



BREAKING HOME TIES



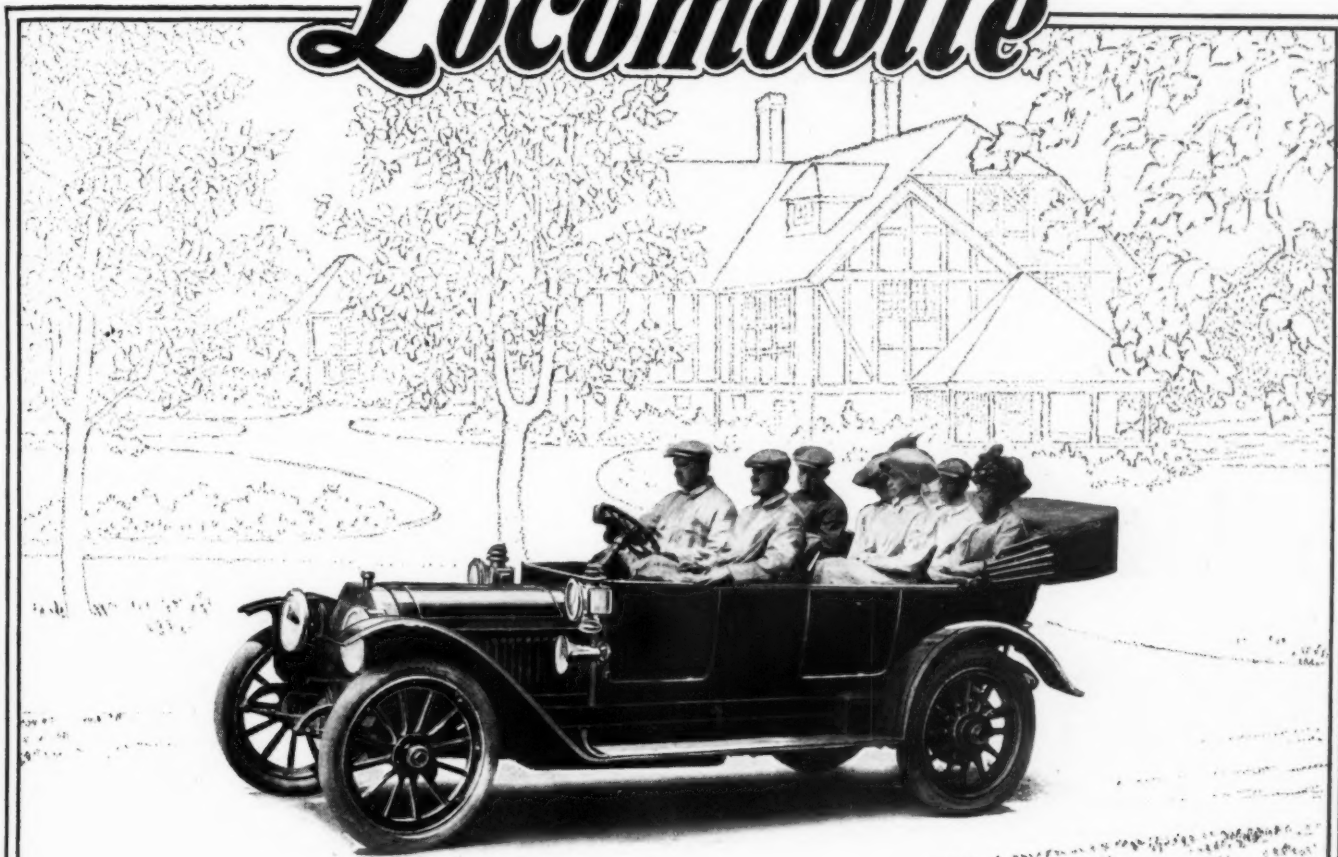
# LOZIER

At the country club, on  
the boulevards, at the seashore,  
in the mountains, wherever you meet  
people of wealth and discrimination—  
there, in increasing numbers you find  
the LOZIER

1912 6-CYLINDER 51HP. \$5,000—4-CYLINDER 46HP. \$4,700 Catalog and name of nearest  
dealer on request.  
**LOZIER, Detroit**

Frank N. Leyendecker

# Locomobile



THE 1912 LOCOMOBILE SIX "48" TOURING CAR

1912  
Locomobile  
Six "48"

{ *Ten Inches of Upholstery*  
Universal comment:—  
*"Easiest car I ever rode in"*



New York  
Chicago  
Boston  
Philadelphia

The Locomobile Company  
of America  
Bridgeport, Conn

Washington  
San Francisco  
Oakland





# Don't Subscribe to LIFE



"I'm so excited over the prospect, I simply don't know what to do."

If you have the slightest inclination to Obey That Impulse, sternly restrain it. Exercise all the self-control you have, and hold in. Don't even send in a dollar subscription for three months. We have no hesitation in saying that this period is the very worst one in the whole year. There is no immediate danger of missing even this week's copy. We have ordered an extra supply on all news-stands this week, so that you won't fail to have the opportunity of buying one.

Before subscribing, wait until next week. This will give you just time enough to begin the year with the first issue in October, which will contain the first colored inside center page drawing ever printed in LIFE. It's the first of a series.

Please understand that we shall pursue no regular plan. We are going to print colored pictures in LIFE just as we happen to feel like it. Everybody is talking about it now. We have even had to chain up all our office animals.

*Whatever you do, don't  
Obey That Impulse.*



"I've just had to give way! Colored pictures in LIFE! Ain't it grand?"



"I am trying my best to keep calm, but it's hard work."

**On all News-stands  
Every Tuesday  
Ten Cents**

Subscription, \$5.00  
Canadian, \$5.52  
Foreign, \$6.04

**Don't fill out this coupon**

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

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This offer is net.  
LIFE, 17 W. 31 Street, New York



### Something New in Cover Designs

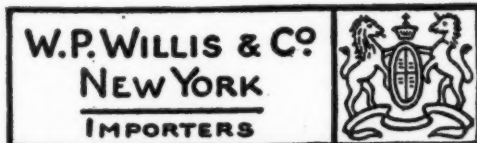
Efficiency at the least expense of energy is just now such a popular topic that we have no hesitation about offering a contribution of our own, however slight. In brief, we propose to simplify the manufacture of a certain variety of magazine covers, which might be described as the Kissing Group. To follow our selection of ideas which have stood the test of time will simplify the mental processes of prospective customers as well as lighten the work of editors, artists and models. At a rough estimate we should say that our code of the Tried and True might reduce the expenses of New York City's magazines as much as \$33,333.33 a month, and there is another magazine which is printed in Philadelphia.

A single glance at one of our Kissing Covers will suffice to tell the customer just what month's issue he is about to buy. The picture is as reliable as a telegraphically-regulated clock. The same type of feminine face and the same handsome male, always with heads close together, are to appear in every drawing; and if you see them kissing under an umbrella you infallibly know that they adorn the April Number. Here appended is our working outline:

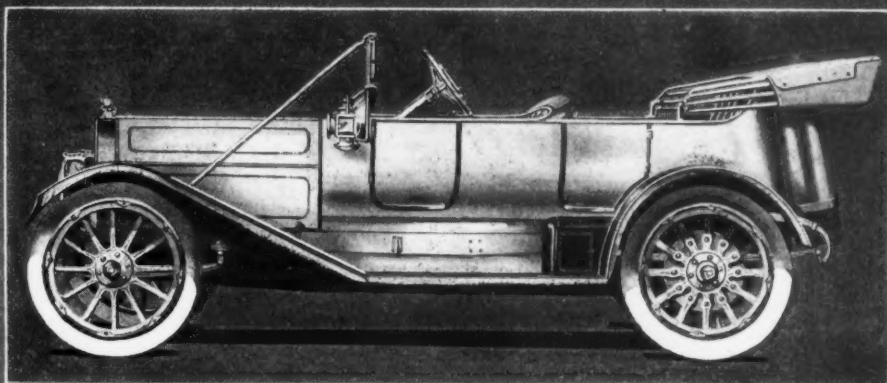
JANUARY: Kissing on the hall stairs, while the clock marks time at one minute to twelve.

FEBRUARY: Kissing in the postoffice—"Sealing a Message to His Valentine."

**T**HERE is an obvious advantage in placing orders early for fall and winter clothes. Later the choicest Willis woolens may have been sold.



Imported fabrics bearing the Willis mark are to be had only of Custom Tailors—Never in Ready-made Clothing.



1912 THOMAS "SIX-FORTY" SURREY \$4000.



### Confidence

The success of the present Thomas organization rests upon the confidence of the public in its product, its methods and its business integrity.

With a full realization of this fact the Thomas Executives place themselves squarely on record as exponents in the broadest sense of "The Square Deal"

**Two Chassis** 134-inch and 126-inch Wheel Base **Four styles of Open Bodies** Seven-Passenger Touring Car Five-Passenger Phaeton Four-Passenger Surrey Two-Passenger Runabout **Price \$4,000 for each type**

Enclosed bodies are built for both chassis and full details are given in our catalogue—"The Story of the Thomas," which awaits your request. **E. R. Thomas Motor Car Company, Dept. G, Buffalo**

**THOMAS DECLARATIONS (No. 1)** We assert that the 1912 Thomas "Six-Forty" has the most powerful and effective brakes of any car, of its weight and class, insuring the utmost safety to passengers.

MARCH: Kissing what the wind blew into his arms—"It's an Ill Wind . . ."

APRIL: Kissing under an umbrella, rain dripping down his coat collar.

MAY: Sweet girl graduate's first lesson in love. (Smack!)

JUNE: Bride on lover's arm—"Another Commencement Exercise."

JULY: In a canoe, her hand trailing in the water; decorative border of bunches of firecrackers.

AUGUST: On the beach, writing

names and drawing hearts in the sand.

SEPTEMBER: Still on the beach, but now saying fond good-bys.

OCTOBER: She sees her lover's face in the mirror (and kisses it).

NOVEMBER: She manages to argue him into a dress suit and he takes her to the opera.

DECEMBER: Hugging in front of a wood fire; decorative border of holly leaves and children's stockings.

*Charles Phelps Cushing.*



*Brooks Brothers,*  
**CLOTHING,**  
 Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

Garments for the Motorist  
 Riding and Shooting Outfits  
 Liveries for indoor and outdoor  
 service.

*Send for Illustrated Catalogue.*

**BROADWAY, Cor. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK**

**THOMAS CORT**  
**SHOES**

In a fashionable Thomas Cort Hand-Sewed Shoe—ready-to-wear—you get the comfort of an *individual* last, with all the advantages of *ready-to-wear* service.

The difference in price between the Thomas Cort Hand-Sewed Shoe and the ordinary Shoe, is just the cost of painstaking hand labor and selected materials. Every thread, every stitch, every detail of custom workmanship is carefully gone over to insure what you pay for, a *perfect shoe*.

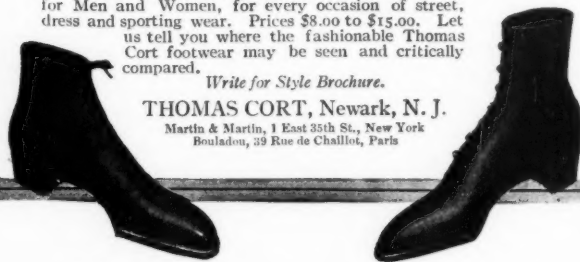
The choicest leathers, the long-time tanning, the fine custom lasts, the hand skiving and sewing—all go to make Thomas Cort Hand-Sewed Shoes what they are—the finest Shoes in the World.

Our models for Fall include all leathers and styles for Men and Women, for every occasion of street, dress and sporting wear. Prices \$8.00 to \$15.00. Let us tell you where the fashionable Thomas Cort footwear may be seen and critically compared.

*Write for Style Brochure.*

**THOMAS CORT, Newark, N. J.**

Martin & Martin, 1 East 35th St., New York  
 Bouldou, 39 Rue de Chaillet, Paris



**USHER'S**  
**Whisky**



**"GREEN STRIPE"**

**EDINBURGH**

**G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.**  
 NEW YORK SOLE AGENTS



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY DEAR?"

"TH-THAT STEAM ROLLER RAN OVER MY CH-CH-CHEW-ING GUM AN' NOW I C-CAN'T FIND IT ANYWHERE."



## Rhymed Reviews

### The Miller of Old Church

(By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page & Company)

Young Mr. Gay was borrr that way,  
The Miller, Abel, too, was able;  
While Molly flirted night and day  
At work, at church, at dinner table

But Angela the Invalid  
For all her soft, appealing meekness  
Oh, what a heap of harm she did!—  
I sing the Tyranny of Weakness!

So pure she was, a hint of crime  
Or sin with dreadful pain would thrill  
her.  
She kept folks lying all the time  
Because, you see, the Truth would kill  
her.

Sweet Angela, the Widow, dwelt  
With Jonathan, her husband's brother  
Whose fond, fraternal heart, she felt,  
Must never throb for any other.

He should have wed a village belle  
By every right; his lips had sworn  
it—  
But found he could not very well,  
For how would Angela have borne it?

A vengeful bullet laid him low;  
They kindly called it "accidental";  
And Angela survived the blow  
Divinely frail and sentimental.



## Peter's Chocolate

The Food-Candy for Man, Woman  
and Child

with the delicious true chocolate  
flavor.

Whenever you are hungry, eat  
PETER'S.



It comes in several varieties:  
Peter's Milk Chocolate.  
Peter's Milk Chocolate Cro-  
quettes.  
Peter's Almond Milk Choco-  
late.  
Peter's "Thimbles" with  
Hazelnuts.  
Peter's Bon-Bons.

# Oakland

TRADE MARK

*"The Car of Minute Detail"*

## THE REALIZATION OF AN IDEAL

**O**AKLAND Cars for 1912 represent the fulfillment of ideals and plans which we have been working on for two years—ideals that have reached full growth.

The New Models "45," "40" and "30" are uniform in design and construction—the only difference being the length of wheel base and the power. These models are all equipped with unit power plants—the motor, clutch and transmission being one complete unit.

Note these important features. Leather faced cone clutch with springs under leather; selective transmission, three speeds forward and reverse; chrome nickel gears and shafts; drop forged I-beam axles, rear axles full floating type with removable differential; square tube radiators, large cooling surfaces; dual ignition system—magneto and battery; exceptional simplicity and accessibility throughout.

1912 Oaklands have been driven in extended tests, under the severest strains, under all road conditions and for many thousands of miles. Their performance has satisfied us.

### OUR LINE FOR THIS SEASON

**The New Model "40" \$1450.** 5-passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor, 4½" x 4¾"; Schebler carburetor; square tube radiator; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base, 112"; tires, 34" x 4".

**Other Types of the New Model "40"**

**"Sociable" Roadster—\$1450.** Torpedo body; seats three persons on one seat.

**"Colonial" Coupe—\$1900.** Seats three persons; electrically lighted.

**The New Model "45"—\$2100.** 7-passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor, 4½" x 5½"; Bosch magneto; Schebler carburetor; full floating rear axle; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base, 120"; tires, 36" x 4½"; demountable rims.

**The New Model "30"—\$1200.** 5-passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor, 4" x 4"; Schebler carburetor; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base, 106"; tires, 34" x 3½"; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base, 100"; tires, 32" x 3½".

**The Oakland "Oriole"—\$1200.** 30 h. p. roadster, torpedo body; motor, 4" x 4"; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base, 100"; tires, 32" x 3½".

**The Model "26"—\$1050 (with fore-doors); \$1000 (without fore-doors);** 2-passenger, 30 h. p. roadster; motor, 4" x 4"; wheel base, 100"; tires, 32" x 3½".

**NEW MODELS READY FOR DELIVERY**

**OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., 3600 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Mich.**  
Established dealers are invited to make application for open territory

Write for  
Advance Catalogue

**The New Model "40"—\$1,450**  
Top and Road Model Form

Young Mr. Gay, the Widow's son,  
Among Virginia meadows grassy,  
In stealthy secret courted, won  
And wed a second village lassie.

He dared not tell his Angel Ma  
And kept the marriage under cover  
Until his bride's suspicious Pa  
Got mad and shot this craven lover.

Poor Angela whose selfish will  
Had really caused the whole disorder  
Bore up, sublimely patient still,  
And all the foolish men adored her.

Let's see; I've left the Miller out,  
And Mollie's ventures amatory;  
But this is what the book's about—  
For minor details, read the story.  
*Arthur Guiterman.*





If You Permit Your Hardwood Floors To Become Scratched and Marred—It's Your Own Fault.

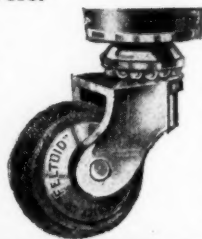
## "FELTOID" Casters and Tips

"Feltoids" do not scratch. They cannot mar under any condition. The felt caster wheel and tips are soft enough not to make road maps across your floors or rugs. The felt tread is durable, scratchproof, marproof, noiseproof, stainproof.

When buying new furniture insist that it be equipped with "Feltoids." Many makers give "Feltoids" without the asking. All will without additional cost if you insist upon having "The Floor Savers."

It is equally important that you have "Feltoids" on your present furniture. If your dealer cannot supply you or attempts substitution, write us. Send a card anyway for a copy of the "Feltoid" booklet.

The BURNS & BASSICK COMPANY  
Dept. F ... Bridgeport, Conn.



their hearthstone in a way that would have made a man in a New York City commit suicide. Three little children within fourteen months, including twins, came to the humble home of the great Bard, and he began to go out and climb upon the haymow to do his writing. Sometimes he would stay away from home for two or three weeks at a time, fearing that when he entered the house some one would tell him that he was again a parent.

Yet William Shakespeare knew all the time that he was a great man and that some day he would write pieces to speak. He left Stratford at the age of twenty-one and went to London, where he attracted very little attention, for he belonged to the Yeomanry, being a kind of dramatic Horace Greeley, both in the matter of clothes and penmanship. Thus it would seem that while Sir Francis Bacon was attending a business college and getting himself familiar with the whole-arm movement so as to be able to write a free, cryptogamous hand, poor W. Shakespeare was slowly thinking the hair off his head, while ever and anon he would bring out his writing materials and his bright ready tongue, and write a sonnet on an empty stomach.—Bill Nyc.

## Don't Get the Habit

It's been explained at last, and the thing ought to be easy to avoid in the future. There's been preaching enough against forming bad habits, but the death habit, surely the worst of all, has not, until now, been isolated, to borrow a professional term. But you can learn all about it in a book recently issued in England, "Death: Its Causes and Phenomena." The two young authors, with a laudable desire to find out all they could about their obscure subject, sent out a circular letter containing the question, "What do you consider to be the real nature of death?" There were plenty of replies, but they proved unsatisfactory, so one of the authors settled the thing himself. It's just a habit, that's all; a habit "to which man has become addicted through countless centuries of anticipatory suggestion."

Which goes to prove that there's nothing so easily acquired as a bad habit. It spreads like wildfire! But now that it is recognized, it ought to be simple to conquer it. Dodge the habit and keep alive. Never mind about swatting the fly; that duty sinks to insignificance and can be attended to later on in some coming century. The thing now is to get away from that pesky death habit—unless there's some sort of catch in that "anticipatory suggestion" phrase.

