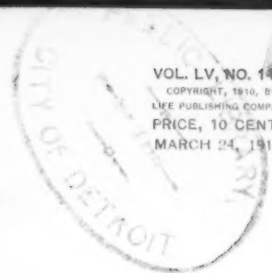


HOTEL NUMBER

MAR 23 1910



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PRICE, 10 CENTS
MARCH 24, 1910

LIFE

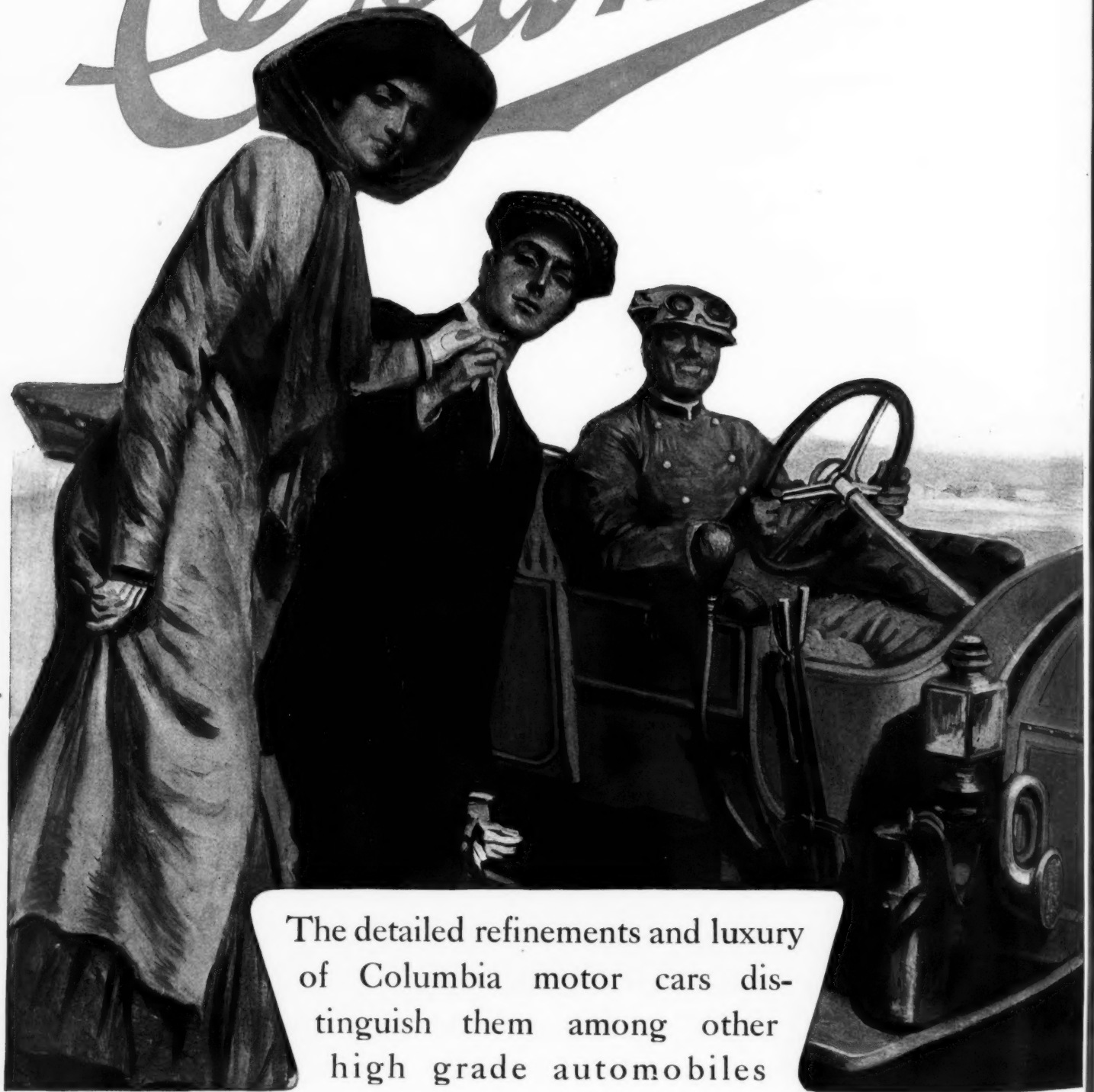


Rex Cady

DISCHARGED



Columbia



The detailed refinements and luxury
of Columbia motor cars dis-
tinguish them among other
high grade automobiles

THE COLUMBIA MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Station 106-A, Hartford, Connecticut

LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT

Painted by Geo. Gibbs

Wedding Invitations

Wedding invitations and other social announcements may be ordered of the Stationery Department with every confidence that the production will be made on time and in absolutely correct form in every detail—Gorham Quality in this as in every branch of the business means the best that can be created.

The Gorham Co.

Silversmiths

5th Avenue & 36th Street

17 and 19 Maiden Lane



"SAY, JENY, IF SHE WANTS TO KNOW WHO BUST DIS ARTICLE, TELL HER DIS IS DE WAY WE GETS IT, SEE!"

Geo. Gibbs

The Value in Slater Shoes



From the selection of leathers among the high grades of hides to the Modeling and Making of Slater Shoes, expert eyes and hands direct every detail—this conforms with the Slater creed of giving the best possible satisfaction. Accepted implicitly

by the best dressed New Yorkers as the absolute standard of elegance, durability and comfort in foot-wear.

Although Slater Shoes and Boots are sold to thousands who insist on the best, no matter what the cost, still it must not be supposed that our exclusiveness runs to prohibitive prices. Some ideal values in shoes for both men and women are priced as low as \$5.50 and \$6.00, but could not be equalled anywhere else at that price.



MAIL ORDER SERVICE. Hundreds of our out of town people desire to wear Slater Shoes the same as worn by the fashionable New Yorker. Our mail order department is now so perfected that we can insure as satisfactory service by post as though shopping in person. Send for our book and instructions for measurements and descriptions.

J. & J. Slater

For 50 years New York's most fashionable bootmakers

Send for Illustrated Catalog

Broadway, Corner 25th Street, New York

The Studebaker "40"

Send for a copy of the "MOTORIST'S LOG BOOK" (with maps), giving the actual experience of a prominent motorist while touring through France, Spain and Italy in a STUDEBAKER at a car cost of \$3.80—less than one cent per hundred miles—for repairs.



Touring in a STUDEBAKER on a Spanish Highway.

THE STUDEBAKER-GARFORD idea is *lasting* in quality and dependability—the refusal to sacrifice the strength or efficiency of any one feature to another feature's gain.

—To make an evenly balanced automobile of consistent design and construction.

—Not to seek for *speed* at the expense of comfort, safety and excessive wear-and-tear, yet the car will do a mile a minute.

—Not to break hill-climbing records at the cost of economical maintenance and touring flexibility, but—abundant power always.

—To build a car for all work, on all roads—to stand up to that work steadily and surely—to give you as good a car at the end of five years as the day it was bought.

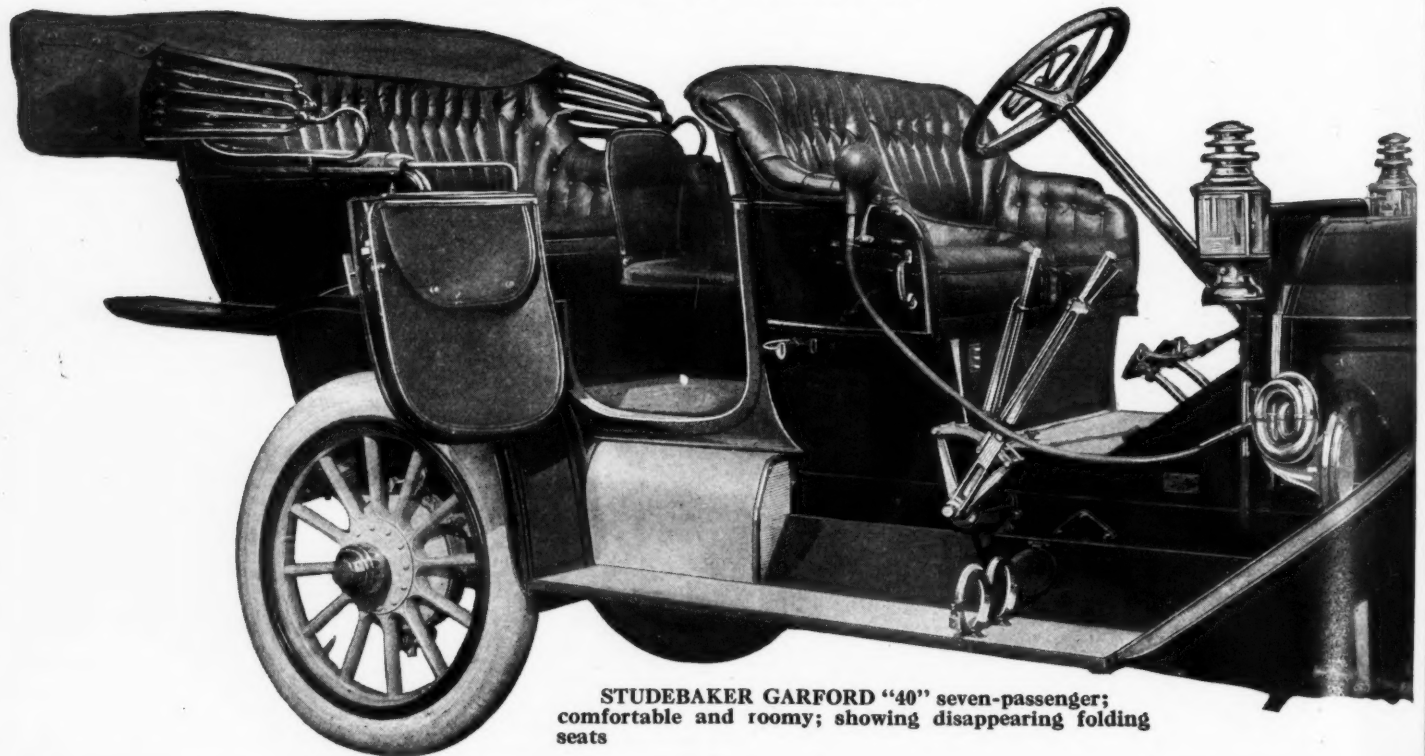
In other words, the STUDEBAKER-GARFORD is a consistently balanced combination of proven essentials, which results in a chassis good enough at the end of ten years to warrant a new body, that will give satisfactory and economical service every day of the ten years.

When you buy a car, don't let some glib salesman hold a magnifying glass before some freak feature as a selling point which is obtained at the sacrifice of comfort, reliability or service.

Address Department F

STUDEBAKER AUTOMOBILE CO., General Offices: South Bend, Ind.

Branches and Agencies Everywhere



STUDEBAKER GARFORD "40" seven-passenger; comfortable and roomy; showing disappearing folding seats



For the Old Horse

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir:—Knowing the name of one humane society in New York I have communicated with it in vain in regards impelling any action on its part in the concern dealt with in the following letter, which I am sending to the New York Mayor and the five borough presidents, as well as to city heads elsewhere:

"Dear Sir:—I am sending to the principal cities of the world a notice of this association's Old Horse Relief movement in Boston.

"You are seriously requested to take it up in your municipal government, and even to take the personal trouble of bringing it to editorial attention.

"The matter is not a sentimentality. Horses work all their lives for the cruellest last years experienced by any creature, human or brute. I meet with a great accord of better proprietors on fifty dollars as the value at which a declining animal ought not to be sold but relieved of life or labor. Investigation of what is done, followed by publication of listed owners found humane, is our procedure.

"Very truly yours,
P. H. BELKNAP, Agent."

If you think fit to notice this movement in LIFE, and to provide me with the names of one or two New Yorkers likely willing to pay investigators, through that and other steps I may be able to get this work started in the metropolis. Believe me, sir,

Your obedient servant,
P. H. BELKNAP, Agent.
BOSTON, February 23, 1910.

OLD HORSE RELIEF

Please send us the name of one more who will adopt or has adopted the Old Horse Relief policy.

This movement is simply to urge the non-selling of old and worn-out or painfully lame horses.

Shoot them if you must.

Once in a while "pension" one if you can. (Look out that the farm where you send him is all right—we know that you need to. Or write to Red Acre Farm, Inc., South Acton, Mass., or call up Boston Work-Horse Parade Association, Haymarket 228.)

Only don't cast off the patient old servants to be sold for a few dollars. They will almost certainly die in pitiless or penurious hard use if you do.

"Old Horse Relief" Desk,
Work-Horse Parade Ass'n.,
15 Beacon St., Boston.

Extract From a Letter

I beg to repeat what I wrote Mr. Mason the other day, that I cannot too highly commend your courage in attacking the detestable abuses of vivisection,

(Continued on page 503)

Studebaker Electrics



*For Calling
For Shopping
The Theatre
The Park
Business Purposes
Suburban Runs
For the Entire Family*

STUDEBAKER
(Interior Driven)
LANDULET

In every feature that makes an ELECTRIC delightful for a woman's use, the STUDEBAKER possesses distinct superiority. It is luxurious, handsome, modern in every detail.

The STUDEBAKER electric is as easy to manage as a parasol—only the merest, simplest effort with one hand needed to start, to accelerate, to slow-down, to stop, to turn or to back.

And the busy business man whose activities require quick trips around the city will find the STUDEBAKER ELECTRIC the most satisfactory means of conveyance. It is absolutely reliable and convenient. Costs less than a horse to maintain.

Simple, efficient and economical.

It can be automatically charged at home.

Write for fully illustrated and descriptive catalogue, which explains the economy of STUDEBAKER ELECTRICS.

Address Department F.

STUDEBAKER AUTOMOBILE CO.
SOUTH BEND ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ **INDIANA**

STUDEBAKERS are the only makers of electrics who also make gasoline cars, and whose information regarding electrics is therefore without prejudice

LIFE'S FASHION NUMBER



IS COMING.

It will be the number dated April 7, immediately after the one next week. So Pages.

To Our 72853 New Readers:

With This Number we increase the size of Life to **FORTY PAGES** on all regular issues.

Life is adding thousands of new readers to its list each week.

That's natural.
And inevitable.

Friends, we are glad to see you. You are having (temporarily) the laugh on the rest of the world.

We want you to know a little about Life and its substantiality (in spite of the critics) and what it intends to become.

DEPARTMENTS.

EDITORIAL:—Life has the best editorial page in the country. Mr. E. S. Martin, who writes it, is recognized as being at the head and front of all scholarly observers and acute diagnosticians. Ask any authority.

DRAMA:—Life has the best dramatic criticism in the country. Mr. Metcalfe's long fight with the theatrical trust is historical. He has never wavered in his fidelity to certain ideals toward which the really cultured minds have set their faces. He was the originator of Life's Confidential Guide to the Theatres, which is now indispensable to every theatregoer in New York.

LITERATURE:—Life has the best literary department in the country. Mr. Kerfoot's weekly comment on the latest books has established a unique position for itself because of its sanity and the justice with which it is written. Recently Mr. Kerfoot has added to his department a Confidential Guide to books, which, as one of the leading publishers of the country recently wrote us, now makes this whole department a perfect guide for the reader.

In addition to this page, Mr. W. T. Larned contributes every week his Literary Zoo. Mr. Larned's style has a

Next Week

Just a Regular

But Full of Furiously Funny Features

FORTY PAGES

LIFE is, with one exception, the only free and independent journal in America. It is not controlled by trust, creed, advertiser, political party, millionaire or anybody or anything except its own conscience.

fine quality. It is full of delicious humor and sound judgment.

Then there is Mr. Guiterman, with his Rhymed Reviews, and his other metrical comments on literary matters. Mr. Guiterman is one of the most finished verse writers in America, and his technique is unequalled.

