly desirable that members of the Pessimists' Club shall mingle freely with other people rather than associate exclusively with their own class. In this way you can meet people who have grievances that you never suspected.

At the same time, for the convenience of the members of the club, and in order that they may not miss any of their favorite causes for depression and melancholy, groups have been formed composed of all branches of pessimism.

Our Knockers' Corner is at present largely attended. All new knockers who came to the club are directed to go to the first alcove to the right. Cynics' Retreat is a little further on.

Owing to the intensely disagreeable fact that the club is composed of the meanest men on earth, the headquarters



THE WORLD-OWES-ME-A-LIVING CLASS.—Meets every Monday. Composed of people who don't want to work, but consider that they are entitled to all the luxuries of the day. Members will relate their personal experiences, and give in detail accounts of conspiracies formed against them to prevent them from getting on.

PURE CUSSEDNESS CLASS meets on Tuesday afternoons. This class is composed of ordinary mean men, who just like to be mean without any reason. If you have a yellow streak that you are proud of, join this class and you will not hear of anything to your advantage.

CLASS OF SENSITIVE SOULS meets Wednesday. These people cherish secret grievances, and are constantly imagining that others are thinking hardly of them. Each member of this class will be expected to demand apologies from every other member for everything that he says.

SNEERERS.—Thursdays. To be a sneerer you must have developed the habit of sneering at everything that everyone else has, and showing, in a few ill chosen words, that it is pretty poor stuff. In this class sarcastic, bitter remarks are the order of the day.

THE INTROSPECTIVES.—Silent class. Members of this class do nothing but stare into vacancy. They are trying to read their own minds. Any member speaking will be expelled from the class. Any form of speech to an introspective is a sign of too much happiness.

The other day a man was admitted to the club; but he hadn't been a member a day before he tried to borrow money from the others. He has been promptly withdrawn from the list of members, as he is plainly an optimist in disguise.

We have just received the following letter:  
DEAR SIRS:  
If I join your club can I have a safe refuge from my creditors?  
Mournfully yours,

Our reply is, No, sir! Why, a large part of the club membership is composed of creditors who cannot collect their bills.

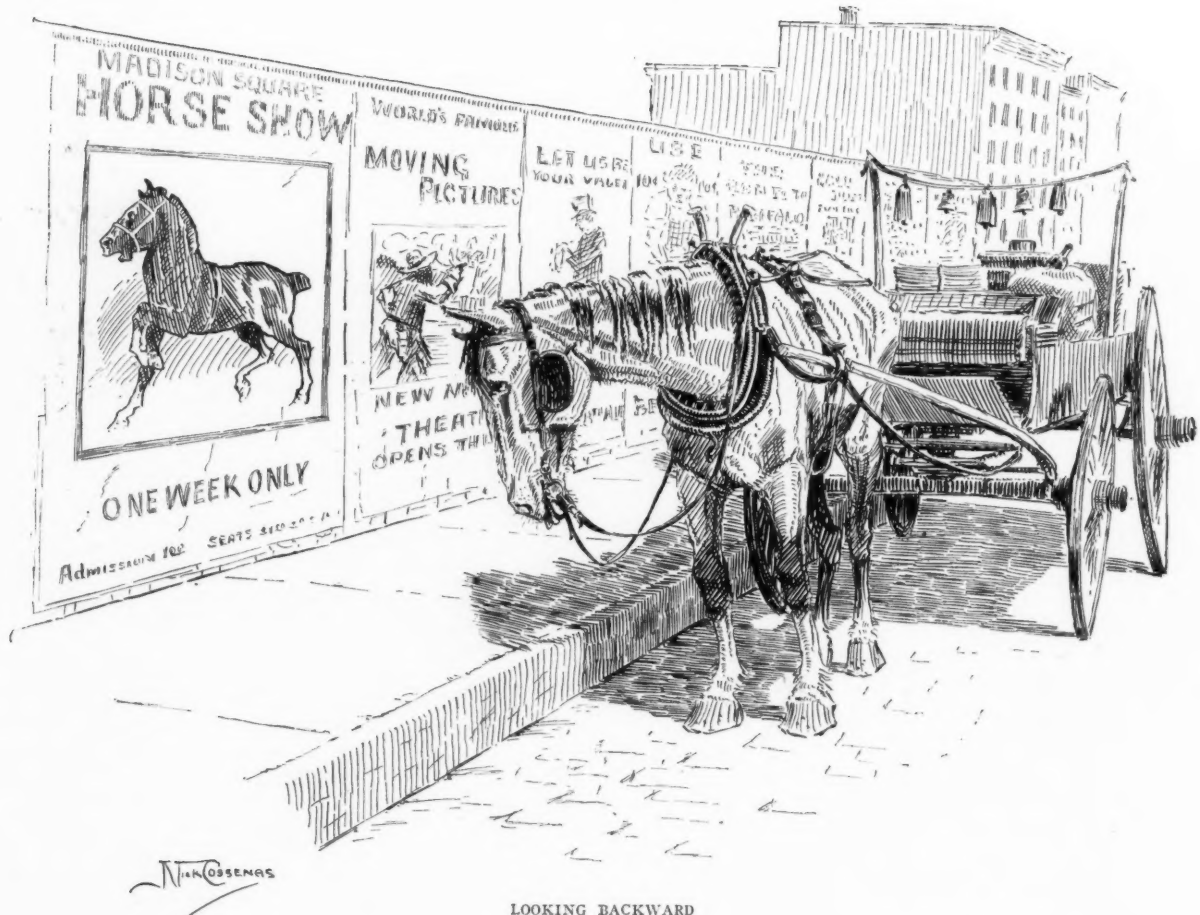
This is no haven of refuge for anybody. It is a place where we face things. No compromise!



"The Sneerer"

have had to be changed almost every week. No matter where they are, however, no one likes them. It is a melancholy fact, in spite of the constant disagreements and bickerings that the club is constantly growing. Local chapters are being formed all over. In the meantime, we announce the following classes which meet regularly:

PLAIN WORRIERS.—Members of this class are in the habit of worrying about anything and everything, no matter how small. "How to Make the Most of Unimportant Things of Worry" will be the subject of the next lecture.



LOOKING BACKWARD

We have also been asked whether we admit ladies.  
Not as a rule.

We have a few old maids who have been put up for a few weeks by friends who hoped that their condition might be made worse by contact with the club. But, generally speaking, women don't care for the club. No woman is a pessimist long enough. Her business is to create them.

We grow stronger every hour. Only yesterday four hundred abandoned suburbanites joined.

It is possible that you are light hearted and go about with a smile on your face. This is a false condition of mind.

Look inward, not outward; downward, not upward; be a grouch.

Our club is governed by stern, inevitable logic.

The club will meet next week in Greenwood Cemetery; week after next in Wall Street; after that in City Hall Park, unless it is decided to the contrary or worse places can be discovered.

We urge everybody to join. Life is short and there may be little time left to sorrow.

### Can Anyone Tell?

A PUZZLED correspondent wants to know the difference between a materia medica and a pharmacopœia.

This is a fair question, but, frankly, we can hope to indicate merely a few broad lines along which the problem is to be attacked if a sane solution is to be expected. The old explanation that a materia medica grows wild, while a pharmacopœia is domesticated, no longer suffices. Modern science must be more precise if it is to fulfill its destiny. A materia medica, therefore, is more closely related to the nebular hypothesis than the pre-Darwinian philosophers were willing to admit. A pharmacopœia, on the other hand, in its pure state, has all the appearance of a more attenuated phenomenon. But authorities differ.

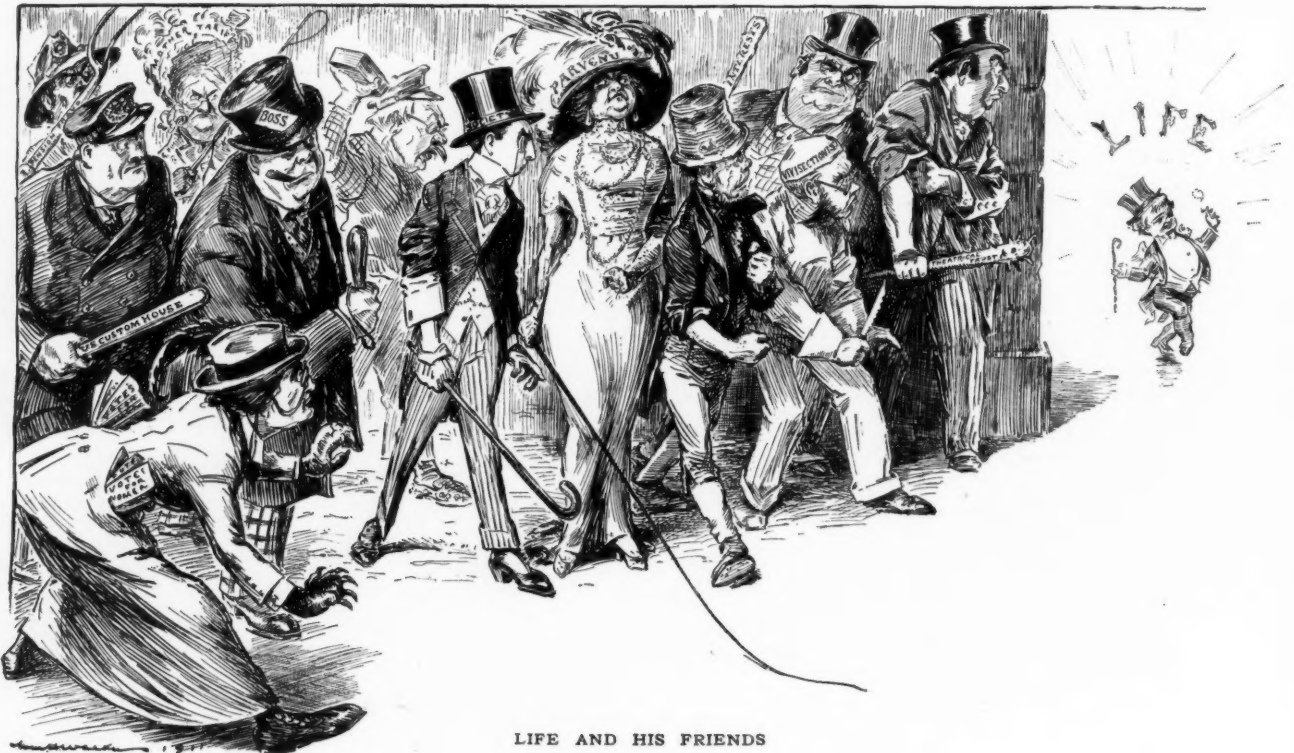
Lack of space prevents a more extended discussion at this time, but we do not think the matter should be dropped. If any of our readers can throw light on the subject we should be glad to offer a suitable reward in recognition thereof.

*Ellis O. Jones.*



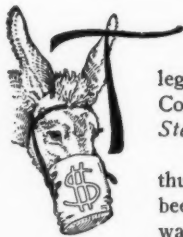
"JOHN, I'M SORRY THAT ETHEL HAS ENGAGED HERSELF TO THAT YOUNG PORELEIGH. HE ISN'T HALF GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER."

"MY DEAR, IF EVE HAD HAD PARENTS THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN CONVINCED SHE MIGHT HAVE DONE BETTER."



LIFE AND HIS FRIENDS  
THE TRYSTING PLACE

Centralization



THE best way to become confused over a problem in finance or financial legislation is to read a financial paper. Consider the following from the *United States Investor* of Boston:

"Probably the most serious objection thus far made to the Aldrich plan has been the fact that it so clearly paved the way for centralization. The reply has been made that the Aldrich plan did not aim at centralization."

This occurs in the center of an editorial which says nothing and which concludes thus: "Perhaps it is as well to have the issue made as sharp as possible in the beginning."

This is amusing, but let's take it seriously. What is the issue? This is it.

Be it remembered, first, that the Aldrich plan neither paves the way for, nor aims at, centralization. It is centralization. The present plan of having the public funds in the public treasury is also centralization. Mr. Aldrich merely wishes to change the center of the centralization.

Shall we have a public centralization or a private centralization? That is the issue.



Contractor: WHY, CONFOUND IT! I RISK MY CAPITAL! YOU DON'T RISK ANYTHING.

Worker on Bridges and Buildings: THAT'S RIGHT; ALL I RISK IS MY LIFE.



### Marse Henry On Woman Suffrage

Where two have but a single mount one must needs ride behind. It is not that the man is superior to the woman, but stronger and better able to handle the reins and control the horse, that, where there is any happiness or prosperity, he rides before.—*Marse Henry in the Courier Journal.*

**M**ARSE HENRY deprecates militant methods in the woman suffrage movement. There was a suffragist convention in Louisville last month, and Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst was there, and stirred Marse Henry to several columns of deliberative discussion of the whole subject of votes for women. Above is one of his conclusions. Another, more particular, is that "the universal and precipitate enfranchisement of women in Kentucky would bring upon the people and the State a revolution more hurtful than the enfranchisement of the blacks forty years ago." He tells the suffragists, moreover, that their recent convention in Louisville "left a very bad taste in the masculine mouth." He would have the leaders of the movement for the betterment of women "bring to the discussion unembittered hearts, free and fair minds."

So some of them do; and those are the ones who are most influential, whether they want votes or not. The embittered ones are apt to damage their side, which is usually the side of the suffragists.

As for the single mount, it is true that the man is usually the better able to handle the reins and control the horse, but we all know in how many cases the man who rides ahead is no more than a sack of bones and appetites that the woman—the real rider—carries before her.

