

TREASURE

NEW

YORK



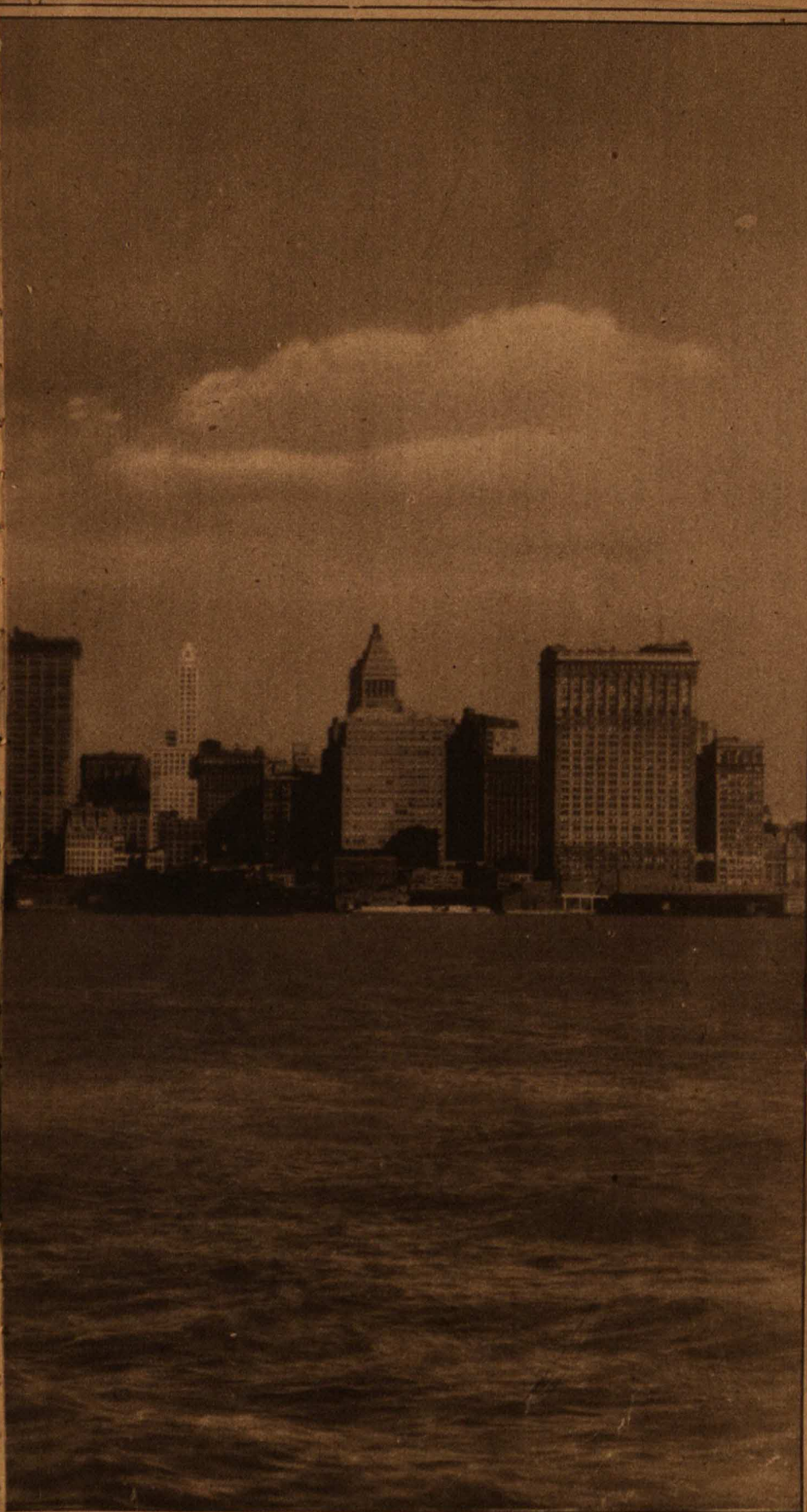
SCRAP BOOK



STATUE OF LIBERTY



WHAT BROOKLYN SEES OF MA



THE GREAT WHITE WAY AFTER DARK: BROADWAY.





THE HEART OF THE GREATEST CITY OF TH



E NEW WORLD: THE SKYLI



Taken from a height of about 5,000 feet, this unusual air view gives a comprehensive view of the territory lying between the Brooklyn shore of the East River, in the near foreground, and the Ramapo Mountains on the distant horizon line. Visibility was exceptionally good, according to weather bureau records. Here are some of the principal points included: (1) Governors Island, (2) the main business section of Brooklyn, (3) the Navy Yard, (4) Greenpoint, Brooklyn; (5) Manhattan, (6) Bayonne, N. J.; (7) Jersey City, (8) Hoboken, (9) Union City, (10) Elevated auto highway being built between Jersey City and Newark, (11) Newark, (12) Ramapo Mountains, (13) Elizabeth, N. J.



THE HEART OF THE GREATEST CITY OF THE



Taken from a height of about 5,000 feet, this unusual air view gives a comprehensive view of the territory foreground, and the Ramapo Mountains on the distant horizon line. Visibility was exceptionally good, according to the following points included: (1) Governors Island, (2) the main business section of Brooklyn, (3) the Navy Yard, (4) Jersey City, (8) Hoboken, (9) Union City, (10) Elevated auto highway being built between Jersey City and New York City, N. J.

Page Six



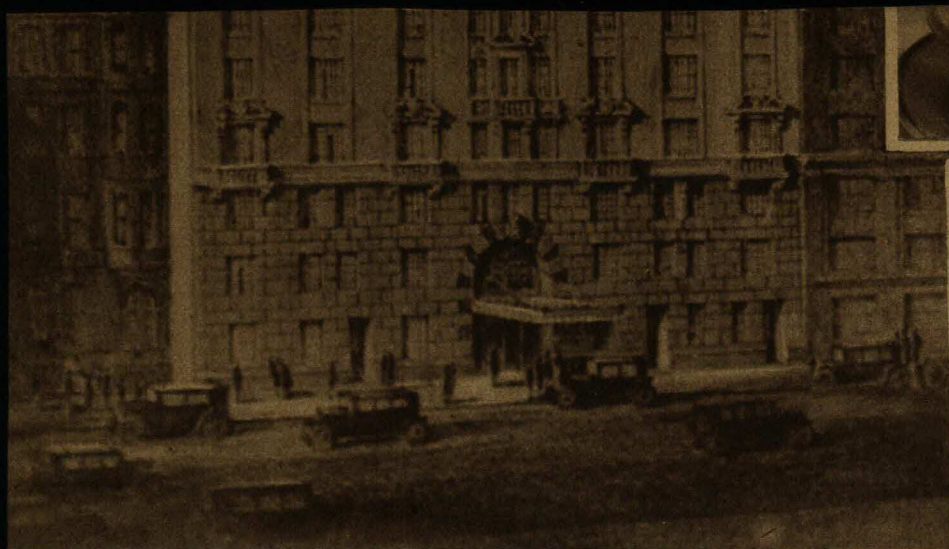
THE RULING FORCE.—One of the things Mrs. Elvira Barney did, after being abandoned by her lover, Thomas William Scully, was to have her hair waved. Leaving the hairdresser's, she is met by a mirror which presents her with flowers.

Wherever y





THE NEW WORLD: THE SKYLINE OF THE CENTRE OF MANHATTAN ISLAND RISING FROM THE OLD BROWNSTONE DISTRICT, AS SEEN FROM TUDOR CITY, LOOKING WESTWARD THROUGH 43D STREET.
(© William Frange.)



The Oliver Cromwell is one of the latest and most modern of New York's residential hotels. It has already won distinction as a gathering place for critical people. Here Maxwell House Coffee is served exclusively



The Oliver Cromwell, one of the many conveniences that are offered to guests

Tune in every Thursday

WEEKLY RADIO PROGRAM featuring noted singers, instrumentalists, orchestras from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, KOA, WRHM, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WRVA, WBT, WJAX. Tune in every Thursday, from 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern time, for the Maxwell House Coffee program

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale



"Good to the last drop"

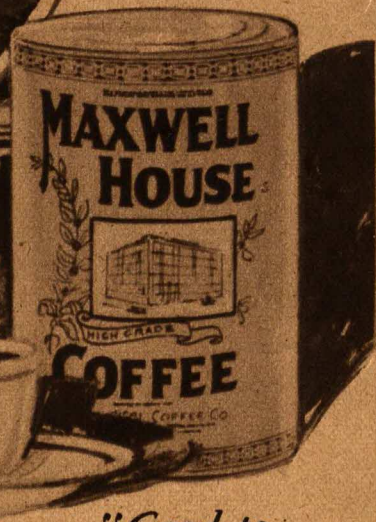


ANOTHER ENGLISH MASTERPIECE COMES TO AMERICA; HARRIE CUNLIFFE, THE ORIGINAL SOPHIE WESTERN, BY JOHN HOPE
 Which Has Been Sold to a Well-Known Collector by Lewis and Simmons
 York for More Than \$150,000.



THE NEW WORLD: THE SKYLINE OF THE CENTRE OF MANHATTAN ISLAND RISING FROM THE OLD BROWNSTONE DISTRICT, AS SEEN FROM TUDOR CITY, LOOK
(© William Frange.)

*the Oliver Cromwell, one
of the many conven-
iences that are offered to
guests*



FEE

sale

*"Good to
the last drop"*



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CUNLIFFE, THE ORIGINAL SOPHIE WESTERN, BY JOHN HOP
Which Has Been Sold to a Well-Known Collector by Lewis and Simmon
York for More Than \$150,000.



1934
THE BEACONS OF DOWNTOWN NEW YORK: THE FINANCIAL
DISTRICT OF MANHATTAN



May 19, 1929

City of New York

In Three Parts





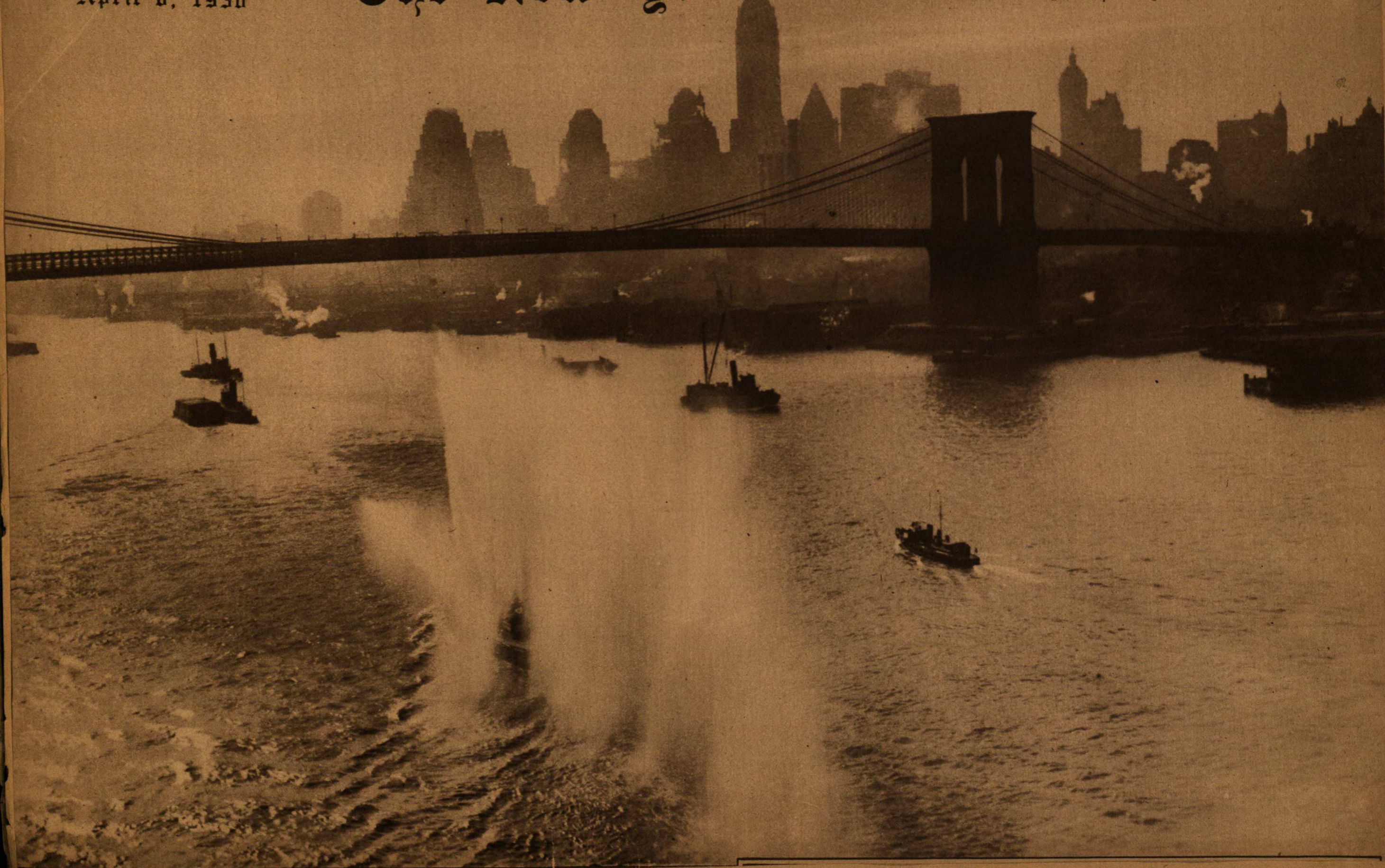


Sunday,
April 6, 1930

The New York Times

Kotograpure
Picture Section
In Three Parts

8





It used to be called the "Gay WHITE Way." Now that its lights are in all the colors of the rainbow, Broadway is gayer than ever. This remarkable photograph of the heart of New York's theatrical district, made on a rainy night, reproduces the world's most striking display of colored incandescence. The glistening pavement acts as a giant reflector, multiplying the gleams of the thousands of bulbs overhead.



Moonlight on the North River. The man-made illumination of lower Manhattan vies with the rays of a near-full moon in this night color photograph taken from the Jersey City side of the river. The outline of the skyscrapers is silhouetted against a sky in which the last faint reflection of the setting sun still lingers.

(NEWS photo by Warnecke)



Homes, homes, homes and more homes! That's Brooklyn. In this view and the one below you get two entirely different conceptions of that great borough, although the plane was hovering over the same spot when the pictures were taken. In this one the camera was pointed east, showing, lower right; the great splotch of Prospect Park; upper right, across the boundary into Queens, Jamaica Bay; upper left, Forest Park, and scattered in between, thousands and thousands of homes and apartments. Below—

(News photo: ©: 1932: by News Syndicate Co., Inc.)



The camera has been turned around, pointed northwest. What a difference! Tall buildings that Manhattan would have boasted about just a few years ago. You can see clearly two of the bridges that hook up the two boroughs—the Brooklyn and the Manhattan. Another subway is rapidly nearing completion—that white streak in left foreground marking a part of it. You get another view of the magic tip of Manhattan, and across the Hudson, New Jersey.

(News photo: ©: 1932: by News Syndicate Co., Inc.)

Sunday,
November 4, 1928

The New York Times

Katogramme
Picture Section
In Three Parts

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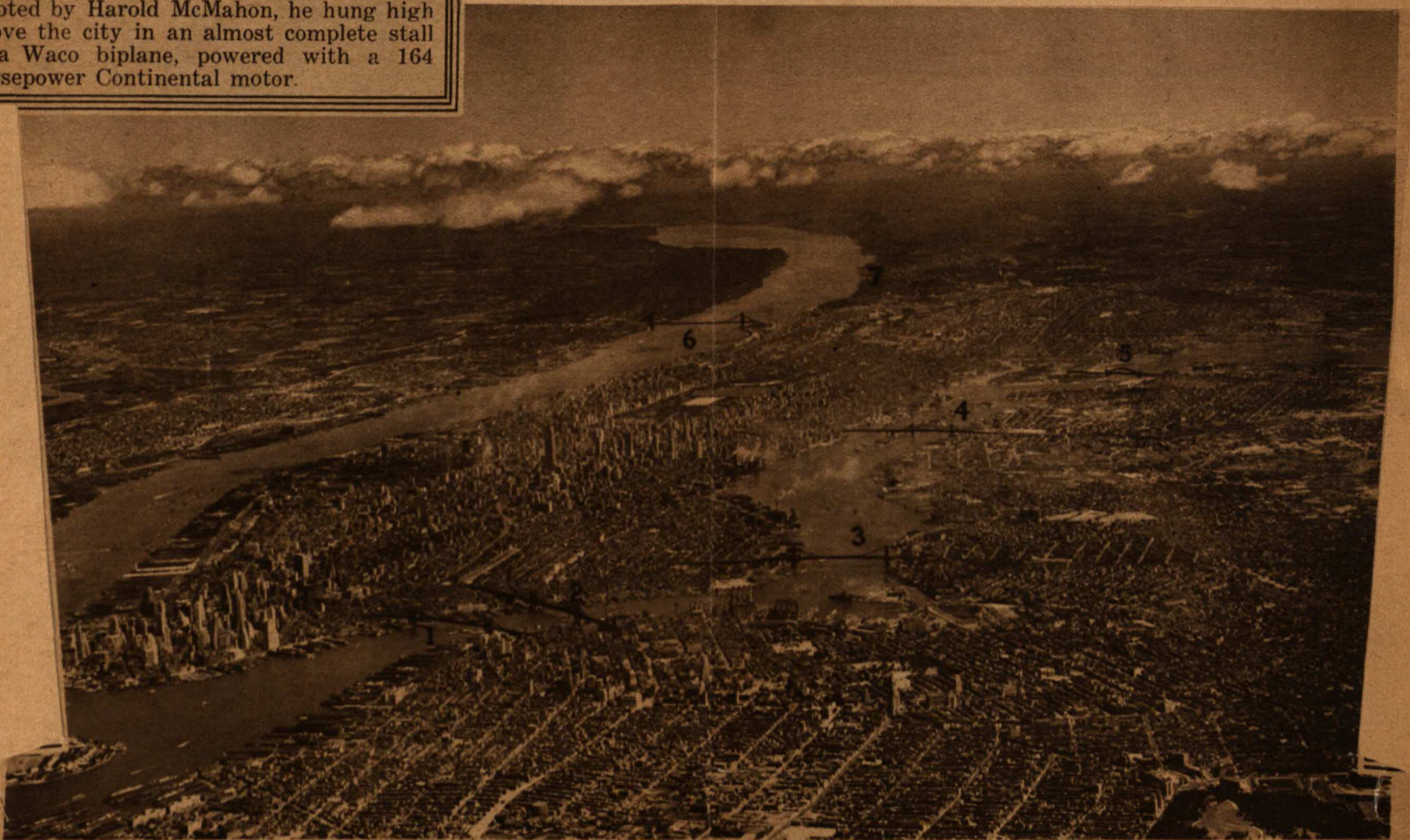




1929

THE GAY WHITE WAY AS IT APPEARS IN THE DAYTIME: A NEW AIRPLANE VIEW OF TIMES SQUARE,

NEW YORK—THE BIGGEST CITY IN THE WORLD! You have heard it—you have said it—but did you ever realize just how big it is? You have heard and used the phrase "metropolitan zone" but do you have a clear picture of just how much territory that takes in? No? Here is an unusual opportunity to do just that. Pictures on this page are the most striking aerial pictures of the city ever made. You see them because Herbert McCory, the News' flying cameraman, took advantage of one of the clearest days of the year—June 24th. Piloted by Harold McMahan, he hung high above the city in an almost complete stall in a Waco biplane, powered with a 164 horsepower Continental motor.



An aerial view of the spider webs of steel which bind Manhattan to the world . . . her bridges. No. 1 is Brooklyn Bridge, closely followed by (2) the Manhattan Bridge. Still farther up the East River is (3) the Williamsburg Bridge, and at 59th St., leading over to Long Island City and Queens (4) the Queensboro Bridge. Hell Gate Bridge (5) is a railroad bridge. On the other side of Manhattan Island is her only bridge that spans the Hudson (6) the George Washington Bridge. Beyond that lies (7) Yonkers, and beyond that the expanse of Westchester County. A corner of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, can be seen at lower right.

(News Photo © 1930 by News Syndicate Co., Inc.)





THE TIGER LAUGHS LAST: THE FOUR CHIEF FIGURES OF TAMMANY, Senator Robert F. Wagner, Judge George W. Olvany, Governor Smith and Mayor Walker, Read the Good News of the Democratic Sweep in the Elections From the Ticker at the Wigwam.





ROSA PONSELLE,
Soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company.
From a Recent Portrait by Chandler Ross.
(Peter A. Juley.)





NEW YORK ACCLAIMS A CONQUERING HERO: BOBBY JONES,

1916.

The Most Wonderful Sky Line in the World..



The U.S.S. New York

Handwritten notes:
1916
New York



♦ ♦

1916.

The N

Handwritten:
Mar 01
1916



The U.S.S. New York,



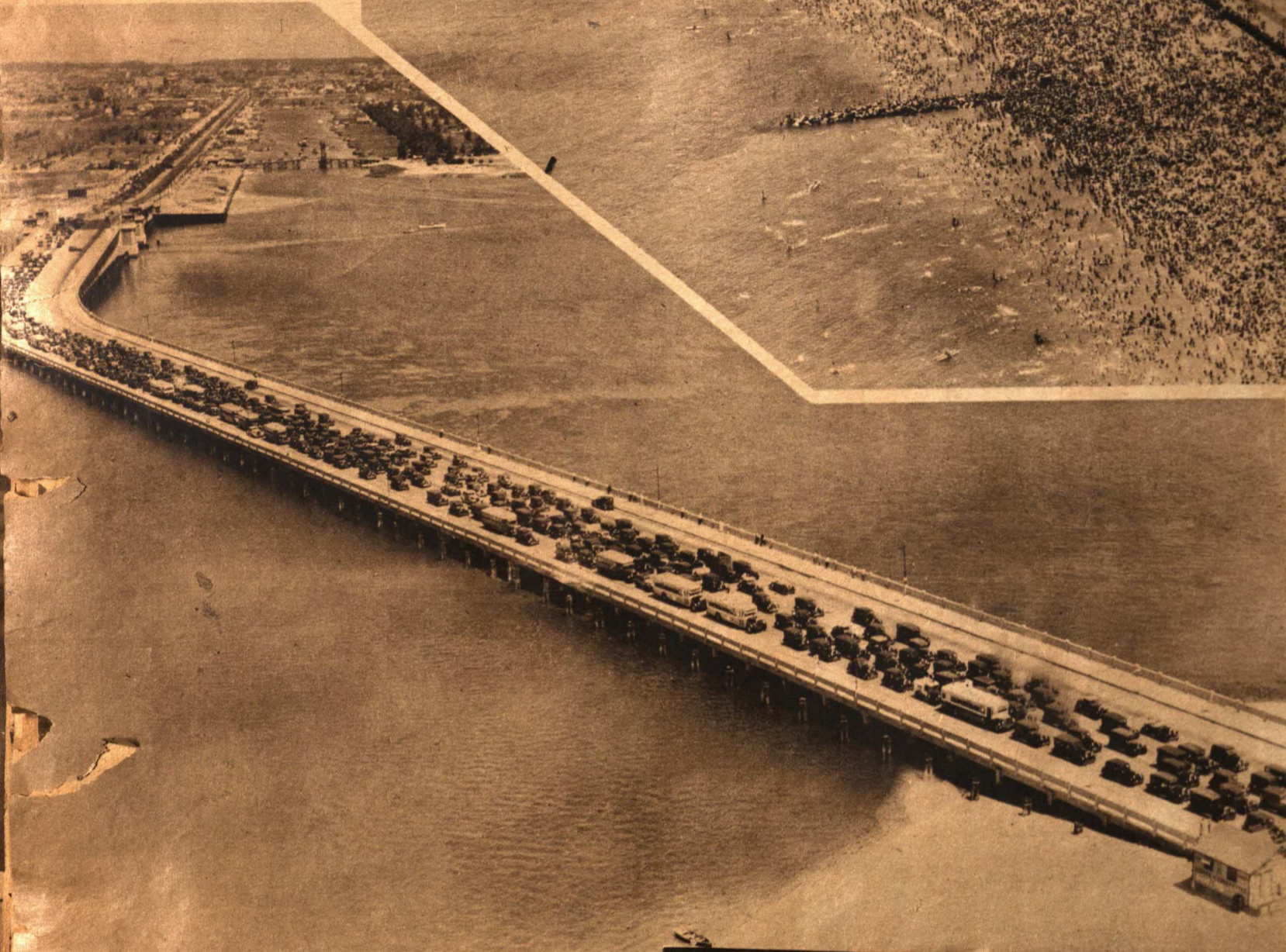
This young woman, Miss Helen Freeman is the owner of the

[A piece of lined paper is pasted over the bottom right portion of the page, partially covering the caption and the photograph.]



BOSTON SHOWERS TICKER TAPE ON THE ANTARCTIC EXPLORERS:
REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD

Puzzle—find the beach. Combination of ideal weather and a national holiday caused this. Those specks on the sands and in the water, as far as the eye can see, are thousands and thousands of persons at Coney Island on the Fourth of July. In the immediate foreground is Brighton Beach, with Coney beyond. Estimates placed the crowd at one million, largest holiday throng in many years. (Photo taken from NEWS plane by McCory; Thaw pilot.)



The big stop and go parade. Fourth of July motorists bound for the Rockaways ran into a bit of traffic. Here you see the almost unanimously one-way procession becoming a traffic jam crossing Jamaica Bay on the Causeway. In the background is Howard Beach.



Brooklyn bridge, most famous of New York's transportation high.

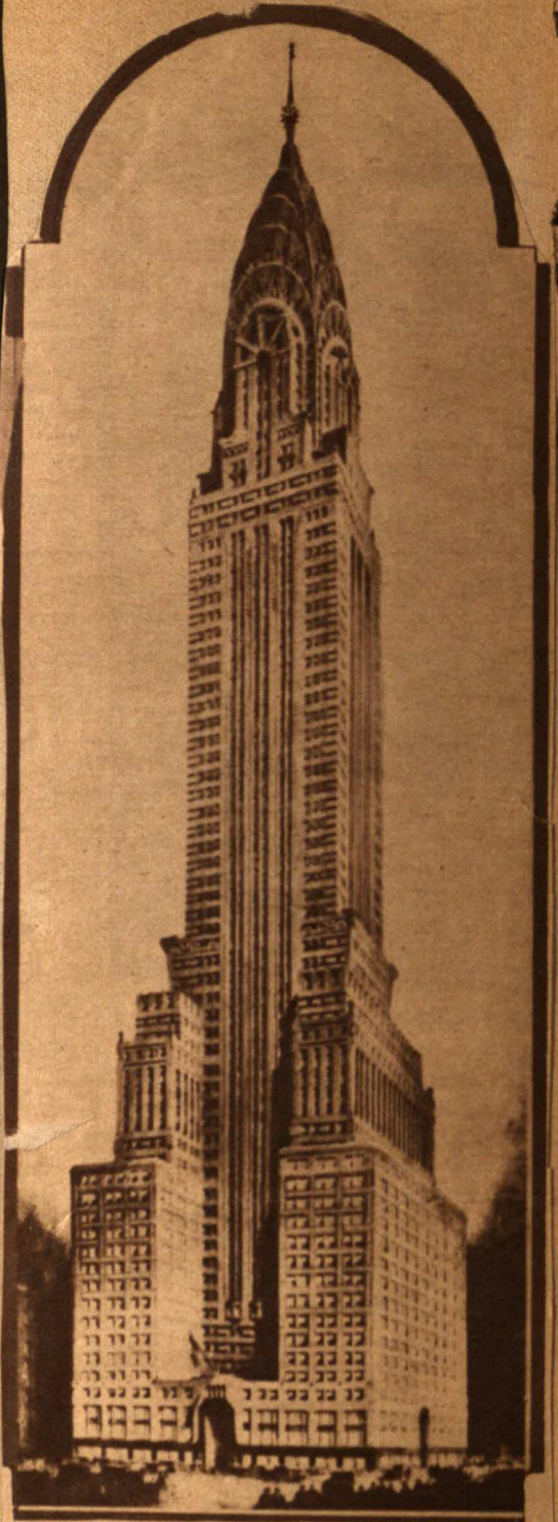


THE PATHWAY OF PROGRESS NORTHWARD ON MANHATTAN ISLAND: NEW YORK
Photographed at Night From the Sixty Wall Street Tower, With the Empire State Building in the Distance. At the Left Are the Woolworth Building and City Hall Park; at the Right the Municipal Building and the Tower of the New Federal Courts Building.

WELCOME: DR. HUGO
ECKENER

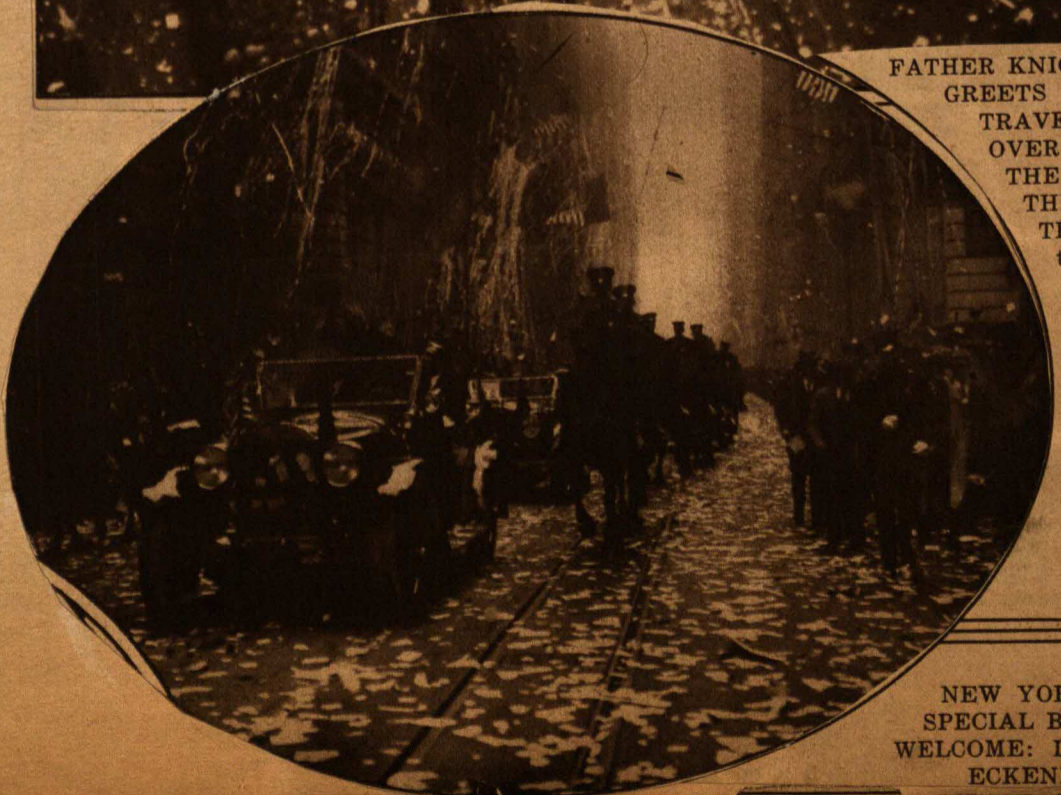


WHERE A NEW ELEVATED HIGHWAY FOR TRAFFIC WILL PARALLEL THE HUDSON: AN AIRPLANE VIEW OF THE WATERFRONT ON THE WEST SIDE.



WILL BE WORLD'S GREATEST SKYSCRAPER

The W. P. Chrysler Building Corporation announced recently plans for building at Forty-second-Forty-third streets, facing on Lexington avenue, New York city, the tallest habitable structure in the world, only exceeded in height by the Eiffel Tower in Paris. The building will be 809 feet high and is estimated to cost \$15,000,000. Eleven thousand people can be comfortably housed in its offices. Photo was made from architect's drawing.



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER
GREET'S A BAND OF
TRAVELLERS FROM
OVER THE SEAS:
THE PARADE OF
THE CREW OF
THE ZEPPELIN
to City Hall,
Their First
Sight of the
City From
the Ground,
Passing Up
Broadway
Through a
Shower of
Paper.
(Times World
Photos.)

NEW YORK'S OWN
SPECIAL BRAND OF
WELCOME: DR. HUGO
ECKENER



Stumping in the Manhattan manner. Down amid the white lights of Broadway red fire flared as Mayor John P. O'Brien went out after votes in his campaign for re-election. His rostrum was the marquee of the Criterion Theatre at 44th St. The Mayor played to a house of 15,000, S. R. O., which crowded Times Square and tied traffic in knots. Enthusiasm of his listeners inspired him to predictions of victory in bitter three-cornered race.

(NEWS photo)



THE MIDTOWN SECTION OF NEW YORK ON A LATE AUTUMN EVENING: THE PUBLIC LIBRARY (in the Foreground) With the Lights of Forty-second Street, Forty-first and Fortieth Below the Thousands of Lights of the Office Buildings of the District. In the Centre Is the Tall Spire of the Chrysler Building.

transportation





A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK IN 1850.

A. T. Stewart's great dry goods store, City Hall Park and Broadway. In his day A. T. Stewart was the great merchant prince of the world.



The Famous New York Crystal Palace Which Once Stood in Bryant Park.



Here Is the Heart of New York, Times Square, Just As Millions Have Gazed Upon It Night After Night—Electric Flashers Glittering Up and Down Mazda Alley and Making It as Light as a London Noon Day. Along the Lane and East and West of the Stretch of Lights Seen Here Are the Theatres, Night Clubs, Speakeasies, Spaghetti Houses, Motion Picture Cathedrals and Cinemagogues, Racket-Joints and Whoopee Houses. Look Long and Lingeringly if Out There in the Great Beyond and Buoy up the Old Hope That Some Day You'll Be Here.



"Brooklyn Bridge," by A. Schutz.



Steel span over Harlem River.

Williamsburgh bridge, second of the East River bridges connecting lower New York with the Williamsburgh section of Brooklyn.