It will be seen, therefore, that Life's literary department is very complete. We invite you to look into it critically if you will, or any other way. Follow it carefully for a number of weeks, and you will be surprised at what you get out of it.

PICTURES:—In no paper in this country is there presented, week after week, such an array of pictures as appears in each number of Life. No expense is spared in obtaining the best talent. Life has more artists on its pay roll than any other paper in the world. Not only do the pictures crowd the text pages, but oftentimes the funniest pictorial conception in the paper will be placed in among the advertisements. This is done designedly. Before we start to make up a number of Life we work ourselves

up into the most extravagant mood we can, and then let her go. The public is subtly aware of this.

COVERS:—Life's colored covers have a world-wide fame. Each one has an idea—a real thought back of it. And such effects! But you know what they are.

A Coming Feature:—On April 14th we start a new department, which will be incorporated as a supplement to Life, consisting of four full pages. It will be entitled **HISTORIC FUN.**

Some of the funniest things in the world are in this collection, These, together with many unique comic pictures and a running comment, will be published in a Four Page Supplement beginning with the issue of April 14th.



Subscription \$5.00

Canadian \$5.52



Foreign \$6.04



Swings
Right
or
Left
for
Either
Leg

Swivel Catch

Adjusts itself to every motion by the swing of the swivel.

C.M.C. Clasp

Neatest and smallest. Cannot unfasten or slip.

The Only Garter Without Objections

Men prefer it because it will not tear the stocking and will not bind the leg

25 cents will convince you

The best dealers have them, or sample pair by mail. Send your dealer's name and 25 cents.

CLARK MFG. CO.
246L Summer Street, Boston, Mass.
New York, 377 Broadway



From Our Readers

(Continued from page 501)

and also your general intrepidity in presenting certain subjects that other publications dodge with great persistency and nimbleness.

Your statement appearing from time to time in your publication that LIFE and one other are the only publications not under the control of some "interest," strikes me as mathematically correct.



TAILORED GOWNS At 57 West 28th St., New York,
For past 16 years.
Tailored Gowns from \$65.
Remodeled, Refitted,
Repaired. J. H. COMSTOCK, Ladies' Tailor.

A Psalm of "Life"

SELL us not Improper Numbers,
LIFE is banished for a time,
For the newsstands of pure Boston
Will not sell it for a dime.

On poor Daphne put a fig-leaf,
Hang white towels on the line.
Auntie's register—please close it,
And the number will be fine.

LIFE is bright and LIFE is truthful,
But we do not dare to laugh
When the newsstands of pure Boston
Will not sell it for a half.

Some one surely must have read it,
Banished it in selfish glee.
"You must not see LIFE Improper,
But it is all right for me."

From a Reader.

An Impropriety

Impropriety is more or less a matter of environment and education. In Japan they no more think of being shocked at revelations of the human form than Adam did before the serpent demoralized the Garden of Eden.

A pony ballet would be manifestly improper in Fourth Street, but nobody would ever blush at the display of hosiery upon the stage. A Salome dancer would feel very much embarrassed in a drawing room, but would be quite at home and perhaps even modest in the limelight.

LIFE this week, after much wavering, has issued its "Improper Number," and will, no doubt, get in bad with the prudes. But, as LIFE says, "Impropriety should be taken young. . . . Impropriety acquired after the formative period is much more dangerous; the safest intellect is that which has exhausted the literary classics at a period of life when there is still time for other interests to arrive in due season and successfully 'neutralize them.'

"No mind properly grounded in the impropriety of classical literature is in any danger whatever from the effects of modern salacists. . . . To those who remember their classics, *Three Weeks* is a joke."

Hereafter, let Boccaccio, Rabelais, Balzac, Ben Jonson, and the other rare ones be considered not as meat for strong men, but as milk for babies! Then, perhaps, we will be able to enjoy impropriety without vulgarity, and to approach without the blush of shame the delightfully 'Improper Number' which we have before us!

—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Damaging Confession

When a woman says, "Thank Heaven, I'm through with my Spring house-cleaning," she makes a mortifying confession.

She admits that for twelve months she allowed her house to grow dirtier, month by month, until it became just twelve times as dirty as it should have been.

What excuse does she offer? Why do this thing only once or twice a year?

Because of the confusion, the misery, the worry it causes.

"House-cleaning time!" Who does not shudder to think of it!

A well-known domestic science authority said the other day, "*The Duntley Cleaner is the greatest household invention since the sewing machine. It does more to lighten housework and to make the home sanitary than any other one thing.*"

The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner transforms the care of home from an infinite burden into a comparative pleasure.

Instead of an upheaval of furniture, ripping up of carpets, and what not, to get rid of the accumulated dirt of months, we have a regular and simple renovation which results in perpetual freedom from dust, grime and disease germs. You need never sweep nor dust again. The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner will do it for you—ten times easier, ten times quicker and ten times better.



I know so well that the Duntley Cleaner will free you forever from the house-cleaning bugbear, that I am willing to send you a machine for a free demonstration in your own home—no matter where you live.

I am not afraid to send the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner a thousand miles away and let it tell its own story.

I want you to know why this cleaner has won grand prizes in this country and Gold Medals abroad. I want you to realize that it is cheaper to have a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner than to be without one.

Let me prove what I claim—in your own home. I will take all the risk. If you do not find that the Duntley Cleaner is an actual household necessity, send it back.

Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners are operated by the ordinary electric light current.

Where there is no electricity, hand-power machines can be furnished. Prices range from \$45.00 to \$125.00. Small monthly payments, when desired.

Fill out and mail to me today the coupon below.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 430 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

----- Cut on this Line and Mail Coupon at Once -----

Duntley Manufacturing Co., 430 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

Send me booklet of Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners for household use, and your book on scientific house-cleaning.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

County..... State.....

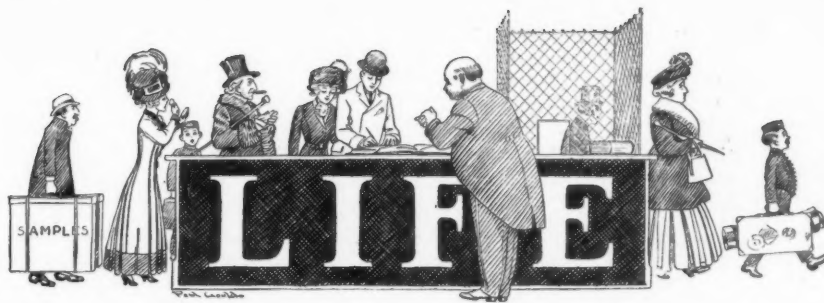
For BILIOUSNESS Try
Hunyadi János
NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Avoid Substitutes



THE New Rambler Offset Crank-shaft enables you to throttle down on high gear no faster than a man usually walks. This means that in crowded traffic, much gear shifting is avoided. The straight-line drive takes the power direct from the engine to the rear axle without encountering the angle or corner, found in most other driving systems. Thirty-six inch wheels give high clearance and add to the appearance and riding qualities. The Spare Wheel eliminates tire worry because this wheel, with inflated tire, can so quickly and easily be substituted for the damaged tire. The efficiency of these features has been attained by the same painstaking methods which made Rambler quality possible.

Rambler Automobiles, \$1,800 to \$3,750

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Branches: Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Cleveland, San Francisco



The New Yorker

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 The flat where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Did not peep in at morn.
 To-day we live on floor eighteen,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm closer up to Heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

Hotels

HOTELS are huge hives for handsomely haberdashed and habitually hungry humans.

Hotels have many floors: Middle floors, lower floors, basements, cellars and sub-cellars, upper floors, top floors, topper floors, topmost floors and then some.

On these floors are dining rooms, palm rooms, airship garages, rathskellers, roof gardens, bars, Louis XIV. rooms, bar annexes, smoking rooms, cafés, leather rooms, café annexes, Egyptian rooms, buffets, elevators and buffet annexes.

In these rooms are Hungarian bands, porters, messenger boys, head and tail waiters, guests, celebrities, near celebrities, hangers-on, tippers, non-tippers and cads.

Male guests come in two varieties: with or without cigars.

Female guests are in many styles: Fat, lean, round or square, upholstered or plain, double or single, and those aspiring to single or double states. They are enveloped in princess gowns, empire gowns, *Moyen âge* gowns and just gowns; diamonds, dimples and double chins, paint, powder, perfume and piffle.

In hotels bells are ringing, electric lights flashing, messengers calling, telephones tinkling, annunciators announcing, drinks going down, prices going up, chambermaids gossiping, visitors blackmailing guests, costumes and minds changing, commercial travelers lying, chefs shrugging, cooks cursing and money disappearing.

In hotels are held banquets, concerts, weddings, vaudeville shows, balls, dinners, conventions, celebrations, drinking bouts and orgies. *Harvey Peake.*



HOW THEIR FIRST HOTEL APPEARS TO THE BRIDE AND GROOM

Feared Nothing Then

HOW brave!" exclaims the wife, after her husband, at the hushed hour of 3 a. m., has told her of his desperate resistance of three highwaymen who have attempted to hold him up only a block from home. "I did not dream you were so courageous. How

does it happen that you dared to give them battle when any other man would have yielded weakly or would have run away if he had the chance?"

"My dear," explains the husband, "I had just finished nerving myself to meet you and explain what kept me out so late—and when I am in that frame of mind I'll defy anything."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LV. MARCH 24, 1910 No. 1430

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



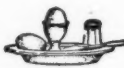
THERE is nothing ungracious or unsuitable about looking Mr. Rockefeller's gift horse carefully in the mouth. That is the most useful service that can be done the intending donor. He wants to plant a lot of money so that it will do a lot of good. There is no question about the excellence of his motives or the purchasing power of his money, and anybody who finds plausible reasons to think his design faulty, does well to disclose his views.

The Pope approves and blesses Mr. Rockefeller's intention. The Pope likes to see humanity benefacted, and there is probably nothing in his habits of thought to make him apprehensive of the eventual influence and operation of a great benevolent machine supplied with a great income. He is not afraid of machines or their power.

Mr. John Bigelow, on the contrary, thinks Mr. Rockefeller is on the wrong tack, and that his proposed benevolence would sap the ethical vigor of the people and raise hob generally. Mr. Bigelow thinks Congress should deny to Mr. Rockefeller the charter he asks for. Mr. Bigelow seems to believe more in the promotion of civilization by individual effort than by incorporated capital.

There may be a basis to Mr. Bigelow's fears—though his proposal that Mr. Rockefeller shall pay off the national debt does not get much encouragement—but at this writing it appears that the kind of a charter Mr. Rockefeller wants is subject to alteration or repeal at any time by Congress, and seems the most harmless sort of in-

corporation that is consistent with efficiency. Perhaps the terms of it will satisfy the critics. Those observers who ask him to provide for the distribution of the funds of his foundation in the course of thirty years may be giving wise counsel. The world in the long run has got to take care of itself, and when it comes to years of full discretion—as it should in thirty years—it might as well come into its money and do what it can with it. There is no use of trying to be wiser than events, and that Mr. Rockefeller fully appreciates, as appears by his desire to make his foundation flexible enough to meet all changes of conditions. Really he is getting to be one of the most interesting of moderns. It is matter for congratulation that he was not cut off at the end of his accumulation period, but has lived to put his mind in this interesting fashion on disbursement.



THE budget has not been passed; the Ballinger-Pinchot proceedings drag unamiably along; the Philadelphia street car strike promises to become chronic; the Princeton controversy snorts and plunges and blocks the path to perfect knowledge in the *Evening Post*; the suffragists have marched up the hill and down again at Albany; a "struggle" with Japan over trade rights in Manchuria is making in some of the papers, and the sun of Easter promises to rise and set on an unusual profusion of unfinished business.

We can't help it. Hogs are \$11.00 a hundred weight. Our grandchildren will be taught that it was a *sow* that jumped over the moon. Nevertheless, still we live and try to pay taxes and try to find comfort in the assertion that nothing matters very much and only a few things matter at all. There is some comfort in that thought, which really means that the great forces that drive the universe are careless about human details which look profoundly momentous to us who see them near to. The Philadelphia strike will work out somehow and do



good in the end by demonstrating the rottenness of Philadelphia's politics, the rotten rapacity of the owners or past masters of her traction system, and the fatuity of the notion that organized labor can govern society; Nature in the end will look after women and keep them on their proper jobs whether they vote or not; if Mr. Rockefeller's benevolent trust doesn't work out right it will come to smash; if the present squad of Liberals can't govern England somebody else will; Mr. Ballinger is improving every day, Manchuria is a long way off, and it's a poor world anyhow that can't last till June, and then—the Colonel will be back!

So let us come to Easter hopefully, whatever happens.



WHILE the Congressional joint committee has been threshing out the Glavis-Ballinger controversy all the Alaska coal lands have been tied up by a Government *taboo*, so that no one has been able to get, lawfully, a pound of coal out of them. For the time being no one can get a title to an acre of coal, and without a title the coal cannot be mined or sold. This condition has worked great hardship to all the Northwestern industries that had come to depend on the Alaskan coal beds. Coal is the very life blood of Alaska. The lack of it holds up the smelters and shuts down the mines. Inferior coal can be had at a high price from British Columbia, and steamship men use that to the detriment of their business and a great loss of profit. But it doesn't make coke and the smelters can't use it.

If somebody could get even temporary title to enough coal to keep the Northwest and all the Slope in fuel it would be a great boon to many diligent and deserving men, who ought not to be ruined because their natural coal supply is in litigation.

Please, Congress, can't you find a way to help these folks out? Above all things, don't adjourn and go home and leave them uncoaled. If no provisional legislation will answer, thresh the whole matter out before you quit.



COLD COMFORT

Popular Birthdays

ADOLPHUS WASHINGTON GREELY

Born March 27, 1844

General Greely is a soldier, an Arctic explorer, and a gentleman, a combination that in these piping days of peace is not common. He was the first volunteer soldier of the Civil War to reach the rank of Brigadier-General. He has had many honorable vicissitudes and has succeeded in being (in only one respect, however) so un-American as to retain his modesty throughout. He has kept his name out of the newspapers.



We honor him, therefore, as one of our most successful citizens, and we congratulate him upon the attainment of another birthday. May it be but the precursor of many more.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR

Born March 31, 1848

The Astor family has been known for generations. The elder Astor was a fur trader. The latest representative of this distinguished family owns a hotel, a yacht, and has recently purchased his marital freedom for ten millions. He has also served in the Philippines and written a book, the name of which unhappily escapes us. He owns a considerable part of New York.

Colonel Astor, in spite of these handicaps, we believe that there is much happiness in store for you. We are optimistic about you and with application and industry we see no reason why you should not yet succeed. Here are many happy returns of the day!



Suffragette (to Policeman Who Is Arresting Her Friend):
LOOK HERE, MR. OFFICER, WON'T YOU PLEASE ARREST ME INSTEAD. SHE'S BEEN IN JAIL THREE TIMES ALREADY, AND I DON'T THINK IT'S A BIT FAIR.

SHE that hath no children in the house is fit for women's clubs, ballot boxes and matinees.



THE MODERN PIED PIPER

Two Friends of Mine

FROM all the very pleasant things
I wish to do or say
My friend Conventionality
Doth lead me quite away.

Dear Duty lends her aid also—
They drag me struggling by
To where beyond the path of joy
Precisian's gardens lie.

Maud Hamlin Perkins.

Sorrows of the Stock Exchange

CURIOUS are the moralities of the Stock Exchange, and difficult it is for the lay mind to penetrate and comprehend the ethical distinctions on which they are based. The Board of Brokers as a body subsists on lamb. Its profits the informed reckon to be about five per cent. in fees paid by investors for purchase of stocks that they want, and about ninety-five per cent. in fees paid by speculators on stocks which they do not want and have not the money to pay for, but hope to sell for more than they paid. And of these speculators, we are told, ninety-eight per cent. lose money in the long run on their speculations. These losing speculators are the lambs, and it is on their losses, and on the real appreciation in the value of some sound stocks, that the eleven hundred members of the Board of Brokers and the many thousand persons who work with and through them ultimately subsist.

