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IN COLLIER'S WEEKLY,—HER FIRST BOOK*

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\$ 5.00 ONLY. SEND YOUR CHECK FOR DAINTY XMAS PACKAGE. Choice Salto-Nuts Italian Chocolates Nitted Fruit
 UNIQUE BOOKLET, "HATCH AN APPELITE"
Hatch Describes in full. Write for it.
 Broadway at 30th St., N. Y. C.

Some Reasons Why
 (Note: The first instalment of reasons, submitted by contestants, appeared in LIFE of November 17.)

XVII
Etude Réaliste

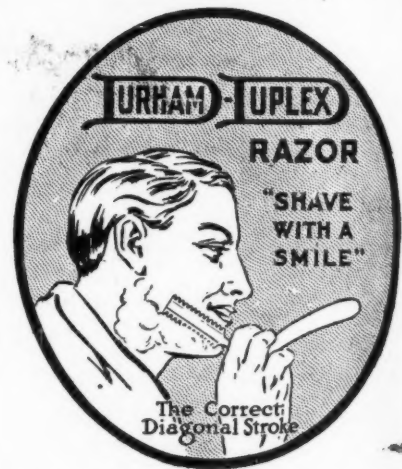
(Apologies to Swinburne)

A wife's a wife, a thing to love,
 To soothe, to pet;
 But who could pet—ye gods above!
 A Suffragette?

A wife's to sew a cushion fine,
 And dinner get;
 Would she be ever home to dine,
 A Suffragette?

(Continued on page 1093)

A Gift that will be Appreciated



Standard Set, including Stropping Attachment and 5 Double-edged, Hollow-ground blades, \$5.

Send for Booklet today

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., 111 Fifth Ave., New York
 DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Ltd., 86 Strand, London

Life's Suffragette Contest

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

CONDITIONS:

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

Manuscripts must be typewritten, and should be addressed to

THE CONTEST EDITOR OF LIFE,
 17 West 31st Street,
 New York.

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

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

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

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

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

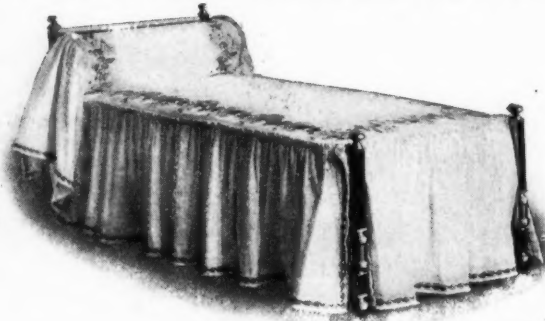
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 happy with a
KODAK.

Christmas, 1910.

Catalog free at the dealers or by mail.

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Brass and Enamel Bedsteads. Luxurious Bedding, Lace and Fancy Spreads, Brass and Enamel Cribs, Queen Anne Couches, Bungalow Beds, Children's Beds in Brass and Iron. Draught Shields for cribs made to order.

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DE POTTER TOURS (32nd year) 32 Broadway NEW YORK

Life's Suffragette Contest

(Continued from page 1092)

A wife's to soothe the bairnies sma'
 Whene'er they fret;
 Could she sing Bal-al-loo and a'—
 A Suffragette!

A wife against hard luck is like
 An amulet.
 But no such superstitions strike
 A Suffragette!

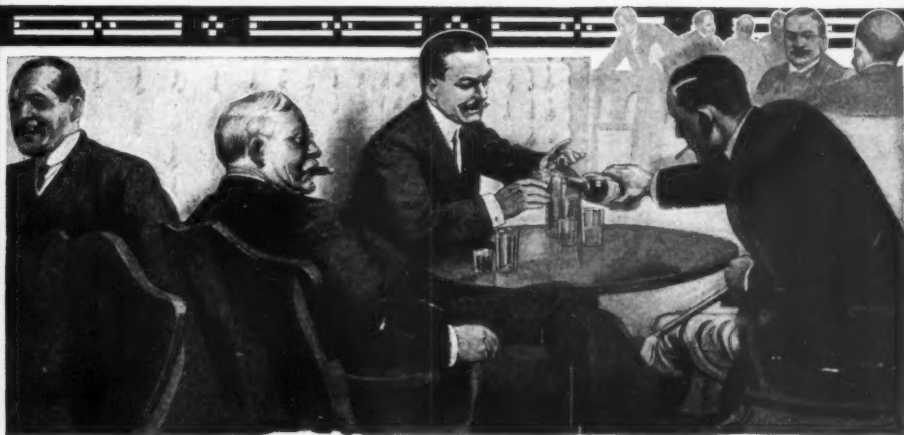
A wife's a WOMAN, formed to please;
 But 'tis a debt
 Paid to the Public Ear, if she's
 A Suffragette.

Jessie Anderson Chase.

XVIII

When is a suffragette not a suffragette? Answer: When she is married to a real man. Therefore, in reply to your asking for the best reasons why a man should not marry a suffragette, I would suggest that, since "Votes for Women" are one of the signs of progress, insurgency and rapid advance in all lines of thought and action, no real man should wish to interfere with the march of progress to the extent of marrying a suffragette, particularly if she be a militant suffragette, and taking her off from the firing line. In like manner, a man who

STEWART STRAIGHT RYE
EIGHT YEARS OLD



MEN of fine discrimination drink Stewart Straight Rye at their clubs. They keep Stewart Straight Rye in their homes.

Stewart Rye is an absolutely pure whiskey.

At every stage of preparation, the foremost fermentation chemist in America analyzes and passes on Stewart Rye.

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

It is smooth, mellow, palatable.

It is served in all prominent clubs and sold by the most progressive dealers everywhere.

If you are so located that there is any difficulty in buying through a local dealer, write us. We will see to it that you are promptly supplied.

STEWART DISTILLING CO.

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FATOFF

IS SELLING FROM SEA TO SEA, AND BEYOND

THE SEA. We never had a salesman sell a jar! It sells itself!

THE UNFAILING FLESH REDUCING TREATMENT FOR MEN and WOMEN

No Oils. No Exercise. No Odor. No Dieting. No Grease. No Medicine.

A pleasant EXTERNAL obesity treatment for men and women, a tested, TRIED copulency reducer that's given new life to THOUSANDS the world over. You can treat yourself at home you MAY use it in hot bath if you wish.

FOR MEN: FATOFF is a remarkable reducer of the waist line, and almost infallibly reduces that annoying lump at back of neck.

Literature mailed free, in plain sealed wrapper, will CONVINCED.

Appointments for expert treatment at your home may be made by phone or letter.

FATOFF for Double Chin—a chin reducing wonder. Special Size Jar, \$1.50 Full Size Jar, \$2.50.

FATOFF is sold at all Riker's and all Hegeman's drug stores and leading druggists everywhere, or Dept. "A"

M. S. BORDEN CO. 69 WARREN ST. NEW YORK
 (For Years at 52 East 34th St.)

is a "mere man" and not a real man (for your question applies to "any" man) should even more carefully refrain from committing matrimony with a suffragette, for he will be unable to remove her from the smoke of battle and will inevitably sink to the humiliating level of being merely Mrs. Suffragette's husband, a despised and broken creature, hardly a mere man, but a worm.

A. H. Jennings.

XIX

Why He Will Not Marry a Suffragette

Whether or not the average man will marry a suffragette depends on the man—and on the suffragette.

The average man thinks he will not marry a suffragette.

Because he believes woman is superior, but a suffragette only half a man.

Because the suffragette upsets all his traditions—and traditions are as the

(Concluded on page 1095)



Have You Been Psychically Revitalized?



OVER TWENTY MILLION MENTAL SUBSCRIBERS NOW LEADING THE IMAGINARY LIFE.



WING to an unfortunate strike in our Yogi department, we have had some trouble during the past few weeks in filling orders and answering all vibrations. We have been so short of help that we had to take on almost anyone who applied, without particularly looking up their references. The difficulty began by the employment of a person who represented herself to be a genuine trance medium, seventh daughter of a seventh son, born with a fluted caul, gifted with second sight and the eighteenth reincarnation of a Babylonian manicure expert. Being so busy we

didn't submit her to the usual test, but put her to work on our waiting list. The yogis all struck at once, representing that she was a fakir of the worst type. While the whole force was only out five minutes, or until we had placed this lady in the silence, in the mental world this means widespread trouble, and those friends of ours who were waiting to apply and got the red vibrations hereby receive our apology. Everything is now running smoothly, except for the difficulty in getting help.

We will give anyone a trial. We pay first-class wages to all mediums, palmists, astrologers and imported yogis. We regret to say, however, that we cannot undertake to employ any more Christian Scientists. We had quite a force of them, but they always demanded real money at the end of the week. While some of them did good imaginary work, they insisted on coin of the realm. The two things don't go together, however.

But to everyone else in the psychic world we give a hearty welcome. Moreover, we advise you to apply at once; it will not be long now before we shall control the market, and if, as an astrologer or medium, you have an establishment of your own, you would better give it up at once and come with us, as it is only a question of time when we shall vibrate you out of your business.

This may seem cruel and in line with trust methods, but nothing could be further from our intention. The truth is, that leading the mental life is the most important thing in the world. Once you become an imaginary LIFE sub-

scriber, your troubles cease; for this reason, we are gradually closing up all the spiritualistic centres in the country and uniting them under the banner of Gee. Ime. Mit. and the Imaginary LIFE.

If you need help of any kind, therefore, apply to Gee. Ime. Mit. at once. Send us five mental dollars and you will be placed on LIFE'S waiting list, which means that you will receive all the advantages of our preparatory school while you are waiting to become a regular subscriber, say in twenty or thirty years.

Remember, that you have to do nothing but want us to receive five dollars. We will do the rest. As soon as your impulse is thus recorded—and you may be sure that we won't miss it, as our yogis are the best in the world—we will then communicate with your subliminal self. Now, you won't know this until later. Physically speaking, you can keep right on taking the coarse, materialistic LIFE, that we believe is still issued every week from this office, and which we have no particular interest in except occasionally, in which to make an announcement like this to somatic friends.

Gee-Ime-Mit. Enthroned.



We will, we say, communicate with your subliminal self and put it through the preliminary paces, leading up to the grand entry upon our waiting list. The only thing you will notice will be an increased joyfulness and a sense of harmony with all the world. This will not come until about a week after you have sent in your imaginary money; then you will slide up on the first harmonic plane, where you see a blue disc with a brown centre; it is only when you arrive on the third harmonic plane

that you see a blue disc with a bright yellow centre.

Now, many of our physical friends have written us that they don't believe all this, and have ridiculed the idea and seemed to feel that this department is an imposition.

Our only reply is, Try it and see. We do not have to prove our case. We not only guarantee results but we positively promise to refund your money if you don't get what we claim.

(Concluded on page 1095)

In EMERGENCY Try
Hunyadi János
 NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
 Avoid Substitutes

Have You Been Psychically Revitalized?

(Concluded from page 1094)

Moreover, you have to prove nothing. Every yogi in our employ has positive orders to send back the mental cash to anyone expressing the least dissatisfaction, this being considered in itself proof that we have made a failure in this particular instance.



Re-member!

Remember, you lose nothing and gain everything. Immediately upon reading this, wish in your mind that five mental dollars shall be sent to Gee. Ime. Mit. You do nothing else. A moment's concentration with this fixed idea in your mind is all that is necessary. At the end of a week you should begin to feel better. You will find that your creditors are not pressing you so hard and that you are more in harmony with everything. This is because your subliminal self is beginning to receive the benefit of our treatment. In case you don't feel this and want your money back, just concentrate for a moment and will us to send it, and you will receive it almost instantly. You will know when you get it by the new troubles that begin to crowd around you.

It costs you nothing but a thought to get on our list. You can do it any moment of the day or night. Send all desires to Gee. Ime. Mit.
 (He will receive them.)

Life's Suffragette Contest

(Concluded from page 1093)

laws of the Medes and Persians to the average man.

Because he wants to be the head of the house—nominally, at least.

Franklin Simon & Co.
 Fifth Ave.—37th and 38th Sts., New York

New Model Spring Suit

For Wear at
 Southern
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Tailored suit of white, navy or black English serge, semi-fitted coat, lined with peau de cygne, serge sailor collar and revers, extra detachable black satin collar, braid trimmed. Skirt with deep fold of serge, panel front, wateau pleated back.

Special
29.50
 Value \$39.50

Misses' sizes 14 to 20 years.
 Women's sizes 32 to 44 bust.



Hand Made Lingerie Waists
 NEW 1911 MODELS

French hand made lingerie waists of batiste or voile entirely hand made; hand embroidered and real lace trimmed.

Special 9.75 13.75 15.75
 Value \$12.50 to \$24.50

Because he considers himself entitled by divine right to do the thinking for

the family—and the suffragette claims to do her own.

Because he pictures his wife by the fireside—even though he prefers his club and his automobile.

Because he desires mental repose in a woman—and the suffragette seems to be sprouting a brain.

Because his wife must grace his home, not a polling booth—and, anyway, he doesn't believe a suffragette has any grace.

Because her voice must be "low, gentle and sweet"—and open-air speaking roughens the throat.

And having thus calmly reasoned, he journeys forth as of old to the altar with the maiden of his choice, be she suffragette or anti, who has aforetime picked him out as her quarry

E. L. M.

For Centuries
 Known as Chartreuse
Liqueur Pères Chartreux

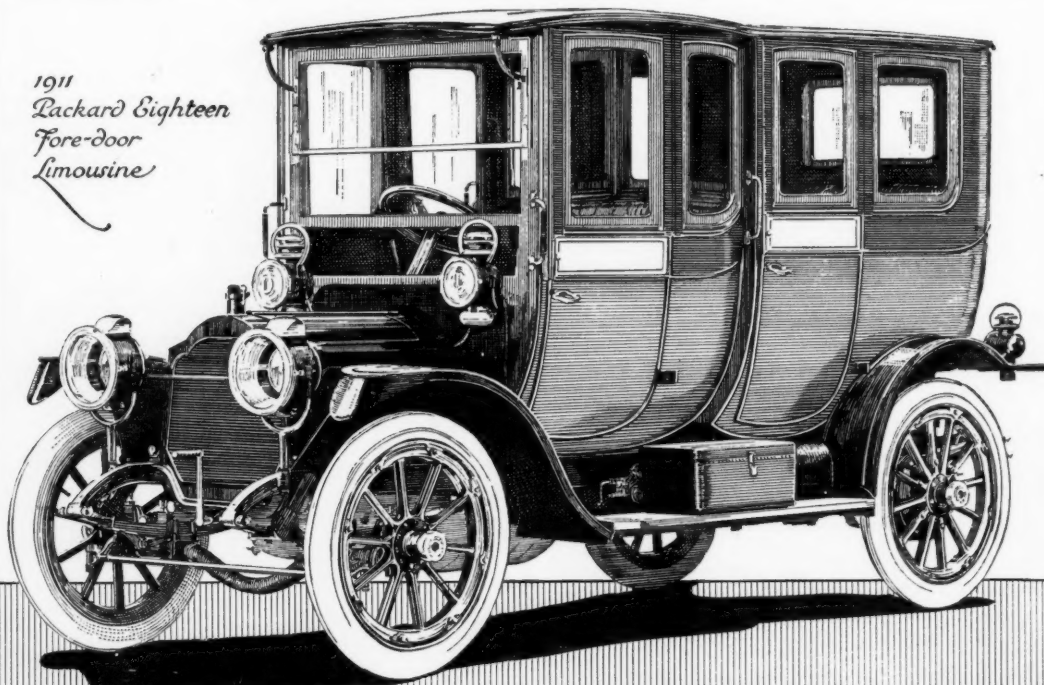
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At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
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 Sole Agents for United States.



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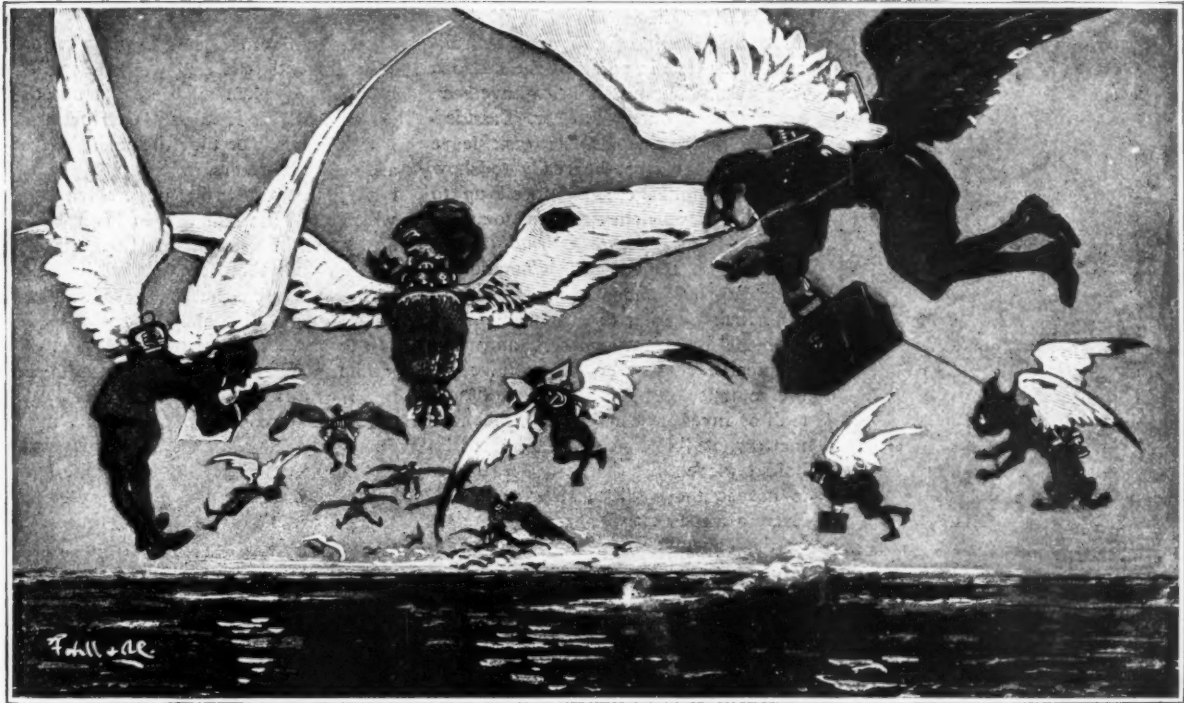
Ask the man who owns one

Packard
MOTOR CARS



Packard Motor Car Company Detroit

LIFE



NEWS ITEM.