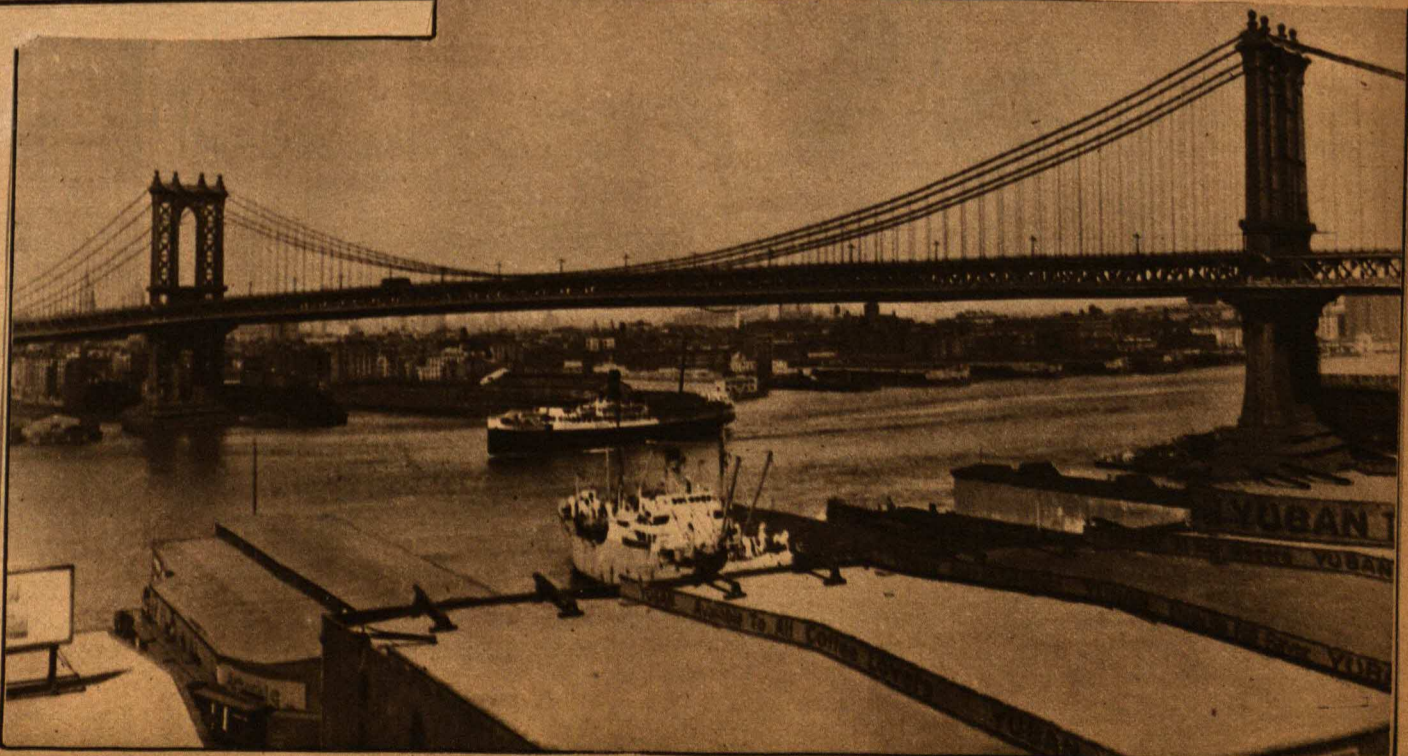


A VISTA OF CABLES. This interesting picture presents a view of the pedestrians' walk of the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge.

Queensborough bridge, another of the great arteries between the boroughs of Manhattan and Queens.



Famous Hell Gate railroad bridge.



Manhattan bridge, latest of four bridges which span the East River.



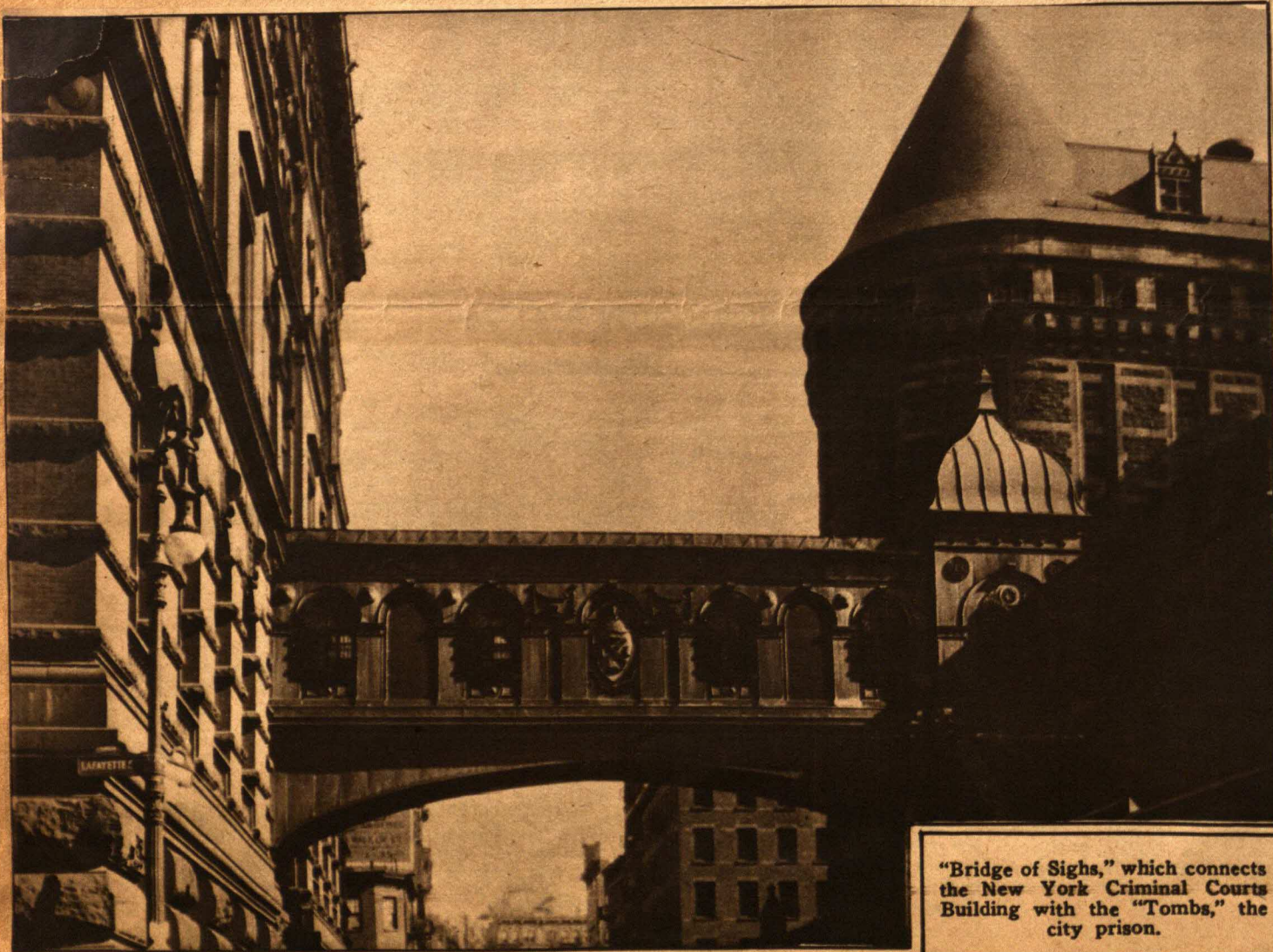
NEW YORK'S NEWEST SHOW PLACE

The Paramount tower, one of the tallest buildings in New York. This great building houses the executive offices of Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation, Publix Theatres Corporation and the Paramount Theatre itself, one of the largest amusement palaces in the world and key house of the Publix chain which operates the Saenger Theatre in New Orleans.



GONE IS THE CLATTER OF HORSES' HOOFS

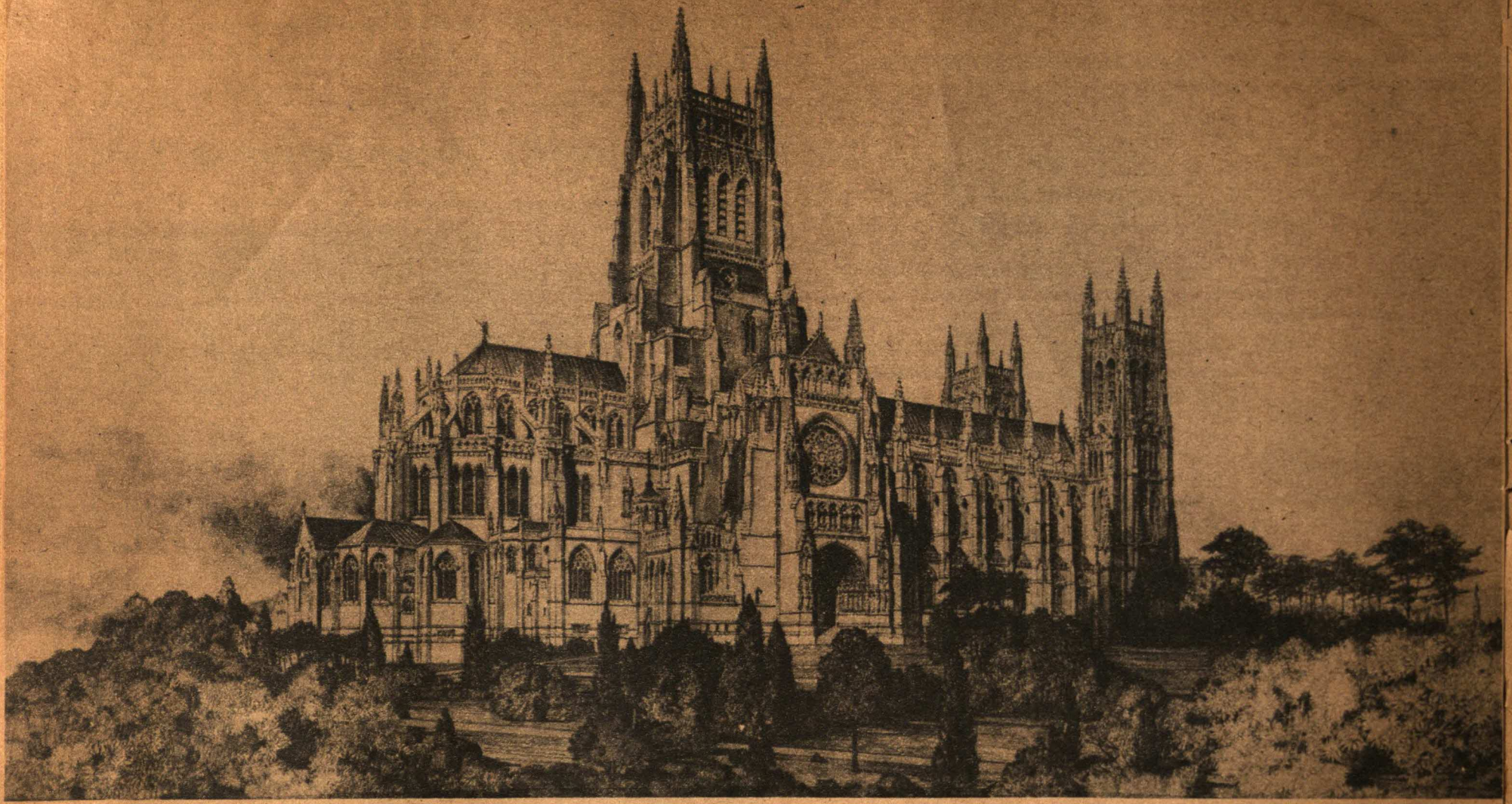
The horse-drawn fire engines have answered their last call and are now replaced by the motorized equipment of the modern fire-fighters.



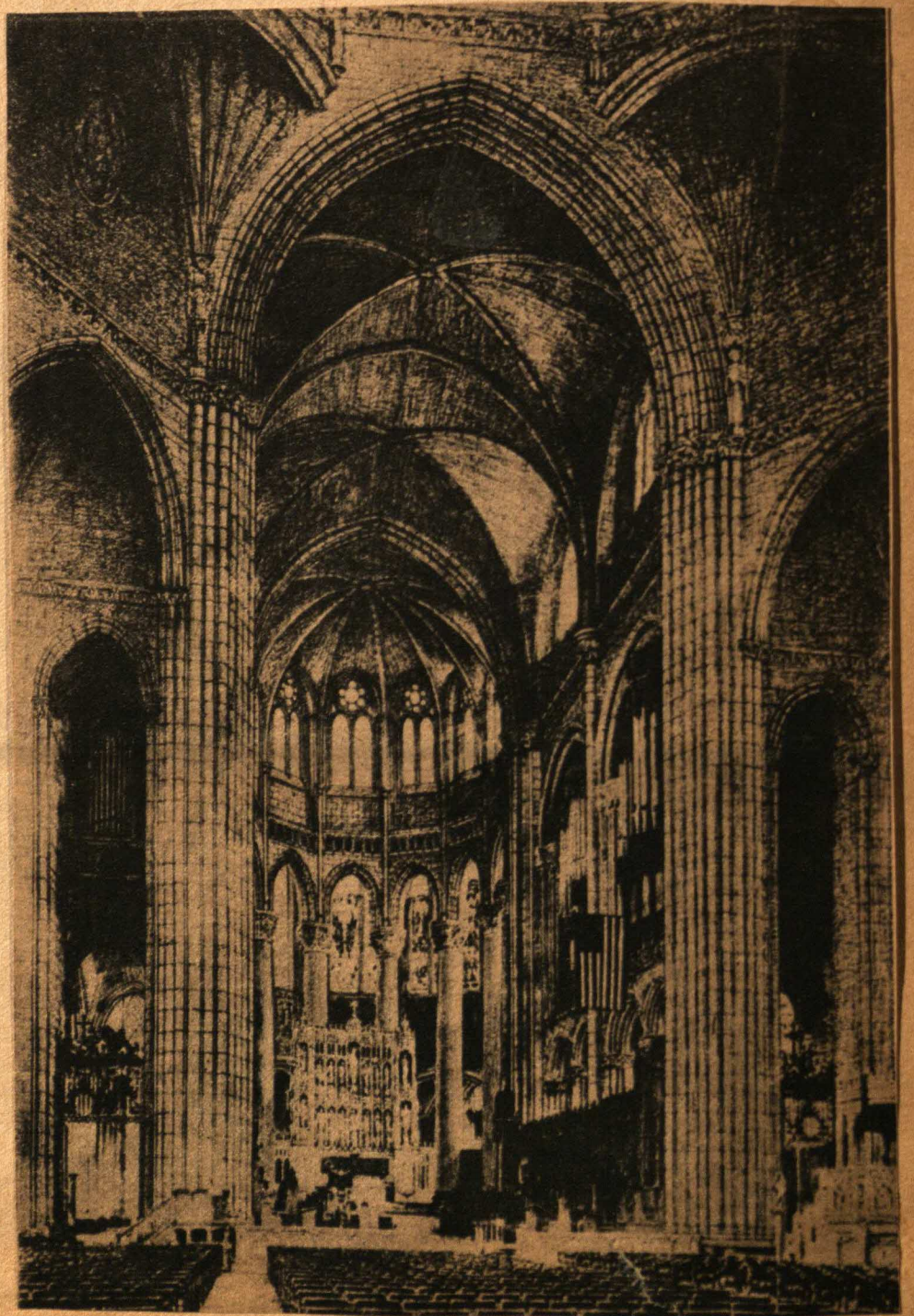
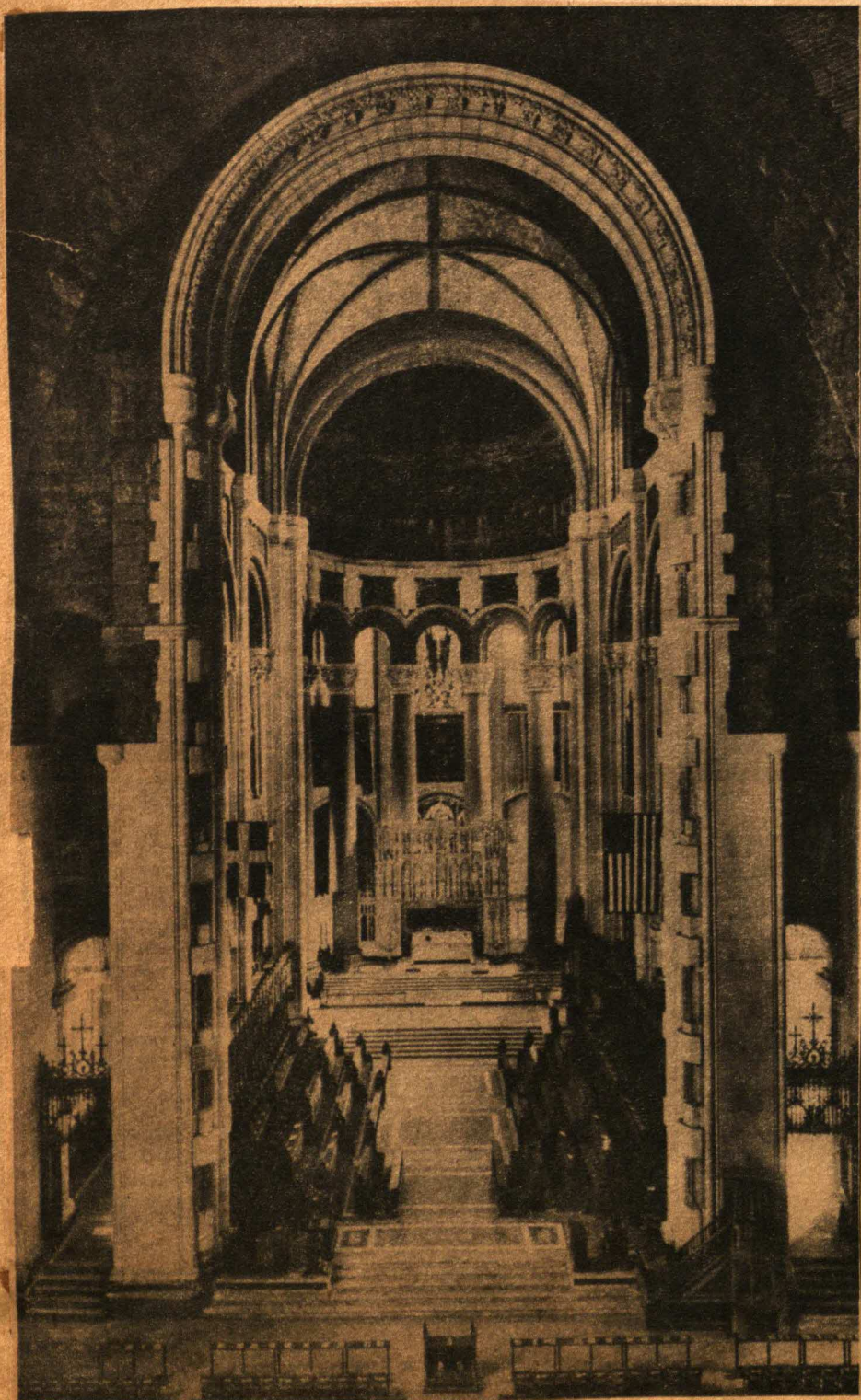
"Bridge of Sighs," which connects the New York Criminal Courts Building with the "Tombs," the city prison.



THE
BATTERY,
THE
FINANCIAL
DISTRICT
AND THE
NEW
BUILDINGS
Which Have
Risen Around
the Nucleus of
the Older
Skyscrapers
of Lower
Broadway,
Seen from an
Airplane After
the Recent
Snowstorm.



Cram's New Design, With Central Tower 400 Feet High and No Spires. The Contrast With the Design Below Is Striking.

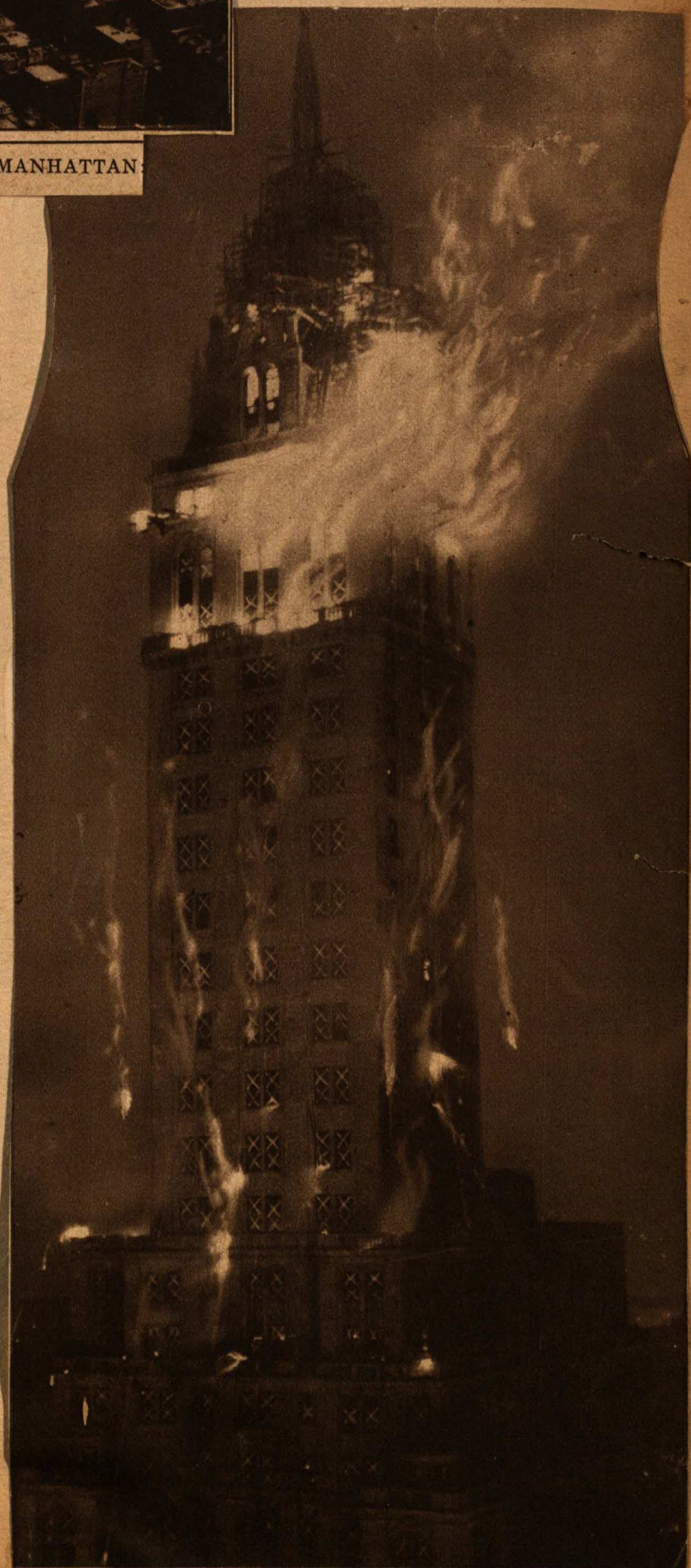




THE GREAT OPEN SPACES IN THE CENTRE OF MANHATTAN.
CENTRAL PARK,



FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SECOND
STREET, New York.



THE BEST SHOW OF THE SEASON IN NEW YORK CITY.
THE NEW SHERRY-NETHERLAND HOTEL



—© by Underwood & Underwood.
GREAT SUNDAY MARKET IN MOSCOW, Russia.



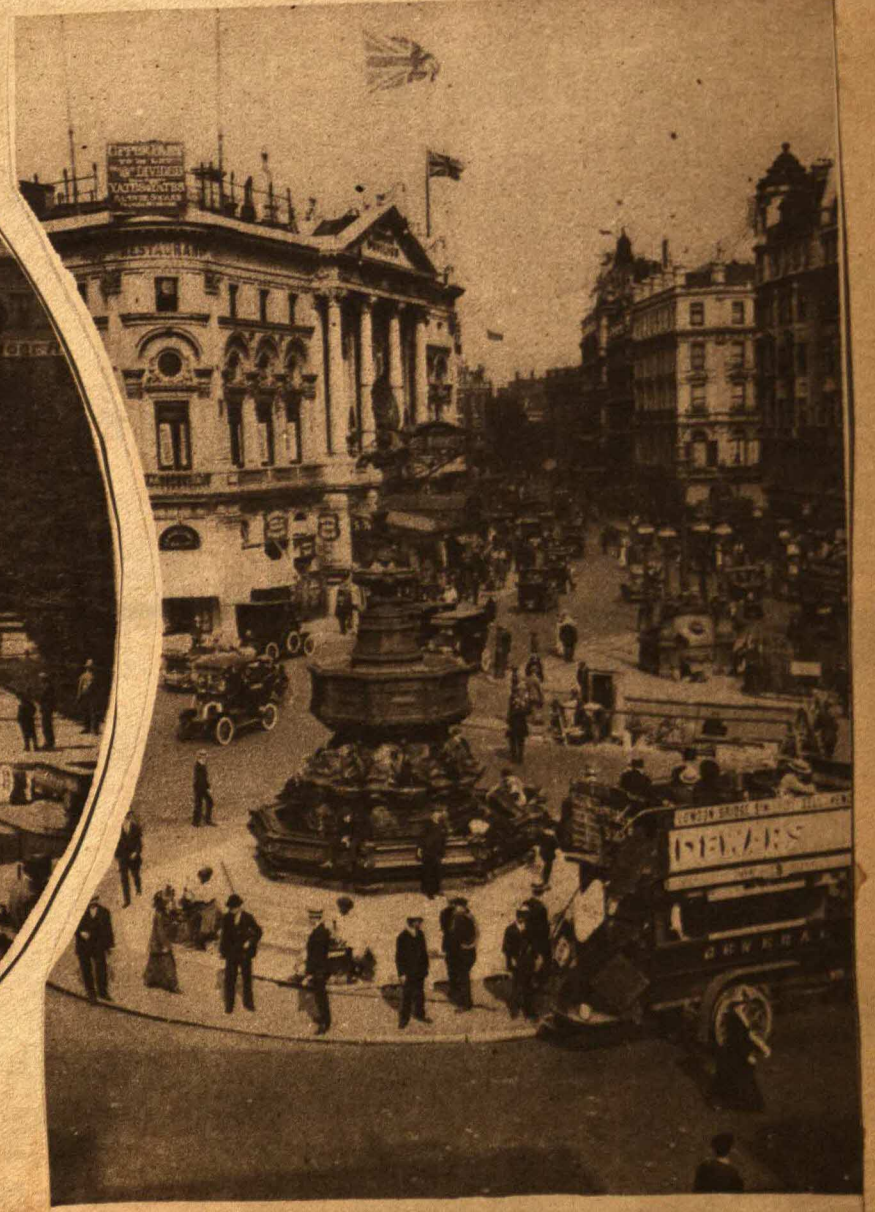
—© by Underwood & Underwood.
KARAKIN STREET, heart of banking and department store district of Constantinople, Turkey.



—© by Underwood & Underwood.
IN THE GINZA, Tokio, Japan.



—© by Underwood & Underwood.
ALEXANDER SQUARE, BERLIN, Germany.



—© by Underwood & Underwood.
PICADILLY. LONDON, familiar to millions.



The Hanover Square of Today, Once a Flourishing Purlieu of London's Mayfair.



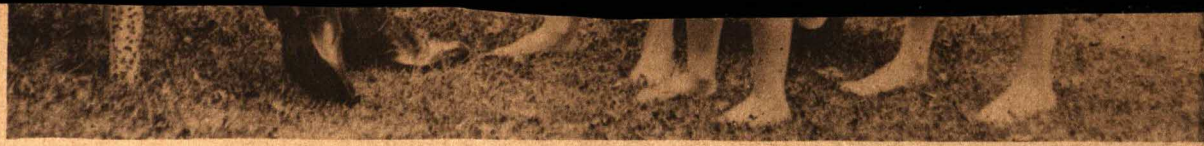
The Hanover Square of Bygone Days, Showing the Steeple of St. George's Church.





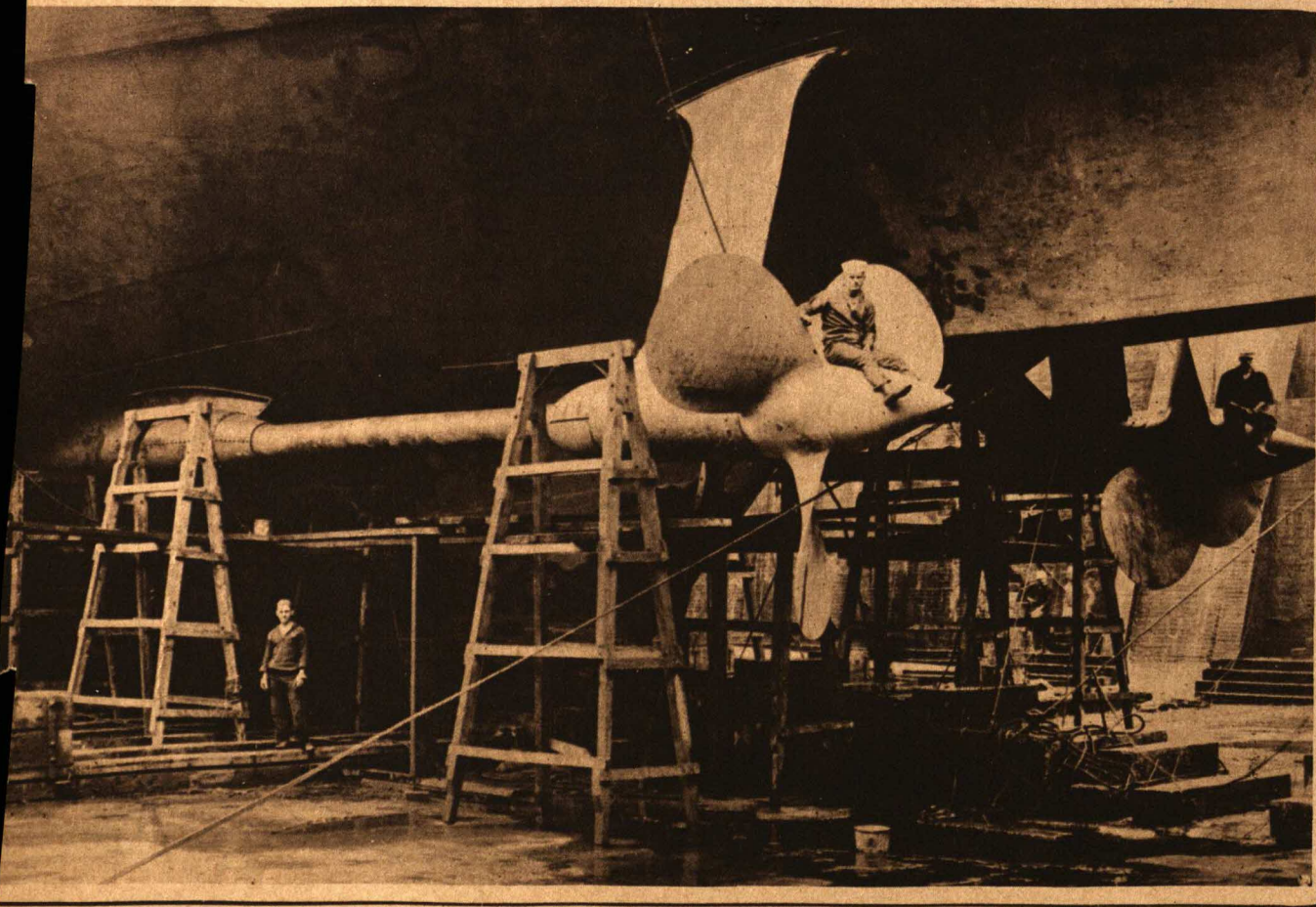
Niagara Falls from the clouds is truly a gorgeous spectacle. The tempestuous air currents that arise from the thundering cataract make this a good testing ground for aeroplanes—at least according to the aviators from the Curtis factory in Buffalo. The final test is a thrilling tail spin directly into the mist arising from the foot of the falls. The picture clearly shows American Falls at the left, Goat Island in the centre and Horseshoe Falls on the right. A wing of the 'plane from which this most unusual photograph was taken shows on the right.

Vincent
cutchess
Two
to de-
tional



With their mother, the three barefooted kiddies of Lieut. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt receive a lesson from their dad on the proper way to produce a purr from a black kitten.

Photo by Walter Scott Shinn, from Ledger Photo Service.



drive the oil-burning U. S. S. New Mexico, flagship of the Pacific Fleet, and the first electrically driven battleship in by an 8,000 h. p. electric motor.

