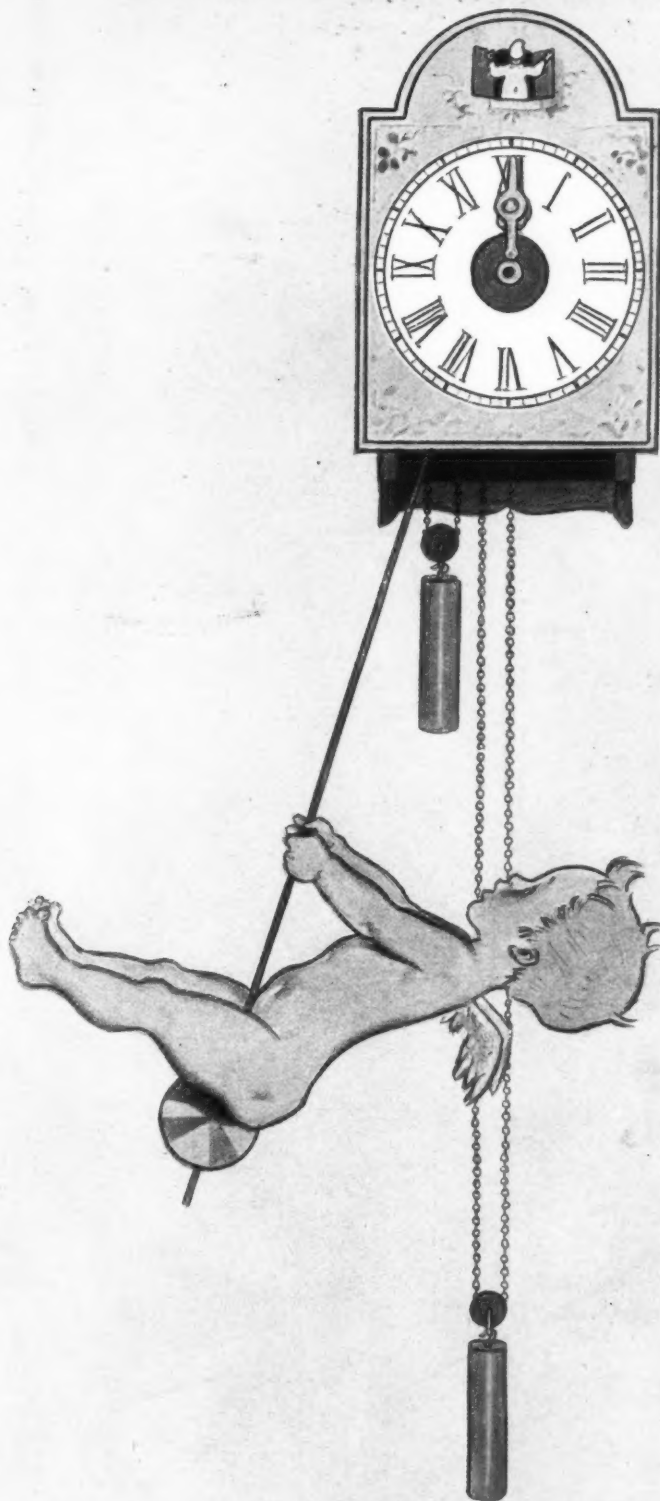


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# J. & F. MARTELL

## Cognac

(Founded 1715)



AND

### FINE OLD LIQUEUR BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD BRANDIES MADE FROM WINE OF THE COGNAC DISTRICT

Sole Agents  
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.  
New York



ESTABLISHED 1818

# Brooks Brothers, CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Clothes Ready-made or made to order for dress or sporting wear. English Hats and Haberdashery. Fine Boots and Shoes. Fur and Shetland Wool Garments. Imported Trunks, Bags and Travelling Kits.

Catalogues with prices and illustrations mailed on request.

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

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"Both Marched with Drooping Heads"

## Dr. Thorne's Idea

By  
J. A. Mitchell

Author of  
THE LAST AMERICAN,  
AMOS JUDD,  
THE PINES OF LORV,  
Etc., Etc.

One Dollar, Net.

Not to become acquainted with Steve Wadsworth and follow him through the strange vicissitudes of his remarkable career is to miss intercourse with a human being of a kind rarely found between the covers of a book.

—Baltimore American.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st Street, New York



THE ETERNAL MASCULINE

"HURRY UP, HENRY. I DON'T SEE WHY YOU HAVE TO PUT ON THAT BLAMED VEIL."

"BUT, DEAREST, IF I DIDN'T THE DEW WOULD TAKE ALL THE CURL OUT OF MY MOUSTACHE."

# TABET'S TOURS TO EGYPT AND ORIENT

Cairo Office: Opposite Savoy Hotel.

Parties limited to ten persons. Sailing Jan. 7, 21, Feb. 18. Private guides and carriages provided for each family. Special facilities offered to private families for independent travel on the . . . . . **NILE**

Rates, booklet on request.  
**TABET'S TOURS COMPANY, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York**

## The Bank

High glass partitions, facing all ways, behind which solemn men write in dingy silence.

An open space, with long, low railings of mahogany, or black walnut, garrisoned by imposing gentlemen in somber clothes.

A subtle sense of power everywhere—power that has translated the atmosphere into an awe-inspiring fluid, and creeps into every nook and cranny.

Money—all kinds. Money in heaps of banknotes—tens of it, twenties of it, hundreds of it. Money in paper rolls and in piles of careless silver that lie waiting to be sent off to the ends of the earth.

Gold. Gold in bags, tied with heavy twine. Loose gold, yellow and clinky. Gold in tiny disks hidden away in a safe corner to give to little children for their birthday. Yellowboys of five and ten, and golden eagles in great groups on inner tables.

Paper. Checks of all colors—green, blue, black, yellow—cash checks and order checks. Little impertinent checks, strutting to the front with blatant typographical faces; large, unobtrusive-looking checks, heavy with power, seeming to be all signature. Drafts being thrust in at windows. Notes being signed. Securities, with a deep sea-green look about them, being passed along the counters and checked up. Soiled bonds, reeking with authority, lording it over shame-faced promissory notes; bills of exchange jostling shabby leases.

Outside of the partitions people are being dealt with. Lines of them stand in front of tellers' windows. Single parties whisper things to loan clerks.

## CORDIAL FRONSAC

Adds the finishing touch to any dinner.

Exquisite Flavor.  
Old and Mellow.

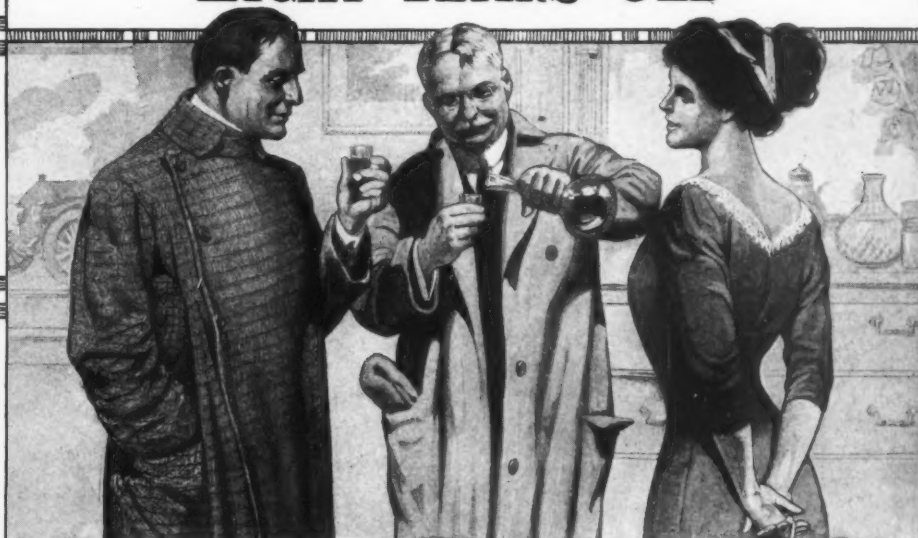
At All Best Clubs and Hotels

Cowie & Co., Ltd.  
NEW YORK

Sole Agents for the U. S.



# STEWART STRAIGHT RYE EIGHT YEARS OLD



**MEN** in whose judgment one places absolute reliance serve Stewart Straight Rye in their homes.

It's not a "cheap" whiskey by any means. It is a *pure* whiskey.

At every stage of preparation, from grain to bottle, Dr. Francis Wyatt, of New York—the foremost fermentation chemist in America—analyzes and passes upon Stewart Rye.

It is aged in the wood eight years. It is bottled at the distillery.

It is smooth. It is mellow. It is the most palatable whiskey you ever poured into a glass.

It is sold by progressive dealers everywhere. If you are so located that there is any difficulty in buying through a local dealer, write us. We will see that you are supplied.

**STEWART DISTILLING CO.**

a consolidation of

**CARSTAIRS, McCALL & CO. AND CARSTAIRS BROS.**



**PHILADELPHIA**

**NEW YORK**

**BALTIMORE**

Brisk people, heavy people, tired people, worried people,—women of affairs and without any; stylish ladies and ladies with pasts; angular old maids and pushing business ladies. Bank clerks, messenger boys, clearing-house agents, detectives and customers; customers with bulging pass-books, filled with the proceeds of the morning mail; timid customers gingerly fingering diminutive

checks, hurried customers shifting their feet impatiently, customers with bags for the week's pay-roll.

Greeds. Little lively greeds jumping in among the greenbacks; big, insensate greeds, sitting disconsolately on pillars looking down on bags of gold; staid old greeds and baby greeds playing with the thought of what may be theirs some day.

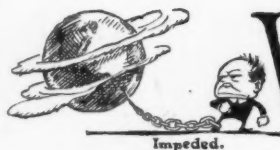
Some Jay! Who knows?—*Success.*



# We Guarantee Results



TRY LEADING THE MENTAL LIFE FOR A WEEK; IF NOT SATISFIED, YOUR MONEY REFUNDED.



**W**E are laboring under great disadvantages in this coarse physical department because we have to rely upon materialistic type to express a vast mental world; which, indeed, our mental subscribers understand, and which no medium like this can reveal.

This typographical, materialistic page, compared with the vibratory life our twenty million mental subscribers are leading, is like comparing a Sunday School kindergarten with the Universities of Harvard, Yale, Oxford, Konigsburg, Jena and the Chautauqua University all rolled into one. This is only the faintest kind of an adumbration of the only real world there is beyond the range of your coarse senses.

All this being understood, however, we wish to repeat our recent announcement—that we positively guarantee results, or your mental money returned.

Remember that we are the only people in the world who do this merely upon your request, and without any examination. You ask for your money back and you get it instantly. The simple fact of your asking it back—of your wanting it—is sufficient for us; we ask no questions, the only stipulation being that we assume no responsibility for what may happen to you afterwards.

Now we want to make all this plain. No doubt you think, as you read this, that you are in a dream, and that you are reading something unreal, unsubstantial. That is only because you have not yet been united to your subliminal self. We beg leave to assure you that you are at present the only unreality. You move along in your daily existence, eating and sleeping and talking and exercising, and think that you are something real; and when you read of the Mental Life, you think it is a joke.

Fortunately, we are in a position to prove that you are unreal, as you exist in the physical world to-day, and that the only reality lies in leading the Mental Life. Laugh heartily, therefore, at our little joke, and then be prepared to be undecieved.

Don't forget that we can prove our case. Over twenty millions of subscribers attest our genuineness. But if this

does not satisfy you, we will prove it to you personally. We assert positively that the Mental Life is the only real Life. The rule is simple.

First, you must concentrate, in order to get the vibratory forces working in our direction. The impulse does not have to be as strong as in many other cases, for the reason that we have a trained band of yogis, constantly on the *qui vive* for the faintest impulse from some new would-be subscriber.

We have recently advised you to concentrate on a door knob, and a great many people have taken this advice literally. We did not mean this. Use a door knob when it happens to be handy, but any shining object will do. Last week the wives of several bald-headed gentlemen came in without the slightest difficulty. Any bright object that focuses the attention will do.



"C-O-N-C-E-N-T-R-A-T-E"

Concentrate, and will with all your might, that five mental dollars be sent into the office of the Mental Life, Gee. Ime. Mit., manager. Now right here we call your attention to the only realtiv. Your first belief is that you are doing nothing, when you do this; but if you will reflect, you will see that this involves a real effort. When you have done this, you go on as if nothing had happened. In about a week you

begin to realize—faintly, of course—because you are still bound by materialistic things—that something has happened. Everything looks different. Your wife has grown handsomer. The note that comes due you manage to pay without knowing exactly how the thing has been accomplished. Your servants are singing at their work, and when your relatives visit you, you are delighted to see them. The whole world looks different. This is because your subliminal self has just received the first mental treatment from our yogi department. Understand that you are not yet a subscriber to the Mental Life; that is only a higher joy that comes after years of preparation; you are only entering upon the first harmonic plane.

Now our test comes in this: that if you don't, after a week or so, begin to feel as we describe, all you have to do is to concentrate again, and will Gee. Ime. Mit. to send back your money. You will get it instantly, and then—unless we mistake not—your troubles will begin fresh. If you care to wait for a longer period—say, several months—after sending

(Concluded on page 1181)

\$5 à Life ← He will get it!



# RAD-BRIDGE

registered at Pat. Office LONDON, WASHINGTON - OTTAWA.

**CLUB LINEN AND VELOUR PLAYING CARDS.**  
Hemstitch and "rug" backs patented. Four colors each: red, blue, brown, green. 25c per pack. Gold edge 35c. Dealers everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Send for Catalog of Bridge Accessories.  
Dept. L. RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

## We Guarantee Results

(Concluded from page 1180)

in your preliminary five dollars, and then don't get results, we will pay interest at the rate of six per cent. on all money returned in three months. For example, if you send in five dollars, and after waiting for three months, conclude that we cannot make our claims good, and wish your money back, you will immediately receive five dollars and eight cents.

The only possible risk you take is in the beginning, by sending your money; but if there is anyone so absolutely poor in this world that they cannot concentrate on a shining object for a moment and send five imaginary dollars to Gee. Ime. Mit., on the chance of being gradually lifted up to third harmonic plane of sublimated joy—then we are indeed sorry for them.

Begin at once by leading the Mental Life. Your subliminal self treated while you wait. Think of Gee. Ime. Mit.

(He will get it).



### And That Set Him Thinking

"I always feel, after I have spent an hour or two in your company," he said, "that I am a better man."

