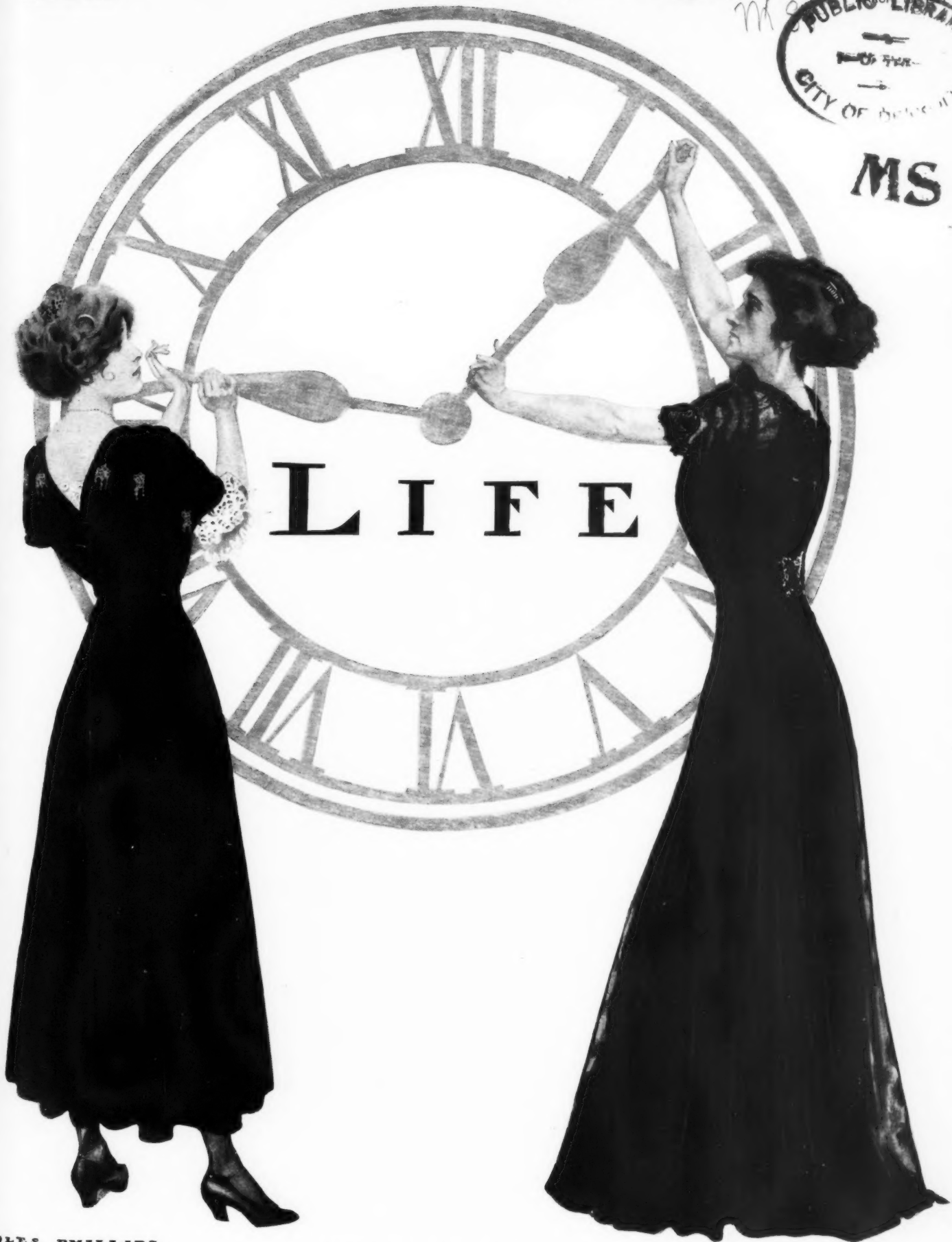


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Critical dressers have found that the
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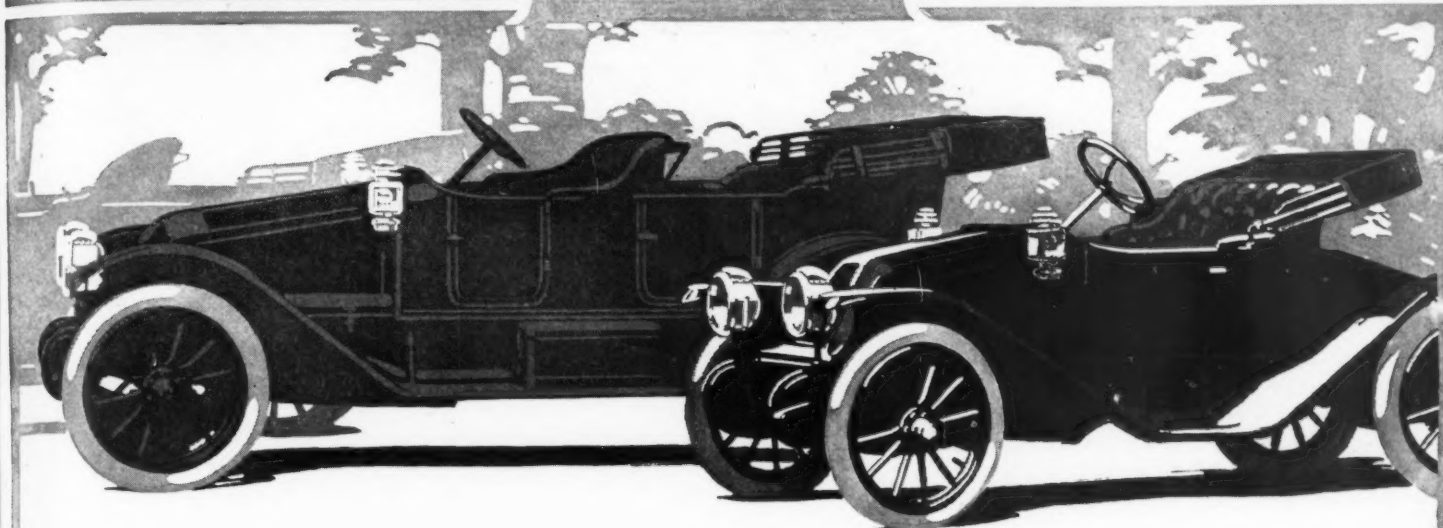
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booklet: "DON'T FORGET"

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



"HAVE YOU SCHOPENHAUER?"
"NO—MUMPS."

Franklin



“Never again for a water-cooled car; Franklin air cooling is best.”

—Hiram Percy Maxim.

Here is an engineer of world wide fame, the inventor of the Maxim Gun Silencer, for years the designer of a prominent water-cooled car.

He gives up water cooling and adopts the Franklin because it gives service that no water-cooled car can give. He says:

“I tried out a Franklin for a year, put it through all sorts of stunts and was firmly convinced that air cooling was best.

“During one of the hottest days in summer I drove it 150 miles. If it was ever going to get hot it was right then. Far from it. It performed as steady as a top and took one of the worst hills in the country, on high gear.

“The Franklin air-cooled motor is quick in response to the throttle. The greatest efficiency is attained because the motor is uniformly warm.

“Another thing—with the air-cooled automobile there is a reduction in the weight of the car. Light weight means a saving on tires. This is one of the strong points of air-cooled machines.

“All makers will some day come to the air-cooled way of thinking. There are the best of reasons for the change.”

Designers of water-cooled cars admit that water circulating systems give trouble. Radiators, no matter how well designed, are delicate things. With an air-cooled automobile the radiator, water pump and piping are eliminated.

Two “sixes” and two “fours” make up the Franklin line. Prices range from \$4500 for the luxurious six-cylinder, seven-passenger, forty-eight-horsepower Model H to \$1950 for the ever popular four-cylinder Model G, the most favorably known small car built.

Write for the booklet “Hiram Percy Maxim Air-Cooled Convert”. It is an intensely interesting interview with Mr. Maxim, given out in his home city and reprinted from Hartford Daily Times, December 31, 1910.

If you are interested in motor car construction we want to send you our catalogue. Will you favor us with your mailing address?

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KING ALFONSO

JOSEPH CANNON

ENRICO CARUSO

CHARLES PARKHURST

KING GEORGE

No Decision Yet

LIFE'S Famous World Wide Committee is still at work trying to come to a decision with regard to the Booby Prize in LIFE'S Great Auto Race.

The severe strain told on King Alfonso so much that he was obliged to take a day off this week. The rest of the Committee struggled on without him.

It is understood that Enrico Caruso and Joseph Cannon have come to an agreement, but there is nothing certain. The committee does its work behind closed doors.

The race is still going on, but the absorbing interest in the selection of the Booby Prize has superseded everything else temporarily. We have forgotten, in the excitement, just how the contestants stand, or who's behind.

It is rumored that everything in the way of a booby prize, from a seat in the Senate to a steam yacht, has been considered.

The Spanish minister has just cabled that the effect of King Alfonso spending so much time away from the throne is beginning to tell on the Clerical Party. Mrs. Asquith sends word from London that several social functions of the utmost importance have had to be abandoned.

Up to the moment of going to press, two of the contestants were tied for the last place. This complicates the situation. The news has been kept from the Committee for obvious reasons.

We hope to announce the decision next week.



**HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS**
Bear the script name of
Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

A Good Rescue

The story of Mr. Coxe's dog and its narrow escape from the knife of the vivisectionists began on December 3. On that day Trix, a large white bull terrier, was carried off. Mr. Cox advertised that he would pay a reward of \$5 for the return of the dog, and it was brought back to his house a few hours after the advertisement appeared.

But the day after it was returned the dog was again carried off. In pursuing his inquiries as to what had become of his pet, Mr. Coxe spoke of his loss to one of the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who suggested that he visit the laboratory building of the University of Pennsylvania medical school and examine the dogs held there for vivisection.

He went to the laboratory building Thursday afternoon. The man in charge



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REAL
Beauty
CARMEN
Complexion
POWDER**

**Softens and Restores All
the Natural Color of the Skin**
and, because it cannot injure any skin, no matter how sensitive or delicate it may be, Carmen Powder not only preserves and enhances the beauty of a good complexion but, as its use so conclusively proves, transforms a poor complexion to one of charm and attractive beauty.

Doesn't Show and "Stays On"
Carmen Powder is scientifically made from pure, wholesome ingredients known to be beneficial to the skin—it is extremely fine and unusually adhesive, blending perfectly with the complexion and imparting that clear transparency and velvety texture so necessary to real beauty. Its dainty fragrance is pleasing and refined and lasts until you remove the powder. Carmen Powder is absolutely perfect and distinctly different from all others, and we want to prove it by sending you a **Purse Size Box FREE**.

Not a small sample, but enough to last for weeks—only a trifle ever being required to produce best effects. Send for this box and try it—no one can ever tell when you use it because it hasn't that objectionable "powdered look." There's a tint for every complexion: white, pink, flesh and cream. When writing, state shade desired and enclose 10c stamps or silver to cover cost of postage and packing. A handsome purse mirror sent along with powder—**Toilet Size, 50c Everywhere.**

Carmen Cold Cream
Pure, snow white, never sticky, delightful and surprisingly beneficial, unequalled for skin roughness—**Druggists and Department Stores, 25c and 50c.**

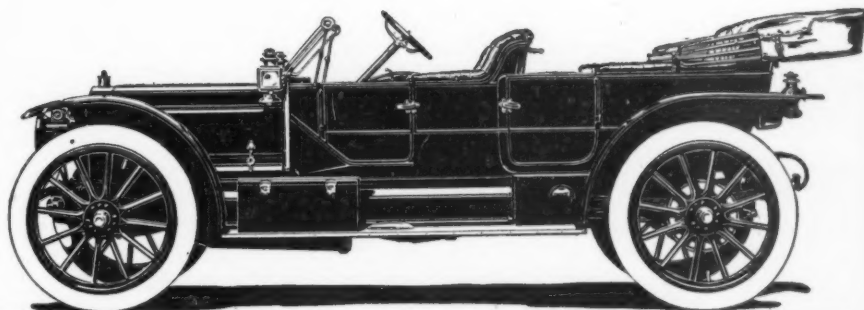
CARMEN

Stafford-Miller Co., 527 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.
Enclosed find 10c for postage and packing. Send me Purse Size Box Carmen Powder, also Purse Mirror Free.

Name _____
Address _____

Rambler

**Motor
Cars**



Rambler
Sixty-five
Toy Tonneau,
Forty-inch
Wheels

IF you drive a Rambler the pleasure of your outing is not converted into drudgery by tire trouble. The Rambler is the only American car equipped with the Spare Wheel. Fitted with a perfect inflated tire, it may be quickly and easily changed for a wheel with a damaged tire. No tiresome pumping in the hot sun or cold rain and you avoid the dirt so disagreeable to the well groomed. This eliminates worry about tire trouble which so often mars a trip. Every feature of the Rambler is designed for the owner's comfort, safety and convenience. The Offset Crank Shaft enables you to throttle down on high gear no faster than a man usually walks; to glide along quietly in crowded traffic without frequent gear shifting and obviates the necessity of rushing the hard pulls through sand and up grades. The Straight Line Drive saves power; big wheels and tires give added comfort and tire economy; the brakes are large enough to provide a feeling of security and the safety starting device protects you from injury while cranking.

A telephone message to the nearest Rambler representative will bring a Rambler to your door for inspection. A postal will bring you the new catalog.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Branches: Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, San Francisco, New York
New York Dealers: The Rambler Automobile Co.
of New York, 38-40 West 62nd Street, New York

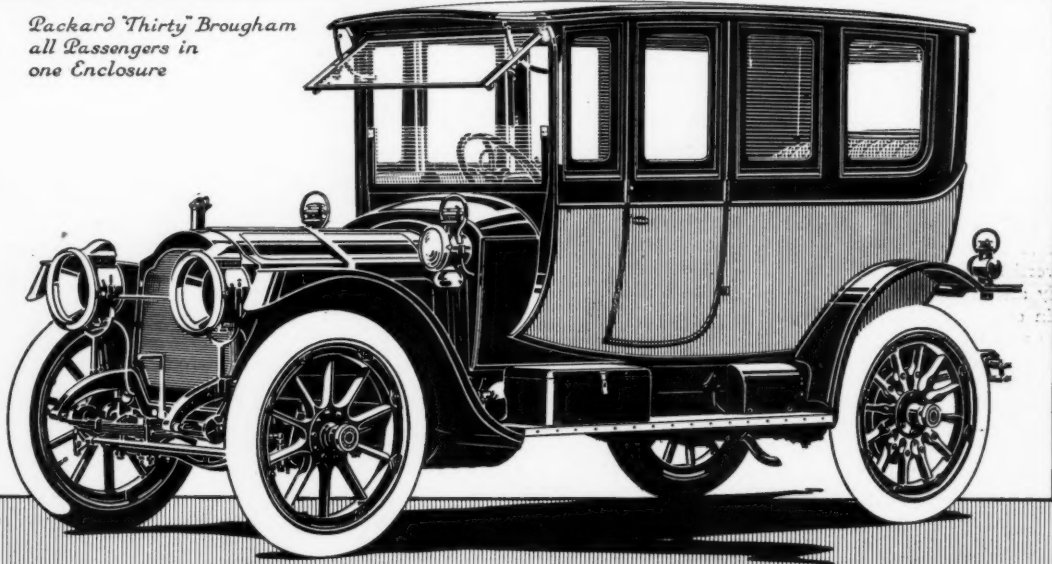
refused to permit him to enter the kennel, but consented to bring out a few dogs for his inspection. None of these proved to be the missing Trix. While this inspection was going on Mr. Coxe heard, above the din of barking going on inside, the familiar notes of Trix. Brushing aside the attendant, who vainly endeavored to bar the way, he rushed inside, seized his dog and hurried outside. Mr. Coxe says his dog was weak from starvation and in a pitiable condition.

Dean Allen J. Smith, of the Univer-

sity of Pennsylvania medical school, said: "If Mr. Coxe's dog was sold to the medical school I am glad that the owner recovered him. Such a case as that of Mr. Coxe's is rare. Most of the dogs we buy are street curs, of low degree, and are nobody's pets. It is not often that a dog with marks of good breeding is brought here.

