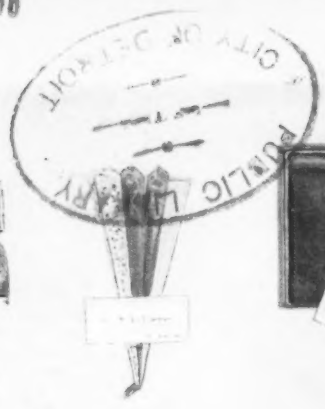
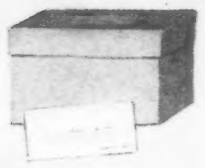


JAN 26 1910

VLS
PRICE, 10 CENTS
JANUARY 27, 1910



C. COLES PHILLIPS.

"KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS"



The Instantaneous Answer



Sending a message is only half of the transaction. The other, and equally important half consists in *getting back the answer*.

Sometimes this is a reply to a question, or the acceptance or rejection of a proposal. Sometimes it is simply an acknowledgment that the message has been received.

The value of the message depends upon getting an answer.

When a general manager sends word to a representative in a distant city, he wants to know that his man is *there*, that

he receives the message, and that he will act.

If the answer is not final, but raises another question, there is no delay. The other question can be settled at once. It is possible, in one telephone interview, to come to a decision which could not have been reached without the instantaneous answer.

Each answer is made *instantaneous* by the Bell telephone service.

The Bell system, with its ten million miles of wire, provides the instantaneous answer for anybody, anywhere, at any time.

Increased use of the Long Distance Telephone means greater results in every line of human endeavor. Telephone efficiency means One Policy, One System, Universal Service. Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**



Everybody's Column

Dear Sir:—I notice in a recent issue of LIFE a satirical comment on the practice of vivisection, and it occurred to me that you might find material for similar comments in the conditions of animal slaughter prevailing at some of the large Western packing houses.

I can testify from a personal knowledge of only one house—that of the Swift Company in Kansas City. There I witnessed methods of slaughter which I feel certain are unnecessarily cruel and brutal.

In the short space of ten minutes I saw several instances where a steer was not killed at the first blow. The butcher would swing his hammer, the terror-stricken animal would dodge, the hammer striking him on the side of the head or on the nose, and sometimes even missing him entirely. I saw one steer that dodged four or five times before being brought down, and in the process one horn was torn off and the poor creature terribly lacerated.

In another case I saw a calf attached by the hind leg to the automatic railway while still alive. The butcher, as though by afterthought, swung at him as he was wheeled away still kicking. The blow missed, the result being that the animal went to the dissecting knife apparently still conscious.

I have just had the opportunity of presenting the case to one of the oldest packers in this country, a very elderly gentleman from Milwaukee, now retired. He seemed shocked at my story and told me that in his day the killing of steers was always done by shooting, death being instantaneous. He could think of no reason for a change of method.

I am no fanatic on this subject and am not in sympathy with your vigorous campaign against vivisection. Nevertheless, it seems to me that something should be done to prevent such methods of slaughter. Would not the subject be worthy of an investigation on your part, for surely a satirical campaign in LIFE would do much to bring about a reform.

Very truly yours,
EN ROUTE CHICAGO—BOSTON.

(Continued on page 153)

We have seen worse productions in that line than Anthony H. Euwer's *Cats*. The chapter on Different Breeds supplies the following information:

Cats that's made for little boys and girls to maul and tease is called Maltease Cats. Some Cats is known by their queer purrs—these is called Purisian Cats. Cats with very bad tempers is called Angorrie Cats. Sometimes a very fine Cat is called a Magnificat. Cats with deep feelins is called Feline Cats.—*New York Post*.



BROMO-SELTZER

CURES HEADACHES



10c., 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 Bottles.

Special Offer for 1910

Copyright 1908 by Life Publishing Company



PLAYING BRIDGE

UPON receipt of your subscription for one year, at our regular rate of Five Dollars, we will be pleased to send you a Photo-Gravure reproduction, 12 x 7½ in size, on plate paper 20 x 15 inches, of Mr. Balfour Ker's painting, "PLAYING BRIDGE," miniature of which is shown herewith.

This offer is open until April 1, 1910, and the Photo-Gravure will be sent on each yearly subscription entered on our mailing list before that time, in order of its receipt.

Canadian, \$5.52, Foreign, \$6.04

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st St., New York

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

Business Ballast



WHEN Henry Selfridge, of Chicago, was starting that great American store in London, he found that he was flying a trifle light, and needed a little business ballast—in other words, a little financial accommodation was required. On applying to his bankers they asked to see Mr. Selfridge's life insurance policies. When he sent his secretary over with the documents, aggregating an even million dollars, the monied men winked, blinked and gasped for breath. One of the policies was in the Equitable for an even three hundred thousand dollars. Now, be it known that the Equitable never writes a policy like that without not only examining the man physically, but looking up his moral record with a fine-tooth comb. The dope fiend, the boozer, the rounder, the bouncer, and the gent who follows the ponies, cannot pass. Your record must be clean and you must be engaged in a business that serves society. You must be benefiting your fellow men, not exploiting them. The safe man is the useful man. So when our Threadneedle Street friends saw those Selfridge policies, they suddenly awoke to the fact that they were dealing with a man who knew exactly what he was doing. The life insurance policies were his certificates of character. The bankers sent back the policies, with word that Mr. Selfridge could have anything he wanted, on his own terms. But in the two days' delay the wind had veered; the buyers were mobbing the store with £. s. d., and Selfridge found himself in funds; and then he had the joy of thanking the money-bags and informing them that he wanted nothing. All wise men who can get life insurance nowadays, do. It stiffens the vertebrae, sweetens the love of wife and kiddyeens, commands the confidence of your colleagues and enables you to look trouble squarely in the eye and cause it to beat it for the bush. Life insurance is a privilege. If it is within your reach today, secure it today. Tomorrow may be too late.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

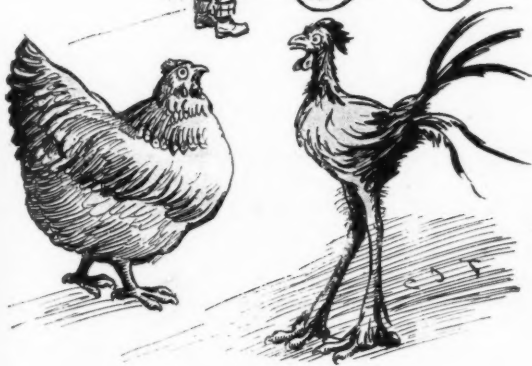
OF THE UNITED STATES

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them

Paul Morton, President, 120 Broadway, New York City

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us to represent us there. Great opportunities today in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.



COLD FACTS

Hen: THERE, MY DEAR SON, GO EGGS LAID BY MY GRAND-MOTHER, WHO IS DEAD AND GONE THESE TWO YEARS.



Please Remember

That the price of the Easter Life (Issue of March 3) will be **fifteen cents**. This is the beginning of a series of monthly specials, all the way from double to treble the size of a regular number. These numbers will contain from 25 to 40 solid pages of pictures and text, to say nothing of the advertising pages which are of course the most interesting part of the paper. Everybody knows, of course, that necessities have risen to an almost alarming degree. The increased cost of getting up these special numbers is something frightful, when we face it. But we are bound to give our readers all the way from 100 to 200 per cent. more than they are entitled to. Therefore, the price of the Easter Life, and the other specials to come, will only be **fifteen cents**.

An Increase in Size

You are probably noticing how much more you are getting for your money in the Life of to-day than in former years. Two more pages of text have just been added to the regular issues, bringing the very smallest number of Life up to thirty-two pages. Seventeen of these pages are solid text and pictures, packed with ideas. Then the material through the advertising pages, if placed together, would make several pages more. Maybe you don't know it, but years ago Life was the first paper to use material in this way. Life has been first with a great many other ideas. Some time, when we have an idle moment, we shall tell you about these original achievements. In the meantime, don't forget that the material Life is issuing every week averages in cost higher than any other material published. Our pictures are real, not cheap reproductions of photographs, and the amount of work expended upon them is amazing. We want you to look at Life in this light. Study it carefully. Obey that Impulse, and enroll yourself immediately as a subscriber.



"And now dey are puttin' de Easter Life up to fifteen cents. What's de use?"

Some Coming Numbers

Next week a regular. That means of course that it will be a regular buster. Wait until you see the center page cartoon. That alone is worth the price of admission.

Week after next the Valentine Number. Now that we are beginning to put it together, this number looms up large. Some of the pictures are ripping.

And then that Motor Boat Number. You may remember also that we have had

That Telegram Contest



Dear Susie:
Have you seen Life's Telegram Contest? All of us girls have been just wild about it. You know there is a picture of a man holding a telegram, which a boy has just left, and looking at it in a puzzled way. Two women are near, one laughing and the other uncertain; and there's the funniest dog, with a laugh at one end and a tail between his legs at the other. The idea is to write a telegram of ten words that will fit the situation. Life pays Ten Dollars a Word to the winner. Think of it! But of course you're working on it also. You must have seen it, as everybody reads Life.

trouble with this number. The whole affair was started by our advertising department. We determined to get up this Motor Boat number (or bust), and we are doing it. Few pictures about motor boats. But enough. We predict that this number will leave a wide wake behind it.

Au Revoir



Subscription, \$5.00.

Canadian, \$5.52.

Foreign, \$6.04.

Everybody's Column
(Continued from page 150)

Certain Distinctions

DEAR LIFE:

Your December 16 issue contains one of the best cartoons (?) I have ever seen. I refer to the "Puzzle, find the man who stole a million," on the inside page.

You hit the nail on the head! The puzzle is easy, and it teaches us a great lesson. I am pleased to see that you are not only amusing people, but that you are striving to educate them in the affairs of their own government. This is something new for so-called "comic papers."

Of course we all realize with you that the rich man can do no wrong. That gold will straighten the forehead of any fool. When a poor workingman who earns his living by the use of his brain or muscle wants to forget his troubles he goes to a saloon and gets full of fusel oil called and labeled "whiskey," and he is given a free ride on a police wagon and sentenced "30 Fifty."

It's different in the case of our fat friend who fills his bathtub with champagne and floats in it. He never gets drunk. He gets "SICK" and they take him home in a cab or an auto. They don't send him to jail. Oh, no! He is a good candidate for the Senate.

But, dear LIFE, you are dealing with an effect. There is a cause for this concentration of wealth in the hands of the few.

The fellow who steals a few dollars is guilty of larceny, whilst he who takes a cool million or a railroad line is a financier and he rides in autos just as your picture shows—he goes to Congress.

Is there a reason? Of course there is. But you might call me one of those "bad" socialists, so I'll stop by congratulating you.

Truly,
NICHOLAS KLEIN.

From Los Angeles

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir:—Your special numbers are great, but say, we are very anxious out here on the Coast to know whether or not you have lost your nerve in regard to your much talked of "Improper Number." Pull yourselves together and let us have it.

Faithfully yours,
PHILIP S. LOW.

Be patient. The delay is due to our having to do all our work in the dark, to avoid the police.

Dangerous

LITTLE DAUGHTER (reading): In winter every animal puts on a new fur coat.
FATHER: Don't speak so loudly, my pet. Mamma is in the next room.—
Meggendorfer Blaetter.



