

1910

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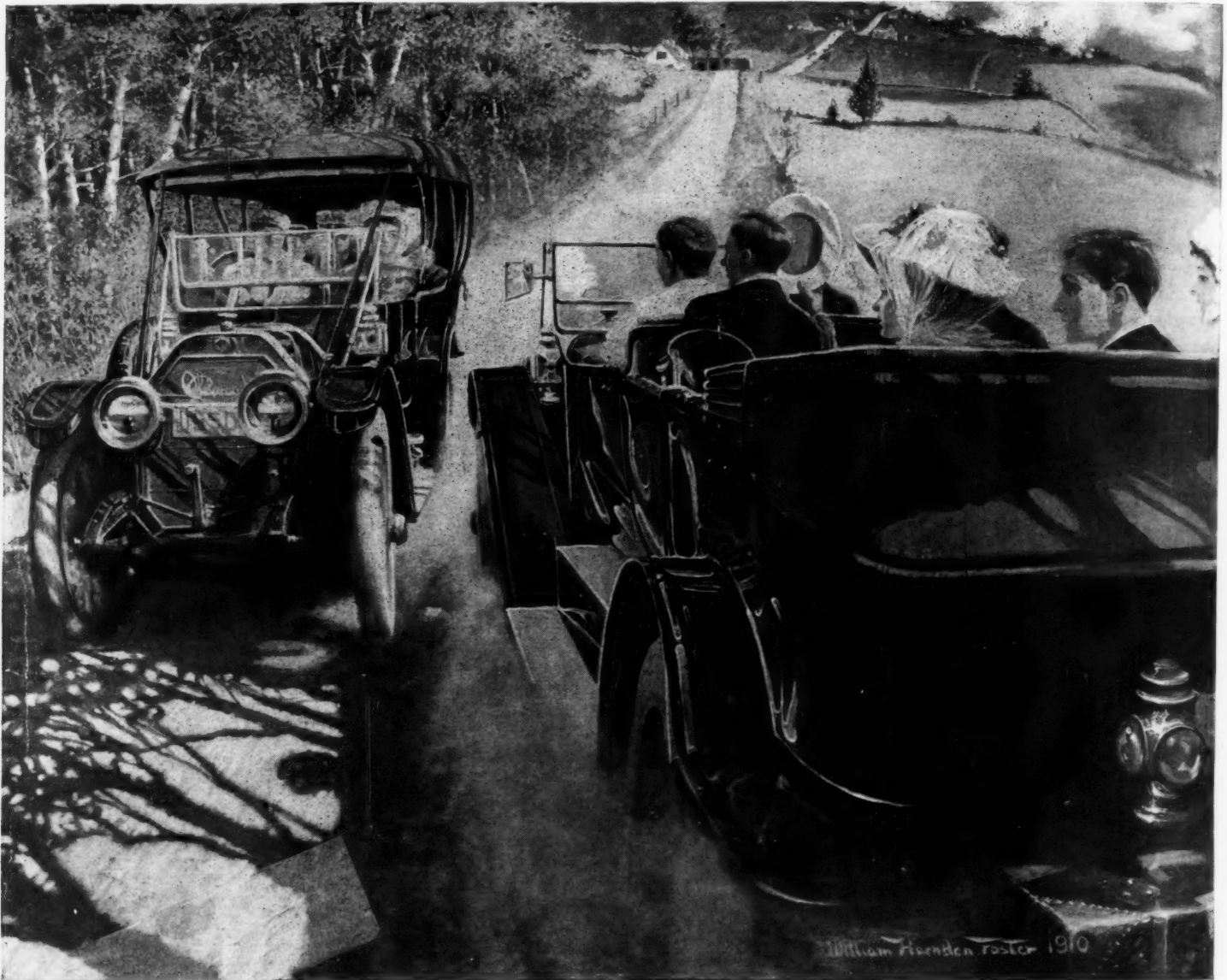
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Tires—and the Car

Only the actual experience of riding with ease over rough, country roads or granite-paved streets, can demonstrate how much large wheels and tires contribute to comfort, safety and economy in motoring.

Comfort,—because the tires of large circumference literally smooth the way for the Oldsmobilist; absorbing all lesser inequalities and bridging over—instead of bouncing into—the larger depressions.

Safety,—because premature wear, undue strain and resultant blow-outs are avoided by tires that are more than adequate for the work they perform.

Oldsmobile “Autocrat”

4-cylinder, 40 horse-power (A. L. A. M. rating) 7-passenger touring car. Cylinders, 5 inch bore, 6 inch stroke. Wheel-base, 124 inches. Low center of gravity. Large wheels with 38 x 4½ inch tires on demountable rims.

Four and six-cylinder models also equipped with roadster, five passenger and closed bodies.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS

Licensed Under Selden Patent

Economy,—because the Oldsmobile, by actual record, gets double and treble the average mileage from each casing.

In the Oldsmobile, wheel sizes are justly proportioned to weight, wheel-base and engine power,—including a liberal allowance for a “margin of safety.”

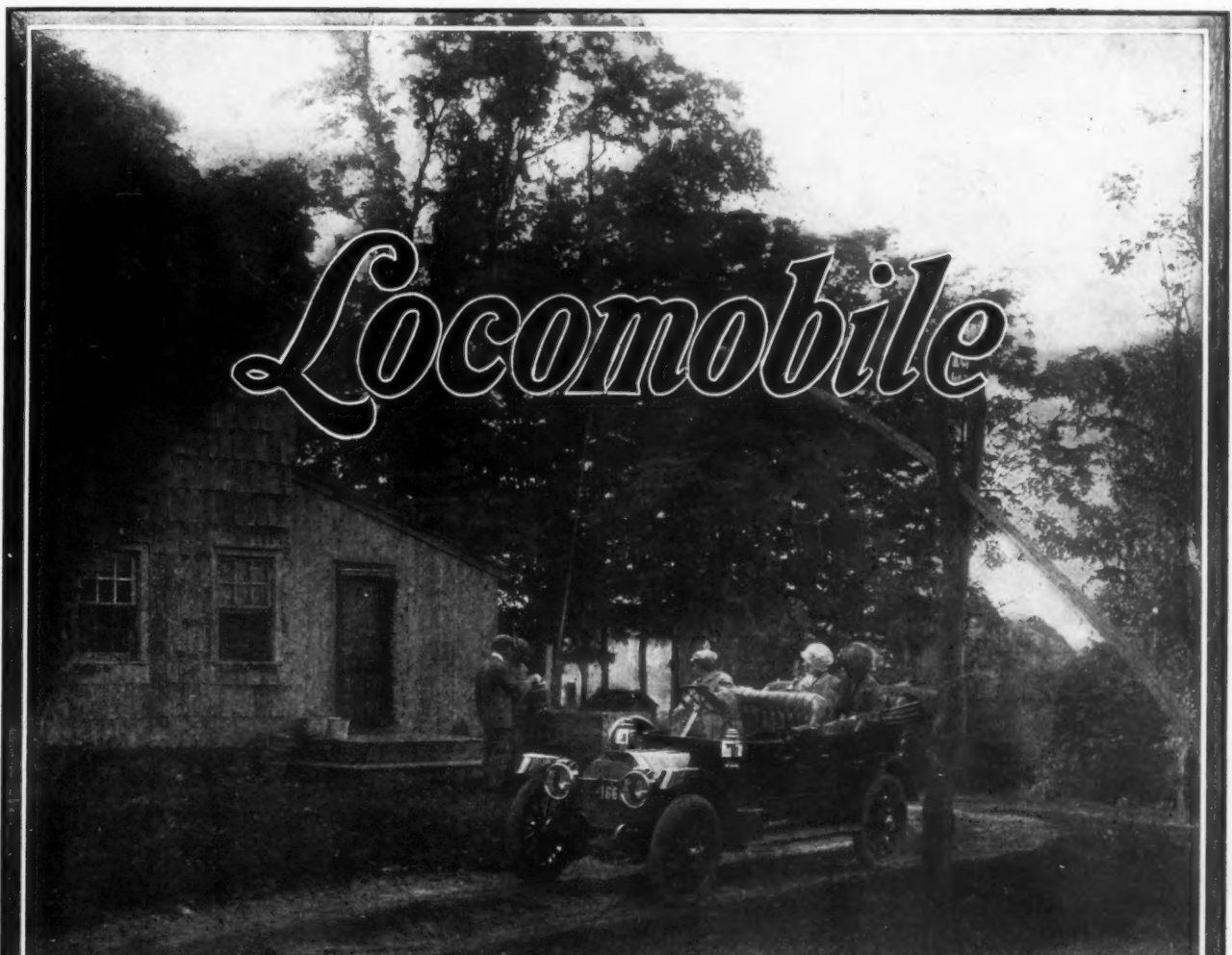
We emphasize this matter because its importance to the owner is not always appreciated. But, the excellence of its tire equipment is truly typical of every part of the Oldsmobile,—from its silent, long-stroke motor, of phenomenal pulling power, to such details as the fine quality of its finish and upholstery.

Oldsmobile “Limited”

6-cylinder, 60 horse-power (A. L. A. M. rating), 7-passenger touring car. Cylinders, 5 inch bore, 6 inch stroke. Wheel-base, 138 inches. Low center of gravity. Large wheels with 42 x 4½ inch tires. Straight line body with high forward doors.

LANSING, MICHIGAN

Locomobile



The 30 Shaft Drive - Four Cylinder - Price \$3500
The 48 Shaft Drive - Six Cylinder - Price \$4800

High Tension Dual Ignition System

Prices include top and demountable rims. Latest body styles, either with or without front doors, can be supplied in any color scheme desired.

COMPLETE INFORMATION FURNISHED ON REQUEST

The Locomobile Co. of America

New York
Philadelphia

Bridgeport, Conn.
San Francisco

Boston
Chicago



LICENSED UNDER THE SELDEN PATENT

COMFY Footwear

The Eureka



Our latest Comfy. Beautiful in design. Protects the ankle well and weighs only 5½ ozs. the pair.

Made of pure "Comfy" felt with one inch of carded wool between felt inner sole and felt and soft leather outer soles, making a perfect cushion tread.

Women's, Pink, Lavender, Écru, Price
Old Rose and Light Blue . . . \$2.00
Men's (Plain), Black, Gray and
Red Delivered



The Tailor-Made

An exceedingly handsome felt slipper, trim and neat, as its name implies, and very dressy. Regular "Comfy" construction as above.

Women's, Red, Wine, Brown, Black Price
Men's, Black, Brown, Red, Wine . . . \$1.25
Misses', Red, Light Blue, Pink . . . 1.50
Child's, Red, Light Blue, Pink . . . 1.00
Delivered

Send for our handsome Illustrated Catalogue No. 32, showing many new styles.

Danl. Green Felt Shoe Co.
110-112 East 13th St. New York.

An Antiseptic Child

Little Walter was always carefully guarded against germs. The telephone was sprayed, the drinking utensils sterilized, and public conveyances and places were forbidden him.

"Father," he said one night, in a tone of desperation, "do you know what I am going to do when I grow up?"

"What?" asked his father, preparing himself for the worst.

"I'm going to eat a germ."—Success.



Our Friend the Microbe

DEAR LIFE:

Your proneness and happy faculty for puncturing fakes of all sorts have led me to look for your opinion on the most recent development of the "germ theory," the bank bills signed with carbolized ink, so that, say, Jack Johnson wouldn't drop dead in case he handled a note not quite fresh from the mint! It is no dream, but an actual fact, that a Spokane bank is issuing, or proposes to issue, such notes, and the rest of the banks will very likely adopt the scheme. Now, here is what I did actually dream the other night: I saw a city chap push off from the pier in a rowboat, and when he got fairly adjusted in the craft he grabbed an oar and with the blade in air he set to work paddling with the small, round end of the oar. Somehow, the boat didn't seem to spin through the water very fast, and the oarsman wasn't very steady on his feet, but seemed in danger of tumbling into the water. I shouted to him to shift ends, which he directly proceeded to do, and he then got along very well. For years I have been shouting to our super-scientific friends in the medical profession that they "had hold of the wrong end of the stick" in regarding the various microbes found associated with this, that and the other disease as the cause of the disease, instead of the product of it. I began with a paper read before the American Social

A Pierce Arrow

Six-Cylinder Touring Car, 1910 model, in perfect condition, will be sold at a very low price. Owner forced to part with it.

Address, Harrolds Motor Car Co., 233 West 54th St., New York.



A Martin & Martin Model

French calf walking boot. Medium toe, moderately flat last. A very fashionable boot devoid of extremes, and the best \$8.00 boot the country affords.

PRICE EIGHT DOLLARS

The Martin & Martin Boot Shops in New York and Chicago have succeeded because they embody

A New Conception of Shoe Service

They believe that the function of a shoe store is, not to do the largest possible volume of business, but to keep the largest possible number of people comfortably, tastefully and fashionably shod—to give the utmost possible shoe value for every dollar they accept—not to accept a dollar for which they cannot give perfect satisfaction in return—in other words, to look steadily at the public's side of the shoe proposition.

To defer your patronage of these shops is to delay what we really believe will be a revelation to you in shoe service.

Because we know there is no economy for you in paying less than seven dollars for shoes; we do not make or sell shoes for less than that. We recommend that you pay not less than eight dollars, because we know that if you will wear Martin & Martin shoes at these prices, your shoe expense per year will be less than it ever has been before. That is the only real test—not cost per pair, but cost per year.

Test our shoes—and the intelligent, interested, store service that goes with them. Your money is always in trust with us—it is yours if we do not satisfy you.

You may buy from us as well by post as in person. Let us send you photographs of the season's models.

By furnishing the usual commercial references you may open a charge account.

MARTIN & MARTIN

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

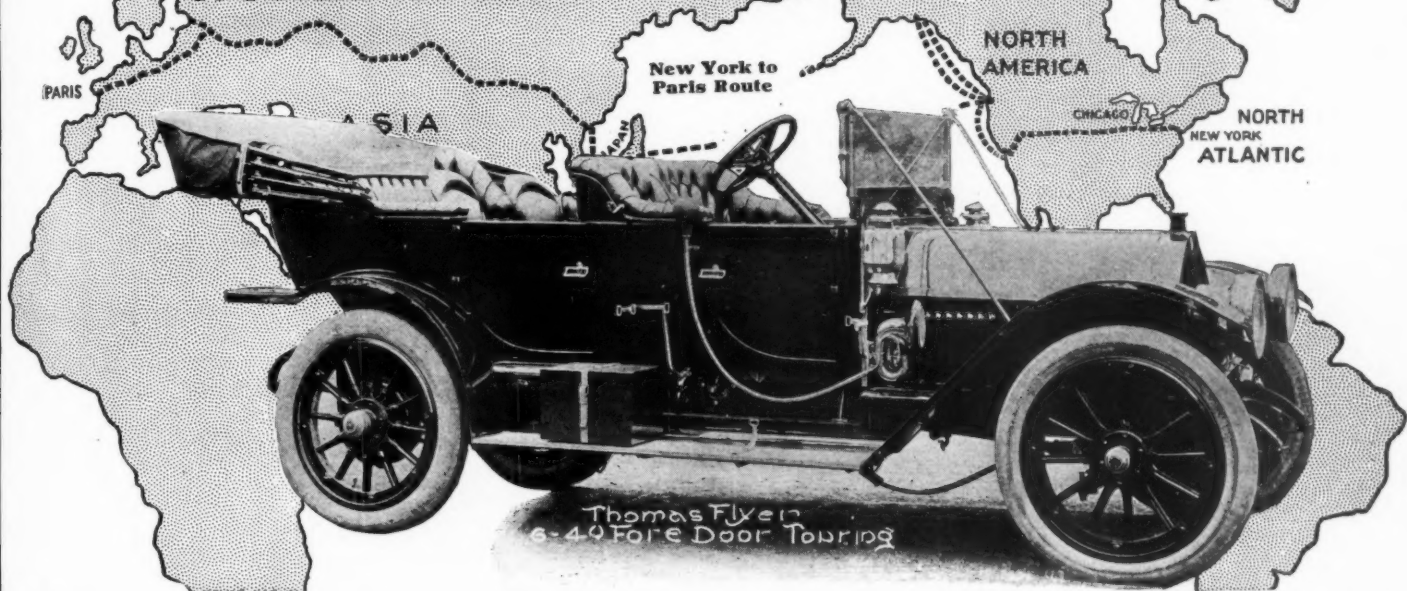
Science Association some years ago on "Are Bacilli the Cause of Disease, or a Natural Aid in Its Cure?" in which I quoted some eminent authorities favoring the latter view of the question, among these Professor Jacobi, who said that it might be possible to find the means of killing the bacilli, but that the patient would be likely to "die cured," though he didn't use this exact expression; and I gave the testi-

(Continued on page 542)

DETROIT, MICH.

Thomas Flyer

WORLD'S CHAMPION



You want a quiet, smooth, easy running car, of course. The Thomas 1911 6-40 car, with its long-stroke, large valve, six-cylinder motor, runs smoother, quieter and easier than any other **BECAUSE:**

As the long-legged man strides easily along while his shorter companion hurries by his side—so the long-stroke motor attains its power with fewer revolutions and less effort, with *20% more power*.

As the broad-mouthed bottle fills and empties quicker than the small-mouthed vessel—so the large valve motor permits easy passage of gas in and out of the cylinders. Free passage of gas means *more power*.

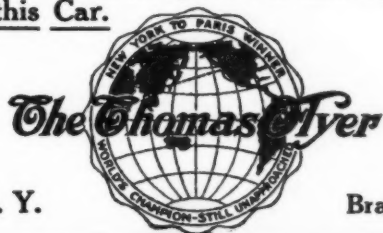
As the power-propelled boat runs with unchecked speed while the oar-driven boat jerks forward at each stroke—so the six-cylinder motor drives a car with less loss of momentum and less expenditure of power than the four-cylinder motor. The effect is *more power*.

Fewer revolutions, less effort, more power constantly applied reduce vibration, reduce friction, make gear changes unnecessary, eliminate jars and jerks, increase flexibility and therefore inevitably insure **Smooth, Easy and Quiet Running of the Car.**

It does more: It reduces wear and tear on mechanism and tires; increases the life of the car by avoiding crystallization and breakage; reduces operation and up-keep expense, and makes possible **the Enthusiasm of 700 Owners of this Car.**

Send for book of details.

REMEMBER:
The long-stroke, large-valve, six-cylinder motor is found *only* in the Thomas Car.



Send for "Owners Will Tell You."

REALIZE:
That the long-stroke, large-valve motor is used practically *exclusively* abroad.

E. R. Thomas Motor Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Branches: New York, Chicago and Boston

1911 CORREJA

THE YEAR'S SENSATION



STANDS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

SPEEDY

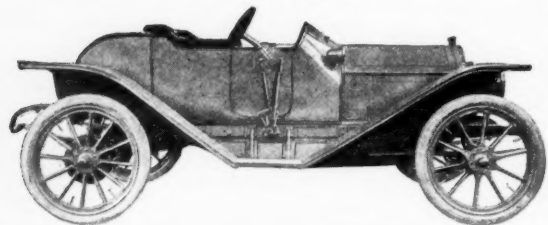
The CORREJA SPEED RUNABOUT won every hill climb contest in the East this season, and established records on the track. Do you know any stronger argument than the result of past performances?

POWERFUL

35 H. P. 4-cylinder motor, wheels 34 x 3 1/2, selective type transmission, frame of pressed steel, metal body of novel gunboat type.

COMFORTABLE

Big, roomy seats, plenty of leg room, protection from dust and wind, liberal carrying space for luggage.



HANDSOME

A rakish car—looks totally different from all the rest. Smartest runabout built.

REASONABLE

The CORREJA sells for \$1450. To find what it is worth compare it with cars selling up to \$3,500.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE G.

THE CORREJA MOTOR CAR CO.

1851 Broadway, New York

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 540)

mony of three eminent German doctors who treated two tuberculous patients with a serum which did cause the tubercle bacilli to disappear completely; but, as they stated, "the results were quite remarkable: one patient died in eight days and the other in ten days!" So much for the folly of slaying these little natural scavengers of filth, instead of finding the way to treat the disease so as to help nature effect a cure.

CHARLES E. PAGE, M.D.

BOSTON, Aug. 25, 1910.

A Case

My dear LIFE:—I am one of these "Newsstand fellers" that pay a dime for LIFE, but I'm just as good a friend as if I sent you a check for five every year. Mentally I have subscribed to LIFE for ten years.

I am deeply interested in the vivisection business, and to such an extent that I herewith enroll myself as a member in "LIFE's friends that want to know the truth about vivisection," and this is a promissory note, payable on demand, for \$10, whenever we get together and hire proper people to look into the "Locked Doors," and I vote that LIFE act as treasurer and general manager of the fund, using same absolutely at their own discretion.

Here is my story. I had a hunting dog that ran away from home one day and when I found him the next morning he acted very queerly. He took little love snaps at the whole family, for

which I gave him a good beating. The next morning it was worse. I called a

veterinary and he pronounced it "rabies." I refused to believe him and, although I am poor, I offered him \$100 to cure him. He said it can't be done. Called another one, and he said the same thing. I asked him to kill the dog and he was such a clever man that he gave him morphia and strychnia at the same time. Next day the dog felt bully, but refused to eat or drink and snapping worse than ever. To make the story short, to prevent other vets from amusing or abusing him I chloroformed him. I consulted medicos and they advised the Pasteur treatment for three of us who had been nipped. We took it. Now, LIFE, they claim that is the only sure preventative, and the doctor who fixed us up says that Pasteur could never have discovered the preventative or cure of hydrophobia without experimenting on the twenty-five dogs which he used. Now, LIFE, I used to feel like killing when I read of the doctors amusing themselves with cutting up animals instead of going to the theatre, but I am hanged if I know what to think. Do you think we should have waited to see if one of us died to prove things and

(Continued on page 545)

For Every Member of the Family

ABILENA, America's Natural Cathartic Water. It eliminates from the system, in a natural, normal way, the waste secretions which all body activity creates, and the unappropriated products retained from each day's food and drink. But it does *more*. While other cathartics temporarily deaden the cell activity of liver and bowels, ABILENA stimulates these, bringing about speedily a normal systemic condition. Ninety-five per cent. of ABILENA is sodium sulphate—the ideal laxative and eliminant.

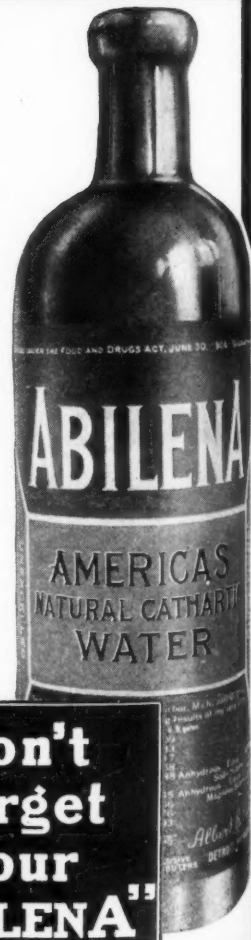
ABILENA America's Natural Cathartic Water

Not a medicine nor a chemical preparation—it is drawn from the famous ABILENA Wells. Chemical analysis proves it far superior to all other cathartics of any kind. It's as harmless as pure drinking water. The dose is small, and it's not bad to take. Ask your physician about it. All druggists have it.

The ABILENA Company, Abilene, Kansas

"The Natural Method," interesting booklet on Perfect Elimination, mailed free on request to Frank M. Gier, M.D., President.

Druggists: If not prepared for the enormous demand this advertising is creating, stock up at once through your jobber. (17)



**"Don't
Forget
Your
ABILENA"**

OVER 50,000 MILES WITHOUT A BROKEN SPRING



"I have driven my Apperson over 50,000 miles without breaking a spring and ascribe this remarkable showing to the fact that my car has never been without Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorbers."

W. N. Vaukilen

(Former President Chicago Automobile Club, Publisher Automobile Blue Book).

