

April 20, 1911

PRICE 10 CENTS  
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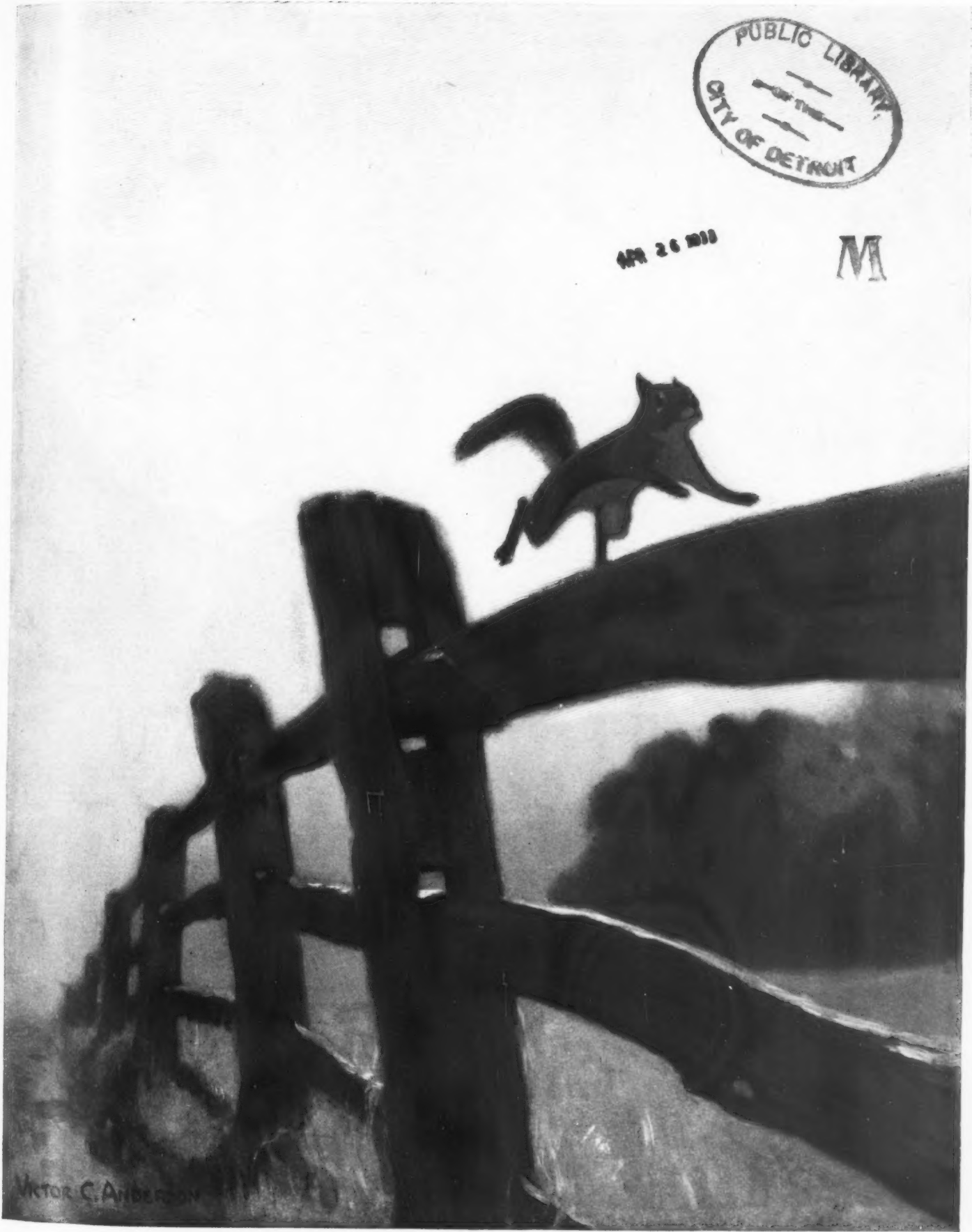
BREADWINNER'S  
NUMBER

<sup>in</sup>  
LIFE



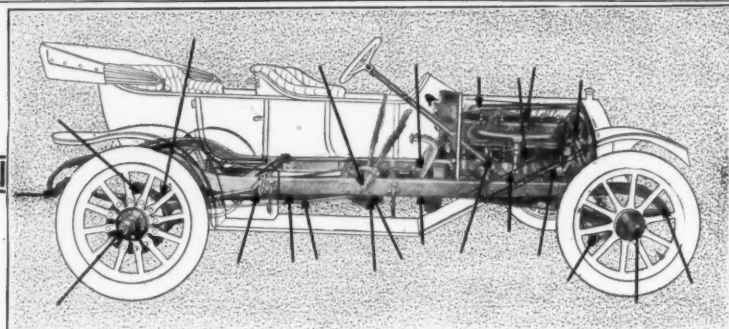
APR 26 1911

M



Victor C. Anderson

IMPORTANT BUSINESS



This illustration indicates the location of the oiling points of a motor car (the number and location of these points vary in different types of cars). Unless properly lubricated with suitable oil and grease, an automobile will give trouble and soon wear out.

## The Importance of Lubrication

Proper lubrication is of vital importance to the successful operation of a motor car. Manufacturers and dealers realize this. A large number of those owning or operating automobiles do not, and as a result over 65 per cent. of automobile troubles are due to insufficient lubrication or to the use of unsuitable lubricants.

Automobile lubrication has been studied exhaustively by the experts of this Company. As the result of these studies and the experience gained during years of extensive manufacturing of oils for every use, the Standard Oil Company has put on the market the most efficient automobile lubricants yet produced. These are sold under the name

# Polarine

The **Polarine** Brand covers Oil, Transmission Lubricants and Greases. These **Polarine** Lubricants have been produced by our experts after thousands of laboratory and practical tests. We believe that they are the best automobile lubricants on the market.

**Polarine** Oil is an oil rich in lubricating quality. Feeds perfectly at any temperature down to zero. Gives freedom from destructive carbon deposits. Lengthens the life of cylinders, piston rings and bearings.

**Polarine** Transmission Lubricants and **Polarine** Greases have been specially manufactured for the parts of the car requiring lubricants of a heavy consistency. These products are unequalled

for the lubrication of the special parts for which they are recommended.

Use **Polarine** Lubricants this season. They will add to the pleasure of motoring. They will enable you to save repair bills, increase your speed, climb hills easier and do away with the many petty mishaps due to the use of unsuitable lubricants.

All dealers sell **Polarine** Lubricants or can get them for you.

Our Booklet, **Polarine** Pointers, contains facts about the care of motor cars, including hints on lubrication and the causes of engine troubles.

If you own a motor car or motor boat, send for this booklet. Write our nearest agency.

## Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

**Polarine** Oil (frost and carbon proof) furnishes perfect lubrication for all types of gasoline engines and for all wearing parts. It is delivered in sealed cans—gallon and five-gallon sizes—or in barrels and half-barrels.



**Polarine** Transmission Lubricants are prepared in three consistencies: "A," for Summer and Winter use on transmissions where conditions permit a *semi-fluid* oil. "B," for Summer and Winter use, on transmissions and differentials where a *semi-solid* lubricant is required. "BB," especially recommended for *Summer* use on transmissions and differentials. The cans are of convenient size.



**Polarine** Cup Grease is a solid lubricant for use in cups and where a heavier grade than "BB" is desired. **Polarine** Fibre Grease is a solid lubricant of high melting point, particularly adapted for use on universal joints. Delivered in round cans.



More information in our booklet. Send for it.

# EUROPE

70 Spring and Summer Tours at inclusive fares to all parts of Europe, comprising *Tours de Luxe* and Long and Short Vacation Tours. Several itineraries include London during the

## CORONATION OF KING GEORGE V.

Tours to North Cape, Russia, etc. Summer Tours to Oriental Lands.

ROUND THE WORLD Tours de Luxe leave Westbound during Aug., Sept., Oct. Eastbound, Nov., Dec., Jan. Southbound Nov. 1.

SOUTH AMERICA—Complete tour leaves July 20.

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NEW YORK: 245 Broadway, 264 Fifth Avenue, 553 Fifth Avenue, 649 Madison Avenue.

PHILADELPHIA: 137 South Broad St. SAN FRANCISCO: 689 Market St. TORONTO: 65 Yonge St., etc.

Established 1841

COOK'S TRAVELLER'S CHEQUES ARE GOOD ALL OVER THE WORLD

## EMPLOYMENT



"A MAN IN YOUR CONDITION LOOKING FOR WORK, HILY? WHAT'S YOUR PARTICULAR LINE?"

"I'M AN AEROPLANE DEMONSTRATOR."

Teacher: What is it that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?

"Corsets, sir," piped a wise little girl of eight.—*Chicago Daily Socialist*.



# The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone

The years slip away and one grows young in Yellowstone Park. In this vast Rocky Mountain domain of 3,312 square miles, at an average elevation of 7,500 feet, are canyons, cataracts, geysers, hot springs—a store house of wonders and curiosities. No better place in all the world could be found to commune with nature, rest the mind and rejuvenate the body.

## Season 1911: June 15 to September 15

Five up-to-date hotels, including rustic Old Faithful Inn, and for this season the magnificent new Grand Canyon Hotel, out-doing the most famous resort places in its superb location, complete appointments and service.

## Low Summer Tourist Fares

to Yellowstone Park, the Pacific Coast, Puget Sound and Columbia River regions.

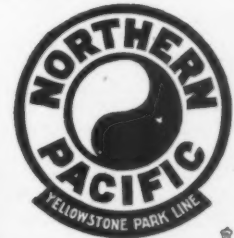
## Annual Rose Festival, Portland

June 5-10, 1911. Special Fares in effect May 29, 30 and 31. Return limit July 31. Other selling dates for special tickets are: June 5, 6, 10 to 22; June 27 to July 5, account Int'l Sunday School Assn. and Nat'l Educational Assn. meetings in San Francisco and Christian Church Convention in Portland. Full particulars on request, with illustrated literature telling of the trip over the "Scenic Highway through the Land of Fortune." Send 6 cents in stamps for "Through Wonderland" and "Yellowstone Park Hotels."

# Northern Pacific Railway

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul

The New Grand Canyon Hotel



# ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

## The Antiseptic Powder for the Feet

For painful, swollen, smarting, nervous, tender Feet and instantly takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions. Allen's Foot-Ease makes walking a delight. If you have never tried this remedy that is sold all over the world for the relief of Feet that hurt, get a package to-day, shake into your shoes one of the powders and learn for yourself why over 30,000 people have written us their praises of Allen's Foot-Ease. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Just the thing for patent leather shoes, dancing parties or Breaking in New Shoes. *Don't accept any substitute.* Sold everywhere or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps.

**FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.** Address, **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.**



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

## Ready at Last

"John," said Mrs. Spenders, "I've got lots of things I want to talk to you about."

"Glad to hear it," snapped her husband; "usually you want to talk to me about lots of things that you haven't got."—*Wasp*.

If every Senator who got his seat without bribery of some sort were to stand on his head there wouldn't be much of a performance.—*The Coming Nation*.

It Makes a Wonderful Difference



in the look of your silverware when you clean it every week with

## WRIGHT'S SILVER CREAM

Used by over a million American women. A perfect silver polish in paste form (not powder) as soft and smooth as cream and just as harmless to both your silver and your hands.

Removes all dirt, dullness and discolorations from silver, gold and other metals—restores their original brightness. 38 years on the market.

Be sure you get the genuine "Wright's Silver Cream" from your dealer.

A large sample jar sent for 6 cents (in stamps)

J. A. WRIGHT & CO.

180 Court Street Keene, N. H.



### Chesterfieldian

When the late Tom Johnson started in life he drove a horse car in Indianapolis.

One night there was a big storm of sleet and snow and the tracks were almost hidden. Johnson was on the night shift, and in the storm he drove his car two blocks beyond a curve before he realized the car was off the tracks and slipping along on the ice.

He tried to pull the car back and failed. Thereupon he unhitched the horses, drove them back to the barn and left the car where it was.

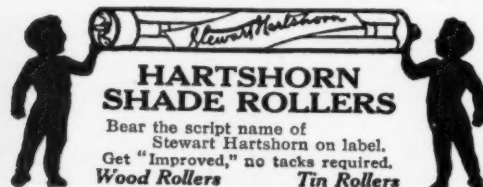
Next day the superintendent called him. "Here, Johnson," he said, "what do you mean by driving a car off the track and then leaving it in the street?"

"Why," Johnson replied, suavely, "that's in the rules for drivers and conductors."

"In the rules for drivers and conductors?" roared the superintendent. "Where, I'd like to know?"

"Certainly," replied Johnson. "It says always to be polite to passengers. Do you remember the kind of a night last night was? Well, there was a lady on my car who didn't have an umbrella and she lived two blocks from that curve. So I drove her home."

—Saturday Evening Post.



### HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

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

### Right to a Dot

"I can tell you," said he, "how much water runs over the Niagara Falls to a quart."

"How much?" asked he.

"Two pints."

—The Christian Advocate.

"Yes," boasted an over-dressed individual. "I make my clothes last. This hat is an example of my thrift. Bought it three years ago, had it blocked twice, and exchanged it once for a new one at a café."—New York Call.

## FROM LONDON to the CONTINENT

Smoothest Sea Trip.

New Palace Steamers, Largest and Fastest crossing the Channel. NIGHT SERVICE—Via FOLKESTONE—FLUSHING. DAY SERVICE—Via QUEENBORO—FLUSHING.

The Quickest and Most Convenient Route from England to Northern and Central Europe. Write for Booklets of Tours. SIDE TRIPS THROUGH HOLLAND

at very small expense—3 days—5 days—7 days, from London, Paris, Berlin—start any time, from any where. C. BAKKER, General American Agent, Netherland State Railways, Flushing Royal Mail Route, Dept. D, 355 Broadway, New York.

## Funny Boston



LOOK for this beautiful cover on the news-stands. There are more good short stories under it than are usually found in one number of any magazine. If you haven't read the Metropolitan recently you don't know what a good magazine you can buy for fifteen cents.

Much has been written about this staid little town of Beans and Brains, but nothing quite as joyous and illuminating as **Funny Boston**, by Rollin Lynde Hart. Writes Mr. Hart, "We derive rare glee from those who poke scorn at us from afar—Life, for instance, and the *New York Sun*. Our street urchins quote Browning, do they? Our policemen converse in Greek! Our men wear little gray shawls! Go on thinking so; the joke is on you. 'I will' is Chicago's motto. Ours is 'Let's not.'" In the May

## METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Any News-stand

15 Cents a Copy

# Usher's Whisky



Ask for the  
Black Bottle  
with the  
Green Stripe



## Brooks Brothers, CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

Spring styles in all garments for Dress,  
Travelling or Sporting Wear.  
English Hats, Haberdashery—Boots  
and Shoes, Trunks, Bags and  
Travelling Kits.  
Coats and Rugs for Motor, Train  
or Boat.

*Send for Illustrated Catalogue.*

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

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HELLO, OLD MAN, ANY TROUBLE?  
13½ x 16 in. Price, 50 cents.

Copyright 1907 by Life Pub. Co.



HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!  
15 x 20 in. Price, \$1.00

## Life Prints

FOR  
AUTOMOBILISTS

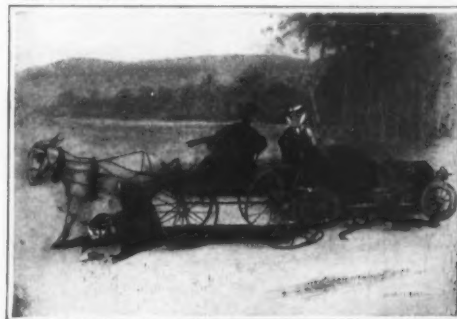
Pictures of humor and  
sentiment—just the thing  
for your den or auto room  
or to send to a friend.

### ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to send your remit-  
tance, and the picture or  
pictures will be sent to  
you at once, carriage  
prepaid.

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17 West 31st Street,  
New York City

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FRIENDS IN AFFLICTION.  
13½ x 16 in. Price, 50 cents.

