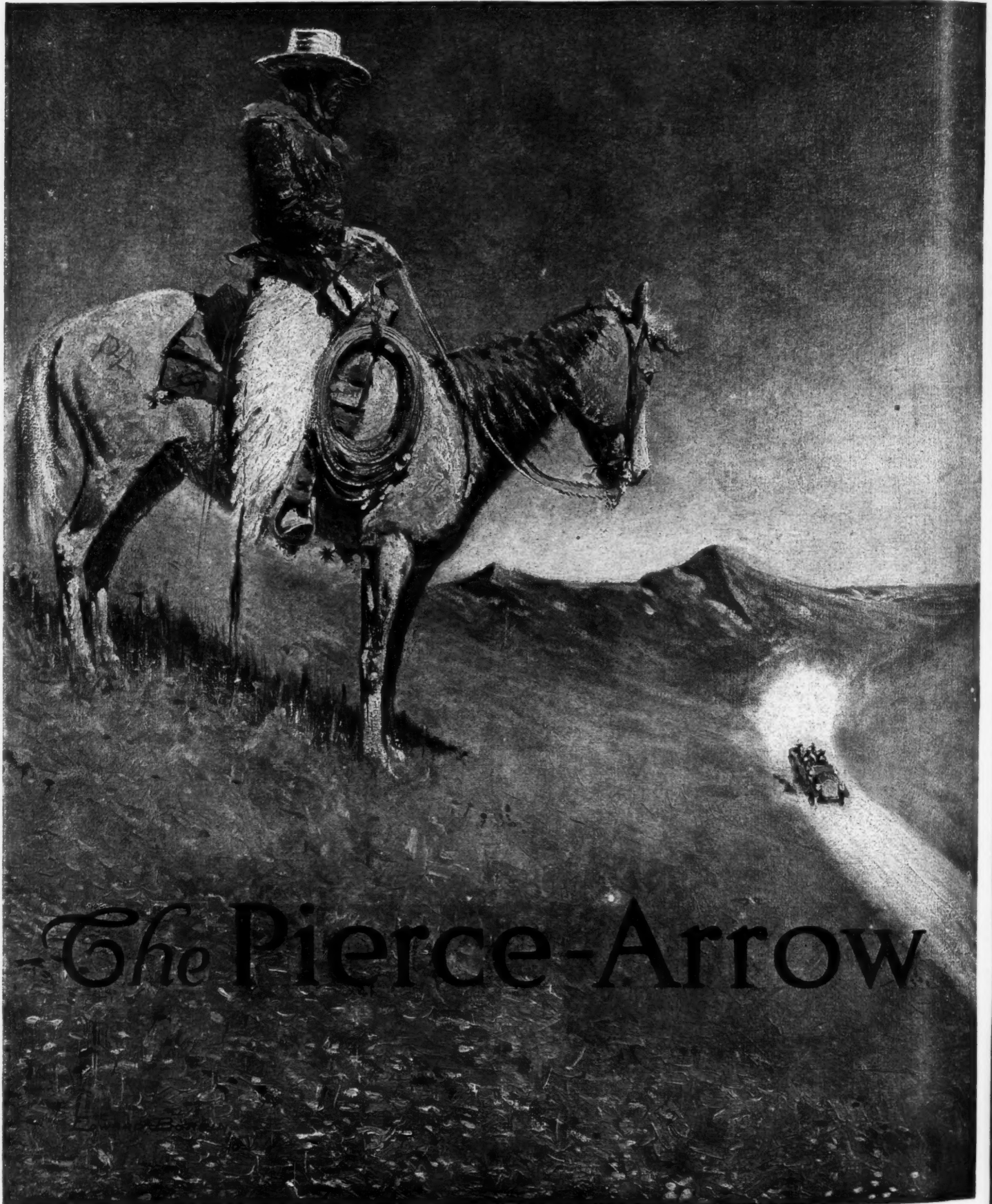




SEWELL
COLLINS

A NEW CONSTELLATION



The Pierce-Arrow

[The Pierce-Arrow in the Great West]

The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company, Buffalo, N. Y. Licensed under Selden Patent

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The man with a motor car gets to his office with the sparkle of the sunshine and fresh air in his blood and brain.

You're Paying for a Motor Car

You may think you don't want a motor car. But there isn't any question about your *needing* one.

If you need a car you are paying for it. Paying in the time that a car would save you. In the opportunities that get away. In the fresh air and recreation which now you do not get.

Whatever we really need we pay for, whether we actually own it or not. You could get along without an overcoat this winter, but you would pay for one with discomfort and bad colds.

The motor car didn't create its demand after it arrived. The demand has been waiting for forty centuries.

When the steamship, the railroad and trolley took care of the problem of public transportation, the world took a long step ahead.

When the automobile took care of the problem of individual transportation, the world took another long step ahead.

The man with a motor gets down to his business in the morning quickly, cleanly and with gladness—the sparkle of the sunshine and fresh air in his blood and brain.

He is able to take up his business problems with clearer vision and greater energy than the man who has been worried and doped by the rush and jam and the bad air of a crowded car.

At noon he can use his car to entertain a business associate with a ten mile ride to a pleasant luncheon place. He can send it out in the afternoon to entertain guests while he goes ahead with his business.

After the day's work, he drives home again; arrives with weariness and worry air-sprayed from his brain; with a keen appetite and good humor for dinner.

In the evening he may use his car for a spin into the country with family and friends.

The man with the motor car lives a fuller life than if he didn't have one. He has more experience—more sensations. He lives twice as long in the same length of time as the man who hasn't a car.

There are many good cars made nowadays, and any good car is a good investment. Yet we honestly believe that Chalmers cars offer the best value for the money of any on the market. We ask you to see the Chalmers before you buy. Compare them with others. Comparison has sold more Chalmers cars than all our advertising. The new models are now on exhibition at all dealers' show rooms. We have a brand new catalogue "BO",—write for it.

How the Family Benefits

Head of the Family:—Going to and from business in fresh air. Making business calls. Entertaining customers and business associates. Tours in the country. More knowledge of the country. Mental and physical exercise of driving. Good appetite—better digestion—better humor—better health. Prestige.

Wife and Daughter:—Social calls. Entertaining. Plenty of fresh air to drive away "nerves." More time with husband and father.

Sons:—Educative value of understanding and caring for a wonderful piece of machinery. Training of mental and physical faculties in driving. Clean, fresh air recreation and decent entertainment in company of other members of family.

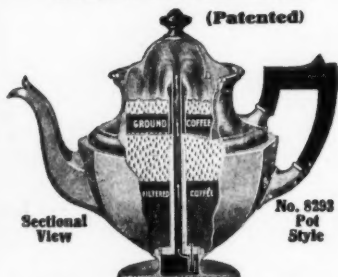
Chalmers Motor Company Detroit, Mich.

(Licensed under Selden Patent)

Manning-Bowman

CIRCULATING
Coffee Percolators

(Patented)



Sectional View

No. 8293 Pot Style

Make Coffee Quickly From Cold Water—

The most hurried breakfast can now have good breakfast coffee—clear, rich, mel-low coffee, the kind that does the nerves good and starts the day right. Manning-Bowman Percolated Coffee Percolators make delicious coffee in a few minutes, starting with cold water. The Coffee Pot Style may be used on a Manning-Bowman Alcohol Gas Stove or on a kitchen range. The glass cover with metal cap protector will not break while in use. Manning-Bowman Percolators have no valves, and pocket under percolating tube is large and easy to clean. Made in both Pot and Urn designs. Over a hundred styles and sizes. Sold by leading dealers. Write for free Recipe Book and Catalogue "K-28."

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.,
Meriden, Conn.

Makers of Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes and Accessories, Alcohol Gas Stoves and the "Eclipse" Bread Mincer.



Mission Design Urn Style No. 3193

The "Art" of Happiness

Life requires an art, and some people say that happiness is the whole of it. But if happiness is an art it is in many ways an illicit one. Studiously to try to be happy is to assume that one has a right to be happy; and this is to disregard the warnings of numerous sages. But even if it were not impiety to claim happiness, it would still be a futility. Happiness is a matter of temperament; thousands of people who have every reason to be happy (as we vainly judge) are unhappy, and thousands who ought, by all the rules, to be miserable float buoyantly and jauntily on the troubled ocean of their affairs. One can waste a good deal of pity on men who deserve it but do not require it. The writer has one such case in mind. The man's business failed, nor could he rise again for all his efforts; the ill luck that pursued him,

was persistent, inexorable. His wife, who had graced his prosperity, was quite unable to redeem his distress; rather she saddled him with the blame, and became at once a provocation and a hindrance. His daughters made undesirable marriages, and his sons, instead of helping him out of the ditch into which he had fallen, ungratefully relieved his pockets of the chief part of what little remained in them. When the writer met this man, just after a particularly heavy shower of

major and minor misfortunes, he experienced that kind of embarrassment which one has in speaking to a person about a heavy bereavement. But embarrassment was unnecessary. The man's laugh was as light, his face was as free from lines and his step as springy and eager as in the days of his ease. "I've got half-a-crown in my pocket," he said with a slap on his thigh, "and I'm off to see the pantomime." And off he went like a boy.—*London Spectator.*



A Woman Who Dared

"MRS. MAXON PROTESTS" is the first novel in some years by the author of "The Dolly Dialogues" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," and marks a distinct departure from his earlier work in subject and point of view. Whereas Anthony Hope formerly dealt with the more frivolous and superficial phases of life, in his new novel he boldly attacks a social problem with a new seriousness, but with no loss of his old brilliancy and power to hold the reader's interest.

BEGIN IT IN THE NOVEMBER

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON - WASHINGTON - OTTAWA.

CLUB LINEN PLAYING CARDS.

Design of back hemstitched linen, pat'd. Colors, red, blue, brown, green. 25c per pack. Gold edge, 35c. Dealers everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Send for Catalog of Bridge Accessories.

Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

76 Magazines For 3 Dollars

No two magazines can
so completely supply
the whole family as

The Ladies' Home Journal, <small>(A complete magazine every two weeks)</small>	-	24 numbers
The Saturday Evening Post, <small>(A complete magazine every week)</small>	-	<u>52 numbers</u>
		76 numbers

THE JOURNAL for the child, girl and woman; THE POST for the young man and man. And you have the best—the undisputed leader in each field, of which over nine million copies are sold each month.

Can you do more with your Christmas money?

Send three dollars now, for a full
year of 76 complete magazines, to

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

Excitement Still Increases

Contestants in Life's Great Auto Race Straining Every Nerve



Crowds in front of LIFE office during progress of Life's Great Auto Race—open to all automobile manufacturers. The cup will be awarded to the advertiser using the greatest number of advertising lines in LIFE from October 1st, 1910, to April 1st, 1911.

HOW THEY STAND TO DATE

Locomobile.....	840 lines
Packard.....	840 lines
Pierce Arrow.....	840 lines
Baker Electric.....	420 lines
Chalmers.....	420 lines
Cunningham.....	420 lines
Franklin.....	420 lines
Hudson.....	420 lines
McFarland.....	420 lines
Oldsmobile.....	420 lines
Overland.....	420 lines
Peerless.....	420 lines
Rambler.....	420 lines
Stearns.....	420 lines
Thomas Flycr.....	420 lines
White.....	420 lines
Correja.....	224 lines
Haynes.....	224 lines
Marmon.....	224 lines
Rauch & Lang Electric.....	224 lines
Reo.....	224 lines
Stevens-Duryea.....	224 lines
Waverley Electric.....	224 lines
Brewster.....	210 lines
Club Car.....	210 lines
Kelly Motor Truck.....	210 lines

Total lines, 10,178

It is not too much to say that, as LIFE'S race progresses, every automobile center in the country is stirred to its depths. The great crowds in front of LIFE office every day are an indication of how great the interest is.

It was, however, to be expected that envious tongues would circulate false rumors. It is not necessary to refer to the nature of these criticisms. We have only to repeat:

First: That this is a genuine contest, open to every automobile manufacturer in the country.

Second: It is frankly a business event, intended to call attention to the fact that LIFE is the greatest medium for advertising in the world, because it circulates among the people who have the cash to buy.

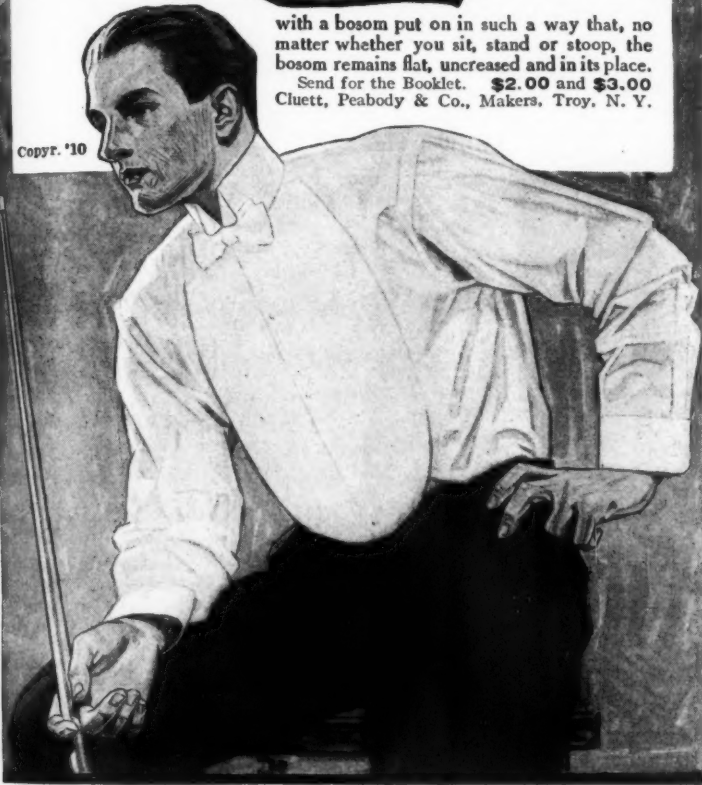
Third: It is not, however, done alone for business or to bring business. It is done because we saw it was a good idea, rather funny, and we did it to have fun, and just because we wanted to. We would have done it anyway, whether it was advertising or not, if the idea had appealed to us.

Fourth: The cup was made in this country, to order, is of solid gold, 20 karat, and weighs 295 penny weight, 20 grains. It is slightly over eight inches in height. It can be seen at any time, upon inquiry at LIFE office. Cuts of it will be published from time to time in these pages during the progress of the contest.

THE DONCHESTER is a **Cluett** DRESS SHIRT

with a bosom put on in such a way that, no matter whether you sit, stand or stoop, the bosom remains flat, uncreased and in its place. Send for the Booklet. \$2.00 and \$3.00 Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

Copyr. '10



Uncle: WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM?

City Nephew: WHY—WHY, HE'S ALL RIGHT, B—BUT WHERE'S 'IS ROCKERS?

Peace and Plenty

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



OVERTY destroys a man's courage and weakens his natural inclination to look you in the eye and tell the truth. Money is the counter in this game of life. And while we do not love Money for its own sake, we realize that it is only money that can ward off want, woe, wretchedness—perhaps starvation—when earning power is gone. And earning power for all of us will surely go some time—this we know. Money stands between you and the fear of want. When you insure your life you insure your peace of mind. Also, you insure the peace of mind of those who depend upon you. It is not want that eats out our hearts and renders our work nil: it is the fear of want—worry, apprehension, uncertainty, doubt. Life-insurance means assurance. I believe that nothing will increase a man's earning power so much as the feeling that he is an insurable proposition, and has made all snug against stormy weather, and even mortal shipwreck itself. Yet money in a lump sum in the hands of those not versed in finance is a burden, and sometimes a menace. It lays them open to the machinations of the tricky and dishonest, also the well-meaning men of the Colonel Sellers class, who know just how to double it in a month. Realizing these things, and to meet a great human need, the Equitable is now issuing a policy which, instead of being paid in a lump sum, gives a fixed monthly payment as long as the beneficiary shall live, payable for twenty years in any event. It works either way. It will provide an income for your own future if you live. It will provide an income for your wife (or your son, daughter, mother, father, sister or other dependent) if you die. And if you both live, it will protect you both.

