

DOCTORS' NUMBER

Life

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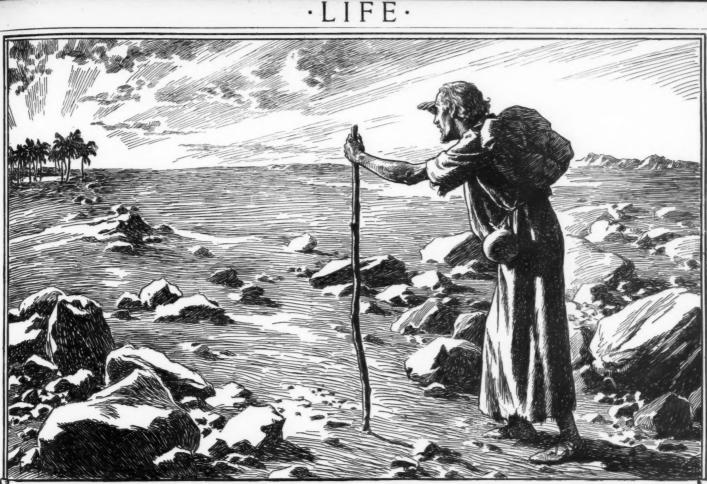
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In Oasis of Health and Strength in the Desert of Nervous Exhaustion

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WEARIED by exhausting business demands, tired out by trying social duties, fatigued by the hundred and one "big little" things that crop up in day-to-day existence-thousands of men and women find themselves on the verge of nerve exhaustion. They are pilgrims on health's highway—seeking an oasis—something to rejuvenate their nerves and give back that perfect poise and energy that makes effort easy and accomplishment a certainty. This road to health has been traveled by multitudes of men and women who found a grateful oasis in Sanatogen.

From the time that Sanatogen first began its remarkable work in rebuilding nervous systems, it has been the valued ally and aid to thousands of physicians. Over 16,000 of these men of science-many of world-wide note-have written in praise of Sanatogen as a revitalizer of tired out and impoverished nervous systems.

Sanatogen does its work naturally, without any harmful stimulation. It is a scientific compound of exactly the elements nerves need and must have-purest protein and organic phosphorus. And multitudes of grateful men and women have testified that Sanatogen is the logical, welcome method to combat the debility and langour of overwrought nerves.

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Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P., the eminent novelist-statesman, writes from Lon-don: "Sanatogen is to my mind a true food tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

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"I can say that I have used Sanatogen in a great
number of cases (that is, in those disturbances of metabolism which were mainly of a nervous or neurasthenic
origin), and have obtained excellent results."

Arnold Bennett,

"The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply won-derful."

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Addison on Doctors

If we look into the profession of physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men. The sight of them is enough to make a man serious, for we may lay it down as a maxim that when a nation abounds in physicians it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and overrun the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly; but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in physic among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science very much flourishes in the north at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This body of men in our own country may be described like the British army in Cæsar's time. Some of them slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and despatch so much business in



Give "Him" \$75 for \$5 F "he" doesn't shave himself, his shaves cost him 15c each at

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Thristmas

the barber shop.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor costs \$5. The package of 12 blades which comes with it is guaranteed to give 500 shaves. Therefore, if you give "him" an AutoStrop Safety Razor for Christmas you are giving "him" 500 shaves, which, at 15c each, are worth \$75. And as you pay only \$5 for the said 500 shaves, you are actually giving him \$75 for \$5.

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STROPS ITSELF

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so short a time. Besides this body of regular troops, there are stragglers, who, without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable retainers to physic, who for want of other patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of cats in an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive, or impaling of insects upon the point of a needle for microscopical observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the chase of butterflies.—The Spectator, Vol. 1.



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Ask the man who owns one

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Packard "38" Means Mastery of Your Car from Driver's Seat

In the smaller six-cylinder Packard, left drive avoids the necessity of stepping into the road. It is coupled with electric self-starter, electric lighting and centralized control

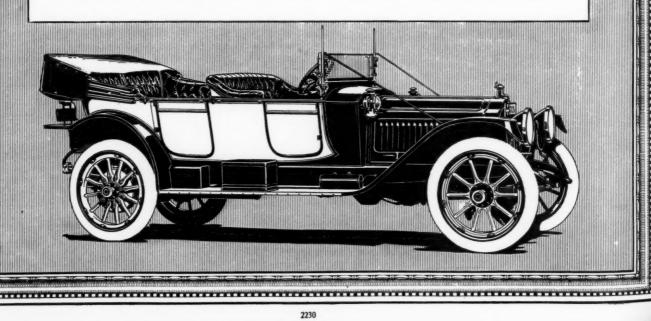
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Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit





Doctors

S ^{1NG} a song of doctors, A satchel full of dope. Four and twenty patients, A hundred miles from hope. When the satchel opens.

The doctors start to guess. The patients are about to get

Some nauseating mess.

Dosem's in the parlor . Analyzing fogs. Cuttem's in the kitchen Vivisecting dogs. Prickem's found another

Serum for disease, But there is no disagreement When they figure up their

fees.

This Number

THE idea that the practice of medicine is a science has long been held by the laity; but this very idea is, in itself, only a part of the art of medicine; for medicine is not a science, but an art, and an art which has been played according to art's rules for many generations.

If we regard the practice of medicine in this way, many things become immediately clear. It becomes clear, for example, that the form with which a doctor approaches and handles his patient is of the utmost importance. For, after all, the mental effect produced is half the battle.

The art of being a doctor consists in many things; but it consists principally in the success one has in building up within the patient an illusion; if the patient can believe firmly in this illusion, often his life can be saved. Faith is needed, and the art of the doctor consists in making people have faith in him. His paraphernalia, his pills and potions, his instruments, his appliances, are all so much scenery.

Life itself is a large illusion. The doctor, therefore, is true to life when he attempts to weave his spell; if he succeeds, the patient recovers; if he halts so that the patient finds him out, then the patient dies. Doctors are perfectly right, therefore, in passionately resenting any unveiling of their motives.

If medical art had ever been brought to its perfection, then in each instance a cure would be easy, because the patient would have such perfect faith in his doctor that he couldn't help getting well; the doctor would then have only to use simple scenery, harmless machines and drugs that would appeal to the imagination. But inasmuch as the patient's faith is not perfect, and he begins to doubt the doctor, then the doctor, perforce, must resort to the appearance of science in his methods. This accounts largely for



"WHERE DO YOU SAY YOU FEEL THE PAIN?"

"IN MY STOMACH, DOCTOR."

" YES, BUT-ER-COULDN'T YOU LOCATE IT A LITTLE MORE DEFINITELY?"

the operations. The doctor has to operate, not because, strictly speaking, it is scientifically necessary, but simply because he cannot convince the patient in any other but in this radical manner that he can cure him.

This number of LIFE is therefore dedicated to the science of medical art and its most distinguished representatives. And it is intended to be a pleasant pictorial reminder that we are all human. · LIFE ·



NOVEMBER 21, 1912

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- Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

"While there is Life there's Hope"

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. 17 West Thirv-first Street, New York English Offices, Cannon House, Brams Bildgs, London, E. C.



R EPORT says Mr. Taft is happy. Colonel Roosevelt is reported reticent, but cheerful. Dr. Wilson is Learing up. Nobody seems disappointed, sur-

prised, anxious or dispirited over the election. Never was an election in which so many people, on the whole, were satisfied, and so few repined. Even Debs doubled his vote, and the Socialists are exultant. So are the suffragists. Some contemporaries, the World for one, have pointed out to Mr. Roosevelt his callous iniquity in busting the Republican party wide open where he might have gummed it together with Hadley, but that is not a crime that a Democratic paper has much call to complain of, nor one, we suppose, that will keep the Colonel awake through many remorseful nights. Maybe the Hadley glue wouldn't have held. Anyhow the Republican party is no worse off, and perhaps better, in two distinct pieces than it would have been with that fatal crack in it. As things are it knows where it is.



D R. WILSON is the first highbrow to be elected President. To be sure he is the only highbrow in the history of our country who ever had the usufruct of the talents of Colonel George Harvey as his advertising man. He could not possibly have done for himself what Colonel Harvey was able to do for him. It was a performance quite without parallel in our political history. Six or eight years ago Colonel Harvey picked out Dr. Wilson as a likely man to make a competent, radical, Democratic President. Steadily and ably he blew the Doctor's horn, gradually making him a familiar topic of discussion in the newspapers and bringing him to the knowledge of their readers. At the proper time, with the consent of Senator James Smith, he got him nominated for Governor of New Jersey, raised a campaign fund and got him his chance to win the election. He won it finely. That made Governor Wilson a real candidate for President. After that he took care of himself, having such a start as his own abilities and character and the assistance of the supporters they won for him, were able, with great good luck, to handle. But it is an historical fact that it is to Harvey immeasurably more than to any other man except Dr. Wilson himself that we owe it that Governor Wilson is our Presidentelect.

That was an unprecedented exploit in promotion, and if Colonel Harvey lives to have a tombstone it ought to go on it. Moreover it was a public service done chiefly because it seemed a public service. That Colonel Harvey pitched upon Dr. Wilson as a man likely to be the serviceable tool of the "interests" is the merest twaddle. Such a man would have had no chance. Dr. Wilson never gave the slightest premise of being the serviceable tool of anybody or anything. His row at Princeton had demonstrated that. Mr. Harvey is a congenital Democrat, deeply interested in Democratic success. He wanted a Democratic candidate who would be fit to win and could be elected. Among all the advertised Democratic politicians there was none that looked available; none that seemed able to avoid destruction at the hands of Bryan, and still carry the State of New York. So he picked an entirely new man and set out to make him known to the country. And he did it: a wonderful feat.



B UT, as we were saying. Governor Wilson is the first highbrow to be elected President. Heretofore we have had generals, lawyers, tailors, cowboys and politicians, but never before a man who had devoted the greater part of his life to study and teaching. The nearest thing to it was Mr. Roosevelt, who was a writer, but also cowboy. politician, naturalist, office-holder and man of war. Mr. Roosevelt is no highbrow. He is a man of affairs.

But Governor Wilson is a new type: a very highly trained poor man, whose achievements and acquisitions had nearly all been mental, and whose experience as an executive had been confined to administering the affairs of a university. His election may well give encouragement to all men who are interested in the mental side of life, in acquiring and diffusing knowledge, and in life itself and the machinery that regulates it rather than in the acquisition of things, and of power, especially the power to acquire more things.

Election being now over we invite all the school teachers and professors, all the ministers, all the scientists and social workers and doctors, and even the editors, to quit the back bench and move up into the middle of the hall. Let the lawyers and the capitalists and the football players, and the high altitude tariff gentlemen go and sit a spell on the hind bench. It is their turn. And the back bench is a fine place to learn on. Folks who sit there long enough are sometimes called to go higher.



FOUR States, Oregon, Michigan, Arizona and Kansas, went for woman suffrage. We congratulate the

· LIFE ·



His sister: HIS NOSE SEEMS BROKEN. His fiancée: AND HE'S LOST HIS FRONT TEETH. His mother: BUT HE DIDN'T DROP THE ball!

ladies. This innovation is now getting pretty near home, and with no appropriate reduction in the cost of passage to Europe.