"It is true that we buy dogs from persons who bring them here. It is impossible for us to obtain the pedigree of every animal offered us."—*Philadelphia North American.*

*Packard 'Thirty' Brougham
all Passengers in
one Enclosure*



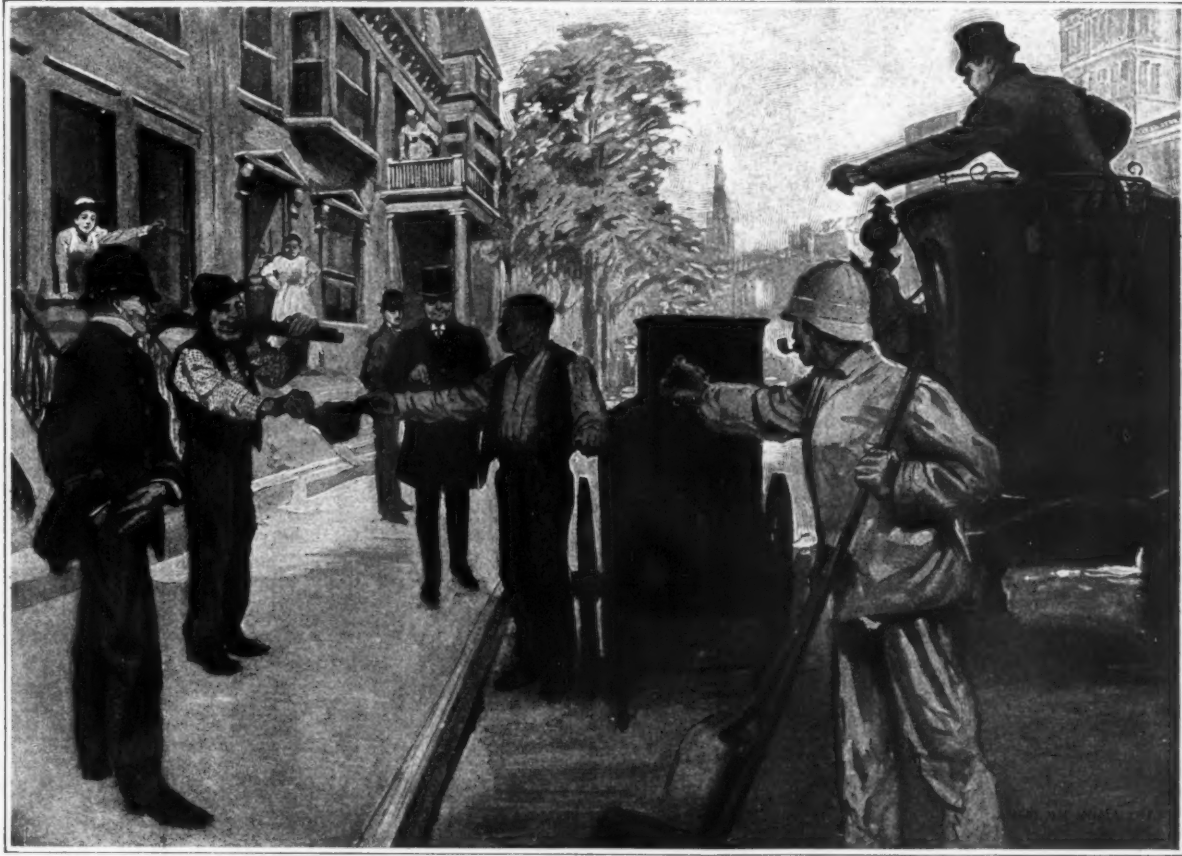
Ask the man who owns one

Packard
MOTOR CARS



Packard Motor Car Company Detroit

LIFE



"THE WEARING OF THE GREEN."

Differential Calculus

THIS little wife went to Reno,
That little wife sued here,
This little wife got the children,
And twenty-five thousand a year.

School

A MAN in Chicago—who has had the effrontery to criticise our school system—says that although his boy has been through the high school, he can neither read nor write; and that the only thing that he can do is to make a large toy elephant. The boy can make one of these elephants, however, almost every day—when he happens to be in good condition.

This man thinks that our children should go to school for the purpose of

acquiring an education, and that reading and writing are useful accomplishments, which ought even at this late day to be encouraged.

We shouldn't mention this little matter if the man hailed from anywhere except Chicago; but any man who lives in Chicago ought to be more up to date than this. We expect better things from him.

The idea that our children, by going to school, should learn to read and write was at one time a common notion, and was held by respectable people who were otherwise a credit to the community.

That it is still persisted in by a man from Chicago only shows that this is the strangest country in the world, in which all sorts of abnormalities are constantly cropping up.

Holiday Coming to Texas

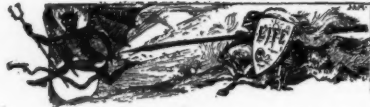
CONFIRMATION is lacking as yet of the assertion that Texas will make an annual public holiday of the anniversary of the retirement of the Goulds from the control of the Missouri Pacific Railway.

They insist in Texas that their anti-railroad laws have all, or nearly all, been framed to cope with the chronic indisposition or inability of the Gould roads to provide reasonably efficient service.

"I'VE got a great story," says the new reporter.

"You have?" growls the city editor. "What is it?"

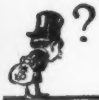
"The only actress who never married Nat Goodwin is engaged to the only man who never married Lillian Russell."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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CONGRESS has adjourned, to meet again next month, but a very different

Congress from the one that has just ended. The tariff commission bill failed, so did the Canadian Reciprocity Agreement bill, the forty-five-million-dollar-a-year pension bill, the quadruple the-postal-rates-on-magazines bill and the New Mexico and Arizona Statehood bill. And Senator Bailey resigned in wrath and was tenderly led back to his seat and made to retain it. A group of powerful old hands retired from the business of government, and the responsibility for legislation will rest next month on shoulders that have never borne it before.

So a great deal has happened at Washington, but at Albany not much at this writing. It begins to look as if Mr. Sheehan was deficient in humor. Mr. Shepard wrote a letter withdrawing from the Senatorial contest, and urging the insurgents to hold out against the Tammanized voting-trust. Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Murphy both replied, demonstrating the divine right of the boss and the infallibility of the voting-trust beyond the powers of any one, except some lettered political modernist like Mr. Stetson, to dispute, except by obstinate protesting action. They found the Albany insurgents hopelessly heretical and doomed to political damnation. As for himself, Mr. Sheehan said that when the caucus had voted, he "ceased to be an individual candidate, and became the embodiment of a great principle, sacred to all thoughtful men regardless of political opinion." Of course, the embodiment of a great principle can't withdraw and leave the principle in ghostly nakedness, but Mr. Sheehan

invited the mutineers to come into caucus again and take the chances of the principle being incarnated in somebody else, and perhaps get absolution for themselves.

Then, of course, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Sheehan should have laughed. But not a bit. They were serious, every word. Mr. Sheehan evidently sees in himself not an ambitious politician, obsessed with a desire for power in high office, but an incarnate principle that cannot budge.

This makes a difficult situation. Perhaps it may have cleared up by the time this issue of LIFE reaches its readers, but who can tell? If Mr. Sheehan were merely a politician who couldn't get enough votes to be elected Senator there might be a chance of getting rid of him and electing somebody that somebody wants. But, of course, it's hard to eliminate an embodied principle. To kick out the body would be like blowing out the gas—the principle would still be there and more troublesome than ever.



IF the job was ours, and it was a dark night, we should be tempted to get the mutineers and the Republicans together and elect Colonel Roosevelt actual Senator from New York, leaving Mr. Sheehan to continue to be the embodied ought-to-be Senator. Think how much good that would do, how it would make everybody mad who ought to be mad, how much it would annoy Mr. Barnes, Mr. Murphy and Bishop Ludden, how it would aggravate the mythical "interests" that are understood to have dickered with Mr. Murphy to send to the Senate a man whom nobody but themselves and Mr. Sheehan has wished to have go there! And what compensations this plan would have! Brother Lyman Abbott a free man again and some advertising to the good; a job for the Colonel that would take him off the road, put his great acquirements at the service of the country and himself in an area of semi-restraint penetrated by the familiar influence of Senator Root; the mutineers represented in the Senate by a man who comes much nearer wanting what they

want than Embodied-Principle Sheehan ever will; Governor Dix standing on his head and his legs going different ways in the air; President Taft indescribably moved and working out his bearings with the help of the nautical almanac; Lorimer wondering if he had better go back after all; second elective-term Bourne looking for discarded beams to be retriected! How delightful it would be, and what a tonic for the Senate that had not moral force enough to heave out Lorimer!

But things don't happen in real life, as a rule, so as to produce the best dramatic effects. Perhaps the infallible caucus will have a new revelation after a while, and the voting trust will put up someone that the mutineers will accept.



THE anti-magazine bill failed, as was expected, but provision was made for a commission to look into the whole subject. When the bill comes up again it should come, not as a rider to an appropriation bill, but as a bill to revise all postal rates. Then let time be taken to thresh out the whole matter of the Post-Office and its methods of doing its business, in committee and in public discussion, and get some rates that will be equitable and which the periodicals cannot afford to oppose.



ONE would have liked to see some black draperies across the front of the new Public Library, in mourning for John M. Carrere. Doubtless circumstances made that tribute impracticable, but it is good that we have so noble a monument of a man who did so much for us. His death at fifty-three is very lamentable—such another untimely death of a trained man as those of Lloyd Bowers and Edward B. Whitney, but one that has even more deeply impressed the public mind because an admirable architect is so conspicuously a public benefactor.



THE PRESTIDIGITATEUR

Bulls and Bears

THE market still continues to be the chief topic of Wall Street. It was inclined to rest after its arduous work of trying to connect Carnegie's latest peace contribution with Canadian reciprocity. There was little doing. Accordingly the brokers spent the week writing letters to customers. A few extracts from

these letters show what we may expect. Fleece and Bounce say: "Some stocks are not as cheap as they should be and vice versa. We should advise customers to buy the stocks which will show the most profit."

Wiseacre and Fudge say: "We admit there is much money lost in Wall Street, but that is entirely because investors do not make sure what a stock is going to

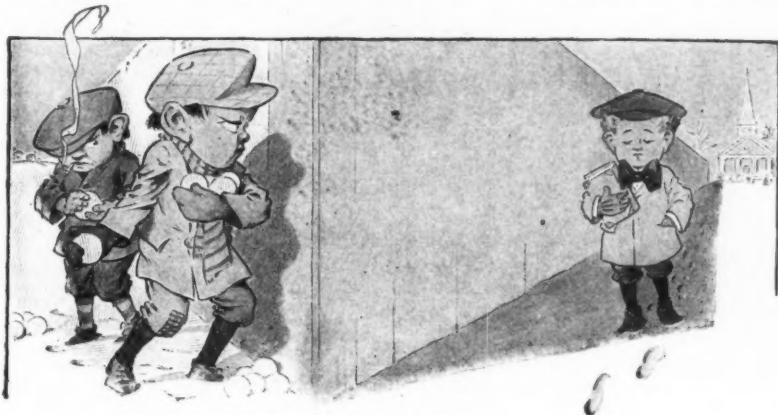
do before dealing in it. We think it is too early to begin to discount the influence of the San Francisco Exposition."

Sharp Claws and Scratcher, one of the oldest firms in the street, say: "While the market looks as if it might go higher unless something happens, we should be glad to accept orders on any basis, as we make the same profit whether stocks go up or down."

There was nothing to explain the fluctuations on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. There was not even anything to explain why there was nothing to explain.

The most notable movement of the week was the rise in American People Common. This was attributed primarily to the Taft decision in the Warren case. While this widely-held stock is still selling around thirty cents, some are so hopeful as to think it will ultimately go to par. Others, however, point out that ultimately is a long way off.

On Saturday prices narrowed, became professional, technical, uncertain, peevish, rantankerous, lop-sided and chesty. If the bank statement hadn't arrived in the nick of time, there is no telling what might have happened.



"FOR A GOOD BOY."

Girls and College

MISS GILDERSLEEVE, the new dean of Barnard, cannot understand why excessive learning should be imputed to girls who go to college any more than to boys who do the same. She assures parents and others who are afraid to send their girls to college for fear they will become over-addicted to learning, that college education does not make the average girl a profound scholar.

No doubt that is true.

There is a hesitation about sending likely girls to college which does not nowadays apply to boys. Perhaps, after awhile, it will pass away. Meanwhile, the reason for it is not quite the one which Dean Gildersleeve attacks. There is, to be sure, a fear of spoiling a woman to make a scholar, but that is not the whole story. The period between eighteen and twenty-two is not quite the same thing to a girl that it is to a boy. There are hesitations about keeping a girl out of the world and more or less shut up among girls during those years. The fear is not that she will learn too much, but that she will become undomesticated, become too much com-

mitted to an independent life, miss the acquaintance and association with suitable young males that are proper to that time of life, and fail to acquire the pleasant and unselfish arts of hospitality and entertainment which are so very valuable in women. A competent mother, who knows the game of women—so to speak—and has the means and opportunity to play it, can do very valuable things for a daughter between eighteen and twenty-two. Even a fairly attentive father is of some use to her. And "society," so-called, may be a valuable school if the girl can get at it to advantage and under wise supervision. What the girl gets out of college in those years she gets at more or less sacrifice of what she might get out of her parents and the home they can make for her and the associations that they offer her; and there, or thereabouts, is where the pinch comes about sending girls to college. The decision is often hard to make. There is a balancing of what the parents can do against what the college may do, and a choice finally in which the individual and the place and circumstances are all considered. And when the choice has

been made, the parents can do no more than hope they have chosen wisely, for there is likely to be some loss either way.

About boys there is usually no such indecision. There is no general uncertainty that it is expedient to send boys to college. The processes for training boys are accepted for better or worse, and the effort now is, not to change them altogether, but only to improve them. Boys are sent away to school, to college and to study a profession, and kept away a dozen years without serious misgiving for fear they will get to love independence too much or lose capacity for domestication. But the world does not rely on boys to become homemakers. For that enormously important service it looks to the girls, and its doubts about the value of the girls' colleges are related to its opinion of their value in qualifying girls to make homes.

And yet for girls, as well as for boys, when one can choose, eighteen seems too soon to halt the systematic development of the mind. In college, or out, that should go on.
E. S. M.



THE BABY

Clean and dress a wriggle, add a pint of nearly milk,
Smother with a pillow any sneeze;
Baste with talcum powder and mark upon its back—
"Don't forget that you were one of these."



THE WAITER

Stuff a hired dress-suit case with an effort to please,
Add a half-dozen stumbles and trips;
Remove his right thumb from the cranberry sauce,
Roll in crumbs, melted butter and tips.

THE HUMAN COOK BOOK



MY LADY'S FINERY

Priscilla Counsels With a Gentleman Suffragette



HERE, girls, is a perfectly splendid idea. It was suggested by one of our gentleman-Suffragettes. He says that we are trying to do too many things at once and that we ought to concentrate instead of wasting our energies. He says we are shooting too much of our ammunition in the air. We all know that each of our peerless leaders has a new idea every few minutes and as each one insists that her own ideas shall be tried out, perhaps he is right.

THE idea is that the best way to make the Cause triumph is to add the proper amendments to the Constitution of the United States. This would enable us to spend our time in Washington, which is a delightful city, and one where a great amount of social entertaining is going on. We could give up our attacks on the different State Legislatures and the dear sisters who spend their time in making speeches on the street corners would find it much more agreeable meeting Senators and Congressmen at afternoon teas, dinners and evening receptions.

A few of us got together the other day and drafted these amendments to the Constitution:

ARTICLE XVI

Every woman shall have the right to vote, which shall not be denied or abridged on account of race, color, sex or previous condition of married servitude.

ARTICLE XVII

Every male citizen riding on a public conveyance, whether engaged in interstate commerce or not, shall give up his seat to any female citizen desiring the same.

ARTICLE XVIII

No recovery at law shall be permitted and no punishment be adjudged in any court in the United States for any injury received from protruding hat-pins worn in the headgear of any female citizen.

ARTICLE XIX

No unmarried male citizen shall be entitled to vote or hold any office of emolument or profit, and any male citizen who, being unmarried at the time, shall refuse a proposal of marriage from any female citizen, shall be deemed guilty of treason and punished under Article III, Section III.

ARTICLE XX

Every female citizen shall be entitled to a divorce at any time and for any cause or no cause whatever.

ARTICLE XXI

No State shall pass any law abridging woman's right of free speech, especially the right to talk back.

ARTICLE XXII

The Congress shall pass laws prescribing suitable punishments for criminal libel, which offence shall hereafter include printing or publishing any article or picture ridiculing Suffragettes or any fashion of woman's wearing apparel, no matter how absurd, ridiculous, useless and extravagant in cost.

If any of the sisters have any other amendments they would like to have added to the Constitution of the United



"OH! I DO BELIEVE THAT HORRID MAN IS TRYING TO FLIRT WITH ME AND I'M SURE I LOOK A PERFECT FRIGHT."