"Strongest in the World"

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

PAUL MORTON, President, 120 Broadway, New York

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? Great opportunities to-day in Life-Insurance work for the Equitable.

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY,
120 Broadway, New York

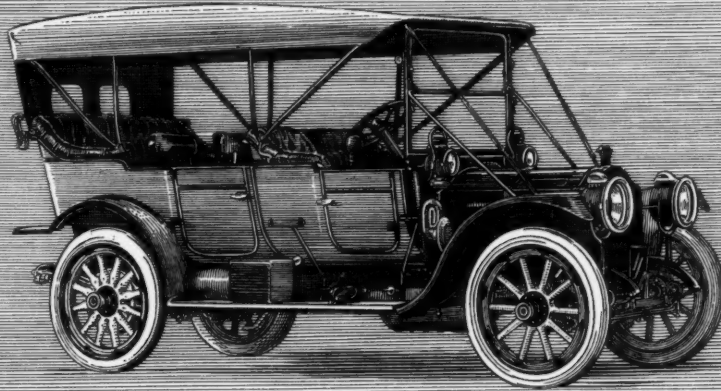
Without committing myself to any action, I would like to know what it would cost to provide a monthly life income of \$..... payable at my death to a person now..... years of age.

Name.....

Address..... Age.....

· LIFE ·

Ask the man who owns one



Packard
MOTOR CARS



PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

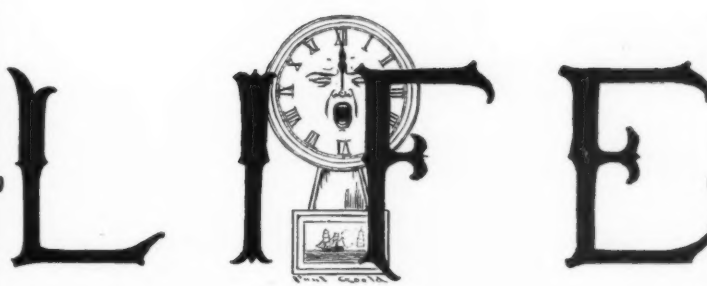


Midnight

Maudlin masculines merrily marauding.
 Intoxicated individuals imbibing indul-
 gently.
 Delighted dancers deviating dreamily.
 Novices nibbling naughty novelties.
 Intense inkiness inviting indiscretions.
 Gambling gentlemen greedily gaming.
 Harassed husbands hurrying homeward.
 Taxicabs toting turbulent triflers.

TEACHER: Can any little girl tell me why our heads are covered with hair?

LITTLE GIRL: To have something to pin more hair to.



Seamen At Our Museum

Can't help thinking that the crowd of seamen from an American battleship who spent the day at the Metropolitan Museum of Art got shore leave when they had no pay due.—
The Courier-Journal.

PERFECTLY natural reflection coming from Kentucky, but the Museum is a marvellous show-place. It would hold such Jackies as discovered it. Besides it belongs to a man-of-wars-man to inform himself, on occasion, about art. He is liable to be on hand (as at Pekin) in cases of acute disorder in cities, and he ought to know loot when he sees it, if only for purposes of salvage.



Good Trusts and Bad

IT is common knowledge that there are two kinds of trusts—the good and the bad. Few people have a clear idea as to the distinction between them.

As nearly as one can place limitations in such a ramificatory question, it may be said that a good trust is one which stands well with the legal department of the current administration.

FATHER VAUGHAN says that New York's poor are better off than London's poor. This ought to make New York feel very proud. Better-off poor is something to crow about.



"TWELVE O'CLOCK AND ALL'S WELL."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. OCTOBER 27, 1910. No. 1461

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



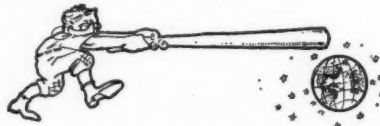
COLONEL ROOSEVELT was justified in not bothering very much about what went into the Republican platform at Saratoga. He had downed the other bosses and got things headed right, and put up a strong candidate for

Governor. Those were all valuable services, but the platform was only important as a thing that might make talk if it wasn't right. That has happened. It wasn't just right, and it has made talk. But except for talking purposes nobody cares what is in that platform. Any one looking for the issue in this campaign in New York will find it in these remarks dropped hot by the Colonel in his Western tour:

I will make the corporations come to time, and I will make the mob come to time, whenever I have the power. I shall insist on honesty if it breaks up the best business of the land, and I shall insist upon order under all circumstances.

The Colonel's criticisms of the Supreme Court have been exaggerated. They are no killing matter in themselves. His policies are mostly good. He leans strongly towards centralization of power, but it is neither his policies nor his leanings that have scared Republican voters in New York, but himself. The words quoted above cannot be exaggerated. They speak the urgent spirit of the man. How will he make the corporations come to time? How will he insist on honesty and order in all circumstances? When his opponents declare that those words constitute a bid for official power, what is there to say? One may believe that they were not really meant to be such a bid. One may believe that they were

no more than an outburst of impetuous speech, as doubtless they were. But there they stand, sincere and entirely characteristic of the man who spoke them. His spirit is in them. They cannot be explained away, because they are so characteristic. Blurting out his real feelings, the Colonel, for once, scared the country. It is not used to so candid an expression of personal intentions from a man not in office, nor a candidate for office, nor the holder of any delegated powers.



THE Colonel's abaters and detractors are a small band compared with the company who like him, but the balance of power in this country is held by sober-minded people who believe in self-government and don't want too much continuity of domination in a national boss, even though he is a good one and has honest aims. The Colonel, in his speeches, has really managed to direct the thoughts of these sober-minded men to the checks and balances contrived in the constitution. They want reforms, but not lawlessly, nor with too overwhelming a rush; they want progress, but not without some control of the brakes. The *Springfield Republican* comes close to the truth when it says of them that "they see in the late conduct of Mr. Roosevelt and a certain frenzy of response which comes from the crowd behind him a danger which has seldom threatened us, but one which, where it does arise in a republic, must transcend all other public matters in importance."

Without conceding that Mr. Stimson's election would insure our having Roosevelt for President in 1913—an opinion with which we do not agree—or that if he did become President again he would pack the Supreme Court and make kindling wood of the Constitution, it is entirely reasonable to desire Stimson's defeat as a check to Roosevelt. The Colonel has been going too fast. He needs hobbles, and this is a good time to put them on him, and that in spite of the fact that he is in so many respects so much better than so many of the men that are eager to throw him down,

and in spite of the reluctance with which any man of sporting instincts must set himself to contrive obstacles for so dazzling a performer. To count the noses of the professional Republicans who want Roosevelt beaten is a little disenchanting, and to consider the reasons behind the opposition of many of his noisiest opponents may stir one to derision, but after all, the great campaigner against Roosevelt is Roosevelt. It is not what is said of him that bites, but his own discourse about himself.



THE expulsion of monks and nuns from Portugal tends to chill American sympathy for the revolution. We have no incentive to such proceedings here, and we are impatient with them in other countries. The relation of church to politics in Spain and Portugal is hard for us to learn, so many conflicting stories about it come to our newspapers. *McClure's Magazine*, accused of printing an untruthful account of Ferrer and his activities and trial in Spain, gives out that it has taken great pains to get a new story, which, it hopes, will inspire confidence. It was impelled to that course by conflicts of information, and like conflicts follow every serious clash of church and government in Europe. Our neighbor, the *Wall Street Journal*, wants to know who is financing the revolution in Portugal, and intimates that somewhere behind it are interests that want concessions in Portuguese East Africa. That is likely enough, but whatever the underlying causes, a rotten government went down in Portugal, and the change can hardly help resulting in some good.

Moreover, though it scandalizes us to see anti-clericalism seem to run into persecution, anti-clericalism itself, as a political doctrine, seems a necessary incident to the struggle for representative government in every country on the continent of Europe where such a struggle is going on. It means, of course, not hostility to religion, but hostility to church control in politics and education.



THE SPORTING SEASON OPENS

October



SOME NEW CANDIDATES.

F. T. RICHARDS.



BOOKER T DINES IN DENMARK.

IMPROVED MAIL SERVICE IN MADAGASCAR

"RADIUM DAY"



OUR FIRST LADY CHAUFFEUR.



BOUNCED !

Intense Excitement

Life's Great Offer of One Million Dollars for the Ultimate
Received With Enthusiasm

THE announcement of LIFE's expedition in search of the Ultimate, and the reward of one million dollars, to be paid immediately upon its receipt, which was made in last week's LIFE, was received in all centres with delight. At present, however, it has not been located. Theories explode every day while search goes on.

President Taft said:

"LIFE has shown commendable enterprise in going after the Ultimate. The completion of the Panama Canal is noth-



THEORIES EXPLODE EVERY DAY. STILL THE SEARCH GOES ON

ing to it. Once let us get the Ultimate and all will be well."

A letter was received from Theodore Roosevelt which read as follows:

"MOZAMBIQUE.

LIFE,

New York.

I captured the Ultimate long ago, in Africa. T. R."

We immediately interviewed former President Roosevelt, and found that he was entirely mistaken. It was only a horned zebra with a double cross on its back.

BOSTON.—It is hoped here that the Ultimate may turn up at any minute. Advertisements asking it to call at Harvard University have been inserted in all of the papers. This city would certainly be the likeliest place for it. Your correspondent understands that it has been in hiding here for years. The astronomical department of Harvard has also been notified.

Jack Johnson was interviewed at a late hour yesterday. He said:



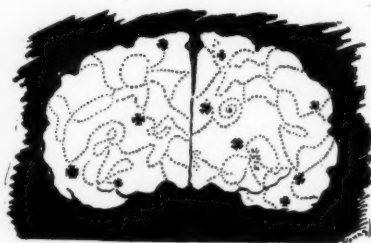
THE ASTRONOMICAL DEPARTMENT OF HARVARD NOTIFIED

"LIFE's reward for the Ultimate interests me very much. It is a charming idea. I have been reaching out for the Ultimate all my life, and thought I had it several times, but it turned out to be nothing but gate receipts. But are you sure, my dear fellow, that you really know what the Ultimate is? I am aware, of course, that Plato defined it, and that President Taft has made some masterly observations, but I think, really, now, that you should be more explicit."

We immediately submitted the question to the *Ladies' Home Journal* and received the following reply:

"An Ultimate is a bifurcated philosophical grenadine, cut bias, and made in the union shape."

This was all very well, as far as it



MAP OF HUMAN BRAIN SHOWING ROUTES TAKEN TO DISCOVER THE ULTIMATE. CROSSES INDICATE MENTAL COLLAPSE OF PREVIOUS EXPLORERS.

went, but we were not satisfied. We therefore applied to Professor Ladd, of Yale. He said:

"Ultimate. Yes. Hum, Ah! Why, an Ultimate is an Ontological Transcendental Categorical Imperative, dialectically and epistemologically centred upon a quantitative ethical idealism and ornamented with monistic rosettes composed of timbales of Being."

If these definitions don't satisfy everybody we are sure that we don't know what will. After reading them if every one isn't instantly aware of what an Ultimate is, we are sorry for him.

As a matter of fact, every one *does* know what an Ultimate is. Hasn't it been talked about by all our Presidents in every message to the plain people?

An Ultimate is an Ultimate. Money talks. The moment it is received at this office the finder will be rewarded with a million dollars.

The Railroads and the Public

AFTER all, perhaps, the long and sinuous argumentative sittings before the Interstate Commerce Commission, as reported by the newspapers in ample columns, may not be wholly abortive.

Of course, we know that the arguments of the lawyers and the officials, if stripped of their verbosity and circumlocution and suavity and adroitness, could be reduced to a single positive sentence: "We charge what the traffic will bear."

We know that much, if we know anything. And yet there is a hopeful side. Is it not progress even to get all that verbosity and circumlocution and suavity and adroitness? Formerly we were told very plainly and abruptly where to stand. Not only was the dictum of charging what the traffic would bear put forth baldly and boldly, but, to make it more impressive and emphatic, they put a cracker on the end and said: "The public be damned." To be sure, we regretted such profanity on the part of our leading citizens, but we did not disagree with them. Some of us worried a little and some of us hunted preachers for antidotes, but beyond that we bowed our heads as if we had received a blessing rather than a curse.

But now, although the railroads still act as if no fate were too horrible for a mere public and although in the silence of their *sancta sanctorum* they may still pour over our figurative heads bitter vials of choice epithet, yet they deem it discreet to let us find out these facts for ourselves.

Franklin Gayforth.



THE SAME OLD GRIND

Another Congress

"AMERICA is in the throes of electing another Congress," says a London journal.

We plead guilty to the indictment, but we cannot admit that our London contemporary is entirely fair in its statement of the situation. That is to say, we are electing another Congress. Although we have reduced our Congress, or, rather, it has reduced itself to a condition of comparative innocuity, we have not yet progressed far enough to be able or willing to do without it altogether.

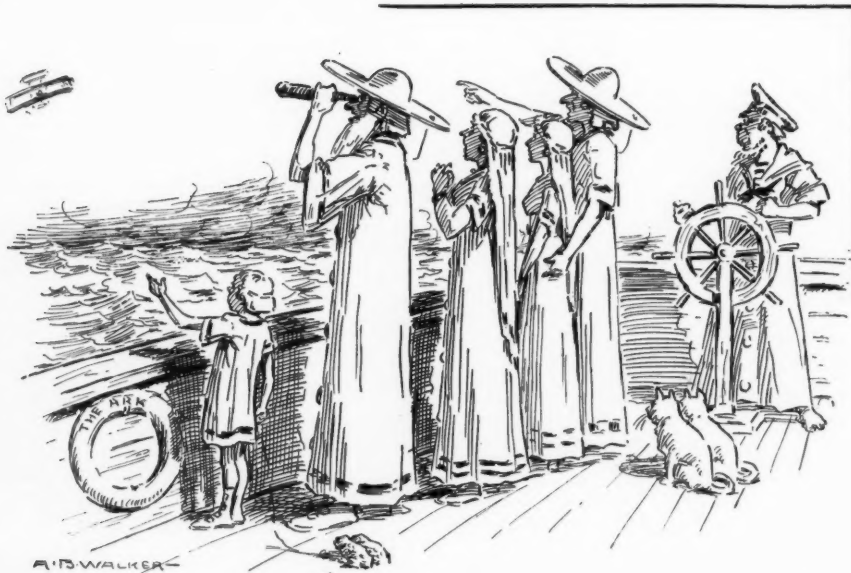
But that does not mean that we are in the throes about the matter. We make use of these for political purposes only in Presidential campaigns. As a nation we are too busy to hold our throes cheaply. It takes considerable time and energy to manage throes successfully, and, therefore, we cannot indulge in them except for the most urgent business, such as prize-fights, baseball games and aviation meets.

Here and there an isolated Congressional district or two may be in the throes, but those few exceptions should not be mistaken for the rule.



TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

MIDNIGHT.



IF?

Noah: IS THAT THE DOVE COMING BACK? JERUSALEM! HOW HE HAS CHANGED!

