

CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

Life

PRICE 25 CENTS
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COLE PHILLIPS

A CHRISTMAS DESIGN



A Really NEW Limousine

The new closed bodies are worthy of the Oldsmobile power-plant and chassis. That is at once their highest and most deserved praise. All the structural lines are graceful. The minutest details of equipment and finish are pleasing to the eye and to the sense of fitness and harmony.

The Semi-Berline type body is mounted on the staunch Autocrat chassis, with its famous, long-stroke, silent engine.

The roof is agreeably arched or crowned—a relief from the box-type which has been prevalent among limousines.

The windows are unusually wide.

The plate-glass panels, on each side of the forward seats, are arched to meet the roof.

Control is inside of the fore-doors.

The wheels are equipped with easy-riding 39 by 5 inch tires. Six passengers and the chauffeur may be carried without crowding.

The car as a whole satisfies because it admirably expresses and fulfills its purpose.

The price, with complete equipment, is \$4700. A seven-passenger Autocrat Touring body, with all parts necessary to change from the closed to the open car, will be furnished with this Limousine—two magnificent cars—for \$5000.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

Copyright 1911. Olds Motor Works

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"



In the convenient, sanitary, hinged-covered, nickeled box.

Every man wants it. You want it because no other affords the same peculiar, creamlike, soothing, enduring lather that has distinguished Williams' Shaving Soap for three-fourths of a century.

Perhaps these qualities explain why those who may have been persuaded to try other kinds are soon all the more anxious to get back to Williams'.

Williams' Quick and Easy Shaving Powder, in the convenient, hinged-top box, affords the same rich, creamy, abundant lather that distinguishes Williams' Shaving Stick.

A sample package of either Williams' Shaving Stick or Shaving Powder mailed on receipt of 4c. in stamps.

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



The Gift
Brush in
a Gift
Box

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

IS He a shaving man? His ambition is to own a RUBBERSET Brush of a quality he hesitates to "blow himself to." The dollar brush is good enough when he is pleasing himself—he knows that it will last a lifetime. The more luxurious brushes at \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$5, \$6 and \$7, are of proportionately superior quality. Abundance of real badger hair and rare grades of handles are put together with the care, the quality and expert labor that would mark the shaping of a diamond. It is this out of the ordinary brush that guarantees the extraordinary service—a lifetime of luxurious lather making!

The woman purchasing a RUBBERSET Brush for gift giving need have no hesitancy about choosing any one of the higher grade varieties. Each RUBBERSET Brush is made with *all* the bristles gripped in hard, vulcanized rubber, so that the bristles cannot come out. Look for the name "RUBBERSET" on the ferrule—it is the same as the "mint mark" for guarantee. Each RUBBERSET Brush is sold in a fancy Christmas box for gift giving, but the usual carton in which RUBBERSET Brushes are individually boxed is a welcome sign to any man.

Almost every Specialty Shop, Druggist, Hardware Store and General Store sells a good variety of styles of RUBBERSET Brushes. The prices range 25c. upwards to \$7.00.

If you have the least trouble in securing RUBBERSET Brushes in your town, send direct to the makers for catalog; or enclose remittance to the amount for brush desired.

RUBBERSET COMPANY

(R. & C. H. T. Co., Props.)

Factories and Laboratories, Newark, N. J.



Complexion Brushes

Two styles—white bristle—extra soft or medium; Alberite base. Prices \$1.50 to \$2.00. At Department Drug and Specialty Stores



Nail Brushes

Two sizes—black and white combination of bristles and Alberite base. Indestructible. Prices, \$1.00 to \$1.50. At Department, Drug and Specialty Stores.

The Safety Tooth Brush

Every scientific variation of tuft and handle. Individually boxed. 35c each at Drug, Department and General Stores.



McCallum Silk Hosiery



Can you think of any more pleasing gift than several pairs of the finest silk hosiery, as beautifully encased as a piece of jewelry? McCallum Silk Hosiery appeals to women of taste and particular men because of its richness, beauty and unusual wearing quality. \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 at the best dealers everywhere. Matched mending silk in a guarantee envelope with every pair.

Our handsome booklet "Through My Lady's Ring" is yours or the asking. Ask your dealer to show you the dainty gift-boxes of McCallum Silk Hosiery.

McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Mass.

GLOVES for Holiday Gifts

FOR WOMEN, MISSES, GIRLS,
MEN AND BOYS

at Special Prices



For Women and Misses

- Real Kid, 2 clasp, pique sewn, embroidered Paris point; in black, white and all colors. Value \$2.00.. **1.50**
- Real Kid, 2-pearl button, pique sewn, embroidered Paris point; in black, white, masticque or tan. Value \$2.25.. **2.00**
- 16-Button Mousquetaire, glacé lamb-skin or white. Value \$2.50.. **1.95**
- Real Kid Mousquetaire, 16-button length; black, white, tan, beaver, champagne, maize, pearl, pink or sky. Value \$3.50.. **2.75**
- Kid Suede Mousquetaire, 20-button length; white, champagne, apricot flesh, sky, lavender, pearl sewn black. Value \$4.50.. **3.75**
- Real Kid Mousquetaire, 24-button length; white or black. Style used for full dress wear. Value \$5.75.. **4.75**

For Men, Boys and Girls

- Men's Cape-skin gloves, one clasp, P. X. M. sewn; tan, oak, white or black. Value \$2.00.. **1.50**
- Men's Grey Mocha one-clasp gloves, silk-lined. Value \$2.00.. **1.50**
- Men's Real Kid "Franklin" gloves, one-clasp, pique sewn; black, white or tan. Value \$2.50.. **2.00**
- Boys' and Girls' grey or tan Mocha, or tan or white Cape-skin, one clasp. Wool-lined if desired. Value \$1.45.. **.95**
- Girls' one-clasp pique lamb-skin gloves; in tan or white. Value \$1.45.. **.95**

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF SCOTCH KNIT WORSTED AND FUR LINED GLOVES

Franklin Simon & Co.

FIFTH AVE., 37th and 38th Sts. New York

Underwears come and underwears go but "JAEGER" goes on for ever! If you have not yet wintered in Jaeger Underwear, it is never too late to begin. You will thank us later for urging you to it.

Seven Weights to choose from
Catalogue and Samples free on request

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores
New York: 306 5th Ave., 22 Maiden Lane.
Bkln.: 504 Fulton St. Boston: 228 Boylston St.
Phila.: 1516 Chestnut St. Chicago: 126 N. State St. Agents in all Principal Cities.



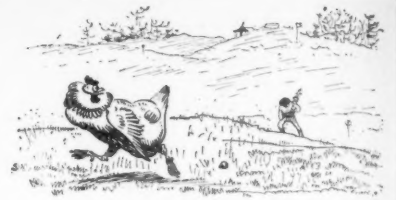
Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

You did it last year earlier than before. Do it early again.

It is better for you. You will be less crowded in the doing of it. You will have a better choice of the commodities that are offered, and more time to make your selections.

It is a great deal better for the forces in the shops; the girls and men who wait on you, and deliver your purchases. The strain of the Christmas shopping on the shopgirls, in particular, is still very severe. Mitigate it, you who can, by every means in your power. Get your matters out of the way early. There will be many who won't, and a good many who can't, and the rush will be hard enough in any case.

Do your Christmas shopping early! It is wise; it is thrifty, and it is kind.



"OH! WHAT'S THE USE, ANYWAY? EVERY TIME I TRY TO HATCH IT OUT THAT FELLOW COMES ALONG AND DRIVES IT TO ANOTHER PLACE."

The Easiest Way To Keep Your House Clean

RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning offers a means not only for cleaning floors and floor coverings, but of keeping *everything inside the house immaculately clean.*

Walls and wall decorations, ceilings, filmy curtains, draperies, heavy hangings, upholstered furniture, bookcases and books, beds, bedding, clothing, the insides of pianos—everything in and about the house—cleaned with **RICHMOND** Vacuum Cleaning can be kept absolutely free not only from dust but from moths, vermin and their eggs.

RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning can be installed in any building, large or small, old or new, town or country.

Wherever installed, it will pay for itself in from eighteen to thirty months.

"RICHMOND" VACUUM CLEANING

"Collect the Dust—Don't Spread It"

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

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

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

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

THE McCRUM-HOWELL Co.

Largest Makers of Vacuum Cleaning Systems in the World

GENERAL OFFICES

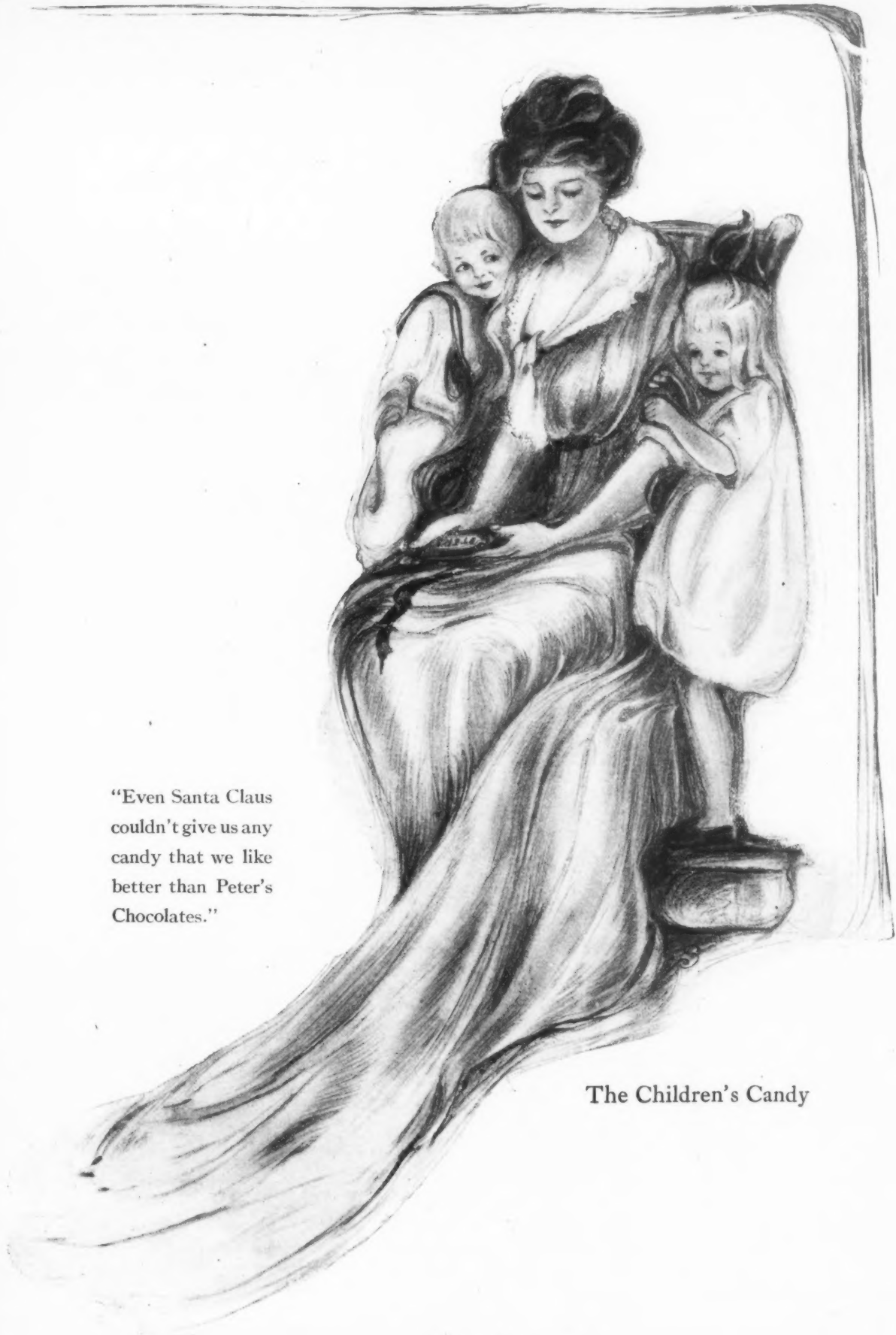
NEW YORK—621 Terminal Bldg.

CHICAGO—408 Rush St.

MONTREAL—15 S Concord St.

Branches or Agencies in Other Principal Cities





“Even Santa Claus
couldn't give us any
candy that we like
better than Peter's
Chocolates.”

The Children's Candy

Maillard's

The
Festive Season

PARIS again sends us a most bewildering array of Holiday Novelties—unique, exclusive and peculiarly seasonable—designed and made expressly for **MAILLARD'S CHOCOLATES and BONBONS.** A mere hint must suffice.

Fashionably Dressed Dolls and Bouquets of Flowers, to be filled with candy.
Auto Hats for candy (for practical use afterwards).
Newest Parisian designs in Opera Bags and Handbags de Luxe.
Cushions, Lamp Shades and Electric Lamps with Novelties for Boudoir use.
Coffrets in Sèvres, Dresden and Antique Gold.
Baskets trimmed with Flowers in many new Designs.
Real Lace and Satin Sachets, hand-made.
Large variety in Leather Goods, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes.
Dolls and Novelty Toys for the children.

Nowhere else may be found such
aesthetic and appropriate gifts

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street, New York
Afternoon tea, three to six, in the Luncheon Restaurant.

GIFTS

The Crisis

The greatest power in the financial world was lying desperately ill in his own home, surrounded by a cordon of vigilants, and no one knew how slim his chances were but the great surgeon who stood beside his bed.

The secret had been carefully guarded. It is true that what we might term a certain atmosphere had leaked out. The stock market had reacted slightly, but rumors of his condition had been met with the statement that there was nothing serious the matter, and thus far the financial effect had not been marked.

The surgeon, having given his directions, passed out into the street. In his motor car, he gave way to certain reflections.

"He can't live," he said to himself. "The thing is impossible. I have never known a case."

He began, almost unconsciously, to figure on the length of time the financier could survive. "I give him four days," he muttered. "It must come—then."

Then the temptation came.

A financial cataclysm would result

Highest Prices Paid for **Moving Picture Plays**
 Bare plots. No dialogue. Comedy, Drama and Western. Prompt payment guaranteed.
 Write for circular of instructions.
 LUBIN MANUFACTURING CO., 2007 Indiana Avenue, Phila., Pa.

PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You



Copyright 1908

25c
50c

Hunting for a Sensible
Christmas Gift?

PARIS GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

May be had in special Holiday Boxes

A. STEIN & CO. Chicago, U. S. A.

from the financier's death. It was inevitable. Why not benefit by it?

He went back to his office, and cautiously gave his orders. He gave them through many sources, in order not to excite suspicion. At one o'clock he had sold short five thousand shares of stock—all he could carry. The market kept on its way. Indeed, it had gone up slightly on the strength of reports that the great man was "mending." It was still, however, fifteen points behind its high mark of a month ago. Little by little it had sagged off, in sympathy with the condition of the man who had done so much to make it.

It was two days later. The great surgeon stood once more beside the bed of the magnate. He noted the regular breathing, the changed conditions. Marvel of marvels! He would live. That wonderful, almost supernatural, will had pulled him through. The crisis had passed. It was one of those extremely rare instances of a mistake in the calculation of certain psychic powers, often so much more important than their physical environment. The great man was out of danger.

The surgeon passed on to his office. With feverish mind he called up his brokers. The market was slowly going up. It had already advanced four points—another five points would ruin him. He had staked his all on his professional experience, and he had lost. Everything that he had would be swept away, if this kept on.

There was nothing apparently to stop it. In a few more days the financier would be out—people would see him, the utmost buoyancy would result.

What could be done?

"After all," he said, "what does it matter? As if it were not easy for me to get even!" and, stepping to his desk, he added to the bill he had made out against the financier the amount that he would lose in the market, and calling up his brokers ordered them to sell out.

"It is so easy," he muttered, "if one only knows how." C. T.



Meriden Silver



Condiment Set



Gravy Boat and Tray, "La Rochelle"

For Christmas Giving

The generosity and judgment of the giver is displayed when the selection of a useful and attractive piece of silver is made.

Meriden Silver has been perfected through fifty years of master effort, has dignified individuality wrought into each piece, and has gained an enviable reputation.

The Holiday display at the Meriden Store is surpassingly beautiful and of infinite variety — Sterling, Meriden Plate, Sheffield Reproductions, Silver Deposit Ware, and rich Cut Glass. Your inspection is requested. Arrangements have been perfected for quiet ease while choosing.

The Meriden Company

Silversmiths
(International Silver Co., Successor)

49-51 West 34th Street, New York
and 68-70 West 35th Street



Double Vegetable Dish, "La Rochelle"



Black Coffee Set, "La Rochelle"



Incidents
in the Life
of My Lady

(Picture No. 10)

Under the Mistletoe.

Christmas time brings the mistletoe and the beautiful sentiment attached to it, but quite apart from these charms, "4711" Eau de Cologne has been and always will be the most acceptable of Christmas gifts.— Grandma, grandpa, mother, father, sister, brother, cousin, sweetheart — in fact, everybody — will welcome it when given as a Christmas remembrance.

Be sure to order the "4711" (Blue and Gold Label) for it is the Eau de Cologne. Refuse all substitutes.

Sold Everywhere. — 4 oz. bottles, 55c; other sizes, plain and wicker, 85c to \$3.00.

**Ferd. Mülhens,
No. 4711 Glockengasse,
Cologne, o/R, Ger.**

U.S. Branch: Mülhens & Kropff, New York.

House Founded in 1792.



Kipling's Latest

"For the female of the species is more deadly than the male
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

"For the female of the species is more deadly than the male
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"For the female of the species is more deadly than the male
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

(Note—Repeat until the gasoline is exhausted, a tire is punctured or you skid into a suffragette meeting.)

P. F. Hornish.

PRESIDENT HAYES was a total abstainer. His state dinners, otherwise very elegant and costly, were served without wines. The only concession to conviviality was the Roman punch, flavored with Jamaica rum. Evarts was accustomed to allude to this course as "the life-saving station."

WHILE Henri IV. was once being harangued by several deputies in a provincial town, an ass started to bray. Said the King: "Pray, gentlemen, each one in his turn."



"YOU LOOK ON THE BLINK, MR. OWL."

"YEP, I JUST BLEW IN FROM PITTSBURG. THE SUN NEVER RISES THERE AND WE CAN'T TELL WHEN IT'S TIME TO HOLE UP."

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 20th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Leconturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermière de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.
Bütjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States



The Welch Club



Get on the Welch-Wagon for 1912

WELCH'S is a man's drink. Served plain and cold, it has just the tart-sweet taste that a man likes. As a Welch Grape-Ball—chunk of ice, high glass, fill half with WELCH'S, half with charged water—it goes to "the spot." There's a dozen other ways to mix and fix it.

Welch's The National Drink Grape Juice

You will find WELCH'S at all soda fountains, and in all drug stores, cafes, restaurants, hotels, clubs, dining cars, etc., where the best is served

The man who wants "something before breakfast" finds it in WELCH'S. It is a drink without a drug and without a drag. It satisfies the thirst. It is a true tonic without an evil aftermath. It ends the craving for something; it is a natural drink, with natural effects.

Keep a case at home. Dozens of times you will serve it to callers, and dozens of times your family will use it in dainty deserts and delicious drinks. Our booklet of recipes for the family enjoyment of WELCH'S is sent free on request. Write us for this valuable little book today.

If unable to get WELCH'S of your dealer, we will send a dozen pints, express free east of Omaha, for \$3. Sample 4-oz. bottle mailed, 10c

The Welch Grape Juice Company
Westfield, New York

Do more than ask for Grape Juice—ask for WELCH'S—and get it



A Recollection

HOW dear to my heart are the old Christmas presents,
 When fond recollection presents them to view;
 The hand-painted "game sets" with woodcock and pheasants,
 The lambrequins, crewel-worked in olive and blue.
 The bead sofa cushion, the knit afghan nigh it,
 The tile pipe umbrella-stand, meant for the hall;
 The big Rogers Group—(father loved so to buy it!)
 And the worsted-work motto to hang on the wall.
 The old worsted motto,
 The Bristol-board motto,
 The rustic framed motto that hung on the wall.

How well I remember the wording upon it;
 'Twas "God Bless Our Home" in letters quite wild.
 And a worsted-work lady in worsted-work bonnet,
 Who held in her arms a worsted-work child.
 Some Florida grasses were bunched in behind it;
 (Quite dusty,—though cleaned in the spring and the fall.)
 I'd give a round sum if I only could find it,—

That old worsted motto that hung on the wall.
 The old worsted motto,
 The Bristol-board motto,
 The rustic framed motto that hung on the wall.



PAUL GOOLD · E.S.



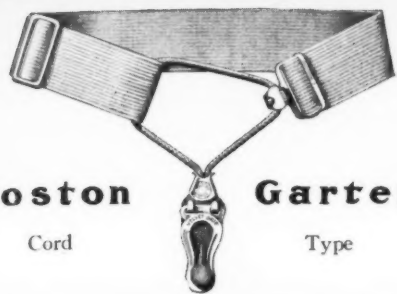
TYPOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING
 EXTENDED AND CONDENSED ROMAN



Adam: WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS?
 "A PAIR OF STOCKINGS TO HANG UP."

Though now I have many a painting and etching,
 Though I have engravings and Japanese prints;
 And quaint old framed samples (considered quite fetching),
 And Impressionist pictures in marvelous tints;
 And photographs of every temple and grotto,—
 I think I'd be willing to part with them all
 If I could recover that precious old motto,
 The worsted-work motto that hung on the wall.
 The old worsted motto,
 The Bristol-board motto,
 The rustic framed motto that hung on the wall.

N. B.—The above is entirely mendacious,
 That motto was really a perfect old fright.
 And should I recover it,—my goodness gracious!
 How quickly I'd tuck it away out of sight.
 But poets, you know, at this glad Christmas season,
 Must be reminiscent, and tender withal;
 We must strike a heart-interest, so that is the reason
 I sing the old motto that hung on the wall.
 The old worsted motto,
 The Bristol-board motto,
 The rustic framed motto that hung on the wall.
 Carolyn Wells.



Boston Garter

Cord

Type



Boston Garter

Pad

Type



C. COLES PHILLIPS

At Stores Everywhere
Lisle, 25 cents; Silk, 50 cents

George Frost Company
Makers Boston

“EVERYMAN”

Matheson

"Silent Six."

Limousine and Demi-Limousine bodies by Brewster & Co. * * * Berline bodies by Quinby. * * Town-Car bodies by Armstrong * * * and Matheson Standard Equipment.

BUILT FOR THOSE
WHO USE THE BEST



Matheson Automobile Company
Wilkes-Barre Pennsylvania
New York City Salesrooms:
Broadway at Sixty-second Street

Ad
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Advice to Christmas Shoppers

Never begin your shopping until at least one week before Christmas. Some stores remain open in the evening during that last week, and it is always well to take advantage of every golden opportunity. The sales-girls will undoubtedly be tired—feet will ache from constant standing—heads will buzz with a wild confusion of sounds, and this, coupled with that half-choked, half-starved, half-stuffed feeling left by a too hastily swallowed meal of perhaps not too substantial quality, will naturally spoil their erst-while cheerful dispositions.

Be sure and take Fido and as many children with you as you can collect. Biting the mob and annoying everyone generally will be their reward, and the pleasure you will give them will add to the spirit of Christmas.

Should you carry a list of the gifts you wish to buy, be sure and keep it in the very bottom of your purse, hand bag, trunk or whatever conveyance you happen to have with you.

Should you see a crowd of people standing six deep around a counter take a position about four feet away, run a few paces to get a good start and then, with one wild rush, make your final break into the midst of the fray. This method has been proven to give best results with the least damage to yourself, and is used to a great extent by all professional shoppers.

For Those Who Want and Need Accurate Time

Over one-half (almost 56%) of the Engineers, Firemen, Conductors and Trainmen on the Railroads of America where official time inspection is maintained carry Hamilton Watches. Railroad Men consider them the most accurate watches made.

The Hamilton Watch

The Railroad Timekeeper of America



The Hamilton "12-size" Thin Model

Hamilton Watches are made in all standard watch sizes. The Hamilton 12-size is the thinnest 12-size 19 or 23 jewel watch made in America. Prices of watches vary, according to movement and case, from \$38.50 to \$125.

But your jeweler can supply a Hamilton Movement for your present watch case, if you desire. Ask him what he knows about the Hamilton Watch.

Write for "The Timekeeper"

It is a new kind of watch booklet which is of great value to any one interested in the purchase of an accurate watch. Gladly sent on request.

HAMILTON WATCH CO., Dept K., Lancaster, Pa.



Engineer James Dempsey and Conductor F. M. Kelly of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul "Southwest Limited" train. Both have carried Hamilton Timekeepers for a long time.

GOLD SEAL
America's Favorite
Champagne
For the Christmas Dinner
An Epicurean Treat
 Equals the best French Wines. Costs but **HALF**
WHY?
"All wine—no duty"
 ORDER A CASE—
 SOLD EVERYWHERE
Special Dry—Brut
Urbana Wine Co.
 Urbana, N. Y.
Sole Maker

If after gaining first place at the counter you discover that it is only a sale in which you are not in the least interested, promptly edge your way out again, using elbows and fists to make your exit as abruptly as possible. Never waste time apologizing—it is a decidedly foolish and useless proceeding.

Make a point not to leave the store until the watchman has called "all out!" for at least six times and is then

compelled to open up the side of the building, owing to the wide expansion of packages surrounding you on every side.

When you finally reach a car for home, manage to occupy the capacity of two seats. Unfortunately this precaution is an absolute necessity, as the Public Utilities Commission has not yet thought best to compel the railroad companies to furnish baggage cars for Christmas shoppers.



There is nothing more fascinating to the average man or boy than

Tinkering with Tools

and for the man who is really handy with tools a present of one of our Combination Benches and

Tool Cabinets for Christmas

will give him more pleasure than anything else you could select. It is a handsome oak cabinet containing 95 of the finest tools made and when open is a complete bench with vise ready for immediate use.

For one less expert, or for the boy, we suggest one of our smaller cabinets. All tools are the highest grade standard mechanics' tools, arranged in convenient sets for home use. The quality is the same in all, the higher priced cabinets are larger and contain more tools.

No. 47	21 Tools	\$ 7.50
" 52	24 "	10.00
" 53	36 "	15.00
" 54	40 "	20.00
" 55	52 "	30.00
" 100	95 "	85.00

Illustration is of No. 100

We are pioneers in the sale of high-grade tool outfits for home use; every set bears our guarantee of quality. Order direct (we have no agents) or send for Catalogue No. 2965

HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER & CO., NEW YORK Since 1848 4th Ave. and 13th St.
HARDWARE, TOOLS AND SUPPLIES

Health Food

While trying to reconstruct a telescoped spine and put some new copper rivets in the lumbar vertebrae this spring, I had occasion to thoroughly investigate the subject of so-called health foods, such as gruels, beef tea inundations, toasts, oatmeal mush, bran mash, soups, condition powders, graham gems, ground feed, pepsin, laudable mush and other hen feed usually poked into the invalid who is too weak to defend himself.

Of course it stands to reason that the reluctant and fluttering spirit may not be won back to earth and joy once more beam in the leaden eye unless due care be taken relative to the food by means

of which Nature may be made to assert herself.

I do not care to say to the world that we may woo from eternity the trembling life with pie. Welsh rarebit and other wild game will not do at first. But I think I am speaking the sentiments of a large and emaciated constituency when I say that there is getting to be a strong feeling against oatmeal submerged in milk and in favor of strawberry short cake.

I almost ate myself into an early grave in April by flying in the face of Providence and demoralizing Old Gastric with oatmeal. I ate oatmeal two weeks, and at the end of that time my



ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

good for the whole mouth—cleanses, heals and makes antiseptic the gums. Cleans and whitens the teeth. Neutralizes all mouth acids and prevents decay and discoloration.

Comes in cake form that will not break or spill—twice as convenient—twice as good. Each cake in a compact metal box. 25c at all druggists or sent by mail.
C. H. STRONG & CO. CHICAGO

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

RIPE
RICH
MELLOW



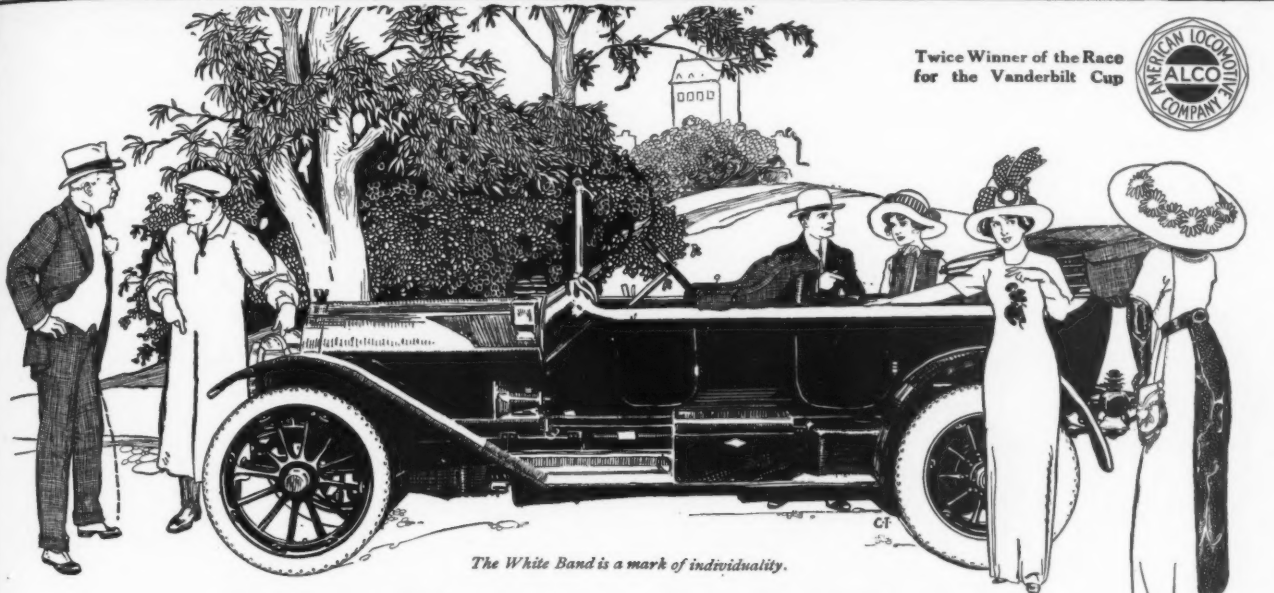
Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

might have led a blameless life, my sunny exterior was only a short covering for bran and shorts and middlings, cracked wheat and pearl barley.

I dreamed last night of being in a large city where the buildings were paved with dry toast and the soil was bran and oatmeal and the water was beef tea and gruel. All at once it came over me that I had solved the great mystery of death and had been consigned to a place of eternal punishment. The thought was horrible. A million eternities in a city built of dry toast and oatmeal! A home for never-ending cycles of ages, where the principal hotel and the post-office building and the opera house were all built of toast, and the fire department squirted gruel at the devouring element forever!

It was only a dream, but it has made me more thoughtful and people notice that I am not so giddy as I was.

—Bill Nye.



Twice Winner of the Race
for the Vanderbilt Cup



The White Band is a mark of individuality.

6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Touring Car 7 passenger -	\$6000	4-cylinder, 40 H. P. Touring Car 7 passenger -	\$4500
6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Petit Tonneau 5 passenger	6000	4-cylinder, 40 H. P. Petit Tonneau 5 passenger	4500
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6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Landaulet - - - - -	6750	4-cylinder, 40 H. P. Landaulet - - - - -	5500
6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Limousine - - - - -	6750	4-cylinder, 40 H. P. Limousine - - - - -	5500
6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Berline Limousine - -	7250	4-cylinder, 40 H. P. Berline Limousine - -	6000

ALCO

1912

NEW lines—long, low, straight, simple—wider doors, more room, deeper upholstery and a culture in little things grace the 1912 Alco. For beauty the Alco is rare among motor cars.

Beauty in the dignified simplicity, the quiet style, the graceful practical doors, the character in the hooded dash, the plain masculine outline of the radiator, and the richness of sturdy, generous fenders.

Beauty in the culture of the soft, deep cushions, the strong lamps, the dash ventilators, the concealed Prest-O-Lite tank, the petit appointments, its very paint—a daintiness and good taste that is appealing.

Beneath the tonneau door, and concealed, is an electric bulb which lights automatically at night as the door opens. It illuminates vividly the step and assists one in alighting.

And beauty runs deep in the Alco. Down to its strong, clean chassis—a good metal feast to the man who loves a thing well made. One need

not be a mechanic to enjoy this engineering.

The Alco goes back to 1905. It was changed from a chain driven to a shaft driven car in 1907.

To accomplish this, new hammers and new dies were installed in the Alco factory at a cost of \$51,700. Here is now located the largest drop hammer in the world. It weighs 250,000 pounds. This hammer smites the rear axle out of a solid billet of steel.

From the beginning the great desire of its builders was to produce a car of long life.

The extensive experience in locomotive building gave the builders of the Alco a latent knowledge that no one else in the automobile business today possesses.

This is why the Alco factory possesses a wealth of equipment that stands second to none in the world for completeness—not an equipment to turn out cars “for the day’s smartness,” but an equipment in forge, laboratory, heat

treating ovens, automatic machinery, instrument like tools, gigantic machines, and wonderful superhuman devices that apply thousands and thousands of pounds of pressure to various parts—tests that no man and no shock could supply.

Knowing from their experience that a locomotive is strongest only at its weakest point, the builders of the Alco put every single part that goes into the car through an individual analysis both in the chemistry and physics laboratories.

That is perhaps the biggest reason:

- why the Alco never breaks down;
- why there are wealthy men to-day driving Alcos they purchased in 1906;
- why the Alco twice won the race for the Vanderbilt cup, America’s motor classic;

—and why you never hear of an Alco in a second hand shop.

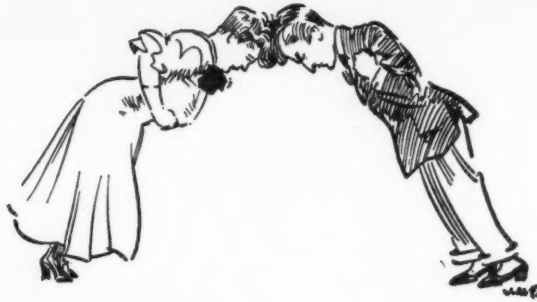
Think that over.

