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Life

PRICE 10 CENTS
Vol. 75, No. 1951 March 25, 1920
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A REAR VIEW OF WHAT IS GOING ON AT THE FRONT

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You know what
you've always
wanted a
cigarette to do.

Chesterfields *do* it.

Chesterfields bring
to your smoking
an enjoyment
so complete,
so full,
so rounded out,
that only one word seems
to describe it —

They "SATISFY"

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

They Satisfy **Chesterfield**
CIGARETTES
— and the blend can't be copied



That Ominous Sound—

The creak of a floor board, the slam of a door, the rattle of a window, waking you in the night, sounds as fearsome as if the house itself were falling down.

When you hop out of bed to investigate, take your Daylo along. Its strong light beam gives you confidence, it helps you locate the cause quickly and relieves your mind sooner.

Whether it's a burglar or only the family cat you will be glad you had a Daylo. *Always keep a Daylo under your pillow.*

How Many Uses for DAYLO in the Home?

Makers of the famous Eveready Storage Battery Guaranteed 1½ Years.

WHEN the men folks are away it is a great comfort to have a Daylo handy around the house. It gives a feeling of security when you can flash the brilliant beam of light on the late caller before opening the door wide. It's almost as good as a gun—and much safer.

Daylo not only helps guard the house against the dangers of prowlers, sneak-thieves and burglars, but it has thousands of little uses day and night around the home.

Down cellar, up in the attic, in the dark

closet, in the pantry cupboard a Daylo will push its strong beam into the darkest corners.

Have a Daylo always handy—on the kitchen shelf, on the hall table, by your bedside—where you can reach it instantly when you need it.

And keep it "loaded" with a fresh Eveready Tungsten Battery—the bright-burning, long-lived battery for all "flash-lights."

Coming: \$10,000 Cash Prize Contest. Ask for particulars at any Daylo store.

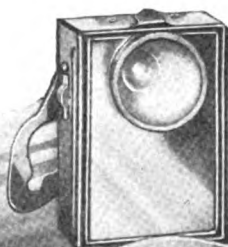
AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS

of National Carbon Company, Inc.

LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK

National Carbon Co., Inc., San Francisco, Calif.

Canadian National Carbon Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

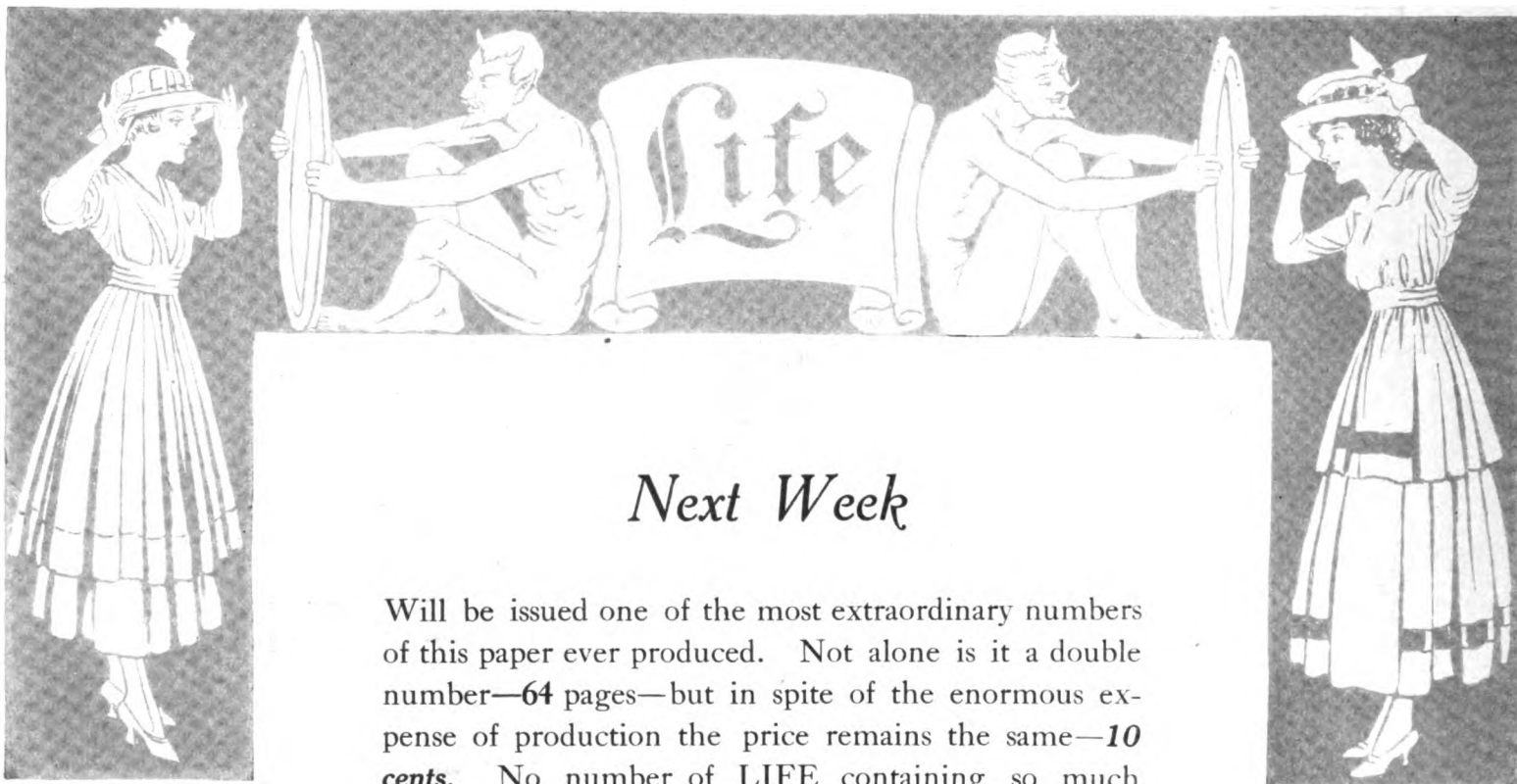


A2115

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6992

With that long-lived TUNGSTEN Battery



Next Week

Will be issued one of the most extraordinary numbers of this paper ever produced. Not alone is it a double number—64 pages—but in spite of the enormous expense of production the price remains the same—**10 cents.** No number of LIFE containing so much work of the best artists and writers in America has ever been issued at this price. Order from your news-dealer now, or Obey that Impulse and Subscribe. Coming, next week, the

EASTER NUMBER of Life

Special Trial Offer
Three Months \$1, Canadian \$1.13,
Foreign \$1.26.
Open only to new names; no sub-
scriptions renewed at this rate.
Year \$5, Canadian \$5.52,
Foreign \$6.04.



*The Easter Number is included in
all subscriptions that commence not
later than April 1st.
Better subscribe at once and make
sure of having a copy of this un-
usual issue.*



APPERSONSON

THE EIGHT WITH EIGHTY LESS PARTS

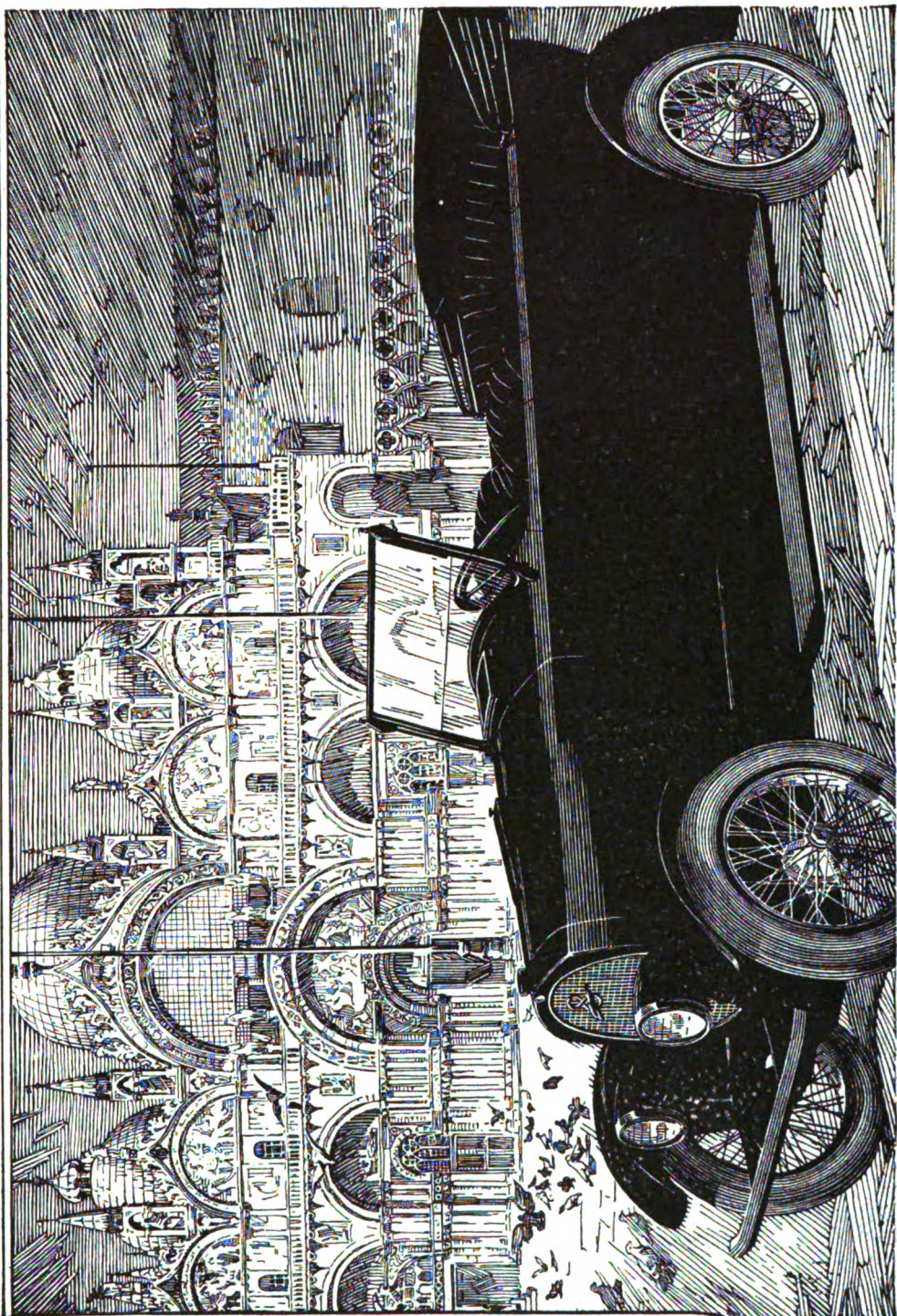
CREATIVE GENIUS

CREATIVE genius, whether it builds cathedrals or motor cars, is never satisfied, never at the end of its endeavor. Year by year the creative genius of Apperson Brothers has enriched the motor car industry; mechanically and artistically.

Creative genius made the first side door car; first double opposed motor; first float feed carburetor; first electric ignition. The Apperson of today, simplified with eighty less parts, is the culmination of Apperson creative genius.

