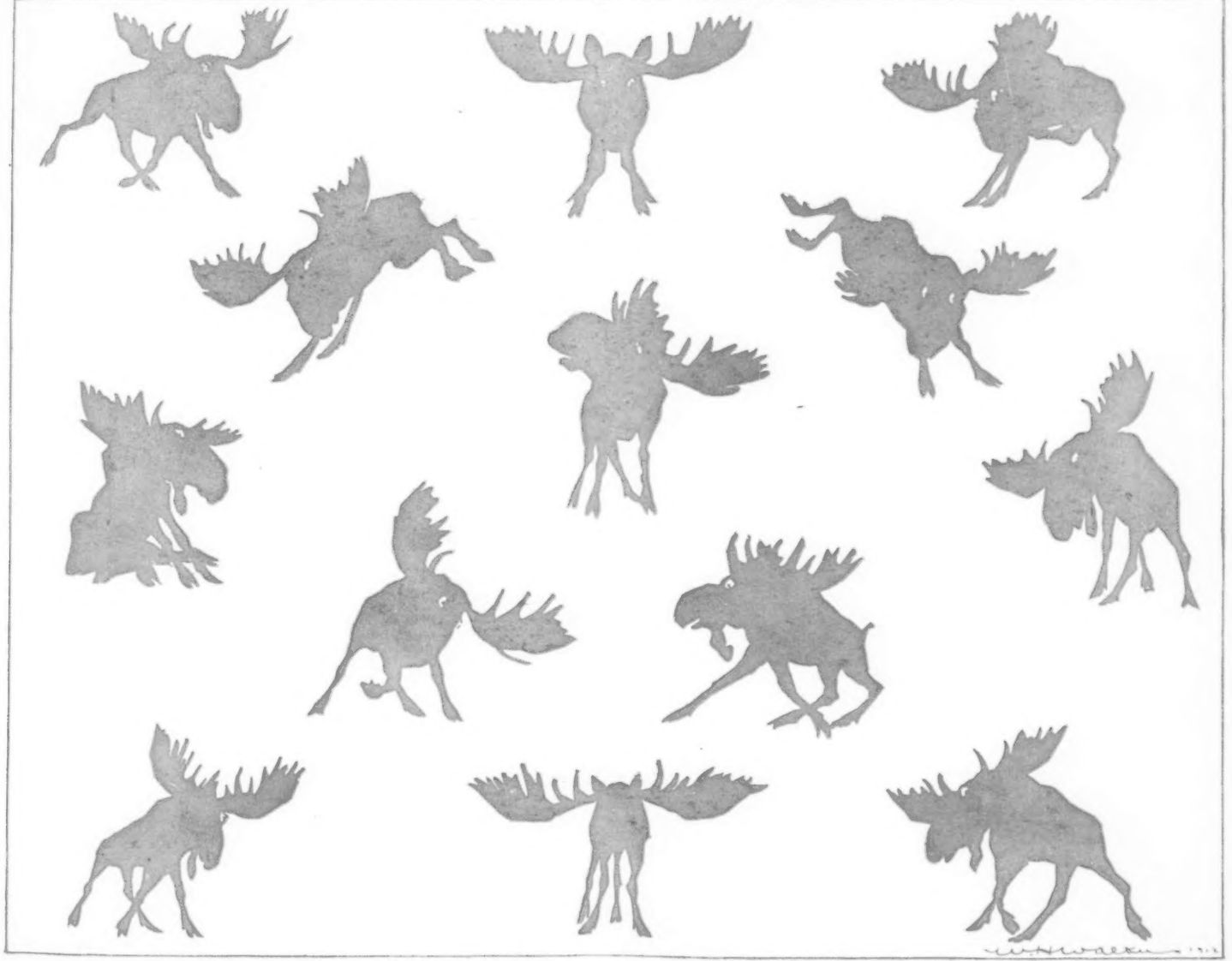
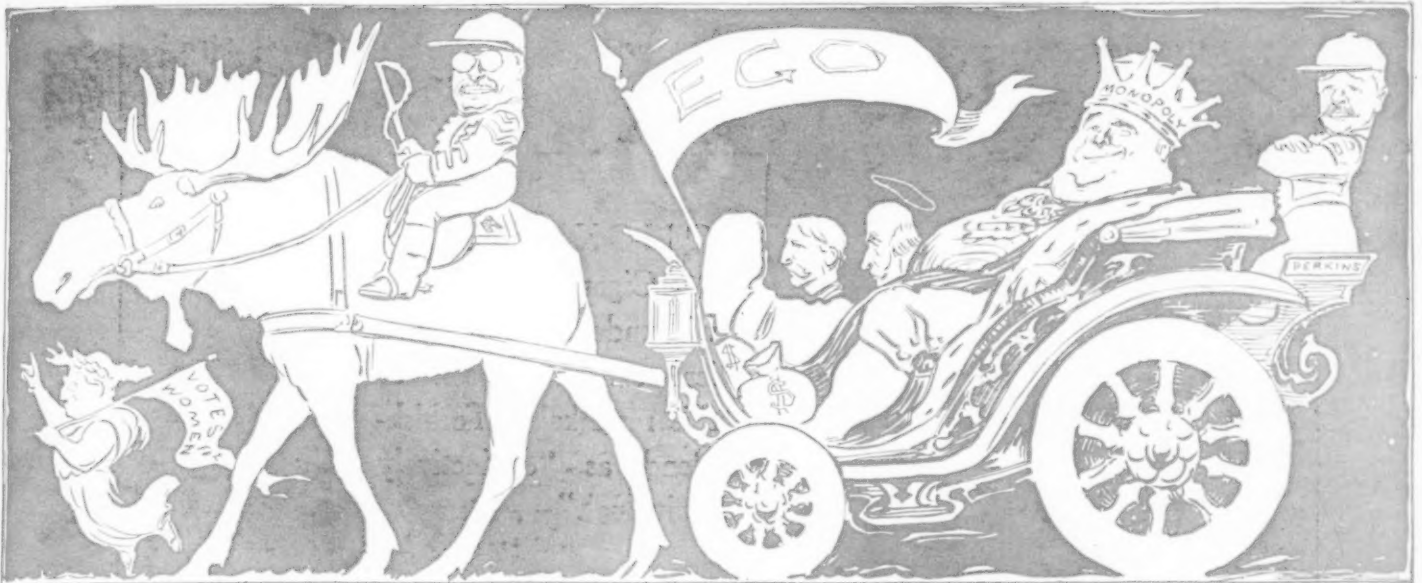


Bull Moose
Number

Life

PRICE 10 CENTS
October 24, 1912
Vol. 60, No. 1565.

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"Distinctively Individual"
20 for 15¢



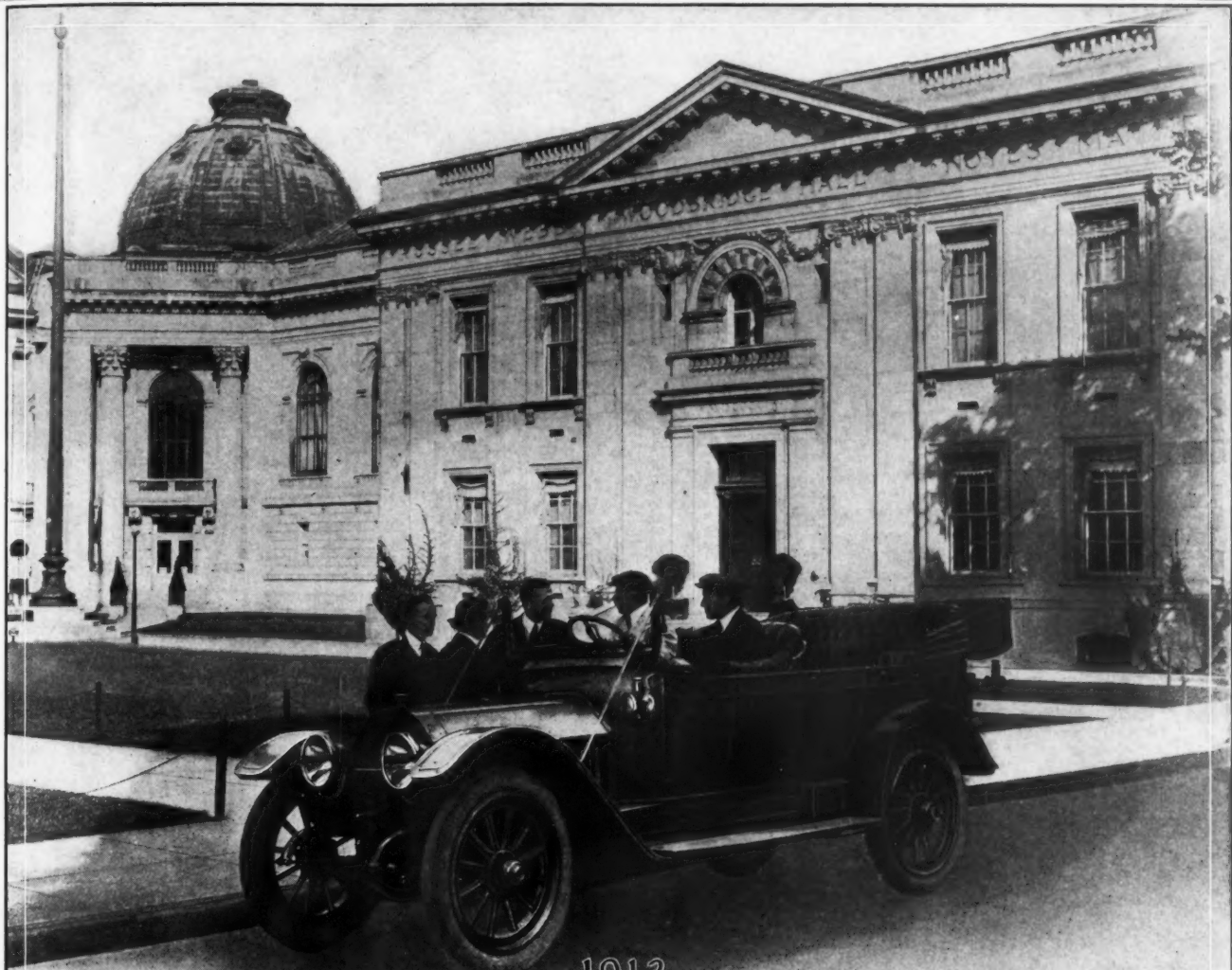
SMOKE a Fatima
Cigarette and you
will understand why crit-
ical smokers speak of
this remarkable Turkish-
blend as "distinctively
individual."

60 Fatima coupons will secure
a white satin pillow top, 24 inches
square, decorated with handsomely
painted flowers—12 designs to
select from.

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is Second
ions.



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Locomobile

Little Six with 60 Horsepower

Entirely New Designs of Belted Bodies with flush sides, all hinges concealed and door handles inside.

Costliest Electric Lighting. Consumes least power. Gives best results at all speeds.

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Tires carried at rear. Car in lateral balance.

Drop Forged Tire Brackets built into Chassis.

Ventilator takes air from above top of body—no front wheel dust.

Running Boards entirely unencumbered, all battery and tool compartments being concealed.

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Cocoa Floor Covering on tonneau 1½ in. thick.

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Awful!



Life's

Awful Number is coming. It will revel in the most Awful things! Positively guaranteed to make each particular hair stand on end.

How Old is Life?

He will celebrate in January his 30th birthday. The Anniversary Number to commemorate the great event will be appropriately frivolous.

Next Week's Number

is simply delightful. (We haven't read it ourselves yet.) Being a special number it is, of course, bound to be good. (Miniature LIFE for a two-cent stamp.)

"Bygones" ?



Special Offer

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

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This order must come to us direct; not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 17 West 31 Street, New York
ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

Rhymed Review

Between Two Thieves

(By Richard Dehan. Frederick A. Stokes Company)

Dunoisse, who might have been a Prince,
Who might have been with Wealth acquainted,
Forswore both Crown and Treasure,
since
He knew his claim to each was tainted.

But when he met with Henriette,
And Henriette required money,
He broke his vows with scant regret
To win her kisses' mellow honey.

He lost the crown for which he tried,
He wasted all the filthy treasure;
His wanton mistress cast aside
Her dupe to mourn his faults at leisure.

And now I'll bet you've never heard—
Though versed in History's opinion—
How great a rogue was Nap, the Third,
Who seized upon the French dominion.

That free-for-all Crimean fight
It seems, if half is true that's written,
He brought about in crafty spite,
To crush his true ally, Great Britain!

Dunoisse, unwitting, laid the snare,
Then learned the truth, and, half-de-
mented,
Would fain have laid the treason bare
And stopped the war—but Fate pre-
vented.

Evans' Ale

enables one to take
life as it comes
—and get more out
of it

Try a course at home

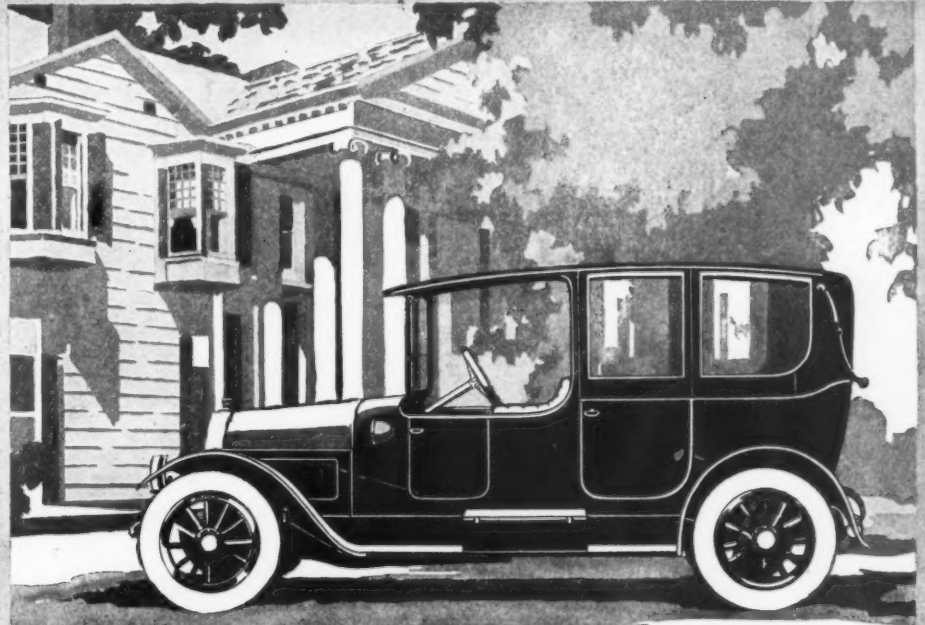
Dealers—C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



Adirondack Foot Warmers

for Autoing, Driving and Sitting Outdoors
Insure coziness, warmth, comfort! Make living
outdoors in Winter a keen enjoyment. Worn by
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wool inside; ten inches high. State shoe size
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\$1.50 Pair, Sent Prepaid
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Meadow Brook
Hunt Club

SIMPLEX

Fall Style
7 Passenger
Landaulet

WE are chassis manufacturers only. All Simplex bodies are built to our order by the leading coach makers after our own designs. In this manner we obtain the ideal combination of exclusive Simplex chassis and body design with the highest expression of the coach builder's art.

Our productions for the coming season include, in addition to the seven passenger limousine and landaulet, new style four-passenger closed bodies suitable for the Park and Shopping purposes.

SIMPLEX AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
240 WEST 59th STREET NEW YORK CITY

He sought the front. O'er rampart, fosse
And field where deadly shot were fly-
ing.

He raised aloft the "Crimson Cross,"
He nursed the wounded, soothed the
dying.

He saw and worshiped Ada Merle
(Miss Florence Nightingale?—You've
hit it!).

She loved him, too, that saintly girl,
But could not very well admit it.

And after many, many years—
I figure fifty-six or seven—
They died—but sorrow disappears,
Because we see them meet in Heaven!

A striking book, though short of great;
But why need Gifted Authors pander
To doubtful taste or petty hate,
With bits of unhistoric slander?

Arthur Guiterman.

500 Shaves From 12 Blades Guaranteed

(2 Mills per Shave) Guaranteed

ANY shaver failing to get 500 Head Barber shaves from a package of 12 AutoStrop blades may return his 12 blades to us, state how many shaves he is short, and we will send him enough new blades to make good his shortage. The era of Guaranteed Shaving is here.

WE ARE SELLING SHAVING SATISFACTION

THERE is nothing wonderful about the above guarantee. For example, there is not a Head Barber in the world who would not guarantee 500 shaves from 12 of his razors. Why? Because his expert hand stropping easily strops 500 shaves from 12 blades.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor is merely head barber stropping done mechanically. Anybody can do it, as expertly as a head barber and as quickly and handily, because the AutoStrop Safety Razor

Strops, Shaves, Cleans Without Detaching Blade

Do not be over-modest about asking the dealer for an AutoStrop Safety Razor on thirty days' free trial. For if you take it back we protect him from loss.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor consists of silver plated, self-stropping razor, 12 blades and strop in handsome case. Price \$5. Fancy combination sets also. Price in Canada and U. S. the same. Factories in both countries. Send for catalogue. AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, 368 5th Ave., New York. Toronto. London.

Get a Blade-Saving, Head-Barber-Shaving

AutoStrop

SAFETY
RAZOR

Strops Itself



This wooden man is used in AutoStrop window displays. He shows you how to strop AutoStrop blades to Head Barber edges

If a wooden man can do it, you can.