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TROUBLE WITH THE SPARKER.  
20 x 15 in. Price, \$1.00

*Packard*  
MOTOR CARS  
1912

*Chassis in three sizes:* The Packard "Six"  
48 horsepower A.L.A.M. Rating  
The Packard "30" The Packard "18"  
40 horsepower A.L.A.M. Rating 26 horsepower A.L.A.M. Rating

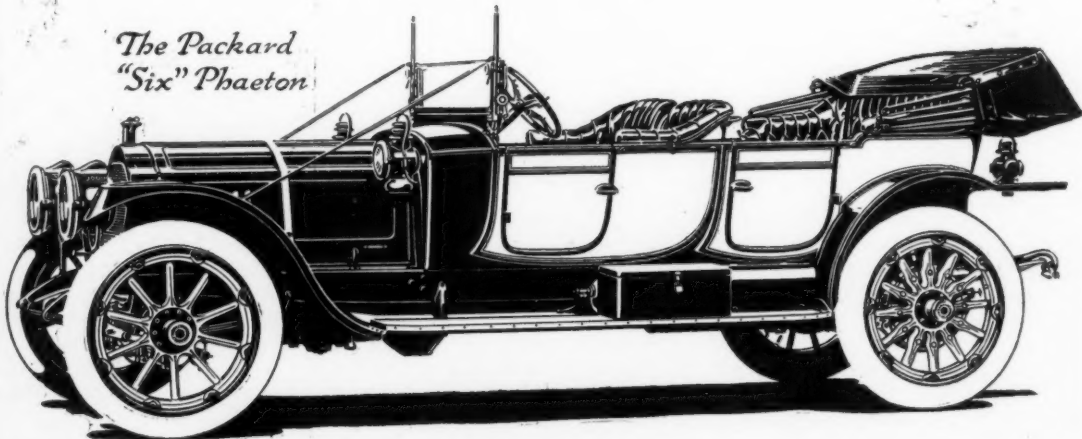
Twelve styles of open and enclosed bodies

Packard cars are sold only through Packard dealers, always at list price, and every Packard dealer maintains the prestige of Packard service.

*Catalog on request*

*Packard Motor Car Company*  
*Detroit, Michigan*

*The Packard  
"Six" Phaeton*



*Ask the man who owns one*



BREADWINNERS

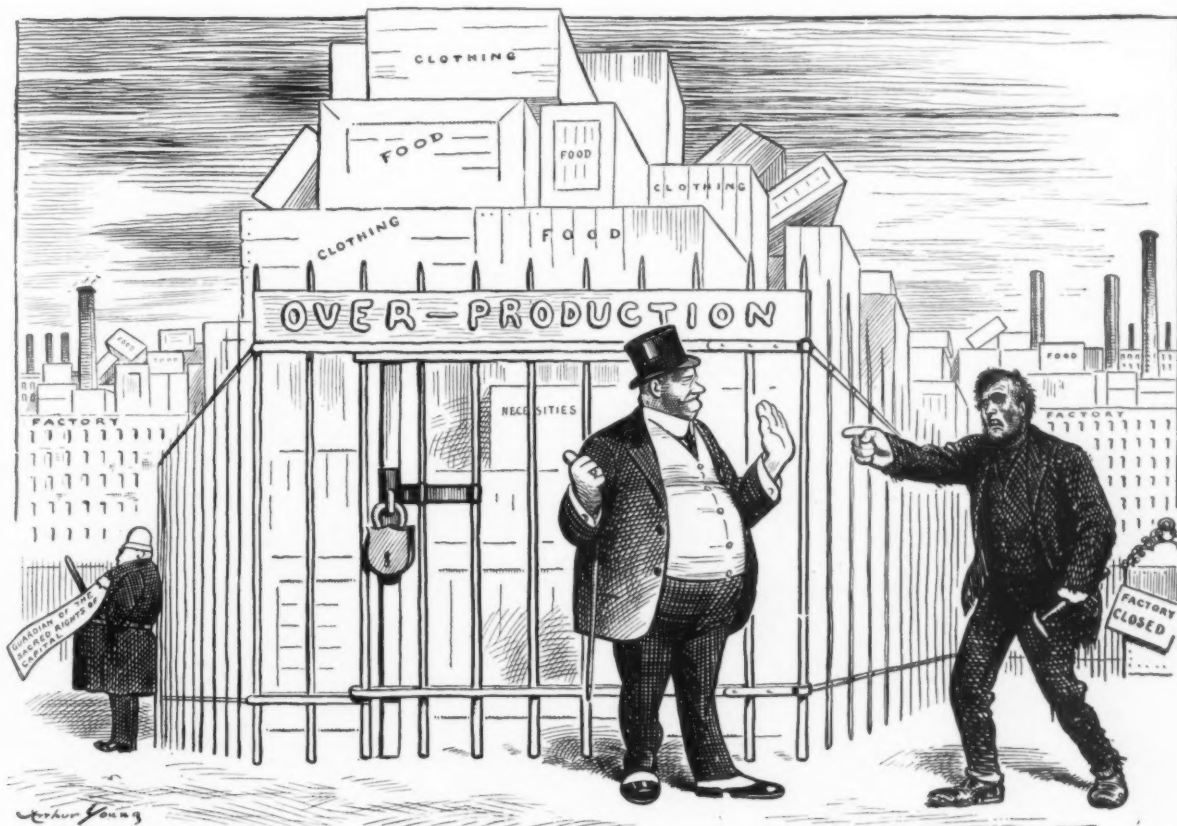
**This Number**

**S**OCIETY is engaged in a continuous conspiracy to hoodwink itself into the belief that the largest part of it must suffer and that there is no help for this. Society, as a whole, or, if you like, that allegorical personage known as "The World," shrugs its shoulders at suffering; it is immensely sorry for

the children who grind out in factories the hours of childhood. It is also agitated about the slums, the hordes of worthy men out of a job and about many other apparent incongruities. "But," says the world, "these evils are inevitable; they are in the nature of things and the simple fact that a few rich people at the other end of the scale are throwing away

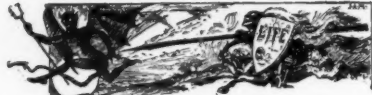
money and eating and drinking themselves to death has nothing to do with the case."

Once reveal to the masses of people what they can do and the thing is as good as done. Socialism, in its larger aspects, means simply that everybody knows what he is capable of becoming. Then he will get what he wants and what he ought to have.



APRIL FOOL

*Laborer:* SAY! I'VE GOT TO HAVE WORK! MY FAMILY IS STARVING.  
*Capitalist:* AH, BUT I'VE GOT OVER-PRODUCTION. THE JOKE IS ON YOU; WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



UP to the time of this writing the Democrats in Congress have behaved in a manner to make us all glad that they have a majority in the House. Judging from their deportment, anyone would be warranted in believing that they had come to Washington to try to earn their salaries by valuable services to the whole country. They began by an interesting little measure of economy, the saving of \$180,000 a year in the running of the House of Representatives by the abolition of sinecure jobs. That was a very pleasing and encouraging example of the use of a new broom in house-cleaning, and it was an act of exalted virtue, too, for all those useless places might have been filled by Democrats, and, of course, there is no dearth of Democrats who want Government jobs.

At this writing the House has already passed bills for direct election of Senators and publicity as to campaign subscriptions. Its program calls further for the passage of the Canadian Reciprocity bill, and of bills enlarging the free list in the interest of the farmers, revising the wool and cotton schedules, and investigating Government expenses. It may stop with that, or it may include other matters that look inviting to the Democratic leaders. Indeed, there is no telling when or where this Congress will stop, but the Democrats have need to step warily, and seem to appreciate that need, for on their discretion and ability to work together and demonstrate capacity to realize reasonable desires, will depend very largely their chance of success in the Presidential election next year.

The House is well organized. Speaker Champ Clark has made a good impression as a man who under-

stands that the hope of the Democrats lies simply in their ability to be useful to the country. Mr. Underwood, the new Democratic chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and Mr. Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, the new chairman of the Appropriations Committee, are both regarded as thoroughly competent and qualified for the places they fill. In the Senate, Mr. Martin, of Virginia, the Democratic leader, got the votes in caucus of the more conservative Democrats, and was opposed by all the influence of Mr. Bryan. But he, too, seems to be a fairly progressive Democrat.



MR. TAFT and the Democratic House seem on very good terms, and not disposed to play politics against one another. Mr. Taft, in two years, has come a long ways in the direction of progressive politics. His notion of what the country wants and ought to have is probably not very different from the ideas of the House Democrats on that subject, and no reasonable tariff measure that can pass Congress is likely to lack his signature. There is plenty that this Congress can do for the country, steady, honest, careful work in legislation affecting a thousand things, but what the popular mind is still most set on getting done is the revision of the tariff. People are tired of law-made privilege. They have seen its results and they want it restricted, and that means, first of all, pound down the tariff. We shall see before summer how this Congress will line up on a tariff vote, and that will be interesting. The real parties in this country now are the Progressives and the Conservatives, and a vote, say, on the wool schedule, would come as near as anything to show these opposed groups on different sides.

Besides the Progressives and Conservatives, there is Mr. Bryan. He is still the hope of the Conservatives as being the man most dangerous to the Progressives. He has been to Washington to tell the Democrats what to do, and did faithfully expound it to them with many beads of exhortation on his brow. And then they went into caucus and "done different" to what he told them. Well, well! We must

bear with Brother Bryan. He has done good in his way, and, after all, if he should elect Taft again, Mr. Taft is a mighty good man.



FIVE MILLION bottles of French champagne, reported to have gone to the gutter in the town of Ay in France, seems a horrible loss of life. And Ay is but one town, and the wine riots have affected a large district comprising many towns. Rheims, Epernay and other familiar names come over the cable connected with these distressing stories of cellars destroyed, casks stove in and streets turned into oozing cemeteries of dead and broken bottles.

The trouble, as we understand it, is that the Government has defined the limits of the country whereof the wine product may be made into champagne and sold as such, and the wine growers outside of the favored region have broken over the line and gone on this destructive rampage by way of protest.

It is awful. Mexican difficulties seem trivial beside it. Hobson's Japanese war is only a spectre; these broken friends in France are real.



IF Tom Johnson cared for obituaries he would have been interested to read his own. Nobody spoke of him, except with kindness. He died after losing most of his fortune, and after his street-railroad three-cent-fare plan for Cleveland had miscarried and the city had refused to add another to his five terms as Mayor. In a way, he looked like a failure. But he was not so regarded, even by conservative people who had opposed his plans and distrusted most of his hopes and purposes. Some of his plans had failed, but not he. He had succeeded in life. That was really the gist of the obituaries. Everybody agreed that he was a good man; so good that his mistakes could not ruin him and his works live after him; and more than that, a very able, original and unselfish man, a lover of the people and unquenchably joyous in his spirit.





ABE RUEF TEACHES A SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS.

# April



THE IDOL OF THE HOUR.

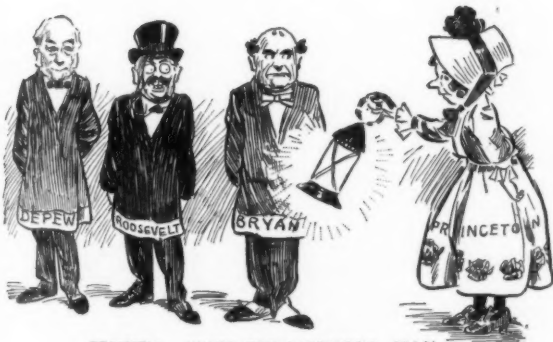
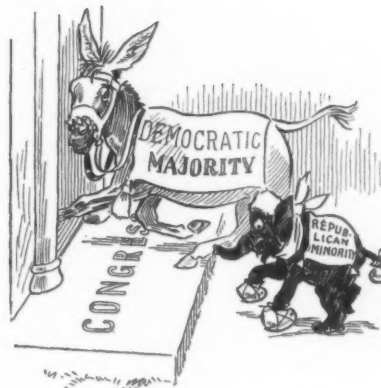
F.T. RICHARDS.



MINISTERS FORM A BALL CLUB.



PRESIDENT TAFT SHAVES HIMSELF.



PRINCETON HUNTS FOR A FAMOUS MAN.



THE DANCE OF PEACE.



*Wife of Millionaire:* GOOD GRACIOUS, JOSEPH, WHY ON EARTH ARE YOU DRESSING LIKE THAT?  
 "I'M GOING DOWN TO SWEAR OFF MY TAXES."

### See the Unemployed

"SEE the Unemployed!"

"I do. What a bedraggled, spiritless, sodden-looking crowd they are, to be sure. Cannot something be done for their relief, O Sage?"

"Most assuredly something can be done for their relief, but, as you well know, to do the sensible thing would not be desirable."

"I know nothing of the sort. The sensible thing is to put them at work at reasonable wages, and I can think of nothing more desirable than that men who wish to work should be allowed to work."

"I am surprised at your ignorance. The Unemployed are absolutely necessary to civilization."

"I am sure you are wrong for once, O Sage."

"Let us see. If all men were employed, then there would be no Unemployed. Am I right?"

"Obviously."

"And, if there were no Unemployed, there would be no strike-breakers when men went out on strike. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"And, accordingly, when men struck, the employers would either have to concede the demands of the workmen or close their plants."

"Yes."

"And as a small profit is better than no profit at all, employers would not close their plants except as a very last resort."

"Surely."

"And so employees would become as arrogant as employers are now and employers would become as meek as employees are now. Do you follow me?"

"I think I do. That would be a terrible state of affairs, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, for the employers."

*Ellis O Jones.*

### The Vivisectionist

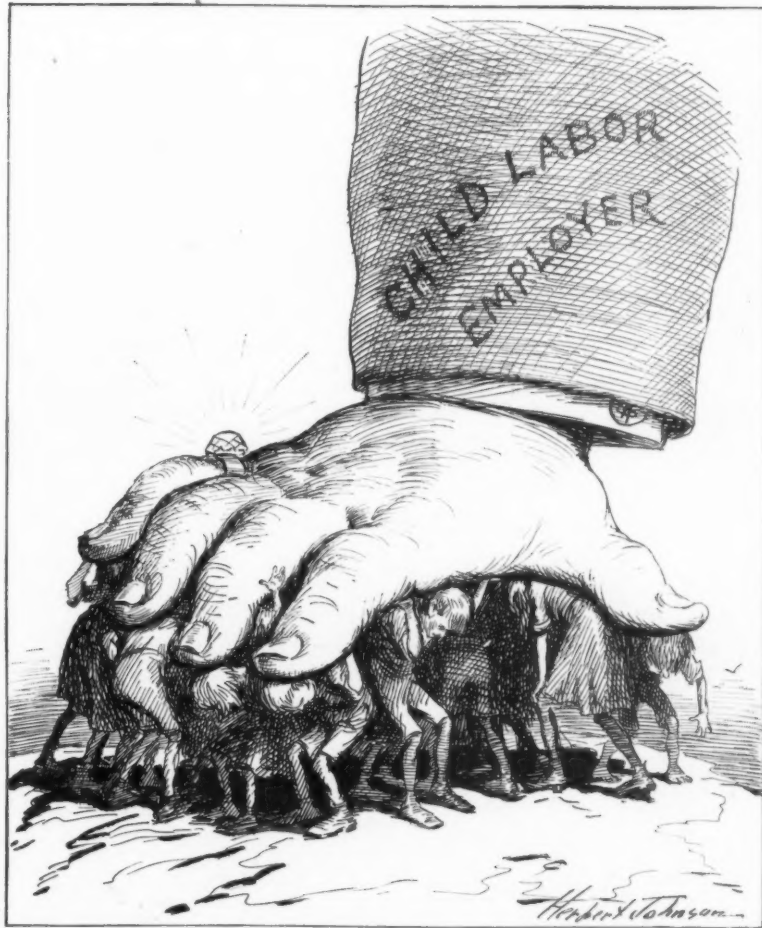
**I** TORTURE, torture as I go,  
 Enjoying every quiver.  
 For moans may come and blood may  
 flow,  
 But I keep on forever.