International

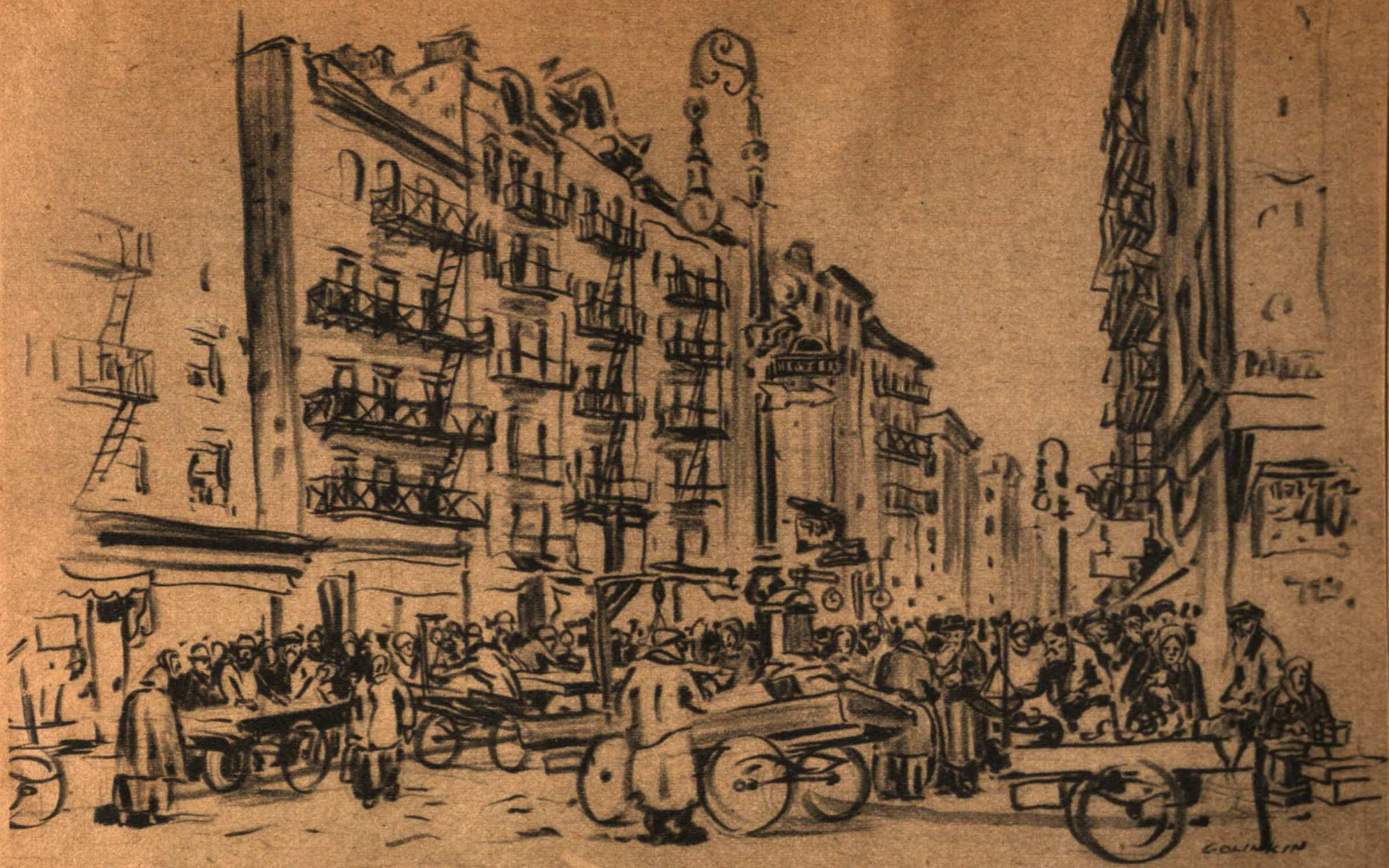
aviatrix, the first woman to receive a pilot's license, who recently arrived in New York to teach aviation to American women.

Underwood



A striking French statue of "Le Marne," typifying the heroic spirit of the French in that memorable battle. It was sculptured by F. Cogne and has been placed in the Salon de Paris.

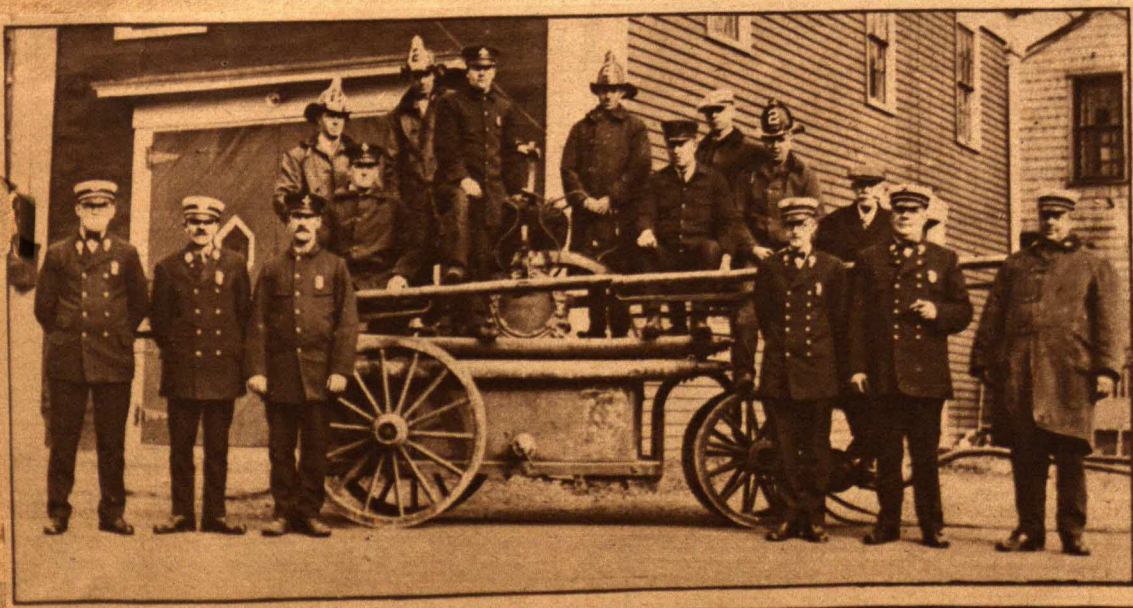
Underwood



Hester and Suffolk Streets, Where One Still Sees Patriarchal Peddlers and Pushcart Merchants.



© by Underwood & Underwood.
THE FAMOUS GRABEN, Vienna, Austria.

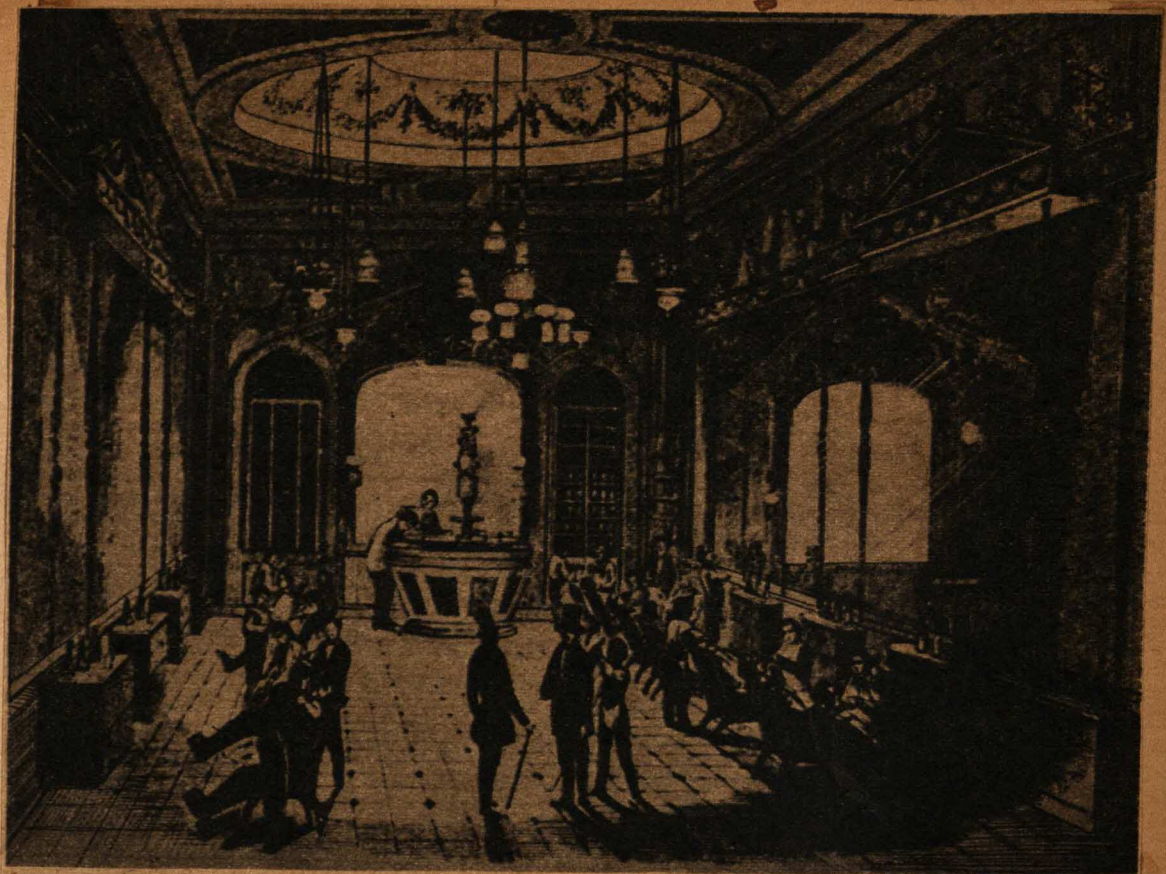


OLD PUMP HAS FOUGHT FIRES FOR FIFTY YEARS
The ancient machine is the pride of Engine Company No. 2 of Higham, Mass., and is said to be the oldest piece of fire-fighting machinery in use in this country.

MAY 8 1907



And how it came, to cover Chicago and the Midwest with a 15-inch blanket, paralyzing traffic! Trolleys and autos were tied up in this fashion on Madison St., in the Windy City. (NEWS foto)



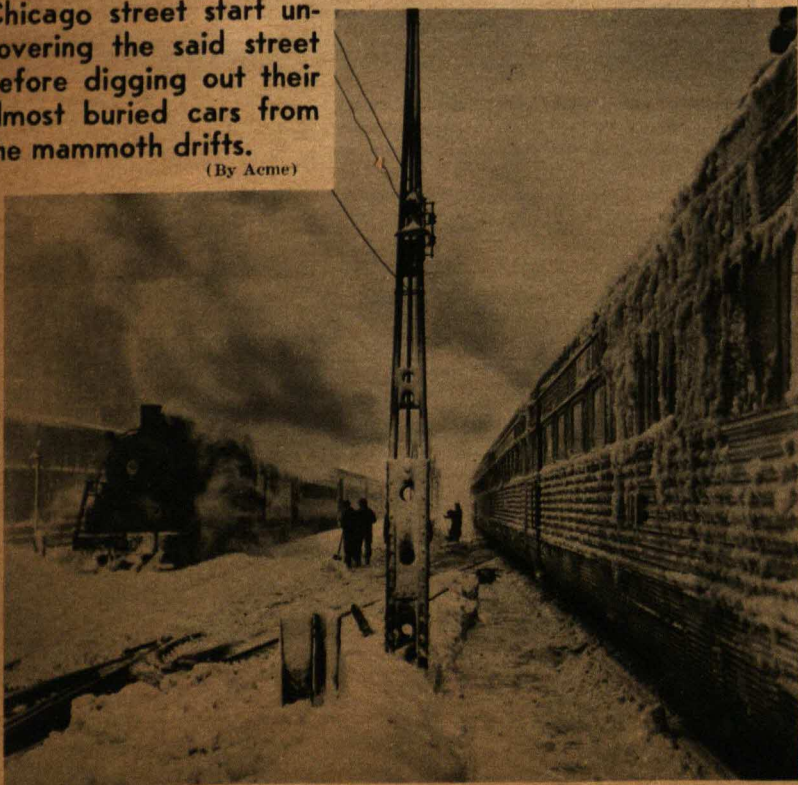
A Palatial Barber Shop of the '50s, at the St. Nicholas Hotel.



Many Chicago housewives failed to find the milk at the back door the day of the blizzard. Here's what the milkman was up against. (NEWS foto)



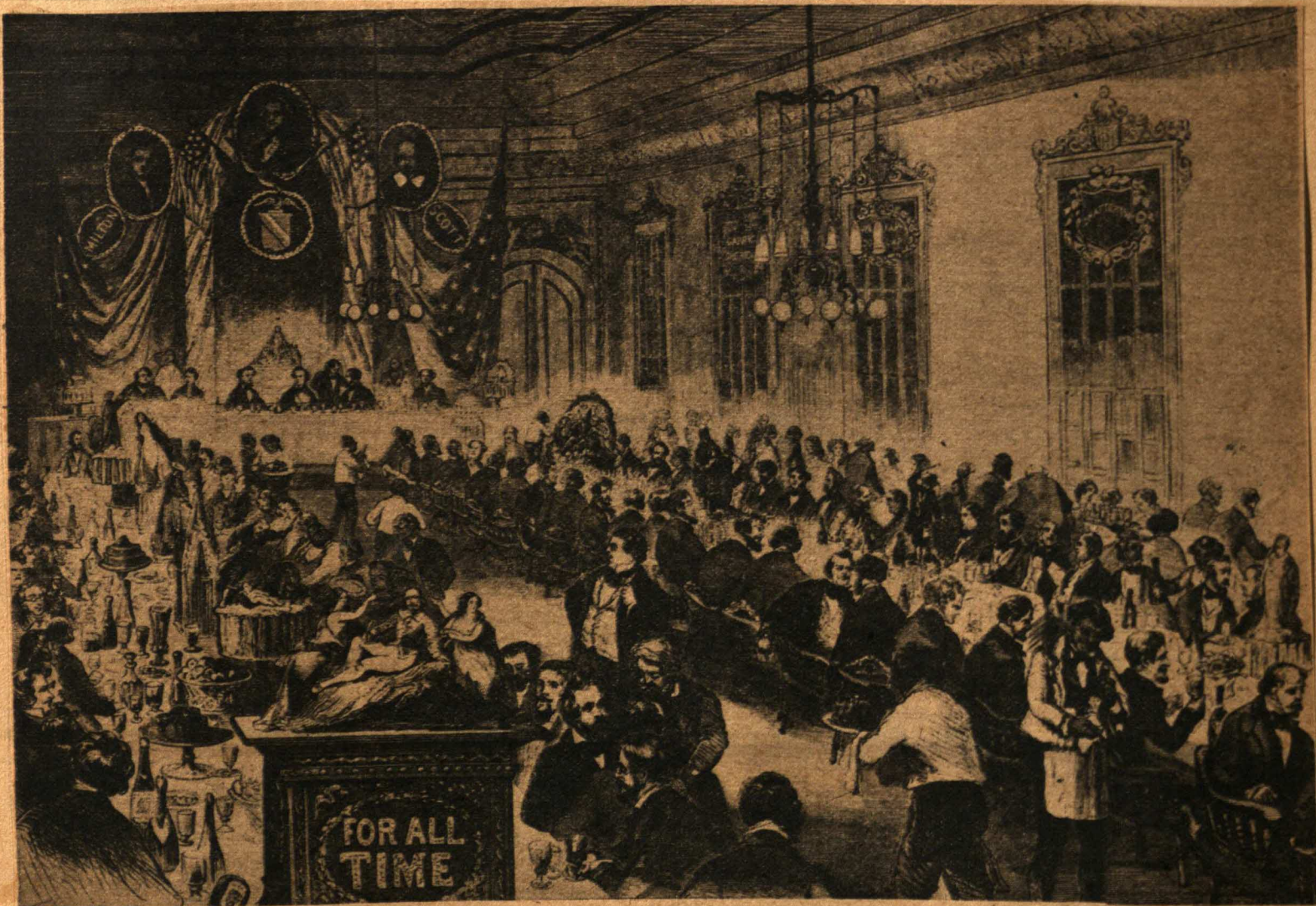
Residents of a North Side Chicago street start uncovering the said street before digging out their almost buried cars from the mammoth drifts. (By Acme)



Train schedules? Just a little off. A Rock Island suburban train is shown (left) arriving hours late at La Salle St. station. On the right is the road's ice-coated streamlined Rocket. (NEWS foto)



When Coaching Was in Its Prime. A Scene in Front of the Holland House.



The Dramatic Fund Dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel in 1856.



In the Rotunda of the Astor House in 1888.



Henry Clay Addresses the Senate. The Scene Is in the Room Now Occupied by the United States Supreme Court.



In the Rotunda of the Astor House in 1888.

the humility of the Queen, delighted with Mr. G. [Gladstone] he so understood, and felt, ted her up, and of the P. [Princess]; he said to me: 'He had alt, if you can call it one; too free from the temptations to other men. He seemed them, and the standard is t it is not fair to judge others

e midst of her suffering the could "thank God for the change in her son," the of Wales, who is "serious, to do right, anxious to marry h or April."

as a mother that Queen Vic- s most definitely revealed, er contacts with such great as Gladstone, Disraeli, the f Wellington and the Em- France are recorded—while the picture of Palmerston before her—the definite im- remaining after all the let- read is of a mother striving, es in what may seem a way, always in a conscient- ay, to present a well-trained o the service of England.

onally Lady Augusta men- e son of the Princess Royal, s to become the Kaiser. The s "enchanted" with him as a e is "most engaging"; but jesty "finds the Germans pompous, and pitched into [the Princess Royal] well ving symptoms." In 1863 gusta says he is "a delight,"

and continues: "I had not a bad drive one day with him and his aunt, one of the episodes being his play- fully tossing her muff into the road."

In the long letter describing the Prince Consort's death there is a searching analysis of the emotions of Queen Victoria. One can understand from the letter why in the years that followed she shunned the public eye and remained within the lofty stone walls of Windsor Castle—a place that would make her nurse her sorrow rather than escape from it. Ever since the day when William the Norman climbed the Windsor Hill and chose it as a suitable place to command the Thames Valley, Windsor has amassed history; the triumphs and tragedies of Kings, Queen Victoria had around her the ghosts of more than 800 years of Kings and Queens.

It is the picture of this retirement in her widowhood that Lady Augusta Stanley gives in the letters that follow the story of the Prince Consort's death. The picture helps very definitely toward a further understanding of that retirement, which the Queen's contemporaries resented. The story moves on through the saddened years at Windsor, up to the coming of the young Danish Princess, destined to be the bride of the Prince of Wales, and with this emerges a further understanding of the breadth of vision of the Queen. She saw so clearly that the choice

an engraving by Ryall, After Thorburn's Painting. Courtesy of Kennedy

was right; she considered so carefully the effect on the country and the influence this diligent, dutiful, very beautiful young Princess would have on the generation to follow.

With the wedding comes the second great chapter from Lady Augusta's pen. She shows in a brilliantly written letter the nervous, beautiful young Danish Princess and the Prince of Wales, so much in love that they exchanged letters like two less notable persons entering upon a romance. It was no marriage of national convenience. Lady Augusta wrote:

I will not attempt to describe the ceremony, only to say that there was a solemnity and feeling about it that could not but thrill thro' one. His look to his mother while waiting for the bride, and hers to him, the reverent attitude of Bride and Bridegroom and all, and the beautiful reading of the Service were most affecting. The Music also was very impressive, and when all was ended, the joyous look with which, recovering from her feelings and emotion, she took his arm and walked down the Nave, returning the greetings, was most heart-moving.

The enthusiasm of the crowd outside was wonderful, and the greeting given to all the Members of the Family, especially to the C. [Crown] Princess. Kath. said that the most affecting moment was when the Queen, who had hurried back as she came thro' the Deanery, and by the N. [North] Terrace for the purpose, welcomed the young couple at the door.

holding them locked in her arm and then leading them upstairs with that wonderful grace and dignity we know, and later, Pr. Beatrice and her most riotous Nephew [later the Kaiser] were in the room. Presently the P. of V [Wales] came to announce the Orleans family, and returned with them and his Bride, too nice the looked.

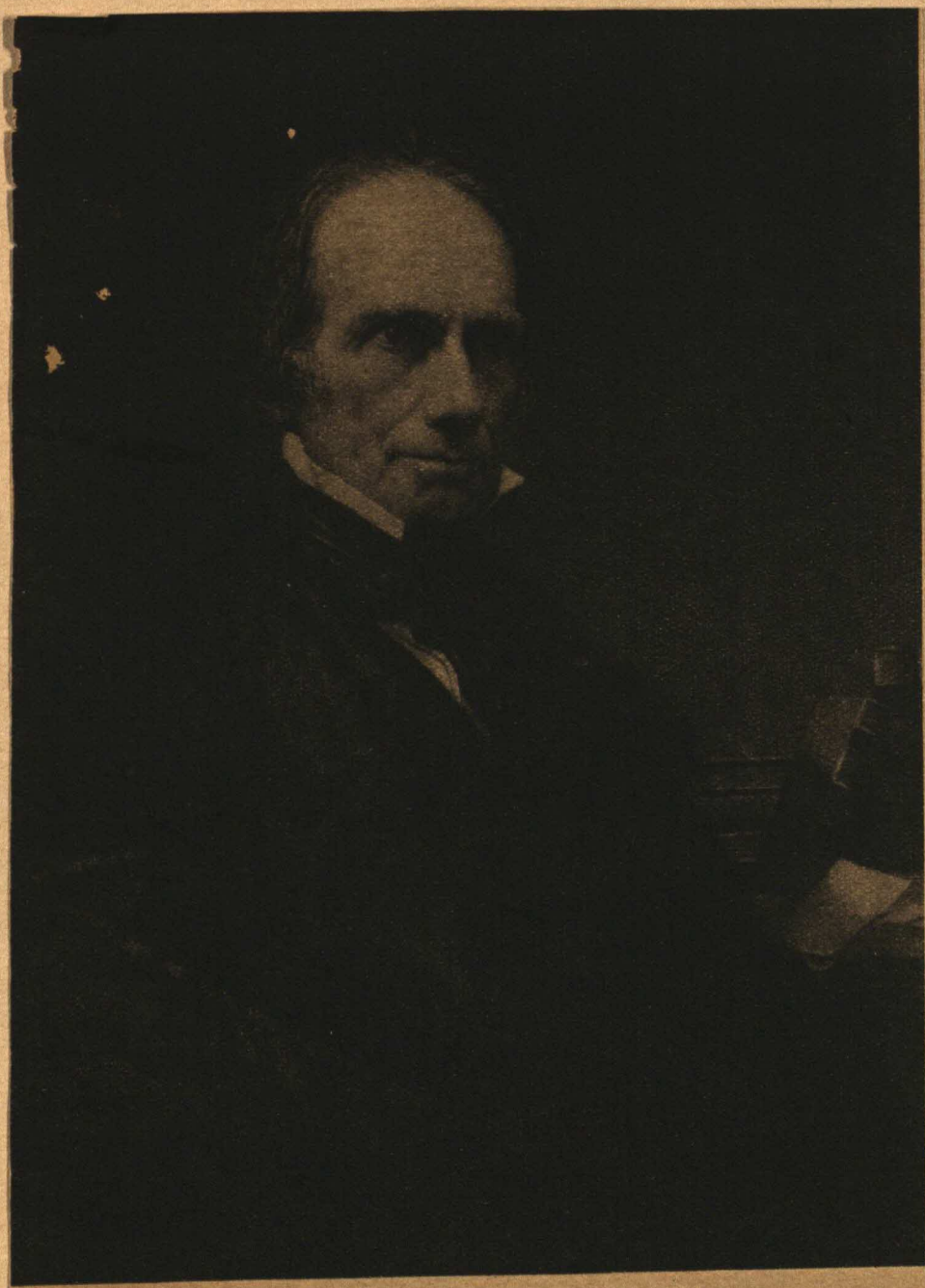
Pr. B. [Princess Beatrice] interrupted every moment to give "Alix" instructions about her plans, and when the little Sister Thyra [Princess Alexandra's younger sister] was to come and play with her. The sequel was good. Thyra, who had been much scandalized by seeing her sister depart without her Mama, arrived in the nursery and found her friend fast asleep!

The Widowed Victoria

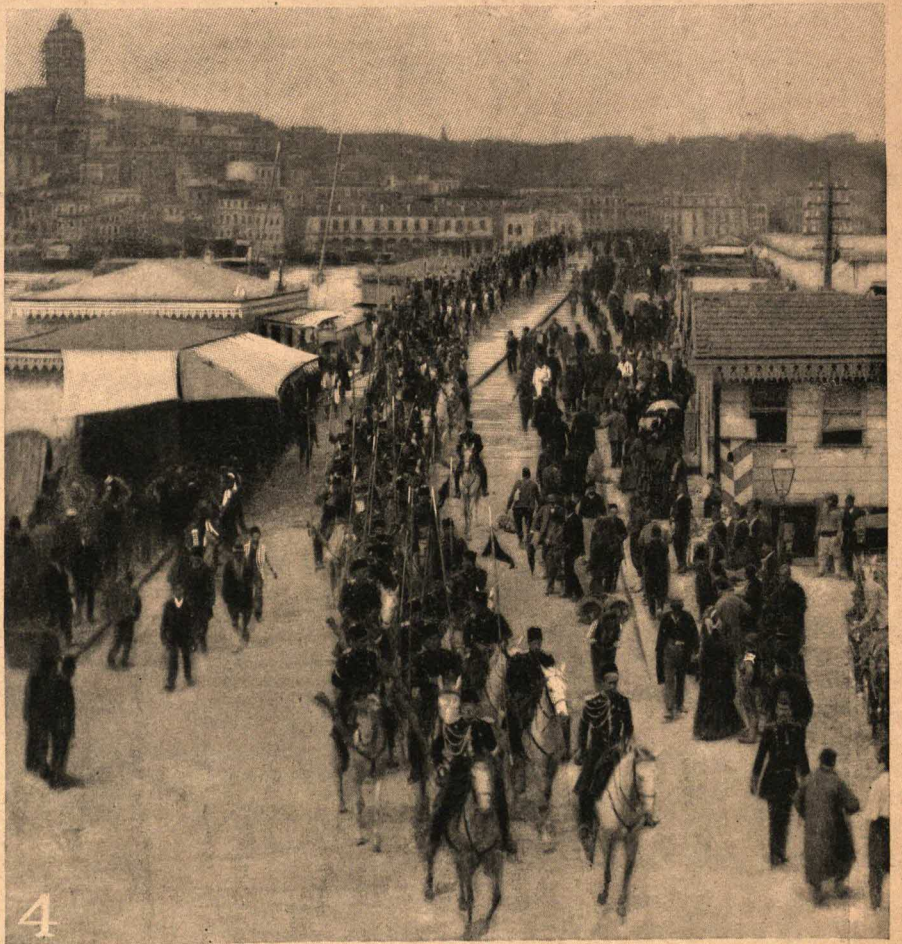
Above all there moves the tragic figure of the widowed Queen, who sat, pale and desolate, in the famous carved oak closet in St. George's Chapel, looking down on the magnificent of her subjects, obviously conscious, Lady Augusta tells that she was alone; that the Prince Consort was not there to support her.

The emotion may seem to us restrained; we have grown cold to such things since the last century slipped away. But nobody could read this letter without feeling a most complete understanding of the great sorrow and retirement.

When it was all over, when the Prince and Princess had driven



Henry Clay, Who Said He Would Rather Be Right Than Be President.



THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR—PLACES OF PRESENT INTEREST.—[SEE PAGE 474.]
 1. A Street in the Mohammedan Quarter of Larissa. 2. Bridge over the Salambria River at Larissa crossed by the Greek Army in its Retreat.
 3. The Railway Station at Trikhala. 4. A Regiment of Lancers crossing Galatea Bridge, Constantinople. 5. Panoramic View of Kalabaka, taken from the Bank of the Salambria River.



THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT—THE WEST POINT CADETS PASSING THE PRESIDENT'S REVIEWING-STAND.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 475.]



CORPS OF CADETS FROM THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, APPROACHING THE TOMB.



Chief Joseph.
STAFF OF THE GRAND MARSHAL, MAJOR-GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE.—FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND BOULEVARD.



THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION PASSING UNDER THE MEMORIAL ARCH.



THE CROWD AROUND THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT AT THE CIRCLE, FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND BOULEVARD.
THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT—THE MILITARY PARADE—SCENES ON THE LINE OF MARCH.—[SEE PAGE 475.]

immense development which is likely to mark progress of British Columbia and districts east in the near future, it would seem unwise, by allowing the bonding privilege, to deprive ourselves of an increasing share in the traffic which they hold. If we consider the necessity of a reciprocal use of the bonding privilege east of the Great Lakes, it is quite clear that any disturbance would produce the greatest inconvenience to the countries. The present state of affairs had its origin as far back as 1794, when a treaty between England and the United States provided that duties should be paid on goods carried over any portages or carrying-places on either side of the boundary between Canada and this country for the purpose of being immediately re-embarked and sent to some other place. The building of canal and the growth of the railway system on both sides of the line have given rise to mutual concessions and advantages, without which commerce, domestic as well as international, would be seriously handicapped. If the bonding privilege gives the Grand Trunk a fair share of the through traffic, it also gives our roads having connections at the Suspension Bridge a very large business, and our eastern roads a good Canadian business in the domestic and foreign transit trade. The Michigan Central runs through two hundred and twenty miles of Canadian territory. Broadly speaking, the question is one to be decided by business interests, not to show their own need and the public interest in support of the present state of affairs; personal cries and unfounded assertions should not be allowed to induce hasty legislation. It is probable that full inquiry by the Inter-State Foreign Commerce Committee will clearly show the undesirability of making any changes, and from that point of view it is to be hoped the inquiry will soon be made. That will be the most effectual way of putting an end to an agitation which does as much to ignorance as to any other cause.

HOLMAN AND PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.

THE death of Judge W. S. HOLMAN, of Indiana, would call for little comment had he not become the public mind the embodiment of economy in national appropriations. His name is not connected with any particular measure of legislation, nor can a suggestion of such a measure be traced to him; his persistent "objecting" to appropriation bills gave him the limited reputation that calls for notice.

That the measure of a man's statesmanship should be gauged only by his opposition to the appropriation of money by Congress is in itself a striking testimony upon the drift of public measures. With a reputation could not be gained in a few years, but grew slowly during the service of HOLMAN in sixteen Congresses. He entered the Thirty-ninth Congress at the height of the war, when the resources of government were strained to the uttermost, and the national expenditures were nearly \$100,000 a day. From the Thirty-sixth to the Thirty-ninth Congress is a long leap, and takes us from the stress of war to profound peace. In the intervening period war taxes have been borne uncomplainingly, a vicious and costly currency system has been maintained from sentiment rather than from policy, hundreds of millions of debt have been extinguished, and the fiscal operations of the government have been performed on a scale in a manner that have extorted the admiration and even the envy of foreign nations.

Were this the only side to the story, high praise would be given. The extravagance of Congress, encouraged by the surplus revenue so willingly afforded by the tax-payers, lends a different color to the narrative. It would be exaggeration to say that the country is now on a war basis of expenditure; but it is no exaggeration to say that unnecessary expenditure is on a greater scale than was ever attained during the war. To depict the tendency, the expenditures of three years including HOLMAN'S service are compared:

	1870.	1880.	1896.
War.....	\$57,655,675	\$38,116,916	\$50,880,921
Navy.....	21,780,229	13,536,985	27,147,732
Indians.....	3,407,938	5,945,457	12,165,528
Pensions.....	28,340,202	56,777,174	139,434,001
Miscellaneous.....	53,237,462	54,713,530	87,216,234
Total.....	\$164,421,506	\$169,090,062	\$316,794,416

Making allowance for some reflection of war expenditures in the figures of 1870, it is seen that expenditures, always less than appropriations, have increased in nearly every direction. Pensions, river and harbor improvements, public buildings, bounties and measures for private relief—these are a few of the items that have grown recklessly, and involve great waste of money. It was this tendency that gave HOLMAN his opportunity; and while opposing liberal pension laws, he opposed other

leaks so persistently as to earn for himself the title of "watch-dog of the Treasury." In earlier years his opposition availed, but in later the course of legislation towards extravagance became too strong for any one man to stem. Where such men as Mr. CLEVELAND and Speaker REED could not avail, a man like HOLMAN had no weight.

LABOR AND PROSPERITY.

THE Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, at the head of which stands Mr. SAMUEL GOMPERS, recently addressed "to the President, Cabinet, and Congress of the United States" a memorial describing in strong words the "humiliating poverty and countless privations" suffered by "multitudes of our working-people," and appealing to the national authorities for "speedy relief." They remind the party in power that last fall "they were promised helpful legislation," and that they expect this relief now from the administration and Congress "without unnecessary delay." They look to the national government to "hasten the return of better times, to inspire confidence, and bring cheer and comfort to the homes of millions of citizens who now seek work and wages in vain." To this end they urge the following measures: 1. "Amendment to the Federal eight-hour law so as to secure its enforcement on all public works by or for the United States government." 2. "A remodelling of our immigration laws so as to secure an enlarged protection to American citizens and their families." 3. "Reform in the national banking system and in the issuance of the currency of the United States so as to secure the people from the possibilities and disasters of financial crises." 4. "Liberal appropriations for government public works, and for the improvement of rivers and harbors."

The laboring-people who are suffering under the stress of the times may be assured of the sincerest sympathy of all good citizens, and whenever demands are made by them to improve their condition that are within reason, they are certain to meet with respectful and serious consideration.

What makes a clear and amicable understanding between working-men and other social classes sometimes peculiarly difficult of attainment is the circumstance that many of the working-men have evolved out of their own inner consciousness certain vague ideas of rights and duties, and live mentally in a world of their own which is far away from the social conditions actually existing, and that they reason from premises that are out of touch with the present state of things. This is apt to render argument between them and persons living in the actual world mutually unintelligible and fruitless. All the more welcome should be propositions coming from an organization of working-men which, even if open to question, form a fair ground for useful discussion between them and the social conservative. And it will certainly be admitted that the demands put forth by the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor are so free from socialistic imaginings that they can be debated on terms of mutual understanding and confidence.

In the first place, considering the reckless impetuosity and perverseness with which a good many of the labor leaders last year embraced all the wild doctrines of Bryanism, the propositions before us are remarkable for what they do not, as well as for what they do contain. Not only do they not fall in with the cry for free-silver coinage, or against the national banks as such, but they express the demand for reform of the national banking system and of the currency in a manner which permits the conclusion that the ideas of the memorialists upon these subjects are thoroughly sound. For when they speak of a reform in the national banking system, is it not fair to assume that they mean not the abolition of the system, or anything crippling it, but such an enlargement of its facilities as to enable it to supply the people with an elastic as well as a safe bank currency, and especially to furnish those parts of the country which have actually suffered from want of circulation the banking conveniences which alone can help them? And when they speak of a "reform in the issuance of the currency of the United States so as to secure the people from the possibilities and disasters of financial crises," what else can they mean than the gradual withdrawal of those United States notes which, so long as they exist, will, whenever economic circumstances become unfavorable, always expose the Treasury to runs for gold and the country to those spasms of distrust which are so destructive to its prosperity? The language of the memorialists can hardly have any other meaning; and if such interpretation is correct, we may welcome this labor organization

as a valuable force in forming that public opinion the pressure of which is required to inspire the politicians in Congress with the necessary courage to adopt a really sound monetary policy.