Your family physician can now help you regain lost hearing

Simply by feeding pure sound waves to organs that are stiff, shrunken and bloodless from want of exercise.

The chances are ten to one there's nothing else the matter with them, unless it is inflammation.

If it sounds reasonable, write for particulars of

THE MEYER-ROWAN INSTRUMENT

The Rowan Sales Company

Sole Selling Agents

625 East 163rd St., New York

Our Feminine Government

Sociologists are of the opinion that a State has many characteristics of an individual, and that it is subject to as many whims. We suspect, if this be true, that our American Government has a very large feminine streak in its make-up.

Some time ago Congress, in a burst of emotional sentimentalism, added about \$25,000,000 to the pension list in order to alleviate the sufferings of those people who had been presumed to be afflicted in remote battles.

Then Congress (as is not uncommon with some ladies we might mention) became interested in something else and forgot all about these veterans and went off on a spree over Panama and wool. Congress, in this inebriated condition, neglected to pass any appropriation for the pension list; the consequence was, that thousands of people who had become dependent upon this, their only source of income, were practically driven to starvation, and besieged the payment officers of the Pension Bureau day and night. Then Congress, stirred up by the reverberation, suddenly righted this wrong.

It is a perfect characteristic of the feminine temperament to give away more than it has and then to neglect the business of carrying out the intention.

THE more Colonel Roosevelt thinks about his past life, the more he can't remember a single mistake he ever made.

—Columbus, Ohio, *State Journal*.

Hobson's Choice

An Eastern man who was on a business trip through the West stopped at the small hotel in a country town one day. He entered the dining room and was shown to a table by a waiter.

"Will you have some pork and beans, sir?" asked the waiter, as he brought the customary glass of water.

"No, I don't care for them," answered the man. "I never eat pork and beans."

"Dinner is over, then, sir," said the waiter as he moved away.

—*Youth's Companion*.

FROM ORCHARD TO YOU \$4.00 A BOX



VILLAGE VIEW APPLES

Ripened on the tree, packed into cushioned boxes and shipped direct, to you. Never put in cold storage. Their distinctive, rich, delicate flavor has made them famous the world over. It is the peculiar soil and crisp, balmy mountain air that make VILLAGE VIEW APPLES far more delicious than ordinary apples. Act to-day—order a trial box of these delicious apples. We deliver safe to your door—(express charges prepaid to all points east of the Mississippi river, for less than you pay for cold storage apples.

100 choice apples \$4.00—Winesaps, Albemarle Pippins, Mammoth Black Twigs. One kind to a box—no assortments.

We pack apples that are absolutely perfect. Satisfaction guaranteed. Remit check or money order. Reference: Peoples National Bank, Lynchburg, Va. Order now. The supply is limited. Discount on quantity orders. Eat more apples for your health's sake—an apple a day keeps the doctor away—Our interesting booklet tells you why—contains many new recipes for preparing apples. **VILLAGE VIEW ORCHARDS, Box 11, Lovingson, Va.** (T. M. Hurstley, Owner)



Saving Bill

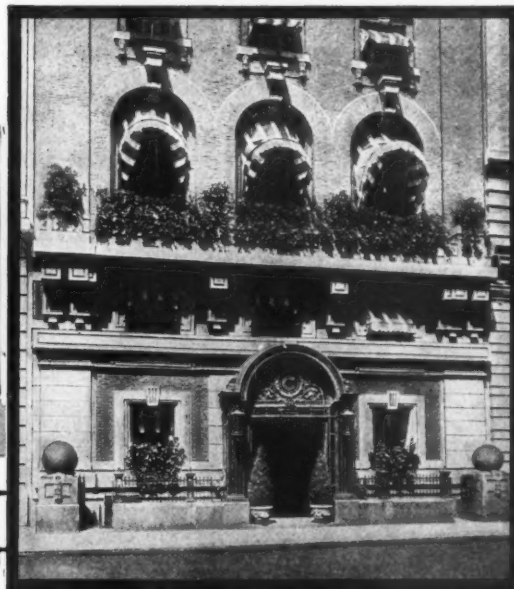
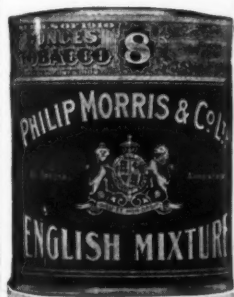
Tom McNeal, the Kansas philosopher, tells a story of an intensely religious Kentucky mountaineer who believed that salvation was to be obtained only through immersion. He had a neighbor who didn't agr with him and they had many arguments on the subject. Finally the upholder of immersion told his wife he thought it his duty to go over and save the unregenerate neighbor. Two hours later he returned, and this is what he told his wife:

"I says to him, says I: 'Bill, you hard-headed and pertinacious sinner, do you acknowledge they hain't no such thing as bein' saved without bein' dipped?' An' he brustles up an' says: 'I don't acknowledge nuthin' of the kind.' An' then I says to him: 'Bill, I've come over here to save you-all's contrary an' obdurate soul, which is in the gall of bitterness an' the bonds of iniquity, an' I'm goin' to do it. Air you-all willin' to be dipped?'

"Not on your triflin', misguided life!' he says. 'Then,' says I, 'peel your wammus, Bill, fur this here thing has got to be settled now.'

"Well, Bill he peeled his wammus quick enough, fur I'll say fur him he ain't lackin' in courage to stand up and fight fur a bad cause. We fit, I shud say, fur half an hour and tore up considerable sod. Fur a spell it was nip an' tuck between the forces of the Lord an' them of Armageddon, but I finally managed to git my thumb inter Bill's eye and I says, says I: 'Bill, air you-all willin' to ac-

Philip Morris English Mixture and Cut Plug



ONE of the many enthusiastic endorsements of these new smoking tobaccos:—

Gentlemen:

"I want to say that I have tried your "English Mixture" after having tried for years to get the kind of tobacco that I want, and wish to state that never have I enjoyed a pipe as I have done since trying this good mixture. I tried the famous — and I don't know what, but I know that for the rest of my smoking days I shall smoke and enjoy this tobacco."

Philip Morris English Mixture and Cut Plug sell for \$2.00 a pound in \$1.00, 50c and 25c tins. Ask your dealer for this today, and learn from experience how much better a smoke it actually makes.

If the dealer cannot furnish, let us have your remittance for desired quantity. Accept no substitutes.

PHILIP MORRIS & COMPANY, Ltd., 402 J West Broadway, N.Y.

Canadian Address: 487-J St. Catherine St., East, Montreal.

FACTORIES: New York, Montreal, London, Cairo.

French Lick Springs

Daily service from **Pennsylvania Station**, New York, by

The Pennsylvania Limited

Lv. New York - - - 10.50 A. M.
Lv. Hudson Terminal - - 10.50 A. M.
Ar. French Lick Springs (next day) 1.10 P. M.

Through sleeping cars to Indianapolis; parlor car Indianapolis to French Lick Springs.

Returning, leave French Lick Springs daily at 1.45 P.M., arrive New York 5.30 P.M. (next day) with like service.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

RAD-BRIDGE BRIDGE WHIST ACCESSORIES

Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) brings our sample wallet: 42 Forms Lithographed Score Pads, 12 varieties playing cards and illustrated catalog. Dept. L. RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

knowledge that dippin' air essential to salvation, or must I gouge out this here eye of yours?'

"Bill didn't say nuthin' fur a minnit an' I shoved my thumb in a little furdur. Presently he couldn't stand it no longer an' he up an' yells: 'Dippin' goes with me, Lige! Take your thumb outer my eye!'

"Will you-all be dipped?' I asked him. He hesitates an' I shoves my thumb in agin an' then he yells: 'I will!' An' so I let him up. An' now I'm goin' fur the parson an' take Bill down to the

hole in the crick, fur when I've saved a miserable sinner I don't take no chances on his gittin' away."

—Saturday Evening Post.

Outline of an Ambassador

When the Duke de Choiseul, who was a remarkably meagre-looking man, came to London to negotiate a peace, Charles Townsend, being asked whether the French government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered, "I do not know, but they have sent the outline of an ambassador."

Packard Left Drive "38"

In the smaller six-cylinder Packard, left drive reaches for the first time its ultimate development

In addition to our positive electric self-starter, we have placed all controls on the steering column. This exclusive arrangement means complete mastery of the car from the driver's seat

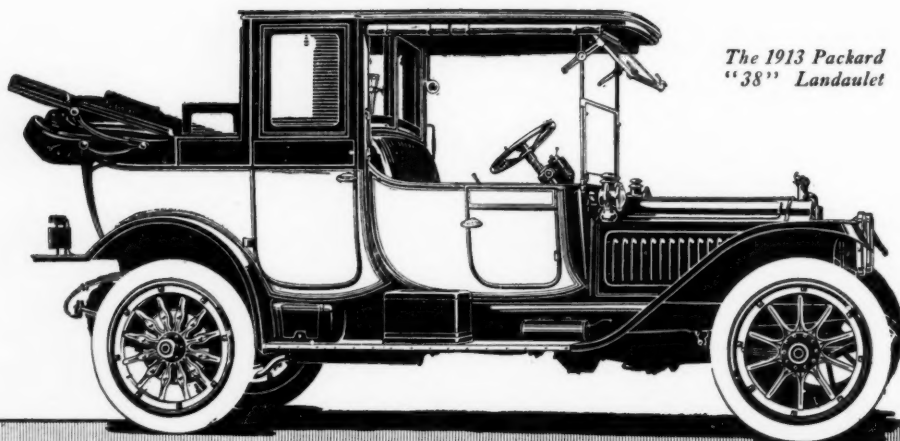
*Electric lighting and separate
high tension magneto ignition*

This combination of features is to be found only in the Packard "38." In the essentials of convenience and comfort, this car is the criterion of the present and an assured standard for the next two years

*Early dates of delivery are
being allotted impartially*

CATALOG UPON REQUEST

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit



*The 1913 Packard
"38" Landaulet*

LIFE



“Journeys end—”

The Voter

MY choice of a party depends
On substantial advice from my
friends,
And I frequently find,
A pliable mind,
Productive of excellent ends.

Dignity

IS dignity any longer necessary?
Once upon a time, when they had
real pageants and real ambassadors,
dignity was quite common. Now that
we have political bosses and Presi-
dential candidates, it is rapidly going
out.

A sense of humor without dignity
is almost as bad as dignity without a
sense of humor. On the other hand,

it seems as though dignity was neces-
sary to head waiters, floor walkers and
Senators. It is about their only stock
in trade. Presidents—as we have in-
timated—can get along without it.
Magnates at one time preserved a
show of dignity; and then Carnegie
came.

There is a dignity in books which is
interesting. Gibbon's "Rome" is
probably the most dignified book on
record. It contains, however, no
humor. Burton's "Anatomy of Mel-
ancholy" is not only humorous, but
dignified.

In America our most dignified au-
thors have been Emerson and J. Pier-
pont Morgan. There are no others.

Possibly one of the reasons for the

lack of dignity is the church. The in-
troduction of brass bands on Sunday
and the habit of preaching yellow jour-
nalism from the pulpit have probably
had their effect.

We do, however, see occasionally
dignified children who shame us by
their attitude—but they soon outgrow
it.

Among kings dignity is not so pro-
nounced as of yore. King George tries
to be dignified, but it is hard with
Mary around. Czar Nicholas has tried
to create a bomb proof dignity, but it
is largely a sham. Alphonso of Spain
plays polo, but not in a really dignified
manner. And as for King Manuel of
Portugal, he is almost as undignified
as some of our politicians.



OCTOBER 24, 1912

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. LX.
No. 1565

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

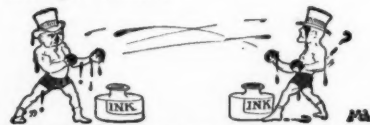
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Cannon House, Brems Bldgs., London, E. C.

NOT much but the shouting remains of the campaign except possibilities of indiscretion, and it is hard to see that even in them there is any chance for effectual explosion. It is not necessary to believe Mr. Roosevelt to be the entire fifty-seven different kinds of bad man which Colonel Harvey makes him out in the current *North American Review*, in order to vote against him; it is not necessary to attribute all our troubles to the high protective tariff, to vote against Mr. Taft, nor to believe that the expected Democratic administration will be faultless when one votes for Governor Wilson. We know all of these gentlemen pretty well now, and have even got acquainted with Governor Wilson, though him we know least, and therefore read what he has to say with the most interest. He says things now and then that require interpretation, but talks, in the main, mighty well, and shows no sign of blowing up. One hears that the management of the Democratic campaign is not so effective as it might be, but one also hears that that can't make much difference, and that with Roosevelt catapulting to beat Taft, and Taft and his people rallying and fighting uphill to beat Roosevelt, the voters can more safely be left to their own desires and devices than in any big campaign of recent times. Roosevelt and Taft are the right and left bowers in the Democratic hand, and doubt of the result is so scarce that bettors have to invent curious wagers in order to get anyone to take up their money.

We guess everybody is tired of the campaign, except in so far as it furnishes amusement. Folks may be willing to see a few processions and listen to brass bands, and even to some speakers, but reading of Presidential arguments must be about over. The truth is that this election was settled last June. The Old Guard beat Roosevelt at Chicago and the Democrats beat the Interests at Baltimore. What has happened since then has been interesting, but not exciting. Roosevelt has given a fine entertainment, but he has stayed beaten. He seems to have gained nothing since Chicago. His exploit has been in holding part of what he had there, and keeping it from sliding back to Taft. Even his heartiest detractors—Harvey calling him fifty-seven kinds of a bad man, and the like—haven't done him any good. People read, and then say this or that isn't so, and when he comes before the Senate's committee to testify that he isn't so bad as those fellows claim, they "give him a hand," but they are not going to vote for him. They like him as their fireworks wheel, spinning with rapid changes of sparkling coruscation, but they don't want him back to be their government.



THE State elections are more uncertain, but promise for the most part to go against the Bull Moose. In nearly all of them there is exhibited the same phenomenon of a united party opposed by the two divisions of a party split

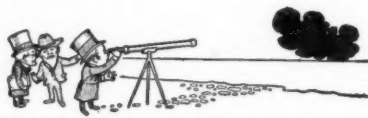
in twain. In the Republican strongholds the Republicans are expected to win as in Vermont, and in doubtful States the Democrats.

In tariff revision the Democrats have by far the strongest and most effective argument in the campaign. Both the other parties claim it, and claim that it should be entrusted to professional protectionists and no one else. But it is to laugh at both of them when they put forward that pretense. Mr. Taft had repeated chances to ameliorate the tariff, and muffed them all. He ought not to have another chance. Mr. Roosevelt knows little and cares less about the tariff, except when consideration of it is compulsory in a campaign. Then he makes a bluff at saying something, but does not say the right thing, and everybody laughs. If the Democrats get in and get control of the Senate, something will be done about the tariff, and there is ample ground to be hopeful that it will be done promptly, reasonably, carefully and with intelligent consideration for the business of the country.

Business expects the Democrats to win, and the tariff to be revised downward.

Is business scared?

Not a bit! Look at it! Read the papers; watch the stock market. Nobody fears Wilson's election on business grounds. Roosevelt shouters and Taft shouters affect to fear it, but they can't pass the scare along. It doesn't go.



IF Montenegro expects notice from the United States for a war that butts in on the baseball championship and the closing weeks of a Presidential election, she has reckoned without proper preliminary investigation. But if she wishes to have her disturbance all over without American interference she has shown judgment in choosing her time.

We can do nothing at present about any lapse of amenities in Southeastern Europe. Mr. Oscar Straus, our leading expert in the affairs of that re-

gion, is very busy running for Governor; Mr. Knox, our titular Secretary of State, has, at this writing, not yet returned from his long journey to bury the Mikado; Mr. Huntington Wilson, Acting Secretary, is conducting a war in Nicaragua with an army of ship-stewards and marines, and keeping a binocular on Mexico. His hands are full; nothing more should be expected of him. President Taft is golling, motoring and talking persuasively to the voters, and the eyes of the country are glued upon Matty and Wood.

Go it, then, Montenegro! So far as this country is concerned, now is your chance.



WHOOEVER has not been concerned about the tremendous competition between the Red Sox and the Giants for the baseball championship is invited to consider himself a little outside of our American civilization. Baseball is very much of an institution. A distinguished Jewish scholar from London speaks with enthusiasm of its value in Americaniz-

ing Russian Jews. Think what great merits it has as an active sport, how good it is for the boys, how little gambling goes with it, how little risk of severe physical injury and yet how supremely satisfying it is to the American spirit!

We are more likely to underrate than overestimate its importance.

Go Easy With the Flag

WHAT is the matter with the School Board of Cedar Grove, N. J., that it should condescend to pick a fight with a Canadian pupil of the Cedar Grove High School because he will not make a daily promise of allegiance to the United States flag?

Of course, he won't! Why should he? And why should the Cedar Grove School Board wish to compel him to? If the boy's father is a resident of Cedar Grove, he has to pay his share of the school tax, and the son should have schooling under reasonable conditions. The condition the School Board exacts is not reasonable, but tyrannous and entirely inexpedient.

Cedar Grove ought to open a school for its School Board, where it can learn what's what, and why. Governor Wilson is probably competent to give the necessary instruction when



"OUR VISITING PITCHER WAS VERY WILD"

he has leisure, though it is not his job.

Flag exercises in the schools are intended to teach children to love the flag. Stuffing it down their throats is not the way to accomplish that end.

Adjustment Needed

IT would be interesting to look ahead, say twenty years, and see what is going to happen to the automobile. No doubt there will be very many more of them than now—one can't imagine such a decline in their popularity as befell the bicycle—but what will be these habits and deportment?