The American Girl

THE American Girl, as standardized by the National Association of Six-bestselleries, is a composite of botany, mineralogy and landscape gardening. Some manufacturers vary the standard by the use of certain features of various animal types, wild and domestic. Astronomy, mythology and Paradise are also called upon for contributions.

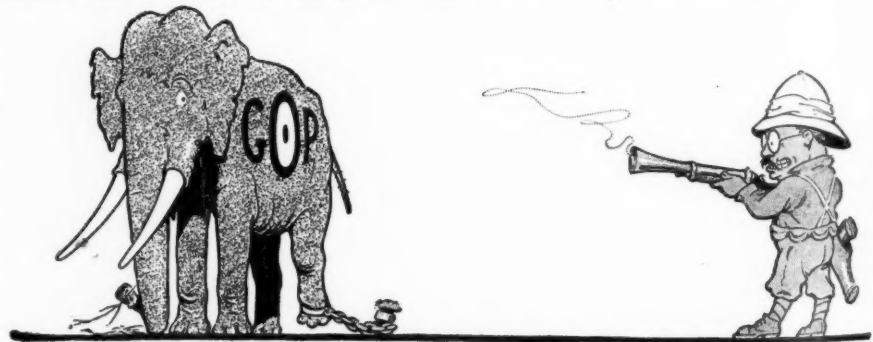
In the latest and best examples of the product twin stars are employed as eyes. These should be gleaming, scintillating, intensely luminous, capable of flashing fire at every climax. Some writers, however, use very deep wells for their heroine's orbs and there are frequent instances of the introduction of lakes, mirrors and violets. When not being used to make the hero hesitate between robbing the trust company and jumping from the Williamsburg bridge, eyes may be flung down the long corridor, glued to the floor, set upon the ceiling or fixed in a glassy stare.

Hair for heroines is not obtained, as many suppose, from the Canton and Hong Kong department stores, but is exclusively of mineral origin. The most striking results are obtained by the use of gold. According to authorities such as McCutcheon, McGrath, et al, ninety per cent. of our best heroines have golden tresses, which may be spun fine, sun-kissed or even put through the Titianizing process. Burnished copper

is also extensively employed in the manufacture of this interesting product. Bronze is used by some of the best manufacturers, and among the older and more conservative producers there is a steady call for flax, corn, chestnuts and ravens. There should always be a wealth of hair, done up into eternal question marks or crescents of golden glory. Sprinkle with an intoxicating aroma.

For the cheeks, take two American Beauty roses. Nothing has been found to give as good satisfaction since the days of Scott's palc, wan heroines, who carried a bottle of smelling salts in one hand and a dagger in the other.

The mouth belongs wholly to the jewelers. An especially acceptable article consisting of ruby lips and teeth



ANXIOUS MOMENTS

of Ceylon pearls may be obtained from Tiffany's. Shells are universally used as ears; a most satisfactory neck may be obtained by grafting from the swan; and for the voice the coo of the dove, the song of the nightingale or the purr of the cat have been found to give splendid results.

For the form we are compelled to fall back on Olympus—the breast of Venus, stature of Juno, limbs of Diana, etc., etc. It is well to note here that it is all a mistake about there being sizes in ladies' shoes above two and a half. It is true that the manufacturers list them in their catalogues; but this is manifestly an oversight, as such authorities as Tarkington, Major and Davis invariably use the adjectives tiny, dainty and fairy-like.

CITATIONS

"Hope faced the general, her deep wells of eyes blazing resentment."—*Soldiers of Fiction*: Davis.

"With the cry of a tigress she burned Lord Derringforth with her violet eyes."—*Whose Heart?*: Libbey.

"He pressed her ruby lips to his, the subtle incense from her raven hair setting his blood a-tingle."—*Beverley of the Balkans*: McCutcheon.

"I shriek. I snarl. I am a lioness; a she-cat; a leopardess of Numidia."—*The Scream of Mary MacLane*.

Our Paper Money

IT is a great mistake to reduce the size of our currency. If any change at all is to be made, our paper money should be enlarged. One of the prime functions of money is to make a show. If we strive to make a show with the things we buy with money why not strive to make a show with the money itself?

Enlarge it by all means. It is terribly hard to make a show with small bills.



The Suffragette's Husband: WHY, MY DEAR, AREN'T YOU HOME A LITTLE EARLIER THAN USUAL TO-NIGHT? I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU QUITE SO SOON.

Their Engagement

SHE entered the room hastily. He was awaiting her.

"I was afraid you would be thinking I had forgotten," she said.

"No," he responded calmly, in the tone of one who is master of himself. "An engagement is an engagement with me."

She was a beautiful girl. A wealth of chestnut hair rippled below the wide brim of her bonnet. Her close-fitting tailored gown yielded to every movement of her supple form.

He was a bit above the average height, a clean-cut, square-chinned chap, whose every expression bespoke self-reliance.

As he looked at her his glance was deferential, yet not timid.

"It has been a long while since we saw each other," he remarked.

"Yes, nearly a year," she replied. "But do you remember when I left that time you said I would have to come back?"

"Yes. You should have come sooner than this."

"But I have been so busy—going and coming, dances, dinners, the theatre, and all."

"I know. And you were married, too?"

His voice did not tremble as he asked this, yet across her face there flashed a quick tinge of humiliation.

"I—I would rather not speak of that," she observed, almost coldly. "That is all over. We—we—. It was to be expected. The truth is, we were not meant for each other. So I—I got a divorce."

"It was better so, no doubt," he responded gently. "Won't you sit down?"

She took the chair he indicated, and as he looked down at her she flashed him a sudden smile.

"I was afraid of you the last time," she said merrily.

"But—you are not afraid now?"

His voice seemed to give her assurance. She smiled again.

"No, indeed."

He put his fingers beneath her dimpled chin and tilted her bonny head back, then gazed at her earnestly. Her limpid eyes looked up at him trustingly. The rose-pink of her cheeks came and went fitfully. The white of her throat throbbed with each breath. He bent nearer to her, still with that fixed gaze. Her lips were parted.

He raised his head and she looked out of the window silently.

There was a pause. At last she spoke.

"What are you studying about? What have you decided?"

"I think I'll have to fill two of your teeth," he said quietly. "The rest are all right. You have taken better care of them than most women do."

THE MILLIONAIRE: Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to remove my appendix?

"Not absolutely; but it is safer to begin with some simple operation like that."



PRINTED IN GERMANY



THE HOBBLE SKIRT AND THE WIND

Don't Let Your Wife Grow Selfish

BY ABLE EARNER

IF you are a married man—and the chances are that you either are or will be (please don't argue with me)—the thought may have come to you that your wife is growing selfish, that she is given to thinking too much on her own affairs, that feminine interests occupy her mind to the exclusion of other things. This is narrowing for any woman, this concentration on self. And,



"OH, I SAY! MY NEXT DANCE IS WITH MISS HIPPO. I'M SURE SHE'LL STEP ON MY TAIL."

though it may not have occurred to you, there is a way out, a way out for both of you.

The simplest way is to unload your worries and troubles upon her, so that her own will dwindle to absolute zero. When you leave the house in the morning dwell at length upon the difficulties that you are going to have to contend with in the course of the day, taking care to emphasize the great likelihood of failure in overcoming them. Find a bit of fault with the breakfast. This will make her think of you—not of herself—all morning. Do not kiss her good-by.

Such things make women to brood upon their beauty and foster egoism, the handmaid of selfishness.

During the day call her on the telephone as frequently as possible to tell her that things downtown are not going so well as they might be. This will make her think of you and not of herself or the adorning of her person.

When you come home in the evening, launch at once into a history of your day's experiences. Do not ask her what she's been doing; don't permit her to talk about herself.

After dinner read her a few paragraphs from the sporting page of a newspaper. It will take her mind from hats and shoes and sealing-wax.

If you can afford it, join a club and attend three or four times a week, remembering to remain after the time you promised to come home. This, obviously, will keep her mind on you during most of your absence and give her no chance for introspection.

If a wife be selfish, it is the husband's fault.

FIRST COOK: Me missus is takin' a course of instruction in the culinary art.

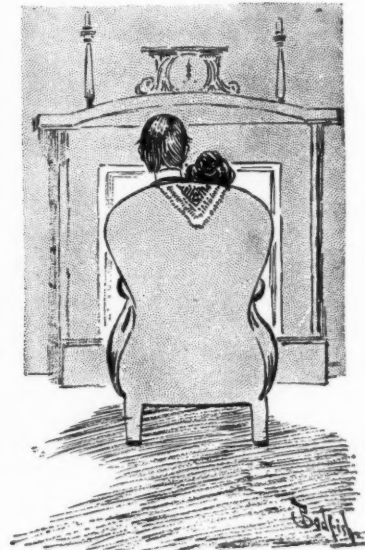
SECOND COOK: The next thing yez know she'll be askin' lave to come in the kitchen.

To the Skeleton of A Charmer

GROTESQUE and gruesome thing,
Strung on a squeaking string,
Flashing at every fling
Dreams that dismay;
Vanished to haunt the air,
Face, form and flaming hair,
All that proclaimed thee fair
For a brief day.

Still, Death has left to thee
One feature womanly,
Marking thee humanly
Queen of creation.
Well mayst thou grin and dance,
Since his despoiling lance
Spared thee by happy chance
Articulation. P. F. Hornish.

"**H**OW was the sermon?"
"Remarkably well preserved—
considering its age."



THE RIGHT MIDNIGHT NUMBER



REVISE THE RULES

FOOTBALL ISN'T THE ONLY GAME THAT SEEMS TO NEED ATTENTION

Bearing Cheerfully the Misfortunes of Others

THAT sprightly cosmopolite, the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, has constituted itself the interpreter of the United States Custom House, and has invited all American tourists to confide their doubts and difficulties to its paternal columns. With the kindest intentions in the world it has undertaken to make clear to returning citizens the manifold dangers of their position. There is nothing reassuring about the *Herald*, nothing of weak indulgence in its attitude. The unhappy old lady who explained that her friends had given her their cast-off clothing, which she had painstakingly remodeled was warned that such remodeling had made the American garments dutiable, and that her industry had been, to say the least, ill-timed. The young man who had had his great-

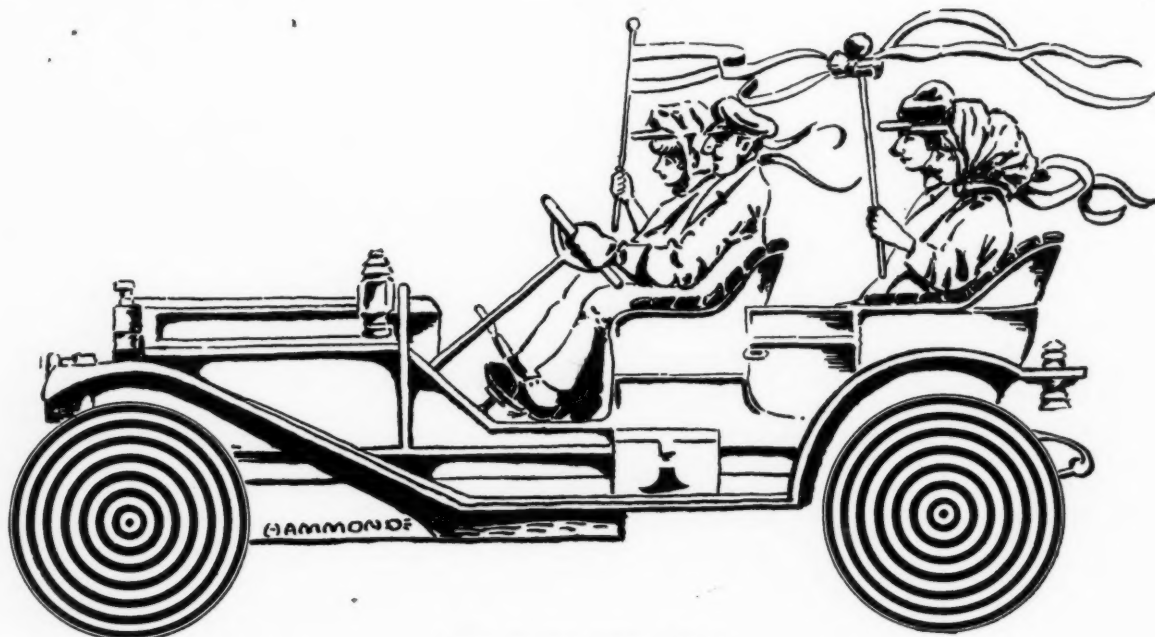
coat relined was bidden to calculate its increased value. Only the girl who confessed to five new buttons on an old pair of gloves was left uncounseled. She was held to have treated a serious subject with frivolity.

In effect, a flood of jests has been turned loose in Paris upon the Custom House—simple, robust jests, fitted to the theme. One ironical correspondent of the *Herald* wishes to know under what head he shall enter his new-born baby when he carries it back to the States, and another asks anxiously how much he shall have to pay on his own increased weight—twenty pounds of flesh “made in Germany.” A mother laments that “Susie has cut an eye tooth in England,” and wishes to know the duty thereon, and a scrupulously honest young man stands ready to admit that his beard “is wholly of foreign growth.”

Meantime, French journalists, forgetful of certain absurdities committed on

their own frontiers, make merry over the mournful anticipations of American citizens who return to be “tried for treason” on the New York docks. They picture the Custom House looming black on the horizon, like the castle of Giant Despair, and the statue of Liberty setting fire to it with her torch. They invent stories of stout and respectable matrons who are asked if they bought their wedding rings in Europe; and of elderly gentlemen who are arrested for not declaring their great-grandfather's sleeve-links—“the initials not corresponding with their names.” The situation appears to be replete with enjoyment for all but the participants thereof—the unhappy tourists who fail to enter into the spirit of the fun. Like Shelley's “sapless foliage” they

grow gray with fear.
And tremble and despoil themselves,
at the inspector's voice. It is their welcome home.
Agnes Repplier.



LIFE'S GREAT "CUP RACE"

(HOLD THE PICTURE IN RIGHT HAND AND MOVE IT SWIFTLY IN CIRCLES TO LEFT)

Wanted: A Contributing Editor

ANY competent Contributing Editor, who may happen to be disengaged or who wishes to better himself, would do well to communicate with LIFE at once.

For a long time we have known this was coming, but we put it off.

We knew that there were hundreds of speeches in different parts of the country which simply must be made.

We knew that there were dozens and dozens of burning problems that must be solved without undue delay.

We knew that the country was one big Howland wilderness which must be tackled and subdued.

We knew that there were Panama Canals to be dug, song birds to be classified and political machines to be overhauled, geared and oiled.

We knew that there were theories to be expounded, issues to be ironed out and malefactors to be anathematized.

We knew that there were animals to be killed and trips to be made to all parts of the new world as well as of the old.

We knew that there were hundreds of things to be said and published which we did not care to say and publish on our own responsibility.

We knew all these things, but hoped

against the inevitable that we would get time to do them ourselves. The picturesqueness of the job appealed to us.

But we can't do it. We are altogether too busy. And besides the work requires a peculiar order of ability which we lack, and which, furthermore, is seldom found in a magazine office proper.

The job requires something exotic, something outside, away, apart; something unattached and unattachable; a kind of case-hardened, high-strung superlyman that will abbot around without regard to the ideas or ideals, the prejudices or predilections, the experience or the existence of the real editors. Indeed, in recognizing the unquestionable tendency among magazines to accumulate and annex Contributing Editors, we are strongly inclined to believe the ultimate aim is to do away altogether with the regular editorial staff and perhaps even to dispense with the publications themselves.

