



"GO EAST, YOUNG MAN!"

# Stevens-Duryea



Model AA Seven Passenger  
Six-Cylinder Touring Car

THE first successful American automobile was the "Duryea wagon" — the original Stevens-Duryea. The first marketable six-cylinder car was a Stevens-Duryea. The first car to show practically every important improvement in motor-car construction has been the Stevens-Duryea.

The development of the Stevens-Duryea is coincident with the history of the American Motor Car.

*Why the Stevens-Duryea has always maintained its leadership is convincingly set forth in our 1912 Art Catalog. Our dealers will give demonstrations at your convenience.*

**STEVENS-DURYEA COMPANY, Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts**  
*Pioneer Builders of American Sixes*

# Locomobile

The 48" Six Cylinders.  
The "38" Little Six.  
The 30" Four Cylinders.

Prices of Open Cars  
\$3500 to \$4800

Prices of Closed Cars  
\$4600 to \$6250



"30" Torpedo  
Fort Tryon  
Washington Heights  
N.Y.

New York  
Chicago  
Boston  
Philadelphia  
Pittsburgh

The Locomobile Company  
of America  
Bridgeport, Conn.

Washington  
Atlanta  
San Francisco  
Oakland





*Wild East Number of*

# *Life*

Teeming with ferocity and blood-curdling tales, this number reveals at last the cruel East in all its nakedness. (Boston papers please copy.)

The mild-mannered West may well lift up its hands in horror at this coming number, in which the plain, unvarnished truth is told as never before.

Next Tuesday, All News-stands, Ten Cents.



**Special Offer**

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

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Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. Order should come to us direct; not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 17 West 31, New York

ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

Please Register Letters Containing Currency

### The Earliest Printed Advertisements

The very first advertisement discoverable in any newspaper is one which refers to the theft of two horses. It is contained in an early number of an English newspaper called the *Impartial Intelligencer*, published in the year 1648, and consequently now considerably more than two centuries old. It was inserted by a gentleman of Candish, in Suffolk. After this, these notifications are very few and far between for several years, until the era of the *London Gazette*.

Next to the above in point of precedence, so far as an active search among the earliest newspapers can be relied on, is an advertisement relating to a book, which is entitled:

"'Irenodia Gratulatoria,' an Heroick Poem; being a congratulatory panegyrick for my Lord General's late return, summing up his successes in an exquisite manner.

"To be sold by John Holden, in the New Exchange, London. Printed by Tho. Newcourt, 1652."

The above appeared in the January number of the Parliamentary paper, *Mercurius Politicus*. It is evidently a piece of flattery to Cromwell upon his victories in Ireland. Booksellers appear, therefore, to have been the first to take advantage of this then new medium of publicity, and they have continued to avail themselves very liberally of its benefits up to the present day.

FROST: Critically ill, is he?

SNOW: Yes, critical of everything and everybody.—*Harper's Bazar*.

## Franklin Simon & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE, 37th and 38th Streets, New York

### Lace Lounging Robes and Crepe de Chine Night Gowns

FOR WOMEN AND MISSES  
at Special Prices



- 62 HAND-EMBROIDERED NIGHT GOWN of washable silk crepe de chine, in white, pink or light blue, richly hand-embroidered and trimmed with val. lace, ribbon bows; 32 to 44 Bust, - - - - - 12.75
- 49- "PARFAIT" LOUNGING ROBE of all-over val. lace, trimmed with ruffles of the lace, with pink, light blue, white or lavender ribbons, (to be worn over night gown, petticoat or slip), 32 to 44 Bust, - - - - - 12.50
- 49-a "PARFAIT" WASHABLE CREPE DE CHINE SILK PETTICOAT (as illustrated on figure 49), in light blue, pink, white or lavender, richly trimmed with val. lace insertions and Van Dyke points, ribbon drawn through lace insertion, lengths 36 to 42 inches, - - - - - 9.75
- 49-b BOUDOIR CAP illustrated as on figure 49 of all-over val. lace; daintily trimmed with pink, light blue, white or lavender ribbon, - - - - - 2.95

Spring and Summer  
Style Book  
Ready March 1st

Illustrating the newest and most exclusive models of Women's, Misses', Girls', Young Men's, Boys' and Infants' ready-to-wear apparel, at popular prices. Mailed prepaid out of town upon application. Address Department N.

## LEE TIRES

Formerly "Jelco."

### for Winter Service

In ice and snow, on slushy, slimy, slippery streets, you need an anti-skid that grips the road like a bulldog.

### Lee Zig-Zag Tires

differ radically in appearance—and in service. Scientifically correct oblique and longitudinal ribs prevent all slipping. Unique design and pyramidal construction make packing with snow and slush impossible. Under the hardest cars they have proven their anti-skid efficiency, and given exceptional mileage.

### Lee Puncture-Proof Tires

are now supplied with Zig-Zag Treads—for winter use—or regular treads. Their performance even on trucks and taxicabs has proved so convincingly that they combine resiliency, freedom from punctures and surprising mileage, that scepticism has given place to enthusiastic praise wherever they are used. One firm reports that their first sixteen of these tires gave a total mileage of 84,128—an average of 5288 miles per tire, without a puncture. We have even better records than this—write for booklet M, containing them, or call at

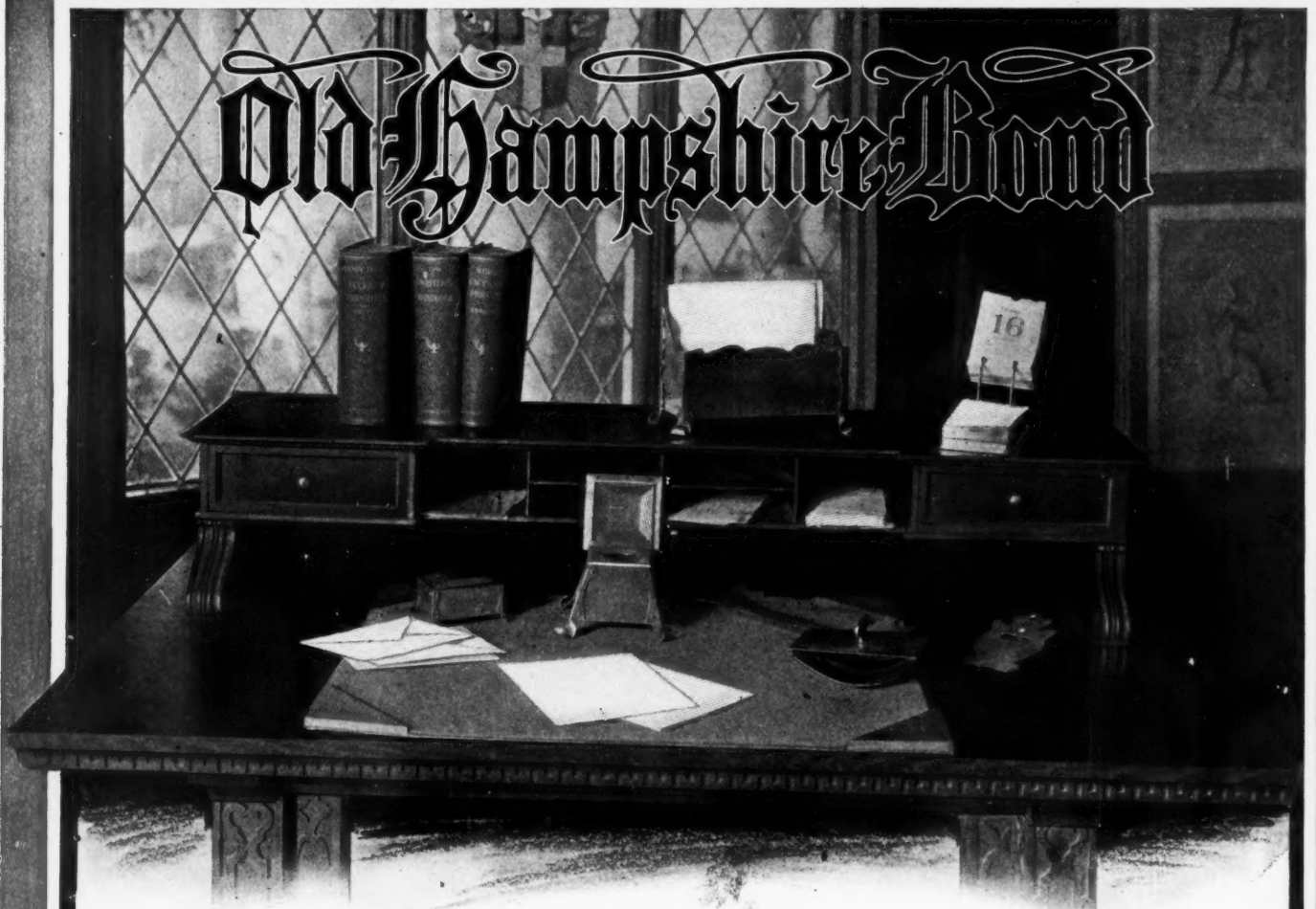
225 N. Broad St., Philadelphia.  
Our Stores: 620 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago.  
1624-30 Broadway, New York.  
1212 Woodward Ave., Detroit.  
108 Massachusetts Ave., Boston.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.  
CONSHOCKEN, PA.  
J. Ellwood Lee, President



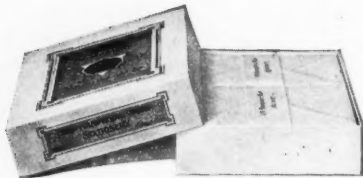
"Turn Miles into Surplus"

# Old Hampshire Bond

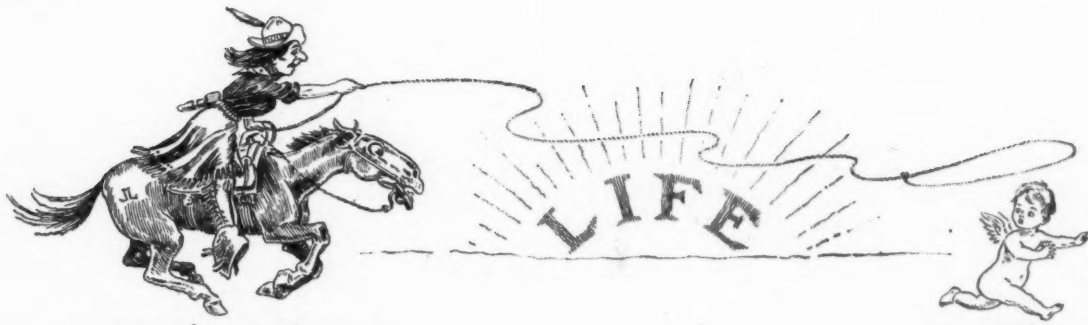


The Stationery  
of a Gentleman

Not a lady's paper,  
not business paper,  
but social stationery  
for men. We have  
a sample packet we  
should like to mail  
you. Ask us for it



HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY  
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts



PAUL GOULD

## Wild West Number



*Idaho Johnson:* TALK ABOUT YOUR WILD WEST! WHY, IT'S A GRAVEYARD ALONGSIDE OF THIS!



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIX. FEBRUARY 22, 1912. No. 1530

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



"I am convinced that he [Mr. Roosevelt] does not desire the nomination and will not enter a contest to obtain it, but I am entirely convinced that if his countrymen have still further need for his services as their Chief Executive, he will no more decline their call than he would decline to enlist if needed in time of war."—Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott, of *The Outlook*.

OF course not, Lawrence; of course not! The Colonel is no skulker. If his countrymen need his services they can have 'em, just as they can have Mr. Taft's, Mr. Bryan's, Mr. La Follette's, Mr. Cummins's, Mr. Champ Clark's, Mr. Harmon's, Mr. Hearst's, Mr. Folk's, Mr. Marshall's, Mr. Wilson's, or yours, or ours. The thing is to find out how badly they want them. That seems to be what Mr. Roosevelt is now trying to discover, as are also all the gentlemen named above, except you and us.

Now what perplexes us is to discover wherein Mr. Roosevelt's position differs from that of all those other gentlemen. How does it look to you? Those other persons are candidates. If you left the nomination standing outside against the wall on a dark night and any of those persons came along, without doubt he would grab it up and claim it for his, saying he had found it, and intimating that it was put there for him to find. But what if Mr. Roosevelt came along? What would he do? Would he grab it, or would he ignore it, or would he say: "Just look at that nomination standing out there! By George, if those people aren't more careful of that thing, they'll lose it!" And then would he take it home for safe keeping and advertise for the owner?

You know him, Lawrence; see him often; eat with him sometimes; help him on with his auto coat on cold days maybe. Looking at him near to

that way, can you distinguish between him and a candidate?

How are we going to find out whether he is a candidate? One is fairly sure Mr. Bryan is a candidate, because the habit is fixed on him; and Mr. Hearst, because his employees are at it so hard knifing the other likely Democratic candidates, and especially Mr. Wilson; and Mr. Taft and the other gentlemen, because they have said so, either explicitly or by implication. But, really, none of them—except perhaps Mr. La Follette—go farther than to say what you say of Mr. Roosevelt, that if the country has need of his services it can have them. Mr. La Follette, to be sure, had a mind to rape the nomination, whether the people liked it or not, but that is not a sensible way, as has been demonstrated in his case. Mr. Roosevelt isn't going to do that, of course. He is not going to enter a contest, you say, for the nomination. He doesn't need to, Lawrence; he's in the contest already. His admirers are hustling to get delegates for him, and the candidates' backers are hustling to get delegates for them, and the one who gets a majority of the delegates will be the one whose services the country will be understood to need.



BUT apparently a mere majority in the convention next June wouldn't be enough to satisfy Mr. Roosevelt. He is looking apparently for a passionate appeal from the whole country to him to pitch in and save it.

Save it from what? What bears are coming out to eat us?

The Democrats?

The Democrats can usually be trusted to save the country from themselves. It begins to look as though they would save it again this year.

From Taft, then?

Is there any deep, passionate, widespread appeal from the country to be saved from Taft? Is there going to be? Do you see such an appeal, Lawrence; see it large and moving enough to overcome Mr. Roosevelt's natural reluctances?

From the Sherman law, perhaps.

How is he going to save us from the Sherman law? Repeal it? The country doesn't want it repealed. Amend it? Supplement it? If we knew what we wanted done about the Sherman law, we might be in a position to say whether Mr. Roosevelt was the man to get it done for us, but we don't know yet, and though Mr. Roosevelt has told us, his suggestions have not yet penetrated the national consciousness sufficiently far to induce a passionate appeal from the mass of the people for him to take the helm of State and steer by his own chart.

The truth is, Lawrence, we don't see anything ahead that is sufficiently momentous to constrain Mr. Roosevelt to extricate himself from *otium cum dignitate* and sacrifice himself on the altar of his country. The chances look to be that we will bump along another four years just as well with Taft or some other good soul on the driver's seat, and by much the happier by being able to retain our only ex-President in the place he fills so immeasurably more ably than anyone else could fill it—the place of chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

Mr. Roosevelt is delightful as he is. He makes more talk and more newspaper copy than any other ten million people in the country. We can get a President easily enough, but we could not possibly replace him as an ex-President. Mr. Taft could not begin to fill his place outside the White House. It is where he is, at Oyster Bay and 287 Fourth avenue, that he is indispensable. Go to him, Lawrence; you have his ear. Get him over this notion that the people expect sacrifices from him. Persuade him that they love him best and find most profit in him as he is and where he is. Tell him that we need him in the family, and not in office; need him, not on the bridge to peep through the political binoculars, but for service as the sheet anchor that holds us to life.