Deeds not words! This is but one of innumerable instances where

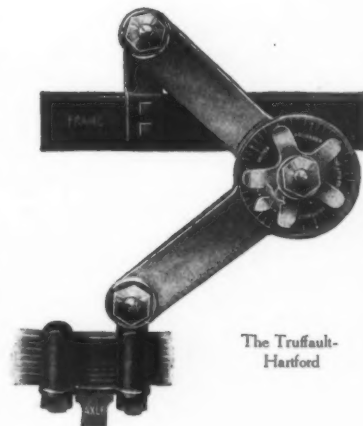
The TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER

has made good with a vengeance.

Interposed between frame and axle of the automobile, the Truffault-Hartford acts harmoniously with the spring, so regulating it that its action never becomes violent. Results—Spring breakage is impossible; Wheels cannot skid or bounce; There's no jolt, jar or vibration; Car *always* rides easy and is subjected to less wear and tear.

You become both *comfortable* and *economical* as soon as your car is Truffault-Hartford equipped. It can be done easily and quickly.

We can fit any car and make any car fit for any road.



The Truffault-Hartford



The Sign of the Truffault-Hartford Agency

HARTFORD SUSPENSION CO., EDW. V. HARTFORD, Pres., 165 Bay St., Jersey City, N. J.

NEW YORK: 212-214 W. 88th St.
PHILADELPHIA: 250 N. Broad St.

BRANCHES:

BOSTON: 319 Columbus Ave.
CHICAGO: 1458 Michigan Ave.

NEWARK, N. J.: 289 Halsey St.



Plumage Number NEXT WEEK

Are you a suffragette? If so, you have doubtless been so busy that your clothes haven't interested you. Now this number of LIFE is designed to show you what to wear. All the latest styles. (If you don't believe it, read the advertising pages.)

WELCOME HOME



THE
SCHOOL BELL

Now that we are all home again, and school has begun, and Christmas is coming, and taxes are due and the furnace is just beginning to overheat us (as usual), let's say something to each other.

Are you a regular subscriber to LIFE? We dislike to ask such a vague and possibly superfluous question. We do not want to be so impertinent as to assume that any highly gifted and intelligent person is **not** a regular subscriber to LIFE.

At the same time, you may have been abroad, or you may have been at one of T. R.'s speeches, or you may have been in Philadelphia, or you may have been temporarily in love (all love is more or less temporary—did you ever stop to think of that?) and so you may **not** have realized the importance of being a regular subscriber.

Right Now, before that Hell Number comes out.

This is the exact season when you ought to do it. It's a sacred duty you owe to your country.

Call, write, cable, telephone, aviate or marconi.

Only Five Dollars for One Year.

LIFE,
17 W. 31st St.



That Hell Number is coming on November 17. Better be prepared for it now. It's cheap at any price. No return tickets.

Subscription \$5.00

Canadian \$5.52

Foreign \$6.04

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 542)

not have taken the treatment, and if we had not been infected, said that it was a sin the way Pasteur experimented on the animals? Let us fellows who own dogs and think a lot of them get together and *do something*. Very truly yours,

CHARLES K. BRUST.

PITTSBURG, PA., Sept. 12, 1916.

A Word from "Spinster"

DEAR LIFE:

Your Men's Rights Number is a capital argument for women's.

If men had been kept in the subordinate place which women so long held, they would indeed have been just the silly little fools that you caricature in your "Journal of a Neglected Husband." It is the denial of independence to us by men that makes such a silly wife possible. Don't you see this?

Again, in the jury picture: if eleven men chosen at random would really look at a woman with the hideous innuendo your artist shows, then by all means let woman have whatever there is to give her strength and even some advantage over her muscular yoke fellow. The ballot is a strength to man, makes other men who might otherwise misuse him respect and fear him. It gives the weak man more

Club Cocktails

Mixed to measure—
and measures up to
your idea of what a
real Cocktail should be.



Simply strain through
cracked ice and serve.

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

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



FOR THE FASTIDIOUS

The New

Richelieu Union Suit



NOTE ABSENCE OF SEAMS

A perfect-fitting union suit is closer to the heart of every woman than any other garment she wears. It is the very foundation of the aristocracy of good clothes.

The finest gowns are more nearly associated with underwear that offers the least resistance to the perfect draping of nature's graceful curves. A perfect figure cannot be shown in poorly fitting undergarments. Any figure is vastly improved by the symmetry of the seamless glove-fitting waist of the *Richelieu*.

For years there has been no more popular line of women's underwear on the market than the

Richelieu. This season the Frisbie & Stansfield Knitting Company is introducing a new union suit in two weights, medium and heavy.

This is a patented garment, *knitted to your figure*. In all other fine-ribbed union suits it is necessary to cut and seam the sides and waist line. You know what that means when coarse seams rub and wrinkle beneath the corsets.

By our special patented process the texture of the fabric is reduced to a gauze-like fineness at the waist line, without sacrificing strength. As the skin fits the form, so does this garment cling to the waist line. It cannot bunch or wrinkle, and there are absolutely no seams at that point to rub, rip or ravel or to be ground into the flesh by tight-fitting corsets.

The new *Richelieu* is the only garment for fastidious women, a it reduces the size of the waist. It is perfect in fabric, fit and finish, and the ideal faultlessness of its lines demands its use by women of fashion and refinement.

On Sale at the Leading Stores. Priced from One Dollar to One Dollar and a Quarter.

If your dealer cannot supply you, give us his name and address, send us your height, weight and bust measurements and we will see to it that you are served.



FRISBIE & STANSFIELD KNITTING CO.

Department "F," UTICA, N. Y.

"For Ten Years Manufacturers of the Famous Richelieu Underwear."

nearly an even chance with the strong. Why should this weapon be denied to woman?

I have no personal desire to vote nor any sense that I need it specifically; but I do know, as only a thoughtful and sensitive woman can know after years of independent life in the world, how much disrespect for women still lurks in the breast of the average man. If the ballot would lift us a little in masculine respect, would you refuse it? Education has certainly lifted us. We had to fight for it against all your prejudices and

fears. We wanted it to be nearer you, more truly friends with you, as well as to be happier and freer in ourselves. We won the right to independent life, too, by a fight. We are better women for learning how to work, more womanly, not less so. Would you like to earn your living only by dishwashing, and be paid only what somebody else deigned to give you? Yet some men still cry out against woman's industrial freedom.

Women are the molders of the race, they say; then perhaps it is the long

(Continued on page 546)

Good



Service

The whole plan of Whitman's Agencies, covering the continent, means just this—that you get these *perfect* chocolates and confections *served perfectly*. Our agent is not simply a dealer. He is careful, interested and always responsible for every package of Whitman's that he sells.

Our sales agents, everywhere, get the sealed packages direct from us and sell them promptly. Any package that is not sold while it is perfectly fresh is returned to us.

Inside every package is this personal message to the friend who buys it—a message that means just what it says. We very seldom are called on to replace a package that has met with an accident or disappointed a purchaser. Then we make the best amends we can, with pleasure and thanks for the opportunity.

Ask for the **Fussy Package**—Chocolates (hard and nut centres) at \$1.00 the pound; ou: Super Extra Chocolates at 80 cents a pound; Chocolate Maraschino Cherries, 50 cents a box; Honey White Nougat, 50 cents a box. Sent postpaid where we have no agents. Write for booklet "Suggestions," describing the Whitman Service and Specialties.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Established 1842 PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's *Instantaneous* Chocolate.



From Our Readers

(Continued from page 545)

inculcated indifference to broad questions of general welfare in the mothers which has made the men citizens so indifferent to their duties. You can't keep women in any respect narrow and limited and self-centered and ignorant without harming yourselves.

I believe that the women most truly

loving and unselfish to-day are those who have been out in the world and stood side by side with men as brothers and comrades. They understand the weaknesses and strength, the needs and the aspirations of men better than they did before; they are better able to help them—largely because they are finding out that human nature is pretty much the same thing under a "derby" or a "Merry Widow." It is stupid to

separate the interests of the sexes, to see the women's cry for the vote as a sex war. We are men, and as men we have the rights to govern ourselves. That is the simple fact. You kept us out of all the privileges you could for many ages—fearful that we should lose our womanliness. We have now lost our dependence upon you for every good thing, from home to reputation; but to have these things in our own freedom and independence just as you have them really brings us much closer to you, develops our individuality and thus makes us more truly womanly than we were before.

Think about it.

Yours for rightness,

SPINSTER.

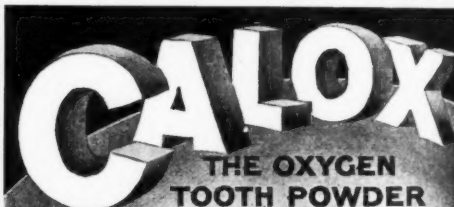
108 GAINSBORO STREET, BOSTON.
September 15, 1910.

Some Wonders of Psychology

DEAR LIFE:

A few words about the *real* vivisection.

A student of experimental psychol-



To Whiten the Teeth

It's the Oxygen (in the form of peroxide of hydrogen) in Calox that renders it so perfect a cleanser and whitener of the teeth.

Dentists advise its use. Physicians prescribe it.

All Druggists, 25 Cents.

Sample and Booklet free on request.

McKESSON & ROBBINS - NEW YORK

ogy in one of our universities was experimented upon by his professor in this way: He was closed up in a partly dark room and the electric light was flashing every fifteen to twenty seconds. At every flash a bottle with some color fluid was shown to him and the question asked: "Red or green"? This experiment was repeated twice or three times a week and lasted for several months. The same student was put before a black screen with a small slit. Flashes of light were shown in that slit every minute, and the question asked: "Spark or line"? This one-hour experiment was repeated once every week for several months. The same student was told to cut pictures out of magazines and newspapers, to cut their original heads off and then connect strange heads with strange bodies. The emotions called forth by such combinations he was told to note carefully. Three hours weekly for six months. Then he was given a pack of playing cards of brown and red color and was told to throw as fast as pos-

(Continued on page 547)

Great Western Champagne

Half the Cost of Imported

Absence of duty reduces its cost 50%.

Of the six American Champagnes exhibited, Great Western was the only one awarded the gold medal at Paris exposition, 1900.

Your grocer or dealer can supply you
—Sold everywhere—

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
RHEIMS, N. Y.

Oldest and Largest Champagne House in America



From Our Readers

(Continued from page 546)

sible each of those colors in a separate box, brown to the right, red to his left and reverse. Two hours weekly. Then once a week his tongue was experimented upon with a toothpick and a drop of salt or acid.

In about six months that martyr was down with nervous sciatica, and is still unable to do his share of work. It all happened this year (1910).

There were other experiments with other young students, males and females, with such remarkable results that the professor and director and head of the department of psychology (and he is a very, very good and pious Methodist or Congregationalist), is wondering why his department is so poorly attended [and how long the regents are going to keep him on a \$4,000 salary].

It is my personal experience that some of those irresponsible cranks are like trained monkeys, doing the same trick over and over again, proving that two and two makes four and four less one makes three, and trying to make believe that they are conducting serious scientific investigations, while really they are but tormenting those poor innocent young souls in the holy name of science.

Ask Loeb and Thorndike and Watson what they think of them!

Sincerely yours,

J. KORSKI.

BERKELEY, CAL.,
August 15, 1910.

The Cleanest and Most Decisive Tire Victory in Motor History Goes to

"Firestone"

Tires and Demountable Rims

IN THE MUNSEY HISTORIC TOUR, August 15th-27th, eight cars were equipped with Firestone Tires—a clear lead over all competition.

Four cars had Firestone Quick-detachable Demountable Rims—the only demountables in the Tour.

Firestone Tires again showed their complete mastery over all road conditions. During all the terrific 1550-mile grind, not one Firestone Tire on any car gave out; not one blow-out, rim-cut, or injury developed—not one. **Every one** of the thirty-two Firestone casings went through this gruelling with 100% perfect service—not surprising to Firestone users. Even punctures were limited to six.

As an exhibition of tire stamina this Firestone record completely eclipses all previous records in tire history—just as Firestone **every-day** service eclipses all others.

For **ACTUAL SERVICE**
Firestone Tires Have No Equal.

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire Makers"

AKRON, OHIO
AND ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES



Illustration of Firestone Non-Skid Tire for slippery streets on Firestone Quick-detachable Demountable Rim for quick tire-changing without tire-pumping. The up-to-date equipment of America's best cars.

Acknowledgments

Letters from friends and critics are always welcome at LIFE's office, but owing to lack of space, or because the same subject has been already treated, or for other reasons, many communications are omitted. Letters from the following correspondents have been received since last going to press:

Albert F. Christy, Pennsylvania.
W. Kent Power, Northport, L. I.
George S. Crawford, Washington, D. C.

Frank A. Kapp, Chicago, Ill.
Jacob Erlich, New York City.
Clarence Conlon, Philadelphia, Pa.
George H. Stipp, San José, Cal.
Gertrude Gordon, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. S. M. Ackley, Nantucket, Mass.
C. J. Naylor, Newark, N. J.
P. F. Cook, Jersey City, N. J.
Mr. Charles W. Barclay, Blue Point, L. I.
Salter Storrs Clark, Westfield, N. J.
H. Henry Smith, Kansas City, Mo.
W. J. Cooper, Altoona, Pa.

Jaeger

SANITARY GOODS

You are of course familiar with our celebrated underwear. Are you also acquainted with our splendid lines of Specialties?—Polo Coats, Auto Coats, Auto and Steamer Rugs, Knitted Jackets, Sleeping Bags, etc. Absolutely the finest goods in this market.

Descriptive catalogue and illustrated circulars mailed on request.

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores

New York: 306 Fifth Ave.; 22 Maiden Lane.
Boston: 228 Boylston St.
Brooklyn: 514 Fulton St.
Phila.: 1326 Chestnut St.
Chicago: 82 State St.

Agents in all Principal Cities.

Motor Apparel Shop



READY-for-Service, we present our exclusive assortment of Touring Coats for Men and Women, including the latest models from London and Paris and adaptations from them.

THE GRAND PRIZE RACE

finds us thoroughly prepared in all departments of Motor Requisites.

Raincoats, Polo Coats, Fur and Fur-lined Coats, Motor Hats, Caps, Bonnets and Veils.

Gloves, Goggles and Car Conveniences of all kinds. Drivers' Uniforms and Liveries.

Our Fall and Winter Catalogue will be sent (post prepaid) on request.

Opposite Waldorf - Astoria

Fox, Stiefel & Co. FIFTH AVE. & 34th St. N. Y.

THE native purity of Londonderry is guarded as a precious thing. It is bottled in sterilized glass and comes under perfect seal to your home and table.

Being exceedingly pleasant to the taste, Londonderry in its effervescent form is a most delightful table water, either alone or combined with other beverages.



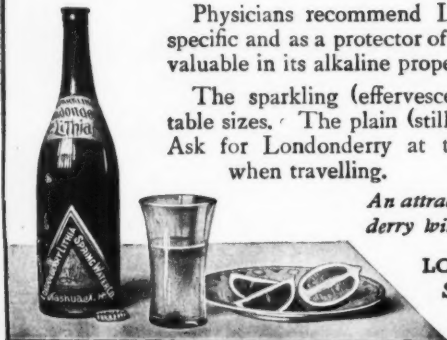
Londonderry

Physicians recommend Londonderry both as a specific and as a protector of health. It is peculiarly valuable in its alkaline properties.

The sparkling (effervescent) in the usual three table sizes. The plain (still) in half-gallon bottles. Ask for Londonderry at the cafe or hotel and when travelling.

An attractive brochure on Londonderry will be mailed on request.

**LONDONDERRY LITHIA
SPRING WATER CO.,
NASHUA, N. H.**



Leading the Imaginary Life

What It Is Gradually Coming To Mean To All Concerned

Since our last announcement that would-be subscribers on our waiting list will hereafter be charged a slight imaginary premium (namely, \$5.00), our mail has been almost too great for our force to handle, and the most intense vibrations have been coming in from all parts of the world. We select a sample letter:

Life:

What is this game you are trying to play anyway? If you have fifteen million subscribers, as you claim, and don't want any more, what do you make such a fuss for? And why do you charge a premium of five dollars merely for the privilege of some day becoming a subscriber?

R — T —

Let our friend have patience and he will understand in due time.

We do not expect that the grandest movement of the age is going to be simple to everybody. Gee. Ime. Mit., the greatest man of his generation, and manager of our thought advertising bureau, knows what he is about. This is a process of education.

But, briefly speaking, it amounts to this: We are engaged in uplifting the present generation, and we are doing it in our own way. In the course of time there will be nothing but thought. There will not be the need of giving physical expression to anything.

Thus everything that at present is superfluous will be omitted.

It pains us to say it, but all advertising, as we see it around us to-day, is only coarsened thought. The process of making it coarse is what costs good money. It eats up our natural resources and will in time rob us of our physical inheritance.

What Gee. Ime. Mit. is going to do is to make all somatic advertising unnecessary. It's all going to be done by thought.

To illustrate:

A man invents one of the finest porous plasters in the world, better than any other that has ever been invented. It is tried out by doctors and trained nurses and proves to be an absolute pain destroyer. Now, under our present coarse system, he will at once proceed to spend a million dollars in advertising it. By doing this he will be using up type and paper and labor and heat in all of its forms. Under the marvelous system devised by Gee. Ime. Mit., all he will have to do is to think out his advertisement and place it in the mental LIFE. In almost no time those who take LIFE (fifteen million) will begin to feel that this is the best porous plaster and vibrate orders.

Isn't this worth good mental money? We think it is.

No printers, no preparation of copy, no advertising agents with their honeyed manners, no delays—nothing but results.

The same thing is true of our readers. We are now in a position to dictate terms, and our vast power, in the hands of an unscrupulous editorial staff, would be provocative of untold harm.

(Continued on page 549)

(Continued from page 548)

But, in the thought world, we are like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller in the physical world. We have acquired more mental assets than we know what to do with, through a system that we didn't invent, and we are now simply thought philanthropists.

Very well. Then our only object is to raise the standard of our mental subscribers, and we can only do this by subjecting all those on the outside who want to come in to a period of mental probation. Incidentally, we make them pay a slight mental premium of five dollars, but this is purely nominal and only imposed as a guarantee of good faith.

That there are some good people who thoroughly understand our aim is shown by the following vibration which Gee. Ime. Mit. has just handed out to us:

"Why not establish a Mental LIFE Foundation?"

In other words, this man wants to know what we propose to do with the immense imaginary resources now in our hands. We could easily turn an election; we could stem the tide of Rooseveltism; we might even be able to lower the tariff. And evidently our friend feels that this power ought to be safeguarded.

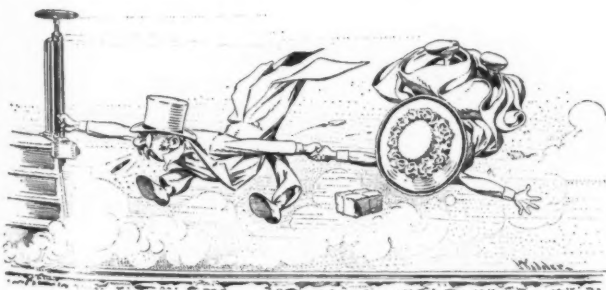
Let him have no fear. Gee. Ime. Mit. is equal to every emergency. In one hundred years from now people will be erecting imaginary monuments to him at every cross-road.

For the present it is sufficient to say that we need all our resources to produce each week the best mental LIFE we can. Our mental salary list, for example, is something enormous. Last week every medium on the force struck for higher wages.

In order to record vibrations as they flow in, it is necessary to go into a trance. Now, skilled trance experts are high. We pay some of our best men as high as fifty dollars an hour, and even then they will only remain in trance eight hours a day, and insist on taking an hour and a half off at noon. It takes up a great deal of Gee. Ime. Mit.'s valuable time watching his force to see that they don't shirk. Recently we had to pay our Christian Scientists double wages to work overtime, and even then they claimed there was nothing in it.

In the meantime, every mental LIFE is a vibratory joy. Better pay five dollars at once and get on the waiting list. The thought that in about twenty-five years you will be a regular subscriber will make you young again. Address or vibrate (you can do it anywhere)

GEE. IME. MIT.



HE COULDN'T GET ON WITHOUT HIS WIFE

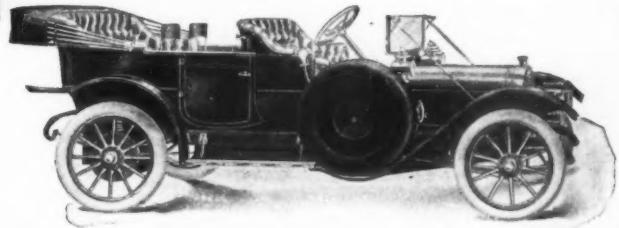


A Revolution in Automobile Manufacture

**25 to 35%
Saved
for the
Purchaser**

Nearly one-half of the expense in manufacturing automobiles is outside of the actual cost of construction:—For example, the elaborate show rooms—with high priced demonstrators—excessive agents' commissions—extravagant advertising and sensational racing—all of which, plus the profits of the manufacturer, **must be paid out of the pocket of the purchaser.**

We guarantee to eliminate all of these extravagant and exorbitant expenses—to build the highest type of cars that can be manufactured and to sell them to Club Car members direct.



Club Touring Car—Seven Passenger four-cylinder forty-fifty horse power, with complete equipment, priced exclusively to members, \$3,000.

This car Delivered to you First Hand—Fully Equipped

Only a member of this organization can obtain these advantages. They are possible in no other way. You can own the finest type of car manufactured—have it equipped in accordance with your own ideas—at a price based upon sound business principles—Free from the unnecessary and exorbitant expense brought about by the extravagant conditions under which the automobile industry has been developed.

This Club Car plan has been proven a success—now automobilists in all parts of the world may enjoy its privileges and have their cars delivered to them direct.

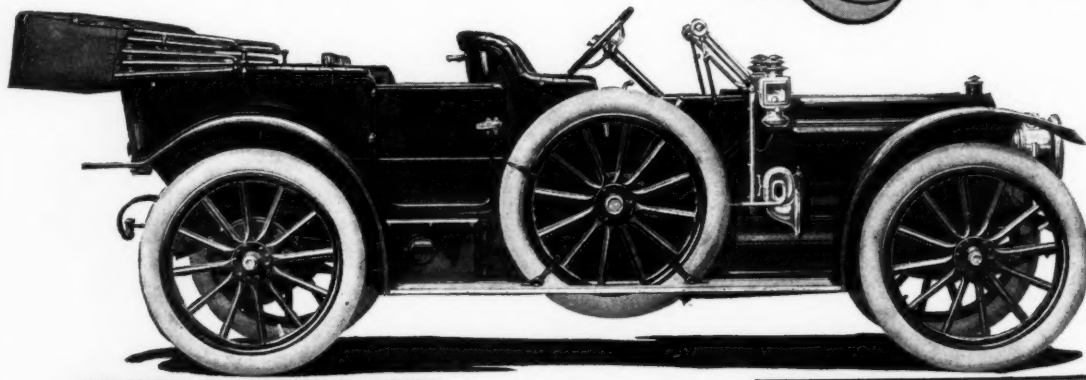
Write for catalog today and study the Club Car and the Club Car plan, as fully described therein, and BECOME A MEMBER.

**The Club Car Company
of America**

1 Madison Avenue, New York City

Limited Output
1911

Rambler



Rambler
Sixty-five

THE Rambler line for 1911 is complete, including landaulets, coupes, limousines, town cars, roadsters, toy tonneaus and five and seven-passenger touring cars with detachable fore doors. Details and construction alike for all; two sizes, forty-five and thirty-four horsepower. Forty-inch wheels on all seven-passenger open cars; thirty-six-inch on all others. Every detail is refined, producing gratifying comfort and silence. Standard equipment with every model: Spare wheel and tire, shock absorbers, top and envelope, wind shield, five lamps, gas tank and tools. Ninety-two per cent of all Rambler parts are made in the Rambler factory. Years of experience in cultivating painstaking habits of workmanship have created a standard of quality such that to actually make so many of the parts, even in a factory as large and completely equipped as the Rambler, the output must be limited.