"It is very good of you to say so," she replied. "Don't hesitate to come often."—Chicago Record.

Announcement No. 37

## Spend the Winter in California Honolulu or Mexico

But no matter where or when you or your friends contemplate a trip this Winter, the Tours Department of the Chicago, Union Pacific and North Western Line solicits your correspondence in regard to it, and suggests that you avail yourself of the unlimited services and assistance it is in position to render.

S. A. Hutchison, Manager  
212 Clark Street, Chicago



## Why do these great artists all make records only for the Victor?

If only a few of the world's greatest artists made records exclusively for the Victor, it might signify little. But when such famous singers as Caruso, Calvé, Dalmores, Eames, Farrar, Gadski, Ger-ville-Réache, Homer, Journet, Martin, McCormack, Melba, Plançon, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, Sembrich, Tetrzzini, Witherspoon and Zerola *all* make records exclusively for the Victor, it is not only a splendid tribute to the high musical qualities of the Victor, but the most conclusive proof of its all-around superiority.

Hearing is believing—go to-day to the nearest Victor dealer's and hear these famous artists sing their greatest arias. You'll be astonished at the wonderful results secured by the new Victor process of recording.

**Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canada Distributors

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

# And be sure to hear the Victor-Victrola



New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

### Just Dissolved

"So you broke your engagement with Miss Spensive?"

"No, I didn't break it."

"Oh, she broke it?"

"No, she didn't break it."

"But it is broken?"

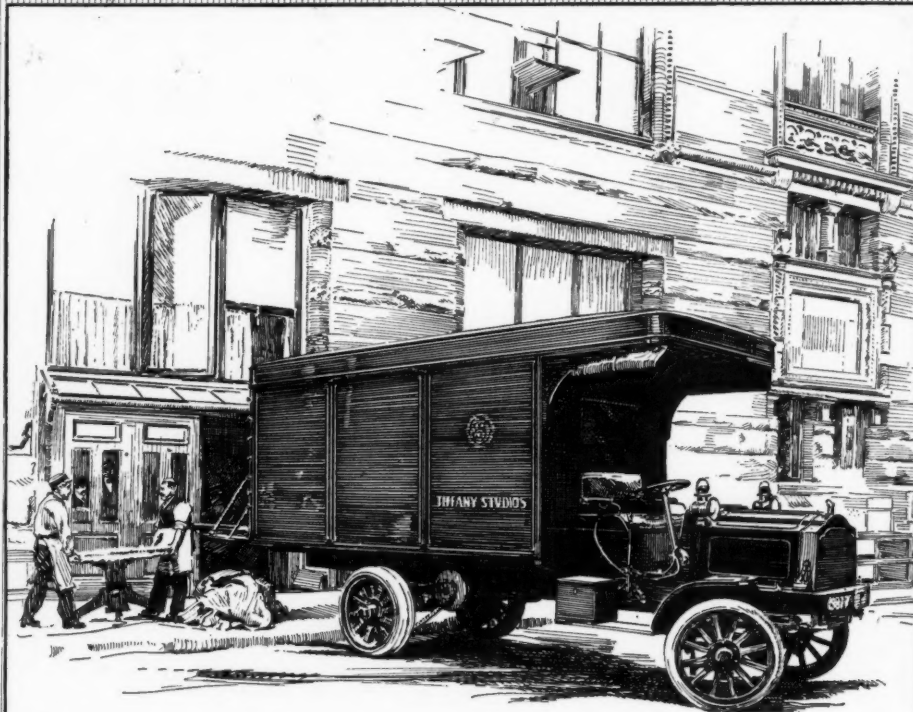
"Yes, she told me what her clothing cost and I told her what my income was, then our engagement sagged in the middle and gently dissolved."—Houston Post.



AN OPEN-FACED WATCH

# Packard

## MOTOR TRUCKS



Ever since they have been on the market the sale of Packard trucks has more than doubled semi-annually. Half our sales are to previous purchasers. Three tons—twelve miles an hour—used in ninety-three lines of business.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD MOTOR CAR  
COMPANY DETROIT

# Happy New Year



## Coming, Coming—

IT was the last day of the American Republic. The red flag had been out and all the nations of the earth were assembled to bid on the proceeds. The auctioneer stepped nimbly to his rostrum. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," he began, "this is an unreserved sale. Everything will be knocked down to the highest bidder without exception. Prices do not include delivery. Are you ready, gentlemen?"

The first lot was put up.

"Now, here we have," said the auctioneer, "a Standard Oil Company completely equipped—the greatest system in the world. How much am I offered?"

No reply.

"How much am I offered, gentlemen? Will some one make a bid? Say five marks. No? Take down the lot, Johnny, we will try it again. . . . Now, gentlemen, here's a city, completely ready for inhabitants—the most renowned city in the world. Start your bids, gentlemen, for the metropolis, the great New York. It is badly damaged, but capable of much wear yet. How much am I offered?" No reply.

"How much am I offered, gentlemen,

for this superb collection of stone and brick, with a harbor that is unexcelled? Will some one bid a shilling? No? Take it down, Johnny, and we'll try something else. . . . Gentlemen, here is one chance in a million. The lot I am offering you has never been put up before. A wonderful collection of woman's clubs, with every modern improvement. Will some one bid? What! No bids? I tell you this great sale cannot go on unless—"

At this moment an individual pushed himself forward.

"I'll make you an offer for the whole thing," he said.

"You mean everything here?"

"That's what I mean. The whole United States of America, with everything it contains, just as it was the day it was abandoned—hotels, cities, farms, legislatures, school-systems—the whole thing."

The auctioneer paused. He realized that the sale must be made. His not to demur.

"What do you bid?" he whispered.

"A song."

"A song?"

"Yes. I am a song-writer, and I bid my latest song for the whole thing."

"Gentlemen, are there any other bids?"

No reply.

"Gentlemen, this is a slaughter. I am bid a song for this grand collection of human interests. A song, once! A song, twice! Going, going— Take it away, at your own expense—it's yours!"

The song-man paused.

"I came in late," he stammered.

"Don't you deliver?"

"No, sir. The terms were distinctly stated. You must take it away."

And the song-man muttered:

"Robbed!"

## R-R-Revenge!

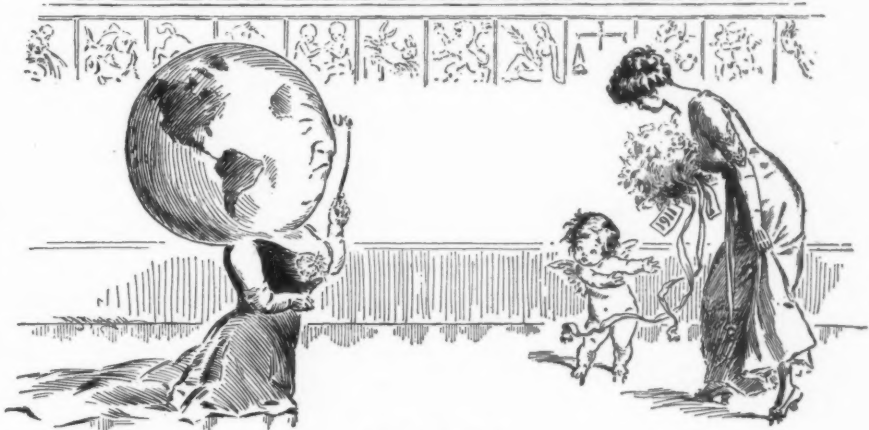
WE find the artist gritting his teeth and clenching his fists, while he addresses sulphurous remarks to the air.

"What is it?" we ask.

"Old man Grizzum, the soap maker, was in here this morning, and had the effrontery to offer me only a hundred dollars for my painting of The Roman Bath."

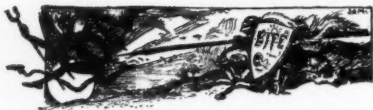
"But it isn't here any more. Evidently you let him have it."

"Not on your life! I got revenge on the stupid old numbskull. I sold it to his advertising manager for two thousand."



THE DÉBUTANTE





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. DECEMBER 29, 1910. No. 1470

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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



AT this writing the most interesting proceedings in domestic politics concern the appointment of judges and the election of Senators.

We have not noticed any complaints about President Taft's Supreme Court appointments. It is considered that if Mr. Taft does not know how to pick judges, nobody does. His promotion of Justice White to be Chief Justice is as much applauded as if everybody had expected it. It is assumed that Mr. Lamar and Mr. Van Devanter are excellent appointees, because he appointed them. If President Taft's judgment about everything was as much respected as his taste in judges and judicial appointments, his career as President would be one grand, sweet song.

Choosing Senators is not so easy. There is no selecting authority whose judgment is respected. The selection still has to be made through the agency of legislatures, and it is often mighty hard to decide whom the legislatures ought to choose, and to get them to do it. In four States hereabouts, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts, the choice is particularly difficult and very important. In Massachusetts the sentiment is strong that Mr. Lodge does not reflect the true sentiment of the present voters in the Bay State about the quality and proportion of wool that ought to go into a fifty-cent undershirt, and it remains to be seen whether his experience and abilities in other particulars will offset his defect in that one.

In New Jersey the Hon. James Smith intends to be the Democratic

Senator if he can, and Governor-Elect Wilson has felt constrained to advance reasons for a preference for Mr. Martine. Mr. Smith is the leading Democratic boss in the State, and it was cruel that Governor Wilson should have had to oppose him. The trouble with Mr. Smith seems to be that he is too practical a statesman and too much concerned for the malefactors of great wealth and for the main chance, and not enough for the liberties of the people and the consumer.

In Ohio and New York Democrats are to be selected, and since the Legislatures of these States are without recent experience in choosing Democratic Senators, a good deal of anxiety is felt about their decisions. These States and New Jersey have a chance to give inspiring leaders to the new Democratic party. If they miss it and send machine bosses, or respectable nonentities, or political stand-patters, it may be, as Dr. Wilson is quoted as suggesting, that "there won't be any Democratic party in 1912."



WE have been invited to help oppose the Tou Velle stamped envelope bill now before Congress. It is a pleasure.

Most of LIFE's readers know, no doubt, that the Post Office sells stamped envelopes with a request printed in the upper left-hand corner asking for the return of the letter to the sender if it has not been delivered in a reasonable time. If you order not less than five hundred of these envelopes the Government will print your address in the corner with the return request without any charge. The cost, including your name and address in the request, is so small as to be negligible.

Sundry envelope manufacturers observe that in this matter the Government is doing for nothing a service for which there is a chance for them to extort money. With the help of some thrifty printers they have undertaken to get a law passed forbidding the Government to do for us this

little service which it can afford to do for nothing, and for which they intend that we shall pay to them about one dollar for every thousand return envelopes that we use. An Ohio Congressman named Tou Velle has introduced a bill to this effect, and the Dayton Chamber of Commerce warns us that the bill may soon become a law if we don't protest.

We do protest, heartily. The Tou Velle bill is a scheme to squeeze a little money out of the consumer for the benefit of producers who can influence legislation. It is as impudent a bill as the most wanton protectionist could desire, though Tou Velle is a Democrat. His bill forbids the doing of a piece of work in the most economical way and provides that it shall be done in a much more expensive way, so that sundry keen men of business may find a profit in doing it.

Go to, Tou Velle! We are consumers and you are trying to add to our cost of living. You ought to be ashamed. We like the way the stamped envelopes are printed now. It is a particularly good way for small consumers who buy no more than five hundred envelopes at a time and want neither the bother nor the expense of having the address printed on them by a separate process.

Out on you and your pick-pocket bill, Tou Velle! Vote it down, Messrs. Senators! Kill it, Mr. President, if it reaches you!



IN the very early days of LIFE, Henry Guy Carleton, who died this month at the Hot Springs, of Arkansas, was for a time its literary editor. Old readers of LIFE, if there are any, are likely to remember his stories of the Thompson Street Poker Club, with Kemble's illustrations. In natural endowment Carleton was one of the most remarkable men of his time. He was a poet, a playwright, a chemist, an electrician and of surprising talent in all these callings. A letter writer in the *Sun* speaks of him as "a born physician," "a man of inconceivable resources" and as the most thoroughly intellectual man he ever met.



PIGTAILS CLIPPED TO MUSIC IN HONG KONG

# December



NOTED PROFESSOR SAYS "WOMEN ARE GROWING TO LOOK MORE LIKE MEN."



THE KAISER'S NEW CANTEEN.



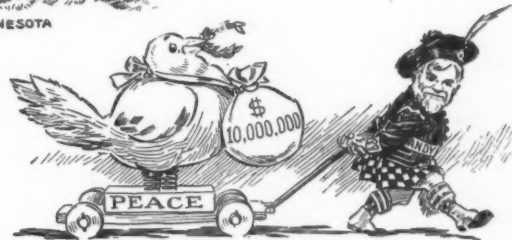
SENATOR CLARK BUYS A LITTLE DINNER SET



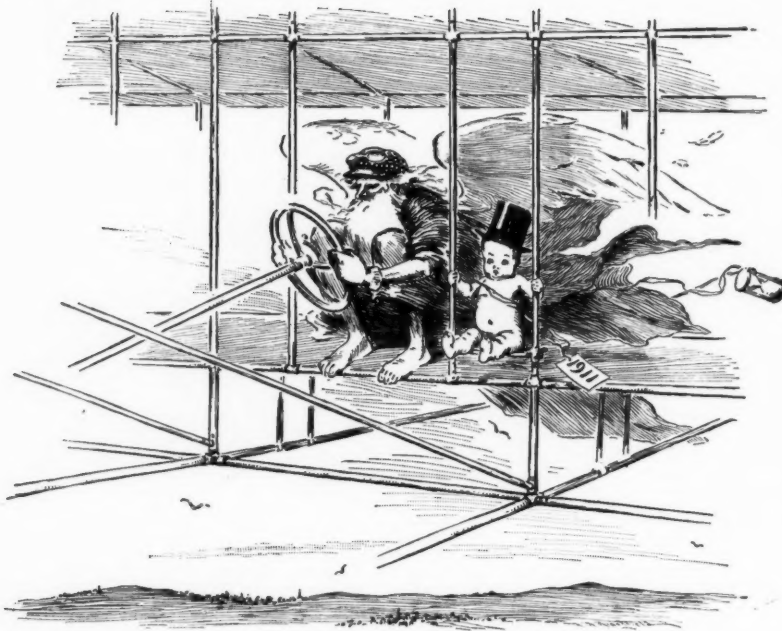
HUNTING THE MOOSE IN MINNESOTA



QUEEN MARY TAKES HER SEWING WHEN CALLING



I'M GETTING TO BE A BIG BIRD NOW



*Father Time:* HOLD ON TIGHT, BOY; WE must BE ON TIME.