H. H.

## Shakespeare

I do not undertake to stand up for the personal character of Shakespeare, but I say that he wrote good pieces, and I don't care who knows it. It is doubtless true that at the age of eighteen he married a woman eight years his senior and that children began to cluster about

**All Garages** **All Dealers**  
Indian Ref. Co. 914 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

## Handsome

Mr. Alfred Austin has brought out his biography, in which he alludes to the date on which poetry was thrust upon him, January 1, 1896, in the following well-chosen words: "It would be most unbecoming of me to make any comment on this occurrence." Nothing could be handsomer than that. He has but to go a step further and refrain from commenting in verse upon any occurrence at all to satisfy the demands of the most critical.

## HAMBURG-AMERICAN CRUISES TO THE ORIENT

By the palatial cruising steamer "Victoria Luise" (16,500 tons), sailing from New York, January 30, 1912, on a 78 day cruise to Madeira, Spain, the Mediterranean and the Orient.

Especially equipped with every comfort and luxury of the best modern hotels, to meet the most exacting demands of pleasure cruising—Fram Anti-rolling tanks insures comfort at sea. Her spacious promenade deck extending from stem to stern is the largest on any ship.

Itinerary includes Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, Villefranche, Syracuse, Malta, Port Said, Jaffa, Beyrouth, Piraeus, Kalamaki, Smyrna, Constantinople, Messina, Palermo and Naples. 78 days duration of cruise.

Cost including landing and embarking expenses, \$325 and up

## AROUND THE WORLD

**SPECIAL NOTICE** Only a few accommodations left for first cruise leaving New York, Oct. 21, 1911 ranging in price from \$1,000 to \$1,400 including all necessary expenses afloat and ashore. Itinerary includes

Madira, Spain, Italy, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Java, Philippines, China, Japan, Sandwich Islands and Overland American Tour, Inland Excursions and side trips.

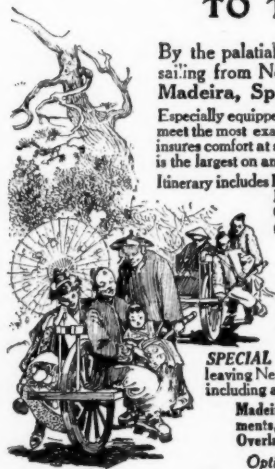
Optional tours of 17 days in India, 14 days in Japan.

Two cruises on the magnificent S. S. Cleveland (17,000 tons), each 110 days' duration. From New York, Oct. 21, 1911. From San Francisco, Feb. 6, 1912. Now is the time to make your reservations. The finest, most comprehensive pleasure trip ever offered.

Accommodations on second cruise leaving San Francisco Feb. 6, 1912 from \$650 up.

**ANNUAL EVENT** "Around the World Cruises" will be repeated in November 1912 and February 1913, by the large Cruising Steamship Victoria Luise. Send for illustrated booklet.

**HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE** 41-45 Broadway, New York  
Philadelphia Pittsburgh Boston Chicago St. Louis San Francisco





A CRYING EVIL

### Reasonable Interest

I want to know how Bernard Shaw Likes beefsteak—fairly done, or raw? I want to know what kinds of shoes M. Maeterlinck and Howells use.

I have great curiosity Regarding George Ade's new boot tree. Has Carolyn Wells of late employed Hairpins of wire or celluloid?

What kind of soap does London like? Does Robert Chambers ever "hike"? Or did he ever? Or, if not, Does he like cabbage, cheese, or what?

I want to know the size of gloves Oppenheim wears, and if he loves Olives, and how his clothes are made. What does he eat? How is he paid?

# Unusual Underwear

Not the kind you have worn so long, with coarse and ugly seams to rub and irritate the tender flesh beneath snug-fitting corsets, but—

## The Richelieu

Patented Union Suits for Women

knitted to your fit, not seamed to shape, glove-fitting waist with absolutely no seams beneath the corsets.

### "Win-Sum"

Winter Summer

The only fine-ribbed union suit uniting in correct proportion the weights of winter and summer.

For women who are precise in their demand for a light, seamless vest to be worn with a heavier, lower garment, the "Win-sum" is a decided innovation, and to many a long-wished-for relief. It is really a two-weight garment combined in one, knitted from the finest yarns to fit your particular figure and with no side seams to worry or irritate the flesh.

Priced from \$1.00 to \$3.00

If your dealer cannot supply you, we would thank you for his name and address, and will be glad to attend to your orders direct. Send your height, weight and bust measurements.

Unusual Booklet Free

## Richelieu Knitting Co.

61 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.

For years manufacturers of the famous Richelieu Summer Underwear. Offices: Utica—New York—Boston

### "Seem-Less"

No Side Seams

The only fine-ribbed union suit knitted seamless to your form, from sleeve to hip, with thinner texture at the waist line. The one garment for discriminating women who wish to feel well and look well.

The glove-like waist gives freedom and comfort beneath snug-fitting corsets, and induces the gown to hang neatly, gracefully, perfectly.

Unequaled in fabric, fit and finish; no waist seams to rub, rip or ravel.



# I. W. HARPER

## Whiskey

"THE KIND YOUR GRANDFATHER USED—  
STILL THE BEST"

Leading Dealers Thruout America

All sorts of things I want to learn,  
That are not of the least concern  
To any one. For, Oh! and Oh!  
I want to know! I WANT TO KNOW!

I want to know, and know I will—  
The printing press is never still,  
For me it prints such facts as these!  
I am the Public, if you please!  
—Ellis Parker Butler in *The Bookman*.

INSPECTOR DICK: Did you discover  
any irregularities in the City Hall?

INSPECTOR SHARP: Yes; four of the  
employees were at work.—*Toledo Blade*.



## *Packard*

The first motor truck to cross the continent entirely under its own power. Left New York July 8th; reached San Francisco August 24th. Carried a 3-ton load all the way.

This is a remarkable demonstration of the stamina and capability of the Packard truck under every conceivable condition of hauling. The trip is one that has been accomplished by only a very few automobiles. The venture has been regarded as virtually out of the question for a heavy truck.

It was easily within the ability of the Packard truck because both Packard trucks and Packard cars are built to surmount difficulties much greater than they encounter in actual service.

Their margin of efficiency is your margin of safety in purchasing Packards for whatever purpose.

The Packard 3-ton truck is used in 137 lines of trade and in 205 cities.  
Dealers with Packard standard Service Depots in 104 different cities.

*Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan*





### This Number

**I**NASMUCH as this number assumes that there are still children, we regard it as being a delicate compliment to all American parents. As for the children themselves, we have met but few of them who were willing to admit that they are children. The boy of ten is very likely to refer to the boy of nine as "that kid," while the boy of nine rarely compromises his dignity by associating with the boy of eight.

Children are never children to themselves.

From the standpoint of the grown-up, the real children we meet in these days are few and far between. To be a real child implies unconsciousness of one's superiority. The trouble with many of the children of to-day is that they have discovered that they are superior; their advantages are much greater than ours were and they know it—and they rub it in.

The old-fashioned licking has gone out and with it the child. In his place is a vastly superior creature who is affa-

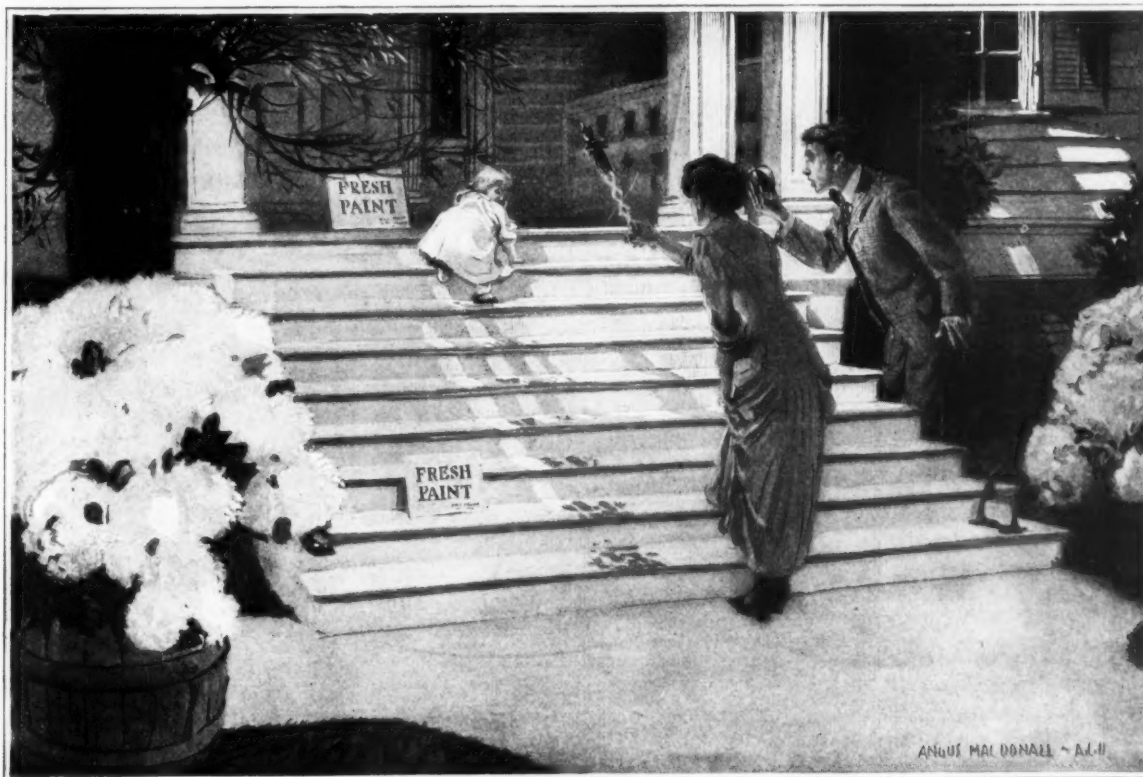
ble on being approached, condescending under continued contact and capable of any degree of cruelty if his dignity be ruffled.

This number then, is not for children, but for grown-ups. It will interest them in the same way that we are always interested in surveying the superior.

### An Ideal Man

**"W**HAT he needs," says the aggravated young woman, "is some one to give him a good snubbing—the kind of a snubbing that will make him feel mean and little and helpless. But I can't imagine who could snub him in a way to penetrate his colossal conceit."

"I know the very man," says the listener. "I know a fellow who works in the winter in a theater box office and in the summer is clerk in a summer resort hotel that is always crowded."



ERIBERY AND CORRUPTION



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVIII, SEPTEMBER 21, 1911 No. 1508

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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



WRITING from England to the *Montreal Star* to warn Canada against reciprocity, Mr. Rudyard Kipling says:

It is her own soul that Canada risks to-day. Once that soul is pawned for any consideration Canada must inevitably conform to the commercial, legal, financial, social and ethical standards which will be imposed upon her by the sheer admitted weight of the United States. She might, for example, be compelled later on to admit reciprocity in the murder rate of the United States, which at present I believe is something over 150 a million per annum.

Reciprocity offers Canada freer trade associations with the country to whose ports eight miles of delayed steamships were lately waiting at Liverpool to sail. If the touch of the United States is contaminating, Rudyard, there is something for you to do at home.

That Mr. Kipling would like to build a wall around the whole British Empire and cultivate a British civilization is comprehensible, but that is a dream that shows no sign of coming true. The empire is too big to be fenced in, and exclusiveness is not a remedy that has much vogue, or is working many cures, in these days. Our standards, "commercial, legal, financial, social and ethical" are imperfect enough, Heaven knows. They are unsettled, groping towards improvement and stumbling considerably on the way. But what of England's standards? Are they so firm, so perfect, so secure, so exempt from efforts to better them? Are her problems less difficult than ours, her workmen less restless, her suffragettes less mutinous, her constitution less criticised, her laws less tinkered? If there is danger and degradation for Canada in freer trade relations with the United States,

where shall she find a market and trade associates that are safe? The countries, Brother Rudyard, that are trying nowadays to work out the problems of liberty and order are all in much the same box, and the best chance for each of them lies in excision of jealousy and large-minded effort for a common salvation.



SENATOR BAILEY says he will not stand for re-election to the Senate but will return to private life. It is a pity that he should find that resolution necessary, but doubtless it is wise for the time being. We believe he has a sufficient fortune to make him master of his own time after leaving the Senate, and we hope he will so use his leisure as to make him more useful in years to come than he has been of late.

First of all, Mr. Bailey needs something to cheer him up, and though foreign travel is a remedy that seems to us to be in these times considerably overdone, it seems for Mr. Bailey's case a remedy that might be worth a trial. We wish he would go over to see Mr. Kipling. To be sure Mr. Kipling has no notable weakness for Americans and might not care to meet Mr. Bailey. But if he did, and if Mr. Bailey is not one of those eloquent persons who want to do all the talking, we believe that he and Mr. Kipling would cheer one another up a good deal and do one another good. Sympathy is very cheering and we believe that Mr. Kipling and Mr. Bailey would find one another highly sympathetic in their views of the general outlook. They both seem to feel that the Bow-wows stands waiting dead ahead of civilization with its mouth wide open, as, like enough, it does, and they seem not to see any effective obstacles to our being all gulped down.

And when Mr. Bailey and Mr. Kipling have sufficiently cheered one another by exchange of forebodings and Mr. Bailey has duly disclosed to Mr. Kipling that the reciprocity treaty is all right, we wish Mr. Bailey would come home and take the lecture platform and go around after Mr. Bryan

and try to clean up his mental delinquencies on all points in which he may be wrong. He does not need to go forth as the representative of any party, but merely as Mr. Bailey of Texas, an able man and highly competent speaker, who has things to say that it is important that the American people shall hear.



THE map of the routes of the line of steamers that is being organized to ply through the Panama Canal between ports of the east and west coasts of this country looks very attractive. It has always seemed likely that Americans would travel more at home and not so much in Europe, if they could start off in steamers. When the canal opens, that will be possible. To be sure it is possible now, but not as it will be then, when persons needing rest and improving society will be able to go aboard a great ship in New York and have sea air and appropriate meals all the way to Los Angeles, San Francisco or Seattle, with very interesting sights midway.

If you are tired, as a great many people are when they start on vacations, there is great charm in a big, clean steamer, and there is much more charm prospectively in one that goes the whole distance than in a broken journey with a mid-distance shift of everything, including stewards.

Really, our part of the world is growing more interesting, and people who have time to play are going to travel about in it a great deal more in the next generation than they ever have as yet. The thing best worth seeing of all sights at this moment is the great work at Panama before the water is let into it.

South America is coming more into fashion; San Francisco is going to be more Parisian. The West Indies are more in our life to-day than they have been since the Revolution. A great deal of a jolt came to these parts in the form of the Spanish war. It was like the pushing of a button that connects with machinery, and the Panama cut, and these new steamer routes on the map, and all these prospective new intimacies are results of it.



THE HAUNTED WOOD



### Life's Fresh Air Fund

Previously Acknowledged .....	\$7,976.62
Mrs. D. M. I. ....	10.00
From three children.....	10.00
"J. P. E." .....	25.00
Mrs. K. L. Ames.....	10.00
Anonymous .....	2.00
"T. W. C." .....	10.00
"A Friend" .....	2.00
The Neighborhood Bunch.....	4.50
L. N. Butler.....	5.00
L. W. Hart.....	5.00
C. J. Manly.....	5.00
Florence Newton .....	2.00

\$8,067.12

#### ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Two Imperial tires for LIFE's Farm car, from the McGraw Tire & Rubber Co., East Palestine, Ohio.

Case of Children's New Clothing, from Mr. Morris Gotlieb, Ridgefield, Conn.

18-pound Crock Apple Butter and 5-gallon Pail Sweet Pickles, from H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

A barrel of "Gold Medal Flour" from Washburn-Crosby Co., through Mr. F. G. Tyler, Providence, R. I.

### In the Nick of Time

THE cables bring the cheering news that it is all a mistake to think Thomas A. Edison is an agnostic. He says so himself.

This refutation of that report comes just in time to prevent several congregations in this country from ripping the electric wiring out of their churches and going back to gas as an illuminant, or even further back to oil.

As to that, considering the saintly conduct and language of brother Rockefeller, it does not seem exactly brotherly for the churches to have discarded oil lamps, does it?

### Modern Menu

TYPHOID oysters on the half shell.  
Benzoate of soda soup à la mock turtle.

Ptomaine halibut.

Roast beef à la arterio-sclerosis, with prussic acid succotash and sulphate of copper peas.

Lettuce salad with aniline dyes.

Lactic acid Philadelphia cream cheese, with papier-maché crackers.

Caffeine precipitate, with New Hampshire quarry sugar.

Finger bowls with streptococci water.

#### Query

LITTLE hours of golfing;  
Little vetoes, too,  
Make us prone to wonder  
What Our Bill can do.

#### The Inference

HOKUS: Miss Caustique says she is very fond of young Saphedde.

POKUS: Why, I thought she was a man hater.

HOKUS: So she is. I suppose that's why she likes Saphedde.

### Lies

MAYOR GAYNOR laughed and talked cheerily with everybody he met yesterday.

Henry James has become a sign painter.

At a medical congress in Atlantic City, a majority of the members of the medical profession decided to appeal to the Government to appoint a commission to set a uniform price hereafter on all operations.

John Jacob Astor broke off his engagement because of newspaper notoriety.

President Taft announced that he will do no more traveling until after the coming Presidential election.

J. P. Morgan was caught stealing out of Dieppe with the Mona Lisa under his right arm.

Twenty-seven hundred New York soda fountain clerks resigned their positions in a body, on the ground that they could not clean their glasses properly before serving the public.

A subway guard was seen to smile at a passenger.

Admiral Togo will go from New York to St. Petersburg, where he will visit the Czar and be given the freedom of Siberia.

Ten thousand suffragettes called at LIFE office and voluntarily laid down their arms.

Dr. Harvey P. Wiley has taken rooms in Washington with Secretary James Wilson and Solicitor George P. McCabe.

### Modern

SUFFER little children to come unto me, for their's is the kingdom of profits.

CHARITY WORKER: You poor soul! Does your husband always hang around the house all day?

MRS. TENEMENT (*cheerfully*): Indade, no. Half the toime he's in the lockup.

THE grafter's ultimate—An imaginary job with a real salary.



"MOTHER, DO YOU THINK GOD WOULD MIND MY NOT PUTTING THIS IN THE COLLECTION PLATE IF HE KNEW I WAS SAVING FOR A CATCHER'S GLOVE?"



?

*For the Best Title to this Picture, Life Will  
Give One Hundred Dollars*

Conditions of the Contest

The title, with sub-title, or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed fifteen words.

Manuscripts should be addressed to

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

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE office not later than Monday, Oct. 2. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from Oct. 2 a check for \$100 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue Oct. 19.

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

Only one title from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscript will be returned.

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

The Contest Picture has no title. This is the last time it will be published before the announcement of the winner.



*John Frew*

THE BYE-BABY BIPLANE





"SUCK HARDER, BOSSY. I'M BLOWIN' AS HARD AS I CAN"

### A Few Unsubmitted Testimonials

DEAR DR. WILEY: For years and years I suffered from deposits of benzoate of soda, salicylic acid, and a rampant assortment of bacilli. One trial treatment of your excellent Official Order and I got immediate relief. I cannot recommend your remedy too highly.