To ride forty miles and upwards in a motor car on any common road is simply to entrust one's self to the care of Providence. If anything happens, it will happen hard, and there may be survivors and there may not. A Philadelphia motor car, going at high speed, that ran through a bridge railing and down seventy-five feet into a coal yard on October 7, made a complete bag of the nine joyous young men who were riding in it. They were all killed. For similar occurrences, see any daily paper, Monday morning papers preferred.

It is a beautiful, a wonderful machine, but what is going to be its effect on the human physique and the human character? In twenty years or so we may begin to see. Mankind has got to adjust itself to it, and that will take time.



The Husbandette: MADAM, YOU SAID YOU ATTENDED A POLITICAL MEETING LAST NIGHT. HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF A HORRID CHORUS BOY WHICH I FIND IN YOUR CLOTHES?

Ode to the Big Bull Moose

THEY'VE turned me loose!—
 O'er fields of snowy paper
 To prance, cavort and caper,
 To sing the Big Bull Moose—
 The One Best Bet in Pious Politics,
 At whom my friends are mostly heaving bricks.

The Bull Moose is galloping over the wold,
 And he loudly refuses to do as he's told.
 He tosses his antlers and goes it alone,
 For he scorns all conventions—excepting his own.

And he gives not a whoop nor the faintest of darns
 For Penrose or Archbold or Hilles or Barnes;
 And the cohorts of Wilson are chortling with glee,
 O'er the wreck he has made of the dear G. O. P.

Hail to thee Bright Mammal!
 Elk without a peer,
 Something like a camel,
 Something like a deer,
 Deprived of thee how dull would be our Presidential Year!

With a cyclone's power,
 Verbally prolific,
 Gaily thou dost scour,
 West to the Pacific,
 Flinging pungent epithets and phrases calorific.

Like a locomotive,
 Dressed in coat and trousers,
 Calling forth the votive
 Cheers of wild carousers,
 Barking out Eternal Truths in accents much like Towser's.

Like a hot potato,
 Dangerous to squeeze,
 Like another Plato,
 Like Demosthenes,
 Like a thousand other things at least as great as these!

Then, Big Bull Moose (*Alces Americanus*),
 Long may you rove the shaggy-timbered acres!
 True, Dr. Long insists your deeds are heinous,
 But was he not the first of Nature Fakers?

And brave you are—what Paladin is bolder!—
 And feared by prowling wolves (see Thompson-Seton).
 With palmate horn, keen hoof and mighty shoulder,
 Your road through tangled wilds is forced and beaten.

Your full-blown challenge sounds, Defiant Bugler,
 And rivals flee, vamoose, skedaddle, hook it.
 Though Mr. Taft has called you "Honeyfugler,"
 Whatever that may be, you do not look it.

The French explorers called you "l'orignac,"
 Which means "The Beast Original," "The Freak."

And those, to-day, who paint you deepest black
 Admit that you are certainly unique.

(Though Bryan dares to claim
 You've prigged his best apparel
 Until, for very shame,
 He's forced to wear a barrel.)

But in the Red Man's "Who's Who"
 Your name was entered "Musu,"
 Which signifies "Wood-eater";
 Could anything be neater
 To indicate unparalleled dentition,
 And jaws that masticate all opposition?

Enough of zo-ologic etymology!
 If Elephant and Donkey have their uses,
 May not my Panegyric or Apology
 Inform a Troubled Nation what a Moose is?

O Moose
 Abstruse,
 For you, Exalted Symbol,
 Enfranchised housewives cast away the thimble,
 Magnetic Moose!
 At you, the Socialists,
 In wild, bewildered anger shake their fists
 And shout abuse.
 And you, Diverting Mammal,
 The Safe, the Sane, the Timid fain would trammel,
 But what's the use?
 No matter who's on top,
 You've set things moving and they will not stop,
 Efficient Moose.

O, Writers, Artists! thankless generation,
 Think what you owe
 To him who ever raised a new sensation
 When things were slow!
 What swells your bank accounts? What makes your purses
 So roundly trim?—
 The sketches, articles, cartoons and verses
 Inspired by him
 Have put within the pockets of your jerkins
 More wealth than that of Munsey, yea, and Perkins!
 What's your excuse
 For saying, "Deuce,
 Take the Moose!"

Great Quadruped, they scold your sportive ways,
 Asperse your words and deeds with tongue and quill.
 They liked you well enough in former days,
 As I, a Constant Person, like you still.

So if (as they delight to dream) you are
 A Meteor already waxing pale,
 I'll hitch my wagon to that Shooting Star
 And go joy-riding on the Comet's tail!

Arthur Guiterman.



REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

The Colonel

THAT was a great response in sympathy and admiration for genuine bravery that this country made to Mr. Roosevelt, after the shot at Milwaukee. It revealed in a flash the truth that beneath the surface there stirs in the breast of every American the primordial affinity for those qualities which have gone to make Mr. Roosevelt so pre-eminent in his day and generation.

Here's to Blankenberg!

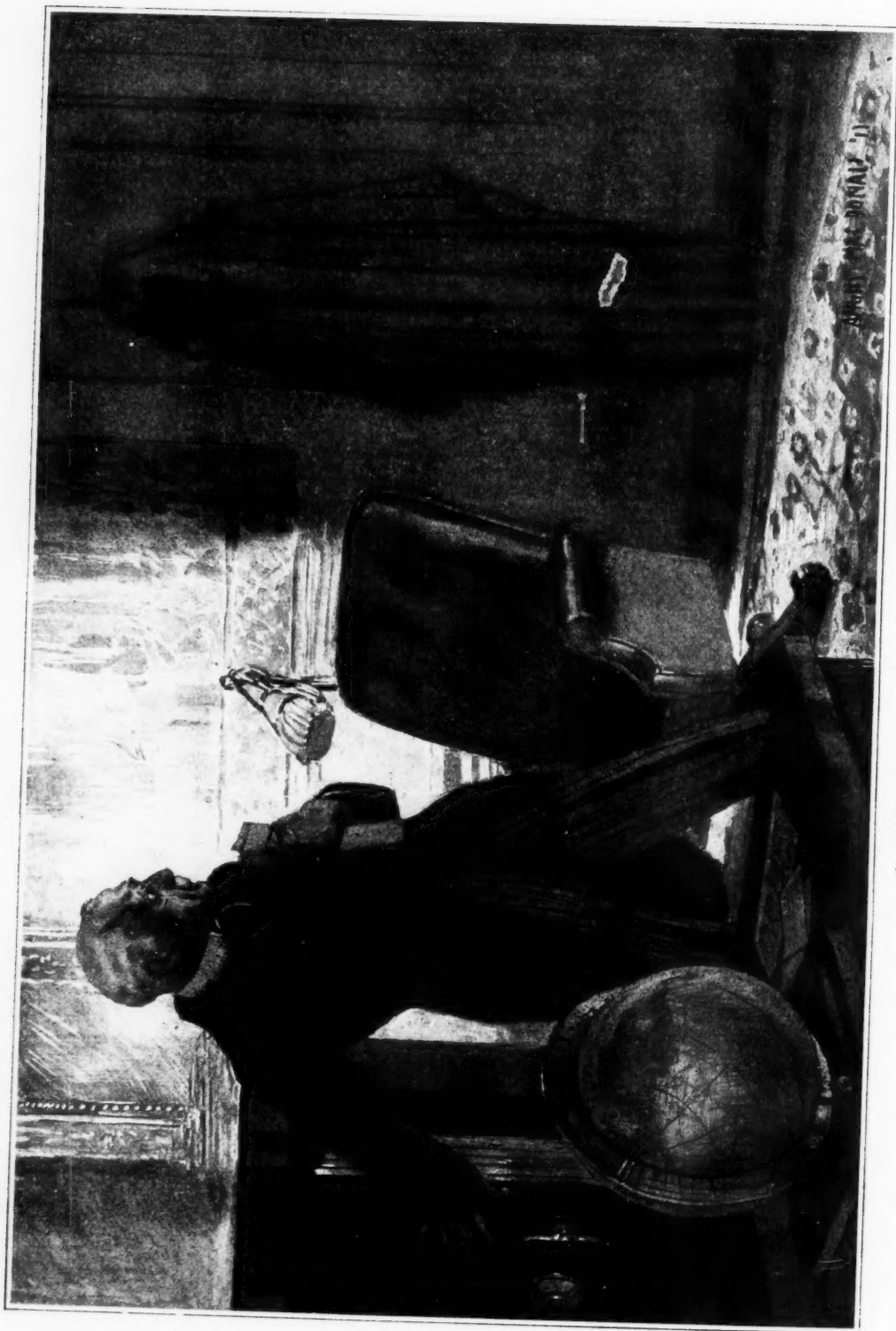
MAYOR BLANKENBERG is a great old boy. He has an idea that the householders of his city should be protected from the big interests. The other day he was interested to know why coal in Philadelphia was \$7 a ton. He discovered that the Reading Coal Company is paying \$2.30 at the mines, and that the Reading Railway Company charges \$1.70 more to haul it to Philadelphia, while according to rates in force elsewhere, this charge would be only 95 cents. If you add \$1.30 more to the retailer for his profit (and a fair profit, too), the Philadelphia householder's coal ought to cost him \$4.55 instead of \$7.

Mayor Blankenberg—if we know him as we think we do—is going to make a fuss about this charge. And if he succeeds in reducing the price of coal in Philadelphia, there is some remote possibility that we may get somebody to take an interest in the situation in New York.



HALLOWE'EN

AFTER YOU HAVE GONE TO BED



"I HAVE NOT COME FOR YOUR MONEY"

Do You Wish to Control Others?

Consult Swami Baa Baa and Obtain a Crystal Ball at Minimum Price
All Joy Will Be Yours for the Mere Willing



RIEND, are you a crusader of joy? Are you floating free on the astral heights, your auric envelope expanding like a jelly fish, in rhythmic, ecstatic harmony with the great forces of the universe? If not, send out a psychic call at once to Swami Baa Baa, the one and only yogi in the country.

What is a psychic call? No matter where you are, fix your mind on vacancy, place yourself in a passive position, and ask the Swami to come to you. Never fear; in about an hour or an hour and a half you will begin to feel a subliminal glow, and all power will gradually be yours.

Not all at once, of course, but little by little. After you have given this first mental call, it might be just as well for you to step around to our vibration parlors in person and make your initial deposit in cash. Some day, as soon as the Swami gets the materialistic machinery of the office running, you may not have to do this, but at present it is absolutely indispensable.

We have an announcement to make; something hitherto unparalleled in the entire history of new thought; not only can we place you in perfect tune with the universe, but also on the lower physical planes we can make you supreme. Herein lies the difference between Yogi (Swami) Baa Baa's methods and all others. They offer you vague uncertainties; we produce results actually visible to gross material natures. We do this to get you started. Such is the marvelous strength of the tattvic vibrations that Swami Baa Baa deals in, that any man can drink a quart of rum a day and smoke forty cigars, and, while doing this, expand his moral nature until it is on the highest plane. That we have already explained; now what we desire to call your attention to is none the less wonderful; that is, it is wonderful to the ordinary mind; to Swami Baa Baa, who is on the most intimate terms with Brahma, it is a mere nothing.



"Nothing disagreeable can happen to you."

For we not only place you *en rapport* with the universe, but we adjust the harmonies so that no matter what you do, nothing disagreeable can happen to you on the earthly plane. You control your own comfort. What this means can only be faintly estimated, but here is a statement that will make it plainer:

HON. SWAMI:

Since paying my entrance fee and concentrating on the crystal ball with which I was provided by you, all power is now mine. Yesterday, just

before entering a Broadway surface car, I lighted a large cigar. The conductor was about to stop me, when I fixed him with my peculiar gaze and turned on tattvic vibration number one. He immediately bowed meekly and let me through. Several passengers rose at once to protest, but I gave a broadside of harmony, and they acted from then on as if they positively enjoyed my presence. Indeed, I feel sure that they did. All power to your psychic elbow. From your grateful admirer, only one more



"In perfect tune with the universe."

RULER OF THE UNIVERSE.

Every day brings us hundreds of letters like this. Here is one from a lady:

ADORED SWAMI:

Last evening, just before a large dinner party that I was giving, my cook notified me that she was going to leave. Immediately I went into the silence for five minutes, and could actually feel myself gathering power from the great forces of the universe; then I concentrated on my crystal ball, hurried down to the kitchen, fixed the cook with my astral eye. She immediately prostrated herself and promised everything, but as an extra precaution I left my subliminal self on guard in the kitchen and then sat down with my guests, in my heart a song of pure joy.

Yours forever,

Mrs. B—— S——.

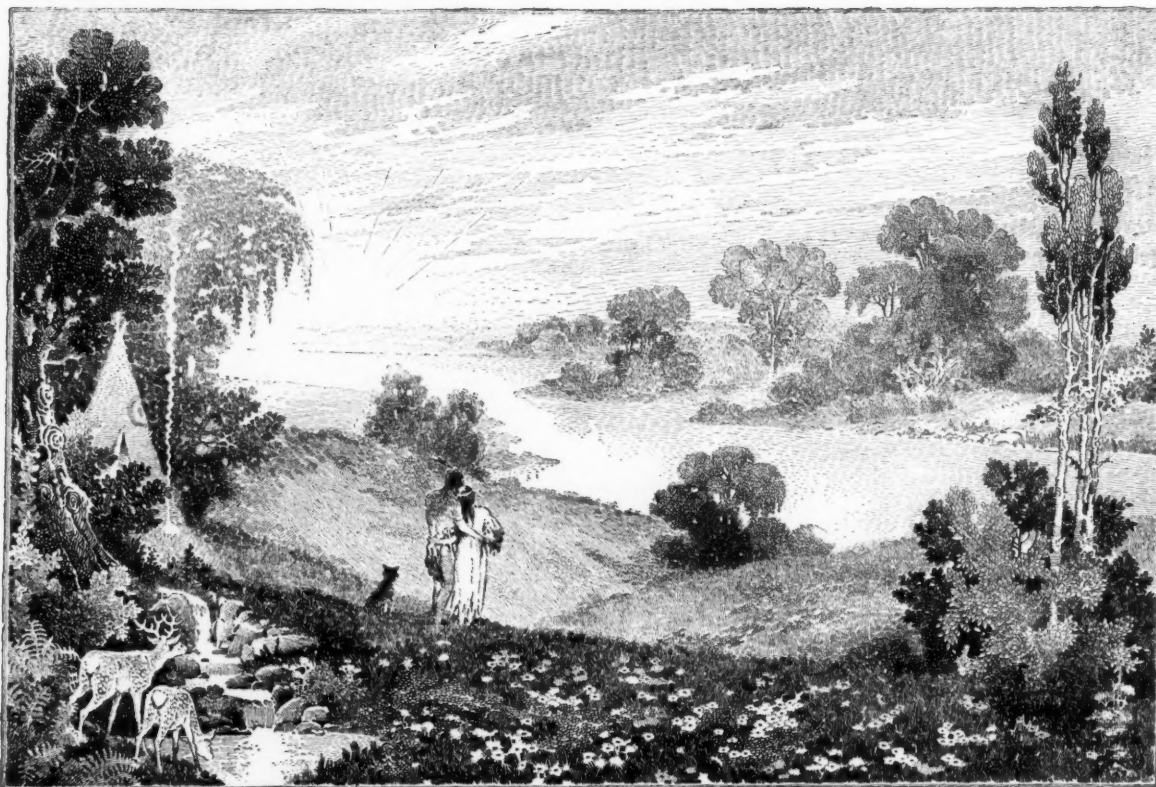
From a gentleman:

DEAR SIR:

It is impossible for me to convey my admiration for your marvelous psychic energies. I find that not only do I get great results by concentrating on others, but also on myself. Last night I was out with the boys and, coming home at three o'clock, was unable to get the front door open. Suddenly, however, there came to me a vague psychic impulse to ask for power. I concentrated on the keyhole and the door opened. Ten minutes later I sent out a few vibrations toward my wife, and the whole house was filled with rhythmic harmonies. Me for the Swami!

Remember, any one can do this who has a humble desire to be at one with the spheres. All you need is a crystal ball and a willingness to submit to the first mental entrance; from then on, going into the silence is a positive pleasure. You can reach the Swami at any hour of the day and night, and from any part of the world.

Life's Vibration Parlors.



BARBARISM

A Great Victory

THAT must have been cheering news the other day for the families of the *Titanic* survivors to be informed that the owners of the White Star Line were liable only for the amount of baggage and transportation.

It is a great consolation when somebody you love very dearly has paid his passage money on a first-class steamer and is drowned in mid-ocean—to feel that you can get your money back. The question naturally resolves itself into whether it would be ample recompense on the part of the steamship company to refund only that part of the passage money which represented the actual distance covered before the ship went down. This is one of those delicate moral distinctions which we can probably trust our honorable courts to decide.