Fix it up with him, Lawrence; there's a good man. He ought not to run. It's not necessary. He is far more useful to us, at present, where he is. But if he insists upon running—and if he will, he will—still we'll keep him at home somehow, for we can't spare him.





THE WILD WEST TO-DAY

*Westerner to Easterner:* THE TALL CHAPPIE WITH THE BIG MUSTACHE IS WILD BILL, THE CATTLE KING. THE INDIAN SQUAW AT HIS LEFT IS GWENDOLINE FLAT-NOSE, THE OKLAHOMA HEIRESS; AND THE CHAP WITH HIS BACK TO US IS THE MEXICAN GAMBLER, POLO PETE, WHO CORNERED POTATOES.

### Come, All Ye Kings!

A BRITISH royal Duke has been here, and has been a polite and agreeable visitor, and has made a good deal of copy for the papers, and we trust, has had a good time and gone back to Canada with pleasant impressions of this lively city. We wish more Europeans of distinguished rank came here to visit.

The chief function that is left to these titled and decorated personages is to promote good will among the peoples of the earth, and that they do considerably when they make a journey to inspect the Americans and to offer themselves for a reciprocal inspection.

If the King of England should come here, without doubt, he would be an immensely popular visitor. And so would the German Emperor, the King of Italy and the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

### Mr. Darrow

AT the time of the McNamara confessions, LIFE spoke with considerable respect of Mr. Clarence Darrow as a man who seemed to be a better adviser for workingmen than Mr. Samuel Gompers. Probably he is that, for he is a cleverer man than Gompers. Still, it is debatable. And since Mr. Darrow has been indicted on the charge of bribing jurors, the possibility ensues that Mr. Gompers may have the advantage of him as a labor leader in being at large and master of unrestricted movements. For as yet Mr. Gompers has not been indicted for any recent action, so far as we know.

### Passim

IF the great, the fool and the simple are touched by your words, you have possibly hit on a truth or two; but if only that easy, possibly maligned scapegoat, "the tired business man,"

is stirred by them, rise up!—you then may hope to sell them to a "popular" magazine.



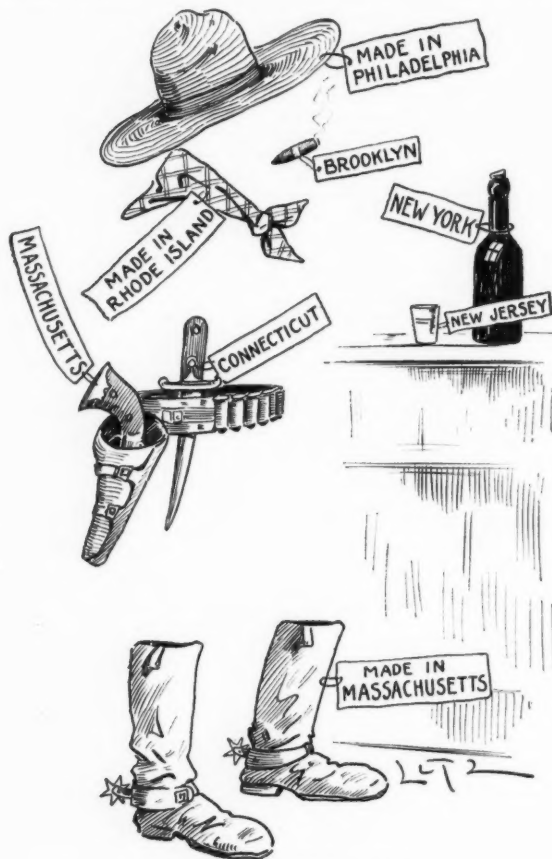
A COOL PROCEEDING

### A Terrible Blow

UP in Windsor Locks, Conn., the other day, a highly respectable gentleman of the name of Converse committed suicide. At about the same time a highly respectable savings bank, the treasurership of which he had but recently relinquished after an incumbency of many years, failed for about a quarter million of dollars. In commenting upon the affair, Mr. Glover, the bank's president, said: "This will be a terrible blow to the poor."

Not so. Mr. Glover's words are more considerate than thoughtful. It will not be a terrible blow to the poor mill and factory hands of that little community who followed the gospel of thrift which Mr. Converse taught his fellow church members. Nothing can be a terrible blow to the poor. They are used to it. Terrible blows are such everyday matters with them that a few more or less are not worth noticing.

But it would be a terrible blow to the children of Mr. Converse if they had to give up the property which he thoughtfully deeded them before his death. And it would be a terrible blow to the stockholders if they had to give back the dividends which this concern yielded them. And



THE REAL WILD WEST  
ALL COMES FROM THE EAST



"I SAY, MISTER, YOU'RE A PATCH—EE INDIAN,  
AIN'T YER?"

it would be a terrible blow to the directors if they had to make good the loss and were then punished for their dereliction of duty in allowing Mr. Converse to have full and uninterrupted sway. And it would be a terrible blow to the Connecticut officials if they were compelled to suffer for allowing a semi-public institution of this sort to have such a lax system of bookkeeping as has since been revealed. And it would be a terrible blow to those Wall Street brokers in particular, as well as to the financial principles of Wall Street in general, if they were required to return the stolen goods which Mr. Converse deposited with them in the name of speculation.

But a terrible blow to the poor? Ah, no! They are accustomed to it.

*Ellis O. Jones.*

### Help Wanted

THOSE politicians in Washington are in rather an uncomfortable position. They won't have private monopoly and they won't have public monopoly, and they can't get old-fashioned competition. Some other way out would be welcomed by them if anyone would care to make a suitable suggestion.

The Inevitable

YES, love is hate and tenderness,  
A gentle weakness we confess,  
An injury without redress.

Yes, love is hate and ecstasy,  
A ceaseless, changing mystery,  
A sweet, exquisite agony.

Yes, love is hate and crimson pain,  
When all the joys are past and vain  
Even these deadly two remain.

Leolyn Louise Everett.

Parcel Post

IT has been suggested that instead of saying "parcels post," we should say "parcel post," for the same reason that we say letter post. The point seems to us well taken, but if we could only get this desirable reform, we would not stop to quarrel about the fine points of its appellation.

HE (anxiously): About how long, darling, will it take to complete your trousseau?

SHE: All the rest of my married life.

Intimate Interviews



"This cheap praise"



"THE CALL OF THE WILD"

WILBUR WRIGHT looked at Wilbur Wright. His calm and eagle-like glance was returned. Between these two there was an undoubted affection. They seemed to understand each other. There was no sense of quibbling or uncertainty.

"If I could talk," said Wilbur Wright, "I would say something."

"And if I could say something," replied Wilbur Wright, "I would talk."

"But it is necessary to say something," said Wilbur Wright. "We can't go on this way. Unless we learn to talk, our reputation will be gone. How can anybody maintain a reputation without talking?"

"Didn't we fly?" replied Wilbur Wright.

"But flying isn't all that's necessary. One must explain it afterwards; one must tell how the first fly was flown; one must describe one's feelings. Wil-

bur, we ought to have taken a course in psychology. How can we describe our feelings unless we have done this?"

"I don't believe in psychology; it wouldn't help us to fly."

"But it would help us now. Achieving a big success is a mere nothing by itself; one must be able to maintain it in the public eye afterwards. Besides, we have done nothing specially daring. All we did was to make the flying machine a practical affair and then to leave it for other people to come along and either kill themselves or be advertised."

"But we are pretty well known. And as for this publicity, it tires me. I would prefer to be just as I was in the beginning when we had a little bicycle shop in Dayton. This cheap praise disgusts me."

"Well, Wilbur, I guess you're right, after all. Let's get back to work."



She: I KNOW I DON'T LOVE YOU, AND YET THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU I LIKE

### Suffrage by Indirection

**M**RS. RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG, wife of the new Mayor of Philadelphia, is a suffragist, but she is rather didactic than militant. She believes that if women who have the desire will study economic and political questions, their influence would not wait upon formal votes.

She is right. Women have always been considered the best teachers, and it would be easy to underestimate the extent to which our school teachers are now indirectly voting as they shape the minds and bodies of the boys and the girls of the oncoming generation.

Men never get too old to go to school to women. Few men of this generation, moreover, are too wise in political and economic matters to go to school to somebody. Why not women?

The pride of America is the wealth-getting business man who is so tired when night comes that a musical comedy is the only thing that will keep his eyes open. Neither day nor night can he see beyond the radius of his own little circle of profit and loss.

Women as a class live in a more natural and a more healthy way. Their world, even though circumscribed, is more cosmic, giving them a wider vision and a keener insight into human verities.

The difficulty with the average suffragette is that she is so busy getting this thing called the vote that she hasn't time to form the least idea of what she would do with it if she had it. It affects her much the same as getting dollars affects the business man, making her incompetent for anything else.

**P**ITY is what the rich pay the poor for envy.



AS HE THOUGHT IT WAS

## All Authors Take Note

*Life's Fashion Reform League is Now Costuming Literary People According to Their Various Abilities—Classes in Dancing Daily—Railroad Presidents Barred Out*

OWING to concessions which have been made by the city authorities, we have obtained permission to erect a few more buildings in LIFE Park (formerly Central), and expect now to meet the demands made upon us by literary people who desire to have special costumes made.

At present we are making all the creations worn by the Supreme Court, the Senate, the House and the Mayors of some of our largest cities. The smaller ones will have to wait.

We are now designing special costumes for the authors of best sellers, and have opened up branch offices in Indianapolis, where any author may try on his suit in a large glass case

provided for the purpose, in full view of the public. It is expected that these suits for best sellers will make a sensation everywhere they are seen, mingling, as they do, a combination of cheap sentiment and action. As one of our prominent authors expressed it yesterday:

"I have just tried on one of your creations, and it grips me with an intensity that compels instant attention from everybody. It is full of human nature, and there is not a dull thread in it. I hate to go to bed at night, because I attract so much attention in the daytime."

We have just received the following interesting letter:

DEAR SIR:

With regard to your costumes for the more prominent literary men and women of the day, I am



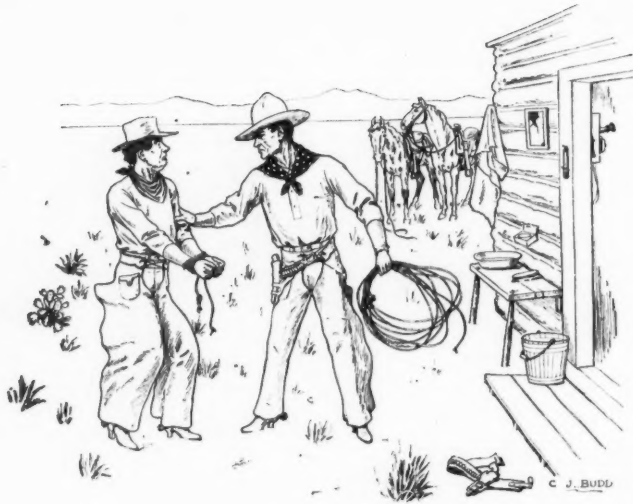
ONE OF OUR NEWEST DANCES  
THE HETTY GREEN DIP

greatly surprised that you have not included writers of advertisements, who are, as you must doubtless know, much greater artists than any mere novelist or poet. The fact that they hide their identity is only a passing incident, and if you are really attempting to portray American thought you have now a great opportunity. You should put the writers of advertisements where they belong. The best among them know how to mingle truth and fiction—not to speak of sentiment—in a way unequalled among the literary artists of the world. For proof of this I refer you to any section of American scenery; also the daily papers. Let us have proper costumes, therefore, for our ad writers.

How to treat the great literary women of America is a problem which we have studied very carefully. We are attempting to embody in a costume the tremendous genius and the world-wide importance of our American literary women. One of our latest costumes for a lady novelist, whose book has sold over a hundred thousand copies, is composed of yellow serpents' scales on a background of solid brass, with Bloomingdale revers. This costume is intended to provide the neu-



SOME OF OUR NEW DANCE STEPS  
THE ROCKEFELLER GLIDE AND THE COMSTOCK HOOCHEE-COOCHEE



*Prisoner:* I DIDN'T STEAL THE HORSE. I ONLY TOOK HIM FROM THE FELLOW WHAT STOLE HIM.  
 "SHORE. I 'PHONED THAT TO THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE, BUT IT'S NO GO. THEY 'PHONED ME TO HANG UP THE RECEIVER."

rotic—hysterical—emotional—method of providing sex instincts in the most dramatic manner.

We have received many applications from ladies who work on yellow journals, but cannot fill any orders for them until we get the real literary people started.

Our new dancing parlors for ladies and gentlemen have just been opened, and classes in dancing take place from nine o'clock in the morning until six at night. We expect



HE GAVE UP HIS HOPE OF "LIFE" HEREAFTER WITHOUT A MURMUR

to place dancing on an entirely new basis, and every form of it is now being taught in our establishment. Among the latest novelties are the "Taft Swing," the "Hetty Green Milwaukee Dip," the "Woodrow Wilson Chassé," the "Knox Arbitration Two-Step," the "Rockefeller Glide," the "Carnegie Highland Fling," the "Joe Cannon Cancan," the "J. J. Hill Railroad Prosperity Polka," the "Teddy Roosevelt Breakdown," the "Anthony Comstock Hoochee-Coochee" and many others.

In the early morning we have a special barefoot class for members of the Supreme Court, some of whom are learning to acquire grace by rhythmic movements along the lines of the highest æstheticism. We have already revolutionized the appearance of the Supreme Court with our costumes, and in the near future we expect to give its members a grace and agility never before seen in American public life.

Mayor Gaynor is taking private lessons with a view of making a more impressive entrance before women's suffrage meetings. Our public men should remember that it is not absolutely necessary for them to wear tights while taking dancing lessons, although it is better to do this, where modesty does not prevent. When one considers the extreme awkwardness of the average Congressman and Senator—or, in fact, any other of our world-famous statesmen—it will be seen that our dancing classes are going to put American diplomacy upon an entirely new basis.

In the course of a short time we expect to send abroad representatives who will be able to approach a foreign monarch with the proper *tout ensemble*. Inasmuch as most of our statesmen depend entirely upon appearances for results, the importance of this new departure can scarcely be overestimated.

We are now taking limited classes of Congressmen and Senators at reduced rates. We can, however, consider no applications from railroad presidents. These gentlemen have importuned us constantly since the announcement of our fashion schemes for men, on the ground that, if they had proper costumes and if they could acquire more grace, they would not have such a bad reputation with the American public as at present. We feel, however, that the work of regenerating the average American railroad president is just at present beyond our powers. Later on we may take this up when we can get more help.

*Life's Fashion Reform League.*

**H**OWARD: Do you know any one who is satisfied with his present position?

**C**OWARD: Y e p—o u r hired man—at any rate, he never moves.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY



LEAP YEAR AT LAST!  
THE OPEN SEASON FOR BACHELORS



FEBRUARY 22  
"HERE'S TO WOMEN, GEORGE, YOUR FUTURE RULERS"

## Ballingford in China

*Breaks Into President's Palace and Fixes Things Up With Sun Yat-Sen—Everything Now O. K.*

BY J. BOUNDER BALLINGFORD,

*Special correspondent to "Life."*

PEKING, February 15.—I have been running around the Chinese Empire now for several days trying to locate my old friend, Sun Yat-Sen, who, when he was living incog. in New York, roomed with me at the Mills Hotel.

