





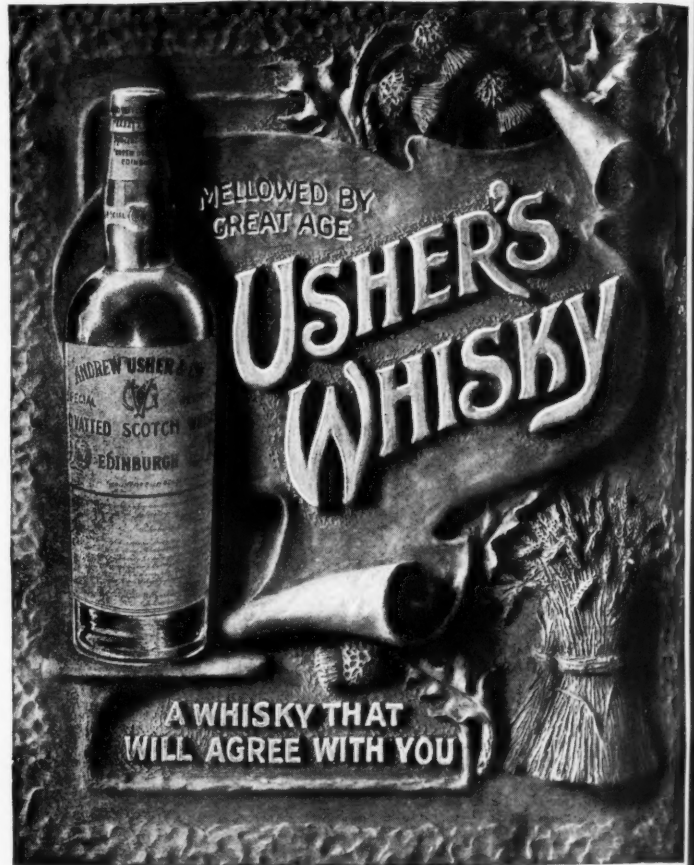
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Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Boys' Department.

Spring and Summer Styles in Clothing,
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Exclusive Styles, High Class Work-
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BROADWAY, Cor. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK



A good material for an Automobile Top must resist exposure to sun, rain and snow, and be readily cleaned from grease. None but the genuine PANTASOTE leather will meet these requirements and keep the Automobile looking always at its best. Is absolutely waterproof and retains its color. If your dealer tries to sell you a substitute, he probably does it for his own profit, at your loss. Imitations when new are deceiving. Superior to cloth on both sides materials (" mohairs," etc.), for many reasons, two in particular—the impossibility of removing dust, dirt and stains from their outer side, and the fact that their interlining of impure rubber is ruined by exposure to sunlight or grease, as are tires.

Send postal for booklet on top materials, and sample with which to compare when buying, and prevent substitution.

THE PANTASOTE CO.
55 BOWLING GREEN BLDG. NEW YORK.



"HI, MIKE! WOULD YEZ COME HERE AN' SEE THIS DUM FOOL AV A BUG."

Strange as it may seem, the average automobilist does not know automobile comfort.

Nor does the average man know the sensation of flying in an aeroplane, and he never will unless he tries it. In the same way the automobilist does not know comfort until he uses a really comfortable automobile. He judges easy riding by what he is used to and may permit himself to be satisfied with a standard far below what he might enjoy.

Not to have full comfort is to miss the best part. What one will get in comfort, not what he thinks or believes, is what the automobile buyer wants to know. Only in this way can he get the proper standard of comfort.

Find out

If you think the ordinary automobile is as comfortable as a Franklin the thing to do is to make a comparative test.

If you think the rigid steel-frame and semi-elliptic-spring construction commonly used in any way equals the Franklin full-elliptic-spring and wood-frame flexible construction an investigation will be a revelation.

If you think a certain amount of jarring and jolting must be endured your understanding of what you are entitled to is wrong. Jars, jolts and vibrations from road shocks are no more necessary in an automobile than in a fine carriage.

Our idea of comfort

The Franklin idea of comfort is not how fast you can drive and not throw the passengers out, but how far and how fast you can drive with perfect ease and enjoyment. Built on this idea, the Franklin is always comfortable. It makes the best time; the passengers do not suffer fatigue. The automobile itself is not racked.

And comfort is more than easy riding. If an automobile is comfortable it is proof that it is a good automobile. If it is comfortable it does not pound itself; it does not deteriorate and rattle. It is easy on itself and on the tires.

Comfort and road ability

An easy-riding automobile has the most road ability. Power alone does not give road ability. Unless you can drive along smoothly and consistently you are not getting the full advantage of the power.

That the Franklin has the most road ability and the greatest endurance is evidenced in many ways, and especially by the fact that its San Francisco-New York and Chicago-New York records have stood for years unbroken. Although the roads across the country have been immensely improved other automobiles

Perhaps you wonder why other manufacturers are so slow to employ Franklin construction—light weight, full-elliptic springs all around, wood chassis frame, large wheels, large tires and air cooling. But when you consider that in all the affairs of the world's history it is the one who stands apart from the crowd that turns out to be the leader you know the answer.

The Franklin catalogue, the clearest, frankest expression on the automobile subject ever published, will be sent free on request.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

Licensed under Selden Patent

have not been able to even approach our records, which is very significant.

Advanced design

Comfort, light weight, simplicity—these are the features you want. They are the hall marks of advanced design. Comfort, the great thing to be sure of, means everything; simplicity means lack of trouble; light weight means economy and safety. On the basis of ability and staying qualities the Franklin is the lightest automobile made.

Air cooling that will not overheat

The Franklin new cooling system is the one great success of the year. The cooling system is the engine itself, there being no auxiliary mechanism—something never before accomplished. You really do not know that you have a cooling system for it requires no attention and gives no trouble. It will not overheat nor freeze.

Wrong on the tire question

The tire question, "problem" it is called, is another subject that is not understood. The standard usually accepted is wrong. The carrying of extra tires and submitting to delay and trouble are thought to be "part of the game", and so they are with the average automobile. But investigation—an effort to find out instead of accepting the common belief—will give you the proper standard. There is no tire problem with the Franklin. So reliable is the tire equipment that extra tires are not carried. The tires will not blow out. They give service for four times the mileage of the ordinary tire equipment. You can ask the tire manufacturers.

It is simple enough. Being light and flexible, the Franklin is easy on its tires. We do not stop there, but equip our automobiles with extra large tires so that the tires are not overloaded nor put under stress by fast driving.

Proof

1910 Franklins are not provided with tire carrying irons. At first purchasers were loath to accept them without such irons and without providing extra tires, but they do now—experience has proved our claims.

We have a long list of reports from owners

showing almost unbelievable mileage without even a puncture.

Model G, \$1850, a challenge

While we take off our hat to the many manufacturers producing splendid automobiles of medium size at low price, there has not yet been one produced that equals Franklin Model G. We brought this model out in 1906. Its tremendous success has spurred manufacturers everywhere to an effort to meet its competition. But none has succeeded. Model G is the only touring car of low price that has enduring quality. So good is it, like any Franklin, that we would match it in a transcontinental contest against any automobile made, no matter what its size or price.

Six-cylinder Model H, \$3750

No Franklin ever had less than four cylinders. In 1906 when we brought out Model H other manufacturers, who had just begun making four cylinders and who had been building one, two and three cylinders while we had for years been making four cylinders, said the six was absurd. But we went right ahead, and today Franklin Model H is supreme in the six-cylinder class. Its increase in power is thirty per cent greater than the increase in weight. No other manufacturer has done this. Its upkeep is very much less than the upkeep of a four-cylinder of equal power. This is because it is lighter and because it has a very light fly wheel and is easy on all its parts and on its tires. For high power it is safer construction. A high-powered four-cylinder motor requires a heavy fly wheel, and a heavy fly wheel requires heavy construction throughout. A heavy fly wheel is hard on the mechanism and on the tires and is in itself an element of danger. To be ideal an automobile engine would not require a fly wheel. In the present development, however, the fly wheel is an undesirable necessity, but in a six it is less of a necessity than in a four.

Model D, \$2800

Model D has long been the leader in the medium class. It is the best automobile for the average user. It is so well proportioned that it is large enough for touring and at the same time small enough for city work.



“FRONT!”

· LIFE'S · Great Hotel Number

Will be on all News Stands next Tuesday.



THIS number has all the modern improvements, including cold-storage jokes, steam-heated wisdom, sterilized hot air and a uniform rate for all. Spirit elevators on every floor. Light, airy, spacious apartments, filled with the best things of Life. Room for one million or more comfortably. Magnificent circulation always “going up.” Nourishment provided all hours of day and night. Joy register in lobby. No improper parties admitted. Rates by day, hour or week, only ten cents, which includes all the privileges of the advertising annex, where you can find anything from a toothpick to an airship. Pages galore.

EVERY

once in a while we have to stop and think. We are so busy getting out these extraordinary numbers that there is little time to chronicle all of our sensations.



Our Terrible Temptation

We have resisted it, of course, but for the moment it has taken us off our feet. What was it? We don't dare tell. We can only whisper it to the few—the very few—who are in sympathy with our great work.

But perhaps we'd better not, after all. We are not going to do it—so why mention it? * * * Only—

Speaking of the Improper Number, the only trouble was there weren't enough copies to go around, and it was necessary to get out a second edition, which is now ready.

We may as well tell about that temptation. It was simply this:

To get out another number and put in it all the rejected things left out of the Improper Number.

Which we won't, of course.



'Nuff sed!



Word from Paris.

“Hello! Is zis ze Life, New York. Vel, I hav seen vat you call your Improper Numbaire! Bah! Ve call it here ze Sunday-School Numbaire. You don't know your beezness. Au revoir.”

THAT TELEGRAM CONTEST

is now closed, and the announcement of the winner will be made as soon as possible. So many thousand answers have been received that the clerical labor is considerable.

This contest, by the way, will be succeeded by another of absorbing and transcendent interest to all college girls and boys.

Look out for it in a near number of LIFE—probably the double number of April 7.

A NEW FEATURE

Have you noticed Kerfoot's Confidential Book Guide? It's worth looking at.

In the first place, it is a real guide. It does the same service for books that Metcalfe does for plays. As the great procession of volumes marches by, Kerfoot levels his glass on the most prominent long enough to give us all a good look. One book is kept in sight for about four weeks. No literary department like LIFE'S. Short, sound and circumambient.

Subscription \$5.00

Canadian \$5.52

Foreign \$6.04



RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON, WASHINGTON, OTTAWA.

CLUB LINEN PLAYING CARDS

"An Ideal Bridge Card." Design of back, hemstitched linen, pat. Sept. 24, '07. Colors: Red, Blue, Brown, Green. 25 cents per pack; gold edge 35 cents. Dealers everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Illustrated catalog of Bridge accessories free. Address: Dept. L. Radcliffe & Co., New York, 144 Pearl St., & London, E. C.

Education

A little knowledge of the ways of men,
A little reading of their deeds and fates,
A little guessing at their thoughts, and then
A quick forgetting of their names and dates—
That's History.

A little delving in the tomes they penned,
A little conning of the verse they writ,
A feeble grasping of their aims and trend,
A shadow mem'ry of their mirth and wit—
That's Literature.

A little dabbling with a salt or two,
A little musing with a sticky mess,
A few experiments half-blundered through,
A twilight testing of a groping guess—
That's Science.
—W. W. W., in *Hampton's*.

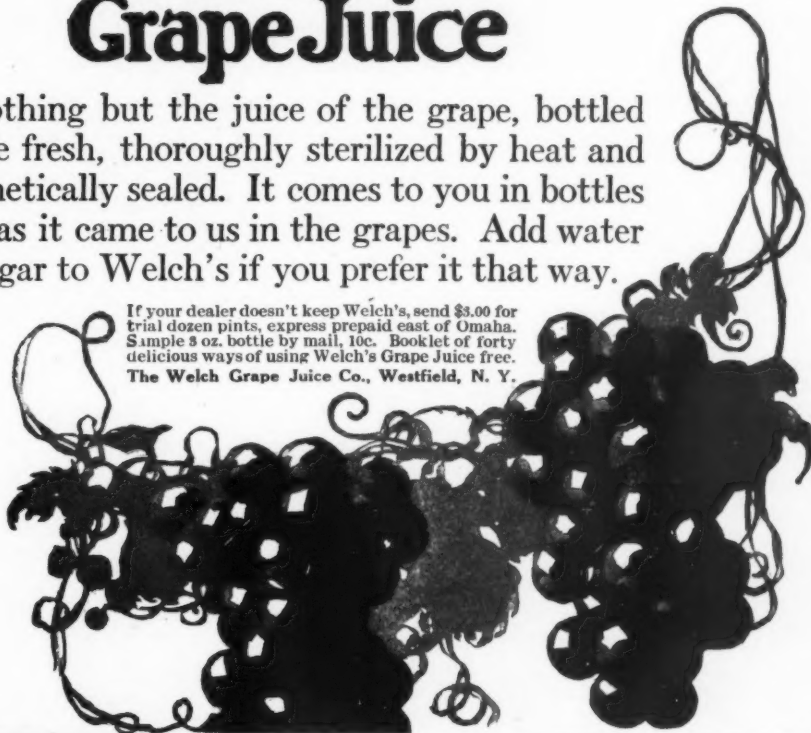
One More Thing to Try

The discouraged mother sighed as she confessed wearily, "We have whipped our little Jim, coaxed him, shut him up, bribed him, made him go without his meals—in fact, we have done everything we could think of to break his will; but so far we haven't been successful."
"If you want his will broken," was the bitter suggestion of a friend who

Beware of grape juice that has been heavily sweetened. Sugar has been put in to cover up the taste of inferior grapes and is really a dilution, as syrup costs less than grape juice.