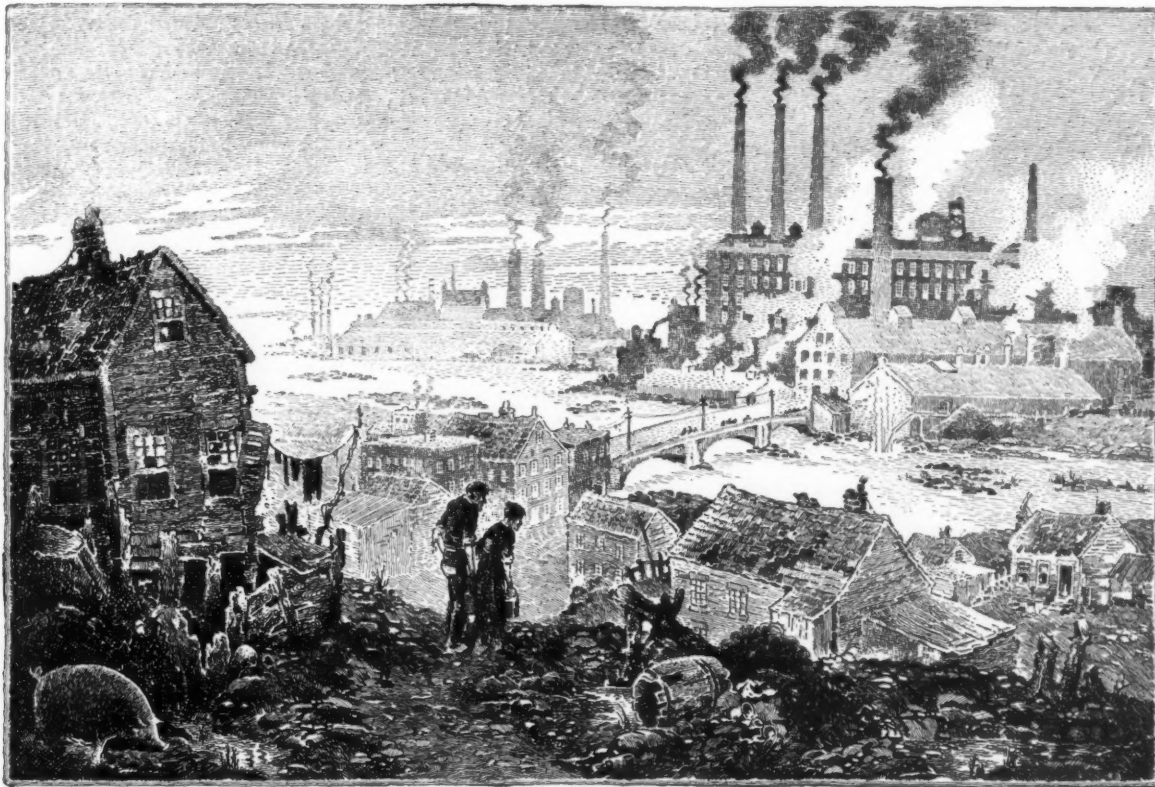
In the meantime, we congratulate the owners of the steamship in their great victory over the people, and the fact that whatever damage will be paid to the survivors will come out of the pockets of those sympathizers who have contributed to the *Titanic* fund.

SILLICUS: There is honor among thieves.

CYNICUS: Nonsense! Thieves are just as bad as other people.



NOTHING BUT LEAVES



CIVILIZATION

Poor Advice

MRS. GOOMUS, formerly Miss Mazie Gloria of the pony ballet, sniffs disdainfully as she reads in the "Wounded Heart" department of the newspaper:

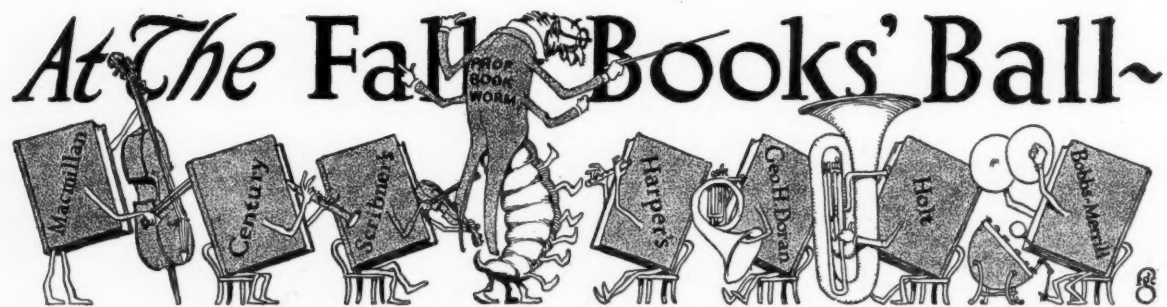
"If your husband's love is growing cold, reflect that the fault may be partly your own. Renew the memories of the courting days. When he was wooing you, you took good care always to appear most attractive to him. When he comes home in the evening greet him dressed prettily in a way that will remind him of how you looked when he fell in love with you."

She sniffs once or twice more, then murmurs sardonically:

"He'd fall in a fit if I greeted him dressed in pink tights and a near-diamond pin, and with half an inch of grease paint on my face, kicking two feet higher than my head and warbling 'Come on in, Boys, the Water's Fine!'"



Near-Sighted Old Lady: FOR SHAME, BILL SIMPSON! AND YOU ONLY MARRIED A MONTH.



GEE! It's a great sight, isn't it! Have you been round the rooms yet? I'm ashamed to say that I've only just come in myself; which is rather disgraceful, considering that I'm on the Reception Committee.

And yet, do you know, I'm really glad to be late for once. It gives you a chance to take in the show—and you never half do that on the Reception Committee. You're too busy trying to see that the plainer debutantes get a reader or two each, and keeping the earlier arrivals among the best sellers from drinking all the champagne.

But, say, the Fall Books' Ball is certainly some paranoïdal panorama when you approach it from outside!

I've been up in the Maine woods, and I give you my word that I began to hear faint strains of the distant music almost as soon as I struck the railroad on my way out. By the time I reached Boston I could make out the dance time that was being set by the orchestra. And before I was fairly inside the hall I knew from the peculiar variety of breathless expectancy punctuated by scandalized giggles that was being maintained by the ladies present that Mr. Robert W. Chambers was once more leading the cotillion.

By the way, who is that richly covered, seven-hundred-page novel that all the Saturday and Sunday supplements and monthly reviews are crowding round over there? "*Between Two Thieves*"? Not really? What a funny name. Does she hail from Golgotha or Gotham? Oh—I see—yes—well, of course, that's different. I suppose I must make shift to meet her. To tell the truth, I was a bit uneasy because I just heard Mr. Frederic Taber Cooper declaring that he had read her three times without exhausting her beauties, and it set me wondering. I've always made a point myself of really reading a book *once* before claiming its acquaintance; but I'd hate to have multiple readings get to be the fashion.

By George, though, aren't the decorative arrangements stunning? That idea of surrounding the main dancing floor with a triple line of columns—advertising, literary and editorial—is more than decorative; it's Machiavellian. And the critical illumination furnished by the crystal-worded galaxy of shining lights is certainly—blinding!

Do look at that group of detective stories over there. Aren't they killing, with their airs of gumshoe mystery and professional importance? Oh, yes, they have them

here every year. They have to. There are people that would simply refuse to come otherwise. Wouldn't feel safe, I suppose, in such mixed company. But they are no real protection. I've been attacked by Ennui, with two of them behind me and three more in front.

Yes, that's H. G. Wells over there talking to Cyrus Townsend Brady.

But the orchestra—that persuasive, palpitant, poluphlois-boious orchestra of advertising publishers—is what I can't get away from. Isn't it astonishing that so many players, each dead set on being a soloist and each energetically blowing his own horn, should contrive to keep such perfect time in the production of harmonious discord?

Just listen, for example, to the dreamy invitation to the dance that Scribner is executing on the first violin; and then notice with what skill and abandon Doran plays, now on the French horn, now on the English and now on both at once! Notice, too, the soft sibilations of the Century flute and the chaste terpsichorean piping of the Harper piccolo, and then get onto the occasional boom of Holt's tuba and the sonorous sound of the Macmillan base viol. And *do* look at Bobbs-Merrill doing stunts with the cymbals and the kettle drum!

And yet, quite without intending it, how like a single instrument they play! Just listen to the *molto con brio* of that Turkey Trot!

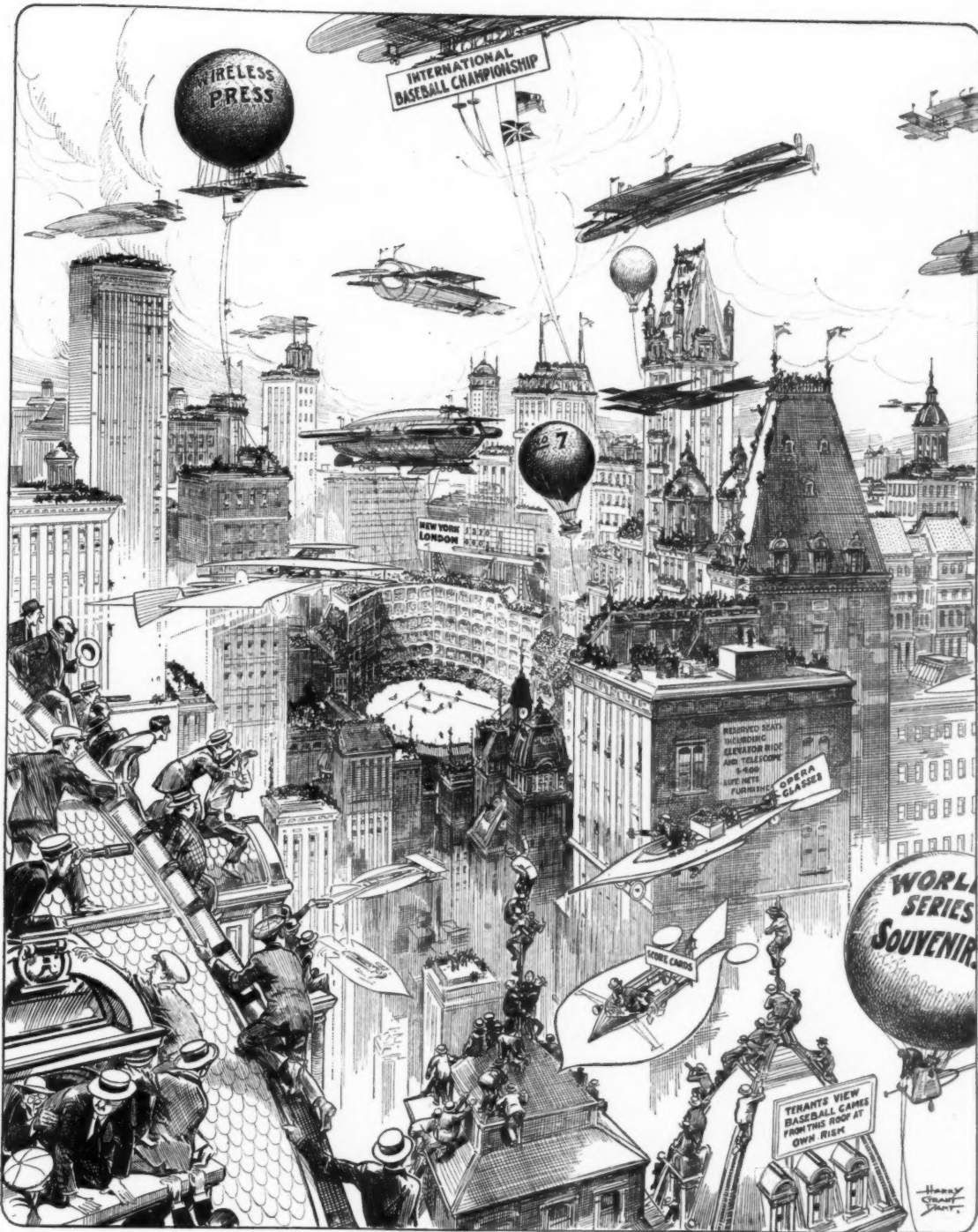
And to think that only a few years ago this pre-eminent society event of the literary year was an informal sort of function, almost like a barn dance or a corn husking, where we all dutifully danced square dances (or devilishly sat them out on the stairs) with debutante love stories dressed in happy endings. And just wasn't there a hullabaloo if anyone found a red ear?

Well! We've jolly well changed all that. There's nothing square-dancish about the card this evening. And while one does see an occasional happy ending worn I notice that they are cut so décolleté as to be practically unrecognizable.

Hus-s-s-sh! Here's one of them now, this crimson clad story with the double page illustrations. Queer error, that, by the by. The original instructions were: "Publish it not in the streets of Ascalon." But they're printing thousands of them.

Well, you'll excuse me, won't you? I hear the orchestra tuning up and I'm dancing the next problem with Mary Austin.

J. B. Kerfoot.



MAY WE ALL LIVE TO SEE IT

A Paradise for Fat People

*Obesity Center is Now Established On a Firm Basis—
The Greatest Innovation of Modern Times Received With
Immense Enthusiasm By Everybody Concerned*

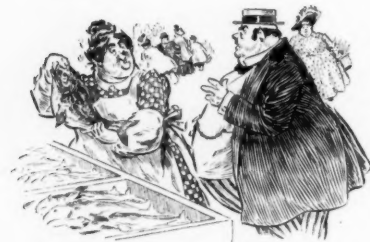
IT is impossible for us to conceal it any longer.

Obesity Center is now an established fact.

One of the greatest experiments of our modern civilization, inaugurated in secrecy and carried forward with rapidity, is now a pronounced success.

It has been felt for a long time that there should be some place where people who are unable to keep down their weight and who have, therefore, been subjected to the jibes and insults of others, should have a haven where they could live out their lives and still maintain their self-respect. Obesity Center is the happy result.

What is Obesity Center?



"The market place, Obesity Center"

It is a large and growing village situated on a rolling western prairie (State furnished on application) and devoted to the happiness of all fat people.

The streets are twice the width of all ordinary streets, and so are the sidewalks. The houses are built upon a corresponding scale.

Every person who has achieved the distinction of 250 pounds or more knows the constant peril of trolley cars and elevators, to say nothing of theater chairs.

Obesity Center has been laid out to make the fat man thoroughly at ease under all circumstances. The village has been built through a popular demand which came to us from many quarters. It is now running and the following report from a special correspondent, who has been visiting there

for several days, will be of interest to all fat people.

(Special Correspondent to LIFE)

OBESITY CENTER, October 22, 1912.

I came here last week a skeptic, my mind filled with derision. The idea that any place should be set apart for fat people seemed to me so ridiculous that I regarded this whole scheme with contempt.

To-day I am a convert. My only hope is that I may be able to increase my weight to the required number of pounds in order that I may stay here permanently. At present I have to show my authority, as no person is permitted in this community who weighs under 200 pounds.

I send you herewith a few pictures which will tell you better than I can describe the wonderful results of your altruistic scheme.

Yesterday I spent the day with the Mayor, a gentleman who is the proud and happy possessor of 450 pounds of adipose tissue. He spoke as follows:

"Up to the time I came to Obesity Center I was secretly one of the most miserable of mortals. I was obliged to appear good-natured upon every occasion, because any attempt on my part to disclose my real feelings only made me the subject of more derision. All this is past. I am now among my own people, and, moreover, the whole scale of this place is calculated to produce the greatest physical comfort. My only fear is that I may



"I met yesterday in the Stuffing Parlors a remarkably beautiful woman —"



"The Mayor of Obesity Center"

lose weight and have to leave town."

At the end of Main Street, pleasantly situated on a slight eminence (very slight, indeed, as any hill climbing, of course, would be impossible to the inhabitants), there are situated the Obesity Stuffing Parlors, under the charge of Prof. Oleo Pauncher. This gentleman is an expert in all kinds of diets, and in case people begin to lose weight they are immediately placed under Professor Pauncher's charge at public expense, the fund being provided out of the tax budget.

I met yesterday in the Stuffing Parlors a remarkably beautiful woman, who told me the following story of love and sentiment:

"Six months ago I was a slight creature and fell in love with a gentleman who weighed over 250 pounds and who was a resident of this village. As he was loyal to his home town, no marriage between us would have been possible, as the rules here are very strict, and we should probably both of us have pined away. He might have lost flesh so rapidly as to be compelled to leave, and I would never have been able to live without him. By special arrangement he brought me here and I was immediately placed under Professor Pauncher's care. You can see the wonderful result. I now weigh nearly 300 pounds, and to say that we are happy is putting it mildly."

The foregoing gives an idea of Obesity Center, and fat people who desire to go there should notify us at once. It offers every advantage for happiness and comfort and has no drawbacks.



This picture has no title.

What Has Happened?

For the Best Title to This Picture Life Will Give One Hundred Dollars

Conditions of the Contest

The title, with sub-title, or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed twenty words. The paper upon which it is sent should contain nothing else except the name and address of the author in the upper left-hand corner. If this rule is violated the judges reserve the right to debar the contribution.

Among titles of equal merit preference will be given to the shortest.

Manuscripts should be addressed to

*The Contest Editor of LIFE,
17 West 31st St., New York.*

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered.

Preference will be given to a title not submitted by

several contestants, but in case more than one person submits the winning title the prize will be divided.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE office not later than Monday, November 11. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from November 11 a check for \$100 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue of December 5—the Christmas Number.

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

Only one title from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prize to the title which, in their judgment, is the most deserving.



An Elaborate Chinese Invasion



For ways that are dark and for tricks
that are vain,
The production Chinese is peculiar.

WITH the change of one word the late Bret Harte's statement might have been a prophetic criticism of "The Daughter of Heaven." All the tricks known to modern stage effort and all the dark ways of the modern manager and press agent have been combined to produce a Chinese result which is certainly peculiar.

It is not necessary to be Chinese nor to know very much of China to be able to state positively that "The Daughter of Heaven" conveyed nothing Chinese except in a pictorial way. Costumes and settings, gorgeous and elaborate, without regard to expense, were faithful to the knowledge we have gleaned of things Chinese, mostly from tea-boxes and pottery. In color, in richness and in profusion of stage material nothing which could suggest China was spared.