States, they will please send them in at once. If President Taft calls an extra session of Congress all the Suffragettes in the country can concentrate on this one thing and descend on Washington in a body. There can be no doubt that with all of us there at once we will make ourselves heard.

FROM the week at Albany there are bound to be splendid results. Only a few of the Antis appeared before the Judiciary Committee to oppose us. Those women are of the weak, stay-at-home kind, and it wasn't to be expected that they would leave their families for the sake of speechifying and making a public demonstration of themselves for a whole week. We're the girls for that sort of thing.

One of the most gratifying things was the voluntary appearance of Judge Lindsay of Denver, who made a speech on our side. The Judge holds his position and draws a comfortable salary, by the votes of usually he is a and it was a for him to come Cause.

being elected largely Colorado women. Nat-gentleman - Suffragette very graceful thing to Albany to help the PRISCILLA JAWBONES.



WALKER



PUZZLE—WHAT IS IT?

Life's Fashion Reform League

Life Park Now Finally Opened—Some New Problems Confronting the League



FIG. 1.—THE SMART HIGH-CHURCH-LOW-CUT SURPLICE ADOPTED THIS YEAR BY THE LADY CHORISTERS OF ST. SADIE'S.

FIG. 2.—CORSAGE "A LA POULETTE," WITH SABLE EDGING. PARASOL OF SEAL-SKIN. (NOT TO BE WORN OFF FIFTH AVENUE.)

LIFE PARK now presents an animated appearance.

It will be recalled that this famous tract of land, situated almost in the heart of Manhattan Island, was formerly called Central Park. It was once used as a place of recreation by the masses and the classes, and almost any day in the week many persons could be seen keeping off the grass.

For some time it has been generally felt that the park ought to be serving a useful purpose. That so much valuable land should be lying idle has naturally been a source of chagrin to every politician.

Some time ago it was thought that the best needs of everyone concerned would be satisfied by formally turning over the park to Gimbel Brothers, Macy, Wanamaker and Siegel-Cooper; and after they had been apportioned their shares of it,

that the *Times*, the *Herald* and the *World* might erect suitable buildings in it within sight of all; then, if there happened to be any room left, the space could be used by some of our more prominent jewelers, haberdashers, druggists and, possibly, for an uptown branch of the Stock Exchange. Mr. Morgan had practically agreed to this, and it was therefore settled, when LIFE'S Fashion Reform League presented its claims.

After considering the matter for only an hour and agreeing that nothing is so important in this country as women's clothes, the Interborough Company (which is now running New York, assisted by City Chamberlain Hyde), enthusiastically turned the park over to the Reform League.

We shall not use all of the space in the park at present for building purposes. The old mall will be preserved as a parade ground for some of our leading models, so that the latest styles can be readily seen by visitors from out of town. Our new cutting and fitting establishment, occupying a huge building on the site of the old baseball ground, has been recently opened. The Metropolitan Museum of Art (that was) we have decided to turn into a beautifying emporium. In this magnificent place, every means of beautifying known to science, from a hair puff to a Turkish bath, will be installed.

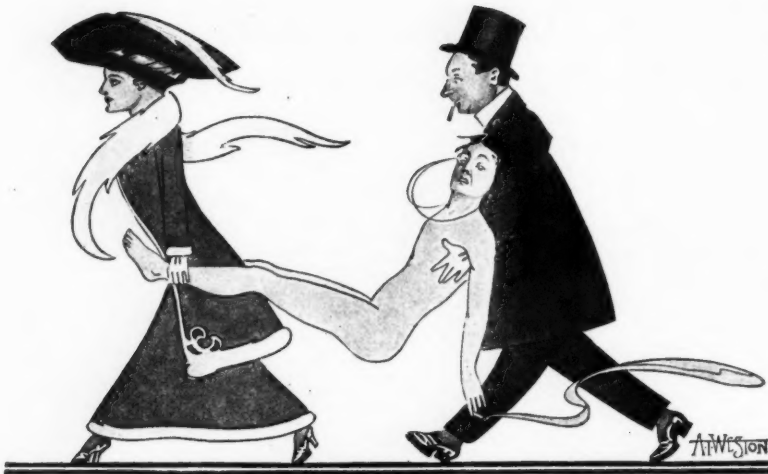
The cry "America for Americans" has met with an immediate response



THE BUTTERFLY COIFFURE FOR THE CHILD OF TEN YEARS.

THE "STEPLADDER" COIFFURE FOR A SOCIAL CLIMBER. (SEE TEXT.)

"LA BORNEO" COIFFURE —COMBINATION OF HAIR AND FUR.



EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

Dear Dorothy: As I had nothing on last night I intended to call, but the Jimpson-Smiths dropped in and carried me off to dinner.

from all parts of the country. Indeed, it is not too much to say that we are now in the beginning of a social revolution, which will completely change our civilization.

Fortunately, as has been indicated, Mr. Morgan is with us. Fully recognizing that politics, finance and other matters hitherto thought of some consequence are as nothing compared with the appearance our women present, he has signified his intention of standing back of the league, having subscribed to most of the stock, after we had agreed to turn over to him two-thirds of our profits.

What is the exact object of the league? We reiterate that it is the placing of woman's fashions in this country on a scientific basis. Does this mean a formal and severe type of woman? Never! On the contrary, it means that our imagination, hitherto restricted to the effects which Paris has provided us with, shall be allowed full sway, and that in order to please and control the men we shall stop at nothing.

Constant change is necessary. Hereafter no fashion will be permitted to last longer than a month. Moreover, the absurd modesty of some of our leading New York women will be held in check. Everyone who has taken the trouble to walk up Fifth Avenue on an afternoon must have been impressed with the extreme diffidence, the shrinking appearance, of some of our young girl friends. Under the friendly tutelage of the league we hope to draw them out.

Not that we counsel extremes. Dear, no. But, with due consideration to that restraint in art which is so valuable, we shall stop at nothing which will produce its effect.

Lent has come, and with it some of the newest designs. Surplices will this year be cut low. A neat design for a young miss of fifteen is a *crêpe de chine* corsage trimmed with sable edges, pink silk stockings and a sealskin parasol, with white satin slippers; this costume, however, should not be worn off Fifth Avenue.

Some new designs in hair include the stepladder *moiré* antique, which is arranged on the head by one of our experts. It works on a hinge, and can be taken down when at the opera. Furs are also being made into puffs with novel effects.

In the meantime, the great question as to whether bathing suits should not be worn all the year around is now uppermost. It is thought that in the winter time they will be warmer than some of the costumes worn at present and thus preserve the health.

When the reform was first advocated it was objected to on the ground that a bathing suit could be purchased for less money than an ordinary costume. This has been shown to be incorrect. Practically no limit is reached in some of our late designs. The beauty about their use is that they can be worn in the interior and at any time. Neither beach nor summer is necessary.

A large number of our patrons, clad in some of the newest designs in bathing suits, occu-

pied our special box at the opera Saturday night and attracted much favorable comment. Some wonderful effects were obtained.

If you are not already a member of the league you should join at once. Every American woman should be a member. Send in your name. We stop at nothing to produce the most expensive and startling results.

WOMEN see only the defects of talented men and only the good qualities of blockheads.



ERIN GO BRAGH



"ON CHANGE."

Their Own Medicine

MR. JOSEPH P. RINN, president of the Brooklyn Philosophical Association, seems to be throwing a healthy light on a very unhealthy subject. At a recent meeting of the association he "mentioned his offer of a prize of one thousand dollars to any hospital that would provide five doctors who would submit to vaccination with vaccine virus supplied by the New York Board of Health, and who, after having passed on the vaccination as perfect, would let doctors he chose inoculate smallpox matter into their bodies. If three out of the five did not contract smallpox, Mr. Rinn said, he would forfeit to the hospital or any charity the sum named."

And no takers!

Mr. Rinn has, moreover, the impertinence to ask: "The

medical profession is constantly quoting 'pure calf lymph from healthy calves.' How can calves be healthy when they have to be diseased in order to get the virus?"

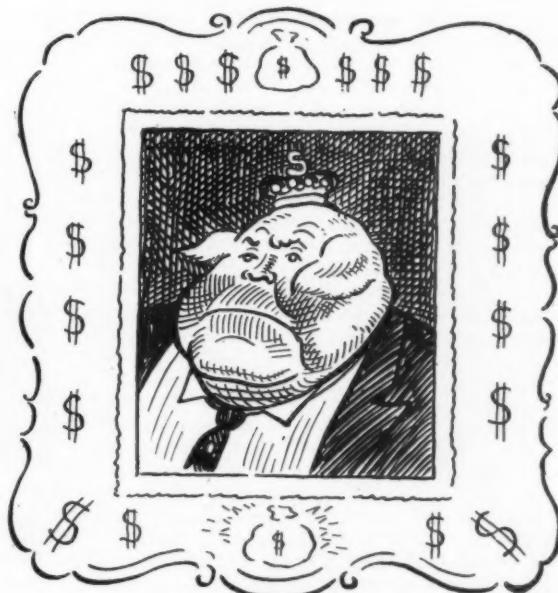
Tricky Mr. Bennet; Requiescat!

CONGRESSMAN BENNET of New York, who sprang the annexation of Canada proposal to beat the reciprocity treaty, was the same statesman who scared San Francisco out of harboring the Jeffries-Johnson fight by threatening the city with the loss of the Panama Memorial Fair.

Mr. Bennet likes flank movements, surprises, and results by indirection. His kind of statecraft gets its due in the long run. We consulted an astrologer about him and learned that it belonged to his political destiny to sit down on a tack. At that point the cards found his finish. His term expired on March 4th.



KING GEORGE III 1760



KING MONEY - 1911

Art Young

THE GROWTH OF A NATION



TOURING THE TROPICS

Jocho (an escaped organ monkey): YES, 'TIS HE! ANTONE! MY LONG-LOST MASTER! AND ONE GRAND ORGAN!

The Problem of Crossing Central Park

Central Park creates a great moral problem in New York city. The park divides the city north of Fifty-ninth street into east and west, and if we build on either east or west we become a local, a parochial church, a neighborhood church. If we were to build below Fifty-ninth street, where people from all over the world could reach us, we should be submerged by business.

SO Dr. Aked, the imported minister of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church (Mr. Rockefeller's), explaining to his friends at home why such a church as he wants cannot be built for him in New York.

This matter of the division of New York for two miles and a half by Central Park is important. The inadequacy of transportation up and down Manhattan Island is doubtless more important, but the Central Park problem has come to be urgent, too. One street car line crosses the Park at Eighty-sixth Street. It does not do its work well, because it stops at Eighth Avenue, failing to connect with the north and south transportation lines, except on that avenue. Except by that one very poor line nearly a mile and a half north of Fifty-ninth Street, there is no way to cross the park except to walk or hire a cab. It is not safe for a woman alone to cross the Park afoot after dark, either by surface paths or sunken streets, and it is none too safe for a young woman to cross it alone at any time. Two large residence quarters of the city are therefore almost as effectually separated as though Central Park was a lake. The Park is about half a mile wide. The simplest, safest and quickest way to get from a point in the neighborhood of Seventieth Street, on the East Side, to a point near Broadway and Seventieth Street, on the West Side, is to go down to Forty-second Street and take the Subway. That involves about four miles of travel to accomplish a direct distance of one mile.

How long is Central Park going to abuse the patience of folks who need to cross it? When will there be street-car lines at Sixty-fifth and Seventy-third Streets, running clear through from river to river? If the inviolable West Side Protective Association can't stand that, when will there be tunnels under the Park and under the sacred West Side streets that will connect with something? Or can't the sunken streets and the streets that lead to them be traversed by swift and frequent 3-cent or 5-cent motor vehicles, running from river to river? The Park ought to be crossed by at least three lines of cheap and convenient public vehicles connecting

with all the north and south transportation lines on both sides of it. It is absurd, unnecessary and a great nuisance that Central Park should continue to create, as Dr. Aked says, a great moral problem in New York City.

America

MR. BRYCE, in his *American Commonwealth*, calls attention to the fact that Americans have a way of deprecating themselves, a habit by which apparently they intend to forestall any adverse criticism. One American, in talking to an English friend about American institutions, will tell him confidentially that they are not what they ought to be; will, in fact, point to the national defects with the air of a connoisseur. To outsiders he will talk impersonally and deprecatingly enough about his own country; to insiders he will storm and scream at some of its crying defects; but the idea that the constitution is not permanent never enters his head.

In the meantime, the Englishman never understands America; it is true that in criticising America, he is likely often to hit the nail upon the head, but never understands the real spirit back of the race.

It is likely to be said of our literature, for example, that it is not a literature at all, that the thing which we are pleased to call literature is dominated by commercialism and is too hastily done. That is probably true; but the real reason is that we have no audience. If there were enough people to demand a literature, we should not lack for geniuses to supply the demand.

But the truth is that we do not need a literature. Why should we attempt to produce one, when we can have the benefit of so many others?

When the time comes, if our coal mines and forests hold out, we shall make a literature of our own—possibly just for the fun of doing it.

Horticultural

"IT'S no use," sighs the nature wizard. "I may as well give up."

"What is bothering you?" we ask sympathetically.

"I got started a few years ago on a whim of mine. I took a head of cabbage and crossed it with a white potato and grew eyes on it; then I crossed that with a cornstalk and grew ears on it; then I crossed that with a squash and grew a neck on it; then I crossed that with a cocoanut and grew hair on it—but hanged if I can figure out what to do for a nose and mouth!"



A STORM AT SEA





1. THE LABORING MAN. 2. THE WORKIN' GIRL. 3. THE FARMER. 4. OUR MOTHER-IN-LAW. 5. EVEN THE TRAMP.

ABUSED PEOPLE

AS THEY ARE OFTEN PORTRAYED IN PRINTERS' INK AND AS THEY GENERALLY ARE.



In Halls of Agony

The *Journal of Experimental Medicine* (November 1, 1910, Vol. XII, No. 6) contains an article upon the action of certain salts on the blood of rabbits, at the Pathological Laboratory of the Johns Hopkins University. The experimenters tested the effects of the poisonous action of large amounts of sodium bicarbonate upon the kidneys, the injection of salts, acids and alkalies, and the inhalation of carbon dioxide and illuminating gas.—*The Zoophilist*.

WHY not light the gas when the rabbit is well inflated? It might lead to a new cure for infant paralysis. They do have fun, these "scientists."

The Incidence of Punishment

THE *Dallas Times Herald* has this to say of the Warren case: "Warren is a rabid Socialist. His paper is rabid, but he has told many truths and as many glaring absurdities. Call them by another name if you will. His case should have been disposed of by the Supreme Court of the United States. If guilty he should have been punished; if innocent he should have been vindicated."

The *Times Herald* is evidently trying to be fair in this matter, but it misses the point. This was not a case for the court. A court must be technical. The question was not how to vindicate an innocent man, but how to keep from punishing a guilty man lest the punishment punish the courts and the administration more than it punished the culprit.

This was a case for a statesman, not a court. It is the privilege of statesmen to be expedient.