Prices, \$2,175 to \$4,140
Early deliveries. Complete information and catalog on request.

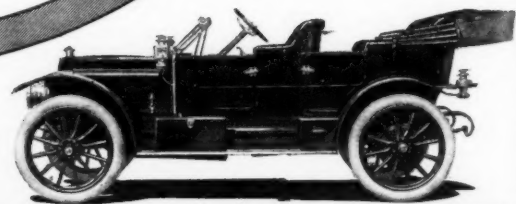
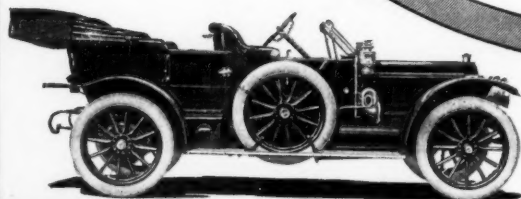
The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

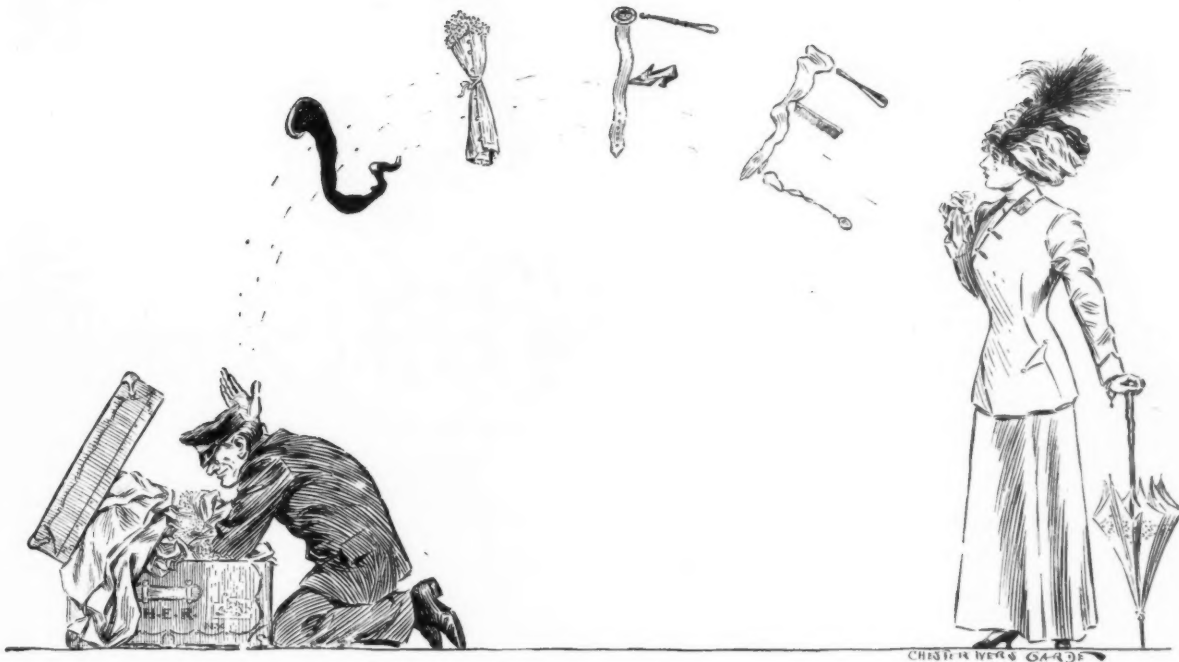
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Branches: Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, San Francisco

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

Rambler
Sixty-four

Rambler
Sixty-three





A Neglected Education



WHEN Ned, the eldest son, came on, To Art he turned his mind, So went abroad to Barbi- zon, Art's "atmosphere" to find. Five years in Paris he remained, Tho' Pa sometimes protested— But, then, as he to Pa explained,

'Twas money well invested.

Sam was the next in order, he On Lit'rature decided, So studied for his Ph.D., To start out well provided. Then traveled for a year or two Thro' all of Europe's quarters— As Sam explained to Pa anew, 'Twas bread upon the waters.

Alonzo followed Sam, but turned His ear to Music's voice, He felt that genius in him burned, He was Apollo's choice. So, like his brothers, forth he fared His soul in travel steeping— Assuring Pa when he got scared, 'Twas seed for future reaping.

Now, last of all came little Jim, A simple lad and plain; No god had set his seal on him, His was no mighty brain. Pa's money, too, had all been spent— Twigs grow as fortune bends them. The others haven't got a cent— Except what Jimmy sends them. William Wallace Whitelock.

See the Café!

"SEE, the café!" "Yes, a gala scene it is with its brilliant lights and rich furnishings and fashionable women and portly men."

"Do you know why the men and women come to the café?"

"I can see well what they are doing. They are eating and drinking."

"Do you know why they are eating and drinking?"

"I suppose it is because they are hungry and thirsty."

"It is a natural mistake, but such is not the case."

"Do you, then, O Sage, tell me why they are eating and drinking."

"Because they are not hungry and thirsty."

"You talk in paradoxes."

"Not at all. You do not understand. They do not know what it is to be hungry and thirsty. If they were hungry and thirsty they would be in the bread line or at home eating real food instead of dainties and confections and drinking

real water instead of stimulants and narcotics."

"But you do not explain why they eat and drink what they do not need."

"To show they have money and to show they have time—money to spend in over-indulgence and time to spend in letting the effects wear off."

"And do they perform no useful service?"

"No. To perform useful service is to produce, which is not respectable. It is respectable only to consume."

An International Question

THERE is a little matter which has evidently escaped the notice of our Ambassador to England. A short time ago, Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, with a party of guests, spent \$50,000 for a single day's shooting upon the Helwick Hall moor at Upper Teesdale, and a number of the London newspapers criticised the proceeding as not worth while.

Our Ambassador should insist upon more respectful treatment of American citizens. If this money had been contributed by Englishmen there might possibly have been some basis of criticism, but the affair is entirely our own. We have the right to give our millionaires, young or old, whatever income we please, and, of course, after we give it to them, it is their duty to spend it in a way to reflect the most credit upon the financial condition of our country.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. OCTOBER 6, 1910 No. 1458

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



LIFE goes to press with the New York State conventions still in prospect, the probability being strong that the Roosevelt wing of the Republicans will win in their convention and that the Democrats will nominate Mayor Gaynor.

It is an excellent year for the New York State Republicans to rend one another, and any ripping up that is left undone at Saratoga will doubtless be attended to at the polls in November. These processes are indispensable to renewed life to the party concerned with them, and the effort will be to make such a thorough job of them now as to give hope of regaining control of the State in 1912.

As for Mayor Gaynor, to make him Governor—if so the convention decides and he consents—will be to give one prominent New York State Democrat a chance to make a national reputation when there is room enough in the situation for two. The Mayor's present job is as good as the Governorship, and for him probably better. If he sticks to it and succeeds in it he will earn quite as much renown as he could earn in Albany. His bird in the hand is a mighty good bird. We would rather see the bird in the bush—the Governorship—go to such a man as Osborne, who would be as much interested in being Governor as Gaynor is in being Mayor of New York, and who would be much better known and understood after two years of executive work in an important elective office.

The Mayor has a hard choice to

make. What helps to make it hard is the possibility that the Democrats will elect a President in 1912. We question if that consideration should affect his decision at all. Nobody can tell whether it would help or hurt him as a future candidate for President to leave the Mayoralty and take the Governorship.



MOST of the papers have been devoting an unnecessary amount of space to the trials and misfortunes of the Mr. Chanler who married the opera-singer and conveyed to her various valuable remnants of property in an impulsive and whole-souled way that seemed to have left not much of anything in his strong-box. An immense deal has been said and narrated about this case, which, of course, for story-telling purposes, is a good case. But its incidents are all very simple and elementary. It is obvious enough that Chanler belongs to the large and immemorial company of whom it was long ago remarked that they and their money are soon parted. But that is nothing. He hasn't done so ill. He seems to have small use for money except as it provides him with excitements. A wife that he used to have and two children of hers and his are apparently in possession of one large slice of his income, which is all right enough; and if the opera-singer has got the rest, why not? Why should an opera singer with a good business be getting herself married to Mr. Chanler if not for some kind of profit? Do opera-singers who expect to continue on the stage get married for purposes of mere domesticity? Is it any more surprising that the opera-singer should wish to collect dollars than that Chanler should wish to collect opera-singers? Of course not.

A great many things work out better than the critics and spectators admit. Mr. Chanler, besides being affectionate and large-hearted, is described as a man of real ability as a painter and able to earn money by working at that

trade. It seems almost a providence that, being divorced from his wife and having some of his hereditary income still left, he should have fallen in love with an opera-singer. Now, with one woman paid in advance to take care of his children and another paid in advance to be married to him, he will have no cares and can paint all the time, and perhaps maintain himself handsomely by the exercise of his own talents.



HOW much better that would be! We ought to have more sense about money, and a wiser appreciation of the propriety of the things that happen to it, and so, incidentally, to some of the people who happen to have it. Money is not good for everybody. We all know that in theory, and yet we all exclaim when a large chunk of it is detached from some person whom it could not possibly benefit. Popular interest in these processes of detachment is very great, as also in the complementary processes of acquisition. This interest the papers recognize by giving much space and large headlines to these concerns, but the space is usually wasted because of undue attention to details and gossip, and not enough to exposition of the great rules of human deportment in accordance with which such things occur.

Another matter some of the papers of large circulation have been wasting space over is stories of prospective reconciliations of persons divorced. In popular stories that deal with the after adventures of the divorced, reconciliation, induced usually by children, is a prevailing theme. But what may happen in a story is not any the more likely to happen in real life with a lot of camera men waiting around to snapshot it, and headline artists announcing in big type how it is coming on. Divorced people who remarry prefer to do it unobtrusively. Divorce advertises that marriage was a failure. Reconciliation and remarriage advertise that divorce was a mistake. People do not like to have their blunders advertised so much.



" SPEAKING OF AUTOMOBILES "

Silas's Sister-Shifting Schemes

SUSAN'S sister Sarah sends Susan's sweetheart Silas scribbled scrawl, saying:

"Susan scarcely survived summer, suffered severely, strength slowly subsiding. Sudden start southward, surgeon suggesting, sister supporting. Celebrated surgeon successful, Susan somewhat stronger."

Silas sits silent, sad; soon sends Susan soothing sentiments.

Sarah's sojourn short. Susan stays solitary, seems strengthened, still, surgeons surmise cemetery sure sequel.

Silas studies situation, soliloquizes: "Shall ship sweetheart. Susan similarly sick several seasons. Sorry, still surgeons surely swallow Silas's small stipend, surplus savings. Sarah, smart schoolma'am, secures sizable salary, saves systematically."

Silas seeks Sarah sedulously, spoons some, suggests subsequent spousal ceremony. Sarah shares Silas's sentiments, simpers, says: "Sure, Silas."

Susan surprises surgeons, soon starts, speeds safely, sights station, secures sleigh, seeks Sarah silently. Stops, suspicious. Sees Silas sitting snugly, surrounding Sarah's sweater! Scene!

"Sneaking Silas!" shrieks Susan. "Scheming Sarah! serving sister so shabbily! See!" She shows shares, stocks, surpassing several stupendous salaries. (Sometime suitor suddenly ceased surviving, sent Susan sufficiency!)

Sarah, sobbing, stammers senseless speeches, soon seeks seclusion, sorrowing sorely.

Silas sagaciously surmounts situation, censures Sarah, suggests sacrificing Sarah, splicing Susan.

Susan, stingingly sarcastic, scorns suggestion, solicits Silas's sequestration.

Silas swiftly segregates, sufficiently stung.

Sic semper such!

Camilla J. Knight.

Definition of an Intelligence Office

A SMALL body of women entirely surrounded by mistresses.

Questions for "The Colonel"

DOES he think he belongs in the same class with Abraham Lincoln?

Or was he trying to excuse himself for a bad break?

Madame Philology's Ball

MADAME PHILOLOGY gave a ball. All the ideas came; some of them were tricked out in the most ridiculous phrases you ever saw.

And some of them were only half-clothed.

Big words and little words jostled each other in the hallway. Hoary old polysyllables and hyphenated antiques, smart new monosyllables and wretched and ill-nourished waifs of slang hobnobbed together in a heterogeneous, incoherent, im-miscible and irreconcilable mass.

Presumptuous foreigners betrayed their origin by their awkward manners. Homely old codgers that had sprung directly from the soil, smirking dilettante phrases, hypocritical maxims, pompous old philosophical figures of speech, self-sufficient idioms, with their lofty and self-centered airs, prudish middle-aged set terms, indiscrete solecisms—all were there.

Haughty little epigrams strode impertinently along with good-natured Irish bulls; onomatopoeic little strangers sang sibilantly to themselves, and there in a far corner the generic terms were going over old times.

Vagabond little dialect words, out at the elbows, were hand in hand with self-sufficient pseudonyms, while a group of macaronics, Hibernicisms and archaisms were making life miserable in the conservatory for some stiff little colloquialisms who thought that among such a rout they could be exclusive.

All the old inhabitants came; even a loving couple of hieroglyphics, looking like back numbers among so many up-to-dates. Also, several roots tottered in, almost unrecognizable.

Some of the words, fresh from the neologist, were dreadfully made up. It was highly amusing to see some highly moral old set phrase secretly flirting with some dissipated young sociological synonym.

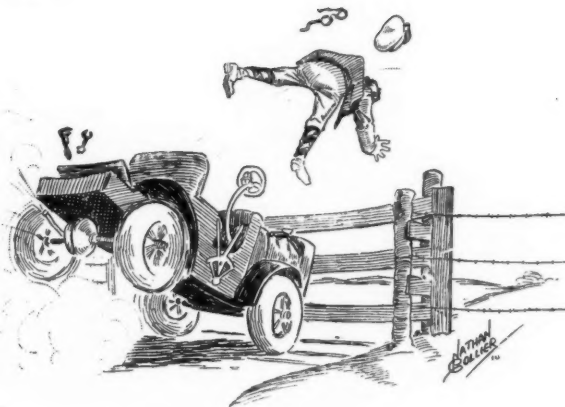
Madame Philology hadn't forgotten to have a band. It was composed of diphthongs, liquids, labials and gutturals to give it body. The leader was a fat old exclamation point, almost bursting with a sense of his own importance. He didn't seem to realize that he wasn't even a word.

The band struck up and they all began dancing. The muses, who sat in the gallery, almost died of laughter. Only the household words kept sober.

"How times have changed," said one of the Roots to the



"HOW DID OLD ROX GET HIS MONEY?"
"SPECULATING—HE'S BEEN MARRIED FOUR TIMES."



STRIKING A GOOD GAIT

other, as they viewed the riot. "This isn't much like when I was young. Why, there were only a few of us then, and we did all the work. If I had dreamed that we were going to raise such a progeny I'd have gone off and drowned myself."

"Same here," sighed the other Root. "Look at 'em! Look at that antonym over there, cutting all those figures of speech! It's scandalous. Let's go home and forget it!"

And they silently withdrew, without any one being the wiser.

Madame Philology sat on a raised dais surrounded by a crowd of sycophants.

"I couldn't afford to leave out anybody," she whispered to a staid old derivative. "It wouldn't have done, you know."

Then suddenly she turned pale. There was a sound outside and before any one could escape, the doors were closed and the great ball was over. The place had been raided by the force of periods acting under a warrant from the Court of Common Sense.

The next morning, Madame Philology and her guests were brought before Judge Wisdom.

"I hereby sentence you," said Judge Wisdom, "to a silence of thirty days—for cause."

"And what is the cause, your honor?" asked Madame Philology.

"For not having any better sense than you did when there were only a few of you. I only wish it was in my power to put the majority of you in close confinement for the rest of your lives."
T. L. M.

Satirists

SATIRISTS are essentially unconventional. They take nothing for granted. They belong to no party. They accept nothing as settled.

It is their mission in the world to discover the incongruities that exist and point them out. The mere statement of an incongruity often appears incongruous to the non-satirical mind and those who are not prepared to receive the truth which the satirists thus present look on the matter as a mere joke without significance and the efforts of the satirist are to that extent lost.

Air-ship Point of View

LITTLE drops of water, little grains of sand—
One's the mighty ocean, t'other is the land!



STIRRING TIMES FOR FATHER
HOW LONG WILL HE KEEP IT UP?

Lifes' Family Album

(The creative gift has always had an extraordinary interest for the human mind. When we see this gift displayed in a way that interests or moves us, we are prone to ask, "How did he do it?" We wonder what manner of man he is who displays this power over us. The most difficult art in the world is the art of knowing how to amuse, because it carries with it the knowledge of knowing what to omit. The fact that a thing may be ephemeral does not detract from the quality of its genius. Week after week there appear in LIFE contributions and pictures from a great number of creative workers, whose genius displays with unerring precision some passing phase of thought, revealing hitherto undefined weaknesses, reveling in some odd fancy or satirizing some social foible. The object of this department is to give the readers of LIFE an opportunity to know something of the work and personalities of the men and women who make LIFE.)



Arthur Guiterman

MR. GUITERMAN writes the Rhymed Reviews for LIFE and a great many other things both in verse and in prose. Mr. Guiterman, as every one knows, is a mighty good workman. His verses are polished with infinite care, thereby conveying the unmistakable impression of having been turned out with scarcely an effort.

"You were born, Mr. Guiterman—"

"Of American parents, in Vienna, Austria, in 1871; but I have lived in New York since 1874."

"Your culture—if you will pardon us for using such a time-honored word—appears to be exceedingly broad. How do you account for it?"

"Well, I have helped to edit the *Woman's Home Companion*."

"That would account for your broad humanity, but perhaps not for your hypercritical sense of literary values."

"Well, then, I have helped edit the *Literary Digest*."

"Ah! now we are getting warmer. And your philosophical sense of things in general?"

"This came from my connection with certain trade papers. Incidentally, I was educated in the Public Schools and in the City College of New York—"

"Where, if we recollect aright, you won a medal for greatest proficiency in literary composition."

"I believe I did."

"That would seem to indicate, on your part, a spontaneous talent for authorship, uncreated by extraneous conditions. In brief, you had it in you. Have you any preferences?"

"I am fond of the Hindoo literature and prefer Thackeray to Dickens."

"What is your ambition?"

"To skate all winter and play tennis all summer."

He found a lady, not too old,
A lost explorer's only daughter?

Her name was Jeanne; with faith sublime

She sought her father, Captain Fielding;

And Philip watched her all the time,
From beast and man the dear one shielding.

And when a rescue party came,
A letter cleared the accusation
Which, wrongly clouding Philip's name,

Had made him take to aviation.

And then, be sure, Jeanne married him,

Her love his wounded spirit healing.
(The babies all are cherubim
And flutter 'round the parlor ceiling.)

Arthur Guiterman.

TALK and the world talks with you;
think and you think alone.

MANY a wise word is spoken in ignorance.

Rhymed Reviews

The Sky-Man

(By Henry Kitchell Webster. The Century Company)

NO Curtiss, Bleriot or Wright,
Knew half as much as Philip Cayley

About the inwardness of flight.
Where Arctic icebergs glimmer grayly,

Without the throbbing motor's aid,
As swift as albatross or swallow
He rode the stormwind, unafraid,
While seagulls vainly tried to follow.

He ranged above each frigid nook
On silken pinions, never weary;
And reached the Pole—like Dr. Cook.
(This fact is not denied by Peary.)

What novel-reader need be told
That there, in wastes of frozen water,



WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES ONE

Men Hate to Say No to Women



MR. ASQUITH says that what gives an appearance of strength to the suffrage movement in England is the extreme reluctance of most men to say No to women. It is so strong in many English politicians that they have allowed themselves to be counted for woman suffrage, when in their hearts they are definitely against it. They hope, desperately, that when they say Yes, the women will understand they mean No. Mr. Asquith warns them that they are fooling dangerously with a serious matter, and that it behooves them to stand up for their real opinions.

Comparatively few men favor woman suffrage. That is not all; comparatively few women really favor it—probably not more women than men. Many women and many men are counted on the suffrage side because they hate to say No to the women who really want it. It has been observed that a large proportion of the women suffragists are suffragists not because they personally want the ballot, but to oblige some friend who wants them to want it.

The hitch about woman suffrage is that all women must have it or none. To the exceptional woman who wants to be a doctor the way is open to study medicine. The woman who wants to study law or any other profession, or go into business, can do it, and get good instruction and due help. But only a few women do study professions, or go in business for themselves. Would that in like manner the individual women who want to vote could vote. Unhappily, to compass that, the obligation to vote must be thrust on all the women of the country, about nine-tenths of whom object to it. It is to the tenth woman that No has to be said. The other nine are either indifferent or opposed.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your Ossawatimies. I come to bury William; not to praise him.



"SEEING IS BELIEVING"

A NEW DEVICE IS NOW ATTACHED TO THE TELEPHONE WHICH REPRODUCES THE FACE OF THE PERSON CALLING YOU UP OR—YOUR HUSBAND.



OFF FOR THE HONEYMOON

Distinction and Comfort

To be president of Princeton University is a more distinguished, if not more comfortable, position than to be Governor of New Jersey.—*Boston Transcript*.

WHEN it comes to distinction, every new scalp helps. It is more distinguished to be president of Harvard College than mayor of Boston, but Josiah Quincy was both, and acquired a cumulative renown which few college presidents have matched.

As for comfort, the Governorship of New Jersey will seem like a rocking-chair to Dr. Wilson after his tumultuous experiences of the last three years as president of Princeton.

Anti-Monopoly

THE country needs a better distribution of wealth; also of knowledge and power. All knowledge cannot be safely centred in the Colonel. There must be others from whom we can learn. Nobody knows it all. No basket can hold all the eggs.

These things the voters are pondering in their hearts. An eminent Democratic prophet, progressive, not reactionary, whom right-minded but cautious voters could trust, would be a godsend to contemporary American politics. Possibly Dr. Wilson will turn out to be such a man, but there is no telling until he is tried.

The New Nationalism

THE New Nationalism, recently promulgated by a well-known hunter, has received the unqualified approval of a large portion of our public press, and well it may. It certainly sounds better than any remedy that has yet been offered. There are but few of us who are not willing to stand for a Nationalism of almost any age, but when we can get a new one at the same price, we ought to be in the seventh heaven of delight.

In view of this it is hoped that the critics will not be overzealous in subjecting the doctrine to too close scrutiny.

The Bridge Player

With Apologies to Mr. Longfellow

I SAT at bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
Though my partner mentally cursed me,
Though openly he did glower.

I saw the contemptuous pity
In eyes marking my distress;
I heard the sneering laughter
When I foolishly failed to *finesse*.

And off in a distant corner
Of that demon-peopled room,
The frowning face of my husband,
Noting my shame, did loom.

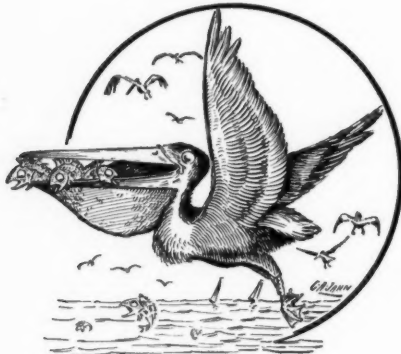
Above the crowded tables
A maddening babble arose—
Somebody shouted, "Our honors!"
And somebody, "No trump goes!"

My opponent, a vacuous vixen,
Driveled the words, "Grand Slam!"
Her partner crowed, "We've doubled!"
My partner muttered, "Damn!"