The new lines are enticingly—irresistibly beautiful.

Write for a catalog.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY, 1883 Broadway, New York

Builders also of Alco Motor Trucks and Alco Taxicabs



Trying to Solve that Christmas Problem

First: If you send in your subscription now for a year, we will include a handsome picture in colors for a premium with it. Subscription can commence at any time.

Second: If when sending your remittance you so request, we will fill in a handsomely printed Christmas card in colors and mail it to your friend in time for Christmas.

Third: In case the coupon below is not large enough, or you do not wish to mutilate this number, send us your check, your name and address, and those of the friends whom you wish to remember, on a separate sheet.

Fourth: Send in your list AT ONCE, as we are almost certain to be behind at this season, and there is only just about time comfortably to make you happy.

Fifth: LIFE will go to your friend, or friends, every week for fifty-two weeks as a Christmas present.

This picture, handsomely printed in colors, goes as a premium with every yearly subscription.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



BREAKING HOME TIES

Subscription \$5.00

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Enclosed find _____ Dollars.
Send LIFE as a Christmas gift for one year to

LIFE, 17 West 31 Street, New York



THE Santa Claus of childhood days, the fairyland of childhood dreams, were not more wonderful than the *magic* of this modern equipage, which takes you in tranquil luxury wherever fancy directs.

What more exquisite expression of the Christmas spirit could you give to wife or daughter than a Detroit Electric.

It carries throughout the year—from Christmas to Christmas—the holiday spirit. In it Milady travels through the cold of December or the heat of August in stately comfort and independent privacy.

Thomas A. Edison has chosen the Detroit Electric exclusively as the one car properly made to use efficiently the tremendous capacity of the Edison battery. The Detroit Electric is the only electric pleasure car allowed to install his famous battery.

Think what this means! The Edison battery in a Detroit Electric saves 325 pounds in weight over the lead battery and still gives much greater permanent capacity. The Edison battery is an investment—not a running expense.

For 1912 we build one chassis in four sizes, 85-inch, 90-inch, 96-inch and 112-inch wheel base, all with drop frames, permitting low hung bodies. Ten stunning body designs.

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

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

Brakes are extra powerful, with double safety device (patented), operated by either hand or foot, or both.

Wonderful springs of improved design smooth over any unevenness of the road. Ball bearing steering knuckles make steering remarkably easy.

Your choice of pneumatic or Motz Cushion Tires.

BATTERIES:—Edison—nickel and steel; Detroit, Iron-clad or Exide lead. Edison and Ironclad at additional cost.

Do not hesitate to write us for any information you may desire. Art Catalog now ready. Sent on request.

Anderson Electric Car Company

409 Clay Ave., Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES:—New York, Broadway at 80th Street, Chicago, 2416 Michigan Avenue, Buffalo, Brooklyn, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Cleveland, St. Louis.
Selling Representatives in Leading Cities.

THE
Detroit
ELECTRIC
Shaft Drive
Chainless



The spirit of Christmas finds a perfect embodiment in a Waltham watch. No gift crystallizes the refined sentiment of the season so perfectly as a Waltham, none combines such qualities in practical usefulness.

WALTHAM WATCH

As timekeepers, Waltham watches have no rivals, and for beauty of model, they are unsurpassed. Waltham offers a wide selection, from popular priced movements to the new Waltham Premier-Maximus at \$250—the finest timepiece ever made. The standard Waltham grades are named:

Riverside has been a famous Waltham movement for a full generation. Made in various sizes for ladies and gentlemen. All 19 jewel *Riversides* are tested for temperature, isochronism and five positions.

The *Waltham Colonial* for business and social life combines the highest art with the sound principles of Waltham construction. It is a graceful thin model, adjusted and cased at the factory.



"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."



Handsome Booklet describing various Waltham movements and full of valuable watch lore free on request. Let your Jeweler guide your selection.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,

Waltham, Mass.

Envious Vanity

The foolish camel begged of Allah for a pair of horns;

Instead of granting them, Allah deprived him of his ears!

Lose not the grace appropriate which already you adorns

By seeking what on others as an ornament appears.

—*Poetry of the Orient, by W. R. Alger.*

ONE of the candidates for the representation of a country district, in the course of a speech just previous to the general election, had occasion to refer to the flogging of children. Some folk nowadays, he said, objected to beating youngsters at all, but he agreed with the truth in that saying of the wise man: "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

"I suppose that I was no worse than other boys," he went on to say, "but I know I had some flogging myself, and I believe it did me good. Now, on one occasion I was flogged for telling the truth!"

"It cured you, sir!" said a voice from the back.

Summer and Winter

We have a debating society. And the question we had last was, "Which Is the Best, Summer or Winter?" And we got to talking so fast and kept interrupting so, the teacher told the summers to go on one side and the winters on the other and then take turns firing at each other, one shot at a time. And Dorry was chosen reporter to take notes, but I don't know as you can read them, he was in such a hurry.

"In summer you can fly kites.

"In winter you can skate.

"In summer you have longer time to play.

"In winter you have best fun coasting evenings.

"In summer you can drive hoop and sail boats.

"In winter you can snowball it and have darings."

"In summer you can go in swimming and play ball.

"In winter you can coast and make snow forts.

"In summer you can go a-fishing.

"So you can in winter, with pickereel traps to catch pickereel and perch on the ponds and on rivers. When the fish come up you can make a hole in the ice and set a light to draw 'em, and then take a jobber and job 'em as fast as you're a mind to.

"In summer you can go take a sail.

"In winter you can go take a sleigh ride.

"In summer you don't freeze to death.

"In winter you don't get sunstruck.

"In summer you see green trees and flowers and hear the birds sing.

"In winter the snow falling looks

The Most Famous Train in the World

20th Century Limited

Saves a day either way between New York or Boston and Chicago

Lv. New York 4.00 p.m.	Lv. Chicago 2.30 a.m.
Lv. Boston 1.30 p.m.	Ar. Boston 11.50 a.m.
Ar. Chicago 8.55 a.m.	Ar. New York 9.25 a.m.

"Water Level Route"

CORNELL COTTAGES
SEASONAL PORTABLE

Garages, Cottages, School Houses, Camps
— Portable Buildings of every description

Factory Made at Low Cost.

Art Catalog by mail on receipt of 4c stamps

WYCKOFF LUMBER & MFG. CO.,
425 GREEN STREET, ITHACA, N. Y.

pretty as green leaves and so do the
icicles on the branches when the sun
shines, and we can hear the sleigh bells
jingle.

"In summer you have green peas and
fruit and huckleberries and other ber-
ries.

"In winter you have molasses candy
and popcorn and mince pies and pre-
serves and a good many more roast tur-
keys (another boy interrupting) and all
kinds of everything put up airtight!

TEACHER: Order, order, gentlemen.
One shot at a time

"In summer you have Independence
Day, and that's the best day there is.
For if it hadn't been for that we should
have to mind Queen Victoria.

"In winter you have Thanksgiving
Day and Forefather's Day and Christ-
mas and Happy New Year Day and the
Twenty-second of February, and that's
Washington's Birthday."

When the time was up the teacher
told all that had changed their minds
to change their sides, and some of the
summers came over to ours, but the
winters all stayed. Then the teacher
made some remarks and said how glad
we ought to be that there were differ-
ent kinds of fun and beautiful things
all the year round.

Bubby Short says he's sure he's glad,
for if a feller couldn't have fun what
would he do? After we got out doors
the Summer ones that didn't go over
hollered out to the other ones that did.
"Ho! ho! Winter killed! Winter
killed! 'Fore I'd be winter killed!
Frost bit! Frost bit! 'Fore I'd be
frost bit!"

I should like to see my sister's blue
boots I am very careful when I go

THE STANDARD RAILROAD

OF

AMERICA



Railroads are known by the
service they render. The

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

has gained its title by always giving its patrons the
best that can be provided—the best kept and pro-
tected roadbed and track, the newest steel equipment,
the most satisfactory dining car service, and the fast-
est time consistent with safety.
Its standard is exemplified in the

"Pennsylvania Special"

which makes the less than 18-hour run between New
York and Chicago with clock-like regularity.

Leaves New York	4.00 P. M.
Arrives Chicago	8.55 A. M.
Leaves Chicago	2.45 P. M.
Arrives New York	9.40 A. M.

The New York portal to this splendid service is the

Pennsylvania Station

one block from Broadway at 32d Street, which typi-
fies by its simple grandeur the excellence and high
character of Pennsylvania Railroad service throughout.



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"Quality, Satisfaction and Reliability." We will mail art catalogue and photos upon request

THE MATTHEWS BOAT COMPANY - - - **PORT CLINTON, OHIO, U. S. A.**

a-skating. There isn't any spring-hole
in our pond. I don't know where my
handkerchiefs go to.

Your affectionate grandson,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S.—Don't keep awake. I'll look
out. Bubby Short's folks write just so
to him. And Dorry's. I wonder what
makes everybody think boys want to be
drowned?

—From the William Henry Letters.
Copyright, 1870, Jas. Osgood & Co.
1899, Abbey Morton Diaz.

Reprinted by permission of Lothrop,
Lee & Shepard Company.

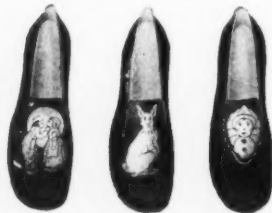
COMFY Footwear



The Peerless

A Comfy-Felt slipper, trimmed with ribbon in colors to match. Very handsome and of course very "comfy."

Women's, Black, Red, Brown, Light and Dark Gray, Purple, Wine, Old Rose, Lavender, Taupe, Pink, Wistaria and Light Blue **\$1.50**
Delivered



Picture Comfys For Children

Dutch Kids and Rabbit Brown, Blue
Clown Red, Pink, Light Blue
Misses' \$1.25, Child's \$1.10
Delivered



The Tailor-Made

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

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

Dan'l Green Felt Shoe Co.

110-112 East 13th St., New York

The Voluptuary and the Hero

Whoever clasps the smiling and soft-shining taper,
Will find it end in darkness and in noisome vapor.
With pleasure so; but who strikes self-denial's flint,
May light his spirit's fires at the clean sparkle's glint.
—Poetry of the Orient, by W. R. Alger.

SOMEONE said to Dufresny: "Poverty is no crime."
"It is much worse!" he answered.

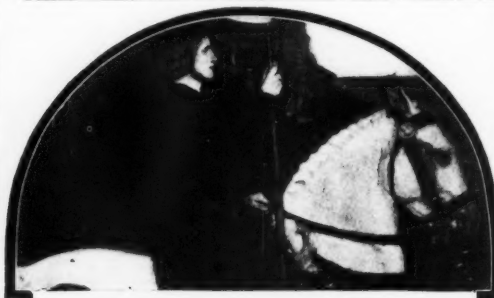
The Cure That Kills

As to the official dog catcher of Denver, who has been bitten two thousand times and is still hale and hearty, Dr. J. W. Hodge says:

"Had this much-bitten dog catcher of the big city of Denver on receiving a dog bite become rattled and acted upon the advice of some rattle-headed doctor by hiking away to the nearest Pasteur institute for 'preventive' treatment, he would in all probability long ago have taken his departure from this mundane sphere to that unknown realm from whose bourne no traveler has ever returned, and wherein there are neither biting dogs, Pasteur fakery nor squirt-gun doctors.

"Keepers of big, metropolitan dog pounds in which many thousands of dogs are annually confined, superintendents of big canine hospitals and dog shelters wherein thousands of sick and homeless dogs of all descriptions are annually confined and cared for, all have the same report to make, namely, that they have never seen a dog or human being suffer from 'rabies' or 'hydrophobia.'"

LORD MARLBOROUGH, admiring a French grenadier taken prisoner at the battle of Blenheim, for he was a man over six feet and with martial looks, told him: "If there had been 50,000 men like you in the French army, it could not have been beaten." To which the grenadier replied: "There were plenty of men such as I, but we lacked one man like you!"



The Gopley Prints

You know the fame of these Prints, the acknowledged standard of art reproduction. Know also that we send them on approval,—through the art stores or direct, as you wish. Our patrons find this a convenient way to select their gifts for

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New Year's, birthdays, etc. Of their high quality Mr. Abbey himself said, "I could not wish better." They range in price from fifty cents to \$50.00. **New Illustrated Catalogue**, nearly 400 cuts,—practically a Handbook of American Art, sent for 25 cents (stamps accepted); this cost deducted from purchase of the prints.

Exhibitions for schools, clubs, churches, etc. Family Portraits done on private order from daguerreotypes, tints, old photographs, etc.

Sir Galahad, above, Copyright by E. A. Abbey, and by

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The Water that gives you a clear head

It is because of its rare, unusual properties as a solvent, that Londonderry so wonderfully cleanses the system. A light, sparkling water, with only those elements that the body needs.

Londonderry

Mineral Water

is the first aid to good health.

Unequaled as a palatable table water and as a "mixer,"



Londonderry is, besides, the water that keeps you in best physical and mental tone.

Sparkling (effervescent) in three table sizes. Plain (still) in half-gallon bottles.

If you are so situated that you have trouble in obtaining it, write us and we will see that you are at once supplied.

LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER CO.
Nashua, N. H.

Well Connected

"Yes," remarked the telephone girl as she gazed out at the waves and wondered what their number was, "I am connected with the best families in our city."—Catholic Universe.

THE Royal Band was playing for the King, Louis XIV., the "Miserere of Lully." The King was on his knees and so was the whole court. His Majesty kept the awkward attitude until the end of the hymn. After rising, the King turned to the Count de Grammont and asked how he found the music. "Very sweet to the ear, Sire, but very hard on the knees."

The Art of Giving

“SENSIBLE SENTIMENT”—*What will be most acceptable,* is really the keynote of the Holiday spirit. A more intimate acquaintanceship with the Slater shop will reveal a world of appropriate gifts.

- Special Holiday Cabinet - - - - - \$5.00
(To hold 6 pairs ladies' shoes or slippers)
- Special Cabinet, containing six pairs children's slippers
or button boots, white, pink or blue kid, complete 8.00
- Chinese Slippers - - - - - 2.50
- Satin brocaded bedroom slippers, from - - 6.50
- Toilet slippers in colors, from - - - - 2.00
- Rhinestone buckles in fancy boxes - - 2.00 to 65.00
- Cut steel buckles in boxes - - - - 2.00 to 30.00
- Men's travel slippers, in leather cases - - 3.00
- Silk hosiery for men and women, 3 pairs in special
Holiday box, from - - - - - 3.00

J. & J. Slater

Broadway at 25th Street, New York

For fifty years New York's most fashionable bootmakers



IF HE SHOULD REALLY APPEAR

STEINWAY

Why is it that authors of all nationalities, when having occasion to refer to a piano, almost invariably call it a Steinway? The answer is that the name and fame of Steinway are so indelibly impressed on their minds that they pen the name unconsciously.

The Steinway Miniature

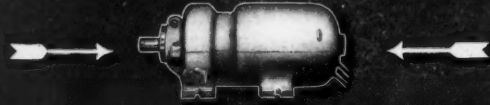
A grand piano in small compass. Made to retain all the essentials of a true grand.

Price in Ebonized Case, \$800.
In Mahogany Case, \$900.

The name of the Steinway dealer nearest you, together with illustrated literature, will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS
STEINWAY HALL
107 and 109 East 14th Street, New York
Subway Express Station at the Door

FOR YOUR
NEW CAR



GRAY & DAVIS
LIGHTING DYNAMO SYSTEM

Ask Your Dealer to Furnish This
Dynamo With Your New Car

The old-fashioned gas lamp is out of date. All the best cars are now lighted by electricity. The Gray & Davis Lighting Dynamo lights all or part of your lamps, charges your batteries, operates power horn. You turn a switch on the dash—that's all. Weighs but 19½ lbs. Requires no attention. Works under all conditions. Independent of the battery.

This system is Standard Equipment on all **PEERLESS** cars where it is giving absolute satisfaction. It should be on **YOUR** car. Don't forget to tell your dealer to have the Gray & Davis Dynamo installed on your new car. Send for catalog.

See this Dynamo at the Shows

GRAY & DAVIS Manufacturers of **AUTOMOBILE LAMPS** Boston, Mass.

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From George I. to George V.



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BRANDY

has known but One Quality---
The Best

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

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Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

Evening Clothes and Haberdashery, Fur Lined
Overcoats.

Herbert Johnson, New Bond Street, London, Silk Hats,
Dress Shoes and Pumps.

Christmas Suggestions—

All that is usual—much that is unusual in
Trunks, Bags, Traveling Coats and Rugs, Dressing Cases,
Razor Sets, Flasks, Pocket Books, Stud Boxes,
Cigarette Cases, Umbrellas and Walking Sticks; Mufflers,
House Gowns and Jackets; English Pipes and Pouches.

Send for Special Christmas Booklet.

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Life in the Middle South

FREE FROM CLIMATIC EXTREMES
AND WHOLESOME IN EVERY RESPECT

Four Excellent Hotels

Fifty Cottages

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New Open

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Opens January 15th

BERKSHIRE and HARVARD
Open January 15th

The only resort having *Three 18-hole Golf Courses*, all in pink of condition. Country Club, 40,000 Acre Private Shooting Preserve, Good Guides and Trained Dogs, Fine Library of Saddle Horses, Model Dairy, Tennis Courts, Trap Shooting, etc.

NO CONSUMPTIVES RECEIVED
AT PINEHURST

Through Pullman Service from New York to Pinehurst via Seaboard Air Line. Only one night out from New York, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. Tri-weekly service from Washington on and after Dec. 2. Don't fail to send to nearest railroad offices for literature, illustrating the out-of-door features of PINEHURST and giving full details of attractions.

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graved on it
does not sell
address of on
T. G. Hawke

Stevens-Duryea

Rhymed Reviews

Mother

(By Kathleen Norris. The Macmillan Company.)

So many authors seem to hold
That Realism must be dreary;
Our world, they say, is mean and cold,
A poor old planet, worn and weary.

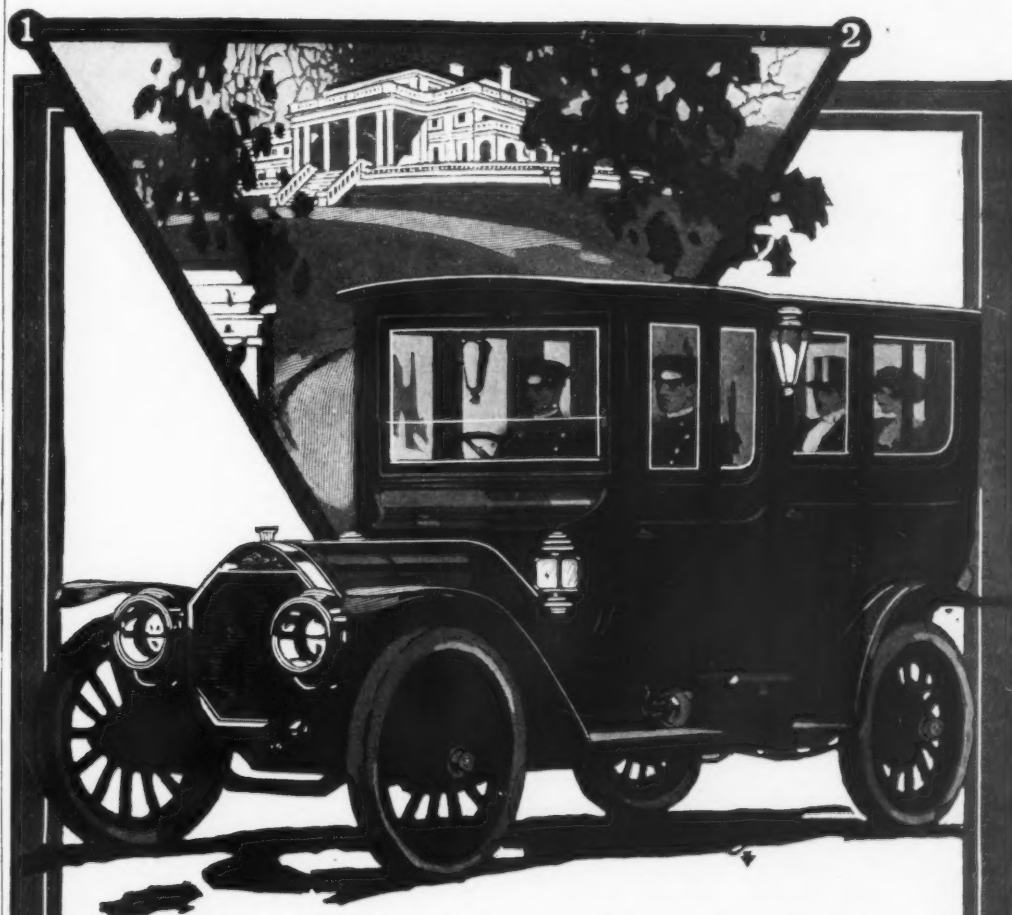
Their puppets make a dismal mess
Of life, with artificial troubles—
Poor babes, pursuing Happiness
And weeping when she turns and
doubles.

Then close the book that paints the
grief
Of some neurotic freak or other;
For wholesome truth and sweet relief
From morbid yearnings, turn to
"Mother."

Miss Margaret Paget, nicknamed
"Mark,"
Was one of Mother's hopeful seven;
Her lot at times seemed dull and dark
Without a bit of joyous leaven.

Her home was poor, her life was slow—
Though Mother was a perfect treas-
ure;
Besides, she hated teaching so!
And, being young, just ached for
pleasure.

Because a pupil chanced to slip
And fall before a motor-speeder,
She won a secretaryship
With Mrs. Carr-Boldt, Social Leader.



1912 Stevens-Duryea Sixes—Closed Car Models

Berlines—Limousines—Landaulets

THE famous Stevens-Duryea "Unit Power Plant" supported on "Three Points," the Multiple Disc Dry Plate Clutch," and the fact that we are PIONEER BUILDERS OF AMERICAN SIXES, make your final choice a simple matter. Power, flexibility and unusual comfort under all conditions of road and weather are perfectly combined in the pioneer American motor cars built 'round a basic principle.



Interesting literature mailed upon request, but a visit to a Stevens-Duryea dealer, where you can examine the cars themselves, will prove more interesting to you.

Stevens-Duryea Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass.



"GIVE ME GLASS"

Invariably a woman's preference—
when the choice is

Hawkes Glass

Cut, Grovic, Satin Engraved, Rock Crystal

The artistic merits of Hawkes make it first in cultivated esteem. Distinctive designs for all tastes, from the simplest Xmas candlesticks to sparkling bowls for New Year's punch.

Write us to send you the new Hawkes Book—"How to Know Glass."

No piece without this trade-mark engraved on it is genuine. If your dealer does not sell Hawkes Glass, write for address of one who does.

T. G. Hawkes & Co. Corning, N. Y.



She tasted Elegance and Ease
And found them sweeter than mo-
lasses.
At bridges, fêtes and purple teas
Among the Childless Upper Classes

She learned how out-of-date, indeed,
A Baby was—a useless fetter.
And "Mark" approved their selfish creed
Till Love and Mother taught a better.

Within this little book are found
Some bits of truthful observation,
A view of happiness that's sound,
With simple, clear delineation.

I guess from Oyster Bay, New York,
(What finer tribute could require
her!)

The Royal Order of the Stork
Will come to decorate the writer.

A. G.

THE BEST PROOF
of the PRE-EMINENCE
OF THE PACKARD
"SIX" IS A RIDE IN
THE CAR ITSELF

*Any Packard Dealer
will arrange it*



Packard Motor Car Company Detroit

Packard



PAUL GOULD

Life



A CHRISTMAS DREAM

"COME RIGHT IN, LITTLE MAN, AND HELP YOURSELF"

Cold Storage



H," says the Christmas guest, "How I wish I could sit down to a Christmas dinner with one of those turkeys we raised on the farm when I was a boy as the central figure!"

"Well," says the host, "you never can tell. This may be one of them."

Fears

"I'M so worried about the Christmas present I sent to Aunt Sarah," she says. "It only cost forty-nine cents, and I'm afraid I left the price mark on the thing when I sent it."

"I'm worried, too," says her friend. "I got one that cost fifty dollars for my uncle, and I'm afraid I didn't leave the price mark on it."



"While there is Life there's Hope"

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A True Bill Agaynst Christmasse

I WILL not bear of Christmasse Cbeer
Nor Christmasse Bells a=ringing!
I loathe to see a Christmasse Tree,
I'm deaf to Carol=singing.

I will not troll ye Wassail Bowl!
I love no strong Potations
Nor Yule that brings ye Gatherings
Of Nondescript Relations.

Forbear to show ye Mistletoe!
All Proper Men disdain it;
Ye Prettie Maid wolde scorn its Aid.
Ye Plaine One sholde not gain it.

Give pause, give pause to Santa Claus!
His Course is trulle shocking;
I understand he has a Band
In Everybodie's Stocking!

Yet, void of Shame, they praise his Name
In Reams of idle Verses,
And call him kind that leaves behind
A Trail of emptie Purses.

Sharp Sorrows lie in Christmasse Pie
Which treble when they beat it.
I have no Use for Christmasse Goose
Nor Cannibals that eat it.

For Ills and Pills and Doctor's Bills
Are scarce a Cause for Laughter;
Ye Tables groan before ye Feaste,
Ye Feasters groan thereafter.

Arthur Guiterman.



MISS'ILL TOE THE MARK

The Hundred Worst Christmas Presents

HAVING reached that admirable state where the selection of the worst Christmas presents has reached its perfection, it remains for us to tabulate them. This is by no means an easy task, owing to the bewildering variety. We may expect, therefore, only to make a respectable beginning.

For the average bachelor we have much to choose from. In card cases alone there are at least four hundred different specimens, none of which any self-respecting bachelor would carry about him. Leaving entirely aside cigars which he never would smoke, we have cigar holders, smoking tables, alcohol lighters and ornate humidors, every one useless for all practical purposes.

For a young married couple there is always the steel engraving. The great desirability of presenting a young married couple with a steel engraving—especially if they are your intimate friends—is the fact that in deference to you they will absolutely be obliged to place it in a conspicuous position; the same thing is true of a rug. When your young married couple have been going along unmolested in fitting out their house, and have a color scheme all planned, your business as a friend of the family is to present them with a large rug of the wrong color that you have specially selected—as you explain conspicuously—for the front hall.

As for your own wife—assuming in these uncertain days that you have one even temporarily—almost anything you give her will do. You may be perfectly certain that she will not like it. Anything, of course, but money. But no husband would ever make a mistake like that.



THE FIRST INVESTMENT

Must Suspend the Statute

"YES, my dear," says the husband, "I will wear the necktie, and the gloves, and the smoking jacket, and the bathrobe, and the shirts you got me for Christmas; also I'll smoke the cigars—and, O, yes, I'll wear the slippers, and I'll read the book of love poetry—but on one condition."

"What is that?" asks the wife.

"That you'll not make any comment over how fast I drink up that bottle of whiskey my Kentucky uncle sent me."

Anticipatory

FIRST TIRED SHOP GIRL: Oh, my, won't I be glad when this Christmas rush is over!

SECOND TIRED SHOP GIRL: Same here! We'll both be fired and can rest.

"ONE good turn deserves another," said the top, excitedly.



"THE NIGHT(MARE) BEFORE XMAS"



SANTA CLAUS TAFT
"ASSUME A VIRTUE IF YOU HAVE IT NOT"



"HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING"

Retribution

SANTA CLAUS, driving through the city, observes a man sitting in the snow on the curb studying a list which he holds in one hand while he beats his brow with the other.

"Whoa, Dancer! Whoa, Dunder!" shouts Santa. The reindeers stop.

"What is wrong, my poor friend?" Santa inquires, kindly.

"Everything," sighs the man.

"What have you on that paper?"

"A list of things my children want for Christmas."

"That's what I'm here for. Let me see it."

The man listlessly passes the paper to Santa, who puts on his glasses and peers at it, now and then pursing his lips and whistling softly and thoughtfully.

"My gracious!" he exclaims. "I never saw such a list. Your oldest daughter wants a touring car and a diamond bracelet and a sealskin coat; your oldest boy wants an aeroplane and a repeating rifle and a racing car; your youngest daughter wants jewels and furs and silks and satins, and your youngest boy wants ponies and an auto and other things which will cost a small fortune."

"Yes," almost sobs the man. "It is things like this which take all the joy out of Christmas."



"SAY, MISTER, COULD YOU SELL ME FIVE CENTS' WORTH O' MISTLETOE ON DE INSTALMENT PLAN?"

"But, my good man, if you had left it all to me and had not encouraged them to write such absurd lists of their wishes I could have slipped in mysteriously and left a few pretty things for them which really would have given them greater happiness than all these extravagant presents."

"I know, I know."

"Then why didn't you do that? Why did you allow your children to demand such gifts?"

"I hate to tell you, Santa, but my wife and I decided that it was wrong to allow the children to believe in the good old myth—our consciences, we thought, should not permit us to deceive them. So we told them there wasn't any such person as you."

"Ah!" says Santa Claus, leaping back into his sleigh and cracking his whip, "It is such people as you who are robbing Christmas of its old time joy."

With a jingle of bells and a flurry of snow he is off on his rounds, leaving the poor man studying the list which he continues to hold in one hand, while he beats his brow with the other.

Small Favors

MRS. MEYSER: Could you give me a little money, my dear?

MR. MEYSER: Certainly, my dear. About how little?



"HAL" JONES BECOMES "BOSS" JONES



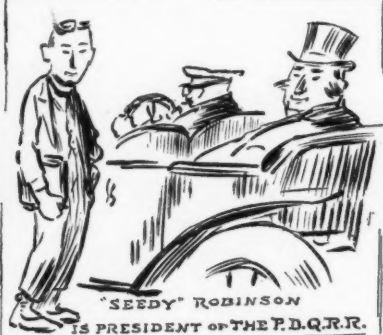
"DRESSY" HAYES' LINE IS DRESS GOODS



"TAD" JAMES TACKLED A STREET CAR LINE



"FUNNY" BROWN TOOK TO THE BOARDS



"SEEDY" ROBINSON IS PRESIDENT OF THE P.D.Q.R.R.



G. WASHINGTON JEFFERSON SOON BECAME A ZION BISHOP



"DUCK" SWEET TOOK "ORDERS"



"WEARY" BAKER STILL WALKS



"BLOSSIE" PARKS IS DOING REFORMATORY WORK



CADWALADER STREET IS AN ARTIST



"VAN" MONEY BAGS FILLED EXPECTATIONS



THE REMAINING 243 OF OUR CLASS WON Phi Beta Kappa AND HAD DONE NOTHING SINCE

SOME OF OUR CLASSMATES



SANTA WINS

Peace

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT: Have the new battleships been ordered?

SECRETARY: Yes, your highness. A full half dozen of the finest craft that the Steel Trust can turn out.

O. N. P.: And has Congress passed the bill for doubling the size of the army?

SECRETARY: Aye, aye, sir. By a large majority.

O. N. P.: And have advertisements for recruits been inserted in all the papers and magazines?

SECRETARY: Every one of them, your eminence, with instructions to run until further notice.

O. N. P.: And have the coast defenses been thoroughly inspected?

SECRETARY: To the very last rampart and gun, your greatness, and found to be in perfect trim.

O. N. P.: And are the fortifications of the Panama Canal complete?

SECRETARY: Entirely complete, sir, and as impregnable as modern science can make them.

O. N. P.: And are the troops mobilized along the borders?

SECRETARY: Yes, your excellency.

O. N. P.: Are you quite sure that everything has been done to make us absolutely secure in the event of the most unexpected contingency?

SECRETARY: Quite sure. Everything has been done that politician can suggest, commerce devise or appropriation pay for.

O. N. P.: Very well, then. Bring in that universal peace treaty and let me sign it.

Ellis O. Jones.

MY small niece, aged four, came running into the room where her mother and I were sitting.

"My dollie's sick," she said, "and I don't know what's the matter. I gave her water and she can't swallow that; the doctor gave her a pill and she can't swallow that."

"Then," said I, "I don't see but what you had better try Christian Science for her."

"We have tried it," said she, "and she can't swallow that."

Robinson Crusoe Up to Date

I WAS minded some weeks beforehand that Christmas was coming and it thereafter became a great and anxious problem with me how to keep this from my man Friday.

He had, up to then, been very docile and obedient, but I feared mightily the spread of the Christmas spirit, and I set about circumventing it.

For one thing, I took all the papers and magazines that were coming, and, scanning them closely (at much inconvenience), I carefully cut out everything I thought might give him an inkling of the truth.

Yet in spite of my utmost vigilance, he came running to me on a Saturday, waving in his hands a paper, which contained the phrase, "Do your Christmas shopping early."

"And, master," said he, "what might that be?" And looking at me with suspicion, he continued: "Early, for what?"

"That relates to the poor people," I replied gently, "who for some unknown reason have a habit at this time of year of crowding the shops so that the rich have no chance. Run along now and get that electric fan fixed. It's going to be a warm night."

We had just put the finishing touches to our new bungalow, and both Friday and I had been working pretty hard, owing to the fact that it was one of those affairs that we had to put together according to direc-



"YOU SELFISH MAN! DON'T HOLD THE UMBRELLA OVER ME. YOU ARE GETTING ALL THE WET."



THEY MEET AT LAST

tions, and I had given Friday leave to rest up for a few days. This I discovered was a bad thing, for the next morning he came running again to me, exclaiming:

"Oh, master, there's something doing! I don't know what it is, but I feel myself wanting to spend money and to make gifts to my friends and to go out on a grand jamboree. Let's send a wireless to the nearest island and get them all to come over and take dinner. And I would fain have you present me with a sum of money just to show that you are afraid of me. And I have conceived of a noble way to bring this about. I will hang up my pajamas at night and do you steal in while I am asleep and fill them with delectable things and—"

I then knew that we were in the telepathy belt and that poor Friday was a victim. There was nothing to be done but see the thing through, and I determined to do this in as thorough a manner as possible.

"Christmas is coming, you wretch!" I exclaimed, "and we will celebrate, since you wish it."