Welch's Grape Juice

is nothing but the juice of the grape, bottled while fresh, thoroughly sterilized by heat and hermetically sealed. It comes to you in bottles just as it came to us in the grapes. Add water or sugar to Welch's if you prefer it that way.



If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 3 oz. bottle by mail, 10c. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

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

had lately been disappointed in not receiving an expected legacy, "you'd better take him to a lawyer."—*Lippincott's*.

Fitzgerald's Summary

Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of the Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, was a more or less genial opponent of matrimony as a state.

One day he said to his friend Miss Ellen Churchyard, of Woodbridge:

"Do you know, Nell, what marriage is?"

Miss Churchyard thought not.

"Then I'll tell you," said he. "Marriage is standing at one's desk, nicely settled to work, when a great big bonnet pushes in at the door and asks you to go for a walk with it."—*Youth's Companion*.

THE ORIENT

A Myriad of Attractions and Allurements for the Tourist

WESTWARD FROM SAN FRANCISCO
VIA PALATIAL (27,000 TONS) STEAMSHIPS OF

Pacific Mail S. S. Co. Toyo Kisen Kaisha

TOUCHING AT

HONOLULU, YOKOHAMA, KOBE, NAGASAKI
SHANGHAI, MANILA, HONGKONG

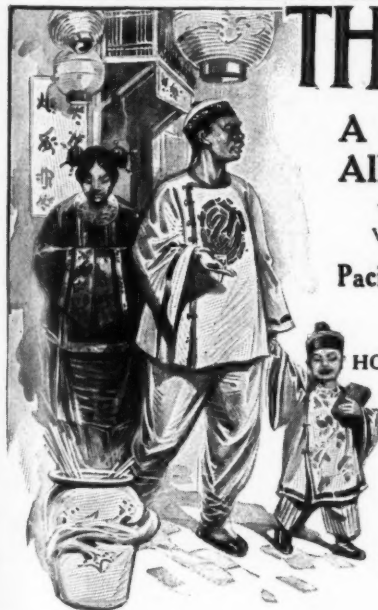
FOR THE TRANSCONTINENTAL TRIP USE

Southern Pacific Sunset Route

NEW ORLEANS TO SAN FRANCISCO

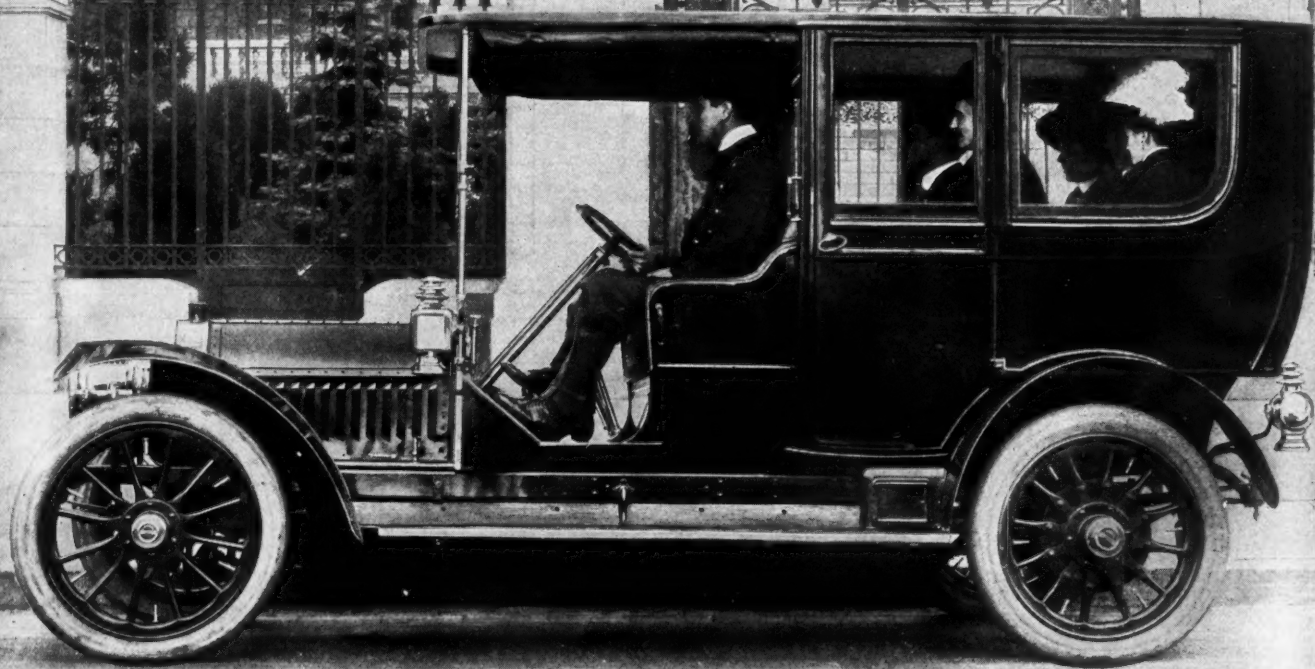
SUPERIOR SERVICE ALL THE WAY

L. H. NUTTING, General Eastern Passenger Agent
366, 1158 or 1 Broadway New York



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

Locomobile



A Touring Limousine for every purpose, every season. Perfect protection from the inclemency of Spring, the dust and sudden storms of Summer. Everything about the Locomobile in the Locomobile Book - Mailed on request

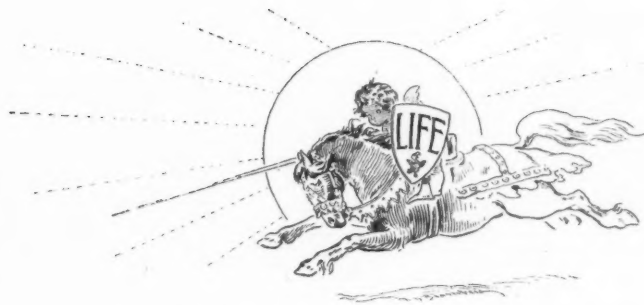
The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport Conn.

New York - Boston - Philadelphia - Chicago - San Francisco

"30" SHAFT DRIVE

"40" CHAIN DRIVE

LICENSED UNDER THE SELDEN PATENT



Jack Says

THAT every nice lady-voter will try to elect her husband President.

That happiness is a by-product of health.

That it takes a big man to be a big coward.

That every true son of Adam likes apple pie.

That a man must be very religious to be a skeptic.

That it's only the things which don't concern us that we truly understand.

That it's only the good man who ever has a bad conscience. *Ethel Claire.*

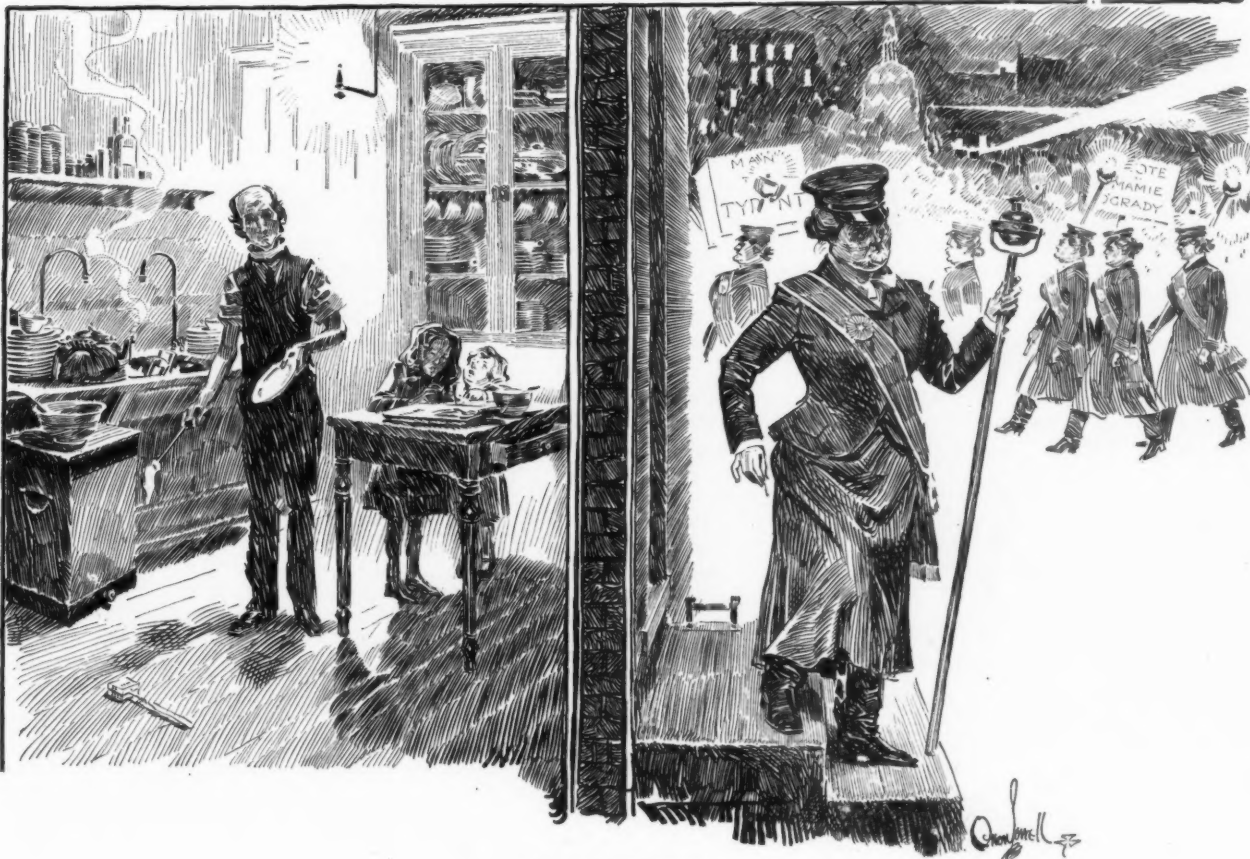
"A FREAK, is she?"

"Yes, indeed. She's two-faced, fore-handed, and five feet."

A Maiden's Prayer

(1910)

I MAY develop eloquence,
Drop petticoat for bloomer;
Or, scorning sham and saving pence,
Bar costume and costumer:
But Heaven grant me recompense—
A trace of saving common-sense,
A grain or two of humor.



THE HUSBANDETTTE

"MY GOODNESS, BUT I'LL BE GLAD WHEN ELECTION IS OVER"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LV. MARCH, 17, 1913 No. 1429

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



SPRING begins to suggest herself to our expectations. Measuring by the calendar, this issue of LIFE will find her a fortnight old.

Measuring by the weather and the latitude and the climate, this issue of LIFE will doubtless find her playing hide and seek with her reception committee. That is the way of spring in March hereabouts. Nevertheless she has started and bids fair to run an exciting course this year. For besides the things that habitually belong to spring—the starting of the green things, the putting in of crops, the procuring and display of spring suits and hats and all that—spring this year is the harbinger of a very momentous event.

Theodore is coming home!

Close on the heels of spring he is coming, and we have only three brief months to adjust our minds to the prospect of his presence and get ready to receive him.

Not much longer now must this, our country, sit like an orphan on the doorstep of life. Our guardian is about to resume his care of us. He does not know it—would doubtless deprecate any suggestion of such a purpose—but the country seems persuaded that it is so. How he will go about it no man explains. But he is coming. Whatever happens he will be around, and if things don't happen that ought to, he will be within reach of insurgent minds, who will want to know why. No doubt the circulation of the *Outlook* will run up with the sap.

Timely and forehanded, the Mayor of New York has made the first

formal recognition of the impending presence by appointing a committee to welcome the late President to his native city and fetch him through the Custom House. It would be polite of Congress to empower Collector Loeb to bring him in duty free, but anyhow the committee will get him in. It is a great committee, strong in numbers and variety. All sorts and conditions of New Yorkers are on it, and any one who has been received by it will be conclusively at home and need not be received any more. We suppose that is about what Mr. Roosevelt will want. He will want to be at home and feel so, at the earliest possible moment, so the Mayor's committee will doubtless facilitate his plans.