A little book, called "The Power of Women" (Macmillan), to which Miss Ida Tarbell has written an introduction, seems to owe its existence to the feeling that the suffragists, in their campaigning, have disparaged and misrepresented the honorable position of women in this and other civilized countries, minimizing their powers, liberties and influence, and making their condition out to be far worse than it is. It is made up of selections from various writings, and



—Otho Cushing—

#### GOOD QUEEN MESS

"SHE DOTH TEMPORIZE AND COQUETTE WITH BOTH THE ANCIENT FASHION AND THE YOUNG REFORMERS, AND WOULD COZEN THE ENTIRE BODY POLITICK."

—*Report of the French Ambassador to his most Catholic Majesty.*

is useful in helping to dispel the impression that a woman without a vote is a slave, a drudge, a toy and a hopeless inferior of man, and that a woman with a vote is going to be, off-hand, man's equal.

She is man's equal anyhow, but not in all particulars, any more than he is her equal in all particulars. The pith of the suffragist discussion is the question whether she is at present man's equal as a voter, and whether it is expedient that she should be called upon to demonstrate that particular phase of equality at the polls.

E. S. M.

**M**AN'S inhumanity to man makes countless thousands of dollars.

#### Speaker Clark and Annexation

**W**HAT possesses Speaker Champ Clark, presumably a sensible man, to persist in talking to the newspapers about the annexation of Canada? He was at it again, the other day, in South Dakota. It is a harmless topic enough, now that reciprocity has failed, but it is still a topic better suited to a person in private life than to the holder of one of the greatest public offices in our Government.

It must be that the Speaker is trying, as Bryan has so often done and so successfully, to demonstrate his fitness for unofficial life. His annexation talk has no other effect, but it has that one.

## Paris Pleads in Vain

*Hereafter All French Ladies Will Have to Wait for Six Months Before They Can Copy Our Styles—Drop in and Have a Cast of Yourself Made—A New Department.*

OUR latest Christmas and New Year's shopping costume consists of a galvanized iron blouse, solid brass toque trimmed with aluminum, skirt of chilled steel, and Irish crochet slippers with velvet edging. With this it is *en règle* to carry a shepherd's crook of solid gold, with steel prodding points. The success of this costume with several thousand of our patrons is evidence that there is no department of human activity to which we do not cater.

Our manager has just returned from Paris, where it is needless to say he was besieged by the dressmakers and tailors who are anxious to obtain our styles in advance. His object in going was to make some sort of arrangement



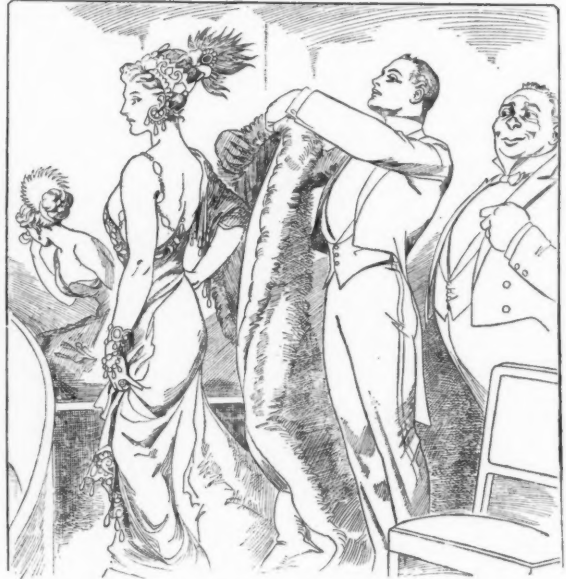
PARISIAN WOMEN BEG THE MANAGERS FOR PERMISSION TO COPY OUR FASHIONS

with the Paris people, whereby they can obtain the use of our styles about six months after they have appeared in this country.

They begged for a three months' margin, but we would not grant it; six months is the limit, and by the payment of a handsome royalty—which we shall use in increasing our buildings in LIFE Park (formerly Central), hereafter all our styles will appear in Paris six months later.

This affords the French ladies an opportunity to keep fairly up to date, and does us no harm. When it is considered that only a few years ago we got all of our styles from Paris, and were aping them, it is quite a change now, when our cry of "America for the Americans" is heeded and the Fashion Reform League leads the world.

Every American woman is eligible to become a member of the Fashion Reform League, which entitles her to all privileges, on payment of the customary fee; you are thus kept informed of the latest styles. On entering our



OPERA NEAR-GOWN

MATERIAL FOR NECK, BACK AND ARMS, *peau poudrée*,  
THE REMNANT OF GOWN OF *n'importe brodée*

establishment you are first looked over critically by one of our trained artists. Every possibility is noted—whether you are too fat or too thin, too long or too short, and so on; after this examination you are taken to a quiet room, where one of our breakers-in sits down with you and, looking tactfully into your eyes, tells you all your faults.

Do not be disturbed for the moment if the story seems a sad one; it is our business to make you over and our rule not to spare anyone at the start. To illustrate our methods, here is a letter just received from an ardent patron:

DEAR LEAGUE:

About a year ago, when I entered your establishment, a young man took me aside and told me that I was twenty-five pounds over weight, was lopsided, vulgar in appearance, didn't know how to carry myself, was short of hair, had a gunny bag complexion, and, in fact, was almost a hopeless case. I was so mad that I threatened to sue him for damages; however, I controlled myself and agreed, after a scene, to take your advice; now I have a svelte figure, my hair is growing like wheat in the Kansas belt, my cheeks are alabaster, and I have developed such a languid air of utter indifference that my friends are all green with jealousy.

Gratefully yours,

This lady was even worse than we made her out; indeed, such tender hearts have our critics that oftentimes they shrink from telling the fatal truth. Be prepared to have your feelings hurt, but, remember, that it is all done for art's sake. In six months after you have gone through our establishment you may be able to capture a millionaire.

In the meantime, if you are living out of town step in on your next visit and have a wax mold made of your figure. Our new method enables us to do this easily and



THE "GOAT" PALETOT  
RUSSIAN SABLE *paletot* FOR  
LADY WHO LIKES TO GO SLUM-  
MING, BUT WISHES TO AVOID AT-  
TENTION.

without any particular pain. You simply step into a warm wax bath up to your neck and wait for it to cool; we then break it away and use it as a mold to reproduce your figure in any medium you may select, from plaster of Paris to solid gold. After this all that is necessary for you to do is to send us your weight; if you fall off a couple of pounds we reduce the figure accordingly; if you gain, we pad it. Thus we can make your clothes right here and ship them to you anywhere, either by parcels post, express or freight, according to weight.

As we reproduce your complexion and the color of your hair, we can also select your hats. We ship all our hats in hand-painted crates specially made for this purpose.

In addition to these purely physical details, we also enter upon our books a description of your temperament—whether you are vivacious or sad, a dashing blonde or a buxom brunette—nothing omitted and naught set down in malice.

We have just started a new department, which is a course of instruction in how to give an afternoon reception.

We show you what people you may safely omit and where you can place your husband to make him really useful.

Send for our latest list of reception gowns, from one thousand up.

OLD CLOTHES DEPARTMENT.

(This department is designed to help those of our patrons who wish to dispose of their wardrobes. Only five dollars a line charged.)

I have an automobile costume for which I paid three thousand dollars, and have used it for five years without a puncture. Will dispose of it to out of town party weighing 250 pounds for eighty dollars.  
BIRDIE.

I have outgrown my pajamas. Will dispose of them cheap to desirable party. Leaving for Chicago.—Mrs. B., this office.

Four golden brown rats wanted by lady in reduced circumstances. Send sample strand. Must be a bargain.  
ADELE S.

*Life's Fashion Reform League.*



HOME, SWEET HOME

**HOKUS:** Brownsmith was after a political job for a long time. What's he doing now?

**POKUS:** Nothing. He got it.

**YOU** can lead a magnate to an investigation, but you can't make him remember.



LOOK FOR THIS PICTURE

in the Christmas Number of LIFE, out on Tuesday, December 5. It will contain the winning title of the contest, which began in LIFE's Thanksgiving Number, and which closed on November 18. In the same number will be published about twenty-five of the best titles received.

(NOTE.—In LIFE's issue of November 9 it was stated that the above picture would not be published again. This referred to its use as a guide for contestants. In the present instance it is used simply as a reminder.)



### Chicago Barnstorming in New York



ONCE more New York has voted "No" on the question, "Do you like Ibsen?" The propounder in the present instance was "The Drama Players," an organization backed by wealthy persons in Chicago, Ill., and which later on proposes to do something in the way of theatrical uplift in that city. Just why the Chicago company should experiment first on New York, and just why it should start with a second or third rate Ibsen play when New York has never cared for Ibsen at his best, are mysteries the like of which can only be conceived by experimenters with the theatre.

New York is big enough not to pay much attention to the fact that it was being used as a dog-town for Chicago; it went to see the Ibsen piece, "The Lady of the Sea," once, concluded it didn't like it and didn't go any more. The play may create a furore in Chicago, and its New York failure may be an argument in its favor. LIFE doesn't believe that that fact or any other can make Chicago or any other place take kindly to "The Lady of the Sea," but if it does, the laugh will be on Chicago. Therefore it is quite enough to say that the play is one of Ibsen's most dreary and commonplace dramas dealing principally with the vagaries of a wife who has never been quite right in her head since the birth and death of her child. It was given a perfectly fair trial in the nature of its performance by the Chicago organization, the cast, although not by any means a great one, being quite competent to show that the play contained no acting possibilities.



IN its second effort, Molière's "Les Femmes Savantes," played as "The Learned Ladies" in a translation by Mr. Curtis Hidden Page, the Chicago company had much better material and appeared to much better advantage. The translation was not on an expert poetical plane, but it recited and rhymed sufficiently well to carry the spirit of the old satirical comedy. Its raillery at feminine affectation of learning seemed almost apropos of the present Suffragist assumption of knowl-

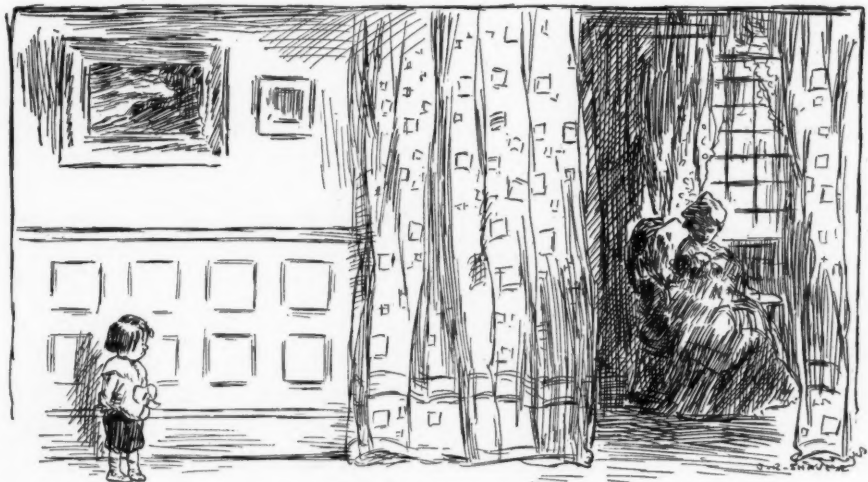
edge of public affairs. External truths will not down and Molière's fun at the expense of women's fondness for fads was very far from lacking in contemporary point. Its simplicity of plot and our modern sapience in the mechanics of the drama made it appear primitive in method, but even so there was no question of its hold on the attention of a modern audience.

The performance was an excellent one throughout and if Chicago can hold these artists together the organization will supply to that city something which New York does not possess, a good stock company. The director, Mr. Donald Robertson, had the rôle of *Chrisale*, and although he was not able to supply to it the humor that a French artist or even some of our older comedians would, he played it in straight, first-old-man fashion. In the male cast the honors went to Mr. Fred Eric as *Clitandre* and to Mr. Edward Emery, who was thoroughly at ease as *Trissotin*, although playing it with more deliberation than sparkle. It was good to see Effie Shannon and Mr. Herbert Kelcey back on the New York stage, although in an out-of-town company. As *Armande* and *Ariste* their rôles were not important, but were handled with the ease that goes with experience and competence. Renee Kelly, who played *Henriette*, is a young and attractive actress who seems to have a future which will be better assured when she overcomes a tendency to just a little bit too much energy in her delivery and movements. That excellent English artist, Charlotte Granville, made a sufficiently domineering *Philaminte*. *Belise*, the spinster, who like other learned ladies never took her eye off the main chance of matrimony, was amusingly portrayed by Eugenie Woodward.

If this company had not wasted its first energies on the Ibsen play, it would be easier to estimate its possibilities. As it is, it shows artistic conscientiousness in preparation, very good ensemble work, but as yet no great distinction of speech or manner.



THERE has been considerable complaint of late about the lack of plot in our musical shows. The sluggards in this particular among our librettists should go to "The



"WELL, I S'POSE MOTHER KNOWS HER BUSINESS, BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT WE NEEDED A BABY FOR."



MR. FRED LENNOX, GEORGIA CAINE AND MR. FRED WALTON IN "THE THREE ROMEOs"

Three Romeos." They could help themselves generously and what they took never would be missed. There was so much of it that even at the end of the last of the three acts no one in the audience was at all clear as to what it was all about. Part of the plot was laboriously unfolded early in the proceedings. Then there was an interim of singing and dancing by lady principals and a numerous chorus. Then the plot unfolded a few more complications. Then some male comedians did something with the aid of the ever merry chorus. Then a few more links of plot were loosened up, and so it goes on. There is a lot of catchy although not particularly original music, including the inevitable moonlight and flower songs, several laughable ditties, two or three mechanical surprises, but the plot asserts itself at frequent intervals to keep the audience guessing.