Different from All Others

of 10, 25c; 50, \$1.25; 100, \$2.25; Plain or cork tipped. If not at your store send prepaid upon receipt of price.
Spilman Company, Mfrs., 179 Madison St., Chicago

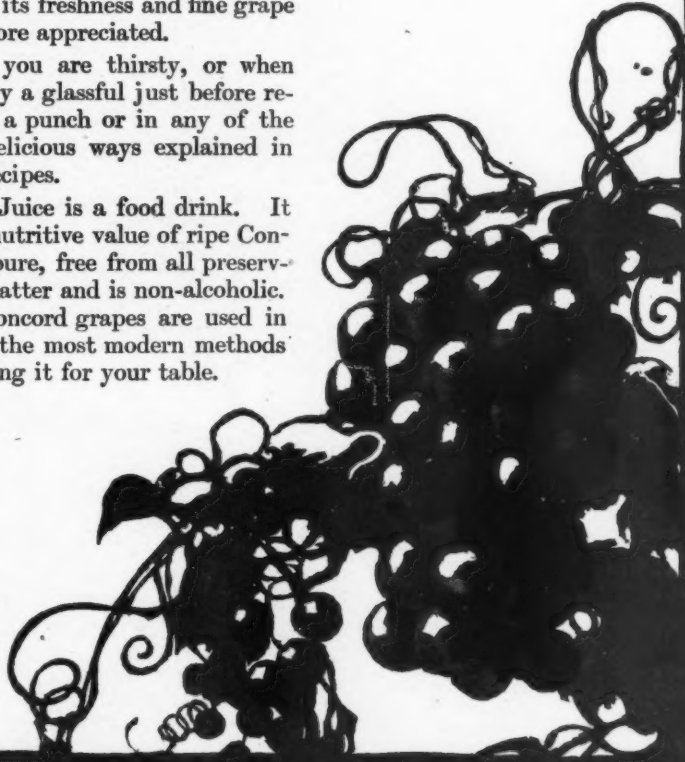
Welch's Grape Juice

Did you think that Welch's Grape Juice was merely a summer drink?

Not at all. It is a healthful, invigorating beverage at all times and in the Winter when fresh fruit is scarce its freshness and fine grape flavor are all the more appreciated.

Drink it when you are thirsty, or when you are tired. Try a glassful just before retiring. Serve it as a punch or in any of the forty dainty and delicious ways explained in our free Book of Recipes.

Welch's Grape Juice is a food drink. It contains all of the nutritive value of ripe Concord grapes. It is pure, free from all preservatives or coloring matter and is non-alcoholic. Only the choicest Concord grapes are used in making it and only the most modern methods employed in preparing it for your table.



If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 5 oz. bottle by mail, 10 cents.

The Welch Grape Juice Company
Westfield, N. Y.

MRS. ADAIR'S
GANESH
PREPARATIONS and TREATMENTS
A WARNING!

MRS. ADAIR cautions her patrons against imitations. Her formulas are absolutely private, the result of years of research in India and the East. Preparations resembling hers have been put on the market, using the same bottles, labels and wrappings. Mrs. Adair warns her patrons that nothing is genuine or original without the GANESH trade-mark.

MRS. ADAIR'S renowned Ganesh toilet preparations and original facial treatments have maintained the highest standard of excellence AT HOME and ABROAD for over ten years. They can be obtained in the U. S. only at No. 21 West 38th St., N. Y. Abroad, No. 92 New Bond St., London, and No. 5 Rue Cambon, Paris.

Facial treatments cost \$2.50; cost of six treatments \$12.00. Strapping treatment for removing lines and for filling out hollows in the face and neck. Special treatment for tired lined eyes. Treatment for spots and acne. Ladies only received. Mrs. Adair invites correspondence, she advises gratuitously on all questions relating to Beauty, Health and Hygiene. Mail orders have prompt attention. Full directions and preparations for Home Treatment.

Price List Booklet Free
MRS. ADAIR, 21 West 38th Street, New York

Newspaper Honesty

If there is a marked decline of public confidence in newspapers as a whole, that fact is of such far-reaching public importance that it deserves the closest study and investigation.

More newspapers are printed than ever before. More newspapers are read than ever before. If the public has lost confidence in newspapers, why does it read them in such vast numbers? Merely to amuse itself? Merely to pass away the time? Merely to acquire information which it distrusts and upon which it can place no reliance?—*New York World*.

Exactly so. And the reason seems to be that the greed of newspaper owners for money from advertising has replaced the old ideals of editorial integrity.

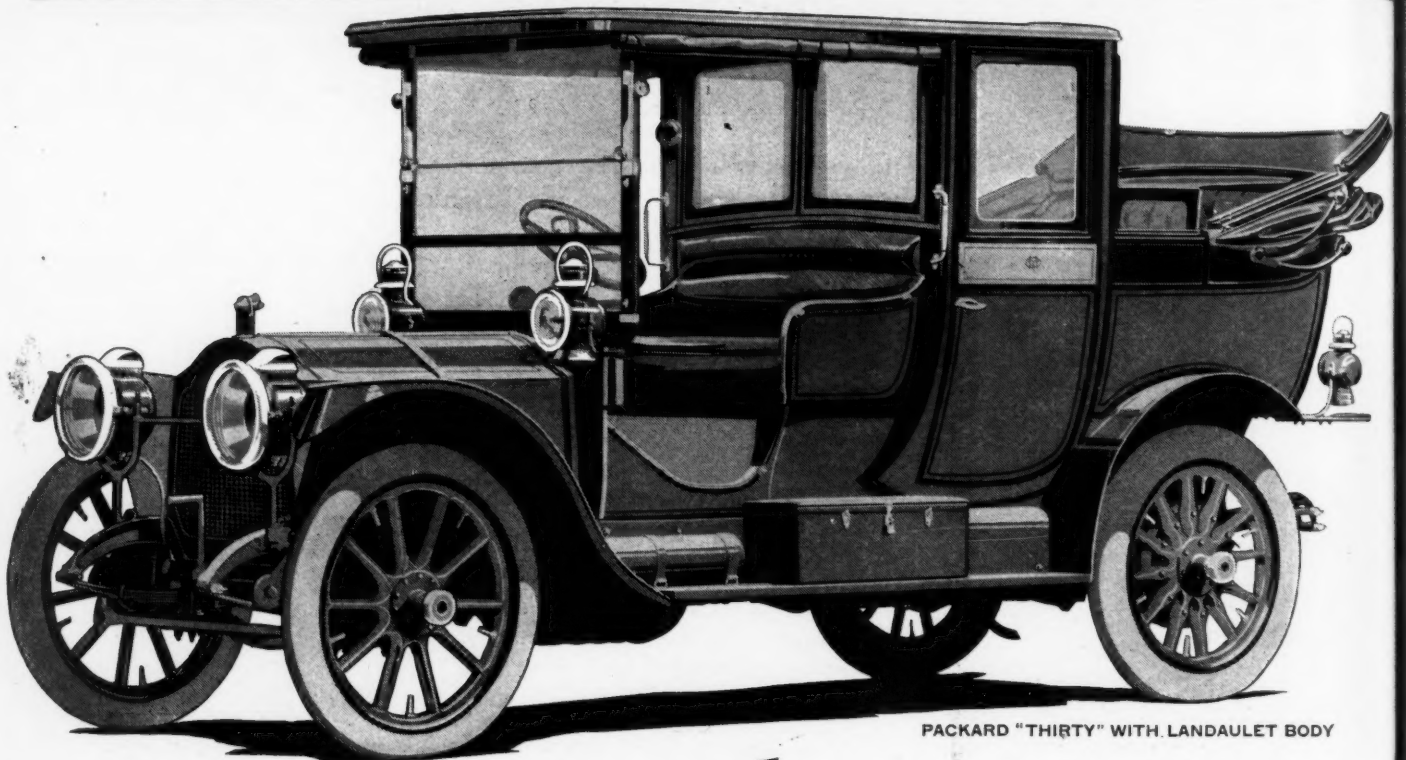
And the *World* says further:

We have observed, too, that the shrewd, practical gentlemen who manage the great corporations have detected no marked decline of public confidence in newspapers. Their desire to own newspapers, to influence newspapers, to shape the policy of newspapers was never so keen as it is now.

Which in itself may be a very excellent reason for lack of confidence.

"THOUGHT-AWAKENING." By Ruby Archer. A process for widening the mental horizon by assimilating words and making them the inspiration of thoughts. An active writer's own method. "Discovers hidden treasure," say the Critics. Exquisitely hand bound in sapphire silk tapestry. \$1.00 postpaid. Address RUBY ARCHER STUDIO, Los Angeles.

· LIFE ·



PACKARD "THIRTY" WITH LANDAULET BODY

Packard
MOTOR CARS
1910



PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LIFE



IS A THING OF BEAUTY ALWAYS A JOY FOREVER?

A Creditable Ambition

LIFE is, with one exception, the only free and independent journal in America. It is not controlled by trust, creed, advertiser, political party, millionaire or anybody or anything except its own conscience.—LIFE.

The *Troy Press* feels very grateful to LIFE for not forgetting the other exception. We shall be happy to reciprocate on the first favorable opportunity that presents itself.—*Troy Press*.

The esteemed *Troy Press* apparently is tempted to identify itself as the exception referred to in LIFE's paragraph. To confirm or deny the assumption of our contemporary would be showing our hand prematurely. It will be noticed that the *Press* does not flat-footedly claim to be the exception. Therefore, LIFE is glad to put the *Press's* statement on record as something in the nature of a hope, an aspiration, or a desire.

The Tragedy of Finkelstein

THINK of Finkelstein, who dug, untaught, with a screwdriver and a trowel a tunnel thirty feet long from a vacant cellar toward a full jewelry shop across the street.

His burrow fell in on him and buried him alive, and his poor corpse was disinterred at the public cost to the profit of the newspapers.

In him, evidently, were the energies of an August Belmont or a McAdoo, but, alas! how misdirected, how misapplied!

The checks of underwriters to command,
To bond each dint of each progressing pick,
To scatter dividends with timely hand,
And teach his stockholders to get rich quick—

His lot forbade.

Poor Finkelstein! He had the spirit of a true tunnel builder. He saw riches ahead and yearned for them. He hit the right town at the right time, and yet it went wrong with him. There was a lot

of tragedy in his case and a good deal of pathos.



"DO YOU PLEAD GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?"
Ikey: VICH IS DER CHEEPEST?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LV. JANUARY 27, 1910 No. 1422

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



PUBLIC Opinion has heartily sustained President Taft in dismissing Forester Pinchot from office, and with at least equal heartiness has sustained Forester Pinchot in getting himself dismissed. Public opinion considers that Pinchot has really nothing against Taft nor Taft against Pinchot. Of course Mr. Taft was compelled to dismiss Mr. Pinchot. We all understand that. Why, then, does the mass of the people still sustain Mr. Pinchot?

It is because they have entire confidence in his integrity and sincerity—though not, necessarily, in his judgment—and because they are absolutely of his mind when he says:

I believe the American people are weary of politics for revenue only. It's time to take business out of politics, and keep it out—time for the political activity of this nation to be aimed squarely at the welfare of all of us, and squarely away from the excessive profits of a few of us.

They are weary of politics for revenue only; yes, tired to death of it.

Speaking lately in the *Evening Post* for the Directors of the Metropolitan Trust Company of New York about their late associate, Mr. D. O. Mills, Mr. Brayton Ives said:

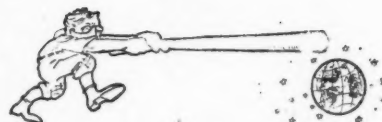
He had too keen a sense of fair play to be a monopolist. His is one of the few conspicuously great fortunes of the country to which no just criticism can be directed. Industry, honesty, and far-seeing sagacity were the sole factors in its accumulation. He had no advantage which was not open to all.

"One of the few conspicuously great fortunes of the country to which no just criticism can be directed!" That was a sensational sentence to be put officially by the president of a New York trust company into the obituary columns of the respectable *Post*. It

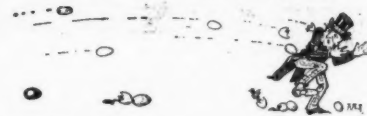
was true, of course, and well said at the right time and in the right place, though it lines up Mr. Ives with the muck-rakers. But it is their realization of the scarcity of fortune-builders who have "too keen a sense of fair play to be monopolists," their knowledge of the methods by which many conspicuously great fortunes have been heaped together, their scorn and extreme impatience of such methods, and their appreciation of the readiness of aspirants, new and old; to use them, that makes a large proportion of the American people credulous—pending fuller information—of anything Mr. Pinchot believes. They think, as *Collier's* says, that "the system, or freemasonry of the privileged has lasted long enough; the give and take between politicians and plutocrats has too long ruled the country." They believe, as Mr. Pinchot says, that these concerns of the water-powers and the coal-lands are merely parts of the great issue "whether this country shall be managed by men for human welfare or by money for profit."