ON the whole it is likely to be a help to Mr. Taft to have Mr. Roosevelt in the country again. It will mean a new topic of conversation, or, at least, the resumption of an old one. That in itself is likely to be grateful to Mr. Taft. A great deal of conversational ability is spent upon him just now which he could well spare and probably would be glad to. Mr. Taft wants to do business, and so much talk is no help to him. To have the country talking about Mr. Roosevelt, and sitting at his feet while he discourses of lion-hunting and birds, bob-cats and botany, would give Mr. Taft an opportunity to get something done. And that's what he wants. As it is the people insist upon discussing Mr. Ballinger and the postal savings banks, and the rates on second-class mail matter, and the tariff, and the income-tax, and the currency problem, and federal incorporation, and Mr. Knox's policies, and all those difficult and anxious subjects, and Congress listens so much that it is hard to get anything done. A thorough change of topics might help Mr. Taft a good deal.

But Mr. Roosevelt, if he sticks to his plans of being a contributing editor of the *Outlook*, will find it hard to stick to botany and birds. He will have to say something now and then

and—well, we shall see. It has been reported that one of his expressed purposes is to write the history of Texas. There is a good deal of it, and it is pretty lively, and perhaps that will be a more attractive outlet for his energies than current discourse.



THE application to Congress for the incorporation of the "Rockefeller Foundation" is explained by authorized persons as the first step in the construction of a great philanthropic machine which Mr. Rockefeller proposes to endow very largely to the end that mankind may be benefited by his accumulations long after it has ceased to be practicable for himself to share the benefits that result. Precisely what kind of benefits the new foundation is designed to dispense is not yet disclosed, but Mr. Rockefeller's propensity has been to use money for the increase of human knowledge and the betterment of human health, and the new enterprise is intended for work on those lines. Its purpose, as set forth in the bill to incorporate it, is "to promote the well-being and advance the civilization of the peoples of the United States and its territories and possessions, and of foreign lands, in the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge, in the prevention of suffering, and in the promotion of any and all the elements of human progress." This indicates intentions of wider scope than any the venerable money-maker has yet indulged. He will go outside of his own country, following in that the broad and generous disposition of Baron Hirsch and Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

These are very interesting intentions, and Mr. Rockefeller, at this stage of his development, is a very interesting man. What accumulated money can be made to do for the improvement of mankind and the advancement of civilization seems likely to be pretty well tested by the time that Mr. Rockefeller's and Mr. Carnegie's investments have been at work long enough for their capacity for usefulness to be tested.



A ST PATRICK'S DAY FANCY

More Congratulations

"'Twas Ever Thus"

L O! I have waited weeks and weeks
For LIFE's "Improper Number,"
Odd dreams of beauties and of freaks
Intruding on my slumber;
And now I hold it in my hand,
Paid for with my last copper,
In vain I have its pages scanned
For something REAL improper!

What was it that I look for? Well,
What was it YOU expected?
I guess we'd neither like to tell,
And those things were rejected!
The Devil's not, it's proven true,
As black as he is painted,
And disappointment cometh to
Imagination tainted!

Henry Waldorf Francis.

MILWAUKEE.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir:—May one who has been a fairly constant reader of LIFE from its beginning venture to express the hope that the "Improper Number" of February 24 has exhausted the supply of the kind of material with which you have filled its pages, but which has been far too prevalent in recent years. You speak of the clamorous eagerness with which your readers awaited the number. Are we to understand that the clientele which LIFE desires to propitiate is made of prurient youth and women of the street? I can conceive of the sort of circles in which the "Improper Number" has found gleeful welcome, but they are hardly the circles in which gentlemen are at home. No woman of my acquaintance would permit the number to lie on her library table, with the disgusting cover-picture to catch the eye of any chance visitor. I am not convinced by your editorial that old-fashioned modesty is out of date. Nor do I think that LIFE has been successful in its attempt to be improper without being vulgar. Any member of LIFE's staff who would attempt to describe one of the pictures in this number, or relate one of its offensive stories in polite society, would be branded not only as vulgar but as a cad and a bounder. Self-respect, and that clean-mindedness and innate courtesy which show themselves in a reverence for whatever relates to womanhood, are still, in circles with which I am familiar, the mark of a gentleman. It is the verdict of those whom I know and whose opinion I honor that the men who are

responsible for LIFE seem to have yielded any claim to the title.

There was a time when LIFE used to profess that it had a serious mission, and one caught shy glimpses now and then of evidences of this conviction. Has it surrendered every serious purpose to lend its effort to purifying the moral atmosphere of this town? Some of us who are fighting a hard battle to save the boys and girls from the things which tempt them to impure thoughts and unchaste imaginations wish with all our hearts that LIFE, with its clever and searching humor, might be counted on to help. Must we hold it, instead, a malignant force to be reckoned with?

Very truly yours, HENRY E. COBB.
WEST END COLLEGIATE CHURCH,
New York, February 28, 1910.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
New York City.

Gentlemen:—It gives me pleasure at this time to send you my compliments, congratulations and felicitations upon your successful achievement in the issuing of your "Improper Number." It seems to me that it is improper only as a title to the issue, for in my opinion there is nothing at all improper in the excellent wit and artistic design of the pictures given; surely only a perverted and "seeking-evil" mind could find anything at all immoral in anything you have given.

It was no easy thing to keep up to the title and still keep within the bounds of delicacy and refinement.

With renewed congratulations, I am,
Yours very truly,
HENRY C. BROWN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
February 25, 1910.

LIFE,

New York.

Sirs:—Shake, please, on your "Improper Number." The best thing in it was not the pictures, but the editorial, which ought to be copied by every church paper in the United States. And, say, LIFE, won't you please cut out for all future time the stale joke about the preacher being cooked by cannibals? It's really threadbare, vacuous. If that "original joke" must be dragged in by the ears put it in modern setting; let the cannibal greet the minister missionary in the exaggerated habiliments of upper Fifth Avenue and present to the parson a *de luxe* edition of Ibsen's plays

or Maeterlinck; a forty horsepower auto in the background would add realism to the setting.

* * * * *

Truly yours,

WM. U. HELFFRICH.

CHRIST REFORMED CHURCH,
BATH, PA., February 25, 1910.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir:—Will you please define the word "improper." In other words, "I'm from Missouri," even if I do live in "slow old Philly." Your "improper" number was surely one of your "jokes." Try again. Do not linger under the idea that you really fulfilled your promise. All of us were truly very much disappointed. You are still "it," and it's up to you to throw down a "color flush." Do your duty.

Most sincerely yours,

"DISAPPOINTED."

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 24, 1910.

Oh, LIFE! Aren't you ashamed? I'm glad my subscription expired with that "Improper Number."

I've just sent you money for renewal for a year. Don't tell my wife.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

LIFE:

Dear Sirs:—Of all your so-called special numbers the last one is the limit, and I am not a prude either. Your feeble excuses for publishing the number are amusing. Why not cut out these so-called special numbers and give us LIFE?

Very truly yours,

CHARLES J. SHEPARD.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 25, 1910.



Miss Mouse: DON'T YOU JUST ADORE THE "BOSTON"?

"YES, BUT I FIND IT VERY DIFFICULT NOT TO HOP."

The Ten Commandments of the New York Stock Exchange



"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT—"
HOW THE ACQUAINTANCE BEGAN



I. Thou shalt do no business with any other Exchange but me.

II. Thou shalt bow down and worship the New York Stock Exchange, its officers, its committees, its rules, its commissions and everything that is Its, for I am a jealous Stock Exchange and visit the sins of my members against me upon them and their clerks, and their customers even unto the third and fourth generation thereof.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Stock Exchange in vain, but shalt always speak of it as a high-principled body and made up of perfectly honest gentlemen.

IV. Six days shalt thou labor and do all those that thou canst do, but the seventh day thou shalt put on thy silk hat and go to church.

V. Honour thy fatherly and motherly older members of the Stock Exchange and wax fat on the two-dollar commissions they may give thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill business by telling the truth about the interest charged your customers.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adulteration, nor deal in watered stocks except those listed on the Exchange.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal from other members of the Exchange.

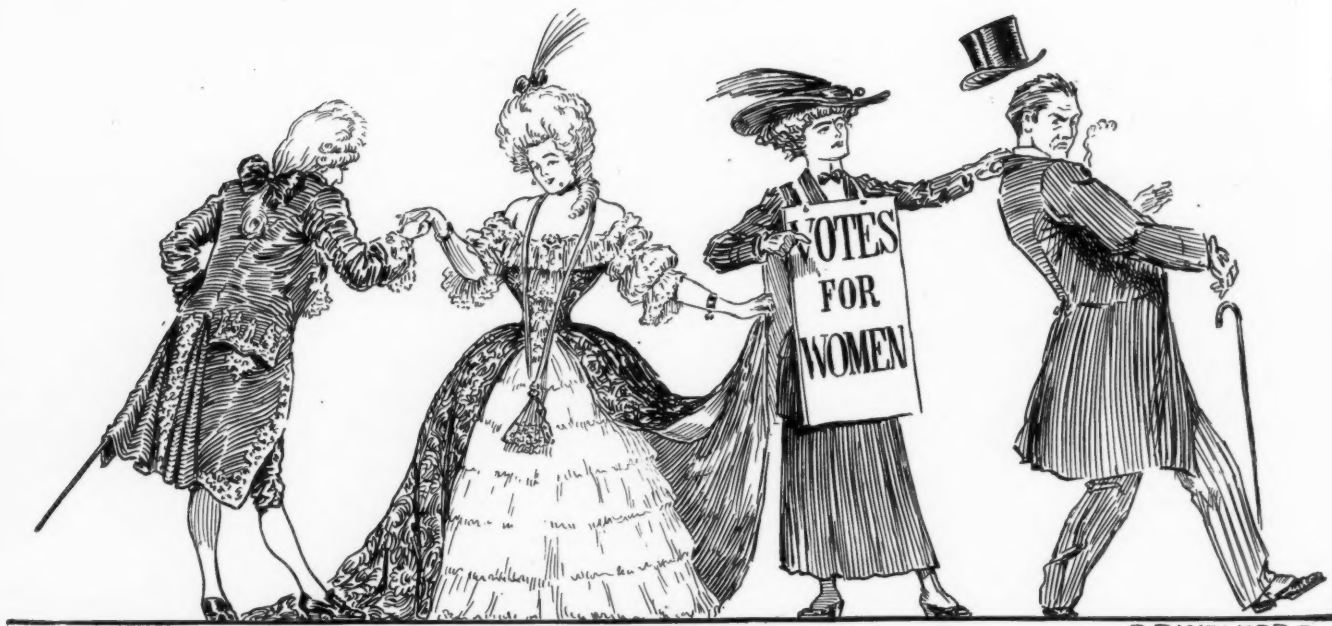
IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness unless a customer is suing some member of the Exchange.

X. Thou shalt not covet another member's house, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor his other stocks. Outside of the Exchange go as far as thou likest.

J. S. M.



"DID YEZ KNOW THOT CASEY TUK OUT A THOUSAND DOLLARS LOIFE INSURANCE ONLY THE DA-AY BEFORE HE WUZ KILT?"
"SHURE! CASEY WUZ ALWA-AYS LUCKY."



MY LADY'S HAND

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

Seeking for a Light—In Havana

THE present writer recently visited Havana. He neglected to take with him a box of matches.

Havana is a place where they make cigars and postal cards. There are four papers published in Havana. During my visit there three of the editors were in jail. The other one was confined to his room owing to an attack made upon him by a friend with a revolver. It was expected that he would be well enough to go to jail in a few days.

Havana supplies cigars to the world, but not matches. There is no place to get a light in Havana. If you ask a

Cuban for a light, he will refer you to the police. Matches are sold in Havana at three cents a box and a tax of over thirty per cent. is collected on each box. This revenue goes to supply the government with funds to keep up a defense against strangers seeking for a light.

If you wish to swear off smoking go to Havana without matches. If you are fond of exercise and excitement try to get a light there.

Havana has fine music, wonderful mahogany doors, artistic grilles, delicious tropical fruit, and cigars made while you wait. You can be robbed there more courteously than anywhere else.

When the world was made it was said: "Let there be light—except in Havana, to any one with a cigar."

They are just forming a new club in Havana. It is composed of Americans who have been stranded there without matches.

T. L. M.

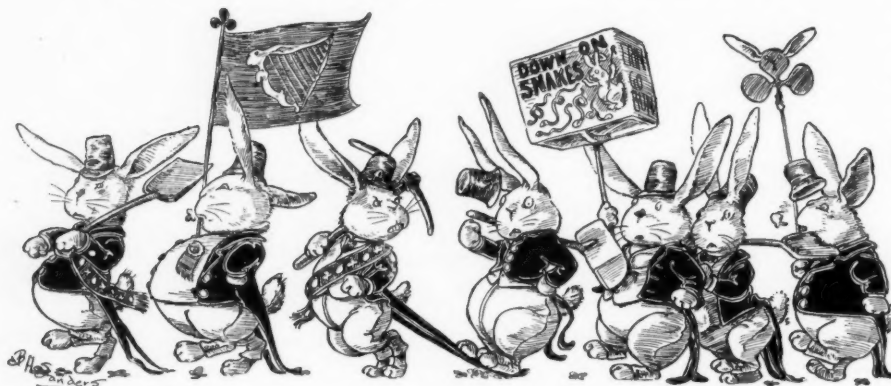
Menacing Earnestness

A CATHOLIC clergyman, in attacking Socialism the other day, said it was a menace "because its representatives believe strongly in everything they say and appeal."