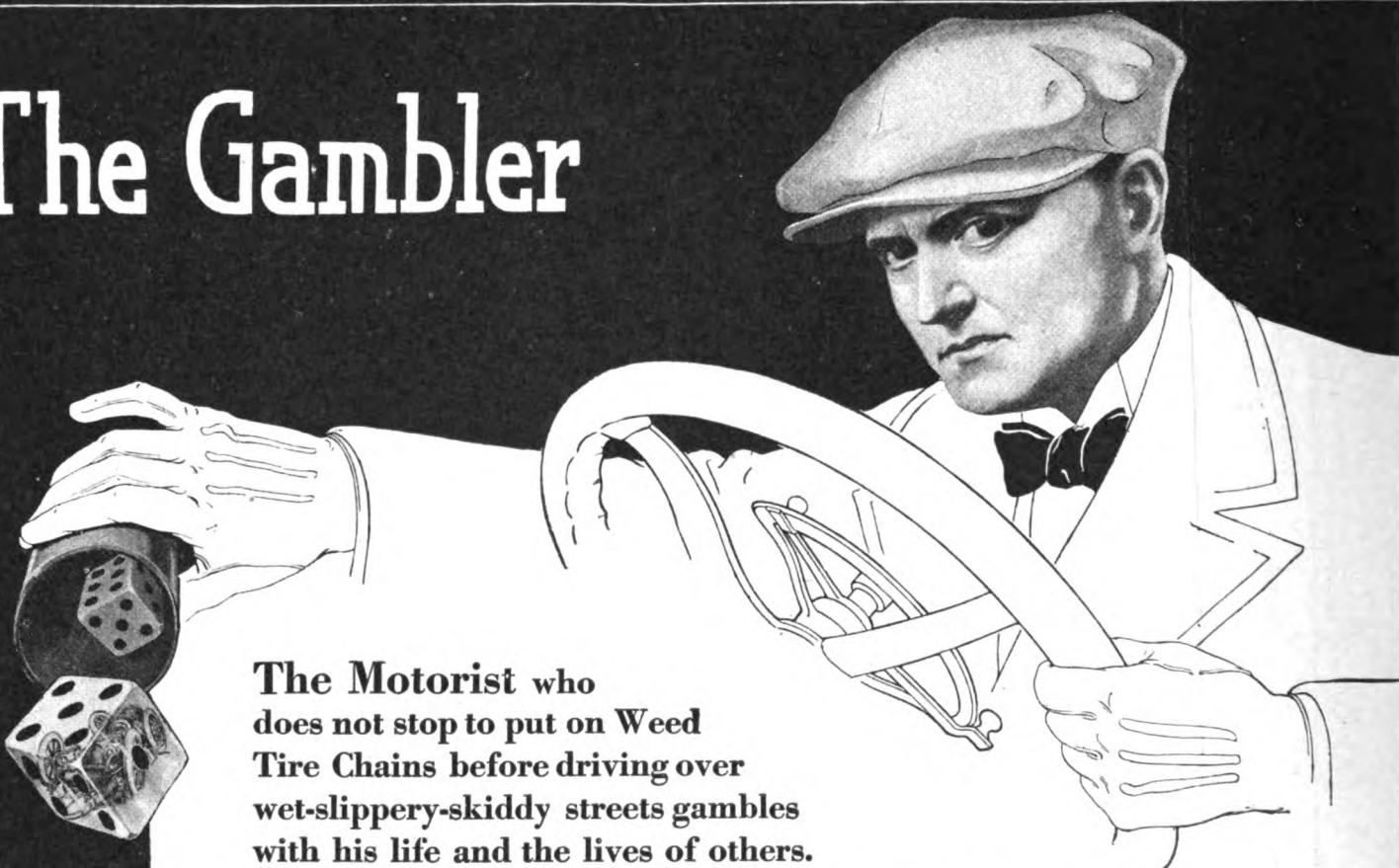
As a result Apperson rushes from one mile an hour to 40 miles in high in 20 seconds; brakes to a dead stop from 40 miles in 4 seconds; turns on 130 inch wheel base in a 38¼ foot circle. Drive an Apperson first—then decide.

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE CO.
Kokomo, Indiana
Export Department
One Hundred W. Fifty-Seventh St.
New York City



DYNAMIC AMERICA DEMANDS RESULTS. APPERSON PRODUCES THEM

The Gambler



The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others.

Don't tilt the dice-box with Fate—don't pit your skill against the Skid that lurks at every turn of the wheel, when streets are wet and treacherous.

No matter how skillfully and carefully you may drive, you and your passengers are *in imminent danger* when the rain whips streets into black deadly skidways *unless* your wheels are equipped with

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

For Dependable Security

Give your Weed Tire Chains a chance to perform their mission. Don't leave them in the garage or tool box—put them on the tires. Only a moment of your time and their steel forged protection will be securely chaining your car to safety.

Weed Tire Chains are also made to meet the demand for an efficient traction and anti-skid device for trucks equipped with single and dual solid tires or with the very large pneumatic tires. They are so constructed that they satisfactorily meet the requirements of heavy truck service in mud, sand or snow.

American Chain Company, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT  CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario
Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

General Sales Office: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

Boston
Pittsburg

District Sales Offices:
Chicago
Portland, Ore.

Philadelphia
San Francisco





The Label

UPON milady's desk there stands
A leather box marked "Rubber Bands."
I raised the lid.

I found within:

A pencil stub; one safety-pin;
Some purple beads; three old thumbtacks;
Two canceled stamps; red sealing-wax;
A tangled string; four copper cents;
Five rusty pens.

And this contents
Is what (no doubt) *she* understands
From that neat label—"Rubber Bands."

Tudor Jenks.

Historical Item

THE age of jazz drawing to a close with much regret,
the powers that be debated seriously as to what, in the
order of progress, should come next. It was, therefore,
determined that the next age should be one of glucose.

"But," declared one dissenter, "are we not glucose
enough as it is? Harold Bell Wright and Mary Pickford
are still with us, and artificial angels, with real wings and
bearing wreaths, are now *en règle* at all funerals."

"This is not enough," declared the committee. "Unless
we carry the thing to the very limit of hysteria we shall
not be true Americans."

Thereupon all the cynics, and what artists there were,
were deported, sob-stuff emporiums opened in every ham-
let, and literary, business, conversational, family and hotel
glucose became the order of the day and night.



THE HOUSE HAUNTERS' UNION DECIDES TO STRIKE FOR A FOUR-HOUR NIGHT



THE BREAD LINE

Dangers of Too Clean a Sweep

IN the Gospel reading in the Episcopal prayer book for the third Sunday in Lent it says:

"When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest; and finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house whence I came out. And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first."

What ho! Prohibition brethren. Do you mind that? Dost note this striking peril of too much aridity?

How about mild wines and low-power beer to moisten the dry places a bit, so that when the outcast spirits walk through them, seeking rest, they may sit down somewhere and have something, and not be driven, willy-nilly, back with companions into the unfortunate body they were driven out of?

Dost insist, brethren, on reaction?

That is what it is when the unclean spirit comes back to his house.

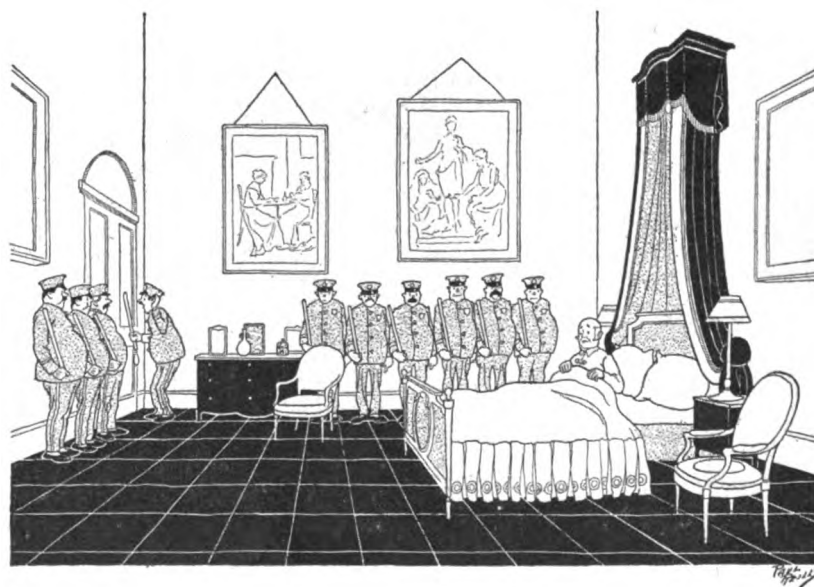
DOROTHY repeats daily and delightedly with the primary grade the salute to the Flag. This is her version:

"I pledge allegiance to the Flag, and to the Republic for which it stands,

one nation invisible, with liberty and justice far off."

JACKSON: How far along are you on that new home you're building?

TRESTON: My wife and I have gotten to the point where we don't speak.



BOMBS AND BOLSHIEVISM

Prominent Citizen: NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP



"WHAT'S UP?"

"UP! WHY, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? SARAH SPRIGG'S JUST BEEN ARRESTED. THEY FOUND TWO JARS OF PRESERVES FERMENTING IN HER CELLAR."

The Enchanted Mirror

WHETHER or no you favor
The madness that is spring's,
Do not deny the savor,
The song and tug of wings
That make it for the unashamed
The common sense of things.

It is, of course, old-fashioned,
Wanting in poise, in tact.
To look or feel impassioned
Over a common fact;
But spring for youthful eyes is framed
With dreams and rainbow-backed.

Richard Butler Glaenser.



"MEN MAY COME AND MEN MAY GO, BUT WE GO ON
FOR-EV-ERR!"

New York

ACCORDING to the latest census estimates, New York has now about seven millions of people, including Mr. Hearst and Mr. Hylan.

This is one million more than ten years ago.

New York is thus increasing at the rate of one hundred thousand a year.

They must like it better than any other place, or they wouldn't come.

Yet, in a given time, you can know fewer people in New York than anywhere else.

You can learn less.

You can spend more and get less for it.

LOUISE: Have you a speaking acquaintance with Mrs. Teller?

JULIA: No, just a listening one.



THE FIRST MUSIC LESSON

Feminine Fame

IN commenting upon the fact that in this year of grace there is not one English woman novelist of the older generation who preserves any influence, Hugh Walpole (in the *Sun and Herald*) says: "One may, indeed, say that from Mrs. Oliphant to May Sinclair Great Britain has had no woman novelist whose work has outlived her immediate time. . . . This is not true of the men."

Obviously not.

And may we, or may we not, say the same thing of America?

We believe there was a lady named Pocahontas, but she did not write novels or other literature, and if she had, she would probably be unknown to-day.

A DOMESTIC comedy—the troubles of the couple in the next apartment. A domestic tragedy—the troubles in your own apartment.



WHY NUMBER NINE WAS LATE TO THE FIRE

Soul Searchings of the Press

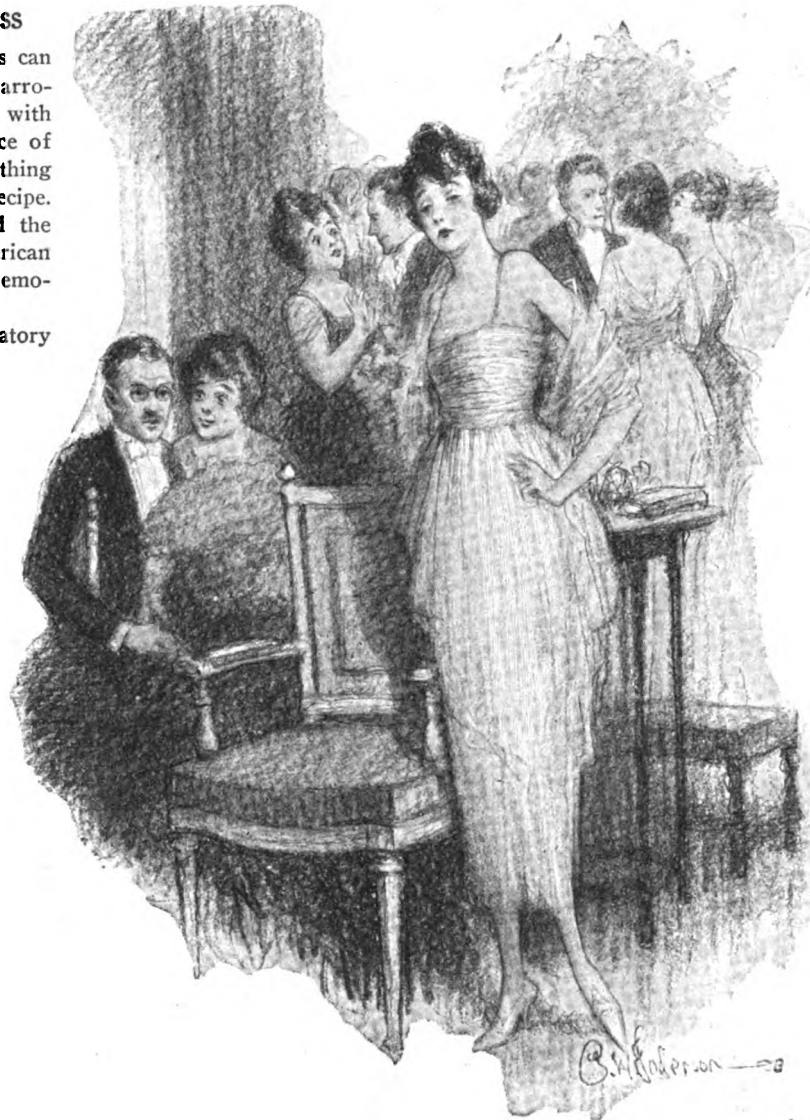
THERE was a time, which some of us can remember, when newspapers were arrogantly masculine, concerning themselves with matters fit only for the robust intelligence of men, and offering to feminine readers nothing but obituary notices and an occasional recipe. Those dark days are happily over, and the American press now appeals to American womanhood in headlines pregnant with emotion.