OF men who have grown rich by "industry, honesty and far-seeing sagacity," there is, it seems to us, very little jealousy. People like to admire somebody, and they are very ready to admire rich men who are admirable. They greatly admire Mr. Pinchot, and all the more because he is a rich man who has got everything he needs so far as himself is concerned, and chooses to employ himself in defending the interests of folks who have less. The kind of rich men they do not admire are the hogs; the men who, having a great deal already, feel that their possessions give them a sacred right to grab everything in sight that is not nailed down. Neither do they admire rich men who rig the stock market and make disgraceful gains, and sometimes even more disgraceful losses, as in the case of the barbarian millionaire whose half-drunken operations made so great a scandal after New Year's.



WE suspect the country is getting the idea that Mr. Taft is an old-fashioned Republican, whereas it elected him as a new-fashioned Republican and wants that kind. In every issue in which he takes sides a certain proportion of the electorate thinks it sees him siding with privilege, protection, plunder and the old machine. That is hard on him and undoubtedly does him great injustice. It is in his favor that his term of office has three years more to run, so that his real qualities will have time to show up if he can find time to let them. It is a mistake to suppose that he is reactionary in his political sympathies, and it is mere gabble to predict that Roosevelt is coming home to shake the big stick at him and tell him he is a naughty boy. The folks who are most afraid that Roosevelt will get back into the White House, and are most unwilling to have him, are all getting ready to be sure now that he will rip Taft up the waistcoat and seize the Job. They are ninnies—those people; there is no cure for them except time, and that is only temporary.



WE should all remember that Mr. Ballinger has not been investigated yet and that his side of the controversy which has been the chief political topic of recent discourse has been very imperfectly set before the people. He has been accused, but not condemned; whitewashed, but not exonerated. He must be very much displeased with his situation, and possibly may agree with us in hoping that Congress will be able to pick a jury competent to bring in a convincing verdict as to what manner of man he is and who is his employer. In mental qualifications, knowledge and experience he seems a very fit person. But if he is working for "the interests," and not for the people, his qualifications go for naught.



THE JEBB FAMILY

UNCLE DAVID'S FIRST MEETING WITH THE NEW DOG
HE DOES NOT CARE FOR HIS SOCIETY AND PREFERS TO SPEND THE EVENING IN MEDITATION

Needless Cruelty

A PROPOS of Mr. Charles W. Morse's arrival at the penitentiary:

Then Dr. Al Fowler will examine him, he will be vaccinated, and work will be provided for him.

Goodness, gracious! Isn't the man's punishment heavy enough without squirting other people's diseases into him?

Shot, Not Burned

It seems to us that our good friends at Hawkinsville, Georgia, were over hasty in burning at the stake the Rev. John Harvard, colored, for shooting William D. Booth.—LIFE, December 23, 1909.

A FRIEND in Georgia writes, and sends clippings from the *Macon Telegraph*, to the effect that the Rev. John Harvard was not burned, but shot.

It may be all the same to the beneficiary, but it makes a difference to the survivors.

BOBBIE (to Featherstone): Did you know that you were a relative of ours?

FEATHERSTONE: Since when?

"Mother says you are our weak brother."

· LIFE ·

Popular Birthdays

SAMUEL GOMPERS

Born January 27, 1850

This gentleman is one of the few representatives of labor who have survived the storms and the inevitable temptations within their zones of activity. For the position of a representative of the common "peopl" in these days is an anomalous one. One of the side he represents the eternal principles of Justice and Right, with no weapon to fight with but brute force, or what we are pleased to term "organization." To-day great battles are won with great financial resources, and inasmuch as the average laborer is fatally handicapped in this respect, he can only fall back on his organizing power. To lead these heterogeneous forces along the road to victory, even though the way be stony and the end not in sight, has been the task of Samuel Gompers. To be patient, to be wise, to be tolerant of his opponents has been his aim.

He has done well. We respect him for his virtues and for having achieved so much against such heavy odds.



ROSSITER JOHNSON

Born January 27, 1840

"They wondered still, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Perhaps, oh reader, in some corner of your library there still reposes those twenty-seven volumes of *Little Classics*, filled with all sorts of amusing and wonderful tales gathered from great minds. Since then there have been many anthologies, but certainly none better. It was in one of these admirable little books that we first read that classic ghost story, *The House and the Brain*, by Bulwer Lytton.

The anthologies and collections that Mr. Johnson has edited since then! One might say that his name blown on the title-page was a guarantee of the quality.

Sir, you have catered to us admirably. We wish you joy!

WALTER JOHANNES DAMROSCH

Born January 30, 1862

Is music an intellectual quality of the mind?—a question that has long been debated. If we are to go by the theory of modern psychology the mind has no thinking quality in itself apart from sensations; and mighty reason, so long enthroned above the physical, becomes no more than an aggregation of sensual impressions, and music is a higher language that expresses emotions beyond the power of words. We leave the critics to determine all this, and merely remark in passing that this is Walter Damrosch's birthday and we congratulate him on the fact and wish him many harmonious returns.

His efforts to popularize music have met with no mean success. He has given us so much pleasure that we delight to honor him.



JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

Born January 31, 1860

In order to enjoy literature properly we should lose ourselves so much in its contemplation as to forget that it is a by-product of life. It becomes for us then a reality, a thing existing by itself, as something that has its own aims, its own responsibilities and its own end. It is in this mood that one should read Mr. Huneker; a conjurer in words, we are amazed with his facility, and so long as he writes we are delighted to read. Besides, he has courage, originality and independence of thought.

Mr. Huneker, we felicitate you upon your birthday and trust that you will long continue among us.



RUPERT HUGHES

Born January 31, 1872

"At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier, Hic est—"

This gentleman has long been known to fame on account of his being a member of the Dutch Treat Club; incidentally he is an authority on music, a writer of plays and a contributor to LIFE. As an after-dinner speaker he probably has no equal in this country; but his great modesty has prevented his fame in this respect from becoming contagious.

Mr. Hughes, we congratulate you upon the things that we have mentioned, and upon the additional possession of a sense of humor; also upon your extreme youth.

May you continue to edify us.



All He Said

AT a whist club in Brooklyn was an old fellow who enjoyed the reputation of being a great crank, and his animadversions against his partners were so severe and his manners generally so bad that it was rare indeed that he could get any one to play with him.

One night, however, a man happened in from the West and the avoided one promptly assailed him with a request to "sit in." The Western man was about to comply when he was quietly taken aside by one of the members of the club who told him the reputation of the crank.

"I don't care," he said. "I can stand it, I guess."

At the end of the evening he was approached once more by the curious member.

"Well," said the member, "how did you manage?"

"First rate."

"Didn't he insult you?"

"Why, no."

"Didn't he browbeat you?"

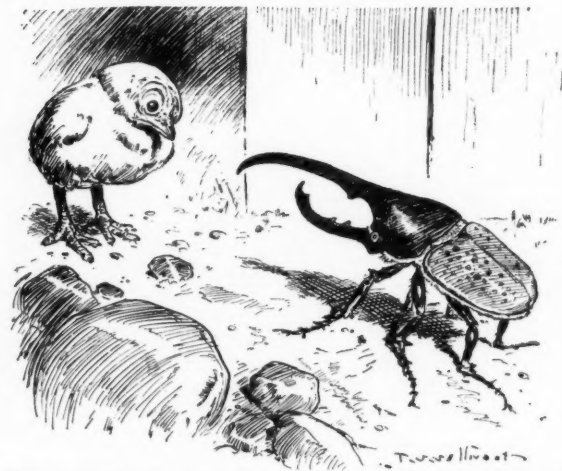
"Not at all."

"Didn't he say anything?"

"Nothing special. He only spoke once during the whole course of the game."

"What did he say then?"

"Why, I didn't get the cards out right, and he looked over very pleasantly and said: 'Why, you can't even deal, can you?'"

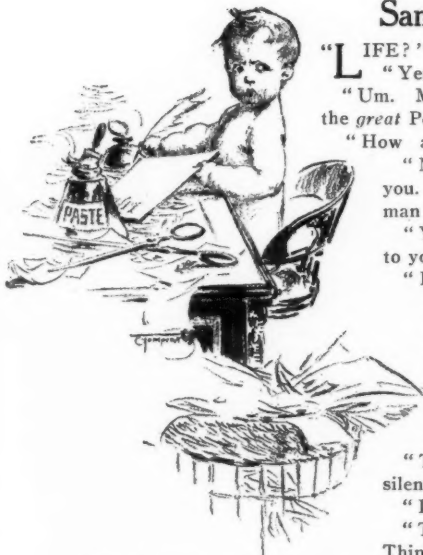


"YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID, MR. BUGG, I'M A STRICT VEGETARIAN."



WASHINGTON IN 1912
STATE BALL AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Sanctum Talks



LIFE?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Um. Morning. I am Peary—the great Peary."
 "How are you, Lieutenant?"
 "Not at all pleasant, thank you. I am the most wronged man in the world."
 "You seem to be coming to your own."
 "But the process is so slow that all the sweetness is gone. First I was robbed of the credit."
 "So?"
 "Then I was told I didn't know the truth."
 "Really?"
 "Then I had to suffer in silence."
 "In silence?"
 "That's what I said. Think of it! After a life-

time of weary waiting, after a heroic struggle with the elements that remains unequalled, then to come back and have ice-water thrown on——"

"But, weren't you dealing in ice-water?"
 "Now, that's enough. Can't you see, LIFE, the great overpowering wrong that has been done me?"
 "I can, indeed, Lieutenant Peary. I appreciate it all. It is too bad. It is shameful. Black injustice has been done you; you have been robbed of the dearest thing in the world to an American citizen, namely, a popular demonstration in



THE PLEASURE OF GIVING

your own favor. But cheer up, Lieutenant. All is not lost. There is much to be thankful for."

"Well, I would like to know what?"

"Why, haven't you your temper and your personality left?"

"Good morning."

"Good morning, and congratulations."

Light in the High Cost of Living

LADY OF THE HOUSE: I have the very nicest butcher that ever was. He can bamboozle me into anything.

Drawing the Line

GREAT AUTHOR: Did you tell that magazine editor that I was too busy to see him?

Boy: Yes, sir; but he says he can't understand it; that you have been writing for his magazine for years.

"Well, I may write for a magazine, but that's no reason why I have to associate with the editors of it."



What Does This Telegram Say?

LIFE WILL PAY \$100 FOR THE BEST ANSWER TO THE QUESTION ABOVE

Ten Dollars a Word

THE picture on this page represents an unusual situation. Please study it carefully, and see what you can make out of it. Note every detail.

When you have made up your mind what ten words or less the telegram in the man's hands might contain, exclusive of the address and signature, write it out and mail it to the Telegraph Editor of LIFE, with your name and address.

The cleverest telegram, in the judgment

of the editors of LIFE, will be awarded the prize of one hundred dollars.

Everybody is eligible. But no more than three telegrams will be accepted from any one contestant.

The contest will close on March 1, 1910, no answers received after that date being considered. The announcement of the winner will be made as soon thereafter as possible.



Newsboy: GREAT MYSTERY! FIFTY VICTIMS! PAPER, MISTER?

"HERE, BOY, I'LL TAKE ONE."



"SAY, BOY, THERE'S NOTHING OF THE KIND IN THIS PAPER."

"THAT'S THE MYSTERY, GUV'NOR, YOU'RE THE FIFTY-FIRST VICTIM."

