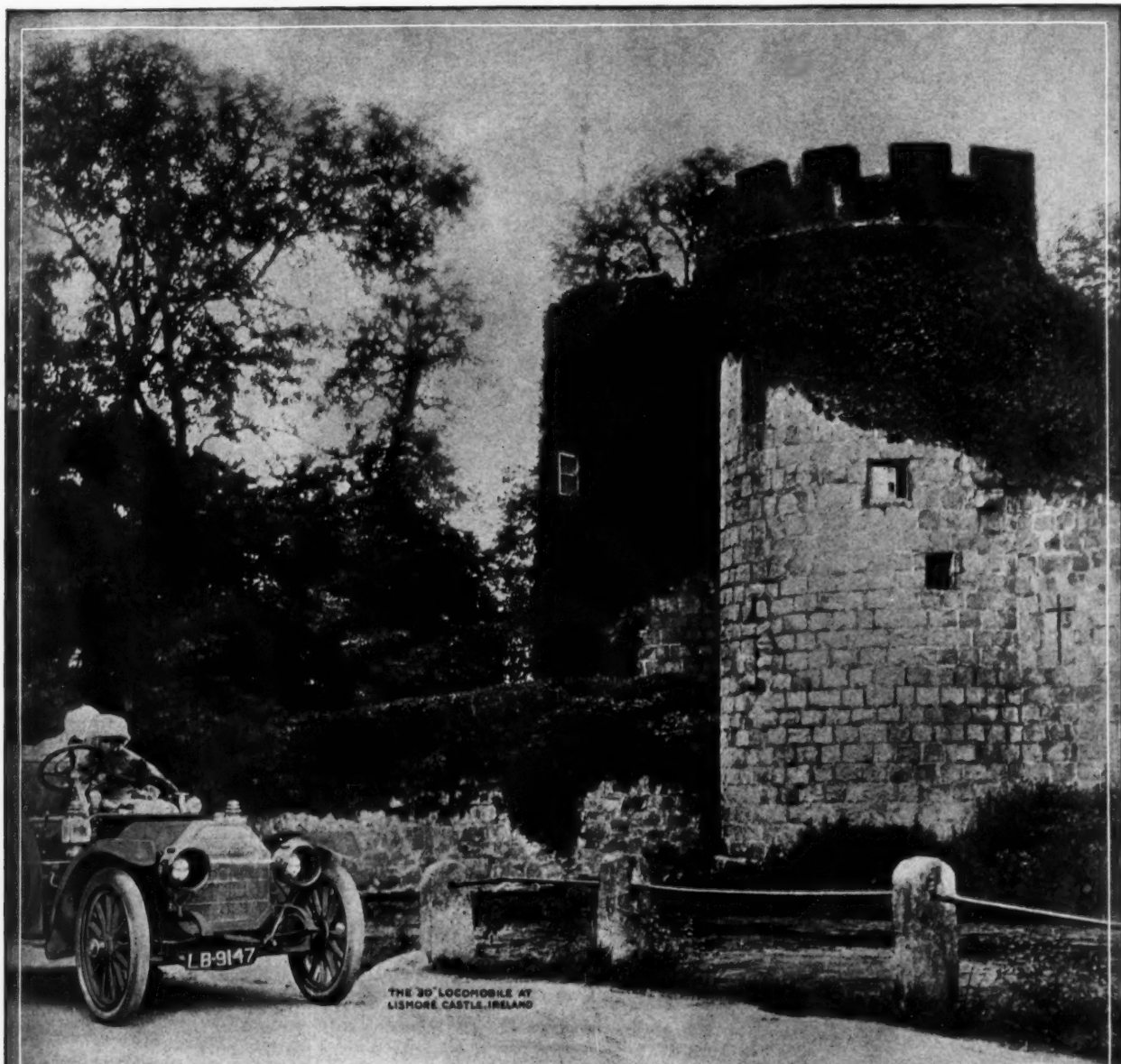




ON TIME!

Locomobile



THE 30" LOCOMOBILE AT
LISHMORE CASTLE, IRELAND

Four Door Bodies and Demountable Rims on all 1911 Models
High Tension Ignition & Shaft Drive & Four Speeds

The "30" Four Cylinders \$3500 - The "48" Six Cylinders \$4800

Prices include Tops and Demountable Rims. Complete Information on request

The Locomobile Company of America

New York, Boston, Chicago BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Philadelphia, San Francisco

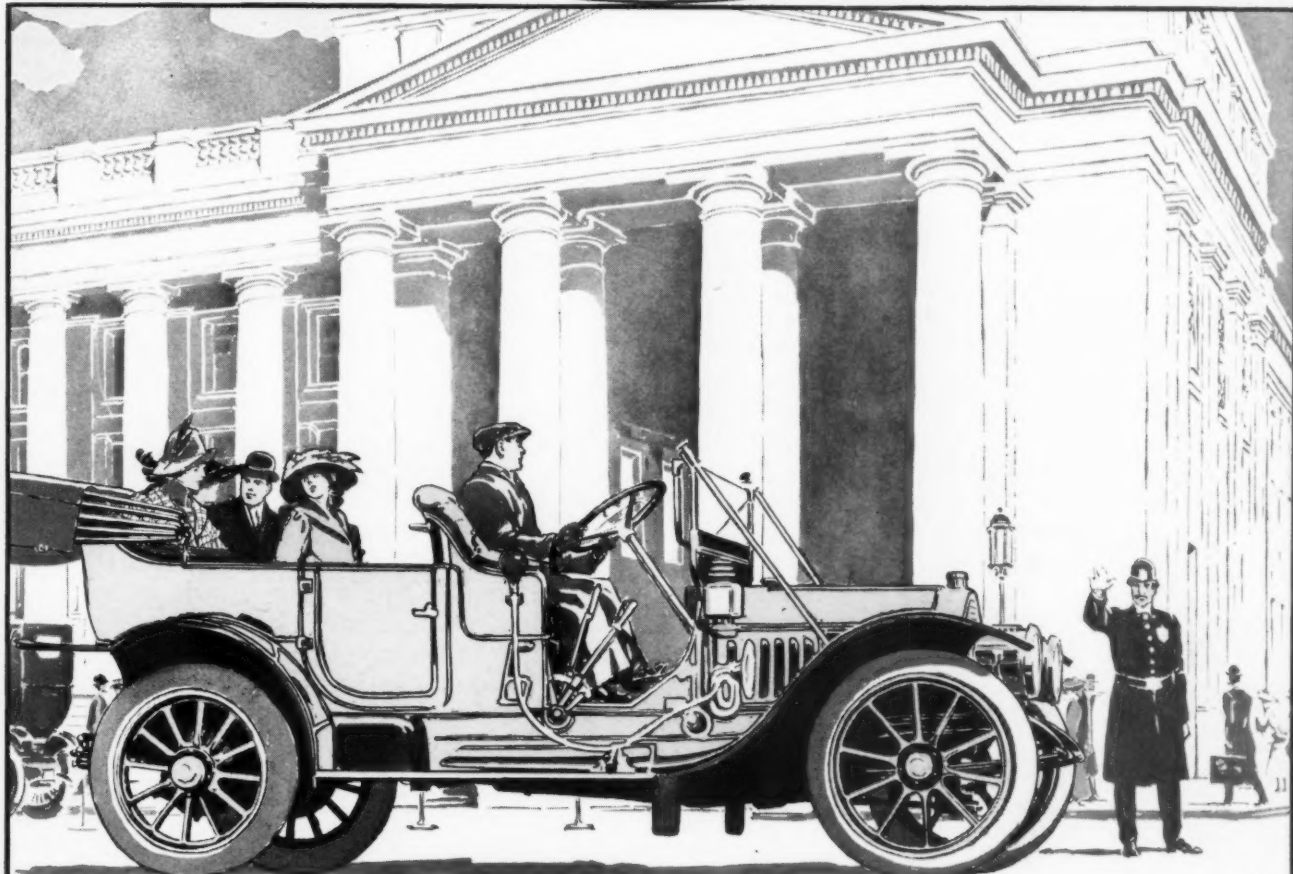


LICENSED UNDER THE SELDEN PATENT

SILENCE

Peerless

COMFORT



Pennsylvania
Terminal New York

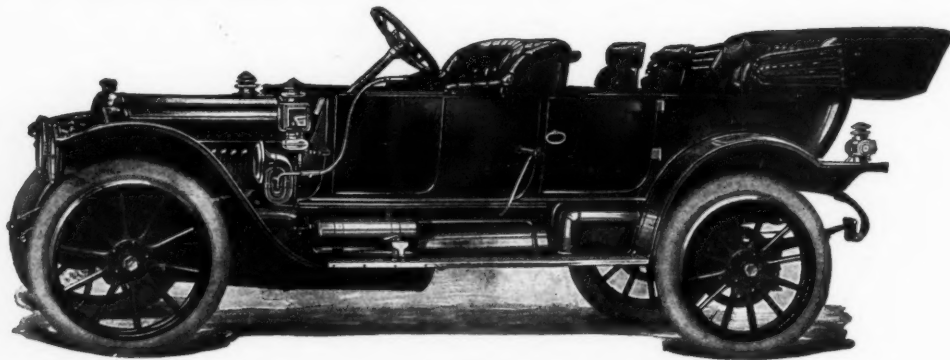
Model 31 Four-Cylinder Thirty Horse-power Touring Car

Whoever has experienced the pleasure and satisfaction from the use of a Peerless Car, with its freedom from noise and vibration, its grace of outline, luxurious appointments, and responsive mechanism, has a new standard by which to judge the merits of motor cars

You are invited to visit our display at the Automobile Show at Madison Square Garden, New York, January 7th to 14th, 1911

The Peerless Motor Car Company, 2449 East Ninety-Third Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Licensed under Selden Patent



THIS IS THE NEW 40

THIS is the latest gasoline-driven passenger car from the great White Factory—embodying the supreme effort of our splendid organization to produce a better motor car. Months were spent upon this design, and in addition to our own corps of engineers, the most eminent authorities on gasoline engine-building were consulted, both at home and abroad, to make certain that this new model should combine the most advanced thought.

It has the left hand drive, and within the limits of human fallibility, this car is produced as the best obtainable in engineering and the body-builder's art of to-day. Being a totally different size, in designing this engine, there were no patterns to be saved, no economies to be effected and no advantages to be gained by following any precedent of our own or other factories. Therefore, having been so prodigal of time and money in the production of this car, it is with pride that we announce that it retains all the essential characteristics of former White Gasoline Construction—the cylinders are cast en bloc and the long stroke engine is continued. It is a striking tribute to our 30-horsepower gasoline car, that is only equalled by its remarkable performance from the standpoint of economy. The world's engineers have been unable to suggest any improvement in our engine—have been unable to produce a better gasoline-driven automobile—it was found impossible to build a better car, and so we have made a larger one. The five-passenger, torpedo body, selling at \$3000.00 and the seven-passenger at \$3200.00.

This car will be on display at all important shows,
and at our branches in all important cities.

The White  **Company**

852 East Seventy-ninth Street, Cleveland

Look at
that sta
tread of
Such a
non-ski
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Skid.

On sm
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like a fl
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Firestor

For all
non-ski
only 6%

Can yo
Tires?

Have

· LIFE ·

PREFERRED EQUIPMENT OF AMERICA'S BEST CARS

"Firestone"

NON-SKID TIRES

Ensure Safety on Slippery Streets

Quick-detachable Demountable Rims

Abolish Tire Delays and Road Repairs



Look at the rubber lettering that stands right out on the tread of this tire.

Such a mass and variety of non-skid angles, edges, hollows and sides cannot be found on any other tire. No other tire *can* stop your slipping and skidding so effectually as the Firestone Non-Skid.

On smooth pavements the hollows of this lettering create a suction that clings like a fly on a pane of glass. The smoother the surface, the tighter the cling.

The tread is tough Firestone tread-rubber, extra thick and long-wearing. It contains as much rubber as a regular tire of other make, plus this heavy Firestone lettering.

For all this extra rubber, non-skid protection and tire service, the price averages only 6% more than our regular smooth tread tires.

Can you *afford* the risk of not using Firestone Non-Skid Tires?

can impair the efficiency of this rim.

Send us your name and let us show you why Firestone Demountable Rims are universally preferred, and the most practical of all in actual service.

For quick tire-changing without hard work or pumping up, the equipment pre-eminent today is the Firestone Demountable Rim.

They are now the preferred equipment of America's best motor car makers and dealers. Their strongest advocates are the former users of other demountable rims.

This is the natural result of the great superiority of the Firestone rim in *actual service*.

The quick detachable feature of this rim abolishes the lug or staybolt nuisance, and permits any number of tire-changes without even demounting rim from wheel. The base of the Firestone rim is solid—*not split*—water cannot enter and ruin case and tube. Neither rust nor hard usage

Have your car equipped RIGHT NOW with FIRESTONE DEMOUNTABLE RIMS, putting Non-Skids on the rear and carrying your used tires as spares.

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

"America's largest exclusive tire makers."

AKRON, OHIO and all principal cities

· LIFE ·

1909

The Two-Time Winner of the Vanderbilt Cup

1910.



6 CYLINDER, 60 H.P. TOURING CAR.

ALCO

In both 1909 and 1910 the cup was won by Harry Grant with the same six-cylinder touring model.

No other stock car has ever won the Vanderbilt Cup. No other car has ever won it twice.

There is safety, confidence, luxury and distinction touring in a car with such a record of absolute reliability and consistence.



American Locomotive Company

1886 Broadway, NEW YORK,
2501 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO.

(LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT.)



"YOU LOOK A LITTLE UNDER THE WEATHER THIS MORNING."

"YES, I WAS WALKING THE FLOOR ALL LAST NIGHT. ONE OF THE EGGS HAD THE COLIC."

Feminine Logic

Hailed as "The Master of Feminism," Marcel Prévost endeavors to make good his right to the title by the following bit of philosophy: "Is a woman's hat meant to cover her head? Is a woman's sunshade meant to shade her from the sun? Are a woman's shoes made for walking? Or her bejeweled watch meant to tell her the time? Why, then, should a woman's letter be meant to convey her real thoughts!"—*Argonaut*.

Each in His Own Tongue

At the request of several readers I reproduce the following verses by William Herbert Caruth. The transcript was forwarded by M. M. W. (Brooklyn, New York).]

A fire, a mist, and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And a cave where the cave-men dwell.
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod,
Some call it Evolution,
Others call it God.

A mist on the far horizon,
The tender, infinite sky,
The rich, ripe tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing by;
And all over lowland and upland
The charm of the goldenrod,
Some of us call it Autumn,
Others call it God.

Like waves on a crescent sea beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our souls great yearnings come,
Welling and surging in;
Come from that mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot hath trod,
Some of us call it longing,
Others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And thousands who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod,
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God.

—T. P.'s Weekly.

Just What Has Happened

The commissioners evidently concurred in the opinion of Dr. Houghton, whose evidence was as follows: "I would shrink with horror from accustoming large classes of young men to the sight of animals under vivisection. I believe that many of them would become cruel and hardened, and would go away and repeat these experiments recklessly. Science would gain nothing, and the world would have let loose upon it a set of young devils."—Q. 1888, *Minutes of Evidence, Royal Commission on Vivisection, London, 1876.*

Your Wish Will Come True

if your New Year's well-wishing is expressed over a bottle of good old

Evans Ale

1786

125 Years
Doing Good

1911

C. H. EVANS & SON., Hudson, N. Y.

Society's Motor Car

The "Electric"—with the
"Ironclad-Exide"

BATTERY

FOR the opera, the theatre, the reception, the call—an electric car is in entire harmony with both the occasion and the passenger—elegant in

appointment, unobtrusive in action, delightfully comfortable, scrupulously clean, safe, silent and INVARIABLY READY FOR INSTANT USE, even when put into service after long waits in extreme cold. All ordinary difficulties of travel—cold, storm, grades—are overcome by its system of stored power.

The dependability and the simplicity of the Electric Vehicle have recently been greatly increased by the new and wonderful

"Ironclad-Exide" BATTERY

This new battery is the latest and highest development of the standard "Exide" battery, which for years has been so superior that over 90% of all "Electrics" manufactured have been equipped with it.

The new "Ironclad-Exide" Battery gives from two to three times longer life than the standard "Exide" Battery, it never requires cleaning and it gives an increased mileage to meet every practical demand.

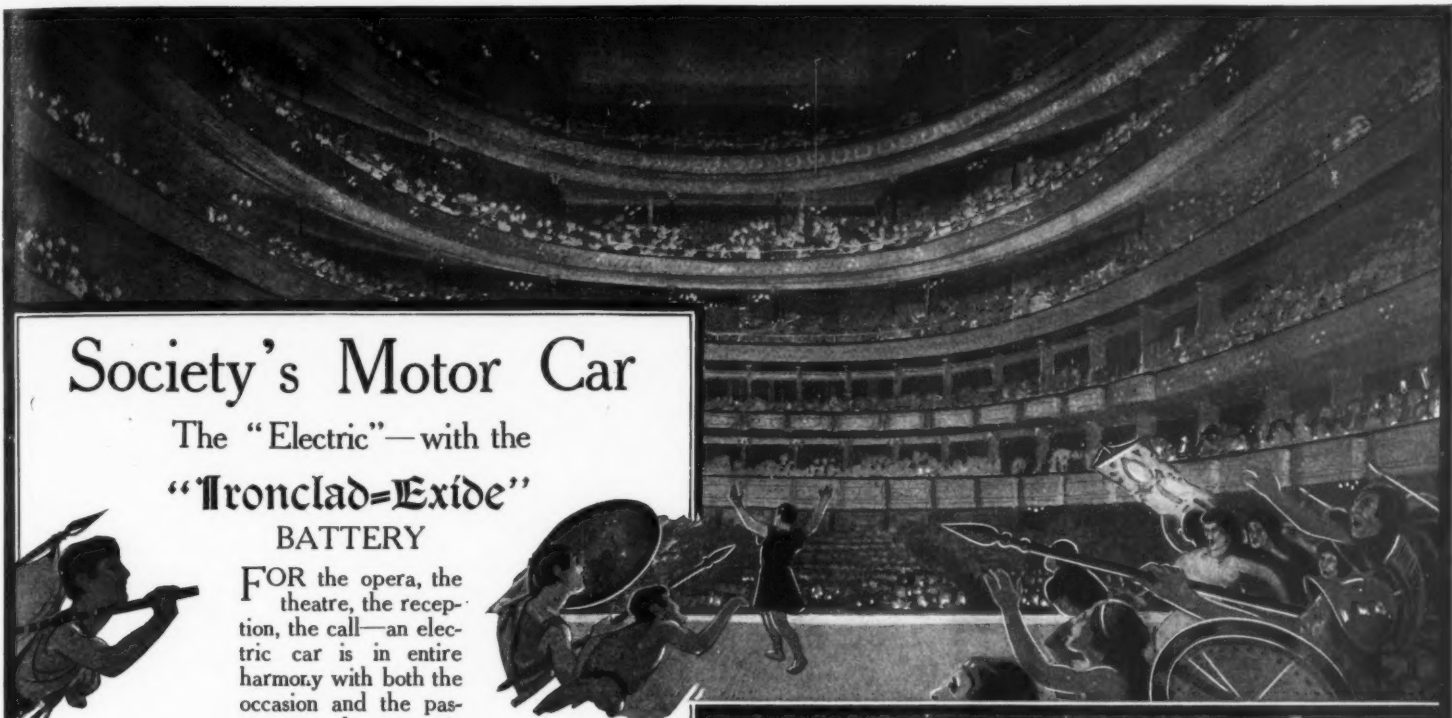
The "Ironclad-Exide" Battery is far superior to any battery yet manufactured. It is the battery for which electric vehicle users have hoped and waited.

When you buy an "Electric" insist upon its being equipped with the "Ironclad-Exide" Battery. This will be a guarantee to you that your "Electric" will always be ready for use without a moment's worry concerning the storage battery. If you have an "Electric" and are using the "Exide" Battery, remember that when renewals are necessary the new "Ironclad-Exide" Battery can be placed in your present jars.

Write the nearest Sales Office to-day and ask for the book describing this new and wonderful vehicle battery—The "Ironclad-Exide"

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

1888 PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1910
New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, Atlanta, Denver, Detroit,
San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles, Toronto.
5 "Exide" Depots—715 Distributors—Inspection Service Corps.





Miss Way Down
East



visits Señorita California
in Old-Mission-Land, where
January is like June

You can go there, too, by way of Grand Canyon of Arizona
on the train of luxury

The California Limited

For art booklets of the train and trip address W.J. Black, 1062 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Woman and the Motor Car

Woman—the twentieth century production—has sold her birthright of emancipation (says Kate Masterson in *Lippincott's Magazine*). She is a slave to the motor car—the great, luridly painted, furious, rankly odorous machine that now whizzes through the streets of every great city in the world.

Everything that tends to feminine enjoyment must have the scent of gasoline in it. The young man who once managed to make ten dollars do for an outing now has to spend twice that in a ridiculous attempt to compete with his

employers for one glorious purple night. The box of violets used to convey a tender sentiment, but now it takes a machine hired at a price for which he perjures his business destiny—for the automobile habit ranks worse than the race-track as a handicap on the small salaried clerk. Still, he must have it if he wishes to please the girl. It is the Only Way.

And every extravagant vice has followed in the wake of the car. The inns and restaurants dedicated to motorists charge prices out of all ordinary limits. The very fashionable ones print no prices at all upon their menus, but ar-

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office London-WASHINGTON-WASHINGTON-NEW YORK

73 MAINE
They say in the great State of Me
They now come in out of the re,
All over the State
Both early and late
They play "Rad-Bridge" so well they're va.
NEW "BASKET WEAVE" PLAYING CARDS
Patented 1910. Same quality, size, assortment of colors as our famous
Linen and Velour cards. 25c and 35c postpaid. Samples free. For
Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) we send our sample wallet of
Bridge accessories, "The standard of the Bridge world."
Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

range their charges to suit the appearance and condition of the party they serve.

And the person who dares approach one of these places on foot will be received by guests, waiters and proprietors alike with derisive smiles, as one who has no right to enter such a paradise. Hungry chorus girls, devouring lobsters and champagne for breakfast, look pityingly upon him, while their escorts in coats and caps that make them look like animals pass jokes at the pedestrian's expense. The notion that one might prefer to walk is too absurd for consideration.

The motorists gulp down their food and drink, enjoying the exaltation that possesses them. The appetite engendered by the sport, among women as well as men, is one of the appalling things to contemplate; for it is abnormal and comes not from the zest of the ride. It is rather for the reason that every properly comparisoneed car nowadays has its own bar, its patent bottles for keeping fluids hot and cold, its mixers, shakers—all the implements of the bar-keeper; not that they are used—for it is the fashion to have individual flasks of pure liquor hidden in muffs within easy reach while the tour is on.

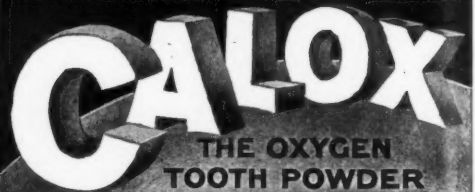
Utilitarian

In one of the Philadelphia public schools is a girl whose forebears held that the principal aim of the life of a woman is marriage. This little girl is well up in most of her studies, except geography. The other day her teacher sent to her mother to see that the girl studied her lesson. The next few days showed no improvement, and the teacher asked whether she had delivered the note.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"What did your mother say?"

"She said that she didn't know geography an' she got married, an' my aunt didn't know geography and she got married, an' you know geography and you haven't got married."—Lippincott's.



Clean Teeth Never Decay

The nearest approach to perfect cleanliness of the teeth is obtained by the daily use of Calox.

"THE OXYGEN DOES IT"

All Druggists, 25 Cents

Sample and Booklet free on request

McKESSON & ROBBINS - NEW YORK

Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush



The car of today—and tomorrow

AT the automobile shows, or in any one of two hundred and fifty salesrooms, you are invited to pass judgment on the latest product of one of the oldest automobile factories—the Oldsmobile for 1911.

Your verdict on any car is generally based on present appearance and performance, but before purchasing assure yourself that the excellence of to-

day will be permanent in after years. The soundest advice to the purchaser of a motor car is: buy your car for "tomorrow."

Nearly thirteen years of constant improvement, culminating in the 1911 Oldsmobile, assures the owner of all that is best today—and furthermore, of a substantial return on his investment for years to come.

THE SPECIAL

Four-cylinder; Bore, $4\frac{3}{4}$ "; Stroke, $4\frac{3}{4}$ ";
36 inch Tires.

THE AUTOCRAT

—shown above—

Four-cylinder; Bore, 5"; Stroke, 6";
38 inch Tires.

THE LIMITED

Six-cylinder; Bore, 5"; Stroke, 6";
42 inch Tires.

TOURING CARS

ROADSTERS

TOURABOUTS

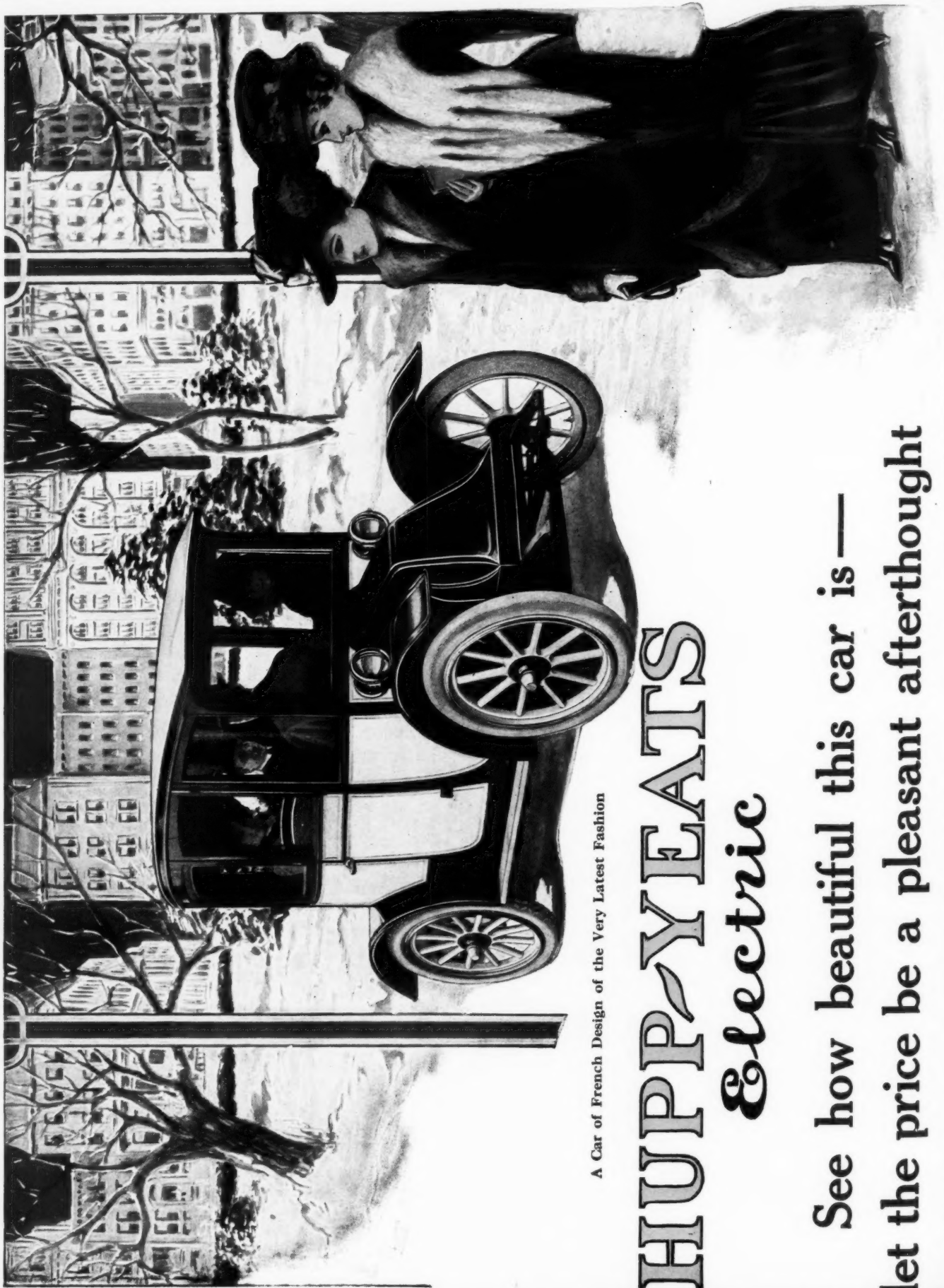
CLOSED CARS

OLDS MOTOR WORKS

LANSING, MICHIGAN

Licensed Under Selden Patent

BRANCH HOUSES at Boston, Philadelphia, Louisville, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City.
DISTRIBUTORS IN NEW YORK REPRESENTATIVES IN EVERY STATE AND IN CANADA



A Car of French Design of the Very Latest Fashion

HUPP-YEATS *Electric*

See how beautiful this car is—
let the price be a pleasant afterthought

REMARKABLE as it is, try to forget the price until you have studied the rare beauty and high character of this new Hupp-Yeats Electric.

In the unusual lightness of the chassis—the strong, pressed steel frame; the motor coupled direct to the rear axle; the single compartment for batteries—in which four hundred pounds of ordinary electric carriage weight are dispensed with.

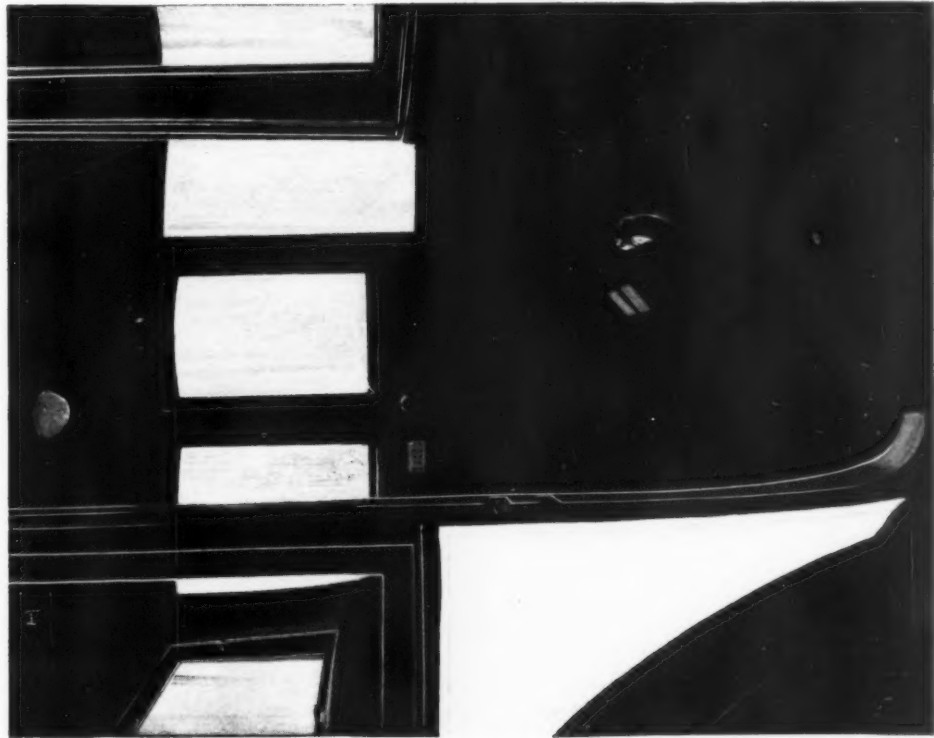
let me price be a pleasant afterthought

REMARKABLE as it is, try to forget the price until you have studied the rare beauty and high character of this new Hupp-Yeats Electric.

It is **the car itself** which makes the price remarkable; not the price, the car.

So delay your consideration of the cost until you have fully sensed the fact that here, to begin with, is a car whose beauty could not be emphasized, no matter how high the price might go.

Then take up the mechanical construction and observe the same radically high standards maintained throughout:



Observe the Roomy Elegance of the Hupp-Yeats Interior

In the unusual lightness of the chassis—the strong, pressed steel frame; the motor coupled direct to the rear axle; the single compartment for batteries—in which four hundred pounds of ordinary electric carriage weight are dispensed with.

In the economy of tires, battery wear and current, which results from this tremendous saving in weight.

In the unique system of direct drive—in itself an eminently valuable contribution to electric carriage development.

In the high-grade Westinghouse motor, driving direct through the principle just mentioned, without universal joints or intermediate reduction gears or chains.

In the celebrated Hycap Exide battery.

In the speed from 5 to 20 miles per hour, and possible mileage of 75 to 90 on a single charge of the battery.

In the scientific system of four speeds and accelerator, under immediate and implicit control

For the grace and general distinction of the Hupp-Yeats we frankly concede our indebtedness to the better French designers.

Beyond the adaptation of French carriage practice to American uses, however, the luxury and comfort of the Hupp-Yeats owes nothing to foreign influences, because it excels them.

Forget the price, we repeat, when you are studying the carriage from the standpoint of luxury and comfort and roominess and grace.

Or remember it, to ask yourself how the Hupp-Yeats could possibly be more regal and generous in these respects.

The Hupp-Yeats carries four with ample room to spare, being more generous in that regard than the most expensive cars heretofore.

The leather is such as you would use for choice purposes in your own home—the finest, softest, most flexible hand-buffed grade.

The Hupp-Yeats is rapidly being installed in all the leading cities of the country.

If there is no representative in your home city, you are invited to confer with the factory direct.

The price of the Hupp-Yeats is \$1750—the lowest figure yet named for an electric carriage of its size, power and high quality.

Hupp-Yeats Life Guarantee

The Hupp-Yeats Electric Car Company guarantees the Hupp-Yeats free from defects in material or workmanship during the life of the car, and will replace, free of charge, any such defective material when returned to its factory for inspection, transportation prepaid. This guarantee covers all parts of the car, except the motor, tires and storage battery, which are guaranteed by their respective makers.

Exhibits at Madison Square Garden, New York, Space 6-A, Main Floor, January 16-21
Chicago, Space No. 1, Colosseum, Basement, January 28 to February 4

Hupp-Yeats Electric Car Company - **Dept. L, Detroit, Michigan**

• LIFE •

What the United States Motor Company Is



HE United States Motor Company is organized to produce utility automobiles economically. It is interested in the production of pleasure cars only incidentally.

In the pursuit of this purpose, it will seek a just and reasonable profit. In the accomplishment of its purpose it will confer a distinct benefit.

There is a wide but unappreciated difference between pleasure cars and utility cars. Any motor car that can be profitably employed in the conservation of time and the extension of business is a utility car. Any car that cannot be economically employed for useful purposes is a pleasure car. The future of the pleasure car is limited. The future of the utility car is without limit.



HE United States Motor Company is interested especially in utility cars and trucks. It has proven that the motor car can be profitably employed in business, and especially can be profitably maintained in combining business and pleasure. The production of such cars will continue to be its main concern.

In making implements of production the United States Motor Company will increase the earning power, conserve the time, extend the field and support the hands of the nation. It will be an economic factor in the industrial development of the United States, as the railroad and the trolley, the telephone and the telegraph have been. Its products will rank in transportation between the railroad and the trolley—more elastic than either.



HE principles which underlie the conduct of the United States Motor Company are those on which the unquestioned industrial supremacy of the United States is built.

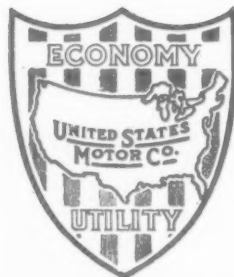
The United States Motor Company stands for resources, stability, co-operation, independence, economies, efficiency, reliability and protection. Its influence and activities are as broad as the map of the United States. Therefore, it has adopted that map and the nation's shield for its symbol.

The Capital Stock of the United States Motor Company is \$30,000,000. Its factories occupy a combined floor space of 49 acres. The appraised value of its land, buildings, machinery and equipment is \$7,120,000. It employs 14,000 men. Its yearly payroll aggregates \$11,000,000. Its annual output aggregates 52,000 cars with a sale value of over \$50,000,000. These cars are distributed through 32 branch houses and 1800 dealers in America, and in Europe through the United International Motors, Ltd. The United States Motor Company stands behind it all, as a guarantor to the purchaser of its products.

ITS PRODUCTS

(Licensed under Selden Patent)

- COLUMBIA. Prices: \$2750 to \$4800.
"One of the THREE BEST cars built."
- STODDARD-DAYTON. Prices: \$1175 to \$4200
Its reputation is its Guarantee.
- MAXWELL. Prices: \$600 to \$1500.
"The Great Economy Car."
- BRUSH RUNABOUT. Prices: \$485 to \$600.
"Everyman's Car."
- BRUSH DELIVERY WAGON. Price: \$685.
The Economy Quick Delivery.
- SAMPSON "35." Price: \$1250.
Created to supply a New Demand.
- SAMPSON TRUCKS. Prices: \$1150 to \$5000.
Strong as their name suggests.
- GRAY MARINE MOTORS—And other products.



ITS CREED

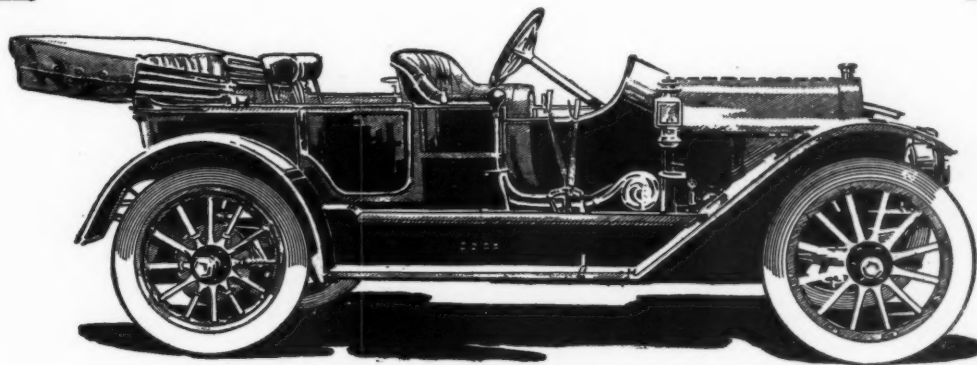
To realize, in the highest degree, EFFICIENCY and ECONOMY, resulting from concentration and co-operation in production and distribution, whereby best value is given to the public in MOTOR CARS at LOWEST PRICES consistent with but a fair and reasonable profit.

Benj. Briscoe

President

· LIFE ·

Columbia



Fore-door Six-Passenger Roadster
"One of the THREE BEST cars built."

Those who can afford to choose, those whose position forbids that they should have anything second-best, drive the Columbia car.

Most Columbia owners have never driven any other car since buying their first Columbia.

Built in a factory equipped to build 5000 cars, but in which only 1000 are built each year—these with infinite care. Our new catalogue tells the story.

THE COLUMBIA MOTOR CAR COMPANY
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Licensed under Selden Patent

Life's Suffragette Contest

XXVIII

National Hymn

God Save the King—
 God Save the Man
 My country, 'tis of thee,
 Bad land of Suffragee,
 Of thee we sing.
 Land where the women
 vote,
 "Equal Pay" is the note,
 Man—"Watch your hat
 and coat,"
 She's on your track!

My native country thee,
 Land of the Suffragee
 Thy name I hate.
 I hate to think that Eve
 Set her cap to deceive
 Adam—I do believe
 She was a suffragette.

Let music swell the breeze
 And ring from all the trees
 Beware of HER.

She'll make you stay at home,
 While she goes to her throne,
 Men will leave you alone,
 O Man, Beware!

Our father's God to thee,
 Author of Suffragee
 Of Her we sing.
 In years to come that blight,
 No babes to make home bright,
 Protect us from this plight,
 Great God our King.

A-Men.

MAYM C. HUBERT.

XXIX

With Apologies to Mr. Henry James

If happily one were to give and moreover write the reason, or to quote exactly: "The best reason, or reasons, why any man should not marry a suffragette," one would, one supposes, since the subject seems to allow of a somewhat bald frankness, not demanding the finer, nicer shades of expression, feel compelled to declare it as one's honest and, one regrets to say, unflattering opinion (for which opinion there are various most excellent arguments which one might, in one's usual manner, did space permit and were the theme not too heavy for one's pen, and were the time more propitious, here set forth) that just "any man" will never, obviously enough, or as at any rate it would seem, be able to persuade a suffragette—that is to



Notice to Contestants

This contest closed on December 31, 1910, no manuscripts received after that date being considered.

On account of the number of manuscripts still to be read by the judges, we are unable, at this writing, to give the date of the prize award.