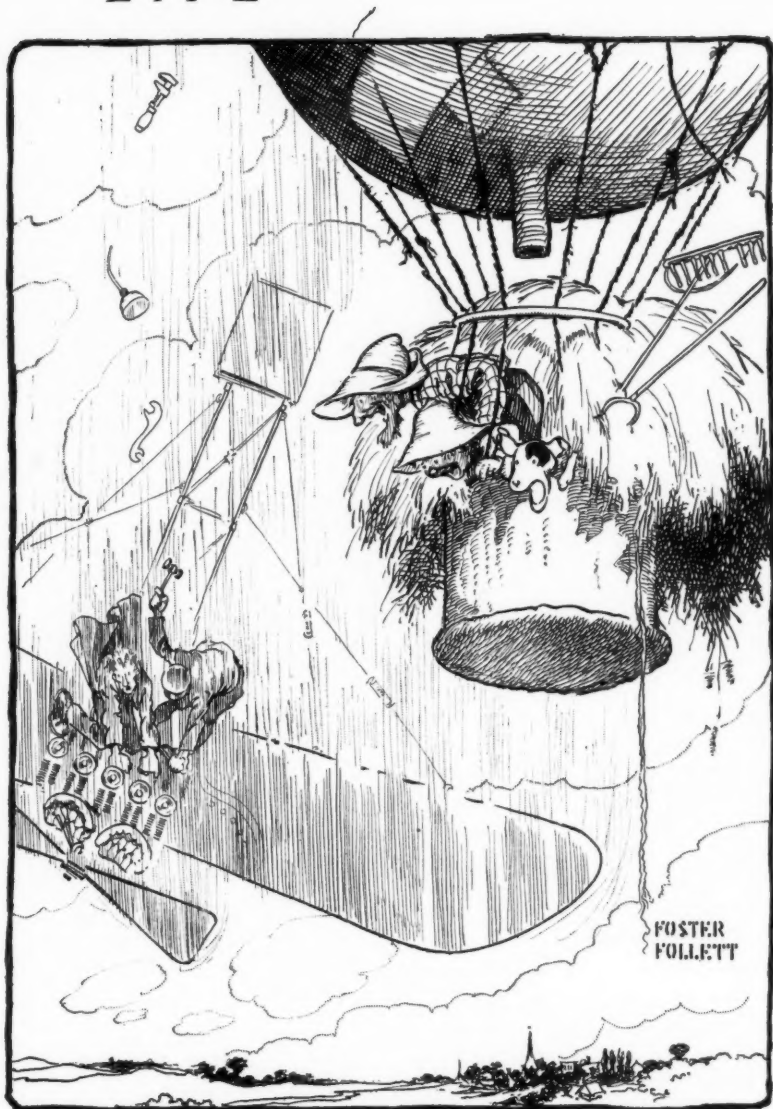
Right then in that bawling Bedlam
'Mid laughter and scoffs and jeers,
I flung my cards at my partner
And rushed from the room in tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the nights that had gone by,
I had sat on at bridge *past* midnight,
My motto: "Play cards, or die."

How often, oh, how often,
I had fingered those pasteboards neat,
And longed to crumple them out of shape
And trample them under my feet.



"COME ON UP, FELLOWS, AND TAKE A
SAIL IN OUR AIRSHIP"



FOSTER
FOLLETT

"AW, GET A BALLOON!"

For my heart was hot and restless
And my nights were full of care,
And the burden of bridge upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me
And I stand forth gay and free,
Though the sorrows of other players (?)
Still cast their shadows on me.

And when'er I see a poor mortal
Timidly playing a card,
And carefully eyeing her partner's face,
I watch with morbid regard.

And I think how large is the number
To whom "card sense" is denied,
Who never have fathomed a point in the
game,
No matter how hard they have tried.

But forever and forever,
As long as bridge is played,
Some baited, badgered creature
Will sit at a table afraid—

And the card with its pictured faces
And the card with its dots shall appear
The symbol of torment hereafter,
And token of torture here.

F. Page.



GRAND PARADE OF HUSBANDS

Great Husbands' Bench Show

BY HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU

THE success of our Great Bench Show for Husbands is now assured. Over one thousand entries have already been received, and they are coming in from all over the world. Madison Square Garden has been formally engaged. Any husband is eligible. Application blanks sent on request.

Don't forget that Mr. Nat Goodwin is treasurer. Send your five dollars to him without delay.

The judges, as announced last week, are:

Charles Evans Hughes (formerly of the Saratoga Racing Association, with headquarters at Albany).

Howard Gould (well known as a matrimonial expert).

Miss Lillian Russell (who is fairly familiar with the subject).

The programme will be as varied as the mind of man can make it. This will give a fair idea of some of the wonderful features:

PROGRAMME

Monday.—Grand parade of husbands, to be followed by Suburban Husbands' Handicap. Open to all comers. 1, baby carriage wheelers. 2, bundle carriers. 3, bridge players. 4, train conversationalists, etc. Judging.

Tuesday.—Middle-aged thoroughbreds. Points will be carefully considered in these entries. Each contestant will be required to submit his record duly attested to.

Wednesday.—Judging bridegrooms. Points are (1) appearance, (2) vocabulary of loving expressions, (3) self-assertiveness, (4) condition of bank account (if any).

Friday.—Special exhibition Husbands'

Correspondence Bureau. We hesitated to give this exhibition, but urgent requests from all over the country have made it necessary. Among other features it will contain a special band of trained husbands, imported from Brooklyn. We shall also show a number of husbands in process of being cured, and give various methods of managing a wife. The handsome blonde in charge of our office is going to succeed us with an exhibition of her own, which she refuses to tell about in advance. We have, however, given her *carte blanche* to go ahead, as she has never failed us.

Saturday.—Opening with grand parade of husbands around the track, to be followed by a large and varied programme, among which may be mentioned:

Disposition stakes (by points).

Biscuit eating contest.

Mother-in-law obstacle race.

Securing a divorce in twenty minutes (illustrating modern methods).

Curtain lecture endurance contest.

In the afternoon the cups will be awarded. It is confidently expected that Mayor Gaynor will make the presentation.

It must be understood not only that the features so sparsely outlined above are only a few of those to be presented, and give only a faint idea of the great show as a whole, but also that during the progress of the programme the bench show will be continuous and husbands from all parts of the country will be on exhibition, representing all localities and every kind and quality of husband known to the human species. Among these will be:

Meek husbands (showing specimens in all stages of meekness).

House builders (husbands whose wives compel them to keep on building new houses all the time).

Silent husbands (those who have, to all intents and purposes, lost the power of utterance).

Class of solemn (husbands who refuse to smile no matter how many jokes are sprung on them. Rewards of one hundred dollars will be presented to any spectator who can make any of these entries smile).

Heavy-weights, (showing restaurant types).

Kissers (husbands who after twenty years still kiss their wives as if they really meant it).

And many others.

In addition to prizes awarded for individual classes, a grand prize will be awarded to the husband who receives the greatest number of points in all classes, based on appearance, courage, persistence, lying capacity, etc. Immediately at the conclusion of the show this husband will have his biography written by George Barr McCutcheon. Orders for book taken now.

The following rules will be posted for the general information of spectators and entries:

Husbands on exhibition will be required at any time to give their history or any information or advice to spectators inquiring about same.

No husband will be permitted to leave the Garden until the conclusion of the show.

Wives in attendance may exercise ordinary care over their husbands on exhibition, but any of the well-known forms of domestic cruelty, such as putting plasters on chest, or dosing with

home remedies, or other measures adopted in case of ordinary colds, will not be permitted, the idea being during the show to give all of our contestants as much freedom as possible.

All husbands quarreling with each other about merits of respective wives will be dealt with accordingly.

Women suffragettes exhibiting husbands will not be permitted to enter the building.

Special entertainments will be provided for the husbands of all Christian Scientists, and these entertainments will not be open to other husbands

We urgently request any of the visitors to the Garden to question closely all Husbands' Correspondence Bureau patrons. You will know them by their badges. They will tell you each and all the story of their lives and just what we have done for them

Our exhibit stand is on the right as you enter. Get a copy of our *Galaxy of Beauty*, also our full programme, showing what our entertainment committee is doing for downtrodden husbands.

Consultations free while show is in progress.

A New Political Party

ALTHOUGH there is much talk of a new political party, there is no settled conviction that one is necessary. Indeed, we cannot be absolutely certain that we need any political party at all.

We have to be sure, long acquiesced in the unwritten tradition that we needed two parties in our republic, one to struggle for the offices which are held by the other. The result of this struggle is to place parties before policies, partisanship before patriotism, platitudes before particular purposes, plums before performance and politicians before people

In the meantime the officeholders, who are always as wise and as progressive as necessary, continue to regulate the governmental running gear according as conditions develop and public sentiment arises. If, then, the people should gradually decide that they did not want their officeholders to be identified with any particular party, the politicians would quickly tear off their tags and throw them away and thereafter they would take into account only two interests, that of themselves and that of the people, eliminating the third interest, that of the party. Such a thirty-three and a third per cent condensation of interest is well worth striving for and it is respectfully called to the attention of our publicists.

Ellis O. Jones.

LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on

October



Your future wife will be fond of physical exercise except where it is connected with a broom or other useful article.

6

Your future husband will be afraid of burglars and will see to it that your jewels are made secure in the protection of a pawnbroker's safe.



Your future wife will write novels which will fail to find a publisher because her heroes are all drawn from you.

7

Your future husband will be a Free Mason of high degree and your married life will be one long nightmare of unsatisfied curiosity.



Your future wife will be a college widow and you will be surprised by the number of men you meet who "used to know your wife."

8

Your future husband will be a Wall Street broker. The kind of clothes you wear will depend more on the market than the fashion.



Your future wife will be a tight-lacer and a large part of your income will go to doctors and complexion specialists.

9

Your future husband will hail from Kentucky and you will find that it will cement his affection for you if you learn how to build a mint julep.



Your future wife will be an excellent cook and you will suffer from gout in your declining years.

10

Your future husband will be a strict vegetarian and a large part of your pocket-money will be spent on meals in restaurants.



Your future wife will be a fashion-designer and your wearing apparel will be a source of merriment at your club.

11

Your future husband will be a Trust magnate, but as you will be a liberal contributor you will be popular in church circles.



Your future wife will be a model in every particular. You will be a widower early.

12

Your future husband will be a good provider but with romantic tendencies. Keep close watch on him moonlight nights.





Drops

JUST a little Vermont,
Just a little Maine,
Fills the weary Democrats
Full of hope again.

Rich and Poor

WE have rich and poor because the poor love the rich more than the rich love the poor. The poor are more powerful, but the rich are more attractive, and to be attractive is usually to be loved. When, therefore, the rich say they love the poor, they are no more hypocritical than when the poor say they hate the rich. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then the poor in their constant imitation of the rich pay them a sincere compliment and encourage them to keep right on in their opulent way.

But, then, whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, so all the rich have to do is to be careful not to make the poor mad. If the poor were destroyed there would be none to imitate the rich and, as there would be no fun in being rich without imitators, the rich would thus also destroy themselves.

Rubbing It In

THE fine contempt in which the Erie Railroad holds its commuters is well shown in the following affront which it copies from the *Montclair Herald* and prints on its time tables:

"The indignation (?) among the Montclair commuters over the increase in prices of railroad tickets is something remarkable. There are over 2,000 commuters here and only two of them appeared at the big meeting at East Orange on Saturday night."

The Erie Railroad undoubtedly has better sources of information than the *Montclair Herald*. Consequently it knows how appropriate the above interrogation point may be. And the Erie Railroad is of course extremely sorry that the whole 2,000 of its commuters did not attend the meeting. That is proved by the biting sarcasm of the taunt. If the commuters had attended the meeting they would have gained nothing, but what a vastly more diabolical laugh the railroad could then have had at their expense.

E. O. J.



She: HOW MUCH WOULD YOU HAVE LOVED ME IF I HAD BEEN POOR?
"AS MUCH AS YOU WOULD HAVE LOVED ME HAD I NO TITLE."



INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

"I THINK THAT GIRL SITTING OVER THERE IS JUST THE GIRL I WANT FOR MY WIFE."
"SAY! THIS ISN'T A MARRIAGE BUREAU—IT'S AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICE."

Miss Jawbones Takes Charge



NOW, dear readers, that I have taken charge of the Suffragette Department of LIFE, I wish it distinctly to be understood that I will tolerate no levity.

I know the tendency of tyrant man to poke fun at our sacred cause. It is a thing to be expected from brutes who, from time immemorial, have preferred those of our own sex who possessed personal beauty and agreeable dispositions to those of us who have minds of our own and voices to speak them. Beware, sirs! Don't any of you try to get funny with Priscilla.

As I sit at my desk this beautiful autumn morning little letters of congratulation come fluttering down like lovely leaves from the dear trees divesting themselves of their summer apparel. And this, too, suggests another sweet thought. We have all heard the silent dropping of the ballots in the boxes compared to the falling of the snow. Would it not be better that the ballots, instead of being monotonously white, should be tinted so as to match the costumes of the ladies who deposited them?

Then, too, the ballots might also be scented with such lovely perfumes as violet, attar of roses and musk, each party, perhaps, having its own odor. Then the polling places would be an aesthetic joy instead of reeking with the fumes of bad tobacco, as they do now. There are some monsters of men who might use these differences in the colors and odors of the ballots to corrupt the voters, but I have no doubt we could get enough ladies to pass a law making this a state's prison offense. Think of it, dear sisters.

That was a delightful tribute which came to me from the gentleman dressmaker in Paris—three lovely hobble-skirts, all in the latest shades. And better yet is his poetic idea that the hobble-skirt was intended as a bit of symbolism, hinting at the fetters which man has thrown about our sex.

I am glad to see that so many of my down-trodden sisters are wearing the hobble-skirt. It is a mute but eloquent protest. It demonstrates our mental superiority and shows our fitness to guide the destinies of our country. Better yet, in almost every case our oppressors—the male creatures who make the life of the American woman a constant hell of deprivation and suffering—have to pay the bills. When we shall have secured the ballot I can imagine no more impressive sight than thousands of American women in hobble-skirts marching—no, not marching, but

proceeding—to the polls to deposit votes voicing their protest against centuries of man's inhumanity to woman.

I am surprised that "suffrage" was not included in the list of the most beautiful twenty-five words in our language to which an English periodical has just awarded a prize in a competition among its readers.

"Suffrage" is not only one of the most beautiful twenty-five words in the English language—it is *the* most beautiful word.

A sister writes to know whether we should welcome a divorced woman to our ranks and permit her to be a leader among us.

Why not? A divorce is always the result of man's brutality or perfidy. The whole town of Reno is populated with suffering women unjustly delayed by man-made law in their efforts to free themselves from the shackles of matrimony. We who have never had an opportunity to put on the accursed fetters can best aid our suffering sisters by securing the ballot and then passing a law which shall make divorce possible only for women. This would, without doubt, bring about an era of moral improvement in our best society. It would give society women the whip-hand over the tyranny of their husbands and with the former having the right to do exactly as they please there would be no more scandals in high life.

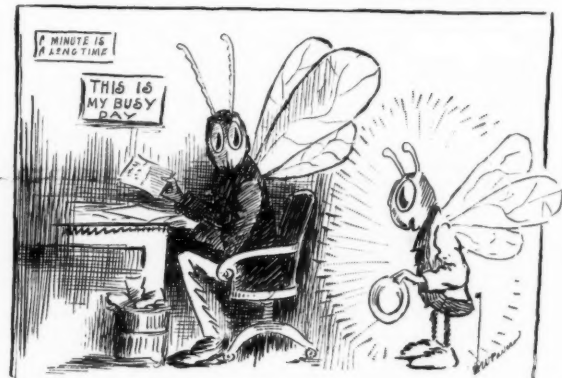
In my mail I find this inquiry from one of our most indefatigable speakers at street-corners:

DEAR MISS PRISCILLA:—When a lady suffragette is making a speech and is interrupted by a rude man asking a question which the lady is unable to answer, is the lady justified in coming down from the platform and slapping the man's face? Hurrah for our cause!

Yours for suffrage,
SOPHIE LOUDTALCKER.

Certainly! That is always a proper argument in a discussion with a man when you find you have no answer to what he says. But it would be wise first to make sure that there is a policeman near by, because the man might not be a gentleman and might slap back.

Be of good heart, dear sisters. "The Colonel" has promised to espouse our cause. That will surely settle it.
Priscilla Jawbones.



Willie Firefly: SAY, MISTER, DO YOU WANT TO HIRE A BRIGHT BOY?

NEWSPAPER PEOPLE—YOU BELIEVE EVERYTHING THEY TELL YOU



THE FASHION EDITRESS

THE "ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS" MAN

THE ARTIST (Note the hunted look)

A STAR REPORTER Who writes pathetic feature stories that throb with human interest

THE "JOKE COLUMN" MAN

THE OFFICE BEAUTY Has no particular job, except to know everybody and look cute. No first-class office without one

New Embassies in Washington

THE papers say that three or four million dollars are about to be spent in Washington by the governments of England, France, Germany, Mexico, Japan and Brazil, in providing ampler or more suitable quarters for their embassies. The British embassy is expanding. The other governments are going to build.

Let us take courage at this evidence that the neighbors have faith in the stability of our institutions and are willing to bet that we have settled here for good and are going to maintain some sort of a government at Washington. They pay us a substantial compliment in feeling so, and the sooner we return it by acquiring lands and houses in their various capitals the better for all hands.

It would be more or less in the line of this movement to have the several States maintain edifices in Washington where their representatives can live, but that seems not as yet to have occurred to anybody. New York maintains the largest family in Washington and might set the fashion by building a hotel, a dormitory, a boarding-house or an apartment house that would hold them all. It would stand in timely evidence that New York hopes to continue in business as a State; it would save Senators and Representatives an immense bother of house-hunting and it would tend to conserve democratic standards of living. And if it proved to be profitable to New York it would doubtless commend itself to other States.

Much more urgent is the need that the Federal Government should provide houses for Cabinet officers, who come and go and have social obligations which would be considerably alleviated if dwellings were provided for them.

A great many interesting things are going to happen to Washington in the course of time, but that only means that the national capital is going to keep up with the rest of the country and the rest of the world. We don't look for State houses in Washington at present. Perhaps they will begin, like most novelties in this country, by being gifts of rich citizens.



Fat Boy (with disgust): AW, YOU CAN PLAY INDIAN, AN' WIGGLE ALONG THE GROUND LIKE A SNAKE, IF YOU WANT TO—I'M GOIN' HOME.



A Perfect Gorge of Entertainment



WHAT will the harvest be? must be an important question among our theatrical purveyors in view of their tremendous competition in thrusting new entertainments on the stage. It is very early in the season as yet. Many things are given a production here with a gambling hope that they may strike the metropolitan fancy and be good for a New York run, but with the greater certainty that outside of New York there is a big market of old and new theatres which must be supplied with attractions and preferably those which can date from New York. No matter

what the cause, we are getting a plethora of new shows; so many, in fact, that they make impossible any but the briefest review in LIFE's limited space.

THE idea which has its prototype in "Robert Macaire," and has come down through a succession of plots like those of "Erminie," "The Social Highwayman" and "Raffles," finds two exploitations among the current attractions. Both of them are farcical in accordance with the notion just now epidemic among producers that farce is the thing. One of them, "Con & Co.," bears the name of Mr. Oliver Herford as adapter, but contains none of the fancy and subtlety that have marked Mr. Herford's many contributions to LIFE. In the present work he has evidently been content to stick closely to the foreign original and waste on it none of his own personality. The result is a laughable depiction of the difficulties of an American wife with a jealous German husband. From the dilemma in which she finds herself she is absurdly rescued by two American sharpers who are exploiting Berlin. "Con & Co." is not farce of the most exalted kind but it is well staged and undeniably funny.

IT'S too bad there's not a Keeley cure for vulgarity. Mr. George M. Cohan should take it. The cleverness he has shown in making a stage version of "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" makes us regret that he insists on our taking so much that is offensive along with his unquestionably shrewd observation of some phases of contemporary life. The trouble with Mr. Cohan is that he has been so successful in catering to the least intelligent and the least refined theatregoing public that he either doesn't know or doesn't care that there is any other.

In Mr. George Randolph Chester's sketches of the confidence man and his pal there was a higher type of humor than Mr. Cohan's own, but Mr. Cohan has evidently absorbed it

and has shown an unusual degree of stagecraft in putting it into dramatic form. Some of the lines make one gag, but Mr. Chester's types are well drawn and Mr. Cohan has secured a cast carefully and intelligently chosen with a view to fitting the rôles. The result is that the play is a broadly drawn but laughably convincing picture of some phases of real life.

Mr. Cohan will doubtless point in pride to the fact that he makes the lives of his two rascals point a moral. It rather detracts from artistic unity but his last act is devoted to reiterating the alleged fact that if sharpers devoted their ability to honest employment they would profit more than by their industrious crookedness. Why doesn't Mr. Cohan take this lesson to heart and devote his abilities to entertainments which appeal to the finer instead of to the commoner perceptions of the public?

LEOPARDS change their spots quite as often as dialect comedians their methods. Hence when we see Mr. Sam Bernard announced in a new musical setting we know pretty much what to expect and are not disappointed. This time "He Came from Milwaukee" is the title and the star is put down as a German brewer. The similarity of all these musical pieces is such that to go into particulars would be as tiresome as it is unnecessary. Some of the musical numbers are better than the average, especially one which ingeniously borrows a few bars of the "Lohengrin" music familiar at weddings. The chorus girls seem to be running a little bit plumper in this particular selection, but in other respects there is no notable variation from the usual standard of the musical show.



IN his play called "Anti-Matrimony" Mr. Percy Mackaye makes a drive at those who try to make practical the Ibsen and similar cults. He has set up a stuffed figure largely of his own contrivance as a target. In spite of the large number of poseurs and poseuses who talk twaddle, inspired by readings into practice, there are too few who carry the teachings into practice to make them worth attack in a four-act



THE FIRST STENOGRAPHER

SARDANAPALUS DICTATING A LETTER



CHRISTOPHER C. GARDNER

A COLORED GENTLEMAN

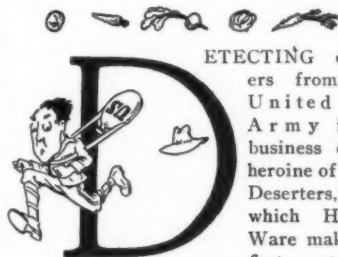
play. A good deal of Mr. Mackaye's satire and sarcasm is clever, but the piece is almost devoid of action. What little it has is completely talked to death.

Henrietta Crosman wastes her good art and wholesome personality in vivacious efforts to give life to a puerile plot. Our free-lovers don't take the trouble to put the blame on Ibsen. Therefore "Anti-Matrimony" loses its excuse for existence.

"ALMA, WHERE DO YOU LIVE?" must have had something in the original version which is lacking in the one given at Weber's Theatre. Judging by a certain suggestiveness of settings and business which is retained, the presumption is that the omissions were the distinctive part of the piece abroad and that they were cut out in deference to fear of action by the police in America.

What is left is a rather weak farce employing some worn-out farce devices but relying for its attractiveness on some very catchy airs in the school of the Viennese waltz-writers. These are made as sensual as possible, but are all reminiscent, one theme being lifted bodily from an almost forgotten opera of Offenbach. "Alma" enlists the services of Kitty Gordon in the title-role. She is striking in figure, face and stature—some six feet of the last—and has a pleasing voice and more vivacity than usually goes with women of her size. She is aided principally by Mr. Charles A. Bigelow, notable for his baldness and his ability in satirical parts. The piece also introduces one of the unfunniest funny detectives ever seen on any stage.

Unless "Alma" goes back to her original wickedness there seems to be no strong reason for her tarrying long in this naughty bailiwick. And if she does, the police may ask her to move on.