### Philanthropy

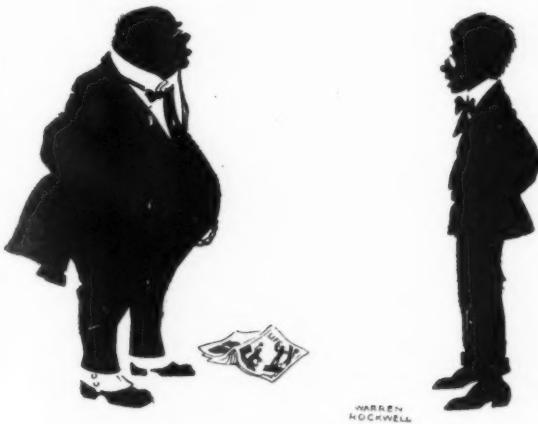
**P**HILANTHROPY is the art of re-  
 hating to the great common people  
 a small percentage of the tribute pre-  
 viously levied upon them under the head  
 of cost of living, price of necessities,  
 etc., etc. Philanthropy is practised by  
 our leading captains of industry after  
 they have reached that period in life  
 which brings the realization that they  
 cannot acquire quite all the world and  
 that the large slice already acquired  
 cannot be cold-stored through the  
 sulphuric ages.

The motives for philanthropy are  
 many and varied. Conscience is an all-  
 powerful stimulus, and many a chair of  
 cellular research, foundation for the  
 betterment of future generations or  
 other tacit bribe to Saint Peter and the  
 Recording Angel is the outcome of long-  
 continued brooding over the price of oil,  
 ice, beef, jeans, cotton and calico. An-  
 other undoubted motive is that of ad-  
 vertising, or the desire to change the  
 popular conception of the philanthropist,  
 as expressed in the cartoons, from the  
 figure of His Plutonian Majesty, winged,  
 hooved and fork-tailed, to that of a gen-  
 tle, dreamy old man cuddling his golf  
 stick, Sunday-school quarterly, grand-  
 children, carpet slippers and halo.

Philanthropy is sometimes followed  
 by a regretful mood in which the prac-



THE GROWING AGE



"SOCIALISM? BOSH! IF IT WASN'T FOR THE RICH, WHO WOULD  
 SUPPORT THE CHARITIES?"

itioner wipes out the occasioned deficit by means of a gen-  
 eral boost in prices from crude to refined or from range to  
 retailer.

Multimillionaires differ as to the advisability of exercis-  
 ing philanthropy; but it is generally conceded that it is bet-  
 ter for the magnate to philanthropize while he may. There  
 is no telling how many education boards, university chairs,  
 technical institutes, hero funds and public libraries his widow  
 will set up after his death. And there are the chorus girls  
 whom the second generation has with it always.

There are some to decry the benefits of philanthropy, but  
 it has its undoubted uses. For instance, it is better that  
*hoi polloi* pay a cent more on the pound for round steaks, if  
 by so doing they may read gratuitously a Carnegie Institute  
 bulletin on "Heredity of Hair Length in Guinea Pigs and Its  
 Bearing on the Theory of Pure Gametes"; or that the morn-  
 ing ice chunk be tinier if the evening hours may be spent  
 perusing "Variation and Correlation in Crayfish," or "Rhyth-  
 mical Pulsations in Scyphomedusa."

Whether philanthropists go to Heaven is a mooted ques-  
 tion. It does look like two or three hundred millions of larg-  
 ess ought wonderfully to enlarge the eye of the golden  
 needle.



Christmas Number



St. Valentine's



Washington's Birthday



Easter



Fourth of July



Thanksgiving

## Some New Ideas for Magazine Covers



THE COMING RACE

## Hopeful

"It was a terrible sensation," says the man who is narrating his experiences while almost drowning. "After I went down for the third time my past life flashed before me in a series of pictures."

"You didn't happen to notice," asks the friend, edging forward with interest, "a picture of me lending you that ten dollars in the fall of 1898, did you?"

## Method

TO other men's bright thoughts,  
Giving a new twist,  
That's how modern humorists  
Manage to exist.

POLITICIANS never become reformers,  
ers, but reformers become politicians.

# This Is the Thing That Bill Built



"This Is the Railroad Directorate."



**H**ERE is a dollar that Bill made.  
This is the bank that will gladly take  
As many dollars as Bill can make.

This is the bondhouse that made a loan  
From the bank that we have concisely  
shown  
Takes money from Bill that was all his  
own.



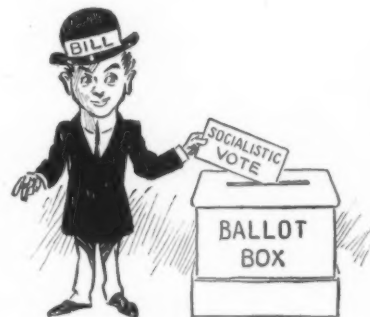
This is the railroad whose bonds were  
sold  
By the house that borrowed the heap of  
gold  
From the bank of the overflowing tills  
Of hard earned money—some of it Bill's.

This is the railroad directorate  
That built more road from the very date  
On which the issue of bonds was made,  
And sold by the house that was not  
afraid  
To take the chance of a loan, secured  
From the bank whence Bill's one dollar  
was lured.

This is insurance stock, controlled  
By the railroad men, directors bold,  
Who issued the bonds to the bond-  
house, which  
Is likewise growing genteelly rich,  
And borrowed from banks like the one  
you know  
Had promised to watch Bill's dollar  
grow.

This is three dollars, made perchance  
By a quick display of the best finance,  
By one little dollar unknown to fame,  
In a gentleman's quiet insurance game.  
And here is a dollar and fifty cents  
That came from the cleverly large ex-  
pense  
Of the railroad; made by a dollar note  
That came from the bonds that were  
taught to float  
By the house that earned one-third that  
sum  
Of the railroad—here is a humble crumb,

A quarter—made by the banking rings  
By loans, and buying stocks and things.  
And here is the end of the tale of ills—  
Three cents—for interest—and that is  
Bill's!  
**BUT**, it isn't fitting that you forget  
That Bill, when he haply falls in  
debt,  
Pays more for a loan than the bond-  
house pays;  
That Bill pays high for the bonds he  
buys,  
Insurance against his own demise,  
Or to travel the railroad ways.



Do you wonder yet when you see him  
vote,  
That Bill's a Socialistic goat?  
*Harold Everett Porter.*



"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH."

### The Greensburg Coal Strike

FROM the 22nd Pennsylvania Congressional District the sitting member is Curtis H. Gregg, a Democrat. He succeeds George Franklin Huff, a Republican. Both men live in Greensburg. Huff is the President of the Keystone Coal & Coke Company, one of the concerns that *Collier's* tells us (April 1), "have for years constituted a despotism as arrogant as that of any of the grand dukes of Tula or Moscow." We are not much informed about the despotisms of Tula or Moscow, but the one in Congressman Gregg's district in Pennsylvania looms up, as Richard Lloyd Jones describes it in *Collier's*, very grim and tyrannous.

A year ago, on March 10, 1910, twenty thousand miners down there struck for an eight-hour day, the right to organize, the right to employ a weigher, and to live where they would, in or out of the company's houses, and to buy goods where they would, in or out of the company's stores. All these demands were refused and they are still striking. Jones says in *Collier's* that the strike is reasonable; that the owners skinned their men in various ways below ground and above; that the bosses—Huff, the late Congressman and the others—control the local papers and most of the local ministers, and that the case of the strikers never gets to the public. Jones says too that the strikers have been abused by the hired guards of the companies. Altogether he tells a very harrowing story. Greensburg, the centre of the strike field, is only twenty miles from Pittsburg, but that seems not to help at all. Possibly Greensburg is twenty miles to the good.

We wonder about this story. If we were a Congressman we would try to acquire the acquaintance of Mr. Congressman Gregg and ask him about it.

Pennsylvania is a mighty peculiar State, with peculiar people in it, and just in the interest of natural history one would like to know the rights of this strike in the Irwin field. If it is as bad a case as Jones makes out in *Collier's* it ought to be better advertised.

### The Human Cook Book



THE EDITOR

Take a personal hatred of authors,  
Mix this with a fiendish delight  
In refusing all efforts of genius  
And maiming all poets on sight.



THE AUTHOR

Take the usual number of fingers,  
Add paper, manila or white,  
A typewriter, plenty of postage—  
And something or other to write.



THE ORCHESTRA LEADER

Four hundred and twenty-two movements—  
Emanuel, Swedish and Swiss—  
It's a wonder the band can keep playing,  
You'd think they'd die laughing at this!

**The Song of the Immigrant**

**B**EAT us, cheat us,  
All but eat us,  
Ere we cross the sea;  
Smash us, squash us,  
Jam us, josh us,  
Waiting on the quay:

Wake us, shake us,  
Stop the fracas  
In the crowded hold;  
Rail us, flail us,  
As you sail us  
To the land of gold:

Check us, date us,  
Prod us, prate us,  
Here's the Continent!  
Chock us, lock us,  
Stuck us, stock us  
In our tenement.

**Courtship Correspondence**

**P**OSTAL cards.  
Short notes.  
Letters.  
Special deliveries.  
Night letters.  
Telegrams.  
Telephone.

**AFTER THE WEDDING**

Telephone.  
Telegrams.  
Night letters.  
Special deliveries.  
Letters.  
Short notes.  
Shorter notes.  
Postal cards.

**Kinds of Presumption**

Perhaps the most astonishing thing about New York is the naive presumption of its society leaders. — *The New Age*, London.

**W**E did not suppose that in "naive presumption" the American society leaders necessarily carry off all the honors. When it comes to "naive presumption" something ought to be said for others in the field.

The suffragette, the fashionable doctor, the actor, the average book advertiser, the philanthropist, all might be mentioned in connection with this interesting subject.



**ENCHANCED VALUES**

"DANNY, WHAT WOULD YEZ DO IF SOMEBODY WUZ T' HOLLER UP T' YE THAT YE'D COME INTO A MILLION?"

"I'D LAY DOWN ON ME FACE, SHUT ME EYES, AN' YELL BLOODY MOYDAH FER SOMEBODY T' COME AN' HELP ME DOWN OUTA' THIS."



NOT SEEING EACH OTHER IN THE RIGHT LIGHT

**Some Points of Our New Senator**

WE have been used to thinking, since Judge Parker ran for President, that judges were too much detached from political life to make good candidates for office. That may be. Judge O'Gorman was not a candidate for Senator, and perhaps would not have been a good candidate; but there are several reasons why his late employment seems a good preparation for the Senate.

As a judge in active practice in New York for twelve years, he has been in constant touch with contemporary life, and has known what was going on in business and in the general conduct of human affairs. His training has been uninterrupted, yet for twelve years his judicial place has kept him out of active politics and out of all active association with business enterprises. He has had no embarrassing clients and no commercial associations. No express company, no railroad, no assurance society, no department store, no bank, no factory will have a special claim on his good-will as Senator. Yet as a metropolitan judge of high reputation, he must be well schooled in the needs and rights of business. If he had been twelve years in jail he might have been equally well protected from embarrassing associations, but he would have got out of touch with affairs. But on the bench in New York he has had detachment without rust.

He has seven children, the youngest a son. We like to see a bold man represent the State of New York in the Senate. A man who lives in New York and has seven children is a bold man; a man with confidence in life and a taste for living. Perhaps the new Senator is rich. We don't know. Anyhow, he sets a wholesome example of audacious confidence. One has to go back a good ways to find a New York Senator with a real family. Senator Evarts had one; so did Senator Kernan; but Mr. Kernan did not live in New York and Mr. Evarts was never on the bench.

A Senator who is alive and alert; of first rate legal ability and yet not tangled up with "interests"; a resident of New York and yet the father of seven children—is it possible that we are getting an old-fashioned man, such as lived



THE DOLLAR ABOVE THE MAN



THE BREAD WINNER

in New York when fortunes were smaller and ability was less concentrated on the pursuit of dollars?

Maybe so! Maybe so! At any rate the hope is cheering. Perhaps we have got a real democratic Senator—a man who has cared and cares for life, as distinguished from all the anxious, timid raft of scrambling citizens who care and claw and crowd for any kind of money at any cost.

**An Awakening**

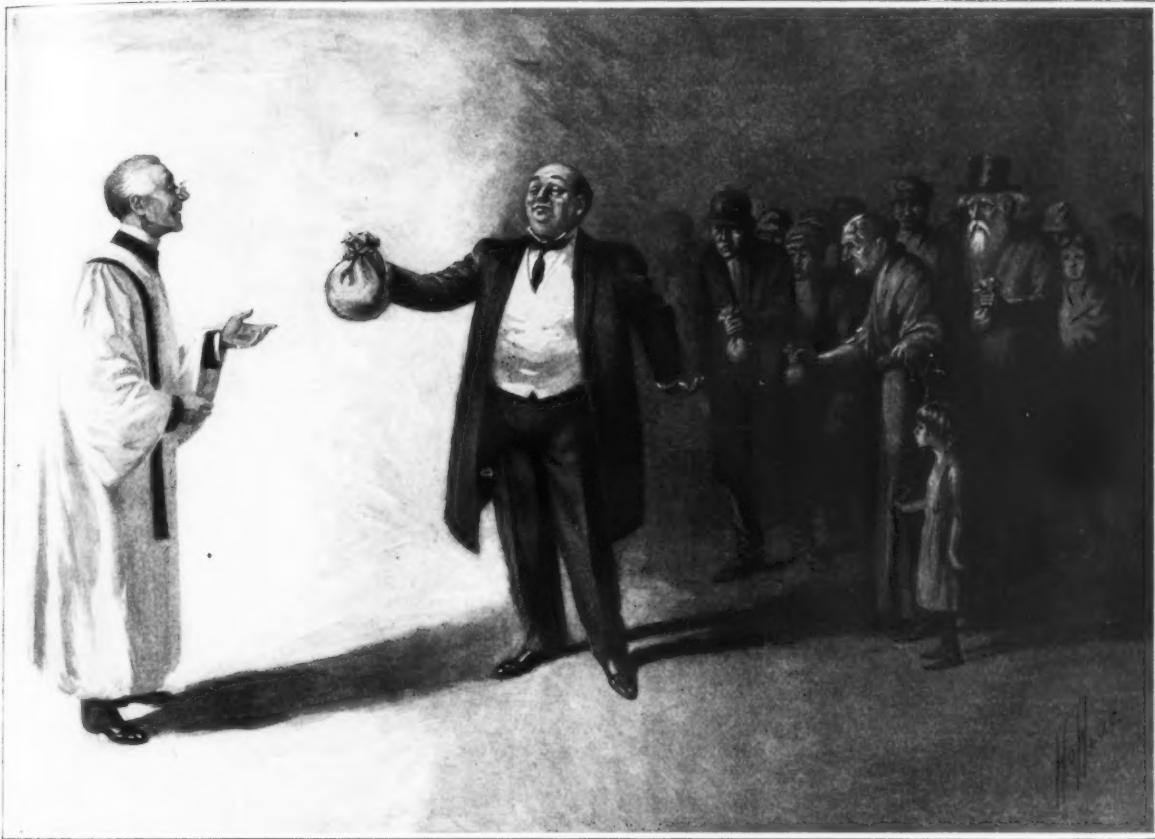
THOSE foolish and misguided parents throughout the country who object to have their children vaccinated are beginning to grow in numbers. Inasmuch as the heads of families still have something to do with the power of opinion, the wholesale results, as seen in various places, are interesting.

Recently the town of Montclair, N. J., a well-known suburb, noted for its variety of views on all subjects, took a shy at personal liberty. The Board of Education, backed up by the State law, issued an order that all pupils should be vaccinated before a certain date.