COBBLE: I don't suppose De Carpetack ever has an idea of his own—one that absorbs him, carries him away, so to speak.

STONE: Oh, I don't know. I think he has.

"Pray, what is it?"

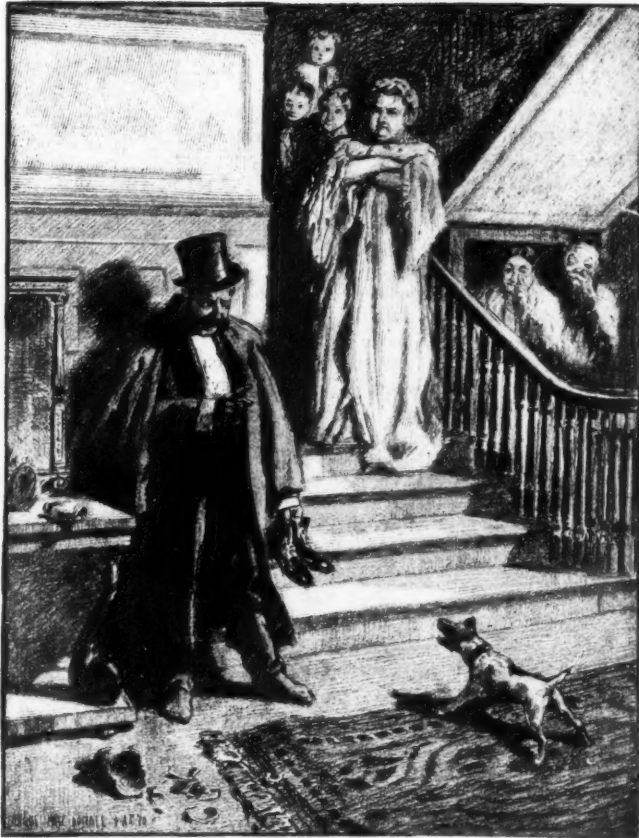
"The idea of not doing any work."

How You May Know an American Author of To-Day

HE has "a keen mind."
He is "brilliant and incisive."
Has a wonderful and "compelling" knowledge of human nature.
His dialogue always "sparkles."
He is full of "gems of thought."
He has "intense human interest."
He "grips you."
His work is always "vital."
He "thrills you mightily."
He has "created a new type."



THE MIDNIGHT OIL



IF YOU HAVE A NEW WATCHDOG DON'T STAY OUT TOO LATE

Dust and Ashes

IS *this* the Forest Primeval?—that redolent, hallowed cathedral
 Lifted by Nature to God, the solace and joy of His creatures.
 Health-giving, tranquil and strong, the source of beneficent waters,
 Wooing the quickening rains, guarding the bountiful wheat-lands?
 This *was* the Forest Primeval;—this roaring, devouring furnace
 Billowed and sheeted with flame, a pitiless, raging inferno.
 See! how the sentinel pines go down, while the red-hearted cyclone
 Greedily sweeps on the settlements, whirling in panic before it
 Caribou, timber-wolves, deer, snorting and plunging and bounding
 Mingled with cattle and men, poured through the streets,
 where the houses
 Melt in the fury!—And now, nothing remains but the timbers
 Desolate, blackened and charred, heaped over smoldering bodies.
 There let the fire-weed grow, dropping memorial blossoms.

Only a camp-fire brand,—only a spark from an engine,
 One of the myriads blown daily and nightly at random—

Such was the procreant seed. Come, let us thresh out the harvest:

Senator Pillicock thinks that our forests are better for burning.
 Senators Sniffkins and Poutt object to oppressing the railroads:
 " Shall we compel them to spend thousands for foolish precautions?
 What of their Dividends! Oh!—what of the Widows and Orphans!"
 Congressman Tillicum scorns this new-fangled quirk, " Conservation."
 " What! shall we squander and waste millions for forestry service!
 Let us consider, instead, these bills of a worthier purpose—
 Dredging out Tanglefoot Creek, building Jawhegan a courthouse."
 " I must dissent from my Colleague," interpolates Congressman Gouger;
 All my Constituents urge that our forests need ampler Protection.—
 Let us add fifty per cent. to the tax on Canadian Lumber!"

Arthur Guiterman.

Take It Easy, Mr. Stimson

MR. STIMSON ought to advertise. He is running for Governor of New York, and nobody takes the trouble even to disparage him. His wind-shield gets all the attention. No matter what happens on November 8, Mr. Stimson must not take it to heart. It won't be his fault. When Judge Folger was snowed under it broke his heart, yet everybody knew that he was as good a candidate as ever ran and that circumstances beat him.



IT HAS ONE ADVANTAGE, ANYWAY



Voice Over Phone: HELLO, IS THAT YOU, DARLING?
Miss Coquette: YES; WHO IS TALKING?



Another Blow for New York's Good Name



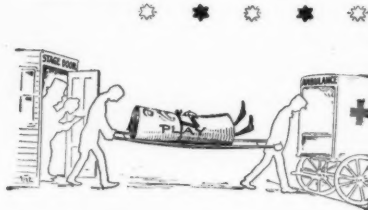
CONSIDERING that New York is a large city, with every kind of humanity included in its population, and with every note in the gamut of human vice and human virtue struck at frequent intervals, it seems strange that the big title "New York" should be given to a play which pictures persons who have slight semblance to humanity anywhere and who are only vicious, with no redeeming traits of virtue to supply even artistic contrast.

If the play called "New York" had value as a composition, or if it had any chance of being taken seriously by any but the most shallow-minded, it might be resented as a libel on poor old New York, which, according to Mayor Gaynor, is already too much libelled. But with all its sins, vices and shortcomings, New York is not as bad as the play which has the assurance to take its name. Therefore, the town will probably rest serene notwithstanding this awful slap at its remnants of good reputation. The author and producers of the play will not require police protection to keep them from being lynched by a resentful populace, at least not on account of New York's recognizing anything suggesting New York or any other human community in the life the effort assumes to

portray. Some indignant person may break out in a riot and demand his money back, but it won't be on account of civic pride. There are too many other reasons.

"New York" should be a success in rural districts where local preachers who have never seen any town larger than the nearest county-seat make a practice of growing eloquent over the wickedness and temptations of great cities. So far as knowledge of life in New York is concerned, or of human life in reality anywhere, the play might very well have been written by a theologian of that type after he had thoroughly saturated himself with the headlines in the yellow journals.

"New York" is puerile even in its recourse to speech which is evidently intended to create sensation by its mere shockingness and indecency. It has its value, however, in showing other would-be dramatists the vanity of this appeal to theatregoers of even the lowest intelligence. And Mr. Hurlbut's "New York" shows how much his "The Fighting Hope" owed to the abilities of Mr. David Belasco and Miss Blanche Bates.



"THE FAMILY" was removed from the Comedy Theatre with startling promptness. It had its good points and was far from badly acted. It was Ibsenesque in its detailed portrayal

of one kind of domestic life in a small New England town. Unfortunately for this play, New York doesn't seem to care for Ibsen applied to America, unless there is something more to the play than rather a trite plot with only the physical embodiment of the old characters changed. Some of us revel in the same old temptations, the same old yieldings and the same old inevitable consequences if they are dished up with a foreign flavor, but we won't have them at any price if they are put in a familiar native setting. In the case of "The

Scrambled Dramas



"MADAME TROUBADOUR" APPEARS AT "THE CONCERT"



"JUDY FORGOT" "THE FAMILY"



LAMBS' TALES

Family" it was not only American but Mr. Davis let his people grow tiresome with their trivialities—trivialities which we might forgive in Ibsen and if they were made sufficiently Scandinavian—and besides there was no mysticism or suggestion of higher thought. In brief, the play was commonplace.

PROBABLY no one but the managers and owners of theatrical real estate is really anxious to have the theatres in New York thrown open Sunday evenings. Actors are not, as a rule, so saintly that they object to playing Sundays, but when they are in New York Sunday gives them their only chance for social recreation. On the road they would doubtless be quite as willing to be in the theatre as cast on their own resources. The greater part of the real New York public is largely indifferent and certainly is not clamoring to have the theatres opened Sunday evening as another inducement to spend money. There is a very large element which is strenuously opposed to opening the theatres on purely religious grounds. There is an equally large element which is for the most part indifferent, but on the whole prefers to have things as they are, in the belief that Sunday is a day by itself with its own observances and social habits.

By the time this reaches print the best organized effort yet conceived to break down the practice of keeping the theatres closed Sundays will have had its first demonstration. The Messrs. Shu-

bert and Mr. W. A. Brady announced that on Sunday evening, October 23, would be given, at Daly's Theatre, the first of a series of twenty-five Sunday performances to be "given under the auspices of the American Stage Society." That particular society has no recognized standing among New York's organizations for social uplift, and the whole plan may safely be taken as a transparent device to break down the legal and other objections to Sunday theatres.

When the nature of the enterprise is once thoroughly understood it will provoke earnest and strenuous objection. There can be little doubt that the presence of a "society" will not stand for a moment if the legal authorities are invoked to prevent an infraction of the Sunday law. There can be less doubt that the authorities will be called upon to act in the premises. Religious bodies are bound to recognize that this will be the first step toward throwing open every theatre in New York which seeks to derive an income from Sunday evening patronage. The "society" or "club" idea has been such a shallow excuse in the matter of prize-fights that the police have had no difficulty in putting it aside when there was a notion abroad that it was meant to cover up an infraction of the law. It is not to be expected that "The American Stage Society" can carry on its performances very long in opposition to religious opinion backed up by the law.

ARTISTICALLY not much can be expected from such a series of plays, each of which is to be different under the conditions of the prospectus. There are not twenty-five plays suitable for such a repertory. Old plays and plays of the ordinary theatre are barred. The material must be found among those not practical for the commercial stage and they must be prepared for only one performance. It is very likely that those who commit themselves to this series of twenty-five Sunday evening performances will grow tired before they have gone a quarter of the course, notwithstanding the resources at the command of the Messrs. Shubert and Brady.

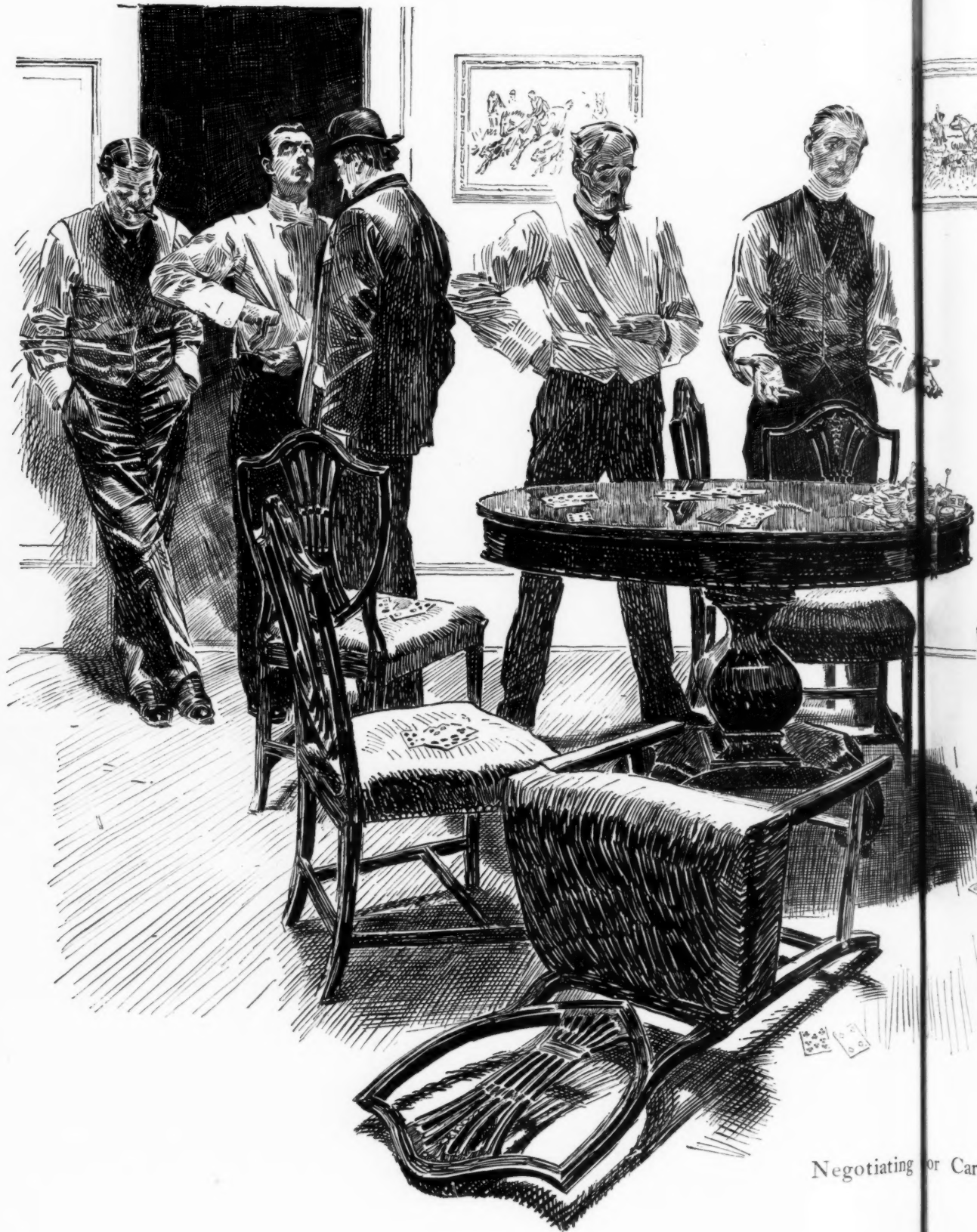
Some of our Jewish fellow-citizens may support the enterprise. It would not be an unjust demand on the part of Hebrews who religiously observe another Sabbath than our Sunday that they should be permitted to have theatrical entertainment on a day and evening which they regard as no more to be observed than a week-day. Public opinion would doubtless be on their side. If "The American Stage Society" could

show a bona fide membership confined to orthodox Hebrews there would probably be no objection to the proposed performances at Daly's Theatre, unless it should come from the heirs of the late Augustin Daly, if they still have any voice concerning the use of the theatre to which he gave his name.

Metcalfe.



- Astor*—"The Girl in the Taxi." Notice later.
- Belasco*—"The Concert." Delightful satirical comedy, well acted and well staged.
- Bijou*—"New York." See above.
- Broadway*—Marie Cahill in "Judy Forgot." Musical show well produced, with considerable fun and tunefulness.
- Casino*—"He Came from Milwaukee." Typical musical show, with Mr. Sam Bernard as the comedian.
- Comedy*—"Keeping Up Appearances." Notice later.
- Criterion*—"The Commuters." Having fun with the gentleman who catches trains.
- Daly's*—"Baby Mine." Farcical comedy, well done and abounding in laughter.
- Empire*—"Smith." Maugham comedy of London life, agreeably done by good company headed by Mr. John Drew.
- Gaiety*—"Get Rich Quick Wallingford." Diverging episodes in the career of a confidence man.
- Garden*—"The Rosary." Notice later.
- Garrick*—Mr. Kyrle Bellew in "The Scandal," by Henri Bataille. Notice later.
- Globe*—"The Girl in the Train." Musical show with catchy Viennese music.
- Hackett*—"Mother." Homely but pleasant play, with Miss Emma Dunn's acting the principal feature.
- Herald Square*—"Tillie's Nightmare." Madame Marie Dressler's fun backed up by glittering musical show.
- Hippodrome*—Ballet and spectacle with circus features.
- Hudson*—"The Deserters." Not remarkable army drama, with Helen Ware as the star.
- Knickerbocker*—Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Notice later.
- Lyceum*—"Decorating Clementine." Witty and laughable French comedy well acted.
- Lyric*—"Madame Troubadour." Charming music and vaudeville play attractively presented.
- Manhattan Opera House*—"Hans the Flute Player." Comic opera deserving of the title. Good music well sung and played.
- Maxine Elliott's*—"The Inferior Sex," with Maxine Elliott as star. Light and amusing.
- Nasimova*—"The Little Damozel." Pleasantly acted comedy of under-dog society in London.
- New*—"The Blue Bird." Poetic allegory of child life impressively presented.
- Republic*—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Simple but charming episodes from the stories of Mrs. Kate Douglass Wiggin agreeably staged by Miss Charlotte Thompson.
- Wallack's*—"Alias Jimmy Valentine." The reformed convict made interesting in light melodrama.
- Weber's*—"Alma, Where Do You Live?" Some catchy airs, the stunning Kitty Gordon, and a commonplace farce.



