

VOL. LV, NO. 1432
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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PRICE, 10 CENTS
APRIL 7, 1910

L I F E

Middle
FASHION
NUMBER

THE
NOT TO BE MUTILATED
FROM THE PUBLISHING



HERRY • NUTT

In The Country



THE MILKMAID

On The Stage

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THE KLAXON is the most effective safeguard against collision ever devised.

The penetrating KLAXON blast is audible to another driver a quarter to half a mile ahead, and on water from one to two miles. It resembles no other created sound. It is purposely harsh and startling, for a harsh note has a natural warning quality lacking in musical notes.

The driver who hears a KLAXON does not stop to think: he turns to his side of the road involuntarily and promptly.

The KLAXON consists of an alloy steel diaphragm vibrated by a ratchet wheel and electric motor. The ignition battery runs it. Handsome illustrated catalog sent on request.

For small cars—the KLAXONET, a miniature KLAXON superior to other signals.



KLAXONET

LOWELL McCONNELL MFG. CO.
MANUFACTURERS
NEWARK, N. J.

THE KLAXON COMPANY
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.
17 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK

KLAXON

"The X-Ray of Sound"



KLAXON

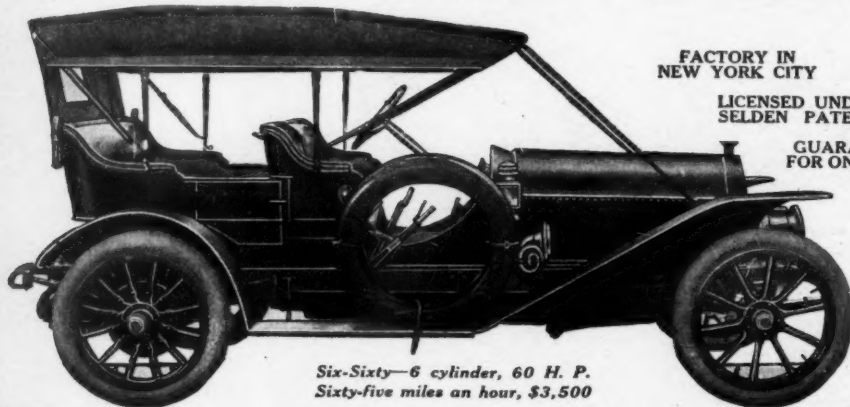


SIGNS OF REVOLT



PALMER SINGER

There are certain mechanical features whose successful use for two or more years by leading makes of cars have made them Standard—admittedly the BEST. Palmer-Singer cars have them ALL—no one other make—at any price—has them all.



FACTORY IN
NEW YORK CITY

LICENSED UNDER
SELDEN PATENT

GUARANTEED
FOR ONE YEAR

Six-Sixty—6 cylinder, 60 H. P.
Sixty-five miles an hour, \$3,500

The performance of a car depends on the excellence of its mechanical features. In performance Palmer-Singer cars are, fast, powerful, silent, strong, durable and economical in a degree which you cannot find elsewhere, in combination, in any other cars made in this country to-day. Palmer-Singer owners who previously drove foreign cars do not except foreign makes in speaking of Palmer-Singer superiority.

We wish you could compare the actual performance in your own hands of the Palmer-Singer Six-Sixty, for instance, and ALL other cars at the same or higher prices.

As that is, of course, impossible, why don't you compare their mechanical features side by side?

Remember, on these depend performance.

Our Six-Sixty has a speed of over 65 miles an hour. It has a 127-inch wheel-base, a six-cylinder, 60 H. P. motor, a four speed and reverse selective type transmission, multiple disc clutch, Imported Ball Bearings throughout, hand forged I-Beam, front axles, Bosch magneto—four brakes, internal expanding and equalized—all on rear wheels. Its price is \$3,500. These are a few of its salient features—and they have ALL been in use in Palmer-Singer cars for over two years. The Palmer-Singer Three-Jet Multiple Spray Carburetor is one of several exclusive features. It is perfectly simple, but with one adjustment, gives much added power and consumes less gasoline to the mile than any other carburetor on the market. It gives the same mixture at all speeds.

We have printed a Specification Sheet—which shows you, side by side, the prices and mechanical features of all the best cars, which make gives you the most for your money and WHY. Cut out the coupon, fill out and mail to us to-day.

PALMER-SINGER MFG. CO.
1620 Broadway, New York 1321 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Please send technical description of your cars to

1620 Broadway, New York City

PALMER-SINGER MFG. CO.

LIFE

Miss Cue A Lasting Sensation

OUR new book about Miss Cue, containing six beautiful illustrations of Miss Cue at billiards and pool, will be sent free, post-paid, to anyone interested in Billiards.

Miss Cue is shown making shots which have never before been attempted by any billiard player, and the series of pictures is interesting and unique.

Just ask for Booklet.

William A. Spinks & Company
363 West Erie Street, Chicago

Manufacturers of Spinks' Billiard Chalk and "The only manufacturers of cue tips in America."

Room Owners will find Spinks' Chalk and Tips at all dealers.



YARMOUTH PORT, MASS.,
March 12, 1910.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Gentlemen:—I have read your "Improper Number" of LIFE, dated February 24. It does not interest me very much, nor does it trouble me, though I notice by your March 10 issue that you have lost some subscribers. I am sorry for this, and the only way I can account for the publication of the "Improper Number" is that you desire to enlighten over-sensitive people and give them a true target to fire at. If this is your purpose I say "God speed" the course. Certain persons think that the robes of bishops and clergymen make the latter too sacred for illustration or for cartoons in LIFE, though doctors, professors and merchants are regarded as legitimate game. I have taken LIFE for years, and it has always been a welcome visitor in my family, and I hope my supposition for the issue of the objectionable number has an element of truth in it.

J—A—

Box 161, COVINGTON, KY.

March 6, 1910.

DEAR LIFE:

Do let up on your anti-vivisection crusade, for it does no good, and it is a small matter, take it in comparison with other vital matters. Change your batteries so that they may fire at those who ship fowls to market! Just now there is no law that is visible covering the health and comfort of chickens, ducks and turkeys on their way to their fate. Cattle, horses, hogs, are provided for, and ride in as much comfort as a tramp, for instance. You know about their stopping for food and water. But the poor chickens—how they are jammed into low coops, too small for any save the least in size to stand in, and the coop is as full as it can be crowded; then these are piled many feet high in freight and express cars for hours at a time, and only those fowls on the outside layers can have but the least chance to breathe. It is all bad enough in mild weather, but in summer and winter it is

(Continued on page 592)

Slater Shoe Styles

Every feature of merit is embodied in Slater Shoes from the choice of the materials to the final finishing touch on the completed boot or shoe. Class, shapeliness, style, quality, comfort, are essentials in every pair.

Our patrons are those who *insist on the best*, irrespective of cost, but this does not mean that our exclusiveness runs to prohibitive prices—there are many unusual values in shoes for men and women at \$5.50 and \$6.00 not equalled elsewhere at the price.



MAIL ORDER SERVICE. Hundreds of our out-of-town people desire to wear Slater Shoes, the same as worn by the fashionable New Yorker. Our mail order department is now so perfected that we can insure as satisfactory service by post as though shopping in person. Send for our book and instructions for measurements and descriptions.

J. & J. Slater

For 50 years New York's most fashionable bootmakers

Send for Illustrated Catalog

Broadway, Corner 25th Street, New York



Mike (as alarm goes off): OI FOOLED YEZ THOT TIME. SHURE, OI WUZN'T ASLAFE AT ALL!



DISCOVER AMERICA

SAVE \$5 TO \$40
AUTO INSURANCE

Since it costs you nothing, why shouldn't you have road experts at your command constantly to suggest new fascinating tours or short trips, and to tell you how to make them?

We'll explain. The Automobile Touring Club of America is an organization of road experts. You pay \$5 for a year's membership. No other charges.

Any member can ask for as much touring information as he wishes and can also have the Club insure his car and thereby save from \$5 to \$40 a year on his car insurance. Thus you save what you pay in, or make a profit, and get the touring information for nothing.

Does't matter where you live, the T. C. A. can serve you.

Most motorists know but a few dusty beaten paths—but a few main roads past coal yards, ash dumps, factories and drab uninterestingness.

But what motorists ever penetrate far into the quaint romantic unfrequented back country.

Don't keep on going over the same old trips. Ask the T. C. A. to plan you a trip along the south coast of Long Island, around Narragansett and Cape Cod Bays, and up by the picturesque shores of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine. It can plan over a thousand different trips—mountain trips, historic trips, Georgian Bay fishing trips, Maine hunting trips, or trips around your own home that you don't know about—trips through any country except China and Japan. Discover the Rhines, the Switzerlands, the Italian lakes of America.

You probably have no idea of the skill and magnitude of the T. C. A. Not a touring book, but a great bureau of road experts who know nearly every road in the world. Has the enthusiastic approval of the highest men in the automobile business.

You don't have to be introduced. Send us \$5 for one year's membership. If, after thirty days, you aren't overwhelmingly pleased, we'll return your \$5.

T. C. A TELLS WHERE AND HOW TO TOUR

If you won't do that, send for the most interesting booklet ever published on automobile touring entitled "Discover America."

By the eternal, don't put it off. You'll forget it. Do one or the other now, while you have it in mind. Address, Automobile Touring Club of America, Dept. C, 239 West 54th Street, New York.

**AUTOMOBILE
TOURING CLUB OF AMERICA**



**Garden
Number**



**Out
Next
Week**



**Price
as
usual
10 cents**



Achoo!

Sprig is cobing, Achoo! We would like to egspress to you how we lig the next nubber—full of grad tigs and growing jests. The cubber id a wonder. Evertig id dis nubber is fresh—achoo! Better Obey dat Impulg and be a regular subgriber—Achoo!

It's a bonderful nubber. Order erdy fromg your newddeeler.
Achoo!

LEAD THE FIVE DOLLAR LIFE

Every once in a while we put a coupon to one of these pages, to give our prospective new subscribers a chance. We haven't done this now for several weeks. Sorry to keep so many waiting.

Just put your name and address in the proper place, and enclose any kind of money, and from the day it's received your name will be enrolled on that joyous royster whereon are the names of the lovers of LIFE.

Remember, you don't have to agree with everything that LIFE does. Your best friend has his little peculiarities. So have you, for that matter. The main point is that there are more good things in LIFE than in any other paper in the world.

Besides there is always a moment coming when you need to be Reinforced by Cheer.

That's our business. You'll learn something also. But that's incidental.

So here goes!



Congratulations

apropos of that Improper Number are still coming in.
Shall we ever issue another? We think not.
But—
The Good-Goody Number is coming.
Don't be frightened.
It isn't going to be so bad as that.
But it is going to be very unusual.
And will contain many things that—
But wait and see.

Subscription \$5.00

Canadian \$5.52

Enclosed find one dollar. Send Life for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate

Foreign \$6.04





THE New Rambler Offset Crank-shaft enables you to throttle down on high gear no faster than a man usually walks. This means that in crowded traffic, much gear shifting is avoided. The straight-line drive takes the power direct from the engine to the rear axle without encountering the angle or corner, found in most other driving systems. Thirty-six inch wheels give high clearance and add to the appearance and riding qualities. The Spare Wheel eliminates tire worry because this wheel, with inflated tire, can so quickly and easily be substituted for the damaged tire. The efficiency of these features has been attained by the same painstaking methods which made Rambler quality possible.

Rambler Automobiles, \$1,800 to \$3,750

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Branches: Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Cleveland, San Francisco



"WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW?"

Republic Staggard Tread Tires



A UNIQUE tread available for ordinary dry-weather every-day use, but with an exceptional gripping power which comes into play when you come to a strip of wet asphalt or get caught in a shower.

The studs are solid rubber. They never come off, and their area is so big that they wear down only very slowly.

Republic Rubber Co., Youngstown, O.

New York City, 229 W. 58th St. Boston, 735 Boylston St. Buffalo, 46 W. Chippewa St.
Chicago, 116 Lake St. Cincinnati, 24th and Walnut Sts. Cleveland, 3919 Euclid Ave.
Council Bluffs, Ia. Detroit, 246 Jefferson Ave. Denver, 1721 Stout St. Indianapolis,
208 S. Illinois St. Kansas City, 1612 Grand Ave. Los Angeles, 1046 S. Main St.
Milwaukee, 457 Milwaukee St. Philadelphia, 530 N. Broad St. Pittsburg, 627 Liberty Ave.
Rochester, 208 South Ave. St. Louis, 3964 Olive St. St. Paul, 189 E. 4th St. San Francisco,
165 First St. Seattle, 1419 Broadway. Spokane, 419 First Ave. Toledo, 2615 Monroe St.



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Redfern Whalebone Corsets



are unquestionably the correct base for the fashionable woman's gowning, which this season shows over draperies, panniers and flounces.

These fashions the woman of to-day would consider impossible with the fabrics of our grandmothers' day, but materials are so pliable and "chiffon" that with the properly selected corset, properly fitted, the effect is one of figure elegance and the fashions are refreshing.

The figure keynote of the season is naturalness—curves, not straight lines. However, one must be careful in the selection of the corset, as the long skirt models, with the waist line extending into the hip, unless properly selected and fitted, will make the hips with their draperies look as round as a barrel.

Redfern Models have "Security" Rubber Button Hose Supporters attached. They range in price from \$10.00 down to \$3.00 per pair.

Write for Booklet "L" on the correct fitting of your corsets

The Warner Brothers Company, New York, Chicago, San Francisco



WHIST. THE WRONG SUIT

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 588)

pitiful, and really one dreads to think of what the chicken before you in the large cities may have undergone on its way to fatten you. Let your men go down to the wholesale districts and see for themselves, and they will write something that may bring public attention to the desirability of bettering this transit. Certainly those who eat fowls wish healthy food; and fowls cannot be healthy after such treatment.

Respectfully,
E. H. R.—

MY DEAR LIFE:

The only improper thing in the lady-like number was the little cartoon putting Mr. Metcalfe in hell. His works here deserve something better hereafter, and he will get it. Anyhow, he will not be with the Hebrew children.

With best wishes for his future,
Yours truly,
J. H. C.—

ROCKHAM, SO. DAK.
March 9, 1910.

DEAR LIFE:

I cannot refrain from commenting on your "Congratulations," some of which display the false, prudish modesty of their writers. I trust the time will come when such expressions will depict only old age or imbecility—now it indicates

(Continued on page 593)

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



Bulletin.

DREADNAUGHT CARS

The nub of railroading is first-class equipment and reliable service. The Pennsylvania Railroad provides this for the public. For many months big all-steel coaches, built like Dreadnaughts, have been operated on all through trains. Their easy-riding qualities and steadiness of motion have been widely praised. The all-steel dining cars too have distinct advantages over the wooden ones. They are stronger and steadier, and the act of eating is made more enjoyable by the smoother movement.

There are also some steel Pullman Cars—Combined Parlor-Smokers and Baggage—in the service now. Travelers like them. They have plenty of elbow room and they glide over the rails. The Sleeping Cars are coming. Some four hundred parlor and sleeping cars will be in use by Summer.

These steel coaches and cars are the strongest vehicles ever built for passenger transportation. They are fire proof, break proof and bend proof. They represent the climax of safety and the perfection of comfort in railroad travel.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has always been the leader in all manner of improved equipment as well as in all methods of making their patrons more comfortable. This is why it is known and honored as The Standard Railroad of America.

Motor Apparel Shop

Everything that
comfort demands
for the Motorist.

THE luxury of good fitting,
cleverly designed Motor
Coats for Men and Women can
be enjoyed at modest prices.
Almost an endless variety of
exclusive models designed at
home and abroad.

Send for the Catalogue L, please.

Fox, Stiefel & Co. FIFTH AVE. &
34th St. N. Y.

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 592)

only ignorance or narrow-mindedness. What those parties need is liberal readings of Balzac, Maupassant and Flaubert, all unexpurgated, whose writings are the greatest life-educators we have.

I wonder if the ones who discontinued their subscription to your most estimable publication also discontinued their subscriptions to their dailies that published the story of the Cudahy-Lillis affair? A 100 to 1, No! but probably read with relish with a mental commendation for containing such a complete account of the "incident." Their reason for their idea in excluding your magazine from their homes is so vague one cannot discern it.

If LIFE knew which of its readers



Special Sale of Hand-Made Waists and Lingerie Combinations

SATISFACTORY WEAR
OF ALL GARMENTS
GUARANTEED

MONEY REFUNDED ON
GOODS NOT
SATISFACTORY



A—"PARFAIT Combination"—Corset cover and drawers plaited from fitted yoke (forming skirt effect) of sheer white batiste, cross-bar dimity or dotted swiss, daintily trimmed with val. lace, embroidery beading and ribbon bows. Size 32 to 44 bust. Value \$5.00

2.95

B—Entirely hand-made and hand-embroidered waists of fine white French batiste, tucked front and back, yoke and trimming of real baby Irish lace, daintily hand-embroidered. Short or long sleeves as desired. Size 32 to 34 bust. Value \$13.50

7.50

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLE BOOK
of Women's, Misses', Girls', Youths', Boys' and Infants'
Wearing Apparel mailed free to out-of-town applicants.

Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 37th and 38th Sts., New York

**Rieger's
"Flower Drops"**

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

**Lasts Longer Than
Any Other Perfume**

The most exquisite perfume science ever produced. Made from the flowers by a new process; contains no alcohol; a single drop diffuses the odor of a thousand blossoms and lasts for weeks. An appropriate gift at any time.

A Bottle for \$1.50 That Will Last for Months at druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of check, stamps, currency, or money order.

5 odors: Lily of Valley, Violet, Rose, Crabapple, Orange Blossom. Each bottle in a unique turned, polished maple case. Money refunded if this is not the finest perfume you ever used.

SAMPLES FREE
If you will send us the name of your druggist.
PAUL RIEGER, 179 1st St., San Francisco

EXACT SIZE OF BOTTLE

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

were prudishly inclined it would no doubt send a half-pound of grained salt with issues requiring it, but as LIFE does not know, it can only depend on their good-will and unbiased judgment.

My little word of criticism would neither praise nor blame your "Improper Number," but I wish to say this regarding the virile etching heading the book review column—'twas a true offspring of the "red corpuscle."

This is my first communication to you. It may not be the last. You may print all, part, or none, as you choose.

Yours forever,
C. E. S

ATLANTA, GA., March 9, 1910.

DEAR LIFE:

Have read with no little interest your congratulations on that "Improper

Number." In issuing that number you performed the rather difficult task of being improper without verging on the offensive.

There seems to be quite a few of your friends who were not at all pleased; possibly they were expecting too much, or perhaps they had bet you would not do it; anyway, it was some number.

I second the motion as to your giving us that which suffered rejection.

Sincerely,
R— M. A—
a LIFE reader.

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

10
Shots
Quick



One Pull
For
Each
Shot

This Gun Gives Her Nerve

A woman, if attacked while alone in the house, will oftentimes fall in a faint. Why? The thought of utter helplessness comes over her when she realizes she is alone, and the thought strikes her senses cold.

The Savage Automatic (32 cal.) will banish the thought of helplessness. Let a woman know she is able, without practice, to shoot straight, and see the change in her.

Here is a sure prescription for nerve. Hand your wife or mother a Savage. You'll find she is not afraid to grasp it, as she is the old revolver. Tell her she must pull the trigger for each and every shot. Let her see, let her know, by trying it, that she can shoot straight—can put all 10 shots into a mark by simply pointing it just as she points her finger at an object. Such proof of her skill will give her nerve. The effect on her peace of mind when alone will last a lifetime. She need never fear an accident. It's built safe.

"THE TENDERFOOT'S TURN"

W. B. ("Bat") Masterson, the Dodge City ex-sheriff has written a book for people who need fire-arm protection, called "The Tenderfoot's Turn." Men who think their lives and homes are worth the trouble, should write for it to-day. Please mention store you prefer to deal with. Address Savage Arms Co., 484 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York

THE FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

We have a new book about Savage sporting rifles and small calibre repeaters and target rifles. Handsomely illustrated. Don't make the mistake of buying a rifle without sending for this book. You'll regret it if you do.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC



WHO'S WHAT IN AMERICA



Great Western Champagne

Half the Cost of Imported

Absence of duty reduces its cost 50%.

Of the six American Champagnes exhibited, Great Western was the only one awarded the gold medal at Paris exposition, 1900.

Your grocer or dealer can supply you

—Sold everywhere—

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
RHEIMS, N. Y.

Oldest and Largest Champagne House in America

From the Amiable Cynic to Cynthia



HE Climax of the Impossible, so I thought, had been reached when you—the most ultra-modern mondaine—

went off to the busy bustling West, under the shadow of the Cloth! How is St. Francis, by the way,—he of the Church Militant—as one can tell by simply looking at his splendid bearing?

Now, however, when you ask me—me—to plunge from time to time into the foaming tide of chiffons and send you the last analysis of a bugle cuirass or the structure of a hair-ornament, the newest cut in slippers or the last decree in stays—I feel that I did you an injustice when I supposed that so curious a marriage as yours expressed the limit of your infinite paradoxical possibilities.

Yet you may be very wise. Yes,

CALOX

THE OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER

Depends for its virtues not upon strong oils, carbolic or other irritating disinfectants, but upon the presence of Oxygen (peroxide)—Nature's purifier.

Ask your Dentist—he knows
OF ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 CENTS
Sample and Booklet free on request

McKESSON & ROBBINS - NEW YORK

you are wise, beneath—and in spite of—all your frills and furbelows; and now that I have thrown my cap over the windmill at your behest I am prepared to gloat over "Clothes" with a perfect rapacity for details.

You doubtless know that the day of the bolster case apparel is past: I didn't know until your summons made me rub my eyes— From now on—no napping!

Woman's waist is reappearing with a growing persistence from the former shapeless nebulae. It's like a new creation—and, like such, is greeted with the applause of the race. Imagine the earth without an equator! Hips, however, are still banned. Turkey, I believe, is the one country whose estimate of their beauty remains through changing years.

As the waist has waxed in popularity—the puff has waned. It and its million companions flaunt only in the would-be fashionable purlieus. Made-moiselle Chic now winds her hair—
(Continued on page 595)

From the Amiable Cynic to
Cynthia

(Continued from page 594)

both natural and acquired—about the head in two broad braids or bands. This sounds of Marguerite-ish simplicity, but because of some subtle modish twist the effect is the reverse. For Madame Chic the mode is the same, but with those diplomatic modifications necessary to bring gray hairs—without dishonor—into close touch with the *dernier cri*.

Above these coiffures the hats no longer perch, as was their wont—they brood—darkly, piratically almost, large, black and ominous—perfect disguises for the charming woman at whose side one dined the evening before. Thank Heaven! in America women must speak first, else one might never know his charmer again.

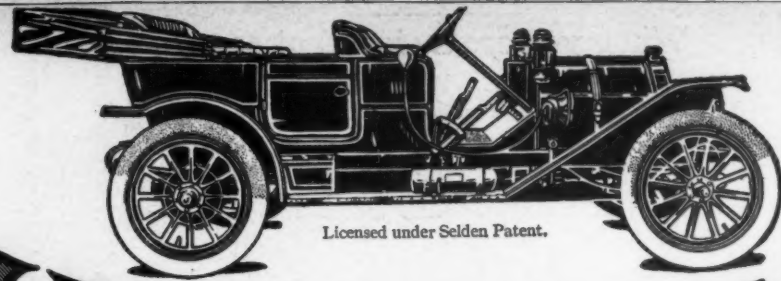
It is absolutely fatal to consider a gilt ornament or a bunch of silver braid distinctive in a hat and pursue the owner. A friend who had overtaken six—only to find his mistake—and had barely escaped arrest on the complaint of the seventh, declared to me solemnly that every one in New York wore the same hat. He has become so wary—he'll not even speak to his own wife when he is on the street.

There is a cheering rumor that a little headsail will be reefed before a too dense despair settles upon the masculine mind. There is a subject for earnest petition—more needful than reducing the tariff!

To-day I saw Mrs. V— on Fifth Avenue with a blackened eye and two front teeth missing. Her marital difficulties have been suspected, but her appearance was a surprise until a *débutante*, walking with her, was discovered to have a birthmark on one cheek and be growing a most promising chin-beard. Delicacy forbade my devising Mrs. V—, but in the case of the *débutante* did not restrain me.

IT WAS THE NEWEST THING IN VEILS!

Every monstrosity, from hoopskirts and bustles to the present veils, has run its course. Humpbacks alone have not so far captivated the feminine perverted sense of beauty. Let



HAYNES

When You Buy a Haynes at the Start—
You Buy Your Last Car First.

The Haynes Model 19 was built to fill a demand for a thoroughly high-grade 5-passenger car. In speed, power, dependability, appearance, comfort and equipment it is everything that the name Haynes means to informed motorists.

It sells for \$2,000 because it is a smaller, consequently lighter and less expensive car to build, than our 7-passenger models—not because it is in any way inferior in quality.

The Haynes name assures the buyer freedom from the troubles that generally are the lot of the buyer of a moderate priced car. For Haynes cars have always been known for their **faultless mechanical construction**.

The Haynes Model 19 \$2,000 Fully Equipped

is the product of 16 years' experience. It is a **known quantity**—not an experiment. It stands to reason that no manufacturer of 2 or 3 years' standing can attain the results of an expert who has given the best years of his life to motor car building.

Those who buy cars of mushroom growth inevitably pay for the experience the maker lacks. Don't take the risk.

Buy a Haynes and let the other fellow do the experimenting.
A postal will bring our catalog and let you know the name of our local dealer.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
118 MAIN STREET KOKOMO, INDIANA



BROMO- SELTZER

CURES
HEADACHES

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



us look forward hopefully to them in the spring fashions.

But now to be profoundly, illuminatingly, serious; the smartest shades are chicory green and a dull, dead gold. *There* is a text for you. I can see you delivering the sermon, prepared from it by your dressmaker, in the rector's pew. If you can avoid it do not distract too much attention from St. Francis. After all, souls need saving almost as much as bodies need clothing. Convicted, but impenitent, of a bourgeois mind, I exit for the time. Vale. *Key Commack.*

When you see a sign that says:

"Agency **Whitman's** Chocolates and Confections"

you have the *one store* in that locality that is selling the best in the best way.

The Fussy Package For lovers of hard and nut-centered chocolates. No bonbons or cream centers—here are the contents:

- | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|--|-------------------|--|
| Chocolate Covered Molasses Blocks, | Hard Nougat, Almond Rock, | Brazil Nuts, Double Walnuts, | Filberts, Pecans, | Blossoms of Solid Chocolate and Fussy Nut Bricklets. |
| Caramels, Nut Brittle, White Nougat, | Marshmallows, Cream Walnuts, Cream Pecans, | Amaracenes, Almonds, Nut Molasses Chips, | | |

Half, one, two, three and five pound boxes. One dollar a pound everywhere; sent postpaid if no agent is convenient.