I thereupon sent him out to the end of the island to fell a Christmas tree nine feet high and made him drag it back and trim it. Then I sent out an invitation to all the neighboring tribes for miles around. They came, bag and baggage, and quartered themselves upon us. Friday had naught to do for

two days but make mince pies and prepare for the celebration. I explained to him the *modus operandi* of the whole affair and we set to with a will making presents for all; besides this, I made him put up a chimney of new and approved design. By this time poor Friday, on his knees, tried to beg off, but I held him sternly to his task.

"I came here," I said, "to escape just this sort of thing, but now that you have insisted upon it, I am going to give you all you want. Come now, there is no rest. Fill those cornucopias, and go out and pick enough cotton to make yourself Santa Claus whiskers."

The morning after the whole affair was over I went out and aroused him as he lay sleeping in the sun.

"Get up," I said, kicking him, "and tell me how you like it."

And with this he looked at me piteously and replied:

"Master, I have had enough. If you ever notice me getting the Christmas spirit again, take me down to the water and tether me to a coral reef. I don't expect to get over this for six months."

"That's about the usual time," I said, as I went speedily back to the bungalow to make a list of all the things I got and didn't want.

T. L. M.



PROPOSALS IN HALF-PORTIONS

"EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, GEORGE. HELLO!"

"YES, THIS IS 782 MELROSE."

"This is MISS THURSBY."

"OH, GOOD EVENING, MR. THOMPSON."

"WHAT? OH, MERCY! THIS IS SO SUDDEN."

"THE IDEA! AS LONG AS THAT?"

"NO. I REALLY CAN'T."

"NO. REALLY, I CAN'T. I——"

"NO. NO. REALLY!"

"YES, OF COURSE, I DO. I SHALL ALWAYS VALUE——"

"NO—THINKING IT OVER WOULD NOT——"

"NO. I CAN'T. I'M—YOU SEE, I'VE ALREADY—I'M ALMOST—ER—COULDN'T YOU CALL UP AGAIN LATER? AT THE MOMENT I'M VERY MUCH ENGAGED—TO GEORGE. GOODBY. THE IDEA OF THAT THOMPSON MAN MAKING ME PROPOSE TO YOU LIKE THAT!"

Christmas for All True Pessimists

A Celebration This Year by the Pessimists' Club, Which is Calculated to Reveal the Hopelessness of the Yuletide Season—Customs that Must Be Eradicated—Some Melancholy Facts



THIS is formal notice to all concerned that there will be the usual Christmas celebration this year at the Pessimists' Club. It is a melancholy and significant fact that this celebration will be much more complete than usual, owing to the increasing membership; also because the organization of the club has been strengthened.

All members are requested to gather as early as possible on Christmas Eve. A formal protest will be made against the silly and useless custom of hanging up stockings; every pessimist in good standing is expected to sign this.

The practice of setting up Christmas trees, illuminating them with artificial lights and trimming them with all sorts of piffling presents which nobody wants—just because the whole fraudulent delusion is merely an affair to trick the children and give them a certain amount of fictitious pleasure—cannot be too strongly deprecated.

The time has come when formal action must be taken against such sentimental chicanery. Entirely aside from the useless labor involved, every Christmas tree, after it has been standing for a few hours, begins to shed itself all over the furniture, and, in fact, it takes days before the horrid mess can be eradicated.

This, however, is by no means the only abuse which the Pessimists' Club hopes to deal with at its annual Christmas celebration. Heretofore, scattered pessimists throughout the land have raised their feeble protests against the whole Christmas farce, but individual voices are ineffectual. It is believed that by combining against these customs, which people have permitted themselves to fall into the habit of celebrating, we can eventually eradicate them altogether.

We offer no hope, however, that this can be easily accomplished. We merely believe in doing our stern duty, and, while we shall probably not be able to do much this year, at least we shall realize the sad and bitter part of it all. That is something.

In order to give an idea of how some of these senseless practices have become embedded in the average mind, we append the following letter:

DEAR SIRS:

I am the father of a large family, and have had a series of disasters; my children all got sick; I had to pay enormous doctor's bills, and this discouraged me so that I got down on

my luck, and in the midst of it all lost my position. In spite of all this, however, my wife—who is, I regret to say, a more or less cheerful person—recently suggested that, even if we couldn't give the children much this year, I might rig myself up as a Santa Claus and give them a little of what she is pleased to term "genuine pleasure." Inasmuch as I am a recent member of the Pessimists' Club, I am writing for your advice. Personally, I rather rebel against any such thing.

We print this letter simply to show how difficult it is for some people to avoid being cheerful when a stern and unyielding study of the whole situation must demonstrate to any honest mind that there is no hope for anybody. Here is our friend—if we may call any man friend—on the verge of ruin, with the probability that he will not carry his children through the winter and no prospect of earning another cent—yet actually yielding to an impulse to romp and play! It is inconceivable that such things can happen. The fact that he has married a woman such as he indicates his wife to be is, of course, his own misfortune. We can only suggest to him that he sternly suppress at once any tendency to such frivolity as she suggests; otherwise we shall have to suspend him from the club or impose upon him a fine.

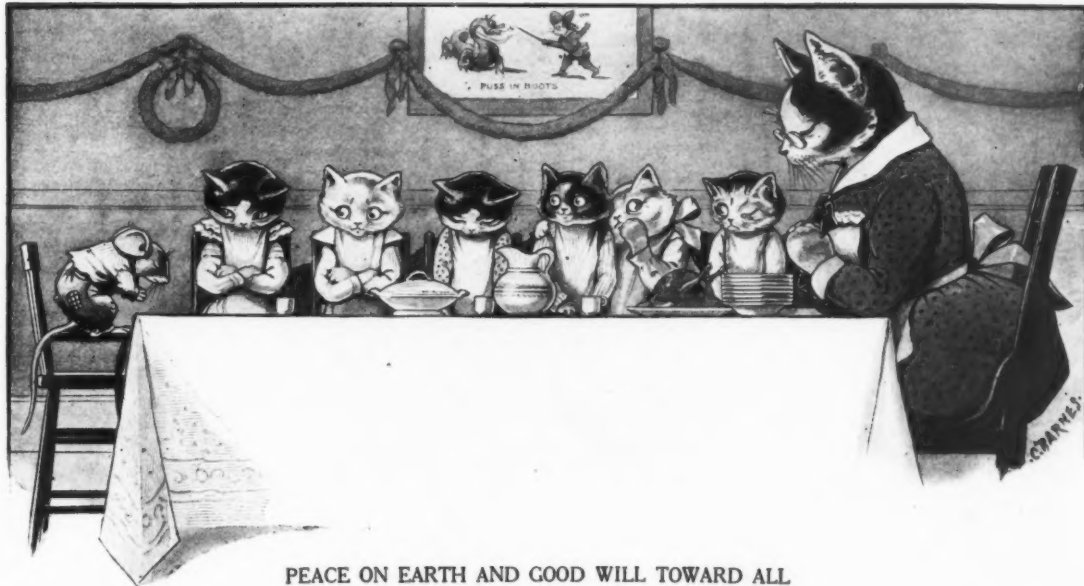
We cannot, however, afford to pay too much attention to these outward forms—bad as they are—while we neglect to get at the root of the matter. We must steadily keep in mind that, underneath the outward semblance of Christmas, there lies the idea of the brotherhood of man, good



"The silly and useless custom of hanging up stockings."



"Every present is a bribe"



PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TOWARD ALL

fellowship and all that sort of rot. Our Christmas celebration will, therefore, be held with the firm intention of protesting against the inward spirit as well as the outward form of this alleged cheerful season, which seems to hypnotize everyone.

At this Christmas season every true member of the Pessimists' Club should bear in mind the following:

That all is delusion.

That smiling faces at Christmas time cover innumerable worries.

That every present is a bribe.

That every Christmas dinner will have its aftermath of sorrow and woe.

That to forget our troubles temporarily during this season only means that in a little time they will all come back with redoubled force.

We are aware, of course, that many people already

realize all this in their hearts. The object of our celebration this year will be to impress it upon them all and to face the actual truth. This idea of madly trying to forget ourselves once a year is deplorable; while, of course, we suffer afterward and thus make up for it, at the same time the object of the Pessimists' Club is not to permit any such alternating periods of joy and sorrow.

We believe that there should be a dead level of sadness, which no sudden forgetfulness can change. It is only by this continuous and unyielding despondency that we can face the dismal future with any degree of logical honesty.

When we think of all the cheerfulness in the world, we must confess that we only feel worse about it; in fact, it all looks dark, either way.

Our Christmas celebration will open with a funeral march; the name of the march will not be revealed in advance, however, on account of the objections that would probably be raised by those who would want something else.

Publications to date:

Groucher's Manual. *The Delusion Called Hope.*
Complete Pessimist. *Facing Things.*
 Prices on application.

An Order

YOUNG LADY ART STUDENT (entering a ten-cent store): Do you keep camel's-hair brushes?

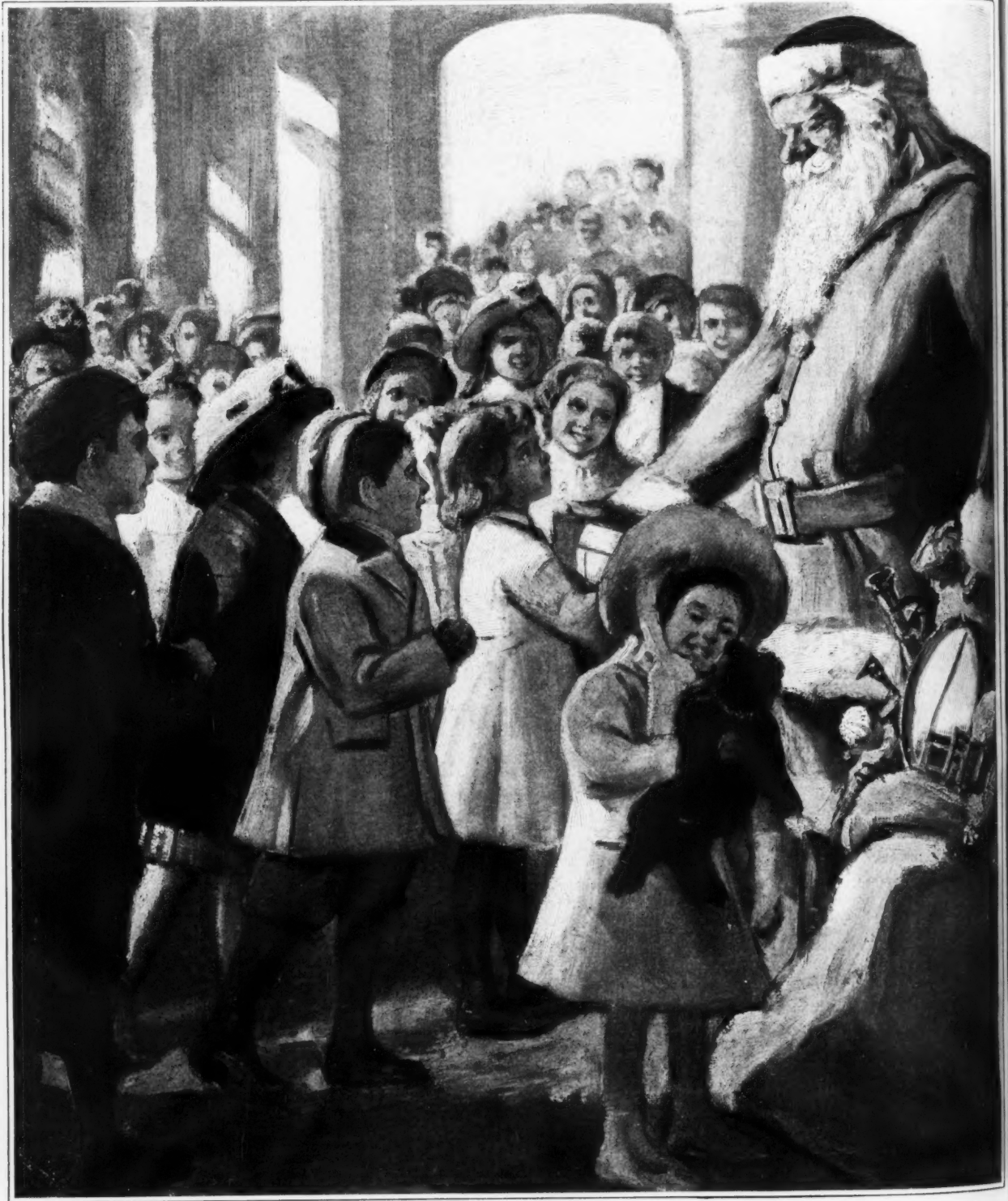
SALESMAN (aside): Ikie, bring up dose lion brushes dat we ordered for de circus people. (To Lady): And, madam, would you like a toothbrush?

ART STUDENT (indignantly): What for?

"For de camel!"



"Every Christmas dinner will have its aftermath"



Dr. Jekyll and

ARE THERE



Mr. Hyde

TWO SANTAS?



Mrs. Pillage: POOR LITTLE DEAR. HE WANTS EVERYTHING.

Mr. Pillage (to proprietor): WHAT'S YOUR ENTIRE SHOP WORTH?

Proprietor: WELL—ER—I'M NOT SURE; ABOUT \$20,000.

Mr. Pillage: I'LL TAKE IT. PIERREPONT, YOU CAN PLAY NOW.

Some Christmas Bromidioms

"YES, I always mean to get my shopping done early, but I never do."

"It's so hard to find gifts for men."

"It doesn't seem possible Christmas is so near."

"It isn't the value of the gifts, it's just the remembrance."

"Oh, if I had plenty of money, Christmas shopping would be easy enough."

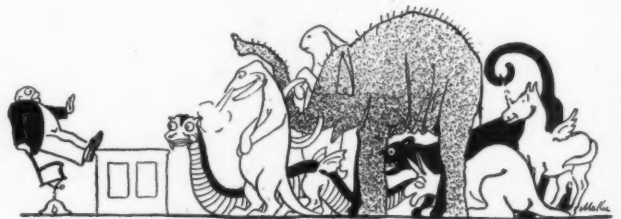
"It's awfully hard to select a book."

"It isn't only the gifts, but nowadays you have to have all that tissue paper and holly ribbon and fancy tags."

"It's so hard to find anything for her, because she has everything already."

"Sadie and I don't give presents any more, we just exchange post cards."

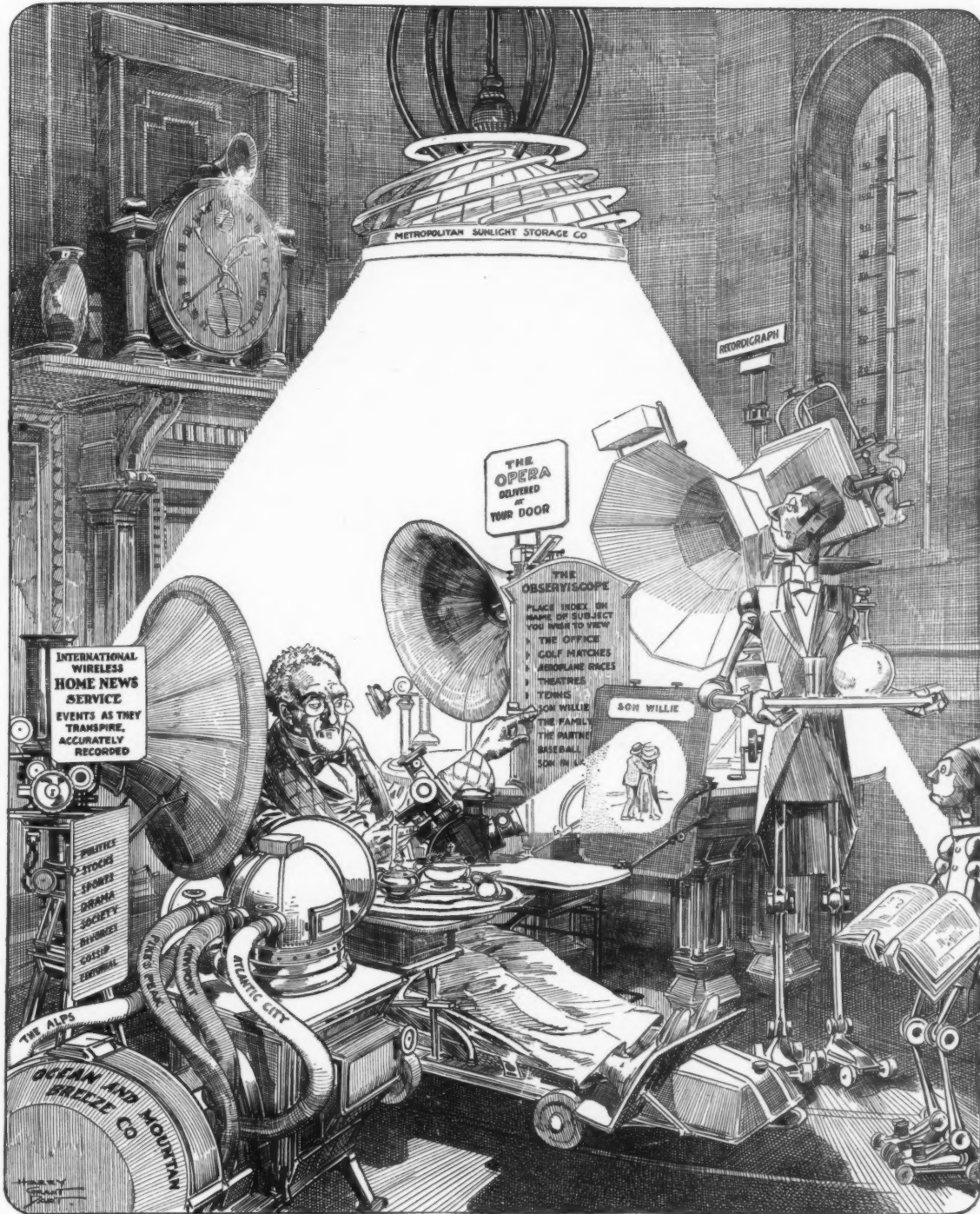
"Oh, I never give my husband a Christmas present."
"I wouldn't mind Christmas if it weren't for writing the notes of thanks afterward."



Spokesman: LOOK HERE! YOU'RE ARRANGING A MONSTER MASS MEETING FOR THURSDAY NIGHT, AREN'T YOU?

Politician: YES!

"WELL, WE'RE MONSTERS."



WE'LL ALL BE HAPPY THEN

And She Was Silent

WELLINGTON BURKHEAD sat at his mahogany desk making out his annual list of presents. It was the week before Christmas.

The list, headed by an eighteen-hundred-dollar set of furs for his wife, was almost complete.

Was there anyone he had forgot? Burkhead went to the window and looked musingly down on the busy street below. Flakes of snow had begun to fall. It would be a white Christmas. He was glad. They had left their winter home in the South to return to the city merely for the holidays, and he wanted to see a good old-fashioned Christmas.

Was there anybody he had forgot? Oh, yes, the kids! Burkhead liked kids, and he had always made presents to the children of his employees. He smiled now at the thought of the little chaps as they gleefully opened the big stocking of gifts which he always sent. And the mothers—many of whom worked in his factories—they'd smile, too, at the happiness of the children. They couldn't give the children presents themselves, for they had a hard time keeping warm and fed, and they would be so thankful that somebody remembered the little ones. And the fathers who worked in his factories and offices, they would appreciate it. Poor devils, they wouldn't have anything for foolish toys for the youngsters.

Oh, yes, he must remember the kids; that was the most fun of all. But how did it happen that he could give to other people's children when they could not give to their own?

Burkhead's mind was thoroughgoing, and once started on that track he pursued it to the end.

For an hour he sat at his desk figuring it all out. And he was just. Once convinced, he proceeded to act. He called in his secretary, two stenographers and a half dozen heads of departments. After they all figured for a while, Burkhead put half a dozen of them to writing checks while he signed them.

At four o'clock the work was done. He drew a deep breath of satisfaction and started to put on his coat. He would get something to eat. They had not stopped for the noon hour.

As he turned toward the door his wife came in hurriedly. Mrs. Burkhead was a wife to be proud of—she wore her clothes so well, and she knew exactly where to get them. She was a success. The society papers had pronounced the reception she gave just before starting North, the most gorgeous affair ever seen on the Florida coast. Even in New York she had no superior as a bridge player, a lion hunter or a snubber.

"There is my list," she said, handing him a paper her secretary had prepared. "Have them sent at once."

He glanced at the list and guessed it would total fifteen thousand—and all of it but seventy dollars went to people who did not need the presents—and few wanted them.

He shook his head slowly—"I can't afford it."

"Can't afford it?" Her voice reached the sharp regis-



A CHANCE MEETING

"HI, THERE! HELLO! CAN YOU GIVE US A TOW? WE'RE ALL OUT OF GASOLINE."

ter. "Why not? I heard you say last week your business had cleared you seventy-five thousand a year for fifteen years, and you hadn't turned your hand over."

"Yes," he nodded gravely, "but I've given it back to those to whom it belongs."

"Belongs!"—she steadied herself by the desk and sank into a chair. "Burkhead, are you out of your mind? It belongs to you, of course. Wasn't it your idea that started the business?"

"Yes," he admitted, "but a man cannot honestly expect to live in luxury all his life on one idea—especially when it was not a very valuable one."

"It is like this, Louise. I had an idea, and for ten years I worked hard. For that I think I am entitled to—say the plant and interest on the investment. But since I haven't been earning anything—all the rest of the profits have been clearly earned by these men who worked for them."

"So I have divided it all up—sending a check to every man from the highest to the lowest for his share of the earnings for the last fifteen years."

"Burkhead!"—there was fear as well as astonishment in her tone now—"You mean you have actually given all your money away to—to these people?"

"No—only the profits. It is merely a dividend, returning to each man his real earnings."

"But—but where do I come in? What am I to live on?"

"Why," said Burkhead, "you, too, shall share according to your earnings. And I will leave it to you how much they have been."

William H. Hamby.

Modern Improvements

MRS. BLOODGOOD: I want to get a divorce.

LAWYER: Will you take it with you or shall I send it home?



The Agnostic



One More Version

*Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.*

*But the dog said, "I feel
Like a good hearty meal,"
And now the poor pup's all alone.*



MAKING THE FIRST CHRISTMAS PRESENT

The Marriage Mart



THE débutante season will soon be upon us, and the new 1912 crop will be in the market. Prospects point to a dull season, with a small volume of actual engagements. New arrivals will be exposed to the cut-rate competition of last year's unsold débutantes, while the Western grass widow crop is again reported unusually heavy, and will have to be reckoned with.

Sooner or later, the trade must face the truth, that the marriageable supply greatly exceeds demand. And while the extra fancy and choicer grades of selected buds will no doubt find eager bidders and quick buyers, yet the fair to middling sorts are likely to find themselves a drug on an already overstocked market. The fact is, that the present high cost of living makes wives a luxury not to be indulged in by the average young man, while confirmed, eligible bachelors continue shy as ever. The tone of the market is decidedly panicky, and fat, middle-aged dowagers with slim merchantable daughters are advised not to hold them at exorbitant figures, but to accept the first genuine offer, even if love has to be taken in part payment.

Forebodings

MY Christmas Gifts! I see them now!

But not in recollection,
No; 'tis prophetic eyes, I vow,
That make the sad inspection.

There'll be a lot of silver things,
(Each sillier than the other;)
A motor hood with silken strings,
(The kind that makes you smother.)

And boudoir shoes, all fleecy lined,
(No one could ever use 'em;)
Hatpins,—by some weird art designed,—
(I truly hope I'll lose em!)

Burnt leather! Well, my brain just storms
To think of bags and pillows!
And baskets in outrageous forms
Of twisted greenish willows.

The Christmas novelty this year
Is patterns done in cross stitch;
I'll get so much of it, I fear
I'll wish it were a lost stitch.

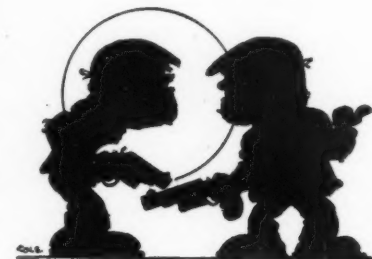
Receptacles of every kind,—
Covers, receivers, cases;
To hold such things as no sane mind
Could dream of in such places.

Ah, well, I'd strive to be polite,
And bear these dire inflictions,
But thought of notes that I must write
Rouses my maledictions.

To say, for that old foolish stuff:
"Just what I wanted, Lidie!"
"I cannot thank you half enough!"
"I simply love that tidy!"

Well, now I have my mind outspoke,
I'll turn to something pleasant;
I'll finish that embroidered yoke
For Janey's Christmas present.

C. W.



DESIGN FOR A COVER



AS HE APPEARS TO HIS SON,



TO HIS DAUGHTER,



TO HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW,



TO HIS FRIENDS,



TO HIS ENEMIES,



TO HIMSELF,



TO HIS WIFE.

SEVEN ASPECTS OF MAN



MEMOIRS OF COLUMBIA

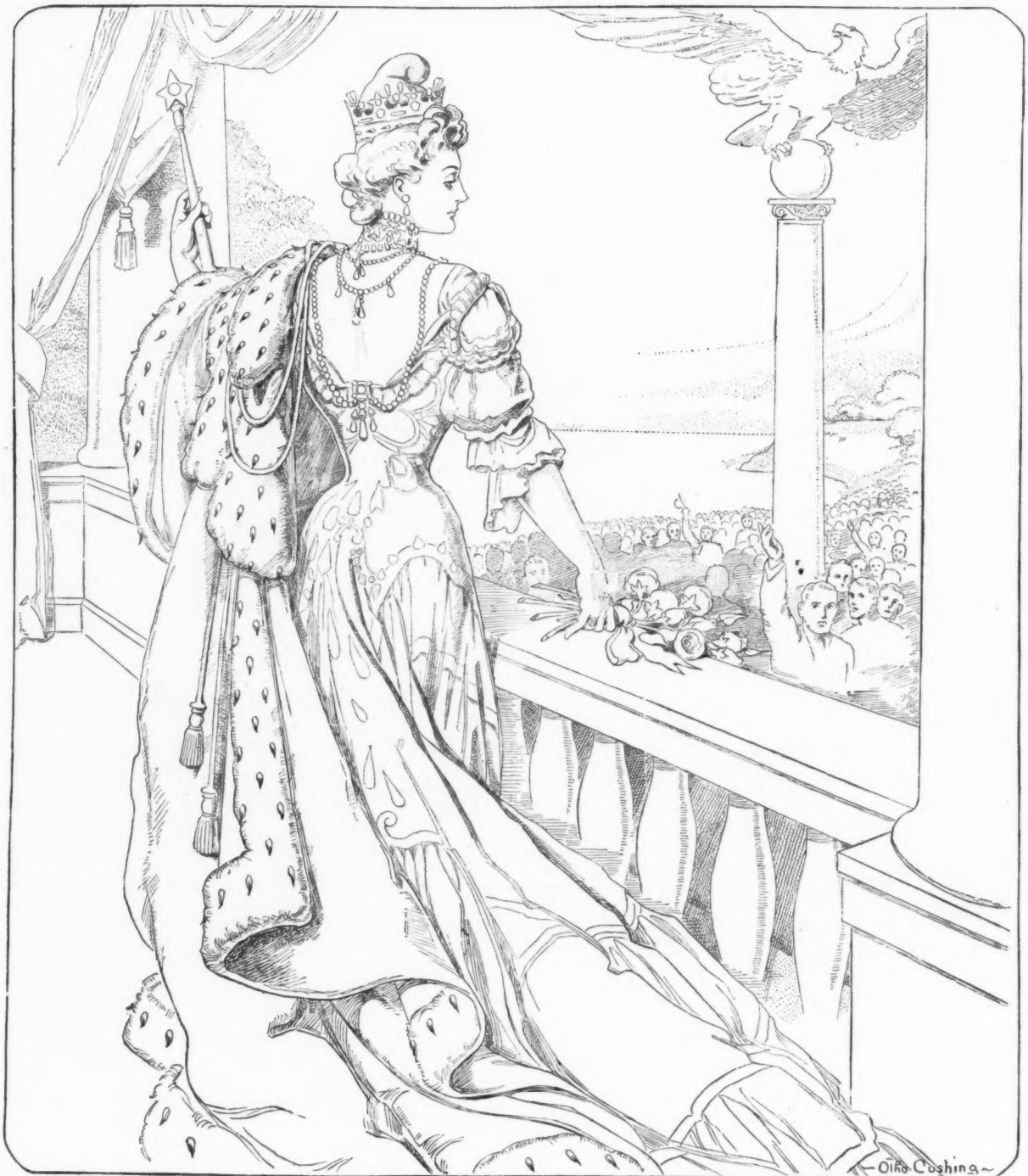
HAVING BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH STRESS, THE COUNTRY THOUGHT I NEEDED SOME RELAXATION, AND, AS A RESULT, BROTHER JONATHAN (U. S.) ARRANGED A FÊTE FOR ME AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1876, IN HONOR OF THE CENTENARY OF MY ORIGIN. I HAD NOT REALIZED HOW MUCH HAD BEEN DONE IN THE WAY OF INVENTION AND PROGRESS UNTIL THE MOMENT WHEN I WAS ESCORTED THROUGH THE EXHIBITION AND SHOWN THE RECENT TRIUMPHS OF SCIENCE, AND RECEIVED THE ENCOMIUMS OF EUROPE, TOGETHER WITH THE SALUTATIONS OF MY SELF-SATISFIED ADHERENTS. . . .



O'Ho Cushing-

MEMOIRS OF COLUMBIA

FOR SOME TIME I HAD REGARDED ONE OF MY LATIN NEIGHBORS WITH A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF TOLERANT DISAPPROVAL. AND ESPECIALLY WAS THIS THE CASE WHEN, FOR WANT OF ENOUGH BULLS TO TORTURE, HE AMUSED HIMSELF BY PLAYING MATADOR TO HIS OWN TROPICAL OFFSPRING, CUBA. I, THEREFORE, LANDED ON HIM WITH SOME FORCE (NAVAL AND MILITARY) WITH EXCELLENT, AND I TRUST LASTING, RESULTS.



MEMOIRS OF COLUMBIA

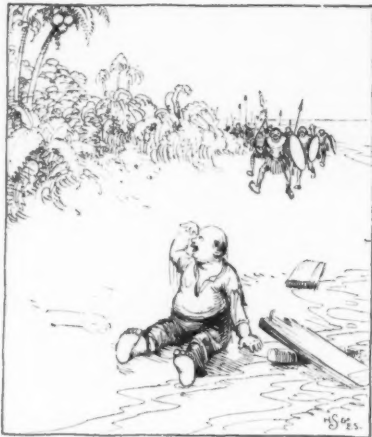
BEHOLD ME, A WORLD POWER! . . . WITH POSSESSIONS BEYOND THE SEAS, AN IMPERIAL REPUBLIC. I WRITE THESE CONCLUDING WORDS WITH THE PEOPLE CLAMORING OUTSIDE FOR A SIGHT OF ME IN MY NEW REGALIA . . . OF *me*, ONCE THE FIERY LEADER OF A REVOLT, NOW—— WE, COLUMBIA, EMPRESS OF THE WEST!

Christmas Version

MY check-book, 'tis of thee,
Sad mark of penury,
To thee I cling;
Figures I fain had lied,
Figures that brought no pride,
Yet are the kids supplied;
So let us sing.

Two Conversations

WHAT are you eating?"
"Very little, doctor. You see I haven't dared to eat much."
"That's right. Now I'll make out a list of things. No red meat. No underground vegetables. No starch. No sugar. Gluten bread—"
"I hate it."
"You'll get used to it. And have this prescription filled and take these powders three times a day. Come back in a week."
The patient—a thin, nervous little man—smiled.
"If I'm alive," he replied.
"Oh, you'll pick up gradually—in a year or so. Good morning."
Reader, this is a sample conversation. It takes place several times a day in every large city. Do you recognize it? Have you ever been one



NO DANGER OF STARVING TO DEATH

Optimistic Survivor, Observing Coconuts: WELL, THERE'S PLENTY OF FOOD HERE AT ANY RATE.



"THEY MIGHT HAVE TOLD ME THAT THIS HOUSE WAS BEING DEMOLISHED"

of the principal characters yourself? If not, you know someone who has been.
"Doctor, how long have you been advocating the starvation treatment?"
"About a year."
"What did you advocate before that?"
"The stuffing treatment."
"Why did you change from one to the other? Not long ago it was the fad to chew your food."
"Yes. But now it has been proved—at least, it is the present idea—that

excessive chewing of food has a bad effect, as the alimentary canal is not sufficiently stimulated."
"And the next move will be to chew less?"
"Yes. That fad is just coming in."
"How long will that last?"
"Until the public are suspicious and it becomes unprofitable."
Thus the game goes on. Only the wise man follows his own normal desires, gives the specialists all the sea-room he can and thinks about himself as little as possible.

The Winner in Life's Contest**THE WINNING TITLE**

Ah, Brother Piety, which shall it be—
 "Onward, Christian Soldier," or "Abide with Me"?

THE winning title to the contest picture reproduced on this page was sent in by

E. N. SMITH,
 HALE BROTHERS, INCORPORATED,
 SAN FRANCISCO,
 CALIFORNIA.

The picture was first published in *Life's* Thanksgiving Number, and again in the issue following, November 9.

The contest closed at noon on Saturday, November 18.

There were in all 25,436 answers received. Over 3,800 envelopes were received on Saturday, the day of closing.

From all of the answers, 213 were selected among the probabilities. Each of the five judges (four men and one woman) took a separate list of these 213 titles and independently selected five which in his or her judgment were the best. This resulted in twenty-three titles. Then each judge made from this list a final selection of five titles, placing them in the order of merit. It

was then discovered that two of the judges had the winning title first on their lists, one had it second and one had it third, while one judge did not have it at all.

Several of the best titles were not considered by the judges, as they were duplicated hundreds of times. Of "Landing the Pilgrim," for instance, thousands were received.

The titles finally considered by the judges were (omitting the winning title) the twenty-two that follow:

No common ground 'twixt two extremes—
A freak each to the other seems!

Thou art woman;
And upon this rock I'll build a nation.

A very unfair struggle—a Twentieth Century Projectile vs. Seventeenth Century Armorplate.

Witch-craft wise,
Yet in this guise unrecognized,
Is the original witch.

Onto this scene bold Cupid's advancing—

It may be he's praying, mayhap he is dancing.