Negotiating for Car



otiating or Carfare



"WHAT LUCK! HERE COMES THAT FEMALE WHO'S BEEN TALKING TO MY WIFE ABOUT WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

A Bit of Repartee

"I THINK it is a grand thing to see a woman taking in washing. She's far better than her richer sisters who spend their time taking in men," declared Father Vaughan in a recent analysis of feminine tendencies.

"But," replies Ida Husted Harper, "if they don't take in the men how are they going to fulfill their only legitimate duties [according to Father Vaughan] of wife and mother? Besides, taking in the men is usually preliminary to taking in the washing. Then the washing is necessary to support the man in order that he may prove the survival of the fittest."

It is the Reverend Father's next move and we shall await it with interest.

Sentiment of a Present-day Song Writer

I CARE not who writes the classical music of my country so long as I translate it into rag.

GRASS widows are seldom green.

Life's Suffragette Contest

\$300 to the Winner

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

CONDITIONS:

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

Manuscripts must be typewritten, and should be addressed to

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

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

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

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

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

"WHAT went wrong with your auto while your wife was away?" we ask of our acquaintance.
"I did," he replies sadly.



FRIENDS OF THE DECEASED



"MY, BUT HOW I LOVE GRAPE NUTS"

Marse Henry Keeps at It

COLONEL WATTERSON continues to bang the tocsin from the *Courier-Journal* tower in Louisville and warn all hearers that Theodore Roosevelt has grown far too powerful and is a menace to our present form of government. Six months ago Marse Henry proclaimed that the Colonel was an astonishing person, a ruler of the tribe of Cæsar and Cromwell, the best dictator we could have if we must have one, but a man who, if we put him back into the White House, would stay there as long as he lived and substitute a benevolent despotism for our present system of government.

Marse Henry feels about it now just as he felt six months ago, only more so. It is all going on, he says, just as he

predicted. He appreciates the Colonel, his powers, his cleverness, his prejudice for righteousness, and all the traits and graces that endear him to the mass of his countrymen. He never abuses and seldom derides him, but he keeps hammering away at the proposition that Roosevelt is imminently dangerous to our institutions.

Many more people incline toward Marse Henry's views on this subject than did six months ago. Some of them may even share his opinion that the anti-Roosevelt papers of New York are not good at their specialty. He says of them:

If they do not cease their personal ridicule and abuse, which does not in the least hurt the Colonel—any more than it hurt Gaynor in the last Mayoralty election—and accept the gage of battle he has offered, they may as well shut shop and go home.

The great anti-Roosevelt argument is that if we don't hobble him there is danger that he will hobble us. He will never stand still from choice. He can't. Either his power and influence will increase or they will decrease. Voters in

New York who prefer to see them decrease are invited to vote for Dix.

Public Men

PUBLIC men and public places are analogous in theory. A public place is a place where any one may go without let or hindrance, where one may go without a special invitation and stay away from without apology. Public men are properly of the same type. It should be permissible, whenever we meet a public man, to go up to him without introduction or ceremony, slap him vigorously on the back and call him by his first name.

But, in spite of our best efforts to popularize democracy, most of our public men still remain dignified and forbidding. Some surround themselves with office boys and secretaries while others go so far as to secure private detectives and military body-guards.

It does not follow from this that public men cannot be used, but merely that they cannot be used indiscriminately by the public.

LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on
October



Your future wife will be a Christian Scientist, but you won't find it any cheaper than the old-fashioned doctors.

27

Your future husband will wear congress gaiters and a happy smile. He will have been brought up in a boarding-house and will not object to prunes.



Your future wife will be incited by you to join a cooking-school. You will be punished all right.

28

Your future husband will be a life insurance agent, and you will be surprised to notice that your former friends avoid you.



Your future wife will be charming and devoted. On that account you won't lie to her any oftener than necessary.

29

Your future husband will leave you a fortune to be forfeited in case you marry again. A cheap monument will mark his resting-place.



Your future wife will teach the infant-class in a Sunday-school, and you will be surfeited with "little Johnny" stories.

30

Your future husband will fall in love with your favorite dress-maker. This will place you in a serious dilemma.



THE LATEST BOOKS



CERTAIN scholar and critic said to me the other day that Gilbert Chesterton was a vaudeville artist. This is a bitter saying, but there is more than a color of truth in it, and the candid reader who, after the mixed intellectual enjoyment of Mr. Chesterton's latest volume, *What Is Wrong With the World?* (Dodd, Mead, \$1.50), tries to recall the nature and sequence of the successive chapters or attempts to sum up in a sentence the trend of their cumulative argument, will find himself in much the same case as a member of the audience at a first-class variety show who undertakes to recall the order of the "turns" or to express an opinion of their plot. The latter can do little more than to remember that the show ran largely to trained dogs and that the boomerang throwing was fine. The former can do little better than to say that Mr. Chesterton is here at his delightful best while discussing woman's influence in the world and the value of the basic simplicities of life as compared to its theoretic complexities. He might add that the argumentative boomerang throwing was very careless. There is an almost forgotten and wholly incredible legend in American history that there was once a man who preferred to be right than to be President. Mr. Chesterton has come to prefer being bright to being right. He began by being bright in order to be emphatic. He continued being bright in order to be consistent. He has come now, at times, to be willing to be inconsistent in order to be bright. There are passages in this present work where he has allowed himself to be disingenuous in order to appear ingenious. Brilliance has become a habit with him, like morphine. At a pinch he'll sell an argument for an epigram or pawn a logical position for a paradox. It would

be a most unwarranted statement to say that *What Is Wrong With the World?* is not full of brilliant things. To say that it was a brilliant book would be what the French call *une bêtise*.

THE studies from New York "low" life and sketches in local Bohemia that appear in Hutchins Haggood's interesting *Types from City Streets* (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.50), are so exceptional in the quality of their observation—they have that quality, rare with us here in America, of looking at things as in their environment yet not as solely of it—that one doubly regrets the fragmentary nature of their presentation. They cover much ground; they show a sympathetic, yet never a sentimental, understanding; and they tantalizingly suggest that they are somehow parts of an undiscovered whole. As a matter of fact they were written some years ago for occasional publication, and were, as they themselves bear witness, the fruit of a well-grounded interest in the unaffected realities of life. But they have now been collected with no effort at unification; so that they stand to us for the fine raw materials of a

point of view that has never been welded into an outlook.



SOME clever wag has defined a critic as a man who reads books he doesn't like. I want to nail the flag of my disqualification to the mast by owing to both a keen individual interest and a warm critical approval aroused by Mr. Clayton Hamilton's volume of clarifying essays upon *The Theory of the Theatre* (Henry Holt, \$1.50). At first glance the author's title seems to connote a work, not only of a technical nature, but one dealing with matters that at best concern the public distantly if at all. As a matter of fact, however, it deals with matters that are of almost universal interest and deals with them in a manner to isolate and illuminate the fundamental relations involved—the relations of the stage to life, of dramatic art to the theatrical business, of the dramatist to the actor and to the audience, and of the latter to itself and to all the others. The drama, to-day, is the real democrat among the arts. Susceptibility to it is the artistic common denominator of our social order. Here, in terms of emotional quarters, or eighths, or thirty-seconds, or sixty-fourths, it is always some-

where possible for the aristocrat and the proletarian, for the intellectual and the sot, to meet for a moment in emotional and responsive unity. Yet there is no habitual subject of general discussion upon which, even among thoughtful and intelligent people, such inchoate thought and groping conclusions pass current. Wherever two or three of us are conversationally gathered together in its name, there is confusion in the midst of us. And this is less because we are unable to agree with each other than because no one of us has quite succeeded in agreeing with himself. It is the latter task that Mr. Hamilton has really undertaken; and having measurably accomplished it he is eminently worth listening to. If he has done nothing else he has at least underbrushed the situation.

J. B. Kerfoot.



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

An Affair of Dishonor, by William De Morgan. An historical romance of the seventeenth century containing no trace of the De Morgan whom we know.

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Rest Harrow, by Maurice Hewlett. A sequel to *Half Way House and Open Country*. Of no interest except to readers of those stories.

The Russian Road to China, by Lindon Bates, Jr. An unusual journey with an intelligent companion.

The Theory of the Theatre, by Clayton Hamilton. See above.

Types from City Streets, by Hutchins Haggood. See above.

The Varmint, by Owen Johnson. Another schoolboy story that supplements without duplicating the theme of *The Eternal Boy*.

The Way Up, by M. P. Wilcox. A complex study of life in an English industrial town, that lacks the interpretative unity of this writer's *A Wingless Victory*.

What Is Wrong with the World? by G. K. Chesterton. See above.



HISTORY AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
NERO AND THE BURNING OF ROME

Priscilla Still in the Ring

HERE is a matter, dear sisters, which again shows the despicable tyranny of man.

Supreme Court Justice Guy, who granted a writ of habeas corpus to a woman sentenced to the Metropolitan Hospital on Blackwell's Island under the new women's court law, dismissed the writ yesterday and in his decision said:

"While I have some doubt as to the validity of the statute in some minor respects, its purpose is so entirely humane and beneficial to the unfortunate class of women whom it affects, as well as protective to the public generally, that I am unwilling to suspend its operation even temporarily."

Do you remember that when this man-made law first came into effect a number of our brave Suffragettes went down to the Night Court all prepared to cause a riot in the court room if the law was enforced? "Humane and beneficial"—

bah! What does a true, brave, notoriety-seeking Suffragette care about "humane and beneficial" when by doing some violent and intemperate act she can get her own name and our sacred cause mentioned in the papers?

The silly philanthropists who secured the passage of this law—mostly men, but also some women, I am ashamed to say—claim it is the first intelligent legal step that has been taken in the way of dealing with a tremendous evil. That's all twaddle. The law doesn't treat men and women alike and thus gives us Suffragettes a chance to get ourselves noticed.

And it was a man-judge who made this decision. If a woman had been on the bench we would have sent her some flowers and given a tea with her as the "guest of honor." Then perhaps the decision would have been different. If we had the ballot the judge might have been a woman. Votes for Women! That's the way to cure evils.

"La fonction de la femme allemande n'est pas de courir les meetings et de disputer aux hommes leurs droits, mais de mener une vie paisible au foyer et de s'occuper de son ménage."

(Extrait d'un discours de Guillaume II.)*

I ALWAYS knew Willie Hohenzollern was a beast, and that proves it. It is exactly the kind of an utterance one would expect from a brain sodden with lager beer and wienerwurst. In Germany he may be a king by divine right (or able to bunco his stupid people into believing it, which is the same thing), but thank fortune we American Suffragettes live in a free country, where

we can "courir les meetings" as much as we like with no one to say us nay—not even the husbands who support us.

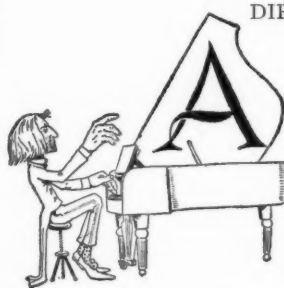
* The duty of the German woman is not to frequent meetings and argue with men about their rights, but to lead a peaceable domestic life and busy herself with household affairs.—Extract from an address of William II.



I HAVE just been reading about an exhibition of what is called a Suffragette Suit. It is made of pearl gray cloth, and consists of a Suffragette Coat and what I suppose might be called Suffragette Pants. The latter are only a modification of the old divided skirt, with convenient side pockets for money, keys, handkerchief and the other things we are always dropping when there is a man around to pick them up. The pants would also remove the need for the handbag we carry to tempt professional thieves and needy persons to crime. Of course, the Suffragette Suit is the invention of a fool man dress-maker.

Can any one imagine a meeting of real Suffragettes listening to a person attired in a costume like this? No, indeed. We

want our speakers dressed in the very latest styles, with the biggest hats and most hobbled skirts. This attracts the attention of the sisters and gives them something to think and talk about. The effect is heightened if the wearer figures prominently in the society and divorce columns of the daily newspapers. We, who are agitating "Votes for Women," have studied the psychology of women, and we know what appeals to the intellect of the sex, and you may be sure, sisters, it isn't anything which tends towards simplicity in dress. Handsome clothes and "Votes for Women" go hand in hand.

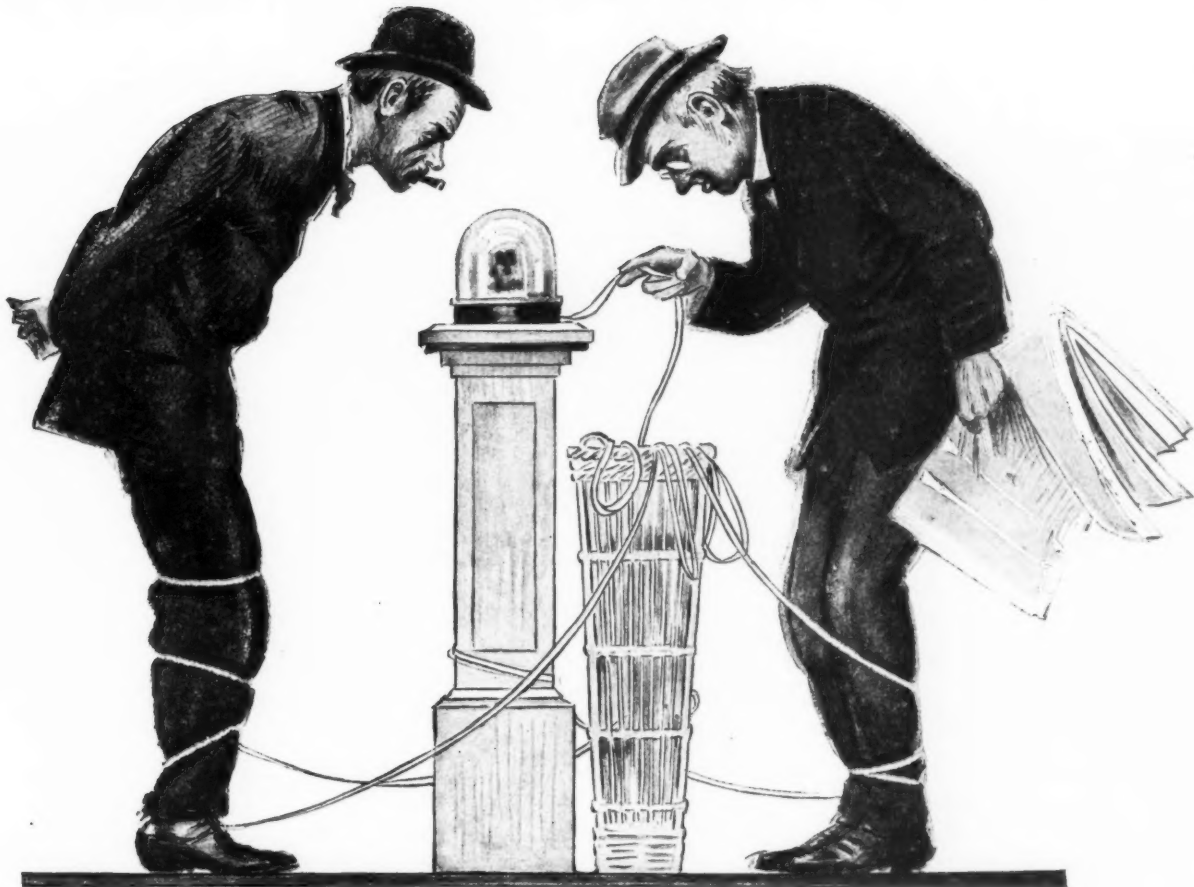


DIRECT insult to our sex is contained in the play called "The Concert," which David Belasco has put on at his theatre. The hero is a dear pianist who evokes the most divine melodies and harmonies from the instrument of his choice. Mr. Belasco goes out of his way to make ridiculous the legitimate adoration which the piano-player's women pupils and admirers lavish upon him.