We begin to wonder how long women will continue to be called by their husband's names. Why should they? Perhaps it is convenient; perhaps they like it, but happily, in these parts, the theory that the wife's identity is merged by marriage into that of the husband is totally defunct. And it should be. But please look at this item of suffrage news from the *Evening Post:*

Mrs. Frederick Nathan will preside at the annual meeting of the Equal Franchise Society. Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn will be the hostess. The nominating committee, consisting of Mrs. Howard Mansfield, Mrs. John Winters Brannan, Mrs. Eldon Bisbee, Mrs. George M. Tuttle and Mrs. Evans Lyle Mahan, have presented the following names to be voted upon: Mrs. Frederick Peterson, Mrs. William B. Boulton, Mrs. John Corbin, Mrs. E. J. Nelson Penfield, Mrs. Egerton Winthrop, Mrs. Stanton Blatch, Mrs. Jessica Garretson Finch.

It seems to us that Frederick, and Barton, and Howard, and John Winters, and Eldon and George and Evans and William and Nelson and Egerton look out of place at this meeting, and that all these ladies would do well to pattern after Mrs. Blatch and Mrs. Finch, and stand in politics on their own legs, and transact their political business in their own names.



M.R. NORMAN HAPGOOD had been the editor of *Collier's Weekly* for nine years, and so much the editor, and with such strong evidences of the impression of his personality upon that paper, that his withdrawal from it comes with a considerable jolt.

To a pretty large group of citizens it will bring satisfaction and relief, to another and much larger group regret. Our crowd is the latter one, but we make bold to hope that the habitual activity of Mr. Hapgood's mind will not long lack a suitable place of exposition.

And perhaps, since a Democratic administration is about to be organized, it will seem fortuitously timely that Mr. Hapgood happened to be out of a job.



The homeopathist calls for aid fromThe Christian Scientist, who, when she is "in error," quietly visits aWHEN THE DOCTORS ARE ILL

Chinese herb doctor, who discards his

remedies for-

An allopath, who seeks his cure from the creed of a Swami, who knows he is a fakir and goes to anOsteopathist, who starts all over again and consults a homeopathist, who — etc., etc.

$\cdot LIFE \cdot$

Strange Animals

(With apologies to the Purple Cow)

W^E never see a Purple Cow, Such things do not run loose; And yet this Wilson fall we all Have seen a blue Bull Moose.

How You Prove That Medicines Cure Diseases

DOCTOR (to German smallpox patient): You don't mean to say you left your bed, went into the kitchen and ate sauerkraut?

HANS: Yas, dots vot. Und now I am perfectly well. DOCTOR (making notes as he goes into the next patient's house, who also has smallpox): Sauerkraut is good for

house, who also has smallpox): Sauerkraut is good for smallpox. Now, Pat, you get some sauerkraut at once and eat it.

Pat obeys the doctor's orders and promptly dies. Thereupon the doctor writes a learned medical treatise, dilating upon the great value of sauerkraut as a cure for German smallpox, and its excessive fatality when taken by Irish smallpox patients.



Mother: why, you destructive boy! what kind of man do you expect to be when you grow up? "I'm goin' to be president of a house wreckin'

COMPANY."

Time Set

VOICE (over 'phone): Oh, Doctor, our baby has swallowed a coffee spoon. Come quickly!

M. D.: Don't worry. He will live until I get there.



FORCE OF HABIT

Not Automobiles

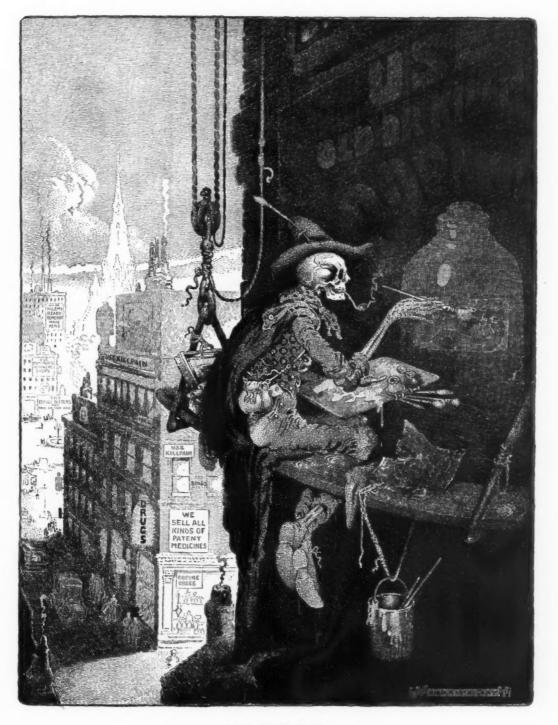
T HE railroads, always strongly inclining to lachrymosity, have found a new cause for lamentation. They say that the rapidly increasing use of automobiles is cutting down their passenger receipts. The effect, they claim, is both direct and indirect. Not only do men use their cars for shorter trips that otherwise could be made by rail, but longer pleasure traveling is also decreased because men of moderate means cannot afford both automobiles and long trips to mountains, parks and lakes.

For our part, we consider this an unwarranted and dastardly attack on the automobile industry. We think, if the truth were known, the fault is not with the automobile, but with the engineer.



Englishman: HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO THROW STRAIGHT ENOUGH TO HIT THAT WINDOW? Suffragette: I AIMED AT THE WALL.





ADVERTISING PAYS

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The Zone System

O UR parcel post is to be run on the zone system. The alternative is a flat rate regardless of distance. We now have a flat rate on everything carried by the postoffice. This flat rate system works smoothly and satisfactorily. No complaint whatsoever. It doesn't take an expert, however, to see what confusion would arise and what an annoyance it would be, not only to the public, but to the working force of the Post-Office Department, if we must keep a complicated schedule of rates on hand all the time.

When experience has taught us that the flat rate always works smoothly and equitably and zone systems always mean confusion and favoritism, why select the latter at this juncture?

Good Words

THIS advice to English women from California shows the right spirit:

The women of England ought to smash every window in the Empire, daub every official with tar from head to foot, break up every meeting, blockade every street, and spike the wheels of all governmental machinery till they get what they ought to have had from the beginning. They are not asking for a favor, but are demanding a right, and they are under no obligations to be timid or gentle in their demands. If England doesn't like it, let her overcome her johnbulheadedness and do the fair thing by her women. *Colusa Herald* (California).

Now, after all, is there anything more safe and sane than a suffragette?

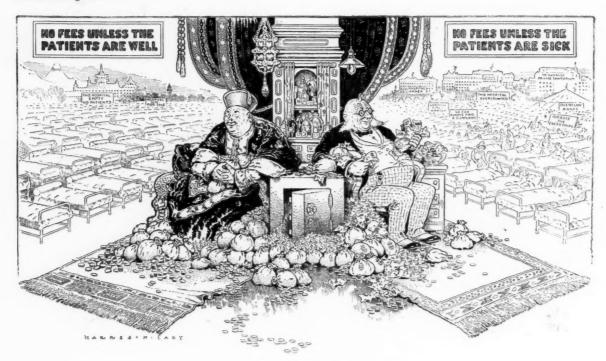


First M.D. (from bedside of wealthy bachclor): HE IS SLEEPING NATURALLY—HE WILL RECOVEK. Sccond M.D.: YES, THE WORST IS OVER.

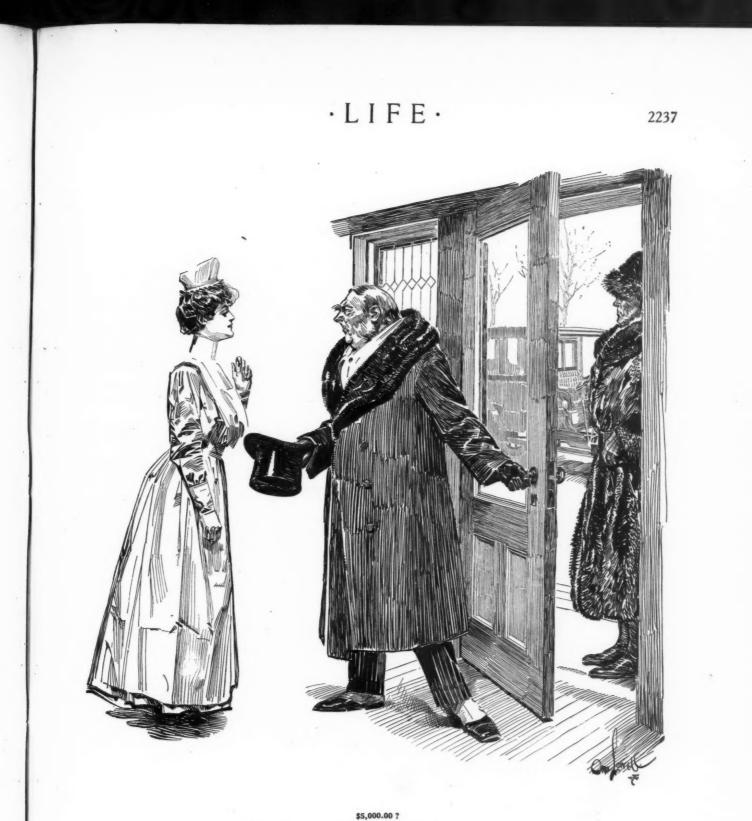
"NO, THE WORST IS TO COME."

"HOW IS THAT?"

"WE HAVE YET TO BREAK THE NEWS TO HIS RELATIVES."



THE WISE ORIENT



"BUT WHY DO YOU OPERATE NOW, DOCTOR?" "HE IS RECOVERING SO RAPIDLY WE CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT"

Letters to Well-known People

DEAR DOCTOR:

1 enclose herewith check for one thousand (on account) for plumbing work and interior decoration done by you on my person six weeks ago—also for moving my vermiform appendix from my lumbar region to my mantelpicce. I will remit the rest as soon as I am strong enough to operate in Wall Street. I feel as though I ought to know you better. Since I saw you for the first time for about twelve minutes before you entered so heartily into my good works, I got the idea that you have an affectionate disposition and a loving touch. If I succeed in making about fifty thousand dollars during the next month, won't you come around and spend a day or so with me? I feel sure that your presence will be worth that amount.

In the meantime, permit me to ask if you have missed a pair of wrought iron scissors, a burglar's jimmy and a cross cut saw. I speak of this with some pain, but I think you ought to know that I have these articles. They are in a safe place—so I judge by the feeling—and will not get away. But they are liable to corrode, and I therefore urge you to drop everything—just where you found it—and hasten around here.

Please give my love to the trained nurse, and ask if she has missed a couple of tortoise shell hairpins. They may be imitation for aught I can tell. Perhaps you wouldn't mind returning them to her with the other things.

Yours, more in pain than anger,

CHESTERTON TODD.



Doctor: DO YOU EXPECT ME TO PAY AN UNITEM-IZED BILL LIKE THIS?

"YOU EXPECT ME TO PAY YOURS, DON'T YOU?"