T. CATSUP.

Dear, dear Dr. Wiley: For many years I was afflicted with trouble in my interior. I was filled with stale eggs and formaldehyde, to say nothing of being covered with gluey stuff that was misdiagnosed as icing. Some kind friend called in one of your agents and since then I have been restored to my proper condition.

BAKERY CAKE.

My dear Dr. Wiley: I write to express the thanks of myself and companions for your beneficial treatment. We suffered very much from deposits of verdigris and other things, and our complexions were a pale, unhealthy green. We had such a poor flavor that we tasted bad to ourselves. One of your assistants looked at us one day and since then our condition has been relieved, I can tell you. The whole cucumber patch, we understand, is giving three cheers for good old Dr. Wiley.

Q. KUMBER PICKLE.

Dear Dr. Wiley: Before your unrivaled system of treatment was introduced in our community I was compelled to stand on a shelf beside a lot of upstarts that wore the same kind of clothes and claimed to belong to my family. I am of the old Vermont maple family and we are proud of our descent. Our family tree amounts to something. These intruders traced their family back to corn cobs, hickory chips, carboys of chemicals and glucose barrels. Every time they claimed to belong to the maple syrup family I almost curdled in the bottle. Now they have new clothes on; their labels tell just what they are. I cannot thank you too much for restoring me to my proper social pre-eminence.

V. MAPLE SYRUP.

## Dastardly Attempt Thwarted

*Husbands' Correspondence Bureau Indicted and in Lengthy Paper Called to Appear Before Senate Investigating Committee—Where the Attack Originated—Conspiracy Promptly Nailed—No Further Trouble Likely*

THE report that this Bureau has been up before the Senate Investigating Committee is perfectly true; but that we have issued triumphantly from the ordeal is not so generally known, owing to the methods of suppression indulged in by the press, which is, of course, unfavorable to us.

Our customers, who may have noticed that no mention of us is rarely made in the daily press, know too well the reason. We never advertise. Happy husbands all over the country, who owe their domestic comfort—to say nothing of unalloyed pleasure—to this Bureau, are our own best advertisement.

Immediately upon our return from our recent trip abroad—where we visited King George during the coronation and went the rounds of some of our customers among the well known kings of Europe—we were served with indictment papers, which stated in effect that we were engaged in conducting a monopoly in restraint of marital affection.

What pains us most, however, is the knowledge that our



"WELL, ELSIE, AND HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW LITTLE SISTER?"

"WHY, SHE SEEMS RATHER DISAGREEABLE, BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT'S A MISTAKE TO JUDGE TOO HASTILY?"



AND THEY COME THROUGH IT ALIVE!

own wife—to whom we have been married only a few short months and who is now living in Reno preparatory to a small flat in Harlem (at our expense)—was one of the principal witnesses against us. In spite of this interesting fact, however, we still continue to pay her expenses, and although we may get married again this year, thus adding materially to our already heavy financial burdens, we shall continue to pay the alimony due her—unless, after presenting the court with the facts in the case, we can get it cut down to a reasonable basis.

We may mention that the judge himself has for some time been one of our best customers, and we entertain the highest respect for him and believe that he is strictly impartial. We are therefore hoping for the best.

\* \* \* \* \*

The counts against us were presented in a document of four or five hundred pages, set up and printed by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the money to pay for it coming, as it is unnecessary for us to state, out of the pocket-books of the American people. Not only this, but the moment we reached the dock, a pearl necklace which we had brought over to present to the tall blonde who has charge of our office was promptly seized, and we had to pay three thousand dollars duty upon it. In our opinion, it is matters of this sort which make Socialism an absolute certainty for the near future.

Among the numerous counts against us, we have only space or patience to notice a few on account of their amusing qualities. It was asserted that we maintained a Bureau known as the "Husbands' Correspondence Bureau" for the

treatment of all suffering husbands, and as we had undersold all competitors in every State in the Union, we constituted ourselves a monopoly; that we stirred up trouble between husbands and wives in order to get them to subscribe to our course of treatment; that we were the secret cause of most of the marriages of American girls to titled strangers; that we had bought up the yellow journals, paying them as much as a thousand dollars an editorial in order to exploit us; that our entertainment committee was nothing but a vaudeville affair; that our Seeing-the-Tenderloin auto was a chariot of iniquity; that the tall, handsome blonde in charge of our office was responsible for more broken hearts than we had ever cured in the whole course of our business; that our own matrimonial troubles—our getting married on the average every two years—were an indication of our fake methods; that husbands everywhere should be warned against a concern that subsists on the fears of mankind, etc., etc.

\* \* \* \* \*

As we grow older we grow more charitable. There was a time when a paper of this sort would have aroused our indignation. But the human heart contains both good and bad in abounding measure. In the present instance we wasted no time. Knowing that the affair would come up before Congress, we simply went over our books, discovered that over half of the members of both houses had been from time to time customers of ours, most of them happily cured, and we then sent a circular telegram to all of them stating the circumstances. Inside of two days the whole indictment was quashed and we were triumphantly vindicated, the only paper

## Was Judas Fat?

HE was not so represented by the early painters. Yet, why not? A betrayer enjoys betraying. Why should not a Judas, who enjoys judasy, be fat and smiling?

We know a gentleman who said, when running for the Presidency:

"I wish there to be no doubt as to the revision of the tariff. *I am a tariff revisionist.*"

"Tariff revisions should be *immediate*, and on the whole there should be a substantial revision downward."

"Tariff duties ought to be reduced."

But when he became President he snapped his fingers in the faces of his electors and joyously betrayed his trust. And a fatter and more smiling gentleman you will scarcely find between Maine and Texas.

## In the Dark

MARY: Mrs. Talkem detained me for fifteen minutes at the telephone just as I was starting out.

ALICE: What did she want?

MARY: She didn't say.

## In U. S. A.

RANDALL: I wonder which is the best State to live in.

ROGERS: That depends on whether you want to get a divorce or to steal money.

proclaiming our victory, by the way, being one of the yellow journals mentioned in the count.

We shall not take the trouble even to make public the source of the conspiracy against us, knowing as we do that it originated with one of our former wives. The whole affair—except for the expense to the American people—is trifling. Our customers, on hearing of it, hastened to show their regard for us by presenting us with a bronze Cupid, which now occupies a prominent place in our office.

In order to show our gratitude, however, we shall reduce our rates to all those who subscribe to the Bureau for the next four weeks. This is a special offer. If you are in any sort of domestic trouble send in your address and name and we will deduct ten per cent. from the amount of your bill. No matter how desperate your case, we will consider it—unless you happen to be a Christian Scientist or a Mormon. Our experience has been that these are incurable. We do not guarantee suffragette cases, but we will take them, subject to conditions. Call, write or wire.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.



THE "DEVELOPMENT" OF ALASKA

## A Child's Census

UTCEPTIN' ma an' pa an' me  
An' bruvver—yes, an' Marfy, too;  
She lives here—she's our cook, you see—  
I bet 'ere's somepin' you can't do!  
I bet you can't tell who else is  
A-livin' in this house wiv us.  
'Ere's Mister Whizzy Whizzlewhizz  
'At hollers when we make a fuss.

Sometimes he's hidin' on th' stairs,  
An' when us boys is quarrelsome  
He poun's th' wall, an' he ist *raves*  
Aroun' an' says he's go' to come  
An' hesh us up, an' mebbe take  
Us off to 'at 'ere place o' his  
Where he has hi-erd help to make  
*Good boys for Mister Whizzlewhizz.*

An' nen behime th' kitchen range  
Is where ol' Bimblehammer stays,  
An' Marfy says 'ey'll be a change  
Or else he'll take me one these days,  
Because I take th' lifter thing  
An' whack an' hammer on th' doors  
An' nen—ist when I bang an' bing—  
Ol' Bimblehammer he ist *roars!*

An' nen in my ma's desk's a place  
Where boys 'ey mustn't play wiv ink,  
Because 'ey get it on 'eir face  
An' if they do, quick as a wink  
W'y, Missus Ketchemfoolin, she  
Comes out o' one 'em cubbyholes  
An' grabs th' boys, 'fore they can see,  
An' whips 'em—*hard!*—wiv fishin'  
poles!

At's all 'at lives here where we're at,  
Utceptin' pa an' ma an' me,  
An' bruvver, Marfy, an' th' cat—  
An' sometimes in th' night I see  
Ol' Bimblehammer point his han'  
An' hear him sayin': "*There he is!*"  
To Missus Ketchemfoolin' an'  
To Mister Whizzy Whizzlewhizz!  
*W. D. Nesbit.*

## Short

RECENTLY in Seattle in a cigar stand appeared the sign, "We give \$15.00 for 1909 Lincoln pennies." No less a person was attracted by this than Judge Watson. He walked up to the counter and laying down a penny triumphantly asked for \$15.00. The clerk took the penny, examined it closely, asked if it were genuine, and after several minutes sighed and said he guessed it was good.

"Certainly it is," answered the Judge. "Where is my \$15.00."

"Where," said the clerk, "are the other 1908?"



## Lydia Lillington Stabs Brother-in-Law

*Beautiful Woman Engaged Exclusively by Life Does Horrible Deed in Cold Blood—Motive at Present Unknown, But Suspected—Miss Lillington's Appearance and Clothes*

ONE of the most blood-curdling deeds in the history of American crime has just been committed by a beautiful woman engaged exclusively by LIFE for this purpose. While seated at breakfast in her beautiful villa at Glen Cove, Long Island, at 7.30 A. M. last Wednesday, arrayed in a tremendously fetching lingerie breakfast gown (trimmed with passanterie), Miss Lydia Lillington rose and in the presence of her husband and children, stabbed her brother-in-law to death. She then said calmly to the butler:

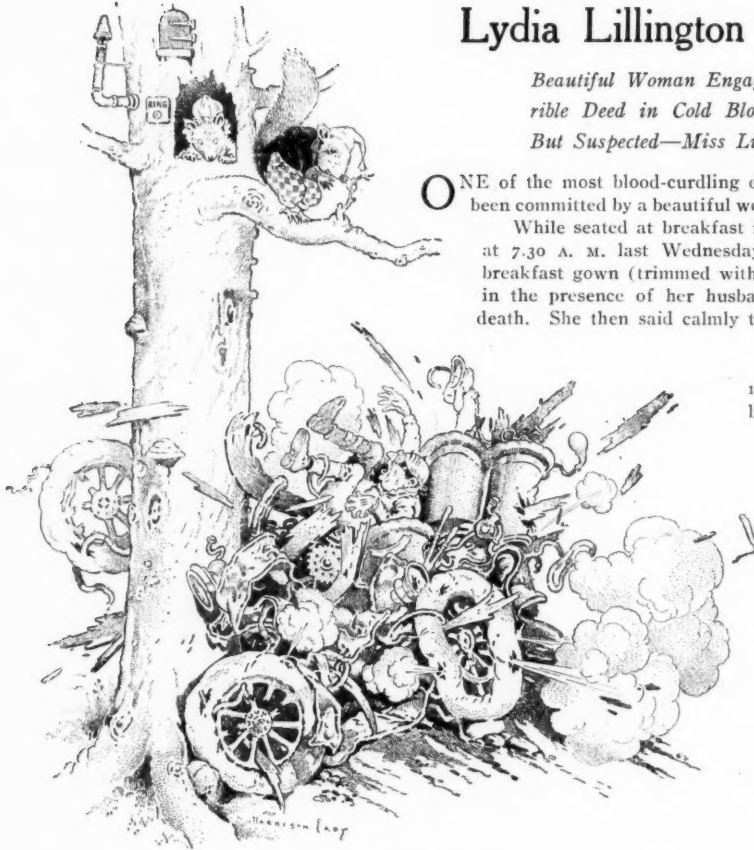
"Bring me some more coffee."

The weapon used was a pickle fork. No motive can at present be assigned for the deed, but the developments are coming thick and fast.

Questions that immediately present themselves are, "Why did they have pickles for breakfast?" "Why did Miss Lillington say 'more coffee,' when she should, according to the best usage, have simply said 'coffee'?" "Why did they have breakfast so early?"

Immediately after the deed was committed, Miss Lillington's husband, who is a prominent banker, hurriedly left the house and went to his office in Wall Street. When interviewed by our reporters—some thirty in number—he smiled, but refused to say anything except "Damn!" This looks bad for the defense.

Miss Lillington was immediately arrested and taken to the Tombs. She was placed under a five hundred thousand dollar bond. Her husband, having refused to furnish bail, she was locked



"PLEASE, SIR, COULDN'T YOU KNOCK A LITTLE MORE GENTLY?  
YOU MIGHT WAKE THE BABIES."

### A New Enemy

IT has been an uphill job of late years inducing men to enlist in the United States Army. And after they do enlist there are many desertions. Perhaps the life is dull. We are sure it is from no fear of foreign bullets.

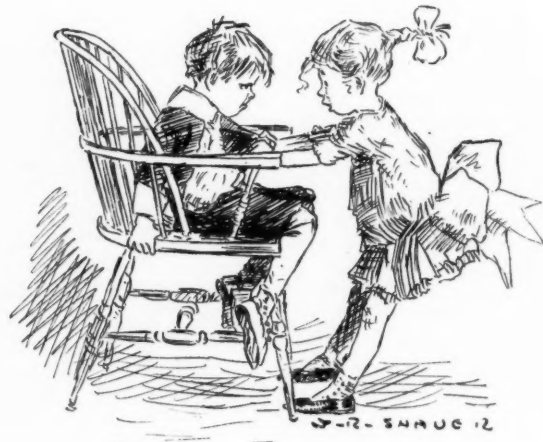
The fact that Surgeon-General Torrey recently issued an order requiring every man in the army, officers and all, to submit to typhoid vaccination, might explain any sudden increase in desertions. Considering the revolt in this country against vaccination, with our present knowledge of its dangers, one could hardly blame a healthy soldier for running away from it. To the enlisted man of average intelligence there is less to fear from a clean, honest bullet than from the deliberate injection of another man's disease.

"In time of peace prepare for"—the worst.

### Not to Lose the Trip

"WHAT do you do when you answer a call and find that the patient isn't injured enough to take to the hospital?"

"In a case of that kind," replied the ambulance surgeon nonchalantly, "on the way back we generally pick up one of the pedestrians we ran over."



"GET UP, YOU MEAN BOY. YOU'RE SITTING  
ON MY GUM"

up in the pink room. Her meals will be served by Sherry and Delmonico alternately. Only her dressmakers, friends and representatives of this paper will be permitted to interview her. It has just been ascertained that Miss Lillington's husband, who, by the way, is named John Doe Smith, once borrowed \$50 from Andrew Carnegie. How he succeeded in getting the money is not at present known. The search for Mr. Carnegie continues. Other magnates will undoubtedly be implicated. More later.

Those Inscrutable Eyes

BY MILDRED MOLLYCODDLE

(Note: Miss Mildred Mollycoddle is exclusively employed by LIFE to write up all our crimes and comment upon them. In the following interview with Miss Lillington she is at her best.)

I had expected to see a tall, commanding person. What was my surprise when, ushered into her room in the Tombs Prison, I saw a slender slip of a girl, with oh, such dainty hands and a soft, gracious manner.

"Won't you be seated?" she said sweetly, indicating the divan. She then took out her cologne bottle and bathed my brow soothingly.

But those eyes, those inscrutable eyes!



CONSOLING

Tommy: YOU'RE NOT SO AWFUL HOMELY. I KNOW TWO OR THREE GIRLS THAT AREN'T SO VERY MUCH BETTER LOOKIN' THAN YOU.

Therein lies the secret of Lydia Lillington's destiny. This soft purring crea-

ture can be aroused to insensate depths of hate.

They were fringed by long, silken lashes of purple; the orbs are round and full and as they gaze at one their pellucid wells reveal nothing but truth and sincerity; until suddenly, like a storm on a lake, the lightning flashes, the water is ruffled and a horrible spasm of rage and inveterate hate sweeps over them, and this all in a mere flash of time itself.

We talked softly of many things. It was only when I mentioned the pickle fork that I noticed the wonderful change in those eyes.

And so this soft, gentle creature is capable of primordial emotions. Ha! Her secret is one of those mysteries of crime, of life itself. I actually shivered as I thought of it afterwards. It has been my privilege to interview some of the world's greatest criminals. I have seen them at their best and their worst, but until I looked into those inscrutable eyes of Lydia Lillington's, I never knew real passion—fierce, uncontrollable, blind, concentrated passion—such as I saw, in that swift moment in the eyes of this mysterious creature.

What did her brother-in-law do? Therein lies the secret of her motive. Let us look to that.

(To be continued next week)



"WHY DON'T YOU BUY AN AUTOMOBILE, UNCLE JOHN?"

"I HAVEN'T ENOUGH MONEY, MY DEAR."

"YOU HAVEN'T! WHY, I THOUGHT YOU WORKED IN A BANK."



CHAPTER (6) PART (1)

SERMONS IN STONES



### Shadowed Events

COLUMBUS had planted his flag on the beach of San Domingo, and was about to continue into the interior of the island when he was accosted by a native in war paint, who carried a bundle on his shoulder.

"Mr. Columbus, I believe?"

"The same," answered Chris, eyeing the stranger curiously.

"I won't detain you but a minute," continued the savage. "I know you're in a hurry, but this is an opportunity you should not miss. I have here a complete edition of Mudjekeewis' Epic Poems, painted on the best antelope rawhide, especially prepared for us by the Tomtom tribal hunters; large, plain hieroglyphics, interspersed with beautiful illustrations—thirty in number—depicting scenes from the poet's native hunting grounds. The illustrations are done in three colors by Not-Afraid-to-Paint, the chief's son. The whole is wrapped in five separate Mojave blankets, with the titles tastefully engrossed on outside in a special green juice discovered by a Choctaw artist, who works exclusively for us at a high salary. The edition of five volumes is limited to ten sets, each numbered, and was prepared at a cost of over ten thousand spear heads. We are letting it go at the ridiculously low price of one copper kettle per bundle, paid the first night of each moon. We take the risk. You take the bundles, read them, enjoy them, and remit one copper kettle each moon to Nankoma-

Sits-on-a-Stump, Other-Wigwam on the Susquehanna. As a special inducement we are giving for a limited time only a pair of antelope horns beautifully—"

But Christopher Columbus was a wise old bird, and seeing the fatal shadow of the coming America thrown before him, fled to the confines of his ship and set sail for other parts.

### Every Little Helps

THE N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., of which Mr. Charles Sanger Mellen is president, has introduced a new idea into contemporary railroadism which, in view of the impoverished condition of all railroads, is worth thinking about.

Mr. Mellen now charges all passengers detained by accidents upon his railroad for the time their baggage happens to be in storage while they are convalescing.

Speaking of the recent wreck on the Valley division of the New Haven road, the *Herald* tells us:

"Some of the recalcitrant passengers say that had the New Haven road advised them that the train on which they were to ride was to take part in a wreck, and that storage charges on the baggage of the survivors were to be assessed, they would have taken another train or sent their baggage on ahead. . . . They figure that it might have been cheaper to have been killed in the wreck."