### Rational Rhymes

IF spelling is to be reformed,  
Pronunciation should be, too,  
If printers all be chloroformed,  
And writers taught to write anew—  
Then poets ought to do their part,  
Nor under these restrictions chafe.  
And exercise their gentle art  
While sipping coffee at the cafe.

A rose would smell as sweet, we're told,  
Tho' changed its name by innovation,  
And Cæsar be as brave and bold  
Tho' Kaeser were his appellation;  
Ulysses none the less had shown  
The suitors that they could not cope  
With him, although his wife were known  
To all the world as Penelope.

'Twere easy thus to multiply  
Examples of a change in rhyme,  
Tho' doubtless purists will decry  
Such usage as linguistic crime.  
But as for me, I merely smile,  
'Tis thus I'll rhyme my songs and  
odes—  
And if you do not like my style  
You may go to the antipodes.

*William Wallace Whitelock.*



### MAN PROPOSES—GOD DISPOSES

*Prospective Tenant:* YOU ADVERTISE, "NO CHILDREN. NO DOGS." WHERE DO THESE BELONG?  
*Janitress:* THEM'S ONLY MINE.



# Life's Fashion Reform League

No Hamlet So Small But Has Its Member



"NO HAMLET SO SMALL BUT HAS ITS MEMBER."

THE REFORM LEAGUE is gradually extending its influence to the farther confines of the continent. Canada, will soon be with us.

Our motto is Economy, Originality, Patriotism. No longer will we be controlled by Paris. Paris, on the contrary, will come to us. America for the Americans.

Do not depend upon Paris any longer for your Palm Beach wardrobe, which will soon be a necessity. Through the Reform League you can obtain anything you like.

If you cannot afford to get your Palm Beach wardrobe outside, make it yourself in your own home. We furnish all the patterns. All you need are a pair of good scissors and a sewing machine. Remember that you are no longer bound by any foreign conventionality. There is no material in the world that we cannot obtain. It therefore remains for us to originate our own styles, with the basic idea, of course, of startling and interesting the men.

Palm Beach bathing suits this year should be cut loose and trimmed either with sable or ermine. Do not flounce around the centre. They should weigh not more than eight ounces. Over the bathing suit, on the way to the beach, should be worn a beach wrap. This should be of any bright colored velvet. It should be à la Walter Raleigh, and should sweep the beach. The Walter Raleigh effects are specially designed by the league artists and will be in vogue through the winter.

The problem we have had confronting us this year in Palm Beach effects is how to make elderly ladies attractive in bathing suits. In order to get the best designs the competition was opened to all Americans, and every elderly lady was allowed to submit designs. From the best of these our patterns were made, and will be sent to any elderly lady who is a member of the league.

Among other new designs for Palm Beach this year we may mention the matrons' gambling costume. This is a three-piece suit, so made that the wearer can sit in it for four or five hours at a stretch without getting tired. There are pockets throughout to conceal chips and a special secret pocket for thousand-dollar bills.

Our mammoth establishment on upper Fifth Avenue is now rapidly nearing completion and will soon be open to all members. In it we will carry a complete line of American fashions

and everything will be done to insure the comfort of our members.

The idea that there should be a Central Institute, in which fashion shall be considered and treated from a strictly art standpoint, and in which every American woman, regardless of her husband's income, can secure what she wants along the highest art lines, has never been promulgated before.

Why is this?

The reason is plain. Hitherto the fashions have been controlled by the tradespeople, for purely commercial purposes. If American women, instead of frantically demanding the suffrage, had put their energies on this great economic problem, with a view to allowing their organizing and executive abilities to accomplish the results so greatly needed, they could easily have demonstrated their superiority. As it is, it remains for us to show the way.

What is the real purpose of the Reform League? It will take some time for its extent to be fully appreciated. But we can state the matter briefly thus:

More money is spent on woman's clothes in this country than on any other necessity or luxury. Almost every material known enters into the manufacture of a woman's wardrobe.

Women are the largest buyers in the world. They buy practically nine-tenths of all that is bought in every household.

Up to the present time, however, women have had no



SVELTE AND MODEST EFFECT IN ERMINE AND GROS-GRAIN SATINETTE TIGHTIES, FOR PALM BEACH GRAND DAMNS



"WILL MAKE A NEW ENGLAND MILKMAID LOOK LIKE A MOHAMMEDAN HOURI."

voice in the buying of their clothes. The tradesmen arrange everything and force women to buy what they design.

Instead of originating our own styles we slavishly copy Paris.

Nobody in this country has made a study of clothes from an art standpoint with a view to getting the best effects at the least expenditure.

The Fashion Reform League, by having a large central building where ideas can be exchanged, and where new and startling designs can constantly be displayed, and where women from all over the country are free to examine all the designs, will in a short time raise the standard and place woman's dress on a scientific basis.

We have just received the following letter from a man:

*Dear Sir (or Madam):*

Your Reform League is no good. I am an American man and husband. The trouble with you is that your idea is fundamentally wrong. I want my wife to dress well, and I want to look at other women who dress well. I am willing to go broke to see this. But I don't want my wife to look like an American. It's too near home. As I grow older I want to look at women who dress like something I never saw before. Now those Paris girls are fine; they carry about with them a sort of subtle wickedness; that's why we ape Paris, and that's why no homemade League will be any good.

Our friend must wait and see. He doesn't understand at all the far-reaching purpose of the League. We are making a study of wickedness in all its forms and when we get through we will put some designs on the market that will make a New England milkmaid look like a Mohammedan houri.

Don't worry, friend. We understand our business. At bottom we are dealing with one of the most fundamental psychological and physiological problems.

We stop at nothing.

## Legislation for Profit

IT is amazing and amusing that in this nation of intelligent and well-read people there should be a moment's discussion as to the cause of the high cost of living. The cause is self-evident. It may be seen at first glance by a sane observer. To state it in three words, it is legislation for profit—passing laws to make business pay larger dividends.

For twenty-five years business has haunted the corridors of the capitol at Washington, and of the capitols of the various States, seeking legislation which would increase its profits. The government has been turned into a machine for helping business men get rich. Laws do not create value, they only transfer it. Every dollar which has been put into one man's pocket by legislation has been taken out of some other man's pocket. Every dollar that has been added to the profits of any business has reduced the profits of some other business; every dollar by which legislation has enriched one man has made some other man poorer. Every privilege in price-raising given to one, adds to the cost of living of all others; and all the tariffs, financial legislation, railroad legislation, and most of the other legislation of the last quarter of a century has simply dealt out privileges in price-raising.

How can the cost of living help being high under these conditions? Why need the government interfere in business at all? Why come between man and man, taking from one and giving to another? Who can find the least justification for the passing of laws to help any man or class of men to increase their profits when to do so must inevitably raise the cost of living for all the rest of us?

TRYING to get into Boston society is like fishing through the ice.

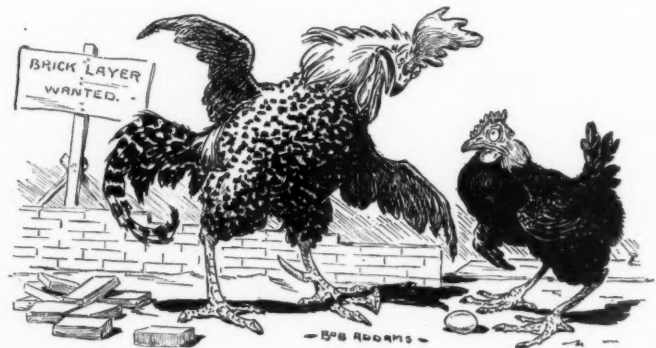
## Absent Minded

"DO you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" begins the minister, when the bridegroom, Mr. Cheetin Stox, the eminent financier, interrupts with:

"I don't remember."

Then, seeing the looks of amazement on the faces of all, he realizes where he is and exclaims:

"I beg your pardon! For the moment I was thinking about my trial last week. Certainly I take her."



"PICK UP THAT EGG AND MOVE ON; WE WANT A BRICKLAYER."

## An Impossible Conversation

THE office boy meditatively pushed the call button.

A moment later, in response to the call, the president of the corporation entered and respectfully approached the office boy's desk.

"Did you wish to see me, Tommy?" asked the president timidly.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Monypeny. Take a seat. I'll be through with this novel in a few minutes. I want to talk to you."

The president sat down as directed. The office boy finished the alluring tale of how Blick Black, the Chocolate Detective, saved the heroine. Then he closed the book, shoved it into a pigeon-hole of the desk and turned in his swivel-chair to face his employer.

"Mr. Monypeny," he began, "what I have to say to you is important, and, while it is not pleasant, I want you to know that I have nothing personal against you. As a matter of fact I like you and I want to be your friend. Understand?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"But the situation is just this: This concern has not been doing as well as it ought. You know that, of course, as well as I do."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, then, you know that something must be done, and I suppose it might as well be done soon as late."

The president looked worried. "You're not going to get rid of me, are you, Tommy?" he inquired.

"No," replied the office boy, figuring a little on the pad before him. "No," he repeated slowly. "I hardly think that will be necessary, but, as I said before, something must be done. Now the principal expenses of this concern may be grouped roughly under three heads—raw material, labor and dividends. That's right, isn't it?"

"I think that's about right."

"Well, of course, the charges for raw material cannot be reduced. That's out of the question. We've got to have the stuff and that's all there is to it. The same is true of labor. You can readily see that we are the most important part of the business. We can't do without the men who do the work, and, of course, you cannot expect us to accept any less for our work than we are getting."

"Of course not," admitted Mr. Monypeny.

"Then that leaves the dividends as the only department in which we can retrench, does it not?"

"It looks that way," agreed the president reluctantly.

"It certainly does," pursued the office boy, with an air of finality, "and, as I have said before, it grieves me sorely to be compelled to reach a conclusion which is so unfavorable to you. My kindly attitude toward capital is well known to every one."

"But, Tommy, it would be unfair to interfere with dividends at this time. You know I have just bought a big country place and an extra automobile and it takes a lot of money to run them. Now if you had only told me, say, a month ago."

"But I didn't know it," argued the office boy. "I had hoped it wouldn't be necessary. But, come! After all, it isn't so bad. You ought to be glad I am not going to dispense with you altogether. I am only going to ask you to accept a twenty-five per cent. reduction in dividends. Will you be willing to remain with us on that basis?"

"I suppose I'll have to."

"That's the manly way to talk. And you'll find it won't be so bad. There are lots of ways you can economize, don't you know. Cut out a Florida or European trip, or something like that. Yes, I'm sure you'll make out. That will do for the present."

"Thank you, Tommy," said the president politely, as he turned away.

"You are entirely welcome, Mr. Monypeny."

*Ellis O. Jones.*

## The I, of Me

WHEN I, forsooth, would go prancing forth,

Abroad, over field and plain,  
These limbs of mine are so slow and loth  
That I find I must use a cane.

I'm as anxious to read the daily news  
As ever—methinks—indeed,  
Rather more, than of old, but my eyes  
refuse,  
And of glasses I stand in need.

For music's exquisite charm I yearn,  
Yes—just as I used to do—  
Alas! A deaf ear I now must turn,  
And not only one, but two.

As for Beauty, ah! never before  
Did I yield to her magic sway  
With such vast capacity to adore—  
But Beauty won't look my way!

Yet—these things prove Immortality;  
While the body must heed Time's laws  
Without any doubt the I, of Me,  
Is as nimble as ever it was!

*M. S. Bridges.*

JONES (who has brought home a friend to spend the night): Do you think it is necessary for me to ask him if he wants to take a bath?

MRS. JONES: Now, you know I don't want that bathroom upset, if possible. Why not ask him if he really needs one?



"FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE LET US BE TRULY THANKFUL."



## Resolutions

**I** RESOLVE for the New Year to economize:

I shall change from domestic cigars and an imported butler to a domestic butler and imported cigars.

I shall subscribe for a box at the opera rather than buy a theatre on the instalment plan through ticket speculators.

When the poor cry, I shall weep; for pity is publicity and charity is cumulative.

I shall eschew silk underwear, taxicabs, onions, gardenias and spats; and look upon lobster palaces with an abhorrent eye.

I shall not renew my subscription to *The Commoner*.

And if this isn't economy, then shall I join the suffragettes and live in jail at the expense of a paternal government.

Harold Everett Porter.



"HE LOOKS AS TOUGH AS THE LAST."

## Thoughts on Brooklyn

**U**P to recent years the means of travel between the vast region of Brooklyn and our own land was inadequate. We have known little of the habits of its people beyond the meagre data furnished by explorers; indeed, no New Yorker, so far as is known, has ever been to Brooklyn more than once. The inhabitants, venturing forth from their homes in the morning, have descended upon us either from the ferryboats or by way of The Bridge. This means of approach consists of hanging onto a strap in mid-air for some thirty minutes. And the fact that they have patiently endured such a hardship will give some idea of

the ambition for improvement by coming into contact with our more or less advanced civilization evinced by these tribes. For some time now the tube method has also been in vogue, so far without apparently changing the character or habits of this primitive folk. One cannot help but wonder what is going to be the effect upon such a simple people and upon our own land, of this new means of communication whereby they can be shot back and forth.

Will they gradually take on only our vices—learn to drink imported champagne, play bridge for real money, buy and sell stocks on a margin, marry other men's wives, and get into the habit of sitting up after nine o'clock, thus further

weakening their physical resources and eventually becoming extinct? Or will they also absorb our vitality and become in a time a race of hardy grafters?

We may ask ourselves frankly the question as to what will be the effect upon our own characters of intercourse with this hitherto unknown race. Already, indeed, there are signs that the habit of visiting Brooklyn is spreading.

Shall we be able to absorb them without materially changing our own characteristics? This is the problem. We pause, shuddering, for a reply.

## Will New York Ever Be Finished?

"**W**HAT do you think of our city?" proudly asked the native New Yorker.

"How can I tell?" grumbled the surly newcomer.

"How can you tell what you think of anything?" retorted the New Yorker.

"By seeing it in a completed state."

"Do you mean to say New York is incomplete?"