SOCIETY IS FLOCKING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER

The Débutante Market



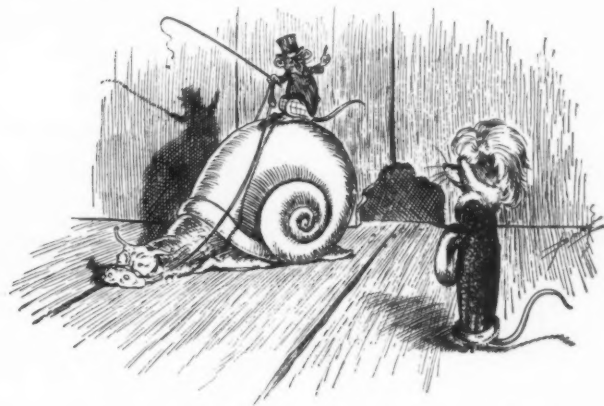
HE distressing news comes that Washington is confronted with a débutante famine. While in that great city there are plenty of unofficial débutantes, there is only one in sight in the official family. Last year there were at least a dozen, costing, per formal début, all the way from five thousand to ten thousand dollars each.

That the débutante supply should have been allowed to reach such a low ebb is nothing less than a national disgrace. Social Washington is fully as important as official Washington. Social débutantes are fully as important as military or naval débutantes. For these others we provide a fixed and regular supply, entering a certain number each year.

Why not do the same with débutantes proper? Why not provide that each State should send, say, one or two débutantes to Washington each year? Or, better, why not establish a national débutante school, where may be learned all the winning and dining and flirting and other fine arts of official socialdom?

E O. J.

AN empty market-basket covers a multitude of political issues.



Mr. Mouse: HANSOM CAB, LADY? HANSOM? HANSOM?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. DECEMBER 15, 1910. No. 1468

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



MR. BRANDEIS, speaking for the shippers of the Eastern Seaboard, told the Interstate

Commerce Commission that it was a pity to let the railroads raise freight rates at a cost of 27 millions to his clients when they might just as well save that money and much more by introducing into their business the economies that are being devised and applied by industrial engineers. He did not say that the railroad business was carelessly or inefficiently managed as businesses go, but he held that it might be managed better, and that if the latest economies of the efficiency engineers were introduced in all the railroads the resulting savings would amount to three hundred millions a year. It is a great deal better, he argued, to have the railroads save that money, or so much of it as they need, than to let them get it out of the shippers, who will get it in turn out of the consumers.

The exploits of the industrial engineers in improving the processes of labor, thereby saving time and money in surprising quantities, are intrinsically interesting and astonishing and seem worth the advertisement that Mr. Brandeis has given them. The aim of these experts is not to get harder work out of men, but to increase the results accomplished without increasing the effort of the workers. This is done by putting thought on processes and system; putting the bricklayer's bricks where they come handiest to his use, furnishing the shoveller with the shovel best suited in size and shape to the substance he is shovelling. Brains and thought in most lines of business are more used and better paid

in the office than in the shop or yard or field. Industrial engineering is a slop-over of some brains from the office into the shop.

Whether Mr. Brandeis has done anything more or not, he has advertised a new profession and emphasized a possibility. The improved methods he advocates are not unknown to railroads, for it is in some of the railroad shops that their possibilities have been best worked out. But Mr. Brandeis argues that railroads that ask leave to raise rates must be ready to show that their management is well up to the times in efficiency and economy.

The *Wall Street Journal* thinks that if Mr. Brandeis had "made his attack upon methods of purchase and of financing, rather than upon the management of transportation and mechanical facilities, he might have set the commission upon a more profitable trail of investigation," though all these matters, it thinks, concern the stockholder more than the shipper. But it is not so much the shipper that Mr. Brandeis seems to have on his mind as the consumer back of the shipper. He is looking for chances to give the consumer a little more for his money, and he deprecates any change that will raise prices on him.



THERE seems to be a growing interest in the consumer. It has gone so far that the consumer has even begun to take some interest in himself. He showed that in the late election. The possibility of the production of the things that add to the comfort of life in this age and country is enormous, but it is the devil's own job for the consumer to get his hands on those things. The Government taxes him, the railroads take their rake-off, the trusts skin him, the high tariff people subject him to conscienceless exactions, the strikers win their strike and the cost is charged to him, the middlemen live off of him. The consumer is the natural prey of every enterprising person who is trying to improve his condition. Luckily for him he is not

only the consumer, but also and coincidentally he is the government, the railroads, the trusts, the labor union and the middle-man, and the enterprising person, and when his hide as a consumer is lifted off of him he gets a little of it back sometimes in his other capacities.

But he doesn't get enough. When Miss Tarbell tells him that the tariff-kickers have taken all the wool out of his undershirt, it is cold comfort for him to remember that the tariff-kickers are also consumers. He would like to have more wool in his undershirt, and when Mr. Foss tells him in Massachusetts that the Hon. Cabot Lodge is an accessory to the December chills that run up his spine, he begins to wonder whether Mr. Lodge is a suitable person to represent him in the Senate.

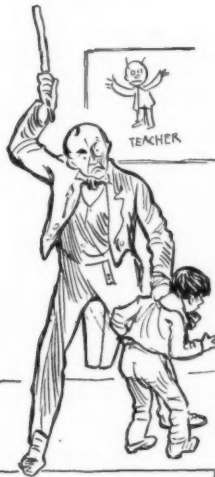
The chief end of Government is to provide that the consumer shall have sufficient to consume, and peace and liberty in the consumption of it, and due chance to invite his soul if he has one. All over the world the consumer shows increasing realization that this great aim of government has been much less perfectly fulfilled than the means warrant, and everywhere he shows increasing inclination to attend to it himself. That is what is at the bottom of the spread of democratic influence in Europe and of Insurgency in the United States. It is a fine emotion the consumer is having, and we wish him luck with it. His problem is to keep the machinery of the world going, better and better all the time, to keep the brains that run it fairly satisfied, to offer capital due inducement to accumulate and seek employment, to have enough gamble in the great work of production to keep adventurous spirits excited about it, and still to retain for his own maintenance and improvement a due proportion of the product. It is a nice job, to be sure; a very nice job; but the consumer is powerful when he wakes up, and can get very able and expert men to help him do his thinking. It is time he had his turn, and it is important to civilization that he should have it; but it is also important that he should be reasonably patient and not smash the machinery or retard its beneficent operation.



Electric Light was quite unheard of.



Houses were not supplied with hot and cold water



Corporal punishment was still in vogue



THE taxicab was not even dreamed of.



The Vestibule Train was a thing of the future



The Transatlantic Record was three months



We could not telephone for the doctor

Contemporary American Deportment



IN the matter of deportment, an appreciable proportion of the population of this country seems still to be in need of primary instruction.

The newspaper story of the fall of Johnstone, the flying man, at Denver, Colo., has this detail:

A big splinter from one of the braces had gone through Johnstone's body. A man in the crowd drew it out and, before police or surgeons could get to the scene, he was running away with his "souvenir." Other men and women, too, dragged the canvas planes away from the body and fought over Johnstone's gloves.

Perhaps souvenir hunters are not quite human and ought not to be held to the same degree of accountability for their actions as other people.

The papers told last month of a man in Central Park who called a squirrel to him, offering a nut, and killed it with a kick. He was caught and had to settle in court for cruelty to animals, but his real offense was breach of faith and gen-

eral barbarism. He ought to be excluded from Central Park for five years.

The same day, or the next, the New York papers reported two instances of lads very severely stabbed with pocket-knives by little boys in minor street rows.

The great remedy for occurrences such as these is not so much police activity as educational training and the raising of the general standard of public manners. Our New York civilization is very uneven. When we go to Boston we notice a better level of public deportment there than here. People are more polite, less hurried, and more respectful of the rights of others. Men don't bring lighted cigars into closed street cars, as they do here. All that is because Boston represents a higher grade of civilization than can be reached at present by this driving frontier city of New York, which has a hundred thousand new people—many of them fairly barbarous—poured into it every year. Civilization in New York has reached a great many individuals, but it does not show up quite so strong as it should in the mass of the



WOMAN'S ETERNAL QUESTION
WHICH HAT TO TAKE?

population. It will help it along to get the subways built and mitigate the strain on the public transit facilities.

Chicago in Fourth Place

IT says in the paper (C. M. Harvey in *Leslie's Weekly*) that in population, wealth, business activity and various other qualifications, Chicago is the fourth city in the world. The order is London, New York, Paris, Chicago. Our second town looks much more important so associated than when considered as the second city in the United States. She beats Berlin and Tokio not only in present population (a little) but in vigor and prospects. For that matter, if vigor and prospects are to count it is probably safer to think of Chicago as occupying, temporarily, the fourth place among the cities.

Funny times, in which all the cities glory so in getting fat, and all the women in getting lean.

Acrostic

Sputtering strong statements.
Ululating ultra utterances.
Females foolishly fussing.
Filing feminine fetters.
Rasping reckless remarks.
Advancing annoying arguments.
Gregariously gossiping grievances.
Enunciating empty elocution.
Talking terrible twaddle.
Shrieking senseless sentiments.



"AFTER ALL, JOE, THERE AIN'T SO MUCH TO THIS GAY CITY LIFE."





The Brute: STEWARD, BRING ME A BOX OF SARDINES—IN OIL—AND A BOTTLE OF BASS.

Exit the Family Bible



PUBLISHERS say that the institution known, or once known, as the Family Bible, has almost gone out of use. Bibles abound, but they are smaller ones, handier to read. It is the big Bibles with the Family Record in the middle, between the two Testaments, that is said to be disappearing.

Well! Well! Are families of no account nowadays in this country, that they should keep no records? The Family Bible was not much read; it was too big; but it was carefully preserved and children were entered in it when they came,

and marriages and deaths. A Family Bible used to be included among wedding presents. Has anybody seen one lately among the properties of a new bride?

In various cities the Social Registers keep tab on some selected families, but they are hardly statistical enough in their stories and concern comparatively few people. As far as they go they record marriages and deaths, but not births. You can't get people's ages out of the Social Register. For that you have to go to the *Who's Who* books, but they are even more select than the registers. The telephone book is more catholic in its inclusions but very meagre in statistics.

Why doesn't somebody get out a line

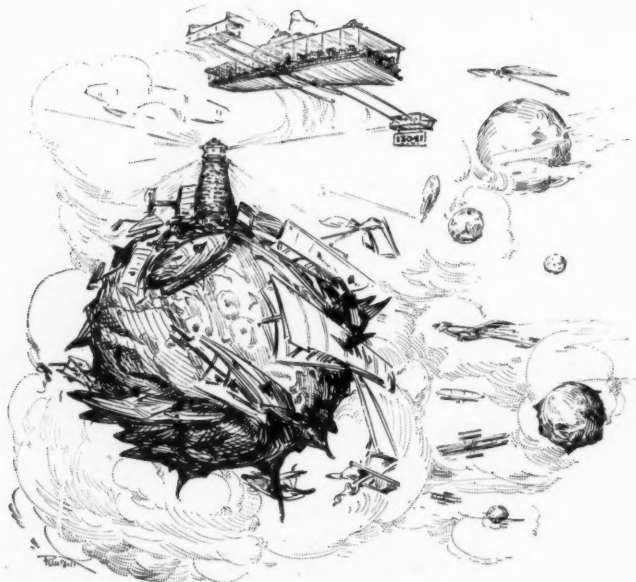
of handsome Family Bibles with the Bible part omitted—slim, handsome octavo books, bound to last, and with due pages in them for the Family Record? This generation needs for use in cities a family record book for which there is room in a flat.

Still Having Fun

THE COLONEL: I am the happiest ex-President that ever was!

Yes, Colonel. That is because you have the best digestion—physical, mental and political—that an ex-President ever had.

One of the wonderful things about you is the clean taste in your mouth in the morning, no matter what happened the night before.



THE GRAVEYARD OF THE SKIES

Invited to Panama

HON. MERRY DEL VAL, Rome.
Dear Sir:—Friendship for your family and concern for your success in life, prompts us to suggest that you apply for a vacation—six months, at least, with leave to extend—and let some other gentleman—Hon. Card. Rampolla, for example—advise the Holy Father for a spell.

We are informed that your strong point is company manners, and your weak suit theology, but whatever are your attainments or accomplishments it is impossible not to recognize that the administration with which you are connected, and of which you are accounted the chief prop, is not making good.

We question, Hon. Cardinal, if your traveling men are giving you true reports of the condition of your business. We question whether there is any country in the world where, if the lay members of your connection expressed their views of your policies by means of the Australian ballot, you would get one-tenth of the votes for your present office. You might do somewhat better with the clergy, but not much; not even in this country where Modernists are scarce and you are known rather as a rumor than as a fact.

You are connected with an irresponsible government, very seriously over-centralized and devoid of the representative features requisite in this age of the world to keep it in health. With these great disabilities it cannot be successfully administered by back numbers. We fear, Hon. Cardinal, that you are not only a back number, but one destined to the achievement of great renown as a has-been. We earnestly recommend you to separate yourself for a time from Rome and fifteen centuries of tradition, and try a change of air and scene. Our President lately visited Panama and came home convinced that things are not as they used to be. You also, Hon. Cardinal, we should welcome to Panama. There is no place better adapted to insert ideas into the system of a back number. The great lesson there expounded is that everything happens when the world is ready for it and happens easily.

The supplementary lesson is that true knowledge is irresistible and that obstacles merely give it exercise.

By all means, Hon. Cardinal, visit Panama, and absorb its lessons and carry them back to Rome, if you conclude to return there.

Yours, with solicitude,

LIFE.

In Defense of New York

SOMEONE ought to be made to suffer for the imputation that New York City is too poor to provide enough schools for her children. It may be a fact that sixty thousand children in New York are compelled to be on half time, but New York knows her business. New York never made any pretensions at children-raising, anyway. New York's specialties are hell-raising, money-raising and money-spending. Nor has New York boasted of her educational facilities. She has wisely depended for those on her satellites, Philadelphia, Boston, New Haven, Europe and other rural communities.

It is nothing lower than the height of absurdity to charge that a city which can support Wall Street and Tammany and the Great White Way, cannot also educate its children if it wishes. It is merely that New York does not see any advantage in having its children educated. This is an important distinction. There are thousands of good reasons why children should not be educated, but there is absolutely no excuse for being poor.

Ellis O. Jones.

Your Turn Now, Republicans

A DANGEROUS man in politics now and then has his value to the country. He keeps the people who are afraid of him hustling to accomplish all that is practicable of the reforms that he advocates before he gets a chance to get into office on them.

Wholesale

THE Kaiser, assisted by the Czar, killed four hundred and ninety-two stags in one hour. These two "sports" ought to swap jobs with somebody in a Chicago slaughter house.

THREE moons: Honeymoon, moneymoon, alimonymoon.

A DIRONDACK GUIDE: What is your climate in New York?

NEW YORKER: Well, occasionally it gets down to zero.

ADIRONDACK GUIDE: M-m-m! Don't you ever have any cold weather?



"A COMING-OUT PARTY."



"Yes, My Dear, What Is It?"

The Busy Man and His Wife

A Play in One Gasp

SCENE:—A pretty little breakfast-room in the home of Mr. John Smith, the "Busy Man." Mr. Smith is seen engrossed in the stock news in the morning paper, while Mrs. Smith is charming in a pale blue negligée, and sips her coffee with an "I've-made-up-my-mind" air.

HIS WIFE: John, will you do me a favor?

THE BUSY MAN (without looking up from his paper): Yes, my dear, what is it?

HIS WIFE (nervously): Well, I—er—I—

BUSY MAN (impatiently): Hurry, my dear, what is it?

HIS WIFE: I have a confession to make, John.

BUSY MAN: Don't bother; confessions take up so much valuable time.

HIS WIFE (wistfully): I don't love you any more.

(**BUSY MAN** continues reading his paper.)

HIS WIFE (angrily): Didn't you hear what I said?