Mr. Mellen probably goes on the principle that every accident has a silver lining.

Or is this the latest development of the new scientific management?

Every little helps.

"The enforcement of the rule in this instance will add to the unpopularity of a corporation never too popular except with Connecticut politicians."

Such a thing is possible, of course, but we seriously doubt it. We doubt whether an incident of this sort can materially increase the unpopularity of Mr. Mellen's railroad.

### Virginia

ENGLAND is getting so mussed up nowadays that it makes one regret that we couldn't have kept Virginia just as she was, so that the older English pattern might be saved. Virginia may not share this sentiment, because she doubtless feels that, as she is, she is superior to the rest of creation, including even England. Which may or may not be true, but it is part of the charm of Virginia that she should think so; and it is a very English charm.

On the whole, no star in the flag is so pleased with all of its five points as Virginia. She knows she is the best. It is not opinion, it is conviction—unconscious, irrefutable, ineradicable.

WHOM the people would destroy they first elect to office.



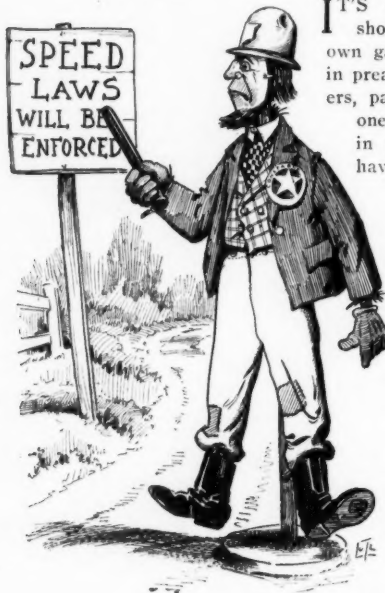
A LITTLE BEHIND WITH THE RENT



"HURRY UP, MOTHER! HERE'S THE BEACH, AN' EVERYBODY'S AT LUNCH"



Two Cases of Neglected Opportunities



IT'S curious that the stage should beat the pulpit at its own game and get ahead of it in preaching a sermon. Preachers, particularly the sensational ones, are so keen to find sin in all enjoyable things and have inveighed so much against the theatre itself that it is really remarkable they should let the stage get a "scoop" on them in their own line of business.

"Speed" is a pretty comedy, but it really preaches a sermon and on a topic which has been practically ignored by the pulpit. Its text is the automobile and it demonstrates among the possibilities of that mechanism, as a modern invention of the devil, that it may lead to pecuniary dishonesty, to the neglect of children and to marital infidelity.

The author, Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd, saves his characters from actual guilt in the way of dishonesty and infidelity, but the guilt is very imminent and it is only the stage writer's power to work miracles which staves it off. In a very ingenious double climax of the play this author manages to achieve the happy ending which managers demand, and yet the final curtain points a moral by leaving the stage to the deserted child whose parents have just danced off joyously to their first ride in a new ten-thousand-dollar car.



ALL this isn't as solemn as it sounds, and the play is really rather jolly, with quite a lot of spirited dialogue and laugh-provoking lines. Just the same, if there still remain any families of slender or moderate means who haven't mortgaged their present property and future happiness to own automobiles, this little comedy is calculated to give them pause if they contemplate the disastrous step. These attacks on the most prevalent form of American extravagance, even though veiled in humor, as they are, might seem unwise in a play which is looking for public patronage, but automobilists are not, as a rule, thin-skinned or overly sensitive; besides, the just published statistics show that there are only 400,000 automobile owners in the United States, which, if

they all stayed away, would still leave quite a few million patrons for "Speed."

The piece is well cast. The diminutive Oza Waldrop is the wife and heroine. She still has a curious little way of chopping off her words, but although it becomes tiresome it is piquant and makes for the to-be-encouraged quality of distinct enunciation. The author entrusts to her a clever study of feminine methods in egging her husband on to the purchase of the automobile she hankers for—the while she appears to be opposed to the projected extravagance. This she does admirably, and her whole performance is clever in spite of the handicap of stacked-up false hair she wears in the hopeless ambition to appear tall. Mr. Orrin Johnson is the husband who, saying he will ne'er consent, consents to being jollied into the automobile habit and is saved from its consequences by the author's remarkable idea of how things are done in Wall Street. He plays the part with less angularity than usual and with very good comedy spirit. Others in the cast who do well are Mr. Eric Blind in a conventional nice man rôle, and Elise Scott as a young woman who knows what she wants in the way of a husband and is not ashamed to ask for it. "Speed" would have been less amusing without the good stage management shown in the quick action of the play.

If you are tempted to buy an automobile you can't afford and really want to yield to the temptation, don't go to see "Speed."

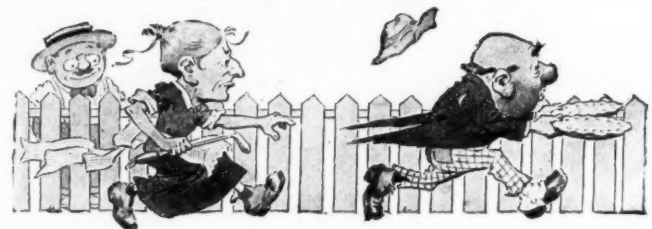


FAILURE though it may have been owing to material conditions, the New Theatre, in its brief existence bore fruit in the way of showing a demand for plays done in the proper spirit and creating an ambition to satisfy that demand. As a result of there having been a New Theatre we are shortly to have a new New Theatre conducted on much the same lines by the founders of the earlier institution; and now we are informed that Mr. Winthrop Ames, its former director,

Scrambled Dramas



"A SINGLE MAN" AMONG "SNOBS"



"A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE" VISITS "THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE"

has secured a site and is about to build a small theatre for the production of plays which will not cater to the great public but will appeal to those who are exacting in the quality of plays and in the finish of acting.

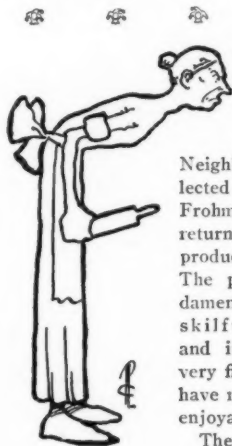


**H**ISTORY shows that when nations begin to tolerate the public display of men who are fond of dressing up in women's clothes, they have started on the road to national decay. Fortunately the patronage bestowed on Mr.

Bothwell Browne in "Miss Jack" at the Herald Square is not so great as to indicate in this particular instance any especial national tendency. But the fact that a female impersonator could occupy the stage of a prominent Broadway theatre as the star and main attraction in even a musical show, is not a pleasant spectacle for the wholesome-minded. In the classic and early English theatre there were reasons for the casting of men in women's rôles which do not exist now and there is no present excuse for it in the name of art.

In the case of "Miss Jack" there are no redeeming features of any kind. The piece as a stage production is trivial, the cast is mediocre and the star is to be mentioned only in protest. In any American community less indifferent, less cosmopolitan and more virile than New York, it is to be feared that a public performer of this type might meet with less consideration.

The female impersonator should be prohibited by law.



**F**IRST of the season's productions to fall by the wayside is "Thy Neighbor's Wife," selected by Mr. Daniel Frohman to herald his return to the ranks of producing managers. The play had a fundamental idea which, skilfully developed and in the hands of very fine artists, might have made a witty and enjoyable comedy.

The story is of two neighboring married couples who think they would be better off cross-matched than as they are. In



"JUST A MOMENT, JACK, TILL I PUT THESE ROSES IN A SAFE PLACE"

a way not at all shocking to the sensibilities of the spectator, the exchange is effected. The two husbands believe that it is an actual transaction; the wives have arranged it as a scheme to cure the husbands of their desire for change. As there are only four characters, with very little action and much dialogue, this last, to make the play tolerable, should have sparkled in every line. In "Thy Neighbor's Wife," it distinctly did not, with the result that the play was talked to death. As it was a play entirely of personal contrasts, it should have been acted by artists of the greatest finish and power of subtle characterization.

"Thy Neighbor's Wife," written by a French author and acted by Parisian artists in Paris would have been a Parisian success. *Metcalf.*



**CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE**

*Astor.*—"What the Doctor Ordered," by Mr. A. E. Thomas. Notice later.  
*Bijou.*—"Modern Marriage," by Mr. Harrison Rhoades. Notice later.  
*Belasco.*—Return of the cleverly presented and laughable satirical comedy, "The Concert."  
*Broadway.*—"The Hen-Pecks." Mr. Lew Fields heading a large company in elaborate musical show.  
*Casino.*—"The Kiss Waltz." Notice later.  
*Century.*—"The Blue Bird." Last season's New Theatre spectacular and poetic success.  
*Cohan's.*—Last week of "Get Rich Quick

Wallingford." Laughable comedy of the confidence man, his ways and his victims.

*Comedy.*—"Speed," by Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd. See above.

*Criterion.*—"Passers By," by Mr. Haddon Chambers. Notice later.

*Daly's.*—"Sweet Sixteen." Notice later.

*Empire.*—Mr. John Drew in "A Single Man." Amusing, polite and well acted little comedy.

*Folies Bergeres.*—Extravaganza and vaudeville to restaurant accompaniment.

*Gaiety.*—"Excuse Me." Farce with sleeping-car experiences as the basis of its fun.

*Harris.*—Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper." Drama satirizing department store life and methods. Fairly interesting.

*Herald Square.*—Bothwell Browne in "Miss Jack." See above.

*Hippodrome.*—"Around the World." Ballet and series of brilliant spectacular pictures.

*Hudson.*—"Snobs," with Mr. Frank McIntyre. See above.

*Knickerbocker.*—"The Siren." Musical show, with Mr. Donald Brian and Julia Sanderson. Inoffensive and colorless.

*Lyceum.*—"The Arab," by Mr. Edgar Selwyn. Notice later.

*Lyric.*—"Everywoman." A modern morality, poetical in form and dealing impressively with the modern temptations of woman.

*Manhattan Opera House.*—Mr. Robert Mantell in repertory of Shakespearean dramas.

*Marine Elliott's.*—"The Real Thing." Rather weak domestic comedy, redeemed to some extent by the good acting of company headed by Henrietta Crossman.

*Playhouse.*—"The Rack," by Mr. Thompson Buchanan. Notice later.

*Republic.*—"The Woman." Notice later.

*Thirty-ninth Street.*—"As a Man Thinks." Well acted drama in which the Jew and his position in America is an important issue.

*Wallack's.*—"Disraeli," by Mr. Louis N. Parker. Notice later.

*Weber's.*—"A Man of Honor," by Mr. Isaac Landman. Notice later.

*West End.*—Mr. Faversham in the interesting, fantastic comedy, "The Faun."





Still Rolling On,



Will Rolling On, But—

## The Discourses of Mrs. Epictetus

Consisting of Four Papers on the Gentle Arts of  
Husband Catching—I. The Necessity for a Husband.

IN considering the things that are of real worth (value) to a woman in contrast to the things you feel you cannot be happy (joyous) without, endeavor to separate the essentials from the externals.

You suppose because you have not a husband that you are undone. But to observe that only which is your own or not your own is not philosophy. To have acquired a husband is not always to have him. You cannot hold soft cheese with a hook.

Observe your neighbor who has a husband. She boasts loudly of him. She says he is *splendid* as Epaphroditus. She calls attention to his chest measurement and his good disposition. But observe constantly that she packs her belongings and leaves him, seeking distraction and spending his hard earned obulas.

Do not exalt, therefore, the want that is yours rather than that which is your neighbor's. Look to it that a husband often agitates (disturbs) the heart when strange women (persons) call him up on the 'phone and he does not come home for dinner.

Observe also how he must be petted. It is to pat him on the back and fall on his neck to extract even a hat, although he would tell you that all he had was yours.

You may weep into his chest begging for a new gown and he will remove you by force, claiming that he cannot afford to have his tie ruined, as it is a new one. And so long as he is able to make you weep it will make him inwardly proud, proving his power over you.

Ponder well, therefore, and consider if it is what you really need or what you think you need that is consuming you. For you would find a husband something you could not exchange for trading stamps.

Also learn that after acquiring a husband your lifework will consist principally in changing the collar buttons and studs in his shirts, one to the other. This you will have to do twice a day all the year.

For although a man have many motor cars he will have but two collar buttons and one pair of sleeve links. His keys, his watch, his eyeglass and even his hat he chains up jealously, but he allows his collar buttons freedom so

they may flee where no man pursueth.

His ways you would have to study; what he best likes. His slippers you would have to keep warmed even until they curled and put away his clothes in moth balls.

You would be expected to meet him at the door on his coming home, with honest bark and welcoming arms. Yet you would have to learn when he wished to be caressed and when he wished to be let alone.

For no man would care to be kissed to death even though he might say so in the days of his courtship. He would wish to stop for his meals, to wind his watch and to read the stock reports.

Your devotion he would not value when he was in good health, but when he became ill he would be as a babe clinging to your finger. Observe (notice) that he would put his cigar ashes in the window boxes and throw half burned matches out of the windows so they might fall on the heads of passersby.

You would have to learn not alone his nature but his curves (kinks). You would have to cajole him as a kitten at play and again you would have to be as Minerva wise to meet his moods.

Only in this way would he be induced to part with obulas and these sparingly, one by one. And he would ask in surprise where are the two he gave you day before yesterday.

You would know he had done some-

thing wrong when he sent home flowers and candy and fruits for you.

And suddenly, because something goes wrong with which you have nothing whatever to do, he will fly in a blind fury from you and go to his club cursing.

And it is only while he continues to get mad at you for imaginary offenses that he cares for you. These are but a few of his incurves. He will see to it that you learn very little about his out-ones.

Think of these things, these opinions, these examples, if you would obtain a husband at this worth (price). To get what they call liberty—some hang themselves.

Kate Masterson.

### Professional Men

PROFESSIONAL men are more to be pitied than scorned. It is a terrible thing to have to wander about the earth as an avowed receptacle of knowledge, as a repository of facts which must be true as well as important.

The principal trouble comes in that facts are treacherous, while professional men are loyal. Although facts are changing all the time, professional men are trying to live up to their diplomas. Having once learned a set of facts, they feel it is hardly fair for knowledge to move on and leave them behind. Some of them feel this so keenly that they become obstinate and absolutely refuse to listen to anyone with a new thought or a new fact.

Blessed is the man who does not profess too much, for he will have less to retract.



TWO PORTRAITS OF A FRIEND





*Mother:* YOU AND WILLIE JONES SEEM TO PLAY TOGETHER A GOOD DEAL.  
*Little girl of the period:* YES, BUT I ASSURE YOU IT'S PURELY PLATONIC. WE'RE BOTH INTERESTED IN MUD PIES; THAT'S ALL.

### Detachable Marriage

THE recent literature of the separation of the Upton Sinclairs, furnished chiefly to the newspapers by Mrs. Sinclair and the person named Kemp, to whom she seems to have momentarily transferred her esteem, has made unusually thoughtful and not unedifying reading. The edification in it has come, perhaps, inversely to the intention of its purveyors, by their exposition of their minds and sentiments. These advanced minds favor trial marriages and increased facilities for divorce, but divorce implies re-marriage and, re-married, they would be in the same fix as before, and presently be driven to divorce again.

Divorce is certainly a grand thing, but it is unsubstantial and impermanent, and if you have to keep doing it, it becomes, before long, as tiresome and hard on the nerves as marriage itself. It does not really seem to be what the New Thoughts want.

The alleviation they are working for, but have not yet fully defined, seems to be detachable marriage. That would allow for the experimentation so necessary to devoted students of life, and suggested by Mrs. Sinclair when she said, in speaking of her marriage: "I did not (then) know the comparative value of loves." It is true, as she also said, that "it is difficult for a woman to pursue a new love when she is bound up so much in an old." So it is as our institutions stand at present, but it would not be if we had detachable marriage.

In that case marriage need not fail because of a puncture, and everything come to a standstill with long resulting delay and possible failure to arrive at all, but there could be a mere halt and interval for repairs, and then on again.

### A Time-Honored Contest

THE man who was passing the baseball grounds paused interestedly.

"What's that row about over by the fence?" he asked of an undersized, spectacled lad who was looking on from a safe distance.

"Sir," replied the boy sedately, "you have no doubt heard of the age-old conflict between the haves and the have-nots?"

"Yes," returned the puzzled inquirer, "but what—"

"Well, this is merely a little skirmish between the have-nots and the have-knot-holes."

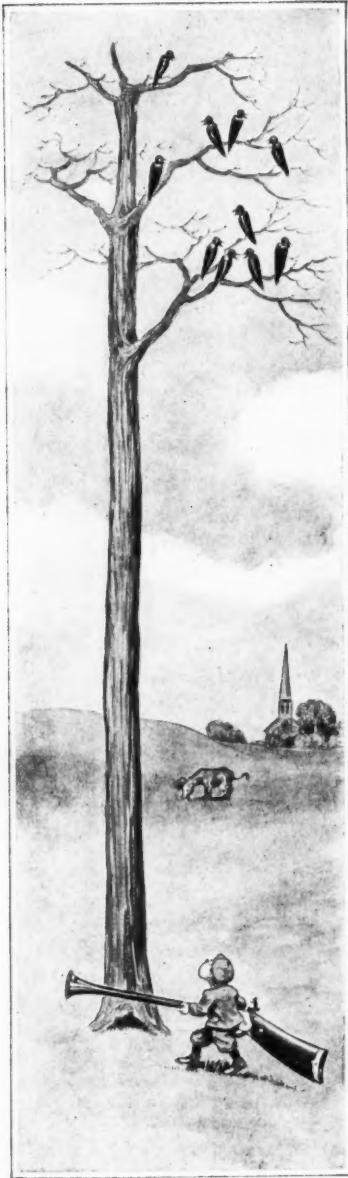
### Other Things

BRAGGS: There are still other things than money even in this dollar-chasing age.

WAGGS: Good! That's just what I'm looking for. Let's grab them and form a trust.

BRAGGS: But I was referring to such things as a clear conscience and self-respect.

WAGGS: Doesn't matter at all. It will read all the better in the prospectus when we come to sell the stock.



"CAWS" AND EFFECT

### Information

THIS country is now in a condition somewhat similar to that of the housewife who has over-specialized in club work, who reads so much and acquires so much knowledge upon subjects of all kinds that she doesn't find time to do anything. We are suffering from an excess of information. Our feeble civic stomachs cannot digest it. Our underde-

veloped civic brain cannot reduce the formless mass to any kind of comprehensive form. We are unable to assimilate even the census, to say nothing of the reports of special committees of Congress, of the endless municipal, State and private investigators, students and foundations. The more information we get the more obfuscated we seem to become.

We know it all, but we don't know what to do about it.

## What Money Couldn't Buy

"BOBBIE, come here. I want you to do something for me."

Bobbie obeyed obediently. Although not nine years old, he was very keen to any invitation from one of his sister's admirers. And it was not a matter of doubt that Mr. Winket belonged in this class.

Winket held up a dollar.

"Do you want to win this?" he said.

"You bet I do." This was Bobbie's favorite expression.

"Well, my boy, you cannot only win this, but another one just like it, if you will only do as I say. Come over here where we can be quiet."

