Personality and the Player
By WALTER P. EATON

The Art of "Getting It Over"
By CHANNING POLLOCK

Two Stories of Stage People:
"Gustibus"
By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

The Artistic Development of Philip Bites
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| Saturday, October 22, 1910 |

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The Pool in the Desert. Frontispiece. Painted by Frederic Remington

Editorials

What the World Is Doing

The History of a Political Revolution

Personality and the Player

The Art of "Getting It Over"

The Simplest Form of Dramatic Entertainment

On a Certain Propensity of Booths.

Drowning the Meat Trust

The World's Workshop

VOLUME XLVI

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
Take it from the Ad-Writer

Here we are again—sales upon sales of Twin Oaks—and before I forget it, I want to thank you fellows who saw my last "ad," and bought it. Wasn't it fine?—all I said it was? Don't blame me for going into raptures. Now just keep up that buying habit, and I'll get a raise in salary. The boss pats me on the back now every time he sees me—but that's a detail, I'm still on the job, for there's nothing like whooping it up once you get a good start. I can't reach everybody right away—so that's why I'm telling you again that Twin Oaks is the greatest thing in the smoking line that ever grew in fertile soil.

Now honestly, where can you find a blended mixture of Latakia, Turkish, Virginia, Burley and Perique, selling in such a convenient, generous can for the sum of 10 cents—think of it—10 cents. Why, I'll gamble the first pipeful will be worth the price—let alone the dozens to follow.

You can buy a blend now for a reasonable price, and it's name is Twin Oaks. It's got body and richness and sweetness just crowded into it.

Just look at the way it burns—even and firm—draws easy—no effort at all—doesn't go out—doesn't bite—doesn't do anything but afford absolute smoke satisfaction.

But I must speak of the can. I can't pass that, it's a beauty. Slips into your pocket so easy—feels so light—makes you proud to be seen using it—and presto, you open it with a gentle thumb pressure—with one hand.

Wait a minute till I fill up a pipe—there—Ye gods, what an inspiration. Well, so long, boys, till next time. Don't forget. Get a box right off. Fits the pocket—Fits the pipe—Fits the purse.

Risk 2 cents for a sample.

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W. A. SHRYER, Pres. AMERICAN COLLECTION SERVICE, 50 State St., Detroit, Mich.
The Frontispiece,

The Pool in the Desert.

painted by Frederick Remington,

has been torn out of this copy.

Apologies.
Let Mr. Young answer this: Is it not a fact that at this very moment the Public Service Commission is taking a position hostile to certain secret desires of Mr. Young's railroad client?

What Tammany Wants

Governor Hughes, in his message of last January, said: "The contracts in force for the large canal improvement amount in total price to $48,229,467." Regarding contracts already let, there is great value to Tammany in having the State Engineer in his hands, because by its well-known methods honest contractors can be destroyed and other contractors forced to pay a rake-off. This crowd of predatory politicians selected Frederick A. Skenes for this position in 1906 and elected him. Skenes was recently indicted. Jerome, who was his counsel, admitted that fifty per cent or more of the bids for good roads had been fraudulently raised after they were received by the State Engineer, but argued that this was done by a man named O'Neill, who was appointed confidential man to Skenes at the instance of Murphy. This is the statement of Skenes's own lawyer. Jerome also said that toward the close of Skenes's administration, he wished to discharge O'Neill, but kept him on after election at the request of Charles F. Murphy. Nor should the voter overlook the office of Attorney-General, for which Tammany has selected a true and tried man of its regular stamp. There are in New York City about 430 miles of street covered by street-car franchises which have not been compiled with the railroad law and are therefore forfeitable back to the public. During the days, however, when the traction syndicate controlled Albany the law was changed by the insertion of the word "may" before "be forfeited," so that the public will not be protected unless the Attorney-General is on its side. What Carmody will do is sufficiently indicated by his record and by the startlingly dirty work which he did at the State Convention in New York a few years ago. O'Malley, his opponent on the Stimson-Roosevelt ticket, on the other hand, is one of the men who got out on the floor of the Assembly in 1902 and helped to defeat some of the atrocious bills which Goodsell and Bedell were pushing. Another instance of the fact that the Stimson-Roosevelt group of men stand for honesty and the Murphy group for something else, is that the anti-Tammany platform contains a condemnation proceeding plank which if enacted into law would cut off a large part of the rake-off now prevailing in real estate transactions.

More Collier Humor

Our Jokes always fail. A few weeks ago we printed a baseball nine, sent in by a violent anti-Roosevelt reader, in which the Colonel caught and famous malefactors filled the other posts. Howls of rage from every corner of the land. Our sense of humor surely is a flaccid.

Portugal

Republic or Monarchy can not matter greatly, in immediate effect, where ignorance and poverty have the hold they have on Portugal. Ultimately a republican form of government might make progress a little easier. Financial and economic intelligence in the ruling few, under either form, is what the country needs at once; and diminution in the terrible amount of official peculation. It was from her rulers that impulse and guidance came when Portugal had her brief career of splendor, and a sad thing about backwardness to-day is that it leaves the many at the mercy of the few who rule. Doubtless it was unfortunate that the young King failed to win an English bride for such an alliance might have helped the modern movement as decidedly as Cromwell and Napoleon.

T. R.'s Opponents

Charles H. Young, president of the Republican Club in 1907--1908, resigned from the club and announced his intention to support the whole Democratic State ticket. He said Stinson was dangerous because he was backed by Roosevelt, and added:

"We need more economy in State management and the abolition of useless and extravagant frills. For example, the Public Service Commission costs the taxpayers more than $1,000,000 a year and does nothing."

Now listen, patient reader. Mr. Young belongs to that class of easily ambidextrous men who can further their fortunes as well in one party as another. High in Republican politics, he gets the referee's fee in the case of the richest railroad in the United States; high in big business, he appears before Legislatures and other public bodies in behalf of fire insurance companies and railroads.

No wonder he thinks Stinson, Roosevelt, and the Public Service Commission are no good.

No wonder he votes for Dewey and Tammany control.
The Farmer's Point of View

The usual cry when all the city folk have gone away from the city to the country is that the farmer and his family at last have peace from the noise and excitement of the city. Our own experience is the opposite. We are frank to call this decision a stupid outrage. As Justice Peckham pointed out, it is a ridiculous, when some of the highest authorities and investigators are perhaps the soundest judge on the Supreme Bench, pointed out, it is.

We are frank to call this decision a stupid outrage. As Justice Peckham pointed out, it is a ridiculous, when some of the highest authorities and investigators are perhaps the soundest judge on the Supreme Bench, pointed out, it is.

The rest of this interesting and convincing opinion any lawyer may find in the Ballinger fight, we did not think it quite

Where will be the end?"

Many Agree with Him

If "Your editorial on Glavas has just fallen under my eye. Why wait for Congress or a Good Government Club or anything else? I can't understand why the subscription to a testimonial to Glavas is not already under way. Does patriotic appreciation of such service as Glavas has rendered need to wait for any organization or institution? Is it not conceivable that a single subscription can start the expression of appreciation? I am a man at present earning less than a thousand a year, yet I am more than willing to contribute five dollars, if that will the better get the dynamo in action, and I'll see if I can't in some way quiet the other demands on my earnings. Please refrain from giving any publicity in this matter"

Our correspondent, whose name we conceal at his request, does not seem to get our point, which was merely that, on account of our close association with Glavas in the Ballinger fight, we did not think it quite necessary to be the one to whom subscriptions should be sent. It would be too much like receiving subscriptions for ourselves. Why should not X. Y. Z. stir up some prominent man or substantial organization to act as recipient of subscriptions? We will then gladly give what publicity we can to the undertaking, and so, no doubt, will the other progressive papers of the United States.
What the World Is Doing
A Pictorial Record of Current Events

The Wreck of the Los Angeles "Times" Building

Fifteen people dead or missing, fourteen injured, and half a million dollars' worth of property destroyed was the result of a dynamite explosion at one o'clock on the morning of October 1. An attempt was also made to blow up the "Times" auxiliary plant in another street. Fully two people were in the main building when the bombs were set off. For many years the Los Angeles "Times" has been carrying on a war against organized labor, and the wreck of the plant was charged by the paper to be directly due to the labor unions; and as one of the incidents of the conflict a union leader had General Harrison Gray Otis, owner of the paper, arrested for libel.

The revolution in Portugal, resulting in the overthrow of King Manuel II and the establishment of a republic, is chronicled in pictures and text on another page of this department. The new government had scarcely been established when serious anti-Church riots began. The expulsion of ecclesiastics, which began on October 9, with the exile of several clerical leaders, the return to their parents of the children in the monastery and convent schools, and the gathering together for expulsion of over two hundred nuns, was accompanied by mob attacks, especially directed against the buildings occupied by Jesuits.

The press, generally, while granting the sincerity of the group of men who swept the Braganza regime from power, hesitated to view with much optimism their chances of success in dealing with the practical and immensely difficult problems of establishing a Portuguese republic. A brief biography of himself written by President Braga for Paris newspapers was one of the things quoted as showing his naivete. It reads in part:

"At the age of three he lost his mother. He was tormented by a terrible stepmother until 1861, when he left his father's house and went to Coimbra, the only university in Portugal, with a small sum which he had received for a volume of verses. At Coimbra his life was an obscure struggle, for lack of all means of existence. He bore up in this struggle with uncomplaining pride."

"In 1872 he presented himself as a candidate for the professorship of modern European literature at the higher Lisbon classes. What a terrible battle! All the conservative elements were opposed to him—Catholics, monarchists, metaphysicians, ultra romantics, and journalists in the Government's pay; but the public forced the Ministry to appoint him.