Some of the parents objected, on the ground that they knew what was best for their children. As one of them has put it:

"Let those who wish to be vaccinated be vaccinated; they are—according to their own belief—rendered safe by this





LET NOT THY RIGHT HAND KNOW WHAT THY LEFT HAND TAKETH

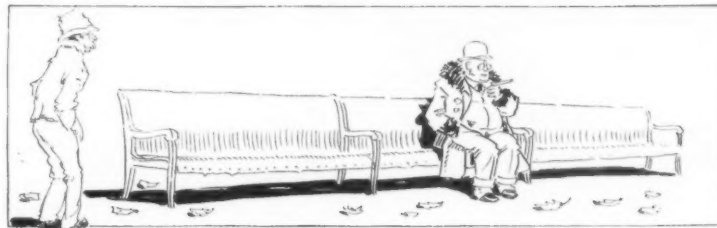
process. Why should they therefore bother about me or my family?"

Such was the indignation expressed by 350 parents that the order was promptly rescinded. What happened in Montclair will happen elsewhere, whenever parents are willing to co-operate.

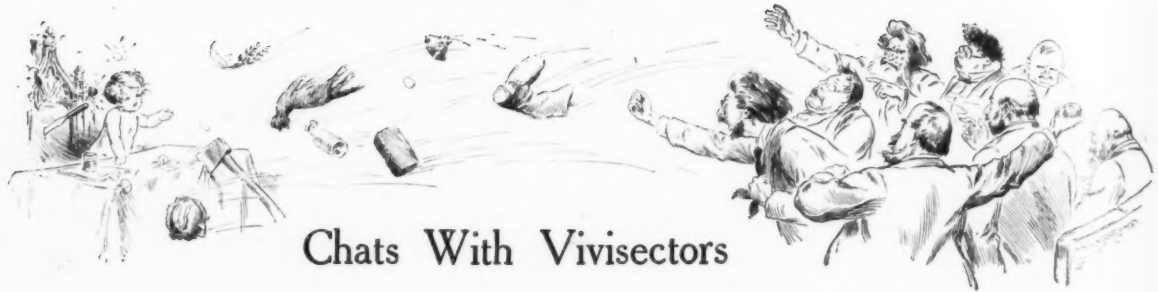
The inconsistency of the authorities is shown by the fact of their insisting upon the vaccination of school children because they wish to "protect" the public; yet they themselves have not been vaccinated and they have not taken measures to vaccinate either the teachers or those who enter the school. Presumably a book agent is a human being; yet why should unvaccinated book agents enter a school when the authorities have expressly declared beforehand that any human being unvaccinated is a menace to that school?

The highest legal authorities in the land have declared that compulsory vaccination is against the spirit of the constitution.

**A**LL women are different until conquered, after which they are all alike.



A WARM SEAT



## Chats With Vivisectors

**G**OOD-MORNING, gentlemen.

*Oh, get out!*

I am somewhat puzzled—

*Being an ass.*

—regarding the right way of addressing you to-day. You are so infatuated with your own errors; you take such honest pride in your childish cruelties—

*Liar!*

—that a kind friend like myself is uncertain whether to sympathize with or congratulate you. How many monkeys did you use up—

*Oh, go home!*

—to discover your serum for curing meningitis? It is certainly a wonder.

*Hear; hear!*

Judging by recent applications that happen to be made public, it—

*Hush!*

—certainly puts the patient out of misery. For sudden results—

*Hush—not so loud!*

—it is 'the quickest thing yet. Bullets and lightning are not in the same class. While sometimes desirable that a sufferer should never know what killed him, it—

*Not so loud, you fool!*

—might be fairer to the public if you labelled that serum what it really is and told beforehand how suddenly—

*Hush! Hush!*

—it works. Did you think, because it kills a monkey, it would cure a human? Was death equally sudden when—

*Smash his face!*

—you tried it on orphans and hospital patients?

*Throw a brick! Hit him again!*

You seem astonished that a man should collapse after you have squirted into his blood—

*Oh, give us a rest!*

—the essence of a fatal disease. Also that—

*You should be such an ignorant ass.*

—patients should prefer any disease to the dead certainty of your serum.

*Shut up! We have had enough of this—*

Well, gentlemen, continue the—

*—stuff, and don't want any more.*

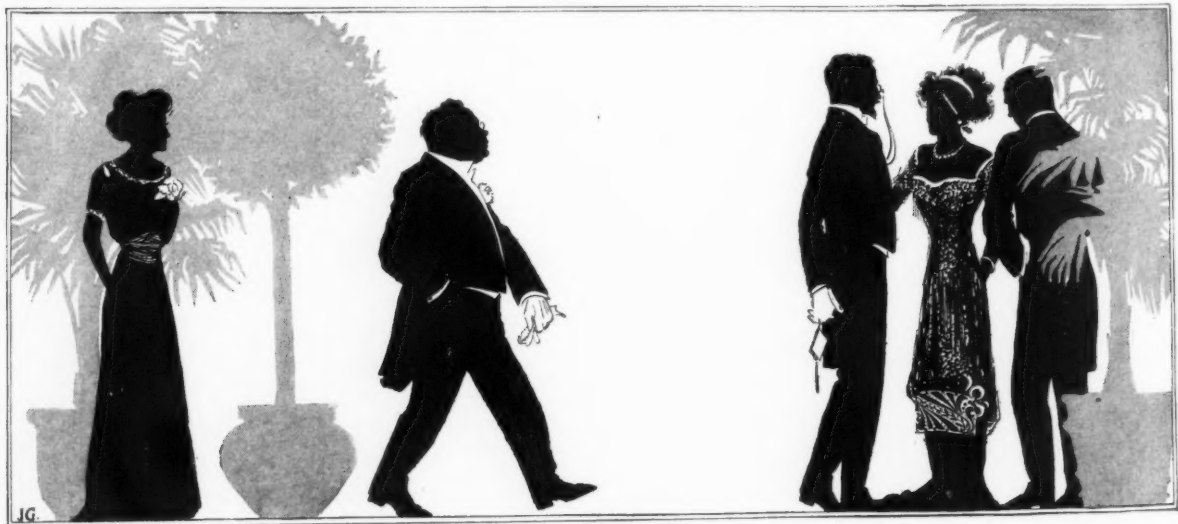
—noble pastime. But remember what Lincoln said about not fooling all the public all the—

*Get out of this before we put you out!*

Yes; I see you remember it. Well, adieu for the present. Get a fresh lot of dogs and monkeys and rats and guinea pigs at Mr. Rockefeller's expense and have a jolly time with them.

*Pig! liar! idiot! Smash him! Kick him in the face!*

Thank you, gentlemen. Good-by.



“ TO THEM THAT HATH.”



NICE YOUNG MAN WHO THINKS HE'S A SOCIALIST, READING TO A BOILERMAKERS' UNION HIS POEM ENTITLED "PRIMEVAL ME"

REFRAIN:

*Manhood's might in chains of wrong,  
Wrested shall it be.  
We the workers, we the will, we the victory.  
Creed enslaved or thesis bound, calls our destiny—  
Primeval me.*

### The Uplift and the Downcome

IN the fullness of time, humanity having been uplifted and equalized and all men put upon a common plane, an Eminent Sociologist turned his attention to another field of effort.

"It is unjust," he said, "that so great disparity exists between the different classes of the furred and feathered kingdoms. I shall remedy this."

So he set to work, distributing tracts and handing out a propaganda to the animals and birds.

The cow was told that it was undoubtedly downtrodden, in that it was compelled to stick to the earth and eat grass, while the wildcat was allowed to climb trees and howl. To the wildcat the Eminent Sociologist argued that it was violating the principle of brother love when it insisted upon climbing trees and howling, instead of browsing alongside the cow in peace and content.

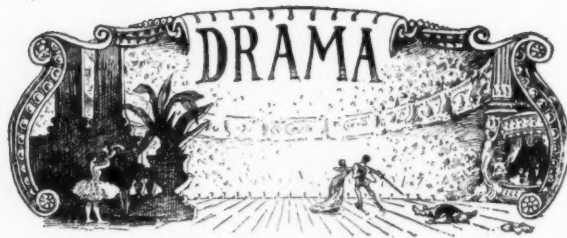
The barnyard hen was lectured upon its dumb, heedless acceptance of the idea that it should cluck around the lot all the time, lay an egg a day and wind up as spring fry at the

early age of ten. To the eagle the sociologist argued that when it persisted in nesting in the crags and sailing the blue empyrean it helped to further and perpetuate the class distinctions that were at the bottom of the social ferment.

These arguments, being weighty and worthy, had effect, and for a time the cow essayed to be uplifted, but every time it tried to climb a tree and howl at the dead of night it slipped and fell, while whenever the wildcat endeavored to munch the crisp grass of the pasture and to flick flies off its flanks with its tail it suffered the pangs of indigestion. So it sallied forth and collected all its brothers and sisters and other kin and ate the cow and then resumed climbing trees and howling.

As for the eagle, it attempted to cluck in the barnyard and sit on some eggs, but became so exasperated at the hen's suggestions and advice that it carried the hen to its nest in the crags and had chicken dinner.

But all this escaped the Eminent Sociologist, for he was by that time engaged in writing a novel based upon his experiences.



### Mr. Shakespeare Comes to Town



"KING LEAR" might better be relegated to the library and the shelf than some other plays of Shakespeare less frequently presented. The better it is acted the more vividly does it present two repulsive aspects of humanity. Senile decay and the ingratitude of children to their parents are things revolting in real life. On the stage of to-day their depiction can be of little value as a moral lesson, and the only excuse for the production of the play is as a test of the artistry of its performers.

Naturally every tragedian and would-be tragedian wishes to have a try at the part of *Lear*, because all of his predecessors have done it and the career of no male artist can be said to have been completely rounded out until he has followed precedent and added this particularly unpleasant one to the gallery of stage pictures he leaves behind him. He is in a way forced to it because those especially boring persons, who can judge nothing except by comparison with something that has happened in the dark ages of their early youth, will concede no greatness to any artist who will not measure himself by the faulty standard of their personal recollections.



THE last American actor of prominence to impersonate *King Lear* was Edwin Booth. Few theatregoers of to-day can have any exact remembrance of the portrayal which would be of absolute or comparative value. It was in fact a tremendously impressive performance, but it is not to be recalled with feelings of pleasure. It was only an evidence of what a great artist could do in the way of graphically depicting that last stage of man when the humanity of him is losing semblance in the decay into his first elements.

"King Lear" is a drama of human despair with the brightness of hope left out. Great as it may be for the actor as a test of his powers, there seems to be no reason why even the student of Shakespeare, and, least of all, the modern playgoer, should wish to see it in actual stage presentation. It gives little opportunity for theatrical effect. It has little to charm or please. It provides opportunities for characterization, but in lines of small present value. All that is of worth in "King Lear" can be had quite as well in perusal as in seeing and hearing.



WE who clamor for the classics of the stage as against the trivialities which appeal to the limited education and taste of the purely commercial theatrical tradesmen, certainly owe something to Mr. Mantell and his manager for helping to keep alive the Shakespearean tradition. To come to a Broadway theatre for a four weeks' season in which, with the exception of four performances, all the plays are

those of Shakespeare, is a creditable undertaking. Perfection of accomplishment cannot be expected, but judging by the "King Lear" performance, there is sufficient sincerity of purpose to justify the patronage of those who love Shakespeare and those who wish to know his plays in stage presentation.

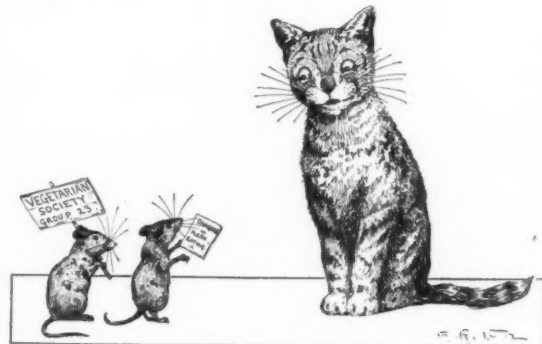
Judging by his *Lear*, Mr. Mantell still falls considerably short of greatness as a moving actor of Shakespeare. His voice, perhaps from over-use, has lost much of its musical quality and is kept too monotonously in one pitch. The intelligent quality of his impersonation cannot be denied and his depiction of senility with its occasional inversions to virile force and majestic power show study and comprehension and not mere perfunctory performance. His company, considering the scarcity of actors in America who can deliver the lines of Shakespeare at all, is not a bad one. The performance of Mr. Guy Lindsley as the *Fool* showed very considerable spirit and feeling. Scenically the production was evidently meant to be spectacular, but would have gained in effect by being less pretentious.

The Mantell season, if it prove successful, will indicate that Broadway and its adjacent territory has not entirely forgotten that there are other uses for the stage than musical shows and farce.



IF the building of theatres there seems to be no end, and if all those building and projected are as dainty, pleasant and comfortable as Mr. Brady's new one in Forty-eighth street, which he calls The Playhouse, there should be no fault found with the practice.

"Sauce for the Goose," with Grace George as the star, was put on for a couple of performances, and as it is no secret that the lady is Mr. Brady's wife and his helpmeet in his theatrical undertakings, this added sentiment as well as novelty to the interest of the opening. The play is French farce, following closely the model of which "Divorçons" is the best example. Its representation was notable for the fact that her performance shows that from being an emotional actress of very ordinary capacity, Grace George has found a place in the very first rank of American comedienne. Most attractive in looks, distinct and never monotonous in diction, sure in manner and intelligently roguish and charming in humor, her performance in this rather commonplace play was thoroughly captivating.



Mouse: HOWDY-DO, MRS. PUSSY; WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HAVE ONE OF OUR TRACTS?

**T**HE permanence of the revolutionary habit on the part of our national neighbors to the south and the unfailing power of Mr. William Collier to bring his humor always up to the present moment make Mr. Richard Harding Davis's farce, "The Dictator," as funny to-day in revival as it was when it was first produced several years ago. Farces have a way of quickly becoming old-fashioned and it is rare that one can be witnessed after an interval without a feeling that the playgoer has either outgrown it or that it was not really as funny as it seemed at first. "The Dictator" seems to be an exception to this rule and its resurrection appears to be entirely justified.

Metcalfe.



**Astor**—"What the Doctor Ordered." Notice later.  
**Belasco**—"The Concert." Ridicule of the musician-worshipping woman in a well-staged comedy.  
**Bijou**—"The Confession." Ordinary melodrama using the sanctity of the Roman Catholic confessional as its main theme.  
**Broadway**—"The Hen-Pecks." Mr. Lew Fields and large company in elaborate musical show.  
**Casino**—"The Balkan Princess." Hungarian music and fairly clever book in dashing comic opera.  
**Cohan's**—"Get Rich Quick Wallingford." The confidence game, its workers and its victims turned into fun.  
**Comedy**—Mr. William Collier in a revival of his former comedy success, "The Dictator." See above.  
**Criterion**—"Thais." The novel and opera of the Theban monk and the woman of Alexandria turned into spectacular and fairly acted drama.