Yesterday I broke into the president's palace with the aid of a couple of editorial writers that I had brought with me from New York to help me get out my space, and after considerable difficulty I managed to get hold of my old friend.

"Just like you American newspaper men," he said playfully, "you have such delightful naïve ways. Now, if you had rung the front door bell and had been admitted in the regular manner, you couldn't have created the right atmosphere, could you?"

"Never!" I exclaimed, opening up a bottle of wine and a fresh box of cigars from his humidor. "Well, old fellow," I said, smoking up, "how do you like running a Republic? I thought I would better come over here and stay around in case you needed any help. Of course, my idea is," I went on, "not to interfere with you unless you need help. It's the only way you can grow," I added encouragingly, slapping him on the back.

Sun Yat-Sen is a rather small man, with a refined face. He came from the country, and I think he began his career on a newspaper route. At any rate, it was quite evident that he appreciated my coming.

"You couldn't possibly write out a constitution for me, could you?" he said.

"I keep half a dozen constitutions in my traveling bag," I replied, "just for new countries which are starting up.



"SIT STILL, PAL! THIS AIN'T NOTHIN' TO WOT 'E *will* DO!"

### Unfortunate

IT was a great pity that the Duke of Connaught came amongst us just at the time when we were trying to honor Cardinal Farley. There are a great many of us who would have liked to take in both events, to show our diamonds to the Duke as well as show our meekness and lowliness to the Cardinal. Naturally, we could not bend our knees in two places at the same time, and accordingly we had to make an embarrassing selection of obeisances between the select of earth and the select of heaven.

### Revised

LAWYER: LIFE says that a consulting physician is "one who is called in at the last minute to share the blame."

DISGRUNTLED HEIR: To share the estate would be better.



CHERRY

TREES  
CHESTNUT

BIRCH





PUNCTILIOUS PERKINS

"MARTHA, DO RAISE MY HAT TO HER AT ONCE, OR SHE'LL THINK US UNMINDFUL OF THE PROPRIETIES."

"Sure, old man. What kind of a constitution do you want? Plain—fancy—or gilt-edged?"

"What would you suggest?"

"Well, the ordinary plain constitution lasts for a couple hundred years, and then naturally peters out. The fancy constitution makes lots of money for everybody who starts it and winds up in a limited monarchy in about eight months. The gilt-edged constitution is something that offers a career of glory and usually lands you as king or emperor or some kind of a high monkey-monk. You live on the fat of the land for about ten years, and then

get blown up, or die some pleasant death like that."

Sun Yat-Sen reflected.

"I leave the matter entirely with you," he said. "Just give us something that will be lasting, if possible, and will please the rank and file of the Chinese people."

I took out my typewriter and began to get ready.

"I think," I said, "something with a little hot dog in it would suit you. How would you like a Central Bank; a high tariff; say half a dozen political machines, with a boss at the head of each who is drawing about a million dollars a year out of the treasury, and a woman's suffrage move-



Horse thief: IT'S A GREAT HELP TO ME IN MY BUSINESS

ment on the side? Then for religions—well, I think I should give you an assorted lot; you might just as well have a little variety. You have plenty of slums on hand already, haven't you?"

Sun Yat-Sen laughed.

"Nothing to what *you* have," he said. "You see, my people do not know enough to realize when they are well off."

"Well, we'll fix that, old man. No republic is complete without the factory system and, thank God, you've got children enough to supply it."

I got up and slapped him cordially on the back.

"Never was such an opportunity for a full-fledged republic," I exclaimed. "you've got every element! It won't be more than two years now before you will have a set of grafters around you that will make Washington look like thirty cents. I can see it all now. The greatest republic on the face of the earth, and me at the head of it."

Sun Yat-Sen politely demurred.

"My dear fellow," he said, "don't count me in at all. Knowing that you were the most up-to-date newspaper man in America, I have just been waiting for you to come over here and take things off my hands."

And so it is all settled. I have written to J. Pierpont to get his permission, and inside of another week I expect to have this Chinese Republic working overtime to catch up. Mean-

while, cable me a couple of dollars until the receipts from the tariff begin to come in. It is my firm intention to see Sun Yat-Sen again and blow him off to chop suey.

### Disagreeable

THE young uncle had one of his moods on and didn't want to be worried with conversation.

"Oh, but we'll be *so good*," said Margaret; "we won't speak all the way." So the chauffeur speeded, with the little ones far in the back.

Ozone cleared the mood and uncle looked back to say a bright word or two to the children.

"Where's Ethel?" "Why," said Margaret, in a hushed voice. "She fell out a while back."

"And you didn't say anything!"

"But you know, Uncle Tom, you often have to do things you don't like when you ride in *other people's machines!*"

FOR a while Adam was a leading citizen of the Garden of Eden.

## Charge of the Light Brigade

(A Lenten Ditty)

**F**ORTY days, forty days,  
Forty days onward,  
Into the valley of Lent  
Rode the Four Hundred.  
Forward in limousines,  
Charging the canned sardines,  
Into the valley of Lent  
Rode the Four Hundred.

Salmon to right of them,  
Salmon to left of them,  
Salmon in front of them,  
Volleyed and thunder'd.  
Stormed at with balls of fish  
Fresh from the chafing-dish,  
Into their jaws they passed,  
Noble Four hundred.

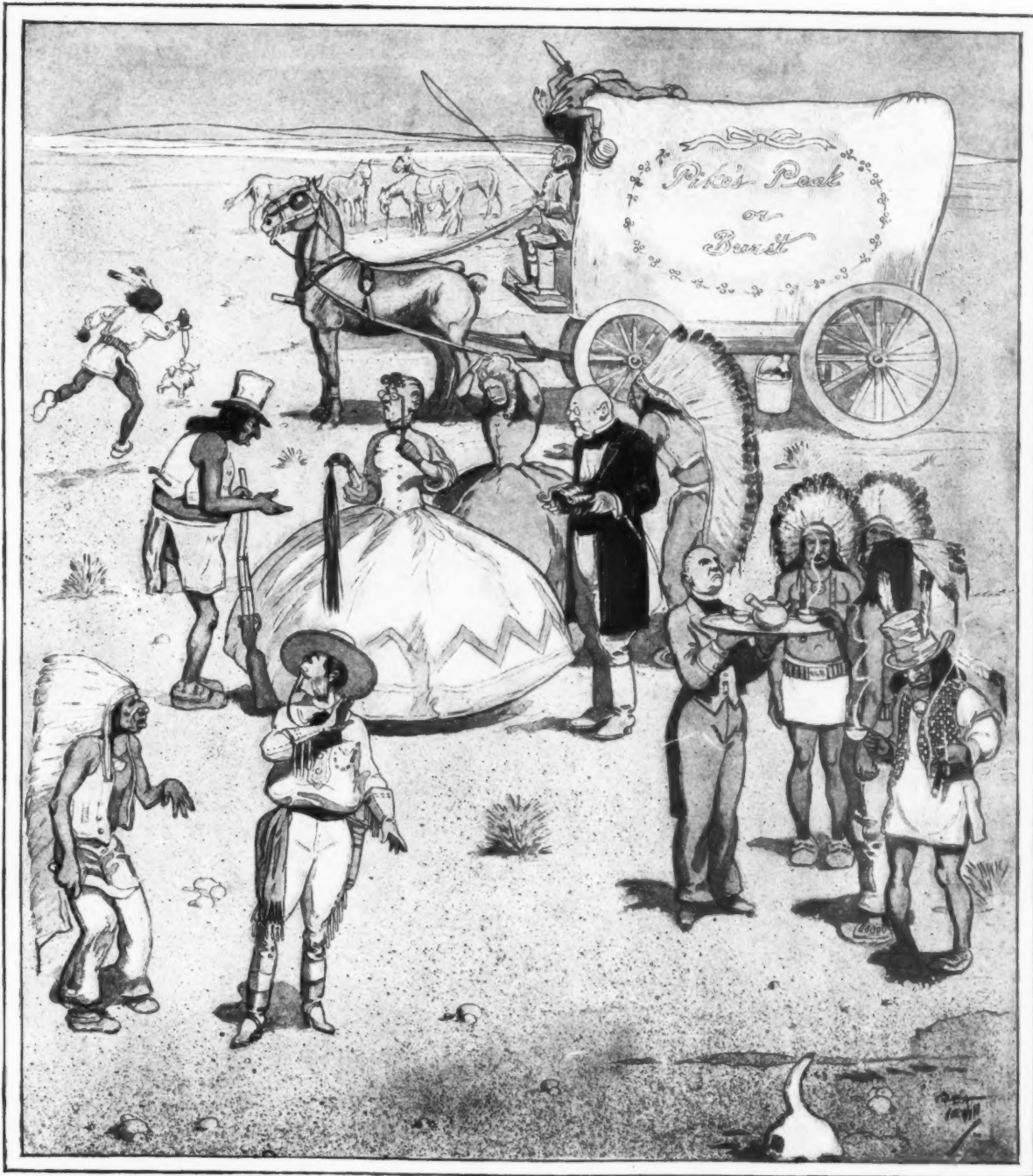
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
Was there a soul dismay'd?  
No, for they loved it so,  
Tho' the world wonder'd.  
Their's not a steak to fry,  
Their's not to reason why,  
Their's but to fast or die,  
Happy Four Hundred.

When can their credit fade?  
O, the wild charge they made—  
All the world wonder'd.  
Honor the charge they owe,  
Sherry, Delmonico,  
Noble Four Hundred!

Charles Hanson Towne.



SACK CLOTH & ASHES



THE SCALPING PARTY  
A DISTRESSING EPISODE OF EARLY DAYS IN THE WEST



A TWO-GUN MAN



### The Triumph of the Weberfieldians

**F**OR America the exhibition of loyalty to stage favorites shown in the hurrah over the Weber and Fields "jubilee" is rather remarkable. Abroad, once to have been accepted by the public is a pretty fair guarantee of permanent popular favor. In England it is almost a case of once a favorite, always a favorite. British youths of the present generation flock to applaud comedians because their jokes were laughed at by the grandfathers of the present audiences. The English public even insists on the same jokes.

Over here we are not apt to tolerate our stage folk if they fall off perceptibly from their highest mark. They may travel a little while on the strength of their names, but unless they can shortly repeat their former successes they are quickly reduced to the value of the squeezed lemon. Of course this trait goes with our national love of novelty and our ambition in all ways to be not only abreast of the times but ahead of them.

**A**FTER seven years of separation—a long time in the world of the theatre—Messrs. "Joe" Weber and "Lew" Fields found the Broadway, one of the largest of New York theatres, too small to hold those who flocked to witness their reunion in conjunction with other favorites in their companies at the little theatre which formerly bore their names. The first performance of the eight weeks' "jubilee" assumed the importance of a metropolitan event and was a rare testimonial of the loyalty of American pleasure seekers to those who had in times gone by given them entertainment. One reason, perhaps, is that although they were not highly intellectual and refined, the Weber and Fields shows were clean and the comedians themselves have gained and maintained their position without scandal.

Not the least of the interest in the occasion lay in the re-assembling of members of the old force. Most of them have been pretty continuously in the public eye since the old days and there was not much question that Lillian Russell, Bessie Clayton, Mr. William Collier, Mr. John T. Kelly and the managing comedians would take up the old work much as they left it. Fay Templeton, though, had been out of the public view and it was an agreeable surprise to find that, although the adipose of vengeful time was much in sight, the magnetism of the artist was as compelling as ever it was. There was also curiosity as to what the intervening years had done to the celebrated, slightly underpinning of Frankie Bailey, but it would have apparently taken a micrometer to discover any change in dimensions and symmetry. The former agile chorus has either not perceptibly changed or has been succeeded by a collection of youthful femininity equally agile and equally well trained.



**I**N deference to the past a few of the old favorite numbers are revived, but the performance is practically an entirely new one, although carried out on the old lines. The first



HELEN COLLIER GARRICK AND FAY TEMPLETON IN "BUNTY BULLS AND STRINGS"



MESSRS. JOE WEBER AND LEW FIELDS  
IN "BUNTY BULLS AND STRINGS"

part is called "Hokey Pokey," with Messrs. Weber and Fields in their old rôles and doing their old business as the two Germans exposed to the vicissitudes of life in Paris. Remarkable as it may seem, their fun has not grown old-fashioned and creates as much laughter today as ever. It is no news to say that Lillian Russell has not lost her beauty, the only difference being that her physique enables her to display more diamonds than formerly. Bessie Clayton's athletic dancing is still as unique and interesting as it used to be.

"Hokey Pokey" is followed by "Bunty Bulls and Strings," a laughable burlesque of the Scotch comedy. The fun comes mostly from the absurdity of the substitutions in the cast headed by the *Weelum* of Fields—an excellent imitation—and the ridiculous counterfeit of *Rab* by Weber. Mr. William Collier manages to get some new twists on the Scotch meanness of *Tammas Biggar* and Ada Lewis even exceeds the plainness of the original as *Susie Slimson*. Fay Templeton is the *Bunty* in broad exaggeration and with an inspiring Scotch rag-time song. In fact the burlesque isn't as funny as the original, but it is laughable in a different way.

The seven-year jubilee of Weber and Fields is noteworthy as a theatrical oc-

currence and is amusing as entertainment entirely of its own kind.

AS a measure of self-defence managers, stars and others who have to read the manuscripts of aspiring, unknown and inexperienced dramatists would do well to make it a condition precedent to the reading of the play that its author should file an affidavit that before writing the play he had read "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle" by W. T. Price. (Published by the author, 1440 Broadway.)

In these days when every one, no matter what his or her calling, fitness or preparation, has written, is writing, or is going to write a play, such a safeguard would save a lot of persons a lot of trouble. Firstly it might act as a deterrent to a percentage of the would-be dramatists themselves. They would first have to pay the five dollars for Mr. Price's book, which would be one obstacle. They would next find out that not every typewritten manuscript with a title, a cast of characters and divided into acts, scenes and speeches is a play. It might even dawn on their assurance that playwriting is not an amateur sport, but an art which calls for some training, experience and equipment.

This is not saying that Mr. Price's work can teach anyone, no matter what his antecedents, how to write a play. It is a bulky volume intended as use for a text-book. It is intentionally repetitious and a principal ambition seems to be to establish a terminology the author has invented. To students of the stage it seems to affirm and re-state much that is obvious.

The work has a value, though, if only it could be placed in the right hands. If its deterrent influence could be brought to bear on the persistent amateur dramatists who are incited to authorship by the newspaper stories of fortunes made in the royalties of successful plays, Mr. Price would not have written in vain.

*Metcalf.*



*Astor*—Last week of "The Red Widow." Mr. Raymond Hitchcock as the star of a laughable musical show.

*Belasco*—"The Return of Peter Grimm." Study in spiritualism, making an interesting play well acted by company headed by Mr. David Warfield.

*Broadway*—Weber and Fields's "jubilee." *Casino*—"Sumurun." Unique and interesting wordless play drawn from "The Arabian Nights" and presented with curious scenic effects.

*Century*—"The Garden of Allah." Spec-



ADA LEWIS AND MR. WILLIAM COLLIER  
IN "BUNTY BULLS AND STRINGS"

taular and impressive effects added to interesting dramatization of Mr. Hichens's novel.

*Cohan's*—"The Little Millionaire." Musical show of the George M. Cohan kind and of which he is the star. Coarse but amusing.