"It is only by his fees as a professor that Braga lives, devoting his existence entirely to intellectual work. All the books he has published he has given free to the booksellers in order to conquer the boy-

Colonel John S. Mosby
Chief of the Virginia Guerillias during the Civil War. This is the fust time he has worn the Confederate uniform since the close of the war—putting it on a few days ago at the request of two grandchildren to pose in a moving-picture drama in which he was the central figure.

One death from cholera in the port of New York has been announced by the Health Officer of the port. The victim was a steerage passenger arriving from a Mediterranean port and detained at Quarantine late in September. The announcement was made in explanation of the strict precautions which have been taken of late in admitting ships to New York even from North Atlantic ports. A steerage passenger on another Mediterranean ship came down with the disease on October 9, after the ship had been detained nearly a week.

Justice William H. Moody of the United States Supreme Court has announced that he will resign on November 20 next.

The forest fires in northern Minnesota, the second week in October, were the worst through which that State ever passed—worse even than the Hinckley disaster of fifteen years ago. Estimates of the dead varied from 50 to as high as 300, and the property loss went into the millions. One lumber company, alone, at Spooner, lost 50,000,000 feet of mill stock. The fire zone covered a territory 85 miles in length, from the Gravel Pit Spur west of Warroad to Stratton, the fourth station east of Rainy River, and 3 miles in width. Several thousand people were made homeless. Spooner, Baudette, Pitt, and Gracetown were destroyed. Fire companies came to the rescue from as far away as Winnipeg.

Professor Herschel G. Parker, formerly of Columbia University, has returned from an unsuccessful attempt to climb Mount McKinley, convinced that the Lloyd party, which proposed to have climbed the mountain last April, did not reach the summit. According to Professor Parker, this expedition got no nearer than did Dr. Cook. Professor Parker and his party stood on the very peak labeled "The Top of the Continent" by Dr. Cook, and it was so far away from the real summit that they had difficulty even in finding it.
The Queen Mother,— and the Palace Which Was Bombarded by the Revolutionists

THE revolution in Portugal was comparatively pacific, costing the lives of but a few hundred people, and inflicting little damage to property. The people as a whole remained non-partizan until the army rallied under the republican standard, and then came out enthusiastically for the new régime. The palace was bombarded on the night of October 4, and the royal family fled. A complete provisional government was formed with Theophile Braga, a scholar of international reputation, as President; and the Cabinet is an intellectual rather than a military or political body. The city quickly returned to its ordinary routine, and the new Government announced its establishment to the world. King Manuel, his mother, and grandmother hastened to Ericeira, from which place they were taken by fishing boats aboard the royal yacht "Amelie," after which they proceeded to Gibraltar, where they remained under British protection. The King is the last of the House of Braganza, which was established by Alfonso V in 1442. His father, Carlos I, and his older brother were assassinated in 1908. As a curious incident in the revolution President-elect Fonseca of Brazil was in Lisbon at the time as the guest of King Manuel—he is the son of the revolutionist Fonseca, who overthrew the Braganza empire in Brazil in 1889 (the year that Manuel was born) and established the present republic.

Hermes de Fonseca
President-elect of Brazil

Manuel II
The exiled King of Portugal

The Opening of the Constitutional Convention of New Mexico

One hundred delegates assembled October 3 for a sixty-days' session in the Hall of Representatives of the Capitol at Santa Fe. The body consists of seventy-one Republicans and twenty-nine Democrats. Thomas D. Catron, former Delegate to Congress, called the convention to order, and Charles A. Spino of Las Vegas was elected President.
The Consecration of St. Patrick's Cathedral

The consecration of this edifice gathered together in New York the most notable assemblage of Catholic dignitaries ever seen in America. There were three cardinals: Cardinal Vannutelli, the Papal Legate; Cardinal Logue, Primate of Ireland, and Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore; twelve archbishops, forty-one visiting bishops, and eleven bishops of the Province of New York. The consecration service took place a little after dawn, on the morning of October 5, when Archbishop Farley of New York, with a procession of assistant priests and acolytes, marched three times around the building, sprinkling the marble with holy water and salt—a rite which dates not only from Apostolic times, but to a Jewish custom instituted by Solomon. St. Patrick's Cathedral was begun in 1858, and completed in 1902, but on account of the regulation that no Catholic church shall be consecrated until freed from debt, this ceremony was deferred until the remaining $850,000, out of the entire cost of $4,000,000, had been made up. A hundred thousand persons are estimated to have visited the Cathedral on the day of the consecration.
These unusual photographs were taken in the steel skeleton of a new skyscraper now going up near Bowling Green, New York. The tower, in the distance, in the upper right-hand corner, is the Singer Building, the second highest building in the world; the round, low building surrounded by grass plots is the Aquarium, formerly Castle Garden; and in the others may be seen the wharfs, the "L" tracks, the tenement roofs (and even the washing on the lines) of lower New York. The structural iron-workers, who combine the skill of intelligent mechanics with the agility of roustabouts or high trapeze artists, form a sort of aristocracy in comparison with...
Who Make Skyscrapers Possible

the more plodding workmen down below. They get high wages, work shorter hours, and they are here to-day and there to-morrow, with an adventurous streak not to be wondered at when one sees the sort of work they feel at home in. Many of them are sailors who used to clamber about on the spars of the disappearing square-rigged sailing ships. This sort of work is said to have much the same lure for country boys that the circus used to have. Railroad contractors say that every time they build a bridge in an unfrequented neighborhood, farmer boys are attracted, first to watch, then to carry water perhaps, finally to get a job and leave when the iron-workers go
The History of a Political Revolution

The Insurgent Movement began with the action of twelve Republican members of the Lower House of Congress who voted against Cannon for Speaker, March 15, 1909. On the same day, these twelve and nineteen more—thirty-one in all—broke away from the Republican majority and voted against the old rules of Congress. In the Senate, the Insurgent movement began when a group of Republican Senators from the Middle West, never less than seven in number and sometimes as many as fifteen, began to vote against Senator Aldrich and the machine on various tariff schedules. Until the early part of the present summer, the movement was confined to Congress, for there were no primaries or elections at which the people could show their sympathy. From the time the Republican primaries began, the movement has had practically a continuous triumph. More recently, in Georgia, Tennessee and Florida, a spirit exactly analogous to the Insurgent movement has begun to manifest itself in the Democratic Party, and in those States has been triumphant at the Democratic primaries for several high offices.
Personality and the Player

The Matter of Individual Charm and Technical Efficiency

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

in "What Every Woman Knows," so far from an impersonation of the author's character that the first act almost lost its point. Yet Miss Adams remains one of the most popular players on the American stage, because the public loves her as a woman and forgives her the artistic shortcomings, if, indeed, it notices them at all. The public is probably so interested in watching Miss Adams that it forgets to reflect what the character in the play actually is like. The public loves Miss Adams for her quality of almost elfin charm, the half-playful, half-wistful tenderness of her voice and manner, the elusive mischief of her eye, and the motherly droop of her mouth. She is irresistibly alluring, and this personal allure is her greatest asset as an actress.

Let us turn to quite a different example of personal charm. William Collier was never known to impersonate a character. He is one of those actors who actually does "play himself!" Indeed, he seldom pretends to do anything else. Yet he enjoys great vogue, especially in New York, where his style of personality is particularly appreciated. He has a crisp, smart, native wit; he has a quick, self-assured manner; he is pleasant to look upon, and he abundantly satisfies the American love of repartee. In his plays he devises situations where he can indulge in this repartee to the full, and because he tosses back his ready repartee so smartly and even audaciously the average American takes a very realistic interest in watching him do it. You enjoy William Collier on the stage exactly as you would in the grill room. He permits you, for $2, temporarily to join the Lambs' Club.

That is the secret of his success as an actor. There is a small group of younger men players on our stage just now who are blessed with ingratiating personalities and sufficient skill to make them effective in the theater who will probably never scale the heights, but whose positions in the regard of the public are assured. John Barrymore is one of them. Coming from a long line of players—his father, especially, having been an actor of brilliancy—Mr. Barrymore acts almost by second nature. There is none of the bumbling amateur about him. Nevertheless, the charm which he most excels is not that of a carefully wrought and sustained impersonation, but of an ingratiating and fun-loving and physically attractive young man named Jack Barrymore. He is too skillful to oppose himself to the demands of the character; he makes the drama clear, as in "The Fortune Hunter"; but he does not make you forget him for the character. To be successful and popular he does not have to. That is because of his charm.

What delightful, gentlemanly heroes Charles Cherry and Bruce McRae always are in a play! They are so unexceptionably the sort of people you would like to meet! They have technical skill, too. Charles Cherry, for instance, can recite lines of stilted exposition so naturally that they sound quite like human speech. If these actors lacked such skill, of course, the public would soon find them out. But is their skill sufficient to account for their added popularity over other leading men? Is it sufficient to enable them to assume other roles than gentlemanly heroes, and convince us? No, it is their quality of clean and wholesome masculine charm which has placed them so high in popular estimation. They are favored sons.

A Fresh, Attractive Manner

Two such others, in lesser degree (and less, too, in the element of technical skill) are Douglas Fairbanks of "The Gentleman from Mississippi" and Donald Brian of "The Merry Widow" and "The Dollar Princess." Mr. Fairbanks is young in years and experience; he is very far from an accomplished actor. Yet he has reached a position of prominence on our stage because he possesses what, for a large portion of the public at least, amounts to charms—a breezy, good-humored, unashamed "freshness" of manner. The same manner which has carried him to success on the stage, actually, as a Washington newspaper correspondent or private secretary to a Senator, would perhaps cost him some setbacks. But stage correspondents and stage secretaries are forgiven much, and Mr. Fairbanks goes on his conquering way, one of the young men we Americans theoretically admire.