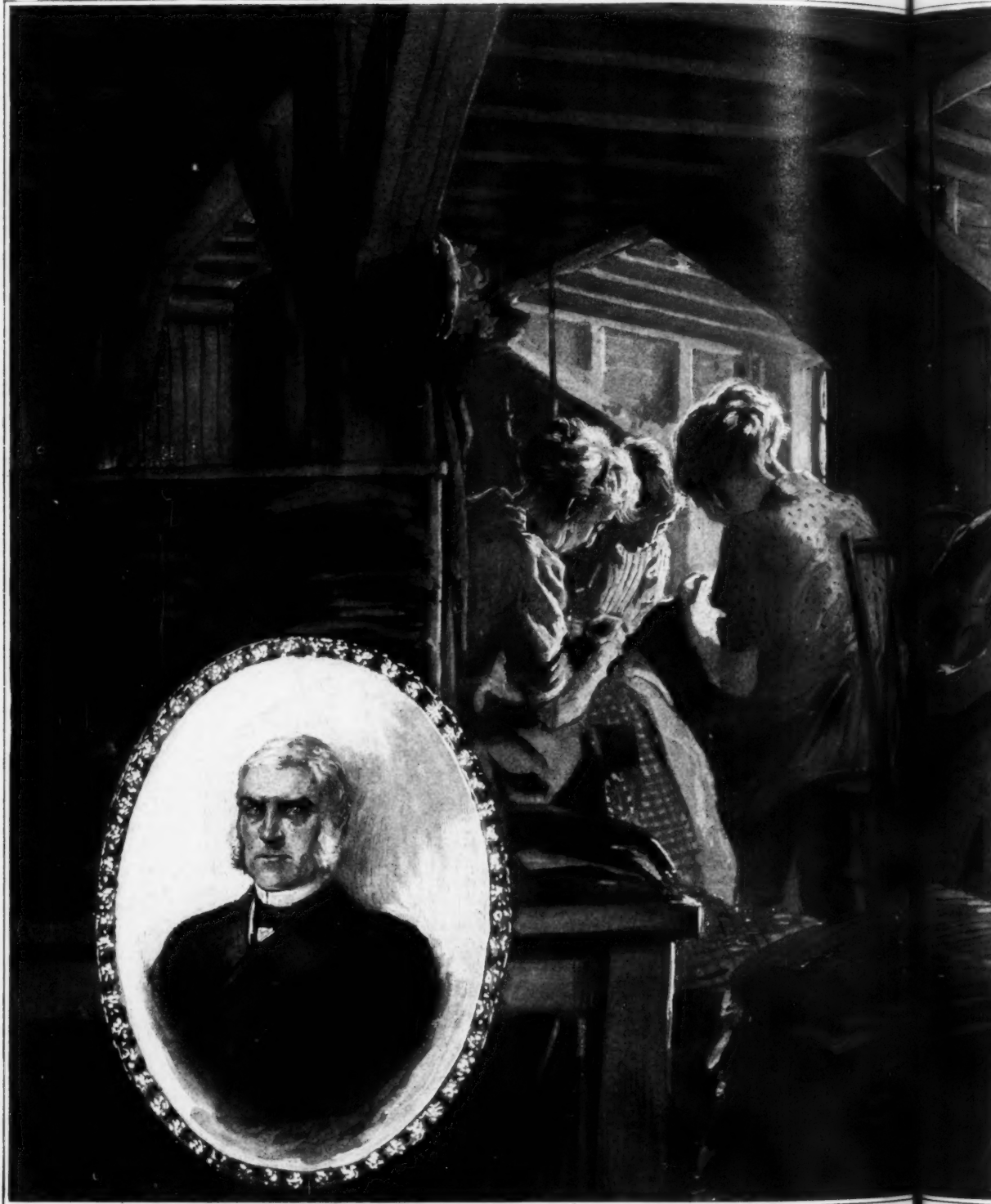
THE NOTE THAT WAS OUTLAWED



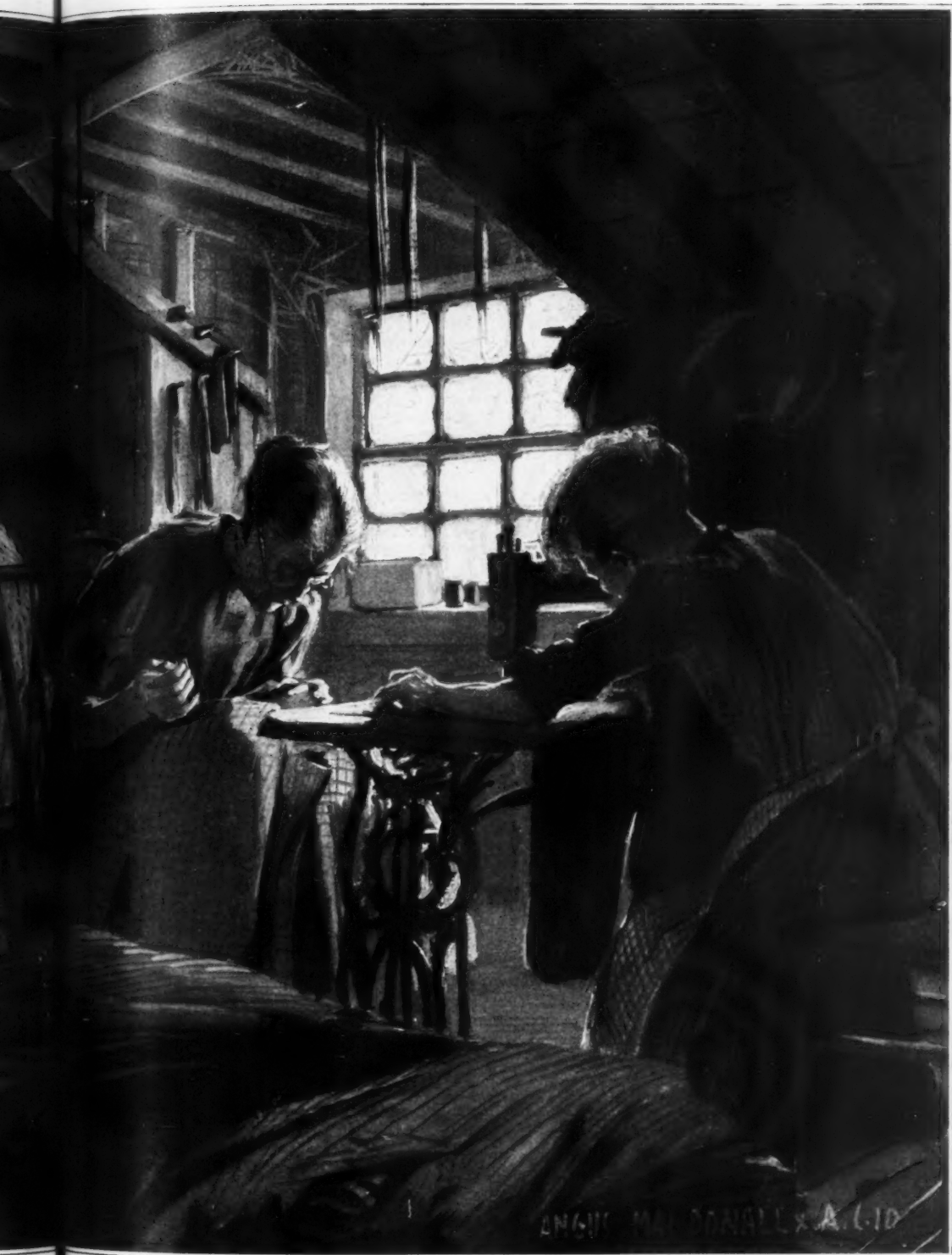
ACCORDING TO LAW

**Daly's**—Mr. Robert Mantell in Shakespearean repertory. See above.  
**Empire**—Mr. Gillette in repertory of his old successes. The last week of his continuous farewell.  
**Folies Bergères**—Vaudeville. Notice later.  
**Gaiety**—"Excuse Me." Railroad passengers on a transcontinental express turned in laughable farce.  
**Garden**—Mildred Holland in repertory at popular prices.  
**Globe**—Nora Bayes and Mr. Jack Norworth in "Little Miss Fix-It." Slim farce with two or three good songs.  
**Herald Square**—"Everywoman." The temptations of woman set forth spectacularly and impressively in modern morality play.  
**Hippodrome**—Ballet and circus and "Marching Through Georgia," the last a spectacle of Civil War times.  
**Hudson**—"Nobody's Widow." Blanche Bates heading a good company in agreeable American comedy.  
**Knickerbocker**—"Dr. De Luxe." Notice later.  
**Lyceum**—Mrs. Fiske in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." Amusing comedy with American

snobbishness as its butt. Mrs. Fiske in a congenial light role.  
**Lyric**—Closed for rehearsals of the fine old melodrama, "The Lights of London," with an "all star" cast.  
**Majestic**—"Baby Mine." The laughable possibilities of new married life in well-written farcical comedy.  
**Marine Elliott's**—"The Deep Purple." New York criminals and their way in well-acted melodrama.  
**Nazimova**—"As a Man Thinks." Mr. Jack Mason as the star in an interesting play by Mr. Augustus Thomas in which the plot halts at intervals to permit of the discussion of the problem of the Jew in America.  
**Playhouse**—"Over Night." Not remarkable farce with a tendency toward the improper.  
**Republic**—Last week of "The Easiest Way." Well staged and interesting drama dealing with life in New York's upper slums.  
**Wallack's**—Mabel Hite in "A Certain Party." Notice later.  
**Weber's**—"The London Follies." Notice later.  
**Winter Garden**—Musical show and vaudeville, not remarkably good but plenty of both.



PORTRAIT OF MR. BLUFF, THE CLOTHING MANUFACTURER, WHOSE GENEROUS GIFTS TO CHARITY ARE ON EVERY TONGUE.



Some of His Employees



**M**OST of the novels that deal with the rougher West, like most of the people that inhabit it, are in reality aliens. Some of these stories are quite obviously tenderfeet—tourists agape over scenery and greedy of local color. Some of them are sporty individuals, looking for fictional big game and pretending to live on the country while their packs are full of canned plots and imported emotions. The majority are honest, plodding settlers, attracted by virgin soil. But almost all of them are immigrants. Caroline Lockhart's "Me-Smith" (Lippincott, \$1.20), however, is a native and racy of the soil of its extraction. It is unexcited about scenery, but at home in the desert. It is not local-colored; it was born that way. And it is not a carefully concocted wild-west romance with a villain for a hero, but an indigenous and self-explanatory story of a "bad man" in Wyoming, of a little coterie of frontier riff-raff and hangers-on at a ranch in an Indian reservation, and of a sudden flareup of crude passions from the crossed wires of mixed races. Altogether it is a book to be glad of.

**H**ULBERT FOOTNER'S story of love-lured adventure, "Two on the Trail" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.20), is above the average of those Western fictions referred to as sporty individuals out after romantic big game which make a great show of seasoned woodsmanship and ability to rough it, yet are forever supplementing the camp fare of local probability with imported melodrama. Its hero is a young reporter from New York who, on the eve of starting on a tour of inspection of the furthest outposts of civilization in the Canadian Northwest, finds



"IS THAT OTHER LITTLE BOY YOUR PARTNER?"  
"NAW. HE'S ONE O' ME EMPLOYEES."

a beautiful young lady, bound on a mysterious mission, committed to his embarrassed charge. The author appears to know his chosen territory and has the gift of entertaining narrative; and if his ideas of tenderfoot endurance in the open are somewhat larger than life, and if his hero has the old romantic habit of refusing to kill the villains while their death would bankrupt the story, why, what are poetic license and the theory of conservation of energy for, anyway?

**"THE CHASM"** (Stokes, \$1.25), by George Cram Cook, is also a novel that has recently come out of the West, but which, far from dealing, in whatsoever spirit, with local conditions, is concerned with the physical struggles and intellectual conflicts that have marked and are marking the advance of the modern world toward the acceptance of the economic ideas and sociological ideals so many of which, during the past quarter century, have one by one successively been anathematized as representative of a subversive socialism, and then been unostentatiously subscribed to as representing self-evident justice. The story is not, however, in any sense a socialistic diatribe cast in the mold of fiction. For the author, while as enthusiastically progressive as you please in his convictions, is too clever an advocate to neglect the arguments of his opponents, too much a student of humanity not to understand their appeal, and too instinctively the novelist not to focus the interest of his tale on the individuality of his characters. Indeed this latter instinct and ability are further emphasized by the fact that although he has chosen melodramatic romance as his medium of exposition, he has managed to infuse enough red blood into the hardened arteries of that form of fiction to give his story the glow of life. The story's scenes are in Moline, Illinois, and in contemporary Russia. Its action is rapid. Its characters are psychologically consistent. Its sociological discussions are pithy, both in form and in content, and are structurally connected with the story. And while there are moments when any but the most unsophisticated readers must shudder to think what such a plot would mean in other hands, only the more blasé, by refusing to yield themselves smilingly to the earnest and able young writer's obviously ingenuous love for the spectacular, will miss the freshness and fervor of what, after all, is essentially a first-hand study of life.

J. B. Kerfoot



*Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens*, by G. K. Chesterton. A book full of perversity, paradox and fine insight.

*The Chasm*, by George Cram Cook. See above.

*Conrad in Quest of His Youth*, by Leonard Merrick. The amusing effects of a returned exile's efforts to recapture lost dreams.

*The Doctor's Dilemma*, *Getting Married* and *The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet*, by Bernard Shaw. Three plays and three prefaces of characteristically Shavian content.

*The Great Illusion*, by Norman Angell. The one oyster in the literary stew over international disarmament and universal peace.

*The History of the Telephone*, by Herbert N. Casson. The surprisingly interesting story of a great American achievement.

*Howard's End*, by Edward M. Forster. A deeply interesting





Rowell

"INTERESTING, BUT NEEDS DEVELOPMENT. WISH I COULD GET OVER THERE. I COULD HARNESS THAT HOT-LOOKING ONE AND MAKE IT RUN THE WHOLE SHOOTIN'-MATCH."

story of a four-sided, chance sprung, trial of strength between conflicting temperaments.

*Jean Christophe*, by Romain Rolland. The first half of a book that looks very much like what modern fiction has been tending toward.

*Lady Good-for-Nothing*, by A. T. Quiller-Couch. A romance of British days in Boston, begun as a labor of love and ended in weariness.

*Marie-Claire*, by Marguerite Audoux. An exquisite fragment of autobiography, written by a French working woman.

*Me-Smith*, by Caroline Lockhart. See preceding page.

*Molly Make-Believe*, by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. An amusing fictional absurdity with a genuinely alluring heroine.

*The New Criticism*, by J. E. Spingarn. A clarifying booklet on the elements of art and the sources of appreciation.

*The New Machiavelli*, by H. G. Wells. A pithy and robust piece of semi-aubiographical fiction and the ripest work of its author.

*One Way Out*, by "William Carleton." A significant story of one man and woman's actual struggle for economic independence.

*Twenty Years at Hull House*, by Jane Addams. Side lights on a dynamic personality and a justly celebrated institution.

*Two on the Trail*, by Hulbert Footner. See preceding page.

## Reflections of a Factory Child

(In Any State)

**G**OT up this morning at four, as usual. Oh, my, this is my birthday. Ain't I glad I saved up nearly fifty cents in my bank? And I told my ma and my father it would be nice to use it to celebrate with. Ma was tired being up with the baby, and she has a cough, you know, so I cooked myself the *loveliest* breakfast of fried bread before I started. I was ten minutes late on account of this and the superintendent docked me ten cents. Oh, well, it was worth it. I don't have a birthday *every* day in the year. \* \* \*

It's a lovely walk to the factory in the morning. And I like it so much better than at night, because then it is nearly dark and I am so tired and kind of stagger along and my eyes don't see straight, and I'm so glad to get home and throw myself down anywhere and sleep. The other night I slept there nearly all night, until my father came in and he kicked me and I crawled off to my cot. \* \* \*

But in the morning the sun is just lovely. Once I stopped to pick some daisies—they're a kind of a beautiful yellow and white flower and there was a few of 'em growing on the edge of the street—and I took 'em with me to the factory, but the superintendent, he frowned and says, "Ah, loitering again." That's a queer word. But I know what it means. It means taking up someone else's time. \* \* \*

Oh, my, yesterday we worked fourteen hours! I choked some in the last part, the smoke got on me so, but it's lovely to earn so much money. I got nearly fifteen cents more than my regular, and it just seemed like I was one of them multimillionaires I heard tell about once when I went to a circus. But that was so long ago, when I was a child. \* \* \*

The factory is a great big long brick place and I like the window I work in so much, 'cause I can look out through it all day and see green trees. And onct I saw a squirrel! Then the foreman caught me and he said I was getting to be a little loafer. That's a terribul thing to be, but sometimes I wisht I was, you know—just for fun.

'Nd then it's nice to have kind of lovely dreams when you're honest awake; when your eyes is wide open, only they ain't lookin' at anything else 'cept what you see in your dream. I thought I was the only one in the world that had 'em, but a boy, he said he did, too, sometimes. I'm kinder sorry for this, 'cause I wanted 'em to myself, but it ain't right to be too selfish. \* \* \*

Yesterday a man came and we all had to lie about our ages. The superintendent said it was only a matter of form, but we'd better do it, 'cause we might lose our jobs if we didn't, 'nd I said I was over fifteen; 'nd then the man—he was an inspector or something—he put his hand on my head 'nd said I didn't look it, 'nd then the superintendent he says: "No, it stunts 'em sometimes, but its good work for 'em," says he, "to be 'leading useful lives.'" And then the inspector went away smoking a big cigar. I seen him go by the tree where the squirrel lives 'nd he stopped there onct and looked at something outen his pocket.

