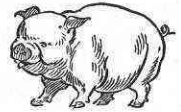


# Life



## SOME CHICAGO DEBUTANTES

AT LAST NIGHT'S COURT THE DUCHESS OF HAMBOLNE PRESENTED THE MISSES BULL TO THEIR MAJESTIES.

—Pell Mell Gazabe.

### Ave Chicago!

WHERE once among the hills of corn  
The Redman watched his patient  
squaw go,  
Your rosy turrets greet the morn,  
Divine, illustrious Chicago!

For you upon whose altars bleed  
The lordly steer and fatted porker  
I toot upon my little reed—  
A poor, provincialized New Yorker.

Superb, unequaled, splendid, grand,  
Beloved by all the gods and fairies,  
Your head among the clouds, you stand,  
Your ten-league boots upon the  
prairies.

Unmatched in honest enterprise  
Your men are modest, brave and  
clever,  
Your politicians pure and wise,  
Your lovely maids the fairest ever.

Your streets are broad and spotless  
clean;  
Your brow is fanned by fragrant  
breezes;  
Beneath your azure skies serene,  
Is none that coughs and none that  
sneezes.

Chicago! Sceptred Queen of Marts,  
Whose court the Dukes of Commerce  
enter,  
We hail you, Nurse of all the Arts,  
The Nation's Literary Center!

Your baseball team yclept "The Cubs,"  
Is built of athletes strong and supple  
To whom all other teams are dubs—  
Excepting, well, perhaps a couple.

Though some who love such foolish toys  
Revive that tawdry witticism  
About "Chicago, Ill o' noise,"  
And carp in jealous criticism,

Oh, heed them not! We prize your  
worth.

To you we bow our heads, behold us!  
You're just the Greatest Thing on  
Earth—

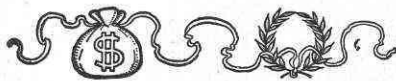
For so your sons have often told us.  
Arthur Guiterman.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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JOSEPH  
PULITZER is dead.

What a man! what a man! It was in '83 (the year that LIFE began) that he came to New York and bought the remnants of the *World*, and so it is a little more than a quarter of a century ago that Charles A. Dana was tearing up clods to throw at him, and he was tearing up clods to throw back. What was it they called one another: Ananias and Iscariot?

The day for calling Mr. Pulitzer names has passed. He deserved many; he called many himself, but little comes of all that, except some temporary acceleration of the blood. He left a good deal of unfinished work—Mr. Morgan still out of jail; Mr. Roosevelt still respected by large quantities of people; other odd jobs that he put his hand to still uncompleted. Perhaps he would have smiled, as we may, at the thought of his unfinished business, but how much he smiled and at what, we don't know. He seemed to like very much to live, and he must have liked very much to do the things he did; otherwise, he would not have done them so enormously.

That wise person, the late William James, said in a book that crankiness, or a defect of mental balance, "when combined with a superior quality of intellect in an individual, makes it more probable that he will make his mark and affect his age than if his temperament were less neurotic." That applies to Mr. Pulitzer. It is nothing new for a man to become notable through a combination of defects and abilities. Mr. Pulitzer was that way. His defects were enormous; his abilities astonishing; and they combined to

make him the cannon-cracker of a man he was.

It is all amusing now to think about. No decent man could have remade the *World* as he remade it. But Pulitzer was not decent—not decent, that is, in the Horatian sense. He was altogether obstreperous. He didn't know about decency, and probably wouldn't have cared if he had known. The ruck of people are not decent. They like swill, and prefer it strong in flavor. There they were and there was he, risking all he had on the job of selling them papers. He did it; did it wonderfully, indefatigably, with perception, instant and constant, of needs whether vile or vital; with invention, with boldness, with Dana firing at him from the *Sun* office, and all respectable people appalled, and more appalled as he did it more successfully, and began to draw in the abundant fruits of success. There were manners in the papers in New York when Pulitzer came there. The *World* that he bought may not have had a rag of principle, but it had manners and wit. So had Mr. Dana's *Sun*; so had the *Tribune* and the *Post* and the rest. But manners were nothing and wit was little to Pulitzer. He had serious intentions, a training of drastic severity, a neurotic temperament and a "superior quality of intellect" to make good its incessant suggestions. First, he must attract pigs to his trough; droves and droves of them. To do that he filled it with novelties in swill; did it ably, with variation and ruthlessly, tearing the privacy off of life, as it had not been torn off before, boasting, yelling, advertising. And he did it all with a sort of courage and with great power. And he got his pigs. They came to his trough. Swill he fed them—sensation, exposure, accusation, noise, news, pictures—but not filth, except as it came in the news. His paper got circulation and more and more circulation and advertising galore, and began to make heaps of money and waxed mightily in influence and power. It left some dead men who should have lived and some unmerited ruin in its wake, but it went on and held what it got and grew and grew.

He worked himself to pieces, and became blind and half an invalid, but

still his demon drove him as relentlessly as ever, and still up to the end of last month his newspaper stood for him. The *World* was his work, his very self, and by that he is to be estimated.

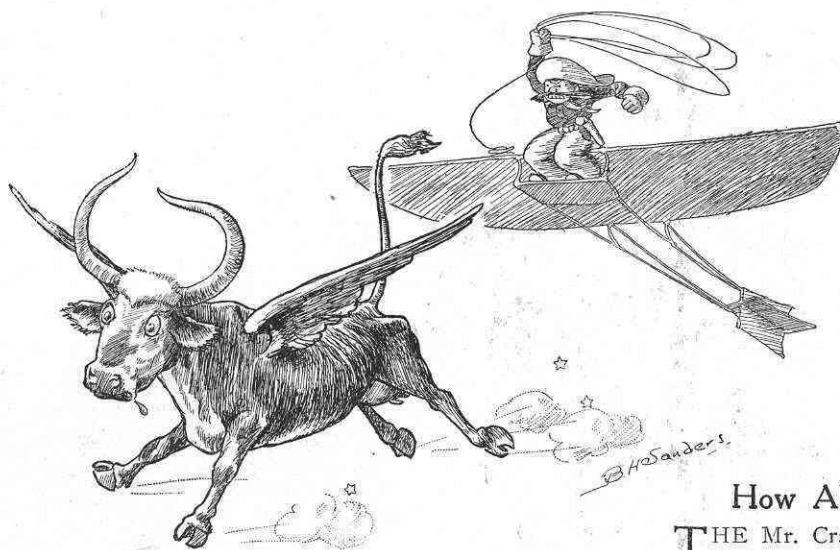
Did he care only for the profits of the trough, or for the pigs, too, that fed at it?

For both, no doubt. There are many who feel that Mr. Pulitzer did a great deal for the American people. Certainly, he built up a strong, able, independent newspaper that could not be hired or bought, and that said precisely what his mind decreed. Its editorial page has spoken, no doubt, the truth as he saw it, and sometimes he saw a good deal of it, and saw it first.

They say a man owes a debt to his profession. How did Mr. Pulitzer discharge his? He left a million dollars, or more, to found a school of journalism, but did he leave his profession better or worse for his work in it? Did he elevate it, or did he defile it?

It is hard to say, because the newspaper profession is so queer. Its main business is publicity and advertisement, both of them more or less odious. Some things that are vices in a man are virtues in a newspaper. To be considerate of the feelings of others, reluctant in disclosure, modest, charitable, is highly becoming to a man, but when a newspaper has these virtues you take in another to find out what is going on. If Mr. Pulitzer could find out what was going on he always put it in his paper. If it wasn't going on, it often went into the paper just the same, for it was necessary that something should be going on in the paper. The trough had to be filled.

Some aspects of the newspaper business make you wonder that its labors are not reserved as an alternative of imprisonment for persons convicted of crimes. Other aspects of it call for such wisdom and consecration that you wonder it is not reserved to be a side job for selected ministers. At all the kinds of newspaper work Mr. Pulitzer seems to have been remarkably handy and not disdainful of any of them. His labors were as unenviable as they are unrivaled. No wise man would undertake them at any price. It seems to us he left reporters' work a greater



A COW BIRD

trial to self-respect than he found it, and the whole profession more repellant to aspirants who regard the feelings of their fellow creatures. But very likely what newspapers lost through him in decency they gained in efficiency. A paper absolutely disrespectful of persons has at times great value. Mr. Pulitzer seemed as insensitive and regardless as an earthquake, and when a large, formidable and rotten edifice of respectability, or of disrepute, has needed shaking down, the *World* has sometimes reflected his qualities greatly to the public advantage.

Such men as he keep civilization from crystalizing. They are trying, and in some ways expensive, but they are apt to be worth what they get and what they cost. The dry rot of respectability and the ascendancy of entrenched privilege are much more dangerous than they are. The more snakes and bigger the more indispensable is the mongoose.

Safe

**F**LUBDUB: Why have you never married, Singleton?

**SINGLETON:** Well, the women have always regarded me as an unfortunate fellow who wasn't bad enough to need reforming or good enough to make a desirable husband.

Chicago, Ill.

**C**HICAGO ill deserves the name  
That journalistic jesters aim  
To give it as a rural, rough,  
Uncivil, undelightful, tough  
Community of Sin and Shame.

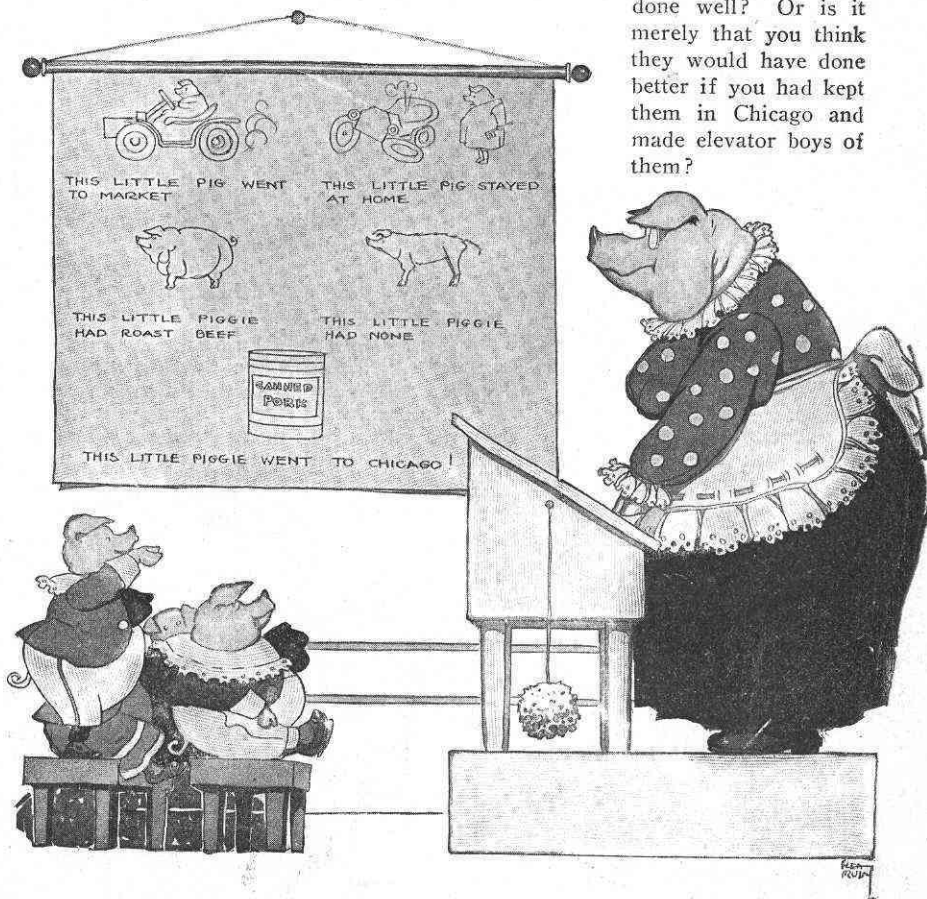
Yet do the wheeze-concocters frame  
Decrepit japeries and lame.  
Meseems that they have guyed enough  
Chicago, Ill.

O motley brethren who defame  
Chicago, cease the petty game!  
At ye and your senescent stuff  
I write this rondeau in rebuff!  
Its truth and beauty who'll proclaim?  
Chicago will.  
Franklin P. Adams.

How About Your Boys, Mr. Crane?

**T**HE Mr. Crane of Chicago, millionaire elevator man, whose specialty is antagonism to the colleges, is still maintaining his latest attack on them.

But they say he has several sons, and they all went to Yale. What's the matter, Mr. Crane? Haven't the boys done well? Or is it merely that you think they would have done better if you had kept them in Chicago and made elevator boys of them?



"NOW, CHILDREN, WHERE DO THE BAD LITTLE PIGGIES GO?"  
"PLEASE, MA'AM, TO CHICAGO."



INTERESTING PEOPLE

From a Recent Photograph

Reading from Left to Right: MR. WURSEN YUCELISS, MISS CILLIA NUTHERS, MRS. M'EVOR ONDEK AND MR. J. FATUOUS TCHUMPP.

Mr. Taft is an Abstainer

NO, no! That newspaper story cannot be true that a farmer near Waterbury, Conn., is feeding a turkey wine-soaked food in hopes that it will be President Taft's Thanksgiving turkey.

The President would not eat any of

a wine-soaked turkey. When he took office he gave out publicly that while he continued to be President he would abstain from alcoholic drinks. He would no more eat the Waterbury man's turkey than he would eat an alcoholized mince pie or a brandied peach.



PIGS IS PIGS

Chicago

WHEAT-PIT battle;  
Killing cattle;  
Sausage-casing;  
Grafter-chasing;  
Novel-reading;  
Auto-speeding;  
Land promoters;  
First Ward voters;  
Bath House John and Hinky Dink;  
Wild reformers slinging ink.

Hurly-burly  
Late and early;  
Quick divorces;  
Moral forces;  
New religions;  
Sleek stool-pigeons;  
Mad and merry;  
Literary;  
Crowding the Art Institute;  
Scooting on the shoot-the-chute.

Penny papers;  
Social capers;  
Loop that's choking;  
Engines smoking;  
Bathing beaches  
Showing peaches;  
Wagner; Handel;  
Riot; scandal;  
Actors on the avenue  
Telling what they will not do.

Soap and glue-works;  
Pants and shoe-works;  
Games on Sunday;  
Sales on Monday;  
Banks o'erflowing;  
Surplus growing;  
Gallant coppers;  
State street shoppers;  
Gold-brick artists; pessimists;  
Misers and philanthropists.

Busy, breezy;  
Never easy;  
Sane and solid;  
Never stolid;  
Ugly; pretty;  
Village; city;  
Wisdom; folly;  
Friendly; jolly;—  
There's some more like that—gee whiz!—  
That's just how Chicago is.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Beyond Doubt

"DID you go to see D. Cadent's play?"

"Yes. The cynic effects are wonderful!"