Donald Brian, on the other hand, came into premi-
The Artistic Development of Philip Bites

BATES was his name—we found that out afterwards—but Tim being a cockney, we were misled, at first, by his own admission: "Yes, ma'm, Philip Bites," he smiled.

We leaped upon the opportunity—we Americans. "You don't look as though you would, Philip." Obvious stuff, one might say.

And at this he smiled again, not that he understood us, but that the theater and its component parts—scenery, properties, even players—stood for unceasing mirth. The fun might be as intangible as American humor, or as plainly delicious as the slap sticks of the clown, but at any rate when one went to see a play, one went to laugh. It never occurred to Philip that he was part of the fun, at least it didn't for a while—but this artistic development is my story.

On the day of our first rehearsal, he was conducted through the insignificant door to the gloomy pretentiousness of the London theater by a bearded man, whose profession it was to seek out children playing along the street, and introduce them to the great game of the stage. Many were passed but few were chosen in his amblings through the city; only those whose stunted growth and impoverished appearance bore evidence of their eligibility for the dramatic profession. In England the child actor was a stone-mason—not steady work—none of that now-a-days—jobs vre and there—enough to keep the color in Philip's cheeks for a little while longer, yet not enough to make a pound a week and the child's board anything but a tempting proposition. There was some talk from the bearded man of a governess, a lady who would make a gentleman of 'im before the year was out, but that was put down as pure stuff.

So papers were signed at the police court, and questions put to Philip who didn't have to go unless he wished. But the little boy couldn't say fast enough that he wanted to go. And what child who has ever seen the Christmas pantomime, which had once been Philip's portion, would lose the chance to see a pantomime again! "Again," did I weakly say? It would be more than that—the bearded one had spoken—it would be a week of pantomime, a hundred thousand nights of pantomime, and he, Philip, was to receive money, food, washing, and—what else was it—Oh, yes, a whole governess just for attending these performances. Would he go?

THE police officer waxed sentimental. "You'll have to leave your mother, Philip," he reminded.

"Plenty more at 'ome," was the cheerful answer. In that frame of mind he came to us, and entered our sedate comedy, still smiling although he found no fairies, and still under the impression that he was a spectator. I do not know by what gradual process of reasoning he accommodated himself to the fact that he was now in close relationship with the clowns, and harlequins, and columbines, or how he felt about our wearing different day and night time faces. I suppose the situation soaked in unconsciously as a child learns a language. It seemed no blow to him that the scenery wasn't real, although he found it puzzling.

Once I caught him on the stage before the curtain rose crying the gay front to my cottage stealthily. It was as though he would rather the cottage didn't exist, that he was looking. After a minute of this he suddenly darted behind it, hoping he could arrive before the interior had cunningly turned itself into mere canvas and bucking. But dash back and forth as he would, he could never see the front and the rear at the same time.

With the adaptability of his confreere even this mock display grew natural to him. The chair behind the canvas door represented the interior of a home good enough for anybody, and, being slightly compensated, it became his custom to run nightly to my dressing-room with the comforting information that "my house was built" when the stage hands had finished setting the scene.

This house of mine served a double purpose during the salid days of Philip's professional career. I could peep out through the window and watch him when he was appearing, quite unconsciously, in the performance ('seeing the plye," he called it) and, when his scene was over, I entertained him "out of the house," within my canvas walls.

A bucking, which is a twofold screen, was placed behind the window, thoroughly representing to the audience a wall with paper on it, and affording Philip a sort of seclusion. Most little boys do not court seclusion, nor did he save for a space of time. But there came a week when, in those narrow confines, Philip found his Gethsemane. Found it, endured it, survived it, while I tried not to see.

One day the governess reported that he hadn't eaten. She knew the signs as homesickness, she

Kindling the Dramatic Instinct in an Urchin of the Streets

By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Illustrated by John Sloan

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One day the governess reported that he hadn't eaten. She knew the signs as homesickness, she
said, and the disquieting word went round. We had all been homesick in our lives. It is an aim of which forms an early part of the steady training for the stage. Poonies reached Philip's hand, though knowing the futility of them. He did his little duties; said he wasn’t hungry; made no moan.

We talked among ourselves about this sickness which had come so late that the governess had hoped he would not get “it.” But there had been much to engage him: the trains; three meals a day; lessons; the governess (who turned out to be a lady, not a caretaker, but one was really glad); the glorious play-time at night with the grown-ups, the romping play-time by day with the older children.

Then, it began to pull upon him, for he had not yet learned the Consolation of Art.

The night following the futile offering of the pennies, I made my exit through the canvas door, and found that he wasn’t there to greet me. My red portfolio lay ready, which he always carried from the dressing-room, that, during my wait, I might write ‘em. But he was not by my side. I would eye ‘em.

A sound so small and indescribable that it might be termed the hoarseness of the silence, caused my eyes to rest upon him. He was in the far corner of the screen, sitting on the floor, with his face to the wall. There was no word from him, no cry, beyond a low quiet sob which wouldn’t down. But the little shoulders heaved continually, rising and falling, rising and falling.

It was the more grim, in that he felt himself securely hidden from us all, yet he was in view of the gallery and balcony. Only, the spectators of our merry comedy would never have believed that the amusing little fellow could not have known that the tears could be sweating out his agony in the Garden of Gethsemane as easily as if he had lifted a hand to his face, and I know that the rain of tears seemed too terrible. I cried too—my make-up off—and waved away those who came to ask. Once I went over and made as if to love him, but he shook himself free. Then, fearful that I was hurt, he caught my dress, although he didn’t turn. “It’s all right, my dress, although he didn’t turn. “It’s all right, my dress.”

To try to dull the terror of that word we filled his day with poorer distractions, even his lessons were suspended, but at bedtime he begged that she would send him home—and he would take the beating.

We were mad creatures in the theater when this news came to us. With our natural inclination for all modern measures, we decided that one of us should go with him, stay in the house, shield him from punishment, make up the weekly pound among ourselves, “break up the show if necessary” to make Philip bite himself again.

The manager, a just man, looked at us coldly; the governess asked us to wait. I strode into my canvas shelter, hoping that a sight of Philip would lend me some of his control. He had reached the stage hands, and the actors clustered

"In the far corner of the scene with his face to the wall"

He would be beaten by those at home, beaten if he left and sent his father no more money. “And the God’s truth,” she had added to me accusingly.

“Then you’re a grown-up, like the rest of us. All of them help, but you...”

CHORUS. (Sung with almost impossible melancholy.)

“Really, my wife’s good enough for me—ee-ee-ee-ee...

I’m sorry, indeed, to see you go; I’m sorry you’re almost gone.

You are chic and bright and you’re very all right, as far as I can see; But, I’m sorry to say, I’m not going your way, for my wife looks good to me!”

CHORUS. (Sung with almost incredible sincerity.)

Really, my wife’s good enough for me! Really, my wife’s good enough for me!

Strange as it may seem to you; Though it be a scream in you.

Really, my wife’s good enough for me—ee-ee-ee-ee.

I don’t care for Merry Wives,

I’ve no use for oh-you-kids.

For really my wife, yes, my wife, really, my wife is good enough for me!

NOW all the moralities this maid knew she had learned on the modern stage, Where the problem play and the Frenchified farce and the vaudeville heathen cage;

And the rule of three she had figured to be the rule of the social life,

And she never had heard of a married man who thought very much of his wife.

Then a married man spoke those words, they had to put her in hock in the Entomological Institute, for her mind couldn’t stand the shock.

And the words of that wretched married man, which destroyed her reason’s rule.

You may hear her tell from her padded cell; you may hear her drivel and drool: “If that is so, you’re more a man than any of the other actors here. All of them help, but you alone ‘keep ’em alive;’ Philip.”

KNER high, he remained quietly by me while the weight of it settled down upon his little shoulders, never to lift again. But the sobs stopped, he accepted a lime drop, and in a few days the smile came back.

Step by step, he learned the lessons of the stage which must be suffered—and enjoyed. All but himself he learned him, and the player’s relation to his work. The first rehearsal he had nearly split his little sides over the antics of the older children in the play. He esteemed it a privilege to be allowed to run upon the stage with them, and asked each day if he could go with them. To be sure he was surprised when Sarah tipped the bench over every time they met upon the stage, but it was a good game and very funny. When the first night came, he was not nervous to find that there were people on both sides of the footlights—on the side where he had been when he had seen the pantom. He made the first place the newswomen laughed as hard as he did, and somehow the older children with him didn’t laugh when Sarah tipped the bench up. They punted they were angry. Philip looked out in a friendly way when he heard the first quick roar, and, knowing little boys must not be noisy before their betters, he put his hand over his mouth and pretended they were angry. Why should they not, thought Philip, could anything be funnier than Sarah tipping the bench up? He walked down to the proscenium, now doubled up with joy, both hands across his wide mouth. The house, eyes upon him, ‘keep ’em alive...’

(Continued on page 23)
The Importance of Character in the Actor

The board of governors, or the house committee, or whatever it is that directs the destinies of the Pennsylvania Playhouse, has made a mistake.

For, to begin with, there is no barroom that can keep William Gillette from standing over it, as he once did in 'The Witching Hour,' and, in another way, 'The Importance of Being Earnest.' For, as John Barrymore said, 'He has a face that hits you like the punch of a cold rain on the back.'