Mallo-Caros Marshmallows covered with choice caramel. A new chewing combination that everybody likes; dainty, smooth, with a deliciously characteristic flavor that cannot be described. Our regular 25c packages sent prepaid for 30c where we have no agents.

Remember, Whitman's are never sold through Jobbers—but through our exclusive agents, usually the leading druggist in each locality. Whitman's purchased from these agents are direct from us—guaranteed fresh, pure, perfect.

Write for Booklet "Suggestions."

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC. (Established 1842) PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate

THIS SIGN MARKS THE BEST PLACE IN TOWN TO BUY CANDIES



"The Humorousness of Things"

What we call a sense of humor is a curious affair;
Some say it's rather common; some consider it quite rare.
It's funny when somebody seats himself upon a pin,
Provided it's somebody you're not interested in.
It's funny when the gold brick man deduces a trusting soul
And leaves his crops in pawn and puts his family in a hole.
It's funny when small children eat green fruit and cakes and pie
And suffer pain—though I could never see exactly why.

It's laughable to see a man in most things brave and strong
Break down and seem quite helpless when affection's hopes go wrong.
It's funny when some man in whom the public placed its trust
Gets out and makes a silly splurge with other people's dust.
It's funny when you stand for hours as on the cars you ride;
It's funny when big autos have explosions or collide.
When you note the timely topic and the gay satiric fling,
There's no doubt a sense of humor is a very curious thing.

—Washington Star.

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Always—A Delightful Trip on
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Suites, Staterooms, Promenade Decks, Library
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"One Hundred Golden Hours at Sea"

L. H. Nutting, G. P. A., 366, 1158 or 1 Broadway, N.Y., or any Southern Pacific Agent

The Fable of the Two Brothers

William and John were two brothers who differed very widely in Temperament (see Dictionary). William was always kind and good, and had been ever since he was born. John was bold and bad, and would be until he died. When William reached Man's Estate (which was the only Estate he ever did reach) he fell in love with a Beautiful Maiden and married her. John also fell in love and married, which was the only time in his life that he followed his brother's example.

As time went on, William rose in the Business World until he became a Bookkeeper for a Wholesale Grocery Firm at a salary of Twelve Dollars a week. John found it necessary to struggle along on a modest stipend of Six Thousand a year, for he was only a Broker. William, however, couldn't be any Broker. William proved a model husband, and permitted his Better Half to absorb eleven-twelfths of his earnings, whereas John made his wife keep house on \$4.75 a week, and beat her regularly every Tuesday. After a while, the World was surprised to hear that Wil-

75,000,000 WASHBURN'S PAT.



"O. K." PAPER FASTENERS
SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY
There is genuine pleasure in their use as well as Perfect Security. Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each.
HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Slipping, NEVER!
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All nations. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.
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liam's Better Half had run away with a Male Person who wore his hair long and played the French horn with a strong German accent. John's wife still adores him, and Rumor says that she has requested Her Husband to beat her hereafter on Fridays, as well as on Tuesdays.

For such is the way of Woman!—Lippincott's.

Adornment

Do women dress for men or for one another? is among the permanent and never decided questions. The ordinary observer is puzzled by the idea that men prefer simplicity, and yet women's dress and headgear often make for the ornate. As long ago as the days of *The Tatler*, Steele observed:

"It may indeed tempt a man to steal a woman, but never to love her. . . . If ladies will take my word for it (and as they dress to please men, they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular), I can assure them there is nothing touches our imagination so much as a beautiful woman in a plain dress. . . ."

(Continued on page 597)

LADIES MAKE MONEY BEADS

Here is a big bargain just to make us known to you. Send us 20c for postage and packing, we will send 1,000 beads—more than enough to make two Forget-Me-Not Chains or two Rose Chains. Full directions free. Necklaces are simple to make and all the rage. When made up they sell from 50c to \$1 each. For your 20c we also send our new large book, *Beautiful Art in Bead work*, which tells how to make lamp shades, slippers, chains, belts, purses, dress trimmings and hundreds of other pretty things for the home, to wear and to sell. Only 1,000 of these books given at this price with the beads. The regular price of this big book alone is 25 cents at all book stores and newstands. Send 20c at once for this big bargain.

UNITED BEADWORK CO. • • 85-87 Chambers St., N. Y. City

Adornment

(Continued from page 596)

"This, I know, is a very harsh doctrine to womankind, who are carried away with everything that is showy, and with what delights the eye, more than any other species of living creatures whatsoever."

Steele's remarks are about as untrue as most classic essays on the character of women, but, after all reservations are made for exaggeration, it remains true that the elaboration of fashion appeals to no taste in men and probably to no taste in women either. The real explanation seems to be that these extravagances are forced by the leading dressmakers of Paris, whose power is more absolute in one world than is that of Mr. Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller in another.—*Collier's Weekly*.

Afternoon Tea

"Have you heard how Mrs. Smith is?" "Yes, her hat's a little trying." "Jones! Eloped to Europe with his—"

"Maude has faults, there's no denying." "Bridge is how she gets her money." "Do you take two lumps or three?" "Ain't the Suffragettes too funny!"

"Have another cup of tea." "Tetrazzini's lovely high C—"

"I just dote upon Caruso." "Mary Garden? She's too spicy." "Wonder how she dares to do so!" "Problem plays, I think, are horrid." "Dancing don't appeal to me." "Isn't this room something torrid?"

"Have another cup of tea." "Lemon? Did you say two slices?"

Nurses Outfitting Association

52 W. 39th St., New York
Home Bureau House - - Near Fifth Avenue

Correct Uniforms For Maids



For House and Street

Imported Novelties



Uniforms Aprons
Collars Cuffs Caps Etc.
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**A Safety-Razor?
Yes Sir!**

**A Hoe-Safety?
No Sir!**

**Satisfactory?
Ask the man
who uses one.**

A real razor with all the advantages of a Safety-Guard and Interchangeable Blades.

It doesn't cut you—nor does it scrape or "pull." It shaves with the Correct Diagonal Stroke—that is the

**DURHAM - DUPLEX
RAZOR**

Complete Silver-plated sets consisting of Razor, stropping attachment and 6 double-edge hollow-ground blades of finest tempered steel, in handsome Leather-covered case, \$5.00. In Pigskin case, \$6.00. Gold-plated sets in Pigskin cases, \$7.50.

Outfits (Silver-plated) as above in Kits of Pigskin, shown at left, and in Red, Blue, Green, Purple or Black Morocco, \$5.00.

The "Hold-All," the most compact shaving outfit ever devised, consisting of Razor outfit, shaving stick, and collapsible rubber-set brush of finest badger, in Pigskin, and Red or Green Morocco cases, \$8.00. Extra blades, 6 for 50 cents.

Highly ornamental for the dressing table—most convenient for the traveling bag.

Illustrated Booklet on request
DURHAM DUPLIX RAZOR CO.
111 Fifth Avenue
New York



Free Trial Offer

We will send complete outfit (except the Hold-All) to any address, upon receipt of price. If not entirely satisfactory return within 30 days and we will refund your money.

"Had to sell their automobile." "Out of fashion to serve ices." "Yes, I'm quite a—bibliophile." "Had the dearest time in Yurru." "She engaged to Charlie! Gee!" "I love cakes and maple syrup."

"Have another cup of tea." "Must be going?" "What's your hurry?" "I think—" "He said—" "I said—" "We—" "An engagement. Got to scurry."

"Have another cup of tea."
—Lippincott's

Same Old Story

"How shall I break the news to my parents that I have failed in my exams?"

"Merely telegraph them: 'Examination over. Nothing new!'"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.



"WHO IS THAT?"
"MUST BE ONE OF THOSE CO-HENS WE'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT!"



Uncle Sam the Connoisseur.

The American People appreciate Masterpieces.

PETER'S MILK CHOCOLATE
is to other chocolates, as a masterpiece
is to the work of ordinary artists.

The name **Peter's** appears only on
Masterpieces in Chocolate —
that is on chocolate that
cannot be successfully imitated.

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Acrostic

Fantastically fabricating foolish frumpery.
 Autocratic authority altering attire.
 Sartorial science simulating slavery.
 Hollow hallucination hampering habits.
 Imperative institution inducing imitation.
 Overbearing omnipotence ordering opinions.
 Nimble necromancy nominating novelties.

THE man who wears the finest clothes is generally the one who would look the *worst without them.*

Biblical Instruction

“WHAT does exegesis mean, father?”

“I never can remember long what it does mean. It is something theological—probably a combination of Exodus and Genesis, about like Deuteronomy.”

FIRST BRIDGE PLAYER: I couldn't make up my mind what to wear. I've three hats, but they're all out of style.

SECOND BRIDGE PLAYER: I was in a worse quandary. I have three hats, and they're all the latest thing.



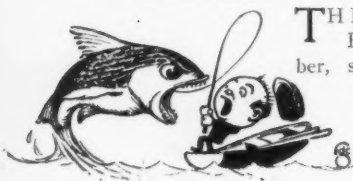
HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LV. APRIL 7, 1910 No. 1432

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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



THIS being the Fashion Number, something now on that subject.

Is Uncle Joe Cannon out of style?

Completely and hopelessly. Everybody knows it except Uncle Joe. At this writing he persists in regarding himself as the glass of Republicanism and the mould of Regularity. But he is deluded. He belongs as conclusively to the past as crinoline and poke bonnets. Quakers, Shakers and various peculiar people keep on wearing poke bonnets, and there will doubtless be those who will continue to clothe themselves in the Uncle Joe political habiliments. But the only consequence will be that they will look queer and remind every one that the fashion has changed.

The Insurgent cut is the proper thing for Republican spring suits in Washington. Whenever the President gets new clothes his tailor will tell him so, and though he may not care himself to be in the height of fashion, he might as well recognize what the fashion is. In the Fourteenth Congressional District of Massachusetts, which went Republican by 14,000 last year, Foss, running as a Democrat, has beaten Buchanan, a Cannon-Republican, by over 5,000 plurality. The Uncle Joe styles are back numbers in Massachusetts, and the Payne-tariff styles also. They are both out of the same old Republican fashion book, and both were much in favor in their day.

And at Albany the clock has struck for the Barnes-Woodruff style of Republican politics and the Conners-Murphy style of Democratic politics.

Somebody said that when the bell tolled the other day for Thomas C. Platt it marked the closing of a political era.



THE new style in politics—what is it?

Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, one of the most articulate of contemporary radicals, quotes President Hadley as saying in a book that "the fundamental division of powers in the Constitution of the United States is between voters on the one hand and property owners on the other." The new style in politics seems to be largely a fashion gotten up by voters who think that property owners have been getting more than their share of constitutional rights, and want a fairer division. The objection to Uncle Joe has been that he was the legislative bulwark of the property owners as against the voters, when he ought, as Speaker, to have favored neither. The objection to Mr. Aldrich is the same; to the Payne tariff of the same species; to Woodruff and Barnes very much the same; to Ballinger as against Pinchot a good deal the same so far as the facts in that issue are understood. So long as the voters want no more than their share of constitutional rights there is very little to be scared at in the new fashion. They certainly have a constitutional right to the sort of tariff they prefer as soon as they can show the necessary votes to command it.

Besides, almost all the voters are owners of more or less property, and almost all the property owners are voters, so the line that divides the adherents of the new fashion in Republican politics from the backers of the old styles is not a division between Haves and Have-Nots. It is rather a split in the party of the Haves—between property owners who have been getting more than they were entitled to, and like it, and property owners who think they have been getting less than they were entitled to, and don't like it. The first group feels that it is sacrilege to buck against that great rule of Scripture, "To him that hath shall be given." But the second group

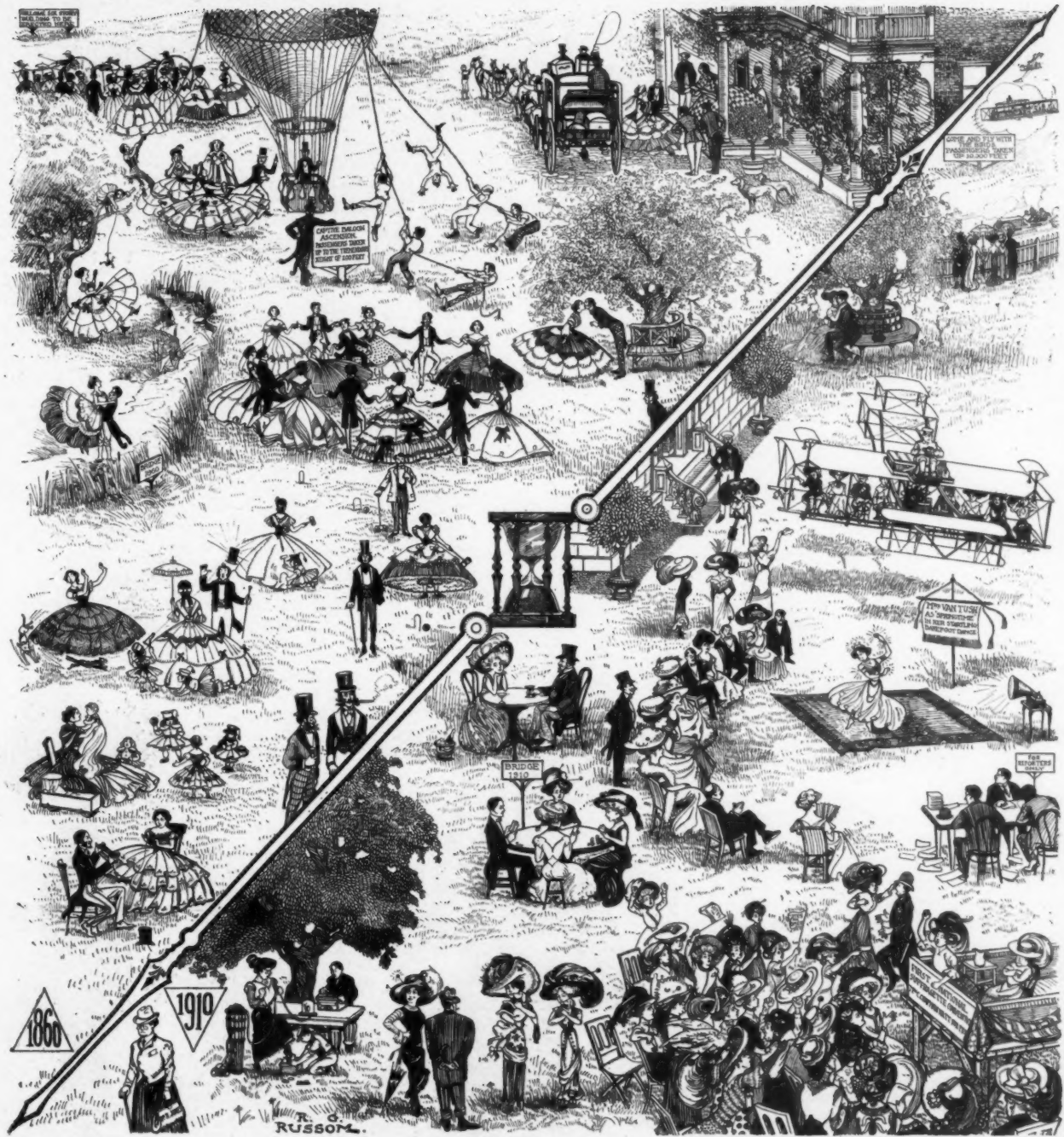
retorts, "We also have. We have the votes, and to us it is going to be given, or we shall know why."

This seems a fine, healthy constitutional state of things. It has split the Republican party in two, and left the old style Republicans very much too weak to cope with a coalition of new style Republicans and Democrats. The whole Middle West is new style Republican and ready to vote Democratic whenever the choice is between that and Cannonism. Wherever the Democrats can put up candidates and put forward intentions that deserve to win they will have a chance to win next fall. President Taft seems powerless to control his party. Political leadership is not included in the list of his admirable and useful accomplishments. The most he can do for his party seems to be to administer the Government uprightly, recommend certain details of legislation, and enforce to the best of his excellent ability the laws that his predecessor left him.



ALL that is very much to do, but seems not to be enough to fetch the Republican party through the present crisis. Hence the liveliness of the interest in the resumption of communication between Colonel Roosevelt and mankind. There is a political magician who can pull anything that is called for out of a second-hand military hat! Wait till he gets back, and then you'll see!

We shall see some Rough Riders in New York, and immense enthusiasm—but how much more? Mr. Roosevelt sowed the crop and Mr. Taft is harvesting it. It is a valuable crop. What is there to do but to get it in? We don't see what Mr. Roosevelt can do about it. He might run for Governor of New York next fall and be elected; but he won't do that. We wish he might go to the Senate to succeed Mr. Depew, and stay there, if he liked it, for the next twenty years. There he might do much to help Mr. Taft and much to benefit the country, and supervise the transformation of the Republican party from Old Style to New.



FASHIONS OF 1860 AND 1910



Gentle (But Insalubrious) Spring

A DOCTOR'S DITTY



AIL, gentle spring, hail, balmy winds!
(Unwholesome breezes!)
Hail, spring-time's joyous signs of life!
(And fell diseases!)

We breathe once more thine odors fresh
(And miasmatic);
We tread thy spongy meads and vales
(With curse emphatic).

Our pulses beat with vernal joy
(Or vernal fever),
Thou winsome, witching, smiling spring!
(Thou arch-deceiver!)

'Tis now the time for love and song
(And stomach bitters),
A time to banish care and grief
(And buckwheat fritters),

A time to doff our winter gloom
(But not our flannels),
To frisk and leap with gladsome cry
(Like foolish spaniels).

The spring-time brings new joy to all
(Mad merry-makers!)—
To princes, peasants, priests and clerks
(And undertakers).

P. F. B.

England and America

WHILE both England and America have plenty of economic ills, in one respect at least England has the distinct advantage of us in being able to lay the blame for them on free trade. This we cannot do. In another respect, however, we have the advantage of England in our possessing a protective tariff for blame-laying purposes, a luxury of which she cannot boast.

Furthermore, we are wise enough to impress upon her our superiority by selling our goods to her more cheaply than to ourselves. This must be very humiliating to England's proud spirit.

Ellis O. Jones.

Commercially Expressed

THE exigencies of the occasion compelled the city editor to assign the young financial reporter to write the account of the ball. He was instructed to give particular attention to a description of the costumes of the ladies. The following excerpts from his report have been preserved:

"Miss Blimmers was the object of a good deal of flurry at the opening of the ball. Bidders were enthusiastic. She wore a spangled dress and was conspicuous during the season at about 187, preferred."

"Mrs. Marriem made her first appearance since her last divorce. She has been resting at the springs, and the reorganization sets her at par."

"Miss Newwun, in a simple white dress, was a tentative offering at the start, but within an hour jumped to 275. There was at that time a great scramble, but the lucky bidder, who is said to have

been planning a squeeze, was Mr. Dash."

"Miss Boldun wore a costume that was 40, 30 and 10 off."

Jack Says

THAT economy is the word used by our neighbor with reference to his stinginess.

That a wise woman will choose the "slow coach" in preference to the fast male.

That the woman who named her son Romeo did a quite unnecessary thing.

That a fool and his advice are soon parted.

That some one should urge the gossips to organize in favor of shorter hours.

Ethel Claire.

HOWARD: She has a speed of one hundred words a minute.

COWARD: Who? Your stenographer?

HOWARD: No; my wife.



SISTER!

AS OTHERS SEE US

J.G.



Fashionable Conversations

By KATE MASTERSON

I.—The Return to the 'Classic in Dress

Scene—The Twilight of the Goddesses—otherwise the tea hour at the Saint Anthony Hotel.

Persons: CECIL—The Poet.
BERTIE—The Artist.

BERTIE: Do not turn your head at once, Cecil, but I wish you to see a remarkable looking girl who has paused at the door of the mauve grill room.

CECIL (*nonchalantly scraping his cigarette ashes into a saucer*): Do I know her? What is she like?

BERTIE: She is delightfully archæological, like a figure on a Grecian urn, the piquant effect being that her face is modern, her smile of the present season, while her gown, or rather her draperies, are pure Greek!

CECIL (*dryly*): Quite so! That is the very newest effect in girls this spring. Can you see her knees?

BERTIE (*flushing*): I beg your pardon, Cecil, did I understand you rightly? I—er—

CECIL: I mean the knee-line? I'll venture there is a pointed tunic or else an odd caught-up swirl fastened with—

BERTIE (*excitedly*): A buckle or rather—a glob—may I say a glob—Cecil—of jet? Yes—you are exquisitely right! Have you been studying the shop windows?

CECIL (*yawning*): You forget that I edit the *Pink Rosette*—a really fashionable fashion paper.

BERTIE: Such a thing is impossible! You're spoofing, aren't you, Cecil? A fashion paper edited by a man?

CECIL: Not at all! Our staff is composed entirely of manly women and womanly men. But believe me, Bertie, this does not hinder us from being ladies and gentlemen.

BERTIE: But I thought you were a poet?

CECIL: Yes—and like all poets I revered the abstract woman. The reality I found quite impossible. Analyzing the sex I discovered the individual female to be made up mostly of clothes—brain, body and soul! In this way:

(*He diagrams the back of the menu card and shows it to Bertie, reading*):

WOMAN

Ideas—Clothes.

Ideals—Clothes. (More.)

Hopes—Clothes. (New ones.)

Fears—Clothes. (Not having any.)

The Past—Old styles.

The Future—New ones.

And so on through all the vices, tragedies, passions. They are all run through with baby ribbon. Deciding that marriage with a fashion plate was impossible, I deduced that a close intimacy with a fashion paper might be delightful. It would be like existing among the charts of a beautiful dream. Many

astronomers and inventors live for weeks without food in their observatories and experiment rooms.

BERTIE (*smiling*): How droll you are, Cecil! Sometimes I think you drink too much kirsch. I find women quite human under the chiffons and the sables. Feed them and they purr, tease them and they scratch.

CECIL: Ah, but you are so frightfully young, Bertie. You are an antinomial! Wait until you have lived a while longer.

BERTIE: I am not so young as you think, Cecil. I shall be twenty-two next Whitsuntide. And I am convinced that the girl is more important than the frills. Of course I like to study the fashions at a place like this, for even my soap illustrations must be up to date.

CECIL: Then you must let me send you the *Rosette*. I think I have some proofs in my pocket—

BERTIE: See—see—Cecil. There is a peach coming in wearing one of those soap-sudsy gowns that look like lathery spray. Do you know what I mean?

CECIL (*turning his head*): Ah, yes, I see what you mean, Bertie. A lingerie gown. One of the most beautiful of our models. And one of the most lovely ideas in women's dress. May it survive! There is a plenum of Irish crochet that gives that straight, sitless line.

BERTIE (*enthusiastically*): I should like to sketch that girl, but the head-waiter would put me out. Her hat is all of scarlet geraniums, with a large silver bug—

CECIL: Horrors, Bertie!

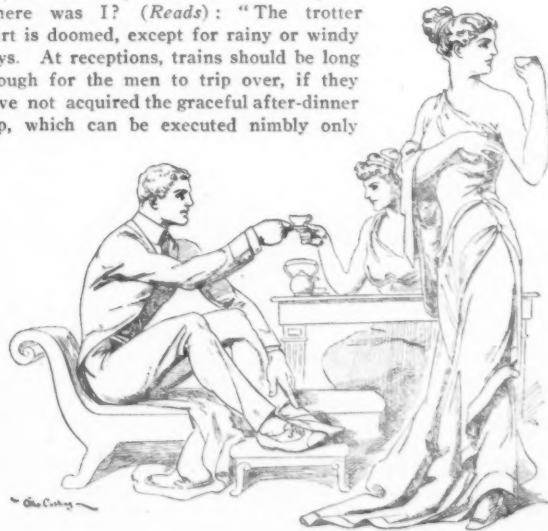
BERTIE: Well, you may call it a beetle. It has nine long curly legs. A queer effect, is it not, for a nice girl to have on her hat?

CECIL: The tarantula in jet and gold, the lizard, the toad, the serpent, and even the pig, are represented in this spring's jewelry and ornamentation. Yes, woman's fashions are odd. Let me read you from these proofs (*reads*): "Aeloin is a new silk used this season for street frocks. It used to be bengaline, and before that it was corded silk. Rajah was once Pongee. Now it is Arabe. They have crossed the desert! Changing the name makes it a new material."

BERTIE: Wonderful! Wonderful!

CECIL (*reading*): "Warts can be removed, but it takes time and patience." Oh—er—yes—

where was I? (*Reads*): "The trotter skirt is doomed, except for rainy or windy days. At receptions, trains should be long enough for the men to trip over, if they have not acquired the graceful after-dinner hop, which can be executed nimbly only



by wearing the new bouncing heels. (See our advertising columns.) The fashionable figure for women remains distinctly slithering as to line. The new pulley corset-lace, which has ceiling and floor attachments, is invaluable for the stout woman."

BERTIE: Go on! Go on, Cecil! I love to hear you when you talk like that.

CECIL (*reading*): "For lobster Newburg, select a lively female"—er—oh, yes—I see—

BERTIE: Dear me, Cecil! Isn't that a bit blue?

CECIL: You forget this is a woman's paper! (*Reads*): "The new classic effects call for severe hemstitching on the more intimate garments—"

BERTIE (*raising his hand, palm outward, in protest*): Stop, Cecil! Do you mean to say that foamy edges are going out?

CECIL: They are relegated to the exclusive wear of the chorus this season. The classic should be more than superficial. It must be from the bone out.

BERTIE (*burying his forehead in his hands*): This place stifles me. Let us go to a musical comedy. Despite your extreme age you do not know women. They will always wear foamy edges.

CECIL: They cannot with the new clinging gowns. A very slender woman cannot even eat olives. They would show! There is one of those robes directly back of you now. It was named by the Duchess Daffodill, who composed it. I recognize it at once. It is called "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." A stunning thing!

BERTIE: I should like to see that. Have you a pocket-mirror?

CECIL: No, but I will tell you about it. It is simply a slip of black chiffon with a wide Persian border worn over a white satin gown very close fitting. It is not a dress, it is a mood! She has a big black hat and pearl earrings.

BERTIE: Rather shrill, is it not, for here and now? I shall have to see it. (*Turns his head.*) It is not marble, at all events. Believe me, Cecil, women have been turned to stone, but you cannot make the Venus de Milo modern by giving her life. She would still think marble thoughts. Why, I even pad the shoulders of my Apollos with extra adipose; not that I think Apollo was fat, but because it is the newest Knuckleheimer model in men. What is that sweet thing the band has begun to play? Is it by Cohen?

CECIL: No, it is that beastly "Spring Song." But look, Bertie, to the left. There is one of the new corsets, lacing to the ankles.

BERTIE: Where, oh where?

CECIL: The stout lady with the vampire make-up. Fancy a forty-eight size vampire! If you were to follow her about you would find that she will not sit down for the entire afternoon. Chairs are going out, Bertie. In a short while they will be found only in offices and sanitariums. We shall have pedestals to lean against.

BERTIE (*brooding*): Strange, Cecil, I notice the Grecker the girl, the more up-to-date are her feet. Through the ages women's feet have perched upon high, uncompromising heels. Why is it? It is not artistic.