Why these headlines should be interrogatory may puzzle readers who fail to understand the depths they probe, the great heart-secrets their searchings drag to light. "Can the College Woman Love?" "Can a Screen Vampire Make a Good Mother?" "Is the Forgiving Wife the Average or the Exceptional Woman?"

When we have faced such subtleties as these, when we have mastered such enigmas, the psychology of sex lies bare before our eyes. We are wise with the wisdom of the initiated.

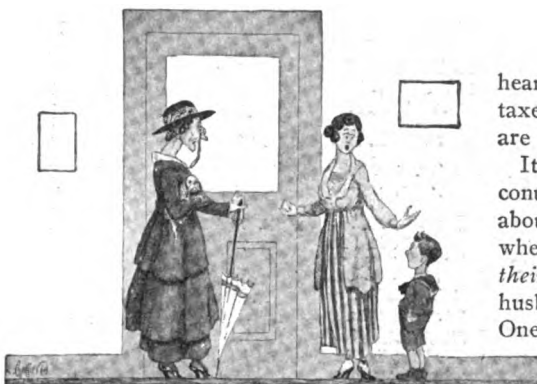
There is a noble and enlightening benignancy in the handling of such delicate themes by the experts of the press. Dark doubts are forever laid aside when we read: "The intelligence of woman does not blight her love. It makes it grow, increasing its beauty and endurance." The daring originality of this thought is sweetened by the hope it holds.

To be assured that the especial breed of womankind known as the screen vampire is capable of attachment, not only for babies, but for "classical music and the quiet solitude of the country," lifts a weight from our



"SHE MUST BE VERY YOUNG."
"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO?"

"SEE WHAT A SOPHISTICATED, BLASÉ EXPRESSION SHE WEARS."



"AREN'T YOU GOING TO KISS THE LADY GOOD-BY, OSWALD?"
"IF YOU AIN'T GOT NO OBJECTIONS, MA, I'D RATHER KISS TH' DOG."

hearts. Why fret over trivialities, like taxes, when the great purposes of life are clear.

It is significant that these educational conundrums are seldom propounded about men. Nobody seems to care whether or not intelligence blights *their* love, or whether the forgiving husband is common or exceptional. One bold interrogator does indeed ask:

"Will Candy-Eating Become a Masculine Vice?" But from the possibilities involved in such a query, imagination shrinks appalled.

Agnes Repplier.

Taking No Chances

CRAWFORD: I'd never think of spending any time at a popular resort unless I went there first to look it over.

CRABSHAW: In a case of that kind my wife always makes a preliminary visit to see how many gowns the other women are wearing.

At a Recent Book Sale

"WHAT! Seventy-five thousand dollars for Venus and Adonis?"

"Yes. But that's nothing. I've known love stories to cost twice as much."

So 'This Is Heaven!

BY closely following Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge and Mrs. Tweedale in their supermundane peregrinations through the ambient ether, one may get an excellent conception of just the kind of place Heaven is, the quality of its inhabitants, their manners, morals, diet and general proclivities and tendencies. Of course, many of us will never get any value out of this inside information; yet it is well to know what we are missing, especially in these days when true virtue is grounded on doing without and making others do without.

We learn that Heaven is a place:

Of eternal quiet and peace.

Where the spirits of justice and the wraiths of wrong are in constant combat.

Where there is no food.

Where there are men and bread and beer (for British subjects).

Where the menu is composed entirely of fruits and nuts.

Where only a sweet liquid is partaken of.

Where there are neither houses nor cities.

Where there are metropolises greater than London or Paris, and palaces of marble and precious stones.

Where there are dogs and other pets.

Where only human beings may enter.

Where you may see Nero, Napoleon and Lucrezia Borgia.

Where only the just, the merciful and the pure in heart may be found.

Where everyone wears diaphanous robes of white.

Where soldiers are attired in the uniforms in which they fell.

Where you meet all your relatives, regardless of their manner of living on earth.

Where you don't meet them because they reside on different spheres in ac-

cordance with their mundane virtues and vices.

Having thus acquired a coherent and detailed knowledge of Heaven, we await with burning anxiety data of the other place. A man going to Syracuse, N. Y., is not vitally interested in the excellent hotel accommodations they have in Muscatine, Ia.



A RING AT OUR DOOR-BELL

Sh-h-h!

SOFTLY, please. Draw the curtains. Watch the door. Is no one near? We have secrets; state secrets.

Mr. Vanderlip says—but wait. Are you sure no one is listening? We are quite alone? Then proceed.

Mr. Vanderlip says the Federal Reserve is not what we thought it. Dreadful! It appears that the Federal

Reserve System has "opened the door to the inflation of the country's credit." Worse and worse!

So that's what's the matter? We had a totally different impression. We thought it was due to the wonderful wisdom and judgment with which everything had been managed.

My Little One

ONE night I had
A thought.
At least
I thought
It was a thought,
A precious little thought,
Worthy of life.
So I clothed my thought
In purple, as it were,
And fine linen.
I clothed my thought
In verse.
At least
I thought
It was verse.
And I took it to an
editor.
At least
He thought
He was an editor.
But he was not.
For he bought
My verse.
And paid for it.
He thought it was
Free verse.
But it was not.
He paid for it.
Micawber Melrose.

Utopian

IN the present chaotic state of the world, if men would only realize that if they possess great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency; and that nothing is denied to well-directed labor and nothing is ever to be attained without it, what a peaceful change would take place.

THE HOSTESS (to the newcomers): Is there anyone here whom you would particularly like to meet?

FIDDLER: My wife says she would like to have an interview with your cook.

· LIFE ·



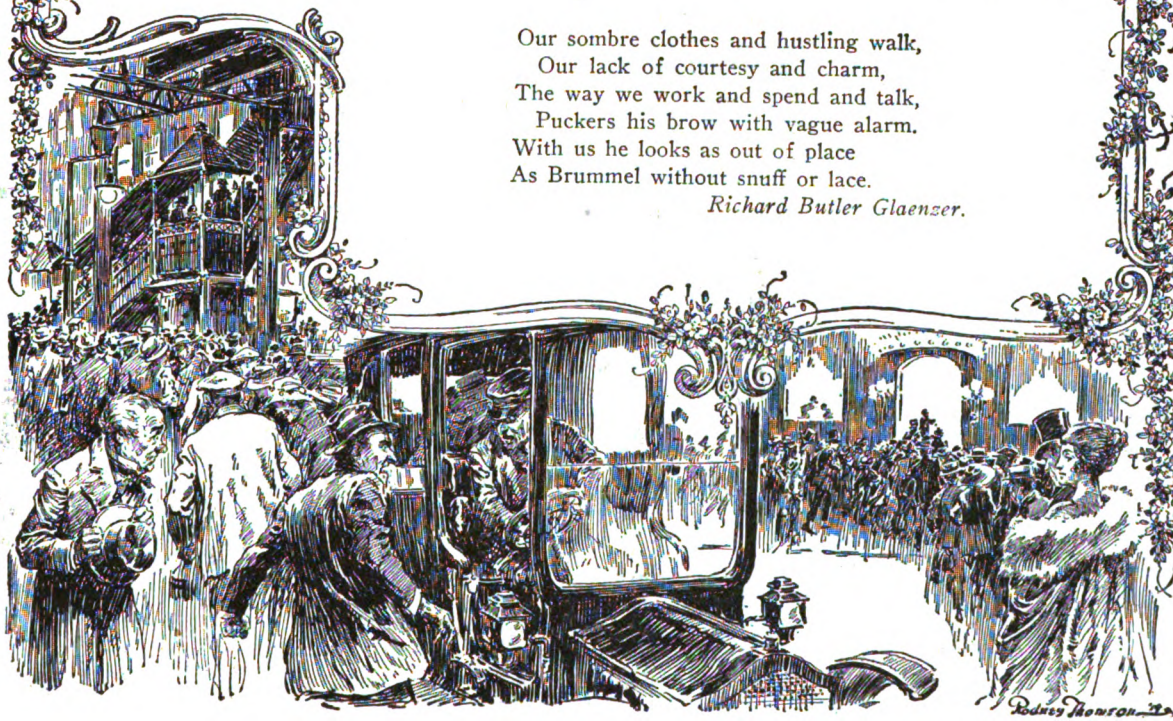
The Old Beau

HE should have lived in other days,
When silks were worn and hats were doffed,
And gallants drove a lacquered chaise
And purchased Spode and Lowestoft;
He should have lived when port was king
And polished manners were the thing.



Our sombre clothes and hustling walk,
Our lack of courtesy and charm,
The way we work and spend and talk,
Puckers his brow with vague alarm.
With us he looks as out of place
As Brummel without snuff or lace.

Richard Butler Glaenser.





"OH, LOOK, HENRY! THE MAN AT THE NEXT TABLE IS HAVING TWO BOILED EGGS FOR BREAKFAST."
 "MERE VULGAR OSTENTATION, MY DEAR."

A Story for the Drys

WHEN the Princess May was lying last month in the harbor of Port Maria, Jamaica, "a tarantula was seen to shoot across the floor of the stewards' messroom."

So the *World* says, anyhow, and relates that a tarantula hunt immediately proceeded on that ship.

Rum is practically free in Jamaica; very cheap and little persecuted. So maybe the stewards' bug-vision had been reinforced. It is averred, however, that in this case the bug was real, and was caught and killed, and people do say that actual tarantulas do transpire on banana ships.

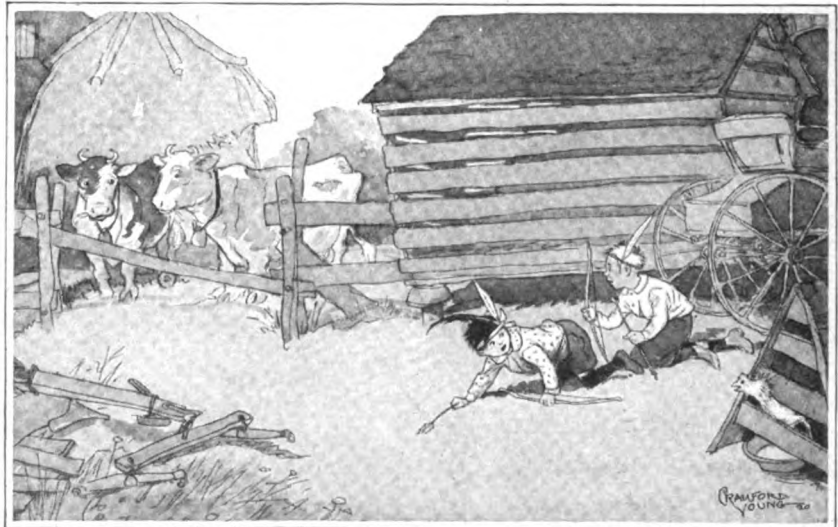
But the drys can have the story.

Next in Order

KIND OLD LADY (*who has just given Ted some candy*): And now what do you say, my dear little man?

"Got any more?"

THE Conservation Commission of the State of New York is quite justified in its crusade against violators of the game laws protecting frogs. No doubt there should be a closed season on frogs, but a constitutional amendment might be necessary to enforce it now, inasmuch as this is leap year.



THE BUFFALO HUNT



THE HOUSE FOUNDED UPON A ROCK



WHEN THE PENDULUM SWINGS BACK
A ZIEGFELD CHORUS OF THE FUTURE

If We Weren't Afraid of Anything

AT present the whole world is run upon the basis that everybody is afraid, and there seems to be no prospect of a change.

Yet, what a pity! And how much would be saved!

The fears of human beings have been commercialized to an incredible extent. Billions of dollars are spent by women on clothes, because they are afraid that otherwise they will not be attractive to men.

Men undergo enormous hardships and descend to the utmost depths of folly and corruption, for fear they will die poor. The entire human race is gun-shy.

There is a long line in front of a ticket office. A well-dressed woman, who is in a hurry, pushes it aside, pokes her head in at the window and demands to be waited on. This happens every day, perhaps every hour, somewhere in America. Yet not a man dares do anything about it. Suppose there was such a man. He would go up to that woman and say:

"Madam, you have no business here. Get back where you belong! You are presuming upon the well-known cowardice of others. Let this be a lesson to you!"

Then the man, who might be in a hurry himself, would take her place ahead of the others and get what he wanted.

The Business of Revolt

IT is one thing to be a radical and quite another to make a living out of it. The school of revolt has always existed in every age, but so far as literature is concerned it has apparently run ahead of the times.

It is no longer possible, by inventing cynical epigrams against the existing order of things, to support one's family in luxury.