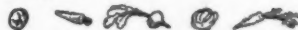


ETHEL CADMAN

In the company are Georgia Caine, handsomely gowned and thoroughly at home as musical show prima donna, Elita Proctor Otis with her *grande dame* comedy, Ethel Cadman, a pretty girl who sang her solos painfully off the key, Mr. Fritz Williams, debonair as usual, and Messrs. Fred Walton, William Danforth and Fred Lennox, all sufficiently amusing eccentric artists, so it will be seen that "The Three Romeos" is not lacking in talent. Mr. R. H. Burnside has provided more fun in the way of lines and songs than usually falls to the lot of the musical show.

After it has been boiled down a bit and a few kilometres have been vivisected out of that plot, "The Three Romeos"

ought to be considerably better than "also ran" in the musical show purse-race.



"THE Red Widow" also has a plot which it appears the authors of this musical show libretto consciously or unconsciously absorbed from a sensationnally successful novel of a few years ago. As a consequence the owners of the novel's copyright have successfully declared themselves in on a division of the royalties. Having been taken from a book, this plot is unusually cogent for an entertainment of this sort and really adds to the interest.

Besides a plot "The Red Widow" has a comedian whose fun is of a higher grade than that usually allotted to the dialect or vaudeville actor whose name appears at the top of the bills as a guarantee that there will be nothing new or intelligent in the fun-making. Mr. Raymond Hitchcock has been at this kind of work for a long time, but still manages to give to everything that he does and says a new twist of drollery. The title part falls to a competent and good looking young singer with the distinguished name of Sophie Barnard. In a not specially distinguished cast the stately Jeane Newcombe and Gertrude Vanderbilt's dancing are conspicuous. "The Red Widow," although the music is rather commonplace, is really funny. Its authors, Messrs. Renold Wolf and Channing Pollock, are to be congratulated on everything but their misfortune with their plot. *Metcalfe.*



Astor—Mr. Raymond Hitchcock in "The Red Widow." See above.

Belasco—"The Return of Peter Grimm." Mr. David Warfield and good support in well staged but rather sombre drama dealing with life after death.

Broadway—"The Never Homes." Musical show produced by Mr. Lew Fields in his usual elaborate fashion and showing what may happen when the Suffragettes get control of things.

Casino—"The Kiss Waltz." Musical show, well staged and with the Viennese waltz its main feature.

Century—"The Garden of Allah." Unusually elaborate spectacle and Mr. Hichens's well-known novel in dramatic form.

Cohan's—"The Little Millionaire." Cohan musical show calculated to delight those who like Mr. George M. Cohan and his art.

Comedy—"Bunty Pulls the Strings." Unusual, diverting and exceptionally well acted comedy of Scotch life.

Criterion—"Passers-By." Very English and moderately interesting play distinguished by well delineated types of London low life.

Daly's—Viola Allen in "The Lady of Coventry." Notice later.

Empire—Last week but one of Mr. John Drew and his good company in the agreeable English society comedy, "A Single Man."

Globe—"The Three Romeos." See above.

Harris—"Maggie Pepper," with Rose Stahl as the star. Rather interesting melodrama dealing with department store life.

Herald Square—"The Wife Hunters." Ordinary musical show with the customary attraction of costumes, scenery and chorus girls.

Hippodrome—Ballet, spectacle and "Around the World," the last a series of brilliant stage pictures.

Hudson—"The Price," with Helen Ware. Sex drama reasonably interesting and fairly well acted.

Knickerbocker—"The Siren." Musical show of the Viennese type with Mr. Donald Brian's dancing the feature.

Lyceum—"The Runaway." Miss Billie Burke admirably fitted with the star part in an amusing French comedy.

Lyric—"The Drama Players from Chicago in Ibsen and Moliere. See above.

Maxine Elliott's—The Irish Players in repertory. Notice later.

Park—"The Quaker Girl." Very dainty musical show from London unusually well cast.

Playhouse—"Bought and Paid For." American drama moving at points and laughable at others. Extremely well done.

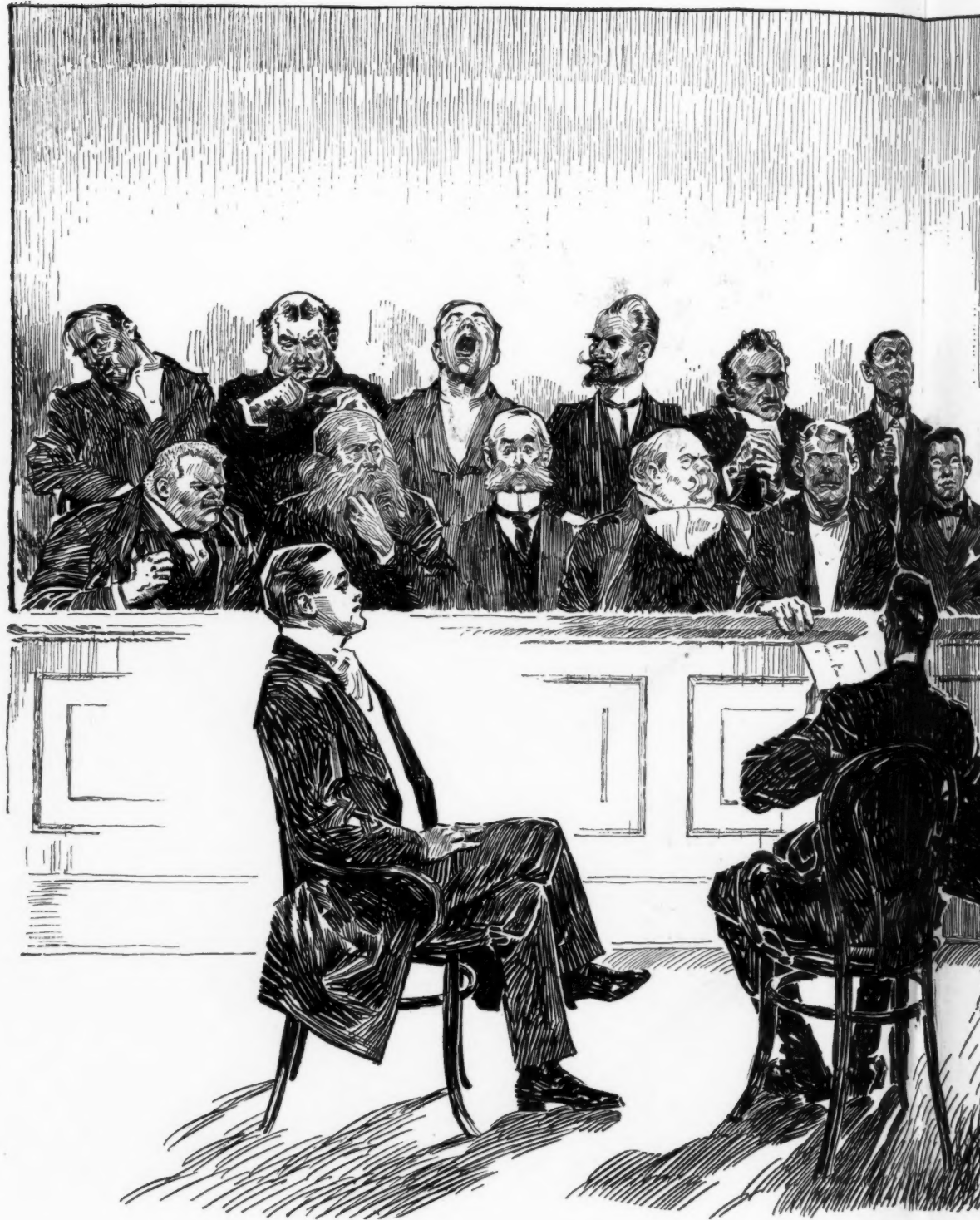
Republic—"The Woman." Strong and well acted play illuminating the methods of corrupt politicians in Washington.

Thirty-ninth Street—"The Million." An inconsequential but very laughable farce from the French.

Wallack's—Mr. George Arliss's faithful delineation of Disraeli in agreeable little play of that name.

Weber's—"The Wife Decides." Notice later.

Winter Garden—"Vera Violetta," with Gaby Deslys and a new bill of variety and extravaganza.



The Intelligent Gentlemen



gentlemen of the Jury

## Old Books for New

*The Advantage of Being Overtaken by the Past, as Illustrated in Books by Edward Carpenter and Arnold Bennett*

UNCLE EPH was an old darkey in Northern Georgia, who owned a lop-eared mule. The animal was reputed to possess great speed, but was even more renowned for its ability to balk and for the wisdom attributed to it by its owner, who was wont to declare, "Yas, sah, she's a mean mule, but she's 'meanable to reason, sah, 'meanable to reason." One fall he entered her in a trotting race at the county fair and she actually led the field well into the back-stretch. But there she balked. And nothing that her driver could do or say could induce her to move a step. Finally, the other contestants made the circuit of the half-mile track and thundered up again from behind, and as they passed him the old man leaned forward and called out, "Come along, Jinny! You'll never get another chance like this for catching up!"

The appearance of two brand new American editions of two long issued, but little known, English books, Edward Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age" (Mitchell Kennerley, \$1.00) and Arnold Bennett's "The Truth About an Author" (George H. Doran, \$1.00), confronts us with a similar, not-to-be-neglected opportunity.

FIFTEEN years ago when Edward Carpenter wrote "Love's Coming of Age; a Series of Papers on the Relations of the Sexes," there not only was no English publisher who had the courage to publish it, but the chances are that there was not one who would have wanted to had he dared. It was not so much that questions of sex were taboo as that it was still taken for granted by universal Anglo-Saxon consent that openly to regard nature as natural was to be guilty of the one unpardonable sin against nicemindedness. So far, indeed, was this principle carried that not to show one's self constantly conscious of the immanence of the obscene was to be lacking in the finer forms of breeding. Thus ladies and literature were both adjudged to be everything that the most scrupulous delicacy could require if they lowered their eyes

bashfully and blushed a little whenever they had occasion to refer to one of their acquaintances having broken a—limb.

Under these circumstances it is scarcely to be wondered at that when the author of these exquisitely written papers—so simple in their seeking after truth, so amazingly bisexual in their understanding, so fervent in their plea for the manumission of love through the abolition of sex slavery—published them at his own expense, he only gained at home a reputation for libidinous estheticism; while in America, which in prurient prudery was more royalist than the king, he was never mentioned in mixed company.

But the world moves, and America—now running ahead like an active child and now hanging timorously back like a bashful one—moves with it. And in its walk the world has discovered Edward Carpenter. Let us, too (remember, please, that we have been tagging along with "The Dangerous Age" in one pocket and "The Common Law" in the other), step up and hear what he has to say.

ELEVEN years ago, when Arnold Bennett wrote his anonymous autobiographical sketch, "The Truth About an Author," he managed, after considerable difficulty to find a publisher for it. But the firm undoubtedly regretted the venture, for the book was a complete failure; and even after the author acknowledged the work and began to be famous it was only, generally speaking, known of by

the knowing and only spoken of, even by them, with raised eyebrows as a curious indiscretion of his youth.

But it wasn't because Arnold Bennett was unknown in 1900 that this piquant piece of professional frankness was frowned down. It was because, with malicious delight and undeviating honesty, it told the truth about some things connected with the mysteries of art and the psychology of authors that it was then thought only self-respectful to lie about, even to one's self.

And it is not because Mr. Bennett has since become a celebrity that we now chortle with glee over the book's refreshing candor. It is because, in the meantime, we have become more interested in the actual workings of the human mind than in the maintenance of a conventionally dignified make-believe.

J. B. Kerfoot.

AGNES: Am I the first and only girl you ever loved?

FROST: Yep, the rest have all been married women.



### CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



*Creative Evolution*, by Henri Bergson. A constructive and critical philosophy based upon a masterly analysis of, and differentiation between, instinct and intellect.

*The Common Law*, by Robert W. Chambers. A story with a purpose. The story being that of a New York artist who wants to marry his model, and the purpose being the disguised exploiting of sensuality.

*The Dangerous Age*, by Karin Michaelis. A woman's diary written during the morbid forties. A "human document" of interest to pathologists.

*Kennedy Square*, by F. Hopkinson Smith. A typically Hopkinson-Smithsonian tale enveloped in the pink and purple atmosphere of happy-hearted reminiscence.

*Hilda Lessways*, by Arnold Bennett. The independent history of the heroine of "Clayhanger." An original and surprisingly effective experiment in fiction.

*The Iron Woman*, by Margaret Deland. The story of the later life of *Helena Ritchie* and of the youth of *David*, her adopted son. One of the best of recent American novels.

*Ethan Frome*, by Edith Wharton. The story of a New England tragedy. A novelette of gem-like lustre and hardness.

*The Life Everlasting*, by Marie Corelli. Mysticism gone mad.

*Love's Coming of Age*, by Edward Carpenter. See above.