TECTING deserters from the United States Army is the business of the heroine of "The Deserters," in which Helen Ware makes her first venture as

a star. This repels sympathy with the character. Theoretically it might give her a chance for great emotional acting in the situation where she is torn between her duty to the Government and the love she has conceived for the victim she has trapped. We know what Sardou did with a similar episode in "Fedora." But the combined dramatic genius of Mr. R. P. Carter and Anna Alice Chapin, who wrote this piece, does not equal the solitary ability of Sardou. Therefore, Helen Ware's powers of depicting emotion are not strained by the material provided for her. In fact, the play is amateurish and the star's career is not aided by the impersonation of a character which does not ring true from any point of view—artistic or real.



"HANS THE FLUTE PLAYER," delightfully done in the manner of grand opera, is Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's

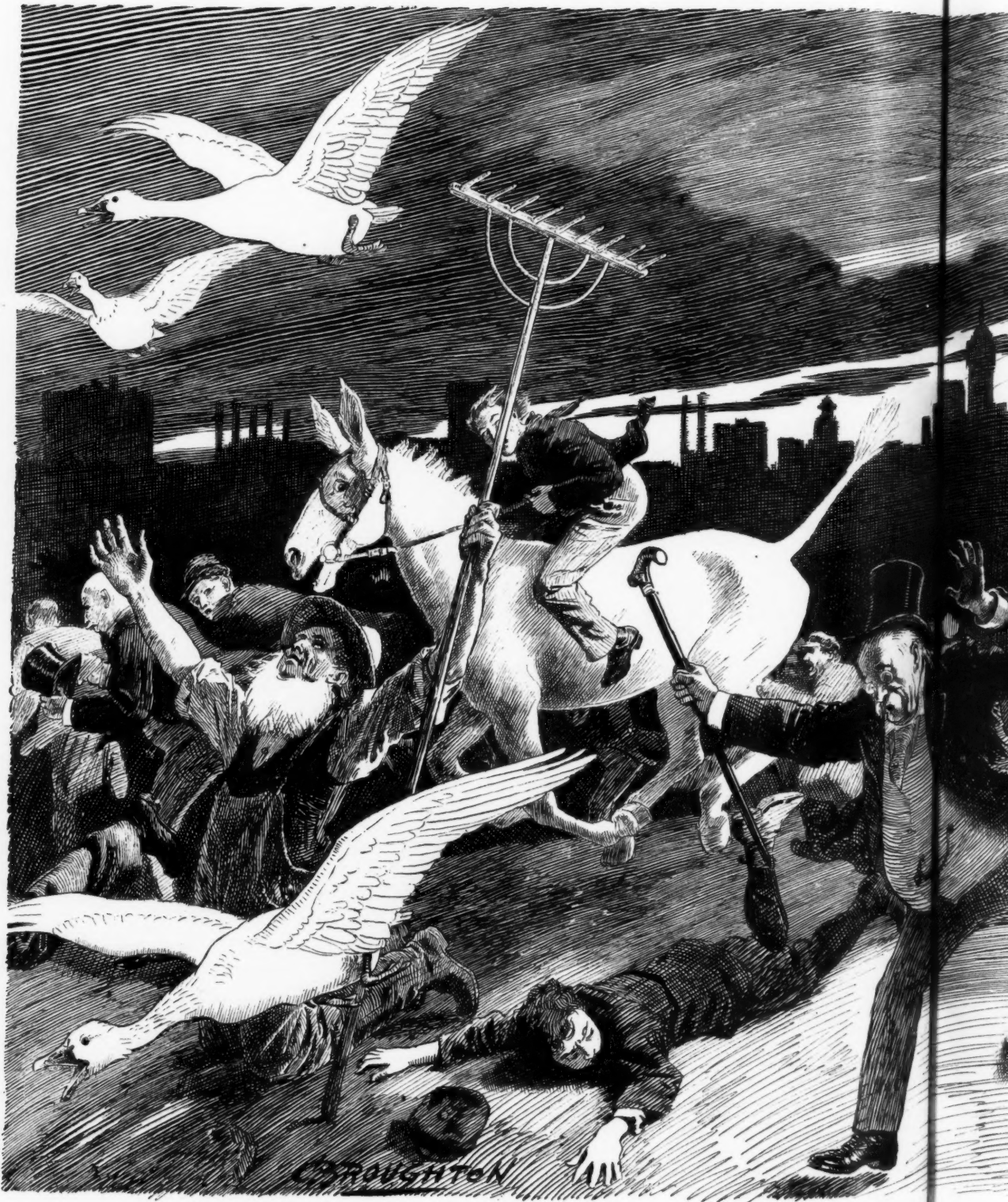
first production under his agreement not to produce grand opera. It is called comic opera on the programme and has its comic moments. In the ambition of its music, in the pretentiousness of its staging, in the size of its orchestra and chorus and in the singing abilities of most of those participating, it is a long way from anything known as comic opera in these latitudes. Miss Sophie Brandt is the prima donna, the tenor who sings *Hans*, is a new importation and has not enough acquaintance with English to make his lines understood, but his singing is most agreeable and he has evidently received a very thorough education in dramatics. Some of our young Americans who are cast for leading parts in the Broadway theatres should see M. Chadal's work simply to learn how much they do not know in the matters of carriage, gesture and grace of movement. The singing of the chorus is a delight and the dancing of the two little ballets is delightful.

"Hans" is put on at the Manhattan with the prices for seats the same as at the musical shows on Broadway. In the matter of artistic value given for the money Mr. Hammerstein has his competitors backed out of sight.

IN "The Little Damozel" we have an intimate picture of a phase of London life whose people are what might be called "gentleman rotters." There doubtless are circles of the sort because, many as there are of the English wastrels who seek new fortunes out of England, there must be many who haven't the courage or the willingness to leave London. The heroine of the play is a girl brought up in touch with this life and who finally marries one of the community. Then follow complications which furnish a fine study in the close definition of the English word "cad." It would be utterly impossible for American actors to give the piece the requisite English atmosphere, so the company is mostly made up of Englishmen who do some excellent team work and individually display considerable distinction. May Buckley is "the little damozel," and realizes the pathetic moments very well, but is entirely out of drawing as the pet of this vagabond community.

"The Little Damozel" is not momentous, but is different from anything else now before us and interesting as a glimpse at another kind of life.

Metcalf.



Lovers of Freedom



vers of Freedom

His Forte

"WHAT are you doing, old man?"
 "Looking for a place as night watchman."
 "How's that?"
 "Well, I was making love to a girl at Narragansett Pier all summer, and I don't sleep nights any more."



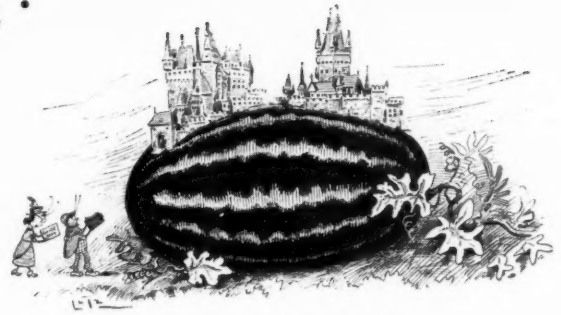
DROPPING IN TO TEA

A Nation's Decline

NO republic or other governmental contrivance can be said to be on the high-road to success until it has commenced to decline.

It must decline to be robbed by rich rogues, trimmed by tricky tariffs, pacified by prattling preachers, traduced by tyrannical trusts, manacled by managing magnates, trammelled by traditional trumpery, harassed by hoary hypocrites, duped by doughty diplomats, intoxicated by imposing imperialists or placated by pulchritudinous platitudes.

MANY things come to him who waits, including his wife's relations, poverty and old age.



CASTLES ON THE RIND

Ode to a Collar

(With apologies to the estate of Wm. Wordsworth, dec'd)

A COLLAR with an Injun name,
 Low, rakish, à la Byron,
 A collar all knew how to maim,
 And none knew how to iron.

A collar by a laundry done
 And through a mangle sent—
 Fair as a star when only one
 Is in the firmament.

Erst was it smooth and clean and low,
 It knew nor crack nor split:
 The laundry's had it now, and oh!
 The difference to it!

DEAR LIFE:

I observe you say: "No one is virtuous who has never been tempted."
 Huh! No one is tempted who has never been virtuous.

Charles F. Lummis.

A TARIFF is a sort of national hobble skirt.

BOARD
 ISTRY
 MEETS
 HERE



GETTING OUT THE VOTE



SCENES FROM UNHISTORIC BATTLEFIELDS
CARRYING OFF THE WOUNDED

A Cure in the Hills

(The Diary of a Neurasthenic)

BY KATE MASTERSON

BILLY has gone. I can hear the wheels of the stage that is taking him off to the train, and something has started throbbing in my head as though my brain were choking! If I could only cry!

Strange that I should wish to weep for Billy! He has gotten on my nerves so of late that I've hated even to see him. Everything he did, even such a simple thing as eating olives, irritated me to a point of screaming.

But when they suggested that I come up to this place to rest for a few weeks it never occurred to me that I was to be all alone. And then, he rather sneaked off, too, without bidding me goodby. I thought he had just stepped down to have this barred screen taken out of the windows.

It reminded me of a prison, and I requested that he have it removed at once. When he left I examined it and

the bars are real and stationary! Evidently the place is a regular sanitarium, though in the hall down stairs as you come in it looks like a big hotel, with a log fire burning on the hearth to welcome you.

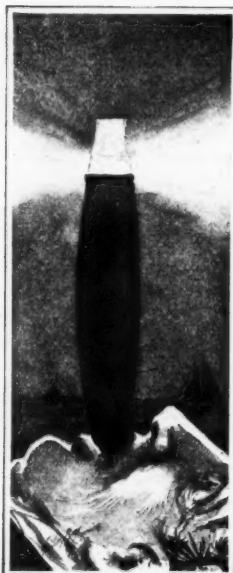
The maid who is all in white like a nurse came in and I asked her about the screens, laughing easily so she would know that I was a "harmless" case. But she didn't seem to notice much what I said. I don't like her manner. I suppose I ought to give her some money. Which reminds me that I haven't any money except a little silver in my purse. When it comes to being consistently, almost admirably stupid, Billy can't be beat!

Looking from my barred casement this morning I can see the great hills that last night were hidden in the dark-

(Continued on page 574)



Sparks From Old Anvils



Ode to Tobacco

BY CHARLES STUART CALVERLY

Thou, who, when fears attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest;
Sweet when the morn is gray,
Sweet when they've cleared
away
Lunch; and at close of day
Possibly sweetest:
I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told
Not to thy credit:
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless except to roast—
Doctors have said it.

How they who use fusses
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards;
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives),
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbours.
Jones (who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?

We're not as tabbies are.
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to thee, Bacon!

—“Fly Leaves.”

A Disputed Statement

In the madhouse of Toledo a madman cried out in a loud voice to some visitors shown around: “I am the angel Gabriel, who came with the tidings to our Lady,” and said, “Ave Maria,” etc. Another madman near him, upon this, exclaimed: “He is lying; I am the Father, and I sent him on no such errand.”—*From the Spanish.*

The Ephemera

An Emblem of Human Life

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we are told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their natural vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I had heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a cousin, the other a moscheto, in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I: you are certainly under a wise, just and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old gray-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements—her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

“It was,” said he, “the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably toward the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails of my toil and labor in amassing honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy? What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our

race in general? For, in politics, what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemera will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short. My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say, I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, and sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemera, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable Brillante.

B. Franklin.

The Bizzy Body

BY JOSH BILLINGS

I don't mean the industrious man, intent and constant in the way of duty, but he who, like a hen, tired ov setting, cums clucking oph from the nest in a grate hurry and full of sputter, az fat spilt on the fire; scratching a little here and suddenly a little there; chuck full ov small things; like a ritchee; up and down the streets, wagging around evry boddy like a lorst dorg; in and out like a long-tailed mouse; more questions tew ask than a prosekuting attorney; as fat with pertikulars az an inditement for hog stealing; as knowing az a tin weather-cock.

This breed ov folks do a small bizzness on a big capital, they alwus know all the sekrets within ten miles that aint worth keeping.

The Bizzy Body iz az full ov leisure az a yearling heifer, hiz time (nor noboddy else's) aint worth nothing to him; he will button hole an auctioneer on the block or a minister in the pulpit, and wouldn't hesitate tew stop a funeral to ask what the corpse died of. They are az familiar with evry boddy az a cockroach, but are no more use to you az a friend than a sucked orange.

Theze bizzy people are of awl genders—maskuline, feminine and nutter, and sumtimes are old maids, and then are az necessary in a community as dried herbs in the garret.

The bizzybody iz generally az free from malice az a fly; he lights on you only for a roost, but iz always az unprofitable to know, or to have enything to do with, az a jewelry peddler.

There are sum ov the bizzy folks who are like the hornets—never bizzy, only with their stings. Theze are vipers and are to be feared, not trifled with; but my bizzybody has no gaul in his liver; his whole karackter iz his face, and he iz as eazy to inventory az the baggage of a traveling colporter.

They are a cheerful, moderately virtuous, extremely patient, modestly imprudent, ginger-pop set of vagrants who have got more legs than brains and whose really greatest sin iz not their waste ov facultys, but waste ov time. But time to one ov theze fellows flies as unconscious az it duz tew a tin watch in a toy shop window.

There iz no radikal cure for the bizzybody, no more than there iz for the fleas in a long-haired dogg—if you git rid ov the fleas yu hav got the dogg left, and so, where are you?

But after all i don't want tew git shut ov the bizzy people; they are a noosance for a small amount; but sumboddy haz got to be a noosance, and being aktive about nothing and energetically lazy iz no doubt a virtuous dodge, but iz to percent better than counterfitting, or even the grand larceny bizzness. There iz one thing about them, they are seldom deceitful, they trade on a floating capital and only deal in second-hand articles; they haint got the talent to invent, they seldum lie; bekauze their bizzness don't re-

quire it; there iz stale truth enuff lieing around loose for their purpose.

Don't trust them only with what you want to have scattered, and they will find a ready market for everything that a prudent man would hesitate tew offer, and they always supoze they are learned, for they mistake rumors, skandals and gossip for wisdom.

It iz a sad sight to see a whole life being swooped off for the glory of telling what good people don't love to hear and what viscious ones only value for the malice it contains. I should rather be the keeper ov a rat pit or ketch kats for a shilling a head to feed an anaconda with.

Cicero on Wit

“There are witty sayings also which carry a concealed suspicion of ridicule, of which sort is that of the Sicilian, who, when a friend of his made lamentation to him saying, that his wife had hanged herself upon a fig-tree, said, I beseech you give me some shoots of that tree that I may plant them. Of the same sort is what Catullus said to a certain bad orator who, when he imagined that he had excited compassion at the close of a speech, asked our friend here, after he had sat down, whether he appeared to have raised pity in the audience. ‘Very great pity,’ replied Crassus, ‘for I believe that there is no one here so hard-hearted but that your speech seemed pitiable to him.’”

—Cicero's Oratory.

A Syrian Anecdote

(BY ABU'L-FARAJ GREGORIOUS)

When a certain man came to a physician to inquire of him concerning an attack of colic which had come upon him, the physician said to him: “Eat a few thorns.” And the man brought out ink and paper to write upon, and said to the physician: “Repeat, pray, what dost thou advise?” And the physician said unto him: “Eat a few thorns, together with a bushel of barley.” And the man said: “Thou saidst nothing at all about barley at first.” And the mediciner replied to him: “No, I did not, for I did not know until this moment that thou wert an ass.”—*Bar Hebraeus.*

Outvoted

It proceeds rather from revenge than malice when we hear a man affirm that all the world are knaves. For before a man draws this conclusion of the world, the world has usually anticipated him and concluded all this of him who makes the observation. Such men may be compared to Brothers the prophet, who, on being asked by a friend how he came to be clapped up into Bedlam, replied: “I and the world happened to have a slight difference of opinion; the world said I was mad and I said the world was mad; I was outvoted and here I am.”—*The Lacon.*

Sayings from the Talmud

The liar is punished when he tells the truth, for then nobody believes him.

A small coin in a large jar makes much noise.

The cat and the rat are friends over a carcass.

Truth is burdensome; few have inclination to carry it.

Keep away from well-meaning fools.

It is better to be a lion's tail than a fox's head.

Definitions from the Persian

Poverty—The consequence of marriage.

Hunger—Something which falls to the lot of those out of employment.

Soporific—Reading the verses of a dull poet.

Druggist—One who wishes everybody to be ill.

Learned Man—One who does not know how to earn his livelihood.

Miser's Eye—A vessel which is never full.

Pedigree of Fools

They say Lost Time married Ignorance and had a son called I Thought, who married Youth, and had the following children: I Didn't Know, I Didn't Think, Who Would Have Expected.

Who Would Have Expected married Heedlessness, and had for children It's All Right, To-Morrow Will Do, There's Plenty of Time, Next Opportunity.

There's Plenty of Time married Donna I Didn't Think, and had for family I Forgot, I Know All About It, Nobody Can Deceive Me.

I Know All About It espoused Vanity, and begat Pleasure, who, marrying That's Not Likely, became father to Let Us Enjoy Ourselves and Bad Luck.

Bad Luck took to wife Little Sense, and had a very large family, among whom were: This Will Do, What Business Is It Of Theirs, It Seems To Me, It's Not Possible.

Pleasure was widowed, and marrying again, espoused Folly. Consuming their inheritance, they said one to the other: "Have Patience, let us spend our capital and enjoy ourselves this year, for God will provide for the next." But deception took them to prison and poverty to the workhouse, where they died.

Strange obsequies were performed at their funeral, at which were present the five Senses, Intellect, Memory and Will, although in a pitiful condition. Repentance, who came somewhat late, found no seat and had to stand the whole time, while Consolation and Contentment were represented by Desolation and Melancholy, daughters of Memory.

Despair, grandchild of the deceased, went about begging for several days, in which he could only collect six maravedies, with which he bought a rope and hanged himself from a turret, which is the end of the family of Fools. —*From the Spanish.*

The Pleasure of Fishes

(A Chinese Anecdote Satirizing Certain Well-Known Philosophers)

Chwang Tze and a friend had strolled on to a bridge over the Hao, when the former observed: "Look how the minnows are darting about! That is the pleasure of fishes."

"Not being a fish yourself," objected the friend, "how can you possibly know in what the pleasure of fishes consists?"

"And you not being I," retorted Chwang Tze, "how can you know that I do not know?"

To which the friend replied: "If I, not being you, cannot know what you know, it follows that you, not being a fish, cannot know in what the pleasure of fishes consists."

"Let us go back," rejoined Chwang Tze, "to your original question. You ask me how I know in what the pleasure of fishes consists. Well, I know that I am enjoying myself over the Hao, and from this I infer that the fishes are enjoying themselves in it." —*Autumn Floods.*

Too Diminutive

When Sir Henry Bulwer was sent to represent the English Government at Constantinople, Count D'Orsay said, in allusion to his insignificant appearance, that they might as well have sent one whitebait down the Dardanelles to give the Turks an idea of English fish.

Five Lives

Five mites of monads dwelt in a round drop
That twinkled on a leaf by a pool in the sun.
To the naked eye they lived invisible;
Specks, for a world of whom the empty shell
Of a mustard-seed had been a hollow sky.

One was a meditative monad, called a sage;
And, shrinking all his mind within, he thought:
"Tradition, handed down for hours and hours,
Tells that our globe, this quivering crystal world,
Is slowly dying. What if seconds hence
When I am very old, yon shimmering doom
Comes drawing down and down, till all things end?"
Then with a wizen smirk he proudly felt
No other mote of God had ever gained
Such giant grasp of universal truth.

One was a transcendental monad; thin
And long and slim of mind; and thus he mused:
"Oh, vast, unfathomable monad-souls!
Made in the image"—a hoarse frog croaks from the pool,
"Hark! 'twas some god, voicing his glorious thought
In thunder music. Yea, we hear their voice,
And we may guess their minds from ours, their work.
Some taste they have like ours, some tendency
To wriggle about and munch a trace of scum."
He floated upon a pin-point bubble of gas
That burst, pricked by the air, and he was gone.

One was a barren-minded monad, called
A positivist; and he knew positively
"There was no world beyond this certain drop.
Prove me another! Let the dreamers dream
Of their faint gleams, and noises from without
And higher and lower; life is life enough."
Then swaggering half a hair's breadth hungrily,
He seized upon an atom of bug and fed.

One was a tattered monad, called a poet;
And with a shrill voice ecstatic this he sang:
"Oh, little female monad's lips!
Oh, little female monad's eyes!
Ah, the little, little, female, female monad!"
The last was a strong-minded monadess,
Who dashed amid the infusoria,
Danced high and low and wildly spun and dove,
Till the dizzy others held their breath to see.

But while they led their wondrous little lives,
Æonian moments had gone wheeling by,
The burning drop had shrunk with fearful speed
A glistening film—'twas gone; the leaf was dry.
A little ghost of an inaudible squeak
Was lost to the frog that goggled from his stone;
Who at the huge, slow tread of a thoughtful ox
Coming to drink, stirred sideways fatly, plunged,
Launched backward twice, and all the pool was still.
—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

Sayings of Confucius

(From the Analects)

An accomplished scholar is not a cooking-pot.

When good order prevailed in his country, Ning Wu acted the part of a wise man; when his country was in disorder, he acted the part of a fool. Others may equal his wisdom, but they cannot equal his folly.

There are two classes that never change: the supremely wise and the profoundly stupid.

If a man is disliked at forty, he always will be.

When driving with a woman hold the reins in one hand and keep the other behind your back.

(Continued on page 588)



HOWARD E. COFFIN'S Masterpiece Is The New HUDSON "33"

Howard E. Coffin built the four-cylinder Oldsmobile, the Thomas-Detroit 40, the Chalmers-Detroit 40, the Chalmers-Detroit 30. He is President of the Society of Automobile Engineers, Chairman of the Technical Committee of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers and Chairman of the Rules Committee of the Manufacturers' Contest Association. His masterpiece is the HUDSON "33."

HOWARD E. COFFIN designed the HUDSON "33."

He is in constant personal charge of its manufacture.

That fact guarantees to those who know that this new car is to-day's greatest achievement in automobile designing. It represents the only great step in advance made in this industry this year.

Because of that fact, dealers placed orders for ten thousand of his cars—one year's production—before the first car went out.

Never before was such a tribute paid to any master of this craft.

No other name means so much in the development of the automobile. His motor designs are today used by a dozen leading manufacturers. Transmissions and axles of his design are in daily use upon thousands of well-known cars of forty different makes.

The chief designers of eight well-known and successful American cars received their early instruction from Mr. Coffin.

Cars Better and Better—Costs Lower and Lower

Each of Howard E. Coffin's cars has been a leader of its time.

Each has increased the standard of automobile construction, and each has set a new low price record for cars of quality. Each has been an advance step in reducing the cost of automobile upkeep.

The Oldsmobile sold at \$2,750.

The Chalmers-Detroit 30 was the first really successful car of value ever produced at its price—\$1,500.



Howard E. Coffin, the "Master Motor Car Builder."

The HUDSON "33," his greatest car, sells at \$1,250.

Each car has marked a distinct advancement toward simplicity.

There are approximately 900 fewer parts in the HUDSON "33" chassis than in the average automobile selling under \$2,000.

Fewer parts to make, fewer parts to assemble, fewer parts to wear and get out of adjustment, make it possible to build a better car and sell it at a lower price. It means, also, that it will cost less per mile to run the HUDSON "33" than it costs to operate more complicated cars.

What Racing Cars Taught

Howard E. Coffin designed some of the most famous speed cars America has produced. His sole purpose was to locate weakness that three years' ordinary use would never indicate.

That is how he discovered the damaging effects of dust, and why he has made the HUDSON "33" a dust-proof car.

He has placed ten bolts in the front wheels and has made each spoke a full round section. He has a device that prevents a spring breakage. He built a stronger, yet lighter, frame, and has eliminated all body squeaks.

Every adjustment possible has been made automatic.