But it will be as soon as possible.

say, a sensible, yes, more, a wise woman, he will never (I was about to have written) be able to persuade her to accept, all things considered, him.

RUTH LEE.

XXX

Why Any Man Should Not Marry a Suffragette

Webster says that a suffragette is a woman who is an advocate of the suffrage by women.

A suffragette is, therefore, an advocate.

But Webster says that an advocate is one who pleads the cause of another.

A suffragette is, therefore, a woman who pleads.

Again, Webster says that to plead is to argue.

A suffragette, therefore, delights in an argument.

According to Webster an argument is a quarrel, and to quarrel is to disagree violently.

Therefore, a suffragette is given to the habit of using violence.

Again, Webster declares that violence is an assault, an outrage, or a crime.

It is plainly seen that a suffragette will, therefore, commit an assault, an outrage, or a crime.

An assault is an attempt to do bodily injury to another.

To outrage is to insult indecently, or to use wanton abuse.

To commit a crime is to violate the law or to perform an offence against morality or the public welfare.

Therefore, a man who marries a suffragette must expect that she will do him some bodily injury; that he will be insulted indecently, and that she will commit crimes which are in violation of the laws of morality and of the public welfare.

He must also expect her, since she is accustomed to use wanton abuse, to be unchaste and even lascivious.

Will a man in his senses face all this, run the risk of the contamination of his sentiments, of public disgrace and even of his life?

Love is blind and men will marry suffragettes, but let him beware and think well before he slips his head into the noose and allows Inevitable Fate to draw it tight.

W. L. PRESTON.

XXXI

Jim's Decision

The hour was late, the night was dark,
 As Jim Smith sauntered through the park;

His thoughts were bent on Emma Jane
 Who'd tried that night to make it plain
 That he was all her heart's desire
 While modest Jim grew red and shyer.
 "I know she meant it well," said he,
 "For everybody will agree
 That I for certain need some one
 To keep the home since mother's gone—

But, I don't know—

"It seems to me that Emma Jane
 Is always tryin' to explain
 About the rights the women need
 By ballot box to go their speed
 In workin' out a mighty plan
 For doin' things now done by man.
 She's strong for votin', says she'd
 work

Around the polls from dawn till dark—
 If she just got a chance she'd be
 A power in this community—

But, I don't know—

"Her mother's old and needs her care,
 But, somehow, she is never there
 When I call 'round just by surprise
 To get a glimpse of her bright eyes.

(Continued on page 16)



Those Who Motor

Should Massage

the face frequently with Pompeian Cream because it makes the pores completely clean, relaxes the drawn muscles and removes the discolored, wind-dried tissues of the skin.

“Oh, the luxury of having one’s face Pompeian Clean!” has been the exclamation of many a user of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Yes, to feel and see one’s face super-clean is indeed a rare luxury in these days of grime-gathering automobile drives and dusty and sooty city life.

Pompeian Massage Cream

“It Cleanses Completely”

Skin health is largely a matter of complete cleanliness of the facial pores. Pompeian does more than soap because it goes deeper than soap. It is the dirt in the skin (not on the skin) that must be removed to be super-clean, or as the new saying is, “Pompeian Clean.” Pompeian is indispensable to those who use machines. Try a Pompeian massage after your next drive. You’ll be delighted. For sale by 50,000 dealers.

Trial Jar and Art Calendar, both sent for 10c. (stamps or coin) to cover cost of postage and packing. For years you have heard of Pompeian’s merits and benefits. To get you to act now, we will send a “Pompeian Beauty” Art Calendar, in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. The “Pompeian Beauty” which you get is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now and enclose 10c. to cover cost of postage and packing.

Cut along this line, fill in and mail to-day.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.,
25 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10c. (stamps or coin to cover postage and packing), for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian and a “Pompeian Beauty Art Calendar.”

Name.....

Address.....

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



What about a Garage for your Automobile?

CORNELL GARAGES are factory made out of best quality seasoned lumber, watertight, weathertight and substantial in every respect. They are Portable in that they may be shipped "knocked down," with sections crated, ready for erection on your premises in a little while, with little effort, and at a minimum of expense.

CORNELL GARAGES are Sectional: built up of Sectional Units. The sections are so made that they may be added to or taken away from at any time, thereby making your building larger or smaller in accordance with your own desires.

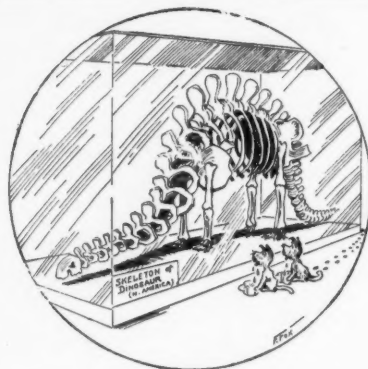
CORNELL COTTAGES, CHURCHES, SCHOOL HOUSES and Portable Buildings of every kind are all built in the same manner, and hundreds of satisfied users attest their merit and practicability.

CORNELL PORTABLE BUILDINGS are Reasonable in Price. They cannot be duplicated at the prices we name. We PREPAY FREIGHT to nearly all R. R. stations. All our buildings are PAINTED INSIDE AND OUT, colors of your selection, without additional cost. Our illustrated Catalog tells more.

Write for it today.

See Our Exhibit at the Madison Square Garden Automobile Show, New York, Jan'y 7th to 14th.

WYCKOFF LUMBER & MFG. CO., - 425 Green St., Ithaca, N. Y.



"A TERRIBLE WASTE OF FOOD."

Life's Suffragette Contest

(Continued from page 14)

"And Mrs. B— smiles sweet and slow,

And says: 'I'm glad to have Em go
To these great meetings where they see
What's best for every family
Except their own; and civic laws
Are tangled up with every cause,
But I do get so lonely here—
I'm glad you came, sit down, my dear.'
So, I don't know—

"I want a wife, I do, indeed,
Provided it could be agreed

That we were one in heart and soul,
With happiness to be our goal.
I want a home, not just four walls,
Where joy or comfort never calls.
A place where LOVE makes LIFE
worth while,
A place where heaven is in a smile.
Ah! that I know.

"If women voted, seems to me,
They and their men could not agree,
And family life would be knocked out
With every new election bout.
For then the woman candidate
Would stir up jealousy and hate
Among her sex if she but tried
To win the husbands to her side.
And vice versa with the men,
Wholesale divorce would end it then
I—guess—I—know—

It's nixxy, none in mine."

GRETA ALEXANDER.

XXXII

"Life's" Suffragette Contest

A man should not marry a suffragette because thereby he would be:
Antagonizing All Admirable Ambition.
Belying Beauty By Belauding Boldness.
Choosing Cantankerous Companionship.

Deliberately Decreeing Domestic Doom.
Eulogizing Enervating Effeminacy.
Forgetting Feminine Fragility.
Giving Gentleness Good-by.
Helping Hermaphrodite Hysteria.
Inspiring Iniquitous Ineptitude.
Jaundicing Juvenile Joy.
Killing Kindly Kinship.
Losing LIFE's Love.
Making Marriage Mockery.
Neglecting Nature's Necessities.
Offering Ominous Opportunities.
Playing Parasite's Part.
Quashing Queenly Qualities.
Recklessly Revolutionizing Race.
Shattering Sex Sensitiveness.

(Concluded on page 22)

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

CORDIAL FRONSAC

OLD MILD
MELLOW RICH

At All Best
Clubs and Hotels

COWIE & CO., Ltd.

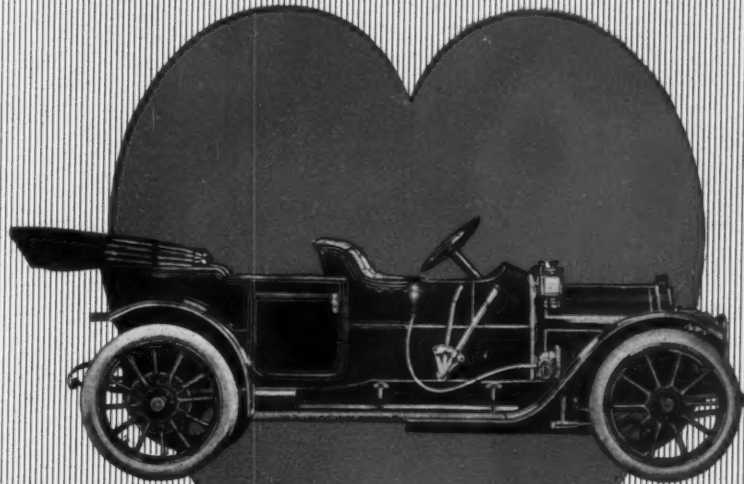
NEW YORK

Sole Agents for the U. S.



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CARHARTT THIRTY-FIVE



CARHARTT AUTOMOBILE SALES CO.
HOTEL PLAZA
NEW YORK

Baker Electrics

SHAFT DRIVEN



You Can Tell It's a Baker

Recognized at once by its silent, smooth-running chassis—without chains. The quietest of all electrics and the most refined. Observe its beauty of design, and shaft drive. The latter is noiseless—enabled a stock Baker to make the world's mileage record of 244½ miles on a single charge of Edison batteries.

See 1911 models in salesroom of dealer in your city, or write for illustrated catalog.

The Baker Motor-Vehicle Company
33 West 80th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Reo Proof

Plenty of it every year, but see what the 1911 Reo did within a few months of its coming out!

The Reo at \$1250 says it does the work of a \$3000 car, and is ready to prove it. A great deal to say and a great deal to prove; but no car at \$3000 or less can show such a record as the 1911 Reo has already done.

Endurance Won the Kansas City Star Trophy against all of the best American cars, in what proved to be the most strenuous and complete test of a motor car during the present year. The highest road score, the highest mechanical score, without regard to price or class.

Won the Kansas Magazine Endurance Contest. Easily won in its own class, and had a better record than any car in any class.

Hill-Climbing Beat best previous record for Mt. Hamilton (24.5 miles) by 10 minutes. Reo time, 1 hour 5 minutes. Would have done even better but for dangerous rain and fog.

Racing In a 50-mile race near Denver the Reo beat a Chalmers, well known for its racing record, by 10 minutes, making the distance over sandy roads in 57 minutes 43 seconds—an average of 51 1/3 miles in an hour. At the Empire City track race, on November 12, at Yonkers, New York, the Reo won the 10-mile race against much higher priced cars. Owing to heavy rains the track was heavy and sandy, but the Reo time was 13 minutes 52 seconds.

Across the Continent in 10 1/2 Days The Reo beat the record of a \$4,000 six-cylinder car by nearly 5 days, making the trip in 10 days 15 hours 13 minutes. A wonderful performance!—Nearly 4,000 miles, and half of it through deep mud and sand, trackless deserts, deep wash-outs, and over mountains. And not a thing done to the Reo engine the whole trip except to change one spark-plug.

Here are proofs of four kinds: power, speed, endurance, reliability. Is there anything else you want to know in the way of proof and reasons? Find it in the Reo catalogue. Send also for "Coast to Coast in Ten Days."

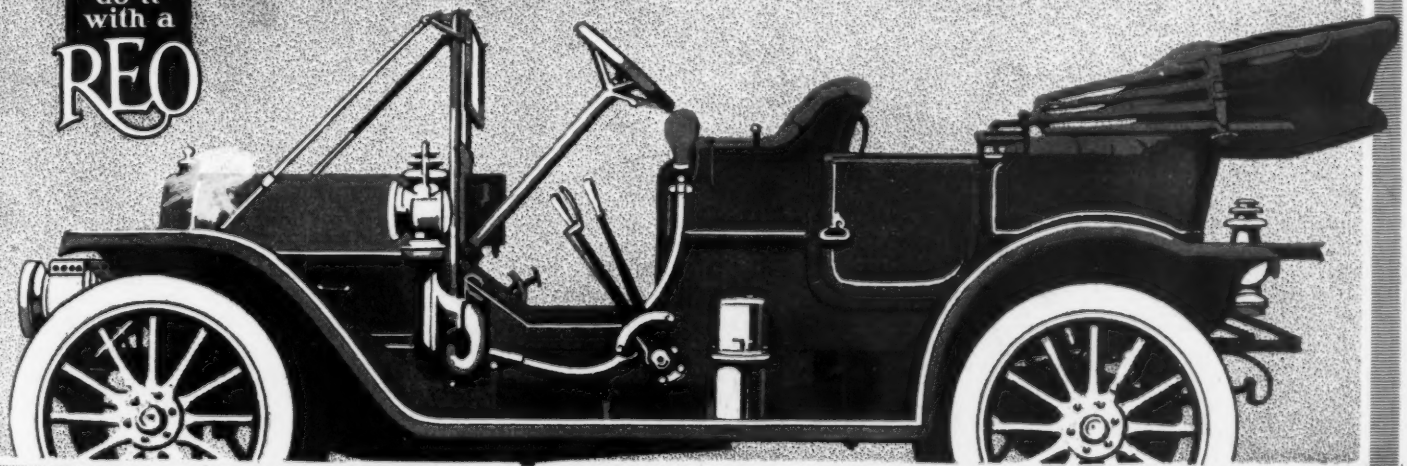
Reo Fore Door Touring Car \$1350
Reo Two Passenger Roadster \$1050

Reo Touring Car or Roadster \$1250
Reo Limousine or Landaulet \$2000

R M Owen & Co Lansing Mich General Sales Agent for **Reo Motor Car Co**

Licensed under Selden Patent

You can do it with a **REO**



GRAY & DAVIS

Present for the second year their
Dynamo Lighting System
for automobiles and announce that their
Constant Speed Dynamo

Shunt Wound when charging batteries
Compound Wound when lighting lamps

IS A SUCCESS

Can be seen in operation at New York,
Chicago and Boston Shows

Full particulars on request

GRAY & DAVIS

Manufacturers of High Grade Auto Lamps
AMESBURY, MASS.

Philip Morris

ORIGINAL LONDON

Cigarettes

No cultivation of taste necessary—merely appreciation of the best.

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

"The Little Brown Box"



ILLUSION

DRALLE, HAMBURG
PERFUMES

DRALLE'S famous floral
ILLUSION is a distinctive perfume.

The pure unadulterated essence of the flower. Nothing added and nothing taken away.

Extracted by a new and secret process, the full fragrance of the flower is obtained in a highly concentrated liquid form, without alcohol or other cheapening ingredients. One drop imparts the delightful odor of freshly cut flowers.

AN ILLUSION HEART FOR THREE 2c. STAMPS

This dainty heart, touched with a single drop of Lily of the Valley, will demonstrate the lasting fragrance of DRALLE'S ILLUSION. Wear it about your neck, or carry it in your purse with your handkerchief, and note how long it lasts, and how many of your friends will notice it. When sending give your dealer's name.

Imitators have attempted to copy the package, the bottle and the labels—but it is impossible for them to duplicate, or even imitate the perfume. Insist on DRALLE'S ILLUSION, the original and genuine non-alcoholic perfume.

ILLUSION can be had in Rose, Violet, Lily of the Valley, Narcissus, Heliotrope, Lilac and Wisteria at the best shops.

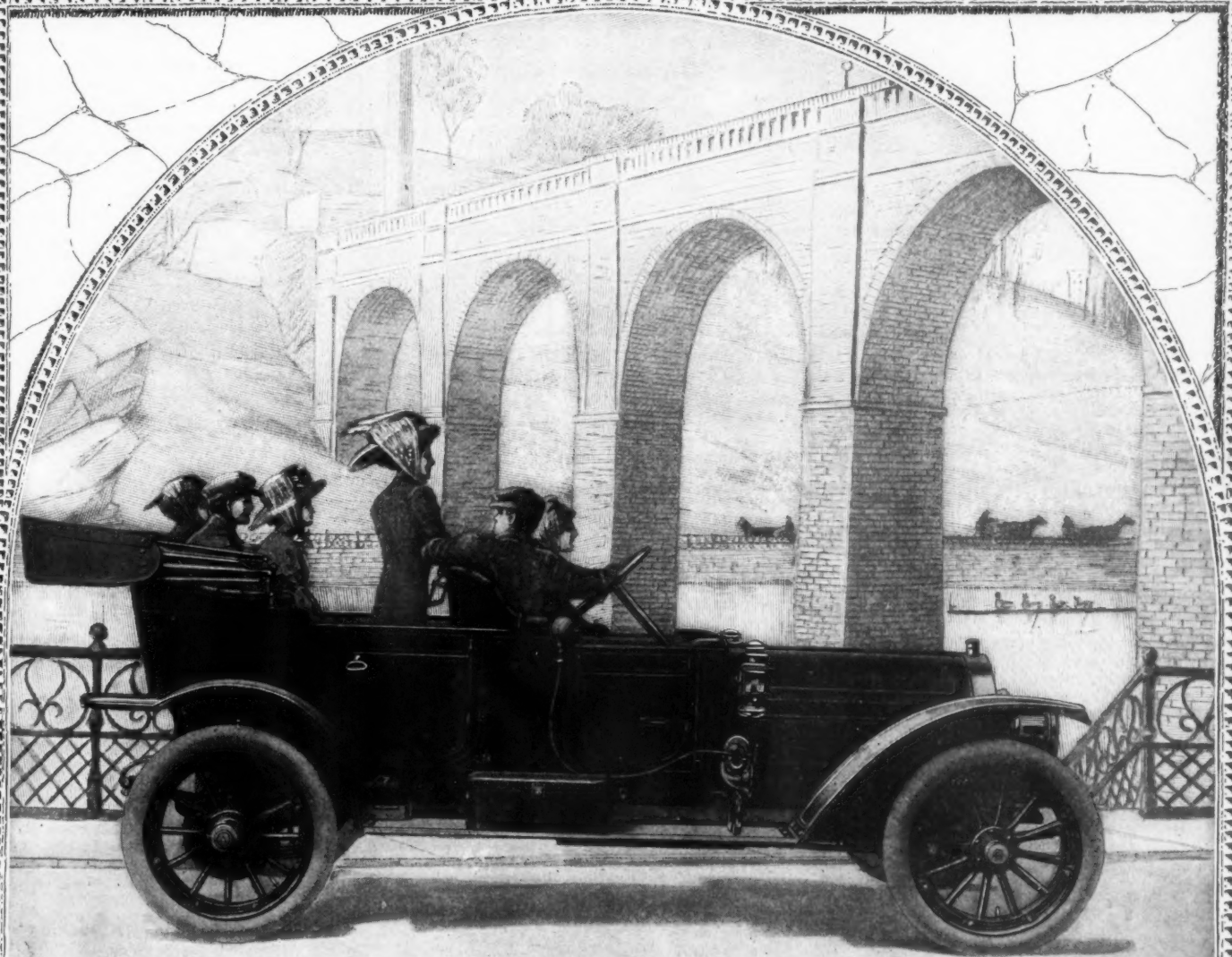
GEO. BORGFELDT & CO.

Sole Agents for U. S. and Canada
119 E. 16th St. - NEW YORK



"CURLY HAIR!"

Stevens-Duryea



After naming certain features, which are taken as a matter of course, true merit in an automobile lies in smooth action, power and endurance—points wherein the 1911 Stevens-Duryea Six expresses twenty years of development.

STEVENS-DURYEA COMPANY, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

Send for our literature.

Licensed under Selden Patent

Only Two (2) Moving Parts to Each Cylinder

So this Economical Car is mighty nearly Trouble-Proof

THE astonishing facts that you'll read below are backed up by a five-year record.

This record is studded with hundreds of stories—owners' stories—that you'd hardly believe except at first hand.

Stories that *prove*

—that Atlas owners are almost free from repair bills

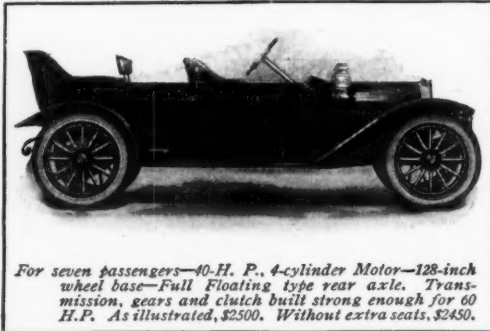
—that Atlas depreciation is only 5 per cent. a year

—that it takes a regular smash-up to even worry an Atlas Motor Car.

Your mind will be glad to open up and seek proof as soon as you've read these facts below.

The Atlas motor is the first and only really perfect, really practical two-cycle engine.

The first to actually conquer all former two-cycle faults, including waste of gas and incomplete lubrication.



For seven passengers—40-H. P., 4-cylinder Motor—128-inch wheel base—Full Floating type rear axle. Transmission, gears and clutch built strong enough for 60 H.P. As illustrated, \$2500. Without extra seats, \$2450.

Note the Vast Differences

Compare all tricky, trouble-inviting four-cycle motors with this guileless, tranquil two-cycle Atlas.

Every four-cycle motor has from 25 to 50 frail, delicate, highly nervous moving parts to each cylinder.

Each moving part with its own friction—its own wear and tear—its own chances for trouble, for delays, for expense.

The Atlas motor has only two (2) moving parts to each cylinder.

No valves! Merely the pistons, the piston rods and the crank shaft.

Yet this refreshingly simple motor does more work, better work, cheaper work than any same-size four-cycle motor.

Compare again—

The Atlas motor gives a power-impulse to every piston stroke. The four-cycle motor gives a power-impulse only to every second stroke.

Compare again—

Except in costly six-cylinder motors of the

Atlas

four-cycle type, there is a gap, a sag, in the power between strokes. In the Atlas motor, there is an *overlap* of power from each stroke to the next.

Added Power—Lessened Cost

The Atlas motor pours forth an even, unbroken, unwavering power-flow that is smooth, sleek, silent and almost devoid of vibration.

Money cannot buy more pleasing power.

One result of these amazing advantages is

—that the Atlas motor delivers from 60 per cent. to 75 per cent. more actual power, cylinder for cylinder, than any four-cycle engine that can ever be made.

Yet, with its few moving parts, its lessened weight, its lack of vibration, its freedom from repairs, this engine costs, of course, less to build—less to buy—less to maintain.

And the car itself is, in every detail, worthy of its wonderful engine. Note the specifications under the picture. See what a superb car this really is.

And, mind you, the five-year-old Atlas cars are running yet—and running strong.

You owe it to yourself to know the truth—the whole truth—about this, the only perfect two-cycle engine. So send for the Atlas

Book—send for it today.

The Atlas Line for 1911

In each of these models, regardless of price, the motor is the same, part for part, in every detail, save in the number of cylinders.

40 H. P. TOURING CAR, Torpedo . . .	\$2450
40 H. P. TOURING CAR, Tonneau or Fore-Door . . .	2400
20 H. P. TORPEDO RUNABOUT . . .	1250
20 H. P. DELIVERY WAGON . . .	2000
20 H. P. TAXICAB . . .	2400

See the Atlas Exhibit at Madison Square Garden, New York, or the Coliseum, Chicago

ATLAS MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Licensed under Selden Patent

93 Birnie Avenue, Springfield, Mass.

New York Office, 2010 Broadway

Life's Suffragette Contest

(Concluded from page 16)

- Timorously Turning Traitor.
- Unconsciously Unsexing Universe.
- Viciously Vacating Volition.
- Weakening Wedlock's Warranty.
- Xploiting Xaggerated Xpediency.
- You Yawning, Yelping.
- Zealous, Zoophytic Zany.

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

Francis Rolt-Wheeler.

XXXIII

Marcus Antonius Speaks Regarding the Suffragettes

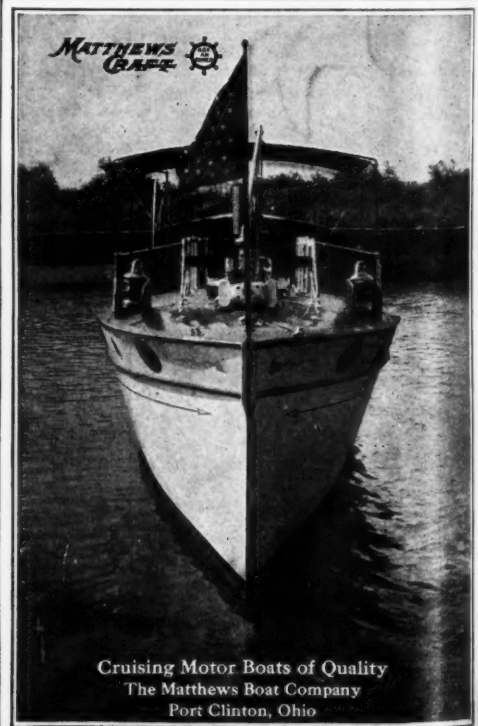
I COME to condemn suffragettes, not to praise them. The evil they do is oft o'erlooked, because of their sex; the good exaggerated beyond measure. Let it not be so with these. They have told us, "Women should have the right to vote." If this be so, 'tis poorly proved as yet Here under leave of LIFE and



"LET'S CAMP HERE, BILL, THE OTHER ONE IS TOO DRAUGHTY!"

all the rest, come I, to speak of the ambitious suffragette. I say to you, unmarried men, "Beware!" Be not ensnared by the arts of such as these. Women have many noble duties to perform; duties so honorable that their doing hath, to them, brought great renown; hath made men look to them for inspiration. Would you have them trade these duties for the ballot? Would you have the club displace the home? Would you have the desire for office displace the desire for children? These are but few of all the evils the ballot would bring to those whom now we reverence because of their virtues—only a few of the evils possessed by the suffragettes. Therefore, as you value your future home, look not to them for wives.

TOM B. STOEL.



Cruising Motor Boats of Quality
The Matthews Boat Company
Port Clinton, Ohio

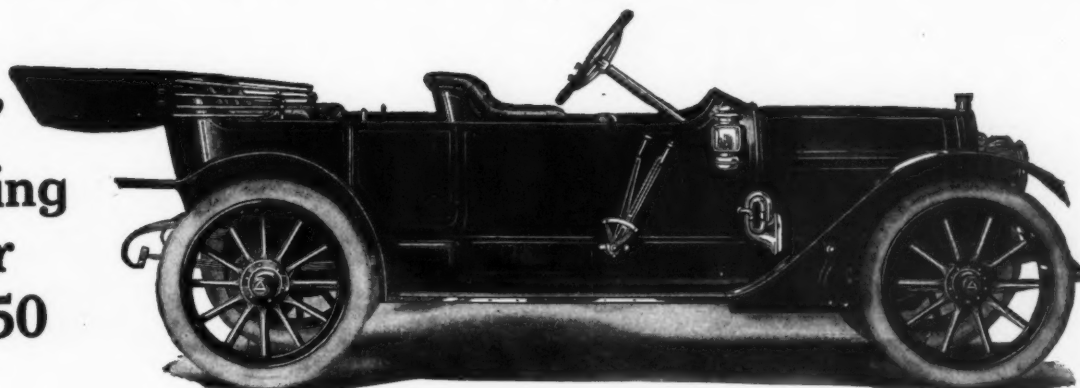
The first dealers-arrived- Three mobiles Their immediate output. section of unfilled we can p Judge You w arranging Dealer been arr reduce s livery.

Our w first car the cars received The o may hav plentiful. of old mo ment of HUDSON You. w this cond far in ad

LICENSE SELDEN

HUDSON "33"

"33"
Touring
Car
\$1250



"33"
Pony
Tonneau
\$1300

The "33" Torpedo \$1350

Equipment on all models includes, 3 oil and 2 gas lamps, horn, tools, pump, quick detachable rims, gas generator.

Mohair top, Prest-o-lite tank instead of gas generator and Duplex system ignition, with famous Bosch high tension Magneto, \$150 extra for either model.

687 Sold the First Day Reserve Your Hudson Now

The first days' sales made to individuals by Hudson dealers—on the day when the new HUDSON "33" arrived—totaled 687 cars.

Three-quarters of a million dollars worth of automobiles sold the first day!

There has not been a day since, that orders for immediate delivery were not far in excess of our output. At this writing—in midwinter with a large section of the country covered with snow—we have unfilled orders for more cars wanted at once than we can produce in a month.

Judge what the demand will be in the spring.

You will see the necessity, if you want this car, of arranging a delivery date now.

Dealers cannot be given more cars than has already been arranged for. We are, in fact, compelled to reduce some of the allotments made for early delivery.

Our whole output was taken by dealers before the first car was shipped. Some dealers had sold half the cars they had arranged for before they had received a demonstrator.

The over supply of low-priced cars last summer may have led some to think that good cars will be plentiful. But remember that the over supply was of old model cars, displaced largely by the announcement of Howard E. Coffin's latest design—the new HUDSON "33."

You who wait until spring comes will surely find this condition. The most desirable cars will be sold far in advance.

If you intend buying a car, begin your investigation at once and assure yourself of delivery when you want it. There will be no change in models or price.

Even cars that ordinarily have small demand, will be in large demand in spring.

By taking your car now you can get three months' extra use without extra cost.

A 1910 car driven 15,000 miles can be sold, if you desire, with less sacrifice than a 1909 model used only half as much.

Therefore, get your 1911 model early. It can be resold in the fall to as great an advantage as if it were delivered in May.

The Coincidence of the "33"

The remarkable thing about the HUDSON "33" is the way the latest models of the greatest European Cars resemble it. Leading engineers of Europe have just exhibited their newest designs at the Paris Automobile Show. Such famous makes as the Renault Fiat, Mercedes, Isotta, Lancia, De Dietrich, Martini and many others, show identically the same ideas that Mr. Coffin, working independently of the European masters, put into the HUDSON "33."

Simplicity the Keynote

The number of parts used is 900 less than in the average car.

Oiling places can be reached without inconvenience or soiling the clothing.

Moving parts are all enclosed and dust-proof. This includes the valve mechanism, which is exposed in practically all American cars.

The frame is heavier than is used on any other car of its weight.

The motor and transmission are held together as a unit, giving all the advantages of both the three and four point system of suspension.

Wheels are stronger than are ordinarily used.

Springs are so designed that they are practically unbreakable, yet are easy and flexible.

There is greater leg room in the front seat than is provided in most cars.

The steering wheel is extra large—same as on the biggest, costliest cars.

Don't these facts make you want to see the HUDSON "33"?

Think what it means to obtain for \$1,250 the greatest car of such an engineer as Howard E. Coffin.

Think what it means to obtain a car at that price that embodies the ideas that the leading European Engineers are this year putting on their cars, anyone of which sells for from three to five times the price of the HUDSON "33."

Then think what is indicated by the 687 orders taken the first day.

Doesn't that look as though it would be hard to get prompt delivery of a HUDSON "33" in the spring?

Therefore reserve your HUDSON now.

Write for complete detailed descriptions and address of your nearest dealer.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

4082 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT

LICENSED UNDER
SELDEN PATENT

Copy No. 17

Packard
MOTOR TRUCKS

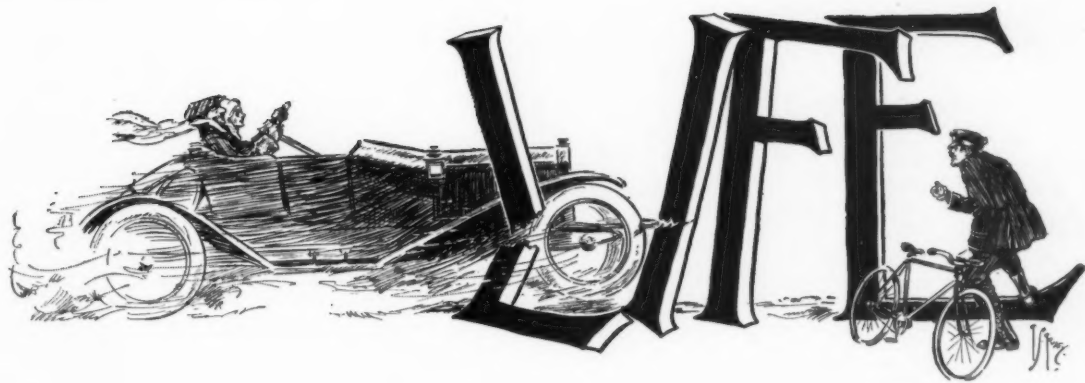


Ask the man who owns one

Can your horses deliver
your goods fast enough?
Packard trucks can.

Three tons—twelve miles an hour

Packard Motor Car Company Detroit



AN OLD OFFENDER

HE NEVER STOPS FOR LAW OR COPS

Concessional

GUARD of the Motor, Great Chauffeur,
 Master of every road and way,
 Who renders useless curb and spur
 And drives to madness roan and bay,
 Oh, Goggled Magnate, spare us yet,
 Lest we upset, lest we upset!

The tumult and the "honk-honk" dies,
 The Plutocrats and Snobs depart,
 And little heed the sacrifice
 Of one-time-honored horse and cart.
 And round the curve Another yet,
 Lest up we get, lest up we get.

Horn-warned, our courage melts away,
 Within our cowed hearts sink the fires,
 Our horsemanship of yesterday
 Is vanquished by exploding tires.
 Oh, Skilled Mechanic, spare us yet,
 Lest we upset, lest we upset!

If cheered by vistas clear we loose
 Wild Tongues that have not Thee in
 awe,
 Such boasting as Equestrians use
 Who cannot speed beyond the law,
 Relentless Driver, spare us yet,
 Lest we upset, lest we upset!

On simple hearts that put their trust
 In tireless steeds and brake cars light,
 And, valiant, brave the fumes and dust
 To learn that only might makes right,
 On these poor, harmless amateurs
 Have mercy, oh, Ye Great Chauffeurs!

Ethel Walker.

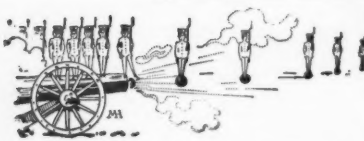


"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVII. JANUARY 5, 1911 No. 1471

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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



MR. CARNEGIE has turned over ten million dollars to trustees, with a request to use the income to hasten the abolition of international war, and when that has been accomplished, to use it for the banishment of "the next most degrading evil or evils" that afflict mankind, or to foster whatever the trustees think will most better mankind. Of course, it would be interesting to get Mr. Carnegie's views as to what is the "next most degrading evil"—whether rum, woman suffrage, prohibition, cigarettes, avarice, the tariff, or what. Perhaps he will tell us what he thinks about that.

The current objection to peace is the heavy expense of keeping it up. Even in our comparatively safe country it comes high. We make a vast fuss about the money we spend for federal purposes. The total sum now approaches seven hundred millions a year, or, say, eight dollars apiece for each item of population. Half of it goes for the army, the navy and the war pensions, and Secretary Dickinson tells us, in his recent report, that we are absurdly unprepared for war and vulnerable to attack, and that we should have at least four times as many trained and ready soldiers, regulars and militia, as we now keep on hand. He says, too, that we have a very inadequate lot of war material on hand, and ought to stock up. The gentlemen whom we employ to know about these matters—General Wood, for example—seem to agree with the Secretary (or he with them), so we must consider that we are comparatively frugal in military expenditures. Conspicuously, therefore, it is cheaper

for us to change the fashion of war than to follow it, and for other leading nations whose resources are not so great as ours, it is even more important than it is for us.

It is tiresome to have to spend so much money for mere protection against international war, which leaves us still to provide for protection against criminals, malefactors, strikers and domestic marauders. Mr. Carnegie's trustees cannot abate the war habit too soon to suit us, and the rest of mankind feel very much as we do about it. We suggest to them to pay a large annual retainer to the Peace Maker of Oyster Bay and get him on the job. He knows the subject, has had experience and still has influence and energy. It is an employment that would fit in well with another employment to which he seems to have set himself—that of improving the distribution of the fruits of labor.



ASKING himself the not-yet-worn-out-question, If a man die, shall he live again? Dr. Lyman Abbott answers "No; he does not die."

A good answer, but it does not apply to the college man, of whom it is complained that, at least, he dies out. Harvard, they tell us, would be pretty nearly extinct if it had had to depend upon its graduates for students. The records disclose that they do not reproduce their own number. The matter has been looked up at Yale, and very much the same state of things is disclosed there. The fruitfulness of Yale marriages is declining. Between 1810 and 1842 a hundred marriages were rewarded by 413 children. Between 1842 and 1860 the number of children fell to 333 and between 1860 and 1878 it fell to 255. By this time it has probably had another drop, and as a considerable proportion of the graduates do not succeed in getting themselves married, it is evident that Yale, like Harvard, is not a self-perpetuating nursery of life and culture. What is true of Yale and Harvard is probably true of colleges in general, or will be when they get old enough.

The college man is probably daunted in the raising of a family by knowing that he will have to send his boys to

college, and probably his girls also. There are plenty of reasons why his family should tend to be small. He cultivates wants for several years, and hurries late to the business of getting wherewith to satisfy them. He is bred to a fairly high scale of living, and unless he can maintain it, he does not feel that his life is successful. Children are one of his luxuries.

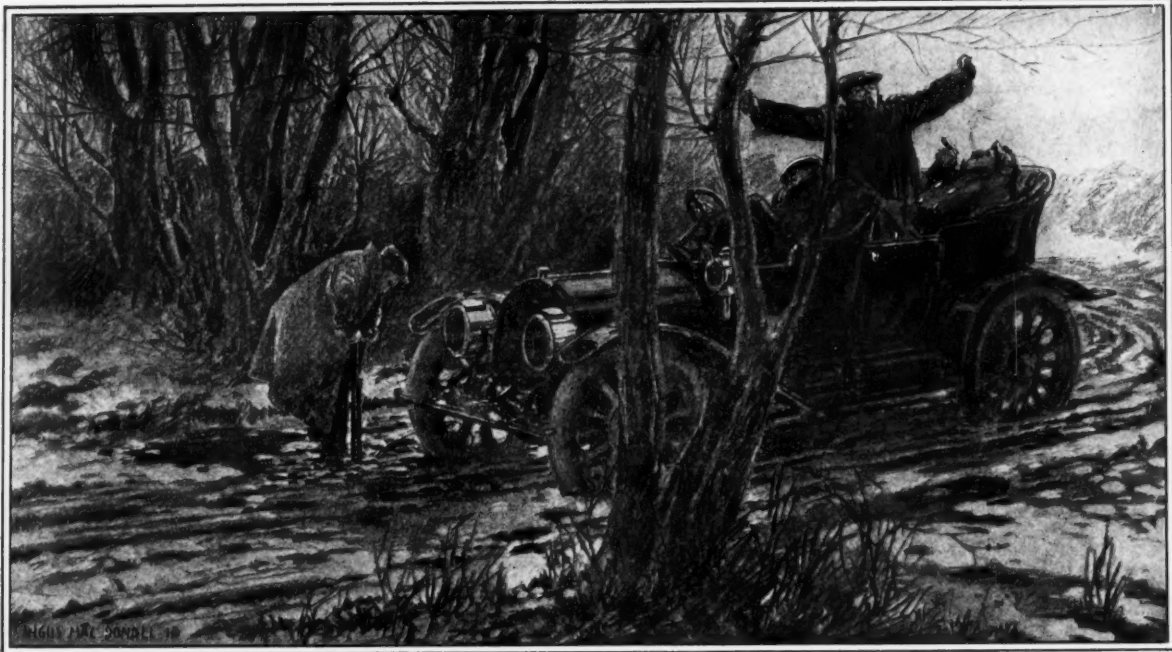
The more thoughtful people do not seem to be raising large families in this country. The Eastern farmers are as remiss as the college men. Their families die out because it is too much trouble to make a living. The college men's families diminish because there is too much living to be made. The people that we hear of as most enthusiastic about raising large broods are the crackers in some of the Southern States, who keep all the children that come, dress them older than they are, lie about their age, put them into the nearest cotton mill and collect their poor little wages. It is probably true, though sad, that there was a more general enthusiasm in this country about raising large families when children came in handy about the place than there is at present, when the standard of parental responsibility is high and the standard of filial obligation is somewhat depressed.



POSSIBLY a new Congress, when we get one, will take hold with the courage of youth of the anti-teen law and provide for an investigation of its workings. Or, possibly, the Congress now sitting might provide for such an investigation and leave the report as a legacy to its successor. The law has been working for ten years, and it ought to be possible to reach a conclusion whether it is good or bad. Major General Duvall writes from the Philippines to complain of its ill effects there as a consequence of the bad drinking places that spring up near the military posts. Congress has been cowardly about this law and more thoughtful of the prohibition vote than of the soldier, but the new Congress has been chosen to make reforms and the old one has no longer anything to fear.



THE CYCLE OF THE MONTHS



Song of the Wise

THE make of the machine
Is naught to us,
Toaring or limousine,
Electric—gasoline.
Small or commodious;
Once we are placed inside
No rifle mars.
We who elect to ride
In others' cars.

The bursting of a tire
But wakes our mirth;
Let others in the mire
Drag, hammer and perspire
Prone on earth,
They but arouse our wit,
These trifling jars,
We who elect to sit
In others' cars.