*Comedy*—"Bunty Pulls the Strings." Scotch comedy, satirical, laughable and very well acted.

*Criterion*—"Elevating a Husband." Mr. Louis Mann without a dialect and a play without much dramatic interest.

*Empire*—Last week of Ethel Barrymore. Double bill, including "Cousin Kate" and Mr. Barrie's skit, "A Slice of Life."

*Fulton*—Elsie Ferguson in clever and well acted comedy of American history entitled "The First Lady in the Land."

*Gaiety*—"Officer 666." Laughable farce with melodramatic episodes well acted.

*Globe*—"Over the River." Mr. Eddie Foy as the star of a diverting musical show illustrating the latest discoveries in questionable dances.

*Harris*—"The Talker." Some American domestic questions in a well acted comedy.

*Herald Square*—Lenten revival of "Everywoman," a spectacular modern morality play.

*Hippodrome*—"Around the World," which presents some elaborate pictures of foreign scenes, together with ballet and spectacle.

*Hudson*—"The Return from Jerusalem." The Jewish social question coupled up with a French triangle drama and Mme. Simone as the star. Reasonably interesting.

*Knickerbocker*—"Kismet." The Orient and its gorgeousness in a fanciful setting, together with an interesting drama well acted by company headed by Mr. Otis Skinner.

*Lyceum*—Margaret Anglin in "Green Stockings." Amusing English comedy, well acted.

*Lyric*—"Little Boy Blue." Paris Bohemia and the Scotch Highlands contrasted in diverting musical show.

*Maxine Elliott's*—"The Bird of Paradise." Drama of Hawaii. Made picturesque by the unusual setting and well acted.

*Park*—"The Quaker Girl." Unusually dainty musical show of the London type.

*Playhouse*—"Bought and Paid For." Serious and laughable drama of the American present, very well staged.

*Republic*—"The Woman." The corruption of Washington politicians the background of an extremely interesting and well acted play.

*Thirty-ninth Street*—"A Butterfly on the Wheel." English society drama with realistic scene in the divorce court.

*Wallack's*—"Disraeli." Mr. George Arliss's clever impersonation of the title character in agreeable Victorian comedy.

*Winter Garden*—Vaudeville, extravaganza, Russian ballet and Annette Kellermann in amusing conglomeration.





The Wild, Wild West

HARRY GRANT JART.



BIG GAME IN THE WEST

## Mediums and Messages

WOULDN'T it be fine if we could only get this question as to whether the dead can speak to the living answered and out of the way?

If the answer proved to be negative, we could at least go on playing bridge and building bridges, with an even more effectively concentrated attention. And if the answer proved to be affirmative we would at last be free to employ the time we now devote to a discussion of the merits of mediums to the only pertinent part of the whole investigation—namely, the consideration of messages.

But it is by no means only in psychical research that our obfuscation over the validity of methods obscures our interest in the value of messages. In the world of art, no more than in the realm of the occult, does the perennial discussion as to whether the dead are still speaking to us ever seem, somehow, to reach that satisfactory stage where the question as to whether the departed spirit in control of the material medium has anything vital to say to us is allowed to enter into consideration.

Of course, there are excellent people (in both fields) who don't care *what* the dead say if it can only be proved that they somehow preserve the power of speech beyond the pale. Their attitude toward immortality is pretty nearly the same as that held toward life insurance by the Chinaman who wrote to the agent: "Poor John, half dead. Please send half pay." In

default of better things, the assurance that semi-consciousness is sempiternal would content them. But the rest of us are agreed, I take it, that immortality is immaterial if it is to consist of an eternity of half-wittedness.

Only last week the papers, in double leaded headlines, chronicled a controversy between a writer of some renown and a publisher of some prominence as to the measure of Charles Dickens's immortality. And while it may be taken as beyond dispute that Dickens had a message for his own generation; and while it is at least conceivable that the question as to whether he still has one for ours, and if so, in what it consists, is a matter that concerns us; neither the nature of this original message nor the question of its present pertinence was allowed to figure in the dispute. Moreover, G. K. Chesterton, the one writer of the new century who has successfully defined the degree of Dickens's persisting vitality by qualitative discussion of the content of his works, was only quoted as having confessed that he was vulgar and conceded that he was illiterate.

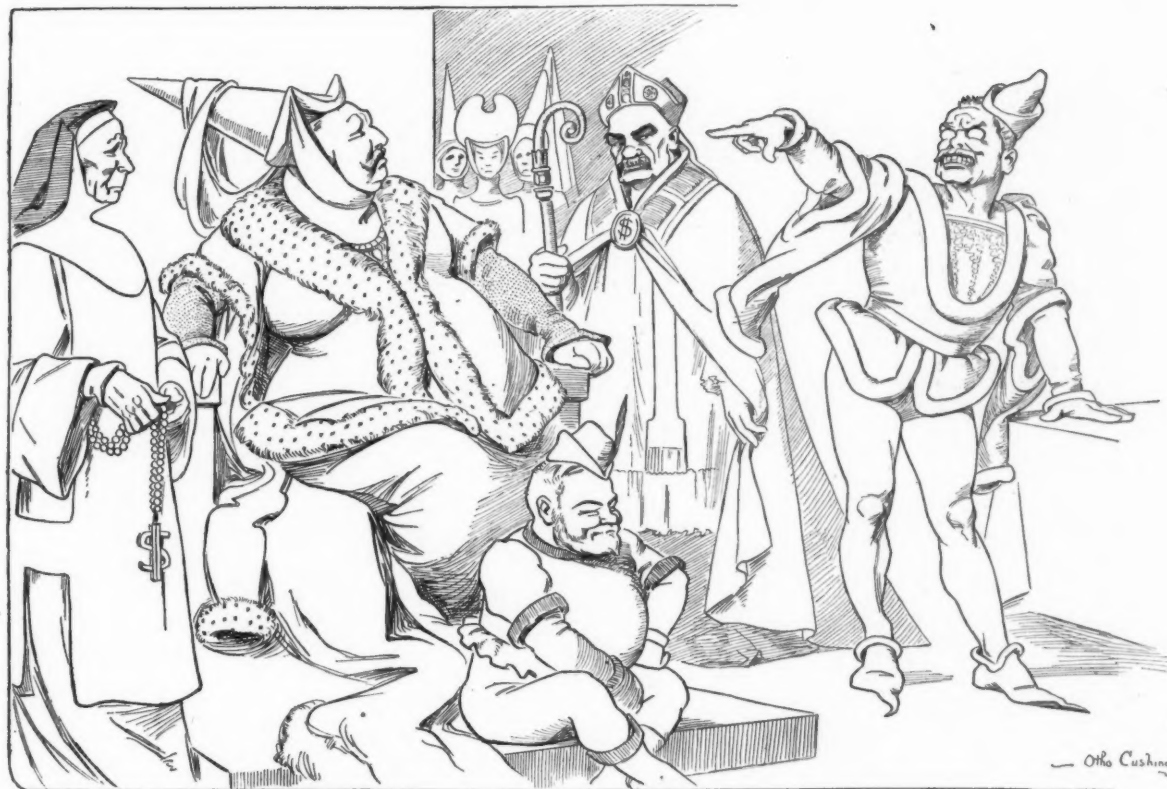
Wouldn't it be fine if, in the field of spirituality, even if not in that of spiritualism—in music, in painting and in literature—we could manage to get to where the emphasis of judgment in questions of the persisting vitality of the dead might be laid on what they say to us instead of being made to hinge on their technique of communication?

MEANWHILE let us glance at a couple of books by writers who, since their immortality is not yet in question, may be taken frankly at their face value. One of them is an old friend trying new tricks and succeeding only so so. The other is a new friend trying an old one and lending the zest of individual poise to the performance. Joseph Conrad's "Under Western Eyes" (Harper, \$1.25) is an attempt, evidently made with the most conscientious care and with no little seriousness of purpose, to place the contradictions of the Russian character intelligibly before the European observer. It is the story, or more accurately perhaps a study, of a young Russian student who, to his own ultimate undoing, becomes involved against his will in the aftermath of a political murder. It purports to be written by an English professor of languages resident in Geneva, who meets and is puzzled by the young exile, and into whose hands his diary subsequently falls. Mr. Conrad is himself a Slav by birth, but has long been an Englishman by adoption, so that he may be credited with possessing the double understanding required of the interpreter. And, although he has chosen a complex and rather labored device for placing these two points of view in juxtaposition, the result is not without elements of definite, if somewhat thumbhanded, interpretative interest.

"CHRISTOPHER" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.35) is the first novel by Richard Pryce to be published in America, and should make many friends for its author among lovers of unhasteful, flavorful, fine-grained and companionable fiction. It is a story of the eighteen-seventies in England and France; of the childhood, youth and young manhood of one destined to be a writer, and helped to his destiny in the denouement by the untimely slaughter of his calf-love; a story in which the author has quite manifestly taken huge enjoyment, and in which the reader thinks to detect much autobiographical material, or at least the refracted image of many personal memories. It is reminiscent, confidential, discursive, sentimental—all the things, in short, that in moments of stern modernity we all frown upon with well-founded disdain. But it is none the less charming for that.

J. B. Kerfoot.





THE WARS OF THE ROSES

TEDDY OF YORK DEFILES THE REIGNING HOUSE

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

*The Art of the Theatre*, by Edward Gordon Craig. A volume containing fragmentary but valuable attempts at self-expression by a leader of the revolt against present theatrical methods.

*The Fool in Christ*, by Gerhardt Hauptmann. The story of a German peasant whose naive and devout imitation of Christ is carried to the verge, but never across the verge, of the occult.

*Christopher*, by Richard Pryce. See preceding page.

*Hail and Farewell*, by George Moore. The first volume of a projected trilogy. Personal experiences dealt with fiction-wise for the interpreting of modern Ireland.

*Love and Ethics*, by Ellen Key. An interesting polemic essay in which the author of "Love and Marriage" explains and defends her radical philosophy.

*More Ghost Stories*, by M. R. James. Structureless tales about sadly anemic ghosts relieved here and there by bits of good genre study and description.

*Under Western Eyes*, by Joseph Conrad. See preceding page.

*My Story*, by Tom L. Johnson. A message from a dead American that any really alive American ought to find worth receiving.

*The Playboy of the Western World*, by J. M. Synge. The work of another dead man whose message as to the beauty of some neglected things—such as natural human nature and Irish folk-speech—reaches us through this delightful comedy.

*Rebellion*, by Joseph Medill Paterson. A tale of considerable vigor and verisimilitude dealing with a Catholic working woman's struggle for release from a degrading marriage.

*Social Forces in American History*, by A. M. Simons. An attempt to get at the dynamics of our national development. A noteworthy little book without a "dry" chapter or an uninteresting argument.

*The Tariff in Our Times*, by Ida M. Tarbell. Everything about the tariff legislation of the last half century, except the suggestion that it had any dynamics.

*Touring in 1600*, by E. S. Bates. Excerpts from contemporary writings describing the then customs and accommodations of European travel.

*The Two-Gun Man*, by Charles Alden Seltzer. A cowboy romance that is above the average in both characterization and construction.

*What Tolstoy Taught*, by Bolton Hall. An interesting summary of Tolstoy's sociological and philosophical works made in a mosaic of his own sentences.

## Life's Family Album



## C. T. Anderson

A SENSE of humor is something that we have never been able to account for in any human being. It attacks a man when he is off his guard and sticks to him through life. No man is safe from it.

Even Mr. Anderson admits that he fell a victim to it at an early age. We found him fortunately in a moment of relaxation, and in a reminiscent mood.

"You were born—?" we inquired in our stereotyped manner.

"In Madison, Wisconsin. At an early age I became—"

"You mean that you were born at an early age?" we interrupted intelligently.

"At an early age," he continued, ignoring our aside, "I became a cow puncher. One bright morning, as I was engaged in milking a hitherto respectable cow, the thought occurred to me that I should like to be an artist with a sense of humor. Why at that moment I do not know. Leaving the cow precipitately, I have never returned to her. She may be still there, waiting for me to return, for aught I know."

"And then—"

"I struck across the country, in search of a background, and did not stop until I reached Puget Sound. My idea of an artist with a sense of humor was that he must know his country first. After a self-imposed apprenticeship of sketching, I went to Philadelphia to rest, and entered the Penn Museum and School of Industrial Art. After being detained there for a year, I escaped and, disguis-

ing myself as a fashion artist, found a haven of refuge with the Philadelphia *Times*."

"How was your sense of humor then?"

"Incubating but suppressed. It broke forth intermittently, until the editor of a Pittsburg comic paper, who was ready to do almost anything to decrease the number of his readers, sent for me. In six months his poor sheet was dead. I then became one of the contributors to LIFE, which is, I am informed, still living."

"How do you account for it?" we asked impertinently.

Mr. Anderson smiled.

"On the basis that LIFE doesn't yet use enough of my pictures," he replied.

"You must be a genuine humorist when you can say such dreadful things about yourself," we responded severely.

## In Strong Hands Now

SO the McLean family is to hold on to the Hope diamond, be its luck what it may. Well settled! A family that is in the third generation of subsistence on the Cincinnati *Enquirer* should have nothing to fear from a gem that has a private devil working for it. The Hope diamond is now strongly held. Its curse cannot penetrate the McLeans. They can curse back, and have the facilities.

## The New Nationalism

I BELIEVE in free trade, but—  
I believe in publicity of campaign expenditures, but—

I believe in regulation and not destruction of great corporations, but—  
I believe that courts should have the power of declaring laws unconstitutional, but—

I believe that judicial decisions should be reviewed by the people, but—

I do not believe in the recall of judges, but—

I believe that boss rule should end, but—

I believe in the initiative and referendum, but—

I believe in arbitration, but—

I believe in full Federal powers, but—

I believe in State's rights, but—

I believe the people should rule, but—

I am not a candidate, but—

LOUISE: Clasp me in his arms he murmured. "At last—the time, the place, the girl."

JULIA: And was there nothing lacking?