# No Chicago Branch

*Manager of Husbands' Correspondence School Declares that He Knows When He is Well Off*

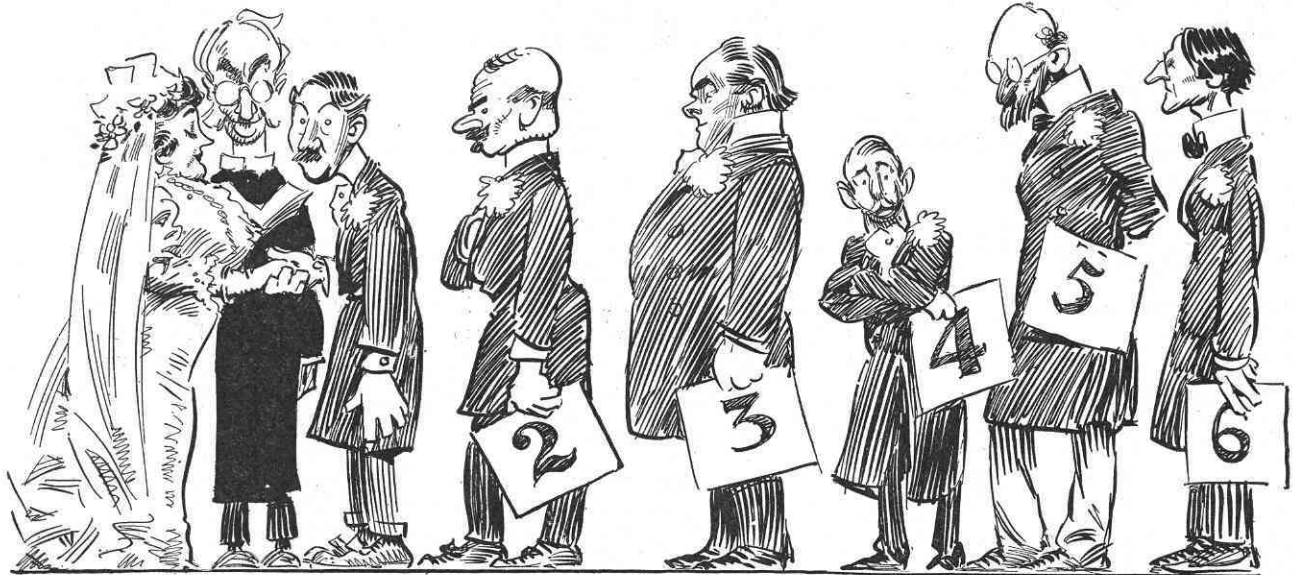
THE other day, while we were quietly sitting in our office, going over the *modicam castigationem adhibere* proceedings which our recent wife has been pleased to bring against us, we were informed that a delegation of citizens from Chicago was in the outer lobby, having come all the way from that enterprising city for the purpose of inducing us to open a branch office there.

Although we rarely see our clients

seem like an offense against good taste even to mention.

Looking back in the calm light of reason upon the reception which we gave the delegation, we confess to a slight feeling of regret; we are now convinced that we treated them too brusquely and dismissed them with too much asperity. In view of this fact, we think it is only due them and the world at large to explain our position more fully.

There are numerous husbands and wives in Chicago who are constantly parting company from each other for other reasons than because their married life makes them unhappy. The fact that they are living in Chicago renders any other form of human suffering something like the occupation of a bed of roses; in reality, these unfortunate couples part company from pure restlessness; and to subject them to our usual course



“Married in Swift Succession a Number of Chicago Gentlemen”

personally, we made an exception in this case, and greeted our friends cordially.

We explained to them briefly but succinctly, that so far as Chicago was concerned there was nothing doing. There will be no branch office of the Husbands' Correspondence Bureau in Chicago—at least not as long as we ourselves own a majority of our stock. We take an unusual amount of pride in our reputation and ideals, and while we recognize Chicago as being the most lucrative field—from a purely business standpoint—which we could have, there are some subjects that

Chicago, generally speaking, is a place where people go to live while they are making enough money to be able to live elsewhere; all of those delicate sentimental felicities which, on the proper soil, it is our humble duty to cultivate in order that two people may learn how to live with each other on a permanent basis, are not possible in Chicago. There are, of course, in this benighted city many people who do live together in matrimonial tolerance, but this is doubtless because they are so miserable anyway that the usual friction of married life has apparently no effect upon them.

of treatment would have no lasting effect.

We take many individual cases from Chicago, and have effected some marvelous cures, but in each instance we have insisted that our patrons break away from their environment. Our usual method with Chicago husbands who apply to us is to send them on to Paris for a residence there in order to improve their moral tone; and when this has been done and the cure made, we urge them to seek some other place.

As a rule, however, any person who has chosen Chicago as a place of resi-



"We Once Married a Lady From Chicago"

dence has so little self-respect left that it is useless to treat him.

If we should establish a branch in Chicago, nobody would apply, for reasons we have explained. We should, therefore, have to go out and drum up trade; this we do not have to do.

We once married a lady from Chicago ourselves, and we therefore speak from a rich vein of fundamental experience. We survived, it is true, and since then we have been a sadder and a wiser person. We mention this tragedy in no carping spirit, but only to illustrate the great truth that everything in this fleeting world has its uses. If we had not made this *faux pas*—not to use a stronger term—we might, in our innocence, have yielded to the delegation from Chicago.

The world has thus benefited by our cross. We shall continue, with undiminished enthusiasm and increasing skill, to treat all of those cases of unrequited love that come within the usual pale of ordinary human frailty. But in drawing the line at Chicago we should like to be understood as entertaining nothing personal. Our own little affair we realize is but an atom in the great scheme of the universe, and we should be belying our reputation for large-mindedness if we

permitted any private anguish to dim our judgment. Not only do we entertain against Chicago no prejudice, but on the contrary, the mere fact of all the people living there would move us to pity were not our responsibilities toward others so great.

At the risk of being thought immodest, we might mention in conclusion a trifling incident, simply to show our good faith. The lady to whom we referred—and who has long since passed out of our troubled life—afterward married, in swift succession, a number of Chicago gentlemen, and merely to show our good will, we gave each one of them a special course of treatment free of charge. We did this, of course, in the full realization that there was no hope, but only because, under the circumstances, it seemed the manly thing to do.

In case, however, this should reach the eye of any Chicago husband, we trust that he will not take our action as a precedent.

In sending in his application to the head office he should remit the cash in advance, and do so with the full understanding that he takes his chances with the rest of mankind, in addition, of course, to the handicap of his residence.

Write, telephone or wire, but do not call in person.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

## A Willing Reparation

EDITOR OF LIFE:

MY DEAR SIR.—I see you complain that Captain Hains murdered Annis "under the evil influence of his brother." I respectfully suggest that you give your authority for this statement unless you consider calling a man a murderer a joke.

Sincerely yours,

T. JENKINS HAINS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

October 24, 1911.

We regret having made the statement complained of. Mr. T. Jenkins Hains was tried for the murder of Annis and acquitted. The statement of which he complains above is an echo of accusations made before his trial, which accusations should be held to be disposed of by that trial. We withdraw the statement.

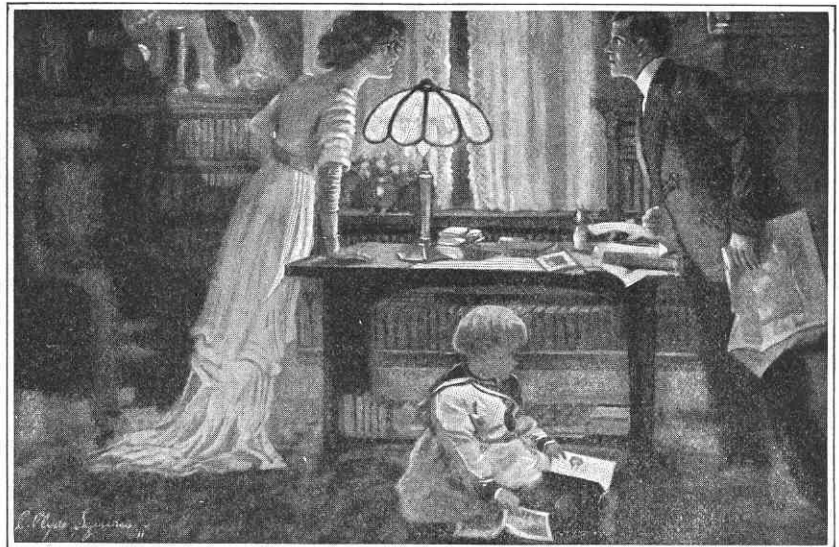
EDITORS OF LIFE.

## War News

A DISPATCH from Constantinople states that one hundred and eight Italians captured by the Turks at Beyjazamb have been set to work shining the shoes of the entire Turkish Army.

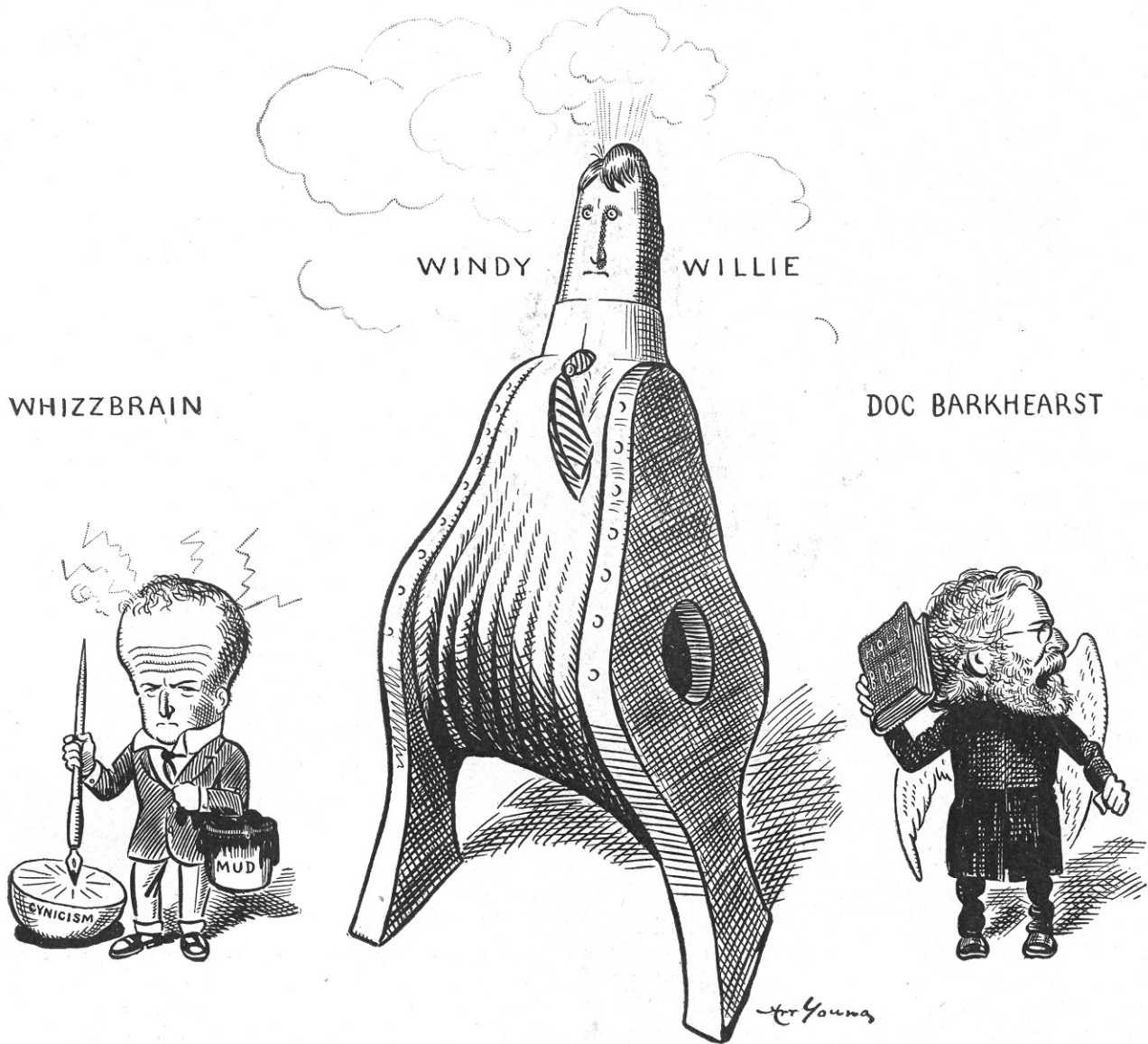
MRS. TWISEWEDD: My poor, dear first husband never found fault with my cooking.

TWISEWEDD: No. If he had, he'd probably be alive to-day.



THEIR FIRST QUARREL

AND ALL OVER WHICH COLLEGE BABY IS GOING TO ATTEND WHEN HE GROWS UP



THE GUARDIANS OF OUR NATIONAL HONOR

### Chicago, Ills., that Flesh is Heir To

CHICAGO is a city built on a bluff, and is appropriately situated in Cook County.

Its longitude is 87° 37' W., and it allows itself a great deal of latitude in every direction.

It is bounded on the east by Lake Michigan, from which come the Ill. winds that blow nobody good (in Chicago). It is bounded on the south by a State of Complacency; on the west by the Mines of Golconda, and on the north by Great Straits.

Chicago proper lies on a plain, but Chicago improper is situated on the Heights of Society, up which the climbers may always be seen scrambling.

Chicago has a reputation for being fast, but as it was built in 1831, it will readily be seen that it must necessarily have grown fast.

The city has to-day a population of over two million souls and several thousand soul-mates.

The name *Chicago* is derived from an Indian word, meaning "Wild Onion." (The æsthetic philologist cannot fail to see the appropriateness of this nomenclature.)

The principal industries of Chicago are pork-packing and matchmaking. The chief exports are Drummers, Grass Widows and Department Stores.

In 1871 Chicago was visited by a great fire and a terrible earthquake, and in 1893 the Centennial Exposition was held there. Of the ruins of the latter, it is said nothing



THE TEMPTATION

remains except the Midway Plaisance and the Statue of Liberty. Though mistakenly called unconventional, Chicago is famous for its conventions. These are variously composed of politicians, anarchists, school teachers and suffragettes in ladies' wearing apparel, who meet to further their noble causes. Also, more than thirty railways are said to meet here.

The social atmosphere of Chicago is distinctly cultured. The ladies' clubs strive earnestly to get the best out of life, and as a sweet young *débutante* recently remarked, "Gee, you bet we're just dizzy on culture!"

The art schools are filled with industrious students who make exquisite hand-painted things. Then there is a large quarry of Athens-marble nearby, which is, of course, elevating in itself.

One of the most erudite of the ladies' clubs has evolved a new theory as to the derivation of the name of the city. They hold that it is of French origin, coming from *chic*, classy, and *argot*, slang. Perhaps they are right.

Carolyn Wells.

**H**OWARD: Gotten awfully rich, has he?

**C**OWARD: Yes. You know, he used to be afraid his wife would leave him? Well, now he's afraid she won't.

### A Word of Praise

**T**HERE are few American cities which need to echo the Scotchman's prayer: "Lord, gie us a gude conceit o' ourselves." It is in their moments of expansion, when they are saying civil things of their neighbors, that their sense of supremacy is most enlightening. In the autumn of 1893, when Chicago had realized her mighty dream of a World's Fair which should outstrip all other fairs and make them halt behind her, I was sojourning in Seattle, then in its uninnocent infancy, a city of shingles and glue, run up in a night, and dizzy with its own speed. A Seattle citizen, a generous-hearted man, was holding forth to us one evening on the glories of Chicago and her exposition; and, seeing that his audience showed symptoms of mistrust, he waxed hotter and hotter in his praise.

"You may take my word for it," he said impressively, "this is not only a great show, but a great city as well—a great city! I assure you, ladies and gentlemen"—rising to the highest possible pitch of commendation—"Chicago is the Seattle of Illinois."

Agnes Repplier.

**C**HICAGOANS are demanding a flat telephone rate of one cent per call. Talk is cheap—in Chicago.

### "A Mortal Sin"

**I**N a recent letter to the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, there are statements that may cause wicked Protestants to sit up and think. The letter is from the Archbishop of Cincinnati. He says, among other things:

As the obligation of sending children to the Catholic schools is very important, it follows that failing to comply with it, being a mortal sin, is matter for confession. Parents therefore who deliberately omit to accuse themselves of this sin do not make an entire confession, and consequently receive the Sacrament of Penance sacrilegiously.

The foregoing regulations hold good also in the case of guardians. Children who, by importuning their parents, go to non-Catholic schools, should not be absolved nor allowed to receive Holy Communion unless they promise to ask their parents to allow them to return to the Catholic school.

These are good words. They tend to protect youthful Catholics from that devilish thing, the American school. Moreover, they give a realizing sense of the contagious depravity of Protestant children.