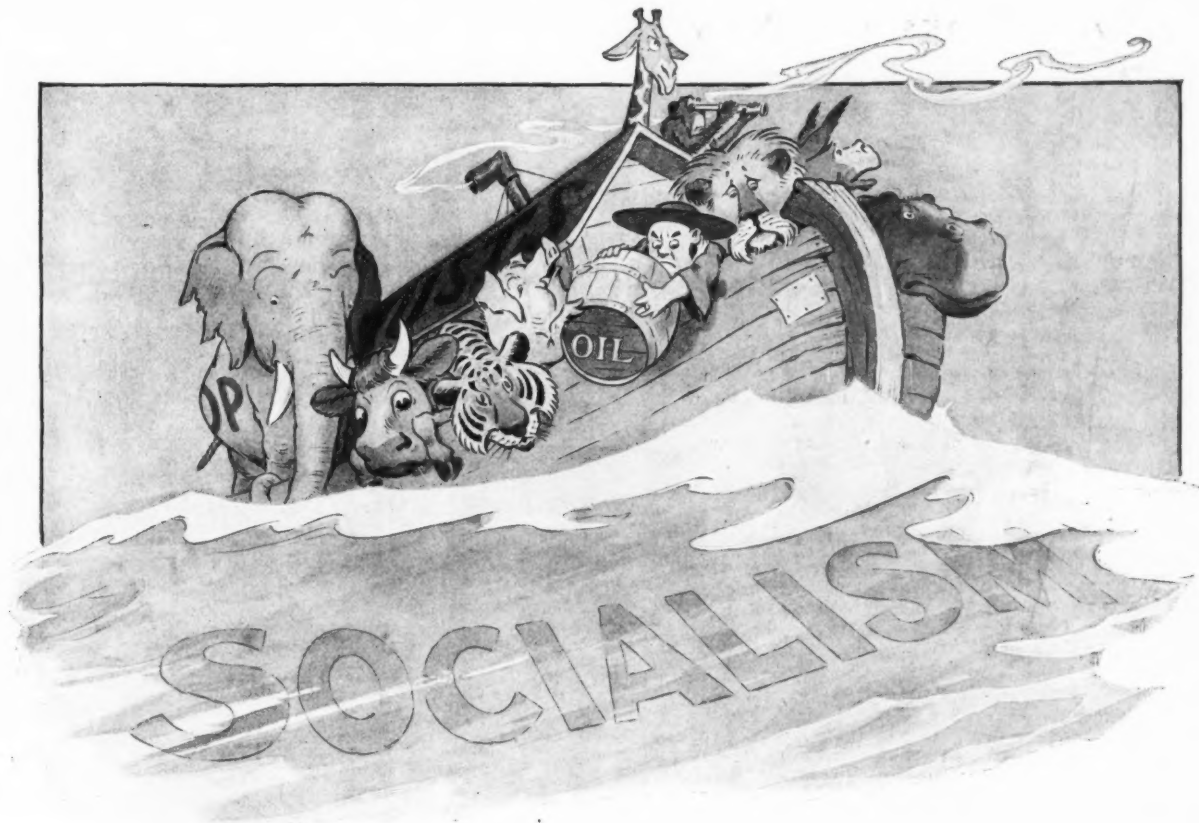
*My Life*, by Richard Wagner. The vivid record of self-centered life.

*The Nine-Tenths*, by James Oppenheim. A book which, by earnestly trying to be both a good novel and a good sociological treatise, fails to be either.

*Researches on the Evolution of the Stellar Systems*, by T. J. J. See. A colossal work by an American astronomer containing a new, carefully elaborated and strongly defended theory of the origin of the solar system and the mechanism of the heavens.

*The Truth About an Author*, by Arnold Bennett. See above.





THE RISING FLOOD

Approacheth Winter!

**O** SHORTENING, shortening days! (And lengthening bills from the electric light company, gas office, coal-oil man, *et al.*) I feel the sharp, crisp air. (And wonder, as I feel, how the kids' last winter's flannels held out.) I can almost already hear the creak of spotless snow under foot. (I can likewise hear Robbie's cough and feel the well-rocked snowballs against my cheek, sent by some lusty juvenile.) It is no wonder that the festive days of all the year should come now. (And a little extra summer expense in the form of certain vacation gambols is now supplemented with such Thanksgiving and Christmas expenditures as clear the pocketbook of any small change left therein.) What shall it be—a sympathetic rendering of "Winter" or the more jubilant "In the Good Old Summertime"?  
R. G. S.

An Advertisement

**W**ANTED—A Culture. Something impressive and elevating and admiration-compelling. Something that fits in with modern speed and modern leisure and which requires a great many dollars to purchase. Something that is so exclusive that a man who works for two dollars a day, when he can find a job, cannot possibly acquire it.

The old forms of culture are no longer adequate. The ability to quote a little Latin and a little Greek and a little Shakespeare and a little Emerson no longer serves to set one apart from *hoi polloi*. It is too easy. A few hours in the library or a correspondence course does the work in less time than it takes to tell it.

What we need is something that is perfectly useless, but at the same time mysterious and awe-inspiring.

**R**EVOLUTION—A time when the people cease to follow one set of leading citizens and select a new set.



A PLAIN CIGARETTE CASE

## A Mayor on Literature

When I pick up *The Outlook*, for instance, and read some of Dr. Abbott's learned writings, they seem to me so turgid that I turn over to the advertisements in the back and begin to read them, and I find relief immediately. . . . Or if I pick up, say—to go from one extreme to the other—a copy of *LIFE*, and read over the jokes, which turn out to be as turgid as Dr. Abbott's logic, I have nothing to do in that case, either, except to turn a few pages over to the advertisements and find complete relief right away. And so it goes through all the magazines.—Mayor Gaynor to the Advertising Men's League of New York.

A WAY with idle jest and futile fiction!  
I'll read instead this Ode to Slaughter's Lord.  
Your race of scribes has earned my malediction  
Except, of course, the Advertising Bard.  
These foolish scribbling folk that strive to tell me  
Their "views," forsooth!—I scorn the trash they write;  
But he that hath a razor-strop to sell me  
Is always clever, terse—and most polite.  
More dear than all the saws of Epictetus  
(Though much I venerate that ancient sage),  
Appear the apothegms that rise to greet us  
Upon the merry Advertising Page.  
Besides, the pleasant treatises of barter  
Have no remarks upon my Perfect Charter.

Should Dr. Abbott pay me forty dollars  
To skim his turgid screeds, I'd still refuse;  
But oh, this Lullaby to Sawtooth Collars!  
And ah, that Serenade to Bunyon's Shoes!  
The papers,—bah! they rile me past endurance;  
The magazines are quite too much to bear;  
For me the siren song of Life Insurance,  
The young romance of Union Underwear!  
I love to hold discourse with Mr. Creelman  
About the words that charm me more and more  
Of—you know, what's-his-name, the rubber-heel-man,  
Or him that sings of Homburg's Dry Goods Store.  
Such Masters make no silly commentary  
On Lines to Old Dog Tray and Sister Mary!

Then wake! ye Muses Nine, and ring the changes  
On Brady's Beans and Jorum's Juice of Lime,  
And let the praise of Daw's Electric Ranges  
Go sounding down the corridors of Time!  
Oh, tell again of Herndon's Salad Dressing,  
Or Perkins's Peerless Dentifrice de Rose!  
Let none forget that unexampled blessing  
Dulaney's Patent Nickelplated Hose!  
And haste, Oblivion, to overwhelm forever  
Beneath thy shoreless, soundless midnight sea  
The evil tribe that seek,—oh vain endeavor!—  
To find the slightest peccancy in Me!  
The lies these fellows tell are most surprising.  
The only truth is found in Advertising!

Arthur Guiterman.

## Motor-Car Activities

THE automobile is waking up old Massachusetts. There are complaints about it. According to the *Springfield Republican* 100 Massachusetts people woke up dead because of it last year and 1,100 woke up injured. The *Republican* says: "Nothing like the present need for alertness has been known since the days when men went



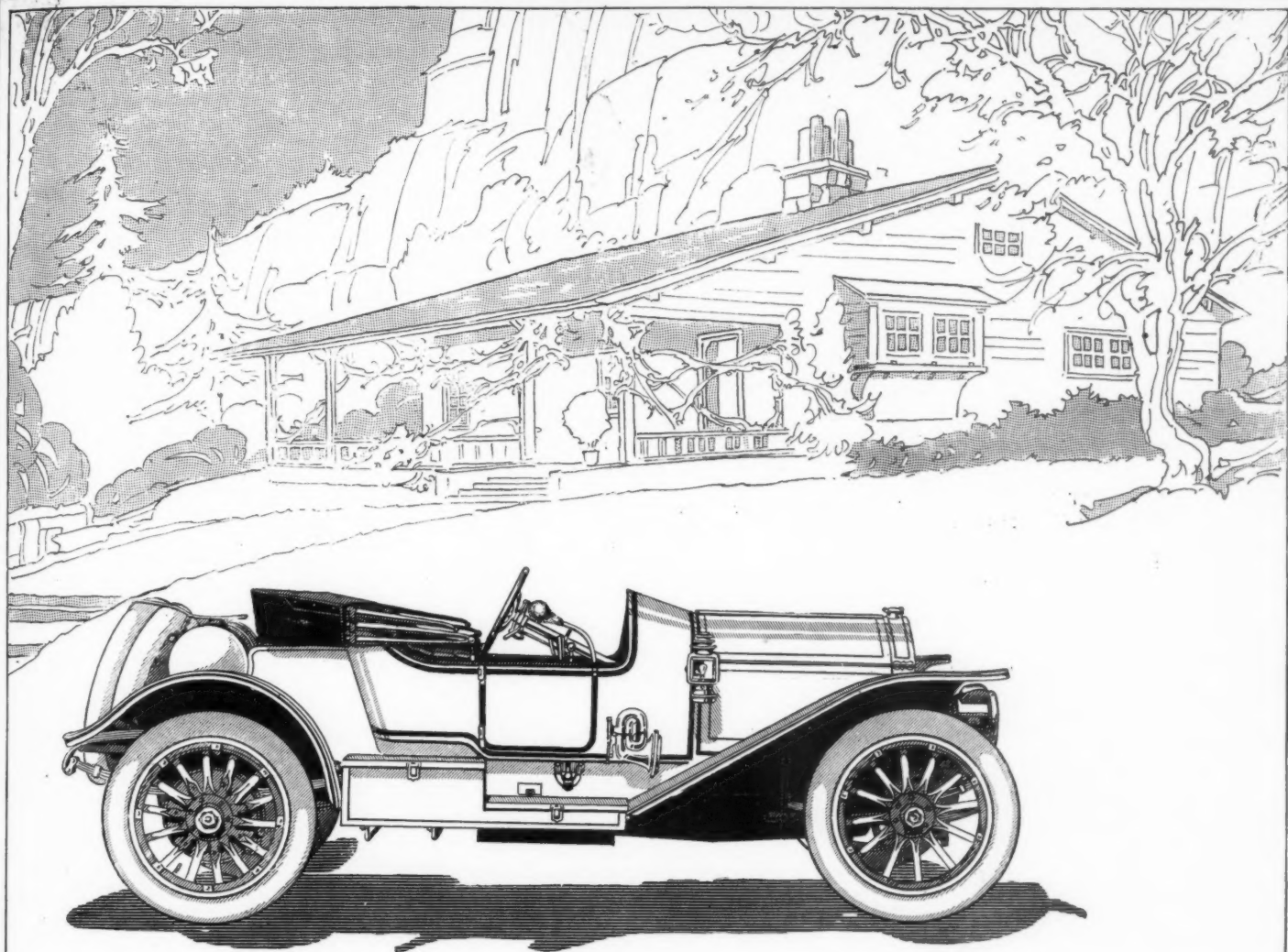
THE HUNTER CAN GET AROUND THE TREE, BUT CAN HE GET AROUND THE SQUIRREL?

armed and the fittest to survive was the one who saw the other first."

In Boston Mr. Moorfield Storey writes to the *Transcript* about it and suggests committees of public safety for self-defense.

They say hereabouts that chauffeurs are improving in quality and deportment; are older than they were, and less rash. Perhaps so. It is also true that we are getting used to motor cars and are forming habits of looking out for them, so that we dodge and run by muscular instinct and without stopping to think.

Homicidal statistics have to be comparative to give true information. We would like to see tables that set forth the killings and injuries done by motor cars, trolley cars, horses, railroads, factories, mines, burglars, negroes, Italians and Other Citizens. But, in comparing horse and trolley car fatalities and injuries with those committed by motor cars, the respective numbers of horses, motor cars and trolley cars in use must be considered. Comparison per horse-power would be, perhaps, the fairest way of all.



# Stoddard-Dayton "Savoy"

**T**HE first Touring Roadster that ever approached the ideal. Not only approached it, but met it. No finer car for two people was ever designed. A baggage compartment, large enough to hold two big suit-cases, is gotten into only by pulling forward the back of the seats—making it dust and water-proof. Body is extra roomy, allowing for working both levers inside. Long leg room. Seat is so placed that greatest possible ease in riding is assured. Running-boards are clear and free from all annoying obstructions. Gasolene tank at rear holds 33 gallons. Wheelbase 122½ inches. Tires 36x4½. Valve-in-head motor, four-cylinders, 4¾ x 5. Double ignition system, including magneto and battery with separate sets of spark plugs. Quick-detachable, demountable rims, including one extra. Mohair top and top boot. Tire irons; Hartford shock absorbers; windshield; gas tank with five lamps; oil-electric side and tail lamps; tools, etc., all included (f.o.b. Dayton), \$2700. This same style body is also mounted on "Silent Knight" chassis, \$4900; and "Savoy" chassis, \$1350. Catalog of all models on request.