We are a folk serene
Of mien benign;
We buy no gasoline,
Though justice intervene
We pay no fine.
Let some their wagons hitch
Unto the stars,
We still prefer our niche
In others' cars.

Theodosia Garrison.

The Stigma of Respectability

CAN anything worse be said about any people in these days than that they are respectable? Nothing that we can think of, except to say that they are eminently respectable.

To be respectable implies so much that is utterly undesirable and alien to our ideals that it almost always produces a shudder.

When a man has tried everything else and failed he then becomes respectable.

Respectability is in itself a badge of the commonplace, which, from the standpoint of society, is the unpardonable sin.

To be respectable implies that you may be honest; not necessarily that you are honest, because you may possibly be using your respectability as a cloak. The probability is that you are not doing this, however, as most people would rather be caught dishonest than to have the name of being respectable.

A respectable man is almost always hopeless. He is blind to his own condition.

The chances are that you cannot educate him out of it.

But there is always hope for every human soul.

For example, if, unconsciously, without realizing his danger, he has drifted into being respectable, and is thoroughly ashamed of it, he may be saved. Helping hands should immediately be extended to him. Life preservers and poker chips and rum bottles should be thrown at him. And the probability is that he will swim ashore.

But if he once admits that he is respectable he is lost.

Jails ought to be used exclusively to harbor respectable people—where they wouldn't be constantly boring us to death.

One reason why so much wickedness is perpetrated is because there are so many respectable people around, maddening others with their presence.

The Sapient Simian

"YES," said the old gray monkey to his friend, "Dr. Garner has been here for years, trying to compile a dictionary of our language. Some of the younger monkeys have been foolish enough to give him a few words, but you bet I wouldn't supply him with any information at all. Why, if he could jot down all our language, the next thing we'd know would be that a bunch of school teachers would land here with books printed in monkey talk, and they'd teach us to read and write and spell; and then after them would come book agents to sell us dictionaries and encyclopedias in our own speech—and simultaneously would come the captains of industry to put up factories and build railroads and give us employment, so that we could work and earn money to buy the books. I tell you, friend, by that time we wouldn't be any better off than humans."



Chauffeurs

THE chauffeur is assuming the importance of a national problem. The truth seems to be that our civilization is unable to assimilate him. It is an open secret that most of our *nouveaux automobilieurs* are totally at a loss to know how to treat this necessitous luxury, while cases have been reported only recently of families who have motored for years without carving out for their chauffeur that precise niche in the domestic economy which true culture exacts.

Just why this is so it would be hard to say. It has been suggested that while he is to all intents and purposes a domestic servant, yet the vocabulary which we have been taught to use in discussing the servant question somehow seems not to fit him. He is indefinitely different, nor is this explained by his French characterization, for we have negotiated many other Frenchisms without any of the awkwardness we have displayed in the chauffeur question.

A chauffeur seems to be neither master nor servant. He will not voluntarily humble himself and we do not know how to humble him. It is, perhaps, a psychological rather than a physical matter. That is to say, we curb our acrimony toward him, not because we are afraid he will retaliate by overturning us in a ditch, but merely because he is a chauffeur.

Unfortunately the constitution is silent on the subject.

Franklin Gayforth.

FROST: A philosopher says the inheritance tax on evil traits is seldom dodged.

Snow: It isn't, but the inheritor doesn't pay it. His women folk do it for him.



HELD BY THE ENEMY



A FORWARD CLIENT

Confidence Statistics

IT would be a public benefaction if some one, preferably the government, would compile accurate statistics of the state of confidence in this country—its extent, quality and average fluctuations.

Until this is done we will be perpetually at sea. While one magnate is declaring that confidence is returning, another magnate as stoutly maintains that confidence never departed. While some editor is declaring that we need more confidence, some reformer replies that we have too much confidence of the wrong kind. Can't we have the facts in this matter?

It ought to be clear to any sane-minded man in the community that we should have exactly the right amount of confidence, no more and no less, and of just the right kind. But what are we to do when we can't get exact figures?

Political Item

W. H. Taft is visiting in Washington.

Life's Message to Congress



MOST Honorable Body: Although we have struggled along pretty well since your adjournment last summer, we are glad to have you assembled in our midst once more. We have formed the Congress habit and, like all habits, it is hard to break.

We congratulate you on your splendid opportunity. We have a civilization on our hands and it behooves us to make of it everything that a thorough-going twentieth century civilization should be.

You have been thrust into this civilization at the psychological moment when there is as much to be done as ever and vastly more people to want you to do it. (See Census, 1910.) You will be judged and elected on the way you acquit yourself. The bosses are watching you. The lobbies are watching you. The magazines are watching you. Some of the people even are watching you. Best of all, the ancestors of future historians and biographers have their eyes upon you. For each and every one of you there is already a potential niche in the Hall of Fame.

Along with our congratulations we offer also our commiserations on the misfortune each of you labors under in belonging to a political party. The necessity of being compelled always to take such an outside, artificial interest into consideration must be confusing in the extreme. While this cannot be helped at this late day, we urge upon you to make every effort to minimize its influence, for we know that the people of the United States would be much better satisfied if they could have your undivided attention.

And now to business. Do not forget that your first care is the government. This country was founded on government, was fed on government and has thrived on government. There is no proof that we will ever be able to get along without government. Every decent government must have expenses in an ever-increasing amount. See to it, therefore, that ample revenue is raised regardless of the methods used in raising it. Then apply this revenue in a way that will produce the most votes at the next election.

The next thing after taking all due care that the government will endure, is to consider the problems of the country. We are preeminently a nation of problems, some of which are constitutional

and some not. Distinguish carefully between the two kinds. After our forefathers adopted the constitution they next selected a number of problems which they cautioned us ever to keep in mind. Like dutiful children we have kept these problems intact, with the single exception of the chattel slave problem which unfortunately had to be settled a half century ago. In all other cases we have successfully resisted the attempts of reformers and fanatics to dispose of them. It is your sacred duty to cherish these and hand them along to your successors just as they were bequeathed to you.

It would be entirely fitting for you to spend a little thought on our island possessions, but not much. They have already cost us too much, but let us forget that, for it hasn't been an issue since 1900. The money is gone and so are the lives. There is no use crying over spilt blood. And, besides, there are business interests which are involved over there. These may be relied upon to squeeze every proper cent out of our little brown brothers, to the everlasting glory of the United States of America.

The trust question is still vexatious, but we would respectfully urge that you do nothing whatever in this regard. It is better to let the trusts entirely alone. If they ask for anything give it to them without parley. If you don't they'll take it, anyway, and that will mean a lawsuit. Lawsuits are expensive and accomplish nothing. A former Congress, with the best of intentions, was foolish enough to pass an anti-trust act. Since that time they have become rapidly worse until they have placed a prop under the price of everything we buy. Keep hands off. If you fine them they will just raise prices higher. If you put them in jail they won't go. If you try to regulate them they will end by regulating you.

Another thing you should not do is to establish a parcels post. We have never had a parcels post in this country and wouldn't know what to do with it. No country can progress unless its facilities for distributing products are in charge of patriots who demand an excessive price for their services.

But there are plenty of things you can do. You should not fail to give some attention to the national debt. It could undoubtedly be raised materially without much trouble. We are the forefathers of our posterity. As forefathers

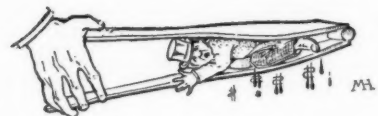


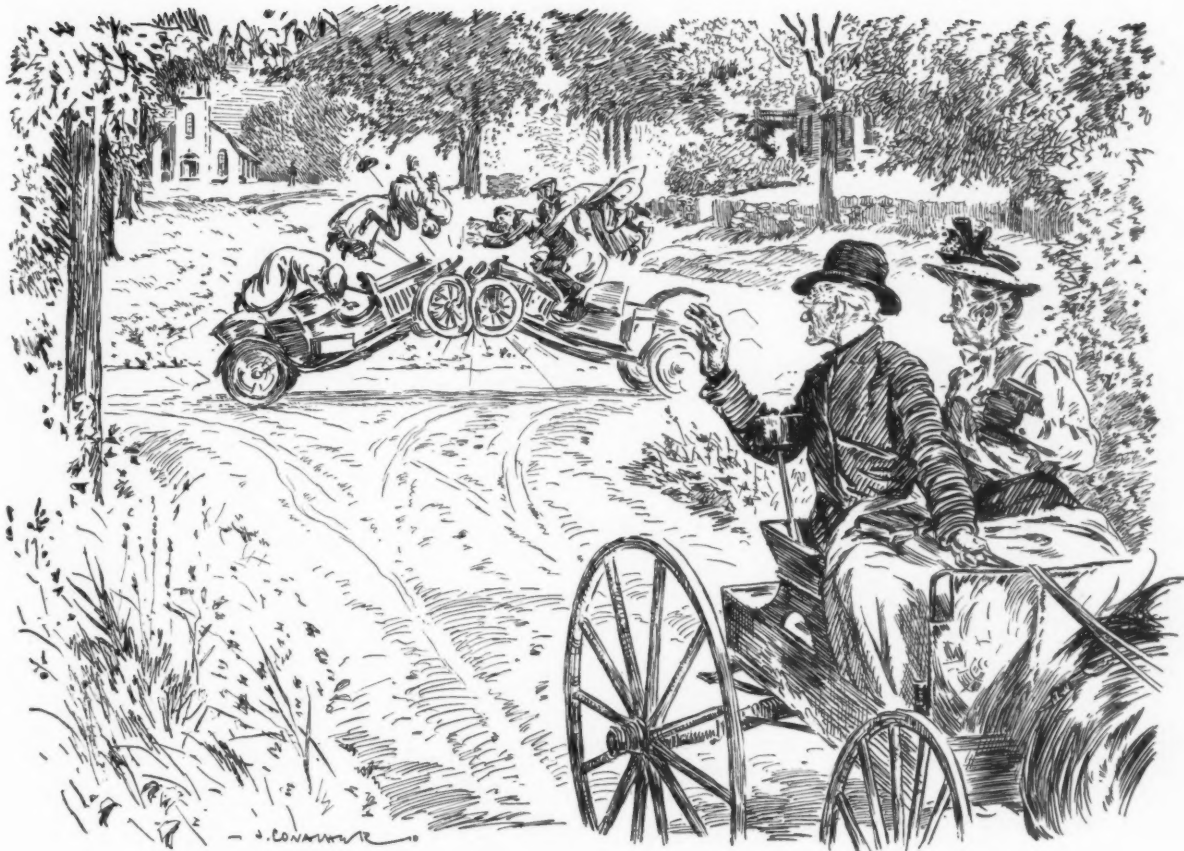
"A FLIGHT OF THE FANCY."

we should see that posterity doesn't have too easy a time. As a disciplinary measure there is nothing better for the character of a posterity than a national debt. And besides they should be willing to pay the principal if we are willing to pay the interest.

Another thing you can do is to build warships. The Steel Trust will deeply appreciate anything you may do along this line. We are in imminent danger all the time from foreign foes. If King Manuel, who has recently been deposed from the throne of Portugal, should decide to emerge from his retirement it is not unlikely that he would select the United States for the display of his talents. It would be a simple matter for him to come along some day, while Roosevelt is in the Far West, and take us by storm, unless, of course, we had plenty of warships anchored off Newport to intercept him.

In conclusion, we reverently urge you to be obliging. Find out what the people want and then don't do it, for if you do, you are sure to interfere with the interests of those who depend for a livelihood upon a patient populace.





HIS REWARD

The Deacon: GLORY! GLORY! AN' TO THINK, SINFUL CRITTER THET I BE, THET I COME NIGH NOT GOIN' TO CHURCH THIS MORNIN' AT ALL.

See the Automobilist!



"SEE the Automobilist!"

"You command me to do the impossible, O Sage, for, in the first place, he was going so fast that I could not see him, and, in the second place, he was so begoggled that I could not have seen him had he been standing still."

"Can you tell me what an Automobilist is?"

"No, O Sage. I dare say, however, that he is a very busy person."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because only important business could have made him go at such speed."

"Your conclusion is illogical."

"Indeed! You astonish me. Surely you do not mean to imply that he had no important business on hand."

"I mean to imply exactly that."

"Then why was he going so fast?"

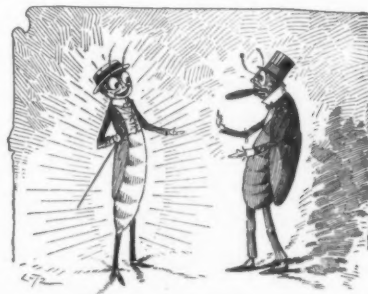
"Because he had no important business on hand."

"I fail to comprehend your sequence of cause and effect."

"Listen. I will explain. A business man goes about his business deliberately. The busier he is the more deliberately he goes about it. Automobiling, however, is a thing apart, a business in itself with its own rules and regulations. An Automobilist is peculiarly modern, for this is the age of speed. An Automobilist is pre-eminently a disciple of the gospel of speed. He believes in speed for speed's sake."

"Does it then become a mania with him?"

"I would answer you in the affirmative, but I do not like to be so unkind."



Von Bugg: GOT A MATCH OLD MAN?

Mr. Firefly: NO; BUT I CAN GIVE YOU A LIGHT.

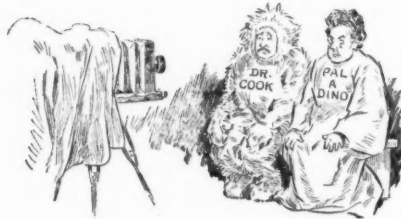
· LIFE · 1910



THE BOGIE MAN



FATHER PENN HAS A TROLLEY STRIKE.



A DOUBLE EXPOSURE.



"HEAVY, HEAVY, WHAT HANGS OVER?"



GOING SOME



JAPAN ANNEXES COREA



HAMMERSTEIN TAKES LEAVE OF GRAND OPERA



LAST CALL TO PITTSBURG ALDERMEN



HIGH COST OF LIVING.



AFRAID OF THE COMET



PARIS HAS A FLOOD.



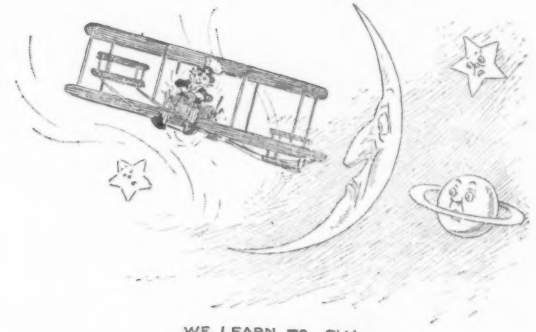
A RING AT THE BELL.



ANOTHER PAPAL BULL



AFFINITIES.



WE LEARN TO FLY.

A Retrospect

F.T. RICHARDS.



Rubaiyat of Uncle Sam

WAKE! For Columbia's bright, resurgent Sun,
Has the cold Standpat Stars all on the run;
From East and West the Sky's reflected light
Strikes on the Capitol at Washington.

For lo! the Tariff I have loved so long
Has done my Glory in Men's eyes much wrong,
Bartered my Credit with the doubtful Trusts,
And sold my State Elections for a Song.

Indeed, indeed, Revision oft before
I swore, but was I sober when I swore!
And then the Interests and the Senators
My thread-bare Woolens all in pieces tore.

Myself, when young, did hear in every State
Both Parties, Leaders in a long debate
About it and about; but every time
At the Back door slipped out that same Rebate.

With them the Infant Industry I nursed,
And with my own Hand wrought till I was cursed;
Seeing the mighty Harvest that I reaped,
Made half of Water, in a Whirlwind burst!

What! That the Senate and the House should fake
A game that from my children's hands shall take
Something for Nothing! and then charge double
price
For all the Shoddy that the Mills can make!

What! Shall the helpless Workers still be made
Pay for the Game a reckless Gambler played,
Vote for the Square Deal—and never get it?
Some one must answer for the sorry trade.

No more, uncertain, Sitting on the Fence,
Or Staying Home in lazy indolence;
Oh, many a Vote against the old Machines
Must drown the memory of Their insolence!

Yet, though my Woods are to white Ashes burning,
Or even into Yel ow Journals turning,
I'm lifting still the Mortgage from my Farm
And, well, I guess a thing or two I'm learning.

But even when the Simple Life I seek,
There's a Short Circuit somewhere, and a leak!
The juice of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Cost of Living rises, week by week!

I sometimes wonder Who is Caesar now!
If not the Man on Horseback, must we bow
To One who waters all our Stock, or him—
Or Her—who still keeps chickens and a Cow?

ALEXANDER BLAIR THAW

The Minimum of Ceremony

"LIMIT of the marriageable age? You ask me," said Major Brace, "what is the limit of the age at which people ought to be allowed to marry? Why, what a question!"

"There is no limit. Any age between twenty-one and a hundred is a good enough age for a man, provided there is nothing else to hinder, and provided he has the means of support, and can find a lady whose inclinations match his, and whose companionship he believes will promote his contentment.

"But, of course, there is always room for the use of judgment in marrying, and the older one grows the more judgment there is room for, both in the selection of one's accomplice and in the method of doing it.

"Mature gentlemen who marry youngish maidens will have to do their marrying as the bride thinks most suitable, however trying it may be to their own experience and battered feelings; but their preference will naturally be to marry with the least possible preliminary clamor and discussion. To

marry first and talk about it afterwards—that will be the plan most acceptable to them. And they will prefer, I suppose, to be married with the minimum of spectacular accessories—bridesmaids, orange-blossoms, choir-boys, hacks standing at the door, and all that panorama which is so pleasing to the young."

"And what is your notion of the minimum of ceremony, Major?"

"Oh, well, that's according to taste. Most ladies, of whatever age or previous experience, prefer to be married in a church and by a minister, but if it was my own case—being now past sixty as I am—and if the lady's feelings and preferences were exactly harmonious with mine, we would have the most modest marriage I could manage—by a justice of the peace, I guess, behind a tree. And then a paid notice in the paper, and a new will, and that would be all; and we could go right on as though nothing had happened."



ON THE RIGHT ROAD

A Regular Case



MR. JEREMIN, a gentleman in comfortable circumstances, occupying a nice home in the suburbs, is suddenly taken ill, and his wife, much alarmed, has sent for the family physician, Dr. Purser. The Doctor has just come in his automobile, and has entered the patient's room.

THE DOCTOR: Well, what have you been doing with yourself?

JEREMIN: I guess it's nothing serious. Think I have a fever.

DOCTOR (taking his temperature and, while doing it, feeling his pulse): Yes, slightly. Move over a little (feeling his stomach), any pain there? Yes? Ah! How long has this been coming on?

JEREMIN (by this time rather alarmed himself by the doctor's mysterious attitude): Why, since yesterday. I felt all right then.

DOCTOR: Um. I'll write a temporary prescription. In the meantime—

JEREMIN (half rising up): What's the matter with me?

DOCTOR: Well (slowly) there's a possibility that you may have to be operated upon.

JEREMIN (in a terror): What for?

(Mrs. Jeremin now bustles into the room, a polite smile on her face.)

MRS. JEREMIN: What do you think of him, doctor? Think he will be all right in the morning? You know, he is so busy that—

JEREMIN: No! He says I may have to be operated upon!

MRS. JEREMIN (her face growing grave): What for?

DOCTOR: He has all the symptoms of appendicitis.

JEREMIN (muttering feebly to himself): Nonsense! I don't believe it.

MRS. JEREMIN (thoroughly alarmed): What do you think we would better do? Of course, Doctor, I have every confidence in you, but—

DOCTOR (very gently): I appreciate your position exactly. I wouldn't perform the operation myself. Of course, I may be wrong; I should like to have Jington see him.

JEREMIN and his wife (almost together) Jington!

DOCTOR: Yes, I can recommend him. I have seen his work. I consider him the best. He may decide that it isn't necessary.

JEREMIN (almost reduced to a mental pulp): When—would—he—come?

DOCTOR: Oh, there's no time to lose! I'll get him right away. I'll bring him back with me.

JEREMIN: You might telephone.

DOCTOR (decidedly): No! That won't do. I'll go and get him—that's best. Expect us in a short time (holding out his hand to Mrs. Jeremin). Don't be in the least alarmed. It's nothing, nowadays. He'll be all right in a month. Simplest thing in the world. Jington does it perfectly. (He goes out.)

JEREMIN: I can't believe it! I don't believe it! Yesterday I was in perfect health.

MRS. JEREMIN (also in an agony of mind): I know it. It doesn't seem possible.

JEREMIN (muttering): What do they know, anyway? I am not (rising decidedly up in bed) going to have it done!

MRS. JEREMIN: You must, if he says so. I have every confidence in Doctor Purser, dear. You know he is all right. We must trust some one. Why, if you didn't—think of the consequences. Besides (brightly) it's so simple. They are doing it every day.

JEREMIN (shaking his head slowly): I can't believe it. Yesterday—

II

Scene: DOCTOR JINGTON's office. Enter DOCTOR PURSER.

PURSER: Thought you would be here. I have a patient for you.

JINGTON: Who is it?

PURSER: One of mine. Guess you'll have to fix him up.

JINGTON: Who is he?

PURSER: Name's Jeremin.

JINGTON (pulling out a card from a cabinet): Business?

PURSER: Banker.

JINGTON: Money, I suppose?

PURSER: Fairly well off. Owns his own home.

JINGTON: How much can he stand?

PURSER: Fifteen hundred.

JINGTON: And how much do you want?

PURSER: That's what I want to see you about. You ought to pay me more than you did last time.

JINGTON: Let's see. I charged a thou-

sand and you got two hundred. What's the matter with that?

PURSER: You must remember that there are plenty of surgeons in the field. I know half a dozen who can do that stunt—well, of course (smiling), I won't say as well as you can, but almost as well. Now, I can throw a lot of cases your way; or I can throw them in other ways. Dillton, for example, would have paid me three hundred for that last one.

JINGTON: I want to be fair.

PURSER: I know you do. Now, if you get fifteen hundred for this case, I think I ought to have one-third.

JINGTON (firmly): Impossible! I wouldn't undertake it. I don't have to. I am rushed to death, anyway.

PURSER: Suppose you get two thousand? Will you give me five then?

JINGTON: How do you know that I can't get two thousand?

PURSER: I know these people. If I say it's all right they will pay; but if you charge two thousand and I hint that it's too much they will go elsewhere. The whole thing is in my hands.

JINGTON: It establishes a bad precedent.

PURSER: Not necessarily. I don't know everybody as well as I do these people. Besides, I wouldn't ask it in every case; but I want to take my family to Bermuda this year and I'd like to do it in this way.

JINGTON: Well, all right. When do you want me to come?

PURSER: Right away.

III

Scene: The JEREMINS. Enter the two doctors.

PURSER: This is Doctor Jington.

JEREMIN: Glad to see you, Doctor. They tell me— (They shake hands and JINGTON makes his examination, lasting some five minutes.)

JINGTON (cheerfully): You are all right. I'll fix you up in no time.

MRS. JEREMIN: You think, then, that it is necessary?

JINGTON (decidedly): Oh, yes. You see, a septic condition might set in at any time. He has a temperature now. But we have taken it in time.

JEREMIN: When would you—

JINGTON: Oh, this afternoon. You (turning to Purser) can arrange for a room at the hospital?

PURSER: Certainly—in a case like this.

JEREMIN (who, in spite of the fact that he is not up to his usual mark, has had



BETTER THAN RICHES

time to think it over, and isn't going to yield without a struggle): Well, now, wait a minute. We want to talk about the price, doctor.

JINGTON: Certainly. That may be better (briskly). My ordinary price is from twenty-five hundred up, according to the complications; but in your case, considering everything, I can do it for two thousand.

JEREMIN (almost in a collapse): Great Scott! I had no idea that it was so expensive as that.

JINGTON: That's what I get. Of course, I presume you can get someone else cheaper. You know I didn't come to you; you came to me. However, don't let me influence you in any way. Suppose you talk it over with Purser, here. (He leaves the room and converses gently with MRS. JEREMIN in the hall.)

JEREMIN: I can't stand for that.

PURSER: I supposed, of course, that you wouldn't be satisfied with any but the very best man. Jington is right on top and he gets his price.

JEREMIN: It's a simple operation, isn't it?

PURSER: My dear sir, no operation is simple. There is always danger.

JEREMIN: Great heavens! I thought—

PURSER: Now, don't misunderstand me. I don't consider that in the hands of a man like Jington you will be taking any chances at all—he's a wonder!

JEREMIN: Can't you persuade him to do it for less? Say a thousand! Good Lord! I thought that five hundred—

PURSER: Not possible. He does a lot of charity work; I never saw a man who cared so little for money as he does. He would do it for nothing if you couldn't afford it; but he has his reputation, and its either his price or someone else.

JEREMIN (losing his nerve): Now, honestly, doctor, you've been our family physician for a long time, and I have the utmost confidence in you, and, of course, this is important to me and my wife—a man can't take any chances. It would be foolish for me to consider money. Tell me, then, just what you would do if you were in my place.

PURSER: I wouldn't hesitate a moment, knowing as much as I do. I'd have Jington

perform that operation if it took every cent I have in the world.

JEREMIN: Well, I suppose that's the best thing to do; all right, go ahead.

MRS. JEREMIN (joining him, while the two doctors consult in whispers in an adjoining room): I wouldn't care a snap how much it cost, dear. I will go without everything for a year if necessary. And I have every confidence in Dr. Purser's advice.

JEREMIN (resignedly): So have I.

IV

Scene: Two months later, in JEREMIN'S office. Enter a friend.

FRIEND: Hello, old man! Glad to see you. Didn't know you were out.

JEREMIN: Yes; I've been out a couple of weeks.

FRIEND: And you are all right, are you?

JEREMIN: Shaky. Between you and me I feel beastly; but I'm able to be around, and the operation was a great success. Chap who did it is a wonder.

FRIEND: Expensive business, isn't it?

JEREMIN (proudly): It cost me twenty-five hundred.



"THERE, DERN YE! IF 'T WUSSENT YE HED LADIES WITH YE, I'D TELL YE WHAT I THOUGHT OF YE, TEW!"

FRIEND: Great Cæsar's ghost! You were an easy mark.

JEREMIN (*nettled*): I had the best man in the country—bar none! I never hesitated. I don't think a man ought to hesitate in a case like that.

FRIEND (*cynically*): Certainly not. They probably got you when you were rattled—that's where they always have the advantage; they frighten you to death and then hold you up. That's the game. There's one consolation—you'll never know whether you really had to have it done or not. You ought to have gotten bids.

JEREMIN: Oh, I might have gotten it done cheaper, but my life is worth something—and don't say a word against those doctors—they're simply great!

FRIEND (*seeing it's no use*): Well, I suppose you're right. Better be on the safe side. Now what you ought to do is

to go away. Why don't you get on the steamer and take a trip down to Bermuda?

JEREMIN (*responding readily to friend's sympathetic tone*): By Jove! I'd like to, old man; but the fact is this thing has cost me so much that I really can't afford it.

* * * *

FOREIGN HOTEL ARRIVALS REPORTED IN PAPERS:

Bermuda: Dr. J. A. Purser and family.
Chesterton Todd.

EMPLOYER: You must promise never to take our machine out without permission. Are you willing to agree to that?

CHAUFFEUR: Certainly, sir, now that I've seen the car.



"WHICH IS THE SMARTEST, PAPA, A GRASSHOPPER OR A POTATO BUG?"

"DER GRASSHOPPER; HE HAS DER HIGHEST FOREHEAD."

A Romance of the Present Day

(Copied from the Weekly Suffragette)

ELIZABETH sprung lightly up the stone steps, taking them three at a time with an easy swing which showed the trained college athlete. As she paused at the top, her tall, strong, lithe figure outlined against the twilight behind her, she presented a picture which would have roused the envy of Hercules.

Six feet three inches in height and beautifully proportioned, you could easily imagine the corded muscles underneath the tailor-made coat—the muscles which had called forth the shouts of thousands of strong women when they broke the world's record for putting the shot at Vassar.

Her heavy head was set well on her shoulders and the strong face and bull-dog jaw betokened a will power equal to the physical development of this splendid representative of modern womanhood.

As she stood, trying to accustom her eyes to the glare of the light which streamed from the open doorway, a soft voice from the shadows at the end of the porch called gently, "Elizabeth."

She turned, and lightly tossing her cigar out upon the lawn, strode across to the swing from whence the voice came. "I am sorry I am late, Reginald," she said in a deep, rich tone, "but I could not get away from the office until after seven o'clock."

The one addressed rose to meet her. He was a slight, delicately shaped boy, with dark lashes drooping over slumbrous eyes and a complexion of milk and roses. A small brown mustache shaded the red, beautifully formed mouth which would have seemed a little too pensive were it not for this slight foliage.

"I do not mind, Elizabeth, now that you are here." He spoke as before, softly, and with the dearest little lisp imaginable in his voice.

"Darling," exclaimed the girl suddenly, throwing her strong arms about his slender form, "I cannot help it any longer; I must tell you that I love you better than the sun, the stars, and the azure heavens above. Better than the earth and all the riches it contains. Better than life and death and the hereafter."

"Elizabeth," the lad trembled, trying weakly to free himself. "This is too sudden"; but the woman in her was now aroused and she crushed him to her heart, showering kisses upon his hair, his eyes, his lips.

For a moment he struggled, then abandoning himself to her caresses wept softly, his head resting on her bosom and the tears trickling unheeded down his damask cheeks and dripping off of his dainty mustache.

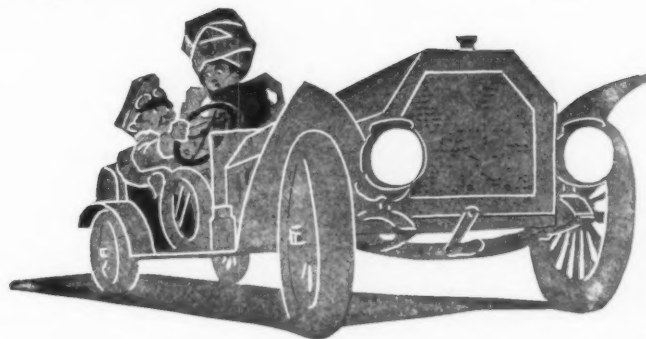
"Weep, little one, it will do you good," said his lover, laying one large hand tenderly on his head and wiping away the pearly drops where they glistened in the long eyelashes.

At length the weeping subsided and she knew she had conquered. The tender brown eyes were raised for a moment to meet her passionate gaze. Then they dropped, and a vivid flush mantled the beautiful cheek of the man she loved as he said softly, "Shall we go in and tell mamma?"

W. F. S.

Not an Advertisement

A MAN that hath no auto in his garage is fit for pessimism, ennui and ill-health.



Chauffeur: ONE OF THE CYLINDERS IS MISSING.

She: OH, DEAR! LET'S GO RIGHT BACK AND GET IT.
"THAT'S TOO OLD A JOKE TO HELP THIS CASE."

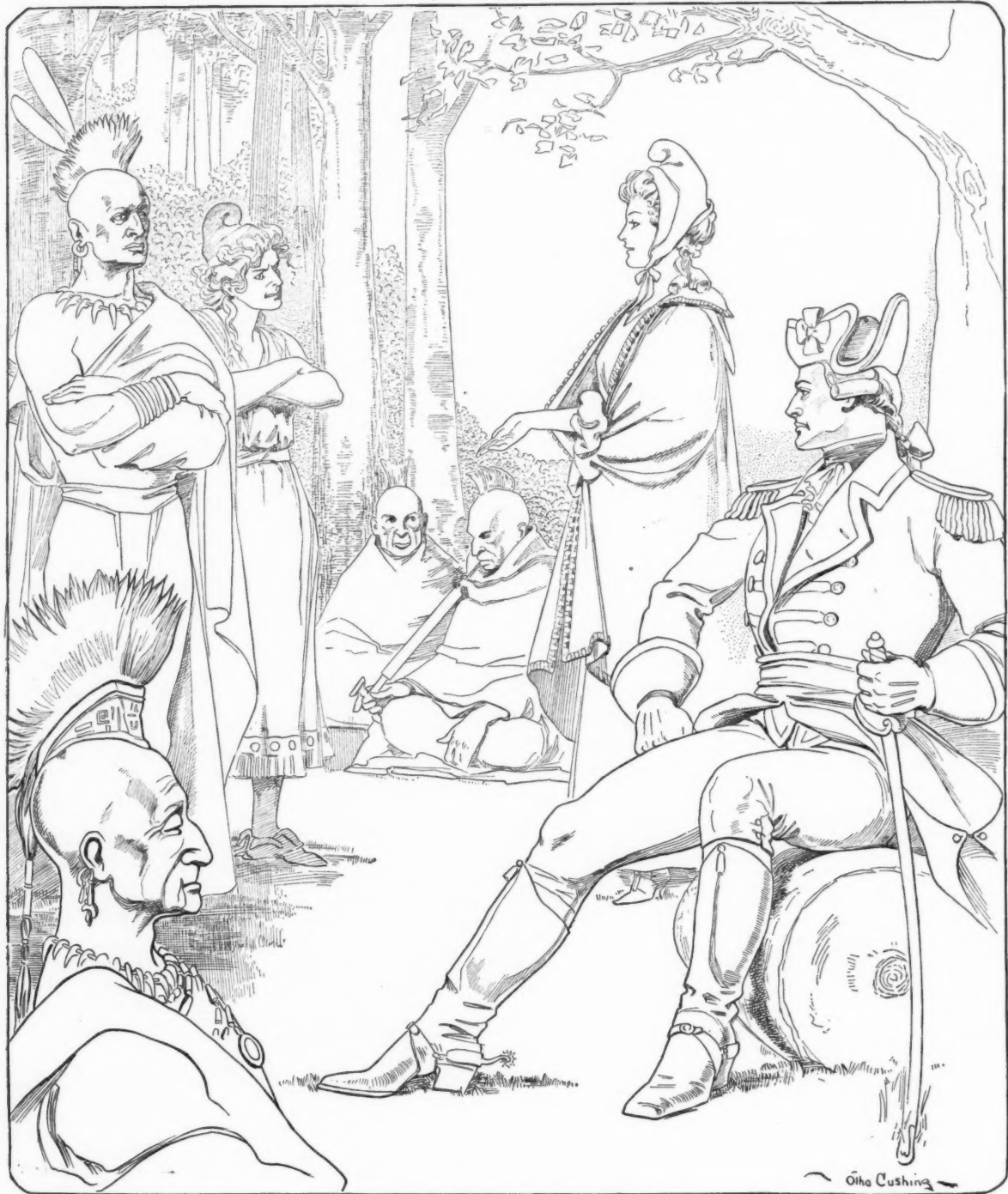
Give William Whitman Credit

SOME observers give much credit to Colonel Roosevelt for the late Democratic victory; others give much credit to President Taft. They did what they could, but if credit is to be apportioned to individuals, how comes it that there has been so much neglect of the claims of William Whitman?

William lives in Massachusetts—in Boston and Brooklyn;—and is the hardest buccaneer and foremost warrior of the Home Market Club. The sentiments of the Home Market Club would be accurately expressed by the motto: "Our country is our cow: let us milk it!" It is not the country of William Whitman's birth, but one that he selected in early life, doubtless because it looked easier and likelier to him than Nova Scotia, where he was born. It has vindicated his early choice and fully realized his early expectations. He is president of hundreds of acres of cotton and woolen mills in Massachusetts and one of the most potent and successful defenders of the high protective tariff on woolens and cottons.

For more than forty years he has stood out with purse, tongue and organized vote for the right to a protective and usually a prohibitive tariff on anything he wished to make in any mill he wished to run. His great business in life has been to squeeze the consumer. His last great exploit was to keep the wool tariff untouched in the Payne bill and to guard the cotton schedule from the assaults of the consumers' champions. He succeeded and to his success more than to any other single effort, is due the tidal wave of Democratic victories in the late election.

William is now about sixty-eight years old and is an unusually interesting and instructive object of contemplation to his fellow citizens. Acquaintance with some of the details of his acquisitive career can be made in Miss Tarbell's tariff articles now running in the *American Magazine*. The tariff is a wonderful subject for study. That Whitman and his like have been able to tax the country ever since the Civil War for their own profit is really a marvelous thing. After all, Tammany Hall has been a mere nursery organization compared with the Home Market Club and the National Association of Wool Manufacturers and the other high tariff organizations for milking the national cow. And yet, amusing to behold, Whitman and his fellow buccaneers have contrived to be respectable, and Tammany hasn't. Most of the Whitmanites sincerely believe that their forty years of squeezing the consumer by legislative enactment in the interest of their own pockets has been a splendid service to the country and all its people. Wonderful men! Wonderful men!

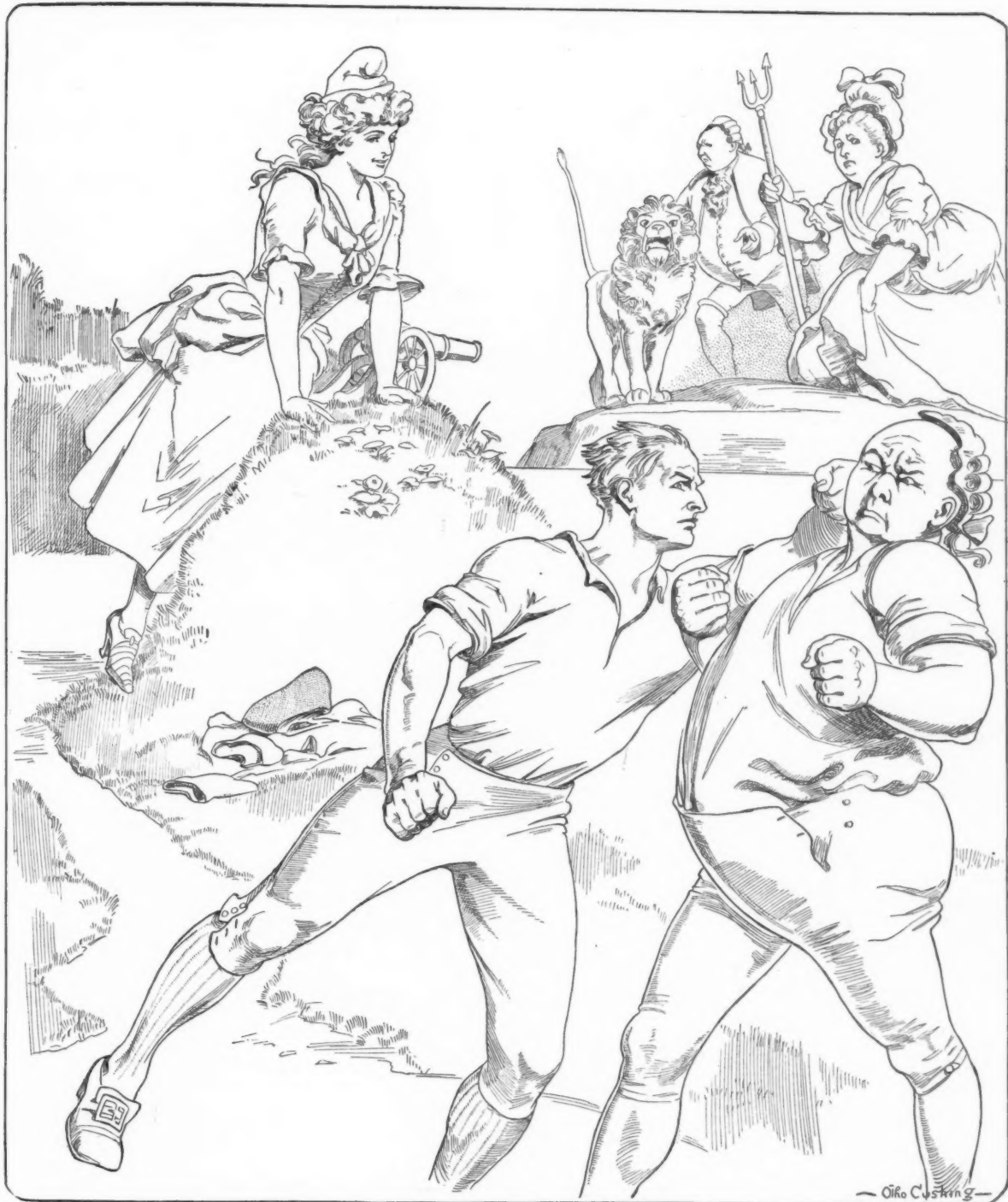


MEMOIRS OF COLUMBIA

(Continued from the Christmas Number)

No. 5

"IN THE WARS BETWEEN OUR COLONIES AND THE CANADAS, I ACCOMPANIED GENERAL BRADDOCK TO PACIFY THE INDIANS, AND TOLD THEM I REPRESENTED 'LIBERTY' FOR THEM. BUT THEY LISTENED TO A FRENCH HUSSY NAMED 'LICENSE,' WHO OPPOSED ME AT THEIR COUNCILS, AND, AS A RESULT, 'MANY CRIMES WERE COMMITTED IN MY NAME.'"