IF LOVE COULD PAY THE BILLS



“THE SANDS OF DEE”

“Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home.”  
Throughout the Western Strand!  
Thus Mary's mother spake, the G. O. P.,  
Her besom in her hand:  
“Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home.”  
(To Washington, D. C.)  
“The Western wind was wild and dark with foam,  
And all alone went she.”

### Steffens on College Men

LINCOLN STEFFENS says that college men are poor politicians, and thinks that the typical American college, instead of broadening the viewpoint of the man, tends greatly to narrow it. He says:

Until the American college man is able to conquer that sentiment of class distinction which has been bred in him by the college, and until he is able to go out and mix with the lowest and the highest, without feeling any difference, he will never be the man for whom the political life of America is waiting.

To mix with the lowest and the highest without feeling any difference

is an accomplishment of grace attained by one or two persons, perhaps, in every million. College neither gives it nor takes it away. It is born in a few people, usually because they had very good parents, and is attained by a few more.

A college man does well if, when he gets out, he is able to mix with college men without feeling any difference. But that is a good way to have come, because there is just as much difference between college men as between other people. The notion, quite prevalent, of a college man as a sort of standardized product is amusing. A college is simply a piece of the world

fenced off, where young people spend a few years together, rub against one another and learn what they can. Then the gate is opened and they go out and continue to learn what they can, and to rub up against more people. Those of them who come, sooner or later, to feel brotherly to all mankind are the people whom Mr. Steffens includes among those for whom, he thinks, the political life of America is waiting.

It will not often get them. They seldom break into political life. There are few such persons in politics. Lincoln was one. He was one of that sort, but not because he did not go to college. The majority of them are more apt to be hotel keepers, missionaries or writers for the uplift magazines.

E. S. M.

### Peerless Chicago

“SAY, pa, is San Francisco the wickedest city?”

“No, my son, Chicago is the wickedest city.”

“Pittsburg is the dirtiest city, isn't it?”

“No, Chicago is the dirtiest.”

“Well, I know one thing. Cincinnati is the worst-governed city.”

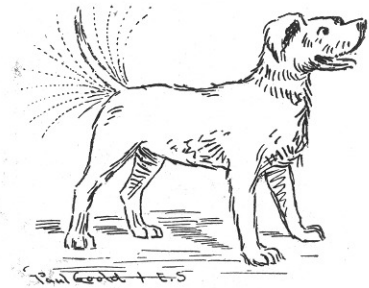
“No, my boy, Chicago is the worst-governed.”

“Baltimore is the most unsightly, anyhow.”

“Where did you get so much unreliable information, sonny? Chicago is easily the most unsightly.”

“Well, hasn't Washington the most grafters?”

“You may be right there, but the worst ones are recruited from Chicago.”



FOOTBALL TERM

A RAPID END PLAY

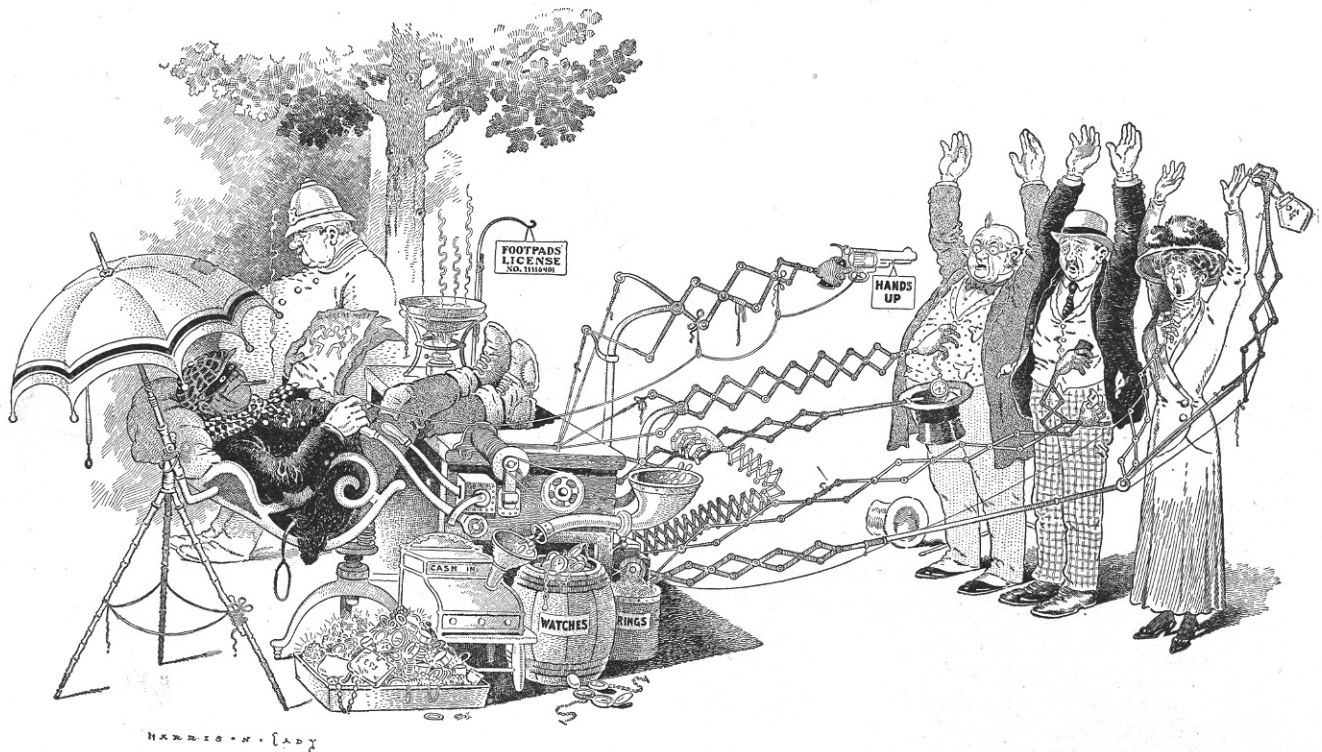


NO MAN IS AN OLD MASTER TO HIS WIFE

*Mrs. B.:* TAKE MY ADVICE, MY DEAR, DON'T BECOME THE WIFE OF A GENIUS.

*Myrtle:* BUT—I THOUGHT YOU HAD ALWAYS BEEN IDEALLY HAPPY WITH YOUR HUSBAND?

“YES, I—ER—I HAVE.”



LABOR-SAVING DEVICE TO MAKE LIFE EASIER FOR THE POOR, HARD-WORKING CHICAGO FOOTPAD.

### Mr. Hobson Forecasts

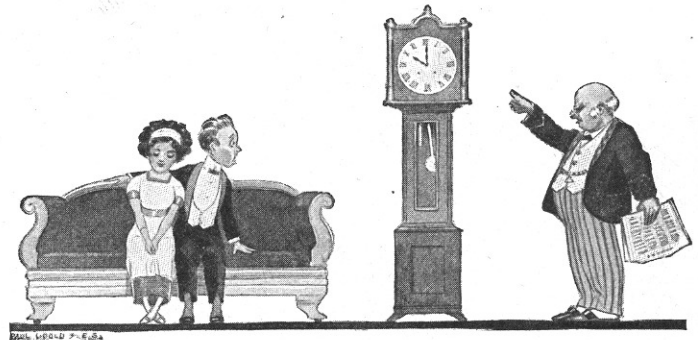
I make a forecast that from this second battle of Maine a movement will begin that will end in putting prohibition in the Constitution of the United States.  
—*Richmond Pearson Hobson.*

WHAT a valuable and what a very successful man Congressman Hobson might have been if he had had good sense! He has other qualities in profusion that make for advancement. He is good looking, diligent, a remarkable advertiser, talks pretty well on his feet, and is universally known. All these are fine properties and they have done pretty well for Mr. Hobson in spite of his handicap in having a mind that cannot arrive at ordinary conclusions about ordinary facts. He cannot see, for example, that wholesale prohibition is better suited to simple living communities than to those in which life is more complex, and that, consequently, the tendency is not to put prohibition in the Federal constitution, but to get it out of the constitutions of the States that now have it, as those States increase in population and cultivate more civilized habits. The greater the speed of life the more alcohol seems to be used, and the more need, of course, for the best possible regulation and the wisest restriction of its use. But the restriction must be by retail. The mischiefs that alcohol does were never better appreciated than now, but the hope of smothering them under a great blanket of prohibition only remains in the minds of people

who can see only one thing at a time and consequently see that thing disproportionately big.

That is how it is with Hobson. He sees a yellow peril and for the time nothing else; he sees prohibition wiping out alcohol and does not see men; he sees a swarm of intemperate people making themselves a nuisance to society and overlooks an immense number of others whose use of alcohol, if not beneficial, is satisfactory to themselves and their families and neighbors, and not perceptibly disastrous to anybody.

Mr. Hobson's mind needs binoculars of wider scope. But, after all, that is his private concern. It is not a public necessity that he should have them.  
*E. S. M.*



TYPOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING  
OLD STYLE TEN POINT TEXT

Chicago Non Delenda Est.

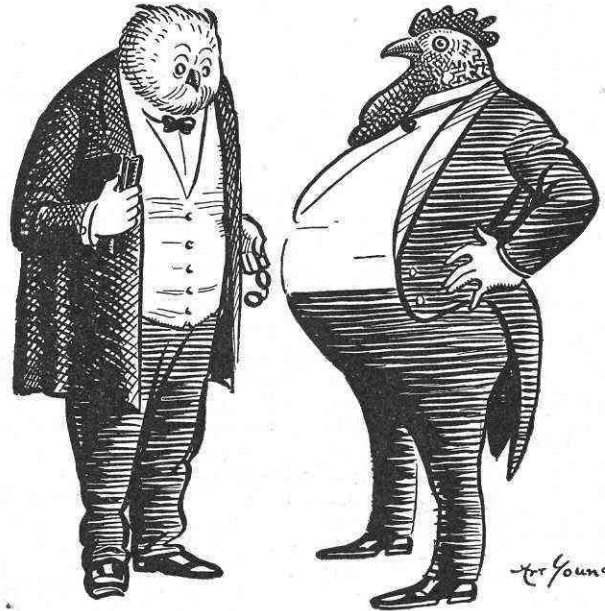
CHICAGO, Chicago, I'm perfectly sure  
 You, too, have been grossly maligned.  
 Your sons are now turning to literature,  
 And your taste in the arts is refined.  
 And the Girl of Chicago! She's shrinking and shy,  
 Well lacking in brag or conceit;  
 Yea, the dealers in shoes say, "It's all a big lie,  
 This joke on the size of her f—."

Why boast about Harvard's high cultureen caste?  
 Say, isn't Chicago some nails  
 With her big University running full blast  
 And turning out culture in bales?  
 No, they don't talk the *patois* of commerce out there,  
 The slang of the mart and the dock-yards;  
 Now the savour of Academe freshens the air  
 With never a whiff from the s— y—.

Chicago is setting a national vogue,  
 Called "Start Some Reforms of Your Own."  
 She's jousting a bit at the partisan rogue  
 And baiting King Graft on his throne.  
 So, neighbors, be careful! The Kettle's disgrace,  
 Prevents him from mocking the *Black Pot*;  
 Let's swallow our words on the L— case,  
 And never refer to the j— p—.

Chicago, no more you're half baked in the jar;  
 You've many more cults than the Hub's.  
 Your houses are built in the style of "Boze Arr"  
 And English is spoke in your clubs.  
 Your manners are suave where they once were direct,  
 Your life is as smooth as a card.  
 Don't mention your sources—for none would suspect  
 That you get all your polish from l—!

Wallace Irwin.



THAT POINT OF VIEW

Mr. Rooster: THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, MR. OWL, IS THAT YOU KEEP BAD HOURS. EVERYBODY OUGHT TO GO TO BED ABOUT SUNSET AND GET UP JUST BEFORE DAYLIGHT.

Let the Name Alone!

A LOT of people hereabouts whose wits need employment have begun to agitate changing the name of Blackwell's Island and calling it Hospital Island, or something else. The reason given is that the island has been put to penal and corrective uses for a good while until its name has gathered unpleasant associations.

Hear! hear!

If the familiar uses of the island are to continue, the present name is surely good enough. If they are to change and improve, new associations will promptly gather around the old name.

Out on people who want to change the names of streets and places, who respect neither use nor history, nor anything in local nomenclature but their own whims or their own interests! Blackwell's Island has been Blackwell's Island since the seventeenth century. Its owner, by inheritance late in that century, was Mary Manning. She married Robert Blackwell, and she and her island both took his name. That was more than two centuries ago.

Let the name alone: it is a good name and has lasted well. Some day the island will be Blackwell's Island Park. It is far too good for the uses it is now put to.

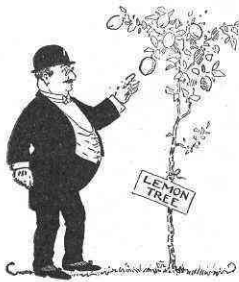
ANOTHER way to spot a New Yorker is by the way he pronounces "Chicago." "Tchi-cah-go" is his idea of it. And "Dee-tröt," always. And his way of showing contempt for those cities is to refuse to be corrected.



"YOU MUSTN'T TOUCH HIM, BUT YOU CAN PULL THE STRING"



### Not a Record of Successes



MANAGERS have found the citrus crop rather prolific in the week covered by this chronicle. Successes had become almost a habit in our principal theatres, so it has come as a shock to some of the managers to find out that the public has not entirely forgotten its old trick of not liking the things it doesn't care for. The gentlemen who play the theatrical game are a hopeful lot, though, and the picking of an occasional lemon when they expected something else doesn't daunt them. Hence

the continuous supply of new undertakings which is making life strenuous for those who have to see and those who pride themselves on seeing every new production.



TWO of the week's plays start off with an erring woman as the main proposition. We haven't yet so thoroughly recovered from our Anglo-Saxon and Puritanic heredity that we take kindly to that premise. One of the plays is French in origin, so the taint was to be expected.

In "The Price," by Mr. George Broadhurst, the characters are Americans, and as the heroine shows her guilty conscience early in the play she starts with a prejudice in the minds of the audience, although the prejudice may be an unconscious one. It is not lightened by the fact that the lady, with her knowledge of her prior guilt, immediately marries a presumably estimable man from whom she conceals it. No excuse which appeals to the sympathy is given for the first offense. The young woman simply substitutes one man for



SEPTEMBER I

NOVEMBER I

WHAT COLLEGE DOES FOR THEM

another in her affections, a process which may be usual in some circles of society, but which doesn't appeal to the general sense of what should be.

This is fatal to sympathetic interest in the heroine and none of the other characters, not even the deceived husband, is drawn with any charm to win our affections, so "The Price" is a thoroughly unlovely play. The strongest character and one rather unique is the widow of the heroine's lover. She is a hard-faced, hard-voiced creature who has learned of her husband's infidelity only after his death. She became the nemesis of the play and glories in the work. She gets thoroughly even in ingenious fashion, which gives the play its principal dramatic interest. Had the author drawn all his characters as well and had he made the different steps of his plot a little more clear to the audience, "The Price" would stand a better chance of interesting those who witness it, although it could never please.

Helen Ware as the guilty one naturally has a very uphill task. Her strong personality and naturalistic methods are called upon to the full extent, but without making the character credible except as a bad one. A more fragile and appealing artist might gain sympathy for her fault on some ground or other, but the present star is too evidently a self-reliant, masterful woman to gain any indulgence for her acts. The acting of Jessie Ralph as the avenging widow, unpleasant as it was, rang true at every point.

"The Price," in its calm assumption of the improbable as true, does not appeal to the intelligence and its unpleasant theme could only be justified by the most masterly dramatic treatment.