"Certainly. There is not a single block of it that is finished. No matter on what street I go, up and down or across, I have to turn out for construction work. Here they are tearing down some building that wasn't done right in the first place. There they are replacing a skyscraper with one that scrapes better. And everywhere there are ditches for sewers or subways or what-not."

"Well, of course," admitted the native New Yorker, "if you look at it in that way, I suppose New York will never be finished."

"There is no other way to look at it," responded the newcomer cynically. "The Panama Canal is promised for 1915, but there is not the slightest hope for New York."



DEPARTMENT STORE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

"WOULD YOU CHANGE THESE EAR-MUFFS FOR A GOOD, STRONG PAIR OF SUSPENDERS?"



JESSIE GILLESPIE.

JANUARY FIRST

"GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN,  
LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY."

## BULLS AND BEARS

THE general course of the market during the past week has been uncertain. Explanations differ. Some claim that the market is still suffering from Poe's admission to the Hall of Fame. Others say that Poe was discounted in advance and assert the chief disturbing factor to be the approaching centenary of Thackeray.

The younger men believe in going right on, however, and doing something, and then if the results are inadequate, it can be undone when the truth is known. Mr. Morgan has been advised of the situation and it may be straightened out next week.

On Monday and Tuesday there was a firm undertone, but as this did not appear until the Tuesday evening papers, nothing was done. On Wednesday a selling pressure set in which could be observed as far up town as Fourteenth Street.

On Thursday this pressure became more pronounced and finally culminated in a most unusual incident. Selling became so popular at last that nobody was left to buy. It was a beautiful sight. Stocks began to accumulate in the middle of the floor with no one to take them away but the janitor. As soon as a broker sold what he had he took the money and then left the room. Prices fluctuated. In the last hour this

was partially explained by a rumor that the bank statement of the Saturday before had had a relapse.

On Friday, with no explanation, the selling suddenly ceased and everybody began to buy with avidity. This unnerved the sellers, who had nothing left to sell. Prices again fluctuated in four dimensions throughout the entire morning until well after lunch. Then evidences of stagnation appeared and several of the more prominent brokers wired to London to find out what to do next. London advised that the Bank of England would present a bill to Parliament. General liquidation was resumed for early recovery and the market closed at three o'clock.

On Saturday the bank statement came out as usual, but as nobody understood it, it was given a favorable interpretation. The bulls and bears held a conference and agreed to a cessation of hostilities. The market closed with a strong over-tone but a weak undertone.

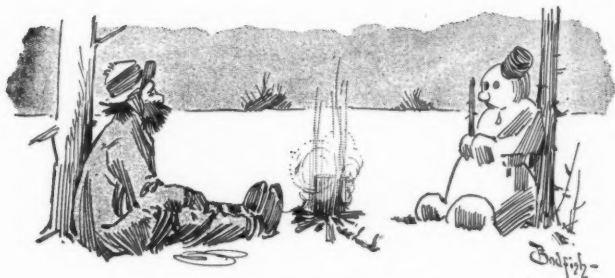
### A Suggestion

IN view of the many exposures of short weights and measures, why do we persist in teaching children things in school that they will have to unlearn when they go into business for themselves? Why not revise the tables in the arithmetics to read:

- 14 ounces make a pound.
- 80 pounds make a hundredweight.
- 1500 pounds make a ton.
- 11 inches make a foot.
- 33 inches make a yard.
- 1½ gills make a pint.
- 3 gills make a quart.
- 7 pints make a gallon.
- 7 quarts make a peck.
- 3 pecks make a bushel.

Either this, or let some of our congressional reformers and uplifters introduce a bill providing for short-value dollars. Paying for a seven-quart peck of potatoes with an eight-cent dollar might help toward equalizing matters.

As things are now, the man who attempts to pay for a counterfeit weight with a lightweight coin is apt to be cast into jail.



"MISERY LOVES COMPANY"



HISTORY AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN  
HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS





Gentleman in Corridor of Hotel: "OH! 'SCUSE ME. MUTH BE IN TH' WRONG ROOM."

### From the Hub

THE audiences of the Boston Symphony Concerts are unquestionably the largest and most discriminating of this city. And their size and their appreciation are as creditable to ourselves as to the musicians. These lovers of the best music are, we think, somewhat grateful to Mr. Fiedler when he introduces in his programmes Beethoven and the other real giants of the past to counteract the sensationalism of the modern composers as typified by Richard Strauss. The Lenore overture, for instance, came recently like a strong health-giving breath of air after the heated over-perfumed atmosphere of a close room.

However, it is not for us dwellers in the outer darkness to criticise either Mr. Fiedler or his band of artists, but to enjoy.

The *métier* of the critic is, after all, the expression of the ideas of one man, more or less governed by his special temperament. His verdict neither makes nor mars composition or composer, except in the case of those timid persons who dare not think for themselves. Perhaps the musical critic, more than any other, is the victim of prejudice. We were informed the other day by a—presumably youthful—critic in one of our leading weeklies that persons who do not agree with him in his love for Debussy, and others of that school, are "dull, ignorant and narrow."

This, if true, is mortifying news for the many professionals and amateurs who have so far failed to agree with him.

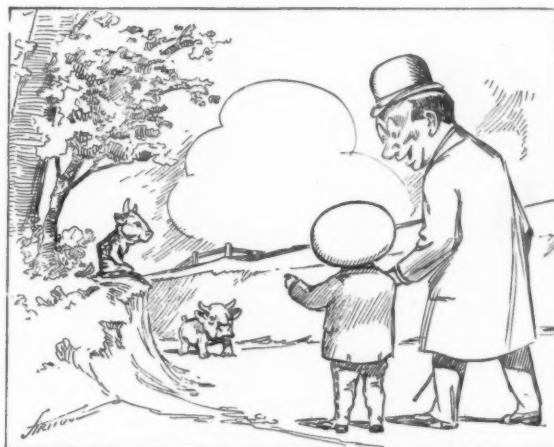
**R**ANDALL: What do you do when you meet an irresistible talker?

ROGERS: I introduce him to an immovable bore.

### Always a Woman

**F**IRST SUFFRAGETTE: If you were running for office would you buy votes?

**SECOND SUFFRAGETTE:** Not unless they could be exchanged or credited.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"OH, PAPA! LOOK AT THE BULL-FROG AND BULL-DOG."

## Our Muck-raking Department

### Horrible Conditions Discovered in Our Leading Restaurants

BY BUSTER BROWN SMITH

*The Hero of Jersey City, Author of "Woman's Clubs Exposed," "Why Williamsburg Went Wrong," etc., etc.*

THE other day I was strolling quietly along Fifth Avenue, wondering how I could advertise the magazine, and incidentally earn enough to take another flyer in the stock market, when I caught sight of a large, fat man ahead of me.

I recognized him at once as a leading head waiter. By his walk I knew that he had been eating red cabbage. Where had he got it? In no other place but the market. What did this mean? Simply that he was getting a rake-off. This reflection led me to follow him. The results are given herewith. The American people may well pause and ask themselves whether—but my mission is to give the facts, or as many facts as are necessary to fill my article. I am not here to preach, but to muck-rake. Here goes.

The restaurants of New York are reeking with graft. I say reeking advisedly. I know what I am talking about. I have a reputation behind me and in front of me—such as it is—to sustain.

There is not an honest palm room in New York.

An instance:

Last week the price of Southern grown asparagus in the open market was reduced five cents a bunch. What happened? Every palm room in New York added twenty-five cents to the price of each portion.

Who got it?

It is the same with carrots, parsnips and ice-cream. This, however, is nothing. I am coming to something big. Read on. I get ten cents a word, and you mustn't stop or my reputation will be ruined.

The waiters are in a conspiracy. Last week I saw a lady from Jersey City—a kind-hearted, open-faced (I have to be funny occasionally just to keep up the interest, but really I am deadly in earnest) lady, who never did any harm to any one, thrown out of one of our leading palm rooms.

Why?

Simply because she hadn't engaged a seat there three months before.

Another woman—an upper Fifth Avenue woman—sailed by and pressed—actually pressed—a five-dollar bill into the hand of the head waiter.

What was the result?

It is this phase of our national life that appalls me. It makes me ask, What will the end be? It fills me with a sickening sense of unrest.

In the next installment I shall deal with the rake-off on salads.  
SMITH.

Note by the Editor: Since Mr. Smith began his articles our circulation has doubled—nay, trebled. The nation awaits with breathless interest what he has to disclose in the next issue. In the meantime there are a few shares of stock in this magazine which we will sell for almost nothing. We do this because we want the public interested with us in the grand work of uplifting the nation.



AUGUST HUTAF  
07

Winter Advice

Ad Thaliarchum.

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE 9.

"Vides, et alba stet nive candidum—"

SEE how Mount Soracte, snowy  
With the drift of winter stands!  
Br-r-r! It's blustery and blowy!  
Light the fire and warm your hands.

Thaliarchus, pass the bottle—  
Sabine four-year old—the best. . .  
Thanks, old top. It helps to throttle  
Care. The gods will do the rest.

Down around the Martian Campus  
Girls are pining for our glance.  
Come, before the people stamp us  
As a pair without romance.

Vanish, Care! and exit, Sorrow!  
Worry never, always hope.  
Take To-day, forget To-morrow—  
That's the Q. H. Flaccan dope.  
Franklin P. Adams.

Revised by a New Yorker

AVIATION is vexation,  
The subway is as bad;  
A taxicab perplexes me  
And walking drives me mad.

The New Industry

"YOU must own a great many cattle,"  
we say to the grizzled ranchman.  
"You seem to have a large number of  
cowboys. We saw you showing them  
how to lasso the cows this morning, and  
all that sort of thing. Were you teach-  
ing some new ones?"  
"Cowboys!" laughs the ranchman.  
"Shucks! Them was a lot of fellers I  
am teachin' stunts to do in wild west  
shows an' on the vaudeville stage next  
season. I ain't been in the cow business  
for ten years."