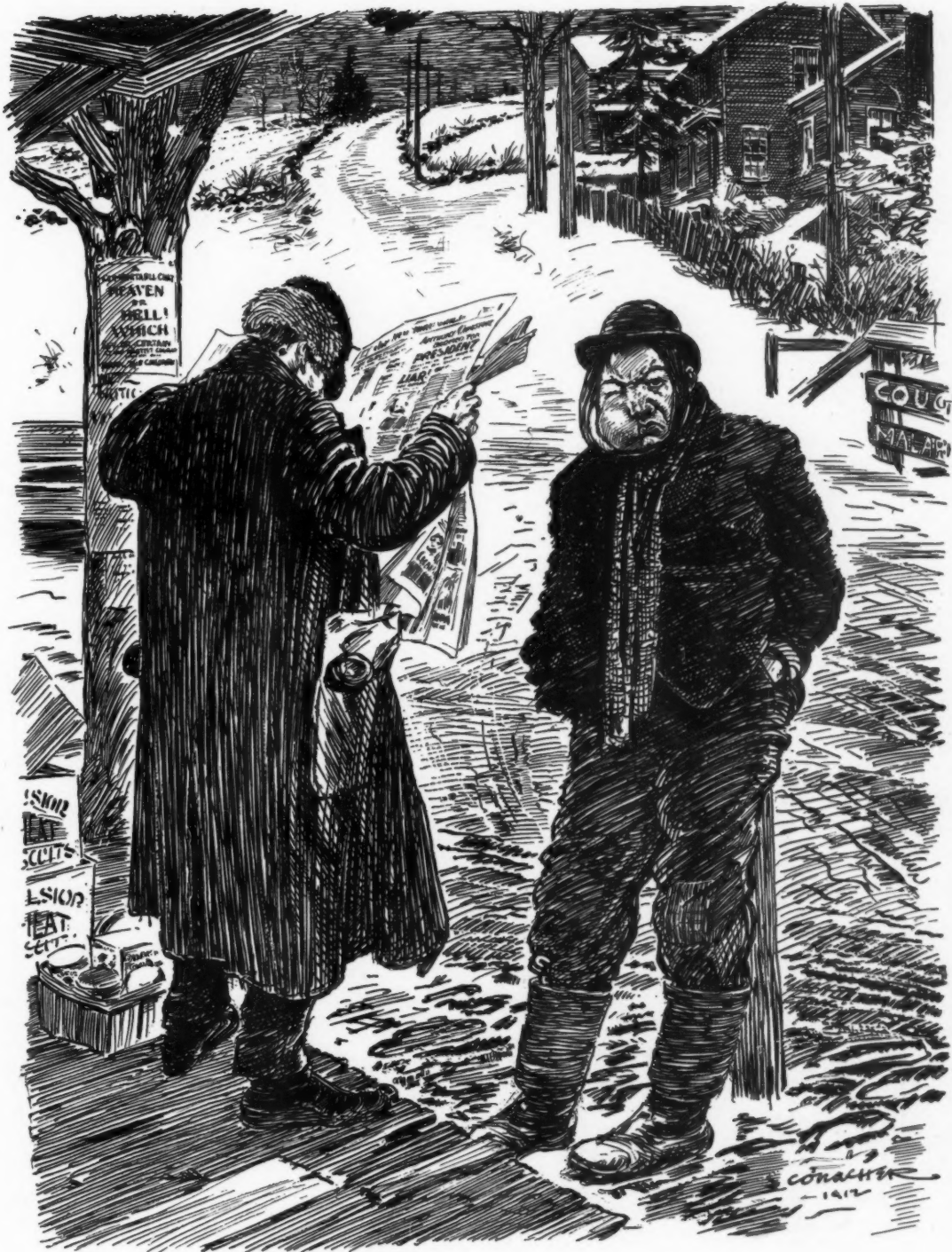
LOUISE: Yes—a witness.

NOWADAYS the people who embark on the seas of matrimony seem to do it in a motor-boat.



Mrs. Chuck: HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY REMEMBER THE NAMES OF ALL THE LITTLE DEARS?

Mrs. Jack: THEY ARE ALL NUMBERED AND I USE THE CARD INDEX SYSTEM.



I DON'T CARE A DANG WHO'S PRESIDENT"



**Wisdom of Father**

"My dad knows mor'n George Washington did," said the small boy.

"How's that?" queried the grocer.

"Last night," continued the small boy, "when I told dad I hadn't been skatin' he sed he know'd better, an' gimme a lickin' fer lyin'. George Washington couldn't tell a lie, but dad kin tell one the minute he hears it."

—Chicago Daily Socialist.

**Also With Gloves**

ASSISTANT EDITOR: Here's a farmer writes to us asking how to treat sick bees.

EDITOR: Tell him he'd better treat them with respect.—Boston Transcript.

"Who's the author of the novel you are reading?"

"There's no name given."

"Due to modesty, I suppose?"

"No; fear, I should call it."

—Boston Transcript.



**HEROES OF EVERYDAY LIFE**

"FATHER, I CANNOT TELL A LIE. I did FALL INTO THE TAR BARREL!"

**Carefully Weighed**

In the Dana days on the New York *Sun* a young Cornell graduate was put at work reviewing books. One of the first books handed him was a massive "Life of Napoleon," by a college professor.

The Cornell man had specialized on Napoleon at his university under a great authority, and thought rather poorly of this new biographer of Napoleon—who was a professor in another university, by the way. He glanced casually over the illustrations and wrote his review as follows:

"'Life of Napoleon,' by Professor So-and-So. This work weighs nine pounds."

Mr. Dana read the review and sent for the young man.

"Did you write this review?" he growled.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you read the book?" growled Mr. Dana again, fiercer than before.

"No, sir; I weighed it."

"That'll do!" growled Mr. Dana again.

Then he sent word down to the cashier to raise the reviewer's salary.

—Saturday Evening Post.

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# Matheson

## "Silent Six"

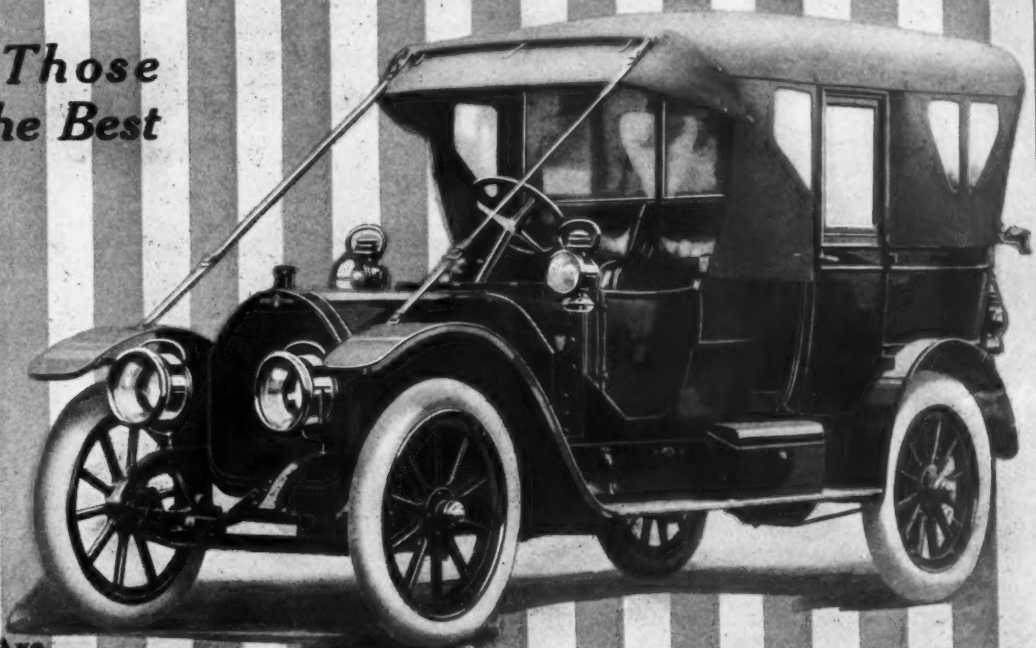
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*We Are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which Are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Absolutely Essential to Publication*

### From a Chemist

EDITOR LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—As a constant reader of your paper it has been a source of delight to me to observe your fearless attitude on the popular superstitions of the day. Consequently, I congratulate you upon your good work in attacking the modern Moloch of compulsory vaccination, which is costing the lives and health of thousands of sound little bodies, and is doing more to spread disease throughout the community than almost any other agency.

It seems that some doctors can't get enough practice by treating sick people, so they must needs resort to making well people sick, in order to swell the fees. It isn't the vaccination fee that they want—bless you! no! It's the after treatment of the disease they inoculate with the vile pus from artificially diseased heifers erroneously called "pure calf lymph," that yields the graft! To illustrate by an actual concrete case which occurred in this city about a year ago, and which the writer personally investigated: Carl W— was a sound and hearty lad of six, perfectly well up to the time of his vaccination. He was sent home from school one, two and then three times, because he had no vaccination certificate, his parents very properly refusing to have him cowpoxed. He came home crying the third time, and said he wanted to go to school. His parents then weakened, and had the filthy operation performed. Two weeks afterward he was rigid with tetanus, resulting from the virus, with frequent agonizing convulsions. It required the services of five doctors at this stage, and the wonder is that he recovered in spite of them. It cost his father \$200 in doctor's fees, and nobody knows yet what seeds of slow incubating disease may have been introduced into his little system to slowly develop with the years. This case is being constantly duplicated all over this and other countries daily—all for what purpose—to "protect" the public from the imaginary danger of a filth disease from which there are now fewer deaths (thanks to our progress in sanitation) than from any other on the calendar! When will doctors,

school-boards and the public learn that the best prophylactic against any disease is a normal manner of living, combined with personal and municipal cleanliness, and not the introduction of "serums," "vaccines," and other products of disease into healthy bodies?

Yours sincerely,  
RUSSELL ELLIOTT, B.Sc.,  
Analytical Consulting Chemist.  
DAYTON, OHIO,  
January 26, 1912.

### Against It

DEAR LIFE:

As one of the many quiet women who love their country and their homes, I want to thank you for your championship of "our rights" against our noisy sisters, the suffragettes. Please continue to insist "that we should not be dragged by the ears" into suffrage.

We feel there are many avenues of service without forcing ourselves into politics, and we beg the protection of all the present voters to shield us from the unfortunate conditions the suffragettes wish to bring about.

Admiringly your constant reader,  
MRS. ALICE W. WILLIAMS.

### The Saving of Souls?

EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—In commenting on "Man and Religion Forward Movement," you bring forth certain remarks made by New York Call as unnecessary.

Socialist Call has a right to ring the alarm, because "Man and Religion Movement" is nothing else but some infernal bribe offered to workingmen, for whose interests the Call is published.

If the women of the nation were enfranchised, why, of course, they would try to save the souls of women, too; but as long as the women don't have ballot their souls are not worth saving at all.

Will they be able to practice it? Oh, no. Promoters and floaters of "forward" piety are a well-known crowd by their own deeds. "By their deeds ye shall know them."

Their dollar Bible has a strong forbearing upon the ironical commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

The comment was made in your issue of December 28, 1911.

I don't understand why such a hypocritical movement shall not be condemned to death while its vote catching character is intensely evident.

Besides, don't you think we have too much piety in the United States, more than we can practice?

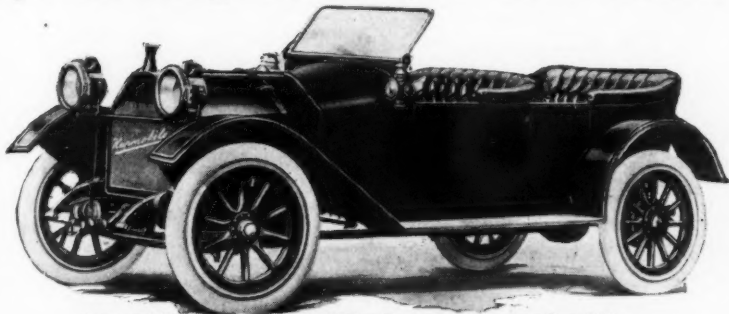
Very respectfully,  
SAMUEL H. OKADJIAN.

CHICAGO, ILL.,  
January 1, 1912.

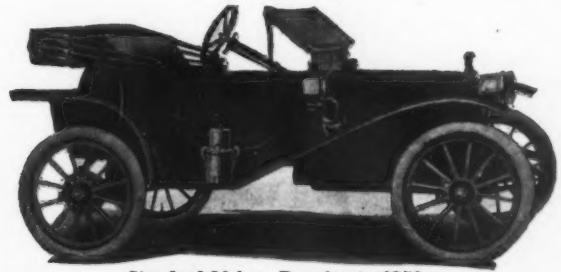


SO AWKWARD  
TO FIND THE NEW NURSE IS AN OLD SWEETHEART

# Globe-girdling *Hupmobile* completes tour; pays striking tribute to the staunchness of its splendid successor



**Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" Five-Passenger Touring Car—\$900**  
F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3 1/2-inch bore x 5 1/2-inch stroke. 1 each magneto. 106-inch wheelbase. 32 x 3 1/2-inch tires. Color—Standard Hupmobile blue. Roadster—\$800.



**Standard 20 h. p. Runabout—\$750**  
F. O. B. Detroit, with same power plant that took the world-touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 h. p., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster—\$650. Coupe—\$1100.

NEW YORK'S eyes were opened during Show Week to the splendid "staying powers" of Hupmobile construction by the triumphant return of the World-Touring car.

The amazing achievements of this car, in its 40,000 mile trip, conferred additional distinction upon the new Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32"—first publicly shown at New York—because both are the fruits of the same skilled organization and the engineering leadership of E. A. Nelson.

Hupmobile sturdiness, exemplified so strikingly in the World-Touring car, receives new and more impressive expression in the Long-Stroke "32," with its distinctive features and its generous power—found heretofore only in cars costing a great deal more than \$900.

### Hupp Motor Car Company

1231 Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Mich.

The accompanying views are reproduced from photographs taken during the Hupmobile's world-tour.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Take the Cash and Let the Credit Go

The knot was tied; the pair were wed,  
And then the smiling bridegroom said  
Unto the preacher, "Shall I pay  
To you the usual fee to-day,  
Or would you have me wait a year  
And give you then a hundred clear,  
If I should find the marriage state  
As happy as I estimate?"  
The preacher lost no time in thought,  
To his reply no study brought,  
There were no wrinkles on his brow;  
Said he, "I'll take three dollars now."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Fitting Him with a Name

FIRST GUEST (at banquet): If the caterer calls this diamond-backed terrapin he's a fraud.

SECOND GUEST: A prevaricatorer, eh?  
—Boston Transcript.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

Play These Great Games at Home

Billiards and Pool are fascinating games. They arouse the keenest sort of friendly rivalry. Their ever-new problems for hand, eye and judgment are intensely interesting. And they are very inexpensive—if you have in your home a

BURROWES Billiard and Pool Table

It needs no special room—can be mounted on library or dining-room table, or on its own legs or compactly folding stand. Sizes range up to 4½x9 feet (standard), each size exactly correct in proportions, and adapted to the most expert play.

\$1.00 DOWN

Prices, \$6, \$15, \$25, \$35, \$45, \$55, \$75, etc.; terms, \$1 or more down (depending on size and style) and a small amount each month. Full playing equipment free.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE—on receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If not satisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Send today for illustrated catalog, giving full information as to prices, terms, etc.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO.  
1221 Center Street Portland, Maine



Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

These in Self Filling, Safety and Regular Types



No. 12 Plain \$2.50  
No. 14 Gold Bands \$5.00  
No. 19 Gold Band \$3.50  
No. 414 \$7.00  
Clip-Cap Extra: German Silver 25c; Sterling Silver 50c; Rolled Gold \$1.00; Solid Gold \$2.00

THIS is the only fountain pen in the world that is made with the Spoon Feed; it is the Waterman's Ideal patent which actuates ink control. The spoon feed is made with fissures to convey the ink to the writing point, with a channel for air replacement, as ink is used, and with spoon-shaped pockets to guard against any excessive flow caused by the heat of hand or body. The feed never dries out, so there is always ink to start writing as soon as the point touches paper.

The various types of Waterman's Ideals are for individual and important purposes, each according to how the pen is used: Regular, Safety, and Self-filling types. All are fitted with the Spoon Feed and other advantageous features which have made this the standard pen of the world.

Ask your dealer. Booklet on request. Look for the Globe Trade-mark.

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.  
8 School Street, Boston, Mass. 115 So. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.  
17 Stockton St., San Francisco, Cal. Montreal. London. Paris.

When Three Were No Crowd

According to an English actor, this happened in a small theatre in a small town in provincial England, where a troupe of barnstormers was playing to meager audiences.

The villain dragged the shrinking heroine down the stage to the footlights and in her ear he hissed:

"Are we alone?"