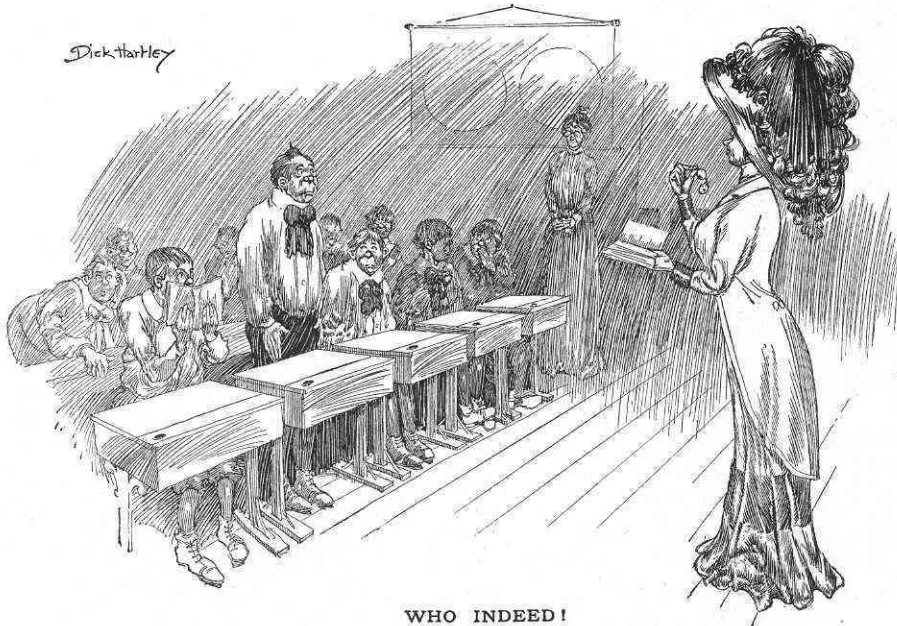
GIVEN in English, the French play is called "The Whirlwind," and in a slightly altered version introduces Mme. Simone in the rôle formerly assumed by Mme. Olly. In this drama the heroine is a married woman, and to save her lover from suicide seeks the sum of 650,000 francs. This amount is dwelt on so frequently that it seems to be the real hero of the piece. Incidentally she has to make her guilt known to several persons, but as the scene is laid in France that appears to be a mere detail in comparison with the sum so often mentioned.

The importance of "The Whirlwind" lies in its giving Mme. Simone her second opportunity to impress the New York public. It cannot be said that she conveys the idea of possessing great dramatic power. In the climactic scene where she begs the money of her father and reviles his parvenu nature, she carried her audience with her, but it was a *tour de force*. In the main her work was dextrous, but lacked sincerity. We were never so much in the presence of a suffering woman as we were beholding an accomplished actress studiously simulating the tones and actions of a suffering woman. It was art, but not art concealing art. Paris is always more interested in method than in matter, so it is not difficult to understand the vogue of Mme. Simone in France. She lacks the magnetic quality and the moving power which should go with the claim to dramatic greatness.



WHY did "The Cave Man" ever leave it? In the play of that title he came up from Fifth avenue, where he had been shoveling coal to get the other half of a hundred-dollar bill to match the half of the bill which an ec-

Dick Hartley



WHO INDEED!

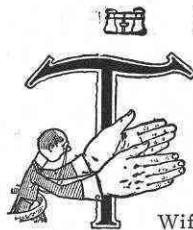
Lady Visitor: NOW, JOHNNY, WHEN YOU SUFFER ANGUISH, WHO SMOOTHS YOUR BROW AND WIPES AWAY YOUR TEARS?  
"THE OLD MAN. MA'S A SUFFRAGETTE."

centric young woman had thrown out of her apartment window in an envelope with instructions as to where a useless half bill could be turned into a negotiable whole one. Instantly the eccentric lady is seized with the ambition to make a society man of the coal-shoveler. The results of her undertaking were painful to the subject of the experiment, unpleasant to her society friends and as a play rather pitiful.

"The Cave Man" is from the pen of Mr. Gelett Burgess and is intended to be a fantastic satire on parvenu society. In both fantasy and satire the author has gone at his work with a pick-axe instead of a graving tool or scalpel. There is a total lack of the humor and epigram which is needed and expected in such an effort. Perhaps the play would be enjoyed and appreciated by the very parvenus clever young men are so fond of attacking in their maiden plays. They might appreciate the satire shown in having a rich family and their friends listening to a lecture by their butler on what forks to use and what wines to drink with the different courses of a dinner. It is only hazarding a guess to suggest that even the parvenus might not catch the point. Certainly ordinary audiences are not likely to.

The principal artists engaged are Mr. Robert Edeson and Grace Elliston. They struggle bravely but vainly with impos-

sible material. "The Cave Man" should go back to it.



HE strong-hand brigade was out in force at the first performance of the latest Lew Fields musical show which this time is called "The

Wife Hunters." All the usual characteristics are to be found in this as the others, including costumes, scenery and chorus-girls without limit. These are the things which evidently make this kind of entertainment delightful for the strong-handers. In the present instance there was nothing in book, score or performance to justify their efforts. Emma Carus was the star of the occasion and shouted her songs with even more noise and less music than usual. The "original" pony ballet, whose members are rapidly growing out of the "pony" class, were as expert as ever in their energetic dancing, but with the exception of their real ability in their line there was little else in the entertainment besides the purely sensual pleasures of brilliancy in color and abundance in quantity of femininity to interest even the devotees of musical shows. Ah, yes, we forget. The ingenious mechanical gentleman who in-

vents surprises was in evidence. This time it was bringing the girls up through traps in an innocent appearing lawn in which their big hats had concealed the holes through which they came.

The name of Mr. Lew Fields has become a sort of trade-mark for these big musical shows. He is too experienced in the show business to believe that these things can continue to draw even the unintelligent public unless they contain even a small amount of brains and ability.

Metcalfe.



Astor—Mr. Raymond Hitchcock in "The Red Widow." Notice later.

Belasco—"The Return of Peter Grmm." A disembodied spirit portrayed by Mr. David Warfield, the hero of a very well presented and interesting drama of not altogether cheerful tone.

Broadway—"The Never Homes." The Suffragettes and what they do when they are in control, amusingly set forth in a musical show of the Lew Fields kind.

Casino—"The Kiss Waltz." Viennese music in a brilliant entourage of costumes, scenery and chorus girls.

Century—"The Garden of Allah." Fine staging of gorgeous spectacle and interesting dramatization of the well-known drama.

Cohan's—"The Little Millionaire." Cohan musical show of the customary Cohan type, with Mr. George M. Cohan as the star.

Comedy—"Bunty Pulls the Strings." The foibles of the Scotch in a delightfully original, amusing and well-acted comedy.

Criterion—"Passers-By." The London lower classes furnishing interesting types in a fairly interesting play.

Daly's—"The Whirlwind." See above.

Empire—"A Single Man." Mr. John Drew and good company in polite and pleasant English comedy.

Fulton—"The Cave Man." Sentimental comedy based on a young man's love for his mother, not great as a play or in acting, but reasonably amusing.

Globe—"The Three Romeos." Notice later.

Harris—Rose Stahl in the title part of "Maggie Pepper," a rather interesting melodrama of department store life.

Herald Square—"The Wife Hunters." Hippodrome—"Around the World." Big stage pictures of foreign scenes, together with ballet and spectacle.

Hudson—"The Price," with Helen Ware. See above.

Knickerbocker—"The Siren." Viennese music and Mr. Donald Brian's dancing the principal features of a light musical show.

Lyceum—"The Runaway," agreeable comedy from the French, with Miss Billie Burke at her best.

Lyric—"The Drama Players from Chicago in Ibsen and Moliere." Notice later.

Maxine Elliott's—"Green Stockings." Diverging and polite comedy delightfully acted by Miss Margaret Anglin and good company.

Park—"The Quaker Girl." Charming and well produced musical show of London origin.

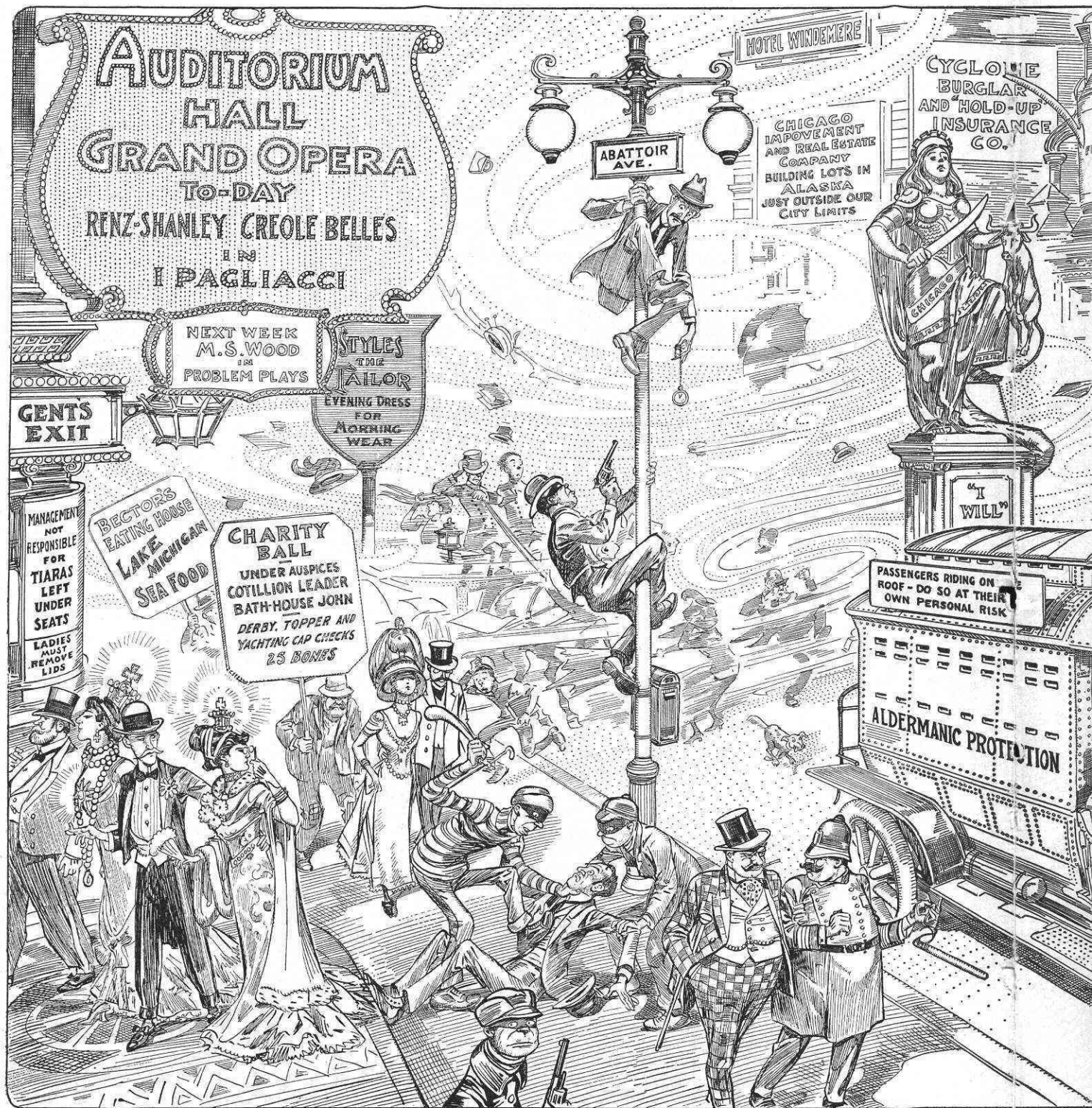
Playhouse—"Bought and Paid For." Interesting and laughable drama of contemporary American life, very well done.

Republic—"The Woman." Washington politicians in their manners and methods interestingly portrayed in an absorbing drama.

Thirty-ninth Street—"The Million." The funniest rough-house farce seen in New York for a long time.

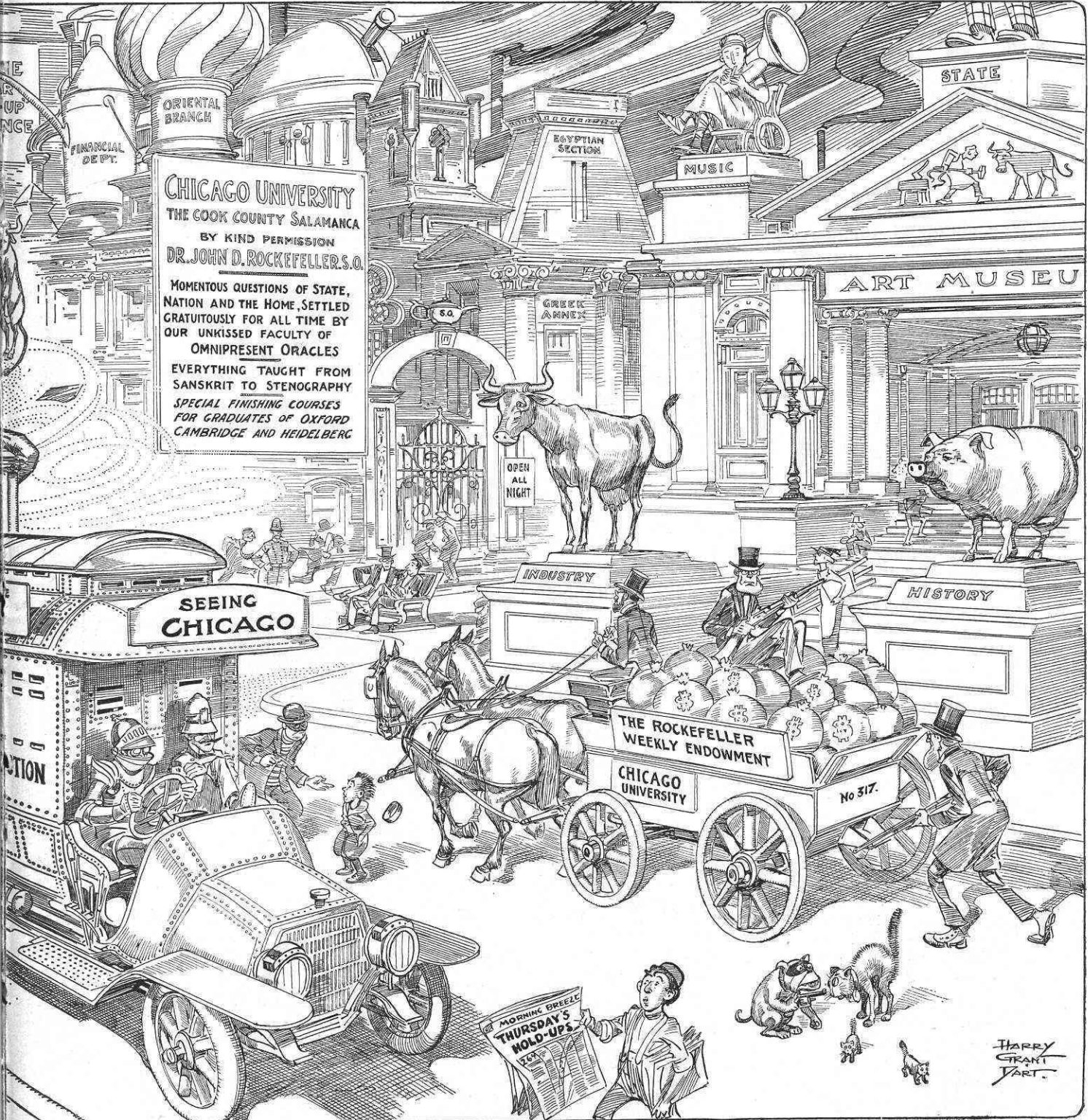
Wallack's—"Disraeli." Play of unusual charm, with Mr. George Arliss's excellent depiction of the title character.

Winter Garden—"Vera Violetta," a new musical production, with Gaby Deslys.



