

Life

PRICE 10 CENTS
VOL. LVI, NO. 1464 NOVEMBER 17, 1910 6 1910
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Hell Numbers
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HENRY - HUTT

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The carefully selected grain we use is the foundation of Cascade richness. The distilling, purification and aging give it its extreme mellowness. Physicians recommend Cascade because of all these qualities. Original bottling has old gold label.

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Nashville, Tenn. 109

The Colonel as Umpire

Says the Clerk of the Day in the Boston Transcript:

"Life" has got over adoring the Colonel, and even a Clerk of the Day can see why. In a rash moment, the little cherub foresaw that Mr. Roosevelt would sit aloof from the rude and unlovely game of politics, and act as umpire. As things are now going, "Life" feels injured. He rather imagines that the Colonel has put him in a hole by making his prognostications ridiculous.

The Clerk must have forgotten. What LIFE said (June 16, 1910) was:

We by no means suggest Colonel Roosevelt for the office of National Judge. We have one already. A political umpire is something altogether different. A judge sits apart from the strifes of mankind, impartial, passionless, secure. Such a part would never fit the Colonel. But an umpire—how different! Mask on his visage and pad a-down his person, in the game every minute, back of the catcher, back of the pitcher, skipping about in the infield, watching every play, calling balls, strikes, fouls, the centre of every dispute, calling men out when they ought to be out—a thing the judge somehow can't do—hoisted by the crowd, cheered by the crowd, mobbed by the crowd, and escorted off the grounds by the police.

Surely that is not a canned life.

We welcome him to the new job of political umpire. What scraps, what hoots, what cheers, what close decisions, bad and good, and what incessant misrepresentations await him! Happy man to have so lively a job in view, and a spirit so game to tackle it!

Do you consider, Clerk, that these prognostications have come untrue?

We can prove that 90% of all your ailments are due to the accumulation of waste in the Colon. It poisons the blood and clogs the system. The

INTERNAL BATH

will thoroughly cleanse and purify it. Physicians and many others tell about it in an interesting book, "The What, The Why, The Way," which we send free on request.

Write to Dept. 155 L
Tytrel Hygienic Institute
124 West 65th Street, New York

The What
The Why
The Way

ROMAN GUIDE (*impressively*): The ruins of the Coliseum!

SEATTLE MAN (*astonished*): Well, what do you think of that! Why, I saw photographs of that heap twenty years ago.

ROMAN GUIDE (*loftily*): Quite likely, sir.

SEATTLE MAN: But why in thunder weren't those ruins cleared away and a modern coliseum erected?

—New Orleans Picayune.

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Depends for its virtues not upon strong oils, carbolic or other irritating disinfectants, but upon the presence of Oxygen (peroxide)—Nature's purifier.

Ask your Dentist—he knows
ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 CENTS
Sample and Booklet free on request

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"The Lincoln of Our Literature"

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It had been Mark Twain's ambition to have his books in every American home, and he made a great personal sacrifice to bring about this remarkable opportunity—for the first time in the history of publishing, copyrighted books are sold at the price of non-copyrighted books—the chance will not come again. But for Mark Twain's action this would have been impossible.

Now for the first time you get a complete set of all Mark Twain's writings at just exactly one-half the price they have ever been sold before. This is a new edition, just as complete as the old one, which still sells, by the way, at \$50.00. This new edition is only \$25.00—for the 25 volumes. Never before has a copyrighted library set of a standard author's works been issued at such a low figure.

His Complete Works—25 Beautiful Volumes

Editorial in the New York World:

"The monument by which Heidelberg will commemorate the place where Mark Twain began his 'Tramp Abroad' is high tribute to the universality of genius. A trail of such reminders leads around the world. Bermuda tells how King George, Mark Twain, and the Princess Louise came there years ago. Genoa, showing its statue of Columbus, recalls how Marco Twaina asked the guide, 'Is he dead?' Syria remembers his tears at the tomb of Adam; Australia his studies of Bushmen and state railways, British India his graphic picture of Thuggee. Cairo donkeys may be named Lily Langtry, or Sarah Bernhardt, or Lolie Fuller as the years pass, but dozens of saddled and patient Mark Twains plod always past the Pyramids. Vienna quotes Mark Twain on German sentence-structure and the Parliamentary rows of the Dual Monarchy. Florence may be induced to show Mrs. Browning's 'Casa Guild Windows,' but points out unasked the palace where Signor Twain drewled to his visitor that the neighbors—were only having—a little fire—on the floor—below. In our own fast-forgetting land he is remembered from Redding and Hartford and Elmira to Hannibal, Virginia City, and San Francisco. Wherever rested Mark Twain's seeing eye his books are guides, because he saw as plain people see, and without 'fine writing' described what he saw in the plainest, clearest words, touched with humor and philosophy. He felt the poetry of fact."

In this new set there are beautiful pictures by Frost, Newell, Smedley, Thulstrup, Clinedinst, Kemble, and Oppel. The binding is in rich red rep silk book cloth, with title labels stamped in gold. The books are printed on white antique wove paper, especially made for this edition. Each volume is of generous size and bulk, 5x7½ inches.

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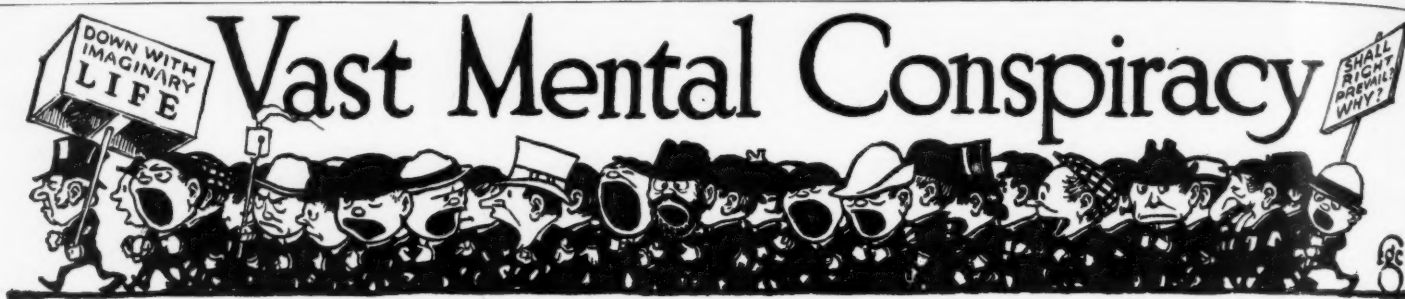
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Vast Mental Conspiracy

Imaginary Life Subscribers Have
Already Been Warned.
A Word to the Wise.



Alert!

GEE. I ME. MIT., the able manager of our Thought Bureau, has for some time been familiar with the mental details of a conspiracy to boycott the Imaginary Life, and we may say has had the whole thing under good control. It is natural, of course, that the immense mental subscription list we have should excite the envy of competitors, and that they should do all they can to create an imaginary thought influence against us. Up to the present time they have had little effect; but we feel bound now to mention the matter in order that those who are on the waiting list may understand the truth.

There are about twenty million people at present reading the Imaginary Life, and several million more on the waiting list. There is also a large preparatory school of people to whom we furnish as much consolation as possible, while they are waiting to become subscribers. Our terms are easy. All you have to do is to want to come in and send along five imaginary dollars as a starter. You then become eligible, and are placed somewhere in the line along the first harmonic plane.

All this is perfectly clear to every one, and thoroughly understood. But for some time we have been receiving red vibrations from unknown sources, indicating the presence of an enemy in the field of thought. These vibrations take various forms, but we notice them re-

flected in the messages received from various subscribers and others, in the form of doubts about the reality of our position, and in other ways.

One gentleman writes:

I have been under the impression for some time that you are a humbug. I am on the point of cancelling my subscription, and I write to ask you if I do so, whether you will return to me the balance of what is due me. I have an idea that I can struggle along without the Imaginary Life, and besides, I need the money.

Under ordinary circumstances we would vibrate our friend's balance to him at once, and move one of our waiting list up along the line; but the head of our yogi department informs us that this is a plain case of alien influence. Our friend has been worked upon by a mental enemy, and before letting him go, we shall put him under proper treatment for a couple of weeks, and get him again under the right harmonic influences. We do this as a matter of principle and because we have a deep sympathy for all those who may be temporarily led astray. We cannot undertake to do this, however, in a large number of cases, and we warn all our friends that if they begin to doubt us, and persist in it, we shall have to let them go to make room for others. The

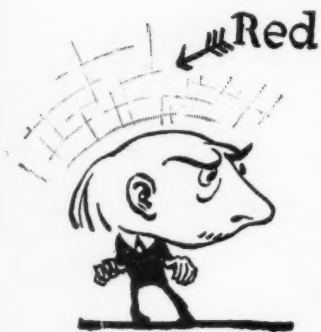
fact is, that we continue to be short of help in all of our departments, and until we can remedy this, we shall have to move along the vibrations of least resistance.

We have just started a yogi

(Continued on page 851)



Keep it on your Mind



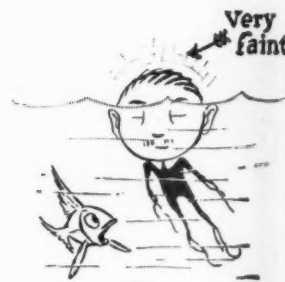
'Tis futile!



The very thing!



We are sorry, but business is business



The Jelly Fish Stage

Our Yogi Training School



Vast Mental Conspiracy

(Continued from page 850)

training branch, and we expect to produce a fairly good yogi out of almost any kind of material in a short time.

Are you out of a job? If so, and want easy work, apply for the position of yogi. No references required. We take anybody who is willing. As a preliminary, ask for our mental booklet, "How To Be A Yogi." It will start you right.

Our training class meets every morning at eleven. At first it will be necessary for you to attend in person; after you get started, we can reach you anywhere in any part of the world. Do not apply if you are married. We cannot undertake to treat married men, as we find by experience that they are not susceptible to any vibrations we have under our control.

We have just received the following:

Dear Life:

I should like to be a yogi
With all a yogi's might;
A mental square meal just beyond—
Vibrating day and night.

Now I am a promising young man, not afraid of work. I live with my parents and have a good grammar school education. Tell me how to begin.

Yours joyfully,
Edgar B—

We are obliged to charge a small preliminary fee for entrance into our yogi training school. We

Mennen's

(Borated)

Skin Soap

fulfills every Toilet Soap requirement



At all dealers, or
mailed on receipt of 25c. post-
paid. Sample cake for 4 cents in stamps.



TRADE MARK

Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

Makers of the Celebrated
Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

Jaeger Sanitary Underwear combines the maximum of porosity with the maximum of protection. It is also curative as well as preventive. Leading Physicians strongly recommend it, appreciating its value as a means to good health.

Please write for descriptive Catalogue and Samples

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 New York: 300 Fifth Ave., 23 Maiden Lane
 Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St. Boston: 229 Boylston St.
 Phila.: 1516 Chestnut St. Chicago: 52 State St.
 Agents in all Principal Cities

do this as an earnest of your good intentions. You will get your money back as soon as you show your value. Our friend therefore should immediately begin to want to send us twenty-five imaginary dollars. We will do the rest. If his wish is sincere, and he has the necessary mental capital, he will soon begin to feel an impulse to go into the silence. This is the first, or jellyfish, attitude. He will then be in a condition to join our morning classes. If he makes good progress, in about six months he will be put to work on the subscription list.

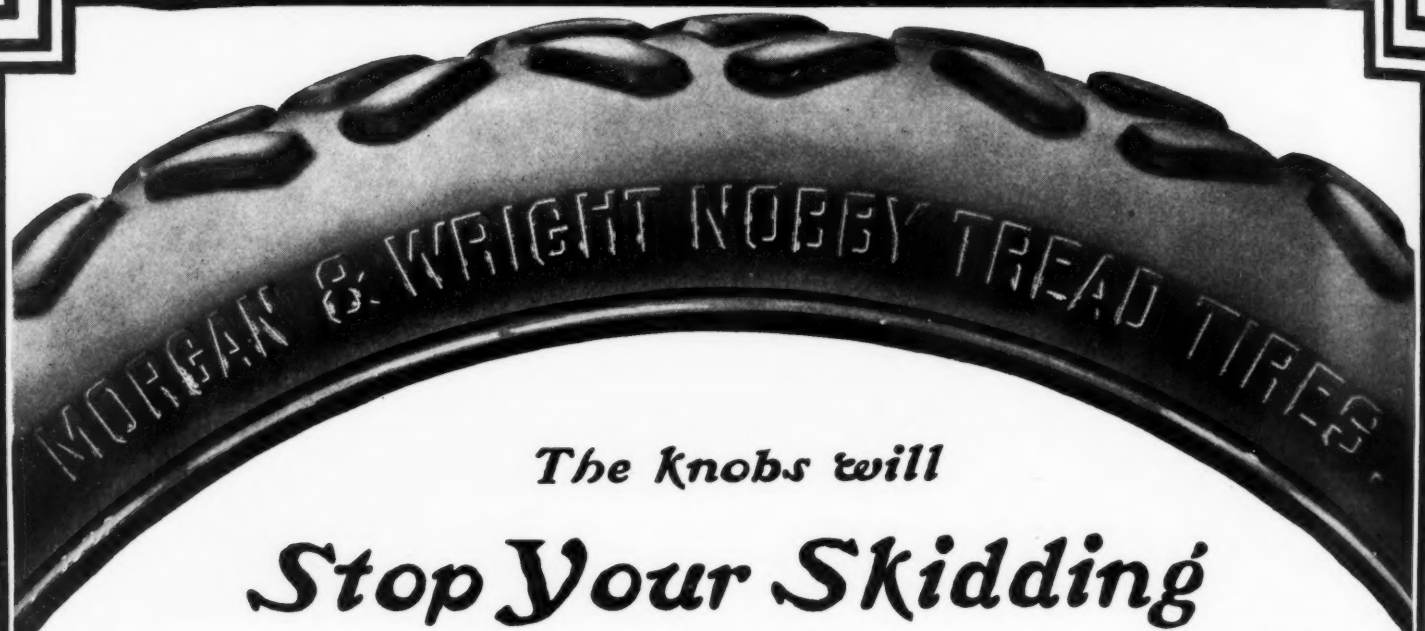
In the meantime, we call atten-

tion to the special mental numbers we are issuing, and also to the extraordinary quality of the advertisements in every imaginary number of the Mental Life. Practically every class of articles is displayed, from a joy cocktail to an harmonic hair renewer.