Cook and Peary Elected

Life's Presidential Ticket Has Complete Triumph in All the States of the Union—New Era of Progress Now Assured—How Fight Was Won

L IFE'S victory at the polls on the 5th of November is now a matter of history. As a political *coup* d'etat it has no parallel in ancient or modern times.

It was only one month before election that we succeeded in prevailing upon Messrs. Cook and Peary to run for President and Vice-President respectively. We had no campaign fund, but in the nick of time prevailed upon every waiter in all the fashionable New York restaurants to give us ten per cent. of his tips for one day. From that moment the success of our ticket was practically assured.

Much work, however, had yet to be done. Our candidates both immediately took to the stump, and clad in complete suits of armor, furnished free by the Steel Trust, spoke to immense audiences daily.

One of the great contributing causes of our success was the fact that we issued a new platform every day, revised practically up to the minute, all embodying our latest and most progressive ideas about the Trusts and the Tariff.

The other parties, who tried in vain to conceal their reactionary tendencies and were doomed to defeat from the start, could not hope to compete with this. We outprogressed everything in sight.

The landslide for Cook and Peary was wholly unexpected, except by a few insiders who realized the respect they have both commanded since the great discovery of the North Pole, which has added so much to our national resources.

Perkins knew it was coming. He offered a million to call the whole thing off—but our country is everything to us.

The inauguration took place night before last. The usual custom of having it on the fourth of March both successful candidates regarded as a great mistake. And as long as the American people had voted for our candidates, there was no reason why the decision should not go into immediate effect.

The Inauguration Ball, which took place in Wall Street and Washington at the same time, was a grand success. The costumes were elegant. Among others were noted:

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt—Bull Moose hunting costume trimmed with Ananias braid, being the special gift of the Harvester Trust.

W. H. Taft-Full regalia of Cincinnati homespun made in Lawrence, Mass., of ad valorem wool, the gift of the Tariff Board.

Woodrow Wilson-Yellow toga with pension pleats, gift of A. Carnegic.

After the inauguration the country rapidly settled down,



WHICH KIND IS YOUR DOCTOR ?

and President Cook and Vice-President Peary are rewriting the constitution to suit modern needs. While there is still some difference of opinion on one or two minor points, the main issues are clearly defined.

The plan of revising our platform every day during the campaign met with such great success that this plan will be carried out with the constitution. But in the case of such a sacred document, we deem it best to be a little more conservative, and it will be revised only once a week.

The Government will hereafter issue its own newspaper, and thus deal directly with the people.

"Our great reputation for veracity is such," said President-elect Cook, "that we cannot afford to take any chances. So we are going to have our own medium. My messages to the plain people, which under no circumstances will ever be over thirty thousand words in length, will thus be issued in their pure and original form. We recommend all State governments to do the same."

"The office I hold now," said Vice-President Peary, "has always been considered a joke, but I propose to make it dignified if I have to insult everybody in sight."

Both statesmen spent yesterday morning in revising the labor laws. From this date on every other day will be a national holiday, of which it has been generally recognized there are too few.

Every tenement house will be required to have a Turkish bath.

All reporters will be compelled to tell the truth. "This is a pet theory of mine," said President Cook.

The election of Cook and Peary has been received with acclamation by the people everywhere. The duty on sponges, tooth picks, and hard tack has been removed; and immediate relief has been felt.



Doc: I'M QUITE NONPLUSSED. I CAN MAKE NOTHING OUT OF YOUR CASE AT ALL.

Patient (brightening up): BY JOVE, DOC, DO YOU REALLY MEAN THAT?



THAT IRRESISTIBLE INCLINATION

Ex-President Taft, when seen yesterday playing golf on his Cincinnati farm, said:

"That panic—which would have come under Wilson or Roosevelt—has been averted by an act of Providence. With Cook guiding us and Peary relieving him at the wheel, there is nothing but plain sailing ahead."

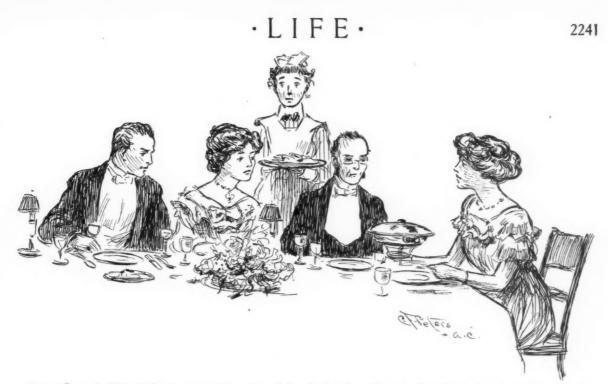
Late last night President Cook gave out an interview in which he said:

"It will take a little time to introduce all our reforms —to abolish poverty, reduce the cost of living, and restore tranquillity to the American people. But I think at the end of my fourth term everything will be all right."

"Well, if it isn't," said Vice-President Peary, "you can search both of us."

Books of the Hour

THE Osteopath's Favorite Fiction-The Trail of the Lonesome Spine.



Young Doctor's Wife (who is entertaining some of her husband's patients at dinner): OH! MRS. SMITH. DO HAVE SOME MORE OF THE LOBSTER SALAD

Americans at the Gate

"NEXT," called Saint Peter.

1 Up jumped a small man, with narrow, piercing eyes and a medium-sized paunch. His manner was a mixture of about equal parts of obsequiousness and assurance.

" Name, please."

"I am the American doctor."

"Any particular school?"

"No, but I always practised according to law."

"Always? Careful now. You can't fool us here. Did you never do a thing that was illegal?"

"Well, I tried not to be foolish about it. If a patient_____"

"An influential patient-

"Wanted me to-----

"And had the money to pay well for it."

"That is to say, if a patient was, ah, in trouble, don't you know------"

"In other words, there was hardly anything you would stop at for money. Isn't that it?"

" That's not-----

"If a rich patient was in trouble you'd get him out."

" Certainly."

"And if a rich patient was out of trouble, you'd get him in."

" Surely you do not------

"In short, you were interested primarily in your fees. The bigger the fees the more you were interested." "But I had to live." "And accordingly you didn't care whether other people lived or not."

" But listen ----- "

"You took no interest in general, sanitary movements for the public welfare, for the relief of disease in general, for cleaning up the slums; in short, for keeping people well."

"I have done some little of that."

"As a paid official perhaps. But, tell me, isn't it true that you have many times made, say, a half dozen calls when one would have been sufficient?"

"You shook for joy."

"What could I do but-"

" Hang on as long as possible."

"Oh, Saint Peter!"

"Come, none of your bedside gush here. We have no use for it. You have spent your life waiting as a spider in his web for people to fall ill. Then you pounced upon them and dosed them and cut them and bled them. Perhaps many of the things you did were all right at the time. I'm no doctor, thank goodness. But this I know. I know you went at the question of health wrong end foremost. I don't see that we have any use for you here. You'd have us all ill in less than no time."

" Aren't_____

"Clerk," called Saint Peter. "See if this fellow has a soul. If you can find one, put it into the body of one of the lower animals and send it to the vivisecting department." *Ellis O. Jones.*

XUM

· LIFE ·



SING the song of the hospital, the model hospital for human agonies. I sing the song of the mysteries of the aforesaid institution, of its hidden secrets and its inviolable decrees; I sing of these and more.

I sing the supercilious surgeon, with his deferential manner towards the highest paying patients, and his innate brutality to those who have no "come back." I also sing the countless experiments upon human beings merely to find out whether the discoveries are curative-or fatal. These, I sing, and still more.

I sing the ambulances with their reverberant agonies and the hard and indifferent people who run them-young and ambitious surgeons, who get their training in that way-who become so surfeited with plain drunks they do not know a case of real heart disease when they see it. I sing the noisy wheels, the curious crowds, and the blank brick walls that hide the tragedy from the common view.

I sing the Board of Directors, sleek old Presbyterians and blatant Baptists and hard-headed respectable men of multifarious wealth, who pass resolutions and audit accounts and go their way rejoicing; while inside in the wards and on the pallid cots lie still and moaning figures, with no redress.

I sing the midnight staff suppers and the impatient nurse, with her outward calm and her warm smile of sympathy in the presence of the prying and influential stranger.

I sing the futile call for water and the unanswered bell and the long hours of loneliness and the brutal word to silence.

I sing also the protesting voice of the occasional kind-hearted doctor and the sympathetic woman who are caught in the toils and who are too weak of themselves to fight the system. I sing the minority. And above all, I sing the great



world outside, that goes on its way indifferent to human injustice and the cries of the tortured, and who cares not whether the doors are wide open while youthful surgeons ply their trade and perform their midnight operations which result in the silent journeys of the unknown poor.

I sing the hospital, the awful unknown, with its depth of misery and hopelessness and cruelty.

On Life's Wire

"HELLO, LIFE?"

"Yes."

" This is Gertrude Atherton speaking."

"The pleasure is ours, Mrs. Atherton. Can we be of some service to you?"

"Did you see my article in the Bazar in which I indicate a strong likelihood that women will cease to love men?"

"Yes, Mrs. Atherton, we read it and, frankly, we are sorry we read it. It sent a convulsive shudder through every one of our two hundred and eight bones, and we have been worried to death ever since."

Good! That's just the result I wanted to accomplish. If it's possible, I want to scare men into having a little sense. We women are not going to stand for such nonsense any longer."

" All of you?"

" We sensible women."

"Oh, that's a little different. Sensible women never did fall in love, anyway, Mrs. Atherton. That is to say, they weren't sensible when they did so."

"Bosh, LIFE! Stop your incontinent joking."

"We are not joking, good lady. We're in dead earnest. What would be the fun of falling in love if we were sensible about it, if we were going to put it through the cold-blooded, intellectual filter which you indicate in your article. Mother Nature has fixed all that. She makes us fall in love early in life, long before we can have acquired sense. When lovers stop being foolish, we want to move to another planet."

"Very well, LIFE, if anything happens, don't say I didn't warn you."

"You really think it possible, then, for something to happen which would make women cease loving men?

"Most assuredly. I'll put my whole literary reputation behind it."

"You think we could stop the girls from running after us, even if we were ten times the ogres that some of the suffragettes would make us out?"

" No doubt about it."

"And you wouldn't agree with us that if men made stringent laws against love, women would immediately blossom out into the greatest collection of unconscionable law-breakers the world has ever known."

"Horrors, LIFE! How can you be such a misogynist!" "We are not misogynistic, Mrs. Atherton. Perish the thought. We love you one and all. We defy you to do

· LIFE·



THE FAMILY'S IDEA OF FATHER THEY PRESS THE BUTTON AND HE DOES THE REST

your worst. We defy you to try to keep away from us. We shall win you in spite of anything you can do or say."

"All right, LIFE. Be facetious if you wish. You may be able to impose upon some thoughtless, emotional female, but not on me. You can bet on that.

" It's an awkward situation, Mrs. Atherton, to say the least."

"It will be much more awkward, LIFE, when all the springs of love are dried up. I bid you good day."

"Good-by, Mrs. Atherton. We hope for the best."

Boys and Books

THE Washington Public Library has barred the works of Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, Mrs. Alden and many others which have been read by many American children for generations, on the ground that they are purposeless and contain impossible heroes—and for other reasons.