"He lifted up his eyes, and behold! she looked good to him."—*Hesekiah* 10, 23.

The Puritan Pledge
"Here's where I start a mighty schism, Me for this anachronism!"

Propinquity.
Said the Plymouthrockcock to the Littlewhitewayhen:
I haven't been so bewitched since God-knowswhen.

"Nothing happens to anybody which he is not fitted by Nature to bear."—*Marcus Aurelius*.

"There is a divinity with shapely ends, Rough-view them how he will."

How did'st come hither, my airy maid? Came in an aeroplane, sir, she said.

An old stone with a new setting.

The Eternal Conflict.
(The battlefield may be new, but the fight dates from Adam.)

The audience, though small, was most appreciative.

"Peek for yourself, John Alden."

"Sometimes the absence of the better half Doth much enhance the whole."

"December 21, 1620—A date on the Plymouth Rock."

Little fluffy tarlatan,
Little dash of paint,
Makes a Puritan Father
Feel like he ain't.

"To church? or her acquaintance seek?
Methinks I'll go to church—next week!"

Who would not be a Pilgrim making Progress?

The Battle of the Wilderness.

"The Pilgrim attended Divine worship in the face of odds that would have discouraged most men."—*Old History*.

These Were Received in Thousands

"Pilgrim's Progress," with variations of Interruption—Finis—End-Ditched," etc.

"A Man's a Man for a' that."

"To the Puritan all Things are Pure."

Pilgrims' Chorus, "Lead Us Not Into Temptation."

Landing of Pilgrim Father, and variations.

"Extremes Meet" and "Opposites Attract."

These Were Received in Hundreds

"Why Don't You Speak for Yourself, John?"

"Saint and Sinner"—"Vice and Virtue"—etc.

"The Same Yesterday, To-day, and Forever."

"Get Thee Behind Me, Satan!"

"Past and Present"—"Then and Now."

"A Modern Priscilla."

"You Certainly Look Good to Me."

"Do You Believe in Fairies?"

"Innocence (and cents) Abroad."

Rock of Ages.

"One Touch of Nature."

"He Who Hesitates Is Lost."

Temptation.

"Hell!" "Well, I'll Be Darned!"

"Gosh!" and similar exclamations.

"The Great White Way."

Various forms of "Grace."

Just Cause for Thanksgiving, etc.

Why the Minister Was Late to Church.

"No Place for a Minister's Son."

"Legacy—Dozens of Different Distortions."

"Well?"

"Oh! You Kid!"

These Were Received in Scores

"They All Fall for It."

"Look Who's Here."

"Manna in the Wilderness."

"When Joy and Duty Clash Let Duty Go to Smash."

"Now Is the Winter," etc.

"It Was Not Like This in Ye Olden Days."

"For We Are Only Poor Weak Mortals, After All."

"Let Him Who Thinketh," etc.

"Obey That Impulse."

"Forbidden Fruit."

"When Greek Meets Greek."

"A Banana Peel on the Doorstep."

"Salem Witchcraft"—Modern Witchcraft.

"Irresistible Force and Immovable Object."

"Naughty, but Nice."

St. Anthony.

"Oh, Thou Child of Many Prayers."

"The Female of the Species."

"Parting of the Ways."

"And Thou Beside Me."

"Solomon in All His Glory."

"Your Young Men Shall See Visions."

"He Came, He Saw, She Conquered."

"Mirage."

*The Next Contest Will Begin in Life's Auto Number,
January 4, 1912*



The Horse: THIS IS ALL I GET FOR CHRISTMAS

Why Ada Never Married

HER mother's explanation: "She was always hard to suit!"

Her father's explanation: "She could not find a man her intellectual equal."

Aunt Fanny's explanation: "Young men are not what they were in my day!"

Brother Jim's explanation: "She was never much of a looker, anyhow."

Her best friend's explanation: "She never was asked, that's the reason."

Ada's own explanation: "I could not bring myself to give up my church and settlement work!"

W. W. Whitelock.

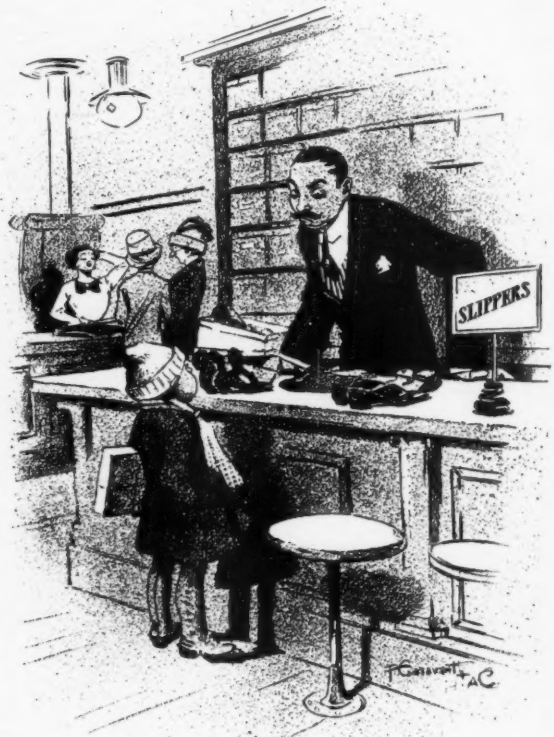
Christmas Chimes

THE stork finds plenty of work for Santa Claus to do. Under the mistletoe old maids rush in where pretty girls do not have to tread.

When poverty enters the door Santa Claus doesn't come down the chimney.

It is more extravagant to give than to receive.

Too many trimmers spoil the Christmas tree.



"WHAT KIND OF SLIPPERS DO YOU WANT?"

"THEY'RE FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR PAPA, SO I'D LIKE SOMETHING WITH A SOFT SOLE."



AN ALIGNMENT

Christmas Refuge for Husbands

Do You Shrink from Staying at Home and Kissing Your Wife's Relatives? If So, the Husbands'

Correspondence Bureau Offers a Safe Retreat.

WE take pleasure in announcing to all our friends and patrons the fact that we have opened a Husbands' House of Refuge for the use of all those husbands who may desire to spend Christmas away from the bosom or bosoms of their family, as the case may be.

This action, on our part, somewhat in advance of the Christmas rush, is based on our long experience, and while we hesitate to give vent to utterances which may be misinterpreted and may possibly have a tendency to detract from the fine sentiment of the glad Yuletide season, at the same time, the bitter truth must be faced. We must be prepared to protect our customers at all periods.

* * *

IT must be confessed that to our average customer—meaning most of the husbands in this country—the Christmas season is not exactly a bed of roses. Having ourselves—through our various marriages—most of them contracted in order that we might widen our experience for the benefit of the trade—having ourselves, we say, come into intimate personal contact with a variety of families, ranging all the way from the grim New England species to the Wild West kind, we can state truthfully that we are not wildly enthusiastic about the average Christmas reunion.

During the past decade, at Christmas reunions we have been compelled to kiss two hundred and forty-seven varieties of female beauty. Many of these ladies were austere and strictly wholesome old maids; many of them were married ladies of long standing, and others we prefer to hide behind the charitable veil of the dim past. It has, of course, been a part of our business to perform this necessary Christmas function—which invariably took place in the presence of our respective wife—with enthusiasm and eagerness. In fact, we have become so trained by this Christmas gauntlet-running that we don't suppose there is any female in the length and breadth of this prosperous country who would compel us to side-step. No matter how homely a woman may be—give us a little start, and enable us to infuse into ourselves the necessary Christmas feeling—we believe that we should be equal to any emergency.

We should also like to state, in justice to the past, that there have been times, in the presence of some fresh and inviting young relatives of our said wife, that we have positively rather enjoyed the custom.

But, on the whole, we are heavy losers in the game. We have known, in the course of our checkered business career, many husbands so lost to shame that they have declared that they look forward each Christmas season to kissing all of their wife's relatives. This pathetic condition we consider it our duty to alleviate as much as is in our power. Hence our Christmas House of Refuge.

By letting us know at once we will give you a good

room and guarantee you absolute quiet. The Refuge will be in charge of our tall, handsome blonde, and the chairman of our Entertainment Committee will be constantly within call.

If you contemplate this step send at once for our little booklet, entitled "One Thousand Ways to Leave Home."

* * *

IN order that there may be no misapprehension, we desire to say that the Christmas entertainment which we will give to all our husbands will be fully equal to our great reputation. It is intended to be a complete surprise, but we shall violate no confidence when we say that we have already ordered two bales of mistletoe for the occasion.

Unfortunately, we ourselves shall not be able to be present in person. Our recent marriage, we regret to say, has not turned out as we had every reason to expect; we speak of this misfortune freely for the reason that our own troubles, by giving us an added insight into the depths of the human heart, only enable us to cater more faithfully to our friends. Just at present we are looking forward to spending Christmas Eve in a divorce court, and unless all signs fail, we shall probably hang up our stocking near the open fireplace in that rather severe but not uncheerful room. We have planned spending Christmas Day in filing our bill of complaint, and inasmuch as the particulars are numerous and we do not care to let the other party get the advantage of us, we shall give up the whole day to drawing up this important paper.

While this is, of course, a purely personal matter we mention it to show that our heart is in our work and that we are so busy looking after our customers' interests during the entire year that Christmas Day is about the only time we have to ourselves.

Our present wife, by the way, is a young and handsome woman, and we would be willing to pay anyone of our hopeless cases a reasonable sum if he would take her off our hands. We married her under a slight misconception about her temperament, supposing that she did not have one; we have no fear but that the decree will be granted; at the same time, in order to show that we harbor no resentment, we should like to place her with some desirable party. It would be easier all around. In case the prospective gentleman is already burdened with a wife, we will arrange to get rid of her for him at a merely nominal figure.

If you desire to spend Christmas at the Refuge communicate with us at once. In the meantime, we have been requested to ask all of our customers to do their Christmas shopping early. We sincerely hope that the disgraceful spectacles of mobs of husbands in our department stores just on the eve of Christmas, making life miserable for the shop ladies, will not this year be repeated.

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau.



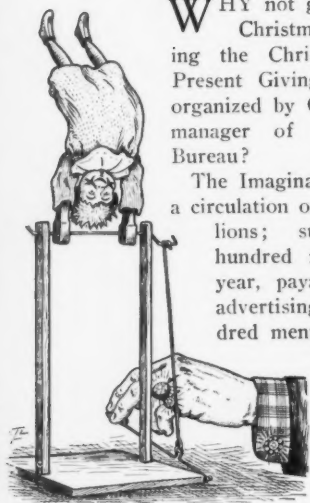
The Old House



The Old House

Lead the Mental Christmas Life

By Joining the Imaginary Present Giving Company You Save Yourself a World of Trouble—
Kissing Under the Mistletoe—A Choice of Stars



WHY not get rid of all the Christmas worry by joining the Christmas Imaginary Present Giving Company, just organized by Gee Ime Mit, the manager of LIFE's Thought Bureau?

The Imaginary LIFE now has a circulation of about fifty millions; subscription, one hundred mental dollars a year, payable in advance; advertising rates, two hundred mental dollars a line.

If you wish to become a subscriber, not only to the Imaginary LIFE, but also to the Christmas League, just want to be one, and send us five mental dollars as a guarantee of good faith.

We will get it; our perfected Yogi department never lets anything get by. In the meantime, avoid all Christmas worry. To do this send this year only imaginary presents. It's the intention that counts anyway; the purer the intention, the better the gift.

Immediately upon reading this send us a thought impulse to subscribe; by return vibration you will get an acknowledgment in due form, together with a receipt; file this away in your subliminal consciousness for future reference.

The moment you become a member of the Christmas Imaginary Present Giving League your happiness will begin; you will experience all the joy of Christmas without its annoyance.

No shopping in advance. No tips. No straining after what to give your friends; we do it all.

Please be guided by the following formula:

First, place yourself in a passive attitude. No matter where you are—in a trolley, subway, air ship or on the

ocean—imagine you are a jelly fish and permit the great life currents to flow through your mental consciousness. Remain in this condition for five minutes or so until you begin to feel mental thrills. How can you tell a mental thrill? In this manner: Close your eyes and if you see a blue disc with a yellow center you may know you are on the threshold of a thrill; hold this as long as possible. *You will know.* It is impossible to describe the exact sensation, except that it feels as if you had been suddenly shot up in an elevator.

The moment you begin to feel the thrill make a mental list of all the friends you have in the world. Send their names along the line to our Yogi department, with enough imaginary dollars, to cover the cost of the presents.

If you have a hundred friends, send us a couple of thousand; this will give each of them a nice gift. We deduct a small commission.

Do not name the gift; we do all that. Our system of espionage over the minds of everyone enables us to select just the right thing for Christmas.

On Christmas morning, when you wake up, immediately place yourself in the aforesaid passive attitude and you will begin to receive impressions of gratitude for what you have done. It will thrill you strangely; you will hear (mentally, of course) such words as: "Just what I wanted." "How could you guess that I have been crazy for this?" "It was just lovely of you to think of me in this way; and so unexpected!" etc.

Please understand that under our system no one is omitted; if you have some friend from whom for several years you have been trying to cut loose and give no Christmas present, you are spared the annoyance of receiving a handsome gift from him when you haven't sent him any yourself. We arrange all this.

We attend to all of your mental shopping.

If you desire a Christmas tree, we put up an imaginary one in your house for a mere song.

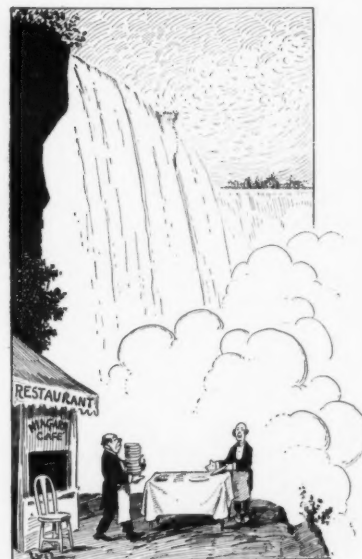
Do you wish to kiss a pretty girl under the mistletoe? Subscribe at once and we will give you your choice of a hundred stars of the first magnitude; in this case, by a special insulating process, we secure you against too many thrills.

Try a special Christmas house party. All mental. No servants leaving at critical moments. No guests who talk interminably. Constant vibration of Christmas joy without any friction.

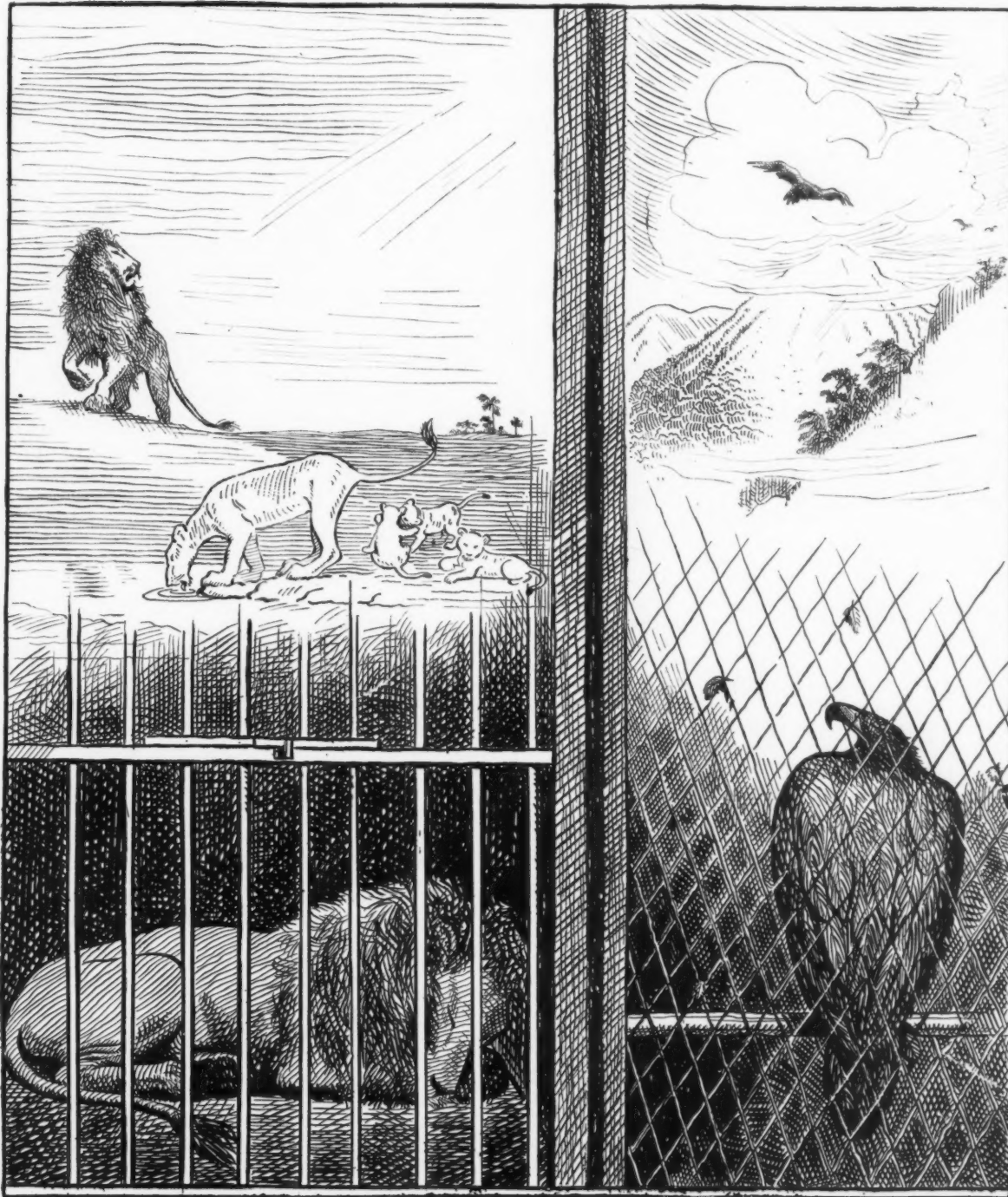
For one thousand imaginary dollars we will levitate one of our mental Santa Clauses to spend Christmas at your home and amuse the children; he will do everything; trim the mental tree, hang up the imaginary stockings, come down the dream chimney and present them with enough thought presents to last them through the year.

Address

GEE IME MIT. (He will get it.)



"SETTING THE TABLE IN A ROAR"



ONLY DREAMING



WHO SAID "NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN"?

Christmas Up to Date

CHRISTMAS, in the good old days, used to be a season of peace and plenty, joy and generosity, feeding and fraternity, and its celebration was marked by mirth, melody and mixed drinks. It was the festival when family gatherings were held and family feuds were fortified; the day when the Prodigal Son came back to father, feed and acute indigestion; the time when the lost heir turned up to thwart the villain, cancel the mortgage and marry the maid who had wept and waited, and it was the occasion when tightwads loosened up, hard hearts melted, virtue was rewarded and maids, who had married not wisely nor too well, came back to the old homestead to have fits on the threshold, and to be carried in out of the snow and thawed out on the radiator by emotional fathers full of pie, pathos, punch and pity.

That is all changed; Christmas has been brought right up to date, and it is now subordinated to the business interests and regulated by the Interstate Commerce laws. To-day it is a national gift enterprise, permeated by platitude, saddened by bad poetry, saturated with prose bathos and hot-aerated by the axioms of altruism. Christmas has been modernized, commercialized and systematized into one grand, glorious game of grab and gush, by which the modern man is made to stand and deliver that which he can ill afford to part with, and to lie down and accept that

which he does not want; and a reign of terror has been established under the banners of altruism and fraternity which is approved by Christianity and accepted by an abject world.

The Christmas festival is celebrated everywhere, but its highest expression, its merriest mood, is seen in the joyous department store, whose festive activities combine the grace and gentleness of a Subway station with the tenderness and humanity of a sweat shop; and there the illusion of a happy fairyland is sustained by care-free girls who slave, starve and smile for sixteen hours a day.

Santa Claus used to be the patron saint of the day until the auto and the fireless flat put his transportation facilities out of business; and when the fashionable mother substituted the dog kennel for the nursery the old man was relegated to the department stores, to cotton batting whiskers and a career of false pretences. His place was promptly pre-empted by Carnegie, Tammany, the Tariff and the Associated Charities and his enterprise reorganized on a basis of philanthropy and publicity.

To-day only children and old fossils believe in the foolish old Christmas of the dead and golden days; it has been banished from our giddy, greedy, garrulous civilization, and he who would find the kindly spirit of the antique festival must seek it in the homes of the humble and the haunts of the simple; and a little child must lead him.

Joseph Smith.

The Xmas Numbers



THE FLIRT

A Generous Soul

A BEGGAR stopped me on the way
 And sought a modest pension—
 I felt so very good that day
 I gave him—my attention.
 A widow called and asked me for
 Assistance o'er the ice.
 I sent her from my office door
 With heaps of—good advice.
 An old time friend came later in
 A deal of sore distress,
 But though 'twas clear he wanted tin
 I gave him—my address.
 A tenant up against bad luck
 One bitter winter's day
 Besought relief—I gave the duck
 Another day to pay.
 A stranger on the snowy street
 Rehearsed a tale of guile,
 And though I knew 'twas indiscreet
 I gave the man—a smile.
 Then came a sad and stranded wight,
 An immigrant from France,
 And begged a lodging over night,
 And got—a kindly glance.
 O what a thrill! How deep! How true!
 These times so glad and gay,
 Doth come from helping others through
 The woes that dog their way.
 How triply blest is he who shares,
 From his abundance pent,
 Those gifts to ease another's cares,
 Yet never spends a cent!
Wilberforce Jenkins.

COME, Rollo, let us look at the Xmas Numbers!

Let us acquire some of the good cheer of the Yuletide. How beautiful are the pictures on the covers, are they not? How intensely novel the designs!

See the girl with the plum pudding all aflame and the holly in her hair. Is it not quaint?

And, as I live, here is a girl under the mistletoe with pouted lips. What odd fancies these artists have!

Here are angels at choir practice and Santa Claus in an air ship! And see this purple church and the snow, how pink it is as it falls!

Now we will turn to the contents. Consider this strong statistical article, "Xmas in Many Lands." It is always a good one. It is kept standing constantly in some of the offices.

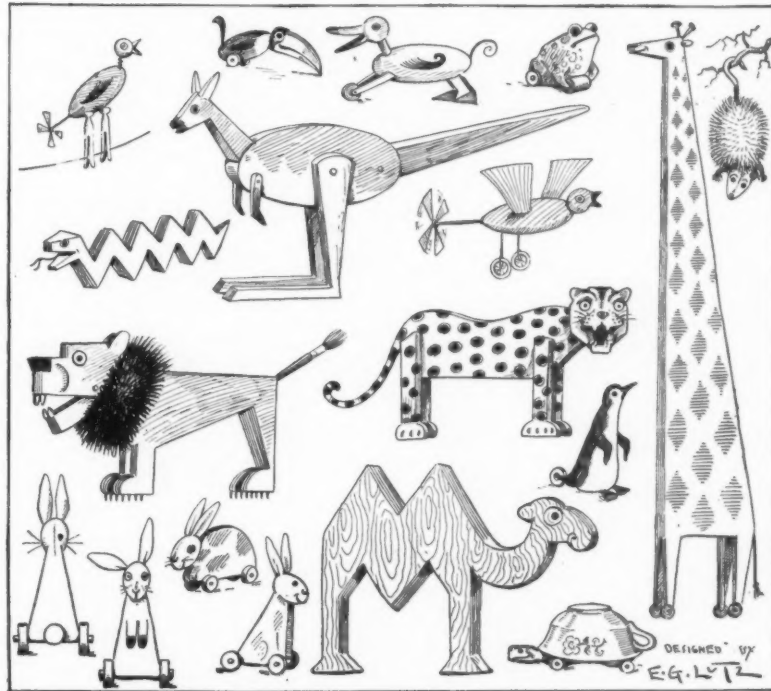
Now comes a pathetic poem, "Xmas in the Poorhouse." How uncomfortable it makes us feel! Turn over quickly.

Ah—here we have a lovely illustration, "Xmas at the Old Home." See all the relatives—how pie-faced they look as they gather round the board. Contemplate all the food. Is it not sentimental to think they are going to overeat? They will have to take pep-sin tablets for a week.

This picture never loses its simple wholesome drag on the reading public. That is why it is never left out. Never was there an old home so old as this!

Now, here, we have a bit of variety, "Xmas in Camp." This young man in the wrinkled pants and the sombrero, with a handkerchief tied about his neck, frying bacon over the fire is a cowboy. What a strong, splendid specimen of manhood he is! How fascinating he would look in regular sponged and pressed clothes!

This other young man, sitting down, seems to be polishing golf balls. No—we are wrong. Look closer and you will see that he is peeling potatoes with



MORE NEW ANIMAL TOYS

VERY HELPFUL IN TEACHING THE YOUNG TO KNOW THINGS AS THEY ARE NOT



UNDER THE MISTLETOE

a bowie knife. There is good red blood in that picture when you get it right. But get it right.

Turning the pages rapidly we come to a staunch old friend, "My Happiest Xmas." This is a symposium, composed of uninteresting falsehoods signed by notables. How weird it would be if it were all true!

Next is, "What Xmas Really Means." It is usually signed Peter B. Madison, but this time there is some other sanctimonious scribe down as the author. This, you see, gives a dash of deep seriousness to the general air of holiday cheer. It is the Uplift!

Oo-o-oh! Surely they would never leave this out, "The Actors' Xmas." These are all actors sitting on their trunks on the bleak railway station.

Would it not draw tears from a stone? It is pathetic to think of the poor actors so far from their homes and all the *cafés* closed probably. This illustration endures through all the reactions in art.

Why, you say, do not the editors get good new stuff?

Because they do not wish to go above the heads of the American people. The rural community—the Village Idiot, as it were—must be served at Xmas.

But look again at the actors. Chilled to the bone! Poor turkeyless mummers! Will the train never come? How cold and cheerless it is! U—gh—h—h!

I cannot stand it—it is so sad! My lip is trembling. Close the book quickly. Ah, what do we see? Here on the cover is the colored *chef* of the Cream of Hay ad.

How life-like he is! If he had more repression and fewer teeth he would not be so bad! He has a big turkey on a platter and it seems it is stuffed with cream of hay.

Count his teeth, Rollo! I wonder what he is barking about? How merry he is! Ha—ha—ha—ha! What would we do without the Xmas Numbers?

K. M.

An Advertisement

WANTED—A Newspaper. Need urgent. Important things are happening, the news of which is not disseminated. We need something that will take an entirely new view of what is going on. Something that will not pander to the degenerate taste for scandal, crime, platitudinous interviews with industrial barons, prize



"SUCH A DAYTIME I'VE MADE OF IT!"

fighters, Wall Street, divorces of the idle rich, gossip of society and other superficialities. Address Constant Reader, New York City.



PORTRAIT OF WILLIE ON HIS WAY TO BANK HIS FIRST WAGES

The Return

OUTSIDE, it was a dark and stormy night. The wind blew—as it always does on such occasions—in fitful gusts. Suddenly a stranger appeared at the door. He pressed the button fearlessly. He was tall and handsome, but his face—as usual—was weather beaten.

The door opened, and the maid thrust her head out.

“Who are you?”

“Is this the Spriggs’s house?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I am Mrs. Spriggs’s long-lost son. I have been away from home for twenty years; during this time I have circled the globe. Break the news gently to mother, please.”

“Mrs. Spriggs is not in.”

“Where is she?”

“Attending a political caucus. She won’t be home until one or two in the morning.”

“But perchance my father—”

“He is upstairs repairing his clothes, and has left orders not to be disturbed, even if you came.”

“Even if I came! Why, they didn’t know I was coming.”

“They have been prepared for it in case you did.”

“My sister Ellen?”

“She is rolling cigarettes for a bridge party and won’t be through for an hour. After that she dictates to her secretary.”

“My brother William—where is he?”

“Living in Reno for the present.”

“May I come in and warm myself?”

The maid shook her head.

“Sorry sir, but my orders are positive. Both Mr. and Mrs. Spriggs have notified me that if their long-lost child turned up at any time, to tell him that they all have so many engagements that they couldn’t see him for an indefinite time. You might, however, drop in again in a couple of years.”

A LADY who lived on the isthmus. Was worried the day after Christmas;

The fragments of holly

Made her melancholy;

She sighed: “Will you please look at this muss!”



THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS

What is Christmas?

By a Member of the Pessimists' Club

CHRISTMAS is a time when a man named Santa Claus distributes presents to a favored few and ignores the unfavored many.

It is a time when a lot of people who have been out of work are given temporary employment, only to know for certainty that as soon as it is over they will go back to idleness and possible starvation. It is also a time when

a lot of so-called charitable organizations band themselves together for the purpose of fleecing the public and to enable their officers to live in comfort.

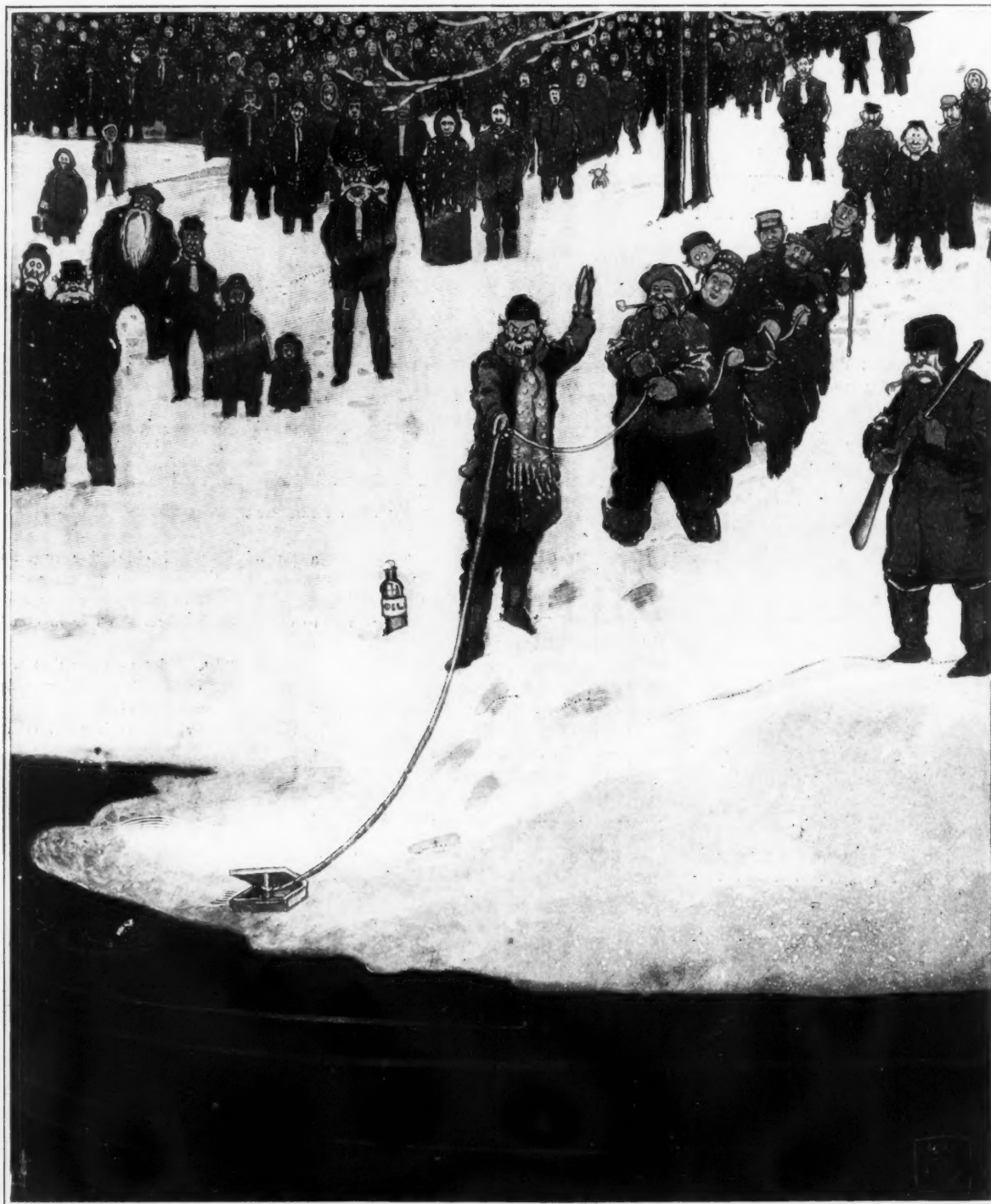
When we get a lot of gifts that we don't want in exchange for other gifts we have sent which no one else wants.

When we pay about thirty per cent. more for things than we would if we waited a couple of months later.