Advertising rates have just been advanced to five hundred dollars a line. No preferred position guaranteed. Take your place in the waiting list and send in one hundred dollars mentally as a guarantee of good faith.

Address, in your mind,
Ge. Ime. Mit.
(He will get it.)





The knobs will
Stop Your Skidding



Notice to Motorists
 Our famous little chauffeur has been officially delegated to put a stop to the practice of skidding, so dangerous to both motorists and their cars. He represents our Nobby Tread tires (the most positive preventive of skidding ever devised), and is therefore in position to **back up** any "friendly orders" he may give.

MORGAN & WRIGHT

MORGAN & WRIGHT
Nobby Tread Tires

IN LESS than a year these remarkable tires have swept the country from coast to coast, replacing tire chains (heretofore thought to be the most effective non-skid device) and doing away with skidding wherever they have gone.

The thick, tough, diagonally-placed rubber knobs grip any kind of a road surface with bull-dog tenacity—even wet, greasy asphalt—and hold the wheels secure against every possible slip or skid. Besides, they do away with the excessive tire wear always attending the use of chains or other non-skid devices.

The Nobby Tread is made from extremely tough, fine Para stock, and it is not formed as is the ordinary so-called "non-skid" tread—by squeezing the stock

of a plain tread tire up into projections or ridges—thus weakening the body of the tire.

On the contrary, enough additional rubber is used to form the knobs. When these knobs are worn smooth a regular plain tread still remains—good for many more miles of service. This gives the Nobby Tread wearing qualities never before approached by any make or style of tire.

Special—The information contained in our brochure No. 10, entitled "How to Keep Down Your Up-Keep Cost," will easily save you from one to two hundred dollars a year on the maintenance cost of your car, besides keeping your car in service all the time. A postal request will bring it to you by return mail.

Made in Detroit

Morgan & Wright, Detroit

For Sale Everywhere



Edison vs. Aked

THE Rev. Charles F. Aked seems to have much the best of it in his attack on Thomas A. Edison for denying the immortality of the soul.

With the unerring skill of the trained logician, Rev. Aked immediately found the weak spot in Mr. Edison's armor. "What metaphysical problems has Mr. Edison ever solved?" he asks.

Precisely. What metaphysical problems has any one ever solved? What metaphysical problems has Dr. Aked ever solved?

"What," asks Dr. Aked again, "has he ever done to entitle him to be heard as an authority on the human spirit and its relation to God?"

That's exactly it. What has he done? What could he possibly do "to entitle him to be heard as an authority on the human spirit and its relation to God," especially if his opinion is unorthodox?

Even Omar, as metaphysically abstruse as he was, did not dare to speak authoritatively. He merely wondered, thus:

"Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road
Which to discover we must travel, too?"

Mr. Edison should stick to his buttons. He should realize that only a diploma from a theological seminary qualifies one in metaphysics and metaphysics is something which can neither be proved nor disproved.

Therefore, the soul is immortal. Q. E. D.

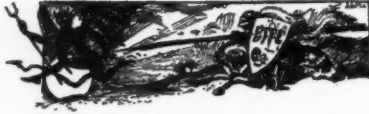
What of It?

SATANIC MAJESTY (*pointing with pride*): Hell.
NEW YORKER (*wearily*): Well?

WE can forgive any man his prejudices—provided they don't conflict with ours.



ORPHEUS IN HADES



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. NOVEMBER 17, 1910. No. 1464

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



Printing picture papers is a fairly deliberate process, and not yet at this writing has LIFE the advantage of knowing how the elections have gone. But that is no great matter. It may be held with confidence that they have not gone in the direction of reaction. What is in the minds of the voters is of more consequence than who is to hold office, and nowhere, this fall, has there been reaction in the voters' minds. Whether Mr. Dix or Mr. Stimson is to be Governor of New York, he will be expected to be such a Governor as may follow Governor Hughes without too much of a jolt. Whether the House is Republican or Democratic, it will have to attend seriously to business if its majority is to hold its power. "Republican" and "Democratic" do not mean very much in these times. The body of voters who decide the elections are not after the offices. They are after good government—economical, honest and wise. They want it in the cities, they want it in the States, and they want it in Washington. They would like to have the spending or saving of more of their own money and to have less of it go for taxes, and to get more benefit from what is taken by taxation. They want privilege restrained, but wisely restrained. They want the tariff revised in the interest of consumers, and the railroads and the trusts regulated in the interests of all business, including the great railroad business and the enormous business of the corporations. They want brains and honesty and responsibility in government, and the chief basis for expecting it is not that this or that State has

gone this way or that, but that the standard of public expectation has been raised and that whoever holds office has got to meet it or get out.

You gentlemen who have been elected to office prepare to do your best, for it will be expected of you. Let nobody—Wall Street, Tammany, the Old Guard, or any one else—expect the country to take the back track and relapse into indifference to what is doing. Nothing like that is in the air. If, as has been anticipated, the Democrats have made great gains in many States that is matter for general congratulation, not because it is necessarily so advantageous to have the Democrats win, but because government is everywhere better when both parties are in the competition and hold office often enough to bring out strong and responsible leaders, and be judged by their works.

And if the elections shall seem to have modified a little Colonel Roosevelt's sense of responsibility for the direction of the universe, that, too, will be matter for earnest congratulations. It is not best that too large a proportion of our hopes should be staked too long upon the virtue of any one citizen or our progress depend upon his energies.



FOOTBALL seems to be successfully conducted this year under the new rules. Of the merits of the new methods we are imperfectly apprised, but a fair proportion of the young gentlemen who play in this year's games have, so far, survived, and that without noticeable detriment to popular interest in the sport.

Football has had us, and imposed more or less of its ideals and catch words upon us, for almost a generation. The school boys who were first exhorted to "hit the line hard," have school boys of their own now, quivering under the same exhortation. It has had a great run, that cry, and the advantage of advertisement by the ablest and most pervasive expositor of his day. It fits some boys and misfits many others. As a rule of con-

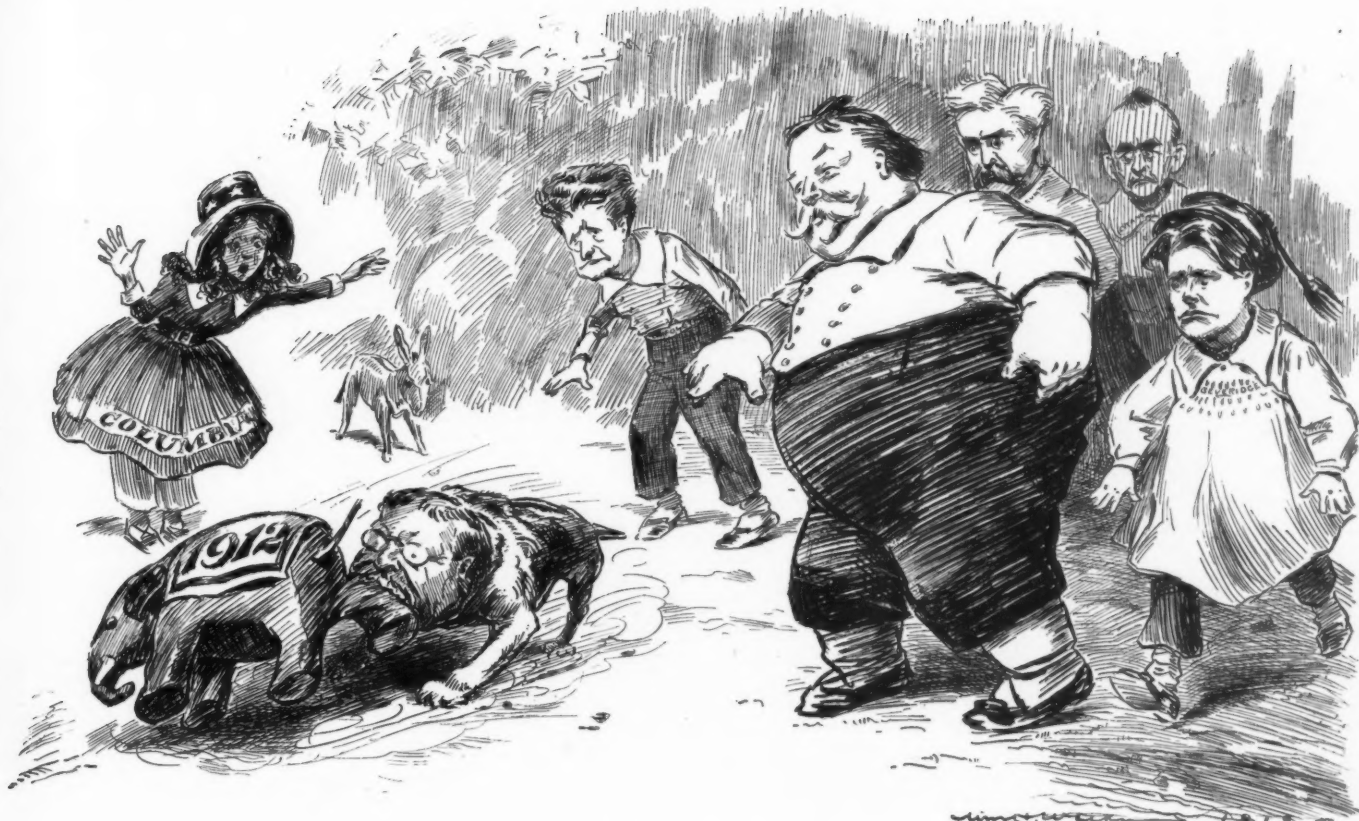
duct, it fits some situations and misfits more. It always was a blind-bull sort of rule, of limited application, but by being put at the top of the commandments that govern the strenuous life, it has had, for a couple of decades, a vogue very much beyond its deserts and a tyrannous and oppressive influence upon contemporary life.

We should not wonder if the time had come for its authority to abate a little. Life is not football, and seldom has been, except for short intervals. Moreover, there has come a brand new sport to earth in which the football adage doesn't work. Nobody shouts to the airmen to "hit the line hard!" That is the very last thing they want to do. Emerson and his suggestion are good enough for them.

The football men have typified a certain kind of man, and a useful one undoubtedly. The airmen typify another. The football ideal is to smash through. For the airman smash is failure and possibly death. His daring errand is one of skill—of forethought, preparation and instant and unceasing watchfulness. His province is discernment.

If we are about to see in political leadership a greater esteem of the airman qualities, even with proportionate retrogression in the vogue of the football qualities, let us bear it for awhile without repining and see how it works. Certainly the gospel of smash-through has had its turn, and its great apostle has reaped a full harvest of glory from it, and his successor has suffered not a little from reluctance in application of the doctrine. But there is a time for all things, and each passes when the clock strikes its turn to go. We are sure the clock last Tuesday week did not strike for the coming of reaction in purposes, but we miss our guess and hope unless it struck for some superseding of physical dynamics in politics by trained powers of watchful and considerate minds, daring in flight, but profoundly prudent in preparation and method.

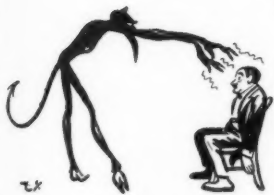
What avails the strongest line if men have the wit to fly over it? It is the airmen now that the soldiers are watching. "Those are fellows," they say, "to whom we will have to look for orders."



HE'LL NEVER LET GO

Speakin' of Robbers

'TAIN'T exactly that I'm worried at your "con" games—
 (Hope I've sense enough to let some varmints be)—
 'Tis your rules—that bars a stranger startin' gun games,
 Yit surrounds him thick with thieves, thet flusters me!

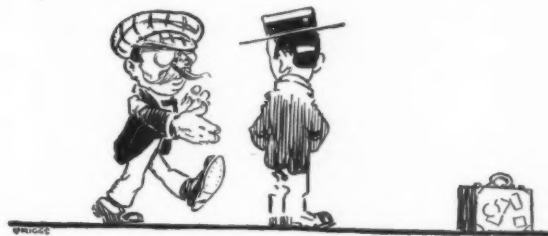


Speak of robbers! When I stopped at this "Wisteria,"
 An' seen my bill for feed, you bet I swore—
 'Twas enough to give a strong man black hysteria,
 While they tacked another "extra"—then some more!

Thet ain't all! 'Twas on Broadway a gent pinned me,
 Seized my glad hand with a cheerful, friendly shout—
 "Hello, partner," sez he softly, while he skinned me—
 'Tis God's truth, boys, he cleaned my wallet out!
 I've fit Injuns in the wilds of Arizona,
 Called down hoss-thieves and robbers runnin' loose—
 (Hold! Thet ladylike-one in the pink kimona

Hez my stickpin! Boys, we'd shorely beat vamoose!)
 You kin confiscate my Injun-fightin' medals,
 Ere these Broadway gents an' ladies lay me out—
 When Manhattan loots she does it with soft pedals,—
 But she puts it over Hell without a doubt!

Sadie Bowman Metcalfe.



"HELLO, OLD CHAP! WHERE IN HELL HAVE I MET YOU BEFORE?"
 "WHAT PART OF HELL ARE YOU FROM?"

The Modern Dante



SO, after a time, I presented my pass at the gate where all hope and other inflammable articles must be abandoned.

Mr. Mephistopheles at that moment drove up in an asbestos automobile and was welcomed solemnly by the head imp, who said:

"Things are going strangely since you left."

"How is that?" asked Mephistopheles.

"Lots of people coming here and insisting that they belong inside. I've admitted them temporarily, waiting for you to return and decide the cases."

"We'll go right in and investigate," declared Mephistopheles. "Come along, Mr. Dante. I've been roaming up and down for a good while and haven't been on the job. Perhaps I should have remained here to keep things in order."

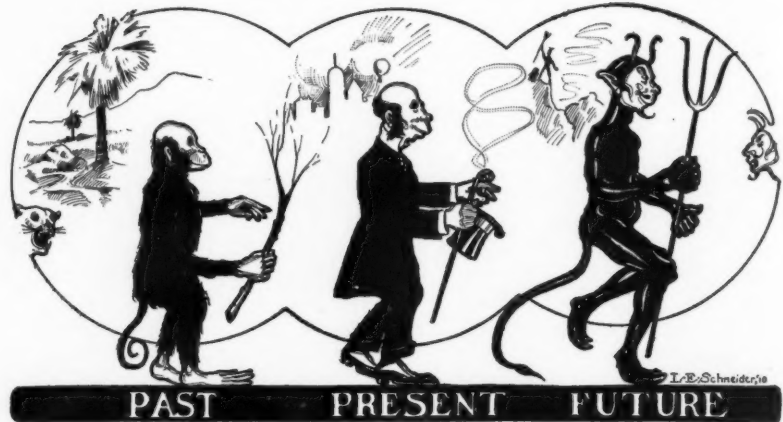
We entered and started on a tour of the infernal regions. Soon our attention was attracted by an unfortunate man who was resting uncomfortably upon a hot gridiron. Mephistopheles asked him his name and former residence, then looked up his record in a little book.