BUSY MAN (apparently annoyed at the interruption): Yes, that's all right; that's all right; don't worry.

HIS WIFE (decidedly): But I want you to get a divorce from me!

BUSY MAN (exasperated): Isn't that just like a woman! Now, you know, Helen, that I can't take the time from my business for anything so frivolous.

(Returns to paper.)

HIS WIFE (leaning forward): But, John, I love someone else. You—

BUSY MAN (*without glancing up*): Of course; of course. (*To himself*) Sugar has gone up again.

HIS WIFE (*sitting very straight*): AND, JOHN SMITH, I AM GOING TO RUN AWAY WITH HIM!!

BUSY MAN (*rising and pushing his chair back*): Please yourself, my dear; only don't expect me to see you off or attend to any of the little details of your departure, because, just now, I am so busy—haven't a minute—must rush to the office now. (*Turning at the door*) Shall I see you again?

HIS WIFE (*helpless and tearful*): Well, if that's the way you are going to act, John Smith, I shall stay right here—you've just spoiled it all!

(*Exit JOHN.*)

(*Curtain.*)

L. R. S. Henderson.

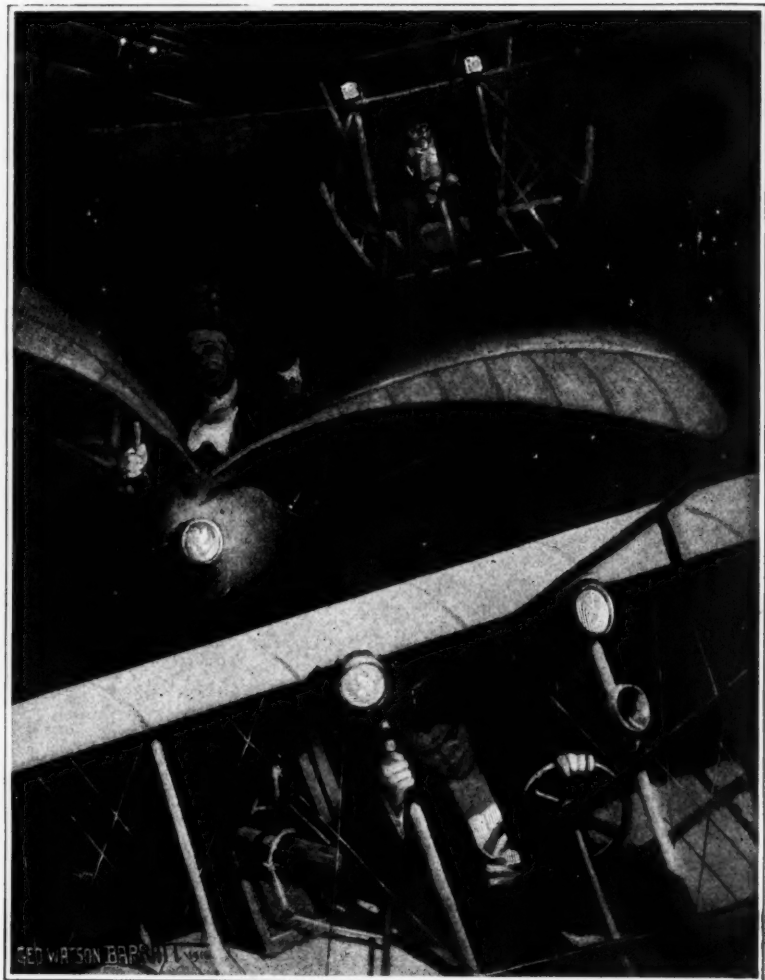
One Advantage

GARAGES are superseding stables a good deal in cities. There are some advantages. Garages on the whole smell better than stables. They do indeed smell of gasoline, but gasoline doesn't breed flies.

"I'VE gotten so I really dislike to kiss that girl, it's so easy."
 "Why do you do it?"
 "Well, her dying mother asked me to be good to her."



RAILROAD TERM
 "ROLLING STOCK"



"WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY"

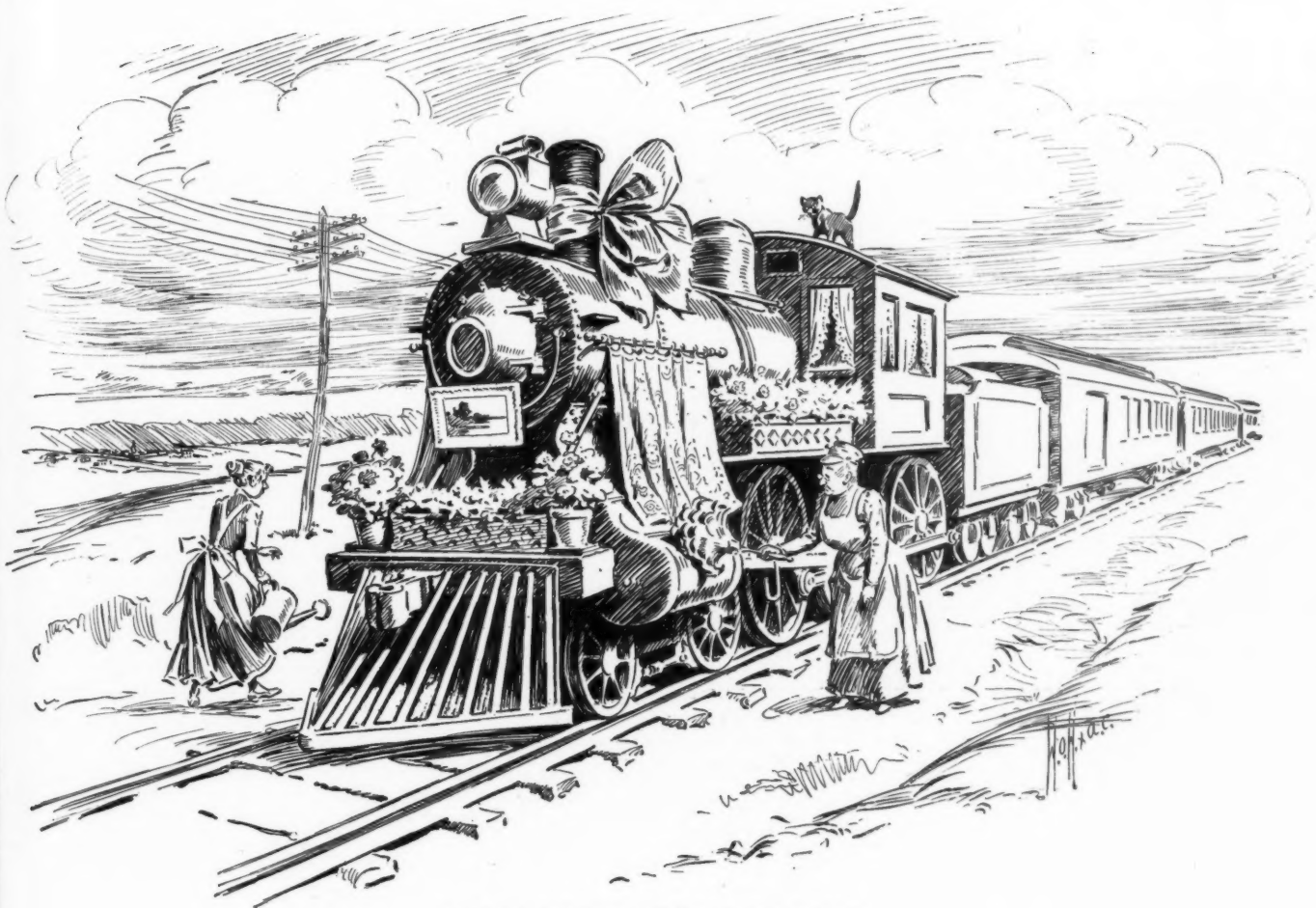
Ego

AN ego is a Latinized I. All men are created egos and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable somethings of which neither statute, ukase, edict, injunction, beggar, magnate, book-agent or promoter can deprive them. He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who filches from me my ego takes that of which he already has enough and makes me not at all.

Women without votes have egos, and, strangely enough, would still have them if they secured the votes. Hence egos are not a political issue.

An ego is what a man is when he has nothing and is nothing else; that is to say, he is then first person singular and no particular gender.

An ego is neither soul, body, spirit, family, country nor race. It is neither moral nor pathological. A criminal has just as much ego as a parson and no more. Some egos are better than others—chiefly our own.



WHEN OUR RAILROADS ARE RUN BY THE FAIR SEX

Question; Marse Henry!

MARSE HENRY WATTERSON has come to be, on the whole, the most comprehensive and convinced of all admirers of Colonel Roosevelt. Discouraging on "The Passing of Cæsar" he speaks of him not only as "the most extraordinary figure of his time," but as "the most acute minded and active bodied man in all the universe since Napoleon Bonaparte." On every account—for the country's sake and for the Colonel's—Marse Henry rejoices in the Colonel's recent defeat. "As one," he says, "who, perhaps unconsciously, menaced the institutes of his country, Theodore Roosevelt may be declared no longer dangerous. The man on horseback is at last dismounted and afoot."

We beg the Sage of Louisville to extend himself one lap and say if he considers that the Colonel is permanently

safe, or only temporarily so. Is it our duty, sir, to relegate him into obscurity and leave him there, unadvertised and unremarked, or, still, without prejudice to the country's prospects, may we take him out of the box from time to time and play with him as heretofore? You know, Marse Henry, we never before

had quite such a toy; never anything with quite such works in it, or capable of affording the same variety of entertainment; never such a stimulant, never such a topic. Now that the recent jolt has got him off the horse, is it lawful for us to enjoy him openly or do we owe it to the country to suppress our interest and sternly shift our contemplations to other subjects?

LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on

December



Your future wife in spite of appearances will be quite sane and a loving and helpful spouse.

15

Your future husband will not be athletic, but will be expert at riding in a taxi. Of course, he will die a bankrupt and leave you penniless.



Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

Announcement of Grand Christmas Celebration



As the Christmas season draws near, we realize that something unusual must be done for our customers. We have been accused so many times of counting the pennies, just because we insist on ordinary business methods, that we intend to depart this year from any suggestion of money.

We hereby invite all of our regular customers, old and young, to a grand Christmas celebration, under the personal management of our able entertainment committee. The tall, handsome blonde on the right as you enter our office will have charge of all the details.

We don't guarantee personal immunity at any season of the year from the visits of your wife's relatives. We have been urged repeatedly to do so, but there are some things that are impossible. This year the best thing we can do is to offer a harbor of refuge to all husbands—on our books—who wish to break away from home at the joyous Christmas time for this or any other reason.

Our Husbands' Christmas Dinner will be an affair to dream about afterward for years; and on second thought, we will extend the invitation to all sufferers, no matter whether they have entered the Bureau or not.

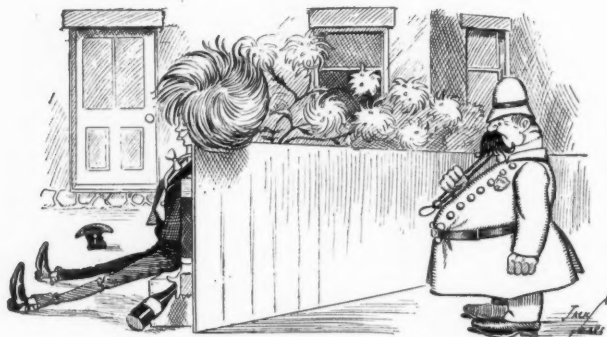
This seems a large contract, but our unusual facilities, and a particularly prosperous year, justify the expenditure.

Send in your name and address at once to our entertainment committee, and tell us when you will come on; we expect to obtain special rates from the railroads. We have secured a couple of grand old manor houses on the banks of the Hudson, and we will entertain our guests there; with side trips, of course, during the time of your stay, to all points of interest.

This invitation is extended to every regularly ordained husband, who can prove that he is married and is living unhappily with his wife; for the space of three days we guarantee to make him forget completely all his troubles.

No marriage certificate is necessary. The tall, handsome blonde is experienced in these matters, and an examination by her always reveals the truth. She can tell a married man in any stage.

By accepting our invitation you will not only have the best time in the world, but you will avoid everything about the Christmas season that you don't like. No Christmas trees to trim; no tips, no relatives, no carving.



"WELL, THAT'S THE BIGGEST CHRYSANTHEMUM I EVER SAW."



SHOWING HOW FOOTBALL CANDIDATES MIGHT BE INDUCED TO TACKLE THE DUMMY AS IF THEY REALLY MEANT IT

Our rules are simple, but imperative. No guest will be permitted to talk of his troubles with any one; the idea is to forget wife and home and just go in for a royal time.

We have engaged a special troupe of vaudeville artists, and the chorus girls' union has consented to help us out. We also have three new seeing-the-tenderloin autos, and no expense will be spared to give every suffering husband a good time. Among the striking features of the celebration will be the fact that nobody will receive a Christmas present.

Later:

We had scarcely made the announcement of our Christmas celebration before we received the following telegram from one of our new customers:

"How am I going to get away?"

Evidently our friend has never subscribed for our booklet "One Thousand Ways to Leave Home." We are mailing it to him, and he can remit at his leisure. In the meantime we call attention to the merits of this extraordinary work, which is now in use by thousands of husbands all over the country. It gives explicit directions to every husband as to the manner in which it will always be possible for him to sneak away from home without his wife doing anything about it. It is based on twenty-five years' personal experience, and we may say that every one of the ways we indicate we have personally tried ourselves.

We are making a special combination offer, and will mail to any of our regular customers both our celebrated *Galaxy of Beauties* and *One Thousand Ways* for only five dollars. The binding of these books alone cost us nearly eleven cents apiece.

This is, we may say, only the beginning of a vast husbands' literature, which we shall announce from time to time. At present our offerings include:

Husband's Vade Mecum. What to do in emergencies, and how to act under all circumstances. By a retired husband who has been married six times.

Henpecked. The true story of a husband who was patient through every difficulty. This book is rapidly becoming a classic.

Handy Guide to Paris. Containing a full description of all places you ought not to visit.

Conversation Guide. For use of husbands. This gives several hundred different ways of talking about the same thing without wearing it out. Invaluable.

Others in preparation.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.



"OH, ETHEL! I FEEL POSITIVELY DESPERATE! I DON'T CARE WHETHER MY HAT'S ON STRAIGHT OR NOT."

"I'M FARTHER GONE THAN THAT! I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS MY AGE."

Ups and Downs of Alcohol

RICHMOND P. HOBSON has been warning the Patriotic Women of America that "alcoholic poison is degenerating the nation." In ours, we prefer "degenerate" as an intransitive verb, but that's no matter (and perhaps he was mis-reported). Is Mr. Hobson right in his facts and feelings? Is alcohol doing more damage than usual, or less?

It seems to us—the opinion resting merely on acquaintance with a restricted number of fellow-beings—as if most of the half-sensible people were cutting down, or had cut down, their allowances of alcohol. Possibly that is nothing more than one effect of continued residence on earth. As our experience of life progresses we see a great many people come to an attitude of discretion about alcohol. It must be the young—persons of Mr. Hobson's age or less—who do most of the drinking. The more mature have to be wise if they are to be comfortable.

Let us warn Mr. Hobson, since our hand is in, that we are all subject to fits of extreme opinion about alcohol, its importance, and the damage it does ourselves and our fellow-creatures. Close observation of some one who has been ruined by it, and great personal discomfort as a consequence of that ruin, will set almost any of us fiercely against the whole alcoholic product for a time. And then as time passes, our ferocity usually wears thin. We see large numbers of normal people drinking the juice of the grape, and beer, and even spirits

in limited quantities, and getting along with it, and we come back to tolerance of intoxicants and a cautious participation in their consolations.

These impassioned forays on the water wagon are very good for us. They keep us scared and cautious—an excellent way for us to be in our dealings with alcohol. They seem, too, to have a cumulative effect upon us, detaching us more and more from the more perilous stimulants and shooting off toward the tea-table.

SHE'S very domestic in her tastes, isn't she?"

"Decidedly. They say she really enjoys her husband's cooking."

Troubles

"THE trouble with Mr. Taft," says James J. Hill, "is that he lives in a political atmosphere. He can't get away from it. It pervades Washington, and the President's view of conditions is limited in a large measure by those who surround him."

That's true enough, and the trouble with Mr. Hill is that he lives in a financial atmosphere and his view is limited by the stocks and bonds and railroad whistles which surround him.

The trouble with the rest of us is that we have to pay the bills for both limited views.

Ellis O. Jones.

Dramatic Item

THE paper says that Professor Mead, head of the Government's lobster hatchery at Wickford, Rhode Island, has found out a new way to grow lobsters under artificial conditions, and that the market price for lobsters will soon be seven cents a pair.

We hope so, provided the pair are big enough to eat; seven cents a pound would sound surer. Anybody that can supply lobsters for seven cents a pair, apiece, or a pound, has got the tiresome man who made two blades of grass grow in place of one, beaten to a frazzle.

Now, can Professor Mead contrive some improvements in the laying of eggs. Give us lobsters as above, and eggs at eight cents a dozen and we shall make our own terms with the beef trust.

"WHY don't you go to the dance tonight, Harold? Haven't you any flame?"

"Yes, dad," said the Harvard student, "a flame, but no fuel."

LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on

December



Your future wife will devote herself to alleviating the miseries of homeless cats. You will learn to cook with a fireless cooker.

16

Your future husband will think he can sing. You will think he can't. You will suffer more than he will.



Your future wife will be fond of jewelry, and the amount of your income will make it necessary for you to convince her that rhinestones are quite as beautiful as diamonds.

17

Your future husband will be a gentleman dressmaker. Your apparel will be confined to his misfits and failures, whether they are becoming or not.





From the Slums of Paris to the Mount of Olives



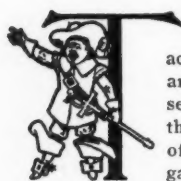
A YOUNG and beautiful artist, with emotional power and the graceful vivacity which robs French vice of its grossness, might have made endurable the principal part portrayed by Mrs. Leslie Carter in Mr. Rupert Hughes's "Two Women." Mrs. Carter succeeded in making it in looks and rendering one of the most repulsive impersonations seen on the New York stage in many a day. In this exhibition of feminine depravity she was aided by the play which has all the immorality that characterized the foreign dramas imported for this market thirty and forty years ago, but without the strong plot and finished construction which were the redeeming features of these now out of date dramatic works. It is no needful to go into further detail concerning this theatrical undertaking. Whatever success it may have will come from—to paraphrase Blunt—

The sympathy of shop-girls who would weep
Their shilling's worth of woe in any cause,
At any tragedy.

The severest condemnation is due to everyone concerned in this degradation of the legitimate stage. We have had settings, groupings, characters and costumes quite as offensive as those shown in the *Bal Tabarin* act in this play, but without the same brutality and slimy suggestion and seldom in the guise of legitimate drama.

The constituted authorities are slow to act in matters of this sort. The law seems to furnish no speedy means of action and when it comes to police interference with the doings in a presumably reputable theatre they are perhaps distrustful of their own ability to determine just where art leaves off and indecency begins. For obvious reasons the daily newspapers are reticent.

There is also a theory that for those who write of the theatre to say in print that an entertainment offered to the public is immoral or indecent is to advertise it, and by attracting the patronage of the low-minded play directly into the hands of those who hope to profit by such enterprises. That is not our affair. It would be a failure in duty to the better public not to tell the truth.



THE same broad melodramatic material and the same appeal to time-worn devices in acting which marked "The Scarlet Pimpernel" are to be found in "Henry of Navarre," the second offering of Mr. Terry, Miss Neilson and their thoroughly English company. The loyalty of the English public to actors who have once gained their favor is proverbial and they are also loyal to the same methods of producing effects which amused their fathers and themselves in their younger days. Therefore, when Mr. Terry, as the Gascon king

at the court of Charles IX., burrs and guffaws in Yorkshire style to impress Marguerite with his rusticity, it has for the English a force of precedent and a local color, while to an American audience it is both incomprehensible and tiresome. Mr. Terry gives so many evidences of his being an easy and polished actor that it causes regret, and may explain the moderate success of the present engagement, that he has not seen fit to show himself in plays and parts better adapted to our liking.

In "Henry of Navarre" Miss Neilson is content to wear picturesque costumes and be a striking figure in the delightful tableaux with which the play abounds. The other members of the company are reliable, if not distinguished, in their work. Although America and England have grown to be comparatively close together the English language does not seem to gain any closer relationship to the American and many lines as enunciated by these actors were made obscure in their meaning.

The play itself twines about the historical massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Eve and the plot concerns itself with the plottings of Katherine de Medici against Henry and the infatuation of the Duc de Guise for Henry's wife. These allow the use of attempted poisonings, combats, escapes and other good, old-fashioned dramatic material to an unlimited extent. Its handsome costumes and settings make the play picturesque and in its entirety it is far from uninteresting.



FOR a little while it seemed as though Miss Olga Nethersole, impressed either by the theme of the play or by the eminence of being permitted to be a star on the stage of the New Theatre, might lay aside her posings and her mannerisms and try sincerely to realize the intensely dramatic possibilities of the character of Mary of Magdala. But it was not to be. In the first act, in spite of her barbaric Oriental trappings, she was at moments simple and natural in speech, but she quickly came back to her posturing and to the monotonous singing delivery of her lines which have in recent years robbed her of the power to stir her audiences. She is far better equipped by temperament and looks for this part than Mrs. Fiske was, but even so the latter did at times move the feelings of her hearers, which Miss Nethersole never did for an instant.

The acting honors of the performance went to Mr. Arthur Forrest, who was seen in the first act only and in the character of an elderly Roman in retirement and finding his joys in philosophy. The rather long speech allotted to him was delivered

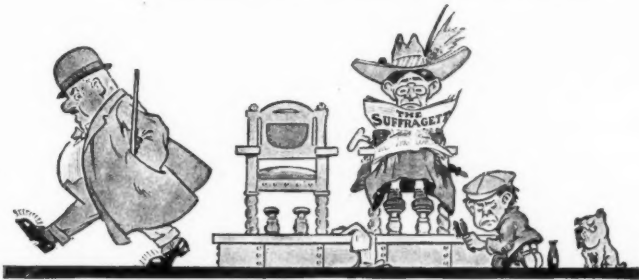


OUR FIRELESS COOKER

Scrambled Dramas



"THE GAMBLERS" TRIM "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD"



"NOBODY'S WIDOW" "GETTING A POLISH"



"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM" GATHERS "THE NEST EGG"

with a diction that was a delight to the ear and with a grace which, except for a little too much gesture, was a joy to the eye. *Lucius Verrus*, the Roman general in love with *Mary*, and jealous of her devotion to Christ, was impersonated in manly but not especially sympathetic fashion by Mr. Edward Mackay. Mr. Wilfrid Roger was cast as *Lazarus*, just raised from the dead, and he looked it.

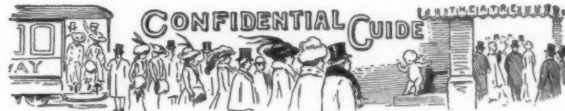
The settings of the first and second acts are exquisite, especially the former. It represents a portico of the house and a bit of the garden of the Roman *Annoeus Silanus* at Bethany. The background is an extensive view over the valley brilliant in tint and contrasting with the fresh green of the hedges and trees and the white of the pillars and façade. The second is a spacious room in *Mary's* villa, suggesting Pompeii in its color, its decoration and its luxury.

Maeterlinck's play is another treatment of the theme of the *Magdalene's* life, but with the background of Christ, his life and his death, always in view. Outside of the interest of curiosity that attends the theatrical presentation of this

momentous episode of history and religion, it is a play for the study rather than the stage. Only Mr. Forrest's splendid delivery of the Roman's speech in the first act saved its uninterupted wordiness from killing the dramatic interest then and there. The second was given over largely to a demonstration of the actual physical deadness of *Lazarus*, which was not helpful to the action, powerful as may have been its bringing home the realism of the miracle. The third was devoted to an unduly prolonged gathering of the wretched Christians on the eve of the crucifixion and to a love-making scene in which *Verus* tries to win *Mary* for himself and away from Christ. Even in the hands of a great actor and great actress this scene would have been a trial in its length. With Miss Nethersole never forgetting her physical self for an instant and her voice making no sound of sincerity or deep emotion, it was entirely ineffective and the trumpery spectacle of Christ on his way to his crucifixion brought to an end a scene which had become a weariness to the audience.

Leaving entirely aside any discussion of whether this play will jar on the rather hardened religious sensibilities of the atreagoers in New York, its dramatic merits as performed by Miss Nethersole and her company do not entitle "*Mary Magdalene*" to be ranked among the New Theatre's successes.

Metcalf.



Astor—"The Aviator," with Mr. Wallace Eddinger. Notice later.

Belasco—"The Concert." A laughable satire of the musician-worshipping woman, admirably staged and acted.

Bijou—Miss *Zelda Sears* in "The Nest Egg." An amusing American comedy and a very clever piece of character acting.

Broadway—Mr. *Sothorn* and Miss *Marlowe* in "Macbeth." Notice later.

Casino—"He Came from Milwaukee." Conventional musical show, with Mr. *Sam Bernard's* dialect fun as the main attraction.

Comedy—Mr. *William Collier* in "I'll Be Hanged if I Do." Frothy little absurdity in the way of a play, but giving Mr. *Collier's* fun-making ample scope.

Criterion—"The Commuters." The train-catcher and his ways turned into laughter.

Daly's—"Baby Mine." Farcical adjustment of a young married couple's early disagreements.

Empire—Mr. *William Gillette* in his former success, "The Private Secretary." Notice later.

Gaiety—"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." Slangy but laughable treatment of the confidence game, its workers and its victims.

Garick—"The Speckled Band." Crudely melodramatic interpretation of one of the *Sherlock Holmes* stories.

Globe—Madame *Bernhardt* in repertory. Notice later.

Hackett—Mr. *Albert Chevalier* in "Taddy Dufard." Notice later.

Herald Square—Lulu *Glaser* in "The Girl and the Kaiser." Tuneful and well-staged comic opera.

Hippodrome—A more than generous quantity of good spectacle, ballet and circus.

Hudson—Blanche *Bates* in "Nobody's Widow." Trivial comedy of our own time and place, well acted.

Knickerbocker—Mr. *Fred Terry* and Miss *Julia Neilson* in "King Henry of Navarre." See above.

Lyceum—Oscar *Wilde's* "The Importance of Being Earnest." Comedy whose wit has not paled with the years. Agreeably done.

Lyric—Mrs. *Carter* in "Two Women," by Mr. *Rupert Hughes*. See above.

Majestic—Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird." New Theatre production of the charming child play.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Gamblers." Highly interesting and excellently staged drama of to-day in New York.

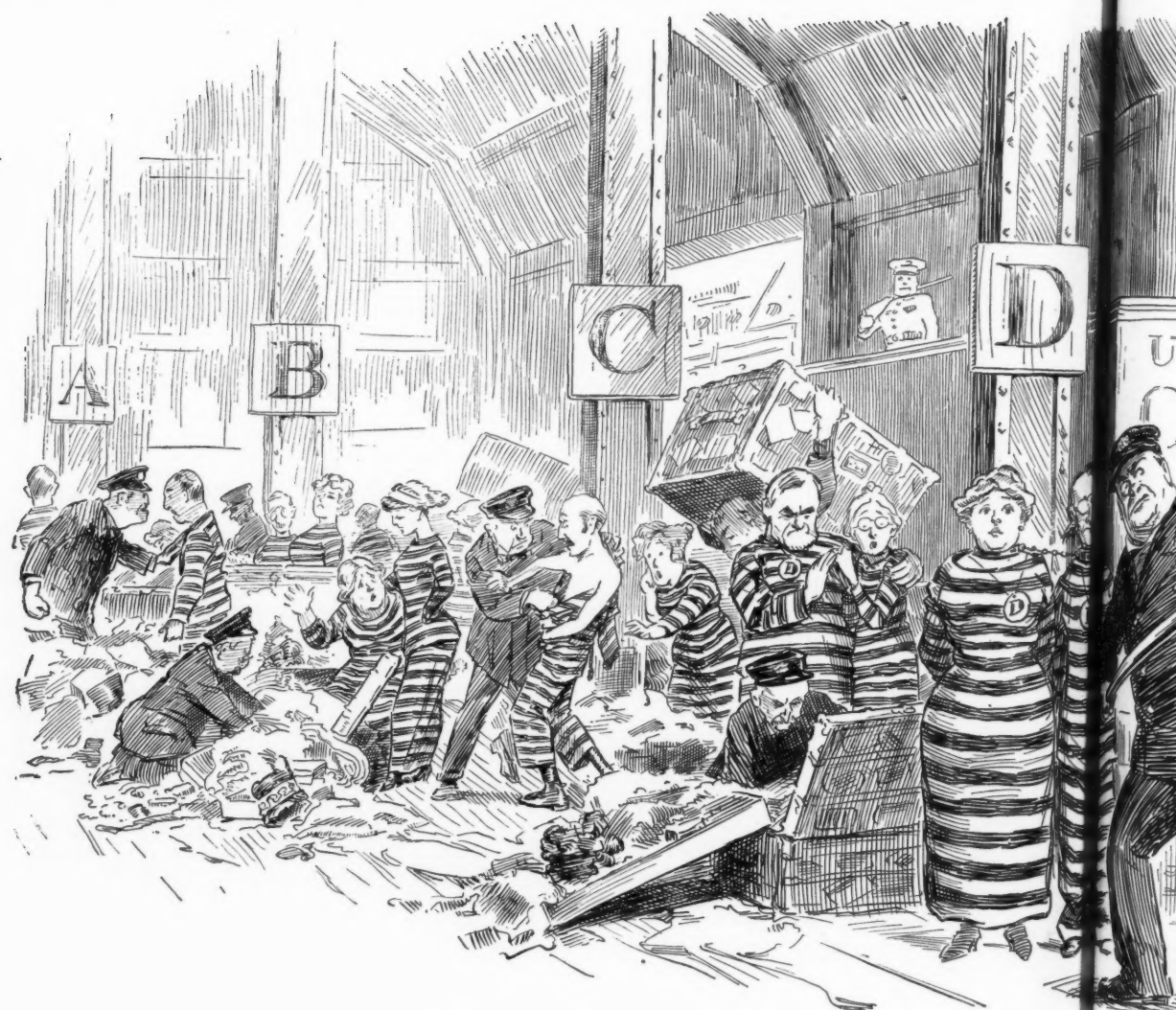
Nasimova—"Madame Troubadour." Tuneful and well-staged opera.

New—Olga *Nethersole* in "Mary Magdalene." See above.

Republic—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." The delightful stage version of the well-known stories. Refreshing as a draught of cold spring water on a hot day.

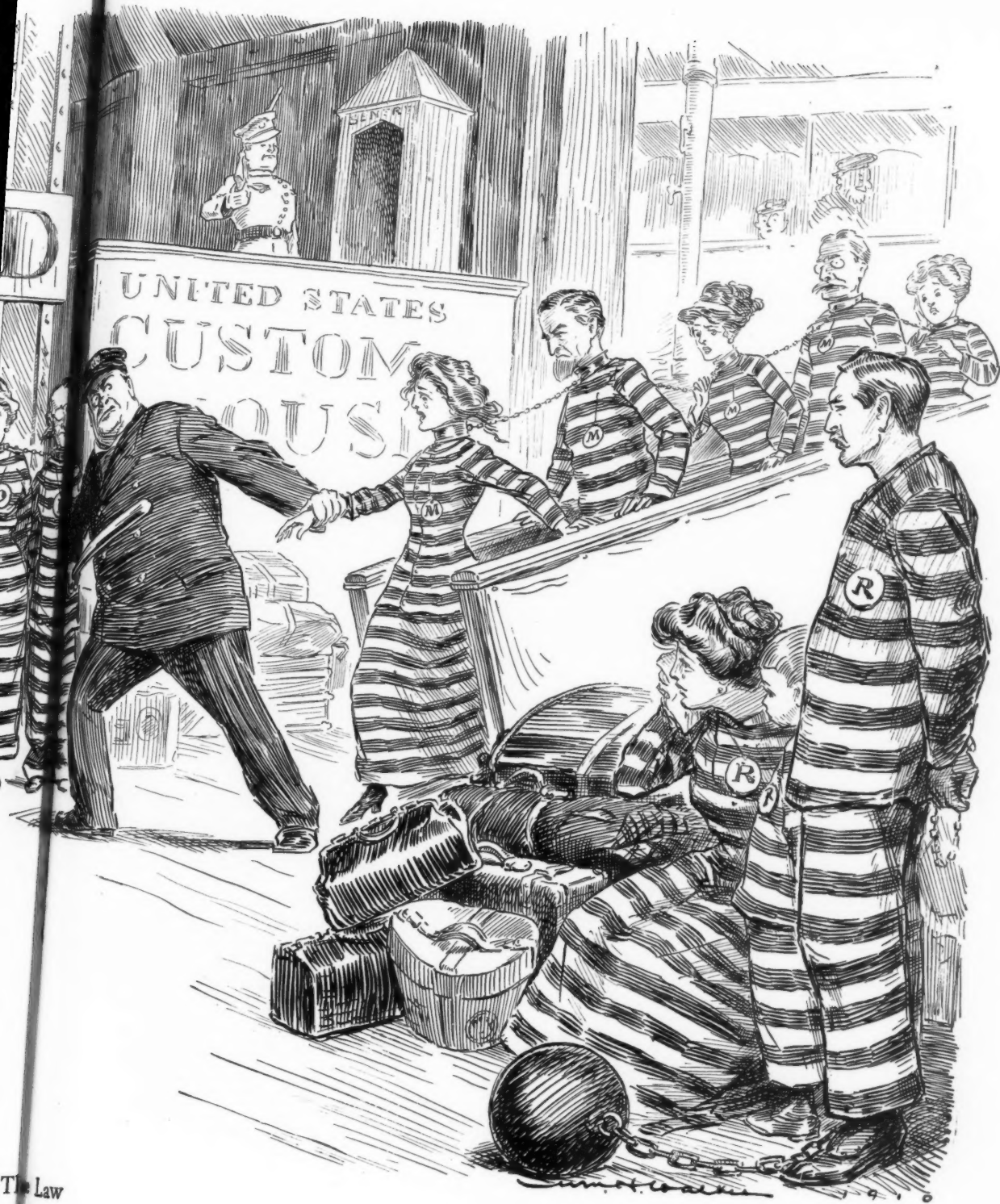
Wallack's—May *Irwin* in "Getting a Polish." Principally May *Irwin* and her infectious jollity.