Pretty soon I'll be makin' four dollars a week! I'm getting three now, which for twelve years old is a fine start. We work from seven until six at night, with an hour at noon, but oh, my, when I get a little bigger I'll belong to the union 'nd then I won't have to work so hard. 'Nd I'll have time to go on journeys 'nd attend big meetings 'nd learn to

read 'nd write 'nd maybe I'll be a walkin' delegate, whatever that is.

We're three months behind in our orders. 'Nd all on account of Prosperity being around. Prosperity I guess must be an invisibul giant like the kind the feller told me of in the noon hour onct that took the little boy who came to work for him and ate him up. Prosperity he comes around in the morning 'nd wakes me up 'nd makes me cook my own breakfast 'nd marches me off to the plant. Prosperity makes the big wheels whirr 'nd piles up the orders 'nd makes the foreman swear at us, and makes night-shifts 'nd gives me pains all over in my bones and sends me home like I was dead with sleep. I hate Prosperity and I wisht he never come around.

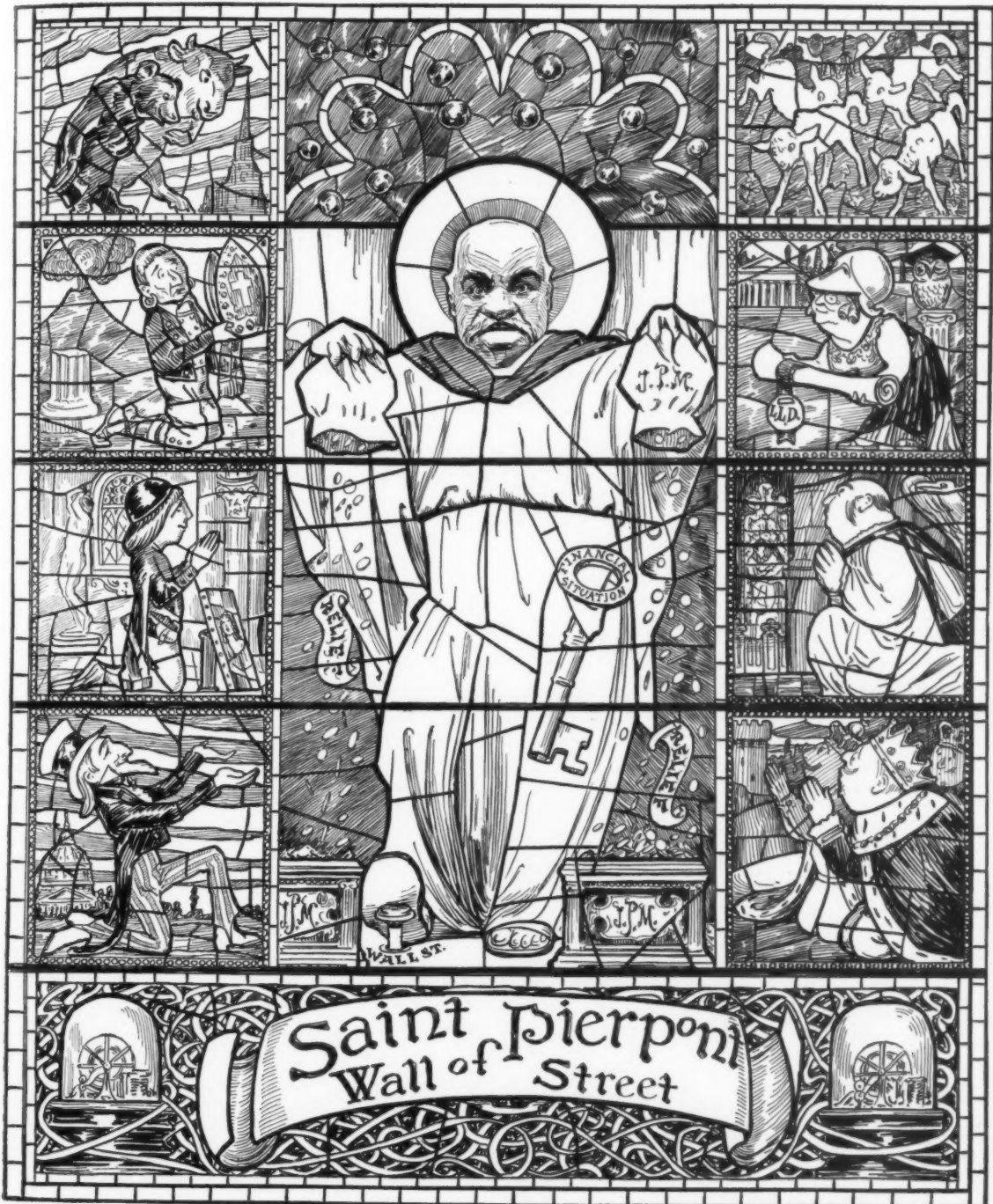
'Nd I wonder did God make him. God is another giant 'nd he lives in the clouds 'nd he's the biggest giant of all. 'Nd the Salvation Army gal she says he was a father to us all, only he never comes around in the night and kicks me behind the stove and tells me to get to bed. 'Nd he never takes my money on Saturday night. But they say he is a good giant and is sorry for people that work 'nd he loves everybody just the same. 'Nd they say he loves me just as much as the multimillionaire, but if he did he might hurt the giant Prosperity that hurts me so 'nd that the multimillionaire likes so much. Oh, my, it would be fun to see a fight between God 'nd Prosperity.

'Nd I hope that God would win. 'Cause from what I heard about him, I kind of like him. But I guess after all he's only a dream, like Santa Claus 'nd the picture books and the picnic. Still, you never can really tell. 'Cause I thought the multimillionaire was a dream till I seen him. 'Nd then I knew he wasn't. 'Nd maybe God's that way.

Thomas L. Masson.



GRINDING THE FACE OF THE POOR



W. H. Walker 1911



**Intensive Farming**

They used to have a farming rule  
Of forty acres and a mule.

Results were won by later men  
With forty square feet and a hen.

And nowadays success we see  
With forty inches and a bee.

—Wasp.

**A Matter of Repair**

"I see," said Hicks, "that they have started a movement over in England to remodel the Ten Commandments."

"Remodel, eh?" retorted Dorkins. "What a waste of time—all they need is restoration."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Your new butler seems clumsy."  
"For a butler, yes. But he may be a detective that my wife has engaged. In that case, I think he waits on table fairly well."—*Washington Herald.*



A POROUS PLASTER

**Righteous Indignation**

"So you want a divorce, do you?" said the lawyer, peering over his glasses at the worried little man in front of him.

"Yes, sir. I've stood just about all I can. My wife's turned suffragette and she is never at home."

"It is a pretty serious thing to break up a family, you know. Don't you think you had better try to make the best of it for a while? Perhaps it is only a passing fad."

"That's what I have been doing, but there are some things a man can't stand. I don't mind the cooking and I haven't kicked on washing the dishes, but I do draw the line at running pink ribbons in my nightshirt to try to fool the children."—*Success.*

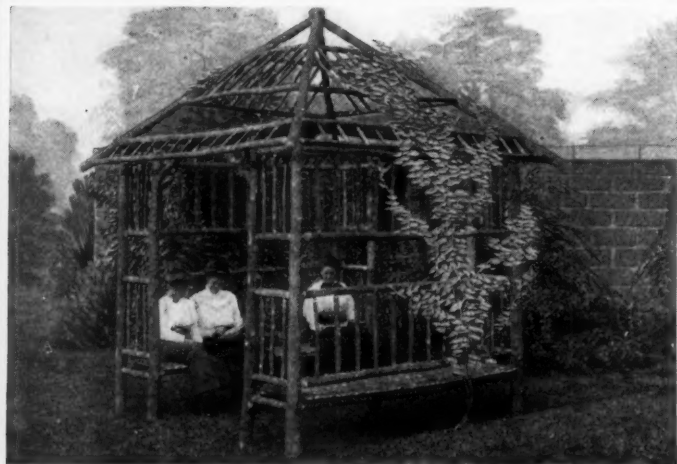
"CAN I stay here all night?" asked the man without any baggage. "Yes, sir," answered the hotel clerk, "if you can put up—" The man carelessly tossed a one-hundred-dollar bill at him. "I was going to say, sir," resumed the clerk, "if you can put up with our accommodations. Boy, show this gentleman up to 314."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Old Hickory Summer House No. 328. Size, 8 x 8 ft. Special Price, \$50.

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**"Old Hickory" Summer House**

Our summer houses are designed to add the charming air of rusticity that the nature lovers demand. You will find one to be just the thing to relieve the severity of some garden spot in your grounds and enhance the beauty of the surroundings. We build several styles and sizes of summer houses, arbors and fences, also design and construct special houses or any other rustic work from your ideas or drawings.

The summer house illustrated above is made from selected sassafras, noted for the beauty and durability of its bark. The house is erected at the factory, then taken down and shipped to you ready to put up in two hours time. Each piece is numbered, every nail started, no skilled labor is required. As a special inducement for early orders we will send you this house immediately, freight prepaid to any point in the U. S. east of the Missouri River upon receipt of your check for \$50.

The Old Hickory Chair Company, Rustic Dept. L, Martinsville, Ind.



"THE DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH TO ME."

## NECKWEAR

In New and Exclusive Styles for Spring Wear

Of especial interest to men of refinement are the new Accordion Weaves in the Hobble Effect, Roman Stripes and Even Stripes, also plain. Two-tone effects, made from the finest bright thread silks, lustrous and full of life.

New College Stripes in Two and Three-tone effects.

Our Crocheted and Knitted Neckwear all of the better kind.

Shop by Post. Our Booklet B will tell you how. Sent on application.

**MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY**  
400 Washington St. Boston, Mass.



### A Toast

Ye have drunk, O my friends, to the victors,

Ye have toasted the valiant and strong;

To the great of the earth ye have drunk in your mirth,

To the wise you have lifted your song. It is well—they are worthy, my brothers,

As aught that the firmament spans, But I pledge you a health to the others—

A health to the "also rans."

To the men who went down in the struggle,

To the runners who finished unplaced, To the weak and the young, the unknown, the unsung,

The depraved, the oppressed, the disgraced.

Ye are blooded, developed, completed; They were bred without stamina, class;

Tis to them, the surpassed, the defeated, I bow as I drain my glass.



Runabout, \$750. F. o. b. Detroit, including three oil lamps, tools and horn. Top, windshield, gas lamps and tank or generator extra. Detachable doors for any Hupmobile Runabout (as shown), \$25 extra. Touring Car for Four, \$900, including gas lamps and generator, shock absorbers in front, 31 x 3½-inch rear tires three oil lamps, tools and horn. Fore doors, \$25 extra.

## The world's mighty tribute to the Hupmobile

The two years that have passed since the Hupmobile first came into the market have recorded a remarkable success for it, both in the United States and abroad.

Here it is still the dominant car of its type. It has never had a serious rival. Its field has not been encroached upon by developments since its advent.

And now the whole world is buying the Hupmobile.

Hundreds are being shipped to England, Germany, France, Russia and Holland.

Cairo and Capetown, Manila and Honolulu, Tokio and Shanghai, New Zealand and Tasmania, South America and the West Indies, Sydney and Melbourne are sending in their orders—Sydney even cabling not long since for an additional large shipment of cars.

This is the mightiest tribute the world can pay to the Hupmobile—whose sturdiness and worth neither American nor European manufacturer has yet been able to duplicate in a car of like type.

**HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. J, DETROIT, MICH.**



The Lake and Village (Dorf) of St. Moritz.

## ST. MORITZ

SWITZERLAND—6000 feet above Sea

The Gem of the Engadine  
The Most Fascinating Resort in Europe  
World-renowned Mineral Springs and Baths  
Great Variety of Delightful Excursions  
Golf and Tennis Tournaments

Illustrated Booklet from Swiss Federal Railway Co., 241 Fifth Ave., New York

Who are ye that should dare to reject them?

Do ye know what the handicaps weighed?

Did ye suffer the pain, run the race, stand the strain,

That ye scoff at the pace that they made?

It may be that they ran overweighted, It may be they were left at the post—

Far or near, 'tis to them, the ill fated,

I bow as I drink my toast.

They have lost, they are ill, they are weary;

Ye have won, ye are well, ye are strong.

By the drops that they bled, by the tears that they shed,

By your mirth, by your wine, by your song,

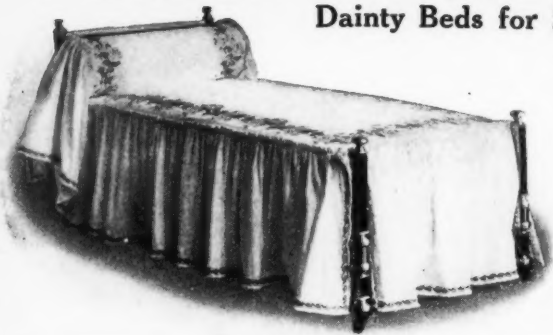
By all that has e'er helped to sweeten Your lives; by your hopes, by your plans,

I pledge you the health of the beaten, The health of the "also rans."

—Los Angeles Herald.

# Whitcomb Metallic Bedstead Co.

Dainty Beds for Summer Homes



Brass and Enamel Bedsteads and Cribs, Queen Ann Couches, Bungalow Beds, Children's Beds in Brass and Iron. Draught Shields for cribs made to order.

Everything from Beds and Luxurious Bedding to Lace and Fancy Spreads for those who appreciate goods of individual taste at reasonable prices. Send us your wants for estimate before purchasing elsewhere. Goods can be seen or write for photographs.

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78-80 Washington St. Boston, Mass. 1531 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.  
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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### The Difference

"No, sir," said a clerk to his employer, "I don't think there's anything unreasonable in my asking for an increase of salary. You may remember that you promised me a raise when I had been with you a year."

"I know I did," rejoined the employer; "but didn't I make it conditional on your giving me every satisfaction?"

"And in what way, sir, haven't I given you satisfaction?" asked the clerk. "In what way?" replied the employer, with a show of anger. "Do you think you are satisfying me in asking for an increase of salary?"—*Wasp*.

### The Ultimate of Happiness

"How has that match between Daisy Green and Tom Haddaway turned out?" asked Blithers.

"Fine," said Dobby.

"Still madly in love with each other?" asked Blithers.

"Better than that," said Dobby.

"They've got to a point where they can tolerate each other."—*Harper's Weekly*.

**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 Distrib.

### Spring Arithmetic

It was the busy hour of 4. When from a city hardware store Emerged a gentleman who bore

- 1 hoe,
- 1 spade,
- 1 wheelbarrow.

From thence our hero promptly went Into a seed establishment

## The Red Gods of Spring Are Calling

ARE you ready to enjoy the week-ends and vacations? Camp out and learn to know the ideal life in the wilderness, but don't go until you are properly outfitted. You need our special outdoor clothing. Clothing for such purposes must fit and must wear under the severe strain to which it is submitted.

This department has been developed with us to a degree of skill and excellence not reached by any other house. The reason of this is we are campers and know the game. Not the slightest detail in making or material escapes our careful attention. Therefore our clothes are the pride of those who wear them and they impart the real feeling of comfort and freedom sought by every person who is a lover of outdoor life.

Remember you take no chances in buying anything we sell. You are absolutely protected by our guarantee: **Money back if not satisfied.** If you are a sportsman, fisherman, hunter, camper, canoeist, explorer, prospector, motorist, mountain-climber, or, in fact, do anything out of doors, you cannot enjoy the possibilities of your chosen sport without having with you our special catalog on your particular hobby.

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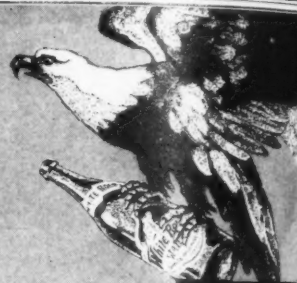
NEW YORK

And for these things his money spent:  
1 peck of bulbs,  
1 job lot of shrubs,  
1 quart of assorted seeds.