Nellie's Trip

NELLIE took a tropic trip, Going south by train and ship. Chose a lovely southern spot Full of climate very hot. Wrote "Dear Jack, I'm bringing you Souvenirs of all I do." This is what she toted back To her little city shack:

Three young baby alligators,
Several crates of sweet potatoes,
One astonished armadillo,
Seven squares of leather pillow,
Two green turtles in a dish,
Four delightful flying fish,
Trinkets of coquina made,
Urchins, sea-beans, starfish staid,

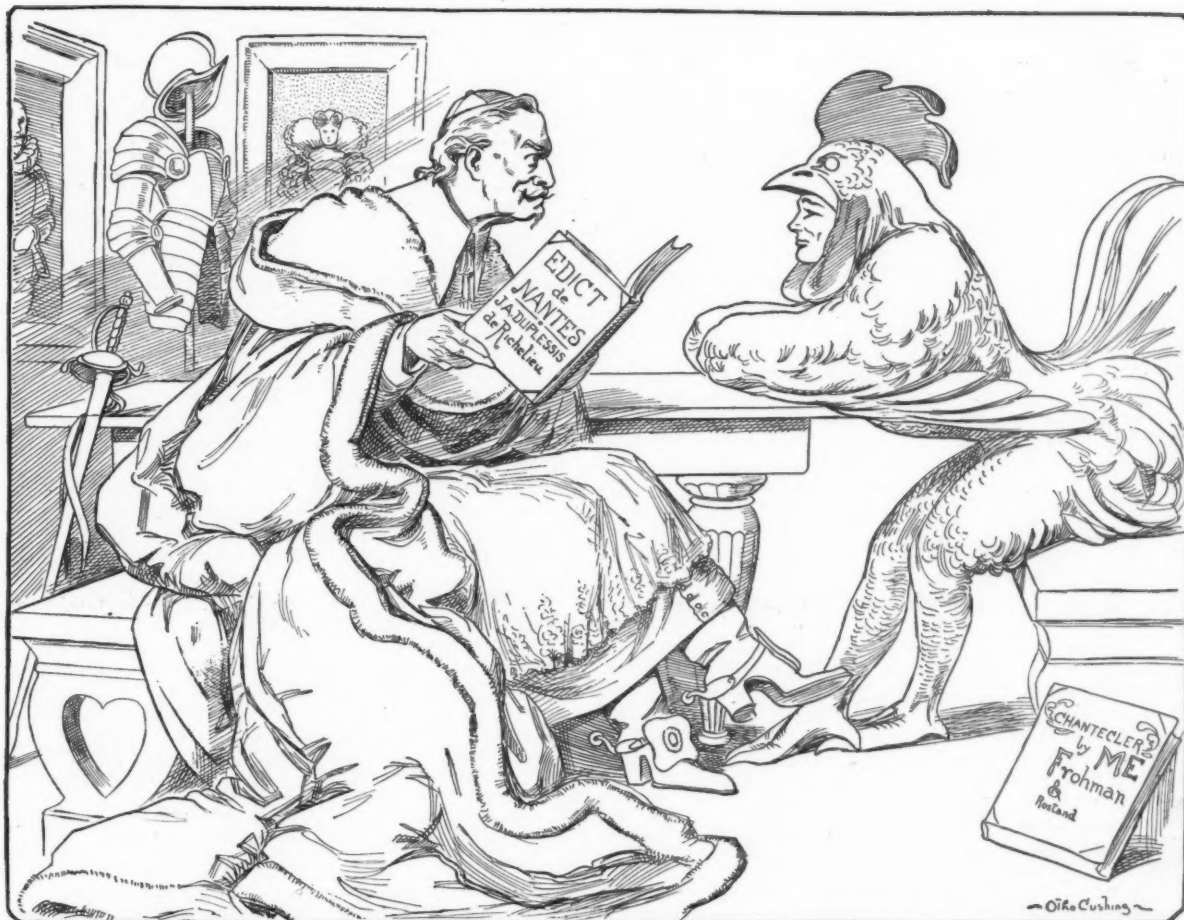
Flamingoes from swampy lake,
Twenty feet of rattlesnake,
Cocoanuts galore, of course,
And a bale of hanging moss.
"My!" said Jack, "I'm pleased to see
That my darling thought of me!"

Marie Hemstreet.



THE LITTLE BOY
WHO NEVER GREW UP

"It is to be hoped that the medical profession as a body will perceive the advisability, and, indeed, the necessity, of giving up vivisection of their own accord, and will thus avoid the humiliation of being compelled to abandon it."—*Surgeon-General Sir James H. Thornton, K. C. B., M. B.*



HISTORIC AFFINITIES

RICHELIEU AND MAUDE ADAMS

Child Labor

THE amazing growth of child labor enables us to conjure up a most appetizing picture of the future, something nearer a real millennium than the most optimistic Utoper ever dreamed of.

Just as soon as we get all our machinery of production and distribution so simplified that but little strength or skill is necessary to operate it, then all of the work of the world can be done by children. What a vista of joy this situation will open up for the rest of us. We can go to ball games and Coney Island without let or hindrance, secure in the knowledge that everything will be all right and that the children will have pressed the proper buttons and pulled the right levers for the satisfaction of our necessities.

More than that. The great expense incident to education can be stopped. But if, perchance, an exceptional child here and there should graduate into the adult leisure class, through an extra strong constitution or otherwise, then it can get an education as the rest of us do, in women's clubs, bridge clubs, literary societies or by reading the *Genealogical Review*.

Beware

THERE are signs that the millennium is approaching, and to all thoughtful persons the prospect is by no means free from apprehension.

So far as we can judge, the uplifting process seems to be fairly complete. The custom house is working smoothly and practically every one caught smuggling

is made to pay up. Mr. Morgan, it is true, does not yet own everything, but this is only now a question of taking up a few tag ends.

Mr. Roosevelt has explained the new nationalism, so that it will no doubt be adopted, and the discovery of the lactic acid bacteria practically places immortality within the reach of all. Also, there is a fair prospect of the tariff being revised. The millennium is therefore overdue.

But what shall we do with it when it comes? We have never had a full-fledged millennium about us before. Shall we know how to treat it properly? Will it not tend to become tiresome? These are questions which will naturally present themselves to all thoughtful citizens in the face of the approaching crisis.



"The Arrow Maker" is Last Production of New Theatre's Season



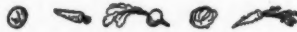
LOVE and hate and revenge and the whole gamut of primary passions and emotions which go to make stage plays possible are doubtless almost as potent with their red brothers as with the white brothers, who have tried all sorts of ways to exterminate the American Indian. It still remains—Mrs. Mary Austin's "The Arrow Maker" to the contrary notwithstanding—that these passions and emotions as expressed by the stage Indian do not seem to stir the white brother deeply. Perhaps it is because our idealization of the Indian runs in other directions and his domestic affairs, instead of being picturesque, are associated with dirt and smoky wigwams or tepees and ungraceful, shapeless, flat-nosed squaws.

The Buffalo Bill show with Indians in action as hunters, fighters and horsemen appeals to persons of all grades of intellect. There the show Indian really appeals to the imagination. His attacks and gun-firing may be all pretence, but they suggest a reality. Most of us who can read can go even further than this and let Longfellow's poetic power raise us to the charm of *Hiawatha*.



ANOTHER reason that the stage Indian fails to move us is that he is so evidently a fiction. The stage demands expression and the Indian, as we know him from history and in whatever observation we have been permitted to make of him on reservations and elsewhere, is essentially stolid. Expression in face or speech is in the real Indian reduced to a minimum. So when we find Indians on the stage they are simply dressed-up white folks trying to show what Indians should be if they were not what they are.

Mrs. Austin is not to be blamed for trying to convey to us her own idealization. But she has not succeeded in convincing any one. We accept the Carlisle student as a far more credible exhibit of the Indian in idealized condition. Nor has Mrs. Austin succeeded in making a play. She may perhaps have had one in mind, but she has refused to divulge it to her audiences even with the aid of excellent acting forces and all the accessories at the command of an unusually well equipped theatre.



THE author has, however, given the New Theatre an opportunity to present some wonderfully fine stage pictures of a period of American life that is rapidly fading if it has not already gone from view. Here the poetic quality was not misleading, for it involved the blotting out of everything

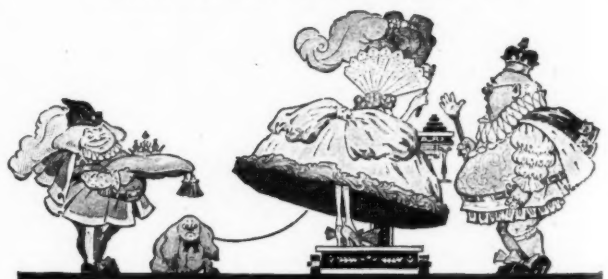
squalid and left only the beautifully picturesque. The scenic settings in the foothills of the Southern California Sierras were a delight to the eye. The Indian characters, with costumes and accessories more striking in color than those of their kind dwelling to the North and East, blended and contrasted well with their surroundings and added the element of life and action. The music, too, was in character, especial pains having been taken to make it correct according to the best records that have been preserved. It is fair to presume that the same thing holds true with regard to the dances. The result is that, whatever the play may be or not be, "The Arrow Maker" is worth seeing as a stage spectacle of Indian life, superior to anything of the kind hitherto done or likely ever to be done again.

The acting opportunities are not many, the action being limited and the actors' part of the performance being confined almost entirely to the delivery of the lines. The greater part of the task falls on Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, to whom is allotted an amount of talking probably never enjoyed by any Indian woman since there were Indians. It seems curious that the rôle should have to be given to an English-woman, but in view of Miss Matthison's equipment of voice and method of delivery, this was perhaps fortunate. Mere elocution would have been fatal and a more mercurial artist would have made the part even less Indian by yielding to the temptation to act. To the part of the young medicine woman's faithless lover, Mr. Gillmore brought the needed virility of youth, and his rival for the war chieftainship as played by Mr. Ben Johnson was the nearest approach to Indian characterization shown in the play. As *Chief Rain Wind*, Mr. Holland supplied sufficient dignity, but unfortunately for the illusion, his personality is so strongly marked that even an effective make-up could not prevent a mental recurrence to the characters of polite society with which Mr.

Scrambled Dramas



"EXCUSE ME," BUT "I'LL BE HANGED IF I DO"



"THE SLIM PRINCESS" HAS "THE TWELVE POUND (192 OZ.) LOOK"



"FROM THE POMPS AND VANITIES OF THIS WICKED WORLD, GOOD LORD, DELIVER US."

Holland's art is so closely associated. The other members of the cast were the most presentable collection of Indians ever seen in this or perhaps any other neighborhood.

It remains, however, that "The Arrow Maker" is well worth seeing as a beautiful spectacle of American life.



WHETHER the late General William T. Sherman ever tired of hearing the patriotic air called "Marching Through Georgia" has not been divulged by his historians. It is to be feared that those

who witness the new feature of the Hippodrome programme may weary of its repetition. But "Marching Through Georgia" is the title of the new piece, which is a war sketch, with its principal features a large collection of colored people playing and singing old plantation songs as the stage knows them, and the building of a pontoon bridge across the Hippodrome tank in full view of the audience.

The new attraction on the Hippodrome programme is not impressive and only faintly amusing. It suggests that the popular place of amusement needs some new brains and some new ideas in

the producing line if it is to retain its hold on the popular liking.



IT'S time we abandoned any particular respect for "The Star Spangled Banner" as a national air or that some legal steps should be taken to prevent its use as a stage property. We need a deterrent for managers without any claims to either patriotism or good taste.

When "The Star Spangled Banner" is played simply for effect in a theatre a number of persons struggle shamefacedly to their feet to show their respect for the anthem. They would increase respect for it, and their motive would not be mistaken, if they hissed the management which made this cheap use of a creditable impulse.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES

Astor—"The Boss," by Mr. Edward Sheldon. "Practical" politics made dramatic, with Mr. Holbrook Blinn's excellent impersonation of the disreputable hero.

Belasco—"The Concert." Amusing and well acted comedy satirizing woman's hero-worship of the musician.

Broadway—Elaborately staged musical show, "The Hen-Pecks," with Mr. Lew Fields at his funniest.

Casino—"The Balkan Princess." Tuneful comic opera, with gay Hungarian music and Louise Gunning and Mr. Robert Warwick in the leading parts.

Cohan's—"Get Rich Quick Wallingford." The funny side of the confidence man and his game.

Comedy—"I'll Be Hanged if I Do." Light American comedy, with Mr. William Collier as the main fun-maker.

Criterion—"Thais," with Miss Constance Collier. Notice later.

Daly's—"Baby Mine." The laughable comedy of early matrimony returns to its original stamping ground.

Empire—Mr. William Gillette in another revival of his early success, "Secret Service."

Gaiety—"Excuse Me," by Mr. Rupert Hughes. Fun on a railroad train, with Mr. Willis Sweatnam in charge.

Globe—"The Slim Princess." Elsie Janis and Mr. Joseph Cawthorne in a musical piece making more fun than music.

Hippodrome—The familiar circus, ballet and spectacle, with "Marching Through Georgia" added. See above.

Hudson—"Nobody's Widow." Agreeable American light comedy well acted by Blanche Bates and good company.

Hackett—"Over Night." Rather suggestive and not wonderfully laughable farce.

Herald Square—"Everywoman." Moral-ity play of our own time. Picturesque, interesting and instructive.

Knickerbocker—Rostand's "Chantecler." The much advertised poetical allegory Americanized, with Miss Maude Adams in the title-part.

Lyceum—"Seven Sisters," with Mr. Charles Cherry. Hungarian farce. Unusual and rather funny.

Lyric—"The Deep Purple." Interesting stage depiction of one of the shady aspects of New York life, very well acted.

Majestic—Aborn Opera Company in English versions of well-known operas.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Gamblers." Finance as it is financed in excellently presented dramatic form.

Nasimova—"As a Man Thinks," by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Notice later.

New—Repertory including "The Piper," "The Blue Bird," and the new Indian drama, "The Arrow Maker." See above.

Republic—"Rebecca" of Sunnybrook Farm" with Edith Taliaferro as the charming heroine.

Wallack's—"Pomander Walk." Romantic comedy, picturesquely staged and well acted by English company.



"FRAILTY—THY NAME IS WOMAN."

—Hamlet.



Fido Birth
HE GIVES A PARTY TO THE DOGS IN THE STREET AND



Fido's Birthday

THE DOGS IN THE STREET AND THE MASTERS COME WITH THEM



If you have ever had any personal intercourse with a garden, you know what mystifying tricks of prestidigitation one is capable of playing on you. How, for instance, the iris bed behind the tool house, that seemed so nicely manicured on Tuesday when you started spraying the roses, will turn up on Thursday morning with a luxurious growth of some entirely unknown exotic that looks like a cross between a sweet potato and a sunflower. Well, the same thing happens now and then in the garden of current fiction. It was only the year before last, for example, that we left the blood-and-thunder-detective-romance hot-bed in perfect order, with all the little stories looking healthy in their red and white paper sheaths. And here, a month or so ago, I happened to pass that way and noticed a whole tropical crop of strange looking books with emblazoned chromos on their covers, embossed with gilt letters and decorated with *papier maché* bas-reliefs. There seemed but one way to find out whether these amazing vegetables were weeds or orchids and that was to botanize. And as I was not feeling well and was going tarpon fishing for a tonic, I picked one and took it along. It was called *The Phantom of the Opera* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.25), was by Gaston Leroux, "author of *The Perfume of the Lady in Black*," and was declared (on a part of the cover which the chromo failed to fill) to be "unique" in having for its scene the Paris Opera House "from the Lyre

of Apollo on top of its seventeen stories to the lake that lies beneath its five cellars." Naturally, I waited for the tonic to take effect before tackling the Phantom; and meanwhile three people asked me for "something exciting" to read and each in turn was given the Opera ghost and each in turn brought it back and declared it to be "too many" for him. That got my professional pride up. I had not caught a tarpon yet and one of these three quitters had. But I made up my mind that I'd show them what mental muscle was. And I did. I read that book from the first nibble to the last dying explanation. And although I'm a little stiff in my imagination and have strained a tendon or so in my credulity, I'm still alive. But I didn't succeed in believing any of it, and in spite of being aided by double page cartoons in color instead of ordinary illustrations, I couldn't really imagine much. The setting is perhaps "unique." But the text is a concatenation of unconnected catastrophes, unchastened by logic, untrammelled by cause and effect, owning no allegiance to likelihood and having no bearing on life. It is an orgy of sterile invention dressed in an orgy of colored chromos. But it is doubtless a genuine example of adaptation to environment. We know that some birds have survived by specializing on feathers and others by specializing on meat. *The Phantom of the Opera*, and probably the rest of these chromatic cohorts, belong to the feather brigade.



YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL FROM ONE



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



How to Live on 24 Hours a Day, by Arnold Bennett. A passionate plea (with full instructions) for intensive intellectual farming on abandoned half hours.

The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome, by William Stearns Davis. The money power in Rome dealt with in terms of modern speech and habit.

The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn, edited by Elizabeth Bisland. A delightful welter of criticism, comment, narrative and description. A trained intellect at play.

Jean Christophe, by Romain Rolland. Four-tenths of a remarkable novel in course of translation from the French.

Justice, by John Galsworthy. Another of the plays that are making history in England.

The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls, by Jesse Lynch Williams. A long, light, discursively written story of a young couple's adjustment to each other and to "society."

Mr. Ingleside, by E. V. Lucas. In which a popular compiler of anthologies rides his hobby in agreeable fiction.

The New Machiavelli, by H. G. Wells. The autobiography of a discredited English statesman, in which Mr. Wells sums up his own intellectual experience.

One Way Out, by "William Carleton." See above.

The Phantom of the Opera, by Gaston Leroux. See above.

The Rosary, by Florence L. Barclay. A love story for seventeen-year-olders of all ages.

Spread Eagle, by Gouverneur Morris. Sunday school stories and tales of sentiment revived and imbued with vim and nerve.