With the first spoken word the illusion vanished. We were not in China, but back in New York, with a company of polyglot actors pouring out the most commonplace language. With settings that should have been the accompaniment of an impressive epic couched in inspiring and poetic speech we were treated to the most ordinary lines, varied in delivery by the Londonese of Mr. Basil Gill, the continental accent of Mr. Henry Bergman and the persistently saccharine plaintiveness of Miss Viola Allen.

THE bad management which could damn so important an enterprise by submitting it to public criticism before it was ready for smooth and continuous performance, without killing delays, will find its own punishment. More finished repetitions may eliminate the tax on the physical endurance of later audiences and give the spectacular appeal greater opportunity. Nothing except entire rewriting can give literary value and dramatic effect to the American version of the play by Loti and Gauthier. Whatever of charm or impressiveness might have been in the French original George Egerton has completely destroyed by the deadly commonplaceness of its present lines.

Of course, thought as well as money have been expended upon this production. Unfortunately the bulk of both evident-

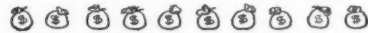
ly went into its purely physical features, to the neglect of making the proper appeal to the mind and the imagination of the spectator. If one could be convinced by the eye alone, the beautiful and at moments stirring pictures provided for "The Daughter of Heaven" should insure its success. It is a body without a soul and seems destined to failure or a mediocre vogue based on curiosity.



"THE Brute" is not so bad as it might be inferred to be from its title. There is nothing brutal about it until the last short scene, in which, after making every appeal he can think of to his wife's better nature, the young husband, who is the hero, concludes that she has none, and that the only way to reach her at all is by the primitive man-handling methods. This is instantly effective and the luxury-loving lady is quickly brought to her knees in apparent repentance and renunciation, but as the final curtain immediately descends we are left with complete skepticism concerning the permanence of the reform.

Women certainly won't care for a play whose principal female character, no matter how truly drawn, embodies some of the most contemptible characteristics to be found in the sex. Although the piece is very naturally played—up to the final climax—and both Mr. Ernest Glendinning and Ruth Shepley acquit themselves creditably, the main theme is antipathetic, and any excellencies of performance only emphasize that fact.

If the managerial canon, that women make or break plays, is well founded, "The Brute" is not destined to be long-lived.



WOMEN might also be expected to have a prejudice against a piece entitled "The Woman-Haters." In real life the woman-hater has more or less fascination, perhaps that of curiosity, for the opposite sex, so this title isn't necessarily fatal, particularly as the subject is simply a humorous theme for a farcical operetta from the German.

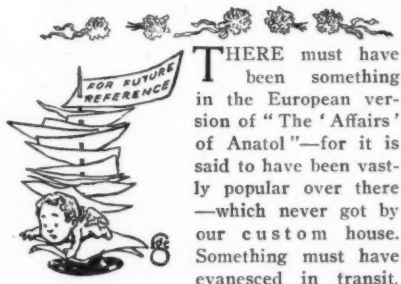


"WHAT SORT OF A MAN IS HE?"
"WELL, HE'S JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR—A GENEROUS SOUL, WITH A LIMOUSINE BODY."



ROUGH ON RATS

"The Woman-Haters" is melodious in its score, by Mr. Edmund Eysler, more than usually funny in its book, by Mr. George V. Hobart, and is excellently performed by a well-chosen company, headed by Sallie Fisher, Dolly Castles, Messrs. Leslie Kenyon, Walter Lawrence and Joseph Santley. Its men are organized in a club whose purpose is anti-matrimonial, which is a strong incentive for the women to thwart that purpose. After a sufficient amount of comic opera plot to make three acts they are of course successful, and the last curtain finds all hands paired off and joining in a harmonious final chorus.



There must have been something in the European version of "The 'Affairs' of Anatol"—for it is said to have been vastly popular over there—which never got by our custom house. Something must have evanesced in transit. No claim has been made for its dramatic qualities, as it is frankly billed not as a play, but as "a sequence of episodes." These episodes are successive love affairs of a young man with a wandering affection, and the five of them each has what in an ordinary play would be an act. They are entirely disconnected,

except by the personality of the hero, and that of his man friend who supplies the place of an explanatory chorus.

The original brilliancy of the work of Arthur Schnitzler may have been lessened in this version by deference to the Puritanism which puts a limit on the possibilities of the English-speaking stage. That deference is not complete, as is shown by the fact that the "affairs" are conducted in bachelor apartments and a private room in a restaurant. The main idea is certainly original and lends itself to permitting each of five young and attractive actresses to be a leading lady for one episode. The list includes Marguerite Clark, Gail Kane, Doris Keane, Katherine Emmett and Isabelle Lee, each portraying a different type of fascinating influence in the sentimental career of *Anatol*.

So much has been expected of the Little Theatre that perhaps it is unfairly handicapped. In the present instance there is a feeling of disappointment in the absence not only of wit and sparkle

in the material offered, but also of great distinction in its presentation. Bar the amusement created by Doris Keane's impersonation of the greedy girl and Marguerite Clark's ingenue sweetness, there was little outside of personal attractiveness that was effective on the distaff side. Mr. John Barrymore's *Anatol* was a smooth and easy performance, but it was all external, nothing that quite explained the character. There must have been something more subtle than any idea conveyed by Mr. Barrymore to account for *Anatol* as anything but a healthy young man with an indiscriminate fondness for the other sex. The actor could not go further than the lines allotted to him, but in his performance, as in the piece itself, there seemed to be something lacking; an intangible and indefinable impression that suggested champagne without the bubbles and with the stimulating effect also gone.

"The 'Affairs' of *Anatol*" is unique, it is pleasantly done, but it is disappointing. *Metcalfe.*



Astor.—"The Woman-Haters."

Belasco.—Frances Starr in "The Case of Becky," by Mr. Edward Locke. Excellently staged study of a young woman with a dual personality and her treatment by hypnotism.

Broadway.—Last fortnight of "Hanky Parky." Elaborately staged girl-and-music show of average merit.

Casino.—"The Merry Countess." Strauss's delightful "Fledermaus" attractively modernized.

Century.—"The Daughter of Heaven."

Cohan's.—"Broadway Jones." Laughable and well presented light comedy of life here and now.

Comedy.—"Fanny's First Play," by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Satirical comedy with the British middle classes and the London dramatic critics for targets. Clever and well done.

Criterion.—"Tantalizing Tommy." Musical version of revived farce. Attractive score and reasonably amusing.

Daly's.—Mme. Bernhardt in moving pictures.

Eltinge.—"Within the Law." Very well acted and absorbing melodrama with a lesson.

Empire.—"The Perplexed Husband." Unusually clever polite English comedy, satirizing suffragism and well acted by Mr. Drew and good company.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Little Miss Brown." Incidents of American hotel life turned into laughable farcical comedy.

Gaiety.—"Officer 666." Very diverting farce with occasional melodramatic moments. Funny and well done.

Garrick.—Mr. John Mason in "The Attack." French analytical drama. A bit slow but well acted.

Hippodrome.—"Under Many Flags." Especially interesting and imposing stage pictures of foreign scenes with ballet and spectacle.

Hudson.—Mr. Robert Loraine in Shaw's "Man and Superman." Revival in good presentation of one of the author's cleverest comedies.

Knickerbocker.—"Oh! Oh! Delphine." Tuneful and brilliantly staged musical piece.

Little.—"The 'Affairs' of Anatol."

Lyceum.—Miss Billie Burke in "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl," by Pinero. Well acted drama of life in the musical comedy world of London. Quite interesting.

Lyric.—"The Master of the House." Crude emotional drama based on marital infidelity, repentance, and forgiveness.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Ready Money." Counterfeit money as the basis of financial credit demonstrated in laughable light comedy.

Moulin Rouge.—"Ziegfeld Follies." Notice later.

Park.—"My Best Girl." Girl-and-music show with Mr. Clifton Crawford. Amusing.

Playhouse.—"Little Women."

Republic.—"The Governor's Lady." Emma Dunn as the capable star in a Belasco production of a not remarkably impressive American drama.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Brute," by Mr. F. A. Kummer. See above.

Wallack's.—"The New Sin." Notice later.

Weber's.—"A Scrape o' the Pen," by the author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings." Scotch village life in amusing character portrayal.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1912." An olla podrida of girls, music, and dancing for the popular taste.



The Reason Dinner W



on Dinner Was Late



WHEN WOMEN ARE SOLDIERS
SIGNS OF AN EARLY ENGAGEMENT

Lo! The Poor Oyster!

(Dr. Wiley has announced that the oyster suffers untold agony when eaten on the half shell.—*News Item.*)

WHEN the meek, retiring oyster
Is abstracted from his bed
In a manner rather shocking,
He is very far from dead.
When we prod his private person,
(Though his heart seems still and cold)
We convulse his constitution
With an agony untold.
Now instead of adding lemon,
'Twould be vastly more humane
To anoint his tiny features
With a sprinkling of cocaine.

When we add a pinch of pepper
Just to give the menu zest,
We envelop him in suffering,
That rends his tiny breast;
And a touch of hot tabasco
To his person, it appears,
Brings a gush of untold anguish
That is far too deep for tears.
So instead of adding condiments
That give him needless pain,
Let us spray the little fellow
With a dash of Sauce Cocaine.

Jacob J. Liebson.



District Attorney: IS THE LADY ON YOUR LEFT, JUST SELECTED AS A JUROR, RELATED TO YOU, MR. JONES?

"YES, SIR, SHE'S MY WIFE."

"WOULD SHE BE APT TO INFLUENCE YOUR OPINION IN DECIDING ON THE MERITS OF THIS CASE?"

Judge: THAT IS A FOOLISH QUESTION. MR. JONES, YOU ARE EXCUSED.

Good-By, Art!

"Art is dying."—George Moore

CONFIRMING Mr. Moore's recent statement about Art, we have taken the trouble to make an investigation by interviewing the leading artists of this country, and are reluctantly compelled to admit that Mr. Moore is right; this in spite of many assertions to the contrary. The interviews follow.

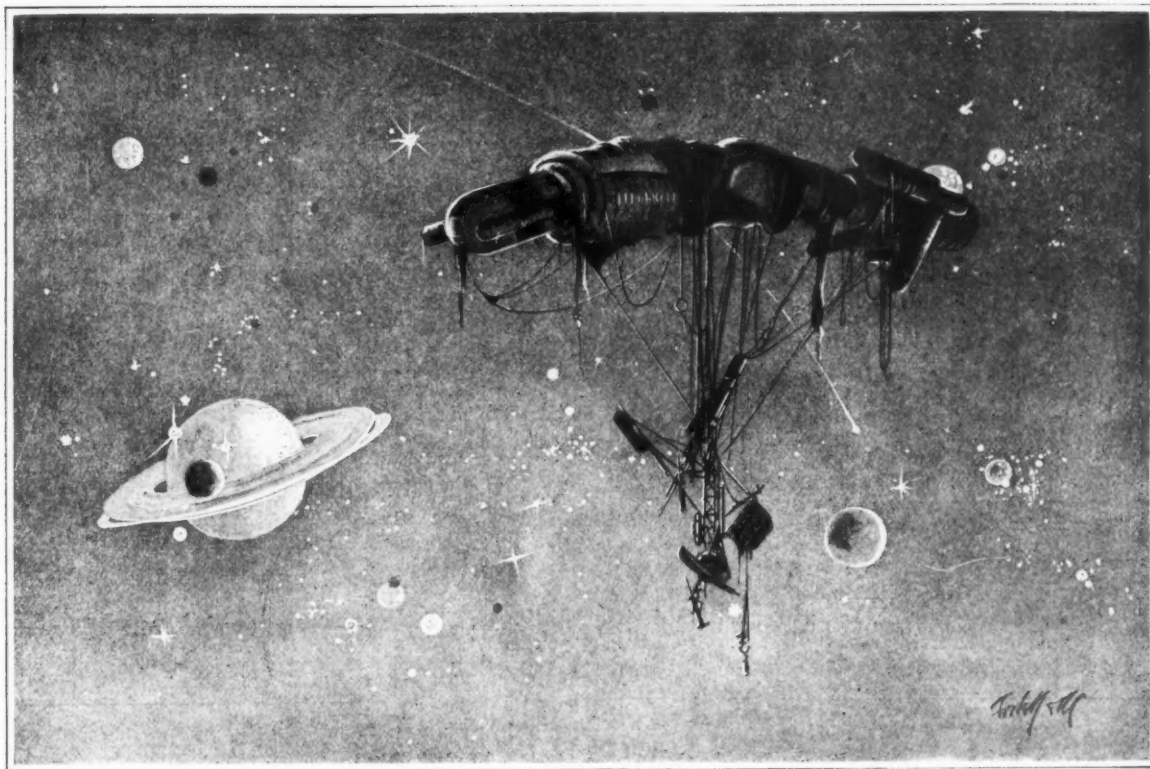
Boss Murphy was seen coming out of the State House at Albany.

"Yes," he said in response to the query, "George Moore is dead right. Art is no longer what it was. There was a time when I could manage the Albany Legislature, including the Governor and everybody else inside, with an artistic finish that was a joy. Now that decadent methods have crept in, however, I can't do anything without having my actions published to the world. Dear old Art! she served me well for many years."

"I am afraid," said Mr. Robert Chambers, "that Mr. Moore is too near the truth. I used to be an artist, but it doesn't pay any longer. I write my books now by machinery. It is a question between the hand-made novel of the past and the gasoline perfected article of the present."

J. O. Armour was seen in Chicago presiding over the stockyards. He shook his head dolefully when the question was asked him.

"Of course Art is dying," he said. "Why, it used to be a positive pleasure to put up the price of meat any time we felt like it; and the method of doing it had a technique that Botticelli never equaled. Now, however, when we wish to add a few more millions to our private fortunes and to corner the meat market, the process is a bungling



THE WANDERER

and very inartistic one. It's too bad. Poor old Art!"

J. P. Morgan munched his cigar a few moments before replying:

"Yes," he said, "it's true, of course. And I have done all I could in the last few years by bringing over art treasures to meet the deficiency. It is no longer an artistic achievement to underwrite a Government loan, reorganize a railroad, or create a panic in Wall Street. It is a purely automatic process at present, and the fine inspiration, the feverish sense of enthusiasm, in fact, all of the various emotions that a real artist feels, are no longer present. We are getting to be a practical people. Great shame, isn't it?"

Metropolisville Qualifies

"BUT you can't really call Metropolisville a city."

"We can't, huh? Why, we've got a street car strike on that lasted a month, two murder mysteries, the Mayor and the Chief of Police under grand jury indictments and thirty-seven dictaphones in the City Hall."

THE lecturer was discussing "Woman" at the ladies' luncheon. He said: "The characteristic of women is that they always apply things personally."

"Why," said the hostess angrily, "I don't."

BILL SYKES now dresses very elegantly, and finds it much more profitable to send his children into the sweatshops.



Clergywoman: WILT THOU LOVE, CHERISH AND VOTE AS THY WIFE DICTATES?
"I WILL."

Sanctum Talks



"My Bull Moose is waiting for me outside——"

"HELLO, LIFE!"

"Why, hello, George Perkins! Sit down!"

"Can't stop but a moment, LIFE; my Bull Moose is waiting for me outside and he's pretty restive. Say, what do you think of me, anyway?"

"I think millions of you, George; everybody does."

"But it pains me to have you insinuate that I'm not on the level. The fact that I've been indicted several times ought not to weigh with a judicial person like yourself."

"My dear George, you're entirely mistaken. Of course, you're on the level. Everybody who is worth over a million is on the level in this country."

"But don't you see what I'm trying to do? I'm trying to reorganize this Government and put it on the right basis."

"So that every millionaire will get a fair show?"

"Yes; and so that a lot of these trouble makers will be put out of business."

"Such as our friends the Socialists, and the Democrats, and the Labor Unions, and the critics of the Harvester Trust, and a lot of other misguided cranks."

"Well—why not? All I need is a little time, LIFE; you don't know how honest I am. I tremble when I think of my own honesty."

"So do I, George—so do I."

"There goes that Bull Moose. Well, ta-ta, LIFE. See you later."

"Not if I see you first, George!"

A Manless Navy



WHY these strenuous efforts to make service in our navy a thing to be avoided?

This time a sailor is sent to prison for a year because he refused to submit to typhoid vaccination. All vaccination, typhoid and otherwise, is pronounced by many physicians a "dangerous and filthy rite." Why select defenseless members of the army and navy for this thing, against which thousands of educated Americans are vigorously protesting?

Is it forced upon members of the Cabinet? Are United States Senators imprisoned a year for declining it? Is the application of these medical fads more important to Uncle Sam than the popularity of his naval service? Than the pure blood, clean health and good will of his boys?

If this injection of disease is part of the service, it would be only fair to give notice before enlistment. And if such notice were given there would be few enlistments.

His Argument

"OF course," said the lawyer, "your Honor is right in deciding to take time to look into the matter, but in the meantime, we are entitled to the assumption that the law is unconstitutional."

"How so?" asked the judge.

"Why, because it was passed by the New York Legislature."



"AND WHO IS THIS MAN?"

"HE WAS EDITOR OF A HUMOROUS MAGAZINE, AND IS NOW SENTENCED TO REJECT MANUSCRIPTS AND COMIC DRAWINGS FOR FOUR THOUSAND YEARS."