Another

William Plumridge, six years old, of 6021 Vine street, is dying in the West Philadelphia Homoeopathic Hospital from lockjaw, caused by irritation of a vaccination wound. The boy was vaccinated on the day school reopened, early in September, and the wound did not heal.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

AND vaccination in this century in this country is compulsory. The child's parents might protest in vain.

A LOVE letter is a lie addressed to one who doesn't want to know the truth.

The Skillful Feminine

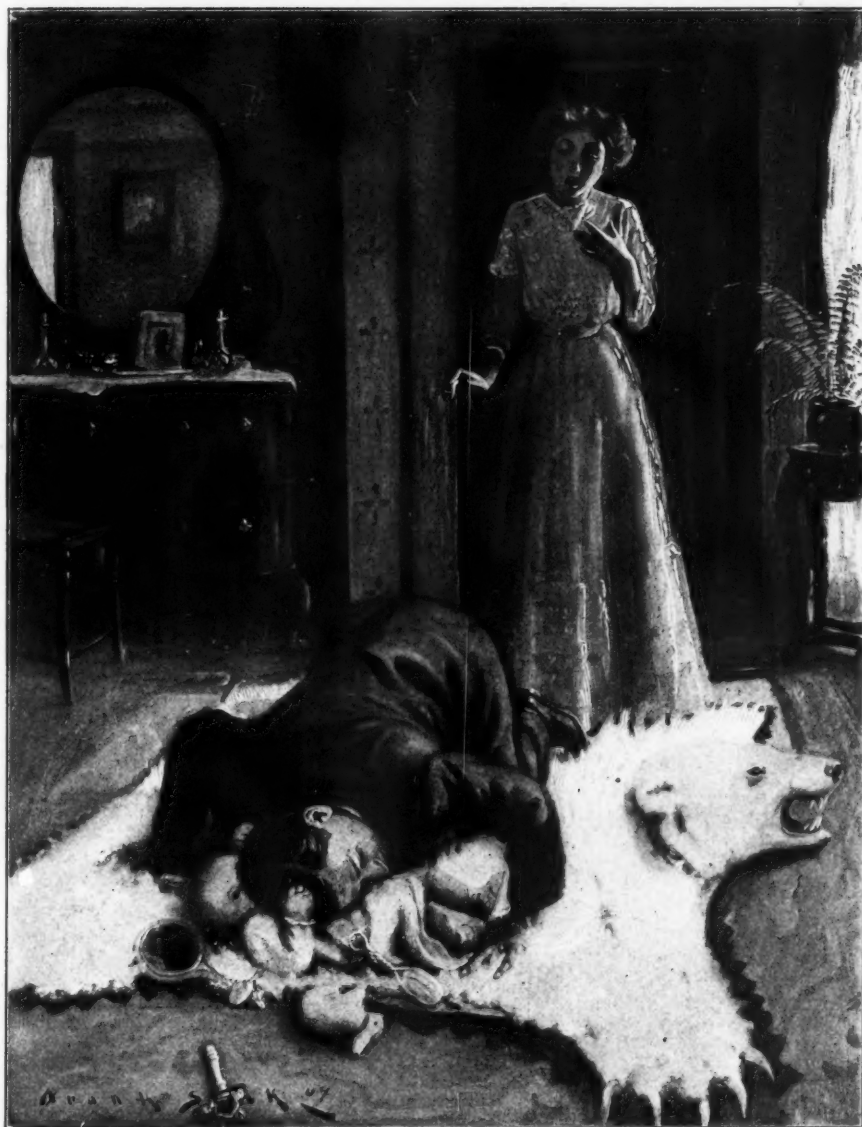
THE GIRL (*rather weary, at 11.30 p. m.*): I don't know a thing about baseball.

THE BEAU: Let me explain it to you.

THE GIRL: Very well, give me an illustration of a home run.

FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN: I want to wire my broker to buy me some stock. How would you word that sort of thing?

SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN: Tell him to buy it at the lowest market price or less.



"GOODNESS ME, JOHN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"
 "WHY, MARIE, I CAN'T FIND MY WATCH ANYWHERE, SO I
 THOUGHT I WOULD LISTEN AT BABBY'S TUMMY."

What Other Explanation?

IS Dr. Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, a degenerate?

He permits no intruder when conducting his experiments upon animals. He carefully locks the door and when alone with his victim—a monkey or a dog—he proceeds to cut him up at his leisure. Mangled bodies are dumb testimony to what has taken place within this chamber

of death. Dr. Carrel takes his time when conducting his experiments. Alone with his victim what takes place?

Ever since the world began cruelty has been one of the most prominent forms of degeneracy.

The higher a man is in the scale intellectually does not seem to count. The thirst for a victim's blood grows with what it feeds upon, until it finally becomes insatiable.

A normal man starting out upon this path with a presumably innocent desire to benefit the race by what he may discover will gradually turn his innocent experiments into a carnival of blood.

The habit of torture is like opium or hasheesh.

No experiments, no matter how innocent, which are conducted in the name of science are safe from this danger. Every pathologist knows this.

Every doctor, who has been led to make experiments on animals, is aware that abhorrence may be succeeded by indifference, and this by desire.

Dr. Carrel, conducting his experiments alone behind closed doors, refusing to be interrupted, bears every evidence of inhuman degeneracy.

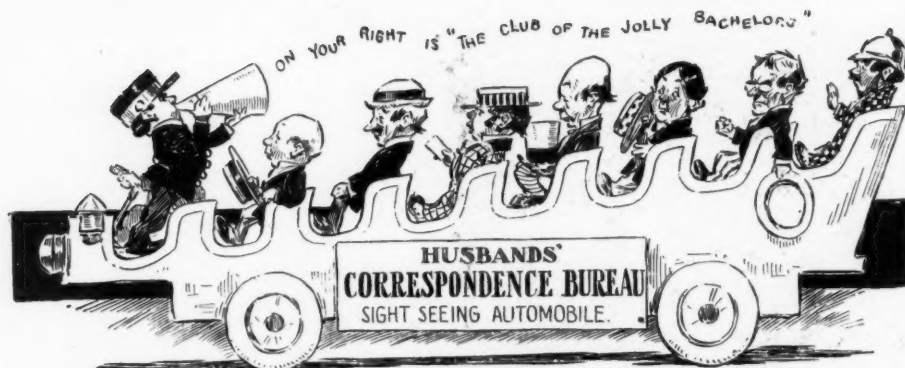
It would be immensely interesting and instructive if it should be determined that men of his stamp are among the real enemies of the human race, instead of the "benefactors" that they so passionately declare themselves to be.

This hot resentment at interference and the hypocritical pretense to be of benefit are indeed among the certain marks of a pathological condition which invariably leads to degeneracy.

EGOTISM is self-reliance on parade.



"GEE! YOU BETTER TAKE THAT UMBRELLA OUT OF YOUR MOUTH; IF YOU FALL DOWN YOU'LL SWALLOW IT."



This up-to-date motor car leaves our office every hour during clear weather. Only regular customers taken.

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

(No Connection With Any Other Establishment)

OWING to an unprecedented rush of business, and several other circumstances beyond our control, we have temporarily gotten far behind in our orders, and must therefore beg the indulgence of our new customers. If we are obliged to keep them waiting it is no fault of ours. We have only one pair of arms and, even though we know its quality (which modesty prevents us from dilating upon), only one brain. We cannot leave the details of our business to alien hands, as it is too delicate to be trusted to others, but now that Christmas and New Years have happily passed we expect soon to catch up. The following letter is a fair sample of some of those we have been in receipt of:

HUSBANDS' COR. BUREAU.

Dear Sirs: Some weeks ago I put my case in your hands, and have been anxiously waiting to hear from you, beyond the mere acknowledgment of my first remittance. As I fully explained to you, my life is a hell on earth. Either return my money or get busy.
Yours,
D— C—

Immediately upon receipt of this letter we placed our friend's name in our Hell on Earth Department, according to the information received, but afterwards, in checking up his case, we found that he had been mistaken and that his case was not nearly so bad, his wife having only mild suffragitis and was rather fond of dress, with no idea of money. We therefore had to readjust our treatment.

This leads us to say that our customers should be as exact as possible in their description of their sufferings. In ordinary seasons we have time to look them up beforehand, but during a rush like the present we have to take their statements for granted. We have several different classes of treatment, namely, "simple incompatibility," "compound incompatibility," and "hell on earth." Naturally when we get the cases mixed up, through misrepresentations, we cannot answer for the consequences. We expect to bring this gentleman's wife around into a better frame of mind in a week or so. In the meantime, we advise him—as he seems to be young and tender, and not inured to all the storm and stress of married life—to come on and get cheered up by our entertainment committee.

This year we have an unusual programme. We shall not be able to see customers ourself for some time to come, but the tall stately blonde to the left as you enter will see that everybody is taken care of. Among other things we have special Seeing-the-Stage-Entrances-Auto, which leaves our

headquarters promptly every night at eleven, and through the courtesy of the Theatrical Trust takes in everything of interest.

Full programme of our entertainment committee mailed on request.

Not long ago we notified our branch offices that they would be discontinued, as we found that the managers, with practically no exception, were a bad lot, and were trying to get our business away from us. Since then several of them have tried to start rival agencies, but without success.

This, however, has been a severe strain, and coupled with our suffragette campaign has been the cause of much of the delay in treating our customers.

We repeat that we have no quarrel with the suffragettes. Apparently our recent action has been much misunderstood. Many of

them, as we have repeatedly stated, are handsome women, and we wouldn't have any difficulty with them for worlds. On the other hand, we shall have to stand by our principles.

We understand that several Newport ladies have risen up against us, and are distributing literature calculated to do us



ADVICE TO AVIATORS

A FEATHER-TICK IS A GOOD THING TO HAVE AROUND IN A THUNDERSTORM.



THE FATAL RESEMBLANCE

THE BISHOP'S MORE RAPID BROTHER IS THE CAUSE OF SOME AWKWARD MOMENTS

injury. We came across one of these circulars the other day, and give it for what it is worth:

TO ALL WIVES! WARNING!

Our attention has recently been called to a miserable specimen of a man who runs a disreputable business called Husbands' Correspondence Bureau, and who is engaged, under the specious guise of doing good, in undermining our cause in every way possible. He claims to treat cases of marital trouble, and extracts large sums from foolish men, who have come to depend upon him.

He is doing our cause much harm by his lies about us, and all women who have at heart the sacred privilege of voting should fight him to the bitter end.

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

We expected this, of course. We knew that we should be misunderstood. But we are prepared for the worst and offer the following challenge:

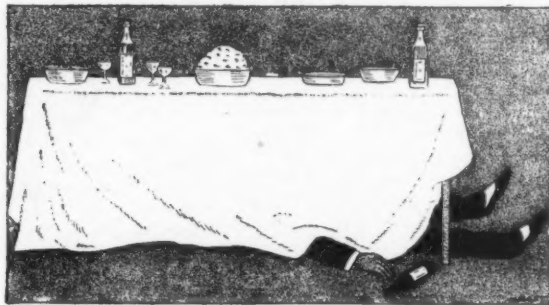
We invite any suffragette into our office to look over our books. When it is known the good we are doing, the happy families we are making throughout the land; when it is understood that the happiness of women as well as men is our sole object, and that countless thousands rejoice in our work, why, then, our enemies will be silenced.

It is true that we receive a modest stipend for our efforts. We have to live as well as the rest of the world. But our terms are so absurdly reasonable as to be within the reach of all.

No matter what your circumstances are, if your wife is giving you any trouble communicate with us at once. Open day and night. A trial course free.

We will put your wife completely under your control in one month and make her glad that she is there, or we will promptly refund your money. Call, write or wire.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.



"THE GREAT WHITE WAY"

The Song of the Fool

"HEY day, hey day!" sang the Queen's gay fool,
 "But life is a blithe and a merry school!
 With never a thought I tossed a stone,
 It sought a sea-gull sitting alone,
 And bruised her silver wing.
 She fluttered out to a beacon buoy,
 Where none could reach and none annoy,
 And where for me were certain death,
 She found a haven to catch her breath.
 Oh! life is a funny thing!