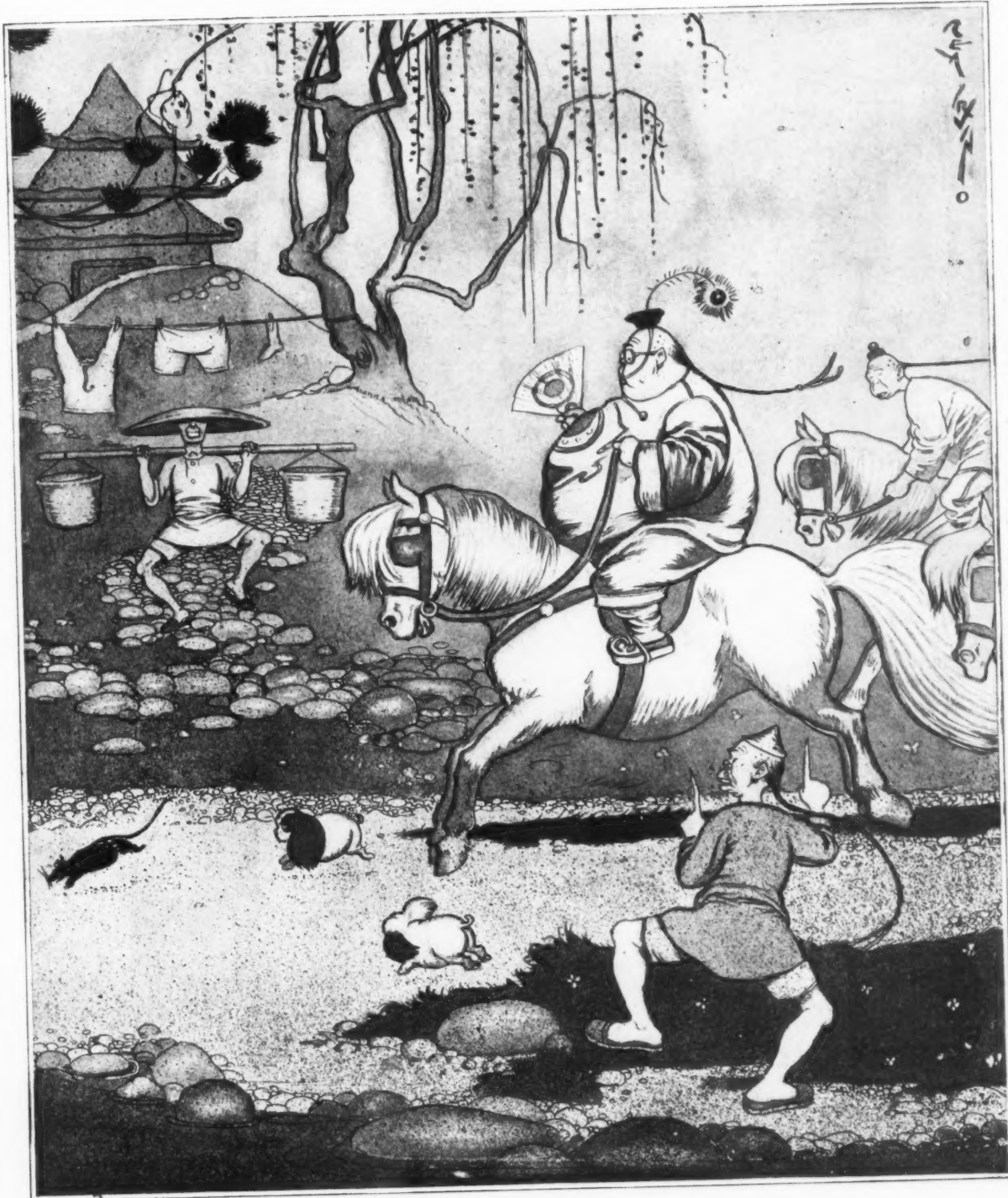
When there is nothing but newspaper to wrap parcels in.



“TO HIM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN”



SPORTS OF ALL NATIONS
TRAPPING SARDINES IN NORWAY



RIDING TO HOUNDS FOR "CHOP SUEY" IN CHINA



A DEBATE OF DUTCH UNCLES IN HOLLAND

Trustworthy Thomas

THERE are fires that slumber in every man. The private hell of Thomas Green blazed up, as if an officious devil had stirred the pit, when he read a pencil entry in a little notebook:

"5.4.09 Sold Trustworthy Thomas 4,000 Dextras at 1/—£200."

The entry was in the crabbed hand of his employer, generally known as Retail Harrison, because no gain was too small for his net.

Mr. Retail Harrison had set old Green to tidy his private papers, because he held that no other clerk was fool enough to be trusted. He kept the slow-witted, gray-bearded, kindly old man for this very foolishness. He called him Trustworthy Thomas. He credited him with two other virtues. "He has," he once told an intimate, "the gift of believableness—I suppose it's his white beard—and the mind of a phonograph. I tell him what to say to people, and he says it. They believe it from him, and they wouldn't believe it from me! See!"

"I see that they would not believe you," the intimate had answered; and Retail Harrison had chuckled at the praise. Nobody ever believed him, except Trustworthy Thomas. His belief vanished at the sight of the pencil entry.

On the fourth of May, 1909, Thomas had invested a recent small legacy—the only wealth of his life—with the advice and assistance of his employer. He had bought 4,000 Dextras at 1/. They were no longer quoted, but a speculative broker had offered him £10 for the lot. He had been moved by Thomas's evident trouble and was relieved when his offer was refused. In short, Retail Harrison had got rid of some rubbish of his own and netted his old clerk's £200. It happened that Trustworthy Thomas wanted the money just now. He was a widower with one child, and the one child was ill and the doctors said that the only hope was residence in a dry climate abroad. Thomas had never been able to save much and the girl's illness had already exhausted his meager savings—and more.

He sat with the notebook open in

front of him and stared and stared and stared. Presently he took from a well-worn pocketbook a well-worn photograph of a pretty, delicate young girl. He kissed it.

"You will die, my dear," he said, "unless—"

He repeated the word several times, as if he dared not finish the thought. "Unless—"

This is the story of the "—unless"—the exception that Trustworthy Thomas found to his rule of conduct.

The next morning he asked for five minutes of his employer's valuable time, and his employer gave the minutes. He cultivated a reputation for kindness with Thomas, so that Thomas might pass it on.

"You do not know him as I do," Thomas would say. "A kind man, a most considerate man. I have been with him for seventeen years and I know."

Also Thomas's belief in his benevolence amused him and he expected five minutes' entertainment.

"Well?" he asked indulgently, "what can I do for you, Thomas?"

Thomas rested a skinny hand on the desk and looked down at the hand.

"A little while ago, sir," he said, with a deprecating cough, "I had a legacy."

"You lucky dog!" said Harrison. He rubbed his fat hands and smiled his over-fed, creasy smile. "I never get legacies."

"It was," Thomas continued, "a matter of two hundred pounds."

"Two hundred pounds is a lot of money, Thomas," his employer remarked, winking to himself. "A lot of money!"

"You were good enough to advise me how to invest it. In fact you were so very kind as to instruct your own broker to arrange the investment for me, if you remember."

Harrison glanced at him sharply, but there was no trace of the smouldering fires on his solemn, old face.

"Ah," he said. "Yes, yes. Sinistras, wasn't it? They've gone up a trifle, I understand. It's rather a hope-

ful property, but slow; very slow."

"No, sir," said Thomas, shaking his head. "It was Dextras, and they've gone down."

Harrison raised his hands.

"You must have mixed things up as usual," he cried. "Really, you are too careless. Dextras are hopeless. I've always refused to touch them. If you'd bought Sinistras, as I advised—well, well. We all have our little losses. You should be thankful it wasn't more."

"It was all I had," Thomas stated gravely, "and—and I need the money very badly, very badly."

"Dear me," said his employer. "That is unfortunate. Well, you can't blame me, you know."

The inward fires lit up again in Thomas. He started to speak, clenched his hands and stopped himself. To twit his employer with his rascality would only make matters worse.

"My daughter is ill," he said hoarsely. "She is all I have. She is young—just twenty. It is her lungs. The doctor says I ought to send her to Switzerland. Two hundred pounds isn't much to you, and I thought if you would buy them back—it was your advice, and—"

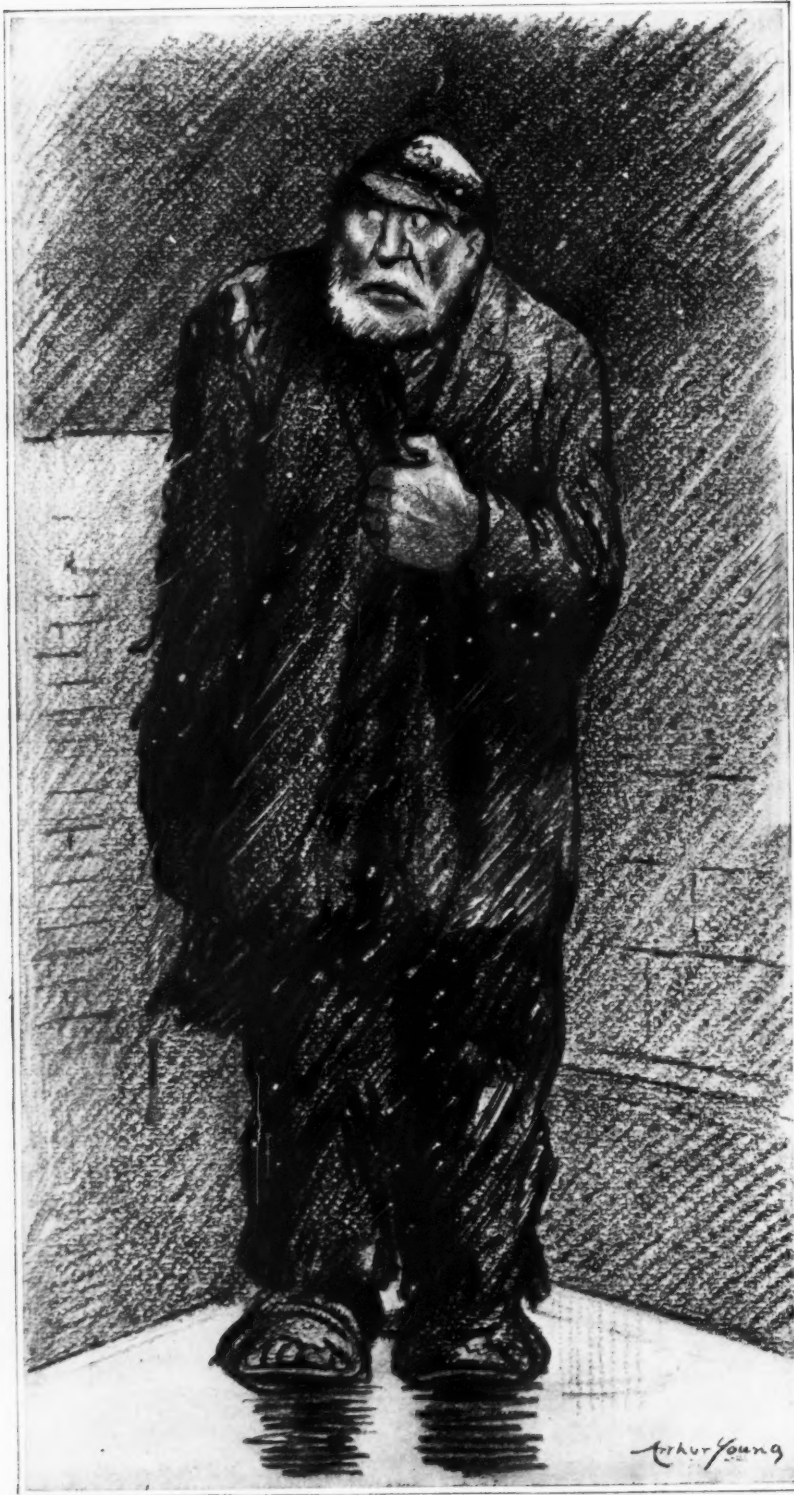
Harrison made a sound like an enraged bird; one of those big birds that prey.

"My advice!" he roared. "I told you Sinistras and you went and mixed up the names, as you always do, you stupid old fool. I have put up with your stupidity and overpaid you, and now you come the whining mendicant!"

"Not for myself," the old man pleaded. "I'd die before I'd ask anyone for a penny. It isn't me. It's—just a young life! If you heard her cough! She's such a pretty girl, and the only one. Her mother—it's fifteen years ago she died—and her last words—"

"The five minutes are up," Harrison snapped. "There's the meeting at eleven, and I—"

"If you'd give me a hundred for them," Thomas pleaded desperately. "She's all I have in the world—the only thing I have. She—she's too young to—"



THE UNDER DOG

The Under Dog

"FAMINE is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth
in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the
world's law."

"That's enough!" Harrison roared.
"She's dying by inches," the old man persisted. "I'll work all day and all night to pay it back. I'll—"

Harrison took his hat and walked to the door.

"I shall be at the Columbia Board," he stated, "if anyone wants me."

The old man followed him up.

"It was your advice," he cried. "If she dies—"

"— you!" roared his master.

"I'm not a charity organization. If you forget yourself like this again, you'll have to go."

"I'd sell my soul for a hundred pounds," Thomas almost screamed.

"Your soul!" the millionaire cried. "Your soul!"

He laughed—genuinely. The idea that anyone would buy the soul of Trustworthy Thomas appealed to his sense of humor.

"For the love of God!" Thomas begged. "I'll move heaven and earth to repay you. I'll—I'll—." His voice broke.

The door closed. Trustworthy Thomas threw up his hands as if he appealed to heaven. Then he dropped them and ground his teeth and clenched his fists, as if he appealed elsewhere. He fixed his eyes on the safe in the corner. His lips twitched and his long beard wagged absurdly.

"Merciful God!" he groaned. "I've always been an honest man. It's the child's life. Not *that* way—I'd be found out and it would kill her. Not a common thief—the child's life—"

He drew near the safe, glancing all round him; touched it, fumbled for a key, and suddenly turned and ran out of the room. A sixty-years' habit of honesty is hard to break, and Thomas's trustworthiness had proved too strong for him.

Harrison spoke to him roughly when he returned from the meeting.

"You can apologize for your behavior or go," he said. "I give you

till to-morrow to think it over. If you stay, remember this: Your daughter is yours, not mine. See?"

Our lives pass many dangers unaware. Harrison brushed shoulders with death just then. A heavy ruler lay near Thomas's fingers as they tapped softly on the desk. He had a curious whispering feeling that it would be pleasant to bring the ruler down just on the little bald place on Harrison's head. His natural slowness saved him from the deed. The whisper died away in five seconds, but in those five seconds he had formed a strangely steady resolution. Harrison had cheated two hundred pounds—and that meant a girl's

life—out of him. He would cheat the two hundred pounds—and his daughter's life—out of Harrison. The contest between his slow wit and Harrison's quick wit was not so unequal, he told himself. For Harrison trusted him. The very trustworthiness which had enabled him to be cheated would enable him to cheat. Honesty was no virtue, but a vice, dealing with such a man. He bowed his head slowly.

"I will think it over, sir," he said. He thought it over. His mind was not really stupid, only sluggish. He spurred it. The next morning an opportunity came his way and he saw it.

He went into his master holding a cable in his hand. It was from Harrison's agent in the mining district—a rogue who betrayed his employers' secrets for a price. The cable was in cipher, but Trustworthy Thomas had decoded it. Being a fool and trustworthy he had charge of the key.

"I apologize, sir," he said, and held out the translation.

Harrison took it and slapped his leg. For it read thus: "Enormous vein struck on Dextras. Buy every share at any price. Keeping back report to board for six days."

"I've more cause for apology than you know, sir," Thomas said softly. "When I was ordering your papers I saw a note showing that it was your shares I bought. I was fool enough to think that you had taken advantage of me. Now I know better, of course. You see, I had my troubles and they unbalanced me, or I shouldn't have



CHRISTMAS EVE

been so mad as to mistrust you. Now, thanks to you, I shall be able to send her to Switzerland."

"Of course," said Harrison. "Of course! This is just what I expected. I'd have told you yesterday, but you were so—well, perhaps I wasn't in a good temper myself. Besides, I didn't want to raise your hopes and perhaps disappoint you. I was half a mind to give you one hundred pounds for them, but I thought you'd do better by holding on. We must keep this quiet, Thomas, *very* quiet. In a day or two I may be able to sell them for you for the full two hundred!"

Harrison rubbed his hands. "And perhaps a little profit?" Thomas suggested timidly.

"Perhaps even a little profit," the millionaire agreed; "but it doesn't do to be too greedy. I'll tell you when to sell, Thomas. In two or three days, I should think."

"Thank you, sir. Wouldn't they—I've no head for figures—but wouldn't they perhaps rise more after the report came out?"

"It depends, Thomas. It depends. Of course, these things leak out and—expectation is more than reality sometimes, you know. I think you'll get the best price by selling in a day or two. I'll tell you. We must be discreet. Throw that decode on the fire, for fear anyone might read it. You see, four thousand shares are a lot to put on the market. They'd make a glut. We must arrange the sale privately. I should think we might manage a small profit. We'll see, we'll see!"

He left the office quickly and motored to his broker's.

"I want Dextras," he said, "a lot of them. It's a rotten concern, but they're going at next to nothing, and if I can buy enough to get control I might refloat it. There are two hundred thousand pound shares. I'll take up to one hundred and twenty thousand at six pence or under."

The broker shook his head.

"You can't buy at that," he stated. "Someone is in front of you; forty thousand were bought this morning. They began at one pence, but they ended at one shilling three pence. You'll have to go slower or they will jump."

"Get what you can up to two shillings," Harrison commanded.

But he got very few at that price, and before the end of the day they were up to four shillings. He offered Thomas one shilling three pence apiece for his; and even increased the offer to one shilling six pence, but Thomas had an extraordinary attack of greed and obstinacy.

"There's a young fellow that I know who's on the Stock Exchange," he explained. "He tells me they're going up like wildfire. I'll wait a bit. You take my advice, sir, and hold on to what *you've* got. We'll make a pretty penny." He chuckled artfully.

"Those young fellows make me sick," Harrison growled. "You'll hold on to them till you lose. Look here, Thomas. You're a good chap and you can't afford to speculate as I can. I'll give you one shilling nine pence apiece."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Thomas, "but I've handed them to Mr. Deedes—the young gentleman that I spoke of—to dispose of, and promised to trust to his judgment. I might tell him to come and see you."

"Yes," said Harrison. "Yes, but he'd better hurry up, or I might change my mind."

The young man did not hurry up, however, and when he came the next day the shares had got up to eight shillings. He wanted eight shillings six pence. Harrison drove him from his office. The next morning he sent for him again and bought them at nine shillings. Thomas's £200 had turned to £1,800. He went about the



DUNS SELDOM BOTHERED ONE A SECOND TIME



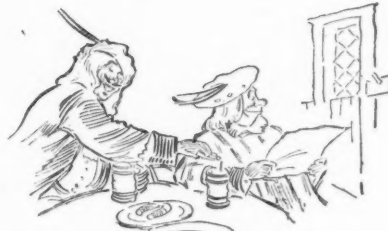
WITNESSES WERE NOT SO RELUCTANT ABOUT GIVING THEIR EVIDENCE



IMPUDENT COOKS WERE ALMOST UNKNOWN



FLIGHTY WIVES WERE VERY SOON BROUGHT TO THEIR SENSES.



IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT TO GET RID OF A TROUBLESOME NEIGHBOR.



THESE NEW RELIGIOUS SECTS DID NOT RECEIVE SO MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT.



POLITICAL RIVALS WERE EASILY DISPOSED OF



THE SCANDAL MONGER WAS SPEEDILY SILENCED

Mark Fairweather

"IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF YORE"

office chuckling, and when Harrison abused him for "a greedy old Jew," he showed a mind turned by his good fortune. If he did not suit, he would give a month's notice, he said.

"You can go now, if you like," Harrison roared. "You grasping, ungrateful, old scoundrel."

Thomas accepted the offer and left at lunch time. He did not even claim his wages for the broken week.

He went straight to his young friend and told him to sell out 40,000 Dextras, "as fast as Mr. Harrison will buy them," and to invest the proceeds and £1,500 of the £1,800 in Sinistras, which were quite low for a mine with possibilities. For, strange to say, it was Thomas who had made, on credit, the original purchases which started the rise of Dextras!

When he left Mr. Deedes, he went to a shipping office and arranged for two special passages to Switzerland, with every luxury in the way of accommodation. Then he went home to his daughter and kissed her solemnly.

"I have made a lot of money, little girl," he said, "and I'm taking you to Switzerland to-morrow."

The girl laid her head on his shoulder and cried quietly. The grim reaper had seemed so near.

"How did you manage it, daddy?" she asked. "I expect that clever Mr. Harrison had something to do with it, hadn't he?"

"Yes, my dear," said Trustworthy Thomas. "Yes!"

By the evening of the following day, Thomas had sold his Dextras, and Harrison had bought them.

The next morning the boards of both Dextras and Sinistras received their usual telegraphic reports from their emissary, Harrison's friend. Dextras, the agent said, might finally be considered worthless, and the company had better be wound up. Sinistras had struck an extraordinarily fine vein and should pay fifty per cent. for the next five years. Dextras became immediately unsalable. Sinistras leaped from ten shillings to two pounds. Harrison lost £60,000 and reckoned that he had missed a gain of five times as much. Trustworthy Thomas found himself worth about £80,000.



Burglar: AFTER YOU, MY DEAR SANTA

"I would like," he reflected, "to see his face when he gets out that cable and decodes it for himself!"

For the cable said "Sinistras," where Thomas's decode, which had gone on the fire, said "Dextras."

As a matter of fact, Harrison did not grasp the whole case when he decoded the cable. It was a "friend" who called that afternoon who enlightened him.

"It isn't often you get bitten," he said, with his tongue in his cheek. "How did it happen?"

"It was a confounded clerk of mine," Harrison growled. "He decoded a cable wrongly. He had Dextras on the brain and wrote them down instead of Sinistras."

"He must have made a fine thing out of them," the "friend" observed, scarcely restraining a chuckle.

"Oh," said Harrison, "it wasn't that. He was too big a fool to work a swindle. In fact, it was Trustworthy Thomas."

The "friend" laughed outright at last.

"My confidential clerk has a pal in Jones, Law & Deedes, the jobbers," he said. "He's heard that 'Mr. Thomas Green'—Green's the chap's name, isn't it?—made a quarter of a million out of the business. He bought up all the Dextras at the start, sold them out at the top and invested in Sinistras yes-

terday. He's had you fairly."

It was three months before Harrison spoke again to this "friend."

He turned the matter over in his mind, seeking a way to be revenged on Trustworthy Thomas; but he decided that, with the decode burnt, he could not succeed in a prosecution; and, besides, there was a likelihood—more than a likelihood—that trouble might come to himself and his agent at the mines, if their connection were disclosed. He decided that Thomas's punishment would come through his "conscience," a faculty which he had heard was very troublesome to its possessors.

Harrison spent many hours concocting a letter which he considered well calculated to stir up this alien creature termed "conscience"; perhaps even—so he hoped—to move it to the point of restitution.

The letter reached Trustworthy Thomas when he was idling on the balcony of a little hotel overlooking a little Swiss lake. He read it carefully, down to the postscript. "You have a conscience," it said, "which you cannot escape. I leave you to it."

Trustworthy Thomas sighed several times. Then his daughter's laugh came up to him, and he looked down at her where she sat with a group of friends. There was a pretty color on her pretty face and her eyes were sparkling. She had been "taken in time," an eminent physician had told him that very morning.

And Thomas had decided to give £20,000 to saving the lives of other poor, consumptive young people.

There was a little *extra* color in the girl's cheeks just now. A tall, young fellow was whispering to her; a young fellow of whom Thomas entirely approved. She was saved, saved for love and happiness.

He tore the letter into little pieces and let them flutter down to the lake. He watched the swans glide up to examine them and glide away again. He lit an expensive cigar and smoked it with appreciation. The pleasure of affluence had not worn off yet. He leaned on the railing and listened smilingly for his daughter's next laugh.

His conscience did not trouble him.

Owen Oliver.



A LUCID INTERVAL

The Big Christmas

THE trust magnate was breakfasting sitting opposite his handsome, haughty-looking wife. The room was done in old oak and tapestry, and in the great fireplace a log of genuine Yule was burning.

He was iron gray, thin, tired looking, with an occasional attractive twinkle in his eye. She was inclined to be stout; her hair was snow white, elaborately dressed. A shadowy sweetness lingered in the corners of her mouth, suggesting the ghosts of youthful dimples.

She toyed with an iced orange and an egg on toast. He had a bowl of shredded something with fruit juice, which he ate with a spoon, as though he hated it. A table at one side of the room was piled high with still unopened packages that had come to these two fortunate persons as greeting for the holiday. The bell rang frequently and a man came in carrying another box, which he placed with the others.

"Another bronze inkstand came last night," chuckled the magnate; "that makes eighteen!"

His wife smiled faintly at him across the table.

"Thank you for the La Vallière, Harry," she said; "I've always wanted one of those pear-shaped pearls."

"They told me pink pearls were the very newest," he said. "Glad you liked it."

"How are the diamond links?" she asked.

"Rather loud for my style of beauty," he replied. "You will insist on buying my clothes, Mary, in spite of years of protest. I couldn't wear those links, except to a prize fight. I suppose they'll change them—yes?"

She was thinking, her cheek resting on her hand.

"Do you remember one Christmas Day—so many years ago," she questioned him, "when we were so poor we had no dinner?"

"Clearly. And now we have no digestions," he remarked.

"And one Christmas when you were so ill and we were in a hotel and so uncomfortable?"

He nodded cheerfully.

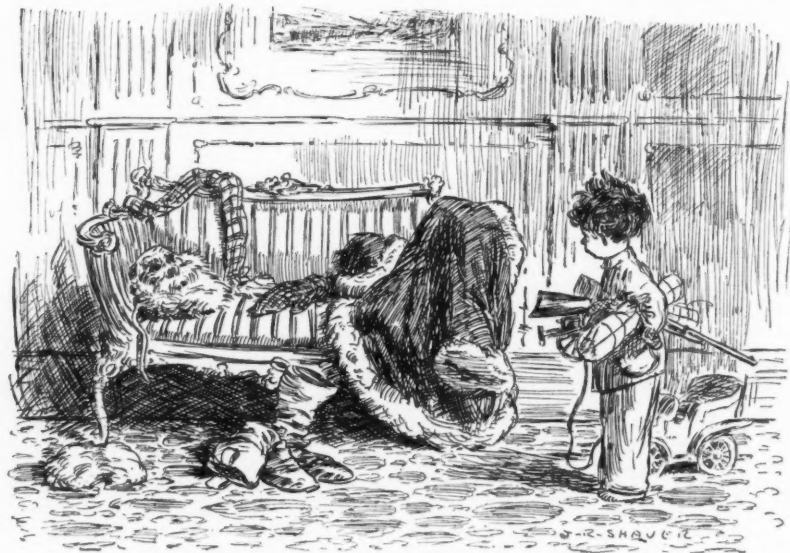
"You are forgetting the Big Christmas," he remarked.

"We've had so many of them together," she said, "it makes me feel quite old and a little bit sad."

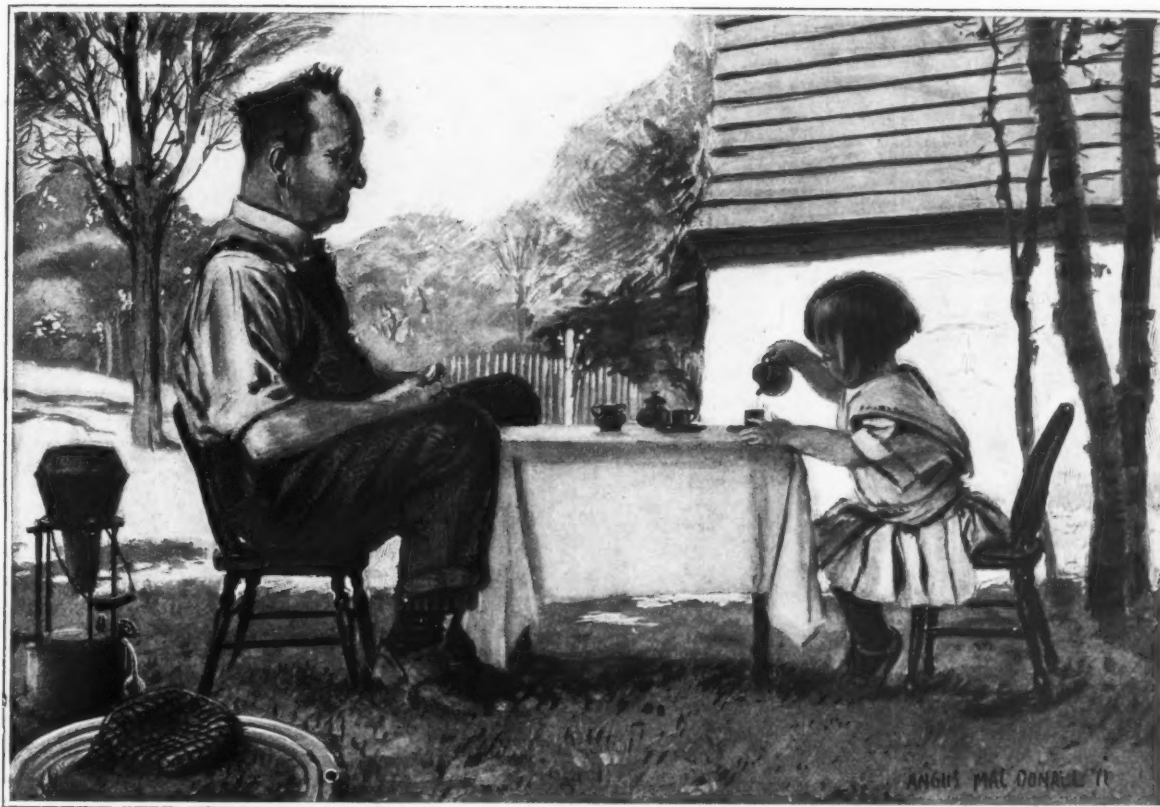
"Think back," he said, "to one Christmas night that we were together in a sleigh on the old mill road. There were stars in the sky and it was cold. You were snuggling close to me—"

"Why Harry, we weren't engaged then."

"You were one of those snuggle-some girls, Mary. I repeat, you were crowding me some, but I didn't mind it. You wore a red knitted hood tied



CHRISTMAS MORNING
ANOTHER FRAUD DISCOVERED



AN HONORED GUEST

under your chin, and a—a tippet—yes, that's it, a tippet of white fur with little black specks on it like a cat."

"Ermine, you foolish boy."

"And suddenly we bumped over something and you were scared—and the next thing—you had kissed me."

"It was you that kissed me. The idea—why—"

"How could I? I was driving. You deliberately kissed me—Mary—don't deny it after all these years."

"I don't remember it, Harry."

"I remember it distinctly, for I had always wanted to, but being a modest youth, I was afraid. But that delightful bump in the road broke the ice. I dropped the reins and asked you to marry me. You said yes. You remember now, don't you?"

She was blushing faintly and the shadows that had been dimples deepened at her lips. She nodded her head.

"The horse jumped. Over went the sleigh and we tumbled into a big snow drift, not quite knowing what was the matter. The horse, being the one livery stable hack in the place, was used to lovers, so he just stood still, looking back at us while I righted the cutter and lifted you in. We were the happiest two in the world, weren't we?"

"Yes," she said softly.

"That was the Big Christmas, Mary," said he.

A man came in with a white box and placed it on the table and they withdrew their hands guiltily. The magnate cut the string, lifted some tissue paper and looked in.

He chuckled horribly.

"Guess what it is," he asked.

"Another bronze inkstand?"

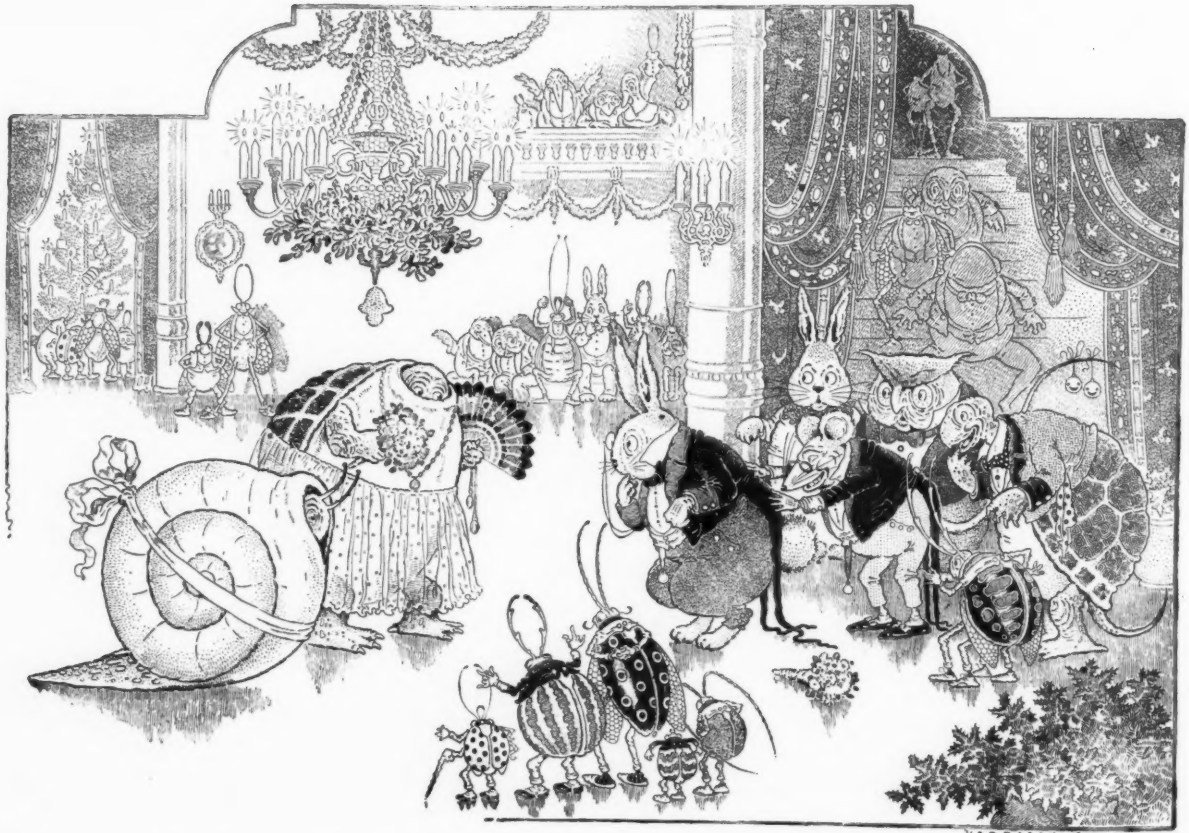
"You win."

Kate Masterson.



RACING TERM

DEAD HEAT



Mr. Rabbit: WELL, NOW! THIS IS A NICE SITUATION. TWO BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADIES DIRECTLY UNDER THE MISTLETOE AND EVERY TIME I TRY TO KISS THEM THEY DRAW IN THEIR HEADS

Etiquette for Christmas

DO not push or crowd ahead of other shoppers. Wait patiently until they have all completed their purchases and then politely state your wants to the girl behind the counter.

Describe to her leisurely what it is you wish to buy. Nothing is more vulgar than an appearance of haste or impatience.

If she hasn't the article you desire, take whatever she has. It doesn't matter. Buy such things as seem shop-worn or unattractive. This is true kindness to others. Express no surprise at being obliged to wait a long time for your change. (If literary, carry a volume of Marcus Aurelius to read at these odd hours. If a fairly rapid reader, carry several volumes.)

Have no definite idea of what you want to buy for your friends' gifts. Trust to luck to see just the right thing at the right price. If you don't see it, take something else. It doesn't matter.