THE MEMOIRS OF COLUMBIA

No. 6

"ON MY ATTAINING MY XVIII. CENTURY MY UNCLE, GEORGE GUELPH, AND MY GRAND-DAME, BRITANIA, SENT TO ME MY COUSIN, JOHN BULL, WITH A 'PRESENT' OF TEA; WHEREUPON I GAVE A TEA-PARTY IN BOSTON BAY. YOUNG BULL, HAVING ON THAT OCCASION OBJECTED TO MY MANNER OF 'POURING,' WAS, SOME DAYS LATER, WELL TROUNCED BY MY BROTHER JONATHAN, AT A PICNIC ON BUNKER HILL. . . . GRAND-DAME AND UNCLE GEORGE WERE MUCH PEEVED."



MEMOIRS OF COLUMBIA

NO.

"HAVING BEEN DECLARED AN INDEPENDENT RULER IN A DECLARATION AT PHILADELPHIA, I WAS INTRODUCED TO THE GREAT WORLD BY MR. WASHINGTON AT A STATE BALL, AND TRODE MY FIRST STEPS WITH HIM AS MY PARTNER. SPAIN, AUSTRIA AND OTHERS OF THE "OLDER SET," WERE AT FIRST INCLINED TO REGARD ME AS PARVENU, BUT FRANCE, WHO HAD ABETTED MY QUARREL WITH COUSIN BULL, DECLARED ME THE LIBERTY BELLE.



MEMOIRS OF COLUMBIA

No. 8

HAVING BUILT SOME SMART FIGHTING CRAFT, THE BETTER TO MAINTAIN MY INDEPENDENCE, I WAS PRESENTLY CALLED UPON TO PROVE THEIR EFFICACY AGAINST THE RECURRING INSOLENCE OF MY COUSIN BULL UPON THE HIGH SEAS. IT WAS WITH NO SMALL SATISFACTION THAT I WAS ABLE TO PROVE TO HIM HOW MUCH THICKER BLOOD IS THAN WATER, ALTHOUGH HE HAD TO SEE A GOOD DEAL OF IT ON THE CUTLASSES OF MY SAILORS, ERE HE WAS CONVINCED.

(To be continued)

A Commonplace Affair



HE wife of the twelve-hundred-dollar-a-year clerk—the little lady who has nothing to do between meals but fritter away her time looking at the shop windows, walking along the avenues, attending an occasional matinee, or playing a game of cards with kindred spirits—was lying on the lounge in her up-town flat one afternoon reading the *Journal*, when a friend came in, rushing on her like a new kind of animal with a desire to play. Certain people in cities are, indeed, like caged animals, jumping around for exercise, brushing themselves off with their paws, or dozing idly in the intermittent rays of sunlight flickering through dusty windows.

"My dear," said the visitor, "what do you say to a real motor trip—along the river for ten miles or so—and then a nice, warm supper and return by moonlight?"

"With our husbands?"

"Certainly not. How would they get enough money to pay for it? I know the loveliest chauffeur in the world, and he wants us to come—everything is arranged. You must be at the entrance to the Waldorf at four o'clock. You can wear anything light. He has fur coats for us all."

Confronted by this adorable temptation, the lady on the lounge reflected as much as she ever did over such a reprehensible thing.

"If John should discover it——?" she said tentatively. "Besides, he has half promised to take me to a *table d'hôte* on Sixth Avenue. I should have to make an excuse."

"You can say that you are visiting me for the night. It would be perfectly plausible. In fact, that is what you can do. You can come back to my flat."

"But your husband——"

"Is out of town. You see, it is perfect. Come, we must hurry."

In a moment all was bustle. An old gown was exchanged for a new one, the other adjustments made, a note written and in half an hour the friends were hurrying to the *rendez-vous*. The car was waiting for them, with two chauffeurs instead of one, and in another half hour they were speeding along the Hudson thoroughly enjoying the crisp air.

The supper was a grand success. But longer than was expected.

Several bottles of wine were consumed.

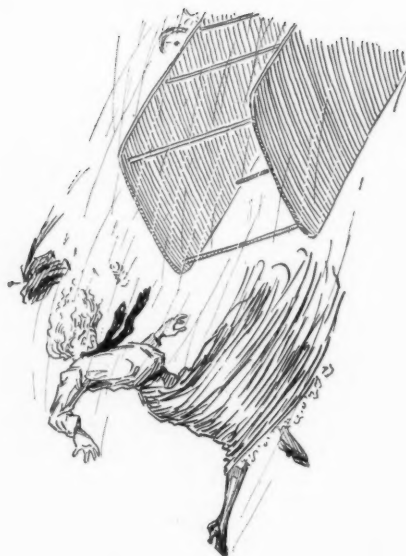
At midnight a merry party, laughing and singing, returned along a dark and tortuous way.

Then there was a crash. Something had happened. The steering gear had broken. The whole party was precipitated down the side of an embankment.

Shouts in the distance. An ambulance. And then to the hospital.

The car belonged to a prominent millionaire. He appeared the next morning and testified in the usual manner that he knew nothing of the occurrence. The driver of the car, badly injured, was placed under arrest pending his recovery. His companion was held as a witness. The two ladies were also detained. It was said that they would be out of the hospital in two or three days.

John, the lady's husband, reading of the affair in the papers the next morning, suspected something, although he failed to recognize the printed names. He went to the friend's flat and from there to the hospital, where his injured wife embraced him with tears of repentance. He forgave her temporarily,



EXTRACT FROM A COMING NOVEL

"TREMBLING WITH EMOTION, SHE SANK INTO HER LOVER'S OUT-STRETCHED ARMS."

pending future developments. Six months later he got a divorce.

The chauffeur, who served thirty days, has another job with the same pay he always got. The millionaire has a new motor car. The little lady is a hard drinker. The inn where they got their supper is still doing a thriving business. The Hudson still rolls on.

T. L. M.



"HIT 'ER UP AGAIN, ARCHIE. WE'VE LEFT HIM CLEAR OUT OF SIGHT!"

Our Men's Column

EDITORIAL—What are you doing to make home brighter? When your wife comes home from business every day, do you have a warm pair of slippers waiting for her by the open fire, or are you late on some shopping expedition? Above all things, do not belittle your station. Yours is a noble, holy calling, and you should make it a source of inspiration to your wife as well as yourself.

DAILY THOUGHT.—Have I done aught to-day that, if I had to do it over again, would be differently done? Have I but-toned her up the back cheerfully? Have I made the laundry list, and preserved it where it can be found? Have I used her bathtub during her absence?

HEART TO HEART TALKS.

BY THE FATHER OF HIS FLOCK.

Dear Boys: I want you to feel perfectly free to answer my questions, no matter how trivial they may seem to you. I am paid in space for your letters just as if they had been written by myself. Open your hearts freely. One of my boys writes that he is not given spending money enough, and this leads me to say a few words on this subject. As I write the hothouse violets are in bloom, and all nature smiles. It hardly seems possible

that anywhere there can be boys of mine who have not enough to spend. Many a manly throat is even now choked, because the dear wife has neglected to leave enough on the mantel for even a stein of beer. I can only say for the present, Bear your cross. Remember that your wives, too, have their trials. They are the bread winners; not always just, maybe, but doing the best they can. Learn to suffer and to wait. Next week I shall talk to you about your breakfast table smile. I fear, alas! that it is sometimes absent. **CLARENCE CLINKER.**

Dearest Clarence: My fiancée is a book-keeper in a men's corset store. She has a violent temper, and yesterday stabbed me in the back with a hat-pin. Afterward she was sorry and tried to make it up. But the thought comes, Ought I to marry her? **BERTIE J.—**

Why not? Doesn't she need you? How can you think of deserting one who might, if you were not constantly by her side, stab someone else outside of the family and thus get herself into endless trouble? Be a man!

WANTED: Nurse for a four-year-old. One who shaves regularly preferred. Must understand bottle feeding, and have a bright, manly disposition. No grouchers need apply.

Parlor man, with two years' experience in good family. Must be willing to wear cap from two to six daily. Tuesdays out.

MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES AT HOME.

To gentlemen with home ties: Send for our patterns. You can make a complete suit for yourself in a day and a half by following our simple instructions.

AUTOS rush in where mortgages have dared to tread.



"THE SMILE THAT WON'T COME OFF."

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau



WE regret to say that our Christmas celebration was marred by an unpleasant incident impossible to foresee, and which might have resulted in disaster if our experience and our organization were not fully equal to every emergency.

It all came through too extensive advertising. The fact that we were giving a free Christmas dinner to all suffering husbands; that nobody would have to carve; that no relatives were allowed on the premises; that no presents from wives were received; and that the whole affair was in charge of the tall, handsome blonde in our office, naturally attracted the attention of all our customers and a great many besides.

Husbands came from everywhere, and all would have been well if the celebration hadn't been so widely talked about as to come to the notice of the women. We have hitherto refrained from mentioning, and we only do it now in the most indifferent manner, that there is an organization of wives, formed for the purpose of doing this Bureau as much injury as possible.

The paltry combine is scarcely worth referring to, proceeding as it does from the lowest motives. But, however, these ladies—not to use a stronger term—discovered where their husbands were going to be and on Christmas morning they marched in a solid body on the two manor houses on the Hudson we had secured for our celebration.

Our guests were just over their breakfast and were discussing a choice brand of cigars provided by this Bureau, and looking forward to the dinner to come, when there was a sound of music and every face blanched as the full import of the noise became apparent.

A solid phalanx of wives, headed, we may say, by one of the most prominent suffragettes in the country—whose husband is living permanently at our Bureau—came along the highway in front of the manors.

The chairman of our entertainment committee retained his presence of mind and spoke quietly but firmly to all the husbands present, many of whom recognized their wives in the distance and shook with fear.

We ourselves, hastily pulling on our frock coat, hastened to meet the enemy. Practically every husband in the place was for instant retreat. It was only by

the sternest measures that we compelled them to stick to their posts.

As for ourselves, we stepped with the utmost dignity onto the front porch, and received the head delegation.

"Renegades!" was the first word that we heard from the ringleader. Then followed fast, "Where is my husband?" "You must give him up!" "There stands the man who has taken him away! Let us at him!" and many similar expressions of anger.

If we do say it, we have had experience, and the manner in which we handled that small army was one of our best advertisements.

It only illustrates the great power and the wide scope of this Bureau.

We not only received those ladies with open arms, but we gave them the best dinner they had had in months, and sent them away rejoicing—without their husbands; so that our own Christmas dinner, that came later, was not interfered with.

How did we do it? Very simply. One of the branches of this Bureau is a servants' department. In our treatment of husbands we have been obliged to make a scientific study of the servant question; we discovered that in a large number of cases the trouble between husband and wife lay with the servants. Poor servants will ruin any man's digestion and make his wife a termagant. In many desperate cases we have affected a complete cure between a man and his wife by seeing to it that they had a good cook, doing this through one of our secret methods. Thus the trouble would disappear and the husband would attribute the cure to some mysterious agency set going by us.

When these ladies approached, therefore, we let them storm at us for awhile, never losing our temper, our long personal married experience rendering us practically immune to any female outburst. Then we asked them in, led the subject around to servants—it didn't require a great deal of leading—and told them we could supply each and every one of them with a first-class cook inside of two weeks, invited them to try our own cooking, and they all became so much interested and excited that they departed to a woman, without as much as asking about their respective husbands.

This only illustrates how a long experience, a perfectly organized force and a native talent will pull any man through a desperate and apparently hopeless situ-

ation. At the Christmas dinner our health was proposed by every husband present and we secured enough regular customers to make it imperative that we double the size of our present quarters.

This ought to make it perfectly plain to every one that we are in reality the friend of every wife. Oftentimes it is necessary to take vigorous steps to bring them to their senses, but it is always done more in kindness than in anger.

In the meantime, all husbands considering treatment should send for our programme for the coming year. We have such a large business now that we can afford to be honest with all. Remember, therefore, that we do not guarantee any miracles. If your wife is nagging you almost out of your senses we can help you and in a number of cases cure you. But all must have patience. These are parlous times. What with woman suffrage, Christian Science and the hobble skirt, to say nothing of the approaching bustle, the resources of this office were never more severely taxed.

Our charges are moderate. Call, write or wire.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

Morals

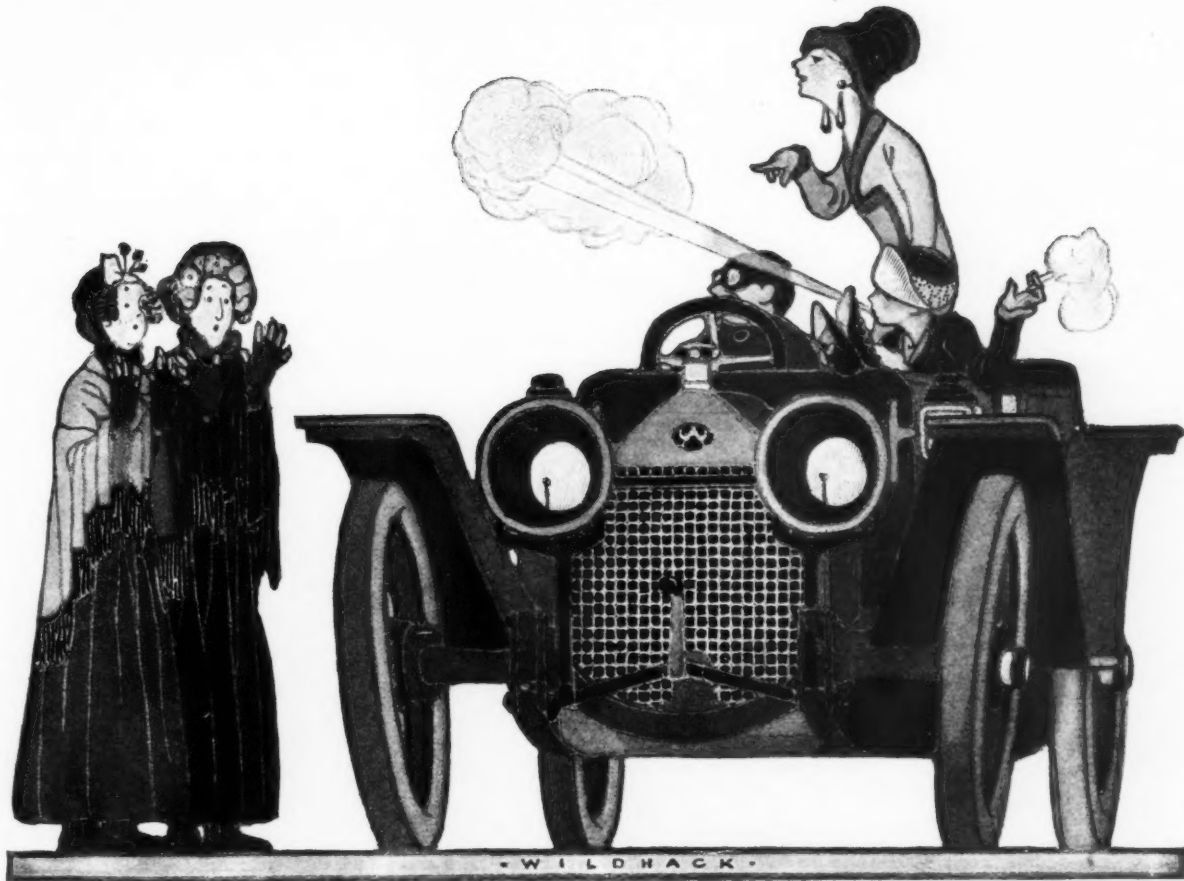
IT is all right to be moral, but it is not always easy to decide just whose morals to select. There is a growing conviction that the morals offered by the preachers are a bit anaemic. On the other hand, we cannot bring ourselves to an unqualified adoption of the morals of our captains of industry and others whose income and leisure are so far removed in quantity from what the rest of us can command. Besides being expensive, they are perhaps too *bizarre* and *Renoesque*.

There is, therefore, a great chance just now for someone to come forward with a golden mean that is not too golden, a happy medium which hasn't too many unhappy consequences.

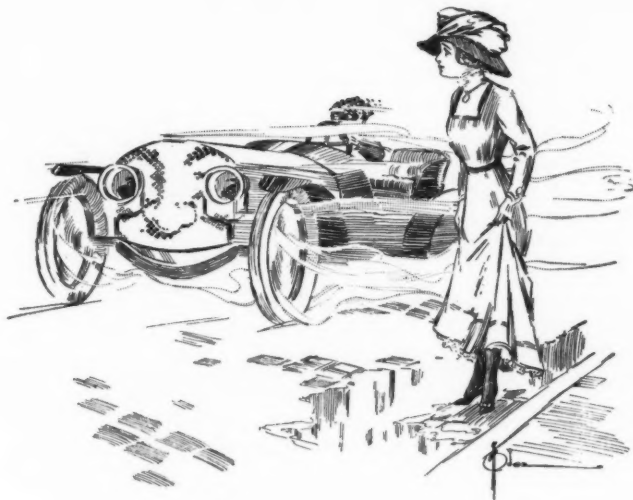
Unalloyed Reassurance

Mr. Baer declined Tuesday to discuss the general business situation or the outlook for next year, but it was quite evident from his manner that he was not at all depressed and did not foresee any danger of the "sky-falling."—*Wall Street Journal*.

THIS is the best news yet. The trouble with most interviews on the business situation is that their authoritative-ness cannot be verified, but when a man with the excellent sky connections of Mr. Baer assures us that the sky is still stable, we may accept it without reservation.



Everybody: THANK HEAVEN WE'RE NOT LIKE THAT!



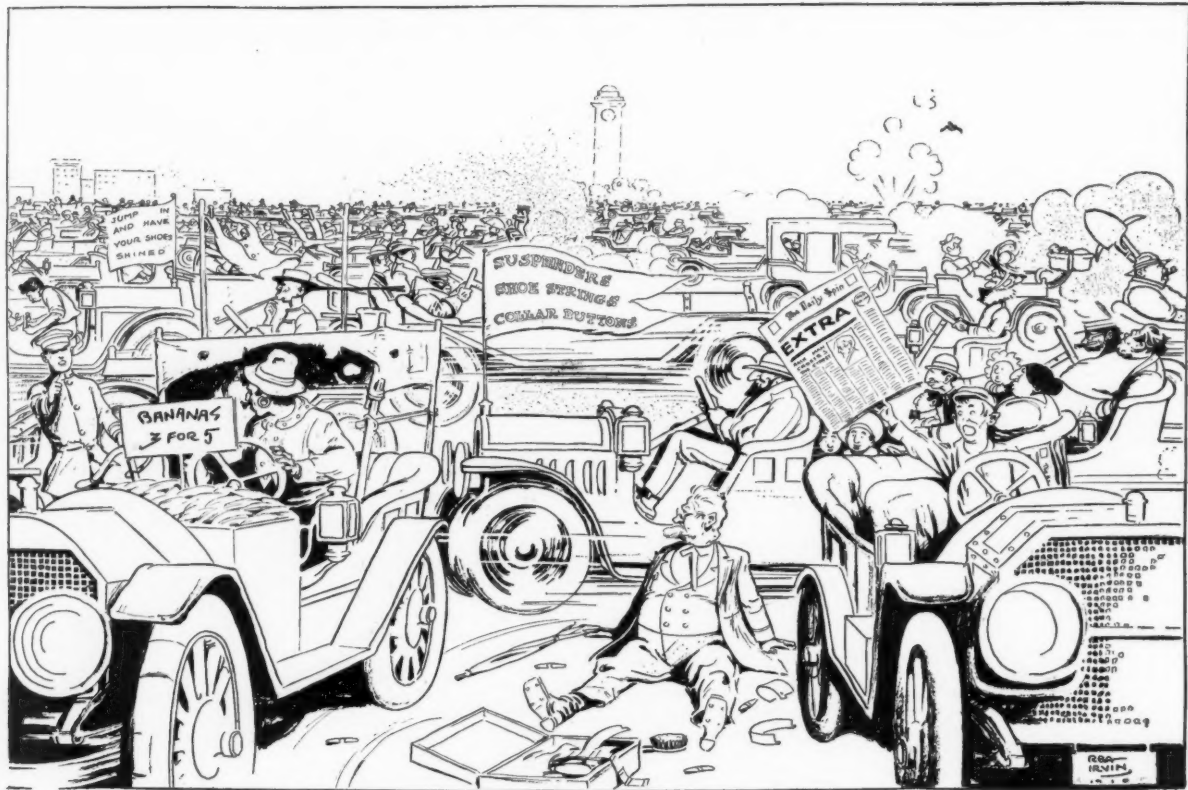
A NAUGHTY MOBILE.

Ideas and Feelings

A PROMINENT French psychologist has written a book to show that ideas are in themselves of no value unless accompanied by a physical reaction. When an idea occurs to you, you must do something—make a gesture or imitate the thing suggested by the idea. Thus you start up a feeling so that thereafter, when the same idea occurs to you, it will have a double force. He goes further than this and says that we can often counteract the effect of one feeling by imitating the physical action that goes with another feeling. If you have lost all of your money in Wall Street, for example, you have only to wear a forced smile—it doesn't make any difference whether you mean it or not. When, on the first of the month, your wife confronts you with a lot of unexpected bills, instead of using profane language sing a hymn; in a few minutes you will be glad she did it.

This is a simple rule and ought to do great good when understood by all. It is only necessary to, do the opposite thing physically that you are thinking mentally.

It is a great pity, however, that it does not work the other way. For example, when you plunge into your cold bath in the morning, if you could only couple this with the idea that you are in reality sinking into a warm brook, your happiness would be complete.



IF WISHES WERE AUTOS THEN NO ONE COULD WALK

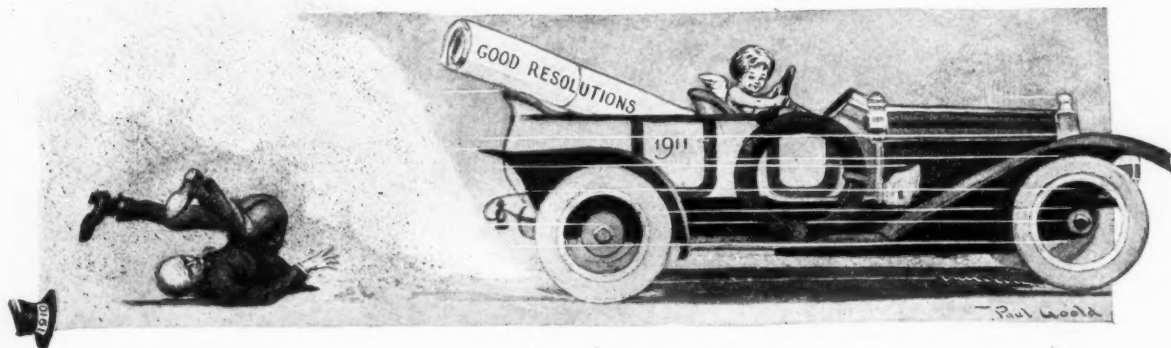
Strikes and Authorities

WE should not underestimate the problem of the authorities in handling strikes, such as the recent car strikes in Philadelphia and Columbus and the strikes of the expressmen and the chauffeurs in New York.

On the mere physical side, of course, the matter is easy. It is the work of but

a moment to call out the police reserves, to put them on the cars, the wagons and the taxis. It is the merest child's play for a policeman to club a striker or anyone else who happens to be in the vicinity. It requires no thought at all to assume that the only rights which policemen are bound to respect and protect are the rights of the employers. In all that there is no problem whatsoever. The

difficulty, however, comes in making the strikers and their sympathizers like these methods, in nourishing their reverence for the government, in retaining their respect for the institutions *under* which they live, in keeping them from breaking their allegiance to the Democratic and Republican parties and wandering off to Socialism, which seems to offer greater consideration to the men who do the work.



A GOOD START

Acrostic

Magical muffling machinery.
 Ohms oscillating objectionably.
 Tires tackling tacks.
 Oil outlets obstructed.
 Rivets requiring repairs.
 Ignition indicating impotence.
 Noticing numerous nuts.
 Gears, galvanometers, gasoline.

More Territory

"I ENVY you," says the very thin man.
 "I wish I had your weight. Here I am, a skinny, dyspeptic creature, suffering half the time with stomach-ache!"
 "Envy me!" chuckles the very fat man. "Why, what if you do have the stomach-ache half the time? Think what a little bit of a stomach-ache you can have. Now, when I have the stomach-ache it amounts to something."

High Finance

BRIGGS: Is it true that you have broken off your engagement to that girl who lives in the suburbs?

GRIGGS: Yes; they raised the commutation rates on me and I have transferred to a town girl.



AN ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF THE AUTOMOBILE

What They Thought

THE Smiths and Browns had been very good friends. Then one day the Smiths got an automobile, a luxury which the Browns could not afford.

The Browns still liked the Smiths, but they became rather timid about calling, because they thought the Smiths might consider it a hint to take them out in their automobile.

The Smiths couldn't understand the coolness of the Browns and thought they must be offended about something. If they were sure the Browns were not offended, they would have gone around and taken them out riding.

And then the Smiths lost their money and had to sell their automobile.

The Browns were very sorry for the Smiths, because they always liked them, and they thought the Smiths would appreciate it if they called, and so they dropped around one evening.

The Smiths couldn't understand why the Browns, after remaining away so long, had called, and they thought it was for the purpose of gloating over their misfortune. Accordingly the Smiths hesitated about returning the call.

In the meantime the Browns bought an automobile and they thought the Smiths would appreciate a ride. So they went around one evening and took them out.

The Smiths were very much annoyed at this, because they thought the Browns were trying to show off. As this idea grew upon them they became more and more vexed and finally decided not to speak to the Browns when they met them on the street.

When the Browns observed this they thought they had done something to offend the Smiths, so they, too, quit speaking, of course.

This attitude of the Browns but confirmed the notion of the Smiths that the Browns had become purse-proud.

And they all lived unhappily on the same street ever after.

Ellis O. Jones.



"UNTIL DEATH US DO PART."

An Imaginary Chairman



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Our annual dinner has been very poorly served, and while we may pass over the hiatus between fish and entrée when many of us were wishing we

had stayed at home and had our regular evening meal at the regular hour with our regular wives, still it would be difficult to forgive the rock salt in the ice-cream. For the simple reason that the really good speakers and entertainers had more important engagements, this evening we must start the obsequies with a second-rate grafter, who is too

lacking in dignity to refuse our invitation to be with us to-night. His entire career has been one of petty self-advancement; he has lost no opportunity to blackmail the rich ostensibly to benefit the poor, whom he really despises. He would undoubtedly call what he is about to say to us an address; beyond all doubt, if one can judge by past performances, it will be merely a string of stale and profitless stories strung together on the rotten cord of bad taste. I take no real pleasure in presenting the Hon. (God save the mark!) Timothy McCorkadale!

* * * * *

Now that your perfunctory applause has died away I have something perhaps a little worse in store for you. Most of us here to-night are fond of good music and appreciate a first-class performance of a gifted musician. The finished expression of well-trained and unusual talent, the combination of deft fingers, an inspired soul and a perfect piano is indeed a spiritual treat. Therefore, I am deeply sorry to introduce to you one of our guests, Mr. Will C. Poundowski, who will be evenly matched with this punk piano the management of this restaurant allows us.

* * * * *

I am ashamed that any of our members had the rank taste to encore Mr. Poundowski's rotten effrontery. Sky-terrier hair and well-bitten finger-nails do not spell virtuoso.

I am sure that a clever and kindly caricature is enjoyed by most people with the slightest swelling where the bump of humor is supposed to grow.



"THE HON. TIMOTHY M'CORKADALE."

This will make the next number especially disagreeable, because the person who calls himself a cartoonist who is to occupy the platform for the next few awful moments—we can at least pray for the ossification of his right hand—has a certain small talent I must admit; but this tiny spark from the forge of genius is so shrouded in the murky and nauseous gases of malignity and viciousness that his caricatures will shock the most thick-skinned. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Sidney Wormshape!

* * * * *

Have you ever heard a woman sing a song that made you feel very uncomfortable—made you look about you furtively to see if others felt the qualms you felt—a song

that had not the saving grace of wit, but was built on a suggestive refrain and would probably be called quite coarse by any gathering except, perhaps, a men's smoker?

If not, then perhaps you would like to have that experience—whether or no this woman whom I am about to present to you (there she is at the table to the left) has a face of vitrified brick and a mouth like a letter box—Madame Aiglio!

* * * * *

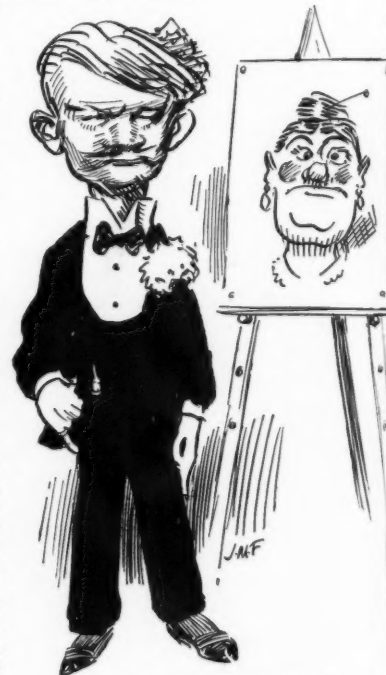
While the drama of today is commercialized and sodden and saccharine and salacious, yet we are not without our blessings. There are few, very few, of the old-time ranters and roaring tragedians that seemed to satisfy our esteemed forebears. We are spared the mouthings and throat raspings and mock heroics and absurdly unnatural bombast of the Virginius type, the fine frenzy, the flapping foot, the leatheroid lungs, the buzzard shoulders and damp black locks. All are



"MR. AJAX BULLSNORTER."



"MR. WILL C. POUNDOWSKI."



"MR. SIDNEY WORMSHAPE."



MR. AJAX
BULLSNORTER."

on a sug-
course by



MR. SHAPES."



"MADAM AIGLIO."

things of the past, for which the President sets aside a certain day in November each year for Thanksgiving. But stay, my friends (I owe no money to some of you, at least). You are not to escape one bark from the tomb. I present to you Mr. Ajax Bullsnoter, one of the survivors, who will split your eardrums with his renderings of Mark Antony's screech over the remains of J. Cæsar.

* * * * *

We have most of us enjoyed Nelly Melba's voice. Where can you find its equal? Who but Nelly could sing so that your spinal column vibrates like an Aeolian harp? Who could thrill you as she can in Bohème? Who could make the whole house rise to her as she turns back her long gloves at a concert and plays her own accompaniment as she sings Tosti's "Good-By"? What is the answer? Nobody! Allow me to present Miss Cutie



"MISS CUTIE SNISHEIMER."

Snisheimer. She will sing "Love Her and the World's a Shine."

* * * * *

I wish to congratulate those of you who remain, on your forbearance and patience, although it is exercised in a poor cause, as these alleged entertainers should rather be suppressed than encouraged to continue on their dreadful rounds. This concludes our evening, for which we give thanks!

James Montgomery Flagg.

Sunday Baseball in Rochester

IN the last ten years Rochester has acquired the reputation of being one of the most sane, fortunate and progressive cities in the United States. It has been possessed with an aspiration to make itself a place of profitable residence for human beings. To that end it has managed to get good government a good deal of the time and to provide itself with a health department, a school system and a park system which are all remarkable for their beneficial activities. The town is very strong in social organizations. It is a remarkably forward city and has pieces written about it in the fifteen-cent magazines in which it is held up as a model.

It has lately been wrestling with the question of permitting baseball to be played on the ball fields in the parks on Sunday. The parks are very extensive, the ball grounds are said to be out of the way, where they don't disturb rural peace, and no admission is charged to the matches, which are amateur contests. The question is not whether the boys shall play baseball on Sunday afternoons, for they do that anyhow. It is only a

question whether they shall use the park grounds.

The matter has been exhaustively discussed in the papers and the decision seems likely to be favorable to the Sunday games.

The reasonable use of the play-grounds in the parks of our larger cities for all sorts of games on Sunday can hardly continue to be denied, even in the Eastern States, where opinion about the uses of Sunday is still tinctured with Puritanism. The full, beneficial out-door use of Sunday must be had. The civilization we are trying to live in constrains it. Too many people, young and old, are tied up to monotonous work indoors six days a week for the parks to be closed to any reasonable form of Sunday recreation.

The Last Resort

MAUD: They say bridge is responsible for a lot of nervous breakdowns.

BEATRIX: I know it. It won't be long before we'll have to go to an asylum for a really good game.

To Mæcenas

I WISH Mæcenas would come back
And start a sort of Poet's Trust,
So that when trade is running slack
By creditors I'd not be fussed;
A man who'd buy October verse
As others do September wheat,
And keep the poet's empty purse
In better shape his needs to meet.

The product of the hen is bought
By speculators far and wide,
And to cold-storage vaults is brought
And kept until the price is skied;
And why the world does more for hens
And eggs than for its poetry
No sort of magnifying lens
Hath ever yet revealed to me.

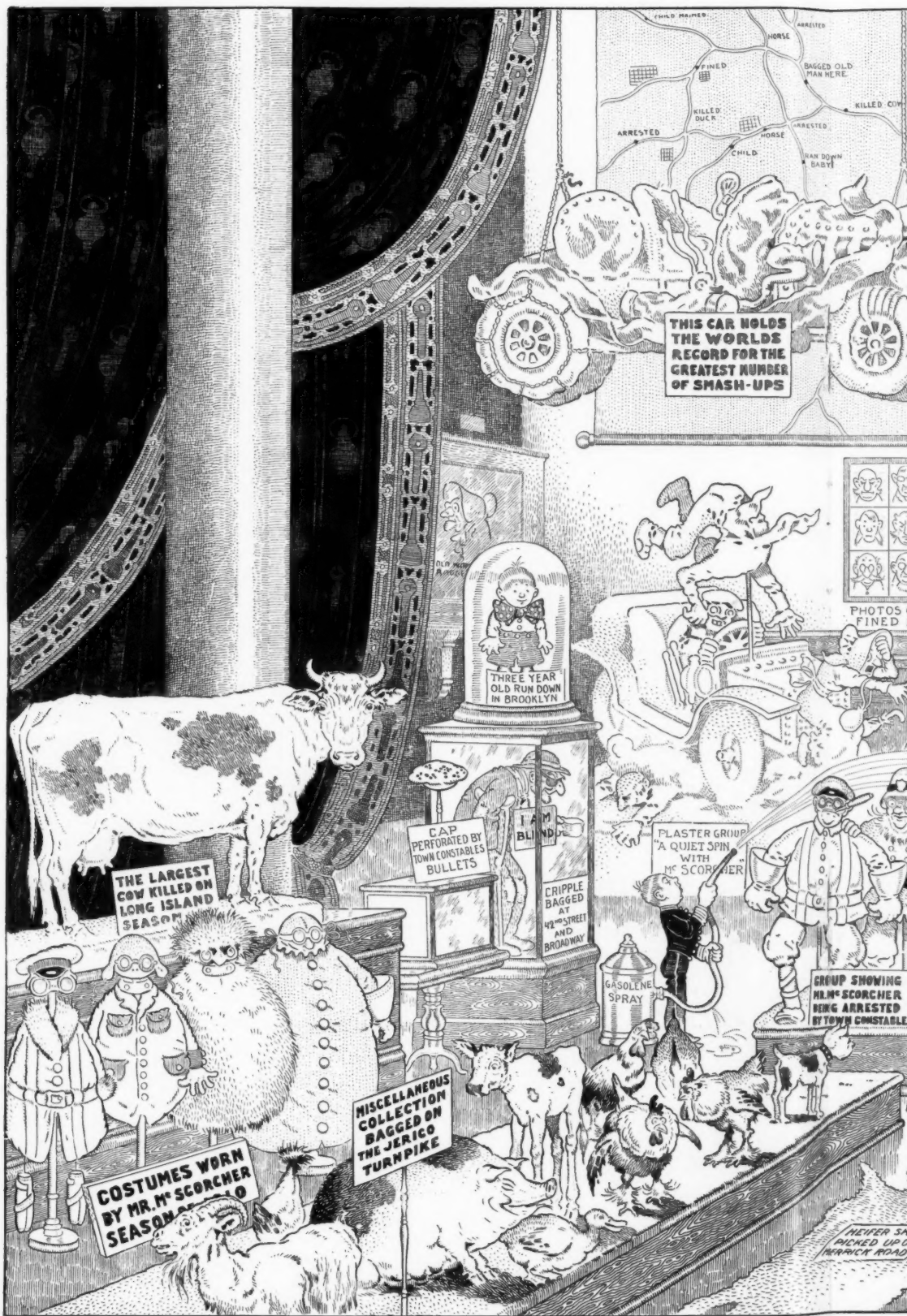
They've made a trust to deal in steel;
They've made a trust in oil and lead;
And when a fellow wants a meal
On trust-made articles he's fed.
There's trusts for shoes, and trusts for hats,
There's trusts for lemons, and for limes,
A trust controls the stills and vats—
Why not a trust to handle rhymes?

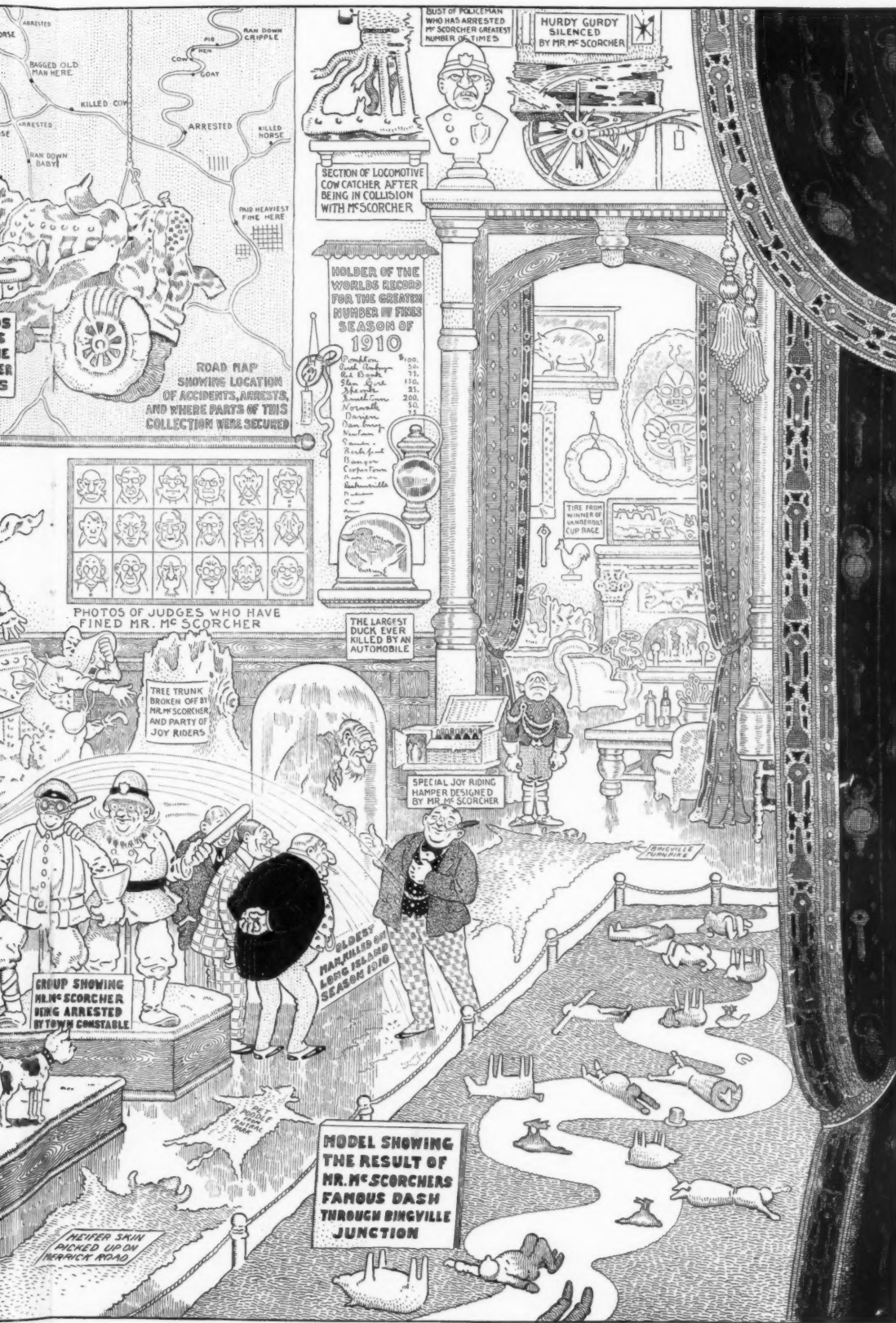
I've got a stock of odes in hand
To satisfy the autumn trade,
And sonnets for the spring demand
With sentiment of every shade,
I've verses cool and verses warm,
And verses hot as August days;
I've rhymes in every kind of form
Since first man wrote his roundelays.