"Why, you shouldn't be here at all," he said. "Why did you come?"



A. B. WALKER

"WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER."



"THE EVOLUTION OF MAN."

"They told me I had to come. They saw me weeding my garden one Sunday afternoon and said I was lost."

"Get out of that frying pan, go to the gate and cool off until I come back."

We passed along and soon found another man undergoing great torment.

"How do you come here?" asked Mephistopheles.

"I went to the ball games on Sunday afternoon. They said I was a goner, and so I came direct here."

"Go to the gate and get cool. Wait there for me."

So we journeyed on, past furnace, pot and kettle, over the brimstone lake, ever and anon pausing to question some one who evidently had no business to be where he was.

One had come because he had gone swimming on Sunday, another because he danced; a woman had come because she played bridge, another because she attended the theatre, and so on. Each of them replied, when asked why he had presented himself for punishment:

"They told me I was wicked and would come here."

"You folks get out of here and don't come back, or I'll have you 'arrested for trespassing,'" Mephistopheles cried. "This beats the devil! How am I going to make a success of this place if every reformer in the world tries to run it for me? Can't I go away to rest for a few centuries without some one jamming the place full of undesirables?"

I did not answer, for on the journey through hell I had been surprised at not finding some folks I had expected to see there; also at finding some others I had not expected to see among the comparatively old inhabitants.

I thanked Mr. Mephistopheles for his courtesy and left him in the midst of a discussion with the head imp over the advisability of making the short-weight ice dealers try to freeze enough ice in hell to make up for their shortages on earth, and the popular song composers listen to a medley of the ancient airs from which they had stolen their melodies.

No Hope!

"DO you expect justice?"

"Not from such a judge. Why, I would as soon expect mercy from a New York ambulance surgeon."

A TARIFF is known by the trusts it keeps.



HELL

Life's Suffragette Contest

\$300 to the Winner, or One Dollar a Word

Life presents herewith the first instalment of contributions for the Suffragette Contest, the conditions of which are printed on this page.

(WITH DUE APOLOGY TO KING SOLOMON)

GO to, my son, let the words of my mouth and the meditation of thy heart teach thee to shun the snare of the suffragette.

If one should tell thee, "Lo! she is here, or Lo! there," go not out, but hide thyself within a fortified castle, lest in a weak moment she beguile thee into matrimony, for, verily, my innocent, when the suffragette once hath thee in her power, thou can'st not free thyself so easily.

Hearken, my son, and beware of her allurements. She hath a fluent vocabulary and her speech is confusing to the mind of man.

Remember well, my son, that she hath set a snare for thee and seeketh to bring thee to thy ruin, for, like Delilah of old, she will not rest until she has shorn thee of thy strength and made of thee a plaything for the Philistines. Moreover, she will use thee "as a cat's-paw" to gather

What's In a Name?

DEAR LIFE:

I see you advertise a Hell Number. This is doubtless intended as a joke, but let me tell you Hell is no joke; it is worse, it is a disappointment.

All my life I have heard the beauties of Hell extolled; its varied scenery, its genial climate, its large and distinguished population and its many and varied forms of amusement have long been made famous in story and picture.

This past summer it was my privilege to go to Hell—I confess it without shame—and now another of my fond illusions is shattered. To begin with, it is disgustingly easy of access, for it is only an hour's ride by rail from a certain prominent city, and all trains stop. For some even, it is the breakfast station. The climate of this cele-



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

CONDITIONS:

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

Manuscripts must be typewritten, and should be addressed to

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

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

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

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

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

the coveted secrets of thy fellow-men, and make of thee an example to be hated by thine own sex. They will exile thee from their society and point the finger of scorn at thee, saying, "Thou traitor!"

Even the earth beneath thy feet will seem to cry out against thee for being so vile as to subvert the law of thy Maker and let a woman rule over thee.

As the years wear on, my son, thou wilt only be fit to stay at home and do the menial work of thine abode whilst thine illustrious spouse lectures from the platform or spends the evenings at her club.

To finish thee, my son, thou wilt either go hang thyself or be dwarfed into oblivion.

"Verbum sat sapienti."

MRS. M. J. GUERIN,

II

CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE.

Sir:—A suffragette "on the sidewalk" means a crooked management "inside."

"Nuf sed."

EDWIN L. CLARK.

brated resort has been much exaggerated, for it was not hot; in fact, it was scarcely warm, and an overcoat was not out of place. But the greatest disappointment of all were the people; not a friend I expected to meet was in sight, and the many famous and distinguished persons one would naturally expect to see were nowhere visible, so I left with sadness and regret; another dream spoiled, another illusion shattered beyond repair. I have undergone many disappointments in my life, but this was the greatest of all.

Take pity on others, LIFE, and do not advertise this much over-respected spot. I inclose a photograph which speaks for itself. I leave it to you, LIFE, is Hell what you expected?

Yours in sadness,

A. M. PENFIELD.

DANBURY, CONN., October 27,
1910.

Disabilities of Retired Officers

THE Constitution says that no person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either house of Congress during his continuance in office. This rule was lately interpreted to exclude Rear Admiral Cowles, retired, from running for Congress from the Farmington district in Connecticut where he lives. The interpretation was probably right, but it was rough on Admiral Cowles, and we presume that if the Constitution makers had known in time they would have fixed it so that retired officers of the army and navy might go to Congress if they got a chance.

These retired officers have another disability. Although out of the service they are under control of their departments and bound to the same limitations in the matter of speech and writing as other officers. That seems an unnecessary hardship. When these gentlemen have served their time why not take all the gags and hobbles off of them and let them go free? After thirty or forty years' service are they less to be trusted than other people? Our brethren on the pension list are not subject to these restrictions. Why should the retired list be tied up to them?

At the School of Philanthropy

"STANDARD Oil Soc—no, I mean Standard School—I mean Conservative Sociologists, say that the poor need aspiration—what they most want is a want," said the professor.

"We want supper now," said the shirt-waist striker.

"That's not what I mean," said the professor. "I mean an abstract want."

"What's an abstract want,—the want of something that you have to abstract from them?" asked the scholar.

"No! That's Socialism, or Anarchism—or Pragmatism at least. You ought to know that an abstract want is a soul aspiration, something that can't be got."

"You mean enough to eat, then," said the shirt-waist striker.

"Nonsense," cried the professor. "These are prosperous times and the food supply is always short in times of prosperity; look at the high prices of stocks and of merchandise!"

"Yes, and of food, too," said the scholar; "look at meat and eggs."

"Oh," said the striker, "we can't look at them, they've gone up out of sight."

"Then," said the professor triumphantly, "they are an Aspiration."

Bolton Hall.



HELL WITH THE LID OFF

With the Professor



THE place where, some folk say, they'll burn us, He calls, in classic speech, "Avernus";

And maybe once or twice per annum Employs the Arabic, "Jehannum."

At social teas, with cultured air, He terms the torrid spot, "enfer,"

Or else, with due respect to ladies, In mellow Greek alludes to "Hades."

An elevator-running Creole I heard him once consign to "Sheol";

But when the parlor ceiling fell The missing word was simply "——!"
Arthur Guiterman.

Fruitless

THE EDITOR: What are you doing here?

THE BURGLAR: Don't be alarmed, sir. I am just doing this for practice.

Revised Political Maxim

A GOVERNMENT of the people for doing the people by consent of the people.

THERE'S an affinity that shapes our spends.

WHERE there are so many books there must be some literature.



Small Boy: OH! WHAT A FUNNY-LOOKING THING.
"SH! DON'T BE RUDE."

Let Us Be Businesslike



THE INCUBATOR CHICK
"NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER."

IT has been estimated that Mr. Rockefeller's income is about fifty million dollars per annum. That's what we pay him by our laws and customs.

It is undeniable that he is a valuable man, but have we gone about it in a business-like way to find just how valuable he is? Is he worth that much? Can we get somebody in his place for less?

Let's see. He is valuable as an organizer of industry. How much is that worth? Although he has retired from that position shall we continue to pension him? Or, have we paid him enough?

He is valuable for his sage utterances and for his good advice to young men who need money. It ought to be comparatively easy to put a price on that service. Perhaps a dollar a word would be liberal enough.

He is valuable for keeping a paternal watch on our educational institutions. How much for that? Not much, perhaps, as salaries of educators have never ranged high.

He is valuable for playing golf? Not all of us have the time for playing golf and, as golf should be played, we should be willing to pay some one for doing it.

There may be a few other minor items for which he is valuable, but we are paying him most of the money for his services as owner, and we have been letting him fix his own wages. Employers do not often do this. Should we make an exception in his case? If not, what is it worth to us to have him own a large portion of our country? That's where the rub comes. Is it cheaper to have him own the things and fix the price than to own them ourselves?

An Acrostic

People paying pipers.
Orators ornamenting office seekers.
Looters laying lines.
Imps imitating innocence.
Thugs throttling truth.
Ignorant insiders idling.
Cold, calculating corruptionists.
Sly, sneaking spoilsmen.

Get Out Your Bibles

WAS Satan the first eavesdropper?
Was Elijah the first aviator?
Was Nebuchadnezzar the first cowboy.
Was Noah the first archæologist?
Was Jacob the first to act as a show-fur?
Was Eve the first to say a-dam?
Was Lazarus the first repeater?
Was Balaam the first to hear his master's voice?
Was Moses the first lawbreaker?

These Days

FIRST HOUSEWIFE: I'm going to buy a dozen eggs.
SECOND HOUSEWIFE: Who is your broker?

NODD: I just got a new talking machine.
TODD: Phonograph or wife?



New Arrival: HI SAY, OLD CHAP, YOU DOWN'T 'APPEN TO 'AVE A MATCH ABOUT YOUR CLOTHES, DO YOU?

THE only penalty for dishonesty seems to be the disgrace of dying rich.



"WOW! THIS MUST BE THE DEVIL OF THE BIRDS."

Politics and the Tariff

MUCH of the annoyance to travelers returning from abroad, caused by our tariff regulations, could be obviated if the tariff were taken entirely out of politics. As Mr. James J. Hill has so aptly said: "The national machine is too big and too distant, slow, cumbrous and costly." The tariff, therefore, should be put into the hands of business men, quick, efficient and discriminating.

It would then be an easy matter to arrange schedules and regulations so that commodities which are sold to the people would carry the highest possible duties, while those things which the manufacturers and importers and jobbers needed for themselves and their families could be put on the list of exemptions. In other words, one of the chief difficulties with the tariff is that the government, having decided that the tariff was correct in principle, has been trying to treat all alike. To make such an effort was of course absurd, if for no other reason than that those who are not accustomed to being treated alike absolutely refuse to submit to such justice.

Ellis O. Jones.

IT'S a poor scale that doesn't work both weighs.



LOOKING OVER SOME "BACK NUMBERS" OF LIFE



SAVING A SUFFRAGETTE

She: BY THE WAY, ARE YOU ENGAGED?

PARKE: Fiddleback tells me he has had the painters and decorators in his house for the past week.

LANE: Fixing up his wife?

DASHAWAY: You have splendid-looking clothes, old man. Who is your tailor?

CLEVERTON: He's the first man you see as you go out.

Satan

UNDER the titles of Prince of Darkness, Prince of the Powers of the Air, Lucifer, Beelzebub, The Devil, this personage has played a prominent part in the affairs of humanity through all the ages since the Garden of Eden, yet very little is known of him definitely to this day.

When fallen from his first estate of an angel of light he was still of such importance that even archangels "durst not bring against him a railing accusation." All nations have regarded him with the greatest respect and reverence and he has been worshipped by many. In this prosaic twentieth century, however, he has fallen so low that he receives the veneration only of a few savage tribes; some deny his very existence; and his only incense comes from a few automobiles. We may do away with him altogether.

Very persevering (as the kindly old woman said), a model of industry, he works all winter and all summer as well, taking no vacation when churches are closed and preachers away.

The driver of sharp bargains, he has often been outdone by acute humans, his superiors in shrewdness, like Dr. Faustus, and the man whose shadow *only* he got. Our Captains of Industry would not take such risks and could give him points generally on deals. Some of them are said to beat the devil.

Under the title of "Tempter," he occupies the position of scapegoat and apologist for humanity, relieving them from all personal responsibility.

The close personal friend, familiar and guide of many prominent people in all ages, he was sufficiently well acquainted with Dante, Milton and—in this age of anti-climax—Marie Corelli, for them to write full biographies of him.

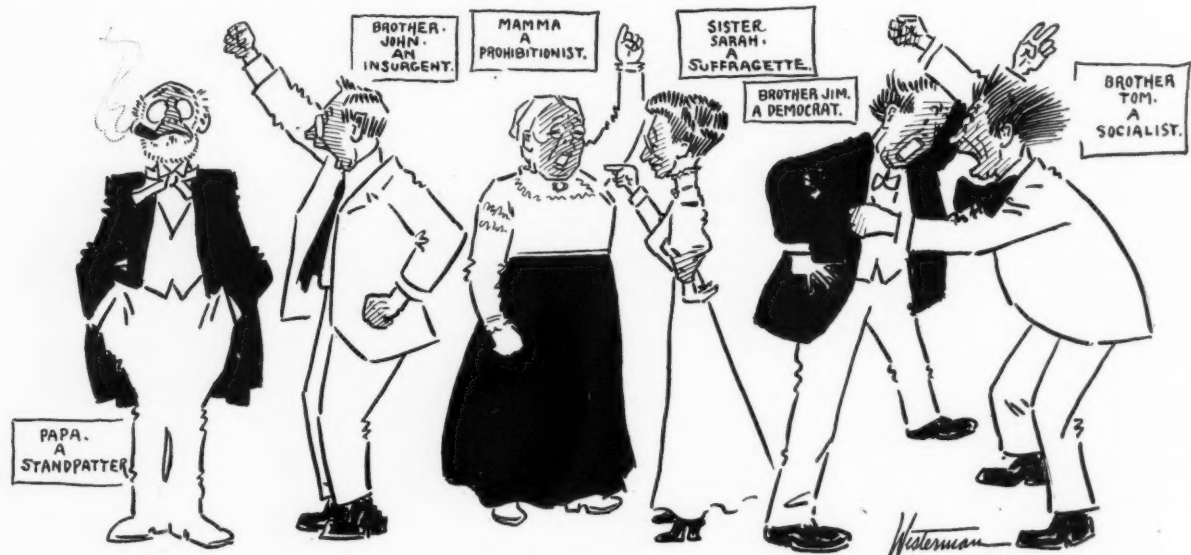
The originator of many curious and wicked fashions, as Nero's living torches, auto-da-fes and other gentle methods for the conversion of heretics in all ages, the Salem Witchcraft, Paris Commune, he is also interested in up-to-date matters like Russian pogroms and vivisection.