Bernard Shaw, who got his inspiration from the then unknown Samuel Butler, got a great start on everybody. He discovered that it was necessary only to declare false what everybody had come to take for granted.

Mr. Chesterton had a slightly different formula, which was, in effect, to declare true what people had thought false. No American has yet risen to work either of these formulas as successfully as it ought to be done, and yet we pride ourselves on being commercial.

AMY LOWELL says that our professional humorists have no humor. That's just like a woman—she can't keep a secret.

THE problem is, to make what's in your cellar last throughout your days and still not die and leave any.

Life's Title Contest

For the best title to the picture on this page

LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize . . \$500.00
Second Prize . . \$200.00
Third Prize . . \$100.00

The contest will be governed by the following

CONDITIONS

Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the situation shown in the picture.

No title submitted shall consist of more than twenty-five words. Hyphenated words will be counted as one.

Contestants may send in more than one answer, but each one must be on a separate sheet, with name and address plainly written.

The contest is open to everybody. In case of any dispute as to the status of a winning contestant under these conditions, the Editors of LIFE will be the sole judges. But a liberal interpretation will be placed on the conditions.

The contest is open now. It will close at noon on Monday, May 3, 1920, no manuscripts received on that date



For the Best Title to this Picture \$800 will be given in Prizes

See conditions on this page



THE BURGLAR WHO HAD A SENSE OF THE FITNESS OF THINGS

after that hour being considered.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered. Envelopes must contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet. If you have anything else to say to LIFE, send it in a separate letter. The Editors will not be responsible for the loss of manuscripts. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies. No manuscripts will be returned.

Titles may be original or may

be a quotation from some well-known author, but in this case the source must be accurately given.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE to be a contestant. In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The earlier you send your title the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.

CRABSHAW: I find you literary men have a habit of saying about certain authors that they've arrived.

PENFIELD: That word has lost much of its original significance. Nowadays it generally means that they have come here to lecture.



MARCH 25
1920

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THOMAS L. MASSON, *Secretary*

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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Office, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



PEOPLE are going to Europe again. Steamers run and apparently now make comfortable provision for passengers, and the passengers are forthcoming. They do not say as of yore that they are going "to have a good time," but they seem to be out for recreation and entertainment very much as heretofore. Parents are going over "to see where Jimmy fought in the war." Other inquirers are going because it is six years since they have been, and a good deal happened over there, and they wish to see the pieces of Europe before they are all dug in.

Undoubtedly the said pieces will be interesting to examine, and Americans rich enough to inspect them will see a good show. Maybe it will do them good, and doubtless the money they carry over will do Europe good. Apparently a good deal of money will pass over, for the tourist migration promises to be large.

And perhaps it will do good in another way, by reminding folks here who need such a reminder that there has been a war. There is a new book out by Philip Gibbs, called "Now It Can Be Told," and, as described by a reviewer in the *Times*, it seems a very proper book for all tourists to carry with them. In it the reviewer says Mr. Gibbs has put what he had to leave out of the long stream of dispatches he sent to the newspapers while the war was going on. He went through with it from beginning to end, and seems to have formed a very low opinion of modern war and strong objection to a recurrence of it. Indeed,

the reviewer says the final purpose of the book is a passionate disclosure "of the purpose for which men died, and of the manner in which politicians, blind to the smouldering indignation in the hearts of nations, are returning to their dirty corner games."

That sounds about right, and it must be a proper book for tourists to take along, and if enough of them go, and besides disbursing acceptable money in Europe, refresh their impressions about the war and the kind of a war it was, and come back with a sense that something has really happened to the world, their travels may be considerably fruitful of good.

Anyhow, it is comforting to have some travelers traveling again at their own cost.



AS to the blind politicians and their "dirty corner games" they are strange phenomena. The trouble with them is that they are trying to live, and incidentally to make a living, in a world that has passed away. Consider Senator Lodge and the scandal of his uninterment! Consider most of the presidential candidates and most of their more zealous backers! What a very small proportion of them have any real sense of what has happened! What a very large proportion of them are still living in the irretrievable past and planning the details of a state of things that belongs to it!

Perhaps it's lucky in a way that it is so, because the mechanisms of life have not changed much yet and there must be people to tend them and keep them

going. They may not change violently at all. Passing from one era to another does not necessarily involve wholesale demolition of material fixtures. They will last, slowly changing and perhaps improving, as long as enough people are enough pleased with them and enough pleased with the life to which they minister, to protect them and keep them going. And seeing the apparatus of life remain apparently stable, and having rolls and coffee and boiled eggs for breakfast about as usual, a great many people are fooled into thinking that not much has happened to their world, except H. C. L., and the income tax. There must be farmers and crops and railroads and houses and motor cars and gasoline, and there must be people to attend to all those things, and in a presidential year there must be delegates and conventions and candidates and politicians to think about them. All this stability of mechanisms induces an appearance of just-as-usual, and most of the politicians are fooled by it, and think of candidates as they used to, and consider what states they can carry, maybe. But election is seven months ahead, and something will happen and much will be said in every week of that time, and the man who will carry states in November is likely to be the one who gives best evidence of knowing what has happened to the world.

That is why so many people have turned away from all the politicians to Hoover. Alone of all the candidates, unless one should except McAdoo, he knows what has happened to the world and has fairly precise ideas of what should be done about it.



THE world doesn't think it needs politicians or any more corner games. It needs a doctor, and one who can change the treatment. The United States is part of the world. A considerable group of senators are very loath to think so, and combat everything that implies acceptance of that assertion, but it is really so, and the only way to make the United States safe and comfortable is to get in with a real punch and help to make the rest



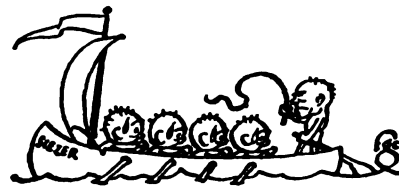
THE MANTLE AND THE ANXIOUS ELISHAS

of the world safe also and as comfortable as circumstances and recent indiscretions permit.

If the world, including us, has not got enough sense yet to make itself safe, no doubt it must continue to have experience of being unsafe and uncomfortable. And you can't hurry it. Nobody is wise before his time. Philip Gibbs was horrified at the stupidities of the management of the war. His admiration of G. H. Q. is very moderate. Yet the war went through in course of time to a good end in spite of G. H. Q., and hopeful persons believe that in due time and in like manner, in spite of G. H. Q.'s the tremendous job of the reorganization of the world on a better basis will be accomplished.

But it will never be accomplished, or if apparently accomplished, it never will work, except by the development of a new spirit in men. That must be the really important thing that is going on now. At this writing (March 14th) there is news of the upset of the government in Germany, by old-time German reactionaries, and of rebellion against the Treaty arrangements and the induction of a new government of Asia

Minor by Arabs, and of difficult and dangerous complications in Turkey and other threatening developments, all traceable to our failure to get in with the rest and get the League of Nations started. Jolted perhaps by these ominous happenings, Mr. Lodge gives out that the Senate will vote on Article X tomorrow. If so, we may soon know whether it will pass the Treaty or not. Perhaps we shall, perhaps not, but if not, or if the Treaty is passed in such form that the President will not ratify it, that is not the end of anything, but only a pause, for the processes of compulsion will still go on and matters will go from bad to worse, until a competent doctor turns up and gets the case and changes the treatment and gives the *vis medicatrix naturae* a chance to get in its work.



IT has been pleasant to have the navy find a voice in Admiral Sims, and have its mind spoken without reserve.

It has had a good deal to say this long time, and some of it, at least, is coming out.

Of course, the Secretary will have his day in court also, and will say what he likes or what he can, and in the end nothing will be done. But a record will have been made, and that will be useful in the final estimate—if it is ever compounded—of Josephus Daniels in the navy.

Mr. Daniels, presumably, was Mr. Bryan's gift to the country. He has had a first-class time for seven years, and has still eleven enjoyable months before him. On the whole, he has not been much worse cursed out than most of the British lords of the Admiralty who operated during the war. Either the control of navies by civilians is defective in practice, or navies are nurseries of critics. Admiral Sims is a free-spoken man when discipline permits, but he is a conservative talker compared with Admiral Fisher.

We should think of Mr. Daniels philosophically, as we do of Kaiser Bill; not as a monster, but as something that happened along naturally enough to demonstrate the vanity of human wishes.

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All Ready

F E .



for Peace

Educating a Contemporary

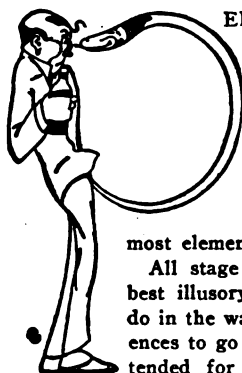
THE current number of *The Billboard* prints the following:

In its issue of June 12, 1915, *The Billboard* printed an article which was intended as a reply to an article by Mr. James S. Metcalfe, the dramatic critic of *LIFE*, dealing with the general subject of the stage under modern conditions. *The Billboard* had no intention of reflecting upon Mr. Metcalfe, and no reason for doing so, but Mr. Metcalfe felt that the terms in which we wrote implied such a reflection, and he promptly took exception to the same. The ensuing controversy has dragged out to the present time, and being now happily terminated, *The Billboard* is very glad to make public disavowal of any inference which could possibly be drawn from its article to the prejudice of Mr. Metcalfe, and to say that it never had the slightest intention to disparage his honesty or competence as a dramatic critic, for both of which, in fact, it has the highest respect.

LIFE trusts that the printing of the above retraction, in addition to a substantial money payment in lieu of damages, will restrain our contemporary from future indulgence in statements that are not so.



Content With the Ills We Have



PERHAPS the perfect and complete enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment to what used to be the American Constitution will remove completely the horrors of *delirium tremens*. But there are other evils remaining that are not touched by that amendment. Not least among them are frequent offences against what would seem to be the most elementary principles of dramatic art.

All stage representations of real life are at the best illusory. With the most that the theatre can do in the way of make-believe, it has to ask its audiences to go a long way with it in accepting the pretended for the real. Theatregoers have been so long educated in stage conventions that they accept many falsities of the scenic representations without question, but nowadays there seems to be no limit to what theatrical producers in America expect the common-sense of their audiences to forgive. Not regarding the theatre as a seriously important institution, and having no critical standard, American theatregoers tolerate these offences with the same indifference that Americans display towards many evils that could be easily corrected with a little resentment, publicly and energetically expressed.

The play called "Musk," which attracts unusual notice as the only new offering in a whole week, illustrates one of the most frequent disillusionments we have to suffer. Although the authorship is attributed to Leonie de Soniny, apparently

French although not conspicuous in French literature of the stage, the scene is laid somewhere in Scandinavia, and the story is of one of those commonplace domestic tragedies Scandinavian playwrights delight in dissecting. Awkwardly translated, the play at best would not be particularly interesting to American audiences. As though this foreign quality was not enough to destroy American interest, its acting is entrusted to a company which in imported accents ranges from Piccadilly English to broken French, with Austrian and Swedish or Norwegian, perhaps Danish, in between. Naturally any American interest the play might have excited is lost in the confusion of speech.