So come, Mæcenas, come along,
And start your U. S. Poet's Trust,
I'll set you up with stores of song
If you will set me up in "dust."
Think of the fame that will accrue,
The laurels you will wear anon
When all the world hath titled you
THE CARNEGIE OF HELICON!

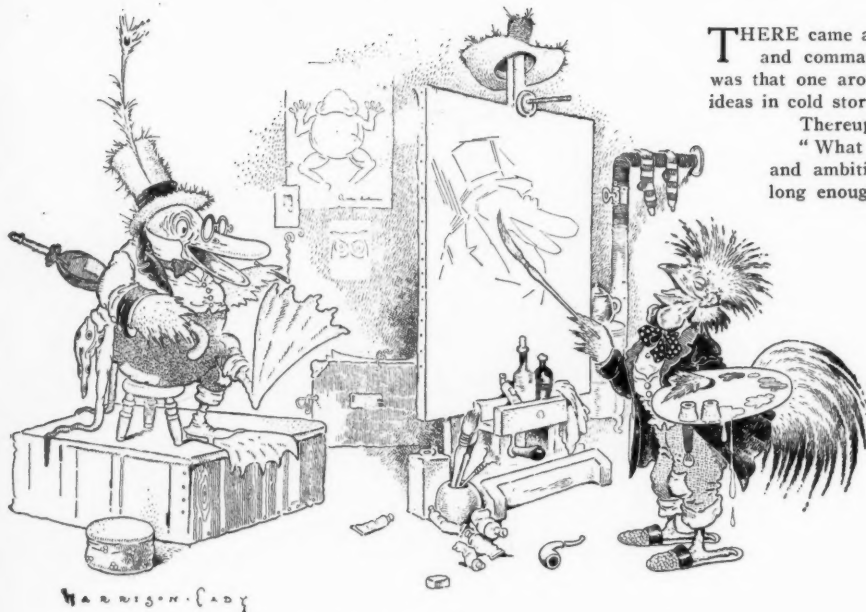
Carlyle Smith.

THE project for a Canadian navy languishes.
What does Canada want of warships, anyhow? If she gets into trouble with the Eskimos, we'll lend her some.





The Trophy Room in Mr. McScorcher's New Five Million Dollar Garage



HARRISON GADY

"WHAT ARE YOUR PRICES, PROFESSOR?"
 "FOR A LOON IT'S TWO DOUBLOONS, FOR A GUINEA-HEN FOUR GUINEAS, BUT FOR A DUCK LIKE YOU IT'S FIFTY DUCATS."

Reformers

WHAT is a reformer? Opinions differ and definitions vary. The vivacious Gilbert Chesterton says a reformer is a fellow who wants something some other fellow has. Chesterton knows his British reformer and he knows George Bernard Shaw, and he tries to get about half way between what he sees and what Shaw says of reformers. An American pessimist defines a reformer as

a pest with an infinite capacity for finding fault and a perverted genius for minding other people's business. Another authority—a cynic—says a reformer is an irritating compound of grafter and crank, separator and rainbow-chaser. Professor Lowell in essence says the reformer is a garrulous goose stuffed with theories, who has a vast ignorance of human nature, a supreme contempt for other forms of nature, a painful distrust of divine Providence, and a profound belief in himself.

The reformer is indigenous in Boston, Kansas and Brooklyn and sporadic elsewhere in the land; he has an abnormal surplus of New England conscience and an enormous vacuum of Yankee horse sense; he has neither sense of humor nor proportion; he is convinced that everything is wrong from the plan of creation to the ward alderman; and he alone is fitted by talent and temperament to restore the world to health. His occasional successes convince him of his omniscience and reconcile his fellow-citizens to the rule of the plain politician and cut-purse. If the reformer could be isolated from inks and types and appropriately equipped for interment in a deaf and dumb asylum, reform and reformers could be made tolerable.



"A GOOD COMPLEXION SHOULD NOT BE RUBBED ON."

The Only One

THERE came a time when ideas were all on a paying basis and commanded a price in the open market. Then it was that one arose and cornered the market and placing the ideas in cold storage calmly waited the result.

Thereupon a great hubbub was raised.

"What shall we do without ideas?" asked a young and ambitious politician, who had not been in power long enough to know the ropes.

But his elders laughed him to scorn.

"We can get along very well," they replied. "The old ideas are good enough for us, anyway."

A young poet then arose and declaimed upon the freedom of the people.

"Where, O brothers!" he exclaimed, "is our courage? And what shall we do in this extremity?"

"Hold your Pegasuses," said his elders, "and go right on as you have done before. Who will notice the difference?"

Thus spake the elders among all the denominations—it really made no difference.

And the man who held the corner was in despair, when suddenly came one crying in the wilderness.

"I must break up your corner," he observed. "Here's any amount of money. I can't get along without new ideas."

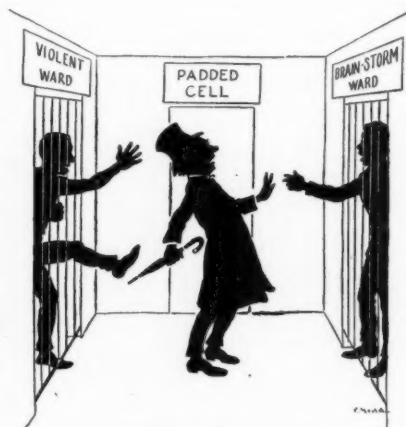
"And who may you be?" asked the other, as he pocketed the money and opened the cold storage plant.

"I am a writer of advertisements."

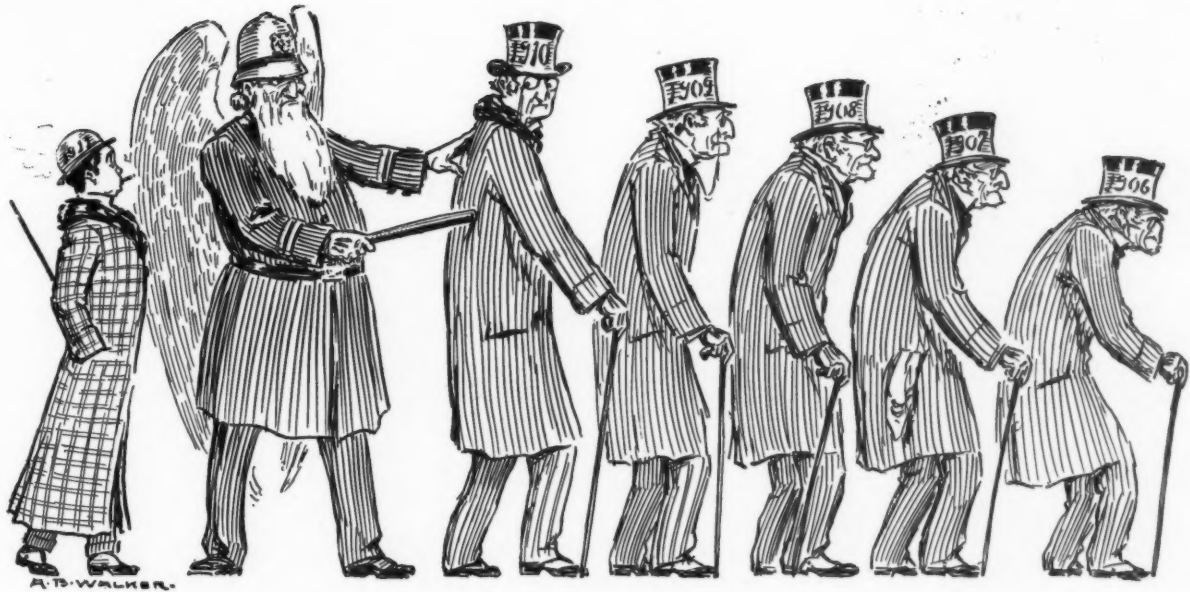
Cruelty to Babies

MRS. NAGG: Maria, I've got to go to the lodge to-night.

MRS. NAGG: And leave our precious baby alone?



ILLUSTRATED SLANG
 THEY WERE ALL CRAZY ABOUT HIM!



"MOVE ON!" SAYS FATHER TIME.

New Year Prospects

THESE States start the new year with a population of about ninety-four millions.

That is enough people for most uses. There is no reason why we should exert ourselves to increase the number. It has increased seventeen millions in ten years and will doubtless keep on at the rate of a million or two a year until further notice.

It is pleasanter and more neighborly to have the country fairly settled up so as to make rural delivery feasible and conservation easier. Texas can accommodate a few more selected citizens; various other States a few nice families, but there is such a thing as getting settled up too tight, and that we should avoid as long as possible. The inconvenience of it will be appreciated by anyone who tries to ride uptown in the city of New York between five and six o'clock in the afternoon.

We are running considerably to cities. Of the ten largest cities in the world the second, the fourth and the ninth are now located in this country and expect to stay here. We have about fifty cities whose populations exceed one hundred thousand and many more coming fast. As a rule people prefer to live in cities, where they get hot and cold water, newspapers, street cars, bargain counters, saloons and much less of their own society than in the country. Cities are stimulating, and most people like stimu-

lation and many are better for it. Only superior people with unusual mental resources thrive on large quantities of their own society.

Votes for women will not come this year—not hereabouts—but no doubt the effort to get them will continue vigorously and with a good many beneficial by-products. While the political ladies have their hand in and their machinery running, can't they take up Miss Tarbell's suggestion and do something to secure the establishment of textile standards and the enactment of federal laws that will do for clothes what the pure-food laws are doing for foods? The great buyers of clothes are women. It is to the interest of all the people that these buyers should know what they are buying; and that textiles should be inspected and labeled as foods are, so that cotton may not masquerade as wool or silk, or clay as cotton.

Our acquaintance with aeroplanes will improve without extending to familiarity. The announcement that dirigible balloons carrying passengers will ply between Washington and New York, beginning early next summer, will not be accepted with entire confidence. Dirigibles have a lot to learn yet before they can fly to the satisfaction of passengers who wish to arrive, and they are not as apt scholars as the aeroplanes.

The United Kingdom will doubtless survive the year, but with what constitutional variation and relaxation of unity nobody can yet forecast. London is not

likely to shut up shop nor Americans to cease to crowd into it in the spring, but we should know better in the course of another year what is to happen to the House of Lords and the English landed estates and whether Ulster in Ireland will come to blows with Dublin, Cork and Kilkenny.

As for the Holy Father, he will continue, barring accidents, to be Pope another year, and will persevere in his efforts to maintain an area of twilight in a very much illuminated world.



"WAS THAT LAST GUY YOU HAD A PIKER?"

"NOT EXACTLY. HE GAVE ME A TEN SPOT, WHICH LEFT ME ONLY TWO AND A HALF MORE THAN THE COMPANY GOT."



HOWARD JONES

THE REALITY



THE MEMORY

Guide to the Magazines

A SINGER should be accompanied by *Harper's*.

An auto racer should stick to the *Century*.

The sailor should study the *Atlantic*.

The devourer of books should try the *Literary Digest*.

The widower should look for the *Housekeeper*.

The tired man should ask for an *Outing*.

The librarian should look for *The Bookman*.

The church social committee should have the *Bazaar*.

The suffragist should insist on the *Woman's World*.

The sick man should cling to *LIFE*.

The astute chicken raiser wants the *Smart Set*.

The pugilist should seek the *Arena*.

The coal dealer should ask for *Collier's*.

The walking delegate should look for *Popular Mechanics*.

The clockmaker should have the *Dial*.

The census taker should list *Smith's*.



JONES, THE AUTOMOBILE ENTHUSIAST, HAS SUDDENLY GIVEN UP MOTORING, AND REGRETS THAT HE DIDN'T DO SO SOONER.

A Born Politician

FIRST NEW WOMAN: It is very important to get all cooks interested in the suffrage movement.

SECOND NEW WOMAN: Why so?

FIRST NEW WOMAN: Because every cook controls two votes—her own and that of her mistress.

“WHAT'S the difference between plain bridge and auction bridge?”

“About a hundred dollars an hour.”



The Modern Department Store

WHY has the modern department store grown to such immense proportions without a word of protest from anyone? The reason is, of course, that every department store carries a large amount of advertising patronage. No newspaper could afford to criticise it.

Yet the department store, as it exists to-day, is one of the most disintegrating influences we have.

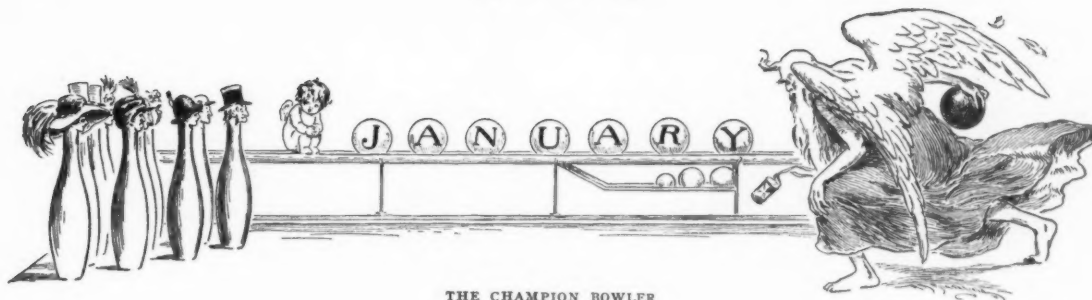
It gives employment to a lot of people who, from the first moment that they start on their work, are hopelessly and permanently reduced to a cheap mental level, never to hope to rise again. It pays them bare living wages and immures them in a prison from which there is no hope of escape. Few rise above this deadly leveling.

On the other hand, the department store deals in the cheapest kind of material. Nothing that is really excellent can find a place there, as it would cost too much. It could not be “turned over” rapidly enough. This has encouraged manufacturers to make only the most slipshod goods—barely good enough to pass muster in a casual inspection. Thus we have furniture that falls to pieces at the slightest provocation, and utensils in name only. Let anyone try to find a really first-class piece of hardware in a department store if he doubts this.

By spreading before the eye a vast surface of the most glittering kind of truck women in growing, seething quantities are attracted. They come to buy a particular thing and end by buying a lot of other things as “bargains” that they had no previous intention of buying. Thus the majority of women who shop acquire a sort of irresponsible mental attitude. Their taste is vitiated and the habit of frittering away their money for inconsequential things becomes a kind of disease, like tipping. Their time is also taken up, when it could be better expended in attending to their household or social duties.

The system of charge accounts in department stores is a diabolical affair. It is nicely calculated to appeal to a woman's vanity. Cash customers have to wait longer for their change than those who have accounts and are not treated so well by the salespeople.

The department store, as it exists to-day, has done more to develop a race of female spendthrifts and to lower the standard of taste and beauty than any single influence. Any intelligent person who, with an unprejudiced mind, will take the trouble to walk through one of these horrible mechanical shambles, cannot fail to be impressed with this fact.



THE CHAMPION BOWLER

Clothes

"O SAGE," said the Young Man, "I am surprised, almost grieved, to find that one who has such a reputation for Wisdom as you, should pay so much attention to his clothes. You are as immaculate and as nobby as a young lover."

"And why not?" asked the Elder Man.

"Why not, indeed?" rejoined the Young Man. "I am afraid I cannot explain. Many people have told me it is foolish to pay so much attention to clothes. That's all I know."

"It is a common error," spoke the

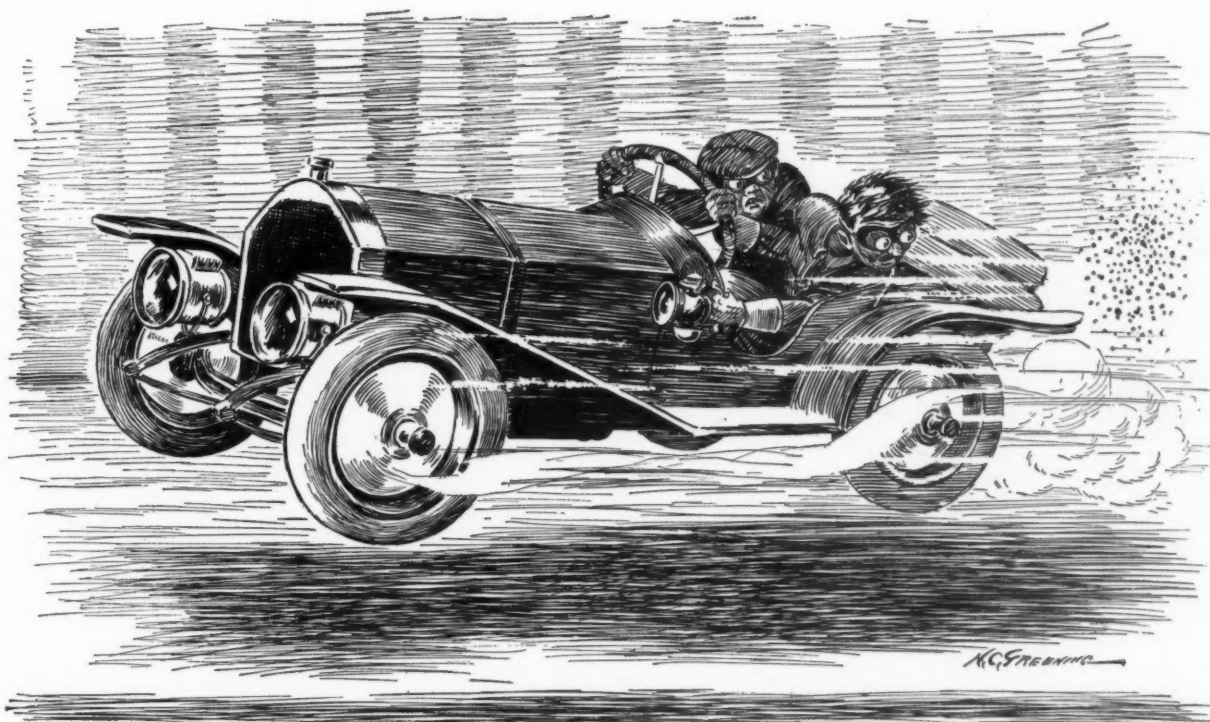
Sage, "but it is nevertheless an error, and one which once possessed me. When I was young as you are, I was attracted by the external things only and of these external things clothes were by far the most important. When I was a little older I underwent a reaction. I had a revulsion of feeling. Somehow I gained the idea that clothes were an absurdity *in toto*. I thought that the inner spiritual man was everything. According as my thoughts became introspective, I neglected my external appearance and went about unkempt and slovenly."

"The two extremes," suggested the Young Man discerningly.

"Yes, the two extremes, but with neither alone was I happy. Without clothes I found I could not go among my fellows in comfort and thus the social side of me became atrophied. Without knowledge and an inward appreciation of the important fundamentals of life, I could not be happy in my own company."

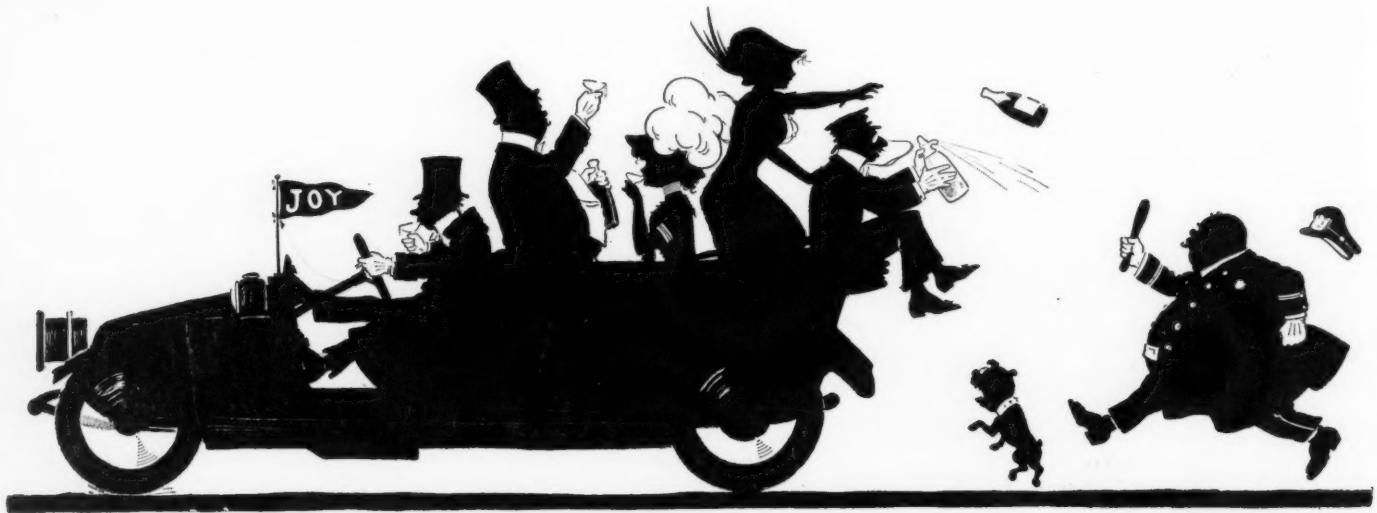
"Wherefore," observed the Young Man, "you struck a happy medium by compromising on both."

"Yes. Now I pay strict attention to my external appearance while inwardly I laugh at the folly of the world which makes it necessary."



"GEE! LOOK AT THOSE FLIES FOLLERIN' US. THEY SURE CAN GO SOME."

"FLIES! IT'S THAT CHARGE OF BUCKSHOT THAT YAP CONSTABLE FIRED AT US, AN' WE GOTTA HUSTLE OR IT'LL GET US."



THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Life's Family Album

A Confidential Guide to J. B. Kerfoot

WE approached Mr. Kerfoot's Lexington Avenue home with considerable trepidation. It requires no small courage to interview a book re-



viewer—the only one of his kind in this country—who actually reads the books he reviews.

"See," he observed, as we were shown in. "There is a book the leaves of which are actually cut."

We regarded it with becoming awe. It was the first book like that we had

ever seen in a book-reviewer's den.

"Where did you get your conscience?" we asked tremulously. And he answered proudly:

"I was born in Chicago."

Thus we see that truth is stranger than fiction.

At this moment, by some subtle psychological kink, we thought of Bob Acres, and Mr. Kerfoot, who is, in addition to being a book reviewer, also a mind reader, answered immediately, paraphrasing that celebrated gentleman's observation:

"Yes, indeed, I generally read a book a day."

"And after all these years," we said tenderly, "you are still in health. Your mind seems unaffected. How do you account for it?"

"Again Chicago! Nobody but one who had previously been born in Chicago would ever have the nerve to read a book a day, or the moral courage to pursue the task."

"But you must have something to offset this," we persisted, "something to counteract the effect."

"Well, I take a turn around the world occasionally. Then, in summer, I live in New Jersey."

"You are also a fisherman and a photo-secessionist, we believe. How did this happen?" we continued sternly.

"I was born a fisherman, and last summer, while hunting grizzly bears

with a camera, I became a photo-secessionist from stern necessity."

We glanced timidly around at the scenery—at the upholstered tarpon on the wall, and the planked trout, at the pictures of grizzly bears, at the visible typewriter and the invisible edition of Henry James, at the ivory carvings from Japan, the Sheraton mirror from Virginia and the Jersey lightning from Freehold, and asked:

"Is there anything that you haven't done?"

"No. It is necessary to do everything to be a book reviewer. I have even owned real estate in Flushing."

"Do you have any system of work?"

We blushed as we asked the question. One might as well have asked the Post Office Department at Washington, or the Bureau of Printing and Engraving if they had a system.

"The books as they come in are entered by a large office force, working night and day. They are then sorted out by a trained army of experts, who arrange them on different floors under 'Durable,' 'Unendurable,' 'Fair to Middling,' 'Erotic,' 'Simple-Minded,' 'Dull,' 'Heavy,' and so forth. They are then shipped by carloads to my home in Freehold, weighed on the public scale, appraised and stored in my ice-house."

"Who are your favorite authors?"

"Marie Corelli and Rex Beach."

Relative Values

SHE took two weeks to choose her winter hat, Ran here and there and tried on this and that. The matter of her hose and lingerie Was studied long, as weighty things should be. And when it came to gowns, she pondered o'er Each tuck and ruffle, bias flounce and gore, Debated well the style of skirt and sleeve. She picked a husband in one moonlit eve.

The Conservation of Energy

THE man from Maine leaned back thoughtfully in his chair as he looked skeptically at the man from Gotham. "So you think," he said, "that we are gradually winding ourselves up; that the time is rapidly coming when we shall reach the end of our natural resources and the race will die out."

"That is my idea about it," said the man from Gotham. "There is a limit to all things."

"True," said the man from Maine, "or apparently true. But, my dear fellow, you forget the tremendous strides that we have recently taken in the realms of the—I won't say spiritual, but psychic. When new needs arise, man is equal



"WHEW! BACK TO NATURE FOR ME!"

to them. He is always a little bit ahead of the game. He has conquered the earth and the air, and in a short time he will harness the psychic forces."

"I don't quite understand you," said the man from Gotham, who was naturally obtuse about all matters not strictly materialistic. "You mean that we will be able to produce things out of the mind?"

"Yes, sir. I will give you an instance. I have a grandmother. She is over eighty years old. Well, for the last ten years of her life she has been more or less inactive—not a valuable asset, you understand; nice old lady, but unproductive. From an economic standpoint she was a burden on the state. Now, up to that time, she used to knit—very fond of it, and did it very well; turned out quite a lot of hose—used to sell 'em at church fairs; kept me supplied, also—habit with her; could do it automatically, you understand. Well, as I remarked, she stopped gradually about ten years ago—it just kind of died out—no use to anyone—just sat there and did nothing. Looked hopeless."

"But it wasn't," said the man from Gotham, anxiously. The idea of getting something out of nothing appealed to what imagination he had. It fascinated him.

"Oh, no!" replied the man from Maine, carelessly. "You see, it was quite simple. I got a book on mental science, read up on it, and then, when grandmother fell asleep one night, I just treated her subliminal self. I suggested to her that she could knit—put the needles and worsted in her hands—cranked up her subliminal self, so to speak, and got it started and she went right ahead and began to turn out hose. No strain on her. Subliminal self does it all. Wonderful what it does. Why, she turns out a pair a night, working only eight hours. Pays for herself."

He leaned over and laid his hand gently on the shoulder of the man from Gotham.

"You see, old fellow," he said, "the world isn't so badly off as you thought it was."

"YES, sir! The question is, What would this country do without Morgan?"

"No, that isn't it. In the present impoverished condition of countries in general, the question is, What would Morgan do without this one?"



NOT TO BE TRUSTED



IT is said that when Thomas Edison was searching for a suitable material for the filaments of the incandescent lamp, he sent an order to one of the wholesale chemical supply houses that read: "Send me half a pound of everything you have." Some such order as this seems to have been transmitted to Katherine G. Busbey by the English publishers for whom she wrote *Home Life in America* (American edition, Macmillan, \$2.00), and if, in her capacity as shipping clerk, she has left out any packages, the error is not likely to be noticed. The book is a comprehensive and conscientious piece of journalism; a sort of national head-cheese in which bits of anecdote, slices of statistics and odds and ends of observation are imbedded in a jelly of descriptive comment. But it is amusing and perhaps enlightening to note that a characteristic of the volume which American readers will be likely to accept as quite a matter of course has so astonished the English reviewers as almost to upset that tactful consideration for our feelings that has followed the Anglo-American *rapprochement*. I mean that the writer has no hesitancy about setting down disagreeable truths. "What!" the English notices seem to exclaim between the lines, "has a Daniel come to judgment? Has an American, writing about America, at last let veracity get the better of vanity?" We had thought ourselves more widely apprehended. Is it possible that David Graham Phillips is unknown in London and that no local magazines percolate into Fleet Street? And has it really escaped attention that we have exchanged the vanity of boastfulness for the vanity of self-castigation? Our veracity, thank you, is just about the same. Our vanity has changed its residence.

IN *The Creators* (The Century, \$1.50) Miss May Sinclair has returned from that scientific research expedition to the frozen antarctic regions of marital infelicity the report of which reached us

in *The Helpmate*. One would be tempted to say, indeed, in describing *The Creators* that the author of *The Divine Fire* had returned to her muttons, if it were not for the fact that the coterie of creators presented to us in the new novel were so unmistakably precocious spring lambs that fancy themselves to be muttons and whom Miss Sinclair apparently takes with unquestioning faith at their own Southdown estimate. In any case she has come back and is likely to be welcomed. The Creators are a clique of men and women writers in present day London who are obsessed with a Calvinistic concern for their own artistic immortality and who maintain much the same morbidly objective attitude toward what they call their genius that some valetudinarians assume toward their digestion. They regard life as a dinner party and venture upon no course without estimating its likelihood to interfere with the inner workings of the all important function. They yield to temptation and suffer the pangs of a soured inspiration. They meet and swap intimate confidences as to symptoms. They devise diets and Fletcherize emotions. In fine, they go in for being geniuses with so portentous a seriousness that they leave us laughingly convinced of their ephemerality. And the very fact that

Miss Sinclair backs them so confidently adds a fillip to the fun. They are offered to us under a misconception; but they are drawn to the life. And the result is that subtlest of all satires, an unintended one.

IT is only a few weeks since the high cost of traveling by proxy was noted and bewailed in this column and regret expressed that regular \$1.50 excursion rates so seldom brought week-ends on the Tartar Steppes or afternoons off in Timbuktu within reach of the ordinary householder. And now, with a promptness that the skeptical will attribute to coincidence and the superstitious to the efficacy of prayer, appears Mr. Edgar Allen Forbes's *The Land of the White Helmet* (Revell, \$1.50), one of the most interesting and eye-opening trips recently offered to vicarious travelers. Mr. Forbes's "land of the white helmet" is Africa; but not the familiar Africa of the lion hunter. It is the Africa of the West Coast and of the Mediterranean hinterland, where the setting for the next great transformation scene of Europe's colonization melodrama is being industriously prepared by the stage carpenters of diplomacy and the scene shifters of military and commercial intrigue. Mr. Forbes spent a year there. He spent it because he wanted to. His equipment consisted of a perfectly flexible itinerary, a definitely circumscribed curiosity, an open mind with just enough prejudice for ballast, and—a Missouri disposition. He has written about it because he had something to say. And he says it with a colloquial incisiveness that is evidently spontaneous and refreshingly effective. There is an old conundrum about a watch that "went to India but didn't 'go' there, and came from India because it never 'went' there." It is equally descriptive of many travel books. But *The Land of the White Helmet* is not that kind of a watch.

J. B. Kerfoot.



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



The Ascending Effort, by George Bourne. An interesting attempt to define psychologically the workings of that force in human life that makes for progress.

A Man's Man, by Ian Hay. A mild-mannered and loose-jointed story of adventure and love.

Among Friends, by Samuel McChord Crothers. Nine enjoyable essays upon various topics, literary and social.

Clayhanger, by Arnold Bennett. The objectively uneventful, but subjectively dramatic, story of an outwardly submissive but inwardly rebellious son.

The Creators, by May Sinclair. See above.

The Greatest Wish in the World, by E. Temple Thurston. A charming little story told in a vein of highly exhilarated sentiment.

Good Men and True, by E. M. Rhodes. A sprightly and unhackneyed yarn of adventure on the Mexican border.

Home Life in America, by Katherine G. Busbey. See above.

The Husband's Story, by David Graham Phillips. The autobiography of a self-made American who always calls a spade a damn shovel.

The Land of the White Helmet, by Edgar Allen Forbes. See above.

The Luxury of Children, by Edward Sandford Martin. A new edition of a book worth rereading.

Now, by Charles Marriott. An amusing tale of self-satisfied sophistication bewildered by the folly of the simple-minded.

Tales of Men and Ghosts, by Edith Wharton. Plain fictional pebbles polished by a verbal lapidary.

Three Modern Seers, by Mrs. Havelock Ellis. A woman's interpretation of James Hinton's, Nietzsche's and Edward Carpenter's views on woman.

The Way of All Flesh, by Samuel Butler. A remarkable piece of critical fiction that is just beginning to attract the attention it deserves.

The Whistler Book, by Sadakichi Hartmann. A critique of sporadic but decided interest.



COALS OF FIRE

Diary of a Prospective Automobilst

MARCH 13.—If a man has plenty of money I don't blame him for buying an automobile—that is, if he wants one. Personally, however, I don't hanker after them. I can't afford a chauffeur and I haven't time to take care of one myself. I am glad my wife agrees with me.

March 20.—I just happened to see an attractive ad in the paper this morning. A man offers to sell his standard-make runabout at second-hand for four hundred dollars, which is about one-third of the original cost. If I could afford to buy an automobile, it might be worth looking up. If I did buy a car, it would be a runabout, and a fellow could save a lot of money by getting a second-hand one.

March 21.—Dropped in at an agent's to-day and he says that now is the time to pick up dandy bargains. He showed me a Speederine that has been run only a little over a thousand miles. Can be bought for eight hundred dollars. It would be just the thing for our little family.

March 22.—Have firmly decided not to buy a car just now. Dropped in at the agent's and told him positively I wouldn't take that Speederine. He was very pleasant about it and said he would

have no trouble at all in getting rid of it. He said the man who bought it could turn right around and sell it easily at a fifty per cent. advance. If I thought that was so I'd buy it myself.

March 23.—It's foolish for a man of my income even to think about owning a machine of any kind. My wife told me to-night that the Quinbys across the way had a new six-cylinder Whizzer. I don't know where in the world Quinby got the money to buy a car. His house isn't paid for yet. I suppose it will be impossible to live in the same neighborhood with him now.

March 25.—Just for fun I had the agent take my wife out in that Speederine which he says is such a bargain. She understood that I hadn't the remotest idea of purchasing. And, anyway, I'm not so keen about that Speederine. It runs smoothly enough, but it has only four cylinders, two less than Quinby's. Of course, what Quinby has is nothing to me, but then if one is going to buy an automobile at all, one should buy a good one. The beauty about a big car is that you can go anywhere in it.

March 27.—The best car I ever saw is that new model seventy-five horsepower Roadburner. It has Quinby's beat forty ways. If I could pick up one of those



The Professor: I WENT TO THE LOST PROPERTY OFFICE TO-DAY AND GOT THAT UMBRELLA I LEFT ON THE TRAIN LAST WEEK.

"THAT'S GOOD. WHERE IS IT NOW?"

"EH? BY JOVE! I—REALLY, MY DEAR, I'M AFRAID I—ER—LEFT IT ON THE TRAIN."



ROTATION OF CROPS ON THE PRAIRIE

cheap at second-hand I might consider it.

March 28.—Asked the agent to-day just for curiosity if there was any chance to pick up a bargain in a Roadburner. He said no, because it was such a good machine that no man ever let go after getting hold of one. He said the manufacturers were away back on their orders as it was. If I ever do get a machine, it will be a Roadburner. I believe it is really cheap at \$3,000.

March 29.—I was talking to my broker to-day and he says the market is sure to go lower. If that's the case, I ought to close out my Concentrated Biscuit Preferred. It might even pay me to put that money in an automobile and then pick up the stock later on when it has reached bottom. There are more ways than one of combining business with pleasure.

April 1.—I had to laugh to-day at the way Quinby looked when I told him I had bought a \$3,000 Roadburner. He said a Roadburner was pretty good on the level, but no good for climbing hills. I'll show him. *Ellis O. Jones.*

Glendale-on-the-Erie

A Stirring Tale of Life In and Out of the Suburbs

"HA!" It was night on an Erie train. The lights of Hoboken gleamed fitfully in the background.

Young Clarence Cortly, the brave young New Yorker who had ventured forth over the New Jersey meadows, shivered slightly as he drew his chesterfield overcoat about him. Looking around at the hardened and desperate faces of the old-time commuters who were settling themselves for the night, he little dreamed what was in store for him.

They had plunged ahead for a short distance and then stopped. Cortly could hear the engine snort. He leaned across the aisle to a man who was trying to read the newspaper headlines in the sputtering light.

"I beg your pardon, but is this the Glendale train?"

"It's headed that way," said the man, with a sympathetic smile, as he glanced curiously at Cortly's ticket.

"What time ought we to reach there?"

"Anywhere from twelve o'clock to four in the morning—if we're lucky."

A week before, Cortly had met at a subscription dance a young and beautiful girl who had invited him to call on her. Having lived in New York City all his life and being in ignorance of the Erie suburbs, he had innocently consented.

"But," he said anxiously to the man, "I have an engagement at 8.15."

"With Miss Bessie Smith, of Glendale?"

"Yes—how did you know?"

"Ha!" repeated his friend, who now rose excitedly. The other passengers woke up and began to gather round. A cheer rose from all sides.

"Boys," said the man Cortly had addressed, "I've won my bet." He turned to Cortly. "This may seem a mystery to you," he explained, "but it's all plain. One year ago I bet a snow plow against a soot-proof fur-lined Erie sleeping bag that Miss Bessie Smith, of Glendale, would succeed



in getting some poor New Yorker to visit her. And I've won. You are the first man who has dared to attempt it."

Cortly accepted the situation calmly.

"Why shouldn't I?" he said.

"Wait and see," said a pale young man two seats ahead.

The passengers settled back to their evening, some of them first taking up a subscription for a new engine they hoped to purchase. The train plunged forward, halted, backed, stopped. Several hours passed. At last something happened. Lights appeared.

"Glendale!"

Cortly got out.

A solitary hack stood up at one side of the station.

"Drive me to 18 Islington Place."

It was now a little after midnight. Cortly walked up the steps of the house with a light step. He had at least kept his word. And, besides, the congratulations of the passengers, whose cheering words sustained him, were yet ringing in his ears.

He rang the bell.

"Miss Smith."

"Step right in, sir."

The house—a large frame one—was brilliantly lighted.

"I'm sorry," he said, as he held out his hand, "to be a trifle late."

"Late! Why, you're not late. I didn't expect you until two o'clock, at least."

"And do you always sit up like this?"

"Oh, yes. We have to. You see, we sleep in the middle of the day—just as they do in the Tropics."

"And you like it?"

"We can't help ourselves."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, before we could move anywhere else it would take a family consultation, and you see papa isn't here long enough. He comes out on the last train and goes in on the first."

"When does he sleep?"

"On the train, of course. He is used to it. He can sleep," she added, "standing up."

"When do you expect him?"

She smiled.

"Almost any time to-night."

"Suppose he shouldn't come at all. Wouldn't you be worried? There might be an accident."

She shook her head.

"Oh, no. You see on the Erie the trains never run fast enough to hurt each other."

A great wave of love and sympathy swept over Cortly. To rescue this lovely girl—to take her away with him to civilization where she would be loved and cared for properly as she deserved.

He bent over her eagerly.

"Dearest," he said, "pardon me for being so familiar on such short acquaintance."

"Don't mention it," she replied. "It isn't considered forward to do that on the Erie."

"Well, dearest," he went on, "I was merely going to say that I long to take you away with me—to make you queen of a happy home, where you

(Continued on page 90)



Sparks From Old Anvils



Quaternary Epoch—Post-Pliocene Period

A man sat on a rock and sought
Refreshment from his thumb;
A dinotherium wandered by
And scared him some.

His name was Smith. The kind of
rock
He sat upon was shale.
One feature quite distinguished him—
He had a tail.

The danger past, he fell into
A reverie austere,
While with his tail he whisked a fly
From off his ear.

"Mankind deteriorates," he said,
"Grows weak and incomplete;
And each new generation seems
Yet more effete.

"Nature abhors imperfect work,
And on it lays her ban;
And all creation must despise
A tailless man.

"But fashion's dictates rule supreme,
Ignoring common sense;
And fashion says to dock your tail
Is just immense.

"And children now come into the
world
With half a tail or less;
Too stumpy to convey a thought,
And meaningless.

"It kills expression. How can one
Set forth, in words that drag,
The best emotions of the soul,
Without a wag?"

Sadly he mused upon the world,
Its follies and its woes;
And wiped the moisture from his eyes
And blew his nose.

But clothed in earrings, Mrs. Smith
Came wandering down the dale;
And, smiling, Mr. Smith arose
And wagged his tail.

—David Law Proudfit.