This is not going to make any great difference to the boys who still care to read these books—if they cannot get them at the Washington library they will be able to discover them elsewhere. It is a queer thing about boys. They have processes of information all their own, and there is no boy in this country, if he is really worth while, A Professional Secret THE doctor—'tis a shame to tell— In spite of all his skill, Though he may know you very well,

Prefers to know you ill.

who is not pretty familiar with all of the representative reprehensible books, so that the Washington library is not doing any particular harm in barring some of the old favorites, except to advertise them anew.

This is as it should be. The attempt on the part of our educators and high-brow supervisors of young brains to build a fence around certain harmless things which they now regard as being wicked, does not make much difference to the boys. Every boy knows what he wants pretty well, and is pretty likely to get it.

Among other things that he wants are impossible heroes. He wants stories of people being killed in blood and turmoil. He wants wickednesses revealed and virtue triumphant; and hell to play generally. And the boy is right. He is so far superior in his instincts to the up-todate librarians who attempt to throttle his moral system that what they say about him only emphasizes the contrast.



2244

Only Eight to Be Reviewed

ULIUS CAESAR" bears much the same relation to amstage artists of the male persuasion that bitious "Camille" does to ladies aspiring in the art. No actor has achieved the laurel until he has successfully impersonated at least one of the great trio, Brutus, Cassius and Antony. Mr. Faversham chose the last, usually accounted the easiest in which to gain the favor

of an audience. Of his individual

60000 performance it may be said that he sounds a new note in his conception of the character. Shakespeare made Antony a classical politician; Mr. Faversham makes him almost a modern politician in his assumption of familiar kinship with humanity. No cart-tail speaker in the recent campaign brought himself into closer personal touch with his hearers than does this Antony in his intimate appeal to the Roman mob. This humanizing of the character may detract somewhat from its dignity, but the same method applied to all the tragic characters of Shakespeare might make them more appealing to audiences which have been brought up on realism and are repelled from Shakespeare by elocutionary conventionalism.

Mr. Tyrone Power filled the eye and ear completely with the conventional Brutus, and, it must be confessed, wearied his hearers with elocutionary pauses and statuesque poses. Mr. Keenan, too, mouthed his Cassius, and the long tent scene between these two classical worthies tended to weary rather than to edify. Mr. Mellish's Caesar was well done in the oldschool manner, and the other numerous small rôles were acceptably filled. Mr. Faversham has been generous in the matters of costume and setting. In its entirety his is more than a fair presentation of the famous tragedy.



C OMING a little further down the scale of time we find a surprisingly good presentation of the semi-classic "She Stoops to Conquer" by Annie Russell and her "old English comedy company." Miss Russell is herself charmingly piquant as Kate Hardcastle, and completely eliminates the plaintive tones which have been so long associated with her voice that there was skepticism of her ability to play a comedy part which is usually made brilliant or hoydenish. Of companion excellence was Mr. George Giddens's Tony Lumpkin. Almost every celebrated comedian has essayed this rôle at some period of his career. None of the many the writer has seen, and it may be doubted that any of their predecessors gave the character a better balance between too much and too little coarseness of method. It is an admirable accomplishment and should be seen by every lover of good acting. The Hardcastle of Mr. Fred Permain was also played with just the proper combination of irascibility and unctuous-

· LIFE·

ness instead of with the customary exaggeration. Beatrice Herford looked Mrs. Hardcastle, and when she gets full control of her voice may make this impersonation as clean-cut as the characters she has created in her own monologues. The weak spot in the company was the young men. Marlow and Hastings, as portrayed by Messrs. Frank Reicher and John Westley, lacked the romantic elegance and ease necessary to those gallants.

There has been a demand for adequate presentation of the older English comedies ever since the Wallack days. Annie Russell's organization, judging by this effort, comes nearer to supplying it than any other that has made the attempt. "She Stoops to Conquer" is here played with exquisite and refined comedy spirit, which, it may be suspected, is largely inspired by the artiste whose name the company bears. Now it is up to New York's best theatregoing public to show whether or not it appreciates a good comedy well played.



"THE Dove of Peace," in which Messrs. Walter Damrosch and Wallace Irwin joined their musical and literary abilities to produce a comic opera, turns out to be an elaborate entertainment which essays so much that it falls short of triumphant achievement in any one particular. If both composer and librettist had concentrated and

A.

simplified their effort the total result would have been better. Some of the numbers are catchy or inspiring, and of course the whole score shows musical education, but there is no marked originality. Mr. Irwin's fun lacks spontaneity, and shows all the marks of forcing. His book demonstrates that the professional humorist and the humorous librettist are not necessarily the same under the skin. "The Dove of Peace" does not live up to its ambitions.

> -

"S NOW White and the Seven Dwarfs," the long announced child's play at Mr. America Variation child's play at Mr. Ames's Little Theatre, ought to furnish afternoon diversion for the children of the rich for a long time to come. The assemblage of poor children invited to the first presentation certainly enjoyed it, although the outward manifestations were less pronounced than they are likely to be with children who are not accustomed to repress their expressions of pleasure or the reverse.

The piece is a Grimm fairy tale done not so much with the idea of spectacular effect as to bringing out the interest and the fun of the story. The vicissitudes of the good and lovely are graphically shown and culminate as children love to have them in ultimate triumph over the bad and grotesque. It is not easy for the adult to put himself in the place of the child, but it would seem that "Snow White" ought to delight children and even grown-ups who have not outlived the love of fairy tales. Space is lacking to comment on the cast but, if boyish recollection has not completely left us, there will be a whole lot of hearts under youthful jackets sore for lack of closer communion with Marguerite Clark's lovely Princess Snow White.

·LIFE·



THE LATEST PHASE OF THE TURKEY TROT



HE Yellow Jacket" is a most unusual and amusing novelty. It is a Chinese tragedy really old and poetical, but made laughable by being presented in the childish method of the Chinese theatre. To

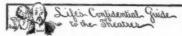
the Occidental mind the makeshifts and crude conventions used to indicate changes of scene, the business employed by the characters to explain themselves and the frank exposition of the functions of the property man bring constant laughter. In spite of this the imagination does get in its work at moments, and permits of glimpses at the serious side of a drama here condensed into one performance, but which would occupy a Chinese stage for a year. "The Yellow Jacket" is very well worth seeing

sales of -

O F three comedies produced in election week one bids fair to survive, but two of them seem destined to cold storage. There can be no doubt of the justice of that fate in the case of "A Rich Man's Son," by Mr. James Forbes. It contains about as much originality as a plate of the favorite dish on boarding-house breakfast tables. and is almost as funny and distinguished.

"Our Wives" had much to recommend it in lines and situations, but was injudiciously cast and played entirely in the wrong tempo. Mr. Henry Kolker, who had the leading part, is distinctly not a light comedian, and his heaviness seemed to communicate itself to the other members of the cast, even the attractive Pamela Gaythorne becoming pathetic instead of brilliant. Differently done, "Our Wives" might have been successful.

"Hawthorne of the U. S. A." is a sort of comic " Prisoner of Zenda," and has the advantage of being located in the Balkans, which territory is being widely advertised just now. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks brings to it his effervescing personality, which is admirably contrasted by Mr. Allan Pollock's unique and altogether delightful impersonation of the impotent but still dignified king of an imaginary realm. The play is absurd, but irresistibly funny and is acted with inspiring dash and energy. The actors are not permitted to hang on to their lines and situations, so that, unlike " Our Wives," the play has a chance to get to the audience. Metcalfe.



Astor .-- "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," with Mr. Douglas Fairbanks. See above.

Belasco .- " The Case of Becky." Hypnotism and its good and bad possibilities carefully demonstrated in a well-acted drama dealing with a case of dual personality.

Broadway .- " The Dove of Peace," Walter Damrosch and Wallace Irwin.

Casino.--" The Merry Countess." The tuneful "Fledermaus" of Strauss modern-ized and made into a very attractive light opera.

Century .--" The Daughter of Heaven Spectacular Chinese drama, elaborate in mounting, but not convincing as a play.

Cohan's .- " Broadway Jones." Laughable up-to-date farcical comedy, well done by good company headed by Mr. G. M. Cohan.

Comedy .- " Fanny's First Play." Eccentric but clever and amusing stage exposition of Mr. Bernard Shaw's opinions of London critics and the British middle classes.

Criterion .- "What Ails You?" by Mr. Rupert Hughes. Notice later.

Daly's .- " The Red Petticoat."

Eltinge .- "Within the Law." Most interesting melodrama, very well acted and dealing with some contemporary problems.

Empire.-Nazimova in dramatization of Mr. Hichens's novel, "Bella Donna."

Forty-eighth Street.-Mr. William Collier in "Never Say Die." Notice later.

Fulton .- " The Yellow Jacket." Gaiety .- "C. O. D." Notice later.

Garrick .- Mr. John Mason in "The At-Excellently acted but talky play tack. concerning itself with episodes in the life of a French politician.

Globe .-. " The Lady of the Slipper," with Elsie Janis and Montgomery and Amusing musical version of the Cinderella fairy tale.

Harris .- " A Rich Man's Son."

Hippodrome .- " Under Many Flags." Glittering ballet and spectacle with impressive stage pictures of foreign scenes.

Hudson.-Mrs. Fiske in "The High Road," by Mr. Edward Sheldon.

Knickerbocker .- " Oh! Oh! Delphine." Amusing and well presented musical show.

Little .- " The Affairs of Anatol." Diverting chapters in the experience of a young bachelor with many entanglements.

Afternoons, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." See above.

Lyceum .- " The ' Mind-the-Paint' Girl." Miss Billie Burke and good company interpreting clearly Mr. Pinero's idea of Lon-don's musical comedy world.

Lyric .- Mr. Faversham in "Julius Cæsar." See above.

Manhattan Opera House .- " The Whip." Notice later.

Maxine Elliott's .- " Ready Money." The trivial side of modern finance amusingly exploited in farcical comedy.

Moulin Rouge. - "Ziegfeld's "Follies." An appeal to the tired business man at his lowest ebb.

Park .- "The Gypsy," by Messrs. Pixley and Luders. Notice later.

Playhouse .-. " Little Women." Agreeable version of Miss Alcott's famous stage depiction of girl life in New England. Well done.

Republic .-. " The Governor's Lady." Drama of American life excellently staged and reasonably interesting. Well acted by company headed by Emma Dunn.

Thirty-ninth Street.-Annie Russell's com-any in "She Stoops to Conquer." See pany in See above

Wallack's .- Mme. Simone in "The Paper Chase," by Mr. L. N. Parker. Notice later.