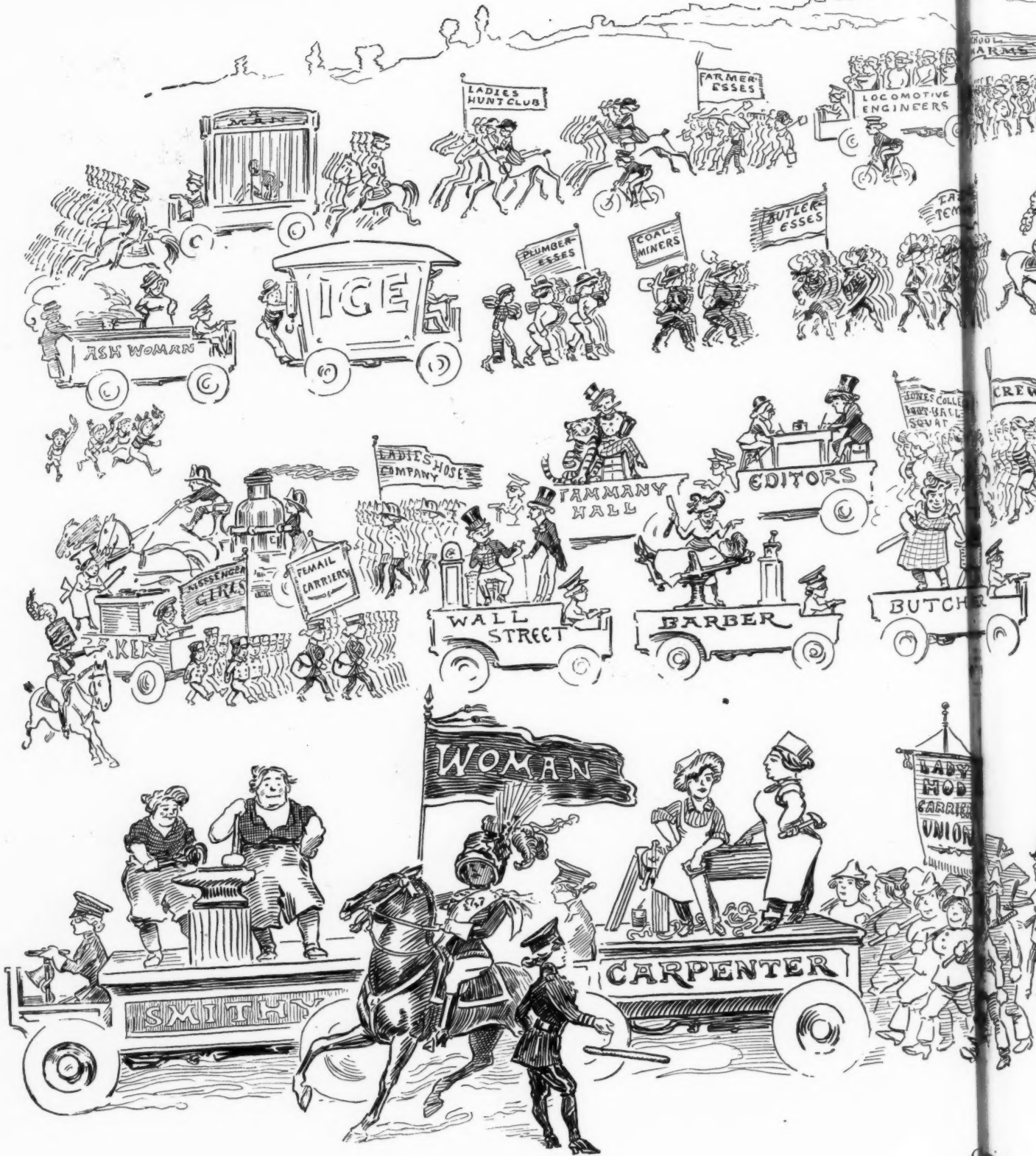


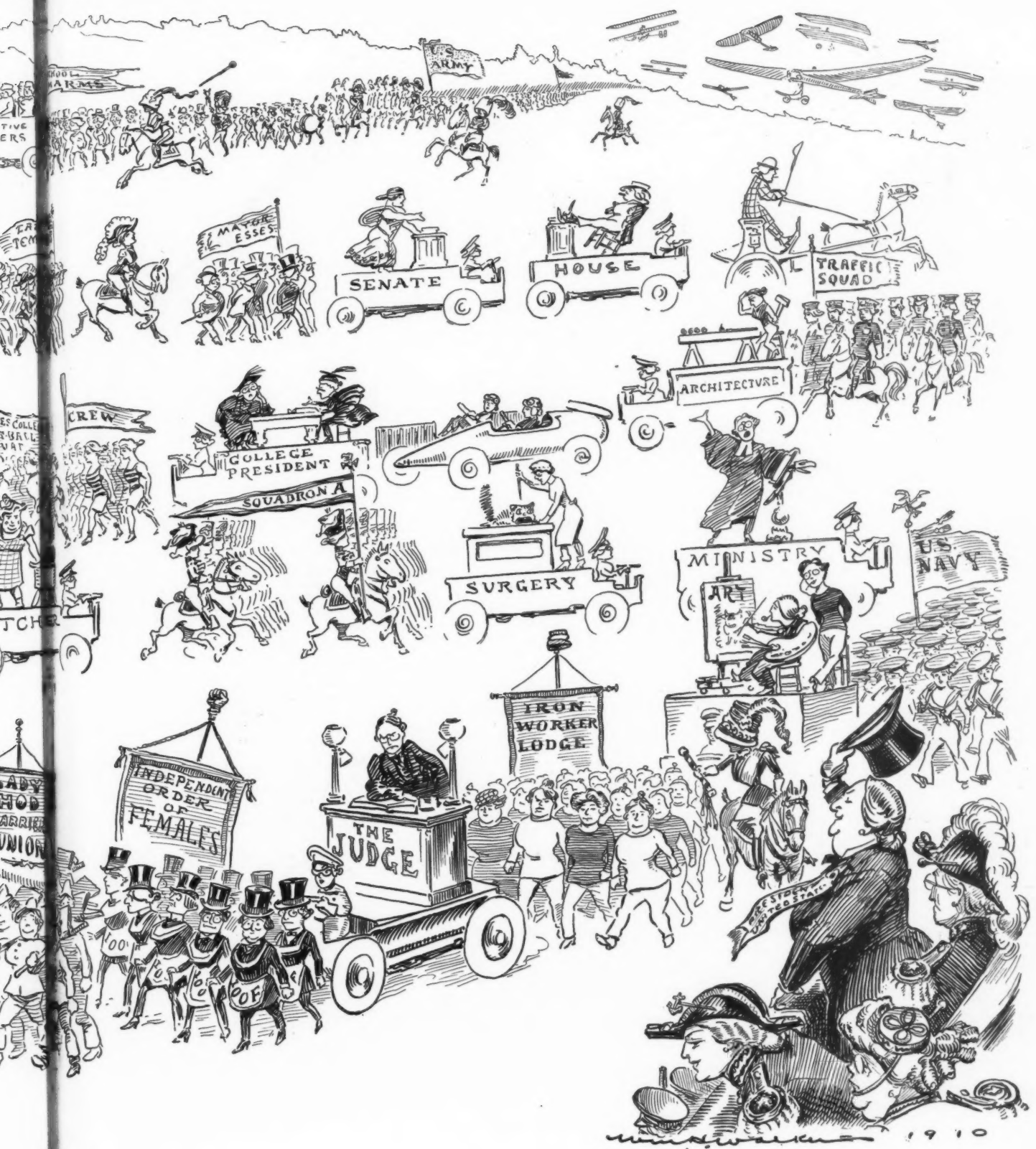
"COME ON, TRY THE ICE FOR US."



Humane Person: GOOD HEAVENS! HAVE YOU KILLED HIM?  
Fiend: I THINK SO; BUT PERHAPS I'D BETTER RUN OVER HIM ONCE MORE TO MAKE SURE.







## Priscilla Offers a Prize



KNOW that the study of logic does not appeal to many women, so perhaps the expression *argumentum ad hominem* needs translation or explanation, although the process it describes is more often used by women than by men. The *argumentum ad hominem* is resorted to by the party to a debate, a discussion or a dispute when he or she finds that his or her side of the question has no merit of its own. It consists in more or less skilfully turning the discussion from the question at issue to an attack on the personality of the disputant on the other side. In the legal profession this principle of logic is summed up in the advice to young lawyers: "If you find you haven't a case, abuse the other lawyer."

It seems that the enemies of our sacred cause show their own weakness by their frequent resort to the *argumentum ad hominem*, or, to be more correct, the *argumentum ad feminam*. When they say that our peerless leaders are in the movement only for the notoriety they get out of it, they set forth no argument against Votes for Women.



EVEN if they could make every one believe their claim that the most conspicuous American Suffragettes are failures as women in the positions of life that women most adorn, our opponents are giving us no good reason why men should monopolize the ballot. Even when they say that our leaders are brazen creatures who prefer the excitement and conspicuousness of publicity gained at no matter what expenditure of womanly modesty, our critics are not hurting our cause. Because the feeble-minded members of our sex prefer domesticity to making public exhibitions of themselves it does not mean that they are not yearning for the right to go to the polls. Our leaders are representing those weak creatures because they haven't the sense to represent themselves. They are poor shackled slaves ground down under the heel of tyrant man and no amount of abuse will make our dauntless leaders stand aside from their self-appointed duty and pleasure of attracting public notice to themselves and the cause.

THE great danger to Votes for Women lies in the tendency of the public to get sick of things that are constantly harped upon. We have done our best to keep the public interested, but there are already signs that it is tiring of our cause. Our street-corner meetings no longer elicit even ridicule. The younger and prettier sisters hold the attention for a moment and then the stupid public goes on about its regular business. Even the newspapers are beginning to shy at continually printing the names of the same old peerless leaders. What we need is new blood, new ideas. In America quiet

crusades accomplish nothing. We must be sensational or we are lost.

I am going to offer a prize for the best idea to keep alive interest in our sacred cause of Votes for Women. Out of my own slender resources I will give a bright new Silver Dollar to the person, male or female, Suffragette or Anti-Suffragette, who submits the best plan to revive interest in our cause. I don't care what it is, no matter how ridiculous or how undignified, if it only serves to attract attention to us and "our object all sublime."

Remember—a bright new Silver Dollar, and the contest is open to the whole wide world.

VICTORY has perched upon our banners! The women voters of Rye, N. Y., have elected their candidate for school trustee by one hundred and sixteen majority. The newspaper account of the election says that the women had previously discussed the election at pink teas and card club meetings and many had made a house-to-house canvass, urging their friends to vote for Theodore Freud, the village butcher, against William H. Geary, a New York business man, who commutes to Rye. The present election was a special one, a lady candidate at the regular election, Mrs. William H. Parsons, having charged that there was fraud and that it ought all to be done over again. At this election a number of women were challenged, on the ground that they were not legal voters, because they were not property owners, but most of them swore in their votes.

Isn't that perfectly lovely! It shows that when it comes to voting women are just as smart as men. When we get Votes for Women there isn't a doubt on earth there will be lady Ward Bosses or District Leaders, or whatever they are called, and it will be a poor sort of woman who can't vote her servant-girls for the candidate she favors.

PRISCILLA JAWBONES.



*Satan:* I HAVE CALLED YOU IN TO EXPLAIN THIS PECULIAR RECORD. YOU ARE RECORDED WITH THE SAME LIE SEVENTEEN THOUSAND TIMES. THIS IS THE ONLY SIN YOU HAVE COMMITTED. I AM CURIOUS TO KNOW WHY YOU TOLD THIS SAME LIE SO MANY TIMES.

*New Arrival:* WELL, YOUR MAJESTY, IT'S THIS WAY: MY WIFE IS VERY FAT, AND EVERY TIME WE PASSED A WOMAN WHO WAS THE LEAST BIT PLUMP, SHE WOULD SAY, "AM I AS FAT AS THAT?" AND I ALWAYS REPLIED, "MERCY! MY DEAR, NO!"



Life's Family Album



Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

THERE is no accounting for senses of humor. They inhabit the most unexpected quarters. Sometimes they are even added to other qualities of mind and soul, thus giving the happy owner what appears to be an unequal distribution of gifts. We have even known a charming woman to be possessed of a distinctive and original sense of humor, which in some subtle manner that (not being psychologists) we cannot glibly account for, seems to have added to her sympathies.

There is, for example, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. She is the kind of person that one always feels perfectly safe in praising, because, united with an innate modesty inherited from her Scotch ancestors (it is possible, by the way, to have Scotch ancestors and still have a sense of humor), she has the severe critic's introspective gift.

When we state, therefore, that Mrs. Woodrow is a delightful person of rare attainments, we do so with no sense of embarrassment.

Besides, she has proved it. Her first contributions were immediately accepted by the respective periodicals to which they were submitted—one by LIFE and the other by *McClure's Magazine*. We well remember the distinct thrill we received when we read the manuscript. It was entitled "The Monk and the College Girl."

"Here," we exclaimed, "is a new author." And from that moment Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's name was placed in the list of LIFE's star contributors.

Like all geniuses, Mrs. Woodrow is very uncertain. She writes when the fit is on, and then disappears for a year or so. During this unhappy period we hear distinct reports of new novels published elsewhere; we read favorable, even gushing, reviews, and then, while we are wondering whether an old friend has forsaken us, lo! we are once more honored with a clever contribution.

"You write for LIFE," we said gently and unobtrusively, on the last occasion, when she didn't know that she was being interviewed, "because—"

She smiled.

"Because it is so easy," she replied.

"I mean, of course, that I can say just what I like. There is no interference. There are no restrictions."

We blushed with secret pleasure.

"Are you fond of editors?" we ventured at random. Our idea was to conceal the fact that this was an interview, and the best way of doing it

seemed to be to introduce an utterly impossible topic.

"Oh, yes. They have been very, very kind to me."

"Naturally. By the way, where were you born?"

"In Chillicothe, Ohio. My ancestors are both Scotch and Irish. My great uncle was John Finley, a noted Indian fighter; another, Samuel Finley, was one of the few who escaped from the 'Prison Ship' during the Revolutionary War. Both of these were of the same family of that Samuel Finley who succeeded Dr. Witherspoon as president of Princeton College."

"You have had a wide experience for one so very young."

"I have traveled a great deal. After my marriage to Mr. Woodrow I spent several years in mining camps in the Rocky Mountains. This is where I got the local color for *The Zenith Stories*."

"You have written other books?"

"Dear me, yes—a book every year for four years: *The Bird of Time*, *The New Missioner*, *The Silver Butterfly* and *The Beauty*."

"What are your fads?"

"Automobiles and editors."

LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on

December



Your future wife will be fond of good things to eat, and your family table will be a popular center of cheerful hospitality.

29

Your future husband will devote his life to proving that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. It will annoy you that he doesn't do something useful.



Your future wife will be eloquent with the gift of supplication and will never miss, nor permit you to miss, the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting.

30

Your future husband will be extremely fond of children, which will permit you to pursue a career of social gaiety with a clear conscience.



Your future wife may develop a tendency towards strong-mindedness, which you will radically cure by taking her to a course of Suffragette meetings.

31

Your future husband will be the author of several popular songs, and you will not be able to escape them even by going to restaurants to dine.





"MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO."

## The Latest Books

THE other day I was shown an exquisite bit of Sicilian amber in the pellucid topaz depths of which a fly, that may have antedated Rome, hung poised in solid sunshine. I ought, perhaps, have marveled at the miracle or exclaimed at the pure perfection of its performance. But I was chiefly impressed by the familiarity of the fly. For all that I could see it might have lived last summer in my Jersey garden. Yet, for all that I could say, it may have seen Odysseus passing in his ships. I looked at it with homely comfort and with just a touch of awe. It marked the immutable persistence of common things. Mr. Edward Sandford Martin, in his fourteen essays upon parental privileges and problems, *The Luxury of Children* (Harpers, \$1.50), has worked a little miracle of similar simplicity and analogous significance. In the midst of the hurly-burly of contemporary life and the hocus-pocus of contemporary letters he has quietly enveloped with the calm serenity of his poise and the pellucid simplicity of his prose, some of the unchanging joys and eternally recurring trials of life's commonplace experience. The book is worth exclaiming over and compels our admiration. But I cannot but feel that it is chiefly to be prized in that, by embalming familiar flies in amber, it links us sanely with the immemorial past and with the uncounted future.

THE great trouble with much super-civilized modern literature—the product of that school of which Henry James is professor emeritus and Mrs. Edith Wharton an honored alumna—is that, like the Cheshire cat, it has a disconcerting habit of fading imperceptibly away until one suddenly discovers that nothing remains visible to the naked eye except its super-civilization. In her latest volume of short stories, *Tales of Men and Ghosts* (Scribners, \$1.50), Mrs. Wharton has, as it were, collected a graded series of the concluding phases of this vanishing process—a series of optical

illusions practiced on the mind's eye. In some, the head and shoulders of the cat almost persuade us that we see a body. In some the head and ears are visible. In some the eyes look out at us from nowhere and we rub our own eyes and look again. In some the super-civilized suggestion of an immaterial subtlety hangs unsupported in empty space. I once witnessed a demonstration of a steam trip-hammer. The operator put a steel ingot on the anvil-bed and the hammer struck it a six-ton blow that shook the building. Then the young man put an English walnut down and the hammer cracked it. Then he took away the walnut and the hammer struck the air. *Tales of Men and Ghosts* reminds one of the exhibition. In all of these stories Mrs. Wharton's hammer work is obviously admirable, pedantically unpedantic, heroically restrained. In some of them it cracks walnuts. In some the walnut isn't there.

PERHAPS the best known sentence in the United States to-day is that five-finger exercise of the typewriter's musical scale, "Now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of the party." But it has remained for one of the season's newcomers in story telling to evolve an entertaining tale from it. This is not, however, the only innovation or the chief claim to notice of Eugene Manlove Rhodes's *Good Men and True* (Holt, \$1.00). It has also occurred to Mr.

Rhodes to reverse the conventional emphasis of frontier yarns and play upon the mutual comprehensions, instead of upon the mutual misconceptions, of a tenderfoot and a Texas cowboy. And he plays with a light-hearted love of fun and a jolly ingenuity of invention that covers such sins of unlikelihood as he is guilty of. The tenderfoot is a lawyer's clerk in El Paso. The cowboy is inclined to trade local wisdom for imported—typewriting and Shakespeare preferred. Then the plot thickens and *Julius Caesar* and a Remington typewriter play unforeseeable rôles in an international abduction case. The tale is short, rapid and entertainingly unhackneyed.