We suppose no one will dispute that the stock brokers' offices are the chief lawful gambling places of the country. Like unto them and supplementary to them are the offices of the brokers in cotton, grain, coffee, pork and other necessary commodities, and even in real estate.

It is necessary that the subsistence of the stock brokers on lamb should be conducted in strict accordance with necessary formalities, and the Board of Gov-

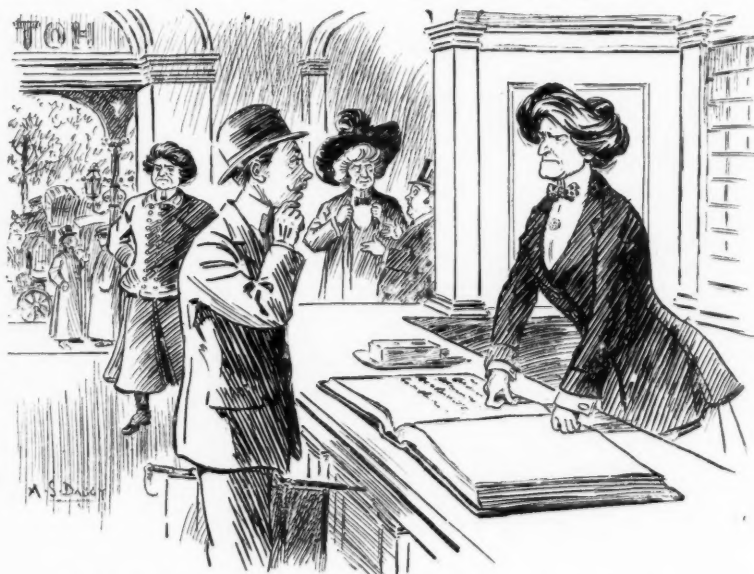
ernors of the exchange make earnest efforts to see that it is so conducted. Lately they have barred from the profitable privileges of their aleatory occupation two or three firms that were thought to have coveted more lamb than they were entitled to at one helping under the code and that overreached themselves very sadly and disastrously in their efforts to get it. These firms were leaders in certain combinations of brokers formed to advance the price of a certain stock. They advanced it somewhat too successfully and it broke down suddenly and horribly under the weight of the price it had been marked up to, making lambs of all the brokers concerned with it.

This happens sometimes, and is very trying to the nerves of the governors of the Stock Exchange. They do not approve of having lambs in their own

pack and get rid of them if possible.

It is a very curious occupation to be a stock broker and subsist on lamb. There is no doubt that it is profitable. To outsiders it looks like a predatory job, but a good many amiable and open-handed persons are engaged in it, and they try to manage it as kindly and generously as they can, and then try to think it respectable and make it seem so. We sympathize with them very heartily in the distress they must feel from time to time because of the painful duties in which their occupation periodically involves them.

Ambitious legislators want to regulate them. We doubt if that can be done to advantage. It looks to outsiders as if the griefs and hazards of their employment were already sufficient without being amplified by legislation.



Hotel Clerk: WE DO NOT RECEIVE MEN UNACCOMPANIED BY A LADY.



THERE is only one thing worse than a person who gossips, and that is the person who cares what the gossips say about him.

BEWARE of the man who talks of the "solemn truth." Truth wears many colored and joyous raiment; she of the mournful hue is hypocrisy.



IN THE LOBBY OF THE COURT
THE CONTINUOUS DIVORCE PERFORMANCE

Coronation of Pierpont First

Weather Fair and Smiling, Evidently Under Divine Approval



SOME events are so overpowering in their sense of dignity and their momentous consequences that the mind refuses to grasp them and thus falls back on some triviality.

As His Majesty Pierpont First went down the aisle of St. George's Church he turned and whispered to the First Lord of the Royal Treasury, William Rockefeller, who was supporting him:

"Ah, William, if Grover Cleveland had only lived to see this day."

This remark, coming from the silent king, will do doubt become famous. It is the one fact in our Day of Days.

Dr. Parkhurst was to have officiated at the coronation, but his duties on the *Evening Journal* prevented him.

The day dawned fair and cloudless. After the ceremony the procession moved to the steps of the Sub-Treasury, where the oath was administered. During the ceremony the Stock Exchange was temporarily closed and every railroad in the country stopped running. The loss to the nation was estimated at eighty millions, but the new king generously made up the difference out of his own private purse, so that no embarrassment will be felt. The noble chariot in which His Majesty sat was drawn by all the Members of Congress and Senators, assisted by the former cabinet.

A temporary throne has been erected on the floor of the Stock Exchange until the new palace is completed. Vincent Gary, formerly of the Steel Trust, is pushing the completion of this gigantic building, which is to be the most magnificent edifice in the history of the world.

All the children in the tenement district were given a holiday.

A most auspicious event, which occurred immediately after the coronation, at the first audience



THE CORONATION

the King granted to his subjects, was a petition from the farmers of Kansas to have their territory admitted as part of the empire. They would have come in anyway, but their voluntary surrender was regarded as a happy omen.

The capitol at



" IF GROVER CLEVELAND HAD ONLY LIVED "

Washington is being made over into a residential palace for the King. He will occupy it with his retinue during the spring and autumn.

Theodore, Duke of Oyster Bay, will be at the head of the army. He is busy organizing a national guard. There will also be a royal rough riders' auxiliary.

The coronation will be followed by a week of festivity. Seven hundred owl wagons filled to overflowing will distribute loaves of bread to the populace.

The New York Sun has been appointed the Court Register. Following is a brief extract from the first speech from the throne:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:

Our fair country was never in a more prosperous condition. Railroad earnings have never been so good and more private cars are in use now than ever before in our history. As soon as practicable I shall move on South America and annex it to the empire. My people are very dear to me. I shall consider the interests of all, including the members of the Consolidated Exchange.

The coronation, beginning with the proceedings at nine o'clock in the morning at the Standard Oil Building, was very impressive and brought tears to the eyes of many.

The King, although naturally worn with the tremendous sense of responsibility and the long ordeal, bore himself well. He was becomingly gowned in a long purple robe covered with ermine and egrets' feathers.

Later in the day all the members of the Albany Legislature laid down their arms. They will be appointed to various minor offices.

James Whitcomb Riley will be appointed Poet Laureate.

One of the first acts of the new King was to approve of the pay-as-you-enter cars and to order Mayor Gaynor to make no more political speeches.

LIFE's advices from various parts of the empire indicate considerable excitement but an undercurrent of satisfaction.

One of the advisers close to the King said yesterday:

" This gives a happy end to all our difficulties. It has been



THE NEW POET LAUREATE



A PETITION FROM THE FARMERS OF KANSAS

felt for some time by the wisest minds that the republic could not continue much longer. Lord Macaulay long ago pointed out the danger, but we seem to have passed the crisis. The change, after all, is more formal than anything else. King Pierpont has for long controlled things."

A cablegram from King Edward VII., just received, reads:

"Welcome to the new brotherhood of Kings Long life."

All ladies desiring to be presented at Court must obtain credentials from Earl Loeb at the Custom House.

More particulars later.

"Life's" Telegram Contest

This is the third installment gleaned from answers received:

TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE REGULAR REPUBLICAN—

New York.
Expressed you C. O. D. one "classy" white rhinoceros
T. ROOSEVELT.
(Uganda, Zanzibar, Johannesburg.)

January 13, 1910.

MR. A. W. AKEN,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Home for Feeble-Minded appoints you its lecturer.
N. O. CURE, M.D.

TO JAMES WETHERBEE,
Aberdeen Apartment,
New York.

Have joined suffragettes Will bring ten girl strikers to dinner.

EDITH.
Congratulations! Understand you wrote the jokes for LIFE's "Improper Number."

TO GEORGE DAMFINO,
Care LIFE, New York.
Send mother home at once.
Father has eloped with cook.
BROTHER JOHN.

DEAR FATHER-IN-LAW:
Sallie has twins. More to follow.
Your loving son-in-law,
JOHN.

"New joke in this week's Punch. Great excitement in England."

NEW HAVEN, CONN.,
April 1, 1910.

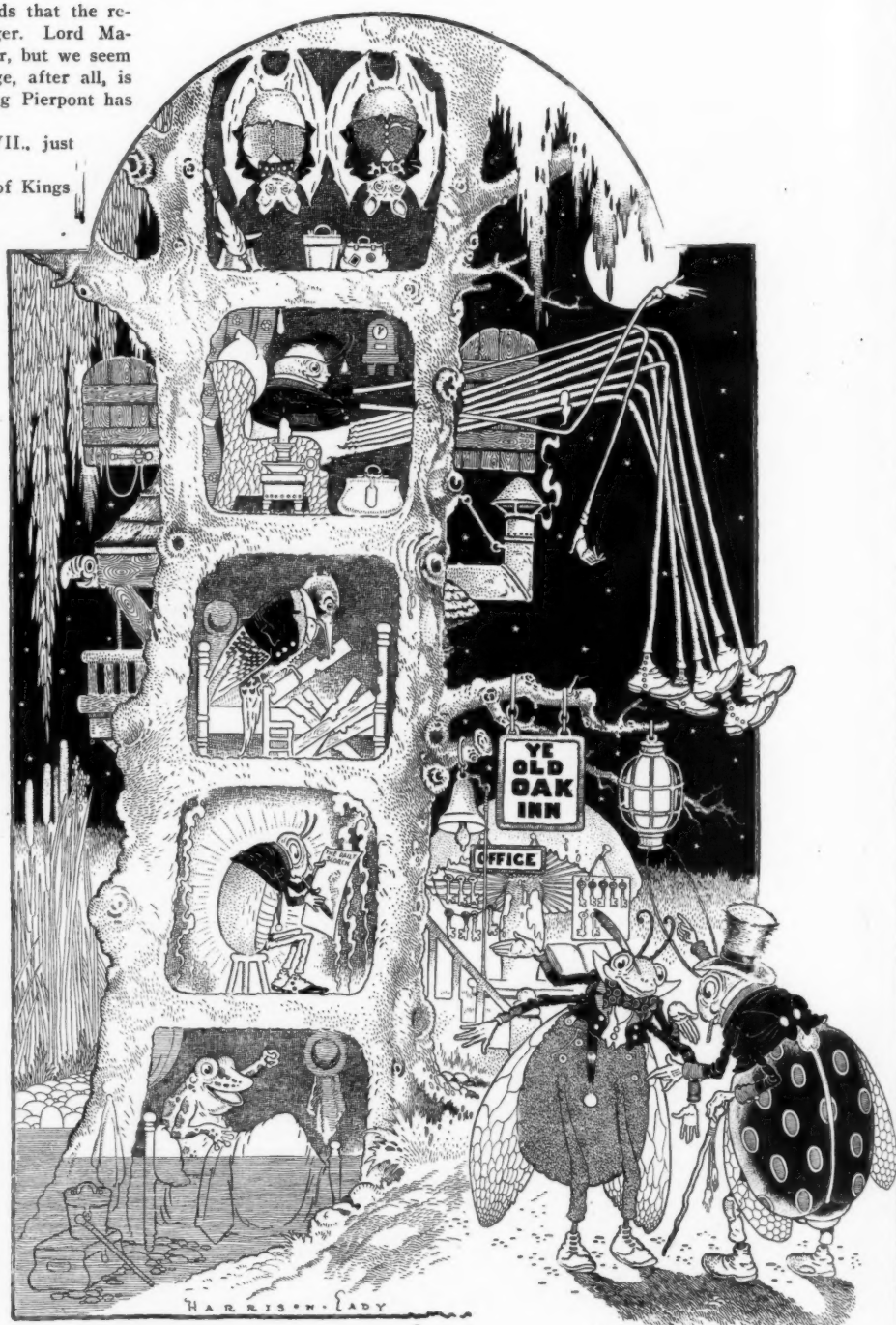
MR. JOHN RUTHERFORD,
TUXEDO, N. Y.

To pay bet, danced Salome. Expelled, jailed. Send bail, clothes.
JACK.

TO G. W. SKAGGS,
Jersey City, N. J.
That was the dog's medicine you took. Give him yours.
DR. WIGGINS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1910.

Hearst's Sunday American has stolen "What Does Telegram Say" idea.
ROY L. MCCARDELL.



Mr. Bug: DO YOU FIND MUCH TROUBLE IN RUNNING A MIXED HOTEL, MR. LANDLORD?

"TROUBLE! WHY, WITH FROGS CALLING FOR DAMP ROOMS, FIREFLIES KICKING FOR ASBESTOS WALL PAPER, WOODPECKERS DINING ON THE BED SLATS, A LONG-LEGS HANGING HIS FEET OUT OF THE WINDOW, AND BATS CALLING FOR CARPETS ON THE CEILING, IT'S TOO MUCH."



The New Romance

KISS me, but do not muss my hair,
Nor be so much in haste
Your arm—my frock, if touched, will
tear!—
To put about my waist.

Love me, but wisely; tears and sighs
I loathe, and fear to see
A tortured brow and jealous eyes
Bent angrily on me.

Tell me you love me, if you must,
Remembering once 'tis said

That iteration breeds disgust
And fervor is ill-bred.

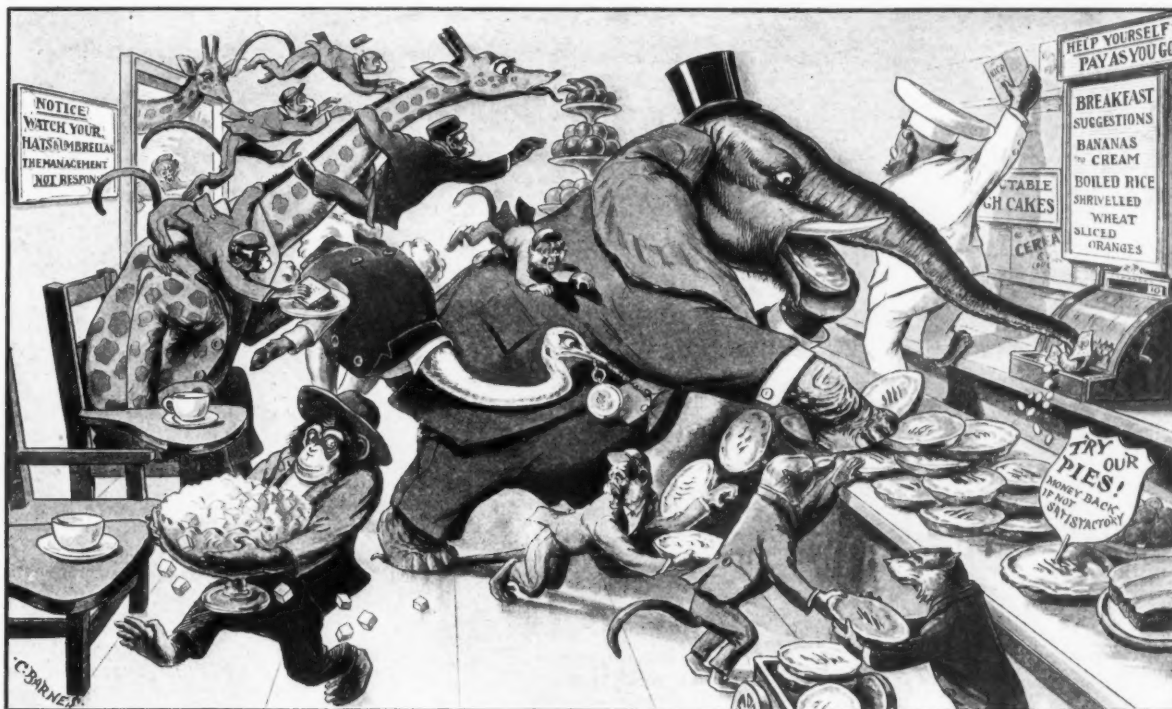
And I'll give you a love discreet,
For passion uncontrol'd
With pallor, wrinkles and crow's feet
Turns pretty women old! *E. O.*