Do your Christmas shopping early. Late August or early September is a good time, as there are almost no

people in the shops then. Also, almost no goods. But it doesn't matter.

If the week before Christmas you find you have all your gifts bought and no money to buy more, go back and exchange some. It is a shame to miss the festive excitement of the Christmas shopping crowds. Go to toy counters or notion counters late in the afternoon and you will be annoyed at the result. If you buy a large or bulky parcel, carry it home with you. It adds to the Christmas spirit of the crowd in many ways.

Endeavor to make yourself a conspicuous and animated figure in the crowd of Christmas shoppers. Even without vulgar pushing or jostling, you may manage to impede others' progress, by sudden or undecided movements, by stepping ahead of patient or timid people, by going backward or sideways, or by standing stock-still to read over your list.

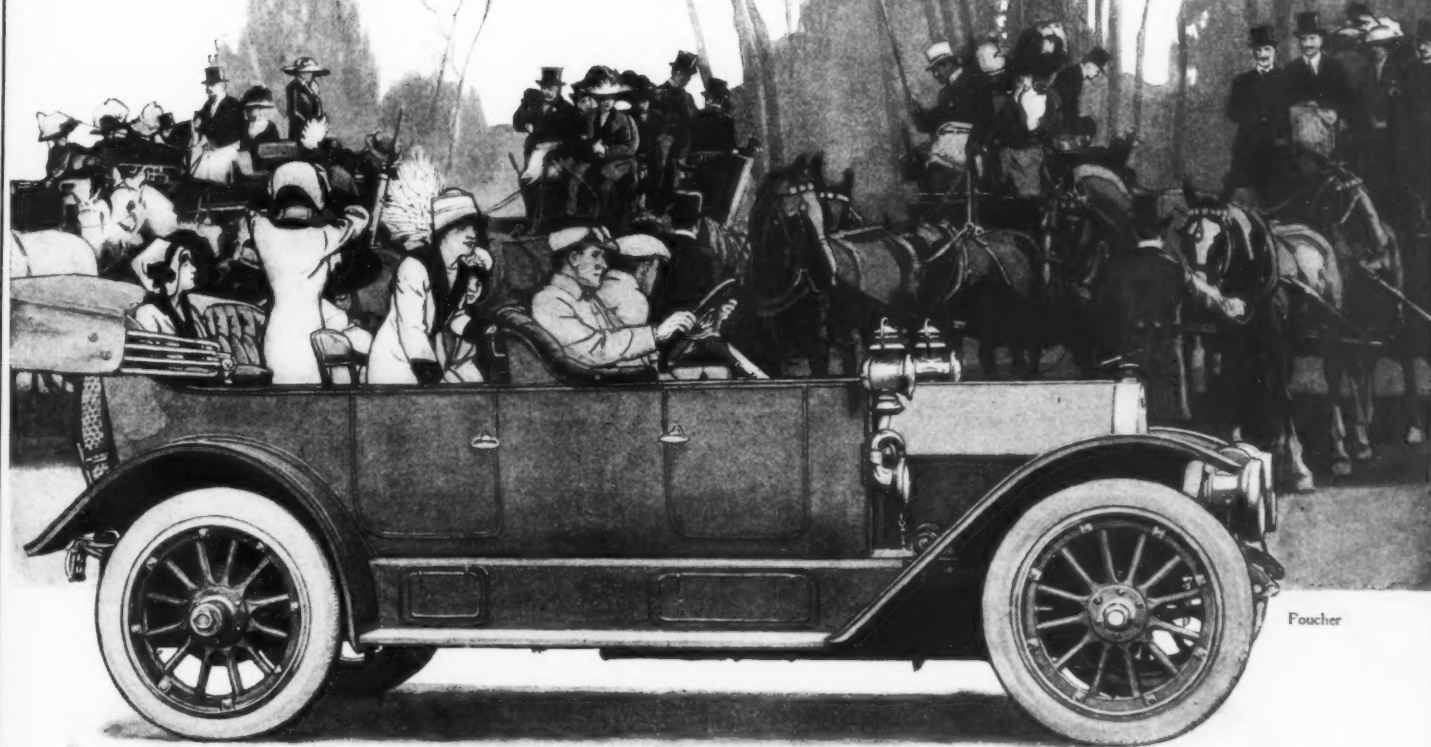
Remember all these points, and we may hope for our usual turbulent, excited and hen-minded crowd of Christmas shoppers.

Carolyn Wells.

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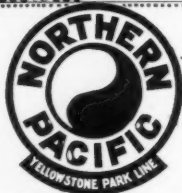
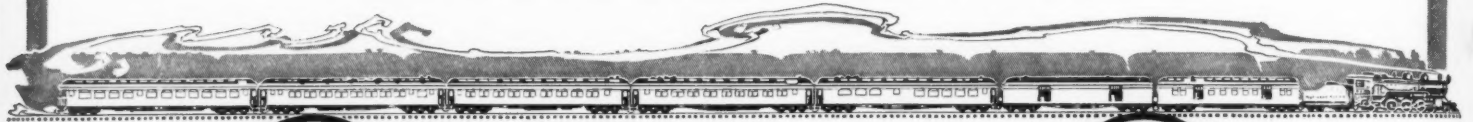
LET your Winter Outing in Summerland be capped by the fitting climax of a never-to-be-forgotten trip eastward by way of Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and Puget Sound—the Mediterranean of America—and through the Scenic Northwest, on one of the several daily electric-lighted de luxe trains of the

Northern Pacific Railway

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Route of the "North Coast Limited"—only all first-class train between the East and the North Pacific Coast. Drawing rooms, compartments and open sections; electric lights in upper as well as lower berths. The line that maintains its own bake shops and poultry and dairy farms to insure a perfect dining car service.

The line that has made the GREAT BIG BAKED POTATO famous



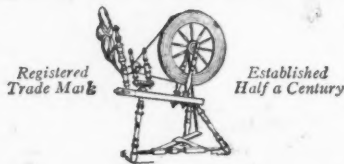
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5th Ave. & 34th St., N. Y.,
Opposite Waldorf-Astoria



(Butler): "I 'ERE THAT THE BOSS 'AS BEEN AN' BOUGHT ANOTHER O' THEM OLD MASTERS."

(Chef): "BAH! HE GEEVE ME ZE PAIN. HE KNOWS NOSSING OF ART. HE CANNOT TELL ZE MEISSONIER FROM ZE MAYONNAISE."

MAD
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Sold
keep
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\$1.2
\$2.5
stor

Belle M
81 W
Tren



IN the home of culture where books and friends are cherished, where all that is good is sought and things worth while find a place—there you will find an appreciation of the candy that is famous as the pioneer for purity.

Belle Mead Sweets

Chocolates and Bon Bons

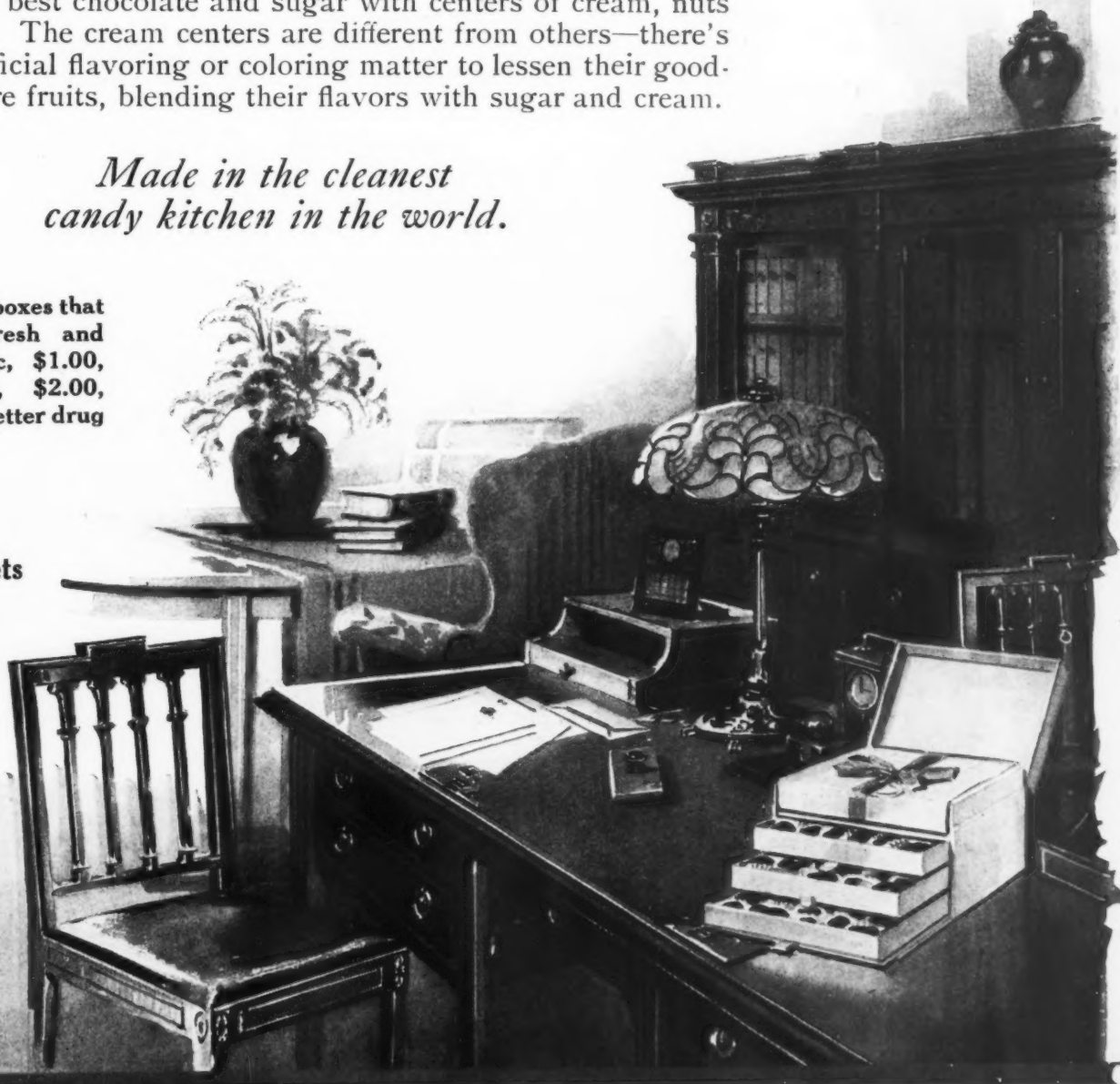
MADE of the best chocolate and sugar with centers of cream, nuts and fruits. The cream centers are different from others—there's no glucose, artificial flavoring or coloring matter to lessen their goodness. Just pure fruits, blending their flavors with sugar and cream.

*Made in the cleanest
candy kitchen in the world.*

Sold in sealed boxes that keep them fresh and delicate. 80c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 at the better drug stores.

Belle Mead Sweets

81 West End Ave.,
Trenton, N. J.



AVT SCISSORS AVT NULLUS

FOR THE EDITOR
MERRY X.M.A.S.

Broker's Advertisement

If you want to buy a bond
come to us.
If you want to "cross the pond"
come to us.
For principal secure,
For interest that is sure,
For investments that endure
come to us.

—Hartford Courant.

A Christmas Petition

'Tis Christmas time! Though we regret
Its many forced expenses,
We pretend to like the gifts we get,
And our friends make like pretenses.

Both, for ourselves, be this our plea,
And those who recompense us—
Forgive us our Christmases as we
Forgive those who Christmas against
us!

—Harper's Magazine.



A LEANING TOWARD CORPULENCY

His Limit

"I love you!" he cried, throwing all
restraint to the winds.

"Do you really and truly love me?"
she answered, still unyielding.

"I swear I do!"

"How much?"

"How do I know how much? With
all my heart and soul and strength and
mind and—"

"Wait. Couldn't you love me any
more?"

"Dearest, if I loved you any more I
don't think I could stand it."

"Why not?"

"I might want to marry you."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Christmas Spirit

HOKUS: Do you expect to spend a
pleasant Christmas?

POKUS: I ought to. That's about all
I have left to spend.

—Woman's Home Companion.

It's foolish to be extravagant at
Christmas. If you really wish your
friends to remember it, give them a
cheap present.—Lippincott's.

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Club Cocktails

ABOTTLED DELIGHT

ADD this completing touch to the festive spirit of Yuletide—a **CLUB COCKTAIL** to prepare the palate for the Christmas fare.

The soft mellowness and delightful flavor of this perfect blend of old liquors are due to their precise blending and proper ageing before bottling. No newly made cocktails can compare with them.

Simply strain through cracked ice and serve.

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

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

"No! I am not tired after my Christmas shopping. I wear O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber, and I feel as fresh as when I started. My husband says he can't get along without them. They give a buoyant tread, a quiet step, and cost only 50c. attached."



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Down Fine

"Now, Willie," said the superintendent's little boy addressing the blacksmith's little boy, who had come over for a frolic, "we'll play 'Sabbath School.' You give me a nickel every Sunday for six months, and then at Christmas I'll give you a ten-cent bag of candy."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

The Wreck

ROSS: I hear a burglar got in your house while your wife was away.

CORY: Yes; I'm so glad. My wife won't know how much of the wreck is me and how much is him.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

As He Understood It

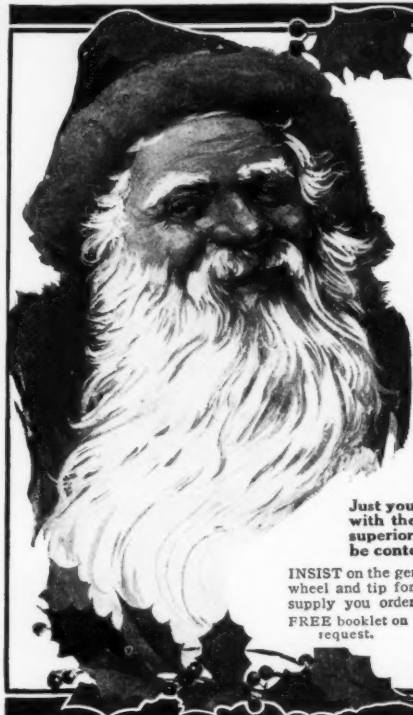
A young Canadian came to Washington last winter and was making a Christmas call upon a very pretty young woman whom he met for the first time. "Do you have reindeer in Canada?" asked the young lady.

"No, darling," he answered, "at this season it always snows."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

TOMMY: Pop, what is sound advice?
TOMMY'S POP: Sound advice, my son, is generally nine parts sound and one part advice.—*Philadelphia Record.*

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



Don't Buy Xmas Presents

of pianos or furniture, and spoil the pleasure of your gifts, **UNLESS**

such articles are equipped with "FELTOID" CASTERS and TIPS. Piano and furniture dealers will supply "FELTOID" Casters and Tips if you INSIST on your purchases being so equipped. It will pay you to INSIST, because "FELTOID" Casters and Tips SAVE beautiful hardwood floors and costly rugs from ruin and destruction. Do not allow your dealer to tell you rubber, leather, or metal wheels are as good—they are NOT.

"FELTOID" Casters and Tips

are made of an indestructible, resilient substance that serves as a cushion tread, receives and absorbs the impact, and affords absolute floor and rug protection.

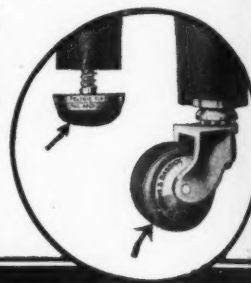
Just you try them and compare "FELTOID" with the old-fashioned casters—"FELTOID" superiority will be so apparent you will not be content with any other kind.

INSIST on the genuine with "FELTOID" stamped on every wheel and tip for your protection. If your dealer will not supply you order direct from—

FREE booklet on request.

BURNS & BASSICK CO.
Sole Manufacturers

Dept. F, Bridgeport, Conn.



We have caught the fragrance of real violets



Send 2c. in stamps for a Sample Cake

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., Dept. X, CINCINNATI

Applied Christianity

Instead of the usual just-before-Christmas letter to Santa Claus, Robbie wrote a prayer letter to God. After enumerating the many and varied presents he wanted very much, he concluded with: "Remember, God, the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."—*Everybody's.*

Scaling the Peak

KNICKER: Is that Boston girl frigid?
BOCKER: I should say so. When fellows call on her they tie themselves together with ropes.—*Harper's Bazar.*

LITTLE WILLIE: Pa, what's a financier?

PA: A financier, my son, is a man who is capable of inducing other men to pile up a fortune for him.—*Chicago News.*



ANCHORED

Caroni Bitters—Unexcelled with Lemonade, Soda, Gin, Sherry and Whiskey. Indispensable for a perfect cocktail. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.

JOHN HOLLAND SAFETY Self-Inking Fountain Pen

WHEREVER you see the little Dutch boy and girl, lithographed in nine colors—the handsomest "cut-out" ever designed for dealers—you'll find the John Holland Safety Self-Inking Fountain Pen.

Simply pull the button—it fills and locks itself

THE SAFETY CAP—the latest Holland feature, with which this Holland Pen is equipped—does away with all possible ink leakage. You can carry the pen in ANY position. No chance for ink evaporation. ALWAYS ready to write. Just the pen for ladies to carry in their handbags or to lay in their writing cabinets.

Fitted with the John Holland Gold Pen—which has 71 years of supremacy behind it—and Patent Elastic Fissured Feed, insuring EVEN ink flow.

For an ANY-TIME gift no greater or more abiding satisfaction can be assured for so LITTLE money.

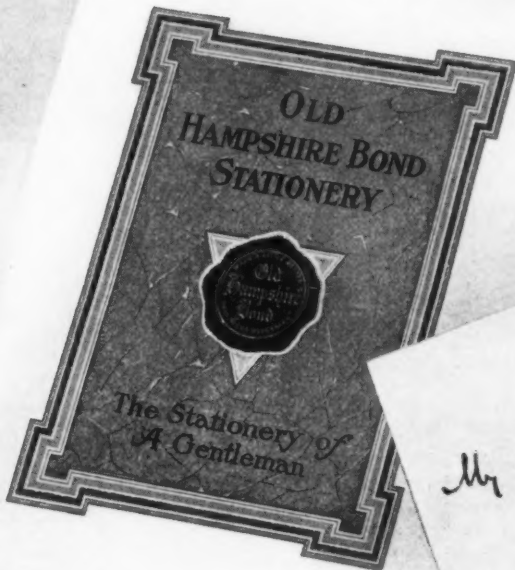
Ask your nearby dealer or we will send direct to you. Illustrated Catalog C—over 100 styles—FREE. Write for it.



THE JOHN HOLLAND GOLD PEN CO.
ESTABLISHED 1841 ----- CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

Old Hampshire Bond

*The Stationery
of a Gentleman*



December 23^d 1911

My dear Harvey -
 You are the hardest
 man in the world at
 Christmas time. You have
 most everything.
 But "the stationery of a
 Gentleman" never comes amiss
 so here are two boxes of
 Old Hampshire Bond with
 my Holiday greetings.
 Thine Billy.

*We have a sample packet
we would like to mail you.
Ask us for it*

Hampshire Paper Co
South Hadley Falls Mass



From Our Readers

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

A Canadian's Reasons

DEAR LIFE:

The recent speech of Mr. Champ Clark, in which he said that if he ran on a platform favoring the annexation of Canada and if Mr. Taft opposed the idea he would carry every State in the Union, casts a strong light on the lack of responsibility and the petty narrow views of your public men.

What would the world say if Mr. Balfour announced that if he ran on a platform in favor of annexing France, and that if Mr. Asquith opposed this scheme he would sweep England from end to end?

Would not France, as a friendly power, have some right to feel offended, and would not the world, and especially the United States, sneer at this exhibition of lack of statesmanship, so devoid of the very elements of decency?

But in England public men look upon international questions from a broad-minded standpoint, and do not make of them a football to be used in the heat and passion of local party politics. They also recognize the right of other countries to rule and govern themselves in any way they may deem fit.

Because of this constant "playing to the gallery" by your political leaders, and for many other even more important reasons, we are satisfied to remain outside your great republic, always friendly, but self-reliant and without fear.

J. HOLLISTER WILSON.

MONTREAL, CANADA,
November 3, 1911.

Is He Laughing at Us?

EDITOR OF LIFE:

SIR.—It is regrettable that your Chicago number had some details missing. For instance, the city arms, a pig rampant with the motto, "In hog signo vinces." The motto of its greatest university is "Rebateum oilet, sed non oilet." The city's name is a corruption of "Ship-hog-slow," a phrase of reproach applied to early Fort Dearborn packers by rivals in other communities. The favorite dessert in Chicago is Bath-House-Johnny-cake. Slips from Mat-

thew Quay's famous plum tree, grafted on local stock, furnish the fruit for this delicious dish.

E. G. LEMCKE.

CHICAGO,

November 16, 1911.

A Blast from the Windy City

EDITOR LIFE:

What is the next town you mean to shoot up? As impenetrable ignorance of the locality mistreated seems a prime requisite, I believe I could qualify on several Eastern cities.

Yours,

JOHN U. HIGINBOTHAM.

CHICAGO,

November 15, 1911.

For Woman Suffrage

DEAR LIFE:

You are so broad and progressive on most subjects, why do you insist upon maintaining so mediaeval an attitude toward woman suffrage? Your jokes on this theme seem so pitiful and unworthy. Do you really believe it amusing to assume that because women would help administer the Government they live under, they will dress like men and men dress like women? All the suffrage leaders I know are most womanly in dress—in the best sense of that word (I never saw one in a hobble skirt). Take your last issue: "Poor San

Francisco." Shouldn't it rather be, "Poor saloon interests and resort keepers?" And on the first page, some would-be wit talks about mistakes in voting. Pray, how did men learn to vote? By voting. How will women learn to vote? By voting. Be fair, be just, be honest on this subject, LIFE, as on others. Don't be forced to blush for your present benighted attitude twenty years hence, as you surely will.

I believe the world—like a home—needs a mother to make it a safe and decent place for our boys and girls to grow up in. Let us have a little more true, helpful, fatherhood in the home and more motherhood out in the world. Wouldn't it be a happier place? I am not a "militant suffragette" by any means, but every time I read you, I feel like becoming one. So perhaps you are really "for us," after all!

Yours very sincerely,

MARION L. STEMBEL.

LAKE MINNETONKA, MINN.,
November 8, 1911.

Virtue Our Only Reward

EDITOR OF LIFE:

There is a rumor that a certain woman has left you (LIFE) a large sum of money, provided that you will always oppose vivisection in your columns. In other words, are you being bribed to keep up this obstinate attack on the progress of medical science? Will you kindly tell me whether there is any truth in this rather startling rumor, which has come to me from several sources?

Hoping to see an answer to this letter in your columns, I am,

Yours very truly,

October 31.

E. C. PELLISSER.

Alas! There is no truth in that rumor.

—EDITOR OF LIFE.

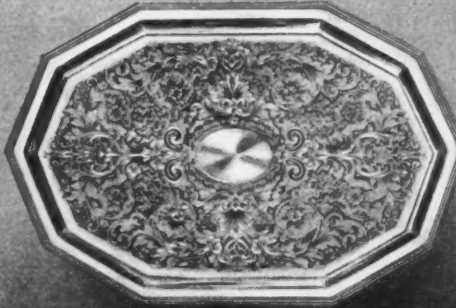


WHY, INDEED?

"STAND ASIDE. DON'T YOU SEE THE GENTLEMAN WANTS TO TAKE THE LADY'S PICTURE?"

"WHY DOES HE WANT TO?"

Reed & Barton Silver



Simplifying the Gift Problem

THE selection of appropriate gifts for the holidays is pleasingly simplified by an inspection of our unusual exhibit of Silverware—for "something in silver" is always acceptable, and here you will find endless variety in design and price to choose from.

Our reputation for producing strictly high-grade, well-made, sterling silver should add to your satisfaction in selecting and bestowing gifts of this character. Inspection cordially invited.

JEWELRY.—Pearls, diamonds, rubies and other gems in great variety, mounted in new and effective designs or combined in unusual groupings.

STATIONERY.—Engraved announcements, cards, etc., with desk accessories in profusion.

LEATHER GOODS.—Canes, umbrellas, crops and whips.

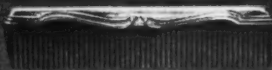
All Prices Moderate.

Our illustrated catalogue will be found useful and interesting and will be sent upon request.

REED & BARTON CO.

Jewelers and Silversmiths

Fifth Ave. and 32d St. 4 Maiden Lane
New York





THE beauty of the Abbott-Detroit Closed Cars is the result, rather than the cause, of their useful and comfortable design. It is in this type of Gasoline Motor Car construction that the character of a manufacturer's product is most clearly revealed.

There is such a chance for imperceptible shoddy work, or such an opportunity for the display of elegance and refinement, that the little things which tend, on the one hand, toward cheapness and on the other toward quality, in a maker's policy, stand out boldly.

Abbott-Detroit

Closed Car Bodies are not skimpy, badly fitted, poorly finished, soon becoming squeaky and spotted.

They are of the highest grade in every particular, and their mounting is such that they ride easily and do not rumble.

The upholstery is thick and yielding and of such a shape as to allow the finest clothing and hats to be worn with ease and without disastrous effects.

Both our Coupe and Limousine are well suited for shopping, calling, town car use and theatre going, particularly in inclement weather, when they are always comfortable and snug inside.

Abbott-Detroit "44" Fore-door Limousine, fully equipped with Gray & Davis nickel plated Bullet electric headlights, electric side and tail lights, two (2) 180 ampere hour lighting batteries, Tungsten lamps,—body of lamps black enamel with nickel plated trimmings, 36x4 inch tires, front; 37x4½ inch rear, demountable rims, horn and complete set of tools, \$3000.

Abbott-Detroit "30" Colonial Coupe, fully equipped with nickel plated Bullet electric headlights, electric side and tail lights, two (2) 100 ampere hour lighting batteries, Tungsten lamps, 34x4 inch tires, demountable rims, horn and complete set of tools, \$2150.

Dynamo Equipment for Electric Lighting, \$90 extra. Abbott Self Starter, \$50 extra. These and all our other cars are completely described in our 1912 Art Catalogue.

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY

615 WATERLOO STREET, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

An Absent-Minded Professor

A very absent-minded professor was busily engaged in solving a scientific problem when the nurse hastily opened the door of his library and announced a great family event.

"The little stranger has arrived, Professor."

"Eh?" said the professor.

"It is a little boy," said the nurse.

"Little boy, little boy," mused the professor. "Well, ask him what he wants."

—Ladies' Home Journal.



White Rock

The Most Popular Water

ONLY \$33.75!

Freight
Prepaid
East of the
Mississippi

44 in. long
20 in. wide
21 in. high



THE Christmas Gift

This elegant copper-bound Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest, beautiful, ornamental, useful, valuable, PERFECT STORAGE for linens, furs, blankets, woollens, etc. Mouse, Moth, Dust and Damp Proof. A delightful gift which combines BEAUTY and REAL UTILITY. Send for big illustrated gift catalog showing all styles Chests, Chiffonieres and Wardrobe Couches, also interesting booklet, "The Story of Red Cedar." All goods sold direct from factory AT FACTORY PRICES. FREIGHT PREPAID. 18 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 3, Statesville, N.C.

Holiday Shoppers

Surge, surge, surge,

Through the crowded stores, O, see!
What a gang of the Christmas shoppers
Are out on their yearly spree.

O, well for the weary-eyed clerk
As she waits on the trade all day!
O, well for the late night hours
Ere the buyers go away!

And the merry crowds go on
Through the many stores, and leave
The most of their gifts unbought
Till the night of Christmas Eve.

Surge, surge, surge,

Through the crowded stores, O, why!
Do they put it off till the last few hours
Before they go to buy.

George B. Staff.

Mrs. Stanton's Reply to Greeley

There was once a passage at arms between Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the eminent woman suffragist, and Horace Greeley on the occasion of a discourse by the former on the right of women to the ballot. In the midst of her talk Greeley interposed in his high pitched, falsetto voice:

"What would you do in time of war if you had the suffrage?"

This seemed like a poser, but the lady had been before the public too long to be disconcerted by an unexpected question and she promptly replied:

"Just what you have done, Mr. Greeley—stay at home and urge others to go and fight."

—Westchester County Magazine.

Garford

MOTOR CARS

HERE is the Garford "Six"—the most advanced six cylinder car on the market. The wonderful performance of this motor during a series of unusually rigid tests, covering a period of over three years, rightly classes it as the most perfect six cylinder car made.

¶ Under any condition the fuel distribution is perfect. At all times you get the full benefit of all of the cylinders—not occasionally. It has a self contained oiling system, guaranteeing perfect lubrication. Oil consumption is remarkably low. On one 15,000 mile test it averaged eleven miles per gallon of gasoline. In this car the six cylinder bugbear—carburetion—has been completely eliminated.

¶ The wheel base of one hundred and thirty-five inches permits an unusually comfortable and luxurious seven-passenger body. The body itself is elegantly proportioned. The whole finish is magnificent. The car shown here is the six cylinder seven passenger touring car priced at \$4500.

¶ A polished chassis of this most advanced "Six" will be shown at both the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows. If you attend be sure and look it over.

¶ We have a book about this "Six" which we know will interest you. We would like to send you a copy. Please ask for Book C.

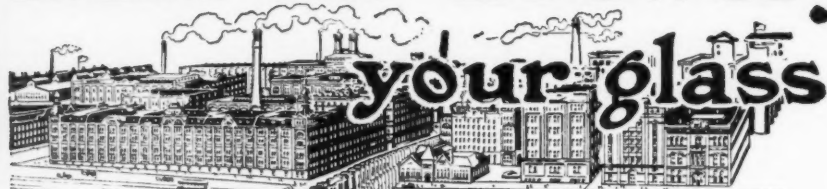
The Willys-Garford Sales Company, Toledo, Ohio

If interested in trucks ask for a truck book.

Hotel Plaza, New York City.



The Brown Bottle protects Schlitz purity from the Brewery to



Schlitz is brewed in the dark—stored for months in glass lined steel enameled tanks—bottled in darkened rooms where even the window shades are drawn to exclude the light—then sent to you in brown bottles.

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

Light starts decay even in pure beer. Dark glass gives protection against light.

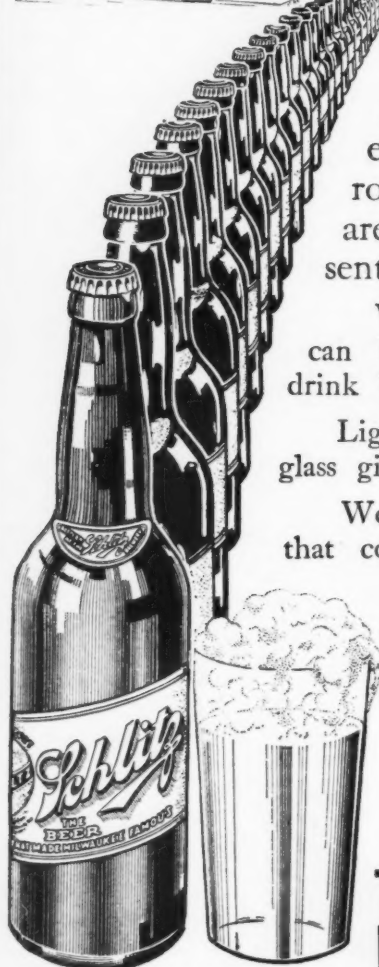
We have adopted every idea, every invention that could aid to this end. Today, more than half the cost of our brewing is spent to make and keep Schlitz beer pure.

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

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

10-M

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous



Two Talismans

Two words unveil the peace of heaven and earth I know:

Affection to the friend, politeness to the foe.

—Poetry of the Orient, by W. R. Alger.

"Does your husband ever lose his temper?"

"Not any more. He lost it permanently about two years after our marriage."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THERE was a meeting of the new teachers and the old. It was a sort of love feast, reception, or whatever you call it. Anyhow, all the teachers got together and pretended that they didn't have a care in the world. After the eats were eat, the symposiarch proposed a toast: "Long Live Our Teachers!"

It was drunk enthusiastically. One of the new teachers was called on to respond. He modestly accepted. His answer was: "What on?"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The "Ten Demandments"

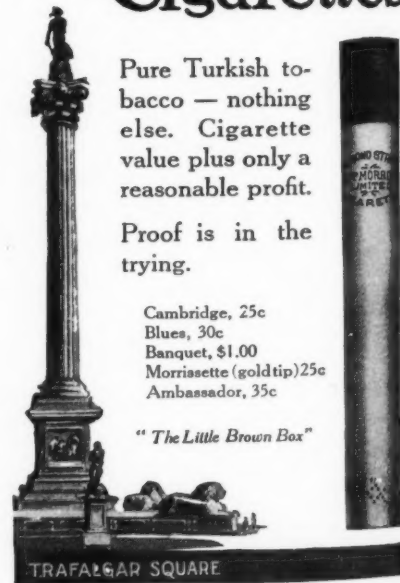
For gross wordly wisdom it would be difficult to surpass the "Ten Demandments" hanging in one of the many salmon canneries at Steveston, in western Canada:

1. Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I am sure to catch you in the end, and that is the wrong end.
2. Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short; and a short day's work makes my face long.
3. Give me more than I expect, and I will give you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.
4. You owe so much to yourself you cannot afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt, or keep out of my shops.
5. Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, never see temptation when they meet it.
6. Mind your own business and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.
7. Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. An employee who is willing to steal for me is willing to steal from me.
8. It is none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.
9. Don't tell me what I'd like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet for my vanity, but one for my dollars.
10. Don't kick if I kick. If you're worth while correcting you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.

—Toronto Globe.

Philip Morris Cigarettes

ORIGINAL LONDON



Pure Turkish tobacco — nothing else. Cigarette value plus only a reasonable profit.

Proof is in the trying.

- Cambridge, 25c
- Blues, 30c
- Banquet, \$1.00
- Morrisette (gold tip) 25c
- Ambassador, 35c

"The Little Brown Box"

TRAFALGAR SQUARE



No other car offers the WESTCOTT advantages at or even near its price

There are embodied in Westcott cars, graceful lines and clean cut design, luxurious upholstery, materials, and superiority of finish, lacking in many cars at double the price.