J. B. Kerfoot.



## CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



*Alongshore*, by Stephen A. Reynolds. Impressionistic sketches and studies of the amphibious lives of English fishermen and beech-combers.  
*A Man's Man*, by Ian Hay. A loosely articulated tale of adventure and love by the author of *The Right Stuff*.  
*Among Friends*, by Samuel McChord Crothers. Excellent essays upon literary and social side issues.  
*Clayhanger*, by Arnold Bennett. The tremendously long and continuously interesting history of an outwardly yielding but inwardly obstreperous son.  
*The Creators*, by May Sinclair. A coterie of little-great literary geniuses faithfully portrayed. An unintentional but effective satire.  
*The Greatest Wish in the World*, by E. Temple Thurston. The tantalizing traffic of a celibate priest and a childless widow with an adopted baby.  
*Good Men and True*, by E. M. Rhodes. See above.  
*Home Life in America*, by Katherine G. Bushey. A piece of comprehensive and conscientious journalism that has greatly edified its English readers.  
*The Husband's Story*, by David Graham Phillips. Home truths about a social pusher by her banker.  
*The Land of the White Helmet*, by Edgar Allen Forbes. A new note in travel books. Unfamiliar Africa described by a man with eyes in his head and snappy English at his command.  
*The Luxury of Children*, by Edward Sandford Martin. See above.  
*Now*, by Charles Marriott. An amusing (albeit somewhat slow moving) story of a radical reform experiment in England.  
*The New Laokoon*, by Irving Babbitt. A critical indictment of the subjective confusion of the arts in the modern world.  
*Tales of Men and Ghosts*, by Edith Wharton. See above.  
*The Way of All Flesh*, by Samuel Butler. A novel dealing with four generations of an English family; written in the form of a memoir and full of keen critical comment.  
*The Whistler Book*, by Sadakichi Hartman. A work of supererogation, but justified by occasional passages of valuable explanatory criticism.



THE HOME OF THE SUFFRAGETTE

A LITTLE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

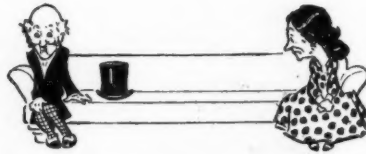


# Life's Suffragette Contest

## XXIV Better Not!

(With apologies to Mr. Hamlet)

**T**O wed a suffragette or not—that is the question—  
Whether 'tis wiser for a man to "dodge" all  
Responsibility of the obnoxious creatures  
Or to take arms against these "tub-thumpers"  
And, by marrying, down them? To boss  
—to bully:  
What's more, by beating, to say we end  
This tomfoolery, and the thousand un-  
natural pranks  
These females would perpetrate. 'Tis a  
consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To boss—to  
bully—  
To beat! Perchance to be beaten—ay,  
there's the rub;  
For in that domestic fight what retalia-  
tions may come,  
When we have lifted up the authorita-  
tive voice,  
Must give us pause. There's the spouse  
That makes calamity of one's whole life;  
For who would marry a creature of  
whims and foibles,  
An opinionated woman (the proud man's  
*bête noir*),  
A usurper of masculine rights; a law  
disparager,  
(With sneaking aspirations for office)  
spurning  
The patient merits of housewifely duties,  
When he himself might his comfort take  
With a simple maiden? Who would  
'suffrage bear,  
To groan and writhe under petticoat do-  
minion  
But that the hope of (regulating the  
lady) after marriage—  
That uncertain institution for whose suc-  
cess  
No man can vouch—dazzles the will  
And makes us rather gamble on the ills  
we might have  
Than cling to those we know too much  
of?  
Thus consequence doth make cowards  
of us all;  
And thus our most determined resolu-  
tions  
To dominate o'er these creatures—of ad-  
vanced thought,  
And squelch their enterprises of supposed  
moment,  
Come to naught—our calculations turn  
awry,



## \$300 to the Winner

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

### Conditions:

Each answer must be limited to three hundred words. Manuscripts, however, may be as short as the contestant prefers.

Manuscripts must be typewritten, and should be addressed to

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

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

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

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

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

Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

When they take on the name of action.  
Soft you now, my fellow Benedict, sir,  
in thy selection,  
**BEWARE THE SUFFRAGETTE.**  
S. C. R.

## XXV

### Reasons Why Any Man Should Not Marry a Suffragette

**B**ECAUSE:  
It's agin the law. Two he-persons can't be wed.

Though she were only a near-he, it would compound a bigamy—since she's already joined in howly wedlock to the Cause.

Her first hubby is also a fool; and three in one house would be a crowd.

He likes a Home.

He wants children and a mother to them—not an incubator.

He would hate to rob Asquith and Birrell of Their Share.

He had a mother who Wasn't.

He gets enough hell down town.

He'd sooner cuddle than be Caudled.

He has troubles enough with his equals and prefers to take Sanctuary with a Superior.

He invented Chivalry and means it. He knows what would happen to the Other Woman if women legislated for her. He may be her chief Danger, but he is also her only Safety.

If they got it, they Could Not Play on it.

He prefers a woman to carry over the mud, not as a fellow wader. Any load is lighter if she be perched on its top, serene and clean and confident. The only time she's heavy is when she descends from his ideal to his level and Tries to Drag Him Up.

While issue would be unlikely, there might be—more suffragettes.

The "Not Impossible She" is a better quest than the Totally ditto.

A wife is better to laugh With than At.

It's bad enough to be curst without being Pankhurst.

Drowning is more genteel and soothing. Also quicker.

Likewise, men and brethren, because it's more fun to marry a Woman.

Here are a few reasons why any man should not let a suffragette marry him. But the best reason is:

Because He Doesn't Have To.

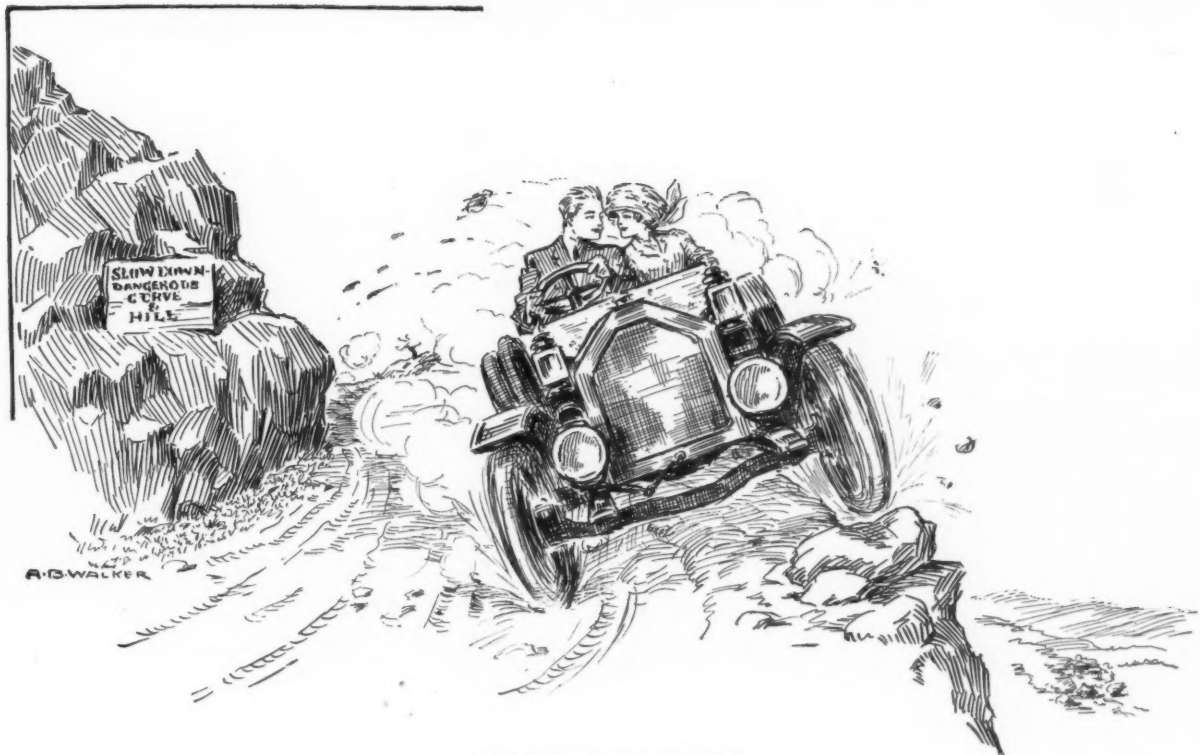
CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

## XXVI

### An Acrostic

Sanguine	tyroS
Ultraistic	bureaU
Fanatical	mischiefF
Forensic	chaffF
Riotous	fervoR
Abstruse	datA
Girls	campaigninG
Egoistic	applausE
Timidity	latenT
Temerity	dominantT
Eternal	noisE
Senseless	argumentS

HERBERT S. WOODS.



ON THE BRINK OF MATRIMONY

### Extract from a Modern Novel

THE island was not only uninhabited, it was an absolute desert—a mere bank of sand. The man was the only thing on it.

Remorselessly the sun sank toward the Western horizon. The man gazed at it with slowly increasing consternation. Whatever else he may have been he was unmistakably a gentleman. The very fibers of his deepest being cried out for the niceties of civilized society. He might die, he might perish, he might suffer cruel hunger; worn out with fatigue and long nights passed in sleepless watching, it is barely conceivable that he might sleep without pajamas, but this—this was too much.

Again he gazed at the remorseless sun, measured the distance between it and the horizon, calculated mentally the time of day, a feat which his high training and specialization in trigonometry at the greatest university in the world made him able to perform with incredible ease; and then, hero though he was, his face blanched.

"This is awful!"

Great beads of sweat stood out on his

noble brow, he gazed about vacantly over the vacant seas, the vacant sands, the vacant air.

Then he cast his eyes downward and looked at his coat.

It was a sack coat.

"This is horrible!"

"I—I—cannot dress for dinner!" he muttered.

It seemed unbelievable, absurd, fantastic, the gruesome horror of a nightmare, and yet he was well aware that he waked and did not sleep and that the awful fact was true.

Again he glanced at the fast setting sun and over his pale clenched lips came a smile of high resolve.

"If I cannot live like a gentleman I can at least die," he whispered, and the light of heroic devotion, that devotion to an ideal which transcends the devotion to women or to money, or even to tobacco, shone about his countenance, transfiguring it.

He stepped into the edge of the water and waded out. When it was up to his chin he paused.

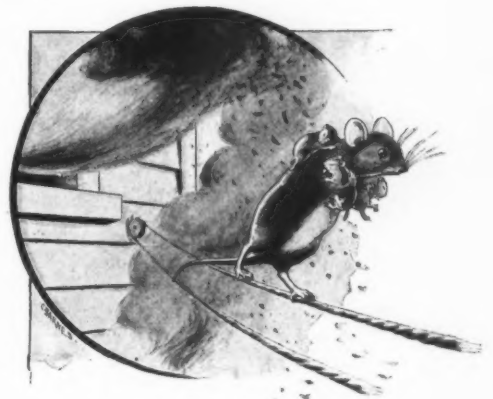
The quibble that he had no dinner had come into his mind, but with an-

other grim smile and a little toss of his head he dismissed it.

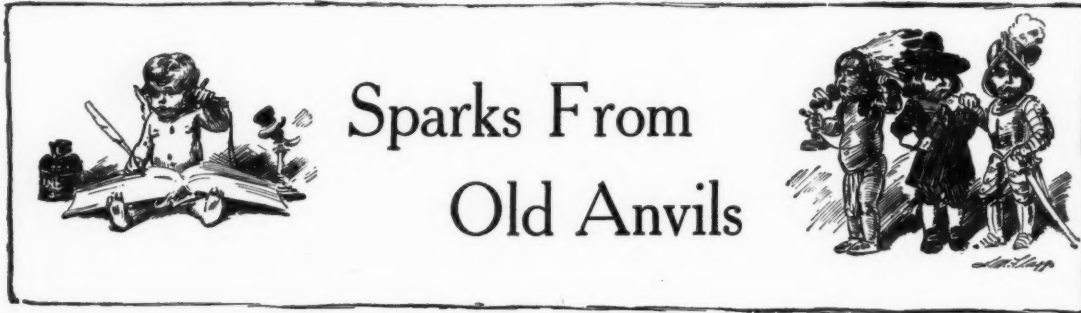
He waded on.

There was a little splashing of the blue water, a few bubbles came to the surface.

And then, beneath the vacant sky, illumined by the departing rays of the sun, the vacant waters bathed the vacant sands.



AN EVERY-DAY HERO



## Sparks From Old Anvils

### Civility

You ask me why I greet the priest,  
But not his god;  
The god sits mute, the man at least  
Returns my nod.  
—From the Chinese.

### Patience as a Fine Art

Speaking of the philosophical temper, there is no class of men whose society is more to be desired for this quality than that of plumbers. They are the most agreeable men I know; and the boys in the business begin to be very agreeable very early. I suspect the secret of it is that they are agreeable by the hour. In the dryest days my fountain became disabled: the pipe was stopped up. A couple of plumbers, with the implements of their craft, came out to view the situation. There was a good deal of difference of opinion about where the stoppage was. I found the plumbers perfectly willing to sit down and talk about it—talk by the hour. Some of their guesses and remarks were exceedingly ingenious; and their general observations on other subjects were excellent in their way, and could hardly have been better if they had been made by the job. The work dragged a little—as it is apt to do by the hour. The plumbers had occasion to make me several visits. Sometimes they would find, upon arrival, that they had forgotten some indispensable tool, and one would go back to the shop, a mile and a half, after it, and his companion would await his return with the most exemplary patience and sit down and talk, always by the hour. I do not know but it is a habit to have something wanted at the shop. They seemed to me very good workmen and always willing to talk and stop about the job, or anything else, when I went near them. Nor had they any of that impetuous hurry that is said to be the bane of our American civilization. To their credit be it said that I never observed anything of it in them. They can afford to wait. Two of them will sometimes wait nearly half a day while a comrade goes for a tool. They are patient and philosophical. It is a great pleasure to meet such men. One only

wishes there was some work he could do for them by the hour. There ought to be reciprocity. I think they have very nearly solved the problem of Life: it is to work for other people, never for yourself, and get your pay by the hour. You then have no anxiety and little work. If you do things by the job you are perpetually driven; the hours are scourges. If you work by the hour, you gently sail on the stream of Time, which is always bearing you on to the haven of Pay, whether you make any effort or not. Working by the hour tends to make one moral. A plumber working by the job, trying to unscrew a rusty refractory nut in a cramped position, where the tongs continually slipped off, would swear; but I never heard one of them swear or exhibit the least impatience at such a vexation, working by the hour. Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour. How sweet the flight of time seems to his calm mind!

Charles Dudley Warner.