WOMEN Women WOMEN
WOMEN
Women Women Women

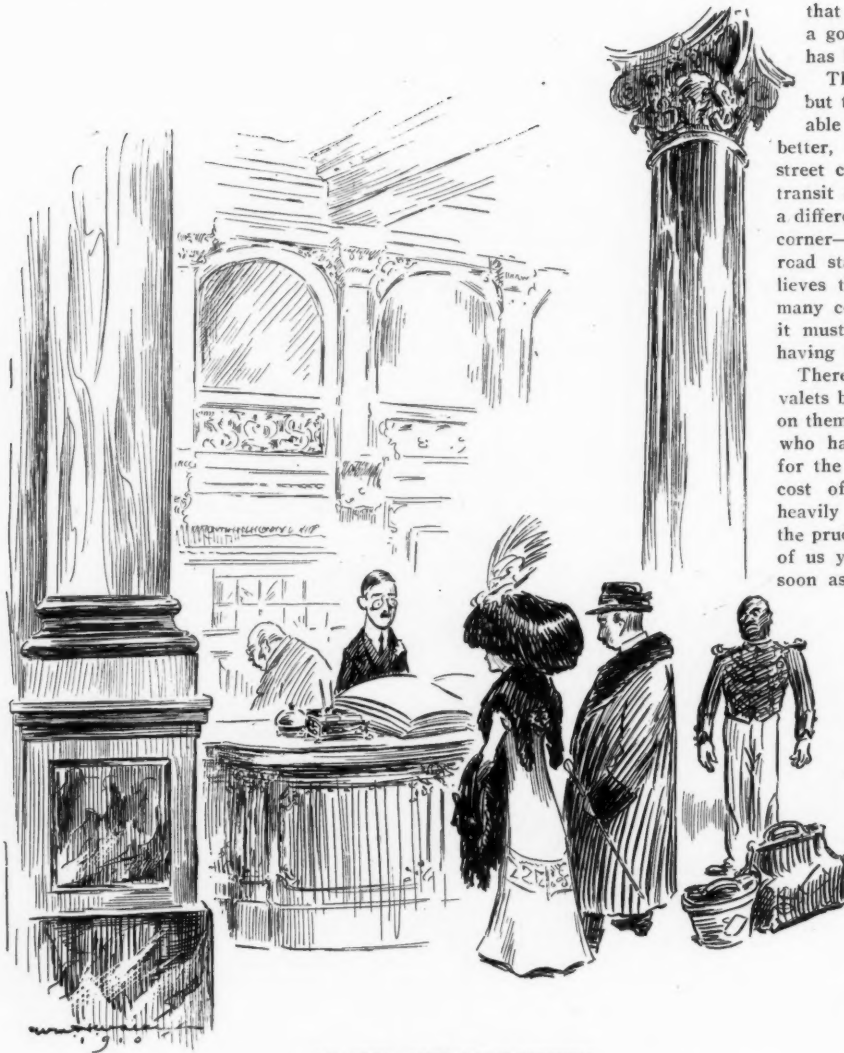
VARIOUS TYPES OF WOMEN



THE FIRST HOP OF THE SEASON
GOIN' SOME!



OPENING OF THE FIRST CONGO QUICK LUNCH
ON THE "HELP YOURSELF" PLAN



AT THE COBALT-BLUSTORIA

Clerk: A ROOM AND BATH WITH A SMALL PARLOR WILL BE ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS PER WEEK, IN ADVANCE.

"HOW MUCH WITHOUT THE PARLOR?"

"SEVEN HUNDRED."

"HOW MUCH WITHOUT THE ROOM?"

"TWO HUNDRED."

"WELL, I GUESS WE'LL TAKE THE BATH."

Solace for the Automobileless

IT is a pretty serious thing to have one's life adjusted to the automobile. It is something like getting used to a wooden leg. You get to depend on it for exercise and locomotion, for convenience and for pleasure. You lose the capacity to get around without that leg. Then if the leg wears out or goes to smash and you can't get another it makes you feel mighty lame.

The chance of that should not deter anybody who needs a wooden leg from having one, for wooden legs, besides being an immense convenience, are fairly cheap considering their value. Neither should it nor will it hinder any one who can afford an automobile and wants one from having it. But automobiles are not cheap yet, either to buy or to run; and folks who cannot afford them may find some solace in considering that life can still be made profitable without them and

that so much of self-denial as cuts them out is a good deal easier than renunciation after one has had them.

The public vehicles have their drawbacks, but they are cheap and fairly handy and tolerable for folks who have never had anything better, but to come back from motor cars to street cars is almost catastrophic. To have rapid transit at one's door waiting till one is ready is a different matter from having it even at the next corner—if you can get on the car—or at the railroad station at a given hour. The motor car relieves the mind of many details of planning, of many considerations about time and space, which it must be a vast annoyance to reassume after having once been quit of them.

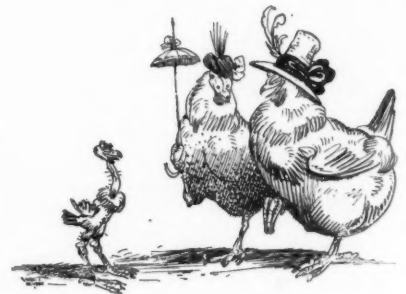
There are many Americans who long to have valets but don't because they hate to be dependent on them. There are some, but not nearly so many, who have a like feeling about automobiles, but, for the most part, they are persons on whom the cost of an automobile would press rather too heavily and whose prudence considerably exceeds the prudence of the average American man. Most of us yearn for an auto immediately, get one as soon as we can scrape together the price, run it as long as we can and then swap it for a new and better one. But by that time it has become our owner, and sooner than give it up we are ready to detach ourselves from wives, children, food and all but indispensable raiment.

Awful! But such is the hold this handy machine seems to get on the impressionable American nature. We think we have to have it. We are not much disposed as a people to miss any attainable amplification of life for fear that we shall be saddened by the lack of it if we have to let it go.

More Fitting

HE: It looks to me as if McCrabbe intends to discharge the butler.

SHE: How much nicer it would be if the butler could discharge McCrabbe?



"AND WHY DID YOU NAME YOUR SON 'PEARY'?"

"OH, HE WAS HATCHED FROM A COLD STORAGE EGG!"



WHY CONFINE THE CONVERSATION TO THE INDIVIDUAL BOXES?

The New Harvard



"BEFORE proceeding further with the lecture," said the professor of astronomy at Harvard, "I must insist that the students lay aside their dolls. I cannot pretend to instruct those who do not pay attention, and I wish to remark that there is a time and a place for playing dolls, as well as a repository for rattles.

"Do not make it necessary for me to be personal, Herbert Sylvester Lowell. The mere fact that you are teething is no excuse for biting your teething ring in that loud and obstreperous manner. Mr. Hollywood, would you mind stepping into the hall and telling Algernon's nurse to come in. He has an attack of whooping cough which is annoying the entire class.

"To continue: Uranus is, you will observe, one of the most important planets in the constellations; it has— These interruptions are becoming most annoying! Horace Fletcher Audubon, you must either put away that gingerbread man or

leave the classroom. No, Milton Horatio Meeker, you cannot play with your tin engine during the lecture hour.

"But I can plainly note that I am not going to be permitted to proceed, for that marble game between Augustus Everton and Nathan Hale Hanson has absorbed the interest of most of my auditors. Henry James, don't you know that my nerves are not accustomed to the scratching of your slate pencil? Stop it! Ah, there goes the first bell. One moment, please; I have one or two announcements to make.

"I regret to say that Professor Greathead, who was to have talked to us to-morrow on the 'Cosmic Consciousness of the Inevitable,' is ill and will not appear. His maternal parent telephoned me this morning that he is suffering from a slight attack of chicken-pox and that his nurse thinks it unwise for him to come. I am requested further to announce that there will be a game of pom-pom-pullaway for the seniors this afternoon in the yard. The scheduled debate between the juniors and the junior laws will be held Saturday despite the epidemic of cholera infantum which has so unfortunately spread among the students.

"I must ask the nurses to come single file and to avoid getting the perambulator wheels entangled in each other. It interferes with the facility of egress. Kindly avoid dropping milk bottles upon the floor and see that all rattles, dolls and toys are in the possession of the proper owners."



Heavy Importations of Gloom



POOR little *Sister Beatrice*. The lure of the world, in the person of a good-looking and handsomely armored young prince, was too much for her. And when one considers that she was only eighteen years old and that she had to stay around all night in a gloomy stone hall, so that she could ring the big convent bell at three o'clock in the morning and get the other sisters up in time for breakfast, one doesn't blame her much for preferring the outside job. But this wasn't successful, and twenty years later she comes back to the convent a good deal the worse for wear. Naturally she expected that she was going to get some good old convent discipline for her escapade. To her surprise the other ladies didn't seem to know that she had been off gallivanting. Outside of a play she would have let it go at that, but as Mr. Maeterlinck tells the story she had to do a lot of superfluous blabbing and gives the whole thing away. Even so, she is permitted to die a perfectly pleasant death, with all the sisters, headed by the Abbess, gathered about her mattress



Near-Sighted Clerk: I'M SORRY, MADAM, BUT DOGS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN THIS—

"GOOD HEAVENS! THIS ISN'T A DOG—IT'S MY HUSBAND!"



"SAY, BUB, WHERE'S THE ENTRANCE TO THAT HOTEL? WE CAN'T FIND A WAY FOR THE CAR."

"YOU BET YOU CAWN'T. THAT'S THE AVIATOR INN AND THE DOOR IS ON THE ROOF."

and a lovely spot-light shining on her golden hair. It has already been demonstrated to the audience that her place was being taken by a statue of the Virgin Mary, who has left her cage and taken up the odd jobs, including passing out silken robes to the convent beggars, ringing the big bell and getting the sisters up for three-fifteen prayers.

Thus are we Maeterlincked to the beautiful, modern, poetic drama of Europe by way of the New Theatre. Up at the Zoo they bring all sorts of strange animals from all parts of the world, so that we may go up and look. Many of them are queer, but otherwise not especially interesting. It may be that this theory prevailed in the selection of "*Sister Beatrice*" for presentation at the New Theatre. The producing forces of the theatre and its company, aided by Miss Edith Wynne Mathison, did everything that could be done to make the play poetic and impressive. The scene where the Virgin is sent by the priest to be scourged, and works the miracle which enables her to maintain her identity as *Beatrice*, was an effective and beautiful piece of stage work. Miss Mathison's musical voice and fine diction were as delightful as ever in the enigmatic double role of *Beatrice* and the statue come to life. Mr. De Cordova was picturesque and forceful as the luring *Prince Bellidor*. The other parts were very minor ones, introduced for pictorial effect and to echo poetical refrains.

"Sister Beatrice" seems hardly worth any attempt at deep analysis, as it does not appeal to the intellect, and outside of its scenic effects and musical interludes is not particularly pleasing to the senses. It has been done, and the New Theatre has that particular exposition of modern eccentric drama off its chest.

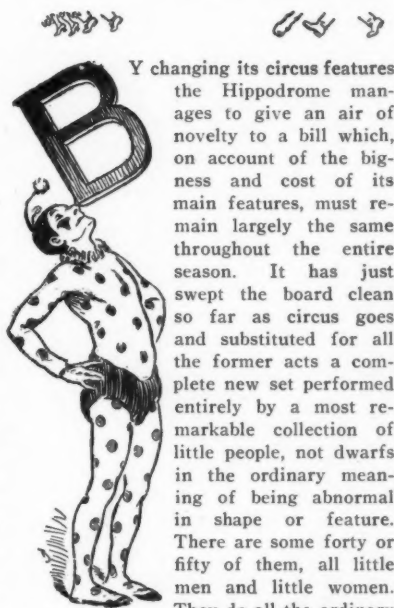
As a preparatory *bonne bouche* in the way of gloom, the fourth act of Ibsen's "Brand" was given as a curtain-raiser. Why—oh, why? it may be asked, and the answer would probably be that the New Theatre simply *had* to have some Ibsen. It has had it, and that, too, is off its chest. Different lessons may be drawn from this choice morsel, such as that light is preferable to darkness, that when you are going to give, give with a free hand and don't hold back, but the principal and practical one seems to be a vivid and unpleasant exhibition of the selfishness of excessive grief. We have all seen examples of those who sacrifice the living to the dead, but to bring any one who needs the lesson up against this demonstration of the vicious practice would be a cruelty indeed. To those of us who believe that it is our duty to others to master our griefs, witnessing the unreasonable mourning of *Agnes* over her dead child in this play only convinces us of the unfairness of the dramatist to his readers and auditors, an unfairness which is increased by the amount of ability shown in forcing the advantage home. "Harrowing up the mourners" is an easy process, but it isn't an edifying one to the onlooker who combines



THE BARN DANCE
VERY UNPOPULAR WITH THE YOUNGER SET

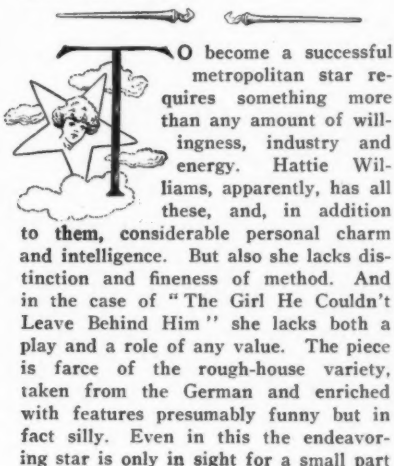
with sympathy judgment and a sense of what is fit.

The New Theatre has made a pretty comprehensive round in the selection of dramatic material for its first and experimental season. "Sister Beatrice" and "Brand" must have taught it something about what to avoid in the future.



By changing its circus features the Hippodrome manages to give an air of novelty to a bill which, on account of the bigness and cost of its main features, must remain largely the same throughout the entire season. It has just swept the board clean so far as circus goes and substituted for all the former acts a complete new set performed entirely by a most remarkable collection of little people, not dwarfs in the ordinary meaning of being abnormal in shape or feature. There are some forty or fifty of them, all little men and little women. They do all the ordinary

stunts in the way of gymnastic and equestrian feats, in the latter small ponies being used instead of horses. Besides these they do a sleight-of-hand performance, folk-dances and a couple of them indulge in a spirited and skillful wrestling match which at moments becomes quite exciting. These little people are quite worth seeing.



To become a successful metropolitan star requires something more than any amount of willingness, industry and energy. Hattie Williams, apparently, has all these, and, in addition to them, considerable personal charm and intelligence. But also she lacks distinction and fineness of method. And in the case of "The Girl He Couldn't Leave Behind Him" she lacks both a play and a role of any value. The piece is farce of the rough-house variety, taken from the German and enriched with features presumably funny but in fact silly. Even in this the endeavoring star is only in sight for a small part

of a short time and doing nothing but a fairly credible imitation of a Spanish dancer who is trying to involve the hero, a former lover, who has become a benedict, in all sorts of entanglements. The best acting is that of Zelda Sears, as a severe mother-in-law of the terrorizing type. Mr. Vincent Serrano, as the husband, struggles with her and a conventional farce part. Mr. Ernest Lawford is miscast as the customary naughty father-in-law of farce.

It is to be feared that Hattie Williams will not do as a comedy star, and it is certain that "The Girl He Couldn't Leave Behind Him" will not do as dramatic bait for intelligent audiences.