An inventor of instruments of torture in all ages, his latest successes are the phonograph and telephone.



FOR AERONAUTS. EXCLUSIVELY

TO FEEL THEMSELVES AS OTHERS FEEL THEM



A H—L OF A FAMILY



"I WONDER IF WE'LL EVER BE ABLE TO FLY LIKE THAT?"

A Personal Opinion

OH, LIFE, you'll be the Death of me,
With Jew and Gentile chiding,
Such notions of propriety,
And Heaven and Hell deriding.

You hold the mirror up, 'tis true,
But Nature turns and blushes,
She's not quite certain what you'll do,
You make such naïve onrushes.

Then, too, Physicians are in vain,
And Lawyers, Priests and so on,
Each one in turn is cleft in twain,
With but one leg to go on.

You joust and tournament the world,
With special terms for ladies,
At whose pet foibles, when unfurled,
You cachinnate like Hades.

Tho' vivisection's horror meets
Your stern disapprobation,
You do some acrobatic feats
And vivisect the nation.

Against dread vaccination dire,
Whose use will surely pyre us,
You ply your lancet, dipt in fire
And fearless caustic virus.

"Obey that Impulse"—this is why
I venture my opinion;
You'll reach your goal before you die,
For LIFE is man's dominion.

C. W. B.

The Legend of the Vivisectionist

WHEN Satan had finished creating the snakes and scorpions and spiders, and all the other vile crawling things of earth, he turned to the making of his masterpiece, which was to be a thing of transcendent evil, a brute without heart, or mercy, or pity. And when the thing was finished he called it Man. Meanwhile the Creator of the world

had made a creature that was as good and lovable as the Man was vile. It had no trace of evil in its nature, only fidelity, unselfishness and love. It was a little, roly-poly, smiling Puppy.

And when the Puppy saw the Man in the distance he ran to him as fast as his little wobbly legs would go, smiling a joyous welcome and wagging himself all over, for he thought he had found a new kind friend.

And when the Man saw the Puppy he said, "Lo! here is a fit subject for the advancement of science," so he took the little Puppy and slowly, very slowly, burned out its eyes, and then he—but no, it is too horrible, too sickening to tell of, so let us blot out the memory of it and, groveling, try to forget.

So, when the wanton, useless torture was ended, Satan passing by paused, and, looking on the Man, said: "Verily I builded better than I knew, for I have made a fiend so vile that even I, the Prince of Evil, am, in comparison, but an innocent child." Then looking on the quivering body of the little Puppy he—even he, the Devil—covered his face and wept.

R. K.

ALL roads lead to Reno.

The Book Exchange

FOR SALE

FOUR brand new plots, slightly soiled, for light summer fiction. Will sell at reasonable rates. Owner going in for heavy characters. Apply Box 900.

FOR SALE OR TO LET

One discourse on the beauty of the restless sea. Gilt edge wording. A No. 1 punctuation. Universal type. Has restless sea. Gilt edged wording. A best sellers.

TO BE AUCTIONED OFF, DECEMBER 12, 1910
250,000 words left over from *Elephant Game Trails* after the editor cut it down.

207 marginal etchings discarded from Scton-Seton's *How I Know It Was a Wild Animal*."

32 second-hand love scenes from Laura. F.O.B. Quick sale desired.

104 villains in good condition; 375 desperadoes, mostly mounted; 7,234 ideal young men (with or without a square jaw).

Terms cheap. Apply now and stock up for the Christmas rush.



AS DECIPHERED BY A PESSIMIST



A Vigorous Prosecutor and a Laughable Feud



"THE GAMBLERS," Mr. Charles Klein's latest dramatic contribution to the discussion of public evils, introduces no faro layout or roulette wheel. The only tools of the trade visible to the audience are a few poker chips on a table around which are gathered the directors of a bank using them as a mask for a meeting to discuss how they may escape going to prison for borrowing their depositors' money to gamble in Wall Street.

Mr. Klein has a distinct talent for weaving a "strong" play around a subject of contemporary interest. Of course, dishonesty has always been a favorite motive in the villainy of plays, but Mr. Klein has dodged the stolen will and the missing diamonds successfully, bringing his larceny into the most up-to-date methods of modern finance. He preaches no doctrine, however, and teaches no moral outside of giving us further illumination of the fact that the way of the transgressor is hard—if the transgressor is not successful in getting away with the goods.

If the present offender had been a petty thief, Mr. Klein's play would have lost some of its glamour, but it is a proof of its strength dramatically that it would still have held its human interest. A bulldog district-attorney, spurred on first by political ambition and then by jealousy, a wife repelled by the hardness of his disposition and alienated from him when his powers are relentlessly turned against her former sweetheart, an offender who is made the object of this prosecution and yet gains the love of the wife and the partial sympathy of the audience because his motives are not wholly bad and his offense is largely technical—these are the persons of the drama about whom the author has built an ingenious plot with several moving situations. Subordinate characters are skillfully introduced to provide an atmosphere of realism.

The author is also the producer of the play and deserves credit for good judgment in the selection of the artists and for the intelligent inspiration evident in their work. Mr. Charles Stevenson plays the prosecuting officer with just the proper mixture of dignity and relentlessness. Jane Cowl enlists the sympathy without the conventional appeals of the emotional actress and dominates at the right moments without becoming too forceful in tone or gesture. The hardest burden falls on Mr. George Nash. Played less directly, less simply with the slightest bit of artificiality and he would destroy instantly any sympathy for the character felt by the audience. In fact, all through the performance there is an air of naturalness and a freedom from staginess as agreeable as it is exceptional. Also Mr. Klein has dodged the question of the happy or unhappy ending. The curtain falls with justice satisfied but with love triumphant, and yet the conclusion is logical and natural—not forced.

The admirable artistic results attained in "The Gamblers" are due largely to new conditions of freedom and independence prevailing in the theatrical business since the overthrow of the Theatrical Trust.

"THE CUB" makes light of a very serious subject. When any of our daily newspapers run short of gore they can always dig up a Kentucky feud for the sanguinary hue necessary to their news columns. The author of "The Cub," Mr. Thompson Buchanan, is an ex-reporter and an ex-Kentuckian, so that it is all the more remarkable that he could treat with levity a subject so seriously regarded in his former calling and former commonwealth.

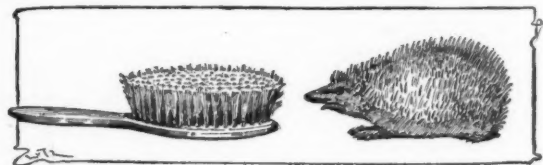
The Kentucky mountain feud is frankly laughed at in this play and by the audiences that witness it. The hero is a reporter of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* sent to write up the mountaineers and their doings. He refuses to take them seriously and his audacity and fun-making save his hide a score of times during the play. He also successfully uses the name of Col. Henry Watterson to scare away bad intentions. The mention of the Colonel's name and the presence on the stage of a pail of moonshine whiskey are quite sufficient for local color without the aid of scenery or costumes.

Of course, there's a love interest which is developed between the reporter and one of the young lady feudists, but the main elements of "The Cub" are revolvers and fun, a good many of the former and plenty of the latter. Although there is no actual shooting the play is full of persons who have either been shot or are going to be shot. If the percentage of actual mortality in the Kentucky feuds is no greater than in this farcical comedy, they cannot be such very bloodthirsty affairs after all.

"The Cub" is well staged and acted in a way to develop all the fun there is in it. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks is the star and his breezy youthfulness fits well into the character of the fifteen-dollars-a-week journalist who refuses to regard the revolvers of the "killers" seriously. "The Cub" has a novelty and a get up and go to it which ought to appeal to New York's theatrically jaded public.



"ELECTRICITY" was a misnomer for Mr. William Gillette's latest contribution to the drama. That word suggests brilliancy and power, both of which were lacking in the play intended to make Marie Doro shine as a star. It was a flimsy story of a rich young woman of socialistic tendencies, who insisted on going into the ranks of productive labor to find her soul-mate. The impersonation by one of her rich suitors of an electrician working in her father's house led to clumsy complications not dramatic and not very amusing. Marie Doro's attractive but frail personality and abilities were not up to



"WHAT AN UNSOCIAL HEDGEHOG. HERE, FOR A HALF HOUR, NOW, I'VE BEEN SAYING 'HOW D' YOU DO,' 'NICE DAY,' AND ALL SORTS OF POLITE THINGS, AND HE HASN'T ANSWERED A WORD."



WHY NOT ENJOY OURSELVES AT THE OPERA?

putting the necessary spark into Mr. Gillette's "Electricity" and the piece has disappeared from the New York stage.

"The Other Fellow" has also gone. He should never have come. A farce suggests the idea of something laughable. "The Other Fellow" didn't.

THE constant succession of expensive failures among theatrical productions recalls the old tale of the Hebrews wondering where the Christians got all the money the chosen race take away from them. It is an equal cause of wonderment where all the money comes from to pay for these costly experiments. Later on the records of the bankruptcy courts may contain an explanation of the apparent mystery.

Metcalfe.



Astor—"The Girl in the Taxi." Uproariously stupid farce.
Belasco—"The Concert." Admirably produced comedy of the present day. Well-acted satire on feminine hero-worship.
Broadway—Amnesia set to music. "Judy Forgot," cheerful musical piece with Marie Cahill as the star.
Casino—"He Came from Milwaukee." Musical show of the Casino brand, with Mr. Sam Bernard's dialect as the star feature.
Comedy—"The Cub." See above.
Criterion—"The Commuters." Ordinary suburbanites offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of laughter.

Daly's—"Baby Mine." Highly diverting farcical comedy with an infantile basis.

Empire—"Smith." Thin polite comedy agreeably performed by Mr. John Drew and good support.

Gaiety—"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." The confidence game laughably dramatized.

Garrick—Mr. Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles." Last week of the gentleman cracksman.

Globe—Adeline Genée, the dancer, in "The Bachelor Belles." Notice later.

Hackett—"Mother." Not as sentimental as the title would indicate, and made interesting by Emma Dunn's good acting in the title part.

Herald Square—Last week of "Tillie's Nightmare." Farewell appearances of Mlle. Marie Dressler on Broadway as the heroine of this touching musical show.

Hippodrome—An earthquake, Niagara Falls and other spectacular and brilliant features.

Hudson—Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." Notice later.

Knickerbocker—Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Terry in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Romantic English melodrama brilliantly staged. Fairly interesting and well done.

Lyceum—Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," with Mr. A. E. Matthews as the star.

Lyric—"Madame Troubadour." A musical comedy without a chorus. Delightful to hear and well staged.

Manhattan Opera House—"Hans the Flute Player." Elaborate production of a thoroughly musical and well sung comic opera.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Gamblers," by Mr. Charles Klein. See above.

Nasimova—Mr. Weedon Grossmith in "Mr. Preedy and the Countess." Notice later.

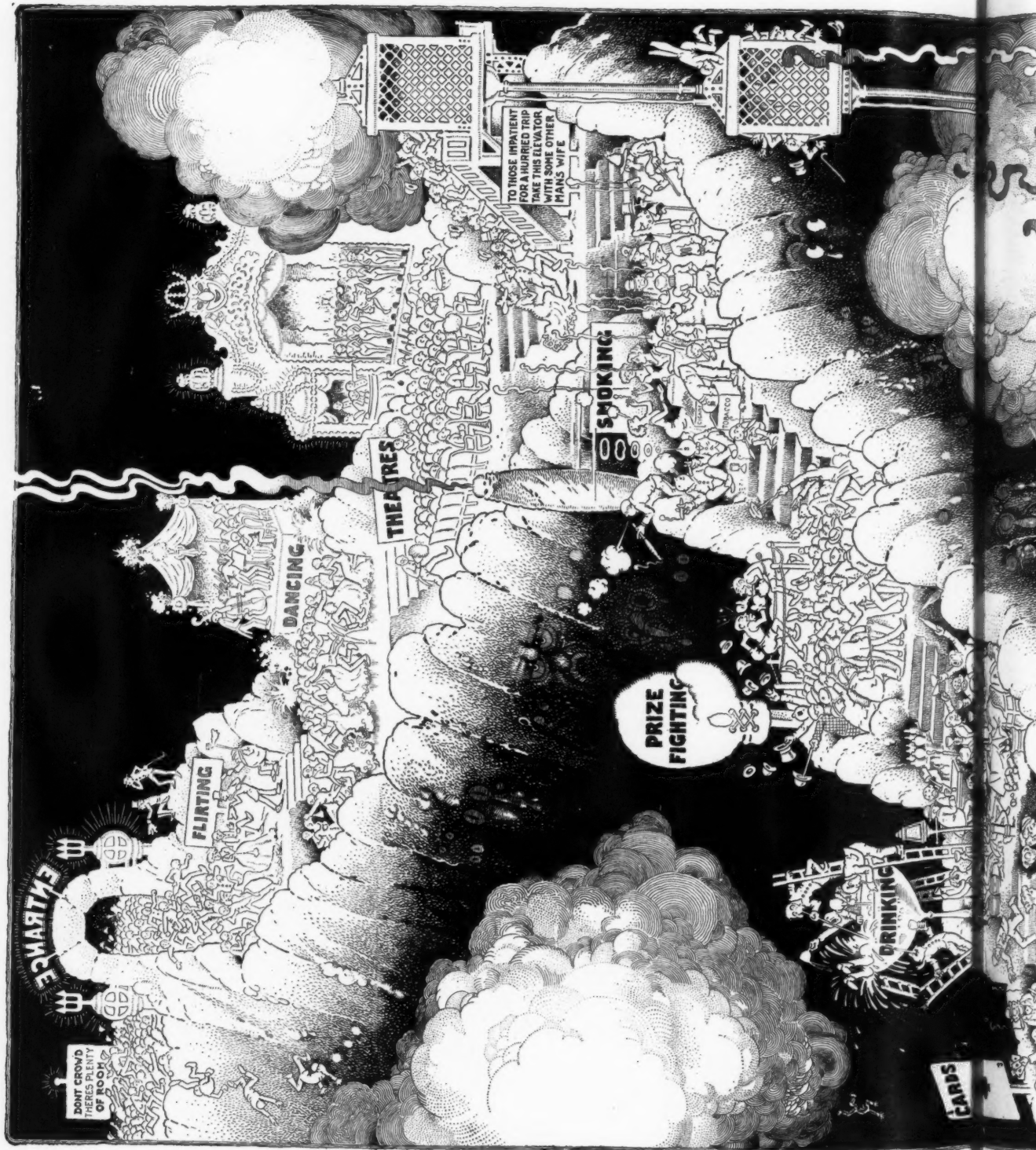
New—Opening of the regular season. The first two plays are "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and Pinero's "The Thunderbolt," which will be reviewed later.