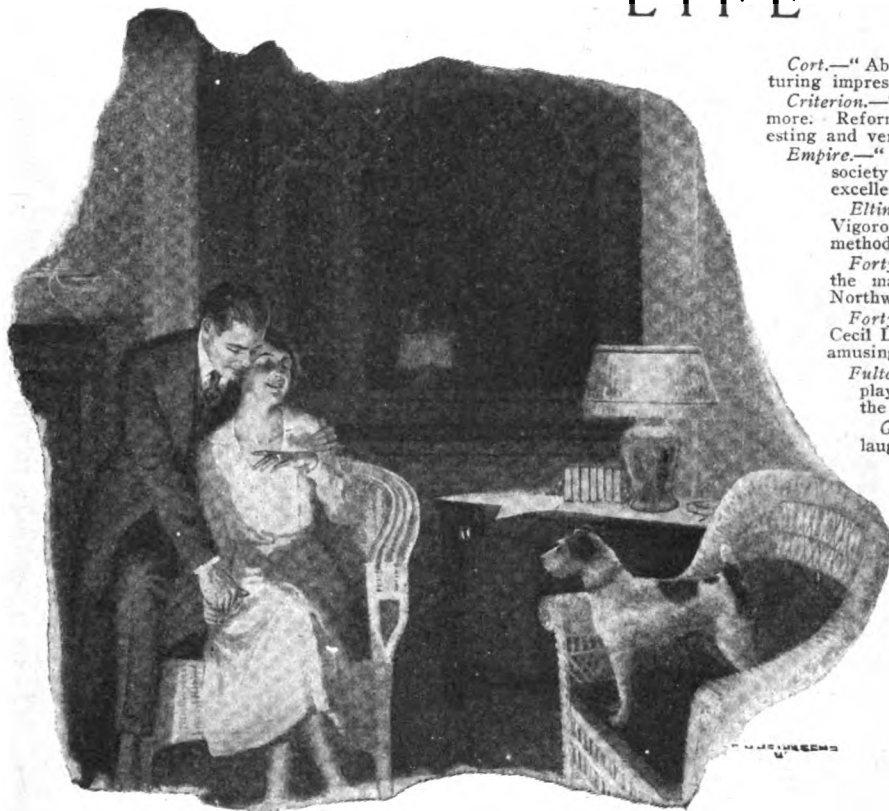


IN "Musk" the loss from this cause is total, and no individual stands out as an exceptional offender. There have been many productions where the managerial indifference to creating illusion has been emphasized by glaring exceptions. A recent instance was in Mr. Percy Mackaye's "George Washington," where the widowed Martha Custis, later to be Martha Washington, brings in, as the future stepson of the Father of his Country, a precocious boy actor of unmistakably Jewish parentage. This might have been prophetic of the melting-pot America has become, but it was rather hard on the credulity of audiences that were trying to visualize episodes in American history as it was actually made. A more frequent strain on the imagination of our audiences, so frequent, in fact, as not even to cause comment, is the casting of actors who speak only the London *patois* in entirely American rôles. In London such an offence to the public would be booed, in Paris it would be hissed, while here we accept it almost as a matter of course. But, as said before, we are a very tolerant people. Compared with the greater evils we tolerate in our national life, it is only characteristic of our supineness that we do not resent these comparatively small offences against our artistic intelligence.



The Skeleton Man: I'VE ASKED EVERYONE TO STRIKE FOR MORE PAY, AND THEY ALL AGREE EXCEPT THE WILD MAN.

The Fat Lady: THE TROUBLE WITH THE WILD MAN IS HE'S A REG'LAR SOFTIE.



The Dog: I DON'T SEE WHY SHE THINKS SO MUCH OF THAT RING. SHE HAS LOTS HANDSOMER ONES

WHEN Mr. Ziegfeld started his cabaret entertainments up in the air of Forty-second Street, beginning after the theatre, Prohibition had not robbed night life in New York of its zest. Even those who did not drink found a certain wicked pleasure in prolonging their evenings, especially out-of-town visitors who held precious every moment of their holiday time in the great city. To meet the new conditions The Midnight Frolic is now more strongly emphasized as a dining proposition, with the elaborate cabaret as a sort of

desert or a digestive relaxation. In this respect it recalls the halcyon days, or evenings, of the Café des Ambassadeurs, where particularly good Americans who had gone to Paris before they died used to find pleasures they could not enjoy in their own more Puritanical country, since become even more Puritanical. Mr. Ziegfeld, on his roof, is making an effort with a good cuisine, a Prohibition wine list and a picturesque entertainment, in which girls and music predominate, to dispel some of the gloom which recently settled on America. *Metcalfe.*



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

Astor.—"East Is West." Interesting play of Chinese-American life in San Francisco.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter." New York's Chinatown the background for a well staged melodrama of Chinese plottings.

Bijou.—"His Honor Abe Potash," with Mr. Barney Bernard in the title rôle. Further amusing history of the Potash and Perlmuter firm, hinging on the advent of the senior in politics.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein. Well played light melodrama in early Napoleonic costume.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. A suggestion of the now popu-

lar spiritualism in pleasing romantic drama.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper." Boarding-school romance, interpreted in terms of girls and music.

Century.—"Aphrodite." Last fortnight of gorgeous spectacle picturing the luxury and wickedness of ancient Alexandria.

Central.—"As You Were," with Mr. Sam Bernard and Irene Bordoni. Customary type of girl-and-music show.

Cohan.—"The Hottentot," with Mr. William Collier. The star, as usual, manufacturing unlimited laughs.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Acquittal." Well constructed, well played and absorbing mystery melodrama.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends," with Clifton Crawford. Highly laughable and well acted farcical comedy.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." Poetic and inspiring drama picturing impressively episodes in the life of the great President.

Criterion.—"The Letter of the Law," with Mr. Lionel Barrymore. Reform of the French criminal law advocated in interesting and very well acted drama.

Empire.—"Déclassée," with Ethel Barrymore. International society drama that holds the interest largely through its excellent acting.

Eltinge.—"Breakfast in Bed," starring Florence Moore. Vigorous farcical comedy, made so by the energetic methods of the star.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Storm." A forest-fire scene the main attraction of a melodrama of the Canadian Northwest.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Look Who's Here," with Mr. Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield. Girl-and-music show, made amusing by the ability of the stars.

Fulton.—"Mamma's Affair." Satirical and very well played comedy illustrating the blighting influence of the woman hypochondriac.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'." Reno and its divorce industry laughingly depicted in well played character comedy.

Garrick.—"Jane Clegg." Very well acted drama of petty details of English middle-class life.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." Remarkably musical and very tasteful girl-and-music show.

Greenwich Village.—"Sophie," with Emily Stevens. Pseudo-brilliant French costume comedy.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." Extremely diverting American comedy, excellently played.

Henry Miller's.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair," with Blanche Bates and Mr. Henry Miller. Comedy satire on the American woman in public life, delightfully done.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Ballet, spectacle and vaudeville acts, all on a large scale.

Hudson.—"Clarence." Amusing treatment of youthful life in small-town America.

Knickerbocker.—"Shavings." Cape Cod life in pleasant and wholesome comedy depiction.

Liberty.—"The Night Boat," with Ada Lewis and Mr. John E. Hazzard. Lots of fun in a picturesque girl-and-music show.

Little.—"Beyond the Horizon." The gloomy side of American farm life faithfully reproduced.

Longacre.—"Adam and Eva." Entertaining comedy prescription for the treatment of an extravagant family.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers," with Ina Claire. Well staged episodes in the life of one class of New York chorus-girls.

Lyric.—"Hamlet" with Mr. Walter Hampden. Simple but creditable performance.

Marine Elliott's.—"What's in a Name?" Notice later.

Morocco.—"Sacred and Profane Love" with Elsie Ferguson. Mr. José Ruben and the star dividing the acting honors in a rather inexpert sex drama.

Nora Bayes.—"My Golden Girl." Girl-and-music show of not remarkable quality.

Park.—Revivals of light operas, agreeably presented.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing" with Jeanne Eagels the heroine of a moderately well done play of English life.

Plymouth.—"Richard III" with Mr. John Barrymore. A very interesting impersonation.

Princess.—"Tick-Tack-Toe." Sprightly girl-and-music show.

Punch and Judy.—"Musik." See above.

Republic.—"The Sign on the Door." Melodrama of sex and crime, well played and absorbing.

Selwyn.—"Buddies." Romantic musical play with its scenes in the life of the A. E. F. in France.

Shubert.—"The Blue Flame," with Theda Bara. Notice later.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Scandal." Sex comedy, witty and well played.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene," with Edith Day. More than usually tuneful and agreeable girl-and-music show.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." Large and gorgeous allowance of girl-and-music sustenance for the t. b. m.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—Dinner and after-theatre cabaret. See above.

Question

WHAT kind of a lover are you?
Tell me what you love, and I will
tell you what you are.

Do you love yourself better than
anything else in the world? Do you
love yourself so well that you try to
conceal it by the appearance of loving
something else more?

How much do you love money?
Dogs? Children? Your neighbor?
Your best girl?

Do you love all these for the sake
of getting others to love you more, or
because by loving them you are for-
getting yourself?

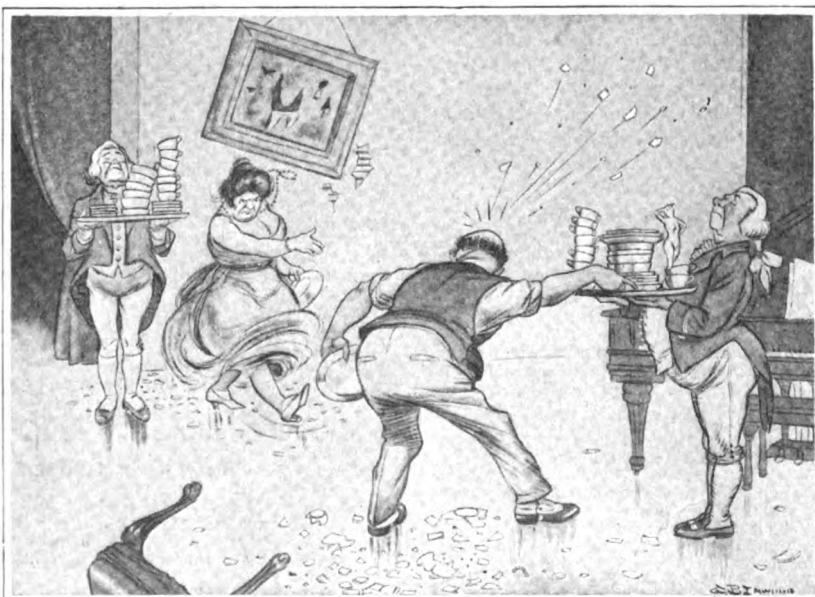
The Endowments

LIFE'S readers have a way of think-
ing for themselves, especially
where the matter concerned is one of
well-doing for others. For instance,
there are the Fresh Air Endowments.
The ordinary person cannot picture,
while there is still snow upon the
ground and cold in the air, that there
are such things as the tortures of tor-
rid summer nights for the little chil-
dren of the poor in the crowded tene-
ments of the city. LIFE's readers even
now are thinking of that suffering and
what a two weeks' stay in the country
means to the city child. They also ap-
preciate that the Fresh Air Endow-
ments work winter and summer to



For President,
GEN. LEONARD BRYAN

For Vice-President,
WM. JENNINGS WOOD



THE PARVENUS HAVE ONE OF THEIR ANTE-OPULENT DOMESTIC ARGUMENTS

provide the means for such outings.
As an example of this foresightedness,
we have received from Mrs. Constance
A. Willmarth, of Chicago, Illinois, the
funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO 161
In Loving Memory of Maud's little
CONSTANCE.

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment
two hundred dollars in Victory notes or
Liberty Loan bonds, or their equivalent,
should be sent by registered mail to
LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West
Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The income from this amount provides
that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor
child will be sent from the slums of New
York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh
air of the country. This work has now
been carried on for thirty-two years, in
which time more than forty thousand
children have gained health and happi-
ness from it.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any
designation its donor chooses.



First Hypochondriac: TAKING ANY EXERCISE NOW?
Second Hypochondriac: NO; I'M RESTING UP BETWEEN TWO SYSTEMS.

Defiance

LOVE struck me down and left me
 All bleeding in the dirt.
 Shall I so stay and let the world look
 on?
 No, I will not! I'll rise and stand
 upon my feet;
 Bruises covered, reeling senses steadied,
 Welt of blow upon my heart unknown;
 Go quietly upon my way among
 The multitudes.
 The world knows I was struck—
 It shall not guess
 The blow was mortal.

Adelaide Mould Hughes.

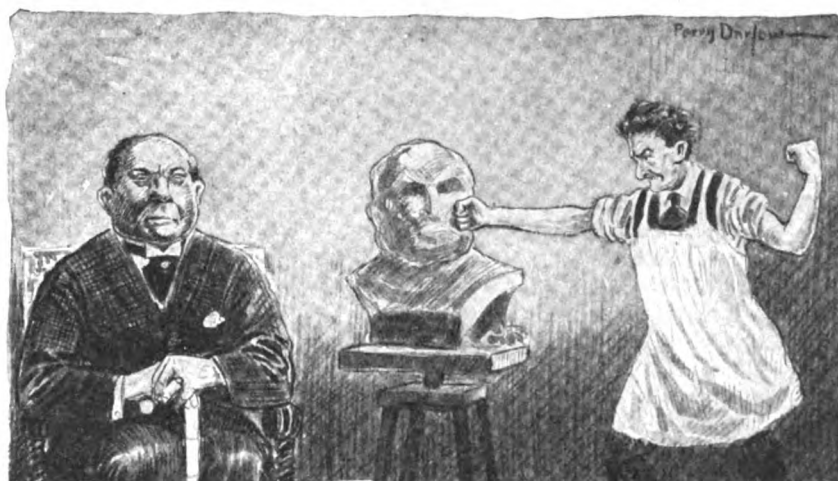
Obscure

“HOW did Jones come out with
 that scheme of his to learn three
 new words every day?”