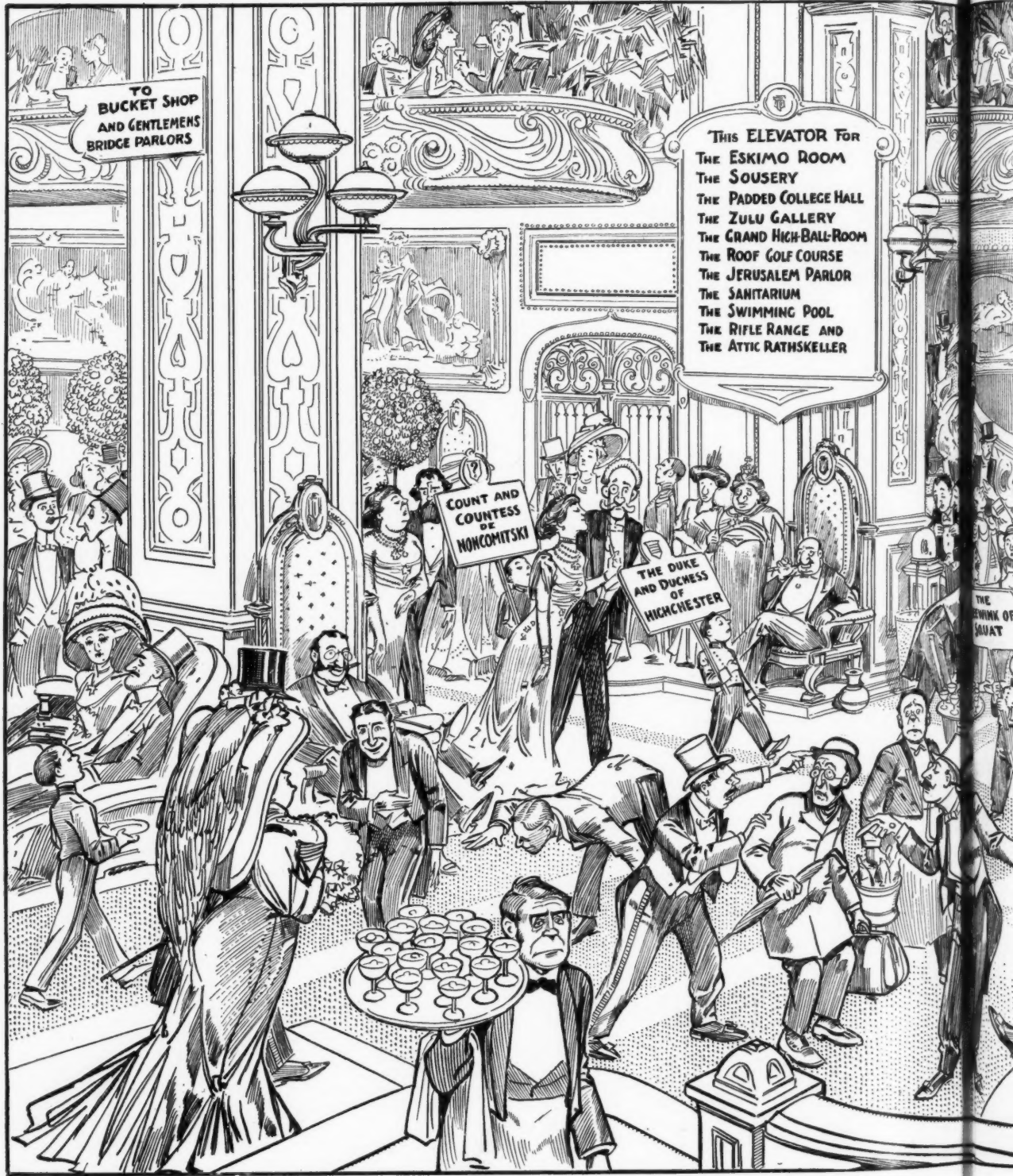


CORRESPONDENTS in Boston inform LIFE of a struggle between the better elements of the community, represented by the Watch and Ward Society and the Twentieth Century

Club on one side, and on the other the vicious theatre as represented by the booking agency of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and that notorious play known as "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." It seems that the Christian play "Ben Hur," owned by that firm, had been at the Boston Theatre and, owing to the fact that Boston has seen it often enough, was not playing to tremendous receipts. Therefore "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" was booked to take its place. In Boston, under the theatrical law, a play may have one performance before the Mayor and the Police Commissioner, who must act together, can legally chase it out of town. That performance, unless something has happened, is taking place as these words are being written, and it remains to be seen what the result will be. In New York Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have always been pretty successful in dealing with city officials, and it may be that the same methods will apply in Boston.

If "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" in its unabridged form can be perpetrated under the very nose of the Sacred Codfish it will be time for Boston to pull down the flag of Puritanism and admit that it is no better than this ungodly metropolis. If the show is expurgated, Yankee shrewdness may be fairly well relied upon to keep the dollars of the Bostonians in their "wallets," instead of being wasted on drivels.

Metcalfe.



All the Comforts of

The Latest Books



THE increasing interest (it is still very slight, but it appears to be increasing) shown by the American reading public in the contemporary literature of Europe is one of the things that a community said to be adept at self-congratulation ought to congratulate itself upon. The subjoined Confidential Guide contains the names of nineteen or twenty of the current books most read or most worth reading at the moment. And it is interesting and perhaps significant to notice that of those listed in this issue nine are by British writers, six by Americans and four translated from the French or German. Rather an encouraging showing when one stops to think of it.

ONE of these translations, *On the Branch*, by Pierre de Coulevain (E. P. Dutton, \$1.25), has recently broken records as a best seller in France, and hence, apart from its odd intrinsic interest, constantly suggests itself to us as indicative of the emotional and æsthetic susceptibilities of some hundreds of thousands of our French contemporaries. And as it is written by a woman ("Pierre de Coulevain" is a pseudonym), is written about a woman, and is primarily addressed to those intellectually interested in woman's psychological self-discovery, it serves to point the breadth of a literary movement with which we are locally familiar. It is a sort of diary, written with an eye to publication, by a Madame de Myère, who, having lost her husband and her fortune, has been forced to leave the "nest" for the "branch," has become a successful novelist, "Jean Noel," and here, at fifty-seven, records Jean Noel's analysis of Madame de Myère in face of a situation peculiarly trying to a woman's ingrained prejudices. It is a clever study of an interesting personality, although, through being so faithfully written "in character," it comes near to over-emphasizing the defects of its own qualities.



THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH AND THE CITY STREETS (Macmillan, \$1.25) is the title of a new volume of papers by Jane Addams of Hull House, whose occasional contributions to the literature of sociological inquiry no interested student of that interesting ology cares to miss. The present collection includes half a dozen essays upon the makeshift outlets devised by the youth of our modern cities for their instinctive cravings for personal achievement, for adventure, for romance, for sex companionship and for spiritual self-fulfillment; and like the same author's *Democracy and Social Ethics* these papers are valuable not for any definite conclusions to which they point but for their intelligent observation and peculiarly unpedantic understanding of the life their author has so long watched at close quarters.

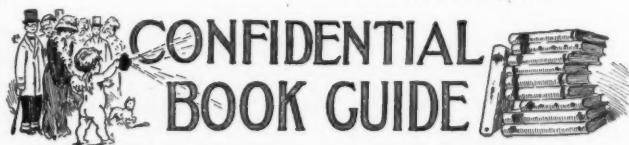
ONE of the things that American fiction has not yet sufficiently apprehended is the fact that good manners are as incumbent upon a novel as upon an individual. The nicer

ramifications of this matter are astonishingly numerous and far reaching; but in the matter of William Richard Hereford's novel, *The Demagog* (Henry Holt, \$1.50), one has to do not with a far-fetched but with an unmistakable parallelism between the requirements of social and fictional behavior. The hero—or shall we say the butt?—of Mr. Hereford's story is instantly recognizable as the well-known editor of a New York newspaper and the owner of a chain of other and similarly colored dailies.

His career has not merely been drawn upon for fictional material; his political activities, his editorial acts and his private life have been literally paraphrased. And whatever may be one's feelings toward Mr. Hereford's protagonist or toward that character's obvious prototype, whatever may be one's responsiveness to the graphic but sensationally superficial in fiction, the sensitive reader of *The Demagog* is conscious of the same personal discomforts and the same vicarious shame that most of us have experienced when whispered comments and confidences about present company have been forced upon us from behind the clumsy shelter of a raised hand.

A TINY booklet, recently issued by the Yale Publishing Company and written by John D. Swain, bears the suspiciously bromidic caption of *A Letter From a Father to His Son*. The son is a freshman, the father an alumnus, and the letter (it takes about four minutes to read) contains no bromide. Realizing that the imagination of the young must not be overtaxed one hesitates to suggest to freshmen that they read the letter and imagine that their fathers wrote it to them; but one ventures to commend it to fathers of prospective freshmen.

J. B. Kerfoot.



A Certain Rich Man, by William Allen White. The American millionaire in the making. An interesting and timely but somewhat rambling story.

Ann Veronica, by H. G. Wells. A study of new women and old conventions that fails to throw much light on either.

The Ball and the Cross, by G. K. Chesterton. An allegory of faith and scepticism in modern life. Frequently brilliant but not always able to keep out of its own way.

Bella Donna, by Robert Hichens. A book that will keep you up half the night and leave a bad taste in your mind in the morning.

The Blue Bird, by Maurice Maeterlinck. A play for children and others in which fancy and insight play at hide-and-seek.

The Bride of the Mistletoe, by James Lane Allen. A newly converted pessimist's explanation of why marriage has to be a failure.

George Bernard Shaw, by G. K. Chesterton. Epigrammatic fun, intellectual fireworks and sound critical analysis.

The Hungry Heart, by David Graham Phillips. A plain tale from Indiana dealing with the woman's side of the marriage question.

It Never Can Happen Again, by William De Morgan. Six hundred pages of delightful reading about a number of people, most of whom don't matter.

John Marvel, Assistant, by Thomas Nelson Page. Present day problem fiction with the accent of befo' the war.

Margarita's Soul, by Josephine Daskam Bacon. An idealistic romance with a persuasive veneer of realism.

The New Word, by Allen Upward. A remarkable inquiry into the sources of knowledge and the foundations of hope.

The Old Wives' Tale, by Arnold Bennett. A story of three generations. The best all around novel of the year.

On the Branch, by Pierre de Coulevain. See above.

Open Country, by Maurice Hewlett. A captivating story of the hero of *Half Way House* in an earlier adventure.

Penguin Island, by Anatole France. A parody on the history of France full of wit, innuendo and satire.

The Song of Songs, by Hermann Sudermann. The story of a lost soul. A clinical demonstration by a moral surgeon.

The Tower of Ivory, by Gertrude Atherton. A story of the epic emotions of colossal pigmies.

True Tilda, by A. C. Quiller Couch. The humorous adventures of a trustful kid. A mixture of truth and smiles.



"WELL, MR. ISAACSTEIN, I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE BEEN TAKING DANCING LESSONS. WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST ABOUT IT?"
 "DER BALANCE FORWARD."

Practice That Made Perfect

"YES, sir," says the barber, deftly rubbing the lather into the scalp of the patron, "I was ship's barber on a transpacific steamer for five years, until the ship was wrecked and I was cast away on an island in the South Seas. I lived there for two years and never saw a human being, but when I was rescued I flatter myself I was a better shampooer

than ever. I kept in practice all the time."

"How did you manage it?" asks the patron.

"I shampooed the cocoanuts."

HE: A philosopher says: "The only thing worth while in life is trying to do something you can't—and doing it."

SHE (*sweetly*): Is that why you play bridge?

In Reno

HE: There goes that handsome widow Jenkins.

SHE: Widow? Why, she's only a widowreno!

GOULDS rush in where angels fear to wed.

LASTING hate is always built on friendship.



THE NIGHT SHIFT AT THE HOTEL CHAT

"FRONT!"

Right Up There

BY CHESTERTON TODD

"Reserve your best suite for party of three.
Coming this afternoon. E. SELZIG."

HARRY MERLIN, the proprietor and owner of the Sunlight Inn, held the telegram in his hand meditatively. Then he slipped it over to his head clerk, who smiled.

"Have you any idea who he is, Roberts?" he said.

Roberts was a new acquisition. Merlin had secured him through an agency. In his time he had been one of the best hotel clerks in the country, and had once drawn a salary of three thousand dollars. But he was getting old and, not being of a thrifty nature, he was glad now to accept twelve hundred a year in this old-fashioned mountain resort. His hand shook slightly when performing the graceful act of dipping the pen in the ink and handing it to a new arrival; but his knowledge of men was profound, and he was very familiar with all of that class of Americans who go about and spend money.

"Certainly I do," he replied. "He's the man who made so much money in cotton a few years ago—millions. He's a great spender. Wants everything the best. Great thing to have him here."

Merlin was cautious in his reply. Mr. Roberts did not consider him quite up to date.

"Why, my dear sir," he said, with a slightly familiar air, which was perhaps excusable in a man of such wide experience, even though he was an employee, "if you can get a few more like him to patronize this inn you'll make enough money

out of them to enlarge it for next year and put in a few up to date improvements. It's great luck."

"We're doing fairly well as we are," said Merlin.

"You're making both ends meet—and that's about all. I don't think you realize the possibilities——"

Merlin was perfectly willing to permit Roberts to give him advice up to a certain point, but not beyond it.

"What rooms can you give him?" he asked shortly.

"All the best rooms on the second floor are taken."

"Well, put him on the third."

"He won't like it. He won't stay."

"We can't do impossible things."

Roberts' manner grew more earnest. He knew that this was a crisis in the history of the Sunlight Inn. In his mind's eye he saw it a few years hence—broad verandas, one hundred new bathrooms, stucco garage, six-cylinder cars arriving every five minutes, and millionaires scattered all over.

"I don't think you realize the possibilities, Mr. Merlin," he said cautiously. "If we can get him going, and he brings more like him, why, your fortune will be made. Everything depends on how he is treated this time. Fortunately, I know what ought to be done. I was once in the same——"

"Give him three rooms on the third floor—the south wing—and then let's wait and see what he looks like."

Roberts was tactful, but secretly persistent.

"Certainly," he replied, "but if you will pardon the suggestion, would you permit me to receive him and—manage him?"

Merlin considered.

"Why, yes," he said. "You can probably do it better than I," he added magnanimously. "I am quite willing that you should do the honors. Don't think, Roberts, that I am at all blind to the situation. If he is the right kind of a mil-

lionaire I shall be only too glad to do all I can for him, but you must remember that I have had experience, too, and it may be—but let us wait until he comes."

Selzig, his wife and daughter arrived a few minutes past four. They drove up in a big car, trailing a cloud of dust behind them. Roberts, behind the counter, greeted him with all of his professional manner.

Selzig scrawled his name on the register.

"Got my wire?"

"Yes, sir."

"What can you do for me?"

"I have reserved three delightful apartments on the third floor, Mr. Selzig. Overlooking the valley."

"What's the matter with the second floor?"

"I am very sorry to say that they are all occupied. But the rooms I have reserved—"

Selzig cut him off.

"Where's your diagram?"

Roberts handed him out a diagram of the floors. Selzig rapidly scanned the lines.

"Here," he snapped, pointing to three connecting rooms on the second floor, corner, with a bath in between—one of the few suites with a bath—"these will do."

"I'm sorry, sir, but those are taken."

"Taken, eh? Well, get 'em out. Put 'em somewhere else. Those are the rooms I want. Understand?"

Merlin came out of the inside office. He simply couldn't stand it.

"We can't let you have those rooms," he said.

"Are you the proprietor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, I want those rooms, and I am thoroughly accustomed to getting what I want. Money is no object. You can arrange it. I always have it arranged for me. You know who I am, don't you?"

"Yes, I know who you are," said Merlin mildly.