Can it indeed be that Socialists have become so lost to all sense of shame as to menace us with their sincerity? Heretofore we have looked upon Socialists with a sort of quiescent neutrality, but if they are going to be honest and thus fly in the face of all that civilization has done for us we shall have to change our attitude.

The thanks of all of us are due the good brother for making the discovery.

Ellis O. Jones.



17TH OF MARCH HARES

BOSTON MOTHER: Gladys, you ought to play with your little cousin Waldo and be more courteous to him.

BOSTON LITTLE GIRL: No, I will not, mother. He admits that he does not consider suffrage essential to woman's highest development.



Suffragette Leader: MR. EDITOR, I WANT TO GET A STATEMENT OF YOUR UNBIASED OPINION OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Pat's Pathetic Passing

POLICEMAN PAT peruses picture puzzle prize proffer. Premium promised person purchasing, placing painted pieces, producing perfect pictures.

Pat ponders, purchases—paying prodigious price—prepares place, puts pieces promiscuously, pursues particular plan, pompously prophesies prompt performance.

Pieces proceed perversely. Pat pauses perturbed. Problem perplexes. Prolonged perplexity produces panic. Plen-

tiful poteen potations prove pernicious. Protracted puzzling produces profuse perspiration, panting, pain, pallor, palpitation. Pills procure partial palliation.

Pat persists, perseveres, protests perfection possible.

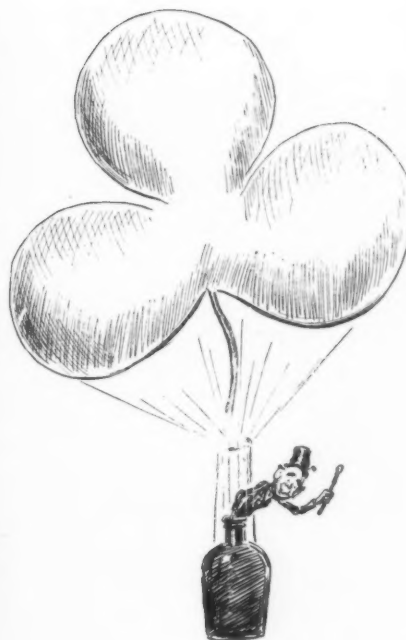
Punishment pursues pertinacious policeman. Poor Pat pays penalty, perishes pitifully, prone, prostrate.

Parents provide proper pall.

Priest publicly pronounces panegyric. Paper prints pertinent paragraphs praising popular prominent policeman.

Pat planted permanently.

Camilla J. Knight.



IN HIGH SPIRITS

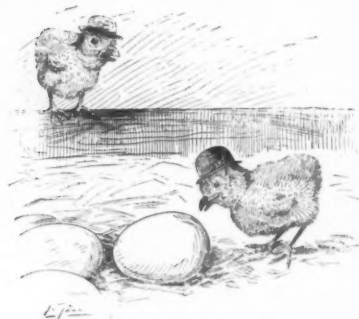
Using Influence

"HE seems to be an up-to-date politician."

"I should say so. Before proposing to Miss Specie he got up a petition with two thousand signatures urging her to accept him."

FIRST SUFFRAGETTE: Do you consider militant methods the best way to call attention to our cause?

SECOND SUFFRAGETTE: Why not? A brick might possibly catch the eye.



"HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE A GIRL CHICK?"

"I HEARD A SMALL VOICE WITHIN SAY, 'VOTES FOR WOMEN.'"



SONG OF THE ADVANCED MAIDENS

Onward! still onward! to regions above,
 Where dominant mind is supreme.
 Who cares now for men or for obsolete love?
 To rule and to vote is our dream.

Magazine Predictions for March

A HEAVY muck-raking storm will form on the first page and sweep over the entire eastern and northeastern part of the magazine, followed by light editorial flurries. After the first few pages there will follow a spell of mild fiction, with varying illustrations. Close on this will be an unsettled condition of protest articles during several consecutive pages, followed by a rain of criticism, with flashes of indignation and editorial thunder. After this there will be a poetical lull, with much mention of green buds, twittering birds and nodding crocuses. Following this there will be a sudden Public Problem squall, which will give way after four or five pages to a Human Interest calm. Then expect a mild woman's story with bits of sunshine. About the middle look out for a raging Cost of Living storm, which will gather at Washington, D. C., and spread rapidly all over the United States, with greatest severity in and around New York. During the spring equinox sudden changes will mark the pages, varying from southern breezes of household humor to fierce northwestern gales on the Trust Problem. Following this a few pages of a balmy suffragette article. Then a short cold snap on the Rights of the Working Man. This will give way to a low barometer of stage comment followed by a few sultry

pages on the Senate or the tariff. The last few pages will be blustry with personal talks by the editor and strong winds of self-praise.

Homer Croy.



"HELLO, WHAT'S THAT?"

"THE LADY-BUG SUFFRAGETTES ARE PARADING TO-DAY."



Little Chats With
Visisectors

GENTLEMEN, I take the liberty to-day of giving you a bit of advice. *Good! Go ahead.*

You may have observed that when people are sick they like to get well.

True enough!

Also, that they are easier in their minds if they have confidence in Doctor. *Right again.*

And, naturally, they are less happy if their physician is a crank on serums and so fond of experiments that he pumps other fellows' diseases—

Rubbish!

—into his patients. The public is silly, of course, but it does shy at serums.

More fools they!

The medical profession as a whole does not accept your results. It considers some of your serums dangerous. And parents, as you know, are—

Oh, go home!

—getting so cranky they shudder at vaccination. They don't care to pay money for having doses of scrofula and tuberculosis squirted—

Shut up, you fool!

—into their children. That is one reason why so much less money just now is passing into the hands of the medical profession. That is one reason why the presence of a visisector at the bedside is a heap sight more startling than soothing.

Rot! You don't know what you are talking 'bout!

People are afraid of you. They know that you are drunk with experiments, that you cannot resist them. That after animals—

Idiot! Lying ignoramus!

—you need humans—and you take them where you find them. And my advice, gentlemen, is this: That if you honestly desire to restore a noble profession to its former estate—

Ass! Fool!

—you must quit this torturing of animals and come down to business.

Oh, go to the devil!

Give the animals a rest. Try and cure the sick.

You are a brainless liar!

Thank you, gentlemen.

PROGRESS consists in acquiring knowledge of how ignorant we are.

Brain Currency

WHILE we are doing the white thing by the bankers in enabling them at a moment's notice to issue currency based upon their assets, why not extend the principle to those of us who have brains, but who, at certain crises, such as the shutting-down of factories or the closing-up of our favorite savings bank, are unable to realize on either the failure or the past products of those brains?

To some people this may appear too revolutionary, but surely brains are still worth a little something, and, if so, the Government ought to be willing to let us hock them when occasion requires.

Ellis O. Jones.

SELF-PERPETUATION is the first law of the legislature.

“Life's” Telegram Contest

This is the second installment gleaned from answers received:

“Sister under arrest here inciting mob at Suffragist Meeting.”

MRS. W. K. SIMPSON,
Des Moines, Ia.

DR. KINDE MOTHER MADE,
23 1012th Street, New York City.
Grandma's plum pudding received.
Fido dead. Arrested. Cruelty charge.
C. Q. D. JACK.

BOSTON, MASS., April 1, 1910.

WAITE A. WHIL,
23 W. 23d St., New York City.
Aunt Moneybag's appendix removed to-day. Operation a failure. Will recover. BROTHER BILL.

U. R. MADD,
2927 New York.
Have Mother return at once. Dad skipped with affinity. DICK.

MR. JOHN DOE,
Riverside Drive,
New York City.
Locked up in Metropolitan Tower with Anna Held. Send help. FATHER.

REV. GEORGE POINTDEXTER,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Will meet you at French Ball Thursday night. Pink domino. DOLLY.

AMOS CLOSEFIST, SR.,
Germantown, Pa.
Have pledged you donation thousand dollars Chorus Girls' Benefit Association. A. CLOSEFIT, JR.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.

WILLIAM HIGGINS,
Bridgeport, Conn.
Grandma invited beefsteak dinner. Left teeth on washstand. Express them. WILL.

Modesty suggests gauze adornment while exercising mornings by your window. A. PASSER BY.



Bride: QUICK, JOHN! THERE'S ANOTHER GRAIN!



PETTICOATS—AS ADVERTISED



A Case of Very Conscious Cerebration



ORDINARY burglars are sent to State's prison—sometimes. Often there are mitigating circumstances in the histories of this gen-try. Heredity and early environment may be of such a nature as to extenuate their later careers, and as a rule their trade of burgling is their sole means of livelihood. But what excuse is there for a person who, not from necessity but to gratify his vanity and to secure to himself an unmerited reputation for cleverness, deliberately burgles the ideas of others? To any one possessing even average modesty the mere discovery of such an offense would bring with it shame and a fear of ostracism from the society of honest persons.

To almost every one discovery itself would be severe punishment. Not so with Mr. Preston Gibson, who claims the authorship of "The Turning Point," lately produced at the Hackett Theatre. Judging by the curtain speech he made at the first performance, he evidently thinks he has done something smart or clever. He even had the hardihood to accuse Shakespeare and Rostand of similar offenses and class himself with them. Before this, puny plagiarists have justified their larcenies by the claim that not everything in Shakespeare originated in the brain of that giant, suppressing the fact that he never took any but raw material, which he worked into greatness in the crucible of his own genius.

TAKE from "The Turning Point" the passages lifted almost verbatim from the plays of the late Oscar Wilde and very little remains. And the pilfering was not skilfully done. In the Wilde plays his epigrams are introduced in a natural way in conversation between people who have shown the possibility of having the wit to conceive them. In Mr. Gibson's play they are catapulted at the audience without warning or connection and by characters drawn from no imaginable circle of real society. Neither in its construction, in its situations, in its depiction of humanity nor in its lines—except those by Oscar Wilde—was "The Turning Point" in any way notable.

The acting was better than might have been expected with the material allotted to the company. Mr. Charles Gott-hold brought an engaging personality and manly method to the impersonation of the hero who was on the point of being choused out of his Virginia heritage by an old-fashioned villain played with old-fashioned heaviness by Mr. Cuyler Hastings. Mr. James Kirkwood really managed to put some passion into another more uncouth young Virginian who has been robbed of his sweetheart by the same villain. The sweetheart was made both pretty and pathetic by an ingénue named Charlotte Ives. To Grace Filkins was intrusted the Wilde epigrams, or most of them, and she delivered them with punctuality and precision. This artist has decided personal charm, but for some unknown reason—perhaps because she recognized the impossibility of the role—she played this remarkable society widow as though she were a "tough girl."

All in all, Mr. Preston Gibson, if he were another person, would probably regret having put his name to "The Turning Point."

WOMEN in Evanston, Illinois, are organizing a movement which bids fair to be an important influence on the theatre and the drama in America. The Drama Club of that city has called upon all the women's clubs in Chicago and its vicinity to send delegates to form what is to be called "The Drama League." Those promoting the new movement have already received endorsements which insure strong support.

The affirmative object of the new movement is to band women together in an organization, local at first but which is likely to sweep over the country, that will prove to the commercial manager that serious dramas reflecting life, and also comedy and farce that are clean and sparkling, will be supported by its members, and therefore it will be to his profit to produce such plays. The prospectus is emphatic in stating that the object is not destructive but constructive, and has no intention of boycotting this playhouse or that production. The hope is to create a public which will stand by the theatrical managers in every worthy effort.

Despite this claim, the power of the organization will come through its negative force. The refusal to recommend will act virtually as a condemnation, and it is well that this should be so if the power is used with knowledge and a broad instead of a narrow view of the drama. The moderation of the prospectus is encouraging and the movement will be watched with interest in its efforts, its methods and its results. Wrongly advised, such an organization might work considerable harm. On the other hand, there is ample opportunity for it to become a strong and wholesome influence.



POLOGIES are due to our American readers that LIFE has not sooner taken cognizance of the matter referred to in the letter below. The theatrical season has been so crowded and having reserved this matter for later comment, separate from the review of the performance and therefore more pointed, it escaped recollection until memory was jogged by our patriotic correspondent.

452 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, March 1.

THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

My dear Sir:—Your dramatic department has so often given notices to what might be termed degradations of the stage that I am surprised you have not before this mentioned the insult to the country that is being given every night at the Broadway Theatre.