"No, gov-nor," interrupted the lone occupant of the gallery—"not to-night you ain't; but you will be to-morrow night!"—Saturday Evening Post.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A Cautious Estimate

Sandy was an elder in the church, and a truly pious man. He had an eye for beauty and a love for it, but he married Tina because he knew she would make him an excellent wife.

"I suppose Tina is a handsome lass?" said Sandy's cousin, who met him in Glasgow not long after the marriage, and had never seen the bride. "I ken ye've gude taste, Sandy."

"Aweel," said the bridegroom, cautiously, "she's the Lord's handiwork, Tammas. I'm no' prepared to say she is His masterpiece"

—Youths' Companion.

Fortunate

"Tommy," said his brother, "you're a regular little glutton. How can you eat so much?"

"Don't know; it's just good luck," replied the youngster.

—Christian Intelligencer.

Caroni Bitters. A good friend of all the family. Sample bottle will surely captivate you. 25 cents will bring it. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

Wise Little Willie

Little Willie was playing one day with the girl next door when the latter exclaimed:

"Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done it. Aren't you going in? Won't she whip you?"

"Naw!" exclaimed Willie in disgust. "She ain't goin' to whip nobody. She's got company. So when I go in she'll just say: 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he's had the measles.'"

—Stray Stories.

Important to those Who Expect to Build



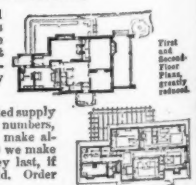
WHEN PLANNING TO BUILD, you will find it of great value to first make careful personal study of illustrations of houses, etc., designed and built by a number of leading architects and to also learn their ideas regarding best interior arrangement and most appropriate furnishings.

This important information would greatly aid in deciding about your own plans, when you consult your architect and builder, and it can easily be obtained from the general hundred exterior and interior designs beautifully illustrated in last six numbers of the

Architectural Record

The National Magazine for Architects, Owners and Builders, with the largest circulation in the field.

In these six numbers are also illustrated and described numerous building specialties that add much to the comfort, convenience and value of the modern home, without materially increasing initial cost; this information may mean saving of many dollars to you.



SPECIAL OFFER We have limited supply of these six numbers, invaluable to those who expect to build or make alterations. Although regular price is \$1.50 we make special offer of \$1.00 for the six, while they last, if you mention LIFE. Will soon be sold. Order today; tomorrow may be too late.

This \$1.00 Should Save You Hundreds

ARCHITECTURAL RECORD, 225 Metropolitan Annex, New York. Enclosed is \$1.00. Mail six numbers containing CITY and COUNTRY HOUSE illustrations, according to special offer in LIFE.

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**PARIS—LYON—  
MEDITERRANÉE**

FRANCE'S GREATEST RAILWAY

Visit the South of France, the entrancing, sun-kissed and rose-scented RIVIERA.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE, SONG AND FLOWERS

BEAULIEU, the fashionable Winter resort.

MONTE CARLO, its magnificent palaces and bustling crowds.

CANNES, the aristocratic "Palm Beach" of France, via

the most luxurious express train service in Europe.

Booklets and full information from

International Sleeping Car Co.

General Agents

279 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



**Dog Language**

Our Towser is the finest dog that ever wore a collar,  
We wouldn't sell him—no indeed—not even for a dollar!  
I understand his language now, 'cause honest, it appears  
That dogs can talk; and say a lot, with just their tails and ears.

When I come home from school he meets me with a joyous bound  
And shakes that long tail sideways, down and up, and round and round.  
Pa says he's going to hang a rug beside the door to see  
If Towser will not beat it while he's busy greeting me.

Then when he sees me get my hat, but thinks he cannot go,

**A QUARTER CENTURY  
BEFORE THE PUBLIC**

Over Five Million Free Samples Given Away Each Year.

The Constant and Increasing Sales From Samples Proves the Genuine Merit of

**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.**

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. If you are a trifle sensitive about the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Dancing Parties, Patent Leather Shoes, and for Breaking in New Shoes. When rubbers or overshoes become necessary and your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease gives instant relief. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold everywhere 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

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



**A Strange Catastrophe**

**T**HIS tree had stood in City Hall Park, New York, for nearly a hundred years. It showed no signs of decay. One day while the park was crowded with persons hurrying to their homes all unconscious of danger, with no apparent cause and without warning it fell and injured a score of persons—three seriously.

Just as sudden and unexpected are most of the accidents which occur daily. No mind can foresee them. No amount of caution can prevent them.

Amid such unseen dangers the only sensible thing is to carry a policy of accident insurance. Such a policy provides for the cost of injury by loss of time and in case of death takes care of the family. You have escaped the accidents of yesterday. Tomorrow is yet to come. Today is the time to act.

We paid last year 15,719 personal accident claims with benefits amounting to \$1,713,046.

**MORAL: Insure in the TRAVELERS**



**The Travelers Insurance Company**

HARTFORD, CONN.

Please send me particulars regarding ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Name \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Business Address \_\_\_\_\_

Life \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
Cortez CIGARS  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-**

**SEEDS**

Largest growers of pedigree farm and garden seeds in the world—Clovers, Grasses, Oats, Rye, Barley, Potatoes, Seed Corn, etc. We breed only pedigree heavy yielding stocks. **CATALOGUE FREE.**

JOHN A SALZER SEED COMPANY, Box 16, La Crosse, Wis.

**OATS**

Sworn yield 259 bushels per acre.

You can beat that. Why not try in 1912.

**ABBOTT'S BITTERS**

Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine, spirit and soda beverages. Appetising, healthful, to use with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Merchants or Druggists. Sample by mail 25c in stamps.

C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

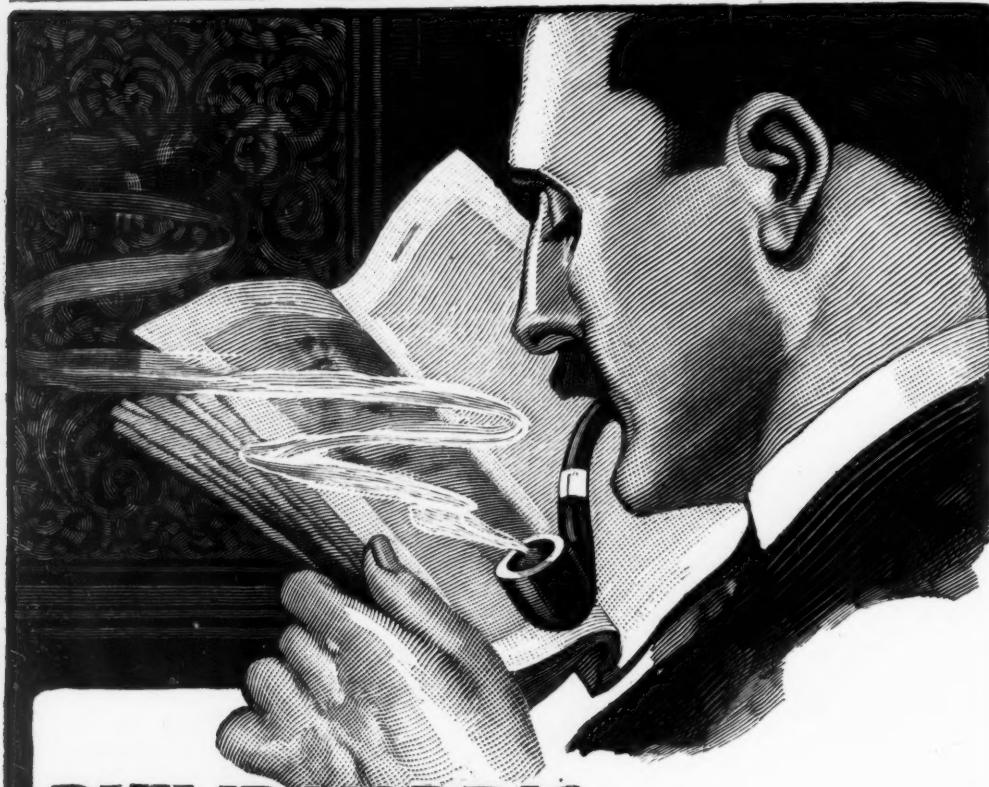
His ears get limp, his tail drops down, and he just walks off—slow;  
Though if I say the magic words: "Well, Towser, want to come?"  
Why, say! You'd know he answered "Yes!" although at speech he's dumb.

—Marion Hovey Briggs, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

**Beware**

The more a husband loves his wife the more he increases her whims.

—Chinse Saying.



## PHILIP MORRIS English Mixture and Cut Plug

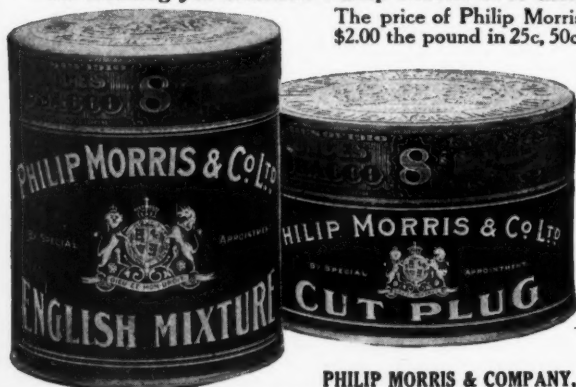
Here's joy for the smoker—and all in the aroma's distance. Philip Morris on the tin is an assurance of that. The contents is the fulfilment of the promise—for nothing yet branded Philip Morris ever disappointed.

The price of Philip Morris English Mixture or Cut Plug is \$2.00 the pound in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 tins. More, of course, than "scrappings" cost—but the difference is in the smoke. You're the winner after all—in either brand you learn what the Englishman knows about smoking tobacco, what science has taught about cleanliness, what a vast amount of quality you get for the price.

If you are a pipe lover, release a quarter for a trial of either brand. Afterwards, there's peace, happiness and smoke contentment in store for you.

*Will you mail that 25c today if your dealer cannot supply you?*

PHILIP MORRIS & COMPANY, Ltd. 417 W. Broadway, New York



### Mose and the Law

Bozeman Bulger, a baseball writer, says that in his home town, down in southern Alabama, a darky was brought into court to answer a charge of murder.

"Mose Tupper," said the judge, contemplating the prisoner over his spectacles, "you are accused here of one of the most serious crimes known to our laws—to wit, the taking of a human life. Are you properly represented by counsel?"

"No, suh," said the darky cheerfully. "Well, have you talked to any one about your defense since your arrest?"

"I told the 'sheriff about the shootin' when he come to my cabin to fetch me heah," said the prisoner—"but's tha's all."

"And have you taken no steps whatever to engage a lawyer?"

"No, suh," said Mose. "I ain't got no money to be wastin' on lawyers. Dey tell me lawyers is mighty costive."

"If you have no funds," insisted the judge, "it lies within the power of the

court to appoint an attorney to defend you without charge."

"You needn't be botherin' yo'self, 'jedge," answered Mose.

"Well, what do you propose to do about this case?" demanded His Honor.

"'Jedge," said the negro, "ez fur ez Ise concerned you kin jes' let de matter drap!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

### The Spirit of Revolution

A great spirit is breathing upon the world, portending wondrous things, and deep is calling unto deep in the souls of men. Men and women throughout the world are catching the spirit of revolution. They are no longer content that little ones shall starve in a world of wealth and splendor; and they are getting ready to throw away their lives with a song on their lips that such things shall not be. The word has been spoken. The fiat has gone forth. The Socialist spirit blocks the wheels of war, and the tyrant quakes lest in this new time the soldier shall refuse to do his will.

—*Franklin H. Wentworth*  
in *The Coming Nation.*

### Marriage in Epigram

Choosing a wife is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war; wherein a man can err but once.

—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Marriage often unites for life two persons who scarcely know each other.

—*Honoré de Balzac.*



The "Different" Cigarette

*Milo*

I am the logical escort for the after dinner demi-tasse of the epicure.

—MILO

THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York

**RAD-BRIDGE** BRIDGE WHIST ACCESSORIES

Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) brings our sample wallet; 42 Forms Lithographed Score Pads, 12 varieties playing cards and illustrated catalog. Dept. L. RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

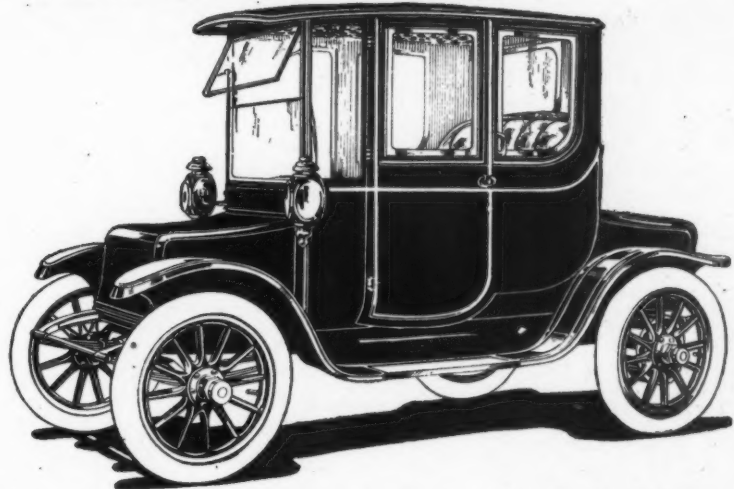
## The Cowboy

So much amusing talk is being made recently anent the blood-bedraggled cowboy of the Wild West that I rise, as one man, to say a few things, not in a dictatorial style, but regarding this so-called or so-esteemed dry land pirate who, mounted on a little cow pony and under the black flag, sails out across the green surge of the plains to scatter the rocky shores of Time with the bones of his fellowman.

A great many people wonder where the cowboy, with his abnormal thirst for blood, originated. Where did this young Jesse James, with his gory record and his dauntless eye, come from? Was he born in a buffalo wallow at the foot of some rock-ribbed mountain, or did he first breathe the thin air along the brink of an alkali pond, where the horned toad and the centipede sang him to sleep and the tarantula tickled him under the chin with its hairy legs?

Careful research and cold, hard statistics show that the cowboy, as a general thing, was born in an unostentatious manner on the farm. I hate to sit down on a beautiful romance and squish the breath out of a romantic dream, but the cowboy who gets too much moist damnation in his system and rides on a gallop up and down Main street, shooting out the lights of the billiard palaces, would be just as unhappy if a mouse ran up his pantaloons legs as you would, gen-

## WHAT did we tell you two years ago about the Edison Battery?



Forty-four below zero or 110° in the shade has no terrors for the Detroit Electric and the Thomas A. Edison Battery.

With the mercury standing at 44 below zero in Winnipeg a short time ago, all Detroit Electric pleasure cars and commercial vehicles, equipped with the Edison Battery, were on the streets giving their usual satisfactory service, although traffic in general was at a standstill. Think of it! The cold was so intense that even telegraph wires were snapped.

At the same time, the Detroit Electric cars equipped with this battery were giving equally good service in Sunny Southern California.

You can get this wonderful battery in the Detroit Electric. We have the *exclusive* right to use this greatest invention of Edison's in electric pleasure cars.

Remember the Edison Battery is made of *nickel and steel*. This battery is not a beautiful theory of *chemical reaction*. It is a commercial proposition that nine years of constant use has proven thoroughly *practical under all conditions*.

### THE Shaft Drive *Detroit* Chainless ELECTRIC

The Edison Battery is practically indestructible. So far as any one can prophesy, it will never wear out. All it needs is an occasional renewal of solution. There is no renewal or washing of elements. The batteries can be recharged, or completely discharged and left standing indefinitely without injury.