Winket led the way to a summer house.

"Now, Bobbie," he said, "let me explain just exactly what I mean and you must listen attentively. In the beginning, I will tell you frankly and candidly that I want very much to kiss your sister. Hitherto she has repelled me, but with your help I believe that she will be only too glad to let me. Did you ever hear of a subliminal self?"

Bobbie shook his head.

"Well, each one of us has one. It is like a spirit. We can't see it or feel it, but it is there all the same. Now this subliminal self is open to sugges-

(Continued on page 491)



ATHLETIC EXPRESSION  
"THE MEDICINE BOWL"

*Overland*

**A Book That Fully Explains Why We Can  
Build a 30-Horsepower 5-Passenger Fore-door  
Touring Car to Sell for \$900. Write for a Copy.**

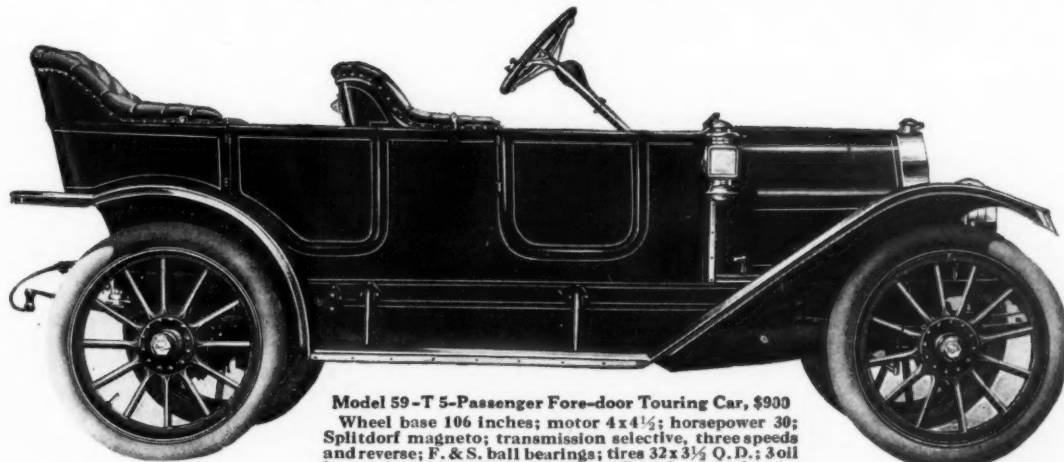
**I**T is utterly impossible for anyone to realize the economical manufacturing strength of the *Overland* organization without a clear idea of its enormous manufacturing facilities. To the average man an automobile factory is merely a factory—a place where cars are made. Yet there is the greatest difference in the world. On one hand you have a plant, which, on account of its great production, can make and sell its car for far less than the other factory. And on the other hand you might have a very small factory, which, while it produces a good car, has a very small capacity, and its car for car production costs are considerably higher than those of the larger plant. That is why you find one manufacturer selling his 30-horsepower touring car for \$1250 while we market that type of machine for \$900.

**Q.** We have just published a very thorough book which explains in a clear, definite and readable manner the difference in automobile plants. And the point of this whole book is to prove the economical manufacturing ability of the Overland plants—to prove its strength by showing and explaining to you the interior and exterior of the greatest automobile plant in the world. The book is free and we want you to have one. It is interesting and full of information.

**Q.** Above all it gives you a clear understanding of economics in the production of automobiles in great quantities, and we believe it proves why no other manufacturer in the business can produce the car described below and sell it at our price without losing money. To realize this you have but to compare this automobile with any other similar car on the market. Take the entire list of specifications and see if you can duplicate this car for less than \$1250. Our Model 59 is the most progressive step the industry has ever witnessed and it means a great deal to the motor buyers of America.

**Q.** A line to us will bring you this new Overland book. It explains what we are and what we have got and why other cars of similar size and rating are from twenty to forty per cent. higher in price. Write and ask for book D29.

**The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio**



**Model 59-T 5-Passenger Fore-door Touring Car, \$900**  
Wheel base 106 inches; motor 4 x 4½; horsepower 30;  
Splittdorf magneto; transmission selective, three speeds  
and reverse; F. & S. ball bearings; tires 32 x 3½ O. D.; 3 oil  
lamps, 2 gas lamps and generator. Complete set of tools.





Scotch Generosity

Robbie met a neighbor who was smoking some fine fragrant tobacco sent by his son in America. He took out his own pipe ostentatiously

"Ha' you a match, Sandie?" he queried.

The match was forthcoming—but nothing more.

"I do believe," said Robbie, "I ha' left me tobacco to hame."

"Then," said Sandie, after a silence, "Ye might as well gie me back me match."—*Success.*

New Market for Barrels

A small tailor in the Twin Cities has a head for advertising. In front of his store stands an oil barrel with the head knocked in. The barrel is bright green and on it in red letters is painted: "Stand in my barrel while I press your suit for 50c."—*Zenith.*



"GEE! PARENTS IS QUEER THINGS. THEY'VE GOT SUCH OLD-FASHIONED IDEAS ABOUT WASHIN' AN' ALL THAT SORT O' FOOLISHNESS."

Who Wants Wiley Fired?

Who wants Wiley fired?

"I," says the can of nearly tea. "Just look at what he did to me. He or I must be retired, So, I want Wiley fired."

Who wants Wiley fired?

"I," says the case of almost cheese. "Once I lived a life of ease, But now this fellow makes me tired, So, I want Wiley fired."

Who wants Wiley fired?

"I," says the ham that's acid cured, "This buttin' in can't be endured. The wonder is that he was hired. Sure, I want Wiley fired."

Who wants Wiley fired?

"I," says the masquerading jam, "A product he has tried to damn. "Get rid of him!" is what I wired. Yes, I want Wiley fired."

Who wants Wiley fired?

Why, all the bogus foods and drugs, And all the germs and microbe bugs. There's nothing quite so much desired As to see Wiley fired.

—*New York World.*

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A NOVEL PLEATED  
*Cluett*  
SHIRT

The pleats are continuous, reaching from neckband to skirt edge, instead of being bound off at the waistline. This insures a much better than ordinary appearance to the bosom, and does away with bulging and creasing. **\$1.50**



Cluett, Peabody & Co.  
453 River St., Troy, N. Y.  
Send for booklet "Proper Dress."



Tommy: OH, I'M SICK OF PLAYIN' WIF MY TOYS LET'S DO SOMETHING WE MUSTN'T.

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# Three new Jackson Cars which inspire interesting comparisons---in power, size and price



**Model 52, 1912 Jackson—\$1800**  
50 horsepower, 4 cylinder motor; 124 inch wheelbase, full elliptic springs, front and rear; 36-inch wheels. Extra roomy five-passenger body. Price includes demountable rims, gas tank, horn, tools, etc.

8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96	104	112	120	124
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Model 42, \$1500, is built on the same beautiful lines, with 40 horsepower four cylinder motor; 118-inch wheelbase; full elliptic springs, front and rear; 34 x 4 tires. Roomy five-passenger body. Price includes full equipment of top, windshield, gas tank, etc.

Model 32, \$1100. 30 horsepower, 4 cylinder motor; 110-inch wheelbase; full elliptic springs front and rear; 32-inch wheels. Price includes gas lamps and oil lamps, horn, tools, etc.

Hold the prices of these cars in the back of your mind for a moment.

Make a mental note of the fact that the Jackson is not an untried product—that this is not the first, or the second, or the third, but the *eleventh* annual Jackson announcement.

It is the element of *sustained reputation* which makes this announcement noteworthy.

Consult your recollection of the Jackson. Recall the remarkably kind things you have heard of it in the past ten years.

Then turn, first to the question of horsepower; a full fifty for the new Model 52; a full forty for the new Model 42 and a full thirty for the new Model 32 Jackson.

Bear in mind that you have usually found the chief reason for a price as low as these Jackson prices, in a lack of horsepower.

After a year or so, the man who has bought a car costing less than \$2000 has usually said to himself, disappointedly: "A pretty good car, but—*under-powered and sluggish.*"

The very best cars at about \$2000 have been marked by this poverty of power and stiffness of action.

Furthermore, you will be surprised to find that most cars selling for \$2500 and \$3000 fall short of the new \$1800 Jackson in this one item.

Fifty horsepower in Model 52; forty horsepower in Model 42; thirty horsepower in Model 32; means vastly greater efficiency than \$1800, \$1500 or \$1100 has brought you before.

It means a car that runs willingly under any and

# Jackson

**No hill too steep  
No sand too deep**

all conditions—a car that will take a stiff grade or a hard pull through mud or sand without relying on its momentum to carry it through.

And note, please, that the incorporation of qualities presumably reserved to cars of a higher price, does not end with the installation of this engine of magnificent energy.

Everything else is in keeping—everything that should reinforce a power plant capable of meeting the extremest emergencies.

You have the long wheelbase which makes you dissatisfied with your own *short, hard-riding car*, after you've once experienced the gliding luxury of the larger type.

In this new thirty horsepower Jackson at \$1100, a wheelbase of 110 inches and 32-inch wheels; in the forty horsepower five-passenger Jackson at \$1500, a wheelbase of 118 inches and 34-inch wheels; in the fifty horsepower Jackson, at \$1800, a wheelbase of 124 inches and 36-inch wheels.

Do you see how far forward this combination carries you toward the *riding qualities* that have made you long for the most expensive cars?

That the new Jackson models are beautiful cars you can see for yourself.

But we would prefer you to accept this grace of line and design as an after-consideration.

We want you to concentrate your inquiry upon the *efficiency of the cars* from an engineering standpoint.

We believe you will pronounce them the easiest riding cars the country has produced at any price under \$3000; and equal in ease to any car over that price.

We believe you will find them unique at the price, in the matter of power, wheelbase, and springs, which are the Jackson full-elliptic, both front and rear, on all models.

We believe you will agree with us that they *seriously call into question* the prestige of the higher priced motor car division.

We have confidence that you will pronounce them the season's most valuable contribution to motor car progress. For eleven years we have been gradually *preempting the special prerogatives* of the costliest cars.

Most of the Jackson dealers are ready now to show and demonstrate the principal 1912 models.

If, however, our representative in your locality has not yet received his cars, write us for the 1912 literature; and try to be patient until we can get cars into your territory.

Jackson Automobile Company,

1300 East Main Street,

Jackson, Mich.



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

### About Foreign Noblemen

DEAR LIFE:

I have read and loved you for a good many years.

For this reason I hate to see you make a mistake, and especially persist in a mistake, so I hope you will publish this letter.

For two or three years you have been making fun of American heiresses who marry foreign noblemen, always in the same way, representing the "English earl" or "Continental count" as a man old, decrepit, disreputable and altogether repulsive.

Now, as a matter of fact, no American girl has for many years married any earl, duke or count who was not young and good looking, a fact of the truth of which LIFE can easily assure itself.

The Dukes of Marlborough, Roxburghe and Manchester were all fine young men when they were married, the last named hardly out of the nursery.

Lord Curzon was and is a most brilliant and charming man, who gave his wife the position of a queen. Many others might be mentioned and it would be hard to find in any country two handsomer young men than Lord Granard and Lord Decies.

The same is true on the Continent, since the two daughters of Governor Carroll married two of the handsomest young men in France. And the Hungarian husbands of Miss Vanderbilt and Miss Daly are not only young, but romantically handsome enough to have justified their falling in love with them had they been gypsies instead of magnates of Hungary.

Society in New York is hardly so pure and perfect that it should be considered a crime for a woman to prefer to live elsewhere. The remarks of LIFE are much more applicable to those American girls who marry American men, sometimes old, sometimes vulgar, sometimes disreputable, merely because they are rich.

Now, dear LIFE, be *just* and publish this. I inclose my card, but not for publication.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN  
TEMPORARILY RESIDENT ABROAD.

### That Matter of Bail

EDITOR OF LIFE:

What is bail and what is it for? The Constitution of the United States provides that in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy trial, and it further requires that excessive bail shall not be required. Has it ever occurred to you that the law, which is framed for rich and poor alike, is, at the present time in the matter of bail, administered in the interests of the former and not of the latter? As both rich and poor stand before the seat of justice theoretically on the same footing, it is reasonable to suppose then they should be treated alike. The fact that the Constitution guarantees the right to a speedy trial means that bail is only to be allowed to prevent injustice to the accused (who is presumed to be innocent until proved guilty) until he can get a hearing. If the courts do not act with sufficient promptness under ordinary circumstances so that a man can get a hearing soon, then some radical change in

our judicial system is needed. Otherwise the poor man will suffer before trial because he cannot get bail, while his more fortunate brother, who is charged with the same offence, is at freedom owing solely to the fact that he can put up bail. Both are presumed to be innocent. Why should the mere fact that a man has money entitle him to freedom for a protracted time on bail when another man has to wait his turn in jail simply because he has no property to put up? Certainly if the trial cannot be had with reasonable expedition then such bail should only be required as will even things up for all alike. Excessive bail means excessive for any one, for the law is declared to be no respecter of persons. Think this over. In the name of all that is highest and noblest in humanity—in the interests of that real justice which is supposed to be administered to all alike, what is bail for, and why, under the law of the land, should it be allowed to work discrimination between those who have this world's goods and those who have not? Where does justice come in?  
G. P. I.

### Revised

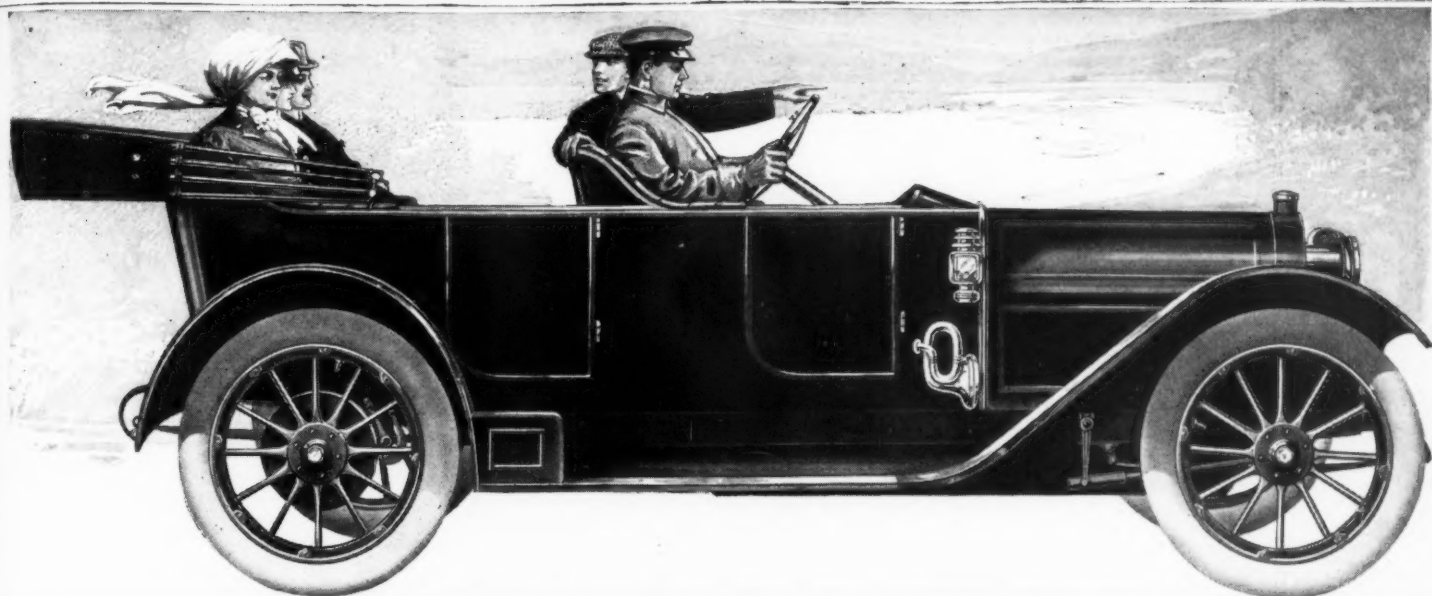
"ALWAYS say 'no,'" an old proverb puts it, "and you will never be married."

Always say "yes" and you will never be divorced.



"LOOK, MOTHER, THAT MAN'S FACE IS DIRTY, TOO"





## Standard FORTY H.-P. Cars Drop to \$1,500

Other Automobile makers said it couldn't be done—that no factory could turn out a car with the specifications of the "Michigan 40" and sell it for a cent less than \$2,100. Most of them placed it at \$2,500.

They cited the fact that making good automobiles has been reduced to an exact science; that the price of skilled workmanship and raw materials has reached bedrock; that a further reduction of producing cost meant *cheapening the car*.

They were right as far as they went. *But—*

They overlooked the fact that a large part of the price of an automobile goes to pay the expense of selling—that to reduce this selling expense means to reduce the retail price *without taking a penny out of the intrinsic value of the car*.

Two years ago we thought we saw an unprecedented opportunity to capture a big automobile trade by a plan of ours to market automobiles at *practically no expense* and save each buyer \$600 or more.

So we tried it out. And it worked. So well that, without advertising, our output has been far oversold every season. Six months ago, having proven that both our Car and our Economy-Price Idea are what the public want, we increased our factory output ten times.

### Selling Expense Almost Abolished

The customary way of marketing an automobile is fearfully expensive. The manufacturer must have agents. To get them he must put an army of high-priced men on the road. He must make lavish commission offers. He must often "sugar" the agent. Having once adopted these expensive tactics, he must *continue* them, or his agents will "lay down." When the maker of a good car secures a full quota of agents, he justly considers his business battles won.

Now note how we secured 10,000 automobile agents without spending a penny: In 1909, when we made our first cars, we had been in the Vehicle Manufacturing Business twenty-eight years. We were, and are today, the largest manufacturers in our line in the world, turning out over 45,000 pleasure vehicles annually.

We had built up a wonderful retail selling organization of 10,000 agents. They all knew the surpassing excellence of our goods. So, when we got ready to sell our first season's automobile output, we had but to mention the new line to our agents. The entire product was promptly sold. We paid nothing to get *distribution*—which otherwise would have cost us a fortune.

And so it has been each season. Our regular agents absorb our output. Though we are making ten times as many 1912 cars as 1911s, *sixty-two per cent of our output is already sold*.

### A Magnificent Car—Economically Built

Anybody with capital can build good cars, for the services of the best designers and engineers can now be bought in the open market.

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But it is at the selling end that we make our big saving. Hundreds of dollars on every car—and *the consumer gets it all*.

### Small Cars Are False Economy

Don't buy a "30." Cars of greater power, longer wheel base, larger seating accommodation, greater speed capacity and increased comfort and dependability are much more to be desired. Note the trend. Three years ago the "30" was in vogue. Next came the "35" and an occasional "36." But the *ultimate* car, the car which has reserve power for every emergency, is the "40." While we make and sell smaller cars, we recommend the "40." Smart folks prefer it.

### Built in Five Styles

Model "K"—40-horsepower, 5-passenger Fore-door Touring Car. 116-inch wheel base, extra large roomy seats, inside control. Dual ignition system with Briggs Guaranteed Magneto. Cylinders 4½-inch bore, 5½-inch stroke. Three-bearing crank shaft. Enclosed valves and dust-proof motor, absolutely silent in operation. Nickel trimmings. 34x4-inch tires and demountable rims. A big, handsome, powerful, dependable car that suffers none by comparison with the Packard, Peerless or Lozier. Price \$1,500.