Republic—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Admirably adapted version of the well-known stories of girl life in rural Maine, with Edith Taliaferro's delightful impersonation of the little heroine.

Wallack's—May Irwin in "Getting a Polish." Notice later.

Weber's—"Alma, Where Do You Live?" Fumigated foreign musical farce with catchy music.

LIFE





"THE RAKE'S PROGRESS"

Priscilla Is Getting Worried



YOU all know, dear sisters, that the New York Sun is a man-edited newspaper. And we all know that there are no limits to what the tyrant man will do to cause suffering—not suffraging—to our downtrodden sex.

In what purports to be a cable dispatch from London the Sun men say that "while women continue to show the keenest determination in the matter of securing a parliamentary vote, it is evident that they have little interest in the vote which they already possess for the elections for councils in cities, boroughs and urban districts in England. The women have votes in the elections and are also eligible for seats; but throughout the country only twelve women have been nominated as candidates in a field

where women's qualities are universally admitted to be of real service."

What of it? Everyone knows that if a baby cries for the moon, it wouldn't stop his crying if we gave him the moon. He would at once begin to cry for something else. Especially a girl baby.

Our English sisters are quite right. It isn't the thing they've got that they want. It's the thing they haven't got.

What notoriety could they gain, what excitement would there be in showing their fitness to use the suffrage they already possess? What fun would there be in using their "women's qualities" in fields where they would be of "real service"??



OUR real business, sisters, is to agitate. It is freely predicted by our peerless leaders that within five years New York State will give votes to women. When that comes there will be no further use for Suffragettes and we shall have to find some other vent for our surplus energies and some other way to attract attention to ourselves.

Already it begins to look as though we had lost our novelty. A recent experience of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont shows

that the sight of a woman making herself conspicuous on the streets has lost some of its former power to attract attention.

She had been out on Broadway peddling Suffragette handbills. When she came back to Suffragette headquarters she said to the sisters, made breathless by her dauntless courage, "Whatever annoyance I suffered was due to purely subjective causes. Not a single person whom I approached showed me the slightest discourtesy. The time has gone by when suffragists are regarded in the light of dime museum freaks."

She was not insulted once. What a disappointment! And at this very time the police were busy handling the strike of the express drivers. The only thing Mrs. Belmont was able to do was to get her name into the newspapers. That is all right for her, but it is not enough for the sacred cause and the rest of us. We must find some way to get ourselves noticed. What dear sister will make a suggestion?

I think we ought to boycott Mrs. Clarence Mackay. She was not present at the Suffrage convention. She sent word that she was busy entertaining an aviation party at her country house and could not come. Any woman who prefers the business of her own household and her petty house-keeping to the pleasure of suffragetting is not worthy to be one of us. At the next meeting of the committee I shall move that Mrs. Mackay's name be stricken from the list of members.

PRISCILLA JAWBONES.



KEEP YOU IN THE REAR OF YOUR AFFECTION.—Hamlet.



DISCRIMINATION

From a Late Arrival

HELL, November 14, 1910.



DEAR LIFE: Just arrived here two days ago. Am having a h—l of a time. Have run across many of my old departed friends, consequently not a bit lonely. Surprised at the number of clergymen. Find the Devil quite as attractive as ever.

Met my mother-in-law this afternoon; for first time realized the locality. She said she had applied at the other place and was kicked out. Little Mazie, of the Louisiana Sextette, landed this morning. I used to know her quite well, but now she won't even look at me. That's the h—l of it! Two missionaries also arrived. My, but they looked foolish; they'd been up at the other place, too.

It's hot here, but what in h—l can you expect? Crowded, also, but we're enlarging for the winter's rush. Don't be too good, and thus take chances of missing us. Remember you can only die once.

Yours in fire and brimstone, J. C. F.

P. S. Kindly call up Jim B——, phone, Madison 7-11, and tell him to hurry up and drink himself to death; I miss his congenial company. J. C. F.

Whose Money?

WHEN President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, proclaims that the building of warships is a waste of money and objects to them on that ground, he misses the whole point.

Warships may be a waste of money, but whose money is it? Is it not the people's?

Well, then. We can't possibly get along without Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh can't get along without the steel trust. The steel trust can't get along without warships. Warships can't get along without wasting somebody's money. The

public is the only thing that will allow its money to be wasted. Checkmate.

As to Love

"LOVE," declares high authority, "is of man's life a thing apart, a woman's whole existence."

How does a man fall in love, anyway? Strictly speaking, he doesn't fall, but deliberately wades out till he is lifted off his feet, thereafter to splash and sputter and get his mouth full of the stuff, and otherwise make himself ridiculous.

It is different with a woman. You will see her for the most part paddling with her feet in an uncertain, tentative fashion, or lounging languidly on the beach. And after she is in she will be thinking about her hair and how the onlookers are likely to regard her.

Still, the poet is doubtless right in saying that she is the more deeply affected in the long run.



R. J. J. J. J.

SAFE

She: BE CAREFUL, DEAR, THE OTHER OWLS MIGHT SEE US.
He: NAY, BE NOT AFRAID; THIS ROOM IS AS LIGHT AS DAY.

The Latest Books



THERE are some books (as any one who undertakes to edit a confidential guide to current literature will quickly discover) that are peculiarly difficult to summarize in a sentence. Mr. George Bourne's *The Ascending Effort* (Dutton) is such a book. No one who has read it is likely to take exception to the statement that it is an earnest, unassuming, suggestively enlightening inquiry into the psychological sources of taste; the nature, necessity and uses of art; their combined relations to conscience and "religious" zeal; and the final dependence of human progress upon the functioning of all. Yet to the uninitiated this statement is nearly certain to suggest, if not a highly technical treatise, at least a wholly speculative and essentially unpractical discussion. Let us see if we can surmount the difficulty by approaching it from the other side.

"No statement of the universe," says Emerson, "can have any soundness which does not admit its ascending effort"; which is a magnificently forthright declaration of a truth so fundamental as to seem self-evident, and yet so elusive as to retreat before analysis until it merges with the ultimate mystery of the universe itself. Mr. Bourne has not attempted to offer a hypothetical solution of this ultimate mystery. But he has undertaken to examine the local workings of this force as manifested in ourselves and to decipher, as it were, the psychological mechanics by which it transmutes its power into human energy. Step by step, from congenital instincts through the unconscious inescapable mental adjustments and the consequent daily idea-developments in every man Jack of us, he strives to trace the growth and subsidence of broader outlooks, saner enthusiasms and more dynamic ideals and to explain the outwardly mysterious vagaries of public opinion. It is a tentative, not an authoritative, book. But it points us a step further in self-knowledge, and that a step toward the more difficult department of that confusing subject—the ways in which we are un-

consciously racial instead of the ways in which we are consciously individual. Any one who has ever gropingly sought to identify the sources of his own esthetic, altruistic, scientific or religious convictions will be likely to find Mr. Bourne's book of stimulating interest.

ONE of the subsidiary points that Mr. Bourne turns aside from his main discussion to make clear is the distinction between what he calls the subject matter and the subject of a work of art; the subject matter of a painting being those aspects of external reality whose representations it offers to the eye, its subject that phase of the beauty or of the emotional suggestion of nature that the artist has sought to convey; the subject matter of a novel being the characters, plot and background of the tale, its subject the "criticism of life" that the author has sought to make implicit in them. This is one of those obvious distinctions that we are, nevertheless,

prone to lose sight of; partly, perhaps, because so many would-be works of art, both plastic and literary, fail to bring it home to us by being merely collocations of subject matter without subject. It is a distinction that you may know a reviewer has lost sight of when he thinks to characterize a novel for you by retailing its plot. It is a distinction that one is obliged to emphasize in order to define the futility of so well written a story as M. P. Willcocks's *The Way Up* (John Lane, \$1.50). For this story of complex class, sex, business and domestic struggle in an English factory town, like Miss Willcocks's earlier novels, *The Wingless Victory* and *A Man of Genius*, is built of excellent subject matter. Its characters are four-square, autonomous and self-consistent, while its plot has the appearance of a development rather than of a construction. But, unlike those earlier, and, one hopes, still remembered books, *The Way Up* fails to leave us with the feeling that a thoroughly apprehended yet never mentioned "subject" has been revealed to us in that silent and secret emotional intercourse which is the zest of art. It leaves us, instead, with the feeling that its author, by the very act of writing the book, had dissipated and disproved the criticism of life (whatever it may have been), that she had thought to embody in it. One half looks to have her add at the end of the last chapter, "I beg your pardon. I find that I have been thinking out loud."

J. B. Kerfoot.



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



- An Affair of Dishonor*, by William De Morgan. The disappointment of the season. A book containing scarcely a trace of the De Morgan we know.
- Astir*, by John Adams Thayer. The business biography of a devil-take-the-hindmost American hustler.
- The Ascending Effort*, by George Bourne. See above.
- My Brother's Keeper*, by Charles Tenney Jackson. A story of to-day and a parable of to-morrow. A fine conception in a rough setting.
- Clayhanger*, by Arnold Bennett. Notice later.
- The Doctor's Lass*, by Edward C. Booth. A delightful love story by the author of *The Post Girl*.
- The Elm Tree on the Mall*, by Anatole France. A story without beginning, end or plot, yet a masterpiece of quiet satire and constructive technique.
- The Fourth Dimension Simply Explained*, edited by Henry P. Manning. A series of surprisingly interesting essays addressed to laymen.
- Franklin Winslow Kane*, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. A quiet tale of excellent quality.
- The House of Bondage*, by Reginald Wright Kauffman. A graphic fictional report on the white slave trade.
- The Husband's Story*, by David Graham Phillips. In which the American woman gets a piece of the author's mind.
- Karl Marx, His Life and Works*, by John Spargo. A biography that contains everything but the breath of life.
- Lord Alistair's Rebellion*, by Allen Upward. A novel that admirers of Mr. Upward do well to leave unread.
- Rest Harrow*, by Maurice Hewlett. A sequel to *Hal's Way House* and *Open Country* that readers of those novels will be likely to enjoy in spots and regret as a whole.
- Rewards and Faeries*, by Rudyard Kipling. Another collection of *Puck of Pook Hill* stories.
- The Russian Road to China*, by Lindon Bates, Jr. Across Asia in good company.
- The Theory of the Theatre*, by Clayton Hamilton. Admirable essays of value to all theatre goers.
- The Way Up*, by M. P. Willcocks. See above.
- What Is Wrong with the World?* by G. K. Chesterton. A book in which G. K. C., after contradicting all the other guessers, contradicts himself.



Congregation Singing: Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths have no end.

Small Boy: GOSH! ME FOR HELL.

Why Not Be Human

TO the terrors and uncertainties of social intercourse in many cities of the United States, and particularly in New York, has been added of late years the habit of hostesses of never making introductions without handles. Miss Brown is never introduced as Miss Brown, but as the lady whose volume of poems you must have read last year. Of course you've never heard of her nor read a line of her effusions; but the appreciative grimace must be forthcoming and the air of recollection. Or Mr. Talent is introduced as the artist whose exhibition of water-colors made such a stir last autumn; or Mrs. Thump as the lady whose speech on women's suffrage is changing the fate of the American nation. To pair off with these achievements you yourself are introduced as somebody who has done something, and you realize from the momentary blankness on the face of the other victim that he is as ignorant of your folly as you are of his. The note of a roaring lion having been struck by the hostess she leaves you both to wrestle with your mutual talents as best you can. The usual outcome is flight, after some moments of floundering through bogs of conjecture that must be concealed.

Why hostesses should desire that every guest should have "done something" and be pushed forward on that basis, and

not on the ground that he is a respectable human being fortunate enough to have a leisure moment in which to shake hands with his fellows; why hostesses should so complicate a social situation already sufficiently complicated is explicable only on the American theory that is at the bottom of everything—that a democracy must be lived down if possible! The merry irony of this ambition is revealed by the carelessness that London hostesses display in letting their guests find each other out as best they can—a method which sometimes results in delightful surprises.

Why can't people be introduced to each other as men and women without dragging in their achievements, which in many instances are but the mushroom growths of cleverness in a country where cleverness is as common as air, and much less necessary. Why not take it for granted once for all that everybody's brilliant in the American fashion; that everybody has written a book, or is going to write one; that everybody has a play in his desk, and hopes to have one on the stage; that everybody has written sonnets for pot-boilers, and made drawings of big-boned girls with full lips, masses of hair and faultless clothes. Why not assume all this, and then introduce Mr. Smith to Miss Jones, and let them exchange remarks on the weather and get to like each other if they can, unembarrassed by the shadow of their attributed talents? Why not?

Terrible News!

Life's Balloon, the Sure Cure, Reaches Its Destination, All Hope Lost

LIFE'S Great Balloon Expedition, the Most Tremendous Enterprise in Modern Annals, started on its way ten days ago. The news of the start was withheld from the people as it was not deemed wise to place them under such great suspense.

Capable of holding a round dozen people the balloon started with the following on its way across the Pacific:

Theodore Roosevelt.
Anthony Comstock.
Andrew Carnegie.
Paul Morton.
Thomas F. Ryan.
John D. Rockefeller.
Elinor Glyn.
Charles Mellen.
George Baer.
Chauncey Depew.
Pierpont Morgan.