"The stone I snatched out of the wall
 Caused all the rest to topple and fall,
 Until, alas! alackaday!
 Upon the ground the whole thing lay.
 Oh! life is the Wisping Will!
 Two yokels now all patient bend,
 And weary work the wall to merd,
 The sea-gull tends her wounded wing,
 But I—who all this woe did bring—
 Sit here and twitter and trill!"

Ethelwyn Brewer DeFoe.



Listen to Their Tale of Woe



THE mills have ground pretty slowly in the case of the Theatrical Trust, but if the howl of misery turned loose at the annual dinner of the New York Managers' Association is any sign, the mills are grinding pretty fine. Even that usually silent individual, Mr. Al. Hayman, let go a moan to the effect that there were too many theatres in America, meaning thereby too many theatres not under the control of the Trust. It is a matter of general information that the theatres under the gentle mercies of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have been having a pretty tough time of it this season. On the other hand, the theatres outside of that control seem as a rule to have been fairly prosperous.

Other trusts have had to be brought to account in the courts and legislatures, but a sort of natural law seems to be bringing about the punishment of the Theatrical Trust. In its hoggish greed it has tried to ruin every one who resented its brutal methods, relying on its booking monopoly to stifle competition. A grain of decency in its treatment of those who came in touch with it might have disarmed opposition, but its tyrannical strength has proved its greatest weakness. It drove men to desperation by its exactions, and out of that desperation has grown an effective opposition. New, competing theatres have sprung up in its most profitable fields. The independent producing managers, encouraged by the competition, have given these houses more and better attractions than could be secured from the Trust. The old threat that Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger would refuse to book a route has ceased to be a deadly menace. It is even said that the mighty

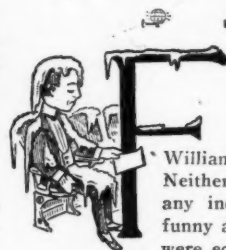
fortune flowing in from the five per cent booking fee has dwindled to a point where it is not enough to take care of losses in other directions. Certain weak-kneed newspapers are permitting their writers to tell the truth about the Trust shows in spite of the advertising bribe and threat.

There are evidences that theatrically America may once more become the land of the free instead of the land of the Trust. And dramatic art would flourish.



THE first act of "The Prince of Bohemia" is deadly dull, but in the second Mr. Andrew Mack gets a chance to be both musical and funny and the whole entertainment takes on a more lively and cheerful tone. In the surfeit of bad musical farces inflicted on this town since the first of the year this one does not stand out conspicuously bad, but it wouldn't have much of a chance in a good year. Mr. Mack has one good song, "Oh, Mr. Moon," Miss Christie Macdonald is singing better than ever and in looks is just as dainty as of yore, and Miss Georgie Lawrence has ample opportunity for displays of merry archness.

"The Prince of Bohemia" will never become a classic, but it has attractions for Mr. Mack's large following.

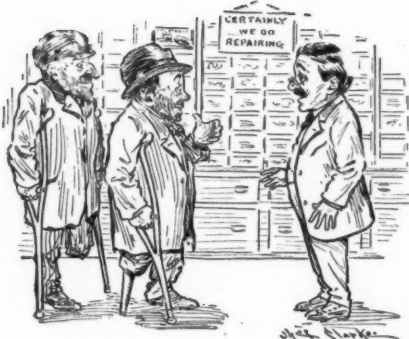


ROST has been frequent this winter and it evidently struck into the very bones of "The King of Cadonia." This musical comedy was imported from England to exploit the abilities of Mr. William Norris and Miss Marguerite Clark. Neither of those Dresden-china artists displayed any increase of merit, the book was very unfunny and the slight musical virtues of the score were eclipsed by the vigorous efforts of the bass section of the orchestra. *Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!*—f



DOMESTIC PROBLEM NO. 6899

IF HE SAYS "DON'T CRY, DEAR," SHE CRIES THE HARDER.
 IF HE DOESN'T SAY IT, HE FEELS LIKE A BRUTE.



"SAY, MISTER, ME AND ME PAL WANT TER BUY A PAIR OF SHOES."

he doesn't happen to be "The King of Cadonia," or somebody equally dull.

THIS letter was written by a gentleman staying at the Hotel Astor, but is late in getting into print owing to the pressure of new productions on these columns. However, the state of affairs is always with us and a similar experience could doubtless be had any evening:

To the Editor of LIFE.

DEAR SIR.—To-night at seven o'clock I went to the box-office of the New York Theatre and asked for one seat. The man behind the window replied most courteously that the best he had was in the eighth row, and in proof offered me a ticket numbered H 11. This did not meet my requirements, and I went at once to McBride's Theatre Ticket Office in the Hotel Cadillac, one and a half blocks away. In answer to my request the young man in charge of this latter place telephoned and subsequently informed me that he could give me one seat in the first row. I accepted this seat and paid \$2.50 therefor. In return I received an order on the box-office for this seat. Presenting this order I had no difficulty in obtaining the seat for which it called (A C). Does this, or does it not, spell collusion between the box-office and the speculator?

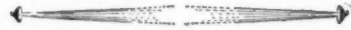
Yours truly, M. M.

Not exactly a case of collusion, for the McBride concern was probably doing business under conditions laid down by the managers of the theatre. They secured for you what you could not get for yourself and charged you their regular price for it, one-half of the excess probably going to the theatre. McBride's profit of twenty-five cents is legitimate, the other twenty-five cents—but what's the use of talking? It's people like you, Mr. M. M., who make this kind of thing possible. If you had declined to pay the price, two dollars and a half of your money would have remained in your pocket and would not have gone to encourage a vicious practice. And doubtless there were other theatres in town where you would have received fair treatment and possibly have seen a better

show. So the whole thing rests largely on your own shoulders, although your experience is interesting as showing where the out-of-town visitor stands in his relation to the New York theatres.

It is not exactly a case in point but it recalls an old adage, which you may have heard before, to the effect that

A speculator on the sidewalk means a crooked manager inside.



Mayor Gaynor's new Fire Commissioner threatens to make the inspection of theatres in the matter of the safety of audiences a continuous and effective



"I DON'T WANT TO PUT A CRIMP IN NOBODY'S CHARACTER, BUT BETWEEN ME AND YOU, A SUFFRAGETTE AIN'T MY IDEA OF A LADY."

one. The inference is that the inspection has been lax, which in many cases has been obvious. The obstruction of main exits with photograph frames,

heavy curtains and brass railings has been conspicuous in several theatres. The question has also been raised whether in all cases the carefully marked exits are really practicable. This could be easily tested by making it an invariable rule that at the close of every performance every exit should be thrown wide open.

This may be only a case of a new broom, but a new broom once in four years is better than none at all.

Metcalf.



- Academy of Music*—Mr. Chauncey Olcott in "Ragged Robin." Notice later.
- Astor*—"Seven Days." Farce in three acts with laughter all through.
- Belasco*—Last week of "Is Matrimony a Failure?" Comedy based on suburban society life.
- Bijou*—"The Lottery Man." Extremely funny farce.
- Broadway*—"The Jolly Bachelors." Musical farce with Nora Bayes and countless chorus girls.
- Casino*—"The Chocolate Soldier." Tuneful comic opera based on "Arms and the Man."
- Comedy*—"The Watcher." Notice later.
- Criterion*—"The Bachelor's Baby," with Mr. Francis Wilson. Sketchy comedy with clever child actor.
- Daly's*—Maxine Elliott in "The Inferior Sex." Notice later.
- Empire*—"The Mollusc," with Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore. Clever light comedy by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.
- Garrick*—Mr. Otis Skinner in "Your Humble Servant." Delightful acting and amusing light comedy.
- Globe*—Messrs. Montgomery and Stone in "The Old Town." New theatre with Mr. Fred Stone furnishing most of the entertainment in musical farce.
- Hackett*—Mr. Andrew Mack in "The Prince of Bohemia." See above.
- Herald Square*—"Old Dutch." Mr. Lew Fields and large company in diverting musical farce.
- Hippodrome*—Tank spectacle, ballet and circus.
- Hudson*—Mr. William Collier in "A Lucky Star." Notice later.
- Lyceum*—Miss Billie Burke in Mr. Maugham's "Mrs. Dot." Notice later.
- Lyric*—"The City," Mr. Clyde Fitch's last play. Powerful and well acted drama.
- Manhattan Opera House*—Repertory of grand opera.
- Maxine Elliott's*—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Excellent English company headed by Mr. Forbes-Robertson in interesting mystical play.
- New Theatre*—Repertory of dramas and minor opera.
- Plaza*—Vaudeville.
- Savoy*—Mr. Henry Miller in "The Faith Healer," by Mr. W. V. Moody. Notice later.
- Stuyvesant*—"The Lily." Well staged French drama dealing with the problem of spinsterhood.
- Wallack's*—Mr. H. B. Warner in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Notice later.
- Weber's*—Mr. Henry E. Dixey in "Mr. Buttles." Notice later.



· L · E ·

At the day
A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

LIE.



At the way
DIFFERENCE OPINION



THERE'S A REASON

THE LATEST BOOKS



DEN PHILLPOTTS' novel, *The Haven*, is an enjoyable book that one nevertheless would rather choose to commend to readers always in sympathy with its author's work than select as an occasion for what might be termed proselytizing criticism. Mr. Phillpotts' audience is a fairly wide one and nothing, one imagines, but a certain archaic rotundity of style and the superficial monotony of his invariable Devonshire prevents it from being as much wider as his work's literary quality and fictional value deserves.

And *The Haven*, in that it is a story of the sea rather than the Downs, of the fishermen of the Devon coast rather than of the farm hands on the banks of the Dart, represents as radical a departure from custom on the part of Mr. Phillpotts as does, say, Mr. Hichens occasionally carrying the war out of Africa on his. But while *The Haven* has this element of novelty in it, and while the rugged lifelikeness, individuality and interest of its characters make it a book to be read with unbroken satisfaction, one needs perhaps some previous familiarity with Mr. Phillpotts' chosen people to catch the muffled dramatic emphasis of the tale.

THERE is an old story of a grief-stricken widower who, after long wrestling in spirit, finally succeeded in compelling the ghost of his dead wife to appear to him; and who afterward, in describing the interview, said that his enjoyment of it was largely spoiled by the absurd fact that he could see the outline of the wash-hand-stand through the diaphanous body of his visitor. One has very much the same feeling about George F. Parker's volume of *Recollections of Grover Cleveland*. All good Democrats, and, indeed, most good Americans, have long since come to look upon Mr. Cleveland with a blended sense of possession and of loss; and not a few of them will eagerly embrace an opportunity of meeting the spirit of the man evoked by one of his familiars. But the sensitive among these will find their anticipated pleasure dashed by the disturbing circumstance that they can constantly see the angular outline of the author's personality through the verbal substance of Mr. Cleveland's ghost.

MR. HERBERT QUICK'S *Virginia of the Air Lanes* is an early example of a variety of fiction for which recent events have, or ought to have, prepared us. We might, tentatively, call it an aeromance. And, of course, like the first airship, the first aeromance is of the lighter-than-air type. The hero, a young inventor of the near future, is the semi-rigid framework of the

construction. Virginia is the eternal feminine that supplies the motive power. Mr. Quick is the generator that furnishes the inflating medium. Sometimes this is laughing gas and sometimes one suspects it of being just heated air, but it lifts the machine and one may adventure on the voyage with an excellent chance of enjoyment. Also with the consolation of knowing that, even if one falls overboard, it will not hurt anything.