Back. Contrarily it isn't the frankness of lines, voice or movement, that constitutes the real actor. It is the spirit in voice and expression that makes him a success. It is the utterance of the soul, not merely the voice that creates the impression of Henry B. Harris.

Call it art, truth, impersonation, personality, magnetism, telepathy, hypnotism—Edward Steane, in a recent interview, called it hypocrisy—or the wonder that of a person's ability to make the audience forget that there is something by which some actors, without visible effort, convey a distinct and emphatic impression. It is the John Drew who steps up to the stage, and, even while the applause lingers over his name, to knock cleverly at the door of manner and manner. We respond to the charm of John Barrymore and A. E. Matthews because they opened the door of Ray St. Germain, which absorbed the radiance of Mary Irwin's good humor, we have felt unbidden the piquancy of Marie Tempest, we have seen John Drew walk, with nothing in the wind, portentously and with sinister purpose flaked the ashes from the tip of his cigar.

John Drew

As to the art of "getting it over," that is a thing about which no two people are agreed. The apron of the stage. An ambulance surgeon had told her her baby was dead."

"I knew I had them." Any actor would have known. "Getting it over," as the phrase may be, is a layman, is almost a physical experience to the man or woman who accomplishes it. The thought went through my head as I watched a bit of business, "and," once remarked Richard Mansfield, "I can see it smothering past the footlights and into the brains of my audience, as striking an invisible wall across the proscenium arch and bouncing back to the stage.

The ability to do, and to do it well, and to convey it to the audience, is something quite prinarily separate from the art of acting. Many schooled and skilled performers, whose names are omitted from my chronicle because I don't want to swell the waiting list of my enemies, have never got into an auditorium without coming through the door back of the box. Knowledge may be power, but it isn't propulsion.

Nothing is more besides than a mustad plaster, yet it draws. George W. Lewis wrote several illuminating chapters on inspiration, and we have the word of A. V. Hall of Covent Garden, that the constable locked tender-hearted persons glad that Shakespeare lived, yet not for the story.

On the other hand, there are mediocre minis who possess the faculty of establishing immediate communication with an audience. All of us have applauded the charmer who, with an enunciation convincingly to put her best foot forward at the exact moment and in the precise manner that thirty other best feet achieved, has scored a distinct individual success. A young woman did that on the first night of Peter Debye's "The Front Agent" at the Howard Theatre. She was allowed $45 for it, but another charmer, whose name is Elsie Ferguson and who attracted attention in "The Girl from Kay's," is starring this year under direction of Henry B. Harris.

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light of the theater, must have hung upon it to seem what it really is. Every stage manager knows the genuine society girl who is engaged to lend verisimilitude to a drawing-room scene, and who, at rehearsals, regards her tea cup as though it were some strange and savage animate. Edwin Booth's Othello was the triumph of an artist. He made audiences forget that his embodying a character is a characteristic underrated student of sensitive face and dreamy eyes. Charles Reaumur's first appearance in London was as Macbeth, and his Lady Macbeth, a great woman in both senses of the word, refused to play opposite a leading man who "looked like a half-grown boy." "I'm forty years old," he says, "and I knew the score," he knew that he grew during the performance. Salvin's burning tears from an audience ignorant of his sorrow for the countrymen he shed for one to one hundred; Bernard Shaw scolding an actor in the death tones of Camille; Margaret Anglin repeating "Poor little ice-cream soda" until her breaths broke down sobbing—these are examples of pure artistry, of "getting over" one's emotions, of even a thought behind them. No one who knows the first thing about the theater can understand, be it never so slightly, the

Bernard Shaw scolding an actor in the death tones of Camille

value of training, of experience; the effectiveness of carefully-thought-out "business," of infection, of

"Gustibus"

The Story of a Country Editor, a Railroad, and a Vaudeville Comedienne

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILDE

IM HANDS, the foreman of the upper battery room, rolled a sticky piece of tobacco around between his hardened hands, vainly endeavoring to separate it into particles with which to chew it. "You didn't know I was a publisher?" he said, throwing the stubborn roll out the factory window. "I was a stockholder in a publishing company any­how. It was the Imperial Press and Printin' Com­pany. You never heard the name, but you know the newspaper. It's the Morden County 'Argus', right here in this little factory town. It had a printin'­press, though it was never got along fer something like that; eight shelves of old advertisin' cans, a stack of card­board and an inkstand a half a foot of gray, moss-looking dust over everythin', an' an' and the files of the paper in particular.

"You didn't know Knowles was the editor an'? I guess about the sole asset. He had got a kind of a purty look to his mouth from blowin' dust off things. I don't know how old he was, but he could sit on a box an' blink his old eyes at the dirty collins' an' talk kind of personal about the election of Lincoln, though he was a journeyman printer then, an' tell what the platforms an' majorities were fer every year, I don't know how far back. An' then he'd go down to the station with his big trousers flappin' on his little legs to see who come in on the train an' maybe get a couple of items, as he always called 'em, fer the Local News and Personal Mention.

"I remember well enough what a time I had with the old man, especially with his kid sister, a woman with names like đóogwood poison an' they had to wear an old man's shoes in the office an' trim them to his little legs to see who come in on the train an' throw the stubborn roll out the factory window. "The old man had built a cot­room out of the old man's son hangin' over his desk in the

press with the hip disease or something like that, an' they bowed to him a little at home, but he never was satisfied an' they bowed to him a little at the office. An' he'd make you half believe it too, even if it was even if the 'Argus' weren't a money-maker the like of that an' go without a summer suit of clothes just so's he could see his w

American actress Ethel Barrymore, on the other hand, knew quite felt herself "go smashing past the footlights and into the brains of her auditors."

"'I'll tell you the truth, Jim,' says he, 'I don't know how old he was, but he could sit on a box an' blink his old eyes at the dirty collins' an' talk kind of personal about the election of Lincoln, though he was a journeyman printer then, an' tell what the platforms an' majorities were fer every year, I don't know how far back. An' then he'd go down to the station with his big trousers flappin' on his little legs to see who come in on the train an' maybe get a couple of items, as he always called 'em, fer the Local News and Personal Mention.

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freckle colors, an' there's a kind of snap in the air that rises to the backs of your feet. But that year it was hot. I just see the heat rise on them railroads straight as a razor, and the sun blazing down the ends of the tracks, an' I could see the water蒸 away across the lake.

"I FEDEGOT to tell yer that I'd bought a chair from a mail-order house. It was one my Annie had picked out from a catalogue, an' we was waitin' for it. It was tolerably low if you was goin' to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' an' see how it was. I was wantin' of the fact, all yer had to do was to look at the catalogue an' read the directions. When Bill Marcon come up an' told us that he pulled out one of them slips he called "YT/"

"He had a way when anythin' was on his mind of makin' it look like a joke. I thought there wouldn't be no sympathy lost bein' in the age we live in?' I says, 'That ain't what I'mwaitin' for. I'm wantin' of the fact, all yer had to do was to look at the catalogue an' read the directions. When Bill Marcon come up an' told us that he pulled out one of them slips he called "YT/"

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The Simplest Form of Dramatic Entertainment

Punch and Judy shows are no doubt of the earliest form of theatrical display. In Europe they know how to do these things much better than we in America. Paris, in her Champs Elysées, has a dozen or more of these puppet theaters, some of which might almost be called pretentious. They are in the open, under the park trees, with rows of seats and benches in front to accommodate the little folk who pay a penny or two to witness the comedy of Pierrot or the tragedy of Punch. Stretching across this page at the top are the "dramatis personae" of the little plays which are given again and again every day. Below are pictures of the workshop where the dolls are made, and of the interior of the theater showing how the puppets are managed. The other photographs serve to reflect the interest and delight which these simple performances invariably afford to their juvenile audiences.
and wag my tail as I might, you never understand! . . . But now! Good morning, good morning! I love you!"

Throughout the children's adventures he is their guardian and friend. "There is Man, and that's all!" he says later on. "We have no need to turn him and do as he tells us! That is the one and only fact! . . . Reasons? . . . There are no reasons but Man, and that's enough! . . . If you do anything against him I will detest you first and I will go and tell him everything." . . .

The Bird That Couldn't Be Caged

THE CAT, who goes up and shakes hands with the little girl with much ceremony, is a very different sort—treacherous, a shifty egotist, flattering whoever can help him, but in his heart walking "by his wild loneliness," as Kipling said. "Read is a fat old fellow, solid, plattitudinous, and terribly afraid of anything dangerous and strange—anything from a cinnamon bun, if you will, to a re-actionary Republican. Accompanied by these, by simpering, sanctimonious Sugar, by Milk, Water, Fire, and Light, the children start out to find the Blue Bird of Happiness.

They go to the Land of Memory to visit their grand-parents, whom the children suppose had been dead many years, but as the Fairy asked: "How can they be dead when they live in your memory?" The dead who are re-membered live as happily as though they were not dead? And so, indeed, the children find, and they have a fine time with the Land of Memory and the Cat, who goes up and shakes hands with the little girl with much ceremony, is a very different sort—treacherous, a shifty egotist, flattering whoever can help him, but in his heart walking "by his wild loneliness," as Kipling said. "Read is a fat old fellow, solid, plattitudinous, and terribly afraid of anything dangerous and strange—anything from a cinnamon bun, if you will, to a re-actionary Republican. Accompanied by these, by simpering, sanctimonious Sugar, by Milk, Water, Fire, and Light, the children start out to find the Blue Bird of Happiness.