Weber's.--" A Scrape o' the Pen." Amus-ing depiction of Scotch village life by the author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

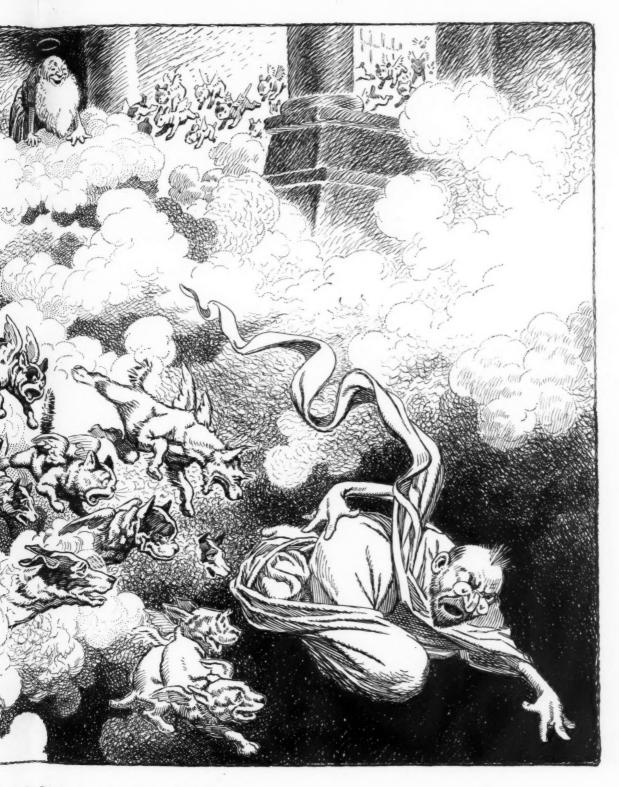
Winter Garden .- Rag-time, vaudeville features, dancing and chorus girls ad lib.

·LIFE



A Noted Vivisector is Greeted at the Pearly C

·LIFE·



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at the Pearly Gates by Some of His Victims

$\cdot LIFE \cdot$

Pot Hunting for Authors

2248

T is a wonder that the American Fiction Writers' branch of the Federated Sons of Labor doesn't agitate for a duty on the importation of unknown novelists.

It was all very well when an occasional novel by an author of more or less international fame used to be semioccasionally brought home by a returning publisher. No self-respecting labor union would take the trouble to kick at such insignificant competition. But just look at the state that things have gotten into!

Those of us who live near the sea in the summer are used to seeing the fish-hawks circling high over the shallower waters near the shore, on the lookout for unwary fishes that venture to the surface, and to seeing them sailing homeward later on—slow-flapping and eminently contented looking gentry—each with a fish for the children's supper close clasped in its claws. Well, had we been there at about the same season, and had we had sharp enough eyes, we might have seen the American publishers, circling hawkwise over Europe, ready to pounce upon any unsuspecting novelist who showed himself in the open; and those of us who happened to be frequenting the neighborhood of the steamship docks a month or two back may have seen them come sailing homeward, each with a foreign author and all his books from the very beginning—a



WHEN IN DOUBT-OPERATE

"I THINK IT'S YOUR APPENDIX."

"ARE YOU SURE, DOCTOR?"

" how can I be sure until i've had it out and examined it?"

big author or a little one, an English or a Scandinavian, as luck had decreed—clasped in the clauses of an iron bound contract. And we are the nestlings that they feed up with the booty.

THE George H. Doran Company have been fishing in the Emerald Isle and have brought back an exceptionally tender and tasty catch—G. A. Birmingham and all his works (which sounds like the catechism, but isn't), including "The Search Party," "Spanish Gold," "Priscilla's Spies," and others.

There are not, however, many people who care to get away with an entire novelist at a single meal. Most of us prefer a bit of the white meat or a second joint to begin on and a license to come back for more if we feel the inclination. And to the thusly minded I would commend "The Search Party" as a first helping of G. A. Birmingham. For, in that it is thoroughly and all-roundedly typical of both sides of him, it represents most satisfactorily the traditional "a little of each and some dressing." So that if you sample this tale without savor, you'll likely get small satisfaction out of any tale of his; while on the other hand, if you respond to the undemonstrative but shrewdly genial fun of it, you'll be pretty sure to get something of enjoyment out of anything else he has published.

Like each of Mr. Birmingham's novels, "The Search Party" is a blend of pure naturalness and pure nonsense a comedy of manners delightfully developed around a plotidea that belongs somewhere between a child's day dream and an opera bouffe.

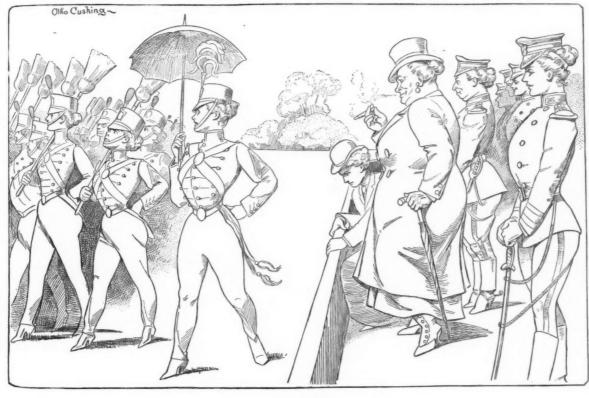
A queer foreigner has rented a lonely house on the coast of Clonmore in the west of Ireland, and, by way of insuring the secrecy of his mysterious activities there, kidnaps and imprisons anyone who either finds or forces his way onto the premises. This is the opera bouffe basis. The comedy of manners-the delightful, half-laughing yet wholly serious, delineations of Irish character, and the slyly insinuated proof that it is after all but an authentic sub-species of human character-develops as the story deals with the attitude of the neighboring village toward these suspicious disappearances; with the unremitting, yet constantly baffled efforts of the English fiancée of one of the prisoners to induce the chief local landowner and the Irish police to bestir themselves in tracing him; and with the absurd but thoroughly satisfactory final resolving of the various national and personal cross-purposes into a sort of Hibernian harmony.

Mr. Birmingham at his best can be more absurd with a straighter face, and more shrewdly observant of his fellow men with an appearance of innocent inattention, than anyone since Frank Stockton gave over the joint pursuit of these apparently unrelated activities. And in "The Search Party" Mr. Birmingham is at his best.

"S PANISH GOLD" introduces us to the amazing and amusing curate of Ballymoy; his theory about the Spanish Armada, his treasure hunt on the islands of Moy Bay, and the tangle of mutually exclusive lies that form the raw material of his diplomacy in dealing with all and

XUM

· LIFE·



IN 1920

GOVERNESS O'TOOLE OF NEW YORK ATTENDS DRILL AT THE MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT

sundry. In the make-up of the tale the element of opera bouffe a little outweighs the comedy of manners; but it is never the less a fun-breeding as well as an Ireland-revealing extravaganza.

I N "Priscilla's Spies" the little remote world of Rosnacree Bay is seen, whimsically illuminated by the suspicious, gloatingly entertained and vigorously acted upon, of the young daughter of a local magnate, who in her catboat voyages of amateur detecting lets various and variously amusing cats out of their respective bags. It is the least interesting of the three novels. J. B. Kerfoot.



The Antagonists, by E. Temple Thurston. A romanticrealist's study of adolescence

Between Two Thieves. by Richard Dehan. A story of the Crimean War. A huge, stained-glass-window fiction, through which we see history and heroes bathed in glowing color.

"C. Q.," by Arthur Train. A quick moving tale, worked out by wireless in mid-Atlantic. The Flaw in the Crystal, by May Sinclair. A tale of telepathy in which a drama of psychic subtleties is staged with remarkable skill and effect.

The Good Girl, by Vincent O'Sullivan. The history of a dead beat, a social vampire, an easy mark and a scape goat. A sombre tale, rich in half tones.

The Junior Partner, by Edward Mott Wooley. Tales of business success told on a transcontinental train. Good stuff.

Lame and Lovely, by Frank Crane. Sample packages of practical religion put up in handy and attractive form by a wide-awake preacher.

Marriage, by H. G. Wells. An excellent story in which the insolubility of certain problems is made evident as well as the fun of trying to solve them.

Paris à la Carte, by Julian Street. Gastronomic promenades among Parisian restaurants with an amusing guide.

Priscilla's Spies, by G. A. Birmingham. See above.

A Prisoner of War in Virginia, 1864-5, by George Haven Putnam. An interesting bit of personal reminiscence.

The Search Party, by G. A. Birmingham. See above. Spanish Gold, by G. A. Birmingham. See above.

The Streets of Ascalon, by Robert W. Chambers. A clever imitation of a "problem novel," in which sexuality is exploited under the guise of discussing sex.

A Woman of Genius, by Mary Austin. The supposed autobiography of a great actress, containing some interesting feminine self-analysis.

Billie's Poster Lady

ILLIE saw her first framed in a window, over which she had drawn up a red and white striped, foreignlooking awning. A long green window-box stretched across the wide sill, and in exact distances, the one from the other, there were little splutters of brilliant red geranium blooms. This completed the idea of a frame, and Billie being an artist, longed to paint her, whoever she might be, just like that. She reminded him of one of the more modern Madonnas that he had seen in the Luxembourg-a Boucher he thought in was.

Her bloused waist of some thin white stuff was open at the throat and turned up to her elbows. Her pose was perfect meditation, the eyes turned toward the sky. She rarely moved for maybe a half to three-quarters of an hour.

She fitted in exactly with what Billie called his poster mood. It came to him every evening when he had finished the dinner. With a cigarette, he used to see his pictures in the fire on the hearth in winter, but in the spring and summer and fall, he looked out, and the roofs, the sky, the bits of life he saw all took on a certain detached quality. Even a line of laundry flapping, a flag drifting on its pole, a gust of rain slanting across his vision, a fall of mist across a tower, or a steeple, or the top of a skyscraper, he saw with a sort of clairvoyant vision that made them more interesting than such things ever are, really, except possibly to the futurists or the impressionists and, above all, the posterists.

It was early spring when he discovered her from his eyrie near the stars. Romance was stirring in the breeze, an organ was emitting the Barcarolle from Tales of Hoffman, far below in the street, and she was listening, a mysterious figure on his horizon.

Every evening she came to the window and had her contemplative hour. He made a little sketch of her and decided he would paint in the color, the awning, the flowers, the buff of the walls and the calm face raised to the sky. He knew it would make a stunning study.

Along in the early July something happened which startled him. One day just at dusk he noticed the girl executing a series of the weirdest maneuvers. It was not a calisthenic exercise, and it puzzled him for a while until he realized that she was practising one of the new posture dances. She would leap about the apartment. sometimes rising several feet from the floor. She would tear up one side of the room and drop suddenly. Then she would steal stealthily down center and make a quick turn fiercely right or left, ending with a high jump that almost took Billie's breath away. It was not exactly graceful, he had to admit. Some of the poses were awkward. But it was terribly impassioned and of course it had meaning. Every evening she kept it up. She carried at times a scarf of white that she flung around in maddened abandon. Again she substituted a light wand with which

(Continued on page 2258.)

See the Modern Family Physician

H^E no longer rides in an old fashioned buggy, and looks at your tongue.

He comes in an auto, and talks of everything else but you.

He is the first one to arrive on the scene. He designates the particular specialist you shall employ.

Does he make money doing this?

Yea, verily. His rake-off on one visit is more than an old fashioned round of them.

Besides, he takes no chances. All he does is to look you over and

pigeonhole you. The telephone does the rest. As a commission merchant, he has a dry goods drum-

mer beaten to a frazzle. His expenses are so light that he doesn't have to buy instruments. His only equipment is a reflecting mirror, a clinical thermometer and a telephone list.