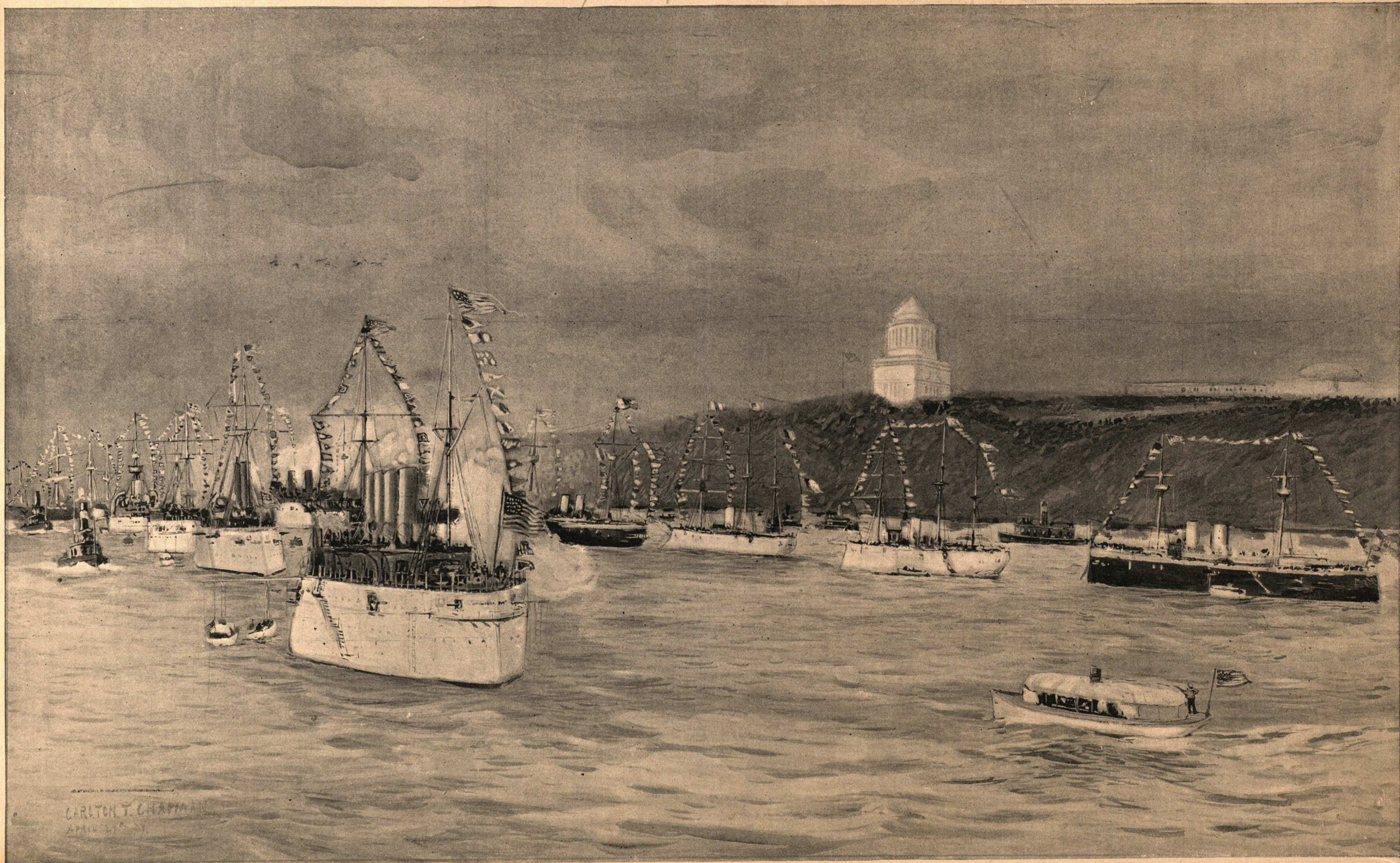
This force will be all the more valuable and potent as the working-men come clearly to perceive the relative efficacy of the different means proposed for the amelioration of their condition. As to the Federal eight-hour law, all good citizens will agree that it, as well as all other laws, should be honestly and consistently enforced. But a calm consideration of the possible effects of such an enforcement of that law will convince every clear-minded working-man who does not permit himself to be carried away by the sentimental features of the matter, that it will play but a very small part in the restoration of "better times" which the laboring-people, together with all other classes of society, are so anxious to see accomplished. Neither will "a remodelling of our immigration laws" with a view to the protection of our working-men against competition help them much. The subject of immigration has of late been treated by many from altogether too narrow a point of view. Granting, for argument's sake, that immigration is bringing to our shores, with very valuable elements, others that are undesirable—which, however, if they remain here, are absorbed and assimilated by our vast population far more easily than seems to be supposed—it will be admitted that it is foolish to regard every immigrant simply as an intruder coming here to take the bread out of somebody else's mouth. It must not be forgotten that immigrants who by their labor contribute to the development of our resources thereby aid in the enlargement of our activities and of home consumption; in other words, that while increasing the supply of labor, they enlarge at the same time the field and the demand for it. When times are hard and the opportunities of the laboring-man are correspondingly narrowed, immigration dwindles down to a comparatively insignificant figure without restrictive legislation. As a means to bring on better times, a further restriction of immigration would obviously be a most unavailing measure.

The fourth proposition of the memorialists, the demand for "liberal appropriations for government public works and for the improvement of rivers and harbors," is also one of those delusive shifts which in their effects are apt to prove more hurtful than helpful. Experience teaches us that whenever Congress launches out in a policy of "liberal" appropriations for public works, a reckless waste of the public money for useless objects, with all its consequences of profligacy and corruption, will usually follow. A spendthrift government has never been a blessing to any people, least of all to the poorer portion of it. Some individuals may profit from the public extravagance, but the people at large will have to pay the cost by way of taxation, and of this the poor have to bear by no means the lightest burden.

But while this working-men's memorial is not free from the advocacy of some expedients which will help them little, and of others which would positively hurt them in their efforts to ameliorate their condition, it gives to those in power some hints of very great value. Its absolute silence on the protective tariff as a remedial measure pointedly indicates that the working-men who are represented by this federation, and presumably many others, do not accept the teaching which describes high tariff duties as the source of high wages and of general prosperity. On the other hand, the stress it lays upon the necessity of reforming the issuance of government currency and the national banking system so as to prevent financial convulsions shows plainly the direction in which they look for the restoration of that confidence which alone can, and which certainly will, bring on a new period of prosperous activity. And in this they are certainly right. Excepting that confidence, all the conditions for such a revival of prosperity actually exist. For years the people—all but the government—have been practising economy. Throughout the country the merchants have limited their stocks of goods to the smallest requirements. The markets are in a decidedly receptive state. Business is ready for immediate expansion, and waits only to be relieved of the dull pressure of that distrust which discourages all spirit of enterprise, and which will not yield until our monetary policy shall have ceased to be in an unsettled and threatening condition. The working-men can do much by their moral influence to hasten on a right solution of this problem; and that influence will be all the more potential and salutary the more it is inspired by the consciousness that their prosperity as a class is altogether bound up in the prosperity of the people at large.

CARL SCHURZ.

May 1897



THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT—THE MARINE DISPLAY ON THE HUDSON RIVER—FIRING THE PRESIDENT'S SALUTE.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.—[SEE PAGE 475.]

A NATIONAL THEATRE.

Signs clearly recognizable to the initiate are abundant regarding the establishment and support of what has come to be called a National Theatre. It has been discussed in dramatic circles; it has been written about in the daily papers; it has been lectured upon. It is the subject of a bill before the present Congress.

So far as I can gather, and the subject has much interested me, the idea of a National Theatre presents itself in about the same shape to all who advocate it, but the means for establishing and sustaining it are, according to one set of believers, to be derived from the state, while the other set hold that the money must come from voluntary private endowment. From the side of artistic excellence and independence, as well as from the side of "practical politics," I reject the idea of seeking a government foundation. To my mind, unless some of our extremely wealthy well-doers furnish the funds, a National Theatre will not be founded.

The desirability, the usefulness, the scope, of a National Theatre are subjects for discussion, no matter whence the money is to come.

A National Theatre, in the minds of those who have seriously considered it, would be a theatre at the dramatic centre of the United States, devoted to the highest art, where the best of tragedy and comedy would be staged and acted in the best manner, giving frequent place to worthy American work, and so fostering and focalizing the dramatic genius and performing skill of a continent. I add to this that it should be an endowed theatre, free of the ordinary financial drawbacks of management—so endowed, in fact, as to be from its beginning not a hazardous experiment or a speculation, but an institution.

This endowment would call for a capital of about one million dollars—a certain amount to be expended in building and equipping, and the remainder to furnish an income to assure its healthy existence.

The obvious model for the institution is the Théâtre Français. Francisque Sarcey, the eminent French critic, has said, and truly, in his London lecture of 1879, that the Théâtre Français, with its two centuries of growth, its compact and complete organization, its "current repertoire" of one hundred plays, each one playable at twenty-four hours' notice, is not to be reproduced in all its details outside of France. But, with certain modifications suitable to our circumstances, it will still serve as a model.

The Théâtre Français is, as a building, rent free, and, as an institution, receives an income or subvention from the state of about \$48,000 a year. These are conditions surely which can be duplicated here by private munificence. In its essence it is a theatre devoted to the presentation of the higher drama, which means there almost exclusively French drama. Here it would mean something fuller and broader, namely, the best not only of the English drama, but the best plays of the world that can be done into English. Our cosmopolitanism is the broadest in the world, and our National Theatre would reflect that, while gradually aiding by precious example and sympathy the formation of a national drama of our own. It would be, as the Théâtre Français is, a bulwark of high dramatic art; not always, perhaps, the leader in dramatic enterprise—we are too broad and free to have any one theatre absorb all progressive initiative—but always a rallying-point for, an authority on, what makes for the best in dramatic composition and presentation. The personnel of the Théâtre Français could be advantageously copied, both as to its direction and its selection and retention of players, and as to its rotation in the presenting of plays. Much in the Paris house depends on the artistic instinct of its director. In America the reasons for his selection on that ground alone, and his independence of all outside influences, would be doubled. The precise model for the building itself may be left to the architects. It would have all the mechanical means of producing plays perfectly, but it would also provide handsomely for all classes of its audience. This would call for some change in the usual seating areas, which, in American theatres at least, are somewhat frankly designed to force all comers into the more expensive chairs. For the National Theatre would put forth its broad appeal to the masses as well as the classes, and teach them—at their own price—that art in its best form is as desirable as it is human and all-embracing.

What claims, it may well be asked, would such a theatre have to be considered a National Theatre? Under our "go-as-you-please" democracy, what would be its authority? The answer to the first question is that it would simply represent a well-equipped fixed aspiration after the highest aims of national dramatic art. Its authority would, like the Comédie Française, arise exclusively from its excellence.

At present nothing of the kind exists in America. We have some few managers who struggle to present worthy plays. We have a few excellent actors who find pleasure as well as profit in enacting the higher rôles, but a commercialism that continually trends downward has, for the most part, possession of our stage.

The writer for the American theatre has no incentive to the higher forms of his art. The American student who might become a playwright has no chance of seeing the best plays outside of books, and so he can never in the higher drama attain a knowledge, for instance, of the vital difference between "movement" and "action"—a rock on which so many of our littérateurs have split their dramatic barks in turning from their novels to dash off a play. When we continually concede the superior craftsmanship of the French dramatists, do we give thought to the formative influence of the Théâtre Français upon the young minds of France? The future of the American playwright is intimately bound up with the establishment of a National Theatre.

And what a future invites him! For some of his products he has the entire English-speaking race in his market. But his "home market" is the greatest in the world. The length and breadth of the Union and the Dominion of Canada, the homes of 75,000,000 people, at present offering him over 3000 theatres for his wares. Shall he be given an object to essay some ennobling work in catering for them, or shall he sink to the level of the Jack Pudding of "vaudeville"?

To the actor the need of an American centre of his art with some claim to artistic authority is a crying one. There are at present over 500 organized companies roaming up and down the land supplying the performances,

besides the scattered Croats and Dalmatians who travel simply in pairs or little groups. In this army of players we find a handful of the first class, or very near it, and below them brigades of wretched performers. With the latter the plays or pieces they present are of lower and lower grade. The mixed performance known formerly and correctly as "variety," but later as "vaudeville," gains every day, until it threatens to absorb all.

It has been said that wherever in the conquest of the New World the civilized pioneer forgathered with the redskin, the Indian blanket finally enveloped him, and Indian ways became his ways. We are now witnessing scores of our relatively good players putting on the barbarous blanket of the "continuous performance." The chance of their remaining *déclassés* as artists is very great. Hence the note of aspiration which has long been sounded among the thoughtful for a National Theatre has been quickened with a note of alarm at this hastening degeneracy of the stage. The actor would be thankful who could see a banner of hope lifted for him in a National Theatre.

Once financially founded, the National Theatre would have no lack of material. If the French theatre had its Molière, its Racine, and its Corneille, our theatre would have Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goethe, Schiller, as well as the French classics and romanticists, to draw upon. We are in the drama, as in other things, "the heirs of the ages." Modern excellence would be as welcome as old authority. American play-writing, stimulated by nearness to greatness would prosper, taking on dignity and high purpose. The acting might not at first be all that the most critical could desire, but with preparation robbed of its indecent haste, with an ideal of performance held before it, the actors would improve in loss of self-consciousness and in devotion to art, gradually attaining that wonderful *ensemble* playing for which alone the Théâtre Français is worth all the cost of its two centuries of national nurture. I feel certain that the proper director and a more than respectable histrionic group could be found to give our National Theatre its first impetus. Further, I will allege that among our artists and archæologists the highest possibilities of stage-setting could be quickly attained.

To those who have the well-being of the people at heart, as well as to those with high art ideals, the betterment of the amusements of a people is a benefit worth a struggle. While we are concerning ourselves so about our churches, our libraries, our museums, our picture-galleries, and our schools, why should no care be taken for that art which is the great living school of human nature—which is moralist, teacher, repository of the past, and plastic with all the varied beauty of humanity itself? The masses go to the theatre for better or worse. Why should we look on unhelping, indifferent, while the tendency is mostly for the worse? Not only on its audiences, but on other theatres, would a National Theatre exercise its wholesome influence. Through and through the French stage is artistically the finest in the world. To the fixed star of the Théâtre Français this is assuredly attributable. Defective as the English stage is from the same point of view, it dates a great part of the general excellence of its playing from the visit of the great French company to London in 1879, and from that of the similarly disciplined Meiningen company, by whom *Julius Caesar* was presented to an English public as no English company had ever presented it.

Around such a theatre, and as a part of its organization, would grow up a conservatory of acting for carefully selected beginners. In its curriculum elocution would have a real meaning, wherein the soul of an impersonation would be taught as well as the words of the part. It would not be a hot-house for forcing a brood of immature young people into distressing travesties of the great rôles of the stage, but a carefully directed college of the art in all its allied branches. Indistinctness of utterance, uncertainties of pronunciation, vagueness of conception, flatness of portrayal, would become cardinal sins, instead of, as at present, venial infirmities. It could not help alleviating the direness of much that nowadays is felt to be past correction. It would make artists, instead of merely labelling its young men and women as "professionals." That would be worth something.

With a National Theatre at the dramatic centre of the United States giving an ever-increasing round of great plays, occasionally perhaps sending its company to other cities, and always holding up the banner of dramatic art and progress, there would be hopefulness where there is now uneasiness, not to say dismay. Is not all that a fruitful thing to consider?

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

SHELLS.

WHERE the long waves put cool, caressing hands

Upon the fevered temples of the shore,

And with their eager lips are telling o'er

Their strange, unspoken secrets to the sands,

Along the shining rim of cape and cove

The shells in fair, unplanned mosaic lie,

And there the children, keen of heart and eye,

Gather their harvest in of treasure-trove.

Yet this is one of ocean's mysteries—

That, while the humbler shells the breakers brave,

The fairest are most fragile, and the wave,

Ruthless, has crushed and mutilated these!

Ah, sea of life, we, too, like children, stand

Through youth and age, expectant, at thy rim,

To pray for golden argosies from Him

Who holds thee in the hollow of His hand;

Capricious tides delude us, veer and turn,

And flash our dreams to view, again to hide;

A moment on the breaker's crest they ride,

The while we watch, their destiny to learn.

Poor, fragile dreams! Our humbler hopes befall;

But, crushed and shattered, tempest-tossed and torn,

These come to shore, the dreams of youthful morn,

Most fair, most frail, yet best beloved of all!

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

LONDON, April 14, 1897.

SIR HENRY IRVING triumphed once more on Saturday night, as Napoleon in Sardou's play of *Madame Sans-Gêne*. I delight in Irving, for he never disappoints. He may better in one part than another, but over a series of years taking one play after another, when the curtain goes down on the last act we inevitably acknowledge that we have been well treated. Napoleon was a short, fat, puffy body with a tongue of brass that rattled out unfinished sentences with the glibness and penetration of an auctioneer. Sir Henry is a tall, slim, dignified, archiepiscopal person breathing the atmosphere of a Hamlet or a Wolsey. On this occasion he purposely took the part of Napoleon in order to have a rest, for in *Madame Sans-Gêne* Napoleon does not come on the stage until the play is more than half over. The drama is wonderfully true to history—indeed, there is not a line that does not awaken historic associations. To understand the spirit of the Napoleonic era one could not do better than see this play. It is about time that I grew sated with it, for I have seen it very many times, not merely in Paris, but in Berlin and Vienna as well. Every time that I see it I enjoy it more, and its strong praise when one can honestly say that the performance at the Lyceum is not spoiled by one's having already witnessed *Sans-Gêne* in Paris.

Scandal-mongers have sent abroad a story suggesting that Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry had quarrelled. This is false, and it is a pleasure to try to arrest such malicious falsehood. It is a rare thing for dramatic friendships to last. It would be hard to picture the loss which the stage would suffer if these two forces should divide, and each go its own way in search of a dividend public.

Mark Twain last night wrote the last lines of his new book, which embodies his experiences made in a recent trip around the world. There are some two hundred thousand words in this work, and it has cost him many months of hard work. He is in good health, I am happy to say, living in retirement in a modest Chelsea house fronting upon a little green square. There is no happier family picture than that of Mark Twain to-day consulting with his wife over the suitability of some anecdote for publication, or adjusting a difficult part of the bicycles which his daughters delight. The Mark Twain family a picture of domestic contentment, in spite of the dark clouds that have conspired to rob it of much that makes life worth living.

Beneath the surface of the magnificent Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria there are one or two family currents that do not flow pleasantly. No sovereigns, for instance, are to be present on this occasion, for the reason that the Queen does not feel able to entertain her grandson of Germany. The Queen is a Hanoverian, a direct descendant of George III., and Brunswick is the cradle of the Queen's race. The Duke of Brunswick is supplanted by a Prussian prince, who lives in that province as a Prussian viceroy, and is still regarded as a usurper by many legitimists.

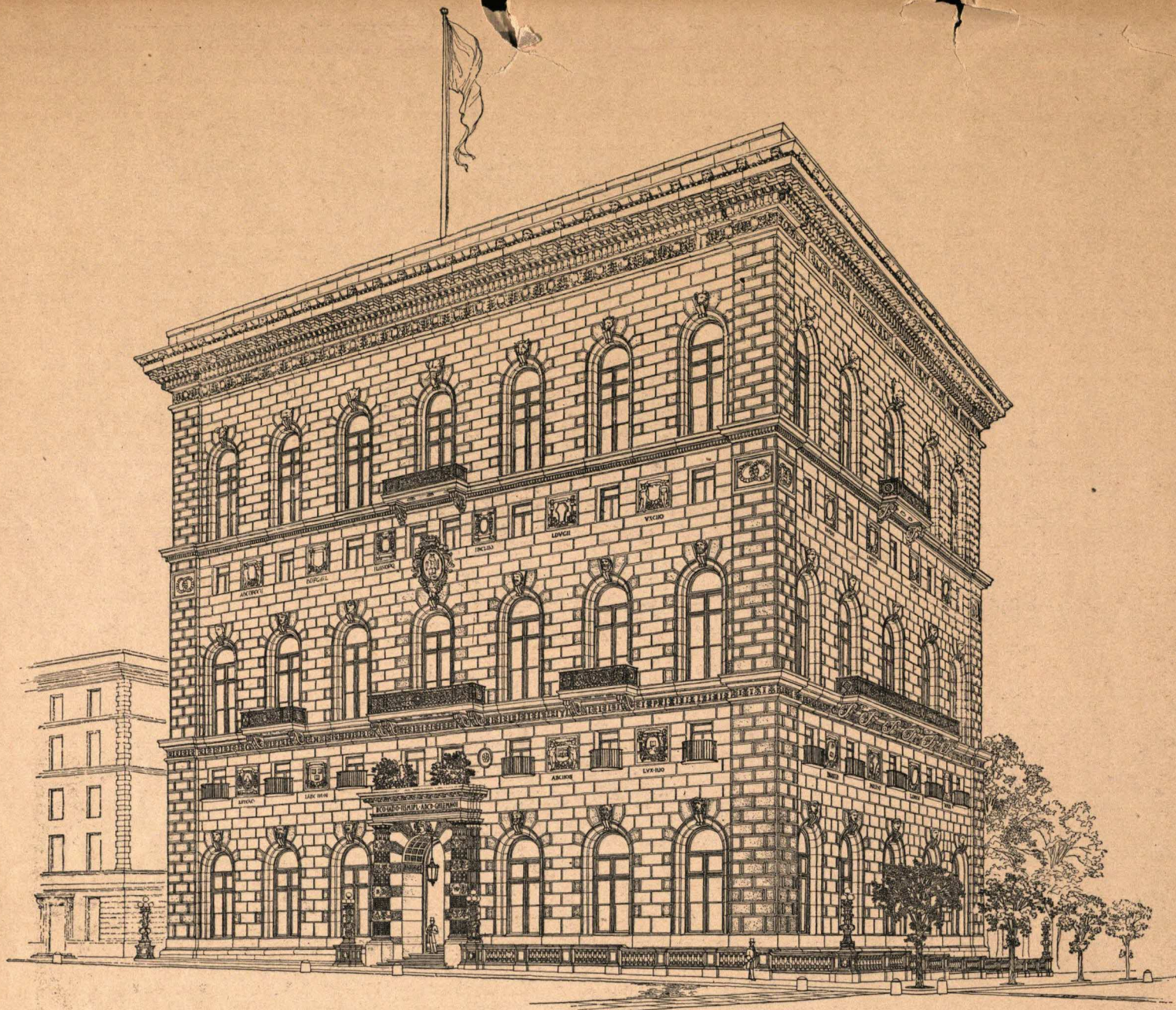
The German Emperor had proposed to send this Prussian prince as his representative to the family jubilee of his Hanoverian grandmother. He would, in England, have met the Duke of Cumberland, whose father was driven from the Hanoverian throne in 1866, and who but for that would to-day be himself King of Hanover and Duke of Brunswick. Queen Victoria is a marvellous manager in matters of etiquette, and we have yet to hear of a crowned head who can teach her the business of kingship. She at once wrote to her grandson in Germany, ignoring entirely the name of the Prussian Prince who had been proposed as the Emperor's substitute. But in this letter she pointedly remarked that she would expect a her guest the Emperor's brother Henry, for whom she has a sincere regard, for he is a sailor through and through unpretentious, hearty, manly, and modest.

I wonder if it can be true that the German government has declined to send a man-of-war to participate in the festivities incident to the Grant monument dedication. If true, it is very strange, for Spain, with whom we were some months ago nearly at war, and who has all her military resources strained to the utmost, responded at once to our invitation.

If this is the doing of Prime-Minister Prince Hohenlohe, I shall not be surprised, considering his general previous attitude towards American interests with Germany. Worse than that, he does not appear to have any yearning in the direction of speaking frankly in opposition to the Emperor.

Carl Peters, the German who has done more than any other man to give his country the doubtful glory of a colonial empire, appears at present to be in disgrace with his government, for reasons that are not obvious. He was high in favor during the opening of the Baltic Canal, and in the many talks I had with him I was much impressed by his knowledge and his vigorous manner of presenting it. He is the founder of German East Africa, and it was he who fitted out the German expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. Of course in Germany he vigorously abused all things English, especially when they conflicted with the interests of colonial Germany. But aside from this pardonable political humbug, no man knows England better, or appreciates her services in Africa more highly, than Carl Peters. He is just now in London fitting out another African expedition, about which he throws considerable mystery. He deserves success, for he has great physical strength combined with mental equipment of the first order. He has travelled in every part of the world, and has a mind ready to acknowledge what is good in different systems. It is melancholy to reflect that this man, only forty years old, and who yet has lived long enough to see the German flag carried into the heart of Africa—thanks to his courage and enterprise—that such a man should be by Germany turned adrift, while the Colonial Office in Berlin is lumbered up with a set of bureaucratic pedagogues, the whole volume of whose learning and training is practically valueless.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.



THE NEW HOME OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, NORTHWEST CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.
From the drawing by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB.

DURING the winters of 1862 and 1863 a few law-students formed the habit of meeting every Saturday evening at the home of one of their number, F. E. Kernochan, at 145 Second Avenue, in New York city. They were only a handful—not more than could be made exceedingly comfortable in one room of that city house, called the "Red Room"; and of this "Red-Room Club" the oldest member had taken his degree at Yale with the class of 1859. All, without exception, were young Yale graduates.

To this little company of friends we may trace the beginnings of a club which is the largest of its class in this country, one of the most prosperous social and literary organizations in the world, and the cisatlantic prototype of university clubs in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, and many other cities. And this expansion has taken place within a period of thirty years (or at most thirty-one or thirty-two years, reckoning from the time when first a suggestion of a new form fell like a fruitful thought-seed into good soil).

The "Red-Room Club," it should be said, required no regular organization—at least it had none. Nor was there any other bond than the literary taste of its members and their common training at New Haven. In 1864 and the early months of 1865 the meetings were held at Mr. Kernochan's rooms in Twelfth Street, some of the most regular attendants being William C. Whitney, Eugene Schuyler, Luther M. Jones, R. O. Williams, William H. Fuller, Buchanan Winthrop (to whom we are indebted for these details),* Alfred J. Taylor, R. K. Weeks, Henry Holt, H. F. Dimock, and Charles Wesson. When, however, the admission of graduates of other colleges had largely increased the membership, the University Club, as it is now known, was founded, the act of incorporation being passed April 28, 1865. Theodore Woolsey Dwight, George T. Strong, John Taylor Johnston, Charles Astor Bristed, Henry R. Winthrop, Charles F. Chandler, Joseph H. Choate, Edmund Wetmore, Francis E. Kernochan, Eugene Schuyler, Edward Mitchell, Luther M. Jones, and Russell Sturges, Jr., and "such other persons as were associated or might thereafter be associated with them," were constituted a body corporate "for the purpose of the promotion of literature and art, by establishing and maintaining a library, reading-room, and gallery of art, and by such other means as shall be expedient and proper for such purpose"—a purpose which has been most fully and generously carried out. First to be associated with the incorporators, as provided by the charter, were Buchanan Winthrop, George V. N. Baldwin, Edward Cooper, William H. Fuller, J. Frederick Kernochan, Benjamin F. Lee, Frederick W. Stevens, Alfred J. Taylor, and William C. Whitney.

In the following year, 1866, the University Club was organized under this charter. Its first club-house was in East Tenth Street, just out of Broadway. Charles D. Ingersoll, Philip S. Miller, and Cornelius B. Mitchell were elected in 1867, and in 1868 John E. Brooks and George W. Van Slyck. Starting with a membership thus com-

* Cf. also *The University*, January, 1890.

posed, and soon including in its list somewhat over 100 names, there was more than a fair prospect of immediate success; but the fact seems to be that the liberal and comprehensive policy of the new organization was at that time not fully or generally understood. There was at least the suspicion of clannishness. Was this still to be an institution representing the graduates of a single college, or in which the interests and influence of a single college would continue to predominate? The doubt proved fatal. All but a score or so of the staunchest members fell away. After a struggle for existence, the club was, as one of the founders has expressed it, "compelled to give up the rent of its building and wind up its affairs." It, however, retained its charter and organization, elected officers at regular intervals, and held annual meetings. In the winter of 1874 the survivors, twenty-four in number, formed themselves into the University Dining-Club, which continues, much honored in the observance, to this day. About five years afterwards, in the winter of 1879, the old idea of the University Club was revived, and on this occasion it was not merely entertained, but embraced with enthusiasm by prominent graduates of Princeton, Harvard, and other colleges, who had taken little or no interest in the original scheme. A proposition was made looking to the surrender of the club's charter in favor of the new organizers; but a simpler method for gaining the desired end was adopted, when, on May 10, 1879, over 300 new members, including practically all the candidates just referred to, were elected. The club then moved into the house known as the Caswell house, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street (the present quarters of the New York Club), and remained there about five years. The nucleus of the library, which now contains 13,737 volumes, was formed while the club was in these quarters, and at this period also was established one of the distinctive features, which is still retained—the inhibition of betting or card-playing for stakes. The qualifications for membership were somewhat rigorous, yet the club prospered to such an extent that when the lease expired it sought to buy the property; but its tender of \$500,000 was refused by the Caswell estate. Opportunely the building at Madison Square and Twenty-sixth Street, East, which had been occupied by the Union League Club, and subsequently by the short-lived Turf Club, stood vacant, and the University took possession.

A wholly inadequate idea of the club's growth is conveyed in the statement that its membership is at the present time 2238, while the names of 741 candidates are on the waiting list. It is more important to note that the University Club is a centre for college men all over the country, the number of non-resident members being phenomenal. More than any other single influence, perhaps, it has itself broken down the old antagonisms between graduates of different colleges—the antagonisms which in the beginning obstructed its progress and threatened its existence, as we have seen.

But the University Club is not merely a centre for college men all over the country. It is coming to be a centre for men of all colleges. That is the point to bear the em-

phasis; that is the fact with promise in it of beneficent influence to be exerted in educational matters; and it is worth while now to refer to the club lists in order to see what colleges are represented, disregarding for the present purpose the proportion or degree in which each college contributes to the total of the club membership. Thus we find that the college connections of the club members may be enumerated as follows:

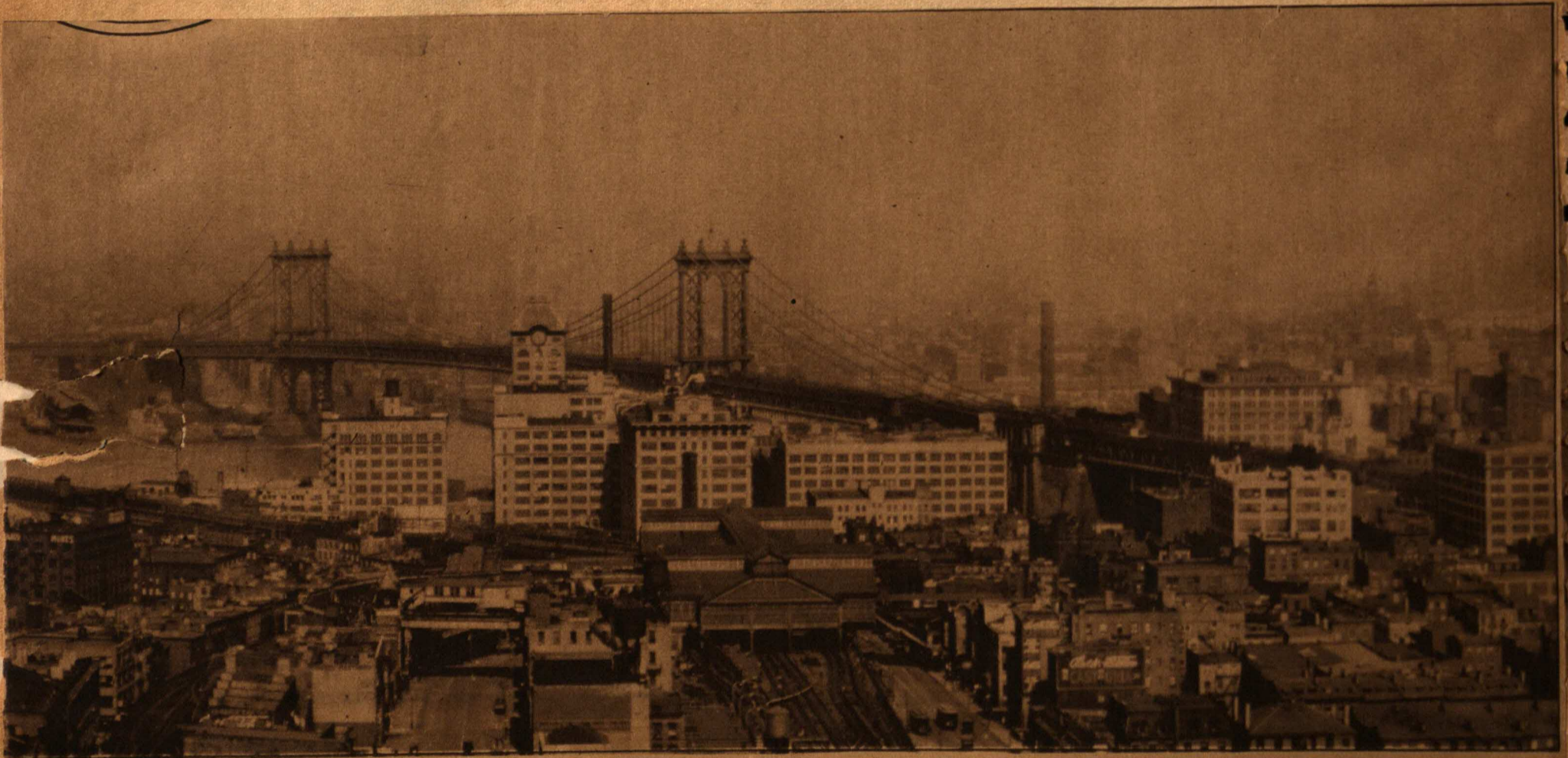
Aberdeen.	Haverford.	Trinity.
Albany Law School.	Heidelberg.	Trinity College (Cam-
Alleghany.	Hobart.	bridge).
Amherst.	Jefferson.	Trinity College (Dub-
Bellevue Medical Col-	Jesus College (Cam-	lin).
lege.	bridge).	Trinity Hall (Cam-
Beloit.	Johns Hopkins.	bridge).
Berlin.	Kenyon.	United States Military
Bowdoin.	Kings College (Lon-	Academy.
Brasenose College	don).	United States Naval
(Oxford).	Königsberg.	Academy.
Brown.	Lafayette.	Univ. of Dublin.
Burlington.	Lehigh.	Univ. of France.
Center.	Leipsic.	Univ. of Georgia.
Central H. S. of Phil-	Madison.	Univ. of Iowa.
adelphia.	Manhattan.	Univ. of Liège.
Christ Church (Ox-	Marietta.	Univ. of London.
ford).	Massachusetts Insti-	Univ. of Louisville.
Clare College (Cam-	tute of Technology.	Univ. of Maryland.
bridge).	McGill.	Univ. of Michigan.
Colby.	Merton College (Ox-	Univ. of Missouri.
Colgate.	ford).	Univ. of New Bruns-
College of the City of	Miami.	wick.
New York.	Middlebury.	Univ. of New York.
Colorado.	Newton.	Univ. of North Caro-
Columbia.	Northwestern.	lina.
Columbian.	Norwich.	Univ. of Pennsylvania.
Cornell.	Notre Dame.	nia.
Dartmouth.	Oberlin.	Univ. of South Caro-
Davidson.	Ohio.	lina.
Delaware.	Ohio Wesleyan.	Univ. of Toronto.
Dickinson.	Oriel College (Oxford).	Univ. of Vermont.
École des Beaux-Arts.	Princeton.	Univ. of Virginia.
Emanuel College	Racine.	Univ. of Wisconsin.
(Cambridge).	Randolph-Macon.	Washington Univ.
Emory.	Rensselaer Polytech-	Washington and Lee
Franklin and Mar-	nic Institute.	Univ.
shall.	Rochester.	Wesleyan.
Freiberg.	Rutgers.	Western Reserve.
Georgetown.	Seton Hall.	Williams.
Gießen.	Stevens Institute.	W. Univ. of Pennsyl-
Göttingen.	St. Francis Xavier.	vania.
Hamilton.	St. John's College	Yale.
Harvard.	(Cambridge).	