Weber's—"Alma, Where Do You Live?" Crude farce embellished with *Kittie Gordon's* beauty and good songs.



The Law

RETURNING AMERICANS WILL BE REGARDED AS CRIMINALS



The Law
REGARDED AS CRIMINALS UNTIL PROVED INNOCENT

A Growing Incapacity



DR. WILLIAM OSLER is, we understand, a wise and interesting gentleman. In the *American Magazine* for December he says:

"Here I would like to say a word or two upon one of the most terrible of all acute infections, the one of which we first learned the control through the work of Jenner. A great deal of literature has been distributed casting discredit upon the value of vaccination in the prevention of smallpox. I do not see how anyone who has gone through epidemics as I have, or who is familiar with the history of the subject, and who has any capacity left for clear judgment, can doubt its value."

Now, here is an expert opinion. It certainly is positive, and it may be of considerable importance. We have the impression that Dr. Osler, in writing it, was a trifle "hot," and is on the defensive. If he is correct in his opinion it will be mortifying news to countless Americans who have not only lost faith in vaccination but shrink from it with terror. Also, many scientific men across the water will be sorry to learn of their incapacity "for clear judgment." Among Englishmen, for instance, Charles Creighton, M.D., M.A., says: "The Anti-Vaccinists have knocked the bottom out of a grotesque superstition."—*Royal Commission on Vaccination, Question No. 5, 126.*

Also, R. Hall Bakewell, M.D., M.R.C.S., formerly Vaccinator General and Medical Officer of Health for Trinidad, author of *Pathology and Treatment of Smallpox*: "I have very little faith in VACCINATION even as modifying the disease, and none at all as a protective in virulent epidemics. Personally, I CONTRACTED SMALLPOX LESS THAN SIX MONTHS AFTER A MOST SEVERE RE-VACCINATION."

And George Cordwint, M.D., deputy coroner for West Somerset, for twenty years a public vaccinator: "Vaccination should not be practised; I see no justification for it."—*Royal Commission on Vaccination, Question No. 12,787.*

And E. M. Crookshank, M.D. (Lond.), M.R.C.S., professor of pathology and bacteriology in King's College, London: "I maintain there is no scientific support for vaccination and the practice is destined to fall into desuetude."

Dr. Osler must have a poor opinion of the Registrar-General's reports which inform an awakening public that one thousand and sixty-nine children have been killed by vaccination in England and Wales, according to the admission of medical men themselves.

Lines of Least Resistance

CUSTOMER: In case—er—I should decide not to retain this ring, will you exchange it for something else?

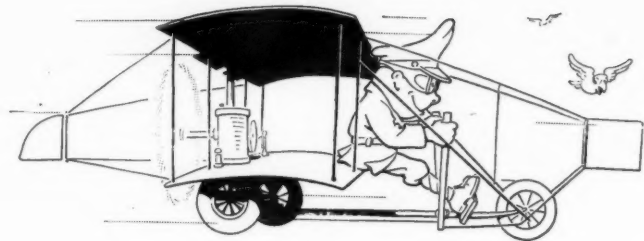
JEWELER: Young man, it is a good deal easier for you to get another girl than it would be for us to make the exchange.



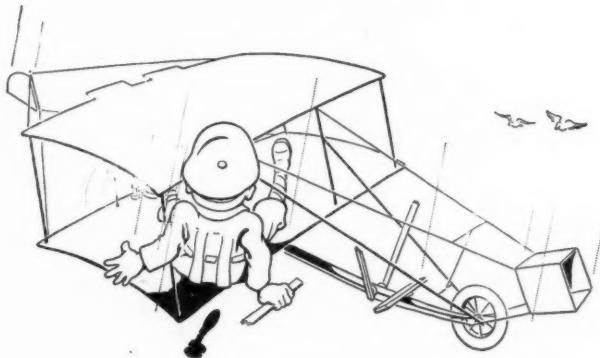
PREPARATION



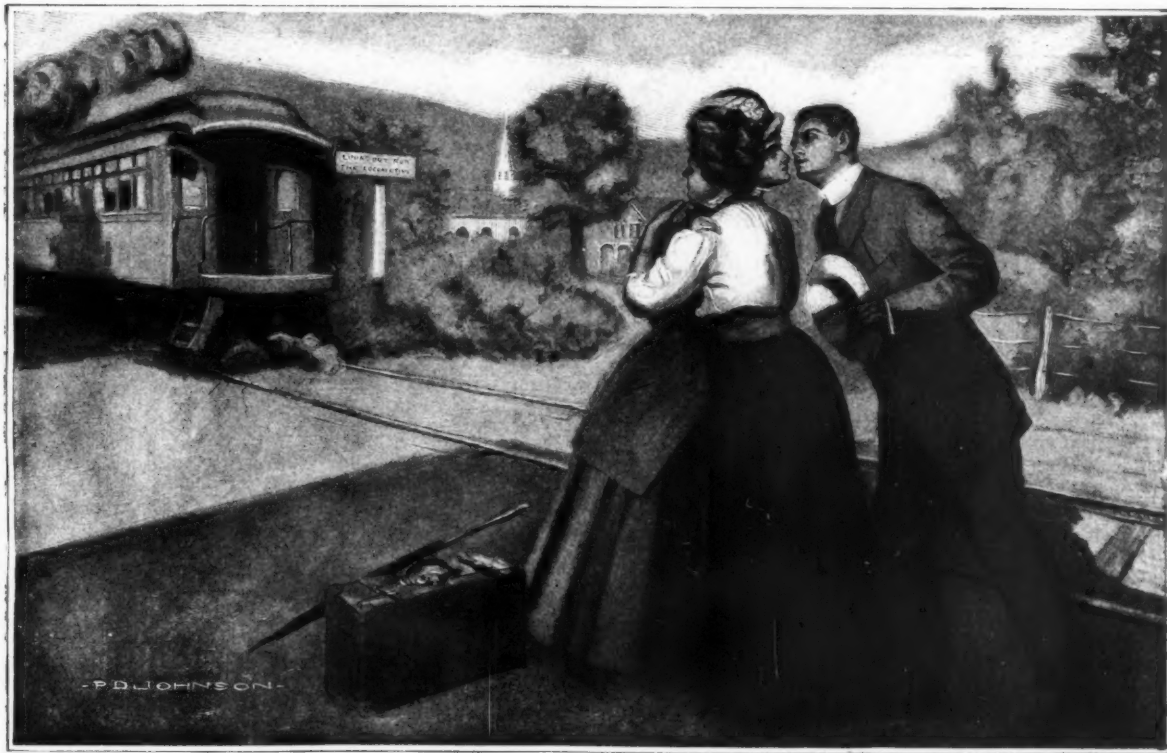
ELEVATION



AVIATION



GRAVITATION



"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

To Please Both Sides

YOU allege cruelty, madam," says the court. "What particular form of cruelty?"

"Your honor," says the complainant, "my husband got mad and threw things at me because I tried to please him with the meals I fixed for him."

"What have you to say?" asks the judge of the defendant.

"I'll tell you, judge. Maybe I was a little hasty, but it's this way: She is always trying new salads that she finds in the recipe columns of the papers, and after I had tried to eat nasturtium salad, and hickory nut salad, and carrot salad, and egg-plant salad, and dried beef salad, and spaghetti salad, I did lose my temper when she handed me a dish of shredded chrysanthemums with olive oil on them."

"I will not grant a divorce, but I will censure the de-

fendant in my private office," says the judge, leading the way. Once the door is closed on him and the wondering defendant the judge says:

"Shake, old man! I did the best I could for you. I have to put up this bluff about censuring you because my own wife will read of the case, and she is now making delicious desserts from cold mush and left-over breakfast foods."

Clasping each other's hands the two men weep silently.

Eggs

IF the eggs laid by Nebraska hens in 1909 were put down in a double row, end to end, they would extend nineteen thousand three hundred and eighteen miles, which is more than three times the railway mileage built in the United States in 1908."—*Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor and Industries.*

But that is by no means all. Why such feeble and unenlightened comparisons when those same eggs, merely by being allowed to repose in cold storage as long as usual, would be stronger, in the aggregate, than the combined armies of Xerxes, Hannibal and General Kuropatkin?



D-NATION

TWO beautifully dressed women got on the car at Fifty-fifth Street and entered into a discussion of their household cares and worries. Finally, when the subject of jellies was reached, one said to the other:

"Yes, we tried some crab apples this year, but the stuff wouldn't jell, and we had to give it to the Salvation Army."



THE LATEST BOOKS

IN view of a recent occurrence one cannot help sympathizing with the acute embarrassment of that easy-going but self-conscious young matron, American Literature. It is terribly disconcerting to have an unforeseeable pause in the general conversation filled by the vehement voice of one's *enfant terrible*, telling the truth not wisely but too well. And in the sudden and uncomfortable silence of the fall book season of 1910 it is quite useless to pretend not to have heard the voice of David Graham Phillips loudly proclaiming *The Husband's Story* (Appleton, \$1.50). It is only fair to say, however, that one's sympathy is tempered with amusement and that the joke is quite as much on the company as on the hostess. The story is supposedly written by an American millionaire, retired; a man of more than mere business ability who, in middle life, has had his eyes opened to the significance of much that he was too busy to analyze as he went along; who is mad through and through at the realization; and who takes a grim pleasure in turning state's evidence. He traces the career of himself and his wife, through their respective business and social pushings and squirmings and climbings, to his own conquest of Wall Street and hers of Mayfair. And in outline the result is a plain, straightforward, perfectly credible story, full of crude truth-telling and of homely knowledge of human nature in its shirt-sleeves. But it is also full of the ill-concealed glee of the *enfant terrible* in flouting not only the company manners of his mother's guests, but the entire code of social amenity. And the flouting is so deserved, yet so outrageous; so cheekily impudent, yet so impishly shrewd; that the audience is likely to be divided between offended dignity and amused regret that American Literature, like other American mothers of the day, has forgotten the secondary uses of the hairbrush.



"GIVEN UP EVERYTHING?"

"YES."

"TOO BAD. I SUPPOSE THOSE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE IDEAS YOU WERE HOLDING YESTERDAY WENT TOO?"

IT is, one would have imagined, either much too early or a trifle late for another book on Whistler to be added to the curious collection already in print. But Sadakichi Hartman's *The Whistler Book* (L. C. Page, \$3), in spite of its careless proofreading and the crassness of some of its reproductions, will easily justify its existence. Mr. Hartman is a critical Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. In his work flashes of exquisite intuition and moments of perfect self-expression play at teeter-tauter with slovenly and not always ingenuous impulses of facile space filling. *The Whistler Book* is often sterily facile. But it will endear itself to the discerning by many pages of genuinely interpretative comment and by occasional illuminative phrases of concentrated candle-power.

READERS of the justly esteemed and definitely recognized life of Whistler by E. R. and J. Pennell who happen



THE LAND(ING) OF THE FREE



EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF ENTHUSIASTIC AVIATOR TO A FRIEND
 " FLEW TEN MILES THIS MORNING, HAD A BATH, THEN RAMBLED HOME TO BREAKFAST — "

upon Elizabeth Robins Pennell's *Our House and the People In It* (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.25), will be instantly conscious of meeting, in the informal intimacy of private life, the gracious executive partner in that work of official and public collaboration. The new book deals, in an unaffected and unassuming first person singular, with the trials of an unaccustomed housewife in tradition-ruled London; with the vagaries of various charwomen and with the unstable perfections of other more or less exotic servants. It is intrinsically unimportant. Yet it gives us somehow the sensation of being gracefully entertained in her own home by a hostess from whom such hospitality is a subtle flattery.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON'S *The Greatest Wish in the World* (Mitchell Kennerley), is a delectably tender little tale written in a mood of somewhat expansive recognition of the fugitive romance and latent pathos of humble lives. The "wish" is the wish for one's own child; and in the story of the little foundling girl who is adopted by Father O'Leary, by whom the wish has been forsworn, and raised by his widowed housekeeper, to whom the wish has been denied, and in whose own heart the wish so unrecognizably develops in its turn, the author has invented a simple but happily chosen setting for his theme. Mr. Thurston has been called a "realist" by those who use the term as an opprobrious epithet, because, in

Sally Bishop and his more serious novels, he has refused to dip the rose of romance in paraffine and thus make it "stay romance until the end." In *The Greatest Wish in the World* he has picked the little flower while it is still in full bloom.
 J. B. Kerfoot.



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

A Man's Man, by Ian Hay. A good-natured, loose-jointed, non-humorous, go-as-you-please story by the author of *The Right Stuff*.
Clayhanger, by Arnold Bennett. The voluminous but engrossing history of a suppressed individualist.
The Doctor's Lass, by Edward C. Booth. A happy-hearted love story delightfully elaborated.
The Creators, by May Sinclair. A story of literary life in London. An unintentional satire of considerable interest.
The Island of Stone Money, by William Henry Furness, 3rd. An account of a two months' stay on the tropical island of Uap in the Carolines.
Now, by Charles Marriott. An odd tale of the involvement of an "enlightened" English bourgeois family in the workings of a Secessionist conspiracy.
Rewards and Fairies, by Rudyard Kipling. A second and less noteworthy series of Puck of Pook's Hill tales.
The Theory of the Theatre, by Clayton Hamilton. A collection of critical and explanatory essays of unusual clarity, acumen and distinction.
Tales of Men and Ghosts, by Edith Wharton. Short stories in which a perfected technique is applied to inadequate material.
The Way of All Flesh, by Samuel Butler. A novel written in the early '80's, published in 1902, and just beginning to be generally appreciated.

Priscilla Still on Her Mettle



THE name of Henrietta Williams should be writ in letters of gold. She is one of our dear English sisters and is certainly a true heroine. Read what she did:

One contingent from the Caxton Hall meeting ran across Mr. Asquith as he was crossing Parliament Square on his way to the Government offices on Downing Street. Crowds of excited women quickly surrounded the Premier, and one of them, named Henrietta Williams, ran forward and struck him.

Although he is Prime Minister of England, Mr. Asquith is also a member of the brute and tyrant sex. There is no estimating the extent of danger to which Henrietta Williams exposed herself. She doubtless took Mr. Asquith by surprise and he might have turned on her and struck her a blow with his fist which would have blackened her eye or he might have drawn a revolver and shot her dead. Henrietta Williams is indeed a splendid specimen of our sex and an ideal Suffragette.

The men magistrates on the British bench no longer discharge or fine our dear sisters when they are arrested for destroying property and committing assaults on public and private persons. The brutes send the dear girls to prison. They insist on treating them not as heroic martyrs to a sacred cause, but as mere vulgar brawlers and disturbers of the peace. The magistrates ought to be ashamed of themselves to treat members of our finer sex as though they were mere men.

There is a pathetic note in this recent utterance of the Rev. Anna Shaw. It was in connection with an appeal from the leaders of our English sisters to send them some American dollars. She said: "I should hardly feel justified in contributing to a fund for helping suffragists across the water when our own national association is several thousand dollars in debt."

She is entirely right. There is already dissatisfaction in our ranks because, although every one has to subscribe, only our peerless leaders get their names in the papers. That is all right for them, but it is not exactly fair to the Suffragettes who put up the bulk of the money and get no notoriety from it. The English leaders ought to get the money to pay for their notoriety from their own Suffragettes.

Good news, sisters! Twenty years ago Professor Sargent, of Harvard, made a statue of a woman based on the average measurements of more than ten thousand of our sex. From similar measurements taken recently he finds that in physique we are getting to be more like men. Our feet, waists and necks are all growing larger. He has discovered no appreciable difference in the length of woman's tongue.

Several hundred persons assembled at the Metropolitan Temple the other night to listen to arguments against woman suffrage, but were disappointed. Ten minutes after the time scheduled for the opening of the meeting not one of those opposed to votes for women had appeared.

Contemptible creatures! Sooner than take the trouble to come out in public and make speeches they were probably at



First Personall; Conducted Party: WHAT CITY IS THIS?
"WHAT DAY IS IT—WEDNESDAY OR THURSDAY?"
"WEDNESDAY."
"THEN IT MUST BE FLORENCE."

home keeping house, taking care of their children, or doing some other humiliating thing showing their slavery to tyrant man.