### The Yankees and Paper Money

It is said that the Yankee has always manifested a disposition for making money, but he never struck a proper field for the display of his genius until we got to making paper money. Then every man who owned a printing press wanted to try his hand at it. I remember that in Washington ten cents' worth of rags picked up in the street would be converted the next day into thousands of dollars.

An old mule and cart used to haul the currency from the Printing Bureau to the door of the Treasury Department. Every morning, as regularly as the morning came, the old mule would back up and dump a cart-load of the sinews of war at the Treasury. A patriotic son of Columbia, who lived opposite, was sitting on the doorstep of his house one morning looking mournfully in the direction of the mule. A friend came along, and seeing that the man did not look as pleasant as usual, said to him: "What is the matter? It seems to me you look kind of disconsolate this morning." "I was just thinking," he replied, "what would become of this Government if that old mule was to break down."—From a Speech by Horace Porter.

### Benevolence and Gratitude

One day the Supreme Being took it into His head to give a great banquet in His azure palace.

All the virtues were invited. Men He did not ask—only ladies.

There was a large number of them, great and small. The lesser virtues were more agreeable and genial than the great ones; but they all appeared to be in good humor, and chatted amiably together, as was only becoming for near relations and friends.

But the Supreme Being noticed two charming ladies who seemed to be totally unacquainted.

The Host gave one of the ladies His arm, and led her up to the other.

"Benevolence!" He said, indicating the first.

"Gratitude!" He added, indicating the second.

Both the virtues were amazed beyond expression. Ever since the world had stood—and it has been standing a long time—this was the first time they had met.—"Poems in Prose," from the Russian.

### To Be Read Twice

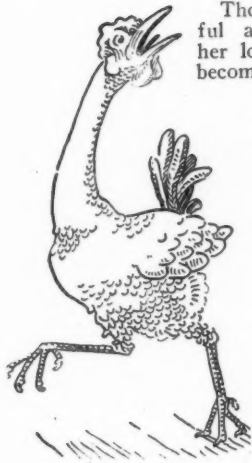
Two friends, a weaver and a tailor, became in time enemies, so much so that the tailor spoke much evil of the weaver behind his back, though the weaver always spoke well of the tailor. Upon a lady asking the weaver why he always spoke so well of the tailor, who spoke so ill of him, he replied: "Madame, we are both liars."—From the Spanish.

On the departure of the Bishop of New Zealand for his diocese Sidney Smith recommended him to have regard to the minor as well as the more grave duties of his station—to be given to hospitality—and in order to meet the taste of his native guests, never to be without a smoked little boy in the bacon-rack and a cold clergyman on the sideboard. "And as for myself, my lord," he concluded, "all I can say is that when your parishioners do eat you I sincerely hope you may disagree with them."



**The Hen**

BY BILL NYE



Though generally cheerful and contented with her lot, the hen at times becomes moody, sullen and taciturn. We are often called upon to notice and profit by the genial and sunny disposition of the hen, and yet there are times in her life when she is morose, cynical and the prey to consuming melancholy. At such times not only her own companions, but man himself shuns the hen.

At first she seems to be preoccupied only. She starts and turns pale when suddenly spoken to. Then she leaves her companions and seems to be the victim of hypochondria. Then her mind wanders. At last you come upon her

suddenly some day, seated under the currant bushes. You sympathize with her and you seek to fondle her. She then picks a small memento out of the back of your hand. You then gently, but firmly, coax her out of there with a hoe, and you find that she has been seated for some time on an old croquet ball, trying to hatch out a whole set of croquet balls. This shows that her mind is affected. . . . Anon, you find your demented hen hovering over a door knob and trying by patience and industry to hatch out a hotel. . . .

Man may win the affections of the tiger, the lion, or the huge elephant, and make them subservient to his wishes, but the setting hen is not susceptible to affection. You might as well love the Manitoba blizzard or try to quell the cyclone by looking calmly into its eye. The setting hen is filled with hatred for every living thing. She loves to brood over her wrongs or anything else she can find to squat on. . . .

For many years I have made a close study of the setting hen, but I am still unsettled as to what is best to do with her. She is a freak of Nature, a disagreeable anomaly, a fussy phenomenon. Logic, rhetoric and metaphor are all alike to the setting hen. You might

as well go down into the bosom of Vesuvius and ask it to postpone the next eruption.

**A Wise Syrian**

An individual who had once been a painter left off painting and became a doctor of medicine. When it was said to him, "Why hast thou done this?" he replied, "The errors made in painting all eyes see and scrutinize; but the mistakes of the healing art the ground covereth."—*Book of Laughable Stories,* from the Syrian.

**Painted Charms**

Of a celebrated actress who, in her declining days bought charms of carmine and pearl-powder, Jerrold said: "Egad! she should have a hoop about her, with a notice upon it, 'Beware of the Paint!'"

**A Practical Joke**

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness the physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

**Three Anecdotes by Sydney Smith**

Louis XIV. was exceedingly molested by the solicitations of a general officer at the levee, and cried out, loud enough to be overheard, "That gentleman is the most troublesome officer in the whole army." "Your Majesty's enemies have said the same thing more than once," was the answer. Voltaire, in speaking of the effect of epithets in weakening style, said that the adjectives were the greatest enemies of the substantives, though they agreed in gender, number and in cases. A gentleman at Paris, who lived very unhappily with his wife, used, for twenty years together, to pass his evenings at the house of another lady who was very agreeable and drew together a pleasant society. His wife died and his friends all advised him to marry the lady in whose society he had found so much pleasure. He said no, he certainly should not, for that, if he married her, he should not know where to spend his evenings.

Bubb Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep, and to prove he had not offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it, but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of the day you would tell that story."

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.—C. C. Colton (*"The Lacon"*).

Horne Tooke, being asked by George III. whether he played at cards, replied: "I cannot, your Majesty, tell a king from a knave."



"PROVIDENCE PROVIDES FOOD FOR LITTLE BIRDS, BUT FOR LITTLE CHILDREN HAS PROVIDED THE GRANDMOTHER."  
—From "*Daumier and Gavarni*," International Studio Special Extra Number. John Lane Company.



**Perversity**

"Bliggins is one of the most perverse men in the world."

"Undoubtedly. He is the sort of man who would insist on being a Republican in Texas and a Democrat in Pennsylvania."—*Washington Star*.

**Sport**

"Well, Bill," said Dawson, as he met Holloway on the avenue, "did you get any good hunting up in Maine?"

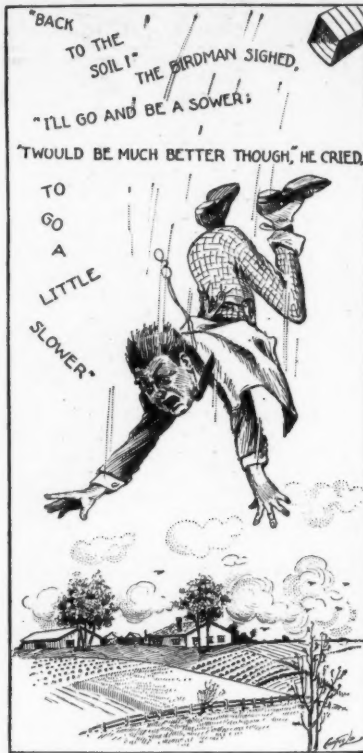
"Fine," said Holloway. "How did that new dog Wilkins gave you work?" asked Dawson.

"Splendid," said Holloway. "Fact is, if it hadn't been for him we wouldn't have had any hunting at all. He ran away at the first shot and we spent four days looking for him."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"How is it that the quail on your bill of fare is always struck off?"

"That's just a fancy touch," explained the beany waiter. "We never had a quail in the joint."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



**Heredity**

Richard Harding Davis at a football game in Philadelphia praised the voices of the young undergraduates shouting their weird college yells. "It makes me think of a Locust Street bride," said Mr. Davis, smiling. "She turned to her husband one night at dinner and remarked: 'My dear, the first time I saw you was at Franklin Field. Your head was thrown back, your mouth was wide open, and your face was very red—you were yelling your college yell.' 'Yes, I remember,' said the young man. 'And I noticed,' she continued, 'what a remarkable voice you had.' 'Yes, you spoke of it at the time,' said he. 'But what makes you think of it now?' 'Oh, nothing,' said the bride. 'Only I wish the baby hadn't inherited it. That's all.'"

—*Argonaut*.

**Definition**

**Mater:** One who finds mates for her daughters.—*Lippincott's*.

**MRS. BACKBAY:** Why are you leaving us, Bridget?

**BOSTON COOK:** Me reasons are philanthropic. I want to give some wan else a chancet at the joy of living with yez.—*Harper's Magazine*.

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"DEAR" OR "DEAREST"?

Original in Colors

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st St., New York

**LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER**

If you were born on  
**January**



1 Your future wife will be fond of appearing in amateur theatricals. It will be a strain on your affection, but you will be heroic enough to sit through her performances.



2 Your future wife will be a dabbler in religions and will try each new fashion as it comes along.



3 Your future wife will be a lady novelist, given to taking you on slumming trips in search of local color.



4 Your future wife will occasionally indulge in profanity. As you were brought up in a cultivated Christian family this will give quite a spice to your married life.

1 Your future husband will become a male Suffragette, and, being unable to endure the mortification, you will seek Reno for the only remedy.

2 Your future husband will have sporting tendencies and will be able to converse on no other subjects than prize-fighting and similar athletic topics.

3 Your future husband will be absolutely tone deaf, but will make a practice of playing the cornet by ear. You will have the active sympathy of all the neighbors.

4 Your future husband will be a scientific chess-player, which will give you many opportunities and much time for Suffragetting.



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**Rhymed Reviews**

Molly Make-Believe.

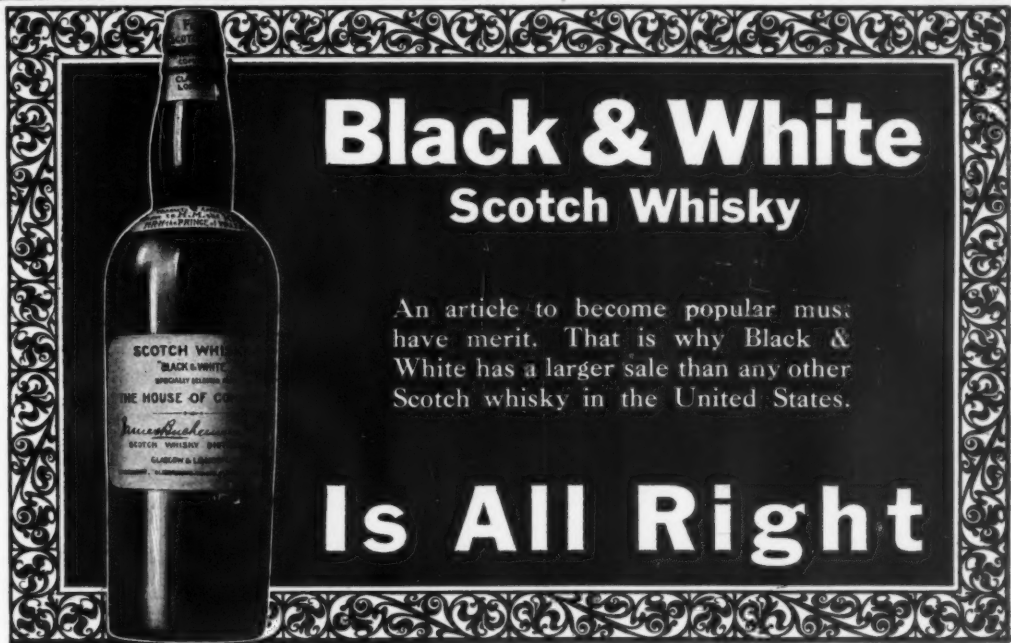
(By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. The Century Company.)

Should you be ill, as I was when  
 I found this book and homeward  
 bore it;  
 Enjoy its glow yourself, and then  
 Please help me thank the author  
 for it.

The hero, Carl, like you and me,  
 Was ill, and slowly getting better;  
 His frigid sweetheart scorned his plea  
 For something like a human letter,

But sent a circular instead,  
 In which the advertiser gaily  
 Proposed to send the sick-a-bed,  
 For pay, a bright epistle daily.

He grasped the chance; and every  
 day



**Black & White**  
**Scotch Whisky**

An article to become popular must have merit. That is why Black & White has a larger sale than any other Scotch whisky in the United States.

**Is All Right**

Some message made his sick-room  
 brighter;  
 But you can't figure out the way  
 In which he came to know the  
 writer,

Nor can you guess at half the charm  
 The story holds for them that need  
 it—

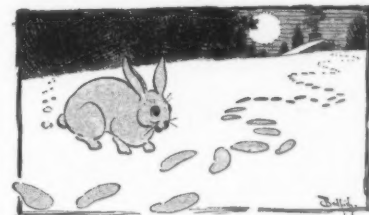
So is there really any harm  
 In telling you to buy and read it?  
*Arthur Guiterman.*

**Why Is It?**

The following item is clipped from the "General News" department of the official medical journal:

"Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, who has been visiting the Philippine Islands, assisted at Manila in the organization of a national society to fight tuberculosis. The disease has been making great inroads among the Filipinos."

Curious, isn't it? Since the United States acquired these islands they have had the benefit of much "scientific medicine," and yet "the disease has been making great inroads." The way it is put leads to the inference that these inroads are something new, hence arises the query, Why is it? The good work done by the sanitarians should have resulted in a different story. Perhaps the scientists may find a warm trail if they will study the after-effects of the numerous things from diseased animals, such as serums, vaccines, etc., they are injecting into the blood of those who come under their care.—*Homoeopathic Envoy.*



"AH! I SEE MAN TRAILING A SNAKE."

**THE PACIFIC MONTHLY**

is an illustrated monthly magazine published in Portland, Oregon. It is a fearless and independent exponent of the West, the land of out-of-doors, where big things are being done by big men. The Pacific Monthly is not the tail of anybody's kite, but it flies with its own wings. It gives each month splendidly illustrated descriptive articles of the resources and opportunities to be found in the West. It devotes attention in the Progress and Development Section to what is being done by the government in the way of reclamation, also describes the various Carey Act projects, tells which are the best districts for fruit raising, for general farming, and tells all about free government homesteads, and, in fact, takes up and thoroughly describes the land West of the Rckies.

If you are at all interested in the West or planning to come here, it would pay you to read The Pacific Monthly.