CECIL: It is much more. It is symbolic. The heel is not an ornament. It is a weapon, an iron hoof with which to crush the head of the serpent. Many fashions are like that; deadly with the contagion of past history!

BERTIE: Dear me, Cecil! You speak of fashion as though it were a disease. You are morbid with cut-paper patterns. There is passementerie on your intellect. Look at that girl who sits at the east window. Her hat is a straw nest with a mother bird bending over six little fledglings. What an inspiration! What mysteries women are!

CECIL: I did not say that.

BERTIE: No, but you should have.

CECIL: It is too old. Adam said it when Eve skewered the first dead bird to her hair with a thorn and asked him if it was on straight.

BERTIE: Ah, well, Cecil. I am glad that I am not a woman-thrope like you. I am looking now at a girl who is the incarnation of that song the band is playing. She is joyous as a polka dot! Her classic skirts end on the carpet with an audacious whirl, showing twentieth century feet and black silk ankles. There are frothy indications of a petticoat that has not been inundated by the classic wave. Her head is Greek, her neck Dutch, her heels Cuban or French. She has one of those tremendous black hats that we always hear are going out. But they never do. Do you know why? Because they are a disguise. Beneath such a hat, dipped rakishly over one eye, a woman may be a brigand or a nun. There are shadows and dim distances under the brim. There is *mystery*!

CECIL (*laughing*): Go on. Talk to me. Mystery is the keynote of woman's dress. You know there is really no need for five hundred and thirteen buttons on the back of a gown any more than for seven veils. What? You say buttons are going out? And what is coming in? Hookworms? No frogs? So! Ah, well, who cares? It is the everlasting girl that counts on a spring day like this, when the band plays that tune!

BERTIE: I like that. Is it the end?



Mr. Bryan Goes Rum-Hunting

MR. BRYAN leans perceptibly toward the liquor question. It is a warrantable leaning, for the question is big and very much to the fore. There are two branches of it: (1) Shall folks be allowed to drink rum? (2) If so, how shall they be allowed to get it? The first branch of the subject belongs to the domain of persuasion, the second to legislation. To persuade folks that rum is bad for them is all right. Mr. Bryan can probably help in that line, and his help may be valuable. In the work of the second branch it is much harder to be active without being mischievous, and Mr. Bryan has no very notable gift of eliminating mischief from his activities.

The whole rum question, big as it is, is one of secondary importance. Mr. Bryan will doubtless try to give it primary importance and therein will fall down as usual. One of his great lacks is the lack of the senses of proportion and of timeliness. The thing he decides to want always seems to him to be cheap at the price of the country's whole prosperity, and he wants it immediately.

We guess Mr. Bryan has neither patience nor breath enough to help much in the solution of the rum problem, but his activities will be interesting.



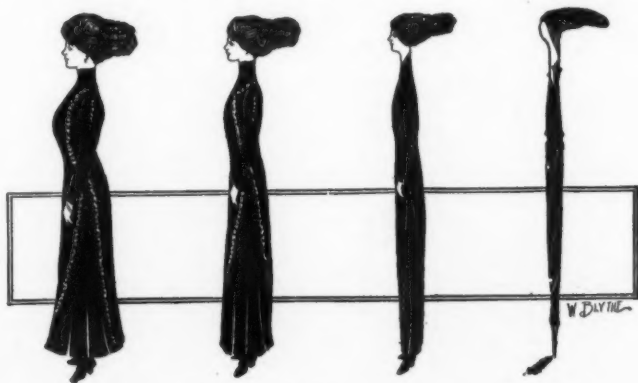
DEPARTMENT STORE NEWS
A SAIL OF LADIES' UNDERWEAR

Safe

PARKE: Come on, old man, I am going on a week's pleasure excursion. Don't care what I do.

LANE: But aren't you afraid that your wife will get after you?

"She can't. The servants have all left, and there is no one in the house to button her up."



EVOLUTION OF THE PRINCESS GOWN

Stays in Town

A STYLISH woman, as she donned
Her corset long and slim,
Remarked: "I have economized
Because of Fashion's whim,

For I have sold my country place
And now remain in town.
I do not need a country-seat,
Because I can't sit down."

Fanny Byrne.



"Kiss me quick," the maiden cried;
The man said: "I'll do that."
"Kiss me quick," the maid replied,
"Is the name of my new hat."

Ballade of Fashion

"Dans la robe est toute sa puissance."—Balzac.

WHERE are the fashions our mothers knew,
And where the styles of the "Empress Joe,"
The tastes that the elder days outgrew?
Alas, they sleep in their satin woe!
There were shawls from Cashmere, white as snow,
There were hoops and bustles and other gear;
But the latest fashion o'er them doth crow—
The *dernière mode* is the Chantecler!

Where is the age of powder and queue,
Of rich brocade, of belle and beau?
To a Salem wharf by a Yankee crew
Were brought the silks of Tokio,
Strange fabrics Malabar could show,
The pluckiest privateer's dare—
All these are gone where the vain hopes go—
The *dernière mode* is the Chantecler!

While fashions came and while fashions flew,
Where are the figures of Youth's first glow?
The slim and svelte have earned their due,
They have worn their best by high and low:
A chill wind out of the past doth blow
To smite them, rich and poor, with fear—
But *entre nous*, here's the newest mot:
The *dernière mode* is the Chantecler!

ENVOI

Good Mother Nature, you're taxed enow
(Fresh eggs have been on the ice a year
With the ghosts that laid them, row by row!)—
The *dernière mode* is the Chantecler!

The Truth at Last

SECRETARY WILSON says that much of the blame for high prices must be laid on the farmer boy, who cannot withstand the allurements of city life. It will be a great relief to a large number of people to find such a responsible place to lay this blame, which for so long has been running around fatherless. It will be a relief to the trust magnates, and they can now go abroad this summer with a clear conscience. It will be a relief to the politicians, who will not have to tinker the tariff any more, and to the editors whose daily problem is to find some place to lay blame without treading on the toes of friends.

It is a good thing the farmer boy's shoulders are broad; otherwise he might not be able to stand it.

Mourning

WE regret to say that the craze for fashionable mourning should be so limited as it seems to be at the present writing.

When a death occurs in the family, Mr. Smith does nothing but wear a large black band on his coat to match the one on his hat.

Mrs. Smith wears a heavy crêpe veil, through which no air is permitted to flow. At the end of three months Mrs. Smith cannot go out to an evening entertainment; only minor afternoon functions are permitted. Should any attempt to forget her sorrow be in evidence, Mrs. Smith would, of course, be criticised by her social equals.

The Smith children are permitted to laugh discreetly if no one outside of the immediate family hears them.

This is well as far as it goes. But why stop there?



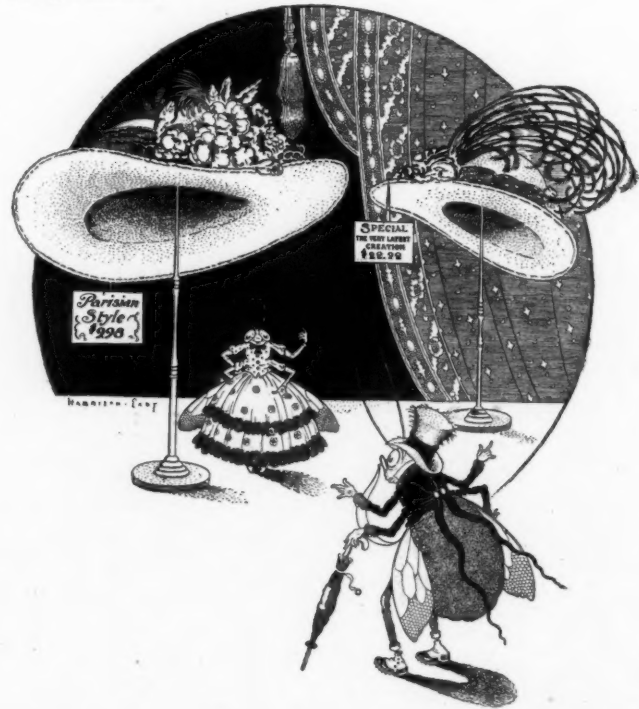
SINCEREST FLATTERY

The Smith baby has been sadly neglected. He crows in a very improper manner. Why not have his baby carriage hung with black? A baby in a crêpe veil would be effective.

Much can also be done with the Smith dog. His tail can be decorated with a black band; or in case of a very near relative, with plumes. And he can partake only of embalmed nourishment.

"YOUR Honor, I don't see how I can pay as much alimony as that."

JUDGE: Why in the world didn't you think of that before you got married?



Mr. Bug: STAND UNDER THE OTHER ONE AGAIN, HEPSY, I WISH TO MAKE SURE WHICH IS THE MORE BECOMING.



Life's College Contest

To All College Students:

LIFE will give one hundred dollars for the cleverest article suited to LIFE's uses on each college and its life.

Every college student is eligible to compete. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE.

For all manuscripts which do not receive the prize, but which are deemed worthy of publication, LIFE will pay at its regular rates.

CONDITIONS.

Manuscripts should not be more than fifteen hundred words in length and should be typewritten when possible or written in a legible hand.

Manuscripts should be written only on one side of the paper.

The contest will close on June 1, 1910, no contributions received after that date being considered.

The name and address of the sender and his class year should be written on the upper left hand corner of each manuscript.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by return postage.

No individual inquiries can be answered, but where an inquiry is of a general nature a reply covering the point at issue will be published in LIFE.

The competition is open also to girls' colleges.

All communications will be treated confidentially, and the author's name will not be published unless so desired.

Address

COLLEGE CONTEST,
LIFE,
17 West Thirty-first Street.

No Doubt With Ethical Intentions

THE newspapers report that Colonel John Jacob Astor has gradually acquired four thousand acres of land in Dutchess County, near Rhinebeck, and is restoring most of them to the state of nature. The process involves the demolition of dwellings, churches and other buildings once in use by the occupants of the land, and the emancipation of the land itself from tillage. Two villages, the papers say—one of thirty houses the other of forty—have disappeared in the march of Colonel Astor's improvements.

Colonel Astor is not a wasteful man and has, no doubt, a deeper purpose in his innovations than thoughtless observers suspect. Persons who suppose that he is merely making for himself a park and shooting preserve conveniently near New York are invited to extend their hypothesis. Park and shooting place may be incidents of his intention, but we suspect his chief design is to afford an object lesson of the uses of money which helped in their day to raise hob in France and in our day have brought on the budget crisis in England. Without some such ethical purpose in the back of his mind the Colonel, we are pretty sure, would not be making waste land of so many acres.



AT FIRST SIGHT IT LOOKS AS THOUGH MABEL'S HAT WAS A BIT OVERTRIMMED, BUT



—IT ISN'T!

THE man who gives in when he is wrong is wise; the man who gives in when he is right is generally married.



WHY THE OSTRICH HIDES HIS HEAD

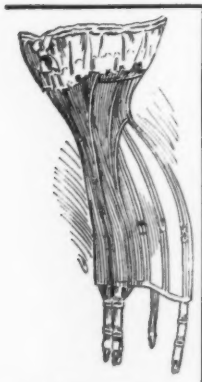
Luncheon

Thirty cents is all I ever spend for luncheon. It's enough for any man on a salary.—From *Maxims* by John D., Jr.

WHAT has being on a salary got to do with it? Is it Young John's idea that a man on a salary can afford to put anything that happens along into his stomach at noon because his pay will go on whether his mind works or not? That would explain, but it would not be a moral explanation, and therefore cannot be what he means.

The luncheon of a mind-working man is an important subject not to be dismissed in any summary thirty-cent fashion. Breakfast is the resurrection of hope, luncheon the revival of energy, dinner the invitation to repose.

The problem of luncheon is to get recuperation for immediate use, and enough of it to last through the working hours of the day with the least possible delay for the processes of digestion. Luncheon is the nearest to business of all the meals. Pleasure is concerned with it only so far as pleasure is an aid to digestion and reinvigoration.



"I'd rather be on the outside looking in than on the inside looking out."

For people who work indoors with their minds the rule as to food at luncheon is—the least that will do; the rule as to drink is—no alcohol; there is no rule as to cost. Thirty cents is ample in some places; in others you pay four times as much and do no better as to food, but save time and gain by profitable association.

Mr. John D., Jr., should remember that his venerable father ate thirty-cent luncheons or worse when he could

spare the time, until in the prime of life he had to knock off work for five or ten years to make slow repairs on an outraged and dilapidated digestion.

Nevertheless, John D., Jr.'s, counsel, given to the Bible class scholars, was probably sound, practical advice for those to whom he gave it.

At breakfast eat to live; at luncheon eat to work; at dinner eat to rest and play and restore waste.

Why Not?

IN a recent address Professor Kerby, of the Roman Catholic University at Washington, defined a Socialist as "a man who believes in everything the Republicans say against the Democrats and everything the Democrats say against the Republicans."

Isn't it a good deal safer to believe what Democrats and Republicans say about each other than what they say about themselves?



No. 1313: GLAD TO HAVE MET YOUSE. EXCUSE ME FER NOT SEEIN' YOUSE TO THE FRONT DOOR.

A New Field of Endeavor



"NEXT!"

UPON inquiry among those who are informed about such matters we learn that a good switch (not railroad) cannot be obtained for less than twenty-five dollars. One lady paid eighty dollars for something that wasn't as good as it might be. She afterward exchanged it for another switch at a hundred.

The price of ladies' hair, from all accounts, is steadily rising. The difficulty of matching, not only in color but in fibre, is very great. As hair comes into greater demand it is natural for these ladies who have it to wish to retain it, no matter how straitened their circum-

stances may be; for women will starve sooner than make any sacrifice of their appearance. The duty on hair is considerable.

We suggest, therefore, to the Standard Oil Company that it go immediately into the hair raising business. The Standard Oil needs the money and our wives and sweethearts need the hair.

It is well known that coal oil is a stimulant to the growth of hair. It is a basis for many of the hair raising panaceas. The Standard Oil Company should immediately purchase a quantity of young girls—they can easily be ob-

tained in the open market—and put them out to pasture. By treating their heads once or twice a day to a coal oil mixture their hair will grow very fast. At least a crop every two years ought to be insured.

Fresh air is good for the hair. The young ladies should therefore be kept out doors. They can be driven to selected fields in the morning and brought back at night.

Here is a proper industry. It furnishes a useful occupation for young girls, keeps them out of mischief and gives an assured supply of a national staple.

Ballade of All Fools' Day

WHERE is the joke you have saved since May?

Where is the prank that your boyhood knew?
Now is your golden chance to pay
Old scores off that have troubled you.
Have no fear of the thorn and rue,
This is the day when the old grudge dies,
Elect yourself to the merry crew,
This is the day when folly is wise!

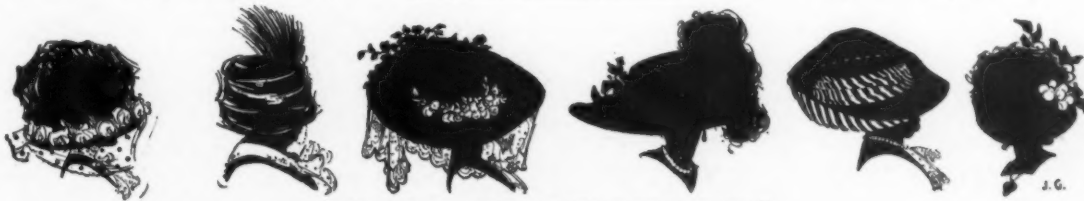
For once in the year you may have your way,
If sane, for once you may waive the clue,
Your freedom lasts for a golden day,
And all may quaff of its elfin brew;
There are things "not done" you now may do,
Make haste, the day too quickly flies,

The whole world now may be turned askew,
This is the day when folly is wise!

When the sweetest tune an ass may bray
Will thrill some prima donna through;
When colors that once were mauve and gray
Are changed to those of a brighter hue—
These are the hints, you may take your cue,
Don cap and bells as the first cock cries,
Grow young in heart and start life anew—
This is the day when folly is wise!

ENVOI

Prince and pauper and flirt and shrew,
All who are sad have done with sighs,
Go crowned with a paper-cap of blue—
This is the day when folly is wise!



"ALL, ALL ARE GONE, THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES."



IF EVE HAD APPEARED IN MODERN DRESS

Savor and Salt

GRANT me the savor and salt of life,

To love and to work—that's all!
My strong hand bent to some noble strife

That has Right for its battle-call.

My strong heart spent in the daily love

That can freely take and give
One with the flesh, and with God above,

That a race may be born and live.

Grant me the savor and salt, and let

The honey-sweets and the wine
Be poured where the golden trough is set

For the scrambling, senseless swine!

Madeline Bridges.

Publicity Indeed!

EVERY now and then publicity is advocated as a cure for some evil. No greater mistake was ever made. Publicity can do nothing. Take the traction situation in the average city, for instance. Everybody knows that the cars are unclean, that they are overcrowded, that they are cold in winter and warm in summer, and that the owners of the lines are rolling in wealth. There is publicity for you. No secret about it at all. We don't have to wait for the newspapers or magazines to come out to learn the situation. But publicity does nothing whatsoever. It is as quiescent as a Southern policeman at a lynching.

IT'S a good story that has no returning.



HOW ABOUT ONE HOOK
AND EYE FOR THE WHOLE
BUSINESS?



"AND THAT'S WHERE HER BEAUTY
LIES"

To Fashion

HERE'S a health of Fashion!
How her name we'd bless
If only she'd change Woman
Instead of Woman's dress!

Oliver Herford.

Folly As It Flies

DEAR, dear; what preposterously foolish things one sees in the newspapers! For example:

MRS. WILLIAM BLANK COMING.

Exclusive English Hostess Will Visit New York Next Month

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES. LONDON, March 5.—Mrs. William Blank, who is one of the most exclusive hostesses in English society, is going next month to New York, where she will be joined by her husband and her daughter Millicent.

Supposing this unfortunate lady has some glimmerings of common sense imagine her gayety at having her visit so announced! She will not be able to be as exclusive in New York as in London because the measure of exclusion that our utmost population affords is only about five millions, whereas London with its suburbs can run the possibilities of exclusion up to at least eight millions of human creatures.

Of all absurd bases of glory, social exclusiveness is the most ridiculous. The notice above quoted demonstrates that in some quarters it is believed to be a sign of distinction, but there is no evidence that the Mrs. William Blank above heralded feels that way about it herself.

Spare the Colnel

A DISPATCH from Oklahoma says that Commander Hunter, of the Rough Riders, has issued a call for every member of the regiment to report in New York on June 16, to welcome Colonel Roosevelt.

We respectfully deprecate this order. Colonel Roosevelt is returning from a protracted and very expensive journey. To subject his depleted resources immediately after his return to the burden of bailing out the regiment of Rough Riders and shipping it home is too much.

Modify your order, considerate Commander Hunter. Order the Riders to meet on June 17, at Oklahoma City, and communicate with their gallant founder by long-distance telephone.

Make It Easy for Him

WE are doing everything consistent with republican institutions to help Uncle John Rockefeller and his son



"A PRETTY HOW D'YE DO!"

cut down the family fortune to a sum that will give future generations of the family a fair chance for favorable development.

Mr. Rockefeller is a rare and astonishing example of a man who, after being shrewd enough to acquire altogether too much money, lived to be shrewd enough to perceive that too much money was almost sure to be a great burden, detriment and demoralizer to his descendants.

These two manifestations of shrewdness are very rarely developed in the same mind.



AN ALL LAMBS' WOOL SUIT



DIANA AFTER THE CHASE

A STATUE OF THE FUTURE

Naturally

THE recent death of two people under exceptionally painful conditions after taking the Pasteur treatment should cause no surprise. Whoever takes that treatment—the squirting of hydrophobia germs into one's blood—should be prepared for lockjaw, paralysis, meningitis and sundry other results.

LITERATURE is the gift of gab with thought behind it. The gift of gab alone will not do.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE WOULD VASTLY INCREASE THE IGNORANT AND PURCHASABLE VOTE AND, IN THE MIXED POPULATION OF AMERICAN CITIES, WOULD PROVE THE STRONGEST ENEMY TO CIVIC REFORM.



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

LEWIS NIXON

Born April 7, 1861

Americans have long been noted as shipbuilders. In this line, about the only thing we have not been able to build successfully is a ship of state, although many attempts have been made.



Mr. Nixon is one of our most eminent builders of ships. Our present American Navy is largely a monument to his genius.

Sir, we have never heard the slightest thing to your discredit. As for what you have done, we offer you our continuous congratulations. And we wish you many happy returns of the day.

CHARLES E. HUGHES

Born April 11, 1862

Dear Governor Hughes, on this thy natal day, every horseless racetrack delights to do thee honor! The jockeys, filled with deep respect, the stable owners, their hearts resounding with encomiums, and the devout bookmakers, all unite in praising thy name. Thou art indeed an eminently respectable person. Thou hast left us, it is true, the Stock Exchange and the poolrooms and all the other multifarious financial interests, where those who desire to be relieved of their superfluous wealth may still be fleeced. But one reformer in his own time cannot expect to play too many parts. May your militant whiskers never grow less! And may you live long, and never do it again!



JOSEPH PULITZER

Born April 10, 1847

There are continued evidences that the power of our press is not what it once was. There are rumors that the advertising columns shape the news and editorial departments, and that certain ideals which are supposed to be desirable for American citizens to hold do not have a permanent abiding place in the hearts and souls of our newspapers. Mr. Pulitzer appears to be the exception to this rule. He has constructive ability, no false pride and not too much conscience to interfere with his reforms, many of which have been well worth while.



Here's to you, sir! May you long continue to send your searchlight into the dark places.



"WHOEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT WE ARE BOTH THE SAME SIZE!"



A THOMAS FLYER

PAINTINGS BY MISS CASSATT

American Girl Shows Striking Collection in Paris Gallery

Special Cable to the NEW YORK TIMES.

PARIS, March 5.—A striking collection of twenty paintings by Miss Mary Cassatt, daughter of the late President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, &c., &c.

SISTER of the late President Cassatt, please, neighbor. Miss Cassatt is one of the most distinguished of American women. She doubtless was an American girl when she went to Europe to study art in 1875.

Incurable Credulity

EVEN in this generation and this age, said to be enlightened, there is immense credulity. In spite of printers' ink and universal education men and women troop in droves to consult clairvoyants, seventh sons and stock brokers.



MY SIS

ISIS

Poetry Made Practical

(With apologies to the poets)

TELL me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
Nightly, e'er you seek your slumbers,
Rub your face with Camphor Cream.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown
Unless you wear Supernal Shoes,
The finest made in all the town.

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said,
With cheeks like rose, and teeth like
pearl,
On Foolem's Food been bred!

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
strife
'Tis possible, at last, for you to stray
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
So get a Mammon Motor-car to-day.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
So, whene'er you chew tobacco,
Get Eureka for a dime!

You must wake and call me early,
Call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow'll be the happiest time
Of all the glad New Year—

Of all the glad New Year, mother,
The maddest, merriest day,
I'll get a Seraphina
Pianola for to play.



OUR DRAMA

She: YES, WE HAD A BOX THERE LAST NIGHT. I THINK THAT SCENE WHERE THE PORK-PACKER'S BRIDE STAGGERS INTO THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE AFTER DRINKING THE HAIR TONIC, AND DOES THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN CARCASSES, IS JUST TOO CUTE FOR ANYTHING. MOTHER IS GOING TO TAKE THE CHILDREN TO THE MATINÉE.

Emergency Currency

THE agitation for emergency currency promises to become very popular, not only because we all like currency but because we all have emergencies. But the particular kind of emergency currency that has been advocated in some quarters is not exactly what we want, for, by its provisions, the bankers will have all the currency while we shall still have our emergencies.

Another Acrostic

Fastidiously following
And absurdly aping
Silly styles,
However hideous,
In imitation
Of other
Nonsensical ninnies!

A LITTLE bigamy is a dangerous thing.



AS SHE LOOKED TO HER FIANCE



A Tale of Transformation

FRANCES and I had just returned from our vacation, and after the packing away of our heavy garments the thought of our summer wardrobe forced itself upon us simultaneously.

Now, Frances and I are—well, a bit on in years; our mothers at our age would long since have worn caps and assigned themselves to armchairs and firesides. But Frances and I are modern in our idea thus far—but *not* as far as hats are concerned.

Our gowns would have to be remodeled—we had resigned ourselves to that—but the hats we had bought the previous season had been expensive—they were not to be cast aside.

"You remember," I remarked to Frances, "we bought conservative ones that would last two years. And we will not be wheedled into buying new ones at the behest of a milliner who simply thrives on the changes of fashion." Frances agreed.

Frances and I agree on many things. We agree that men's manners in general are atrocious and that the average woman has no idea of business methods and no respect for time or appointments. We both believe that a woman has no right to wear protruding hat pins or to carry an umbrella at an angle that threatens to spoil people's eyes at large. Frances usually speaks her mind to the offender, while I pretend not to be accompanying Frances until we get out of sight of the offender, when I cordially pat Frances on the back and call her a brave old reformer.

But when it comes to hats Frances and I are one—a unit in our views, one voice in our open denunciation of their grotesqueness—and we go together to the same milliner, who builds hats to suit our conservative tastes and our respective faces.

Our dressmaker had been consulted, and with a patronizing air had agreed to modernize our last year's clothes, and the gowns, with waistlines lowered, sashes added and sleeves reduced, had just arrived in time for us to don them for a wedding that afternoon.

Frances and I share a comfortable studio containing a pier-glass of large proportions. We unfolded our gowns from their tissue-paper wrappers with an eagerness that

was almost modern and might have seemed pathetic in view of our years and our recent adjuring of fashion and its changes.

We had not craved to be in extreme fashion. We had cautioned the dressmaker against such foolishness. We had only desired to be—inconspicuous.

Standing before the pier-glass I noted a conscious smile on Frances' face, a smile that plainly told of her satisfaction at being—inconspicuous. Later she told me that she had noticed the same expression on my own face.

We had bought new gloves, and Frances had climbed to where on the upper shelf of our closet our two hat boxes had stood since last autumn. As our hats were expensive ones and intended to be worn for years we had taken great care in putting them away.

Delicately disentangling them from their tissue wrappings we adjusted them jauntily and turned to see the effect.

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Frances. "What a sight you are, my dear! Are you getting old or bilious—or what?"

"Bilious!" I gasped. "Yes—as bilious as you! Look at yourself, you grinning Pharasee, and choose between biliousness and old age! Lock that door! Don't let a soul see us in our naked ugliness! I don't care if Angeline is to marry our cousin, or we are expected to be there, *never* will I go to a wedding looking like this!"