The writer of this letter doesn't wish her name used. She hasn't much intellectuality, but she is a pretty girl, wears stylish hats and gowns, and is very good bait to attract attention at our street-corner meetings:

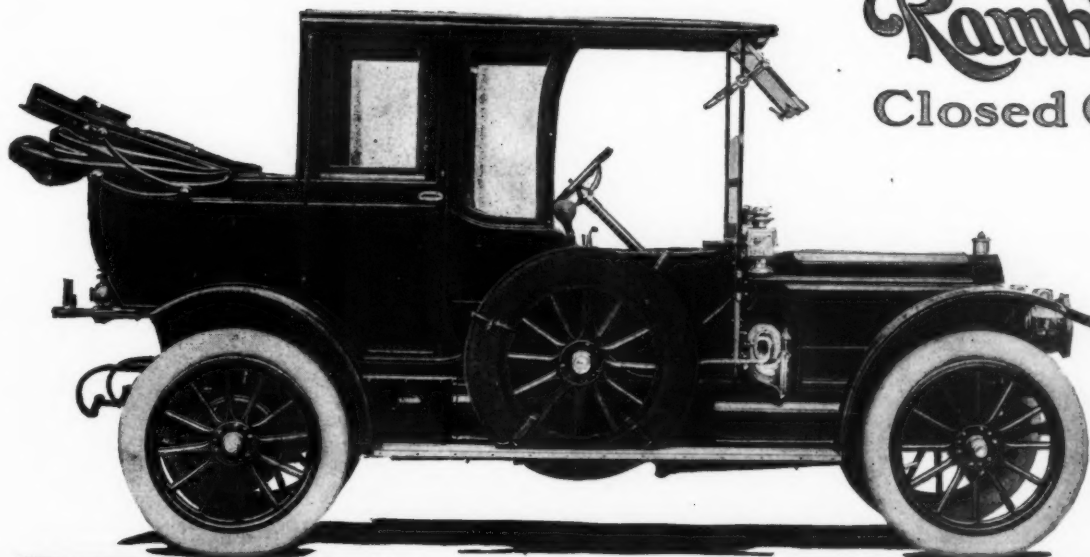
DEAR MISS PRISCILLA:—A man friend of mine says that if I will name a single one of our leaders who is a good wife, a good mother, or even a good housekeeper, he will become a convert to our sacred cause. When I mentioned Mrs. Belmont and two or three others he only laughed. When I asked him why, he wouldn't tell me and only kept on laughing. Won't you tell me some one of the leaders who answers his description so I can win him over?

Yours affectionately and for the cause,
A— F—

Perfect rubbish, my dear. The ladies who lead us are well known, and thanks to their keeping their names in the papers are becoming better advertised every day. What difference does it make what they are as wives, mothers and housekeepers? Does anybody ask men candidates for Congress whether they can cook, bake or sew? No, indeed! It is enough if they have what is called the gif. of gab, and you can tell your young man that every one of our leaders has that.

PRISCILLA JAWBONES.

Rambler Closed Cars



THE Rambler closed car makes a delight of the winter errands. Protected from penetrating winds or storm, it takes you quietly and comfortably to business, theater, shopping or calling. The cab sides, glass front, fore doors and storm curtains protect the occupants of the front seat. Seating capacity inside for five. Trimming, blue broadcloth. Deep upholstery, 120-inch wheel base, Rambler seven-eighths elliptic rear springs, shock absorbers and 37 x 5-inch wheels and tires produce gratifying comfort. The offset crank-shaft and straight-line drive provide flexibility that permits throttling down on high gear no faster than a man usually walks. This avoids much gear shifting and adapts the Rambler closed car to town needs. With its collapsible top and removable windows, the landaulet may be converted into an open car for summer. This feature, its 5 x 5½ motor, delivering forty-five horsepower, and the large wheels and tires adapt this landaulet also to touring.

Rambler closed cars are made in landaulet, limousine, town car and coupe styles. You may inspect them at Rambler branches and dealers stores in principal cities.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Branches: Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, San Francisco

New York Dealers: The Rambler Automobile Co.
of New York, 38-40 West 62nd Street, New York



Real Goblins

Once there was a little girl
Who tried to smuggle things,
And when the dock inspectors came
She up and hid her rings;
And when they asked her what she had
She just said, "Nuthin', sir!"
Although she knew it wasn't true—
She had 'em all on her,
And when they had her searched, O, my!
They found 'em in her hair!—
And the customs men'll get you
Ef you don't de-clare.

Then there was a little boy
Who bought a lot of clothes,
And handkerchiefs and shirts and things,
And underwear and hose;
And as he landed on the dock
He looked just like a saint.
When asked if he'd bought things abroad,
He said, "No, sur, I ain't!"
But when they opened up his trunks
The things they found in there!—
And the customs men'll get you
Ef you don't de-clare.

—New York Times.



A TOOTHsome ARTICLE

Legal Profundity

A newly-made magistrate was gravely absorbed in a formidable document. Raising his keen eyes, he said to the man who stood patiently awaiting the award of justice: "Officer, what is this man charged with?"

"Bigotry, your worship. He's got three wives," replied the officer.

The new justice rested his elbows on the desk and placed his finger tips together. "Officer," he said somewhat sternly, "what's the use of all this education, all these evening schools, all the technical classes an' what-not? Please remember, in any future like case, that a man who has married three wives has not committed bigotry but trigonometry. Proceed."—*Lincoln State Journal.*

Too Frank

"We need brains in this business, young man."

"You needn't tell me that, sir. Your business shows it."—*Baltimore American.*

"WHAT makes you think she's uncultured?"

"She thinks Ibsen's plays are stupid."

"Well, a lot of people think so."

"Yes; but she says so."

—*Cleveland Leader.*

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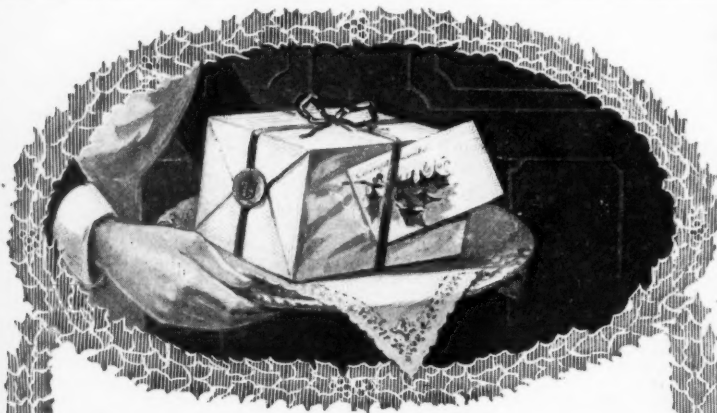
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Contained within this box are sweet expressions of good will, those dainty confections of captivating toothsome known as

Belle Mead Sweets
Chocolates and Bon Bons

They are enclosed in a dignified package befitting their triple service of being charmingly attractive, lovingly sent and cordially received.

Invariably fresh, and sold only in sealed packages by druggists who select their candy to meet the requirements of a thoughtful patronage.

BELLE MEAD SWEETS, Trenton, N. J.



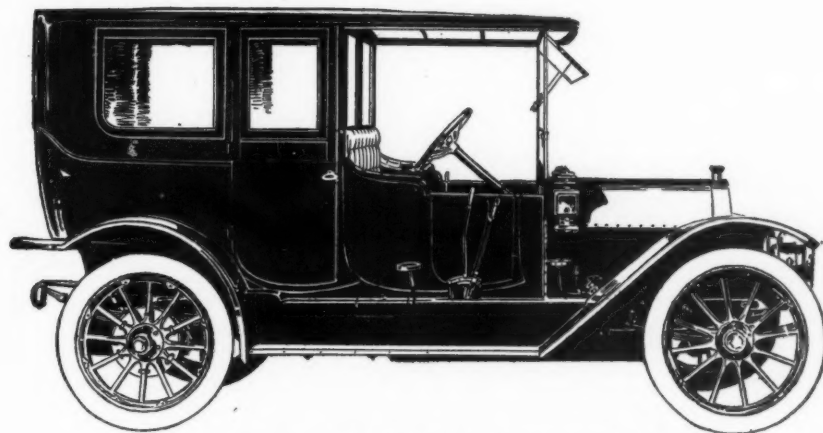
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Fur and Fur Lined Coats, Jackets, Rugs, Caps, Boots and Gloves, Trunks, Bags, Traveling Coats and Shawls, Dressing Cases and their separate fittings, Dressing Gowns, Breakfast Jackets, Slippers, Automobile Trunks, Luncheon Baskets, Angora and Shetland Garments, Umbrellas and Walking Sticks, Pipes and Pouches. Many Novelties from the West End London Shops. Send for booklet, "Christmas Suggestions."

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· LIFE ·

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Built in a factory big enough to build 5000 cars, in which only 1000 cars are built annually—these with infinite care. Our new 1911 catalogue shows body styles and gives you complete mechanical information.

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When the Burglar Sees You

THE burglar acts immediately. He is either retreating or attacking. Don't let him attack. Don't let him reach you!

Be ready. Be armed *ten times stronger* and quicker than he. Have overwhelming odds on your side at that moment—be armed with a Savage Automatic protector.

You should count on being attacked, and look to your defence *now*. Ask yourself if any arm is too modern for you when the burglar is attacking.

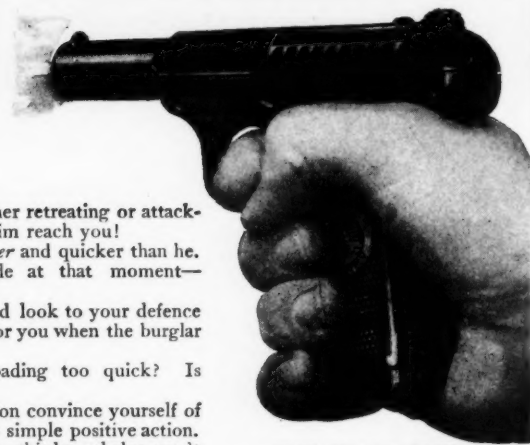
Are 10 shots any too many? Is self-loading too quick? Is instinctive aiming too easy?

Go to the dealer's to-day and by examination convince yourself of the Savage's absolute safety, its natural aim, its simple positive action. If you wait until after the burglar has visited you, this knowledge won't be worth so much.

"Bat" Masterson, famous western ex-sheriff, wrote "The Tenderfoot's Turn." It's a fascinating book about famous bad men and crack shots. Send us your dealer's name, and we'll send you a copy free.

YOU SHOULD SEE THE FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

Your dealer will show you the new Savage .22 calibre repeating rifle, 1909 model. Price \$10. Also the Featherweight Takedown at \$25. Send to-day for free rifle book. Savage Arms Co., 8812 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.



THE XMAS GIFT FOR A PROPERTY OWNER



THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Serious Business

"Where's your father?" asked the man on horseback.

"Up the river fishin'," answered the boy.

"Where's your big brother?"

"Down the river fishin'."

"What are you doing?"

"Diggin' bait."

"Hasn't your family anything to do but amuse itself?"

"Mister, if you think we're doin' this for fun, you wait an' hear what maw says if we come home without any fish."

—Washington Star.

The Next Move

WIFE: Dear husband, I find it quite impossible to move in this hobble skirt; won't you buy me an automobile?

—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Caroni Bitters—Sample with patent dasher sent on receipt of 25c. Best tonic and cocktail bitters. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York. Gen'l Distrib.

A DISTINGUISHED member of the illustrious profession of waiters has declared that to be successful in his calling a waiter must have:

The patience of Job.

The wisdom of Solomon.

The wit of a diplomat.

The skill of an artist.

The bearing of a prince.

To which, perhaps, should be added, "and the soul of a waiter." For, like the poet, and despite all protest to the contrary, the waiter is born, not made.

—Argonaut.

SAVE MAGAZINE MONEY

Order all of your periodicals through Bennett, New Catalogue, containing 3000 CLUB OFFERS, Free. Send Bennett your name and address today. Bennett's Magazine Agency, 138 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Two Kinds of Fame

"Yes," admitted the author of a successful book, "I woke up one morning and found myself famous."

"It was different with me," remarked the politician who had made an ill-advised speech. "One morning I found myself famous—then I woke up."

—Chicago News.

To Please His Lady Fair

EDITH: Mercy! Here's a telegram from Jack. He's been hurt in the football game.

ETHEL: What does he say?

EDITH: He says: "Nose broken! How do you prefer it set—Greek or Roman?"—Boston Transcript.



Egyptian Deities

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

We don't count the cost when we make them. You won't when you smoke them.
Cork Tips or Plain

If!

Three scientific men from an Eastern college visited a certain Montana mine. On the ascent, by means of the usual bucket, one professor thought he perceived signs of weakness in the rope by which the bucket was suspended. "How often," he inquired of the attendant, "do you change these ropes?"

"Every three months," carelessly replied the other. Then he added thoughtfully, "This must have been forgotten. We must change it to-day if we get up."

—Christian Register.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

Guaranteed by Buffalo Lithia Springs Water Co., under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906.

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The Literary Zoo.

Those Who Have Seen Worse Days

No man with a stain of piety can contemplate without anguish the lot of the perfect lady reduced over night to dire beggary. It must be unpleasant, after one's silken stockings have been put on and taken off for one regularly by a French maid, to emerge at the end of life so poverty stricken as to have only occasional use for the mother-of-pearl cigarette holder constituting all that remains of a once vast fortune. The cruelty of such a transformation in destiny is that it renders a perfect lady quite preposterous.

The ordeals of those who have seen better days are as nothing, however, to the tortures of those who have seen worse days. What ecstasies of pain are reserved for the muscular lout made a millionaire in twenty hours by some miraculous rise in copper! I

A Happy Marriage

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

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

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

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

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Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 711 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

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Sterling Silver Filigree
No. 412. \$5.00
Larger Sizes:
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No. 416. 9.50
Silver Clip-on-Cap adds 50c to above costs

Always Acceptable

WATERMAN'S IDEAL is one of the very few gifts which the receiver can put right in his pocket for constant use. If everyone had the selecting of his own Christmas presents this is the kind that would be purchased. As a gift to *anyone*, or for yourself, there is not another article that shows better purchasing discretion than Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen—it is a compliment to your taste.

This pen is made in a very wide range of sizes and styles in order that the pen technique of every writer may be individually suited. Your selection may be exchanged until satisfactory. Whether you buy a plain Waterman's Ideal or one studded with diamonds, the quality is of that same successful standard which the careful workmanship and Waterman patents have brought to continued perfection. This is the gift for people who are hard to suit.

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From the Best Dealers

Made in Regular, Safety and Self-Filling Types

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N.Y.

8 SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. 189 CLARK ST., CHICAGO. 734 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO.
L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL.
KINGSWAY, LONDON. 6 RUE de HANOÏRE, PARIS.

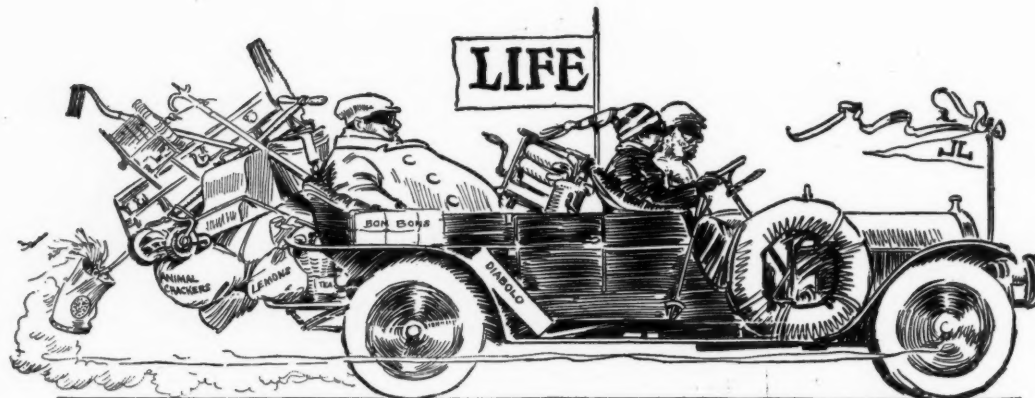
Plain Style
No. 12... \$2.50
Larger Sizes:
No. 14... \$4.00
No. 15... 5.00
No. 16... 6.00
Clip-on-Cap adds 25c to above costs

have often wondered what there can be about copper to render a rise in it productive of these transformations. Each time I behold a fat ignoramus dining in a dress suit at the Waldorf-Astoria, I learn about him that he drove a wagon or plied a pick for his bread until a rise in copper made him richer than Croesus. Imagine the agonies a man of that stamp is called upon to endure nightly, though dwelling in Lucullan luxury. Ignorance

forces him to violate some rule of grammar or of good breeding every hour. This he knows. Yet must he retain what dignity be possible amid the company gathered in his two-million-dollar mansion. The sorrows of the shabby genteel sound no such depths of woe. It is misery to realize that one's trousers are frayed at the edges, but how much greater misery to realize, while conveying fried po-

(Continued on page 1123)

Frightful Pace Keeps Up



LIFE'S SPECIAL CAR

following contestants, in LIFE'S great auto race for a solid gold cup to the automobile manufacturer having the greatest number of advertising lines in LIFE from October 1, 1910 to April 1, 1911.

THE GREATEST TRACK IN THE WORLD

By this time it ought to be perfectly obvious to everybody who has been watching this race, that it is being driven over the greatest track in the world.

In the first place, there is no other track in the world capable of accommodating so many contestants at the same time. Then again, if this race were conducted on any other track in the world, it would be open to the inevitable criticism that the management was doing it for the gate receipts.

The reason why that is not so with regard to this particular track is that, regardless of any racing, the gate receipts are going on all the time. This big race is not given because of any increase expected in the number of contestants, but because the spectators want to be amused by an occasional aside.

We might throw lemon drops, but any kind of a contest is better than a lemon drop.

The great beauty of this race is that every contestant wins. His mere presence on the track entitles him to lasting fame.