He is the advance agent of all operations.



Doctor: ARE YOU ANÆMIC, PAT? Pat: NO, DOCTOR-IRISH.

· LIFE ·

12 74

STATE AND

KEY TO DASH BOARD

SANA AVOI

North State

1

1, Clock; 2, Speedometer; 3, Carbureto: Adjustment; 4, Am-meter; 5, Ignition Switch; 6, Lighting Switch; 7, Dash Light; 8, Carburetor "Flooder"; 9, Self-Starter Button; 10, Clutch Pedal; 11, Brake Pedal; 12, Accelerator; 13, Muffler Cut-out; 14, Control Lever; 15, Brake Lever; 16, Steering Column; 17, Dash Ventilator; 18, Horn.

No motor cars have more attractive and utilitarian dash boards than the new Abbott-Detroit models. Every convenience necessary for the complete control of the car is at hand. Nothing is left out. There is even an electric light for illuminating the dash board at night.

> THE ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER. The Abbott-Detroit electic self-starter consists of an electric motor built in the side of the erank sase and con-heeted with the erank shaft through an independent train of gears enclosed in timing gear compartment of erank case, this construction insuring perfect lubri-cation cati

It is controlled by means of a button on the toe board. In operation it is simple, positive and reliable—a lady or child can oper-

Control and Emergency Brake Leters.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING SYSTEM.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING SYSTEM. The electric lighting system is equally complete. The current is generated by means of a dynamo, operated from the engine, and a large capacity lighting battery is standing sjill. Thus a sufficient amount of current is always avail-able for lighting all the lamps brilliantly. A switch on the dash board makes it possible to light all the lamps except the tall light from the driver's seat. The tail light is electrically lighted and is controlled by independent switch integral with it.

The Control System

"The demand of the day is that an organi-zation shall be judged by its product and not by what it claims for itself."

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 will be printed in serial

orm. This is the Afth of the series. The sixth will appear in the Saturday Evening Post, Dec. 21st; Collier's, Dec. 14th; Life, Dec. 20th; Literary Digest, Dec. 7. Copies of previous advertisements sent on request. Dec

An ammeter shows at all times the amount of electric current produced and used. An **automatic** switch prevents the discharge of the battery through the dynamo when the engine is idle.

engine is idie. Two large black enameled, nickel trimmed electric head lights, two electric side and tail lamps, fitted with Tung-sten globes, an extension auxiliary light which can be used for examining the motor or interior of the car, a dash light for lighting the speedometer, clock, animeter and other fittings on the dash and foot board, complete the electrical equipment.

CLOCK AND SPEEDOMETER SET.

CLOCK AND SPEEDOMETER SET. Mounted securely on the extreme left hand side of the dash is a clock and speedometer set which accurately indicates time, speed and total mileage covered. To the right of this, on the other side of the anmeter, is a carburetor adjustment device. In addition to the starting button, the foot board carries the muffer cut-out and accelerator throttle pedal. Two large pedals, one operating the clutch and the other the service brakes, are located on either side of the steering column.

EXTRA STRONG BRAKES.

EXTRA STRONG BRAKES. Internst external contracting brakes, with $16^{\circ}x2^{\prime\prime}$ drums on the 44-50 and $14^{\prime\prime}x2^{\prime\prime}$ on the 34-40; lined with a friction proof material, are mounted on the rear hubs. The brake shoes are made of cast iron and substantially connected to the supports in such a way that they will absorb and dissipate heat at a surprisingly rapid rate, thus being able to withstand the exceedingly hard wear and tear incident to mountainous driving.



STEERING GEAR.

The steering wheel, 18 inches in diameter and made of aluminum fitted, with a corrugated ebony rim, is placed at just the right angle and height for comfortable driving.

are inside the body.

The spark and throttle levers are mounted on sectors on the steering column, and can be man-ipulated without taking the hands

ipulated without taking the hands off the steering wheel. Thus you will see that every movement of the car, its speed, direction, motor operation, starting, stopping, signaling —everything can be control-led from the driver's seat with case and dispatch. Let our dealers show you these cars, or write for advance catalog.

Models and Prices

34-40 Fore-Door Roadster, 116-inch wheel base....\$1700

44-50 Battleship Roadster, 121-inch wheel base \$2150



615 Waterloo Street Detroit, Michigan



Electric Lighting **Electric Self-Starter** Standard Equipment

Max Cab

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End of rear axle. under and externa-nal hub sh sprinas

brake system

13

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and neight for connortable driving. Furthermore, the steering gear has been so accurately designed that the 34-40 mos circle 39 for in dia-meter and the 44-50 in a 42-foot circle. Control and emergency brake levers are within easy reach of the right hand and are inside the hody.

·LIFE·



The Stratford Version

In Stratford, during one of the Shakespeare jubilees, an American tourist approached an aged villager in a smock, and said:

"Who is this chap Shakespeare, anyway?"

"He were a writer, sir."

"Oh, but there are lots of writers. Why do you make such a fuss over this one, then? Wherever I turn I see Shakespeare hotels, Shakespeare cakes, Shakespeare chocolates, Shakespeare shoes. What did he write-magazine stories, attacks on the trusts, popular novels?"

"No, sir; oh, no, sir!" said the aged villager. "I understand he writ for the Bible, sir."-Washington Star.

"AND how is the new minister getting along?'

"All right, apparently. He seems to be able to expound the moral law without offending any of the interests in the pews."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

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A Thanksgiving

Deepest Thanksgiving I do give, Because I didn't chance to live In what they call the "good old days" Of homely fare and simple ways.

I like the days that we have now, Instead of broom and churn and plow; I like to have a bed with springs, And telephones and vacuum things

Those "good old times," so praised in song!

How did the women get along? No bridge or suffrage or bead bags, No motor-cars or gladsome rags!

I'm very glad "old-fashioned cheer" Will not be offered me this year; No squash or pumpkin pie for me-I much prefer pâtisserie.

I can't see how they lived at all Without a cab or music-hall: Oh, earnestly I do thanksgive That our times are not primitive! -Carolyn Wells in Woman's Home Companion.

SMART society is made up of the worldly, the fleshy and the devilish. -Lippincott's.



Milo I am willing to retire before my betters-but as yet I have not found them. MILO. THE SURBRUG COMPANY New York

The "Different" Cigarette

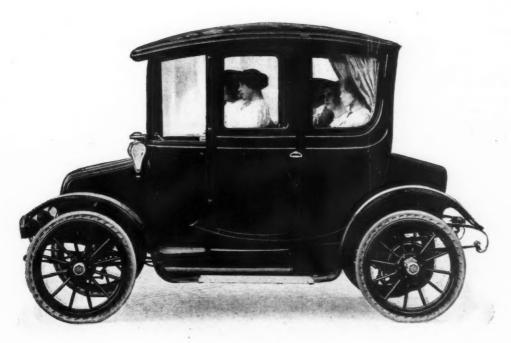
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Ten other beautiful new models.



Why He Couldn't Go In

A small but very black negro was standing very erect at one side of the door of a house where a colored man had just died. The services were about to begin, when the negro clergyman appeared at the door and said to the little fellow:

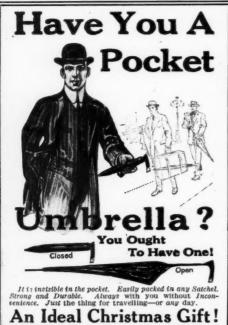
"The services are about to begin. Aren't you coming inside?"

"I would if I could," said the small boy, "but you see I's de crape." -Ladies' Home Journal.

Caroni Bitters. Tones the stomach-stimulates appetite. Im-proves life and flavor of any cocktail. Try them and be satisfied. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrs.

Generosity

A large, husky negro and a small Frenchman were sawing a large piece of timber for the Boston subway with a heavy crosscut saw, each in turn pulling



For Wife, Mother, Sister, Sweetheart or any Men Friends It takes just three seconds to uncover and pull out to a It takes just three seconds to uncover and philot to a perfect, full size umbrella, and stronger than any of the old style umbrellas. It is just as easily telescoped to a miniature umbrella, only 15 inches long and 1½ in dia-meter. It is the only umbrella that telescopes to fit in the pocket, grip, suit-case or hand-bag, so thatyou always have negative protection without inconvenience. have instant protection without inconvenience.

It costs no more than other good unbrellas and lasts longer. Made in several designs, both ladies' and gentlemen's styles, all of highest grade. Sold on money-hack guarantee. Ask your dealer for one. If he cannot supply you, *arrite us* and we will tell you how to get one without cost *provided* you send your leading dealers' names and addresses. Ask for interesting booktet and price list. POCKET UMBRELLA CO., Dept. 02, Findlay, Ohio



·LIFE· **BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER**

> "In Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Lithaemia and the Like its Action is Prompt and Lasting."

JNO. V. SHOEMAKER, M. D., LL. D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, etc., in the New York Medical Journal. June 22, 1899: "The BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is doubly efficient in Rheuma-tism and Gout. It BUFFALO LITHIA WATER dissolves Uric Acid and Phosphatic Sediments, as well as other products difficult of elimination, while at the same time it exerts a moderately stimulant effect upon the renal cells, and thereby facilitates the swift removal of insoluble materials from the body. Without such action insoluble substances will precipitate in the kidneys and bladder. The intense suffering produced by Stone, together with consecutive Pyelitis and Cystitis, are avoided by prompt elimination.

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Medical testimonials mailed. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER C? BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS. VIRGINIA

it back and forth. A pugilistic Irishman stopped to watch the operation. After a few moments he strolled up to the negro and dealt him a blow, saying: "Give the saw to the little fellow if he wants it."-Harber's.

New Use for the Hyphen A teacher in a lower grade was instructing her pupils in the use of a hyphen. Among the examples given by the children was the word "bird-cage." "That's right," encouragingly re-marked the teacher. "Now, Paul, tell me why we put a hyphen in 'bird-cage.'" "It's for the bird to sit on," was the startling rejoinder .- Continent.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cents, in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



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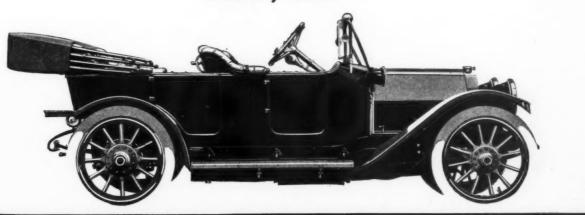
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·LIFE·

Rhymed Review

The Lost World

(By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Geo. H. Doran Company.)