Immediately after the balloon started.

Great anxiety felt. Many citizens feared the balloon would reach its destination. It was built so strongly and the conditions were so favorable, that the result was in doubt.

"If this balloon makes the trip successfully," said an acute observer who witnessed the start, "I see no hope for this country."

Crowds, watched the bulletin boards. It was realized by all that a new era might dawn at any moment—if the balloon didn't get there.

All hope is now lost, however, as the following dispatch indicates:

Canton.—Word has just been received from Yokohama that LIFE's balloon, the Sure Cure, containing Theodore Roosevelt, Chauncey Depew, Paul Morton, Thomas Ryan, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller and Pierpont Morgan *et al.* has arrived safely.

The American people as a whole have stood the shock very well. As the hours went by and no word was received from the balloon, signs of suppressed elation were observable on every hand. Crowds gathered in front of the bulletin boards and the hope that the American Republic would at last come to its own was very strong. Arrangements were made for torchlight processions to celebrate the loss of the balloon with all on board, and in general the people prepared for appropriate festivities; at the same time they held themselves in check in case of possible disaster.

When the news was at last flashed around the world that the balloon had arrived safely, it was received in silence by the multitude. When it was finally learned that every member of the expedition was unharmed and capable of going on as before, a sullen melancholy settled on every one.

The latest reports indicate, however, that the people will accept the situation.

The public buildings have been draped

P. S.—Roosevelt has just cabled: "On my return I will stomp the country."

We now fear the worst.

The Value of the Custom House

IT would be suicidal to dispense with the terrors of custom house inspection. In petty physical ways they may be annoying, but just therein lies their value, as any one can see who is imbued with a level-headed psychology.

The United States Government must keep before the people. Furthermore, it must keep before them in a way that will both inspire fear and command respect. It is something, to be sure, to stick a stamp on a letter and drop it into the box or to answer the gurgling tremulo of the gray-suited postman. If that were all, however, we would soon come to look upon our Government as merely a plodding dray horse or a generous and uncomplaining milch cow instead of a militant force for revenue only.

But when we are met at the dock by inspectors, bearing the insignia of the United States, and they proceed courteously to bullyrag us, gently to undress us and politely to insult us, we are filled with a weening sense of the Government's importance, virility and oneness of purpose.

The idea could profitably be extended to the interior. Devices could be introduced by which every individual citizen, respectable or otherwise, might be brought under the yoke with a stern but gracious unyieldingness which would prove beyond peradventure of doubt that our Government is fit to survive.

Ellis O. Jones.

LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on

November



Your future wife will be an up-to-date lady novelist, and you will be kept busy explaining that she isn't as bad as she writes.

Your future husband will stutter. That will give you quite a start of him in all the family discussions.



17



Your future wife will seldom agree with your opinions on any subject. Your domestic life will not be monotonous.

Your future husband will be younger than you are. At the same time you will have great trouble making him mind.



18



Your future wife will talk in her sleep. Also when she is awake.

Your future husband will wear corsets. When you reproach him he will agree to swear off if you will.



19



An Old Song Rejuvenated

I cannot wear the old hair
 I wore some months gone by.
 I've laid it on the topmost shelf
 With many a weary sigh.
 No longer are they wearing puffs,
 And rats are quite *de trop*;
 I cannot wear the old hair—
 Oh, what a cruel blow!

I cannot wear the old hair,
 For which good gold I paid.
 Red hair is so expensive when
 One gets the proper shade.
 I felt so dreadful when it was coiffed,
 All little puffs and curls;
 But I can't wear the old hair,
 Alas for Fashion's whirls!

I cannot wear the old hair.
 Four switches I must buy
 And wind them round and round my head
 As flat as they will lie.
 My face is far too plump for this;
 My nose is much too long;
 But I can't wear the old hair,
 It's altogether wrong.

—Lippincott's Magazine.



RACING TERM
 THE FINAL HEAT

A Bad Lot

When charged with being drunk and disorderly and asked what he had to say for himself the prisoner gazed pensively at the magistrate, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair, and said:

"Your honor, man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, as debauched as—"

"That will do!" thundered the magistrate. "Ten days! And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is!"

—London Mail.

The Erratic Popular Taste

"Young man," said the woman at the ticket office, "why don't you answer me when I ask you whether this is a moral and proper show?"

"Because," answered the theatre treasurer frankly, "I'm not a good enough judge of human nature to know which way to answer without losing a customer."—Washington Star.

"My wife and myself had another foolish quarrel."

"About what?"

"About where we would go if we had money enough to travel."

—Washington Herald.

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is a noteworthy recognition of their uniquely charming palatability.

They are a delicate tribute to the refined perceptions of the recipient, and an evidence of correct taste in the giver.

Made of the choicest things from which candy should be made, enriched with luscious fruits and tempting nut kernels.

Sold only in sealed packages by the better class of druggists.

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Trenton, N. J.



CLARK'S "ARABIC" ORIENT CRUISE

Feb. 4, \$400 up for 71 days. Shore trips ALL INCLUDED. Round World, Trans-Siberian and Riviera-Italy. 30 Tours to Europe. Specify program desired. FRANK C. CLARK, - Times Bldg., New York

Rhymed Reviews

His Hour

(By Elinor Glyn. D. Appleton & Co.)

Prince Milaslávski boded harm
To every girl he made a mash on.
He simply oozed "Slavonic charm;"
His eyes, so full of burning passion.

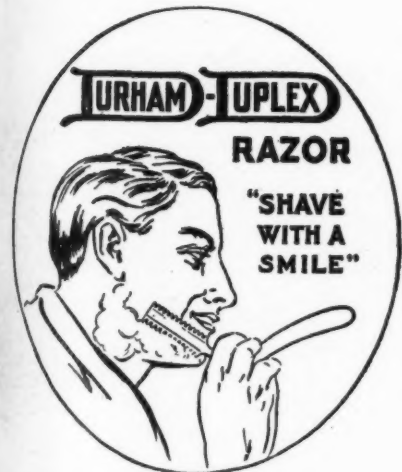
And brutal manners conquered all—
The courtly dame and wild zingara;
How could he fail to hold in thrall
Our British heroine, Tamara?

He loved, yet did not ask her hand;
He was not born for humble suing.
Tamara could not understand
His rough-and-tumble style of woo-
ing.

So coy she seemed, her frigid mien
But made him hotly rage and glower
And in the great dramatic scene
Which one presumes to be "His
Hour":

A hut; alone in snow and sleet;
He clasped her close; Tamara
fainted.
"He did but kiss her little feet."
The author leaves me unacquainted

Xmas is Coming
"nuf ced"



Send for Booklet Today.
Durham Duplex Razor Co.,
111 Fifth Ave., New York.

COMMON SENSE TEACHINGS

We have built and designed more air-suction apparatus than all other concerns in the world combined.

Your common sense will see and approve the teachings of this great experience as applied to the Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner.

The only disappointed buyers of vacuum cleaners are those who have not been guided by common sense.



For instance: Thorough vacuum cleaning demands a current of tens of thousands of cubic feet per minute. Common sense shows that a powerful motor is needed to do this work. Isn't it folly to expect such work from a machine that weighs less than the motor alone of a good desk fan? If you get only the work of a carpet-sweeper, why pay more than the cost of a carpet-sweeper?

The Sturtevant Cleaner is efficient because it produces its suction with a scientifically designed fan and a high-grade motor. Sturtevant fans make possible the speed of U. S. battleships—they

convey shavings and kindling wood, they empty wheat-ships of their cargoes. The entire world recognizes them as the most efficient air suction producers.

Again: Apply common sense to the degree of vacuum. Small current with high vacuum is injurious to delicate fabrics, especially with the *intermittent* current that characterizes all bellows or diaphragm cleaners. The Sturtevant cleaner uses a 1-in. hose, which gives nearly double the volume of the ordinary 3/4-in. hose, thus handling an enormous current of air (which is not intermittent but

absolutely steady), and giving great cleaning power with no wear and tear on rugs or carpets.

The Sturtevant has only one moving part—the fan—besides the motor. Look at any other cleaner; note its gearing, belts, transmission rods, pistons, bellows, and let common sense compare their durability with that of the Sturtevant.

In short, the

Sturtevant

ELECTRIC Vacuum Cleaner

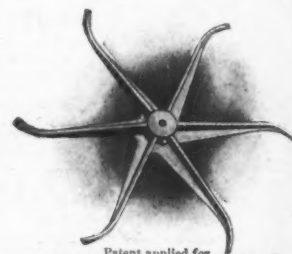
is built in the light of common sense and scientific experience. It is accurately made; it is strong, and it is as light as an efficient cleaner can be. A feather-weight cleaner is no more practical than a feather-weight draft-horse.

The cleaner includes an unusually full equipment of cleaning tools, hose both for suction and blowing, electric cord and plug-fitting lighting fixture. It is handsome in appearance, made of aluminum throughout, and easily moved about on its three rubber tired wheels.

The price of the Sturtevant Vacuum cleaner is \$130, delivered in the United States.

Each cleaner carries the same guarantee which makes the name Sturtevant on a machine command the confidence of manufacturers in every country of the world.

There are many other points of importance which you should know about vacuum cleaners. Our Booklet No. 47 is the most complete vacuum cleaner text-book in print. We will gladly send it on request.



Patent applied for
THIS ODDLY SHAPED FAN
making thousands of revolutions a minute, gives greater volume of air-current at the cleaning tool than any other device practicable for a portable cleaner. It is the first perfect application of the fan principle in vacuum cleaning.

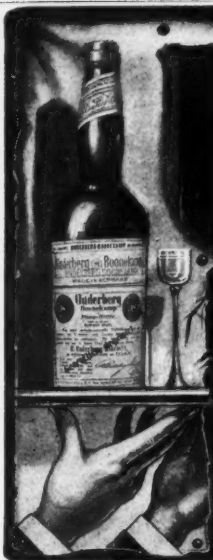
B. F. STURTEVANT CO., Hyde Park, Mass.

With what the swooning lady thought;
Awaking, matters looked alarming;
And so, because it seemed she ought,
She married him. How quaintly
charming!

To one whose tastes perhaps are crude
This "gentleman" so grave and
haughty

Appears a ruffian, common, rude
And coarse, instead of sweetly
naughty.

Of course, he'll drop Tamara soon;
In fact, I hear he's off upon a
Delightful desert honeymoon
With Mr. Hichens' "Bella Donna."
Arthur Guiterman.



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They wanted each other and not some odd dozens
 Of uncles and aunts and parents and cousins.

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

And these kinless youngsters, pray note yet the moral,
 Were married without having had a real quarrel.
 They were not distinguished or wealthy or clever,
 But oh, they were happy for ever and ever!

—J. W. Foley, in *New York Times*.

Some Signs
 In Mattoon: "Meals 35 cents; lunches 20 cents."
 In Platte Canon, Col.: "Private grounds. You must not shoot or pick

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Bright Boy

"Now, Tommie," said the teacher, "you may give me an example of a coincidence."
 "Why—er," said Tommie, with some hesitation, "why—er—why—me fadder and me mudder was both married on de same day."—*Harper's Weekly*.

A Happy Marriage

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

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)
 by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:
 Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
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 Knowledge a Father Should Have.
 Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
 Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
 Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
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 Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
 Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
 Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid. Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
Puritan Pub. Co., 711 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

The Blessed Pair

There was a young woman without any mother
 Or father or sister or aunty or brother,
 Who met a young man in her own walk and station
 Who had, I am told, not a single relation.

This motherless maid and this fatherless fellow
 Went courting each other, and life seemed all mellow.
 And sweet, for they had to please only each other,
 And not any aunty or father or mother.

Caroni Bitters—Sample with patent dasher sent on receipt of 25c. Best tonic and cocktail bitters. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrs.

"I love you," he said, and he never luted
 His love with the hope that his father was suited;
 "I love you," she said, and she added no other
 Remark about hoping he'd please her dear mother.

And love seemed to smile on the whole of their wooing,
 For they passed no stand of relations re-viewing,



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

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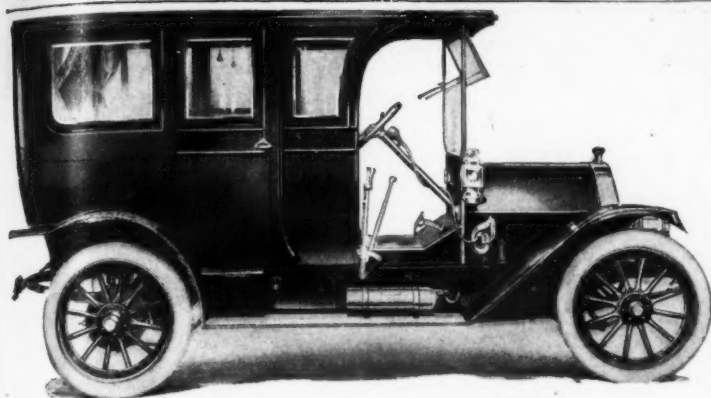
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the flowers without special permission."
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 —*Chicago Tribune*.

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For 1911

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Such little niceties of equipment as a perfect heating system; Dome Lights; Corner Lights; Electric Cigar Lighter; Electric Buzzer; and Speaking Tube; round out the surpassing beauty of this 7-passenger car into unexampled luxury. The limousine lover should surely see the Speedwell before making a choice,

Literature Mailed Upon Request

The Speedwell Motor Car Company, 330 Essex Ave., Dayton, Ohio
Licensed Under Selden Patent

LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on
November



Your future wife will be fond of gossip and of an inventive turn of mind. You will become expert at apologies and explanations.

20

Your future husband will have the sleeping sickness at home and insomnia outside. His night-key will never get rusty.



Your future wife will dye young. You will never be sure whether you have married a blonde or a brunette.

21

Your future husband will be an acute and chronic dyspeptic. In your household laughter will be an unknown quantity.



Your future wife will have a mad passion for pickles. Being a philosopher you will congratulate yourself that it's no worse.

22

Your future husband will make it a habit to scan closely your housekeeping accounts. He will eat canned stuff at fresh vegetable prices.



Your future wife will have a quick temper and considerable muscular development. You will be a well conducted husband.

23

Your future husband will beat you. But in every other respect he will be a perfect gentleman.



"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Woman is Cleanliness"



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Supreme in
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Rain Coats of the better sort—graceful, distinguished, reliable.