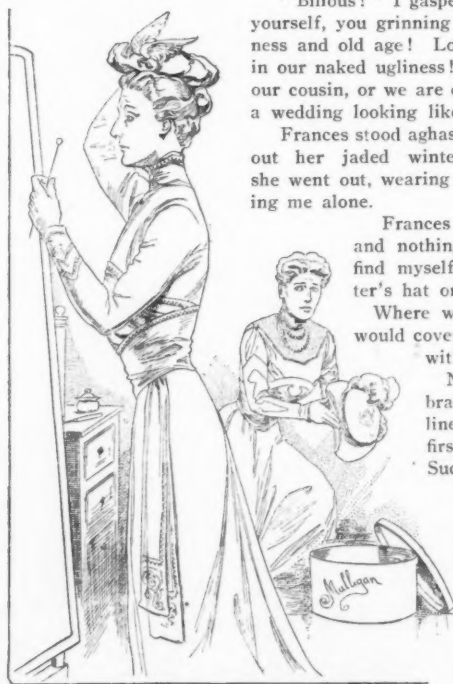
Frances stood aghast at my sudden vehemence; then, taking out her jaded winter hat, and grabbing her wrist-bag, she went out, wearing her good clothes and gloves and leaving me alone.

Frances usually prefers a walk to my tantrums, and nothing humiliates me quite so much as to find myself alone with the pier-glass. Last winter's hat on my head only added to my humility.

Where was the rag I had worn all winter? I would cover it with a large automobile veil and go with my books to the circulating library.

Now the way from the circulating library led past milliners' windows and milliners' windows. I walked swiftly by the first two, my head high, my spirits low. Such monstrosities! They resembled lamp-shades, foot-warmers, muffs, market-gardens—anything but hats.

Finally, just as my eyes became accustomed to size, flare and ornateness a clock confronted me. It was two o'clock. At three Angeline Marsh would come sailing up the aisle to marry our cousin—our "*beau cousin*"—who would be so sure of our being there, and in whose honor we had had our gowns remodeled.



"MERCIFUL HEAVENS! WHAT A SIGHT YOU ARE!"



"FRANCES," I WHISPERED, "DID YOU BUY A TRANSFORMER?"

"Oh, silly Frances!" I thought. "Wasn't she foolish to miss it all just on account of a hat?"

"Have you any *small hats*, not extreme—or—modern—but rather *chic*?"

I had fallen a victim. The milliner smiled and started for the show-case. Down on my luckless head came an avalanche of ribbon, feathers and flowers.

"But madam should wear a transformer!"

It needed not a trained eye to see that something was lacking in my *coiffure*.

I thanked the fates that Frances was not there to see the annihilation of my forehead, my hair, my ears, and general expression of the upper half of my face.

I hesitated. "What—what is a transformer?" I asked innocently, and in a moment the accommodating milliner had pinned on my head what to my ignorant eyes looked like a runaway to a squirrel's cage. Over it she spread my few wisps of hair and on the whole she perched The New Hat. Then she stepped back a little and took me in.

"Pardon—but all madam needs now is a halo!"

"Now that," I remarked to myself, "is where Frances differs from a French milliner. Frances, when hats do not become, suggests that I am old or bilious, whereas madam remarks that it only needs a halo to make me a perfect being," and she not only suggested a halo, but out of a drawer at my elbow she drew one forth—a circle covered with velvet, and this she placed between transformed hair and hat, and, behold, I was as other women!

I looked in the mirror at my front view, I examined with the aid of a hand-glass my profile and the back of my head—everything was as stereotyped as though I had been a chorus girl or had stepped from a fashion plate.

The hat with its accessories had given me back youth, beauty and an up-to-dateness that I saw had been painfully lacking during my years of conservatism.

The madam thrust in a hat pin—my mind was made. I would go to the wedding without removing stick or stone of the structure; I would buy the whole creation as it stood—

transformer, halo and all. The price was high; so was the hat; but Frances would never know, and never again would she have occasion to call me "old or bilious."

Poor Frances! It was a pity she had looked like such a fright and had gone for a walk instead of to a wedding.

* * * * *

The church was rapidly filling. In the vestibule I slyly pulled out a pocket-mirror to see whether my *pièce-de-résistance* had shifted in the struggle of the crowded crosstown cars. But no, the reflection showed an indestructible tower resting on a sure foundation.

I slipped into a back pew, when lo! beside me I beheld Frances—Frances renewed, rejuvenated,—like myself no longer old or bilious!

I turned upon her. "Frances," I whispered, "did you buy a 'transformer'?" She smiled assent.

"Traitor!" I hissed.

She leaned toward me. "Have you a 'halo'?" she asked.

It was then my turn to smile. Frances pinched me.

"You devil!" she exclaimed.

Jean Dwight Franklin.

What Did He Do?

WHEN the experienced husband entered his home at night he perceived that his wife was having a nervous fit.

There was silence everywhere, but the vibrations of nervousness rebounded against every surface; and from the upper floor there exhaled a subtle disturbance well defined and inevitable.

The experienced husband was tired with the day's work, but, from long habit, he braced himself for the shock. He mounted the stairs resolutely.

His wife was outwardly calm. He kissed her debonairly.

She began. He gathered his sympathies together in a bunch, having them all in readiness to offer her when the right moment came. To offer them prematurely, to force them desperately upon her, would have been fatal.

She continued. His attitude was respectful, deferential, slightly masterful, and the thing we declare to be "sincere." At last she reached the well-known place where they all observe that:

"You never do a thing to help me!"

Now at this point he was willing to do anything to check the nervous fit. He would have agreed with her perfectly and admitted that he was the worst of men, but had he done this she would immediately have accused him of having a lack of spirit. Had he smiled, even with the utmost sympathy, she would have accused him of being satirical, with an "Oh, I know you!" thrown in. If he had started to go away and leave her—temporarily—she would have hurled the charge of cowardice at him, and if he continued to remain there she would have ordered him out.

Every one knows—who knows anything about it—just what she said. The whole course of a nervous fit is pathological and can be traced throughout its phases to its climax. In a sense it is a work of art, only acquired after years of hard training.

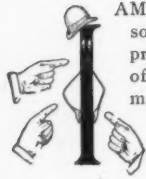
The experienced husband knew just what to do and did it.

What did he do? We leave the problem to our readers.

"ISN'T ten cents a quart for milk rather high?"

"Waal, ma'am, we can't feed our cows on cold storage grass."

A Confession



AM an extremely conscientious person. I say this with no special pride, but simply as a statement of fact. I try also to be a gentleman in my bearing toward others and my personal behavior. I would not willingly offend any human being or put any one else to any inconvenience if I could help it. I try in a large sense to do my duty toward the rest of my fellow-creatures.

I have also my beliefs and my principles. One of these is to do my duty toward others by preserving an appearance that shall be a credit to the community and to the race of which I am a humble part.

The point that I wish to be enlightened upon is this: Shall I, as a Christian gentleman, wear gloves in the summer or not?

Young Mr. Van Dobbins, who comes of an irreproachable family and moves in the highest circles, always wears gloves. Several times, when I have run across Van Dobbins unexpectedly—when I have, as it were, been taken unaware—there has come over me a sense of acute shame to think that I had no gloves on. I have tried to brace up before Van Dobbins and appear not to care—tried to create the impression with him that I was a large, careless, upright man of affairs. And then the harrowing thought that Van Dobbins's father (I should say "governor," as long as I am thinking along these lines) always wears gloves, and that he is a railroad president or some kind of a magnate, has come over me and I have been helpless.

Determined never again to be placed in such an embarrassing position, I have hurried to my haberdasher's and purchased a pair of gloves approximating in shade and general tone those of Van Dobbins, my sense of self-respect preventing me from imitating him too closely. And on some warm and sunshiny morning, when the birds were caroling sweetly and the air was redolent of all the usual summer scents, have I put these gloves on and sallied forth once more, uncomfortable but correct.

Then, with the same unexpectedness, I have come across my friend Hubbleton. Now Hubbleton is also a gentleman—one of nature's noblemen. He is also a magnate. Hubbleton wears no gloves in summer. His manly sense, his sterling qualities of heart and mind, would prevent him from doing such a reprehensible thing. I am sure that he has noticed that I wear gloves. He is a broad man; he has traveled in foreign countries. With fine, simple condescension he ignores my obvious femininity. He regards me as a man who, in spite of certain shortcomings, is still to be urbanely treated. I honor him for it, but

straightway begin to despise myself—that is, until I meet Van Dobbins again.

I have adopted various expedients to cover all emergencies. I have carried those gloves in an inside pocket, ready at an instant's warning to whip them on, or, if there is no time, to carry them conspicuously. I have sworn that I would never wear them again; that I would be a man. And I have sworn that I would wear them always, and be unafraid.

Which is right? Is there anybody in this broad land who can throw any light upon this distressing question?

Chesterton Todd.

Over-enthusiasm

Every woman worker in New York City should go on a strike at once.—Mrs. BELMONT.

YESSUM; beginning with the strikers who would have to strike striking, and the agitators who would have to strike agitation, and the strike-backers who would have to strike on backing strikes.

On the whole, ma'am, it wouldn't do. Better all the sisters stick to their present jobs as far as feasible; you, especially, to that which you so much adorn. Not all working-women could do something else to advantage.



ALL WOOL AND A YARD WIDE

Baseless Anxieties

LIFE has turned from Jew-baiting and anemic humor to a persistent series of assaults upon the Catholic citadel.—*Toronto Catholic Register.*

ASSAULTS strictly limited to depreciation of Roman Catholic control of public education, especially in Spain.

Let the citadel rest easy. LIFE has no mind to butt into any such edifice. Do you realize, Brother *Register*, that all the "assaults" you speak of have grown out of the Ferrer case—LIFE's strong dissatisfaction with Ferrer's trial and execution, and the defense of both and malediction of Ferrer by papers of your Church? Does Ferrer's head look good to you in the battlements of the Catholic citadel? It ought not to. We hope it doesn't.

Out of Date

IN the course of a column-long letter about George W. Norris, of Nebraska, the man who led the assault that drove Speaker Cannon out of the Rules Committee, the Washington correspondent (W. E. B.) of the *Boston Transcript* says:

"He talks in private conversation as quietly as a woman."

A very extraordinary comparison! Where did "W. E. B." pick it up—in Washington or in Boston? It is to be regretted that Mrs. Belmont, the spirited leader of the woman suffrage movement, has gone abroad for a few minutes' rest and cannot call Mr. "W. E. B." to account. In her absence and in behalf of many indignants, we give you notice, Mr. B., that hereabouts at least women make themselves heard!

LATER: The paper says Mrs. Belmont has got home. We withdraw so much of the above remarks as relates to her absence—and more if necessary.

Tit For Tat

STRANGER (to prominent clergyman): I came in here, sir, to criticise your church management and tell you how it ought to be run.

PROMINENT CLERGYMAN (amazed): What do you mean, sir? How dare you? Who are you, anyway?

"I am the humble editor of the paper you have been writing to."

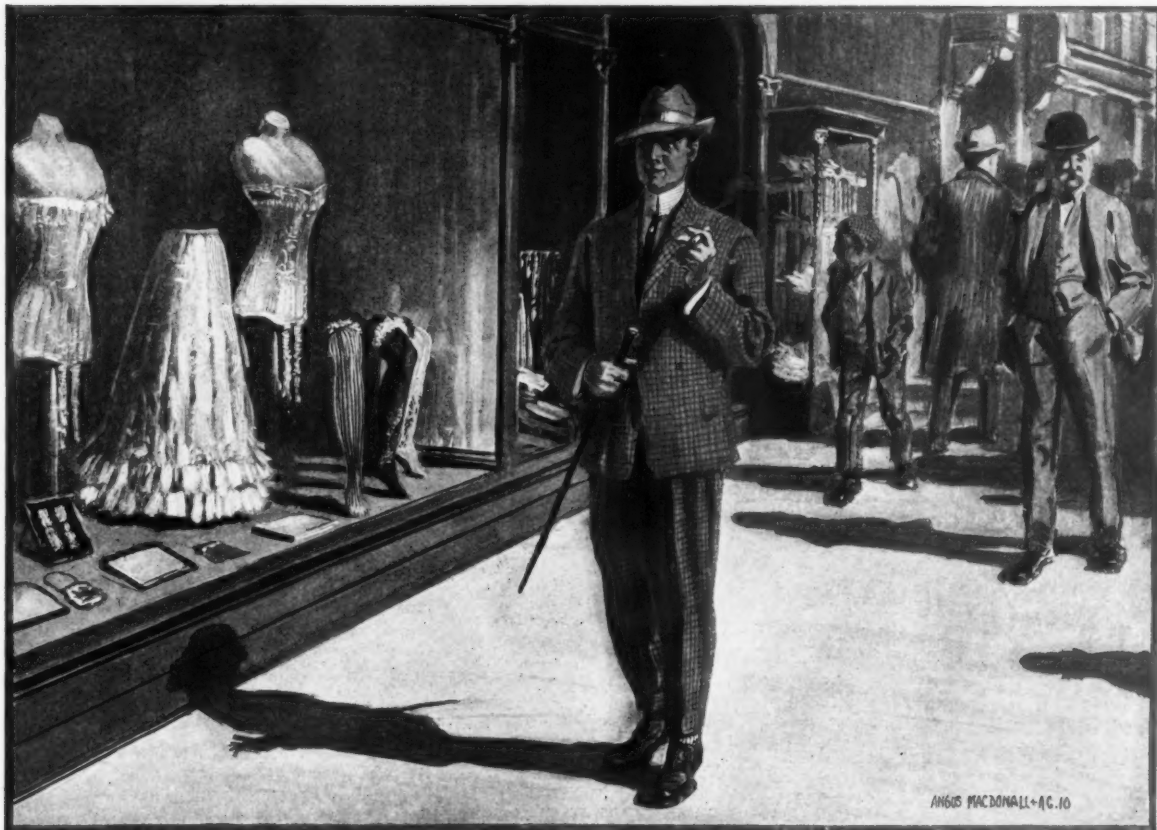
Where Cost Tells

"HE says it is costing him four times as much to live as it did two years ago."

"But the price of necessities has only doubled."

"Yes, but he is leading a double life."

FACTS are dangerous fodder for fools.



"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE."

Culture in the Home

MOTHER says that it is foolish
To grow wrinkled, old and gray,
To accumulate obesity is wrong;
She contorts upon the carpet
Every morn at break of day,
Rolling thus, she's read, reduces "em-
bong-pong."

Ev'ry brand of paste and lotion,
Forty kinds of germicide,
Which will slay the bug of baldness in
its lair,
These my poor old frantic father
Pertinaciously has tried
To rejuvenate a sickly patch of hair.

My two sisters—acrobatic—
Do their stunts with circus vim;
Tho' I'm not so sure they'd care to have
you there.

But they keep their figures graceful,
And their waist lines trim and slim,
Just by standing on their heads beside a
chair. *H. H. Matteson.*

Cash

"In America, when one meets any one new, one never asks 'What is his character?' but, 'How much is he worth?'"—
Current witticism.

IN accordance with the above, and in lieu of the spread of our commercial instincts, we shall doubtless soon have conversations like the following:

Scene: A Week End Party. A new guest has just arrived. The hostess greets him effusively.

GUEST: Awfully good of you to ask me.
HOSTESS: Delighted, I am sure.

GUEST: Came over in your new car. I sized it up for about four thousand.

HOSTESS: Cost five hundred more than that, with the fixings. Show you the bill if you like.

GUEST: Oh, never mind. Stunning gown you have on.

HOSTESS (*anticipating him*): Glad you like it. Two hundred, at Babster's. Is that one of Pell's ninety dollar sack suits?

GUEST: No. One of Bampton's seventy-five dollar.

HOSTESS: I declare, they are improving. Have had your room done over. You'll like it better. Cost eighty dollars, but was worth it.

GUEST: Say! I have an idea.

HOSTESS: Yes?

GUEST: Why not have your secretary turn out an itemized account of all your expenses this season, with a statement of your assets, and put it in the front hall? That will give us all more time to discuss the races and bridge.

HOSTESS: Capital.

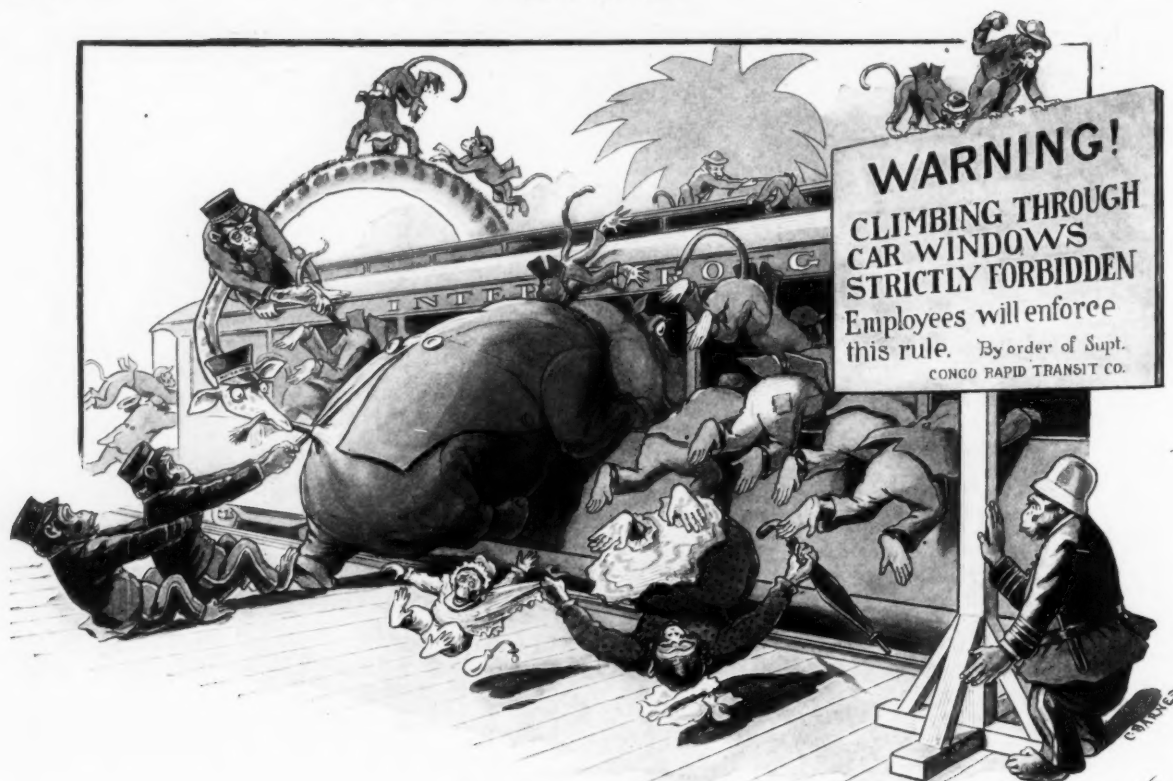
Hurries away to carry it out.

A Waiting Policy

"WHEN are you coming out to spend Sunday with us?"

"Just as soon as you have gotten so used to your new house that you don't feel impelled to show it to anybody."

AN ounce of prevention is worth a pound of the big stick.



THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION
CHANGING CARS AT UJIJI JUNCTION

Are We Feckless ?

MRS. ELLEN RICHARDS, of Massachusetts, says that the spending habit is as bad as the drink habit; that thrift has gone out of fashion; that everybody is in a rush to save time and hardly anybody thinks of saving money; that we pay five times as much for our Sunday dinners as folks did fifty years ago, and that the telephone and rapid transportation have done more to increase the cost of living than all the trusts. The whole world has changed in the last few years, Mrs. Richards says, and with it has changed the sense of value.

It is easy to guess what is the matter with Mrs. Ellen Richards. She speaks like a lady who has just treated herself to a new automobile. But Major Henry Higginson, of Boston, and Mr. James J. Hill both speak about as she does. They both say, and so do many others, that waste and extravagance and not the trusts are the cause of the higher prices. If we would only stop buying things and save our money prices would fall, and then we could live cheaper and save still more money—if wages didn't fall to match!

But this is too solemn a subject to treat in this paper. We guess the mass of our people never did save with very much enthusiasm. They spend more now than they did fifty years ago because there is vastly more to spend; they waste more because there is more to waste; they save more (we

presume) because there is more to spare. We try to save now because time is worth much more in dollars than it used to be, and sometimes seems to be worth more than the money it costs to save it.

All the same, great is thrift! The practice of it makes character. The results of it make for freedom and power.

The Indian

THINGS are moving toward the erection of that proposed memorial to the American Indian, and if bills now before Congress are passed the next step will be to pick out a sculptor and set him at it. Mr. Remington would have been the man for the job.

Meantime it is already being questioned whether the Indian should be memorialized by a group or a single figure. Fortunately the danger of producing an idealized cigar-store Indian is too obvious to escape recognition. Unfortunately there are a number of groups showing the Indian as a friend and helper of the colonist or explorer which cannot be utilized without laying uncomfortable stress on what we did to the Indian afterward.

It's a serious and interesting problem, this erecting a memorial to a race that we have ourselves wiped off of what was once its own continent. Perhaps, after all, it would be wise not to attempt it—or to leave the solution to the Amalgamated Race that bids fair to wipe out the modern American.

R. W. B.



WHEN THE LADIES HAVE SECURED THEIR RIGHTS

A CABINET MEETING

There Are Quite a Few of Them

How many people think they're good because they've done no crime;
How many think they've won success who merely didn't fail!
How many who're untempted think their virtue is sublime—
And that they'll land in Heaven because they didn't land in jail!



Archaic Shakespeare and French Intensity

"ELIZABETHAN" has become almost a joke-word as applied to Shakespearian revivals in America. It has been used to cloak bad acting and poverty of scene and costume. The word has fooled persons not familiar with the ways of the theatrical business and has gained a hearing for cheap and inartistic performances. Educational institutions in the West and Middle West have been the principal victims of this use of the word "Elizabethan."

If the professors and others who have stood sponsor for this pseudo-scholarly fraud could see the New Theatre's production of "The Winter's Tale" in Elizabethan fashion there might be an awakening which would put a certain theatrical charlatan out of business.

There are bound to be all sorts of opinions about the value of this particular experiment at the New Theatre. Of course it doesn't reproduce anything like the original conditions, even so far as they can be fixed by the most conscientious historical research. This was evidently employed at the New Theatre, but

used only to the extent of giving a general idea that in Shakespeare's time scenic effect was simply suggested—not carried out in detail. The settings for each scene were indicated by changes in an alcove at the back of the stage instead of by an effort to place the actors in an entire surrounding. Shakespeare's anachronisms of costume were preserved, but in everything else there were brought to bear the aids of the modern stage as possessed by the New Theatre. With electricity taking the place of tallow candles and every one in the audience having a luxurious seat from which to view the performance, there was mighty little of the physical atmosphere of the theatre in Shakespeare's days. It demonstrated, however, to some extent that scenic settings are, after all, even in our time, largely a matter of convention. There was probably not a spectator in the house who did not follow the story and appreciate the lines quite as well as though each scene had been elaborately set forth by painted canvas and properties crowded from proscenium arch to back drop. Contrasting this performance with that of "Antony and Cleopatra," in which every resource in the way of spectacular mounting was employed, one may well stop to consider

whether after all we do not set too much store by the mechanical and inanimate accessories of the theatre.

"The Winter's Tale" calls for and permits of no great displays of acting ability. Intelligent reading of the lines is of far more importance. In the court scene Mr. Kolker, as *Leontes*, and Miss Matthison, as *Hermione*, had some opportunity. In that both were entirely sufficient to the emotions called for, and in the statue scene Mr. Kolker, with all the opportunity in the world to overact, showed a commendable and artistic restraint. Miss Coghlan was a trifle too declamatory, but, with this exception, the performance, which called for the services of almost the entire company, was an even one and most agreeable.

In this least Shakespearian of Shakespeare's plays the New Theatre and its company may be congratulated on having given an interesting and at the same time poetic rendering of the story.



THERE was a sensation of delightful reminiscence in witnessing "The Whirlwind"—better named with its earlier title "Baccarat"—at Daly's. Both play and acting took one back to the earlier Daly's, when "Alixé," "Fernande" and "New Year's Eve" were popular dramas and Mesdames Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport and Sara Jewett were of the company. In fact this play of Bernstein savors of that period, and the acting of Mme. Olly is of the kind that comes from apprenticeship and training rather than from newspaper and other exploitation of a name.

"The Whirlwind" isn't a pretty play, but it has true



Clerk: I HAVE A BEAUTIFUL NEW EDITION OF "MENDELSSOHN'S SONG WITHOUT WORDS" FOR TWO DOLLARS.

Mrs. Newrich: INDEED. HOW MUCH IS IT WITH THE WORDS?



dramatic qualities. With its hero a gentleman gambler and its heroine a faithless wife, it is not to be expected that a Sunday-school story would be evolved; but grown-ups will find its plot absorbing and its situations full of novelty and suspense. The father of the heroine, a newly-rich who is willing to sacrifice everything to his social ambition, is another important character. This makes a novel triangle in a French play, the husband, who is the usual third member, being in the present instance relegated very much to the background. The heroine, who in marriage has been sacrificed to her father's ambitions, comes to fall in love with the gambler. A crisis in his affairs brings the affair to the surface, and the subsequent difficulties make the story of the play.

Mme. Marietta Olly, as the heroine, makes her first appearance as an English-speaking actress. It is apparent, though, from the moment of her first entrance that she is an artist, and one educated in an admirable school. She has a distinct and convincing individuality in every speech, gesture and movement. She attracts the attention agreeably and holds it by her command of every resource she possesses. Not pretty of face, she has charms of expression, and her delightful intonations make one forget or ignore her faults of pronunciation. She is theatrical in some of her emotional outbursts, but it is conventional theatricalism which does not offend nor lessen her powers to move her audience. One portrayal does not fix an artist's position, but Mme. Olly's *Helene* gives better promise of a valuable addition to our stage than we have had at first from any of the ladies we have adopted from other Continental countries. Mr. Thur-

low Bergen gave a finished and well-studied impersonation of the gambling aristocrat. Mr. Albert Gran was an admirable foil in the role of the shallow and selfish social climber, with only two things in the world really dear to him—his self-made money and his petty ambitions. Mr. John Emerson plays an excellent bit as a young man with radical tendencies and shines particularly as having stage-managed the play into a smoothness of performance which, as said before, recalls the Daly's of other days.

In "The Whirlwind," Mme. Olly and the excellent company we have a combination, not for the young person, but which will give joy to those who like a strong play well staged and well acted.



NOTHING particularly new characterizes the present year's Barnum and Bailey circus. But there still remain all the usual excuses for the youngsters to take the youngsters to see it. And to the youngsters who have not been made *blasé* by precocious indulgence the circus is always new. The clowns nowadays show the most enterprise of any one connected with the circus business in developing novelties, and it would be well if some of their inventive spirit could be communicated to their fellow performers and their employers. Otherwise New York is likely to be blotted off the map so far as the circus business is concerned.