- Where Amazonian rivers flow Morass and gloomy jungle cleaving, There lifts a great basalt plateau—
- A land of wonders past conceiving. 'Twas in the dim Jurassic time
- That Nature set apart this fastness Where, born of Mesozoic slime,
- Huge monsters heave their horrid vastness.
- Four dauntless men with gun in hand Ascending dreadful precipices
- Achieved the haunted table-land-A harder task than even this is,
- For Devil-birds with leathern wings, And teeth, and talons flocked to greet them,
- And Leaping Dinosaurs and Things From rarebit nightmares tried to eat them.
- An azure lake they chanced upon Where mammoth reptiles cleft the billow.
- They saw the pig-faced Toxodon, Beheld the Giant Armadillo.
- Queer Saurians they also met With clutching claws and necks contractile,
- And caught a dainty little pet— A charming baby Pterodactyl.
- They chased the Stegosaurus, too, With armor-plate along his torso.
- A big Phororhacos they slew— (He's like an ostrich, only more so).
- Assailed by Missing Links who played At being folks in tree-top villas,
- They helped an Injun tribe to raid And massacre those Men-Gorillas.
- They found a diamond mine! (The same
- Might help to make another story); Then back to London-town they came
- To sing a song of Dinosauri.
- Sir Conan's scientific bluff Would drive my old professor frantic;
- But, after all, the tale's the stuff, So don't let's go and be pedantic. Arthur Guiterman.

Beautiful Cuba A Winter Paradise

HAVANA—Morro Castle, Cabañas Fortress, the Prado, the Malecon, Modern-Parks, Streets, Hotels, Shops, Theatres, Clubs.
 MARIANAO BEACH—Surf bathing all the year Yound, Havana. Country Club's new 18-hole Golf Course.
 MATANZAS—Monserrate Hermitage, the Enclusion of the large chanting Yumuri Valley, and the Wondrously Beautiful Caves of Bellamar.
 PROVIDENCIA SUGAR MILL—One of the large est and most typical of Cuba's great sugar mills, visited by thousands of tourist annually.
 SANTIAGO DE CUBA—Famous for its mountain felds of the Spanish-American war.
 ISLE OF PINES—A lovely little island Winter feest of the submission of Cuba; easily reached from Havana.
 JAMAIGA—With is luxuriant verdure and per Santiago de Cuba.
 PANAMA and the gigantic marvels of the Panama Canal; two days' sail from Kingston (Jamaica). Good steamship connection from Santiago.

Send four cents in stamps for beautiful illustrated bookled describing above and other interesting places in Cuba to United Railways of Havana FRANK ROBERTS, General Passenger Agent 52 Broadway, Room 211 - New York



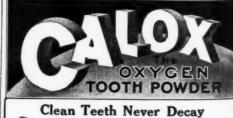
When you want a whiskey that is a little better than you can get at your club, I have it for you.

V. O. S. GOLD ARMOR WHISKEY

A blend of straight Bourbons, one selected for its aroma, another for its body and a third for its flavor, and all taken from my own family's collection of rare old Bourbons—so harmonized as to produce that exquisite bouquet, the eternal quest of the connoisseur. Undoubtedly an ideal in whiskey, but if you don't find it so you can have your money returned.

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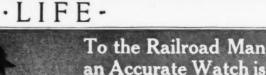
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JASON WEILER & SON, 371 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

The Need for More Constitutions

Why, pray, must we be satisfied with a constitution in governmental affairs only? If we are going to be conservative, why not do the job up brown? Suppose, for instance, we had had a thorough-going and unamendable constitution in biology. Darwin, Haeckel and the rest of the evolutionists could never have got a foothold. They could have been declared unconstitutional instanter and that would have been the end of them. So in theology. The Higher Criticism would certainly have been unconstitutional if we had had a theological constitution with sufficient checks, balances and majesty. So in industry. It would have been the simplest thing in the world to avert telephones and automobiles and aeroplanes and washing machines and vacuum cleaners. Our forefathers were skilled in gov-



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To the business man an accurate watch is a constant source of satisfaction and reliance.

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A handsome book about watches that pictures and describes the various Hamilton Models-gladly sent to anyone interested in the purchase of a fine watch. The Hamilton Watch is made in standard sizes for men and women and sold by leading jewelers everywhere at \$38.50 to \$125.00 for complete watches, timed and adjusted in the cases at the factory. In some models, movements only may be purchased, so that, using your present watch case, you can own a Hamilton Watch for \$12.25 and upwards. Ask your jeweler. If he cannot supply you, write us.

> Hamilton Watch Company Lancaster, Pennsylvania

ernmental affairs. In that realm they could devise a standstill that would make an irresistible force look like a henpecked husband. In other respects, however, they have allowed us to become wildly and unrestrainedly progressive. E. O. J.

A SOLDIER, who was being led to the gallows, saw a crowd of people running on before. "Don't be in such a hurry,' said he to them. "I can assure you nothing will be done without me."







This Christmas Give Your Wife an Electric

An Electric for her very own-what more enjoyable surprise could your wife receive on Christmas morning? Every woman longs to own an Electric. Every woman knows the comfort, convenience and heightened social prestige it gives. Why not make this the happiest Christmas?

Your wife would love to drive about in her own Electricquiet, fashionable, simple and safe. She can pay her social calls; do her shopping; attend the theatre and reception. You will enjoy the convenience of it, too.

And Christmas is the season of seasons for an Electric. The cold, biting winds and snow flurries without make you feel all the cosier within an Electric. There is such exhilarating pleasure in gliding noiselessly down the boulevard, through the park, threading in and out of congested traffic-quickly, easily, without bother or effort.

Driving an Electric is simplicity itself-no trouble whatever. Any woman-even a child-can operate an Electric efficiently. The first cost of an Electric is decidedly moderate when you consider its lasting, satisfactory service. Maintenance expense and cost of power is far lower than that for other types of cars.



ROSTON

Interesting literature about Electric Vehicles sent gladly. Write today. Before you buy any car -consider the Electric

CHICAGO

ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION

OF AMERICA

124 W. 42nd St.

NEW YORK

she made passes about her head and

as she danced across the room his strained ears caught her voice in some sort of ejaculatory recitation.

·LIFE·

Billie's Poster Ladv

(Continued from page 2250.)

One warm evening she leaned pensively over the flowers as though completely worn out. Then she began her strange evolutions. It was so extremely hot that such exercise seemed the height of folly. But in spite of the heat, or because of it, she seemed possessed of a demon. She jumped higher than ever before and swung her arms with a ferocity that was actually unpleasant. Now and then he heard her whoop in triumph and again a peal of horrid laughter rang out vibrantly.

Suddenly a terrible conviction came to him. The young woman was affected by a day that had felled horses by the dozen. This was no dance but a maniacal frenzy! In another moment probably she would fling herself out of the window!

He waited not another second but rushed down the stairs. Up the street he hurried until he reached the entrance to the other house. A boy sat at a switchboard. Billie broke out breathlessly. "There's a friend of mine-a-patient-I should say-top floor-East-flowers in the window!"

" That's Miss Kirk-" said the boy, somewhat surprised by Billie's hatless excitement. "She's home. You can go right up."

Billie climbed manfully. He would have to subdue her by force, maybe? His courage began to ebb. A voice hailed him on the sixth floor. "Is that you, doctor," it asked.

Billie took the cue. Doctor? What could be better. He stopped at an open door and confronted his poster lady. She looked at him smiling curiously.

"Oh-" she said. "I thought-I can't exactly place you? Do you come from the hospital? Sit down."

She was quiet now and seemed perfectly sane. The room was neat and sanitary looking with white enamel and antiseptic glass furniture. He began to feel desperately uncomfortable.

Suddenly she broke out laughingly. "Now I know you. You're the man with the field glasses! I thought you were trying to flirt-but you were so solemn about it-I concluded-

"I was interested in your dance," he blurted out; "I hope vou'll excuse me? You are a wonderful dancer."

"I'm not a dancer," she gurgled; "I'm a trained nurse."

"I've seen you dancing about here evenings," he stumbled awkwardly.



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Something to Be Thankful for St. Nicholas

One hundred pages every month of entertainment and inspiration for the boys and girls. The little ones of three and four love to have its special pages read to them. All ages read it. Father and mother are not too old to find pleasure in it. The subscription price is only \$3.00 a year—less than one cent a day for twelve numbers of "the best child's periodical in the world."

If you have any interest in any child's reading—and of course you have—send for the *St. Nicholas Calendar*. A postal card request to the publishers will bring it.



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not only offer you shoes of a custommade-to-measure-quality, with readyto-wear convenience; but a staff of expert sales-folk intelligently study the requirements of our customer's feet, and assure you of getting shoes that conform absolutely to your *particular* foot requirements.

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Billiard and Pool Tables are practical tables adapted to the most expert play. They are strongly made, beautifully finished, with

superb cabinet work. The style illustrated is simple in design, but very

strong, with Mahogany finish and handsome stamped bronze corners. It is a Combination Table—for both Billiards and Pool. The following accessories

both Billiards and Pool. The following accessories are included without extra charge: 16 pool balls. 4 48-inch cues. 1 36-inch cue. 10 pins for Pin Pool, 1 triangle, 1 bridge. I pool bottle, 6 pocket stops, book of instructions, extra tips, cue chalk, sandpaper, etc. The stand is not essential, but often is a great convenience. With each Burrows Table is furnished, free, a set of four hard-wood leveling blocks, for use in mounting on dining-room or library table. Our catalog contains many other styles and sizes of tables, at prices from \$15 up, on terms of \$1 or more down and a small amount each month. Write for the catalog, or order directly from this advertisement.

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Billie's Poster Lady

She chuckled softly to herself. "So that's it?" she laughed. "But I wasn't dancing! The nurses and doctors down at the hospital have started a fly-swatting contest and I'm in the lead by two quart jars. You see, we have the wards all clear now, so I have to get them at home. I spread out some syrup and wait until the air is full of them. Then I get to work."

"I wish you success," ejaculated Billie with a certain sickly collapse of interest. "If I could-

"You might send me some," she suggested. "I've got all my friends working for me. But I must say I am fair about it. Miss Josephs up in Pavilion 7-she buys them. Honest! She's got an 'ad' in an evening paper, " Highest prices paid for flies-dead or alive."

"How do you prefer them?" asked Billie politely.

"Oh, dead by all means!" she answered decidedly.

There was a knock at the door and a serious looking man with spectacles





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le ok N.Y. Such a gift indicates forethought and carries a personal touch. It's bound to be appreciated. 3 nound to be approximately and a set of the Highest quality imported rice paper—skilled labor—sanitary etory and personal supervision insures absolute perfection.

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Special designs prepared for Clubs, Colleges, Fraternities, dinner tries and social gatherings. factory at Ladies' cigarettes (special size) our specialty.

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Plain, Gold, Silver, Cork and Straw tips \$2.00 PER HUNDRED WITH YOUR NAME OR INITIALS (Initials, Monogram Crest, Coat-of-Arms, etc. re-guiring engraved die, \$1.00 extra for first 100 only)

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During the holidays, on orders for 500 or more, we will make a special die for Monogram, Crest, etc., gratis; also a special label en-circling each box, "Made especially for Mr. or Mrs.-----," etc Print initials plainly. Specify tip desired. Enclose money-order nietter. All cigarettes packed in attractive boxes of 100 each. Write for our booklet, "A Plea for a Good Cigarette."

MATHUES BROS., 619 Madison Ave., N.Y. City One Block East of Fifth Avenue and Hotel Plaza. PURVEYORS TO PARTICULAR PEOPLE

Enjoyable Obsequies

Mr. George Allen White says in the Naturopath:

In England vaccination is to all intent dead. Is it not about time that we were brushing up the hearse and making preparations for its funeral on the free soil of America?