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN is a satire on English life by Stephen Reynolds. This statement is made on the title-page and made good in the text of one of the new novels; but it is not, when one comes to repeat it, a very illuminative statement. For satire is a broadly inclusive term, applied with equal fitness to a picture of life laughingly distorted into a *reductio ad absurdum*; to an exaggerated realism flecked with irony; and to an imaginary situation in which one aspect of human nature is contemptuously assumed to cover the whole. The

Holy Mountain comes under the latter heading. It is the story of an inadvertent miracle performed by the stupid son of a small provincial tradesman and of the attitude assumed toward the marvel by the church, the press, the stage and the public. It is extremely well written. The characters are defined and the setting deployed with a care seldom devoted to the voicing of contempt. But for most of us satire is at once acceptable and more corrective when we detect in it if not the tolerant smile of humor at least the critical grin of a humorous cynicism. And in *The Holy Mountain* the smile is absent and the grin has become a snarl.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Haven by Eden Phillpotts. The John Lane Company. \$1.50.

Recollections of Grover Cleveland, by George F. Parker. The Century Company. \$3.00.

Virginia of the Air Lanes, by Herbert Quick. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50.

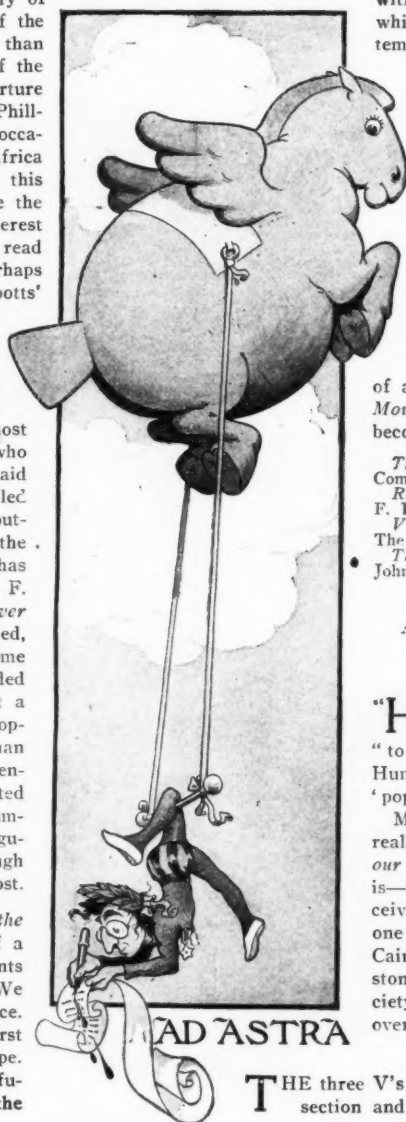
The Holy Mountain, by Stephen Reynolds. The John Lane Company. \$1.50.

An egoist is a cultured egotist.

Mrs. Ward and Miss Corelli

"HOW many forests have not been felled," cries an English reviewer, "to furnish wood pulp for the works of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Marie Corelli and other 'popular favorites'?"

Mrs. Ward and Marie Corelli! This is really shocking. Why, Mrs. Ward moves in our very best literary set, while Miss Corelli is—er—well, certainly she has never been received in our leading magazines. It is as if one should say Mr. Howells and Mr. Hall Caine, or those popular novelists, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Ralph Connor. Society seems to be getting rather "mixed" over in England.



THE three V's of modern controversy: vaccination vivisection and votes.

1849



HOW HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

He (in the background): YES, MY GRANDFATHER CAME OVER THIS VERY GROUND 60 YEARS AGO.

The Irishmen and the Offices

THAT Philadelphia Irishman who writes to the *New York Evening Post* that he wishes that the "Irish element" might be withdrawn from all petty office-holding bases his wish on the opinion that the said element is too valuable "to be wasted upon petty politics and petty offices."

It is about seventy years since Irishmen began to accumulate in considerable numbers in this country, and during all that time they have progressed pretty steadily in dignity of employment. They began—most of them—with rough, hard, manual work, dug, ditched, built railroads, carried hods. The next generation got into the trades and into trading, and the next into the professions. On the way up toward the superior place which awaits irrepressible talent, Irishmen in noticeable numbers have been tending bar and holding office.

It is likely enough that we shall see them draw away from both of these employments. Saloon-keeping is not what it was. It has lost in individuality, influence and profitableness. Office-holding, too, is getting to be poor work for the needy and the aspiring. Mayor Gaynor complains of the trouble he has had in inducing fit men to accept the important city offices that he has offered them. Of course he has had trouble. Most men who are competent for employment are already employed, and who wants to give up a reliable job to work for the city? The natural rewards of office-holding are trouble, glory and graft. If graft is eliminated, office-holding becomes an occupation suited only to honest plodders or altruists with private means. The mayoralties of great American cities are rapidly ceasing to be political prizes and becoming duties which competent citizens are besought to undertake. The petty offices, when graft is eliminated, become pretty meagre jobs, and since graft in cities seems to be going out of fashion we agree with the gentleman from Philadelphia that Irishmen, as a rule, being more than average clever, can do better than hold petty offices. The thing that is going to save us from the domination of Irish officeholders is that we are getting so punctilious about municipal expenditures that it is not going to pay the officeholders to dominate us. It will not save Boston from having John F. Fitzgerald in its Mayor's office for the next four years, but it should restrain him there.

Purely Social

EMBARRASSED PREACHER (reading the first chapter of *Jonah*, and making the best of the seventeenth verse): "And the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah; and Jonah was in the—er—a—and Jonah was in the—er— And the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah; and Jonah was in the society of the fish three days and three nights."

Assurance Doubly Sure

"HOW do you like your next door neighbors?"
 "Well, I have a great admiration for their nerve. They sent me a bill the other day for the eggs they claimed their hens had laid in my garden."

WHO would not be a barber?
 No rival need he dread!
 For he's sure in his profession
 To stand always at the head.



The Visitor: IT'S A TERRIBLY GOOD LIKENESS.



Metempsychosis

A chicken lived, a chicken died:
Its drumstick and its wing were fried,
Its feathers by a dealer dried,
And, very shortly after, dyed.

Soul it had none; admitting that,
How comes it? There, upon her hat,
Its plumes—a mortal chicken's—rise,
A glorious bird of paradise.

—Detroit Free Press.

Short on Science

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MAMMA: Are you giving any treatment to that young error of mind who is calling on you?

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE DAUGHTER: Yes, mamma. I lent him a copy of *Science and Health*.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MAMMA: Lent it to him! My dear, our good mother printed that book to sell! I see I shall have to demonstrate for more Science in you.—Judge.



A RICH CORPORATION

Says Dr. Leech to Mr. Scare:
The Small-pox Devil's loose and he's
after you and me.
That Vaccination's a sure hoodoo all
doctors do agree.
So just step up briskly while scarify
your skin,
And pump a little virus of the Cow
pox in.
'Tis true it has lockjaw, sepsis and
nephritis,
Cancer, consumption, gangrene and
meningitis,
Paralysis, pyemia and a hundred other
vents,
But the aggregation's dirt cheap at the
usual fifty cents.

—The Dog Journal.

Mollycoddles

FIRST CHAUFFEUR: War is absurdly sentimental.

SECOND CHAUFFEUR: Yes, they actually go back and bury the dead.—Chicago Tribune.

AN old farmer, on finding his pigs had eaten most of his cabbages, cast a disgusted look at the pen and said: "Well, the good Lord named hogs right, for hogs is hogs."—Housekeeper.

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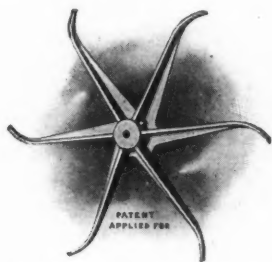
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This Oddly Shaped Fan



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Making thousands of revolutions per minute, creates an absolutely even strong suction of more volume and velocity of the cleaning tool than any other device practical for a portable vacuum cleaner.

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Many of the cleaners of our design and manufacture have been disposed of by a selling company (not under our name) and have given perfect satisfaction. We would not offer a cleaner under our own name until it had been proved worthy of the fullest Sturtevant guarantee.

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RELIABILITY: Our fans, driven by our electric motors make possible the high speed of United States battleships and they must be trustworthy as engine or propeller. Our forced draft fans in battleships are no more carefully designed and made than those in our vacuum cleaners.

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ADAPTABILITY: The Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner keeps rooms *clean*, to a degree that sweeping, mopping and scrubbing never can, and it does all this with practically no labor whatever it meets the requirements of large or small homes, and also gives perfect satisfaction in hotels, theatres, and public institutions; in fact, it is the only small compact machine which will run continually without getting out of order and do the same satisfactory work as the larger system machines. It reaches any spot within 32 feet of an electric fixture.

The cleaner consists of the machine, 12-foot hose, various tools for cleaning, 20 feet electric lamp cord and plug, and is operated from an incandescent electric light socket.

The motor is the same high grade we use in all our work, absolutely guaranteed. The fan is one piece of aluminum, which, because of strength and lightness, is better than any other material.

By using one-inch hose (most cleaners use 3-4-inch hose) greater volume and air velocity are secured at the tool, enabling it to pick up larger particles, and clean at greater distances from the tool than is possible with a smaller volume of air.

The cleaning tools cover all needs; 1. The regular floor tool, with swivel joint, makes perfect contact with the floor at any angle the handle is held, making it easy to clean thoroughly under furniture. 2. Brush and hardwood floor attachments to slide over the regular tool. 3. A stair tool, narrower than the floor tool, without flange, to reach corners. 4. A long flat library tool for tops of books on shelves, also pigeon holes, radiators, etc. 5. Two lengths of aluminum tube handle.

The cleaner is on rubber tired wheels and can be moved about, with more ease than a baby carriage and can be readily taken up or down stairs.

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There is nothing about the machine to get out of order. It is so simple that a child can operate it, and so soundly made that it will last for years. There is practically nothing about it to break or wear out.

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—Lippincott's.

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HE: Do you believe in the higher education for girls?

SHE: Oh, yes. I'm taking lessons in aviation already.—*Boston Herald.*

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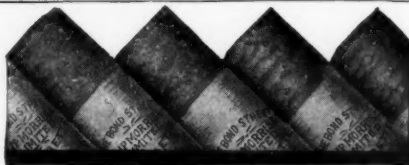
"SHAME on you! You came home last night actually tipsy."

"So I did, my dear. I just couldn't resist the pleasure of seeing two of you at once."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

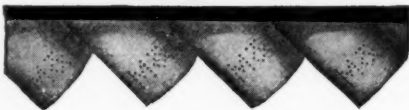
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Planning His Career

Seven-year-old Horace had a great desire to follow his father's career. He was overheard by his mother saying his prayers one night:

"Please, God, make me a good boy, and then a good lawyer, and then just land me on the Supreme Bench. Amen."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

AN East Tennessee girl is credited with the following reply to a question as to whether she had been to the fair: "I didn't went, I didn't want to went; and, if I had wanted to went, I couldn't have gotten to gwine."—*Good House-keeping.*

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Tommy to the Rescue

Remedies are unfortunately sometimes worse than the diseases which they are made to cure. Tommy's mother, says a writer in *Lippincott's Magazine*, had made him a present of a toy shovel, and sent him out in the sand-lot to play with his baby brother. "Take care of baby, now," said his mother, "and don't let anything hurt him."

Presently screams of anguish from baby sent the distracted parent flying to the sand-lot.

"For goodness' sake, Tommy, what has happened to the baby?" said she, trying to soothe the wailing infant.

"There was a naughty fly biting him on the top of his head, and I killed it with the shovel," was the proud reply.—*Youth's Companion.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

The house committee of a New York club recently received this unique complaint: "I have the honor to inform you that I lunched at the club this afternoon and had as my guests three gentlemen, all well-known gourmets. Among other things an omelet was served. It contained only three flies. As an old member of the club, jealous of its reputation, I naturally found this very embarrassing, as, in order to make an equitable division of the omelet, it was necessary either to divide a fly—a nice bit of carving, as you must concede—or forego a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in the future, when an omelet is served for four persons, it should be either with (a) four flies, or

(b) no flies at all."—*Argonaut.*

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"IT'S INSIDE, MY DEAR, NEXT TO THE 'LOST AND FOUND' COLUMN, AND ABOUT THE SIZE OF A PURE FOOD LAW LABEL."