A Thousand Miles From





es From Broadway

## The Iron Woman and the Anvil Chorus

*It is Difficult to Hear Mrs. Deland's Nice Novel Because  
of the Deafening Applause*

ONCE heard a patient who had, after a three months' desperate illness, been carried for the first time to a chair by the window, exclaim in a falsetto ecstasy of incredulous joy, "Why, there's a *street car!*"

And just for a second, this cry struck those of us who stood there as something to laugh at. Then it brought chokingly home to us, as perhaps nothing else ever had, the eternal and all-engulfing, but generally unnoticed, appeal that the homely and wholesome realities of our normal surroundings make to us all.

And it seems to me that the pæans of praise, at times almost hysteric, that are greeting Margaret Deland's "The Iron Woman" (Harper, \$1.35) constitute a national exclamation of somewhat similar implication. At first one is inclined smilingly to protest at the indiscriminating fulsomeness of this enthusiasm. Even the publishers appear, in their advertisements, a trifle nonplussed before the flood of appreciative superlatives. Yet a second thought, that trips up the first by treading on its very heels, shows us that this disproportioned excitement is something to rejoice in rather than to laugh at. It voices the excitable sanity of convalescence. It is a bit pathetic, if you choose. But it has a touch of clairvoyance. It is a disproportioned excitement merely because it is an excitement over something good that seems amazingly good because its existence had been forgotten.

For American fiction has lain sick of a fever. It has been tossing in the burning grip of propagandism; staring open eyed at adventure-mongering visions; crying out in delirium over the tortured problems of a septic sensationalism. And, although, meanwhile the street cars have been running as usual elsewhere—although in England alone a dozen novels have appeared at least as worthy of critical acclaim as this big-hearted and broad-minded story of Mrs. Deland's—to thousands of

American readers "The Iron Woman" is the first convalescent glance out the window into that homely and wholesome world of fiction where developing human lives, and not puppeted controversies on the theory of life, are to be seen.

It is a story of three youthful and three middle aged Americans; of David, adopted son of Helena Ritchie, the heroine of Mrs. Deland's last novel; of Blair, the son of the mill proprietress for whom the present book is named; of Elizabeth, ward of the mill's manager, and of the parents of the three. It begins when its younger characters are children. It ends at the completion of one of the determining crises of their lives. And there is added a sort of postscript for the consoling of the tender minded which, if the book were really the long-looked-for and only-ever-to-be expected great American novel, one would feel obligated to deplore. But, although it is not either of these, it is a story charmingly told and emotionally effective; a story whose plot is apparently the inevitable outcome of the temperaments of its characters and not the cause of their having been invented; a story whose intimate and understanding picture of growth and becoming is genuinely creative. And this is a vast deal more than we have recently been used to.

J. B. Kerfoot.

### Confidential Book Guide

*Creative Evolution*, by Henry Bergson. A critical philosophy by a writer with a genius for illuminating abstract thought by concrete analogies.

*The Common Law*, by Robert W. Chambers. A multicolored studio story that starts with an idea, mislays it at about the third chapter and cleverly conceals the loss by talking brilliantly against time.

*The Dangerous Age*, by Karin Michaelis. A study in pathological psychology that has scored a success of curiosity.

*Hilda Lessways*, by Arnold Bennett. The authentic history of the heroine of "Clayhanger." The interesting other side of a two-sided fiction.

*The Life Everlasting*, by Marie Corelli. A didactic romance between transmigrated souls, which claims to establish an unprovable theory by means of an incredible tale.

*Love's Coming-of-Age*, by Edward Carpenter. Papers, psychological and other-ogical, on the relations of the sexes. Heartily recommended to all readers of "The Dangerous Age."

*Miss Gibbie Gault*, by Kate Langley Bosher. An encore to "Mary Cary." For subscribers only.

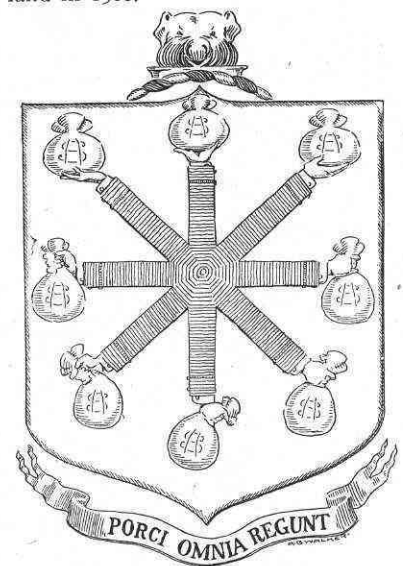
*My Life*, by Richard Wagner. A vivid picture of the seamy side of genius.

*The Nine Tenths*, by James Oppenheim. A sociological novel with a purpose, in which the novel defeats the purpose and the purpose smothers the novel.

*The Reappearing*, by Charles Morice. If Christ came to Paris. A sensational satire calculated to offend the devout without edifying the unbeliever.

*Researches on the Evolution of the Stellar Systems*, by T. J. J. See. A new theory of cosmogony, possibly destined to replace the familiar Nebular Hypothesis.

*The Truth About an Author*, by Arnold Bennett. A new and acknowledged edition of a literary autobiography published anonymously in England in 1900.



THE COAT-OF-ARMS OF A CHICAGO  
MILLIONAIRE.



"IF THE POWERS TAKE ANY MORE OF MY FEATHERS I'LL HAVE TO POSE FOR 'THE ALTOGETHER' TO EARN A LIVING"

W. A. Rorer 1911

### Impressions of Chicago

CHICAGO is, I think, out West.  
I've not been there, but I like best  
To write of local matters in  
Places where I have never been.

It seems to me, from what I hear,  
It's like those pictures strange and queer  
That interest me, when I look,  
In my big Dante picture-book.

Chicago people, I am told,  
Have hearts and dinner plates of gold.  
But as to that, I cannot say;  
I never have been out that way.

Their independence is their pride;  
Convention's knots they have untied.  
Their conversation's full of spice,  
Chicago must be very nice.

I've heard it is extremely gay;  
'Most every street's a Great White Way.  
Men freely spend what they call  
"chink";

It sounds attractive—don't you think?

I've heard, too, of their earnest crowd;  
Extension-souled, and most high-browed.

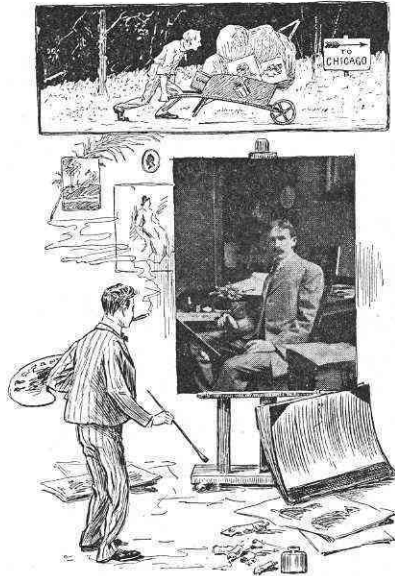
They chase the Beautiful and True,  
And only use Thought that is new.

And so you readily can see,  
What a nice place it seems to be;  
I've not been there—and I don't know  
Just when I can arrange to go.

In fact, I oftenest keep out  
Of places that I write about.  
Their great attractions I admit,  
But I take others' word for it.

Carolyn Wells.

## Life's Family Album



## Angus MacDonall

IT appears from an extensive examination of the facts, that LIFE contributors were entirely indiscriminating and impartial in their choice of birthplaces. A LIFE contributor may be born anywhere. So far as we know, none was born in New York. A number have come from New England, and not a few from the great Middle West. Mr. MacDonall, for example, was born in St. Louis, and, as if to show there was no hard feeling, straightway moved his goods and chattels to Chicago. And then to make matters worse, he sought the seclusion of Connecticut. Every evening now, in that interesting State, he can be seen reading seed catalogues aloud to his wife.

Another remarkable—or rather quite commonplace—fact, in regard to LIFE's contributors is that the talent—or genius, if you will—for creating things seems to be a gift by itself and to develop along lines of its own, without special regard for environment or early influence. Some artists have received a severe technical training; others have sprung into their work apparently without it. Yet, when we come to trace their lives, we invariably find that they have unconsciously

selected the particular influences which have moulded their future.

It is not a long flight to Westfield, it being quite easy to go there by biplane without stopping. It took us nearly forty minutes to make the journey and then we had some trouble in locating Mr. MacDonall, but at last we found ourselves duly ensconced in his studio.

"Yes," he said, "I was not only born in St. Louis, but I was raised by my grandmother, my parents having died when I was very young."

"And your art proclivities?"

"After my early school days I found myself, at fifteen, in an architect's office, and for six years I worked there as an apprentice."

"Acquiring valuable technical knowledge?"

"I suppose so. For one thing, I learned how to apply myself—that is half the battle. During this period I spent a single term at the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, drawing from the antique. This ended my work under a master."

"And your first drawing?"

"Was sold to a St. Louis paper. I received for it the magnificent sum of one dollar and a half."

"How did you come to leave St. Louis for Chicago?"

"I wanted to get a contrast, so I went to Chicago on my wedding trip. While I was there I met a genuine author—he told me so himself—and he insisted upon reading his book aloud to me; it was a humorous book, the author laughing so heartily himself as he read it, that it produced upon me the opposite effect and I made a set of pictures for it that would have drawn tears from the Angel Gabriel; however, they paid my wedding expenses, and I still feel kindly toward Chicago."

It is almost unnecessary to add that Mr. MacDonall is one of LIFE's most valuable artistic contributors, his half-tone pictures covering a wide range of human interest.

## Reward

**S**T. PETER (to fair applicant): What caused your death?

FAIR APPLICANT: I was operated on in a hospital.

ST. PETER: Private room and four nurses, I suppose?

FAIR APPLICANT: No, I was in a ward.

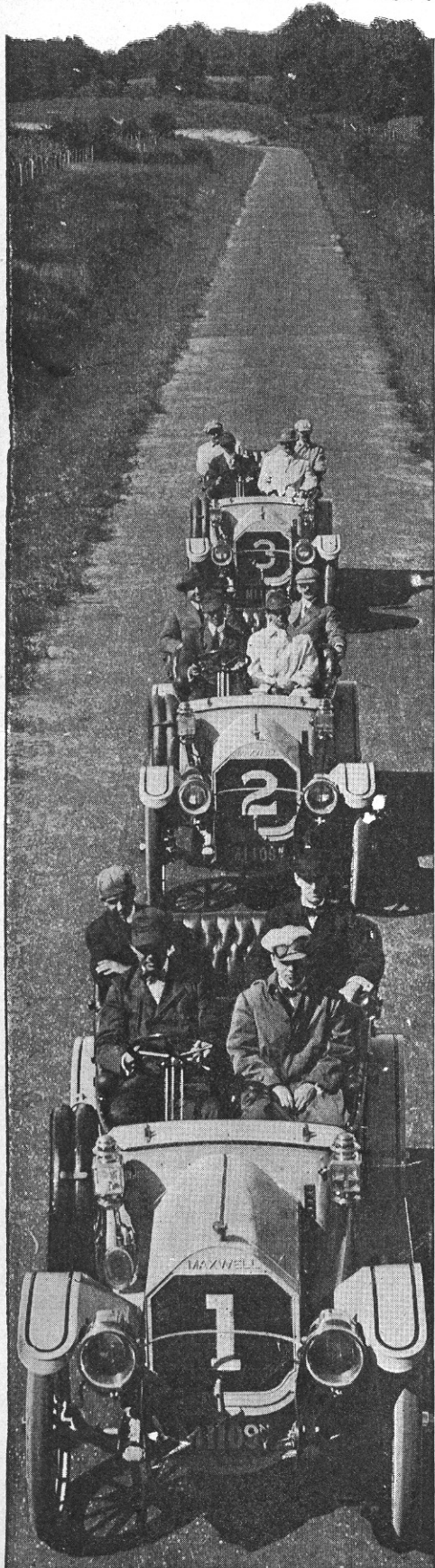
ST. PETER: Select your wings.

**P**ROMISE deferred maketh the politician explain.



THE BERTILLON SYSTEM IN THE HOME, OR, WHO STOLE THE JAM?

# Maxwell Wins GLIDDEN TOUR



With a team of 3 perfect-score cars, Maxwell is the only competitor to finish the gruelling 1454-mile journey without a single penalty.

Another Maxwell entered by Gov. Hoke Smith of Georgia finished with a perfect score, competing for the individual prize and was awarded the Anderson Trophy, also

**T**HREE Maxwell Cars which left New York on October 14th, finished their 1454-mile journey at Jacksonville and were

### Awarded the Glidden Trophy

Of 64 of America's leading cars, some costing \$5,000 each, which competed in the most gruelling contest in motor car history, the Maxwell came through as the

### Only Team With Perfect Score

Whirling over the roads at railroad speed, plowing through mud and sand, fording swollen streams, pounding over the Appalachian Mountains through a cloudburst, and surmounting obstacles that no ordinary tourist would ever meet, they led the way into each control with time-table precision and justly earned the title of

### A. A. A. National Touring Championship

The victory of the Maxwell entered by Gov. Hoke Smith in the Anderson Trophy contest gives all prizes offered to Maxwell.

The Maxwell victory is made

more remarkable by the fact that it

**Duplicates Last Year's Triumph** in the Glidden tour when Maxwell likewise achieved the best team score.

This undisputable evidence of reliability of Maxwell cars is no surprise to the 47,000 Maxwell owners who have learned to know the dependability of the car through years of consistent daily service.

No car ever made has achieved a record approaching the Maxwell registration in New York State, which shows 91% of the cars made in 1905 still in service in 1911 after

### Seven Years Continuous Use

All the 1912 models of Maxwell cars bristle with good points of design, construction, power, and style, which make them undisputed leaders in the motor world.

These car values cannot be equalled by other makers.

Better order your Maxwell car now—you may not be able to get one later.

### 1912 MAXWELL MODELS

Special Touring Car, \$1280; Mercury Roadster, \$1150; Mascotte Touring Car, \$980  
Mascotte Roadster, \$950; Messenger Runabout, \$600

**Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Co.** 17 W. 61st St. New York  
at Broadway

Division of **UNITED STATES MOTOR COMPANY**

We have 45 branches and dealers everywhere



Free Monthly Inspection Service of all our cars for twelve months.



**AUT SCISSORS  
AUT NULLUS**

**Not for Ten Times as Much**

MARKS: So you saw the woman who dropped the purse, but lost her in the crowd. Did you advertise for her?

PARKS: Yes; I put this in: "If the very homely woman of forty, wearing a dress of last year's style and a most unbecoming hat, who lost her purse containing \$3.50 on Boylston street, Saturday, will apply to —, her property will be returned." I've had no answer, though.

MARKS: Good Lord! Do you think a woman would own up to that description for \$3.50?—*Boston Transcript.*

**Cornered**

"Jones embarrassed me terribly today."

"How so?"

"He asked me how I enjoyed his speech at the banquet last night."

—*Detroit Free Press.*



A DOUBTING THOMAS

**Sagacious**

"A woman was complaining about the depredations of her dog.

"'Only yesterday,' she cried, 'he broke into the larder.'

"'Dear me!' said her interlocuter. 'Did he eat much?'

"'He ate,' she replied, 'every blessed thing except the dog biscuit.'"

—*Washington Star.*

**Little Left**

"What's the matter here?" asked the caller, noticing the barren appearance of the house. "Sent your goods away to be stored?"

"No," replied the hostess. "Not at all. My daughter was married last week and she has merely taken away the things that she thought belonged to her."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

**More to the Point**

BOY: Mr. Quinn, can I get off this afternoon? My grandfather is dead.

MR. QUINN: I don't see how with your small salary you can afford to go to see so many ball games.

BOY: That's right. I can't either. I ought to have more salary.

—*New York Evening Mail.*

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# Swift's Premium Calendar for 1912

consists of four large pictures in color, faithful reproductions of Oil Paintings by Jos. Warren.