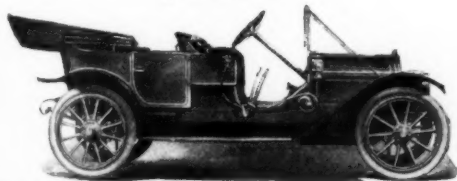
Look at the wonderful simplicity of the chassis. Notice how quiet the motor is. Examine the superior quality of finish in every detail. Compare its long, low, graceful lines with those of any car on the market.

Write for the book about the HUDSON "33" which Howard E. Coffin has written.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Licensed under Selden Patent 2904 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

\$1250



Hudson Touring Car

114-inch wheel base, extra large steering wheel, 34-inch wheels with Quick Detachable Rims, 33 horse-power. The five-passenger body of aluminoid sheet metal throughout. The foot boards of solid cast aluminum. Special attention has been given in this model to riding comfort. The rear seat is wide, tilts backward, is deep and low to the floor. The car is equipped with dust guard over the springs and spring anchors.

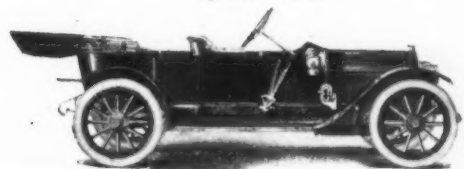
Pony Tonneau,

\$1300

Roadster,

\$1000

\$1350



Hudson Torpedo

114-inch wheel base, extra large steering wheel, 34-inch wheels with Quick Detachable Rims, 33 horse-power. Gear shift and hand brake lever in same position as upon other models, thus preventing the cramping of the knee and elbow room. Body of aluminoid sheet metal throughout, with double flush side doors in rear and single fore door on the left. The foot boards of solid cast aluminum. Note the long, graceful lines.

STEINWAY VERTEGRAND

To possess a Steinway is to have a piano that stands *first*, not only from the point of tone and workmanship, but also as



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regards the reputation of the makers—a reputation won by strict adherence to the highest art standard.

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Catalogue with prices and illustrations mailed on request.

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

A Cure in the Hills

(Continued from page 569)

ness. It is very early and still, suggesting somehow that I may be in a dream or have passed the borderland of existence. I am oppressed by a sense of height and space which seem to roll off into the clouds and beyond other hills, verdant, dawn-touched and beautiful, dividing me from the only life I have ever known—the rush and the roar of great cities.

I realize with immense surprise that some longing of which I was unaware until now is satisfied at last, some caged desire is let loose. It is superb to be able to think these lovely thoughts without Billy's cigarette smoke obtruding the earthiness of everything on one.

I didn't quite know how much I wanted to get away from Billy! I am breathing free again for the first time in ages! When I go home I shall live my own life! And I shall stop trying to make Billy understand that a man can only comprehend faintly how much a woman's spiritual life means to her.

There are a lot of people here—more or less healthy looking, but with that tired or else tense look about the lips which tells of tight nerves. We are all troubled in the same way and take the same treatment.

Every morning before breakfast we have a ride over the hills. The horses wouldn't shy at an airship. Mine is a sober, slow-footed gray, with a back so broad and flat it suggests a wild, tumultuous past in a circus. Her name is Agnes! Isn't that too terribly funny? I wonder if she, too, has been sent up here to quiet down? If so, it's a sure cure. The big red setter runs, barking madly at her legs as she jogs along, tempting her to break into a run. But she is as safe as a rocking-horse.

How astonished Billy would be if he knew that I've already met a man here whom I wouldn't mind having for a slave! He's a pale, blue-jowled chap, and, of course, he says that there is nothing really the matter with him. We all say that!

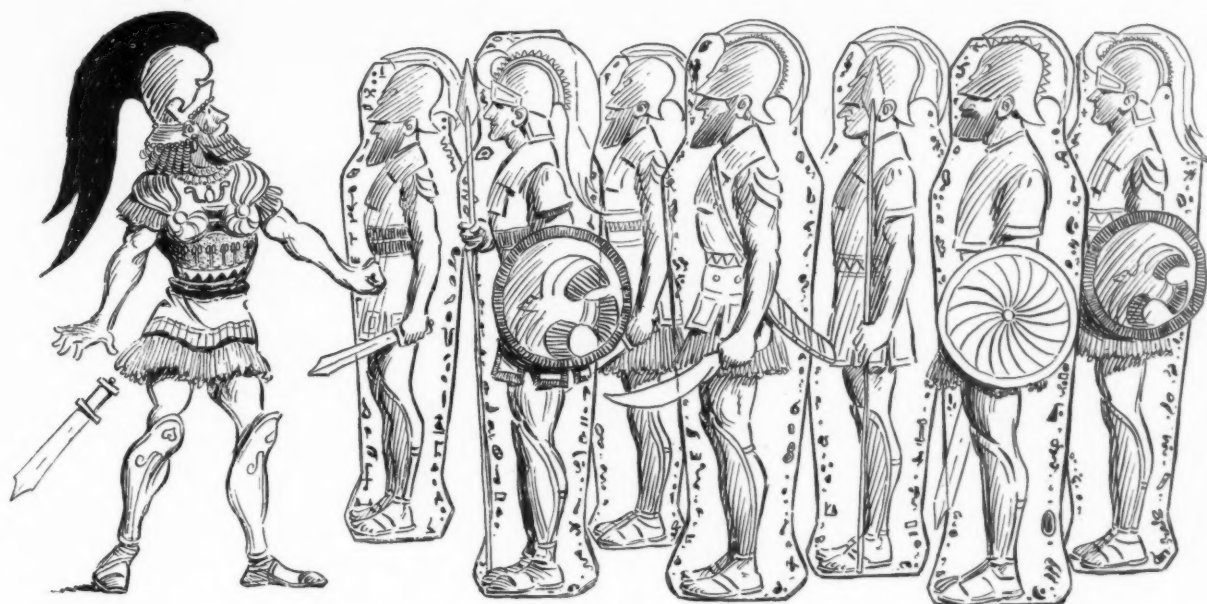
His name is Wardlough. He took me for a walk in the woods yesterday and showed me a lot of strange plants and things I hadn't known about. He's not at all like Billy. I shouldn't exactly call him unintelligent, but he's a bit slow, as though he weren't used to our sort. But fancy! His idea of a gay, glad time is to get up at dawn and tramp over the grass without shoes or stockings.

I am going to try it with him to-morrow. I wonder if Billy would like it? I haven't had a line from him but a telegram in a secret cipher code that we used to use when we were engaged. It said: "Expatriate—Sacriligious Corrugated—Maraschino." The operator looked so odd when he gave it to me, watching me queerly while I read it. He seemed relieved when I sent the reply: "Wire me some money at once."

Wardlough and I have been a-Kneipping! It was a thoroughly charming experience. The woods were like fairyland—fragrant with that wonderful freshness of morning. I had never been up so early. There seemed to be something alive and moving in the clear stillness as we went along, and we actually stopped to listen. It was just the old earth breaking into its annual love affair! Wardlough said *that*.

We found wood anemone—a lovely flower that the wind carries off, just as Lochinvar did the girl. Again—see Wardlough. And we gathered a lot of wild flowers and berries. It was frightfully sylvan, and when it came

(Continued on page 578)



XERXES, King of the Persians, wept when he looked over his army of a million soldiers and thought that in a hundred years not one of them would be alive. Xerxes gathered the largest army the world had ever known to subjugate the Greeks, but after his ships had been destroyed at Salamis it beat a demoralized retreat. He depended upon mere numbers. His badly organized, ill-fed and ill-shod troops were little better than a mob. Success in war as in industry depends upon close attention to commonplace details.

A general cannot win victories unless someone looks after the discipline and physical condition of his men. There is sense as well as humor in the remark attributed by Kipling to Mulvaney: "*Remember, me son, a soldier on the march is no better than his feet.*"

The perfect shoe to-day is made by the **GOODYEAR WELT SYSTEM** of shoe machinery. It is the fruit of the American genius for invention and organized efficiency. Shoe manufacturers lease their machines on the royalty basis, which, through the payment of a trifling sum on each shoe made, saves them from the necessity of tying up their capital in their plant and leaves them free to devote all their time and thought to improving the quality of their shoes and making them economically. The United Shoe Machinery Company builds the machines, looks after them and keeps them in tip-top condition all the time.

The **GOODYEAR** System duplicates on machines the process of sewing shoes by hand. It consists of a series of more than fifty costly and intricate machines, through which every shoe must pass in making.

The best quality of **GOODYEAR WELT** shoe is as comfortable, durable and stylish as the most expensive shoes sewed by hand. Through the general use of the royalty system, good shoes have been brought within reach of the people and those of modest means can now enjoy a comfort which only a little while ago belonged exclusively to wealth and fashion.

Ask the shoe-salesman if the shoes he offers you are **GOODYEAR WELTS**—and remember that no matter where they are sold, or under what name, every really good Welt shoe for man, woman or child is a

GOODYEAR WELT

The United Shoe Machinery Co., Boston, Mass., has prepared an alphabetical list of all Goodyear Welt shoes sold under a special name or trade-mark. It will be mailed on request, without charge, and with it a book that describes the "Goodyear Welt" process in detail and pictures the marvelous machines employed.



Hobble, Hobble

Hobble, hobble, little maid!
Wonder you are not afraid,
Up around the hips so generous,
Down around the knees so slenderous—
Hobble, hobble, little maid,
Wonder you are not afraid.

Hobble, hobble, little one!
Wonder how your hobbling's done.
If a little breeze should blow,
You would topple over—so!
There, don't cry, no harm is done—
Hobble, hobble, little one.

—New York Times.

Principle Parts

Tommy was called upon in the Latin class to give the principal parts of the verb "delay." With a blank look upon his face he nudged his companion and said, "Say, what is it?" His school-mate replied, "Darn if I know!" Tommy's eyes brightened, and with a relieved expression on his face he thundered out, "Darn-if-I-know, darn-if-I-nare, darn-if-I-navi, darn-if-I-natum."
—Success.



SHE HAS HER MAMMA'S COMPLEXION

A Retired Star

A negress, very fat and well along in years, sauntered into the lobby of a Broadway theatre the other day and asked for the manager.

"What can I do for you, mammy?" asked the manager.

"I want a ticket into the gallery, boss," she replied calmly.

"But why should I give you a ticket?" "Cos I'm a retired actress."

"You? What did you do?" inquired the other in amusement.

"I played in 'Antony and Cleopatra.' I was fan-bearer for Miss Fanny Davenport."

She got her ticket.

—Detroit Saturday Night.

Love is blind, but marriage is a good oculist.

A widow and her weeds are soon parted.—Tribune.

A member of the faculty of a New England university tells of a freshman who was asked by one of the professors whether he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid.

"Well, sir," responded the freshman, "'proved' is a strong word. But I will say that I have rendered it highly probable."—Harper's Magazine.

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Then cut out the illustrations below and put them on your dresser where you can see them when you do this:



Put the outer fold under head of button.



Press button out with finger, bring notch end over and notch it on.



Then raise outer fold, bend long end of band inward and shove it under.



And you get this

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Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers, N. Y.

A Cure in the Hills

(Continued from page 574)

to taking off our shoes and stockings—well, it did seem a little odd.

But Wardlough is such an impossible sort of a man! Not a bit like Billy! He's finely poised and spiritual. He sat on a log and took off his canvas shoes and stockings as though it were the most natural thing to do while out with a lady. And he let me take off my own! I couldn't help noticing that he has perfectly tremendous feet!

It is the sweetest sort of a sensation to feel the grassy, springy earth against one's toes! It tickles so you want to laugh and dance and whistle. It is intoxicating. You simply don't care.

I felt rather afraid of myself and wished Billy were there—but only for a minute. Dear old brokerish Billy wasn't in this picture. It was the uplift of Wardlough's presence that constituted the enchantment.

Just then I stepped on a frog. It isn't as bad as you'd imagine. It feels more like a ridgy new golf ball than anything else—not at all squashy, as you'd think. But suddenly I remembered the awful things I had heard about touching frogs, and I gave a little shriek, shut my eyes tight and asked Wardlough if he had a handkerchief. He said he HADN'T!

We go out every morning and do the little barefoot sketch. And we ride before luncheon—just we two. Wardlough follows me round like a Pom. He's unhappy if I'm out of his sight for a minute. I can't make him out! I'm sure he's not quite all there, you understand? You simply can't get him to flirt.

Funny I don't hear from Billy. He never sent any money! They dole me out a dollar or so at a time and put it on the bill. It's the rule, it seems, that "guests" are not to have much money. They can have everything but that.

But to think of Billy—not writing! Although he expresses a box of flowers every Saturday. Well—just wait till I get home! Of course, we shall always be friends—Billy and I.

We waded through a brook to-day. Wardlough found a bird's nest that had tumbled from the bough. We put it back in a safe notch. Then we made wreaths of wild vines and wore them, and called each other Parthenia and Ingomar. It was great fun—only different! Then we read Keats and Omar under the trees. I wrote all this to Billy, making it seem quite thick.

Positively it makes me sad to think that W. may be in earnest. He's one of those serious natures, repressed—Oh, horribly so—and, of course, it might permanently unsettle his mind.

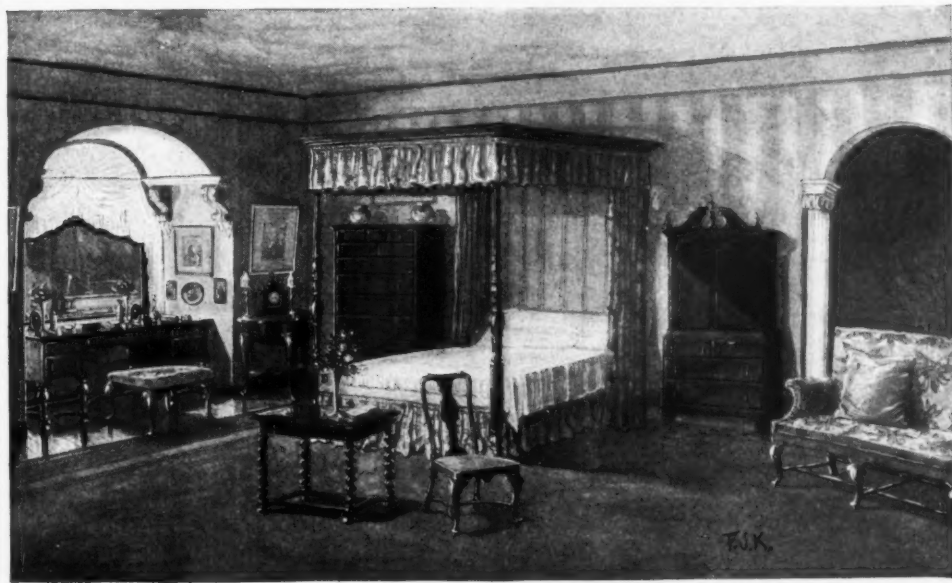
If he only would speak out I would tell him that I am not one of the flirty kind, but enjoy a platonic friendship like ours. I tried to make him say something last night. It stormed and rained outside and the wind just sang against the windows. The Moonlight Brigade, as we call those who sleep outdoors on the veranda, were marooned. Wardlough and I sat by a fire in the billiard room and, first thing I knew, I was telling him about Billy—what a perfectly dear boy he was; a power in Wall Street, and all that, but no sentiment—no soul!

"Fancy his leaving me alone here all these days!" I pouted; "if it hadn't been for you I'd have died."

"They don't encourage week-end visits here," he answered with that slow smile of his.

"But you know what I mean." I went on, very much up-stage—just to lead him on a bit. "To keep a perfect

(Continued on page 581)



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The Music Was Fatal

A New York politician once found it necessary to attend an entertainment at an orphans' home and he was having a bad time of it. The selection by the boys' band was particularly distressing. Turning to a friend the politician said with a shudder, "No wonder they are orphans."—*Success*.

COUNTRY VICAR (visiting a family where a child has scarlet fever): I suppose you keep him well isolated?

"Lor' bless you, sir, yes. He keeps behind that clothes-horse, and don't come among us but for meals."—*Punch*.

Boy Wanted

A certain business man of Rochester is of opinion that he has an exceedingly bright office boy, and nothing pleases him better than to tell how he acquired the youngster's services.

A notice had been posted in the man's shop window which read as follows:

"Boy wanted about 14 years."

A lad of that age, with little that was prepossessing in his appearance, came into the office and stated that he had read the notice.

"So you think you would like to have the position?" asked the merchant, patronizingly, as he gazed at the lad over the rim of his spectacles.

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "I want the job, but I don't know that I can promise to keep it for the full fourteen years."—*Lippincott's*.

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

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

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Preparing to Lock His Best

RASTUS: For the love of heben, Sambo, what fer you got you-all's pants turned wrong side beforemos'?

SAMBO: Sh! Don't talk so loud. You see I's invited to a swell reception to-night and I's gettin' de bulge out'n de knees.—*Success*.

A Quaker Girl's "Yes"

A young Quaker had been for some time casting diffident glances at a maiden of the same persuasion, while she, true to the tenets of her up-bringing, had given him mighty little encouragement. However, one day the opportunity of placing the matter upon a more stable footing presented itself to Seth, and he shyly inquired: "Martha, dost thou love me?"

"Why, Seth, we are commanded to love one another," quoth the maiden.

"Ah, Martha, but dost thou feel what the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought that thou wast getting more than thy share."

—*Detroit Saturday Times*.

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

All Rooseveltized

After looking over the telephone book at the Grand Central booths for about five minutes yesterday a woman, who had stepped in from the street and was evidently a stranger in town, shook her head, gave a sigh, and went over to one of the colored attendants.

"I can't find it in the book," she said; "you know—the big building on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. I want to get its telephone number. It's called the Charities Building or the General Charities Building; something like that, isn't it?"

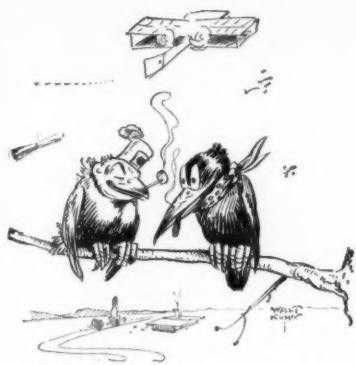
"Oh, no, mum," answered the attendant pityingly; "de name ob dat is de Outlook Building."—*New York Times*.



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Hungry Dick: IF THESE AEROPLANE BIRDS ARE FED ACCORDING TO THEIR SIZE, I WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN THEY BRING ON THE BIRD SEED!

A Cure in the Hills

(Continued from page 578)

love, a man must always be to a woman like a plumed knight on horseback, with a rose on his shield and a song in his heart!"

I thought this was rather good! Quite in the Wardlough manner. I saw it in a magazine somewhere. He looked at me in a surprised way and paused a moment to let it sink in.

"And Billy is just a plain man, is that it?" he asked, still with that vacant smile. I was awfully rattled. "Not exactly plain," I replied, somewhat stiffly. "He's a Son of the Revolution."

He lit a cigar. For a sick man he smokes awfully. It made me home-



The Cigarette you can smoke all day without a trace of "nerves"—

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☞ Compare the ANGELUS and its competitors by personal investigation. Let your artistic sense determine your choice.

☞ It is these devices—found on no other player-piano—that place the ANGELUS far beyond any instrument in artistic worth:

THE MELODANT which brings out the melody or theme of the composition strong and clear while subduing the accompaniment. Such ability constitutes one of the greatest charms of manual playing. It distinguishes the real artist.

THE MELODY BUTTONS give absolute control over tonal volume so that none of the beauty or artistic effect of a composition is lost. They also put the accentuation of the melody under the personal control of the performer.

THE PHRASING LEVER gives absolute mastery over tempo. It has been aptly termed the "Heart of the Angelus," for it enables the performer to reflect his whole personality in everything played.

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☞ The ANGELUS—and the ANGELUS alone permits anyone to play the piano with artistic personal expression.

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Meriden, Conn.
Regent House, Regent Street, London

sick for a whiff of one of Billy's gold toppers. I mentioned it to Wardlough, but in that same preoccupied up-in-the-air way he called a boy and sent a telegram, never apologizing or anything.

The man's mind is weakening day by day. Any one can see it!

Billy is here!

We are all packed to go home. In the most surprising way in the world he walked into my room this morning

like a ghost—white and old-looking, and took me in his arms, trembling, and something snapped in my brain and we both cried and cried and cried. There's no one in the world like my Billy!

"Tell me, Billy," I sobbed, "why did you leave me alone all this time?" And I sniffed at him severely as I could.

"I couldn't come until Dr. Ward-

(Continued on page 582)

**Strengthens
the Over-
worked**



**Insures a
Rapid Re-
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Yourself Over**

Perfect happiness is always perfect health.
Build up those wasted tissues—infuse new life
into your blood—reconstruct worn out nerve cells
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**Re-
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**Al-
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Nervous
Irritability**

A Cure in the Hills
(Continued from page 581)

lough said I might," blundered Billy, "and he wouldn't allow me to write!"

I looked at him sideways under my eyelashes. Was this a joke? "Amusing chap, Wardlough," I said easily, tapping my forehead significantly with a forefinger. "Likes to play in the grass and make mud pies. What's his specialty?"

"Fixed ideas," said Billy. Then he bit his lip and gasped: "Is it possible he didn't tell you? Don't you know who he is?"

I felt little shivers dancing up and down my spine. But I was on guard. If Billy is even the *least* bit jealous he has the foxiest way of finding out all he wants to know.

So I laughed, searching his eyes meanwhile. "Perhaps I do," I gur-

gled; "maybe I don't! What's his kennel name, tell me?"

"He's the greatest mind-specialist in Berlin," explained Billy seriously. "He came over just for your case, and though he charged us a thousand pounds and his expenses, it was a wonderful thing to get him to leave his patients even for that time. He sailed for home this morning."

I never winked a lash. I tried to yawn, but I felt my neck begin to burn, and before it had time to work up I just burrowed in Billy's purple tie.

Kate Masterson.

New Wrinkles

An Irishman desired to become naturalized, and after the papers were signed the judge turned to him. "Now, Dennis," he said, "you can vote."

"Will this ceremony," inquired the new citizen, "hilp me t' do ut anny better than Oi have been votin' for th' lasht tin years?"—*Success.*

Taken at His Word

"Since you are so busy to-day," said the urbane journalist, "will you kindly tell me when and where I can meet you for an interview?"

"Go to blazes!" exclaimed the irate politician.

"Thanks. I'll consider it an appointment."—*Washington Star.*

TRAIN PASSENGER (*to porter who is wielding whisk*): Much dust on me, porter?

PORTER: 'Eout fifty-cents' wuth, sir.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Milo

The
**Egyptian
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**AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY**

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At your club or dealer's
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.

Ahead of the Game

(Recent automobile advertisement:
"The 1911 Cars are Here.")

Of course we get the magazines
Two weeks before they're due;
That evening papers reach us ere
The morning's half way through.

But hitherto, for other things
We've always had to wait;
Now time is out of joint—at least
The date is out-of-date.

The case is plain enough. The hat
Of 1910 won't do,
When on my foot I place with pride
A 1913 shoe.

My good old watch of 1909
Is hopelessly outclassed
By this new fob of 1912—
It's in to-day, at last.

My 1911 putter's done—
I've had it several weeks,
I just can't put it in the bag
With 1914 cleeks.

My horse, good luck, is three years
old—
Of course I cannot ride
Along with friends whose mounts all
have
The 1915 stride.

My fountain pen of 1910
Itself no more refills;
I've just—good-by, here comes a batch
Of 1920 bills.

A. C. Palmer.

A Perfect Harmony of Artistic Detail

One master-body-builder constructs the entire body of a Rauch & Lang car. One master-artisan does all the interior finishing. One master-painter does the painting.

Three men perfect each Rauch & Lang body.

And it takes three months—this thorough way of ours—to finish a body complete, ready for the chassis.