Grave Mistake

J. W. Holman, the Government's official poisoner, has destroyed 750,000 prairie dogs in the last eight months. Mr. Holman, genially discussing that holocaust in Washington, said:

"Work like mine is best done by an expert. The farmer who poisons his own prairie dogs may get into trouble. Chemicals are serious things for the average man to fool with."

"When I think of men fooling with chemicals," he said, "I think involuntarily of Hiram Bozeman, of Gandy. It was a wet, cold, nasty December day, like this one, and Hiram, coughing and shivering, stood before a druggist's window. In this window, between two enormous jars, one filled with a beautiful clear blue liquid, the other with a beautiful clear red one, Hiram's eye rested on a sign that said:

No more Coughs,
No more colds,
25c. a Bottle.

"Hiram entered the shop, the druggist said he could guarantee the anti-cold remedy, and the young man bought a bottle.

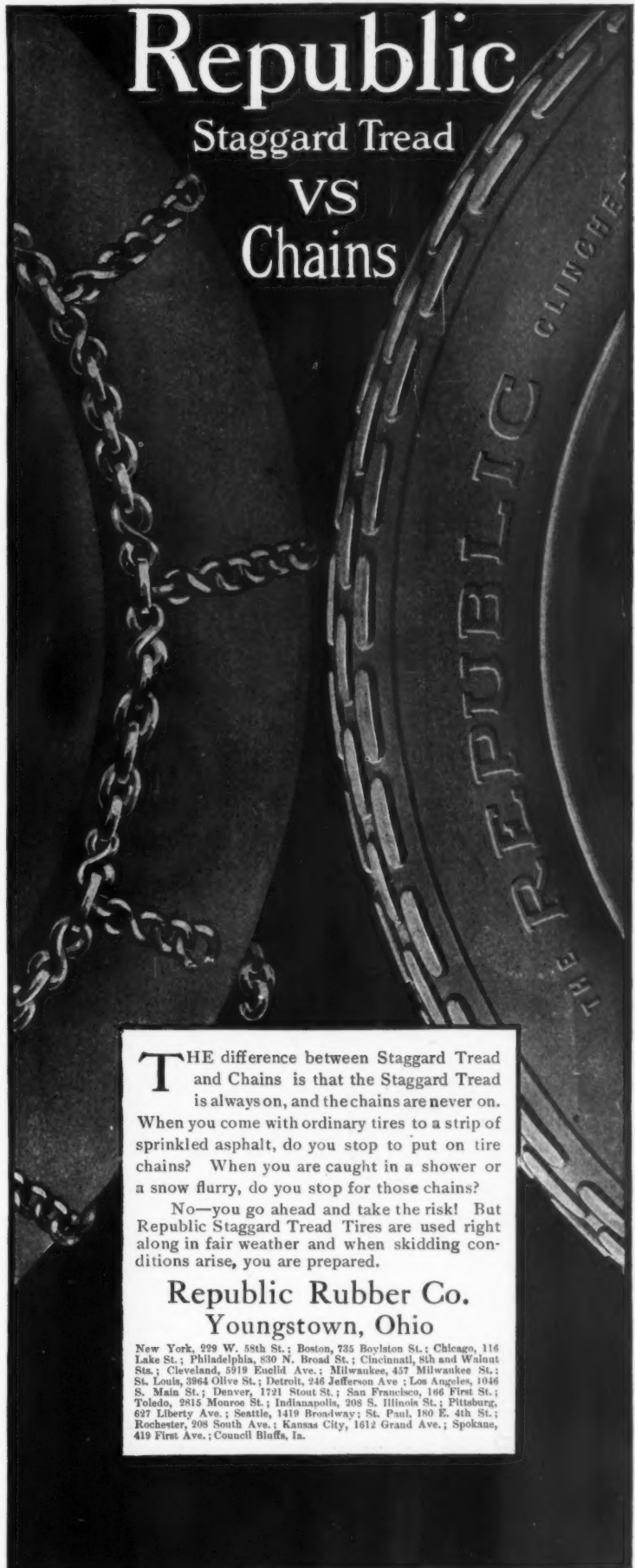
"Two days later he returned again through mire and sleet. 'I've drunk that mixture,' he gasped, 'and it seems to have plugged up my throat. I can hardly breathe!'

"The druggist started.

"You drank it?' he cried. 'Why, man, it's an india-rubber solution to put on the soles of your shoes!'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Color Section

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The Confessions of Nero

by WALLACE IRWIN. The most amazingly humorous article that this well-known author has ever written. It is strikingly original in tone and the illustrations will make you gasp for breath.

The Problem of the Railroads

is the result of a series of conferences with President W. C. BROWN of the New York Central Railroad, President E. P. RIPLEY of the Atchison Railroad, President RALPH PETERS of the Long Island Railroad. It presents this subject of national importance from the intimate viewpoint of the men who run the roads, and is calculated to interest every thoughtful person.

The Mysterious North Star

by GARRETT P. SERVISS, the eminent astronomer, is an article of unusual interest which discloses many hitherto unknown facts about this extraordinary planet.

The Pinkertons, the Police, and the Crooks

by O'CONNOR DOUGLAS, is an article from material furnished the author by a reformed confidence man who has operated in this country and Europe for over thirty years and who writes of startling conditions little known to the general public.

Besides other articles and stories we must mention two crackjack stories:

The Watcher in the Pit

by MAXIMILLIAN FOSTER, the most absorbing story of vengeance carried across two continents and an ocean.

Unmitigated Molly

a most delightful story by EDNA KENTON. Both these stories are profusely illustrated from drawings.

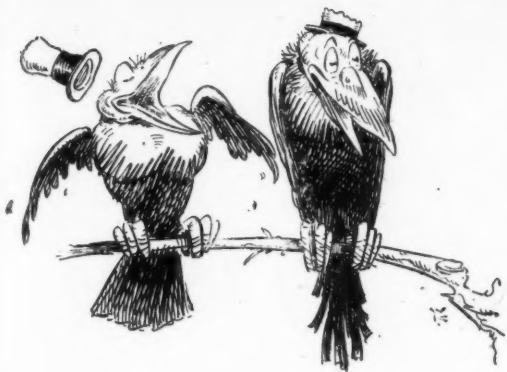
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Rhymed Reviews

"Happy Hawkins"

(By Robert Alexander Wason. Small, Maynard & Co.)

Come in, ol' Pal! hang up ya hat
An' liquor up an' shed ya duster.
Draw up a chair an' have a chat
About our latest Bronco-buster:

Name, Hawkins; six foot two, an' sure
A scrapper—yet he's hardly scrappy;
He don't demand no worry cure
An' that's the why we call him
"Happy."

Oh, he c'n ride like U. S. Grant,
An' drink like bees among the clover,
An' rope an' tie a Nellyphant,
An' fight till Hell is frozen over!

He usta herd ol' Judson's steers;
An' Judson's daughter, Barbie, maybe
Knows why he held 'at job for years—
He loved her sense she wuz a baby.

He saved her, time an' time again;
An' lastly guv her han' in marriage
To Jimmy, Earl o' Clarendon,
With coats of arms stuck round his
carriage.

He's ranch-boss on the Diamond Dot,
Called "uncle" by a bunch o' childrin;
But when he spins a yarn, his plot
Is dreadful mixed an' quite bewild'rin'.

He says some things 'at make ya laugh
Or think; an' yet, in my opinion,
He isn't fit to brand a calf
For Wister's poker-wise "Virginian."

Arthur Guiterman.

12 TOURS TO EUROPE

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

The Bridgeport *Standard* says:

LIFE stands at the head of the humorous journals of the country. It has a purpose above the provocation of a laugh and its drive at abuses is winged with wit and satire and carried with courage so that it is able to see the result of its work. It is to the ordinary "comic" publication, as the high comedy of the stage is above the slap-stick performance that catches and convulses the yokel. It gives the reader something to think about as

well as something to laugh over and the refinement of its methods only makes its matter the more effective. There could be few more acceptable presents to an educated and appreciative person, man or woman, than a year's subscription to LIFE, for at the end of the year the receiver could not fail to find an uplift in many ways and to cherish an increased good will for the giver.

We can imagine no better advice.

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VAN NORDEN MAGAZINE

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WILLIAM L. MILLER, Advertising Manager

The Literary Zoo

By W. T. LARNED

Kansas Takes to Psychology

THE passion for psychology has spread to the farms of Kansas, where the works of William Allen White and Ironquill circulate on a parity with the volumes of Münsterberg and James, while the dust gathers on Almanac and Government Bulletin. So we gather from an account of certain doings at the State Agricultural College as reported by the Truthful James of the always accurate Kansas City Star. It appears that Dr. McKeever's class in psychology had just assembled when a masked man carrying a six-shooter burst in upon them, hotly pursued by a number of men likewise armed. The hunted one flourished his "gun" and showed fight, but speedily succumbed to superior numbers.

An episode of little moment, perhaps, had it happened in the days when the James "boys" of Missouri—Jesse and Frank—were better known beyond the Kaw than the James "boys" of New England—William and Henry. But in Kansas of to-day! However, there was no cause for alarm. The incident was "faked" by the enterprising Dr. McKeever, who chose this method of finding "the per cent. of girls who would scream with fright and the per cent. of boys who would rise to their defense."

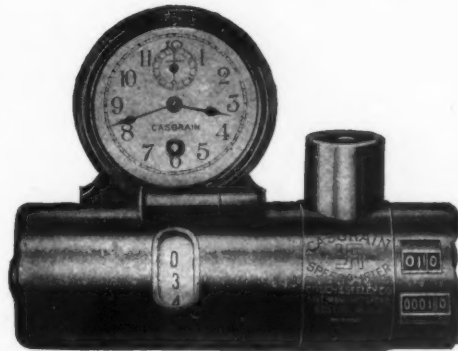
The news account—written doubtless by a mere football student—sheds no light on the result of the experi-

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ment. No matter. Its value rests in its application of new and stimulating methods. Dr. McKeever's pupils should rejoice in their preceptor and profit by his originality. We beg leave

(Continued on page 180)

Ann Veronica

By H. G. WELLS

For the first time—completely and brilliantly—is told the story of that unrest in the modern woman we see every day. Beside all else, a remarkable love romance is unfolded. Ann Veronica is a young girl who rebels against the restrictions placed upon her by a prudish father and a conventional aunt. Ann Veronica is attractive, boyish, frank-spoken, and has an independent mind. She wants to really live—to be a human being. This is her story. It will appeal to two different classes—those who like a straightforward human story, and those who demand intellectual stimulus and a fresh point of view.

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**ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE!**

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 179)

to suggest an experiment on similar lines: Dr. McKeever is slumbering peacefully. Suddenly he is aware of an unwonted sensation. A pitcher of cold water has been poured upon him by a devout and enthusiastic student. Other alert scholars, fired with scientific ardor, seize him and project him bodily from the window, whence he descends into a blanket held by youthful psychologists deviously with a zeal for observing phenomena outside the daily dull rut of routine.

What's the matter with Kansas? Nothing at all, but prosperity. A land of plenty provided by plethoric producers for the lean and ultimate consumer—a country where culture and agriculture are running a dead heat.

Colloquial

WHATEVER may be lacking in the literature of to-day, it is certainly not stilted. Any author who made his characters talk in the pedantic manner of Lord Lytton's heroes would invite the laughter of his readers. The modern style, even in nar-

rative and descriptive passages, approaches the colloquial. Ease, crispness, a naturalness sometimes bordering on familiarity, are distinguishing qualities of the current writer's equipment. The newspaper press—so often rashly described as demoralizing to literary style—has been a considerable factor in shaping the new fashion. If we had not mislaid our rubber stamp we might go so far as to say that the elasticity of newspaper English "makes for" intelligibility of diction.