Mr. Warren is famous for his pictures of Child Life, and we have secured four of his very best groups for this Calendar. The Subjects are:—

**"The Family Doctor"  
"Gossips"**

**"The Concert"  
"Christmas Eve"**

Every picture is full of life and interest. The attitudes and expressions are natural, just such as you have seen in children at play. Everyone will find keen enjoyment in possessing these pictures. There is no printed matter on them. They may be framed, making a beautiful set for nursery decoration.

Sent to any address for 10c in coin, or U. S. Stamps  
10 Wool Soap Wrappers  
Trade-Mark end of one Swift's Premium Oleomargarine Carton  
Parchment Circle in top of a jar of Swift's Premium Sliced Bacon  
One Tag from Swift's Premium Milk Fed Chicken  
(In Canada, 10c extra on account of duty)

Calendars may also be secured from The Hamilton Corporation, N. Y. City, for 10 Hamilton Bonds. Hamilton Coupons are packed with  
Swift's Pride Soap  
Swift's Pride Cleanser  
Swift's Pride Washing Powder  
Swift's Borax Soap  
Swift's Naphtha Soap  
Swift's White Laundry Soap, and many reliable products of other manufacturers.



**"THE GOSSIPS"**—One of the four beautiful pictures.

Copyright, 1911, by Swift & Company.

## Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

are always to be depended upon for excellence and are most economical from the standpoint of quality and satisfaction. When you write for a Calendar address—

Swift & Company, 4167 Packers' Avenue, Chicago

## Rhymed Reviews

### The Winning of Barbara Worth

(By Harold Bell Wright. The Book Supply Company.)

More hot and dry than any lands  
Within the Llano Estacado,  
A desert heaved its glaring sands  
Beside the rushing Colorado;

A desert burned—the destined scene  
Of scientific irrigation  
And strife of noble minds and mean  
In Useful Works or Speculation.

'Twas Greenfield, Wall Street financier,  
That built the dam and dug the  
ditches.  
He bled the hardy pioneer;  
His only aim, to swell his riches.

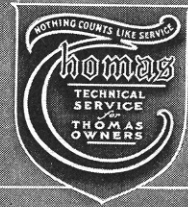
Though Willard Holmes, his protégé  
(A late-reformed cotillion-dancer),  
Declared the dam would break some  
day,  
Old Greenfield sneered, "I guess  
'twill answer!"

Another toiled to win from dearth  
The waste by means of quickening  
water—  
The local banker, Mr. Worth,  
Who owned a fair adopted daughter,

Sweet Barbara, whose visage bright  
Converted Holmes and quite upset  
him;  
It made him yearn to do things right,  
But grasping Greenfield would not let  
him.

And now ensues a bitter strife  
In which the worthy Western banker  
Unaided, fights for very life  
Against the spreading Wall Street  
canker.

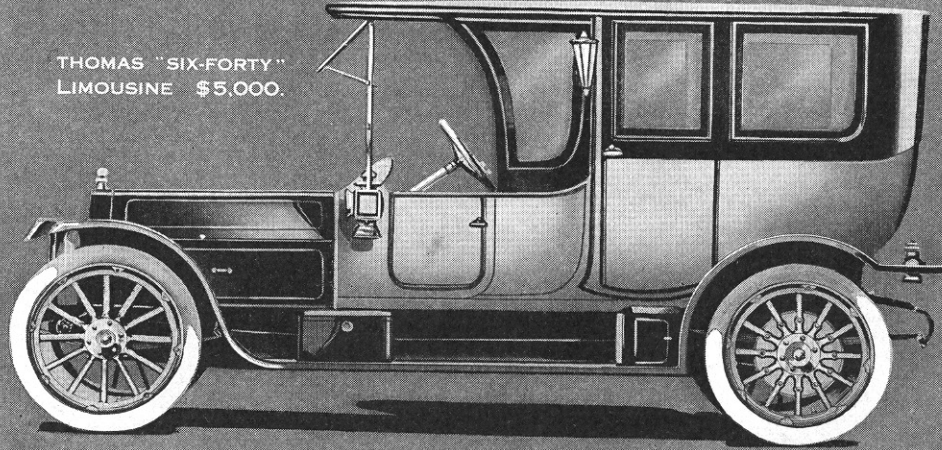
He holds his own, though Greenfield  
aches  
To ruin him by means abhorrent.—  
"The dam! the dam!"—Oh, yes, it  
breaks,  
And who but Holmes shall stem the  
torrent?



### THOMAS DECLARATIONS (No. 3)

We assert that by the judicious combination of three quarter elliptic springs, secondary springs, shock absorbers, and recoil straps the 1912 Thomas "Six-Forty" goes farther than any other car toward the riding comfort of the passengers, regardless of whether there may be but one passenger or five in the tonneau. This is especially conducive to comfort on long and strenuous tours.

THOMAS "SIX-FORTY"  
LIMOUSINE \$5,000.



**T**HROUGH the united effort of men who have worked together since the first days of the automobile and who have devoted their entire thought and energy to the one single purpose of building but one type of car and making it better than anything else of its kind, the Thomas Company believes it has produced a car thoroughly representative of the highest ideals of the American automobile manufacturer.

TWO CHASSIS—FOUR STYLES OF OPEN BODIES  
PRICE \$4,000.00 FOR EACH TYPE

Our catalogue "The Story of the Thomas" gives full particulars. E. R. Thomas Motor Car Company, Dept. G. Buffalo



### A Snap That Gives Appetite

There's a peculiar zest to Londonderry. A clear, sparkling quality that stimulates appetite and aids digestion. Springing from the purest of sources, thoroughly protected until it reaches you,

# Londonderry

## Mineral Water

is the water of true luxury. Light, and with only those elements that the body needs, it is essentially the water of good health. Effervescent in three table sizes. Plain (still) in half-gallon bottles.

If you have difficulty in obtaining Londonderry locally, write to us, and we will see that you are supplied at once.

LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER CO., Nashua, N. H.

Well, Worth prevails and all is peace;  
E'en Greenfield has no tears for shed-  
ding,

For Barbara's his Long Lost Niece  
And all the troupe attend the wed-  
ding.

Though Work and Love are pleasing  
themes,

When joined, they do not always  
dovetail;

And still the Earnest Author deems  
That every yarn must be a love tale!

Arthur Guiterman.



We Are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which Are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Absolutely Essential to Publication

### Chicago

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—When you published your "Boston Number," with its tremendous mass of misinformation for the misinformed, I hoped that you would spare the remainder of the universe. Since, however, you plan to carry still further your ruinous campaign, I beg to offer the following facts for your use:

The city in which it is my pleasure to reside is thoroughly American. Founded by American Indians, it is now policed by their descendants. Chicago, therefore, is thoroughbred.

If Boston is the cradle of our liberty, Chicago is the nursing-bottle of our commercialism.

Chicago has a civic pride unsurpassed in the annals of our country; so much so that at our elections there are frequently twice as many votes cast as there are legal residents. The party in power believes in government of the people, for the people, and in spite of the people, and to this end do we devote our newspapers and our Congressmen.

We are an educated, a refined people. John D. Rockefeller, who has done more refining than perhaps any other American, built for us a university to promote culture and to propagate the intelligent use of the diamond drill. Our schools send forth brave men who, however unskilled in the manipulation of the soup spoon and oyster fork, are nevertheless amply able to go out into the world and make their mark.

And why prate of New York's lobsters and champagne, when Chicago has her unsurpassed lake and her packing houses?

Is there a man ignorant of the true American spirit? Send him here.

Is there a man distrustful of the peace among nations? Send him here.

Is there a man convinced of the futility of human endeavor? Send him here.

Is there a man cast off by civilization and hounded by the police of seven countries? I think he arrived on the Twentieth Century this morning.

Yours truly,

WINTHROP RHODES.

CHICAGO, October 11.

### Good Boston

EDITOR OF LIFE:

When we played Boston, Mass., last week we were served with the enclosed. Isn't it a scream?

FREDERICK BOND,  
FREMONT BENTON.

*Extracts from the Regulations Concerning Entertainments to be given in the City of Boston on the Lord's Day*

CITY OF BOSTON,  
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR,

October 5, 1911.

3. All concerts, entertainments or exhibitions to be given shall be in keeping with the character of the Lord's Day and not inconsistent with its due observance.

5. Moving pictures shall not portray any melodramatic, sensational or immoral scenes or situations.

6. Artists appearing upon the stage are to be properly clothed. No female to appear in short skirts or tights.

8. Dancing in ANY FORM, juggling, acrobatic, contortion, animal or illusion acts will not be permitted.

9. No change of scenery to be made during the entire performance.

(Signed) GEORGE A. HIBBARD,  
Mayor.

Read paragraphs 6 and 8 thoroughly and conform strictly to them. If you are in doubt, consult the stage manager before giving your act.

Dance—"To move with measured steps, or to a musical accompaniment."

This is Webster's definition, so do not move with measured steps or to a musical accompaniment.



THE LAKE SHORE DRIVE

### Two Eligibles

TO THE PESSIMISTS' CLUB OF AMERICA:

DESPONDENT CONTEMPORARIES.—Two hopeless and melancholy souls herewith apply for life membership (though with no hope that they will long remain enrolled) in your gloomy and lugubrious order. Though we realize with others the hopelessness of this society's ever attaining the slightest degree of success, yet we regard the fact with indifference, for after all, what matters it whether the d— thing succeeds or not. Nothing can ameliorate our dreary condition; everything can augment it. Therefore why trouble at all to foretell the certain failure of any movement in the first direction.

We are not joining this society with any such mistaken purpose, but merely to prove our gloomy conviction that fellowship, even that of pessimists, is a hollow mockery.

We offer the following books as suggestions for the sect's library, hoping the members will find them excellent light reading on gray days:

1. History of Crime and Insanity, by Hiper Kondriak.
2. Theory of Pre-Natal Damnation, by Y. B. Gluhm.
3. Alarming Prevalence of Premature Burial, by Ima Korps.
4. Tortures of the Inquisition, by Howitt Hurtz.
5. Reflections of an Undertaker, by C. A. Stiff.
6. Confessions of a Ghoul, by X. Hume.
7. Proofs of Inevitable Degeneration, by Y. Nott Steele.

Without hope that the above list will be of any service to you, we are,

Sourly yours,

K. B. and W. M. E.

PRINCETON, N. J., October 27.

### Texas Knows

EDITOR OF LIFE:

SIR.—As an emancipated Bostonian, one who has achieved a perspective, allow me to congratulate you upon your Boston Number. Words cannot express the delight afforded by the double-page cartoon.

Yours,

A. G. MUNRO.

### In Modern Guise

I LOVE Coles Phillips's pretty maids;  
They never fuss or fret me;  
I fain would have them hang around—  
But my wife won't let me.

R. G. S.



## How Long

A Chicago paper says: During a recent trial before Justice Dougherty, it was thought important by counsel to determine the length of time that certain "two quarters of beef, two hogs and sheep" remained in an express wagon in front of plaintiff's store before they were taken away by the defendant.

The witness under examination was a German, whose knowledge of the English language was very limited, but he testified in a very plain, straightforward way to having weighed the meat and to having afterward carried it out and put it into the aforesaid wagon. Then the following ensued:

COUNSELLOR ENOS: State to the jury how long it was after you took the meat from the store and put it into the wagon before it was taken away.

WITNESS: Now I shoost can dell dat. I dinks 'bout dwelve feet. I not say nearer as dat.

COUNSEL: You don't understand me. How long was it from the time the meat left the store and was put into the wagon before it was taken away by the defendant?

WITNESS: Now I know not what you ax dat for. Der vagon he was up mit der sidewalk, and dat's shoost so long as it vas. You tell me how long der sidewalk vas. Den feet? Den I tells you how long it vas.

COUNSEL: I don't want to find out how wide the sidewalk was, but I want to know (speaking very slowly) how—

There  
is  
Beauty  
in  
every  
Jar



### MILKWEED CREAM

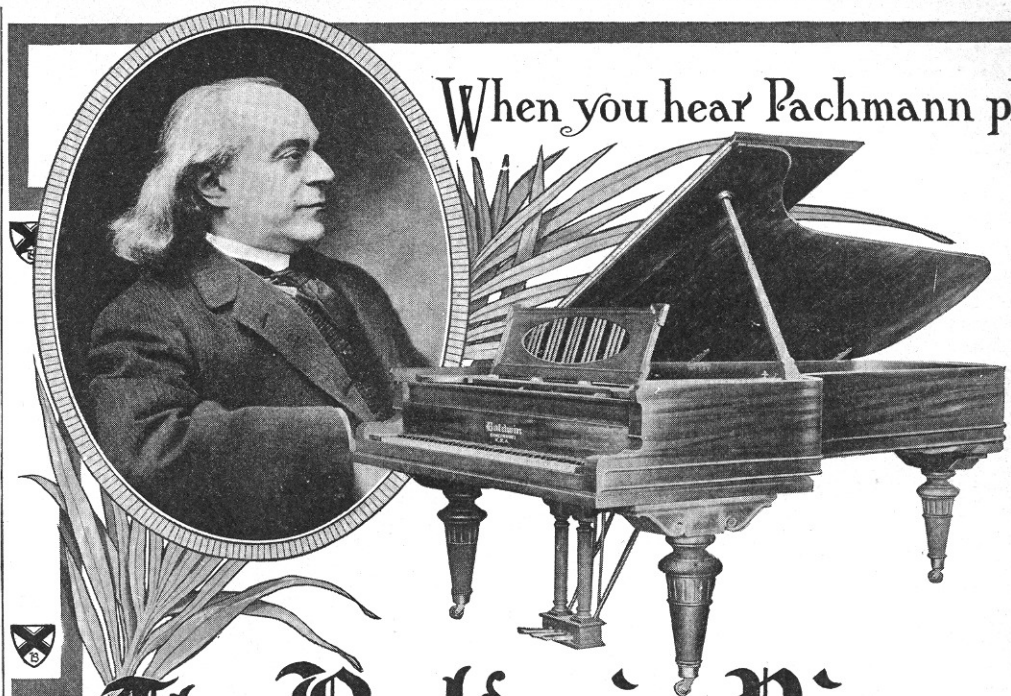
Corrects all complexion faults. It is absorbed through the pores, toning the tissues, cleansing, clearing, soothing and softening both outer and inner skin. Prevents freckles, relieves the smart of sunburn, counteracts the effect of hard water and gives added charm to healthy summer tan.

Price, 50c.; large size, \$1.00, at druggists. A sample mailed free on request.

F. F. Ingram Company  
85 Tenth St., Detroit.

## DR. GIVENS' SANITARIUM

For Nervous and mild Mental diseases. Has separate cottages for Alcohol and Drug patients. Address DR. GIVENS, Stamford, Conn.



When you hear Pachmann p

# The Baldwin Piano

*Note the effects of incomparable beauty  
he creates with Baldwin-tone*

Beginning October fifteenth the great Chopin-interpreter will duplicate this winter his former memorable tours throughout the United States with the Baldwin Piano.

De Pachmann's preference for the Baldwin covers the ripest period of his matchless art. His own explanation of it is eloquent:—

" . . . . . It cries when I feel like crying, it sings joyfully when I feel like singing. It responds—like a human being—to every mood. I love the Baldwin Piano!"

THE BOOK OF THE BALDWIN sent free upon request.

## The Baldwin Company

CINCINNATI  
142 West Fourth Street

New York  
8 E. 34th Street

Chicago  
323 So. Wabash Ave.

St. Louis  
1111 Olive Street

San Francisco  
310 Sutter Street

Indianapolis  
18 N. Penn'a St.

Louisville  
425 S. Fourth Ave.

Denver  
1626 California St.

We also build the Baldwin Piano with the Baldwin Interior Player Mechanism. If interested in a Player-Piano write for information.

long — this — meat — was — in — the  
— wagon — before — it — was — taken  
— away.

WITNESS: Oh! dat! Vell now, I not sold any meat so. I all time weigh him, never measured meat, not yet. But I dinks about dree feet. (Here the spectators and his honor and the jury smiled audibly.) I know not, shentlemens, how is dis; I dell you all I can, so goot as I know.