We do not advertise our car for \$1800 and then ask you to contribute an additional fund for *demountable tires, windshield and top*. When specified, we equip with an efficient self-starter for \$50 extra.

A study of the Westcott specifications will reveal to you an impressive total of unusual, out-of-the-ordinary features of high quality, and we court comparison in detail with cars of much higher price. Our claims and guaranty are backed by a reputation based upon half a century of successful business.

The Westcott full forty horsepower is based upon its 4 1/2 x 5 inch cylinders; a bore and stroke which furnish in themselves absolute proof of this claim.

Consider the power of the Westcott motor as against those of lower rating, which must pull 600 to 800 pounds more weight in the car than the Westcott weight of 3,000 pounds.

The Westcott has 120-inch wheel base, as against 116 inches in its nearest competitor.

The Westcott has 36x4 inch demountable tires; big and easy riding, and very long and very flexible springs to supplement the comfort that invariably results from generous-sized tires.

Stop for one second. Review those features *alone*, and you will understand why in hill-climbing—the supreme test of a car—the Westcott has no superior.

You will understand why it has that reserve stamina demanded for vigorous, sustained effort at critical moments, as well as a most unusual degree of flexibility from motor to tire tread.

The Westcott has Timken full-floating rear axles. Doesn't that absolutely satisfy you as to *their* quality? The Westcott uses the Bosch magneto—another feature whose worth is beyond all question.

In every Westcott feature you find not only worth, but a clear *excess* of worth, in comparison with other cars at or near its price.

If you will write us to-day, we will tell you much more about the Westcott that you should know, before you select any car.

SPECIFICATIONS

Model K, illustrated, \$1800

Motor: 43 H. P.; four cylinders, cast separately; 4 1/2 inch bore x 5 inch stroke. Five extra long bearings on crank shaft. Large valves. All parts interchangeable.

Cooling: Positive circulation by water pump.

Lubrication: Self contained splash in crank case. Oil lubrication by gear pump. Glass sight feed showing level of oil, on right side of crank case.

Ignition: Optional Bosch dual system or Remy.

Clutch: Cone type, spring cushioned.

Transmission: Selective sliding gear type, three forward speeds and reverse. Direct drive on high.

Control: Spark and throttle levers at top of steering column. Westcott special type oil foot accelerator.

Front Axle: I-beam drop forged in one piece. Timken roller bearings.

Rear Axle: Timken full floating type. Timken roller bearings. Axle removable without taking off differential cover plate. V-type torsion rods.

Drive: Direct drive shaft to bevel gear. Two universal joints.

Brakes: Two sets—external contracting service brake, operated by foot; internal expanding emergency brake, operated by hand lever; both acting directly on the drums.

Wheel Base: 120 inches.

Tires: 36 x 4 inches, demountable.

Springs: Semi-elliptic, front and rear.

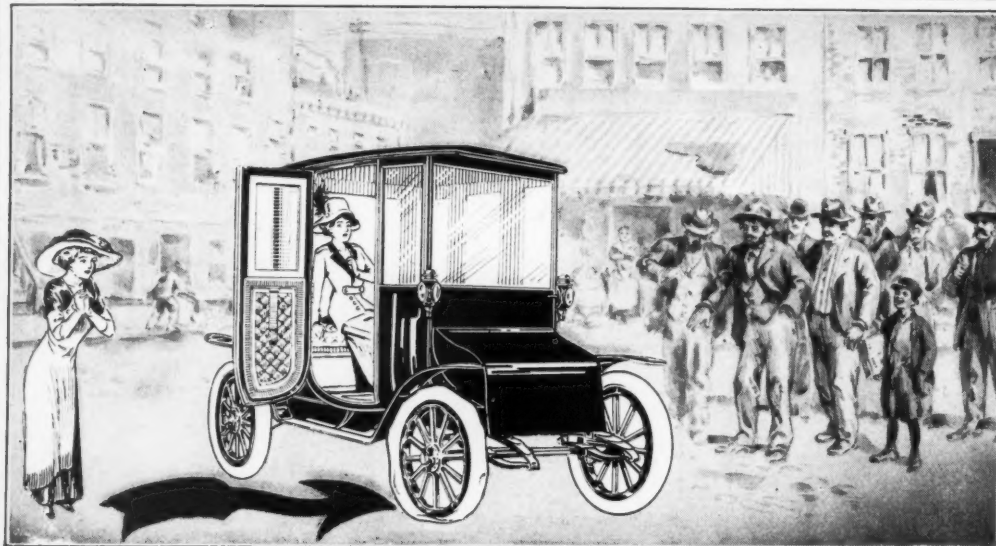
Equipment: Top, Glass Front, Prest-O-Lite tank, etc., etc.

Weight: 3000 lbs.

Model L—4 passenger Torpedo—\$1800.
" M—2 passenger Roadster—\$1800.
" R—7 passenger Touring Car with same specifications as above, except 4 1/2 x 5 inch engine—\$2250.
 Disco self-starter on any model, \$50 extra.

Westcott Motor Car Company,

Richmond, Indiana



It Couldn't Have Happened With MOTZ Cushion Tires

Tire punctured—neighborhood bad—idle, curious loafers gathered around—miles from a garage—no one to help her—this is the predicament that *your* wife or daughter may be compelled to face any minute, if she drives a car equipped with pneumatic tires.

Yet these humiliations, troubles, worry, delays and expenses are wholly unnecessary. For Motz Cushion Tires have forever put an end to such difficulties.

The Trouble-Proof Tire

Motz Cushion Tires do away with punctures, blowouts, rim-cutting and dangerous skidding. And they are quickly applied. For they are quick detachable—fit any standard clincher universal quick detachable or demountable rim.

The Economy Tire

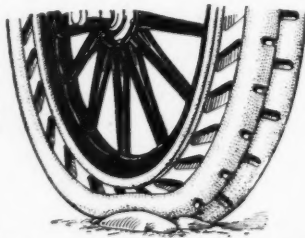
Up-keep expense on your tires is wiped out by the Motz Cushion Tire. No extra tires, no cement, no patches, no inner tubes, no jacks, no tire tools to buy or carry.

And the Motz Cushion Tire is guaranteed, in writing, to give 10,000 miles, or two years' service. The average life of a Motz Cushion Tire is much longer—14,000 to 20,000 miles. A pneumatic tire does well to last 3,000 miles.

Moreover, the Motz Cushion Tire gives a greater efficiency than any pneumatic tire. For automobile makers have found that, on a given charge of fuel, their cars travel more miles when equipped with Motz Cushion Tires than with the highest-grade pneumatics.

The Resilient Tire

The Motz Cushion Tire is as resilient as the properly-inflated pneumatic. This amazing resiliency is accomplished by Note the resiliency when passing over a means of double treads, undercut sides, stone. (Drawn from actual photograph)



slantwise bridges and secret-process rubber. The double treads, which are notched, also make this the non-skid tire. (See illustration.)

The Popular Tire

In the year 1910 the sales of Motz Tires increased sixteen-fold and 1911 records show an increase of 500 per cent. over 1910.

Seventeen makers of pleasure cars now equip their machines with this trouble-proof tire. These makers produce over 95 per cent. of all American-built pleasure electric. They use Motz Tires, notwithstanding the fact that, on the average it would cost them \$100 less to use pneumatic tires and \$125 less for solid (motor truck) tires. Thus they give you a trouble-proof, easy-riding motor car.

The Tire for You to Investigate

Don't subject your people to the humiliation of such street scenes as shown above. Don't buy tire worries with a pleasure car. Don't pay four times as much for up-keep as is necessary. Eliminate worry, trouble and expense by investigating Motz Cushion Tires.

Send us your name and we will mail you our latest Booklet, together with the names of automobile makers who specify Motz Cushion Tires—also, letters from pleasure car owners who are now using the Motz Tire. Please write today, requesting Booklet 91.

THE MOTZ TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
Factories and Executive Offices: AKRON, OHIO
Branches: New York, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City
We also manufacture Demountable Solid and Cushion Tires for Commercial Cars.

The Parting

The young and innocent bridegroom joyfully turned his steps homeward. It was the first day after their return from the honeymoon.

He entered his new home. As he was about to run up the front stairs—two steps at a time—he was confronted by his wife's new maid.

"Pardon me, sir," she said, "but madam is engaged."

The bridegroom stopped. The suddenness of this unexpected obstacle, precipitated thus upon his upward path, dumfounded him.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Who's there?"

The maid surveyed him with that calm and superior air which can only be acquired by a decade of service in the greatest metropolis of the world. She seemed preoccupied.

"Perhaps next week," she said, "say on Thursday, but no earlier."

The bridegroom laughed lightly. While he had never had any contact before with a lunatic, he had read accounts of how they were to be treated. He thought it best to humor her.

"You think," he said, "that next Thursday I might see her. Wouldn't it be better to make it Friday?"

"I think it might. I only suggested Thursday out of consideration for the fact that you have been recently married."

The bridegroom with a supreme effort continued to control himself.

"Might I ask," he said, "how the lady will occupy herself meanwhile? I hesitate to mention the matter, which seems so personal, but while you are conveying this information to me you might, if it is entirely in accordance with your dignity, inform me who is at present engaged with my wife?"

The maid consulted her engagement pad.

"Certainly," she said, with an almost unexpected air of complacency. "This

To Guard the Honor of a Famous Whiskey

When Watchman Whiskey was brought to its present state of perfection—when it had been distilled after a master process, and matured into rare mellowness—its makers sought to *keep it so for you*.

The solution of their problem was the Non-refillable bottle—a guard of honor for your good health and your *lasting enjoyment*.

Ye Olde

Watchman Whiskey

(In Non-refillable Bottles)

At Leading Hotels, Cafés, Restaurants, and Dealers



AN IRISH BULL.

is Monday. The gentleman from the Imperial Massage Institution is now here. He will be succeeded by one of the ladies from the Columbian Hairdressing Emporium, her orders being that the lady is not to be disturbed until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, when another lady from the Isothermic and Hygienic Bathing Palace will preside over her destinies. The rest of the day will be employed with electric facial treatment. On Wednesday she will be engaged in her Correspondence School for æsthetic dancing. On Thursday she tries a new system of advanced vibrations, which I have had the honor to persuade her is the most correct thing at present. On Friday——"

The young husband waited to hear no more. Sweeping her aside with the frenzy of a mad man, he rushed upstairs, almost knocking over the gentleman from the Massage Emporium, and entered his wife's apartment.

"What does this mean?" he shouted.

His bride, raising her head languidly from the Turkish divan, looked at him in the utmost astonishment.

"How did you get by?" she asked, betraying by her voice the deepest chagrin. "I gave strict orders——"

"I came by my own right," he exclaimed.

"Then go," she murmured. "I cannot permit myself to be disturbed at present. Go and never return! You have committed the unpardonable sin; I shall apply for my decree as early as possible without interfering with my present schedule. I thought that you knew better, but it is quite evident that you are unfit to be the husband of any self-respecting New York girl."

A Peculiar Veneration

Rufus Choate and Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, often indulged in wordy combat, and wit was generally

Santa Fe de-Luxe

The only extra fare train via any line Chicago and California



California Limited



Also exclusively for first-class travel
Fred Harvey dining-car meals. On the way visit
Grand Canyon of Arizona

For art booklets of both trains address W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
A.T. & S.F. Ry. System, 1062 Railway Exchange, Chicago

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TRADE MARK

EVERSTICK

MADE IN U.S.A.

INVISIBLE RUBBERS

Insure feet comfort, health, protection and neat appearance. They keep your feet warm in cold weather and dry in wet weather, and can be worn all day long without injury or discomfort.

EVERYBODY NEEDS EVERSTICKS.
Always for sale where good shoes are sold.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.
THE ADAMS & FORD CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

None genuine without THIS cord.

GENUINE IMPORTED VIENNA MEERSCHAUM

Absorbo PIPE

50¢

Three for \$1.25, postpaid to you. Absorbs nicotine like a sponge—ensuring a cool sweet smoke without injurious after effects. Colors beautifully. Sent prepaid upon receipt of price. Money back if desired. "Everything for the Smoker." Smoke-shop Specialties Co., 150 Main St., Holyoke, Mass.

freely expended on both sides. Choate was once arguing a question before the chief justice (who was one of the homeliest men ever raised to the bench), and to express his reverence for the conceded ability of the judge, said, in yielding to an adverse decision: "In coming into the presence of Your Honor, I experience the same feelings the Hindoo does when he bows before his idol. I know that you are ugly, but I feel that you are great."

Advantage Found at Last

A short man looking up sees farther than a tall man looking down.

— Columbus (O.) Citizen.

"Why, I always supposed old Tyte-Phist had more than his share of the good things of this world."

"The good things? Mister, he hain't got a blamed thing but a barrel of money and an appetite for another barrel of it."—Chicago Tribune.

Life Calendars for 1912

Now about a certain number of Christmas presents that you wish may contain just the right sentiment to your friends—not too expensive, not too trivial—can you think of anything that fits so exactly as a LIFE calendar?

Every day they look at it they remember you.

Usefulness and Beauty. These two things have established the fame of the LIFE Calendars all over the world.

Legible dates. Two months to a page.

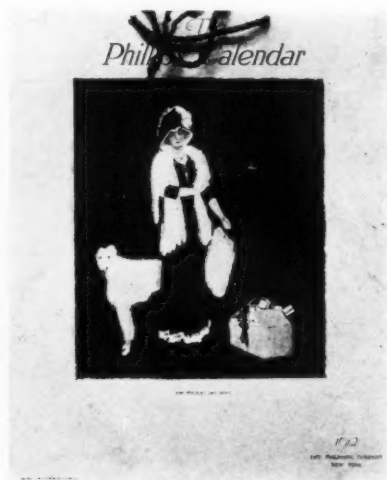
Each page a pictorial gem. Colors.

Order at once
Before it is too late

All stationers, or
address
LIFE
17 West 31st Street
New York



Front cover in color by James Montgomery Flagg. Six sheets in brown and tint of original drawings by Balfour Ker, W. L. Jacobs, P. D. Johnson, and others. Hung on heavy silk cord. Size 15 1-2 x 12 1-2. In mailing box. Price \$2.00.



A seven-sheet calendar with drawings in color by C. Coles Phillips. These inimitable, unique drawings of Mr. Phillips combine to make the most attractive calendar offered. Hung on heavy silk cord. Size 12 1-2 x 15 1-2. In mailing box. Price, \$2.00.



A seven-sheet calendar by Charles Dana Gibson. Front cover in color—a departure for Mr. Gibson. Size 15 1-2 x 12 1-2. In mailing box. Price, \$2.00.

A Neglected Opportunity

The writing profession has not made the most of its opportunity. Why shouldn't writers follow the example of other professions and have themselves legalized and diplomatized, like the lawyers and the doctors?

The law prescribes just how much Blackstone a young fellow shall read before he is permitted to receive a retainer, talk to a judge or appear in court. The law prescribes just what view a young man shall take of the human anatomy, the ills that affect it and the remedies that cure it, before he can write a prescription or sign a death certificate. All others are *hors de com-*

THE **SWAN** SAFETY FOUNTAIN PEN

the appreciated
XMAS
GIFT

For all people of all ages. An article combining strength, usefulness and beauty which serves faithfully and unflinchingly a practical purpose.

THE "SWAN"

makes an ideal present for anyone, young or old, and it is always a present worth while—May be obtained in any grade of finish from solid gold set with gems to chased hard rubber, but no matter what the material, the quality of the "Swan" is always the best.

The "SWAN" never leaks, never blots and always writes. Gives years of faithful, satisfactory service and is a constant source of comfort to the owner.

At all Stationers and Jewelers, \$2.50 and upwards.

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The Highest Grade Player-Piano in the World Built Completely in One Factory



The Kranich & Bach Player Piano

brings into the home the joys and refining influence of all musical compositions without necessitating any previous musical education.

It immediately endows its owner—without study or practice—with an absolutely technical perfection quite impossible of accomplishment with human hands.

With its marvelous "Tri-Melodeme" and other exclusive devices, all simple and easily operated, it provides means for personal control and expression or interpretation not excelled by the ability of the most famous Concert Pianists.

Let us send, without cost to you, two handsome booklets describing the KRANICH & BACH Player Piano—the most masterfully constructed and exquisitely finished musical instrument of modern times.

KRANICH & BACH EAST TWENTY-THIRD STREET
NEW YORK CITY

bat, not worth listening to, incapable of expressing a sane opinion. They may study all their lives, but in the eyes of the law the young fellow who went to medical college principally for football purposes will ever be superior to them.

So with writers. There should be built up a code of literary jurisprudence. Some particular school, such as the Century school or the Atlantic school, should have itself adopted as authentic, authoritative and autocratic. All other schools

would be unorthodox, enemies of society; incapable of thumbing a thesaurus, pirouetting a period or solving the secrets of style; incompetent to analyze the human motive, portray the human passions, dissect the body politic, steer the ship of state, interpret the social heritage, determine the cosmic urge or settle the *summum bonum*.

Until this is done, the writing profession will never be properly honored, properly sung or properly compensated.



The Night of the Bath

If you want to make the Children's Bath Night a time of joy and delight, and in every way a success, see that PEARS' SOAP is used. There is a special charm about it that you do not find in any other.

Pears' Soap

is so soft, soothing and grateful to the children's delicate skins that they take a real pleasure in having it as their Companion of the Bath. But, more than all, it completely cleanses and purifies the skin, and preserves its youthful bloom unimpaired. This efficacy arises from the fact that PEARS' is all pure soap of the very highest quality.



Affinities

I arrived promptly at nine o'clock at the affair given by the Railroad President's wife. All the freaks were there, and in addition there was a girl I had never seen before. She was scrumpy.

There was Mrs. Henry Plebson, whom I had known slightly for some time; short and dumpy, carried diamonds like a day laborer, and was made up in all the rough places. She wore rats in her hair and her eyebrows had been macadamized.

She appeared like a person who had been sitting in the corridor of the Waldorf for several years and had let it soak in—a kind of female gastronomical harpie whose manners are painted on her and whose mental nourishment consists of regular doses of scandal, taken with and between meals, and yet such a creature as this, because she has untold wealth, many a man might easily sacrifice himself for.

There was Perchie Felton, whose real name was a Wall Street gambler, but who was generally known as the distinguished head of the well-known banking house, etc., etc.

This gentleman had a face like pink banknote paper with capillaries in deeper shades. His life had been a constant struggle between alcohol and the higher graft—and it was a draw. In one sense he was a professional gentleman, passing the plate on Sunday morning and playing bridge in the afternoon on rainy days.

There were many others whom I disregarded and I made a bee line for the scrumpy girl. There was something about her. I saw it in her eye. We got on at once—on the affinity basis. Somehow I divined at once that she was a sufferer like myself.

"Horrible crowd," I whispered after a while.

"As good as the average," she replied. "What can you expect?"

"Um," I replied. "I suppose she"—indicating our genial hostess, the Railroad President's wife—"prides herself on it."

"Why not? They are all leaders. Each one, by his or her presence, contributes to her ambition."

"I'm no leader," I replied.

She looked at me critically.

"You're rich and respectable," she declared, with a more than bored expression.

The Man who is "Always Tired-Out" will soon be worn-out

If the day's work fags you—

If an ill-chosen meal upsets your digestion—

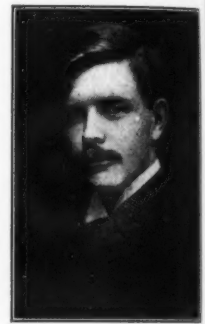
If a sleepless night spoils the next day—then you are not normal, but are below par, unnecessarily, yes, and shamefully.

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

The Thompson Course

of Exercise is a rational, pleasant and easy means of securing and maintaining that reserve power which your body originally had and which by unthinking neglect you have dissipated.

My Course is different from any other treatment in that it benefits (by natural movements scientifically applied) the governors of the bodily machine, i. e., the lungs, heart, stomach intestines, etc. All these are muscles and can be strengthened by proper exercise.



Yet it is an amazing fact that until my Course was evolved, no systematic treatment existed that was based on this axiomatically natural method.

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

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

Are you interested enough in making yourself a healthier human being to send for and read my book, "Human Energy" (sent free and postpaid)? You will find it very startling, yet obviously true.

J. Edmund Thompson

Suite 94 Exchange Building, Worcester, Mass.

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

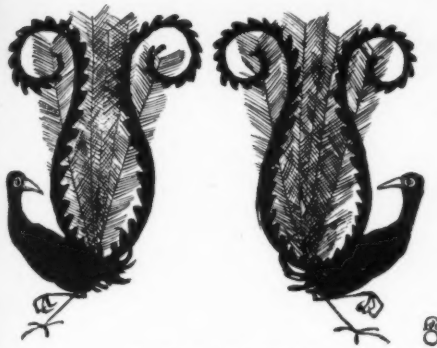
Everybody in the world can't have our sausages—we don't make enough. But those who want the flavor of real farm sausages, and who can't get any such

because they don't live on a farm, can buy them.

Get them from your grocer. If he can't supply you, write us and we'll arrange to fill your orders by shipping absolutely fresh sausages direct on the very days you want them. Write for our booklet of Jones Cooking Recipes.

MILO C. JONES, Jones Dairy Farm, Box 624, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin





"YOU'RE ANOTHER!"

"No," I said, with a laugh. "I'm just rich."

"That's the difference between us. I'm forced to be both. It seems to be necessary."

She sighed.

"It's an awful life," she continued. "I don't know why I say this to you, but I'd give anything to be a washerwoman—I'd like to plow the earth for a living. Look at them! Ogling each other, exchanging the flattest common-places! I loathe the whole crowd."

"I step in here occasionally, or at similar places," I replied, "just to get a stimulus. It's like a glimpse into Hell, you know, and of course you saw I was that sort—that's why you have confided in me. I knew also you were the same. I could tell by the look in your eye. It's strange, isn't it, how people reveal themselves to each other?"

"Thank you," she said—as I fancied, almost humbly. "It is strange, and very wonderful. Pardon me—are you married?"

"Once or twice," I replied. "That seems to be one of the things we can hardly escape. And you?"

"Two or three times. One has to experience those things before one gets at one's soul."

"You believe, then," I asked inter-

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Solid St. Jago Mahogany Reading Stand, as illustrated—in Wood, Workmanship and Finish a Representative Example of TOBEY HAND-MADE FURNITURE—\$25

Few persons, comparatively, appreciate the wide difference in the qualities of mahogany in the market today; or realize the superiority of the finest hand-workmanship over the best factory grades; or know the possibilities in finishing fine woods in such a way as to bring out the full beauty of their grains and colorings.

It is for these reasons that we submit for present consideration the moderate-priced Tobey Hand-Made Reading Desk shown above, in the hope that it may go into many American homes, and that by it we may be able to demonstrate what we believe to be the highest standard of furniture making the world has yet known.

We are willing and anxious that your opinion of TOBEY HAND-MADE FURNITURE shall rest upon the comparison which this reading stand sustains with any other article of furniture in your home.

THE TOBEY FURNITURE COMPANY

CHICAGO—Wabash Avenue and Washington Street
NEW YORK—Eleven West Thirty-Second Street

estedly, "in that staple of commerce? I did once, but I lost it so many times—mislaid it, so to speak—that I finally gave it up. Even by judicious advertising," I added, with what seemed an incongruous levity, "one does not stand much chance of regaining one's soul in this American vortex."

"I can't say I believe in it always," she replied, ignoring the last part of my remark. "It's a convenient name. It stands for so much we don't know about. But of this I am sure—this taw-



"WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING, HIRAM?"
"SH! I'M LEARNING HOW TO ROLL A CIGARETTE."



You Can Make Better Coffee

NO matter if you have to hustle the-coffee making at breakfast time. A Manning-Bowman Percolator makes coffee as quickly, starting with cold water, as other percolators starting with hot. And you'll have coffee that's delicious, clear and healthful—never bitter or muddy—always the same.

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Made in solid copper, aluminum, nickel or silver plate. Over a hundred styles and sizes. Style illustrated in No. 9093. At leading dealers'. Write for Free Recipe Book and Catalogue No. M-26.

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Also makers of Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes with "Ivory" Enamelled Food Pans, Eclipse Bread Makers, Alcohol Gas Stoves, Urn Coffee Percolators Tea Ball Tea Pots, Chafing Dish Accessories, Celebrated M. & B. Brass, Copper and Nickel Polish.

dry, artificial merry-go-round, with its painted sepulchers—"

"Covered with advertising," I suggested.

"Its painted sepulchers, its mess of hypocrisy and deadly selfishness, is so frightful to me at times that I long to fly from it—to be anything—a peasant woman, a burden bearer, so I might get a glimpse of the real heaven outside."

"And I," I replied, "I feel the same. It's their intellectual cant that sickens me. It isn't always the gloating over their money, but the gloating over their own inexhaustible lack of intelligence—of spirituality—whatever that is."

"That's it!" she exclaimed. "I see you understand. We knew each other instinctively, didn't we? Oh, my dear friend"—she lowered her voice—"we must meet again. Here comes my husband."

I looked up furtively. We were in a far corner and I thought unobserved. But—

"We must meet again," I repeated, in a whisper. "But you are right. For here comes my wife."

I looked at her with a hurried smile. "Quick," I muttered, "you have not told me your name yet."

"Sh— It is Mrs. Perchie Felton. And yours?"

"Henry Plebson," I replied, not without an inward shudder.

T. L. M.

True Politeness?

Tallyrand, when carving at dinner parties, says the author of "How to Be Happy though Civil," graduated his manners to rank of his guests in this way: To a prince of the royal blood: "May I have the honor of offering your Royal Highness a little beef?" To a duke: "Monseigneur, permit me to offer you some beef?" To a marquis: "Marquis, may I cut you a little beef?" To a viscount: "Viscount, have some beef?" To a baron: "Baron, some beef?" To an untitled gentleman: "Some beef?" To his secretary: "Beef?" When there was a person present even inferior to his secretary, to him Talleyrand did not say so much as a word; he simply looked at the man and pointed to the beef interrogatively.

SHOPMAN: The fresh herrings are very nice this morning, m'm.

LADY: Er—have they roes?

SHOPMAN: Well, m'm, all fish is dearer at this season!—Punch.

THE TRUTH about

Huyler's

IN spite of rumors to the contrary, the ownership, operation and active management of *Huyler's* have never left the Huyler family since the business was founded in 1874.

Why false reports of this nature should have been circulated might be variously explained; the important fact for candy purchasers to know is that the paramount quality of *Huyler's* Bonbons and Chocolates will be fully maintained.

We, the sons of John S. Huyler (founder), associated with him in the business for years, so pledge it.

F. DeKLYN HUYLER

President

DAVID HUYLER

Treasurer and Manager of Manufacturing

COULTER D. HUYLER

Secretary and Manager of Sales



Huyler's for Christmas

A Christmas without snow is unfortunate, but a Christmas without Huyler's is unthinkable.

WRITE FOR THIS BOOKLET

To get the name of the Huyler agent nearest you and the story of the development of the Huyler business—how purity and quality are assured in all Huyler products, write for interesting booklet which will be sent on request.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place, New York

54 Huyler Stores in 24 Cities in the United States and Canada.

Sales Agents Everywhere.

DR. GIVENS' SANITARIUM

For Nervous and mild Mental diseases. Has separate cottages for Alcohol and Drug patients. Address **DR. GIVENS, Stamford, Conn.**



Cuba

A WINTER PARADISE

is the title of a beautifully illustrated 80-page booklet with six complete maps descriptive of delightful tours in this charming island.

Sent postpaid on receipt of 4 cents in stamps.

FRANK ROBERTS

General Passenger Agent, United

Railways of Havana

52 Broadway Room 211 New York

Overheard in a Department Store

"So hard to find things for a man"—
 "I do believe I've lost ten dollars!"
 "Maude's crazy for a point-lace fan."
 "I'm awful tired of sailor collars."
 "I MUST meet Emmeline at two"—

"But haven't you a MAUVE kimono?"

"Oh, that's just elegant for Sue!"
 "Who wrote 'The Merchant of Verona'?"

"It isn't only buying GIFTS,
 But holly ribbon—tissue-paper—"
 "I WON'T go in those crowded lifts!"
 "Have you a hammered-brass crumb-scraper?"

"The thing you WANT you NEVER find—"

"Yes, but I s'pose she has a dozen—"

"My DEAR, I've simply LOST my MIND—"

"What SHALL I get for William's cousin?"

"Don't you keep crewels any more?"

"She won't have records that ain't classic—"

"I've tried in every single store—
 I can't get grandma that green has-sock!"

Each year the scene comes round again,
 With all its care, expense and worry:



Painted by White Marlon's Men Engraved by Sartain

This is a specimen illustration of the
UNIQUE CALENDAR
 of the Southland
FOR 1912

THE DIXIE BOOK OF DAYS

Entertaining and instructive daily quotations that reveal the romance, folklore, humor, literature, and history of the South.

Distinctively Southern but national in interest.

Cover with handsome photogravures; each inside sheet covers one week and has space for notes. Two colors throughout.
 Price \$1.00. Order through your bookstore or sent by mail on receipt of price.

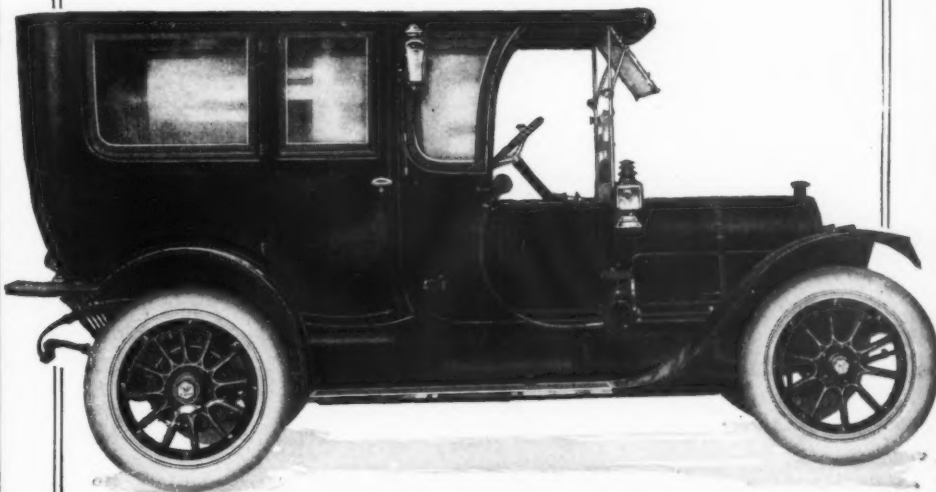
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 NO FREEZING. NO LITTER. NO ODORS.
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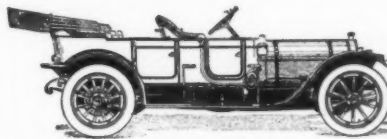
After you have satisfied yourself that the
POPE-HARTFORD

Has no superior in any feature



Consider the price

4 Cyl. 50 h. p. Touring Car, \$3000 - 4 Cyl. Limousine, \$4150



Six Cylinder 60 h. p. Touring Car, Model 28, \$4000
 With Catalogue Equipment

Pleasure Vehicles
 Three Ton Trucks
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Catalogues on request (Specify the one desired)

The Pope Manufacturing Co.
 Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

34 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN THE MANUFACTURE OF HIGHEST GRADE MECHANICAL VEHICLES

But "Peace on earth, good-will to men"

Prompts all this blessed Christmas flurry!

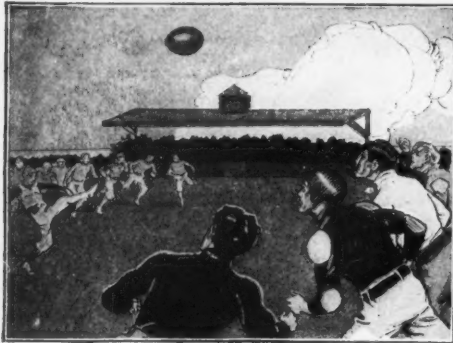
—Carolyn Wells in *The Delinicator*.

WHOEVER would fully measure the vanity of human life must consider the causes and the effects of the passion of love. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter the whole face of the earth would have been different.

—Pascal.



DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION



high balls
and
highballs

one is cheered
the other cheers

whether you foot the ball
or foot the bill

you sometimes need

RED RAVEN

the ideal aperient water

clears the head
cools the blood
keeps you right

splits, everywhere 15c



In Spain and often in Ireland the beggars are instinctively polite. Archbishop Whately had a horror of indiscriminate charity, and one day said to a Dublin mendicant: "I never give to a beggar in the street."

"Then where would your Grace like me to wait on you?"

Some More About Maud

Maud Muller on a winter day
Got on the scales and took a weigh.

Her brows went up, the scales went high,
Maud Muller stood and said: "Oh, my!"

Straight to a Turkish bath she ran
And cried: "Reduce me, if you can."

They steamed, they rubbed, they pounded Maud
Who felt herself too thick and broad.

But when 'twas done, they sighed:
"No use;
Your weight we simply can't reduce."

She banted then, she lived on grain,
But found her dieting in vain.

She walked and walked, she climbed the hills,
And paid the health professor's bills.

She grew as firm and hard as nails,
And weighed the same upon the scales.

With Indian clubs she sprained her back
And broke her mother's bric-a-brac.

She rolled upon her bedroom floor
Until her form was bruised and sore.

She drank no water with her meals,
Yet still she made dents with her heels.

The Cheerful Giver

should give a cheerful gift, one that proves him capable of doing the right thing at the right time. A barrel containing 10 doz. bottles of

Evans' Ale

is brimful of good wishes, good cheer and good health. Gladdens the heart of everyone. A Christmas deed that lingers long in memory's book.

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

Seventy kinds of sweets in sealed packages,
Costing from five dollars to five cents a package.
Sent free, now, to help the choice of Christmas candies.

Whitman's
A Fussy
Package for
Fastidious Folks
The chocolates without cream
centres — \$1.00 the pound.

Pink of Perfection
Chocolates or Confections, \$1.00 the pound—
and other famous assortments. Sold *only* by
the Whitman agency everywhere, or mailed,
postpaid, where we have no agent, on receipt
of the retail price.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of *Whitman's* Instantaneous Chocolate

She tried each vain experiment—
She jumped, she danced, she bowed, she bent.

At last she wept and gave it up
And on fat-making foods she'd sup;

She said she had concluded that
When folks are fat, why, they are fat.

Of all sad words heard roundabout
The saddest are these: "I'm getting stout."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.