Metcalf.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE THEATRE

Academy of Music—"The Traveling Salesman." Farcical comedy.
Astor—"Seven Days." Absurd but laughable farce.
Belasco—"Just a Wife." Well produced drama of contemporary life.
Bijou—"The Lottery Man." Fun raised to the nth degree.
Broadway—"The Jolly Bachelors." Musical farce with Nora Bayes and her "Kelly" song.
Casino—"The Chocolate Soldier." Tuneful comic opera based on Mr. Shaw's "Arms and the Man."
Comedy—"A Man's World." Miss Crothers's problem drama based on the inequality of the sexes.
Criterion—"A Bachelor's Baby." Mr. Francis Wilson as star and author. Amusing.
Daly's—"The Whirlwind," with Marietta Olly. See above.
Empire—"Mid-Channel." Concluding weeks of the unsatisfactory Pinero drama, with Ethel Barrymore as the star.
Garrick—Hattie Williams in "The Girl He Couldn't Leave Behind Him." Crude farce.
Globe—"The Old Town." Mr. Fred Stone as the principal attraction in musical farce of the usual type.
Hackett—Mr. John Mason in "A Son of the People." Drama of the French Revolutionary period. Mediocre.
Herald Square—"The Yankee Girl." Miss Blanche Ring the principal feature in elaborately staged musical farce.
Hippodrome—Circus with diminutive performers, ballet and spectacle.
Hudson—"A Lucky Star." Last week of Mr. William Collier's fun-making.
Lyceum—Mrs. Fiske in Ibsen's "Pillars of Society." Notice later.
Lyric—"The City." Drama of contemporary New York life. Powerful and absorbing.
Madison Square Garden—The Barnum and Bailey circus. See above.
Maxine Elliott's—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Last week of Mr. Forbes-Robertson and his excellent company.
New Theatre—Repertory of dramas and minor opera.
Plaza—Vaudeville.
Stuyvesant—"The Lily." Drama of the French old maid and her unhappy existence.
Wallack's—"Alias Jimmy Valentine." The reformed criminal as the basis of an interesting melodrama.



A STRONG HOLD OF THE MIDDLE AGES



Perhaps the Men Could Be Beautiful I

IFE:



Beautiful If Given the Same Chance

The New Régime

Reign of Pierpont First Opens Auspiciously. Delight Expressed in All Quarters But One

V

"I AM determined to enter intimately into the life of my people—to be their friend and instructor, to sympathize with their wrongs and correct these whenever possible. With Marcus Aurelius as my model, and sobered by the great sense of responsibility, I shall hope to have my reign go down into history in letters of light. My task is by no means easy. I call on all friends of the New Kingdom to lend their aid."—*Extract from second speech from the throne.*

The greatest silent revolution in the history of the world has taken place, and all nations are now turning their eyes toward King Pierpont First.

The *London Times* has the following editorial (condensed):

In America the recent successful crowning of King Pierpont the First was attended by no disturbance except from the city of Boston, which is regarded as unimportant. . . . This departure, the most radical ever attempted, will be watched with intense interest by every student of government. The genius of the American people has once more been demonstrated. Under the old republic the experiment of a so-called free people had rapidly run itself out. The system of electing a president every four years not only resulted in many abuses but disturbed the course of business so that

it seriously affected the most vital concerns. The rise of demagogues, the hypocritical assumption of a free press, which was owned body and soul by robber barons, the rise of trusts, the Roosevelt madness, the increase in sexual crimes and the spread of divorce—and, in fact, all of the vast network of hypocrisy which under the specious name of liberty was sapping the people of its energy and destroying all of its natural resources—were the result of this experiment, which has now happily come to an end. If the new King is spared long enough we confidently predict that the American nation will be, among the nations of the earth, a close second to the British Empire.

The *Spectator*, always vicious, says:

We fear this experiment has come too late. The American people, glorying in all of the worst faults of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, and rendered still more obtuse by an inordinate vanity, are not to be saved at this late day by the power of one man, no matter how able. The republic was bound to run itself out. With the balance of trade against it there is little hope for the new nation.

Events are moving rapidly. All the States and territories have offered their allegiance, with the exception of the city of Boston. This city desired to remain



"WE ARE SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER AMERICANS."

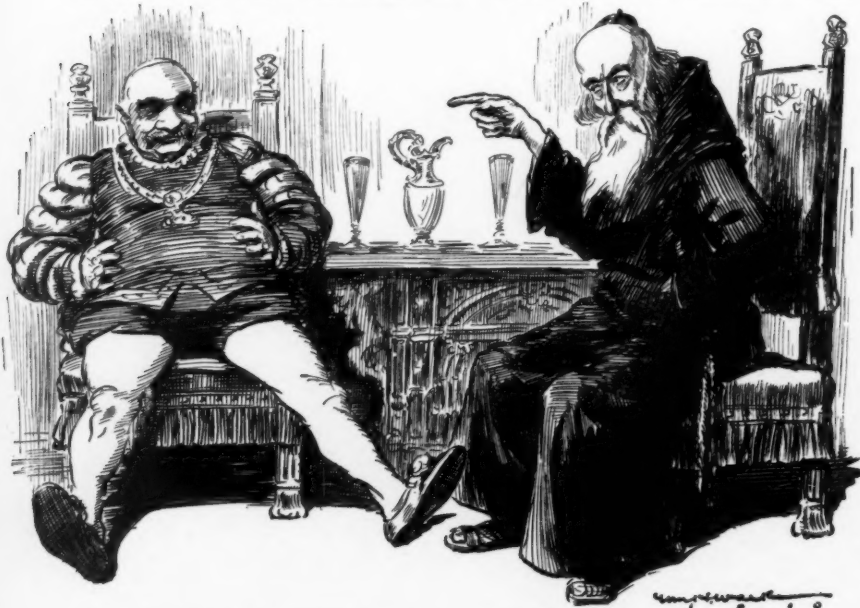
independent, and issued an arrogant and contemptuous defiance, declaring, in effect:

"We are superior to all other Americans. We desire no official interference. We shall do as we please."

King Pierpont lost no time in bringing the Bostonians to terms. Three battleships were immediately dispatched and the Back Bay was besieged for six hours, when the town surrendered. The King then issued the following proclamation:

"It is high time that our rebellious subjects in Boston understand the royal will. For many years past this town has held itself aloof from the main body of my people, considering itself superior to all others. It has manufactured its own religions, its own philosophies, and has even attempted to start a new literature. This illusion about Boston on the part of many—and on the part of Boston itself—must be dispelled. Boston is only a place on the map—it is not even a state of mind any more. Any Bostonian hereafter asserting his superiority, assuming that he knows more than anybody else, or afflicted with Harvarditis, will be exiled to Hoboken."

Charles E. Hughes, former Governor of New York, has been made Duke of Albany, and will hereafter have complete charge of the royal stables. He intends to build a new race track adjacent to the summer palace of the new King now in process of construction at Newport.



LYMAN ABBOTT, BY SPECIAL REQUEST, BECOMES "ADVISER TO THE KING."



"WITH MARCUS AURELIUS AS MY MODEL."

Already the effect of the new régime is beginning to be shown in our national life. The Rev. Lyman Abbott, by special request, has consented to advise the new King in all important emergencies, and this in itself has given a wonderful stability to the new government. The House of Lords at present consists of:

- Earl W. H. Taft, First Lord of the Custom House.
- Andrew Carnegie, Duke of Pittsburg.
- Viscount Gary, formerly of the Steel Trust.
- Earl Loeb, Second Treasurer of Custom House, Lord of the Garter and Shoestring.
- William Rockefeller, First Lord of the Treasury.
- Baron Murphy, of Tammany Hall.
- Edw. Bok, Knight of the Royal Wardrobe and Director Extraordinary of Ladies in Waiting.
- T. R. Roosevelt, Prince of Oyster Bay and Keeper of the Royal Zoo.
- Paul Morton, Earl of Rebate.
- Robert Peary, Earl of Greenland and Supervisor Extraordinary to the Royal Refrigerators.



HIS MAJESTY APPEARED IN THE ROYAL BOX WEARING A TURN-DOWN COLLAR AND ONE STUD.

Other announcements later.

The capitol at Washington will be used as an art gallery for His Majesty's art collection.

There is still considerable agitation throughout the kingdom owing to rumors of reforms which are bound to take place. His

Majesty's programme will, we hope, be announced next week and thus set all doubts at rest.

The succession is a matter of great moment. Who is worthy? His Majesty no doubt feels the importance of this matter keenly. Yesterday he was closeted with His Reverence Lyman Abbott for nearly an hour.

His Majesty has been proclaimed Emperor of the Philippines. He will send a royal embassy to Manila bearing imperial presents.

A shipload of three-dollar cigars, the gift of Cuba, arrived yesterday from Havana. They will be immediately placed in the royal humidor. Last night His Majesty appeared in the royal box, to witness the performance of "The Almighty Dollar." His Majesty wore a turn-down collar and one stud. This will hereafter be the prevailing mode in all exclusive circles.

LIFE has been appointed the court journal by special commission of H. R. H. J. P. M.

NOTES

His Majesty appeared yesterday morning in lemon-colored gloves, on his way to Newport to inspect his summer palace. As he alighted from his private car he smiled to all the great throng assembled. He was without decorations.

John Rockefeller, Duke of Pontico, has been appointed Premier.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Ready-made suits in all the latest modes, worn exclusively by His Majesty. All the spring styles. Call at Beed's, Broadway.

His Majesty never does anything without consulting me. Your fortune told by your hand.—Pasidino.

Photographs of the royal family, ready for framing. The King on horseback at Jersey City. His Majesty playing his favorite game of bridge. Reviewing the Ancient and Honorable Artillery at Boston. The throne room. A chat with Miss Lillian Russell. His Majesty arranging the prices of stocks for the day. King's guard passing Yale College. His Majesty with all decorations, including insignia of Philippine Empire, and many others. By special appointment. Snapper's, Fifth Avenue.



HUGHES, DUKE OF ALBANY, IN FULL CHARGE OF THE ROYAL STABLES.

Great Asset

PHILANTHROPIST: Will you subscribe five dollars to help a poor man who is troubled with loss of memory?

FINANCIER: No, I won't. A lost memory is as good as a fortune these days.

READING history is a lazy man's way of living the present.

"Life's" Telegram Contest

Announcement of Winner



The Winning Telegram

FEBRUARY 25, 1910.

MR. AND MRS. X. PECK MUTCH,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Grandma's will read. Leaves money to Mary, Fido to
you. JOHN.

The Contest

IN its issue of January 6, LIFE offered a prize of one hundred dollars to the person who would send in the cleverest ten-word telegram that the man's hand in the picture might contain. The close of the contest was announced to take place on March 1, but was afterward extended to March 10, no telegrams after that date having been considered.

Over twelve thousand envelopes were received and these contained over twenty-five thousand telegrams. A large number of the answers were written around the same idea, the mother-in-law and the eloping daughter being prime favorites.

From the great mass received about fifty were selected by two judges. These fifty were then carefully considered by four judges working independently of each other. Each judge selected four or five which he considered the best.

The number was then further narrowed down to those telegrams which had met with the approval of more than one judge. These proved to be five in number. From these five, by a process of elimination, the winning telegram was selected.

Several telegrams, extremely funny in themselves, were thrown out because they were based on well-known stories.

The name of the winner is

Miss C. Barnes,
224 West 58th Street,
New York.

The First Born

VISITOR: My! What a fine baby. How much does he weigh?

FOND MOTHER: I really don't know. He hasn't been weighed since noon.

His Fate

THEY took him up tenderly. Gentle hands carried him to the ambulance, and he was carried away to the hospital, where at last he opened his eyes. But as yet he was too weak to speak.

Apparently there was no organic trouble. The machine had worn out, that was all. The strain had been too much for his mortal frame. He had struggled on to the last with despairing courage, until Nature asserted itself, and he succumbed to the inevitable.

No one knew him. He had been seen slowly crawling out of a respectable mansion, dragging his way along until he fell. But the house looked like all the rest and his identity was as yet unrevealed.

He looked like a gentleman. It was presumed, in the absence of testimony, that he was. His appearance was that of a well-to-do man in the prime of life—a man evidently of family, who had a loving wife.

He was just tired. The great struggle he had been through, the suspense, the torture of it all, the fearful uncertainty, the sudden hope and the quickly succeeding despair, had all left upon him their terrible marks. He was a wreck. He who was once filled with sublime courage, who walked erect and looked every man in the face, was now but the faint semblance of his former self.

He opened his eyes and smiled feebly as the nurse bent over him.

"Perhaps," she said, "you are one of the discoverers of the North Pole."

"Not that." He shook his head. He shuddered.

"No," he whispered, "I am a respectable man. But I have been home all the afternoon trying to help my wife select a wall paper to go on our living room!" T. L. M.

The Apostrophe and the Late Budget

THE BISHOPS: The Lord's will be done.

THE LORDS: The Lords' will be done.

THE PEOPLE: The Lords will be done.



"SAY, GUV'NOR, STRIKES ME YOU MIGHT BE A LITTLE MORE POLITE WITH US FELLERS WHAT GIVES YOU YER LIVING!"



COMTESSE I

SHE ARRIVES AT THE ANCESTRAL HALLS

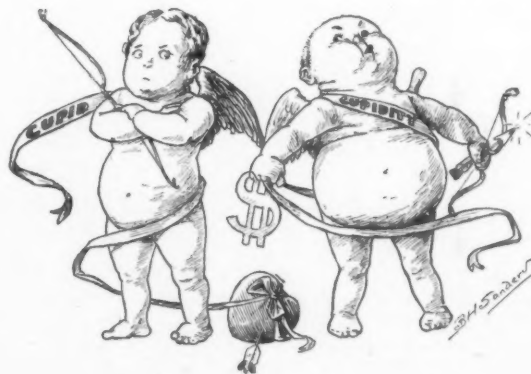
Work and Play

IF that witless philosopher who said "Give me the luxuries of life and I will dispense with its necessities" lived in Philadelphia he would find himself taken at his word. For a long and strenuous winter Philadelphians have learned to do without the common necessities of civilized existence. They have been buried under snow which nobody wanted to remove. They have walked weary miles to and from their work because the transit company and its men have been engaged in playing a continuous performance of "Betsy and I are out." They have made perilous journeys, clinging to locomotives, because they could not secure a foothold on suburban trains. They have had their heads broken by sportive rioters, who, as an official of Baldwin's Locomotive Works sympathetically observed, "liked to have a little horse-play at dinner time." They have been run down by well-meaning but unskilled motormen. They have been pursued gleefully by automobiles because the policemen who should have protected them were busy protecting trolley cars. They have lived on terms of inconceivable intimacy with their ash barrels and their garbage pails. But—glorious compensation for these inconveniences!—they have pergolas in their city streets and a permanent Pageant Association.

A pageant, like charity, covers many sins. It turns our attention soothingly to our ancestors, and Philadelphians like to be so soothed. It costs a great deal of money, but that can be saved out of discarded necessities. It gives us artistic training, which is at least as good as schoolrooms for children.

If we can make sure of plenty of pageants we can let serious trifles go. Miss May Morris, in her address before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, beautifully remarked that the parade of the Philadelphia mummers on New Year Eve seemed to her "an inarticulate expression of summer joys in winter snow." This is just the way Philadelphians need to feel. It is the spirit of courageous mirth, and if they are to meet another Spartan winter it will take all the inarticulate joys that pageantry can give to keep them alive until spring.

Agnes Repplier.



THE RIVALS

BOOKS



MR. G. LOWES DICKINSON, in *Is Immortality Desirable?* (Houghton, Mifflin), tells of a man who, being urged to give his views as to what would happen after death, finally answered: "Of course, if you press me, I believe that we enter into everlasting bliss; but I wish you wouldn't talk about such disagreeable subjects." Those (and one suspects that they are many) who agree with this gentleman will probably prefer not to read the symposium of "Thoughts on the Future Life," recently published under the title of *In After Days* (Harper Brothers, \$1.25), and to which essays have been contributed by W. D. Howells, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, John Bigelow, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Julia Ward Howe, H. M. Alden, William Hanna Thomson, Guglielmo Ferrero and Henry James. They will, however, doubtless pardon the rest of us if we glance for a moment at this, to us, extremely interesting volume. And, to begin with, let us clearly recognize the fact that the book is interesting not because it tells us anything about immortality but because, being made up of what appear to be attempts at genuine self-expression, it offers us a key to that other and only less baffling mystery, the individually valid but mutually contradictory reactions of various human temperaments in face of this great abstraction. It is beyond the purpose of this department to discuss and compare the individual essays, but it may fall within its privilege to indicate one of the possible lines of intellectual approach to their consideration. It therefore reminds its readers that men's ultimate answers to abstract questions are of all others the most revealing indices of character; and points out the significant fact that, of the nine eminent contributors here represented, seven unhesitatingly treat the question under consideration as an objective one—that is to say, as a question that they put to the universe outside them and that this external world answers in various ways to their several satisfactions; one, Mr. Howells, seems to regard it as an objective question to which no convincing answer is obtainable; and only one, Mr. Henry James, recognizes that the question is a subjective one—that is to say, a question that the world in which he finds himself

asks of him and that he answers (not as best he can, but as, from time to time, he must) in terms of his own individuality.

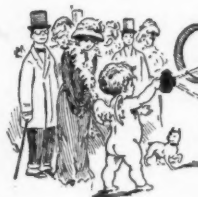


HERE is a strain of undeniable homely attractiveness in the stories (this sudden transition from immortality to the outskirts of Buffalo is intentional) that Bessie R. Hoover has loosely strung into a sort of factory-hand's family history and calls *Pa Flickinger's Folks* (Harper Brothers, \$1.00). There are half a dozen capital offenses with which the volume can be successfully charged, and any one of which may conceivably condemn it in the estimation of the aesthetically sensitive or of the emotionally fastidious, or even of the merely fictionally sophisticated reader. Its sentimentality is distressingly obvious. It makes capital out of pathos quite shamelessly. Its author plays *deus ex machina* and contrives happy endings before one's very eyes. Yet she is apparently so naïve in her employment of these artless arts that one is content to smile at

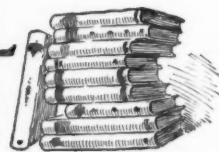
them while enjoying the real genre sense and responding to the real understanding that has entered into the creation of her "folks."



O the undiplomatic reader the title of John W. Foster's two volumes of personal reminiscences, *Diplomatic Memoirs* (Houghton, Mifflin, \$6), seems to have been modeled upon the cryptic lines of a Delphic Oracle. It has, indeed, two equally visible meanings, one of which, suggesting the intimate recollections and revelations of a diplomatist's career, one accepts as its intended significance and focuses one's expectations upon. The other meaning, which one only discovers after the event, hints at a work whose reticence is nothing if not diplomatic. The volumes are gracefully written and include many descriptions of picturesque travel and notes of social and ministerial adventure. But (to the curious and undiplomatic reader) they lack the savor of salt. *J. B. Kerfoot.*



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



A Mine of Faults, by F. W. Bain. A beautiful translation of an old Hindu tale giving the Oriental estimate of the eternal feminine.

A Certain Rich Man, by William Allen White. An interesting, although wandering, study of the relations between public opinion and plutocracy in America.

An Interrupted Friendship, by E. L. Vornich. A story of the early nineteenth century; picturesque and, in a small way, legitimately tragic.

The Ball and the Cross, by G. K. Chesterton. An allegorical novel, locally brilliant but carelessly co-ordinated.

Bella Donna, by Robert Hichens. The Egyptian adventures of a *declassée*. Ptolemaic fiction that tastes well but won't digest.

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The Blue Bird, by Maurice Maeterlinck. The quest of happiness. A poet's fancy, dramatized for children and others.

George Bernard Shaw, by G. K. Chesterton. The best interpretation ever given of G. B. S., with intellectual gymnastics on the side.

In After Days, by W. D. Howells and others. See above.

It Never Can Happen Again, by William De Morgan. An excuse for hobnobbing through six hundred pages with an author

who is a great humorist, a mellow-minded observer, and a delightful companion.

The Land of the Lion, by W. S. Rainsford. An entertaining volume on British East Africa by a lover of sport and a student of men.

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On the Branch, by Pierre de Coulevain. The diary of a self-analytical woman of sixty. A curious mixture of cleverness and sentimentality.

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The Parasol: ARE YOU A SUFFRAGETTE, TOO?
"OH, DEAR, NO! I'M HAPPILY MARRIED."

Happy Marriages

By FRANCIS W. CROWNINSHIELD



WE have often read in the works of the politer essayists and moralists that those marriages were as a rule the happiest in which there existed in the plighted lovers a strong similarity of nature, or wherein a complete identification of tastes had imparted to them a certain uniformity of temperament, but for our own part we must confess that we are of a totally opposite way of thinking.

The theory that connubial bliss must inevitably result from kindred passions seems to us untenable in the light of actual laboratory tests. We are (merely to point the moral) acquainted with two gifted and inveterate bridge players of opposite sexes, who, though five years married, still quarrel as scandalously over a revoke or a calamitous no-trumper as ever they did before they were presented. Again, we have observed that two wedded actors are often discontented together, and this discontent is, alas! especially marked when they are wedded to each other. Pianists who have married pianistes and artists who have married artistes are, in their flats and studios, wretched and miserable beings at best.

Marriage, we think, may alone be entered into—with a light and buoyant spirit—by such lovers as are opposites, poles, extremes, complements, antipodes—call them what you will. We believe, in short, that a fine disparity in tastes and temperaments is the prime requisite of blissful unions between the sexes.

Such ideal unions as we have in mind seem to occur oftenest in our most fastidious society. Who among us has failed to admire, for example, the noble energy and zeal with which fashionable bachelors so often pursue those maidens whose traits of character are, *vis-a-vis* their own, totally antithetical? Thus Berty, who is a penniless vagabond but splendidly dowered with youth, beauty, strength, appetite and a love of loud and lusty laughter, will woo and wed the gloomy and forbidding Marian, who possesses none of those qualities whatsoever, but who is (*mirabile dictu*) richer than a mere unmarried maiden has any right to be.

And Sigismond, for whom the golden portals of our best society are invariably flung wide open, feels himself violently impelled to marry (and socially uplift) Odette, the ravishing but unfortunate creature who, every evening of the week—except Sundays—stands "fourth from the left end on the second row, just over the drum." And clever Constance—as poor as she is clever—will lie stealthily in ambush for wearisome Percival, who, for some mysterious reason—perhaps because he is quite absurdly rich—is not in the least wearisome to Constance. Truly, in our politer society the poor yearn mightily to wed the rich, the "smart," the scum, the tottering the sprightly, and, we may add, *everybody* the divorced.

(Continued on page 632)



BY PROXY

She: I HAVE A TERRIBLE HEADACHE, BUT IF I DON'T GO TO CHURCH THEY'LL THINK I HAVEN'T A NEW HAT.

He: YOU STAY AT HOME, MY DEAR, AND I'LL TAKE IT.

HE DOES IT.



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INCORPORATED

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(Continued from page 630)

In all ideal marriages, then, one of the blessed participants must ever stand ready to supply the temperamental and intellectual needs of the other. If we are right in claiming this, we would be justified in predicting that while two able-bodied cornetists might, and probably would, jar and fret each other intolerably in the privacy of their little home, a union between a male cornetist and a lady deaf-mute would not only be serene but, very possibly, fruitful.

We think that to prove our contention finally and indisputably we have but to quote the striking and exceedingly fashionable example of Mr. and Mrs. Madison P——, those aristocratic, fortunate and highly favored beings whose names were once so familiar to readers of the social jottings in our metropolitan dailies. (It will be remembered, of course, that their wedding at St. Bartholomew's, a little over six years ago, was far and away the politest and most lavish of the season.)

There was a love-match for you, pure and simple!

No one could have accused Madison or Muriel of marrying for money, for it was common knowledge that the poor devil had but a trifle more than fifty thousand dollars a year, *pour tout potage*, while the beautiful Muriel herself was certain of only a like amount from her doting but miserly papa. Here were two beings then who, for love's sweet sake, were prepared to face comparative poverty together. It should also be noted that not only were their tastes totally dissimilar but that their very temperaments were diametrically opposed.

Madison's was an exceedingly modest and retiring nature. He had always lived very quietly on his paternal Hudson River acres, on that extremely fashionable portion of the river just below T——. Above and beyond everything in life Madison loved little children. Being something of a scholar and reader, he liked, and daily frequented, his fine and spacious old library. He also had a consuming passion for farming, and his Holsteins were renowned wherever the agricultural papers were borrowed or subscribed for. He was a sober individual and cordially detested light novels, the Latin races, bridge whist, motor-cars, afternoon teas, flirtations and all other forms of social activity and struggle. At the time of Madison's marriage he was a trifle under forty.

The fascinating, blonde and bewitching Muriel, on the other hand, was an entirely different type of being. Hers was a mould abounding in softness, ringlets, dimples and charm. She adored French novels, theatres, admiration (preferably from tall, thin gentlemen), Paris and bridge whist. She particularly longed for two things: a larger and more heaping measure of liberty and an emerald tiara that she had once observed at Cartier's in Paris. She had a positive genius for society, week-end visiting and intimate, if fatuous, *tête-a-têtes*.

We are ashamed to admit that America rather bored her and that the Hudson in particular depressed and saddened her inexpressibly. She might perhaps have learned to love Madison's herd of gentle Holsteins, but it soon developed that the odor of cows inevitably superinduced in her symptoms of swimming or vertiginous giddiness. As for children, she candidly confessed—before her marriage—that it made her extremely nervous to have them "sprawling and screaming about." She was, at the time of her nuptials, in her nineteenth year.

Now what prophet could have cast his eyes into the future and foreseen the satisfaction that was to spring from such a union as this, both for the sober and studious Madison and the jocund and delectable Muriel? At first glance it seems almost incredible that peace and comfort could issue from such a

mating, but, as we write, Madison is certainly one of the contentedest of men. Since his honeymoon in Paris (where he purchased an emerald tiara that he perhaps would never have noticed but for Muriel's unselfish kindness in pointing it out to him) he has never left his beloved farm on the Hudson. He continues to spend much of his time in his splendid library and among his immaculate and prize-winning Holsteins. His two beautiful children are, very naturally, the greatest delight of his life. He likes to boast of his comfort and contentment and to say that the pretty and fascinating Muriel has completely dulled the edge of his appetite for all other feminine society. After living with *such* a wife, he declares, no other woman shall be permitted to so much as touch the hem of his tranquil existence.

Six years and more have rolled by but Muriel is every whit as vivacious and alluring as ever she was. She positively radiates happiness and seems not a day older than when she tremblingly accepted Madison's grave and hesitating proposal. It is hardly necessary to say that she is worshipped by many of her (tall and thin) neighbors and admired by them all. For her dinners she somehow invariably manages to secure the "smartest" and most distinguished men in her restricted and fashionable world. Her receptions, séances of bridge, fêtes and charming little motor-picnics are justly famous as well for their unaffected elegance as for their boundless and contagious merriment.

Yes, it is quite undeniable that both Mr. and Mrs. Madison P—— have, as a result of their union, completely gained their hungry hearts' desires. Indeed, for four happy years there has not been so much as the suspicion of a word or a quarrel or a disagreement between them—nothing, in short, to mar the exquisite and grateful serenity of their lives.