We girls, being finer in our instincts and intuitions than men are, all love music. Why should we not also love the person who produces it? We know the musician's temperament and his love of feminine affection. I know of no good reason why we shouldn't give him flowers and other gifts. Nor why we shouldn't crowd about him and kiss his hand and beg locks of his hair to show our appreciation. To try to make us appear ridiculous because of these evidences of women's superior intellect is an insult, if I know what an insult is. Mr. Belasco would not dare to do it if women had the ballot.

Votes for Women! dear sisters. That's the remedy. With the ballot we could punish Mr. Belasco as he deserves. Votes for Women! PRISCILLA JAWBONES.





Paul Condon

TEN YEARS AFTER

PORTRAITS OF TWO FORTUNATE MEN WHO GUESSED RIGHT THE FIRST TIME

More Prize Fight Pictures

OUR prize-fight pictures have been shown in London, and the *London Mail* says that as a scandal and an outrage on civilization they are very disappointing. "Cut out the last round," says the *Mail*, "and the whole might be shown to a young ladies' seminary." A good deal of the hitting, it seems, shows imperfectly in the pictures, there is no blood, and it is all pretty mild. Any one who has ever seen prize-fight cinemetograph pictures (which were not thought to be so depraved until this year), can understand about it.

The pictures are no loss to public entertainment, but in

themselves they are comparatively harmless. The real argument against them was that they helped to make prize-fighting profitable and somehow prize-fighting seems to no longer deserve toleration. Our habits are changing. We go to church less generally, keep Sunday less strictly, drink rum less ostentatiously and consider prize-fights brutal. But it continues to be matter for argument whether we grow better or worse.

MRS. HATTERSON: Are you going to be at home this afternoon?

MRS. VOTERLEY: I should say not! My husband is giving an afternoon tea.





No Risk

"Susannah," asked the preacher, when it came her turn to answer the usual question in such cases, "do you take this man to be your wedded husband, for better or for worse—"

"Jes' as he is, pahson," she interrupted, "jes' as he is. Ef he gits any bettah Ah'll know de good Lawd's gwine to take 'im; an' ef he gets any wusser, w'y, Ah'll tend to 'im myself."

—*Youth's Companion.*

The World on Wheels

"Well, I mortgaged my home yesterday."

"What make of auto are you going to get?"—*Houston Post*

Another Answer

In a primary school examination, over which I once had the pleasure to preside, one of the questions was with regard to the five senses. One of the bright pupils handled the subject thus:

"The five senses are: Sneezing, sob-

bing, crying, yawning, coughing. By the sixth sense is meant an extra one which some folks have. This is snoring."

—*Woman's Home Companion.*



"NOW, I WONDER IF I'VE GOT THE RIGHT KIND OF A RABBIT."

Not Nice French

In the dining-room of a hotel in Nice, on a huge placard posted over the mantelpiece, you read the following:

"Our English visitors are kindly requested to address the waiters and servants in English, as their French is not generally understood."—*Tit-Bits.*

Which Is It ?

"Father."

"Well, what is it?"

"It says here, 'A man is known by the company he keeps.' Is that so, Father?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

"Well, Father, if a good man keeps company with a bad man, is the good man bad because he keeps company with the bad man, and is the bad man good because he keeps company with the good man?"—*Punch.*

FRESHLEY: In the class this morning the professor of English literature said something about Beaumont and Fletcher. I know who Beaumont is, of course; he's the new outfielder for the Cubs. But who the Sam Hill is Fletcher?"

THE OTHER CHAP: Why, you bone-head, he's the guy that says you must chew your victuals one hundred and thirty-six times before you swallow 'em."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Impudent Interviews

Mr. Dooley

Sit, Humissy, near me:
 There's times whin I fear me
 Ye're failin' to hear me
 With riverince due;
 F'r what's th' salvation
 Iv all this gr-rand nation?—
 Th' iddyfication
 Iv ye and ye're crew.

'Tis true that me stiddy
 Old colledge chum, Tiddy,
 Has settled alridy
 A number iv things;
 But still there's divorcees,
 An' racin' with horses,
 Fi-nance, an' th' coorses
 Iv combines an' rings.

I tell ye th' bothers
 Iv Jawn D. an' others,
 Iv childher an' mothers,
 Iv husbands an' brides,
 Iv Suffrageites bloomeded,
 What's true an' what's rumored;
 An', always good-humored,
 I laugh at both sides.

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**"The Universal
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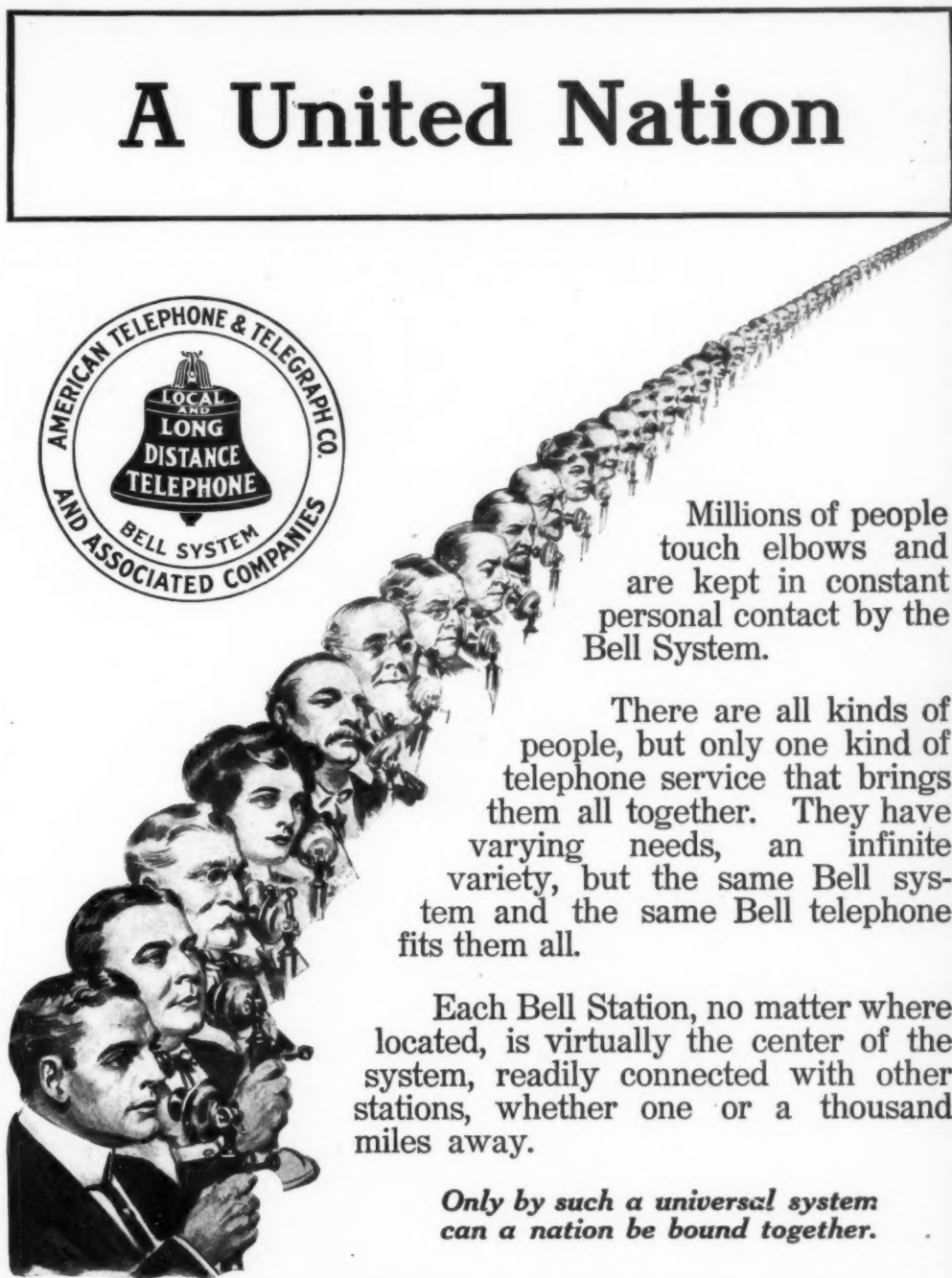
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I teach ye be jokin',
 Ye're laughter provokin'
 While others ar-re croakin'.

Me wit, so they say,
 Is thruly So-cratie
 An' epigrammatic—
 What Hogan calls "Attic"
 An' "sthric'ly oh fay."

Hark, now, an' be wiser:
 Me frind an' adviser
 Young Wilhelm th' Kaiser
 Sez, whin ye've begun
 That war-r with Japan, sir,
 Th' Thropics iv Cancer—
 Whisht, man! wud ye answer?
 Thin wait till I'm Dunne!

Arthur Guiterman.

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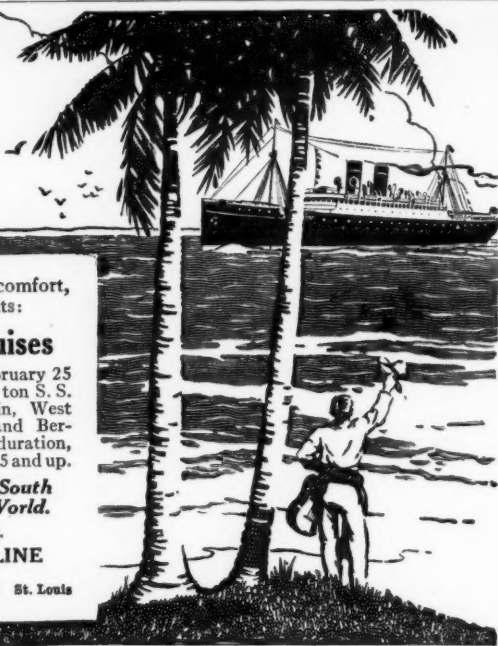
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—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

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The Artful Sportsman

A gentleman who had the reputation
of being a bad shot invited some of his
friends to dine with him. Before dinner
he showed them a target painted on the
barn door with a bullet in the bull's-
eye. He said he had shot this at a dis-
tance of five hundred yards.

During the dinner one of the guests

asked him how he managed to fire such
an excellent shot.

"Well," said he, "I shot the bullet
at the door at a distance of five hundred
yards and then I painted the target
around it."—*Lippincott's.*

His Distinguishing Mark

One day a big city bank received the
following message from one of its coun-
try correspondents: "Pay twenty-five
dollars to John Smith who will call to-
day." The cashier's curiosity became
suspicion when a cabman assisted into
the bank a drunken "fare" who shouted
that he was John Smith and wanted
some money. Two clerks pushed, pulled
and piloted the boisterous individual into
a private room away from the sight and

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

hearing of regular depositors. The cas-
hier wired the country bank:

"Man claiming to be John Smith is
here. Highly intoxicated. Shall we
await identification?"

The answer read: "Identification com-
plete. Pay the money."—*Success.*

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Gin Up All Idea of Women Folks

I have recently gin up all idea of
women folks and come back to perlitical
life. I am more at home in this line
than in huntin' the fair sects. Aingills
in petticuts an' "kiss-me-quicks" is
pretty to look at, and I gin in, but darm
'em they are as slippery as eels, and
when you fish for 'em and get a bite,
you somehow or other find yourself at
the wrong end of the line, they have
cotched you! An' when you've stuffed

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'em with peanuts, candy, and dogger-
types, they will throw you away as they
would a cold tater. Leastwise that's
been my experience. But I've done with
'em now. The Queen of Sheber, the
sleepin' beauty, Kleo-patry's needle,
Pompey's pillar, an' Lot's wife, with a
steam-engine to help 'em, couldn't tempt
me. The very sight of a bonnet riles me
all over.—*United States Magazine*, Feb-
ruary, 1857.

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If you were born on
October



31 Your future wife will be a bridgefiend. You will cure her by inviting your mother to pay you long visits.

31

Your future husband will have a number of elderly unmarried sisters, who will give you expert advice in the bringing up of your family.



November



1 Your future wife will pose as a woman of culture. You will be regarded as a meal-ticket by musical and artistic freaks.

1

Your future husband will be devoted to golf. Bridge and the matinees will be your only solace.



2 Your future wife will be selected from the third row of a musical show chorus. The greater part of your life will be spent wondering why you did it.

2

Your future husband will be his own chauffeur. Knowing his expertness, your own motoring will be done in a street-car.



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"— and Caught the Outstretched Hands "

Dr. Thorne's Idea

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J. A. Mitchell

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— Baltimore American.

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Almost!

Next Week—"Unbidden Guests"

That's the title under the cover picture, by O'Malley. Just another wonderful cover. But more than this, the next issue will be the Thanksgiving issue—**almost** the largest number of LIFE ever issued, and a precursor of the One Hundred Page Numbers which are coming. Please don't forget that one hundred pages mean much more in LIFE than in any other periodical, because so many ideas are crowded into every LIFE page.

To discover a person of culture, refinement and genuine intelligence in this country who is not a regular subscriber to this paper, or who does not see it regularly, is like looking for a needle in a haystack.

This leads us to a startlingly new thought, one so original in conception that we almost hate to mention it—but—why not Obey that Impulse and be a regular subscriber now? We speak of this diffidently, and we should not mention it at all if it were not that this happens to be the one, supreme, psychological moment of the whole year to begin your subscription—and those friends who would be so delighted to have it for a Christmas present! Don't think this over. Be brave, and do it now.




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Wood Rollers **Tin Rollers**



Against It

DEAR LIFE:

Can you not tell us in your valuable magazine what is the matter with American women?

I am a woman—not a suffragette—and I am ashamed for my sex!

It is incredible how they can so degrade and make themselves contemptible. As long as they are not men, why not be content to be simply women?

Surely they ought to understand that each sex has its peculiar privileges which the other cannot share.

This wild desire to seize the ballot and imitate men even in dress reminds one of the desperate American effort to ape the English, and the result is something that is neither "fish, flesh, nor good red herring." They are very like children screaming for the one toy cherished, yet if they ever succeeded in getting it they would probably at once cease to care for it, and very likely never vote at all after the first time. The following lines are, I



The Cigaret
you can
smoke all
day without
a trace of
"nerves"—

because it's just
pure, clean, sweet
tobaccos, blended by
artists. Prove it.