What Eight Million Women Want, by Rheta Childe Dorr. An interesting review of the women's club achievements to date.

The Winning Fight, by Herbert Kauffman. See above.

PRECEPT and example are two words that used to travel around billed as Siamese twins. Nowadays they usually show on different circuits. But they meet so opportunely in Herbert Kauffman's collected editorials, *The Winning Fight* (O. W. Brewer) and "William Carleton's" *One Way Out* (Small, Maynard, \$1.20) that for old sake's sake it seems fitting to review the two books together.

Mr. Kauffman has taken over the old copy-book maxims and put gasoline motors into them. There are no mufflers on the exhausts and when you hear one of



SIDE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER

them coming you sit up and look round. His papers—on such subjects as "The Modern Pace," "The Man Who Knows it All," "The Market Value of Optimism," "Grow a Spine and Make Good"—are only from five to six hundred words long. But although these are short trips, they jolt you up plenty. The horsepower is so big for the hull that when it shakes, you shake with it. And since too much vibration is as numbing as inaction, one wants to go a-sailing with Mr. Kauffman at intervals. Also it is as well not to keep one's tongue between one's teeth when on board.



NE Way Out, A Middle Class New Englander Emigrates to America, is the account of an actual winning fight written by the man who made it. The narrative is as straightforward as a right line; as simple as the third reader; and, in its own way, as dynamic as Mr. Kauffman's four-cycle, verbal motor. The author who writes under the acknowledged assumed name of "William Carleton," had been for twenty years a clerk in a Massachusetts business house. At thirty-eight he "lost his job" and found himself too old for re-employment in a clerical capacity and unfitted for any other employment that his social surroundings made possible. How he came to realize

the true source of his disabilities; how by cutting himself loose from false pride and false standards he won a free hand for his own efficiency; how he put himself and his family in the position of emigrants from abroad, moved to the tenements of his own city and worked his way up from the bottom—not only makes an engrossing, because a vitally human story, but forms a commentary from a surprisingly suggestive angle upon a number of the economical and sociological problems of the day.

J. B. Kerfoot.

THOMPSON: Do you like to play bridge with your family?

JOHNSON: No. If I'm going to lose money I'd rather lose it where it may do me some good.



HER FAVORITE HIM

· LIFE ·

Life's Family Album

Orson Lowell

IN the year 1871 the German Empire was re-established, the Irish Church was disestablished, the great fire in Chicago took place, and Orson Lowell was born. While Professor Bell was perfecting his telephone Orson Lowell was taking his first lessons in breakfast foods, at that time beginning to appear on the American market.

In Wyoming, Iowa, his native place, he is put down as inhabitant No. 729. At the age of twelve—but we must let him be interviewed in the usual manner.

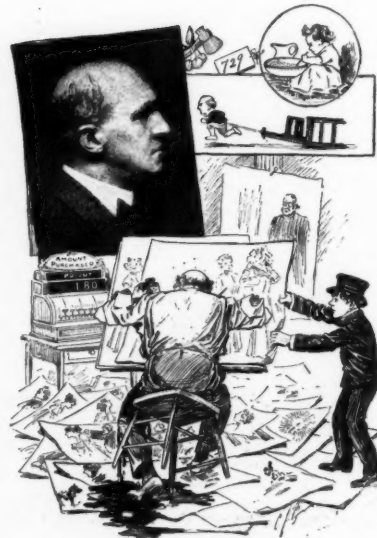
"At the age of twelve," he said, as we sat in his palatial studio in Twenty-second Street, "I decided to remove my family to Chicago, where I felt that I could bring up my parents more advantageously."

"Was this the first real artistic craving you had, Mr. Lowell?"

"Dear me, no! I began as soon as I could hold a crow-quill pen. I drew daily, under my father's direction, such things as scythes, helves, wheelbarrows, silk hats and chairs of all sorts, and then, you know, people and millinery became easy matters."

"And in Chicago——?"

"I drew for the magazines, sometimes



getting as high as seventy-five cents a drawing; but my exorbitant demands were too much, and the *Liar*, for whom I was one of the principal contributors, had to suspend publication."

"But is it not possible for you, Mr.

Lowell, to convey some idea of your admirable technique and the distinction with which you always clothe your women?"

"Dear me, aren't you getting personal?"

"But so many young people with vaulting ambitions wish to know. Was it due to the Chicago fire?"

"It was due, I think, to my recreation."

"And that is——?"

"Making more drawings."

Mr. Lowell, it may be remarked in passing, joined the *LIFE* family in 1907; previous to that he had gained a great reputation as one of our very best American black-and-white artists, his drawings in the *Century*, *Scribner's* and other magazines placing him in the first rank among illustrators.

"Isn't this true?" we asked him as we modestly showed him this paragraph.

"As if I knew anything about it," he replied.

"By the way, where do you live?"

"New Rochelle."

"And what do you do when you are not drawing pictures?"

"I spend most of my time keeping the wistaria from tearing the verandah off my house."

Stamping Out Smallpox

THE early fall of each year is the period when the innocent children of the United States are rounded up and branded as the property of the medical profession.

What does it cost? We will ignore the dollars, but, from August 18 to November 23, 1909, there were in the United States two deaths from smallpox. In order, however, to accomplish this immensely desirable result and stamp out this dreaded disease, the mortality of which statistics show to be about 1 in 234 cases, it required, in the same period, 13 deaths from tetanus, or lockjaw, directly following vaccination, to say nothing of other complications which the medical profession is none too careful to report.

Of course, smallpox must be stamped out, no matter how many children are killed in the stamping.

Motto of the G. A. R.

WE care not who makes the laws, so long as we get the pensions.



BEEN ON A SPREE? OH, NO! ONLY AN ANTI-SUFFRAGETTE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT ON HIS WAY HOME TO DINNER

Epitaph

HERE lies John Jones, who lived by rule,
 Who led the systematic school;
 He had a set, unchanging way
 For going through each night and day;
 Of all his rules he made a list
 So that no detail should be missed
 And every morn he'd rise and look
 At that day's rules within his book.
 Alas! We carve this, tearful-eyed:
 He lost his rule-book once—and died!

Next Week's Cover of Life

THE scene is laid in the entrance to a church, looking out upon the world. A young girl is about to enter, with a prayerbook in one hand. She is dressed quite simply, and the bunch of violets on her bosom and the cross that falls below her waist suggest the two elements of vanity and religion. Just beyond, facing her, as she half turns outward, is his Serene Majesty, Satan. He is dressed in full red, and is bowing to her in cavalier fashion, as she, in turn, kisses her hand to him. Beyond, through the dome-shaped façade, is the great World—represented by the crowd in the street. The picture, in colors, is painted by Mr. Powers O'Malley. Under it is the text,

"THE BOY SHE LEFT BEHIND HER."

Another Last Straw

'DOGGONE it!' mutters the meek man.

"How now!" we exclaim, horrified. "What means this unseemly near-profanity?"

"Why, dadblast it!" he sputters. "My wife has had all of my nightshirts hobbled!"



UP-TO-DATE CHIVALRY



"OH, THESE FAKERS! A DOZEN BOTTLES OF THEIR TOOTH POWDER HAVE I SWALLOWED, AND NOT YET A TOOTH IN SIGHT!"



Showing Signs

A Wilmington woman recently reached the conclusion that the attachment of a certain policeman for her cook must be investigated, lest it prove disastrous to domestic discipline.

"Do you think he means business, Mary?" she asked.

"I think so, mum," said Mary. "He's begun to complain about my cookin', mum."—*Success*.

Misdirected Energy

The motorist emerged from beneath the car and struggled for breath. His helpful friend, holding the oil can, beamed upon him.

"I've just given the cylinder a thorough oiling, Dick, old man," said the helpful friend.

"Cylinder," said the motorist, heatedly, "that wasn't the cylinder; it was my ear!"—*Tit-Bits*.



M.A.S.

"BY NATURE COLD, IN TIME HE ACQUIRED A MELTING SOFTNESS."

The Demand for Civility

An irate old lady, the wife of a prosperous farmer on the outskirts of Philadelphia, stepped off a train in Broad Street station the other day with a face like a thundercloud. Any one could see in that scowling countenance the smouldering fire that might break forth at any minute. Stamping excitedly on the platform, she gnashed her teeth in a struggle to keep back the tears.

Finally she buttonholed the first person who would listen to her tale of woe "What's all this here talk of educating young men to be civil engineers?" she screeched, indignantly.

"What we need in this here country is more civil conductors and less sassy brakemen."—*Philadelphia Times*.

The Old-Time Religion

PRESBYTERIAN ELDER: Nae, my mon, there'll be nane o' they new-fangled methods in Heaven.

LISTENER: I don't know how you can be sure.

ELDER: Sure? Why, mon, gin they tried it, the whole Presbyterian kirk wad rise up an' gang oot in a body.—*Lippincott's*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions. LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Breams

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Insist on this label



Caution to Purchasers of Tops *Pantasote*

a product of our exclusive manufacture, is a top material of uniform high quality, recognized by those of experience as unexcelled. In many cases unscrupulous dealers substitute cheap, inferior materials to increase their profits at the purchaser's expense. The average person cannot distinguish PANTASOTE from these substitutes, as they look somewhat alike when new.

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The dealer has no excuse for not using it, as they are sent free of charge with every yard of Pantasote.

PANTASOTE is superior to mohairs for many reasons—two in particular, the impossibility of cleaning them and the ruination of their interlining gum of very impure rubber by exposure to grease or sunlight, as are tires.

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Usher's Whisky



G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.

NEW YORK

Sole Agents

The Standard of Excellence



Alas! Beauty Sees No Beast!

The Beast of the Story Book was visible and startling. But modern Beauty is too often unaware of *one* sly old Dragon ever ready to filch her good-looks. Beware of that Robber Beast—Neglect!

A Quick "Dry" Massage. A new beauty hint for preventing a dull, lifeless or sallow skin, or for overcoming the effects of neglect. Thousands of sensible women always look their best through the following simple treatment with

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

Just before appearing in public—instead of using powder or rouge, which deceives nobody but the user—these Pompeian users give themselves a quick, simple "dry" massage with Pompeian. It works wonders, and in this way—

Ordinarily Pompeian is applied to the moistened face. But follow this method when seconds count: Apply a pinch of Pompeian to each unmoistened cheek. Massage vigorously. In a few seconds out of the pores comes the cream and off the face it rolls, darkened and dirt laden.

Result? A "deliciously clean" wholesome look; all "shine" removed and with no deathly powder "pallor" or artificial rouge

appearance remaining, since nothing is left on the face except a clear fresh, *natural* color caused by the invigorating Pompeian massage; blackheads begin to go because the pores are now "Pompeian clean"; also no sticky, or greasy or shiny effect, as caused by so many face creams. Moreover, the tired lines disappear. Your fresh, natural color has subdued them. You look years younger.

Beware of the Robber Beast—Neglect. "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one." At all dealers, or you may try before you buy. Use coupon, please.

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today.

Trial Jar and Art Picture, both sent for 10c. (stamps or coin), for postage and packing.



For years you have heard of Pompeian's merits and benefits. To get you to act now we will send a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. The "Pompeian Beauty" which we will send is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now.



All Dealers
50c, 75c and \$1

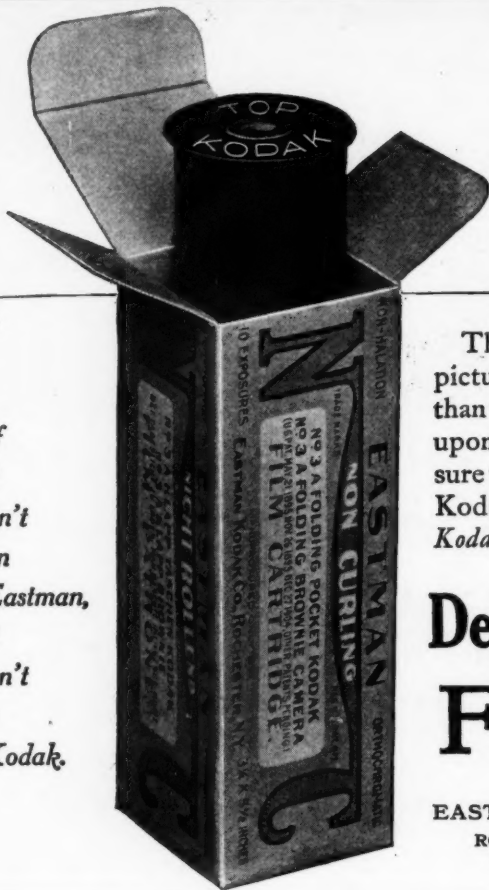
The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 25 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10c. (stamps or coin, for postage and packing), for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian and a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



If
it
isn't
an
Eastman,
it
isn't
a
Kodak.

The success of your pictures depends, more than upon anything else, upon your film. Be sure when you load your Kodak that it is with Kodak Film, the

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Cook's Travellers' Cheques Are Good All Over the World

Couldn't Serve Mamma, Too

The weekly lesson in Sunday-school dealt with the corrupting influence of luxury and worldliness, and the golden text was a well-known sentence that the superintendent wished all the children to remember. It sounded like an easy text to learn, and the superintendent, mounting the platform for a final review of the lesson, when the school assembled for closing exercises, was sure of a pleasant response from his pupils.

"Who," he began, "can repeat the golden text?"

A score of hands were raised, and the superintendent chose a little girl with blue eyes, a well-bred, well-behaved little girl from a well-to-do and "particular" family, to repeat the text for him.

"Well, Dorothy," he said, "you may tell it to us. Stand up so we can all hear you."

Dorothy stood up, in the prettiness of her best dress and the daintiness of her hair ribbons.

"You cannot," she said, distinctly, "you cannot serve God and mamma."

—St. Paul Dispatch.

"I NEVER worry or hurry." "What department of the Government service are you in?" —Buffalo Express.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Recipe for Toddy

A little sugar to make it sweet,
A little lemon to make it sour,
A little water to make it weak,
And lots of whiskey to give it power.
—Anonymous.

Caroni Bitters—One (1) Pony Glass before meals. Best tonic and Appetizer. No home without it.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.

A Domestic Serial

MRS. LITTLETOWN: This magazine looks rather the worse for wear.

MRS. NEARTOWN: Yes, it's the one I sometimes lend to the servant on Sundays.

MRS. LITTLETOWN: Doesn't she get tired of always reading the same one?

MRS. NEARTOWN: Oh, no. You see, it's the same book, but it's always a different servant.—Suburban Life.

Mostly Common

LORD MOUNT AUBURN: Are millionaires common in the States?

MR. BEACON HILL: Yes—most of them.—Harvard Lampoon.

YOU may have learned the inner goodness of *Whitman's* confections at home, or at your friend's in Boston, or visiting your cousin in Pensacola. Wherever you are, wherever you may travel, you will find the green *Whitman* signs and a *Whitman* agency—usually the leading drug store. There you can buy

Whitman's

Fussy Package
For Fastidious Folks

Chocolates with hard centers and nut centers, and all the other *Whitman* specialties, only one step away from the makers. Each agency supplied *direct*. *Whitman* service is as "care full" as *Whitman's* candies. Every *Whitman* package must be absolutely perfect or it must not be sold to you. Should any package for any reason prove disappointing, the *Whitman* agent is authorized to replace it or refund your money.

Should you fail to find the *Whitman* agent we will send, prepaid, the Fussy Package at \$1.00 a pound, Honey White Nougat, Chocolate Covered Mint Marshmallows or Chocolate Covered Maraschino Cherries at 50¢ a package.

Write for booklet "Suggestions" describing the *Whitman* Service and Specialties.

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MOTORETTE

A motor car for \$385.00
Write for Catalogue J
C. W. Kelsey Mfg. Co.
HARTFORD, CONN.

Everybody's Column



Our Sympathy

LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

GENTLEMEN.—I have at hand your "Final Notice" that my subscription to LIFE expired January 30, 1911.

I note your assertion—"We previously sent you notice of this expiration, and now call your attention to it again, from no desire to annoy you with our persistency, but merely because we know how often such matters are overlooked or laid aside for future attention."

I admit that I received your "previous notification," but beg to advise that it was not overlooked, neither was it laid aside for future attention.

Being a convict in a penal institution where the diligence of the inmates is not rewarded with filthy lucre, I am unable, at the present time, to accede to your polite invitation to renew my subscription to LIFE. Your suggestion concerning checks and money orders is not received with any enthusiasm. When I get over the effects of the last "check" I wrote I may subscribe for LIFE, but not by check.