"Then fix it up as soon as you can. We have just come a hundred miles and we're tired. You can do it, if you want to, all right."

"I regret that it will be impossible."

Selzig fumed. He looked at his watch. The next stopping place was at least forty miles away. Besides, he wanted to stay here. It was a great country, and he was looking for a place to put up another summer home. He had almost made up his mind on that point.

"You can see the people who have those rooms and make an excuse to put 'em somewhere else. I'll pay the difference. They won't mind. The class of people who come here will be happy, I'm sure, to save a little. Now, you'll do it, eh?"

"No, sir."

Selzig turned pale, but he knew when he was beaten.

"Very well. Show us up on the third floor. Come on, Maud," to his wife, who was superciliously sitting in a rocker nearby listening to the altercation. "Where's the elevator?"

"There is none."

"Um. Beastly!"

"Frightful!" ejaculated Maud. As for the daughter, she mewed up her lips in silence and followed. In a crisis like this words were inadequate.

Led by two bell boys the trio disappeared up stairs. Roberts, crestfallen, said:

"I think I might have managed it, sir. I have often done it before in emergencies like this. You know those people on the second floor *would* have been willing to make the change. I could have explained it to them."

"Yes," said Merlin, "I presume likely, but I didn't choose to have it done."

"You know it's just this sort of thing, sir, that keeps the place back. Of course he's offensive—don't think that I don't know that. But, you see, these sort of people are what make a hotel. They are used to having things their own way, and you can charge them what you please. They don't care about that. Why, a few more like him up here for a few months, and you could—my! what *couldn't* you do! It's a gold mine. And you have the situation—best in the hills. You wouldn't have to put up with it more than a few years. You could retire on the proceeds."

Roberts' anxiety was excusable. It was all done in the interests of his employer.

"It's the chance of a lifetime!" he exclaimed.

"All those people on the second floor," said Merlin imperturbably, "have been here for several years. They are entitled to be treated right. I'm not going to put them out for all the millionaires in the country."

Roberts groaned. To think that his career should be ending with an opportunity like this thrown away by one behind the times—and a really good fellow, too.

At six-thirty the Selzigs came down to dinner. The dining room doors were open and the room was fairly full with guests. There were girl waitresses and a man head waiter. Selzig slipped a ten dollar bill into his hand.

"Give me that table over there," he said, indicating one near the front window commanding a view of the lake in front.

The head waiter was about to comply, the money having a hypnotizing effect upon him, when he saw Merlin's form in the doorway. Merlin made a sign.

"I'm sorry, sir," he whispered, "but that table is reserved for old guests. The proprietor is looking at us," he added softly, "or I would—"

Selzig restrained himself in view of the publicity.

"Well, give us the best you can," he said.

Merlin went back to his office, that nervous ganglionic centre of the entire hotel system, where vibrations of trouble, no matter how remote, come instantly. During the next hour Roberts hovered about him, agonized, endeavoring to soothe him.

What was happening? Everything. The chauffeur had not been properly attended to. The soup came on cold. A bottle of champagne had not been served properly iced. Selzig had given a five dollar bill to the waitress. His wife had ordered plates sent back because they were not hot. Other guests were kept waiting while he was getting served. The cook was guilty, for he had received a ten dollar bill almost the moment the Selzigs had sat down. The Selzigs radiated money. Every one knew that at once instinctively. And it was only a question as to who could first jump into the Selzig zone. Merlin noted all this, while Roberts endeavored anxiously to explain to him that just a few of Selzig's friends—who might be persuaded to come there later—would be all he needed to make a fortune, and that he could easily afford to give all of his present guests the "go by."

At seven-thirty Selzig came out from the dining room and strode up to the desk. The wine, no matter how poorly it had been served, had been some help.

"Look here, young man," he said to Merlin, "we may just as well understand each other. I'm used to having what I want. Now, you are one of those fool kind of people who don't catch on. I'm ready to be easy on you until you get wise to the situation. But you will, you will! Now, here's the point. I'm looking around this place to put up a house. I've got one in Aiken and Bar Harbor and southern California, and I want one here. Oh, I've got it picked out all right; there's only one place for it—right up there on the hill. Now, my boy, it will cost a couple of millions, at least, and I'll bring my crowd with me. You see what I'm driving at, don't you? If you don't, you ought to wake up by this time. And what *have* you been doing? Why, you haven't treated us decently. See? The best you can do is none too good. Now, I want—"

Merlin smiled in spite of himself. He came from one of the oldest families in the State. His shrewdness was native and inherited. He noted the effect of the wine.

"You haven't been here before, have you?" he interrupted pleasantly.

"No, sir, but—"

"You've already got your place picked out, have you?"

"You bet I have."

"I suppose you know there's only one location for a house like yours. That's—"

Selzig leaned over the counter."

"I know my business," he retorted. "I'm used to sizing

(Continued on page 529)



An Old Fashioned Eater

The whale had just swallowed Jonah. "Thank goodness the beast doesn't Fletcherize," cried he.

Consoled by this discovery, he placidly awaited the ejection notice.—*Sun*.

Good Americans

Chairman Koskiatowsky, of the Congressional Committee on Immigration, rapped that body to order. "We will now hear those who desire to speak on the new bill for the restriction of immigration," he announced.

Whereupon Messrs. Amazuma, Hip Lung, O'Laughlin, MacDougal, D'Eauvre, Schwartzentfest, Spragaroni, Kumar Ghosh, and Navarrez made eloquent talks in favor of putting up the immigration bars, so as to preserve the purity of the great American race. Mr. John Jones spoke in favor of opening the doors to all, but he was roundly hissed as being un-American.

The bill was favorably reported.—*Lip-pincott's*.



Guest: IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL A PITCHER OF WATER?
"OF COURSE! WHAT DID YOUSE TINK IT WAS, A PITCHER OF A WHEATFIELD?"

MISS ROGERS: How did you imagine anything so beautiful as the angel in your picture?

ARTIST: Got an engaged man to describe his fiancée to me.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Eloping Up to Date

The coatless man puts a careless arm
Round the waist of the hatless girl,
While over the dustless, mudless roads
In a horseless wagon they whirl.
Like a leadless bullet from hammerless
gun,
Ey smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joys
By endless union given.
The only luncheon his coinless purse
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod,
With a dish of stringless beans.
He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe,
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.

—*Motor Record*.

Fascination

"Why is Mr. Jones so popular with you girls?"

"Oh, he is a dear! Why, he doesn't do anything but tell lies, and none of us can catch him at it!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

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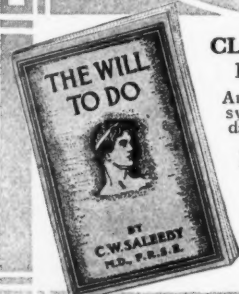
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Motors and batteries built in our own plant, exclusively adapted for the **Detroit Electric**.

Wider doors, opening forward instead of backward.

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You will see from the cut that the operator has unobstructed view of the front wheels as the curb is approached.

With the addition of our exclusive countershaft brake, which will hold the car at an angle of 45 degrees with a normal pressure of the foot, we have 80 more inches of braking surface than any



other electric; thus affording the maximum of control with the minimum of energy.

Exclusive bumper rod across front spring end as a protection to body and chassis.

Our literature will do more than interest you; it will be a revelation, and it will go a long way toward deciding you in favor of this car.

We are now prepared to furnish the wonderful Edison battery, which realizes every expectation of its distinguished inventor.

It is the splendid result of years of experiment in which the Wizard of Orange, New Jersey, has spent several millions of dollars.

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The Edison is substantially indestructible—it is made of nickel and steel—it will not deteriorate or sulphate—overcharging or charging at high or low rate of current cannot injure it in any way—it is the lightest battery on the market by 35 per cent.—it may be allowed to stand indefinitely and the only care it requires is to be filled with distilled water once a week.

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The Pity of It

The blighting of love's young dream.
Pathetic advertisement in an Auckland
paper:—"Wanted to sell, engagement
ring (five rubies), almost new."—*New
Zealand Free Lance.*

He Did

Tommy came out of a room in which
his father was tacking down carpet. He
was crying lustily.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?"
asked his mother.

"P-p-p-papa hit his finger with the
hammer," sobbed Tommy.

"Well, you needn't cry at a thing like
that," comforted the mother. "Why
didn't you laugh?"

"I did," sobbed Tommy, disconsolate.
—*Housekeeper.*

As It Is To-Day

BLOODGOOD: How's your wife, old
man?

VAN DORN: The society columns re-
port that she's starting for Lenox.—*Har-
per's Bazar.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous"

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Our men I amuse
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Radcliffe & Co., 144 Pearl St., New York, and London, E. C.

Put Me Among the Immortals

(Mr. H. G. Wells has recently stated
that in future the greatest scientific dis-
coveries will be in the direction of pro-
longing human life by means of surgical
operations.)

Alas! that I was born too soon,
Before the surgeon's knife
Has learned the way to give the boon
Of long-extended life!
I still must be my stomach's slave,
My large intestine's prey,
Because I know no surgeon brave
Who'll cut them out to-day.

I care not for the aeroplane
Or gyroscopic car;
For me the poles are sought in vain—
What matter where they are?
The only science that appears
Of value in my eyes
Is that which promises more years
To man before he dies.

O men of science, cease, I pray,
To wrestle with the air,
Put charts of polar seas away—
For warmer work prepare;
Prepare the anæsthetic, grip
The keen and glittering knife,
And through our innards let it rip
To give us longer life!

—*Truth.*

TEACHER: Now, boys, here's a little
example in mental arithmetic. How old
would a person be who was born in
1875?

PUPIL: Please, teacher, was it a man
or a woman?—*Gentlewoman.*

To Suit His Taste

The second day drew to its close with
the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced.
The court was impatient.

"Well, gentlemen," said the court of-
ficer, entering the jury room, "shall I,
as usual, order twelve dinners?"

"Make it," said the foreman, "eleven
dinners and a bale of hay."—*Metropoli-
tan.*

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ARROW CUFFS, 25 cents; in Canada, 35 cents



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An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



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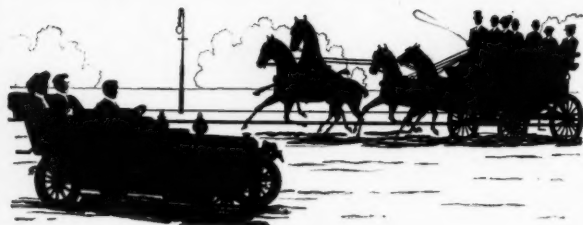


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Leave in April, May, June, July and August.
All parts of Europe, including Oberammergau.
POTTER TOURS, (31st year), 32 Broadway, New York.

Right Up There

(Continued from page 523)

up places. There's only one location, and that's up there—on the hill."

"You're dead right. That's the only place. Superb."

Merlin made a gesture indicating the direction.

"Right up there," he said. "Only hill higher than this one."

"That's it. Right up there. That's my site."

"That's owned by the president of the First National Bank here. I guess you can get it if you want it."

"Well, I guess I can. I've never yet seen a piece of property that I couldn't buy, eh? But now look here!"

"Yes, sir."

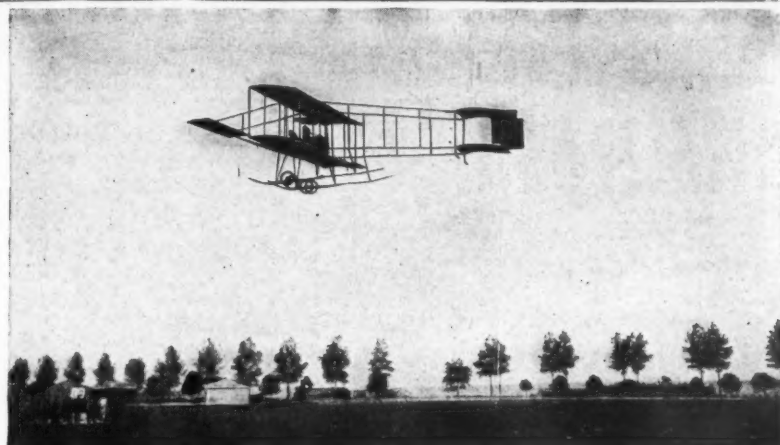
"You'll treat me all right from now on, will you? It's understood between us? I want to be put right down on the second floor. I want to be placed at the right table in the dining room. Want my car right near door of garage so we can pike out without an instant's delay. Want my meals specially cooked, want—"

"Wait a minute!" Merlin stopped him with a curt gesture.

"You won't get it," he said. "And not only that, but you'll get out of this inn to-morrow morning. I don't want you here, you understand me? There isn't money enough in the State to let you stay."

"What do you mean?" roared Selzig, almost collapsing with rage.

"Just what I say. You are the worst type of an offensive American millionaire. You are a gambler by trade, and think because you have money you have a perfect right to cause as much discomfort to others as you can. You are selfish to the last degree, and because in large cities you can buy by liberal tips the kind of slavery that goes with that sort of thing you think that you can come up here to this quiet place and annoy my guests. Now, sir, I am one that believes that the same sort of courtesy and homely virtue which is to be found in all decent homes should also be a part of the life of a hotel. I run my place according to this idea, and my



Sommers in a Farman Biplane—in the air 2 hrs. 27 min. 19 sec.

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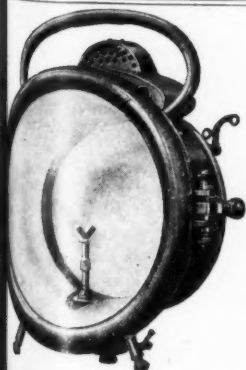


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When next you're at a country house take a look at the automobile the host reserves for his own use. Note the headlights, especially.

No matter what the make of the car, it's ten to one the headlights are SOLAR-CLIPSE, the two-ray light projector.

You'll always find the aristocrat of motor lamps on aristocratic cars. (66)

Badger Brass Mfg. Co., Kenosha, Wis. New York City



guests come here year after year with that understanding. I have an obligation of courtesy to them and I don't propose to permit them to be annoyed by a man like you. You leave to-morrow—if I have to put you out."

It would be impossible to describe Selzig's anger. A combination of wounded egotism and pride, to say nothing of surprise, did, however, so stun him that he was silent for a moment. But he was by no means a dull man. He was used to control—used to getting things done.

(Continued on page 530)

Pennsylvania Railroad.

As in Boudoir or Club.

Reminder Bulletin.

The Limited trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad appeal to the women as well as the men.

The exclusive drawing rooms and compartments, the bright and cheery observation parlor, the ladies' maid and manicurist, the inviting dining car, the books and periodicals, all yield a sense of particular service that women like. There are cosy corners in these big trains where one may be lost to everything save the fascination of smooth motion.

As for the men, they know of the fitness of the club smoker, the aptness of barber and bath, the utility of the stenographer and the worth of the stock reports. It is either business or pleasure with them, or a combination of both.

All these exceptional features are at hand on the PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED leaving New York at 10:55 A. M., the ST. LOUIS LIMITED at 10:55 A. M., the PENNSYLVANIA SPECIAL (18 hours between New York and Chicago) at 3:55 P. M. and the TWENTY-FOUR HOUR ST. LOUIS at 6:25 P. M.

This group of trains represents the highest skill of train construction, equipment and operation.

Right Up There

(Continued from page 529)

"We don't agree," he said quietly at last. "That's plain. As long as I am coming up here for the next year I've got to have a place where I can get what I want—that's necessary."

He glanced around.

"Will you sell this inn?" he asked.

"No, sir!"

"The whole thing couldn't have cost you more than thirty thousand, if that. I'll give you fifty thousand for it."

"No, sir."

"I'll give you seventy-five."

"Not for sale."

"Nonsense! I've never seen a place yet that wasn't for sale. I'll give you eighty-five."