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They visit the Kingdom of the Future, where all the children not yet born wait for Time to open the great obelisk doors and take them down to earth. Each must bring something before he can pass, even though it be but a great crime or an interesting sick-chamber scene, for instance; the reader feels the creepy terror which seizes the children as the moment comes of the dead to rise from their graves.

"MYTYL (covering against Tyltyl)—They are coming! GET UP! The gates are coming open!"

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"MYTYL (covering against Tyltyl)—They are coming! GET UP! The gates are coming open!"
You Always Pay More Than A Car’s Actual Value

Every buyer pays the maker the cost of materials and workmanship in the car, and the maker’s profit.

All legitimate charges.

Especially profit, which is the maker’s wages for his skill in producing from raw materials a finished article of merit.

An Excess Charge
But the buyer pays for more things than these.
Increased payment that profits neither maker nor buyer.
We refer to “overhead.”

What “Overhead” Is
Overhead, a business term, means “non-productive” expense.
Includes the maker’s bonded debt, mortgages, rents, racing expenses, losses, waste, and the cost of administration.

Overhead Adds No Merit
Most overhead never adds an iota of merit to the car; never increases the car buyer’s enjoyment.
But the buyer pays for it just the same, whether he knows it or not, and whether he likes it or not.

The Maker’s Duty
Since overhead does not make the car better, but only adds to the buyer’s expense, thereby forcing upon him a burden for which he receives no value, the maker’s duty should be to keep overhead expense down to absolute minimum.

We Do Our Duty
That is exactly the Winton Company’s policy.
We carry no bonded debt, and no mortgages.
Own our plant and equipment scot free from debt.
Have no water in our stock.

Take the cash discount on our accounts payable.
Waste no money in racing or other unnecessary “stunts.”
And manage our entire business with minimum red tape, minimum waste, and absolutely no extravagance.

Our Buyers Get the Benefit
That is the sole reason why we can sell you a car of highest grade at a price so extremely low.
In other words, because we believe you should not be required to pay for anything you do not get, we keep quality up and overhead down.

The Car Itself Is Proof
The car itself, the Winton Six for 1911, proves these facts.
Look it over. Observe what it is, and what it can do.
Then compare it, point for point, with other high-grade cars; and satisfy yourself that you save yourself from $1000 to $3000 by purchasing a Winton Six—a car of convincing merit, whose overhead is down to rockbottom.

Get These Three Books
We have three books that every car buyer ought to read.
These are our 1911 catalog, The Difference Between Price and Value, which tells more facts about overhead, and Twelve Rules to Help Buyers, a guide to safety in buying a car of whatever make, size or price.
Clip the coupon and mail it today.

Some of the Features of the Winton Six Touring Car
In "The Outlook," of August 6th, 1910, is an article—
"The Men Higher Up," which refers to the recent trials of Mr. Heike. I have no desire to say anything about the details of Mr. Gerbouze's case, but I wish to answer the article in this letter in regard to the sugar business.

The writer throughout the article endeavors to mis-

ify my position, and particularly to exaggerate its im-

portance in the sugar shipments, the importations, and the operations of its refineries. I think it is impossible for anyone to have read the sugar trade and not have realized the amount of the sugar business. I was Secretary of the American Sugar Refining Company.

1st: I called the meetings of the Directors, and of the Executive Committee, of the American Sugar Re-

fining Company, and of the other companies. I was present at all the meetings and kept the minutes. I attended to all the transfers of common and preferred stock of the company, and signed the stock certificates, formerly as Acting Treasurer; since 1896 as Secretary. This was my most important work, for which I alone was responsible. Statements were very necessary, for it appears that during the nineteen years commencing January 1, 1881, there were transferred in average $98,000,000 shares per year, so that more than the whole capital was transferred annually. Connected with it was a large correspondence with the stockholders, whose number now exceeds eight thousand. The Treasurer's Department was actually divided, which also necessitated a great deal of correspondence.

2nd: I attended to all the fire insurance of the companies.

This: As Secretary, I was the general letter writer of the company. I wrote the books and all correspondence in reference to the company's investments in beet sugar factories. I was also in charge of the Great Western Sugar Company, and transferred its stock. The volumes of correspondence with the By-Laws, I was in charge of all the books and accounts of the company. I dealt with the accounting and correspondence, in a general way, which was done by the Auditor, Mr. Foster, and several assistants.

I had nothing directly to do with the

EAV SUGAR DEPARTMENT: The purchase of sugar; its

unloading and weighing at the

stockhouse, and the

refineries.

CUSTOM HOUSE DEPARTMENT: The making of entries, the

paying of duties, and the issu-

ing of certificates.

REFINERY DEPARTMENT: The management of the ref-

ineries, and the technical work

of refining.

At the end of every month I prepared statements for the President and the Directors, which showed the financial results, the operations of the several departments for the month, and it was on account of these statements that Mr. Waters, the government accountant, showed the operation of the Refinery Department.

It was necessary to obtain his consent to such

statements, which frequently gave large gains in the per-

centage of efficiency of the refinery and the skill of its Superin-

tendent.

There were consequently three copies made at each

refinery. One retained by the Superintendent of the re-

finery to Mr. Niese of the Refinery Department at

Brooklyn and Jersey City to charge excessive losses in weight and to

charge the melting account, and which will facilitate the comparison of the workings of our several houses.

The article in the Outlook attaches much importance to the technical statements of the refineries, it will be found therefor to be given a degree of importance out of proportion with its real importance.

Each refinery keeps a book, or several books, in which are entered, for the first time, the losses in the refinery; the quantity and grade of the raw sugar melted, and the quantity of the refined sugar and syrup produced. At the end of every month the details of such operations are tabulated, as follows:

1st. The raw sugar melted during the month, giving of such kind, and from which separately, the pounds melted, and their complete chemical analysis.

2nd. The refined sugar produced during the month; making up of such kind, and from which separately, the pounds made, and their chemical analysis.

3rd. The sugar produced, namely, the pounds of syrup made, and their chemical analysis.

The report given by the

salesmen to the

Company, and transferred its stock.

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The efficiency of the refinery is determined by the efficiency of the refiners and the efficiency of the sugar. This is also, in regard to the selling by the importers on the gard to "liberal Custom House weights" that I think it well to give an outline of the manner in which import than ten years, a fact not known to me, who was availed myself of it at once. The very important work of the Transfers of Stock and which for which may help to explain the large differences found in letter was written for details of the weights, which of Java sugar, and that fifty-four per cent, of the melt­

"I may say that I was well aware that an attempt had been made to scuttle the ship at Hilo, but the Captain particularly..."
were heavier than the refinery weights—if it appeared
that duty was paid on a larger number of pounds than
the refinery weights showed as having been received—
the insurance company would very likely dispute the
claim.

As Swindoll, Island sugars pay no duty, there could
be no Custom House weights for comparison, and that
is what I stated to Mr. Gerbracht. I have no idea at
present, why I should have written this thirteen years
ago, but it clearly establishes the fact that I held that
Custom House weights were or might be heavier than
refinery weights. Perhaps at a previous time Mr. Ger-
bracht had made a claim on a cargo of doubtful sugar,
and he had found difficulty in collecting it on account
of the heavier Custom House weights.

The reminder of the letter is very interesting, for it
shows how careful I was that no unjustified claim should
be made.

The damage to raw sugar on a voyage is of two kinds:
1. "Swamp-Damage" caused by deterioration of the quality
due to the long voyage in hot climates (the shipments
from Honolulu cross the Equator twice) and usually,
"Marine-Damage," caused by salt water. The Insurance
Company is only liable for "Marine-Damage"; but after
the discharging of a cargo and the placing of the dam-
aged bags on the dock, it is practically impossible to
ascertain to which of the two causes the damage is due.
As a rule people are not very particular in the render-
ing of claims against Insurance Companies, and I may
say that one who is as conscientious as the writer of
this letter, is not likely to be a party to a scheme to
defraud the Government, as has been alleged. The letter
was certainly not written for effect. Who could have
imagined at the time that it would be read at a Trial
13 years later?

I was certainly not written for effect. Who could have
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Next, a few words about myself. I have been con-
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flowers open their blooms, the wind piano flies the leaves, the bees hum, the birds circle and flood the air with the first records of their hymns to the sun and to life. Shovel and hatched, Fly-by-night and Midsummer, holding each other by the head, take a free step among the flowers while they seek for the trace of the teakies.

MYTH (looking in the grass)—Where are the dead?

TITAN (looking also)—There are no graves.

Lines like these boom and rumble, as it were. It is hard for an unprepared audience to get their real import from two up-an-way-voiced little girls standing among some none too lifelike canvas elves.

Adult actors, otherwise excellent, are often found to be quite unclassy in parts. The whole matter-of-fact—even snippishly cynical—tone of Miss Bambough of the New Theater's cast is an example. Bambough had a hoarse voice and a humped back, but everybody knows that good fairies are lovely princesses under them. Naturally, Bambough insisted on her beauty.

"And my hair, do you see that?" and she holds out two long gray wavy locks. It is fair as the corn in the fields; it is like virg.

And I've seen slippers and slabs of it that it weeps my head down. . . . A little? Showers! Armfuls! Clus-

This isn't joking. It is the very battle- of ideals—a more war of expressing the children's own brave gift of make-believe.

Wonder and mystery and beauty—the beauty of Mélusine herself bearing in her window in the moonlight—must be thrown into it, hinted at somehow. Mrs. Hale snaps off the whole scene exactly as if she were playing a dry, satirical little malarky part in realistic comedy and these children were the proper target for mer-

Inexorable irony—exactly as far as point of view goes, as she tried to play her "In Canada." It was just this necessary sort of nonsense and wonder which made Miss Wycherly's Light so pleasing.