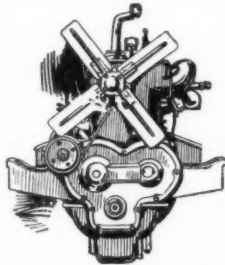
**Electric Self-Starters—
Electric Lighting—Standard Equipment
Abbott-Detroit Power Plants—(Continued)**

THE elimination of noise and those features which cause it, has been the greatest aim of automobile engineers during the last year.

As much of the sound from the motor emanated from the gears and valves, everything has been done to improve these parts of the mechanism.

NOISELESS TIMING GEARS.

The timing gears, which transfer the power from the main shaft to the shafts operating the valves, magneto and pump are "helically" cut, that is, on an angle—the best way to prevent noise and stripping of teeth.



Front view of motor showing aluminum fan and timing gear case.

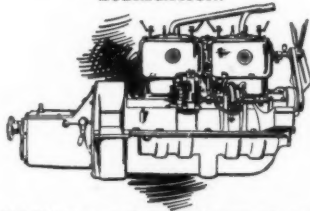
The gears are enclosed and run in oil—hence are practically noiseless, even at high speeds.

The cam shafts are forged from a single piece of low-carbon steel and the cams are integral with the shaft.

These shafts run in long nickel bronze bearings and are lubricated from special oil pockets cast in the side of the crank case for this purpose.

Owing to the necessity of great accurateness in cam-shaft construction, they are first roughly machined, then subjected to a special process of heat-treatment which thoroughly hardens them. They are then ground so accurately that they are noiseless in their operation. This is very important—a point frequently overlooked.

LUBRICATION.



Right side of power plant, showing magneto, pump and general form of crank and gear case.

A double plunger pump taking the oil from a reservoir in the bottom of the crank shaft case, forces the lubricant to the timing and starting gears in front and over the main rear bearings.

The middle crank shaft and connecting rod bearings receive the oil from splash system.

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

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 will be printed in serial form.

This is the fourth of the series. The fifth will appear in the Saturday Evening Post, Nov. 16th; Collier's, Nov. 9th; Life, Nov. 23; Literary Digest, Nov. 2.

Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

ABBOTT-DETROIT ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER

All 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped with our own specially designed, self-contained electric self-starter. Connected to crankshaft with independent train of gears. When gasoline motor starts, over-running clutch releases gears and they remain idle while gasoline motor is running.

Not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition, lighting and starting, but a real, dependable self-starter, built as a part of the engine, included as a regular equipment. Visit our sales rooms and have its operation explained.

The amount of oil in the crank case is indicated at all times by an oil gauge on the motor.

IGNITION SYSTEM.

A dual ignition system is employed, the current being taken from the storage battery for starting.

A heavy cable conveys the current through a conduit, insuring perfect insulation, eliminating short-circuiting troubles, also doing away with a large number of wires which are sometimes found hanging loose on automobile motors.

The spark plugs are placed over inlet valves where the gas mixture is always fresh and where combustion will take place rapidly and completely.

They are also conveniently located for inspection.

THE CARBURETOR.

The Abbott-Detroit carburetor is of the most improved double jet type with hot water heated mixing chamber, making it particularly efficient in winter.

It is very economical, simple, and responds readily at all speeds.

Abbott-Detroit cars can be throttled down to four miles per hour and then almost instantly increased in speed to 45 miles per hour: a remarkable proof of flexibility.

COOLING SYSTEM.

The water used for cooling the cylinders is circulated through the water jacket of the engine and the radiator by means of a large centrifugal pump which has a capacity of from six to eight gallons per minute at 1400 revolutions.

Abbott-Detroit

Built for Permanence and Guaranteed for Life

A genuine cellular tube radiator cooled by an aluminum fan, operated by a belt from the engine shaft, keeps the water at a suitable temperature under the most severe conditions.

ACCURATE BALANCING NECESSARY.

Assuming that all the component parts of the power plant are well made and assembled, there still remains another very important thing to be done—namely, to properly balance the fly wheels, crank shafts, connecting rods and pistons, so that their motion shall not set up destructive vibration and needless noise. Abbott-Detroit motors are balanced properly.

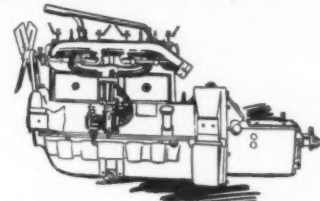
The fly wheels and crank shafts are carefully drilled and weighted for both a running and standing balance.

The pistons, connecting rods, piston pins, etc., are likewise weighted and equalized.

As a result of this accurate balancing, we secure smoothly running engines, free from jerks and jars, knocks and squeaks.

Note:—This is another point of Abbott-Detroit superiority which you cannot detect by a superficial examination.

The 1913 line of Abbott-Detroit cars has been carefully thought out and scientifically designed.



Left side of power plant, showing carburetor and valve covers.

As a result, you will find that Abbott-Detroit cars possess value such as you have never seen before in cars of this price class.

Let our dealers show them to you.

MODELS AND PRICES

34-40	Fore-Door Roadster,	116-inch wheel base	\$1700
34-40	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car,	116-inch wheel base	\$1700
44-50	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau,	121-inch wheel base	\$1975
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car,	121-inch wheel base	\$2000
44-50	Battleship Roadster,	121-inch wheel base	\$2150
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Limousine	121-inch wheel base	\$3050

Advance catalog on request.

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY
615 Waterloo Street Detroit, Michigan

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Ways That Won

Some two dozen makers started out to build tires. Perhaps half of these makers did their level best. Each sought the leading place.

The verdict was left to the hundreds of thousands who buy automobile tires. And they judged solely by the service, by lack of trouble, by the cost per mile.

That verdict, after 13 years, favors Goodyear tires. They now outsell all others.

They are used, perhaps, on 250,000 cars. Their present sale is 100,000 monthly.

Their sale today is 12 times larger than three years ago. Which shows how overwhelming is the final choice.

Every tire user—every man in business—will wish to know what won this war of giants.

Here we tell you—read it.

The Goodyear Business Code

Getting Able Men

The one thing certain is that motorists can't long be fooled on tires.

Tires are too important.

In the long run, none but the best tires can hope for leading place. And the way to build the best tire is to get the ablest men.

So we started a system for getting and developing men of unusual calibre.

Part of that system, still in use, is to send men yearly to great technical

schools to pick the most promising graduates. We are great believers in young men.

Thus we gathered here, in the course of years, an army of expert tire men. And their futures and fortunes depend solely on perfecting Goodyear tires.

Active Rivalry

To get from these men the very best that was in them, we created rivalry.

We arranged to test, by metered mileage, every promising idea and suggestion.

We have compared in this way some 240 formulas and fabrics. Methods of making, of wrapping, of vulcanizing, were all submitted to this mileage test.

Any old idea was promptly discarded when a new one proved the better. Then the new was discarded for something better still.

This ceaseless advancement, continued 13 years, has made Goodyear tires as you know them now. They are pretty close to finality.

The Winners Were Made Partners

The leading places in our factory went to the men who won. And those men also came to share in our profits.

In our factory building tires there are now 49 stockholders, whom we helped to acquire their stock.

And those 49 partners are watching the factors which make men want Goodyear tires.

Insuring a Square Deal

Free Competition

We stand in the tire business for free competition. To this end we maintain the most complete independence.

We have no alliances, no agreements with competitors. We shall never consolidate with them.

Free competition puts men on their mettle. It forces fair prices. It compels a square deal.

Under free competition, the best tire will win. And that's the result we are after.

One machine on which we hold patents, for instance, enables one man to do the work of ten. It also insures perfect wrapping.

Another patented feature controls the only way to make a satisfactory tire which doesn't hook to the rim.

But all of our patents are licensed to others, and all who will may use them.

Thus we avoid even patent monopoly, which is considered the due of inventors.

**Only \$10,000,000
Capital**

This is the world's largest tire business, and our sales this year will exceed \$25,000,000.

Yet all of this business is being done on a capital of \$10,000,000, every dollar of which represents actual assets. Our patents and good-will are, on our books, valued at \$1.

Users of our tires are not asked to pay dividends on any fictitious capital.

Profit, 8½ Per Cent

This condition permits us to cut our profits down to the lowest margin. Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires averaged 8½ per cent.

Our cost is cut by labor-saving machinery, by enormous output, by modern equipment. So, when we add to that cost 8½ per cent profit, it means

the greatest value men can ever give in tires.

The Men You Meet Are Partners

Our branch managers, by our aid, are partners in our profits. So are 33 men in our office, dealing with men who buy tires.

Thus the men who render Goodyear service share the Goodyear profits. We know of no better way to insure you the service which we intend.

Ninety per cent of the Goodyear common stock is owned by the men who are doing most to add to these tires' popularity.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Saving Half the Ruin

Savings That You Can See

Next these men of ours perfected a tire which can't be rim-cut.

It's a new-type tire—a hookless tire. There are six flat bands of 126 braided wires vulcanized into the base of it.

Your removable rim flanges, when you use this tire, are set to curve outward rather than inward. For you don't need to hook these patent tires to the rim.

When these tires are wholly or partly deflated they rest on a rounded edge. Rim-cutting is simply impossible.

These No-Rim-Cut tires, to avoid overloading, are made 10 per cent over the rated size.

See for Yourself

These are visible advantages. One glance will prove them to you.

Quality is something which you can't see. Time alone can tell it. And time has told it about Goodyear tires.

But you can see that No-Rim-Cut tires end this sort of damage forever.

And you can see the extra air capacity. We call it 10 per cent. But actual comparison with six makes of clinchers proves the average oversize to be 16.7 per cent.

23 — 25 Per Cent

Statistics show that rim-cutting occurs on 23 per cent of all old-type tires. And rim-cut ruin cannot be repaired.

It has never occurred, and can never occur, on a No-Rim-Cut tire.

So rim-cut prevention means an average saving of 23 per cent.

Tire experts agree that each 5 per cent added capacity adds 15 per cent to the tire mileage. So it is safe to say that 10 per cent oversize adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two savings together mean 48 per cent. That is what they will average. And that means to cut tire bills in two.

No-Rim-Cut tires are saving to motorists, in all probability, a million dollars monthly.

Over 1,500,000 Sold

543,000 in the Past Six Months

Last March we announced that a million Goodyear automobile tires had then gone into use. That was after 12 years of tire making.

Now, six months later, the sales exceed a million and a half.

The last six months' demand has been half as large as for all the 12 years preceding.

That clearly shows what motor car owners are saying about these tires.

Nothing Like It

In all the history of Motordom there has been nothing comparable with this rush of demand to No-Rim-Cut tires.

Our sales have doubled six times in three years. They are doubling now once in eight months.

For the 1912 season 127 motor car makers contracted for Goodyear tires. And they equipped with these tires, during that season, over 100,000 new cars.

All the figures available indicate now that one-third of all cars running now use these premier tires.

A 6-Mile Factory

Our factory additions for the year 1912 will equal 13 acres of floor space.

When they are completed they will give us a total of 1,600,000 square feet.

Were the factory 50 feet wide and

one story high, it would be more than six miles long.

This factory runs constantly, with three shifts of men, 24 hours a day. Its output now exceeds 100,000 tires monthly, and will soon be increased to 6,000 tires a day.

Our whole year's output in 1909 was scarcely more than one month's output now.

All Due to These Matchless Tires

All this is due to building tires which have never been excelled.

It is due to policies which every man approves.

It is due to small profit, to oversize tires, and to tires that can't be rim-cut.

Thus we have won some quarter-million men to the use of Goodyear tires. And those men are winning others.

Ask one of these men what No-Rim-Cut tires have done for his tire upkeep.

Or go to some Goodyear dealer and see them. Judge for yourself the advantage.

When you do that you will ever after insist on the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

The Goodyear tire book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.



GOOD YEAR

AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

The tire shown here is a No-Rim-Cut tire with the Goodyear Non-Skid tread. This is a double-thick tread made of very tough rubber. The blocks are deep-cut, and are immensely enduring. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles. They are wide at the base, so the strain is distributed, just as with smooth-tread tires. These are the best winter tires, the most effective Non-Skids which have ever been invented. They grasp the road with a bull-dog grip.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(820)



We are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Absolutely Essential to Publication

Invited to Consider

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR:—In your very clever "Woodrow Wilson Number" under the caption of "From Our Readers" F. C. R. of Cincinnati, O., writes that Catholics are forbidden under pain of excommunication to send their children to public schools. I should like to ask him his authority for the statement, and to name one case of excommunication of a Catholic for sending his or her child to the public schools. Further he states, or rather intimates, that the parochial schools are inferior to the public schools. For the past few years (since its origin) in the free scholarships to the University of Pennsylvania given by the city of Philadelphia to the school children of Philadelphia (public, private and parochial) the highest averages have been attained by parochial school pupils.

F. C. R. should consider before he writes on a subject of which he is wholly ignorant. Yours truly,

"PHILADELPHIA."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
September 20, 1912.

Some Mistakes

THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR:—Your Ministers' Number has just come to hand. I assume that some degree of accuracy is desirable even in a cartoon. Most of the clergy at whom your shafts of wit are aimed seem to be of the Episcopal Church, and I guess we can stand it, but what hurts is the vesture in which you attempt to garb us.

For instance, "Charley, the Assistant Minister at St. Joseph's"—and by the way \$1,200 is a large salary for Charley; from his looks I should not say he was worth as much as that, at least he would not be as assistant to me—is dressed in a long old-fashioned surplice with bishop sleeves. Young assistants some times have Episcopal bees in their bonnets, but never Episcopal sleeves in their surplices. Again Charley has around his neck what appears to be a feather boa or a tippet. Twelve hundred dollars would not allow him to sport such luxury. Lastly, Charley, who is apparently

meant to be a very high churchman, at least he looks like it, is wearing Geneva bands! What a combination! A long surplice with bishop sleeves, fur collar and Geneva bands is not to be found in the heavens above or the earth beneath—it might be in the other place, but I have my doubts.

If any of your artists ever went to church for any purpose—incidentally it might benefit them and raise the moral tone of the paper!—they would see what kind of garments a minister does wear, and their fun would have added force and pungency, I think. I am sure LIFE always wants to be correct, even in its humor.

What I have said about Mr. Walker's little picture applies with equal force to Mr. Flagg's extraordinarily vested parson. Really, to what church does he belong? They say we Episcopalians never disturb the peace. Can it be that Mr. Flagg has the idea that Presbyterians,

with their strenuous views on predestination and the election, are vested that way?

Very sincerely yours,
CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,
Rector.

KANSAS CITY, MO.,
September 25, 1912.

Grand Opportunity

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

SIR:—Dr. Thomas D. Wood, of Columbia University publishes a statement that 75 per cent. of the 20,000,000 school children need attention for physical defects which are prejudicial to health, and which might be partially or completely remedied.

With a National Board of Health and compulsory treatment for all defects we doubt not that a keen and intelligent examiner could bring this up to 98 per cent., as there are very few perfect human beings. Think what a splendid thing for the medical profession it would be to be turned loose upon this helpless flock of 19,600,000 defective children. The escaping 2 per cent. of absolutely perfect children could be vaccinated, thus making a perfect score.

R. G. S.

DANVILLE, VA.,
September 15, 1912.



UNPLEASANT DUTIES
MR. GAYSPORT IS REPRIMANDING THE NEW MAID FOR THE POOR QUALITY
OF HER WORK



Jackson "Sultanic"—a six— electric starter; electric lights

The increased flexibility, the added power and smoothness of six-cylinder design, are now combined in the newest Jackson with the well known Jackson comfort, and silence, and ease of riding.

The Jackson "Sultanic" comes to you as the logical result of eleven years' progressive experience in building good motor cars.

It takes its place in the Jackson line, and among worthy contemporaries, as a finished product—electrically started, electrically lighted, completely equipped.

Those features which have long made the Jackson famous are the basis of its design and construction.

It lacks nothing that a motor car should have, of itself or in accessory details, to afford its passengers the ultimate degree of comfort, convenience, and riding ease.

Its mechanical principles are those we have proved and found right by years of use.

As rapidly as production will permit, samples of the "Sultanic" will be distributed among our representatives.

Please keep in touch with the Jackson dealer in your vicinity, so that you may test the car without undue delay.

Meanwhile, write for the descriptive literature.

Jackson "Sultanic"—\$2500

55 horsepower, unit power plant; six-cylinder, long-stroke motor $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ -inches; 138-inch wheelbase; $36 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch tires. Full elliptic springs, front and rear. Deep, roomy body with 10-inch upholstery. Gasoline tank under dash supplied from storage tank at rear, with pressure pump. Total capacity, twenty gallons. Electric starter, electric dynamo and lighting system, mohair top, top hood, ventilating windshield, speedometer, oil and gasoline gauges on dash, demountable wheels, extra wheel, wheel carrier, robe rail, foot rest, pump, jack, tire outfit and tools. Trimmings, black and nickel.

Seven passenger body, with same equipment, \$2650.

Other Models

Jackson "Olympic" \$1500—35 horsepower; unit power plant, long-stroke, four-cylinder motor $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ -inches; 115-inch wheelbase; 34×4 -inch tires. Disco self-starter, Trimmings, black and nickel. Complete equipment.

"Majestic" \$1850—Long-stroke, four-cylinder motor; 45 horsepower; 124-inch wheelbase; 36×4 -inch tires. Electric lights, with dynamo and storage battery. Complete equipment.

Jackson Automobile Company, 1300 E. Main Street, Jackson, Mich.



It Didn't Matter

"What are you doing, dear?" asked the little girl's mother, as she paused to look at some very strange marks the child was making on a piece of paper.