Briefly, more than one hundred institutions of learning in America and Europe have already contributed to and shared in the expansion of a genial idea that some one of the little group of Yale men thirty years ago hazarded between song and story at a memorable session in the "Red Room." And now when we add that in the number of its members the club is almost as great as the university from which it sprung, a certain passage from the recently published Report of the President of Yale seems to have an elastic aptness; its expressions fit the circumstances here at hand as fairly as the circumstances there at New Haven: "We who are deeply interested in this university," says President Dwight, "are taking part in a long-continuing and far-reaching work. It is well for us

(Continued on page 474.)



MANHATTAN: THE SKYLINE OF NEW YORK, THE BRIDGES AND THE RIVER FRONT FROM THE 16TH FLOOR OF THE NEW COURT STREET TOWER OF THE
(© William Frange.)



THE MONTAGUE BUILDING.



Changing New York's Profile

FEBRUARY 4, 1940

Magic isle...city of dreams...melting pot of the world—that is New York, partially reflected in this colorful bird's eye view of her \$17,000,000,000 majestic skyline. "East Side, West Side, all around the town," New York continues to progress. The numerals above are explained in the text below.

—Natural-Color Photo by Fairchild Aerial Surveys.

Vast Map-Changing Projects for the 1940's Will Keep the City Young

SYNONYMOUS with progress, New York is continually subjected to "facial treatments," altering its profile more often and more rapidly than any other United States city.

The close of 1939 witnessed vast developments. Present plans propose equally important map-changing projects for the 1940's. Municipal improvements, better housing, finer highways, new hospitals, bridges, tunnels, parks—these achievements spell modern New York.

Battery Park (No. 1 in photo above), the gateway to America, may be extended seaward to add nine acres. Razing of the "El" is also planned. New parks and playgrounds grace the West Side Highway (2), now an express route from Duane St. to Poughkeepsie, via the Henry Hudson Parkway. When completed it will extend to the Battery.

New city and Federal buildings adorn the Municipal Center (3). Completion of the Criminal Courts Building will remove an old eye-sore, the Tombs. Razing the old post office added new beauty to City Hall Park.

New sections of the East River Drive (4), will open shortly. When completed it will expedite flow of traffic from Montgomery St. to the Triborough Bridge. Ultimately it will run from the Battery to the Harlem River Driveway. Rockefeller Center (5), recently completed, brought to mid-Manhattan the world's biggest private enterprise—\$100,000,000 worth of real estate.

Newly built Welfare Island Hospital for Chronic Diseases (6), symbolizes New York's consideration for its ailing needy. Additional hospitals are under construction. Largest of the public housing developments in the U. S., Queensbridge (7), will be completed this July.

Fronting the East River, beside the Williamsburg Bridge, sixteen acres of old structures will give way to the Vladeck Houses. Together with the Red Hook, Williamsburg and other developments, these new residential quarters play no small part in contributing to New York's march of progress.

(Turn to Page 14 for More Details.)



Pride of Parks Commissioner Robert Moses, the \$28,000,000 Belt Parkway, outlined on map (above) calls for 36 miles of parkway, service roads and 72 bridges. Scheduled for completion this year, it is a "motorist's paradise." One may start at

the Bronx line, drive on express highways along the Bronx and Manhattan edge, around the circumference of Queens and Brooklyn and back to the starting point, with few stops for traffic lights.

PITCHING HORSESHOES

by Billy Rose

NEW YORK.—I know a fellow who was given a dinner and a silver loving cup for losing a city a million dollars. The fellow was me, the city was Fort Worth, and the million was lost on the Centennial Exposition of 1936-37. But the Fort Worth ramrods, Amon Carter, William Monnig and others, have been nice enough to say the million was the best investment the town ever made. The fair gave Fort Worth the nudge it needed, and it's been going like sixty ever since.

I arrived in "Cowtown" with a small boy's notions of the Wild West. As a kid I had read Zane Grey with a flashlight under the blankets after my old man had chased me off to bed. In the nickleodeons I had whooped "look out!" when the bad guy snuck up behind William S. Hart.

Naturally, when I planned the shows for the exposition, I included one with cowboys and Indians. I labeled it The Last Frontier, and you'll get some idea of the dimensions of this hootnanny when I tell you we used a herd of buffalo for a 10-second effort in one scene.

I started out by hiring the top hands in the shoot-'em-up show business, Galahads in 10-gallon hats, who had won the prize money at every rodeo from Pendleton to Madison Square Garden. They were amazing when it came to riding, roping and bull-dogging the wild Brahma steer. But they were not so good when it

came to Deadeye Dick stuff with a pistol. The cowboy could draw quick and shoot straight, provided the target was man-sized and close up. But when I wanted somebody to pop a clay pipe out of a girl's mouth at 30 feet, I had to import a slicker from Brooklyn who had studied marksmanship in a Coney Island shooting gallery.

The cowboys were bug-eyed when they saw his kind of shooting, and my kid dreams got their first kick in the chaps.

That was nothing compared with what the Indians did to my illusion. One day I called Amon Carter and told him I needed some Indians. Carter asked, "how many?" as if I had requested paper clips.

I took a number out of the sky. "A hundred and fifty," I said.

"What kind?" asked Amon.

He had me. To me an Indian was the other side of a buffalo nickel. But they were paying me a grand a day, and for that kind of money you can't appear ignorant.

"Oh, Sioux," I bluffed, "Navajos, and maybe some Iroquois." How was I to know the Iroquois were an eastern tribe and practically extinct?

"OK, Buffalo Billy," said Amon, and hung up.

I don't think I fooled him. Amon doesn't fool easy. He's the last of the empire builders and Texas Citizen No. 1.

A couple of weeks later a gent walked into the air-conditioned blockhouse in which I was officing. "I got your Indians," he said. "Where shall I put them?" I went outside and looked. There they were, blankets, feathers, papposes and goats. It looked like an explosion in a paint factory.

"They're all yours," said the agent. "Sign here."

I gave them a couple of acres of land (Land? I had land halfway up to Canada!) and they dug in. Figuring an Indian war dance would give me a great four minutes to open the show. I sent for the boss redskin and said, "Have your people down at the Last Frontier arena at five this afternoon. I want to see them dance."

When I got there a couple of braves were half-heartedly knocking tom-toms. The Indians had already been dancing half an hour, but their movements were no more abandoned than those of a man standing in a moving bus. "Tell them to cut loose," I said to the agent. "They're cut," he replied. "Takes 'em a little time to git warmed up. They ought to git goin' good along about midnight. By tomorrow they'll be jumpin'."

That's why the Last Frontier opened with a parade of covered wagons instead of a war-dance.

PITCHING HORSESHOES

by Billy Rose

NEW YORK—I guess I'm getting old. I must be—I find myself saying things I used to resent hearing 20 years ago. I thought the fellows who said them were fuddy-duddies.

Like, for instance, the other night we got to talking about Al Jolson. Jackie Gleason, a young comedian, said he was fed up with the Jolson legend. He had never seen Al work, but he doubted whether the Singing Fool on his best day could fracture an audience like Frank Sinatra. I took the floor, and told this talented tot that Jolson coming down the runway at the old Winter Garden was like the Twentieth Century making up time on a level stretch of track. And then I caught myself—"Rose, you're getting old. You're talking like the whiskerinos who used to rave about Harry Lauder and Honey Boy Evans. Order up a nice hot cup of tea—it'll rest you."

But I guess when you're up around the halfway mark, you cling to an old favorite like you do to an old easy chair. Last night I went to the Music Hall and saw "The Jolson Story." Al doesn't even appear. He's portrayed by a charming kid named Larry Parks, but whenever Parks goes into a song it's Jolson's voice on the sound track. It's the slickest dubbing job ever done by the movie magicians. Al, by proxy, sings some of the great songs of the past 20 years. And for my money, Al by proxy, is 10 times as exciting as Crosby, Sinatra and Como in person. I guess I'm getting old.

Maybe I'd feel different if today's singers had a crack at yesterday's songs. With few exceptions, I don't get much of a lift out of the current crop of ditties. I don't think there's been a knock-'em-down, kick-'em-in-the-subconscious song written in years. "Over There," "Smiles," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "Down by the Old Mill Stream"—I've seen crowds get drunk with the sound of them. I've seen them stop dancing, sing together, laugh together,

cry together. Tin Pan Alley these days writes for the dance band rather than the song-singer.

I feel the same way about today's producers. There are a dozen good craftsmen, but name me a single great showman on the street. I don't think the Cautious Nellies of 1946 (me included) measure up to Ziegfeld, Dillingham, Gest, Belasco, Roxy, and Thompson and Dundy of the old Hippodrome. These were impresarios in the grand sense, wild, extravagant, touched-in-the-head. Their shows didn't succeed or fail. They exploded above the clouds or went down like the Titanic.

I'm writing this piece in Ziggy's old theater. I'm here because I bought it—not because I rate it. What piece of madness can I look back to that compares with the story of Ziegfeld and the petticoats?

In one of his shows, the Glorified Girls wore petticoats of fine Irish lace that cost \$600 apiece—about 2,000 modern dollars. The audience never got to see these hand-tatted petticoats—they were hidden by huge bouffant skirts. When one of the backers—I think it was J. Leonard Repogle—beefed about squandering that kind of money for an item the audience never saw, Flo smiled and said, "My girls know they're wearing Irish lace, and it does something to the way they walk."

I've got another beef. There isn't a matinee idol on Broadway. The gals around here could use a couple of one-chin, original teeth-and-hair actors. As soon as a guy with that certain thing shows up, a movie scout hits him over the head with a sock full of gold and mails him out to Louis M. Mayer.

It isn't that the theater faces a manpower shortage. There are plenty of boys around, but no Barrymores; plenty of actors who can make the girls applaud, but none who can make them whistle.

OK. OK. I'll go quietly. Where does a fellow apply for social security? Getting old.

By ED SULLIVAN.

Show Business

Define show business? It's a little bit of practically everything impractical. . . . It's production, distribution and exhibition of pictures, plays and radio shows . . . It runs the gamut from Disney to Minsky, from Academy Awards and Pulitzer Prizes to Bingo. . . . It is the expertness of Ouspenskaya, and it is the curve of Lana Turner's sweater. . . . It is the pantomime of Chaplin



George Gershwin
"Part of it."

and the articulation of Bing Crosby. . . . It is the platinum tint of a Harlow, the blonde coloring of a Lombard, the reddish tinge of Jeanette MacDonald. . . . It is Astaire's feet, and Stokowski's hands. . . . It is the undertones of a Spencer Tracy, and the sputtering overtones of a Henry Armetta or a Louis Alberni. . . . It is high finance and high-jinks for high stakes. . . . It is Gable's slouch and the ramrod carriage of C. Aubrey Smith. . . . It's the rasp in Cagney's voice and the purr in Bart Marshall's chords. . . . It's the nasal twang of a Fred Allen and the throaty insinuations of a Charles Boyer. . . . It's Patsy Kelly on one canvas, and Loretta Young on the other. . . . It's songs, dances and funny sayings, with the movie and drama and radio critics as a jury. . . . It's options, box office receipts and Crosley Reports penned in black or red ink.

It's well-groomed Menjou, and ill-groomed Beery. . . . It's big Cooper and little Rooney. . . . It's the carefully tailored manliness of a Pat O'Brien, and the carefully tailored mousiness of a Donald Meek. . . . It's newsreels, cartoons, double-features. . . . It's the face on the cutting room floor, and the telephone switchboard at Central Casting. . . . It's Goldwyn and Shubert, Zanuck and Gus Sun, Mayer and Fanchon. . . . Its high is Loew, and its low is substratosphere. . . . It is heartening and heartbreaking. . . . It is all the reasons in the world why people don't attend theatres, and all the alibis (and without their alibis, theatre owners would go stark, staring mad). . . . It is Garbo first arriving in Los Angeles and posing with the Southern California track team, in shorts, and Garbo in later years hiding from the public. . . . It's phonograph records, juke boxes and Eastman Kodak-as-you-go. . . . It is embroidered with benefits.

It is the A's that get B's from the critics, and B's that sting the customers. . . . It's Orson Welles with a beard and it's Groucho Marx with a painted mustache. . . . It's bachelor Jimmy Stewart and much-married John Barrymore. . . . It is a blend of Frohman, Cohan, Berlin, Jolson, Dillingham, Harris, McClintic, Kaufman and Hart. . . . It's Dietrich's legs, Robert Stack's teeth, Linda Darnell's eyes and Jean Arthur's voice. . . . It is Willie Howard and Bette Davis, Bert Lahr and Alfred Lunt, the Ritz Brothers and Phil Spitalny's girl choir. . . . It's the hot-cha of the Andrews Sisters and the top notes of a Grace Moore. . . . It's Nelson Eddy on one hand and Tony Martin on the other. . . . It's Gershwin and Cole Porter and Rogers and Hart.

It's the Hit Parade and the flop parade. . . . It's S. R. O. and Cain's warehouse. . . . It's courtly Hardwicke, and not so courtly George Raft, with a market for both. . . . It is world premieres, interviews, scandals, births, divorces, marriages. . . . It is honesty and dishonesty, honor and dishonor. . . . It is age and youth, personality and mannerisms, rudeness and great consideration, ingratitude and splendid appreciation. . . . It is "Gone With the Wind" and it's the "Three Little Pigs." . . . It's competence and incompetence. . . . It is black-and-white and technicolor and sepia prints. . . . It is Madeleine Carroll's blonde, appeal, and Rochester's dark appeal. . . . It is all the years from Pola Negri to Ann Sheridan; all the heroes from Rudy Valentino to Robert Taylor; all the writers from Shakespeare to Hemingway.

It is Donald Duck and May Robson. . . . It is Raymond Massey and Popeye the Sailor Man. . . . It is the stage doorman and it is the impresario. . . . It's the women who sell haberdashery and lingerie to chorines backstage, and Billy Seymour, who sells the femme stars huge stones in Hollywood. . . . It's hope and faith and, often, charity. . . . It is former stars who are bankrupt, and former bankrupts who are stars. . . . It is stand-ins, stand-offs, stand-ups. . . . It is Bill Robinson, after 30 years, and Shirley Temple, after 12. . . . It is a trained seal, a polar bear, a dog act. . . . It is Clyde Beatty handling a cage of big cats.

It is Billy Rose, Broadway Rose, Harry Rose and Gypsy Rose Lee. . . . It is a battle for billing, and a bill for battling. . . . It is Holtz' cane, Jack Benny's cigar, the monocle of Arliss, the lisp of Kay Francis. . . . It is Muni's steady eyes, and the rolling eyes of Harry Ritz. . . . It is DeMille's gigantics and the flea circus. . . . It's the one-day run of a flop, and the \$2,000,000-grosser "Hellzapoppin'". . . . It is Morris Gest's flowing black tie, and George White's bow-tie. . . . It is oomph, and humph. . . . It is Katharine Cornell on one stage and Ann Corio on another. . . . It is Helen Hayes and Joan Davis. . . . It is Tallulah Bankhead and Jane Withers. . . . It is the marquee of every theatre in every city and town. . . . It is matinees and evenings.

The boundaries of show business are so elastic that they are hard to define. . . . The skywriter dotting his "I's" in the sky is a part of it. . . . So is the Zoo and the Aquarium, or Marineland near Daytona, Fla. . . . Show business embraces every little punk who can attract an audience, for the snake-oil doctors who once toured the land were legitimate showmen. . . . Uncle Tom shows, tab shows, minstrel shows were the forerunners, and burlesque was an honored contributor. . . . For show business was all of these, plus the legit and the musical stage, with vaudeville as a jack-of-all-trades. . . . No country has had a monopoly on talent; Duse, Bernhardt, McCormack, Lauder, Jennie Lind, Paderewski—they come from every place under the sun. . . . For talent obeys no formula of locale, like Topsy, it just grows. . . . The combined growth, the inter-relation of talents and crafts and executives, permits show business. . . . At this moment, somewhere, some performer is spell-binding an audience with Hamlet's molten lines; some circus clown is getting laughs by walking out of a pair of break-away pantaloons; some radio comic is saying: "That reminds me of the story about the two Irishmen—" and some stage actor is threatening to break his contract unless his name is given equal billing with that of the ingenue. . . . Because it's a 24-hour-a-day routine, this show business, in every country on the globe.

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NEWS, MARCH 30, 1941

MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1942.

ON THE SIDE

—BY DAMON RUNYON

BOB O'DONNELL, general manager of the Interstate Circuit, which operates movie houses in 31 cities of Texas and other States, says there is nothing the matter with love. Nothing whatever.

He states that his fellow exhibitors who claim that love is a jinx are all wrong. In short, Bob O'Donnell is a staunch supporter of love. We mean the word, of course, though Bob would probably vote for the emotion, too, being liberal minded thataway.

Once a happy-go-lucky young fellow about Broadway, always looking for a laugh, he is now a distinguished looking gentleman in his middle years, of immaculate attire and with a fine shock of white hair sweeping back from his brow that gives him the appearance of a retired matinee idol.

He was house manager of various New York theaters and later an agent for actors. He went to Dallas years ago to take a job with Interstate, broke, but bewailing his hard luck in having to quit his beloved Broadway. Now he is one of the important men among the exhibitors of the land and is accounted wealthy, and his conversation gives you the impression that Texas is the only State of any consequence in the Union.

We ran into him the other night and asked him what he thought of the exhibitor theory that love in a picture title is sure-fire poison, an inquiry we have been pursuing ever since we discussed the matter here some weeks ago. Bob said he thought it was nonsense. He said he thought love is all right if the picture is all right.

"The pictures that had love in the titles and failed to draw the cash customers were probably just bad pictures," he said. "Nothing helps a bad picture. And a real good picture will draw no matter what the title may be, especially if it has big names in the cast. That is the important thing nowadays. Give me that Clark Gable and call the picture anything you like."

But we must say that Bob O'Donnell is the first exhibitor we have struck who does not think that love in a title is a trade killer. The boys admit that they can not explain why this should be, especially when the love motif, if you will pardon a high-toned word, is often quite necessary to a picture. They just point to their box office returns in substantiation of their theory.

When you mention a successful picture that has love in the title they say it is the exception that proves the rule. However, the picture makers seem unafraid of the alleged jinx. They go on making pictures that have love mixed up in the titles just the same. Can it be that the picture makers have more faith in love than the exhibitors?

Eddie Silverman, a prominent Chicago exhibitor, fairly shudders at the mere mention of love in a title. We tried to get him to analyze his aversion, and it simmered down to the fact that his financial experience with love titles has not been too happy. Eddie said he likes the word red in a title. Anything red. We could have mentioned a few reds that did not set the box offices afire, but forebore, because it is one of our own favorite words, though not in its political connotation.

We suppose titles of pictures linger in your memory according to the merit of the pictures. Some of the titles we remember as great titles, probably because they were attached to good pictures, are "The Big House," "The Big Parade," "Little Old New York," "The Covered Wagon," "Red Dust," "Shoulder Arms," "Cimarron," "Hold Back the Dawn," "Gone With the Wind" and "Here Comes Mr. Jordan."

You will observe that some are short and some are rather long. We like the roll of the long ones. No love title lingers in our memory, except "Love Affair," which was a good picture. But we do not recall ever being daunted by the word displayed on a marquee. As a matter of fact, we often take on pictures without bothering to read the title and have had a lot of swell luck that way. (Copyright, 1942, King Features Synd., Inc. Distributed by International News Service).

Attic Salt Shaker

ON THE SIDE

—BY DAMON RUNYON

WE SOMETIMES wonder how we ever got along without the motion picture.

This is the greatest form of entertainment in this world. It is a boon to humanity. No other medium affords as much mental and even physical relaxation to as many people. The movie house is the gathering place of the rich and the poor, the common meeting ground of the masses and the classes. The motion picture entertains men, women and little children.

It makes them laugh. It makes them cry. Both emotions are essential to the human race. Sometimes it makes them think. The motion picture is the modern magic carpet. It takes us to far places and to fairer worlds. It makes dreams come true, if only for a few minutes. The person who derides the motion picture or views it with condescension is a fool. Nothing more important has ever been devised, and it is still in its infancy.

Oh, yes, the motion picture has its faults. Is anything perfect? It can be trite, it can be dull, it can be boring. It can be improbable, untruthful, shoddy. But it can be, and more often is, interesting, thrilling, glamorous, accurate and prodigal. Men have been telling stories of fact and fancy since the beginning of time, but the motion picture is undoubtedly the best way of telling a story yet discovered.

We have said before, and we here repeat, that we have never seen a picture in our life, bad as it might be reckoned by the critics' standards, that did not have some redeeming feature—some phase of the narration, some bit of acting, some scenic effect that was worth while. We like to think that we can see what the director was aiming at, and the fact that he missed does not make the picture completely worthless in our mind. We try to allow something for effort, even in pictures that obviously should never have been made at all—that were mistakes from the beginning.

Yet the worst of pictures seldom represent a total loss of entertainment in a movie house. If you go to see a stage play and it is a bad play, or at least one you do not enjoy, your investment is wiped out with no return. But in a movie house they give you what you might call "vigresh," or some refund on your loss on the bad picture, in the form of a news reel and shorts. No hour in a movie house is ever completely wasted, especially when you consider the admission fee.

The written word and the stage are our other mediums of telling a story. The former can be too windy, too devious. The motion picture often takes the lengthy, stodgy written word and trims it and brightens it and transforms it into entertainment that far surpasses the original effort. The stage has advanced little in technique in its thousands of years of existence as compared to the progress of the motion picture, which has gone from mere jittering shadows on a screen to magnificent coherence and presentation in something over a generation.

We hear much of the foibles of Hollywood, where the pictures are made in this country. We hear of weird characters in the industry, and of the casual attitude of some of the picture makers and actors toward their business. We do not know if what we hear is true, but this we do know from what we have seen in the movie houses—that there must be many men and women out there who take the motion picture quite seriously and who give their best efforts and finest thoughts toward the pictures, else we would not find the high entertainment value that is present in the majority of pictures.

And of course this is the proper attitude, because the motion picture is a great trust that has been placed in the hands of those people in Hollywood, and one they must not hold lightly. The cynics may scoff at our earnestness in this matter but we think the entertainment of 80,000,000 movie goers is no small responsibility. We say 80,000,000 because this is the normal motion picture audience, though we are told it has dropped considerably in the past year or two.

They will come back, and more with them. They will come back because there is nothing else that will give them the same entertainment value, the same surcease from care as the motion picture. If you find anything else that gives you as much for the money, we wish you would let us know.

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Popular MC to Be Heard Here Monday

Clifton Fadiman, Critic and
'Information, Please' Wit, to
Be Lecture Foundation Guest.

Clifton Fadiman, internationally known literary critic, popular master of ceremonies of N. B. C.'s "Information, Please" program and distinguished lecturer, will speak at 4 p. m. Monday in the Crystal Ballroom of Hotel Texas as the guest speaker on this season's program of the Fort Worth Lecture Foundation.

Known as one of the wittiest and most amazingly successful radio programs, "Information, Please" heard each Friday night, skyrocketed Mr. Fadiman's name to fame. He is book editor of the New Yorker and advisor to Simon and Schuster. He has appeared in several moving picture shorts based on his radio programs.

Mr. Fadiman is a native New Yorker who attended Columbia University. He began his literary career by editing the university's undergraduate publication.

Although Mr. Fadiman with becoming modesty says "I only ask the questions," his salty wit is considered to be the largest contributing factor to the success of "Information, Please."

His lecture here will be a guest affair for members of the Fort Worth Lecture Foundation. It has been set as an afternoon event out of consideration for a British War Relief project, the presentation Monday night of Miss Dorothy Thompson, radio speaker, author and columnist, by the Fort Worth Branch, American Association of University Women.

Mrs. Engleman Heads Auxiliary

Mrs. O. I. Engleman was elected president of the Auxiliary to the Typographical Union Wednesday at a meeting at the home of Mrs. C. A. Devore, 3501 Primrose Street, with Mmes. M. F. Remington and J. E. Taulman, co-hostesses.

Other new officers include four re-elected, Mmes. Tony Hunter, second vice president; Stanford Steele, historian; Devore, reading clerk, and Carl Edmonds, secretary-treasurer, and Mmes. Remington, first vice president; Laura Maginnis, parliamentarian; N. L. Greene, reporter; Roy Williams, chaplain and guide, and Tommy Prickett, lay member.

Mmes. V. M. Lee and R. B. Martin were guests. Others attending were Mmes. George Fisher, O. W. Anthony, Lenus Carlson, Jimmy Carsten, Joe S. Collins, Hetty Birthright, V. H. Lingo, Porter Lawler, Winston Carden, E. J. Schmitt, E. W. Webb and George T. Morris. Luncheon was served after the business meeting.

Newlyweds at Home Here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Hines, who recently were married here, are at home at 3100 North Houston Street. The bride is the former Miss Wadene Smith, daughter of Rev. D. Wade Smith, who read the marriage service for the young couple at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ed Larson, 1701 Boulevard.

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PITCHING HORSESHOES

by Billy Rose

NEW YORK.—A fellow who finances a musical show these days ought to have his head examined. He can get a better run for his money dropping quarters in a slot machine.

Yesterday I turned down the chance to produce a musical which has all the earmarks of a hit. Its expert and funny libretto is embroidered with a set of tunes you'll be whistling next June. At today's prices it will cost over \$200,000 to ring up the curtain. It must gross better than \$25,000 a week to pay operating expenses. And that's for an average-sized show without stars, revolving stages or fancy costumes. I decided to not do it and have a good reason. I'm allergic to losing money and I can't afford a hit.

When Joe Customer walks up to the box office and plunks down six clams for a chair downstairs, he probably figures the producer is making zillions. In a pig's ear! Chances are Joe Impresario is sweating to get his original stake back. And I'm not talking about the flops which open and close like camp stools. The economics of musical producing are so daffy now a show can be a hit and lose a bundle.

Is "Showboat" a good show? Try to think of a better one. The current revival got rave reviews. When it closes next month it will have taken in more than \$2,000,000, averaged better than \$40,000 a week. Yet it will wind up \$160,000 in the red. Why be a producer? You can lose your shirt cheaper by sending it to the laundry.

The mornings after "Are You With It" and "Billion Dollar Baby" opened, the backers thought they had the key to Fort Knox. The shows played to big business for months. When they folded, the angels had had their wings clipped. Each of these successes lost six-figure sugar.

"Annie Get Your Gun" isn't a hit, it's an explosion. It cost about \$350,000 to produce. It's been grossing \$45,000 a week for 30 weeks. If it sells every seat for another 30, the backers will be exactly even. Shucks, they were even before they started.

Remember, these are the figures on hits. For every hit there were at least five turkeys. A conservative guess is that \$2,000,000 were dropped on the "Nelly Blys," "Girl From Nantucket," "Around the Worlds" and a dozen other fumbles.

What makes these cardboard-and-rhinestone shaufspiels cost so much? Why should a make-believe kitchen cost more than a home in Long Island with real plumbing? Why does an obscure hooper who's on stage 24 minutes a week earn more than a nationally known artist like Thomas Benton? Well, to begin with, show business isn't a business. It's a dice game. And there are no small salaries around a gambling house. Prices were crazy when I hit the street 15 years ago. Today they're plain astronomy.

The showgirl costume they used to nick me a hundred bucks for is now five hundred. Scenery, props, electrical equipment—you'd think they were made by Tiffany. Designers and directors get more than bank presidents. Teamsters, stagehands, musicians earn as much as big league ball players. I'm in favor of their getting that kind of money—as long as it isn't mine.

I once took the Hippodrome apart and produced a piece of tinsel and thunder there called "Jumbo." The bill was \$280,000. I doubt whether I could duplicate it for a million. I hate to think what it would cost to do an Aquacade these days. And so, until it costs less to dance, Little Willie is going to sit it out.

That fresh green money is getting scarce again. I think ticket prices will have to come down. To get \$6 a ducat next season, you'll probably have to show them the Burning of Pompeii with hot and cold dancing girls.

"Look at that chump blowing the whistle on his own racket," I can hear the wise guys saying. "He owns a theater and needs big musicals to keep him fat and happy." Well, nothing I say will keep producers from producing. Like the Norwegian rodent called the lemming, ever so often they'll feel the compelling urge to march to the sea, throw themselves in and drown. They'll get to thinking of "Oklahoma" and "Life With Father" and chop open the kid's piggy bank.

There's a story about fellows who do musical shows. The business agent for the musicians' union told a little East Side producer the pit band would have to get a 20 per cent increase. "That's impossible!" screamed the producer. "Two years ago you hit me for a 15 per cent raise. That season I lost \$8,000. Last year, you jacked me up another 10 per cent. I lost \$17,000. What do you want to do—put me in bankruptcy?"

The union delegate said, "If you're losing that kind of money, wouldn't it be smarter to close the theater?"

"Don't talk crazy," snapped the producer. "If I close the theater, how am I going to make a living?"

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New York Day by Day

—By Charles B. Driscoll

NEW YORK.—This day being the 50th anniversary of the opening of the oldest theater in Manhattan, I set out to dig up some facts about it. So I went directly from home to Times Square by subway, and walked to the Empire Theater, at Broadway and 40th Street. . . . Found Mr. Lester Meyer, theater manager, in his office, up three flights of narrow marble stairs, counting up his money. . . . Yes, he admits, there's quite some history attached to the old place. . . . With half of one eye you could see history sticking out of the walls of the spacious office. Old-fashioned, yes. In the fashion of those expansive and liberal days of yore. . . . Since I made it impossible for Mr. Meyer to go on with his work, he heaved a sigh and invited me to go to lunch with him. . . . We couldn't get a seat at the nearest Longchamps, and so walked to the place called Artists and Writers. Same trouble there. No seats, and many standing in line for tables. Much noise and confusion. . . . We took a taxi to Gilhuly's, on Eighth Avenue, and found a table and food . . . and so, we talked of half a century of theater business in New York.

Al Hayman built the Empire, finishing it in 1893. It was the wonder of the theatrical world, five stories high, seating 1,100, extravagantly finished in solid mahogany and marble.

Each customer controlled a valve which admitted hot or cold air under his seat. This ingenious system long ago gave way to modern air conditioning.

There'll be a big celebration of the anniversary tonight, in charge of The Players. This old theatrical club has bought out the house for the evening, and will trot out some of its famous members for a little remembering of the brave days of old.

A white-haired lady in Kansas City will be listening. She is Blanche Meyer, mother of Lester Meyer and sister of the late Al Hayman. The old Empire is still in the hands of the family.

"Life With Father" has been on the boards at the Empire for three and a half years, and has broken all house records. For money taken in, it has broken all theatrical records, and, since it still packs the house every night, it may break the long-run record set up by "Tobacco Road." Fifty years ago tonight the curtain went up on "The Girl I Left Behind Me," by David Belasco and Franklyn Fyles. Edna Wallace Hopper was the star.

The second season of the Empire opened with John Drew, Maude Adams and Annie Adams playing "Christopher Jr."

Maude Adams became a fixture in the house, playing with Ethel Barrymore and others in "Rosemary," the year that saw William Jennings Bryan making his "Cross of Gold" speech at Chicago.

She played there the following year in J. M. Barrie's "The Little Minister."

Margaret Anglin appeared on these boards on the last night of the old century, in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," by Henry Arthur Jones. Charles Richman played opposite.

John Drew and Lionel Barrymore shaded the stage with Hazzard Short and others in "The Second in Command," the following year. Maude Adams was back in "The Pretty Sister of Jose" in '03, with Edgar Selwyn.

The plaque that's being presented to the theater by The Players tonight celebrates most of the actors I've mentioned, together with Viola Allen, Richard Bennett, Sarah Bernhardt, Julia Marlowe, Ellen Terry, Cyril Maude, Otis Skinner, Nat Goodwin, and a score of other famous ones who appeared on this stage during the half-century ending today.

I've been wandering about through the dressing rooms, which contain many mementoes of the great actors who have occupied them. And I'm hoping there'll be a big celebration, 50 years hence, when "Life With Father" probably will be getting its second wind.

Health of US Army in Africa 'Is Excellent'

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25 (AP). — Health of American troops in North Africa is excellent, Maj. Gen. James C. Magee said Monday, despite the prevalence of "almost every disease you can think of" among the native population there.

The Army surgeon general, just back from a flying inspection trip to North Africa, England, West Africa and South America, said the sick rate is little more than one per cent, though the troops have been through the worst rainy season North Africa has had in years.

Magee told a press conference that malaria and venereal diseases were the main medical problems of the Army overseas.

The preventive methods adopted by medical officers have been almost completely successful, against malaria, he said, but venereal diseases cause more trouble because "some parts of the world just refuse to regard venereal diseases as a problem."

"For that reason," he said, "we don't get the support from the public that we do at home, and it throws a much greater burden on the medical officers.

Typhus Constant Threat.

"About all we can do is to instruct the soldier to the fullest possible extent, warn him of the dangers, make available those facilities that we know are helpful and work with the professional groups and the socially-minded groups of citizens to bring pressure to bear on the local authorities."