Connecticut's Part in the Business

. . . The Pilgrims were just ordinary, common folk; for the most part lean, lank, hatchet-faced and slab-sided, and two hundred and seventy years ago they were not cheerful persons to live with. No more are some of their descendants now. But they meant business from the word go; from the Plymouth Rock pullet to the Plymouth Rock pants.

It has been remarked of them, on one or two occasions, that they builded better than they knew; reference being had to the fact that, whereas they came over here for the purpose of establishing one religion, there are now within five miles of Boston something like five hundred, without including recent cleavages and new inventions. Taking a broader and more elevated view, we may safely say that they builded differently from what they knew. It is not likely that they foresaw in their wildest dreams the filling in of the Black Bay. Had they projected in their imagination that large body of made-land held down in many places by bronze specimens of mediæval and wholly evil art, it is doubtful if they would have come ashore.

In 1620, in the neighborhood of Plymouth and around Massachusetts Bay, there was but one variety of dog, and that one of so furtive and elusive a character that the artist who photographed the scene of the landing, as shown on the certificates of membership of this Society, was unable to secure anything but his bark; which was on the sea, and is represented at anchor in the engraving about a sixteenth of an inch from Plymouth Rock. (Laughter.) To-day more than a hundred varieties of dogs of the most useful and ornamental character may be seen on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, attending to their several pursuits under the superintendence of ladies of the highest culture, wearing spectacles. (Laughter.)

. . . Perhaps another reason why

the attention of the world has been so focused upon Massachusetts is that its vowel sounds lend themselves so readily to the uses of the orator and rhetorician. There's such a long and impressive roll to the words "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts" that the citizen, when he hears it at the end of a Thanksgiving proclamation, stretches out at least two inches longer in his pew, and thanks God for having been born there instead of in Connecticut or Rhode Island. Since Mr. Webster, in a burst of admiration for the State which he adorned by his genius and enriched by his promissory notes (much laughter), said, "There she stands! Look at her!" Mankind has been engaged in the contemplation of that tableau as representing all there was of New England. Only once in a while a modest voice has spoken from the sisterhood of New England States, saying: "We, too, are here." (Laughter and applause.)—Isaac Hill Bromley.

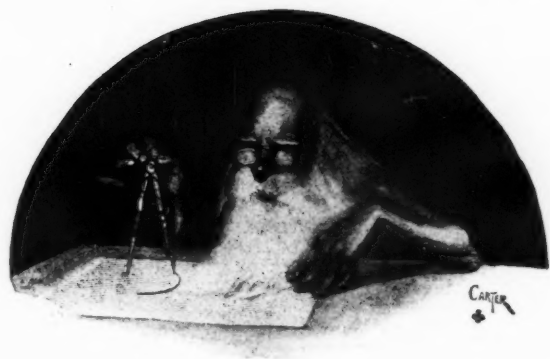
Grammar and Medicine

A thriving doctor sent his son to
school
To gain some knowledge, should he
prove no fool;
But took him soon away with little
warning,
On finding out the lesson he was
learning—
How great Pelide's wrath, in Homer's
rime,
Sent many souls to Hades ere their
time.
"No need for this my boy should
hither come;
That lesson he can better learn at
home;
For I myself, now, I make bold to say,
Sent many souls to Hades ere this day.
Nor e'er found want of grammar stop-
my way."

—From the Grecian Anthology.

Taxation and Tyranny

Some mention having been made in his presence of a tax upon mile-stones, Sheridan said such a tax would be unconstitutional, as they were a race that could not meet to remonstrate.



The Great Benefits of Modern Astronomy

Ladies and Gintlemin: Pursuant to the call of your society I appear before you this eve-in-in to illustrate and dim-in-strate sivril well-known astronomical and philosphical facts.

While attending a very large and interisting Scientific Convintion in the West a few weeks since—a variety of interisting subjects were under discussion.

Notice was given to all diligates in good standing that the remaining hours of the convintion would be devoted to the discussion of the recent te-ris-teal complexity—the transit of Vaynus.

During the intermission it was discovered that of the five hundred diligates, four hundred and ninety-seven of them had special reports of obsirvations taken on the spot, and the reports were scattered all over the face of the earth. Upon the re-asmbling of the convintion it was decided by vote to extend the courti-sy of this honorable body to your humble servant, inasmuch as the foregoin' rimarks had been so pirtinent an' practical that my obsirvations of the Transit would no doubt be equally interisting. Whereupon, with front as bowld as Cæzar Augustus or Marc Antony, I mounted the ros-trum, and after humbly ack-nowl-edg-in' the great compliment, proceeded as follows:

"When speakin' of Vay-nus," sais I, "allow me to say that if her fut-howld on the pin-ik-el of fame be ral-ey sacure, thin in-dade aire all the princi-pils of art grav-i-tation overthrown an' the long-legged spider that walks in anti-po-dean at-ti-tude ac-cross the dome of the Timple is grater than the livin' god-ess who strides its penetralia in the form an' at-ti-tude of a human being." Just at this moment a young fellow sticks a card in me hand from the chair riquistin' me to confine mesilf to the subject. Where-upon I dives in me pocket and pulls out me original report of the Transit, and reads as follows:

"The instrimints was put in pision with glasses ad-jisted. I tuk a fotygraf of the hole affair one hour an' fifty minits before day-lite; in order to akkornplish this fi-non-i-num, I arranged me me-rid-i-an transic-spiculum at the toime of the azi-muth—or, in other words, meal-toime.

"The son was not one diameter over the shot-tower when the perihelion of Vaynus was seen straglin' from out of the periphery of Adonis in a fragrant and flamboyant attitude of 5° 2' close contact with the Son's convex, thereby causing the electric belt crossing the zenith's arc to shoot forth invisible pyrotechnics, equaling the meteors—this, at ninety-five seconds behind the time of its internal con-dex. The atmosphers of Vaynus at this toime was un-savory, owing to the divirsified conflicts of the corona spec-trum.

"At the sicond contact through the periosteum Adonis gives the young Maiden a hearty shove with atmosfere

more bracing, and the Son 42° 2' in the attitudinum, by actual misurment of perameter, fotygrafed on the spot, which disclosed the Son's limbs more attitudinas than in the first concave. This obsirvation was more than satis-factory. During these meanderings the first group of six fotygrafs were exposed to the crowds below, giving the well-defined outlines of Vaynus, showin' her weak spots, metaforically speakin'. Soon after Vaynus had advanced smilin' one diameter in its body towards the Son. The foty-grafs were again exposed in groops of eight minits to six times, and no hitch in the whole series. While this work was in progriss the micro-meter measures were strayin' round among the polar and equatorial di-a-metrix of the Maiden, with a double imaged ne-ro-mancer; and again, in the equatorial transit instrument, the after-dinner or post-meridian transit of the first or left wing of the Maiden, and the right limb of the Son convex into a juxtaposition of scientific obsirvations at three and three-quarters degrees of Son's meridian. Fotygrafs of the diametric positions being taken by our artist sixty-three minits before the first lunar hour of obsirvation, resultin' in a succession of fi-nominal fotgrafic pictures two millioh and sixteen double back action solar engravin's distributed among the crowd as a *Mementim Gratium, So-lar-num Vay-ne-um*.

"When micro-metric measurement was duly computed (*Equis Dis-ian-cio*) the limbs of the Maiden plan-at-ium and the limbs of the Son in 2 5-10 degrees of its tranquil orbit, discovery was made that in the third contact had slightly disfigured the internal composition of the Son's precision, as regards its powers of composatory prescience and its effect upon the *Pen-um-bra* and our future solar and planetary system; the limbs of the Maiden and Son being remarkably lacerated and underfined after such contact. The Maiden's disk, being beyond the Son's periphery,



EUROPEAN EQUILIBRIUM

—From "Honore Daumier," by E. L. Cary. Copyright, 1907, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

was almost completely obscured by a whitish circle of light proceeding from her very gaudy and gauzy drapery, preventing, but not wholly absorbing, the last contact of the oracular orbit at $1^{\circ} 2'$.

"The whole work, as viewed by meself and the other lites of science, has been imminently successful, and not a single itim has been lost or stolen in the whole day's seance, and it clearly dimin-strates to the world the invaluable service of modern astronomy in complex computations, and guarantees the expenditure of millions by the governments in plantin' obsirvitories in convin-ient places for the education of the *Vulgus Populi—Veni, Vidi, Vici.*"

—John A. McNulty.

A Horse Tied to a Steeple

I set off from Rome on a journey to Russia in the midst of winter from a just notion that frost and snow must, of course, improve the roads, which every traveler had described as uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland, Courland and Livonia. I went on horseback, as the most convenient manner of traveling. I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the inconvenience the more I advanced northeast. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw on a bleak common in Poland, lying on the road, helpless, shivering and hardly having wherewithal to cover his nakedness? I pitied the poor old soul. Though I felt the severity of the atmosphere myself I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens, blessing me for that piece of charity, saying:

"You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time."

I went on. Night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow and I was unacquainted with the road.

Tired out, I alighted and fastened my horse to something like the pointed stump of a tree which appeared above the snow. For the sake of safety I placed my pistols under my arm and laid down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight. It is not easy to conceive my astonishment at finding myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard. Nor was my horse to be seen; but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upward I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of the steeple. Matters were now quite plain to me. The village had been covered with snow over night; a sudden change in the weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the churchyard while asleep at the same rate as the snow had melted away, and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the cross or weathercock of the steeple!

Without long consideration I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse and proceeded on my journey.

—*Adventures of Baron Munchhausen.*

An Affectionate Wife

Matters came to such a pass between a husband and wife—who, having been married against their will, lived a cat-and-dog life—that the husband one day gave his spouse a box on the ears, whereupon she, knowing he had a few days before killed a neighbor, began, without the least caring about the issue, to raise her voice, crying "Seize the villain; he wants to kill me as he did So-and-So." Somebody heard her and the man was accused, and, in accordance with his own confession, condemned to be hanged. On his way to the gallows he begged to be allowed to speak with his wife. She came, and he stopped on the road; but the good woman, eager to see the last of his days, cried, "Husband, why stop still? Let us walk while we talk, and lose no time."—*From the Spanish.*

Wouter Van Twiller—The Original New York Lawyer

. . . The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings—or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt, as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth—either as a sign that he relished the dish or comprehended the story—he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge jackknife despatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun-al-Raschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and characters that would have puzzled any but a High-Dutch commentator or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other and having poised them in his hands and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced that, having carefully counted the leaves over and weighed the books, it was found that one was just as thick and heavy as the other; therefore, it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced: therefore, Wandle should give Barent a receipt and Barent should give Wandle a receipt and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was that no other lawsuit took place throughout the whole administration; and the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those local scouts known in the province for many years. I am the most particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

—*Washington Irving.*

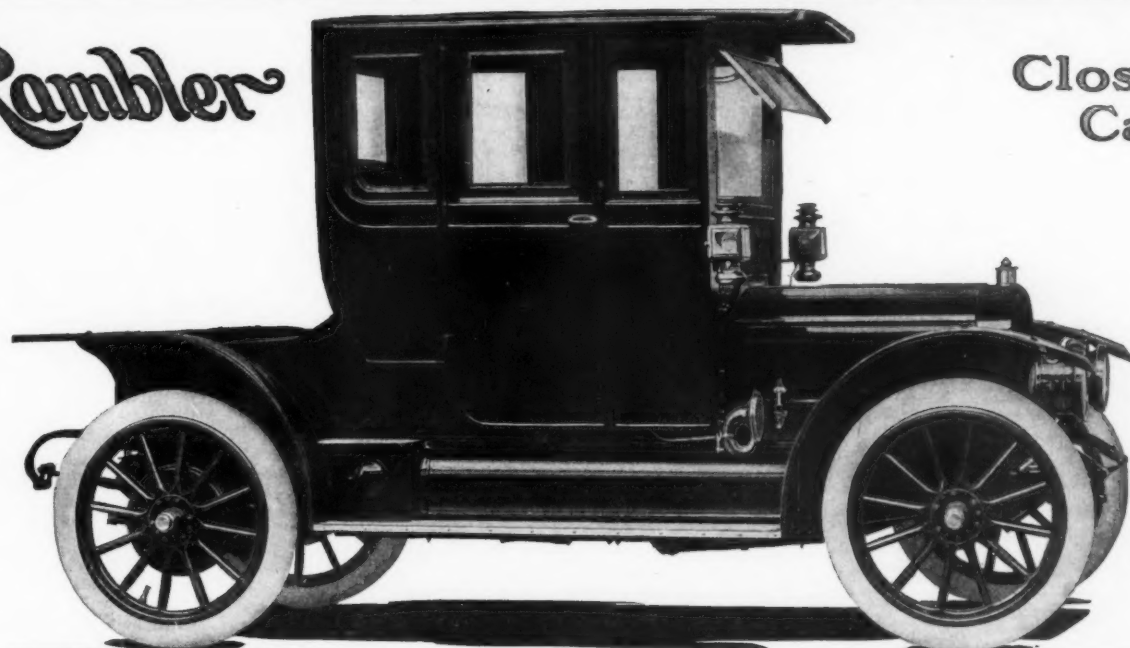
Very Pretty

One day, just as an English officer had arrived at Vienna, the Empress, knowing that he had seen a certain princess, much celebrated for her beauty, asked him if it was really true that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. "I thought so yesterday," he replied.

Women are rakes by nature and prudes by necessity.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

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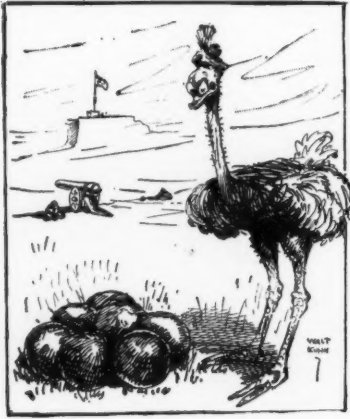
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The Ostrich

BY BILL NYE



There is some prospect of ostrich farming developing into quite an industry in the Southwest, and it will some time be a cold day when the simple-minded rustic of that region will not have an ostrich on toast if he wants it. Ostrich farming, however, will have its drawbacks. The hen ostrich is not a good layer as a rule, only laying two eggs per annum, which, being about the size of a porcelain wash bowl, make her so proud that she takes the balance of the year for the purpose of convalescing.

The ostrich is chiefly valuable for the plumage he wears and which, when introduced into the world of commerce, makes the husband almost wish that he were dead.

Probably the ostrich will not come into general use as an article of food, few people caring for it, as the meat is coarse, and the gizzard full of old hardware and relics of wrecked trains and old irons where there has been a fire.

Carving the ostrich is not so difficult as carving the quail, because the joints are larger and one can find them with less trouble. Still the bird takes up a great deal of room on the table and the best circles are not using them.

The ostrich does not set. She doesn't have time. She does not squat down over something and insist on hatching it out if it takes all summer; but she lays a couple of porcelain wash bowls in the hot sand when she feels like it, and goes away to the seaside to quiet her shattered nerves.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.—C. C. Colton ("The Lacon").

An Anecdote from the Persian

The Emperor Akbar was one day sitting with his attendants in the garden of the palace, close to a large cistern full of water. At the suggestion of a courtier the Emperor commanded some of the men present to procure an egg each, and to place it in the cistern in such a manner that it could easily be found when searched for.

Soon after the order had been obeyed the Mollah Dopyazah came to this spot. Akbar then turned to his attendants, saying he had dreamed the night before that there was eggs in the cistern, and that all who were his faithful servants had dived in and brought out an egg. Whereupon the attendants one by one dived in the water, each one issuing forth with an egg in his hand.

Dopyazah, not disposed himself to enter the water, the Emperor asked why he alone held aloof. The mollah, thus pressed, divested himself of his outer garments and plunged in.

He searched for a long time, but could not find a single egg. At length he emerged from the cistern, and moving his arms in the manner of a cock flapping his wings, he cried aloud: "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"What," asked Akbar, "is the meaning of this?"

"Your Majesty," came the reply, "those who brought you the eggs were hens, but I am a cock, and you must not expect an egg from me."

At which Akbar laughed heartily and had Dopyazah well rewarded.

Searching for a Moral

. . . . In olden times it used to be popular to call the Sandwich Islanders cannibals. But they never were cannibals. That is amply proven. There was one there once, but he was a foreign savage, which stopped there a while and did quite a business while he stayed. He was a useful citizen, but had strong political prejudices, and used to save up a good appetite for just before election, so that he could thin out the Democratic vote. But he got tired of that and undertook to eat an old whaling captain for a change. That was too much for him. He had the crime on his conscience, and the whaler on his stomach, and the two things killed him. He died. I don't tell this on account of its value as a historical fact, but only on account of the moral which it conveys. I don't know that I know what moral it conveys, still I know that there must be a moral in it somewhere. I have told it forty or fifty times and never got a moral out of it yet. But all things come to those who wait.

—From a speech by Mark Twain.

The Bear, The Ape, and The Pig

BY TOMAS YRIARTE

A bear, whose dancing help'd to gain
His own and owner's livelihood,
And whose success had made him vain
As any dandy, stood

Upon his hinder legs to try
The figure of a new quadrille,
When, seeing that an ape was nigh,
He stumped about with all his skill,

And, "Tell me how you like," he cried,
"My dancing, for I'm always glad
To hear the truth!" The ape replied:

"I really think it very bad."
"Tis plain enough," rejoin'd the bear,
"That envy makes you censure so;

For have I not a graceful air,
A slender shape and limber toe?"

But here a tasteless pig began
To grunt applause, and said: "I vow
I've never met, in brute or man,
With one who danced so well as thou."

The bear, on hearing this, became
Sedate and pensive for a while;

And then, as if abash'd with shame,
Replied in a more humble style:

"The agile ape's rebuke might be
Inspired by jealousy or spleen;

But, since the pig commends, I see
How bad my dancing must have
been."

Let every author think on this,
And hold this maxim for a rule:
The worst that can befall him is,
The approbation of a fool.

Sidney Smith on Rogers

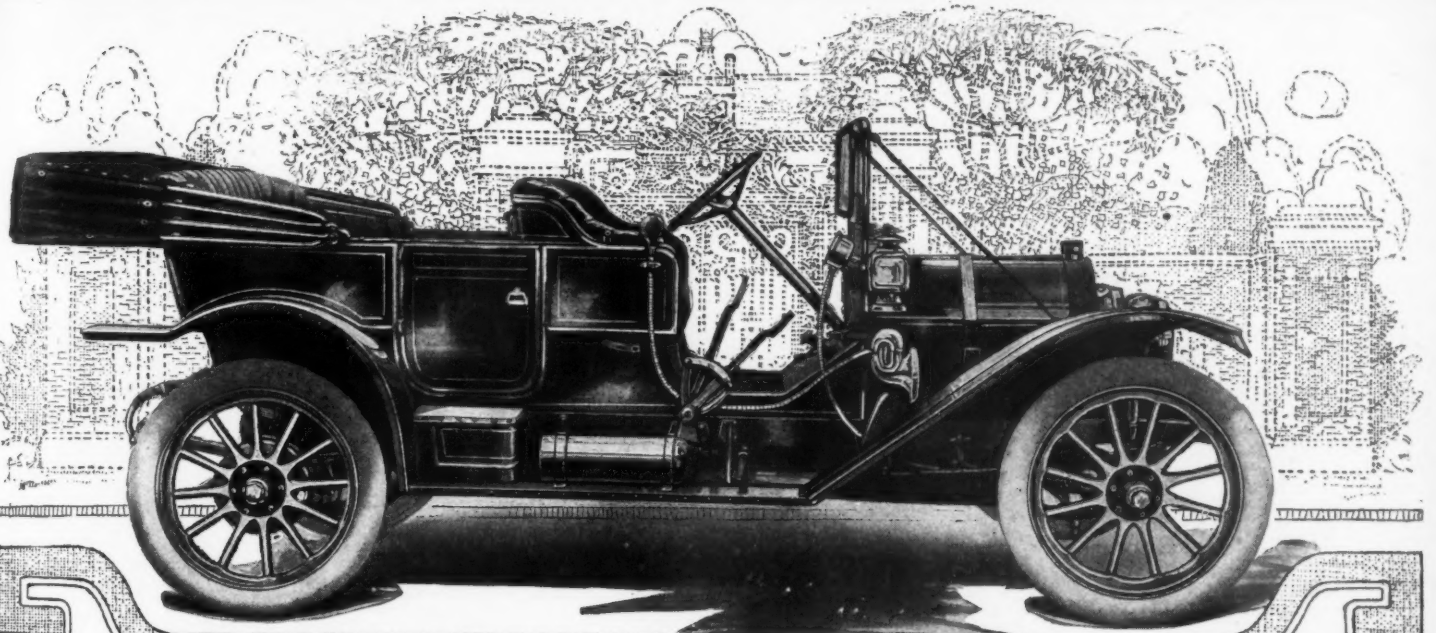
"How is Rogers?" "He is not very well." "Why, what is the matter?" "Oh, don't you know he has produced a couplet? When our friend is delivered of a couplet, with infinite labor and pain, he takes to his bed, has straw laid down, the knocker tied up, expects his friends to call and make inquiries, and the answer at the door is: 'Mr. Rogers and his little couplet are as well as can be expected.' When he produces an Alexandrine he keeps his bed a day longer."—From Sidney Smith's "Wit and Wisdom."

A Schoolmaster with a Gay Wife

You in your school forever flog and flay us,
Teaching what Paris did to Menelaus;
But all the while, within your private dwelling,
There's many a Paris courting of your Helen.

—Grecian Anthology.

He who hath a handsome Wife, or a Castle on the Frontier, or a Vineyard near the Highway, never lacks a quarrel.—From the Spanish.



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The Decadent Drama

1900.

I hate to see a problem play
In which the leading lady
Feels often called upon to say
Her former life was shady.

1910.

But to the modern problem play
The old is not a marker;
For now we hear the lady say
Her future will be darker.

—The Club-Fellow.

Jumping At Conclusions

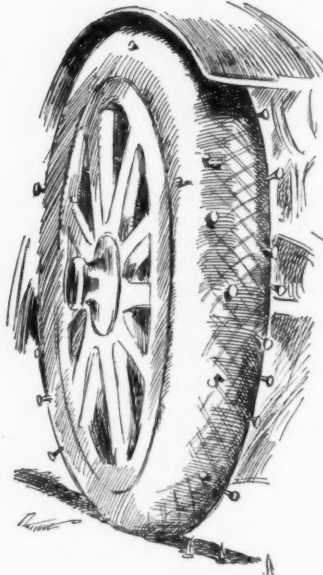
YOUNG LADY (coming in with partner from room where progressive whist is being played): Oh, mummy, I've captured the "booby."

MOTHER: Well, my daughter, come and kiss me, both of you.—Scrap.

The Point of View

"Honesty is the best policy."

"Not on your life," blurted out the insurance agent.—Princeton Tiger.



CITY TAX COLLECTOR

Motor Maxims

Still motors run cheap.
It's a wise chauffeur that knows his own speed.

A garage is known by the cars it keeps for hire.

A motor in hand is worth two in the ditch.

A good road is rather to be chosen than great ditches.

A spark-plug that can spark and won't spark ought to be plugged.

He who speeds and runs away may live to be nabbed some other day.

A rut in the road may prove the power behind the thrown.

Little motors have big gears.

A scorched chauffeur dreads the tire.

A good car needs no push.

It's a poor clutch that won't work in a tight squeeze.

Too many tinkers spoil the car.

Never judge a motor by the mortgage on the roof.

A car in time saves sole leather.

A green chauffeur maketh a fat undertaker.

All cars are gray in the dark.

Of two constables, choose the smallest.

Collisions never come singly.

It is better to turn back than to turn turtle.—Harper's Weekly.

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

One can ONLY be absolutely assured of getting the genuine PANTASOTE by demanding this label on the top.

TO USE THIS LABEL ON MATERIAL NOT TRADE PANTASOTE MARK IS A PENAL OFFENSE

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

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

Send postal for booklet on top materials, and samples.

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

Usher's Whisky

Nearly a century's Reputation in Great Britain

Over half a century's Reputation in the Colonies and Abroad

G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
NEW YORK

Sole Agents

The Standard of Excellence

THE KNOBS
WILL STOP YOUR SKIDDING

MORGAN & WRIGHT

NOBBY TREAD
TIRES

The only tire ever produced which combines all the protection against skidding and drive slipping of the best tire chains with the wearing qualities of plain treads.

The big thick tough rubber knobs grip any kind of a road surface with bull-dog tenacity—yes, even wet, greasy asphalt pavements or roads covered with snow, mud or ice.

Nobby Treads will give absolute skidding protection that is always where you want it when you want it and will do away with the trouble, expense and excessive tire wear always attending the use of chains.

MADE IN
DETROIT

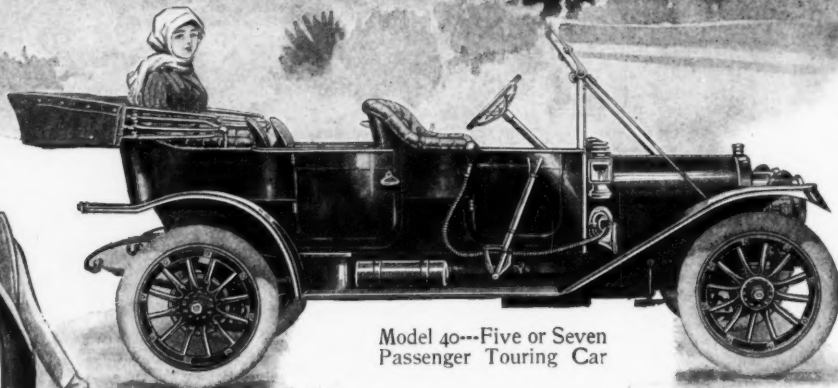
MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES
ARE GOOD TIRES.

SOLD
EVERYWHERE

· LIFE ·

CORBIN

Never Wears Out



Model 40—Five or Seven Passenger Touring Car

If you only knew the Corbin Car as I know it you would decide in its favor mighty quick

THAT is what a Corbin owner said to a friend who had asked for an opinion. You, too, will find upon investigation that the strongest advocates of the Corbin Car are those who have selected them over any other car on the market.

Perhaps you are putting off buying—from day to day—because you are a little skeptical as to the “cost of maintenance” or the “real practical value.”

Make a mental note—right now—that you will either call or write one of our distributors—making an appointment for a demonstration.

The moment you are seated in a Corbin Car you will be convinced of the stability, durability, simplicity of operation, abundance of power, ease of control—all of which is positive proof of low cost of maintenance.

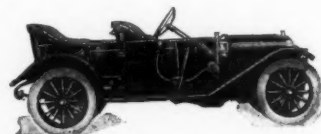
As you glide along comfortably and noiselessly you could not dispute the fact that if you owned a Corbin Car you could get to and from your office—night and morning—quicker, cleaner and in a better mood.

Then, again, if you happen to be a physician, a contractor, a salesman, or if your business keeps you out around to any extent, you could make more calls—get around more conveniently—and the thought would occur to you that you are really losing time and money by not owning a Corbin Car.

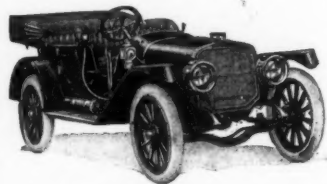
Surely you could not overlook the fact that a Corbin Car would enable you to take the family out on little week-end trips, thus taking advantage of the pure, fresh, open air—exhilarating, invigorating—which means health and happiness—that pays good dividends.

The 1911 Corbin 40, \$3,000 also includes, please remember, as regular equipment—Imported Magneto, top with full set of Curtains, Adjustable Rain Vision Wind Shield, Warner Speedometer, Prest-O-Lite Gas Tank, Headlights, Combination Oil and Electric Dash and Tail Lamps, Storage Battery, Firestone Q. D. Demountable Rims, Tire Holders, Trunk Rack and full set of tools, etc.

Let us give you more reasons why you should buy a Corbin Car—either for business or pleasure. A postal will bring our beautifully illustrated catalogue and name of nearest dealer.



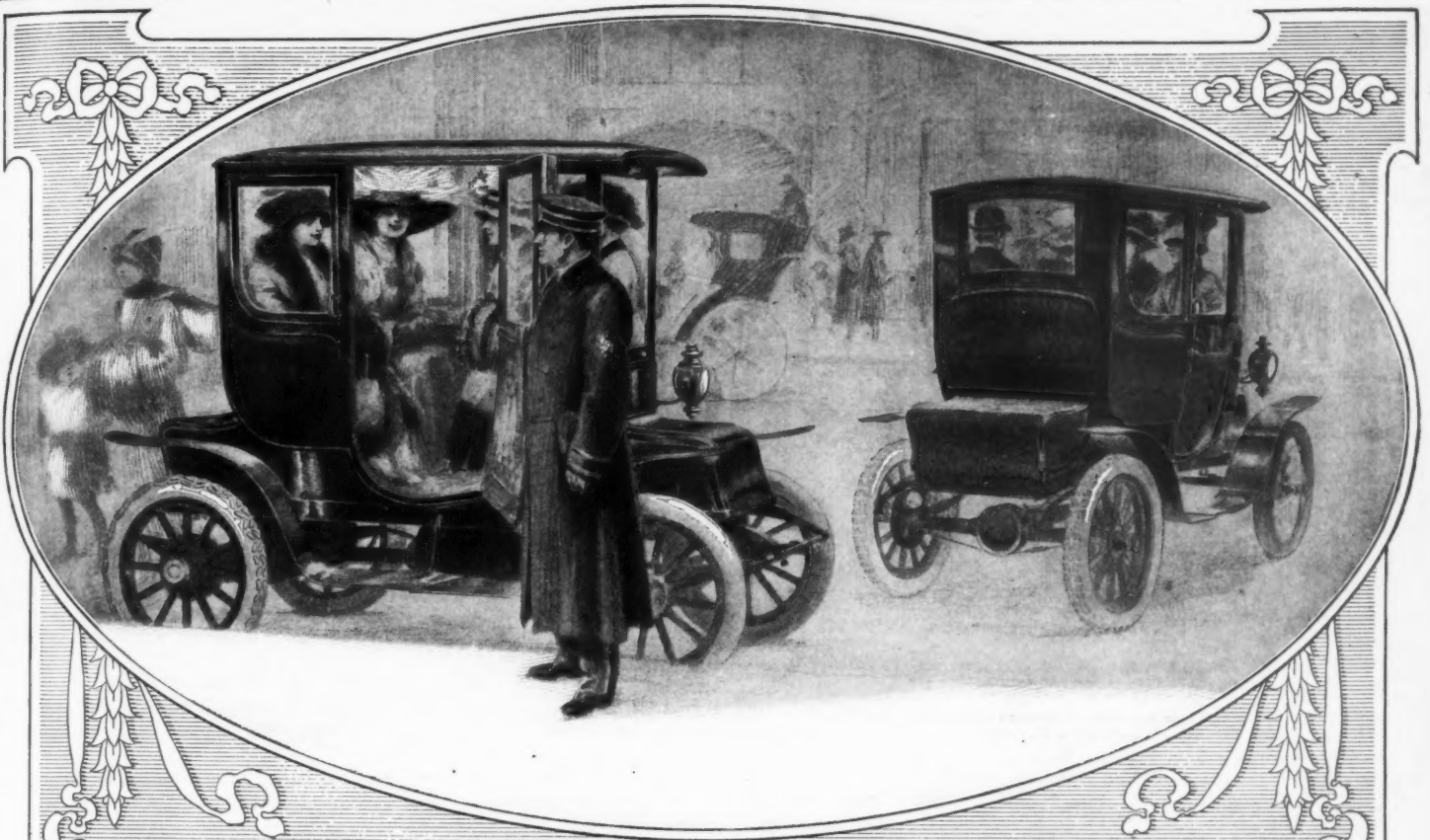
Model 30 Five Passenger Touring Car, \$2000 Also Made as Two Passenger Roadster



Model 18 Five Passenger Touring Car, \$2750

CORBIN MOTOR VEHICLE CORPORATION, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Licensed Under Selden Patent



ANOTHER thing: the Detroit Electric is so *invitingly roomy*. Its *wider, deeper* seats are a delight. There is no suggestion of "close quarters." You ride restfully, luxuriously—without crowding your seat-companion or encroaching on the *knee-room* of your *vis-a-vis*.

A woman asks *safety* in the car she drives—her menfolk demand it for her. She finds the unique control of the Detroit Electric simple, positive, unerring. It "comes natural" for her to do the right thing. If she forgets—the car "remembers" automatically.

Our new "Chainless" Direct Shaft Drive—a *straight path of power* from motor to adjustable beveled gear in rear axle—is the greatest feature ever built into an electric vehicle.

The Detroit Electric models—Victorias, Coupes, Broughams—*anticipate* the gentlewoman's dainty whims—in elegance, beauty, refinement.

A masterpiece for men is our brand new Gentlemen's Underslung Roadster—a *corking*

car—low; rakish; extra-long wheel base.

Three optional drives—"Chainless" Direct Shaft Drive, our successful double chain and Renold's Tandem Enclosed chain drive. Edison or lead batteries.

See our exhibits at the Automobile Show, New York, January 7 to 21—Chicago, January 28 to February 4. Write for new catalog.

THE
Detroit
ELECTRIC

Chainless

Anderson Carriage Company, Dept. 4, Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland. Selling Representatives in all Leading Cities.



FLORIDA
CUBA—AUGUSTA—SOUTH
 VIA
Atlantic Coast Line

The Standard Railway of the South.

Four Pullman Trains Daily

Leaving New York, from New Penn. R. R. Terminal,
 10.16 A. M. 1.26 P. M. 3.38 P. M. 9.30 P. M.

"Florida & West Indian Limited"
 "New York & Florida Special"
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*Superior Roadway, Equipment and Service to
 Augusta, Summerville, Thomasville and Florida Resorts.*

OFFICES:
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 Ave., N.W.



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

To an Automobile
 (With Apologies)

BY GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN

I have a humble longing that has never been confessed,
 A longing I have striven in vain to bury in my breast;
 I want to take a ride once more, when days are hot and muggy,
 Behind a little jogging horse in some old shabby buggy.

I oft am hurled along the road in some one's fine machine
 At such a pace I cannot tell a brown field from a green.
 I want to amble on at peace, unheeding what they say,
 And watch with joy an ancient horse flick ancient flies away.

I never see a landscape now that is not scudding by
 In gales of wind and clouds of dust before my goggled eye;
 The pensive cows are galloping, the hens are squawking past;
 If anything seems peaceful I know it will not last.

I have no great ambitions and I don't desire to shine
 As a heroine of accidents in the automobile line;
 This my plebeian longing, without quibble or remorse—
 I want that shabby buggy and I want that ancient horse!

—Good Housekeeping.

Modern Method

"I am a candidate for your hand."
 "But my parents have indorsed another young man."
 "All right; I'll run as an insurgent!"

—Houston Chronicle.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



During the Revolution

"Do you think Paul Revere will get through in time, Sam?" asked John Hancock, anxiously, as he and Samuel Adams peered out into the dark from their hiding-place.

"He will if that old spark-plug o' his ain't foundered," returned Adams.

—Harper's Weekly.

Afraid of Publicity

The seven-year-old daughter of a prominent suburban resident is, the neighbors say, a precocious youngster; at all events, she knows the ways of the world.

Her mother had occasion to punish her one day last week for a particularly mischievous prank, and after she had talked it over very solemnly sent the little girl up to her room.

An hour later the mother went upstairs. The child was sitting complacently on the window seat, looking out at the other children.

"Well, little girl," the mother began,

"did you tell God all about how naughty you'd been?"

The youngster shook her head, emphatically. "Guess I didn't," she gurgled; "why, it'd be all over heaven in no time."—Philadelphia Times.

Caroni Bitters—Unexcelled with Lemonade, Soda, Gin Sherry and Whiskey. Indispensable for a perfect cocktail. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Disers.

Prompt Action

JOURNALIST: There was a shocking murder last night. Have you arrested the murderer?

POLICEMAN: No, sir; but we have locked up twenty people who saw the crime committed.—New Magazine.

PRINCESS HOTEL, BERMUDA
 THE IDEAL WINTER RESORT.

Opens December 12. Accommodates 400. Outdoor life all winter. Beautiful drives, saddle riding, tennis, golf, yachting, sea bathing. FINE NEW SWIMMING POOL. Only two days from New York by fast, luxurious steamers, sailing twice a week.
 HOWE & TWOROGER, Mgrs., Hamilton, Bermuda

SHOULD BE IN YOUR HOME!

Do you know UNDERBERG Boonekamp BITTERS? If not, buy a bottle to-day!—for it means much toward the health of the whole family. For the hard-working business man and the tired housewife it is the one absolutely beneficial stimulant giving permanently good results. Braces the whole system; relieves fatigue; gives an appetite for every meal and banishes indigestion. Delicious in sherry and mixed drinks. Be sure it's the GENUINE UNDERBERG BITTERS—over 7,000,000 bottles imported into the United States.

Enjoyable as a Cocktail and Better for You

To make sure of getting the genuine at any hotel, club or restaurant, ask for it by name, "UNDERBERG" Bitters, and look at the label. Sold by the bottle at leading Wine Merchants and Grocers everywhere.

Bottled only by H. Underberg, Albrecht, Rheinfelden, Germany, since 1846.

LUYTIES BROTHERS, Sole Agts., 204 William St., New York



The New Candy—and the New Year

Delicious Almonds and Peter's
Milk Chocolate Combined.



*It's warm
in
California.*

There are roses bloom-
ing, birds singing, mel-
low sunshine and air
that thrills with warmth
and life. The all year
'round, de luxe

Golden State Limited

via Rock Island Lines

—exclusively for first class travel—awaits each day to whirl you away out of the snow and sleet and rain into the cheery summer again. And the joy begins with the journey. The superb Pullmans, new this season, are cosy and well lighted. There are full sized berths, roomy and white. A chef who *can* cook, and a barber and valet to render all services. Each mile of the well kept road teems with brilliant panoramas. There is a library to improve the mind and Victrola Records to entertain. Less than three days of pleasure upon a perfect train.

Daily from Chicago and St. Louis to El Paso, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Del Monte—the Golfer's Paradise—and San Francisco via the route of the lowest altitudes.

The new "Californian" and other good trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, and Memphis, with choice of routes.

Let me send you our beautifully illustrated book on California.

L. M. ALLEN, Passenger Traffic Manager, Room 241 La Salle Station, Chicago



Rhymed Reviews

The Siege of the Seven Suitors

(By Meredith Nicholson. Houghton Mifflin Company)

I recommend to all the rout
Of bored and travel-worn com-
muters

This flagrant lunacy about
The fair Cecilia's seven suitors.

Cecilia owned a lively aunt,
A lady full of pleasing fancies,
Whose maiden breast had learned to
pant,
For daring deeds and wild romances.

Enriched beyond a miser's dream
(Her source of wealth a baby-car-
riage),
This aunt devised a secret scheme
For governing her niece's marriage.

Cecilia, at her aunt's demand,
Agreed, howe'er the sequel tasked
her,
To give her much-desired hand,
Unto the seventh man who asked
her.

And suitors thronged, with jealous
eyes
But rarely closed in peaceful slum-
ber,
Nor guessed the way to win the prize,
Nor dreamed of Seven—mystic
number!

While poor Cecilia had to plan
And rule her conduct most demurely
To keep the really favored man,
Like wine, from popping pre-
maturely.

Until, to make a rapid end,
The hero proved a knot-untwister;
He saved Cecilia for his friend
And carried off her little sister.

This hero, Chimney-Doctor Ames,
Takes every chance and never
misses.

I doubt if even Henry James
Could write a story such as this is.
Arthur Guiterman.

"They say" and "Perhaps" are the
two ushers that precede a lie.

It is remorse that makes a man atro-
cious. A man who never repents is a
system or organization that thrills and
impresses us.

—From Balzac's Note Book.

All Explained at Last. To be Read With Great Care

HEAD OF COMMISSION: What is the
object of your raising your rates?

RAILROAD PRESIDENT: In order to pay
the interest on our bonds.

HEAD OF COMMISSION: Do the bonds
represent the actual cost of the road?

RAILROAD PRESIDENT: Oh, dear, no;
they represent the amount of money we
have been able to raise from the sale of
bonds, based on the interest we can pay
on them.—Town and Country.

Houbigant-Paris
In Every Store

Perfumes and
Soaps of Highest
Quality Only.

HARTSHORN
SHADE
ROLLERS
Original and unequalled.
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved"
requires no tacks. Inventor's
signature on genuine.
Stewart Hartshorn



The Baldwin Piano

“In the Lyric Land of Liszt”

Prophet of the pianoforte was Liszt. His vision of a some-day keyboard “unlimited in dynamic variety” is more completely realized than perhaps even the master dreamed.