Touring Coats for Men
and Women

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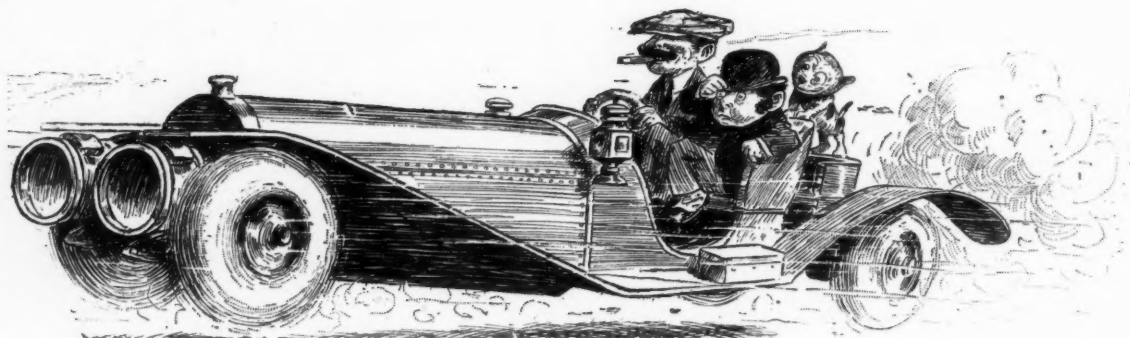
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LIFE'S Great Auto Race

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"Not the slightest danger, old man. This is a real LIFE joy ride. Open to every automobile manufacturer, the prize to be awarded to the one who has the greatest total number of automobile lines of advertising in Life from October 1, 1910 to April 1, 1911."

The trophy is a solid gold cup, 20 carat, 8 inches high, and can be seen at any time upon inquiry at Life's office.

What It Really Means

It is just beginning to dawn on the American people that we have entered on a NEW ERA in Automobile racing.

Up to the present time, every auto race has been marred by accidents and loss of life and limb.

It has remained for Life to show that it is possible to have a genuine automobile race, of breathless interest and excitement to everyone without the slightest danger.

No bursting tires. No overturned cars. No dangerous curves. A straightaway contest accompanied by every phase of absorbing, soul-stirring and feverish frenzy, in which each contestant is bending all of his energies to win, and yet without the slightest chance of losing his Life!

The position of the contestants in this nerve racking race is given opposite. Those who are even are placed in alphabetical order.

Ask to see the solid gold cup which will be given as the prize. A trophy to hand down to your descendants, in memory of the greatest race on record.

How the Contestants Stand To Date:

Locomobile.....	1,680 lines
Packard.....	1,260 lines
Pierce Arrow.....	1,260 lines
Baker Electric.....	840 lines
McFarlan.....	840 lines
Oldsmobile.....	840 lines
Overland.....	840 lines
Rambler.....	840 lines
Stearns.....	840 lines
Thomas Flyer.....	840 lines
White.....	840 lines
Peerless.....	634 lines
Haynes.....	448 lines
Rauch & Lang Electric.....	448 lines
Waverley Electric.....	448 lines
Chalmer.....	420 lines
Cunningham.....	420 lines
Franklin.....	420 lines
Hudson.....	420 lines
Hupmobile.....	420 lines
Maxwell Briscoe.....	420 lines
Stoddard Dayton.....	420 lines
Correja.....	224 lines
Marmon.....	224 lines
Premier.....	224 lines
Reo.....	224 lines
Stevens Duryea.....	224 lines
Brewster.....	210 lines
Club Car.....	210 lines
Kelly Motor Truck.....	210 lines
Speedwell.....	105 lines

17,693 lines

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office London, Washington, Ottawa.

69 THE BISHOP OF NORTH CAROLINA
Then up sp like the good Bishop Strange,
"There's nothing in my mental range
Which brings us more pleasure
Of innocent measure
Than 'Rad-Bridge' in social exchange."

SILK VELOUR PLAYING CARDS
Latest, same quality, size, colors and price as our famous hem-
attached linen card, only difference design of back. "It's a beauty."
Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) secures our handsome sample wallet
of Bridge. What accessories with new illustrated catalog.
Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

The Literary Zoo.

The Need of Worse Writers

The Muses themselves must weep at the repetitions of the complaint in the New York *Evening Post* that the undergraduates in our colleges do not write well. It entreats both Yale and Harvard to turn their bad writers into good ones.

The fundamental fallacy underlying the reasoning of our classical contemporary is twofold. First and foremost we are led to infer that the undergraduates write badly, that their English is wretched. It is not. Any one who has looked through a set of class themes at Yale, for instance knows that the lads write well. In the second place the argument for good English implies that it stands a better chance of being read than if it were bad English.

For the purposes of this discussion, the man who can write the best English should be eliminated from it entirely. The man who writes the best English can make so much more money by doing something else that

House Cleaning

LEWIS & CONGER

HOUSE FURNISHING WAREROOMS
Established 1835

Every Utensil and Material for
House Cleaning
and Renovating

**Brooms, Brushes, Dusters, Chamois,
Cleansers and Polishers for
Floors, Furniture, Glass
and Metal.**

**Carpet Sweepers, Vacuum Cleaners
Cleaning Cloths and Material, &c., &c.**

Correspondence Invited

130 & 132 W. 42d Street

New York



Perfect Power Transmission Perfect Shock Absorption in the Waverley

That is why the Waverley is at the same time the easiest running and most economical electric made.

In a series of tests made recently at the works of the Westinghouse Electric Company it was demonstrated that the herringbone gear—such as used on the Waverley among electric vehicles—developed 98.7% of power efficiency with a saving of one-seventh in the friction.

This conclusion is endorsed by Mr. C. H. Logue, the famous gear-expert, in an article in "The American Machinist," in which he places herringbone gears first in point of efficiency and says that gears connecting parallel shafts as in the Waverley are the most efficient.

The Silent
Waverley
ELECTRIC

The Waverley Springs are extra heavy, full elliptic. The advantages of these as shock absorbers over the usual half or three-quarter springs are apparent. Waverley full elliptic springs mean a maximum of comfort and tire-service and a minimum of wear on the car itself.

The Waverley is equipped with either solid or pneumatic tires, as you prefer.

Of the beauty, the finish and the craftsmanship of the car you will be the best judge yourself. And there is a Waverley representative near you who is anxious to demonstrate the car to you. We will gladly send you his name on request.

Exide, Waverley, National or Edison Battery.

Beautiful 1911 Art Catalog on request.
We are now delivering strictly 1911 Models.

THE WAVERLEY COMPANY

152 S EAST ST.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



he never becomes a classic. Nor need we worry ourselves about the man who must either write or starve. He will do both. The subject that concerns us is that of the man who writes badly.

Few realize how scarce he has become. The man who writes ill has certain inestimable advantages over the man who writes well. The most conspicuous of these advantages is the accident that there are so many ways

of writing badly and so few ways of writing well. Hence, all kinds of good English resemble one another sufficiently to impart an effect of monotony to the best literature generally. But the bad writer—who is born and not made at college—has the inimitable originality of his characteristic demerits. The boy who has learned to write well at Harvard or Yale—he does learn, in spite of *The Evening*

(Continued on page 880)



RIPE, RICH AND MELLOW

UNIQUE IN PURITY. OF HIGHEST STANDARD IN QUALITY. GUARANTEED BY ITS PROPRIETORS UNDER THE NATIONAL PURE FOOD LAW AN ABSOLUTELY PURE RYE WHISKEY

**HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE**

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 879)

Post—writes so much like his classmates that his originality seems to have evaporated. He finds it easy enough to write well, but impossible to be interesting. He has been forced to study the great models, to form his style upon theirs. He bores us by writing like Jeffries or Pater or Addison or the great Dr. Samuel Johnson himself.

What becomes of the bad writers? They are turned by our universities into good ones. The disastrous effects of the process upon literature are well illustrated through comparison of the themes worked out by the class in English at Yale with the "compositions" of the public school children

in any large city. Good as is the English now written by the undergraduates in even the freshman class, one never sees it quoted outside the classroom. But the English written by the boys and girls in a fourth grade or grammar school is bad enough to make delightful reading. It finds its way frequently enough into the newspapers as typical school boys' "howlers." It is barbarous and hence powerful. What delicious violations of every canon of correct criticism, what freshness of imbecility, what instances of that finest form of the sense of humor, its unconscious manifestation! Again and yet again the teacher, going over the papers submitted by the little ones, extracts a masterpiece here and there, irresistibly quotable because of its crudity and the countless flaws of style so odious to *The Evening Post*. Let us repeat a few. They have gone the rounds of the newspapers many a time, but the labor of reading them twice will not be vain:

"Eve sinned out of curiosity more than liking for that particular fruit."

"The Semitic races were the half-breeds, from semi, half."

"The Sanhedrin was composed of seventy men of reclining years and great learning."

With respect to the conversation recorded in John, Chapter 3: "Nicodemus began the harangue, but could not take it all in at one gasp."

By and by the pupils whose faults of style rendered their English so quotable will be writing so well at college as to bore us. The lad who could set down in perfect good faith his idea that "a vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope stops" will never, when he reaches Harvard, achieve anything as fine. He will have been shamed by ridicule or improved by study of the best models into a good style. Another bad writer will have been lost.




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The price of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE is 15 cents a copy, which, if purchased by single copies, costs \$1.80 a year. For boxing, wrapping, and express charges on the five volumes of DE MAUPASSANT, 150 complete stories, illustrated, printed from new large type, copyrighted 1910, size 4½x7, it costs an average of 80 cents each, according to distance; so send us \$2.60 for the year's subscription to the magazine and for the absolute cost of shipping and delivery.

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You may send only 70 cents as good faith, and the books will be shipped you, with the Special Privilege of examination, before you pay the balance (the express companies charge 10 cents more for these collect shipments); or send the full amount at once and save 10 cents. Send us \$2.60 in money, stamps, check or money order. If the books are not satisfactory in every way, without quibble or question, we will refund you either the 70 cents or \$2.60 paid.

French Classics

FRENCH authors have written many lively tales which, because of false conventional modesty, have been, until recent translations, unknown to those who read only English. Prudish modesty and unfair prejudice have deprived us of the merriest and liveliest tales ever written. Guy de Maupassant's eventful career gave him ideas, situations and local color for his unsurpassed stories. Strong in imagination, overflowing with natural enthusiasm and passion in his study of human life and phases of human conduct, things really happening—not as we imagine they might or as we would—**THE REAL DOINGS OF LIFE**—is what Maupassant always gives us. His dramatic instinct, his situations and his climaxes are overwhelming. These absorbing stories should be in every library—tales of travel, mystery, adventure, comedy, pathos and tragedy, love and realism.

You Must Write at ONCE x
PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, 425 East 24th St., New York City

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine, spirit and soda beverages. Appetising, healthful, to use with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Merchants or Druggists. Sample by mail, 25c in stamps. C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

(Continued on page 881)

"Djer-Kiss"

PRONOUNCED "DEAR KISS"

Si concentrée est l'odeur de ce parfum, que moins d'une goutte suffit.
—Kerkoff, Paris

TRANSLATION: "So concentrated is the fragrance of this perfume, that less than a drop suffices."

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

The Literary Zoo.

(Continued from page 880)

a pleasure it would be to learn that Henry James had engaged a school boy—not a college youth—to do his writing! Mr. James could furnish the story while the child did the writing.

The vicissitudes of good writers never prompt them to try to write badly. That seems very odd, because the rejection of a contribution by no means implies that it is lacking in merit. Whoever heard of a bit of prose rejected because it was lacking in demerit? Not that ordinary demerit will achieve greatness. It must be striking, like Marie Corelli's.

American Interest in God

The revival of American interest in God has inspired a flood of volumes on the Deity, among which the work of Reverend Dr. Francis J. Hall, professor of dogmatic theology in the Western Theological Seminary at Chicago, reveals a surprising fund of information on the subject.

A Disadvantage of Intelligence

In denying the right of a fellow creature to intolerance of mind, the anonymous author of "Letters to His Holiness, Pope Pius X., by a Modern-



Have your daughters get out their party dresses for a Winter at the hotels in California

CALIFORNIA is the resort of the United States. There are magnificent hotels built to accommodate discriminating travelers from all over the world. These are crowded with tourists the year round, but the season of greatest social activity is from the first of November to the first of May. There is a dance, a horseback ride, a bridge party, a paper chase, a motor trip, a swim, a golf or tennis tournament every hour of the day and evening.

A winter in California is a continual pleasure. Your daughter, particularly, would enjoy it.

California and the West is reached directly by the

Los Angeles Limited

that luxurious electric-lighted train via the

Chicago & North Western Union Pacific
Salt Lake Route

We will assist in planning your California trip if you will communicate with GERRIT FORT, Passenger Traffic Manager, Dept. A, Union Pacific R. R., Omaha, Neb. 67



THE ORIENT

Cook's Tours de Luxe

to Egypt, the Holy Land, the Levant, etc., 44th Annual Series, leave during Jan., Feb., and March. Leisurely travel in small, select parties.

COOK'S NILE STEAMERS

mail from Cairo every few days during the season for First and Second Cataracts, Khartoum, etc. Elegant private steamers and dahabeas for families and private parties.

ROUND THE WORLD LAST TOUR OF SEASON LEAVES JANUARY 7TH

THOS. COOK & SON

NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, ETC.

Cook's Travellers' Cheques Are Good All Over the World



ist," manifests his most conspicuous limitation. Recognition of the right of their fellow citizens to be as narrow and as bigoted as they please is rarely encountered among broad and tolerant Americans. That right, in truth, is denied by the spirit of American institutions. That is why my sympathies are wholly with the Pope in the modernist controversy now so acute among some of our Roman Catholic brethren. I am with the

Pope because I claim the right to be as narrow and as bigoted as I please.

The grand obstacle to the progress of the modernists is their persistence in judging theological dogma in the light of the intelligence. They fail to heed the warning of De Quincey, who, in his essay "On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth," reminds us that the intelligence is the meanest of the fac-

(Continued on page 882)



For Winter Tours
in Summer Climes
Consult

Cuba

A WINTER PARADISE

a profusely illustrated 80-page booklet with six complete maps, also 72 views illustrative of this wonderful Island. Sent post-paid on receipt of 4c in stamps.