He has a garden under way,  
And if he's fairly lucky, say,  
He'll have about the last of May  
1 squash vine,  
1 egg plant,  
1 radish. —*Washington Herald*.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER**  
"Its purity has made it famous"

THE United States is bound by reciprocity on the north and intervention on the south.—*Baltimore Sun*.



An All-American Product  
for all Americans

# White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

In NEW Sterilized Bottles only

### The Easiest Way

A steam-heating plant had been installed in the house of the new president of a small, conservative college. The president, startled by a break in the steam pipes, went in search of the college janitor. Being unfamiliar with his new surroundings he entered the library. "Dr. So-and-So," he inquired, "how can I find the janitor?"

"Well," the librarian replied in a slow drawl, "I find the surest way is to send him a postal card."—*Success*.

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Registered at Pat. Office LONDON WASHINGTON DETROIT

**80** THE MAID OF DUQUESNE  
There was a young maid of Duquesne  
Who tried to buy "Rad-Bridge" in vacuum.  
She knew that each guest  
Would simply detest  
And treat other goods with disdain.  
NEW "BASKET WEAVE" PLAYING CARDS  
Patented 1910. Same quality, size, assortment of colors as our  
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Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) we send our sample value of  
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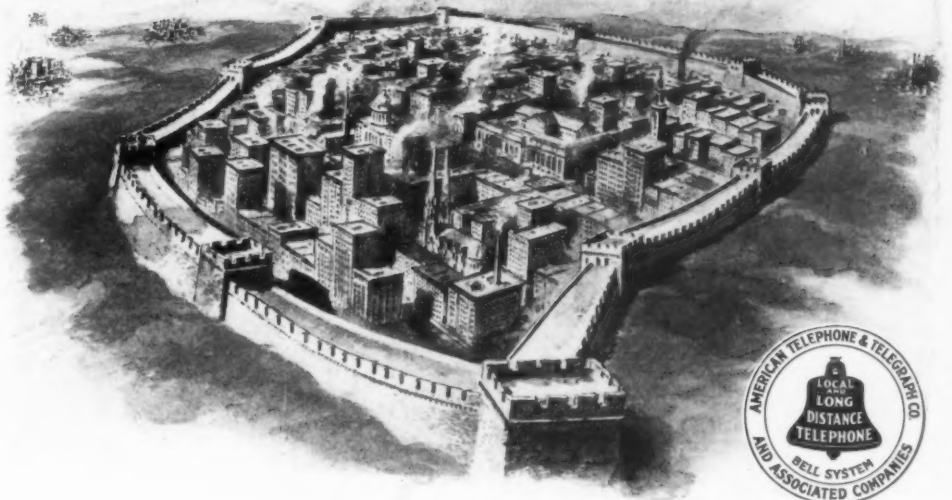
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**The Science of Kissing**

Kissing has passed from a mere meeting of the lips, as exemplified by the average young man and woman, to an art, a science, a profession which has its devotees and its shining lights, just as other professions have. The kiss is classified, and each osculation is tabulated and labeled by the expert. The majority of Kissing Experts are to be found on the stage, but San Francisco boasts a well-known clubman who has given the subject much thought, and after many years of experience has become an expert, a savant, in the Kissing Profession. For personal reasons he prefers to remain unknown, but is willing to furnish all information on the subject that could be desired. For instance, he can describe every kiss, from the Sensational Kiss of Passion to the mere touching of the lips to the hand.

There are too many kisses to describe in detail, but a few are known as follows:

- "The Good-Night Kiss."
- "The Soul Kiss."
- "The Wifely Kiss."
- "The Affinity Kiss."
- "The Overnight Kiss."



A MEDIAEVAL CONDITION

# Telephone Service— Universal or Limited?

TELEPHONE users make more local than long distance calls yet to each user comes the vital demand for distant communication.

No individual can escape this necessity. It comes to all and cannot be foreseen.

No community can afford to surround itself with a sound-proof Chinese Wall and risk telephone isolation.

No American State would be willing to make its boundary line

an impenetrable barrier, to prevent telephone communication with the world outside.

Each telephone subscriber, each community, each State demands to be the center of a talking circle which shall be large enough to include all possible needs of inter-communication.

In response to this universal demand the Bell Telephone System is clearing the way for universal service.

*Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System*

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

- "The Kiss Domestic."
- "The Kiss Friendly."
- "The Return Kiss."
- "The Kiss Seductive."
- "The Kiss de Luxe."
- "The Kiss Royal."
- "The Kiss Quick."
- "The Kiss-Me-Again Kiss."

Each has a meaning of its own, and each can be used effectively by the Osculatory Savant. Who is he?

—Wasp.

THE CUSTOMER (trying phonograph): There's something wrong with these grand opera records. There's a horrible racket in each one that spoils the effect of the music.

THE DEMONSTRATOR: Ah, yes. One of our latest effects. That's the conversation in the boxes. Wonderfully realistic. —Chicago Daily News.

**Houbigant—Paris**

In Every Store

Perfumes and  
Soaps of Highest  
Quality Only.

**Rieger's Flower Drops**

How long since you gave **YOUR WIFE** a bottle of perfume?

Flower Drops is the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made from the flowers; contains no alcohol; a single drop diffuses the odor of a thousand blossoms and lasts for weeks. 50 times the strength of ordinary perfume. 1 odor—Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Crabapple, Orange Blossom. Each bottle in a unique turned and polished maple box.

\$1.50 a Bottle. Druggists or Mail Stopper for 25c. In silver or stamps.

**PAUL RIEGER**  
277 First Street, San Francisco, or  
165-Q Randolph St., Chicago

**FLORAL CROWN PERFUMES**  
Violet, Rose, Lily of the Valley, Lilac,  
\$1.00 per ounce—at druggists or mail.

One Drop diffuses the odor of a thousand blossoms. It lasts for weeks.

**Rieger's California Perfumes**  
"Made where the flowers grow"



Rhymed Reviews

The Prodigal Judge

(By Vaughan Kester. The Bobbs-Merrill Company)

Five hundred dollars from the mint—  
The ransom of a Rockefeller—  
Those critics win who put in print  
The Three Best Boosts of this Great  
Seller!

A bribe? Oh, no indeed! This smart  
Bobbs-Merrillittle scheme, surpris-  
ing

A callow world, is all for Art,  
Without one thought of advertising.

The publishers, devoid of guile,  
Would scorn to puff a book or shove  
it;

They only ask, "Is this worth while?  
Let's have the Truth—but plenty  
of it!"

Too bad! because the book itself  
Is fresh enough to merit reading  
Without the lure of golden pelf  
And somewhat tactless special plead-  
ing.

It tells about Judge Slocum Price,  
Once well-endowed with worldly  
plunder,  
But drunkenness, that fatal vice,  
Has drained his force and dragged  
him under.

He dwells in sunny Tennessee  
(The time is Eighteen-five-and-  
thirty);  
Magniloquent and brave is he,  
Yet sodden, shameless, fat and dirty.

A little grandson's strange return,  
A fellow-reprobate's devotion,  
Awake his dormant soul to spurn  
The blighting alcoholic potion.

With bold allies, a chosen few,  
Though timid Law denies protection,  
He dares defy the dastard crew  
That plots a negro insurrection.

He subjugates the horrid "Clan";  
The miscreant-in-chief he collars.  
Say, friends, I've boomed this all I  
can;  
Now don't I get them lovely dollars?  
*Arthur Guiterman.*

Bernard Shaw on Doctors

One of the tests of greatness is to be able to define for us something that we have always known, but have not been able to express. We presume that the effect of Bernard Shaw's utterance about doctors, as revealed in his last book, "The Doctor's Dilemma" (Brentano's), will be of no particular consequence, so far as the doctors themselves are concerned. Most of them will dismiss it with a show of indifference, a shrug of the shoulders; if they feel incited to say anything about it, it will be to the effect that "Bernard Shaw is clever; but no one takes him seriously."

The truth is, however, that the doctors exist, not so much by their own volition as by the permission of the great public, and inasmuch as Bernard Shaw has a large audience, and this audience makes up a very important part of the great public, the effect of his book ought to be considerable.

Speaking of operations, Mr. Shaw says:

To offer me a doctor as my judge and then weigh his decision with a bribe of a large sum of money and a virtual guarantee that if he makes a mistake it can never be proved against him, is to go wildly beyond the ascertained strain which human nature will bear. It is simply unscientific to allege or believe that doctors do not

under existing circumstances perform unnecessary operations.

The doctors must stand together, moreover. Their business is to keep the public in ignorance of their own errors; so long as they can foster the belief that they are infallible, they can continue to make money out of the public.

Regarding the claim of the vivisectionists that they have a right to cut up animals, because by so doing they are saving lives (which Mr. Shaw denies), he says:

No man is allowed to put his mother into a stove, because he desires to know how long an adult woman will survive at a temperature of 500 Fahrenheit, no matter how important or interesting that particular addition to the store of human knowledge may be. . . . The right to knowledge is not the only right. . . . Just as even the stupidest people say in effect, "If you cannot attain to knowledge without burning your mother, you must do without knowledge," so the wisest people say, "If you cannot attain to knowledge without torturing a dog, you must do without knowledge."

These brief extracts from Mr. Shaw's book only indicate isolated stabs at the astounding and hypocritical vivisectionist claims, which are based upon curiosity and mercenary motives—the two most powerful incentives to stupid cruelty. Mr. Shaw's book ought to do good work.

C. T.



POPULAR HEROES—REAL AND BOGUS. BUT WE TREAT THEM ALL ALIKE.



**PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED**  
 Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free.  
**VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.**



**Has No Respect For Us**  
 LIFE PUBLISHING Co.,  
 New York:

DEAR LIFE.—I have just finished reading your article, under the heading "Mormon Missionaries," and I am moved to protest. I haven't much hope that you will print this letter, but, in consideration of the fact that you have many Mormon readers, I think you ought to.

What are your grounds for believing that we don't want to be investigated? Have we ever shrunk from the searchlight? Can you name one instance where an honest, truth-hunting investigation has brought to light any damaging facts concerning us? Don't you think you are on the level of the cheap scandal-monger, who re-

**50**

**YEARS AGO**



**HUNTER**

**BALTIMORE**

**RYE**

**Started in the race for the supremacy which it gloriously maintains today**

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
**WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.**

**The United States Tire Company**  
 has inaugurated a  
**Co-operative Service Bureau**  
 for the users of its tires—  
**Continental Hartford**  
**G & J Morgan & Wright**

**A SUGGESTION**  
 from the  
**Co-operative Service Bureau**

Soft tires are the greatest single cause of tire trouble as well as tire expense.

We ask the users of our tires to adhere to the table of pressures given below, and thus increase mileage and reduce inconvenience and maintenance cost to a minimum.

Required Air Pressure	
2½ in. tires . . .	50 lbs.
3 in. tires . . .	60 lbs.
3½ in. tires . . .	70 lbs.
4 in. tires . . .	80 lbs.
4½ in. tires . . .	90 lbs.
5 in. tires . . .	100 lbs.
5½ in. tires . . .	110 lbs.

*Soft tires mean short mileage and plenty of trouble*

This Bureau will supply motorists with the most authoritative information obtainable concerning the best known methods of increasing tire mileage and decreasing tire trouble and cost.

The tire manufacturer knows—just as dealers and garage men know—that where proper care is exercised in the use of tires there is a surprising reduction in the amount of the annual tire bill. *The United States Tire Company will see to it that this lack of care is not due to lack of information.*

As the first step in the service which the Bureau will render its members, it has prepared and is ready to distribute the most exhaustive treatise on the care of tires that has ever been published.

The practical, non-technical information contained in this book, together with the supplementary data that will be sent out by the Bureau from time to time, will, in hundreds of cases, result in an actual saving of one-third in tire expense.

**This co-operative service will be unique in the history of Motor Tires**

and it is fitting that it should be inaugurated by a tire company that is unquestionably in a better position today through its five immense factories, its five laboratories and its exceptional equipment—to furnish the motorist extra serviceable tires, than is any other tire manufacturer in the world.

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peats what he hears, ignorant of whether it be truth or lies?

You accuse us of being a political church. What do you know about it? Did you ever hear politics talked in any of our church services? Did anybody? Must a man sacrifice the privileges of citizenship because he happens to be a leader in the Mormon church? If a few more or less undecided persons choose to follow politically a man whom they know only as an ecclesias-

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You say our church is founded on polygamy. Didn't you know that Mormonism had its most wonderful growth during the first fifteen years

(Continued on page 850)

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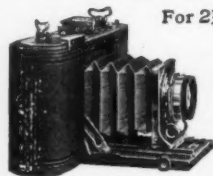
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**From Our Readers**

(Continued from page 849)

of its history, when polygamy was not even thought of by our people?

You are no doubt thinking that "a fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer," which is precisely what this particular fool is trying to do. I haven't cited you to any evidence favorable to us, because, if you are interested enough in the matter, you can hunt the proofs. If you

are not sufficiently interested to want to know whether or not you are telling the truth, for goodness sake shut up. I suppose it is unnecessary to state that I am a Mormon.

Respectfully (not very).

R. L. PRICE.

OAKLEY, IDAHO, March 31, 1911.

(Concluded on page 851)

**Red Cedar Chest for the June Bride**

Saves Cold Storage Charges.  
Is Moth Proof, Combines Beauty and Usefulness.

This chest is made of delightful, fragrant Southern Red Cedar—a true replica of a Flanders' Treasure Chest. Beautifully polished, finished with ornamental Cedar handles and wide copper bands. VERY ROOMY. Protects furs and clothing against moths. No camphor required. Is dust and damp proof. MAKES UNIQUE BRIDAL GIFT. Direct from factory, freight charges prepaid—no dealer's profit. Write for Catalogue. Shows many other styles and gives prices. Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 12, Statesville, N.C.



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### From Our Readers

(Concluded from page 850)

#### True Economic Sense

I am surprised at you, my dear LIFE, that you should make such a blunder as in your editorial of March 23. In approval of Mr. F. T. Martin's discourse about the "idle rich," your preachment on the economics of the production of wealth is good, but you fall into the vulgar error of putting into battle array Capital against Labor (or the Proletariat, as you have it). You will make old Harvard weep (if she has not already disowned you). Put a little "midnight oil" on your economics, and also remember that all newspaper headliners have a specially warm place reserved for them in the hereafter. They are guilty of many crimes—the most heinous one in debauching our mother tongue and changing the meaning of words.

In the true economic sense, Capital and Labor cannot be in conflict. The real struggle now is between Industry



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(capital and labor) and Land. Read C. B. Fillibrown's new book, the "A B C of Taxation," and Henry George's "Progress and Poverty."

EDMOND FONTAINE.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

Political economists who write text books do not establish the meaning of words. They merely settle what the words shall be understood to mean as they use them. The technical sense of a word often differs from the idea it conveys in general use.

If LIFE could use all words in their "true economic sense," it would still run the risk of misleading the 99 out of 100 readers, who do not know what the "true economic sense" is.

Perhaps, to your ear, LIFE has misused "capital"; but the gist of the editorial that you rebuke is that there is a fight on between "the interests" and those who fear them.

EDITOR OF LIFE.

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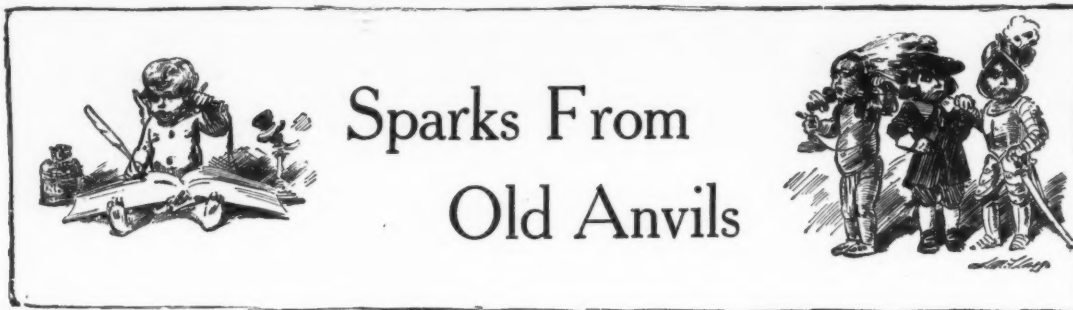


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## Sparks From Old Anvils

### Job

The Devil tried hard,  
Job's faith to impair,  
Loss of property, children,  
And health he'd to bear,  
But failing to tempt him  
To curse his own life,  
To make him despair  
He left him his wife.