The hundreds of cars that we have sold from Coast to Coast, from Canada to the Gulf are giving a service that is a revelation. Batteries in cars that have run 27,000 miles are not only in as good condition as when purchased, but show 45% increase in capacity above catalog rating—15% more than even Mr. Edison predicted.

### The Detroit Electric Guaranteed Lead Battery

To those who do not wish to make the investment necessary to secure an Edison Battery, we offer the Detroit Electric Battery built by us and bearing our *warranty*. This makes it possible for us to *guarantee* the car in its entirety. The battery is guaranteed just like any other part of the car—the motor, transmission, controller, frame, body, etc. This is the first lead battery ever built and guaranteed by the maker of the car.

## ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY

409 CLAY AVENUE,

Branches:

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BROOKLYN  
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(Also branch at Evanston, Ill.)

KANSAS CITY  
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ST. LOUIS

**THERMOS**  
**Your Midnight Lunch**

If you are going to have guests in the evening prepare your coffee, tea or cocoa in advance and serve it piping hot from a Thermos Carafe without loss of time. A beautiful ornament for sideboard or serving table. Most convenient for keeping ice water or other drinkables in the day time or for the sleeping room at night. Keeps liquids ice cold 86 hours and boiling hot 30 to 45 hours.

Over 100 leading hotels and clubs have installed Thermos Carafes in all of their sleeping rooms. Among them are Knickerbocker, New York; Vanderbilt, New York; La Salle, Chicago; Ponchartrain, Detroit; and Marlborough-Blenheim, Atlantic City.

**Thermos Carafe, \$5**  
at all first class dealers

Be sure "Thermos" is stamped on bottom of each article you buy. If your dealer will not sell you genuine Thermos, we will supply you direct, express charges prepaid.

Write for Thermos book describing and illustrating all Thermos specialties.

**American Thermos Bottle Co.**  
Thermos Building New York City

**Binner FAMOUS CORSET**

The Binner Boneless Corset moulds the form in the most approved fashion of to-day.

18 East 45th Street, New York

tle reader. He is generally a youth who thinks he will not earn his twenty-five dollars per month if he does not yell, and whoop, and shoot, and scare little girls into St. Vitus's dance. I've known more cowboys to injure themselves with their own revolvers than to injure anyone else. This is evidently because they are more familiar with the hoe than they are with the Smith & Wesson.

One night, while I had rooms in the business part of a territorial city in the Rocky Mountain cattle country, I was

**HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS**

Original and unequalled. Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine.

*Stewart Hartshorn*

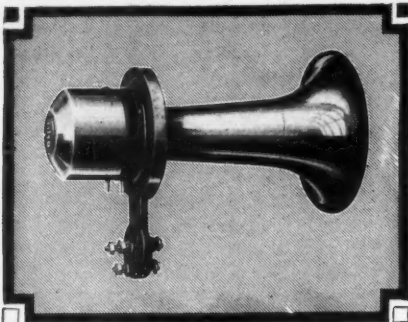
**Matchless Pocket Lighter**

Durable and waterproof. A perfect lighter. Occupies no more space in the pocket than a pencil. Indispensable to every smoker, hunter, fisherman, and auto-mobilist. Heavily nickel plated.

Stamp accepted

Special proposition to agents and dealers.

SCHILLER MFG. CO., Dept. B. 5, CHICAGO



Put a Tuto on your car. It takes the place of the inadequate bulb horn and the loud, disagreeable one note electric horn.

When you buy a Tuto, you get two horns in one, and complete equipment for installing it (see cut) at a total cost of \$25.00 for any finish. This makes the Tuto the best horn value on the market.

## TUTO HORN

### A Two Tone Electric Horn

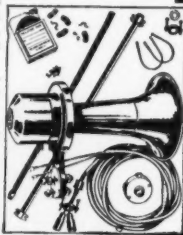
The Tuto Horn is the only adequate warning signal. 1st—Its two notes (low and loud) are distinctive and command instant attention. 2nd—It is quickly and easily operated, both the low and loud notes being produced by the one push button located on the steering wheel right under the thumb. Here's the one horn you can test without cost for 10 days before you buy.

Fill in the Tuto Coupon and take it to your dealer. He will put a Tuto Horn on your car. If you are not satisfied, the dealer will remove it. If there is no accessory dealer in your district, send the Tuto Coupon to us and we will arrange to send you a Tuto for ten days' trial, without costing you one cent.

In buying your new car insist upon having it Tuto equipped.

The Dean Electric Company  
242 Taylor Avenue  
Elyria, O.

"Look for Dean where Quality's seen."



**The Tuto Coupon**

The Dean Electric Co., Elyria, Ohio  
Send through my dealer

Dealer's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

One TUTO HORN (Low and Loud)  
10 DAYS FREE TRIAL  
If the Horn proves satisfactory in your respect, will return money to the dealer at the end of the 10 days trial. Otherwise void.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
No. of Car \_\_\_\_\_  
License No. \_\_\_\_\_



AFTER THE BAWL IS OVER

awakened at about one o'clock a.m. by the most blood-curdling cry of "Murder" I ever heard. It was murder with a big "M." Across the street, in the bright light of a restaurant, a dozen cowboys, with broad sombreros and flashing silver braid, huge leather chaperajas, Mexican spurs and orange silk neckties and with flashing revolvers, were standing. It seemed that a big, red-faced Captain Kidd of the band, with his skin full of valley tan, had marched into an ice cream resort with a self-cocker in his hand, and ordered the vanilla coolness for the gang. There being a dozen young folks at the place, mostly male and female, from a neighboring hop, indulging in cream, the proprietor, a meek Norwegian, with thin white hair, deemed it rude and *outré* to do so. He said something to that effect, whereat the other eleven men of alcoholic courage let off a yell that froze the cream into a solid glacier, and shook two kerosene lamps out of their sockets in the chandeliers.

Thereupon, the little Y. M. C. A. Norwegian said:

"Gentlemen, I kain't neffer like dot squealinks and dot kaind of a tings, and you fellers mit dot leder pantses on and dot funny glose and such a tings like dot, better keep kaind of quiet, or I shall call up the policemen mit my telephone."

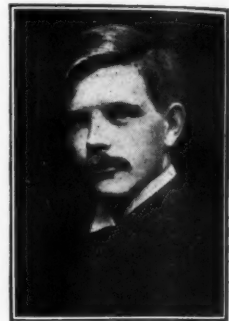
Then they laughed at him, and cried yet again with a loud voice.

This annoyed the ice cream agriculturist, and he took the old axe handle

## Will you own up that you are not giving your body a square deal?

If you will let me help you, I can add years of usefulness and greater efficiency to your business life. You surely are not satisfied through sedentary habits to grow a little weaker and less valuable every day.

I am speaking generally, because I know that nine out of ten men who work indoors have surface muscles that are as soft as dough and stomach and intestine muscles that are growing weaker every day. With even half-proper treatment, the vital muscles can be



made strong enough to improve the health, appearance, temperament, ability of any man.

Big biceps and surface muscles no more indicate health than brick walls prove that a building is fire-proof. The true test is whether or not the day's work fags you, whether your sleep refreshes you, and whether your body will obey the desires of your mind—in other words, can you do the things you would like to do—can you set your body to work without waste of will-energy?

## The Thompson Course

is a series of simple, natural movements, which give greater strength, vitality and energy to the most important muscles of the body—those of the stomach, liver, lungs, heart, and other vital organs.

The Thompson Course is designed to set the nerves, muscles and brain working in harmony. When these three forces are co-ordinated, laziness, nervousness, ill-temper and inability to concentrate are impossible.

The Thompson Course requires no apparatus, does not force you to leave off any of your regular habits—and takes but a few minutes of your daily time. Railroad presidents, and other men whose time is probably worth more than either mine or yours, have given their time to my Course and have postponed their retirement many years on account of it, besides greatly increasing their present efficiency.

Unless you are so well satisfied with your physical and mental condition as to believe yourself incapable of improvement, you will profit by reading my book, "Human Energy," which tells all about The Thompson Course. I mail this book free to any responsible person. If you will send me your name and address I will mail you a copy postpaid, with the simple stipulation that you read it as though it were written by a friend.

Take my word for it, this book is worth sending for.

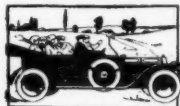
J. Edmund Thompson

Suite 99, Exchange Building, Worcester, Mass.

that he used to jam the ice down around the freezer with and peeled a large area of scalp off the leader's dome of thought, and it hung down over his eyes so that he could not see to shoot with any degree of accuracy.

After he had yelled "Murder!" three or four times he fell under an ice cream table, and the mild-eyed Scandinavian broke a silver plated castor over the organ of self-esteem, and poured red pepper, and salt, and vinegar, and Halford

The Secret of Good Dressing for Men - A Tailor's Skill and "Shackamaxon" TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. Guaranteed Fabrics "Ask a Merchant Tailor"



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26 to 30 Morning Post Buildings, Strand, London, England.

sauce and other relishes on the place where the scalp was loose.

This revived the brave but murderous cowgentleman, and he begged that he might be allowed to go away.

The gentle Y. M. C. A. superintendent of the ten-stamp ice cream freezers then took the revolvers away from the bold buccaneer, and kicked him out through a showcase and saluted him with a bouquet of July oysters that suffered severely from malaria.

All cowboys are not sanguinary, but out of twenty you will generally find one who is brave when he has his revolvers with him; but when he forgets and leaves his shooters at home on the piano, the most tropical violet-eyed dude can climb him with the butt-end of a sunflower and beat his brains out and spatter them all over that school district.

In the wild, unfettered West beware of the man who never carries arms,

# Life

Invites you to the Second Annual Exhibition and Sale of Original Drawings from February 21st to March 2nd, daily (excluding holidays) until 10 P. M., at the Galleries of the Detroit Publishing Company, 15 West 38th Street.

Many of our friends regretted to have missed last year's exhibit. We hope they will avail themselves of the present opportunity. All attending last year found it both entertaining and instructive.

The prices of all drawings will be marked in plain figures.

**"I have been carrying a Hamilton for the past eight years, and in twenty years I have found no watch that gives the satisfaction that the Hamilton Watch does."** — *Conductor C. Smith, Chicago & Alton R. R.*

# The Hamilton Watch

*The Railroad Timekeeper of America*

*Conductor C. Smith of the Chicago & Alton train, "The Red Hummer."*

Over one-half (about 56%) of the Engineers, Firemen, Conductors and Trainmen on American railroads where official time inspection is maintained carry Hamilton Timekeepers.

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Hamiltons are made in all standard sizes. Prices of watches vary according to movement and case from \$38.50 to \$125.00.

Your jeweler can supply a Hamilton movement to fit your present watch case if you desire. Ask him what he knows about the Hamilton Watch.

**Write for "The Timekeeper"**

This book is well worth having and saving against the day when you will want to buy a watch. We gladly send it to any one interested in the purchase of a watch.



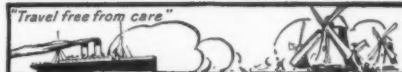
12-size thin model. We equip Hamilton Watches with Safety Numerical Dial (as shown) when desired.



**HAMILTON WATCH CO., Dept. K Lancaster, Pa.**

never gets drunk and always minds his own business. He doesn't go around shooting out the gas or intimidating a kindergarten school, but when a brave frontiersman, with a revolver in each boot and a bowie down the back of his neck, insults a modest young lady and needs to be thrown through a plate glass window and then walked over by the populace, call on the silent man who dares to wear a clean shirt and human clothes.

*Bill Nye.*



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West Indies this winter

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\$175 and up

An Easter Cruise  
March 26th of 16 days, \$85 up

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To the LAND OF THE  
MIDNIGHT SUN

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Hamburg, duration 14 to 26  
days.

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Splendid service, large steam-  
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"KRONPRINZESSIN CE-  
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COSTA RICA

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5,000-ton "PRINZ"  
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Including all necessary expenses

Phone, wire or write for full information

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## Rhymed Reviews

### The Return

(By Walter De La Mare. G. P. Put-  
nam's Sons.)

When Arthur Lawford, full of gloom  
And Influenza's dread bacilli,  
Went forth and sat upon a tomb  
Of creviced marble, worn and chilly,

An ancient Ghost was loafing 'round—  
The ghost of Sabbathier, a Frenchman  
Who'd always been, above the ground,  
A naughty fellow—Satan's henchman.

Upon his grave this Spook unblest  
Beheld the moony mollycoddle,  
And entered in and half-possessed  
Poor Lawford's rather empty noddle.

When Lawford sought his dwelling-place  
To take the rest he felt was due him,  
That Spook had altered Lawford's face  
So that his own wife hardly knew him!

The chapters after that are full  
Of hints of spirit-visitations,  
Much gathering of ghostly wool  
And morbid, sickly speculations

By folks whose brains are out of whack;  
But nothing sets one's flesh a-creeping.  
Then Lawford gets his features back—  
We leave him, like the Reader, sleep-  
ing.

These feeble phantoms like me not;  
For lovingly my fancy lingers  
On grand old ghosts of Walter Scott  
And Lewis—ghosts with gory fingers,

In chains, or mail, or stiff perukes  
The nightcapped hero's courage daunt-  
ing

Give me those downright business-spooks  
That knew the proper styles in haunt-  
ing!

But modern shades are poor and flat  
And so dishonest, which is my kick.  
You ask 'em, "Are you this, or that?"  
They palter, "Well, I'm sort of—  
Psychic!"

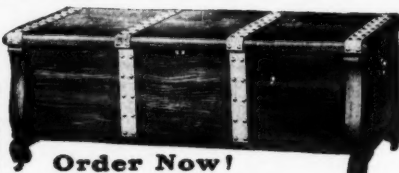
I want real spooks with glary eyes—  
The kind of gobble-uns that get you!  
Oh, yes! This novel won a prize—  
First prize for Tommy Rot, I bet you!  
Arthur Guiterman.

## Moth-Proof Cedar Chest

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Prepaid

15 Days'  
Free Trial

48 in. long  
21 in. wide  
18 in. high



Order Now!

This elegant copper-bound Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest. Beautiful, ornamental, useful, valuable. Perfect Storage for laces, furs, blankets, woollens, etc. Moth, Mouse, Dust and Damp Proof. A delightful wedding or birthday gift which combines beauty and real utility. All goods sold direct from factory AT FACTORY PRICES. FREIGHT PREPAID, 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Send for illustrated catalog showing all styles Chests, Chiffonres, Wardrobe Couches, and interesting booklet, "The Story of Red Cedar."

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO. Dept. 26, Statesville, N.C.

## Advertising an Advertisement:

¶ The most convincing advertisement of Ainslee's that we know of is the March number of Ainslee's itself. If this advertisement could persuade you to buy that advertisement the rest would be easy. Here we can only *tell* you that Ainslee's is "the magazine that entertains"; with this March number we can *prove* it. The issue opens with "The Broken Bell,"

## A Really Brilliant Complete Novel

BY

MARIE VAN VORST

¶ The shorter novel and the dozen or more crisp short stories are the best work of such masters of entertainment as Thomas Addison, Marion Hill, Wells Hastings, Margaretta Tuttle, Nalbro Bartley, F. Berkeley Smith and Thomas P. Byron.

¶ We believe that no one will regret giving this March Ainslee's a chance to speak for itself.