Miss Nora Bayes, a very capable and attractive actress, sings in the last act a burlesque on "The Star-Spangled Banner," which, in the absence of a national anthem, is regarded as such by both our army and navy. This burlesque, supposedly sung by a young Jew at school, is so disgusting and in such bad taste that one night a few weeks ago two West Point cadets, who stood when they heard the familiar strain, not only hissed the song but openly left the theatre at its close.

It seems a shame that an otherwise interesting musical comedy should be marred by such an incident, which in any other country would not be tolerated.

Sincerely,
M. T. W.

Without great respect for "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a literary or musical composition, LIFE entirely agrees with Mr. M. T. W. in his objection to the way it is used in "The Jolly Bachelors." So long as it stands for a national anthem its misuse in theatres, music halls and in restaurant medleys should be greeted by hissing on the part of every American hearer. To see a few well-meaning persons shamefacedly arise to their feet out of respect to the air played in these circumstances inspires not half so much admiration of their patriotism as would the sound of a strong rebuke coming from their teeth. The objection may be raised that hissing in these circumstances might itself be construed into an insult to the patriotic tune. Not at all. There would be no question about the motive of those who had the courage and the Americanism to administer the rebuke. It would not need many repetitions to teach managers, orchestra leaders



THE PASSING OF THE PETTICOAT MAN

Suffragette: WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING AT?

The Husbandette: GREAT! THE BOYS CAN'T SAY NOW THAT I'M RULED BY A PETTICOAT.

and caterers that this national property, even such as it is, must not be used for catchpenny purposes. Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—"The Merry Widow." Waltz opera at popular prices.

Astor—"Seven Days." Three acts of farcical fun.

Belasco—"Just a Wife." Well acted contemporary drama.

Bijou—"The Lottery Man." Clever farce full of laughter.

Daly's—Maxine Elliott in "The Inferior Sex." Pleasant little comedy.

Empire—"Mid-Channel." Play by Pinero with Ethel Barrymore as the star. Not creditable to either.

Garrick—Hattie Williams in "The Girl He Couldn't Leave Behind Him." Notice later.

Globe—"The Old Town." Musical farce of the conventional kind with Messrs. Montgomery and Stone as the comedians.

Hackett—"The Turning Point." See above.

Lyric—"The City." The last play of the late Clyde Fitch. Strong drama.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Mr. Forbes-Robertson and excellent company in interesting mystical play by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

Broadway—"The Jolly Bachelors." Elaborate musical farce with Nora Bayes.

Casino—"The Chocolate Soldier." Shaw's "Arms and the Man" as basis for tuneful comic opera.

Comedy—Miss Rachel Crothers's problem drama well acted by Miss Mary Manning and good company.

Criterion—Mr. Francis Wilson as the hero of his own amusing comedy, "The Bachelor's Baby."

Herald Square—"The Yankee Girl." Miss Blanche Ring as the principal attraction in elaborately staged musical farce.

Hippodrome—Circus, ballet and spectacle all brilliant and megatherian.

Hudson—"A Lucky Star." Comedy with Mr. William Collier's fun-making as the basis.

Lyceum—Miss Billie Burke in "Mrs. Dot." Well acted and polite comedy by Maugham.

New Theatre—Repertory of dramas and minor opera.

Plaza—Vaudeville.

Stuyvesant—"The Lily." Interesting French drama dealing with the woes of the spinster.

Wallack's—"Alias Jimmy Valentine." Melodrama with reformed criminals as the trouble-makers.



Mark Fanderson

'Twas Whispered in Heaven 'Twas



in Hell 'Twas Muttered in Hell

The Crisis Past

The Country Very Quiet Under the Startling News of Our Change of Government
Events Are Now Moving Rapidly

AS exclusively announced in last week's LIFE, the news that we have silently changed our form of government from a republic to a monarchy was at first greeted with incredulity and then with growing alarm in some circles.

Fortunately the name and standing of the new king are so well known that there is no immediate fear.

Emma Goldman, the socialist, was at first inclined to criticise, but when she heard who the new king was she smiled and said that things looked better than they had for years.

W. J. Bryan expressed himself as perfectly satisfied.

"I rather wanted the honor myself," he said, "and in case anything happens and the succession should be disputed I may get it yet, but certainly I have no complaint to make."

Theodore Roosevelt cabled:

"Great news! This is what I was working for. The dream of my life is accomplished."

Of course only toward one man could this diversity of sentiment be felt.

King-Elect Morgan has received his honors modestly. It is not known just when he will be crowned, but probably in a few days. Wall Street wants to get it over as soon as possible and resume business on the new basis.

When seen the King-Elect said:

"I have fought against this all along. I am a man of very few words, as every one knows, and the honor had to be thrice thrust upon me in the Sub-Treasury before I would accept it, but I saw at last that it was inevitable."



"I HAVE FOUGHT AGAINST THIS ALL ALONG"

settled under the new régime that it is quite natural for those who are in the secret to be very curious.

The title of the new King has, however, been definitely settled. It will be Pierpont the First. The royal monogram, a P.M. in azure on a background of alabaster (signifying purity), is being emblazoned on all official buildings, including the Standard Oil, the Equitable and the Capitol at Washington.

Both houses of Congress were disbanded yesterday and the members given free transportation to their homes.

A House of Lords is being rapidly formed. There will be no Commons as yet, it being felt that there is no need for one.

Andrew Carnegie has been appointed Duke of Pittsburg. He will receive his insignia on the day of the coronation.

Ex-President Taft will be appointed First Lord of the Custom House.

Plans for a new palace, of fitting proportions, were submitted to the King-Elect yesterday and approved by Earl Murphy, formerly of Tammany Hall.

The palace will take up the entire lower end of Manhattan Island, all the buildings there to be torn down. The Stock Exchange will be placed at one end of the palace, in new quarters, as the King-Elect wants it right under his eye, this being one of the most important



"GREAT NEWS"

"But, your Majesty—"

"Not yet. Wait until I am formally crowned before you say that."

"Well, then, Mr. Morgan, how do you account for the quietness with which the news is being received?"

The King-Elect smiled.

"You must remember," he said gently, "that the people of this country have been kept in subjection a long time now. They would hardly dare rise over a change so slight."

"Have you appointed a successor?"

"Not yet. I am wavering between Mrs. Hetty Green and Mrs. Belmont."

In spite of the fact that no newspaper—in accordance with instructions from headquarters—has published any news bearing on the event, a subdued air of excitement can be felt everywhere. So many questions have to be



"ALL WILL YET BE WELL"



NEW DUKE OF PITTSBURG



NEW MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS



FIRST LORD OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE





LOVE LAUGHS AT TEMPERATURES

the proper thing to say, or how shall one act toward a woman one meets for the first time, but who one suspects belongeth to the new order? Must one combat her, or must one defer to her superior wisdom? These are monumental questions.

Only our illusions are imporant. That is why women must always be supreme. Fundamentally she is structurally uniform to all intents and purposes. Her hair may vary in color; so may her eyes, and her height may change slightly with each subject. She may be fat or thin; she may be selfish or unselfish, but at bottom Woman is

Woman. What one woman is all women are. It is her business of course to deceive us in this respect. She does it mentally, and more so physically. If we saw women in the same style of clothes for more than a month or so we would soon grow tired of looking at them; therefore they seek constantly to create new effects in order to keep up the illusion. Woman is a will-o'-the-wisp.

What our friend is pleased to term the new order of woman is therefore but another form of illusion. She has created for our wonder and our amusement and our curiosity a new set of symbols, by which she is now expressing herself. She is thus giving a new charm to politics (if it can be said that politics ever had a charm) and to stump speaking. The glorious feminine creature who once rocked the baby to sleep, who warmed papa's slippers and set

functions of the Government. The Czar has just cabled:

"This gives me new courage. All will yet be well, brother."

Full particulars of coronation next week.

The New Order of Woman

WE have been asked by a friend what attitude we preserve toward the women of to-day, and we approach the subject with a proper humility, but with that legitimate assurance that comes from reflection and experience.

What our friend means is that the old way of approaching a woman seems now to be impossible. Women have advanced ideas; they assert themselves more; they insist upon being treated like men. Is it possible, says our friend, to love a woman with advanced ideas? How should one make love to such a creature? What is

them by the fire, who posed for her daguerreotype with sweetly parted hair and folded hands is still the same winning personality expressing itself in a newer and what seems a more intellectual guise. T. L. M.

Music

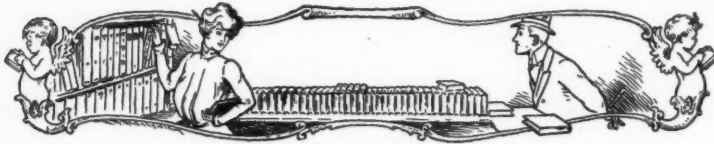
GOOD wine needs no bush. It is entirely superfluous to commend the Flonzaley Quartette for the concerts they have given this winter at Mendelssohn Hall. The playing of these gentlemen is of so high an order that it is difficult to speak of it without an appearance of "gush."

This month sees the last of the Russian symphony concerts; also the last of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has given vast pleasure to exacting audiences. Soon nothing will remain but the tinkle of the musical comedies which mark the return of the silly season.

Why is it that when all sorts and conditions of folk crowd the concerts of the Bostonians, Mr. Damrosch's Beethoven cycles—really good music—have never succeeded in summer? The experiment has been tried of roof gardens with the combination of beer and Beethoven and Wagner. Is it from softening of our musical brain in the hot months?



Spring: I THINK IT TIME YOU WERE MOVING, OLD MAN; YOU'VE LINGERED HERE TOO LONG ALREADY.



The Latest Books

IN order to bring a familiar catalogue of the incomprehensible thoroughly up to date I would like to add one more item to the original list: "The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent on a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; the way of a man with a maid; and the way of a clerk in a book store." Some three months ago I was fortunate enough to have loaned to me a book from the reading of which I derived a keener and more concentrated aesthetic enjoyment, intellectual stimulus and (to use a much abused and somewhat indefinite term) spiritual enlargement than any book of any kind has brought me in many years. It was called *The New Word*; it was written by one Allen Upward; it bore the imprint of a London publishing house and the date of 1908. Having read it, I desired to own it; and having set out to purchase it I was unable to find it. Finally I succeeded in unearthing (undusting would be literally accurate) three copies of the work and I proceeded to reread it myself and then to doublecheck my own judgment by the approved scientific method of inoculating others with the virus of my enthusiasm and seeing if this rendered them immune to the contagion of the book itself. Then, satisfied with the result of my experiments, I tried to induce some book dealer to lay in a supply against a possible future demand in order that I might bring the book to the attention of the readers of LIFE without inviting them to a Barmicidic feast. Perhaps, some day, I may publish the story of my adventures. One man actually took sufficient interest in the matter to say that he had had several recent calls for the book and to recommend Robert Hichens' *Bella Donna* to me as a substitute. Another, who evidently had a drop of gambling blood in his veins, suggested that he might, after the holidays, import half a dozen copies. Eventually, however, through the active interest of Mr. Temple Scott and others, an authorized American edition of *The New Word* (Mitchell Kennerley, \$1.50) was arranged for and is now on the market.



IN this book a man who in the broader sense of both words is at once a scientist and a seer has undertaken an inquiry into the sources of knowledge and the foundations of faith, a review of the jurisdiction of materialism and the credentials of the idealists, that has worked out into what he himself has admirably defined as a "circumnavigation of hope." Mr. Upward's equipment as a navigator of these reef-strewn and mirage-haunted seas is unequalled in our day. A man of scientific training and legal aptitude, a philologist of amazing insight, a debater with a wide knowledge of men, a broad culture and a trenchant mind, no English writer of the post-Darwinian period has approached him in the gift of putting into living folk-speech the tangled technicalities of the schoolmen; no controversial critic has had at his command so vitriolic a wit and used it so magnanimously; no ruthless iconoclast of intellectual idols has shown himself so conservative and yet so able an architect of intellectual optimism. Mr. Upward's inquiry is couched in the modest form of an

open letter addressed to the Swedish Academy at Stockholm. It is developed as an interpretation of a cryptic phrase in the will of Alfred Noble, "a work of an idealist tendency." Its professed object is to "forge upon the anvil of sense a definition of hope that will ring true in the ear of the materialist as well as of the idealist." And its prosecution is Socratic in its argumentative shrewdness, its unity of purpose, its unswerving directness and its triumphant simplicity. The work would be sufficiently remarkable for its inquisitorial invasion of the jealously guarded territories of the specialists, of the lexicographer, the philologist, the mathematician, the logician, the metaphysician, the theologian, the moral philosopher and the physicist; for its lucidly synthetic epitome of the destructive criticism of the nineteenth century. But its greatest achievement is its no less lucidly synthetic formulation of the first helpfully constructive criticism of the twentieth.

J. B. Kerfoot.



A Certain Rich Man, by William Allen White. The loosely wrought but interesting story of the development of American plutocracy.

The Ball and the Cross, by G. K. Chesterton. A modern allegory too clever to miss and too hurriedly written thoroughly to enjoy.

Bella Donna, by Robert Hichens. An Egyptian pipe dream. To be read in haste and repented of at leisure.