Typhus is a constant threat, Magee said, although there has been none as yet among the American troops. Every man going overseas is inoculated against typhus, he explained, but "even under the best conditions no vaccine offers 100 per cent protection."

"We know that the best of the typhus vaccines, which we use, retard the disease and make it milder," he said. "But they do not prevent the incidence of the disease, and control of typhus depends on cleanliness. The American soldier doesn't have typhus because he's clean."

Has Delousing Units.

The Quartermaster Corps has complete delousing units and steam sterilizers with the troops, Magee said, and is now using a more effective delousing method for clothing which recently has been developed by United States Government agencies and uses methyl bromide.

Magee said he did not hear on this trip of any typhus in Europe, but that there had been typhus in North Africa last year.

"North Africa is not a well sanitized place," he said. "For instance, within one small, walled native town we found plague, leprosy, smallpox, typhoid, typhus, two or three kinds of dysentery and just about all the skin diseases known."

Magee said the use of blood plasma for transfusion and of the sulfa drugs for prevention and treatment of infection undoubtedly would result in a much higher rate of recovery from wounds in this war than was true of the first World War.

Look Out for Wartime Constipation!

Lack of "bulk" one of common causes

Don't be surprised if you feel all bogged down these war days! Look at how you live! Longer hours, harder work, irregular meals—your whole way of living's been upset. Specially eating habits. Meals are apt to be hurried, improperly balanced—and the important matter of bulk neglected.

And lack of "bulk" is one of the common causes of constipation! Medicinal laxatives give only temporary relief because they don't get at the cause.

The answer to this kind of trouble is drinking plenty of water and eating a crisp, golden cereal — KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. For this delicious breakfast food supplies the needed "bulk," corrects the cause. Why not start eating ALL-BRAN yourself? Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

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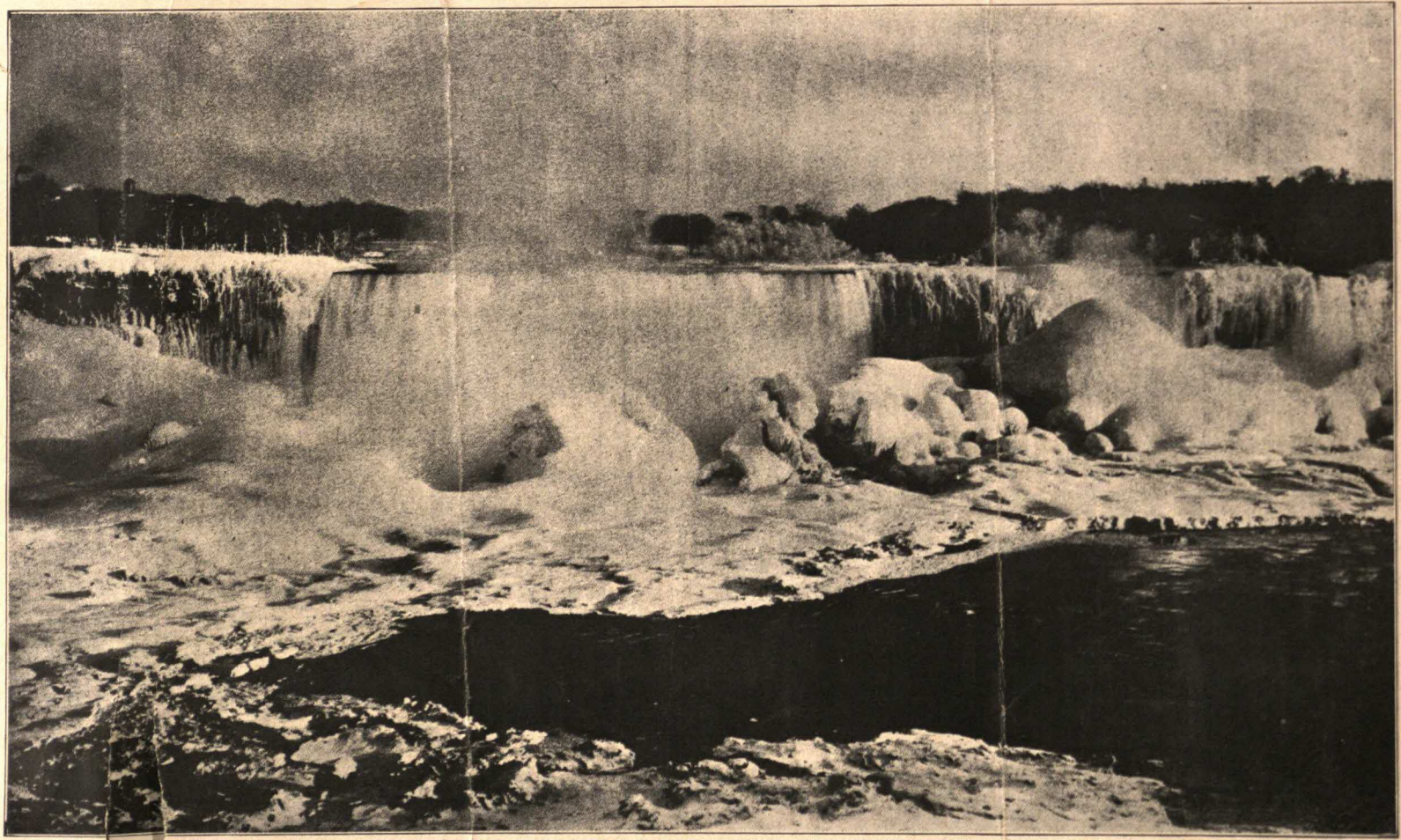
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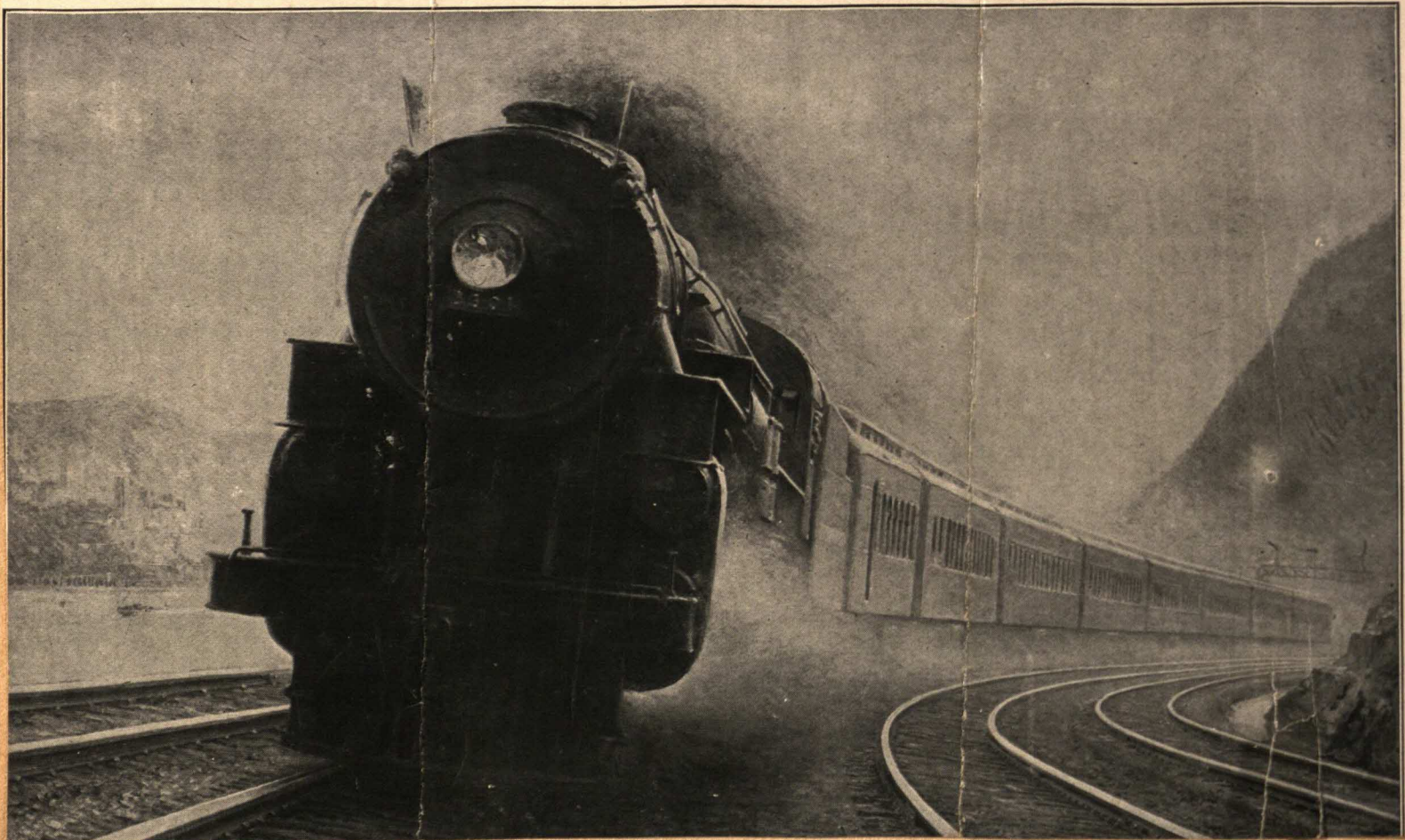
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NIAGARA FALLS IN JANUARY 1923



THE UNITED STATES WITH ITS GREAT TRANSPORTATION AND STEAMSHIP COMPANIES IS NOW TAKING CARE OF THE TRADE OF 110,000,000 PEOPLE



Newsweek

FEBRUARY 2, 1953 20c



New York: 300 Years Later



Dewar's "White Label" and "Victoria Vat"

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Dewar's White Label and
Victoria Vat, forever and always a
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Compliments of Southland Life Insurance Co.



GENERAL DOUGLAS MAC ARTHUR



1—No oldster who saw the stretcher-bearers of the A.E.F. of 1917-18 walk selflessly into fire to salvage the lives of fallen comrades of the combat forces will need this reminder of the ace role played in battle by the medical men—from buck-private No. 2 on a company stretcher to the medical colonel performing his surgical miracles under fire with the same abstract skill which got him \$25,000 fees before he changed his broadcloth for olive drab. The typical scene (above) is of a battlefield pick-up by stretcher men of a wounded fellow who has crawled for shelter into a freshly made shell-hole. While snapped during recent California war-games, these pictures faithfully follow battlefield realities.



4—The camouflage of a shade-tree is usually the sum of the "protection" found by 1st-aid stations, which move by jumps with their battalions (900 men) in advance or retreat. Only when life hangs on it, is an operation (amputation, trepaning) attempted here.



2—The injury was a bone-fracture. A splint is improvised, the Aid-Corporal using his gun. No Geneva convention protects stretchermen, who work under (and regardless of) fire. In extreme cases of military necessity, these men may drop their stretchers and man the line. Ordinarily they must not fight.



5—Tagged, with the nature of the injury and emergency medication indicated, the victim leaves for the relative safety of the clearing station to the divisional rear. It's another story for his caretakers, who will return under fire, again and again, the odds against them shorter every trip.



3—Willingly deprived of the basic, animal, instinctive, right of self-defense, the stretchermen must now ease their casualty to the nearest first-aid station. Unless and until they fall themselves, they must act as coolly as if riding a Bellevue ambulance in Fifth Ave. on a nice Spring day.



6—Squad-tent colonies set up off the road from the front, clearing stations are under control of the Medical Corps, which at this point (if the dive-bombers respect the cross; and they do not!) may stop and take a brief breath, tentatively counting one more life secured.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

DEWEY SUPPLEMENT

VOL. XLIII

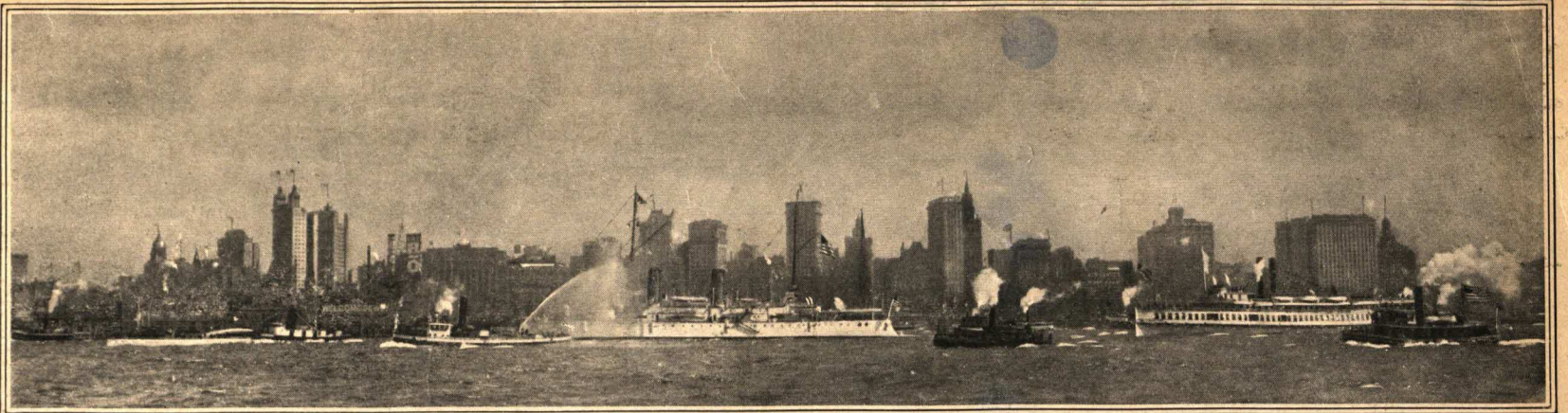
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1899

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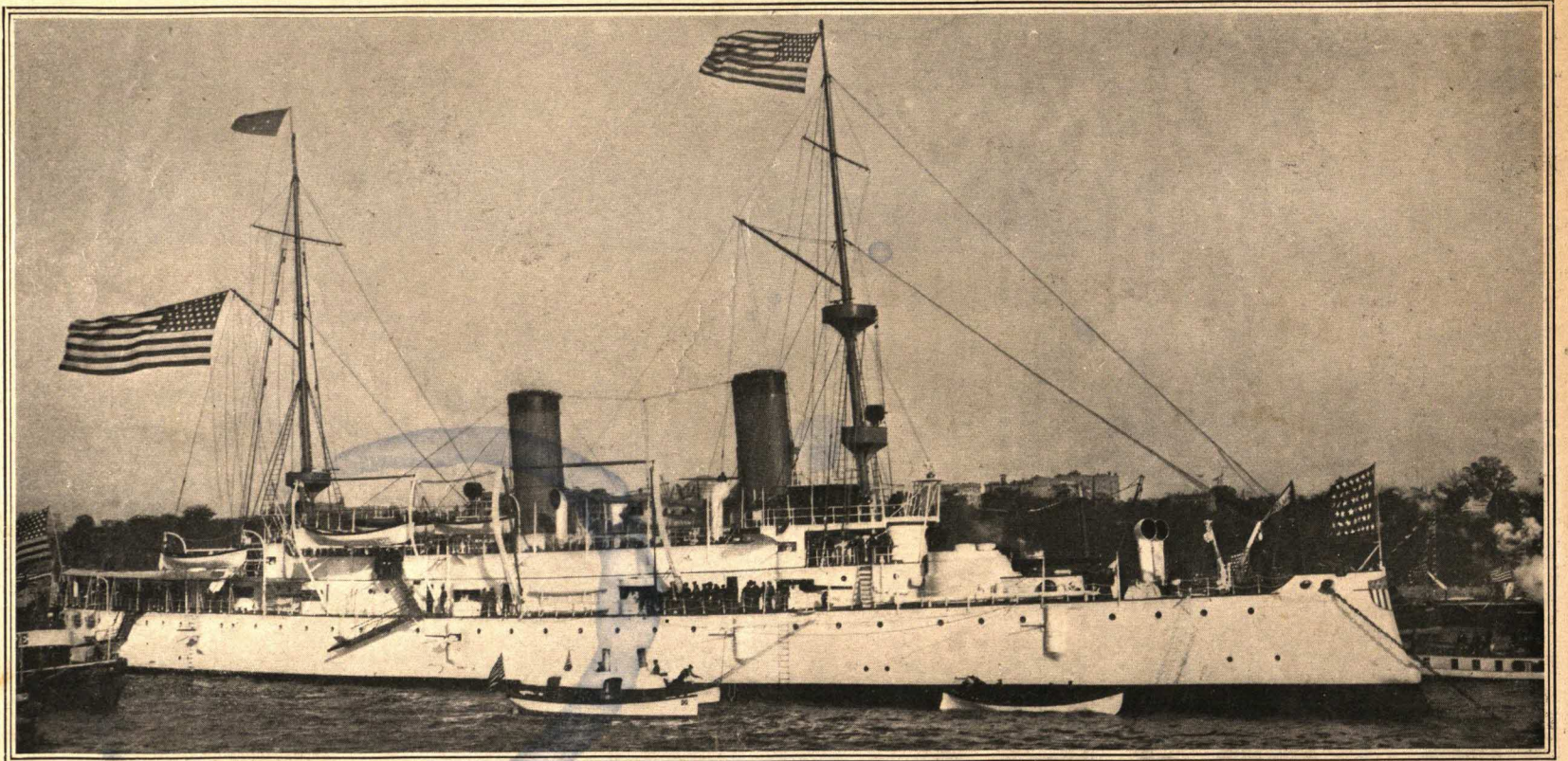


HONORING ADMIRAL DEWEY—THE PRESENTATION OF THE GOLD LOVING-CUP FROM THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

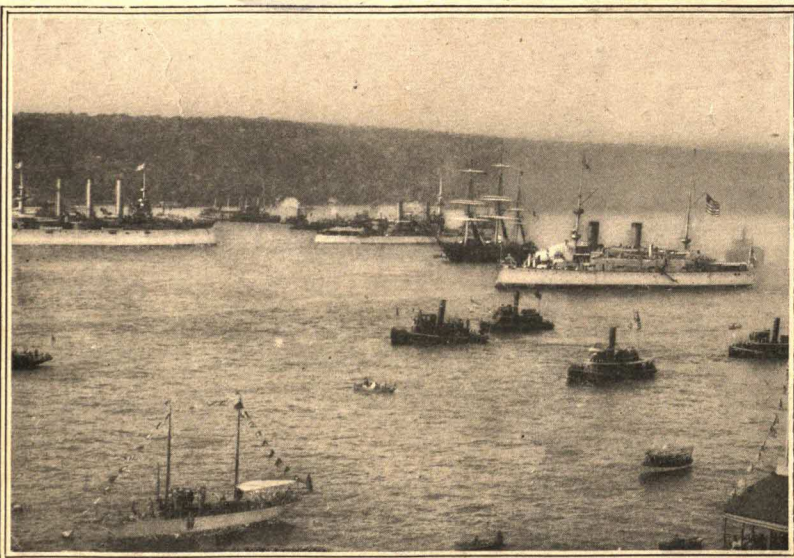
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 1027]



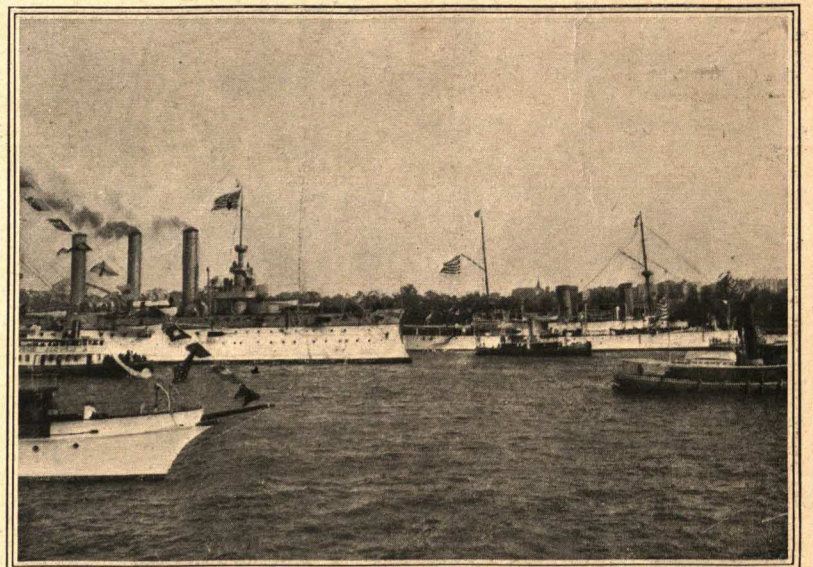
THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION COMING UP THE RIVER—FIRE-BOATS CLEARING THE WAY FOR "OLYMPIA."



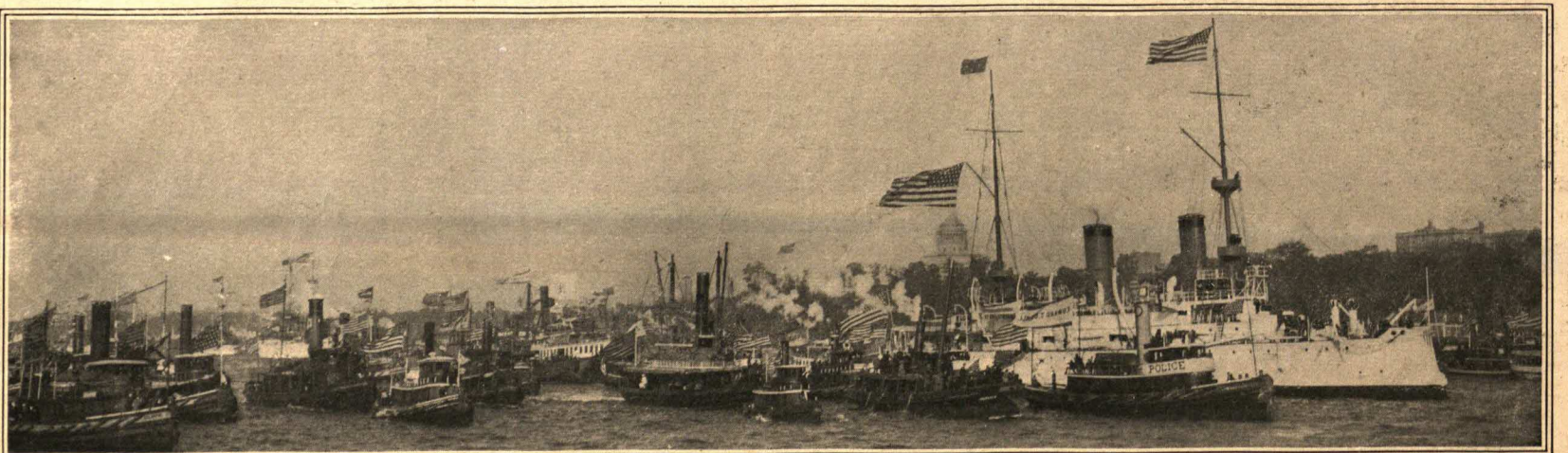
"OLYMPIA" AT ANCHOR AFTER THE PARADE.
She flies the Admiral's Flag formerly borne by Admiral Farragut.



"OLYMPIA" FIRING THE FIRST GUN OF THE SALUTE AT GRANT'S TOMB.



"BROOKLYN" PASSING THE FLAG-SHIP IN REVIEW.



TUGS AND EXCURSION-BOATS CROWDING AROUND THE FLAG-SHIP AFTER COMING TO ANCHOR.
WELCOMING ADMIRAL DEWEY—THE NAVAL PARADE, SEPTEMBER 20.



ADMIRAL DEWEY COMING ALONG RIVERSIDE DRIVE IN THE SHORE PARADE.

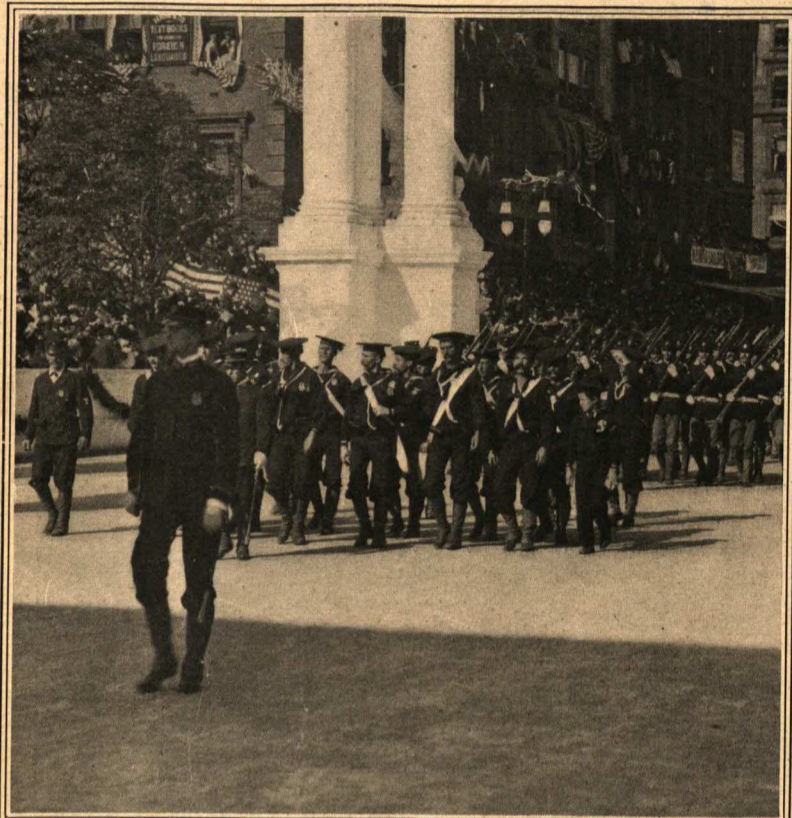
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

OCT 7 1899



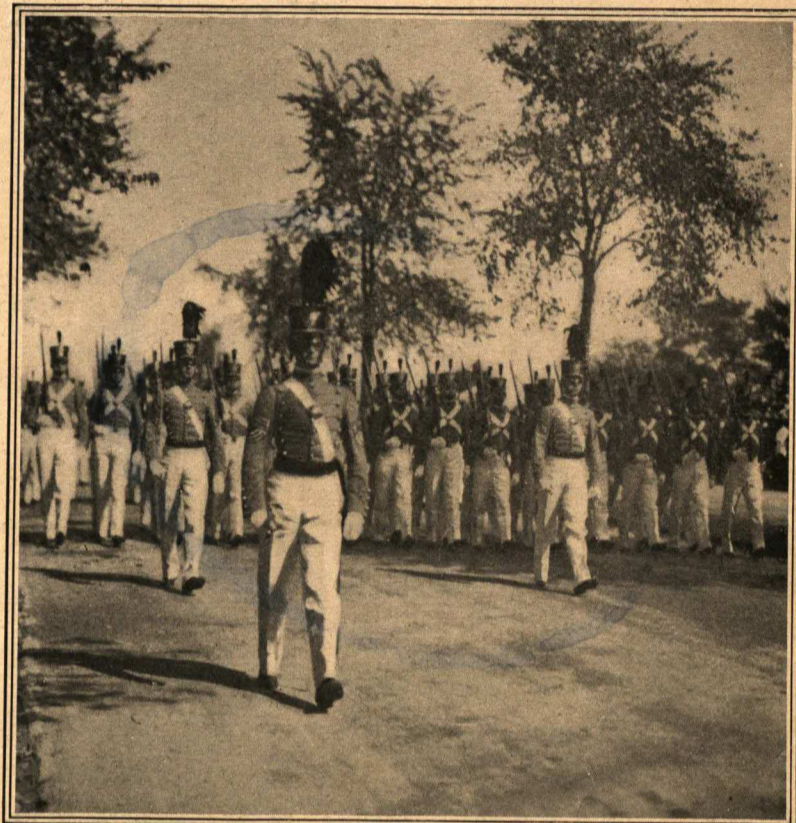
Adjutant-General Avery D. Andrews.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT, STAFF, AND COLOR-GUARD OF SQUADRON A AT THE STARTING-POINT.

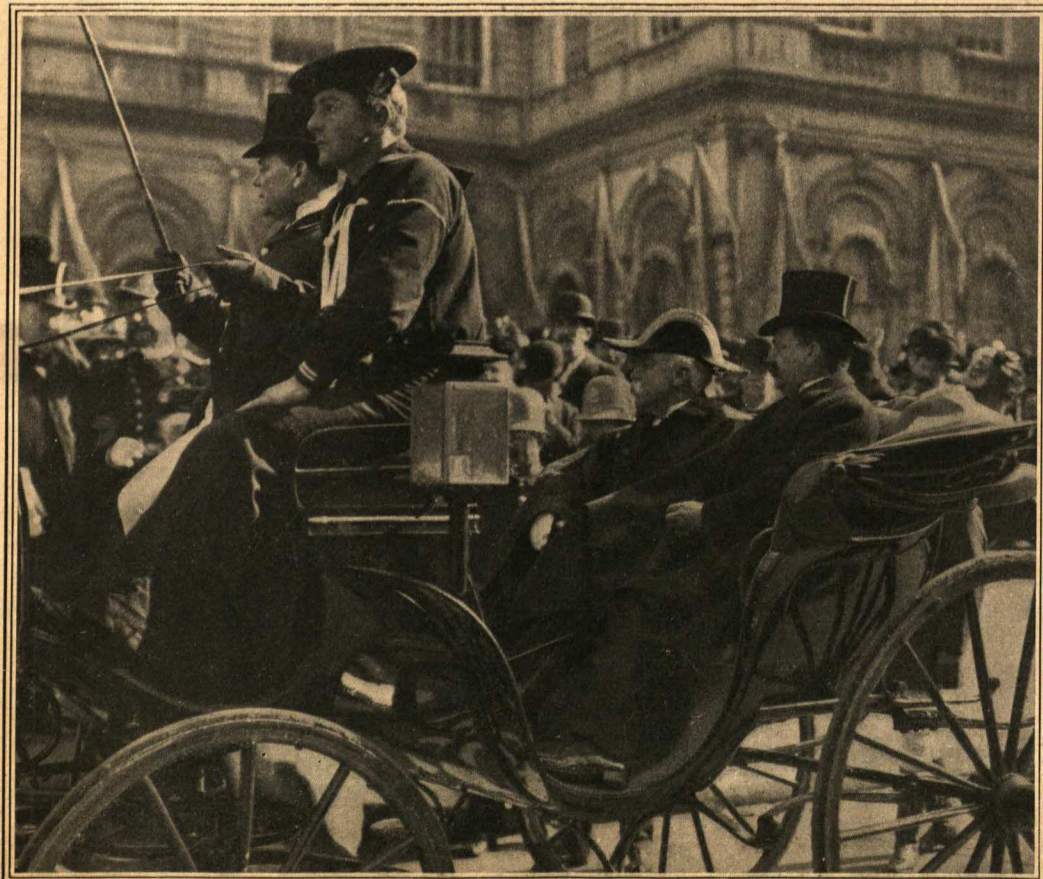


The Mascot.

FIRST OF THE "OLYMPIA'S" CREW PASSING IN REVIEW.

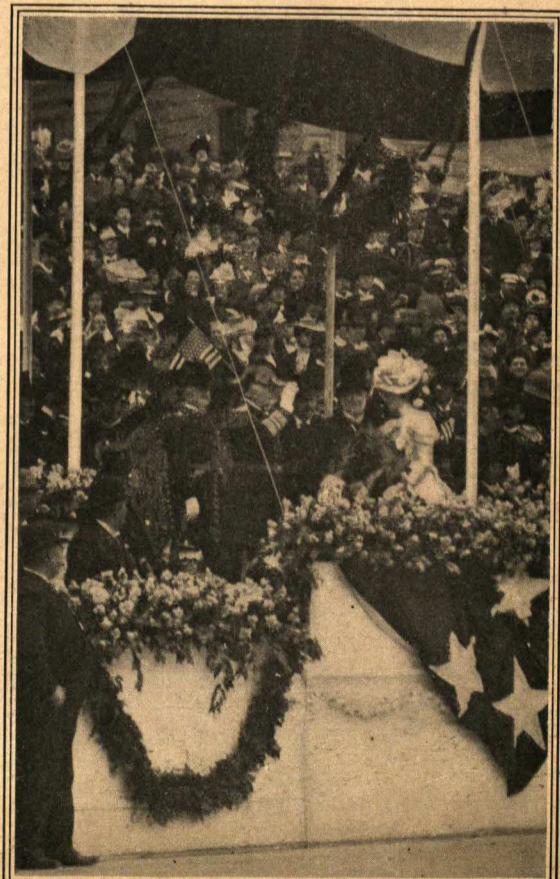


THE WEST POINT CADETS COMING ALONG RIVERSIDE DRIVE.



Captain Lamberton.

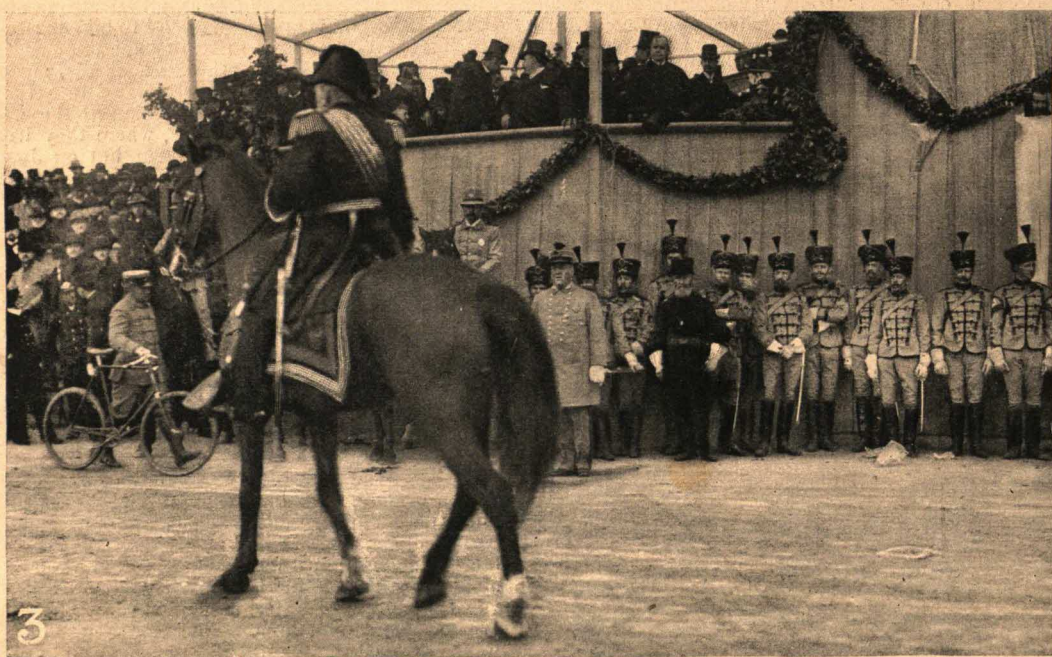
ADMIRAL DEWEY AND MAYOR VAN WYCK LEAVING CITY HALL AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF THE LOVING-CUP.