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think, the best description of the modern woman that could be given:

"In glowing health, with boundless wealth,

But sickening of a vague disease,
She knows so ill to deal with time,
She needs must play such pranks
as these."

Yours sincerely,
CONSTANCE CAMERON.

October 6, 1910.

Dogs and Science

DEAR LIFE:

Every week I buy LIFE and read it from cover to cover. First I glance at the pictures and smile, then I read the

jokes and chuckle, after that I read the editorials and ponder, next I study the automobile advertisements and decide what car I'd buy if I were rich, and finally I turn to the articles and letters on the subject of vivisection and—throw down the paper in disgust.

The question of animal experimentation has been attacked and defended by

(Continued on page 720)

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

W.P. WILLIS & CO.
NEW YORK
 IMPORTERS

SINCE the makers of ready-made clothing cannot buy Willis woolens—our exclusive imported fabrics—the claim that their clothing is “equal to custom made” lacks solid foundation.

Importers, since 1868, of the highest grade Foreign Fabrics for distribution among the leading custom tailors of America.

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 719)

so many persons who are thoroughly qualified to discuss it that I have no desire to become involved in the argument. I simply wish to call attention to a letter in your issue of October 6, as it typifies the mental attitude of most of the antivivisectionists.

The writer had a dog. The dog acted strangely and bit three persons. For that the owner “gave him a good beating”—a very natural proceeding, but scarcely one expected from an anti-cruelty partizan. His subsequent course of action, while an evidence of his good judgment, is a typical example of the inconsistency of the majority of antivivisectionists. *He was willing to take advantage of knowledge gained through the sufferings of many dogs, rabbits and other defenseless creatures.* Some years ago, behind those much-maligned “Locked Doors,” large numbers of innocent animal lives were sacrificed—and without nearly so much suffering as some would have us believe—in order that we human beings might be spared the possibilities of hydrophobia. As a result, this man and thousands of others have been ex-

posed to this horrible disease and were able to avail themselves of positive immunity. Perhaps the germ of rabies was present—perhaps not. In killing the dog, instead of confining him and watching him, as they should have done, they destroyed the only evidence. In either event the Pasteur treatment did not harm the patients, and they were spared the terrible anxiety in regard to their condition.

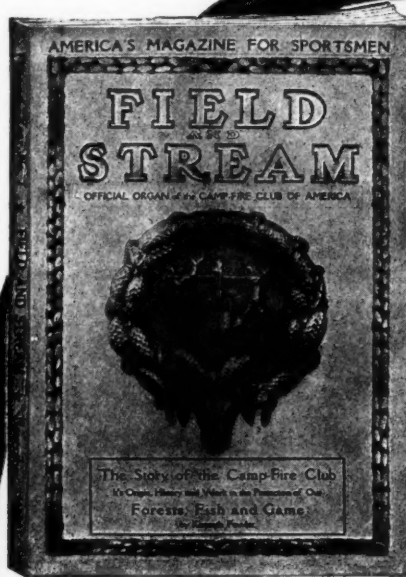
This letter is not intended as a criticism of this gentleman for availing

himself of the only certain preventive of rabies. It is simply to ask those who are denouncing the methods of modern science to stop and think. Unless we are willing to forego the advantages derived from the results of animal experimentation, it ill behooves us to decry this method of extending scientific knowledge.

HENRY F. KINGSLEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 6, 1910.

(Continued on page 721)



Camp-Fire Club Number

The Camp-Fire Club of America, composed of the leading sportsmen and naturalists of this country, has accomplished many important results in the preservation of forests, fish and game in America.

In order to further this work, to enlist the support of the thousands of sportsmen in this country, and to influence the proper kind of legislation, FIELD AND STREAM has been appointed the Official Organ of the Camp-Fire Club and adds its forces to those of the Club in the protection of our wild life, saving of

our forests and game covers, and the stocking of our lakes and streams.

We want you to read in the November issue Kenneth Fowler's “Story of the Camp-Fire Club,” its Origin, History and Work in the Protection of Our Forests, Fish and Game, and to put your shoulder to the wheel in work which is of vital importance to you.

The Crying Need of the Day

In order to prevent the complete annihilation of our game covers and fishing waters by the get-rich-quick methods of lumbering and paper pulp industries, together with the characteristic short-sighted extravagance of the Americans, it is imperative that a vigorous fight be made to save the forests. Every sportsman should read WARREN H. MILLER's series of articles, on “European Forestry,” beginning in this November number; they give the best methods of European practice as applied to our National problem of the conservation of our National resources. This big subject is the problem of the hour, of the present generation, of the children who follow us; and deeply affects the prosperity of the Nation to the end of time.

SPECIAL OFFER

As we want every sportsman to join in this work, we are making a special introductory offer, of sending the next three issues of FIELD AND STREAM, beginning with the November number, on the receipt of 25c.

FIELD AND STREAM PUB. CO.

17 E. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

15 CENTS PER COPY

\$1.50 PER YEAR

EVERSTICK
 TRADE MARK
 INVISIBLE RUBBERS

Can be worn all day long, without discomfort, they protect where protection is needed, the sole of the shoe.

EVERYBODY NEEDS EVERSTICKS.
 Always for sale where good shoes are sold.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.

THE ADAMS & FORD CO.
 CLEVELAND, O.

None genuine without THIS cord.

"On the Mountain Top"

The Montclair

Forty Minutes from B'way

A GRILL that's exceptional.

Montclair, N. J.
Tel. 1410 Montclair

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 720)

Snakes are Safer

DEAR LIFE:

"O, Lord, give us more snakes and less doctors," was the prayer of a good old man who had just read an article in a magazine on "New View of Snake Bites," in which it was stated on high authority that the virulence of snakes has been exaggerated, and that so far as known "only about eighty persons have ever died of snake bites in the United States." The old gentleman had just lost a dear little grandchild from lockjaw, developing directly from vaccination. Over and against eighty persons who have died after having been bitten by a snake (and in all probability most of these deaths were due to the victims being made drunk with whisky), we can place more than 8,000 deaths directly due to the injection of vaccine virus into the circulation; and on top of this direct death rate from the vicious treatment, all students of the question know that thousands and thousands have been so injured by this form of blood poison-



CAMBRIDGE 25c
in boxes of ten

AMBASSADOR 35c
the after-dinner size

Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON
Cigarettes

Incomparable! Each a temptation for another

In Cork and Plain Tips

"The Little Brown Box"

· LIFE ·

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



Bulletin

OPENING OF THE GREAT PENNSYLVANIA STATION IN NEW YORK

On Sunday, November 27, full train service will be inaugurated by the Pennsylvania Railroad to and from its new station at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-second Street, New York City.

The location of the **Pennsylvania Station**, one block from Broadway, two blocks from Fifth Avenue, is in the heart of the hotel, club and theatre district of Manhattan. Within a short radius are located the majority of the big retail stores and restaurants. The Seventh Avenue surface cars and the Eighth Avenue Surface cars pass its doors; the Thirty-fourth Street surface cars (crosstown) pass its Thirty-fourth Street entrance, and stations of the Sixth Avenue Elevated and Hudson and Manhattan Tubes are a short block from its main entrance.

Time tables showing the service to and from the **Pennsylvania Station** are now being arranged, and may be obtained at Ticket Offices before the opening of the Station.

Connections will be made at Manhattan Transfer (near Newark) with local trains to and from the downtown stations by way of Jersey City, so that downtown New York passengers who desire may continue to use the Cortlandt and Desbrosses Street Stations and the Hudson Terminal Station of the Hudson and Manhattan Tubes.

ing as to cause decline subsequently with scrofula and tuberculosis.

Sir William Collins, a very distinguished physician of England, and one of the late King's doctors, was once Public Vaccinator, and in resigning that office, wrote this: "Were I to tell you a title of the horrors I have witnessed resulting from vaccination, your blood would stand still in your veins. Vaccination gives loathsome disease and is not preventive of smallpox." Dr. Collins has since stated that "Tuberculosis follows vaccination as effect follows cause."

CHARLES E. PAGE, M. D.
BOSTON, September 28, 1910.

THE more you accomplish the less you will be understood—especially by people of limited comprehension.—*Brooklyn Life.*

A Legacy For You—

a rich, mellow, old nectar—now made and aged just as it was in the good, old days of yore.

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

When ordering, emphasize the name and avoid mistakes.

Distilled and bottled in bond by

A. Overholt & Co.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.



\$1.50
EAR

LIFE
IMAGINARY
SUBSCRIPTIONS

Enormous Waiting List



Millions of Imaginary People Impatient to Become Mental Subscribers to LIFE



URING the past week the superb poise of our manager, Gee. Ime. Mit., has been taxed to its utmost under the enormous strain of receiving vibrations from all over the world, from those who cannot wait to become actual mental subscribers, and who do not understand our system, or why

they must first be placed on the waiting list.

The situation briefly is as follows:

We have twenty millions of actual bona fide paid-up mental subscribers to the Imaginary Life, who receive the paper mentally every week. Now, on account of the difficulty of obtaining help, we cannot take on any more subscribers, as we have already explained. All those who wish to become subscribers in time, therefore, are placed on our waiting list, by mentally subscribing the nominal sum of five dollars, which is one half the regular subscription. The names of this waiting list are duly recorded according to the time they are vibrated, and when any one of our regular mental subscribers drops out, a new name from this waiting list is added.

By getting your name on the waiting list now, you will probably become a regular mental subscriber in about twenty years. There is no guarantee of this, but our experts have made as near a correct estimate as possible, based on the psychic life of all astral bodies.

There is, however, a bare possibility that we may be able to increase our regular office force, so that we can add more regular subscribers. We have just taken on a trained band of yogis from Calcutta, and we are in great hopes that they may pan out all right. We are also making discoveries. For example, we find that oftentimes some of our regular somatic office help materialistic Life, develop psychic power, and can thus be transferred to Gee. Ime. Mit.'s department, and aid us in getting out the mental Life. It was only the other day that a new office boy was caught going into a trance all by himself. Gee. Ime. Mit. was notified; he was given a few lessons by one of our assistant clairvoyants, with the result that he is now recording several thousand vibrations a day from

Any one who reads this may be a psychic and not know it, may be earning steady mental money recording vibrations for the mental Life; right in your own home, too. It may need only a few brief touches on the part of some of our trained force to develop your powers.

If you feel psychic, therefore, drop us a line; or, better still, try and send us a few vibrations. Never mind the spelling and punctuation—that will all come later.

Concentrate on a door knob, or other shining object, remain in a purely passive state, and will Gee. Ime. Mit. come to you mentally. Remember that you may not be conscious, physically speaking, of any response. That is only because your physical self and your mental self are not yet in perfect harmony; that will all come later. The main point is to make the effort; soon you will become conscious of a supreme joy, and suddenly the light will break in upon you, and you will understand.

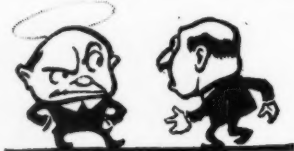
Do you see auras on other people? That is one sign that you are a psychic. Look at the heads of all those you see in a street car. If the fine spiritual essence which always surrounds their heads is at all visible to your inner eye, you may know that it is only a question of time when you can be earning all the way up to a hundred mental dollars a month working for Gee. Ime. Mit.



Yogis

imaginary subscribers.

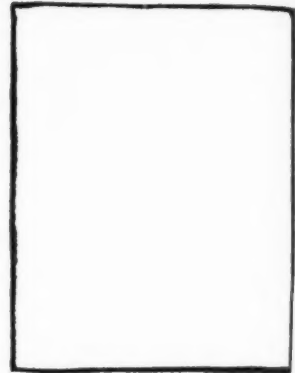
We are, of course, vibrating for help all the time, through the regular imaginary departments, but we find that good subliminal selves are scarce, and what we hope to do now is to educate a number who are groping in the dim light between the materialistic existence and the higher mental life, and don't know it—just as our office boy had to be trained.



Signs

imaginary subscribers.

We are, of course, vibrating for help all the time, through the regular imaginary departments, but we find that good subliminal selves are scarce, and what we hope to do now is to educate a number who are groping in the dim light between the materialistic existence and the higher mental life, and don't know it—just as our office boy had to be trained.



Reduced Fac-simile Next Week's Cover



Life's Experts at work



Concentrate

Here is a letter just received:

DEAR LIFE:

Some time ago I noticed that my wife's disposition began to change. She became calmer, and I could see that some new influence was entering into her life. When I complimented her and asked her what it was, she steadily avoided the subject, telling me that I would not understand, until the other day, upon my insisting, she declared that she was a subscriber to the Imaginary Life, and that it had made this great change in her. She told me she had vibrated ten mental dollars long ago, and that the mental Life she was getting each week was a great deal better than the physical one I am receiving. She says I am

(Continued on page 723)

Vibrations →





Redfern Whalebone Corsets

The Standard of
Corset Fashion

The Foundation of a
Perfect-Fitting Gown

Boned with purest selected Arctic Whalebone

Security Rubber Button Hose Supporters
Attached to all Redfern Whalebone Corsets

Sold at all High-Class Shops
\$3.00 to \$15.00 per pair

The Warner Brothers Company, New York, Chicago, San Francisco



For BILIOUSNESS Try
Hunyadi János
NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Avoid Substitutes

Enormous Waiting List

(Continued from page 722)

only a man and not capable of the vibratory power necessary to be on the same plane with her. Tell me what to do.

Our friend's wife is in error, as we have already vibrated her. Not an uncommon error, either, as those who suddenly enter on the joy of the higher plane often think that no others are capable of it.

Of course, no one who is on the lower plane can have even the faintest adumbration of what the higher joy is; but we earnestly assure our friend that it is possible for him, and will come in time.

There are three states: first, the physical stage, which he is in at present, not being in harmony, or conscious of his subliminal self. Second, the noumenal, or half stage, in which the psychical and the physical beings have not yet become harmonized; we often see people in this stage—they are uncertain of themselves, constantly trying new experiments (the faddists are all in this stage); Third, the period of the higher joy, in which the whole being is harmonized.

Our friend needs patience and concentration. Above all, do not ask your wife to help you. She is

working from another centre of power. Your vibrations would only get crossed

Think constantly of Gee. Ime. Mit., and you will become gradually conscious of your subliminal self. In the meantime, try and vibrate five mental dollars at once. It will help greatly.

This department, it should be remembered, is only for all friends in the half world, who have not yet entered into the higher joy. Many of you are even now mental subscribers without being physically conscious of it.

We cannot undertake to send out any more sample mental copies; our force is too busy recording vibrations.

Our premium for advertising remains the same—one hundred dollars a line for all mental advertisers who are already in, and a premium of ten dollars a line for the waiting list.

In vibrating, concentrate on Gee. Ime. Mit., and always enclose mental postage; we cannot afford to encroach on our mental surplus.



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

What Else Could He Do?

At breakfast, recently, Andrew Carnegie indulged in a piece of pie. A diet reformer present remonstrated.

"Why, Mr. Carnegie," he said, "do you eat pie?"

"Of course," replied the noted philanthropist benignly, "what do you do with it?"—Success.

Furnish the Kitchen

LEWIS & CONGER

House Furnishing Warerooms

Established 1835

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

Correspondence Invited

130 & 132 West 42d Street, NEW YORK

Jaeger

SANITARY GOODS

Overheard in the cars:
"I have not worn an overcoat in eleven years."
"How's that?"
"Well, if you've got the right underwear, that's enough."
It turned out that the speaker wore Jaeger Underwear.
That's as it should be. More warmth in a suit of "Jaeger" than in two suits of any other brand.