By the oddest possible coincidence it was *precisely* four years ago that the winsome and enchanting Muriel left the Hudson and settled herself permanently in a charming little house on the Avenue Kléber in Paris.



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Dr. Skair Muthers: WOULD YOU RATHER SACRIFICE THE LIFE OF ONE OF YOUR CHILDREN THAN THE LIFE OF A DOG?

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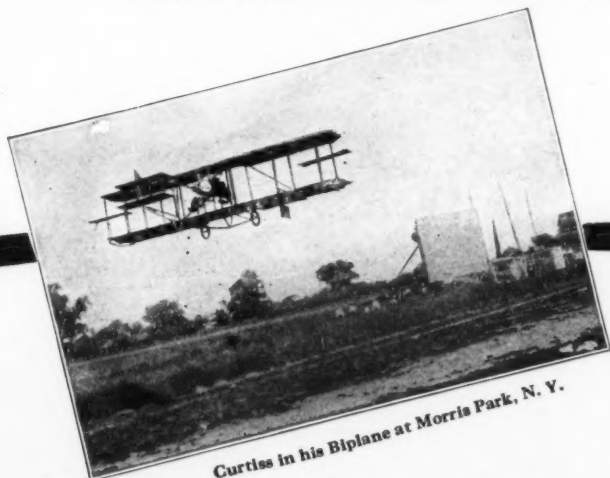
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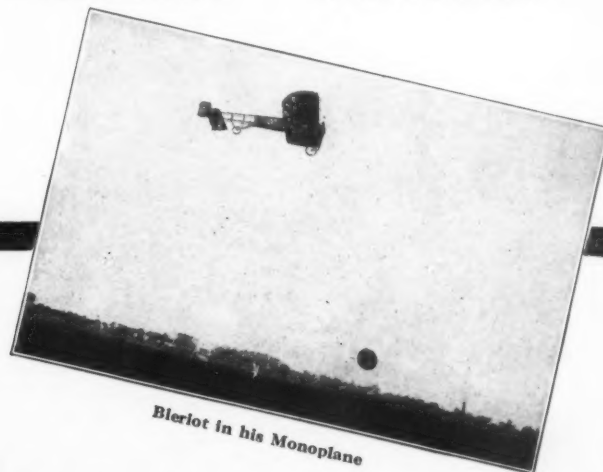
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Bleriot in his Monoplane

NOTE: I have just secured a number of the best photographs ever taken of aeroplanes in flight. They will appear shortly in connection with our advertising—A. P. Warner



Consequences of the Comma

In his court King Charles was standing
on his head a golden crown
And his royal brow was wrinkled in a
most portentous frown

Fifty courtiers entered walking on their
hands were jewels bright
Set in rings of gold and silver what a
rare and splendid sight

Four and twenty noble ladies proud and
fair and ten feet long
Were their trains that flowed behind
them borne by pages stout and
strong

In a bower of fragrant roses the musi-
cians now compete
Blowing trumpets with their noses they
inhale the fragrance sweet
See the Queen how sad and tearful as
the King cuts off her head
One bright tress of hair at parting and
she wishes she was dead.

—*The Scrapbook.*



A SOUTHERN SILHOUETTE

A Movable Feast

She has a BISCUIT-colored hat,
With plumes of OLIVE green.
Beneath the MUSHROOM crown so flat
A bunch of CHERRIES may be seen.

'Tis PERCHED upon her CHESTNUT hair
Above her SHRIMP-pink gown.
And from her LITTLE NECK so fair
A chain of OYSTER pearls hangs down.

Her coat is made of Persian LAMB,
And FROGS are all the style.
She doesn't mind at all the "JAM,"
Because she's got 'em beat a mile.

And SCALLOPS, POINTS of every size,
Go floating round her feet.
When she goes MINCING down the street
She looks just *good enough to eat!*

—*Harper's Weekly.*

No Blarney for Bridget

MISTRESS: Bridget, it always seems to
me that the crankiest mistresses get the
best cooks.

COOK: Ah! Go on wid yer blarney.—
Philadelphia Inquirer.

SHE: What do they make in a chafing
dish?

HE: Indigestion.—*Smart Set.*

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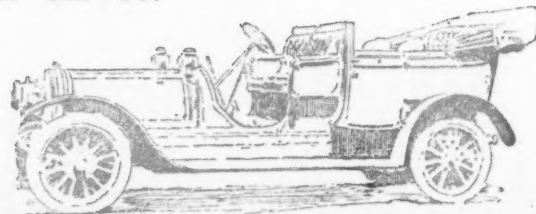
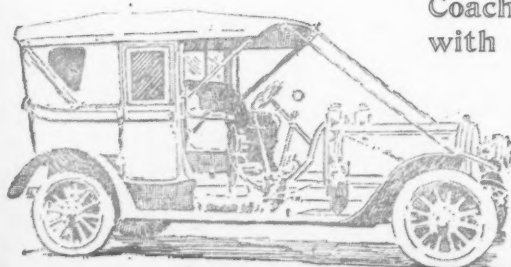
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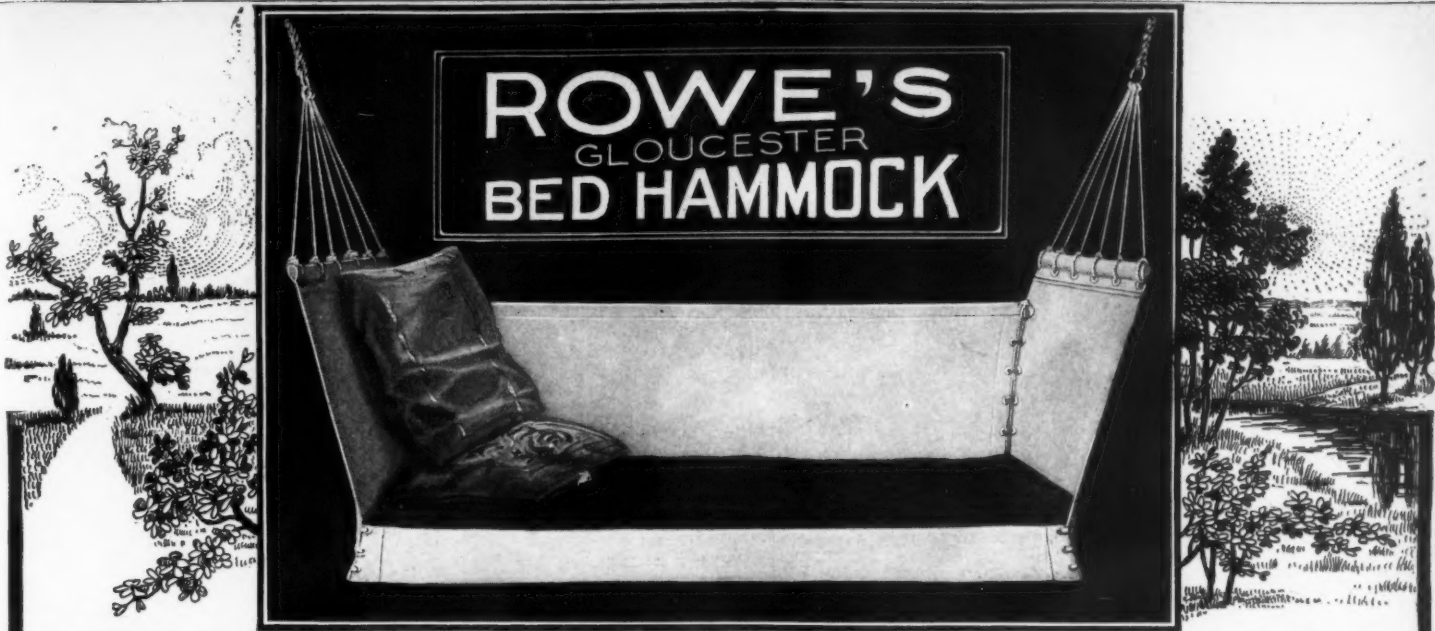
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It makes out-door sleeping practical and pleasant. It is just as comfortable as a good bed, because you can lie in it, stretched at full length. The high side and ends positively protect you from draughts.

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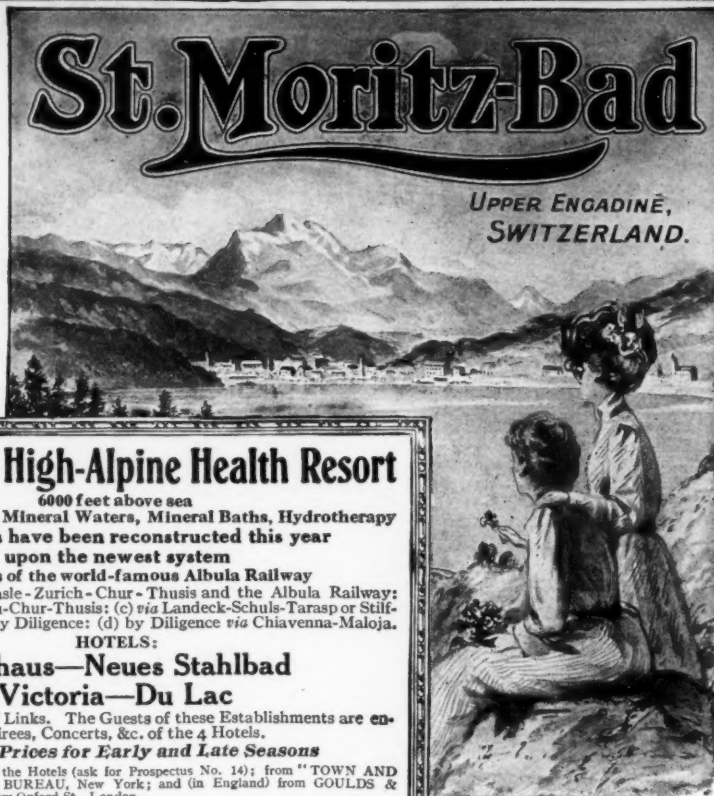
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June 1. to Sept. 30.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Which Being Interpreted

Joseph was interpreting the dream of
seven lean and seven fat kine.

"It means the beef trust will charge
top prices for both," he declared.

Herewith they saw he was a prophet.
—Sun.

Didn't Care to Mention His Name

A colored woman presented herself
the other day in an Equal Suffrage State
at the place of registration to qualify
for the casting of her vote upon the
school question at the next election.

"With what political party do you
affiliate?" inquired the clerk of the un-
accustomed applicant, using the pre-
scribed formula.

The dusty "lady" blushed, all coy-
ness and confusion. "Is I 'bleeged to
answer that there question?"

"Certainly; the law requires it."

"Then," retreating in dismay, "I
don't believe I'll vote, 'case I'd hate to
have to mention the party's name. He's
one of the nicest gent-mums in town."—
Ladies' Home Journal.

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the finest face
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on a salesman's say-so—insist that this trade mark be stamped on
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materials, expert weaving and perfect finish. Let us send
you our booklet, "Standish Worsteds, Plymouth,"
showing how to avoid pitfalls in cloth selection.

Our exclusive close-finish worsteds, serges and cheviots in Saxony and Scotch
effects; our soft undressed worsteds for business wear; our superior cloths for more
formal dress and for overcoatings are the delight of particular people and their tailors
everywhere. Look at them.

THE STANDISH WORSTED COMPANY, Plymouth, Mas.

Proper Spirit

"Do you really think it necessary to
give Mrs. Bigwad anything on her birth-
day?"

"Yes, Harold, we really must. She
remembered all our children at Christ-
mas, and now the least we can do is to
retaliate."—*Puck.*

Ambiguous

STELLA: I wouldn't marry the best
man on earth.

KNICKER: Have I asked you to?—*Har-
per's Bazar.*

Handy Things to Have

"Hard-workin' wife you've got, Bill."
"Yes, I wish I'd a couple more like
her."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Modesty on the Bench

A certain prominent English jurist was
transferred from the chancery court to
the admiralty court rather unexpectedly.
While conversant with English law to a
surprising degree, this gentleman had
spent little time in marine law and was
rather dubious as to his ability to cope
with the duties of his new office.


His colleagues, in recognition of the
occasion, gave him a dinner, after which
he was called upon for an address. He
made a long and serious speech, which
embraced about everything, from free
trade to England's foreign policy. Then,
pausing a moment, he glanced round the
crowded room and said:

"Gentlemen, in closing, I can think of
no better words than the lines of Tenny-
son:

"And may there be no moaning of the
bar
When I put out to sea."

—*Youth's Companion.*

TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD
SHOCK ABSORBER



Indispensable
for
Comfortable
Motoring

Hartford Suspension Co.
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SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Let Us Get At This Two-Cycle Idea

Every engineer in the world—bar none—knows and *will admit* that the two-cycle principle, as a principle, is perfect—faultless—ideal.

And every engineer knows that the four-cycle principle is *reeking* with faults.

But to admit *this* fact would be to kill the prestige of nearly every famous car on the market. These cars gained their prestige on the old four-cycle idea. And they *cannot afford* to abandon it.

Self-Interest is strong. Four-cycle engineers are only human. Naturally they are prejudiced in favor of their own work.

They admit the value of the two-cycle *theory*. But they will not admit that the theory is *practical*.

But *facts* are stubborn. *Truth* will not down. *Experience* upsets mere opinion.

The two-cycle engine *IS practical*. The Atlas engine *PROVES* it.

For **FOUR YEARS** Atlas Two-Cycle Engines have been *actually* delivering a degree of *complete* satisfaction unknown to **ANY** four-cycle engine on earth.

So learn *for yourself* what Atlas cars mean to **YOU**.

Atlas Motor Cars

Note the Vast Differences

The four-cycle engine gives a power impulse to only *half* of its piston strokes. The Atlas engine gives a power impulse to *all* of its piston strokes.

Every four-cycle engine must have from 25 to 50 moving parts to each cylinder. The Atlas has only *two*.

In the four-cylinder engine many of these parts are frail, delicate—unfitted to stand the immense wear and strain of heat and speed. In the Atlas cylinder the two moving parts are merely the piston and connecting rod.

The four-cycle engine is more often in trouble from its valves than from anything else. The Atlas engine has *no* valves at all.

cylinders—almost as much power with *half* the weight.

The four-cycle engine *uses* one piston stroke and *loses* the next.

One stroke *pushes*. The next stroke *pulls*. On the suction, or pulling stroke, the engine *absorbs* instead of *giving* power.

It's a little bit like a **SEE-SAW**—and, of course, that means *less* power and *more vibration*.

Now, note how the Atlas *does* away with these glaring faults.

The Atlas uses *every* stroke as a *power* stroke—*twice* as many *pushing* strokes as the four-cycle, and **NO** *pulling* strokes. No "back-and-forth"—no "give-and-take"—no loss of power—no vibration.

And the Atlas engine is **SIMPLE**. Only an accident can put its few parts out of action.

The simplicity, added to the lack of vibration and lessened weight, means freedom from trouble and repairs.

So no car can cost less for up-keep. All of these good things are easy to **PROVE**.

Don't make the mistake of selecting a car until you know the Atlas.

In your own interest, let us send our Catalogue and the name of our nearest agent.

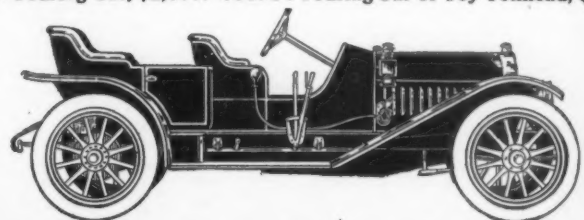
Now Realize What This Means

Think how *immeasurably* superior these vast differences make the Atlas to **ANY** four-cycle engine.

By securing twice as many impulses per crank-shaft revolution, the Atlas actually develops from 60 to 75 per cent. *more power* than any four-cycle engine of equal cylinder size and number.

This means that an Atlas of *two* cylinders gives almost as much power as a four-cycle engine of *four*

30 H.P. Touring Car, \$2,000. 60 H.P. Touring Car or Toy Tonneau, \$2,500.



Atlas Motor Car Company,

Licensed under Selden Patent

New York Office :
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The
"LIKLY"
Midget Wardrobe

A Short-trip Trunk
For Busy Men.

Will carry, without
wrinkling, three suits and
an overcoat or four suits.

Has special compartments for shirts and underwear,
neckwear, collars, handkerchiefs and hosiery, hat
and shoes. Only a single strap to operate in packing
and unpacking.

The Simplest, Most Convenient, Most Compact
Wardrobe Trunk ever made.

Measures closed 14½ x 22 x 44 inches. Larger sizes
for longer trips. Made in four different styles of
outside finish—all good.

If you appreciate having your belongings in perfect
condition and instantly accessible, you need a
"LIKLY" Wardrobe. Booklet of special styles for
men and women on request.

Henry Likly & Company,
105 Lyell Ave., Rochester, N. Y.



Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Riding Suits and Odd Breeches

in many materials—

from heavy tweeds to Shantung silk—
ready-made and to order.

Mackintoshes for saddle work or motoring:

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

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Don't Use "Stone-Age"
Stationery



Many a good man has
1910 apparel and a 1910
automobile, and yet be-
longs to the "Stone-Age"
when it comes to his per-
sonal stationery.

Would you send a social note
to a friend on your business
letterhead? What has he to do
with your bricks, or railroads,
or diamonds? Would you
write it on your wife's linen
finish, valentine-looking sta-
tionery? What a confession!

We make strong, gentle
paper, for gentle, strong men.
It is in note paper form with
envelopes to match. Do your
friends the compliment of writ-
ing them on

Old Hampshire Bond
Stationery

"The Stationery of a Gentleman"

It is just what a man's note paper ought to be—refined, simple, strong. It is
not noticeable in itself, but it will stand notice when given. The pleasant
half-conscious impression is there.

Write for portfolio of samples and names of your local dealers

Hampshire Paper Company
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively



AN APRIL SHOWER

Spilman Mixture
SMOKING TOBACCO

The best blend of the world's finest tobaccos.
1 3/4 oz. 40 cts; 3 1/2 oz. 75c; 1/2 lb. \$1.65; 1 lb. \$3.30. If not
at your dealers will send prepaid upon receipt of price.
Sent FREE—Booklet "How to Smoke a Pipe." Write to-day.
E. HOFFMAN COMPANY, MFRS., 179 Madison St., Chicago.

Rhymed Reviews

Tower of Ivory

(By Gertrude Atherton. The Macmil-
lan Company)

Another singer! Fiction gives

The World of Music far too many;
Yet here is one that flames and lives
In tragic strength, the peer of any.

"Katrine" and "Margarita," too,
Enthrall with song the hearts of
princes—

At least, their authors say they do;
But Margarethe Styrr, convinces.

In want her early lot was cast,

Her only garb a sackcloth tunic;
She lived a Tenderloinish "Past,"
Evolved a voice, and conquered
Munich.

While there she met the Ordham boy,
A British statesman, embryonic.

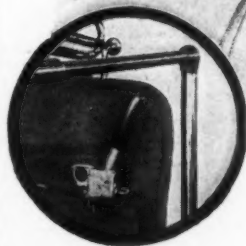
The souls that Fate would fain destroy
She snares in Friendships, quite
Platonic.

Young Ordham, as in duty bound,
To make his house and fortune
stable,

Went home to fall in love, and found
A wife—enough! her name was
"Mabel."

Poor Mabel palled. As all agree,
Platonic flames are hard to smother,
And Ordham learned, too late, that he
And Margarethe loved each other.

Poor Mabel died. John Ordham flew
Across the sea to join his siren;
But Margarethe's Past, she knew,
Between them reared a wall of iron.



The Most Easily Driven
of All Electrics

The most delicate woman—a 12-year-old child
—can handle the largest Rauch & Lang Electric
with perfect ease.

It's almost as simple as turning an electric light
on and off.

You merely push a handle forward when you
want to start—pull it back when you want to stop.
Pulling it back not only shuts off all power at once,
but puts on a strong brake. The car stops almost
immediately. You can use the foot-brake, too, if
you wish, but it isn't necessary.

The steering is nothing more than pushing for-
ward and pulling back on a handle placed directly
where the right hand rests naturally and comfort-
ably. It is very easy—not in the least confusing.

After one ride you'll have absolute confidence in
your own ability to drive the car anywhere and
everywhere.

We have furnished the car inside and finished it outside
just as handsomely, as richly and as tastefully as you would
do it yourself.

It's the largest and most luxurious of all electrics.
Write for our new art catalog showing the styles and
all the advantages of

*Rauch & Lang
Electrics*

Address—

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2234 West 25th Street (33) Cleveland, Ohio



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IF YOU want a beautiful and
modern country home sur-
rounded by a lovely park,
and only six miles from Boston,
it will pay you to investigate
this property.

H. A. BARKER

311 W. 43rd Street

NEW YORK CITY

Once more to him alone she sang;
As Odin's battle-maid, Brynhildr,
On Siegfried's blazing pyre she sprang
And died—I do not know what killed
her.

So, let old Munich's belfries toll,
Enshroud a mourning stage in sable
For Margarethe's mighty soul—
And never think of little Mabel.

Arthur Guiterman.

Astor Trust Company

FIFTH AVE. & 36TH ST., NEW YORK

Capital, \$1,250,000. Surplus and Profits, \$750,000

Interest Paid on Daily Balances

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A Real Hustler

LADY (to applicant): Yes, I advertised for a maid-of-all-work. Are you an early riser?

APPLICANT: Indade, an Oi am, mum. At me lasht place Oi was up an' had breakfast ready an' the dishes washed an' put away an' all the beds made before anybody else in the house was up."
—Success.



Cleanser and Mouth Wash In One

Polishes the teeth to dazzling whiteness, while its fragrant antiseptic foam reaches every part of the mouth—neutralizing all tooth-destroying acids, preventing discoloration and decay.

Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap comes in a handy metal box—nothing to break or spill. A convenient cake that insures beautiful teeth, healthy gums and a sweet breath. At your druggist, 25 cents.

Strong's Arnica Jelly Keeps Your Skin Smooth

No need to endure the discomfort of sunburn or winter chapping. Apply with finger tips, rub gently into pores. In collapsible metal tubes, 25 cents.

NOTE:—If your druggist does not have these goods, send price to us. We will forward them prepaid.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1612.

C. H. STRONG & CO., Chicago, U.S.A.



The Literary Zoo.

Jones of Mizzourah

A Missouri person who calls himself "Professor," with D. Jones as an annex, insists that he is "the greatest speller not only in Missouri but in the whole world."

Mizzourah is full of a number of things, including mules, mounds and municipal politics. All these abound in St. Louis, which adjoins the Lemp brewery on the west. It was there that Alexander Konta, a broker in epigrams, delivered his immortal *mot*: "Good beer needs no Busch." It was there that Eugene Field passed through on his way to Denver, murmuring, "Parnassus or bust." (It is said that a stone still marks the spot—though the editor who shied it at Eugene has never been identified.) It is the home of Joseph Folk and Abe Slupsky. It is there that William Marion Reedy holds up to

Nature a *Mirror* polished and perfect to Psyche, convex to the disjointed times. It was there that the French retreated before the Germans, leaving South St. Louis, as far as Carondelet, most of the public schools and all the political jobs in their possession. It was or is there that the census and the gas bags of balloons were or are best inflated. It had, or has, or will have, the title to the future greatest city ever builded, not excepting Carthage or Duluth. Chicago rose * * * * * like (can you spell it?) from its ashes; St. Louis soars proudly from amidst its soot.

Missouri, or Mizzourah (either is correct) has produced the greatest humorist—Mark Twain—the greatest statesman (Benton) of the greatest statesman (Roosevelt). St. Louis bore or borrowed our ablest editors—"Little Mack," Joseph Pulitzer and their pupil, the late Charles H. Jones. She publishes the magazine with the greatest circulation; she produced our only playwright—Augustus Thomas. She is ever hospitable—sometimes even to

(Continued on page 641)

The Exquisite Cordial of the Centuries



LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 640)

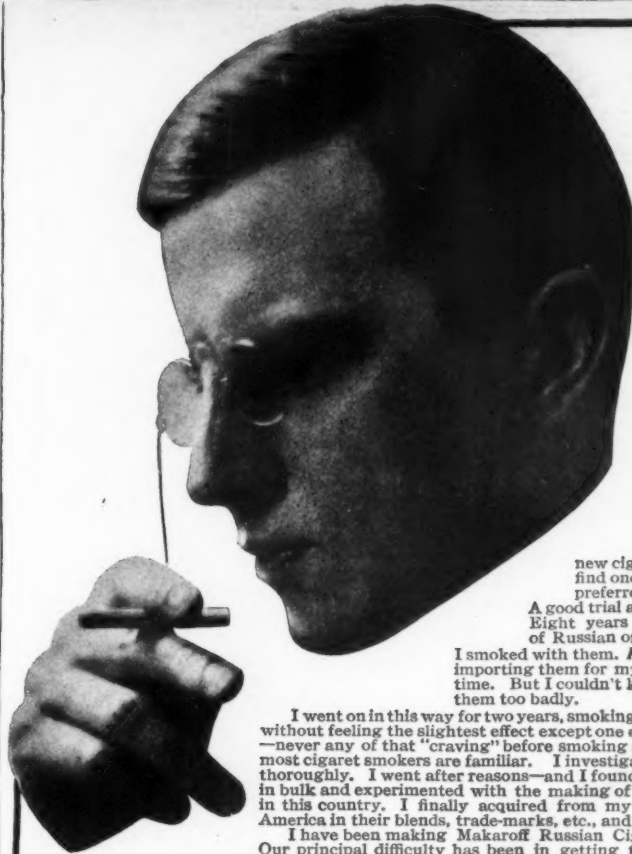
"home talent." There was a stranger within her—Gates. She gave John W. his start and Mary Anderson her finish. Her hardware is the hardest and her soft water the softest to be found in any State. Illinois has had her Lincoln; St. Louis imported her own emancipator, Lincoln Steffens.

Some day at the Fair grounds she will have a "home week," to which truant genius will repair to talk about music, art, literature, the drama and other by-products somehow missing in the St. Louis market reports. For chairman of the reception committee we nominate her most popular author (*Cries of "Winston Churchill!"*). No, not Mr. Churchill. We nominate, ladies and gentlemen, a man whose works are, or were, known wherever the English language is broken, a man whose name it would be a superfluity to speak—your talented townsman, your most prolific, as he is the most versatile of writers. Ladies and gentlemen, we nominate as chairman to receive home-coming genius the author of the Lives of Jesse James and Jesus Christ. (*Deafening Applause.*)

* * *

Whoa, January! We really didn't mean to run away. Blame it on Missouri, put it up to Champ Clark if we took the oratorical bit in our teeth. Only this: If you are ever tempted to suck eggs, count a hundred and ask yourself, "What would William Joel Stone do?" And, say! be sure to get off at Kansas City; it has hitched its wagon to the *Star*. See that hitch! It's a Nelson, and will hold you for a while. And then there's St. Joseph. No, it was settled some time before Mr. Folk.