**Dayton Motor Car Company** 17 West 61st Street at Broadway **New York**

Division of **UNITED STATES MOTOR COMPANY**



**AUT SCISSORS  
AUT NULLUS**

**Only Technically**

"Is your child in bed by eight every evening?"  
"Technically, yes. We begin arguing about that time."—*Christian Advocate.*

**Bill's Way**

NEIGHBOR: I s'pose your Bill's 'ittin' the 'arp with the hangels now?  
LONG-SUFFERING WIDOW: Not 'im. 'Ittin the hangels wiv the 'arp's nearer 'is mark!—*Black and White.*

**Little Choice**

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL: You cannot stay in this country.  
TRAVELER: Then I'll leave it.  
RUSSIAN OFFICIAL: Have you a passport to leave?  
TRAVELER: No.  
RUSSIAN OFFICIAL: Then you cannot leave. I will give you twenty-four hours to decide what you will do.  
—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*



PAUL GOULD

Mike: SO, PAT, I HEAR YE'RE THINKIN' OF GOIN' TO WORK ON THE PANAMA CANAL?

Pat: I AM.

Mike: YOU'LL FIND IT VERY HOT DOWN THERE—AS MUCH AS 115° IN THE SHADE, THEY TELL ME.

Pat: WELL, YOU DON'T THINK I'LL BE DOM FOOL ENOUGH TO WORK IN THE SHADE ALL THE TOIME?

**One on George**

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed impatiently; "we'll be sure to miss the first act. We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."  
"Hours, I should say," he replied, rather tartly.  
"Ours?" she cried joyfully. "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"  
—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

**The Folks from Maine**

The Governor of Maine was at the school and was telling the pupils what the people of different States were called.  
"Now," he said, "the people from Indiana are called 'Hoosiers'; the people from North Carolina 'Tar Heels'; the people from Michigan we know as 'Michiganders.' Now, what little boy or girl can tell me what the people of Maine are called?"  
"I know," said a little girl.  
"Well, what are we called?" asked the Governor.  
"Maniacs."—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

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Their Way Through  
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**Life's College Students' League**  
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The Rich Men and the Wise Men

A wise man by a rich man once was with some shrewdness asked:  
 "How happens it that wise men oft are seen at rich men's door,  
 While ne'er at wise men's doors rich men are seen, barefaced or masked?"  
 The wise man through the rich man's soul this piercing answer pours:

Collect the Dust - Don't spread it!

Sweeping with brooms—even with "parlor sweepers"—merely churns the finer dust into the air of the building. Later the dust settles and covers every exposed surface. Then it is "dusted" off. This process is repeated daily.



Brooms or carpet sweepers can never eradicate this

dust. RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning is the only way.

With this method highly polished metal tools are moved over the surface to be cleaned, and every piece, part or particle of dust, dirt, sand, moths, larvae, etc., are instantly drawn away by suction. It raises the nap of the carpets and rugs, instead of crushing it down, as does the broom or carpet sweeper, keeping these furnishings fresh, bright and attractive at all times and doubling their life.

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RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning can be installed in any building, large or small, old or new, town or country. Wherever installed it will pay for itself in from eighteen to thirty months.

RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning embraces every provedly successful type of apparatus. It includes Hand Power Cleaners for \$29.00; Ten-Pound Portable Electric Cleaners for \$73.00, and built-in-House Plants for \$225.00 to a 40-sweeper plant such as cleans Marshall Field's Store, all on our "Easy Payment Plan" of 50 cents per week and upward, or a liberal discount will be allowed for cash.

The RICHMOND Portable Suction Cleaner shown in the illustration weighs but 10 pounds instead of 60. All that any portable cleaner can do, this one does. It is simple in construction. There is nothing to wear out. There are no gears, no diaphragms, no valves. Nothing to jiggle loose. To operate, simply attach to any electric lamp socket. Costs only one cent per hour to operate.

Our "Special Agency Plan" enables live, energetic young men to become the RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning Representatives of their respective communities. Our "Special Correspondence Course in Salesmanship" together with direct instructions from our trained representatives, insures success. Write for particulars. Local agents wanted everywhere.

Send for booklet entitled "How RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning Saves Money"; also reference book giving names of 1,800 prominent installations all over the world.

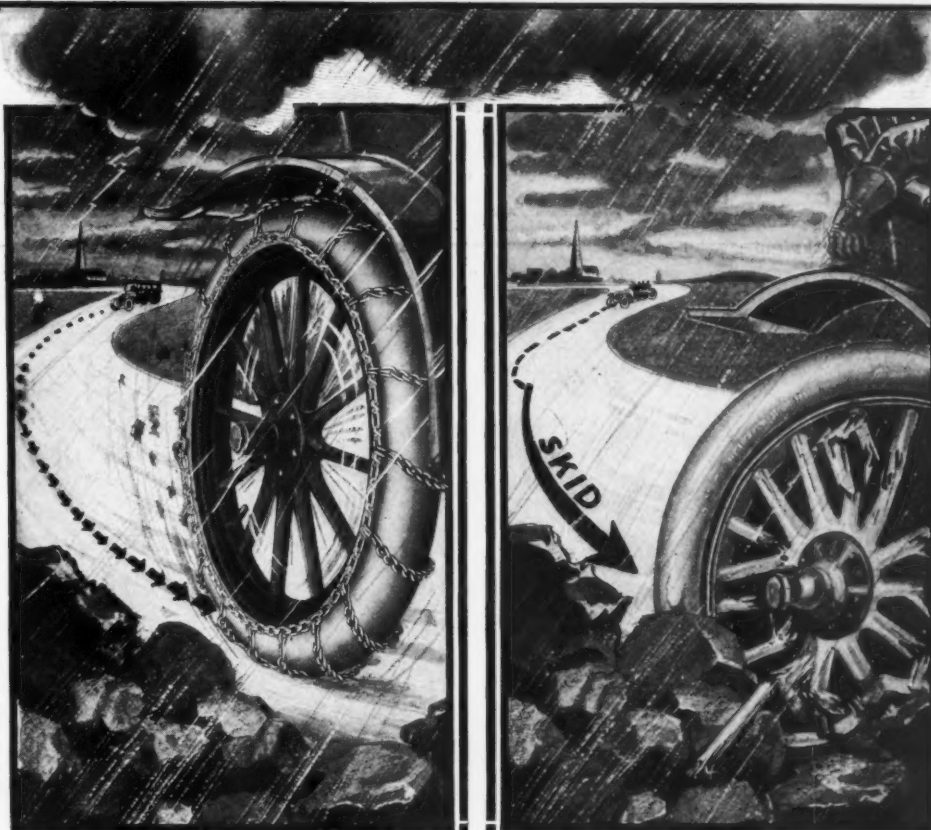
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Story of This Car

Rain and sleet. A muddy, icy, slippery road.

In the distance a car appeared. Steadily and with perfect traction it rapidly approached. On it came sure as a shuttle in the loom. With speed unchecked it struck the sharp curve. Yet it did not skid—it did not even slip or swerve from its course a single inch.

It swung around the curve, glided on its way—and safety went with it!

The driver of the car was thoughtful and careful. He always took Weed Chains with him—and he always put them on when it rained and when the road was sleety—because WEED ANTI-SKID CHAINS make skidding utterly impossible. SO HE HAD THEM ON HIS WHEELS WHEN HE CAME DOWN THE ROAD. The Result—A pleasant journey. A safe arrival.

At all Reputable Dealers

Weed Chains, because of their "Creeping Grip" cannot injure tires—they actually preserve them.

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co., 28 Moore St., New York City

Story of This Car

The same rain and sleet. The same muddy, icy, slippery road.

In the distance a car appeared. It slipped and swerved from side to side as it approached because the wheels did not hold to the road.

On came the car and peril came with it!

With speed unchecked the car struck the sharp curve.

Skid—Crash—Wreckage!

With foolish dependence on rubber alone, the thoughtless, careless driver neglected to take Weed Chains with him and did not put them on when it commenced to rain and to sleet the road.

Take Warning! You know that it is the height of folly to attempt to drive a car over slippery roads without the aid of Weed Chains. Then why in the name of reason do you do it? GET WEED CHAINS.

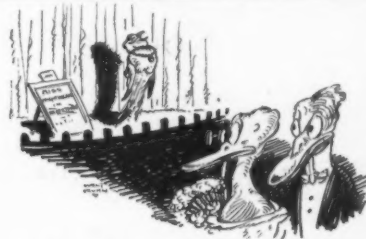


"It is because the wise men know that they of wealth have need, While the rich men of wisdom's use know not. 'Tis sad indeed!"  
 —Poetry of the Orient by W. R. Alger.

Declined With Thanks

The Duke of Wellington, who had a taste for anything that Napoleon had liked, applied to David the artist, who had painted Napoleon's portrait, requesting David to execute one of himself.

"Sir," replied David, "I paint only historical characters."



Mr. Drake: I TELL YOU, DEAR, THAT MUSIC MAY BE VERY FINE, BUT GIVE ME A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED QUACK ANY TIME.

**OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES**



**An Explanation**

"So you have been married! Did your husband die, or what?"  
 "The latter."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Good Intentions**

Mayor Speer of Denver at a recent temperance banquet was discussing a drink cure of little efficacy.

"When I think of this cure," he said, "I recall a poor old woman with a red nose who entered a magistrate's office and said:

"I'd like to take the pledge, if ye please."

"Very good," said the polite clerk. "And how long did you wish to take it for?"

"In the past," said the old woman, "I've always took it for life."

—San Francisco Chronicle.

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

**FOR CHRISTMAS**



Only \$28.50  
 Freight Prepaid  
 East of the Mississippi  
 Size of Chest:  
 48 1/2 in. long;  
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Your furs, blankets, linens, laces, silks and woolsens come from the fragrant depths of a Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest fresh with the aromatic perfume of Nature's great preserver and as perfect as the day they were laid away. ABSOLUTE PROTECTION FROM MOTHS, MICE, DUST AND DAMPENESS. A very decorative piece of furniture and makes the most acceptable of all Christmas gifts. Shipped DIRECT from factory, at factory prices, freight prepaid. 15 days' free trial. Send for our interesting booklet, "The Story of Red Cedar" and big illustrated catalog showing all styles and sizes of Chests, Upholstered Wardrobe Couches and Chiffoniers. WIDE PRICE RANGE. **PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 28, Statesville, N. C.**

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REALLY DELIGHTFUL

**The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum**

Strong in flavor, but not offensive.

A delicate morsel, refreshing the mouth and throat and allaying after-dinner or after-smoking distress. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement.

It's the peppermint—the true mint.



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 5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets  
 SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, 127 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



**Optimistic Lincoln**

Dr. Burleigh was one of the earliest settlers of Dakota and Montana, and was a boyhood friend of Abraham Lincoln. The doctor used to tell this Lincoln story on himself.

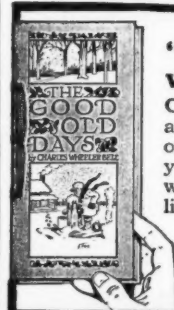
When Lincoln was nominated Burleigh was in Minnesota on his way to a logging camp. He laughed at the thought of Lincoln running for President, and went into the woods. He stayed in the woods until the following summer; when he came out he found

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

**Do YOU think "The Good Old Days" were the better days?**

Charles Wheeler Bell thinks so, and the way he proves it makes one of the funniest books of the year. Witty, snappy paragraphs with human nature in every line. Delicious pictures by Fox the famous cartoonist of the Chicago Evening Post.

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that Lincoln had not only been elected but inaugurated.

Burleigh hurried to Washington and demanded a job.

"What kind of a place do you want?" asked President Lincoln.

"Any kind—where there's not much work and big pay."

"I'm afraid," smiled Lincoln, "that most of those jobs are gone. I'll have my secretary look round and see what we can find for you. Come back tomorrow."

Burleigh went back.

"Burleigh," said President Lincoln, "there isn't much left. The best thing I can offer you is the agency of the Yankton Sioux Indians. It pays fifteen hundred dollars a year."

"But, Abe," expostulated Burleigh, "a man can't live on that salary! I'd either have to starve to death or rob the Government."

"Well, Burleigh," replied the President, "you'll never starve to death!"

—Saturday Evening Post.



**Yosemite National Park**

IN WINTER

A SCENE OF MAGIC BEAUTY

Snow Capped Mountains Frozen Waterfalls Flowing Streams  
 Beneath Tunnels of Snow Sleighing, Skating, Tobogganing

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### The Village Choir

Half a bar, half a bar,  
Half a bar onward;  
Into an awful ditch,  
Choir and precentor hitch,  
Into a mess of pitch,


They led the Old Hundred.  
Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,  
Bellowed and thundered.

Oh, that precentor's look,  
When the sopranos took  
Their own time and hook  
From the Old Hundred.

Screached all the trebles here,  
Bogled the tenors there,  
Raising a parson's hair  
While his mind wandered.  
Theirs not to reason why  
This psalm was pitched too high;  
Theirs but to gasp and cry  
Out the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,  
Bellowed and thundered.  
Stormed they with shout and yell  
Not wise they sang nor well  
Drowning the sexton's bell  
While the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare  
Flashed his pitchfork in air  
Sounding fresh keys to bear  
Out the Old Hundred.



The many who have worn Jaeger Underwear do not need to be told of its merits. The few who have not should lose no time in adopting it, as it benefits pocket as well as health in the end.