The Blue Bird, by Maurice Maeterlinck. A play for children in three acts; the first two being also a prose poem for adults.

The Bride of the Mistletoe, by James Lane Allen. Why marriage is a failure explained by a half-awakened sentimentalist frightened by the dark.

George Bernard Shaw, by G. K. Chesterton. Fun, fireworks and a lot of sound sense.

The Haven, by Eden Phillpotts. Devonshire fishing folk. A quiet tale that runs deep.

The Hungry Heart, by David Graham Phillips. An X-ray picture of the woman's side of the sex problem.

It Never Can Happen Again, by William De Morgan. An indifferent story about a number of indifferent people and some others, fascinatingly told by a delightful writer. A triumph of mind over matter.



"ANOTHER BIRTHDAY! HORRORS! BEFORE I KNOW IT I'LL BE VOTING."



THAT IMPROPER NUMBER OF LIFE SOME ONE SENT TO AUNTIE

John Marvel, Assistant, by Thomas Nelson Page. A story of the present with the accent of the past. "If Mars' Chan should come to Chicago!"

Margarita's Soul, by Josephine Daskam Bacon. A charming story that manages to be at the same time romantic and human.

Martin Eden, by Jack London. A crude fiction made interesting by passages of graphic intellectual autobiography.

The New Word, by Allen Upward. See above.

The Old Wives' Tale, by Arnold Bennett. An exceptional novel, eminently worth reading.

Open Country, by Maurice Hewlett. An earlier but fuller study of the hero of *Half Way House*, and Mr. Hewlett's best work.

Penguin Island, by Anatole France. A subtle satire on France and on "History as She Is Written," well translated.

The Song of Songs by Hermann Sudermann. An unflinching fictional treatment of moral issues. Symbolic realism.

The Tower of Ivory, by Gertrude Atherton. A heroic tale of London and Munich in the '80s. "And there were giants in the earth in those days."

True Tilda, by A. C. Quiller Couch. The sentimental journey of a most amusing waif.

Gamblers

GAMBLERS, like lovers, are known by the company they keep. The only difference between a gambler and a lover is that the gambler usually knows beforehand the extent of the risk he is running.

All men are gamblers. Some gamble on the stock exchange, some in dives and some in immortality.

When a man marries he gambles with himself that he will be as happy or more so than if he remained single. All around him he sees people losing at the same game. The greater the risk the more fun there is in gambling.

People are continually putting up all their happiness to win or lose on the red and black. There is always a continuous rake-off for the bank.

Rulers and financiers gamble with men chips, some white, some black and some copper colored. When their chips give out they are furnished free with a new pile.

We are all sports, whether we want to be or not. An unknown dealer hands us the cards. Some of us play them in fear and trembling and others recklessly. Some bluff.

But in the end all bluffs are called.

Popular Birthdays

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Born March 19, 1860

This gentleman we seem to have heard of somewhere. Was it in the Philippines, to the sound of the trumpet blast and the fife and drum and gatling gun, or was it in Egypt by the Pyramids? It is possible that it was in Madison Square. We seem to recall his voice, his gestures. Didn't he run for something or other? Unless we are greatly mistaken he was in politics for a time. Wasn't a dollar dinner given to him somewhere? Or did he once shake hands with Theodore Roosevelt and thus become prominent?

It doesn't matter. Our present recollection of him is that he is a very pleasant gentleman. We have a vague feeling also that he hasn't got what he deserved.

Colonel Bryan (we have a dim idea that you are a Colonel), here's to your good health, whoever you are.

We know that we like you, although we cannot now tell just why. We know that we respect you for something. We salute you, therefore, as a true-born American. We hope that you will succeed in your pet ambition (whatever that is) some day, and we wish you health and prosperity.





The Joker

So you're 'way down in the dumps—
Blue, you say?
Think you've played out all your trumps?
Oh, go 'way!
Life's not like a game of poker;
In this game you use the Joker.
It's the card you hold the longest;
It's the one you find the strongest:
Laugh, and drive the blues away!
Laugh, I say!
—Jean Dwight Franklin, in the Century.

A Good Cow

A simple-hearted and truly devout country preacher, who had tasted but few of the drinks of the world, took dinner with a high-toned family, where a glass of milk punch was quietly set down by each plate. In silence and happiness this new Vicar of Wakefield quaffed his goblet, and then added: "Madam, you should daily thank God for such a 'good cow.'"—Once a Week.



"GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THIS? I DIDN'T ORDER ANY FEATHER DUSTERS!"

Poor Nell

Little Ed Sailway looted a railway;
Nell Beggar stole three pounds of tea.
The law collared Nell; Ed was made
D.C.L.
Oh, what a brave people are we!
—Lippincott's.

An Embryo Emancipator

A little miss riding on a Brooklyn trolley car the other day tendered the conductor half fare.
"How old are you, little girl?" he queried, gingerly handling her fare.
She pursed her lips for a moment, then calmly opened her purse, dropped two more pennies into the conductor's extended palm, snapped her purse and demurely replied: "You have your fare, sir; my statistics are my own!"—*Brooklyn Life*.

All Correct

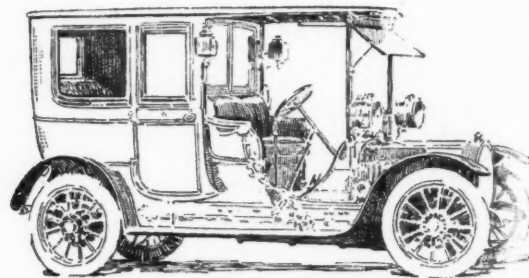
The professional point of view is rarely that of the humanitarian. A passenger on a London omnibus calls out to the conductor:
"Ere, there! Whoa! There's an old chap fallen off the 'bus!"
"All right," responds the conductor cheerfully. "'E's paid his fare!"—*London Sketch*.

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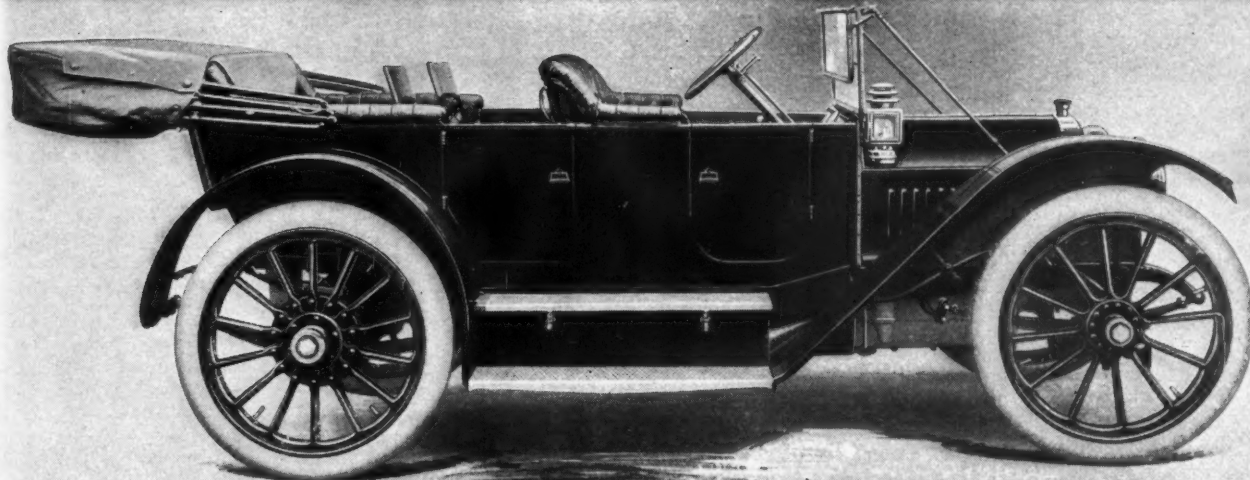
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Strange is the rule's reversal
Now with the boycott grown,
Starve, and the world starves with you,
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—Judge.

Heard at the Hub

"And how old are you, little girl?"
"Six."

"And how is it you are out walking without your mamma?"

"Oh, mamma doesn't go in for exercise. Really, we have very little in common."—Houston Chronicle.

His Big Hit

"Jones made an awful big hit at the banquet the other night."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he was called on for a speech and refused."—Detroit Free Press.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT EASE.

Our Fair Constituents

"There's one thing we will have to change if these ladies who wish to vote have their way," said Senator Sorghum.

"What is that?"

"We'll have to quit talking about 'the wisdom of the plain people.'"—Washington Star.



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WEALTH is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.—Democratic Telegram.



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When the Sleeper Wakes

"John!" she exclaimed, jabbing her elbow into his ribs at 2.17 a. m., "did you lock the kitchen door?"

And John, who is inner guard and was just then dreaming over last evening's lodge meeting, sprang up in bed, made the proper sign and responded: "Worthy Ruler, our portals are guarded!"

Oh, he hit the title right, even if he was asleep!—United Presbyterian.

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The New Order

[Professor Metchnikoff recommends the removal of the large intestine as a means of prolonging life.]

Fare thee well! And if for ever,
Large intestine, fare thee well!
Metchnikoff declares that I can
Do without thee just as well.
Furthermore, he says, without thee
I shall live a longer life—
Hurry with the anæsthetic,
Hasten with the carving knife!
Soon, O useless large intestine,
Where the germ of age doth grow,
You may meet with the appendix
That I lost some time ago.
In the wondrous realm of science
Such astounding things befall—
Soon it may become the fashion
To have no insides at all.

—Truth.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, the impetuous editor of *L'Intransigeant*, has made an effort to ascertain the wifely characteristics most desired by the average Frenchman. He asked how, in the opinion of his readers, the following thirteen good qualities in a woman should be graded in point of importance: Beauty, kindness, courage, constancy, fidelity, good nature, brightness, frankness, cleverness, wealth, health, wit and talent. Some twenty thousand men sent in answers, and the result is surprising. The majority put wealth about half-way down the list, and beauty last of all. Neither idealists nor realists were prepared for such a result.—*Democratic Telegram*.



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to supply the demand for my razors and I am building more.

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Casey's Vacation

*Casey's wife was at the hospital, where she had undergone a very serious operation a few days before.

Mrs. Kelly called to inquire as to Mrs. Casey's condition.

"Is she restin' quietly?" Mrs. Kelly asked.

"No; but I am," said Casey.—*National Monthly*.

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Mark Twain says that he has always taken woman's part.

"For instance," he relates, "I once strongly reprimanded a woman out in Hannibal, Mo. Here was the occasion: "So this is a little girl, eh?" I said to her as she displayed her children to me. "And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex?"

"'Yassah,' the woman replied. 'Yassah, dat's a girl, too.'"—Everybody's.

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The Literary Zoo

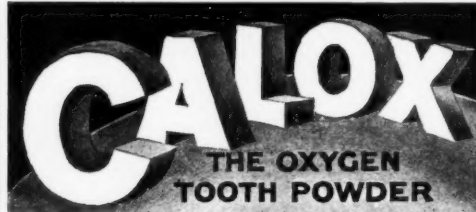
The "Outlook" Imperils Its Salvation

Every now and then some one solemnly arises to inform us that Americans have no sense of humor. Commonly the critic is an Englishman whose understanding of us has ripened over night. But occasionally it is a monitor, bone of our bone, who, seizing upon some transient attitude or inconsequent expression of the hurrying crowd, proceeds to the easy pastime of general deduction. Thus speaks the *Outlook* in amiable admonition:

"If it is true that the statement recently made that 'Dixie' is just now the most popular patriotic song in this country has disturbed a good many people, it brings to light the curious absence of humor in a country which regards itself as possessing, in an unusual degree, the sense of humor. The absence of the sense of perspective and proportion is one of the disastrous evidences of this absence of the saving sense of humor."

* * *

It is not our purpose here to pur-



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sue the thread of an argument just a trifle tangled. That Americans are lacking in a sense of proportion is a charge we shall not deny—having indeed but recently freed our minds to that effect in this very column. That a sense of humor implies a sense of proportion we do not dispute, for we have said the same thing ourselves. Thus far we are flattered—our tinkling cymbals are in tune with the big drum beaten in Fourth Avenue; the belled cap bows as an equal to the mortar board. Yet conscience may prick even him who jests in earnest, and common sense may restrain him. It is a temptation to tickle the *Outlook* in return for its unconscious compliment; but conscientiously we cannot. The immense circulation of LIFE forbids: from the hearths of a hundred thousand homes (a gross understatement which we trust will be condoned for the sake of the alliteration)—from the hearths of innumerable homes, we say, a chorus of paid subscribers swells in

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mirthful denial that they lack the sense of humor.