As you see, Missouri is and has been going and growing some. There are even *Republic* subscribers who also take LIFE. Down in the Ozarks last fall we heard a man make a new joke.



My Recipe for Success.

I manufacture cigarets primarily because I am a cigaret smoker. I am not trying simply to make something to sell. I am making something to smoke. My success would indicate that American smokers were ready for just that change from the "selling" to the "smoking" point of view. I consider that my selling success has been due mainly to the fact that I have left selling out of consideration, except as a natural and healthy result of making good on the smoke. Simple recipe for success, isn't it? It is simple, but it works. I never knew it to fail. It's so simple that I often wonder why more people don't try it.

I've smoked cigarets off and on for more than twenty years. I smoked American cigarets long before the more exotic Oriental kinds were heard of in this country. Until eight years ago I flirted with about every new cigaret that came along, always hoping to find one I could stick to, because I have always preferred a cigaret to any other form of smoke. A good trial always convinced me that I was in wrong. Eight years ago I came in contact with a number of Russian officials. They smoked Russian cigarets.

I smoked with them. Here at last was something different. I begun importing them for my own use—five and ten thousand at a time. But I couldn't keep them on hand. My friends wanted them too badly.

I went on in this way for two years, smoking as many as I wanted (when I had them) without feeling the slightest effect except one of exceeding satisfaction with my smoke—never any of that "craving" before smoking and "depression" afterward, with which most cigaret smokers are familiar. I investigated the Russian cigaret industry pretty thoroughly. I went after reasons—and I found them. I imported the Russian blends in bulk and experimented with the making of cigarets. I studied the cigaret industry in this country. I finally acquired from my Russian manufacturers all rights for America in their blends, trade-marks, etc., and their foreman to start my factory.

I have been making Makaroff Russian Cigaretts in this country now for six years. Our principal difficulty has been in getting together enough Russian workmen to make enough of these cigarets to make them a national proposition. But now we have them.

From the day we started to make them to this, the cigarets have never varied, profit or no profit. I always have believed that if we produced the quality the public would produce the sales. And that faith has been justified. You will always find in

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

a quality that corresponds with the straightforwardness of the advertising. We have now introduced the goods so thoroughly to dealers that you can get them almost anywhere in the best cigar stores, hotels, cafes, dining cars, etc. Any dealer who hasn't got them can get them quickly from his local jobber. If he doesn't want to, we will supply you promptly, by mail, on receipt of the dealer's name and address, or simply his address, so that we may investigate his reason for refusal.

If you do not like these cigarets at the first trial, remember that they are mighty different from what you are accustomed to, and that the difference is all in your favor. Take time to get a little used to them and you will find out just what we mean.

Makaroffs are absolutely pure, clean, sweet, mild tobacco, untouched by anything whatever to give them artificial flavor, sweetness, or to make them burn. You will find that you can smoke as many as you want of them without any of the nervousness, depression or "craving" that follows the use of ordinary cigarets.

Pure tobacco won't hurt you. You may not be used to it, and you may not like the first Makaroff, but you'll like the second one better; and you'll stick to Makaroffs forever if you once give them a fair chance. We have built this business on quality in the goods and intelligence in the smoker—a combination that simply can't lose. We waited quite a while, but it has won in our case and won big. The result is, that

"This is a Makaroff year—nearly everybody smokes them now!"

Makaroffs are 15 cents and a quarter in boxes of ten. \$1.50 to \$6.00 for 100's.

At
Your
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Your
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WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

The Choice of Champions
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THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO., WORCESTER, MASS., U.S.A.
New York, 84 Chambers Street. London, 8 Long Lane, E. C.
Paris, 64 Avenue de la Grande Armée.

Missouri, *morituri te salutamus!* (It's a bully place to be buried in.)

* * *

And Jones? What has happened to Jones? Not Colonel Jones, spell-binder, but Professor Jones, speller? Oh, yes, to be sure. We simply meant to say that while we stand ready to concede almost anything to Missouri—even the Democratic vote—we cannot allow the championship claim to Jones. It is held by a previous claimant; held

(Continued on page 642)

Have Your Car Equipped

with the tires and rims that have been awarded the great National Endorsement of the year —

"Firestone" TIRES and DEMOUNTABLE RIMS

Each year the motoring world turns to the three great automobile shows, two in New York and one in Chicago, for their endorsement of the latest and best in motor cars and tire equipment.

This year Firestone Tire equipment, although commanding a little higher price than the ordinary, because of its superior quality, has been awarded this great national endorsement.

More Firestone Non-Skid Tires were used on exhibit cars than any other non-skid tire of any kind.

Three times as many Firestone Side-Wire Tires as nearest competition.

More exhibitors showed Firestone Quick-Detachable Demountable Rims than any others of any sort, and practically as many as showed all competing demountable rims combined.

No more sweeping endorsement of quality against price has ever been offered to the motoring public. No better equipment for *your own* car can be secured at *any* price than Firestone Tires and Demountable Rims.

Firestone Pneumatic Tires for all standard rims, in plain and non-skid treads. Firestone Demountable Rims for all quick-detachable or regular clincher tires.

With Firestone Demountable Rims, the motorist overtaken by tire trouble merely unlocks the rim carrying damaged tire and substitutes a spare rim with its already inflated tire. No loss of time, annoying exertion or even tire-pumping.

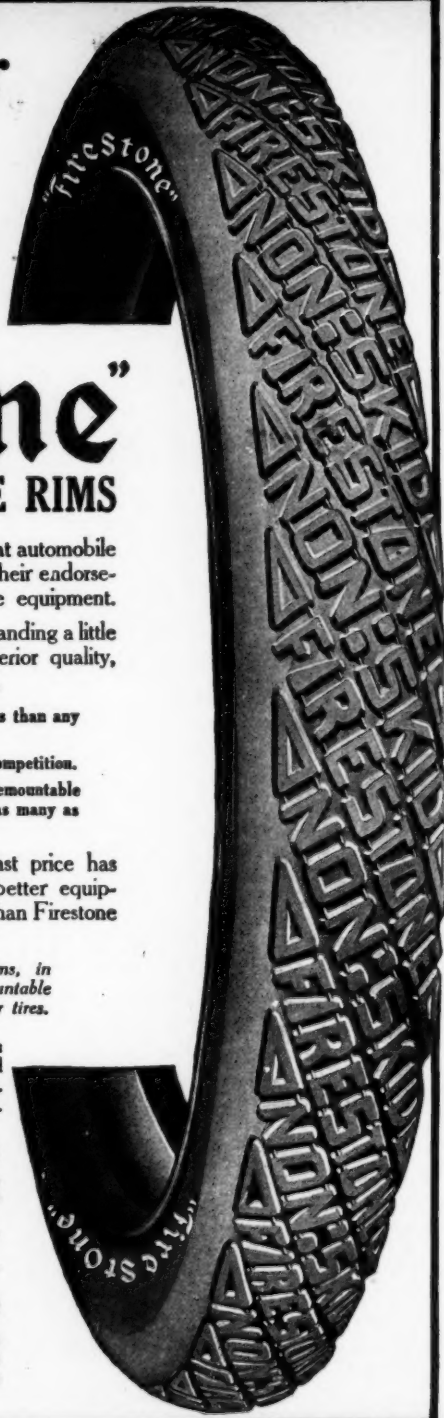
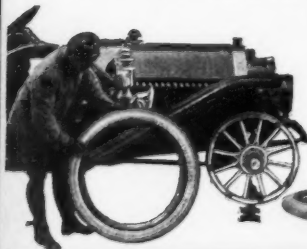
Send Now for Tire Equipment Book

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire Makers"

AKRON, OHIO

Branches, agencies and dealers everywhere



10 Minutes from B'way

THE MONTCLAIR
"ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP"
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 641)

with hoops of steel by a canny Scotch-American: Andrew Carnegie—simplest and therefore the best and greatest of spellers, bar none. *W. T. L.*

On a Certain Comprehension in Foreigners

It is an Englishman, we believe, Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who peers at us with a puzzled expression through the fog and smoke of London ere he lets fall this remark for the *Sphere*:

It is curious that the first great edition of Milton's complete works should come from America, and from Columbia University, wherever that may be.

We threw our only dictionary—a Worcester—out of the window when we learned from Professor Lounsbury that it was compiled by a mere American and not by a Britisher, as we had been led to believe. The accepted definition of "sphere" is accordingly out of arm's reach. We have a hazy notion that it implies or connotes—if only as a secondary meaning—the world we live on; and we mean by "we" not only our editorial selves but you and us and William Allen White, and many, many others, among whom we reckon Mr. Shorter. Thus *Sphere*, we take it—treading timidly the while in the mnemonic mazes of our etymology—when adopted as the title of a periodical, suggests, even to the untutored mind, the intellect's unbounded earthly domain—a territory comprising not only islands but continents; not only an island but a continent.

Mr. Shorter's *Sphere*, to be sure, is qualified by "London." So, at least, we

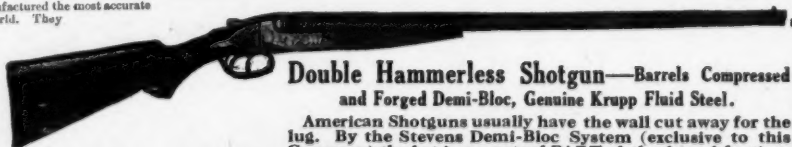
(Continued on page 643)

Why Not Have a Parcels-Post?

The United States Government is already equipped with more than 60,000 completely organized stations. These have their managers and clerks, their rentals, heat and light, their detective and legal services already paid for. To handle parcels would cost nothing additional in tens of thousands of post-offices, except the wagon haul in the locality.

Is it possible to conceive of any business men taking part in operating private express companies if the government were to make use of this far-reaching and costly machinery?

For years we have manufactured the most accurate Rifle Telescopes in the world. They bring the target or the game right up to where you are standing. Made in all powers, at varying prices, in one GRADE only—the most accurate.



Double Hammerless Shotgun—Barrels Compressed and Forged Demi-Bloc, Genuine Krupp Fluid Steel.

American Shotguns usually have the wall cut away for the lug. By the Stevens Demi-Bloc System (exclusive to this Company) the lug is an actual PART of the barrel forging.

The result is that this gun is the STRONGEST where most double guns are the weakest—at the breech. This spells SAFETY, absolute and sure. The close shooting and better penetration resulting from the precision of the Stevens workmanship make higher scores at the traps and bigger bags in the field.

If your Sporting Goods store hasn't it we will send express prepaid on receipt of LIST Price.
No. 365—\$32.50. No. 375—\$40.00. No. 385—\$60.00. (All have Krupp barrels.)

POINTS FOR THE SHARPSHOOTER, HUNTER OR TRAP SHOOTER

You can obtain a letter written you personally by one of our experts on either or all of these subjects giving valuable advice. We send you FREE a 160-page Stevens Gun Book telling about Rifles, Shotguns, Pistols, and Rifle Telescopes. Just the information you need to know about guns, and the advice in the letter helps you to be an expert shot. Write now—today.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO., Dept. 194, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.
THE FACTORY OF PRECISION

William Bernstein



SHORT VAMP SHOES

(TRADE MARK)
FOR WOMEN

Style No. 349—Patent Pump, Louis XV., or Cuban heels, \$4.00.

Style No. 349x—Black Suede Pumps, Louis XV., or Cuban heels, \$4.00.

Style No. 332—Patent Pump, turned sole, Louis XV., or Cuban heels and Flat Bow, \$3.50.

Style No. 333—Patent Pump, welt sole, Louis XV., or Cuban heels and Flat Bow, \$4.00.



Style, Comfort, Fit, Durability

The William Bernstein Short Vamp Shoes possess these requisites to a degree of perfection never excelled. To say more about shoes embodying these features would be superfluous. The William Bernstein Short Vamp Shoes are not the only good shoes made, but there is a distinct line of difference drawn between them and all others. They are fashioned on the original Short Vamp Last, producing the prettiest and daintiest effect in women's footwear, and can be obtained at only one place in the World, the

William Bernstein Short Vamp Shoe Shop

54 W. 51st St., bet. Broadway and 6th Ave., New York.

The largest clientele of women in the world is supplied with the original Short Vamp Shoes through our Mail Order System, which has unusual satisfactory facilities. Catalogue "O" describes many new novel shoes. Free on request.



THERE WAS A DISTINCT MASCULINE TOUCH ABOUT THE WAY MARIE WORE HER CLOTHES.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 642)

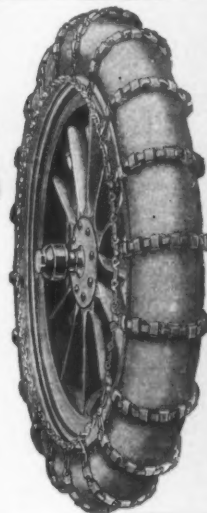
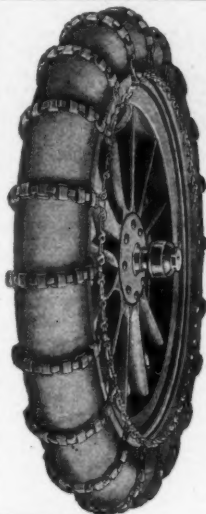
are informed by some one who has seen a copy. It is, we are told, an authority on sport, the Royal Family, the preparation of jugged wallaby and other things proper to literature and the arts. It provides in one page, we understand, a kind of literary shortcake palatable to the British masses and classes—lighter than plum-pudding and

even easier to digest. In fine, the *Sphere*, if we may believe the testimony of a naturalized Englishman in "our midst," is notable in its general scheme and subject matter for the qualities peculiar to the British weekly periodical—with which we compete, but which we cannot imitate.

* * *

To return to our muttons and our etymology, does "London" as a prefix

(Continued on page 644)



ANTI-SKID CHAINS

Can't and WON'T cut Tires. They DO prevent skidding absolutely

Fox Chains are NOT just ordinary chains fitted to go round a tire. Fox Chains were invented, designed and constructed for one purpose only—they are NOT makeshifts. They were developed to fill a three-fold purpose—to prevent skidding absolutely, to be harmless to tires, and to wear many times longer than other chains. All of these they do—they are the ONLY chains which do—and this we GUARANTEE.

If you want absolutely to prevent your car from skidding—if you want to keep from ruining your tires through chains—you MUST buy Fox Chains—for there is NOTHING else to give this service. They cost a little more, but they are worth a very great deal more.



1.—This portion of the connecting link curves away from the tire so that no edge can come against the rubber.

2.—These flat surfaces come against

the tire. They are the only portions of the cross chains which do touch the shoe, and that is why they don't and can't cut the rubber.

We have a booklet which will tell more about Fox Chains than a dozen ads like this. It will tell you also how to save your tires. Cut out the coupon to-day, fill out and mail to us—it's valuable and it's free.

Fox Metallic Tire Belt Co.
1999 Broadway, N. Y.

Please send me your Free Booklet on Fox Tire Chains.

Name

Street

City

My Dealer or Garage is

Dealer's Name

City

Life

Fox Metallic Belt Co.

1999 Broadway

New York City



Knox Hats

The Coronation of
Faultless Attire

hither. Since then more than one Briton has explored us. We no longer hold it against the Mother Country that she took our tobacco but taxed our tea. We know that our literature is still many university degrees west of Greenwich, and that we of Manhattan are ourselves a bit insular.

It is hands across the sea from Columbia, gem of the Harlem, to Mr. Shorter. May his shadow never shrink, though he suffers a sea-change in his voyage from Wuthering to Washington Heights. Here he may meet the complete Milton, done in Braille for the blind.

Let us trust that Mr. Shorter will accept. We shall kill for him the \$11—perchance the \$12—hog, reared in Chicago, which he knows, if we read aright our *Dial*. May it continue to record his rays. May it reflect, however dimly, that sun which never sets

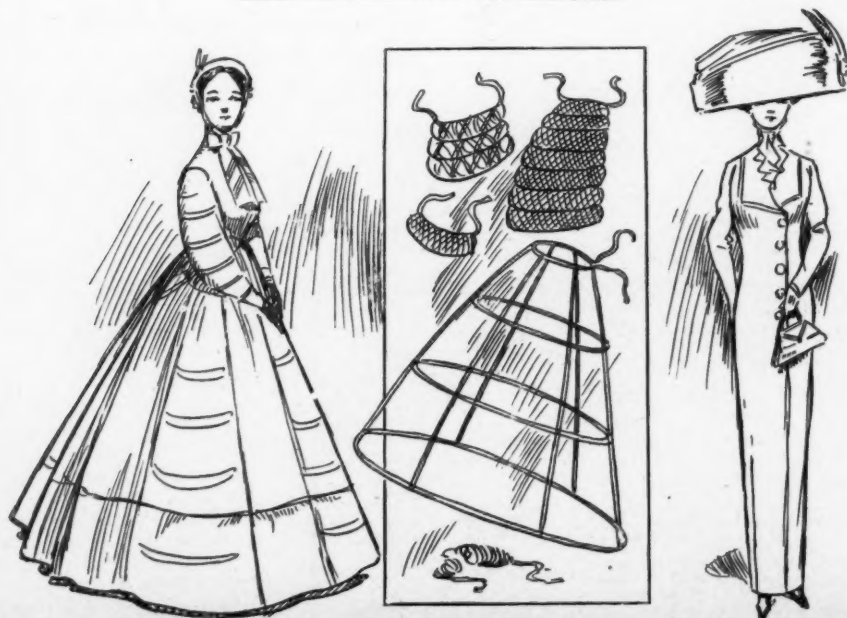
(Continued on page 645)

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 643)

disqualify our definition? Is "sphere" merely a local habitation and a name? Must we make over our dictionaries somewhat in the manner of Dr. Johnson—thus?: England: A sphere bounded on the north by the unspeakable Scot, on the east by the German Emperor, on the south by the perfidious aviator, on the west by the American invasion.

We are not among those who chide Mr. Shorter. It may be myopia or merely that sea-mist which the English vision does not easily pierce. Enough that he is "curious" about us. It is only Kipling's incurious Englishman of whom we need despair. Curiosity leads to acquaintance—to traffics and discoveries. Curiosity of the higher sort impelled Columbus



WIRELESS

UNEQUALED IN
PURITY



UNSURPASSED IN
FLAVOR

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

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION Voice, Body and Mind trained for culture and professional power. 8 Summer Terms, Boston, Asheville, Eureka Springs, Seattle and Chicago. Winter Term opens Oct. 3. All advances in vocal and expressive training for 30 years have centered in this School and the books of its Pres., S. S. Curry, Ph. D. Drop postal for free booklet and notice of Book on Voice. 25 Copley Sq., Boston.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 644)

on the British possessions, and hardly ever rises o'er the Thames.

* * *

In short, Mr. Shorter—shake! We bear no malice. A long LIFE, and a merry one—every week in the year. You recall the ditty:

John Bull, John Bull, your belly's so full
You cannot jump over a three-legged stool.

Was it Kipling or Mother Goose? As Americans, we disremember. (See Worcester.) But, never, never, never must those lines be recited by the New Zealander standing on Brooklyn Bridge (which spans, as every Englishman knows, the falls of Niagara) and sketching the ruins of the English language immediately opposite St. Paul's. *W. T. Larned.*

Who Said It First?

In one of its attacks on Lloyd-George ("limited," but assured) the London *Spectator* quoted the well-worn axiom, "You may fool some of the people," etc., and attributed it, naturally enough, to Lincoln. Comes now a correspondent who informs the editor that the saying originated not with the great emancipator but with that immortal advertiser the late Phineas T. Barnum. It seems that Ainsworth R. Spofford long ago looked the thing up, ran it down, and found that if Phineas did not say it first then it must be credited to that inveterate classic writer Anonymous.

It cheers us to discover that all the good things in recent years have not been said by Lincoln, Mr. Simeon Ford or Mr. Oliver Herford. All anterior wit is, of course, very properly ascribed to Sydney Smith or Joe Miller. (Mark Twain is a humorist.) Also it grows monotonous when one leads the conversation artfully up to a certain point, seizes the psychological moment for apt delivery and discharges the volley of verbal fireworks, only to hear some Young Thing with a mink throw pertly remark: "Say, did you get that from LIFE? Isn't it grand!"

As we were saying, we are glad to see the credit distributed. In the



Rebuild Your Overworked Physique into Sturdy Strength and Vigor

How often do you come home at night too dogged tired to even respond to the pleasant reception awaiting you? Life's struggle becomes more and more intense as the twentieth century progresses. Mentally and physically you must conserve your energies, build up your strength and equip yourself for the test. You must have sleep, good digestion, steady nerves, bone and muscle, clear mind. These can be secured, maintained and enhanced by the use of

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

Being an extract of rich barley malt and choicest hops, it furnishes nourishment in predigested form and acts as a tonic. A desire for food is stimulated and power furnished the system to draw quicker, better and greater energy from what you eat. At the same time the gentle, soothing effects of the hops restore your nerves to their normal state. Peaceful and refreshing sleep is induced, the brain strengthened and new life given to the tired muscles.

Physicians of repute everywhere are constantly vouching for the merits of Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, by recommending it to strengthen the weak and build up the overworked; to relieve insomnia and conquer dyspepsia; to help the anaemic and aid the nervous; to assist nursing mothers and invigorate old age.

Order a Dozen from Your Local Druggist Today

Insist Upon It Being Pabst

A Library Slip, good for Books and Magazines, is packed with each bottle.

Booklet and Picture "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.

PABST EXTRACT CO.

DEPT. 12

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

euchre of life it isn't reasonable to suppose that the joker goes so often to the same man. And let us be slow in wreathing Barnum's bust with the laurel of that phrase. If it wasn't Lincoln's, and if P. T. said it, some

time or another, we have a notion of our own where he picked it up. Where indeed but from his peerless prince of press agents—artful arranger of alliterative adjectives in adroit advertisements of the Greatest Show on Earth—he whose activities, alas! have ebbed ere occasion arose for their employment in that literary three-ring circus where the publisher cracks his whip and the Best Selling Author turns back

(Continued on page 646)

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. Aids digestion. A pleasing aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A delightful tonic and invigorator. At wine merchants' and druggists'. Important to see that it is Abbott's.

Messrs. Martin and Martin furnish, at their stores or by post, a service in ready-to-wear shoes of which they are the originators and which is not duplicated by any other organization in the world. It is in every essential sense a *custom* service, yet the shoes are ready-to-wear.



A Martin & Martin Model

Imported French calf oxford. Straight, easy fitting last. Close trim soles entirely apart from the commonplace. One of the smartest styles of the season.

PRICE ELEVEN DOLLARS

We have perfected new methods of showing and fitting our shoes at a distance, and invite the opportunity of demonstrating their efficiency.

Upon request we will furnish large photographic reproductions of other current models for street, dress or sporting wear. You may open a charge account by furnishing the usual commercial references. Your satisfaction is guaranteed in every case.

Perfect records are kept of all our fittings, and all you will need to do after your first order is to write or wire your requirements as to kinds of shoes or occasion of wearing and the right shoes will go forward within the hour—all at our risk and upon our guaranty of perfect satisfaction. It is the solution of a vexing problem for those who live in the smaller cities, or who are traveling or visiting.

Our ready-to-wear shoes, built upon our life-long experience as custom boot-makers, and the only shoes of similar character and quality ever offered ready-to-wear, are sold from

SEVEN DOLLARS UPWARD

MARTIN & MARTIN

BOOTMAKERS FOR MEN AND WOMEN
1 East 35th St., NEW YORK—183 Michigan Av., CHICAGO



"WHAT AILS YOUR WIFE?"
"SHE CAUGHT COLD TRYING TO HATCH
OUT SOME COLD STORAGE EGGS."

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 645)

somersaults to the plaudits of youth and innocence. Who indeed but Tody Hamilton—known wherever newspapers are printed; the Tody Hamilton who made Rome howl for "copy," educated the Parisian press in American *esprit*, superseded in Great Britain only by Bernard Shaw.

Tree cheers for Tody. If he didn't say it he could have said it. A "bigger man" than old Barnum, he is somehow singularly missing from the pages of "Who's Who." It is only for lack of his address that we haven't asked him about it. Were it not for the inefficiency of the Post Office Department we should simply write "The Universe"; sooner or later the letter should overtake him.

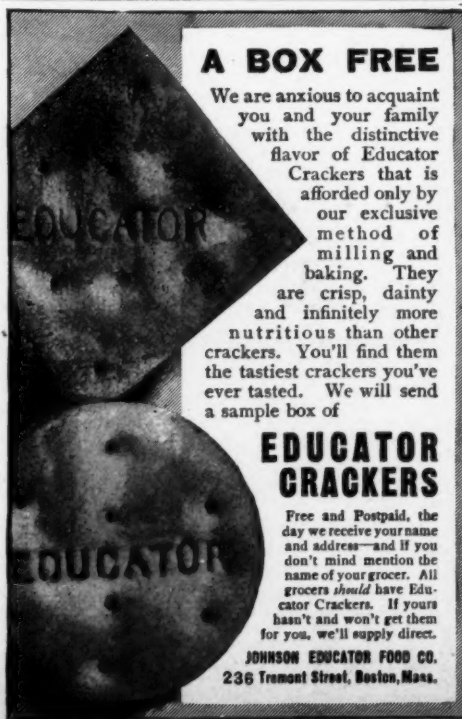
W. T. Larned.

White

With shears we clip this extraordinary passage from the *Sun*, which is nothing if not literary even in its market reports:

"Kansas has quit raising corn and gone to raising hell, and seems to have an over-production," declared William Allen White several years ago, and he has had no work to do except with his pen from that time on. An equally well-known writer, Samuel Blythe, recently let fall incidentally the remark that northwestern Canada was engaged in raising land values.

How—what—why? Oh, come now, this is a little too much. Since Van Norden's magazine essayed to hitch literature and finance in unlawful wed-



A BOX FREE

We are anxious to acquaint you and your family with the distinctive flavor of Educator Crackers that is afforded only by our exclusive method of milling and baking. They are crisp, dainty and infinitely more nutritious than other crackers. You'll find them the tastiest crackers you've ever tasted. We will send a sample box of

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

Free and Postpaid, the day we receive your name and address—and if you don't mind mention the name of your grocer. All grocers should have Educator Crackers. If yours hasn't and won't get them for you, we'll supply direct.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO.
236 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.



*The Best
Cocoa
of Them
All*

**The Drink Food
of Value**

Most appetizing, nourishing and easily digested. So quickly and easily made that it saves trouble and meets emergencies. Try it before retiring and you will rest in comfort. For Invalids and Children it is unequalled.

Maillard's Vanilla Chocolate

From the finest beans and flavored with true Vanilla. It is so unlike others that, once tasted, it becomes the favorite thereafter.