"I'm writing a letter to Lillie Smith," was the answer.

"But, my dear," laughed the mother, "you don't know how to write."

"Oh, that doesn't matter, mother! Lillie doesn't know how to read."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

COMPLAINANT: "Your worship, she struck me in the face with her clenched fist. That cut was caused by her ring."

MAGISTRATE: Where did she get the ring?

COMPLAINANT: I gave it to her. It was our engagement ring.

MAGISTRATE: The prisoner is discharged. That is clearly a case of contributory negligence.—Tit-Bits.



OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY—THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

I Wonder

Twinkle, twinkle, lovely star!
How I wonder if you are
When at home the tender age
You appear when on the stage.

—Lippincott's.

A Southern Romance

Rufe was telling Zeke about a terrible escapade he had had the night before after he had crossed the dam at the river and was making for his cabin about a half mile through the dark woods.

"And jest as I stepped inter de brush I hears a funny noise like a shoat snort-in'. I looks up an' a blue light jumps out er de groun' and shapes itself into a ghost about six foot tall. Red fire was a-flickerin' out er its nose. It stood still kinder, then lifted a long, bony finger an' says: 'I want you, Rufe Jackson.'

"I walks up to it and shakes my own finger right in its face. 'You mind yore business and I'll mind mine,' I says, and turns on my heel and goes right on.

"Now, what'd you er done, Zeke, in a case like dat?"

"I'd er done jest what you done, you durned lying nigger."

—St. Louis Republic.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions, \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.

Pinehurst

NORTH CAROLINA

Center of Winter out-of-door life in the Middle South

Four excellent Hotels—52 cottages—The Carolina opens November 30, 1912. Holly Inn opens January 10; Berkshire and Harvard open January 15.

Special Rates during December and January

18-hole golf courses and 6-hole practice course, tennis, livery and saddle horses, model dairy, shooting preserve, trap shooting.

Good Roads in a radius of 50 miles or more

Through Pullman Service from New York via Seaboard Air Line Only one night out from New York, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati.

Send for illustrated booklet giving full information.

Pinehurst General Office, Pinehurst, Leonard Tufts, Owner, Boston, Mass.



"EXTRA!"

A free copy for Everybody who wants one

or

The Miniature Life

Life is now sending out to his friends a miniature copy, printed in colors, and full of the best things which have appeared in Life for many years. All you need to secure a copy of this issue (size 4 1/2 x 5 3/4) is to forward your name and address and a two-cent stamp to LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.



Garford

"SIX"

A DISTINGUISHED foreign diplomat recently visited America to represent his government at a big naval review held in New York City. During his stay in New York a Garford Six was placed at his disposal. It was his first trip across the Atlantic.

Just before he left for home he was asked to give his views on what he saw and thought of this country. Among other things he spoke of the remarkable progress we had made in fine motor car construction. His views—according to his own statement—were based entirely on his experience with the Garford Six, which he said was far in advance of any Six cylinder car made in Europe.

Opinions of this high character are worth considerable to those who are in the market for a high grade six-cylinder automobile.

The Garford motor is the most highly developed six built.

The method of lubrication and fuel distribution is mechanically correct, giving positive guarantee of equal driving force from each of the six cylinders at all times—not occasionally. Neither is economy sacrificed—for the Garford Six will do better than eleven miles on one gallon of gasoline on tour. The most highly perfected system of lubrication insures smoothness and quietness of operation. The chassis, body construction and spring suspension make easy riding qualities seem beyond improvement. The interior and exterior finish leave nothing in the way of beauty and luxury to be desired.

The Garford Six is one of the world's most finished products.

A handsomely illustrated book giving all details mailed you gratis.

(Address Department 3)

THE GARFORD COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO.

Principal buildings, PE. 114

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Game of See-Saw

Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture was talking on the *Mauretania* about the record crops of 1912.

"These wonderful crops," he said, "are almost enough to make you believe the cross-cut saw story. A farmer, you know, sent his hired man to a neighbor's with a note, saying:

"Friend Smith—Will you please lend me your cross-cut saw, as I wish to cut a watermelon up, so as to get it into my dray?" The neighbor wrote back:

"Friend Jones—I would be glad to lend you my saw, but same has just got stuck in a cantaloupe."—*New Era*.

**For High Balls
take**

Apollinaris
"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

**It blends perfectly
with all Whiskies
It makes them more wholesome**

NO SOAP ~ NO BRUSH ~ NO CUP
*You will find shaving a luxury
if you use*

EUX-E-SIS

(Pronounced UX-E-SIS)

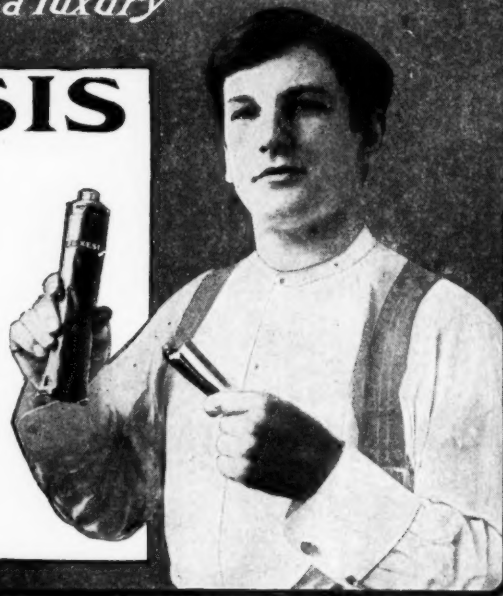
**The Great English Demulcent Shaving Cream
Soothing to the Tenderest Skin.**

Saves time—no soap, brush or cup needed—a tube of *Eux-e-sis* and a razor, that's all. This celebrated English shaving cream has for a third of a century been used by men of refinement and nice habit. It quickly softens the hardest beard so that you can shave in half the time with twice the comfort. Leaves the skin smooth and free from irritation. It is a treasure to travelers. Ideal for use with the safety razor.

None genuine without the signature *Aimee Lloyd* in red ink on tube. Sold by best druggists.

45c a tube—extra large, 90c.
Send for explanatory booklet.

Import Agents: **PARK & TILFORD**
and
F. R. ARNOLD & CO. } New York
Manufactured by *Aimee Lloyd & Co.*, London, England



Came Too High

A young negro walked into the office of a prominent lawyer in Louisiana and said:

"Boss, I kum to see you 'bout gettin' me a 'vorcement."

"What's the matter, John?" said the attorney, "can't you get along with Mary, or have you found some other girl you like better?"

The negro, with a grin, admitted that he had found such a girl, and asked:

"What you goin'er charge me, Mr. Charlie?"

"Fifty dollars, John," said the attorney.

The negro moved uneasily about the office, scratched his head, but did not speak. After a few minutes the lawyer asked:

"What's the trouble, John."

"I just tell you, Mr. Charlie," said he, "there ain't no fifty dollars difference in them gals."

—*National Monthly*.

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

Just Luck

"Tommy," said his brother, "you're a regular little glutton. How can you eat so much?"

"Don't know. It's just good luck," replied the youngster.

—*Christian Intelligencer*.

Sized Her Up

DOCTOR: Madam, your husband must have absolute rest.

MRS. CHATT: Well, doctor, he won't listen to me.

DOCTOR: A very good beginning, madam; a very good beginning.

—*London Tatler*.

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



HUNTER

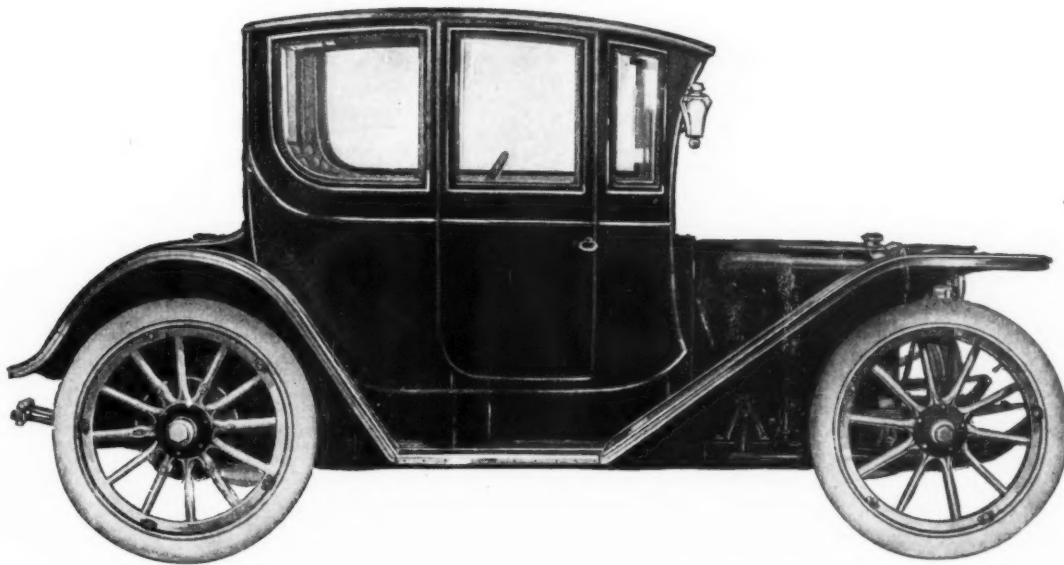


BALTIMORE RYE

AN IDEAL PRODUCT OF THE STILL

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

Positive proof of the growing popularity of the Underslung construction.
Actual sales last fiscal year over preceding year—gain 183 per cent.
Actual sales first two months this year over same last year—gain 175 per cent.



The American Scout Coupe

Elegance, Comfort and Safety in a Town Car

FOR rainy fall days and the ensuing cold and blustery ones of winter, the "American Scout Coupe" is announced. It leaps to the fore as the favorite of business men, physicians and women shoppers. Exclusiveness of style and most splendid appointments also assure its immediate adoption for the keeping of social engagements in the season opening.

The "Scout Coupe" is a winter companion to the famous open-body "Scout." The motor is larger and tires bigger to insure ample power and economy in upkeep. In appearance it is a rare combination of colonial design and the pre-eminent present day "American Underslung" construction. It possesses mechanical excellence unsurpassed.

The handsome colonial type body is deeply upholstered in black leather. In keeping with the continued elegance of "American Underslung" cars there are installed such appreciated conveniences as dome light, electrical cigar lighter, toilet case, flower vase, etc.

**AMERICAN
UNDERSLUNG**

The "Scout Coupe" will be genuinely appreciated by those who wish a car for formal engagements, which is completely controlled from the seat. The \$150 electric lighting outfit and Disco self-starter protects the driver from the usual annoyances of starting and lighting.

There is ample room for three passengers, an auxiliary and stable folding seat being provided at the left of the steering column. This seat folds into the dash when not in use and in no way disfigures the appearance of the car's interior. Neither does it cramp the occupant.

A luggage compartment at the rear is of sufficient size to accommodate a tool kit and physician's case, or an average day's shopping.

The vogue of this "Scout Coupe" will be great during the fall, winter and spring. You should see the nearest "American" dealer at once. A post card will bring his address and particulars.

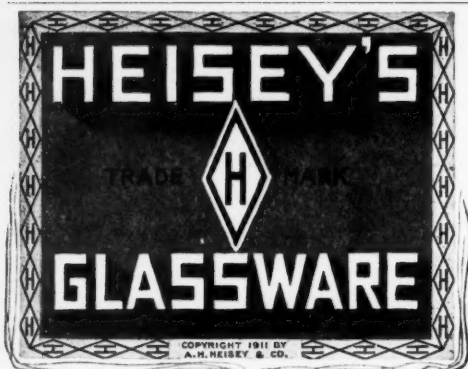
SPECIFICATIONS

Three passengers. Motor, four cylinders, 4 inch bore, 5 inch stroke, "T" head, cast en bloc. Wheel base, 105 inches; tires 37 x 4 inch, front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims.
Ignition, dual system; Eisemann magneto and storage battery; transmission, sliding selective type, three speeds and reverse; rear axle, full floating, pressed steel differential housing and axle tubes integral.

Regular equipment, electric light generator and battery complete, supplying all lamps (\$150 outfit) \$50 Warner 60 mile speedometer; Disco self-starter; full nickel trimmings; one extra rim, and complete coupe interior furnishings.

Price, \$2000 (f. o. b. Indianapolis).

American Motors Company, Dept. K, Indianapolis, Indiana



By reason of beauty of design, symmetry of form, and crystal clearness

Heisey's  Glassware

never fails to please.

By reason of surpassing quality and extreme durability

Heisey's  Glassware

is the most economical to purchase. Our Hostess' Hand Book is an authority on table glass and its use.

Write for free copy.

A. H. Heisey & Co. Dept. 62 Newark, Ohio



A Careful Critic

Sandy was an elder in the church, and a truly pious man. He had an eye for beauty and a love for it, but he married Tina because he knew she would make him an excellent wife.

"I suppose Tina is a handsome lass?" said Sandy's cousin, who met him in Glasgow not long after the marriage, and had never seen the bride. "I ken ye've gude taste, Sandy."

"Aweel," said the bridegroom, cautiously, "she's the Lord's handiwork, Tammas. I'm no' prepared to say she is His masterpiece."—*Tit-Bits.*

Safe

Henry the Fourth, King of France, always made his children call him papa or father, not the usual title of Sir or Your Majesty. He used frequently to join in their amusements, and one day as he was going on all fours with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassador entered his apartment suddenly and surprised him in this attitude. The monarch,

without moving from it, said to him, "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, have you any children?" "Yes, sire," replied he. "Very well, then," said the King, "I shall finish my race round my chamber."

CONSIDERING the outlook, it would appear that the Bull Moose party ought to have quit when it discovered that it made a profit of \$474.63 on the Chicago Convention.—*St. Louis Republic.*

The November Scribner

Two of the many things that make the November Scribner a remarkable number. The beginning of the series of articles on

Germany and the Germans

From an American Point of View

By PRICE COLLIER

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View"

These articles promise to be the most talked about literary event of the coming months. They deal with Germany, with the Emperor, with German political and home life. The evident spirit of fairness, of genuine admiration for the great things Germany has accomplished, their surprising array of impressive facts, and their touches of shrewd wit and sarcasm make them mighty entertaining and instructive reading.

The Indiscreet, the first article, is a study of the character and influence of the German Emperor.

Stevensoniana. More Letters and other Personal Papers of Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by Sir Sidney Colvin.

Send for a Prospectus for the coming months. It will be another great Scribner year
\$3.00 a year CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK 25c. a number

Cautionary Verses to Youth of Both Sexes

My little dears, who learn to read, pray,
early learn to shun

That very silly thing, indeed, which peo-
ple call a pun:

Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found
how simple an offense

It is, to make the self-same sound afford
a double sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*,
your *aunt* an *ant* may kill,

You in a *vale* may buy a *veil* and *Bill*
may pay the *bill*.

Or if to France your *bark* you steer, at
Dover, it may be,

A *peer* appears upon the *pier*, who, blind,
still goes to *sea*.

Thus one might say, when to a treat,
good friends accept our greeting,

'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat
should eat their *meat* when meet-
ing.

Braun on the board's no *bore*, indeed,
although from *boar* prepared;

Nor can the *fowl*, on which we feed,
foul feeding be declared.

Thus *one* ripe fruit may be a *pear*, and
yet be *pared* again,

And still be *one*, which seemeth rare,
until we do explain.

It therefore should be all your aim to
speak with ample care:

For who, however fond of game, would
choose to swallow *hair*?

A fat man's *gait* may make us smile,
who has no *gate* to close;

The farmer sitting on his *style* no *stylish*
person knows.

Perfumers men of *scents* must be; some
Scilly men are bright;

A *brown* man oft deep read we see, a
black a wicked *wight*.

Most wealthy men good *manors* have,
however vulgar they;

And actors still the harder slave, the
oftener they *play*;



Combination set
—Consists of Triple
Silver Plated Razor; 12 double-
edged Blades; Badger Hair Shaving
Brush in Triple Silver Plated Holder;

Stick Gillette
Shaving Soap in
Triple Silver Plated
Holder; two Metal Blade Boxes;
Seal Grain Leather Case, \$6.50.

No Stopping—No Honing With this Shaving Outfit

MEN wish to make shaving easy and simple—not complicated and difficult. Their very first reason for quitting the barber or for putting aside the old-fashioned razor is to save time, or to get away from the everlasting nuisance of stropping and honing.

They find the Gillette a three-minute proposition—nothing to do but *lather and shave*—sharp, dependable edge always at hand—adjustable to any beard, any skin, to a light or a close shave—and the free, natural angle-stroke that slips the beard off velvet smooth.

Get a Gillette—try the shaving quality of these *new Blades*.

Gillette Safety Razor

For sale in forty thousand retail stores in every part of the habitable globe

No Stopping  No Honing

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

King Gillette

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY 22 West Second Street, BOSTON

YOUR LANGUAGE TELLS WHAT YOU ARE

Grenville Kleiser (former Yale Instructor) is giving a wider scope in life to hundreds of earnest men and women through his "wholly different" Mail Course in Practical English and Mental Efficiency.

ENLARGE YOUR STOCK OF WORDS.
Learn to use the right word in the right place. A limited vocabulary means limited thought, limited power and authority. Grenville Kleiser will give you a supreme command of words.

WRITE LETTERS, ADVERTISEMENTS AND STORIES THAT MOVE MEN TO "DO THINGS."
The Kleiser Course will give you the fundamentals that lead to success in any style of literature. It teaches the kind of English expression that awakens attention and compels action.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME OR BUSINESS.
There is scarcely any stronger impetus towards promotion and individual progress in business than the ability to express yourself in concise, grammatical English. The Kleiser Course will make you a bigger, more successful man by giving you this power.