A Real Service

But this is no time to insist on the perfect scenes. Any adequate presenta-

The shoe

lace for you

The strongest, neatest, most durable laces ever made for high shoes—

NF 10" Shoe Laces

Stand a strain of 290 lbs. to the foot without breaking. Tipped with patented fast-color tips that won't come off.

Guaranteed 6 months

10 cents per pair in black or tan—four laces for men's and women's high shoes. At all shoe, dry-goods and men's furnish-

Learn To Reason

By Augustus De Morgan

This book takes full of system points in the study of mathematics which involves difficulties that are apt to be misunderstood by beginners and second, outlines the course of study to be followed by those who wish to make a study of mathematics.

All book stores and Libraries

Price $1.25

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

Evolution and Logicalism in Classical and Modern Philosophy—"Mr. Charles Ives and the Nature of Music," written by the composer himself. 354-358 Walsh Avenue, Chicago

A Canthrox Shampoo

Is a Pleasure and Delight

It cleanses the Hair and Scalp so Thoroughly, so Completely, so Satisfactorily—and yet so Easily and Gently.

Your Hair Dries Quickly Without Streaking

You never saw such an abundance of fine, rich, creamy, cleansing lather as you get from Canthrox. It removes every particle of dust, oil and dandruff—relieves itching scald—and leaves the hair bright, soft and fluffy.

Canthrox is Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Buy a Package Containing Fifteen Shampoos

Just dissolve a canthrox of Canthrox in a cup of hot water—and your shampoo is ready. Unlike many soaps, Canthrox contains nothing that is likely to cause the hair to become streaky, coarse or brittle, or split at the ends.

Tied for, Canthrox Shampoos are given in many city, state and national Hair Dressing and Shampoo Parlor.

Trial Offer:

We have found that Canthrox will please you that upon receipt of 10 cents, we will send you sufficient Canthrox for six hair washes, so that you can try it at an expense of 5 cents.

H. S. PETERSON & CO.

235 Kinzie Street

Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Carver

(Noted Wing Shot)

Disbanishes

Burglar

Fear—

This is a part of a letter from Dr. Carver, greatest wing shot in the world:

This is a part of a letter from Dr. Carver, greatest wing shot in the world:

"Please make me three Savage Automatic Pistols, 32 caliber, highly engraved, pearl handles, gold plated. Make them as article as possible, as I desire to present them to lady friends who have lived in perfect horror of burglars all their lives.

"I would like to say to you, gentlemen, that in all my shooting experience, I never had so much downright pleasure with any weapon as I have had with the Savage Automatic. I have shot by the hour."

The new Savage Automatic is quick as light. Gets in the first (vital) shot. Others as fast as you pull the trigger. Also easy as putting your fore-fingers. Grips fine, never flets.

The man or woman with the positive working, positively safe (guaranteed) Ten Shot Savage Automatic can rely on instinct to shoot straight in the dark. That's why the burglar has no chance, even when a woman is aiming it. That's why Dr. Carver, export judge of weapons, ordered three for three women.

The Ra-Sheriff of Pt. Dodge, Kans., "But," cartridge, very highly, gave Canthrox the following endorsement:

"The Tenderfoot's Turn." For your dealer's name we'll send the

"Yapp's impersonation of the Cat was a

The Florsheim SHOE

"Anti-Matr

Our booklet "The Shoeman"

"Anti-Matrimonial Society." There is no interest in the theater.

Our booklet "The Shoeman"

"Anti-Matrimonial Society." There is no interest in the theater.

STUNNED and dazzled, Tyltyl and Sytyltyl, flowers opm their blooms, the wind mur-

Arms Co., 8210 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y.

The Ex-Sheriff of Ft. Dodge, Kans., "Bat." Masterson, wrote

"The New Savage Automatic is quick as light. Gets in the first (vital) shot. Others as fast as you pull the trigger. Also easy as putting your fore-fingers. Grips fine, never flets.

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"The Tenderfoot's Turn." For your dealer's name we'll send the
I want you to help me accomplish a mission that is of the greatest importance near and dear to my heart.

It is a great crusade for every woman who has a home and I want you to work with me, both for your own happiness and for the good of your home and your children.

When we first heard of the Vacuum Cleaner, that marvelous invention, we were immediately at the most wonderful benefit to women that had been produced in centuries. We have watched its development with unceasing interest for years but it was not until we saw and used the Duntley Vacuum Cleaner that I felt an irresistible impulse to tell you what it would do for you.

Acting on that impulse I wrote Mr. Duntley last May, telling him of my belief in his Vacation Cleaner—telling him also that I wanted him to make it possible for every woman to have her own home.

I asked him to make a Duntley Vacuum Cleaner which would do perfect work and still be light enough in weight for any woman to handle comfortably—to sell that Vacuum Cleaner at a price within reach of the woman who does her own housework and has to count her pennies, for he needs money to sell it on easy monthly payments so small that she could meet them without taking money out of the purse.

To my delight Mr. Duntley replied that my plan was not only possible but practical—that he would at once get out a Vacuum Cleaner such as I suggested.

True to his word, he has perfected the new Duntley No. 6—put the right kind and I hope he would make. It is a truly right smaller than the famous No. 1 Duntley Cleaner, but costs much less, and is exactly right for a snug, easy home or apartment.

Mr. Duntley has also made it possible for you to pay for your Vacuum Cleaner out of your own purse and never feel a burden—just as I asked him to.

But if—and he has set aside one hundred thousand dollars for me to spend in my own way to show you how you can make one of the Vacuum Cleaners to suit you, you will be able to have your house cleaned, how can you, to a great extent, the lives of your children, in a way that will tell you about his generous offer of a free trial, a special price and special terms on this new Duntley No. 6. I can tell you only a little of this here, so I want to write you a personal letter, telling you of the ways I have found for using this marvelous machine in my own home—ways which I believe are not usually known. How I have found that it is a revolution from the terrible White Plague and from so many of the worrisome home problems. Write me and give me the opportunity.

I want you to read here what Mr. Duntley says in his "Marion Harland Free Offer." Read how you can have your Vacuum Cleaner all in your own home without one cent of expense. If you desire to keep it, you will be under no obligation whatever.

I can assure you that you can depend upon what Mr. Duntley says. Accept his offer with perfect confidence. I ask you, for your own sake, to help me by mailing the coupon to me in care of Mr. Duntley.

Won't you write and let me know?

Sincerely yours,

Marion Harland

Domestic Director

Use the Duntley Vacuum Cleaner 24 Hours FREE

$3.00 Keeps It in Your Home

The new Duntley No. 6 will be repeated in the mail and if you wish you may have it for 24 hours FREE with this offer. You are invited to try it for this 24 hours. The offer and the guarantee are unprecedented.

The No. 6 is equipped with the latest in vacuuming convenience safeguards. It is a real value to have a high driving pressure with a vacuum of 0.9 inches thus equalizing work with the most powerful machine.

It is made entirely with all the latest scientific and engineering improvements. Send the Coupon to Marion Harland—Address above.

8 Bedroom, 3 Bath, $2,318, Stafa Building, Las Vegas, Nevada.

This is the seventh time Duntley has invited the public to try it free. It has been a great success. Many of those who have had it have written letters of gratitude to Mr. Duntley. We are convinced that it is the full and final solution to many of our home problems.
CLASS PINS and BADGES, SCHOOL, SOCIETY OR LODGE

J R KEIM & CO Shackamaxon Mills

Philadelphia

Look for the "Shackamaxon" trade-mark stamped on every yard of fabric.
A Picture for a Promise—10c.
Price Without Your Promise—15c.

Don't expect reply by "return mail" (we have 20,000 stolen. Write plainly on the coupon only. You may-mail will miscarry and we do replace all goods lost orwhelmed at times, if you then get no reply, write us, for
regular advertised price, 15c. But—if you will agree to the promise on the coupon below, youendar all in one—only 10c. What a chance to decorate a "den," a living or bedroom, or to get a handsome 1911 calendar for your office!

TRIAL JAR sent for 6c. (stamps or coin). Don't expect picture and trial jar to come together ;
Art Store value at least $1.50 each. ()ur
An expensively colored "Pompeian Beauty" picture and Art cal­
No advertising on front; only artist's

Description of Pictures. Each "Pompeian Beauty" represents a woman whom Pom­
We have only a half million copies. Who knows whether a half-million or a million friends of
Pompeian Massage Cream are eagerly waiting for this our annual offer? Choose your favorites. Then clip coupon for them quick!

Our Guarantee. If you are not satisfied that each copy of any "Pompeian Beauty" has an actual Art Store value of from $1.50 to $2.50, or if for any reason you are disappointed, we will return your money.

Don't Envy A Good Complexion; Use Pompeian And Have One"
(Read center article)

Good Looks
At 1c. Per Day

"Automobile Complexion"
Those who have machines for face friends who have found that Pompeian takes the dust out of the pores in nothing else will. The skin

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 3 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O. aster's guarantee when Pompeian is used to overcome it. Use Pompeian after the next dusty drive. It's aston­
by imparting a natural, fresh, beautiful complexion.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream
All Dealers 50c., 75c., and $1

POMPEIAN

You could show what picture (or pictures) I wish.

Kindly jog this coupon carefully before filling out each order.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 3 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O.
Handwriting, the most easily read, does not need 1 or more symptoms up through the coupon which will come back to you. All orders must be accompanied by proper postage. Your order will be filled as soon as possible. A coupon for Pompeian Massage Cream, value $1.00, will be sent with your order.