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION Voice, Body and Mind trained for culture and professional power. 8 Summer Terms, Boston, Asheville, Eureka Springs, Seattle and Chicago. Winter Term opens Oct. 5. All advances in vocal and expressive training for 30 years have centered in this School and the books of its Pres., S. S. Curry, Ph. D. Drop postal for free booklet and notice of Book on Voice. 25 Copley Sq., Boston.

"No, sir!" Then Merlin stopped short mentally. He had thought of something.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"I guess my word is good," said Selzig. The whole force of his pride was working. He didn't think anything of buying a hundred thousand shares of almost any stock.

Merlin pushed up the bar leading inside.

"Won't you step into my office," he said, "and I'll see about this. He ushered the way into his private den and offered his visitor a seat.

"I don't know whether I want to take you up or not," he said, "but I must confess it is tempting. Now, if you will excuse me for just a moment, I should like to consult with a friend and see what he thinks about it. I'll be back in five minutes."

As a matter of fact he was gone nearly fifteen. Selzig savagely puffed his Havana. He was a man of impulse and action and he didn't like to be kept waiting.

"Well?" he said, as Merlin came back.

"You must remember that your coming into this neighborhood is going to raise the price of real estate."

"Ha!" Selzig turned on him with a large smile. "And so you are not so dull as I thought!" he exclaimed. "All this talk of yours about being unselfish and virtuous and so forth—well, I guess I had it sized up. I know the kind. I've dealt with you before. Will you accept?"

"No, sir."

"BOOTBLACKS" who value their reputation always use **Whittemore's Shoe Polishes**

Because they are sure of a **Better Polish Without Injury to the Leather**

Finest in Quality Largest in Variety



"Elite" Combination

For gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A1. Restores Color and Lustre to all Black Shoes. Liquid for cleaning and Paste for polishing.

Large, 25 Cents

"Baby Elite" Combination

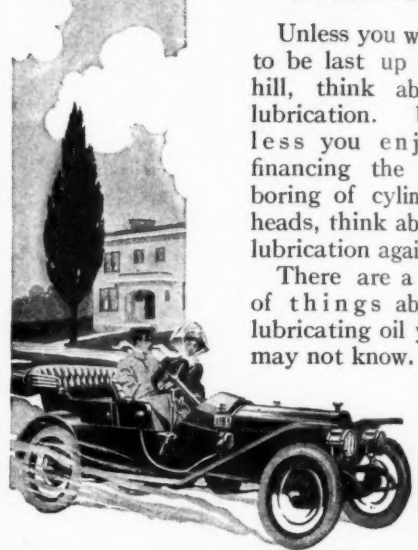
10 Cents

"Dandy"

combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 25c. "Star" size, 10c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us his address and the price in stamps for a full size package. **Whittemore Bros. & Co., 20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.** The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

More Motor Fun Less Motor Trouble



Unless you want to be last up the hill, think about lubrication. Unless you enjoy financing the roboring of cylinder heads, think about lubrication again.

There are a lot of things about lubricating oil you may not know.

HAVOLINE OIL

without claiming perfection or miracles, is better than ordinary lubricating oil, for the very simple reason that it has been rendered freer from carbon by our process of filtration.

That may sound like an unimportant distinction to you—but your engine will understand.

"It Makes a Difference."

1, 5 and 10 gal. cans, barrels, and 1/8 barrels at auto supply shops, garages or direct from any of our offices.

Send for booklet on "The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication."

HAVOLINE OIL CO.
80 BROAD STREET and 1906 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

CHICAGO BOSTON
ST. LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO



"What's your price?"

"One hundred and twenty-five thousand."

"Hum. Remember, young man, I'm not going too far. Don't get too grasping."

"That's my price."

"I'll give you a hundred thousand."

"I've named my price."

Selzig slammed his hand down on the desk.

"I'll give you a hundred and fifteen thousand and not a damned cent more." Merlin knew his man.

"I'll take you," he said quietly. "You might give me a check to bind the bargain and I'll make out a preliminary contract. I'm something of a lawyer," he added with a smile. "We have to be, up here."

(Continued on page 531)

"On the Mountain Top"
THE MONTCLAIR
 A home for a day—or a year. Only 40 minutes
 from Broadway.
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Right Up There

(Continued from page 530)

"That's all right. I know a contract when I see one."

Selzig produced his checkbook and wrote out a check for twenty-five thousand on a city bank.

"You can fire that down and get it cashed as quick as you please. I guess you'll find it good."

"No doubt of that."

Merlin wrote out a contract, handed it to Selzig, who nodded his approval, called in the amazed Roberts to sign as a witness, and the whole transaction was completed.

"There!" said Merlin, "I couldn't go back on that now if I wanted to, and neither could you."

"I don't want to. I've got what I want."

At this moment a bell boy knocked. He entered and handed Merlin an envelope. Merlin opened it, read the paper inside, signed it, tossed it over to Roberts, who bewilderingly signed it as a witness once more. Then Merlin indorsed Selzig's check, put it in another envelope and, addressing it, gave it back to the boy.

"Send this right over," he said briefly.

"By the way," he said to Selzig, as he handed him a box of cigars, "we are to be neighbors."

"What do you mean?"

Some Inside Facts about the Enger 40

that the Prospective Automobile Buyer Ought to Know

By H. C. GEORGE

The reader may or may not know that there are two distinct methods of building an automobile.

One is to construct it without reference to any other car—the sole aim being to build according to certain **price** (rather than high efficiency) specifications. This is an extremely **simple** method. It sometimes produces a car that is worth what is asked for it. It **always** produces an "automobile."

The other method is to build **according to a definite pattern**—to model after a selected car of known **merit**. This method is by no means an easy one, as it involves securing only the highest grade of material—some of which is not used at all in cars of no **required standard of merit**.

As to which of these methods will come nearest to producing the kind of a car you would like to own nothing need be said.

The writer of this advertisement was impressed with the marked advantage of the **reproduction** method of building during an investigation of the Enger 40.

Here is a car selling for only \$2,000, **fully equipped**, (including top, glass front, speedometer, full set lamps, magneto, etc.—**everything you would expect to buy**) that has the size, the wheel base, the lines, the power and those miscellaneous advantages that one **expects** in "cars for the rich," but not in cars at two thousand dollars.

Cars of this Enger kind do not "happen"—they are invariably **reproductions**.

Mr. Enger (who is a manufacturer of unlimited means) gave me this explanation of his method in building his 40:

"For several years I have owned a car that is known the world over as being one of the five best cars manufactured—either American or Foreign. The car is as fine a piece of mechanism as it is possible to build when no thought of cost is considered.

"Two years ago it occurred to me that if it were possible—at a nominal cost—to duplicate my car minus the

luxuries that are wholly unnecessary, the car would meet an immense demand from those who want the **vital working parts** of the best cars, but who are willing to sacrifice the luxuries and costly extras.

"The Enger 40 is the result."

This statement explains many of the features of the Enger car and is the best possible guarantee of its high quality. It explains the **size** of the car.

It explains its **style**.

It explains its rich **upholstering**.

It explains its **easy-riding** quality.

It explains the **quietness and power** of the engine.

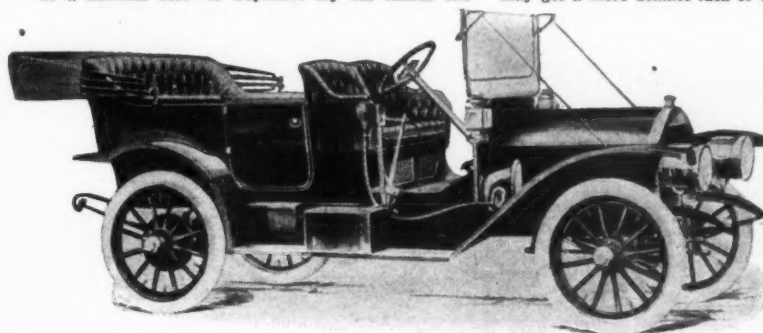
And it explains the **exceptional finish** that is readily noticeable to a trained eye.

This car is obviously intended for those looking for genuine quality and refinement—

For those who would **much prefer** to pay \$4,000 or \$5,000 but who are not ready to do so, and who want the **nearest possible approach**, at moderate cost, to cars selling at these prices.

In order that you, as a prospective automobile buyer, may get a more definite idea of this built-to-model car, and know **why** you ought to buy it in preference to other makes, I am preparing a pamphlet entitled "Seven reasons why you should buy an Enger 40." (Ask for "pamphlet A" for short.) This pamphlet goes into detail about the car and tells you **what you want to know**.

It gives illustrations of the working parts of the car, as well as detailed specifications. You ought to get a copy of it **no matter what car you buy**. Drop the Company a line (a postal will do) while you have it on your mind. Address

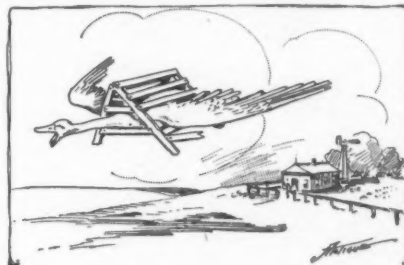


"Just Get Oil and Gasoline—and Start."

ENGER MOTOR CAR CO., Summer and Gest Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio

"Why, when I found that you wanted to buy this place I telephoned over to my friend, the president of the First National, and bought for forty thousand dollars the site you were looking at. I've always wanted it but never had money enough. I'm going to put up a quiet little inn there, on old-fashioned lines, where my old friends can continue to dwell with me in courtesy and comfort."

Finis.



FEW THE COOP

Milo

The
**Egyptian
 Cigarette
 of Quality**

**AROMATIC DELICACY
 MILDNESS
 PURITY**

At your Club or Dealer's

THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.

A Welcome Easter Gift

These prints are facsimile reproductions in the colors of the original drawings.

They are mounted for framing 14 x 17 inches and cost \$1.00 each.

Copyright 1910 Life Publishing Company



DREAMS

Copyright 1910 Life Publishing Company



HOME TIES



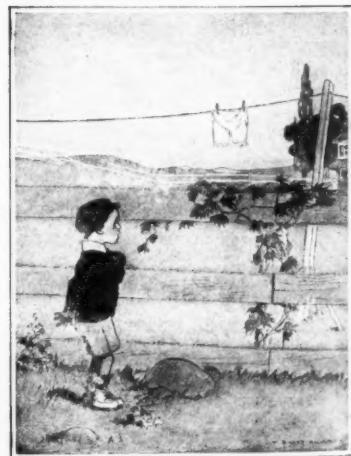
ARMS AND THE MAN

Copyright 1909 Life Publishing Company



ILLUSION

Copyright 1910 Life Publishing Company




HERS

On receipt of 25 cents we will send you our new pocket edition of *LIFE'S PRINTS*. It contains 160 reproductions, in sizes here shown, of these most artistic and pleasure-giving pictures.

The larger pictures, whose prices are given, are reproductions of the highest possible quality and finish. Neither care nor expense has been spared to obtain the very best artistic results.

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



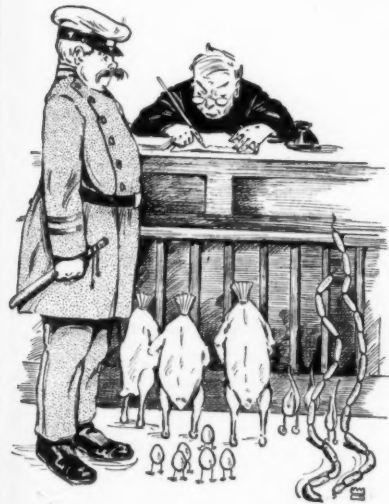
"Miss is
Makaroff year"

Nearly every -
body smokes
them now."

**MAKAROFF
RUSSIAN
CIGARETS**

15 cents and a quarter
AT YOUR DEALER'S

Makaroff - Boston



Judge: MAXIMUM SENTENCE, SIX MONTHS IN THE REFRIGERATOR.

Rhymed Reviews

"Lord Loveland Discovers America"

(By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
Doubleday, Page & Co.)

As true a cad of high degree
As ever entered free of duty,
Lord Loveland came across the sea
To win a billion dollar beauty.

But Fate and Jest conspired to make
His Lordship's welcome far from
fervent;

A blinded Public dared mistake
A Marquis for his rascal servant!

Evicted, scorned, with scarce a cent,
Defamed in many a jeering head-
line,

He left his Waldorf suite and went
To seek a meal upon the Breadline.

Yet Tribulation worked a change—
A reformation true and speedy;
His spirit found a nobler range,
He learned to love and help the
needy.

While hunger made our hero stoop
To be, in turn, an humble waiter,
Then actor in a tenth-rate troupe,
A bold chauffeur a little later,

He drove through old Kentucky ways
With Lesley Dearmer, sweet as
honey
(Who wrote, in secret, charming
plays),
And her he wed for Love, not
Money.

So all's set right by hook or crook;
We leave them safe in Lovey-dove-
land,
And close a lightly pleasant book
With blithe farewells to young Lord
Loveland.

Arthur Guiterman.



Not Magic

but a simple illustration
of the

"Water Level Route"

It is not at all infrequent to
see passengers on limited trains
of the New York Central Lines
balancing a filled tumbler of
water on the narrow neck of an
empty water bottle. The glass
will remain in this position
without falling.

It has become a popular test
with regular travelers, and
graphically illustrates the value
of the water level route. Try
it yourself the next time you
ride on

**"America's Greatest
Railway System"**

It will show you how little the
train motion would be likely to
disturb your comfort by day or
your slumber by night.

20th Century Limited

Leave Boston	-	1:00 p. m.
" New York	-	3:30 p. m.
Arrive Chicago	-	8:30 a. m.
Returning		
Leave Chicago	-	2:30 p. m.
Arrive New York	-	9:30 a. m.
" Boston	-	11:50 a. m.

Southwestern Limited

Leave New York	-	2:45 p. m.
Arrive Cincinnati	-	7:27 a. m.
" Indianapolis	-	7:55 a. m.
" St. Louis	-	1:45 p. m.

**New York
Central Limited**

Leave St. Louis	-	8:45 a. m.
" Indianapolis	-	2:20 p. m.
" Cincinnati	-	3:00 p. m.
Arrive New York	-	9:45 a. m.

Tickets and Sleeping-Car Accommodations

Railroad and Pullman tickets delivered by special
representative on request from our offices:
1216 Broadway, New York; 298 Washington St.,
Boston; 180 Clark St., Chicago, and 715 Olive St.,
St. Louis.



ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. Aids digestion. A
pleasing aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda
beverages. A delightful tonic and invigor-
ator. At wine merchants' and druggists'.
Important to see that it is Abbott's.

THE NEW WEST

is full of surprises. It is no longer the land of cowboys, coyotes, blanket Indians. Instead of illimitable sage-brush desert, one finds fruit-laden orchards, heavy-headed grain, green meadows and alfalfa fields. It's the best of God's out-of-doors country—clear skies, pure air, snow-clad mountains, waterfalls, odorous pine woods. Read all about it in The Pacific Monthly, magazine of the West.

The Pacific Monthly Company,
Portland, Ore.

I am interested in the New West. Send three (3) recent numbers of your magazine, for which I enclose 25 cents.

Name.....

Address.....

LIFE

Rare as a new comet is a book of the heart. Here is such a book—simple, whimsical, quaint, impulsive, true—this wonderful “Mary Cary.”

MARY CARY

“What are Bulgarians? I don’t know, but they’re not ladies.”

Written by a tender-hearted woman, Kate Langley Boshier, who never wrote a book before. “I felt I had to write this story, because I knew this wistful, mirthful, little orphan. Mary Cary never walks when she can skip or dance. She is like a sprite that touched with a light kiss all the loved things, and at the unloved would not give even a look. I have seen her quiver in the abandonment of joy, dance on her tiptoes in delight; but I have also seen her in a passion of anger, with eyes blazing through a flood of tears. I cannot wholly put into words her singular charm, her peculiar appeal, her wise, whimsical sayings.”