I desire to say, however, that LIFE has helped to cheer many a dreary



Never Wears Out

When you buy your car be sure to look beyond the mere article

LOOK up the concern back of it—its standing, reputation, size and business dealings—that is the guarantee that makes you safe.

For over half a century the name Corbin has stood for the best—whether locks, hardware or automobiles.

Behind every Corbin Car is a world-wide reputation. When you buy a Corbin you get a car produced in one of the best equipped and most thorough plants in the country.

A car made of strongest materials by skilled workmen who are their own severest critics.

A car that will give you dependable service and prove the cheapest and most economical by far in the end.

A car that is built expressly for every-day, steady, hard use. Easy to get at operating parts—large roomy seats—upholstered in the best quality of leather—a car of elegance and beauty—combined with durability and exceptional wearing qualities.

A car that will take you there and back—no matter how far or what may be the road conditions—and do it in a masterly manner.

No road too long, too rough, too steep or muddy for the Corbin, and above all the cost of up-keep is almost nothing.

It isn't the first cost that should influence you altogether—it is the cost of maintenance that proves both the economy and worth of an automobile.

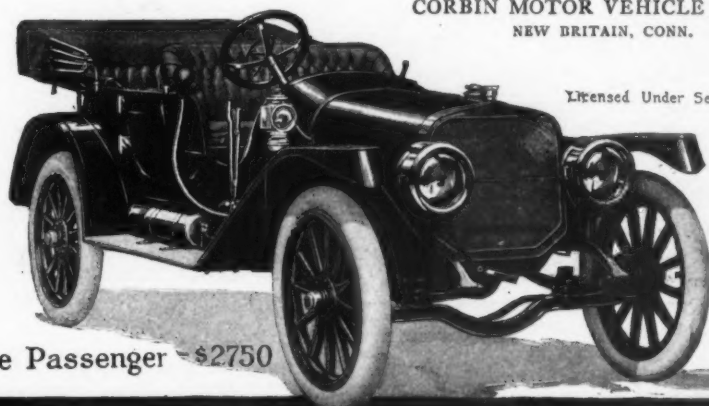
The actual performance of Corbin Cars in the hands of owners is one of the best guides to follow in your purchase. What it costs to run—the up-keep—is the real test.

Good reports are coming in from Corbin owners from all parts of the United States. They reflect the kind of material, the stability, the satisfactory running qualities, the perfectness of the Corbin Car which is still further proof of superior value and consequently a car that will give lasting service and satisfaction.

The 1911 Model 18 Corbin Five Passenger Touring Car \$2750 is equipped with Imported Magneto, Top with full set of side Curtains, Prest-O-Lite Gas Tank, Headlights, Side and Tail Lamps, Batteries, Tire Holders, Q. D. Rims and full set of tools, etc.

Write today for our beautifully illustrated catalogue showing all models, including our 40 for \$3000 and 30 for \$2000.

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Model 18-Five Passenger - \$2750

Double Chin Disfigures

PREVENT IT CURE IT

By Scientific Massage

Professor E. A. Mack's

Chin Reducer and Beautifier

furnishes a perfect home massage, ready for use at all times. Used but a few minutes each day, it quickly, safely, surely effaces the most pronounced double chin, dispels flabbiness of throat and lines about chin and mouth, inducing freedom of circulation and restoring curves of natural beauty. Does away with the old-fashioned "dieting," creams and lotions, or the expensive masseuse.

SIMPLE TO OPERATE

Apparatus is light and easily adjusted. By pulling the cords gently and alternately the little "Ivory-tinted" rollers revolve against the fatty tissues, creating the "perfect massage" without any irritation or disagreeable sensation. A skilled masseuse could not operate as quickly or effectively.

Sent Postpaid on Receipt of \$10.00

Illustrated and descriptive catalog gladly sent FREE

PROFESSOR E. A. MACK

807 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

hour for myself and comrades in this institution, and were it not for the "financial stringency" you would never have been under the necessity of sending me a "Final Notice" that my subscription has expired.

Regretfully,

CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON,
SAN QUENTIN, CAL.,
February 10, 1911.

Concerning Warren

EDITOR LIFE:

DEAR SIR: As a constant reader of LIFE I feel impelled to compliment you upon the fearless attitude you have taken in regard to the Warren case.

I am a Republican of life-long standing, but the political persecution of Warren has caused me to do some

(Continued on page 548)

You are now laying your plans for a season of healthful, invigorating life out-of-doors

Your confining and hard work this winter has earned you the right to get out and enjoy the good things nature brings in the way of sunshine, balmy spring days, fresh air and the verdant fields.

Of all gifts, fresh air and sunshine are the greatest.

Of all sensations, the one of being carried swiftly, silently and surely thru the scenes of such gifts is the finest.

Make your spring and summer full and round—fill this season of your life with joy and happiness.

Determine to live and live the best that you know how—not extravagantly but luxuriously and simply. The

Abbott-Detroit

is designed to fit such a scene. To see one is to try one—to try one is to buy.

A charming ride in a perfectly balanced, luxuriously finished, roomy and powerful motor car, adds the flush which creates a perfect day.

In the automobile market of today we believe that the Abbott-Detroit has not a peer under three thousand dollars.

We make this statement—you will confirm it when you start to make comparisons.

Spring is at your heels, there are many wise buyers who have their plans made and will enjoy these first fine days.

Are you one of them?

Touring Car \$1500.00; Fore-Door
Touring Car \$1550.00; Demi-Ton
neau \$1650.00; Roadster \$1500.00;
Coupe \$2350.00.

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120 Waterloo Street

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TALIAN CHOCOLATES 80c lb. Old-fashion, bitter-sweet chocolate, filled with cream of rare nuts and fruits. Wonderful! Send check. UNIQUE BOOKLET, "HATCH AN APPETITE" *Hatch* Describes in full. Write for it today. Broadway at 30th Street, N. Y. City

splendid movement for clean politics—pure government—and the moral, spiritual and physical redemption of the masses.

Here's long life to LIFE, and "may thy shadow never grow less!"

JOHN J. HOLMES.

AMARILLO, TEXAS,

February 18, 1911.

Pensions

TO THE EDITOR:

I was pleased to read in the issue of LIFE of January 26 what you said concerning the proposal to add an immense sum to the already enormous amount appropriated for the payment of pensions; and I write this to com-

(Continued on page 549)

The Value of An Investment

NEW YORK

Moody's Magazine is authority for the statement that the losses in stock value from December 31, 1909, to December 31, 1910, reached the enormous total on the New York Stock Exchange of \$950,000,000.

Such fluctuations in "market values" are not regulated by assets and liabilities, or by earning power. They benefit chiefly the trader, whose interest is in "margins," and are of interest to the man whose dealings are stimulated by the expectation of a prompt re-selling at a profit.

There is a large and growing class of conservative investors who are moved less by the trader's instinct than by the desire to secure from their surplus a permanent interest in the development of successful enterprises.

The securities offered by the Sterling Debenture Corporation furnish investment opportunities of this character. The enterprises on which they are based have been subjected in each case to a thorough and searching investigation, and have justified their right to seek additional capital. By investing during the creative period, you will secure a return commensurate with the timeliness of the investment.

The facts with reference to such enterprises on our current list will be mailed on application.

We employ no salesmen. Orders are received only through the U. S. mails or on personal application at our offices.

STERLING DEBENTURE CORPORATION
Brunswick Bldg. Madison Square New York



THE
YACHT CLUB

FRENCH
SARDINE

GREET'S YOU

Perfect Fish in Finest Olive Oil

RENE BEZIERS & CO., Packers

MEYER & LANGE, New York, Sole Agents.

Everybody's Column

(Continued from page 547)

reading and thinking, and as a net result I am surprised at the logic of their arguments, and the conscientious and unselfish efforts of the American Socialists to better the condition of the masses; and I am more and more impressed with the rotten corruption of the dominant political party.

The publishing of the truth can injure no one, and the policy of conspiracy of silence—only to slander it—can only operate to the good of this



Half

Size

The Junior Tattoo

Because a clock is an alarm clock is no reason why it should be ugly. The Junior Tattoo is a gem. Every twenty seconds for five minutes its cheery call peals forth unless the silent switch is turned. It gently insists that you arise, without a rude jarring shock.

Hardly larger than a watch, you can carry the Junior Tattoo wherever you go.

Price \$1.75 (in Canada duty extra)

With an artistic gilt finish, \$2. Complete in a rich leather (red, black or brown) case, \$3. If your dealer doesn't sell it, send his name and price for as many as you want. We will ship prepaid.

Write for interesting, descriptive booklet, containing short story: "The Uprising of John Hancock—Salesman."

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO. 140 HAMILTON STREET
NEW HAVEN CONN.

Everybody's Column

(Continued from page 548)

mend the position you take in the matter.

Every person whose opinion is worth regarding will be glad to know that a very liberal pension is paid to all who are entitled to it—that is, to those who are disabled as a result of their service during the war.

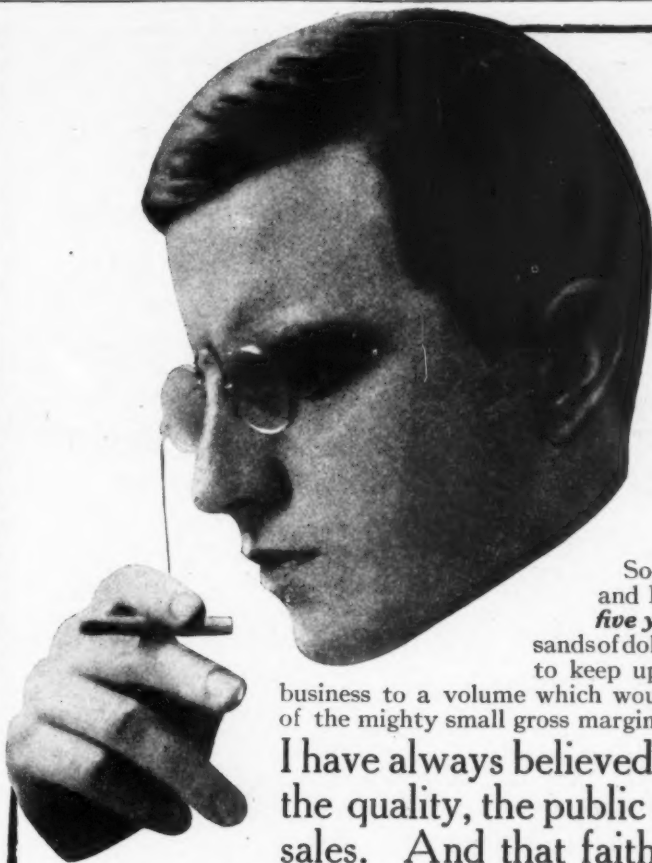
The very frequent additions that have been made to the pension list were mainly electioneering devices of the so-called statesmen whom the unthinking voters send to represent them in Congress, typified by Cannon and other smaller pieces of ordnance; some of whom claim the right to reelection because of the great number of private pension bills they have been able to have passed, donating the public money to persons who were not legally entitled to it.

The right to belong to the Grand Army of the Republic should be

Sir Hiram Maxim

the well-known Scientist and Inventor of the famous Maxim Gun, says that it is quite unnecessary to suffer from Bronchitis and the perils of Winter Cough or any Throat or Nasal ailment.

Writing from his Laboratory in London, he offers to send to sufferers who will forward their name and address on a postcard to his sole licensees in the United States, John Morgan Richards & Sons, Tribune Building, New York City, a free booklet explaining how he came to invent the "Maxim Pipe of Peace" and "Maxim Inhaler" and the method of relief and home cure for all the above ailments.



"My Policies"

It's exceedingly hard to make a good cigaret and sell it at popular prices.

So hard that only a few people try it.

So hard that most of those who try it fail, and either go out of business or "do like the rest of them" and cut the quality.

So hard that we (my partners and I) went without a profit for five years, and put tens of thousands of dollars into the business, in order to keep up the quality and build the business to a volume which would leave us a net profit out of the mighty small gross margin in a quality cigaret.

I have always believed that if we produced the quality, the public would produce the sales. And that faith has been justified.

Our advertising is *intended* and our salesmen are *instructed* to produce *public confidence rather than sales*. If we can do that the sales will take care of themselves. You will always find in

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

a quality that corresponds with the straightforwardness of the advertising. We have now introduced the goods so thoroughly to dealers that you can get them almost anywhere in the best cigar stores, hotels, cafes, dining cars, etc. Any dealer who hasn't got them can get them quickly from his local jobber. If he doesn't want to, we will supply you promptly, by mail, on receipt of the dealer's name and address, or simply his address, so that we may investigate his reason for refusal.

If you do not like these cigarets at the first trial, remember that they are mighty different from what you are accustomed to, and that *the difference is all in your favor*. Take time to get a little used to them and you will find out just what we mean.

Makaroffs are absolutely pure, clean, sweet, mild *tobacco, untouched by anything whatever* to give them artificial flavor, sweetness, or to make them burn. You will find that you can smoke as many as you want of them without any of the nervousness, depression or "craving" that follows the use of ordinary cigarets.

Pure tobacco won't hurt you. You may not be used to it, and you may not like the first Makaroff, but you'll like the second one better, and you'll stick to Makaroffs forever if you once give them a fair chance. We have built this business on quality in the goods and intelligence in the smoker—a combination that simply can't lose. We waited quite a while, but it has won in our case and won big.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR MAKAROFFS

15 cents and a quarter in boxes of ten

Makaroff - Boston

Mail address, 95 Milk Street—Boston, Mass.

Things Coming

DEAR LIFE:

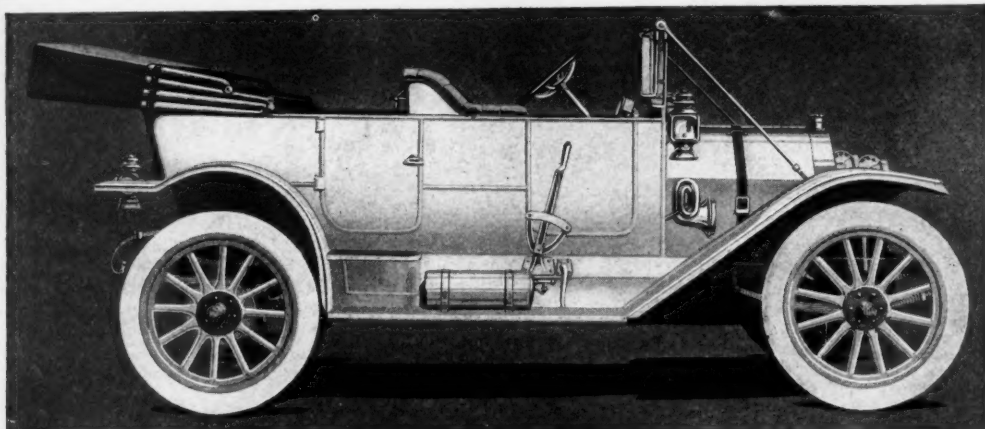
The writer is one of the ramblers, a searcher of markets and a disposer of goods. At present the market is quiet, and having perused your Socialist number the writer began to think what sort of a list he could make of what the people want—not the capitalist or the Socialist, but the mean between those extremes.

(Continued on page 550)

looked on as a great honor, but many wear its badge who are only what the real old soldiers call "coffee coolers," and take advantage of their position to assist each other to grab pensions, and the rightful members owe it to themselves and to the order to see that such persons who bring discredit on the organization are promptly weeded out.

W. T. BELL.

FRANKLIN, PA., January 30, 1911.



Haynes Model "20" Fore-Door, 5-Passenger Car, Complete, \$2100

TIME is the *test* that *tells*, and the Haynes Car stands *first* in the proof of years. It marked the beginning of automobile manufacture in America.

Because it was the pioneer—the *parent* car—the Haynes had the benefit of years of priceless experience, years of perfecting and refining—*before the other cars began*. And because it was *right from the start*, it has kept its lead. Always a good car—every season a better one.

Frankly, the new 1911 Haynes fore-door, five-passenger Touring Car at \$2100, complete—and the Haynes Suburban, four-passenger, same price—represent the greatest *real value* on the automobile market. There is *no* reason for paying *more*—good reason for *not* paying *less*.

Let us send our beautiful new catalog and convincing *Book of Evidence*. Mailed on request.

The Haynes "All-On" Equipment—silk mohair top with side curtains and dust cover, \$75 Warner Autometer, folding glass front, tire holders, robe and footrail in tonneau, Gray & Davis gas headlights, two oil sidelights, tail lamp and type B. Prest-o-lite tank.