And that track! Did you ever see anything like it. Dustless. Germless. Best company in the world. No overcrowding. No reserved views. Uniform price of ten cents for all. No accidents. No telescopes. Tire troubles unknown. Smokeless. Weather proof.

It's never too late to enter.

HOW THE CONTESTANTS STAND:

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| Locomobile..... | 2,520 lines |
| Packard..... | 2,520 lines |
| Rambler..... | 2,100 lines |
| McFarlan..... | 1,260 lines |
| Oldsmobile..... | 1,260 lines |
| Overland..... | 1,260 lines |
| White..... | 1,260 lines |
| Baker Electric..... | 840 lines |
| Chalmers..... | 840 lines |
| Columbia..... | 840 lines |
| Franklin..... | 840 lines |
| Maxwell Briscoe..... | 840 lines |
| Stearns..... | 840 lines |
| Thomas Flyer..... | 840 lines |
| Peerless..... | 634 lines |
| Haynes..... | 448 lines |
| Marmon..... | 448 lines |
| Premier..... | 448 lines |
| Rauch & Lang Electric..... | 448 lines |
| Stevens-Duryea..... | 448 lines |
| Waverley Electric..... | 448 lines |
| Kelly Motor Truck..... | 434 lines |
| Abbott Motor..... | 420 lines |
| Anderson..... | 420 lines |
| Cunningham..... | 420 lines |
| Hudson..... | 420 lines |
| Hupmobile..... | 420 lines |
| Hupp Yeats..... | 420 lines |
| Stoddard Dayton..... | 420 lines |
| Correja..... | 224 lines |
| Reo..... | 224 lines |
| Brewster..... | 210 lines |
| Club Car..... | 210 lines |
| Moon Motor..... | 210 lines |
| Speedwell..... | 105 lines |

25,939 lines

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office London - WASHINGTON - OTTAWA.

71 THE MAYOR OF OSHKOSH
Then up spake the Mayor of Oshkosh,
"All this talk about printing is bosh.
Say, printing ain't in it,
No, not for a minute,
We want 'Rad-Bridge' around here, by gosh."
SILK VELOUR PLAYING CARDS
Latest, same quality, size, colors and price as our famous hem-
stitched linen card, only difference design of back. "It's a beauty."
Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) secures our handsome sample wallet
of Bridge. Whist accessories with new illustrated catalog.
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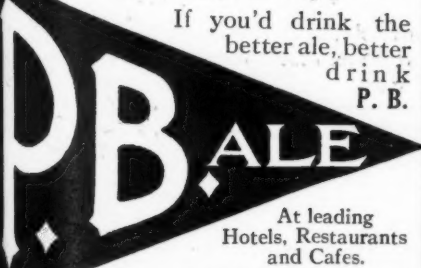
The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 1121)

tatoes to the mouth with a knife before a tableful of the nicest sort of people, that such procedure is not the thing. Who would not prefer impecuniosity and holes in his shoes to a Fifth Avenue palace upon condition of being so ignorant as to say: "I never seen Wagner"? It must be little consolation to the copper magnate, when his blundering grammar is corrected for him privately by his secretary, to reflect that he is ten times a millionaire. It will be urged that the parvenu is too coarse to experience the least anguish as a consequence of his own grotesque deportment. That is a delusion! A man's environment colors his character and affects his point of view. The enormous red hands of a copper magnate must exasperate him the more from the fact that he is so rich. When Sir Gilbert Parker has it borne in upon him, through his present association with the great ones of the earth, that the aristocratic characters in his various works of fiction never rise above the level of his own provincialism, it must be little consolation to him to reflect that he is a celebrated novelist. He can but wince the more over *The Right of Way* when he remembers that since writing that book he has been made a knight and a Member of Parliament. The anguish of those who have seen better days is nothing to the mortifications of those who have seen worse.

"Oh, Be Jolly"

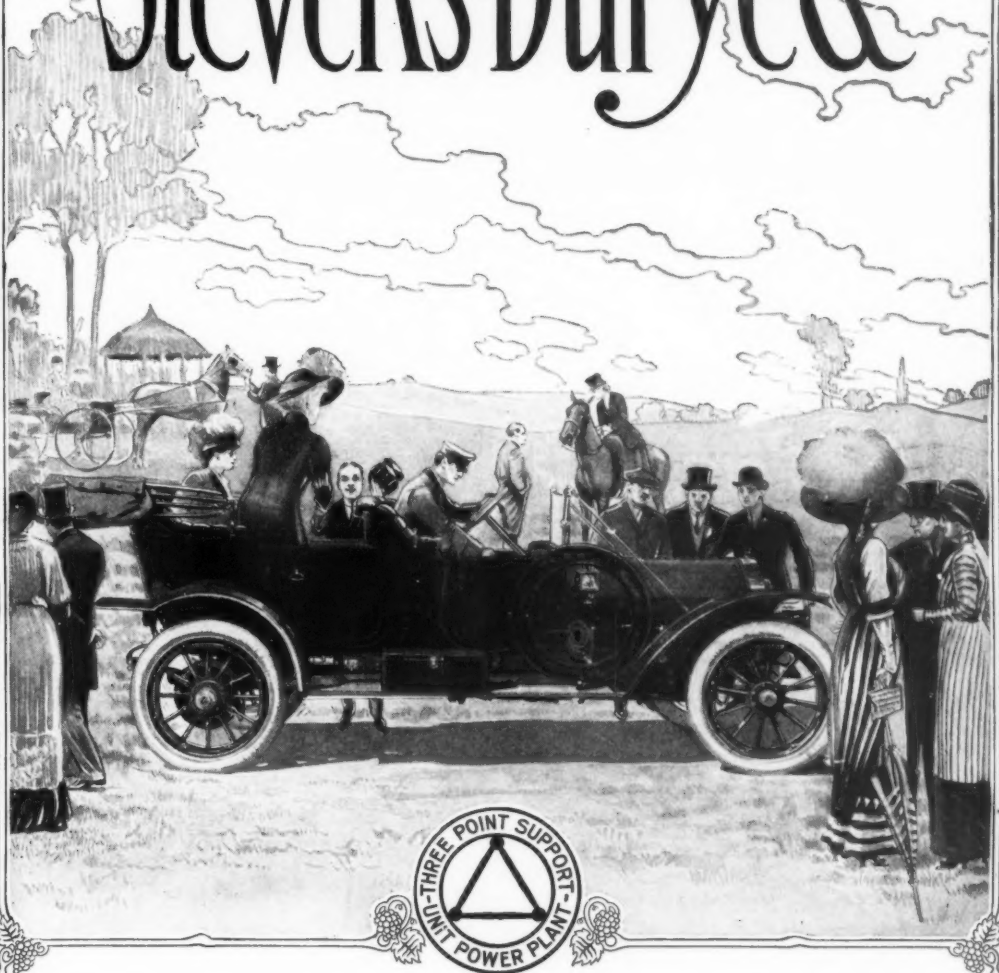
If you'd drink the
better ale, better
drink
P. B.



At leading
Hotels, Restaurants
and Cafes.

A. G. VAN NOSTRAND
Bunker Hill Breweries, Boston, Mass.

Stevens-Duryea



THE guiding principle in Stevens-Duryea design is to incorporate such features only which may be justified by sound reasoning. From 1891 until today, a span of over 20 years, each advance has

ESTABLISHED A STANDARD

A crucial test of comparison sustains our argument

Stevens-Duryea Company - Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Licensed under Selden Patent.

The Quest of the Wrong Word

The search for the right word remains the unprofitable employment of too many masters of style. The secret of charm in prose is the appearance of the wrong word where one does not expect it. The wrong word where one looks for it—say, in the most characteristic passages by Henry James—has always its piquancy, but to be exquisitely and perfectly wrong, a word needs to be picked by Gertrude

Atherton out of ten thousand. She is now mistress of the wrong word with all the grace of that Duchess who is now mistress of the robes. Nor does Gertrude Atherton choose the wrong word less charmingly than Ninon de

(Concluded on page 1127)

Houbigant-Paris

In Every Store

Perfumes and
Soaps of Highest
Quality Only.

ROUND THE WORLD

Only 12 members in the Jan. party. **WITH CLARK** exceptional interesting features.
JAN. 25, Eastward, \$2,100 Trans-Siberian \$1550
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, NEW YORK



A Martin & Martin Model

Black Russia calf common sense walking boot—low heel—good arch—hand made.

PRICE NINE DOLLARS

We call especial attention at this time to our facilities for furnishing evening slippers to order in all materials.

The service of the Martin & Martin boot shops in

New York and Chicago

will be a revelation to you, if you have not tried it. We invite you to acquaint yourself with the facts, whether intending to purchase now or not. You may call in person, or by post.

While we make shoes to order, we want you especially to know about our unique service in ready-to-wear shoes of custom quality and correctness, made by hand over custom lasts. These are the only shops in America selling hand made shoes exclusively.

Let us send you photographs of the season's models. By furnishing the usual commercial references you may open a charge account.

MARTIN & MARTIN

BOOTMAKERS FOR MEN AND WOMEN
 1 East 35th St., NEW YORK—183 Michigan Av., CHICAGO

French calf walking boot—heavy single sole—flat last—narrow toe—bench made.

PRICE TWELVE DOLLARS



THE MINISTER: Mackintosh, why don't you come to church now?

MACKINTOSH: For three reasons, sir. Firstly, I dinna like yer theology; secondly, I dinna like yer singin', and thirdly, it was in your kirk I first met my wife.—*Musical America.*

Rhymed Reviews

Max

(By Katherine Cecil Thurston. Harper & Brothers)

A truly fascinating folk,
 These princely Slavs of modern letters!

They won't acknowledge any yoke,
 Except their governmental fetters.

They always play with sharp-edged tools;

Quite anarchistic as to morals,
 They cut their teeth on social rules,
 As Western babies do on corals.

The mental germ that seemed to vex
 Maxine—and one might say, debase
 her—

Was morbid consciousness of sex;
 Her chosen suitor dared embrace
 her!

Enough! She fled the Russian court;
 As "Max," akin to "Mrs. Harris,"
 In boyish garb, with hair cut short,
 She disappeared to paint in Paris.

There Blake, the Irishman, she met:
 Two roving birds of kindred feather,
 Through park, salon and cabaret
 They sauntered, chum and chum, to-
 gether;

Till "Max" abjured the social scene,
 Deserting Blake, who truly missed
 her,
 To paint a picture of Maxine,
 Her skirted self, but called her
 "sister."

That picture finished Blake. Of course,
 To meet Maxine he dared aspire;
 And "Max," to hold her friend, per-
 force
 Resumed her feminine attire.

As maid and youth alternate dressed
 She teased poor Blake; till, Love
 persuading,
 Her fraud the little cheat confessed,
 And made an end of masquerading.

Repetti's
Delicious Candies
Standard of Purity and Excellence
 An exquisite flavor about them that imitators can't obtain—12 flavors.

Caramels Bonbons, Glace Suits, Caramels 80 cents the pound
 And all dainties in Sweets

Smart Set Italian Nut Chocolates nothing like them in America \$1 00 pound
Hand Painted Boxes
 Delicately hand painted boxes, many floral designs, with our best mixture, 2 lb. \$2.00—3 lb. \$3.00—5 lb. \$5.00—make very acceptable CHRISTMAS GIFTS. Shipped anywhere prepaid. **2,125 B'way, nr. 74th St. B'way and 42d St. 169 Broadway NEW YORK**

I don't quite get the hang of "Max":
 Perhaps if that warm Russian suitor
 Had only hit her with an ax
 She might have thought him rather
 cuter;

Or else the story aims to prove—
 A tip for doubtful lovers this is—
 That Slavic busses fail to move
 The heart like fine old Irish kisses.

Arthur Guiterman.



POOLEY Co.
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Madison Avenue and Thirty-first Street
NEW YORK

ABBOTT'S BITTERS Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine, spirit and soda beverages. Appetising, healthful, to use with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Merchants or Druggists. Sample by mail, 25c in stamps. **C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.**

J. & F. MARTELL

Cognac
(Founded 1715)



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LIQUEUR
BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE
OF THE COGNAC
DISTRICT

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



YOUR DAUGHTER'S CHRISTMAS



WHY not make it memorable by providing a Christmas present for her which will last her as long as she lives—something that will come around every Christmas time even though you may not be here to have the pleasure of personally giving it to her? It will be your loving forethought which will provide the gift on Christmas days yet to come and you will have the satisfaction of knowing *now* that this will be *one* Christmas present that she will always be sure to receive. If, unfortunately, there should come for her Christmas celebrations without cheer—when everything may have gone wrong—when even bread and butter and roof may be in the balance—this Christmas gift of yours will step in and take the place of your parental care and affection—and see to it that she has the wherewithal to provide the three daily meals—and the roof—and the clothing—for her and hers. Rather attractive sort of present to give, isn't it? Better than some gift which brings only temporary pleasure and which has no permanent or enduring value. This Christmas gift that we are talking about—the Life Income Policy of the Equitable Society—which provides a definite, fixed, yearly sum for that dear daughter—giving her the policy on this Christmas day, and, if you so elect, the income when it becomes due, can be made payable on every Christmas day thereafter so long as she lives—and to nobody else—Something that a husband of hers cannot squander or misinvest—something that puts her beyond reach of the scheming adventurer—something that makes absolutely certain the necessities of life if all her pleasures and comforts should go by the board—None too early to apply for it promptly when you see this, if you want to have the pleasure of giving it to her this Christmas. This sort of policy would be the best Christmas present you could give your wife, too—if you have not already made some adequate provision which will insure her absolutely an annual income for the rest of her life.

“Strongest in the World”

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

PAUL MORTON, President, 120 Broadway, New York

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY,
120 Broadway, New York

Without committing myself to any action, I would like to know what it would cost to provide an annual life income of \$..... payable at my death to a person now..... years of age.

Name.....

Address..... Age.....

25 C

A GENTLE REMINDER



To buy the great Christmas Life, now on sale everywhere. 25 cents.

To get it free, by sending in your subscription at once to

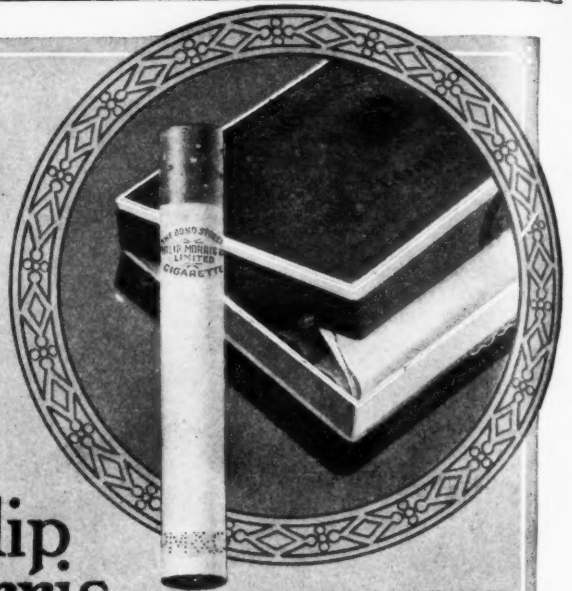
LIFE, 17 W. 31st Street

Motor Apparel Shop

Holiday Suggestions For the Motorist

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| Fur Coats | Gloves | Silver Flasks |
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- And Many Other Novelties

Fox Stiefel & Co. FIFTH AVE & 34th ST., N. Y.
Opposite the Waldorf-Astoria



**Philip
Morris**
ORIGINAL LONDON
Cigarettes

Cost your dealer more
—quality maintained,
price raised. You pay
the same.

CAMBRIDGE AMBASSADOR
in boxes of ten the after-dinner size
25c. **35c.**

"The Little Brown Box"

Maillard's

Holiday Greetings

MORE fascinating than ever is this season's Paris importations of Holiday Novelties and Bonbonnières—designed expressly for Maillard Chocolates and Bonbons.

Baskets with Flowers, Jewelry Boxes, Lamp Shades, Satin and Lace Sachet De Luxe, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes 'n various styles, Oriental designs in Sevre, Dresden and Daum, Opera Bags of All Descriptions, etc.

Dolls and Novelty Toys for the Children.

The Luncheon Restaurant is Especially Popular During the Holiday Season—Afternoon Tea Served, Three to Six

Fifth Avenue

at 35th Street

CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIERES

LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on
December

| | | |
|--|---|--|
| | <p>18 Your future wife will be a believer in patent medicines, and you will often suffer in silence rather than give her a chance to experiment.</p> | |
| | <p>19 Your future wife will gain her livelihood as a bearded lady, but in the home will be a cheerful companion and a useful helpmeet.</p> | |
| | <p>20 Your future wife will be an ardent Wagnerite and will insist on your going to hear his operas when your own inclinations would lead you in the direction of giddy girl shows.</p> | |
| | <p>21 Your future wife will be a lady dentist, but she will require your muscular assistance in the extracting branch of her business.</p> | |

Your future husband will take you to Niagara for your wedding trip. Finding out that he is that kind of man, you will not wonder that Niagara is a favorite resort for suicides.

Your future husband will believe that a perfect gentleman should need only two kinds of apparel—pajamas and evening dress. Your inability to keep his hours will cause the divorce.