THE ADMIRAL RECEIVES A WREATH OF IRISH LAUREL.

May 6 1897

HARPER'S WEEKLY



THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT—SCENES AT THE MONUMENT.—[SEE PAGE 475.]

1. General Horace Porter delivering the Dedicatory Address. 2. President McKinley delivering his Eulogy of General Grant—Mayor Strong to the left.
3. The Reviewing Stand, showing President McKinley, ex-President Cleveland, and other Dignitaries. 4. Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant on the Grand Stand before the Speakers' Platform. 5. The President's Carriage, escorted by Squadron A, N.G.N.Y., arriving at the Monument. 6. United States Artillery passing the Memorial Arch.

THIS BUSY WORLD

ONE of the defects about newspaper stories is the difficulty of following the narrative clear through to the end. The beginning may have a big "display head," and the end be hidden away in a corner weeks or months afterwards. Take the story of the scurvy ship *T. F. Oakes*, for example. It is still going on. The last item noted at this writing was that the ship's name had been changed to *New York*, and that she was loading with oil in Brooklyn for a voyage to Shanghai. Captain Reed will not command her again. Captain Peabody has succeeded him, and the chances are she will not sail again without a sufficient supply of eatable food. Captain Reed's examiners seem to have come to no conclusion about him as yet.

Observing that Daniel was a busy public officer and yet found time to go to his home to pray three times a day, Mr. Moody comments, "If a Wall Street millionaire went into old Trinity to pray for a few minutes every day, people would think he was crazy." It is true that the habit of praying in the middle of the day is not so prevalent among brokers and business men, or even among the reverent clergy, in New York, as it was among pious Jews in Babylon in Daniel's time, yet it seems fairly doubtful whether "a Wall Street millionaire" who found it profitable to say his prayers daily in old Trinity would impress people as Mr. Moody supposes. There are very pious men in Wall Street, deacons and pillars of churches, wardens, vestrymen, elders, and large contributors to all sorts of religious objects. It is not likely that any good man's credit would be impaired by any religious observance, not conspicuously eccentric, that he saw fit to use. All sorts of opinions are held about the efficacy and value of prayer, but it seems an error to suppose that any considerable part of the community derides it. It sometimes seems as if Mr. Moody underrated the strength of the religious sentiment about him, and held exaggerated notions of the heathenish condition of the so-called Christian world.

What a very shallow thinker our voluble friend Colonel Ingersoll shows himself to be whenever he exposes his intellectuals in a public lecture! The Colonel seems to be one of comparatively few educated persons who have been able to retain a lively belief in the Devil, only he does not call him by that name, but alludes to him as the Church. In a Sunday night deliverance some ten days ago he declared "that the Church demands worship—the very thing that man should give to no being, human or divine. To worship another is to degrade yourself." And again, denouncing the Church as the great obstacle to human happiness, he declares that "under her influence even the Protestant mother expects to be happy in heaven while her brave boy, who fell fighting for the rights of man, shall writhe in hell."

The Colonel has a fluent use of emphatic words and rounds out his sentences well, and winds them up with a fine sonorous bang; but, dear, dear, how very limited his comprehension of things is! He and Boy-Orator Bryan present two remarkably interesting cases of intellectual myopia. A good many people go to hear him lecture. It would be interesting to know what proportion of them he is able to edify and what proportion he merely entertains. Any one who had a compassionate sense of humor might suffer himself to be entertained by Colonel Bob, but the capacity to be edified by him involves incapacity in particulars of so much moment that perhaps it is as well for his real adherents that they are scattered, unorganized, and not much exposed to the risk of being recognized for what they are.

Dr. John Watson, who has disclosed some views which some of his clerical brethren in England believe to be heretical, is confident that he has expressed his religious sentiments accurately, and has a firm mind to stand by his opinions. So his synod has found itself constrained to take action on a petition charging him with heresy. The action taken will not inconvenience him, for the petition was rejected. The synod seemed very unwilling to meddle with Dr. Watson, and even his accusers have appeared to be bent rather on drawing from him some statement which will square with doctrinal standards than on proving him a heretic. There is not much sport in heresy trials nowadays, and the accused is very apt to monopolize what there is of it. Dr. Watson seems devoted to his profession, and would doubtless regret very much to be suspended from the practice of it, though if worse should come to worst there are other ways in which he can make a living, and a great and attentive congregation of readers to whom he still may preach.

The husband of the Princess de Chimay has been fighting a duel in Paris with M. Clemenceau, who printed an article in the *Echo de Paris* which the Prince did not like. M. Clemenceau thought it a shame that the Princess was hindered from appearing on the stage in Paris, and was thus prevented from earning money which she needed for her support. The Prince differed from M. Clemenceau, and made quite a serious hole in the journalist's shoulder with a sword-point.

There are advantages about the custom that newspaper writers shall back their opinions with suitable weapons. It must tend to make them somewhat more solicitous as to the accuracy of their facts and the propriety of their deductions. It also affords them a strong motive for regular exercise, a thing that earnest and impecunious writers are too apt to neglect. Fencing is an excellent sport, and being good for the liver as well as the muscles, it makes for good temper and diminishes the inclination to say sharp and mischievous things.

An incredible story has come out of New Haven, and been spread abroad in the newspapers, to the effect that one Simpson, a Yale oarsman of note, who rowed bow at Henley and was in use this year as stroke, has announced his inability to row according to the instructions of the Yale coach, and has wilfully and rebelliously relinquished his seat in the boat and retired to his tent. There seems to have been some friction between this Mr. Simp-

son and Mr. Gook, but the story, as told, is an impossible tale, and in direct contradiction of the Yale system, under which it has long been understood that men who can row must row, and men who can play football must play football, without regard to their personal prejudices or inclinations, or the alumni and undergraduates of Yale University will inquire into the matter. It seems that the said-to-be recalcitrant Mr. Simpson is a Senior, who has doubtless attained all the social distinctions which attend "prominence" at Yale, and who might possibly manage to hold his breath and live in solitude under police protection during the rest of the college year. But it is not as though that would end the matter. Where could he hide himself after graduation where the wrath of Yale would not reach him? What club would admit him as member? How and where would he attempt to earn a living? What Yale man's sister would he dare propose to? Oh no, that cannot be a true story. Very likely there is a basis to it and something irritated Mr. Simpson, but he would not blast his future for a few months of personal relief. If the Yale system requires that he shall row, that must settle it.

An interesting new ordinance has been devised in the interest of the peace of London. Violent or abusive language in the public streets has long been an offence punishable by a fine of forty shillings and costs, but until recently it has been the London householder's legal privilege when under the shelter of his house to speak his mind through doorway or window with whatever vigor seemed to him to suit the occasion or relieved his feelings. This privilege must have been abused, for the Middlesex County Council has recently devised a by-law under which any individual who abuses his neighbor from "any house, building, garden, or other place abutting on or near to a street or public place" is liable, on complaint being made, to a domiciliary visit from the police and a fine of forty shillings. Any one who hears may object—the apparent purpose of the ordinance being not so much to limit loyal subjects unduly in the expression of contentious sentiments as to protect the public from annoyance of being deafened by clamors with the occasion and drift of which they are not concerned.

It must have been because the author of the *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* was on his travels in the uttermost parts of the earth when the narrative was published in book form that one of his intentions about it was not at that time carried out. It was his purpose, when he began work on the story in Florence in 1893, that it should be a silver-wedding present to his wife. He says that she never knew of his design, and when the book was published there was nothing in it to apprise her of it. "Let us rectify," writes Mr. Clemens from London, under date of April 9; and, agreeable to his wish, a leaf will be inserted into future issues of the *Recollections of Joan*, bearing this inscription:

1870 TO MY WIFE 1895
OLIVIA LANGDON CLEMENS
THIS BOOK
IS TENDERED ON OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY IN GRATEFUL
RECOGNITION OF HER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF VALUED SERVICE AS MY LITERARY ADVISER AND EDITOR.
THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer has been so much before the public during the past year that his sudden death on April 26 is peculiarly impressive. His very well known house on Madison Avenue, silent and closed all day on the 27th while the great procession went by, stood in striking contrast with the brilliant spectacle that was passing. He was best known for his remarkable success in the business of sugar-refining. His brother Henry and himself were early trained by their father in that industry, and joining remarkable business ability to an exact practical knowledge of the details of their occupation, they made a vast deal of money—first as members of their own firm, and later as organizers and master-spirits of the so-called Sugar Trust. Their fortunes were primarily due to their success in cheapening the process of refining sugar.

Mr. Havemeyer was the eldest son of the late Frederick O. Havemeyer, and was born in New York in 1834. For twenty-five years, and until three years ago, he was consul-general for Austria in New York, a place in which he succeeded his wife's father, Mr. de Loosy. He was active in social life, and in such quasi-public duties as concerned the management of the American Geographical Society, the American Museum of Natural History, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He took a very lively interest in the game of golf, was one of the first promoters of that sport in this country, and was president of the United States Golf Association. He was an agreeable man, interested in many things, and with cultivated tastes, which he was able to indulge.

There was an amusing letter in a Boston newspaper last week from the manager of a Boston dye-house, deprecating the anxiety of the Boston public about "our dyed horse," and proclaiming, for the relief of many commentators and complainants who fear "he will be poisoned by the dye," that there is nothing in the dye to poison the horse, and that it will not injure him in any way. The letter-writer says that the Society for Prevention has been written to about this horse to see if his owner can't be prosecuted, but he insists that the dye is the same that dyers have their hands in all day, and that it can't hurt anything about the horse, except possibly his feelings, and that he has as yet shown no dissatisfaction. The horse is old, he says, and has light work and kind treatment.

Which is all very well, and no doubt the horse is thriving and is proud of his embellishment; but what an outrage on Boston's sense of fitness to drive a ludicrous, dyed horse in its highly respectable streets! What color is this horse? Blue, maybe, or even green. Awful! Awful! A green horse abroad on the face of nature; or maybe a red one, competing with the tulip-bed now emerging from the snows of the Public Garden. Desolation! It is a worse offence than the Bacchantes. If the Society for the Prevention can't move in the matter, the Fine Arts Committee should do something. That Boston taste should be scandalized, vitiated by a dyed horse is intolerable.

Interesting evidence of the solicitude of the authorities of Harvard University for the maintenance of a proper

walk and conversation among the undergraduates appear in a recent communication made by the Parietal Board, the occupants of rooms in the college buildings. The burden of this message is that it is becoming that students who entertain ladies in their rooms should govern themselves in the exercise of such hospitalities by "the unwritten but well-defined social rules that obtain in the community in which they are now living." These rules in the judgment of the Parietal Board, justify it in expecting that no student shall receive in his room young lady unattended by a chaperon, that he shall not receive ladies in the evening without notifying the proctor in his entry, and that when ladies visit him or some other gentleman shall escort them through the halls of his dormitory both when they enter and when they go out.

These suggestions have been freely reported to the newspapers, and in some cases echoes of local criticism have come with them, representing a local sentiment which promptly stamps them as officious and grumble very freely about them. If they are unnecessary, and each one of the 1700 Harvard undergraduates know what is what and has a fine sense of propriety which makes such rules unnecessary, so much the better. But in themselves they are very judicious rules, politely conveyed, and present nothing which proper young men need resent or have cause to criticize.

Chief Joseph, of the Nez Percés, who rode with Buffalo Bill among General Dodge's aids at the head of the great procession on Grant day, was one of the interesting figures of the parade, and would have excited more interest than he did if it had been more generally known who he was and how he happened to be in New York. Any one who saw him and who does not know all about him already is invited to recall his appearance, and to take notice that he is considered to be, next to Red Cloud, the most eminent Indian living. His tribe, the Nez Percés, are Indian of excellent repute. They were jostled into war under Chief Joseph in 1877 by the desire of the whites to appropriate the Wallowa Valley, where they lived. It took a good while to subdue them, but on January 4, 1878, Chief Joseph surrendered to General Miles, and has continued at peace ever since. He came to Washington to get permission for 150 Nez Percés, with whom he lives on a reservation in the State of Washington, to move to their old home in Idaho, where 1000 of their kinsmen still dwell. General Miles, who is now his friend and adviser, sent him to New York to see the city and the Grant-day parade. A *Sun* reporter who interviewed him in Brooklyn made a most interesting report of what he had to say. His observations, filtered as they were through the intelligences of an interpreter and the reporter, were very striking, and were expressed with great dignity and in excellent form.

It shows sad lack of taste for any one, especially any person of note, to die after having had the benefit of the operation for appendicitis. That operation is conceded to be one of the triumphs of modern surgery, yet more or less prejudice against it has continued to lurk in the minds of ignorant people, and is constantly fostered and aggravated by short notices in the newspapers saying that "so-and-so succumbed to an operation for appendicitis, which was performed last—day." Persons who are not duly and practically appreciative of the appendicitis operation ought not to have obituary notices in the newspapers at all. To tell about them simply does harm, embarrassing our skilful and faithful surgeons (who are doing their level best, as everybody is aware), and giving subsequent appendicitis patients just so much more unwholesome preliminary scare.

A contributor to this Department of the WEEKLY lately called Shakespeare to witness that the freaks of the vermiform appendix were no new thing, but seemed to have been recognized and understood in the times of Elizabeth. Impressed by his argument, another correspondent finds a hint of contemporary vehicles in certain lines of "Tam o' Shanter," to wit:

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke!

Candor compels a doubt whether the prescience suggested by this latter quotation will wash.

The *London Times* has discovered and discloses that "very few people really care to read poetry in a large volume; crown 8vo is quite big enough, and if the volume fails to reach its hundredth page so much the better." The *London News* thinks that in most cases the poetry that people read before they are twenty has to last them through life, since after that age they read very little of it. These observations, made for England, seem equally applicable to America. Comparatively few adult American readers trouble their wits with poetry at all, and most of those few try strenuously to get the most possible poetry in the least bulk, and to assimilate it at least cost of time and effort. Occasionally one happens on some intellectual person who makes a regular practice of feeding her mind on poetry, both old and new, and who nibbles at the new offerings and tries their quality in a pure quest for pleasure. But there is a dearth of such readers. There cannot be more than one or two thousand of them among the whole sixty odd millions of contemporary Americans. The other day the *Chap-Book* asked some questions of its readers bearing upon their habits of browsing in the vales of verse.

One of these questions was: "Excepting contemporary poetry, is your present reading of verse practically limited to the selections in the *Golden Treasury*?" It interested the present paragrapher a good deal to know that the practice of absorbing condensed poetry in small doses out of the *Golden Treasury* was so common as to be recognized as one of the more prevalent means of obtaining poetical nourishment. Palgrave has put poetry up in small compass convenient for use, just as the contemporary manufacturing chemists put up every kind of mixture in little tablets, which may be carried in the pocket and swallowed off-hand.

Was the objection ever made to a new volume of verse by any one but a publisher that it was too thin? What the *London Times* says of volumes that do not reach the hundredth page seems entirely sound.

E. S. MARTIN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION



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THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT—THE PARADE COMING UP RIVERSIDE DRIVE.
Spectators on the Sidewalk and Wall near One-hundredth Street.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 475.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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PARTY DISINTEGRATION.

THE most striking feature of the political situation is the abundant evidence of party disintegration. One must go back to the period when the Whig organization was expiring, more than forty years ago, to find a time when party ties were so loose as now, and the future relations of a host of voters were so uncertain.

The slavery issue not only recast political organizations before the civil war, but for more than a quarter of a century after its close the force of tradition held the vast majority of voters in the same party relations. The victory of Democracy on a platform of tariff reform in the Presidential election of 1892 marked the first real break with the past. The loss of Illinois by the Republicans showed that the line of division run by LINCOLN and DOUGLAS, a generation before, had been wiped out.

The national contest of 1896 proved even more conclusively that old party ties had been broken, because old party issues had disappeared. Men who had joined the Republican organization on the slavery question, and had continued to support it through the era of reconstruction legislation and the repeated attempts to pass "force bills," turned against it on the silver question. On the other hand, men who had all their lives voted the Democratic ticket refused to support the candidate of their party on the "16 to 1" platform adopted at Chicago last summer, and by hundreds of thousands voted either directly for MCKINLEY, or for the ex-Union and ex-Confederate generals whose campaign indirectly aimed at the same result.

The early convening of Congress in special session has furnished fresh proofs that a recasting of party lines is inevitable. It was not the political organization which elected LINCOLN and GRANT that put MCKINLEY in the White House; it was not the party which supported TILDEN and CLEVELAND that followed BRYAN last fall. A great number of those who voted the Democratic ticket in 1876, 1880, 1884, 1888, and 1892 cast their ballots for MCKINLEY last November; not a few who had been "life-long Republicans" voted for BRYAN. Neither element committed itself to permanent alliance with the organization which it then supported. Both awaited future developments. The two months since inauguration day have demonstrated that the new administration tends to strengthen the disintegration of parties.

Opposition to free coinage was the issue upon which MCKINLEY was elected. Support of a high-tariff policy alone would have left him short of a vast army who voted for him on the silver issue. Even among those who expected and desired tariff legislation a large proportion did not want anything like the McKinleyism of 1890. We do not yet know what the tariff of 1897 is to be in all its details, but it clearly must be quite as objectionable as the law of 1890. It was so bad when it passed the House as to provoke the condemnation of Republican Representatives from New England, and the Senate is sure to make it still worse. It will be most offensive to all those consistent advocates of tariff reform who voted for the Republican candidate last fall, and it will disincite them ever to support that party again.

On the other hand, the Democratic opposition in Congress does nothing to effect a cohesion of forces. Its nominal leader in the House openly advocates the policy of letting the Republicans have their way unchecked, on the ground that such a tariff as they are framing will wreck their party. Some of the Democrats from the South have become infected with the passion for protection to local interests, and no longer feel the old enthusiasm in fighting high-tariff rates. With Representative BAILEY of Texas advising Democratic inaction, and Senator McENERY of Louisiana ready to vote for a tariff which will satisfy the sugar-planters of his State, there is nothing to attract to the "regular" organization those Democrats who left it last fall, or those Independents who supported it during the three campaigns in which CLEVELAND was its leader.

The dominant party meanwhile does nothing to win support on other issues. It succeeded last fall

rather as the opponent of a bad financial policy than as the champion of a good one. It committed itself against the free coinage of silver, but did not bind itself to any positive action. Its leaders are as much disinclined to adopt a policy now as they were during the campaign. They are consequently losing their hold upon those voters who hoped that MCKINLEY's election might mean the early passage of sound financial legislation.

Discord and disorganization are as evident among the Populists. A large proportion of those who voted for BRYAN were greatly dissatisfied with their situation during the campaign, and they are more than ever disgusted now with the idea of figuring simply as tail to the Democratic kite. Free silver coinage is not the Populist goal. The unlimited issue of irredeemable paper currency is what their party seeks, and its sincere members bitterly oppose any further compromise on half-way measures.

Amid the general confusion which prevails the first signs are discernible of an aggregation of political forces for certain definite ends. The candidacy of PALMER and BUCKNER last fall was supported by only a small percentage of those who believed in the principles for which they stood. Even the head of the ticket himself took occasion publicly to say that he would not quarrel with those Democrats who thought that the surest way of defeating BRYAN was to vote for MCKINLEY. The 133,000 ballots cast for the National Democratic nominees therefore afforded no index of the strength of the Indianapolis platform. The recent spring election in Michigan has shown that this platform furnished a rallying-point for the future. The National Democrats of that State resolved to run their own ticket against the still Bryanized Democracy last month, and they polled nearly 32,000 votes—the equivalent of 50,000 or 60,000 in a hotly contested campaign—as against less than 7000 for PALMER and BUCKNER last November.

The enthusiastic dinner of the Reform Club in New York city shortly after this Michigan election showed that the spirit in favor of united action by those who oppose a high tariff and favor a sound financial policy is confined to no State, but pervades every section of the country. Nothing could be more significant than the support of those principles for which the National Democracy stands by prominent speakers from the South and West. If the old parties are disintegrating for lack of cohesion, it is encouraging to find evidence that a body of sound principles will still rally supporters.

PARTIES IN LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

ONE of the most significant and important of the speeches made at the reunion held under the auspices of the Reform Club was that of Mr. EDWARD M. SHEPARD, of Brooklyn. It was perhaps the more significant, and certainly the more calculated to arrest attention, because it seemed irrelevant to, if not positively incompatible with, the prevailing sentiment of the occasion. The purpose and the effect of the meeting were to establish a propaganda of the political principles illustrated by the career of ex-President CLEVELAND, the special guest of the evening, and represented in the last canvass alone by the Indianapolis platform.

It took some civic courage, at a meeting like this, for an orator to whom the toast of municipal government had been assigned to declare that municipal government should be dissociated from national politics. They should be divorced, Mr. SHEPARD insisted, from general politics even of the excellent kind declared for at Indianapolis and inculcated in the speeches of the other orators of the evening. He pointed and made specific this declaration by going on to say that he would support for the Mayoralty of Greater New York a man who voted for BRYAN, if he were convinced that such a man would be the best Mayor.

We have not the least notion that Mr. SHEPARD had his eye upon any particular BRYAN man who would make the best attainable Mayor of Greater New York. His remark upon that point was simply an effectively rhetorical illustration of the logical conclusion of the non-partisan notion of municipal government. It was an illustration the more apt for being somewhat startling. It does show exactly to what the doctrine of political non-partisanship in municipal affairs inevitably leads. The conclusion is one from which well-meaning men warmly interested in national affairs and much less warmly interested in local affairs may at first recoil. But when they examine it they will see that the complete divorce of local government from general politics is an absolute necessity for municipal reform. There is no private business of which the head, being a man of sense and devoted to his business, would inquire the politics of any one of his subordinates be-

fore appointing him, if he had reason to expect that the man would do his work well, or after appointing him, as a preliminary to retaining him, if it appeared, on the one hand, that he did his work well, or for discharging him, if it appeared, on the other, that he did it ill. And it is a government upon the principles of private business, in which honesty and efficiency and economy of administration are the qualities that are mainly and indeed exclusively required, that it is the object of municipal reform to introduce into municipal administration. There is no Republican and no Democratic way of cleaning streets, or keeping parks, or building docks, or maintaining discipline and efficiency in the police. A free-silver street-cleaner who cleans streets is immeasurably to be preferred to a street-cleaner expressing the most virtuous and scientific opinions upon the currency, who does not clean streets. For making the distinction between politics and municipal housekeeping so clear Mr. SHEPARD is entitled to the gratitude of all dwellers in American municipalities; for he has stimulated them to thinking upon the subject. The more they think the more they will come to perceive that the question whether the head of a municipal department, or of all the municipal departments, is a Bryanite or a Clevelandite, a Republican or a Democrat, has no more relevancy than the question whether he is a Baptist or a Unitarian.

THE BONDING PRIVILEGE.

THE fact that some of our leading newspapers and some Congressmen advocate the abolition of the bonding privilege enjoyed by Canadian railroads has caused a good deal of discussion. Mr. BEACH, a Republican Representative from Ohio, has a resolution before the House proposing an inquiry by the Inter-State and Foreign Commerce Committee as to whether any good reason exists for the further continuation of the bonding privilege between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean. It is declared that the Canadian roads obtained this privilege of transporting through Canadian territory goods destined for American ports and cities upon the condition of reciprocal convenience, and that, since reciprocal convenience is not enjoyed by American roads, the privilege should be discontinued. It is alleged that our roads suffer because of unfair discrimination made in favor of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk, especially the former, which, by reason of the bonding privilege and the subsidies received from the Canadian government, is enabled to transport tea, silk, and other imports from China and Japan at rates much lower than can be offered by our railroads.

At first sight it would appear that the bonding privilege should not be allowed unless it substantially serves the interests of our merchants and shippers. Attempts have been made against it, but have always been met by protest from those who acknowledged the benefits resulting from it and thought the competition of Canadian railroads a good thing for the public. Much complaint has been made against a clause in the Canadian Railway Act of 1888, which reads as follows: "The company, in fixing or regulating the tolls to be demanded and taken for the transportation of goods, shall, except in respect to *through traffic, or traffic to and from the United States*, adopt and conform to any uniform classification of freight which the Governor in Council, on the report of the Minister, from time to time prescribes." The italicized words have been construed by opponents of the bonding privilege as conferring upon the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk the right to depart from the American classification of freight in order successfully to compete with American lines in handling American goods. It is but just to state that Canadian journals and the representatives of Canadian railroads emphatically deny this interpretation of the clause in question, and assert that the words referred to were inserted at the express request of the Canadian roads, so that in transporting American goods through the Dominion they *might conform* to the classification of freight agreed upon by American lines.

This question of reciprocal convenience will be better understood by looking at the facts. Mr. BEACH's resolution is not correct in stating that our roads do not use Canadian territory on the Pacific coast. One of our lines running from Spokane Falls into the Kootenay district of British Columbia, where gold-mining is giving such wonderful results, makes a profitable use of the bonding privilege by carrying goods from eastern Canada to Rossland and other points in that rich region. The Great Northern and Northern Pacific carry freight from Ontario and Quebec to Victoria and other points in British Columbia. If we take in view



Americans find kinship in a glass of mellow beer or ale

No one needs to worry about Democracy, as long as the man-in-the-dress-shirt and the man-in-the-flannel-shirt can swap opinions over their beer, smile and like each other. That kind of American spirit baffles, and will defeat, any tyrant in the world.

Of all beverages, beer is the most truly democratic. Its delicious flavor wins the man of means. Its modest

cost is kind to poorer purses. Its wholesomeness appeals to all! Born of Nature's bounty, beer and ale are rich in the mellow flavor of sun-ripened grain. They are fragrant with the pleasant aroma of fine hops.

These beverages of moderation bring rest and relaxation to weary bodies and tired minds. They promote good cheer and friendship in every walk of life.

Because beer is a beverage of moderation and so great a national favorite, it deserves to have its good name guarded well. We who brew America's beer are cooperating to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. You can help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program. It is described in a booklet that is sent free on request. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. A4, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.



NEW YORK

A BIG SPECTACLE IN BIG PICTURES

Photographs for LIFE by Andreas Feininger

When spring and Easter come, Americans begin to move in on their greatest city. No place in the land equals New York as a tourist attraction. This is curious because the people who come so avidly to New York already know what they are going to see. Most of the city is as familiar to them as the picture at right.

But people are always seeing New York for the first time. Even people who see it day in and day out get the feeling that they are seeing the city for the first time. New York is inexhaustibly new. People rediscover its magnificence in just the way that people find out again and again that Beethoven's music is beautiful, or that Shakespeare's poetry is true, or even that love is wonderful each time, all over again, to each person.

In this portfolio of photographs by Andreas Feininger the people who have seen much of the city will see it once more. The camera here faces the city head on. The approach is clear and honest. This is the way the city is. This is the shape of the city.

It is not the whole city, only the lower third of Manhattan. There are about 300 square miles of upper Manhattan, Brooklyn, the Bronx, Queens and Staten Island which are ignored. These have factories, railroads, warehouses. But someone put them in their place by calling them the "bedrooms of Manhattan." Take away the business towers, the terminals, the docks and the pleasure places of Manhattan, and New York is only a big city, not a magnificent metropolis.

Nor is this a city of people. There are more than 7,000,000 people in New York. They have made the city. But the city itself is much more than they are, the way mountains are more than the people who live on them. The people who have made New York love their vertical, intricate city, whose stone blocks and buildings are spun together with hard straight streets. They love it in early morning when the city has a spacious, solemn dignity; and during the day when it gleams in the sunshine or goes gray in misty rain; and in the quick twilight when the many windows light up while the buildings themselves still show their shapes; and at night when one can hear his own steps on the quiet street and can feel the dark city all around. They love the city because they can make it seem like a person—charming or comforting or heedless or abandoned. They love it when they come to know it, which is not soon nor easy.

They see their city best when they can get off a little way and look at it—across a park, from a roof or a ferry or a bridge. At right, above the half-century-old Brooklyn Bridge, the skyline of the Wall Street district is seen from Manhattan Bridge. Here on the edge of the useful East River, which never had the fancy international traffic of the Hudson River, the lighters cluster around the docks. Across the wide waterfront street are small buildings housing seamen's cheap shops and saloons. Behind are the tenements of the poor lying low beneath the spired castles of America's industry and finance.





PEOPLE WALK ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Brooklyn Bridge is not like airy modern bridges which seem to stand tiptoe on light girders. Brooklyn Bridge stands flat-footed on bulky stone piers and is held up by myriad cables. On Sunday mornings the people promenade from Manhattan to Brooklyn between high fish-net walls of

stretching steel wires. Six days after the bridge was opened in 1883, thousands of people walked across to enjoy the view and experience. When one woman fell down some steps and screamed, everybody thought that the new bridge was collapsing. In the panic to get off, twelve people were killed.



The elevated railroad tracks are being torn down and replaced with new subways. But fanciful New Yorkers like to think of the day when the city will have the legend of the ghost "El" train which, on murky nights, rumbles plaintively down Ninth Avenue, with the shade of Mayor LaGuar-

dia at the throttle. The Ninth Avenue "El" near 14th Street looked pretty from above, but the street below was dark. When the "Els" came down, New Yorkers suddenly saw more of their city. Discouraged houses lay naked and dirty, but in spots there were forgotten moments of grace and dignity.

THE "EL" TRACKS ARE COMING DOWN



THE FULTON FISH MARKET

The smell that floats over Fulton Fish Market, south of Brooklyn Bridge on the East River, is just as perceptible as the white steam which sails up here. Fulton Fish Market, biggest in the world, is stuck between skyscrapers and river and brooded over by a steam plant with a tall gawky chim-

ney. In the morning the market is a mix-up of fishermen scrambling about on slimy ice, skating on fish scales as they pack, unpack, clean, scrape. Here come cod, bluefish, whitefish, haddock, halibut, perch, pickerel, squirmy squid for Italians, fat carp for Jews, mackerel for poor people, lobster for rich.



The Bowery used to be a pleasant bridle path and now it is a place where bums get a sour laugh out of the fact that the flophouses they sleep in have de luxe hotel names—like Belmont at left above, or Plaza at No. 25 or Gotham at No. 356. On the Bowery pawnbrokers are willing to con-

vert a man's last possession into money, and missionaries are eager to convert a man's soul to God. There is so much noise from the cobbled street, the "El," the trolleys, that sometimes a man can't think. But thoughts of aging men who stand aimlessly around are not pleasant thoughts anyway.

THE DARK LANE OF THE BOWERY



THE BACK OF 52ND STREET

New Yorkers can't see as much of the city as they would like to because there is usually something in the way. When wreckers tore down buildings on 53rd Street west of Fifth Avenue, New Yorkers could look at the backs of the houses whose fronts they knew well. Here is rear of West

52nd Street—the street of elegant restaurants and glittering night clubs—a blunt unbroken building wall, a bare building back, looking like a six-eyed monster with mouth open. Behind are the many-windowed walls of Rockefeller Center which form a wonderful backdrop for midtown Manhattan.



The city reaches high up for light and thus shuts off light from itself. Around every open space it builds a wall of high buildings. This is the pastoral city, the Sheep's Meadow in Central Park where sheep have given way to Sunday sportsmen and their croquet mallets. Looming beyond

are towers of wealth and sophistication. One, two, three from left are the Hotels Pierre, Sherry-Netherland, Savoy-Plaza. These are rich and smart, right now the haunts of wealthy refugees and foreign agents. At right is Hotel Plaza which is also rich but would rather be called respectable than smart.