BE A MAN OF CULTURE AND POWER.
Good English is the "hall-mark" of a gentleman. It enables you to enter good society and to feel at ease in the company of cultured people. The Kleiser Course in Practical English will awaken latent powers and ambitions. Not only will it give you a command of language, but it will develop personal magnetism, powers of concentration, will power, and build up a personality which will command recognition and advancement. It requires spare time only, and is free from involved rules.

Write to-day on a post-card for full information and free Booklet "How to Become a Master of English."

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 567 New York

So poets can't the *laise* obtain, unless
their tailors choose;

While grooms and coachmen, not in vain,
each evening seek the *Mews*.

The *dye* who, by *dyeing* lives, a *dire* life
maintains;

The glazier, it is known, receives—his
profits from his *panes*;

By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true
when spring is in its prime;

But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if
you are *tied* for *time*.

Then now you see, my little dears, the
way to make a pun;

A trick which you, through coming
years, should sedulously shun.

The fault admits of no defense: for
wheresoe'er 'tis found.

You sacrifice the *sound* for *sense*: the
sense is never *sound*.

So let your words and actions, too, one
single meaning prove.

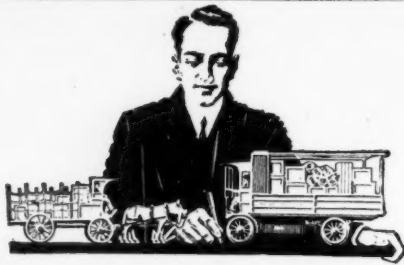
And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain
esteem and love.

In mirth and play no harm you'll know,
when duty's taste is done;

But parents ne'er should let you go un-
punish'd for a pun!

Theodore Hook.

From "A Humorous Anthology," Reprinted
through the courtesy of Brentano's, publishers of
the book.



Why Feed Your Profits to Your Horses?

SIT down and figure it out. Your horse delivery system is an unnecessary drain on your gross income. Horseflesh is not only costly in itself but any horse delivery system will eat its own head off. Wouldn't you rather have a more efficient, more dependable, more economical delivery service?

Electric Commercial Vehicles are 100% faster than horses. Electric haulage is 10% to 25% cheaper than horse delivery. These facts can be proved by actual figures from your own books.

The average life of a horse, pulling heavy loads over city streets, is four years. **Electric Commercial Vehicles** are durable—a fleet of ten 5-ton Electric trucks, installed eight years ago, is still in use and giving excellent service.

Electric Commercial Vehicles will work for you every day in the year—in summer's sun and winter's snow. There is no worry—less work and less stable space are required. Any of your teamsters can quickly learn to operate an Electric efficiently.

Electric Commercial Vehicles widen your area of delivery and their distinctively up-to-date appearance has immense advertising value which costs you nothing.



Interesting literature about Electric Commercial Vehicles sent gladly. Write today.

Public interest and private advantage both favor the Electric

ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
124 W. 42nd St. (9)

The Scotchman and the Highwaymen

A Scotch pedestrian, attacked by three highwaymen, defended himself with great courage, but was at last overpowered, and his pockets rifled. The robbers expected, from the extraordinary resistance, to find a rich booty; but were surprised to discover that the whole treasure which the sturdy Caledonian had been defending at the hazard of his life was only a crooked sixpence. "The deuce is in him," said one of the rogues. "If he had had eighteen pence I suppose he would have killed the whole of us."



"THE VELVELOUR"—Something Different
Fashion whispers: "Velours!" Keen dressers are choosing "The Velvelour" to be apart from the "crowd." "The Velvelour" is originated and sold only by us. Of finest velvet velour; silk-serge lined. Three colors: Dark Brown; Dark Gray; Black. Same hat imported costs \$3. We charge \$2 PREPAID. Money back if you don't like it. Order now—simply state size and color, and enclose \$2. Write for "1912 Fall Style Book"—FREE.
FRENCH CO., 255 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

"In Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Lithæmia, and the Like, Its Action is Prompt and Lasting."

George Ben Johnston, M.D., LL.D., Richmond, Va., Ex-President Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association, Ex-President Virginia Medical Society, and Professor of Gynecology and Abdominal Surgery, Medical College of Virginia: "If I were asked what mineral water has the widest range of usefulness I would unhesitatingly **Buffalo Lithia Water.** In Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Lithaemia, and the like, its beneficial effects are prompt and lasting Almost any case of Pyelitis and Cystitis will be alleviated by it, and many cured. I have had evidence of the undoubted Disintegrating, Solvent and eliminating powers of this water in Renal Calculus, and have known its long continued use to permanently break up the gravel-forming habit."

Uric Acid Diathesis, etc.

Jno. V. Shoemaker, M.D., LL.D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, etc., in the New York Medical Journal, June 22, 1890: "The **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is doubly efficient in Rheumatism and Gout. It dissolves Uric Acid and Phosphatic Sediments, as well as other products difficult of elimination, while at the same time it exerts a moderately stimulant effect upon the renal cells, and thereby facilitates the swift removal of insoluble materials from the body. Without such action insoluble substances will precipitate in the kidneys and bladder. The intense suffering produced by Stone, together with consecutive pyelitis and cystitis, are avoided by prompt elimination."

MEDICAL TESTIMONY ON REQUEST.

For sale by general Drug and Mineral Water trade.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA



METHUSELAH TELLS THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

New National Hymn

Our guardian Theodore,
Candidate evermore,
Of him we hear.
No let up day or night;
No rest, however slight,
Lord, help us in our plight
And steer us clear.

No matter though he said
He never could be led
To run again;
We now know it was bluff
Or some such other stuff
As guff or puff or fluff
In his brain.

He could no more keep out
Than water from a spout
With floods behind;
Always and ever thus
He will stir up a muss,
Turmoil and strife and fuss,
For he's that kind.

Stealing's a sin, said he,
Unless it's done by me—
Then it's all right,
I'm the whole thing, you see!
My hat's in the ring, by gee!
Vict'ry will swing to me—
I'm here to fight.

Lord rest the rest of us—
T. R. don't give a cuss
For anything.
His wish to ride roughshod,
Rule with an iron rod,
Put foes beneath the sod,
And be our king.

I. H. N., in the N. Y. Evening Sun.



The Train Dispatcher and the Hamilton Watch

If you want your watch to be unusually accurate, don't you think that the kind of a watch this man depends upon would be the kind to buy?



The illustration shows the Hamilton 12-Size, the thinnest 12-Size 19 or 23 jewel watch made in America. An ideal watch for the man who wishes to combine "railroad accuracy" and artistic beauty in a watch.

THE man in the picture is J. W. Leaman, Train Dispatcher on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Note the telephone apparatus affixed ready to his mouth and ear, the "train sheet" on his desk and the Hamilton Watch in his hand.

The **Hamilton Watch**

"The Railroad Timekeeper of America"

Over one-half (almost 56%) of the Engineers, Firemen, Conductors and Trainmen on American Railroads maintaining Official Time Inspection carry the Hamilton Watch.

Hamilton Watches are made for your present watch case in all standard watch sizes, for from \$12.25 to \$60.00. timed and adjusted in the cases at the factory, prices \$38.50 to \$125.00. Your jeweler can supply a Hamilton Movement

Write for "The Timekeeper"

If you are particular about owning a close rating watch, let us send you "The Timekeeper," a book about watches that pictures and describes the various Hamilton models.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, Lancaster, Pennsylvania



Our Ancestors Knew Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

It had a place on the sideboards of old-time mansions. It's a whiskey of pedigree. Full, rich body; exquisite flavor and fragrance. Aged in charred oak barrels; bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Teaching the Young Idea How to Shoot

A keen-eyed, but obviously scantily educated mountaineer led his gawky, over-grown son into a country school-house.

"This here boy's arter larnin'," he announced. "What's yer bill o' fare?"

"Our curriculum, sir," corrected the schoolmaster, "embraces geography, physiology, arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry—"

"That'll do," interrupted the father.

"That'll do. Load him up heavily with triggernometry. He's the only poor shot in the family."—*Youth's Companion.*

THREE men were talking about their religious beliefs the other evening.

"I am a Unitarian and proud of it," said the first.

"I am a Catholic, born and bred," said the second.

The third looked at the other two with an expression of contempt and shouted: "I am an atheist, thank heaven!"

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

PANAMA CANAL AND WEST INDIES WINTER CRUISES

JAN-16 28 DAYS
FEB-20 \$175 Up
MAR-27 16 DAYS
\$145 Up

5-5 "Grosser Kurfürst"

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For Rates, Diagrams, etc.,
Write for Booklet I

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ST. LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO

Small Graft

Mr. Lewis Waller and his management, being from London, take kindly to the idea of trying to make American audiences pay for their programmes. This is done by the device of having so-called "souvenir" programmes shoved at the audience by the young woman ushers, and making it difficult to secure a regular programme.

No one has any objection to the sale of souvenir programmes in a decent way if the information to which the purchaser of a ticket is entitled is made easily accessible without extra charge. Our impoverished managers are at liberty to do anything which will enable them to extort a few extra pennies from the public. The ushers are not busy selling programmes all the time and during the performance they might go up and down the aisles of our Broadway theatres selling pink lemonade, gum-drops and chewing gum.

A Happy Marriage

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

SEXOLOGY

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

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

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Had to Catch Him

The farmer's mule had just balked in the road when the country doctor came by. The farmer asked the physician if he could give him something to start the mule. The doctor said he could, and, reaching down into his medicine case, gave the animal some powders. The mule switched his tail, tossed his head and started on a mad gallop down the road. The farmer looked first at the flying animal and then at the doctor.

"How much did that medicine cost, Doc?" he asked.

"Oh, about fifteen cents," said the physician.

"Well, give me a quarter's worth, quick!" And he swallowed it. "I've got to catch that mule."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

"No use locking the stable door after the horse is stolen."

"I should say that was the very time to lock it. They might come back after the automobile."—Washington Herald.

The Winter Fashions Number of Vogue



should be the first thing on your shopping list to-day. If you want to know just what gowns, hats and wraps will be worn at the Horse Show, the Opera and other social functions of the season you will find the whole answer in this number. It's a great picture gallery of beautiful clothes.

On your nearest newsstand; price 25 cents.

By merely writing your name you may save a dollar

you may have the Winter Fashions Number and all the nine big Winter and Spring Numbers following it.

You may have Vogue's big new pattern catalog, showing more than 300 Vogue models

And a fifty-cent Vogue pattern certificate, good for any Vogue pattern

And you may save one dollar.

Send no money. Merely sign and mail the coupon to-day. It will bring you

The Winter Fashions Number
The nine succeeding numbers
Vogue's Pattern Catalog
A 50-cent Vogue Pattern Certificate } all for \$2.
And you need only write your name.

Other patterns cost 15 cents; Vogue's cost 50 cents. They are worth the difference.



You may send me the Winter Fashions Number, the nine succeeding numbers, your pattern catalog and pattern certificate for which I will send you \$2 on request.

VOGUE, New York

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....



The "Different" Cigarette

Milo

I am willing to retire before my betters—but as yet I have not found them.

—MILO.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York

A Poser for the Doctor

A New York physician was giving an informal talk on physiology upon the windy, sea-fronting porch of an Atlantic City hotel.

"Also," he said, "it has lately been found that the human body contains sulphur."

"Sulphur!" exclaimed a girl in a blue and white blazer. "How much sulphur is there, then, in a girl's body?"

"Oh," said the physician, smiling, "the amount varies."

"And is that," asked the girl, "why some of us make so much better matches than others?"

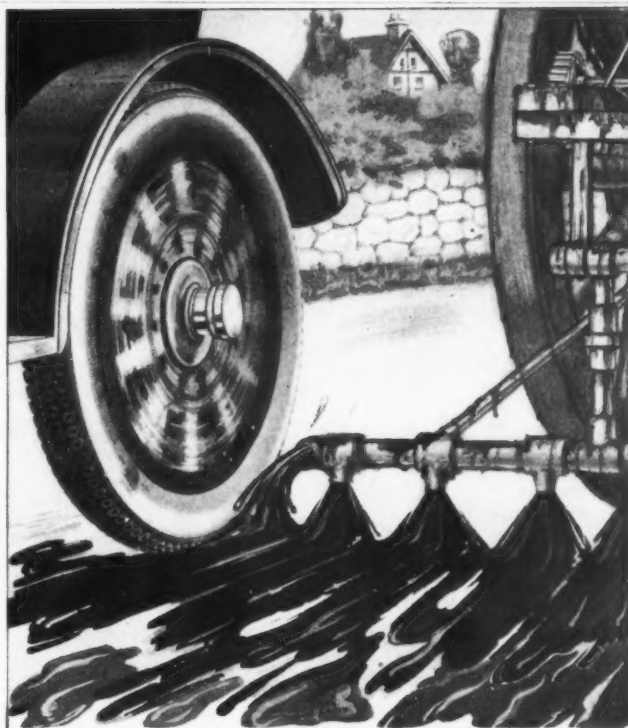
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Macaronism Originated

Folengio Theophilus of Mantua, known also by the title of Merlin Coccaie, an Italian poet, gave name to a poem, which has been adopted ever since for all trifling performances of the same species, consisting of buffoonery, puns, anagrams, wit without wisdom and humor without good sense. His poem was called "The Macaroni," from an Italian cake of the

Robbing the Oiled Road of its Tire Terrors

SAVE the money you are now losing through "oil disease" in your tires. Equip your car with



PENNSYLVANIA
Oilproof
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Passed

"Well, Binks," said Dobbleigh, "I see that they have just had their commencement up at your boy's college. How did he stand the examination of his mental baggage?"

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—Harper's Weekly.

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—New York Sun.



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—Lippincott.

A Dutiful Daughter

The father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and, of course, she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious. "Have I not," he exclaimed, "dared you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with downcast eyes, that she had not disobeyed. "What, madam! Have you not allied yourself to about the worst performer in my company?" "Exactly so," murmured the timid bride; "nobody can call him an actor."

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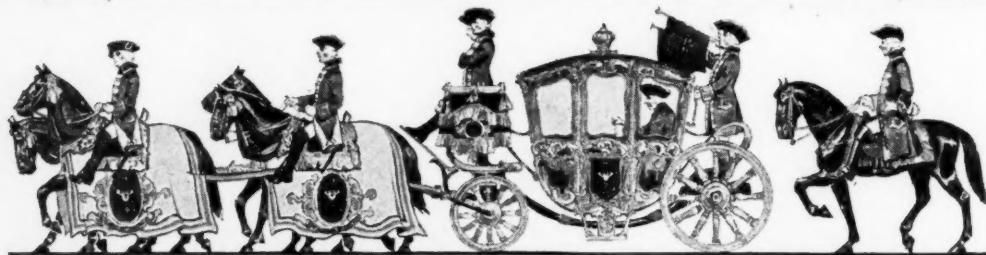
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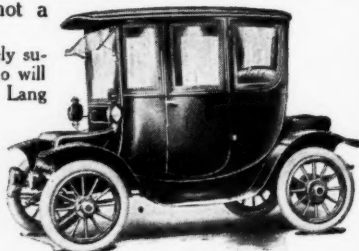
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Books Received

Mark Twain (a biography), three volumes, by Albert Bigelow Paine. (Harper & Bros. \$6.00.)

Her Soul and Her Body, by Louise Closser Hale. (Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.20.)

The Inner Flame, by Clara Louise Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.)

A Christmas Honeymoon, by Frances Aymar Mathews. (Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.00.)

The Three Brontes, by May Sinclair. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.00.)

Sparks, by L. M. Zimmerman. (Baltimore, Md. \$1.00.)

A Man's World, by Albert Edwards. (Macmillan Co. \$1.25.)

Do Something, Be Something, by Herbert Kaufman. (Geo. H. Doran Co. 75 cents.)

The Vaunt of Man and Other Poems, by William Ellery Leonard. (B. W. Huebsch. \$1.25.)

Marriage, by H. G. Wells. (Duffield & Co. \$1.35.)

Belgium, the Land of Art, by William Elliot Griffis. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.)

The Mystery of the Grey Oak Inn, by Louise Godfrey Irwin. (Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.25.)

London Lavender, by E. V. Lucas. (Macmillan Co. \$1.35.)

The Freshman, by James Hopper. (Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.00.)

The Keynote, by Alphonse de Chateaubriant. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.20.)

Valserine, by Marguerite Audoux. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.20.)

Roddles, by Paul B. Neuman. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)

Yule-Tide Cheer, by Edward A. Bryant. (Thomas Y. Crowell. \$1.00.)

George Helm, by David Graham Phillips. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.30.)

Meistersinger, by Richard Wagner. (Thomas Y. Crowell. 75 cents.)

The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne, by Kathleen Norris. (Macmillan Co. \$1.25.)

The Lady Doc, by Caroline Lockhart. (J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.)

Causes and Effects in American History, by Edwin W. Morse. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

Geo. Palmer Putnam, by Geo. Haven Putnam. (Geo. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Story of the Bronx, by Stephen Jenkins. (Geo. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The West Wind, by Cyrus Townsend Brady. (A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.35.)

The Artist's Point of View, by Royal Hill Milleson. (A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.00.)

The Master of Mysteries. (Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.35.)

The Japanese Nation, by Inazo Nitobe, A.M., Ph.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Coming of the Law, by Chas. Alden Seltzer. (Outing Pub. Co. \$1.35.)

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