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# Oakland

"THE CAR WITH A CONSCIENCE"

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"WE believe when a good engineer designs a car, the basic principles, aside from simplicity and accessibility, are to eliminate friction, guard against distortion, reduce wear to a minimum, and deliver the maximum horse power to the driving wheels with the least possible loss."

There you have in a nutshell the story of Oakland construction. Add to this mechanical standard, low-hanging, straight-line bodies, with disappearing hinges; luxurious and durable upholstery; positive refinement of finish—and you have an adequate idea of the Oakland product.

Oakland cars are made in three chassis sizes; from thirty to forty-five horse power; a wide range of prices and body designs.



The New Model "40"—\$1450 (top and windshield extra)

### OAKLAND CARS FOR 1912

**The New Model "40"—\$1450.** 5-passenger fore-door touring car; inside control; motor, 4 1/2" x 4 3/4"; Schebler carburetor; square tube radiator; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base, 112"; tires, 34" x 4".

**Other Types of the New Model "40"**

**"Sociable" Roadster—\$1450.** Torpedo body; seats three persons on one seat.

**"Colonial" Coupe—\$1900.** Seats three persons; electrically lighted.

**The New Model "45"—\$2100.** 7-passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor, 4 1/2" x 5 1/4"; Bosch magneto; Schebler carburetor; full floating rear axle; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base, 120"; tires, 36" x 4 1/2"; demountable rims.

**The New Model "45"—7-passenger Limousine—\$3000.**

**The New Model "39"—\$1200.** 5-passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor, 4" x 4"; Schebler carburetor; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base, 106"; tires, 34" x 3 1/2".

**The Oakland "Oriole"—\$1200.** 30 h. p. roadster, torpedo body; motor, 4" x 4"; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base, 100"; tires, 32" x 3 1/2".

**The Model "26"—\$1050 (with fore doors); \$1000 (open front);** 2-passenger, 30 h. p. roadster; motor, 4" x 4"; wheel base, 100"; tires, 32" x 3 1/2".

Oakland cars have won 14 firsts in hill climbs and endurance runs so far this season—in addition to finishing several non-competitive runs with perfect scores.

**OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., 3600 Oakland Avenue, Pontiac, Mich.**

Established dealers are invited to make application for open territory

Write for Advance Catalogue

Swiftly he turned his back,  
Reached he his hat from rack,  
Then from the screaming pack,  
Himself he sundered.

Tenors to right of him,  
Trebles to left of him,  
Discords behind

Bellowed and thundered.  
Oh, the wild howls they wrought!  
Right to the end they fought  
Some tune they sang, but not,  
Not the Old Hundred.

Anonymous.



TRADE MARK  
**EVERSTICK**  
REGISTERED TRADE MARK  
INVISIBLE RUBBERS

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

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Always for sale where good shoes are sold  
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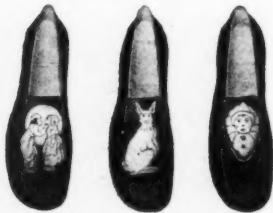
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Women's, Black, Red, Brown, Light and Dark Gray, Purple, Wine, Old Rose, Lavender, Taupe, Pink, Wistaria and Light Blue . . . . . \$1.50  
Delivered



## Picture Comfys For Children

Dutch Kids and Rabbit . . . . . Brown, Blue  
Clown . . . . . Red, Pink, Light Blue  
Misses' \$1.25, Child's \$1.10  
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## The Tailor-Made

Women's, Navy Blue, Light and Dark Gray, Price Red, Wine, Brown and Black . . . . . \$1.25  
Men's, Red, Brown, Navy Blue, Dark Gray. 1.50  
Delivered

Send for our handsome Illustrated Catalogue No. 32, showing many new styles.

**Dan'l Green Felt Shoe Co.**  
110-112 East 13th St., New York

### About Poets

Poets are born, not made, and many of them are born with odd and even disagreeable characteristics. Some men are born poets, while it is true that some acquire poetry while others have poetry thrust upon them. Poetry is like the faculty, if I may so denominate it, of being able to voluntarily move the ears. It is a gift. It cannot be taught to others.—Bill Nye.

## A Christmas Present That Doesn't End With Christmas

But goes right on during the entire year: coming 12 times to the one you give it: a year's subscription to **THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL**. It is only a dollar and a half. Not much to you, perhaps, but more than some women can afford. Wouldn't it be a welcome visitor to them? We have an artistic Christmas card that goes with the gift, to be received on Christmas Day, saying that it is from you.

Can we solve at least one Christmas-present question for you in this way?

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# Garford

MOTOR CARS

Society is our great pace maker. It selects and rejects for the whole nation. It decides the correct and incorrect. It sets style and regulates fashion. It chooses impartially and answers to no one. Its choice is always a positive indication of that which is right and best.

For years the Garford has held the right of way among the most fashionable folk in America. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish for five solid years would have no other car. She always drove in her Garford whether in this country or abroad. Mrs. Potter Palmer, another social leader of two continents, always chose the Garford. And these two women had every motor car in the world at their disposal. They chose the Garford not alone for its luxurious comfort, but for the fact that it had proved itself a practical, reliable utility. Besides that, the Garford must have fitted in with their idea of conservative exclusiveness and proper individuality. It has always looked and performed as a thoroughbred. It is now an established fact, among the most aristocratic people of the civilized world, that the Garford is the finest and most distinctive American car built.

Here we show the "Forty" Town car priced at \$4800—correct in every detail—mechanically as perfect as the most eminent engineers can make it, with a magnificent body—rare in its design—rich in its hand polished coach finish.

The Garford line now includes a "Four-Thirty" and "Six-Fifty." We would like to send you a handsome book which shows the complete line. When you write please ask for Book C.

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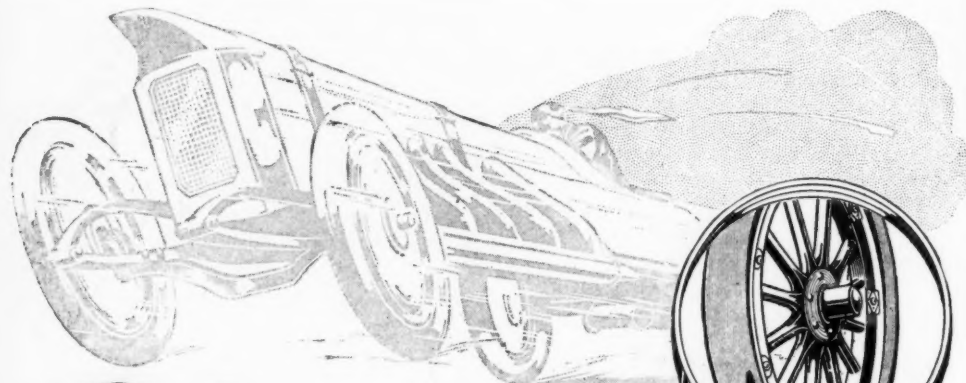
We will show a polished chassis of the most advanced six-cylinder car made, at both the New York and Chicago automobile shows. If interested in trucks ask for a truck book.



### Securing a Tenor

The *Cornhill Magazine* tells this story: "A French impresario was taking out to New Orleans an opera company, which by special agreement was only to include one tenor. Foreigners are usually bad sailors, and the first few days all the members of the company were seasick, one of the effects of which malady is that it weakens the voice so much that people are frequently hoarse for several days after their recovery. Ac-

cordingly, as soon as the singers could crawl on deck, they commenced to try their voices, and among them the tenor, who, always anxious to occupy a distinguished position, went on the bridge of the steamer for the purpose. What was his surprise on hearing an echo of his own—voice—another tenor. His amazement became disgust when he heard the third tenor running up the scale, a fourth, a fifth. He looked forward and saw two men eyeing him and each other with intense hatred; he looked aft and



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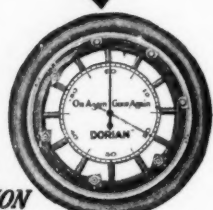
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**French Bull Dogs**

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

SHELTER ISLAND HEIGHTS, N. Y.

Telephone, 47 Shelter Island.



CH. CHARLEMANGE

saw two others similarly occupied. The five tenors simultaneously made a rush below to the manager's cabin and demanded whether he had not expressly stipulated to each of them that he was to be his only tenor. "I know, I know," replied the manager, "and I will keep my word. You see, none of you have been to New Orleans before or you would understand. When we arrive the yellow fever is sure to be raging, and as you are fresh from Europe two of you will probably be carried off before you land and two more during the rehearsal. One will probably survive; he will be my first and only tenor."

### Good Living

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, the Welshman said: "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner."

"Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese."

### Know Your Car



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enables you to get more and better service and longer life from your car. Contains 512 pages of intensely practical, time and money-saving information. Fully indexed for ready reference. 380 illustrations. Written so clearly and simply anyone can understand it. Indispensable to owners, drivers, repair men.

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## Rhymed Reviews

### The Knight-Errant

(By Robert Alexander Wason. Small, Maynard & Company.)

Observe, dear friends, a modern fad,  
The patent, non-heroic hero  
Whose net achievements, good and bad,  
Amount to half a rimless zero.

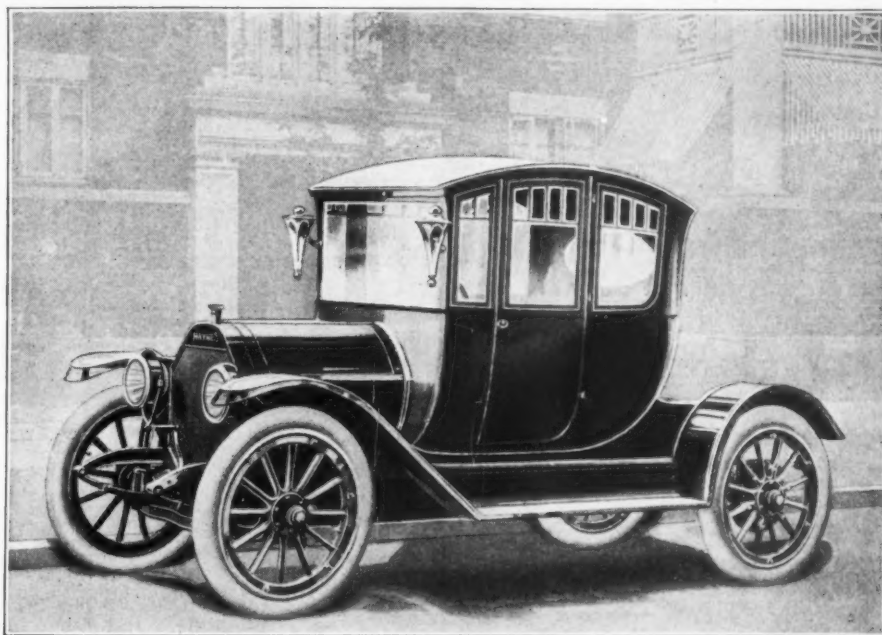
He may not conquer tyrant kings  
The walls of moated castles scaling,  
But, while attempting lots of things  
Must always make a point of failing.

A hero of this bootless sort  
Was wealthy Mr. Philip Lytton,  
A happy, idle, careless sport  
As harmless as a pussy-kitten,

But Edith Hampton asked him, please,  
To use his money, mind and muscle,  
And so for love, abjuring ease,  
He sallied forth to work and hustle.

That is, he plunged with growing zest,  
Till, thinking every speculation  
Had turned out wrong, he hurried West  
To mend or shirk the situation.

Be sure he failed at every trade;  
He knew not whence a meal was coming,



## Beautiful HAYNES Cars

FOR nearly twenty years the Haynes has had all the sturdiness, engine-excellence and superior construction that the best automobile experience and skill could command. And now for 1912 we have added grace of lines and beauty of finish and equipment not surpassed by *any* automobile at any price.

Haynes Model 21 Colonial Coupe has scored a triumph since its introduction a month ago. It will be one of the most popular cars on American boulevards this winter. Haynes Newport and Berlin limousines reflect *character* in every detail.

All Haynes enclosed bodies are *positively* interchangeable with Haynes touring bodies, Model 21 Colonial Coupe for this winter and the same chassis with a roomy 5-passenger touring body for next summer makes an ideal combination at a price only slightly higher than the Coupe alone.

The Haynes for 1912 offers a complete line of body types, on our two standard chassis: Model 21, 40-h. p., 4½x5½ motor, 120 inch wheel base; Model Y, 50-60-h. p., 5x5½ motor, 127½ inch wheel base. Prices \$2100 to \$3900, fully equipped.

Write for 1912 Haynes catalogue, and name of our dealer nearest you. Address

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO., Dept. C Kokomo, Indiana  
1715 Broadway, NEW YORK 1702 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

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When Miriam, alluring maid,  
Commissioned him to take her slum-  
ming.

Alas, she loved our luckless Phil,  
But loved in vain, though fine and  
clever;

For Philip's soul was loyal still  
To Edith,—lost, he thought, forever.

'Twould give these fingers writers'  
cramp

To note the many woes that followed;

As grimy drudge and shabby tramp  
A bitter dose our hero swallowed,

To learn at last that Fortune's whim  
Had made his ample substance double,  
That Edith's heart was true to him  
And all his grief was just a bubble!

But still as all the traps of Care  
Are set to catch such hopeless lubbers,  
Let's hope that Edith combs his hair  
And always makes him wear his rub-  
bers.

Arthur Guiterman.