FRANK ROBERTS, General Passenger Agent
UNITED RAILWAYS OF HAVANA
52 Broadway, Room 211 - - - New York

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 881)

ulties. One should never, De Quincey affirms in effect, trust the intelligence unsupported by other authority. I have very little faith in my own intelligence and Socrates, I believe, had very little faith in his. Intelligence, like wealth, is very inequitably distributed and those who need it most are often the very individuals who have it least. That is why the world groans under a tyranny of the intelligent. As if this were not a sufficient aggravation, the modernists urge that our relations with the Deity be placed upon a basis of intelligence. That would transfer to the spiritual sphere the superiority of the intelligent in

things earthly, and prove thus a denial of the justice of God. For He created the ass whom Titania loved as truly as He created the professor of psychology at Harvard. It is difficult to reconcile with any idea of justice the modernist contention that in gaining knowledge of God or access to Him certain advantages should accrue to the intelligent—a minority of the human species!

Alexander Harvey.

P. B. LAGER
"Oh Be Jolly"

It's a beer to know; a beer to remember. Ask for P. B. Lager and get acquainted.

At leading Hotels, Restaurants and Cafes.
A. G. VAN NOSTRAND
Bunker Hill Breweries, - Boston, Mass.

AINSLIE'S FOR DECEMBER

"THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS"

WILLIAM J. LOCKE'S

latest novel, "VIVIETTE," will be concluded in the December number. The scene in this installment is one of the most intensely dramatic that has ever been introduced in fiction. Read it.

ANTHONY PARTRIDGE'S

serial, "The Golden Web," is also concluded. It began in the July number and has had a wonderfully successful run.

These two stories have been the big events of the year which is brought to a close with them.

But these two stories are not all that the December number will contain of entertainment.

A delightful story of the French Latin Quarter is "The Ball at the Bullier," by **W. E. Schutt**.

A story full of atmosphere and remarkable characterization, a Christmas story, by **Mrs. Wilson Woodrow**, is "The Shadow of the Mask."

A remarkably strong and fresh theatrical story is "The Walking Gentleman," by **Carrington A. Phelps**.

J. W. Marshall has endeared himself to all of AINSLEE'S readers. "A Left-Handed Birthday" is his contribution.

H. B. Marriott-Watson will have a most attractive Christmas story, "The House Party at Shirlands."

Herman Whitaker will have another of his absorbing and original tales of Mexico, entitled "The Birth."

"The Mistletoe Girl," a Christmas story as you will infer from the title, will be one of the best among the short stories. It is by **Kate Whiting Patch**.

Owen Oliver will have a Christmas story, "Five Dollar Friends." Every one knows Mr. Oliver's great gift for story telling.

H. Addington Bruce continues his remarkable articles on psychical phenomena and the practical application of the wonderful discoveries that have been made. These articles are of special interest to you.

15 cents per copy

\$1.80 per year

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OF
EPICUREAN
ENJOYMENT**

At first-class Wine Merchants,
Grocers, Hotels, Cafes,
Bâtjer & Co.,
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Sole Agents for United States

In Other Days and These

THE taxidermist, so I am told,
Displayed his skill in days of old
By stuffing animals and birds
To look too natural for words.

He skinned the dead ones, bird and beast,
But of gold he thought the least;
His was art with a great big A,
But that is not the case to-day.

The taxidermist whom we know,
A taxicab drives to and fro
And skins you—p'raps not willfully
But certainly most skillfully.

**LIFE IS SHORT—DON'T WAIT FOR
CHRISTMAS—TRY THOSE LUSCIOUS**
SALTO-NUTS **ITALIAN CHOCOLATES**
\$1.25 lb. Mixed 80c. lb.
WRITE NOW FOR UNIQUE BOOKLET
Hatch "HATCH AN APPETITE"
Broadway at 30th St., N. Y. City



Where and What?

EDITOR OF LIFE,
NEW YORK CITY.

In order to encourage those who have undertaken your quest for the "Ultimate," I would suggest that you at least let them know that it is to be found "east-o'-the-sun and west-o'-the-moon," and that *what* it is, is the secret of the sphinx. You might follow the "once-upon-a-time" honored custom of sending a knight out upon your quest; only in this case a suffragist would be more to the point. It is safe to predict that the sphinx would hurl forth undreamed-of revelations in his frenzy to return to the eternal calm of his woman's-rights-less dreams.

To Mona Lisa was given the answer to the great riddle, and in her enigmatical smile lies the knowledge of her secret. The possibility of a successful suffragist acquiring the same smile is a thought worthy of consideration.

Very truly yours,

M. C. ZANGRANDI.

WESTERLY, R. I., October 27, 1910.

Let the Galled Jade Wince

DEAR LIFE:

I have just finished reading October 20 number. Of course, one appreciates that one must not expect unalloyed wit even from LIFE, but really now, how can you see even a sneaking sense of humor in the Priscilla Jawbone what would you call it anyway?

I have no doubt Priscilla is a weak-kneed, hen-pecked male—or perhaps worse—a would-be popular bachelor, who has failed to make a hit with any woman. We have all met them. But you, Mr. Editor, how can you pass such stuff—or is it that it got in without your seeing it? Your own remarks on various topics do not show sufficiently serious symptoms of indigestion to account for the oversight.



A Martin & Martin Model

Black Russia calf common sense walking boot—
low heel—good arch—hand made.

PRICE NINE DOLLARS

Most shoe stores strive after extreme effects each season and call them the newest fashions.

Our custom is to make a careful study, at all times, of the ideas of our patrons—the best dressed men and women in America—reconcile these ideas and apply them along practical lines. The results are

Standardized Shoe Fashions

Long experience in custom boot making has proven this to be the only sound method.

Test our shoes—and the intelligent, interested, store service that goes with them. Your money is always in trust with us—it is yours if we do not satisfy you.

You may buy from us as well by post as in person whether it be slippers, riding boots, hunting boots, dress or street boots. Let us send you photographs of the season's models.

By furnishing the usual commercial references you may open a charge account.

MARTIN & MARTIN

BOOTMAKERS FOR MEN AND WOMEN
1 East 35th St., NEW YORK—183 Michigan Av., CHICAGO

Black Russia calf walking boot. Medium narrow
toe—flat last—high heel—high arch—hand made.

PRICE NINE DOLLARS



Personally I feel very sorry for your man's (?) seemingly unfortunate choice of women acquaintances. I understand he cannot help his relatives, but his friends are his own fault.

Be a sport, LIFE, you know women will get the vote, and such attempts at

(Continued on page 884)

Dioxogen

H₂O₂ 12v

Dioxogen is a safe, most trustworthy, most thorough, and most delightful cleanser. It is a *real* antiseptic—as proved by *definite scientific tests*. It is ideal in its application both as a toilet and as a hygienic measure. Dioxogen is free from all objectionable characteristics, and should not be compared with ordinary hair bleaching "peroxide." Try Dioxogen. We will send two-ounce trial bottle free upon request.

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As a Gargle and for
Mouth and Teeth

CORDIAL FRONSAC



The World's Best Cordial

Nothing could be more refreshing and gratifying after a good dinner.

Highest Quality.

Aids digestion and adds to the enjoyment of the meal.

At all Best Clubs and Hotels.

COWIE & CO., Ltd.,
New York

Sole Agents for the U. S.

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 883)

satire as that evoked by Priscilla Jawbones is helping the cause, not hurting it. It simply shows what a queer sense of humor some men have. From the standpoint of the cause, go on with just such rot, but from the standpoint of your good name and your circulation, you might read Priscilla Jawbones a serious lecture. Also Percival might be benefited by getting acquainted with some of the women who are so actively working for woman suffrage. No doubt he would be treated to some good wit and thereby put some flesh on his jawbones.

Yours sincerely,

BEATRICE MAY.

201 W. EIGHTIETH ST., NEW YORK.
October 19, 1910.

Here's a Rival

EDITOR OF LIFE,
New York.

DEAR SIR—I notice with great pleasure in your edition of October 20, that you are thinking of going after the Ultimate.

I say with great pleasure, because it appears to me that we can co-operate. For a long time I have been thinking of going after the Ultimate myself.

Free 1911 Catalog

WRITE FOR IT
J. M. Hanson's Magazine Agency, the largest in the world, furnishes any Magazine or Newspaper, at Amazingly Low Prices, and gives quick, accurate, reliable service.
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Our 1911 Catalog lists more than 3000 Periodicals and Club Offers. It's a BIG MONEY-SAVER.

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275 Hanson Block, Lexington, Ky.



Your offer of a million dollars, spot cash, spurs me on wonderfully. Not that I need the money, but it shows that you really appreciate my efforts, you see.

Since our minds seem to ooze along the same channel, and our hearts throb in unison for the successful culmination of this great search, I am minded to lay my plans bare before

(Continued on page 885)

75
DELIGHTFULLY INTERESTING DAYS

Cruise of the New Amsterdam, The Mediterranean, Egypt and the Orient

Interesting Itinerary

Fine Steamer Select Party

Before planning your winter vacation write for booklet.

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The Louvre

Paris

A VISIT TO THE WORLD'S GREAT ART GALLERIES

To visit the great art galleries of the world, and to know them well, is a cherished wish on the part of every person of education and refinement. The educative and esthetic benefit coming from a thorough knowledge of the masterwork of the world's great painters is only equalled by the inspiration and delight. To know Raphael and his masterpieces, to know Titian and his wondrous art, to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with the great pictures of the last five hundred years is indeed a pleasure and a privilege. Heretofore this pleasure and privilege has come only to those persons who could afford time and money to travel through Europe. To those, therefore, who have wished to learn of the inestimable art treasure in the great galleries of the Old World, **The Ideal Collection of the World's Great Art** will come as a revelation. The new work not only gives you a look into the great art galleries of the Old World, but in its chronological arrangement it affords you a complete History of the World's Art in the last five hundred years.

This work which was collected and published by the largest art-publishing house in Europe has excited the greatest enthusiasm in all who have seen it. "It is not only the most artistic collection of the world's greatest pictures I have ever seen, but a work of the greatest educative importance," said a member of the Vassar faculty. "It is just such a work as we need here in America today," said Mr. John La Farge. It is all this, and more. **The Ideal Collection of the World's Great Art** is a necessity in every American home of refinement and culture.

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- 1—The Ideal Collection comprises perfect reproductions in the famous Mezzogravure process of 60 of the world's accepted masterpieces in painting, which, chronologically arranged, affords a visual History of Art from the earliest period of the Renaissance until the present time. It is a work of monumental importance.
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St. John and the Lamb



The Age of Innocence



The Sistine Madonna



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The Birch, The Roman and the Pine and the Graupian Hills

THE IDEAL COLLECTION CONTAINS THE MASTERPIECES OF

Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Titian, Paul Veronese, Velasquez, Murillo, Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Rubens, Van Dyck, Watteau, Millet, Corot, Meissonier, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Turner, Watts, Stuart, Whistler and many others of the world's great masters. The Collection is contained in twelve Vellum Portfolios, printed in gold, and forms the most sumptuous art collection ever imported at a moderate price.

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For the purpose of introducing the new art collection a Special Introductory Price and remarkably liberal terms will be quoted. The price is but one-half of that placed upon the work at the time of importation. Send today for full particulars.

DOUBLEDAY-PAGE ART COMPANY GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

FINE ART BROCHURE

The Doubleday-Page Art Company Garden City, New York

Dear Sirs: I am interested in The Ideal Collection of the World's Great Art, and shall be pleased to receive the Fine Arts Brochure with the special article by Sir Martin Conway and full information regarding your Special Introductory Prices, terms, etc. (1-3)

Write Clearly
Name in Full
Occupation
Address in Full



Egyptian Deities

The Utmost in Cigarettes

They lend
pleasure to
pleasure...
Cork Tips or Plain

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 884)

you. Of course, it is not necessary for me to ask you not to use my ideas as your own. I know you would not do such a thing. Besides, I am perfectly willing to let you share in the glory—at so much per share. In fact, if you really pay the million in cash, and not in life subscriptions (no pun, honest!) you can have all the glory. You can also have the Ultimate. I live in a rented house and will have no room for it.

My expedition will be composed of the following:

- I Socialist.
- I Christian Scientist.
- I Suffragette.
- I William Jennings Bryan.
- (There is only one, you know.)
- I Disciple of New Thought.
- (The newer the better.)

5 Newspaper reporters, with cameras.

(1 for each of the above.)

2 Common Dogs.

(No expedition ever started anywhere without dogs.)

Dog biscuit, pemmican, writing paper, 8 barrels ink, 1 crate (to put the Ultimate in), 1 copy LIFE (in case quick death is preferred to starvation), gum drops, etc., etc.

I Me.

I shall take no representative of the Common People. The Common People have to work for a living, and have no time to be chasing around after Ultimates. Besides, they wouldn't know what to do with it if they had it, anyway.

Of course, any one member of the above expedition (excepting me) could find the Ultimate without aid—some of them already have it in sight—but I would prefer to have them all along. When we get an Ultimate, says I,



"I can make YOU a confident, convincing Public Speaker!"

at
DINNERS
and all
SOCIAL
GATHERINGS
in
POLITICS
in
BUSINESS
ANYWHERE

When the toastmaster arises, looks over the expanse of tables, and says, "We have with us to-night"—how would you feel if he means *you*?

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Simply strain through cracked ice and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

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let's have one that will suit all around. (I don't mean the reporters and the dogs when I speak of members of the expedition. They're not members; they're merely scenery and props.)

I shall work along these lines:

1. We know there is an Ultimate.
2. Being an Ultimate, it must be Somewhere.
3. Therefore, it is only necessary to find the Somewhere where the Ultimate is, to find the Ultimate.

I am preparing to start at once. As soon as we get the Ultimate, I will send it to you. Please have the money ready.

Very truly,

E. C. BLOMEYER.

CHARLESTON, MISSOURI, October 24, 1910.

P. S.—To hasten matters, you might send me a small check right now, and charge it against the million.

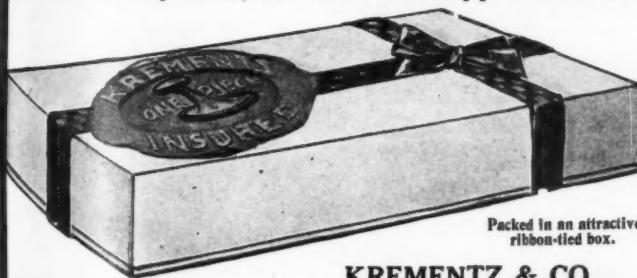
E. C. B.

An Awkward Age

TEACHER: How old are you, Bobby?
BOBBY: Aw, ma says I'm too young to eat the things I like, and too old to cry when I don't get them.—*Chicago News.*

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