COUNSEL: Look here; I want to know

how long it was before the meat was taken away after it was put into the wagon.

WITNESS (looking very knowingly at counsel): Now you try and get me into a scrape. Dat meat vas shoost so long in der vagon as he vas in der shop. Dat's all I told you. Dat meat was dead meat. He don't got no longer in de tousand' year, not mooch.

COUNSEL: That will do.

—The Library of Wit and Humor.

**OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES**



**Mr. Morgan's Egg Epigram**

Mr. J. P. Morgan is credited with an epigram. In regard to the theoretical dissolution of the United States Steel Corporation he says:

"Can eggs be unscrambled?"  
Where did a rich New Yorker ever hear of "scrambled" eggs?

Looking over the egg division of a menu card in a hotel or a club which Mr. Morgan might patronize you would find "eggs à la Meyerbeer" or "eggs à la poulette," for instance; never "scrambled eggs."

The notion of frying, scrambling, roasting, basting, boiling, stewing or smoking is not conveyed, in our very best hotels, except through the delicate medium of the French language, which lends its resources to cookery as it does to diplomacy. Squarely exposed, the chef—not the cook—is put on record as having paraphrased, poetically, the output of a vulgar kitchen.

Hence there is a note of unreality in

**A Game That Gives Pleasure to Everyone**

There is no more exhilarating or interesting home entertainment than a family game of Pool or Billiards. With a

**BURROWES Billiard and Pool Table**

parents and children will find mutual interest and recreation. It is wonderful how it enlivens the home atmosphere by adding a new and absorbing interest, in which the whole family can participate.

**\$100 DOWN**

Prices, \$6, \$15, \$25, \$35, \$45, \$55, \$75, etc. Terms, \$1.00 or more down and balance in a small amount each month, depending upon style and size of Table selected.

Burrowes Tables are made in a variety of styles and sizes. They are scientifically constructed and adapted to the most expert play. Finest workmanship and finish. Cues, balls and full equipment free.

**FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE**—On receipt of first deposit we will ship table. Try it one week in your home. If not satisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will promptly refund your deposit. Send today for illustrated catalog showing various styles, with full information as to prices, terms, etc.

**E. T. BURROWES CO., 1207 Center St., Portland, Me.**



**No SOAP ~ No BRUSH ~ No CUP**

*You will find shaving a luxury if you use*

**EUX-E-SIS**

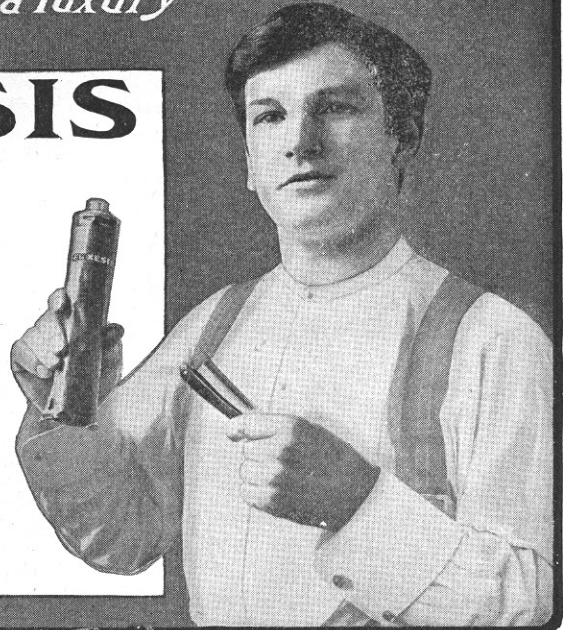
(Pronounced UX-E-SIS)

**The Great English Demulcent Shaving Cream**  
**Soothing to the Tenderest Skin.**

Saves time—no soap, brush or cup needed—a tube of Eux-e-sis and a razor, that's all. This celebrated English shaving cream has for a third of a century been used by men of refinement and nice habit. It quickly softens the hardest beard so that you can shave in half the time with twice the comfort. Leaves the skin smooth and free from irritation. It is a treasure to travelers. Ideal for use with the safety razor. None genuine without the signature *Aimee Lloyd* in red ink on tube. Sold by best druggists.

45c a tube — extra large, 90c.  
Send for explanatory booklet.

**Park & Tilford, Fifth Avenue, New York**  
Import Agents  
Manufactured by *Aimee Lloyd & Co., London, England*



Mr. Morgan's epigram, given to the world by accident. His illustration to his associates should have been:

"Can eggs be unpouletted?"  
—*Chicago Evening Post.*

**The Gist of It**

Two and two make four. This is a platitude.

Two and two make three. This is demagogism.

Two and two make one hundred and fifty. This is high finance.—*Lippincott's.*

"LET's drop in this restaurant."  
"Oh, I don't believe I care to eat anything."

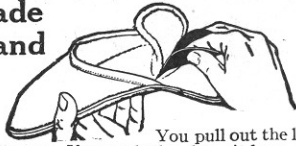
"Well, come in and get a new hat for your old one, anyway."  
—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

**Caroni Bitters**—Best Tonic and Appetizer. No home complete without it. Sample on receipt of 25 cents.  
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.

**♠ Call a Spade a Spade ♠**

The ordinary Bath Slippers can't be kept clean. Perhaps you would wear Bath Slippers—they are comfortable things—if you could find a kind that could be washed. Now you know, the

**Spade Brand**



**Washable Bath Slipper**

can be washed as often as you like. You pull out the leather insole and wash the slipper. If your dealer doesn't keep them, send us a dollar and we will send you a pair postpaid. Be sure and give your size and say if you want men's or women's. White, Pink or Blue.

**HALE & HALE, Chicago and Boston**  
Chicago Address 1509 E. 55th St. Boston Address 246 Summer St.

**RAD-BRIDGE**

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON, WASHINGTON, OTTAWA.  
**CLUB LINEN AND VELOUR PLAYING CARDS**  
Hemstitch and "rug" backs patented. Four colors each; red, blue, brown, green. 25c per pack. Gold edge, 35c. Dealers everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Send for Catalog of Bridge Accessories.  
Dept. L. RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

**Each Drink Under Seal**

Something that was never before offered in whiskey—something that was never possible until the invention of the Non-refillable bottle.

And it is fitting that Watchman Whiskey should make its debut, *each drink under seal to you.*

When you ask for Watchman Whiskey you get it as we make it—the mellowest, rarest ever distilled, and the same always.

*Ye Olde*

**Watchman Whiskey**  
(In Non-refillable Bottles)

At Leading Clubs, Hotels, Cafés, Restaurants, and Dealers

## Dr. Carrel

Dr. Carrel, of America, has found a trumpeter in the columns of the *Standard*, who appears to be struck into wonder and admiration at the freak operations to which Dr. Carrel has subjected a number of cats and dogs.

"In this work," exclaims the trumpeter, "he has taken a cat, and, removing the kidneys, has replaced the left kidney in the cavity of the right side, and the right kidney in the left cavity," but he forgets to tell us whose cat it was, what good the fantastic mutilation did to the cat, or how much agony the cat suffered during or after the operation.

Some of us, even in this material age, are still humane enough to take quite as much interest in the pain inflicted on this cat as in the satisfaction of the curiosity of Dr. Carrel.

The trumpeter ends his fanfare by telling us that we must wait for further reports before we know "whether Dr. Carrel has succeeded in doing for human beings what he has already done for certain animals."

I am sure many of us in England are in no hurry to have our right and left kidneys transplanted and exchanged; but, of course, if Americans like to let

## Would you eat a spoonful of plain artificial coloring material?

Hardly anyone would, if for no other reason than that it doesn't appeal to the taste.

## Belle Mead Sweets

Chocolates and Bon Bons

contain no artificial coloring, not only because it is not especially good to eat but because it is the aim of the makers to use no ingredients not a proper food by itself. This explains the unique position of Belle Mead Sweets as the pioneers for Purity.

Belle Mead Sweets are made of chocolate, sugar, fruits, nuts, butter and cream in the cleanest candy kitchen in the world.

Sold only in sealed boxes at 80c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 the pound at the better drug stores.

## Belle Mead Sweets

81 West End Ave., Trenton, N. J.

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

# Jackson

No hill  
too steep  
No sand  
too deep

Size, and power,  
and ease of riding.

Size, and power, and  
ease of riding.

Size, and power, and  
ease of riding.

Three factors absolutely vital to your bodily comfort—absolutely essential to the unwavering, unflinching efficiency of your car. Three sign-posts pointing the way to the extraordinary value of the new Jacksons.

Size, and power, and ease of riding.  
Incorporated in the 1912 Jackson models more generously than in any other cars of middle prices.

What size; what power; what ease of riding; what prices?  
Full 50 horsepower in the Jackson Model "52," at \$1800, and wheel base of 124 inches—more powerful and longer than any other \$1800 car ever has been or is to-day—with the luxurious riding ease of an extreme wheel base enhanced by 36-inch wheels and four full elliptic springs. Demountable rims included.

Model "42" (illustrated), at \$1500, holds the same relative advantage over other cars of the same price, with its 40 horsepower, wheel base of 118 inches, 34x4 inch tires and full elliptic springs—a value made more pronounced by the inclusion of top, windshield, etc.

In Model "32," \$1100 commands more than ever before—30 horsepower, 110 inch wheel base, 32 inch wheels and full elliptic springs.

Size, and power, and ease of riding, and price—the four things which are going to govern your choice of a car; the four things which define value. If you can find any other cars, at these prices, having the size, and power, and ease of riding of these new Jacksons, we relinquish our claim on your consideration—save to suggest that you demand also a reputation and experience equivalent to the Jackson reputation and automobile manufacturing experience of ten years' standing.

**Jackson Automobile Co., 1300 E. Main St., Jackson, Mich.**

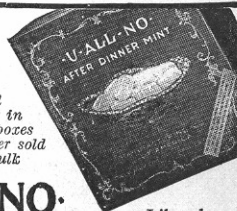


Dr. Carrel play cup-and-ball with their organs we can have no objection.—  
*Stephen Coleridge in the London Zoophilist.*

### Political Arithmetic

A Sligo paper, as the last remedy for the afflictions of Ireland, recommends "reduction in rents, subtraction in taxes, addition in our local trade, multiplication in our foreign commerce and an equal division of the blessings of our 'matchless' constitution."

No better finishing touch for the finest dinner ever cooked than these dainty mint-flavored creams.



*Sold only in tin boxes  
Never sold in bulk*

**U-ALL-NO.**  
**AFTER DINNER MINT.**

Liberal Box by mail 10c.

We also manufacture  
**U-ALL-NO.**  
**MINT CHEWING GUM.**

Send 5c. for a package.

**MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA**  
461 North 12th Street, Philadelphia, U. S. A.



**It's The  
Clean Beer**

From mash tub to keg or bottle,  
throughout the entire process of  
brewing

**Pabst  
Blue Ribbon**  
The Beer of Quality

never is touched by human hands and never  
comes in contact with anything  
but filtered air and sterilized  
utensils.

Order a case today



## A Frenchman's Ver- sion of Young Norval

Mon nom c'est Norvelle. On ze hill  
Grampion  
Mon père he feed hees moutons; un  
brave homme,  
Whose grand desir vas to pile up  
richesse  
(Ze—vat you call heem?—ze needful—  
ze soap—  
Ze rocks—ze tin—ze—ah! oui, ze green-  
back.)  
And keep à la maison hees only fils,  
Hees beau petit garçon. Voilà c'est  
moi,  
For I have sometimes hear ze grande  
bataille—  
Ah, ha! Oui! I have hear ze crash,  
ze boom;  
I see ze poof; I smell ze poudaire—  
hein!  
I am excite—I zink I shall go vilde!  
I look down from ze montaine top. I  
see  
Beaucoup de troupe. It must zat I go  
fight.  
Mais I remembaire mon pauvre vieux  
père.  
I cannot leave heem. Non, I stay viz  
heem.  
Eh, bien! Ze moon zat rise last night,  
ronde like  
Zees bouclier has not yet feel her  
horns,

## DIVORCE

TO whom does a woman's soul belong—her  
church, her husband, or herself?

Is a wife's clinging to a shameless drunkard a  
religious duty or a state of sin?

These questions are asked, discussed and answered in the

### NEW REBELLION NOVEL

By

JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON

Written with the untrammelled pen of an independent  
thinker, but full of touches of humor, and fair minded  
respect for old manners and customs. A passionate  
story of how a new love in a woman's life made her cut  
the Gordian knot of a loveless marriage. Every word  
burns.

Sold wherever books are sold. Price \$1.25 Net.

Publishers—THE REILLY & BRITTON CO., Chicago.

Ven by ze light a band of fierce ca-  
naille—  
Ze Rowdie—ze Lofaire—ze Rough—Ah!  
oui—  
Ze Bullie Boys, rush like ze diable down  
Upon ze vallee, tout-à-coup. Zey make  
Ze moutons run away. Ze bergers hide  
Behind ze bush; zey climb upon ze  
tree.  
I am leave all alone. Ma foi! I say  
To myself: "Norvelle, mon petit gar-  
çon,  
Now is precisement ze time for you.  
Go in and vin, à la française, mon  
brave."  
"Oui, Monsieur," je répons. Zen I  
go in  
Vis my revolviere; and in ze air  
I shake ze sabre de mon père. Je  
chasse  
Ze ennemi everyvere. Zen, right away,  
Bientôt, in a little vile, approach  
Mes amis; zen ve fight, ve conquaire—  
oui,  
Ve bounce ze Bullie Boys—ah, ha! une  
balle  
From mon pistol have pierce ze chief-  
tain's eye.  
It make heem, oh, so seek—he fall; he  
have  
Ze mal à l'estomac, he cry enoff.  
He is perish. He kick ze pail ovaire.  
He is dead like—ze leetle feesh—  
Ze—vat you call heem?—oui, ze red  
hareng.  
I ask politelee has he any more  
Some use for hees gold vatch. He say  
nossing;  
Zen I go zroo heem. Oui, I take ze  
vatch.  
I take ze greenback from hees pantalon.  
I take hees très-magnifique diamond  
peen.  
Regardez! It is zees vich now I veer.  
—Burdett's World of Humor.

A RICH upstart asked a poor man if  
he had any idea what opulence was. "It  
is a thing," replied the latter, "which  
gives a rogue the advantage over an  
honest man."

"I NEVER," said Voltaire, "was ruined  
but twice; once when I gained a law  
suit and once when I lost it."

# I. W. HARPER

## Whiskey

"THE KIND YOUR GRANDFATHER USED—  
STILL THE BEST"

Leading Dealers Thruout America

# ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine,  
spirit and soda beverages. Appetizing, healthful, to use  
with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Mer-  
chants or Druggists. Sample by mail, 25c in stamps.  
C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

## Who Loves Chocolate Loves Peter's

because it is the very acme of perfection in the art of preparing an eating chocolate with the true chocolate flavor combined with nourishing qualities of exceeding value.