The  
**J. & J. Slater**  
Shoe

is markedly distinctive. Every model shown is the individual creation of craftsmen skilled in carrying out fashion's dictates.

For the children—shoes anatomically correct, and each adapted to some special need of the younger folk.

New illustrated Price List, "A Package of Shoes," sent on request.

Broadway at 25th Street  
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**Irish Reasoning**

A poor Irishman, who was on his death-bed, and who did not seem reconciled to the long journey he was going to take, was kindly consoled by a good-natured friend with the commonplace reflection that we must all die once. "Why, my dear, now," answered the sick man, "that is the very thing that vexes me; if I could die half a dozen times I should not mind it."

**To Enjoy Thanksgiving**

In the good old fashioned way order a supply of

**EVANS' ALE**

and see how much greater will be the enjoyment and benefits.

An American Beverage for an American Holiday  
Order dozen bottles from your Grocer or Dealer.

C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.



**A Thief**  
As Spintext, one day, in the mansion of prayer,  
Was declaiming a sermon he'd stolen from Blair,  
A large mastiff dog began barking aloud;  
"Turn him out," cried the doctor, enraged, to the crowd.  
"And why?" answered one; "in my humble belief,  
He's an excellent dog, for he barks at a thief."

**Force of Habit**  
A servant of an old maiden lady, a patient of Dr. Poole, formerly of Edinburgh, was under orders to go to the doctor every morning to report the state of her health, how she had slept, etc., with strict injunctions always to add, "with her compliments." At length, one morning the girl brought this extraordinary message: "Miss S——'s compliments, and she de'ed last night at aicht o'clock!"

**A History of  
The American People**

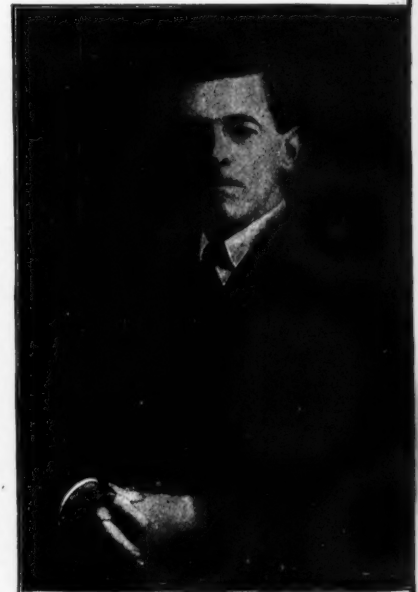
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Former President of Princeton University



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"While There is Life, There is Hope," is the motto of our brilliant contemporary, LIFE. If we may be allowed to paraphrase, we would say, "While there is LIFE there is certainly hope of ridiculing into oblivion some of the monstrous anomalies of modern 'science.'"

—Medical Freedom.

Interesting Correspondence

Governor Giles, of Virginia, once addressed a note to Patrick Henry, demanding satisfaction:

"SIR.—I understand that you have called me a 'bob-tail' politician. I wish to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning.

"WM. B. GILES."

To which Mr. Henry replied:

"SIR.—I do not recollect having called you a 'bob-tail' politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or occasion, I can't say what I did mean, but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not.

"Very respectfully,

"PATRICK HENRY."

—Spofford's Library of Wit and Humor.

A LADY, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said: "Alas! I am near thirty." A doctor, who was present, and knew her age, said: "Do not fret at it, madam; for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."



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—The Tempest.

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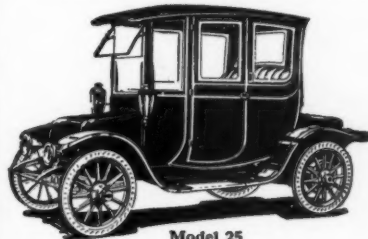
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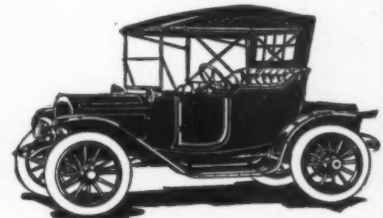
For several years Mr. Edison and our engineering staff have done "team work" to produce a battery worthy of the Detroit Electric car and a car worthy of the battery. Mr. Edison has personally seen every blue print of the car and today owns and operates a Detroit Electric. From the beginning the Detroit Electric has been built with the Edison Battery in mind.

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All Body panels are of aluminum. They do not check, crack, or warp. That means long life, continued beauty of finish and easy repair. All fenders are of aluminum, full skirted to protect car from dirt.

All models equipped with our direct Shaft Drive—"Chainless."

Brakes are extra powerful, with a double safety device (patented), operated by either hand or foot, or both. Wonderful springs of improved design, smooth over any unevenness of the road. Ball bearing steering knuckles make steering remarkably easy.

Your choice of Pneumatic or Motz Cushion Tires.

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GOUTY and grimly humorous old gentleman wires to his doctor.

DOCTOR'S WIFE (reading telegram): If you are interested in a pretty foot and ankle, come over this evening.

—Punch.

"My! Miss Ma'r," said the old darky to the young lady of the house the morning after her coming-out ball, "you sho' did look sweet las' night. My! I hardly knowed you. Dey wasn't a thing about you dat looked natchel."

—Richmond Christian Advocate.



"BRACE UP, BILL! THIS MUST BE BROADWAY"



"YOUR HUSBAND WILL BE VERY DARK"

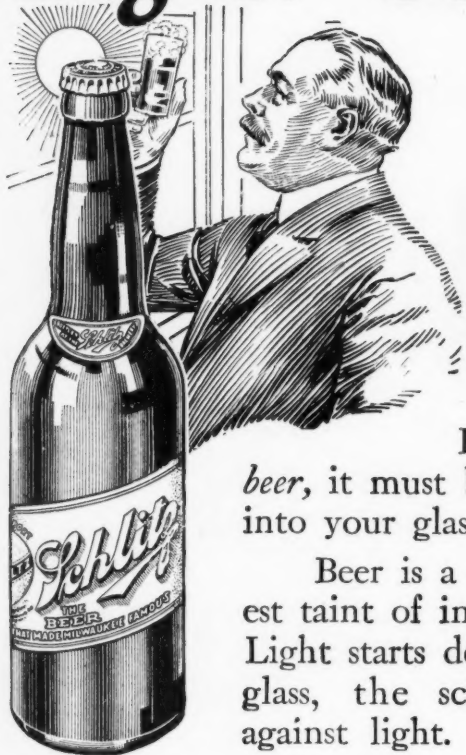
**A Nice Distinction**

"It is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon at the bar of Judge Burnett, "to hang a poor fellow for stealing a horse."

"You are not to be hanged, sir," answered the judge, "for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

BEFORE promising a woman to love only her, one should have seen them all, or should only see her.—A. Dupuy.

**Light can't spoil Schlitz in Brown Bottles**



It is not enough to *make pure beer*, it must be *kept pure* until it is poured into your glass.

Beer is a saccharine product. The slightest taint of impurity injures its healthfulness. Light starts decay even in pure beer. Dark glass, the scientists say, gives protection against light.

Purity above everything else distinguishes Schlitz beer from common beer.

We use the costliest materials—we age Schlitz for months to prevent biliousness—it will not ferment in your stomach.

Schlitz is sent to you in Brown Bottles, thus protecting Schlitz purity from the brewery to your glass.

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

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



**The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous**

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

8-M



**RED RAVEN**

is not "casual water"

it is a water with a purpose and our genial friend in the picture realizes it

he knows that

**RED RAVEN**

kills headache  
indigestion  
and nausea

and that it

clears the head  
cools the blood  
settles the stomach

splits, everywhere 15c

**No Way Out of Court**

There is a lawyer in Chicago, for some years a police magistrate, who was a natural peacemaker and always endeavored to smooth over any slight differences between the persons brought before him.

Once, when the charge involved was for technical assault, it came out in the course of evidence that the parties were neighbors, and had formerly been on the best of terms.

"This is too bad, too bad!" commented the judge. "And between such old friends! Is this not a case that might be settled out of court?"

"I'm sorry to say that it can't be done, your Honor," remarked the plaintiff, seriously. "I thought of that myself, but the coward won't fight."

—The Green Bag.

PROBABLY the trusts allowed the postal banks to be started just to find out whether or not the ultimate consumer has any change left.

—Danville Commercial News.

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On receipt  
\$5 to \$15; br  
\$55, \$75, etc  
FREE TR  
We will ship  
it, and on its  
E. T. BUR

## An Exchange of Passes

The late Archbishop Ryan in the course of his social experiences in Philadelphia won a name for wit and repartee. At a dinner given him by Catholic citizens a brilliant company of gentlemen was assembled. Among other Pennsylvania railroad men the president and one of the vice-presidents and ex-Attorney-General MacVeagh, who is counsel for the road. MacVeagh as usual was scintillating, and in a funny way said to the guest of the evening:

"Your grace, you see here a great many railroad men. You will meet them often on social occasions here and you will always find that they take their lawyer with them. Hence I am here. They won't go anywhere without their counsel. Now, we have nearly everything men want, but I have a suggestion to make to you for an exchange with us. We can give free passes on all the railroads of the country. Now if you would only give us—say, a free pass to Paradise by way of exchange."

"Ah," said his Grace, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I would not like to separate them from their counsel."



**"Good, Dad, that's  
Just what we wanted"**

Every father and mother want to keep the boys at home nights, and would vastly rather have them bring their friends there to play Billiards and Pool than to meet them in the public poolroom, often merely the back room of a saloon.

Every young man wants to play Billiards and Pool—wants to play well. The

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is scientifically constructed and adapted to the most expert play. Every shot, every angle is true and correct, hence to earn or practice on a Burrowes Table means to become proficient on any table.

Burrowes Tables are made in sizes up to 4 1/2 x 9 feet (standard). They are easily set up, and quickly taken down and put out of the way. They may be set on dining room or library table or mounted on their own legs or folding stand. All cues, balls, etc., free.

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**FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE**—on receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. Write today.

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They last longer, keep their shape better, and cost, attached, no more than leather heels. ∴ ∴

**50c. ATTACHED**

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Shortly after Governor Hughes, of New York, was elected the second time after a bitter campaign, a lawyer from New York came to see him and was told to go to the Executive Mansion.

It was the first time the lawyer had ever been in the official residence of New York Governors, and, after Hughes came into the room, the visitor said:

"You have a handsome place here."

"Yes," Hughes replied; "but I had a hard time getting the landlord to renew the lease."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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Of making books they say there's no end. Yet making scores is now the smart trend; But every bookmaker, Whether author or fakir, Is quite proud to call "Rad-Bridge" his friend. **NEW "BASKET WEAVE" PLAYING CARDS** Patented 1910. Same quality, size, assortment of colors as our famous Lines and Valour cards. 25c and 35c postpaid. Samples free. For ten cents in stamps (less than cost) we send our sample wallet of bridge accessories. "The standard of the Bridge world."  
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## WHEN MR. H. PERCIVAL BEACON-STREET

sits down to his

### THANKSGIVING DINNER

of seventeen courses and a soda-mint, he has two things in common with

### One-eyed Mike, the Mayor of Hell's Corners, New Mexico,

whose dinner consists of a soda cracker and seventeen curses. They both need food, and they both want to know

### WHAT GOES ON

and they haven't time to separate *the real news* in fifteen thousand newspapers, from the murders, divorces, "funny stories," fake interviews and "other fillers."

### VIVISECTION

of limpid-eyed puppies and palpitating Angoras may be all wrong.

But vivisection of the news of the day, critical analysis of the real events of the moment and of the men who are DOING THINGS is absolutely indispensable to any man or woman who pretends to be a

### LIVE ONE

There are seven magazines that do this—and do it well. There is one that has just that little added touch of genius, artistic fire, *ginger*—what you will, that always makes the difference between the *good ones* and the *best*.

That one is CURRENT LITERATURE MAGAZINE, which, by the way, has no more to do with Literature than with a thousand other of the world's

### ACTIVE INTERESTS

A masterly monthly summing-up of the events that are shaping history, and ten other departments, all snapping with the intellectual electricity that makes this age the most stirring of all time, combine to form the masterpiece of "timely" periodicals.

If you believe us, subscribe now, the cost is \$3.00. If you don't believe us, send for sample copy and special offer.

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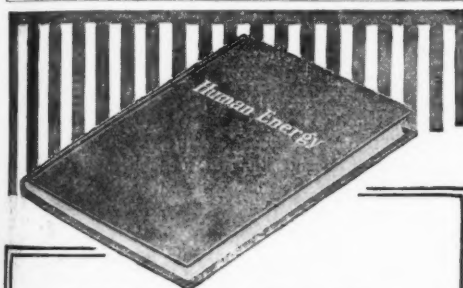


**The Tomb of Adam**

The weeping Twain stood with bowed head before the grave of Adam. As the tears rolled down his cheeks he thus mourned:

"The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home and friends! True, he was a blood-relation; though a distant one, still a relation! The unerring instinct of Nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume. Noble old man—he did not live to see his child; and I—I—I, alas! did not live to see him. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain."

—Mark Twain.



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My book explains, for the first time, the laws governing right exercise. It shows clearly and concisely why a few minutes daily of movements scientifically directed to reach your internal organs—all of which are muscles—will do infinitely more for your health and strength than hours of random exercise.

I offer it to you free, because I want you to understand the principles underlying The Thompson Course, which has brought thousands of men from uncertain health and inefficiency into fuller, more useful and serene life.