Model "M"—40-horsepower Roadster; built on same chassis as Model "K" Touring Car—same style, same finish. A two-seated business or suburban car with 40-gallon gaso-

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"A LIGHT LUNCH"

### His Saving, Perhaps

The late Bill Barlow, editor of the *Laramie Boomerang*, believed no less in accuracy than in humorous journalism. "You can't achieve your effect," Barlow once said in an address in Douglas, Wyo., "unless you're accurate. Uncertainty and inaccuracy will spoil the finest effect, whether it be comic or whether it be pathetic."

"I remember a funeral in Tin Can. The Widow Wagg had lost her third in a poker dive. George Jones, D.D., delivered the funeral address, and an eloquent and moving address it was, but George, in his inaccurate way, hadn't made sure whether it was her third or her fourth that the Widow Wagg was burying.

"Hence he spoiled a grand oration with these concluding words:

"And now we commend to the divine mercy this widowed handmaid who hath been bereaved again, and again, and again"

George hesitated, frowned, and added:

"—and perhaps again."

—*Human Life.*

In the little matter of making fools, prosperity can put it all over adversity.—

*Wasp.*

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

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### The Tables Turned

It was time for baby girl to be in bed, but no amount of coaxing could take her. At last father offered to lie on the bed till she fell asleep. Off she went "pick-a-back," and the tired mother leaned back in her chair with a sigh of content ready for a hard-earned rest.

Ten minutes—twenty—half an hour, and she was wondering when father would be down, when all at once she heard a soft, stealthy "pit-a-pat." Nearer came the steps, and then a little, white-robed form with a tiny finger on her lip stood in the doorway.

"Hush, hush, muvver," she said, "I've got farver to sleep."—*Tit-Bits.*

### The Literary Shop

MAGAZINE EDITOR: This is a splendid story, but never heard of the author before, did you?

ASSISTANT: Never. Shall I send it back?

MAGAZINE EDITOR: No. Put it away until he becomes famous.—*Boston Transcript.*

MRS. KNICKER: Did you hold a short session with your husband?

MRS. BOCKER: Yes. I merely had him pass an appropriation bill.

—*New York Times.*

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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.

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

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- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
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- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
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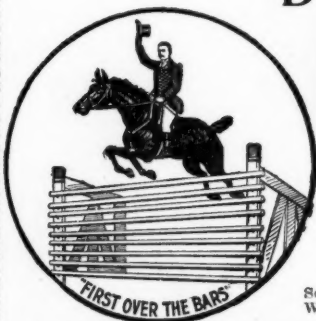
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WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

## What Money Couldn't Buy

(Continued from page 484)

tion. It really controls us, and if we suggest to it what we want done it will do that very thing."

"Gee!"

"Oh, that's right. Now, attend to me closely. Science has recently discovered that even when one is asleep one's subliminal self is active and can be talked to and will respond. Do you see?"

"What does it do, just sit around and—"

"Never mind what it does. We don't know. We only know that it is there and that the things it is told to do will inevitably happen. It's all been tried out over and over again. It isn't a fairy tale, but it's actually true."

"Gee!"

"Now, here's that dollar, and what I want you to do is to get up early to-morrow morning, when your sister is asleep. Go softly to her bedside and without waking her say 'Sister, to-night at nine o'clock you will have an uncontrollable impulse to let Mr. Winket kiss you. It's no use for you to resist it. He will ask you and you will let him.'"

"Will you be there?" asked Bobbie.  
"Oh, yes, I will be there. I am going to call to-morrow evening, you see. Your sister expects me. Now do you understand? Better repeat it."

Bobbie, clutching the dollar in his hand, looked rather embarrassed, but at last said:

"I will go to her bedside to-morrow morning when she lies sleeping, and I will say to—what's its name?"

"The subliminal self."

"Shall I call it by that?"

"Oh, no. Just address her as if there were nothing else to be thought of. Command her, you understand."

"I will say," went on Bobbie, "now sister, at nine o'clock to-night you will have an uncontrollable impulse to let Mr. Winket kiss you. You must do it. You can't just help yourself. You've gotter do it, you've gotter do it, you've gotter do it!"

"Splendid!" cried Winket. "Bobbie, you are a grand boy and after this we shall be friends for life."

Bobbie was almost as excited as if the next day were Christmas or the Fourth of July. He kept repeating the magic sentence to himself all the afternoon. At night, when he went to bed, he took all precautions to get up early, raising his curtains so the sun would shine in. But there was really no need of doing this, because as a matter of fact, his own subliminal self was better than any alarm clock.

At five in the morning he stole down stairs.

Stealthily he crept to his sister's bedside. That young girl was breathing calmly and unconsciously—or apparently so.

"Sister!"

No answer.

"Sister, you've just gotter let Mr.

## The Men We Love and The Men We Marry

Are there generally two men in a woman's life—the man she loves and the man she marries?

A woman, keenly observant, and who has seen much of girls and women, holds that it is more often true than many suppose. Then she explains how it comes about: what it can mean, in suffering, to a woman, and what is the duty of a woman to be the wife of the man she married, not that of the man she wishes she had married.

A thoroughly feminine article is this. Men will not understand it, but women will.

It is in the October LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

15 Cents Everywhere

## There Are Two Millionaires Among The Actors

One can go to bed and sleep and yet earn \$1000 a week. The other has made \$300,000 in one season. There is also an actress who earns for herself a quarter of a million dollars in one season: who has played to over a million dollars in Chicago alone. She is the greatest money-making actress on the stage.

Another actress earns \$600,000 in a single season.

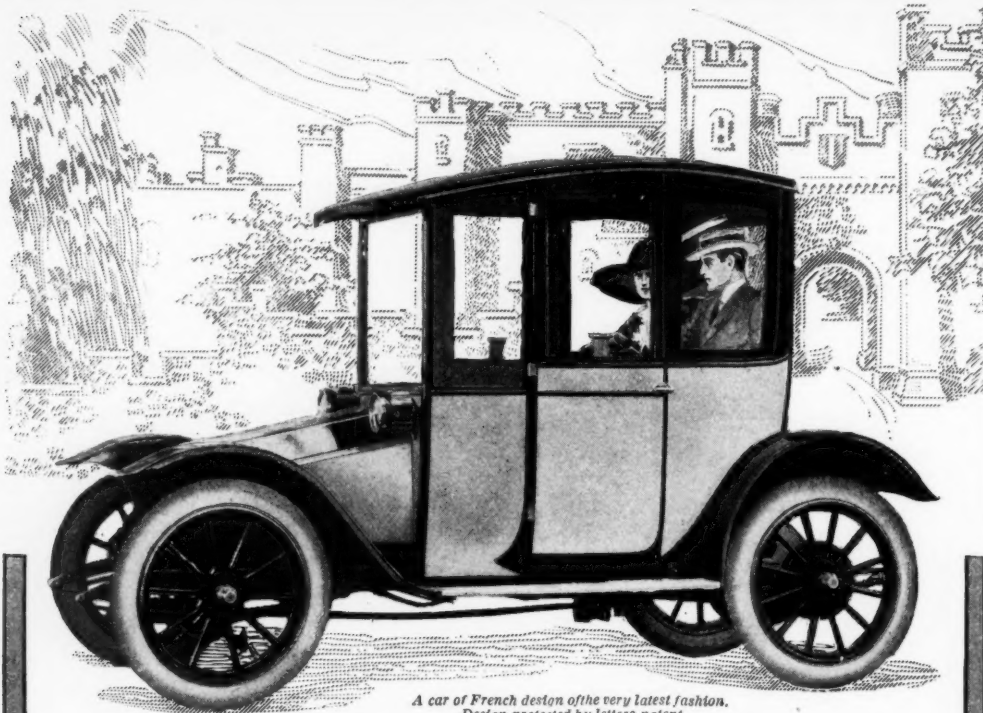
Haven't you sometimes been curious to know the weekly salary paid to such actresses as Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, Julia Marlowe, Annie Russell, Billie Burke, and what they earn besides?

It is now all told—and from authoritative figures—in one article, "What The Actors Really Earn," and the profits and salaries are truly amazing.

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Not long ago the branch managers of the Hupp Corporation—men necessarily in closest touch with the tendencies of the buying public—gathered from all parts of the country at the plant in Detroit.

To a man they confirmed the reports we have had that the prediction we made for the Hupp-Yeats is coming true:—That the advantages of the Hupp-Yeats' low hung body are so obvious, so noteworthy, that it would establish a new school of electric carriage design.

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Hupp-Yeats, in addition to the pleasant certainty that it cannot and will not overturn, is more nearly skid-proof than any other electric in America.

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No other electric can give you the safety of the Hupp-Yeats; but the Hupp-Yeats affords you all that any other electric offers, and more:—

Luxury and elegance; rich interior; a more than handsome exterior; greater ease of entrance and exit; unusual economy of operation because of the direct motor-to-axle drive, the curved roof and sloping hood.

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Winket kiss you to-night at nine o'clock. Do you hear?"

Although Bobbie was young and inexperienced in matters of this sort, in some unaccountable manner he knew that she was resisting him. It was evident that her subliminal self was on guard. So he went over the ground to make sure.

"Remember, sister," he whispered, "no fooling. It's just got to be done. He will ask you and you will yield. Oh, yes, you will. You'll have an uncontrollable impulse. You bet that'll settle you. You've gotter, you've gotter, you've gotter!"

Bobbie held up his finger authoritatively. Then, with a satisfied smile on his face, he passed out into the hall. He was about to steal back into his room when he heard a peculiar sound. It was like a snort. He stopped and thought. And then a crafty smile came over his face.

"I've just gotter do it!" he whispered, and cautiously crept into the room from which the sound came.

"Papa!"

No answer.

"Hey there, papa! Say! Mr. Winket is coming to-night. At nine o'clock he is going to kiss sister. Oh, yes he is. Now papa, you get there at one minute past nine and give him a swift kick. It will be in the parlor. You've just gotter do it, papa. You can't help yourself. You will have an uncontrollable impulse. Remember now, you've gotter, you've gotter, you've gotter!"

Bobbie's voice, though faint, was quite distinct. He thought he heard his father stir uneasily, but he waited to hear no more. Bounding up stairs, he went back to bed, calmly to await the consequences.

He had to wait all day, but finally the time arrived. At eight fifty he stationed himself in the hall. Mr. Winket had already arrived, and there was an ominous silence inside the room. Eight fifty-five, eight fifty-seven, eight fifty-nine, then nine, and—

Bobbie craned his neck over the transom. There they were. Hooray! It was working. His sister's head was pillowed on Winket's shoulder.

And then, suddenly, came a sound of hurrying footsteps. Bobbie's father rushed past the stairs. He opened the door. And in another instant Winket flew out of the hallway, closely pursued by the enraged parent.

Bobbie rushed after them. Then, overcome by his own emotions, he fell over on the lawn, doubled up with enjoyment.

After a while he got up, however, as he saw Winket disconsolately walking back, evidently to get his hat.

Bobbie handed him the dollar.

"What's that for?" asked Winket feebly, under the light of the street lamp.

"You've gotter take it back," said Bobbie earnestly. "I just couldn't spoil so much fun with money."

T. L. M.

#### All the News That's—

"A sixteen-page letter from your sweetheart! What on earth does he say?"

"He says he loves me!"—*Tit-Bits.*

GREAT-AUNT MARY: Why didn't you come to see me with your mother yesterday? Did you stay at home as a punishment?

SMALL BOY: No, auntie, as a reward.

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## How Long the Hobble Skirt?

The car stopped and let off a lady and some girls in hobble skirts.—*News Item.*

Surely the average mind that records observations in the streets of New York must make, instinctively, such a distinction as is quoted above between the hobble skirted and the free skirted.

The hobble skirt has neither grace nor dignity. It is a queer, vulgar little fashion that has been with us too long and ought to go. A wisp of cloth, stretched over the hips and dropping scant and straight to the ankles! That a skirt? Those lines beautiful? Bless you, no.

The girls in the street look queer and amusing in these garments, just as the hand-organ monkey looks queer and amusing in his unnatural clothes, but not one hobble-skirted woman in a hundred really looks well dressed, and when a lady comes along dressed like a lady, in skirts full enough for free movement and long enough for grace, instantly the hobble skirted ones look like persons of a different class.

Trousers might be better than these ungraceful garments. Dr. Sargeant is quoted as advocating trousers for women, and for some occupations they are more suitable than skirts. But women will stick to skirts as best suited to the great occupation of embellishing life. Presently skirts will amplify again and hobble skirts will go, and the change can't come too soon.

A queer thing is "the fashion." The best dressed women are those that follow it afar off, never entirely merging their personal taste into the prevailing mode.

PHYSICIAN: I don't understand your case at all. We must wait for the post-mortem examination.—*Sourire.*

## CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

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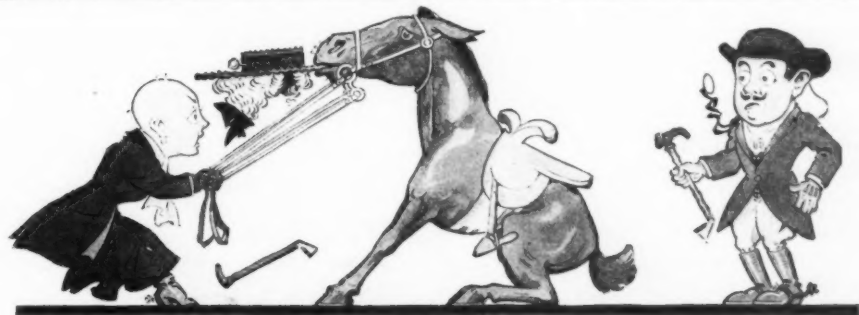
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THE tests held recently by the Board of Government Experts to determine the best ammunition resulted in Winchester rifle cartridges again being found superior to all other makes. All Winchester cartridges from the tiny .22 to the big .50 caliber, and all Winchester shotgun shells, are made with the same care, under the same scientific supervision, and of the same high class of materials as the Winchester rifle cartridges which have won the Government tests two years in succession.

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## The Hobble Lady and Her Doll

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon and Jeremiah had stopped in to see the Hobble Lady, but she was behind the tea-table and so surrounded by people that he could not get near her, so he took his way to a window seat, where the Doll sat, her arms stiffly held out and a broad yellow sash across her chest with "Votes for Women" displayed upon it.

Jeremiah could not help smiling as he took her waxen hand.

"I suppose," he said tentatively, "that you are what might be called a silent witness to the truth."

"Unless you appreciate the rather obvious humor of the situation," she replied, "a doll crying in the drawing-room, 'the kingdom of woman is at hand!' A symbol of her animate prototypes demanding something they do not want."

"It is but a step from the animate to the inanimate," said Jeremiah, gazing longingly toward the Hobble Lady.

"A step down," corrected the Doll somewhat egotistically, "from the gold of silence to the silver of speech, but nevertheless, when it comes down to the sawdust, we are all the same."

"Who are those indigestible looking people gathered about the tea-table?" asked Jeremiah, his eyes still upon the Hobble Lady.

"Cause men and Cause women," the doll answered. "They are always trying to lose themselves and others, prin-

cipally others, in some movement for the betterment of the human race."

"I know them," said Jeremiah, not without a tinge of bitterness in his tones. They are ever offering some new breakfast food which they say will make us as the gods, knowing good and evil. More than once have I guilelessly eaten and found to my surprise and disappointment that I didn't grow god feathers all at once, but still remained my same old self, 'half devil and half

child.' I wonder," he added, after a moment's keen scrutiny, "why they always have that gray-green tinge to their complexions and that particularly dank-looking hair?"

"It's their livers," returned the Doll. "That is why they are Cause people, born to buy the moon. Forever at war with their own livers, they cannot be at peace with the world. Never good diagnosticians, they invariably idealize the liver rampant and call it a conscience

# In the October Scribner

The Beginning of the New Serial

## The Turnstile

By A. E. W. Mason

Author of "At the Villa Rose," "The Broken Road," etc.

A story with an absorbing plot that takes hold of the reader's interest at the very start and holds it to the end. It will prove the great serial of the year.

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or a soul. Scratch a muckraker and you come to his liver."

"But why does the Hobble Lady want them about?" Jeremiah was plainly puzzled.

"It's rather smart, you know, the orchid taking up the cause of the vegetables and playing with an idea which she is far from adopting or even comprehending—the sisterhood of woman."

"If I were a woman," affirmed Jeremiah, "I should feel that my privileges were worth more than any so-called rights equal suffrage could bestow upon me. Think of the laws made in her favor—her property rights are safeguarded; she need not pay her husband's debts, while he must assume the responsibility of hers; neither in case of divorce, need she pay him alimony. Then how golden are her undisturbed moments; she is never haunted by the fear of being summoned to the wars or to go on jury duty, or of having to pin on her hat to go out and help quell a riot or to tuck up her train and take a hand at putting out a fire."

The Doll looked at him with an amused smile. "My dear boy, you do not really dream that the Cause lady has any idea of giving up her privileges on acquiring her rights? She would laugh to scorn such a suggestion. Our rights and our privileges, one and inseparable; now and forever!"

At this moment the Hobble Lady came across the room to speak to Jeremiah. He gave her his hand without rising from the window seat.

A flush rose upon her cheek, she looked her indignation.

"My dear Hobble Lady," he cried, "you are inconsistent. When you get those rights which you are demanding so vociferously, we shall be on an equal footing. To be ready for that time we should all be in training. There is no reason why men should continue to show you these meaningless and old-fashioned courtesies. Hand me that box of matches there, and now," he lighted a cigarette without permission and blew a cloud of smoke in her face, "I must be going." He placed his hat upon his head and picked up his coat and stick. "Order me a taxi, will you, and lend me fifty or a hundred until next week, I'm quite broke. Thank heaven the era of privileges is past and the day of equal rights is dawning!"



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On a very wet day in the west of Scotland, an English traveler inquired peevishly of a native whether it always rained in that country. "No," replied the Highlander dryly, "it sometimes snows."

SOCRATES, being asked the way to honest fame, said: "Study to be what you wish to seem."

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if you would show them the finest hospitality. Refinement and cultivated discernment are always suggested where

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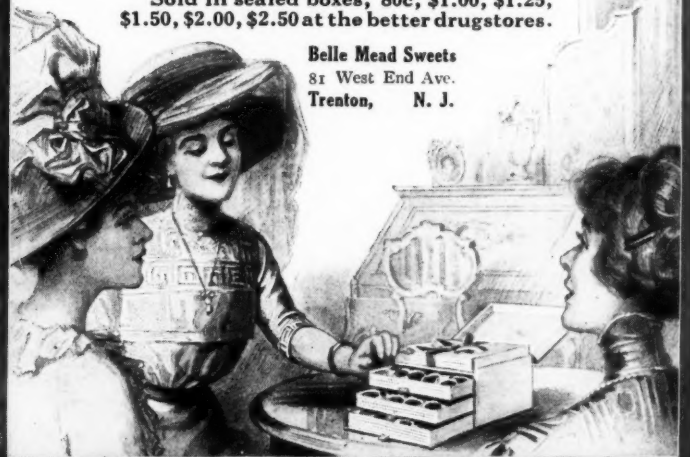
Chocolates and Bon Bons

are served. They are delicious and the leaders in purity. Chocolates enriched with creamy centers that melt in your mouth—or with centers of luscious fruits and tempting nut kernels, untainted by glucose or artificial coloring matters—the kind of goodness that's always inviting.