HAYNES

Haynes Automobile Co.
118 Main Street
Kokomo, Indiana

W.P. WILLIS & CO.
NEW YORK
IMPORTERS



THIS MARK is stamped only on Foreign Fabrics

SOME of the English mills producing WILLIS Woolens trace the establishment of the industry in their locality to the days of Edward III.

To be had only of Custom Tailors—
Never in Ready Made Clothing.

we'll talk it over. We need and we are going to have:

1. A parcels post (not for express companies).
2. A jail sentence for bribe givers and also for bribe takers.
3. Punishment for the "big fellow" in proportion to the crime committed.
4. A development of foreign markets.
5. A better tariff and then less talk about it.
6. Abolishment of child labor.
7. Representation at Washington for the people and not the pocket-book.
8. Fewer pensions and more army.
9. Consideration for the consumer.

(Concluded on page 551)



Estb. Since
1780

The Standard Whisky

One hundred and thirty-one years "The Standard by which All Other Whisky is Judged"—the whisky our forefathers knew and relished. The recognized medicinal whisky. The whisky for all who appreciate more than ordinary excellence in liquor.

James E. Pepper Whisky

"Born With the Republic"

If your dealer can not supply you we will send direct, charges prepaid, anywhere East of the Rocky Mountains, at following price:

4 quarts \$8—Bottled in Bond—12 quarts \$15
Money back if not satisfied.

The James E. Pepper Distilling Company
Deot. 110, Lexington, Ky.

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.

All in one volume. Illustrated. \$2, postpaid.

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

Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Everybody's Column

(Continued from page 549)

If we had the following it would aid the business of the country, help distribute a little more equitably some of the profits of business, and increase the profits to be distributed.

LIFE, old boy, we need these, and we need your help to get them for us. We're going to have them, too, in spite of our "special interests," and our "specially interested Senators and Representatives."

Here we go for our list, LIFE, and if you don't think we need any particular item just put a check on it and

From
America's
Most
Famous
Spring—
Waukesha,
Wis.



White Rock

"The World's Best
Table Water"

In NEW Sterilized Bottles only

Everybody's Column

(Concluded from page 550)

10. An effective government for the people, of the trusts, and by men having the best interests of the United States in their heart.

What, LIFE? Sure we'll have it.
Yours in faith,

A. W. SIMPSON.

BOSTON, February 15, 1911.

Columbus Is Mentioned

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

In the January issue of LIFE I read what George D. Stonestreet says about Catholic propaganda, preaching Catholic America from their pulpits, and urging the public and you to frustrate it. I might suggest that he talks like a d— f—. I would like to remind him that there is no one who has a better right to rule America,

The OWEN

One of the secrets of Owen Comfort is the large 42-inch wheels. A small wheel sinks into small depressions and ruts; a large wheel passes over as if the roads were smooth.

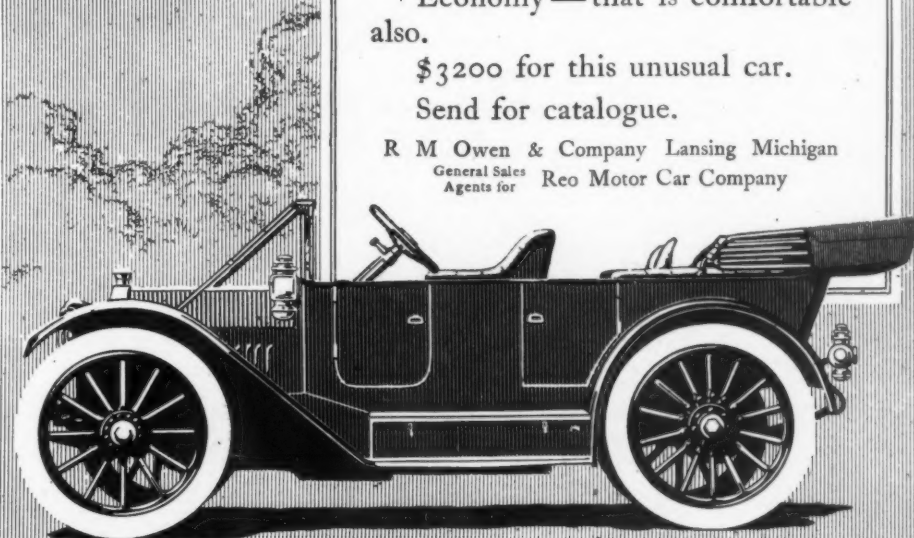
The other reasons are: Light weight, allowing easy springs; Long-stroke motor (6-inch) working slowly and smoothly; Left-hand drive with center control, which gives ease of operation.

Economy—that is comfortable also.

\$3200 for this unusual car.

Send for catalogue.

R M Owen & Company Lansing Michigan
General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Company



LOCK YOUR AUTOMOBILE

AND IT CANNOT BE STOLEN

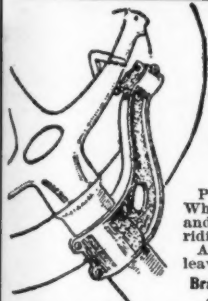
Put a Sachs, Landers Steering Wheel Lock on your motor car and hoodlums cannot go "joy riding" with your machine.

Absolutely safe wherever you leave it.

Brass, \$7.50. Nickel finish, \$8.00.

State size of steering wheel post.

Write to-day for descriptive information.
Sachs, Landers Mfg. Co., - San Francisco

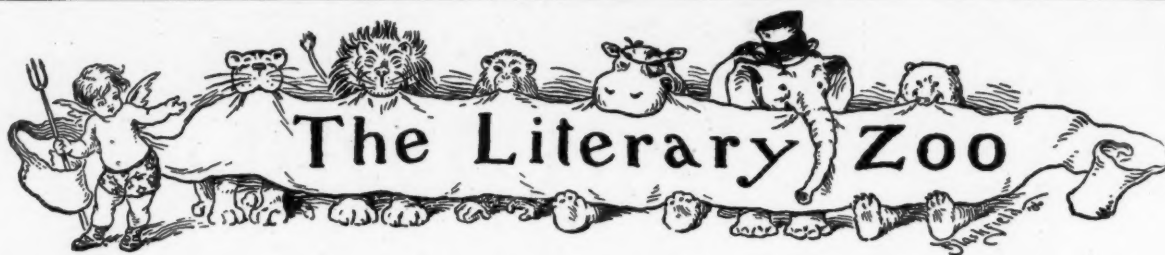


and be at the head of the departments of America, than Catholics, for it was a Roman Catholic who discovered it, Christopher Columbus. Remember that, and think of it before he makes such a remark again. When have Protestants come to life, anyway—only four hundred years ago—and for nineteen hundred years there was and is Catholicity, more to-day than ever.

GEORGE B. MITCHELL.



"HOW WOULD AN OLD ROBIN LIKE ME EVER HEAR A WORM IN THE GROUND IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE MODERN EAR TRUMPET!"



Rhymed Reviews

The Sword Maker

(By Robert Barr. Frederick A. Stokes Company)

When robber barons ruled the Rhine
And gathered spoil on hill and low-land,
Who smashed their infamous Combine
Restraining Trade? Our brave
Prince Roland.

These barons took such heavy tolls
In transit duties quite unlawful
That Frankfort's merchants, on their
souls,
Declared the situation awful;

And, finding business bad, commenced
To stint their paying-out and giving,
Till all the town was up against
The everlasting Cost-of-living.

Now Roland, having learned the trade
Of making swords for hardy fight-ers,
Enrolled a desperate brigade
Of hammer-swinging anvil-smiters;

And headed raids so very well
That soon, invading secret passes,
His band was raising merry hell
Among the Predatory Classes.

Proud Furstenberg they brought to
time;
Rich Malefactors heard their slogan
From castled Pumpernickelheim
To haunted Katzenellenbogen!

While every azure-blooded boor
They blithely prigged enormous
sums from
To benefit the starving poor
Of Frankfort (where the sausage
comes from).

At Ehrenfels, a robber nest,
The which our hero dared to harry,
He found, besides a treasure-chest,
The lady he was doomed to marry.

And when the Diet gave its voice
For Holy Roman Emperor,
Be sure it named the People's Choice,
Our princely iron-temperer.

Who knows? Perhaps this lively story
Of Robber-Trufts that take posses-
sion

Of all they see, is Allegory.
But, come, no tariff-talk this session!
Arthur Guiterman.

My Favorite Authors.

The Story of a Great Literary Tragedy

For years I have been looking at the pictures of my favorite authors as they have appeared from time to time in the advertising supplements of the magazines or in more pretentious articles, detailing their characters and habits. Every new picture—be it only a small vignette half-tone tucked away in some odd corner—has added to my conception of some particular favorite.

Thus there has, during these years, been built up in my mind a photographic literary world of authorship. My favorite poet is always walking about in this imaginary world with his head leaning on his hand and his great eyes looking out on a world beyond. My favorite novelist has looked straight at me all these years; his bulging forehead dynamic with a great world of compelling characters. My favorite essayist I can see plainly now—as I came to know him in this half-tone world—with his face continually in a half shadow, delicately suggestive of every conceivable subtlety of thought.

Thus every month I came to scan these advertising pages eagerly, looking for new pictorial news of my favorites—an added expression, a hith-

erto concealed wisp of hair, a new angle.

One happy (?) day I received an invitation to an authors' dinner, and learned with ill concealed joy that my favorite authors would all be there.

It seemed too good to be true.

With palpitating heart I entered the room. A short, squat man crossed my path, the fumes of a cocktail still hanging in his wake. I gazed at him curiously. Where had I seen that face before? No, it could not be. Was this coarse everyday affair—one that I seemed to meet on every street corner—could it be my poet?

It was! His name was announced in a strident whisper by my patron.

Before my astonishment died away, Lo! a woman sauntered by. One shoulder was considerably higher than the other. Her attitude could be defined by only one word—the word dowdy. She also had been imbibing a cocktail—and this was the one whose refinement of style, whose subtle delineation of thought had lifted me into a seventh heaven, and whose face had become imbedded in my memory, surrounded by book reviews, only now to be torn ruthlessly from its setting and to be replaced by this mass of pigment!

And here came my favorite novelist—instead of the fine deep-chested giant, with brave military bearing, a mere pigmy, with a mean, small countenance and furtive eyes that fed on compliments—I could see that—

It was too much! With an inward cry of horror I fled from the awful place—

* * *

But now, in my calmer moments, I am wondering if, after all, my former half-tone world is not the true one.

Why should a few materialistic forms of human clay stand between me and that finer world, from which the sympathetic photographer carefully removes all moles and freckles, all sense of height and breadth? Why should I not continue to think of them, with their deep spiritual countenances, hands on chins, or surrounded by loving members of their family, or sitting in perpetually book-lined studios?

Little by little I hope to eliminate that horrible night from my recollection and bring them all back once more to their proper places. T. L. M.



"YES, YES, I QUITE AGREE WITH YOU."

NEW YORK'S GREAT PENNSYLVANIA STATION

One of the greatest works of modern times was the construction of the concrete-lined steel tubes under the Hudson and East Rivers, the tunneling of Manhattan Island, and the erection of the magnificent Pennsylvania Station at Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street, New York, bringing the through trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad into the heart of New York City. An illustrated booklet describing this great work, and telling what it means to the New York passenger, has been issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and will be sent postpaid to any person by George W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa., on receipt of a two-cent stamp for it.

Modern Housekeeping

Our house has detachable floors
And removable walls;
It's fitted with portable doors
And collapsible halls;
No place that a pale germ may hide,
Or a bug be passed by;
We can take the whole inside outside
In the wink of an eye.

It is all scientifically built
With house-cleaning in view;
We make beds with a boilable quilt,
And the chairs all unscrew;
Our piano's hygienically framed
In a way superfine,
And at moderate intervals aimed
To be hung on the line.

We have washable tables and chairs
And a scrubable frieze;
We've disjointable bureaus up-stairs,
Sanitary settees,
Come-apart-able rugs on the floors,
Quick removable glass
In the windows, so all, out of doors,
May be aired on the grass.

Our closets are made to collapse
And take out in the air;



Its Effect

is delightful, its whitening of the teeth is marvelous. The sense of cleanliness and sweetness that Calox brings is wonderful and above all it wards off decay and purifies the whole mouth.

No other dentifrice contains this oxygen. No other dentifrice can do for you what Calox does. Try it at our expense.

Sample and Booklet free on request.

All Druggists 25c

Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush, 35c.

**McKESSON & ROBBINS
NEW YORK**



RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK
THE SAFETY TOOTH BRUSH

Best of triangular bristles gripped in hard rubber
Dental Cream
35c the Tube

RUBBERSET COMPANY NEWARK N.J.

We have all fumigatable wraps;
There's removable hair
In the mattresses whereon we sleep,
And when darkness is done
You may see as you pass where we keep
It all out in the sun.

Our stairs are knock-down-able made
To be burnished with lye;
Our ceilings are sprayable—laid
On the back fence to dry.

We walk the good housekeeping plank
Till we're agile and lean;
We may have no comfort, but, thank
The good Lord, we are clean!
—J. W. Foley in *Woman's Home Companion*.

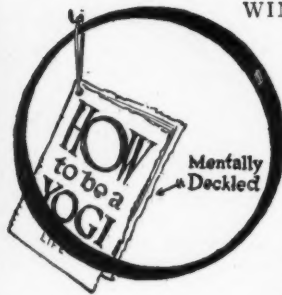
CIRCUMSTANCES alter faces.

Houbigant-Paris
In Every Store

Perfumes and
Soaps of Highest
Quality Only.



MILLIONS OF NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO IMAGINARY LIFE TESTIFY TO IT.



WING to our recent scheme of obtaining amateur mediums and clairvoyants, we are now, we are happy to say, turning away help, and it becomes simply a question of raising the standard of our vibration-subscription department.

Our little mental pamphlet, "How to Be a Yogi," has been doing splendid work. Many individuals, hitherto blind to the fact that they contained the centre of immense vibratory power, have been awakened by this pamphlet. For the benefit of the small circle of purely physical readers left in the world, who are still groping about reading the physical LIFE, which

we understand is issued weekly, we give the following directions:

The term Yogi comprehends all the varying stages of the physical life. If you are inclined to see visions, you may know that you have power. Can you put yourself in the place of another? That's one sign. If you are a married man, can you instinctively begin to feel when your wife is getting an uncontrollable desire to go shopping? That's a sign that you have power. Or if you are a lady, and divine where your husband may be spending the evening, when he telephones that he is working, that is also a sign. In countless little ways you can easily tell whether you are gifted with second sight.

If so, begin by remaining for an hour a day in the passive, or jellyfish, state. This is because in our coarse physical way we are all evolved from protoplasm. The jellyfish is the first form of protoplasm. The jellyfish contains more protoplasm to the square inch than any other physical illusion. By becoming a jellyfish mentally, therefore, you revert to first conditions, and place yourself in a receptive attitude to receive the earlier vibratory influences that are constantly circling around this planet.

Do this for half an hour before each meal, and at the same time long, in your mind, to be like Gee. Ime. Mit. This able man, as everybody knows, is the wonderful manager of our Thought Bureau, and to him we owe everything. Before he came with us, the Mental Life was a mere nothing. A single second-rate yogi, with only one mental typewriter assistant, did almost the entire business of the office. But Gee. Ime. Mit. was a man of real power, a wonderful harmonic centre of blue and yellow combinations that we have never seen the equal of.

He is, in fact, the whole Mental Life. Concentrate, therefore, on Gee. Ime. Mit. and wish to be like him.

You will now reach the simple trance stage, where you will be able to go into easy trances occasionally. Don't be discouraged if you cannot always do this. The habit of going into a real trance at will must be acquired by constant practice. And in learning to do this, be sure and get the right control.

When you are in a trance, please understand that you are in a position to be controlled by the first spirit that comes along. This happens until you can gather enough individual vibratory power to go on by yourself. You should therefore make an engagement ahead with some reliable spirit, who will act as a control. You can do this by inserting an ad in the Mental Life—concentrate and frame the message and it will be duly recorded; don't forget to send along the mental cash at the same time. We accept no ads unless paid for mentally in advance.

It is important to get the right control; otherwise you may get into trouble. One of the best recording yogis we have was, early in her career, controlled by the spirit of a Hoboken dressmaker, who nearly talked us all to death before we could switch on another control. Avoid all Indians. They have been associating with Sixth Avenue mediums so long that they have lost all their dignity.



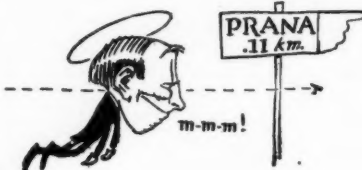
Whew! Me for a Yogi!