Sooner or later you will adopt the principles of my Course—all men of sedentary life will. You will find "Human Energy" a real contribution to the science of making the most of oneself. It is startling, yet obviously true. Sending for it puts you under no obligation, except to read it as though it were written by a friend.

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This yearly recurring question has a very simple solution. Thousands answered it to the complete satisfaction of both parties last Christmas.

Give Him a

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It's a gift a man really prizes, for it's more than a souvenir. He'll use it with enjoyment every day of the year, and it will last him a lifetime.

The GILLETTE is distinctive. It possesses many unique features. It is simple, strong, safe, adjustable to individual faces, and ready for instant use. Then, there is the great GILLETTE feature of NO STROPPING—NO HONING, and that's a great saving to a man who values his time.

Blades to those of your men friends who already use the GILLETTE? These blades are keener, harder, better than ever. Sold everywhere, 50 cents and \$1.00.

Before selecting presents for men this Christmas, go to your dealer and look over the GILLETTE line. There are numerous styles, ranging in price from \$5.00 to \$50.00.

Why not give a present of several packets of Gillette

If your dealer does not carry the GILLETTE line, send us his name and we'll mail you catalog.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY  
48 West Second Street BOSTON, MASS.

NO STROPPING - NO HONING



GILLETTE STANDARD SET. PRICE, \$5.00

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

**Mohammedan's Reason for Not Storing Goods**

Some years ago, a Philadelphia merchant sent a cargo of goods to Constantinople. After the supercargo saw the bales and boxes safely landed, he inquired where they could be stored.

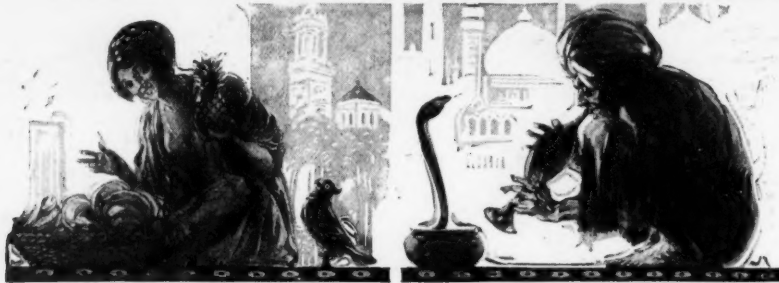
"Leave them here—it won't rain to-night," was the reply.

"But I dare not leave them thus exposed; some of the goods might be stolen," said the supercargo.

The Mohammedan merchant burst into a loud laugh as he replied:

"Don't be alarmed; there isn't a Christian within fifty miles of here."

Porson had once exasperated a disputant by the dryness of his sarcasm. The petulant opponent at length addressed the professor thus: "Mr. Porson, I beg leave to tell you, sir, that my opinion of you is perfectly contemptible." Porson replied: "I never knew an opinion of yours, sir, which was not contemptible."



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Take a Delightful Cruise to South America, by the S. S. Bluecher (12,500 tons), the largest cruising steamer sailing from one America to the other. Offers every luxury and comfort. Leaving New York, January 20, 1912. Ports of call: PORT OF SPAIN, PERNAMBUCO, SANTOS, BUENOS AIRES (across the Andes), PUNTA ARENAS (through the Straits of Magellan), VALPARAISO, RIO DE JANEIRO, BAHIA, PARA, BRIDGETOWN, and ST. THOMAS. Optional side trips everywhere. Duration of cruise 80 days. Cost, \$350 and up.

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**Grand Annual Cruise to the Orient**

By the most palatial cruising steamer afloat, S. S. "VICTORIA LUISE" (16,500 tons). Sailing from New York, January 30, 1912, on a 78-Day Cruise to Madeira, Spain, the Mediterranean, and the Orient. Cost, \$325 and upward. The "Victoria Luise" is equipped with modern features providing every luxury and comfort on long cruises.

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Special Trip by the superb transatlantic liner "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria," the largest and most luxurious steamer of the service. Equipped with Ritz-Carlton Restaurant, Palm Garden, Gymnasium, Electric Baths, Elevators. Will leave New York, February 14, 1912, for Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche (Nice), Genoa, Naples and Port Said. Time for sight-seeing at each port. To or from Port Said, \$165 and up. To or from all other ports, \$115 and up.

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A few accommodations available on S. S. Cleveland, from San Francisco, Feb. 6, 1912

## AROUND THE WORLD

November, 1912, and February, 1913, by the Large Cruising Steamship, "VICTORIA LUISE" (16,500 tons).

Your comfort and pleasure assured. Send for booklets, giving information, etc.

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A PURELY ETHICAL ANGLER

### Old Timers on Laughter

A witty writer says, in praise of laughter, "Laughter has even dissipated disease and preserved life by a sudden effort of nature. We are told that the great Erasmus laughed so heartily at the satire by Reuchlier and Van Hutten that he broke an imposthume and recovered his health."

In a singular treatise on laughter, Joubert gives several similar instances. "A patient being very low, the physician, who had ordered a dose of rhubarb, countermanded the medicine, which was left on the table. A monkey in the room, jumping up, discovered the goblet, and, having tasted, made a terrible grimace. Again putting only his tongue to it, he perceived some sweetness of the dissolved manna, while

**GIVE HIM a set of  
Kremenz Bodkin  
Clutch Studs and  
Vest Buttons**

**Go in like a Needle  
Hold like an Anchor**

Do not mar the stiffest shirt front.  
Please the most fastidious man.  
Here are two new designs in mother-of-pearl  
and 14K Rolled Gold Plate. Kremenz quality.

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|----------------|---------|---------|
| Set contains   | No. 58K | No. 66K |
| Cuff Links     | \$1.75  | \$1.50  |
| 3 Studs        | 1.00    | 1.00    |
| 6 Vest Buttons | 3.00    | 2.75    |
| Complete Set,  | \$5.75  | \$5.25  |

Also many beautiful designs in solid gold and platinum; some set with precious stones.  
If not found at your jeweler's or haberdasher's, write us for name of dealer handling them.

*Booklet on Request*

**KREMENZ & CO.** 60 CHESTNUT ST  
NEWARK, N. J.  
Makers of the Famous  
Kremenz Collar Button

SET  
58K

SET  
66K

the rhubarb had sunk to the bottom. Thus emboldened, he swallowed the whole, but found it such a nauseous potion that, after many strange and fantastic grimaces, he ground his teeth in agony and in a violent fury threw the goblet on the floor. The whole affair was so ludicrous that the sick man burst into repeated peals of laughter and the recovery of cheerfulness led to health."

JUST now the quarrel is whether China shall be run on the European or the American plan.

—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**A Happy Marriage**

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## Books Received

*People of the Wild*, by F. St. Mars. (Outing Publishing Company. \$1.25.)  
*Under Western Eyes*, by Joseph Conrad. (Harper & Bros. \$1.25.)  
*Jennie Gerhardt*, by Theodore Dreiser. (Harper & Bros. \$1.35.)  
*South Sea Tales*, by Jack London. (Macmillan Company. \$1.25.)  
*The Virginian*, by Owen Wister. (Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Jugglers*, by Molly Elliot Seawell. (Macmillan Company. \$1.00.)  
*Mother*, by Kathleen Norris. (Macmillan Company. \$1.00.)  
*The Musical Amateur*, by Robert Haven Schauffler. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)  
*Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist*, by Lafcadio Hearn. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.)  
*A Safety Match*, by Ian Hay. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)  
*The Smile of the Sphinx*, by Marguerite Bouvet. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill. \$1.35.)  
*My Lady of Doubt*, by Randall Parrish. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill. \$1.35.)  
*The Quest of the Silver Fleece*, by W. E. B. DuBois. (A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.35 net.)  
*Out of the Primitive*, by Robert Ames Bennet. (A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.35.)  
*The Monkey Folk of South Africa*, by F. W. Fitzsimons. (Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.)  
*The Bargain Book*, by Charles Edward Jerningham and Lewis Bettany. (Friedrick Warne & Co.)

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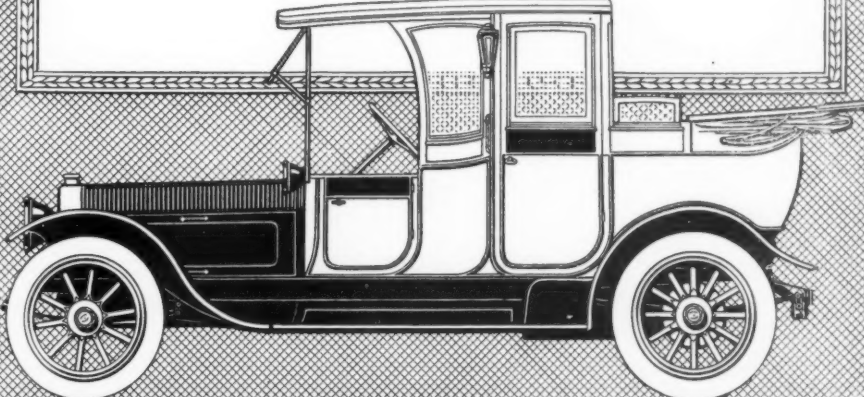
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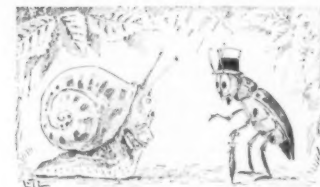
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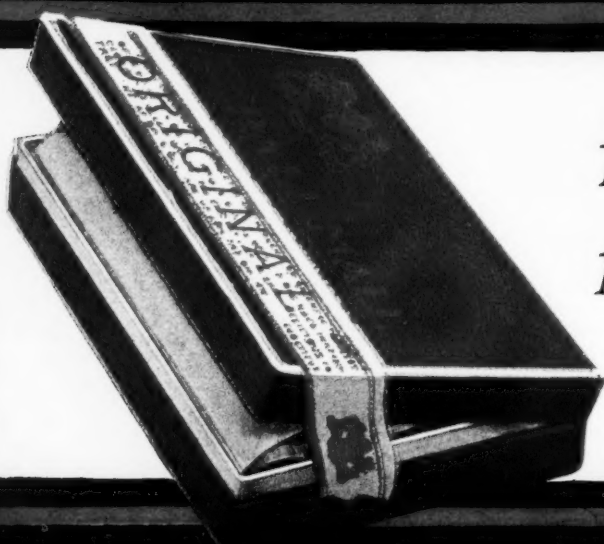
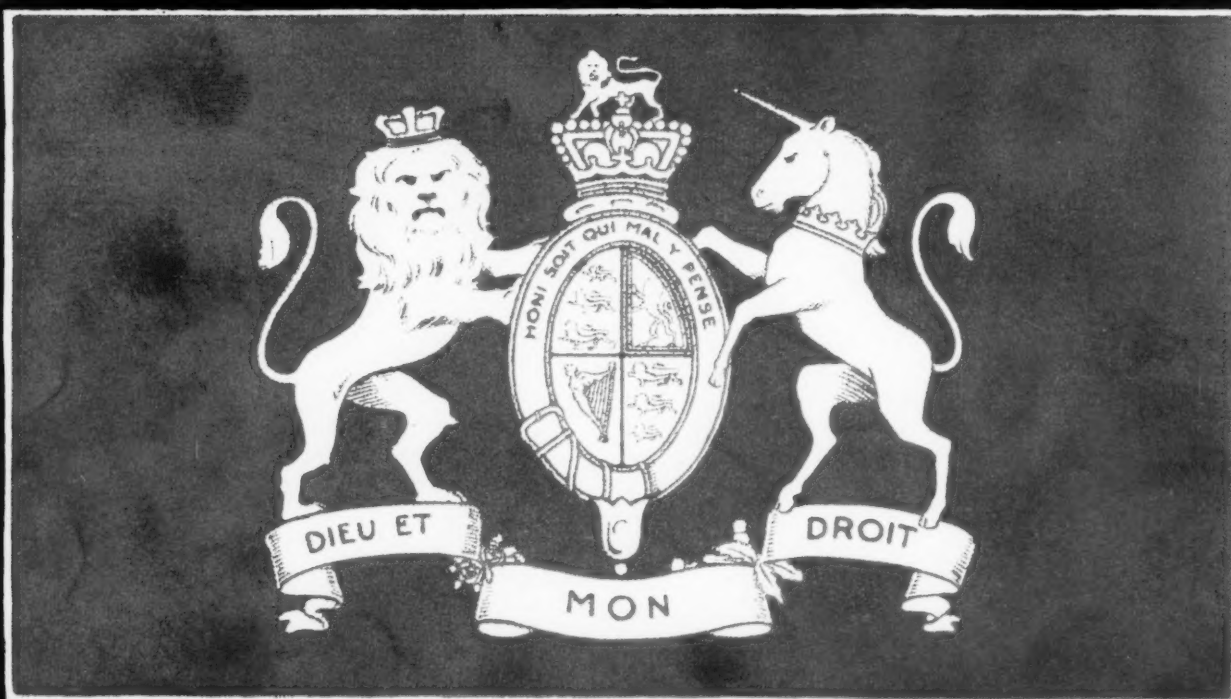
*The Spell of Egypt*, by Robert Hichens. (Century Company. \$1.25.)  
*The Story of French Painting*, by Charles H. Caffin. (Century Company. \$1.20.)  
*American Addresses*, by Joseph H. Choate. (Century Company. \$2.00.)  
*The Changing Chinese*, by Edward Alsworth Ross. (Century Company. \$2.40.)  
*Martin Luther (The Man and His Work)*, by Arthur Cushman McGiffert. (Century Company. \$3.00.)



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