The article on the attempted ascent of Mt. McKinley by the Mazama Expedition is one that you cannot fail to enjoy.

C. E. S. Wood's brilliant articles under the title of "Impressions" will keep you in full touch with the political situation in the West.

Jack London, Stewart Edward White, William Winter, and a score of other celebrated writers appear in our pages.

We want you to become acquainted with the Pacific Monthly. The price is \$1.50 a year, but if you will send 50 cents we will send you two recent numbers and put your name on our subscription list for the next four months. Fill out and mail us the coupon below.

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### The Flight of Time

"It's three months since I saw you last,"  
The one who met her plainly states.  
Says she: "Can that be possible?  
It's awful how time aviates."  
—Harper's Weekly.

### A Lesson in Banking

The leading negroes of a Georgia town  
started a bank and invited persons of  
their race to become customers. One  
day a darkey, with shoes run down at  
the heels, a gallus over one shoulder  
and a cotton shirt, showed up at the  
bank.  
"See here," he said, "I want mah ten  
dollars."  
"Who is yuh?" asked the cashier.  
"Mah name's Jim Johnson, an' I wants  
dat ten dollars"  
"Yuh ain't go' no money in dis here



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bank," said the cashier, after looking  
over the books.

"Yes, I has," insisted the visitor. "I  
put ten dollars in here six months er go."  
"Why, man, yuh shure is foolish. De  
intrist done et dat up long er go."  
—Chicago Daily Sketch.

**Caroni Bitters**—Unequalled for flavoring sliced Fruits, Ices  
and Jellies. Sample on receipt of 25 cents.  
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### Overheard on the Stairs

A Washington man inadvertently over-  
heard some tender exchanges between a  
recently betrothed couple, who, it  
chanced, attended some social function  
at the national capitol to which the  
aforesaid Washingtonian was also asked.  
It was on the stairs that the happy  
pair chose to talk the matter over, and it  
was from the recesses of an alcove,  
whither he had gone to get his coat, that  
the Washingtonian proved to be the acci-  
dental recipient of the couple's confi-  
dence.

"Just think, dear heart!" exclaimed  
the young woman. "You proposed to  
me but twenty-four hours ago!"

"Yes, sweetheart," came in thrilling  
tones from the fortunate man, "and it  
seems as though it were but yesterday!"  
—Lippincott's.

### An Important Distinction

A long-winded, prosy counselor was  
arguing a technical case recently before  
one of the judges of the Superior Court.  
He had drifted along in such a desultory  
way that it was hard to keep track of  
what he was trying to present, and the  
judge had just vented a very suggestive  
yawn.

"I sincerely trust that I am not un-  
duly trespassing on the time of this  
court," said the lawyer, with a suspicion  
of sarcasm in his voice.

"There is some difference," the judge  
quietly obse ved. "between trespassing  
on time and encroaching on eternity."  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Rejo Relatives.

"You say you're a cousin of Mr. Gib-  
son's?"  
"Yes—seven times removed."  
"Goodness! How do you keep track  
of that?"  
"Easily. My fourth husband married  
his third wife."—Cleveland Leader.

The following entry appears in the  
"Visitors' Book" of a hotel in Germany:  
"The living here is good, plain and sub-  
stantial. So is the waitress."—Argonaut.



In January OUTING there's  
a dog story that's the real  
thing. You can locate it by  
the drawings of C. L. Bull.

There are automobile arti-  
cles that interest one and  
pay big returns to the buyer  
and owner.

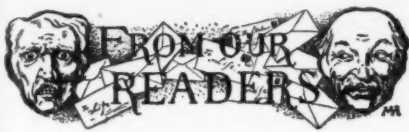
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LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

GENTLEMEN:—Thanks, horribly. I will admit that it has caused me no little worry as to who and what my future wife would be and I have awaited with eagerness this last copy of LIFE so that I could ascertain my fate. And fate it is. To think that I, a peaceful, quiet citizen should be thus forced into an alliance with a social climber, and above all things I abhor being agreeable to people who bore me. Is this irrevocable? Is there no possibility of a mistake? Kindly consult your Fortune Teller as to this. If this decree is, as you say, infallible, then all is lost.

I might add that my birthday is the tenth of December. If necessary change it to the eleventh.

Yours hopefully,

FRANK B. CRAYTON.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.,

December 7, 1910.

**To a Guilty Author**

MY DEAR LIFE:

On seeing your announcement of a NEW book by John Ames Mitchell, I bought it with delightful anticipations.

Judge of my surprise to find my old friend "Gloria Victis," with its face washed and a new tire on!

I much doubt me if your idea of separating a man from his money would have been Dr. Thorne's; how-

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ever, you have opened a wide and prolific field for literary joy rides!

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(\$1.25. carriage prepaid.)

Or bind up a lot of copies of "A Pilgrim's Progress" under the facetious caption of "Bunyon's Bum-comb"?

I am waiting anxiously for the next book of Mr. Mitchell's, which I apprehend will be entitled "Stephen Wadsworth: The Story of a Degenerate," to be followed by "Filippa Zabarilli; A Tale of the Circus."

Don't throw away the old title, LIFE. By changing a letter or two have it made into mental mottoes, "Gloria Victims," which we can hang over the four books as soon as the other two are issued.

This, then, spells finis to the search for the ultimate; four new books written by the same author at the same time. Yours with a laugh,

F. ERNEST HOLMAN.

ROCKLAND, MAINE,

December 1, 1910.

**In Defence of T. R.**

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

I was sorry to see in the Christmas number of LIFE, in the illustration entitled "Bringing in the boar's head," an uncalled-for reflection on one of our most prominent and straightforward citizens.

I have always thought that LIFE meant to be fair, and would do nothing to justify its being considered a friend of Tammany.

The person caricatured in the picture mentioned is far from dead, as time will prove; and his fellow citizens will some day awake to a realization of his sterling qualities, as they did in the case of one of his illustrious predecessors, whom he resembles in character, Grover Cleveland, who also was reviled and misrepresented.

W. T. BELL.

FRANKLIN, PA., Dec. 6, 1910.

**Hit Him Again!**

DEAR LIFE:

A word to your correspondent who signs himself "A Submerged American." My advise to you, sir, is: Stop whining, swim shore and remain sober. You will then be able to compete with the fellows who end their names with "heim," and thus obviate calling on your apocryphal ancestors for help.

Yours truly,

AN EMERGED AMERICAN.

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SOUL AGENTS

## The Literary Zoo

### The Blessings of Discord in the Home

Never was blunder more egregious than that normally made by writers upon marriage and taking the form of assertions that what is called a "cat-and-dog life" in the home demoralizes the children. Domestic strife, where it exists, is, as often as not, the most desirable of things in its beneficial influence upon the growing girls or boys who are compelled to witness it. The quarrels of their parents bring to the little ones a realization of the blessings of peace in the home. They long for concord and quiet. For that reason I sigh over such a volume as *Little Problems of Married Life* which, written charmingly by William George Jordan, has for its object the elimination of all bickering from wedded existence. Nothing pleases me so much as the accounts of little rows coming to me every now and then between young married people dear to me. In my own book on marriage I shall exhort all couples with children to do their quarreling—if they must quarrel—while the young ones look on. My point will be best appreciated by those who have familiarized themselves with the careers of celebrated misers. They have become misers as the result of a youth made impecunious by denial of funds. I read once of a boy whose wealthy parents never permitted him to possess a coin. He concealed the pecuniary emoluments that came his way as if they were sins. He died with a hoard of gold so vast that three trustees went to prison for misappropriating it.

Let us look at domestic discord from the point of view of the device of the ancient Spartans who exhibited drunkards to their children. The object attained in treating them to such a spectacle was sobriety. I have often been struck by the fact that total abstainers are the offspring of drunkards. The awful example in the home bred a loathing of intoxicants. One of my grandfathers persisted, when I was seven, in cleaning my chin with his

(Continued on page 1211)

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**Why Astronomers Are Unpleasant**

Eye strain, it seems, induced the symptoms which in one way or another made miserable the lives of George Eliot, Nietzsche, Wagner, De Quincey, Carlyle, Balzac, Taine, Browning and even Whittier. I derive this idea from much recent perusal of Dr. George M. Gould's volumes entitled *Biographic Clinics*. The information affords a clue to the peculiari-

ties of astronomers. Certainly, astronomy has a most deplorable effect upon the disposition of the man who makes it his life work. In the light of Doctor Gould's studies, I infer that eye strain, induced by looking through telescopes, has lent fury to the controversy over Mars as the abode of life. Those who have never come into contact with renowned astronomers can form no adequate conception of hu-

(Concluded on page 1213)

**The Literary Zoo**

(Continued from page 1210)

handkerchief. He invariably stuck the handkerchief into his own mouth for the sake of the essential moisture. I then and there resolved never to subject a grandchild of mine to an experience so salivary. A husband and father of my acquaintance sedulously avoids controversy in his domestic circle because his own parents quarreled from morning until night. That taught him the rights of neutrals—that is, of the children.

It is much to be regretted that in the great outpouring of works on marriage nothing is ever said regarding the blessings of discord in the home. We Americans are taught to avoid domestic strife for the sake of our children when the existence of such strife is often a blessing in disguise to them. The consequent peril to society reveals itself most clearly in the words of Mr. Justice Henry Bischoff, of the Supreme Court of New York. "Nobody to-day can truthfully deny." His Honor is made to say in the *New York World*, "that quarreling, fault finding and general dissension, such as exists in households where even ordinary respect is unknown, has the worst possible effect on every member of that family, and especially the young children." Now, I deny the very thing which Mr. Justice Bischoff insists nobody can truthfully deny, and I insist that many a couple reared in homes of harmony themselves have led the wedded life of demons in their own domestic circle. It is for the sake of the children that the unhappy home should not be broken up. It is the unsuspected blessings of domestic discord which afford the only available proof that many marriages were made in Heaven.



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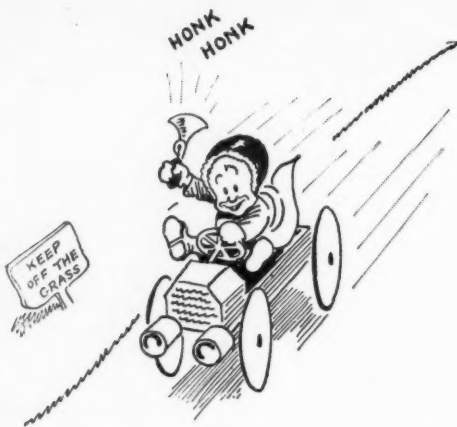
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## Happy New Year

Before the next number reaches our reader, the old year will have gone down the long lane. Our mission in the world is to dispel as much carking care and to diffuse as much sunlight as can be done in a day's work, therefore be it

Resolved: That next year's Life will be the very best thing that happens. We positively guarantee to convey no information to anyone. Our program for the coming year will be outlined in the next number.



Just obeyed that impulse and subscribed to LIFE. The only automobile medium in the world that I can read without getting any information.



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## The Literary Zoo

(Concluded from page 1211)

man irascibility. The wife of the immortal Kepler was a martyr to his moods. He would, in all likelihood, have been a most agreeable man but for destiny, which made him an astronomer. I believe Moses was an austere man because of eye strain, brought on by attention to his cosmogony. The dogmatic tone of the

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book of Genesis may be due solely to the detail that Moses was the greatest astronomer of his day and therefore could not help writing with all the assurance of Doctor Percival Lowell on "Mars as the Abode of Life." Not that I would disparage Moses.

### When I Am a Ghost

I have an uneasy feeling that when I am dead some competent medium, in the course of a spiritualistic séance, will materialize my ghost. The explanation of my dread is that I have lately read one of Dr. I. K. Funk's remarkable volumes. I believe every statement the doctor makes. Furthermore, I have an aunt who is a convinced spiritualist. She will want to talk with my ghost. My ghost will want nothing to do with my aunt. That will not do my ghost much good, if I correctly interpret Dr. Funk's ideas. The only consolation is that I shall make a thrilling ghost. My aunt will know me by my mannerisms. It would be useless to pretend that I am Rudyard Kipling. My mannerisms are not dreadful enough.

Alexander Harvey.



FINIS



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*The Luxury of Children*, by Edward Sandford Martin. (Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.)

*Ways and Days Out of London*, by Aida Rodman De Milt. (Baker & Taylor Company. \$2.50.)

*Lords of Industry*, by Henry Demarest Lloyd. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

*The Story of Great Inventions*, by Elmer Ellsworth Burns. (Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.)

*Son of the Wind*, by Lucia Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.50.)

*Adventures in Friendship*, by David Grayson. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20.)

*The Hand of the North*, by Marion Fox. (John Lane Company.)

*Among Friends*, by Samuel McChord Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.)

*The Vulture's Claw*, by C. F. Wimberly. (R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.50.)

*The Invaders*, by John Lloyd. (R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.50.)

*On Life and Letters* by Anatole France. (John Lane Company. \$2.00.)

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*Her Highness, An Adirondack Romance*. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

*The Christmas Angel*, by Abbie Farwell Brown. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. 60 cents.)

# Theodore Roosevelt

will write for early publication in *The Outlook* a group of editorials under the general title Nationalism and Progress. In these articles he will take up the movement for clean politics, honest business, and popular rule, which he defined in his Osawatomie speech and later amplified in his *Outlook* editorials and public addresses, East and West. He will also, under the title American Workers, contribute three or four articles based on his visits to the Pennsylvania coal-fields and the abandoned farms of New York. These articles will deal broadly with the social and industrial problems of the miner and the farmer. Mr. Roosevelt is recognized by both his friends and his opponents as the most interesting personality of his generation, and the fact that he is actively associated with *The Outlook* as a member of its editorial staff gives that periodical special and unique distinction. Those who wish to know accurately the views of Mr. Roosevelt on public questions will find them expressed over his own signature exclusively in *The*

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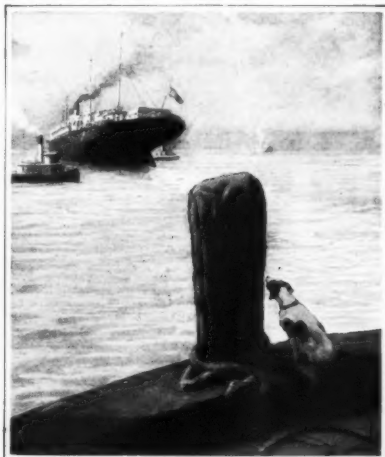
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