After this, your path is easy. You will gradually enter into Prana, and be able to record vibrations from anywhere. Your joy will know no bounds. When you have reached this stage, apply at our office, and we will submit you to a test. If you can correctly take on four thousand mental subscribers an hour, you will do.

We pay liberally, and give all yogis a two weeks' vacation in the summer. During this period you can transport yourself mentally to any fashionable hotel in the land, and we will get you reduced rates.

Meanwhile, we have received the following communication: Gee. Ime. Mit.:

What is your object? If, as you claim, you have so many million subscribers to the Mental Life, why doesn't the country show the effects of it? There ought to be a wave of joy sweep over us, instead of an increased era of high prices. Can't you lower the tariff a little, or get an honest interborough system in New York? Any little thing like that will be an evidence of good faith on your part. Give us a sign.



G — W —

(Concluded on page 555)

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office London, Washington, Ottawa

77 **BARON DECIES**
 John Graham Rad-Bridge de La Poer Decies
 Is now one of the de La Rich species.
 In the shade of Jekyl Isles
 May he Hyde from the wiles
 Of reporters who pry 'gainst his wiles.
NEW "BASKET WEAVE" PLAYING CARDS
 Patented 1910. Same quality, size, assortment of colors as our famous
 Linen and Velour cards. 25c and 35c postpaid. Samples free. For
 Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) we send our sample wallet of
 Bridge accessories, "The standard of the Bridge world."
 Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

Era of Joy Coming!

(Concluded from page 554)

It is always darkest before dawn. At present we have entered on our mental subscription list such names as Pierpont Morgan, Thomas Ryan, J. D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, August Belmont, Theodore Shonts and W. K. Vanderbilt. We predict that it will only be a short time now before these gentlemen will begin to realize that wealth is the only illusion.

Of course our correspondent must bear in mind that the things which appeal to one's senses are all unreal. The tariff schedule is a pure illusion; so is the cost of living. These things appear to be making trouble for us all, but that is only because we cannot all get into the jellyfish attitude at once.

We believe that fifty million subscribers to the Mental Life will do the business. Enough individuals will then be on the third harmonic plane to create a new atmosphere of thought. When this happens, a few misguided magnates and trust owners will no doubt continue to think they control things, but nobody will then care. We shall all be in tune with the Infinite. Eggs at ten cents apiece will be only an illusion.

When you can borrow all the mental money you want by concentrating on Gee. Ime. Mit., everybody will be subliminally and consciously happy.

*Yours for a
 long life and a
 happy one.*



Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

The STANDARD of SAFETY, EASE and COMFORT

The razor with a fixed and permanent adjustment cannot meet the requirements of everyone.

The distance between the guard and the edge of the blade should vary to meet the wants of the man with the light or heavy beard, the tender skin or the tough one. The GILLETTE is the *only adjustable razor*. It meets every requirement by its automatic adjustment and requires **NO STROPPING—NO HONING**.

The GILLETTE adapts itself to any beard, shaves smooth as velvet, never pulls, scrapes, cuts, or even irritates the most tender skin. GILLETTE BLADES are made from the finest steel by special processes. Flexible, with mirror-like finish. Rust-proof and antiseptic. The keenest and hardest edge ever produced. Packet of 6 blades (12 shaving edges) 50c.; 12 blades (24 shaving edges) in nickel plated case, \$1.00

NO STROPPING ~ NO HONING



The GILLETTE Lasts a Lifetime.
 Standard Sets, \$5.00; Combination and Travelers' Sets, \$6.00 to \$50.00.

GILLETTE SALES CO.
 48 West Second St. Boston, Mass.
 New York, Times Bldg.; Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.; Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal; Gillette Safety Razor Ltd., London; Eastern Office, Shanghai, China. Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris.

"If it's a safety razor—it's a Gillette"
 Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette Line.

Note the curve that gives the automatic adjustment



Standard Set Triple Silver Plated Price, \$5.00 Everywhere

Send in fifteen mental dollars to Gee. Ime. Mit., and join the joyful multitude.
 (He will get it.)



One Suggestion

"Any suggestions as to the music for the dinner to-night?"
 "Well, play something loud with the soup course. You understand."—*Washington Herald*.

Unobserving

"John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?"
 "Yes, but I don't think he can read it."
 "Why so, John?"
 "Because he is blind, sir. While I wur in the room he axed me twice where my hat wur, and it wur on my head all the time."—*Housekeeper*.

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

BY consulting the March 15th VOGUE before ordering your Spring gowns, you will guard against making any costly mistakes in the choice of materials.

Remember that the best modiste in the world can do little with inappropriate or unfashionable materials. You can make your dressmaker's task a success from the very beginning by following the suggestions given in the March 15th VOGUE.

Buy this number today—and you will know everything you need to know about the latest fabrics, trimmings, laces and accessories.

Spring Dress Materials Number of VOGUE

Dated March 15

DO you look for the newest fashions, the latest touches, as distinguished from styles six months old? Are you a person of decided convictions about the proper wardrobe for a gentlewoman? And do you like to be always in touch with the great metropolitan shops?

If so, VOGUE is the only magazine for you.

Look around you and you will find that the best dressed women in your community are enthusiastic readers of VOGUE. Through its aid they are able to anticipate, not merely to follow, the fashions. And VOGUE'S styles are not only advanced—they are inimitably original and distinctive.

With these facts firmly in mind, it will not take you long to send out for the March 15th VOGUE. And by so doing you will take a long step forward toward the success of your Spring and Summer wardrobe.

The next four issues of VOGUE'S Programme are as follows:

- "Spring Dress Materials" March 15th
- "Spring Millinery" April 1st
- "Spring Fashions" April 15th
- "Brides" May 1st

If you will send us one dollar and your name and address we will mail you all these numbers promptly on publication. And in further recognition of your courtesy, we will send you free of charge a certificate entitling you to one of VOGUE'S regular 50c dress patterns. Address:

VOGUE, 445 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK

VOGUE published in 1910 more advertising than any other woman's magazine.



*The Fashions of 1815
In Style To-day*

This drawing, which appears in the March 15th VOGUE, shows Miss Marie Tempest as Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair."

It is interesting to notice that the costumes of the period—1815—are being revived to-day. Observe in the gown illustrated above the Eton Jacket with its seamless sleeve, buttoned smartly from shoulder to wrist. The delightful little bonnet might have served for the pattern of some of the latest Paris models for this Spring.

VOGUE constantly presents illuminating sidelights on the fashions—telling you where they come from, as well as what they are going to be.



DID YOU Get One of These Last Year?

If so, you know its good points already

If not, order one at once from your dealer and qualify for that class of *Considerate Motorists* who are popular with the people and who get the most enjoyment out of their cars.

Ask for **JERICHO**, the Perfect Motor Car Signal, that "Warns Without Offense."

Its strong claims are *distinctiveness, efficiency and superiority as an agreeable warning signal—and it makes good every time.*

There's a size for every car, at \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, according to requirements. No trouble to attach. No maintenance cost. *The Exhaust Blows It.*

THE RANDALL-FAICHNEY CO.
Boston, U. S. A.

We make **B-Line OIL** and
GREASE GUNS too

WRITE FOR BOOKLET 11



The Latest Books

Behind the Screens in Japan, by Evelyn Adam. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

Memoirs of Prince John de Guelph. (B. W. Dodge & Co. \$2.00.)

The Children's City, by Esther Singleton. (Sturgis & Walton Company. \$1.25.)

Two on the Trail, by Hulbert Footner. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20.)

The Adventures of James Capen Adams of California. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The New Nationalism, by Theodore Roosevelt. (The Outlook Company. \$1.50.)

The Iron Hand, by Howard Dean. (The Abbey Press.)

THE RIDING MASTER
By **DOLF WYLLARDE**

By the author of "The Story of Eden," "As Ye Have Sown," "Tropical Tales," etc., etc.

Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50

A love romance of to-day.

HARMEN POLS
By **MAARTEN MAARTENS**

Cloth 12mo, \$1.35 net. Postage 15 cents.

"Far and away the best story we have had from Maartens."—*New York Globe*.
"A little masterpiece... a 'Cavalleria Rusticana' of the North."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

JEHANNE OF THE GOLDEN LIPS
By **FRANCES G. KNOWLES-FOSTER**

12mo, \$1.50

"A drama of more than usual historic verity, and of abounding incident, picturesquely told as befits its subject, and rich in the impassioned romance of the place and time, a notable addition to the long procession of historical novels."—*New York Times*.

John Lane Company, - New York



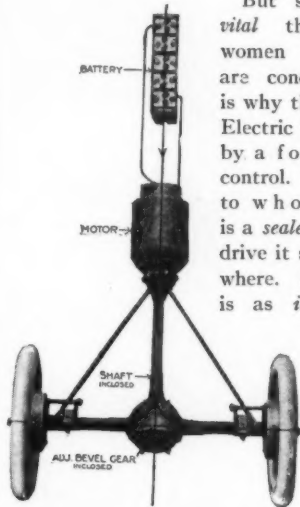
HERE is the car for *all the family*—the Detroit Electric brougham—a drawing-room awheel. Extra roomy—54 inches from cushion to cushion—it seats comfortably four *large* adults—or their equivalent in little folk.

But safety is the *vital* thing where women and children are concerned. That is why the Detroit Electric is safeguarded by a forget-proof control. A woman to whom mechanics is a *sealed book* can drive it safely anywhere. Its operation is as *involuntary* as

walking. She and the car both do the right thing automatically.

Investigate our "Chainless" Direct Shaft Drive—a *straight path* of power from motor to adjustable bevel gear on rear axle without chain or gear reduction—the *ultimate* in noiseless, efficient transmission.

Our new Gentlemen's Roadster—torpedo body, low underslung frame—is tremendously popular. 96-inch wheel base. Stunning Detroit Electric models in Victorias, Coupes and Broughams. Write for catalog.



Anderson Electric Car Company

Formerly Anderson Carriage Co.

Dept. 4. Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Buffalo, Cleveland.

Selling representatives in all leading cities.



The Girl from Nowhere, by Mrs. Eailie-Reynolds. (George H. Doran Company. \$1.20.)

War or Peace, by Hiram M. Chittenden, U.S.A. (A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.00.)

The Fine Art of Fishing, by Samuel G. Camp. (Outing Publishing Company.)

The Married Miss Worth, by Louise Closser Hale. (Harper & Brothers.)

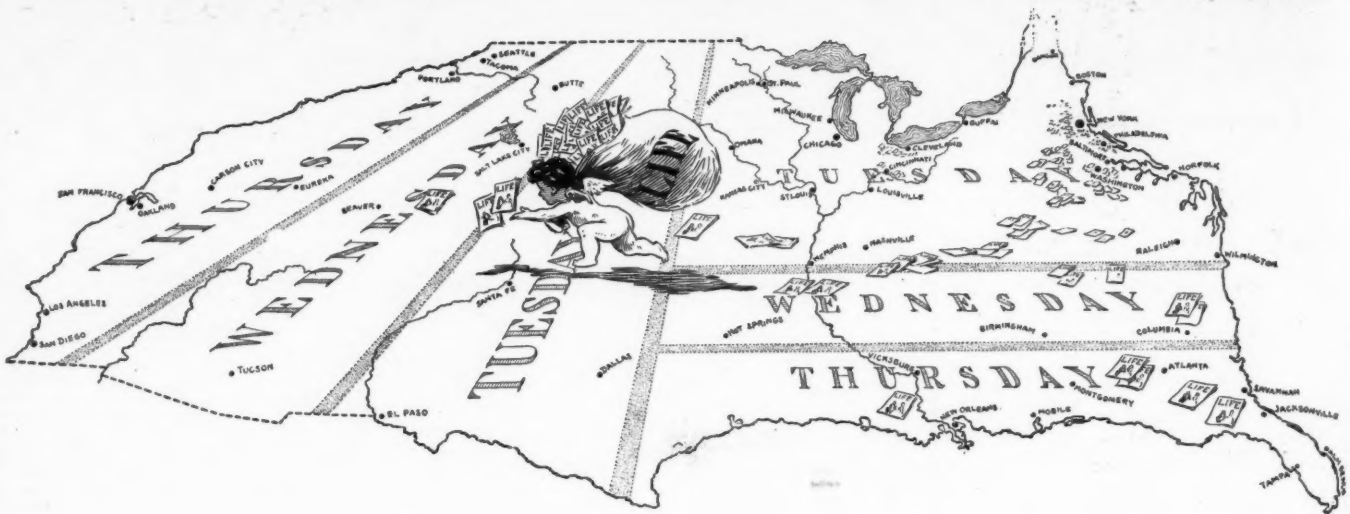
Recollections of a Society Clairvoyant, by Everleigh Nash. (John Lane Company.)

War, by J. Novicow. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.00.)

The Skipper and the Skipped, by Holman Day. (Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.)

When the Half-Gods Go, by Helen Reimensnyder Martin. (Century Company. \$1.00.)

Caron-Paris Artistic Perfumer
His Latest Novelty,
"MIMOSA" Extract
Sold by the Best Stores.



WHEN CAN I BUY LIFE?

The map above will give an object lesson of the time LIFE is distributed throughout the United States. In each place the exact moment of the arrival of LIFE cannot always be predicated, owing to the elasticity of train arrivals, but the map is approximately correct.

The Devil A Saint Would Be

(Next week)

We are getting so that we are almost afraid to praise this paper any more, for fear that someone will think we mean it.

Still, it must be done. It's business and pleasure combined. Besides, it is really so much better than anything else we see that something ought to be said about it occasionally, just to show that we know it ourselves.

Now this number is the second in a series of three general numbers. We are taking a little early spring vacation from special numbers, just to run a trio of covers, each one of which is a pictorial gem. Next week, for example, Mr. O'Malley's cover reveals the Devil taking leave of New York for forty days. (He needs the rest.)

It's a remarkable cover. Look for it on the map. In the meantime here are some coming numbers:

MARCH 30. TRAVEL. Cover by Dart, representing life on the planet Mars.

APRIL 13. BURGLAR'S. Cover by Flagg. We had this number scheduled earlier, but postponed it in order to get in those covers before referred to.

APRIL 20. THE GREAT DOG NUMBER. Cover by Hutt. We recommend this num-

ber highly and unreservedly. Every dog has his day and every dog will have his day in this number.

APRIL 27. BREADWINNER'S. Cover by Anderson. Another Socialist Number, radical, reflective and rollicking. These socialist numbers, by the way, are the most popular numbers we are issuing.

MAY 4. COMMUTER'S. Cover by Flagg. We have been fairly revelling for months in the preparation of this number. It will make every suburbanite sit up.

MAY 11. JOY RIDER'S. Cover by Siegel. This has been called the Joy Rider's Number merely on account of the cover. It's a remarkably original and striking color scheme. Brings you right back to your boyhood—unless, like us, you have never gotten beyond that exciting period.

MAY 18. CELESTIAL NUMBER. Cover by Paus. (Announcement later.)

MAY 27. We are keeping this date open to spring a surprise. And the best of it is that we ourselves don't know yet what it is going to be.

JUNE 1. BRIDE'S NUMBER. Cover by Flagg. Are you a bride? If not, be one at once and rejoice in this number. If you can't be a bride, be a bridegroom. It's worth the price of admission merely to get into the atmosphere of a number like this.



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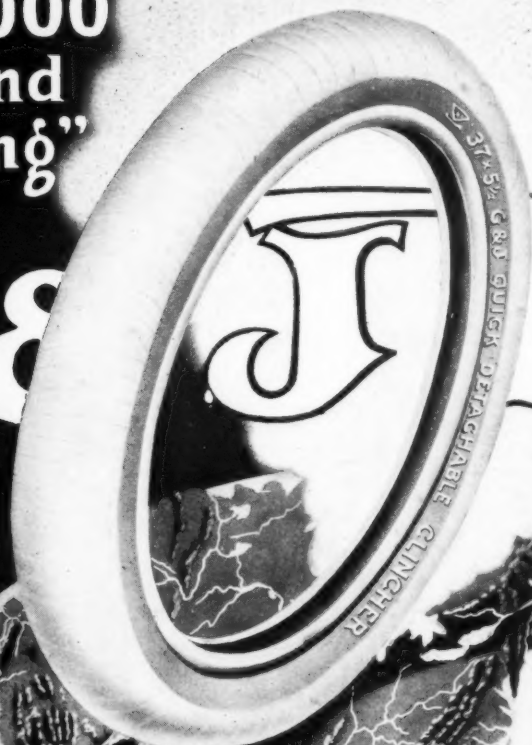
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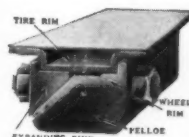
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