“It didn't work. He learned the
 words all right, but when he used them
 nobody knew what they meant.”

HOWARD: Are he and she in the
 same class socially?
 JAY: In his opinion or hers?

PRESIDENT WILSON says that
 France is governed by a military
 party. We hope it's Brother Foch.



PUTTING HIMSELF INTO HIS WORK

The Sin of Attractiveness



HERE are two of them—sisters. One is a painfully regular attendant at church. She is plain of face and figure, has no charm or grace. The other is pretty, interesting, and tastefully, though quietly, dressed. So the plain one with a kind of petulant perverseness has gone in strong for church work.

The attractive one also attends church and is a fine, generous nature. But she is pretty and dresses attractively, whereas her sister is plain in person and mind and is negligent of her dress. So the good people of the community, especially of the church, with minds broad as a razor edge, consider the pretty one to be frivolous and worldly, while they regard the other one as having solid virtues.

It happens that the pretty one buys her own clothes from her savings left after helping support the family. The other one doesn't support the family so well, yet the mother, in an effort to equalize the attractiveness of the two sisters, buys clothes for the plain one. But the plain one doesn't know how to wear clothes well, so she doesn't forfeit the good opinion of the community, for they regard this lack of grace as proof that she hasn't fallen from grace.

Thus public opinion in the circle in which these sisters move extols the petulant and perverse self-neglect of the one as a "solid virtue," and condemns as frivolity the attractiveness of the other. Yet public opinion knows nothing of the facts in the case, being content to be influenced by its narrow and un-Christian disapproval of Beauty and its bigoted and misplaced sympathy for dullness. So often is a premium placed on mediocrity. So often is a charm accounted a defect through Mrs. Grundy's prejudice, and dullness glorified for its own dull self.

Hayden J. Price.

Golfer's Ballade for Early Spring

NOW that the downy catkin shows,
And fuzzy crowfoot leaves appear,
Now that the deep and drifted snows
Are but a vision that is drear,
Back floods the joy of "yesteryear,"
The dreams the golfer dreamed of yore,
For soon his eager ear will hear
Ring down the links the cry of "Fore!"

Out comes his "kit," and all his woes
Are trifling things at which to sneer;
He tingles to his very toes
What time he views his brassie dear;
No more his mashie doth he fear,
A "cuppy lie" he dreads no more,
For soon, elated, will he hear
Ring down the links the cry of "Fore!"

The exultation that he knows
Imbues him, despite scoff and jeer;
Upon the parlor rug his pose

Has all the science of the seer
Who sees into the future clear
How he'll go out and smash his score.
What though he fail? He still will hear
Ring down the links the cry of "Fore!"

Envoy

Good golfers, dwell ye far or near,
What happiness ye have in store,
For soon each longing ear will hear
Ring down the links the cry of
"Fore!"

Clinton Scollard.

Resigned

WHEN are you going to have your vacation?"
"Not going to have any."
"But I thought that you were going to spend a month with your wife and the children at the seashore."
"I am."



"DOCTOR, I THINK I NEED A TONIC. THE LAST TIME I WENT SHOPPING I DIDN'T ENJOY SPENDING MONEY A BIT"

Recently



POOR PAY KILLED THEM.



THE "SICK MAN" GIVES UP THE "NAVY HABIT."

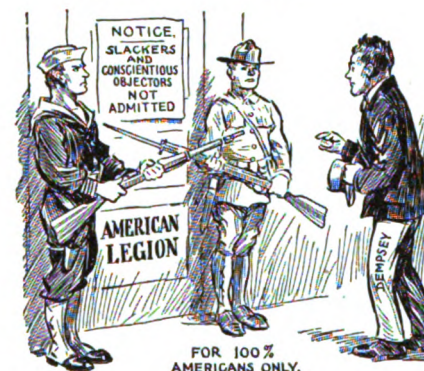


E.T. RICHARDS

WEATHER FORECAST:
IT'S GOING TO
BE "WET"



THE VOICE OF THE UMPIRE SHALL
BE HEARD IN THE LAND.



FOR 100%
AMERICANS ONLY.

Waiting

MRS. RUBETTA B. BOGGS is my next-door neighbor. The people in our village say that Mrs. Boggs is a "very intellectual" woman. They say she even "writes." Not long ago some village sleuth ferreted out a poem from the pages of the *Household Weekly*. This poem was signed by "Phoebe B. Bee." And that is how Mrs. Boggs's dark secret was unearthed.

Mrs. Boggs receives a great deal of homage in our town. The Woman's Club hangs on her every word with breathless interest. Everybody is sure that she is writing a novel.

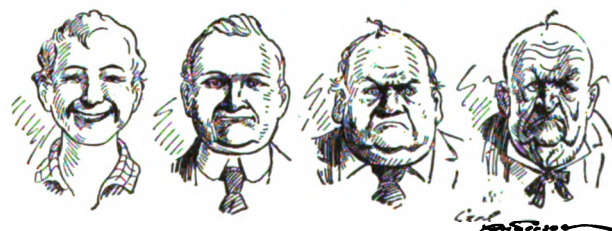
But Mrs. Boggs is so modest. She never mentions her "work." She refuses invitations with an enigmatic smile, and says, "I don't go a great deal. I manage to keep busy at home."

We are all waiting with breathless interest for the appearance of her novel. I think Mr. Boggs is waiting, too. At least he sits out on the front porch all the time he is at home and plucks aimlessly at his frayed shirt cuffs—as if he were waiting for something.

And little Mary Boggs is waiting, too. I am sure of that. She plays out in the back yard, and every now and then she stops and pins up a tear in her apron, or ties her ribbon more securely about her matted curls. She is surely waiting for something.

Meanwhile I hear the click of Mrs. Boggs's typewriter through her study window. And I wait for the appearance of her book. That is, I *did* wait. But yesterday I picked up a copy of *Home*, and in it I saw an article entitled "Efficiency in the Home," by Phoebe B. Boggs. So I have decided to discontinue my watchful waiting. I do not, however, expect to tell my fellow-villagers that I am no longer on the waiting list. I might be accused of using undue influence.

BILLY SWIFT, who eats most of his food in public dining-rooms, is being congratulated upon getting his new plush hat for only eighteen dollars. "But," he says ruefully, "it's not the initial cost—it's the uphang that counts." For our part, we think hat-check tips should be charged off in one's overhead.



THE EVOLUTION OF A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE

The Champion Lover

A Four-Round Drama of Punch, Passion and Pathos

By V. Bl—sc— y lb—ñ—z

(Round One: Andalusia—Féodor and Pepita.)

PEPITA: Kees me, kees me, my Féodor. Oh, kees me!
FÉODOR: Kees you? No, Pepita, I loave you too much. *(He seizes her by the neck, and bangs her severely several times on the nose.)*

PEPITA: Beautiful brute, I adore you. I faint weeth joy. *(She faints.)*

FÉODOR: Ha! She has fainted. I am the champion lover of Andalusia.

(Round Two: Seville—Féodor and Spanish citizens.)

FIRST CIT.: It is true, then, that Féodor claims to be the champion lover of Spain?

SECOND CIT.: Quite. His path is strewn with broken hearts and bruised noses. Even now he is paying suit to Carmen, our national cinema vampire. But hush!—here he comes. *(Enter Féodor.)* Greetings, Don Féodor! What luck?

FÉODOR: It was grand. It was marvelous. I jabbed with my right. She countered. A feint with my left—an opening—a right uppercut, and . . . that was all. She took the count. *(Modestly)* It was nothing.

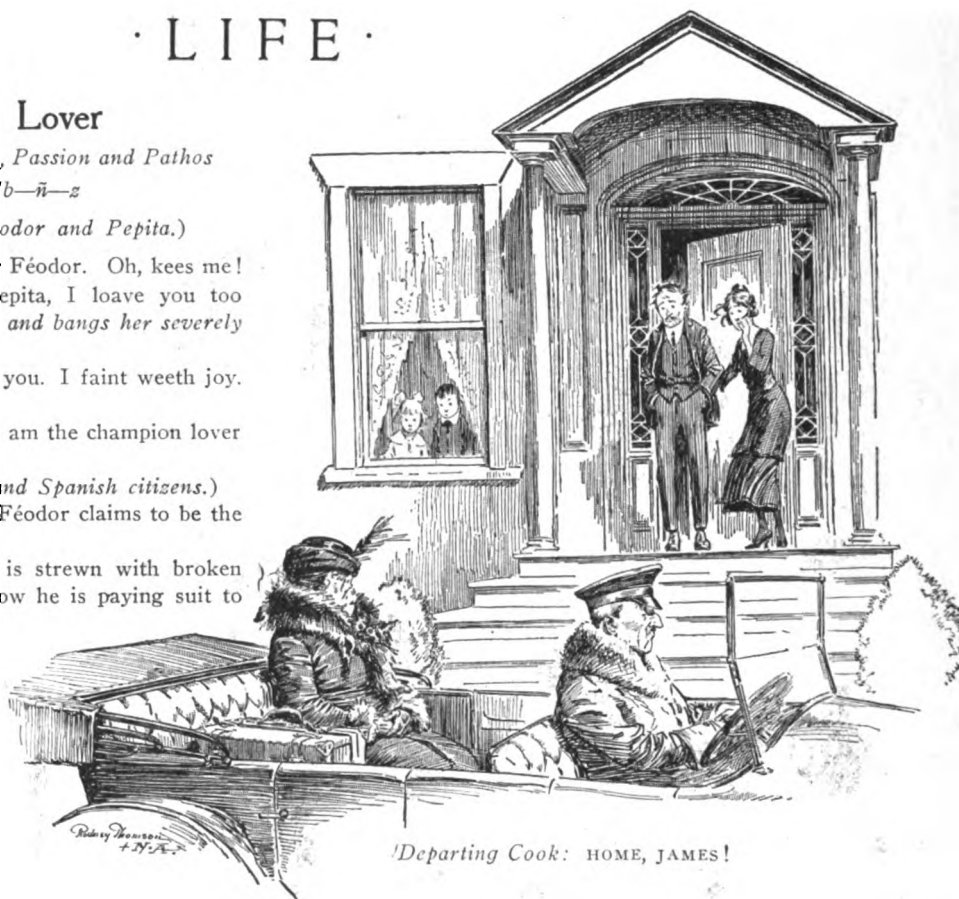
FIRST CIT.: Magnificent! You are truly champion of Spain.

SECOND CIT.: Bravo!

(Round Three: America—Féodor and Mary.)



RETURNING SPIRITS
PSYCHIC PHENOMENA



'Departing Cook: HOME, JAMES!'

FÉODOR: France, Italy, England, China, Sweden, Germany—everywhere—I have swept them all before me. I am the recognized champion lover of Europe. But you—you—I loave you as I have never loaved before. Beautiful—precious—incomparable—I loave you. Do you understand? I—loave—you. I—loave—you. *(He punctuates his declaration with heavy, Prussian-like kicks.)*

MARY (shyly): And I—I am deeply impressed. I feel the poignancy of your words. I—I—I reciprocate. *(She splinters a heavy mission armchair over his head.)*

FÉODOR: Ah, these divine American temperament! These ardor! . . . these passion! Queridissima . . .

MARY (shrieks): Have a care—my husband! . . . *(Collapses.)*

FÉODOR: Carramba! You did not tell me that you had a husband—an American husband! Diantre! I go at once—but I win on a foul. *(He hastily jumps out of the window. From below)* Remember—I am now champion of the world!

(Round Four: A Place in the Balkans—Féodor, Ulgsz.)

FÉODOR: For thirteen years I have been the undisputed World's Champion Lover. I must confess that the last few years have been a little lonely. Ladies are just a bit too eager to concede my championship without fair trial. In the interests of true sport, it is disheartening. But at last I have found Ulgsz, Queen of the Balkans. She, I think, is worthy of my prowess. To pronounce her name is in itself a mighty effort. *(Enter Ulgsz from a distance.)*

ULGSZ: Ah, there, my little Féodor! *(She breaks off a large bit of a mammoth rock and playfully throws it at him.)*

(Continued on page 573)



"THERE! MY SON, THAT MAN IS WORTH TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS!"
 "GEE! FATHER, WHAT'S THE HORSE WORTH?"



"The Ridin' Kid from Powder River"

(By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Houghton Mifflin Company)

TWILL bump your heart against your ribs,
And rouse your soul and stir your liver—

This book by Henry Herbert Knibbs,
"The Ridin' Kid from Powder River."