It has even come to pass—a reaction, perhaps, from old-fashioned formality and self-consciousness—that the literary man in every-day intercourse loves to throw to the winds all precise ways of speech. Just as your genuine cowboy eschews the ear-marks of the vaquero, so the novelist or poet, in his moments of recreation, prefers to pass

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10 ft. high		\$21.00 each		
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Westbury, Long Island

for an ordinary man, and to talk the language of the many. Here, for example, is an excerpt from an interview printed in a New York evening paper inclined to bookishness. An English poet new-landed on our shores has met the American reporter, and he is his. Does the bard hold forth in hexameters? By no means. Does he talk like a book? Not a bit of it. Does he even choose his words? Judge for yourself; the poet speaks:

"It's all foolish talk. It is true that Le Gallienne and I are no longer friends, but—"

"Why are you no longer friends?"

"Because of his peculiar way. He took offense at my poem because he believes it to be a reference to a particular party."

"Who is the party?"

"Nobody. It's all imagination."

And yet—as subsequent developments seem to indicate—the particular party who presided over a certain tea party for two was not so particular—at least not so d—d particular—as she might have been.

Bill Preceded Edward

The late Edward A. MacDowell once remarked to the present writer that the music of Tschaiikowsky sounded better than it was.—*The Sun's Art Critic.*

Peace to MacDowell's ashes. We would not remove a leaf of the laurel that is his. But it was the late Bill Nye—a genuine if a somewhat rough-and-tumble humorist—who remarked, ever and ever so many years ago, that the music of Wagner is better than it sounds.

(Continued on page 181)

Burpee, Philadelphia,

side we shall be pleased to send THE LEADING AMERICAN SEED CATALOG. An elegant book of 178 pages, it tells the plain truth, and should be read by all who would have the best garden possible and who are willing to pay a fair price for seeds of the

is sufficient for the front of a post card. If you will write your own address plainly on the other

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59th ANNUAL STATEMENT OF



INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

HENRY B. STOKES, President

Total Payments to Policy Holders Since Organization Plus Amount Now Held For Their Benefit

\$84,981,751.82

ADMITTED ASSETS JANUARY 1st, 1910

Bonds and Stocks owned by the Company.....	\$3,512,858.00
Bonds and Mortgages, first lien (Fire Ins. on same \$7,142,350).....	7,899,075.00
Real Estate Owned by Company.....	5,617,959.00
Loans and Liens on Policies in force.....	3,103,926.62
Cash in Bank and on hand.....	737,021.19
Net Deferred Premiums and Premiums in course of collection.....	153,920.67
Interest and Rents due and accrued, and all other assets.....	245,001.01
	\$21,269,761.49

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserve (as computed by the New York Insurance Department).....	\$18,636,963.00
All other liabilities.....	322,005.45
AMOUNT TO PROVIDE FOR ANY POSSIBLE DEPRECIATION OR OTHER LIABILITY....	25,000.00
AMOUNT HELD, SUBJECT TO CONTINGENCIES, FOR SURVIVORSHIP DIVIDEND POLICIES.....	\$1,598,493.28
CONTINGENT RESERVE FUND.....	687,299.76
	2,285,793.04
	\$21,269,761.49

Increase in New Insurance Written
Increase in Assets

Increase in Total Insurance in Force
Standard Policy Conditions

Lowest Participating Rates Consistent with Safety
Prompt Payment of Death Claims

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 180)

Words, Words Words


Our friend, the veterinary surgeon at the Western army post, had laid a wager of \$5 and lost it. A purist in speech, he had rashly criticised the post trader, who, when pressed too hard in a heated political argument, endeavored to cover his retreat with an evasive "I disremember." There was no such word, said the veterinary. We'll leave it to the dictionary, said the man who forgot. And we grieve to say that the veterinary lost. Our sympathies were with him, but secretly we thought him rash. Any man is rash who will stake his money on the exclusion of an uncouth word from the dictionary. For eternal vigilance is the watchword of the lexicographer. Let a cotton-picking negro display an original taste in prefixes, let a stranded barnstormer in the Panhandle of Texas proclaim his plight in new and curious speech—and if there should be a literary gent within earshot the dictionary, sooner or later, is likely to be enriched.

* * *

It is well, of course, that all words employed by our foremost writers should find lodgment in the lexicon. Henry James, we are reminded by an essayist, is by turns as "precious" as Walter Pater and as democratic as Chimmie Fadden. Thomas W. Lawson commands a vocabulary that we do not find in Shakespeare. O. Henry's cowboys speak a strange language that we would willingly learn. Doubtless it is well that in the decennial round-up the compilers of the dictionary should be thorough, comprehensive and hospitable.

But may there not be such a thing as an over production of words? In 1828 Noah Webster's tally was a meagre 70,000. A notable advance was marked in 1864, when the "Unabridged" recorded 114,000—a great boon to mule drivers in the Civil War, whose language, of course, was always delivered in "volleys." In 1900 the editors of the "International," observing perhaps that William J. Bryan and others were wearing out a great many of the old words, printed an edition containing 200,000. And still the language grew. It was a pretty

A BOTTLED DELIGHT



Club Cocktails

How many barmade cocktails have you had that were really suited to your taste?

Leave chance-made drinks for those who don't appreciate good liquor and to yourself and your critical friends serve CLUB COCKTAILS. They're infinitely better.

Don't judge these mixed-to-measure joys by any made-by-guesswork drink.

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

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

good language in the days of Swift and Addison and Keats, and it answered their simple requirements. Think, then, of what it has become in our own times—the spacious days of Hall Caine and Ralph Connor and Alfred Austin. We have been making discoveries and inventions and all kinds of progress, but chiefly, it would seem, we have been making words. For in the ten years of this century we have doubled our vocabulary: there are 400,000 words in Webster's New International Dictionary, recently published.

It is intended, so we learn, as a handbook for "the common man, woman and child as they read their newspaper, book of travel or novel." The uncommon people should profit by it, too. We like to think that Noah Webster is not only a household word, but 400,000 of them.

The Money Question

"Wot do they mean, Jimmy, when they say money talks?"

"I dunno unless it's the wonderful way it says goodbye to yer."—London Tattler.

EUROPE---Off the Beaten Path

Special "de Luxe" Party on June 11th—100 days—visiting many places off the beaten paths of travel. Party limited to 12. Passion Play included. All travel first class. Fine hotels. 7 other parties. For particulars address J. H. GORHAM, 1115 Main St., Bridgeport, Conn.

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THE PREMIER OF RUSSIA

48

Then up spake the great Premier Stolypin,
"Get on to his Majesty's holygrin,
He grins on the days
When 'Rad-Bridge' he plays,
For he shares with Russia the Jollysin."

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stitched linen card, only difference design of back. "It's a beauty."
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Oh, it's motoring here and it's motoring
there,

It's motoring, motoring, everywhere.

The babies in motoring carriages go,

The kids soon will coast on the silvery
snow

In automobiles up steep automoslides

In wildly hilarious automorides.

Our dancers are dancing gay automojigs,
Our doctors drive round in their automo-
gigs;

And those who would perch on fame's
highest bars

Now hitch up their wagons to automo-
stars.

The farmer is smiling his harvest to gain
When loading his hay on his automo-
wain,

Or scarring the earth with his automo-
plow,

Or milking his gasoline automocow;

Or sending the choreman with automo-
legs

To gather each morn the fresh automo-
eggs

'Neath the automohens in the automo-
coop,

To the tune of the rooster's shrill auto-
mowhoop,

While he who plays golf will rejoice at
the call

Of the automocaddy who chases his ball.

The automocamel will soon lead the van
From Automosheba to Automodan,

And down in the kitchen, by hook or by
crook,

Some day we'll rejoice in an automo-
cook

Who more than a week in the household
will stop

To joy in the jests of the automocop.

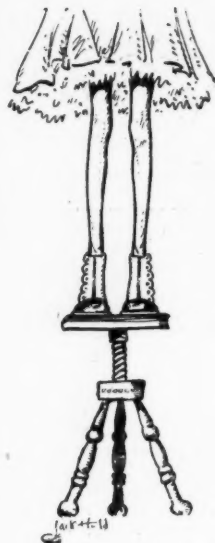
Yes, it's motors by day and it's motors
by night;

Wherever we look there's a motor in
sight.

All over the land they are quite the
fromage

And every old barn has become a garage!

—H. D. Gastitt, in *Success*.



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Has
His
Day!



But LIFE comes to you every week.
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Roger Williams, by Edward J. Car-
penter. (The Grafton Press. \$2.00.)

Three Lives, by Gertrude Stein. (The
Grafton Press. \$1.50.)

Tories of Chippeny Hill, Connecticut,
by E. LeRoy Pond. (Grafton Press
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The Guest at the Gate, by Edith M.
Thomas. (R. G. Badger. \$1.50.)

Why Not Now? by Charles Gilbert
Davis, M.D. (R. G. Badger. \$1.00.)

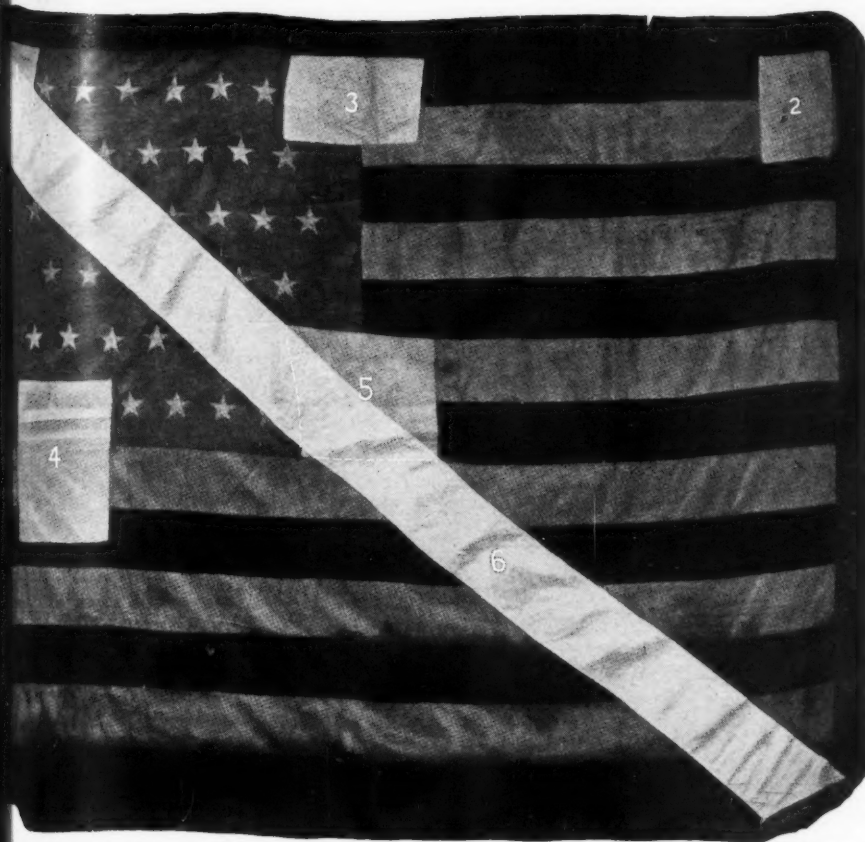
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Important to see that it is Abbott's.

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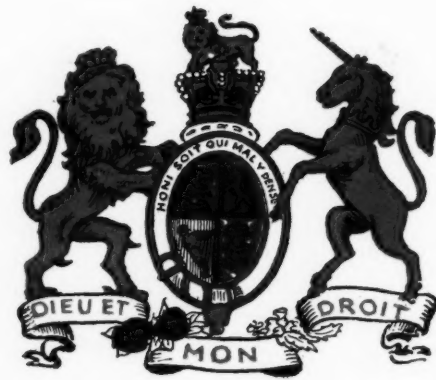
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