The Baldwin Piano fulfils the dreams of the old-time composers. With it artists create combinations of “color” so new and exquisite that it is natural to find pianists of the finest appreciation ennobling *their* art through Baldwin art. It is this realization of the highest ideals that makes the Baldwin

The Dominant Instrument of the Concert-World

and in private music-rooms of taste. Where culture influences choice—where the subtle changes in piano-ranking are matters of artistic knowledge, the Baldwin is indisputably *premier*.

THE BOOK OF THE BALDWIN PIANO a compilation of piano-information and illustration, mailed free upon application.

The Baldwin Company

Chicago
267 Wabash Ave.

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1111 Olive Street

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THE CHAMPION BATSMAN



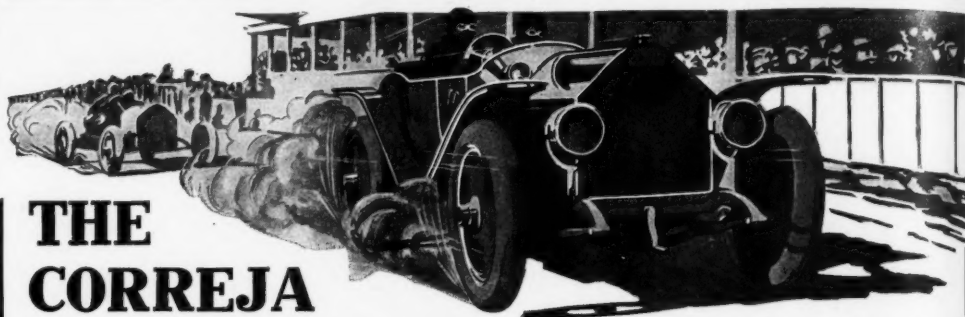
THE cardinal requirements of correspondence stationery are correct form, quality that is impressive, a surface agreeable to write upon.

Whiting's Organdie Glacé

is a perfect fulfillment of these requirements. Stationers will supply it in quantity for crest and monogram stamping, or in convenient papeterie boxes as illustrated above.

*When you think of writing
think of WHITING.*

WHITING PAPER COMPANY
New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston
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THE CORREJA

**35 H. P. SPEED RUNABOUT—PRICE \$1450
NEVER DEFEATED**

Has proven its speed by winning every hill climbing event entered in 1910, competing with cars selling up to \$5,000.

Bridgeport, Conn.	WON
Yale Hill Climb, New Haven, Conn.	WON
Ossining, New York.	WON
Port Jefferson, L. I.	WON
Plainfield, N. J.	WON

The CORREJA has earned recognition among the foremost cars of its class because of its ability to make speed, its remarkable staying qualities and its rakish, "different" appearance. It is the smartest runabout built.

**GUARANTEED IN A WAY THAT MEANS SOMETHING
CORREJA MOTOR CAR COMPANY
1851 Broadway, New York**

The Literary Zoo.

The Craze for Writing About Poe

Certain manias are characteristic of certain temperaments. Whiskey, for example, has an irresistible fascination for the judicial temperament. It does not necessarily follow that every judge is a drunkard, although I never saw a judge who did not look like a drunkard, just as I have never seen a fool who did not look like a poet. My concern now is with sober writers. They never know when to stop writing about Poe. The latest is an Englishman, whose critical study emanates from Mitchell Kennerley. Poe prepared to settle at Richmond, Mr. Ransome tells us, but on a journey to New York the author of "The Raven" stopped at Baltimore and drank enough to make further travel impossible. (Here I must pause to point a moral. We are all Poes preparing to settle at the Richmond of virtue but on a journey to the New York of temptation we stop at the Baltimore of sin and make further travel impossible.) "The elections were being fought," to quote Mr.

Ransome further, "and canvassers finding him already drunk kept him so and dragged him from place to place to record his vote for their candidate." Subsequently Poe was recognized and hurried to the hospital.

I quite fail to see why Mr. Ransome is taken to task for saying that the Baltimoreans found Poe drunk. One reviewer denounces this as a libel. Not at all. It suggests that the circumstance was remarkable. I know a famous poet who can be found sober. Stated thus, the circumstance is made to appear remarkable. It is.

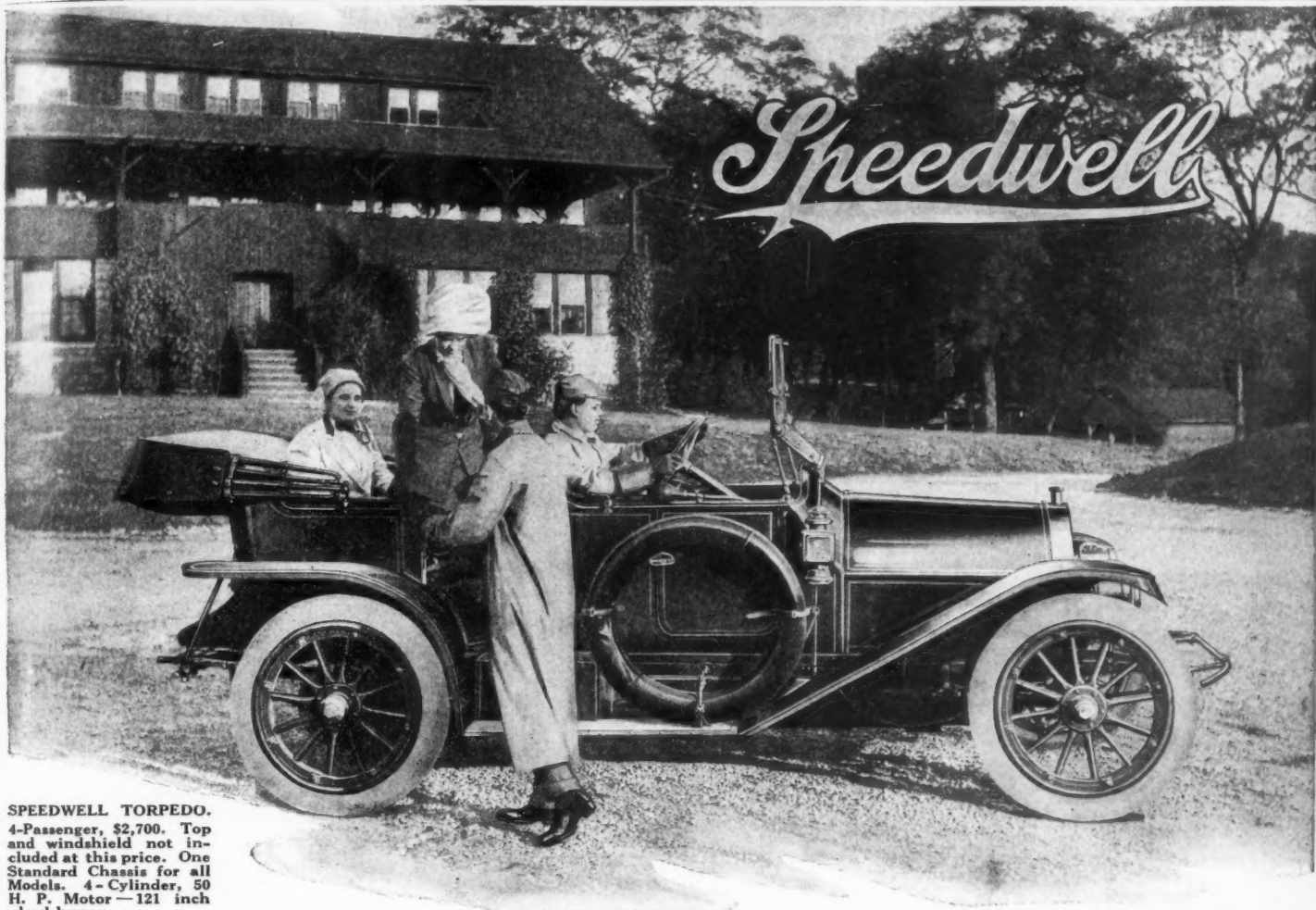
The Lure of the Antique

The only mortals whose furniture I envy are retired grocers. If ever I accumulate a competence by my efforts to imitate Gertrude Atherton, the retired grocer's style of furniture shall be mine. My stuffy little parlor shall have its bright green carpet on the floor, too, its enlarged crayon portraits of my parents on the walls, its upholstered suite of Grand Rapids furniture in horsehair black. The room shall be reserved for great occasions, like my wife's funeral and the visits of Edwin Markham. Such a parlor as the one I anticipate for my declining years, with its huge family Bible on a

(Continued on page 82)

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

Speedwell



SPEEDWELL TORPEDO.
4-Passenger, \$2,700. Top and windshield not included at this price. One Standard Chassis for all Models. 4-Cylinder, 50 H. P. Motor—121 inch wheel base.

You must spend \$4,000 to \$6,000 to buy the SPEEDWELL'S equal.

Speedwell motor cars maintain a middle ground in the matter of price—\$2,500 to \$2,900. They are honestly worth what they cost—they are worth much more than they cost according to current standards.

They are honestly worth what they cost, because they possess in an eminent degree that rare quality which constitutes so large a part of motor car value—the ability to withstand the extreme punishment to which motor cars are subjected.

To drive yourself, your family, your friends, in a car is a great responsibility—a responsibility that will rest lightly on your shoulders if you drive a Speedwell.

You never heard, did you, of a Speedwell axle breaking?

You never heard of a Speedwell steering gear failing in its purpose?

The Speedwell is impervious to those road shocks which are constantly putting the axles, the springs, the wheels, the steering gear, the frame, to the utmost heroic test.

Last year, for instance, a Covington, Ky., Speedwell owner, driving his car along the country road at the rate of fifty miles an hour, collided with a telegraph pole. Bent fenders and damaged radiator were the only evil results to the Speedwell.

With a motor car the unexpected is constantly happening.

Not under \$4,000 to \$6,000 will you find a car more certain to withstand the incidents and accidents of everyday road use than the Speedwell.

The Speedwell Motor Car Co., - 340 Essex Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

PRINCIPAL MODELS EXHIBITED MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

NEW YORK, JANUARY 7-14.

LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT

Safety In The Brakes

Safe design is often as important as proper materials. Thus, in Speedwell brakes we have put great braking area—one square inch of braking surface to each seven pounds of car. No other large car is so liberally provided—a margin of safety here that is reassuring.

Economy In Transmission Of Power

No other car delivers such a high proportion of power to the rear wheels as does the Speedwell. This has been proven by technical test. The straight line drive is one very important factor. There is no power loss through disalignment of the driving shafts from the motor to the rear axle—the drive line is straight.

An Example Of Superior Design

The Speedwell steering knuckle is provided with a roller-bearing that carries the weight of the car and makes steering remarkably easy. Contrast this with the usual practice—a straight bolt and plain bearing surface at this point—and you must appreciate the superiority of this Speedwell construction.

Our catalog will give you many other details of advanced constructional advantages in Speedwell cars.

Send To-day For This Literature

Fill out the form below and we will send our latest catalog of Speedwell cars in full colors. We will also put your name on our mailing list to receive our monthly magazine, "The Speedwell," a motor magazine devoted to the performances of Speedwell cars, together with valuable information in the care and upkeep of motor cars.

Coupon
Speedwell
Motor Car Co.

340 Essex Ave.,
Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me the literature referred to above.

Name.....

Address.....



The Marvel of Motordom

UNDER the crucial test of racing, no car has a record so uniformly good as the National. It has won during the season of 1910 in the speedway meets up to November 1st, twenty races, has taken twenty-seven second places and twenty-three third places.

☐ Among its victories are the Atlanta A. A. Trophy (200 miles for stock chassis); the Prest-O-Lite Trophy (100 miles for stock chassis), taking both first and second; the Indianapolis Gold Prize (200 miles), taking first, second and fourth; the Illinois trophy (203 miles on Elgin road course), taking first and fourth; Fairmount Park (205 miles), first in its class; the Algonquin hill climb and a number of national championships.

☐ Nationals ran second and third in the Elgin National (the next day after winning the Illinois trophy), ran third and fourth in the Vanderbilt, and are always well up to the front, if not winners.

☐ Most of these races were strictly stock events—and no National has ever evaded the stock rules one iota. In many of the longest races the Nationals ran without a stop. Some of these races and a great number of minor races throughout the country have been won by owners of National cars, not professional drivers.

☐ We know of no other car that uniformly shows such reliability, such speed, such power, such endurance.

1911 PRICES { Touring Car - }
 { Toy Tonneau - } \$2500
 { Speedway Roadster }
 Fore Door Touring and Toy Tonneau, \$2600



National Motor Vehicle Co.
 1021 East 22d Street
 INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Licensed under Selden Patent

Aftermath

'T WAS the month after Christmas,
 And Santa had flit;
 Came there tidings for father
 Which read: "Please remit!"

R. L. F.

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



"SOMEHOW THAT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD TO ME"

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 80)

little table between the front windows, gives me a sense of being treated like an important person each time a retired grocer welcomes me in one. Walter Alden Dyer has his covert sneer at such taste in "The Lure of the Antique," just issued by the Century Company. He goes into ecstasies over Chippendale chairs and Hepplewhite sofas as treasures within the reach of persons of the most moderate means. His volume is a guide to their accumulation, the most formidable attack ever made upon the retired grocer's type of parlor. Walter Alden Dyer would convert that venerable institution—the norm of all its variants—into a place from which the family are not excluded, a shrine of culture and of taste and a living room besides.

Now let us look at the subject from a visitor's point of view. The parlor furniture in a retired grocer's home is necessarily consecrated at present to visitors. It is the average man's equivalent for the throne room in a King's palace. The Siamese ambassadors, ushered into the presence of Louis XIV. at Versailles, were awed by the vastness and the stiffness of the hall of audience. Their reception amid such heavy and formal splendors afforded evidence that their arrival was no every-day event. Hence, upon entering the stuffy little parlor of the type I delight in, I, too, feel a consciousness of being honored as were those envoys from Bangkok, who came to the capital of the grand monarch during the regency of Anne of Austria. Louis XIV. made no more pretense of living in his hall of audience than does the greengrocer of spending all his time in the stuffy little parlor.

It would likewise hurt a man politically to accept the standard of taste laid down by Walter Alden Dyer in "The Lure of the Antique." When the national conventions of the great parties assemble quadrennially to name candidates for the presidency there is no trumpeting of favorite sons as devotees of Louis XIV. furniture. We

(Concluded on page 84)

TERRY'S MEXICO

A new, comprehensive and complete Guidebook (on the Baedeker plan) to Mexico. Pocket size. 850 pages. Fine Bible paper. 22 specially drawn Maps and plans in colors.

Adopted by the Mex. Gov't; all the Mex. Rlys.; by Thos. Cook & Sons; The Raymond Whitcomb Co.; The Gates Tours, and all the best Tourist Agencies, Rlys., S.S. Lines, etc.

Indispensable and immensely valuable to travelers. It will save its cost the first day it is used.

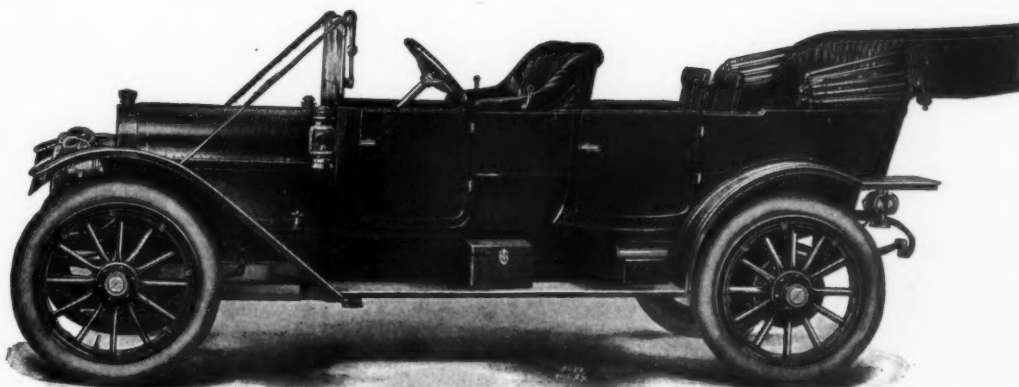
Price \$2.50 net, postpaid. Descriptive circular on request. All Bookstores.

SONORA NEWS COMPANY
 Calle de las Estaciones 12, Mexico City, Mexico.
Houghton Mifflin Co., 4 Park St., Boston

Perfect One-Thousand Mile Road
Score and Standard Oil Trophy
For Greatest Fuel Economy

WON BY THE

Cunningham



In designing and developing the Cunningham car our aim has been to produce an automobile of absolute dependability. In that respect we have succeeded well, and this, too, without sacrificing economy in operating expenses. Both of these statements are borne out by the fact that the Cunningham not only won a perfect road score in the Chicago Motor Club's five-day reliability contest, November 7-11, but won the Standard Oil Trophy for greatest fuel economy in the same event as well.

We are thoroughly familiar with the high quality and merits of the three or four American cars which are justly greatly esteemed by discriminating motor car buyers, and with this knowledge we do not hesitate to say that any man with an open mind, who will investigate the Cunningham, will find that it suffers in no feature by comparison with the best, and that, moreover, it is quite a step ahead in features tending to comfort, reliability, accessibility and economy of operation and maintenance.

Long Stroke, Large Valve Motor $4\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 124-inch Wheel Base, 36-inch Wheels, Unit Power Plant, Imported Mohair Top, Wind Shield, 5 Lamps, Prest-o-lite Tank, Tire Irons, 2 Extra Demountable Runs, Speedometer, Bosch Magneto, Shock Absorbers, Complete Set of Tools, Tire Kit, Robe and Foot-rails, Seven-passenger Touring Car, as shown in above cut, \$3,500.

We equip the same chassis also with Five-passenger Close-coupled Runabout, Limousine, Landalet, Coupe.

The literature descriptive of the Cunningham will be of great interest to anyone desiring an acquaintance with the latest design and engineering practice.

The James Cunningham, Son & Co., Desk H, 20 Canal St., Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.

Responsible and established dealers write for open territory.

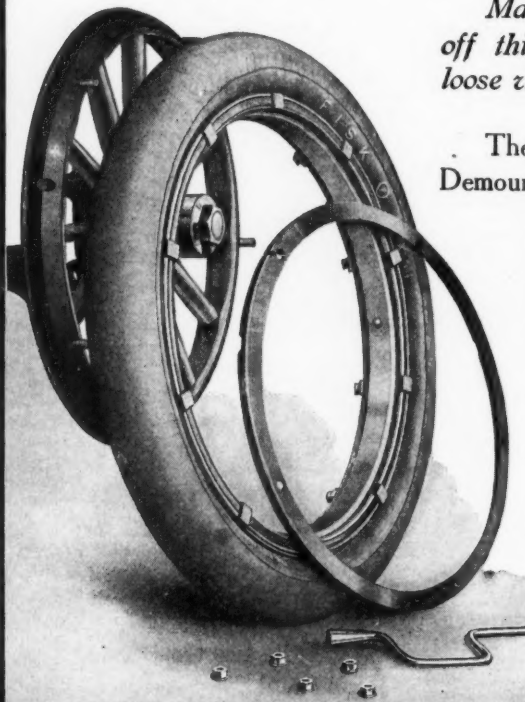
All Demountable Rims Are Successes In Print
All Demountable Rims Are Reasonably Quick. Sometimes

THE FISK REMOVABLE RIM

In Actual Service Is
Always Quick—Always Safe

It cannot stick because of rust or mud. No short staybolts—No excessive weight—No special tools required.

Mark this: A tire cannot blow off this rim, and there are no loose rings to fly off.



The FISK Rim was the pioneer Demountable. With details perfected, it is the same rim exhibited three years ago. An immediate success, it is and *always has been* the only altogether practical rim on the market

Investigate and Compare
Before You Order Tire
Equipment

The **FISK RUBBER
COMPANY**

Department S
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Twenty Direct Factory Branch Houses

The Literary Zoo

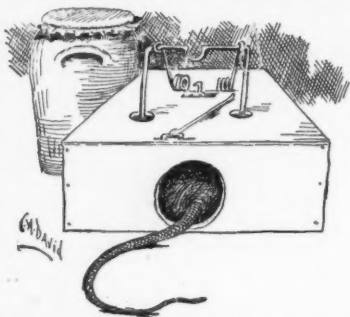
(Concluded from page 82)

shall not read of Governor Harmon in 1912 that he yields to the lure of the antique sufficiently to eat from colonial platters or to sleep on a Sheraton sofa. He will be shown to us in the act of haying or plowing. The photographs of his parlor will reveal no English armchairs of the seventeenth century, but a huge family Bible on a little table between the front windows, enlarged crayon portraits of his parents on the walls and an upholstered suite from Grand Rapids in horsehair black.

Getting Nowhere

Were I a bachelor, I should make love to a middle-aged woman. It would be necessary to let her suppose that I thought her twenty-five. She would be sure to insist that she was much older, whereupon my countenance would express the innocent wonder appropriate to the mental condition of a person taken completely by surprise. The middle-aged woman would not take my surprise seriously, but she would seem to. Women are such perfect actors—especially middle-aged women. That is because women, being women, must conceal their dispositions, whereas a man can always show his. The charm of courting a middle-aged woman, to get back to the point, is that she would not marry me to reform me. She would be disillusioned enough to ask me to reform her, being old enough to perceive the thing impossible. I would cunningly reply that much as she might need reform, I loved her for what she was. Matters would run on thus until she thought of suing me for breach of promise but refrained because I am too old a bird to write foolish letters to any woman. She would have no evidence to go into court with. So we'd get nowhere—just like Edith Wharton in *Tales of Men and Ghosts*.

Alexander Harvey.



"WITH A WELL DEFINED END IN VIEW"



Saves 50 per cent.
on Tire Expense
with less than
5 per cent.
added outlay

The Tire Problem Solved.

BY USING MYHTIB RUBBER TIRE PRESERVER

Applied like paint by anyone to outside of Tire Casings. Only one treatment required during life of tires. Makes Rubber impervious to oil, water or air. Reduces friction and heat, adds to resiliency, insures safety in riding.

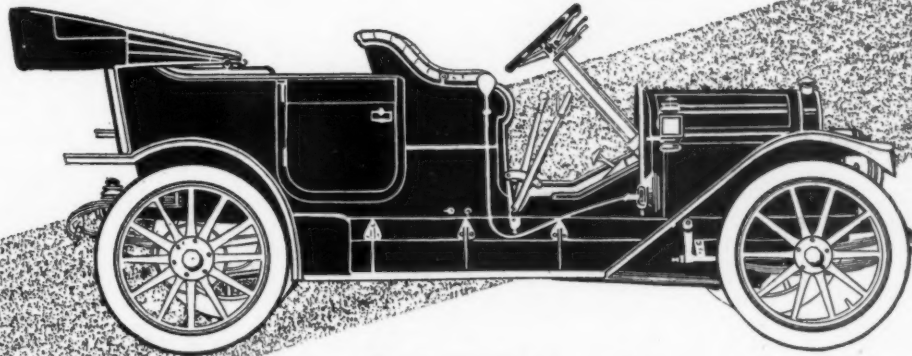
ADD 50% TO YOUR TIRE MILEAGE

Sold under the following guarantee: "Money refunded to Motorists buying 'Myhtib' of us, applying as directed to any new standard casing, who are not convinced of added mileage and satisfaction." Tested by leading Motorists for two years. Report of State Chemist and testimonials on application. Order of your dealer. If he cannot supply you, we will deliver, prepaid in the United States, for \$10.00, a complete outfit with brush, sufficient for four large tires or six small ones. Half Cases, \$5.00. Or add \$3.00 to regular price of any new standard casing, send to us and we will purchase and treat, shipping to you by prepaid express to prove our claims.

All Tires should be treated when laying up car for the winter, as "Myhtib" prevents decay of rubber.

ORDER TO-DAY. AGENTS WANTED.

MYHTIB RUBBER TIRE PRESERVER CO. Inc., : 341 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.



Five-Passenger Touring Car

THE Abbott-Detroit is the one car selling at \$1500 that has reached a perfect stage of standardization. By this we mean to say that, taking all that has been accomplished in motordom since the first automobile stood up, the Abbott-Detroit embodies, in every detail, the best that has been done. It is a composite revelation of perfections. Such mechanical excellence, such faithfulness to reproduce all the Blue Ribbon ideas, cannot be found in any other car at this price.

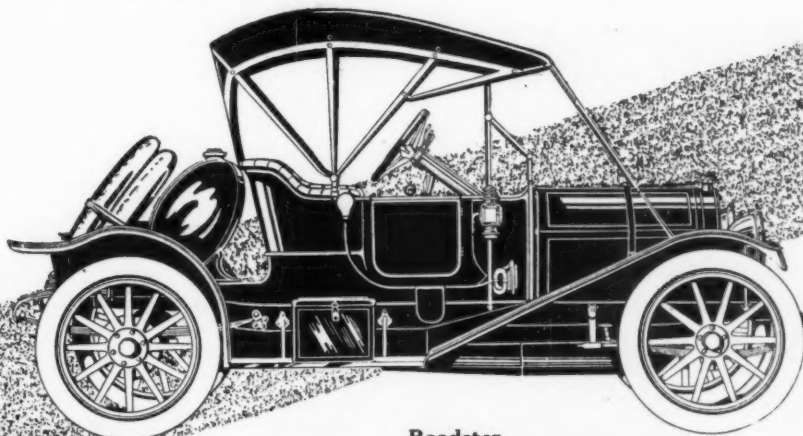
- Model B, Five-Passenger Touring Car, Standard Equipment, \$1500 F. O. B. Detroit.
- Fore-Door, Five-Passenger Touring Car, Standard Equipment, \$1550 F. O. B. Detroit.
- Roadster, Standard Equipment, \$1500 F. O. B. Detroit.
- Fore-Door, Demi-Tonneau (tonneau detachable), Standard Equipment, \$1650 F. O. B. Detroit.
- Coupe, Standard Equipment, \$2350 F. O. B. Detroit.



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

Our Illustrated Catalog—The Book of Abbott-Detroit—upon request.

Abbott Motor Co.
120 Waterloo Street, Detroit, Michigan.



Roadster



ALL MODELS EXHIBITED 11th ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW, GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 31—JANUARY 7, Ground Floor, Section N.

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

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



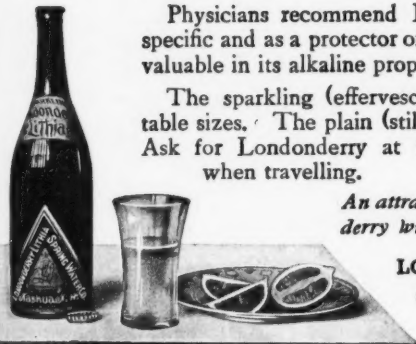
Londonderry

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

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

An attractive brochure on Londonderry will be mailed on request.

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



Do the Letters You Mail
to the world look as well as the best
letters the world mails to you?

Old Hampshire Bond

will put you on a reciprocal basis with your
most fastidious correspondent.

Let us send you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It contains suggestions for letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond.

Write for it on your present
letterhead. Address

Hampshire Paper Co.
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making
bond paper exclusively



LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on

January



5 Your future wife will become stage-struck in the third year of your married life. You will wish that the authors of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Camille" had been poisoned in childhood.

5

Your future husband will be extremely near-sighted, but you won't accept that as an excuse when you find him kissing your best friend.



6 Your future wife will have a fear of drafts, and as you are a lover of fresh air the domestic life in your home will consist mostly of opening and closing windows.

6

Your future husband will be elected coroner, and being vain of the fact will insist on your dressing up and occupying a front seat at every inquest to give tone to the occasion.



7 Your future wife will be a most unreasonable person and object to your bringing your mother and five maiden sisters to live with you.

7

Your future husband will be a reformed rabbi, and you will have to endure being cut off from the acquaintance of all your Jewish neighbors.



8 Your future wife will not know enough to come in when it rains, so you will be compelled to see that she is equipped with mackintosh, galoshes and umbrella every time she goes out.

8

Your future husband will believe in corporal punishment for wives. It will be wise for you to perfect yourself in the manly art of self-defence.



9 Your future wife will be of a devout turn of mind and her neglect of household duties for those of religion will make you regret that you weaned her from her original intention of becoming a nun.

9

Your future husband will be color-blind and offend your sense of the artistic by wearing pink neckties at funerals.



10 Your future wife will be wealthy but with an aversion to second marriages. Her will will give you an embarrassing choice between perpetual widowhood and working for your living.

10

Your future husband will wear a toupée, ostensibly because of a fear of catching cold, but really because he hasn't the courage to sit in the front row of a theatre without one.



11 Your future wife will be a literary woman with a bright mind, but weird ideas of dressing.

11

Your future husband will be an habitual punster. The jury in your case will bring in a verdict of justifiable homicide.





"The Tire That Lasts"

A Car Is No Stronger Than Its Weakest Tire

The very best car imaginable is a good car or a poor car exactly in proportion to its tire equipment. This is another way of emphasizing the importance of careful discrimination in specifying the tires. Buying a car is an event which calls for and is given painstaking study, investigation and judgment. Usually little or no question is raised with regard to the tires.

To say the least, the best car in the world is only an indifferent car equipped with indifferent tires. And any car is a better car the minute there is between it and the road a set of tires bearing the trade name

HARTFORD

"The Tire That Lasts"

Because of the years of experience behind this product—and experience, by the way, is the most important ingredient in any pneumatic tire.

Experiment is a thing that the user of Hartford Tires does not have to contend with.

The Hartford Dunlop Tire is the oldest tire in America, made for Americans, American Cars and American Road conditions.

Buy the best car your best judgment tells you is best, and equip it at once with the best tires you can buy—**Hartford Tires**.

We make Dunlops, Clinchers, Quick Detachables, Non-Skid (Midgley) Tires—all of the very best material, tested and proven by years of experience on the road on all sorts of cars under all sorts of conditions.

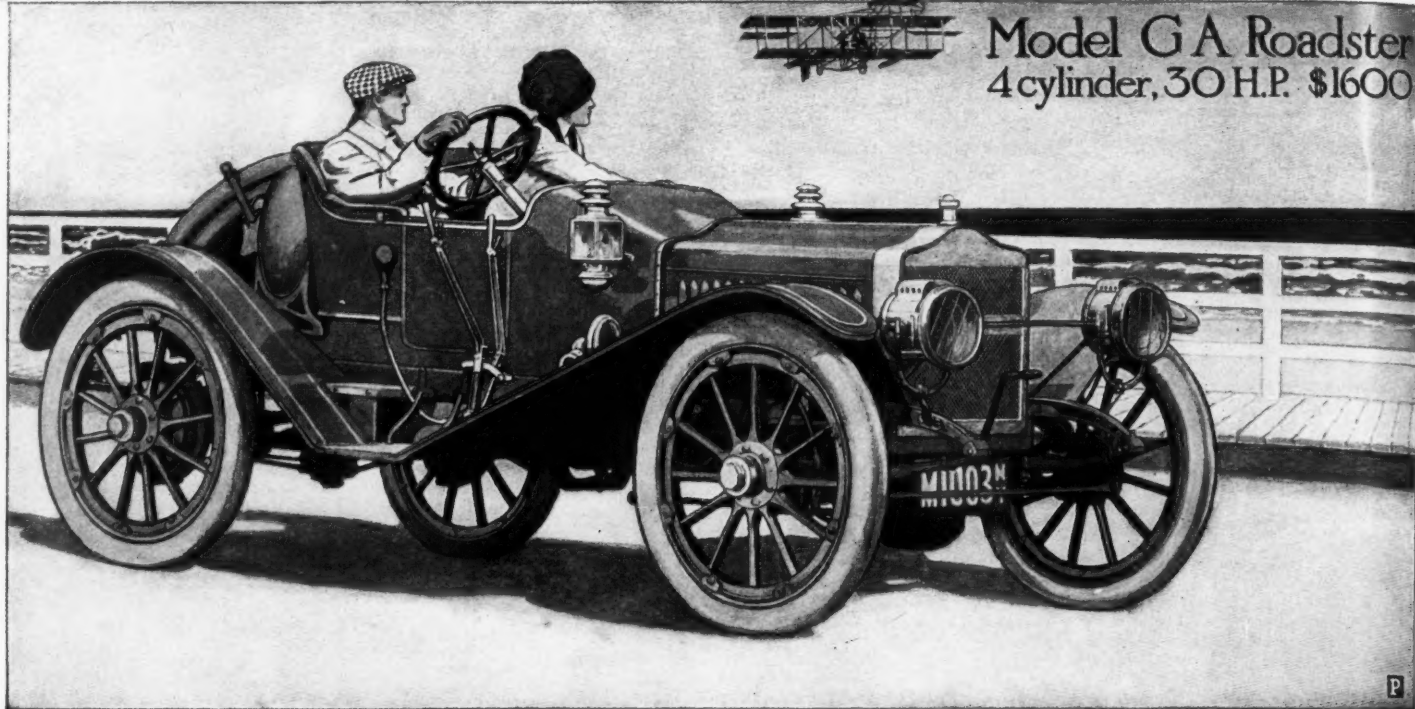
THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS COMPANY
HARTFORD, CONN.

BRANCHES—New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland, Denver, Atlanta, Ga., Minneapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Dallas, Texas, St. Louis, Mo.
AGENCIES—Chanslor & Lyon Motor Supply Co., San Francisco, Cal., Los Angeles, Cal., Fresno, Cal., Seattle, Wash., Spokane, Wash.; F. P. Keenan Company, Portland, Ore.; Jos. Woodwell Company, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mercantile Lumber & Supply Co., Kansas City, Mo.

WE SELL CONTINENTAL DEMOUNTABLE RIMS

PERFECTLY SIMPLE - SIMPLY PERFECT

Maxwell



Model G A Roadster
4 cylinder, 30 H.P. \$1600



HIS newest Maxwell model more completely realizes the Maxwell ideal than any previous model—to build a practical utility car which is more than a pleasure car.

It is a car which will do all that is expected of a pleasure car, and at the same time can be used profitably in your business, because it is a time-saver and can be economically operated. It is a dependable car, able to render 365-day service every year. It is a comfortable car, roomy, rest inviting, easy riding, ideal for touring.

In addition to providing these essentials, it has the virtue of Maxwell mechanical simplicity, which insures satisfactory service. It has some decidedly new features which are unmistakable advantages, proven by the most vigorous tests.

You ought to see this newest Maxwell, you ought to own one. If you would know more about the advantages of Maxwell, write to us. Just say, "Mail Books." We will send you information about our complete line, including a car for every use.

SALE OF MAXWELLS TO DATE

Sold to Oct. 31, 1910 - - -	89,156
Sold during Nov. 1910 - - -	1,254
Maxwells in use today - - -	40,410

WATCH THE FIGURES GROW

**MAXWELL-BRISCOE
MOTOR CO. WACO STREET
TARRYTOWN, N. Y.**

Licensed under Selden Patent Member A. L. A. M.

MAXWELL FACTORIES

NEWCASTLE - - -	IND.
PROVIDENCE - - -	R. I.
TARRYTOWN - - -	N. Y.
KINGSLAND POINT - - -	N. Y.

How Motorists Lose Millions by Not Knowing Tires

Goodyear tire sales just trebled last year—jumped to 8½ million dollars. Yet these patented tires, for most of the year, cost 20% more than other good tires. All because Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires get rid of rim-cutting entirely. And because Goodyear tires are 10% oversize. These two fea-

tures together double the worth of a tire. Now these premier tires—because of enormous production—cost the same as other standard tires. And 64 leading motor car makers have contracted for them for 1911. Motor car owners can save millions of dollars by learning about these tires.

No Rim-Cutting

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires absolutely eliminate all danger of rim-cutting. And that ruins more tires than any other one cause. Let us explain how one Goodyear invention gets rid of this trouble entirely



The picture shows an ordinary tire—a clincher quick-detachable—fitted in a standard universal rim. This is the rim adopted by all the big rim makers. The same principle is used in demountable rims.

All clincher tires have these hooks on the base. The rim flanges, with such tires, must be turned to hook inward—to grasp hold of this hook in the tire. That's how the tires are held on.

Note how the thin hook of the rim then digs into the tire. That is what causes rim-cutting. When the tire is deflated, as shown in the picture, it comes right against that thin edge. That's why driving one block on a flat tire may wreck it beyond repair.

The Goodyear Way

The next is a Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire fitted in the same universal rim. The movable rim flanges are simply reversed to curve outward when you use this tire. For the Goodyear No-Rim-

Cut tire has no hooks on the base—nothing to fit into these rim flanges.



The 63 Braided Wires

When the tire is deflated, as shown in the picture, it comes against the rounded edge. Rim-cutting is simply impossible.

We have sold half a million No-Rim-Cut tires. We have run them deflated in a hundred tests—as far as 20 miles—with never one instance of rim-cutting.

How We Control It

Unless a tire is to be hooked to the rim the base must be made unstretchable. And we control the only practical way to make an unstretchable base.

We do it by running 63 braided piano wires through the base on each side. Nothing whatever can stretch the tire over the rim.

When the tire is inflated those braided wires contract. The tire is then held to

the rim by a pressure of 134 pounds to the inch. It can't creep on the rim, and no tire bolts are needed to hold it on.

Other makers—to meet the competition—run a single wire through the base, or use a hard rubber base. But neither device will do. The braided wires alone contract under inflation, and that is essential in a safe hookless tire.

Goodyear Tires 10% Oversize

Another fact is that Goodyear tires average 10 per cent oversize. That means 10 per cent more tire to carry the load. It means, on the average, 25 per cent additional mileage with no extra cost.

This oversize is vital, for motor car makers—in these days of close figuring—rarely provide a tire large enough for any extra load. When you add extras to your car—such as top, glass front, gas tank, gas lamps, etc.—you overload the tires. The result is a blow-out, and it often occurs while the tire is new.

Goodyear tires take care of these extras, because of their oversize. That fact alone, on the average car, will save 25 per cent on tire bills.

These tires which can't rim-cut cost this year just the same as tires that do. These oversize tires cost the same as skimpy tires. You can avoid all this trouble—save all this expense—by simply insisting on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Please ask for our book, "How to Select an Automobile Tire." It explains a dozen other reasons why Goodyear tires are best.



The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Wayne St. Akron, Ohio

We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires

Branches and Agencies in all the Principal Cities

Canadian Factory: Bowmanville, Ontario

Main Canadian Office: Toronto, Ontario

Solarclipse— The Motor Lamp With. Town and Country Beams



Solarclipse

In the city, where searchlight beams are undesirable or forbidden by law, the Solarclipse long-beam can be shut off—from the driver's seat while running—without affecting the city-

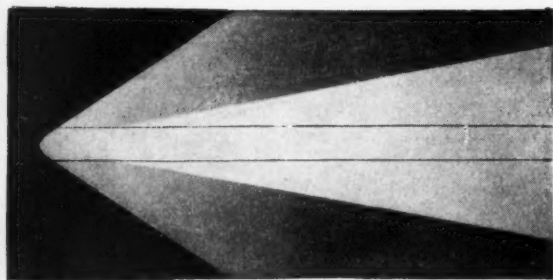
beam in the slightest. You have in Solarclipse always the right light where you want it and when you want it. It is without any doubt the most satisfactory light in existence.

Solarclipse alone is equipped with the new gold plate reflector, giving a golden ray, like sunlight. Safety in country riding demands a reliable light. Solarclipse gives two distinct fields of light—a long beam, **sunlike** in its unwavering brilliancy and of searchlight power, illuminating the road far into the distance—and a "city" beam or "short-range" light.

The city beam is a generously wide light, practically enabling the driver to "see 'round the corner." Used in connection with the country beam it makes Solarclipse **two lamps in one**—a lamp that affords a clear road-view for the entire distance from directly in front of the car to the farthest point reached by the long beam.

In rounding a curve, with the long beam off at a tangent, the widely **diffused** area of **nearby** illumination is of immense value.

When You Buy a Car Insist Upon SOLAR LAMPS



Solar Lamps are supplied as regular equipment by most of the makers of high-grade cars in America. They feel that Solar Lamps are necessities. Any maker will get them if you **insist** on it. You might as well have the best lamp that's made. No other lamp begins to compare with a Solar.

Write for the catalog showing the many sizes and styles. Address either office.

KENOSHA, WIS. **Badger Brass Mfg. Co.** NEW YORK CITY

(102)

Glendale-on-the-Erie

(Continued from page 65)

don't have to sit up all night and listen to the engine—but I cannot! For alas! I am only a poor clerk, with a small salary!"