TOWERS AROUND CENTRAL PARK

CLOSE-UP



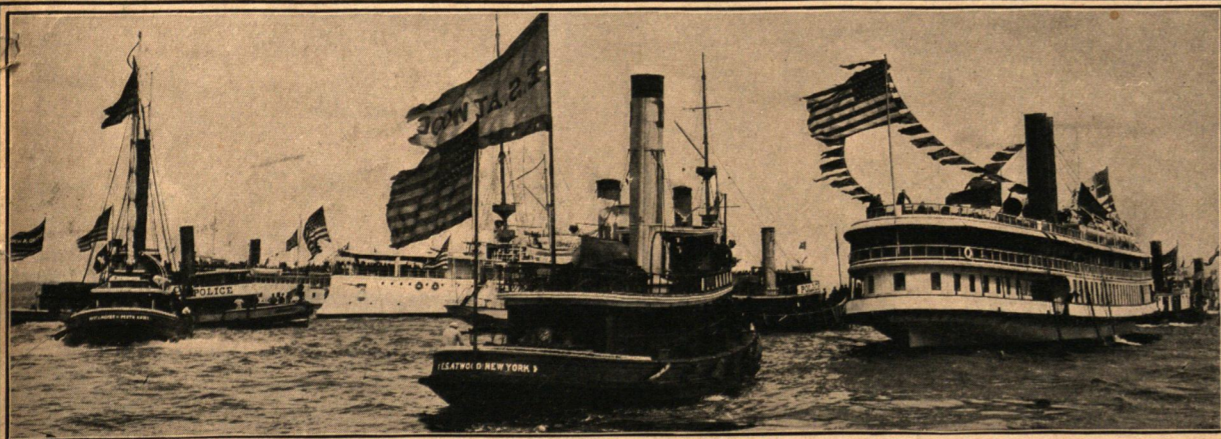
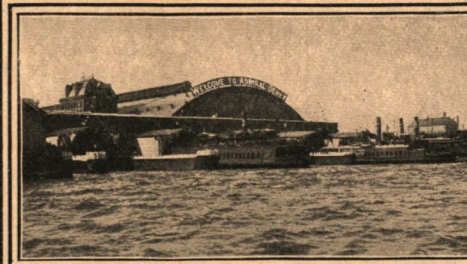
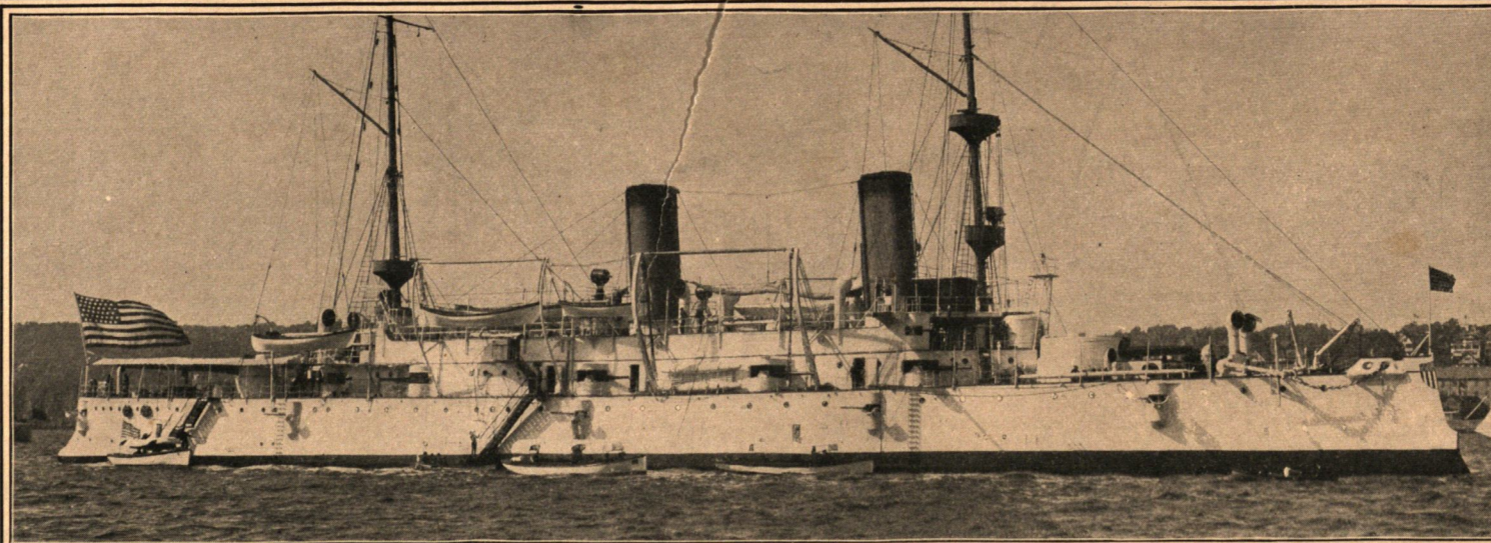
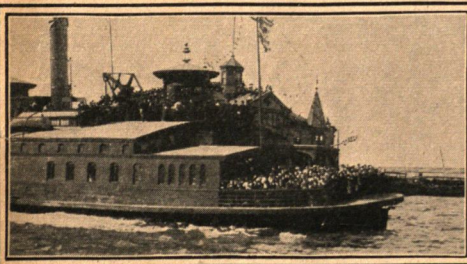
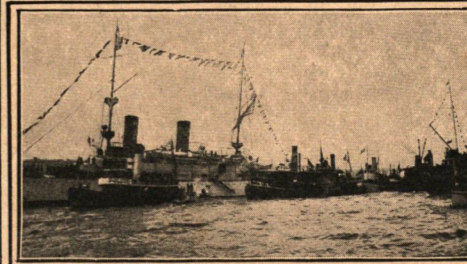
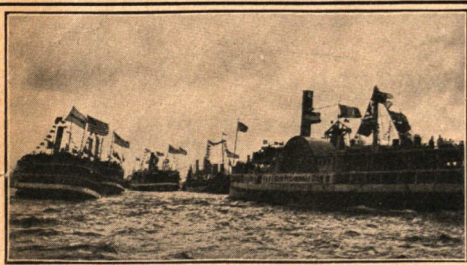
PRODUCER AT WORK: IN FOX STUDIO GYM ZANUCK RESTS AFTER HIS SWIM, GETS A HAIRCUT AND DICTATES TO A SECRETARY WHO DOUBLES AS A FRENCH INSTRUCTOR

THE NAVAL PARADE UP THE HUDSON

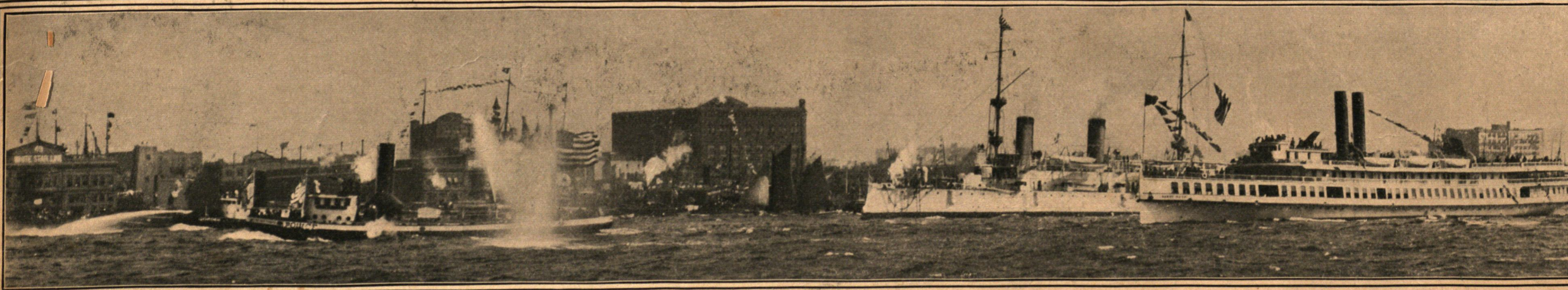
THE "OLYMPIA," WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY ABOARD, BEING ESCORTED FROM THE WARSHIP ANCHORAGE IN NEW YORK BAY TO HER REVIEWING STATION OFF GRANT'S TOMB, ON THE HUDSON RIVER, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 29



THE FLAGSHIP "OLYMPIA" AT THE ANCHORAGE IN NEW YORK BAY JUST BEFORE THE START. THE SIX SMALLER PICTURES SHOW THE CRUISER LEAVING THE ANCHORAGE, SURROUNDED BY GUARD BOATS AND POLICE TUGS AND FOLLOWED BY THE WARSHIPS AND EXCURSION STEAMERS, ON HER WAY TO GRANT'S TOMB



THE "OLYMPIA," ESCORTED BY THE STEAMER "SANDY HOOK" WITH THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK AND THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE ABOARD, CROSSING NEW YORK BAY AT THE HEAD OF THE PARADE



THE "OLYMPIA" AND THE "SANDY HOOK," PRECEDED BY POLICE FIRE BOATS CLEARING THE RIVER, STEAMING UP THE HUDSON, IN MID-COURSE TO GRANT'S TOMB

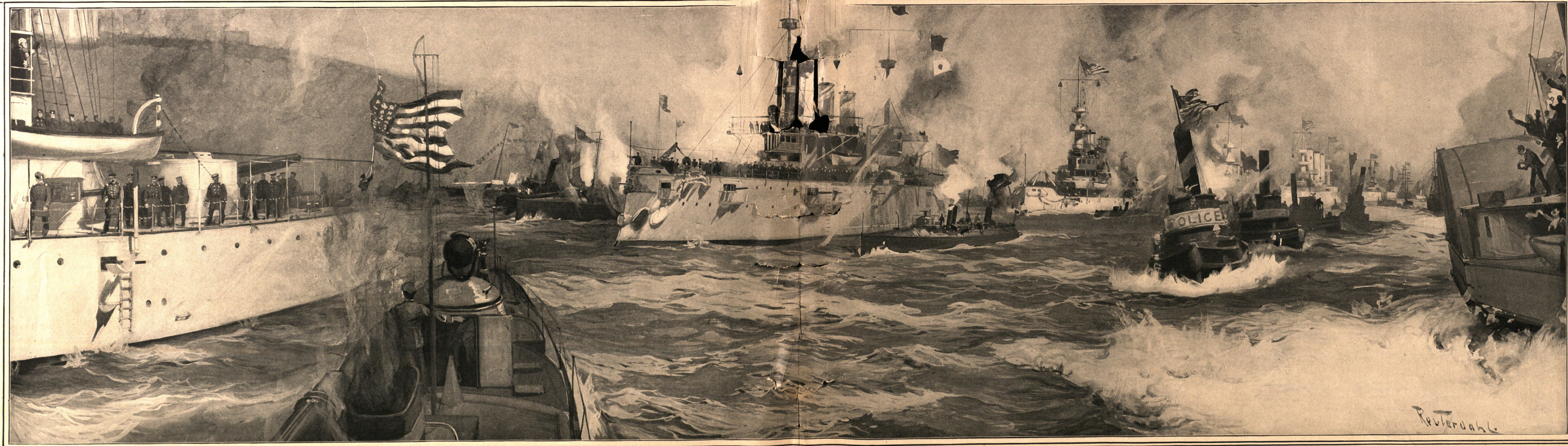
DEWEY · THE · WARRIOR ·

ASPICE · AMERICA · QVEM · POPVLI · PLAVSV · PROCERV · QVEM · VOCE
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 "BEHOLD, AMERICA, THE WARRIOR, DEFENDER, AND ENDER OF STRIFE, FOR
 WHOM YOUR PEOPLE AND YOUR LEADERS WERE CALLING: WHO NEVER THOUGHT
 THE CONFLICT THE PLACE FOR BOASTFUL PARADE NOR SHRANK THROUGH FEAR
 FROM DANGER."—ADAPTED FROM TACITUS AND CLAUDIANUS.

DEWEY · THE · CONQUERING · HERO ·

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 "AND VICTORY-CROWNED AND WITH JOYOUS HEART THOU HAST RETURNED
 TO THINE OWN COUNTRY—AND, AS THOU MOVEST IN STATE, 'IO TRIUMPHE' WE
 SHOUT NOT ONCE BUT MANY TIMES, AND THE WHOLE CITY RE-CHOES THE
 CHEER WHILE WE SWING CENSERS TO THE GOOD GOD."—ADAPTED FROM OVID
 AND HORACE.

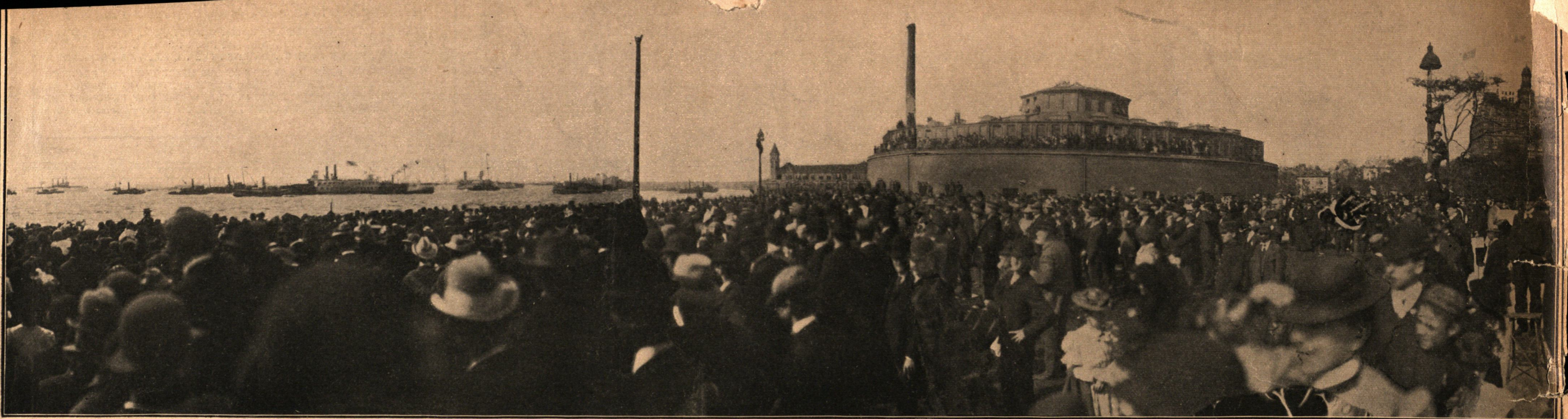
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 AND HORACE.

THE "OLYMPIA"—THE ADMIRAL ON THE BRIDGE. THE "PORTER." THE "DUPONT." THE "NEW YORK." THE "WINSLOW." THE "MASSACHUSETTS." THE "INDIANA." THE "BROOKLYN." THE "TEXAS." THE "DOLPHIN." THE "LANCASTER."

THE NAVAL PARADE—ADMIRAL DEWEY, ON THE FLAGSHIP "OLYMPIA," REVIEWING THE FLEET OFF GRANT'S TOMB, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1899



THE NAVAL PARADE PASSING THE BATTERY, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 29



WAITING FOR THE NAVAL PARADE AT GRANT'S TOMB, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 29



WELCOMING ADMIRAL DEWEY—FIREWORKS AND ELECTRIC DISPLAY ON THE HUDSON RIVER OFF RIVERSIDE DRIVE, SEPTEMBER 29.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS.

1899



Captain Wildes, U. S. N. Captain Lamberton, U. S. N.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FIRST STEP ASHORE—REAR-ADMIRAL PHILIP RECEIVES HIM AT THE NAVY-YARD.



THE 10TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, JUST RETURNED FROM MANILA, PASSING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE.

Copyright, 1899, by William H. Rau.



WAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION AT THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

Dewey's Triumph

IN the first place we have the spectacle of a celebration which is essentially native. The stately processions and the Triumphal Arch are Roman in their way; the plan to provide a home for Dewey at the public expense is, in its way, though with an important difference, reminiscent of the *triumphalis domus* which rewarded the Roman hero; but the victorious Roman to whom the Senate accorded the honor of a *triumphus* (on his personal and urgent application, be it said, for a triumph was eagerly and quite shamelessly sought) retained his military authority on the day when he entered the city. He did not surrender and place himself at the city's disposal; he was *imperator*, and held Rome for a day in his war-hardened hands. The spoils of the conquered peoples—treasures, arms, and works of art—were borne in the procession; models and pictures showed to the throngs in Rome's streets what manner of men and towns, mountains, rivers, and trees there were in the subjugated regions, doing for the simple taste of those days the office of our modern illustrated papers. After the magistrates and Senate, the trumpeters and flute-players, came the animals destined for sacrifice, and not far behind marched the enemy's leaders with other captives in chains. The *imperator* himself, standing in a chariot drawn by four horses, carried a sceptre in his left hand and a laurel bough in his right. Behind him stood a slave, holding over his head a golden crown, yet from time to time admonishing him, to "remember that he was only a man." Infantry in marching order brought up the rear, some shouting "Io Triumphe!" while others found fault with their places in the line and everything else, quite as in our day, catching the fruit and parrying the jests that the bystanders threw at them. When the procession was about to go up the Capitoline Hill some of the most distinguished captives were led aside and murdered; then the sacrificial victims were killed.

So much by way of contrast.

The last number of the WEEKLY was largely devoted to such subjects as the career of our third Admiral, the battle of May 1, and the return from Manila, the story being carried forward to the sailing of the *Olympia* from Gibraltar. From that day every little fact has its value,

but we have space only to mention those happenings which may serve to connect what we have said with what we have still to say, and thus to make our story continuous.

Weighing anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar on September 10, the *Olympia* was so favored by ideal conditions of the weather, and made such good runs along the thirty-third parallel, that the lights of the New Jersey coast were in sight Monday night, September 25, instead of Thursday, September 28, according to the schedule as New York understood it. For a moment the Admiral hesitated at the threshold—or, as he himself said, "Captain Lamberton, Lieutenant Brumby, and I considered whether we had better cruise down toward Hampton Roads or come inside at once;" but with the true instinct he decided that, although one may not pay his visit at the house of mere acquaintances until the appointed hour, one can go home whenever the weather outside is threatening. Before six o'clock on Tuesday morning the *Olympia* came into view at Sandy Hook; in the course of the forenoon the Admiral telegraphed to Mayor Van Wyck announcing his arrival in the Lower Bay. Meanwhile the observer in the tower had telegraphed the news to the city and notified the commandant of the army post at the Hook; there was a salute of seventeen guns; there were cheers from soldiers; passing vessels blew whistles and dipped their flags.

At half past seven the *Olympia* dropped anchor not far away from the cup-challenger *Shamrock* and the *Erin*. Sir Thomas Lipton was one of the first visitors; a few minutes after he had gone Rear-Admiral Sampson and Captain Chadwick arrived; then Admiral Dewey's son; then Rear-Admiral Philip; a little after four o'clock the reception committee from the city came on board.

On Wednesday morning the *Olympia* passed forts Wadsworth and Hamilton and took her position at the head of the column of war-ships off Staten Island in the Upper Bay, and here a reunion of the Admiral's family was held on the flag-ship. Official visits, including a call on Admiral Philip at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, consumed a part of the day; but the report had gone abroad that the Admiral received with equal courtesy all who came to him, and, naturally, a good many different kinds of people were only too glad to make themselves ship's guests. It is a pleasure to add, however, that while some pretty and amusing things happened, there is not a

single disagreeable incident to be recorded as a result of this freedom. On Thursday morning a special committee from Washington waited on the Admiral to consult his wishes in regard to plans for the following week, and to present to him the flag which his old commander, mentor, and model, Admiral Farragut flew. Governor Roosevelt with his staff, and five of the captains who fought with Dewey at Manila, called in the afternoon. The Governor offered the State's greeting. A little later Major-General Merritt welcomed him in the name of the army. Members of the reception committee from Vermont spent half an hour on board.

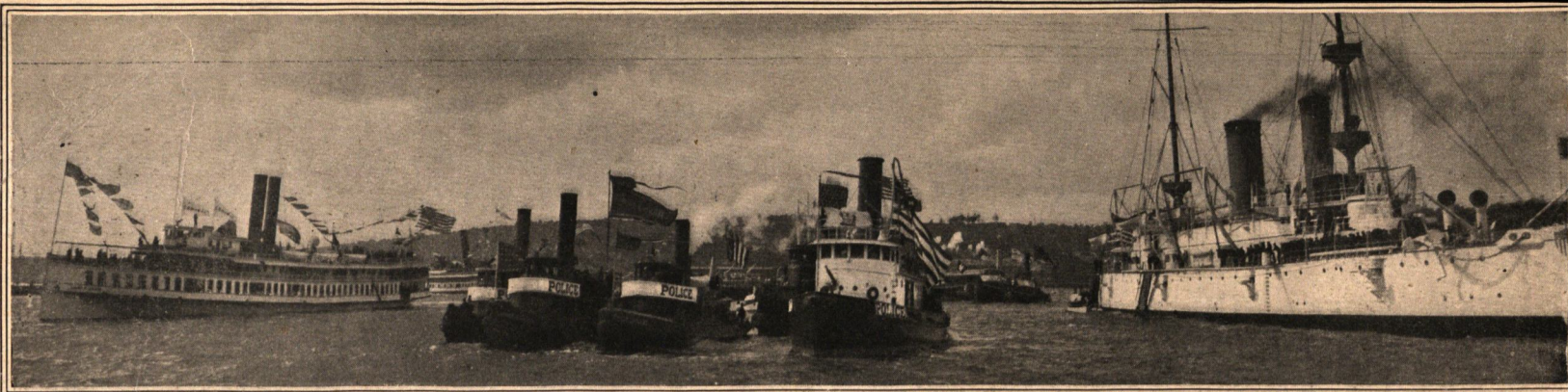
One impression, clear and ineffaceable, I received on Friday afternoon—so much more vivid than all the other impressions of the naval parade that it fairly seems to give its own life and meaning to the whole ceremony. The moment was near the conclusion, when the *Olympia* had anchored below the stake-boat and the people were passing in overcrowded steamers.

The distant view up the Hudson was never more beautiful; beyond the point to which the holiday crowds extended it appeared by contrast to be even more peacefully and softly lovely than usual. Nearer, just across the river, the hill-sides of the western bank were in deep shadow, but the glory of light from the declining sun was on the sparkling waters and the countless gay vessels that moved up from the Bay, swept around the *Sz. Mary's* in a semicircle, and then passed down along the eastern shore.

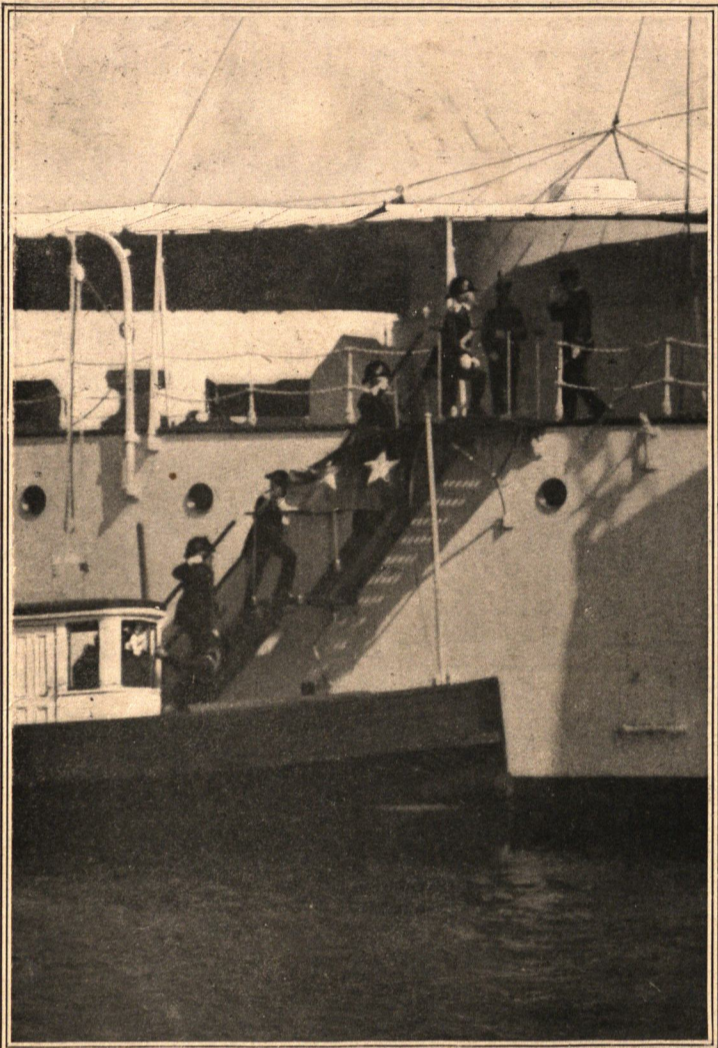
Both shores were thronged; aggregations of humanity were floating on every kind of craft between masses of humanity. Frankly, there were some disturbing elements—a silly noise of steam-whistles and a somewhat pally sound of cannon—but no one could quite miss an impressive sense of the unmeasured vitality everywhere on land and river. It was not true that, as some have written, the people spent their entire energy in this demonstration; the hysterics, so far as my observation extends, have been in current accounts rather than in current events; you may trust a European capital, on similar provocation, to show twice as much frothy excitement, with perhaps one-half as much genuine enthusiasm in reserve. A profound enjoyment of the scene and the occasion—profound, rather than showy—characterized this multitude, which was, on the whole, an orderly, good-natured multitude, inspired with the



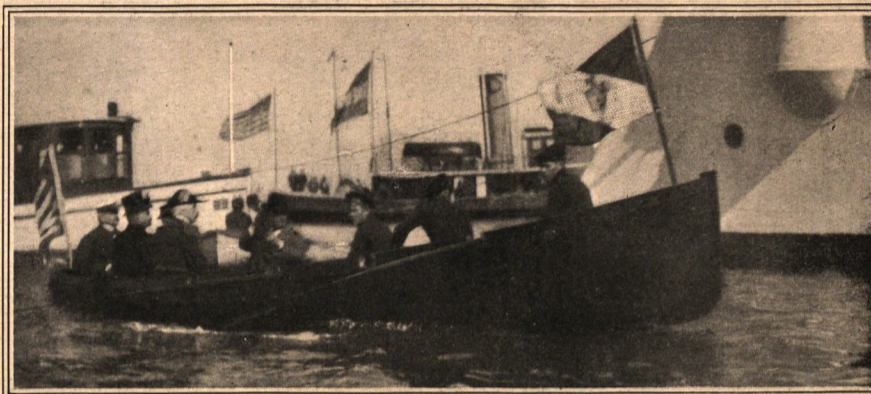
WELCOMING ADMIRAL DEWEY—PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY IN THE HARBOR AND RIVERS, AND ILLUMINATION OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT NIGHT.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS.



Mayor's Gig.
MAYOR VAN WYCK VISITS THE ADMIRAL OFF TOMPKINSVILLE.



MAJOR-GENERAL MERRITT, U. S. A., COMES TO EXTEND THE WELCOME OF THE ARMY.



GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S OFFICIAL VISIT, SEPTEMBER 28.



THE SHORE NEAR GRANT'S TOMB—CROWDS WATCHING THE NAVAL PARADE.

out the programme of welcome, and thoroughly, almost critically, alive to the interest of all these typical vessels.

Above the stately procession which moved southward after wheeling about the stake-boat, passing the anchored *Olympia*, the debonair Admiral stood on his flag-ship's bridge. He was not very near; what one saw was just the figure of a naval officer, looking small and slight to eyes that had been growing used to the large features of the landscape and to the mass of enormous iron ships. And yet, such is the charm of the man's personality, this slight figure outlined against the glowing western sky displaced for those who saw him then all portraits that have been printed, all preconceived opinions. He must bow in acknowledgment of our cheers, of course; but just watch the man as he bows to us now, and again to those who follow us. His is not a formal salute; it is a gracious, personal greeting. His action is not the same, time after time. He is thinking of the persons, the individuals, now in this boat, now in that; he cannot call them all by name, but the varying movements of arm and body in lifting his hat and bending forward individualize each compliment. "I thank you, sir," this attitude says; while that impulsive throwing out of the hand plainly says, "I wish you joy also, with all my heart."

But that was after five o'clock, and to take things up in their proper order we should have begun our story of the day with eleven o'clock in the morning.

Before the naval parade began, Mayor Van Wyck welcomed the Admiral home in the name of the people of the metropolis, saying, among other things, "I place at your disposal the freedom and unlimited hospitality of the city of New York." The pithy sentence in Dewey's reply was, "How it is that you have overrated my work so much I cannot understand." The Mayor then presented to the Admiral a medal in gold set with precious stones which had been made to commemorate the latter's visit to the city. A salute of thirteen guns was fired in the Mayor's honor, the official visit was duly and immediately returned, and then everything was made ready for the start. Admiral Farragut's flag, the trophy already referred to, was run up in place of Dewey's; signals were flown; the *Olympia's* anchors were hoisted; at one o'clock precisely the friendly movement on the town began. Following the *Olympia*, with her attendant fire-boats and torpedo-boats, came the cruiser *New York*, flying Admiral Sampson's flag, then in order, the *Indiana*, the *Massachusetts*,

the *Texas*, the *Brooklyn*, the *Marietta*, the *Lancaster*, and the *Scorpion*. Rear-Admiral Howison's flag-ship, the *Chicago*, which had reached port unexpectedly two days before, was next in line. The torpedo-boats held their normal position under the shelter of the big vessels; and the revenue cutters, official steamers, yachts, and all the other vessels took the places assigned to them.

Here was the making of an interesting maritime display—one could see that much; but out in the great bay everything was dwarfed by the high shores and the wide expanse of water. New York Harbor suggests the whole continent, and not merely a single city; it seems to be, as indeed it is in a very real sense, a vast gateway, just beyond which two main avenues—its East River and its North River—lead on and on to other cities and other regions. But if in the bay the stage seemed too large for the cast, there came a change after the Battery had been passed, for there was scarce room then for the throng of vessels. The "avenue" was crowded. The sky clouded suddenly, and rain fell during a few minutes; then the sun came out, and a rainbow spanned the river above the fleet. On both shores above the Battery, and all the way up to Grant's Tomb, the piers and docks and all open spaces, the decks of moored vessels and the roofs of buildings, were crowded with spectators, but the effect was nowhere else so striking as at the point which I have described. When the flag-ship turned the stake-boat, about one hour and a half after starting, she fired a salute of seventeen guns in honor of the memory of General Grant, and each of the succeeding war-ships did the same. The *Olympia*, passing down the line, anchored at the point chosen for holding a review, about opposite 115th Street. The Admiral remained on the bridge until sunset. After dark the shipping was illuminated, and until late at night citizens and visitors were entertained with displays of fireworks on the harbor, the rivers, the Brooklyn Bridge, and in the public parks.

At the beginning of Saturday afternoon, September 30, we are near the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, let us say. Between Fifth Avenue and Eighth one side of the way for the entire distance is occupied by a stand whose narrow benches, for the accommodation of thousands of people, rise in tiers to a height of about twenty feet. Behind this barrier, trampling the grass of the Park slopes (if you will have the curiosity to look), there are others who have not the slightest chance to

catch even a glimpse of the procession, but are held there by the fascination of mere proximity. A space in the centre of the street is with difficulty kept clear, while beyond, from curbstone to the roofs of the high buildings, every available position is beset with sight-seers. And every one in the crowd is held a prisoner there by the eager force of those unseen, and unfortunately unseeing, in the ever-deepening rear lines and on the outskirts. And so it is above us and below us along the whole route of the procession. The throng extends for seven miles; such a press was never seen in New York before.

Before six o'clock the Admiral had begun to make his preparations for the day. He personally inspected the men of the *Olympia* who were to take part in the parade, and was on the quarter-deck when the arrival of the committee's boat *Patrol* was reported to him. At half past seven the *Patrol* carried him with the committee to the Battery, where carriages were in waiting to take the party to the City Hall for the ceremony of the presentation (at an unseemly hour) of the loving-cup. Naturally this tale was somewhat marred in the telling; let loving-cups and set speeches come after the feast! However, it was soon over, and the Admiral was escorted to the foot of Warren Street, where the steamer *Sandy Hook* was waiting to take him, with the city officials and a number of distinguished guests, up the river again to 133d Street.

The *Olympia's* crew came ashore and took up their appointed position just south of Grant's Tomb while the Admiral was still on the river. When the *Sandy Hook* arrived and the guests entered the carriages, it was apparent that the start would be made quite promptly.

At or near the head of the column so many of the principal attractions were brought together that unquestionably some of the participants, especially one or two of the military organizations, got less attention than they deserved. It would have been more artistic to work up to the climax gradually. On the other hand, the first effect of the actual arrangement—with the *Olympia's* men, the Admiral himself, and the highest naval and military commanders all put forward at the beginning—was wonderful.

The WEEKLY's readers have already been supplied with details in regard to the troops in line. One is tempted to speak of them again, but after all, one would only be adding descriptions or word-pictures—and our artists have been at work. That part of the story be theirs!

MARRION WILCOX.

A baby giant panda, one of two presented
by Chinese Government to the children of
America, makes its debut at the Bronx Zoo



NEW YEAR'S EVE

In churches, in factories and in the streets, Americans greet 1942

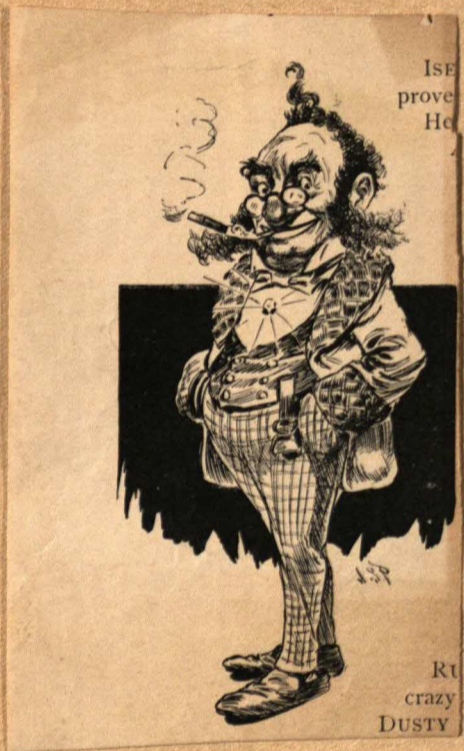
To amazed British sailors incredulously surveying the turbulence of Times Square at midnight, Dec. 31, a New Yorker explained: "All Americans go nuts on New Year's Eve." There, war or no war, half a million New Yorkers and out-of-towners, soldiers and sailors, cops and civilians greeted the New Year as of old. The air was mild and muggy. Morale was terrific.

But elsewhere in the land there were thousands of Americans who met 1942 without manifestations of

New Year's nuttiness. The cities of the West Coast were subdued and grim. Downtown Los Angeles saw no such crowds as it had drawn in former years. Thousands of Americans, wondering what wartime 1942 might bring, convened for Watch Night services in churches all across the land. Thousands of Americans labored in defense plants throughout the night. And thousands of Americans, in uniform, were patrolling the coastlines of the continent, the dark seas and the sky.

500,000 CELEBRANTS JAM TIMES SQUARE AT MIDNIGHT. NOTE HOUR RECORDED ON ELECTRIC SIGN AT NORTH END OF SQUARE. PARKED BELOW IT ARE FIRE ENGINES, AMBULANCES





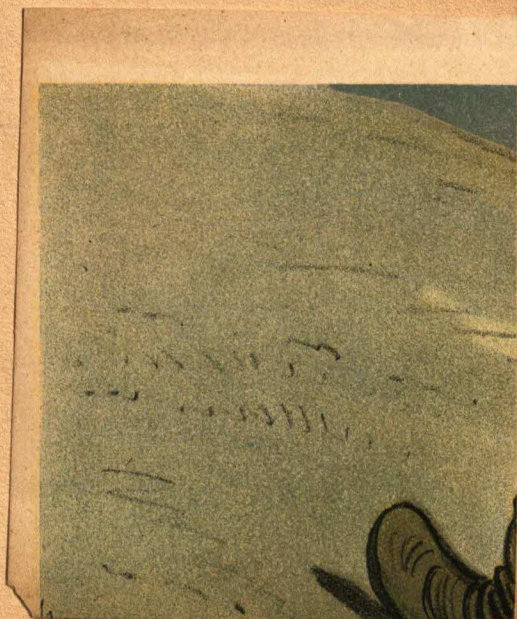


THE OLD SPRING AT WEST POINT.

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TREASURE



N.Y.

SCRAP BOOK