Made in the Cleanest Candy Kitchen in the World

Sold in sealed boxes, 80c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 at the better drugstores.

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Trenton, N. J.



## McCallum Silk Hosiery

THE well-dressed woman demands durability and economy in her silk hosiery just as well as richness and distinction.

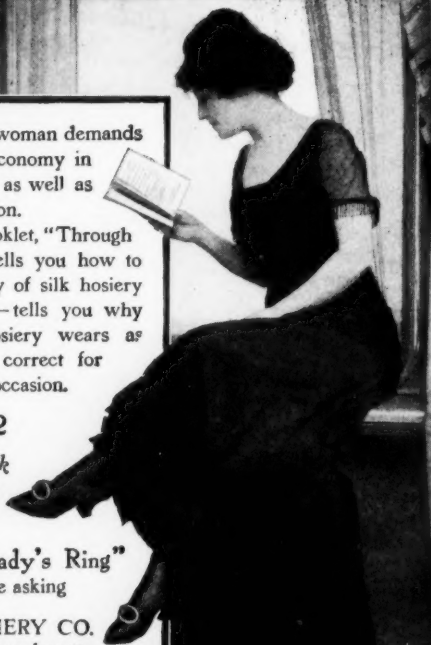
The interesting booklet, "Through My Lady's Ring" tells you how to buy the finest quality of silk hosiery at moderate prices—tells you why McCallum Silk Hosiery wears as well as lisle. It's correct for every season and occasion.

\$1, \$1.50, \$2

Matched mending silk in a guarantee envelope with every pair.

"Through My Lady's Ring" is yours for the asking

McCALLUM HOSIERY CO.  
Northampton, Massachusetts.



Willie: COURSE, MOTHER, I AREN'T SO AWFUL BIG, BUT IT SEEMS T' ME I'M SORT O' BIGGISH FOR A PIECE O' PIE THAT'S AS SMALLISH AS THAT.

The is Bee in every Jar

## A White-Washed Uncle

(This Sketch is Taken from Kenneth Graham's "Golden Age"—One of the Most Humorous and Charming Books on Child Life Ever Written in English—We Are Enabled to Reprint the Story Through the Courtesy of the John Lane Company, publishers of the book.)

In our small lives, that day was eventful when another uncle was to come from town, and submit his character and qualifications (albeit unconsciously) to our careful criticism. Previous uncles had been weighed in the balance and—alas!—found grievously wanting. There was uncle Thomas—a failure from the first. Not that his disposition was malevolent, not his habits such as to unfit him for decent society; but his rooted conviction seemed to be that the reason of a child's existence was to serve as a butt for senseless adult jokes—or what, from the accompanying guffaws of laughter, appeared to be intended for jokes. Now, we were anxious that he should have a perfectly fair trial; so in the tool house, between breakfast and lessons, we discussed and examined all his witticisms, one by one, calmly, critically, dispassionately. It was no good; we could not discover any salt in them. And as only a genuine sense of humor could have saved Uncle Thomas—for he pretended to naught besides—he was reluctantly writ down as a hopeless impostor.

Uncle George—the youngest—was distinctly more promising. He accompanied us cheerily around the establishment, suffered himself to be introduced to each

There is Beauty in every Jar



**R**ECENT improvements in processes of manufacture enable the Gillette Safety Razor Company to announce a razor blade of greater superiority—a blade that will give you a still better shave than any heretofore produced.

These wonderful Gillette Blades, for use exclusively in the Gillette Safety Razor, are now offered to shaving men everywhere as the ultimate achievement in edged steel.

These blades have been evolved during ten years of untiring experimental research in our own laboratories and workshops, in determining the best formula for producing razor steel and in the gradual perfecting of automatic machinery and tempering systems.

The result is a shaving implement of rare quality—uniform, keen, hard and lasting—as near perfection as human ingenuity can approach.

No expense has been spared in bringing about this achievement. In fact, the recent expenditure of \$170,000.00 on special blade machinery has largely made possible the matchless Gillette Blades we are now marketing.

The Gillette Blade eliminates stropping and honing—an irksome, wasteful and oftentimes hopeless task for the man who shaves. This enormously important feature is the fundamental principle of the Gillette Safety Razor, and has done more than anything else to popularize self-shaving all over the world.

*King Gillette*

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Boston, Mass.

September 1, 1911

of the cows, held out the right hand of fellowship to the pig, and even hinted that a pair of pink-eyed Himalayan rabbits might arrive—unexpectedly—from town some day. We were just considering whether in this fertile soil an apparently accidental remark on the solid qualities of guinea pigs or ferrets might haply blossom and bring forth fruit, when our governess appeared upon the scene. Uncle George's manner at once underwent a complete and contemptible change. His interest in rational topics

seemed "like a fountain's sickening pulse" to flag and ebb away; and though Miss Smedley's ostensible purpose was to take Selina for her usual walk, I can vouch for it that Selina spent her morning rattling, along with the keeper's boy and me, while, if Miss Smedley walked with anyone, it would appear to have been Uncle George.

But despicable as his conduct had been, he underwent no hasty condemnation. The defection was discussed in all its bearings, but it seemed sadly clear



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brewed when you serve

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The Beer of Quality

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the delicious appetizing flavor of hops  
without the excessive bitter.

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grimy paws in succession, and, turning very red, with an awkward simulation of heartiness, "Well, h' are y' all?" he said, "Glad to see me, eh?"

As we could hardly in justice be expected to have formed an opinion on him at that early stage, we could but look at each other in silence; which scarcely seemed to relieve the tension of the situation. Indeed, the clouds never really lifted during his stay. In talking it over later, someone put forward the suggestion that he must at some time or other have committed a stupendous crime; but I could not bring myself to believe that the man, though evidently unhappy, was really guilty of anything, and I caught him once or twice looking at us with evident kindness, though, seeing himself observed, he blushed and turned away his head.

When at last the atmosphere was clear of his depressing influence, we met dependently in the potato cellar, all of us, that is, but Harold, who had been told off to accompany his relative to the station; and the feeling was unanimous, that, as an uncle, William could not be allowed to pass. Selina roundly declared him a beast, pointing out that he had never even got us a half-holiday; and indeed, there seemed little to do but to pass sentence. We were about to put it, when Harold appeared upon the scene, his red face, round eyes, and mysterious demeanor hinting at awful portents. Speechless he stood a space; then slow-

at last that this uncle must possess some innate badness of character and fondness for low company. We, who from daily experience knew Miss Smedley like a book, were we not only too well aware that she had neither accomplishments nor charms, no characteristic in fact, but an inbred viciousness of temper and disposition? True, she knew the dates of the English kings by heart; but how could that profit Uncle George, who, having passed into the army, had ascended beyond the need of useful information? Our bows and arrows, on the other hand, had been freely placed at his disposal; and a soldier should not have hesitated in his choice a moment. No! Uncle George had fallen from grace, and was unanimously damned. And the non-arrival of the Himalayan rabbits was only another nail in his coffin. Uncles, therefore, were just then a heavy and lifeless market, and there was little inclination to deal. Still it was agreed that Uncle William, who had just returned from India, should have as fair trial as the others; more especially as romantic possibilities might well be embodied in one who had held the gorgeous East in fee.

Selina had kicked my shins—like the girl she is!—during a scuffle in the passage, and I was still rubbing them with one hand when I found that the uncles' approval was half-heartedly shaking the other. A florid, elderly man, and unmistakably nervous, he dropped our

# The DANGEROUS AGE

THE STARTLING STORY BY KARIN MICHAELIS

*The much talked of book of the day. Europe has gone mad about it. America is wondering what it is. Read it and keep up with the times and present-day fiction.*

AMERICAN EDITION  
NOW READY

Europe has gone mad over *The Dangerous Age*—"The most sincere, the most complete, the most humble and the most disquieting feminine confession that has ever been written," according to the eminent French critic, Marcel Prévost.

While "daring" it is nevertheless really a serious contribution to literature. *The Fortnightly Review* hails it as "a human document of supreme value, a book which cannot be read without emotion."

Translations are already appearing in eleven languages. The book is sweeping the continents of the civilized world like forest fires.

## WHAT IS THE "DANGEROUS AGE" OF WOMAN?

*Current Literature* says women "will feel that a woman has betrayed the freemasonry of womanhood." *The Revue de Paris* adds: "The absolute frankness with which a soul is here laid bare may probably come as a shock to those who still cling to the tradition that although Western woman may raise the veil from her face, her heart should ever remain inviolate and enclosed from the world."

We confidently believe that in this age of femininism it will make an irresistible appeal to all who think the woman's point of view worthy of serious study and, withal, *The Dangerous Age* is a good story that grips us from the start to finish.

Cloth. Authorized edition. \$1.20 net. By mail 12 cents extra. All Booksellers.

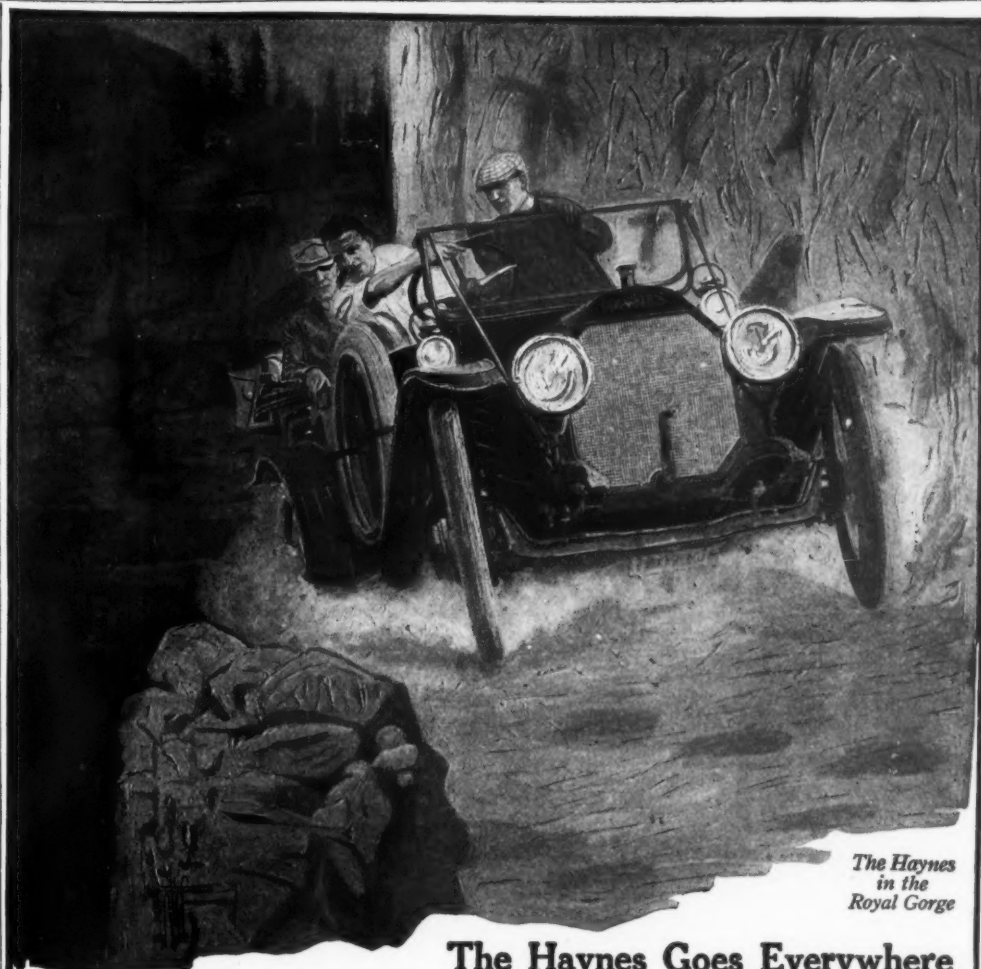
# JOHN LANE CO. NEW YORK

ly drawing his hand from the pocket of his knickerbockers, he displayed in a dirty palm one, two, three, four, half-crowns. We could but gaze—entranced, breathless, mute; never had any of us seen, in the aggregate, so much bullion before. Then Harold told his tale.

"I took the old fellow to the station," he said, "and as we went along I told him all about the station master's family, and how I had seen the porter kissing our housemaid, and what a nice fellow he was, with no airs, or affectation about him, and anything I thought would be of interest; but he didn't seem to pay much attention, but walked along puffing his cigar, and once I thought—I'm not certain, but I *thought* I heard him say: 'Well, thank God, that's over!' When we got to the station he stopped suddenly, and said 'Hold on a minute!' Then he shoved these into my hand in a frightened way and said, 'Look here youngster! These are for you and the other kids. Buy what you like—make little beasts of yourselves—only don't tell the old people, mind! Now cut away home!' So I cut."

A solemn hush fell on the assembly, broken first by small Charlotte. "I didn't know," she observed dreamily, "that there were such good men anywhere in the world. I hope he'll die to-night, for then he'll go straight to heaven!" But the repentant Selina bewailed herself with tears and sobs, refusing to be comforted, for that in her haste she had called this white-souled relative a beast.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Edward, the master-mind, rising—as he always did to the situation—"We'll christen the piebald pig after him—the



The Haynes in the Royal Gorge

### The Haynes Goes Everywhere

**A**ND the best part of it is that ever since 1893 the Haynes has been going everywhere that any automobile could go. Eighteen years of the history of automobiling are built into the 1912 Haynes. This means a whole lot to you who are considering the buying of your first automobile this year, or the buying of another car to take the place of the old one that is worn out or isn't good enough.

This eighteenth year of the Haynes car is a year of triumph for the pioneer American builder of automobiles. Last year automobile experts, and the public as a whole, declared the Haynes had reached the limit of quality production at a \$2100 price. It was hard to figure how any more automobile worth could be put into a car at the price of the splendid 1911 Haynes, but there *is more* in the 1912 Haynes, and the price remains \$2100.

The 1912 Haynes is not radically different from its recent predecessors. It is not radically better, but it does represent more all-round value than *anybody* has ever been able to put into a car selling at the Haynes price.

The 1912 Haynes is a bigger car—120-inch wheel base; it's a roomier car—wider rear seat and more depth both in the tonneau and in front; it's a more powerful car—the 4x3½ motor gives forty to forty-five horse power; it's a safer car—larger brakes give one square inch of braking surface to every thirteen pounds of car, and it is a snappier, more stylish car—the whole car is finished in black with seventeen hand-rubbed coats of paint, and the trimmings are black enamel and nickel.

The 1912 Haynes is now ready for delivery. You can see the new models at our branches and agencies, or we will send you a catalogue and name of dealer nearest you. The line is complete, meeting every demand—5-passenger Touring, 40 h. p., \$2100; 4-passenger, 40 h. p., Close-Couple, \$2100; Colonial Coupe, 40 h. p., \$2450; 7-passenger Touring, 50-60 h. p., \$3000; 4-passenger Close-Couple, 50-60 h. p., \$3000; Model 21 Limousine, 40 h. p., \$2750; Model Y Limousine, 50-60 h. p., \$3500. Complete regular equipment for all models is of the very highest class. All models are so designed as to permit installation of electrical lighting equipment at nominal cost. Address

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The original bottled cocktail. Accept no substitute.

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

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one that hasn't got a name yet. And that'll show we are sorry for our mistake!"

"I—I—christened that pig this morning," Harold guiltily confessed; "I christened it after the curate. I'm very sorry, but he came and bowled to me last night, after you others had all been sent to bed early, and somehow I felt I had to do it!"

"Oh, that doesn't count," said Edward hastily, "because we weren't all there. We'll take that christening off, and call

it Uncle William. And you can save up the curate for the next litter."

And the motion being agreed to without a division, the House went into Committee of Supply.

### Sufficient Proof

**LADY:** And you guarantee that the parrot talks quite a lot?

**DEALER:** Rather. His last mistress sold him because she couldn't get a word in edgeways.—*Fliegende Blatter*.



# LIGHT your Country Home with ELECTRIC LIGHT



YOU can have a complete, yet very simple, outfit for supplying electric lights to your house, farm buildings, etc., which is easier to operate and take care of than an automobile or ordinary farm machinery.

You can do away with the use of oil lamps, lanterns and candles, which are inconvenient, a nuisance and a constant fire danger. With the

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(with an Olds Gasoline Engine) you simply turn the switch in any building or room, night or day, and you instantly have light, and at a cost which is so low it would be hard for you to believe.

Electric lights add much to the comfort and appearance of the home, are a great convenience in barns and other buildings, and with our system there is absolutely no danger of fire from the wiring.

This outfit is so simple and so absolutely certain in its operation we will ship it

## On Trial for Thirty Days—Free

Complete with the exception of wiring, fixtures and lamps (which can be obtained from any electric supply house or we will furnish if desired), with full instructions for installing and so simple that almost anyone can do the little necessary work. If it does not fulfill all our claims and to your entire satisfaction by the end of thirty days, you can return the outfit at our expense.

Write for our free booklet, which explains this system fully, and illustrates its many uses. Give us an approximate idea of your light requirements and a rough plan of your buildings and we will submit our proposition without obligating you in any way.

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ONE day, when snow was falling, the King of the Scythians asked a man, who was braving it unclad, whether he felt cold. The man asked in return whether his Majesty felt cold in his face. "Certainly not," said the King. "Then," replied the man, "neither do I feel the cold, for I am all face."—*Aelian*.

DIOGENES, on being sold as a slave at Corinth, was asked by the auctioneer what he could do. "Rule men," he replied. "Do you suppose," asked the other, "that people want to buy masters?"—*Stoboeus*.

## The Oldest Joke

Age cannot wither some stories, and the oldest joke on record is related in one of the Berlin Papyri of the sixth Egyptian dynasty (about 3200 B. C.), and it should not be overlooked that in the days when the world was young a tale enjoyed centuries of verbal currency before it was inscribed in permanent form. According to the papyrus, a certain scribe who worked for the temple of Thoth occupied apartments where his neighbors on either side were a coppersmith and carpenter respectively. These honest artisans were exemplary specimens of industry, and kept up such a row all day and most of the night that the poor scribe was almost driven mad. At last, by a stroke of craftiness, he buttonholed each neighbor separately and bribed them to change their lodgings, which they did—with one another. This tale has kept the world amused for five thousand years—we often meet with it now—and it never seems to have occurred to anybody to wonder why the scribe did not change his own lodgings; but perhaps his rent was in such arrears, as sometimes happens to other literary gentlemen, that it was cheaper to bribe the two workmen.