* * *

Besides, there are other reasons why we are not wholly in accord with the *Outlook*. For one thing, it is not wholly in accord with itself. Unanimity of principle and precept does not obtain among its avowed editors—the Rev. Lyman Abbott, the revered Hamilton W. Mabie and the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Which hand among them penned the paragraph already quoted we cannot say. It matters little. The

(Continued on page 489)



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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 488)

point is that having impugned the nation's known sense of humor, and having deliberately declared it to be a "saving sense," the *Outlook* only two weeks later sinks in depths of sin that eternally imperil its literary salvation. It is a scandal we would willingly overlook were not the very avenues audible with it—whispers, shrugs and winks of the literary *élite* caught up, communicated, reported in the scurrilous press. Incline thine ear. The theme is Maurice Hewlett, man of letters, gone electioneering; author of "The Forest Lovers," likewise of "a novel political platform." We quote the *Outlook's* comment:

"Mr. Hewlett issued a platform as characteristic as any of the stories in 'Little Novels of Italy.' It would have been interesting to be present at a meeting of laboring men whose interests Mr. Hewlett has at heart when this extraordinary pronouncement of an ingrained romanticist without creed, who has lived most of the time in the age of chivalry or in the Renaissance, was read. What could Hodge make out of such a platform as this?"

It is a grief to us that we have space to print only the preamble and three planks of this truly extraordinary "platform":

"What, then, gentlemen, do we want, as workmen, husbands and fathers of families, out of the Parliament which we are going to choose?"

1. That every Hodge King should have at least one white and green surcoat, one baldric, one suit of plain black mail, three white palfreys and a milch cow.

2. That no laborers' cottages shall henceforth be builded without having each a buttry hatch, an outer bailey and a phalanstery lung with black arras.

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cannot eat anything without Acidity, Gases, Bloating, Indigestion, Distress after Eating, Nausea, to

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anything she desires or craves—and while eating Sip

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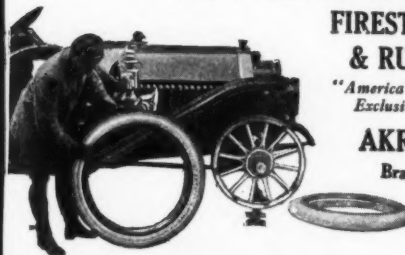
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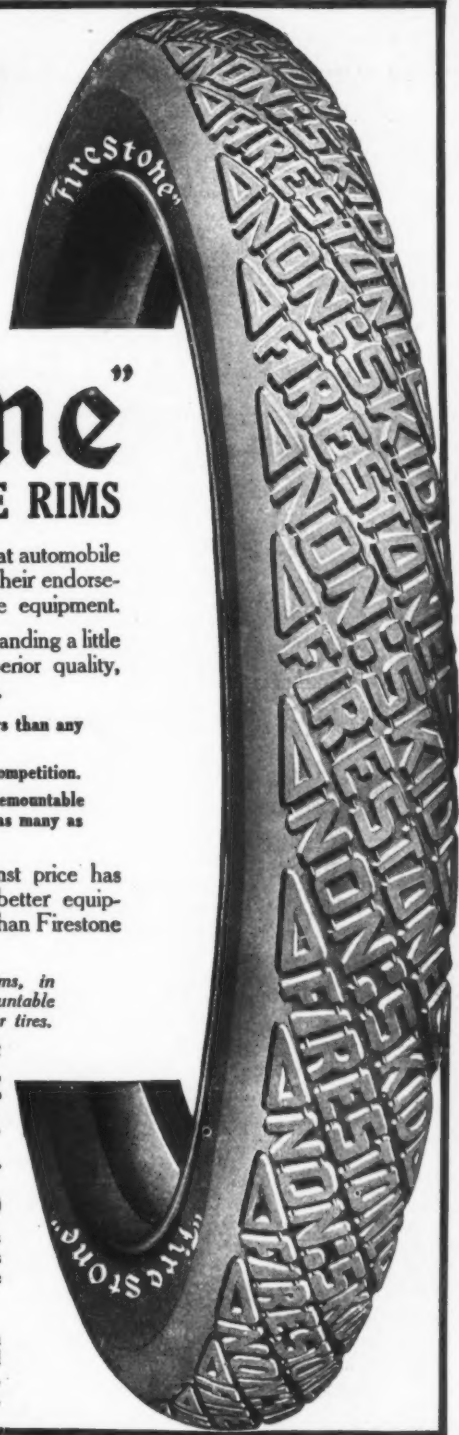
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"4. That heraldry should be a compulsory subject in all provided schools."
All this vaporing and stressful blustering about Empire and All Red maps is the most ineffable Panjandrumbler that was ever exuded from the limbo of a pseudo-Gollardic gallimaufry. The only All-Red color that counts is the bloom of healthy blood in the ruddy cheeks of some dark woodland elf."

"What could Hodge make out of such a platform as this?" What, indeed! Hodge or Podge. Or you, obtuse reader—unless, it may be, you had happened upon the "platform" in *Punch*, where the parody first appeared.

* * *

(Continued on page 490)

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is closed. As an argument for tariff revision it should put another wedge in the open door. You may break, you may shatter that egg if you will, but the scent of the outrage will cling to it still. It smells to Heaven; may it penetrate even to the halls of Congress!

Consider the case of the hen. Why should her industry be protected by a duty of five cents per dozen levied on imported eggs? She does not fear the competition of pauper European poultry. Free trade in eggs would not affect her hours of labor. Yet the tariff builds a wall around our breakfast table: for the first time in five years foreign eggs are coming into this country—coming in hundreds of cases from Austria and France and Germany.

"Layed in Germany." Let the label affright the tariff barons; it will not ruffle a feather in American poultry yards. "Merrywidow" eggs from Austria, "Chantecler" eggs from France—a relief from the monotony of "strictly fresh" cold storage. Like Mr. Neff, we rebel against waiting three years for a three-minute soft-boiled product of the ice-box. W. T. L.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 489)

And now we stand aghast at our temerity. After all, men without the "saving sense" of humor have died and doubtless gone to heaven; their punishment here sufficed. Let us pray for the editorial staff of the *Outlook*. But how may it work out its literary salvation—since, self-confessed, Hewlett and Charivari are one—Charivari, you know, who wrote the "Little Novels of Italy"?

The deep damnation of that "taking off." What shall Dr. Mabie do to be saved? What *can* he do but throw himself upon the mercy of the creedless romanticist Maurice Hewlett—or is it Charivari? It is so hard to remember the real names of these authors.

Take the Tariff Off Eggs!

The ultimate consumer has been identified. His name is Neff. Over three years ago a young woman of Princeton, Ind., wrote her name and address on an egg. As the egg was meant to be eaten it was, of course, put on ice. Mr. Neff, who runs a restaurant in Oakland City, received the frigid token just before St. Valentine's Day. Here were the usual materials for romance, but the newspaper correspondent's fancy failed him. He does not tell us what Mr. Neff wrote to the young woman, but merely what he wrote to Dr. Wiley, of Washington.

As a sentimental episode the incident

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very desirable, convenient and artistic.
Special Outside Venetians for porches and
plazas; exclude the sun; admit the breeze; equal to
an outdoor room. Mention *Life* for free pamphlet.
Orders should be placed now for early summer.
JAMES G. WILSON MFG. COMPANY
3 and 5 West 29th Street, New York
Manufacturer of Venetian Blinds, Rolling Partitions, Rolling
Shutters, Burglar and Fireproof Steel Curtains, Wood Block Floors.

Rhymed Reviews

The Foreigner

(By Ralph Connor, George H. Doran Company.)

The wind is east; the roads are brooks
That daunt our pampered city
dwellers;
And I must read a bunch of books
Because they head the list of "sell-
ers"!

And this one sells the best of all—
But why? By all that's wild and
woody

In Canada, I dare not call
The novel good; it's goody-goody.

The tale begins in Winnipeg
Among the immigrant Galicians
Who love to drink and shake a leg
And furnish jobs for kind physicians.

Young Kalman Kalmar longs (and
not,
We find, without a deal of reason)
To kill the villain, Rosenblatt,
A guileful Slav a-brim with treason.

But, sent out West, the youngster
grows
To manhood; morally befriended,
He learns at length that knifing foes
Is not a thing that Saints com-
mended.

Yet Rosenblatt, you may be bound,
Not thus is freed of Retribution;
Another Instrument is found
For Heaven's Righteous Execution.

An outlawed Nihilist returns.
"Sst! Boom!" A dreadful detona-
tion,

Evans' Ale

SIMPLY Ale—Good Ale. What a wealth of
pleasure, comfort and benefit it means! Sooth-
ing, gratifying and enchanting to all the senses,
besides lending a helping hand to make superior
physical equipment. Nature's ally.
In splits if desired. Leading Dealers and Places.
H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y. Estab. 1786.

PREMIER

In the selection of a motor-car, what counts most with YOU?

Is it Reputation? Is it Appearance? Is it Safety, Dependability? Is it Speed, Power, Efficiency? Is it Past Records?

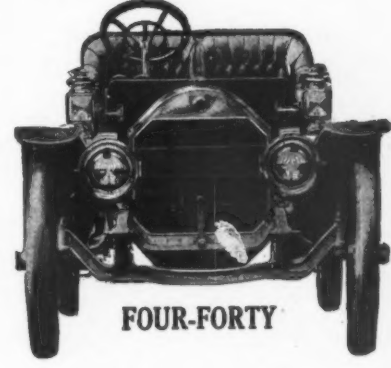
If Reputation—The PREMIER has the reputation of being
the car of the motor-wise—the choice of the people who
can judge what constitutes a good motor car.

If Appearance—The PREMIER looks what IT IS—the
equal of any motor car made at any price.

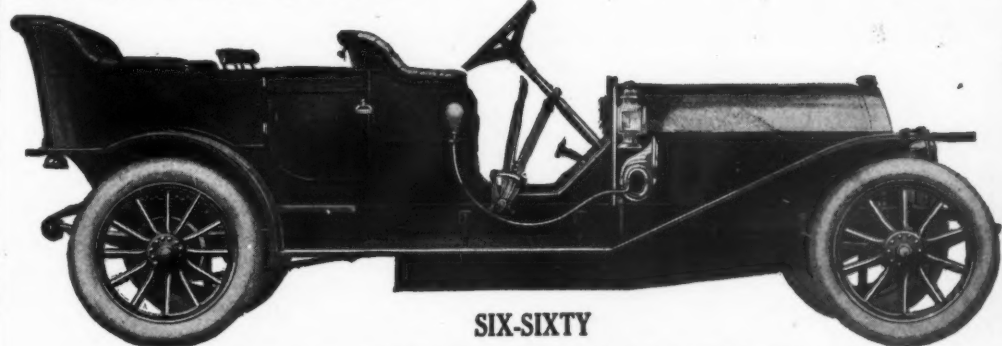
If Speed, Power, Efficiency—With these qualities in their
highest development the PREMIER combines the greatest
possible satisfaction of operation.

If Safety, Dependability—The PREMIER effective brak-
ing surface of 526 square inches, as against the 300 or less
square inches of cars in general, is typical of the superior
safeguards provided THROUGHOUT the PREMIER.

If Past Records—No other car, whatever its class, can show
a record career equal to the PREMIER'S in the greatest,
severest motor reliability contests ever held.



FOUR-FORTY



SIX-SIXTY

Or, do you ignore all the above and trust entirely to your own judgment
of machinery and design? Then inspection of the Premier will be just
as conclusive of its superior value as any of the other considerations.



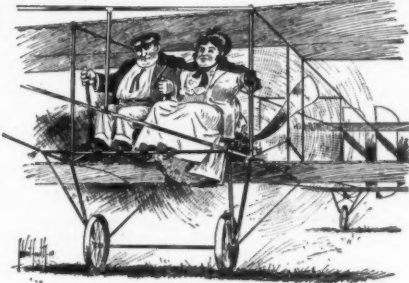
"When the PREMIER COMPANY took out
a license under the Selden Patent, they entered
into an arrangement which not only protected the
future customers, but everyone who had ever bought
a PREMIER, since they paid back royalties cov-
ering every PREMIER which had been bought."

All Motor-Preference that is founded on fact
settles on the Premier. Get the full facts—
inspect the 1910 models. Read "How to Buy
a Motor Car." We have secured a number of
copies of this, one of which we will send you
free for the asking. Write for it.



PREMIER MOTOR MFG. CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Licensed under the Selden Patent



She: WHY DON'T IT FLY, GEORGE?

And Rosenblatt the Wicked burns
To death, and all is jubilation.

I hate to see an author shirk
The moral points a story raises
And shove the Hero's dirty work
On Providence in canting phrases.

Let Heroes wave the vengeful sword
And slay these Villains pestilential;
But thrusting vengeance on the Lord—
Now, honest, is that reverential?

Arthur Guiterman.



Mellow as Moonlight

only partially describes the soft, rich, smooth mellow-ness that distinguishes

**CASCADE
PURE WHISKY**

Carefully selected grain—a superior distilling method—special purification and proper aging give Cascade its fineness.

Original bottling has old gold label.

GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers
NASHVILLE, TENN.

24-B

Special

Many persons were unable to secure from newsdealers copies of the issue of LIFE for February 24th. The great demand for the number exhausted their supplies.