Said Kid, an Arizona waif,
Had neither pa nor ma to mind him;
Yet he that reads will hardly chafe
Because no long-lost parents find him.

As youthful "Pete" he shares the cot
Of Annersley so big and hairy,
Until that kindly man is shot
And killed by wicked Stephen Gary.

Then Pete abides where muttons run
With old José, a gentle herder,
Who shows him how to use a gun
And all the finer art of murder.

A cowboy next in upward trend,
He shoots, with ample provocation,
The wicked Steve who killed his friend,
And flees from swift retaliation.

So now an outlaw unafraid,
A quick, sure shot, a dashing rider,
He serves the man who gave him aid—
A quiet ruffian called "The Spider."

He shows that all he did was fair,
In spite of courts and legal scholars.
The Spider dies and leaves him heir
To more than twenty thousand dollars.

And here our cowboy proves perverse:
This quite extraordinary creature
Will shortly wed a lovely nurse,
And not the customary teacher!

Arthur Guiterman.

FROM MIDSHIPMAN TO REAR-ADMIRAL, by Bradley A. Fiske. (The Century Company.) This "record of forty-nine years in the United States Navy" makes a book of nearly seven hundred quarto pages, unusual in several respects and unique in one, namely, that it will give equal satisfaction to Rear-Admiral Fiske's friends and enemies! His friends will find here the case of Fiske *vs.* Josephus Daniels *et al.* The Admiral's enemies, on the same testimony, will convict him of multitudinous misdemeanors—the least of them egotism, the gravest, insubordination. You may reasonably prefer to enjoy the excellently accomplished revelation of an

interesting personality; the story of a man who has been almost everywhere; the narrative of a series of naval inventions of high importance. For the book is all these, too.

Marse Henry: An Autobiography, by Henry Watterson. (George H. Doran Company.) Journalistic, frank, amusing, richly anecdotal; a panorama of people, prejudices and a single pervading Kentuckian who is, after all, the mint in his own julep.

Memories of Buffalo Bill, by his wife, Louisa Frederici Cody. (D. Appleton & Co.) To be read aloud to the whole family; and, in particular, the boys must be allowed to sit up after eight o'clock to hear how Bill killed the Sioux chief in hand-to-hand combat.

Ludendorff's Own Story, by Erich von Ludendorff. (Harper & Bros.) With official German war maps these two volumes bestrewn are. Much to interest the ordinary reader who will delve for it. Must be double-starred in any Baedeker's guide to historical reading.

The Worldlings, by Leonard Merrick. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Mr. Merrick's only approach to melodrama: the story of an impersonation. Neil Munro writes the introduction. *Grant M. Overton.*

WHY should Charles Kingston have included Mary Lee of New York among the brides of his *Famous Morganatic Marriages* (Brentano's)? Mary Lee, daughter of David Lee, merchant, of New York, never made a Morganatic marriage. She was a handsome and able young woman who went to Berlin in the sixties and married Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein. Mr. Kingston speaks of him as "a delicate young man with refined manners and a retiring disposition." That is fiction. The prince, when she married him, was well along in life, certainly past sixty, presumably past seventy. In order to marry her he had to give up his hereditary employment as Prince of Schleswig-Holstein. He did so, and married her as Prince de Noer.

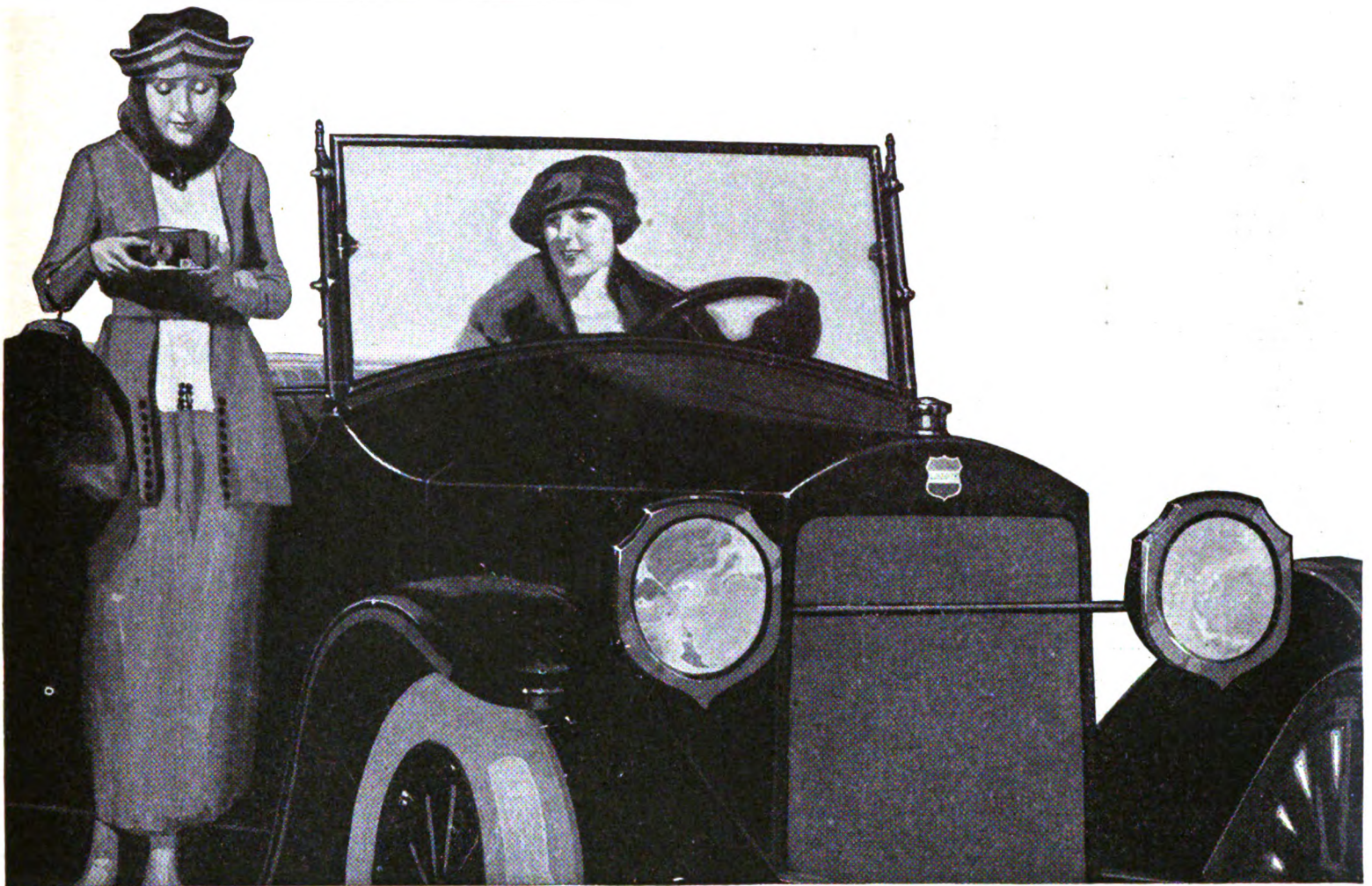
It is true, as Kingston says, that the prince did not long survive the marriage. His widow came home as Princess de Noer and made a long visit. Then she went back to Germany, and in course of time married Count von Waldersee.

There is something about Mary Lee in Mr. Kingston's tale of "An American Princess," but his facts are partly invented, and his tale is quite unreliable. Neither has he much idea of the lady's character. She was a very able and remarkable person, most respectable and, like the notable Lady O'Loony, deeply religious. She used what she had, and seldom missed a trick.

She had the great good luck to die in Germany, in unimpaired glory, early in 1914. *E. S. M.*



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Last year I asked my best girl to become my wife, and she said "No!" But I got even with the girl. I married her mother. Then my father married the girl. Now I don't know what I am.

When I married the girl's mother the girl became my daughter, and when father married my daughter she was my mother. Who in the dickens am I? My mother's mother (which is my wife) must be my grandmother, and I being my grandmother's husband, I am my own grandfather.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

POETRY is the clinking of a couple of unexpected coins in the shabby pocket of life.—*New York Evening Sun.*

THE politicians who used to say women, if given the vote, would never employ it seriously, are now afraid they will.

—*Boston Transcript.*



Jones: YES, 'LL TAKE THAT STEAK. DO YOU SELL ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN, OR WILL I HAVE TO TAKE A MORTGAGE?

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Becoming unmanageable from some unknown cause, a Ford car turned the corner at Eighth Street and Grand Avenue, ran westward and onto the viaduct for some distance, then swerved suddenly and plunged over into the street below. As the vehicle took the leap its driver jumped or was flung out, but managed to catch on the broken railing. He hung for a horrid moment on the brink of death, and then scrambled back to safety.

"Merciful powers!" ejaculated a pedestrian below. "What a narrow escape!"

"Shucks!" returned the gent from Jimpson Junction, who was on hand. "That wasn't no escape; it was just a trick of some kind. They can't fool me!"—*Kansas City Star.*

A Laughing Matter

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SECOND DIRECTOR: What makes you think so?

F. D.: He passed our last morality play and sent congratulations on "such a sparkling comedy."—*Penn State Froth.*

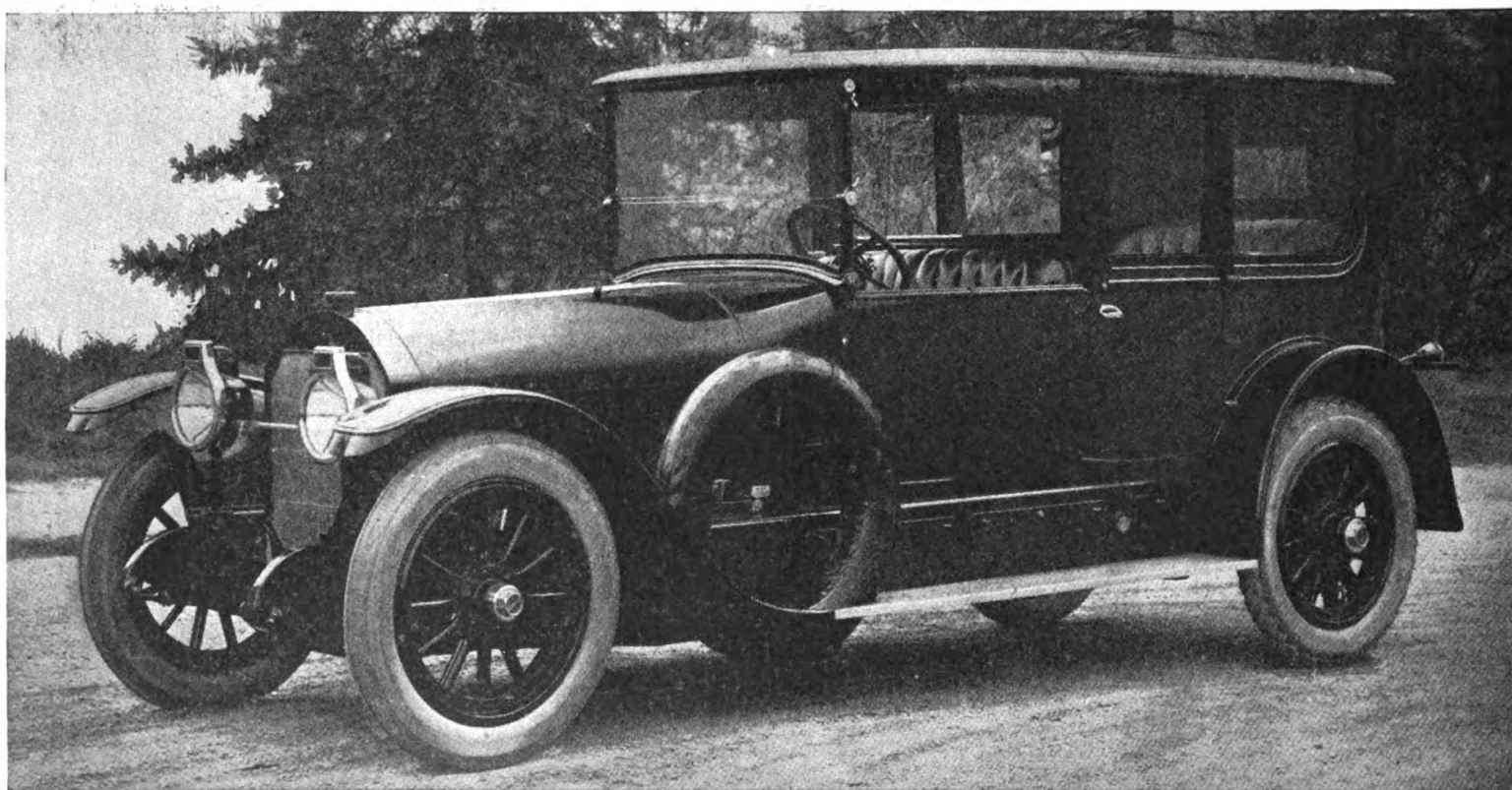
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She turned up, looking smarter than ever, and after dinner they did a theatre. A brother officer sat in a box, and the young airman waved to him, but got a rather quizzical response.