*It is a food and candy combined.*

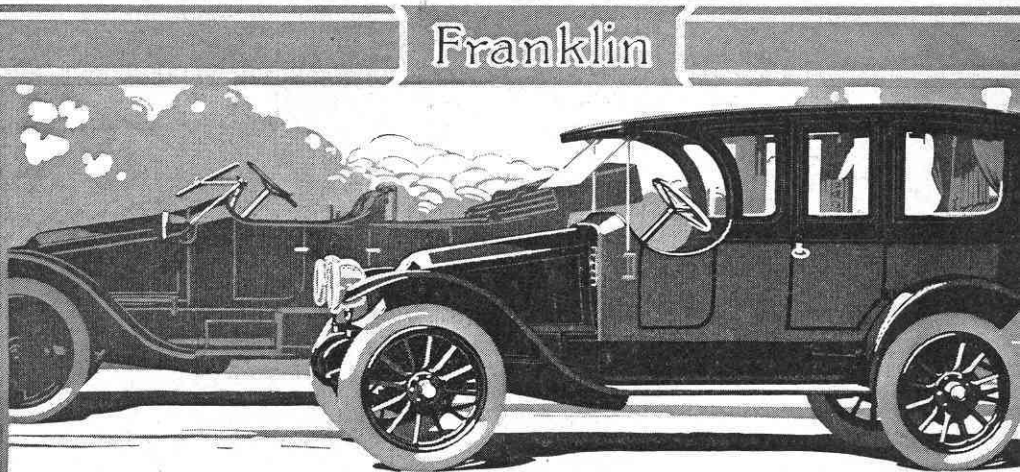


Peter's  
Milk Chocolate  
Peter's  
Milk Chocolate Croquettes  
Peter's  
Almond Milk Chocolate  
Peter's  
"Thimbles" with Hazelnuts  
Peter's Bon-Bons

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO.  
Sole Agents New York

### Josh Billings on Woman

Woman iz the glassware ov krea-shun. She iz luvly and brittle, but she hez run up everything we really enjoy in this life from 25 cents on the dollar to par. Adam, without Eve, would hav been az stupid az playing a game ov checkures alone. There haz been more butiful things sed in her praze than there haz ov enny other animate thing, and she is worthy ov them all. She is not an angell, tho, and i hope she won't never



FRANKLIN DIRECT AIR COOLING REQUIRES NO MECHANISM. IT IS THE LOGICAL, SIMPLE, POSITIVE WAY. WEATHER CONDITIONS DO NOT AFFECT IT. IT AVOIDS THE WEIGHT AND COMPLICATION OF THE WATER CIRCULATING SYSTEM. THE MOTOR IS QUIET, FLEXIBLE AND VERY RESPONSIVE. HIGHER EFFICIENCY IS SECURED; THE MOTOR UTILIZES THE FULL POWER OF THE GASOLINE.

SIX-CYLINDER, 30 H. P., "THE LITTLE SIX", FIVE-PASSENGER TOURING CAR, \$2800.

SIX-CYLINDER, 38 H. P., FIVE-PASSENGER TOURING OR FOUR-PASSENGER TORPEDO-PHAETON, \$3500.

SIX-CYLINDER, 38 H. P., SEVEN-PASSENGER TOURING, SILVERTOWN CORD TIRES, \$4000; LIMOUSINE, \$5000.

FOUR-CYLINDER, 25 H. P., FIVE-PASSENGER CAR, \$2000.

FOUR-CYLINDER, 18 H. P., RUNABOUT, \$1650.

FOUR-CYLINDER, 25 H. P., LIMOUSINE OR LANDAULET, \$3000.

ALL PRICES F. O. B. FACTORY, TOP AND GLASS FRONT INCLUDED.

WEIGHT MAKES TIRE EXPENSE. FRANKLIN CARS ARE LIGHT-WEIGHT AND LARGE TIRES ARE USED. THE TIRES ARE NOT OVERLOADED AND THEY GIVE LONG AND SATISFACTORY SERVICE. WE HAVE A TABULATED REPORT OF TIRE SERVICE FROM MANY OWNERS AND WILL MAIL IT ON REQUEST. WRITE FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY  
SYRACUSE N Y

# CALOX

The  
OXYGEN  
TOOTH POWDER

Only use can demonstrate to you the wonderful sense of sweetness and cleanliness that the oxygen in CALOX brings to mouth and teeth. Only use can show you how CALOX wards off decay and, where decay has started, arrests its growth.

No other dentifrice contains this Oxygen; no other dentifrice can do for you what CALOX does.

Sample and Booklet  
free on request

All Druggists 25c

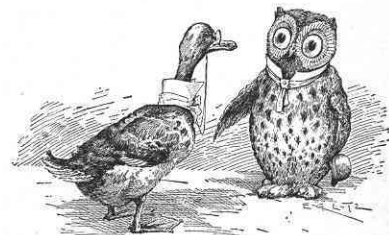
Ask for the  
Calox Tooth Brush, 35c.  
McKESSEON & ROBBINS  
NEW YORK



go into the angell bizzness. Angells on earth don't pay. The only mistake that woman haz ever made iz to think she iz a better man than Adam.

### Too Much God and No Flour

Old Chief Pocotello, now at the Fort Hall agency, in answer to an inquiry relative to the true Christian character of a former Indian agent at that place, gave in very terse language the most accurate description of a hypocrite that was ever given to the public. "Ugh! Too much God and no flour."—Bill Nye.



"CAN YOU DO SOMETHING FOR MY EYES, DR. DRAKE? EVERY TIME I STROLL ON BROADWAY SOME GIRL HAS ME ARRESTED FOR WINKING AT HER."

# Maillard's

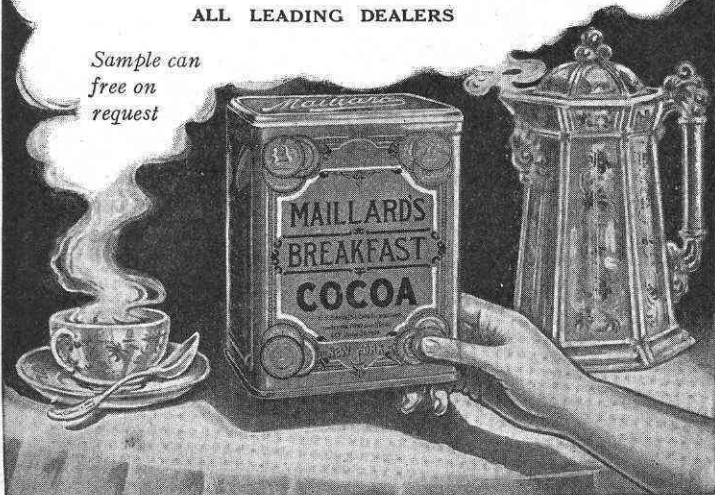
The best COCOA of them all

*Sixty years of Cocoa Making*—over half a century devoted to an industry, the ramifications of which extend to every clime—spells but one word—**Quality.**

Maillard's Breakfast Cocoa and Maillard's Vanilla Chocolate possess in a rare degree that delicacy of flavor and high concentration of strength that always characterizes the perfect food product.

ALL LEADING DEALERS

Sample can  
free on  
request



# One Visible Model 10 Remington Typewriter

in use in your office, will absolutely prove to you the enduring leadership of the Remington. And every additional one simply piles up the proof.

Remember that we *guarantee* your satisfaction.

Remington Typewriter Company  
(Incorporated)  
New York and Everywhere



## To Men and Women Who Are Working Their Way Through College:

It will be very much to your pecuniary advantage to become a member of LIFE'S COLLEGE STUDENTS' LEAGUE. Full particulars will be sent to you, if you will send postal with your name and address to

Life's College Students' League  
17 West Thirty-first Street  
New York City



"ARE YOU A GOOD COOK?"  
"OI GO T' CHURCH TWOWISE IVERY SUNDAY!"

**Inversion of Truth**

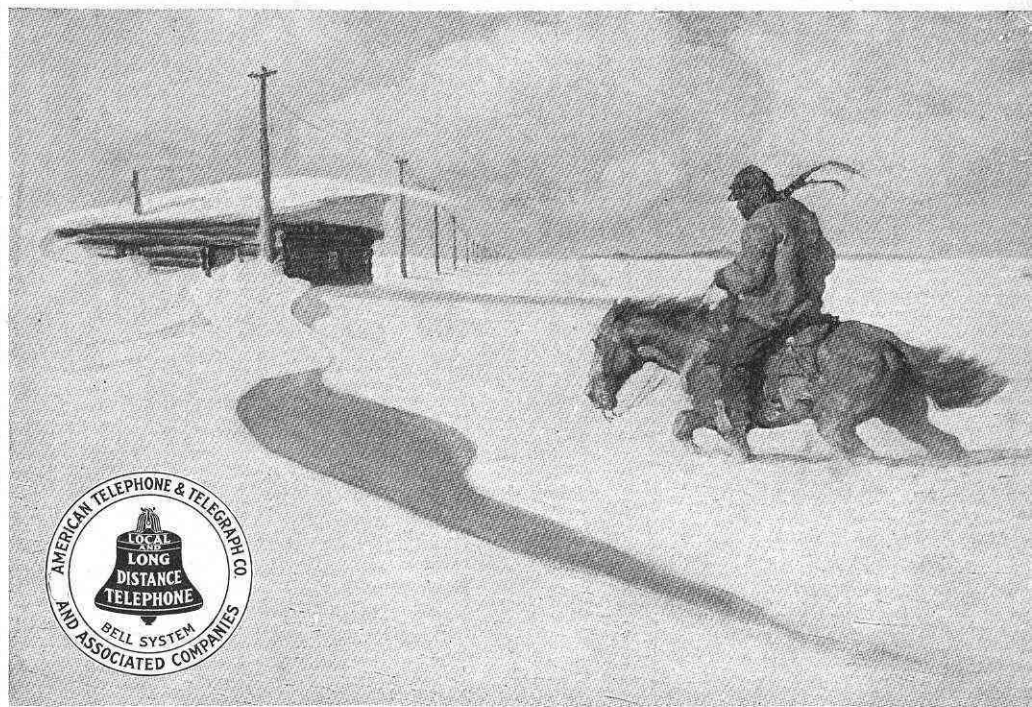
What use the preacher's truth and earnest exhortation?  
The hearer makes thereof inverted application.

A miser listened once to a discourse most moving,  
The habit of unstinted charity approving.

He said: "I never was before so much affected;  
How beautiful is charity, when well directed!

So clear and noble is the duty of almsgiving,  
At once I'll go and beg, as sure as I am living."

—Poetry of the Orient by W. R. Alger.



# In the Bell Democracy

Membership in the telephone democracy of the Bell System means equal opportunity for every man, no matter who he is or where he is.

Each member of this Bell democracy has the same chance of communication, limited only by the distance the voice can be carried.

However remote, whether in the adobe house on the Rio Grande, on the Montana sheep ranch or in the isolated New England farm house, the Bell telephone is an open doorway to the Universal Bell System.

From each Bell outpost run lines that connect it with the central office—that nerve center of the local system.

Long distance and toll lines connect these nerve centers and furnish clear tracks for telephone traffic throughout the land.

12,000,000 miles of wire are the highways over which 20,000,000 telephone talks are carried daily.

The Bell System binds together the social and business activities of a people in a shoulder-to-shoulder march of progress.

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

**One Policy**

**One System**

**Universal Service**

**Lazy**

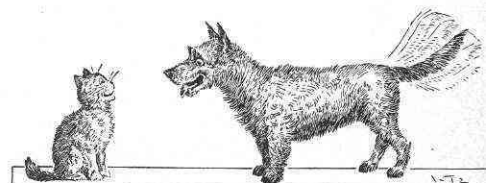
"He was very lazy, Mr. Perkins," said old Mrs. Jones. "I must say my first husband was a very lazy man."

"How lazy was he?" I asked.

"Well, he was so lazy, Eli, Mr. Jones was so lazy, that he wouldn't shovel a path to the front gate."

"How did he get the path broken out?" I asked.

"Oh, he used to lay on the lounge and pinch the baby's ear with the nippers until the neighbors came rushing in to tread down the snow."—Eli Perkins.



*Pussy:* SAY, SANDY, WHY DO YOU WIG-WAG WITH YOUR TAIL SO MUCH? DO YOU BELONG TO THE SIGNAL CORPS?

## Friction

is the motor's worst enemy. But perfect lubrication kills friction. Therefore use

# PANHARD OIL

and your motor will be in the Safe, Sound and "Ripe Age" class. Don't merely ask for "good oil," say PANHARD OIL to your dealer and insist on it. You will be helped in judging a motor oil—if you write for my booklet "Motor Lubrication," and give your dealer's name.

**GEORGE A. HAWS**  
76 Pine Street, New York  
Dealers Write for "Help Sell" Plan.

## A Happy Marriage

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

# SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

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

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

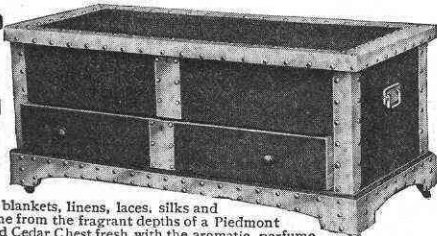
All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.  
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

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Mississippi

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11 in. high  
11 in. wide



Your furs, blankets, linens, laces, silks and woolens, come from the fragrant depths of a Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest fresh with the aromatic perfume of Nature's great preserver and AS PERFECT AS THE DAY THEY WERE LAID AWAY. Absolute protection from moths, mice, dust and dampness. A VERY DECORATIVE piece of furniture and makes the most acceptable of all Christmas gifts. Shipped DIRECT from our factory, at factory prices, freight prepaid, 15 days' free trial. Send for our interesting booklet, "The Story of Red Cedar" and our big illustrated catalog showing all our Chests, Upholstered Wardrobe Couches and Chiffonobes. WIDE PRICE RANGE. **PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 8, Statesville, N.C.**

**Books Received**

*The Lure of the Garden*, by Hildegarde Hawthorne. (Century Company. \$4.50.)

*The Dixie Book of Days*, by Matthew Page Andrews. (Page Publishing Company, Baltimore, Md. \$1.00.)

*A Gallery of Girls*, by Coles Phillips. (Century Company. \$3.00.)

*Two Years Before the Mast*, by Richard Henry Dana. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

**CHARTREUSE**

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecontier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

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Bütjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for United States



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No Metal Can Touch You



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50c

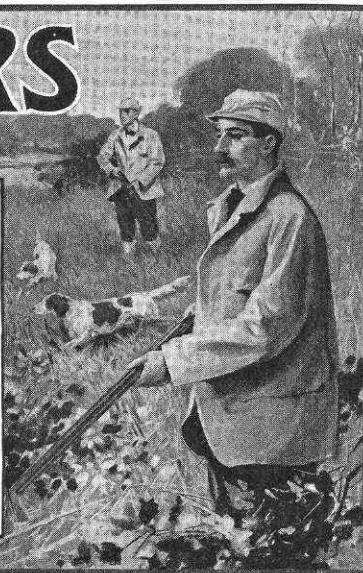
In the field or in the woods— at play or hard at work there's comfort and satisfaction for the wearer of

**PARIS GARTERS**  
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Sold 'round the World

Look for the name PARIS on every garter.

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Congress St. and Center Ave.  
CHICAGO : : : U. S. A.



*Christmas in the Heart*, by May Byron. (Hodder & Stoughton. 50 cents.)

*One Night in Bethlehem*, by W. J. Dawson. (Hodder & Stoughton. 75 cents.)

*A Christmas Tree*, by Charles Dickens. (Hodder & Stoughton. 50 cents.)

*An Old Fashioned Christmas Day*, by Washington Irving. (Hodder & Stoughton. 50 cents.)

*An Old Fashioned Christmas Eve*, by Washington Irving. (Hodder & Stoughton. 50 cents.)

*The Holy Tree*, by Charles Dickens. (Hodder & Stoughton. 50 cents.)

*Poems*, by Frank Butler. (John W. Lovell.)

*The Money Spider*, by William Le Queux. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

*Janey*, by Inez Haynes Gillmore. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.)

*The Truth About Old King Cole*, by G. F. Hill. (Frederick Warne & Co., New York. \$1.00.)

*The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, by Robert Browning. (Frederick Warne & Co., New York. \$1.50.)

*The Adventures of Prince Kebole*, by Flora and Lancelot Speed. (Frederick Warne & Co. \$1.25)

*Master Painters*, Titian. (Hodder & Stoughton, New York. 50 cents.)

*Master Painters*, Van Dyck. (Hodder & Stoughton. 50 cents.)

*Master Painters*, Reynolds. (Hodder & Stoughton. 50 cents.)

*Christmas Roses*, by May Byron. (Hodder & Stoughton. 50 cents.)

*Christmas Bells*, by May Byron. (Hodder & Stoughton. 50 cents.)

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