—From the Spanish.

### Oliver Goldsmith on Physicians



Whatever may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity against which they are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt and decide with hesitation; but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine. The advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty; be the disorder never so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who by leveling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure, without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, or hindrance of business. . . .

What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose;

he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it, yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick. Only sick, did I say? There are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius! they die; though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half a crown at every corner. . . .

Few physicians here go through the ordinary courses of education, but receive all their knowledge of medicine by immediate inspiration from heaven. . . . And others still there are indebted to their superlative ignorance alone for success; the more ignorant the practitioner, the less capable is he thought of deceiving. The people here judge as they do in the East, where it is thought absolutely requisite that a man should be an idiot before he pretends to be either a conjurer or a doctor.—From "A Citizen of the World."

### From the Spanish

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

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

"Your father,  
"JOHN."

### Unlimited Confidence

Sydney Smith said to Mrs. Grote as she was getting into her carriage for a long journey, "Go where you will, do what you like, say what you please, I have the utmost confidence in your indiscretion."

### Adam's Handicap

. . . . The only thing that saved Adam and Eve from interrogatory insanity was the paucity of language. If little Cain had possessed the verbal abundance of the language in which men are to-day talked to death, his father's bald head would have gone down in shining flight to the end of the earth to escape him, leaving Eve to look after the stock, save the crop and raise her boy as best she could. Which would have been six thousand years ago, as to-day, just like a man.

Because, it was no off-hand, absent-minded work answering questions about things in those spacious old days, when there was crowds of room, and everything grew by the acre. When a placid but exceedingly unanimous looking animal went rolling by producing the general effect of an eclipse and Cain would shout:

"Oh, lookee, lookee Pa! What's that?"

"Oh, it's nothing but an aristolochioid. Where did you get it? There, now, quit throwing stones at that acanthopterugian; do you want to be kicked? And keep away from the nothodentrichomanoides. My stars, Eve! Where did he get that anonaceo-hydrocharideonymphæoid? Do you never look after him at all? Here, you Cain, get right away down from there, and chase that megalosarius out of the melon patch, or I'll set the monopleuro branchian on you."

Just think of it, Christian man with a family to support, with last year's stock on your shelves and a draft as long as a clothesline to pay to-morrow! Think of it, woman, with all a woman's love and constancy and a mother's sympathetic nature, with three meals a day three hundred and sixty-five times a year to think of, and all the flies to chase out of the sitting-room; think, if your cherub boy was the only boy in the wide, wide world, and all his questions which now radiate in a thousand directions among other boys, who tell him lies and help him to cut his eye-teeth, were focused upon you! Adam had only one consolation that has been denied his more remote descendants. His boy never belonged to a baseball club, never smoked cigarettes, and never teased his father from the first of November till the last of March for a pair of roller-skates.—Robert Jones Burdette.

### How to Buy a Horse

. . . . It is a mooted point whether it is best to buy your horse before you build your stable or build your stable before you buy your horse. A horse without a stable is like a bishop without a church. Our neighbor, who is very ingenious, built his stable to fit his horse. He took the length of his horse and a little over as the measure of the depth of his stable; then he built it. He had a place beside the stall for his Rockaway carriage. When he came to put the Rockaway in he found he had not allowed for the shafts. The ceiling was too low to allow them to be erected, so he cut two square port holes in the back of his stable and run his shafts through them into the chicken house behind. Of course, whenever he wanted to take out his carriage he had to unroost all his fowls, who would sit on the shafts night and day. But that was better than building a new stable. For my part, I determined to avoid mistakes by getting the horse and carriage both first, and then to build the stable. This plan, being acceptable to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, was adopted as judicious and expedient. In consequence I found myself with a horse on my hands, with no place to put him. Fortunately, I was acquainted with a very honest man who kept a livery stable, where I put him to board by the month, and in order that he might have plenty of good oats I bought

(Continued on page 855)



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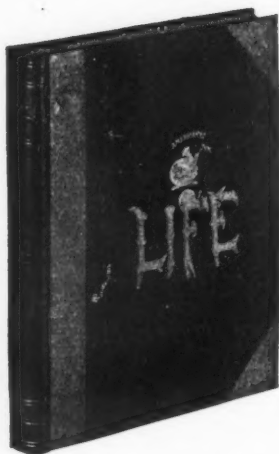
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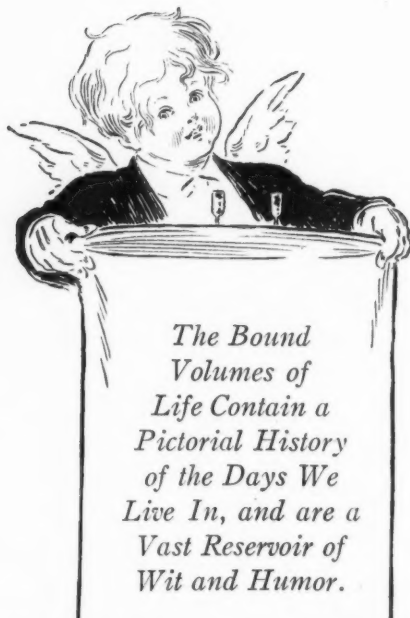
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## Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 852)

some, which I gave to the hostler for that purpose. The man of whom I bought the horse did not deceive me when he represented him as a great feeder. He ate more oats than all the rest of the horses in the stable put together. . . . —From the Sparrowgrass Papers, by Frederick S. Cozzens.

## The Yellow Domino

(From the French)

In the latter part of the reign of Louis XV., of France, the masquerade was an entertainment high in estimation, and was often given at an immense cost on court days and such occasions of rejoicing. But perhaps the most whimsical among the genuine surprises recorded at any of

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these spectacles was that which occurred in Paris the 15th day of October, on the day when the dauphin (son of Louis XV.) attained the age of one and twenty.

At this fête, which was of a peculiarly glittering character—so much so that the details of it are given at great length by the historians of the day—the strange demeanor of a man in a yellow domino early in the evening excited attention. This mask, who showed nothing remarkable as to figure—though

tall rather and of robust proportions—seemed to be gifted with an appetite not merely past human conception but passing the fancies even of romance. He passed from chamber to chamber, from table to table of refreshments, not tasting, but devouring, devastating all before him. At one board he dispatched a fowl, two-thirds of a ham and half a dozen bottles of champagne; the very next minute he was found seated in another apartment, performing the

(Continued on page 856)

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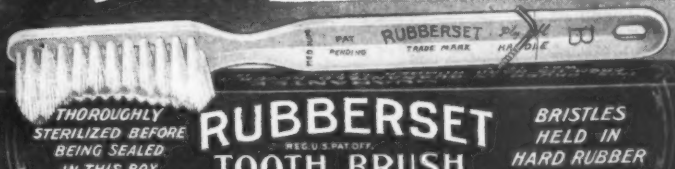
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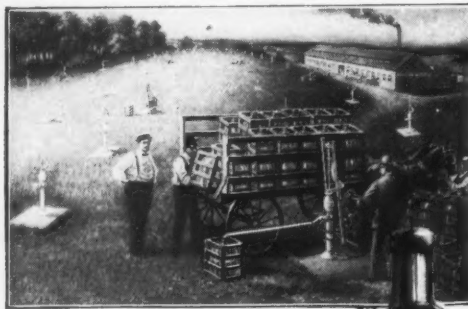
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## Sparks From Old Anvils

(Continued from page 855)

same feat with a stomach better than at first. This strange proceeding went on until the company, who at first had been amused by it, became alarmed and tumultuous.

At length the confusion which the proceeding created became universal, and the cause reached the ear of the dauphin.

"He is a very fiend, your highness!" exclaimed an old nobleman, "or wants but a tail to be so!"

Even while they were speaking the

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yellow domino entered the room in which they were talking, and, as usual, proceeded to the table of refreshments.

"See here, my lord," cried one, "I have seen him do this twice!"

"I thrice!"—"I five times!"—"and I fifteen!"

This was too much. The master of the ceremonies was questioned. He knew nothing and the yellow domino (Concluded on page 857)



DR. STALL

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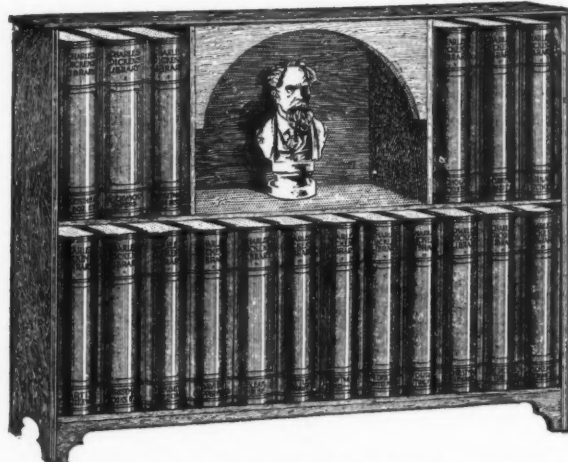
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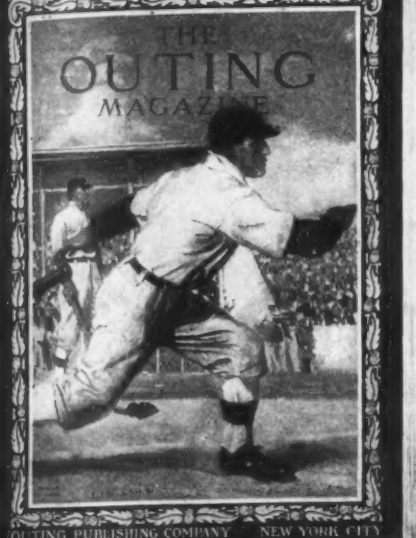
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**Sparks From Old Anvils**  
(Concluded from page 856)

was interrupted as he was carrying a bumper of claret to his lips.  
"The prince desires that monsieur who wears the yellow domino should unmask."  
Against that which is absolute there is no contending. The yellow man threw off his mask and domino, and proved to be a private trooper of the Irish Dragoons!

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"Beginning!" exclaimed the dauphin, in amazement, "then what is it I have heard and seen? Where are the herds of oxen that have disappeared and the hampers of burgundy? I insist on knowing how this is!"  
"It is, sire," returned the soldier, "may it please your grace, that the troop to which I belong is to-day on guard. We have purchased one ticket among us, and provided this yellow domino, which fits us all. By which means the whole of the front rank, being myself the last man, have supped, if the truth must be told, at discretion, and the leader of the second rank, saving your highness's commands, is now waiting outside the door to take his turn."

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**Drinking Alone**

The author of the "Parson's Daughter," when surprised one evening in his arm-chair two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologized by saying: "When one is alone the bottle *does* come round so often." On a similar occasion, Sir Hercules Langreish, on being asked, "Have you finished all that port (three bottles) without assistance?" answered "No—not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira."

# THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF



Taken in the heat of the Civil War, outside Petersburg 46 years ago.

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A gray-haired citizen of Tampa, Florida, turning over the pages of the November Review of Reviews, saw this picture, and in the young man on the ground with the bottle was amazed to discover himself. Like a flash the years vanished, again he was outside Petersburg in '64, the air roared and shrieked with the fire of two armies, and he and these other members of the 9th A. C., U. S. A., whiled away a few weary minutes having "their pictures taken." Afterward he had forgotten it. To-day, he has grown old, but the picture will be forever young.

This photograph is but one of 3,500 which we have just discovered after they were buried for nearly fifty years. Theirs is a dramatic and amazing story.

## Through the Civil War with the Camera

went Mathew Brady, the genius whose photographic studio in New York was sought by world-famous men and women. With special permission from Lincoln, he accompanied the armies and navies for four years. He took thousands of photographs showing every phase of the struggle. Merry-making in camp, lingering in hospital, lying in prison, spying on the enemy, hanging the Lincoln conspirators, manning the battle-ships, punishing the deserter, drilling the awkward squad, dead on the field of battle, fighting in the trenches—all is shown in this ever-changing panorama of these four momentous years.

### William Pinkerton Saw These Pictures Taken

Read what he says: "I regard the work upon which you are engaged as one of the most important of the present day. I joined the Army of the Potomac as a boy 16 years old, under my father Allan Pinkerton, who organized the United States Secret Service at that time. I knew these photographers who were protected by the Secret Service at Army Headquarters. I used to go with these men frequently when these pictures were made, as I was very fond of amateur photography and was present when many of the negatives which you have in your possession were taken. The scenes and incidents to the getting of these pictures are as vivid as if it were only yesterday. I consider your work a most remarkable one and anything in the world that I can do to aid or assist you, you can count on me." (Signed)

WM. A. PINKERTON

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General Custer. Only 23 years old at this time (1863), he was the idol of his men as "Yellow Hair," and "Daredevil Custer." Killed at the Indian Massacre at Little Big Horn, 1876.



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*Bell and Wing*, by Frederick Fanning Ayer. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.)

*Schools of Painting*, by Mary Innes. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.)

*Later Pratt Portraits*, by Anna Fuller. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

*The Return*, by Walter De La Mare. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.)

*Lizbeth of the Dale*, by Marian Keith. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.20 net.)

*Modern Religious Problems*, by William Jewett Tucker. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. 50 cents.)

*China's Story*, by William Elliott Griffis. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25 net.)

*Out of Russia*, by Crittenden Marriott. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa. \$1.25 net.)

*The Bramble Bush*, by Caroline Fuller. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25 net.)

*Three Weeks in the British Isles*, by John U. Higinbotham. (Reilly & Briton, Chicago, Ill. \$1.50.)

*Jonas Hawley*, by William W. Pennell. (C. M. Clark Pub. Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.50.)

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## A Pathetic Number

is necessary once in a while, in order to even up. That is not the name of the number that comes out next week, but that's the idea.

It is devoted to suburbanites.

After a vain effort, we have discovered that nothing humorous is possible in connection with this sorrowful subject.

The Commuter's Number, therefore, will be a melancholy mélange of mournful meanderings, in which the doleful doings of the soulful suburbanite will be depicted with inimitable sadness. Among those present of the Old Guard of suburban jokes may be mentioned The Departing Cook Joke, The Woman's Club Joke, The Last Train Joke, The Real Estate Agent Joke. This ought to be enough to convince anybody that this number will be a funeral procession of decrepit croonings.

### COMING SPECIALS

- Joy Rider's Number, May 11
- Celestial, - - May 18
- College, - - May 25
- Bride's, - - June 1
- Book, - - June 8
- Summer Girl, - June 15
- Coronation, - June 22
- Fourth July, - June 29

### LIFE'S TIME TABLE

At last we are finding out just when you can buy LIFE in every city in the United States. The table herewith is so accurate that we blush with pleasure as we print it.

- San Francisco, - Noon Tuesday
- Philadelphia, 11 A. M. Tuesday
- Palm Beach, - Noon Wednesday
- Boston, - 11:30 A. M. Tuesday
- Chicago, - Noon Tuesday
- Indianapolis, - Noon Tuesday
- St. Louis, - Noon Tuesday
- Galveston, Tex., 9 A. M. Wednesday
- Quebec, Can., 9 A. M. Wednesday
- New York, - 9 A. M. Tuesday
- Washington, - Noon Tuesday

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Vibration and noise eliminated. Power and speed responsive to a touch.

Big wheels, with 38 inch by 4½ inch tires, which smooth the rough roads and insure against tire-trouble-delays.

Ample wheel-base, and a drop frame, giving low center of gravity and straight line drive to rear axle. Side-sway and skidding almost unknown. Semi-elliptic rear springs of finest quality and four Truffault-Hartford shock absorbers.

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