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“Pipings of Peace”

—that’s it! Bully old phrase that sure does hit off the joys of smoking Prince Albert tobacco in your old jimmy pipe.

Why, say! Long before Hector was a pup men yearned for tobacco without teeth—tobacco that wouldn’t, that couldn’t bite. Now, here’s the answer—

PRINCE ALBERT

Cut out pipe fusing, pipe grouchies! Don’t take any slack talk on this pipe tobacco question! Don’t back water!

Men, what we say is blasted out of solid-rock facts. Now, listen—

Prince Albert is the grandest smoke ever pushed into a bowl. It’s got the Indian sign on ’em—all no matter price or reputation. Won’t bite your tongue—nor anyone else’s. Just can’t! Holds its fire long and close; cool, fragrant—hooked up any old way you want to play it.

That’s say-so? What’s yours? Game to uncork a dime and find out something that’s “good for what ails you?”

Personalities

M Y QUEEN in “The Merry Widow” because he possessed her all—her personal qualities of physical grace and romantic charm too infrequently met with on our lyric stage, where the slinky, the “broody,” the self-assured, the flukey, the long and low waltz, Mr. Brian cannot sing. He dances gracefully, to be sure, but still his technical work could be a lot better. He is the lightest—save for his romantic charm. That customer, among many, in such a work as “The Merry Widow,” it of course peculiarly the ingratiating gift of the music and the romantic flavor of the stage. Real art belongs to the realm of music and shares its sensations appeal. It may go morer, but it is somehow sneer and not devoid of sentiment. Mr. Brian has youth and sentiment and in his he has the charm which belongs to opopeta, not to the ordinary craft of theatrical comedy. And so be his.

A number of these younger players had a better time of it. Made-Fun Field last spring, and the women covered twenty deep around it, like cattle around a salt lick. It showed plainly enough how much of a player’s popularity may depend upon youth and attachment to a charming personality. Charm is an asset almost of definite pecuniary value to many a player.

Triumphant Artistry

WHEN we deal with so accomplished an artist as Mrs. Fiske, an actress whose name has said in one of the greatest of all all-time greatest, it is a trip insulting to speak of what personality, because Miss Fiske so thoroughly sings her personality in the part. She counts but as the salt to the East. Like Mr. Warfield, her personality has greatly aided her, because of its innate quality; but even more so Mr. Warfield she has conquered by tri­umphant artistry. When we come to Nazimova, however, it is harder to say with the “procedure in the bath of art” is more interesting to the public for its technical skill on her other side, a charming personality. Each reader may decide that question for himself.

And when we come to Hilly Burke and Marie Tempest and Mabel Taliaferro and the rest—so much and too few—we are almost forced to an opinion that they depend more upon personal popularity. They are not as much the successful in their artistry. They are more the public’s response—mimetic sense and a faithful eye for character. Marie Doro is a model instance. She could not, therefore, enjoy the popu­larity of characters than the petty comic personages of farce comedy without music, she has won much success because she possesses, together with an arch, piquant and perversely natural manner, a rare skill in “making her points” clearly and effect­ually, and skill in “tracking down the deeper things of the heart. Miss Marie Tempest, to be sure, has a great deal of theatrical skill, of a kind. Once she was an operetta star of no mean magnitude but certainly not such. More recently, her supreme acting charm, of a widely different kind, now is the power with the need.” Without making herself one whit less attractive, she has contrived to show what personality must be done with to “play yourself” as to play any of the characters, to suggest the depth and range of an actor’s equipment as a lyric artist is of the voice. Miss Maxine Elliott’s dusky beauty would have done almost as much for her in “The Merry Widow,” it of course pe­culiarly suggests Rejane. But Miss Tempest never truly impersonates, she is the most admirable of serious suggestion. She never truly begins sympathy for a charac­ter she possesses much for a situation. She could not, therefore, enjoy the popular response, her charm. Miss Maxine Elliott’s dignity would have done almost as much for her in “The Merry Widow,” but Miss Tempest’s dignity would have done almost as much for her in “The Merry Widow,” but Miss Tempest’s dignity would have done almost as much for her in “The Merry Widow,” but Miss Tempest’s dignity would have done almost as much for her in “The Merry Widow,” but Miss Tempest’s dignity would have done almost as much for her in “The Merry Widow,” but Miss Tempest’s dignity would have done almost as much for her in “The Merry Widow,” but Miss Tempest’s dignity would have done almost as much for her in “The Merry Widow.” But last season Miss Barrymore appeared in Place’s “Mid-Channel,” a play of which by its acid outlines and serious im­port dwarfed any mere display of per­sonality in any of the performers. Miss Barrymore rose to the occasion: “came the power with the need.” Without making herself one whit less attractive, she has contrived to show what personality does, how much a player must ascend to the heights of the theater for the pleasure not alone of looking at Miss Barrymore, but of being caught up into the spell of a moving story and of being altered by the picture of a woman’s sufferings.

Personality Without Skill

TRUTH, of course, when all is said, is a vastly more substantial success than the sinnings of mere personal charm. John Barrymore and Charles Chilton have won deserved popularity without the labor that such a man as E. H. Sothern has undergone. But they have not won, without the labor, the varied and resourceful mechanism to assume the character of the comedi­an, to suggest the depth and range of great drama. They could not, therefore, enjoy the popular response—mimetic sense and a faithful eye for character. Marie Doro is a model instance. She could not, therefore, enjoy the popu­larity of characters than the petty comic personages of farce comedy without music, she has won much success because she possesses, together with an arch, piquant and perversely natural manner, a rare skill in “making her points” clearly and effect­ually, and skill in “tracking down the deeper things of the heart. Miss Marie Tempest, to be sure, has a great deal of theatrical skill, of a kind. Once she was an operetta star of no mean magnitude but certainly not such. More recently, her supreme acting charm, of a widely different kind, now is the power with the need.” Without making herself one whit less attractive, she has contrived to show what personality does, how much a player must ascend to the heights of the theater for the pleasure not alone of looking at Miss Barrymore, but of being caught up into the spell of a moving story and of being altered by the picture of a woman’s sufferings.

The Higher Pleasure of the Drama

The greatest artist, of course, will be greater for charm, if indeed, greatness is possible without charm. No artist should be held to scale if he possesses it. But it can never be a lasting substitute for the absence of charm, and the young men and women of our stage who are blessed with this gift of the gods directly owe it to themselves and us to make the most of their bone, to add, if they can, to his skill they can achieve by patient practice, and to increase the depth of their enlargements of impersonation in which they can give us both the pleasure of the highest personal qualities and the higher pleasure of the dramas for its own sake—which is, after all, the ultimate pleasure of the theater.
an oak-tanned engine belt. He got kinder of furniture in it. lint it's my sanctum an' you ain't welcome in it,' he says.

He Bays, 'even in a democracy,' he says. 'You're somebody. 1 ain't bought by nobody,' he says. 'You smile. "Rut in your soul' he says. 'You're bought by it's a fake.' he says. 'There ain't any smile

It's some thin' more personal,' she says, except the influence of the "Argus,"' he says, 'an' we would expect to pay fifty dollars a month fer a year an' you could give us any space that was convenient. Naturally everybody wouldn't want to do this with a hustlin', agitatin' paper,' he says. 'You would,' he says, 'Wool'd rely on a verbal agreement. Fifty dollars a month.

At that old man Knowles let out a kind of a sigh, an' he leaned back in his office chair till it creaked an' he began to rub his hands. Ho kinder looked around the office and his face, an' they knew I wouldn't do anything for the "Argus,"' he says. 'Vis. dim.' he says, putting hi- hands behind him, 'there was bigness in his voice, full of contempt—'I heard him say, 'I seen the old man open up an' shut his hands. His finger tips slide out an' rubbin' his hands

'The old man looked up and nodded. "Well," she says, 'I can't help it. But you can't buy the "Argus." For the "Argus" is me,' he says, an' put his head in his hands.

"Is that the way you feel, Mr. Hands?" he says, "You feel so full of trouble from first one barrel an' then the other. What was it?" he say-.

"Some other time, old man," she says. 'Some other time, old man,' she says. 'You said," he says, 'I'm a fool,' she says. 'I'm a fool,' she says, giving Otis a look an' turnin' up one of her curves. 'I don't want to do anythin' that would spoil the return of cool days, there is a craving for smoked meats that is best satisfied by Swift's Premium Sliced Bacon. The slicing is done by machinery. There are no thick slices hard to crisp; no thin ragged pieces to throw away; none that are thick at one end and thin at the other. All are uniformly thin. Just thick enough to remove from the glass easily without tearing. Swift's method of Premium Curing makes bacon that is delicate, mild and sweet. U. S. Government Inspected and Passed. Swift's Premium Cured bacon for 1921 will be advertised in the December magazines at all Dealers. Swift & Company, U. S. A.
A LIVING FROM Poultry

$1,500.00 from 60 hens in ten months on a city lot forty ft. square

To the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done it a $1,500.00 poultry business on a forty foot square lot we know that it's an impossible dream. But it's true, if you will adopt the proper methods, and you can do it. It is not difficult, but it demands some knowledge and care. This short article can only give you the general idea of the business, but if you will study it carefully and apply yourself to the work we can assure you of success.