But every door and window fits to a nicety, the broadcloth and trimming are placed perfectly, the ceiling is done beautifully, the upholstery is comfortable and

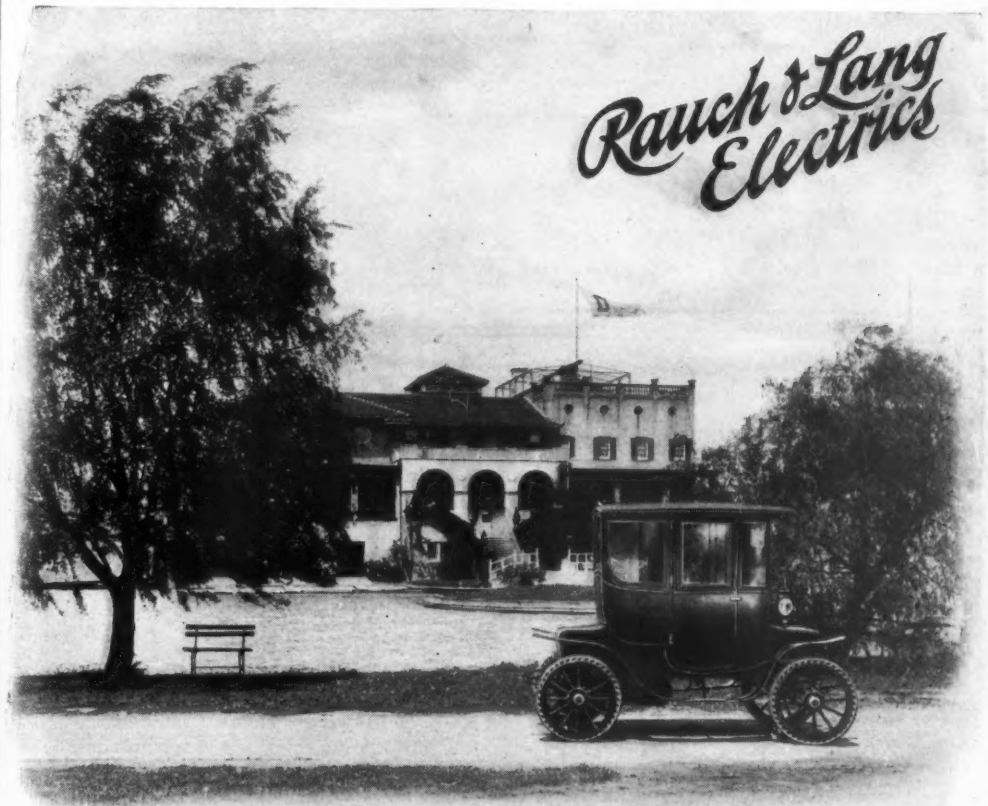
the exterior finish is equal to that of the finest pianos made.

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Absolutely efficient, serviceable and quietly stylish.

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has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Taragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world renowned product is nowadays known as



Liqueur Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

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

After Newport—What?

In our sympathies for overworked humanity we have entirely overlooked the Newport victims. Why allow class feeling to interfere with brotherly love? Isn't a faint a faint whether it happens over the sewing machine or the lobster salad?

The result of one week's activities is summarized in the following bulletin:

Fainted: Mrs. French-Vanderbilt, Mrs.

William E. Carter, Mrs. Reynolds Hitt, Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt.

Ill: Mrs. Pembroke Jones, Mrs. Leonard N. Thomas, Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Mr. William E. Carter.

Recovering: Mrs. Craig Biddle.

It is regretted that despite the physical suffering brought on by such primitive amusements as barefoot dancing and midnight baths, our sociologists and humanitarians have not as yet been disturbed to the point of planning a sanitarium for the victims of Newport.

—Success.



**Grosvenor's
FIRFELT AUTO BOOT**
for cold weather motoring

gives the utmost comfort on the coldest motor trips. It fits over the ordinary shoe and has a sole of leather which makes it possible for wear on the street or from the house, hotel or store to the automobile. It is made of the heaviest Scotch mixed Firfelt Felt in four beautiful shades—black, dark green, purple and buff, and is trimmed with Firfelt trimming. It protects the leg almost to the knee. The men's style can be worn either over or under the trousers. Made in two styles, with satin lining and elastic braid fasteners for women, which make it adjustable to any size, and with strap fasteners and Firfelt Felt lining for men. It is handsomely finished throughout.

Ask your dealer, or sent prepaid upon receipt of \$10. State size and width of street shoe and color desired. Representative dealers wanted everywhere. Send for Grosvenor's Firfelt Auto Boot Style Book.

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"MARRY MY DAUGHTER? WHY, SHE'S A MERE CHILD!"
"YES, I KNOW; BUT I THOUGHT I'D COME EARLY AND AVOID
THE RUSH."

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RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON-WASHINGTON-OTTAWA.
 PRINCE D. MAVITCHOFFKACHEWVENDSKY
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 "Though yumaswitchoffandneversensky
 The 'Rad-Bridge' score pad,
 I'll have it, by gad,
 If fast cent kangraboffspensky."
SILK VELOUR PLAYING CARDS
 Latest, same quality, size, colors and price as our famous hem-
 matted linen card, only difference design of back. "It's a beauty."
 Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) secures our handsome sample wallet
 of Bridge Whist accessories with new illustrated catalog.
 Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

The Optimist

Let others ply the scurril dart,
 To every virtue blind,
 Mine is the nobler, gentler part
 To glorify mankind.
 Unstirred by spite, unmoved by qualms,
 I live laborious days
 In laddling out my precious balms
 Of superfatted praise.

In strident tones I love to greet
 Each multi-millionaire;
 I see kind hearts in Curzon Street,
 Pure souls in Belgrave Square.
 The simple homes of new-made lords
 With ecstasy I paint,
 And every actress on the boards
 I welcome as a saint.

I cheer the rare secluded soul
 With gross unwelcome lauds;
 With equal fervor I extol
 The worthies and the frauds.
 And no self-advertising ass
 Who deals in brag and bluff
 Is too preposterously crass
 To miss my weekly puff.

'Tis so with letters as with life:
 Good authors may go free
 Of Bludyer's lacerating knife;
 They cannot 'scape from me.
 But whether they be great or small,
 Or superman or sub.,
 I lavish butter on them all
 From my exhaustless tub.

Nor is it solely on the quick
 That I my praises shed,
 In liberal measure, slab and thick,
 I heap them on the dead;

W. L. DOUGLAS

HAND-SEWED SHOES
 PROCESS

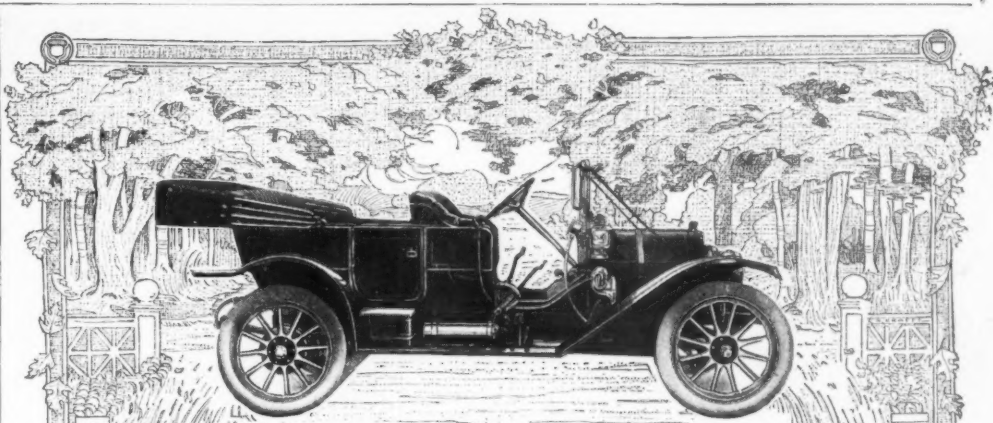
MEN'S \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 & \$5.00
 WOMEN'S \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00
 BOYS' \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00

THE STANDARD
 FOR 30 YEARS

They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom—value guaranteed.



Fast Color Eyelets.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE! If your dealer cannot supply you, write for Mail Order Catalog.
 W.L. DOUGLAS, 155 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



The Superb Haynes

Don't choose a Haynes merely because it is the only car of established reputation selling at a moderate price. Choose it—as a thousand others did last year—because it is undeniably the best value, quality considered, at anywhere near its price.

The Haynes you knew last year—the famous Model 19—has an even greater car for a successor.

Model 20 for 1911 has a 114-inch wheel base—with heavier wheels. The body is longer, wider, roomier and more comfortable.

It has 35-40 horsepower.

The equipment is not only absolutely complete but of the highest grade obtainable. For example, we supply the famous Warner Auto-Meter with every car. Money can buy no better. (Only a speed indicator of this quality is entitled to be put on a car of Haynes quality.)

Complete equipment includes top, dusthood, dual Bosch ignition system, glass front, Type B Prest-O-Lite tank, full set of lamps, robe and foot rail—everything either needed or wanted on a car.

The Haynes name and reputation is your best possible safeguard in purchasing a car.

Literature gladly sent on request.

Haynes Automobile Company

Kokomo

218 Main Street

Indiana

Licensed under Selden Patent

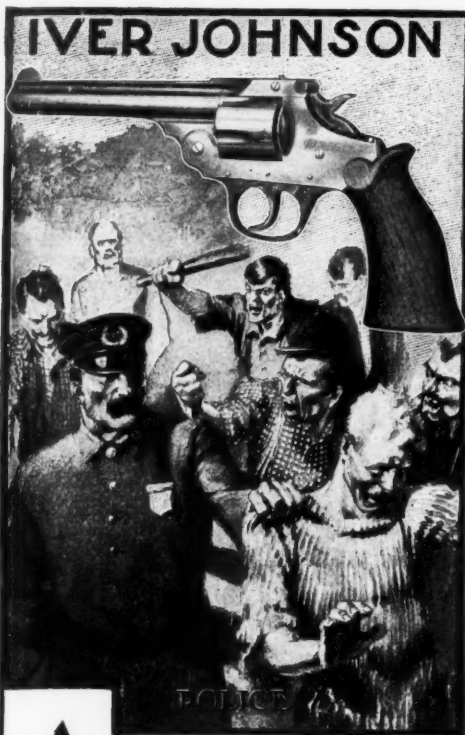
Till heroes of the spacious days
 Of great Eliza's reign
 Assume the bright and winning ways
 Of Winston and Hall Caine.

The paladin of high romance,
 The martyr and the sage,
 Join in a never-ending dance
 Across my chatty page;
 And queens and beauties, who of yore
 Made empires clash and fall,

I bring in human guise before
 The modern servants' hall.

What matter if some squeamish folk
 A rare resentment feel,
 If jaundiced critics growl and croak
 Of mercenary zeal;
 No irony, however fierce,
 Can mortify my pride;
 No spear is sharp enough to pierce
 The thickness of my hide.

—Punch.



A REVOLVER is rarely drawn until the instant of desperate need—there is no time to adjust external safety catches—action must be instantaneous.

The IVER JOHNSON is the safest revolver in the world—accidental discharge is impossible—but the device which renders it safe is an integral part of the inner mechanism and demands no thought or adjustment. The only possible way the famous

IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic REVOLVER

can be fired is by a purposeful pull on the trigger—then it shoots quick, hard and true.

It is the only revolver equipped with drawn, tempered wire springs—permanent in tension, unbreakable, wonderfully quick and smooth in action; the same type of spring as is used in U. S. army rifles.

Examine this revolver at your dealer's, test it, ask him to

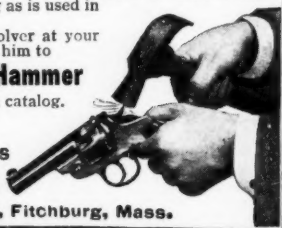
Hammer the Hammer

—or send to us for a catalog.

\$6 to \$10

**IVER JOHNSON'S
ARMS AND
CYCLE WORKS**

186 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.



Merely An Inference

WIFE: John, what do the Christian Scientists call their place of worship?"

JOHN: An "Eddy"-fice, I suppose.

—Brooklyn Life.

"Did he have any luck on his fishing trip?"

"Enough to keep him in conversation for several weeks."

—Detroit Free Press.

It Might Work

This bold suggestion from a humane contemporary may be worth considering. Are we to understand the average dog is less dangerous than the up-to-date doctor?

Mr. William B. Moore reports to us the severe regulations to be put in force in Washington, D. C., regarding the muzzling of dogs. One would judge from the statements in the local papers sent us that the Capitol City is having a spell of hysteria on the blood-curdling subject of rabies as the imaginary depict it. The doctor at the laboratory of public health is quoted as saying they have treated "one hundred and ninety-two persons who were bitten by mad dogs." Probably the doctor said bitten by dogs; if they were "mad" dogs there has been a fine evidence that such bites are not as dangerous as fancied, for none of those persons have died or had rabies. Meanwhile the doctors have had a steady stream of patients on whom to experiment with new-fangled serums and combinations of drugs, where a little common sense or Christian Science (with or without the religious side) would have effected speedy cure and saved time for the injured. As a result of these hysterics the dogs of Washington are to be muzzled the year round. Of two cases of animals said to have rabies one was a cat. Cats can bite, and, if reports from other cities are true, so can men. Muzzles tout ensemble! But who will muzzle the doctors?—Field and Fancy.

In Tight Quarters

When the project for erecting a statue to a certain great scholar was proposed, a colonel was intrusted with one of the subscription papers. Shortly after receiving it he approached a well-known citizen and asked for a subscription.



Egyptian Deities

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

They lend
pleasure to
pleasure...

Cork Tips or Plain



THE END OF A GOOD DAY



**SMOKELESS POWDERS
GET THE GAME**

They Are

**"THE REGULAR AND
RELIABLE BRANDS"**

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER CO.

Established 1802

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Send 20 cents in stamps for a pack of

DU PONT Playing Cards, post paid.

Address Dept. R.

But the citizen declined to subscribe, remarking:

"I do not consider, sir, that there is any necessity for a monument to Mr. ——. His fame is undying; it is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen."

"Is he enshrined in your heart?" inquired the colonel.

"He is, sir."

"Well, all I have to say," retorted the other, "is that he is in a tight place."

—Tit-Bits.



The Perfect Optimist

And so at last, in the course of time, Civilization worked itself out to its logical conclusion.

Just as the day of multi-millionaires had come, so did it flourish and pass away, leaving the one great, supreme, unconquerable Multi-billionaire, the Magnate par excellence, upon whose bounty all others, rich and poor alike, depended.

By being upright and fairly honest, by being good to his family and business-like to every one else, he had brought, one by one, every great industry under his control.

And he had always been an optimist. Ever since things had commenced to come his way he had looked on the bright side, and as time went on he became more and more confirmed in his philosophy.

His last great deal was the amalgamation of all the small Respiration Companies into the gigantic United States Respiration Trust. Every single one of the great necessities of life was now under his control.

When the papers which definitely forced all competing companies out of business were signed and passed, the great Magnate called his secretary into the luxurious directors' room and ordered him to immediately announce a uniform increase of thirty-three and one-third per cent. in the rate per breath, children under ten half price.

Then he looked about the room at the other directors with unfeigned satisfaction.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you all realize as well as I what this day means. I now have a controlling interest in the entire country. But do you know what it proves? It proves the truth of my life-long philosophy of optimism. It proves that 'Everything is for the Best.'"—Success.

John Holland SAFETY

SELF-INKING FOUNTAIN PEN
Can be carried in any position

POSSESSES all the sterling qualities of the best gold pen made, with exclusive new Holland feature—the SAFETY CAP. This device—patent pending—absolutely does away with all possibility of ink-leakage.



Cross Section Showing SAFETY CAP

Comes in two styles—one fills itself by moving sleeve and compressing bar; the other by lifting button. Each style equipped with Safety Cap, which makes this Holland pen a boon for travelers, because there can be no ink evaporation and the pen is always ready to write. Ladies can safely carry it in their hand-bags or lay it in their writing cabinets.

Fitted with the John Holland Gold Pen—the leader since 1841, and Patent Elastic Fissured Feed, which insures even ink flow.

Ask your nearby dealer or we will send direct to you. Illustrated Catalog C—over 100 styles—FREE. Write for it.

The John Holland Gold Pen Co.

Est. 1841. CINCINNATI, O.

"Testing for Quality"

FISK

Quality

TIRES

WE KNOW Fisk Quality Tires are the best in the world today—barring none. To keep them at this pinnacle of superiority and to know absolutely just how much better they are than other tires, we have originated methods of accurately testing all makes for mileage and wear under certain definite conditions.

CAREFUL EXAMINATIONS are made at different stages of these tests which ultimately end in complete dissection to study the exact effect of stresses and strains. We are thus always informed wherein and how much better Fisk Quality Tires are than all others, and able to detect the slightest tendency towards decreasing Quality in any particular run of our own product.

WE HAVE NOW 20 DIRECT AND PERMANENT FISK Branches in different parts of the country.

Remember—in patronizing these branches you deal direct with the factory.

Fisk Quality Literature on Request.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

DEPT. S, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

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Boston—239 Columbus Ave.
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Kansas City, Mo.—1604 Grand Ave.
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San Francisco—418 Golden Gate Ave.
Denver—534 Glenarm St.
Seattle—912-14 East Pike St.
Los Angeles—722 South Olive St.
Oakland, Cal.—168 12th St.

The Latest Books

An American Citizen, Life of William Henry Baldwin, Jr., by J. G. Brooks. (Houghton-Mifflin Co., \$1.50.)

The Varmint, by Owen Johnson. (Baker-Taylor Co., \$1.50.)

Engaged Girl Sketches, by Emily Calvin Blake. (Forbes & Co., Chicago, Ill.)

The Real Roosevelt, by Alan Warner. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.00.)

The Year Book of the United States Brewers' Association. (United States Brewers' Association, New York.)

Now, by Charles Marriott. (John Lane Co.)

The Fruit of Desire, by Virginia Demarest. (Harper & Bros., \$1.20.)

Boy Scouts of America, by E. T. Seton. (Doubleday, Page & Co., 25 cents.)

Celt & Saxon, by Geo. Meredith. Chas. Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.)

Addresses and Papers on Life Insurance and Other Subjects, by John F. Dryden. (Published by the Prudential Insurance Co., Newark, N. J.)

Enchanted Ground, by Harry James Smith. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

The Art of Creation, by Edward Carpenter. (The Macmillan Company.)



Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

George H. Gazley, Manager
La Salle at Madison Street, Chicago

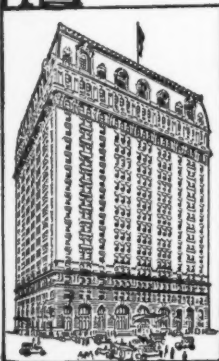


Hotel La Salle is already one of the famous hotels of the world and excels all Chicago hotels in the elegance of its furnishings, the excellence of its cuisine and the thoroughness of its service.

RATES

<i>One Person:</i>	
Room with detached bath	\$2.00 to \$3.00 per day
Room with private bath	\$3.00 to \$5.00 per day
<i>Two Persons:</i>	
Room with detached bath	\$3.00 to \$5.00 per day
Room with private bath	\$5.00 to \$8.00 per day
<i>Two Connecting Rooms with Bath:</i>	
Two persons,	\$5.00 to \$8.00 per day
Four persons,	\$8.00 to \$15.00 per day
<i>Suites: \$10.00 to \$35.00 per day</i>	
All rooms at \$5.00 or more are same price for one or two persons.	

Center of Chicago's Activities



Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 572)

Bill Nye on Venice

We arrived in Venice last evening, latitude 45 deg. 25 min.; longitude 12 deg. 19 min. E.

Venice is the home of the Venetian, and also where the gondola has its nest and rears its young. It is also headquarters for the paint known as Venetian red. They use it in painting the town on festive occasions. This is the town where the Merchant of Venice used to do business, and the

home of Shylock, a broker, who sheared the Venetian lamb at the corner of the Rialto and the Grand Canal. He is now no more. I couldn't even find an old neighbor near the Rialto who remembered Shylock. From what I can learn of him, however, I am led to believe that he was pretty close in his deals and liked to catch a man in a tight place and then make him squirm. Shylock, during the great panic in Venice many years ago, it is said, had a chattel mortgage on more lives than you can shake a stick at. He would loan a small amount to a merchant at three per cent. a month and secure it on a pound of the merchant's liver, or by a cut-throat mortgage on his respiratory apparatus. Then when the paper matured he would go up to the house with a pair of scales and a pie knife and demand a foreclosure.

Venice is one of the best watered towns in Europe. You can hardly walk a block without getting your feet wet, unless you ride in a gondola.

The gondola is a long, slim hack without wheels, and is worked around through the damp streets by a brunette man, whose breath should be a sad warning to us all. He is called a gondolier. Sometimes he sings in a low tone of voice and a foreign tongue. I do not know where I have met so many foreigners as I have in Europe, unless it was in New York, at the polls. Wherever I go I hear a foreign tongue. I do not know whether these people talk in the Italian language just to show off or not. Perhaps they prefer it. London is the only place I have visited where the Boston dialect is used. London was originally settled by adventurers from Boston. The blood of some of the royal families of Massachusetts may be found in the veins of the London people.

Wealthy young ladies in Venice do not run away with the coachman. There are no coaches, no coachmen and no horses in Venice. There are only four horses in Venice, and they are made of copper and exhibited at St. Mark's as curiosities.

The Academia delle Belle Arti, of Venice, is a large picture store where I went yesterday to buy a few pictures for Christmas presents. A painting by Titian, the Italian Prang, pleased me very much, but I couldn't beat down the price to where it would be any object for me to buy it. Besides, it would be a nuisance to carry such a picture around with me all over the Alps, up the Rhine and through St. Lawrence County. I finally decided to leave it and secure something less awkward to carry and pay for.

The Italians are quite proud of their smoky old paintings. I have often thought that if Venice would run less to art and more to soap she would be more apt to win my respect. Art is all right to a certain extent, but it can be run in the ground. It breaks my heart to know how lavish nature has been with water here, and yet how the Venetians scorn to investigate its benefits. When a gondolier gets a drop of water on him he swoons. Then he lies in a kind of coma till another gondolier comes along to breathe in his face and revive him.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

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Bank and Trust Co. Stocks

Complete facilities for purchase and sale of Stocks in Banks and Trust Companies located anywhere in United States. Our current Lists present unusual opportunities for investment in new banks in growing towns as well as in established dividend-paying banks. We quote lowest prices.

Write for our free pamphlet "No. 110" setting forth the facts regarding Bank Stocks as an investment. We will also mail you our current list.

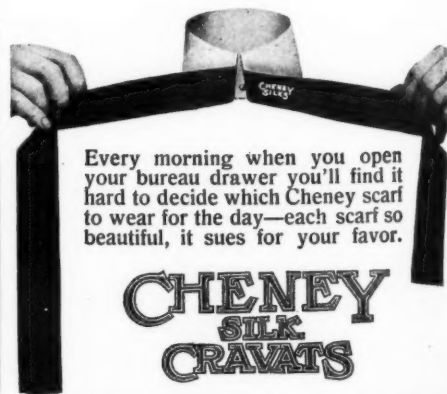
STERLING DEBENTURE CORPORATION
BRUNSWICK BUILDING
MADISON SQUARE NEW YORK

and High-Class Industrials

We specialize stocks of approved business enterprises of a broad and substantial character. Our customers may invest in moderate amounts and pay in convenient installments. The largest investment business of this character in the world—over forty-five thousand discriminating customers.

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

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



Every morning when you open your bureau drawer you'll find it hard to decide which Cheney scarf to wear for the day—each scarf so beautiful, it sues for your favor.

CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

Have set a new standard in fifty cent neckwear. These scarfs are not lined—they hold their shape—slip easily—tie in a shapely knot to suit the fashionable collars. Tubular and reversible.

Look for CHENEY SILKS inside the neckband

At all dealers—or by mail (state colors) 50c. Ask to see the new Bengalines and Scotch Plaids.

CHENEY BROTHERS, Silk Manufacturers, South Manchester, Conn.