"What ails Topper?" he thought, and at the end of the act his question was answered.

"Hello, there!" Topper said, coming up to him in the lobby. "I don't mind your taking out my wife's maid, old man, but I wish to goodness you'd ask her to wear her own frocks."

—Los Angeles Times.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

"They Walk Upright and Alive"

In this way a reviewer in the London "Sketch" refers to the characters in Ernest Oldmeadow's "Coggin," a novel just published in this country. Continuing, he says of the book: "'Coggin' is a study of a country boy done with a large gesture. . . . Coggin the boy is the actor who focuses the whole big, breathless business for you. But of course he is very much more than an actor. He is a reality. He is a youth who fights his way up from the unlettered ignorance of the state in which it had pleased the God of the Victorians to call him, to learning and to music. . . . And the other people in the book—they all breathe and walk upright alive."

"Coggin" is published in this country by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for \$1.75.



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It will be known in history as the vanishing cabinet.—Boston Transcript.



Jonah: FINE! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I CAN
REMEMBER WHEN I'VE BEEN FREE FROM WORRY
ABOUT AN APARTMENT

Looking Forward

They had just become engaged.

"I shall love," she cooed, "to share all your griefs and troubles."

"But, darling," he purred, "I have none."

"No," she agreed; "but I mean when we are married."—Dallas News.

UNCLE JOSIAH is too generous. He will do an hour's work for you and refuse to take pay for it even when he is needing money so badly that he will borrow five dollars from you an hour later.

—Kansas City Star.



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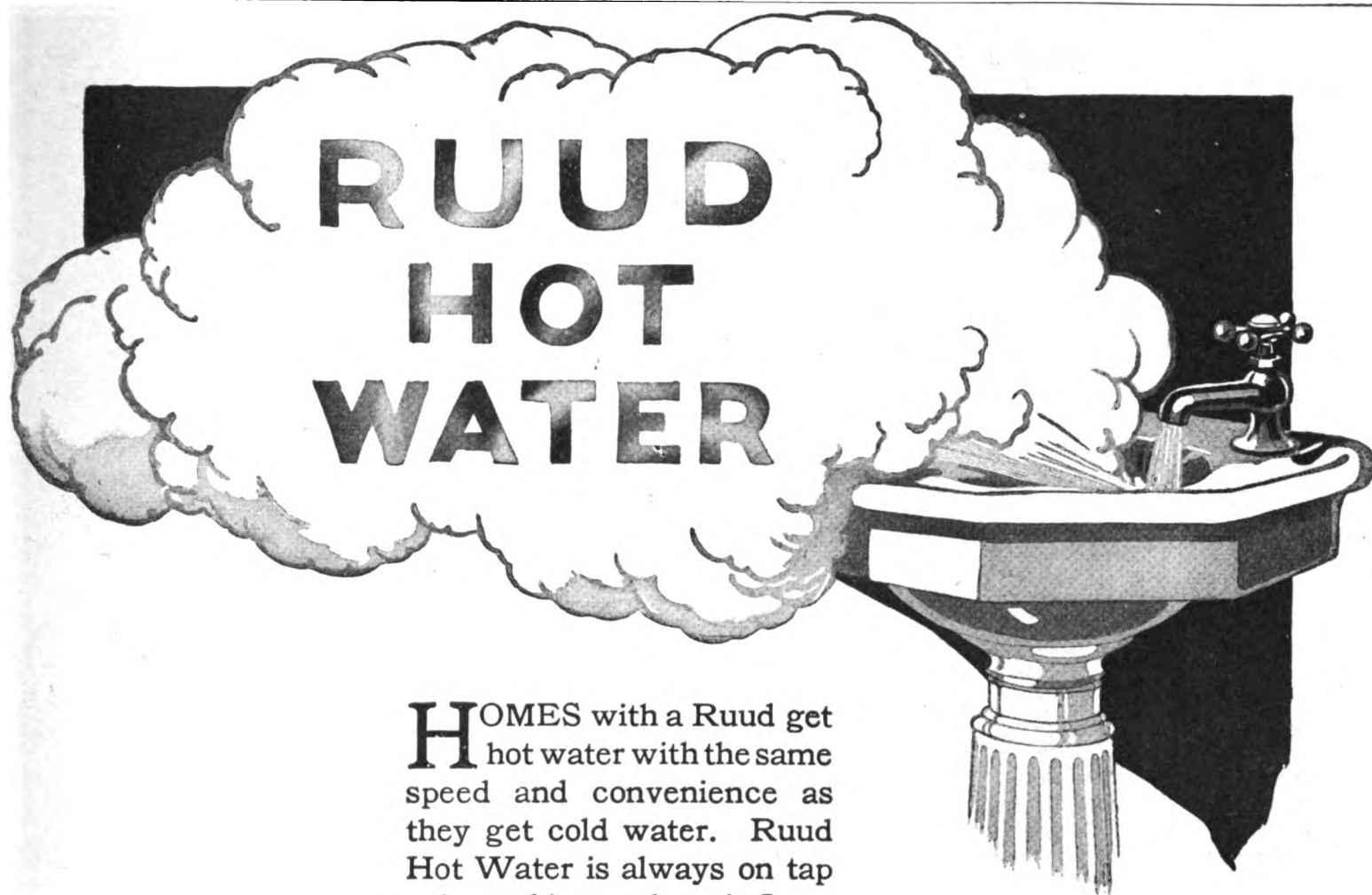
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The Champion Lover

(Continued from page 564)

FÉODOR (barely dodging the missile): Oh! rapture! She calls me her little Féodor. (He engages her in a strangle hold.)

ULGFSZ (breaking the strangle hold and giving him a slap that sends him spinning): And did my tweeticums wait a long, long time for his popsy-wopsy?

FÉODOR (rubbing his slapped jaw): Carramba! How these woman is affectionate! Adorada! (He gives a running jump, and lands on Ulgfsz with both feet.)

ULGFSZ (undisturbed): My ownest-own. (She enthusiastically sits on his face.) Was he happy?

FÉODOR: Oof!

ULGFSZ (pinching him): Was he?

FÉODOR: Oof...ug...glug...Ow!!

ULGFSZ: Was he? WAS he? (She picks him up and shakes him violently until he rattles like a pair of castanets.)

FÉODOR (desperately): Oh, yas. My leetle child-woman, come to me. (He proceeds to pound her with a handy rock.)

ULGFSZ: I love you! I adore you! Wow-w-w!! (She crushes the rock to powder with one swift bite of her powerful jaws and seizes Féodor in a gorilla-like embrace, releasing him only when he is annihilated.)


FÉODOR (feebly): I am feenish. I have been vanquish by loave-loave

11



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that ruins us all—loave the great—loave the terrible. . . . I die. . . . Dios mio, I should have had enough sense to know when to retire. (He dies.)

ULGFSZ (amazed): What have I done? Oh, misery me! I must have been too playful! Féodor! . . . Féodorito! . . . Speak to me! . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . . (weeping bitterly). . . . And he was so cunning!

Curtain.
Henry William Hanemann.

"BROMER isn't nearly so stupid as he seems."
"He doesn't have to be."

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Space

THERE once was a tiny electron
Who gazed all about him and cried,
"What an infinite thing is an atom!
How deep and how long and how wide!
Can the mind conceive anything huger?
Well, I can't, for one, and I've tried!"

An atom peered vaguely around him,
And with every glance that he cast
He thought, "Oh, a molecule's limits
Are most unbelievably vast;
For cosmic bewildering greatness
A molecule can't be surpassed!"

Yet the scientist's lens microscopic,
For all of its strength, failed to show
A glimpse of electron or atom
Or molecule, either! And so
We learn a most excellent moral,
Though just what it is I don't know.

Berton Braley.

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THE possibility of making our college professors useful to society certainly ought not to be overlooked in these days, when we are straining every nerve to reconstruct ourselves. If we are going to reclaim the thirty-five per cent. of the men who, in the draft, were discovered to be illiterate, why not the college professors?

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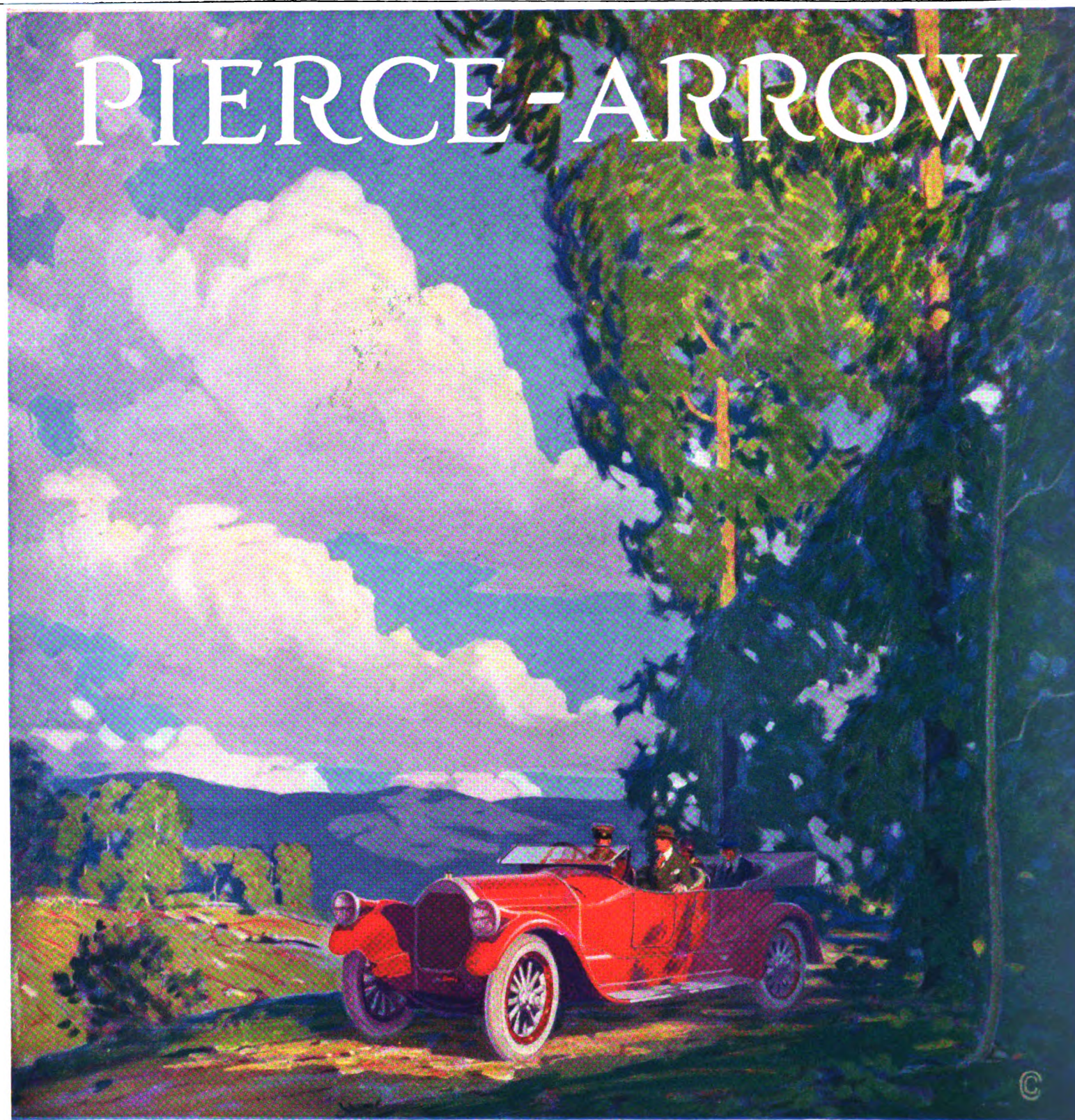
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For one thing, all college professors should be taught to read and write the English language. This will afford them a proper basis for further development. It will also put them on a practical basis with a fair proportion of their fellow citizens.

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· LIFE ·



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