The Philo System

Photograph Showing a Portion of the Philo National Poultry Institute Poultry Plant Where There Are New Over 5,000 Pedigree White Oranges on Less Than a Half Acre of Land

The Philo System is Unlike All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry

It is in many respects just the opposite of anything you have ever done before. In fact, it is the exact opposite of the old methods. It is a new system, and it is based on the principle of keeping the hens in their natural state as far as possible.

We have to be wide awake!

Dare not offer freaks or old-fogy styles.

For our chief business is making and selling gentleman's and boy's clothes, direct to New Yorkers in our own stores.

The clothes of wide-awake gentlemen.

At moderate prices.

The clothes we wholesale to a few leading dealers are cut exactly as those for New York.

If you can't see them easily—write us.

Rogers Peet & Company
New York City

258 Broadway 842 Broadway 1302 Broadway
at Warren St. at 13th St. at 34th St.

Stop!

Don't Throw Away Your Razor Blades

At last a perfect stropper has been invented—so simple you will wonder why you never thought of it. It's a beautiful nickel-plated box, two inside rollers, a blade holder and a crank—that's all—but it stops two edges at once and reverses the other side. The entire operation is complete in itself. It requires no other tool—needs no hook—just hold in hand and turn. Strops 12 blades perfectly in 8 minutes. It is guaranteed for 10 years and turns. Strops two edges at once then automatically does the other edge in the same manner.

Safety Razor Stropper

In answering these advertisements please mention Collier's

36
Banish Gas Mantle Troubles
For Two Years

The Reinforced Construction of BLOCK INNERLIN Gas Mantles makes them so strong that they easily withstand the jars and vibrations which break and crumble ordinary mantles. One Block Innerlin Gas Mantle will last usually 600 nights, lasting 3 hours at the night—two years of continuous service dozen perfectly, insuring the greatest economy. Get your ordinary mantles made up of two sections—each one of these sections are then united in one reinforced mantle that will give more service than any size ordinary mantle. It takes twice as much time and labor to make a good innerlin mantle as it takes to make a bad one. Yet the price is but 25 cents at any good dealer's.

The Improved Never Fail Stropper

WANTED—out on the old table, an' had to begin all over again two or three times, for Dave was always 'round to tell old man Knowles how it happened an' old Ed was asking questions, an' starts' like he couldn't believe much of it, an' then Dave would tell all over again an' tell about how he won the rose and lie very strong about how pretty this Mazie Marion was. When left told it enough to us, he run out to tell it an' show his paper rose at the barber shop, where they was just closin' up. "An' then she come forward again, an' she couldn't seem to speak no bard or steady. She just said: 'I'm much obliged. This is the best sketch I ever put on.' She says, 'You see I was right,' she says, 'about people.' she says. 'They're the goods,' she says. 'I like you all!' she says, an' them words pugger her. So she ran out. An' the man had the circle of light on again. Great guns! Don't it look empty?"

"Well, sir, Dave come over to the 'Argus' office with the money. An' there was four hundred an' eighty dollars in it. The old man put his hand on mine, across the old man was all sweat when they got through an' put his hand on mine an' you get the money to old Ed, an' they laughed some more, an' so she gave the cash an' the pieces of paper to Dave. Everybody just let loose, laughin' an' happy an' noisy like people get done in a long while."

MAntles

The Original Worcester

Soups, Fish, Steaks, all Roasts, Chops, Game, Gravies, Stews and Hashes, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebits, Salad Dressings and many other dishes are rendered far more appetizing by its use.

It adds zest to every meal.

Refuse Substitutes.

John Dennison's Sons, Aptos, New York.

Adler’s Collegian Clothes
always maintain the high standard which has made these garments so sought after by good dressers everywhere. The merit of the materials used, the exceptional fitting qualities and the artistic line upon which they are cut, give them a class which no maker has ever successfully imitated. Men who are admirers of perfect apparel are the staunchest patrons of Adler’s Collegian Clothes. Fewest dealers in all sections of America are showing our overcoats, suits and raincoats at $15.00 or $40.00. Our style book will thoroughly post you. Mailed upon application.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Nobby Clothes Makers
Milwaukee

Gravies

test the ability of a cook.

To get the best results use

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Sauces

Use the Improved Never Fail Stropper

For 15 Days FREE

Ends

All Razor

Expense Forever

The Improved Never Fail Stropper

Stops the razor from ever being dull in 15 days. Have a razor with keen points after 15 days. A razor with dull points is a hazard. Use the Improved Never Fail Stropper now at a fraction of the cost. An exhausted razor will be good again. The old razor will have keen edges on the teeth. Today is the first day of the new year. A razor that is as keen as the teeth of a gator will be good in 15 days. The Improved Never Fail Stropper is the only thing that will serve.

THE NEVER FAIL COMPANY

614 Colton Building, Toledo, Ohio
And Cut the Cost of the Business You Already Have
You Can Have a Copy Free if you will give us the information we ask.

"Short Cuts and Money-Making Methods" is a remarkable work, compiled from actual methods hammered out through years of experience by 512 managers and officials in 230 distinct lines of business. The purpose of this book is to provide a complete listing of names.

Its Contents
It tells how to keep a live mailing list. It shows how to keep that list up-to-date every day. It shows how to follow up a list. It tells how to minimize the expense of the routine and detail work of maintaining lists of names in the advertising, auditing, shipping, payroll and general departments of every business.

How You Can Get this Book Free
"Short Cuts and Money-Making Methods" is an expensive book, cloth bound, gold-lettered and handsomely printed and illustrated. We cannot distribute it indiscriminately. We therefore ask you to give us the following information on your business.

- The names in the advertising, auditing, shipping, payroll and general departments of every business.
- How to minimize the expense of the routine and detail work of maintaining lists of names.
- The names in the advertising, auditing, shipping, payroll and general departments of every business.

We cannot distribute it indiscriminately. We therefore ask you to give us the following information on your business: names of firm, business, your name and position, and how many names you have on your mailing list—how often you use your name and how many names you have on your payroll.

"If you do not care to give us the above information we can have this book for $1.50."

Write today for your own
Addressograph Company, 906 W. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

Peace and Plenty
An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

POVERTY destroys a man's courage and weakens his natural inclination to look you in the eye and tell the truth. Money is the counter in this game of life. And while we do not hesitate to recognize the value of money in its own sake, we realize that it is only money that can ward off want, woe, wretchedness—perhaps starvation—when earning power is gone. And earning power, for all of us will surely go some time—this we know. Money stands between you and the fear of want.

When you insulate your life you insulate your peace of mind. Also, you insure the peace of mind of those who depend upon you. It is not that eats out our homes, and renders our work nil—it is the habit of want—worry, apprehension, uncertainty, doubt. Life-insurance means assurance. I believe that nothing will increase a man's earning power so much as the feeling that he is an insurable proposition, and has made all rage against stormy weather, and even mortal shipwreck itself. Yet money in a lump sum in the hands of those not versed in finance is a burden, and sometimes a menace. It lays them open to the machinations of the tricky and dishonest, also— the well meaning men of the Government Departments, secretaries of associations, auditors, Manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, dealers, bankers, Government contractors, executives of every business—fact universally interested, and lists of names, should have a copy of this book.

To the man who owns or can own a list of names, this book is your potential business. This book is your potential business. This book is your potential business. This book is your potential business.

Write for today's own
Addressograph Company, 906 W. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Strongest in the World"

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES—Paul Morton, President—120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

"Strongest in the World"

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES—Paul Morton, President—120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

American Everywhere? Were you born in this country? If so, why not use the opportunity of owning a valuable life-insurance policy by purchasing an Equitable policy? You have not only the opportunity, but the obligation of investing your savings in a reliable life-insurance company with a fifty-year record of success.

"We have not only the opportunity, but the obligation of investing our savings in a reliable life-insurance company with a fifty-year record of success."
CHRISTIANITY is the greatest fact in history. The early Christians endured martyrdom rather than forsake Principle. The picture shown herewith, from Ridpath’s History, depicts 87,000 people assembled in the Coliseum at Rome to witness the Christians given to the lions. In such a scene may be read the inevitable doom of the Empire that ruled the world.

The blood of the Martyrs is the seed from which Christian civilization sprang. If you would know the history of mankind—every sacrifice for principle, every struggle for liberty, every conflict and every achievement, from the dawn of civilization down to the present time—then embrace this splendid opportunity to place in your home the world-famed publication, Ridpath’s History of the World.

THE PUBLISHER’S FAILURE placed in our hands the entire unsold edition of this monumental work, which we must sell immediately. The sets are BRAND NEW, brought right down to date, beautifully bound in Half-Morocco. Hundreds have already availed themselves of this remarkable opportunity to secure the greatest History of the World ever written. We have only a few sets remaining. We offer these sets to COLLIER’S READERS at LESS than even damaged sets were ever sold!

We will name our price only in direct letters to those sending the coupon below. Tear off the coupon, write name and address plainly and mail now before you forget it. Dr. Ridpath’s family derive their income from his History, and to print our price broadcast for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets would cause great injury to future sales. Send coupon to-day.

Ridpath’s History of the World

The Blood of the Martyrs: Given to the Lions

CHRISTIANITY is the greatest fact in history. The early Christians endured martyrdom rather than forsake Principle. The picture shown herewith, from Ridpath’s History, depicts 87,000 people assembled in the Coliseum at Rome to witness the Christians given to the lions. In such a scene may be read the inevitable doom of the Empire that ruled the world.

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Columbia Double-Disc Records
Columbia Double-Disc Records! Music on both sides! A different selection on each side. And both at only a few cents above the price of one! They may be played on any disc machine, no matter what make, and they give you double value for your money, plain as daylight.

New Grand Opera Recordings
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