# AINSLIE'S

Sold wherever  
magazines are read.

Read wherever  
magazines are sold.

15 cents the copy.

## The Late Wild West

The Wild West, with its guns and gauds and garments, has come East; its cowboys are in the stock yards; its bronco-busters are in the circuses and country fairs; its blue-eyed homicides are in vaudeville and the police force; its untamed redmen are on the Chautauqua circuits or in college football teams; its romance and folklore are in the fifteen-cent magazines and the problem plays. The Wild West is now the Windy West; its thirst is a tradition; its rugged ideals only inspire college athletics; its habitat is given over to spellbinders, lungers and irrigation. To-day Arizona raises hay and hens instead of hell and horse thieves; Texas has abandoned pistols and alcohol for Prohibition and alfalfa; Nevada has abolished faro and liquor and taken up Moses and his law, and the road agents and holdup artists have been supplanted by hotel keepers and mine promoters.

The glow, the glamour and the glory of the Wild West have departed; the Wild West has gone to join Bohemia in the discard; reform and respectability

## The Latest Achievement of Rauch & Lang

The electrics produced in the Rauch & Lang factory are the handsomest vehicles made today.

The Rauch & Lang car is a masterpiece of mechanical skill and beauty. Ease of operation is one of its exclusive features.

The control (which is patented) is unique. There is no other like it. It is so simple anybody can drive the car with perfect safety and comfort. You cannot know how easy it is to drive an

electric vehicle until you have driven a Rauch & Lang.

This simple car, with all its advantages, costs the least to maintain. Neutral garage men will tell you how little attention a Rauch & Lang needs. Any agent can give you approximate figures. You should get them before you decide on a car.

Exide Batteries standard equipment. Special Electric Pneumatic or Motz High-Efficiency Cushion Tires optional.

Catalog on request. Demonstration gladly given at any time by any Rauch & Lang agent.

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HARPER  
WHISKEY**

THE KIND YOUR  
GRANDFATHER  
USED  
STILL THE BEST.

Note style  
of bottling

This is the  
Guaranteed  
Original  
Package.

It is handled by the best dealers throughout the United States. If you cannot find it we will tell you where you can be supplied right in your neighborhood.

**BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO.**  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

**THE STEPHENSON**  
**UNDERGROUND**  
**GARBAGE RECEIVER**  
NO FREEZING. NO LITTER. NO ODORS.  
Opens with the foot; closes itself. Clean and sanitary.  
Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.  
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 46 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

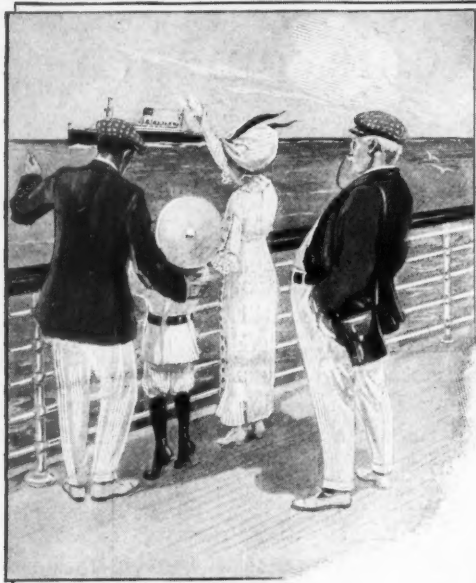
hang over plain and prairie like a pall. The hero must now seek death and danger on a Broadway crossing and assault and battery at Oyster Bay. The halcyon days are over. The bronco has surrendered to the auticycle; the limousine has displaced the prairie schooner; the cowboy fades in the presence of the aviator; the prospector has turned curb broker, and the stage driver of the Sierras is a motorman.

*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The Wild West is no longer wild; it is as tame as tea and toast. It no longer

shoots; it shouts. The greaser is a geyser; the sport spouts. Texas talks; Oklahoma is windy; Montana is modish; Arizona has society columns, woman's clubs and phonographs; Kansas only awaits walls, roof and keepers to be a bedlam, and Nevada and Nebraska have gone in for genealogy and ear-muffs. Reclamation, conservation and alien lung troubles have domesticated the West; the sage brush is being Burbanked and the alkali commercialized.

The Wild West is dead. *Requiescat in pace.*—Joseph Smith.



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**NEW YORK and NEW ORLEANS**

on the Palatial 10600 Ton

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STEAMSHIPS**

is one of its Most Attractive Features  
**SUITES—STATEROOMS—BATHS  
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with choice of one way rail  
Berth and Meals on Ship Included  
Send for interesting books  
**L. H. Nutting, G. P. A., 366 Broadway, New York**

This a new style! Nay, that we'll not believe—  
'Twas sure design'd by our great mother, Eve!

Our poet beat LIFE's to this mysterious subject by a few months less than 110 years. That is going some.  
—Scioto, Ohio, Gazette.

**His Proverb**

"There's a proverb that fits every man."

"What one fits me?"  
"To whom God gives office, he also gives brains."

"But I have no office."  
"Well?"—Cleveland Leader.

LAMPIS the ship owner, was asked how he acquired his great fortune. "My great fortune, easily," he replied; "my small one, by dint of exertion."  
—Stobaeus.

**Kelly-Springfield**

**Automobile  
Tires**



How many *bad* tires you might buy if you hadn't the name, Kelly-Springfield, to guide you to the best tires *first*.

**KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.**  
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Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Atlanta, and Akron, Ohio.  
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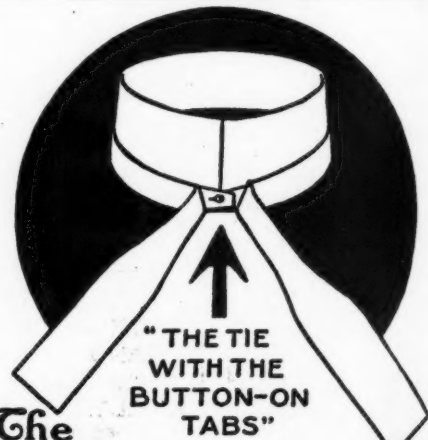
**A Scoop**

LIFE, the leading American journal in the field of combined wit and wisdom, sense and satire, recently published the following poem:

"There she goes, there she goes,  
All dressed up in her Sunday clothes.  
Nobody knows, nobody knows,  
Whether she wears any underclothes."

In its issue of September 11, 1802, the Scioto Gazette printed the following poem:

Oh, Dress! How great, how rapid is thy fall,  
Since you, fair ladies, wear scarce none at all;  
You've strip't the shawl and tucker from your throats,  
And from your bodies strip't your petticoats;  
Like Misses in their teens, Old Maids wear frocks—  
Some wear no sleeves, and some, 'tis said, no smocks.



**"THE TIE WITH THE BUTTON-ON TABS"**  
**The Perfect Dress Tie**

PATENTED JUNE 21, 1898 AND MAY 9, 1905  
Simply button it on and forget about it. - IT CAN'T BUDGE—the Tabs won't let it. White or Black for formal or informal dress. Seek and find the label.

*Sold the world over 50 cents and upward.*  
**KEYS & LOCKWOOD, New York**

**A Well-known Physician**

*Once said:*

"If, when people drink, they would stick to whiskey and a good mineral water, they'd be better off." Sensible, that! Try it and see. And let us suggest "Watchman," in the *Non-refillable bottle*—the most wholesome whiskey of the age. It comes to you *every drink under seal*.

**"Ye Olde**

**Watchman' Whiskey**

*(In Non-refillable Bottles)*

A CORRESPONDENT sends us this extract, with his own query beneath:

Charles F. West, a Boston mail carrier, has served the Government in that capacity for fifty-two years, a longer period of service than that of any other letter carrier in the United States. He is over seventy years of age, and instead of being put on the retired list with a pension, he has been informed that his pay is to be reduced because of his age.  
—Los Angeles Times.

Didn't I see a "beautiful" tribute to Frank Hitchcock in LIFE some time ago?



## More Revolution

It might be cruel to suggest that Mr. Gordon Craig's book "On the Art of the Theatre" (Browne's Bookstore, Chicago) gave evidence of mental unsoundness on the part of the author, but the preponderance of the Ego in the work shows that the intimation would not hurt. Mr. Craig is so thoroughly convinced of his own superiority as an authority of the theatre that the most an expert alienist's opinion, to the effect that the book gave intrinsic evidence of aberration, could do would be to provoke as a retort Shakespeare's opinion on the kinship of madness and genius.

To refute the author's dogmatic and autocratic assertions, or to point out the flaws in his reasoning, would need more space than is justified by the importance of his contentions. The trying out of some of his theories in the recent production of "Hamlet" at St. Petersburg has resulted in a divided judgment so far as can be learned from the cabled reports.

The truth is that Mr. Craig happens to come along with his theories of stage art at a time when there seems to be beginning a natural reaction against the over-emphasis of the material side of the theatre. In his breast he carries the secret which is to save us from our present barbaric enjoyment of stage effects. He is not yet ready to divulge it en-

There's just the difference between a raw, poorly made Cocktail and a

## Club Cocktail

that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one.

The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

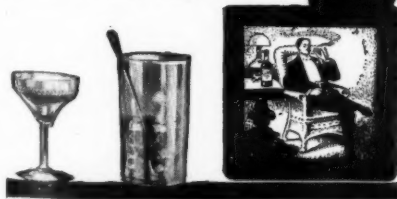
Club Cocktails are aged in wood before bottling—and no freshly made Cocktail can be as good.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes

AT ALL DEALERS

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55-ft. Elco Express  
Speed 24 miles per hour, guaranteed

**P**ROUD of its grace, of its elegance and comfort—of its guaranteed reliability.

Few builders have had our twenty years' experience; fewer still earned a reputation so sound, and none built boats which year after year win such victories as do Elco Express Launches and Elco-Planes.

One of the notable victories of last season was the 16-ft. Elco-Plane "Bug" in defeating Mr. Gould's 185-ft. S.Y. "Helenita" for a prize of \$5000.

Whether you desire a motor boat for racing or for pleasure, especially if purchasing your first boat, your only safety is to depend upon the integrity of the builder. Nowhere else can you purchase as much dependability as in an ELCO and at prices no higher than need be for the best of workmanship and material.

ELCO speeds GUARANTEED, or sale can be cancelled. ELCO boats and engines GUARANTEED for one year.

### Elco Express Launches

28-ft. 4-cylinder Engine, Guaranteed Speed 20 miles.  
35-ft. 6-cylinder Engine, Guaranteed Speed 24 miles.

### Elco-Planes of the "Bug" Type

Patent applied for.

16-ft. 4-cylinder Engine, Guaranteed Speed 30 miles.  
20-ft. 6-cylinder Engine, Guaranteed Speed 35 miles.  
Can be seen at any time, and tried out by appointment.

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Address **Elco** 175 Avenue A  
Bayonne, N. J.

Twenty-seven minutes from Liberty and  
23rd Street Ferries, C. R. R. of N. J.  
to West 8th Street



Elco-Plane "Bug"  
Speed 35 miles per hour, guaranteed.

tirely, but as a beginning it involves the outcasting of scenery, costumes and actors as we know them. Suggestion is to take the place of imitation, etc. The speculative managers should encourage Mr. Craig.

If the reader can overcome resentment against Mr. Craig's bumptious way of setting forth his views, "On the Art of the Theatre" will be found to contain some grains of wheat concealed in

its mass of chaff. The book will also provide those persons who like to talk learnedly about so practical an institution as the theatre with a splendid ammunition of vague terms. If they get to it quickly, they will be ready to become early members of the Craig cult which seems imminent.

And incidentally it might be diverting to search Mr. Craig's sleeve for a laugh.  
Metcalfe.



**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:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
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- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
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Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

**The Perilous Boon**

Bikasur had of penances fulfilled his task,  
 And promise won of any boon that he might ask.  
 "Grant, Siva, that on whom I place my hand,  
 He may become a heap of ashes on the land."  
 The boon is granted. Lo! at once Bikasur strives  
 To place his hand on Siva's head, whom terror drives  
 To fly, as close the steps of his pursuer press.  
 Then Hari, Nand's true son, saw Siva's deep distress,  
 And went before Bikasur, and demanded why

He thus was chasing Siva round the earth and sky.  
 And then he said—when he the whole truth had received—  
 "Bikasur! by some goblin you have been deceived.  
 The mighty boon is all a cheat, a vanity:  
 Just put your hand upon your own head, and then see!"  
 Bikasur, made by Maia's power both blind and drunk,

The test applied, and to a heap of ashes sunk!  
 Rejoicing music floated from the heavenly bowers,  
 And all the gods applauded loud, and rained down flowers.  
 —Poetry of the Orient by W. R. Alger.

Mr. SHERMAN says he doesn't want to be Vice-President again. Typical Americans hate to withdraw from active life for more than four years at a time.  
 —Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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We are offering, for a limited time, a complete course in show card and sign writing to those purchasing a trial assortment of our "Litholia" Ready-to-Use Colors

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for Autoing, Driving and Sitting Outdoors  
 Insure coziness, warmth, comfort! Make living outdoors in Winter a keen enjoyment. Worn by men and women. Sheepskin with heavy, warm wool inside; ten inches high. State shoe size and whether to be worn over shoes or hose. Money back if unsatisfactory.

\$1.50 Pair, Sent Prepaid  
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**Private Cars—Go Where You Please!**  
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# ELECTRIC COACH

IT is a curious fact that coach building was one of the last of the arts to be modernized. The coach body of the middle ages was hung high because the coach was designed to pass and did pass constantly through seas of mud, through bogs, swamps and shallow streams. Notwithstanding the wonderful transformation wrought by modern street paving, coach makers clung blindly to this design until the advent of the Hupp-Yeats. The result was a top-heavy, awkward and dangerous construction, entirely out of place under modern conditions.

The Hupp-Yeats introduced the safe, sane, low-hung construction which an authority has stamped as the first advance in coach construction in over a century. This design provides a car with which skidding and swerving is an impossibility under ordinary conditions; a car that is as easy to enter or leave as to step from one room to another; and a car which possesses a grace and beauty that the high-hung electric never had. The desirability of this design is shown by the wide attempts now being made to copy it. The appointments

of the coach are in keeping with the exquisite beauty of the design.

Regular equipment includes Hycap Exide Battery and Goodyear long distance No-Rim-Cut Tires; Motz Cushion Tires at additional cost.

There are six models, designed to suit every town-car need.

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- Regent Coupe - - - - \$1750

Write for descriptive catalog or call at any of our branches.

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DISTINCT FROM AND HAVING NO CONNECTION WHATEVER WITH HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY

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# New — The Holder Top Shaving Stick

The illustration shows the convenience and suggests the economy of the new Holder Top — the Shaving Stick de Luxe



# Williams' <sup>PATENTED</sup> Holder Top Shaving Stick

The "Holder Top" Shaving Stick is firmly fastened in a neat metal cap that also serves as top of box. When in use the fingers grasp the metal holder and do not touch the soap. When not in use the stick stands firmly on the holder top or can instantly be slipped

back into its handsome nickeled container. Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick not only combines all the other good qualities that have made Williams' Soaps famous, but makes a strong appeal on account of its convenient, economical and sanitary form.

Note the convenient, sanitary hinged-cover nickeled box



The Familiar Hinged Cover Box

The New Holder Top Stick and Container

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged Cover  
Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick Nickeled Box  
Williams' Shaving Powder



Address The J. B. Williams Company, 200 Maple Ave., Glastonbury, Conn.