Every woman will intuitively understand this. Every man will feel it, too, after reading this wonderful book.

A story for everyone—a story even to meet that severest test—reading aloud.

Cloth. 12mo.

Frontispiece in color. \$1.00 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS

The Literary Zoo

The Downfall of the Daily Press

The late Frank Pixley, who founded the San Francisco *Argonaut*, and made it the most brilliant and readable publication of its class ever put forth in this country, once declared in court,

with the emphasis of passionate opinion, that he had “no respect for the newspapers.”

This sentiment did not originate, nor did it die, with him. Benjamin Franklin, himself a journalist, denounced the license of the press with an indignation not exceeded and a sense of wrong not surpassed by the most energetic reformers of our own day. From time to time murmurings reach our ears—

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN BEE-KEEPING, POULTRY AND GENERAL FARMING ?

No section of the United States offers better opportunity for those interested in the subjects mentioned than the West. The supply does not begin to equal the demand. Prices are good, profits exceptional. If you want to know more about the opportunities in the West and Northwest, use the coupon.

The Pacific Monthly Company,
Portland, Ore.

Enclosed find 25 cents. Please send three recent numbers telling about bee keeping, poultry raising, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

LIFE

Spilman Mixture Cigarettes

Different from All Others

Box of 10, 25cts; 50, \$1.25; 100, \$2.25; Plain or cork tipped. If not at dealers we send prepaid upon receipt of price.
E. Hoffman Company, Mfrs., 179 Madison St., Chicago

mutterings even and rumblings, which somehow stop short of a roar—that the daily press is all manner of things it should not be.

There is truth in these expressions of discontent. We are even prepared to say that if the time is ripe for a general overhauling of human institutions we should like to begin with the press. Just how the thing is to be done we cannot say. So much depends upon the unstable public—upon its conscience, its taste, its sincerity, its co-operation. Otherwise it would be easy. The newspaper proprietor should possess genius, independence, honesty, culture, humanity, optimism, courage—and a working capital. (Given these, an Associated Press franchise is not absolutely essential.) And, oh, yes, he must have the special faculty for making a newspaper that people will buy and advertisers will support.

* * *

After all, you see, it comes back to a question of the public. Does the producer or the consumer of mental or aesthetic wares regulate the pattern? It is an old question, variously answered. The answer of the commercial jour-

(Continued on page 535)

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S VANISHING CREAM



An exquisitely dainty, non-oily toilet cream of refreshing Jacque Rose fragrance. “Vanishing Cream” quickly heals and effectively prevents

Chaps and Windburn

Free Sample on request or send 4c in stamps for large trial tube.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
Dept. F 78 Hudson Street, N. Y.

FOR MORE THAN

**300
YEARS**

The Carthusian Monks have Made



LIQUEUR
Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

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

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 534)

nalist and the commercial theatrical manager is familiar to all. Luckily the producer with brains and independence sometimes gives it the lie.

* * *

If the people are really coming to entertain a profound distrust for the press, a remedy might be found in

shifting their support to that journal or journals, which in some degree still cling to old standards. That such a distrust is widespread we learn from the leading article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February from the pen of a distinguished veteran in journalism, Mr. Francis E. Leupp. There is a certain correspondence between his own observation of newspaper shortcomings and the specific criticism of the public, and this seems to justify the title of his essay: "The Waning Power of the Press."

Mr. Leupp's analysis of the situation is temperate and well-considered. The press is not what it used to be in the heyday of the Washington correspondent, and he has indicated the changes with comprehensive accuracy. It may be, however, that he attaches too much importance to the public's fault-finding. The average critic of newspaper accuracy, for example, betrays a woeful inaccuracy and lack of knowledge in his own statements of the case. We have known him to flout the press because the weather predictions were not fulfilled. When a criticism of a poor play ran counter to his own conception he has hazarded the opinion that "the reporter was not sufficiently bribed." Miracles of enterprise, of mental and physical agility, the truth extorted from those who would conceal or misrepresent it, the patient collection of minute details, gathered on the run, winnowed in a whirl of haste, yet somehow woven into a correct and illuminating narrative—these things escape the amateur censor of the Press, crying out against "sensation," then burying his face, it may be, in the seventh edition of a newspaper dated a day ahead.

* * *

"The waning of the press." It may be so. Well, let it wane. Exit the daily, enter the monthly magazine, doughty with the weapons discarded by despised daily journalism. It is the cheap magazine, says Mr. Leupp—with its corps of special writers, no longer

(Continued on page 536)

**Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen**



The pen of which you have so often heard said—
"I have used that pen for fifteen years and it is as good as new today."

It is a difficult matter to always suit people with as purely personal an article as a fountain pen—but this make is in so many styles and sizes and so perfect in action and construction that it is a pleasure to our dealers everywhere to supply them. An authorized guarantee goes with every Waterman's Ideal.

L.E. Waterman Co.,
173 Broadway N.Y.
BOSTON CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

THE MATCHLESS SMOKE

AUTOLITE 25c. Self-Lighting
MONOLITE 15c. CIGARETTES

They strike and light on the box in sunshine wind or storm.

FOR FISHING
FOR HUNTING
FOR RIDING

**THE ONE BEST
CIGARETTE**

FOR MOTORING
FOR GOLF
FOR CAMPING

Made of the finest, selected Turkish tobacco, blended under our personal supervision to produce that mellow flavor and fragrant aroma demanded by epicurean smokers.

The self-lighting disc is guaranteed absolutely harmless and tasteless.

At all SMOKE SHOPS, or we will send, express prepaid, four boxes of Autolites or seven boxes of Monolites for a dollar bill.



JUST A SCRATCH

WITHOUT A MATCH **AUTOLITE MFG. CO., Newark, N. J.**



" INSTEAD OF CARRYING THAT HOUSE ON YOUR BACK, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A HOUSE PERMANENTLY? "

" I LIVE IN NEW YORK, AND FIND IT CHEAPER TO MOVE THAN TO PAY RENT. "



"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes

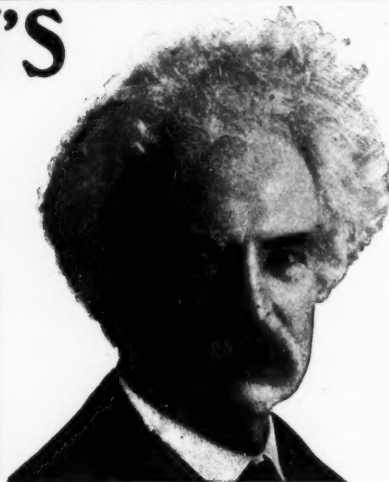
Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and tired, aching feet. It is always in demand for use in Patent Leather Shoes and for Breaking in New Shoes. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold everywhere, 25c. Do not accept any Substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address, **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.**

MARK TWAIN'S WORKS

at ONE-HALF former price

It has been Mark Twain's ambition to have his books in every American home, and he has made a great personal sacrifice, which brings about this remarkable situation—for the first time in the history of publishing, copyrighted books are sold at the price of non-copyrighted books.



AUTHOR'S NATIONAL EDITION 25 Beautiful Volumes

Mark Twain is the youngest man of his day. All his books are imbued with his spirit—they are new books; to own them is always to have new books, a fountain of youth. They never age because humor, kindness, and truth never grow old. They are books for young people of all ages.

Special Features of this Edition

Mark Twain himself has written a preface to the edition. Brander Matthews has written the biographical criticism of Mark Twain and his work. There are portraits of the author from photographs and paintings taken at periods when the different books were in process of writing. This edition includes his later collected writings such as "A Dog's Tale," "Eve's Diary," etc.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Franklin Square
New York City

Please send me for examination, carriage free, a set of **MARK TWAIN'S WORKS, Author's National Edition,** twenty-five volumes, cloth binding. It is understood I may retain the set for five days, and at the expiration of that time, if I do not care for the books, I will return them at your expense. If I keep the books, I will remit \$2.00 a month until the full price, \$25.00, has been paid.

L.I.

Signature

Send books to

There are beautiful pictures by such artists as BROWN, FROST, NEWELL, BEARD, DIELMAN, SMEDLEY, THULSTRUP, CLINEDINST, MORA, WELDON, KEMBLE, GILBERT, DU MOND, MERRILL, OPPER.

The binding is a beautiful dark-red vellum book cloth, with blue title labels stamped in gold. The books are printed on white antique wove paper, especially made for this edition.

The size of each volume is 5x7½ inches.

HARPER & BROTHERS

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 535)

anonymous, ever militant—which has forged to the front as the defender of our liberties. Here, at least, is accuracy, truth, justice, patriotism. Behind the new soldier of journalism—seeking the bubble circulation, even at Joe Cannon's mouth. Has not that eminent man-of-letters (purloined), Mr. W. R. Hearst, observed the writing on the wall and made haste to acquire a magazine of his own?

Meanwhile, we catch an echo by cable from Berlin. S. S. McClure, promoter of five permeating principles (see prospectus), including universal peace, will foregather with a great American whose magazine rifle never speaks in vain. The Kaiser is coquetting with peace, Mr. McClure needs it for his magazine, Mr. Roosevelt has already won a prize for salting the

(Continued on page 537)

AGENTS WANTED
Everywhere

**If you like—
FISHING
HUNTING
CAMPING**

you will like the **National Sportsman**

This magazine contains 160 pages or more, crammed from cover to cover, with photos from life, stories of hunting, fishing, camping and tramping which will thrill and interest you. This monthly visitor will lure you pleasantly away from the monotonous grind of your everyday work to the healthful atmosphere of Field, Wood and Stream. Single copies 15c. Yearly subscription with fob \$1.00.

Special Trial Offer

Send us 25 cents stamps or coin, and we will send you the National Sportsman for 3 months, also one of our heavy burnished Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50c.) as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold-plated buckle. Also a copy of our new Catalog of Sporting Goods.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN
98 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

SE
 inful, swol-
 and bunions.
 Ease makes
 nails, per-
 in Patent
 testimonials.
 substitute.

ROCARD'S RUSSIAN MILAJA PERFUME

delicate, lasting odor of exquisite daintiness in Extract, Soap, Powder and Toilet Water.

At All Department Stores and Druggists.
 ROCARD & CO., 7 West 22d Street, New York City
 Send 10 cents in stamps for samples to Dept. C.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 536)

Dove's tail. What will happen? Who will send the news, and who will believe it if he reads it in the papers? A crying need of the times is surely advance news sheets issued by the cheaper magazines.

W. T. Larned.

Facts and Opinions

The power of the printed word, irrespective of the authority behind it, is a phenomenon that must continue to engage the thought of all persons well-smattered in psychology. Are you, perhaps, an expert in—no matter what: horses or women's hats? You make a living, let us say, by raising the one or marking down the other. Sooner or later, in social intercourse, the subject of your specialty comes uppermost. Now is your opportunity. The conversation has bored you. You do not know whether "Elektra" is the music of the spheres or the composition of a bag-piper with delirium tremens—and you care less. But horses



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Aladdin's lamp transported its owner from place to place in the twinkling of an eye.

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The Bell telephone is *far more wonderful* — and it is a reality.

It is the dream of the ages, come true. In the office, in the home, it stands; as commonplace in appearance as Aladdin's lamp.

By it the human voice—the truest expression of personality, ability, and char-

acter — is carried from place to place instantly and accurately. And human powers are thus extended as if by magic.

All other means of communication are cold and colorless in comparison. By the telephone alone is the *human quality of the human voice* carried beyond the limitations of unaided hearing.

The Bell System has provided this wonderful faculty for all the people.

The whole country is brought together by the Bell policy of universal service; and the miracle of telephone talk is repeated six billion times a year.

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—or hats!—you prepare to edify the assembly.

At this critical moment in your social career—hovering, it may be, on the edge of the best Episcopalian circles—a small, shy person, with outward marks of inward intelligence, arises to confound you. In the Sunday newspaper—magazine section—is a "filler," written hurriedly to fill a gap as the edition was going to press. Its subject is your subject; its treatment a

heretical, schismatic, profane and exquisitely erroneous exposition of the specialty—is it horses or hats?—to which your life has been consecrated. In vain you explain, expound, protest. In vain you insist, with the polite pertinacity of a certain delightful dairyman, "Sir, permit me to know butter." The small, shy person points to the newspaper paragraph. His stature is transfigured, his voice becomes bold

(Continued on page 538)

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 with photos
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 and tramp-
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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 537)

and confident, while you, discredited, defeated, before a company eying you askance, make shift to escape into the outer air.

* * *

Such is the power of the printed word. Such is the power of the press when—mark you—it deals with innocuous facts or the semblance of facts. When it comes to opinion it is quite another matter. Observe the changed attitude of the small, shy person. Once more his customary aspect undergoes a transformation. He has been reading a newspaper editorial or criticism, packed with truth, adorned with eloquence, brimming with information, driven home with logic. Does the small, shy person rejoice? Does he give thanks that, for the fraction of a cent, he has been enlightened and entertained by a well qualified instructor with whom he need not in all respects agree? No, the small, shy person bristles. The printed word has questioned his taste, offended some lurking prejudice. "I do my own

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thinking," says he to himself. And he really thinks he does.

* * *

We have supplied the blank: please fill out the moral at your leisure.

W. T. L.

For a Five-Inch Book-Shelf

All the literary news that's fit to print is, sooner or later, set up in the Saturday supplement of the New York Times. But we can find in its editorial

pages no synchronous clew or comment that affords an explanation of this publisher's announcement in the advertising columns:

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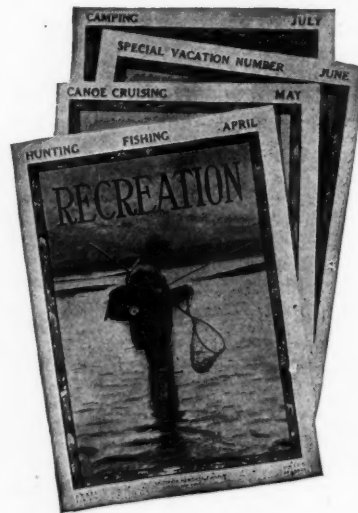
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Shakespeare has had his admirers. An

(Continued on page 539)

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 538)

endless procession of critics, commentators, expounders and space-writers has viewed him from every angle possible and impossible. At times, when the sport has seemed to languish, Ignatius Donnelly, or Bernard Shaw, or Mr. Mabie, or Mark Twain, or Vox Populi has arisen to remind us that if Shakespeare isn't read he is at least talked about. Nevertheless, we had supposed that only two things remained to be done for Shakespeare: to publish the sonnets in words of one syllable and to print the plays in simplified spelling for circulation by the Carnegie libraries.

We had reckoned without the originality of Wm. Leavitt Stoddard, M.A. The expurgated "Life of William Shakespeare" should have a place on every five-inch book-shelf. Other volumes in this suggested series of "Little Harvard Classics" might be:

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W. T. L.

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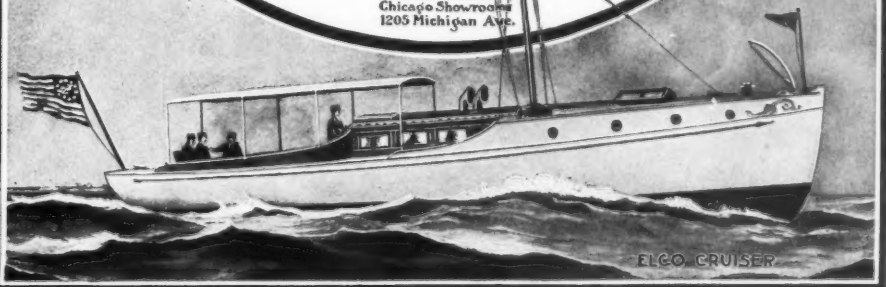
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