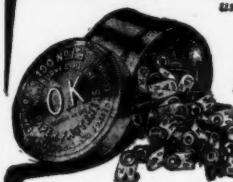
"Never mind," she replied. "Thank you so much for thinking of me. I appreciate it, I assure you."

She put her hand timidly on his arm.

"Pardon me," she said. "About

what hour would you like to be at your office in the morning?"

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



75,000,000

SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

Trade O.K. Mark

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 fasteners each. **HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Slipping, NEVER** All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade. **The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.** NY 12

"At five minutes of nine."

"Then there is no time to lose. You must go back to the station."

"But I've only been here fifteen minutes!"

"That is as long as any man of business stays in Glendale at night. There! I hear the train coming into the station now. You can make it if you run. Good-by. I've enjoyed your call so much. It's been awfully jolly to have you here. Take along these malted milk tablets. They contain nearly ninety per cent. of protein. You will sleep better."

As Cortly reached the station the train had already left it on its way to New York, but by walking briskly he overtook it and threw himself wearily into the rear coach.

* * *

At noon the next day, not having stopped to change his clothes, he walked into his office.

The manager looked at him coldly. "You are discharged," he said frigidly. "Tardiness in our employees is inexcusable."

"Will no explanation suffice?"

"None. Draw your pay and go."

All hope was over. The beautiful girl whom he longed to rescue would remain sequestered for lack of funds. He was in the same position as the Erie, nothing to raise money on—not even good-will.

(Concluded on page 91)

All over America

White Rock

The MOST POPULAR WATER

CO
The
you do.
to warm
us cast-
We are
Our ultim
ENCE.
undertak
THE
PROV
R. Fulton

TABET'S TOURS TO EGYPT AND ORIENT

Cairo Office: Opposite Savoy Hotel.

Parties limited to ten persons. Sailing Jan. 7, 21, Feb. 13. Private guides and carriages provided for each family. Special facilities offered to private families for independent travel on the

NILE

Rates, booklet on request.

TABET'S TOURS COMPANY, 399 Fifth Avenue, New York

Glendale-on-the-Erie

(Concluded from page 90)

Hurrying to his lonely apartment he did the only thing possible under any circumstances. He flung himself on his chair and, leaning over his desk, buried his face in his hands.*

Suddenly he listened. Steps were coming up the stairs. The door was flung open. Three men stood before him.

"Who are you?" he asked vaguely.

"I," said the first man, "am a reporter. I want from your own lips the story of how you braved the rigors of the Erie, and visited Glendale at night—the first New Yorker who ever attempted the feat."

"And I," said the second man, "am a publisher. Here is advance payment on your book called the 'Hero of the Erie,' and he drew a couple of thousand dollars out and placed the contract before Cortly.

"And I," said the third man, "am head of a lecture bureau."

Cortly rose and bowed.

"Excuse me a few moments, gentlemen," he said, "and I will let you know my decision."

He went out to the long-distance telephone booth. When he returned he said:

"Gentlemen, I accept all of your propositions with pleasure. And now will you come to my wedding?"

"When and where will it be?"

"At Glendale-on-the-Erie; at the bride's house on the arrival of the noon train from New York—that is some time between noon and midnight

* Copyrighted phrase.



Shaft or Enclosed Chain Drive —as You Choose

Rauch & Lang Electrics may be procured with shaft or enclosed chain drive.

This allows all who have preferences to suit themselves in regard to the drive and still have the exquisite finish and style which distinguishes all Rauch & Lang cars.

Both drives are noiseless, efficient and strong.

Both are produced in our factory, where every process is carefully watched. The Rauch & Lang name stands back of the car no matter what method is used for transmission.

Exide Battery (standard equipment), "Ironclad" Exide or Edison Batteries can be furnished, if desired. Tires—Palmer Web Pneumatic or Rauch & Lang Motz Cushion.

These options mean that whatever your mechanical ideas may be, they can be had in Rauch & Lang cars, the notable cars for style and appointments.

There are Rauch & Lang agents in all the principal cities. Telephone for demonstrations or write direct for catalog to factory.

THE RAUCH & LANG CARRIAGE COMPANY
2271 West 25th St. Cleveland, Ohio

*Rauch & Lang
Electrics*

(61)

COAL \$12 PER TON!

The poor buy it by the pail, paying twice what you do. EVERY DOLLAR you give through us to warm them GETS TO THEM promptly. Send us cast-off clothing, especially for men and boys. We are seeking to relieve the poor, the sick, the unemployed. Our ultimate purpose is to restore families to INDEPENDENCE. Help us to do this. It is a great but not hopeless undertaking.

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR

R. Fulton Cutting, Pres. Robt. Shaw Minturn, Treas.

Room 200, 105 E. 22nd St., New York.

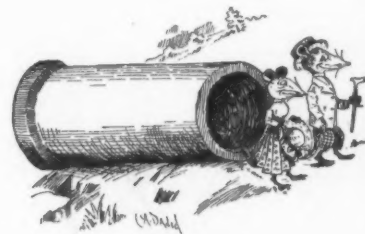
(A. I. C. P.)

—if the engine holds out. Guests are requested not to send flowers, as they will fade before being received."

The reporter bowed.

"Speaking for all of us," he said, "we must respectfully decline. Just because you've won fame and fortune is no reason why we should join your rescuing party and stand the chance of losing our jobs."

Thomas L. Masson.



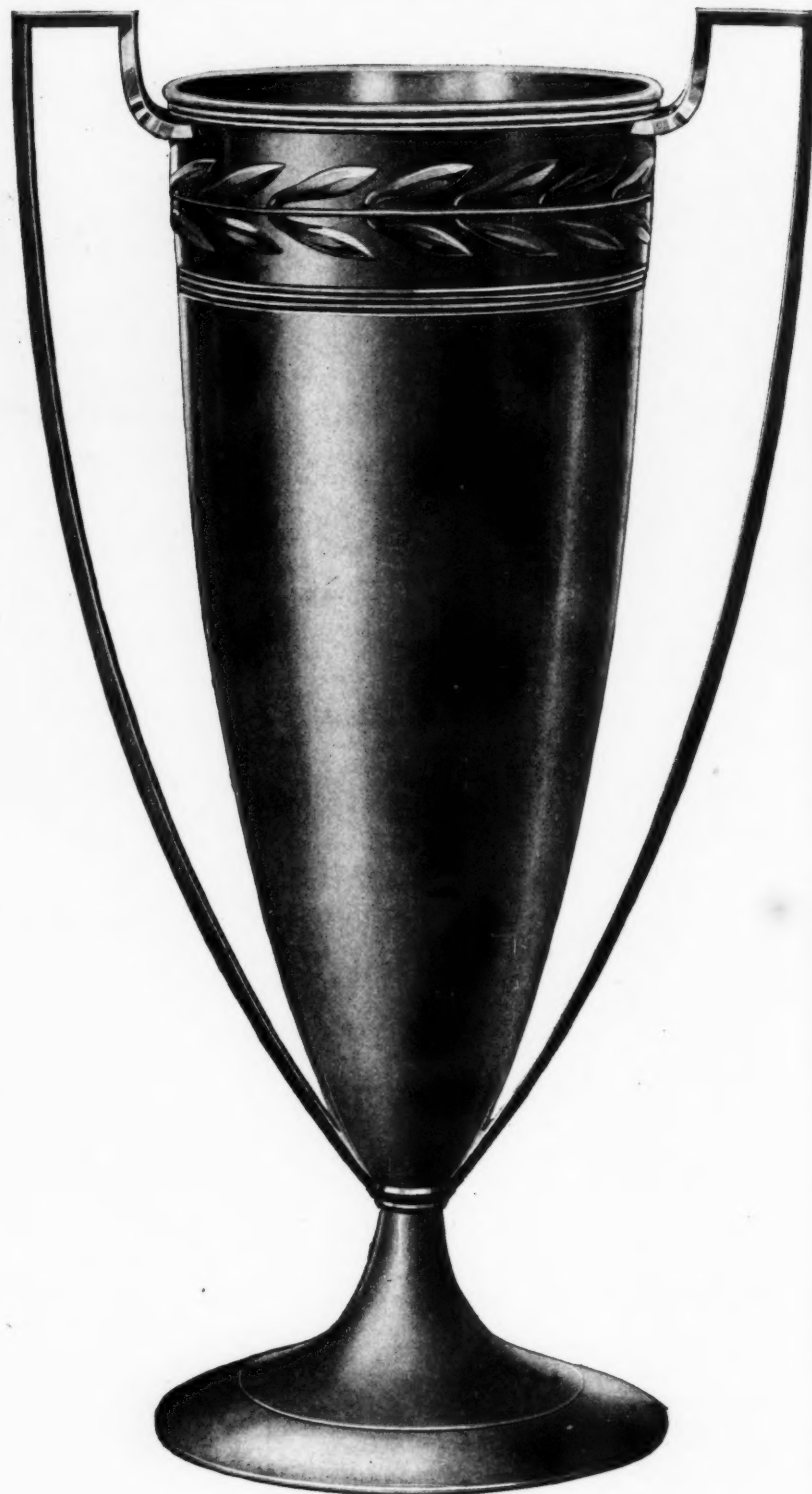
"YOU NAUGHTY BOY! I'LL NEVER WALK THROUGH A TUNNEL WITH YOU AGAIN!"

Life's Great Auto Race

*Open to all
Automobile
Advertisers*

Locomobile.....	2,940 lines
Rambler.....	2,520 lines
Baker Electric.....	1,680 lines
Oldsmobile.....	1,680 lines
White.....	1,680 lines
Columbia.....	1,260 lines
Hupmobile.....	1,260 lines
Hupp-Yeats.....	1,260 lines
McFarlan.....	1,260 lines
Franklin.....	1,260 lines
Maxwell-Briscoe.....	1,260 lines
Overland.....	1,260 lines
Stearns.....	1,260 lines
Anderson.....	1,064 lines
Peerless.....	1,054 lines
Haynes.....	868 lines
Abbott Motor.....	840 lines
Chalmers.....	840 lines
Cunningham.....	840 lines
Hudson Motor.....	840 lines
Thomas.....	840 lines
Premier.....	672 lines
Rauch & Lang.....	672 lines
Kelly Motor.....	658 lines
Reo.....	644 lines
Stevens-Duryea.....	644 lines
Speedwell.....	525 lines
Alco.....	448 lines
Marmon.....	448 lines
Waverley.....	448 lines
Carhart.....	420 lines
Corbin Motor.....	420 lines
Stoddard-Dayton.....	420 lines
U. S. Motor.....	420 lines
Correja.....	336 lines
Atlas.....	224 lines
National Motor.....	224 lines
Brewster.....	210 lines
Club Car.....	210 lines
Moon Motor.....	210 lines
	<hr/>
	41,899 lines

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



This is a reproduction, in full size, of the solid gold cup which will be presented to the winner of the contest.

LIFE IN A MOTOR CAR MADE DOUBLY ENJOYABLE



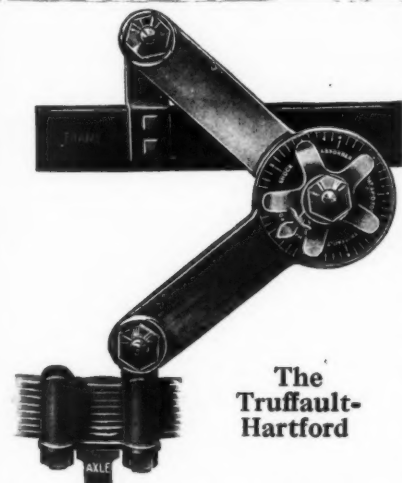
Motoring, Without the Jolts and Jars—

You realize it as soon as you ride in a car that is equipped with the

Truffault-Hartford SHOCK ABSORBER

Then, any road can be negotiated in comfort. Ruts and bumps, cross-roads and culverts, cobblestones and railway tracks are no longer bug-bears. With a Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorber beside each spring, positively controlling its **upward** and **downward** movements, preventing violence in either direction, without detracting a mite from its flexibility, life in a motor is made **doubly** enjoyable.

The **smooth, even, wavy** motion of a Truffault-Hartford-equipped car is indescribably pleasant. Learn the feel of it. Equip your car without risk of dissatisfaction. Try the Truffault-



The
Truffault-
Hartford

Hartford thirty days with the assurance that it **must** make good or we will. Write, mentioning make, year and model.

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

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY

EDW. V. HARTFORD, Pres.

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The Sign
of the Truffault-
Hartford Agency



You've seen all the 1911 cars---let's with the \$900 Hupmobile

In the ensuing text-matter we have admitted to comparison with the Hupmobile any and every other car you might learn to look, in other cars, for those features—life-long guarantee, wheel-base, transmission, and sliding gear—make the price of the Hupmobile remarkable. With these Hupmobile features lacking, your lower price is a mechanical advantage with which you cannot afford to dispense.

You know, now, what you can expect from every motor car manufacturer in America for 1911.

If any other car offers you as much for \$900 as the Hupmobile, even in external values, you can easily find it out.

Let us call the roll of cars, therefore, which might seem to compete at an approximate price, and make comparisons.



START OF THE WORLD TOURING HUPMOBILE.

In the Hawaiian Islands at present is the World Touring Hupmobile—one of the first touring cars built—which left Detroit in November on its 40,000-mile journey around the world. This car started from Detroit with an escort of nearly forty other new Hupmobiles—touring cars, torpedo cars and a coupe—which accompanied it to Chicago. These cars were driven by Hupmobile dealers in Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin; and their successful run of 300 miles from Detroit to Chicago constituted the most unique test ever imposed upon so many new cars at the same time. The world car laid out a new route across this continent; and will visit practically every civilized country on the globe before returning to Detroit. Its itinerary includes, beyond Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, China, India, Australia, New Zealand, North and South Africa, the principal capitals of Europe and England.

You have a pardonable pride in the appearance of your car, so we'll take the question of looks first.

Summon up a mental photograph of the costliest cars, and ask yourself if there is one more graceful and smart than the Hupmobile?

With the beautiful low-hung body of the Hupmobile clearly in mind, look about you, then, for equal symmetry in cars sold at a similar figure, or for \$500 more money.

We know what your conclusion will be, so we cheerfully urge you on to the next comparison—the question of size.

Be sure to bear this in mind—the wheelbase measurement—because wheelbase inches cost money, and there can be no comparison of value between the Hupmobile at \$900 and any other car, unless the latter equals it in length.

The Hupmobile wheelbase is 110 inches—the precise size of the finest four-passenger French and Italian cars whose general lines it follows, and it is the only 110-inch car sold in America under \$1000.

The question of length being disposed of, make your next comparison on the score of transmission and ignition.

Again, no comparison can be made between the Hupmobile at \$900 and any other car, unless the latter includes the sliding gear transmission and the Bosch magneto.

To eliminate these two vital features (which are found in any car under \$1000 save the Hupmobile) would mean a saving of nearly \$200 to the manufacturer, and that amount you must deduct from the price of any car which lacks them.

So you have now in the Hupmobile at \$900 the long guarantee; the extra wheelbase (at an additional cost of \$10 for every inch over 100 inches); the sliding gear transmission and the Bosch magneto.

The next thing to look for is the shock-absorber—the front springs—tremendously important in determining the riding qualities of the car.

Pass on, then, to the character of the leather, and be sure that it is up to the fine machine-finished standard of the Hupmobile.

Wheelbase, transmission, magneto, shock-absorber, upholstery—a possible difference here of \$500—any car ten inches shorter than the Hupmobile at \$400 in excess of Hupmobile cost, which must be deducted from the selling price of that other car before an equitable comparison can be made.

Now—sum up all these external advantages, and emphasize them with the lifelong guarantee, and to them the low cost of upkeep experienced by thousands of Hupmobile owners.

Is there much room to doubt that the Hupmobile at \$900 is the car you want?

Hupp Motor Car Company, Dept. J Detroit, Mich. Licensed under Selden Patent

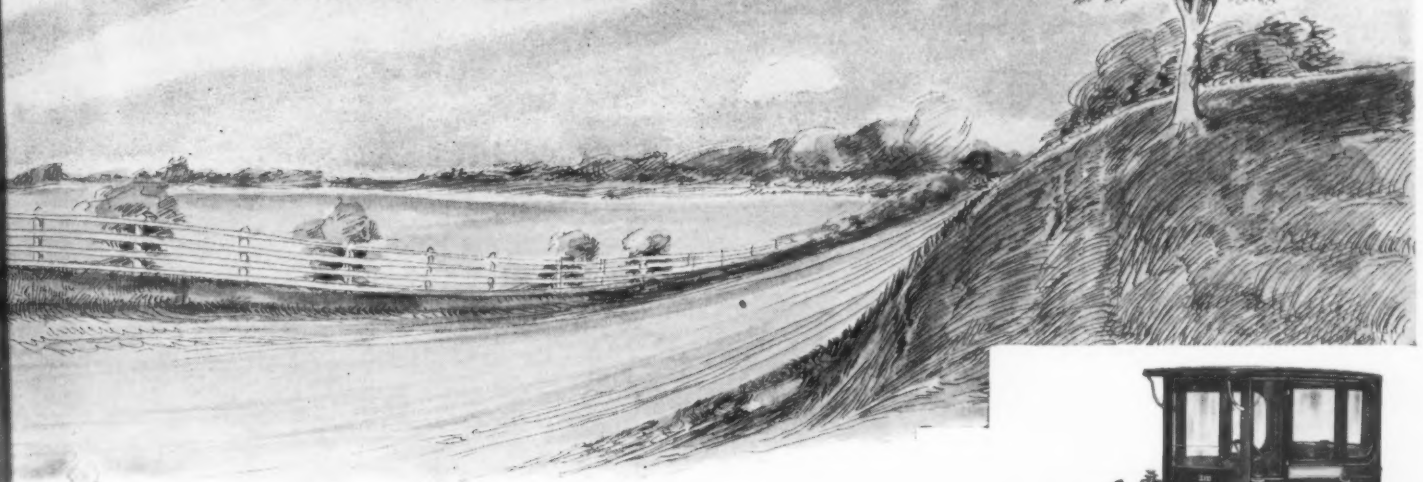
ALL MODELS SHOWN AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN JANUARY 7th TO 14th

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· LIFE ·

Hupmobile

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE



...le's compare them now ...be Touring Car

...hich makes the appeal of a low price. But we have done so only that
...magneto, shock absorbers, upholstery, smartness of design—which
...ould avail nothing, because you would miss positive comforts and

The Guarantee for Life

The Hupp Motor Car Company guarantees the Hupmobile free from defects in material or workmanship, during the life of the car, and will replace, free of charge, any such defective material when returned to its factory for inspection, transportation prepaid. This guarantee does not cover tires.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY

GENERAL SPECIFICATIONS

A glance through the Hupmobile mechanical details below will tell you why this car is ranked with those of much higher price. In the Hupmobile you find a motor patterned after the small-bore French and Italian engines, which are accomplishing wonderful things; offset crankshaft; sliding gears; multiple disc clutch; drop-forged front axle; Bosch magneto and thermo-syphon cooling. In other words, the Hupmobile incorporates engineering practices and ideas which are accepted and have been proved best by the leading and oldest automobile manufacturers of this country and Europe.

RUNABOUT

power plant. Four cylinder, 20 H. P. motor; 3 1/4-inch bore, 3 1/2-inch stroke; offset crank shaft; valves on left side. Positive sliding gear transmission, two speeds forward and reverse. Lubricated from crank case. Multiple disc clutch, enclosed in gear case and running in oil. Roller bearings on outer ends of rear axle. 2 foot and 2 emergency brakes. Internal expanding, on rear wheels. Drop forged front axle, I-beam section, integral spring seats. Frame of pressed steel channel section. Semi-elliptic front springs, patented cross spring in rear. Bosch feed, automatic carburetor, accelerator pedal; hand throttle under steering wheel.

Bosch high tension magneto. No battery, coil or complicated wiring. Thermo-syphon system of water circulation for cooling. Front and rear tires, 30 x 3 inches. Wheel-base, 86 inches. Tread, 56 inches. Body Hupp blue, white striping. Wheels gray. Oil lamps for dash and rear, horn and tools, regular equipment. Top, windshield, gas lamps, tank or generator extra. Weight, regular equipment, 1200 lbs. Price, \$750 F. O. B. Detroit.

TOURING CAR

Same as Runabout, except: Wheel-base 110 inches, heavier frame, vanadium steel rear spring, metal body, seating four. Tufted upholstery. Hupp blue on body, white striping; gray wheels and gray panels on doors. Doors open forward.

Regular equipment, gas headlights and generator, shock absorbers on front springs, oil dash and tail lamps, horn and tools. Top, windshield and speedometer extra. Weight, regular equipment, 1600 pounds. Price, \$900 F. O. B. Detroit.

COUPE

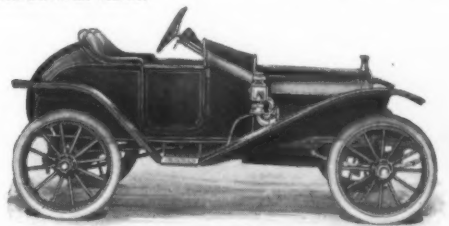
Same as Runabout, except: Body of metal, fully enclosed and storm proof. Hupp blue, white stripes; gray wheels and gray panels on doors. Doors open forward. Standard equipment includes electric headlights, combination oil and electric side and tail lamps, dome light, folding dash seat for a third person, shock absorbers in front. Tires, 30 x 3 inches; rear, 31 x 3 1/2 inches. Weight, 1600 pounds. Price, \$1100 F. O. B. Detroit.

Same as Runabout, except: Gear ratio 3 1/2 to 1, giving speed of 55 miles an hour. Metal body, with gasoline tank enclosed. Absolute protection from mud and dust. Standard colors and equipment same as Runabout. Tires 30 x 3 inches front and rear. Weight 1300 pounds with standard equipment. Price, \$850 F. O. B. Detroit.



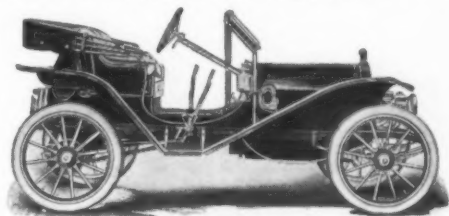
HUPMOBILE COUPE—\$1100.

One of the cars in the big escort of the World Touring Car was a Coupe, which was driven from Detroit to Hammond, Ill., by its owner, a physician of the latter place. In traveling 240 miles over the roads of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, without a moment's trouble and holding the 30-mile pace set by touring cars and torpedoes, this car very conclusively disposes of a more or less general idea that a coupe is only for use on smooth city streets. The Hupmobile Coupe is a luxuriously elegant car, with ample room for three persons, and affords complete protection from the weather.



HUPMOBILE TORPEDO—\$850.

The chassis of this car is the same as that of the Runabout. In gear ratio, the Torpedo is 3 1/2 to 1, which affords a speed of 55 miles per hour. The smartness and trimness which distinguished the Hupmobile Runabout from the first are featured in the lines of the Torpedo. The metal body encloses the gasoline tank at the rear, and protects the occupants from mud, dust and wind.



HUPMOBILE RUNABOUT—\$750.

Since the Runabout first made its appearance, three new Hupmobile types have been evolved—but the popularity of the Runabout continues unabated. Many men who first bought Hupmobile Runabouts are buying Touring Cars or Coupes for the use of other members of the family, but keep the Runabouts for their own individual uses, particularly for getting about during business hours. In every city, scores of men in practically every line of business have found the Hupmobile Runabout well-nigh indispensable; and more farmers are added daily to the long list of Runabout owners. A year ago three Hupmobile Runabouts were driven from Detroit to New York through the winter's deepest snows. The story has been told in a handsome booklet, which will be mailed to you upon request.



OUR automobile tire service does not begin and end with making good tires at Akron. We see to it that users can secure any size of tire in over 100 different Goodrich places in America, and in Canada, Mexico, England and France; also from the great majority of dealers everywhere.

In addition to our Branch Houses, we have established no less than 32 new "Tire Depots" for the service of *Dealers*. Each Depot contains a fresh, complete stock of all sizes ready for immediate delivery. By means of this "dealers' service system" any dealer can secure for users of

GOODRICH TIRES

just the size and type of tire desired, without delay. The advantages to tourists, local residents and the dealers are apparent. No other tire manufacturer affords such a complete service.

Wherever you are, you need the *best* tires. The Goodrich system of distribution enables you to get them.



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FREE Let me send you a remarkable treatment for Baldness, Dandruff, Gray Hair, etc., at my own expense. It will surprise and delight you. Write to-day to

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LORRIMER INSTITUTE
Dept. 3002 Baltimore, Md.**

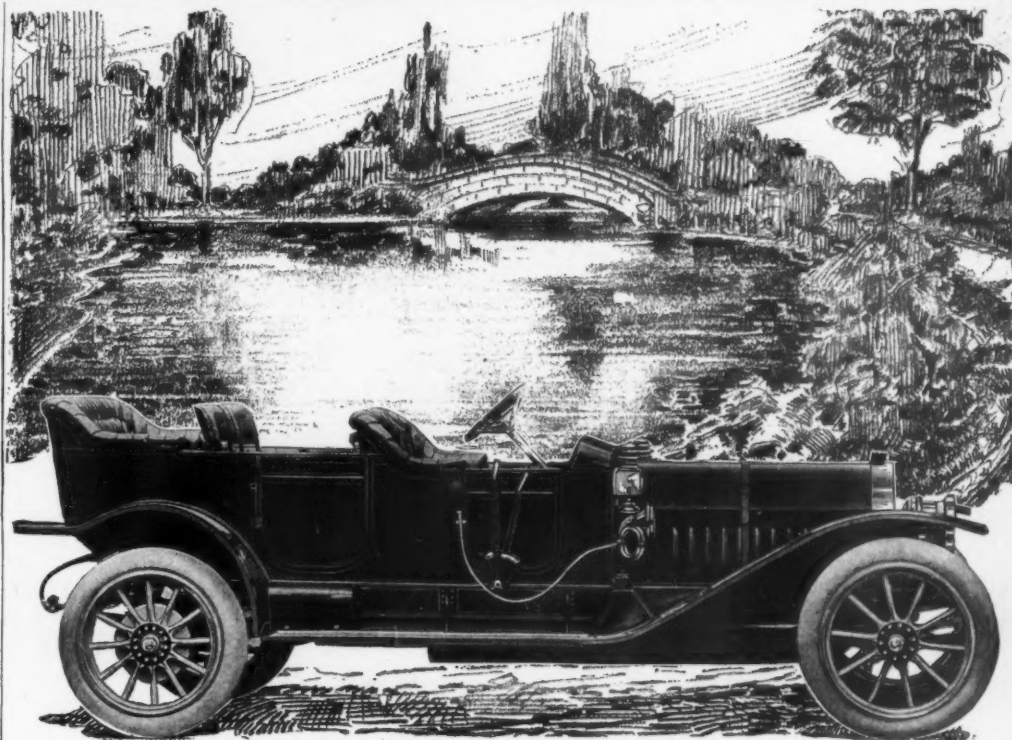
Hair

Men have so few beauty doctors that they should be especially grateful for the instructions given by Homer Croy on the manipulation of their hair. Leaving out of account those males who have got to the stage of using a huckaback towel for parting their scanty locks, Mr. Croy considers the needs of others with painstaking thoughtfulness:

Men with low, squatting foreheads should not pull their hair down over their brows, and men whose foreheads are beginning to work back should invite their locks down. If your hair has quietly slipped down toward your ears on each side, leave it there. If you bring it up in strings and wisps it will merely look like climbing vines, and will never really have the free-and-easy, homelike appearance that ought to be the part of all natural hair.

Do not part your hair any earlier than you can help. Hair is in a hurry these days, anyway. Usually it doesn't stay more than long enough to make sure that the baby is going to be a boy before it hastens off. It will part of itself soon enough, the best you can do.

Before combing your hair you should get acquainted with the architecture of your face. If your face is of the harvest moon variety, do not inlay your hair. Puff it up as much as possible. It's



PREMIER

The Proven Car of Quality

The dignified beauty of the Premier is the outward and visible sign of well-balanced, plenteous power, and great strength, judiciously distributed—

Such power and strength as only steadfast adherence to the highest and soundest engineering principles can bring forth.

It is because of this that a Premier owner almost never changes.

Because, too, of this devotion to lofty ideals the Premier has achieved its brilliant distinction in public endurance contests and private tours of the severest character.

A book—How to Buy a Motor Car—will be sent upon your request.

En Route East, 7-31-1909.
Gentlemen:—Permit me to congratulate you upon the excellent work of the Premier cars in the sixth annual tour of the A. A. A. (Glidden Tour).

Through the courtesy of Chairman F. B. Hower of the Contest Committee, who had charge of the tour, it was my privilege to ride in the Chairman's car, a Premier 6-cylinder, 1910 model, a trip I much enjoyed. The engine worked admirably, the car rode easy, and not a moment's delay was experienced during the entire run of nearly 2,700 miles, at a speed in excess of the 20-mile schedule. A wonderful performance.

CHAS. J. GLIDDEN.

Memphis, Tenn., 11-23-10.
Gentlemen:—In regard to the satisfaction which the 1909 Premier car, which I received April 22d, 1909, has given me, will say that I have run this car about 10,000 miles and it has given perfect success. It is running equally as well to-day as when I first received it. Repairs have been practically nothing.

Yours very truly,
WM. W. SIMMONS,

Sec'y, Treas. & Mgr. Broadway Coal & Ice Co.

PREMIER MOTOR

MFG COMPANY

Licensed under Selden Patent

Dept. A,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



better to look like a feather duster on a Monday morning than a scratched billiard ball on a Saturday night.

But if your face is a long, galloping ensemble, do not encourage your hair to fluff. If your head inclines to run up to a cone, do not spread your hair around in imitation of a palm-tree thatch; rather fluff it up and winnow it for fear some unbred person will begin to talk about spring radish tops.

—Argonaut.

Raising the Temperature

Frank had been sent to the hardware store for a thermometer.

"Did mother say what size?" asked the clerk.

"Oh," answered Frank, "gimme the biggest one you've got. It's to warm my bedroom with."—*Success Magazine.*

WHEN love goes on a strike, it's no use to get out an injunction.—*Lippincott's.*

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WHAT *Life* WILL MEAN

TO EVERYBODY

DURING

THE COMING YEAR

Program for 1911

(In Part)

TO give a complete idea of all the stupendous features which will appear in LIFE during the coming year is, of course, impossible; we shall only faintly hint at some of the more important. Every hour of the day and night LIFE is progressing. This present number is over one hundred pages; the average size of each number of LIFE issued during 1911 will be close to fifty



An X scientist enjoying an imaginary copy of "LIFE."

pages. LIFE has more artists and contributors on its staff than any other weekly periodical in the world, and as it pays the highest prices commands the best talent. Compare it week by week with any other periodical in the world. In 1911 the remarkable covers which have attracted so many hundreds of thousands of readers during the past year, will be continued, brighter and more brilliant than ever. Every phase of human nature will be exploited. That Humorous Number (so long delayed for lack of material) is looming up dark and formidable, and will soon cast its shadow. The Theatrical, Socialists', Rich Man's, Burglars', Witches' and Dog Number are on their way. This last number will especially appeal to all dog lovers—a number to be preserved as a classic. Among the special features will be the Suffragette Contest, (the winner of which will shortly be announced); the Husbands' Correspondence Bureau, through which thousands of husbands are being made over almost new,

(CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE)



Girls

Will, as usual, be a prominent feature in LIFE for the coming year. All the girls you know will be there, and those you would like to know. Beautiful, bright, buxom and bucolic girls, short, long, chic, demure, advancing, retreating, winsome, wise, witty and wilful girls; fat girls, thin girls, and—best of all—your girl.



No Information

Absolutely guaranteed. No statistics, no muckraking, no uplifting. Every number of LIFE is a complete rest cure. Do you want to be like the man above? Then avoid LIFE.

How To Subscribe

Better be a yearly subscriber at once, and get it off your mind. To do this, send in five dollars (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04) to LIFE office, and be enrolled among the bright and shining lights of the continent. Remember, that during the course of fifty-two weeks, for five dollars you get over 1,300 pages of solid pictures and text, contributed by the choicest contributors in the country. This does not include advertisements.

Life has the largest news-stand circulation of any ten cent weekly in the United States.

Program for 1911

Concluded

the Imaginary Life, Sparks from Old Anvils, Priscilla Jawbones and her observations, Life's Family Album (intimate interviews with the people who make LIFE), Halfbaker's Medical Institute (for the special benefit of all doctors), and a number of remarkable expeditions in search of what we are all looking for (such as the Ultimate). Mr. Martin will continue to delight us in his editorial page as a sort of antidote to the sins of which the rest of the abandoned staff are constantly guilty. Mr. Metcalfe will continue to be the best dramatic critic in the country. Life's great Auto Race, which will end in April, is exciting the attention of all sports throughout the civilized world. Life's make-up gives each advertisement a display by itself.



AU REVOIR!



Literature

Will occupy a prominent place in our columns in 1911. Mr. Kerfoot's book reviews have long since made a unique place for themselves, and with the Confidential Guide, furnish an individual running comment on the constant stream of books being issued. Besides this, there will be the Literary Zoo, and a number of other literary features to be announced later.



This Boy

Has been to LIFE'S Fresh Air Farm. He is only one of several thousand who go there every year. The farm is located at Branchville, Conn., and every year LIFE sends loads of poor children from the hot city, to recuperate.



Enclosed find one dollar (Canadian \$1.13). Send LIFE for three months

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Cleanses, whitens and heals in one action. Takes care of the whole mouth, neutralizing the acids that destroy the teeth and cause discoloration. An antiseptic foam unlike other dentifrices.

A cake in a metal box, cannot break or spill. Any druggist, 25 cents—or sent on receipt of price.

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The Latest Books

Leading American Men of Science, by David Starr Jordan. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75.)

The Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town, by H. C. Bunner. (Harper & Brothers.)

The Rules of the Game, by Stewart Edward White. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.40.)

The Haunts of Familiar Characters in History and Literature. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Silent Isle, by Arthur C. Benson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A Painter's Progress, by Will H. Low. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Human Life, by S. S. Knight. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

The A, B, C of Taxation, by C. B. Fillebrown. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20.)

Walter Camp's Book of Football. (Century Company. \$2.00.)

Sister Clementia, by Frederick H. Law. (R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.50.)

Memories and Impressions of Helena Modjeska. (Macmillan Company. \$4.00.)

The Story of Spanish Painting, by Charles H. Caffin. (Century Company. \$1.20.)

What Is Art? by John C. Van Dyke. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

Selections from Frederick's Peregrination, Parts 1 and 2, by Gus J. Trares, 1713 Flatiron Building, New York City.

How to Know Architecture, by Frank E. Wallis, A.A.I.A. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.)

Essays on the Spot, by Charles D. Stewart. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

Life of Mary Lyon, by Beth Bradford Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. \$1.50.)

Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw, by Edward Breck. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. \$1.50.)

Soul and Circumstance, by Stephen Berrien Stanton. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

Mark Twain's (Burlesque) Autobiography. (The Ormeril Company, Cleveland, O. 25 cents.)

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From Dr. Cook's latest
photographic taken at
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., No-
vember, 1910, for Ham-
pton's Magazine.

Dr. Cook's Confession.

"Did I get to the North Pole? I confess that I do not know absolutely. * * Fully, freely and frankly I shall tell you everything."

—Dr. Cook's Own Story, Hampton's Magazine, January.

Why did Dr. Cook disappear? Was not this a tacit admission that he had presented a fraudulent claim to the discovery of the North Pole? Or did he ever possibly believe in himself? Where during his absence has he been, and what has he done?

During the past year Dr. Cook has been reported in many places. Various interviews have been attributed to him. One has announced his going secretly North, another told of his attending the Peary lecture in London. These questions

answered for the first time by Dr. Cook himself exclusively in

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The Stearns 15-30 H. P. Limousine

Richly upholstered in broadcloth, goatskin or whipcord, and appointed with every imaginable convenience, the 15-30 H. P. Stearns Limousine is a perfect example of closed car construction. The body is roomy and comfortable, easily accommodating five people inside. The interior of the car is finished with the utmost regard for the comfort of the passengers, the trimmings and fittings harmonizing perfectly with the luxurious upholstery.

Although the body is absolutely weatherproof, it is well ventilated. In pleasant weather all the windows may be dropped, providing a car open to the warm breezes of spring, summer and early

autumn. The body fittings include speaking tube, dome light, card case, note books, flower vase, umbrella holder, clock, cigar and cigarette cases, cigar lighter, ash tray, etc.

If desired, a touring body may be substituted for the Limousine during the summer months, in this way providing two complete cars at slight additional cost.

Limousine prices vary from \$4000 and \$4600 for the 15-30 H. P. model to \$5750 for the 30-60 H.P. car. The 30-60 H.P. type is larger and roomier, but for all practical intents and purposes the 15-30 H. P. model serves as an ideal closed car. Our literature describes all closed cars in detail.

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Shaft or
Chain Drive

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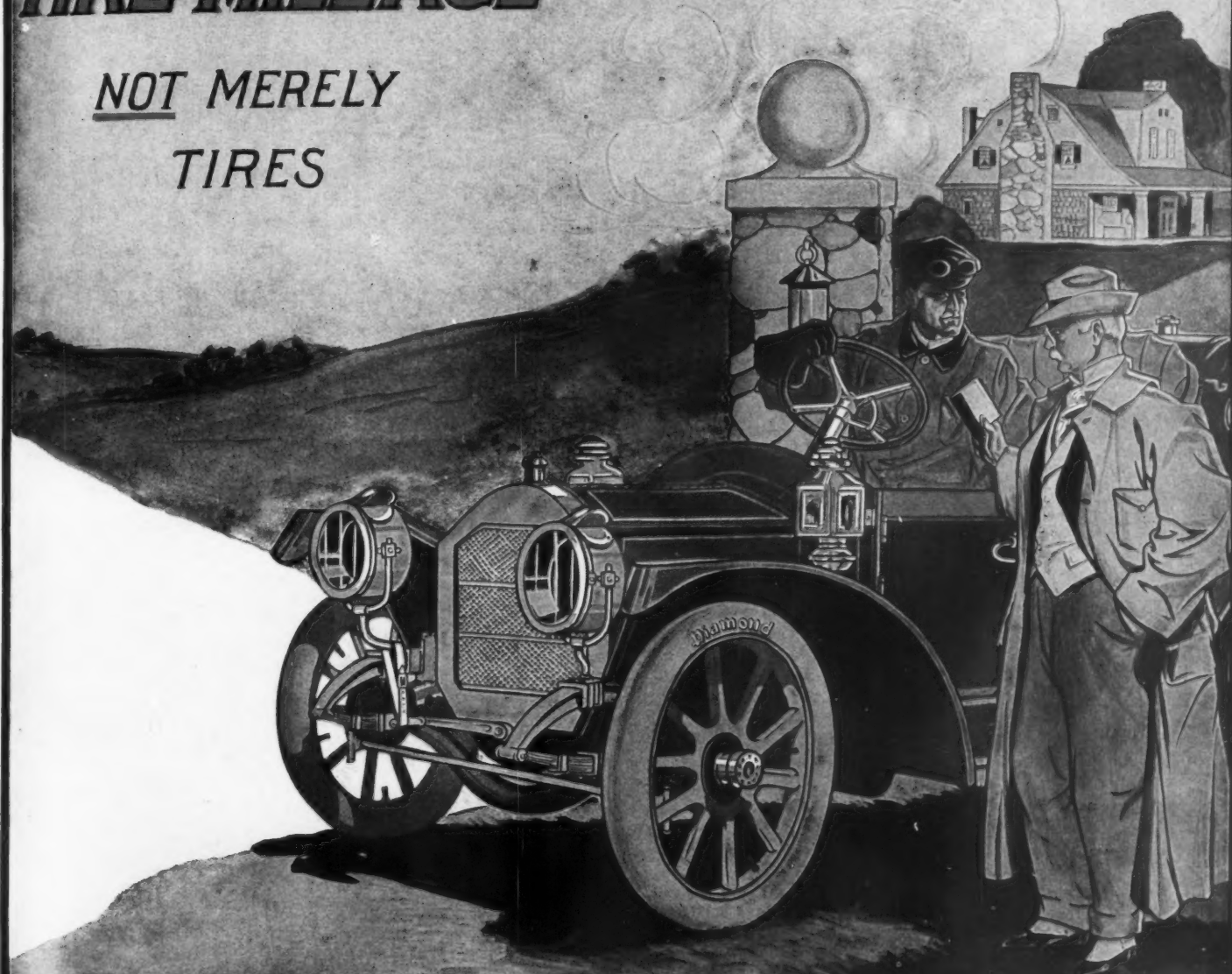
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