*Recommended by
Physicians Everywhere.*

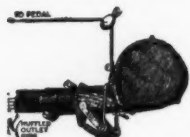
Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores
New York: 306 Fifth Ave.; 22 Maiden Lane.
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St. Boston: 228 Boylston St.
Phila.: 1516 Chestnut St. Chicago: 82 State St.

Agents in all Principal Cities.

JERICH0 THE PERFECT MOTOR CAR SIGNAL

"Warns Without Offense"

A
Safe
Signal



A
Sane
Signal

Equal to any Emergency
Rear of muffler type. Pedal operation

Specify it for your 1911 equipment

Prices
\$7-\$8-\$9-\$10, according to size

Manufactured by
THE RANDALL-FAICHNEY CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.

Write for folder 33
Obtainable of dealers everywhere

That mellow and insistent call. It's getting
so you don't hear anything else

JERICH0 IS EVERYBODY'S SIGNAL

Getting a Shave in Rome

The barbers of Rome are to be avoided, declares Mr. Harry A. Franck in *A Vagabond Journey Around the World*. He avoided a barber shop as long as possible, but there came a day when he was obliged to enter. The seat prepared for customers was a mere chair, a decidedly rickety one.

I had all but fallen asleep awaiting the barber's appearance, when he approached stealthily and slapped me suddenly and emphatically on the point of the chin with the brush of a bankrupt billposter.

The blow was nothing compared with the temperature of the splash of lather that accompanied it. The cold chills set the ends of my toes tingling.

There ensued a lathering of which no American so fortunate as to have spent all his days in the land of his first milk

To Enjoy the Charm of Ale

It is only necessary
to order a bottle of

Evans' Ale

Therein you will find realization surpassing
anticipation—a drink that captivates
all the senses.

Clubs, Restaurants, Saloons, Chop Houses & Dealers.

bottle can form a conception. From ear to ear, from Adam's apple well up my nostrils, that icy lather was slapped and rubbed in with the paste-brush and the rasp-like palm of the manipulator, until my first notion that this thorough soaping was to lighten the work with the razor was succeeded by the fear that my torturer had decided to dispense with the razor entirely and wear my beard off.

When he had covered all my face but one eye, the barber laid aside his brush, strolled to the door and stood with his

arms akimbo, evidently to give his biceps time to recover from their strenuous exertions.

A fellow townsman sauntered by, and the two fell into a discussion that involved the advance of a half-cent a liter in the price of wine. The lye on my face began to draw and tingle, the chair groaned under me, and still the dispute raged on. Fortunately the townsman was called away before it was settled.

(Continued on page 725)

AND NOW—

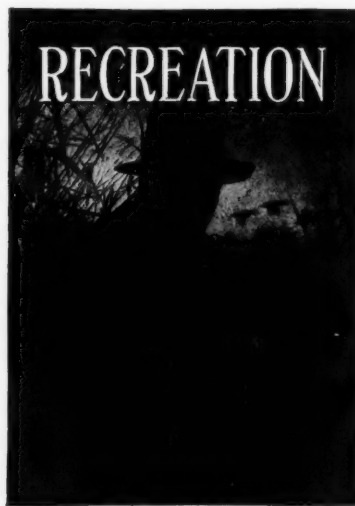
What About November Recreation?

"Mostly Shooting" this time, as the cover indicates. Articles that will interest you whether you are going shooting this Fall or not. To quote a few titles:

**DUCK SHOOTING ON THE ILLINOIS
HUNTING GRIZZLIES ON THE ISKOOT
QUAIL SHOOTING IN "SHOT OUT" COVERTS
BRANT SHOOTING ON THE PACIFIC COAST**

But there is a whole lot besides in this number. You will laugh over the corking story by Harris Dickson, "Sallie's Bear Cub." And you will be surprised to hear that one of our writers has discovered a new waterfall, 400 feet high, in Newfoundland.

You will have, in addition, all the practical and helpful articles that have made RECREATION famous, such as "Fishing Rod Making at Home," the story of "The RECREATION Hunting Knife," "Selecting a Sporting Rifle," "The Bird Dog," etc.



The cover of November RECREATION is more than a cover—it is a work of art. It is one of the finest photographic reproductions in colors ever shown on a magazine; and it is from real life, not the dream of an artist. It is a cover you will want to frame for your den.

We have ready for free distribution a booklet about "Daniel Boone and His Brother." Historical, yet a mighty interesting tale of these frontiersmen. We want every man who is interested in outdoor life to have this booklet whether he reads RECREATION or not. A postal will bring it and it will show you as a sportsman a sure way to get the most out of your recreation.

Now a few more words about the magazine, RECREATION. You may have the November and December numbers of RECREATION for 1910 and all of the numbers of 1911 for only \$2.00. The regular subscription price is \$3.00 a year. We want to get you acquainted with RECREATION.

If you do not know RECREATION well enough to accept this offer without being shown, send 25 cents for the November number and then, if you like it, clinch the above offer by sending us \$1.75 additional. Remember the booklet, "Daniel Boone and His Brother," is free, so send for it today.

RECREATION N— 24 West 39th Street. NEW YORK

TEDDY'S REPORT ON AFRICA

Has book with snap and go to it. Cloth bound, and half an inch thick. When opened, "Bang!" goes a cap inside, scaring the would-be reader out of a year's growth. Most ingenious and successful fun maker we have yet produced. Caps can be bought at any toy store. Send 50c stamps or coin for "Teddy's Report on Africa," and (free) our big catalogue No. 119 of Novelties, Toys, Jokes, etc. The New York News Co., Dept. 74, 15 Warren St., New York.



Getting a Shave in Rome

(Continued from page 724)

The barber gazed after his retreating form, hummed an opera air *sotto voce* and glanced at the sky for signs of a storm. Then he turned slowly around, stared frowningly at me for several moments in an effort to recall how a man all soaped and ready for the razor had got into his establishment, and with a

FATOFF



No Oils No Grease
No Odor
A TREATMENT
—NOT A MEDICINE
Will restore your normal figure in 30 treatments, or reduce to desired size in 60 treatments.
Reduces wherever applied, leaves flesh firm, smooth, unwrinkled.
Clean, cool and pleasant external applications; may be used in hot bath, if preferred.

Appointments for expert treatment at your home may be made by phone or letter.
Literature (mailed free in plain, sealed wrapper) will win instant conviction.

For Double Chin (a chin-reducing wonder); Special size jar, \$1.50

Full Size Jar, \$2.50. FATOFF is sold at all Riker's and all the Hegeman drug stores, and leading druggists everywhere, or will be supplied by

M. S. BORDEN CO.
69 Warren St., New York
(For years at 52 E. 34th St.)

sigh of regret at the task before him, hunted up the razor, stropped it and fell to.

A hack at one side of my face razed at least a dozen hairs. The torturer changed his mind concerning the point of attack and transferred his efforts to the other side. He began once more, this time at the point of the chin, working his way upward by a series of cuts and slashes, and having removed from my face most of the skin, a fair share of the lather and even some of the beard, stepped back to survey his handiwork.

CALIFORNIA

Nowhere Else on Earth
ARE THERE SO MANY
ATTRACTIONS FOR THE

TOURIST AND SETTLER

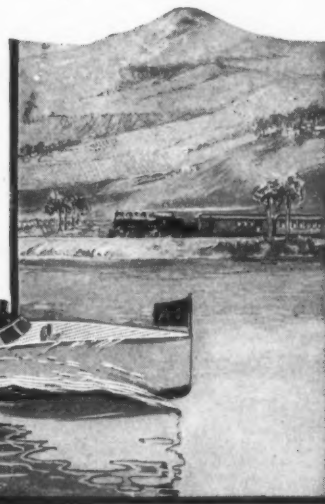
Thousands of Wonders Await the Pleasure Seeker—
Thousands of Opportunities the Settler.

Southern Pacific Sunset Route

The Road to the Pacific
DINING CAR SERVICE BEST IN THE WORLD

Convincing Literature on Request

L. H. Nutting, G. E. P. A. 366, 1158 or 1 Broadway, New York



"Here, you're not finished!" I cried, pointing to my upper lip.
"What! Shave your lip?"
"Certainly."
"But why?"
"Because I want it shaved."
"Santissima Madonna!" he gasped, making several passes before a chromo print of the Virgin on the back wall. "Here is a man who wants the upper lip of a woman!"

However, having called attention to his innocence, he shaved the lip, and relieved an anxiety under which I had labored since entering the shop, for many a barber of Italy has refused pointblank to undertake any such unprecedented defilement of the human face.

—Youth's Companion.

Djer-Kiss

PRONOUNCED 'DEAR KISS'

Je sais que vous ne pouvez obtenir un autre parfum qui soit aussi fin, délicat et délicieux que Djer-Kiss.

—Kerkoff, Paris

TRANSLATION: "I know you cannot obtain another perfume which is so dainty, delicate and delightful as Djer-Kiss."

Extract, Sachet, Face and Talcum Powder
At all dealers. Send 6c. for Sample of Extract.
Alfred H. Smith Co., 72 Chambers St., New York

BLACK & WHITE

SCOTCH WHISKY



Every hotel, restaurant and cafe has BLACK & WHITE Scotch Whisky—it is asked for the world over. There must be a reason.

IS ALL RIGHT

WORLD TOUR with SPAIN & Christmas in ROME
Nov. 28, Dec. 3. Without Spain, Dec. 10. Christmas in Rome
with Spain, Nov. 26, Dec. 3. Without Spain, Dec. 10. Oriental
tour in January—Tours to all parts of Europe. Programs free.
POTTER TOURS (32d) 32 Broadway NEW YORK
(year)

Maillard's

The Best Cocoa of them All.



The Value of Cocoa
is best appreciated by those who have made its use a habit. Maillard's Cocoa is world-renowned for its superiority.

Vanilla Chocolate
For either eating or drinking, Maillard's Chocolate is without an equal. Flavored with the true Vanilla bean.

At Leading Dealers.

The Latest Books

- Harmen Pols*, by Maarten Maartens. (John Lane Company. \$1.35.)
Sonnets to a Lover, by Myrtle Reed. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
The People's King, by W. Holt-White. (John Lane Company. \$1.25.)
The Healthful Art of Dancing, by Luther G. Gulick. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.40.)
The Shears of Destiny, by Leroy Scott. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)
The History of the Telephone, by Herbert N. Casson. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.)
The Impostor, by John Reed Scott. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.50.)



GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN
(THAN THIS, THAT HE LAY DOWN HIS
"LIFE" FOR HIS FRIEND).

- A Chariot of Fire*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Harper & Brothers.)
Fraternity, Anonymous. (Harper & Brothers. \$1.00.)
Dixie Hart, by Will N. Harben. (Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.)
The De Bercy Affair, by Gordon Holmes. (Edward J. Clode.)
In Various Moods, by Irving Bachelor. (Harper & Brothers. \$1.00.)
The Crashaw Bros., by Arthur S. Pier. (Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$1.50.)

- The Iliad of Homer*, by Prentiss Cummings. (Little, Brown & Co. \$3.00. 2 vols.)
The Island of Stone Money, by William Henry Furness, 3d. (J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.50.)
Including Finnigan, by Strickland W. Gillilan. (Forbes & Co., Chicago, Ill. \$1.00.)
Quentin Durward, by Herbert P. Williams. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)
The Talisman, by Herbert P. Williams. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)

In the NOVEMBER
SCRIBNER

The beginning of the New Serial

Kennedy Square

By *F. Hopkinson Smith*

Author of "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn"

A story of the old South. Its ideals are those that have always made the world happier and better.

The Bigot. A Short Story by Thomas Nelson Page. The character of the old New Englander and the story of his life will take a place among the author's best remembered creations.

The Land of the Buffalo. The first of Ernest Thompson Seton's articles describing his experiences in the wonderful country of The Arctic Prairies. A region almost unknown to the white man. Illustrated with drawings and photographs by the author.

Through the Mists—The Coming of the Huns. A highly imaginative glimpse of the great invasion of Central Europe in the fourth century, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (one of several sketches by him to appear in the next few months). Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth.

Another of General Funston's vivid and romantic articles about Fighting with Insurgents. The Fall of Guaimaro.

Correspondence of Washington Irving and John Howard Payne. A most interesting contribution to literary and dramatic history.

Send for a Prospectus for 1911. It will settle any doubt as to the choice of a magazine for next year—\$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

TELL THE WORLD ABOUT IT

ONE would hold a poor opinion of the business man who, after investing his money in a large industrial plant; after equipping it with modern machinery; after engaging the services of expert employees; after purchasing his raw materials; after converting those materials into finished products—one would hold a poor opinion of that man, we say, if, after doing all these things, he failed to tell the world about his wares, and neglected to make an effort to draw the great buying public to his door.

What shall we say of the city that, after placing its government upon a high plane; after cleaning and improving its streets and alleys; after perfecting its public utilities; after erecting fine buildings; after enacting good laws and electing good men to enforce those laws—what shall we say of the city that goes so far toward municipal idealism, and yet fails to tell the world about what it has to offer to capital and labor; about its homes, its civic advantages, its general residential and commercial opportunities?

OPPORTUNITIES FOR CITIES AND STATES

Many of the progressive cities of the United States have found new capital, new industries, new residents—new LIFE—through advertising intelligently done.

And, taking example from what municipalities have accomplished in this way, the chief executives and energetic citizens of various states are engaged in or making preparations for similar campaigns.

The importance of presenting such propositions to the right kind of people is evident. Men having serious

purposes; capitalists in search of investment opportunities; high class laborers seeking employment in cities where civic attainments are large and in states where educational advantages are superior; progressive men, THINKING men—these are the ones to approach in municipal or state advertising, and if the case be made in forceful form, if every claim be substantiated in fact, then the results of such advertising are bound to be profitable to a satisfying degree.

*A Magazine That is Read in the Homes of
350,000 People who APPRECIATE and can
USE Municipal and State Opportunities is*



QUALITY
CIRCULATION

SUCCESS MAGAZINE



QUALITY
CIRCULATION

FOUR-SQUARE ADVERTISING

The duty of the city or state that advertises—like the duty of the individual advertiser who would pay the obligation he owes to himself and the public at large—is to use media that are **Four-Square**.

By this is meant those media which not only reach a large body of desirable "prospects," but which admit to their columns no advertising that will have an injurious effect upon the announcements of honorable advertisers, and which adequately safeguard their readers against loss by fraudulent advertisements which may creep in against the most diligent precautions.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE is a Four-Square medium. It believes in and accepts only clean, straightforward advertising. The quality of its circulation is high and the standard of its advertising is upon a corresponding plane. It reaches 350,000 men and women who are interested in the things that cities and states are doing for their betterment and in the opportunities which those cities and states present.

WE WILL SEND HELPFUL DATA

To all who are interested in community or state advertising, we will be glad to send a pamphlet showing what SUCCESS MAGAZINE has done for every municipality that has used its columns.

These data will recount the experiences of Dallas, San Antonio, Memphis, Portland, Winnipeg and other places, showing the results obtained from the use of this Four-Square medium.

If you are not now one of the 350,000, a sample copy of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, which is yours for the asking, will show you why it is a publication that is read by the kind of people you want to draw to your city or your state.

We will be pleased, also, to send you SUCCESS MAGAZINE facts, figures, circulation statements, advertising rates, and other valuable information.

FRANK E. MORRISON

Advertising Manager

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

NEW
YORK

HARRY T. EVANS, Western Advertising Manager, Home Insurance Building, CHICAGO

PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES



A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here