Sparks From Old Anvils

(Continued from page 588)

From the Spanish

A countryman wrote the following letter to his son, a student in the capital:

"MY DEAR SON: This is to tell you that I am very much displeased with the bad conduct which I have been told you observe in Madrid. If a good thrashing could be sent by post you would have had several from me. As for your mother, the good woman spoils you as usual. Enclosed you will find an order for seventy reals, which she sends you without my knowledge.

Your father,
"JOHN."

The Meeting of the Clabberhuses

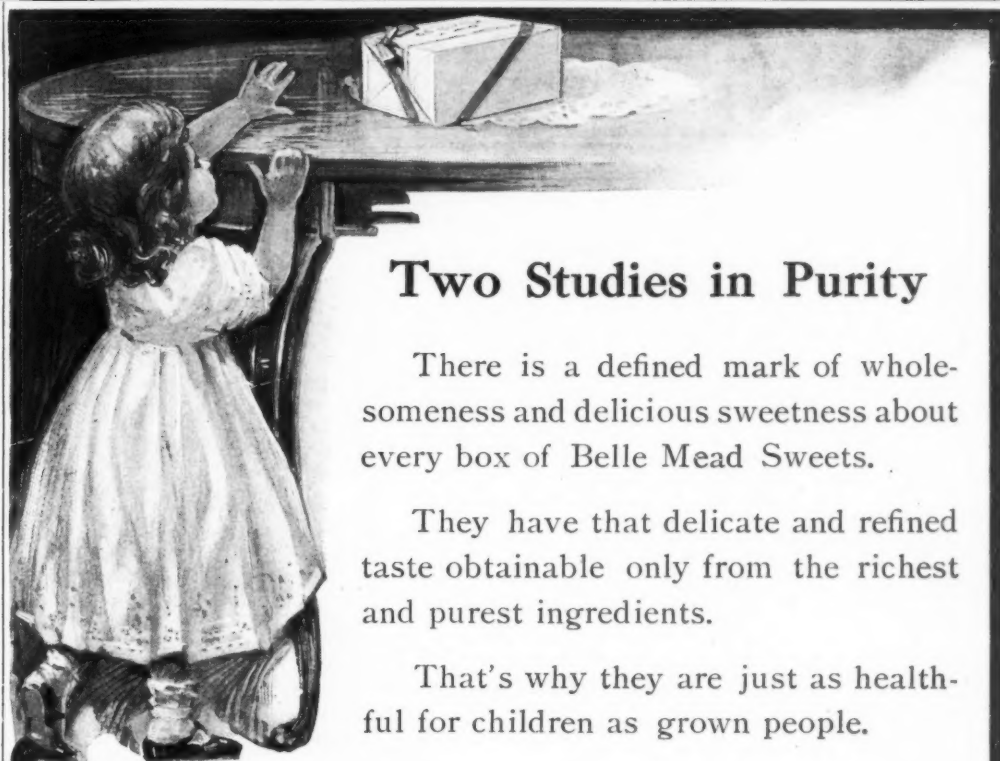
I.

He was the Chairman of the Guild
Of early Pleiocene Patriarchs;
He was the chief Mentor of the Lodge
Of the Orcular Oligarchs;
He was the Lord High Autocrat
And Vizier of the Sons of Light,
And Sultan and Grand Mandarin
Of the Millennial Men of Night.

She was Grand Worthy Prophetess
Of the Independent Potentates;
Grand Mogul of the Galaxy
Of the illustrious Stay-out-lates;
The President of the Dandydudes,
The Treasurer of the Sons of Glee;
The Leader of the Clubtown Band
And Architects of Melody.

II.

She was Grand Worthy Prophetess
Of the Illustrious Maids of Mark;
Of Vestals of the Third Degree
She was Most Potent Matriarch;
She was High Priestess of the Shrine
Of Clubtown's Culture Coterie,
And First Vice-President of the
League
Of the Illustrious G. A. B.



Two Studies in Purity

There is a defined mark of wholesomeness and delicious sweetness about every box of Belle Mead Sweets.

They have that delicate and refined taste obtainable only from the richest and purest ingredients.

That's why they are just as healthful for children as grown people.

Belle Mead Sweets

Chocolates and Bon Bons

Flavoring extracts, colorings or substitutes for genuine fruits are never even permitted to enter our Candy Kitchen.

Only real fruit juices and genuine fresh sterilized fruits are used—the color they lend to our candy is all the color it possesses.

Belle Mead Sweets are put up in tightly sealed dust-proof packages—always fresh—made and shipped to your dealer the day we receive his order.

Made in the cleanest Candy Kitchen in the World.

Sold only in sealed packages by the better class of druggists.

Belle Mead Sweets, - Trenton, N. J.

W.P. WILLIS & CO.
NEW YORK
IMPORTERS



THIS MARK is stamped only on Foreign Fabrics



NY Custom Tailor of reputation will tell you that English woollens alone give to a tailor the foundation for his best work. Imported fabrics bearing the Willis mark cannot be had in ready made clothing.

W. P. WILLIS & CO.
156 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Importers since 1868, of the highest grade Foreign Fabrics for distribution among the leading custom tailors of America.

She was the First Dame of the Club
For teaching Patagonians Greek;
She was the Chief Clerk and Auditor
Of Clubtown's Anti-Bachelor Clique;
She was High Treasurer of the Fund
For Borriboolaghalians,
And the Fund for Sending Browning's
Poems
To Native-born Australians.

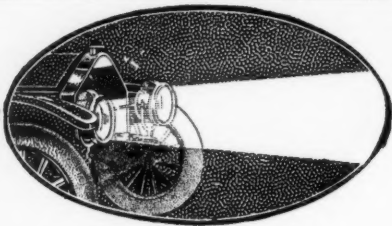
III.

Once to a crowded social fête
Both these much titled people came,
And each perceived, when introduced,
They had the selfsame name.

Their hostess said, when first they met:
"Permit me now to introduce
My good friend Mr. Clabberhuse
To Mrs. Clabberhuse."

"'Tis very strange," said she to him,
"Such an unusual name!—
A name so very seldom heard,
That we should bear the same."
"Indeed, 'tis wonderful," said he,
"And I'm surprised the more,
Because I never heard the name
Outside my home before."

(Continued on page 590)



Electricity For Headlights

side lamps, tail light, electric horn and all other uses for which it is adapted on an automobile, furnished by the



Automatic Electric Dynamo System for Automobile Lighting

All lights controlled by a push button from the driver's seat. No fumbling for matches with numb fingers these chill Fall nights—no searching for wrenches for stubborn turncocks. Clear, penetrating light instantly available when you want it, without leaving the wheel, to bother with gas, carbide, kerosene or flickering match in wind or rain.

The WARD LEONARD System affords the utmost convenience and safety. It consumes very little power and has no complicated or delicate parts to get out of order—trouble-proof, jar-proof and efficient.

A light, compact, dependable dynamo, mounted under the hood, supplies the current when running over ten miles an hour. When running slow or standing still, the load is automatically assumed by storage batteries mounted on the running board. The dynamo keeps the batteries charged.

Systems shipped to you or installed at our Bronxville factory. Exhibited at showrooms of the Colt-Stratton Co., Broadway and 68th Street, New York City.

Write for Catalog.

WARD LEONARD ELECTRIC CO.
BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 589)

IV.

"But now I come to look at you,"

Said he, "upon my life,
If I am not indeed deceived,
You are—you are—my wife."

She gazed into his searching face
And seemed to look him through;
"Indeed," said she, "it seems to me
You are my husband, too.

"I've been so busy with my clubs
And in my various spheres
I have not seen you now," said she,
"For over fourteen years."

"That's just the way it's been with
me,
These clubs demand a sight"—

And then they both politely bowed,
And sweetly said, "Good-night."

—Sam Walter Foss.

On Lying Newswriters

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

To write news in its perfection requires such a combination of qualities that a man completely fitted for the task is not always to be found. In Sir Henry Wotton's jocular definition, "An ambassador is said to be a man of virtue sent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country; a news-writer is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit." To these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but contempt of shame and indifference to truth are absolutely necessary. He who by a long familiarity with infamy has obtained these qualities may confidently tell to-day what he intends to contradict to-morrow; he may affirm fearlessly what he knows that he shall be obliged to recant.

—The Idler.

After the Funeral

It was just after the funeral. The bereaved and subdued widow, enveloped in millinery gloom, was seated in the sitting room with a few sympathizing friends. There was that constrained look so peculiar to the occasion observable on every countenance. The widow sighed.

"How do you feel, my dear?" said her sister. "Oh! I don't know," said the poor woman, with difficulty restraining her tears. "But I hope everything passed off well."

"Indeed it did," said all the ladies. "It was as large and respectable a funeral as I have seen this winter," said the sister, looking around upon the others.

"Yes, it was," said the lady from next door. "I was saying to Mrs. Slocum, only ten minutes ago, that the

JONES

DAIRY FARM

SAUSAGES

The white dress of our helpers, the spotless floor of our kitchen are proofs that we consider cleanliness as essential to the quality of our Farm Sausages as the purity of the spices and the quality of the milk-fed meat which go into them.

Send for our Jones Dairy Farm Booklet which tells all about our products, and gives excellent recipes for cooking sausages, hams, bacon, etc. This book is free.

Generally the best grocers sell Jones Dairy Farm Sausages, also our hams and bacon. If you can't get them at your grocer's, write us and we will tell you where you can get them.

MILO C. JONES, Jones Dairy Farm
P. O. Box 624, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

Black & White Scotch Whisky



True merit in quality and flavor is a whisky's best recommendation. It is this which makes BLACK & WHITE Scotch Whisky the standard of excellence.

attendance couldn't have been better—the bad going considered."

"Did you see the Taylors?" asked the widow faintly, looking at her sister. "They go so rarely to funerals that I was surprised to see them here."

"Oh, yes, the Taylors were all here," said the sympathizing sister. "As you say, they go but a little; they are so exclusive!"

"I thought I saw the Curtises also," suggested the bereaved woman, drooping.

"Oh, yes!" chimed in several. "They came in their own carriage, too," said the sister, animatedly.

"And then there were the Randalls and the Van Rensselaers. Mrs. Van Rensselaer had her cousin from the city with her, and Mrs. Randall wore a very heavy black silk, which I am

(Continued on page 591)

WORLD TOUR with **Spain & Christmas** in **Rome**
 Nov. 26, Dec. 3. Without Spain, Dec. 10. Christmas in Rome
 with Spain, Nov. 26, Dec. 3. Without Spain, Dec. 10. **Oriental**
Tour in January—Tours to all parts of Europe. Programs free.
DE POTTER TOURS (32d) 32 Broadway
 NEW YORK

Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 590)

sure was quite new. Did you see Colonel Haywood and his daughters, love?"

"I thought I saw them, but I wasn't sure. They were here, then, were they?"

"Yes, indeed!" said they all again, and the lady who lived across the way observed:

"The Colonel was very sociable and inquired most kindly about you and the sickness of your husband."

The widow smiled faintly. She was gratified by the interest shown by the Colonel.

The friends now rose to go, each bidding her good-bye, and expressing the hope that she would be calm. Her sister bowed them out. When she returned she said:

"You can see, my love, what the neighbors think of it? I wouldn't have had anything unfortunate to happen for a good deal. But nothing did. The arrangements couldn't have been better."

"I think some of the people in the neighborhood must have been surprised to see so many of the uptown people here," suggested the afflicted woman, trying to look hopeful.

"You may be quite sure of that," asserted the sister. "I could see that plain enough by their looks."

"Well, I am glad there is no occasion for talk," said the widow, smoothing the skirt of her dress.

And after that the boys took the chairs home and the house was put in order.—*J. M. Bailey (the Danbury Newsmen)*.

Model of a Letter of Recommendation of a Person You Are Unacquainted With

Sir: The bearer of this, who is going to America, presses me to give him a letter of recommendation, though I know nothing of him, not even his name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you it is not uncommon here. Sometimes, indeed, one unknown person brings another, equally unknown, to recommend him; and sometimes they recommend one another! As to this gentleman I must



The Health of the Outdoor Woman

is proverbial. With *health* comes *strength*—and both go far to make a successful life. Thousands of American women know that

ANHEUSER BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine

has brought them the priceless boon of health. To poorly nourished and anaemic women it is of inestimable value.

Declared by U. S. Revenue Department *A Pure Malt Product* and NOT an alcoholic beverage. Sold by druggists and grocers.

Anheuser-Busch

St. Louis, Mo.

BRIGHTEN UP Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using WASHBURN'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS

75,000,000
 SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

Trade **O. K.** Mark

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 fasteners each.

HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Shipping, NEVER Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. NO 113

refer you to himself for his character and merits, with which he is certainly better acquainted with than I can possibly be. I recommend him, however, to those civilities which every stranger, of whom one knows no harm, has a right to; and I request you will do him all the favor that, on further acquaintance, you shall find him to deserve. I have the honor to be, etc.—*Benjamin Franklin*.

Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was complaining to Sir John Cutler, a rich miser, of the disorder of his affairs,

and asked him what he should do to escape ruin. "Live as I do, my lord," said Sir John. "It will be time for that when I am ruined," answered the duke.—*English Conversational Wit*.

For **BILIOUSNESS** Try
Hunyadi János

NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
 Avoid Substitutes

Life's Great Auto Race

*Open to all
Automobile
Advertisers*

THE START

THE position of the various contestants in the most marvelous, inspiring, uplifting and down throwing, reckless, and altogether bewildering contest of modern times, is as follows :

Hudson,	-	-	420 lines
Locomobile	-	-	420 lines
Oldsmobile	-	-	420 lines
Rambler	-	-	420 lines
Stearns	-	-	420 lines
Thomas Flyer	-	-	420 lines
Haynes	-	-	224 lines
Marmon	-	-	224 lines
Rauch & Lang Electric,	224 lines		
Club Car	-	-	210 lines
Correja	-	-	112 lines

The position of the contestants will be presented to the readers of LIFE every week until the contest closes, on April first.

As several of the contestants are neck and neck, we present them in alphabetical order.



This is a reproduction, in full size, of the solid gold cup which will be presented to the Automobile advertiser using the greatest number of advertising lines in LIFE between October 1, 1910 and April 1, 1911.

A GRILL that's exceptional

"Doct centred l opinions sion, "v food as "Hope promptly Not a s respectin intendd the race. and the minutes' some" p breakfast hot rolls. fully, for gusto. A people's not to be to satisfy and then sipped a the docto between her pleas because gives is what he s Hippocra only in t nitely an Happiness life and say, of H therefore, pensing v

A well years co says that ments ev

"D

Je suis caines a mant pa élatant Parisien

TRANSLA women ha as emphat

Extract, S At: Alfred H. S

"On the Mountain Top"

The Montclair

Forty Minutes from B'way

A GRILL that's exceptional.

Montclair, N. J.
Tel. 1410 Montclair

What We Need

"Doctor," said one of those self-centred ladies who are always extracting opinions gratis from the medical profession, "what do you consider the best food as a constancy?"

"Hope, madam," returned the doctor, promptly, "at all times and in all places. Not a senseless optimism, but a self-respecting Hope. Heaven and Nature intended it to be the chief pabulum of the race." The table dared not smile, and the doctor, having secured a few minutes' immunity, declined "wholesome" prefaces, and fell upon a robust breakfast of bacon and eggs, waffles and hot rolls. The lady regarded him wistfully, for the doctor ate with appetizing gusto. A stomach long trained on other people's theories concerning edibles was not to be trifled with, so she was fain to satisfy herself upon a tasteless cereal and then nibbled a little dry toast and sipped a woful substitute for coffee. But the doctor is nothing if not humane, so between his waffles he looked across at her pleasantly and began: "I said that because what a doctor actually does or gives is infinitely less in its effect than what he suggests. This is a truth old as Hippocrates and Galen, though perhaps only in this age are we beginning definitely and intelligently to utilize it. Happiness is the substance and aim of life and living, and hope is nine-tenths, say, of happiness; its greatest factor; therefore, beware of unconsciously dispensing with hope."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Several Laughs

A well-known humorist, who has for years convulsed audiences everywhere, says that no comment on his entertainments ever satisfied his sense of humor

"Djer-Kiss"
PRONOUNCED "DEAR KISS"

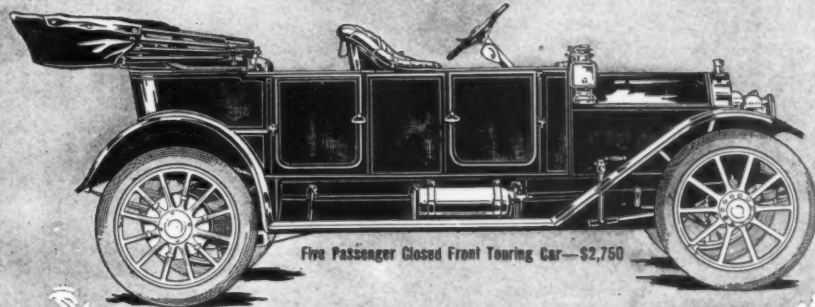
Je suis heureux que les Américaines aient approuvée ce charmant parfum, d'une façon aussi élatante que leurs soeurs Parisiennes. --Kerkoff, Paris

TRANSLATION: "I am pleased that American women have approved this charming perfume as emphatically as have their sisters of Paris."

Extract, Sachet, Face and Talcum Powder
At all dealers. Send 6c. for Sample
Alfred H. Smith Co., 72 Chambers St., New York

THE MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car in the World"



Five Passenger Closed Front Touring Car—\$2,750

MARMON worth, Marmon consistency, Marmon quality of materials, the Marmon grade of workmanship, and Marmon tire economy are the essential factors in these long-distance racing victories. And they are the essential factors in the thoroughly satisfactory service the Marmon gives in private hands.

Nordyke & Marmon Co.
Indianapolis (Estab. 1851) Indiana
(Sixty Years of Successful Manufacturing)

The Victorious Marmon Won

Cobe Cup 200 Miles—163½ Minutes	Wheeler & Schenier Trophy 200 Miles—166½ Minutes
Wheatley Hills—Van'bilt 190 Miles—190 Minutes	Atlanta Speedway Trophy 200 Miles—182½ Minutes
Atlanta A. A. Trophy 120 Miles—107 Minutes	Los Angeles — Class 3-C 100 Miles—85½ Minutes
Los Angeles — Two Hours 148 Miles—120 Minutes	Los Angeles Grand Prize 100 Miles—76¼ Minutes

And a number of other Long Distance Events



LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT

more than one made by a ten-year-old boy of his acquaintance.

This was a serious little chap, and when the lecturer said to him, "I saw you in the front row, Billy, but I'm afraid you didn't have a good time," the lad gazed at him with reproachful eyes.

"I had a splendid time!" he said, earnestly. "Didn't you see me laughing? I laughed several times!"

—*Brooklyn Life*.

About Matrimony

A fool and her money are soon married.

Wives, generally speaking, are—generally speaking.

Only the brave deserve the fair, but the rich get them.

Widows advocate divorce because it puts husbands into circulation.

Matrimony is a chemical laboratory full of explosives.—*New York Tribune*.



Jack afloat or ashore is neatly shaved; it's part of the U. S. Navy regulations.

Thousands of Gillettes are used in the Navy. On a modern battleship the men shave wherever they happen to be. You will see one man using the Gillette while another holds the glass for him.

It is shaving reduced to its simplest form—and best. The sailor-man can shave in two minutes and in the roughest weather, with the ship rolling at all angles and with seas washing over the decks.

The Gillette is a god-send to a sailor.

It is as popular with the officers as with the men.

Wherever you find neatness, dispatch, discipline—men with work to do, business to attend to—you will find the Gillette Safety Razor.

Standard Set, with twelve double-edge blades, \$5.00. Blades 50c. and \$1.00 per packet.

Write and we'll send you a pamphlet—Dept. A.

Gillette

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



Fourteen Years of Unbroken Success

For fourteen years Stearns motor cars have been before the American public, and those fourteen years have been one long record of splendid success.

The Stearns today represents the highest type of automobile construction. The fourteen years of study, design and experience back of the Stearns, have taught us what is right and what is wrong, and the purchaser receives the benefit of that teaching.

Experience has taught us that it is possible to build cars good for five and six years continuous use under all conditions of service. It has taught us the great need for

sturdiness and power, for a high standard of efficiency, for ability to meet every possible emergency. It has taught us that a motor car must possess all these qualities, yet combine them with silence, ease of operation and comfort.

It has taught us how to produce such a car—a car that offers every desirable quality, yet eliminates those unworthy features so common to motor car construction. It has taught us how to offer the public an automobile more nearly approaching the ideal than any yet produced.

We have told the story of Stearns success in the current catalog—it is mailed to any address upon request.

30-60 h. p. touring car - - \$4,600.00 - - 15-30 h. p. touring car - - \$3,200.00
(Vestibule or open touring body optional)

30-60 H. P.
Model
Shaft or
Chain Drive

The F. B. Stearns Company

(Licensed under Selden Patent)

CLEVELAND, OHIO

15-30 H. P.
Model
Shaft Drive

Pacific Coast Distributing Office,
1651 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco

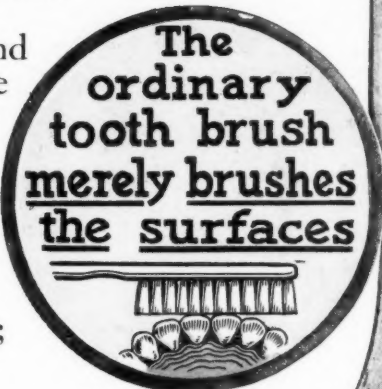
World's 24-hour race record—1253
miles—held by 30-60 h. p. Stearns



Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Cleans the teeth- Not merely brushes them



Between the teeth is where uncleanliness creeps in.
Between the teeth is where decay starts; and unless a brush cleans *between* the teeth it does not clean them at all. It only "brushes" them.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush actually gets between and around the teeth and *cleans* them in a scientific way. The curved handle gives perfect access to all parts of the mouth; the tufted bristles are so shaped and arranged that they reach every depression and crevice, *no matter where it is*.

The flat-faced brush that merely "brushes" the surfaces does not produce Pro-phy-lac-tic cleanliness, and *never will*. Confirm this by asking your dentist.

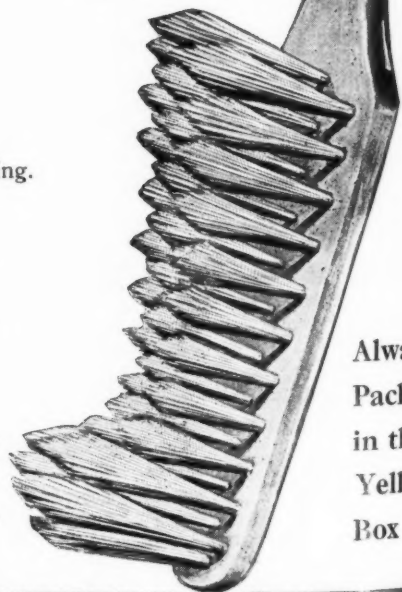
You can hang up the Pro-phy-lac-tic; it dries quickly; absolutely sanitary.

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic is Fully Guaranteed.
If Defective We will Replace it

Each sterilized and packed in an individual yellow box which protects against handling.

Three bristle textures—soft, medium and hard—in all styles, 25c., 35c., 40c.

Sold by druggists and dealers in toilet supplies everywhere. If your dealer does not sell the Pro-phy-lac-tic, we can supply direct. Send his name.



The Pro-phy-lac-tic
 FLORENCE MFG CO.
 PATENTED OCT. 21, 1884
 AUG. 8, 1899

Always Packed in the Yellow Box

Send for booklet "Tooth Truths." Tells what you ought to know about Teeth and Tooth Brushes.
Florence Mfg. Co., 187 Pine St., Florence, Mass.
 Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military, Hand and Lather Brushes
 Library Slip with each Pro-phy-lac-tic. Good for free magazines