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Locomobile

Seven Passenger
Touring Car

"48" Six, Seven Passenger Touring Car	\$4800	"48" Six, Seven Passenger Limousine	\$6050
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The Locomobile Company
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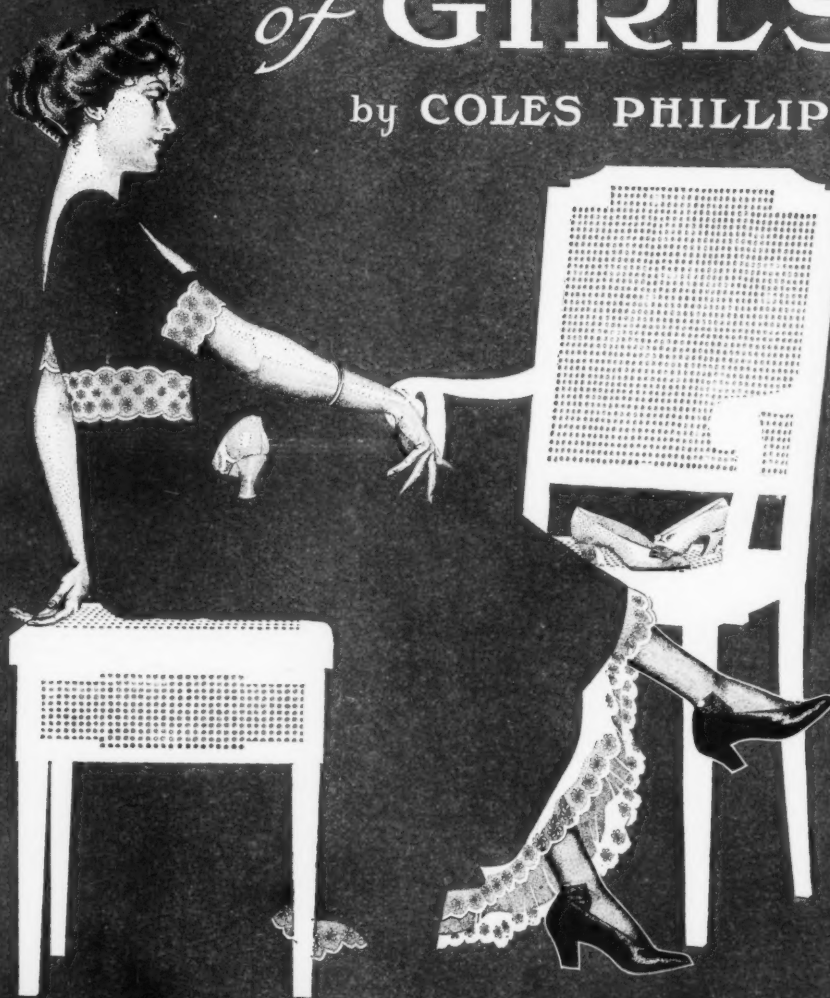
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Make this your Christmas gift.

A GALLERY of GIRLS

by COLES PHILLIPS



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COLES PHILLIPS

A unique and striking gift-book, with forty lovely pages in full color, and forty studies in black and white, of the up-to-date American girl. Beautiful cover in color.

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THE CENTURY CO.

NEW YORK

The best covers that "Life" has had for years are in this book,—each one printed like a fine proof.

Better Times for Older Men

Youth for a time had the front seat and the steering wheel in the automobiles. They were a novelty. The older men had not learned them and were busy with other employments. The boys swarmed in and captured the job.

But now the older men, they say, are getting it away from them. It has been discovered that discretion, and settled habits, and a modified appetite for the joy of living, are as useful in a chauffeur as in other occupants of places of responsibility.

So we read that "the increasing age of the taxicab drivers is one of the most marked phenomena in the streets of London." And we hear that hereabouts it is no longer difficult to hire a responsible chauffeur.

Incidentally, a rumor is abroad that the older men, between fifty and seventy, who still retain the power to work, are better regarded in a number of employments than they were ten years ago. The truth is that some of the old men are wise. Not all of them stopped learning at thirty-five, nor stop at twice that age.

But youth, as yet, has the driver's seat in the aeroplane. Youth takes chances. It has not much invested, as yet, in life, and risks its little willingly. It goes to war; it rides in the sky, and is as reckless in the air as it was, just now, on the road.

Every Drink is a Pleasant Memory

of friendships made fast by

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Aged in the wood and bottled in bond—rich, pure, mellow—a superb whiskey worth asking for—insisting upon—if necessary

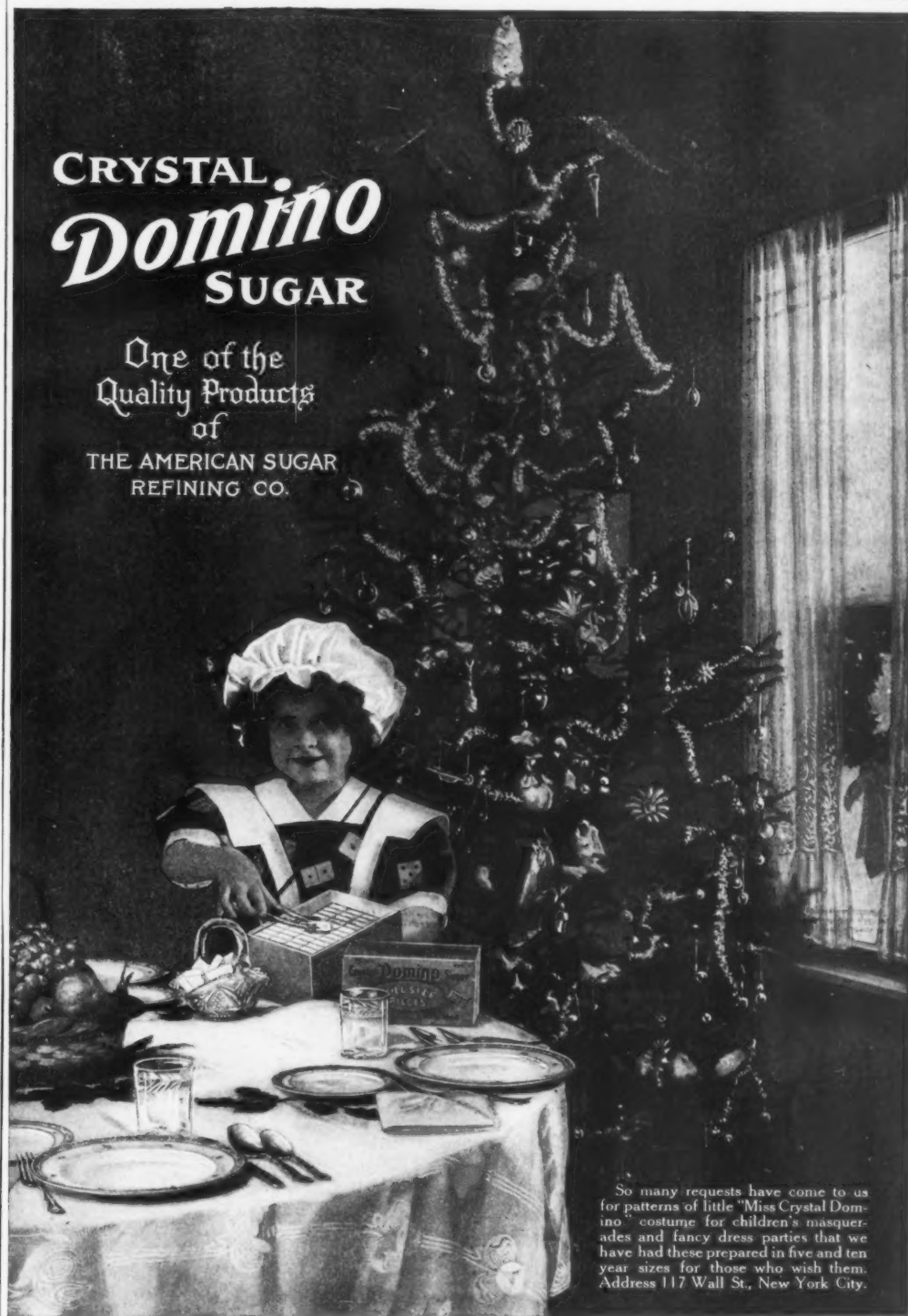
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Unimproved Privileges

Through Paradise once went a troop of straying asses,

Nor stopped till Hell they reached, where no cool spring nor grass is.

Like them he acts who, born with every want prepared for,

Perverts his gifts, and wastes his days, and dies uncared for.

—Poetry of the Orient, by W. R. Alger.

Very Suspicious

"How about this fare?" demanded the stranger in New York.

"I haven't overcharged you, sir," declared the cabman.

"I know you haven't, and why haven't you? What sort of a deep game are you up to? Answer me, now."

—Courier-Journal.

WILEY, to the question, What is mince-meat? "Behold my enemies."

—Boston Transcript.

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THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
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How to Be a Practical Joker

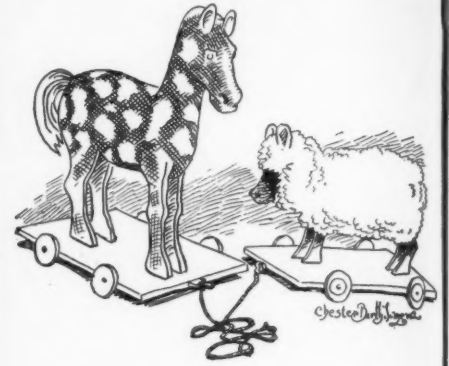
BY DAVID R. LOCKE (PETROLEUM V. NASBY)

There came to Abou Ben Adhem one day a young man who insisted on being put in the way to the achievement of distinction. Abou looked the young man over with great care and proceeded to give him a prescription at once.

"There are various kinds of fame, my son," said the sage, "but to attain any one of them requires an adaptability to that particular one and much labor. It takes a great many years to attain eminence at the bar—that is, as a lawyer; political distinction is attained only by years of labor, and the same may be said of the pulpit and the tripod. From the size and peculiar shape of your head, I should say that your shortest cut to fame is via the practical joke. It is not the best reputation to have and to hold, but it will answer you, because it strikes me you are fitted for it. The practical joker may, in a year's time, become sufficiently famous to have the town all speaking of 'Jones's last good thing,' if Jones gives his whole mind to it and has nothing else to take his attention.

"A few plain directions are all that are necessary.

"In the first place, a practical joker should have a good income; indeed, he ought to be rich. If he is rich enough to be always able to order and pay for wine, dinners and carriages, he can always be sure of having in his train a regiment of 'good fellows,' who will repeat his good things and who will frown down the sober people who, if left to themselves, would howl down the fountain of all their joys as an unmitigated



"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

nuisance and a pest only a trifle less terrible than a mad dog.

"Secondly, the practical joker must give his entire attention to the pursuit, for one effort, though it be successful, will not hold permanent distinction. It must be repeated daily, till the public shall hear as regularly of 'Jones's last' as they do of bank defalcations.

"Thirdly, the practical joker must have no weak scruples. The feelings of others must not affect him, nor must any earthly consideration turn him from his purpose.

"He need not have wit or originality; all that is necessary is stolidity and money enough to keep his corps of followers to applaud and repeat.

"Having designated the qualities necessary for success in this pursuit, I shall suggest a few practical jokes which have done good service in their day and will do to use again.

"We will suppose that A, the practical joker, has a friend, B, who lives during the summer at Staten Island. B has a brother in Chicago. What more exquisite piece of fun could there be than to have A forge a telegram to B, in the name of the clerk of, say, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to the effect that his brother fell with a stroke of paralysis in the corridor of the hotel, just as he was registering his name, and was



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

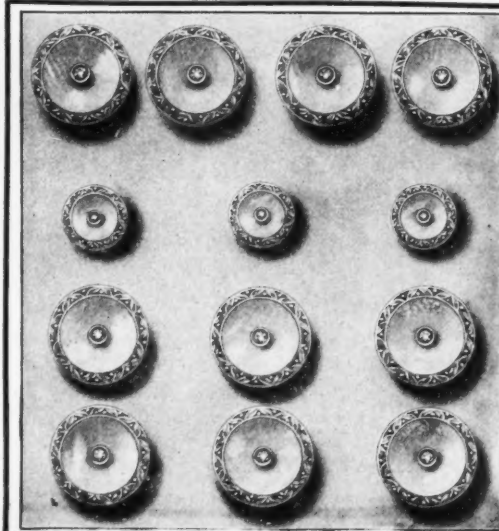
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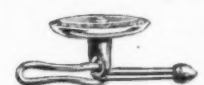
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at the point of death? B, seeing the name all right, and not suspecting that that funny dog A had anything to do with it, would be greatly distressed. He would tear away from table, throw himself on the ferry boat, frantically call a carriage, ride like a madman to the Fifth Avenue and rush to the office and excitedly demand the room where his brother was dying. At this point A and his crowd should appear, and, laughing till their sides ache at the blank wonderment of the clerk and the distressed expression of B, should shout, 'Sold!' Nothing could be more exquisitely humorous than this. Every practical joker should thank me for the suggestion. I do not say that it is above the average of practical jokes, but it is a trifle different from the usual run. Then it is capable of infinite variety. A man has many relatives, and it could be run on him for all of them. Thus it might be telegraphed that his wife was dying, his father, his mother, his son at West Point, his daughter in Vassar, and so forth.

"If a man has a maiden aunt from whom he has expectations, what would be better than to telegraph him of her death and let things go to the length of ordering mourning? How glorious it would be to have the pleasure of poking him in the ribs for a month, with the query, 'How is your aunt? Ha! ha! ha!'"



The ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO

The instrument that makes you a musician

Give your young people a Christmas present of perpetual novelty and charm.

MOST Christmas gifts are things of an hour—their novelty fades and their value is fleeting. But here is a gift with qualities ever new and benefits ever lasting.

The ANGELUS strikes the notes, does all the technical work, but you yourself give the expression as you would if you were striking the keys with your own fingers.

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(Why not give "her" a bottle for Christmas?)

At dealers or from us, **\$1.50**. Special Xmas offering—Rieger's "Flower Drops," silk-lined package, hand-painted or Persian silk, **\$2.00**. "Perle du Jardin" in rich cut-glass bottle in silk-lined leather box, **\$5.00**.

Mention kind you want—send money in any way. (Money back if not pleased.) Mention druggist's name and send for

Miniature Bottle "Flower Drops" 20c.

Rieger's "Flower Drops" comes in cut-glass bottle—long-pointed stopper to just touch handkerchief or clothing (dropper unnecessary).

Odors: Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Lilac, Crabapple, Orange Blossoms.

PAUL RIEGER

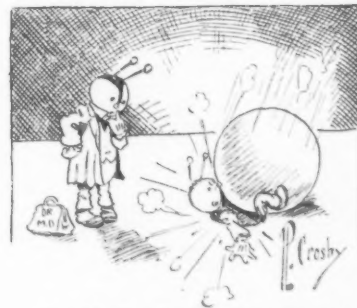
208 First Street, San Francisco, Cal.
242 South Jefferson Street, Chicago
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Infallible

One of the surest ways to make a man consider you a person of remarkably sound judgment is to look at him sadly and tell him he's working too hard.

—Ohio State Journal.

A YANKEE clinched his argument with an Englishman as to the relative size of the Thames and Mississippi by saying: "Why, look here, mister, there ain't enough water in the whole of the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi."—Tit-Bits.



Dr. M. D.: "AH! HA! THAT PILL OUGHT TO SETTLE HIS STOMACH."

Letters to the Literati

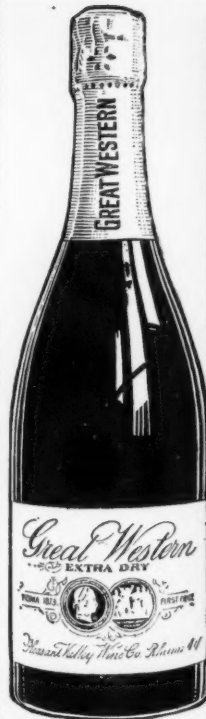
To Arnold Bennett

"There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,

And-every-single-one-of-them-is-right."

—Copyright, Sometime-or-other, by Rudyard Kipling.

Dear Mr. Bennett, we love you excessively;
Scorning pretences, you write so expressively.
Fame in the shrine of her sacred Acropolis
Treasures your tales of your Stafford Pentopolis.
You are a Master, and that in no petty sense,
Curbed, as a rule, by a different reticence;
So, when you lecture on fiction—why, blow it all!



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Don't make believe that you think that you know it all!
Others have sunk in the slough you are falling in;
Where is the sense or the value of walling in
Genius and Art (and a beautiful word it is!)?
Plague on your "Schools" and their priggish absurdities!
What! must we banish our Dickens and Thackeray,
Drag poor old Pegasus off to the knackery,
Smother Dumas whom our infancy grew upon,
Lock up Sir Walter for bookworms to chew upon?
No! While we honor your vigorous Realists,
Nature has made us Romantic Idealists. Since in the woods they discarded their hairy tails,
Men have been sadly addicted to fairy tales,
Haven't their marvels and triumphs been brought to be
Mainly through dreamers of things-as-they-ought-to-be?
Why is our fancy so lively and antical? Please, can't we be just a trifle romantic?
When one is rearing an epic or serial Facts are—such excellent building material!
"Life is our text!" shall we cry to the gallery?
Life is a wilder romancer than Malory. Life, by example and precept admonishing,
Frolics, and stumps us to be as astonishing.
Truth is a Universe. Have you a chart of it?

Great is your credit for mapping a part of it.
Then, Mr. Bennett, with all your faculty,
Haven't you monkeyed with Improbability?
"Buried Alive?" Ah, I'm glad that you spoke of it.
You're a Romanticist, that is the joke of it!

Arthur Guiterman.



"The Fringed
Curtains
of
Thine
Eye
Advance."

—The Tempest.

EYES THAT DAZZLE

with superb beauty are invariably accompanied by long, thick, sweeping lashes and perfect brows. My **LASHGROW TREATMENT**

positively grows full, luxuriant lashes and shapely brows, making the plainest eyes lovely and enhancing the entire appearance of the face. Write for literature.

Hulda Thomas' FACIAL TREATMENT

draws the blood to the most sallow, wrinkled face in 20 minutes, nourishes the skin, makes muscles firm, removes discolorations, restoring the healthy complexion of girlhood.

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A Conservative

In Pennsylvania, not many years ago, dwelt the descendants of an ancient German settler. The farm had descended for generations from father to son, and the original customs had been faithfully adhered to. But a youth was born to the family who had inspired some of the modern radical ideas and was likely to come into conflict with his father's stolid conservatism.

One day Johannes was told to saddle the horse and take the grist to the mill. It had been the practice from time immemorial to place the grist in one end of the bag and a large stone in the other end to balance it, and so throw it across the horse's back. But Johannes on the present occasion managed to get the grist divided between the two ends of the bag, so that there was no need of the stone.

"Oh, daddy, come and see! There ain't no use for the stone."

The old gentleman calmly surveyed the device, and with a severely reproachful aspect remarked to his exulting son:

"Johannes, your fader, your grandfader and your great grandfader all went to de mill wid de stone in one end of de bag und de grist in de odder. Und you, a mere poy, sets yourself up to know more as dey do. Yust put dat stone in de bag and never lets me hear no more of such foolishness as dat."

—Half Hours with Humorous Authors.



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which leaves Chicago and St. Louis every evening by the direct route of lowest altitudes and within three delightfully memorable days lands you in Jummerland! That journey!—a pleasant miracle of modern transit, with not a worth while thing missing. Whether in your wide comfortable berth, at the chef's snowy table, in the observation car watching the splendid panorama, in the barber's chair, or listening to the Victrola recitals, your one word of gratified verdict will be "Perfect!"

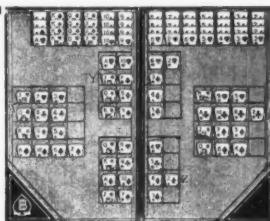
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Application for employment was recently made to a Louisville business man by a young chap from the mountain region of the State. The Louisville man was favorably impressed by the stranger, but as no references were offered, he determined to hold the application in abeyance until he could personally look into the young man's antecedents, which he could do when next he visited that part of the State whence the applicant hailed. It was not long before

the opportunity was afforded. The Louisville man sought out the sheriff of the young man's home county and asked:

- "Do you know Bill Sparks?"
- "Shore, I know him."
- "What kind of a young man is he?"
- "Pretty fair."
- "Is he honest?"
- "Honest? Shore. Why, he's been arrested three times for stealin' and acquitted each time!"

—Green Bag.

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A Page of Xmas Suggestions

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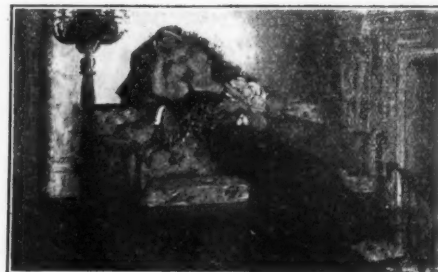


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Send this to the friend who is letting the months and the years slip away without "keeping in touch." No better way of showing your wish to keep a place in his thoughts

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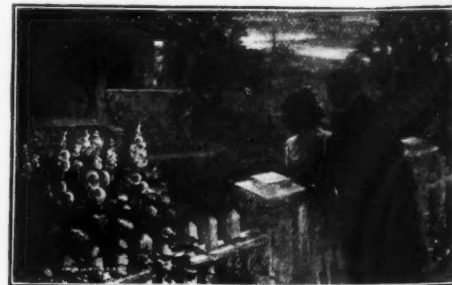
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HOME

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Mounted, 14x18 in. Price \$1.00

After all, the spirit of Christmas is the spirit of home. Here is an ideal gift for the home lovers and the home makers.

Books Received

- The Sensitive Plant*, by Percy Bysshe Shelley. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.)
- A Likely Story*, by William De Morgan. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35.)
- A Hand in the Game*, by Gardner Hunting. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.)
- The Song of the Eastern Stars*, by Anna Mathewson. (R. G. Badger Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)
- The Henry James Year Book*, by Henry James and William Dean Howells. (R. G. Badger Co., Boston, Mass. Cloth, \$1.50; leather, \$2.00.)
- The Ballad of the White Horse*, by Gilbert Chesterton. (John Lane Co. \$1.25.)
- The Power of Tolerance*, by George Harvey. (Harper & Bros. \$1.50.)
- Bashful Ballads*, by Burges Johnson. (Harper & Bros. \$1.00.)
- Laughter*, by Henri Bergson. (Macmillan Co. \$1.25.)
- Football for the Spectator*, by Walter Camp. (R. G. Badger Co., Boston, Mass. 75 cents.)
- Friedrich Nietzsche and His New Gospel*. (R. G. Badger Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)
- Francesca*, by Florence Morse Kingsley. (R. G. Badger Co. \$1.25 net.)
- The Adventures of a Suburbanite*, by Ellis Parker Butler. (Doubleday, Page & Company.)
- The Regenerators*, by Theodore Bonnet. (Pacific Printing Co., San Francisco, Cal. \$1.50.)
- The Little Green Gate*, by Stella Callaghan. (G. P. Putnam Co. \$1.50.)
- The Midsummer of Italian Art*, by Frank P. Stearns. (R. G. Badger Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.00.)



The OHIO ELECTRIC

HERE is a Christmas present. One that your whole family will appreciate and treasure. It is so distinctive, so far removed from the ordinary and at the same time so very practical.

No other electric can claim the fine construction and comfort, the magnificent rich finish and elegance, the dainty and delicate appointments. It is big and roomy. The wheels are large and the springs remarkably resilient, all of which means solid comfort and ease.

This is Model K. It is equipped with our high efficiency enclosed shaft drive without universal joints (patented). Magnetic

controller (patented) located on the steering post. 34 x 4 solid or pneumatic tires. Exide and Ohio Batteries. Ironclad or Edison Batteries at additional cost. Colors—Ohio Blue, Green or Maroon. Upholstery—finest imported broadcloth or goatskin. Price—fully equipped—\$2900 f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio.

Write for beautifully illustrated catalogue showing complete line of the finest electric cars built.

THE OHIO ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY, Dept. C. TOLEDO, OHIO

Agencies in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Denver, Kansas City, Salt Lake City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, Toledo, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Columbus, San Francisco, Portland, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Vancouver, Mexico City, and other principal cities.



NAME-ON AUTO ROBE
\$10.00 PREPAID. Direct from the mill. For automobile, carriage or steamer. Your name, initials, or initials and town woven in. Can't be removed without destroying robe. Same quality robe without name woven in would cost you \$15.00. The Name-On Auto Robe is of dyed-in-the-yarn Mohai of extra long fibre. A warm, soft, luxurious robe. In fact, two-color combinations from any two of these: Black, Fawn, Ash Gray, Maroon, Olive Green, Dark Blue. Leather. Special colors to match any car, \$1 extra. Bound with felt; 54 x 72 inches. For Christmas—The Name-On Auto Robe makes a distinctive Christmas gift with the "personal touch." Order at once. Money back if not satisfactory. Write for booklet. Philadelphia, J. & E. Dawson, Somerset St., above Second. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Makers of Textiles for 2 Years.



See EUROPE in an AUTO!

BE free from railway trains. Stop when and where you please. Save Time, save Money, enjoy more, and really SEE EUROPE. We have for Hire the best open and closed Motor Cars for British and Continental Touring at the most reasonable Tariff in Europe. Literature, detailed on request. Write us about everything to do with Motoring Abroad!

The INTERNATIONAL AUTOTRAVEL SOCIETY
 26 to 30, Morning Post Buildings, Strand, London, England.

"The Bees," by M. Ellen Thonger. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.)

Find the Woman, by Gelett Burgess. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.25.)

The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.)

The Healer, by Robert Herrick. (Macmillan Co. \$1.35.)

The Money Moon, by Jeffery Farnol. (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.)

The Two-Gun Man, by Charles Alden Seltzer. (Outing Publishing Co. \$1.25.)

The Footlights, Fore and Aft, by Channing Pollock. (R. G. Badger Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.50.)

The Third Miss Wenderby, by Mabel Barnes-Grundy. (Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.25.)

The Bauble, by Richard Barry. (Moffatt, Yard & Co. \$1.25.)

David Crockett, Scout, by Charles Fletcher Allen. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.25.)

The Lute of Life, by James Newton Matthews. (Horton & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. \$1.50.)

No-Rim-Cut Tires — 10% Oversize

With Winter Treads, if Wanted

Now comes this invention.

A double-thick tread of very tough rubber, made to be actually skidding-proof.

Not mere corrugations in a regular tread.

Not any short-lived protection.

But an extra tread vulcanized onto the regular. A double-thick facing of deep-cut blocks, made of wear-resisting rubber.

Thick, tough, efficient and enduring. It reduces danger of puncture by 30 per cent.

The blocks are deep-cut. And they grasp the road surface with countless edges and angles.

Skidding is thus prevented.

Each block widens out at the base, so the

strain is distributed over just as much fabric as with smooth-tread tires.

That's immensely important.

We know your skidding troubles. And we know your experience with flimsy devices suggested to prevent them.

So we worked for three years to perfect this Non-Skid. And we tested 24,000 before we ever announced it.

Now we ask a comparison.

Note the many advantages—the vital efficiencies—over other non-skid devices.

But the best fact of all is that this ideal tread comes on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Fall Sales Increase 310 Per Cent

Perhaps you don't understand how No-Rim-Cut tires excel the old-type clinchers.

These patented tires, with their hookless base and their braided wires, are not easy to explain.

But you do know this—

Motor car owners have used to date over 700,000 of these Goodyear tires.

As a result, these tires have become the most popular tires in existence.

And the demand grows by leaps and bounds. Our fall sales this year increased over last year by 310 per cent.

You know that a tire which sells in that way must sell on merit only.

And the tire which dominates, after tens of thousands have tried it, must be the premier tire.

Average Saving \$20 Per Tire

One can't be exact in stating cost of tire upkeep. It is often affected by misuse and abuse.

But we do know this—

Statistics show that 23 per cent. of all ruined clincher tires are rim-cut.

And rim-cutting absolutely never occurs with Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

In addition to that No-Rim-Cut tires are made 10 per cent. over the rated size.

Their extra flare makes that oversize possible. You reverse your rim flanges so they curve outward in using No-Rim-Cut tires.

That oversize means 10 per cent.

more air—10 per cent. added carrying capacity.

It takes care of your extras. It saves the blowouts due to overloading.

With the average car, this 10 per cent. oversize adds 25 per cent. to the tire mileage.

So these two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions will cut tire bills in two.

We figure the average saving, on tires large and small, as somewhere around \$20 per tire.

If it runs only half that, the saving to users on our tires sold this year will run into millions of dollars.

No Extra Price

No-Rim-Cut tires now cost the same as other standard tires. So the saving is clear.

These patented tires, when our output was smaller, cost 20 per cent. more than clincher tires.

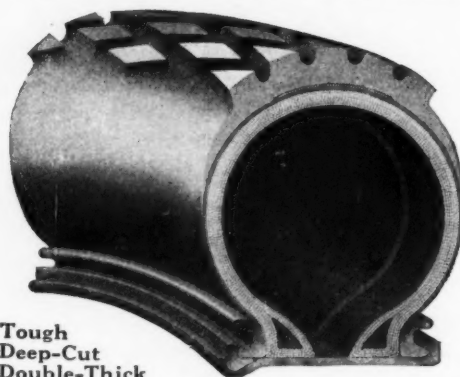
But our multiplied output has cut the cost of production. Now the price is the same as for clinchers.

So it is simply a matter of choosing.

You can anywhere get Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires by simply insisting on them.

Our new Tire Book is ready-filled with facts which motor car owners should know. It will cut your cost of tire upkeep. Ask us to mail it to you.

The New Goodyear Non-Skid Tread



Tough
Deep-Cut
Double-Thick

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Wayne Street, AKRON, OHIO

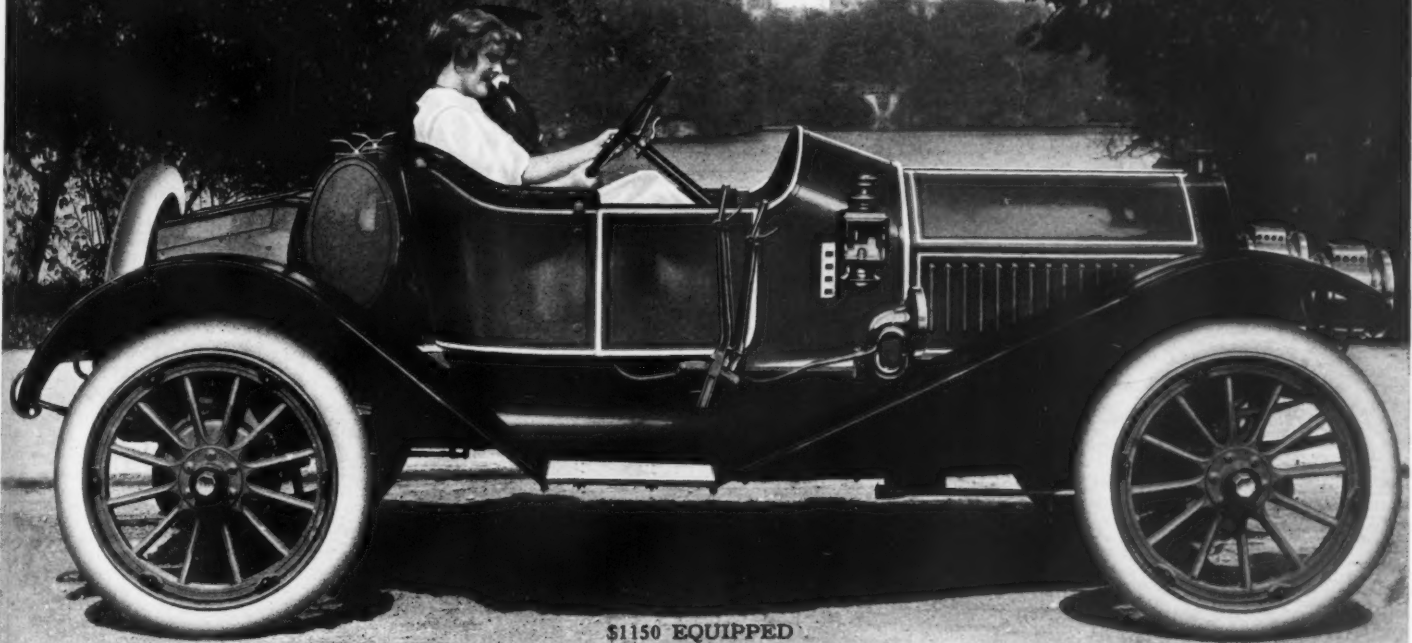
Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities. We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

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Maxwell



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LIFE contains no greater pleasure than a spin over smooth roads of city or country in a Maxwell Mercury.

A stylish, swift, mile-a-minute roadster, thirty horsepower, test-proven, with a wealth of refinements which makes it easily the best-appointed car of its type.



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Service of all our cars
for twelve months



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Service of all our cars
for twelve months

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The foundation of peace of mind when motoring is the foundation of your car—its tires. An insecure foundation destroys confidence—and may even provoke disaster as well as annoyance. Those who roll along on

GOODRICH TIRES

are supported by the best rolling stock that American skill can produce from the cream of the world's cotton and rubber markets. A Goodrich equipment, consisting of selected fabric, woven and laid together according to our specifications, covered with the toughest tread in existence, forms a shock-resisting and almost impenetrable unit. Best on heavy closed cars, for city use, as they are best for long distance touring—under all conditions

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The B. F. GOODRICH Company
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Largest in the World

Branches in the
Principal Cities

Wholesale Tire
Depots Everywhere



Pierce- Arrow



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A Christmas Morning

KODAK

All the child-world invites your Kodak. Wherever the children are there is endless opportunity for a Kodak story—a story full of human interest to every member of the family. And there's no better time to begin that story than on the *home* day—Christmas.

There are Kodaks now to fit most pockets and all purses and practical little Brownies, that work on the Kodak plan and with which even the children can make delightful pictures of each other. There are Brownies as cheap as one dollar and Kodaks from five dollars up—no excuse now for a Christmas without the home pictures. Write for our catalogue—or better still, let your dealer show you how simple and inexpensive Kodakery has become.

Make somebody happy with a Kodak

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