Your future husband will pride himself on his artistic ability as a blender of cocktails, which will eventually lead to your expulsion from the W. C. T. U.

Your future husband will be insanely jealous of you, and it will be a wise precaution for you to take a course in jiu-jitsu unless you want to become a Desdemona in real life.

The Literary Zoo

(Concluded from page 1123)

Enclos did the wrong thing. Practice, constant practice, alone has made it possible for Gertrude Atherton to get the wrong word invariably. It fits her style in *Tower of Ivory*, for instance, like a garment. The wrong word that finds its way into each sentence describing the hero of that novel is always subtly premeditated. The right word for him is, of course and naturally, "cad," and a George Eliot or a Jane Austen would have used it instinctively. One feels that Gertrude Atherton knew the right one, too, but with what consummate art she selects the wrong one!

The Gift For Mystification

Any mediocrity should mystify a reader with a tale that has the Empress Josephine in it. Her personality lends itself to intrigue and plot. A story with Doctor Isaac Watts in it, on the other hand, ought to be dull. In the same way, the properties of a tale—the things mentioned in it—impart the element of mystery or destroy it altogether. Compare, from this point of view, a drove of cows with a nest of serpents. The cows seem prosaic, like Doctor Isaac Watts, whereas the serpents suggest the subtle, like Josephine. The secret of the short story is all there. Clever as are the books devoted to the art of the short story, they are too reticent on this point. They neglect to point out wherein Poe and De Maupassant displayed this gift for mystification. Mystification consists in the avoidance of a Doctor Isaac Watts and the exploitation of a Josephine, the eschewing of the cow and the utilization of the serpent. If a man must tell a short story with a cow in it, let the animal be a sacred cow, one consecrated, say, to Vishnu. Upon the same principle, were an author determined to drag Doctor Isaac Watts into



*"It's time
you owned
a Waltham"*

What more appropriate, acceptable, and enduring gift than a watch? Waltham has been the watch favorite of social as well as of business and industrial life for nearly three-quarters of a century.

WALTHAM

has beauty to commend it, usefulness, reliability and integrity to make first impressions permanent. It is a watch that flatters the recipient and keeps the donor in constant and grateful recollection.

There is no more perfect specimen of watch making than the Waltham Colonial. Made as thin as it is safe to make a reliable time piece, it is the last word in the watchmaker's art. At all JEWELERS, from \$50 to \$175. Write for handsome booklet, describing the various Waltham movements and learn the one best suited to your needs.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY.

WALTHAM, MASS.

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Swiftest, Strongest, Sportiest Skate on the Ice.

Dealers everywhere. Catalogues free.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO., Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.
New York, 84, Chambers Street. London, 8 Long Lane, E. C.
Paris, 84, Avenue de la Grande Armée.

a short story, the dramatic thing would be to make him act like John Drew. It may be objected that nobody could act like John Drew. That is not the question. Could John Drew live like Doctor Watts?

Alexander Harvey.

Caron-Paris

Artistic Perfumer.
His Latest Novelty,
"MIMOSA" Extract.

Sold by the Best Stores.

Look For The Girl in Red

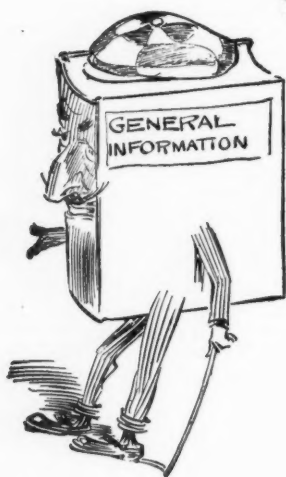
By PHILLIPS

In the Next Number of LIFE

(Everywhere next Tuesday.
Issue of December 22)

This number is going to be what we term one of our spontaneously superlative numbers, in which, without consideration of expense or regard for the feelings of anyone, we crowd all the best things in sight into one number.

Not a special—just an all around number.



This Gentleman

offers his apologies and begs to announce to his friends that he has been rejected by LIFE. He appears regularly in other periodicals, who, indeed, exploit him to the limit of the law.

But he has no place in LIFE.

It is to laugh at him.

COMING

New Year's. December 29th.—In which LIFE ushers in the New Year, with all of its attendant possibilities.

Gasoline. January 5th.—This is THE number of the year. Over 100 pages, 25 cents.

Theatrical. January 26th.

Socialist's. February 16th.

Rich Man's. February 23rd.

Peacock. March 2nd.

Humbug's. March 23rd.

Easter. April 6th.

LIFE has the largest news stand circulation of any ten cent weekly in the world.

Look for the LIFE Covers.



When Your Doctor

(By the way, don't read this ; it only relates an obvious fact in a hackneyed manner) prescribes, you must first go to his office during certain hours, and pay him an exorbitant price for guessing what is the matter with you. But all newsdealers are alike and their offices are open, all the time. You pay a uniform price of ten cents (except once or twice a year) and take large and increasing doses of LIFE.

It's all mental anyway.

Remember, we don't advise your buying LIFE every hour of the day and night. We only insist upon it once a week—Tuesdays.

That Big Christmas Issue

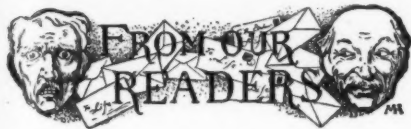
is now on sale at all newsstands. The Girl and the Wreath are on the cover. The biggest and most exhilarating number of LIFE ever issued.



Subscription, \$5.00

Canadian, \$5.52

Foreign, \$6.04



A Protest

THE EDITOR OF LIFE,
New York City.

I wonder if "Boston Beacon" ever met a Jew. From his rather intolerant letter, in No. 1460, it seems as if he had not.

I have found less good manners and more "grinding commerciality" among the "Boston Beacon" people than the Jews. By the way, is "commerciality" in the dictionary?

Sentiment is probably more prevalent among Jews than any other class of religion. Perhaps it is because Jews rather like good plays that "Boston Beacon" finds that "Americans" are less in evidence than Jews. I assume




A


**HUNTER
HIGH-BALL**

GRATIFIES
SATISFIES
CHEERS
AND
REFRESHES

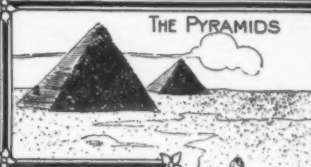
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WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



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COLOSSEUM



STATUE
OF LIBERTY



NEW YORK
CENTRAL
LINES

that he saw these Jews at a good play or concert. You know he would go to no other.

Jews are the best Americans we have in point of patriotism and builders. B. B. seems to think that an American is one whose family was here a hundred years ago instead of twenty.

I am a Jew, proud of the fact, of a long line of Jews, and with a better knowledge of the B. B. type than B. B. has of mine.

Also, I am "Not Pleased."

Yours truly,

CLARENCE ADOLPH METZGER.

HARTFORD, CONN.,

October 19, 1910.

Legrand-Paris Best Perfumery and Soaps at Moderate Prices.
For Sale All Dealers.

A Victim

EDITOR LIFE.

DEAR SIR: Some time ago, after reading an issue of LIFE in which appeared a letter protesting against vivisection, I was tempted, and fell.

(Concluded on page 1130)

Free 1911 Catalog

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Our 1911 Catalog lists more than 3000 Periodicals and Club Offers. It's a Big Money-Saver.

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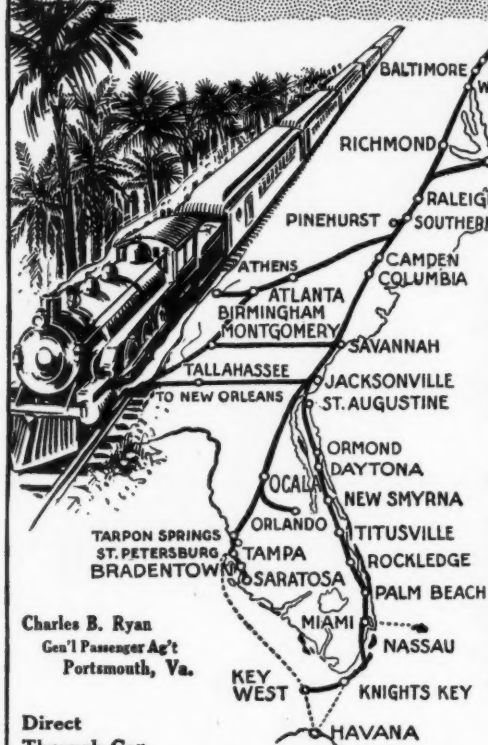
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279 Hanson Block, Lexington, Ky.

1129

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For Maids
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Imported Novelties
Uniforms
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standpoint. Also, I cannot quite appreciate the logic of "K. G.," who seems to be a prolific contributor. And the general tone of the articles was the cause of my protest, which has in turn brought the arguments of these women onto me.

I will yell "quits." I have enough. When women argue, it is my cue to run away, and at a safe distance congratulate myself on my escape.

And please, Mr. Editor, get my name taken from that mailing-list; I'll promise to be good, and never say another word about how you ought to run LIFE, or anything else. Please, sir.

Thanking you in advance for this favor, and with kindest regards, I am,

Yours very truly,
FRANK MILLER.

TIE PLANT, ARK., November 5, 1910.



Thousands have written for my big dollar offer. Have you? It is the biggest money's worth I know of.

This is your opportunity to prove conclusively that

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

15c
And a
Quarter

Ask
Your
Dealer

are all that we claim for them, and we claim a lot. Better write today.

Makaroff-Boston

Mail address—95 Milk Street, Boston

From Our Readers

(Concluded from page 1129)

I wrote you a letter, protesting against the anti-vivisection campaign you were waging, and suggesting another phase of the matter which might profitably receive your attention.

It was not much of a letter, written in a kindly spirit, and, though I meant all I said, I did not mean to be rampant, or anything of that sort. It was presumed that the missive would be read, looked at a minute, and then forgotten in the press of regular work.

Now I repent, and beg for mercy. My name was given to the antis, placed on their mailing-list, and I now receive at intervals bunches of bunk like that enclosed. Probably I know as much about the underlying theories of serum therapy as any of these folks; therefore the pamphlets are not interesting from a scientific

Simply strain through cracked ice, and serve.



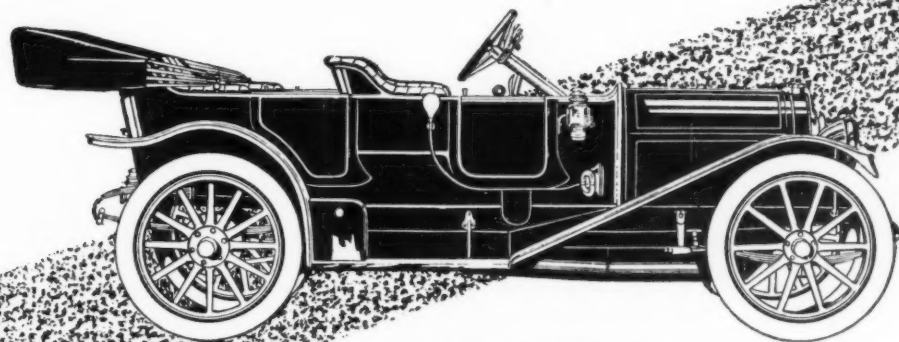
Club Cocktails

When others are offered, it's for the purpose of larger profits. Accept no substitute.

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

G.F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Sole Props.
Hartford
New York
London





Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau

THE Abbott-Detroit is the one car selling at \$1500 that has reached a perfect stage of standardization. By this we mean to say that, taking all that has been accomplished in motordom since the first automobile stood up, the Abbott-Detroit embodies, in every detail, the best that has been done. It is a composite of mechanical excellence, such as all the Blue Ribbon cars, and it is the only car at this price.

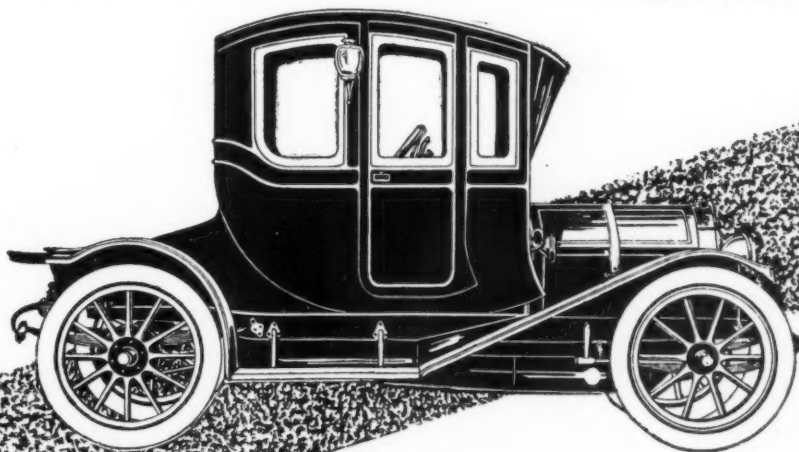


Many features of the Abbott-Detroit are achievements of magnitude in themselves. Many of the fine points represent the best work of lifetimes, which were specialized on these details. The Abbott-Detroit looks like a \$4000 car, runs like a \$4000 car, endures like a \$4000 car, can be bought for \$1500. The Abbott-Detroit has an enviable record. The significance of its victories in national and international speed and endurance contests easily distinguishes it as far above the cars supposed to be in its class solely because of price classification.

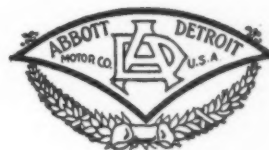
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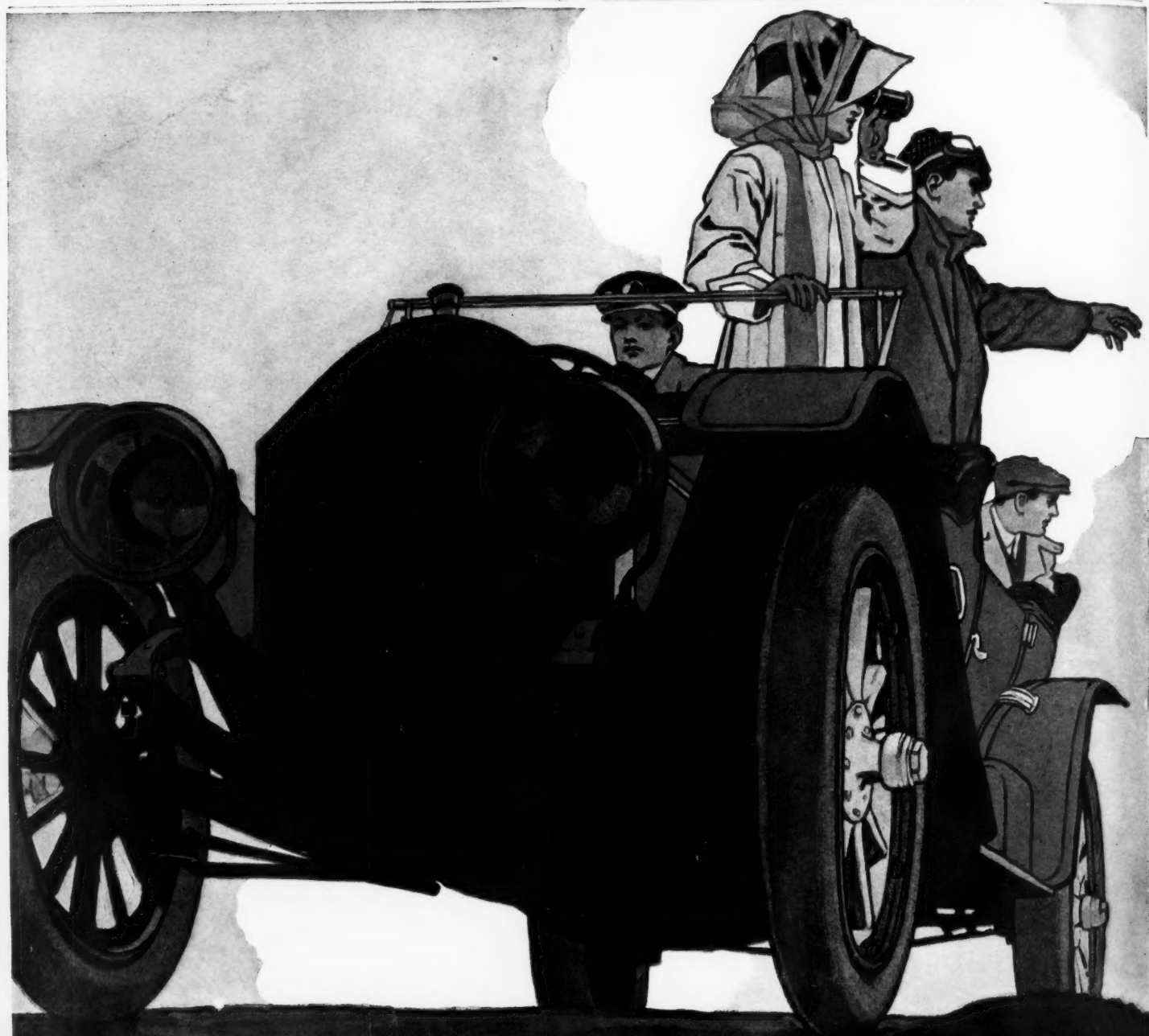
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