AT LEADING GROCERS

The Ladies' Luncheon Restaurant—Right in the heart of things—afternoon tea 3 to 6



Fifth Avenue at 35th Street

CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES

lock these Wall Street reporters have been putting on airs. "An equally well-known writer, Samuel Blythe"! Dollars to doughnuts—or dithyrambs—you never heard of Mr. Blythe. Dollars to the hole in the doughnut everybody has heard of Mr White. Since Kansas quit raising hell and went to raising certain rich men his name is an open sesame to sanctums lined with gold. Fame, emerging from the gamma grass, flaps her wings and proclaims with a thousand tongues the glory and the gains of Kansas. Blythe may sometimes fire a shot that echoes 'round the *World*; but when White uncorks his fountain pen we seem to hear the fall of the Bastille and the invincible trend of advancing cost.

Honk, honk! It is no longer the wild goose, winging his solitary way, "darkly painted on the crimson sky" of bloody Kansas. 'T is the toot of

(Continued on page 647)

**BROCARD'S RUSSIAN
MILAJA PERFUME**

A delicate, lasting odor of exquisite daintiness in Extract, Soap, Powder and Toilet Water.

At All Department Stores and Drugists.

BROCARD & CO., 7 West 22d Street, New York City

Send 10 cents in stamps for samples to Dept. C.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 646)

the fattened farmer in his automobile, scattering the dust on the highway—off, perchance, to dine and wine in honor of William Allen White, new-lighted from a European trip. Kansas once more raises and roasts her corn; hell is no longer in the curriculum of her agricultural college. Amid the ears, no longer ruth but rejoicing. Even the crows no longer croak, but cry "Kaw-Kaw!"

"An equally well-known writer." Shucks! Since commerce undertakes to appraise letters, why not "equally as good," and be done with it?

W. T. L.

Between Devil and Deep Bog

Will somebody please advise us? We are, so to speak, like Mohammed's coffin—up in the air, hanging, as it were, betwixt our higher aspirations and the dread of a dull thud.

In the unaffected language of the emotions it's like this: We had written to the editor to stop our paper—daily and Sunday included. What else could we do after reading the *Atlantic's* exposure of the papers in the February and March numbers, with heaven knows what terrifying tidings yet to come? Mr. Leupp—a Big Injun if there ever was one—began the attack



The BLOOM of HEALTH

Blossoms only in those who are blessed with plenty of rich life-giving blood.

Nothing in the World Equals

ANHEUSER BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine

as a blood and strength maker. Every drop of it is alive with the health-bringing juices of American barley and the vigorous tonic powers of imported Saazer Hops.

Declared by U. S. Revenue Department A PURE MALT TONIC and not an alcoholic beverage.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS

ANHEUSER-BUSCH - - - St. Louis, Mo.

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

Superior to all other powders in softness, smoothness and delicacy. Protects the skin from wind and sun. Prevents chafing and skin irritations. The most comforting and healing of all toilet powders.



Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder is as necessary for Mother's baby as for Baby's mother.

It contains no starch, rice powder or other irritants found in ordinary toilet powders. Dealers make a larger profit by selling substitutes. Insist on Mennen's. Sample Box for 2c Stamp. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

by lifting the scalp of a pale-face press. Mr. Leupp is no renegade, mind you, and he has earned his title as a "brave." His whoops, moreover, are emitted with that singular felicity of intonation that mark the well-bred accents of our pink-covered contemporary. He indicates rather than exhibits the seething cerebral mass that his knife has laid bare. We like Mr. Leupp for this, and we think the *Atlantic* has shown good judgment in leading off with him. Since the press

must run the gauntlet, set a journalist to catch a journalist, say we.

* * *

If Mr. Leupp made us sit up and think, his successor in the symposium, Mr. Edward Alsworth Ross, has brought us to our feet trembling with an agitation of ideas. "There is," he declares, "just one deadly, damning count against the daily newspaper as it is coming to be—namely, *It does not give the news.*"

(Continued on page 649)



Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON
Cigarettes

Yesterday, today and
always, anywhere,
everywhere the proper
thing to smoke.

CAMBRIDGE 25c
in boxes of ten

AMBASSADOR 35c
the after-dinner size

In Cork and Plain Tips

"The Little
Brown Box"



7716 WHITE ROSE

Glycerine Soap



MAMA'S FAVORITE

The Secret of a Healthy and Beautiful Skin
A perfect complexion is assured to all who use this soap. Its transparency is a sign of its purity.

FERD. MULHENS, Cologne o/R, Germany
MULHENS & KROPPF, 298 Broadway, New York
Send 15 Cents in stamps for a full size sample cake

**Just the Light You Want
When You Want It**

Sometimes you want a powerful searchlight beam, as when speeding along a country road at night. On the other hand, your searchlight becomes a menace where traffic is congested. Then you want to illuminate the road in front and on either side of your car. In other words, you require two distinct and different fields of light—a long-distance beam and a widely diffused area of illumination close to the car. These are to be found together in but one motor lamp—

Solarclipse

The Two-Ray Light Projector

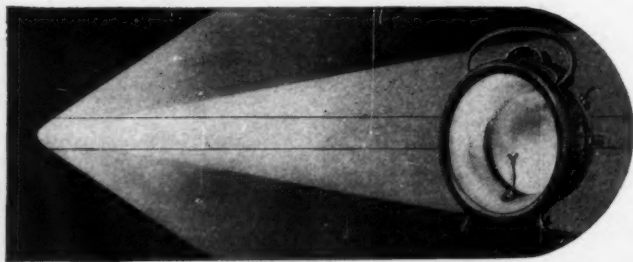


Diagram Showing Two Fields of Light

A patented optical combination, illustrated in detail in our catalog, gives you both. More than that—where the searchlight beam is forbidden or where its use is discourteous to others, you can shut it off in an instant from the driver's seat, or restore it as quickly. Neither operation affects at all the brilliancy of the wide rays. These latter are especially valuable when approaching a curve, as they enable the driver to "see around the corner." Our complete catalog will be mailed on request.

Badger Brass Mfg. Co. Kenosha, Wis.
New York City

(33)



THE EUROPEAN IDEA OF AN AMERICAN BEAUTY

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 647)

Mr. Ross is no newspaper man—merely a Ph.D. He has never doctored a news report. We suspected as much when we read his opening sentence: "Most of the criticism launched at our daily newspapers hits the wrong party."

This time the italics are ours. It's strange how newspaper English nowadays is oftener found in the magazines. If Mr. Ross' "copy" had come to us as desk man on an humble daily we confess we should have exercised our power of selection and suppression by blue-penciling "party" and substituting "person," or an equivalent—a prejudice, perhaps, but we are nothing if not new-fashioned.

Still, why mince words when morals are at stake? What matters grammar in a great cause? Mr. Ross' small slip did not deter us. We seen our duty and we done it: we stopped our paper—with qualms, we confess. Long ago we ceased to expect perfection, and we have read Lord Morley on "Compromise." As between the amateur's views of journalistic ethics and those of, let us say Mr. Hamilton Holt—well, we hold with Mr. Holt. Nevertheless we stopped our paper. There is not a little sound evidence for plaintiff in what Mr. Ross says. It is this that we considered, waiving gracefully the Ph.D. We like a party who speaks out his mind without fear or favor, even if he is a sociologist. And so



Pneumatic tires made the automobile possible. All tires are better than they used to be;—their development has kept pace with the development of the automobile.

But while all tires are better it is a mistake to suppose that "one tire is about as good as another"—and it is a very expensive mistake. In the infelligent selection of tires, these things count for little or nothing:

1. *Appearance*
2. *Claims of theoretical Superiority*

and these things are vital in determining the best:

1. *Reputation of the maker*
2. *Record of service for years*

The Goodrich record is an open book to any tire user; it is unimpeachable and it is utterly conclusive...Whenever an unusually difficult endurance run occurs, or a strenuous tour like the Glidden Trophy contest,—you will see

GOODRICH TIRES

the prevailing choice of the contestants, and will see Proof of the wisdom of the choice at the end of the run.

A tire "education" need not be expensive:—read the records; weigh the evidence of things that count. Then get Goodrich Tires and begin to make records yourself.

The B. F. Goodrich Company

AKRON · · · · OHIO

Largest in the World

Branches in all the Principal Cities



INVESTMENT SECURITIES

NEW YORK

Bank and Trust Co. Stocks

Complete facilities for purchase and sale of Stocks in Banks and Trust Companies located anywhere in United States. Our current Lists present unusual opportunities for investment in new banks in growing towns as well as in established dividend-paying banks. We quote lowest prices.

and High-Class Industrials

We specialize stocks depending entirely on public demand for security and upon business operations for profits. Our customers may invest in moderate amounts and pay in convenient installments. The largest investment business of this character in the world—over forty thousand discriminating customers.

Write for our free pamphlet "No. 110" setting forth the facts regarding Bank Stocks as an investment. We will also mail you our current list.

STERLING DEBENTURE CORPORATION
BRUNSWICK BUILDING

MADISON SQUARE

NEW YORK

we stopped—reluctantly, he it said. Here we had been enjoying a guarantee of all the news that's fit to print—never suspecting that an elevator had fallen down in Johnmaker's emporium and cost the colored boy his job. Diligently as we had read the *Evening Journal*, sure that no criminal had escaped the uplifting influence of Mr. Hoist, we had, it appears, been defrauded of an unmentionable crime in Philadelphia. So, sadly but firmly we stopped—

Do you remember what Lincoln Steffens said—or was it Benjamin Franklin?: "You may print some of the news that's fit to print all the Times, and all the news, *etcetera*, some of the Times, but you cannot print all the news, *etcetera*, all the Times."

Well, we don't care whether Steffens said that or didn't say it: *we do our own thinking; and we simply don't agree with it.* Again the italics are ours. And so, as we were saying, we

(Continued on page 650)

Your Next Order for Letter-heads—

If your printer or lithographer agrees to furnish you Construction Bond in your letterheads, you will be assured of getting the *utmost value* in fine business stationery.

This paper has unusual strength, bone and crackle—the qualities that *make impressiveness*—and because of a different, *more economical* method of distribution it produces

Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price

Here's why Construction Bond is the *utmost value*: It is sold *direct* to responsible printers and lithographers (instead of thru jobbers) and *only* in quantities of 500 lbs. or more at a time (instead of in ream lots). The saving is obvious.

Your printer or lithographer *can* supply Construction Bond if he is big enough to buy in 500 lb. lots and *wants* to give you the *utmost value* in fine business Stationery. If he refuses, write *us* for specimens of "Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price" and the names of firms in your vicinity who are *ready* to supply it on Construction Bond,—sent *free* if you write on your *business* letterhead.

W. E. WROE & CO.
300 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

This is the Watermark—
get Envelopes to match.

CONSTRUCTION



The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 649)

have stopped our paper, stopped all our papers—stopped our very ears and eyes to them.

* * *

To Mr. Leupp we owed our alternative. Acting on his suggestion we subscribed to all of the cheap magazines—cheap in price, cheap at my price; endeared only by high endeavor. Alas! we were a day too late. From our very last copy of that *Sun* which no longer lightens our door we extract this paragraph of a letter signed "Anxious Mother."

What is the current periodical literature tending toward? Is it to be or is it now in fact unfit to place on our library tables for the perusal of our children? Must the "monthly magazine" be tabooged, with its startling titles and illustrations?

Did an anxious mother actually write that letter? Without questioning the *Sun's* sincerity, yet bearing in mind certain marvels of epistolary skill signed "Office Boy"—does Goldwin Smith, we say, really compose all the letters in the *Sun*? No matter. From the far-off Pacific comes a synchronous slap at our periodical press. Listen to the outspoken *Argonaut*:

K-C

THE rug makes the room, for it is the basis of decoration. A rug may be modern and yet admirable. Only the commonplace is dear at any price.

KENT-COSTIKYAN
Oriental Rugs
8 W. 38th Street - New York

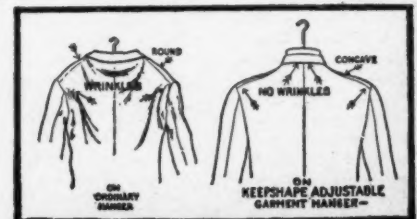
The magazine is the most shameless of all the purveyors to the popular whim and folly. It has no policy that cannot be changed over night, no guide or destination but the dollar. It is not for the magazine to throw stones at the newspaper. The newspaper has its faults . . . but harlotry is not its only trade.

All this is very painful. Behold us on the horns of a dilemma—damned if we do or don't, our state of mind confused, our very metaphors mixed. The custom of newspaper reading is not easily given over. "Will the dread habit" (see the *Memphis News-Scimitar*) "cling to us like a monstrous leech that we cannot overthrow?" One cannot always be reading Thucydides, or whatever it is Mr. Roosevelt carries in his hip pocket when hunting hippopotamus. No more can one live by Mabie alone. Even John Woolman's "Journal" wears on one in time. What to do? A problem for you and for us. Hah! we have it. Editorially we can prove an alibi. "Anxious Mother" did not write that letter to the *Sun* until after LIFE's *Improper Number* had appeared. See that hunch? While there is LIFE there's Hope. You cannot keep clean, you cannot even be good, unless you subscribe. Do it now. Do it to a finish, as Mr. Orison Swett Marden remarks, no matter how much it makes you perspire.—Adv. 1 t. apl. 7.

W. T. Larned.

Especially in the Subway

"There ain't but one trouble with this here city air," said Uncle Rufe, sniffing the atmosphere speculatively; "it do need ventilatin'!"—*Holland's Magazine*.



THE KEEP SHAPE

Cuts pressing bills in half.

This adjustable garment hanger is adaptable to hanging full suits, either Ladies or Gentlemen. It is like putting yourself into your clothes when you hang them up in your wardrobe. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
Price \$1 each, 6 for \$5.50 or 12 for \$10 delivered.
Booklet Free.
Keepshape Co., Dept. B, 132 Nassau St., New York.



Club Cocktails

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

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

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

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

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

2 TOURS TO EUROPE

Leave in April, May, June, July and August.
All parts of Europe, including Oberammergau.
POTTER TOURS, (31st year), 32 Broadway, New York



Hotel La Salle



Chicago's Finest Hotel

George H. Gazley, Manager
La Salle at Madison Street, Chicago

The wonderful and complete equipment of every department of Hotel La Salle gives Chicago's guests a new conception of progressive hotel management.

Hotel La Salle has 1048 guest rooms single, en suite, with or without bath, all equipped with lavatories, telephones, and individual regulation of heat and ventilation.

Hotel La Salle is the center of the business, financial, theatre and shopping districts and there is no hotel in Chicago which is more easily or quickly reached from all railway terminals.

It costs no more to stop at the magnificent new Hotel La Salle than at other first-class Chicago Hotels.

Special Taxi-cab Service.

Like Some Other Epitaphs

"I was called in by a close-fisted old merchant the other day," a Boston lawyer remarked, smiling. "He wanted me to draw his will, and this I proceeded to do, following his verbal instruction. Presently he said:

"To each and every clerk who has been in my employ continuously for ten years I give ten thousand dollars."

"This seemed like a considerable sum to me, and I ventured a slight protest, as he had a number of daughters and his entire fortune was not large.

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"I was a little touched, and said something, but he waved it aside and we continued with the draft. When it was finished and as I was about to leave the office, the old fellow smiled again his little crooked smile.

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SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS

Jack and Gill

A Criticism

The fastidious reader will doubtless smile when he is informed that our poem consists only of six lines; but as there is no reason why a poet should be restricted in his number of verses, as it would be a very sad misfortune if every rhymers were obliged to write a long as well as a bad poem, and more particularly as these verses contain more beauties than we often find in a poem of four thousand, all objections to its brevity should cease. I must at the same time acknowledge that at first I doubted in what class of poetry it should be arranged. Its extreme shortness and its uncommon metre seemed to degrade it into a ballad; but its interesting subject, its unity of plan, and, above all, its having a beginning, middle and an end, decide its claim to the epic rank. I shall now proceed with the candor, though not with the acuteness, of a good critic, to



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Jack and Gill.

The first duty of the poet is to introduce his subject, and there is no part of poetry more difficult. We are told by the great critic of antiquity that we should avoid beginning "ab ovo," but go into the business at once. Here our author is very

happy; for, instead of telling us, as an ordinary writer would have done, who were the ancestors of Jack and Gill, that the grandfather of Jack was a respectable farmer, that his mother kept a tavern at the sign of the Blue Bear, and that Gill's father was a justice of the peace (once of the quorum), together with a catalogue of uncles and aunts, he introduced them to us at once in their proper persons.

(Continued on page 654)



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Sparks From Old Anvils

(Continued from page 653)

The choice, too, of names is not unworthy of consideration. It would doubtless have contributed to the splendor of the poem to have endowed the heroes with long and sounding titles, which, by dazzling the eyes of the reader, might prevent an examination of the work itself. These ad-

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ventitious ornaments are justly disregarded by our author, who, by giving us plain Jack and Gill, has disdained to rely on extrinsic support. In the very choice of appellations he is, however, judicious. Had he, for instance, called the first character John, he might have given him more dignity; but he would not so well harmonize with his neighbor, to whom, in the course of the work, it will appeal he must necessarily be joined.

The personages being now seen, their situation is next to be discovered. Of this we are immediately informed in the subsequent line, when we are told

Jack and Gill
Went up a hill.

Here the imagery is distinct, yet the description concise. We instantly figure to ourselves the two persons traveling up an ascent, which we may accommodate to our own ideas of declivity, barrenness, rockiness, sandiness, etc., all which, as they exercise the imagination, are beauties of a high order. Having ascertained the names and conditions of the parties, the

reader becomes naturally inquisitive into their employment, and wishes to know whether their occupation is worthy of them. This laudable curiosity is abundantly gratified in the succeeding lines; for

Jack and Gill
Went up a hill
To fetch a bucket of water.

Here we behold the plan gradually unfolding, a new scene opens to our view, and the description is exceedingly beautiful. We now discover their object, which we were before left to conjecture. We see the two friends, like Pylades and Orestes, assisting and cheering each other in their labors, gayly ascending the hill, eager to arrive at the summit, and to fill their bucket.

It has been objected (for every Homer has his Zoilus) that their employment is not sufficiently dignified for epic poetry; but, in answer to this, it must be remarked, that it was the opinion of Socrates, and many other philosophers, that beauty should be estimated by utility; and surely the purpose of the heroes must have been beneficial. They ascended the rugged mountain to draw water; and drawing water is certainly more conducive to human happiness than drawing blood, as do the boasted heroes of the Iliad, or roving on the ocean and invading other men's property, as did the pious Aeneas. Yes! they went to draw water. Interesting scene! It might have

(Continued on page 656)

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Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 564)

been drawn for the purpose of culinary consumption; it might have been to quench the thirst of the harmless animals who relied on them for support; it might have been to feed a sterile soil and to revive the drooping plants which they raised by their labors. Is not our author more judicious than Apollonius, who chooses for the heroes of his Argonautics a set of rascals undertaking to steal a sheepskin? And, if dignity is to be considered, is not drawing water a circumstance highly characteristic of antiquity? Do we not find the amiable Rebecca busy at the well? Does not one of the maidens in the Odyssey delight us by her diligence in the same situation? And has not a learned Dean proved that it was quite fashionable in Peloponnesus? Let there be an end to such frivolous remarks.

But the descriptive part is now finished, and the author hastens to the catastrophe. At what part of the mountain the well was situated, what was the reason of the sad misfortune, or how the prudence of Jack forsook him, we are not informed; but so, alas! it happened,

Jack fell down.

Unfortunate John! At the moment when he was nimbly, for aught we know, going up the hill, perhaps at the moment when his toils were to cease, and he had filled the bucket, he made an unfortunate step; his center of gravity, as the philosophers would say, fell beyond his base, and he tumbled. The extent of his fall does not, however, appear until the next line, as the author feared to overwhelm us by too immediate a disclosure of his whole misfortune. Buoyed by hope, we suppose his affliction not quite remediless; that his fall is an accident to which the wayfaring of this life are daily liable, and we anticipate his immediate rise to resume his labors. But how are we undecieved by the heartrending tale that

Jack fell down
And broke his crown—

Nothing now remains but to deplore the premature fate of the unhappy John. The mention of the crown has much perplexed the commentators. But my learned reader will doubtless agree with me in conjecturing that, as the crown is often used metaphorically for the head, and as that part is, or, without any disparagement to the unfortunate sufferer, might have been, the heaviest, it was really his peri-



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cranium which sustained the damage. Having seen the fate of Jack, we are anxious to know the lot of his companion. Alas!

And Gill came tumbling after.

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(Continued on page 657)



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Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 656)

he followed him, determined to share his disaster, and resolved that, as they had gone up together they should not be separated as they came down.

Of the bucket we are told nothing; but as it is probable that it fell with its supporters, we have a scene of misery unequalled in the whole compass of tragic description. Imagine to ourselves Jack rapidly descending, perhaps rolling over and over down the mountain, the bucket, as the lighter, moving along, and pouring forth (if it had been filled) its liquid stream, Gill following in confusion, with a quick and circular and headlong motion; add to this the dust, which they might have collected and dispersed, with the blood which must have flowed from John's head, and we will witness a catastrophe highly shocking, and feel an irresistible impulse to run for a doctor. The sound, too, charmingly "echoes to the sense,"

Jack fell down
 And broke his crown
 And Gill came tumbling after.

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trivial incidents, nor distracted by frequency of digression. The poet prudently clipped the wings of imagination and repressed the extravagance of metaphorical decoration. All is simple, plain, consistent. The moral, too—that part without which poetry is useless sound—has not escaped the view of the poet. When we behold two young men, who but a short moment before stood up in all the pride

(Continued on page 658)

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Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 657)

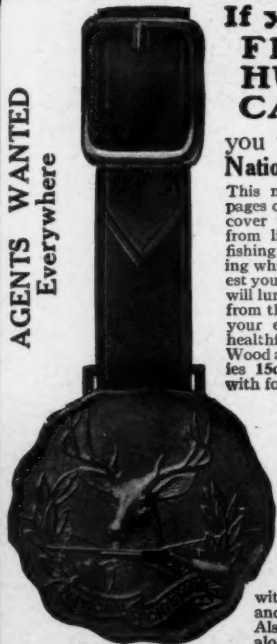
of health, suddenly falling down a hill, how must we lament the instability of all things! (Best Things from Best Authors.)—Joseph Dennie.

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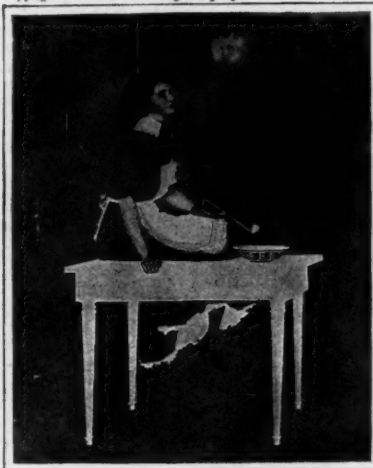
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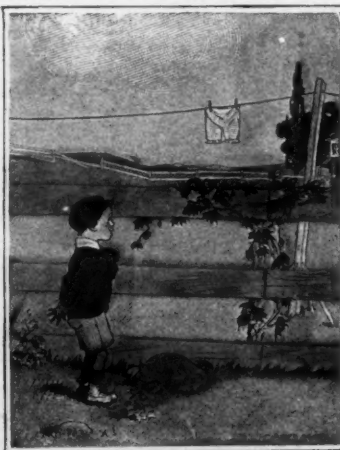


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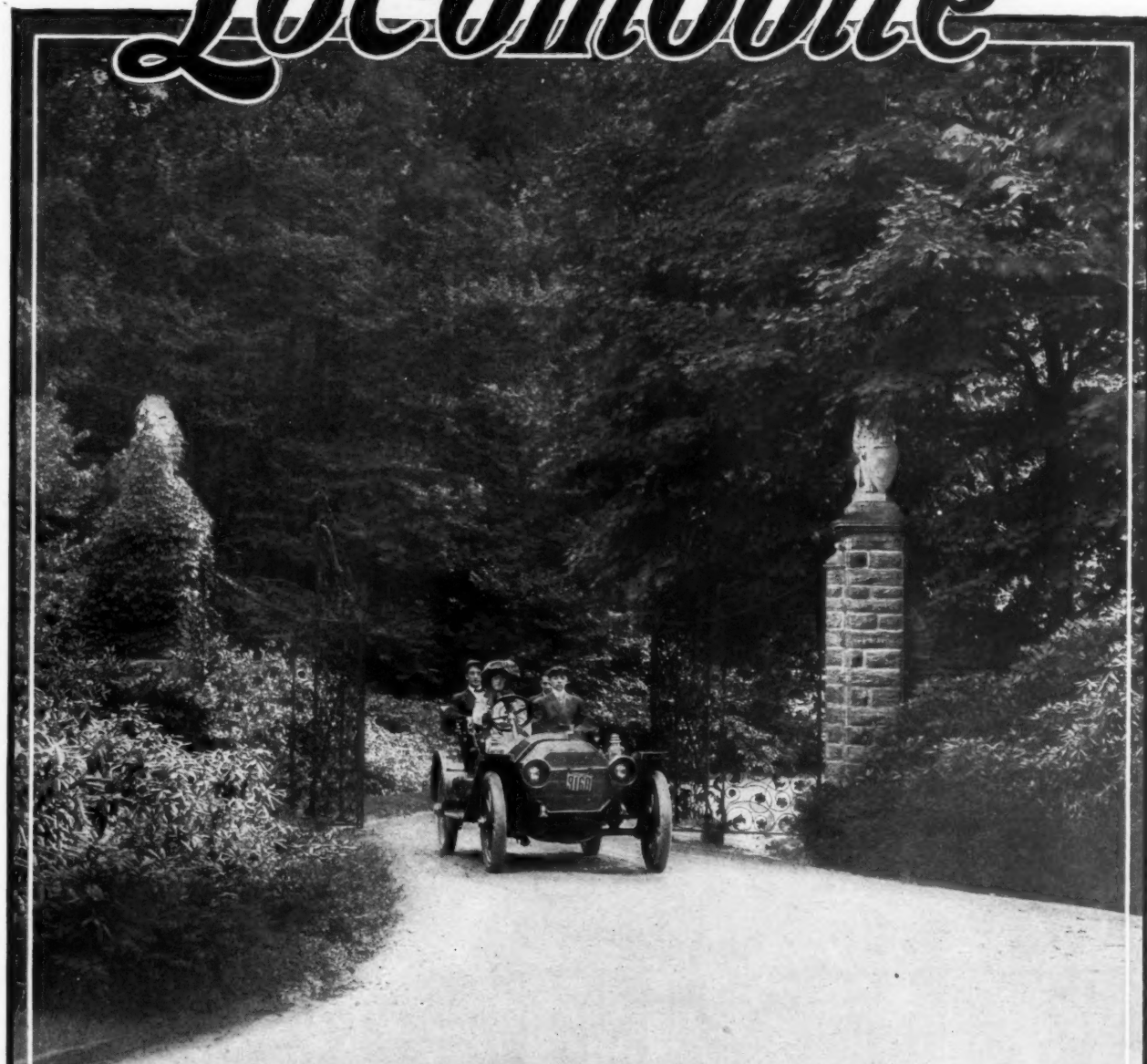
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