—*T. P.'s Weekly*

## A Matter of Fashion

The *English Nation* says:

There are as many fashions in its experimental surgery, its inoculations, its serums, and even its hygienic rules, as there are in ladies' hats. . . . A serum rages in favor like a hobble skirt, only to give way in a year or two to some more novel and possibly more rational form of treatment. Professional discipline serves meanwhile to repress the critics and the sceptics. The assumption that all this clever guesswork rests on a sure scientific method must be maintained, and it reigns as sacred as the other assumption that any medical graduate whose conduct is formally correct is fit (and he alone is fit) for the tremendous responsibilities which he assumes. The mysteries and the dignity of the craft are upheld with all the jealousy of a medieval Guild.

England also is waking up to the real meaning of "Physical Research" and all its useless cruelty.

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## French Bull Dogs

Puppies and Grown Dogs FOR SALE. From only Registered and Blue-Ribbon Stock.

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Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

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# UNITED STATES TIRES

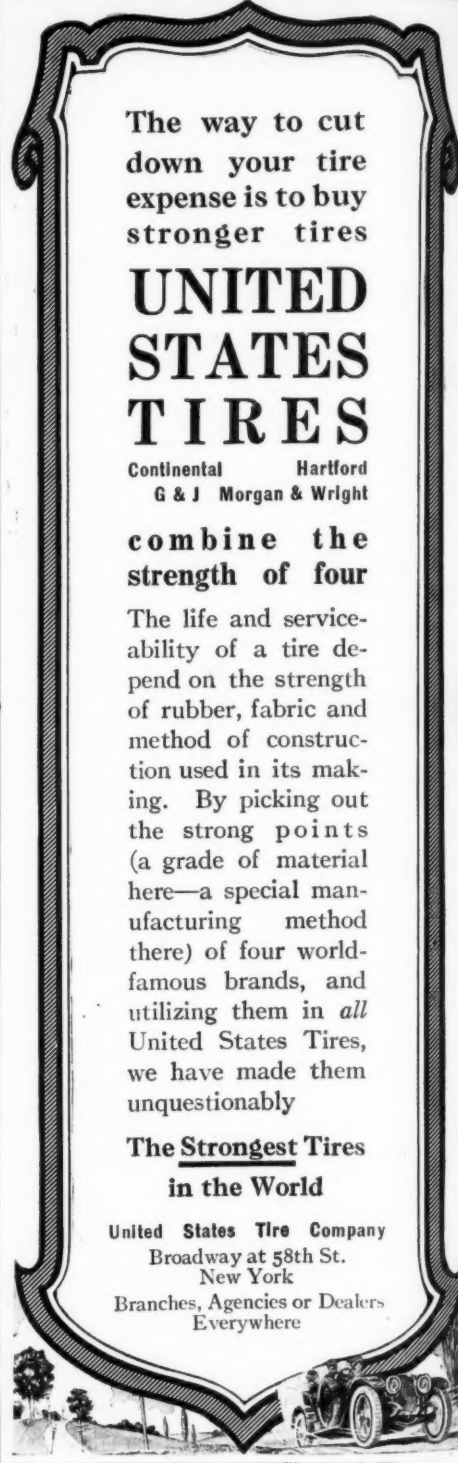
Continental Hartford  
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The life and serviceability of a tire depend on the strength of rubber, fabric and method of construction used in its making. By picking out the strong points (a grade of material here—a special manufacturing method there) of four world-famous brands, and utilizing them in all United States Tires, we have made them unquestionably

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## Comforting the Old Man

MOTHER (in a very low voice): Tommy, your grandfather is very sick. Can't you say something to cheer him up a bit?

TOMMY (in an earnest voice): Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?

—*Coming Nation*.

A FOOL nation and its money are soon parted.



## Ladies, Avoid These

(What some great men have said about woman in general.)

The man who enters his wife's dressing room is either a philosopher or a fool.—*Balsac*

With cleverness, thirty years and a little beauty, a woman makes fewer conquests, but more durable ones.—*Dupuy*

We only demand that a woman should be womanly; which is not being exclusive.—*Leigh Hunt*

If men knew all that women think, they would be twenty times more audacious.—*Karr*

Women are apt to see chiefly the defects of a man of talent and the merits of a fool.—*Anon*

Of all men Adam was the happiest; he had no mother-in-law.—*Parfait*

Woman is an overgrown child that one amuses with toys, intoxicates with flattery and seduces with promises.—*Sophie Arnold*

A coquette is more occupied with the homage we refuse her than with what we bestow upon her.—*Dupuy*

## MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

### United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur.

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian Monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French courts to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herald, June 20, 1911.*

**FIRST** of all a musical instrument of the highest grade—a piano that artists and the most exacting critics pronounce faultless. Played by hand it is a revelation of melodant tone quality, responsiveness and sonorous volume.

Nor is it one whit less perfect in its playing mechanism, reproducing the greatest classics with absolute truthness to every variation and shade of the music plus the individual expression of the player. The Starr Player Piano is not merely the wonder of the layman but the marvel of the trained musician.

*Charming art views of the various Starr Models and the home of their production may be had on request*

Price, \$850 (Freight and Handling Additional)

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SELLING AGENTS IN ALL CITIES

The resistance of a woman is not always a proof of her virtue, but more frequently of her experience.—*Nanon de l'Enclos*

It is often that woman inspires us with great things that she will prevent us from accomplishing.—*Dumas*

In reply to some observations of Mr. Dundas in the House of Commons, Sheridan observed: "The right honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts."

### By Hook or By Crook

These were the names of two eminent judges in England at the beginning of the 17th century. They seldom, if ever, agreed in their opinions. There was a perpetual diversity of sentiment prevailing between them on the bench. Be the case what it might, the suitor was sure to have Hook or Crook on his side. They also afforded evidences of the truth of the common observation, the glorious uncertainty of the law! Thus the phrase started.

# The American Home

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The old home and a dream of the new  
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A series of LIFE PRINTS by Balfour Ker, full of human interest.

These six pictures tell a story that at some point touches the personal experience or the hopes of every reader of LIFE—the story of the founding of the typical American home.

From the day and hour when the young lovers see the "New Home" of their hearts' desire rising vision-like under the personal direction of D. Cupid, Master Builder, to that on which the son and heir of the house, recovered from his first trifling illness, is seen as the undisputed "ruler of the roost," Mr. Ker has caught the humor and sentiment of the modern home in masterly fashion.

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## Books Received

*Sixtine Rome*, by J. A. F. Orbaan. (Baker-Taylor Co. \$2.50.)

*On the Iron at Big Cloud*, by Frank L. Packard. (T. Y. Crowell Co., \$1.25, net.)

*Week on the Concord*, by Henry D. Thoreau. (T. Y. Crowell Co., \$2.00, net.)

*The Stroke Oar*, by Ralph D. Paine. (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.)

*The Wrecking Master*, by Ralph D. Paine. (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.25.)

*Sandy Sawyer, Sophomore*, by Ralph D. Paine. (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.)

*The Boy's Story of Zebulon M. Pike*, edited by M. G. Humphreys. (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50, net.)

*The Common Law*, by Robert W. Chambers. (D. Appleton & Co., \$1.40, net.)

*Kennedy Square*, by F. Hopkinson Smith. (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.)

*Monna Lisa*, by Guglielmo Scala. (T. Y. Crowell Co., \$1.00, net.)

*The Ner'-Do-Well*, by Rex Beach. (Harper & Bros., \$1.25, net.)

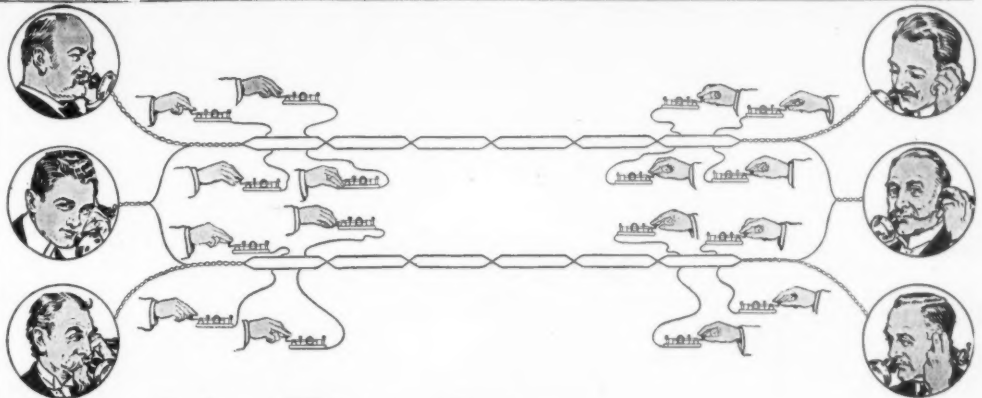
*The Green Knight*, by Porter Garnett; music by Edward G. Stricklen. (Taylor, Nash & Taylor.)

*The Hindu-Arabic Numerals*, by David Eugene Smith. (Ginn & Co. \$1.25 net.)

*Why We May Believe in Life After Death*, by Charles Edward Jefferson. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.00 net.)

*The Indian Book*, by William John Hopkins. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.)

*The Heart of a Woman*, by Baroness Orczy. (George H. Doran Co. \$1.20 net.)



# Double Tracking The Bell Highway

Two of the greatest factors in modern civilization—the telephone and telegraph—now work hand in hand. Heretofore each was a separate and distinct system and transmitted the spoken or written messages of the nation with no little degree of efficiency. Co-operation has greatly increased this efficiency.

The simple diagram above strikingly illustrates one of the mechanical advantages of co-operation. It shows that six persons can now talk over two pairs of wires at the same time that eight telegraph operators send eight telegrams over the same wires. With such joint use of equipment there is economy; without it, waste.

While there is this joint use of trunk line plant by both companies, the telephone and telegraph services are distinct and

different. The telephone system furnishes a circuit and lets you do your own talking. It furnishes a highway of communication. The telegraph company, on the other hand, receives your message and then transmits and delivers it without your further attention.

The telegraph excels in carrying the big load of correspondence between distant centers of population; the telephone connects individuals, so that men, women and children can carry on direct conversations.

Already the co-operation of the Western Union and the Bell Systems has resulted in better and more economical public service. Further improvements and economies are expected, until time and distance are annihilated by the universal use of electrical transmission for written or personal communication.



## AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

*Stories that End Well*, by Octave Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.25 net.)

*The Silent Barrier*, by Louis Tracy. (Edward J. Clode. \$1.25 net.)

*A Woman Alone*. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25 net.)

*The Drift*, by Marguerite Mooers Marshall. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.10 net.)

*The Jester of St. Timothy's*, by Arthur Stanwood Pier. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.00 net.)

*A Knight of the Golden Circle*, by U. S. Lesh. (Richard C. Badger. \$1.50.)

*Don Sagasto's Daughter*, by Paul H. Blades. (Richard G. Badger.)

*The Charm*, by Alice Perrin. (Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc. \$1.20 net.)

*Firebrands*, by Frank E. Martin and George M. Davis. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.)

*Track's End*, by Hayden Carruth. (Harper & Bros. \$1.00.)

*A Living Without a Boss*. (Harper & Bros. \$1.00 net.)

*A Person of Some Importance*, by Lloyd Osbourne. (The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25 net.)

# Prophy-lactic

## Tooth Brush

Cleans the teeth  
Cleans all the teeth  
Cleans them thoroughly  
"A clean tooth never decays."

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gets around every tooth—between all the teeth, both back and front alike—thoroughly cleansing every crevice. Its curved handle gives direct access to every part of the mouth—the long end tufts reach every tooth in the head.

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic is fully guaranteed—if defective we will replace it. Each is sterilized and in an individual yellow box, which protects against handling. Rigid on its flexible handle.

Our interesting booklet—"Do you Clean or Brush Your Teeth?" is yours for the asking, send for it.

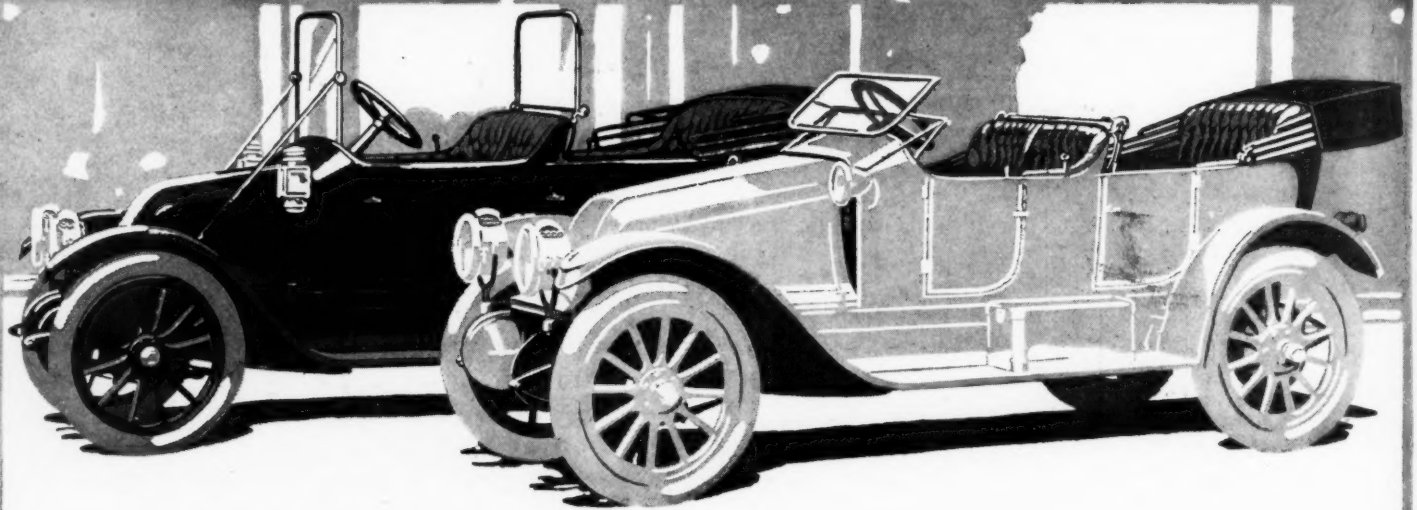
**FLORENCE MFG. CO.**  
117 Pine Street, Florence, Mass.  
Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Millinery and Hand Brushes.

25c  
35c  
40c



· LIFE ·

## Franklin



FRANKLIN MOTOR CARS ARE MADE IN FIVE CHASSIS SIZES, TWO "FOURS" AND THREE "SIXES", WITH THIRTEEN STYLES OF OPEN AND ENCLOSED BODIES. THE EQUIPMENT OF ALL OPEN TYPE BODIES INCLUDES WIND SHIELD AND TOP. PRICES ARE F. O. B. FACTORY.

25-HORSE-POWER, FOUR-CYLINDER MODEL G TOURING CAR, \$2000.

MODEL G RUNABOUT, 18-HORSE-POWER, FOUR-CYLINDER, \$1650.

SIX-CYLINDER, 30-HORSE-POWER MODEL M, \$2800 FOR TOURING CAR, TORPEDO-PHAETON OR ROADSTER.

SIX-CYLINDER, 38-HORSE-POWER MODEL D, \$3500 FOR TOURING CAR OR TORPEDO-PHAETON.

SIX-CYLINDER, 38-HORSE-POWER MODEL H, SEVEN-PASSENGER TOURING, SILVERTOWN CORD TIRES, \$4000.

MODEL H LIMOUSINE, \$5000. 25-HORSE-POWER LIMOUSINE OR LANDAULET, \$3000.

FRANKLIN COMMERCIAL CARS INCLUDE PNEUMATIC-TIRED TRUCKS, LIGHT DELIVERY WAGONS, PATROLS, AMBULANCES, OMNIBUSES AND TAXICABS.

BEAUTY OF DESIGN, LUXURIOUS RIDING, LIGHT WEIGHT, GREAT TIRE ECONOMY, ARE DISTINGUISHING FRANKLIN FEATURES. THE MOST NOTABLE FEATURE, HOWEVER, IS THE AIR-COOLED MOTOR AND RECENT IMPROVEMENTS HAVE MADE IT THE MOST REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT IN AUTOMOBILE MOTOR DESIGN. WHEN WRITING FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE ASK ALSO FOR "THE FRANKLIN ENGINE".

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

SYRACUSE N Y

· LIFE ·

# Its third year—and Hupmobile demand unabated



**RUNABOUT—\$750 F. O. B. Detroit**  
Equipment includes top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps, tools and horn. All types have 20 H. P. 4-cylinder motor, sliding gear transmission, Bosch magneto.

**RUNABOUT**  
Fully Equipped  
**\$750** F. O. B.  
Detroit

## *Hupmobile*

**GUARANTEED FOR LIFE**

**TOURING CAR**  
Fully Equipped  
**\$900** F. O. B.  
Detroit

Now, in its third year—amid a bewildering distraction of new models and new prices—the Hupmobile is bought as eagerly as it was in its first season.

Then it was a sensational novelty—a car unheard of at a price unheard of.

Today its place is firmly fixed. Its hold has grown stronger and stronger upon those level-headed buyers who always ask and always get the most for their money.

Hupmobile demand has been steady and consistent through two seasons and well into its third.

Public confidence was gained at the outset, and has been held through the keeping of faith and the giving of generous value.

For weeks our factory has been under the supreme test of working day and night in order to produce cars rapidly enough to keep pace with the volume of orders.

The Hupmobile occupies this unique position because it has been true to itself and true to the people.

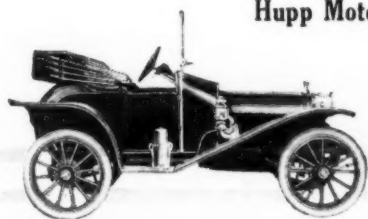
It has gone on being better and better until now—with more than \$100 added in improvements and almost as much more in equipment—it is as extraordinary a car as it was three seasons ago.

At this time we wish to call attention particularly to the Hupmobile Coupe—which has aptly been termed a "baby grand limousine."

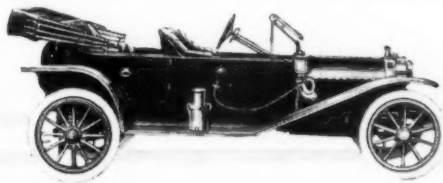
It has gone a long way toward displacing the old idea that an enclosed car is restricted to town use.

It was only recently that three residents of Elgin, Ill., toured in a Hupmobile Coupe, from Chicago to Minneapolis, via Mankato, Minn.—more than 500 miles—without trouble of any sort and showing an average of 25 miles per gallon of gasoline over country roads and hills. Last November a physician of Hammond, Ind., drove his coupe home from the factory in Detroit.

**Hupp Motor Car Company, 1231 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.**



**Torpedo—\$850 F. O. B. Detroit**, with special torpedo top and windshield and other equipment same as Runabout.



**Touring Car—\$900 F. O. B. Detroit**, with same equipment as Runabout, shock absorbers in front, 31 x 3 1/2-inch rear tires.



**Coupe—\$1100 F. O. B. Detroit**, with five electric lamps outside, dome light, folding dash seat for third passenger, shock absorbers in front, 31 x 3 1/2-inch rear tires.

THE WILLIAMS PRINTING COMPANY, NEW YORK



The most refined motor car built in this country. Its beauty of design, silent running, low cost of upkeep and high mileage radius, have been unequalled for fourteen years among electrics.

The Baker Motor-Vehicle Company, 33 West 80th Street,  
Cleveland, Ohio