Pope's Last Illness

During Pope's last illness, a squabble happened in his chamber between his two physicians, Dr. Burton and Dr. Thompson, they mutually charging each other with hastening the death of the patient by improper prescriptions. Pope at length silenced them, saying: "Gentlemen, I only learn by your discourse that I am in a dangerous way; therefore all I now ask is, that the following epigram may be added after my death to the next edition of the Dunciad, by way of postscript:

Dunces rejoice; forgive all censures past :

The greatest dunce has kill'd your foe at last.



A Proverb of Bell Service

Once upon a time there dwelt on the banks of the holy river Ganges a great sage, by name Vishnu-sarman.

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When King Sudarsana appealed to the wise men to instruct his wayward sons, Vishnu-sarman undertook the task, teaching the princes by means of fables and proverbs.

Among his philosophical sayings was this:

"To one whose foot is covered with a shoe, the earth appears all carpeted with leather."

This parable of sixteen hundred years ago, which applied to walking, applies today to talking. It explains the necessity of one telephone system.

For one man to bring seven million persons together so that he could talk with whom he chose would be almost as difficult as to carpet the whole earth with leather. He would be hampered by the multitude. There would not be elbow room for anybody.

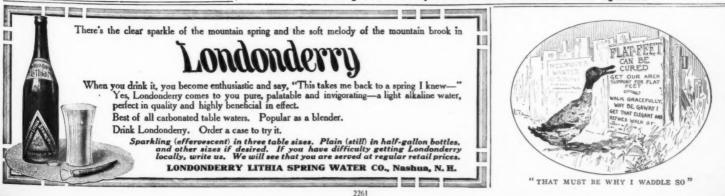
For one man to visit and talk with a comparatively small number of distant persons would be a tedious, discouraging and almost impossible task.

But with the Bell System providing Universal Service the old proverb may be changed to read :

To one who has a Bell Telephone at his lips, the whole nation is within speaking distance.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.



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· LIFE·

In Your Heart You Know that You Are Not **Giving Your Body a Square Deal**

KNOW the reasons which keep back any man from giving his body the exercise demanded by good health and common sense. They are just three:

One is sheer lack of will power to force the body to do anything. Another is the lack of knowledge as to just what forms of exercise are best.

The third is the notion that you don't need any exercise. This condition is typical of the man of sedentary habits.

Which is YOUR reason?

I can practically rebuild the man who, for the first two reasons, is letting his physical condition go to pot. And I can do the same for the man in the third case, provided he will stir himself enough to acknowledge his physical flabbiness to himself and to me.

ndson

will take one of you men whose bodies respond only sluggishly to the command of your minds, and will force mind and body to co-ordinate-to work in harmony. This will enable you to control not only your own body, but will give you a personality that, instead of bending for others, will sway them your

It is not the purpose of the Thompson Course to build big, useless surface muscles. The Thompson Course builds strong, hardy, clean internal organs —and these bring power, health, reserve energy and longevity for the man or woman who enjoys their possession.

If the day's work fags you,-

If an ill-chosen meal upsets your digestion,— If a sleepless night spoils the next day—then you are not normal, but are below par, unnecessarily, yes and shamefully.

You were given a body that had an abundant reserve fund of energy to draw upon in just such hours of need.

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strongest and easiest operated of any studs made. They go in like a Needle and hold like an Anchor. No danger of marring the shirt front.

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The Thompson Course of exercise is a rational, pleasant and easy means of securing and maintaining that reserve power which your body originally had

My Course is different from any other in that it benefits (by natural movements scientifically applied) the dynamos of the bodily machine, i. e., the lungs, heart, stomach, intestines, etc. All these are muscular and can be strengthened by proper exercise. Yet, as far as I can learn, until my Course was evolved, no systematic treatment existed that was based on this axiomatically natural method.

The clearness of your mind, the strength of your nerves, your hopefulness and joy in living, all depend on the vigor of your vital organs.

I offer you something that will benefit every inch of your body and mind through every minute of your life, and I offer it on free-trial terms that make it impossible for you to lose a penny.

Read in my book, "Human Energy," why in a few minutes of easy movements each day you can make yourself an example of real health and abounding energy. Send for "Human Energy," free and post-paid. Give your home address.

Pride and Wisdom

Socrates, observing that Alcibiades was very proud of his estate, showed him a map of the world, and bade him point out Attica. When he had found it, he told him further "to look for his own fields.'

"They are not marked here," said Alcibiades.

"Then," said the philosopher, "you need not be so conceited about lands which form no part of the earth."

A LECTURER was annoyed by a man in the audience who insisted on rising and asking questions.

"Sit down, you ass!" said a second man, jumping up.

"Sit down you, too," cried a third man; "you are both asses."

"There seem to be plenty of asses about to-night," put in the lecturer calmly: "but for heaven's sake let us hear one at a time."

"Well, you go on then," said the first man, resuming his seat.

-Boston Transcript.



Various doctors, among them many specialists, were called as witnesses in a case in a San Francisco court, with a view to ascertaining what killed a woman whose death was in question in an insurance litigation.

They all testified they had examined the woman professionally, and the consensus of opinion was that the dead woman had suffered from an affection of the liver which caused that organ to shrink materially.

The last doctor on the witness-stand was a young hospital interne. He testified that instead of a shrunken liver the woman had an abnormally enlarged liver. E

"Do you mean to sit there on the stand and swear that this woman had an enlarged liver when all these eminent authorities have sworn her liver was wasted and shrunken?" demanded a lawyer.

"I do," replied the young doctor.

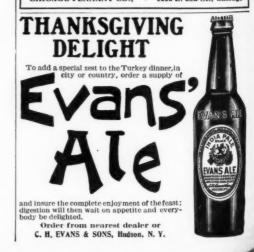
"How comes it you set yourself up against these eminent practitioners-you, a young squirt of a doctor, with no practice and only a few months out of a medical school? How do you know this woman had an enlarged liver?" thundered the lawyer.

"I performed the autopsy," answered the young doctor.

-Saturday Evening Post.



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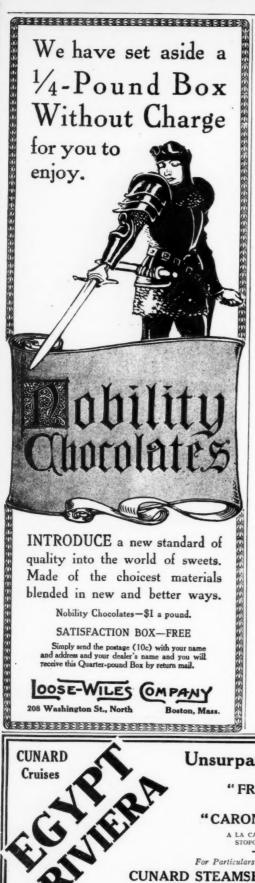
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Epigrams on Doctors

JFE.

The following shafts of wit, humor and satire (compiled by W. Davenport Adams in "The Book of Epigrams") have been gathered from various sources. We reprint these selections through the courtesy of the publishers of the book Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London.

On Doctor Cheyne, the Vegetarian Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot.

Thou didst thy system learn; From Hippocrates thou hadst it not, Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good, And say the same of grass; The one for babes is only food, The other for an ass.

Doctor! our new prescription try (A friend's advice forgive); Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die;— Thy patients then may live. Dr. Wynter.

Reply to the Above My system, Doctor, is my own, No tutor I pretend; My blunders hurt myself alone,

But yours your dearest friend. Were you to milk and straw confin'd, Thrice happy might you be;

Perhaps you might regain your mind, And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try, But heartily forgive; 'Tis nat'ral you should bid me die,

That you yourself may live. —Dr. Cheyne.

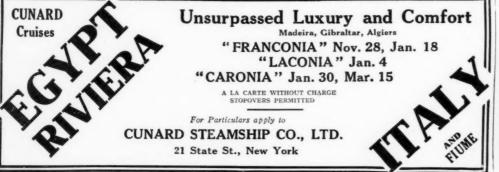
The Remedy Worse Than the Disease

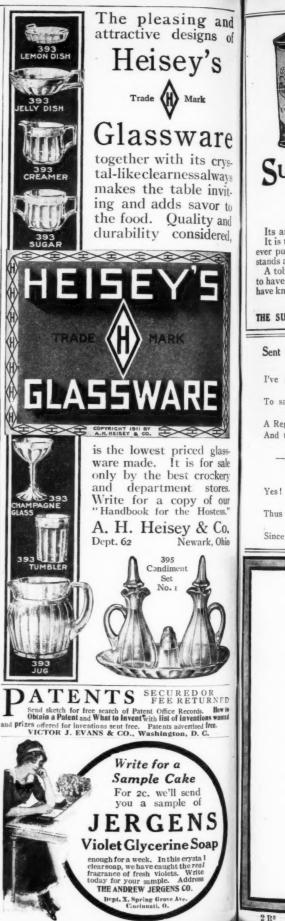
I sent for Radcliffe; was so ill That other doctors gave me over; He felt my pulse, prescrib'd a pill,

And I was likely to recover. But when the wit began to wheeze, And wine had warm'd the politician,

Cur'd yesterday of my disease, I died last night of my physician. —Matthew Prior (1664-1721).

On Dr. Lettsom, by Himself When people's ill, they comes to I, I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em; Sometimes they live, sometimes they die. What's that to I? I lets 'em. —John Coakley Lettsom (1744-1815).







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" Quacks," it is plain, To make work for a "Regular Doctor" again! -Anon.

Hartford, Conn.

On a Famous Physician Being Called Out of Church

Whilst holy pray'rs to heav'n were made, One soon was heard and answer'd too; "Save us from sudden death," was said, And straight from church Sir John -Anon. withdrew.



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Little. (The Century Co. \$1.00.)

The New Industrial Day, by William C. Redfield. (The Century Co. \$1.25.) The Place of Honeymoons, by Har-

old MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.30.) The Outpost of Eternity, by Cosmo

Hamilton. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.) Behind the Dark Pines, by Martha

Young. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.) Your United States, by Arnold Bennett. (Harper & Bros. \$2.00.)

Uncle Noah's Christmas Inspiration,

by Leona Dalrymple. (McBride Nast & Co. 50 cents.)

Childhood, by Burges Johnson. (Thos. Y. Crowell Co. \$3.00.)

Everybody's Saint Francis, by Maurice F. Egan. (The Century Company. \$2.50.)

The Soul and Sex in Education, by Jirah D. Buck, M.D. (Stewart & Kidd Co. \$1.25.)

Hang Up Philosophy, by William B. Arvine, (Poet Lore Co.)

Short-Story Masterpieces, by J. Berg Esenwein. (Home Correspondence School.)

The American Mind, by Bliss Perry. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.)

A Little Book of Christmas, by John Kendrick Bangs. (Little Brown & Co. \$1.00.)

Time and Change, by John Burroughs. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.10.) The Blood of the Fathers, by G.

Frank Lydston. (Riverton Press Co.) The Net, by Rex Beach. (Harper & Bros. Co. \$1.30.)

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