It will be sent prepaid to any address on receipt of the price—ten cents—by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West Thirty-First Street, New York City

N. B. The colored cover of this number, entitled "Hers," has been reproduced in print form suitable for framing and will be sent prepaid to any address on receipt of one dollar.

Fairy Story

THE small boy crept down the long flight of stairs from his palatial apartment on the tenth floor of an East Side flat where his family of one mother, one drunken father and five starving children were lolling at their ease and wandered over toward the main artery.

On his journey he came to a baker's shop. There was a large pie in the window, a monument of gastronomical efficiency—and oleomargarine. The door was open and the baker was in the rear.

The boy attacked the pie with his eyes. Then with a swift movement he darted silently inside and clutching it in his arms made off down the street. The baker became conscious that the pie was going. He saw the boy, or a brief edge of him, around the corner.

The chase was exciting but brief. The boy was caught.

"Did you steal that pie for yourself?" asked the magistrate the next morning.

"No, sir—for me brudders and sisters."

"Are you aware, young man, that pie is bad for the youthful stomach?"

"I did the best I could, your honor."

The magistrate's glance was severe.

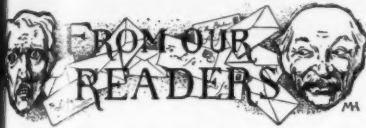
"No, you didn't. It was probably an adulterated pie. Even in this advanced age we have not guarded against that. Now I am going to let you off, but remember next time steal a nice piece of nourishing meat, or some succulent vegetables. Don't you forget."

And patting him on his head, after giving him a note of apology for detaining him over night, the magistrate dismissed him with a bright new dollar.

That night the boy's family regaled themselves with porterhouse. The dollar, undisturbed, had been placed in a people's bank.



"MOTHER, I WISH YOU'D MAKE BABY STOP LICKING THE PAINT OFF MY SOLDIERS. HE'S JUST SPOILING THEM ALL."



Naturally Anxious

DEAR LIFE:

What are you going to do about this boycott habit? So long as boycotting is confined to such trifling things as beef and pork I can get along very comfortably, but when the craze reaches to the boycotting of clothes I feel that I am going to be embarrassed. Every one knows that the sentiment in favor of a boycott on clothes is rapidly growing; attendance at any social affair in the metropolis will convince one of that. I understand that Webster said "décolleté" meant "with neck and shoulders bare," but the next intelligent lexicographer will doubtless give the meaning of the word to be "with a skirt on."

I say, LIFE, if you get a tip that a boycott on clothes is to be launched, please let me know in time for me to get across the pond to Borneo or some place where it has been tried before.

Sincerely yours,
E. B. H.

MAINE, Feb. 23, 1910.

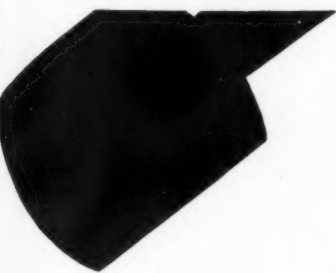
A Voice from Colorado

DEAR LIFE:

I watch for you at the news stand and get you every week. I do enjoy you immensely.

Now, you and I don't agree on everything, but that doesn't make me think any the less of you. You're not afraid to say what you do think.

I realize you are situated so you can get nearer to the heart of some ques-



Write for Our **Free Book on Home Refrigeration**

This book tells how to select the home Refrigerator—how to know the poor from the good—how to keep down ice bills. It also tells how some Refrigerators harbor germs—how to keep a Refrigerator sanitary and sweet—lots of things you should know before buying ANY Refrigerator.

It tells all about the "Monroe," the Refrigerator with inner walls made in one piece from unbreakable SOLID PORCELAIN an inch thick and highly glazed, with every corner rounded. No cracks or crevices anywhere. The "Monroe" is as easy to keep clean as a china bowl.



Most other refrigerators have cracks and corners which cannot be cleaned. Here particles of food collect and breed germs by the million. These germs get into your food and make it poison, and the family suffers—from no traceable cause.

The "Monroe" can be sterilized and made germlessly clean in an instant by simply wiping out with a cloth wrung from hot water. It's like "washing dishes," for the "Monroe" is really a thick porcelain dish inside.

The high death rate among children in the summer months could be greatly reduced if the Monroe Refrigerator was used in every home.



Always sold DIRECT and at FACTORY PRICES, Cash or Monthly Payments.

NOTE CAREFULLY The Solid Porcelain Monroe is so costly to manufacture that but few could afford it if sold through dealers. So we sell direct and give our customers the dealers' 50 per cent commission. This puts the Monroe within the reach of the MANY, at a price they can afford.

Sent Anywhere on Trial

We will send the Monroe to any responsible person anywhere to use until convinced. No obligation to keep it unless you wish to. The Monroe must sell itself to you on its merits.

The "Monroe" is installed in the best flats and apartments, occupied by people who CARE—and is found to-day in a large majority of the VERY BEST homes in the United States. The largest and best Hospitals use it exclusively. The health of the whole family is safeguarded by the use of a Monroe Refrigerator.

When you have carefully read the book and know all about Home Refrigeration, you will know WHY and will realize how important it is to select carefully. Please write for the book to-day. (4)

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Station 19, Cincinnati, Ohio

tions than I can. I am certainly with you on the woman's suffrage proposition. I note what "A College Girl" says in your February 3 issue about it in the four woman's suffrage States. Evidently she gets her "dope" from the *Ladies' Home Journal*, or some equally reliable "dope-sheet." As an actual fact, it is the bane of our existence here in Colorado.

More pure grafting has resulted from their vote than any one thing I know of. Denver is a good example. Every prostitute in the city gets in a vote early and often and they wield some political power. Some of the "bum" laws on our statute books are the direct result of their misdirected jabs.

The women that really are entitled to our admiration and respect are the homemakers and mothers, and they exert a far greater and beneficial influence for good without the ballot; in fact, these kind don't want to vote.

If you can get anything out of this, use it if you want to. I am not very fluent with the pen, but I've seen all I want to of the woman with the vote—about as safe as a ten-year-old kid with a "gun that isn't loaded."

E. N. FREEMAN.

OLNEY, COLO., Feb. 3, 1910.

The "Outlook" and Life

EDITORS OF LIFE:
New York City.

Gentlemen:—The New York *Outlook* is opposed to LIFE's position on the

vivisection question, and in their issue of February 12, on page 324, commends LIFE to copy what they have on "The Cruelty of Anti-Vivisection." I hope LIFE will hold its ground, seeing it is in the right—as usual. A paper like *The Outlook*, which takes for fact what men write or say who are making fat sums out of diseased animal poisons which they advertise to gullible doctors, who in

(Continued on page 494)

"This is a Makaroff year"

Nearly every-body smokes them now.

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

15 cents and a quarter AT YOUR DEALER'S

Makaroff - Boston

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

LIVER UPSET? Try
Hunyadi János
 NATURAL APERIENT WATER
 Avoid Unscrupulous Druggists

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 493)

turn foist them upon gullible humanity and fleece them of their hard-earned cash, besides inoculating them with various and sundry animal diseases, is not to be relied upon regarding such statements. *The Outlook* probably is not aware of the fact that very many human maladies cannot be inoculated upon the lower animals.

This is the reason "vaccination" puts a constitutional disease in the wholesome bodies of our school children! Small-pox is *not* constitutional. Anything which comes from the fluids of an artificially diseased animal is unfit for human blood under any circumstance. As human diseases are strictly human, this barbaric treatment of animals called "vivisection" is entirely uncalled for. It is a crime against the moral order of the world. Disease is man's penalty for his ignorance and stupidity. Let him correct his own bad habits, not force his penalties on the innocent lower creatures.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.

Naturalist and Draftsman for
 the National Museum.

February 11, 1910.

From California

THE EDITOR, LIFE,
 New York.

Dear Sir:—There is nothing I know of that could more strongly appeal to man's better nature, inciting within him a feeling of righteous indignation, than your double-page sketch entitled "The Reward of Virtue."

In it you have done more to induce men, women and children to enlist in the cause of anti-vivisection than all the volumes that could be written.

You have done and are doing, permit me to say, noble work; not alone in behalf of God's dumb animals—so faithful to and yet so dependent upon man for their happiness—but in a greater measure to humanity. In the prevention of an infamous practice—infamous in that it it debasing to the human mind—you are doing for the human race the best work that it is possible for man to do for his fellow man. Believe me, dear sir,

Yours very sincerely,

AUCHMUTY RICHARDSON.

(OCEAN PARK, CAL., Feb. 10, 1910)

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

Statistical

DEAR LIFE:

Anent the double-page illustration in your recent issue relative to the eternal idea of "does it pay" to convert the forest primeval into Sunday supplements, etc., it may be of interest to the artist who conceived and drew this

(Continued on page 495)

12 TOURS TO EUROPE

Leave in April, May, June, July and August.
 All parts of Europe, including Oberammergau.

DE POTTER TOURS, (31st year), 32 Broadway, New York.

"Oh Be Jolly"
P.B. ALE
 Drink P. B. the ale that goes with Rarebit, Steak or Lobster.
 At leading Hotels, Restaurants and Cafes.
 A. G. VAN NOSTRAND
 Bunker Hill Brewery
 Boston, Mass.



A Welcome Easter Gift

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 Photo-Gravure, 16 x 13 1/4 in. 50 cents.

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"HEY THERE! WANT ANY HELP?"
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The larger prints, whose prices are given, are *PHOTO GRAVURES* of the highest possible quality and finish. Neither care nor expense has been spared to obtain the very best artistic results.

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17 West 31st Street, New York

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HER WINDOW
 Photo-Gravure, 16 x 13 1/4 in. 50 cents.

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K

HATS for MEN



The price of a Knapp-Felt Hat is large enough to insure the best materials, workmanship and style.

Knapp-Felt Hats are made in two grades, \$6 and \$4.

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Broadway at Thirteenth Street, New York

A Happy Marriage

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

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

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

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

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
Puritan Pub. Co., 711 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 494)

picture, and may also add a mite to his fund of general information, to know that statistics show that less than four per cent. of the wood cut in this country during the last four years has been used in the manufacture of wood pulp, which includes stock for paper such as is used by your own estimable publication.

Very truly yours,
E. L. BROWN.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 8, 1910.

From the Yellowstone Park

DEAR LIFE:

When plunged in the deepest anxiety and hoping against hope I happened to notice an announcement of your Husbands' Correspondence Bureau in a recent issue wherein, for a trifling amount, you agree to furnish the panacea for which, alas! so many of us are seeking. As I read the opening inspiring sentences of your offer new courage welled up in my breast, and when I reached the climax of the article, where your sentiments swell into one grand diapason, my determination was bolstered up and I resolved, with a desperate resolve, that I would be benefited by your course and emancipated from my present intolerable condition.

Let me assure you that one quality of expression in your article is alone priceless—the surety of phrase and the self-sufficiency with which each statement is made—there is no vacillation or hesitancy; and this, I know, must bring hope to thousands of fainting hearts.

I inclose the amount you request and feel that after reading your preliminary course I will then have the strength of will to relate my case in detail, which, I assure you, requires heroic treatment.

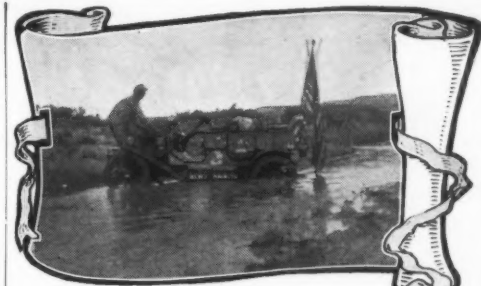
Sincerely yours,
ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Presentation of the Cup Speech—
"Peace on Earth, Good-will Toward Men."

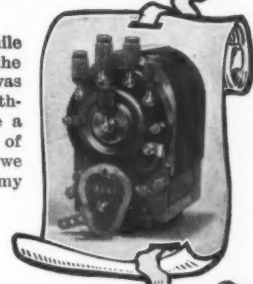
January 3, 1910.

POSSIBLE EMPLOYER: But we are slack ourselves. If I found you anything to do it would be taking work from my own men.

APPLICANT: The little I should do wouldn't 'arm nobody, gov'nor.—By-stander.



Regal Car on 4,031½-mile journey. The driver of the car wrote: "Magneto was under water for hours without injury. We attribute a great deal of the success of our trip to the fact that we had no trouble with the Remy Magneto."



Over 100,000 Remy Magnetos Sold for 1910

Not a quantity user who helped make our immense 1909 season but that adopted the Remy for 1910, besides many manufacturers have adopted the Remy for 1910 who formerly used other magnetos. Our factory is the largest and best equipped plant in the world devoted exclusively to magneto manufacturing.

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Cobe Trophy won by the aid of the Remy Magneto.



[25]

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THIS is the mark of superior fabrics for custom-made clothes. It is stamped on the back of our suitings, guaranteeing durability, exclusiveness and beauty. It protects you from inferior, nameless cloths.

The Pierce Arrow

